



The Shattered Isle

*Rebels Against
the Mutant Master*

**Campbell-Robson
Petersen
Perrin**

Based on Michael Moorcock's
History of the RuneStaff and
Chronicles of Count Brass novels.



The Shattered Isle

Once lucky, Eire was one of the few lands not hit by nuclear fire during the Tragic Millennium. Now its proximity to evil Granbretan ensures its status as a hunting preserve of the Beastmasks and as a testing ground for horrible Granbretanian war machines and weaponry.

Twenty years ago a shipwrecked foreigner drifted to the shores of Eire. A kindly fisherman found him, nursed him back to health, and told him of the land. Zhenadar recovered his strength and displayed to the villagers marvelous devices and knowledge. For their help, he promised aid against the Granbretanian oppressors. The people gladly did his bidding, and built him a spectacular hilltop villa.

Now secure, and mad for power and the key to eternal youth, Zhenadar searches the planes of the multiverse in hope of discovering the clues to eternal life and power. He pillages surrounding towns, kidnaping victims for his cruel research. Hideous monsters from other worlds guard his stronghold. Zhenadar's insane experiments succeed at tremendous cost to the natural order of the universe: a handful of scientists, sorcerers, and heroes recognize the growing danger.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OSHOL NARIVA — Sandy Petersen and Kerie Campbell-Robson

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Additions

Try as we might, it is impossible for any roleplaying game designer to anticipate every game situation. That's why gamemasters are so important and why we create game supplements. Here are additional rules for use with ETERNAL CHAMPION series scenarios, such as THE SHATTERED ISLE.

*Rules Written By: Steve Perrin and Sandy Petersen.
Additional Comments by: Charlie Krank.*

Aerial Combat

Certain scenarios in this book, particularly those dealing with the Elephant Order, present the possibility of Granbretanian ornithopters engaged in combat with ancient-style helicopters. The rules presented here can also be used when the aerial combat includes the flamingo riders of the Kamarg.

Simply put, combat between two aircraft (including flamingos) depends on successful Pilot rolls. A failed roll means that the vehicle or rider cannot use its weapons against its chosen target that round. If the opposing pilots are both successful, or both critically successful, then both may fire (attack) in that combat round. If both fail, neither may fire.

If one pilot receives a critical success and the other does not, then he achieved the favorable position of being on his opponent's tail. For the next 1d6 rounds, the pilot with this advantage attempts his Pilot skill roll while his opponent forfeits his skill rolls for those rounds.

A faster vehicle may always try to escape. Escape requires 3d6 rounds while the enemy pilot attempts Pilot rolls and shoots at it. The number of rounds to escape is reduced by 1 for every 10kph the escaping vehicle is superior in speed to the pursuing vehicle. Thus, if an ornithopter capable of 100kph maximum speed wished to escape a helicopter capable of 60kph maximum, the ornithopter would have to take 3d6-4 (minimum of 1) rounds of unreturned fire before it was safely away.

A vehicle built with rear-firing weaponry can use such while escaping, and is able to fire once for every time that the pursuer is able to fire.

A vehicle can use as many of its weapons as it has personnel to man them. A pilot may operate forward-facing weapon systems and still use his Pilot skills. Other weapon systems (especially those in turrets) need gunners, and the ability to hit depends on the abilities of the gunner. However, it doesn't matter where the weapons are placed on the vehicle. If the pilot doesn't make the roll correctly, the gunner doesn't get a shot.

Non-Player-Character Tactical Combat

This adventure is likely to involve the player-characters in struggles smaller than those described under Land Battles in the Hawkmoon rules, but larger than simple one-on-one struggles between the adventurers and an enemy force. In most cases, the adventurers have allies who are also involved in every fight.

Here are two ways to handle this without handing out non-player-characters to the players and run the entire combat, which can take excessive time.

The Mirror Effect

This system works best with evenly matched parties. Match up the adventurers with opponents and randomly assign foes among the other members of the adventurers' party. Unless a player-character is an obvious target, assign any extra enemies to non-player-characters to start with. If the player-characters' party outnumbered the other, have the non-player-character allies gang up on enemies.

Now run the player-character conflicts normally, but as you resolve each one, take a non-player-character conflict and mirror the result there. Thus, if no damage is taken with the player-character fight, then no damage happens with the non-player-character fight. But if the adventurer is wounded, so is the non-player-character ally on his side, and vice versa. Each adventurers' fight is mirrored in a non-player-character fight.

Thus, two fights are taken care of at once, and the success of the adventurers controls the success of their allies. However, keep the actual armor and hit points of the non-player-characters in mind. A heavily armored player-character and his Beast Mask foe may continue on forever while his lightly armored New Fenian ally and the auxiliary he is fighting are both dead and gone.

The Dramatic Effect

Whom do you really want to win this fight? Yes, a gamemaster is supposed to be neutral, but you know how you want the adventure to go, so make it work out. Simply describe the other fights in glowing terms, with much hewing off of heads and sundered limbs, while running the player-character battles normally.

Thus, if the player-characters are losing when you want them to win, simply describe how their allies are defeating their foes with ease, then turning to assist the adventurers.

Similarly, if you want to drive off the adventurers and they are doing well in their own fights, describe the steady attrition of their allies until they find themselves fighting multiple foes, by which time the intelligent adventurers should try to get out of the mess they're in by voting with their feet.

Technology

There are pieces of equipment used in The Shattered Isle scenarios which require game rules and statistics: vehicles (armored, flying, cargo), Elephant Helms, Preservation Gas, and Automatic Weapons.

Vehicles

The major important vehicle characteristics are: speed, cargo capacity (including passengers and crew), armor, and weapons. Six types of vehicles are present in this scenario: ancient Irish battle tanks, ancient Irish armored personnel carriers (APCs), ancient Irish military helicopters, a Dark Empire burrowing machine (the Mole), combat ornithopters, and cargo ornithopters. All are described below.

When attacking a vehicle, one must state what part of the vehicle he is aiming at. Choices include turret (if any), wheels (or treads), engine compartment, crew compartment, etc. Figure out how much damage penetrated the armor and then roll 1d10 for each piece of vital equipment in the target area if your roll is equal to or less than the penetrating damage, it was hit. "Vital Equipment" includes crewmembers, engine, fuel containers, ammo, weapons, transmission, etc. It is possible to penetrate armor and not hit anything.

In general, if a piece of equipment is hit, it is destroyed. Dangerous substances such as ammunition and fuel explode if hit by a flamelance or explosive device. Otherwise, they only explode if the d10 roll was an even number. Any such explosion kills everyone inside the tank, and gives everyone nearby outside 3d6 damage.

Example: the New Fenians fire a flamelance at the turret side of one of the Elephants' tanks. The side armor is 15, and 17 is rolled. It penetrates! The turret holds two weapons, two crew members, and a supply of ammo for the two weapons. Hence, five d10s are rolled, one for each potential target. Any roll of 2 or less indicates a hit. The results indicate that the autocannon is hit, as is one of the crew members. The tank crew breathes a sigh of relief if the flamelance had struck the ammo, the tank would have exploded! The autocannon is automatically taken out of action, though it might be repairable by a Mechanical Lore roll (up to the gamemaster in general, the more damage that has been done, the less repairable an item is). The crewman that is injured takes 2 points of damage (22 points of damage rolled, minus the 20 points of tank side armor). His plate armor absorbs the damage easily.

Ancient Eirish Battle Tanks

These ancient turreted vehicles are smaller than 1980s tanks, and represent an advanced equivalent of light tanks, or reconnaissance vehicles. Two parallel weapons project from the front of the small turret.

