

A STORMBRINGER ADVENTURE

SEA KINGS

OF THE PURPLE TOWNS

**Deadly Deals
on the
Merchant Isle**

Behrendt, Brooks, Hagger,
Morrison, Utano, Watts, Bjorksten,
Harrison, Heristanidis, Smith, Snyder





Sea lord Count Smiorgan Baldhead

SEA KINGS

OF THE PURPLE TOWNS

Between the Oldest Ocean and the Eastern Ocean lies the Isle of Purple Towns, the center of commerce and trade in the Young Kingdoms.

Sailing into port, visitors are impressed with the magnificent buildings, the splendid markets, and friendly people. Few see the undercurrents, the dirty deals, and the politics which threaten to rip apart the apparent serenity of the island.

The Isle of Purple Towns is a haven for adventurers, a safe port to count money and plan future deeds of daring. It lies literally in the middle of the world, and ships sail from Purple Towns ports to every other nation.

It can form an excellent foundation for your **STORMBRINGER** roleplaying campaign.

WHAT IS STORMBRINGER?

STORMBRINGER is a roleplaying game in which the players join together to tell a heroic adventure. Under the supervision of one player, who takes the role of gamemaster, you and your friends verbally act out the roles of characters in a story. You will face the same kinds of situations and dangers that Elric, Moon-glum, Corum, and Dorian Hawkmoon encountered, but this time you are in control and the results depend on what you decide your character should do. You are the hero of the story!

SEA KINGS OF THE PURPLE TOWNS provides adventures and background for the **STORMBRINGER** roleplaying system. It features four scenarios, information on the island of the Purple Towns and its inhabitants, instructions for creating characters from the Purple Towns, and intriguing illustrations and maps.

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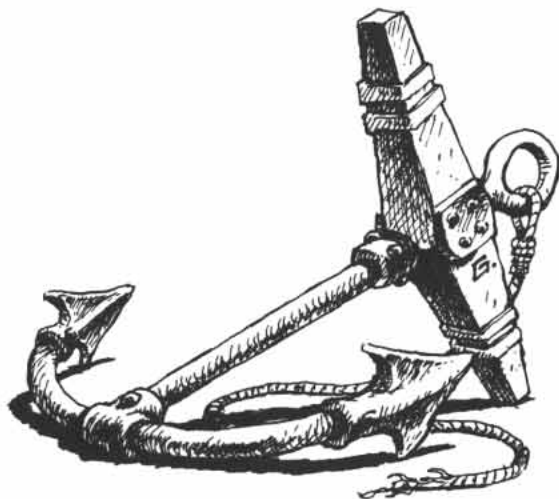


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Sea Kings of the Purple Towns

**Profitable Diversions
on the Merchant Isle**





" ...even as the Bright Empire declined in power and retreated into her own dreaming, another island rose to take her place. But where Melniboné had ruled the world through strength and sorcery, the upstart merchant-princes and sealords of the Purple Towns bartered for dominance with the power of the purse string...."

— The Chronicle of the Black Sword

SEA KINGS

OF THE PURPLE TOWNS

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Isle of the Purple Cousins



INTRODUCTION

BETWEEN THE OLDEST Ocean and the Eastern Ocean lies the Isle of Purple Towns. People coming to the island see the magnificent buildings, the splendid markets and friendly people. Few see the undercurrents, the dirty deals and the politics which threaten to rip apart the apparent serenity of the island.

Every day dozens of ships arrive in the harbors of the island, bringing merchants and their goods from all over the Young Kingdoms and beyond. This seagoing life is vital to the people of the Purple Towns. Without it the merchant houses would collapse overnight. In other parts of the island, the sealords, quiet ancient rulers of the land, survey their holdings in peace. Some feel impotent as the power of the merchants increase. Others are happy to retire from active control, satisfied that the safety of their lands is guaranteed, for they are the sealords, and the navy and its marines are theirs.

The Isle of the Purple Towns is a haven for adventurers, a safe port to count money and plan future deeds of daring. It is a good place for a gamemaster to base a campaign. It is literally in the middle of the world, and ships sail from Purple Town ports to every other nation.

BACKGROUND

The first six chapters of this book provide the background material. *THE ISLE OF PURPLE TOWNS* covers the island's past, its geography and fauna, and the actual Purple Towns. *PURPLE TOWNERS* presents the people, their culture, society, politics, and more. This chapter includes a system for generating adventurers from the Purple Towns more detailed than that found in the *Stormbringer* rulesbook. *THE CHURCHES OF THE ISLE* discusses the three main religions of the Purple Towns, the cults of air, water, and money. *OCEANS OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS* gives background detail on the seas of the world, and includes a sea encounter table for ocean voyages. *ENCOUNTERS ON THE ISLE* supplies further encounter tables, for the cities and countryside of the Purple Towns, with dozens of ideas for scenario beginnings. The *PURPLE TOWNS DIGEST* records statistics for people and monsters met on the Isle or in the

When Is This Set?

The events of this scenario book are nominally placed prior to the fall of Imrryr. The other *Stormbringer* releases *Sorcerers of Pan Tang* and *Perils of the Young Kingdoms* share this setting. The next *Stormbringer* book, *Melniboné*, concludes with the coronation of Elric, thus beginning his saga. For now, Elric is a youth, and the Young Kingdoms do not yet know the course of his doom, nor the feel of his soul-drinking black blade.

surrounding waters. These are for use with the encounter tables, the scenarios, and for future campaign play.

ADVENTURES

Few would think of the Isle for adventure, but the machinations of the different factions, and the ancient legacy of the Melnibonéan inhabitants, can make it as dangerous as the deepest haunted bog in The Silent Land.

Four scenarios are presented. The first is *THE STRONG ARMS*, and it installs the adventurers as the operators of a tavern. This is recommended as a cornerstone for a campaign centered upon the Purple Towns. The tavern's owner is a friend from a previous adventure. A hint: she's handy with a revolver. *SISTERS OF CHAOS* is a voyaging scenario which embroils the adventurers with a suspicious trading firm. *THE UNHOLY FORTRESS* takes place away from the Isle at an enclave of Chaos to the east. There they take part in a siege, witness deeds of heroism and treachery, and perhaps learn that Chaos is indeed beautiful. *KARISS BURNING* is the final scenario, and describes a night of blood and fire when the merchant's urge to break the sealord's power brings a Pan Tangian invasion down upon the Isle.

With these scenarios, the adventurers will come to know the Purple Towns, to learn its secrets, to make alliances with locals, and perhaps to learn to love the place. Hopefully they'll also snap up a few trading bargains along the way. As the priests of Goldar are often heard to say, if it can't be bought in Menii, then it simply doesn't exist. Welcome to the Purple Towns.

THE ISLE OF PURPLE TOWNS

THIS CHAPTER PROVIDES the past and present description of the Isle. The first section, *History*, details the story of the inhabitants, from prehuman beginnings to the future doom of humankind. *The Purple Towns* sets out maps and descriptions for the four main cities. *The Isle* takes an overview of the island as a whole, and covers geography, flora and fauna.

History

The deep natural ports, agreeable weather and central location of the island have long made it desired territory for any maritime nation. Three races have settled on the island during its history, and others have coveted it.

Ancient History

The island's first denizens were the mysterious race who raised the stupendous Fortress of the Evening. They left nothing of themselves or their culture, save the echoing halls of their vast tomb. Their lonely death may haunt the island yet.

After the passing of the Fortress-builders, the Isle stood uninhabited until the coming of the Bright Empire. The Melnibonéans used the island as a naval base for its Eastern Ocean Fleet, and as a staging point for sea voyages to and from Imrryr. From the excellent harbors of the Isle, Melnibonéan ships sailed to the barbaric southern continent, to the warm north-eastern lands, and around the coasts of the Weeping Waste and on to the distant eastern kingdoms.

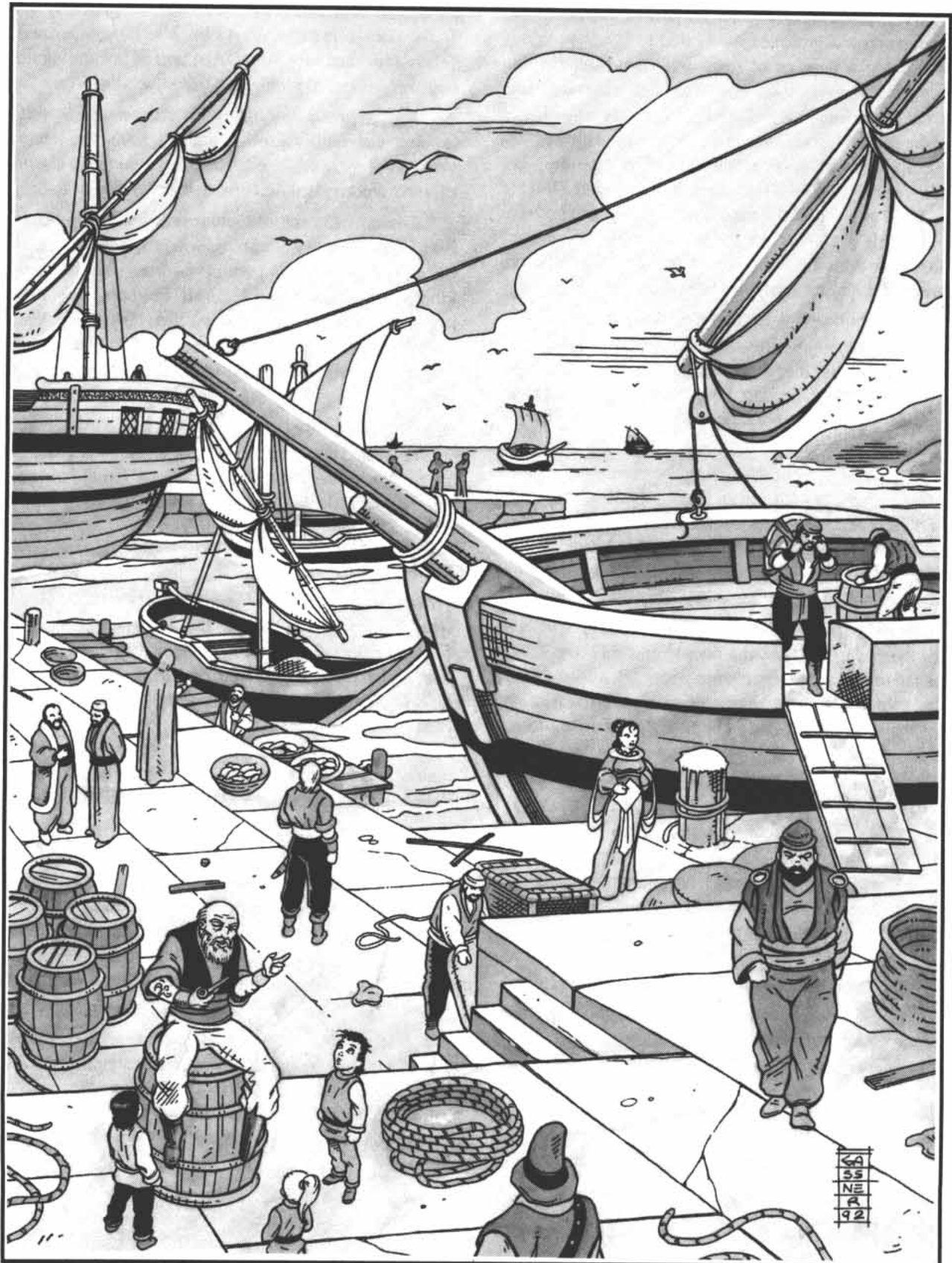
The pleasant northern climate was similar to the Melnibonéans' homeland. The interior provided interesting hunting, and the central mountains were a change in scenery from the hills of Imrryr. Many noble families took up residence upon the island. At that time the island was covered in stands of towering thin trees, and through their majestic purple branches and foliage the sun cast a lazy lavender light. Melnibonéan cities were built amongst the trees to enhance and complement the woods, with stonework in lilac and soft pastels.

One Melnibonéan emperor was so taken by the Isle that he built his palace there, and had the Ruby Throne moved from Imrryr. This scandalized the court, but not for long. As the Ruby Throne was lowered into place in the new throne room, it toppled forward and crushed the upstart emperor beneath it. The gods had spoken, and the seat of power was returned to its native land, where it has remained for 8,000 years.

The Melnibonéans brought with them human slaves. They were allowed to establish small coastal fishing villages, to provide food for their masters' tables. After a few generations they became the Isle's first true indigenous peoples. Modern human inhabitants of the island are descended from these folk.

The Rebellions

One thousand years ago, horrendous wars with the Dharzi Lords left the Bright Empire in a pitiful state, and many Melnibonéans returned to the safety of Imrryr. They maintained a weak rule over the lands of their once-great realm.



The busy docks of Menil

The first cracks in their control of the island occurred when a group of slaves fled to freedom, taking with them a number of small but swift Melnibonéan warships. They were led by Salkan, later a famous Pirate King. They began raiding the coastal towns and villages of the southern continent, and whenever possible would recruit amongst those still enslaved. In time they became known as the pirate kings, and acquired a fleet of fast raiding ships which captured shipping from both the new lands of Lormyr and the Bright Empire. They operated from a secret base on the south coast of the island, under the very nose of the Melnibonéan navy.

Four hundred years ago the self-liberation of Lormyr from the Melnibonéan overlords inspired a wave of uprisings across the Young Kingdoms. The arrival of a contingent of Lormyrian Knights of Law sparked the smoldering fire of rebellion on the Isle of the Purple Towns.

The revolt succeeded, with the continued support of Lormyr, along with Salkan and his fellow pirate kings. The Melnibonéans were forced to flee the island, taking only the bare essentials with them back to Imrryr. Behind them the newly independent peoples looted and fired the beautiful towers of their oppressors.

Although the Lormyrians helped secure the island for the powers of Law, the people of the Purple Towns began to realize they had been deceived. It seemed that the Southerners merely wanted to absorb the Isle into their own rapidly growing empire. Not wanting to exchange the deposed overlords for a new group, the islanders rallied around the pirate kings and made a stand against the Lormyrians.

The war was brief, but showed to all sides that no-one would win without heavy cost. Reason prevailed, and a treaty was struck between the pirate kings, the people of the Isle, and the Lormyrian captains. Control of the Isle was granted to the inhabitants, in return for which the Church of Lormyr was permitted to introduce the worship of the Gods of Law.

A few of the pirate kings gave up raiding, but most of the others continued in their dangerous lifestyle. As the military leaders and heroes of the Isle, their class formed the new nobility. To settle their own squabbles, they divided the island into eight counties, and appointed the eight most powerful among them as Counts. Those borders remain to this day.

The Raising of the Purple Towns

The remaining Melnibonéan cities were destroyed, and the purple stones were carted off as building material

for newer, more mundane towns. Thus were the Purple Towns born, and their citizens became Purple Towners. The island's first city was Kariss, and at last the pirates could come out of hiding and truly live like kings.

The gorgeous mahogany forests were cleared for farming, the timber itself prized for keels and masts. Within a century the forests had been reduced to a score of small woods scattered amongst the noble's estates.

The new Church of Goldar delivered sermons espousing the sanctity of trading, whereby any man could become a king by his own shrewdness. These words kindled enthusiasm in the Purple Towners, who were unaccustomed to control of their own destiny, but keen to make the best of it. Some went on trading pilgrimages, in search of markets for the wood and produce of the Isle.

The diligence of Farinas Farseer, one such convert, was rewarded with his discovery of previously unknown kingdoms in the East. A selection of families began trading with the far-off lands, keeping their shipping routes a closely-guarded secret. The exotic goods were rare enough to make them splendidly wealthy, especially those who dared sell the Eastern goods in Imrryr. They formed the core of the new merchant class, which would become integral to the Isle's success. They founded a new city to celebrate their wealth, and named it after Utkel, the first wife of Farinas, who died of disease on that first fearful passage eastward. Utkel grew rapidly, and became a focal point of production and trade. In later years those eastern trade routes were lost, jealously guarded by Farinas to his grave, but the foundation of the Isle's wealth had already been laid.

The cults of Lassa and Straasha, originally introduced by the Melnibonéans, continued to attract a following. The noble families focused on the Lady of the Air, and the fisher-folk upon the more mundane Lord of the Waters. Appropriately, a beautiful air temple was raised at Kariss, seat of noble power, and a water temple was founded at Utkel, where more sailors were to be found.

The worship of these two cults became especially popular when Emilla, a powerful elemental Priestess, annihilated the terrifying Trk'rhld, a vengeful demon of air and mist. Ever since the destruction of the demon, the winds and waters around the Isle have seemed blessed.

The pirate kings continued their raids, and the merchants amassed their wealth by less violent means. The Council of Eight was established, comprising the Counts from each of the provinces. The town of Kariss became the capital of the island.

Tests of Strength

Dorelite raiders were the next test of the independent Isle's strength. They landed in the east, destroyed several coastal villages, and then moved northwards. They ravaged the northern farmlands before they were met by the mercenary Darit Swordsteel and his men. Although outnumbered, Darit was able to lure the Dorelite army up into the Central Highlands, and there trapped and destroyed them. The pass through the mountains still bears Darit's name. In the meantime the pirate kings had captured the raider's fleet, which lay lightly guarded in the harbor of Temoraz. The Isle was secure once more.

As Lormyr began its slow decline, life became less certain in the southern seas. New nations were appearing, and markets that were once Lormyrian were becoming available. Taking advantage of the confusion, the pirate kings began intensive raiding of the nearby lands. Objections to these raids were aired in the Council chambers. The merchant families attempted to force the pirate kings into submission, so as to ensure the safety of continued trade.

Repeated ambassadorial visits from Argimiliar, Filkhar and Lormyr had no effect on the unrepentant pirates. War was imminent, not merely a war between nations, but a civil war. The Isle's merchants meant to have their way on this issue, and they were backed by international support.

Vilmirian mediators persuaded both sides to attend a meeting, and behind closed doors a change occurred. No one ever spoke of what transpired, but afterwards the pirate kings all but ceased raiding, and the council had a ninth member, the Chosen of Goldar. The threat of war vanished.

The Rule of the Sealords

The next few years saw many of the reformed pirate kings investing in mercantile activities, and receiving handsome dividends. Some sent their sons to manage trading ships, and the Church of Goldar rapidly expanded. Their war fleets were left intact, but given a new role as the Isle's official navy. The ships guarded not only the Isle's waters, but also provided escort for the merchantmen.

The reform brought the pirate kings a new name, something with greater prestige: they became the sealords. Their status as the island's nobility was confirmed, and they increased both their estates and their personal treasuries.

Thus the Isle of the Purple Towns grew in power and prominence. Merchants from all nations flocked to the markets of the island, with their central location and superior range of goods. The ships of the Melni-bonéans now rarely left their Dreaming City, but the ships from the Purple Towns sailed all over the Young Kingdoms.

Within the Council, the merchants lobbied to have the seat of power moved from Kariss to Utkel. The sealords refused. Compromise was finally reached by choosing a new capital, and the old town of Menii was rebuilt as a modern city. The sly merchants chose it as the site for a massive temple to Goldar, built in the pyramidal Vilmirian style. In this way they secured spiritual control of Menii, and political and economic control followed.

Current Events

The alliance between the sealords and the merchant cartels, which has been fragile in the past, grows uneasy once more. Inspired by the fiery oratory of Count Smiorgan Baldhead, the sealords are arguing that the time has come for the Isle to exploit her unrivalled sea-power. The prize in question is Melni-boné. It is aged, and weak. Not only is there much gold and loot to be had, but with Imrryr destroyed, the Purple Towns will be undisputed as the most important marketplace in the Young Kingdoms.

Even with this incentive, the merchants remain conservative and reactionary. War harms trade, and trade makes money. The issue is hotly debated, and both sides plan more persuasive steps, to be enacted outside the Council chambers. As long as both remain intent on breaking the hold of the other, the specter of civil war hovers yet over the Isle of the Purple Towns. It has not known true peace since the last member of that lonely and long-forgotten prehuman race died, and perhaps it never will.

Future Events

Described below are events derived from Michael Moorcock's *Elric Saga*. They recount the future fortunes of the Isle of the Purple Towns. Some of these will not occur for years within the current chronology of the *Stormbringer* game.

THE PAN TANG MENACE

Following the devastating Pan Tangian raid upon the Purple Towns (as described in the scenario "Kariss Burning" elsewhere in this book) the sealords agitate among

other seafaring and mercantile nations to join them in an attack on the twisted sorcerers of the Demon Isle. Alas for the Young Kingdoms, fear of the black island, lack of obvious gain in assaulting her, and disagreement on the best attack plan rob the alliance of any cohesion.

EASTERN TRADE ROUTES

Discouraged by his failure to forge an alliance, Count Smiorgan Baldhead turns his back on the Young Kingdoms and instead sets his heart on reopening the lost trade routes to the Unknown East. In a year's time, Smiorgan and a modest-sized fleet sail eastward, paying no heed to those who say they will discover only death. Ferocious storms, high seas and ancient sorcery spell doom for Smiorgan's venture, as described in "The Sailor on the Seas of Fate". Smiorgan meets the wandering albino Elric of Melniboné in the Kingdom of the Blue Sun, and together with Duke Avan Astran of Old Hrolmar they lead an expedition for the unexplored jungles of the Unknown Continent. Only Elric and Smiorgan survive, but they recover enough treasure from R'lin K'ren A'a to revive Smiorgan's failing fortune.

THE SACK OF IMRRYR

Smiorgan and his fellow sealords have long coveted the wealth of Melniboné. The opportunity to take that wealth for their own finally comes when Elric returns to the Purple Towns after discovering his cousin Yyrkoon's treachery. This act of evil crystallizes Elric's belief that the Bright Empire's faded remnants are a parasitical anachronism no longer needed in the Young Kingdoms, and thus he helps plan Melniboné's destruction.

Most of the Purple Towners support Smiorgan's actions, as with Melniboné gone, their own Isle will become the mercantile capital of the world. Elric's persuasion and Smiorgan's persistence achieve the unthinkable, a temporary alliance between the Sea Kings of every major maritime power (with the exception of Pan Tang). A fleet from the Purple Towns under Smiorgan's command joins with the navies of King Dharmit of Jharkor, Yaris of Tarkesh, Fadan of Lormyr, Jiku of Argimiliar and Naclon of Vilmir. With Elric to lead them through the sea-maze, the humans take Imrryr unawares, and sack and burn the Dreaming City.

None live to enjoy their victory. As they sail away from the smoking ruins, a counter-attack by Melnibonéan battle-barges and dragon riders destroys all of the raider's ships, save for one upon which Elric escapes. Count Smiorgan Baldhead dies in a torrent of dragonfire.

INTERNAL DISORDER

Almost an entire generation of the Purple Town's sailors and warriors died in the sack of Imrryr, a shock the Isle does not recover from for many a year. Ships and houses stand empty, and grieving widows walk the half-empty streets. Kargan Sharpeyes takes his brother Smiorgan's place on the council. He is not half the statesman that his brother was, and the following years see a worsening of relationships between the Purple Towns and other Young Kingdoms nations, most of whom hold the Isle solely responsible for the disaster. Trade falters, and the effects are felt. Some villages have too much produce, others have too little, and dissent and discontent spreads.

WAR WITH LORMYR

After several years of growing ill-feeling between the Purple Towns and the southerners, fuelled by Kargan's prejudices, war breaks out between the two nations. Elric rides from his home at Karlaak to try and bring peace, but for naught. Rumors spread that the albino dies during a sea-battle between the Purple Towns and Lormyr off the Yellow Coast, but this proves untrue. Hostilities eventually cease, but leave behind strong rancor between them which prove insurmountable in the future, at a time when all the Young Kingdoms must unite against the Pan Tangian foe or perish.

THE END OF THE WORLD

The nation of Pan Tang allies with Dharijor, and their armies sweep forwards in a tide of conquest. The Western Continent falls to their combined might. Elric calls Kargan and other leaders to Karlaak, there to forge an alliance of those nations yet unconquered. The old bitterness between the Purple Towns and Lormyr prevents any such alliance. A fleet of Purple Towns ships meets the Chaos fleet alone, and is defeated.

A last desperate meeting takes place in Ma-ha-kil-agra, the Fort of Evening, before Elric and his doomed companions depart on a quest to save the world. Shortly thereafter the Isle of Purple Towns is consumed by Chaos, and passes out of history forever more.

The Purple Towns

The Isle of Purple Towns has four major port-cities: Menii, Utkel, Kariss, and the Fortress of Evening. There are also numerous smaller towns and villages, mainly on the northern and western coasts.

The Terrible Warning of the Golden God

Scholars have often speculated on what words the Chosen of Goldar spoke at that historic gathering of the Council of Eight, when our island turned from a path of war to one of peace. Words powerful enough to make warriors sheath their swords, and relinquish a long heritage of taking by force whatever they desired. Words which took a disparate group of buccaneers, and made them into a united and peaceful government. Words of great persuasion indeed, for it is not for naught that the Priests of the God of Trade and Profit are called golden-tongued.

Those words seem lost to us, unless they reside in the deepest vaults of the Temple of Goldar. The money-monks have always placed their own welfare ahead of the infinite riches of mankind's enlightenment. If indeed they are writ upon some crumbling scroll, locked away in the dark, there they will most likely remain. They gather no interest except dust, and we are made intellectually poor by their miserly absence.

The eight men of the council heard those words, but they held them close, and now the only place they are written is in the pattern of their bones in eight dark crypts. As we know all too well from the baffling mystery of Ma-ha kil-nagra, none hold their secrets better than the dead.

We are thus left with the speculation of the scholars, and I have two theories to offer. One is not new, and was perhaps best stated in the Buzjai's marvelous treatise "The Golden Offer of Goldar". To paraphrase Buzjai, the Chosen proved conclusively to the eight pirates that if they stopped provoking the Southern nations with war and instead turned to trade, they could become very rich indeed, without the usual risks to life and limb that piracy entails. The Chosen offered them rich and golden wine, and the men drank it eagerly.

My second theory is new to the debate, for I have had it only recently from a seer I met on sojourn in the Sighing Desert. It disturbs me terribly. Knowledge arms us against darkness, and indeed this is the darkest of portents.

The seer was blind, and had extinguished the last of his sight in gazing at the sun. His final vision was of a great golden pool. A point of white light stood at the center of this orb, and eight dark smudges lodged at each of the cardinal points. My diagram below shows the resemblance to a certain terrible Sign that this configuration evokes.

Words accompanied the vision, and the seer repeated them for me. I am convinced now that his vision was a window in time, back to that meeting, and that the white light was the Chosen, ringed by the eight pirates. The words were these:

"For if you do not, your greed and war will one day level a mighty empire, and clear the way for an infinitely darker force, and, in so doing, bring about the final doom of the world."

After these words were spoken, the pattern of light shifted. The black points brightened to purple, and the white point too assumed that color. The positions rotated until they ascribed a central pattern of three points, surmounted by two points on each of the three sides. This configuration, as you can see from my diagram, is of three triangles, inter-linked in mutual harmony.

In agreeing to the edict of the Chosen, the eight pirate kings struck off their ways of strife and Chaos, and accepted a ninth member into their ranks. Their new path of peace embraced the rigors of Law, and they became seafords. This I deduced from what the seer told me, and I believe it to be true.

Here then is the cause for my fear. I am sure that you have heard the rumors that I have heard in the markets and in the taverns. You have heard that the descendants of those eight, our incumbent seafords, are said to be plotting the demise of a mighty empire, an empire which set its stamp on this Isle and brought our forefathers to its verdant vermillion shores. The Bright Empire, long since dimmed.

I ask you, no, I tell you, that the cost of defying the ancient warning of the Chosen is too great. Why else would the vision of the seer returned it to us at this time?



In fear for us all, I am,

Heston Sharpquill

Menii

On the western coast of the island lies the capital city of the Purple Towns, Menii. The original township was Melnibonéan, a small port built to supply ships sailing back to Imrryr. It was razed at the time of the human uprising, and in the years following a rough human settlement grew up over the ruins. Several hundred years later, when the people of the island looked to a place to site their new capital, they chose Menii. It is well situated, beside a wide river and a large, protected deep-water bay.

The new Menii is a complete reconstruction, and is a masterpiece of design and form. The city has a roughly wheel-like shape, with six sectors radiating from a central hub. Each of these sectors is a distinct suburb, and they are referred to as spokes. Menii is a stunning example of a planned city, with paved streets, underground sewers, supplied water, elegant parks and gardens, a low but defensible wall, a beautiful harbour, and magnificent examples of post-Bright Empire architecture.

Menii is the political and administrative capital of the Isle. The council meets here, as does the Grand Assembly. Menii is also the center of diplomatic power, and many nations have representatives here to ensure good trade. This cosmopolitan air makes Menii the friendliest of the Purple Towns, and popular with visitors. The annual Menii fair is the premier trading event on the Young Kingdoms calendar.

The different parts of the city are described below.

THE HUB

The hub is the literal and political center of Menii. It is a set of buildings devoted to the functions of the government of the island. The council halls dominate the skyline, alongside the forum where the Grand Assembly gathers. The craftsmen of Utkel have a Guildhouse here, where trade representatives ensure that their needs are represented in the Isle's governing. Other buildings include foreign embassies, and the homes of important dignitaries.

GOLDAR'S SPOKE

This spoke encompasses the market, the thriving heart of Menii where Goldar holds sway, where sales are made and profits realized. The centerpiece of the town is definitely the Grand Bazaar, with its huge open market area and the magnificent pyramid temple to Goldar. There are thousands of traders here. Many have stalls, while others wander around trying to find the best prices. Areas are set aside for the auction of slaves or livestock. The priests of Goldar make it their claim that

there is no product of the Young Kingdoms that cannot be bought in the fabulous Menii market. This claim excludes the illegal sale of the artifices of Chaos, but such is to be expected from a Lawful clergy.

LASSA'S SPOKE

This area includes the high ground of the city, and is thus named for the Lady of the Air. It is a wealthy residential district, but snobbish nobles from other parts of the Isle refer to it as a poor man's Kariss. There are many houses occupied by the merchant middle class, predominantly two story dwellings of purple and gray stone, with red roofs. The leaders of the cartels all live in this sector, and there are even a few towers here and there. The shops of the area cater for more expensive tastes, with goods of higher quality or exotic origin.

PEOPLE'S SPOKE

This land has been set aside as a green oasis for the city folk. It was originally intended to be Grome's Spoke, but strong objections were raised by the Temple of Water. The revised name, People's Spoke, designates it clearly as a public space. Plants from all over the Young Kingdoms grow here, in a series of carefully tended garden beds. The most famous of these is the Gardens of the Moon, composed of nocturnal varieties of flowering plants. When the full moon shines upon this garden, the reflected light has a hallucinogenic effect, and the viewer's mind is bent by a million colors and a thousand dreams. On every full moon a handful of people gather for the experience, and not all of them walk away sane.

ARKYN'S SPOKE

This is largely a residential district for the working class of Menii. It also includes the craftsmen and manufacturers of the town, most of whom operate on appointment by the Temple of Law. The Museum of the Mechanic is located in this sector, and it houses many seminal examples of Young Kingdoms' science. Amongst the marvels of the museum are the first Lormyrian plow, the figurehead of the first carvel-built brig of the Purple Towns, and the Frozen Rose, said to have been plucked on the day that the last Melnibonéan ship left the Isle.

DONBLAS' SPOKE

Most of the area is residential, but near the wall are the barracks for the city watch. Also here are the courts and justiciaries, and an alms house for visiting worshipers of Donblas. Many cartels have their counting houses here, as it is the most-patrolled sector of town. The town's gallows are in a public square close to the Hub.

STRAASHA'S SPOKE

This suburb lies along the western arm of the town, and encompasses the docks. It has a higher proportion of taverns than the rest of the town, and a high population of foreigners, fresh from distant parts. It is the busiest spoke, and thus the shabbiest.

THE HARBOR

The harbor is wide and placid, and opens into the Bay of Menii. A lighthouse guides ships past the breakwater, and a tower keep at the western edge of the city stands sentinel against invaders. In the northern waters of the harbor several mast-less prison hulks are anchored, where thieves and embezzlers are let to rot.

FISHER VILLAGE

At the foot of the cliff, and outside of the city walls, is a small waterside area inhabited by fishermen, their families, and their boats. The settlement predates the modern city above, and the huts and shacks are largely unchanged by the building of Menii. Generally it is referred to as "the village" by the more urbane city-dwellers.

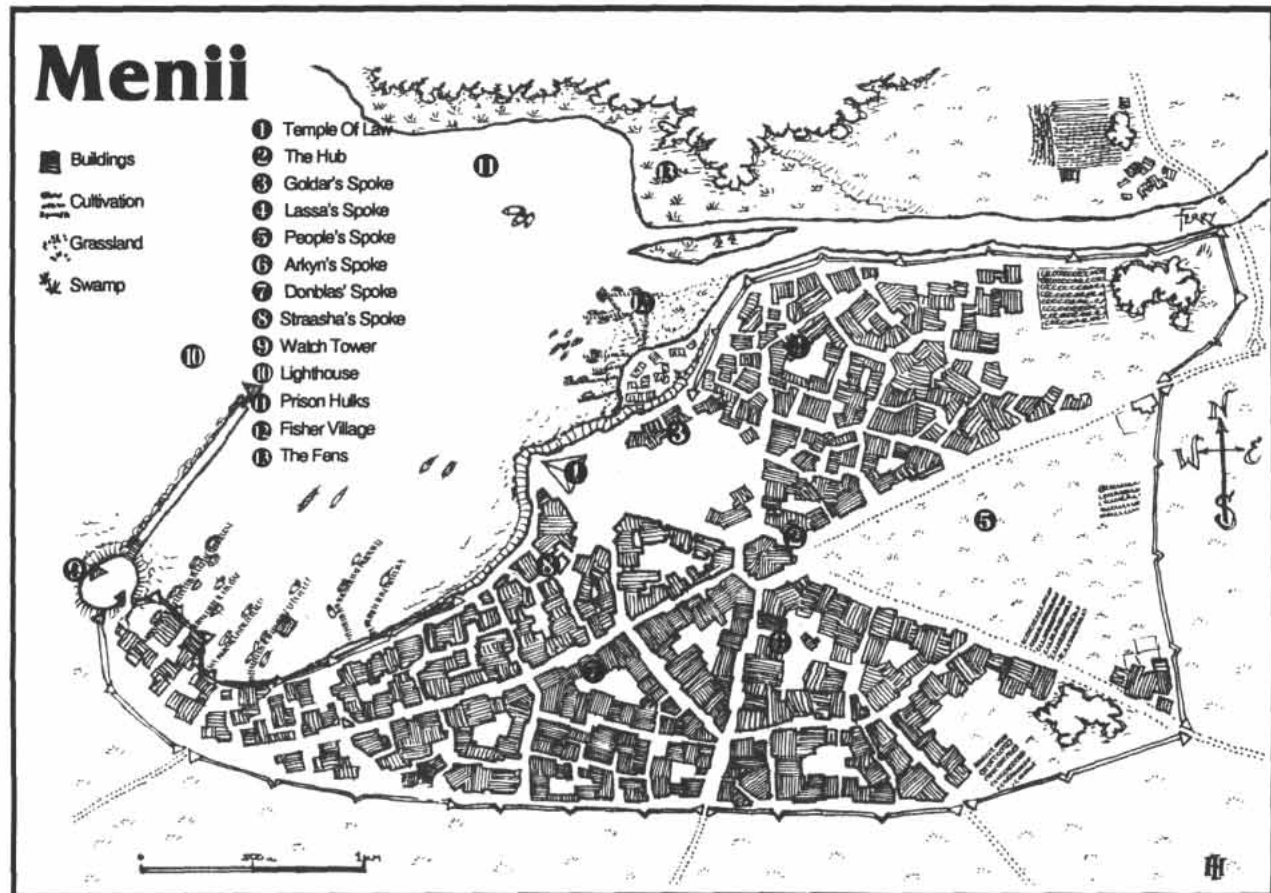
THE FENS

The marshy areas to the north of the city are largely uninhabited. They provide an excellent natural defence for the city. It is said that if a careful search is made, items from households from the days of the pirate kings can be found. Some even say that they have found Melnibonéan artifacts amongst the green weeds.

Utkel

Utkel is the principle manufacturing center of the island. River barges travel up the Mindorn river from Utkel to surrounding towns, many of which are also geared towards industry. While the other Purple Towns are surrounded by fertile farmlands, the lands around Utkel have never been such, and most peasants have left their meager lands to work in the city for the captains of industry.

Until recent times Utkel was the focal point of mercantile life on the Isle. Unlike most of the other cities and towns, it is an ugly place, built for use rather than aesthetics. Although the merchants make their money





in Utkel, most prefer to live in Menii. Those who still dwell in Utkel include poorer traders, craftsmen, workers, sailors, and more beggars than anywhere else on the island. North of the city is a wide area of marshlands and tidal flats where people too poor to live in the city subsist, scavenging for dead fish and other sea-borne fare.

The city is low and flat, with a large, dirty port. It is split into many parts by the large slow Mindorn river. The Mindorn is so wide that ocean-going vessels can float up it to unload at riverside warehouses. A multitude of putrid canals wind from the sluggish and grimy river, leading to bleak docks and drab warehouses. These water-ways twist under narrow bridges amongst the run-down villas, old sweatshops and slums. Many residents of Utkel own a small boat of some sort, as some sections of the city cannot be reached on foot.

Utkel has little in it of beauty or comfort. For the most part, it is polluted and overcrowded. Here and there an older villa might stand on a minor rise, but such buildings are surrounded and lost among crowded and tottering row houses. The most striking feature of the town is the Temple of Water, which is situated on the rocky peninsula on the western side of the harbor.

Utkel is geared towards manufacturing industries, and guilds and workhouses abound. The goods made here are sold all over the Young Kingdoms. Products include textiles, ceramics, and earthenware.

Control of the city is divided among several groups. Legally the city council is the decision maker, but in reality the power of the guilds often comes to bear. In addition there a number of street gangs, groups involved in protection rackets, smugglers, and shady merchants dealing in the import and use of demonic artifacts. Utkel has the largest city watch of the major cities, and it is also the most corrupt.

Kariss

Kariss is the capital of the northern Provinces. It was the first human city, and for much of its history it has been capital of all the Isle. In those times the pirate

kings sailed forth, bringing back vast wealth and stolen art treasures. They made Kariss into a beautiful town, a city of wide streets, low elegant buildings and open plazas. Mindful of the wrath of their southern prey, they also made it a fortress, and raised mighty battlements about their paradise.

The city is nestled on a low river valley which opens into a generous harbor. The beaches are of golden sands, and the hills around the city are green and fertile. To each side of the harbor are tall watchtowers, constantly manned, their occupants alert for an unlikely attack. Nowadays the city has outgrown the great battlements, and sprawls lazily across the hill to either side of the Count's keep. The most striking feature of the city is its pinnacle, the slim white Porcelain Tower of Lassa which stands high in the winds.

Kariss' streets are lined with purple villas, their roofs a deep red. Most are hundreds of years old. The entire city has a sense of slow elegance, and tradition has set this town in bygone times. Perhaps this reminder of the older ages is what brings a selection of the world's nobles back here summer after summer to relax in the warm dry heat, escaping many of the colder lands.

During the summer, games and sporting events are held in Liberty Plaza, a green field in the center of town.

Some people comment that Kariss is like Imrryr. This may be because the ancient stones were torn from Melnibonéan ruins, or perhaps it is just the sedate, almost dream-like lifestyle of its inhabitants. Since the shift of government to Menii, the streets often seem empty.

Kariss is also a port, but few merchants arrive here. The harbor contains mostly local shipping, and the craft of noble families from all over the island. Many of the sealords have town-houses in Kariss, and it is where nobles meet when they wish to be free of merchants.

The Fortress of Evening

The Fortress of Evening is a rough and ready town on the north coast. It is the Isle's principal naval base, and has extensive docks and ship yards, with space for hundreds of warships. Looming harbor walls protect the ships from any storm, and serve as the first line of defence against outside attack.

The township itself lies alongside the naval facilities. Much of the town is owned by the navy. Taverns

and inns are numerous, as are gambling houses, tattoo parlors, markets and bordellos. It is a raucous and rowdy place, and the town watch are the toughest on the island. It is the best place to go if you want to find a particular sailor, have your ship repaired, or escape the attention of the Church of Goldar.

There are no formal temples in the town, although there is a shrine to Straasha. His worship is popular amongst the sailors. Merchants rarely come here. Nobles who have kept their ties to the sea, the true sealords, spend a lot of their time here inspecting the fleet and drilling the men, and planning conquests more martial than economic.

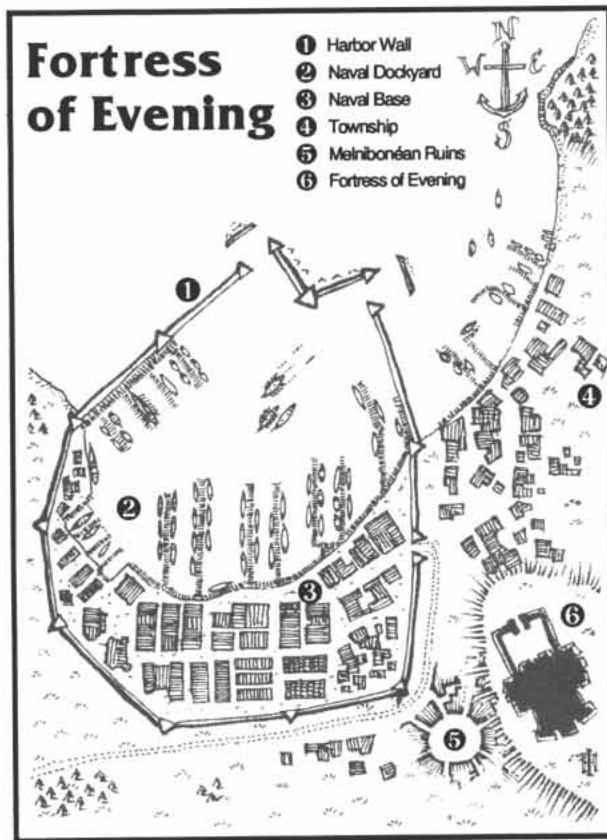
Above the town are the foundations of the original Melnibonéan city, long since dismantled and used to build the newer human settlement. The ruins have a bad reputation, and are fringed by a shanty town of broken old sailors and escaped slaves. The naval authorities tolerate their presence as a buffer against whatever ghosts may yet haunt the ruins. Sailors are a superstitious folk.

Older still is the Fortress of the Evening itself, the ancient structure which gives the naval base its name. Before the tides of humanity swept across the Isle to build their Purple Towns, before even the Bright Empire took the Isle as their own, the Fortress of the Evening stood looking out across the Eastern Ocean.

The Fortress is unique upon the earth. It is the finest example of stonemason's craft found anywhere in the Young Kingdoms, a massive construction of red-slashed granite raised without mortar or cement. The huge blocks in the walls are so cunningly fitted that not even a knife blade can be slipped between them. It is built on a non-human scale, with cavernous rooms, vast doorways, echoing halls and arena-sized courtyards. The building has an air of sterility, and lacks ornamentation, or even windows. The Fortress is considered impregnable, and has withstood every siege ever mounted against it. Its high, sloping walls can be seen for miles out to sea, and from the heather-garlanded hills inland.

The few surviving facts about the history of the Fortress can be found in the libraries of Melniboné, and are little known outside that soporific land. Its original name was Ma-ha-kil-agra, the "Fort of Evening", and today the Temeric islanders still know it by a corruption of that name. It was old before the Melnibonéans came to the island. Distant millennia ago, the Fortress was a place where a lonely race came to die. The monolithic keep was never intended as a functional dwelling place, but was built as an elaborate mausoleum for the dead. Who or what they were remains unknown, as the cyclo-





pean edifice is the only trace remaining of them. Perhaps somewhere secrets wait to be uncovered, within or beneath the Fortress of Evening's imposing walls.

The Isle

The Isle of the Purple Towns is a massive slab of granite, thrust from the sea in a slanted fashion by elemental forces in ages past. It lies between the Oldest Ocean and the Eastern Ocean, in a nexus of sea-currents that brings shipping and flotsam from all over the world. Along the southern coast of the island, black and gray granite cliffs tower over the cool waters. In the north, the land slopes gently down to warmer seas, heated by currents from the shallow Straits of Vilmir.

THE NORTHERN LANDS

The north and north-west coasts are warm, low-lying lands. Tree-covered plains give way to wide, golden beaches. The summer is not too hot, and brings cool southern breezes, and rain during the early evening. The winter is not too cold, and clear skies and warm currents make life pleasant.

The plains are lightly wooded lands, with frequent rivers and rolling hills. Many nobles have their estates here, and the fertile soils and mild weather suit an agricultural lifestyle. Produce includes grains, sugar, tobacco, vegetable oils, fruits and nuts.

Along the northern coasts are dozens of small towns, and two major port towns. The two cities are Kariss, capital of the northern provinces, and The Fortress of Evening, where the Isle's naval base is situated. The four northern provinces are Gestrani, Karisan, Agril-Mgren and Telhak.

Most structures on the island are built from the entrancing purple stone, stone ripped from the ruins of ancient Melnibonéan towers. The interior of the Isle is dotted with the estates of the noble families, with a few peasant villages interspersed between.

THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

The island is divided by a rugged set of low mountains known as Darit's Razor. Exposed raw edges of black granite form the peaks, sharp and unforgiving. During winter the mountains are covered in a deep layer of light powdery snow. Freezing blizzards and avalanches quickly cut the passes. Even during summer, cold winds batter the Razor, and many people have lost their lives in ill-timed crossings.

Very little grows or lives in the highlands. They do not form part of any of the provinces. The only people to reside there permanently are several orders of aesthetic monks associated with the Church of Donblas. Many creatures find refuge at the foot of the mountains, including bears, wolves, and smaller animals. There are also persistent rumors of dark, unnatural things hiding deep in the hills.

THE BAY OF MENII

The region around the Bay of Menii has low hills, merging with the flat swampy lands of the coast. The bay provides a generous haul of fish, year-round. In some places the people have drained swamps and built villages on the coast, or else erected houses on stilts in the marshes. Around the bay are numerous rivers and streams. Rainfall is high, and much of the water that falls on the mountainous heart of the island drains into this bay. The province surrounding the bay is Shascil. It includes Menii, the capital of the entire island, and arguably the most prosperous human city in the Young Kingdoms.

THE SOUTHERN HEATHS AND VALLEYS

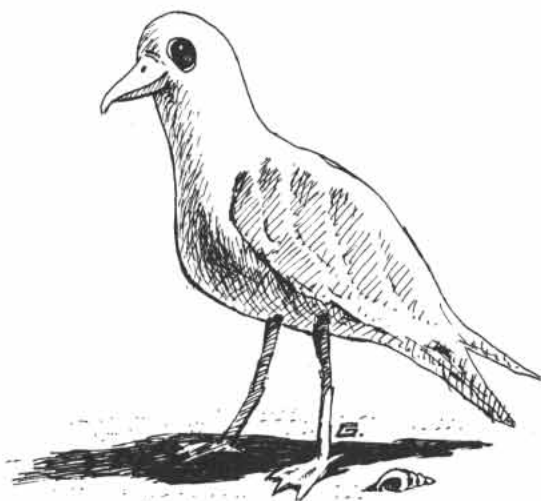
The southern and eastern parts of the island have exposed hills, low grasses, and a scattering of trees. Between the hills are green valleys, much cooler than

those in the north, but well suited to the raising of cattle and sheep. The southern coast consists of black cliffs. There is an occasional bay where the land comes down to sea level, and a village of fisher-folk will be found huddled against the cold southern winds.

Winter brings snow to the high plains, and the cattle and sheep are herded into the valleys. If the season is especially bad, the beasts must be taken into barns. Apart from people and their domesticated animals, this region is nearly bereft of large animals. Foxes are common, but anything larger is rare, although occasionally something might come down from the mountains. Many birds make their nests on the high plains or along the southern cliffs.

The southern provinces are Belrain County, Kymar and Rillarain. They are the poorest of the eight provinces, and must fight hard in the Council of Eight to ensure that their interests are fairly represented. The city of Utkel is included in the political boundaries of the southern lands, but its actual site on the Bay of Menii makes it an odd capital for the south, with which it has little in common.

The most famous feature of the coast is Salkan's Cut, a sea canyon which extends under the cliff into a vast tidal cavern. This was the ancient hiding place of the Pirate King's fleet, and the crumbling remains of their villages can still be seen carved into the canyon walls.



Now wind whistles through the empty dwellings, and only sea-birds make their home here. Persistent rumors of long-lost pirate gold bring a steady trickle of treasure-seekers hoping to find fortune in the chill rock shadows. Purple Town scribes appreciate the pun behind the locale's name: in the ancient treaty with the Lormyrians, Salkan's cut was the control of the Purple Towns, which has lasted unto this day.

Flora & Fauna

The Isle's most famous tree is also its most rare. Until about eight hundred years ago, the Isle was covered with Purple Mahogany. The tree gave the woods their splendid color. Scattered between were varieties of pine, birch and cedar. Nowadays most of the forests have gone, and the remaining trees are largely pine. Isolated stands of valued mahogany are the only evidence of the ancient forests. The largest such plantation is near the Fortress of the Evening, kept by the navy to ensure a supply of the superior woods for ship-building.

In spring the plains of the island are covered with red and blue wild flowers, some of which have useful herbal properties. Green heather and violet-flowering gorse covers the high plains.

Most animals on the Isle were originally introduced by the Melnibonéans, who wished to enjoy the fine hunting of their homeland. Deer, rabbit, brown fox and the red squirrel are found all over the Isle. There are some native species, including the wirran, a native dog. Larger animals, such as the Gray Spotted Bear and the Dusk-Wolf, have been forced into the central mountains. The most unusual indigenous species is the Split-Leech of the marshes.

Birds are important to many folk of the island, particularly sea-birds. The albatross is a symbol of the Isle, and many make their nests along the southern coast. The image of the albatross is emblazoned on many ships' flags. Penguins and kestrels are also sacred to both Straasha and Lassa, and birds of all species gather at the air temple in Kariss. Hawks and eagles are common in the mountains.

The Sea is an important source of food for coastal peoples. Their harvests include herring, mackerel, the Spiny Grunion (porcupine fish), abalone, squid, oysters, mussels, shrimp, and crab. The nobles especially savor the Sweet Gray Lobster, and it always commands a high price in the fish markets of Menii.

SPLIT-LEECH

The two-headed split-leech is thought to have been created by the Melnibonéans as a parting gift to the humans who were once their slaves. The creatures are widespread throughout the marshlands on the western coast.

An average split-leech is about the size of a large dog. It is black, with a purple stripe down its back. The front half of its body bisects into two independent heads, each with a quivering lipless mouth. The creature is slow-moving, and once detected can be easily eluded.

The split-leech is a blood-sucker. Its jaws exude a mild toxin which anesthetizes flesh, but few people actually fail to notice that they have a slippery dog-sized leech attached to their leg. The leech can absorb up to its own body-weight in blood. If it gorges itself beyond that, it may explode.

SPLIT-LEECH

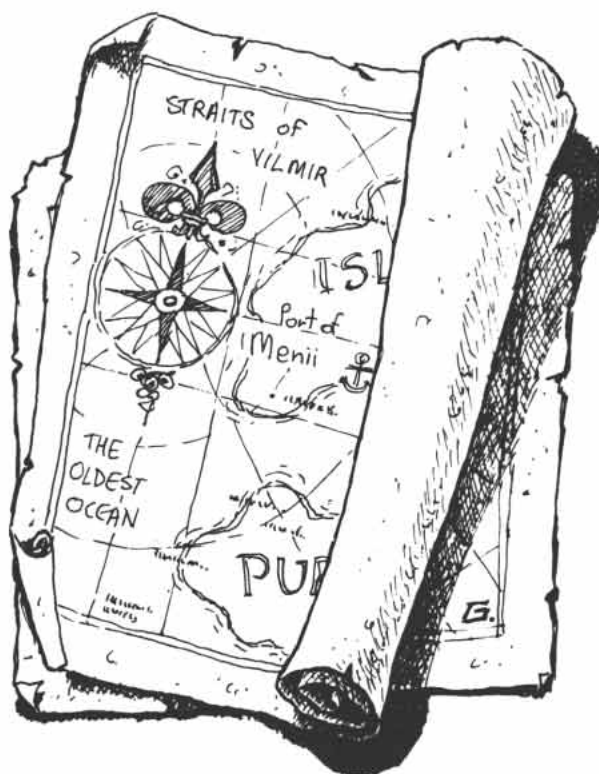
Attributes	Average	
STR	2D6	7
CON	2D6+3	10
SIZ	1D6+2	5-6
INT	1D4	2-3
POW	2D6	7
DEX	1D6+3	5-6
HP	CON	10

ARMOR: 3 points of slimy hide.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite x2	40%	1D6 + blood drain*

* The leech continues to drain 1D3 hit points per round once attached. It gains 1 point of SIZ for each round's blood-sucking. If it reaches SIZ 9 in this fashion, it explodes with a noxious squelch.

SKILLS: Hide in Swamp 70%, Move Quietly 70%.



PURPLE TOWNERS

IN THIS CHAPTER the people of the Purple Towns are investigated. Their lifestyle and habits are covered at length in *Culture and Society*. Their seafaring prowess is scrutinized in *Shipping*. Finally, *Generating Purple Towns Characters* provides guidelines for creating Purple Towner adventurers, including new weapons and skills.

Culture & Society

Humans were introduced onto the Isle as slaves. Their Melnibonéan masters imported them from the southern continent, and they were originally known as the Temic peoples. Due to their isolation, they have retained their distinctive looks, and their own sub-culture.

The original slaves had dark hair and pale skin, and these features can still be seen today in many noble and peasant families. The Melnibonéan masters obviously chose their slaves for their fitness. The people of the Isle are broad-shouldered and well-proportioned, and most have an uncommon resistance to many of the plagues and diseases which spread throughout the Young Kingdoms.

As recounted elsewhere, in the last four hundred years the Purple Towners have discovered both independence and trading. Whereas centuries ago the pirate kings terrorized the southern seas, now they are seen as responsible landholders. A mercantile middle class has risen, and the Church of Goldar, once a minor cult, has elevated itself into a position of power. Meanwhile, thousands of peasants are still tied to the lands, working on farmlands owned and tithed by nobles. Others are virtually slaves to richer merchants.

Peasants

Peasant peoples can be split into a number of broad groups, depending on what region of the island they are from. Generally, they dwell outside of the major cities, and include farmers, craftsmen, and fishermen. Below the status of even the peasants are the slaves who are bought and sold at the Menii market.

In the north and east, most peasants are either farmers or live in scattered villages. The farmers are bound to the land either through being bonded, or more commonly are gifted with their own lands in return for tithes and services. The villages are often found in or near noble estates, and many were originally built by the local lord. The villagers are usually skilled in a particular trade, such as smithing, carpentry, and the like. Most villages have a shrine to Straasha next to the local river.