Speed: up to 44kph cross-country, double that on roads.

Cargo: none, except that up to 300kg can be strapped to the top without seriously harming the suspension. Each has a two-man turret (commander and gunner) and a driver located in the hull.

Armor: 30 points of armor on the front, 20 elsewhere.

Weapons: both flame cannon and autocannon can be fired simultaneously, or only one might be fired. If both are fired together, they must be aimed at the same target.

The autocannon can fire either high-explosive (HE) or armor-piercing (AP) shells, at the whim of the operator. The high-explosive shells do less damage, but explode, damaging all targets within a 3 yard radius. One big advantage of the high-explosive shells is that the firer doesn't have to aim at a specific person only at the ground nearby. This adds +20 percentiles onto his chances of success when firing.

Tank Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Range	Shots
Flamelance	7d6	200m	no limit
Autocannon (AP)	3d10	100m	60
Autocannon (HE)	2d6	100m	40

Ancient Eirish Armored Personnel Carries (APCs)

These vehicles are intended to carry infantry into battle and support them in combat. They are about the same size as the tanks, but with a larger hull and small turret containing only a single weapon.

Speed: up to 45kph cross-country, double that on roads. It can float and travel across water like a boat, at a speed of 5kph. However, the elephants are not aware of this special ability.

Cargo: can carry up to 8 passengers, a crew of two (driver and turret gunner), and up to 1000kg of cargo inside.

Armor: 10 points of armor all around.

Weapons: the one-man turret holds an autocannon. The autocannon is identical to that on the tank (q.v.), and even its ammo supply is the same.

Ancient Eirish Combat Helicopter

These light helicopters are much like the military helicopters used in Vietnam. Each carries two rocket pods and has a nose turret in front.

Speed: up to 190kph.

Cargo: has a crew of two (one pilot and one gunner), and can carry up to 400kg extra. Any passengers must be included in the 400kg limit.

Armor: 10 points of armor all around.

Weapons: the nose turret holds an autocannon, identical to that on the tanks and APCs. The rocket pods each hold 4 rockets, and the gunner can fire any number of rockets at once, from 1 up to the full 8, though all rockets fired simultaneously must be directed at the same target. The rockets explode, doing 6d6 damage to everything within 5 yards hence, like the HE shells for the autocannon, chances to hit human targets are increased by +20 percentiles. A rocket must hit a tank or APC directly to harm it.

Helicopter Weapons

Weapon	Damage	Range	Ammo
Rocket Pods (2)	6d6	300m	4
Autocannon (AP)	3d10	100m	30
Autocannon (HE)	2d6	100m	70

Dark Empire Mole Machine

This device resembles a gigantic screw with mechanical clawed feet extending from the sides and rear. It is intended to dig, and does that well. The mole is waterproof, though it cannot float, and has its own air supply.

Speed: up to 20kph aboveground or in an open tunnel 1kph while burrowing.

Cargo: has a crew of one operator. It can carry up to 1200kg extra. Any passengers must be included in the 1200kg limit.

Armor: 20 points of armor all around.

Weapons: the mole is unarmed.

Dark Empire Combat Ornithopters

The two war ornithopters sent by Huon are made to look like bats. The pilot sits in the bat's mouth.

Speed: up to 70kph.

Cargo: has one pilot. It can carry up to 1000kg extra. Any passengers must be included in the 1000kg limit.

Armor: 10 points of armor all around.

Weapons: twin flame cannons extending from the machine's "shoulders" out past its "head." The pilot normally fires both cannons at once.

Dark Empire Cargo Ornithopters

The two cargo ornithopters owned by Clyd are made to resemble winged oxen.

Speed: up to 60 kph.

Cargo: one pilot. In addition, the machine can carry up to 3000kg of cargo. Any passengers must be included in the 3000kg limit.

Armor: 2 points of armor all around.

Weapons: none.

Automatic Weapons

Two types of automatic rapid-fire weapons are presented in this adventure: the autorifle (for infantry use) and the autocannon (mounted on the tanks, APCs, and helicopters). Both weapons use the same rules.

Automatic weapons may fire more than a single shot on the user's DEX. For each shot fired in a burst, the chance to hit is increased by 5 percentiles, except that no matter how many shots are fired, the chance to hit cannot more than double. Roll once for all attacks against a single target. If the attack succeeds, roll an appropriate die to determine how many bullets or shells actually hit. For instance, if 8 shots are fired in a burst, roll 1d8 to determine the number of hits; if 3 shots are fired, roll 1d3; and so forth. Only the first bullet criticals if a critical hit is rolled.

Elephant Helms

The Elephant Helms created by Dilman Clyd for his Order are a bit more complex than the standard helm. Clyd managed to build gas shell projectors into the tusks of the mask. More important, the masks act as gas masks against the gas, which no other Beast Mask does.

Weapon	STR	DEX	Damage	Range
Gas Shell	--	9	special	30 m

The gas shells when fired form a gas cloud with a 1 yard radius around the point of impact. Anyone within that cloud must make a CON x 3 roll each combat round or be incapacitated with teary eyes, coughing, etc. A successful roll means the character fought off the effects that round and can operate normally for the moment. These reactions hit every round the character is in the area, whether or not previous CON rolls succeeded. The gas cloud lasts for two minutes (10 combat rounds).

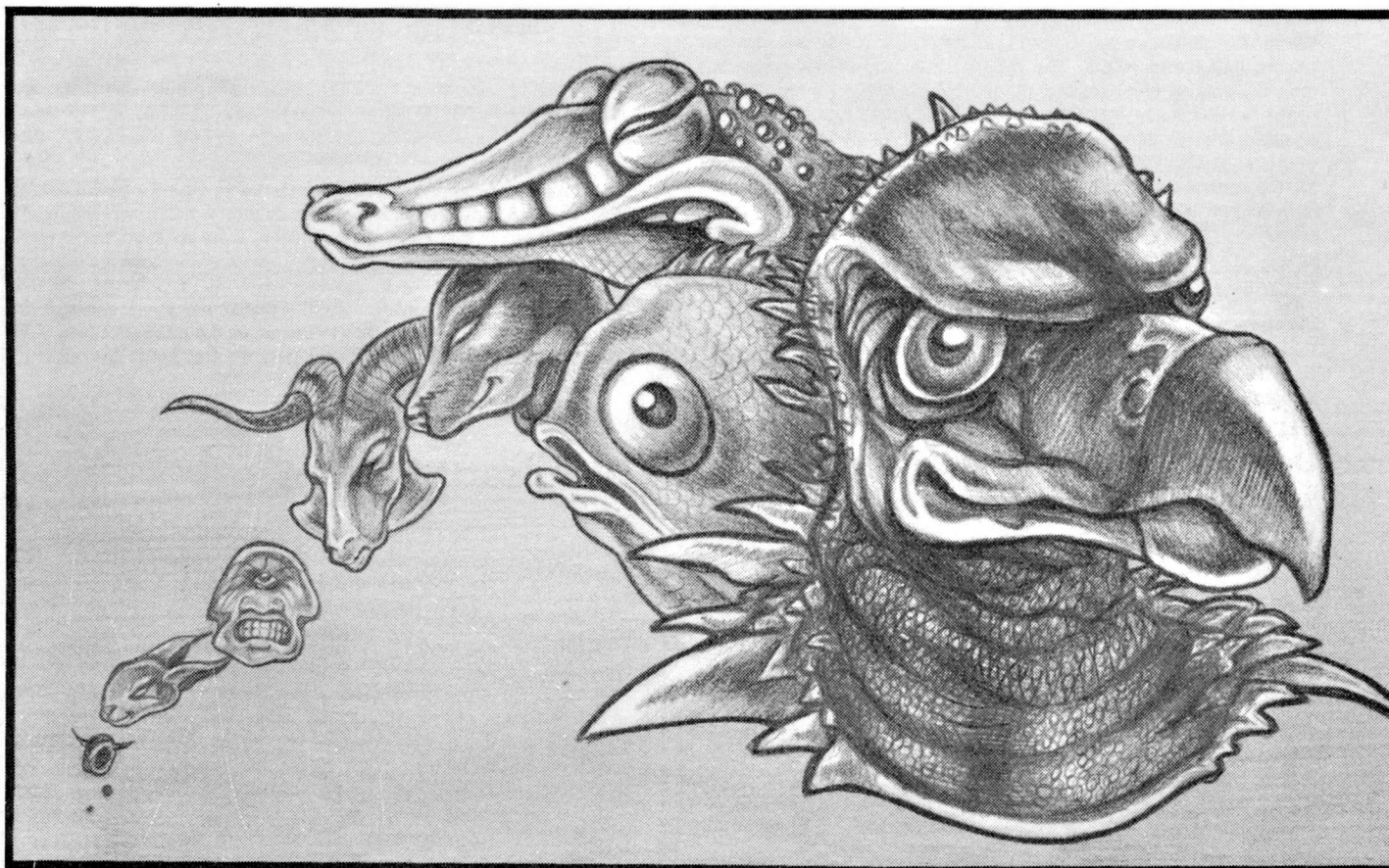
Each tusk holds one gas shell, and each mask has two tusks. The user has to reach up and grasp a tusk to activate the shell.

The Preservation Gas

This gas deadens all biological activity, keeping objects within it from decay, rot, or infestation. However, this same characteristic makes it into a potential weapon. Anyone engulfed by the gas is stunned, and forced into inactivity. He remains inert, paralyzed, and incapable of action until the gas dissipates, when he wakes up, with no memory of what happened while he was "asleep."

Two gas projectors were rebuilt from the devices which preserved the Ready Alert Base. Each works in a cone of action issuing from the "barrel" and spreading in a cone 30 meters long and 30 meters wide. However, the gas supply is chancy, and a 96-99 rolled each turn means the gas shuts off and the user must make an Electrical Lore roll to get it working again. A 00 means the gas source is drained completely.

They are too bulky to take out in the field, so they guard the base.



Orders of the Beast

At the age of 10-11, every Granbretanian is expected to apply for acceptance to one or more beast Orders. The leaders of each Order examine the applications, and accept those children who best fit their Order's qualifications. Personality, physique, and intellect are all considered carefully before anyone is permitted into an Order.

The characteristic modifiers below are added to standard Dark Empire statistics. For instance, Bulls add +1d6 to STR and +2 to SIZ. Since Granbretanians normally have +1d6 STR and +1 SIZ, Bulls end up with +2d6 STR and +3 SIZ!

Replace the standard **Hawkmoon** Occupation rules for Granbretanians with those given here. First, roll 1d100. On a result of 01-20, you are a Noble. Go to the Nobility section below. Otherwise, choose an Order and go to the appropriate section below.

THE NOBILITY: each noble can have his own unique mask. Members of the nobility who are also Grand Constables generally wear the mask of their Order, though not always. Duke Pra Flenn of Lakasdeh wears a dragon mask, Countess Flana a heron, and Count Shenegar Trott a caricature of his own face. Though Taragorm has his own Order (the Ferrets), he wears a unique clock mask.

If your INT is 20 or more, you may choose to be either a Scientist-Noble, a Warrior-Noble, or a member of the Order of Art (see below). If your INT is 19 or less, you are automatically a Warrior-Noble. You have 1d100% skill in Pilot Ornithopter plus Manipulation bonus.

Order of the ANT

A Dark Empire male warrior society. Members of this Order serve as garrison troops, holding down newly-conquered lands, serving as slave masters, and similar tasks. Most Granbretanians consider Ants second-rate troops, though they have served well in battle against ordinary Europeans.

Ants are Warriors. Subtract 1d3 from STR and 1 from SIZ. They receive no Ride nor Pilot Ornithopter skill.





A Sampling of the Many Beast Orders

Order of ART

This tiny Order is reserved for playwrights, poets, and composers of any sex. Their mask, called the Atrament, is made of a simple covering of black velvet, sometimes formed into the wearer's previous mask-style, if any. Members are either non-Ordered nobility who have received recognition, or precocious children of exceptional genius. This Order has no secret language.

A Noble who wishes to join this Order must have an INT of 20 or more. If you wish your adventurer to have joined this Order as a child, he must have an INT of 24 or more. Members of this Order receive the professional skills of Noble-Craftsman, specializing in the chosen art-form. However, members of this Order who are not of high birth receive only 1/10 the money received by Nobles by blood. Members of the Order of Art receive Pilot Ornithopter at 1d100% plus Manipulation bonus.



Order of the BADGER



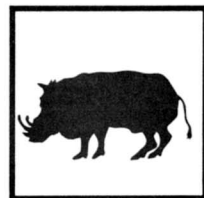
Male military engineers. Badgers serve as regular engineering troops, building trenches, constructing siege equipment, etc., but their main function is to repair and replace broken or lost equipment, such as weapons, armor, harnesses, etc. Add +1d3 to STR and subtract 2 from DEX.

Badgers receive the class background of both Warrior and Craftsman (specializing in Siegework, Weapon-making, or similarly useful skills), but receive no Ride nor Pilot Ornithopter skill. In addition, they do not receive a primary weapon skill as Warriors, only secondary and tertiary.

Order of the BOAR

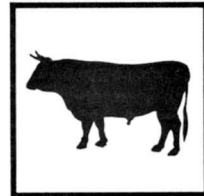
An Order of male warriors. This is one of the largest and most active Orders. Boars are notoriously coarse and brutal, and are usually in the forefront of any military campaign. They are friendly to the Pigs, and speak the same Order language.

Add 1d3 to STR and 1d6 to CON. Subtract 1d4 from INT if it is 10 or more. Background is standard Warrior. Favorite arms are heavy one-handed weapons such as battle axes, maces, or war hammers. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the BULL

Another male warrior Order; quite popular among Dark Empire generals for their insensate courage and willingness to die. Their Grand Constable is Baron Saka Gerden, who has been raised in the Order,



and whose son expects to follow in his stead.

Add 1d6 to STR, 1d4 to CON, and +2 to SIZ. Subtract 1d6 from INT if it is 10 or more. Background is standard Warrior. Favorite weapons are two-handed smashing or cutting arms such as poleaxes, greatswords, or great hammers. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the CAMEL

This small male Order is quite unusual, for its members often deal in a friendly manner with outsiders. Camels lead trading parties to distant parts of the world to trade for useful goods and spy out the land. They are usually accompanied by soldiers from one of the warrior Orders. When Camels come to lands where the people are weak or pacifistic, they steal whatever goods they need, killing those who resist. When they visit lands where the people are strong, Camels trade peaceably, often bartering the very goods they have stolen from others. As Granbretan's sway spreads over Europe, the Camels must travel further and further abroad to find useful markets.

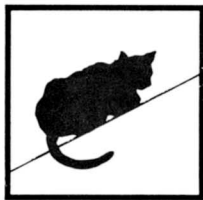
Their background is Merchant. Subtract 1d3 from STR. They receive 20% Pilot Ornithopter skill, plus their Manipulation bonus. They are a wealthy Order, and members receive twice as much starting money as ordinary Merchants.