In the south, the estates are larger. The land is used mainly for herding cattle and sheep, and there are few farmers. Instead the people are found in villages along the coast. These villages perch amongst the black obsidian cliffs, with narrow streets winding down to the waters. The principle occupations are shepherding and fishing. The southern waters are exceptionally rich, but the inclement weather and strong winds restrict the catch.

In the western lands, there are a multitude of villages and towns. These lands are fertile farming areas, and many of the villages specialize in a particular product. For example, Imkel produces exquisite porcelain, and Lorkaz has spectacularly dyed carpets and rugs. These goods are sold in the markets of Menii and Utkel, often by a merchant from the village.

Some of the peasants tilling the soil worship Grome. Straasha is more popular, as he brings rain to the fields, delivers the catch, and brings the sailors and fishermen home safe and sound.

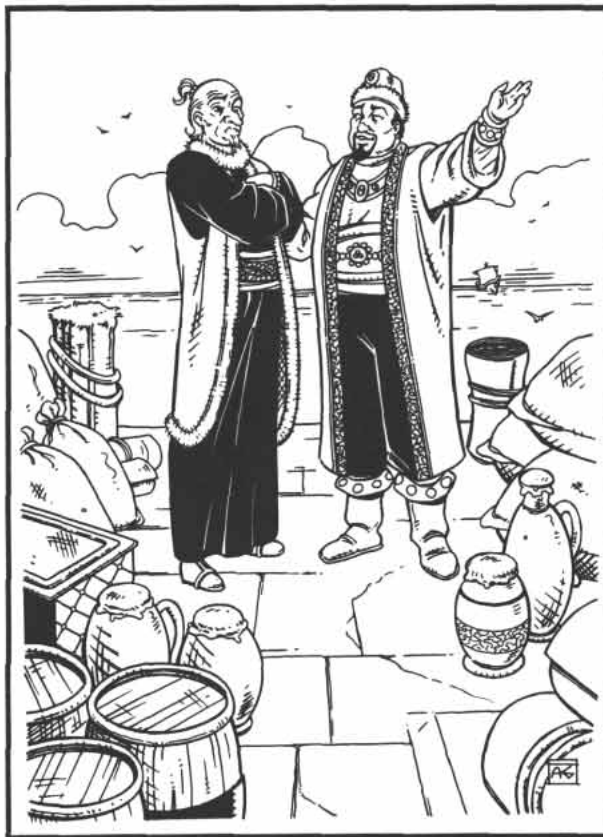
Merchants

Most of the middle classes of the Isle can be loosely termed merchants. This term encompasses a large variation in professions and activities, from a humble cobbler to the very wealthy merchant cartels. The merchant classes congregate around the western cities and towns, especially Menii and Utkel.

Many merchants are little more than shopkeepers, providing goods to those who visit their shop or stall. Some of these shopkeepers manufacture the goods they retail, the rest are middlemen who acquire their stock through their own trading.

Others carry their wares in a peddler's pack or on a two-wheeled wagon, and travel the Isle. The more affluent venture out into the rest of the Young Kingdoms, scouring foreign markets for exotic wares, or places to sell their own. Some own their ship, and others have backers to finance their voyages. Many noble families indulge in this level of trade, either by sailing their own ships or making them available to other merchants for a share of the profits.

The most powerful merchant factions are the cartels. These are sometimes formed of one important



"Sir, I would rob myself if I sold at that price!"

CREDIT

If it suits the gamemaster, the Credit skill can be used as a rough measure of the importance of merchants in Purple Towns society.

CREDIT STATUS

00% - 25% NEGLIGIBLE. The merchant is down on her luck, or just starting out. She is in danger of going out of business.

26% - 50% FAIR. The merchant has some success, and a degree of capital. He probably has a house.

51% - 75% GOOD. The merchant is well established, and has either a ship or a prosperous shop. She has a town house.

76% - 89% EXCELLENT. The merchant owns several trading vessels. He has a gorgeous villa.

90%+ EXCEPTIONAL. The merchant is the head of a cartel, and commands a fleet of ships. She has the ear of the Council, and is prominent in the Church of Goldar. She has houses in every major town, and an estate in the country.

family, but more often are a trading firm made up of wealthy merchants acting in concert. The cartels operate at all stages of trading, from the acquisition of raw materials, to production of trade goods, through to selling products in both local and foreign markets. They employ craftsmen, ship captains, crews, storemen, and scribes. Their ownings include warehouses, sweatshops, counting-houses, inns, fleets, and stalls. Most of the properties in Utkel and Menii are owned by one cartel or another.

Merchants use their profits to increase their own trading empires, but they also have funded new temples, almshouses, hospitals, docks, roads, and other public works. All concur that a healthy nation turns a healthy profit. The merchants always argue strenuously against any decision to go to war, as instability harms trade.

Worship of Goldar is an underlying factor which unites all merchants, great and small. All are interested in what Goldar offers: Trade, Wealth and Profit. Any shop ran by a Purple Towner has a shrine to Goldar, as do the inns, taverns, gambling houses, and even the bordellos. Ships also carry idols of the Golden God, as well as images of Straasha to ensure a safe voyage.

Nobles

Descended from the pirate kings of centuries before, the sealords still rule most of the island. Each family controls an estate, and many prefer not to venture out. With the rising of mercantile power, these families developed

differing viewpoints. Most families have fully involved themselves of the opportunity to increase their coin, such as Count Smiorgan Baldhead and his clan. Others remain above such activities. Not a few long for the days when, with the power of sword and ship, one could take what one pleased.

The traditional way of life for the nobles involves managing the land around their estates, hunting and riding. Most young men become officers in one of the fleets, or in the Isle's army. Some young women also join the navy, in order to learn about ship building and maintenance, but most stay on the estates practicing the management skills for which they are renowned. In a traditional Purple Towns marriage, on all levels of society, the husband looks to the sea, and the wife to the land.

The most popular religion among the nobles is Lassa. Her worship is seen as the pinnacle of culture and refinement.

Fashion

The style of clothes worn by most peoples of the Isle are bound to tradition, being both functional and popular. Only the newer merchants are seen to experiment. These traditional styles are notable in that while the materials and colors used vary between classes, the actual cut remains remarkably consistent. Furs are never worn, but are sometimes used as bedding. Embellishments include embroidery, lace-work and dyeing.

The peasant folk use wool and leather. The women wear skirts and dresses, the men rough leather pants and shirts. While the peasant folk use inexpensive blue and green dyes, some of their clothes display intricate needlework, often the result of months of effort. Shoes are rough leather, often little more than bags tied around the feet. In summer, wood and leather sandals are preferred. Men have both long hair and beards, and a boy is considered a man when he has two finger widths of beard. Women vary their hair lengths, often based on practicality. Long hair is kept back in shawls or colorful head scarves.

Merchants wear a range of clothing, with styles and fabrics from all over the Young Kingdoms. The basic fashion followed is that the clothing must be expensive, in rare colors, and embellished in the extreme. Silk, linen, and cotton are preferred, embellished with pearls, gemstone and gold thread. The merchants favor fancy lace-work, layers of silk, and extensive use of rare purple, red and jet-black dyes. The women also tie their

hair back, but with elaborate clasps, such as gold hairpins studded with pearls.

Noble dress is restrained yet elegant. They favor fine cotton, silks and quality leather. Noble families also have embroidered clothes, often employing a peasant girl full-time for her needlework. Their clothes are Lassa blue, or expensive purple. Women wear a dress and mantle combination, or woolen skirts and embroidered blouses. The men wear loose and baggy shirts of cotton or linen, and fine leather trousers. The shirts have puffed sleeves gathered at the wrist. Sometimes an ornate vest is worn, and a fine woollen cloak for cold weather. Both sexes sport long hair, the ladies restrain theirs in complex braids, whereas the men leave their hair unbound. At war the men don tough leather sea-armor and steel skullcaps, which are both functional and safe on ship-board.

Common Names

Following are lists of names common to inhabitants of the Purple Towns. Men's and women's names are presented separately. Players should feel free to choose adventurer names or variants thereon from the ones provided here. Names in italics are taken from the *Elric Saga*.

MEN

Abarran, Anton, Aston, Bakunabulis, Brolle, Bruit, Ceritt, Coren, Darm, Dowsett, Cerit, Eplivan, Garriol, Iskel, Kargan, Kelgar, Lorge, Margan, Manarel, *Orgon*, *Osoll*, *Smiorgan*, Stefan, Suarg, Talivag, Ubidias, Vanall, Zadaran.

WOMEN

Aglarana, Amaree, Britheena, Calisander, Delmia, Ephriana, Esmerelda, Fabria, Gilda, Karina, Listoria, Magda, Makavee, *Osolly*, Patrikas, Triarmin, Samarda, Trithina, Vanally.

SURNAMES

While some names may be used as first or last names with equal impunity, some surnames on the Isle are descriptive, usually based on some physical characteristic. The *Elric Saga* gives two examples, *Baldhead* and *Sharpeyes*.

Adopting this style, one can generate such names as Bristlebrow, Dancingeyes, Flamehair, Greybeard, Gurgleguts, Lightfoot, Longshanks, Moonface, Oakenthigs, and Sweet-tongued. Such names may not always be flattering, and may be chosen by enemies, family or associates.

Some folk have no surname for the early years of their life, and do not gain one until some pivotal event. The acquired surname may be derived from a person's deeds, traits, or skills. Names along these lines include Clakarslayer, Helmsman, Rainbringer, and Waverider.

Townsfolk as a rule have less dramatic surnames than adventurers and explorers, while shopkeepers usually bear one which describes their occupation, such as Cooper, Miller, Smith, Wainwright, Weaver and Vitner. Their children bear the same surname, differentiated with -son or -daughter as appropriate, e.g. Smithson.

Festivals

The spring and summer months are one long season of celebration and festivity for the noble classes. Starting with the first week of spring, one of the Counts holds a lavish feast and carnival at his estate. Other nobles are invited, and the peasants toil for weeks to prepare the dishes. Merchants are rarely invited, and it is considered a great honor if they are. Truth to tell, most of their class scorn such squandering of money and time, and prefer to use this favorable time of the year for voyages and trading.

The county celebrations continue every two weeks through spring and into the summer, with each Count endeavouring in turn to top the efforts of his previous hosts. Some nobles are absent from their properties for four months as they follow these revels across the Isle. A hunt is begun at the first feast, and runs continuously until the eighth. Some years the hunters absolutely denude the local fauna, and fresh game must be imported from the southern continent.

The ninth and most important event on the calendar is the annual Menii fair, held at the end of summer, after the harvest. It is run under the auspices of Goldar, and attracts traders and captains from across the Young Kingdoms. A huge tent city springs up, and the township triples its population for the space of a week. There is a magnificent display of art and fine goods, new plays are performed, great ceremonies are held to honor the Lords of Law, and music and feasting run for a week. The Bay of Menii is filled with ships from distant lands, and kings and cardinals have been known to attend.

The temple of Straasha holds more dour celebrations at the beginning and end of winter, offering wishes to the sea-king that ships will fare safely through the chill months. The temple of Lassa holds a festival in autumn, when leaves are falling and the winter winds are gathering their breath. A feature of this festival is a gathering of the Isle's musicians, who compete in orchestras, quartets and solo for accolades from the music-loving temple. The best wind instrumentalist at the festival is appointed temple musician at the air temple for the coming year.

Music

The production and appreciation of music is an important part of Isle life, as befits a nation which worships Lassa. Amongst the noble and merchant families, many people play either a woodwind, string or brass instrument, and most can sing in some fashion. These families also often employ one of the many small groups of

musicians who travel the Isle. When the entire hall and all the guests vanished at a wedding feast of the Rillarain family, people were most upset by the loss of three of the Isle's best quartets.

The peasants keep to simple woodwind and percussion instruments, but at feasts large choirs form to sing the praises of Lassa, Straasha and the local sealord. Many of the sailors and fisher-folk have a repertoire of shanties. These are work songs, to co-ordinate such tasks as taking in the anchor, hauling the bowline, hoisting the sail, and winching the capstan. They have other sea songs for time ashore or at leisure.

Language

The Purple Towners speak a dialect of common known as Temic. It has no written equivalent, but is rather a mixture of accent and slang. It is a thick and lilting brogue, and sometimes hard for people of other lands to understand. Most merchants work hard to cultivate a more genteel tone, whereas the indigenous fishermen are practically incomprehensible to outsiders.

Government

The Isle is run by two bodies, the Council, and the larger but less powerful Grand Assembly. Meetings are held in Menii at regular intervals, and matters of importance both internal and foreign discussed. The Grand Assembly is the collection of the most important people of the Isle, including the heads of noble families, important merchants, and guild leaders. A full meeting could have up to two thousand men and women in attendance. At these meetings current issues are discussed, reports are given, and votes are taken.

The real power sits with the Council. This comprises the eight Counts of the Isle, one for each county, plus the Chosen, a representative of the Church of Goldar. In their splendid hall at Menii, the real issues of the Isle are secretly debated and policies set. All know that these nine effectively rule the Isle. The merchants chafe that they have but one representative among eight sealords, but truth to tell the persuasion of the Chosen is powerful indeed, and in many issues the interests of the sealords are not so disparate as those of the merchants.

Each city and town has its own council, headed by a mayor, for the regulation of local affairs. In the countryside the nobles rule the land, under the rule of their respective Counts.



Everything has a price In the Purple Towns.

Guilds

The guilds were organized to protect the workers and to ensure that their skills weren't dispersed amongst the general population. While many of their members are employed by the merchants, the guilds have no great love for their employers or the noble peoples. The larger guilds play a significant part in city life, having representatives on the Grand Assembly and many of the local city councils. Some of the smaller guilds are little more than a social club for their members.

The main center of guild activity is Utkel, where each guild has a hall in which meetings, training, and testing is carried out. They also share the Guild House in Menii, a grand building occupied by people from many of the guilds. A Guildmaster meet is conducted there four times a year, and every guild sends a representative to discuss issues affecting them with the clergy of Goldar and with the leaders of the merchant cartels. Few of the guilds have any political muscle outside of the towns. In the countryside the peasants are firmly under the control of their lords and nobles.

The guilds set prices for standard services, provide a means of communication between members, and regulate their trade. Bodies include the Shipbuilder's Guild, the Wheelwright's Guild, the Stonemason's Guild, the Weaver's Guild, the Cartographer's Guild, the Alchemical Guild, the Player's Guild, and others. New guilds can be registered at the Guild Hall in Menii for a small fee, and this has led to such tiny and farcical organizations as the One-Armed Sailor's Guild, the Ship-in-Bottle Maker's Guild, and the Ale Sampler's Guild. No Thieves' Guild is known to exist, and such an organization would be ruthlessly stamped out if discovered. There is a satirical Beggar's Guild, without chapter or guildhouse.

Defence

The sealords maintain a small land army. In this army the officers are all noble's sons, and the foot soldiers are volunteers from the peasants. There are few cavalry units. The fact that no-one has invaded the Isle for centuries makes soldiering a secure but boring occupation. Most of their time is spent training, or giving demonstrations at various festivals.

Each town maintains its own town watch, and the temples have their own guards. Many of the merchants pay mercenaries to protect their wares, and some of the larger cartels employ so many as to constitute a private army. This worries some of the members of the Grand Assembly, and has been a heated issue of late.

The key to the defense of the Isle is its seapower. Each Count controls a fleet of warships, and in this way they uphold their hereditary title of sealord. In peace these ships are hired to escort merchant craft and explorers, but in war they smoothly integrate into a powerful navy. The Counts of Agril-Mgren, Kymar and Rillarain base their fleets in the harbor of the Fortress of Evening. Those of Shascil, Belrain County, and Gestrani have their fleets in the Bay of Menii. The Count of Karisan stations his in Kariss, and the Count of Telhak keeps his at the small eastern harbor of Temoraz.

The most skilled military force on the Isle are the marines. They were initially created by the Council over two hundred years ago, from the remnants of Darit's band. They are a semi-mercenary force, hired out to guard the ships of merchants or nobles, and available for special operations in foreign lands. The marines have a large hall and clearing house at the Fortress of Evening, and are available to any Purple Towner at the going rates. In times of extended peace, they hire out to foreigners, but only with Council approval. When the Isle is at war, the marines serve aboard the navy's ships. They are expert at both shipboard and land warfare.

Justice

The Purple Towns is a Lawful nation, and Law protects property. Thieves and forgers are held in even lower regard than murderers and rapists. The courts are notoriously hard-line, and anyone accused of theft is presumed guilty until proven innocent. Possession of stolen goods, or the account of even one reliable witness, is usually sufficient for a conviction.

Trials are held in each of the major cities on the island. A Priest of Goldar acts as judge, and an Agent acts as Prosecutor. In the smaller towns and counties, the local lord serves as judge. In either case, there is no

Punishments For Theft

<i>Amount Stolen</i>	<i>Punishment</i>
Up to 50 LB	Forehead branded with the mark of the thief. It is illegal to employ thieves, or give them alms or shelter.
Up to 100 LB	Right hand cut off.
Up to 500 LB	Imprisonment in the hulks of Menii harbor for one year per 100 LB stolen.
Up to 1000 LB	Left hand cut off.
Over 1000 LB	Hanging.

jury. The judge determines guilt or innocence, and passes sentence.

Sentences for theft is meted out in accordance with the sum involved. These punishments are cumulative, so the thief caught stealing a chest of spice worth 600 LB is branded, maimed, and incarcerated. Third-time offenders are hung regardless of the magnitude of the crimes.

Sometimes the thief may be offered an alternative to the punishment. This could be an option to join the navy, or to perform some service for the Church of Goldar. These services often take the form of special missions. The church is nothing if not pragmatic, and those skilled in thievery and deception can be put to use in stealing maps or goods or information from other nations. Alternately, convicted thieves are sometimes sold as slaves, and the plaintiff collects the money raised by the sale.

Character

On the whole, Purple Towners are an open people. They do not brood, and are not fickle with their friendships. They are hard-working, especially when personal profit is involved. A rich Purple Towner is more likely to use his money to make even more money, rather than fritter it away on the luxuries that wealth can bring. They are steady and level-headed, and rarely succumb to panic. However, they are superstitious, manifested in their dislike of demons and magic, and in the faith they place in the lore and legend of the sea.

Purple Towners are marked by their independence. They have a certain pride in their country, which can quickly degenerate into bragging about the island's superiority to other nations of the Young Kingdoms, most of whom have either failed in their past invasions of the Isle, or else been similarly vanquished in the arena of competitive economy.

This pride borders on the xenophobic. Many Purple Towners distrust southerners, especially Lormyrians and Dorelites. They consider Vilmirians to be lazy. They despise sorcerers, and loathe Pan Tangians. They distrust Melnibonéans, but do not actively hate them as others of the Young Kingdoms do.

Competitiveness also distinguishes the Purple Towner. Whereas the Melnibonéans and the Lormyrians are content to decay, and the Vilmirians hold rigidly to the established social order, the history of the Isle has shown that any man can become a king, through the process of trade. No man wheeling a barrow of earthenware to market does not dream of one day setting sail

A Farewell To The Purple Towns

Helmoth Clearsight, the famous Menii playwright, gave this parting speech on the day he sailed from the Purple Towns:

"This is my last day on this isle. Let me tell you why.

"This is a nation which congratulates itself on long-standing peace, yet its inhabitants are constantly at war with each other. The war is trade, and the weapons and methods are as ruthless as those seen on any battlefield. No-one actually cuts the throat of his enemy, but all cheer when he and his children are thrown out into the street.

"This is a nation which celebrates its long-past liberation from the yoke of slavery, yet humans are bought and sold daily on the blocks at Menii market. In the countryside, the people sweat blood tilling the soil for their lords, just as surely as their ancestors did when their masters were Melnibonéan.

"This is a nation devoid of soul. The people worship money. The pinnacle of cultural achievement is to become rich. The largest temple ever constructed, a stupendous feat of engineering, is little more than a gilded money box.

"This is a nation of intellectual stagnation. The peasant classes steadfastly cling to their own ignorance. The merchant classes pursue wealth without conscience or wit. As for the nobles, their buffoonery and banality has long since ceased to be worthy of even the lowliest satire.

"I am leaving this nation, for Lormyr. It is in many ways no better, but at least it is a land which is long done with empire and conquest, and I will not need to suffer daily the yawpings of idiots proclaiming their success and intelligence.

"Goodbye, good riddance, and may pox rot the lot of you."

in his own fine new ship. But the increasing numbers of beggars in the streets of Utkel, and the generations of land-locked peasants are sufficient proof that the golden promise of Goldar does not ring true for all.

Shipping

The Isle of the Purple Towns has one of the finest fleets of the Young Kingdoms. The sealords maintain a large navy, to protect the interests of both the island and its merchants. Sea power made the nation great, and a love of the ocean flows in the veins of every islander.

Ships

The brigs of the Purple Towns are the most advanced human ships in the Young Kingdoms, second only to Melniboné (a very distant second, as nothing really compares to the awesome power of a golden Melnibonéan battle-barge). The hulls are of carvel construc-

tion, whereas all of the other nation's ships are clinker-built. A clinker-built ship has overlapping strakes for the length of its hull, whereas the planks of a carvel-built ship are flush from keel to gunwale. A clinker-built ship is heavier and slower, and takes longer to build than a carvel-built ship.

The advantages are obvious. A Purple Towns merchant can deliver his cargo faster, and stands a good chance of outrunning pirate vessels. Speed and security, combined with the solid guarantee of the Sealords' Code, makes them the most popular carriers in the Oldest Ocean.

Most of the fighting ships of the Purple Towns are galleys, as are common throughout the waters of the southern continent. Calm weather spells disaster for sailing ships pitted against oar power, and in fear of this the sealords are as yet unwilling to change their war fleet over to the more modern designs pioneered by the merchants.

Sailors

There is no family on the Purple Towns that does not have at least one member out at sea. Shipping is the single largest employer on the island. If a Purple Towns ship is lost, everyone feels the blow personally.

The sailors of the merchant brigs are often given a share of the profits of each voyage, with bonuses if the voyage is made in good time. This incentive makes them finer sailors than the groaning slaves of the Pan Tangian galleys, or the resentful crews of the northern merchants.

The sailors of the navy are generally stronger than the merchant sailors, as they are trained to row as well as to fight. They are not inspired by personal profit, but most have a deep love for their captains, the sealords.

A natural rivalry exists between the sailors of the navy and of merchant vessels. The merchant sailors think the naval sailors to be oafish simpletons, while the naval men think their rivals to be greedy weaklings. Many noses have been broken, and a few lives lost, in brawls between the two types of crew.

Sea Shanties

The sailors use sea shanties to co-ordinate heavy work, such as heaving and hauling. One sailor is hired on especially as the shantyman, and receives better pay than the other sailors. Different shanties accompany different tasks, and the actions of the labor timed to the beats and pauses of the particular shanty. In essence, a shanty consists of a verse of one to four lines, followed

A Hauling Shanty

Haul in the bowline--for Magda she's me darling
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--Magda lives in Kariss town
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--Kariss is a pretty town
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--so early in the morning
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--before the day was dawning
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--the Vilmir gale's a-howling
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--Straasha he's a-growling
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--we'll either break or bend it
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--we're men enough to mend it
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--we'll haul away together
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--and bust the chafing leather
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!
Haul in the bowline--we'll wait for finer weather
Ch.Haul in the bowline, the bowline HAUL!

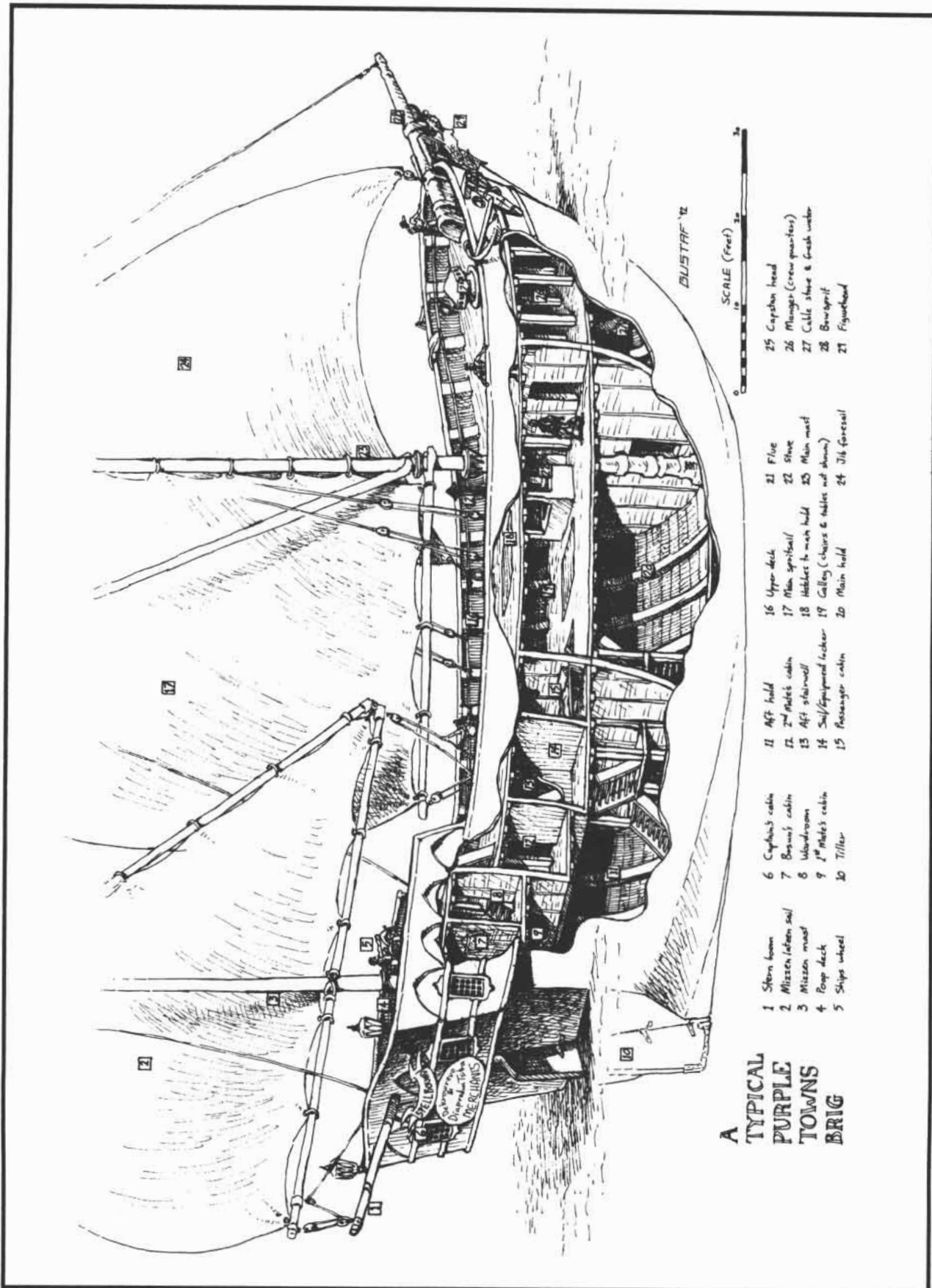
by a chorus which all the men sing as they strain in unison. While the shantyman sings the next verse, the sailors rest.

The subjects of the verses are the usual preoccupations of sailors the world over: women, booze, treasure, the sea, Straasha, Goldar, the captain, and women again. The verses often contain biting satire, although the officers are usually not lampooned overmuch on the outward journey, as many weeks still remain for them to make life hell for impolitic shanty singers.

Shanties are not used by any other navy. The Vilmirians use pipe and whistle instead, and the galleys of Lormyr use drums. The Pan Tangians use fear and barbed whips. The Melnibonéans use drugs. All get the job done, but none with as much vigor as a bellowed shanty.

The Sealords' Code

The Code of the Sealords of the Purple Towns was derived from a set of unwritten laws. These edicts were designed to make the Purple Towns the most trustworthy carriers of passengers and cargoes in the Young Kingdoms. The Code formalizes a set of rules ensuring the



The Code Of The Sealords

1. The safe and prompt delivery of Passengers to their negotiated port of arrival.
2. The prompt and complete transportation of Goods to their port of destination, except where such activities conflict with rule [1].
3. If through any action, a passenger or cargo is lost all efforts shall be made to recover the person or property. If a person is lost for more than one year, their family shall be compensated in a mutually agreeable fashion.
4. Any Captain has the right to refuse to transport people or items of a military nature, and has a duty not to transport people of nations which are at war with the Isle.

safety of Goods and People on sea voyages, and was made official law on the same day that the Chosen of Goldar joined the Council of Eight. As written, the laws are manifestly complex, and run for many volumes. In essence they reduce to four solemn promises. Any sailor can recite these, and there is even a Sea Code Shanty for those who have trouble remembering words without music.

The Code of the Sealords has had the desired effect. Within twenty years of its introduction, ships of the Purple Towns dominated the transport of goods and people across the Young Kingdoms. Every passenger relishes the promise of a safe journey. The guarantees of the Code are backed by all of the resources of the Church of Goldar, and its numerous Priests, Agents, and share-holders. Missions involving the recovery of people often fall to Agents of Goldar.

Purple Town captains who transgress the Code risk dire penalties, as their actions jeopardize the good name of the entire nation. The traditional punishment is for the captain to be tied to the wheel of his ship, and the craft scuttled. No sailor likes to see a good ship wilfully destroyed, but they must ensure that no vessel which has sullied the name of the Code is allowed to sail again. If the guilty captain's deeds were particularly loathsome, he and his ship might even be towed to the Boiling Sea or the Straits of Chaos and set adrift. The Council never lack for invention in punishing their own wayward constituents.

Harsh justice is also meted out to passengers who set out to defraud the Code. Common ruses include faking their own deaths, or stealing their own cargo, and then claiming compensation. If discovered, those who faked their deaths are meticulously executed in the exact fashion of their false demise. Usually this involves

throwing them overboard during a storm at sea. Those who steal their own cargo are entombed inside a crate of rocks, and sent to the bottom of the ocean.

In recent years the increasing attacks of Pan Tangian galleys on merchant shipping has reduced the effectiveness of the Code. Even the coffers of Goldar are not deep enough to buy victims back from the iron jaws of Hwamgaarl.

Generating Purple Towns Characters

The Purple Towns is an excellent homeland for adventurers. It is affluent, centrally located, and has a diverse culture. It is a safe home base for planning adventures to the more perilous reaches of the Young Kingdoms.

This section instructs players on rolling up a Purple Towns character. It is more detailed than the method given in the *Stormbringer* rulesbook, and provides greater variety.

Creating a Purple Towns Character

Follow the five steps given below. You will need your *Stormbringer* rulesbook:

1. Roll attributes on 3D6. Native Purple Towners receive an extra 1D4 to STR, and 1D6 to CON.
2. Total INT + POW. If the result is 32 or more, the character qualifies to be an elemental sorcerer in addition to any other profession (see Sorcerer, below).
3. Roll on the Class Background Table to determine profession. If the gamemaster permits, choose the profession rather than rolling it randomly. Apply the benefits of that profession.
4. The character also receives 1D6+2 skills of the player's own choosing. Starting ability in these skills is 1D100 divided by 2, plus the appropriate category bonus. The character Speaks Common Temeric at a level equal to their INT x5.
5. Name the character. Decide where he or she lives on the Isle. Who is in their family? Why do they want to become an adventurer? What is their opinion of the sealords, the merchants, the other nations of the world?

Class Background

1D100 Profession

01-10	Noble
11-15	Priest
16-25	Warrior
26-45	Merchant
46-55	Craftsman
56-75	Sailor
76-80	Scribe
81-85	Troubadour
86-90	Fisherman
91-95	Peasant
96-99	Thief
00	Beggar

Noble

The nobles of the Purple Towns are the sealords, directly descended from the pirate kings. Nobles receive Credit at 1D100% plus Communication bonus, Navigate at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, Shiphhandling at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, one weapon of choice at 40% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, and a second weapon of choice at 20% plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

They own their weapons of choice, sea leather armor, ready cash to the value of their Credit percentiles x 100 in LB, and property worth their Credit percentiles x 10,000 in LB. Such property might include such things as a ship, a villa in Kariss, a country estate, or all those and more.

In addition to the skills granted above, make a second roll on the Class Background table. If noble, priest, warrior, or merchant is rolled, the noble gains the skills of that class as well, as explained below.

ADDITIONAL CLASS BACKGROUND FOR NOBLES

Noble: If Noble is rolled a second time, the noble is related by blood to one of the eight counts, and is in line to inherit the post. Such nobles automatically have Credit of 80%, plus Communication bonus, instead of rolling as above.

Priest: The noble is a priest of one of the Isle's churches, and holds high office. They gain additional skills as per the priest class, below.

Warrior: The noble is an officer in one of the armed forces of the Isle. They gain additional skills as per the warrior class, below.

Merchant: The noble is one of those sealords who has followed the word of Goldar to wealth and riches. They gain additional skills as per the merchant class, below. Use the noble's Credit percentiles to determine their success as a merchant, as explained in that section.

Others: Any other result on the second Class Background roll has no effect.

Priest

Priests command great respect in the Purple Towns. Their skills vary according to their sect. Because the religions are Lawful by nature, allow the player to choose the priest's religion rather than rolling randomly.

All priests receive skill in Read/Write Common at an amount equal to their INT x 5, Credit at 25% plus Communication bonus, Persuade at 25% plus Communication bonus, First Aid at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, World Lore at 25% plus Knowledge bonus, and dagger at 30% plus

Attack and Parry bonuses. They receive additional skills in accordance with their sect (see below).

Priests are a literate class, and any further skills taken in Read/Write other languages also count as Speaking that language. For each year spent in the priesthood over the age of 25, the priest may add 1 point of INT if the player can roll over the current INT on 3D10. Priests have 2D6 Elan from previous religious activity.

Priests have their ceremonial robes, a dagger, and receive 5D100 LB per month from the temple.

RELIGIONS

Goldar: Priests of Goldar gain Bargain at 50% plus Communication bonus, and Evaluate Treasure at 50% plus Knowledge bonus.

Arkyn: Monks of Arkyn gain a Lore skill at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, Memorize at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write one other language at 60% plus Knowledge bonus, and a second other language at 40% plus Knowledge bonus.

Donblas: Monks of Donblas gain a weapon skill at 50% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, and the craft of Blacksmithing at 20% plus Knowledge bonus.

Straasha: Priests of Straasha gain Boating at 60% plus Agility bonus, Swim at 70% plus Agility bonus, and Shiphhandling at 30% plus Knowledge bonus.

Lassa: Priests of Lassa gain Sing at 40% plus Communication bonus, Music Lore at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, and Play Instrument at 40% plus Manipulation bonus.

Warrior

Warriors on the Purple Towns are roughly divided between those who serve on land and those who serve at sea. Roll on the Warrior's Duty Table to determine the character's current position.

Warrior's Duty Table

1D100	Type	1D100	Type
01-20	City Guard	51-90	Sailor of the Navy
21-50	Mercenary	91-00	Marine

WARRIOR'S DUTY TABLE EXPLANATIONS

City Guard: City guards patrol streets, docks, markets, and temples. They receive one weapon skill at 40% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, a second weapon skill at 30% plus bonuses, a third weapon skill at 20% plus bonuses, Listen at 25% plus Perception bonus, and See at 25% plus Perception bonus. They own their three weapons, plate armor, and INT x 1D20 in LB.

Mercenary: Mercenaries are warriors for hire, and are usually find work as bodyguards. Mercenaries receive one weapon skill at 50% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, a second weapon at 40% plus bonuses, and a third weapon at 30% plus bonuses. They own their three weapons, armor of choice, and INT x 1D20 in LB.

Sailor of the Navy: The navy is the largest single employer of warriors upon the Isle. Those in the navy receive one weapon skill at 50% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, a second weapon at 40% plus bonuses, a third weapon at 30% plus bonuses, and all the non-weapon skills and benefits of the sailor class below. They own their three weapons, leather armor, and INT x 1D20 in LB.

Marine: The marines are the elite force amongst the ranks of the navy. Marines receive one weapon skill at 70% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, a second weapon at 60% plus bonuses, a third weapon at 50% plus bonuses, Boating at 60% plus Agility bonus, Climb at 50% plus Agility bonus, Climb Rigging at 75% plus Agility bonus, Swim at 60% plus Agility bonus, Tie Knot at 70% plus Manipulation bonus, and Balance at 60% plus Perception bonus. They own three weapons, sea leather armor, and INT x 1D100 in LB.

Merchant

Merchants are the force behind Purple Towns society, as it is a nation made great by economic power. Everyone on the Isle wants to be rich. Some only ever aspire to it, such as the peddlers. Others control vast cartels and fleets of ships.

To determine the fortune of a merchant, roll 1D100. This becomes the merchant's Credit skill. Consult the table below to determine what level the merchant has attained.

Merchant's Credit Table

1D100	Rating
01-25	Poor Merchant
26-50	Fair Merchant
51-75	Successful Merchant
76-89	Wealthy Merchant
90-00	Powerful Merchant

MERCHANT'S CREDIT TABLE EXPLANATIONS

Poor Merchant: A poor merchant is just starting out, or else has fallen on hard times. Poor merchants receive Bargain at 30% plus Communication Bonus, Persuade at 30% plus Communication Bonus, Evaluate Treasure at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write Common equivalent to their INT x1, and a weapon of choice at 30% plus Attack and Parry bonuses. They have a peddler's pack or a small cart, a weapon, goods worth INT x10 in LB, and cash to the value of INT x 1D100 in LB.

Fair Merchant: A fair merchant is doing moderately well. Fair merchants receive Bargain at 45% plus Communication Bonus, Persuade at 40% plus Communication Bonus, Evaluate Treasure at 60% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write Common equivalent to their INT x3, and a weapon of choice at 35% plus Attack and Parry bonuses. They have a market stall, a weapon, goods worth INT x 100 in LB, and cash to the value of INT x 2D100 in LB.

Successful Merchant: A successful merchant is well established, with a secure business, and is involved with import and export of goods. Successful merchants receive Bargain at 60% plus Communication Bonus, Persuade at 50% plus Communication Bonus, Evaluate Treasure at 70% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write Common equivalent to their INT x5, and a weapon of choice at 40% plus Attack and Parry bonuses. They have a shop, a well-made weapon, goods worth INT x 1,000 in LB, and cash to the value of INT x 3D100 in LB.

Wealthy Merchant: A wealthy merchant owns a ship, and is involved with the manufacture and export of goods. Successful merchants receive Bargain at 75% plus Communication Bonus, Persuade at 60% plus Communication Bonus, Evaluate Treasure at 80% plus Knowledge bonus, Shiphandling at 25% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write Common equivalent to their INT x5, and a weapon of choice at 45% plus Attack and Parry bonuses. They have a ship, a warehouse, a fine weapon, goods worth INT x 10,000 in LB, and cash to the value of INT x 4D100 in LB.

Powerful Merchant: A powerful merchant has a high place in Purple Towns society, and is the head of a cartel. Powerful merchants receive Bargain at 90% plus Communication Bonus, Persuade at 70% plus Communication Bonus, Evaluate Treasure at 90% plus Knowledge bonus, Shiphandling at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, Read/Write Common equivalent to their INT x5, and a weapon

of choice at 50% plus Attack and Parry bonuses. They have a fleet of ships, a counting house, several warehouses, an exquisite weapon, goods worth 10,000 x 1D100 in LB, and cash to the value of INT x 5D100 in LB.

Craftsman

The Purple Towns is a skilled nation, and a leader in industry. Many crafts flourish, and most have a Guild to regulate and control their work. The exact nature of the craft is left to the player to choose. Common types in the Purple Towns include ship builder, carpenter, sail maker, rope maker, blacksmith, weapon smith, armor smith, architect, tattooist, weaver, fuller, dyer, jewelsmith, cartographer, and others.

There are three levels of craftsman. Roll on the Craftsman's Expertise Table to determine the character's ability.

Craftsman's Expertise Table

1D6	Type
1-3	Apprentice
4-5	Journeyman
6	Master

CRAFTSMAN'S EXPERTISE EXPLANATIONS

Apprentice: An apprentice is under the tuition of a master craftsman, and still has much to learn. Apprentice craftsmen know their Craft at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, and have Search at 20% plus Perception bonus. They may add 1 point to their DEX. They have a suit of leather armor, their tools, and INT x 1D20 in LB.

Journeyman: A journeyman has completed his apprenticeship and is a paid worker underneath a master, and will remain so until he can save up enough money to establish his own workshop. Journeymen craftsmen know their Craft at 70% plus Knowledge bonus, and have Search at 40% plus Perception bonus. They may add 2 points to their DEX. They have a suit of leather armor, their tools, and INT x 1D100 in LB.

Master: A master is a skilled artisan, with a small workshop, and several apprentices or journeymen beneath him. Master craftsmen know their Craft at 90% plus Knowledge bonus, and also receive Bargain at 25% plus Communication bonus, Credit at 40% plus Communication bonus, and Search at 60% plus Perception bonus. They may add 3 points to their DEX. They own a workshop filled with tools of their trade, raw materials for the production of goods, a suit of leather armor, and savings equal to their INT x 3D100 in LB.

Sailor

The Purple Towns is perhaps the greatest nation of seafarers in the Young Kingdoms, and its sailors are justly renowned. They gain the following skills: Boating at 50% plus Agility bonus, Climb at 40% plus Agility bonus, Climb Rigging at 75% plus Agility bonus, Swim at 50% plus Agility bonus, Tie Knot at 70% plus Manipulation bonus, Balance at 50% plus Perception bonus, and a weapon of choice at 40% plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

A sailor begins with a weapon of choice, a suit of leather armor, and his INT x 1D20 in LB.

In addition to the skills listed above, the sailor may hold an important position on the ship. Roll on the Sailor Table to determine whether the character has status.

Sailor Table

1D20	Type	1D20	Type
1-15	Ordinary Sailor	18	Bosun
16	Cook	19	Mate
17	Shantyman	20	Captain

SAILOR'S DUTY TABLE EXPLANATIONS

Ordinary Sailor: The character has only the skills outlined above.

Cook: The cook is either the most popular or least popular man on board, depending on their culinary skill. They gain the craft of Cooking at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, and First Aid at 25% plus Knowledge bonus. They start with INT x 2D20 in LB.

Shantyman: The shantyman leads the work songs that co-ordinate the crew's tasks, and enjoys a privileged position. They gain Music Lore at 25% plus Knowledge bonus, Shiphandling at 10% plus Knowledge bonus, and Sing at 50% plus Communication bonus. They start with INT x 2D20 in LB.

Bosun: The bosun is by definition the biggest bastard on board, and may add 1 point to both STR and SIZ. They gain Fist Attack at 50% plus Attack bonus, and Shiphandling at 10% plus Knowledge bonus. They start with INT x 3D20 in LB.

Mate: The mate is second-in-command to the captain, and is also the ship's helmsman. They gain Navigate at 80% plus Knowledge bonus, and Shiphandling at 40% plus Knowledge bonus. Their skill in their weapon of choice is at 50%. They start with INT x 5D20 in LB.

Captain: The captain is in charge of the vessel, and owns her if the player rolls under POW x1. More frequently the captain is employed by the ship's owner, who may be a sealord, or one of the merchant cartels. Captains gain the skills of Navigate at 80% plus Knowledge bonus, and Shiphandling at 80% plus Knowledge bonus. Their skill in their weapon of choice is at 60%. They start with INT x 10D20 in LB, and a suit of sea leather armor.

Scribe

Scribes are in great demand in the Purple Towns, to draw up deeds and invoices. All ships carry a scribe on board if none of the officers are literate. Scribes get the following skills: Read/Write Common at a level equal to their INT x5, and Read/Write and Speak one other language at 40%. Any further skills taken in Read/Write other languages also counts as Speaking the other language.

Scribes also gain one Lore skill at 40% plus Knowledge bonus, one Lore skill at 30% plus Knowledge bonus, one Lore skill at 20% plus Knowledge bonus, Make Map skill at 30% plus Knowledge bonus, Memorize at 30% plus Knowledge bonus, and proficiency with a dagger at 30% plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

Scribes begin with INT x 1D100 in LB, a dagger, and quills and writing materials.

Troubadour

The Purple Towners enjoy music of all types, and it is especially beloved of Lassa. Musicians are welcomed across the Isle, as long as they are competent. Troubadours gain the following skills: Sing at 70% plus Communication bonus, Play Instrument at 60% plus Manipulation bonus, Music Lore at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, Juggle at 30% plus Manipulation bonus, Sleight of Hand at 30% plus Manipulation bonus, Tumble at 30% plus Agility bonus, and one weapon of choice at 30% plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

Troubadours have a musical instrument, a set of colorful clothes, their weapon of choice, and the sum of their INT + POW x 1D100 in LB.

Fisherman

Fishermen are the backbone of the Purple Towns, a dour breed who worship Straasha and put food on every table, from noble down to peasant. They gain the following skills: Balance at 30% plus Perception bonus, Boating at 60% plus Agility bonus, the craft of Fishing at 50% plus Knowledge bonus, Swim at 30% plus Agility bonus, trident at 30% plus Attack and Parry bonuses, and knife at 30% plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

Fishermen have their weapons, leather armor, a rowboat, fishing gear, and INT x 1D20 in LB.

New Weapons

The following weapons are common throughout the Purple Towns. Sailors of all types favor the cutlass, the rapier is popular among the nobility, scythes are used by the peasantry, and fishermen make use of tridents. Knife represents any blade smaller than a dagger.

Weapon	STR required	DEX required	Damage	Price in LB
Cutlass	8	8	1D6+2	225
Rapier	7	13	1D6+1	500
Knife	—	6	1D3+1	25
Scythe (2-handed)	11	11	2D6	150
Trident (1-handed)	9	9	1D6+1	125

New Armor: Sea Leather

The sealords are famed for their sea armor, well-crafted leather armor that is heavier and more resistant to damage than normal leather armor. It is worn with a steel skull-cap. Sea leather stops 1D6 points of damage, rather than 1D6-1 points. It is only made on the Purple Towns, and costs 300 LB, three times the price of normal leather armor.

Peasant

Peasants are found across the Isle, working on the estates of nobles or on their own tithed land. Section 2.3.6 of the rulesbook has information on generating a farmer character. In addition to the skills listed there, peasants begin with 25% skill in scythe plus Attack and Parry bonuses.

Thief

Thieves are rare on the Isle, as the penalties have driven most away to look for easier pickings. For information on generating a thief, see section 2.3.9 of the rulesbook.

Beggar

Begging in the Purple Towns is as cold and hungry as it is anywhere in the Young Kingdoms. See section 2.3.10 of the rulesbook for generating a beggar.

Sorcerer

All sorcerers on the Purple Towns are elemental sorcerers, and receive their training from the cult of Straasha or Lassa. Priests whose INT + POW total 32 or more are automatically trained as sorcerers. Nobles and merchants who qualify have a 50% chance of having received sorcerous training. Characters from other professions who qualify must seek out training during the course of the game.

Sorcerers gain a Summoning skill equal to the sum of their INT + POW. They are taught to summon either air elementals or water elementals.

New Skills

Here are five new skills for use with *Stormbringer* games. All have some particular application and relevance for Purple Towners, but other adventurers can learn these skills as well.

BARGAIN

Bargain is a Communication skill. It indicates the chance to purchase or barter for an item at a desired price. The purchaser must state the price she will pay for the item, and the seller states the asking price. For every 2% difference between the two prices, the purchaser must subtract 1 percentile from her Bargain skill. If the modified roll fails, the purchaser must make a higher offer, and may then roll again. This skill is also used to get a good price when buying or selling cargo.

Example

Lucia has her eye on a well-made broadsword. Her Bargain skill is 42%. The smith states that the weapon will cost 400 LB. Lucia tells him that this is preposterous, and offers him 300 LB. This is 25% less than the asking price, so Lucia's Bargain skill is lowered by 12 percentiles, giving her a chance of 30%. Her player rolls 31. Lucia can make a new offer, and roll again, or take her business elsewhere.

The skill of Bargain should be included in the list of starting skills for the Merchant class (section 2.3.3 of the rulesbook). Merchants begin with a Bargain skill at 50% plus Communication bonus. Existing merchant adventurers may add this skill, if the gamemaster permits it.

BOATING

Boating is an Agility skill. It applies to small water-craft, either oar or sail-driven. Successful use of this skill indicates that the

adventurer was able to launch the boat, steer it in the desired direction, and make good time. Failure might mean a slow journey, or something more disastrous. The gamemaster may call for Boating rolls to cover situations during the voyage, such as an unexpected squall, or a heavy swell.

Boating also has application on larger vessels. It indicates a sailor's ability to correctly follow instructions given to him by the captain (via the latter's Shiphandling skill).

The skill of Boating should be added to the list of starting skills for the Sailor class (section 2.3.4 of the rulebook). All sailors begin with a Boating skill of 50% plus Agility bonus. Existing sailor adventurers may enter this skill level on their character sheet.

PLAY INSTRUMENT

Play Instrument is a Manipulation skill. The particular instrument played must be specified. A successful roll indicates that the performer plays without fault, and inspires a positive reaction from those listening. Failure indicates that the performance was lackluster, or just plain bad.

Note that previously this skill was subsumed under Music Lore.

SHIPHANDLING

Shiphandling is a Knowledge skill. It applies to the command of any ship which has a crew of more than two. Use of the skill allows the adventurer to properly instruct his crew in sail-setting, following the course set, arranging watches, and all of the other tasks which keep a ship running. Shiphandling can also be used to gauge the captain's response to a particular crisis, such as a storm, or outrunning a pirate vessel.

For each day of sailing, the gamemaster should call for a Shiphandling roll. Success

means that the ship kept its bearing, and covered the distance for an average day's sail. Critical success means that the ship covered extra mileage. Failure means that the ship covered less mileage, and a Fumble means that some disaster befell the ship.

Gamemasters may wish to simplify this to one roll per voyage. Note that the skill of Navigate is still required to set a true course in any event.

The skill of Shiphandling should be added to the list of starting skills for the Sailor class (section 2.3.4 of the rulebook), for captains and mates only. All mates begin with a Shiphandling skill of 40% plus Knowledge bonus. Captains gain 80% in the skill. Existing mate or captain adventurers may enter this skill level on their character sheet.

WORLD LORE

World Lore is a Knowledge skill. It is used to convey facts about the Young Kingdoms which an adventurer might know but his or her player might not. A successful roll might allow an adventurer to identify the nationality of a ship, or to recognize the surcoat of a warrior, or to recall a fact from the saga of Earl Aubec. It can also be used to see if the adventurer might know the answer to a geographical or historical question.

World Lore does not increase by experience, but if two characters from different locales with World Lore are able to converse for a day, each may add 1D3 points to his skill. World Lore is taught by the Church of Law.

The skill of World Lore should be added to the list of starting skills for the Priest class (section 2.3.7 of the rulebook). All priests begin with a World Lore of 25% plus Knowledge bonus. Existing priest adventurers may enter this skill level on their character sheet.

THE CHURCHES OF THE ISLE

THE MELNIBONÉANS ENCOURAGED their human slaves to worship the elemental rulers, while saving their own piety for the more powerful Lords of Chaos. After the Melnibonéans were gone, the worship of the elements remained.

Lassa, the Lady of Air, and Straasha, Lord of Water, were the two most popular deities. Their churches grew, each complimenting the nature of the other, like sides of a coin, and with no opposition. Each Church teaches that as the sea is below the sky, so too are devotees of Straasha naturally below the followers of Lassa. In this way the two respective classes upon the island, noble and peasant, remained balanced and harmonic, without rancor or discontent.

To show their unity, both churches adopted the albatross as their symbol. As a seabird it is sacred to Straasha, but it also seems to float effortlessly in the air, and is so sacred to Lassa also. For more than two centuries the two elemental rulers were balanced in influence. Each had a clearly established congregation upon the Isle. Each was seemingly unassailable in their position of power.

As the Isle has flourished as a center of trade, the merchant class has expanded, and so too has the Church of Goldar grown. Lassa, once patron goddess of the Isle's old and established noble families, finds her congregation threatened and insulted by the nouveau-riche merchantfolk. Straasha, similarly, once god of sailors and seafarers, is losing members of his church as they turn to the profits of the God of Trade.

Gamemasters should note that the Churches here described exist only in this structure upon the Isle of Purple Towns. Other nations worship different aspects of the Elemental Rulers, and as such, have quite different

Churches. In the more primitive nations of the Young Kingdoms, organized churches do not exist at all, and instead rites and ceremonies are conducted by less structured cults.

The Church of Air

The Church Of Lassa, Lady of the Air, has as its devotees and worshipers the old Temeric nobility of the island, as well as singers, musicians, artists and other craftspeople. The rich families of the island have long served as priests and congregation in the Church of Air, and the artists they sponsor decorate the places of worship. For this reason, although all Lassa's shrines and temples are renowned for their loveliness throughout the Young Kingdoms, those of the Isle of Purple Towns are the most beautiful of all.

The Temple of the Winds, in Kariss, is the center of Lassa's worship on the isle, and unsurpassed in its delicate beauty. Only the towers and palaces of Melniboné's Dreaming City put it to shame. The Temple Of The Winds is the largest temple to Lassa in the Purple Towns, and headquarters of her religion on the island. Smaller churches and shrines can be found at other sites across the Isle.

The Goddess

Portrayed in the imagery of the Church as a mature and beautiful woman, often full with child, Lassa is goddess of the air, the winds, the sky and all it contains. She carries the spirits of babies on gentle breezes to their



The Porcelain Tower.

mothers to be born. She also sends inspiration on soft winds to poets, painters and others who create fine arts, and she sweetens the notes of those singers she favors.

The stars and airs are Lassa's offspring, born from her womb without another's touch. Through her servant-husband Straasha, Lassa brings rain. Goddess of the Sky, she is above all things, and so revered by the nobility who see her as a symbol of their hierarchical rights of domination. Even the worshipers of Straasha include her in their prayers to some extent. On the Isle of the Purple Towns, Lassa is for many the supreme Goddess.

Although Lassa's gentle nature is emphasized, she can be cruel and temperamental. She sends storms to punish those who rise above their station, hail to ruin their crops, and wind to wreck their ships. Alternately, Lassa might withdraw her favors, and leave a ship becalmed. In these ways she deals with those who err or slight her.

The Church of Lassa teaches its congregations that the spirits of the dead are taken to the Plane of Air, where those who lived a good life are carried back to the world upon a breeze, their memories wiped clean, and reborn in a new body. The spirits of those followers of Lassa who have not lived by the tenets of the Church are condemned to be forever blown around the earth by icy winds.

Everything said aloud which is caught by a breeze is carried to Lassa, earning the Goddess the title of "the all-knowing". She is evoked sometimes as the patron of wisdom and secrets. Lassa is disliked by thieves and spies. Only secrets told in a still, closed room are safe from Lassa's prying winds.