Order of the CAT

City watch and patrol. All are male, and are led by Duke Vendel. The Orders of the Dark Empire police themselves and, of course, no act committed upon any non-citizen is considered criminal. When inter-Order conflicts arise, these are settled by the respective Grand Constables, or, failing that, the King-Emperor's own draconian justice. However, the Cats are useful in patrolling the Unmasked quarter of Londra (where they go in large groups) as well as the foreigners' quarter (where they do not). General Cat technique to solve quarrels is the murder of both participants.

Cats are Warriors. Favorite weapons are long spears, flamelances, and crossbows. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the CROW

The most important Dark Empire aviator Order. It is all-male. The great majority of all ornithopters are flown by members of this Order, who are not only the most common, but regarded as the most highly-skilled pilots in the world.

Add +1d4 to DEX. Crows are Warriors, but receive no Ride skill, and have a Pilot Ornithopter of 65% + Manipulation bonus.



Order of the CYCLOPS

Artisans of the Dark Empire. All are male. All those fancy helmets and fine plate suits have to come from somewhere. While many are made by armorers and workers directly within the Orders themselves,

the Order of the Cyclops determines the styles of the masks, and create fine helmets for nobles and officers.

Add 1d6 to DEX. Cyclopes are Craftsmen, usually specializing in Armoring. In addition to their Craft, they receive 50% Mechanical Lore and 20% Chemical Lore, plus their Knowledge bonus for both Lores. They have 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter.



Order of the EEL

The Dark Empire's Merchant Marine. All are male. Eels sail to distant ports to trade for products unavailable in the Dark Empire's sphere of influence. They often work in conjunction with Camels and, like the Camels, are as likely to act as pirates as merchantmen. Most Eel ships carry tough Fish or Otter marines for muscle.

Eels are Merchant-Sailors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



The FALCON Legion

A mercenary band of converts to the Dark Empire's way of life. Most are male, but many females fill the ranks. When the former leader of the Falcon Legion was killed in battle, Count Shenegar Trott of Granbretan took over the Legion and runs it as an Order along Dark Empire lines. Trott's mask is not a Falcon, but a silver caricature of himself.

Members of the Order of the Falcon have the statistics of whatever European nation they come from. Most are Frenchmen. Previous background is Warrior. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the FERRET

An Order of male military Engineers. Unlike the Badgers and Moles, the Ferrets rarely serve in ordinary front-line action. Instead, they build and operate new scientific devices, usually designed by the Serpent Order, but sometimes created by the Ferrets themselves. Taragorm, their Grand Constable, is fascinated by time and time travel, and wears a (working) clock mask. The Ferrets are a small Order, and mostly confined to Granbretan itself.

You must have an INT of 20 or more to join this Order. Ferrets are Scientists. However, their highest beginning Lore must be Mechanical. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the FISH

Male sailors of the Dark Empire's Navy. Only men can join this Order. They generally patrol Granbretanian coastal waters, but are sometimes found further out to sea, to supplement the Orders of



Shark and Sea Serpents. Fish are only indifferent seamen, compared to the other naval Orders, but are tough fighters, specializing in shipboard melees and boarding tactics. Their craft stop and board all non-Dark Empire ships they encounter. If the enemy ship resists, all are slaughtered.

Fish are Warrior-Sailors. Add 1 each to STR and DEX. However, subtract 10% from all Sailor skills.

Order of the FLY

An infantry Order, which admits both men and women (though few of the latter). Jerek Nankenseen, the Grand Constable, is now quite old. His wife, Falmoliva Nankenseen, used to ride into battle when younger. They are not the most courageous Order, but are well-skilled tactically. Their cruelties are usually more subtle than most Dark Empire troops. For instance, rather than simply burning a helpless prisoner to death, a Fly might cut off his hands, blind him, then release him alive.



Add +1d6 to DEX and subtract 1 from CHA. Flies are Warriors, but never serve as cavalry or dragoons (Hence their Ride skill is always 25% plus Agility bonus). Favorite arms are missile weapons, and any missile chosen as a primary, secondary, or tertiary weapon has its Attack increased by 10%. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the FOX

This small all-male Order acts as middlemen. They travel between different Orders, and purchase surplus goods, paying for these with products in short supply among their customers. These goods are stored and used to trade for still more surplus goods.

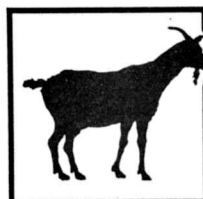


The members of this Order often attach themselves to some other Order, and act to its benefit for life. Hence, they are generally accompanied by soldier-bodyguards from some Warrior Order. Sometimes they work with Eels, whose job is similar.

Foxes are Merchant-Warriors. Subtract 1 each from STR, CON, and SIZ. They receive 25% Pilot Ornithopter skill plus Manipulation skill.

Order of the GOAT

A male warrior society, led by Archduke Mygel Holst. This Order is not so much cruel as simply very, very callous -- Goats might bivouac in a farmhouse and murder the owners, but they are unlikely to burn the house and crops just for fun. Goats are traditional enemies of Scandians, and each Goat swears an oath every New Year to kill every Scandian he meets. Hence, King-Emperor Huon did not permit the Goats to participate in the conquest of Scandia, and other Orders are careful to keep their Scandian slaves well away from Goat camps.



Add +1d8 to CON. Goats are Warriors. They prefer one-handed weapons and shields. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of GOD

A small Order, composed of priests and priestesses of the Dark Empire. Members of the Order are termed Priests, rather than Gods. The traditional demi-gods of Granbretan include: Jhone, Phowl, Jhorg, Rhunga, Skvese the Doom, Blansacredid the Chaos, and the Sacred Four; Bjirin Adass, the Singing God; Chirshil, the Howling God; Jeajee Blad, the Groaning God; and Jh'im Slas, the Weeping God. All these deities are ruled by the supreme Aral Vilsn, the Roaring God, who is often called, simply, God, and who equates to the universal god of ancient Christians or Moslems, though he seems to care much less about his worshippers. Recently the Yelite god Say-tunn has been added to the roster of Dark Empire cults, largely for the benefit of the Order of the Mutant. Modern Granbretanians are atheists, as, in fact, are most Priests. Priests service those few Granbretanians who believe, or pretend to believe, or who simply enjoy religious mummary.

Priests have the background skills of Scholars. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the HARE

An Order of messengers and military couriers. All are male. They ride gigantic goats, specially bred for speed over rough ground. Since the advent of ornithopters, the Order has become obsolescent, and is now quite small. However, Hares are still useful in some conditions, especially during winter storms, when ornithopters are grounded.

Add +1d4 to DEX and subtract 1d3 from SIZ. They are Warriors. All Hares have 75% Ride plus Agility bonus, 50% Memorize plus Knowledge bonus, and 30% Make Maps plus Knowledge bonus. They do not receive secondary weapon skills as Warriors, only primary and tertiary. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the HORSE

A male warrior Order. Horses fight in massed pike columns, somewhat like the Landsknecht of old. Since the advent of weapons of mass destruction, such as flame cannon, this specialized Order has lost its usefulness vs. civilized foes, but the Horses are still effective against enemy troops lacking high technology, such as Shekians, Carpathians, and Slavians.

Add 2 to SIZ. Horses are Warriors. They receive +10% to Long Spear Attack and Parry, their preferred weapons. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the HOUND

A male warrior Order. Hound and Wolf are traditional rivals, and rarely serve in the same campaign. They are led by the obese Adaz Promp, who wears brightly-colored silk over his armor, and is emulated by his men. Other Dark Empire folk think of Hounds as fops and dandies. However, they are as bold in combat as



any other troops. They are notorious for their lechery.