The Church of Lassa has a natural animosity to the Church of Kakatal. Kakatal teaches his folk to build fires and live indoors, to craft tools instead of art, and to fend for themselves rather than look to their leaders. He uses the sacred air to fan his own flames, hereby increasing his powers of destruction.

The Temple Of The Winds

Built upon a high hill overlooking the Kariss harbor, the Temple of the Winds is a complex of red-roofed, purple buildings. On the hilltop is a white building with no roof at all, and a slender white tower.

The temple complex rings the hill, and includes dormitories, the scriptorium, kitchens and privies, school-rooms and a hospice. There is a library of over 2,000 volumes, collected from throughout the Young Kingdoms, and even the Unmapped East. A scriptorium

of transcribers, calligraphers and illuminators work here. Visitors are common, as many travelers from distant lands come to the library of the Temple of the Winds seeking answers to geographical and metaphysical questions.

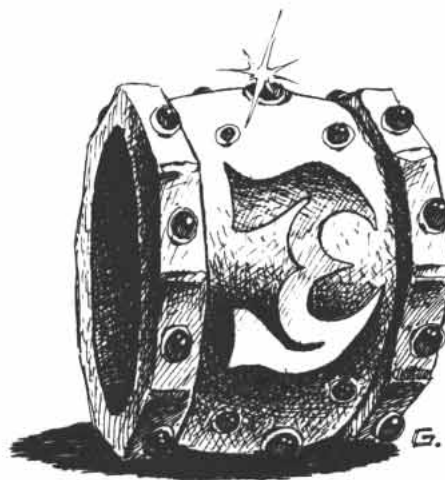
The Temple proper stands at the very peak of the hill. It is a roofless building of white marble, set within a tiled courtyard. Its many fluted columns support lintels meticulously carved with fine bas-reliefs. Here the many rites and rituals of Lassa are performed around a semi-transparent altar of quartz. There are no seats or benches in the Temple of the Winds. Participants stand at all times, while the priests and priestesses sing and dance around them.

Open to the wind, sun and rain, the Temple is full of the delicate sounds of windchimes, aeolian harps and soft flutes. Great brazen trumpets are blown at regular intervals to mark the hours of the day. Incense is burnt continuously. The choir of Lassa is a delight to be heard as they sing their devotions here each dawn and dusk. Music and singing play an important part in many of Lassa's rituals, and most of her priesthood are possessed of fine voices.

The Porcelain Tower

The Porcelain Tower stands behind the white pillars of the Temple, its shadow falling across the complex at dusk. Its pure white structure is solid throughout. Narrow stairs wind up around the outside of the slender tower. Built upon the flat roof, 100 feet above the hilltop, is the most sacred altar of Lassa on the Isle of Purple Towns. Only the priests are allowed to ascend this holy site. On rare occasions sacrifices are thrown from the narrow rooftop. This is where the High Priestess makes her own special devotions and seeks guidance, softly singing her prayers into the ever-present breezes. From the tower one may look down upon the Temple complex and the city below, listening to the faint sounds which drift up from the harbor, and to the singing of the priests and the rustle of prayers from the plaza.

At various heights about the tower are niches, just the right size for a human body. In these are placed silk-wrapped corpses of recently-deceased priests, and others who can afford the honor. Perfumed to mask the scent of corrupting flesh, the bodies are dried by exposure to the salt air, and devoured by the birds and insects which gather about the Temple precincts. When ordinary devotees of Lassa die, they are carried out to the corpse platforms on the low cliffs west of the city. Here their bodies are left to disposal by the wind and the gulls.



Similar locations can be found on the outskirts of any of the Purple Towns. Guards are sometimes hired to ensure that richer bodies are not looted before they are claimed by the air and its creatures.

Scores of wooden poles are erected in the plaza which surrounds the Temple, and a multitude of silken banners hang from them. These are prayers to Lassa from the people. The finer the silk, the easier it floats in the lightest of breezes. Only by being carried by the breeze can prayers be conveyed to the Goddess, and one can pray only so often, no matter how devout. Here prayers are made constantly, embroidered phrases fluttering supplications and petitions to Lassa. Of course, the Temple of Winds have a number of fine needleworkers available to embroider such prayers on delicate fabrics, at a cost ranging from 50 LB to 500 LB.

The Priesthood

The priesthood of Lassa are a graceful, refined folk, well bred and well educated. They wear their hair long and unbound. Their clothing is loose and flowing, and made of such light fabrics as silk or cotton. All priests are able to read and write as well as sing, or play a musical instrument, or create works of art of some type.

Priests of the Church of Air often behave as though their relationship with Lassa places them above all other people. It is from this arrogant, assumed superiority that the phrase "giving oneself airs" originates. The priesthood patronizes the worshipers of Straasha by thinking of them as well-meaning lesser souls, treats the worshipers of Goldar with snobbish disdain, and despises the worshipers of Kakatal as crude and violent boors.

Many of their number are drawn from the ranks of the nobility. Applications from craftsmen and artisans

Gaining Elan from Lassa

- 12—For each agent of Kakatal slain.
- 10—For each year spent as an agent.
- 6—For each priest of Kakatal slain.
- 5—For each year spent as a priest.
- 3—For each meeting with a ruler of one of the nations of the Young Kingdoms.
- 1—For each 1,000 LB worth of treasure or goods sacrificed to Lassa.
- 1—For each air elemental released from service.
- 1—For each fire elemental slain.
- 1—For each point of improvement in Music Lore.
- 1—For each point of improvement in Oratory.
- 2—For each air elemental bound into service.*

* There is no dishonor or loss of elan in summoning an air elemental and asking one favor of it.

for their children to be admitted to the priesthood are not unknown, but even so commoners find themselves clustered in the lower ranks of the Church hierarchy. Only those of noble blood are admitted to the more powerful, and thus influential ranks of Lassa's priesthood.

DUTIES OF THE CLERGY

The priests of Lassa conduct prayers, bestow blessings, and lead masses. Those skilled in the magic of the air are in demand to travel on board ships, and thus ensure strong winds for the voyage. The priesthood of Lassa are also responsible for educating the children of the rich of the Purple Towns.

The lower orders of the priesthood perform the more mundane tasks, such as working in the stables and fields, scrubbing dormitory floors and making up the beds, cooking and serving in the kitchens, and assisting the surgeons in the hospice.

SKILLS

The priests of Lassa specialize in the skills of Music Lore, Oratory, Play Instrument, and Sing.

The Church of Water

The Church of Straasha, Lord of Water, takes its worshippers from the common folk of the Purple Towns. Sailors, fishermen, shipbuilders and their families are Straasha's

followers on the Isle. The inland farmers also worship Straasha to a degree, as he brings rain for their crops.

Temples of Straasha have a rough, home-spun quality about them. Like the earthy temples of Grome, they are simple places, obviously the production of peasant folk, but made and maintained with love. All of Straasha's temples on the island feature water in some way as a focus of worship, ranging from a humble well to the majesty of the Rippling Chapel.

The God

Straasha's church upon the Isle concentrates in the main upon his aspect as Sea King. The Church of Water in the Purple Towns portrays Straasha as a god of life, fertility, protection and prosperity. Without the fish Straasha gives as gifts to those who depend upon the sea for their livelihood, there would be starvation among the fisher-folk, and so his church is strong among their numbers. Sailors who entrust their lives to the sea pray that Straasha will ensure it is calm, and also that the Sea King will intercede with his wife and mistress Lassa so that she will send good winds. Unlike other nations, the Purple Towners envisage Straasha as subservient to Lassa, although still a great power in his own right.

In the iconography of the Church, Straasha is a fatherly figure, kind but stern. His eyes are the green of the sea. His tumbling hair and beard are white foam, streaked with blue. When Straasha speaks, it is the sound of waves crashing on the shore. All creatures which dwell in water serve Straasha, except for those in which the taint of Chaos is stronger. Straasha's province is fresh water such as lakes, rivers and rain, as well as the upper reaches of the sea. Down in the ocean depths, in the sunless darks, the Chaos Lord Pyaray holds sway. Sailors in the Young Kingdoms tend to hug the shore. Those who venture across the open seas do so with the prayer that Straasha will save them from the deep-sailing Chaos Fleet if they should be so misfortunate as to drown.

Worshippers of Straasha are buried at sea, with appropriate rites and ceremonies. A familiar sight in the Purple Towns is that of a funeral procession. Chanting a sonorous dirge, the mourners wend their way down the winding, cobbled streets to the water's edge, where the weighted body is consigned to the embrace of the waves. Those souls who have pleased Straasha return to the world, and to their new mothers, with the rain. An old tradition upon the Isle speaks of women wishing to become pregnant dancing naked in the dew before dawn. The dead who have displeased Straasha are

reborn instead as fish, condemned to be eaten by bigger fish and reborn again, an endless cycle until they have atoned for their sins. Some special souls are reborn instead as a dolphin or whale, or as an albatross, and live as testament of the wisdom and beauty of the water until they pass forever into Straasha's realm.

Straasha has an ongoing feud with Grome, arising from a dispute over the ownership of the Ship That Sails Over Land And Sea. His followers have taken up the cause, in the manner that coastal peoples hold a rivalry for those that live inland. Grome teaches his worshipers to till the soil, and to remain settled in one place. This is anathema to the ever-roaming followers of the tides and currents.

The Rippling Chapel

The Rippling Chapel is situated in a vast grotto on a rocky peninsular at Utkel. The cave is largely flooded by the sea, and is named after the endless, rippling reflection of light from the water upon its rocky walls. Blue light shimmers and dances across the domed, rocky roof, reflected from sunlight or moonlight upon the waves, and for this the cave is also sometimes referred to as the Blue Grotto. The entrance to the cavern is never fully submerged by the sea, and is large enough to admit a rowboat. A flat-topped spike of rock protrudes from the water in the center of the grotto, providing an altar stone.



A raised area at the back of the cave forms a natural amphitheater for the congregation. During services the worshipers swim into the grotto through the partially-flooded entrance, and seat themselves in rows which slope back and up towards the roof. At the back of the amphitheater are stairs leading up to the headland, but these are only for the use of the priesthood and their special guests. The priests swim out to the altar stone, and conduct services and rituals from there. On rare occasions human sacrifices are performed in the Rippling Chapel, drowned in the sacred waters.

The headland in which the grotto of the Rippling Chapel is located forms part of the actual harbor of Utkel, and both breakwater and piers are constructed upon the rugged point of land. Numerous temple buildings have been built on the rocks above the grotto, including sleeping quarters for the priesthood. Paths run from the cluster of buildings to the waterside, and a broad, twisting stair leads down through the stone to the Rippling Chapel. The stair is carved by hand out of the living rock. Ships from throughout the Young Kingdoms dock and depart regularly from the piers which form part of the temple grounds. Levies and tolls exacted from these craft forms a portion of the Church's income. The Church also has absolute salvage rights on whatever the sea casts up on the shores of the Isle.

The Rippling Chapel is protected from intruders by a number of dolphins, who dwell in and around the cave area. As well as stopping enemies of the Church of Water from desecrating this holy place, they prevent rogues and adventurers from stealing the many riches and treasures tossed into the lapping grotto waters by the priests as sacrifices to Straasha. When the congregation swims in and out of the Chapel, the dolphins swim with them as friends.

Gaining Elan from Straasha

- 12—For each agent of Grome or Pyaray slain.
- 10—For each year spent as an agent.
- 6—For each priest of Grome or Pyaray slain.
- 5—For each shipwreck survived or averted.
- 5—For each year spent as a priest.
- 1—For each 1,000 LB worth of treasure or goods sacrificed to Straasha.
- 1—For each water elemental released from service.
- 1—For each earth elemental slain.
- 1—For each point of improvement in Boating.
- 1—For each point of improvement in Swimming.
- 2—For each water elemental bound into service.*

* There is no dishonor or loss of elan in summoning an water elemental and asking one favor of it.

Note for Agents of Water: Straasha does not forbid his agents from eating fish, as all those who live in or near the sea must do so in order to survive. Instead, Straasha dictates that his agents should never allow any person to drown at sea, but should always attempt a rescue.

The Priesthood

The priests of Straasha, Lord of the Waves, are most often of fisherfolk stock. They are more rough and ready than Lassa's priesthood, but they are good-natured and



The Rippling Chapel

friendly. They care as much for their congregations as they do for Straasha's other aquatic children. Priests of Water dress in multi-layered garments of green and blue, sometimes embroidered with scenes of marine life. Their hair is often braided or plaited, sometimes tied back in a pony tail which may be stiffly tarred. Pearls, coral and sea-shells are favored as jewelry.

Any may enter the priesthood of Straasha in the Purple Towns, provided that they may pass three simple tests. These tests are swimming, sailing or rowing a boat, and naming at least five species of fish caught in the area. Poorer fisher families have been known to place several children into the priesthood as a matter of necessity, so that other members may afford to eat. Despite the slow flood of foreigners into the Purple Towns, the priesthood of the Church of Water remains largely of Temeric blood.

Priests of Straasha dislike the clergy of Grome, considering them to be stagnant and reactionary. They hate the followers of Pyaray with a passion. They get on well with the priesthood of Lassa, although in some quarters this good relationship is being slowly eroded. For centuries Straasha's priesthood have taught that the peasants should know their place in life, serving the nobility, and thus ultimately Lassa, as was right. With the coming of Goldar, some Water priests have begun to question this doctrine. If a fisherman can become richer than the nobility by adopting the creed of Goldar, does this not suggest that Straasha and his followers can also be better than the Church of Air? Although too new to be called a movement, or even an organized heresy, the passage of years will see more organized dissent grow among the priesthood of Straasha.

DUTIES OF THE CLERGY

Straasha's priesthood bless boats and babies, conduct prayers and services, and invoke Straasha's blessings upon the seas so that the nets will be full and the catch bountiful. As well as catching and gutting seafood for their own consumption, priests and priestesses of Water catch excess fish with which to feed the poor. The priesthood teach children the arts of fishing and sailing, as well as helping with repairs to nets and similar tasks. They also administer medicines and tinctures to the sick, concocted of the roots of rare seaweeds and oily extracts of even rarer fish. In times of drought the priesthood pray for rain.

Many of the rituals and services of the Church of Water are in the form of group chants, shanties and songs. Often the priests and congregation sing such shanties as they work and pray.

SKILLS

The priests of Straasha specialize in the skills of Boating, Craft (Fishing), Shiphandling, and Swim.

The Church Of Gold

Worship of the Lords of Law began in Lormyr. The White Lords, although detached and passionless, seemed preferable to the whims and rages of mad Chaos. In embracing the Lords of Law, humanity rejected Melniboné and the Lords of Chaos entirely, and in so doing set in motion a process which would see Chaos weakened and withdrawn from the world. What role Myshella, Mistress of the Dawn played in the spread of Law's worship is largely unknown, although several scholars have suggested that it was she, as Law's ultimate agent in the Young Kingdoms, who founded Lormyr's first Lawful church.

As Lormyr's empire expanded the Church of Law was carried with it across the southern continent and eventually to the newly liberated Isle of the Purple Towns. The tenets of the Golden God of Profit were embraced by the newly ascended merchants of the Isle, who soon came to see themselves in direct opposition to the pirate kings and the chaos spread by their incessant raids. With the advent of the Change 100 years ago the Church of Goldar became the dominant power upon the Isle.

Goldar's followers among the Purple Towns are drawn in the main from the ranks of merchants, shopkeepers, traders and those eager to advance their station through the making of profit. Most businesses on the Isle have a small shrine to Goldar somewhere upon their property, to invoke his blessings upon their transactions. Smaller portable shrines are not uncommon for itinerant workers or traders; often the shrine doubles as a stall or counter for the display of goods.

The God

As one of the Lords of Law, Goldar represents stability, tradition, order and structure. His sphere of influence is money, profit and trade. The Church of Goldar teaches that one may better oneself through the accumulation of wealth, and encourages people both to spend money, and to reap the rewards money can bring. Money is seen by many worshipers of Goldar as their god incarnate, and as such is treated with reverence and love.

Schedule of Temple Charges

Sacrifice to Goldar—25-100 LB
Hire of a Meeting Room for One Hour—25 LB
Temple Endorsement of a Transaction—100 LB
Hire of a Temple Scribe for One Hour—10 LB
Hire of a Temple Cartographer for One Hour—25 LB
Audience with a Priest—25 LB
Audience with an Agent—250 LB
Audience with the Cardinal—25,000 LB

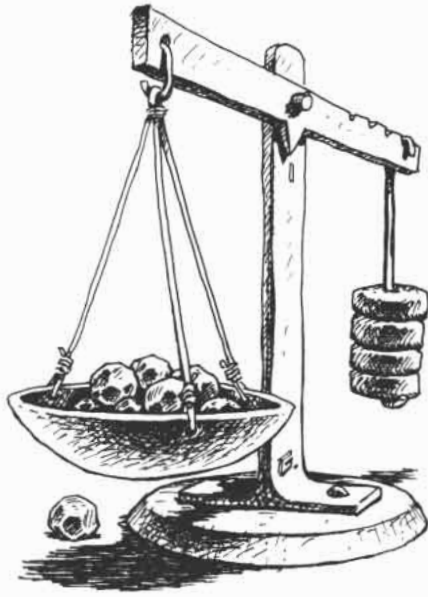
Stories of Goldar always involve him making a good bargain, or tricking an opponent. They are economic parables of prudence and good sense. Goldar saves, Goldar invests, Goldar buys, Goldar sells, Goldar loans money to his friends and reclaims it with interest. Goldar is a poor man at the start of every story, and a rich man at the end of it. Critics of the Church biting remark that Goldar must be a drunkard and a wastrel, to always end up poor again at the start of the next story. The priests reply that Goldar in the stories represents everyman, and that any can become wealthy if they take heed of the tales.

Goldar is not presented so much as a living spiritual being, as an anthropomorphic model for a free market economy, established coinage, and a stable system of trading and banking. Goldar is government, and he is everywhere.

The Pyramid of Goldar

Years of work by a generation of workers have raised in Menii the greatest Temple of Law seen in the Young Kingdoms. The Pyramid of Goldar overlooks the bustling harbor. It is a gigantic tribute to the God of Trade and Profit, as well as testimony to the fanaticism inspired amongst his worshipers. The temple was inspired by the Vilmirian model of Law temples, and completed less than a year ago, accompanied by celebration throughout Menii.

The temple is constructed from fine white marble quarried from Darit's Razor. Each individual block was carved and smoothed by hand. A thin layer of gold has been hammered over the entire outer surface of the pyramid, completing its glorious appearance. The highly polished temple can be seen for many miles from



land and sea, and is now an established landmark for mariners making their way to Menii.

Menii's open marketplace stretches out before the temple, a colorful expanse of stalls and shop awnings, offering an astonishing variety of trade goods. It has been said that if something is not available at the Menii market, it cannot be had in the Young Kingdoms at all.

THE FIRST LEVEL

Double doors of beaten bronze open onto the market from the temple, leading into the ground floor of the pyramid, which in many respects is a grander continuation of the marketplace itself.

A towering, larger than life representation of Lord Goldar dominates this area, smiling with cold, carved perfection upon his adoring hordes. The ground level of the pyramid is a combined church and bazaar. An altar stands before the statue, pews arrayed around it, while behind the statue is a broad and heavily guarded stairway leading up to the next level. Although there are no windows here, large mirrors of polished gold reflect and enhance what light there is, amplifying the illumination about the chamber in a rich, warm glow. Around the walls are orderly rows of stalls and shops. The goods sold here tend to be more expensive as those sold outside, as a large cut of the temple shopkeepers' profits goes to the Church. In return they are guaranteed protection and profit, and in turn the consumer has the blessing of Goldar on the transaction.

Those peddling their wares here include sellers of incense and sacrificial offerings, scribes and money-

lenders, and dealers in religious icons and relics. Scattered amongst them are dealers in art and antiques and other high-brow trade goods, who cater to the more refined temple customers, rather than rub shoulders with the hoi-polloi in the market place. As well as the merchants and shopkeepers, countless priests, worshippers and petitioners of Goldar swarm within this area.

THE SECOND LEVEL

The second level of the pyramid is the library of Goldar, wherein are stored documents and volumes pertaining to trade. It is one of the largest libraries in the Young Kingdoms, and scribes are available to assist the public. Documents include cargo manifests, histories of the lands of the Young Kingdoms, accounts of travel and trade, and records of exchanges and values. The map room has the finest collection of maps in the Young Kingdoms, and the Cartographer's Guild of Menii provide draftsmen to create copies as required.

There are many small meeting rooms on this level which can be hired for a modest sum. Here merchants and other citizens are free to bargain or discuss economic matters in peace. Priests of Goldar can be swiftly called to witness and authorize transactions and deals once they are finalized, as well as to invoke the Gold God's blessings upon those that bargain here. The added security that one's discussions are safe from prying ears ensures a constant flow of persons hiring the discussion rooms.

THE THIRD LEVEL

The third level of the temple holds the dormitories of the priests, as well as kitchens and dining halls and other such necessities of day-to-day religious life. There are also guest chambers, sparsely but opulently furnished. There are small shrines to others among the Lords of Law, available for the religious services of guests.

THE FOURTH LEVEL

Novices are quartered upon the forth level. Here too are school rooms for their lessons, together with storage rooms where are kept spare robes, bales of undyed wool, leather for sandal-making, and other such goods.

THE FIFTH LEVEL

More valuable goods are stored in vaults upon the fifth level. The temple guards are quartered here, along with armories for their weapons and armor.

THE SIXTH LEVEL

The sixth floor of the pyramid is a mystery to all save the Cardinal Of Goldar, High Priest of the Church, and those

in his favor. His private rooms are upon this level, where access is prohibited to all without special permission. Guards stand outside his door at all hours of the day or night. The more observant guardsmen have sometimes noticed that far more people than could reasonably be expected to fit in the few rooms in the pyramid's peak sometimes gather without discomfort in the Cardinal's chambers. While the townsfolk spread many a wild rumor about the unknown rooms at the top of the pyramid, those familiar with the workings of the Church Of Law suspect that there are in truth no rooms there at all, save for the single door opening onto an other dimensional space, perhaps an extension of a Lawful plane.

The Priesthood

There are three distinct orders of priests within the Church Of Goldar: initiates, administrators and chancellors.

Initiates are the lowest order, and may not practice as priests. They live at the temple for five years, performing menial tasks, learning vast tracts of Church and Common law, being trained in persuasive argument and gaining an understanding of the nature of money and trade. Initiates wear purple robes with a sash the color of bronze.

The rank of administrator contains the majority of priests in Goldar's church. They preach Goldar's doctrines to the laity, advise clients as to prices and markets, make peace between merchants, and act as lawyers and money-lenders. Administrators wear purple robes with silver sashes.

Chancellors are responsible for laying down the law of the Church. They interpret the will of Goldar, and issue rules and decrees which in turn decide the economic success of the Isle of Purple Towns. Priests of this rank wear sashes of gold over their purple robes. The most charismatic and powerful of this order of the priesthood becomes Cardinal of the Church of Goldar, the supreme leader of the cult, a life-long position. The Cardinal's robe shimmers with ornate gold-thread embroidery.

DUTIES OF THE CLERGY

Priests of Goldar take on the roles of advisor, banker and lawyer, as well as being impartial witnesses to the signing of trade agreements between nations and individuals. They teach the children of merchants the skills

Gaining Elan from Goldar

Priests and Agents from Goldar gain elan from Law as indicated on table 6.7.6 in the rulesbook. In addition, they earn elan for the following activities:

- 1—For each 1,000 LB made by the temple as a result of the Priest's business deals or professional services.
- 1—For adjudicating fairly on a financial dispute between two parties.
- 1—For each point of improvement in the skill of Bargain.
- 1—For each point of improvement in the skill of Credit.

of reading and writing. Lower-ranking priests perform menial tasks about the temple. All priests take part in worship services and associated religious activities.

The biggest business of the church is money lending, and the priests make all the loan deals. Such deals include the sum loaned, the date of repayment, the amount of the repayment, and the penalty to be paid on default of repayment. A loan might be for a fixed term, such as a month or a year, or something less definite, such as the length of a voyage, or even the life of the lender (the repayment is made by the heirs). In the Church of Gold, money makes money.

While the majority of priests are based in one temple or another, there are itinerant priests of Goldar who make their way about the Isle performing such tasks as needed wherever they arise. In such cases it is not unknown for priests of Goldar to resolve arguments between merchants and clients, arrange appropriate settlement for customers who believe themselves cheated or defrauded, and act as judge and jury in cases of theft or robbery (crimes of violence are referred to the priests of Donblas the Justice Maker).

SKILLS

The priests of Goldar specialize in the skills of Bargain, Credit, Evaluate Treasure and Persuade. Temples of Goldar teach these skills to any applicant, provided they present themselves humbly and are not worshipers of Chaos. The cost for this is 10 LB per skill point, with a maximum increase of 10 points in any one skill. Learning time is 21 days minus INT, with a minimum one day of classes for even the brightest of adventurers. After the money is paid and lessons have been given the character must succeed at a roll of INT x5 to determine if the knowledge offered was actually assimilated.

OCEANS OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS

MANY YOUNG KINGDOMS legends concern the oceans. It is well known that Straasha, Elemental Lord of Water, rules the seas, although his rival Pyaray of Chaos lays claim to the lower depths. It is said that, long ago, Chaos ruled all the oceans, and Law the land. Perhaps this explains why the sea has such an unnatural pull on some people and yet repels and terrifies others. On Melniboné an old legend suggests that their inhuman folk were born from the waves, although there are none today who publicly support such a fanciful theory.

The seas and oceans of the Young Kingdoms vary greatly from one to another. Sailors, fisherfolk and other inhabitants of the Young Kingdoms who make their living from the oceans must learn the quirks and moods of each if they are to survive. Many perils present themselves to explorers. Despite the dangers of sea serpents and pirates, often it is the seas themselves that claim the most lives.

THE BOILING SEA

Rumor has it that volcanos deep beneath the surface fuel the bubbling and steaming of the Boiling Sea. No ships dare face the heat which accompanies these constantly seething waters, whose currents bathe the shores of Melniboné, Lormyr and other nations.

The outer reaches alone are inhospitable. When Duke Avan Astran sails through here in years to come, many of his crew are afflicted by a sickness bought about by the constant steam and damp, oppressive heat. Three men died, and others were left coughing and feverish. Any adventurers who sail near the Boiling Sea must succeed at CON x3 rolls or be struck down with the illness. A fumbled roll means the sickness of the Boiling Sea proves fatal.

Wild tales have been told by mad-eyed sailors of vast, scaled creatures glimpsed through the shrouding vapors, although most believe that the sea is too hot to maintain life. The palace of Ashaneloon, sometimes home to Myshella of Law, is found in the Boiling Sea. Ashaneloon is approachable only by air, or perhaps by some other means of magical transport. It is built upon a small, rocky island, and surrounded by ferociously boiling waves. Its existence is largely unknown in the Young Kingdoms.

For details on Ashaneloon and Myshella of the Dawn, see Moorcock's story "The Vanishing Tower".

THE DRAGON SEA

Grey and storm-tossed, the Dragon Sea stretches from the waters north of Melniboné to west of the Sorcerers' Isle. Howling gales sweep across the waves from the north, shredding sails and snapping masts at their strongest. The deepest waters in the Young Kingdoms are to be found in this stretch, lightless abysses plunging into the sea bed for more than a mile. It is well known that the last great sea monsters of the Young Kingdoms roam the waves of the Dragon Sea. Captains skirt this sea, unless their ships are protected by powerful charms.

THE EASTERN OCEAN

East of Pikarayd and Dorel the waters are unknown. Too far south and one sails off the edge of the world, but to the east are only the Unknown Lands. Few have travelled that far, and fewer returned. Some scholars in the Young Kingdoms suggest that Melniboné's rule once extended far to the east, and maps and descriptions of those realms must still reside in Imrryr. If such records do exist, no details contained therein are known in the Young Kingdoms. Somewhere east of the Isle of

Purple Towns, within a few days sailing, is Yeshpotoom-Kahlai, the Unholy Fortress. A manifestation of Chaos upon the world, its secrets are best left unanswered and unasked by normal people.

More information concerning the Unholy Fortress is given in the scenario *The Unholy Fortress* in this book.

THE OLDEST OCEAN

The Oldest Ocean was once the world's only ocean. During the Elemental Wars, many thousands of years ago, before even the Bright Empire, the ocean spilled out across the torn and reshaped face of the world. New seas were formed, but the Oldest Ocean is mother to them all. It is a tempestuous body of water, swept by strong winds and rainless storms. Although rough, it is the least dangerous of the Young Kingdom's many seas. Indeed, it provides a livelihood for the fisherfolk of many nations. The Oldest Ocean is the sea richest in marine life, and swarms with thousands of species, large and small.

THE PALE SEA

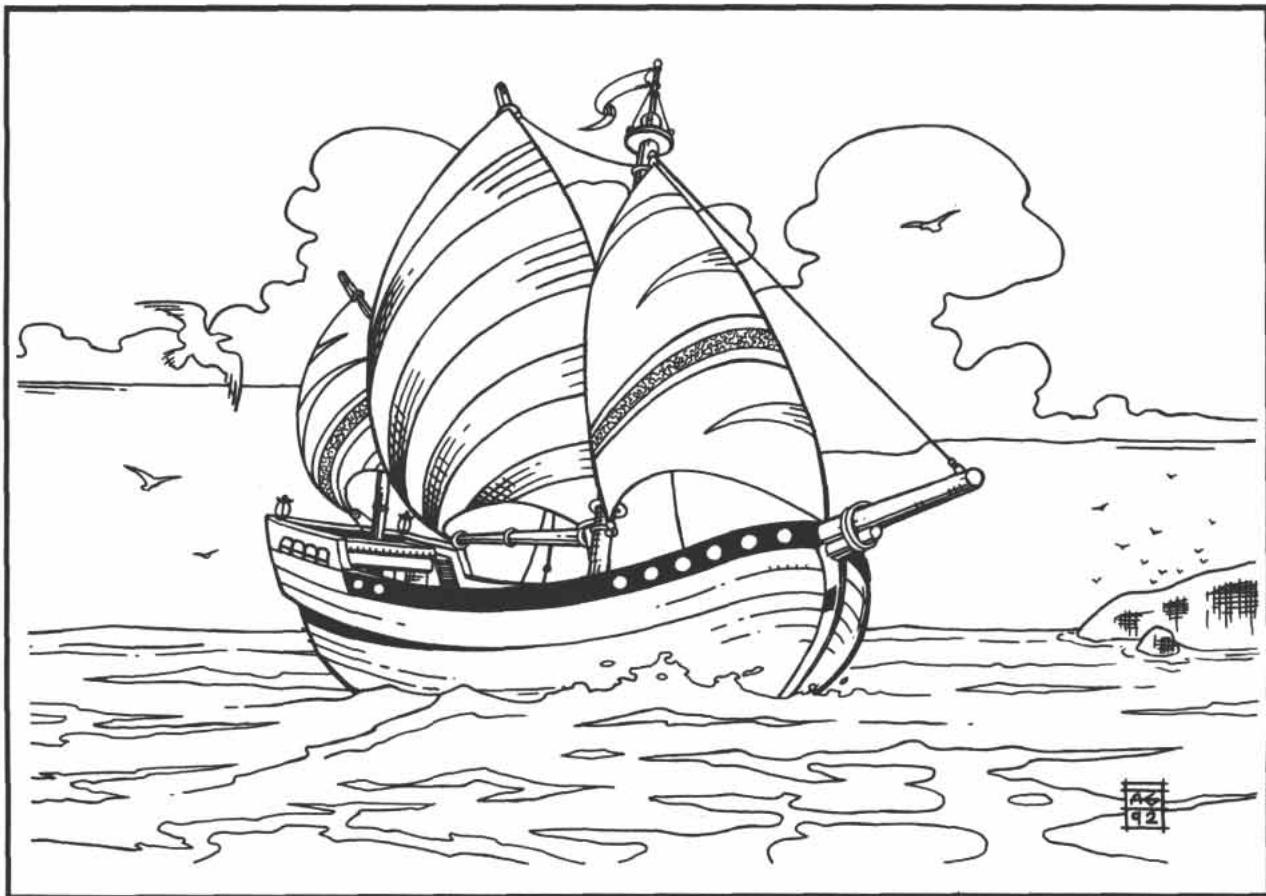
Despite the frequency of gales and blizzards which shriek down from the cold wastelands of the north, merchants

regularly brave the dangers of the Pale Sea. Its chill waters are preferable to the supernatural dangers which lurk in the Straits of Chaos. Most crossings are made in the summer months, although even in winter those desperate enough will risk a voyage on the unpredictable Pale Sea.

Few have travelled further north than Tarkesh, but hoary sailors swear that after another two or three hundred miles, the waters begin to turn to ice around the helpless ship. Even more unbelievable are the wild stories told of snowy mountains floating upon the waves.

THE SERPENT'S TEETH

Notorious among the seafaring nations of the Young Kingdoms, the Serpent's Teeth are a range of savage crags a mile or so off the coast of Shazaar. They stretch parallel to Shazaar's sea-cliffs for almost a hundred miles, and are a hazard which all traders along this section of the coast must face. Howling storms from the Dragon Sea, coupled with the contrary currents and sea fogs sweeping up the coast from the Boiling Sea, make navigating the Serpent's Teeth a task of exceptional difficulty.



A brig of the Purple Towns at sea

Encounters at Sea

The following table is intended as an aid to gamemasters to bring variety and uncertainty to long voyages. Ignore any result which will harm the plot of a particular scenario. This table is a guide and a prompt for the imagination, but not to be slavishly adhered to. Notes and suggestions follow for each entry.

Encounters at sea may be no more than a backdrop, a sail sighted on the horizon, to remind the adventurers that they are not the only ones to ride the waves. Or a meeting might have a more active role, either by signifying an attack by an enemy vessel, or an exchange of news. Such encounters can aid or enhance the plot of an existing scenario. Floating wreckage hints that there is danger nearby. A friendly trader might have knowledge of the red-sailed brig the adventurers are pursuing.

As a quick rule of thumb, roll 1D6 for each day of sailing. A result of 1 implies that there is an encounter some time that day.

ROLL 1D100 FOR THE TYPE OF SEA ENCOUNTER

Pale Sea	Oldest Ocean	Eastern Ocean	Encounter
01	01	01	Melnibonéan Battle Barge
02-08	02-06	02-05	Pan Tangian Galley
09	07-08	06	Pan Tangian Trader
10-14	09	--	Tarkeshite Longship
15-19	10-12	07	Tarkeshite Knorr
20-24	13-14	--	Dharjorian Raider
25-28	15	--	Jharkorian Navy
29-32	16-18	08	Jharkorian Trader
33-36	19-21	09	Shazaarian Trader
37-39	22-24	10-11	Ilmioran Trader
40-42	25-27	12-14	Vilmirian Trader
43	28-32	15-18	Vilmirian Navy
44-45	33-35	19-20	Vilmirian Privateer
46-50	36-40	21-30	Purple Towns Merchant
51	41-43	31-38	Purple Towns Navy
--	44	--	Oinic Catamaran
--	45	--	Yuric Catamaran
52	46-48	39	Lormyrian Trader
--	49-51	40	Lormyrian Navy
53	52-54	41-42	Filkharian Trader
54	55-57	43-45	Argimiliaran Trader
--	58-59	46-50	Pikaraydian Galley
--	60-61	51-55	Dorelite Raider
55-58	62-64	56-58	Pirate Ship
59	65	59	Adventurer Ship
--	--	60	Eastern Junk
60	66-67	61	Fleet of Ships
61	68	62	Sea Battle
62	69	63	Raft
63-64	70	64	Wreck
65	71	65	Flotsam
66	72	66	Sea Serpent
--	73-74	67-68	Octopus
67-68	--	--	Squid
69	75	69	Demon
70	76	70	Corpse
71-74	77-80	71-73	Shark Pack
75-79	81-82	74	Whale
80	83-87	75-79	Dolphins
81-86	88-89	80	Bad Storm
87-88	90	81	Whirlpool
89-94	91-92	82-85	High Winds
95	93-95	86-95	Becalmed
96-97	96-97	96-97	Event on Board
98-99	98-99	98-99	Special
00	00	00	No Encounter

MELNIBONÉAN BATTLE BARGE - A rare vessel, and probably on a special mission for the emperor. It will ignore any human ship, even to the extent of plowing straight through any craft that does not move out of the way of its bows. An encounter with a battle barge should be memorable, but mysterious.

PAN TANGIAN GALLEY - These black ships are the most feared sight on the ocean, as they are as rapacious and merciless as the sharks that swim hopelessly in their wake. A Pan Tangian Galley will always attack, unless hopelessly outnumbered. Survivors are carted away to the Demon Isle to serve as slaves.

PAN TANGIAN TRADER - Occasionally the Pan Tangians seek to trade honestly for their needs. Few trust the dark sorcerers, but few can resist their magical trade goods. This ship will avoid contact with any obvious Lawful craft, but may pull up alongside a non-aligned ship to offer trade or parley.

TARKESHITE LONGSHIP - A ship full of hearty bearded warriors from the north. Their preference is for coastal raiding, and they are likely to avoid another ship at sea. Every man on board is a fighter, and they are more than capable of defending their dragon ship if they need to.

TARKESHITE KNORR - A smaller trading ship from the north, seeking exotic goods from the south and east.

DHARIJORIAN RAIDER - A fighting galley from a nation aligned with foul Pan Tang, and likely to indulge in acts of piracy. More often they patrol Dharjorian waters, and chase away intruders.

JHARKORIAN NAVY - A proud galley out to keep an eye on the doings of the Dharjorians, and to give any Pan Tangian ships a stout fight.

JHARKORIAN TRADER - A trading ship hurrying away from the Straits of Chaos, and eager to make a wide berth of Pan Tang. When these dangers are negotiated, they sail south or east to trade with friendlier nations.

SHAZAARIAN TRADER - A wide galley, perhaps carrying a cargo of fine horses for trade in distant lands.

ILMIORAN TRADER - A small cog taking passengers or goods to other markets. The captain fears Pan Tangian vessels above all others.

VILMIRIAN TRADER - A small cog laden with goods or produce from the fields of Vilmir. It is probably accompanied by a warship.

VILMIRIAN NAVY - A large cog with fortified fighting castles fore and aft, crewed by soldiers and sailors. It enforces the power of Law upon the waves, and attacks any vessel which seems allied with Chaos in any way. The captain is a cold man, interested

only in the pursuit and destruction of his quarry. The crew are strictly regimented.

VILMIRIAN PRIVATEER - A sly pirate vessel, out to rob from perceived enemies of Vilmir, or anyone else they can take on. The privateer rarely kills an entire enemy crew, preferring to take them as prisoners, or else leave them to go on their way. In this form their piracy becomes a kind of tax for sailing in the Straits of Vilmir. The booty taken is paid directly to their King.

PURPLE TOWNS MERCHANT - A stout brig laden with cargo, bound for profit, wherever it is to be found. Possibly accompanied by a warship for security against pirates and Pan Tangians.

PURPLE TOWNS NAVY - A fast galley crewed by marines and under the guidance of one of the sealords. It is keeping an eye on the waters around the Isle, or on the doings of the Lormyrians. It will rarely engage in combat, preferring to evade action and return with strength in numbers.

OINIC CATAMARAN - A long double canoe sailed by painted warriors from the jungles of Oin. Such a journey is rare, and probably of religious significance. Their quest might be to rescue a fellow enslaved in one of the developed nations, or to gather weapons for their tribe.

YURIC CATAMARAN - As above, except that they are from the allied nation of Yu.

LORMYRIAN TRADER - A slow trading ship, plying the southern coast. If the captain is especially brave, he might turn north to trade with Vilmir.

LORMYRIAN NAVY - A great lumbering quinquereme, dutifully enforcing the power of the aging kingdom's navy. Its captain is interested in news of any Chaos ships sighted recently in southern waters. It might harass a ship from the Purple Towns, but is unlikely to launch an outright attack.

FILKHARIAN TRADER - A small galley, most likely bound for the Purple Towns with a full hold.

ARGIMILIARAN TRADER - A stout trireme full of trade goods, but well able to defend itself. It will be moving along the southern coast, or perhaps to the Purple Towns.

PIKARAYDIAN GALLEY - This galley moves swiftly through the waves, and avoids all contact with other vessels. It might be bound for far Pan Tang to trade.

DORELITE RAIDER - This galley is stealing north with the intention of raiding neighboring lands.

PIRATE SHIP - A skulking pirate ship approaches, not tied to any nation, and eager for gold. If the odds seem good, it attacks. They might be cruel pirates, seeking to

slaughter any survivors so that none live to tell the tale, or they might be more pragmatic, and willing to hold captives for ransom.

ADVENTURER SHIP - A non-aligned ship is seen, and approaches. The crew want news of a particular land, or person, or craft. They are on a quest or mission, and may ask for help.

EASTERN JUNK - A rare vessel from the East is sighted. It is of outlandish design, and crewed by strange folk with different customs. Its crew are friendly and curious, but very wary of these unknown westerners.

FLEET OF SHIPS - Not one ship, but an armada of them. Perhaps it is a great trading fleet, with accompanying guard vessels. Or it might be a war fleet, intent on attacking another nation, or merely to give a show of strength.

SEA BATTLE - An engagement is in progress between two ships. Roll on the table to determine their nationalities, or choose two natural enemies. Either side would appreciate aid in the struggle, and reward it.

RAFT - A makeshift craft with several hardy survivors is sighted. They are grateful to be picked up, and might offer reward. They certainly have a tale to tell, of pirate attack, or treacherous waters, or hideous sea monsters. Perhaps they are officers set adrift by mutineers, and want help in reclaiming their ship. Perhaps they are felons set adrift by a captain too kind to keel-haul them.

WRECK - A sinking ship, or the remnants of one, laid low by pirates, or monsters, or bad weather. There may be crew in need of rescue.

FLOTSAM - An odd item is floating in the water. A crate containing unspoiled trade goods, a barrel of liquid, the shattered spar of a ship, or a cage containing a live animal.

SEA SERPENT - A terrible creature of the deeps, feared universally by sailors of all nations. It always attacks.

OCTOPUS - A giant beast of the deep rises to grasp any passing ship in its rubbery embrace. A child of Pyaray, it has a strange alliance with Pan Tangian craft, and does not attack them.

SQUID - A tentacled cousin of the octopus, without the natural disposition towards Chaos noted in the latter breed. It attacks any small ship. If wounded sharply, it relinquishes its hold and sinks back into the deep.

DEMON - A hideous demon harasses the ship. It might be a tentacled swimming abomination, powerful and sly. It might be a flying horror, eager to supplement its journey with a sailor snack. It might have found the

ship by accident, or it might bear a message from a sorcerer who has an offer to make.

CORPSE - A body is found floating in the water. A ship might have gone down on this spot, or a monster might be lurking nearby. Perhaps the corpse is a drowned sailor in service to Pyaray, imbued with undead life.

SHARK PACK - A score of dorsal fins signifies that a shark pack has decided to follow the ship for a time. Anyone falling overboard is doomed. This might be a bad omen, of an impending battle or disaster.

WHALE - A vast whale surfaces nearby, spouting great geysers of water before sounding majestically. It might imperil the ship accidentally.

DOLPHINS - A school of dolphins blesses the ship with their playful presence. They might be a good omen, of good winds and fair weather. The dolphins might bear a message from Straasha herself, or they might just be out for a lark.

BAD STORM - An extreme gale lashes the decks. Anything not battened down is blown off, sails which are not raised are blown ragged, and the ship is tossed about in great mountains of water. If the crew is unlucky or incompetent, the ship might be swamped or wrecked. At the least it is blown off course.

WHIRLPOOL - A great turning whirlpool is encountered, a fearsome maelstrom which draws vessels helplessly to the bottom of the ocean. Good sailing is needed to avoid a watery grave.

HIGH WINDS - Strong breezes pick up and blow the ship towards its destination, saving a bit of traveling time.

BECALMED - The wind dies away to nothing. This may last hours, or even days, causing a delay in the journey.

EVENT ON BOARD - Something happens on the ship itself. Perhaps a fire in the galley, man overboard, a crew mutiny, or an outbreak of disease. A serious leak might be discovered, forcing the ship in for repairs.

SPECIAL - Something unusual or astonishing occurs. Some suggestions: a flock of things passes by overhead, an albatross lands on the mast, a dragon is seen high above, a sunken city beneath the waves is glimpsed, an amazing and intricate Lawful water craft is encountered, a magical storm rages across the ocean, Straasha the sea king is seen in the distance, or the dark shadow of a ship from the Chaos Fleet passes under the keel.

THE STRAITS OF CHAOS

The Straits of Chaos lie between the Western Continent and the dread island of Pan Tang. It is an area of storms and wild seas. Lashing rain, impossibly high waves and shrieking winds, along with the rumored presence of sea monsters make these waters anathema. Ships surviving these perils must risk death or slavery at the hands of pirates from the Demon Isle. The black galleys of Pan Tang are the only vessels to cross the Straits Of Chaos with any frequency, and not even their supernatural skills are enough to guarantee their safety in these deadly seas.

THE STRAITS OF VILMIR

Calm, shallow waters, remarkably blue, make up the Straits of Vilmir. The Vilmirian peninsulas are dotted with numerous small islands and bays. In the west these are home to pirates. Their smaller, coastal boats can easily avoid the larger war-galleys of the Vilmirian navy in the networks of channels and rivers between the islands. The warm and pleasant waters of the Straits of Vilmir are regular sea-lanes for merchant ships voyaging to the Isle Of Purple Towns, who thus provide rich pickings for the pirate gangs.

Salty Sea-Dog Stories

Below are presented a collection of tall stories, legends and semi-facts told by seafarers throughout the Young Kingdoms. The gamemaster may wish to use some of these as the basis for future scenarios. Others, such as the whispered legends which concern the dread Chaos Fleet, are best left as stories to be shared over a shot of rum in some seedy dockside tavern.

ALBATROSSES

Many sailors have first-hand stories of the great white bird which glides the trade winds, the albatross. It is the sacred bird of the Purple Towns, and ill luck will follow anyone who slays one. Sailors who are kind to an albatross, perhaps by allowing the bird to roost upon the rigging in a storm, often find the bird later rewarding their good nature by guiding the ship through fogs and calm seas.

THE FLOATING REALM

Somewhere, it is said, there is an ocean where winds and tide fall still. Countless ships lie ensnared in a clinging sea of weed. Insane sailors live in the wrecks, driven to cannibalism. Their filthy hair and matted beards give the emaciated survivors the appearance of animals instead of men. None who are marooned ever escape, and giant hermit crabs make their homes among the bones of the dead, so that it seems that the skulls of the deceased sprout legs and scuttle about the ravaged ships trapped there.

The Floating Realm is no myth, and details of it can be found in the *Stormbringer* supplement *Perils of the Young Kingdoms*.

THE GHOST SHIP OF EPHRAIM MADEYES

Two hundred years ago a trader out of Menii make a boast to the Gray Lords of Stagnation, foolishly declaring that his love of the sea was so great that he would never tire of it. The Gray Lords took him at his word, and made Captain Ephraim undying. Now he sails the seas forever, trapped in a half-life

aboard his rotting ghost-ship, accompanied by a crew of the damned. Always surrounded by fog and the stench of decay, Ephraim Madeyes sails in search of death, and an end to his torment. Only if he can find another to take the wheel of his ship will he ever be free.

THE ISLE OF GLASS

The Isle of Glass is a mystical land of immortality, spoken of in more than one hero's saga. Unlike normal islands, the Isle of Glass is not bound to one spot, but floats about the oceans of the Young Kingdoms at the whim of wind and weather. It is normally invisible, and can only be seen at dawn and dusk, when the low light of the sun shines through the glass, giving it the color of burnished gold.

Once on the isle, it appears as solid and real as any land, only far more fabulous. The climate is always that of a balmy spring day, and fields of flowers grow in profusion beneath the boughs of apple trees. Those who dwell upon the isle live forever in happiness, for it is a tranquil land of everlasting life. Some say that should ever the Isle of Glass become rooted to one spot, then age will catch up with its inhabitants, and they will rapidly wither and die.

Sailors who land on the isle should take heed that time passes more slowly there than elsewhere. Returning from what seemed a one day visit one might find more than ten years to have passed in the Young Kingdoms. More than one sailor is said to have lost all that was dear to him through a stay on the Glass Isle—friends, family, lovers, all dead in the twinkling of an eye in the years he was away.

LORD PYARAY'S CHAOS FLEET

It is said that those who drown in the open sea are doomed to serve thereafter upon the decks of the Chaos Fleet, aboard huge and horrible warships of daemonic design. The dead crews sail in silent servitude to Pyaray

of Chaos, the Tentacled Whisperer Of Impossible Secrets. Far down in the inky depths, the only colors are those of decay, and the only hope is Apocalypse—for only when the world ends will the Chaos Fleet rise to the surface. Surely by that time there will be none left alive to see the coming of such horror.

THE TALE OF THE SHIP'S CAT

Every ship which sails from the Purple Towns has a mascot, a ship's cat, as indeed do many vessels from other lands of the Young Kingdoms. There is a story which explains this, although most captains will tell you that the ships keep cats purely to fight the rats.

The story goes that a great fish, larger than a whale, once swallowed whole a merchantman of the Purple Towns. All on board wept and bewailed their fate in the belly of the fish, but it paid them no heed. It so happened that aboard this ship there was a cat, only a kitten, a plaything of the captain's daughter. This kitten mewed to Meerclaw, Beast Lord of Cats, to save them. By chance Meerclaw heard the tiny plea, and stirring from his indolence he came down to the Young Kingdoms plane. Seeing such a huge fish Meerclaw ate it all up, and when he sicked up the bones the ship came out safe and whole. From that time on, all Purple Towns ships have carried a cat on board.

THE WORLD'S EDGE

If a ship should sail too far down serpent-haunted Dorel's untamed coast it will come to World's Edge, a great rushing of waters and roaring spray, the greatest of all waterfalls. If the ship doesn't turn about it will sail clear off, and fall forever through the Chaos-void below.

To the north, beyond the Sighing Desert, lies the other edge of the world. To reach it a ship must sail beyond the furthest reaches of the Pale Sea. Far north the ocean turns to ice and further travel, at least by ship, is impossible.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE PURPLE TOWNS

THE STREETS AND markets of the Purple Towns are never empty. The adventurers' elbows are jogged at every side by merchants, beggars, priests, sailors, and hundreds of others. A chance encounter might lead to gainful employment, a fortuitous bargain, or a strange and unexpected doom.

The following are encounter tables for use when the adventurers are abroad in the fields or streets of the Purple Towns. They are a useful gamemaster tool, for adding sudden spark or inspiration to an otherwise normal situation. In no way feel restricted or compelled by them; if the dice don't offer an interesting proposition, then reroll, or simply choose the result you want.

The tables are followed by short descriptions for each type of encounter. These paragraphs provide suggestions for the goals of the person encountered, and how to involve the adventurers. It is possible to generate

an entire evening's play from a rolled encounter, if inspiration strikes the gamemaster and the players are willing to come along for the ride.

Statistics for most of these encounters can be found in the *Purple Towns Digest* chapter following. Adjust the statistics in the *Digest* as you see fit, to suit the capabilities of the adventurers.

City Encounters Table

1D100	Encounter	1D100	Encounter
01	Count	55-59	Prostitute
02-06	Priest	60-61	Peasant
07-08	Agent	62-66	Fisherman
09-11	Sealord	67	Escaped Slave
12-13	Ship Captain	68-77	Foreigner
14-18	City Guard	78-87	Sailors
19-23	Marine	88	Thief
24-33	Merchant	89	Beggar
34-37	Scholar	90-92	Street Gang
38	Sorcerer	93	Press Gang
39-48	Townsperson	94	Elemental
49-53	Craftsman	95-99	Special Encounter
54	Shopkeeper	00	No Encounter

Isle Encounters Table

Encounter	Northern Counties	Southern Counties	Bay of Menii	Central Highlands
Count	01	01	01	--
Priests	02-03	02	02-03	--
Monks	--	--	--	01-10
Agent	04-05	03-04	04-05	11
Sealord	06-09	05-08	06-09	--
Merchant	10-19	09-13	10-24	--
Scholar	20	14	25	12
Sorcerer	21	15	26	13
Craftsman	22	16	27-28	--
Peasants	23-42	17-20	29-43	--
Fishermen	43-62	21-43	44-74	--
Escaped Slave	63	44	75	14
Foreigners	64-66	45-46	76-78	15
Highwaymen	67-68	47-48	79	16-17
Treasure Hunters	69	49-50	80	18
Shepherd	70-74	51-60	--	19
Hunting Party	75-76	61-62	--	20
Small Game	77-81	63-68	81-83	21-28
Wirran Pack	--	69-70	--	29-31
Wolves	82	71-72	--	32-36
Bear	83	73	--	37-40
Monster	--	--	--	41
Demon	--	--	--	42
Elemental	84-85	74-75	84-85	43-45
Special Encounter	86-90	76-80	86-90	46-50
No Encounter	91-00	81-00	91-00	51-00

Encounters in the Cities

COUNT - One of the eight counts of the Isle is walking the streets, accompanied by his friends and 1D10 bodyguards. He might be on his way to a performance, or to see a powerful merchant about a deal. Perhaps he is simply walking about to be seen, and bestows a flashy smile on the adventurers.

PRIEST - A priest going about his or her duties. They might be leading a service, or looking for converts, or engaged in municipal tasks. They might be a priest of Law or of the elements, or even a skulking priest of Chaos in disguise.

AGENT - A lone Agent, assured of the favor of his or her god, and made arrogant in that assurance. It may be the god's business that brings them to the Purple Towns, perhaps tracking down the enemies of their cult.

SEALORD - A sealord accompanied by 1D6 bodyguards. His purpose might be pleasure or business. Perhaps he is on his way to inspect one of his ships, and is eager to hire new crew. He might be on his way to meet with other sealords, to drink ale and complain about the impudence of the merchant class. He might be looking for someone, or something, and needs the adventurers to help find it.

SHIP CAPTAIN - A ship's captain, from the navy or from a merchantman. He is most likely to be seeking good wine and good company, but is ready to discuss hiring his ship and his services to a likely-looking group of adventurers.

CITY GUARD - A group of three city guards doing the rounds, moving on drunks, shifting beggars, and otherwise keeping the peace. They take a dim view of weird or suspicious behavior from adventurers.

MARINE - A bunch of 1D6 marines on shore leave. Swaggering and confident, they consider themselves to be harder than any land-lubbing adventurers. They don't press the point, but are not about to back down if anybody picks a fight with them.

MERCHANT - Merchants are never far away in the Purple Towns. Trading, dealing, bartering, cajoling, buying, selling, loaning, borrowing, speculating, investing, they are everywhere, and into everything. They hire and fire adventurers, as bodyguards, go-betweens, porters, runners, emissaries, and anything else. A merchant met in the street might be taking the air, but more likely he or she is selling something from a stall, or valuing a building, or on the way to an important negotiation, or on the hunt for customers and clients.