Add +1 each to STR and DEX. Hounds are Warriors. They receive +10% on primary weapon Attacks and Parries. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the HYENA



A male warrior Order. Hyena, Lion, and Jackal are traditional rivals, though Hyena and Lion frequently fight side-by-side. Hyenas enjoy combat even more than torture and rapine, and laugh insanely in battle, especially when mortally wounded. Hyenas never take prisoners.

Add +1d4 to POW and -1 from CHA. They are Warriors. Hyenas prefer two-handed and missile weapons. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the JACKAL

A male warrior Order, specialized as skirmishers. Hyena, Lion, and Jackal are traditional rivals. All Jackals are mounted and, contrary to the usual Dark Empire practice, wear chainmail or half-plate rather than heavy plate armor.



Add +1d4 to DEX and subtract 1d4 from SIZ if it is 10 or more. They are trained as Warriors, and all Jackals receive Ride at 65% plus Agility bonus. Favorite weapons are missile arms, especially flamelances. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the LION

Yet another warrior society. Females are permitted into this Order (and wear Lioness masks), though no inter-Order unions are permitted. Lions dislike Hyenas and Jackals, and often squabble with them, despite severe penalties leveled by their Grand Constable, Duchess Leesa Cohnn. Lions are heavy foot, wear especially heavy plate armor, but are worthless in hot weather.



The special plate worn by Lions acts as 2d6+2 protection, but reduces all Perception skills (and related skills, such as missile attacks) to the wearer's Perception bonus (or 5%, whichever is higher). Only characters with STRs of 14 or more can even maneuver in this stuff.

Add +1d4 to STR. If, after this bonus, the Lion still has a STR of 13 or less, he must fight in regular plate instead of the special Lion armor. Add 1d3 to CON and +2 to SIZ. Subtract 1 from DEX. Lions are Warriors, but never receive any Ride or Pilot Ornithopter skill. Favorite weapons are heavy, two-handed arms such as great hammers.



Order of the LIZARD

An Order of male historians and researchers. They are reputed to be pedantic and ineffectual, but some of their discoveries have led to impressive lines of experimentation for the scientist orders.

Lizards are Scholars. Subtract 1d6 from STR if 10 or more. They receive 1d100% Pilot Ornithopter.

Order of the MANTIS

King-Emperor Huon's Imperial Guard. All must be male. Members of the Order of the Mantis are tall, lean, and cool in temperament. They are also quite fanatical (even by Dark Empire standards), and live only to protect their Emperor.

Add +1d6 to STR, +1d6 to CON, and +1d6 to DEX. Mantises are Warriors, but add 10% to all weapon skills. Favorite weapons are flamelances, followed by longswords. They receive 20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the MINK

This Order is for women only. Their masks are soft fur with onyx eyes. Children born to Mink mothers be accepted into any Order, regardless of their father's status. This is the only known way that a slave's child can become a Granbretanian citizen. Their Grand Constable is Lady Alina Harentinus, who cares little about politics. Her mansion, Palace Deroval, is famous throughout Londra. It is wallpapered entirely with tanned human skin.

The members of this Order are prostitutes, who service Dark Empire men stationed away from slave women. The Order of the Mink is generally confined to Granbretan, as warriors on the continent satisfy their baser urges through force.

Add 1d3 to CHA. Minks are Craftswomen, and the Craft learned is "Courtesan." They receive 1d10% Pilot Ornithopter skill, plus their Manipulation bonus.



Order of the MOLE

Military engineers, mostly men. Their masks are black enameled metal, and both armor and masks are covered with a layer of felt, to eliminate all reflection. Though not all Moles are blind, all children who are born blind, or are blinded before they have joined an Order, are given to the Order of the Mole, whether they are male or female. However, all sighted Moles are male.

This Order specializes in underground construction, especially of underground bunkers, mines, and countermines. (In sieges, "mining" refers to the practice of tunneling under enemy defenses.) All Moles are trained to fight in the dark, and their operations, especially underground combat, are carried on without light. In fact, certain sighted Moles are given flamelances and given the assignment to fire at light sources brought underground (presumably by enemy miners).

If your character is a Mole, roll 1d6. If a 6 is rolled, you are blind, with the concomitant disadvantages. Moles are Warrior-Craftsmen (specializing in Mining or similar militarily-useful skills). They receive no Ride nor Pilot Ornithopter skill. Moles do not suffer any disadvantage when fighting in the dark (except that they cannot use missile weapons, of course).



Order of the MUTANT

This Order is composed of renegade Yelites (of both sexes). Their mask is a repulsive, half-melted human face. Children born to members of this Order are automatically taken into the Order.

The Grand Constable varies from time to time, and leadership of this Order is regarded as punishment, or a ploy by jealous rivals to get the Constable out of active life. The current Constable is Sarran Rappanus, an old foe of Baron Meliadus, who forced Rappanus to either accept this Order or become an Unmasked. Rappanus wears his old Frog mask, and never leaves his Londra home.



This Order serves as scouts and foragers for other Orders, especially in radioactive lands. They are usually divided into small groups and commanded by whatever Order needs their services.

Members of this Order have ordinary Yelite statistics and background. A few Mutant-Masks are real mutants, from various nations controlled by Granbretan. If your character is one of these, his

mutation and nature is up to the gamemaster. Mutant-masks receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the OTTER



An all-male military Order. Most serve as marines aboard Dark Empire naval vessels. While sometimes they are called upon to make landings, normally they simply act as extra muscle in boarding actions, guards, and shore scouting parties.

Otters are Warrior-Sailors. They can never be Mates nor Captains, and must subtract 20% from all their Sailing skills except for Swim. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the OWL



An Order of aviators. All are male. This Order primarily fly scout and troop ornithopters, leaving the fighting machines to the Crows.

Owls are Warriors, but receive no Ride skill, and have a Pilot Ornithopter of 50% plus Manipulation bonus.

Order of the PELICAN



This all-male Order performs surgery and biological warfare. They often work with the Order of the Serpent, which has eclipsed the Pelicans in recent decades.

A character must have an INT of 20 or more to become a Pelican. Member of this Order are Scientists. Their major Lore is always Biological Lore. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the PIG

An Order of prison guards, turnkeys, and bailiffs. All are male. Pigs wear ruby-red masks. They speak the same Order language as the

Boars, and are friendly to their brother Order. Several decades ago, the Pigs were split off from the Boars in a successful attempt by Huon to curb the Boars' growing power. Pigs guard prison outerworks, escort prisoners around the Dark Empire, and take surviving prisoners-of-war back to concentration camps.

Add 1d3 to STR and 1d6 to CON. Subtract 1d6 from INT if it is 10 or more. Background is standard Warrior. Favorite arms are heavy one-handed weapons such as battle axes, maces, or war hammers. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the RAT

An Order of male infantry. Rats specialize in siege warfare, cooperating with Moles in tunnel warfare, going over the walls of cities with Weasels, and preventing desperate breakouts on the part of starving defenders. Brenal Farnu, the Rat Grand Constable remained loyal in Meliadus' rebellion, and was driven into Sussex with his few remaining men. Presumably, he survived the final catastrophe of the Dark Empire, and perhaps helped foster the uprising of mask-wearers under Flana's Queenship.