SCHOLAR - A clerk, or a scribe, or a playwright, or a poet, or any man or woman of learning. They offer the skills of literacy and numeracy, for a small fee. Perhaps they have questions about the adventurers' homeland or travels. Maybe

they need a type of rare ink or parchment, or a forgotten book from a distant library, and would pay the adventurers to fetch it.

SORCERER - This sorcerer is probably an elemental sorcerer, and as such is welcome and respected in the Purple Towns. He or she might need guards to stand by during an important summoning, or some exotic materials. If instead their arcane arts involve *demon summoning*, then they need subterfuge to avoid the watchful guardians of Law. Maybe the adventurers can help keep their dark secrets.

TOWNSPERSON - A normal resident, but possibly in need of the adventurers' help. A merchant has swindled them, or a street gang has menaced them, or a thief has made off with their worldly goods.

CRAFTSMAN - A craftsman, with something to sell, or a service to offer. The adventurers could be the right customers. Perhaps some exotic raw material is needed, and the adventurers might be the ones to fetch it.

SHOPKEEPER - A lesser merchant, minding his or her store. The adventurers might be offered a special deal, or they might be ripped off by shoddy goods, or they might be asked to talk to the noisy tenants.

PEASANT - A peasant come to town to sell his wares, and taking in the big city at the same time. Maybe it all goes to his head, he gets drunk, loses the lot, and needs the adventurers to help him get back his gambled goods. Maybe he's on the run from a cruel noble.

FISHERMAN - A dour fisherman on his way to sell his catch. He might have a word about the weather, or to discuss the tide and swell. Maybe he needs help with something he's fished up in his net, a golden treasure, or a half-fish thing.

ESCAPED SLAVE - A slave has escaped from the town market, and is hunted across the city as little better than a criminal. They might seek revenge against their oppressors, or help in getting away from the Isle. Perhaps they take a hostage at knife-point, and the adventurers are the closest people to the scene.

FOREIGNER - A visitor to the Purple Towns. They might be seeking business, or alliance. They might be on the run, or recruiting aid to help a just cause. Perhaps they are utterly confused by the local customs, and would appreciate clear guidance. Such kindness might be repaid.

SAILORS - These men are most likely out to enjoy their time ashore, and indulging in the traditional pursuits of drinking, carousing and fighting. It's a hard life at sea, and times of luxury are few and far between. A more interesting encounter might be sailors with a mission. Perhaps they are plotting against

their bosun, or raising the cash to buy their ship off the merchant who owns her, or seeking help to rescue their captain who has been kidnapped.

PROSTITUTE - A working woman, probably by the docks watching the ships coming in. She might seek news about a particular sailor, or instead she might have inside information to sell about trade or diplomacy. Maybe she tries to charm the adventurers into getting a bothersome customer out of the way for her.

THIEF - A rare breed in the Purple Towns, an active thief must be very clever, or else very stupid to have tried it on in the first place. Something as pedestrian as a snatch and grab is rare. The thief is more likely to be casing a warehouse, or shadowing a wealthy merchant. The adventurers might be cut into the deal, or they might help track the thief down.

STREET GANG - A bunch of bravos, out for a night on the town. They preen, stroll, intimidate, and bluster. They might be a posing pack of sealords' sons, or a genuinely malicious mob of blackguards. They might hassle the adventurers, or someone else nearby. They might throw stones, throw insults, or throw up.

PRESS GANG - A gang of thugs and ruffians, looking for drunks to roll. The victims are clubbed, or drugged, and then sold to a ship leaving harbor. Their targets might be the adventurers.

ELEMENTAL - An elemental has been summoned but not bound, and is loose. It might be causing destruction, or it might have taken a liking to a particular person or place. Perhaps it whispers a message from its Elemental Lord, who needs a task done in the world of men.

SPECIAL ENCOUNTER - Something exceptional occurs. Some suggestions follow. A popular group of musicians bring traffic to a standstill and have people dancing in the streets. A sorcerous explosion levels a row of housing. An angry mob torches the shop of a notorious swindler. A thief is sent up for hanging, but his fellows stage a daring rescue attempt from the gallows. A hail storm clears the streets and closes the markets. An altercation between a merchant and a sealord develops into a street-wide brawl. Someone excavates a Melnibonéan tomb under the city streets, and a demon is released. There is a rain of feathers.

NO ENCOUNTER - Really? No-one? Are you sure? Perhaps there is someone in the shadows, taking note of where the investigators are going and what they are saying. A spy hired by a rival, or a sly Chaos Agent, or maybe a member of the Vilimirian Inquisition taking notes on odd foreigners.

Encounters on the Isle

COUNT - Whether he is hunting, or hawking, or on his way to preside over a day's hearings, or visiting a friend, or traveling to town, the count is bound to be accompanied by a large and well-dressed group of retainers and hangers-on. Adventurers might get lost in the hullabaloo, or swept along by it.

PRIESTS - A group of 1D6 priests on a pilgrimage, or traveling to a festival, or holding a special service in the wilds. Donations are always accepted, and perhaps there is a holy task that the adventurers might be able to assist with.

MONKS - Adherents of Donblas, martial priests living in solitude, fortifying themselves for the war against Chaos. They are hiking, or training, or patrolling in eternal vigilance. If the adventurers have demon artifacts or the taint of Chaos, this chance meeting might ignite into another skirmish in that doomed and never-ending war.

AGENT - A Lawful agent instilled with purpose, or an elemental agent communing with nature, or a Chaotic agent traveling incognito. He or she might ignore the adventurers, or stalk them, or question them, or enlist them.

SEALORD - A sealord enjoying a quiet ride in the open, or traveling to a social engagement, or out in force to intimidate a local merchant. The adventures might be stopped, or challenged, or ignored, or insulted, or befriended.

MERCHANT - A merchant moving his wares to a new town. Depending on his wealth, he might be pushing a hand-cart, or he might have a lumbering train of wagons. Merchants always have something to sell, and they're often looking for guards to hire.

SCHOLAR - A learned individual on a research mission, or hurrying on the summons of a noble, or studying the native species, or packing a shovel with high hopes of unearthing Bright Empire architecture. The scholar probably hails the adventurers and launches a barrage of specialized questions.

SORCERER - A wizard out on the moors alone, and probably with a solitary purpose. Perhaps she is an elemental sorceress seeking a lonely place for a great summoning, which could go horribly astray. Or he could be an infernal demonic sorcerer, who believes he has found an

isolated place to conduct hideous experiments.

CRAFTSMAN - A craftsman moving his goods or himself between towns. This might be a normal journey for him, or perhaps he is off to see a noble who needs a special item crafted, or possibly he has been run out of business by a rival. Maybe something he built went awry and killed a man, and he is fleeing possible retribution.

PEASANTS - 2D6 peasants at work. They might distrust the adventurers, or eye them with genial curiosity. They might serve their lord willingly, or they might be fermenting rebellion. Perhaps they're angry at a merchant who has given them a poor deal, and are plotting their revenge. One of the adventurers might closely resemble a noble who is infamous for whipping his serfs.

FISHERMEN - A stoic band of 1D6 fishermen, probably not found far from the coast. They might warn of an oncoming storm, or be complaining that the day brought no catch at all, or be terrified by reports of a sea monster in the bay.

ESCAPED SLAVE - A slave on the run, hiding in the heather and living like a desperate animal. Will the adventurers help, or return the slave to the owner?

FOREIGNERS - Visitors to the Isle, on holiday, or trading, or hatching evil plots. They might travel in the open, or they might be stealing through the wilds. They could be a boat-load of Dorelite raiders, or a visiting party of Ilmioran nobles, or a gaggle of Filkharian entertainers, or a group of Shazaarian merchants.

HIGHWAYMEN - A rare and desperate group of 2D6 brigands. They accost travelers on lonely roads. They are disguised, and might be local peasants, or young sealords up to no good, or genuine desperadoes. The local baron would probably pay a 100 LB reward on every robber captured or slain.

TREASURE HUNTERS - 1D6 hopeful souls out searching for the pirate king's gold. They might be sailors on shore leave, or gullible adventurers, or bankrupt merchants. Nothing is ever found, but the myths endure.

SHEPHERD - A shepherd and his flock. He asks the adventurers if they have seen a lost sheep, or tells them of a group of armed

men who passed this way this morning, or passes the time telling them ghost stories of the hills.

HUNTING PARTY - Probably a group of nobles on horseback, with dogs and hunting horns, although it could be a mob of villagers searching for a criminal or a missing child.

SMALL GAME - Rabbits or grouse or partridges, just the right size for an adventurer's stew pot.

WIRRRAN PACK - A yapping pack of native dogs running over the hills, looking for carrion or untended sheep.

WOLVES - A pack of dusk wolves, on the prowl for sheep or other easy prey. Perhaps a human boy runs with them, raised in the wild.

BEAR - A lone grey spotted bear. Unless wounded or looking for a lost cub, it avoids contact with humans.

MONSTER - A rare beast, perhaps a clakar who has flown here on an improbable journey, or an ape escaped from a circus, or a huge humanoid which has been hidden away in the mountains.

DEMON - A gibbering demon, set on a rampage by a vindictive sorcerer, or unearthed from some ancient Melnibonéan ruin. It might also be a case of demonic possession, a demon weapon in the hand of a murderer, or a demon bearing a message.

ELEMENTAL - An elemental, summoned and let loose. It is probably an air elemental tearing across the wild hills, but it might be a fire elemental devouring a field of corn, or an earth elemental slowly churning up a major road. The locals would reward adventurers who deal with an elemental menace.

SPECIAL ENCOUNTER - Something weird or unusual occurs. Here are some suggestions. A peasant uprising throws a town into outrage. A fisherman catches a fish with no eyes and prehensile limbs. A group of young sealords upset the cart of a merchant, and a murder follows. A Pan Tangian sail is sighted off the coast. A naked man falls from the sky, and survives.

NO ENCOUNTER - Nothing moves, except perhaps the still voices of the Isle's dead in the whisper of the wind in the heather, or in the murmur of the surf.

Harborside Rumors

Sailors love to gossip, especially about the seas and those who sail them. The following rumors are swapped in dockside taverns. The price may be a few drinks, or the exchange of an equally improbable story.

The veracity of these tales is for the most part left to the gamemaster to decide. Some might form the basis of a mini-scenario.

1. In the Straits of Chaos, a Vilmirian ship was sunk by a floating demon as large as a boat.

2. Lormyr is marshalling her fleets for an attack on the Purple Towns. Those southerners still covet the Isle, after all these years.

3. The Chaos Fleet waits to take any man who drowns at sea. Better to die in your bed, sailor!

4. There is a merchant ship in harbor. The owner is so worried about leaving his money ashore unguarded, that instead he uses gold as his ballast.

5. At the heart of the Boiling Sea lies a rocky island, where the rivers are molten gold and the beach is strewn with diamonds.

6. Imrryr has announced that her harbor is no longer open to ships of the Purple Towns.

7. There has been an outburst of plague in the dockside at Utkel. The harbor master suspects a ship of bringing in the disease.

8. A sorcerer has come to Menii who offers fabulous wealth for a small fee. If paid, he turns the client into a solid gold statue!

9. The Trammel cartel have publicly disowned Palvick Trammel, the eldest son. They say that Palvick has been trading with the Unholy Fortress.

10. The old pirate kings buried all their gold in Salkan's Cut. Most of it is still down there, but no-one knows exactly where.

11. An Agent of Grome was caught trying to use an elemental to burrow into the gold vaults of Goldar. The case won't be brought to trial, but the Church expect some favor of him for his freedom.

12. There is a shipping firm in Menii called the Sisters of Chaos. They trade in human souls!

13. There is a secret Pyaray temple on the southern coast of the island.

14. A fisherman at Grobb's Point swears he saw a ship sail out from the Bay of Menii, and then fly off into the stars!

15. The downtrodden peasants of Rillarain county have been complaining about their lot. They have a leader who inspires them with fiery oratory. It's only a matter of time before they rise up in revolt against the sealords.

16. The Fortress of the Evening is haunted by the ancient ghosts of the race who died there. All kinds of mishaps befall the men in the navy's shipyards there.

17. Nobody knows where exactly they buried Darit the mercenary, nor what became of his famous sword. They reckon that his men laid him to rest in a cave in the mountain pass they named after him.

18. A foreign merchant had his entire cargo confiscated because he gave a bronze piece to a convicted thief who was begging. The merchant says he won't stand for it.

19. A wealthy merchant has offered a grand reward for the first man who can give him a clear chart of the Unknown Kingdoms to the east.

20. The Pan Tangians are planning to attack the Purple Towns. They are an evil race, and they mate with demons. They ride tigers into battle!



PURPLE TOWNS DIGEST

THIS SECTION PROVIDES sample statistics for people encountered in the Purple Towns, in the cities, on the island, or on the sea. These are of use in the scenarios provided in this book, or in off-the-cuff adventures. Many of the individuals and groups below have additional plot suggestions included in their background. No names are given for these people, but the gamemaster can find some samples in the boxed section on common names in the *Purple Towners* chapter (p. 23).

Personalities

These three men are sealords of the Purple Towns, as described by Michael Moorcock in the *Elric Saga*.

COUNT SMIORGAN BALDHEAD

Smiorgan is the Count of Shascil county. He is a bulky, black-bearded and bald-headed man, with smoldering eyes and lumpy fingers. He wears a steel skullcap on his hairless pate, and flaunts his wealth with fine clothing and ornate gilded armor.

He has rejected many of the traditions of his noble lineage, instead embracing the Church of Goldar and its teachings. He commands a fleet of merchantmen, and through his seat on the council has much influence on the Purple Towns.

Smiorgan is a brave adventurer and a doughty seaman, much respected by his crews. Ultimately he is betrayed and abandoned by Elric after the Sack of Imrryr.

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 16 DEX 15 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOR: Plate (1D10-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Battle Ax*	95%	93%	1D8+2 +db
Broadsword*	90%	86%	1D8+1 +db
Cudgel	80%	64%	1D6 +db
Dagger	75%	61%	1D4+2 +db

* Smiorgan fights with ax and sword simultaneously, one in each hand. He can make one attack and one parry with either, or two attacks. The second attack made is at -20%.

SELECTED SKILLS: Balance 66%, Bargain 80%, Boating 75%, Climb Rigging 87%, Credit 95%, Dodge 42%, Evaluate Treasure 90%, Listen 65%, Make Map 59%, Music Lore 44%, Navigate 87%, Orate 86%, Play Tin Whistle 63%, Search 54%, See 75%, Shiphandling 88%, Swim 78%, Tie Knot 81%, World Lore 70%.

SELECTED LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 65%/65%, Low Melnibonéan 50%/50%, High Melnibonéan -10%.

NOTE: These statistics comprise a revised version of Count Smiorgan, and differ markedly from those given on page 132 of the *Stormbringer* 4th edition rulebook.

KARGAN SHARPEVES

Kargan is a tall, solid man, his face all but hidden by his long shaggy hair and bristling black beard. He dresses habitually in the tough but light leather sea-armor of his folk.

Kargan is Smiorgan's brother, and after Smiorgan's death he inherits the title of Count of Shascil, and the seat on the council. He is honest, and famed for his seamanship, but has none of his brother's diplomatic skills. He is gruff and hot-headed, and prone to rash outbursts. Kargan's guidance sees a worsening of relations between the Isle and other nations. He considers most mainlanders effete, and has a particular distrust of Lormyrians.

Kargan is accidentally killed by a frenzied Elric during a sea battle at the end of the world.

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 10 POW 12 DEX 9 CHA 10

HIT POINTS: 20 ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	75%	72%	2D6+2 +db
Broadsword	86%	81%	1D8+1 +db
Dagger	53%	45%	1D4+2 +db

SELECTED SKILLS: Bargain 50%, Boating 73%, Climb Rigging 72%, Credit 86%, Evaluate Treasure 64%, Listen 32%, Navigate 90%, Search 91%, See 94%, Shiphandling 95%, Swim 66%, World Lore 32%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 50%/50%.

ORGON

Orgon is tall and dour. He has a great mane of hair and a long curling beard, and is rarely seen without his broadsword and leather sea armor. He is blunt and taciturn, and when he does speak his pronouncements are rarely frivolous.

He is the cousin-in-law of Kargan. He is a successful merchant of low birth who has become rich through diligent attention to the teachings of Golder. His marriage into the noble family of Shascil county is a mark of his success, and of his acceptance by the landed gentry of the Purple Towns.

Orgon is slain during the battle against Chaos at the end of the world, a valiant warrior to the end.

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 20 ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	75%	74%	1D8+1 +db
Trident	70%	68%	1D6+1 +db

SELECTED SKILLS: Bargain 69%, Boating 60%, Credit 75%, Listen 72%, See 64%, Shiphandling 71%, Swim 50%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temicric) 70%/70%, Mong -/35%, Yuric -/45%.

Merchants

Merchants are the class who have made the Purple Towns great. They are filled with self-importance and, no matter how rich they may already be, are always interested in making more money. Below are nine different merchants for on-the-spot bargaining, or as employers for the adventurers.

PROSPEROUS MERCHANT

This man embodies all that is considered good in a Purple Townsman. He is wealthy, prosperous, hard working and ambitious. He is a good contact for the adventurers, and eager to invest in any worthwhile venture. He has high standing in the merchant community, and has good friends at the Church of Golder.

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 17 DEX 11 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Rapier	24%	28%	1D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 74%, Credit 78%, Evaluate Treasure 94%, Orate 52%.

LANGUAGES: Common 70%/70%, Low Melnibonéan 48%/65%.

STRUGGLING MERCHANT

This merchant is down on her luck. She has a terrible memory, poor social skills, and little business acumen. Her failure frustrates her, and she is becoming increasingly attracted to desperate measures to lift her flagging fortune. She might hire the adventurers to raid the warehouse of a rival, or to simply advise her on sound trading policy. Whatever the job is, they probably won't be paid.

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 11 POW 8 DEX 15 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	43%	38%	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 27%, Credit 17%, Memorize 6%, Persuade 28%.

LANGUAGES: Common 47%/55%.

ADVENTUROUS MERCHANT

Tired of the mundane daily transactions which have been her sole occupation since she began working for her father, this merchant now craves wider horizons and more exotic merchandise. She is in her early thirties, with a wealth of mercantile experience, and seeks the recognition and fortune that is rightfully hers. She might offer to go into partnership with the adventurers if they demonstrate appropriate skill and determination. She is dressed for travel, knowing that opportunity waits for no woman, and is ready to leave at the spur of the moment.

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

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Battle Ax	32%	29%	1D8+2 +db
Dagger	26%	23%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 36%, Credit 39%, Evaluate Treasure 67%, Memorize 42%, Persuade 62%, Ride 43%.

LANGUAGES: Common 55%/75%.

MILD MERCHANT

This man is short and balding. He always wears a shopkeeper's smock. He is disdainful of the conspicuous consumption of the more socially mobile merchants whom he deals with every day. His exterior appearance masks a shrewd business mind, and his skill at bargaining has made him an extremely wealthy man. The adventurers may try to strike a profit with this unassuming man, but will end up getting much less than they bargained for.

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 13 DEX 9 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	36%	31%	1D6

SKILLS: Bargain 91%, Credit 65%, Memorize 53%, Persuade 60%, Plant Lore 47%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/85%, Low Melnibonéan 25%/35%.

OLD MERCHANT

This man can be found sitting in out of the way places, staring into the middle distance, with a wistful expression. His skin has been permanently tanned by years of exposure, and the creases that line his face make him appear impossibly old. He is also insane. If any adventurers start talking to him, he begins recounting an interminable story about buried treasure and lost love. If any adventurers are foolish enough to believe his tale, he could lead them to a very dangerous and distant location to show the grave of his first wife.

STR 7 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 12 DEX 10 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Knife	22%	19%	1D3+1

SKILLS: Memorize 8%, Persuade 23%, Recount Seafaring Epic 63%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/40%.

YOUNG MERCHANT

This young entrepreneur can see a profit to be made everywhere. He is continually cooking up clever scams and new enterprises, he just has trouble finding the right investors. When he talks to the adventurers over lunch, he waves his hands a great deal and talks excitedly about new trade routes. The schemes he proposes involve high risk and long odds, but there is the possibility of great profit. One of his novel ideas involves the sale of mass produced religious paraphernalia to the Church of Chaos in Hwamgaarl.

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 16

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Scimitar	43%	39%	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Credit 38%, Listen 21%, Persuade 13%.

LANGUAGES: Common 50%/55%, Mabden 25%/25%.

AVARICIOUS MERCHANT

This man is always dressed in somber colors. His clothes are made of the finest materials, yet his opulence is not immediately apparent. His well groomed appearance allows him to successfully engender a working atmosphere of trust and shared responsibility. In fact, he is cold-blooded, never takes any personal risks in his dealings, but always takes the lion's share of the profits. He is always surrounded by bodyguards.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 15 DEX 14 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	67%	52%	1D4+2 +db + exotic poison*

* Usually Type 1, assuming he has the opportunity to anoint the weapon.

SKILLS: Bargain 63%, Credit 55%, Hide 62%, Persuade 63%, Poison Lore 47%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/85%, Low Melnibonéan 60%/40%, Mabden 35%/35%.

SEAFARING MERCHANT

Stocky and muscular, this man only feels at home with a rocking deck beneath his feet. He talks constantly of landlubbers and keel-hauling, and likes drinking copious amounts of rum while he is in dock. If he is met on shore he is an aggressive alcoholic, eager to test his strength against any land bound weaklings. Yet when he is at sea, he is a skilled and disciplined captain, with a devoted and loyal crew.

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 11 DEX 15 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 20 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	69%	63%	2D6+2 +db
Falchion	59%	49%	1D6+2 +db
Target Shield	16%	55%	1D6 +db
Punch	55%	--	1D3 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 32%, Credit 57%, Navigate 79%, Persuade 49%, See 61%, Shiphandling 69%, Swim 54%, World Lore 33%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 45%/65%.

LANDBOUND MERCHANT

This woman works from an office in Menii. She is the agent for a small, loosely banded fleet of traders. She is highly skilled, and strives to compete with the major shipping cartels. As the fleet is so small, they cannot pick and choose their work. Adventurers who sign on with this woman find themselves performing dirty jobs which other cartels have refused to touch. The profit margin is slim, but the independence is real. Proven adventurers have a possibility of partnership in this small enterprise.

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 15 DEX 12 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	33%	30%	1D4+2

SKILLS: Bargain 42%, Credit 29%, Evaluate Treasure 52%, Memorize 39%, Persuade 47%, World Lore 25%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/80%

MERCHANT'S GUARDS

Most of the Isle's merchants employ men-at-arms to guard their property and their persons. These men will be encountered in the street with their employer, at the merchant's villa, or guarding a ship, an unloaded cargo, or a warehouse. They are at best semi-skilled mercenaries, and only dress as well as their employer pays them to.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	14	11	14	16	19
CON	13	14	15	13	12	13
SIZ	10	11	14	12	13	12
INT	10	11	9	10	13	8
POW	11	10	8	12	13	10
DEX	11	10	9	13	12	11
HP	13	14	17	13	13	13
DB	--	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Half-Plate (1D8-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Long Spear	45%	40%	1D10+1 +db
Broadsword	35%	30%	1D8+1 +db
Punch	45%	--	1D3 +db

SKILLS: Listen 30%, See 30%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/45%.

Priests

The Purple Towns is an ordered society, and at all levels that order is controlled by the clergy. Priests of Lawful and elemental creeds enjoy respect, and their advice is both sought and heeded. Priests of Chaos are outlawed.

PRIESTS OF GOLDAR

The Priests of Goldar regulate the economy, and the Isle's bureaucracy. They are bankers, investors, counters, and lenders. They do not engage in combat, but prefer to hire warriors to do any necessary fighting. They dress in purple robes of fine fabric. If encountered in a group, they will be inspecting some property, or attending a market.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	12	13	12	14	12
CON	15	12	20	14	13	13
SIZ	10	12	9	18	13	11
INT	16	15	18	13	14	12
POW	17	14	18	17	13	15
DEX	11	10	13	9	12	8
HP	15	12	20	20	14	13
DB	--	--	--	1D6	1D6	--

ARMOR: None.

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PRIESTS OF GOLDAR, CONTINUED

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	35%	30%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 40%, Credit 50%, Evaluate Treasure 40%, First Aid 25%, Orate 25%, Persuade 35%, World Lore 25%.

LANGUAGES: Common 80%/80%, Low Melnibonéan 60%/60%, High Melnibonéan 40%/40%.

No.	Skill	Summonings
#1	32%	Virtue of Travel.
#3	44%	Virtues of Travel and Knowledge.

PRIESTS OF DONBLAS

Grim-faced and single-minded, these well-armed zealots struggle to maintain their religious purity in a world polluted by Chaos. These men have few theosophical pretensions, they are fanatical henchmen in a perpetual holy war. They live in monastic seclusion in the Central Highlands, selling their services as hired muscle to appropriate Lawful enterprises. They dress in rough and plain clothes, and bear armor and weapons.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	16	12	21	14	18
CON	14	19	13	13	16	17
SIZ	10	14	16	12	13	15
INT	11	15	14	16	14	16
POW	12	15	16	12	13	19
DEX	12	10	12	11	14	17
HP	14	21	17	13	17	20
DB	-	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Half Plate (1D8-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Heavy Mace	60%	50%	1D8+2 +db
Light Mace	55%	40%	1D6+2 +db
Target Shield	30%	50%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Blacksmithing 30%, Dodge 40%, First Aid 45%, Plant Lore 65%, World Lore 15%.

No.	Skill	Summonings
#6	39%	Virtue of Attack.

PRIESTS OF ARKVN

Quietly spoken and reclusive, these monks devote their time to chronicling the world about them. They are scholars and scientists, concerned with obscure and personal academic study. Their services as consultants and scribes are keenly sought throughout the Purple Towns. They maintain library temples in Menil and Kariss. They dress in simple colored shifts, sometimes putting them on inside-out in their haste to be about the day's studies. If encountered in a group, they will be listening to a lecture, or else engaged in scholarly debate.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	10	14	12	13	9
CON	14	15	12	13	12	13
SIZ	10	9	11	12	11	12
INT	18	16	17	13	19	14
POW	17	15	17	13	18	11
DEX	11	6	10	13	12	10
HP	14	15	12	13	12	13
DB	-	-	1D6	-	-	-

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	35%	30%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: First Aid 30%, Make Map 25%, Memorize 40%, Music Lore 10%, Plant Lore 40%, World Lore 40%.

LANGUAGES: Common 85%/85%, High Melnibonéan 40%/40%, Low Melnibonéan 60%/60%, Mabden 25%/25%, Mong -/20%, Orgjen 15%/15%, 'pande 10%/10%, Yuric -/30%.

No.	Skill	Summonings
#1	40%	Virtue of Knowledge.
#5	47%	Virtues of Knowledge and Transport.

PRIESTS OF LASSA

The priests of Lassa are aesthetes. They celebrate their Lady with art and music, and the creation of beauty. It is considered good manners to invite a Priest of Lassa to any noble social gathering. Their command of the winds makes them in demand on ships wishing to make good time. They wear loose flowing robes of blue, and the more important of them wear silk. If encountered as a group, they will be on their way to a high place to worship Lassa, or perhaps they have formed an impromptu orchestra and prepare to sing their Lady's favors.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	13	14	10	12	14
CON	17	11	14	13	16	10
SIZ	11	12	10	13	11	18
INT	16	17	13	12	20	16
POW	16	19	14	11	20	14
DEX	16	13	12	14	13	18
HP	17	11	14	14	16	16
DB	-	1D6	-	-	-	1D6

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Staff	35%	35%	1D8 +db

SKILLS: Dance 40%, First Aid 30%, Music Lore 30%, Play Wind Instrument 50%, Sing 50%, World Lore 25%.

LANGUAGES: Common 70%/70%.

No.	Skill	Summonings
#1	39%	Air elementals.
#2	51%	Air elementals.
#5	87%	Air elementals.

PRIESTS OF STRAASHA

The priests of Straasha are hardy types, who live their lives by the sea. Their popularity among sailors and the lower classes is absolute. They wear green and blue garments. If encountered as a group, they will be on their way to worship by the sea, or they have been called to do a divination for a missing ship.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	16	13	12	19	11	14
CON	18	13	12	14	15	13
SIZ	15	12	14	10	9	16
INT	15	14	13	16	18	11
POW	15	14	12	17	22	16
DEX	11	13	12	13	12	13
HP	21	13	14	14	15	17
DB	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	-	1D6

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Spear	45%	40%	1D6+1 +db
Knife	30%	25%	1D3+1 +db

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SKILLS: Boating 60%, Fishing 80%, Music Lore 30%, Navigate 45%, Shiphandling 30%, Sing 50%, Swim 70%, World Lore 25%.

LANGUAGES: Common 70%/70%.

No.	Skill	Summonings
#4	35%	Water elementals.
#5	52%	Water elementals.

PRIESTS OF PYARAV

These men care little for the affairs of the land, and do not walk abroad openly in the Purple Towns. They are seafaring warriors of chaos, and perform evil deeds at sea in the name of their dark god. They are often pirates, or slavers, or traders in illicit and corrupting substances. Whatever their individual occupation, they are all killers, driven to send fresh recruits to their Master's death ships which sail the ocean floor. They style their hair in dreadlocks, and wear tunics and breeches of blue and grey.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	16	12	15	14	13	13	13	10
CON	12	10	11	13	12	11	10	12
SIZ	13	12	14	15	11	11	13	12
INT	17	14	16	17	19	14	15	16
POW	17	15	16	19	19	16	15	17
DEX	13	11	12	14	13	12	14	17
HP	13	10	13	15	12	10	11	12
DB	1D6	-	1D6	1D6	-	-	1D6	-

ARMOR: Plate (1D10-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Whip	55%	--	1D4 +db
Trident	50%	40%	1D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Balance 55%, Boating 60%, First Aid 50%, Navigate 80%, Persuade 35%, Plant Lore 50%, Shiphandling 70%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/75%, Mabden 40%/40%.

No.	Rank	Skill	Summonings
#1	1st	38%	Water elementals.
#3	1st	32%	Water elementals.
#4	2nd	42%	Air & Water elementals, demon breed Ratchangett.
#5	3rd	66%	Air & Water elementals, demon breeds Hurlines, Bangongi.
#8	1st	37%	Water elementals.

Agents

Agents are the emissaries of their deity upon the Young Kingdoms. Here are six Agents with differing gods and goals.

AGENT OF GOLDAR

This plump and jolly fellow pushes his altar-shrine in front of him as he travels about the Isle preaching Goldar's message. He often sets up in town squares and market-places, illustrating Goldar's tenets through such games as Cup-and-Ball. Any profits he makes are swiftly reinvested in the Isle's economy as Goldar decrees, in this case usually in the form of rich food and foaming ale.

STR 12 CON 28 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 17 DEX 11 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 28 **ARMOR:** Virtuous Leather (5 points).

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Virtuous Dagger	33%	29%	6 points

SKILLS: Bargain 88%, Credit 43%, Evaluate Treasure 79%, Orate 62%, Persuade 91%, Sleight of Hand 84%, Taste 74%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/75%.

VIRTUES: VIRTUE OF DEFENCE (Leather Armor) POW 16

VIRTUE OF KNOWLEDGE (Set of Scales) POW 19

VIRTUE OF ATTACK (Dagger) POW 13

VIRTUE OF TRAVEL (Hand-cart) POW 15

AGENT OF DONBLAS

This woman is an anti-drug crusader. She wants to eliminate the drug trade in the Purple Towns, and the evil followers of Chaos who sell them. She is waging a covert war with the drug dealers, murdering them slowly, one at a time. She continually tries to enlist others in her personal quest for justice. Any adventurers who worship Donblas will be asked to assist her on one of her missions.

STR 17 CON 30 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 17 DEX 12 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 30 **ARMOR:** Virtuous Leather (5 points)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Virtuous Broadsword	74%	67%	9 points +db
Dagger	64%	55%	1D4+2 +db
Sling	54%	-	1D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Dodge 48%, Hide 59%, Memorize 68%, Move Quietly 63%, Search 67%, Tumble 54%.

LANGUAGES: Common 45%/75%

VIRTUES: VIRTUE OF DEFENCE (Leather Armor) POW 17

VIRTUE OF ATTACK (Broadsword) POW 16

VIRTUE OF KNOWLEDGE (Mirror) POW 13

VIRTUE OF TRAVEL (Wooden Horse) POW 11

AGENT OF ARKYN

This young scholar wishes to recover the lost knowledge of the Doomed Folk, in the hope of using their secret weapons against Chaos. He hopes to scour the ancient libraries of the world, particularly Imrryr, and seeks like-minded people to follow him. He is young and enthusiastic, and is selfless in his search for truth and knowledge. He is a respected member of his temple community, and seeks one day to be a high priest.

STR 14 CON 24 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 15 DEX 13 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 24 **ARMOR:** Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Quarterstaff	47%	72%	8 points +db

SKILLS: Boating 74%, Dodge 61%, First Aid 52%, Listen 54%, Make Map 50%, Memorize 66%, Navigate 63%, Search 74%, See 83%, World Lore 66%.

LANGUAGES: Common 85%/85%, High Melnibonéan 35%/10%, Low Melnibonéan 85%/85%, Mabden 45%/30%, Orgjen 85%/60%.

VIRTUES: VIRTUE OF DEFENCE (Leather) POW 10

VIRTUE OF ATTACK (Quarterstaff) POW 13

VIRTUE OF KNOWLEDGE (Quill) POW 22

VIRTUE OF TRAVEL (Rowboat) POW 15

AGENT OF LASSA

This agent is a lonely young Myrrhn far from his erie. He speaks in a sharp squawking voice. He is short, bald, and somewhat ugly, but his great white wings make up for any other shortcomings. He is capable of breath-taking feats of flight, and his favorite tactic is to swoop down on people from above,

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AGENT OF LASSA, CONTINUED

buffeting them unconscious with his wings. He rejects anything old or foolish as unfashionable. His love of the new was what drove him from his mountain home, embracing Lassa of the Air when he abandoned his old gods.

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 7 INT 16 POW 19 DEX 17 CHA 16

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Spear	84%	49%	1D6+1
Thrown Spear	94%	--	2D6
Wing Buffet	51%	--	1D4 + Knockdown*

*The target must successfully resist against STR 13 or be knocked over.

SKILLS: Dodge 83%, Orate 31%, See 75%, Sing 47%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/80%.

SUMMONING CHANCE: 43%.

SUMMONINGS: Air elementals.

ELEMENTALS: Air elemental bound into spear. The spear returns to his hand after he has thrown it.

AGENT OF STRAASHA

This agent is stern and grim, and speaks rarely. She has white hair, falling in curls like seafoam about her narrow face. She never spends more than one night on land, preferring to take to the sea before the sun is up. She has vast knowledge of tides and currents and shipping, and trades this lore for her bed and board.

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 13 DEX 12 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Knife	53%	31%	1D3+1 +db
Net	76%	65%	Entanglement

SKILLS: Boating 97%, Fishing 88%, Navigate 94%, Swim 90%, World Lore 39%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/85%.

ELEMENTALS: Water elemental bound into keel of small boat.

AGENT OF PYARAY

Posing as a fisherman, this evil individual is a mass murderer. He delights in selling poisoned fish, contaminating water supplies, and drowning any fool that is willing to work with him. He is a master of disguise and moves from town to town, killing innocents as he goes. He is a wanted criminal but no one knows what he looks like.

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 10

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Demon Leather (25 points)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Trident	83%	79%	1D6+1 +db
Dagger	71%	60%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Balance 65%, Boating 72%, Fishing 64%, Navigate 53%, Poison Lore 68%, Tie Knot 77%.

LANGUAGES: Common 20%/75%, Mabden -/65%.

DEMONS: DEMON LEATHER (breed Hurtines)

CON 25 SIZ 13 INT 3 POW 13

Sealords

The sealords are the nobility of the Isle. Some have become accustomed to comfort and finery, but for others the hot blood of the pirate kings of old still flows in their veins.

BLOODTHIRSTY SEALORD

This ageing man's bristle-like hair and beard give an immediate impression of ferocity. He is strong and strides about with an air of command. He dreams of being a blood drenched pirate, his anger and frustration arise from having a duty to remain on shore. He is ruthless in his dealings with opponents, and intelligent adventurers should think twice before they cross him.

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 11 DEX 15 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 20 ARMOR: Plate (1D10-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	87%	65%	2D6+2 +db
Broadsword	73%	45%	1D8+1 +db
Heater shield	43%	69%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Credit 82%, Evaluate Treasure 73%, Orate 67%, Persuade 65%, Shiphandling 45%, World Lore 46%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 55%/65%.

COMPLACENT SEALORD

This noble has lost touch with his family's past. He is arrogant and powerful, but has turned his back on his warrior forebears. Instead of having direct control of his family's fortune, he has gradually delegated his power to outside employees. He relies on a squad of bodyguards and advisors to maintain his fortune and fend off his adversaries. The adventurers might find employment with this man, or with one of his enemies.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 10 DEX 9 CHA 12

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Quarterstaff	58%	50%	1D8 +db

SKILLS: Credit 73%, Persuade 34%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 65%/65%.

WEALTHY SEALORD

This man is rich. He owns several major estates on the Isle as well as foreign plantations in Vilmir and Argimiliar. He is a shrewd and cautious investor, who has amassed his fortune over half a lifetime. His numerous homes are packed with the most exquisite valuables, and offer ample rewards for daring thieves. He is currently attempting to purchase a cardinalship in the Church of Goldar.

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 17 DEX 14 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOR: Half Plate (1D8-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	64%	54%	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 86%, Credit 91%, Orate 75%, Persuade 63%, World Lore 42%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 80%/80%, Low Melnibonéan 65%/65%.

YOUNG SEALORDS

These young bravos are a public nuisance. They wear silks and leathers, and fancy themselves as great warriors of pluck and daring. They are boastful and arrogant, and believe that all must bow to their demands. The officials despair of curbing their riotous tendencies, but nevertheless there is hell to pay if one of these young dandies should be killed.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	15	17	12	16	11	13
CON	15	12	11	14	13	14
SIZ	11	12	10	13	12	10
INT	13	9	12	10	8	13
POW	12	11	9	6	10	13
DEX	16	12	9	11	13	10
HP	15	12	11	15	13	14
DB	1D6	1D6	-	1D6	-	-

ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	50%	45%	1D8+1 +db
Punch	40%	--	1D3 +db
Kick	35%	--	1D6 +db
Head Butt	30%	--	1D4 +db

SKILLS: Boast 75%, Credit 40%, Dodge 35%, Jump 30%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 30%/60%.

SEALORD'S BODYGUARDS

Most sealords keep a few guards and companions about them. Often these are men who serve on the sealord's ships. They are gruff types, often suspicious of outsiders, and for the most part loyal to their lord. They dress well, but are rarely without weapons.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	15	13	20	12	14	13
CON	17	14	12	18	13	13
SIZ	13	10	11	12	14	12
INT	11	13	10	11	9	12
POW	10	11	15	8	12	13
DEX	12	13	11	10	12	9
HP	18	14	12	18	15	13
DB	1D6	-	1D6	-	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	55%	50%	2D6+2 +db
Broadsword	45%	45%	1D8+1 +db
Dagger	40%	30%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Balance 75%, Boating 50%, Listen 40%, See 35%, Swim 40%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/55%.

Warriors

There are three major military units on the Isle. These are the city guards in the individual towns, the sailors of the navy, and the elite marines stationed at the Fortress of Evening.

CITY GUARDS

Each of the four major towns keeps a detachment of guards to maintain law and order. They vary slightly from town to town. The guardians of Kariss have the least experience, but have finest uniforms. The bailiffs of the Fortress of the Evening are as rough as guts, as they are used to dealing with drunken sailors. The constabulary of Utkei are a rag-tag force, and are more prone to corruption. The custodians of Menii have an easy time of it, and are largely untried.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	13	14	13	12	16
CON	14	13	15	12	14	14
SIZ	11	12	11	13	10	14
INT	10	11	9	12	8	11
POW	11	7	10	8	13	12
DEX	10	9	14	12	11	10
HP	14	13	15	13	14	16
DB	-	1D6	1D6	1D6	-	1D6

ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	40%	35%	1D8+1 +db
Dagger	25%	20%	1D4+2 +db
Grapple	30%	--	special

SKILLS: Listen 25%, See 30%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/50%.

SAILORS OF THE NAVY

These men are the general sailors of the Purple Towns navy, and serve aboard the war galleys. They wear leather trousers and ragged shirts, and most of them have a collection of nautical tattoos. They are an unruly mob on shore, and might easily pick a fight with adventurers if it looks like it will be good sport. They are just as likely to pick said adventurers up off the floor afterwards and offer to buy them a drink.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	15	18	11	14	12	12
CON	14	12	13	17	14	15
SIZ	10	12	14	8	11	12
INT	7	13	10	11	9	12
POW	16	12	10	13	8	11
DEX	13	11	10	14	15	12
HP	14	12	15	16	14	15
DB	1D6	1D6	1D6	-	-	-

ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cutlass	55%	50%	1D6+2 +db
Bow	40%	--	1D8+1 +db
Dagger	35%	30%	1D4+2 +db
Punch	60%	--	1D3 +db

SKILLS: Balance 50%, Boating 50%, Climb Rigging 75%, Listen 25%, See 30%, Swim 50%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/50%.

MARINES

The marines are the best-trained and toughest force on the Isle, and combine the heritage of Darit's mercenaries and the pirate kings of old. They are paid well, most of which is spent in the bars and brothels near the naval base. They dress in expensive sea leather armor. They favor the sealords more than the merchants, and have often been known to humiliate traders regardless of their importance. Skilled adventurers might be permitted to join this elite force.

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MARINES, CONTINUED

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	15	18	14	19	14
CON	17	15	21	15	14	23
SIZ	13	12	10	16	13	12
INT	12	11	9	15	13	12
POW	10	13	12	11	15	11
DEX	12	15	16	13	11	12
HP	18	15	21	19	15	23

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	75%	70%	2D6+2+db
Cutlass	65%	60%	1D6+2+db
Bow	55%	--	1D8+1+db
Dagger	45%	40%	1D4+2+db
Punch	55%	--	1D3+db

SKILLS: Balance 70%, Boating 70%, Climb Rigging 75%, Dodge 55%, Listen 35%, See 50%, Swim 60%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/50%.

Island Folk

Not everyone on the Isle is a sailor, or even a warrior. Here are statistics for the normal people of the Purple Towns.

FISHERMEN

The fishermen dress in wools and leathers, and are made hardy by the chill sea winds. The Temic tongue is at its most unintelligible among these folk. A band of fishermen might be encountered setting out to quarter a beached killer whale, or to look for a missing companion.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	17	13	14	13	14	12
CON	13	16	14	12	13	20
SIZ	9	11	13	10	8	12
INT	10	6	12	11	8	10
POW	11	10	8	12	13	9
DEX	14	12	11	10	9	12
HP	13	10	12	12	12	20
DB	1D6	--	1D6	--	--	--

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	25%	25%	1D6+db
Knife	30%	20%	1D3+1+db

SKILLS: Boating 55%, Fishing 65%, Swim 30%, World Lore 10%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/40%.

FARMERS

The farmers wear rough woollen garments, and work the lands and estates of the seafarers. In times of strife they are called up to form an unruly militia. A mob of farmers might be in pursuit of an escaped bull, or hunting for a known criminal.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	15	14	12	13	14	16

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
CON	17	13	14	15	12	14
SIZ	8	12	11	10	14	11
INT	9	11	10	6	8	12
POW	10	9	11	12	8	9
DEX	10	11	9	12	10	9
HP	16	13	14	15	14	14
DB	--	1D6	--	--	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Scythe	25%	25%	2D6+db

SKILLS: Farming 50%, Plant Lore 20%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/35%.

TOWNSPEOPLE

The townspeople dress well, with the choice of fabrics from around the world. Many of them are artisans, including masters, journeymen and assistants. Townspeople gather to hear talks given by priests, or to cheer traveling players, or to march in force on the dwelling of a suspected sorcerer.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	12	13	14	12	13
CON	14	12	13	14	15	12
SIZ	13	17	8	14	10	12
INT	9	13	11	10	12	12
POW	11	10	9	8	12	11
DEX	11	10	14	9	12	10
HP	15	17	12	16	15	12
DB	--	1D6	--	1D6	--	1D6

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	20%	20%	1D6+db
Dagger	25%	20%	1D4+2+db

SKILLS: Craft (varies) 10% x1D10, Listen 25%, See 20%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 20%/60%.

Ship Crews

There are hundreds of ships around the Isle, and thousands of sailors. Here is a set of officers, and three crews.

CAPTAIN

The captain is thin and harried. He is employed by one of the cartels, and constantly worries that the ship will not arrive on time. He spends most of his time in his cabin, checking his charts and drinking rum. His command is ineffective, and the crew call him the invisible man.

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 16	INT 12	POW 8	DEX 11	CHA 12
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HIT POINTS: 14 **ARMOR:** Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	50%	61%	1D8+1+db

SKILLS: Balance 43%, Credit 27%, Navigate 78%, Shiphandling 80%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/60%, Low Melnibonéan -/30%.

BOSUN

This bosun is a huge, humorless man. He has scars on his tattoos, and tattoos on his scars. He wears brass knuckles, and is the toughest man on board. The crew hate him with a passion, but he gets the job done.

STR 22 CON 24 SIZ 18 INT 11 POW 16 DEX 13 CHA 7

HIT POINTS: 30 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Brass Knuckles	96%	--	1D3+1 +db
Belaying Pin	93%	31%	1D4 +db
Sea Ax	77%	70%	2D6+2 +db

SKILLS: Boating 92%, Persuade 24%, Search 65%, See 76%, Sing 26%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -55%.

FIRST MATE

The first mate is small and lively. His green eyes sparkle, and he has a fine red beard. He is well liked by the crew, as he rose up from among their ranks. He has a great deal of common sense, and often takes the men's concerns to the captain.

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 9 INT 15 POW 17 DEX 14 CHA 16

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cutlass	70%	68%	1D6+2

SKILLS: Balance 76%, Boating 84%, Climb Rigging 91%, Navigate 41%, Shiphandling 60%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 15%/75%.

SECOND MATE

The second mate is keen and earnest. He was promoted because he follows the captain's line, and because he is a quick thinker. The men don't like him much, but they do admit he has brains.

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 12 DEX 8 CHA 9

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Long Spear	47%	52%	1D10+1

SKILLS: Map Making 61%, Navigate 81%, Orate 50%, Shiphandling 44%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 90%/90%, Low Melnibonéan 55%/20%.

SHANTYMAN

This fellow is a gruff old bastard. He is built like a barrel, and is gray and grizzled. He has the finest set of lungs this side of the Unknown East, and can be heard bellowing out a tune in the stiffest of gales. He often uses his shanties to satirize the officers or the owner, which makes him popular with the crew.

STR 15 CON 19 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 18 DEX 10 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	41%	73%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Balance 83%, Boating 81%, First Aid 61%, Listen 53%, Music Lore 64%, Shiphandling 66%, Sing 92%, Swim 40%, World Lore 35%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -70%.

COOK

The cook is a strange man from foreign parts. He speaks no language known to the rest of the crew, and chases anyone out of his kitchen with a meat cleaver. He is kept on because he is capable of creating hearty and spicy fare from the barest ingredients.

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 10 DEX 16 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Meat Cleaver	77%	21%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Cooking 91%.

LANGUAGES: 'pande 65%/65%.

EXPERIENCED SAILORS

These crewmen are veterans of the seas. They work well as a team, and have successfully defended their ship on more than one occasion. They never give up on one of their own number. Their clothes are stout, but not fancy.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	19	17	14	15	12	13
CON	16	14	13	18	14	15
SIZ	11	12	16	13	9	11
INT	10	9	14	11	12	10
POW	11	12	10	12	9	13
DEX	11	14	13	12	13	11
HP	16	14	17	19	14	15
DB	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	--	--

ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	45%	45%	2D6+2 +db
Cutlass	60%	60%	1D6+2 +db
Bow	35%	--	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Balance 70%, Boating 70%, Climb Rigging 80%, Navigate 10%, Sing 40%, Swim 55%, Tie Knot 75%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -50%.

MERCHANT SAILORS

These crewmen are from a merchant vessel, and are unaccustomed to fighting. Many of them aspire to be merchants themselves, and some have invested a small amount in the voyage. Faced with serious opposition, they would petition the captain to ransom their way out. Their clothing is flashy, with many sporting colorful shirts or gold ear-rings.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	12	12	11	15	14
CON	15	13	12	16	14	13
SIZ	12	11	11	10	14	9
INT	13	10	12	15	11	10
POW	12	10	11	9	10	13
DEX	13	10	11	12	11	9
HP	15	13	12	16	16	13
DB	1D6	--	--	--	1D6	--

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cutlass	45%	40%	1D6+2 +db

SKILLS: Balance 50%, Boating 50%, Climb Rigging 75%, Sing 25%, Swim 50%, Tie Knot 70%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 10%/55%.

GREEN SAILORS

These crewmen are not having a good time. Some still have hangovers, or sport bruises from when the press-gang took them and sold them to the captain. They are poor and miserable. They have one set of clothes each, always damp. If they weren't so sea-sick, they'd be rebellious. Faced with a sea-battle, they'll surrender or jump overboard. At the end of the voyage, some

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GREEN SAILORS, CONTINUED

will have gained a taste for the life, some will vow never to go to sea again, and some will forget it all in a wild drunken spree, and wake the next morning on another ship, bound for another port.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	11	14	13	10	9	12
CON	13	15	10	12	16	11
SIZ	8	10	11	12	16	11
INT	7	10	9	8	11	12
POW	11	6	9	10	9	11
DEX	11	10	7	12	10	
HP	12	15	10	12	20	11
DB	-	-	-	-	1D6	-

ARMOR: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	35%	30%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Balance 20%, Boating 25%, Climb Rigging 40%, Sing 10%, Swim 25%, Tie Knot 40%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/45%.

Purple Towners

Here are six Purple Towners of differing motives. They are not representative of the general population, but each offers information, employment or betrayal.

CANNY PROSTITUTE

This woman practices her trade in a private bordello. She is allowed to decide all conditions pertaining to her work environment and her customers. She is also an expert martial artist and teaches her fellow workers her skills.

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 11 DEX 18 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Punch	76%	1D3 +db
Kick	84%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 75%, Courtesan Sex 79%, Credit 45%, Dodge 51%, Tumble 60%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 35%/75%.

DUPLICITOUS COURTESAN

This woman is a spy, in the pay of a rival nation. She works out of a disreputable hotel in the waterfront district. The men she entertains are actually her agents, reporting news and secrets to her. If any adventurers visit her by mistake, they fall into the shadowy world of espionage, and are followed and harassed by the strange network of informants that she has gathered.

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 14 DEX 16 CHA 17

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: Demon Leather (25 points)

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon shortsword	74%	71%	1D6+1 +5D6

SKILLS: Courtesan Sex 66%, Hide 54%, Listen 61%, Make Map 56%, Memorize 75%, Poison Lore 76%, Search 53%, See 62%.

LANGUAGES: Common 85%/85%, Low Melnibonéan 40%/45%, Mabden 25%/40%.

DEMONS: DEMON SHORTSWORD (breed Bangongi)

CON 15 SIZ 1 INT 1 POW 12

CROOKED BARTENDER

This man seems friendly enough. He has a ginger beard and a big grin. The first drink is on the house. It's also laced with a drug strong enough to knock the unfortunate patron out for twelve hours. The barkeep drops them through a trap-door in the floor, and then sells them to a press gang before they recover consciousness.

STR 15 CON 17 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 11 DEX 9 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 21 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cudgel	57%	38%	1D6 +db
Punch	43%	--	1D3 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 38%, Conceal 52%, Persuade 26%, Poison Lore 31%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/50%.

DRIVEN EXPLORER

This lean and intense man is convinced that he can reopen the lost trade routes to the Unknown East. His family's fortunes have failed, so he is outfitting one last ship for the voyage, certain that success will not evade him. He is looking for crew, and the adventurers might fit the bill.

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 8 DEX 11 CHA 10

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Shortsword	37%	40%	1D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 51%, Credit 28%, Navigate 34%, Shiphandling 46%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/60%.

NOBLE MERCENARY

This noble is impoverished but proud. Her threadbare clothes are of the highest quality, although patched and worn. She is descended from the pirate kings of old. She carries herself with regal bearing as befits her lineage, and calls other nobles "cousin". Without lands or finance, her only item of great value is her cutlass, a family heirloom and a weapon of great quality. Although she will not ask for charity, she will accept it if it is offered without malice or ill-intent.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 15 DEX 16 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Virtuous Cutlass	96%	91%	8 points +db
Kick	56%	--	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Credit 11%, Dodge 74%, Orate 37%, Tumble 43%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) 50%/70%.

VIRTUES: VIRTUE OF ATTACK (Cutlass) POW 17

TROUBADOUR

This man is unassuming, his gray eyes downcast. But when he sings, the listeners are transported by the strong, clear tones of his voice. He sings of ship wrecks, and lost loves, and other nautical tragedies. He is actually quite an authority of the waters around the Isle. He is interested to hear a new tale of the cruel sea.

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 17 DEX 11 CHA 10

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon
None.

SKILLS: Memorize 63%, Music Lore 67%, Play Bodhran 74%, Sing 95%, World Lore 31%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/70%.

Animals

There are few packs of wild animals on the Isle, and they are usually only found in the Central Highlands. If the winter is bad, they might come foraging. The split-leeches, on the other hand, are a hazard of living near the marshes.

DUSK-WOLVES

Dusk-wolves hunt in the evening. They move with grace and silence, and display canny intelligence. One dusk-wolf has been known to distract the shepherd while the pack make off with his sheep.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	15	15	16	14	18
CON	13	15	14	12	13	21
SIZ	10	11	12	11	10	14
INT	6	6	6	6	6	6
POW	7	6	5	8	7	10
DEX	14	15	14	13	16	12
HP	11	14	14	11	11	23

ARMOR: 1-point fur.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	40%	1D8

SKILLS: Dodge 50%, Hide 90%, Move Quietly 90%, Scent 80%, See 60%.

GRAY SPOTTED BEARS

Gray bears are solitary animals. They dwell in high mountain caves. The monks of Donblas are said to have befriended them. Unless provoked or hungry, the bears usually avoid humans.

	#1	#2	#3
STR	20	25	30
CON	17	20	24
SIZ	16	21	24
INT	5	4	6
POW	7	8	10
DEX	20	17	16
HP	21	29	36
DB	2D6	2D6	3D6

ARMOR: 3-point fur.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Bite	45%		1D8
Claw	60%	30%	db +3
Hug x2	*		1D6 +db

* If both claws hit, the bear holds on and hugs the target next round.

SKILLS: Climb 60%, Hide 80%, Move Quietly 70%, Scent 90%, Search 25%, Track 90%.