Add 1d4 each to CON and DEX. Subtract 1 from SIZ. Rats are Warriors, but never serve as cavalry or dragons (so their beginning Ride is always 25% plus Agility bonus). Rats prefer short, easy-to-wield weapons such as short swords, rapiers, and crossbows. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the RAVEN

An Order of skirmishers. They are unpopular among the other Orders, for they love looting, and sometimes break off combat before a battle is ended, to rob corpses, empty houses of their goods, and even take weapons and trinkets from the bodies of other Dark Empire troops.

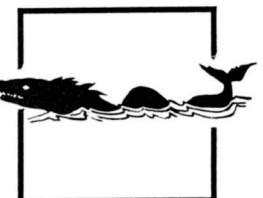
Subtract 1 from CHA. Ravens are Warriors. They have 1d10% Pilot Ornithopter. Add +10% each to a Raven's Search and See skills.



Order of the SEA-SERPENT

The most important and largest naval Order. All are male. They man the Dark Empire's main fleet, and its scout ships found in all the world's known seas. In the entire history of this Order, they never suffered a single naval defeat. After each victory, the Sea-Serpents engage in huge bacchanals, much envied by the other Orders.

Sea-Serpents are Warrior-Sailors. They do not receive their secondary Warrior weapon skills, only primary and tertiary. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the SERPENT

The famous Dark Empire scientist Order. All are male. Baron Kalan of Vitall is the Grand Constable of this highly-regarded order. Serpents are hand-picked from the Dark Empire youth by Kalan himself, chosen for high intellectual capacity, scholarship, and callous indifference to the comfort of others, which extends even to their own kind. Serpents are often preoccupied with their experiments, to the extent of ignoring food and sleep. In their pursuit of knowledge and power, this Order's impatience to test new devices has caused incalculable waste of life. The Serpents' enemies claim their motto must be "Back to the drawing board."

However, their boldness and disregard of risk has led to many stupendous successes, such as Kalan's acid cannon, which won the Battle of Londra for Meliadus, despite its malfunction.

You must have an INT of 20 or more to become a Serpent. Serpents are Scientists. They may add +10% to all Lore skills. They have 1d100% Pilot Ornithopter.



Order of the SHARK

Male sailors in the Dark Empire navy. This is a very small Order, all of which are stationed aboard major warships. The Order was created only a few years ago, as a special reward to Baron Davadleefarn, a favorite of King-Emperor Huon. All the members of this Order are raw youths, and it has not really developed a personality of its own yet.

Sharks are Warrior-Sailors. All beginning skills, however (both Sailor and Warrior), are reduced by 5%. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the SKULL

The all-male members of this order serve as torturers and prison guards. They deal directly with prisoners more often than do their comrades, the Pigs. The Grand Constable, Zhoh Kafan, is extraordinarily tall and thin, so much so that many believe he is a mutant. He is noted for his musical talent.

Skulls are Warriors. Subtract 1 STR and 1d3 from INT. Favorite weapons are battle axes, longswords, and especially (skinning) knives. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the SPIDER

An Order of female soldiers. The Spiders are fierce warriors but, despite stereotypes, are no more cruel than other Dark Empire warriors (they're still plenty cruel, however). Like the Hyenas, Spiders do not take prisoners, except for women opponents. The Spiders are widely believed to engage in cannibalism, eating any children born to their slaves. The Grand Constable is Shaynon Makhartius.

Spiders are Warriors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the SWAN

This Order makes up the medics and surgeons of the Dark Empire. Members can be male or female. They stitch up wounds and amputate shattered limbs of soldiers from every military Order. They never use anesthetic of any type.

Swans are Scholars. Their highest Lore is replaced by First Aid. Their second-highest Lore must be Biological or Chemical Lore. They receive 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the TIGER

A military all-male warrior order. The Tigers, like the Ants, are generally relegated solely to garrison duty and support work behind the front lines. The bulk of the Tiger Order are stationed on the isle of Granbretan itself, where they hunt down and exterminate raiders from Yel or the Orkneys.

Add 1 to STR, 1 to CON, and 1 to SIZ. They are Warriors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the TROLL

Armorsmiths, both male and female. The Trolls are not known for their craftsmanship (unlike the extremely skilled Cyclopes), and rarely make beast-masks or other objets d'art. However, their work is serviceable enough, and they produce the necessarily vast quantities of swords, war hammers, axes, and pikes needed by the armies of the Dark Empire.

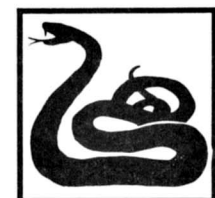
Trolls are Craftsmen, specializing in armor or weapon-making. Their main Craft is only 60% instead of 70%. They have 20% each Mechanical and Chemical Lore, and 1d20% Pilot Ornithopter.



Order of the VIPER

Female scientists and technicians. The Vipers are a companion Order to the Serpents, and act in much the same manner. However, this Order is smaller than the Serpents, and produces fewer useful gadgets.

You must have an INT of 20 or more to become a Viper. Vipers are Scientists. They have 1d100% Pilot Ornithopter.



The VULTURE Legion

This is the largest military society of Granbretan, and is entirely composed of non-Granbretanian mercenaries, mostly Magyars. It is not a true Order, though they wear Vulture masks to fit in with Dark Empire society. Vultures lack both a temple and the awesome discipline of Granbretanian troops, though as ordinary Europeans go, they are quite well-trained.



Their leader is Asrovak Mikosevaar. His battle standard, and the Legion's motto, is a banner of a sword-wielding corpse on which a vulture perches. Beneath it is his motto: "Death to Life."

Vultures have the statistic bonuses of their original nationality, and are Warriors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the WALRUS

An all-male warrior Order of mounted skirmishers and scouts. This Order, along with Jackals and Wildcats, are often used to scout out new territories, evaluating their military defenses and vulnerability to conquest. Walruses are notorious gluttons and rarely think before attacking. They wear chainmail or half-plate rather than full plate armor.

Add +1 each to STR and CON and subtract 1 from CHA. Walruses are Warriors, and all receive 65% Ride plus Agility bonus. They prefer javelins and spears as weapons. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the WASP



A military society of women warriors. They are a standoffish group, and fight coldly and calculatingly. However, when cornered or losing a battle, they go berserk.

Wasps are Warriors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.

Order of the WEASEL

More male military engineers. The Weasel Order is well-known for its love of violence. They enjoy building bizarre siege devices of mass destruction, such as wrecking-balls, siege towers, or huge pincer-tipped cranes to pluck defending soldiers off battlements. Weasels enjoy ordinary combat, too and often go into battle as assault troops, to place petards or wield battering rams.

The Weasel specialty is God's Hammer, an anti-fortress device which consists of a single slender wooden tower, constructed outside the range of the defender's fire. The tower's enormous height is carefully measured, so that the distance from the tower's base to its top is identical to that between the tower and the defenders to be destroyed. The top of the tower is filled with lead weights, spiked balls, and oil, set aflame at the last instant. In use, the tower is pushed over, to crash upon and smash the defender's ramparts.

Weasels are Warrior-Craftsmen, specializing in Siege Warfare or similar arts. They have a Mechanical Lore of 35%, and any one other Lore at 20%.

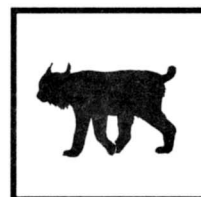


Order of the WILDCAT

A specialist male Warrior Order whose members are trained to fight at night. They act as night watch, raiders, scouts, and bushwhackers. They normally sleep all day, and awaken at night. When on the march with an army, they sleep in wagons pulled by other Orders' oxen. Duke Wade the Round, the Wildcats' Grand Constable, is disliked by

his men for his indolence, but Dark Empire discipline keeps the Order obedient.

Wildcats add +1d4 to DEX. They are Warriors who prefer light weapons, such as sabers, rapiers, and thrown spears. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the WOLF

Warriors led by Baron Meliadus of Kroiden. The Wolves, traditional rivals of the Hound, are the most bloodthirsty of all Dark Empire Orders, and follow their Grand Constable in his lust for power.

Add +1 each to STR and DEX. Wolves are Warriors. They receive +5% on all starting weapon Attacks and Parries. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Order of the WOLVERINE

A warrior Order. This order is composed of shock troops, used to break enemy shield walls and shatter resistance.

Add +1d3 to STR and POW, and subtract 2 from CON. Wolverines are Warriors. They receive no Pilot Ornithopter skill.



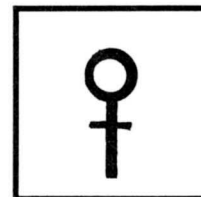
The SISTERHOOD

Most women of the Dark Empire never give birth, and only participate in sex, if at all, thrice a year during the nameless week-long orgies overseen by King Huon. Resultant pregnancies are generally aborted. These women wear a variety of masks of twisted leather. They have no Order language.

The legions of Granbretan are largely maintained and swelled by children taken from slave mothers and brought up by the Sisterhood. These children, raised in the dank gloomy tunnels ruled by the gaunt, grim Sisters, grow up to be true citizens of the Dark Empire.

Of course, many Dark Empire women, and even some Sisters, take lovers and birth children. Usually these children, too, are raised by the Sisterhood. Members of the Nobility often prefer to raise their children in their own palaces, though they often hire hags of the Sisterhood to raise their children in a special wing devoted to that purpose.

The women of the Sisterhood are Scholars. However, they do not receive the Intelligence increase common to most Scholars, since they do little research, nor do they seek out new sources of knowledge. Instead, they drill the accumulated wisdom of the Dark Empire into their charges. They receive 1d10% Pilot Ornithopter skill.



Outlaw Orders

Not all Granbretanian Orders are acceptable even to the Dark Empire. Some of these outlaw orders are discussed below. The Order of the Butterfly was so nasty that King-Emperor Huon banned it. They carried on blood-feuds with other Orders, invaded and tried to conquer nations with which Granbretan was not yet at war, and sabotaged the victories of rival Orders. The Butterflies were disbanded, and all

Unmasked. The few remaining Butterflies have fled to the wastelands of Granbretan.

The Order of the Thief has never been approved by the King-Emperor, and its members are slain on sight. They steal other Orders' masks to wear.

The Order of the Bear tried to assassinate Emperor Huon and was banned, along with their Grand Constable. The Order's remnants are supposed to have fled to Asia Communista. They may still be there, for all anyone knows.

The Unmasked

Not an Order, the ranks of the Unmasked are Granbretanians that have fallen out of favor of the King-Emperor for deeds against the Emperor's wishes, refusal to carry out orders, un-Granbretanian activities, and similar crimes. The Unmasked have a special quarter of Londra reserved for them, as no other Granbretanians wish to live near or interact with them. The Unmasked grow or catch their own food in the slums and sewers of deserted Londra, and rarely leave the Unmasked Quarter. Members of other Orders who travel unguarded into the Unmasked Quarter often disappear without trace.

Due to the aversion all Granbretanians feel for sunlight and fresh air upon exposed faces, the Unmasked often try to hide their features

with cloth or leather hoods or even garbage. Any covering which approaches or resembles a real mask is confiscated and destroyed, and the violator executed.

All Unmasked hope and dream to perform some action to restore their favor with the King-Emperor, their titles and, most importantly, their masks.

Unmasked are normal Granbretanians in every respect, though their posture is a bit more twisted than others of the Dark Empire through their efforts to hide their faces. The Unmasked are better servants of the Dark Empire in their way than many "normal" masked citizens, for, in their zeal to restore their status, they gleefully undertake the most dangerous missions imaginable.

Unmasked have whatever statistics and skills they obtained in their previous Order. Their few children are taken away by the Cat night watch and raised by the Sisterhood.

Other Orders

We have not covered all the Orders of the Dark Empire in this article, merely those that are most interesting, important, or large. Many other orders, such as the Crocodile, Barracuda, Starling, and Mongoose, have not been described here. If you, as the gamemaster, have a need or desire to create new Orders for your players, feel no restraint.

A Day in the Life of Oshol Nariva

Meet Oshol Nariva, brother of the Order of the Boar. Oshol is a sergeant in the glorious armies of King-Emperor Huon of Granbretan. He is short and stocky, as are most Boars, with bristly red hair and beard. His Boar mask is made of serviceable brass with enameled white tusks and red garnet eyepieces. Oshol favors dark brown and tan in his clothing, which is made of heavy leather and wool. He fears direct sunlight, and constantly wears thick leather gloves and a stout burlap cloak, with a voluminous hood extending over his mask. This rude-looking cloak is pinned with a gold and ruby brooch, taken from Oshol's first wartime kill, a French girl.

Oshol sleeps in the huge Boar barracks in the military district of Londra. His bunkmate is Sgt. Wavan Larmior. Wavan and Oshol detest one another, though their Boar oaths keep them from fighting to the death so far. Neither speaks to the other as they rise for morning exercises.

After indoor drill in the gigantic, echoing barracks hall, Oshol dismisses his squad to breakfast. A beam of sunlight strikes his mask's garnet eyes as he passes into the mess hall, and he shivers involuntarily, suddenly nauseated. In the mess hall, he and his troops are given food, but they do not eat there, instead scattering around the barracks or remote parts of the drill ground to eat. Some sit back-to-back. Oshol himself returns to the barracks, where Wavan has already glutted himself and returned to his own squad. Before leaving, Wavan relieved himself over Oshol's bed linen, an act of malice that grates Oshol's teeth. He roars for two slaves, and though the men come running, they cannot get there fast enough for Oshol. When they arrive, Oshol whips out his sword and cuts off one man's feet. He then orders the other to clean the bed linen to utter perfection or suffer his dying companion's fate.

Oshol sits down on Wavan's bed and eats in the jerky manner common to all Granbretanians, slipping food under the edge of the mask. As he eats, he wonders that the non-Granbretanian sub-men can

survive without masks, eating in equal company with their faces exposed. The thought makes him shudder and lose his appetite, and he straightens his mask as he stands up. He drops his half-full tray on the dead man and leaves. Behind him, the slave is left to clean the linen, carry the tray back to the mess hall, and dispose of the corpse. In a sense, this is a special treat -- the slave gets the chance to eat the remainder of Oshol's meal, which has been spilled across the floor.

Oshol leave the barracks and heads towards the parade ground, where his squad has already gathered. He announces that their commanding officer, Rughi Ravian, has approved a day's leave for himself, and leaves Corporal Nerlh in command.

Passing the Temple of the Boar on the way out of the Boar barracks area, Oshol finds himself on a road paralleling the Tayme. The Tayme is especially dark today, as several thousand prisoners from Germania

were executed in celebration of Duke Adaz Pomp's birthday this morning. It is a fine day. Even the black-green fog swirls a bit less menacingly than usual, and patches of the city are completely open to the sun's killing rays. Oshol pales under his mask and pulls his cloak a bit tighter as a ray of sunlight strikes the river at his feet, turning it a brilliant ruby color and reflecting red sparkles into the air about him.