SPLIT LEECHES

The disgusting two-headed split leeches lurk in the marshes, ready to suck the feet clean off unwary wading adventurers.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	7	9	11	6	8	7
CON	13	12	11	9	8	10

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
SIZ	7	8	6	7	10	5
INT	3	3	3	3	3	3
POW	4	6	7	8	5	11
DEX	5	6	7	5	8	4
HP	13	12	11	9	8	10

ARMOR: 3 points of slimy hide.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite x2	40%	1D6 + blood drain*

* The leech continues to drain 1D3 hit points per round. It gains 1 point of SIZ for each round's blood-sucking. If it reaches SIZ 9 in this fashion, it explodes with a noxious squelch.

SKILLS: Hide in Swamp 70%, Move Quietly 70%.

Sea Monsters

The following creatures are provided as a lethal challenge for any ship's crew, and to give one-legged sailors something to boast about in years to come. Gamemasters should think carefully before pitting these extremely powerful monsters against the adventurers.

LEAPING SERPENT

The stuff of sea stories, this gigantic serpent is a dangerous marine predator. It attacks ships that venture into its territory by leaping out of the water and onto the deck. Its kind is prized for their body fat, and for the jewels which grow on their foreheads. The fat is refined into an incredibly expensive, clean-burning oil. The jewel is a unique gem of astonishing beauty, worth the serpent's POW x1,000 LB.

STR 41	CON 20	SIZ 36	INT 3	POW 20	DEX 12
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HIT POINTS: 44 ARMOR: 10 points of scales.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	60%	4D6+4
Constriction*	40%	8D6

* A successful attack roll indicates that the victim is enmeshed in the serpent's coils. The victim takes damage on the following round.

SKILLS: Leap 75%.

GIANT SQUID

A stupid but cunning monster of the deep, this squid might rise to the surface to attack a ship. It is eighty feet long, from tentacle tip-to-tip.

STR 64	CON 15	SIZ 57	INT 4	POW 10	DEX 14
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HIT POINTS: 60 ARMOR: 2-point skin.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Beak	45%	1D10+6 +poison type 1
Tentacle x8	45%	1D6+6 + constriction*

* If two tentacles strike a target, the squid hangs on and constricts next round. The target suffers 6D6 damage.

SKILLS: Hide in Depths 70%.

GIANT ROC

This massive bird of prey has its nest in a high rocky island, which is actually the crater of an extinct volcano. The roc occasionally swoops passing ships for a clutch of wriggling sailors to take back to its young. An enraged captain might turn his ship towards the island to rescue his men. An unhatched roc egg would command a huge price in the Menii market.

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GIANT ROC, CONTINUED

STR 80 CON 25 SIZ 65 INT 7 POW 15 DEX 11

HIT POINTS: 78 ARMOR: 12 points of skin and feathers.

DAMAGE BONUS: +7D6/+7D4

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Claw x2	75%	1D6 +db, or grab*
Peck	75%	1D10 +db
Dropped Rock	50%	1D6 per 10 feet fallen

* Grabbed victims may roll DEX x1 to squeeze out through the roc's claws. Otherwise they are helplessly trapped.

SKILLS: See 90%.

BABY ROC

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 POW 14 DEX 13

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOR: 3 points of skin and downy feathers.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Peck	25%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Demand Food 90%.

AQUATIC DEMON

Breed B'shif'III CV: 333

This demon may have escaped a sorcerer long ago, or perhaps it detached itself from the hull of one of the Chaos Fleet ships and floated up to the surface world. It is a churning bubble of pink gel, speckled with arteries and blood clots. In the center is a vast pale eye, and four thin blood-red tentacles rise from the morass. These cause explosive decomposition, and the demon feeds off the pulped remains of its victims.

STR 10 CON 30 SIZ 60 INT 7 POW 11 DEX 14

HIT POINTS: 78

ARMOR: None, but severed globules retain sentience.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Tentacle x4	42%	Explosive decomposition POT 12

SKILLS: See 60%.

WHALE

Whales are sometimes hunted by Young Kingdoms sailors. More often than not they are avoided. They are intelligent, ancient mammals, beloved of Straasha. They swim between the waters of the Young Kingdoms plane and Straasha's realm. Only the foolhardy hunt them, as the Lord of the Oceans is often vengeful.

STR 82 CON 53 SIZ 89 INT 17 POW 16 DEX 11

HIT POINTS: 130 ARMOR: 18 points of blubbery hide.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Ram	69%	11D6
Bite	49%	6D6
Tail Smash	34%	11D6

SKILLS: Jump 70%, See 59%, Sing 87%.

GREAT WHITE SHARK

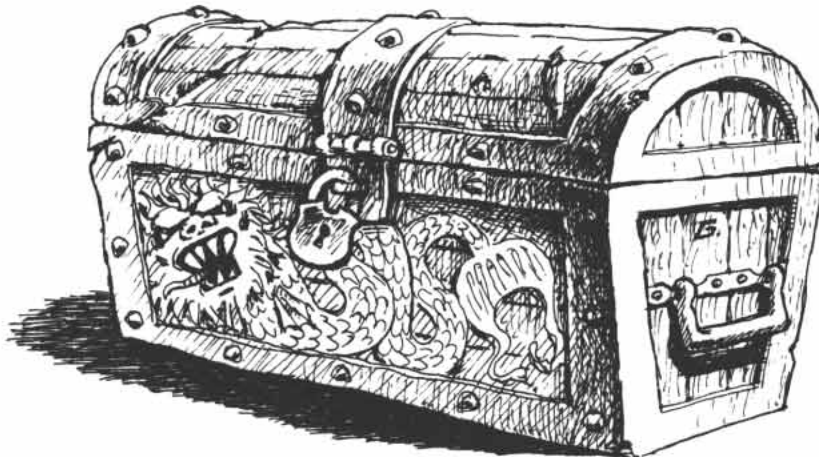
Having lived for centuries, this vast monster fears nothing mortal in the sea. It is over forty feet long. It prowls the deeps for food, never sleeping, always hungry. Its hunger often compels it to the surface to attack men and small crafts.

STR 54 CON 37 SIZ 55 INT 6 POW 19 DEX 14

HIT POINTS: 80 ARMOR: 13 points of shark skin.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	75%	7D6
Fin Slash	50%	7D3

SKILLS: Scent Blood 95%.



THE STRONG ARMS

GOOD ALE AND GOOD COMPANY--what more could an adventurer want? This scenario gives them the opportunity to own and run their own tavern. The clientele at times includes demons, outraged sailors, hired thugs, and a scrofulous dog. Who would have thought that being a barkeep could be so interesting?

This scenario is meant to be used as a backdrop to a campaign set in the Purple Towns. Utkel or Menii are the most appropriate sites for this scenario, but the actual choice is unimportant. The adventurers can use the tavern as a stable home from which they can go off and explore the Young Kingdoms. The events below are intended to unfold over an extended period of time. Present the scenes and incidents below in the breaks between the adventurers' other quests and expeditions.

The Story of the Tavern

The Strong Arms is a run-down two storied establishment near the docks. The apparent owner, Parlot Dirkum, has brought himself and the tavern to ruin because of his obsession with gambling. Dirkum does not actually own the Arms, although he has told everyone that he does. He is the caretaker for the real owner, Maria de Tres Pistolas, interplanar adventurer and pirate captain of the *Rogue Mistress*. She left Dirkum in charge six years ago, with enough cash to take care of things while she was away.

Dirkum's desperation at his mounting debts causes him to gamble away the tavern, losing it to the adventurers. Soon after, he attempts to leave town. Unfortunately, before he can get away he is caught by his principal debtor, Forten le Grosh.

Le Grosh is a Dharijorian. He is both a drug smuggler and a sorcerer. He spends a few months of the year living in the Purple Towns, and the rest of the time in Dharijor. Dirkum tries to save himself by claiming that

he only manages the place, and that the debts he incurred were for the owners of the Arms. He names the adventurers. They were the ones giving the orders by proxy. Le Grosh is convinced. He slays Dirkum on the spot, and begins to plot the downfall of the adventurers.

The three parties concerned with the Strong Arms are the adventurers, Forten le Grosh, and Maria de Tres Pistolas. All are prone to long absences. The conflict between these groups provides the dynamics of the scenario.

The Lucky Game

Adventurers are rarely adverse to a night on the town. Many judge a port by the quality of the watering holes. Expect no difference while the adventurers are visiting the Purple Towns. One night they happen to enter a nameless dive near the waterfront, and fate deals them a lucky hand.

The place is filled with sailors and dock-workers. The bar is little more than a plank on two barrels. There is sawdust on the floor, and smoke and curses hang in the air. All eyes are on the center of the room. A guttering lamp on a table is the brightest thing in the near-dark room, and it draws the onlookers on like moths.

At the table sits a portly man. He has a ruddy face, and a drooping moustache. Sweat trickles from his forehead, down his nose, and drips off either end of his moustache, staining the playing cards set out before him. Beside him, a mangy dog rests its head on the table, its eyes flicking from the fat man to the crowd. The pair are Parlot Dirkum, and his dog Presto.

Dirkum has a pile of small change at his right hand. At his left is a crumpled parchment bound with a red ribbon. He is berating the crowd. "Who is strong enough to take the odds? Who would gamble for the chance to win a tavern?" Whistles and guffaws sound in reply.

The offer seems real. Dirkum allows anyone to inspect the title deed, and many sailors in the bar can identify him as the legitimate owner of the Strong Arms, a nearby establishment. Some of the crowd take his bet, and although Dirkum is not playing particularly well, he is just good enough to beat them. There is a mad stare in his eye, and a twitch to his dealing hand. The stakes are high, and he may soon make a mistake.

It is the intent of the scenario that the adventurers take up Dirkum's offer. Call for POW x3 rolls to simulate gambling skill. At first Dirkum stakes just the small change, trying to entice the adventurers to put up a high price against the ownership of the tavern. Finally he throws the deed into the center and calls for bets. If any adventurer makes a POW x1 roll, they win outright. Failing that, the gamemaster should fake a fumbled roll for Dirkum. Tonight he is destined to lose.

It is late, and the room is smokey, but everyone sees Dirkum shed a tear when the last hand is played. The dog vents a horrendous howl. Dirkum hands over the title and tells the adventurers to meet him at the Strong Arms tomorrow morning. He staggers out, shoulders slumped. The dog follows, tail drooping.



The tavern, and mascot

WHAT TO DO ABOUT NON-GAMBLERS

If the adventurers do not participate in the game, eventually a drunken sailor wins. He is too intoxicated to comprehend the magnitude of his fortune. His name is Wizen Peke, and he is not renowned for his mental aptitude. Peke is dumb enough to accept just about any trade for the title deed, such as a bottle of fine wine, a shiny trinket, or a warm bed for the night.

If the adventurers still do not rise to the lure, have them spot Peke wandering around town over the next few days with the deed hanging out of his pocket. Occasionally he blows his nose with it. Sooner or later the adventurers might perceive him as an easy mark, and liberate him of the document. Perpetual free beer at their fine new tavern would be a suitable reward for the poor old battler.

The Strong Arms

The next day the adventurers may go and visit the tavern. It is located in one of the less fashionable parts of the waterfront, and it's obvious from the outside that the place has seen better days. The sign hangs lopsidedly above the door and the windows are dirty. Beneath the grime, however, the building looks structurally sound and has a homely feel to it. Presto the bar dog sits on the doorstep, earnestly scratching himself. He whines piteously, and follows the adventurers inside.

PRESTO

STR 6 CON 13 SIZ 4 INT 14 POW 12 DEX 11

HIT POINTS: 5 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	43%	1D8

SKILLS: Hide 60%, Scratch Fleas 87%.

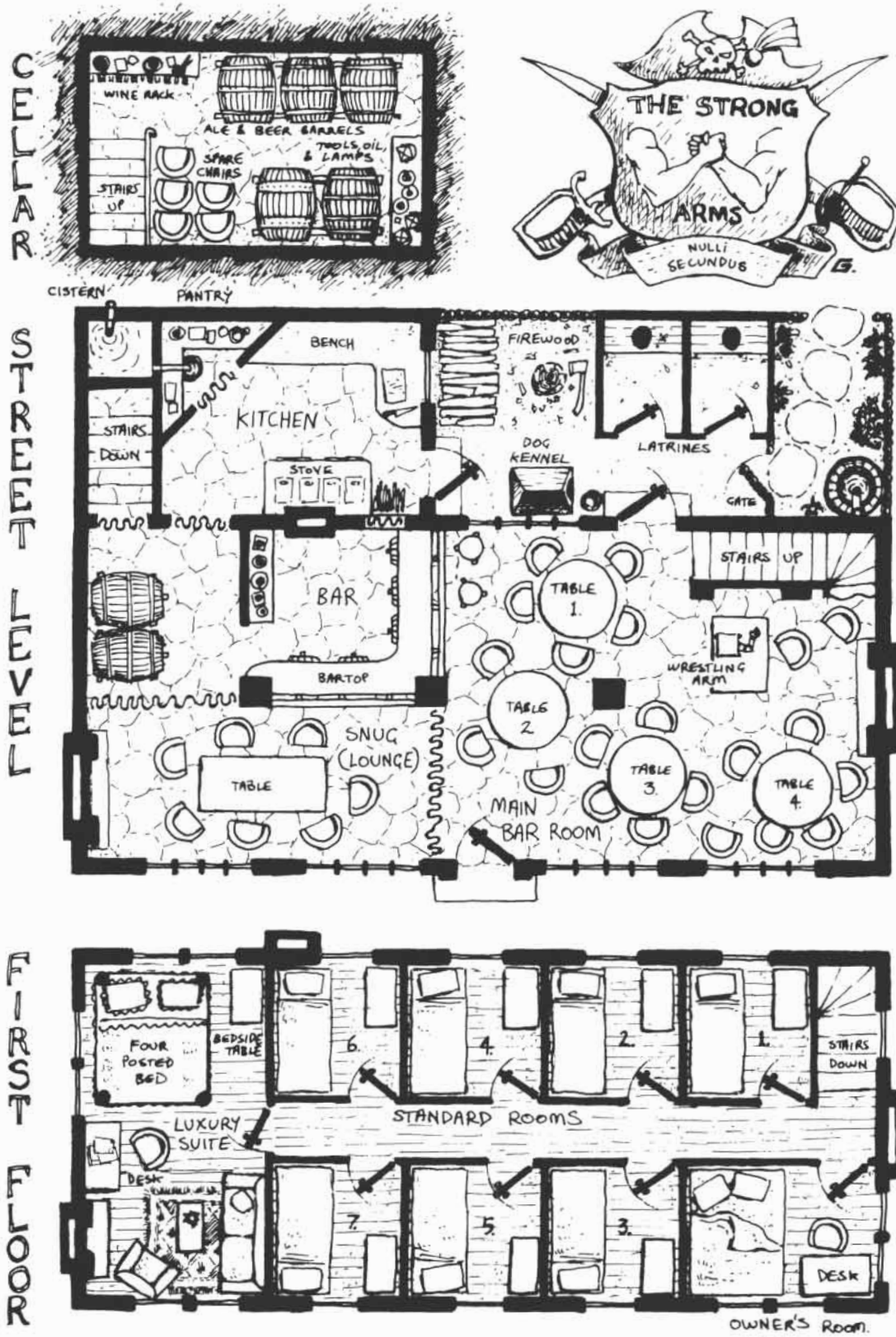
Ground Floor

Inside, the building has a large common room, a private lounge, and a kitchen.

BAR

The Bar is made of beautiful carved mahogany, and adjoins both the main bar room and the lounge. Ruby and Tompom work here. Casks of ale stand at the rear of the bar, and beneath it lie bottles of imported spirit, as well as Ruby and Tompom's weapons.

The backing wall has a painting of a ship at sea, grubby with dirt and age. If the picture is cleaned, two



details are revealed. The name of the vessel is the Rogue Mistress, and it does not seem to be depicted at sea, but flying through the starry night sky.

THE COMMON ROOM

Tables and chairs offer seating for up to fifty people. At one end of the room is a huge fireplace. A staircase leads up to the first floor. In the front of the fireplace is the tavern's famed Lormyrian wrestling arm.

The device looks like a disembodied, plate-armored, right arm. The shoulder terminates in a large block of wood, bolted securely to the table. It was originally stolen from one of the fabulous clockwork guardians of Ramasaz. The arm is used for sport in the tavern. Wagers are often staked on the outcome of a wrestling match.

The arm has STR 21. To defeat it the wrestler must resist its STR on the resistance table for three consecutive turns. If the Arm wins three "attacks" in a row, the wrestler loses. For most people the Arm is too strong to be beaten with any consistency. Those who succeed earn the grudging admiration of everyone in the bar, and a free drink.

LORMYRIAN WRESTLING ARM

STR 21	CON 25	SIZ 5	INT 2	POW 24	DEX 16
HIT POINTS: 25		ARMOR: Virtuous Plate (9 points)			
DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4					
Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage		
Punch	80%	-	1D3 +db		
Bludgeon	48%	-	1D8 +db		
SKILLS: Spring 48%.					

LOUNGE

This is a private room for those who like a little seclusion from the rabble in the common room. There is a long table and chairs, and a cozy fire.

KITCHEN AND PANTRY

This is the work area of Horton and Horton Jr. Everything is clean. A huge wood stove and oven fills the southern wall, and cooking implements of all descriptions hang from the ceiling. Next to the kitchen is the pantry. Currently the pantry is only a third full.

Presto's kennel is outside the kitchen. Underneath the kennel, hidden under a loose board, is a strong box filled with documents. Included amongst them is a contract whereby Dirkum is employed to act as agent for a person named Maria in the affairs of the Strong Arms. Other certificates and receipts indicate that Dirkum has been borrowing heavily from many quarters.

THE CELLAR

The cellar is dark and dank. The stale air reeks of alcohol, oil and earth. Essential supplies are stored here, including beer and wine casks, flasks of lamp oil and spare lamps, firewood, and extra furniture. The walls are made of soil.

First Floor

This floor is set aside for accommodation. There are seven single bedrooms, a luxury double bedroom, and a room for the tavern's owner.

STANDARD ROOMS

These each contain a bed and a small table. The sheets are changed weekly. A Search roll notes marks which indicate that each room also contained a wardrobe, floor rug and curtains, but these things have since been removed.

LUXURY SUITE

This large room is the most well-appointed in the place. The double bed has clean sheets and blankets, changed daily. There is a private fireplace, a couch, a desk, and comfortable chairs. Unlike the other rooms on the floor, nothing seems to have been removed. A Search roll in here discovers a lace handkerchief under the bed, embroidered with the letter L.

OWNER'S ROOM

The owner's room is squalid. Dirkum forbode the staff to come in here and clean. The bed is unmade, and smells of something old and sour. The rickety desk is scored with dozens of knife cuts, a nervous habit of Dirkum's. There are no personal possessions in the room, implying that he has gone for good.

In the desk drawer are the patchy financial records of the tavern. A literate adventurer can go over them in an hour. If an INT x4 roll is made, it can be determined that the Arms has been running at a monthly loss of 750 LB for quite a while. It currently costs 2,692 LB per month to run the tavern, but the records show a return of only 1,942 LB in a good month. The weekly wages are as follows: Ruby 80 LB, Taffa 75 LB, Tompom 60 LB, Best 60 LB, Horton 50 LB, Horton Jr. 45 LB, Caram 35 LB.

The Lunchtime Meeting

Ruby greets the adventurers from behind the bar. Dirkum left her a hurried note explaining what had happened, but she has not seen him today. She has called a staff meeting for lunchtime so that the new

owners can become acquainted with the tavern workers.

In the meantime the adventurers can question Ruby about the Strong Arms. This is what she can tell them:

- ✱ *Business has been bad. As the Arms showed less profit, standards fell, and fewer customers came. The place needs to be thoroughly renovated in order to save it.*
- ✱ *Dirkum was getting money from somewhere. Ruby doesn't know where, but he must have been borrowing quite a bit recently.*
- ✱ *Dirkum stripped the upper floor and common room of most of the ornaments and furniture in order to recover some money.*
- ✱ *The staff are good and loyal people, mostly. While they all got along with Dirkum well enough, nobody really trusted him.*

THE STAFF

The staff arrive at lunchtime and all sit down at one of the long tables. The adventurers are introduced to them one at a time.

RUBY

Ruby is 37 years old, and is confident and sensible. She runs the bar and keeps an eye on the money and the stock. She was born in Manil, and has lived in the Purple Towns all her life. She has worked in the Strong Arms since she was hired by Dirkum six years ago.

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 13 DEX 17 CHA 16

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Stiletto	48%	35%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 48%, First Aid 54%, Manage Bar 79%, Memorize 89%, Persuade 42%, See 73%, Throw 67%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) 35%/80%.

TOMPOM

Tompom is an old sailor, born in Ilmiora. He is 41 years old. When he was younger, he was captured at sea by Pan Tangian pirates and sold as a slave to the gladiator school in Gromoorva. He fought his way to freedom and now lives a humble life ashore. His anger at being enslaved for ten years occasionally surfaces in a berserk rage. He is very fond of his workmates. He was employed by Dirkum five years ago, as a barworker and bouncer.

STR 21 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 10 DEX 16 CHA 12

HIT POINTS: 20 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Nightstick	81%	76%	1D6 +db
Bastard Sword	67%	59%	1D10+1 +db
Target Shield	40%	58%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Dodge 55%, Memorize 36%, Search 70%, See 78%, Tumble 74%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/65%, Mabden -/8%.

HORTON

Horton is 61 years old, and has worked in this kitchen all his life. He is stooped and old, and tends to mutter. In his prime he was a master chef, and once the tavern was famous for its food. Horton's decline has mirrored that of the hotel. His memory is gone, as have most of his recipes. Horton knows who the tavern's real owner is, but he has forgotten.

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

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Carving Knife	56%	34%	1D3+2 +db

SKILLS: Cookery 28%, Memorize 18%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/15%, Hortones -/75%.

HORTON JR.

Horton Jr. is 34 years old, and the son of the cook. He is mute. He is thin and nervous, and shy around people. He grew up playing in this kitchen, and now he works here. He is an excellent cook, but does not like to use his talents for fear of humiliating his father. So, he helps out with the preparation, washes the dishes, and keeps the pantry well stocked on a shoestring budget. Horton Jr. knows who the tavern's real owner is, but it's impossible for him to tell anyone.

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 13 DEX 15 CHA 8

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cleaver	59%	12%	1D6+1 +db
Saucepan Lid	23%	32%	1D4 +db

SKILLS: Cookery 76%, Dishwashing 93%, Food Preparation 75%.

LANGUAGES: Speak Common -/00%, Understand Common -/60%, Understand Hortones 45%.

BEST

Best is 31 years old. She always looks tired, but is warm and friendly. She has worked hard to raise her son without a family. Her husband went to sea and never came back. Best has a beautiful singing voice, but is too shy to sing in front of other people. She is a good barmaid, and always gets a tip.

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 13 DEX 16 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Knife	58%	48%	1D3+1 +db

SKILLS: Memorize 67%, Sing 82%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/65%.

CARAM

Caram is 14 years old, and is dark and sullen. He is Best's son. She got him this job in order to keep him out of crime, and so that they would have a little extra money. Caram does odd-jobs around the tavern, like bringing up firewood from the cellar, and mopping the floors. He rarely works without resentment. When he thinks no-one is looking, Caram sneaks a drink, or a customer's change.

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 9 POW 15 DEX 14 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Knife	47%	45%	1D3+1

SKILLS: Cut Purse 48%, Hide 41%, Move Quietly 37%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/45%.

TAFFA

Taffa is blonde and loud. She is 24 years old, the only daughter of a large family of local sailors. Her father and some of her brothers came down to the Strong Arms and told Dirkum to employ her. They warned Dirkum that if anyone hurt her, or if she was dismissed, that they would kill him. She has worked here ever since. She doesn't have any particular skills, and is lazy. She is popular with the sailors who come in to the bar, and spends most of her time talking with them.

STR 15 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 11 DEX 14 CHA 17

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TAFFA, CONTINUED

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Punch	49%	-	1D3+1

SKILLS: Boating 6%, Persuade 31%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temic) -/60%.

TAFFA'S RELATIVES

These burly lads will turn up if Tafta has her hours or wages cut. There are five of them, all of equal height, width, and imagination. For their statistics, use the Experienced Sailors from the *Purple Towns Digest*.

The adventurers must decide if they wish to sack anybody. Dismissing people puts them on a bad footing with the remaining members of the original staff. Nobody would miss Tafta much, but firing her would cause trouble from her family.

All present are quick to criticize Dirkum for poor decisions, buying inferior ales, dropping the food budget, selling the fittings, and steadily cutting pay. The adventurers should get the idea that the current state of the Arms is the result of bad management by Dirkum, and not the fault of any individual employee.

While the adventurers talk to the staff, Presto sighs and slinks off to his kennel. Tompom remarks that it is strange that Dirkum did not take Presto with him. Despite its ugliness, the staff are fond of the dog, especially Caram.

MAKING MONEY IN THE TAVERN TRADE

The levels below indicate how much return the adventurers receive from their new venture each month.

BAD BUSINESS

This is the state in which the adventurers inherit the Arms. There are an average of 10 customers in the place at any time. The monthly overheads (food, beer, and wages) total 2,692 LB. The monthly income (from customers and guests) is 1,942 LB. The Arms is making a loss of 750 LB per month.

POOR BUSINESS

There is an average of 20 customers. The overheads are 3,594 LB. Income is 3,844 LB. The Arms is finally making a profit, but only 250 LB per month.

GOOD BUSINESS

There is an average of 40 customers. The overheads are 5,287 LB. Income is 7,787 LB. The Arms is doing a good trade, and making 2,500 LB per month.

GREAT BUSINESS

There is an average of 60 customers. The overheads are 7,469 LB. Income is 11,719 LB. The Arms is doing a roaring trade, and making 4,250 LB per month.

Keeping the Tavern Running

It takes at least a year and a sizable capital investment to get the Strong Arms back on its feet. Many repairs and refurbishment are needed, plus meeting the regular overheads. If the adventurers are careful with their investment, it begins to show a good return.

When the adventurers arrive, the tavern is doing bad business (see the nearby box). There is room for improvement, and four areas in particular need to be attended to. Each of these increases the tavern's prosperity to the next category (from Bad Business to Poor Business, and so on). Each takes about a month to take effect.

- ✱ *The place needs to be cleaned up. The fittings which Dirkum sold must be restored. Much of the furniture must be replaced. This requires a capital outlay of 20,000 LB.*
- ✱ *The food needs to be improved. This involves replacing the Hortons, or Persuading Horton Jr. to start taking an active hand in meal preparation.*
- ✱ *The tavern needs some musical entertainment. A musician must be hired. The adventurers might ask Best to sing accompaniment, but must make Persuade rolls to overcome her inherent shyness. If she performs, Best sings heart-breaking ballads of love and loss on the open sea. There is not a dry eye in the house, and her fame spreads.*

After this point, the Arms can continue to improve. Attracting an extra 5 customers on average is equal to 500 LB extra profit. At maximum capacity, the Arms can handle 75 customers, yielding 5,750 LB profit. As a rough guide, determine the given profit in any month as $3750 \text{ LB} + 1D4 \times 500 \text{ LB}$.

The Pirate's Return

Six years ago, Maria de Tres Pistolas spent a short time in the Young Kingdoms. A few wealthy residents, fearing for their financial security, began selling off some of their real estate on the Isle. Maria happened to be in Menii when the Strong Arms came up for sale. Parlot Dirkum organized the sale for Maria and made a handsome profit for himself.

Maria left Menii within the week. She left Dirkum with instructions to act on her behalf in running the tavern. He was given money to cover wages and expenses, and the profits were to be placed in an account at the Temple of Goldar. She promised to stop by occasionally, but Dirkum never saw her again.

She is currently involved in an escapade which allows her to enter the Young Kingdoms intermittently. Her discovery that the tavern is in a worse state

A Girl Named Maria

Maria de Tres Pistolas is a dark-haired woman who dresses in red. She is an interplanar pirate, a gun-toting captain at the head of a skilled crew drawn from different planes of the multiverse. Maria's ship is the *Rogue Mistress*, a vessel capable of flight, and armed with laser cannon and acid guns. When in the Young Kingdoms, Maria keeps the *Rogue Mistress* in the water when approaching port, so as not to attract undue attention.

than the one she left it in is detailed below in the Events section.

MARIA DE TRES PISTOLAS

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 18 DEX 20 CHA 21

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: None, but has invisible force field.

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Revolver	97%	-	2D6+2
Demon Dagger	88%	94%	1D4+2 +5D6
Thrown Demon Dagger	92%	-	1D4+2 +5D6

Selected Skills: Ambush 67%, Climb 98%, Dodge 92%, First Aid 76%, Jump 93%, Memorize 85%, Move Quietly 95%, Persuade 90%, Search 87%, See 91%, Set Trap 65%, Tie Knot 92%, Tumble 88%.

Languages: Young Kingdoms Common 72%/97%.

Possessions: A high tech energy shield. When activated it confers an almost impenetrable force field. She can not effectively fight from within it, but she can use it to effect a tactical retreat. This device has only a certain amount of energy charges and there are but a few left, perhaps 20 minutes worth. It protects Maria from physical attacks, electricity, liquids, heat, etc., up to a maximum of 30 points from any single attack.

Maria's three nickel-plated revolvers are fast and deadly weapons. Each holds six shots and fires twice per round with a base range of 60 feet. Maria can fire pistols with both hands, accurately, or fan one of them. Fanning allows her to expend all six cartridges in a single round. Her shooting skill when fanning is half normal but she can aim as many as six different targets, as long as they are within a ten-foot wide area. Reloading one of these guns requires two rounds and Maria keeps a large store of ammunition on board her ship. In addition to any damage they do, the metal slugs are capable of piercing (ignoring) the first 10 points of armor they encounter.

Demons: Maria has a demon dagger capable of inflicting an extra 5D6 points of damage. If the weapon is thrown, it instantly teleports back to her hand after hitting the target.

CON 34 POW 14

Maria and her ship are featured in the Chaosium campaign *Rogue Mistress*. Her appearance here could be considered to be after the events of that campaign, or before, in the time between the death of her lover Ferenz and Queen Pollidemia's abduction of the Tenatir. If the adventurers have played through the campaign, they are probably friends of Maria, making the problem of just who owns the Strong Arms a much more pleasant issue to resolve.

Gamemasters do not need the book *Rogue Mistress* to present Maria in this scenario. Consider her to be just

another exotic sailor, such as are often encountered in the cosmopolitan ports of the Purple Towns.

The Loan Shark's Revenge

Forten Le Grosh did not get his money from Parlot Dirkum, but he did get the satisfaction of killing the miserable wretch. Le Grosh now plans to collect the rest of his money from the adventurers. During the twelve months following, Le Grosh is in Menii four times. He uses each opportunity to exact his revenge against the owners of the Strong Arms. These assaults escalate in severity, as the sorcerer becomes more and more determined to ruin the adventurers. The attacks are detailed in the Events section below.

Le Grosh is an aristocratic Dharijorian, with a pencil-thin moustache and slick black hair. When in Menii he stays in the best inns, or with merchants sympathetic to his cause. He is attended at all times by Dedmon, his manservant.

Events

The events listed below give a broad outline of the adventurers' first twelve months as tavern owners, and serve as an inspiration to the gamemaster to insert similar events. Present these while the adventurers are resting between other scenarios.

The First Month

THE POLITE VISITOR

On the first day the adventurers are in the tavern, a tall man impeccably dressed in black arrives. This is Dedmon, the manservant of Forten Le Grosh. He is courteous and deferential. He asks to speak to the owners, and politely requests that they settle the matter of their outstanding debt with his employer, Baron Le Grosh. The amount is 140,000 LB. If the adventurers are disinclined to pay, he nods, and says that he will convey that message. He adds that the Baron is leaving the Purple Towns tomorrow, but will be in touch soon.

DEDMON

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 15 DEX 12 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

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DEDMON, CONTINUED

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Baton	35%	63%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Orate 73%, Persuade 54%.

LANGUAGES: Common 70%/70%.

DIRKUM'S FATE

The next morning, a box is found on the front doorstep. Presto scratches at it, and howls miserably. Inside the box is the severed head of Parlot Dirkum. Carved into the forehead is *PAY ME*.

A MONTHLY INDISCRETION

The luxury suite is always booked on the last day of the month. The occupants are Farnham Sternbrow, a handsome young merchant, and Liara Brighthair, a beautiful noblewoman. Liara is married to a powerful sealord, who knows nothing of this affair. Dirkum had plans to blackmail her. Only Ruby knows the couple's secret.

The Second Month

MARIA'S FIRST VISIT

The first time that Maria visits the Arms, the adventurers are away. Ruby tells them afterwards about a tall woman with black hair who marched in one night. She stared around, and started cursing at the top of her voice. The dog slunk out of the room. The woman demanded to speak with Dirkum, and was stunned when Ruby informed her that the late Dirkum no longer owns the Strong Arms. The woman left a message for the new owners that she wants what is hers, and left.

The Third Month

A CLANDESTINE MEETING

Three merchants arrive one evening and ask that the lounge be set aside for them. They pay 100 LB for the privilege, in addition to any drinks purchased. An hour later they are joined by a bearded man in a dark cloak. A See roll from anyone serving him a drink notes that the man has spidery tattoos on his fingernails, depicting the Sign of Chaos. The four spend their time talking in low tones. Successful Listen rolls overhear the words "crush their power", "fleet", "sorcerous fog", and "Lassa". From time-to-time they look at a map of the Purple Towns. The merchants give the stranger a pouch of gems, and they all depart.

The merchants have just arranged for a Pan Tangian raid on Kariss. This plot comes to fruition in the last scenario in this book, "Kariss Burning". If the adventurers

try to follow the group, half-a-dozen bodyguards stall them while the merchants get clear.

The Fourth Month

THE HIRED THUGS

Le Grosh returns to the Isle, and steps up his campaign. One night, after closing, a gang of tough-looking dockworkers come into the Arms. They introduce themselves by saying that they and the tavern owners have a mutual benefactor, and then they begin smashing up the furniture. These men have not been paid very well, and flee if they meet armed resistance. The damage caused costs the adventurers 1,100 LB.

One week later, the men return with torches and oil and try to set fire to the tavern. Presto's barking wakes everyone. If the men are challenged, they run away.

DOCKWORKERS

These men have no specific grudge against the Strong Arms, they have simply been hired to pull some stand-over tactics on the occupants. There are six of them. For their statistics, use the Merchant Sailors from the *Purple Towns Digest*.

BOILING DEATH

The cook at the tavern is killed during a horrible "accident". Le Grosh conjures a water elemental into one of the kitchen cauldrons. As the water began to boil it leaps from the pot, dousing the cook and forcing boiling water into his lungs. He dies an agonizing death.

If the dead cook was Horton, poor Horton Jr. is stunned by the occurrence. The adventurers must use all of their Communication skills to keep him on as a cook. If they succeed, once he settles in his meals quickly gain a reputation for excellence.

The Fifth Month

MARIA'S SECOND VISIT

Maria returns one day when the adventurers are present. They first notice her in the common room, wrestling with the arm. She confronts them and presents her title of ownership of the Strong Arms. Both her document and the adventurers' document seem legal, but Maria's is the older of the two, and there is no record showing that the tavern had been sold since. It is legally hers by Purple Towns law.

Presto barks and scratches at the floor of his kennel. The documents in the strong box buried below establish that Dirkum never owned the Arms. The adventurers must negotiate with Maria in order to keep the tavern. The most likely outcome is that the adventurers will act



Maria versus the Lomyrian Wrestling Arm! Place your bets!

in future as agents for Maria. They can keep half the profits, but must bank the other half into Maria's account at the temple. She is willing to sell the tavern to the adventurers if they can make a reasonable offer. Her asking price is 100,000 LB. She knows nothing about Le Grosh and his claims.

If the adventurers attempt to resolve this situation with violence, Maria leaves. She returns an hour later with the crew of the Rogue Mistress and forcibly evicts the squatters from her tavern.

The Sixth Month

CRAZY NORTHERNERS

One night a longboat-load of Tarkeshites fill the common room. They laugh and joke and yell and drink and drink. They are disinclined to leave at closing time, and in the mood for a fight. They can be calmed down by great tales of epic heroism, especially if it involves northern snows and ice drakes. If a brawl breaks out instead, the resulting damage costs the adventurers 900 LB.

The Seventh Month

KNOCK OUT

A burly mercenary spends most of one night wrestling against the arm, and losing. Finally, intoxicated and infuriated, he lifts his heavy mace with the intent of smashing the thing. Before he can, the arm punches him square in the jaw and knocks him out.

The Eighth Month

LEAPING DEMONS

Le Grosh returns. One night when there are musicians performing in the tavern, the sorcerer summons a horde of Korannallinza breed demons and sends them inside. These demons begin by prancing about in time to the music, but when the tune stops they go into a frenzy and begin attacking staff and guests. The demons squeak "Pay up!" incessantly. Any demons that jump within the reach of the wrestling arm are brutally crushed by its armored fist.

The customers flee, and for a while the Strong Arms is shunned as being demon-haunted. The adventurers must mount a public campaign, with good use of Oratory, to restore confidence in the tavern.

KORANNALLINZTA BREED

CV: 136

This demon is a small deformed humanoid, and is usually summoned as a horde. It loves to dance, and immediately begins to leap and bound to any kind of music. It is an acrobat of spectacular skill. Often a particularly wild feat ends in its own destruction, as a frenzied leap carries it out a window or into the fireplace.

STR 2D8 CON 2D8 SIZ 1D8 INT 1D8 POW 3D8 DEX 5D8 CHA 1D8

POWERS: Eyes x2, Hands x2 (1D3 damage), Horde (1D100/2 demons appear), Legs (20 yards per round), Skills (see below).

SKILLS: 10D10% Dance, 3D10% Fist (x2), 3D10% any Manipulation skill (x2), 2D10% Search, 2D10% See.

The Ninth Month

THE TROUBLE WITH CARAM

Caram starts hanging out with a local street gang. Best is horrified, and ask the adventurers to have a word with the boy. Caram is sullen and uncommunicative.

The Tenth Month

MORE TROUBLE WITH CARAM

The Arms is broken into one night. Thieves enter the ground floor. Presto does not bark at them. They steal food and alcohol, and slash the painting behind the bar. There is no sign of forced entry, and the back door is found unlocked. The criminals were the youths from the street gang. They pressured Caram to leave the door open for them, as a requirement for staying in their gang. He feels guilty about it.

The adventurers may wish to do something about the situation. The best approach would be to inspire Caram with tales of their own exploits. The doings of a street gang seem remarkably petty beside tales of deadly foes and epic combat. If they make a Persuade roll, Caram takes to following them around and begging to be taught swordplay.

The Eleventh Month

FINAL WARNING

The adventurers receive a letter. It is delivered by a captain who was recently trading in Dharijor. When Tompom hears the name of the country in which he was enslaved for so long, he scowls and snaps the handle off a metal tankard without thinking. Ruby calms him down.

The letter reads:

This is your final warning. If you do not pay me what I am owed, I shall collect it from your heirs.

F. L. G.

THE OUTRAGED SEALORD

On the last day of the month, when Farnham Sternbrow and Liara Brighthair are in the room upstairs, a sealord bursts into the tavern, waving a sea ax and roaring "Where are they?" This is Hari Coldstare, Liara's husband. Unless the adventurers intervene, multiple homicides occur. If anybody dies, Hari included, the city watch prosecutes it as a murder. The tavern acquires a ghoulish popularity, but the adventurers may face serious charges.

If he gets a warning, the cowardly Farnham abandons Liara and climbs out through the window. He slips and breaks his ankle in the lane below. Their love affair is over.

HARI COLDSTARE

Use the statistics for the Bloodthirsty Sealord in the *Purple Towns Digest*.

The Twelfth Month

THE RETURN OF THE POLITE VISITOR

Forten Le Grosh returns to the Purple Towns, and sends his servant Dedmon to the Strong Arms to give the adventurers yet another last chance. Dedmon is as urbane and well-spoken as he was on the first meeting. He observes that the sum of 140,000 LB is still outstanding, but that his employer has generously decided not to add any amount for interest. Payment is required immediately.

The Big Showdown

Things come to a head between Forten le Grosh and the adventurers. They have had several warnings, and may take steps against the loan shark. They might place a watch on ships coming in from Dharijor, and intercept Le Grosh on the docks and have him arrested. Alternately, they might follow Dedmon back to the inn where Le Grosh is staying. If they do neither of these things, the final battle takes place in the Strong Arms.

It is close to the end of the adventurers' first year of innkeeping. Hopefully, the Strong Arms has been transformed. The common room is full, and many customers

stand around the open fire warming themselves on this cold night. One of the people in the room is Maria in disguise. She has turned up incognito, to make sure that she has not made a mistake by hiring the adventurers.

The dog begins barking loudly. Suddenly the front and back doors burst open as armed men rush into the tavern. There are twenty of them, lead by Forten le Grosh. He is accompanied by two demonic monstrosities. The soldiers start attacking customers, staff and furniture. The room quickly degenerates into a huge melee. Tompom goes berserk, hacking furiously at the invaders. Maria reveals herself and begin blazing away with her revolvers. The presence of the demons and the fighting drives the wrestling arm crazy and it smashes itself free of the table. Once freed the arm begins to hop about the room on its hand, bludgeoning people with its block as it goes.

The fight can be broken up by the city watch at any time the gamemaster chooses. If the authorities arrive, the adventurers and Maria can explain the situation. Le Grosh and his henchmen are arrested, and are eventually executed for their crimes. The damages bill this time is 4,300 LB, but the ongoing harassment is over. Demon turns up the next day, looking for a job. He has some excellent references.



FORTEN LE GROSH

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 19 DEX 13 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOR: Half Plate (1D8-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Broadsword	69%	48%	1D8+1 +3D6 +db
Target Shield	13%	65%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 76%, Drug Lore 85%, Memorize 63%, Plant Lore 73%, Ride 52%.

LANGUAGES: Common 65%/85%, High Melnibonéan 47%/49%, Low Melnibonéan 57%/59%, Madder 36%/42%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 52%

SUMMONINGS: Earth and water elementals, demon breeds Ratchangett, Korannallintza, Faalgurtz, and Agglefrapp.

K'LL

Breed Ratchangett CV: 51

CON 30 SIZ 2 INT 5 POW 12

POWERS: Weapon (+3d6 damage.)

LE GROSH'S GOONS

Le Grosh brings twenty of his hired muscle with him. For their statistics, use the Merchant's Guards in the Purple Towns Digest.

V'SH'NKK

Breed Faalgurtz CV: 178

This demon is a leering humanoid with bark-like skin, covered in six-inch thorns. Its eyes are yellow. It moves through the common room brushing against people. It enjoys causing pain, so much so that it prefers not to kill. It reasons that death is the end of all pain.

STR 15 CON 20 SIZ 19 INT 28 POW 17 DEX 16

HIT POINTS: 27 ARMOR: Bark-skin (8 points).

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Brush Lightly	80%	--	1D4 + Burning Itch*
Arm Strike	64%	32%	1D8 + db + Burning Itch*
Embrace	48%	--	2D8 + Burning Itch*

* The Burning Itch is caused by the thorns. Victims who are afflicted suffer terrible pains from the wounds. DEX is reduced by 4 points for 1D3 days.

POWERS: Armor, Hands x2, Eyes x2, Legs (30 yards per round), Skills, Thorns (1D8 damage).

SKILLS: See 70%, Pain Lore 66%.

GLFFF'MM

Breed Agglefrapp CV: 84

This flabby demon is short and wide, with large knobby hands. Its face is stretched across the top of its head, and it has a long wagging tongue. It concentrates on destroying furniture with powerful blows.

STR 35 CON 25 SIZ 10 INT 7 POW 11 DEX 8

HIT POINTS: 25 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +2D6/+2D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Fist x2	40%	--	1D3 +db

POWERS: Eyes x2, Fist x2, Legs (10 yards per round).

SKILLS: See 20%.

SISTERS OF CHAOS

THOUSANDS OF MERCHANTS trade and deal from the Purple Towns. Few are as strange as the reclusive Sisterhood, a firm based in Menii. The Sisters are renowned for poor bargaining. They have a knack for acquiring goods at above-market prices, and exporting them to other countries for below-market prices. Few perceive that the Sisters' peculiar pattern of exports may have other motives. Revolts against Law need a good supply of cheap weapons, and the Sisters don't mind footing the bill.

The Sisterhood

The Sisters of Chaos are the principal opponents of the scenario, but if all goes well they will never come to blows with the adventurers. The Sisters are exiles from Pan Tang, worshipers of the Chaos Lady Eequor. They have chapters in Menii, Cadsandria, Gromoorva, Old Hrolmar, and the City of the Yellow Coast, each containing about a dozen members. Their leader is Eldara, a demon-woman. This scenario concentrates on the Menii chapter. The head Sisters in Menii are Irna, Veloo and Aileen.

ELDARA

Eldara is the leader of the Sisterhood, but currently she slumbers in deathly sleep. She is still slender as she was in youth, but her long hair is white as chalk. Her white-pupilled eyes, once powerful and piercing, now lack any spark of intelligence or life.

She was born on Pan Tang, the offspring of a sorcerer and his infernal concubine. Such a union should not have been fertile. She was imprisoned shortly after her birth, and languished for decades, locked in a display cell in the Theocrat's palace.

When Eldara first looked on Jagreen Lern her captor, her pupils irised wide, exposing the depths of the Million Spheres within each eye. Looking down into those eerie demon orbs, Jagreen Lern realized Eldara saw only truth

with her eyes. A unique demonic power. He could only appear a petty captor to the hybrid child. Other than making the Theocrat uncomfortable, however, Eldara's ability had little value. She was viewed as nothing more than a curiosity, a half-human, half-demon creature to be held in a cage and observed with cruel amusement.

During a mysterious fire in the Palace-Temple of Chaos, the demon-child escaped. Uneducated, but filled with inhuman intelligence, Eldara was determined to have some form of revenge. She left the island and studied with independent sorcerers. Firmly connected to the Young Kingdoms by her human blood, but open to the limitless possibilities of the Million Spheres by her demon side, Eldara eventually surpassed them in ability.

Filled with new power, Eldara secretly returned to Pan Tang and formed a following: the Sisters of Chaos. Most of her followers were enticed by her charisma, and her obvious personal power. The moment Jagreen Lern knew of the cult, its members were hunted down and killed. Eldara and her inner cabal fled.

Even after the women were cast out, the Theocrat did not rest. He ordered the Bishops of his Church to eliminate the demon-woman. Their strategy was to invert the Awaken Chaos spell. Over many years they developed the spell Dampen Chaos, and cast it on Eldara from afar. This disconnected her from the Million Spheres, sheathing her in a dull aura of neutral energy that weakened and sickened her until she lapsed into a coma. Eventually she will die.

ELDARA

DEMON WOMAN			Unique		CV: Unknown	
These statistics represent Eldara after she has been revived. Prior to that time she is comatose, and has no effective skills.						
STR 8	CON 15	SIZ 10	INT 19	POW 40	DEX 14	CHA 26
HIT POINTS: 15		ARMOR: 30 points of Demon Skin				
DAMAGE BONUS: None.						
<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Attack</i>	<i>Parry</i>	<i>Damage</i>			
Dagger	47%	54%	1D4+2			

SKILLS: Conceal 83%, Credit 71%, Dodge 91%, Hide 68%, Move Quietly 77%, Persuade 88%, Plant Lore 97%, See 92%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/95%, Low Melnibonéan 70%/85%, High Melnibonéan 60%/75%, Mabden 45%/15%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 93%.

SUMMONINGS: All elementals. The Lady Eequor. Demons breeds Vark, Solad, Ferang, Infless, various others.

POWERS: True Sight, Emotion Control (Mindless Adulation POT 4D6)

TRUE SIGHT: To use the power, the demon must overcome the target's POW on the Resistance Table. If this attack fails, the target is immune. If the POW attack is successful, the demon can then look into the target's mind and soul using the See skill, seeking whatever is true about the target. Each look requires a separate See roll.

This power differs from Telepathy, as the demon can see truths the target does not believe—or of which it is ignorant.

IRNA

Irna is a short woman, barely exceeding four feet in height. Her black hair is cropped close to the skull. She is fiercely fit, with chiseled, well-defined musculature. Her facial features are angular and expressionless. She fears revealing her own lack of confidence and knowledge, and thus keeps her face blank.

Irna sailed from Pan Tang with Eldara, and is the last of the original Sisters. She has no close friends in the present ranks. Irna is much older than she appears. She lengthens her life, and appears unnaturally young, through the use of a drug. Though once the youngest Sister, she is now the oldest. She claims that the same forces granting Eldara immortality sustain her, but few of her followers believe it. Irna's leadership role falls to her through seniority, her skill with the scimitar, and her possession of the demon, Aard. Irna longs to revive Eldara, since she feels like she is out of her depth. Despite this, Irna is respected—and feared—by the other Sisters in Menii. Irna rarely takes other Sisters into her confidence, preferring to guide the cult on her own. She does confide with Veloo, but only in administrative matters.

The demon, Aard, serves Irna as both protector and confidant. Aard is diabolically jealous of any male who gets close to Irna, and has so far managed to kill every lover she has taken. This used to bother her, but it doesn't much any more. When the demon is in combat, Irna watches with relish and joy, often throwing her head back and laughing lustfully as Aard slaughters its victims. If the demon is killed, Irna flies into a berserk fury.

IRNA

STR 16 CON 20 SIZ 8 INT 11 POW 17 DEX 19 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOR: 15 points of Demon Half-plate

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Scimitar	92%	91%	1D8+1+1D6
Dagger	50%	63%	1D4+2
Self Bow	74%	--	1D8+1

SKILLS: Ambush 75%, Credit 58%, Dodge 41%, Listen 45%, Move Quietly 56%, Plant Lore 66%, Persuade 44%, Search 72%, See 55%, Swim 36%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/85%, High Melnibonéan 30%/25%, Mabden 40%/65%.

DEMONS: DEMONIC SCIMITAR (Infless Breed)

CON 73 SIZ 2 INT 5 POW 15

DEMON ARMOR (Ferang Breed)

CON 27 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 13

ELEMENTALS: Two fire elementals, bound into bronze bracelets one on each arm.

AARD

Aard was summoned by Eldara as a gift to Irna. He is bound into a silver Chaos pendant which she wears around her neck. Aard considers Irna to be the most accomplished swordswoman in the Sisterhood. Skill at arms is the only thing he respects.

Aard is seven feet tall and shin-bone thin. His skin is grey, mottled with dark, stain-like patches. Thousands of tiny holes perforate the demon's upper arms, chest, abdomen and thighs. His head is abnormally elongated and the human-seeming features on his face are distorted and lengthened. He smiles often, revealing large, flat teeth spaced like gravestones. His breath wafts between his teeth like a charnel foetor. He wears a dirty loin cloth, and nothing else. A long and heavy scimitar hangs in a sheath on his back. The demon's left arm ends in a flat metal plate several inches in diameter. A swirling, concentric design is etched into the exposed surface of the plate.

In combat, maggot-like worms emerge from the perforations in Aard's flesh. The pale worms crawl over one another, overlapping until they form Aard's protective demon armor. The worm layer forms in one round. Typically, weapons strike the worm layer, splattering smashed, segmented worm bodies over nearby combatants. The worms provide Aard with ten points of demon armor.

Aard's secondary weapon lies hidden behind the plate on his left wrist. The etched pattern proves to be overlapping leaves of an iris. These slide back, allowing a pointed, metallic stinger to emerge. The stinger is six inches long, thin and whip-like. Aard punches the stinger forward, following up sword blows, with the intention of sneaking the weapon through a chink in an enemy's armor. The stinger inflicts 2D6 penetration damage, and its venom is 2D6 potency. Aard requires one round to extend his stinger.

Aard's final weapon is defensive. The thousands of maggots twisting over his body can instantly transmute into a cloud of oversized flies that swarm noisily to form a 45 point Insect Wall.

AARO

DEMON WARRIOR Breed Vark CV: 205
STR 27 CON 22 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 16 DEX 20 CHA 9
HIT POINTS: 24 **ARMOR:** 10 point worm layer
DAMAGE BONUS: +2D6/+2D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Great Scimitar	98%	93%	1D10+1 +db
Stinger	50%	--	2D6 penetration, 2D6 potency

POWERS: Armor (10 points), Arms x2, Attributes, Insect Wall (45 points), Legs x2, Hand x1, Human Features, Skills, Stinger.
SKILLS: Listen 48%, Move Quietly 66%, Poison Lore 43%, Swim 31%.

VELOO

Veloo is a Lormyrian recruit. She has been with the cult for about six years. She is a thick and fleshy woman, almost six feet in height. Her hair is a dirty light brown, and very curly; she wears it tied back from her face. Her face is habitually broken by a slack, crooked smile. Her lips are painted violet. Veloo has hungry eyes, and she inspects the male adventurers closely. She thirsts for sensation and experience, and uses the Sisterhood to pursue those goals.

Veloo functions as Irna's second-in-command. She never initiates policy, but merely carries out Irna's instructions. When Irna is absent, Veloo leads the Sisterhood. If Veloo were given a taste of real power, she might find that she likes it. Until then, she serves as a faithful lieutenant.

Veloo usually wears bright, silvery half-plate armor. The flesh under her armor plates is blackened and discolored. This is caused by thousands of tiny black tattoos of the eight-armed Chaos Sign. Veloo smears the rest of her body with flesh-colored body makeup. Beneath the makeup are hundreds and thousands of these identical tattoos, covering her from scalp to soles. The tattoos are Veloo's second layer of demon armor.

VELOO

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 13 DEX 14 CHA 13
HIT POINTS: 12
ARMOR: Demon Half Plate (15 points), plus demonic tattoos (8 points).
DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Scimitar	68%	67%	1D8+1 +1D6 +db
Dagger	59%	43%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Ambush 61%, Credit 33%, Dodge 57%, Listen 54%, Plant Lore 25%, Persuade 31%, See 47%, Taste 56%.
LANGUAGES: Common 50%/80%.
DEMONS: DEMONIC SCIMITAR (Inflex Breed)
CON 63 INT 2 SIZ 2 POW 12
DEMON ARMOR (Ferang Breed)
CON 18 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 13

AILEEN

Aileen is the youngest daughter of a wealthy local merchant. She will never be heir to the power of her family, as it will fall to one of her older brothers. Aileen sought her own path in the Sisterhood. Naturally intelligent, she began studying Eldara's formulas. She is the Sisters' most accomplished sorcerer. Aileen secretly fears Eldara's waking, because she would no longer be the most powerful Sister. She has not revealed that she has lost the tome containing the ritual for the Draught of Mortality, the only means of waking the comatose Eldara.

AILEEN

STR 13 CON 17 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 19 DEX 10 CHA 14
HIT POINTS: 17 **ARMOR:** Demonic Half-plate (15 points)
DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Scimitar	63%	54%	1D8+1+2D6

SKILLS: Plant Lore 51%.
LANGUAGES: Common 90%/90%, High Melnibonéan 45%/30%.
SUMMONING SKILL: 42%.
SUMMONINGS: Fire elementals. Demon breeds Ferang and Inflex.
DEMONS: DEMONIC SCIMITAR (Inflex Breed)
CON 57 SIZ 2 INT 6 POW 16
DEMON ARMOR (Ferang Breed)
CON 31 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 15

MENII SISTERS

All of the Sisters are fond of subterfuge, trickery and confusion. They are armed with demonic scimitars and wear demonic half-plate armor. These women do not fear combat, but their numbers are limited. If any of them stand a chance of dying in combat, they back off.

SISTERS OF MENII

	Penta	Dru	Itsna	Xai	Jenna	Roxi	Lei	Selina
STR	13	13	9	10	11	9	16	15
CON	11	12	13	9	12	14	12	10
SIZ	13	9	8	15	10	8	12	10
INT	10	11	12	9	11	15	10	13
POW	7	9	16	13	12	12	18	13
DEX	13	10	9	14	11	13	9	12
CHA	13	7	10	10	6	8	14	18
HP	12	12	12	12	12	13	12	10
DB	1D6	--	--	1D6	--	1D6	1D6	

ARMOR: Demon Half Plate (15 points)
Weapon **Attack** **Parry** **Damage**
Demon Scimitar 60% 50% 1D8+1 +1D6 +db
Dagger 50% 40% 1D4+2 +db
SKILLS: Move Quietly 30%, Persuade 25%, Poison Lore 20%, See 35%.
LANGUAGES: Common 30%/60%.
DEMONS: DEMONIC SCIMITARS (Inflex Breed)
CON 50 SIZ 2 INT 4 POW 13
DEMON ARMOR (Ferang Breed)
CON 25 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 13

DEMONS OF THE SISTERHOOD

Every member of the Menii Sisterhood has two demons, one of each of the following breeds.

INFLESS

CV: 46

The Infless breed of demon is commonly bound into weapons. Its high CON makes it ideal for breaking enemy blades. In its unbound state, an Infless demon looks like a metallic bundle of ligaments and nerves.

CON 10D8 SIZ 2 INT 1D8 POW 3D8

POWERS: Weapon (+1D6 damage).

FERANG

CV: 57

The Ferang breed is bound into shining black armor. Bright white points of light wink on and off in the depths of the armor's plating, pulsing and writhing to the rhythm of the wearer's heartbeat and breath.

If the wearer is killed, the armor is unbound. The Ferang manifests itself briefly as a small cat-shaped cloud of ruby sparks, attacks the Sister's assailant once (attack 55%, damage 2D6), and then flees the Young Kingdoms.

CON 5D8 SIZ 2D8 INT 2D8 POW 3D8

POWERS: Armor (15 points).

The Merchant

The scenario is set in motion by the sister's partner-in-business in the Purple Towns. Lorje, a struggling merchant, hires the adventurers to help him acquire the ingredients of the drug capable of waking Eldara. By selling the drug to the Sisters, he hopes to break their hold over him.

LORJE

Lorje is a tall, thin man with a narrow fringe of jet black hair around his bald pate. His limbs and fingers are long and bony. His eyes are dark and piercing, but his mouth smiles easily. Two of his front teeth are gold.

Lorje came from a mildly prosperous family. His family sent him to clerk for one of the Isle's more successful trading cartels. By this time he was nearly of age, his aging father decided to take a gamble on his son's education and obvious shrewdness. They were able to buy a half-interest in a ship. Lorje worked long and hard, and by the time he reached his mid-twenties,

Taking Sides

This scenario makes the assumption that the adventurers take Lorje's side and act as his agents throughout the entire story. It is possible, however, that the adventurers become sympathetic to the Sisters. In this case they could hire on with the Sisters and help them work to prevent Lorje from buying them out of the business. Alternatively, the adventurers could start out on Lorje's side and be won over to the Sisters. After all, the Sisters work actively against the Theocrat, which is not completely undesirable from the point of view of typical inhabitants of the Young Kingdoms.



Lorje at his desk

his family were the full owners of the trading vessel, Seawing. Unfortunately, on its first voyage under Lorje's sole ownership, Seawing was lost with all hands in a storm. Lorje and his family were ruined. The loss killed his father.

Lorje spent some hungry years as tried to raise some capital. Then the Sisters approached him, offering enough money to expand his fleet to three fully-crewed vessels. It seemed like a golden opportunity, but due to continuing interference from his mysterious partners, Lorje is still only breaking even, even though his ships rarely spend more than a week in port at the Isle.

The Sisters look upon Lorje's resources and capabilities as an excellent tool to support their political aims. Every trading voyage sponsored by the Sisters has an ulterior motive. Sowing seeds of dissent in Vilmir, strengthening the underlying Chaos in Argimiliar's society, all these are the ultimate end of a sea voyage under the Sisters. Eventually they hope to turn Chaos to reality and turn reality against Pan Tang. Knowledge of the Sisters' goals filtered slowly into Lorje's awareness, gnawing its way from his mind into his guts, filling the merchant with fear and regret. Now he wants to break their power over him.

Lorje's plan is to buy the Sisters out of the business. According to the wording of their initial agreement, if Lorje can come up with a sum equal to their initial investment, the Sisters can be forced out. This deal was certified by the Priests of Goldar, and Lorje can count on the temple's resources to enforce it.

Lorje has learnt about the Draught of Mortality, the potion which can restore Eldara to consciousness and health. If he can manufacture a batch of it, he can sell it to the Sisters for the right price.

Menii

It is assumed the adventurers are cooling their heels for a time in Menii. The reason is not important, though they are probably out of a job. Unemployed adventurers are usually found skulking in taverns, perhaps their own if the gamemaster is using the scenario "The Strong Arms" as a backdrop.

While the adventurers are sitting in one of these bars, a man in sailor's garb enters. A scar parts the man's thick dark hair from forehead to nape. His face is pleasant, but the features sternly framed. He withdraws a plain dagger and a rolled parchment from within his vest. Unfurling the parchment, he tacks it to a pillar on the dagger's point, and leaves.

The notice reads as follows:

Experienced merchant seeks the service of capable warriors for a voyage across the Oldest Ocean. Contact Lorje, at the Sisterhouse of Menii.

The Sisterhouse

The Sisterhouse of Menii is located on Dab Sebiv Avenue, in Arkyn's Spoke near the city wall. It is a simple two-story structure. A wooden sign hangs over the main double door. It displays a stylized "S" in a square of golden studs. The square has three studs on each side, eight in all. A World Lore roll recognizes the pattern as the concealed outline of the Sign of Chaos. The door is open.

Within is a large room with many windows. An overhanging balcony runs around the circumference of a two-story audience hall. A thrust platform with ascending stairways on either side faces the main door. There is a divan on the platform, and a woman seems to be asleep on it. No further details can be seen from below.

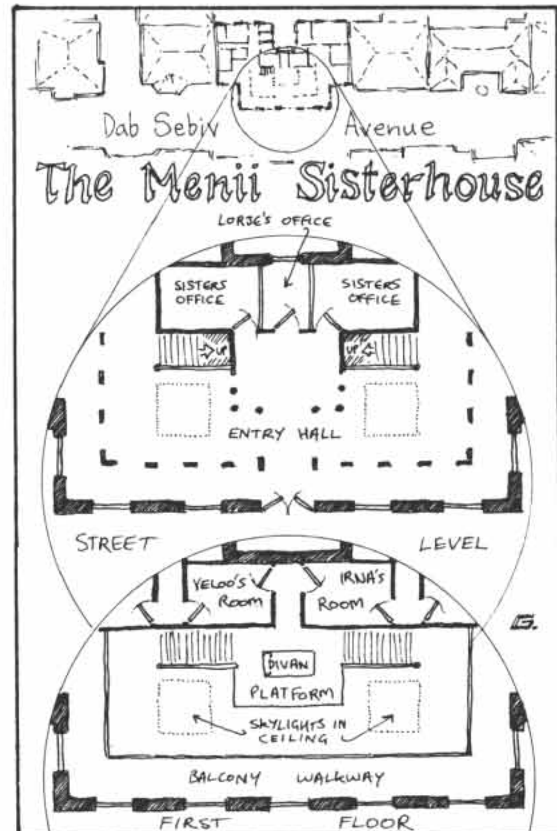
A woman in brightly polished half-plate armor steps from beneath the thrust platform and appraises the adventurers. This is Veloo. When informed that they wish to see

Lorje, she asks why in a cold tone. When satisfied, she indicates the door behind her, and stands aside.

Behind the door, a cluttered office is sandwiched between two flimsy walls. A single window admits light. A thin balding man sits at a desk. He is busy writing on a long roll of parchment. It is a ship's manifest, filled with hundreds of precisely lettered entries. Adventurers making a Read/Write Common roll realize it is the same neat hand used on the notice.

Veloo announces that he has visitors. The man looks up and greets the adventurers. He ignores Veloo, apparently hoping she will go away. She leers crookedly, and leaves. Lorje relaxes visibly after she is gone. Turning to the adventurers, he says laconically that a man should select his partner carefully. He cocks up an eyebrow and smiles. "Beware a man who gives advice about your health from his sickbed", he says. He then studies the adventurers for a few silent moments. Evidently, he is satisfied with what he sees.

"I want to offer you a job", he says. "In my employ you will act as my direct agents in a trading voyage to Vilmir, Argimiliar and Lormyr. You will receive a 20% commission for any successful sale. The ship is the Seawing II, and it sails in two days' time. This is the manifest. Consider it, and let me have your answer



tomorrow." Lorje hands over a rolled parchment. He presses a smaller folded paper into the palm of the selected adventurer at the same time. If the note is acknowledged, Lorje lifts a finger to pursed lips, but makes no sound.

Unless the adventurers react adversely to his passing the note, Lorje concludes the interview with a hope they will see one another again soon. The note is small, and can be hidden on an adventurer's person using Conceal at double their normal skill. Veloo idly watches the adventurers as they leave, but she does not search them.

The folded paper bears this note:

Forgive this unusual communication, but the matters I wish to discuss cannot be uttered within this house of Chaos. If you wish to pursue employment with me, please come to my apartments this evening, one hour after nightfall. I live above the fish market in Straasha's Spoke, in the yellow tenement. Use the back stairs.

Though you must brave danger to earn it, I offer you a substantial reward for your services.

*May Lord Straasha grant you good voyaging,
Lorje*

A Private Appointment

Lorje lives near the docks. His street is a place of grime and foul odor. Dirty, half-clothed people huddle in darkened doorways. The stink of rotting food and human waste wafts up from the muddy street. The alleyway next to the stinking fish market is narrow and darker than the unlit street. A narrow flight of wooden steps leads to a door on the second floor.

Half way up the stairs, a step breaks out under the foot of a randomly selected adventurer. The affected adventurer must make a DEX x5 roll to safely grasp the hand rail, which flexes dangerously, but does not break. Failure sends them down through the risers to land in foul, stinking mud. The adventurer suffers 1D2 hit points damage, and is now covered from head to foot in malodorous muck.

Lorje opens the door above, and invites them in. His room is clean but bare, with few furnishings, and the lingering odor of fish. He begins by telling them about himself and his situation. The gamemaster can draw this information from the section on Lorje.

He also tells them about the Sisters. His voice fills with venom as he recounts his eagerness to take their money. At first they involved him fully in the business, as they needed his support against a potentially hostile Menii council. But then the presence of Aileen, a newly

recruited Sister from one of the great trading families, guaranteed that the Sisters would not be harassed by officials. Lorje found his role to be greatly reduced. Now he is little more than a toady scribe.

The eldest and founding Sister, Eldara, sleeps day and night. She is a demon-woman, and has been ensorcelled by her enemies. Lorje does not miss her, as she has the ability to see the truth with unerring precision, which makes her uncomfortable to talk to. However, the Sisters need her desperately. He has learned that she can be awakened by a potion of herbs and powders called the Draught of Mortality. The Sisters will pay any price to awaken Eldara, and Lorje can use this to buy back his share of the business. He has come to possess all but four of the Draught's necessary ingredients. He wants the adventurers to take passage on his fastest ship, the Seawing II, and gather the final components. Lorje lists the ingredients, and where they are to be found. These are reproduced in a nearby box.

THE MISSING INGREDIENTS

These are the last four substances that Lorje needs for the Draught of Mortality. He has an apothecary standing by to brew the drug for him.

✱ **One drop of the recipient's blood.**

This must be taken from Eldara as she sleeps. It can be blotted onto a piece of paper.

✱ **One dozen leaves from a Kwanian Sunset Tree.**

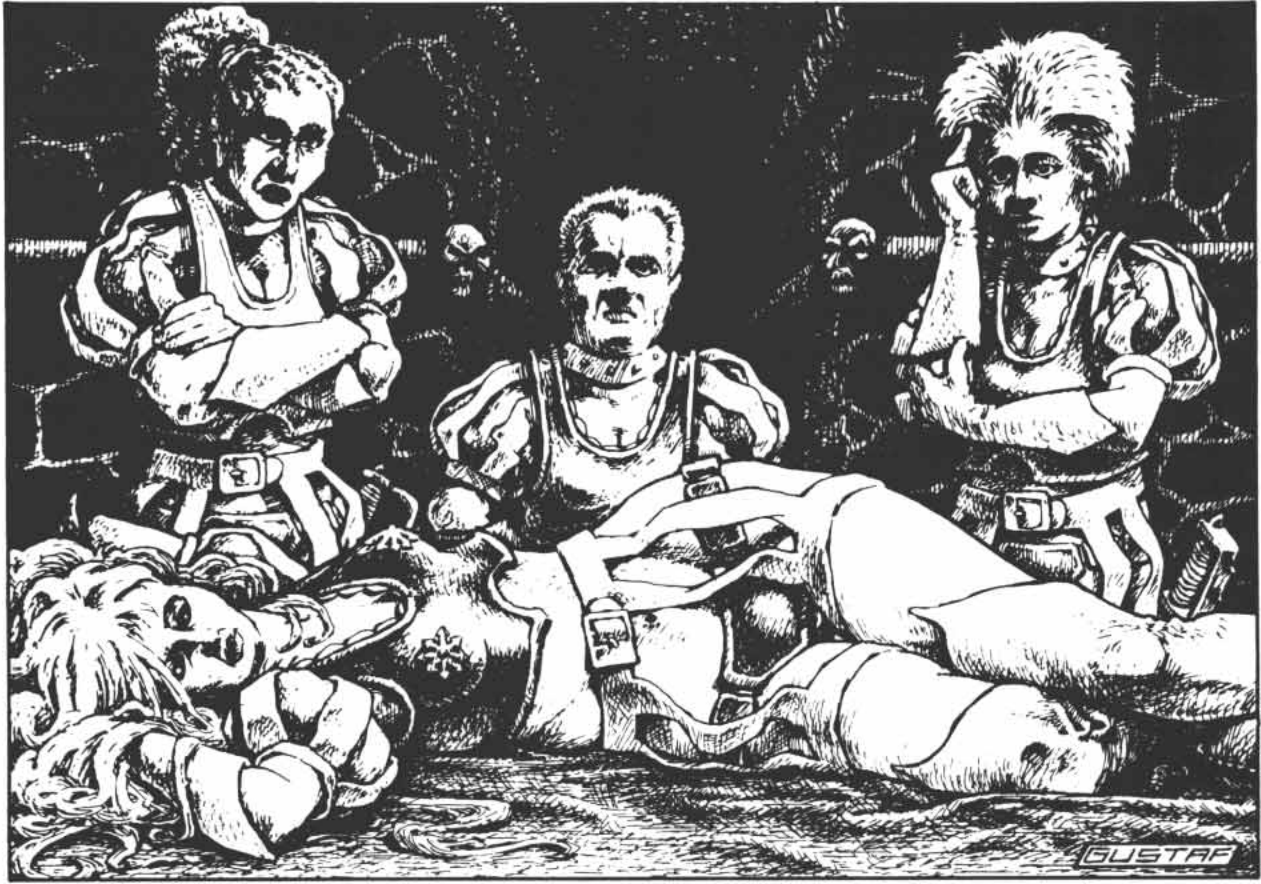
The sunset tree grows only on the foothills of the Ragged Pillars, at the eastern edge of the Sighing Desert, near Kwan. Lorje has arranged for a Vilmirian herbalist to acquire this, and has recently had word that the leaf is ready for collection. The herbalist's name is Penzak, and he has a stall in the Street of Righteous Commerce, in the city of Uhaio. The agreed price is 800 LB.

✱ **The freshly-emitted scent of a Sweet Silver-tailed Skunk.**

The sweet skunk once lived in profusion in the forests of northern Lormyr. It was hunted extensively because the odor produced by the male is not repellent, but is in fact a heady perfume. The species is now extremely rare. Lorje has learnt that there is a breeding pair in the private zoo of Count Terennium of Trepasaz, in Lormyr. The male animal must be captured and brought back alive.

✱ **A pouch of Sorcerer's Dust.**

Sorcerer's Dust is made by grinding the bones of ancient wizards, found in the Boneyards of Chardros, under the Palace-Temple of Chaos in Hwamgaarl. However, a trip to Pan Tang shouldn't be necessary. Lorje is aware that a box of the dust is kept at the Sisterhouse in Cadsandria. It is Irna's intention to recover it during the voyage. The adventurers must beat her to it, or steal it from her.



Sisters of Chaos: Veloo, Ima and Aileen watch over Eldara.

Irna, the eldest of the active Sisters, is to sail with them this voyage, on Sisterly business. The adventurers must avoid her scrutiny. Though no genius, Irna is fairly observant. "The information we are acting on is from a book I stole from Aileen. If Irna sees you with any of the Draught's ingredients, she might recognize them." As a cover for their activities, Lorje has arranged for a full cargo to be loaded, comprising boxes full of rocks. In each city the adventurers can disappear for a while, return claiming that they have made a great profit, and unload the boxes on the wharf for the non-existent buyer to collect.

If the Draught of Mortality can be successfully brewed, Lorje plans to sell it to the Sisters. He needs 12,000 SG to buy himself out of the contract. He plans to ask for 15,000 SG, and give the adventurers a one-fifth share of the sale.

If the adventurers accept, Lorje tells them to meet him at the Sisterhouse at mid-morning on the next day. There is one last hurdle. The Sisters insist on interviewing anyone Lorje hires. Many a sailor has foregone the pleasure of the interview, simply opting for lesser-paying

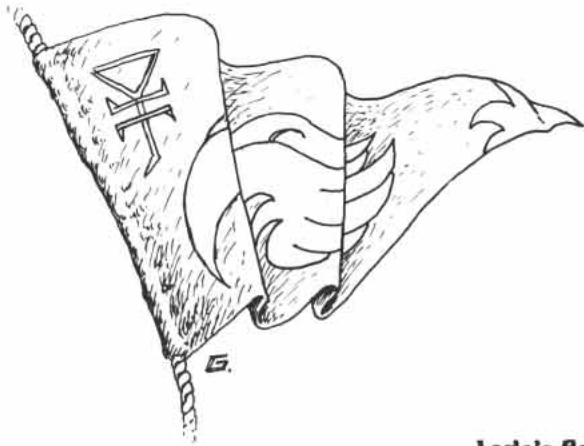
work elsewhere. One never knows exactly what a Sister will say or do, and most people would rather never find out.

DO THE ADVENTURERS OWN A SHIP?

If the adventurers have their own ship, they may decide to use that rather than sailing aboard a Sister-owned vessel. Lorje is agreeable, but stresses that they must reach Argimiliar before Irna does. The scenario can proceed as outlined below, except that any references to Irna and the Seawing II are to be ignored. At the gamemaster's option, Irna could be encountered in one of the cities, or at sea.

Meeting the Sisters

Although it is a morning appointment, the Sisters keep the adventurers waiting outside in the street until after midday. When they are ready, three of the Sisters stand in a rough semi-circle below the thrust platform. Positioned on the platform is a sumptuous, pillowed divan, angled forward to display a reposing woman: Eldara. She is slim and pale, with flowing waist-length, milk-



Lorje's flag

white hair. Her flesh, though it appears firm, is reticulated with innumerable hair-line wrinkles and fissures. Her eyes, though open, are black with pinpoint-sized white pupils. She breathes steadily and evenly, as one who sleeps.

The three Sisters ask the adventurers a series of questions, which seem to have little to do with whether or not they would be capable employees.

- ✱ *Aileen asks the adventurers if they have older brothers, or younger sisters. If so, she asks them how they feel about them.*
- ✱ *Irna concentrates on any female adventurers, asking pointed questions about how the male adventurers treat them. If she detects any kind of resentment, she pursues it earnestly.*
At some point Irna cannot resist manifesting her demon Aard, with a show of histrionics. If the adventurers draw weapons or otherwise show disgust, they are sacked on the spot.
- ✱ *Veloo's questions center on food, drink, pleasure, and pain. She is not the embodiment of taste or tact. She is curious, and hungry in a vague, insatiable way.*

If the adventurers answer well and do not balk, the Sisters appear satisfied. Veloo delivers a curt nod in Lorje's direction, and the three women file out of the meeting area. The adventurers and Lorje are left alone with the sleeping form of Eldara, who stares on without comprehension or expression. "Well," says Lorje, who is quite pale. "You're hired."

Lorje tells the adventurers to go down to the docks an hour before dawn on the following day. Their ship is the Seawing II, and the captain is Brolle Two-Scars.

Some of Her Blood

The adventurers can approach the problem of Eldara's blood before they sail, or after they return. Lorje nervously volunteers to occupy the other Sisters with a discussion of

trade while the investigators get the blood sample. He gathers the Sisters in an upstairs office and confuses them with charts and economics for ten minutes before they get bored and walk out. Meanwhile the adventurers can creep in through the unlocked front door and up to the couch where the demon-woman sleeps.

Getting blood from Eldara is not easy. Her demonic skin looks smooth and soft, but it is harder than tempered steel. It is tough enough to withstand a strong sword blow, let alone a gentle pin-prick. The adventurers must draw the blood from a vulnerable point. Suggestions are from her gums, from just beneath her eye, or from under her fingernails. Squeamish adventurers can comfort themselves that it is for her own good.

If the adventurers leave any obvious wounds on Eldara, the Sisters are incensed. They accuse Lorje of plotting an assassination, kill him in a fit of rage, and proceed to hunt down the adventurers. The scenario comes to a violent and unexpected conclusion.

Shipping Out

The following morning the adventurers meet Brolle Two-Scars on the wharf. He is the same tall, scalp-scarred man they saw tacking up the notice. He smiles tightly and introduces himself, and takes them aboard his ship, the Seawing II. He explains that Lorje named the vessel after his first ship, hoping to break a string of bad luck, by drowning a past failure in a glow of success. Unfortunately, Seawing II has yet to show a profit.

The ship is a two-masted brig. There is a crew of forty, plus Brolle, and the Sisters' representative, Irna. Irna occupies the captain's cabin, and Brolle shares a room with the first mate. The adventurers are quartered in the passenger's cabin, and the second mate's cabin. The crew sleeps in a hold toward the bow. Seawing II has a main cargo hold below the galley, and an auxiliary hold in the stern. So far the extra space has never been needed. The bogus cargo has already been loaded into the main hold.

BROLLE TWO-SCARS

Brolle is a tall and dark-haired Purple Towner. A puckered scar across the crown of his head is red and hairless. The scar's mate can be found under his vest, tracing from throat to sternum. Both wounds were won in boarding actions against pirates.

He is a professional sailor and ship's captain, competent and quick to make decisions. He has been with Lorje for three years. He is loyal, but grows frustrated with the situation with the Sisters. He welcomes the

adventurers aboard his ship, particularly if they prove to be capable warriors.

BROLLE TWO-SCARS

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Virtuous Short Sword	74%	62%	7 points
Throwing Dagger	89%	-	1D4+2

SKILLS: Balance 67%, Credit 51%, Cut Purse 43%, Dodge 52%, Listen 68%, Make Map 78%, Music Lore 43%, Navigate 82%, Persuade 62%, Search 38%, Swim 55%, Tumble 50%.

LANGUAGES: Common 85%/90%.

SAILORS OF THE SEAWING II

These sailors are not committed warriors. They sail for profit, a profit that never seems to arrive under Lorje. Many have grown leery of working too hard for the man, thus Seawing II is not quite as ship-shape as Brolle would like. Loud discussions are sometimes heard about work on deck. They are a good lot, however, and are willing enough to make friends with the adventurers. In combat they fight defensively, following Brolle's lead.

For their statistics, use the Merchant Sailors from the *Purple Towns Digest*.

At Sea

The voyage to Vilmir is brief, taking 1D3+1 days. The seas are calm and forgiving, and the crew are relatively efficient.

Dark moments in the voyage are provided by Irna and Aard. Once each day the pair emerge from the fore cabin and circumnavigate the deck, making a token inspection. The woman and her demon pause overlong and stare levelly at the adventurers. Sometimes Irna questions them. She does not trust Lorje or his hirelings.

At some point during the voyage the lookout points to the dark shape of a sail to their aft. The ship has no obvious markings, and soon drops back. It is undoubtedly a pirate vessel. Brolle remarks that experienced pirates will not strike until their prey has laid in at several ports, giving the ship time to take on valuable cargo.

Uhaio

Uhaio is built within the confines of a triangular wall, in the approved Vilmirian style. The fortifications are ancient, and provide little protection in their present state. The streets within are narrow and dark. Existing buildings have been maintained for centuries, and new buildings have not been erected in decades.

The southwest wall of the city faces the seafront, and the shipping district sprawls before it. In places the

wall itself is pierced by wharfs and piers. Trade is forbidden in Uhaio, unless sanctioned by the government. In practice, free trade and open commerce does take place along the seafront, but it is illegal. Commerce outside the walls cannot be taxed or controlled by the bureaucracy. Uhaio's legal system is so ossified and bound-up in counterproductive laws that the governor and his council have been unable to write and pass new laws in reaction to waterfront activity.

THE ENTRY TABLET

All visitors to Uhaio are detained at the Customs House, regardless of the expected duration of their visit. There they are logged into the city registry, and are charged an entry tax. Citizens and passers-through alike are issued a clay tablet impressed with Common Tongue symbols summarizing all of the facts about the carrier considered important by Uhaio's bureaucracy. This tablet costs 25 LB. Firing the tablet in the kiln takes about an hour, not including the time required to take down the information. Losing or breaking the tablet is a municipal infraction, punishable by a fine of 10 LB, plus 25 LB for a new tablet.

Arrival

The Seawing II sails into port mid-morning. A dozen official-looking personages wait upon the pier. A crewman identifies them as from the military arm of the customs bureaucracy. "Nasty types, they are", remarks the old salt, "No sense of humor at all. If you lose your tablet they'll haul you in, right quick. Fine you, jail you, or just keep you at the station for hours. Ask me, I been there." The sailor goes on a bit about losing his tablet after an engagement with a bottle of Arveed. Missed his ship in the end, and had to spend a month waiting for another.

The deck-hands have barely tied off to the pilings when armed patrolmen come aboard, followed by an obese man in tight clothes. They peer into the hold, ask what is coming ashore, and pester Brolle with dozens of trivial questions. Irna and her demon are nowhere to be found.

The Sisters have allotted a single day of the journey to business in Uhaio. Pressing matters await Irna in Cadsandria (pressing Sisterly matters, at any rate), and the Seawing II must sail before nightfall. The adventurers can spend no more than six hours ashore. In that time they must seek out the merchant Penzak.

While waiting for their tablets, the adventurers can ask the customs officials for directions to the Street of

Righteous Commerce. It is in the Holy District, which lies parallel to the southern city wall.

The Theft

While the adventurers are walking through Uhaio's drab and narrow streets, they are approached by a young boy dressed in rags. His name is Grubb. He begs them for a few bronze coins, just enough to buy his poor mum a few bites to eat. If the adventurers refuse, the boy sets up a fuss, yelling and blubbering about their heartlessness. If the adventurers hand over some coin easily, the boy thanks them loudly and effusively.

At about this time, Grubb's partner, Reeker, darts silently from an alleyway entrance. Reeker is a practiced cutpurse. Listen rolls do not detect him, although Scent functions at +10%. While the adventurers are distracted by the boy, Reeker slips by and tries to steal a tablet from one of them.

If the adventurers detect Reeker (considering his level of hygiene, this is not impossible), Grubb grabs for one of the tablets and flees. He pauses to taunt the adventurers from an alleyway, in the hope of giving Reeker a chance to escape.

The noise arising from the encounter is enough to attract Uhaio's street patrol. Any adventurer without a tablet has a chance equal to their POW x3 to notice that their identification tablet is missing.

REEKER THE THIEF

Reeker is lean and hungry, and wanted by the city watch. He sleeps in a storm drain. He has struck up an alliance with the boy, who is a street waif.

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 5 DEX 12 CHA 5

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	41%	34%	1D4+2

SKILLS: Cut Purse 85%, Emanate Offensive Odor 90%, Move Quietly 75%.

LANGUAGES: Common 10%/45%.

GRUBB

Grubb's family died of the plague, and he has lived on the streets ever since. He is small, begrimed, and cunning. He has no heart of gold.

STR 7 CON 11 SIZ 6 INT 7 POW 13 DEX 15 CHA 8

HIT POINTS: 8 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: -1D6/-1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Thrown Rock	52%	--	2D4 -db

SKILLS: Cutpurse 49%, Dodge 61%, Hide 53%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/35%.

Penzak the Merchant

The Street of Righteous Commerce is a regulated market area. It is orderly, and well laid-out. Bright sunlight streams down into the street. Most people here are well-dressed, often accompanied by a retinue of servants. Someone can direct the adventurers to Penzak's stall.

Penzak is a purveyor of herbs and spices. His wooden booth is packed with dried bulbs, fragrant powders, desiccated fungi, pungent roots, and greasy unguents. Adventurers making Plant Lore rolls notice the wares on display range from the very best to below standard. Prices are high. This is not unusual for Uhaio, where the government levies heavy taxes.

Penzak has a slow, deep voice. He is bleary-eyed, and his face is slack and pasty. A Plant Lore roll deduces that he is in the habit of using certain narcotic herbs. At the mention of Lorje, he smiles mysteriously, and produces a cylindrically-shaped package of coarsely woven cloth. Penzak states that this is Lorje's prize. "It was quite difficult to come by. I have been searching out this leaf for nearly a year. I was beginning to fear that your noble friend would lose faith in me." Adventurers making See rolls notice that an identical cloth package remains beneath the counter.

Penzak's asking price is 1,200 LB. If the adventurers protest that it was supposed to be 800 LB, he looks stupefied, apologizes for the 'mistake', and drops the price. He does not offer to open the package at any stage. Adventurers asking for a chance to inspect the goods receive a cold stare, as if Penzak is insulted. If the adventurers insist, he complies.

Anyone examining the contents of the package and making a successful Plant Lore roll determines that although the dried leaves are multi-colored, they do not have the aromatic fragrance of the leaves of the sunset tree. They are in fact from a species of poplar common in Vilmir, hand dyed by Penzak. The package underneath the counter contains the authentic leaves. If an adventurer points to the second package, Penzak exchanges them. A forced smile freezes on his tight lips, and he apologizes for yet another 'mistake'.

Once the adventurers round the nearest corner, Penzak summons three of the patrolling guards, and claims that he has been robbed. The guards pursue the adventurers. If the adventurers remain calm, a simple Persuade roll can satisfy the guards of their version of the events, and show Penzak to be a liar. However, the guards ask to see some identification. If any tablets were lost to Reeker and Grubb, there is trouble. Arrests are



Penzak the herb seller

made, and the culprits are taken to the barracks for questioning. A successful Credit roll sorts out the business before the Seawing II sails.

If the adventurers choose to flee from the guards instead, it is not hard to lose them in the crowded market street. The gamemaster may like to enact an exciting departure from Vilmir. If so, the eluded guards reappear just as the adventurers reach the docks. Three extra soldiers have joined them. The guards fan out to surround the adventurers, and call on them to surrender. If a fight begins, Irna and Aard appear in the midst of the melee, easily turning the tide. Aard unleashes his Insect Wall, blocking off the end of the pier. Irna urges everyone toward the ship. Leaving wounded men and angry buzzing insects behind, the Seawing II makes for the open sea. Brolle scowls at Irna. It is this sort of recklessness that has made doing business with the Sisters so unprofitable.

TOWN GUARDS OF UHAIO

The Uhaio Guards wear drab gray livery with steel pot helms. They are capable, but unimaginative. They rarely display initiative, preferring to refer problems to a higher authority. Some of them are actually too dumb to bribe.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	9	9	16	8	12	11
CON	15	11	11	12	8	12
SIZ	10	12	9	9	9	11
INT	8	6	11	6	12	8
POW	16	16	18	10	10	14
DEX	15	12	12	7	11	10
HP	15	11	11	12	8	12
DB	-	-	1D6	-	-	-

ARMOR: Half Plate (1D8-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
One-Handed Spear	40%	25%	1D8+1 +db
Heater Shield	--	35%	--

SKILLS: Listen 25%, See 25%.

LANGUAGES: Common 20%/40%.

Trepasaz

The crossing is calm, and the Seawing II heaves into sight of Lormyr 1D10+10 days after leaving Vilmir. During the voyage, the black sail of the pirate ship is glimpsed to the stern several times. Irna remains in her cabin for most of the trip. She asks off-handedly how the trading went in Vilmir, but she has no genuine interest.

Trepasaz is an old city on a gentle slope overlooking the harbor. A donjon and crenelated wall stands at

the base of the hill, but Lormyr's enemies ceased pounding at the gates centuries ago. The buildings are mostly thatched cottages, with a few older stone structures. Irna has no business in Trepasaz, and tells the adventurers that they cannot remain for more than a day. She is eager to get to the next stop, Cadsandria. The adventurers have one night to locate the house of Count Terennium, and abduct one of his pets.

The Zoo

Count Terennium is a noble of great wealth and power. He is now in his seventies, but his back remains ramrod-straight, and his brittle voice still has the taint of iron. The Count was once a general in Lormyr's army, and later an explorer. During his voyages he gathered many of the specimens in his zoo. Nowadays he is less fit for travel, and acquires new creatures from hunters and trappers. He delights in new acquisitions, and hides them away from the rest of the world with the zeal of an obsessive collector.

The Count has a large estate in the hills above the city. His manor house is a magnificent three story building in white stone, and his zoological gardens stretch for ten acres, surrounded by a stone wall fifteen feet high. The gardens are strictly private, save for guests of the Count. Everybody in Trepasaz knows about the place though, and can point it out.

Adventurers who attempt to inveigle their way past the gates during daylight hours must pose as visiting nobles, and make successful Credit rolls. Alternately they could pretend to have some new exotic animal to sell to the Count, who grants them an instant audience.

The best time to break in to the Count's estate is at night. The Count and most of his staff are asleep. Two guards patrol the grounds in four-hour shifts. Another pair are stationed in the main hall of the manor house.

A Climb roll is needed to get up and over the high wall. Man-traps have been set at random along the bottom of the wall, and each adventurer has a 10% chance of setting one off. A man-trap pins the leg and causes 1D10+1 points of damage. Armor is effective against this. The trap must be forced open before the victim can move away. It has a STR of 15, which must be overcome on the resistance table.

The grounds are dark and dappled with moonlight. Grunts and muffled roars sound from all sides, along with the stirring of great beasts endlessly turning in their confined pens. The animal cages are set amidst well-tended rows of trees and garden beds. Exhibits include several tigers from Pan Tang, a glum black ape from

northern Argimiliar, a savage clakar from the southern jungles, a tree-slinging gabberer from Yu, a pit of crocodilians, an aviary of snoring rainbow birds from Filkhar, and Terennium's greatest prize, a gigantic tusked mastodon from the east.

The adventurers must make Hide rolls to avoid the attention of the patrolling guards. As they creep alongside one cage, a voice croaks "Help me, please." This is Morg Whitewing, a male Myyrrhn who has been imprisoned here. He is thin and ill, and his wings are dull and yellow. Pick Lock rolls are needed to open the cage door. It can be forced, but it has a STR of 50. If he is released, Morg can lead his rescuers to the skunkery. After returning the favor, he flies off into the trees. If the adventurers will not release him, he threatens to call the guards.

Without Morg's help, the adventurers must make See rolls to find the skunkery. It is a small enclosure close to the manor house. Pick Lock rolls are needed to open the door. There are two skunks inside, silver and lustrous in the light of the moon. When they see humans at the cage door, they gambol about, expecting to receive some midnight treat. Their delight turns to alarm when the humans move in and seize them. Anyone stuffing a skunk into a bag must roll DEX x3 to avoid getting a deep bite on the hand. This causes 1D3 damage, and unless the adventurer makes a CON x3 roll, the hand swells up and is useless for 1D4 days. The male skunk emits his scent, which might be a delicate perfume in small quantities, but a large volume is overpowering. The scent is impossible to wash away, and does not wear off for 1D6 days.

If the adventurers alert the guards at any stage, one challenges the intruders while the other races to the house to get reinforcements. Two guards arrive in three rounds, and a dozen more spill out of the house five minutes later. They are led by Count Terennium who is in his night-shirt, clutching a broadsword. If the adventurers get into a fight with the Count, Morg suddenly swoops out of the night and attacks his captor.

City guards arrive outside the walls in fifteen minutes, and surround the estate. Adventurers who have not fled by this stage are unlikely to escape Lormyrian justice.

MORG WHITEWING

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 8 INT 15 POW 16 DEX 13 CHA 9

HIT POINTS: 9 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Fist	27%	--	1D3
Wing Buffet	41%	--	1D3
Thrown Rock	36%	--	2D4

SKILLS: Listen 38%, Music Lore 71%, Play Flute 68%, Sing 82%.

LANGUAGES: Common -75%.

COUNT TERENNIUM'S GUARDS

The Count requires that his guards keep an immaculate standard of dress and carriage. This makes them easy to see and hear from a distance, as their polished boots gleam and their well-kept armor jangles musically. Three sample guards are provided. The gamemaster can repeat these statistics as necessary.

	#1	#2	#3
STR	14	16	13
CON	12	11	14
SIZ	13	12	11
INT	10	9	12
POW	11	10	8
DEX	11	15	12
HP	13	11	16
DB	1D6	1D6	-

ARMOR: Half-plate (1D8-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Lormyrian Ax	50%	50%	3D6 +db

SKILLS: Listen 35%, See 35%.

LANGUAGES: Common -55%.

COUNT TERENNIUM

STR 9 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 13 POW 16 DEX 9 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 17 **ARMOR:** None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	81%	79%	1D8+1

SKILLS: Credit 87%, See 47%, World Lore 46%.

LANGUAGES: Common 65%/65%.

The Next Morning

If the adventurers successfully steal a skunk, they must arrange a place for the beast on board. The ship has a small hutch on the stern deck for keeping livestock during long voyages. As long as the skunk is kept supplied with food and fresh water, it should survive the trip. It prefers insects and mice. If it was removed without its mate, it begins to fret. It stinks out the deck regularly, and the sailors all complain.

The adventurers should put some of their false cargo ashore here, or else arouse the suspicions of Irna. She views the unloading with a bored glance, and asks idly what second-rate goods Lorje is pawning this time. She even strays towards a box and is about to look into it, when other events intervene.

The animal theft has triggered high-level action. Count Terennium is not without influence. Squads of Lormyrian soldiers arrive on the docks, and proceed to board and search every ship in the harbor. The adventurers must conceal the animal and let them on board, or else set sail immediately. If the soldiers are allowed onto the ship, although they may not find the skunk, they

do open up the cargo. A bemused sergeant asks Brolle why he is carrying a cargo of rocks. Irna takes note.

If the adventurers choose to flee, Brolle and his men swiftly pilot the ship out of the harbor. The soldiers on shore call on them to stop, and after several warnings unleash a flight of arrows. All aboard have a 20% chance of being struck for 1D8+1 damage. There are two more volleys before the Seawing II is out of bow range, and two sailors are shot dead. Several Lormyrian ships put out in pursuit. Brolle sails straight out to sea, and bears north-east. After a day the ships give up the pursuit, and he navigates around in a wide arc towards Cadsandria.

Whatever the outcome, Irna has many pointed questions to ask, which should make for an interesting journey. What were the soldiers looking for? Why is there a skunk on board? What's with the rocks?

Cadsandria

The long seaward detour from Lormyr to Argimiliar takes 1D3+3 days. The ship finally arrives in port in the late afternoon. Irna announces that they will stay overnight, and sail at midday on the morrow.

Cadsandria is a bright and noisy city, filled with artists, scholars, entertainers, craftsmen, and open-minded citizens. The streets are wide and the sun shines brightly among the colorful modern buildings and open plazas. People are variously dressed. Costumes of many lands are combined in exuberant splendor, and ethnic and nationalistic lines are not clearly drawn. Many forms of behavior discouraged in the conservative societies of Vilmir and the Isle of Purple Towns are commonplace. Women walk the streets in revealing dress. Men occasionally wear decorative face and body paint.

The Sisterhouse is on the Boulevard of Blossoms. Establishments along this street openly offer sexual services to all lifestyles. The facade of the Sisterhouse blends well with the style of other "houses" along this row. Inside it is almost identical to the one in Menii, except that the main area is festooned with gaudy fabric hangings and streamers of colored paper. A bar has been installed across the opening below the thrust platform. Women lounge about in casual dress, with only a few armored guards visible. The rooms upstairs are all bedrooms.

The Cadsandrian Sisters are open and hospitable. Several of the adventurers are singled out and drawn into friendly and provocative conversations. Receptive

adventurers are propositioned after several minutes. Perhaps prices are discussed. Before things proceed too far, it should be noted that all of the Sisters of Cadsandria are men. They always dress and act as women, and some use gender-altering drugs to support this appearance. The truth of the situation will not be evident until the Sister in question disrobes, at which point explanations may be necessary.

Irna visits the Sisterhouse on the first evening in port. She has a short discussion with Anaira about the dust, and it is agreed that it is safer if kept at the Sisterhouse overnight. She arranges to collect it tomorrow, before the Seawing II sails. Adventurers in the building might be able to make Listen rolls to pick up the gist of the conversation. After this Irna returns to the ship, having little regard for the local Sisterhood. If Irna meets the adventurers in the Sisterhouse or nearby, she is instantly suspicious. She demands to know what they're up to. Irna is generally not well-liked here, and some of the Sisters might even speak up on the adventurers' behalf.

ANOIRA

Anaira appears to be a tall, handsome and muscular woman. His hands and forearms are scarred from work in the cargo holds while he was a youth. Fine wrinkles around his eyes and streaks of gray in his long chestnut hair indicate he is well into middle age. If his personal subterfuge is discovered, he only says, "Well, I *think* of myself as a woman."

Anaira is the founding member of the Cadsandria faction of Sisters. He first heard Eldara's dogma while the demon-woman abided a time in Cadsandria. Eldara's teachings struck a chord of resonance in the young merchant marine's soul. He changed his name from Graz Anoit to Anaira, and gathered men of a mental cast similar to his own.

ANOIRA

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

HIT POINTS: 12

ARMOR: Half Plate (1D8-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Spear	73%	64%	1D10+1 +1D6 +db
Dagger	59%	52%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Credit 31%, Dodge 54%, Listen 48%, Plant Lore 22%, Persuade 37%, See 45%, Taste 56%.

LANGUAGES: Common 50%/75%.

DEMONS: DEMON SPEAR (Breed Infless)

CON 59 SIZ 3 INT 2 POW 12

THE SISTERS OF CADSANDRIA

The Sisters of Cadsandria are friendlier and more cheerful than their Menii counterparts. They use their practice of dressing as women to prevent the citizens of Cadsandria from taking them seriously, though they mean to undermine the rulers of Argimiliar as surely as Eldara wishes to depose the Theocrat.

In battle the Sisters bear two-handed spears and daggers. They wear steel breast and groin plates, and most have bare midribs. All of them are attractive and well-muscled.

SISTERS OF CADSANDRIA

	Anna	Hala	Bren	Celene	Drielle	Lra
STR	15	17	12	19	17	18
CON	18	16	18	12	19	13
SIZ	8	10	13	13	9	14
INT	11	13	15	10	12	15
POW	8	14	11	11	10	9
DEX	9	12	12	11	14	11
CHA	15	16	15	15	16	17
HP	17	16	19	13	19	15
DB	-	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Half-Plate (1D8-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Two-handed spear	65%	55%	1D10+1 +db
Dagger	45%	40%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Catcall 75%, Listen 45%, See 35%, Wiggle 55%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/55%.

Stealing the Dust

The pouch of dust is kept in a strongbox in Anaira's room upstairs. The box is kept locked, and is bolted to the floor joists. Anaira wears the key to the box inside his breast plate on a silver chain. A slot has been worked into the steel top-plate of the box, six inches long and a half inch wide. Sisters deposit their earnings here between engagements.

The Pick Lock skill can be used to open the box. The lock is clever, and built into the lid. Subtract 10 percentiles from the skill of the adventurer trying to crack it. If successful, it can be re-locked, thus leaving no obvious signs of the theft.

Alternately, the box can be forced open. There is not much purchase on the corner or sides of the box, but the slot in its top makes a good handle. No more than two adventurers can arrange themselves around the box at any one time. It has a nominal STR of 20, and bursts open if the adventurers can overcome this on the Resistance Table. If the box is broken, the signs of forced entry are obvious.

Anoira is not especially worried about the security of the box, since the organization is not viewed as a threat by the citizenry and authorities of Cadsandria. If the adventurers have aroused Irna's suspicions, she insists a guard be stationed here. The guard is likely to be bored, and can be enticed away from sentry duty by a handsome male adventurer.

The box contains 5D100 SB, 5D100 LB, and 1D100 SS, and two small jewelled chests. One chest contains rare perfumes for special occasions, worth 5,000 LB. The other contains the pouch of Sorcerer's Dust. If the adventurers are resourceful, they can tip the dust into another container, fill the pouch with normal dust, and replace everything as they found it. This is good enough to fool Anoira and Irna.

Setting Sail

The next morning, Irna collects the dust from Anoira, assuming the pouch remains in the box, and returns to the ship. She is not prepared to wait for Lorje's paid lackeys. If they are not on board when she is ready to leave, she demands that Brolle haul sail and set off. If this happens, the adventurers must arrange another conveyance to the Purple Towns.

If the dust was stolen, Irna is livid. The set-back is almost more than she can take. If the adventurers have given her cause for suspicion, she demands to search their cabins. Brolle reluctantly permits this. If the search reveals nothing, she rages around the ship, then disappears below decks. Further sounds of destruction are heard.

The journey back to the Purple Towns takes 1D6+5 days. If Irna has the dust, the adventurers may conspire to steal it out of her cabin during the voyage, or even to kill her for it. The crew take no part in any combat, and beg Brolle to set any murderers adrift, for fear of Sisterly reprisal. Whether or not Brolle does this depends on the relationship he has struck up with the adventurers during the voyage.

The Pirate Attack

The black-sailed ship spied during the voyage returns several days after the adventurers leave Argimiliar. Brolle was expecting this. "They have waited until they believe we are fattest with cargo. Pirates are pragmatic in their way." The ship approaches, no longer trying to keep its distance. It is a larger vessel than Seawing II, but the sails are in poor repair. It bears no name. Although fast, the ship turns sluggishly in the water. Adventurers making a Shiphandling roll deduce that this is due to poor crewing of the sails. The ship is undermanned.

The two vessels close, and the ragged horde of pirates cast lines out to snare the Seawing. Crew-to-crew, the two vessels are about evenly numbered. The only apparent leader of the pirates is the helmsman, who stays at the wheel of his ship.

Irna appears, never one to miss an opportunity for a good fight. As the first of the pirates swing aboard, she manifests Aard in their midst. The tall, gaunt demon materializes from a black mist and slaughters two pirates in quick succession, cleaving their heads from their bodies with quick clean strokes of his scimitar. Irna laughs and looses a double blast of flame from her fire elementals into the face of another pirate, before drawing her weapon and charging in. The pirates retreat immediately.

The adventurers can join the fray, or they might take the opportunity to search Irna's cabin if they need to steal the Sorcerer's Dust from her. The thick of the melee would be a good time to launch a treacherous blow at Irna's back, but such assassins must deal with a vengeful Aard.

The pirates surrender if their helmsman is killed. There is no captain aboard the black ship, merely a poorly organized crew with an ambitious steersman as leader. The vessel is barely provisioned, and ships water below decks. Brolle advises that they cut her free and let her drift. "A big ship, and surely a fast one with her broad sails, but ugly, not to the liking of a Purple Townsman." The crew cuts her free, glad to be rid of the menacing shadow at last.

PIRATE HELMSMAN

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 9 DEX 15 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 17 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	71%	58%	2D6+2 +db
Dagger	46%	54%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Balance 47%, Navigate 51%, Oratory 36%, Shiphandling 63%, Swim 69%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/55%.

PIRATES

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	12	10	6	12	9	7
CON	11	9	11	15	14	8
SIZ	13	7	14	12	11	5
INT	8	8	8	12	4	7
POW	9	10	10	12	6	6
DEX	12	5	13	10	8	14
HP	12	7	13	15	14	4
DB	1D6	-	-	-	-	-1D6

ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

continued next page



Aard welcomes the pirates on board.

Failure

If the adventurers failed to acquire any of the ingredients during their voyage, all is not lost. They can try to get them from the primary source. The gamemaster can invent interludes as the adventurers gather sorcerer's bones from the ossuaries beneath the Palace-Temple of Chaos in Hwamgaarl, or as they pluck leaves from the sunset tree of Kwan, or as they hunt for the elusive sweet skunk in the woods of northern Lormyr. These treks should be long and arduous, but not without some chance for success.

PIRATES, CONTINUED

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cutlass	60%	60%	1D8+1 +db
Dagger	40%	35%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: Balance 55%, Climb Rigging 75%, Dodge 25%, Jump 45%, Leer and Jeer 80%, Swim 50%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/35%.

Menii Again

Eventually the Seawing II returns to her home port. Brolle heaves a sigh of relief, and wishes the adventurers good luck. Lorje is waiting on the dock. He can barely stop himself from asking about the ingredients within Irna's ear-shot. She walks by without greeting him, off to the Sisterhouse to make her own report.

The Apothecary

Lorje has arranged to brew the Draught using a local apothecary, Bareen Jago. Jago deals with the Sisters on a regular basis, and understands their formulas intimately. He distills Irna's longevity drug, and supplies Veloo with body paint. The thought of double-dealing them has driven Jago into a paranoid hysteria. Lorje was forced to liquidate the remainder of his failing estates to bribe the nervous druggist.

Bareen Jago is a short man, about five and half feet tall. His features are pinched together, his eyes little more than squinting slits. He is very nearsighted. He uses a large circular glass on a chain around his neck to see anything more than a few feet away. He must use the lens to read his recipes, and to examine his retorts and measuring cups. Jago straps the glass before his eyes while working. He achieves only a fuzzy, middle distance focus with this arrangement. He has to pursue his work one-handed when clearer sight is required. At times Jago appears to court certain disaster. Bubbling

retorts are balanced in the same hand as his seeing-glass as he and blinks and stumbles through his work room.

Jago requires 1D3+1 days to concoct the Draught. There are dozens of other ingredients, including pollens, skin flakes, animal organs, minerals, and squirming insects. Lorje asks the adventurers to stay with the apothecary, or all their long hard work may fail. Jago makes a run for it any time the adventurers leave him in his rooms by himself. He is not an accomplished fugitive, and can be tracked down easily. The man lives in elaborate fear of the Sisters' revenge, and Persuade attempts are at half-chance to get him back into the workshop. The surest way to inspire him is with a bribe. Anything over 100 LB is enough to make him resume work.

On the second day, Aileen pays a call on Jago by chance. She has come by to pick up some dried herbs. The apothecary faints at the sound of her voice, and First Aid rolls are needed to revive him. The adventurers must prompt Jago to send her away. If she is let in, she recognizes the missing book on the table, and realizes what is going on, although she tries not to reveal it. If she is allowed to leave, she returns with all the Sisters within the hour.

The Sale

After three days, Jago completes the drug, and promptly collapses from nervous exhaustion. The finished concoction is red and frothy, warm to the touch, and with a strong odor of sweet mold. It is in a corked glass vial.

Lorje asks the adventurers to conduct the sale. Now that his liberation is so near, he fears the Sisters' reaction, and plans to wait in the Temple of Goldar until the business is concluded. He tells the adventurers to bring the Sisters to the Temple when an agreement has been reached, so that the Priests of Goldar can bless the deal, and see to its enforcement.

Any message sent to the Sisters about Eldara's health gets a prompt response. They are willing to talk immediately. This time the adventurers are not left waiting. The meeting is similar to the first interview, with Veloo, Aileen and Irna (if she is alive) standing below the sleeping demon-woman. The rest of the Sisterhood are also present, arranged in a semi-circle behind their leaders. All are armed and armored.

The three principal Sisters hear the adventurers' offer, and ask questions about how they came by the Draught of Mortality. Each has a different concern.

* *Aileen is worried. She knows that if Eldara is woken, she will lose her position of power, and be chastised for not reporting the theft of the book. To protect herself, she opposes the sale on all grounds.*

Some of her reasons include the fact that the potion might not work, that the price is too high, that the adventurers aren't to be trusted, and that she could probably brew the potion herself. She becomes more insistent, until it is obvious that she is hiding something.

✱ *Irna (if she is alive) is hostile and accusatory. She claims that the adventurers gained the ingredients during the voyage, and that they stole the Sisters' own property to accomplish it. She recommends taking the potion by force.*

✱ *Veloo gives the most positive response. She longs to have Eldara back, and will pay any price. She does not really care how the adventurers came by the potion. However, she will not buy it unless she knows that it works. She demands that an adventurer taste some first, to demonstrate that it is not poison, and that a sample then be administered to Eldara. She will not yield on this point.*

For any sale to take place, Veloo's conditions must be met. An adventurer must try the Draught, and although it tastes disgusting, it has no ill effects save for a slight dizziness. Once a drop of it touches Eldara's lips, her eyes iris wide open, revealing brimming pools of blackness. She lifts her head, looks around, and sees the truth. "Aileen did not wish me to wake, and worked against it with her apathy. Irna has failed to take action at every stage, and although her loyalty is beyond question, she is unfit to lead. These strangers were hired by Lorje. They stole the dust from us to make the Draught, and took a drop of my blood whilst Lorje distracted you." The gamemaster can add any other cutting truths to this list, such as news of Irna's murder, or the secret hiding place of the Draught if the adventurers did not bring it with them. After saying her piece, Eldara slumps back onto the pillow.

These revelations provoke a riot. The Sisters yell at each other and at the adventurers. Weapons are raised. Aileen slips away as soon as she can, and does not come back. The adventurers need to succeed in Persuade or Oratory to defuse the situation. The easiest line to pursue is that, regardless of the methods by which it was acquired, the Draught is here now, it works, and if the Sisters want it, they must pay for it. Any threat to smash the precious vial restores order quick-smart. If a fight

breaks out, the Sisters quickly surround the adventurers to trap them in the building. If they can fight their way clear to the street, they can raise the town watch.

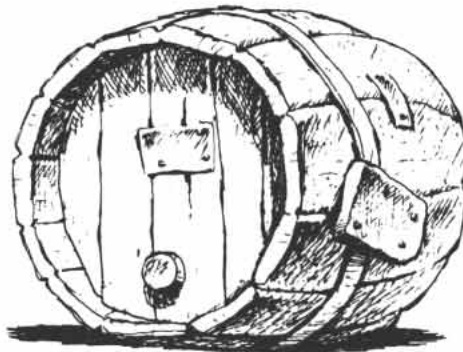
If the adventurers keep their cool and speak well, the Sisters calm down. Veloo assumes command, and Irna has no choice but to obey. They agree to the price of 15,000 SG, but no more. Lorje's calculation of their assets was exact.

Conclusion

If the adventurers manage to get the Sisters to the Temple of Goldar, the deal is struck. Lorje inherits all of their holdings, and relies on the orderly society of the Purple Towns to protect him from Sisterly repercussions. After all, his contract with the Sisters protected them for several years from the Isle's intolerance for Chaos, and Aileen has fled, removing their contingency plan. Their cult is not be permitted to remain on the Isle, and—due to their present reputation—it is impossible for them to arrange a deal with another merchant.

Lorje remains a friend and patron for the adventurers, and pays them the agreed price of 3,000 SG. Released from the Sisters, his business flourishes. His luck has finally changed. As a parting gift, he gives the adventurers the sweet silver-tailed skunk, which they can return to Count Terennium, keep as a pet, or sell in the marketplace for 5,000 LB.

Eldara visits the adventurers once before she leaves the Purple Towns, flanked by Irna and Veloo. She is awake and resplendent, and pulses with raw and powerful life. Her black eyes shine with energy and knowledge. She turns her limitless gaze on the adventurers, and thanks them for returning her to her destiny. "Greed was your motive, but the reward is all mine. We are moving on. Our enemies are stirring. They will track us here, and fire shall consume these shores. But we shall be gone. Will you?" She turns away, and her Sisters in Chaos follow in her wake.



THE UNHOLY FORTRESS

YESHPOTOOM-KAHLAI IS A DEAD GOD. Its remains lie at the tip of the Great Eastern Desert. It is not known in what titanic conflict the Chaos Lord was slain, or why its colossal corpse was left embedded in the stuff of the Young Kingdoms. It stands as a vast enigmatic signature of Chaos upon the face of the world.

To the demon-worshipping tribes of the desert, the dead god is a site of profound religious significance, a place for pilgrimage and prayer. Down through the centuries, stories of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai have filtered out to the Young Kingdoms. People travelled from afar to see the mysterious monument of Chaos, and to learn the secrets of its oracle. In time, the pilgrims raised a small walled city to keep out the harsh desert sands, but the gates stood open. The Head was a mystical resource available to all.

With the decline of Melniboné, and the general distrust of magic which followed, the township fell into disrepute and became known as the Unholy Fortress. The people of the Young Kingdoms forgot about the place, and it became a haven for outlaws and thrill-seekers. It is now a site of legend, disregarded by both the Churches of Law and Chaos. The people of the desert are the only ones who still revere the object as a god.

The current inhabitants of the Unholy Fortress are drifters from all over the Young Kingdoms. They dwell in the shadow of the Head, thankful for the home that it offers them, turning no-one away from that same shelter. However, the desert tribes want to take the Head back from the infidels. These tribes have been banded together by Thorn, a mad shaman.

This scenario provides a complete description of the Unholy Fortress, and the barbarian siege. The ad-

venturers come to help defend the place. A boat-load of Pan Tangian pirates also volunteer their services. Once the adventurers succeed in saving the Fortress from certain destruction at the hands of the tribesmen, their next challenge is to get the Pan Tangians to leave.

Desert Shield

The adventurers could be anywhere in the Young Kingdoms when they are approached and asked for their assistance. Ideally the scenario begins in the Isle of the Purple Towns, perhaps while the adventurers are still embroiled in the affairs of the Strong Arms (as outlined in the first scenario in this book).

The adventurers are inside some public place, possibly a tavern. The day has previously been fine and sunny, yet when the door is flung open by a bearded stranger, a violent storm can be seen brewing outside. The man's hair is styled in the merchant tradition, tied back in a stiffly-tarred plait, but he wears a suit of iron armor, and a huge mace hangs from his belt. Both look well used. This man is obviously not a local shop keeper.

The stranger approaches the adventurers and introduces himself as Palvick Trammel. A successful Memo-rize roll recalls the Trammels as one of the most powerful cartel families in the Purple Towns. A critical success connects Palvick with a scandal involving piracy, and his family's attempts to distance themselves from him. If asked about his relationship to the family, Palvick mutters something about different ideas regarding trade practice. He quickly changes the subject.

He tells the adventurers that he is a member of the community of the Unholy Fortress, the only permanent settlement in the eastern desert. It is open to anyone who wants to live there. He describes the residents of the Fortress as aesthetes and free-thinkers who have looked long in the Young Kingdoms for a peaceful place where they can settle down and be unmolested. The Fortress houses a powerful oracle called Yeshpotoom-Kahlai, and Palvick has sought out adventurers because of a prophecy which described them as being integral to its survival. The exact words of the oracle were:

A thorn is blowing in from the desert that will pierce the side of the dead god and let the blood flow. Victory can only be grasped with the help of the fanged wave riders, and the warriors of the strong arms.

Palvick knew of the tavern from his Purple Towns days, and has deduced that it refers to the adventurers. (If the gamemaster is not using the scenario *The Strong Arms*, a similar prophesy that fits the description of the adventurers must be concocted). Palvick explains that an army is massing in the Great Eastern Desert, a barbaric horde of demon-worshipping nomads who want to claim the Fortress for their own. They are led by a mad shaman known as Thorn of the Thousand Souls.

In return for assistance with the defence, the adventurers will be paid handsomely in Melnibonéan silver dragons, and guaranteed a safe and welcome port in the east for the rest of their lives. If they agree to Palvick's offer, he asks them to depart with him immediately. The adventurers should gather their possessions and make arrangements for their absence.

PALVICK TRAMMEL

Palvick Trammel is the black sheep of the Trammel family. He is dashing and handsome, with a knockabout charm. The more-than-mischievous gleam in his eye reveals his criminal leanings. He is a pirate and a smuggler. He takes great glee in holding this in the face of his family.

His ship is named the Father's Pride. That pride was once invested in Palvick as the eldest heir to the cartel, and it was the same pride that caused the errant wanderer to be finally thrown out of the family after his transgressions became intolerable. Although the elder Trammel will not tolerate Palvick in his house, he has forbidden the authorities of the Purple Towns to prosecute him for piracy. Thus Palvick is simultaneously loathed and protected by his father, a situation which delights him no end.

PALVICK TRAMMEL

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 17 DEX 13 CHA 17
HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: Half-Plate (1D8-1)
DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Heavy Mace	60%	59%	1D8+2 +db

SKILLS: Bargain 82%, Credit 47%, Evaluate Treasure 91%, Make Map 61%, Navigate 56%, Persuade 57%, Shiphandling 56%, Swim 54%.

LANGUAGES: Common 65%/65%.

Sailing East

Within the hour the adventurers stand aboard Palvick's black brig, the Father's Pride. His crew are a collection of Purple Towner rogues, who find Palvick an easier captain to work with than most. Also aboard are a few other mercenaries who have answered the call to defend the Unholy Fortress. If the gamemaster wishes, Aileen (from the *Sisters of Chaos* scenario) is aboard. She has no grudge against the adventurers, and is actually pleased to be away from the Sisterhood. She admires Palvick, as a fellow-sufferer of rich and uncaring parents. If both survive the coming events, love might flourish between them.

The journey eastward takes about a week, during which storm clouds hang low over the boat like a threat. On the morning of the seventh day, the sky turns dark, and lightning begins to flicker amongst the inky black clouds. Howling winds begin to veer the ship off course, and the hammering rain reduces visibility to virtually zero. The helmsman tries desperately to steer the ship back on course until lightning forks down from the sky, striking him with full force. His crisped and blackened body is welded to the ship's wheel. Palvick frantically orders the sails taken down. Once everything is safely secured, he orders everyone below decks. The storm lasts for several hours, and then abates as abruptly as it began. It is mid-afternoon. The charred corpse of the helmsman still stands at his post, having faithfully steered the ship into the Hand of God.

The Hand of God

The Hand of God is a harbor on the western tip of the eastern continent. It is named for the huge clawed hand that protrudes from the water near the shore, the hand of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Most sailors in the Young Kingdoms avoid the port out of superstitious fear, but it is well known to pirates and visitors to the Unholy Fortress. The shore has a small beach, which gives way to a sparse line of trees. Beyond the trees is the open expanse of the Great Eastern Desert. A successful See roll spots the dark mass of the Unholy Fortress in the distance.

There is another ship in the harbor. A black Pan Tangian galley has been driven ashore by the same storm that overwhelmed the Father's Pride. The ship



The Hand of God, in happier times

does not bear the merman crest of the Pan Tangian navy, but a stylized gaping shark's mouth biting down upon a skull. Any adventurer who is a sailor by trade can attempt a Memorize roll. Success identifies the ship as *The Taste of Power*, crewed by Pastor Sharrk's Privateers, the most feared pirate band outside of the Pan Tangian navy. The Pan Tangians are ranged along the beach, inspecting the damage to their ship. They turn and stare contemptuously at the *Father's Pride* as it weighs anchor. Palvick looks grim, but tells the adventurers not to worry. "It has been prophesied that these men will also help us. I wish it were not so. My sister died at their hands." Britheena Trammel was killed at a diplomatic meeting in Hwamgaarl some months back. Palvick was actually fond of her.

Palvick swallows his dislike, and approaches the Pan Tangians. Anyone making a Listen roll hears him giving much the same speech as he gave to the adventurers, about the need to defend the Unholy Fortress. The Pan Tangian leader, Pastor Sharrk, confers with his lieutenants, and soon agrees to help. He orders his men to unload the galley. Pastor Sharrk has one hundred warriors at his disposal. He rapidly assembles ninety of

them on the beach. The rest remain on board to guard the ship and its slaves. Meanwhile, Palvick oversees the unloading of supplies from the *Father's Pride*, and gathers his thirty five assorted crew members and mercenaries.

A See roll spies a nomad rider approaching through the trees. He reins in, extends an arm in greeting, and trots slowly down towards the beach. Palvick explains that this is Stone, one of the defenders of the Fortress. Stone has come to lead them there. The journey will take the rest of the day.

STONE

Stone is a tribal hunter from the Great Eastern Desert. His head is shaven, except for a thin strip down the middle of his scalp. His skin is raised in patterns by ritual scarring. His eyes are bright and piercing. He speaks slowly, but never foolishly.

He was born into the Ravvengorm tribe, and even in his youth he was the fiercest warrior of his clan. His physical prowess was balanced by a keen intellect, and he quickly saw through the lies his shaman taught about the world. Driven by his curiosity and a thirst for expe-

rience, he turned his back on his tribe and journeyed into the Young Kingdoms.

To his dismay and frustration, the majority of people he met were as hostile to him as his people were to the rest of the world. His proud bearing and ritual scarification, which accorded him respect and admiration within his own culture, marked him as a dangerous outsider to the people in other lands.

He grew tired of being patronized and excluded, and decided to investigate the oracle of the Unholy Fortress. In doing so he found acceptance and friendship.

STONE

STR 20 CON 15 SIZ 18 INT 15 POW 13 DEX 13 CHA 9

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Spear	82%	50%	1D6+1 +db
Heater	26%	59%	1D6+2 +db
Thrown Spear	86%	--	2D6 +db
Desert Bow	93%	--	1D10+2 +db

SKILLS: Bowmaking 62%, Fletching 57%, Hide 88%, Listen 84%, Move Quietly 69%, Oracle 57%, Ride 91%, See 76%, Set Trap 83%, Tie Knot 68%, Track 75%, World Lore 23%.

LANGUAGES: Common -70%.

The Pan Tangians

The Pan Tangians were driven into the harbor by the storm, but they recognize that the hand of Chaos was integral in bringing them here. Pastor Sharrk and his men willingly join in the defence of the Unholy Fortress, but they have their own motives. Once the barbarians are dealt with, they plan to claim the place for Pan Tang.

PASTOR SHARRK

Pastor Sharrk is a cadaverous man with a mouth full of teeth. His hair is long and lank, and his eyes are dark and cunning. He has a narrow beard which he tugs at when he is thinking. He speaks in a grating whisper, and rarely stops grinning.

Sharrk is young and hungry. His ambition eclipsed his station, and he left Pan Tang to pursue a path of personal power. He has all the qualities of a brilliant merchant, except for the fact that he is an unmitigated psychopath.

PASTOR SHARRK

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 17 POW 21 DEX 16 CHA 18

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Demon Half Plate (21 points).

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Falchion	79%	66%	1D6+2 +5D6 +db
Heater	43%	66%	1D6 +db
Dagger	54%	41%	1D4+2 +db
Thrown Dagger	59%	--	1D4+1 +db
Demon Darts	37%	--	3D3

SKILLS: Balance 67%, Navigate 80%, Persuade 43%, Plant Lore 69%, Shiphandling 84%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/85%, High Melnibonéan 70%/70%, Mabden 85%/85%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 59%

SUMMONINGS: Demon breeds Bangongi and Spinalli.

Z'KKKKK

DEMON ARMOR Breed Spinalli CV: 100
STR 8 CON 21 SIZ 15 INT 7 POW 11 DEX 10

POWERS: Armor (21 points), Darts (3D3 damage, 10 yards range, 3 yards radius).

YSH'NKK

DEMON FALCHION Breed Bangongi CV: 90
CON 19 SIZ 2 INT 6 POW 15

POWERS: Weapon (+5D6 damage)

PAN TANGIANS

These men are typical of Pan Tang. They have decorated metal armor and barbed weapons. They smile at cruelty, and follow their leader only as long as he is the strongest among them.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	13	12	15	13	11	11	13	12
CON	15	12	11	12	11	13	14	17
SIZ	13	12	14	11	13	13	13	13
INT	16	14	16	13	14	15	15	15
POW	18	13	14	15	17	13	16	16
DEX	12	11	10	13	12	11	12	10
CHA	13	10	11	12	11	13	9	10
HP	16	12	13	12	12	14	15	18
DB	1D6/1D4	-	1D6/1D4	-	-	-	1D6/1D4	1D6/1D4

ARMOR: Plate (1D10-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Axe	68%	63%	2D6+2 +db
Scimitar	58%	48%	1D8+1 +db
Target Shield	13%	53%	1D6 +db
Self Bow	38%	-	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Balance 57%, Dodge 30%, See 39%.

No. Rank Skill Summonings

#1 1st 39% Water elementals.

The Trip Inland

The journey to the Fortress takes about three hours. The sun blazes overhead. The Pan Tangians sweat in their iron armor, but do not break their formation. The terrain is mainly desert scrub with occasional stands of iron-wood trees. Along the way the adventurers can talk to Stone, who is fairly friendly if they accept him as an equal. He is willing to answer any questions they might ask. Stone has his own questions too, about strange and distant parts of the Young Kingdoms.

When they are about half-way there, a band of twenty desert tribesmen attacks the group. This patrol is from Thorn's army and have been waiting in ambush since they saw Stone leave the Fortress earlier in the day. They were not expecting him to return with over a hundred warriors. Their cries of "infidels" and "defilers" turn to death screams as the Pan Tangian soldiers efficiently wipe them out. The adventurers can join the fight if they wish.

TRIBAL PATROL

Use the Tribal Warrior statistics found later in this scenario.

As the sun sets, the travelers arrive at the Fortress. The first sight is breathtaking. The giant horned head of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai towers over the small, walled town. Its vast bone face has been scoured by centuries of desert winds, but yet it survives, immortal and enduring. This is no mere statue raised in honor of Chaos, but the flensed features of a dead god. Even the dour Pan Tangians are impressed, muttering invocations to Chardros under their breath. Trumpets and gongs sound along the walls to herald the saviours' approach.

The Unholy Fortress

A small town is situated within the stone walls of the Fortress. It is a quiet and orderly place, a fully-subsistent community on the edge of civilization. Now it has been disrupted by the looming barbarian threat, and preparations for war are underway.

TOWN HALL

This is square stone building with a tall tower. It is the central administration area of the community. It serves as a meeting place for public debate. Currently it has been transformed into a headquarters for the siege defence.

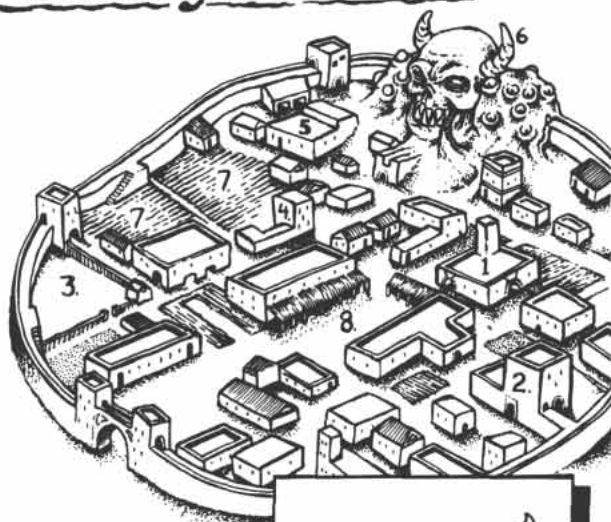
GRAIN SILO

This is where all the grain for the Fortress is stored. Much of the grain is "imported" by pirates, but some of it is grown locally. Ash keeps the key to the silo, and she strictly controls the reserves.

LIVESTOCK AREA

Horses and cattle are kept here, although usually they are allowed to roam beyond the walls. There is a small abattoir, as well as a cold room for meat storage.

The Unholy Fortress



1. TOWN HALL/MEETING PLACE
2. GRAIN SILO
3. LIVESTOCK AREA
4. THE RAVEN'S CRY
5. TEMPLE OF YESHPOTOOM KAH LAI
6. YESHPOTOOM KAH LAI
7. VEGETABLE GARDENS
8. MARKET PLACE

THE RAVEN'S CRY

This large tavern is run by Brab-bad Gaspon. It has three stories, with fifteen rooms available. It is as important a meeting place as the town hall, but far more informal. Brabbad sometimes stages a performance of magic, and Taram often plays his demon-bone instrument here. There are fine beverages stolen from cellars all over the Young Kingdoms, as well as a locally brewed black ale, much favored by the desert tribes.

THE TEMPLE OF YESHPOTOOM-KAH LAI

This is a temple of quiet contemplation staffed by the devotees of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. They do not worship the god as such, rather they are well acquainted with the interior of the Head, and

are skilled at the divinations that take place within. The leader of the temple by merit of age is Taylor Govelle, a serene old man whose knowledge of the Head is without equal. He has resided in the Unholy Fortress for longer than anyone else. He has two adherents, Jelp and Taram, who guide pilgrims into the Head.

THE HEAD OF YESHPOTOOM-KAHLAI

The dead face of the ancient Chaos Duke watches over the town from the eastern edge. The full description of the Head interior appears in a section below.

VEGETABLE GARDENS

A variety of vegetables and grains are grown in these spaces, to feed the people of the Fortress. Excess crop is sold in the market to the local nomads.

MARKET SQUARE

A large square in the center of town, used as a market place once a month. Those selling goods at market times include pirates flogging stolen goods, nomad traders from the desert, and the local craftsmen and weapon smiths who live within the Fortress. On the eve of the attack, the square is deserted. The Pan Tangians pitch their tents here.

The Folk of the Fortress

Complete descriptions of the important residents of the Unholy Fortress follow. By its nature, the place attracts distinctive individuals. In the coming battle, the game-master may decide which of these people survive through to the end.

GALJAAN TRABEKK

Galjaan Trabekk is a tall and regal Melnibonéan. He has a noble bearing, and long silver hair. His voice is clear and calm. His eyes are gray and wise.

Once he was one of the most talented and handsome bachelors in Imrryrian society, and the captain of Pyaray's Eye, the Emperor's personal flagship. His rapid and independent ascent through the tiers of Imrryrian society drew the attention of both admirers and detractors. As he became increasingly enmeshed in the elaborate intrigues of the court, he had to delicately position himself between various factions. One evening at a pivotal court ball, he selected the incorrect partner to dance with and was immediately challenged to a duel of honor by his brother. Rather than be manipulated into killing his own kin, he declined the duel, expecting his brother to do the same. Treacherously, his brother demanded rightful satisfaction. Galjaan was stripped of his

rank and had his forehead branded with the Melnibonéan rune meaning "coward".

In disgust, the fallen prince turned his back on his home and left Imrryr for ever. Preoccupied by his betrayal and failure, he journeyed to the Unholy Fortress in search of answers, and found a community where he could utilize his skills without compromising his principles. In the process Galjaan has acquired some human values, such as compassion, although his manner is still a little too formal.

He lives alone within the walls of the Fortress, by his own choice. He is respected and admired by most people within the Fortress, not for his heritage and his power, but for his courage and integrity. When war comes, he is their natural leader.

GALJAAN TRABEKK

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 15 INT 22 POW 18 DEX 16 CHA 9

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOR: Melnibonéan Plate* (1D10+6)

* He wears his partial suit of ceremonial Melnibonéan plate armor, made not of a base metal but of an amalgam of gold, platinum and some unearthly metal. It currently contains three bound fire elementals.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Battle Ax	97%	94%	1D8+2 +db
Target Shield	80%	83%	1D6 +db
Mel. Bone Bow	73%	--	2D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Balance 66%, Navigate 91%, Orate 75%, Sing 83%, World Lore 40%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/75%, High Melnibonéan 55%/55%, Low Melnibonéan 100%/100%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 67%.

SUMMONINGS: All Elementals.

TROKAR THE FALLEN

Trokar Valron was once a priest. He cuts a handsome yet mournful figure. His hair is long and black, and his eyes are dark-circled, betraying his sleepless nights.

In happier days, he was a soldier of Donblas. His life revolved around his faith and his axe. He grew up and lived in Chanatal, capital of the eastern province of Vilmir, and was a respected member of the Church community. His strength of arms and subtlety of intellect demonstrated the twin virtues of his god. He wrote a series of sonnets in praise of Donblas in his youth which have been preserved in Church libraries because of their astonishing beauty and fanatical zeal.

He was promoted to a position of grave responsibility, guardian of the vault beneath the temple library, the vault where grimoires of evil and magic were locked away from the sight of innocent people. One day whilst standing at the door, he heard a noise inside the vault. On investigation he found a child sitting within the safe room, casually flipping through one of the unholy texts.

Trokar demanded that the youngster explain himself, so the child began talking, telling the priest of the wonders of Chaos. Trokar was eventually discovered asleep in the vault, face down in a forbidden text. He was stripped of his rank and cast out of the Church. The child was never seen again.

Embittered and confused, Trokar began wandering the Young Kingdoms until he arrived in the Unholy Fortress, where he has spent the last seven years pondering his cruel fate.

TROKAR VALRON

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 19 POW 21 DEX 10 CHA 13

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Virtuous Battle Ax	66%	59%	10 points +db
Hatchet	60%	50%	1D6+1 +db
Dagger	45%	39%	1D4+2 +db

SKILLS: First Aid 54%, Persuade 21%, Plant Lore 44%.

LANGUAGES: Common 70%/95%.

BRABBAD GASPON

A small Jharkorian man with boundless energy, Brabbad has worked all his life as a merchant. His open-mindedness and curiosity led him to the Unholy Fortress. He was fascinated by the diversity of the pilgrims, and remained here working in the Raven's Cry. Now he owns the place. Brabbad has an interest in staged illusions, and continually practices new tricks upon the customers of the inn.

BRABBAD GASPON

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 15 DEX 16 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Quarterstaff	49%	47%	1D8

SKILLS: Bargain 74%, Conceal 41%, Credit 65%, Dodge 33%, Evaluate Treasure 74%, Juggle 59%, Oracle 39%, Persuade 55%, Sleight of Hand 80%.

LANGUAGES: Common 50%/70%.

ALACK

Alack wears predominantly black clothes, and has a pale, vampiric look about him. This is balanced by his exuberant and joyful personality, unusual when contrasted by his gloomy obsessions.

As an adolescent, Alack became keenly aware a distinct difference between himself and the people that surrounded him. Growing up an orphan in the bustling city of Raschil, the young Filkhari saw the people around him distracted and obsessed by their trivial lives. He aspired to grander things. He wished to use the most

awesome power at his disposal to rise above his present lot. The power of death.

He is obsessed by death. He is fascinated by killing and dying. To him, a battlefield is a work of art. On arriving at the Unholy Fortress he was amazed to find the head of a dead god. He ventured up into the oracle room and took poison to bring himself close to death. While lying there he had amazing visions and knew when he would die. Now that he resides in the Fortress his specialty has become predicting, with uncanny accuracy, the circumstances of an individual's death.

ALACK

STR 10 CON 18 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 12 DEX 17 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Rapier	45%	45%	1D6+1
Dagger	50%	50%	1D4+2

SKILLS: Climb 72%, Conceal 60%, Cut Purse 54%, Jump 88%, Move Quietly 55%, Oracle 31% (Death-Related 99%), Pick Lock 75%, Poison Lore 63%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/60%.

ASH

This woman is a shaman of one of the more peaceful nomadic tribes of the Great Eastern Desert. She is dark-skinned, with long ash-blonde hair. Her eyes have a clear blue color.

She lives at the Fortress, acting as a guide for the pilgrims in her tribe which come to visit the Head. She has also become involved with the people of the Fortress, and taken on responsibilities within the community. She is in charge of the grain stores, and is looked upon with respect by her peers.

ASH

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 16 DEX 15 CHA 14

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Half-leather (1D6-2)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Spear	54%	49%	1D6+1 +db
Dagger	44%	39%	1D4+2 +db
Javelin	49%	--	1D8+2 +db

SKILLS: First Aid 88%, Listen 53%, Move Quietly 66%, Oracle 71%, Plant Lore 88%, Ride 49%, Set Trap 54%, Sing 75%, Track 48%.

LANGUAGES: Common 75%/65%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 48%

SUMMONINGS: Earth elementals.

LAZARUS

Lazarus is a demon in disguise, a simple-looking man with a soul of Chaos. Once a farmer in Ilmiora, he was captured by an Agent of Mabelrode and sacrificed to the Faceless Lord. Mabelrode consumed the farmer's soul,

and replaced it with the dark soul of one of his favored demons. Thus, Lazarus was born to wander the world in the service of his Lord.

Like his liege, Lazarus is completely expressionless. At times his features are so wooden as to seem like a poorly-made mask of flesh. His speech is slow and halting, as if he was accustomed to a different tongue. His reasons for settling at the Unholy Fortress are inscrutable. He works in the smithy at the Fortress and manufactures remarkable swords.

Lazarus is a wild card for use by the gamemaster for any purpose. He can join any side in the coming battle, or take no part whatsoever.

LAZARUS

STR 25 CON 25 SIZ 16 INT 37 POW 19 DEX 15 CHA 7

HIT POINTS: 25 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +2D6+2D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	100%	100%	1D8+1+db
Greatsword	100%	100%	2D8+db
Shortsword	100%	100%	1D6+db

SKILLS: Balance 75%, Blacksmith 150%, Weaponsmith 150%.

LANGUAGES: Common -75%.

TAYLAR GOVELLE

Taylor is the head priest at the Fortress. He is bald and stern. He has devoted his life to unravelling the mysteries of the head of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. He wears robes of raw cotton. He has lived at the Fortress all his life, having spent much of his time studying the notes of his predecessors. He is an accomplished scholar and would be a powerful sorcerer, if he was interested in summoning demons.

TAYLAR GOVELLE

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 23 POW 25 DEX 14 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Dagger	49%	45%	1D4+2

SKILLS: First Aid 100%, Oracle 90%, Persuade 56%, Plant Lore 100%.

LANGUAGES: Common 100%/100%, Low Melnibonéan 90%/90%, High Melnibonéan 90%/90%.

JELP

Jelp is of average height, with light brown hair and freckles. As a teenager growing up in the City of the Yellow Coast, she became disenchanted with the material culture of Argimiliar. She dabbled a little with Law and Chaos and found both to be wanting. Drifting along, she eventually arrived at the Unholy Fortress. She met Taylor Govelleville and became determined to study under this brilliant man.

JELP

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 17 DEX 12 CHA 16

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Knife	35%	33%	1D3+1

SKILLS: First Aid 48%, Oracle 72%, Plant Lore 65%.

LANGUAGES: Common 60%/70%, High Melnibonéan 15%/15%, Low Melnibonéan 20%/20%.

TARAM

Taram is a mad-eyed minstrel from Old Hrolmar. His eyes glow with the passion of his music. He has come to the Unholy Fortress to write music. He finds inspiration in the corridors and rooms of the Head. To this end he has become a devotee of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai, performing his unique musical pieces for the enjoyment of the people of the Unholy Fortress. He shaved his head in imitation of his religious superior, Taylor Govelleville.

Taram has built a musical instrument from the bones and sinew of a dead demon. The unearthly music he plays on it is both chilling and beautiful, and could drive a weak-minded listener mad. It has already driven Taram insane.

TARAM

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

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Falchion	46%	41%	1D6+2+db

SKILLS: Music Lore 74%, Oracle 69%, Play Bone Instrument 87%, Sing 53%.

LANGUAGES: Common 50%/70%.

INHABITANTS OF THE UNHOLY FORTRESS

These statistics represent the rank-and-file people of the Fortress. They came here for spiritual enlightenment, and now they're under siege. They are equipped with broadswords made by Lazarus.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	13	15	12	15	12	11	15	17
CON	11	14	16	10	13	16	17	13
SIZ	14	10	10	11	15	11	17	12
INT	18	15	15	10	13	14	12	17
POW	12	13	17	12	10	13	14	15
DEX	15	14	13	11	12	15	18	9
CHA	11	13	16	13	13	15	11	12
HP	13	14	16	10	16	16	22	13
DB	1D6	1D6	-	1D6	1D6	-	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Leather (1D6-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	48%	40%	1D8+1+db
Target Shield	10%	45%	1D6

Arriving at the Fortress

At the gate a small gathering greets the adventurers. Twenty-five people sit on horseback observing two men involved in heated discussion. One is a tall, greying Melnibonéan. The other is a middle-aged Lormyrian man. They stop arguing and survey the new arrivals. The Lormyrian breaks the silence. "Are these your fabulous allies Galjaan? Bloodthirsty pirates and hopeless vagrants." He sneers at the adventurers. "You will all die unless you join with me. Thorn has promised us all safe passage, if we go to him in peace."

The Melnibonéan asks if anyone else wishes to join with Corman Fitch. Silence is the only reply. Laughing bitterly, Fitch leaps onto his horse and leads his band of traitors out into the desert. His parting shout is caught by the night breeze. "You are all doomed."

Without any loss of composure, Galjaan Trabekk greets the arriving warriors in the name of the people of the Unholy Fortress, and thanks them for coming to their aid. As the newcomers enter the Fortress, a weak cheer of welcome rises from the small crowd of curious townsfolk who have turned out to greet their promised saviours. Their obvious distrust and disappointment at the sight of the Pan Tangians makes the crowd disperse soon after everyone is inside the walls. Trokar oversees the locking of the gates, not to be reopened until the threat is passed. Galjaan and Stone help the Pan Tangians to make camp in the market square. Palvick shows the adventurers up to the Raven's Cry and introduces them to Brabbad Gaspon.

Tension fills the air. The majority of the townsfolk return to their homes. Distrust of the Pan Tangian troops and fear of the approaching conflict sours the usually relaxed atmosphere of the Fortress.

The Last Supper

The adventurers can settle in at the Raven's Cry. The place is filled with folk of many different lands, but tonight they are thoughtful and subdued. Conversations are hushed, and most people are content to sit and gaze into the fire. Brabbad tries to lift everyone's spirits with a few tricks, but they fall flat. The mood is not helped by the presence of Alack, who wanders from person to person asking them how many people they've killed. He licks his lips and continues the tally.

Later in the night, over a supper of ox tail stew and fresh baked bread, Galjaan and Stone attempt to get to know the adventurers in the short time available to them. After chatting for a time, the conversation is turned to their present predicament. Stone drinks a local

spirit appropriately named Desert Fire, while Galjaan chews a wad of Amphaat to stave off tiredness and increase his concentration. They impart the following information:

- ✱ *The floating population of the Fortress, the merchants, pirates and drifters, cleared out at the first sign of danger.*
- ✱ *The number of fighting bodies in the Fortress is approximately two hundred, not counting the Pan Tangians and the adventurers. Two thirds of them have had some combat experience. The weaponsmith, Lazarus, has provided enough finely-crafted swords to equip all of the townsfolk. This required long preparation. It was as if he had known that the war was coming.*
- ✱ *Three weeks ago Taylar Govelle had a vision in which he saw a barbarian army sweep over the Fortress. The portents of the vision were bleak unless outsiders aided the Fortress in its darkest hour.*
- ✱ *The prophecy unfolds. The approaching horde consists of various tribes. They are loosely unified by the insane plan of their leader, Thorn, a powerful demon shaman. His quest is to awaken the dead god by feeding it the souls of his victims. His own tribe is terrified of him. He has visited the Fortress once before, but was exiled when he tried to sacrifice Jelp inside the Head.*
- ✱ *If Thorn dies, the host will probably fall apart, as tribal rivalries are remembered and their fear of Thorn is forgotten.*

The briefing session turns to the role of the adventurers in the upcoming conflict. Galjaan wants to station them along the wall. From their vantage point they will be able to oversee the security of the gates, and take action if the barbarians manage to breach the wall. The Pan Tangians will be stationed in the clear area behind the gate in the event of the nomads breaking through. Galjaan, Ash and Brabbad will coordinate the defense from the tower above the town hall.

During the discussions, two figures approach the table, one male, one female. They are twins, dressed in black. Their expressions are grim. They inform Galjaan that they are ready to leave. The Melnibonéan salutes them and wishes them luck. They depart. Galjaan explains that they are assassins who will attempt to kill Thorn tonight.

The briefing finishes late in the evening. Galjaan and Stone bid the adventurers a good night's rest and leave the inn.

The Eve of Destruction

There is a furtive knock at the inn's door at midnight. Sleeping adventurers must make a Listen roll to rouse themselves from slumber. At the door is young Alack. He whispers conspiratorially "A few of us are going up to the Head to see if we can learn anything before tomorrow. It's a dark night, ideal for it. Do any of you wish to join us?" Adventurers that go back to sleep have

ominous and unsettling dreams. Adventurers that venture out with Alack do so in a dreamlike stupor, as if they were voluntary sleepwalkers. The midnight pilgrimage should have the quality of a waking dream for the adventurers involved.

Outside the Raven's Cry a small group of people waits for the adventurers. Those present include Taylor Govelle, Jelp, Taram, Trokar, Galjaan, and Ash. Huge clouds blanket the night sky, and the only audible sounds are the snatches of low droning chants carried by the breeze from the Pan Tangian camp. The three devotees lead the group up the stairway into the head. Anyone carrying a bound demon weapon of any kind is advised to remove it before entering the Head. Everyone then places their hands on the shoulders of the person in front of them and they proceed into the darkness of the mouth. Galjaan can be heard humming a simple chant in High Melnibonéan.

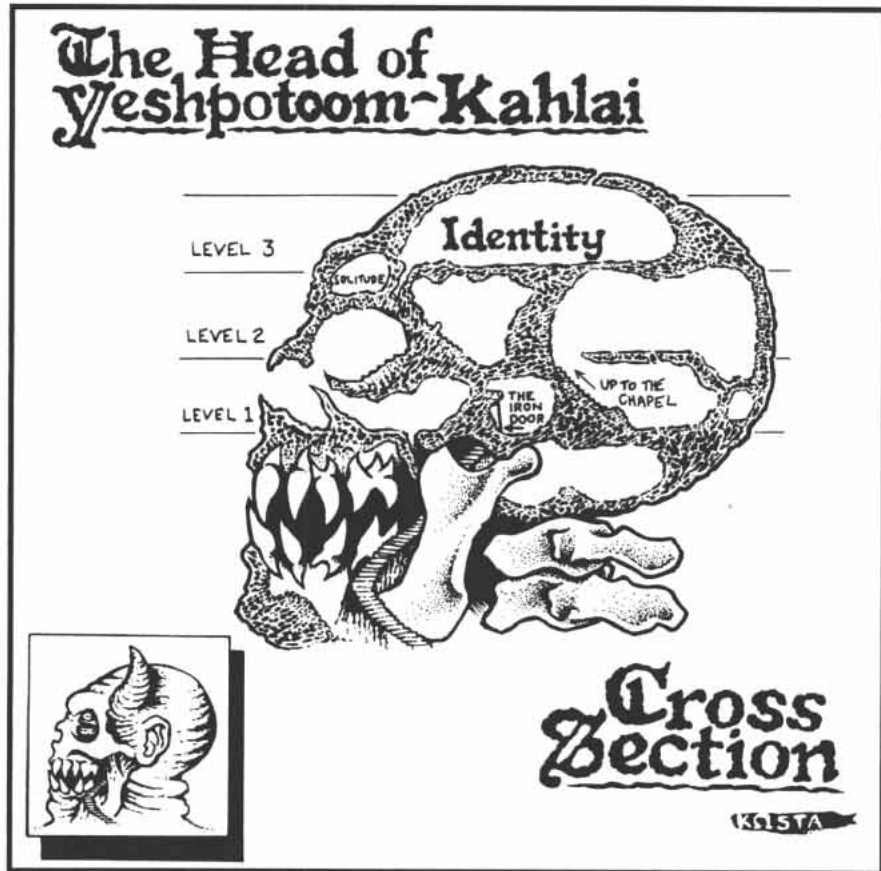
A full description of the Head appears below. The description of the night ceremony resumes below, under the heading Wisdom from the Dead God (p.108).

Yeshpotoom-Kahlai

A single stairway rises up from the street into the mouth of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Inside the mouth, the light quickly fades. Even hand-held light sources such as torches fail to illuminate the area. The adventurers must feel their way up the steps. There is a sense of being in a vast empty space, and that if they were to fall, the descent into darkness would last forever. The stairway ends at a large iron door. It is kept closed at all times.

Inside the Head

It is completely silent within the Head of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Sound does not seem to travel, and noises which are normally loud seem dulled. It is difficult to determine



direction, and a Map Making roll is required to gain a compass bearing.

The walls, floor and ceiling are made of a strange unearthly substance. It is pale white in color, mottled with red and brown. It is hard and resilient to the touch. The walls exude a soft radiance. Once the eyes become accustomed to it, the light is ample to see by.

Individuals with high INT and POW can mould the stuff of the Head to their will. Those with a combined INT and POW of 40 or more are able to shape one square yard of head stuff per hour. The substance undergoing transformation becomes yielding and malleable, like soft cheese. Once it is in place it sets again, and the change is permanent. Rooms can be created in this fashion. Psychic imprints can be imposed upon the room if an individual remains in them long enough.

Strange, ethereal wisps of ectoplasm drift throughout the Head. They cannot pass outside because of the iron door. They are pale pink and orange, and look like a mixture of fine silk and smoke. They waft along the tunnels and through the chambers, floating on undetectable currents, writhing sinuously. They flock around any

person with a high POW, but are not threatening to most humans.

If an individual has a strong Chaos taint, the wisps can cause harm. People affected in this fashion include Melnibonéans, Pan Tangians, Priests and Agents, or anyone else who has sold their soul to Chaos. They wisps enter the body of the tainted individual and begin to consume their chaos stuff, effectively causing 1D3 damage per round.

Completely chaotic beings such as demons (either bound or physically manifested) are swamped by wisps and quickly consumed. The demon suffers 1D20 damage per round. As the wisps feed, they become darker in color and more dense. They then split apart into several new wisps.

Galjaan knows an ancient Melnibonéan mantra which keeps the chanter safe from the raw stuff of Chaos. As long as this chant is unbroken, he is immune to the ectoplasmic attack. Any pilgrim who can make both a Speak High Melnibonéan roll and a Sing roll can learn the chant.

Level One: Awareness

The rooms on the first level are areas in the dead god's brain that deal with the physical sensations of a living being. Upon entering a room, an adventurer's senses are bombarded by physical sensations. These can overwhelm and disable unless an INT x3 roll is made, in which case the individual is able to take control of his or her own mind and shrug off the lingering will of the dead god. Anyone swept up by the sensations in a room suffers a -30% modifier on all skills until they retreat from the room and clear their mind. The rooms on this level are all featureless and ellipsoid in shape.

BRIGHT LIGHT

This chamber lies directly behind the iron door. After the darkness on the stairs, the light which radiates from the walls seems intensely bright and mo-

mentarily disorients. Four tunnels lead away from this room.

TOUCH

Inside this room an adventurer's skin comes alive, their clothing chafes unbearably against skin, their feet ache within their boots, and so on. If the INT x3 roll is failed, they cannot proceed through this room. The very air seems to abrade their flesh.

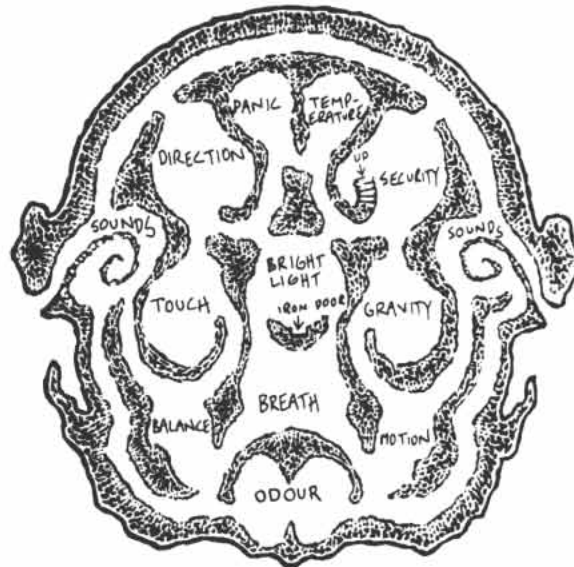
TEMPERATURE

The temperature in this room either increases or decreases to intolerable levels. Progress through the room becomes harder and harder as the adventurers feel their body temperature either rise or fall. Those who fail the INT x3 roll are paralysed by sweeping cold or raging fever.

GRAVITY

As soon as the adventurers enter this room, up becomes down, and then changes back again. It is impossible to understand the pull of gravity in here. Those who fail the INT x3 roll are unsure of whether they are walking, or falling, or both. They find it impossible to cross the room.

The Head of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai



Level One - Awareness

KOSTA

BREATH

Within this room the adventurers are reminded of how essential yet unremarkable breathing is to continued existence. It becomes harder to breathe as the dead gods' mind compels them to breathe at a different, divine rate. Those who fail the INT x3 roll start to drown unless they retreat immediately.

PANIC

In this room the adventurers sense that something is terribly wrong. The feeling of fear and dread grows and grows. Those who fail the INT x3 roll may still cross the room, but it is a blind flight in terror of the unknown. The gamemaster may randomly select which way they run.

MOTION

The adventurers' movements become less and less coordinated in here, as if someone else is moving their limbs for them. Those who fail the INT x3 roll can still move towards one of the exits, but it is randomly determined by the gamemaster.

BALANCE

The floor of this chamber seems to be made of ice. It becomes harder to stand upright. Those who fail the INT x3 roll fall over, and must be helped up by someone else.

SOUNDS

These twin rooms curl in upon themselves. Noises rebound through the tight twists, and with them come echoes of whispered conversations, hideous laughter, and inhuman screams. If the INT x3 roll is failed the noise grows in volume until the adventurer passes out.

ODOR

A powerful smell lurks in this room. It can be fair or foul, but it is so strong that the air seems to swim with it. Those who fail the INT x3 roll choke and gag, and must retreat from the stench.

DIRECTION

In this room the adventurers' sense of direction becomes increasingly confused. At the midpoint, if the INT x3 roll is failed,

an adventurer cannot decide whether they are going forward or backward. Once again the gamemaster can determine randomly which exit is taken.

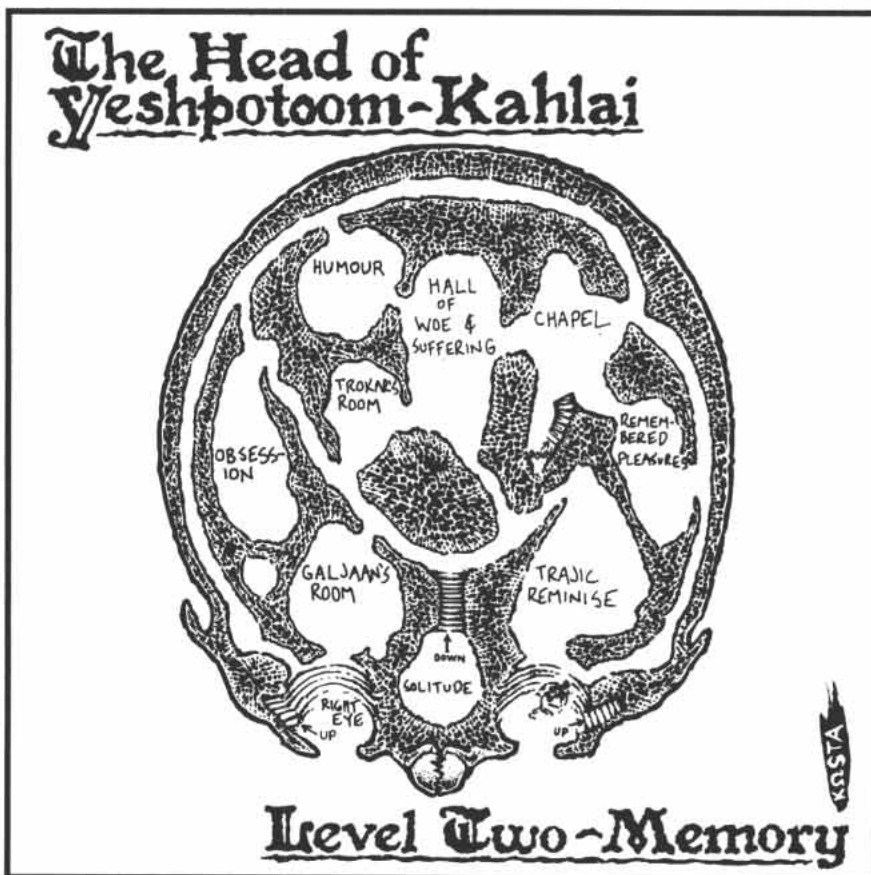
SECURITY

It is safe in this room. The adventurers can relax. The floor looks comfortable, and is even more so when they lie down upon it. An INT x3 roll dispels this pleasing illusion with the memory that they are inside the brain of a dead Chaos Lord. A steep passage leads out of this room, up to the next level.

Level Two: Memory

This level is home to the common memories of sentient beings. The rooms on this level have a tendency to trap an individual in remembrance of things past. In order to resist the memory's lure, an adventurer must make a POW x3 roll. If the roll fails, the adventurer is swept up by their own recollections. Another POW x3 roll can be attempted every five minutes.

Three of the chambers on this level have been styled by the residents of the Fortress, using the peculiar capabilities of the headstuff to recreate memories tied



to their particular experience. This is not considered wise. The oracle has said that those who use Yeshpo-toom-Kahlai will come to understand the nature of their doom and achieve peace of mind, but they will hasten its ultimate arrival.

THE CHAPEL

This room was created by Tylar Govelle. It is a memory of the temple in the town below. There is no need for a POW x3 roll in this room, as the memory recalls the physical shape of the place, and its restful, contemplative air. It does not impede progress. The room is intended as a resting place on the journey through the Head.

THE HALL OF WOE AND SUFFERING

This passage is a memory of being badly treated and abused. It appears to be a long dark hall made of stone. Snide whispered comments come from the walls, but no source can be seen. Further along the hallway the comments become shouts of abuse and derision, and eventually escalate to threats of violence and hurled clots of ectoplasmic filth. POW x3 rolls must be made, or the adventurers are reduced to their knees as the assault becomes too much to bear.

OBSESSION

The memory evoked by this room is one of obsessive desire. Each adventurer remembers how much they once wanted something. The something is not any definite object, but a general feeling of desperate longing. The object lies ahead of the adventurers, and they are driven to run towards it. If the POW x3 roll is made, they stop running and realize that they are no longer interested in it. Those who fail the roll keep running in circles, chasing an ever-receding phantom memory.

REMEMBERED PLEASURES

This room has a cheerful fire burning in a cozy fireplace. There is a window, and it is cold and raining outside. Each adventurer feels compelled to sit in the huge sofa in front of the fire. They start to think back on when they were last this happy. Any adventurer who makes the POW x3 roll remembers that there are things to do, and sofa, fire and window vanish into nothingness. Those who fail the roll remain on the couch, reliving fond memories.

TROKAR'S ROOM

This room was created by Trokar Valron, in order to replay his fall from grace. Those who enter here see the vault that he was set to guard many years ago. The walls are lined with crowded bookshelves. The tomes radiate

an almost tangible aura of magic and evil. Sitting at a table in the center of the room is a young child, slowly flipping through one of the books. The adventurers remember that they are supposed to be guarding these books, and that the child does not belong here. The child looks up at them, and its eyes have a hypnotic and baleful stare. The adventurers must make a POW x3 roll or be lulled into slumber by the intensity of the demonic gaze. If one of the adventurers makes the roll, he or she is able to plunge a weapon into the demon. It disappears with a cry, leaving behind the stench of brimstone. If everyone fails, they all fall asleep and do not awaken for thirty minutes. When they do, the scene begins again.

TRAGIC REMINISCENCE

This room appears to be a lush green garden. It is immaculately kept, and the smell is reminiscent of a forest just after a rainstorm. Deeper in, the garden becomes a cemetery. Each adventurer eventually comes to a small bench under a weeping willow. The graves of loved ones and family members lie nearby. A great sense of sadness and futility overwhelms the adventurers. Those who fail the POW x3 roll slump to the bench, weeping inconsolably.

HUMOR

In this room each adventurer remembers the funniest joke that they ever heard, so funny that they spontaneously start laughing. Trying to tell someone else the joke is impossible, because every time they try they never get beyond the first few words before they begin laughing again. All around the room are mirrors that distort their shape, and make them laugh even harder. Those who make the POW x3 roll manage to get the giggles under control. Those who fail collapse to the floor in paroxysms of laughter whenever they catch sight of one of the mirrors again.

GALJAAN'S ROOM

This room is also a memorial to one man's acknowledgment of failure. In here Galjaan has recreated his final night in Imrryr.

The adventurer steps into a vast ballroom. Huge columns tower above, supporting an unimaginably high ceiling. The room is full of people. Melnibonéan nobles, arrayed in the most exquisite costumes, glitter like jewels as they perform intricate courtly dances. Naked slaves of all races glide back and forth, obedient to their owners' whims. Soon the adventurer is standing in the midst of the crowd. A multitude of eyes observe their actions. The dancers shift and reform, matching the

adventurer's every move. Two women move out of the dance if the adventurer is male, or two men for a female adventurer. The pair approach, and the adventurer must choose one of them to partner in the pavane. The pressure of the crowds' attention is almost a physical sensation. Each adventurer should make a POW x3 roll. Success indicates that they choose the correct partner and dance smoothly through the crowd to the other exit. Those who fail find that their partner laughs coquettishly at them, and steps backwards. Armed men appear out of the crowd, barring passage. Any attempt to go further is met by force of arms and the adventurer is driven back to the door.

SOLITUDE

In this room each adventurer perceives that their companions grow larger and larger. They cannot hear anything spoken by the adventurer, who is eventually dwarfed and ignored by them as they continue across the room. If the POW x3 roll succeeds, this feeling of insignificance is shrugged off and normal proportions return as the adventurer continues across the room. Those who fail feel small and alone, as the room stretches out forever into an uncrossable expanse.

THE LEFT EYE AND THE RIGHT EYE

These rooms are completely spherical. Tiered benches line the rear of the eyeballs. The pupils of the eyes are translucent. Through them the viewer is able to perceive things seen by the Chaos Lord in life. Adventurers who fail the POW x3 roll stand stunned, witnessing the divine visions of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Those who succeed can wrench their gaze away and continue on to the upper level.

Some people voluntarily choose to sit in the seats and gaze for hours out of the eyes of the Head. This is not a healthy thing to do. There is a skeleton in the left eyeball, an Ilmioran thrill-seeker who wasted away while contemplating the sights seen by Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Here are some examples:

- ✱ *The mad grins of the Doomed Folk, whose hatred for the planet which gave them birth was to shatter the world and renew the Time Cycle, ushering in a new Age.*
- ✱ *A gigantic mountain, stretching as far as the eye can see. Then the viewer realizes that the mountain is but one stalagmite in a limitless underground cavern.*
- ✱ *A stately dance, across a battlefield of minced corpses, in the arms of a Lady of Chaos. She has a face of exquisite beauty, so perfect that no human woman could ever seem attractive by comparison. She is clad in fly-blown rags, and her body is pustulent with decay.*
- ✱ *A universe cobbled together by a pair of bored gods. Their chaotic whims give birth to realms of wonder, horror, and endless change.*

- ✱ *The forging of two black swords, swords that will shape the wyrd and seal the doom of the Young Kingdoms.*
- ✱ *A monstrous bloated spider, spinning its web between a galaxy of planets.*
- ✱ *A single perfect flower, of breath-taking color and symmetry. It grows wild in a field, amidst thousands of such flowers.*
- ✱ *A world where Law and Chaos are one race, undivided. They labor at the behest of the Cosmic Balance, which speaks once, ordering the Multiverse, and falls still.*
- ✱ *Eggs of iron which hatch forth suns.*
- ✱ *Towers as delicate as lace grow like fanciful blossoms towards a sky of imperial blue, then shrivel and rot with the first frosts of autumn.*
- ✱ *A cliff-face at the Edge of Time where a thousand thousand warriors bewail their eternal fate, weeping for their lost souls, lost lovers, and lost hope.*
- ✱ *Arrival of a group of little humans at the flimsy gate of a pitiful fort.*

Each of the eye chambers provides access to the third level, via a sloped passageway.

Level Three: Identity

This level is the pinnacle of the dead god's mind. In this vast upper chamber lie the remains of its identity. The ceiling is the dome of the skull. The walls seem to be made of a quartz-like material, and occasionally lurid colors flicker through the substance.

It is in this room that humans able to commune with the remnants of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai's omniscient consciousness, and thereby gain an insight into future events. The diviner must first decide upon what information they seek in order to be able to make sense of the communion. The diviner must then sit on the floor and go into a meditative trance, blanking out his or her mind to everything except the question. Images come into the mind of the diviner which give some clue to the outcome of the inquiry. The interpretation of these clues is covered by the skill of Oracle.

ORACLE

This skill has no application outside of the Unholy Fortress. Oracle skill begins at a percentile chance equal to INT+POW, and can increase through experience. Successful use of the skill indicates that the images flooding from Yeshpotoom-Kahlai have been interpreted correctly. The gamemaster must provide an answer to some aspect of the question. A failure means that only obscure hints can be drawn from the divination. A roll of 96-00 indicates that contact with the dead god's mind has overwhelmed the diviner. They lose 1 point of INT permanently, and fall into a coma for 1D10 days.

Wisdom from the Dead God

After passing through the iron door, the midnight congregation of residents and adventurers takes the most direct route through the head, bypassing most of the rooms. Shreds of ectoplasm congregate thickly about Galjaan, but they do not touch him, as if he is encased in an invisible shell. He seems unconcerned, but he never stops his whispered chanting.

Once the assembly reaches the upper chamber, everyone sits down. The three devotees offer a prayer to the spirit of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai. Jelp swings a brazier of weirdly-scented incense, while Taram plays a sonorous dirge on his bizarrely-crafted bone instrument. The discordant music gathers and swells in the echoing dome, until it seems to press down on the skulls of the listeners and tickle at the corners of their souls.

Taylor enters a meditative trance. Alack also goes into a trance, but first he places a tiny drop of poison on his tongue. For some time both men sit upon the floor, eyes closed in deep concentration. Suddenly both diviners rise, standing stiffly, eyes wide open. They speak in unison:

"Beware the subtlety of demons, for they may pass without the wisdom of mortal eye and steal the heart of hope. The saviour must stare without and within, else all be lost. Look to the maggots in the brain of the dead, for they shall be the answer to the traitors' plot."

Taylor snaps out of the trance, and slumps into the arms of his attendants. Alack shudders and his eyes focus upon the adventurers. He begins shouting "Death! Death! Death!" and runs from the room. In an effort to console the adventurers, Stone says "Don't worry, he does that all the time."

The divination concluded, the group files out. No one speaks as they make their way back down through the Head. Their thoughts are only of their own uncertain fate.

Desert Storm

The next morning, huge vats of gruel are taken from the kitchen of the inn down to the hungry Pan Tangian troops. Other residents eat their bowl in the common room, washed down with strong liquor. Everyone is jumpy and nervous, and tempers are short. By contrast, the Pan Tangians seem utterly relaxed. They sit sharpening their weapons and voicing loud prayers to the Reaper and the Tentacled Whisperer, offering great slaughter on this fateful day. This entirely fails to comfort the other residents of the Fortress. Alack does the

rounds, and shakes the hands of Brabbad and Trokar, congratulating them on their excellent luck.

When the adventurers are ready, they can assume their post on the wall. From their position they can see out into the desert and across the town. Below them the Pan Tangians muster in the square and await the call to action. In the distance the barbarian army is on the move and can be seen drawing closer to the Fortress. A See roll estimates their numbers at nearly a thousand warriors. Advance riders have already arrived and are busy cutting down the scattered ironwood trees to make ladders. Occasionally they brandish their spears defiantly at the Fortress walls.

The weather is hot, but it is still overcast. The day drags on. There is nothing to do except watch the growing number of tribesmen. They remain just out of bow range, jeering and laughing as every now and then a frustrated archer takes a shot and falls short of the mark. The bulk of the army arrives after midday. Hundreds of warriors mill around, many of them on horseback, some with packs of hunting dogs. A See roll picks out Corman Fitch, the man who was at the gate the previous evening. He is conversing with the leader of the army, Thorn. Every so often he gestures pointedly at the walls. Thorn is a tall nomad in lacquered armor. His crimson cloak drifts around him like a bloody spray.

The Challenge

Thorn, Fitch and his group of followers approach the gate under a flag of truce. Thorn sits in silence in his saddle, arms folded. He makes a gesture and Fitch rides to the front of the group. He shouts "I speak for the Lord of a Thousand Souls, Thorn, most merciful of masters, most terrible of warlords. Even though his previous offers of peace have been rejected, he extends forth his compassionate hand once more. If you open the gates, you will be allowed to leave this most holy of monuments with your lives and your property. If, in your folly, you choose to remain, then prepare to die and be consumed by the desert."

Allow the adventurers to parley on behalf of the Fortress. The other defenders along the wall wait for a signal. When it comes, they loose a hail of arrows. Fitch takes shelter beneath his shield, and frantically rides out of range. Most of his followers die beneath the walls. Thorn sits in his saddle impassively as the arrows mysteriously break and shatter around him. When the barrage ends, Thorn barks with contemptuous laughter, and rides back to his army at a leisurely pace.



The three devotees of Yeshpotoom-Kahlai

For the rest of the afternoon, the barbarian army prepares to assault the Fortress. A message is passed along the walls for everyone to stand firm. In the late afternoon the desert tribesmen finish their activity and stand ready. They open their mouths and begin to shout, long extended cries that blend into one resonating note. The sound spears across the desert and crashes off the face of the dead god. The defenders grip their weapons and await the inevitable.

The Barbarian Hordes

THORN, LORD OF A THOUSAND SOULS

Thorn is the most potent shaman to have come out of the desert for generations. He is skilled at sorcery, and frequently summons powerful demons. He is a huge man, rippling with muscles. He is so scarified that his mutilated features have frozen into a perpetual snarl. His hair is long and braided with dry desert thornweeds. His voice is guttural, and reminds the listener of the bark of a carrion dog. He wears a red cloak died in the blood of souls sacrificed to Chaos, and demon armor.

His fiery oratory of divine Chaotic deliverance from the harsh desert has inspired a dozen tribes. Warriors who stand side-by-side in his host would have previously slaughtered each other on sight. Thorn truly believes in this holy mission. The great horned god will wake from its slumber, take him up onto its shoulder, and crush the faithful and the infidels alike as it strides westward to lay waste to the nations of men.

The front cover of this book depicts Thorn inside the Head, clutching the soul staff.

THORN

STR 19 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 25 DEX 13 CHA 12

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOR: Demon Armor (25 points)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Demon Spear	97%	95%	1D10+1 +2D6 +db
Thrown Demon Spear	91%	--	2D6 +2D6 +db

SKILLS: Dodge 76%, First Aid 89%, Oratory 97%, Plant Lore 100%, Ride 86%, Set Trap 94%, See 96%, Sing 67%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/40%, High Melnibonéan -/37%..

SUMMONING SKILL: 87%.

SUMMONINGS: Fire elementals. Demon breeds Kahin, Schlup, Vladus, and others. The Urgle. Yeshpotoom-Kahlai (or so he believes).

G'SHRL

DEMON SPEAR Breed Vladus CV: 81
CON 29 SIZ 3 INT 9 POW 20
POWERS: Weapon (+2D6 damage), Vampire (drains 2D6 POW).

VNNN'K

DEMON CLOAK Breed Schflup CV: 121
CON 30 SIZ 16 INT 7 POW 19
POWERS: Shadow Void (10 yard radius).

CK'CK'RR

DEMON ARMOR Breed Kahin CV: 121
CON 25 SIZ 16 INT 5 POW 17
POWERS: Amor (25 points), Wardpact against Missiles.

SOUL STAFF

POW 279

This staff is made of ironwood. It is a traditional artifact decorated with ritual patterns, made by the desert tribes to house the spirits of their ancestors. Thorn carved it to trap the souls of his victims. He plans to offer them up to Yeshpotoom-Kahlai when he takes possession of the Head, and thus wake the Chaos god.

DESERT WARRIORS

Re-use these statistics as necessary to present the barbarian horde. They are a wild lot, decorated with bones and ritual scars, a howling pack of zealous dervishes.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	19	19	14	18	20	17	16	18
CON	14	16	14	15	12	14	15	16
SIZ	17	13	17	17	16	14	19	14
INT	8	10	13	14	6	12	12	10
POW	10	11	13	9	12	14	9	8
DEX	12	15	13	13	15	13	11	14
CHA	15	7	9	7	10	16	7	9
HP	19	17	19	20	16	16	22	18

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

ARMOR: Scraps of Leather and Metal (1D4-1).

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Scimitar	67%	62%	1D6+2 +db
Desert Bow	56%	-	1D10+2 +db
Hatchet	33%	25%	1D6+1 +db

SKILLS: Ride 77%, Track 70%.

CORMAN FITCH

Corman Fitch is a stout bearded man, of broad girth. He has red hair and green eyes. He was originally a captain in the Vilmirian army, but was drummed out when he was caught selling army equipment to the beggars of Nadsokor. He joined a pirate crew, but they sailed off without him after taking on supplies at the Unholy Fortress. He spent most of his days drinking in the Raven's Cry.

Fitch was one of a party sent out to investigate rumors of a powerful new shaman who was gathering the tribes. Fitch liked Thorn's message of universal destruction, and joined his camp. He has persuaded

twenty or so of the other Fortress dwellers to join him in desertion.

CORMAN FITCH

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 15 DEX 18 CHA 10

HIT POINTS: 17 **ARMOR:** Plate (1D10-1)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6/+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Bastard Sword	71%	69%	1D10+1 +db
Heater	54%	59%	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Dodge 42%, First Aid 66%, Ride 72%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/55%.

UNHOLY FORTRESS DESERTERS

Use the same statistics given above for inhabitants of the Unholy Fortress.

The First Wave

The sun begins to set, turning the clouds overhead blood red. This is the signal for the desert warriors to attack. With a vast roar, the barbarians charge. They shelter beneath their shields as they run forward with ladders, raising them against the walls. The setting sun is painfully bright, and all bowmen suffer a -20% to hit because of the glare behind the advancing tribesmen. Leading the charge towards the adventurers' position is Corman Fitch and what remains of his band of renegades. Something has cracked in the man, and as he storms up the ladder, the Lormyrian is openly sobbing. Once he reaches the top he fights like a madman. While on the ladder he suffers -40% chance to hit. If he successfully parries the first three attacks, he leaps onto the wall with the adventurers. The adventurers must defeat Fitch and five of his fellow deserters to hold their position.

The other points of the wall hold fast, and the first assault is repulsed. The retreat is sounded and the barbarians fall back, leaving their ladders behind them. A hundred bodies litter the ground, but there are only a dozen fatalities amongst the defenders. A defiant cry goes up along the wall as the barbarians withdraw into the sunset.

After the battle is over, Alack is wide-eyed and grinning, gazing at the carnage as if it was a thing of beauty. Stone moves along the wall, congratulating everyone. Others follow behind him distributing food. Lazarus can be seen below heading from his smithy to the Raven's Cry, as if this was merely a normal working day.

The Summoning

Thick black clouds obscure the moon. The barbarian army sets up camp before the Fortress, spread out like a

THE UNHOLY FORTRESS



The last charge of Corman Fitch

The Summoning

Thick black clouds obscure the moon. The barbarian army sets up camp before the Fortress, spread out like a dark beast with a hundred burning eyes. Within the town the Pan Tangians strut about, eager for action. A warm light shines in the tower above the town hall, where Galjaan and others discuss strategies. It is a beacon of hope in the darkness.

A huge bonfire is lit in the desert. Standing by it is Thorn. On either side of him two huge stakes have been sunk into the ground. Tied to the stakes are two struggling figures. A See roll identifies them as the twin assassins. Thorn begins to chant in the royal tongue of Melniboné, shouting the inhuman syllables into the night air. Anyone making a Summoning roll determines that Thorn is calling up something very powerful, and that he is offering it the two captives as well as his own soul.

Green lightning forks down from the sky, dispersing the clouds. A full moon now illuminates the scene. More lightning flashes and arcs down as the air above the fire begins to glow and ripple. A murmur of dismay sounds along the wall. The fire snuffs out as two huge tentacles tentatively poke out from the shimmering air. The tentacles brush lightly across the screaming captives, and the two victims simply vanish. Seconds later, screaming is heard directly above the gatehouse, and the pair plummet from the sky to smash into the ramparts.

The Urgle slides its vast bulk into this world. The vast monstrosity looks like a cross between a crayfish and a squid. Thorn stands before it with a group of warriors, and then he and his men disappear from sight. The Urgle shrugs its armor-plated body towards the gates, and begins battering the walls with its huge tentacles. The stench of rotting seaweed fills the air. The gatehouse is torn to pieces, and the battlements are smashed to rubble. The adventurers must decide immediately to abandon their post. If they do not, they must make a successful Jump or Dodge roll or be struck by one of the titanic blows.

THE URGLE

GROTESQUE DEMON			Unique	CV: Unknown
STR 300	CON 100	SIZ 110	INT 25	POW 160 DEX 10
HIT POINTS: 198		ARMOR: Hard shell (20 points)		
Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage	
Tentacle x2	100%	-	10D6 or pull victim into mouth	
Bite	100%	-	10D10	
POWERS: Armor (20 points), Teleport (up to 300 SIZ points).				

Panic rules as the walls disintegrate before the demon's assault. Even the arrogant Pan Tangians appear terrified

of the huge creature. Everyone falls back as rubble and the bodies of defenders fly through the air.

Trokar appears on the walls, waving his virtuous ax. He sprints along the top of the ramparts even as they buckle and sway, screaming at the top of his lungs. He launches himself out into space, and buries his ax in the Urgle's soft maw. The weapon of Law bites deeply, and foul black fluid sprays everywhere. It tosses Trokar aside, and shrieks in pain. It recoils its tentacles in agony, and drags itself out of the world. Trokar's broken body falls to earth. He has time to gasp out a few last words about Donblas and Law and Chaos before he expires.

The damage has been done. The walls are down. The tribesmen charge into the Fortress, howling their battle cries. The Pan Tangians move forwards to meet them, and fighting rages in the streets of the Unholy Fortress. The adventurers may join the fight. The tribesmen are not trained soldiers, but they have the advantage of numbers. The Pan Tangians are excellent troops and can hold the nomads at bay for some time, but eventually they will be overwhelmed by the larger force. Stone runs past the adventurers towards the fray, shouting "Find Thorn! Kill the shaman!"

Thorn's Plan

In the midst of the battle, call for See rolls from the adventurers. Those who make it are certain that Thorn is nowhere to be seen, and neither is Galjaan. Furthermore, the light in the town hall tower has been extinguished. A See roll directed back towards the town notes a small group of men sprinting up the stairway into the Head.

Thorn and a group of twenty warriors have been teleported into the town hall by the Urgle. They killed everyone there except for Galjaan and Ash, who have been taken hostage. They are making for the Head. Thorn hopes to awaken Yeshpotoom-Kahlai whether he wins the battle or not. He needs Galjaan alive because the Melnibonéan knows the chant which keeps the wisps at bay. He needs Ash to force Galjaan to co-operate. Galjaan would sacrifice his own life, but not anyone else's. If he was true to his Melnibonéan birthright, such things would not concern him.

The adventurers can run for the Head, even though Thorn has a head start on them. This is negated as Galjaan and Ash lead him through the head by the longest possible route. As the adventurers charge through the tunnels, they can try to follow the path used by Taylor Govelle on the previous night. This requires a successful Memorize roll. Failure indicates that no one

can quite remember the route and must make their own way up to the upper chamber.

THE LOST WARRIORS

The following chambers contain tribesmen left behind by Thorn as he rushes towards the upper chamber:

Level One

BRIGHT LIGHT: Four warriors were left here to stall any possible pursuit. Thorn's demon spear lies discarded in one corner, drained by the wisps.

DIRECTION: One confused warrior wanders back and forth, crying. He is so grateful to be shown the way out that he almost forgets that the adventurers are infidels.

SECURITY: Two warriors sit in the corner relaxed and comfortable. They ignore the adventurers as long as no-one disturbs their rest.

Level Two

OBSESSION: Three warriors run in circles here. Any adventurers entering the room break the hold it has on them, and they attack.

HUMOR: One warrior is sitting on the floor laughing uncontrollably. He doesn't want to attack anyone, he merely wants to share the joke.

SOLITUDE: Two warriors have broken down here. They weep openly, and make no attempt to protect themselves.

THE RIGHT EYE: Three warriors stand guard here at the entrance to the upper chamber. They have their backs to the dead god's memories. Adventurers who fight them must make POW x3 rolls each round or be distracted by the awesome visions. Those who are distracted suffer -30% to all skills.

The Showdown

Thorn and Galjaan stand opposite each other in the upper chamber. Both men are humming the chant that keeps the wisps at bay. One warrior holds a knife to Ash's throat, and will kill her if Galjaan stops his chant. Three other warriors move to intercept the adventurers.

Thorn has been transfigured by his dealings with The Urtle. His skin has a greenish cast and a viscous serum oozes from newly grown plates of chitin that cover his body. The rags of his demonic robes still cling to his back, though they have long since been consumed by the wisps. His armor is buckled and useless. But, he has reached his destination. Smiling in triumph, Thorn slams the Soul Staff into the floor of the chamber. There is a noise like an explosion and a massive crack splits the room. Radiance fountains up from the staff, and out of the crack flood thousands of wisps. The POW stored in the staff was not enough to revive the dead god. It has merely caused thousands of wisps to suddenly come into existence.

Thorn shouts "Nooooo!", and thereby breaks his chant. The shreds of ectoplasm swarm upon him and

begin consuming his soul. He screeches and howls as the clinging matter sucks out his life. His eyeballs burst.

Galjaan does not stop his own chanting. The air is solid with the multi-colored wisps. The tribesmen are utterly dismayed by Thorn's death, and the adventurers can use this confusion to rescue Ash. The surviving nomads flee in terror.

Galjaan points to Thorn's body, and makes the motion of drawing his finger across his throat. He is implying that the adventurers should cut the head off the body. Galjaan then leads the adventurers back down through the Head. The flood of wisps flows down after them, filling the tunnels. Galjaan makes sure that the iron door is shut tight, to prevent them spilling out into the town below. Even so a couple of wisps escape out into the night, and dart off towards the battle. Galjaan draws a breath, and weakly jokes "They can probably smell the Pan Tangians."

Casualties have been heavy on both sides of the fighting, and the defenders have had to fall back further to the market square. Galjaan plans to show the tribesmen the head of their leader, hopefully demoralizing them. He makes for the town hall, asking the adventurers to escort them. They must fight a gang of five tribesmen before they can get the Melnibonéan safely inside the building. In the town hall are the dismembered bodies of those slaughtered by Thorn and his men. Brabbad is among the dead. Galjaan races up the tower and climbs onto the roof.

In the square below, the fighting is brutal, and blood soaks the cobblestones. The defenders are losing, as the tribesmen press home their advantage in numbers. Galjaan directs his fire elementals out above the square, where they explode like a gigantic flare. For a moment the battle pauses. In that hiatus Galjaan shouts "Behold, Thorn is dead!" and hurls the green skull into the midst of the barbarian forces. The Pan Tangians cheer lustily, and the battle resumes. The desert warriors are unsettled. Their battle cries are silenced, they fight with less ferocity, and some of them peel off from the rear. Galjaan and the adventurers can go below to rejoin the fight. Sensing a new advantage, the defenders surge forward for once final charge, and the barbarian line breaks. They turn and run back towards the desert, vaulting onto any available horses. Whatever compulsion Thorn had over them has now been broken. The defenders have triumphed.

The rest of the night is spent driving any remaining barbarians out into the desert. A temporary barricade is erected in the ruins of the wall. Of the two hundred residents of the Fortress, eighty now remain. Sixty of the



Furious tribesman in the tunnels of the Head

ninety Pan Tangians have survived. By dawn everyone is ready to sleep, and the survivors are allowed to get some well-earned rest. A skeleton crew stands at the barricade in case the barbarians decide to return. There is no sign of them.

As the sun comes up, Lazarus leaves the Fortress without a word. He walks off into the desert.

The Betrayal

The next day there is a ceremony in the town square. Galjaan Trabekk stands on a platform and gives a speech. He states that even though the godhead predicted their victory, it was only achieved with the help of the adventurers and the Pan Tangians. Pastor Sharrk and one of the adventurers are invited up onto the platform. Galjaan first addresses to the adventurer, and presents them with his blessings and a small chest containing one hundred Melnibonéan silver pieces. He turns to Sharrk, but before he can speak the Pan Tangian decapitates him with one blow of his sword. He turns to his remaining men and shouts "Kill them all, the Fortress is ours." The fighting begins.

The Pan Tangians are slightly outnumbered, but they are better fighters. The battle is one-sided unless the adventurers think to run up to the Head and release the pent-up ectoplasm. If this does not occur to them, Taylar might suggest it.

When the iron door is flung open, thousands of the wisps pour down upon the town. The relentless pastel tide flows towards the battle, and soon the Pan Tangians are screaming as the wisps begin to feed upon their souls. Despite the pirates' treachery, no one can stand the sound of dozens of men having their souls annihilated. Many of them attempt to flee the fortress, but they are overwhelmed by the ectoplasmic horrors.

When the last Pan Tangian falls there are more wisps than ever before. They do not return to the Head, but slowly sink into the earth. Wherever they touch the ground, the sand fuses together and solidifies into a wide organic slab of variegated stone. The rock is bubbled and curved in places, and produces a range of semi-musical noises when struck. The land around the Fortress looks as if a rainbow has fallen from the sky and set into the ground. To complete the illusion, the sun breaks

through at last from behind the clouds. The flowing bands of color shimmer and meld in the morning light.

That night Lazarus returns from the desert without comment, and goes back to work at his forge, as if nothing had happened. It would seem that Yeshpotoom-Kahlai is not the only force with oracular powers. The wisps would have made short work of the demon who walks like a man.

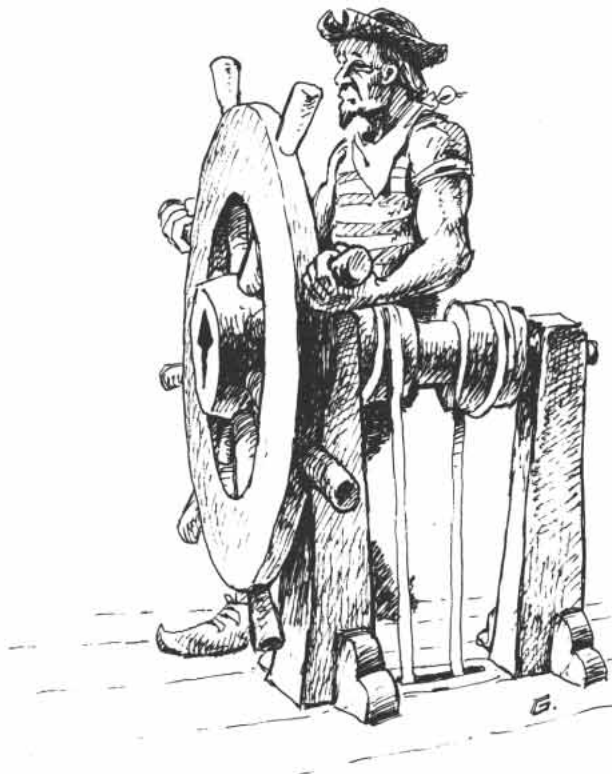
Conclusion

There is much rebuilding to be done, and many dead to bury. Alack moves among the corpses, weeping because he is still alive. There are also ten more Pan Tangians to deal with, the men that Pastor Sharrk left at the beach to guard The Taste of Power. If the adventurers liberate the galley, the slaves are willing to help with the cleaning up at the Fortress. Pastor Sharrk's cabin contains pirated loot worth 35,000 LB. On the wall is a map of Kariss, in the Purple Towns. The north western gate of

the old fort has been circled in red ink. (Pastor Sharrk had intended to join the sack of the town, as described in *Kariss Burning*).

The Father's Pride is ready for sail, whenever the adventurers desire to leave. Some of the slaves are eager to ship out too, but others settle down in the Fortress. The adventurers have made many friends in the Unholy Fortress, and will be welcome whenever they choose to return.

The surviving residents quarry the many-hued stone to repair the walls around their settlement, and to raise new buildings in the town. The colors in the weirdly-formed rock ripple and reflect the desert sun, giving the place the appearance of a fabulous mirage, a haven in the harsh wilderness. The residents please themselves some days by drumming intricate symphonies on the chiming walls. The Unholy Fortress becomes a place where Chaos is truly beautiful.



KARISS BURNING

TREACHERY AND PERFIDY strike a blow at the heart of the Purple Towns. Terrified that the sealords and their warring threaten the Isle with economic ruin, a group of merchants arrange for Kariss, the heart of the sealord's power, to be raided by Pan Tangians. In this way they plan to break the sealords, and ensure peace. Their plan is feeble, and many die before it is proved wrong.

This scenario depicts one night of blood and combat. The adventurers find themselves in the middle of the Pan Tangian raid, and must respond as best they can. If they do so with cowardice, there are many places to hide, although even the safest-looking villa can be torched by the raiders. If they rise to the occasion with valor, feats of arms, and without regard for their own safety, their actions will be noted and singled out for reward.

Kariss Sleeping

The adventurers should be in Kariss. If a reason is needed to get them there, they receive a message from Barlon Woodfoot, a sealord. The message is short, and requests that they visit him at his villa in Kariss. A cloth bag of 100 LB accompanies the letter, an advance payment for their time and effort.

Barlon's three-story villa overlooks the harbor from the western edge of the town. It is built from purple stones of harmonic hues. The kitchen door is always open, as Barlon never refuses a feed to any sailor lacking a limb. There are usually a half-dozen such unfortunates gathered at mealtimes, toasting their host's generosity with his fine wine.

BARLON WOODFOOT

Barlon has one leg, hence his second name. He lost the original limb during a sea-fight against Pan Tangian reavers. The wooden replacement is exquisitely carved

with depictions of life at sea, Barlon's own handiwork while he lay recovering from the wound. He fully regained his health, and nowadays is surprisingly nimble. He is tall and proud, with a long beard and a sweep of brown hair tied in a ponytail.

BARLON WOODFOOT

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 14 DEX 14 CHA 15

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6)

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Cutlass	64%	60%	1D6+2 +db
Cudgel*	53%	47%	1D6 +db

* If he loses his cutlass, Barlon slips off his wooden leg and bludgeons people over the head with it, hopping all the while.

SKILLS: Balance 61%, Credit 44%, Persuade 53%, Shiphandling 67%, Whittle 74%.

LANGUAGES: Common -60%.

Barlon greets the adventurers with a gruff hello, and takes them into a comfortable room on the second story. A fire burns in the grate, and servants offer the adventurers steaming mugs of spicy mulled wine. Tall windows offer a wide view of the harbor and the ocean beyond. It is dusk, and the watchfire atop the lighthouse can be clearly seen.

Barlon tells the adventurers that he heard about them through another source (name a Purple Towner when the adventurers impressed in a previous scenario. Possibilities include Maria, Lorje, or one of the Trammels). He wishes to hire them on a matter of the Isle's security. Disturbing rumors have reached him concerning a plot against the Purple Towns, hatched from within. He cannot be more specific, but says that certain interests in the west are disinclined to cede to the wishes of the sealords, the rightful rulers. Have the adventurers heard any such tales? If Barlon can gain enough evidence, he plans to present it to Count Smiorgan Baldhead, who will reward the vigilant, and enact Purple Towns justice on any traitors.

If the adventurers have played through the previous scenarios in this book, there is indeed evidence of a plot. Memorize rolls can refresh their memories, but the facts are these:

- ✱ *What was the nature of the discussion between the Pan Tangian and the merchants that night at the Strong Arms? (From The Strong Arms)*
- ✱ *Why did the Sisters of Chaos abandon their Sisterhouse? What was the meaning of Eldara's final warning? (From Sisters of Chaos)*
- ✱ *What was the significance of the Kariss map that Pastor Sharrk had in his cabin? (From The Unholy Fortress)*

As the adventurers are talking to Barlon, a See roll out of the windows of his villa notes that a heavy fog is rolling thick and fast into the harbor. Like a snuffling beast the fog crawls across the ocean and up the sides of the hill, engulfing the lower reaches of the town. A second successful See roll gives the watcher the fancy that the fog is tinged with red, as if it was shot through with blood. The fog certainly travels with unnatural speed, and anyone making a Summoning roll may be reminded of sorcerous mists, and of whispered spells of concealment and stealth.

The fog brings ill to Kariss. Demons swoop and glide within it, and they silently land atop the fog-bound watch towers and slaughter the guards. Blinded and defenseless, Kariss is helpless before the coming of the Pan Tangians.

The Reavers Come

Out of the red litten fog comes a precision wave of Pan Tangian galleys. Their navigators wear demonic masks which allow them to see through the fog as if it was clear sky. The black raiders cruise into the harbor and bear down on the town. Siege engines on deck loose balls of flaming pitch up and over the walls.

The adventurers see the first waves of fire arc gracefully out of the fog and slam into the beautiful hillside villas. One ball looms out of the dark, heading directly for the windows. It misses the house by inches, but passes close enough to set the roof on fire. Barlon issues forth a stream of powerful oaths, and hollers for the servants. "Warn the town!" he orders the adventurers. "Do your duty! And Lassa preserve you!" The adventurers may wish to help put out the fire first.

Early Warning: An Option

Resourceful adventurers may have discerned the plot against Kariss before this night, and endeavoured to do something about it. The gamemaster can decide on what reception the warning receives:

- ✱ **THE ADVENTURERS ARE IGNORED:** No action is taken. The sealords listen to the tale, but do not believe that the Pan Tangians would have the gall to attack. The adventurers may have the grim satisfaction of saying "I told you so" after the town is sacked.
- ✱ **THE ADVENTURERS ARE HEEDED:** Preparations are made. The waters around the Isle are patrolled vigilantly, and the Pan Tangian fleet is detected at sea. Reinforcements are quick to arrive. The Pan Tangians land briefly, but are beaten back. The sea gate is not opened for them. The adventurers are praised for their efforts.

This version of the events requires a small amount of change to the scenario by the gamemaster, but is fair reward for the players' resourcefulness.

In the harbor below, the galleys sweep forwards to the docks, ramming the ships of the sealords where they lie helplessly moored. Thousands of Pan Tangian marines pour across the decks and along the piers, heading for the rich prize. Priests haul open the hatches on wider cargo-bearing galleys, releasing a horde of gibbering demons who lope forwards to the slaughter. One galley pulls in up the beach, and long cages are opened. Dozens of irritated and ferocious tigers spring out of the confinement, roaring with rage. Tiger-handlers drive them up the shore, into the town.

Temple bells begin to shrill in warning, and watch-horns sound along the battlements of the old fort. Most townspeople are first alerted to their peril by the screams of the dying.

The initial assault engulfs the waterfront area. None of the sealord ships survive. The invaders storm the buildings along the foreshore, and lap up to the walls of the old fort like a red tide. To the east and west of the fort, columns of warriors charge along the wide boulevards, driving deep into the town.

The Pan Tangians

The statistics below reflect the bulk of the invading force, and the gamemaster should re-use them as needs be. The Stormbringer supplement *Sorcerers of Pan Tang* provides further examples of warriors from the Demon Isle.

PRIESTS OF MABELRODE

The Sword Priests of Mabelrode the Faceless are the officers of the Pan Tangian army. They shroud their faces with black cloth, and wear polished plate armor. They prefer to save their energy for sword fighting with enemy soldiers, leaving the rank-and-file marines to slaughter innocents and non-combatants.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	11	13	14	13	12	14	15	13
CON	12	10	11	13	12	14	15	12
SIZ	13	12	14	13	15	12	11	13
INT	18	15	14	15	16	19	13	15
POW	18	17	15	14	17	21	15	16
DEX	13	14	13	15	14	13	15	13
CHA	8	13	16	15	10	12	7	14
HP	13	10	13	14	15	14	15	13
DB	None	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6

ARMOR: Plate with Helm (1D10+2)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Broadsword	58%	58%	1D8+1
Greatsword	48%	48%	2D8
Shortsword	38%	38%	1D6+1

SKILLS: Dodge 28%, First Aid 72%.

Sorcerers	Rank	Skill	Summonings
#1	2nd	51%	Earth & fire elementals, demon breed Hurtines
#2	1st	40%	Fire elementals
#5	1st	35%	Fire elementals
#6	3rd	58%	Earth & fire elementals, demon breeds Bangongi, Metlorkus, Ratchangett, Stattlak

PAN TANGIAN MARINES

These warriors are brutal and merciless. Their principal goals in Kariss are to slaughter and destroy. Their clothing is primarily tunics and breeches of dark blues and grays, often decorated with jewelry depicting Chaotic motifs.

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	12	13	14	11	16	12	12	13
CON	14	10	13	11	12	12	15	16
SIZ	12	11	13	14	12	13	11	12
INT	13	15	15	14	16	15	17	17
POW	14	14	16	14	13	15	18	16
DEX	10	11	9	12	11	12	10	11
CHA	13	10	11	12	11	13	9	10
HP	14	10	14	13	12	13	15	16
DB	None	None	1D6/1D4	1D6/1D4	1D6/1D4	1D6/1D4	None	1D6/1D4

ARMOR: Plate (1D10-1)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	58%	53%	2D6+2 +db
Scimitar	48%	38%	1D8+1 +db
Target Shield	13%	43%	1D6 +db
Self Bow	38%	--	1D8+1 +db

SKILLS: Balance 57%, See 39%.

Sorcerers	Rank	Skill	Summonings
#7	1st	42%	Fire elementals

Adventurer Actions

The adventurers can choose their own role in the battle. Cowardly choices include hiding and fleeing. As they are among the first people to see the invasion, they have a good chance of getting clean away. However, more heroic options are outlined below.

DEFENDING THE TOWN

The adventurers may wish to simply charge out and resist the invaders wherever they can. Refer to the section below entitled Slaughter in the Streets for possible scenes.

WARNING THE ISLE

Kariss is probably doomed, but the other villages along the coast are as yet unaware of the danger. Swift messengers can spread the word, preparing other places for the assault, and attracting reinforcements to Kariss.

The adventurers may choose this option. They need fast horses. A sealord who lives close to Barlon keeps an excellent stable. The animals are frightened by the incoming fire balls. A Ride roll is needed to calm each horse sufficiently for the adventurer to mount up. As the adventurers ride out of the town, a flying demon swoops after them, further terrifying the horses.

ZUX'ZUX

FLYING DEMON Breed Herauk CV: 244

This blind demon looks like a naked insectoid bat. Its skin is rough and pocked with warts and encrustations. It has broad black wings, and a short pointed head. Its teeth are needle sharp and dripping with foul yellowish saliva. Six legs sprout from its long segmented body.

STR 14	CON 23	SIZ 19	INT 14	POW 21	DEX 25
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HIT POINTS: 30 ARMOR: Rough skin (1 point)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Plague Bite	57%	--	1D10 + Plague
Subsonic Shriek*	100%	--	Deafness

*All who hear the shriek must make a Listen roll. Those who fail are unaffected. Those who make the roll suffer 1D3 points of damage as their eardrums rupture and bleed, and their Listen is reduced to half-chance for 1D6 days. The demon can shriek three times in an hour.

SKILLS: Dodge 68%, Fly 93%, Listen 87%.

POWERS: Bat Wings (300 yards per round), Big Ears, Mouth, Plague (3D6 potency, 5 point virulence), Skills, Sonar (50 yards range).

If the adventurers and their horses survive the attack of the demon, they can gallop away along the Kariss road. Behind them the sky glows orange with the burning of the city. The closest and strongest source of aid is the Fortress of Evening, 75 miles away. Smaller villages and sealord estates lie along the way, and the adventurers can change horses several times.

When the adventurers arrive at the Fortress of Evening, the naval town is lit up and raucous. Once the word of the disaster spreads, the music stops, the taverns empty, and the streets fill with sailors yelling and shouting as they run for their ships. Count Smiorgan Baldhead sets sail immediately to aid the stricken town. Smiorgan invites the adventurers aboard his flagship, so that they can continue to brief him as they sail west. The voyage takes the rest of the night, and they arrive at Kariss just after dawn (see the section Rescue and Ruin, below).



The streets of Karlss run red

If the adventurers do not undertake the task of alerting the navy, some other quick-thinking soul does. Regardless of who delivers the news, Count Smiorgan answers the call.

THE OPEN GATE

Adventurers who saw Pastor Sharrk's map at the Unholy Fortress may recall that one of the gates in the old fort was circled. It was the postern gate in the north-western corner. It has been left unbarred by a traitor within the fort. The defenders believe that it is securely fastened, simply because it always is. The Pan Tangians are aware of the breach in the defenses, and are relying on it to allow them to capture the fort.

The gate is close to Barlon's villa. If the adventurers run for it immediately, they arrive well before the first Pan Tangian. If they are slow to remember, they arrive 1D6+1 rounds before the raiders. The frightened guards on the wall above are too busy ducking the flaming pitch roaring overhead to notice. Adventurers flinging themselves at the gate find that it is open, and crash straight through.

In the shadows underneath the wall, the traitor waits. He is Fenton Herrek, a stout man with a nose which has been broken so often it covers half his face. Fenton is a corrupt member of the city watch who has sold the lives of his comrades and his home for the promise of a sack of gems. When he sees the adventurers foiling his plan, and thereby his payment, Fenton panics and attacks them. The adventurers must fight him off while barring the gate in time to keep the reavers out.

The first Pan Tangian to reach the gate carries Fenton's reward in one hand, a bulging bag. It is filled with venomous spiders. The traitor was doomed to a horrible death, and the adventurers' actions have been a kind of mercy to him.

FENTON HERREK

Use the City Guard statistics given in the *Purple Towns Digest*.

If the adventurers succeed in closing the gate, the old fort holds fast against the raiders. The buildings within suffer some damage from fire and the random attacks of airborne demons, but they are not over-run and looted.

Once inside, the adventurers can join the town watch in defending the old fort. A grateful sergeant sends them to man the northern walls. From the high vantage point, a See roll notes a squad of Pan Tangians making for the Porcelain Tower. The priests there are undefended, but have potentially powerful magics to be wielded in the town's defence. They must be saved. A city guard asks the adventurers to do something, if they have not already decided to do so on their own initia-

tive. The scene at the tower is described in the section *At the Air Temple*.

Slaughter in the Streets

The following vignettes are sample incidents from the course of the battle. They provide isolated opportunities for the adventurers to perform brave deeds, or merely to witness the mad sights of war.

RESIDENTS OF KARISS

Where needed, the gamemaster can plunder the *Purple Towns Digest* for statistics for the victims and defenders of Kariss. Useful groups include Townspeople, Sealords and City Guards.

THE HAPLESS MERCHANT

A merchant caught in the battle is desperate to save his goods. He madly pushes a cart through the streets, piled high with expensive woven rugs. His three year old son sits on top of the cart, hanging on for dear life. Two Pan Tangians step out and cut the merchant down. They look at the bawling child, and grin evilly. One picks up a piece of burning timber, and moves towards the cart with its flammable cargo. Unless the adventurers intervene, infanticide occurs.

THE DOOMED SAYER

An old man is stumbling through the burning streets. He is shaking his fist at the fleeing townspeople, and haranguing them in a loud voice. His message is that the apocalypse has come, because of their lazy and licentious ways. "Only the cleansing power of the elemental lords can save you now!" he shouts. On cue, a fiery mass of pitch drops from the heavens and engulfs him. He takes two more steps, burning, and then explodes.

THE HUNGRY TIGER

A mother has run into the streets clasping her child. Seeking safety, she accidentally runs down a blind alley. A tiger appears at the alley mouth, and pads slowly towards her, eyes gleaming. Her screams of terror attract the adventurers.

TIGER

STR 22 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 5 POW 13 DEX 15

HIT POINTS: 23 ARMOR: Skin and fur (2 points)

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Bite	45%	--	2D6
Claw	70%	50%	1D8+3
Ripping	*	--	3D8

* The tiger gets two claw attacks and one bite attack each round. If both claws hit, it rips with the hind claws on subsequent rounds, continuing to bite as well.

SKILLS: Jump 80%.

THE FISHERMEN'S REVENGE

In the sweep of the invasion, the Pan Tangians ignore the tiny fishing village on the eastern side of the harbor. The fishermen send their women and children inland, and then stage a raid. They put to sea in their fishing boats, and launch a courageous attack on the enemy ships in the harbor. They succeed in upsetting the cauldron of flaming pitch on one galley and it catches fire. The Pan Tangians retaliate, and the fishermen flee out to sea, but they soon return for another strike.

If the adventurers are inspired, they can join up with the fishermen on the beaches east of the city, and participate in the daring counter-attacks.

FISHERMEN

Statistics for fishermen can be found in the *Purple Towns Digest*.

THE BRAVE SEALORD

One man fights to defend his property, and is winning. He is Gentrik Standfast. He stands inside the doorway of his purple-stone house, and has so far cut down seven Pan Tangians. Five others swarm around the entrance, and two more are smashing in the windows. A strong counter-attack from the adventurers routs the Pan Tangians and liberates Gentrik. He sees the futility of making a long stand and joins the adventurers, with one last look at his cozy home.

GENTRIK STANDFAST

Gentrik is a broad-shouldered yellow-haired man. He is renowned for his stubborn nature.

STR 18 CON 20 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 16 DEX 13 CHA 11

HIT POINTS: (23) 14 ARMOR: Sea Leather (1D6).

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6+1D4

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Sea Ax	87%	85%	2D6+2 +db
Fist	79%	--	1D3 +db
Kick	61%	--	1D6 +db

SKILLS: Balance 61%, Dodge 55%, Sing 16%.

LANGUAGES: Common (Temeric) -/50%.

THE DESTRUCTIVE DEMON

One demon causes more damage than any other. It is a slim flying humanoid, and its breath is a stream of fire. It flutters and wheels above the town, setting alight buildings which were missed by the catapult barrage. If the demon can be killed, it will be a strong boost to the defenders' morale. The only way to get it down to melee range is to taunt it with missiles, or to lure it towards an easy target.

F'RRRZ

FIRE-BREATHING DEMON Breed Weizall CV: 207

This demon is vaguely reptilian. It has crimson lizard-like skin, broad golden wings, and a long tail. It has a bright orange crest on the top of its head, and its eyes are a boiling yellow color. It exhales long goutts of fire.

STR 13 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 17 POW 14 DEX 27

HIT POINTS: 23 ARMOR: Lizard skin (6 points).

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Flame Breath	60%	--	5D6
Claw x2	30%	15%	1D6 +db

POWERS: Armor (6 points), Claws x2, Eyes x2, Flame Breath (5D6 damage, 1 yard radius, 10 yards range), Skills, Wings (500 yards per round).

SKILLS: Fly 70%, See 50%.

THE UNWASHED INVADER

Deadboy Dogbait, a Priest of Balo, capers along the street. He is dressed in silken pajamas and plate mail helm. On his helmet spike is the dried head of a cat. Deadboy likes to hide in alleyways and wait for dogs to come along and chase the cat, whereupon he leaps up and impales them with the spike. At least, that's the theory. He hasn't caught any yet. He is considering getting a longer spike, or a fresher cat head.

Deadboy is carrying a towel and a cake of soap. He runs up to the adventurers and asks them if they know the way to the public baths.

DEADBOY DOGBAIT

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 6 POW 18 DEX 12 CHA 7

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOR: Plate Helm (1 point).

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Head Butt with Helm Spike	34%	1D3+1

SKILLS: Predict Weather 7%, Yodel 64%.

LANGUAGES: Common -/30%.

THE SUMMONS FROM ABOVE

A man in blue robes falls from the sky and lands in front of the adventurers. This is Pelmor Whist, a thin and nervous Priest of Lassa. As he touches ground, the adventurers can see that the air around him is churning with magical life. He has been set down by a sylph and, its duty done, it lets him go and flies off. He staggers a few steps, and clutches at the collar of one of the adventurers. "You must save her! The Pan Tangians are coming! She can save us all! Come quickly!" If they can make the priest slow down, he explains that he is from the Temple of the Winds. The High Priestess is preparing to call Lassa, but she needs warriors to defend her while she performs the summoning.

If the adventurers go with the little priest, proceed to the section below, At the Air Temple.



Massacre at the Temple of Air

PELMOR WHIST

For Pelmor's statistics, select one of the Priests of Lassa in the *Purple Towns Digest*.

At The Air Temple

The best hope for Kariss' salvation lies with Tentative Thenalis of the Perceptive Zephyr. She is the High Priestess at the Temple of the Winds. She has the power to summon Lassa, who can drive the invaders back out to sea. However, the priests and priestesses of the temple need help to keep Thenalis safe from the marauding Pan Tangians. Adventurers who make a See roll as they approach the temple can see the High Priestess standing atop the flat-topped Porcelain Tower, conjuring Lassa's divine winds.

PRIESTS OF LASSA

Statistics for the air worshipers can be found in the *Purple Towns Digest*.

A squad of Pan Tangians has reached the temple ahead of the adventurers. Armored warriors stride among the delicate columns of the open-air shrine, cutting down the prayer flags and massacring the clergy. There are eight warriors in the courtyard. They are accompanied by a hideous spider-demon. Dozens of birds dart and swoop at the faces of the invaders, slowing them considerably. All Pan Tangians suffer -20% to their combat skills because of the birds' harassment.

The adventurers have the advantage of surprise, as the Pan Tangians are occupied with killing the priests. When they realize they are outflanked, the Pan Tangians bark a command at the spider-demon in the Mabden tongue. The infernal arachnid turns and lumbers towards the Porcelain Tower, and starts to heave its glistening bulk up the side of the structure. Pelmor points at the thing in horror and gasps "Save the Air Mother!". The spider-demon takes 4 rounds to reach the top of the tower. The adventurers can try to shoot it down with missile weapons. The creature responds by pulling the drying corpses out of the niches in the side of the tower and flinging them down at its assailants.

The adventurers might also beat the demon there by running up the steps that wind up around the outside of the tower. As they mount the stairs, Pelmor cries "No! It is a sacred place!" Ordinarily, only the priests are permitted to ascend the holy tower. The adventurers must choose which is more important in the circumstances: correct religious protocol, or rescuing the cult leader.

R'KK'NDD

SPIDER DEMON Breed Ooctivore CV: 134

This demon looks like a huge fat spider with a leering demonic face and an obscene long tongue. It is gray and hairless. Rubbery tentacles writhe from its back.

STR 20 CON 30 SIZ 20 INT 13 POW 16 DEX 22

HIT POINTS: 38 ARMOR: Loathsome mottled skin (2 points).

Weapon	Attack	Parry	Damage
Bite	66%	--	2D10
Tentacles	44%	--	grapple*

* Victims seized by the tentacles are wrapped up tight and held firm against the demon's back. The demon then scales the nearest wall and drops the victim from a height, a crude but effective way of neutralizing its prey. Grippped victims must overcome the demon's STR to break free. Whilst held by the tentacles their arms are pinned to their sides, making weapon use impossible.

SKILLS: Climb 99%, See 25%.

POWERS: Eyes x2, Mouth, Spider Legs (10 yards per round), Tentacles.

After the Pan Tangians have been slain, the surviving wind priests thank the adventurers and weep for their fallen comrades. The birds continue to peck at the corpses of the invaders, furiously pulling the dead mens' beards away in bloody tufts. The priests tell the adventurers that their High Priestess is atop the Porcelain Tower, summoning a Lassahar, an elemental wind giant. The Lassahar will be set to guard the tower, allowing the Priestess to begin summoning Lassa. If the adventurers can hold the position until then, victory will be assured. The priests have put aside their squeamishness at having the non-initiated ascend the tower.

Adventurers who ascend to the top find Thenalis ensconced in her devotions to the Lady of the Winds. The air above the tower churns with gathering magical power. Electricity crackles and sparks, and dozens of sylphs dart furiously through the air. Thenalis nods gravely at the adventurers, and concentrates on her task.

THENALIS

Thenalis is the High Priestess of the Temple of the Winds. She is a middle-aged woman, dressed in loose silken robes of blue. Her full name is Tentative Thenalis of the Perceptive Zephyr, which she acquired for her shrewdness and caution. Tonight she is literally throwing that caution to the winds.

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 11 INT 23 POW 26 DEX 15 CHA 19

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOR: None.

DAMAGE BONUS: None.

Weapon
None.

continued next page

The Lassahar

The Lassahar is a wind giant, a vast towering body of destructive air. Its coming is accompanied by rolls of thunder and flashes of lightening. It is one of the more powerful types available to elemental sorcerers. The upcoming Chaosium publication *Melniboné* will provide expanded details on elemental magic

The Lassahar has 120 hit points, and cannot be bound. It has the following abilities:

1. It can fly.
2. It can produce a breeze of 8D6 miles per hour for 4D6 hours.
3. It can move an object of two hundred and fifty pounds or less for 4D6 hours.
4. It can blow hand-held missile weapons off course, and can also deflect missiles shot from siege engines. Not even a critical success with a missile weapon or siege engine will still strike the target.
5. It can carry messages at 8D6 miles per hour for 4D6 hours.
6. A lassahar may bring words spoken by another within 125 miles of the being's master back to that master, and take the master's words the same distance.
7. It can produce enough air to keep one person alive underwater or earth, indefinitely.
8. It can destroy a salamander without suffering any ill effect.
9. It may lift any person into the air and carry them for 1D6 days.
10. It may blow down a stone house in 1D6 minutes.
11. It may create a cyclone, at the cost of its own existence. This causes high winds and great devastation in an area of one square mile. Surrounding regions are affected to a lesser degree. The cyclone rages for 1D6 hours.
12. The gamemaster may invent further uses and powers for the lassahar as needed.

THENALIS, CONTINUED

SKILLS: First Aid 100%, Music Lore 92%, Oratory 95%, Sing 87%.

LANGUAGES: Common 100%/100%, High Melnibonéan 75%/75%.

SUMMONING SKILL: 93%

SUMMONINGS: All types of air elementals. She can summon a Lassahar in one hour, and the goddess Lassa in seven hours.

The Lassahar summoning takes a further half-hour to complete. During this time, another squad of eight Pan Tangians arrives at the temple, and charge the tower. The adventurers can engage in three rounds of bow shots as the soldiers approach, after which they can defend the tower from the stairs. The stairs are only wide enough for one person. The Pan Tangians advance in single file. The adventurers gain a +10% height advantage on all their attacks and parries, while the Pan Tangians beneath them suffer a -10% penalty. Adventurers stationed further up the tower can throw rocks and missiles down on the enemy squad.

The winds around the tower pick up, and swirl around with increasing speed. The roar of the Lassahar sounds from afar, and grows near. The air pressure drops, and the cyclone elemental plummets down from the sky and wraps the tower in its embrace. The Lassahar creates a sheltering cone. Any Pan Tangians who attempt to climb the stairs are plucked off and spun away. Thenalis and the adventurers are safe. The Pan Tangians send extra squads to take the tower, but they are all blown away by the Lassahar. They bombard it with their ship-built catapults, but the elemental giant scoops their burning missiles from the air and hurls it back at them. After a while they stop trying.

WAITING FOR DAWN

Help is on the way to Kariss. Smiorgan Baldhead's fleet draws near, and Thenalis begins to summon Lassa in earnest. The adventurers can choose to remain on the hill, or they can return to the town.

Kariss has finally begun to respond to the assault, and the Pan Tangians are locked in house-to-house fighting. They have exhausted their supply of flaming pitch, and the initial shock of the demon attacks diminishes as the contrary creatures scatter across the countryside and ocean, or else return to their home planes after fulfilling their pacts. The open slaughter of the first few hours of the raid slows to a battle of attrition.

Rescue and Ruin

Dawn lights the sky. The sun is obscured behind the smoke of a hundred fires. Pretty Kariss is a scorched and pummeled mess. Many of her villas have been reduced to rubble, the old fort is blackened, and the streets are filled with the dead and the demons that feast on them. The Pan Tangians are returning to their ships, carrying the gold of the sealords on their backs.

A clear note sounds in the sky above the Porcelain Tower, and a chill runs down the spine of every Pan Tangian. A huge figure appears in the air, the Lady of Winds. The rushing breeze is her streaming hair, and the morning sunlight is her flashing eyes. The smoke rising from the town is blasted aside, as Lassa draws breath to take her vengeance.

Adventurers making See rolls from the walls of the old fort or from the Porcelain Tower spy the first of Count Smiorgan's ships rounding the headland. Smiorgan himself stands in the prow of the lead ship. The revenging corsairs glide towards the Pan Tangian galleys, which are slowly turning about.

The gathering wrath of Lassa makes no distinction between the ships of the rescuers and the defilers. Thenalis does not care. Smiorgan failed to guarantee the safety of her congregation, and he will suffer loss as she has. The only people who can prevent this looming disaster are the adventurers. They saved Thenalis and kept her from harm, and she will consider their counsel. If they can make Persuade rolls advising her to leave the revenge to Smiorgan, she relents and releases Lassa, begging her Lady's forgiveness.

If Lassa is dismissed, Smiorgan leads his fleet into the harbor, pinning the Pan Tangians as surely as they pinned the ships of Kariss. Vessels smash together, and the veteran marines of the Purple Towns leap aboard the hated slave galleys. They are fresher than the soldiers from the Demon Isle, and enraged by the damage that has been caused to their beloved old city. A few galleys escape, but most are sunk before the fury of Smiorgan's navy.

If Lassa is unleashed, she spreads her arms of hurricane and tempest wide. She howls her grief and rage, and looses her wrath. Shrieking winds tear down the hill and roar through Kariss. She snuffs out the flames as if they were candles, but the strength of her breath strips roofs from houses and smashes chimney pots into

clouds of flying bricks. Anyone standing upright is knocked flat, and the dead are lifted and carried forward. The gale slams into the harbor, and snaps the mast of every ship as if they were match-wood. The galleys of the Pan Tangians are flung onto their sides, and blown along the surface of the waves even as water fills their lower decks. The ships of Smiorgan are tossed across the ocean at random, and dozens of them capsize. No Pan Tangian sailor survives the dreadful squall, and many Purple Towners are lost as well.

Absolved by her outburst, the goddess begins to weep. Driving rain falls from the heavens and washes the blood and ash from the streets. Kariss is cleansed. Lassa's mourning lasts for the rest of the day, and as night falls she wipes her tears away and departs. Clouds clear above the town, and the bright stars shine down.

Aftermath

Kariss will endure. The sealords fund the reconstruction, and the restored town is held by many to be more beautiful than the old one. Pragmatically, the defenses are strengthened.

The merchants' gambit has failed. They hoped to break the sealords, but instead they have enraged them, and the people stand behind them. The Purple Towners are appalled by the fair city's destruction, and in every town square across the land the people argue for a stronger military force. Hatred is voiced for the demon-loving lands of Pan Tang and Melniboné, and support grows for war against those nations.

If the adventurers voice their theories about the masterminds behind the raid, a hunt is launched for the merchants who arranged it. Some men take poison, but others remain unidentified. The Temple of Goldar refutes all allegations against its members. The feud between the merchants and the sealords deepens, with suspicion and accusation more prominent than ever.

If the adventurers fought bravely, they are well rewarded. Barlon Woodfoot gives them 10,000 LB for answering his initial call. If they saved the old fort by closing the postern gate, the city of Kariss promises them a beautiful new villa, worth 200,000 LB. If they rode to the Fortress of Evening to alert Smiorgan, he gives them a ship from his navy. If they saved the Air Temple, Thenalis gives them a golden harp worth 50,000 LB. Ballads are composed about the terrible raid, and the adventurers feature prominently. They are hailed as heroes throughout the Purple Towns.



Count Smiorgan Baldhead cries "VENGEANCE"

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