Suddenly, Oshol turns and runs breakneck for the dark tunnel opening to the Sisterhood's warrens. It will be good to travel underground today, to see the places of his infancy, and to escape the glaring sun. As he races dangerously down the knobby steps, he reels from side to side, crashing into slaves, squalling children, and other masked warriors. But as he descends, he becomes calmer, and suddenly transforms his wild run into a slow walk. He strolls down the dank and smoky Underworld tunnels, listening to children crying in their gloomy creches. He smirks under his mask -- all

Oshol Enjoys a Fine Londra Day



Granbrethanians know that children are soft animals, which must be tamed and trained in Dark Empire mores, else they end up no more than sub-men. Ancient crones wearing hideous masks of leather and plaster scuttle across his path. Some lead forlorn packs of children at the ends of rope harnesses. He can almost taste the hags' resentment of his presence in their smelly passageways. He tries to accost one, but she hisses at him and jerks herself away.

Oshol emerges from the tunnels near the Hanging Tower, a building that the sorcerer-scientists raised into the air a decade ago and have been unable to re-ground. The Tower, a forty-story affair hanging several meters overhead, never fails to astound and delight Oshol, who is fascinated by science. In fact, one of the Orders he applied to for entry at the age of 11 was Serpents. Though the Serpents rejected him, his interest in the sciences never ceased.

Strolling further, Oshol sees two Mink women approaching, chattering together in their Order tongue behind their furry masks and lace fans. They wear only thin straps of cloth tightly bound over strategic parts of their bodies, and Oshol sways for a moment, stunned at their nearly-nude bodies, fully exposed to the sunlight. He puts a leather-gloved hand to his mask to steady his throbbing head and then straightens himself as the Minks pass by.

The Minks chitter once more to themselves and then turn to regard him from the huge onyx eyes of their masks. "Good day to you, sir Boar," one of them says in dulcet tones, while stroking her companion's body obscenely. The other coughs politely, making a gesture of unambiguous meaning. "Can we be of service to you this day?" Oshol grasps at them blindly, but they dodge away, chortling. "Fifteen minutes' service for a touch, two hours for more! A day's service if you need to hurt us," they whisper hoarsely. 'A touch' is insufficient for Oshol, and he does not wish to spend two hours of his day's leave working for the benefit of the Mink Order in return for a moment of gratification.

"I need nothing," Oshol grunts, and stalks up the street, hearing the Minks giggle to each other about his boorishness from behind. But soon they spot two Shark masks to entice and forget about Oshol. Oshol pauses to lean against the building next to him, wobbling his head slowly. His skull aches. Must be the sunlight. Where is a drinking hole? Some liquor and a place to sit would straighten him out.

Abruptly pushing off from the building, Oshol grabs a passing slave and slams him against the wall till his teeth chatter. He shoves his mask into the slave's face and bellows, "Quick! The nearest barrel house, you putrid garbage!" The bloodied slave gestures frantically up the avenue toward the Palace, whose odd, shifting spires tower above the city. Not far away, Oshol sees a tavern sign, The Hanged Lady. He throws the slave to

one side and makes a beeline to the tavern. Sitting down on the tavern's stoop with a stein of hard liquor, he inserts a tin straw through his mask and slurps up his drink. From his seat under the dangling feet of the tavern's "signpost," he can watch the Palace as he drinks. The Palace's walls excite him, its clashing designs are like martial music to his soul, and his headache departs as he sways rhythmically side-to-side in time with the discordant music pouring from the tavern's common room.

The Hanged Lady is crammed full even at this early hour, and dozens of beast-men stagger in and out of its doors. A very drunk Rat, his mask askew, bangs heavily into Oshol and spills his drink.

"Watch yourself, rodent," Oshol grumbles at the befuddled Rat, who blinks stupidly at him through one eye-hole. "And straighten your mask. You disgrace my Empire."

With a hiccupping gasp, the Rat pulls himself erect. "Eat excrement, Boar." He whips his rat mask around to cover his features, drawing a dagger with his other hand. "Apologize or die."

Oshol sees red. Hefting his stein he roars, "Come on then, see what a Boar can do!" The Rat is on him before he finishes, stabbing at the Boar mask in drunken frenzy. Oshol grabs the Rat's knife-hand and smashes in the Rat's mask with his steel drinking-mug. The Rat screams as the fight goes out of him. Oshol, in blind fury, hurls the Rat to the ground and stomps on him again and again and again, until another Rat rushes up, short sword in hand. Oshol grapples with this second Rat and lifts him overhead, while he hacks frantically with his sword at Oshol's leather-wrapped arm. Then the Boar throws him into the street in front of a galloping platoon of mounted Skulls. As the unfortunate foe is trampled, Rats come pouring out of the tavern. Oshol goes berserk and raises his uninjured arm to smash his enemies. The fight ends in a frenzied melee of Rats, Boars, and Skulls. Oshol continues to fight until a Skull's club deprives him of consciousness.

He comes to in his own bed, his arm and head bandaged. To his astonishment, his own Grand Constable sits nearby, shaking his head rapidly back and forth. The Constable's jewel-encrusted mask radiates murderous good cheer.

"You fool," he chuckles. "You insane fool. You killed one Rat, maybe two, and crippled four, did you know that? Brenal Farnu [Grand Constable of the Rats] is outraged. What have you done, Sergeant Oshol Nariva?"

"I was provoked, Majesty..."

"Silence!" The Constable regards him inquisitively. "What punishment should be invoked for this breach of peace, Sergeant Oshol Nariva?"

"Noble one, I know not." Oshol gulps and tries not to think of the ghastly fate surely awaiting him. Death, even slow death, would be preferable to Unmasking. Life without a mask ... he moans softly and shudders.

The Constable regards him thoughtfully. "Perhaps we should unmask you, violent one. But you fought off a whole squad of armed warriors, using only your fists and a beer stein. You have been most inspiring, and your war fury may prove of much use in the wars to come. Name your desire."

Oshol is long in replying. "High One, I wish to serve you as well as I may, though perhaps with a larger command. One sergeant does oppose me, interfering with my work and my men. If I could be rid of him..."

"Done," the Grand Constable states. "I hereby elevate you to lieutenant in the Order of the Boar and will so notify your commanding officer. This other sergeant, whomever he is, is hereby placed under your command. Remember, though, that he is a Boar-brother." He leaves.

Oshol grins painfully. A fine day. Tomorrow he will have his new mask made, and assign Wavan to perpetual latrine duty. Perhaps he will let his new platoon kick some slave girls to death in celebration. Musing pleasantly, he nods off to sleep.

Daily Life in Granbretan

Most citizens of Granbretan are warriors, as can be seen in the Hawkmoon novels. The city of Londra is a very military in nature, set up mainly as a base for the millions of soldiers that inhabit the city while off campaign. Among the natives, money is never used. All Orders have their own job to do for the Dark Empire, whether it be fighting, healing, building armor, or raising children. The citizens live in barracks-like buildings free of charge, and are provided with everything they need from their Order.

The Orders support themselves, taking food, textiles, and slaves in war, all used for the capturing Order's benefit. Even land conquered in wartime is parceled out among the Orders and the inhabitants thereof are considered to be the Orders' property.

Trade of surplus items between Orders is normal. Oshol did not have to pay for his drink at The Hanged Lady -- the bartender slave keeps track of how many mugs of liquor are given to each Order. At the end of the month, the tavern's owner, a Fox, tallies up the results and these are given to a Boar Quartermaster, who gives the Order of the Fox whatever services, slaves, or goods are needed to pay for the liquor drunk, Fox slaves killed, and meals eaten by Boars. On a more personal scale, the Minks encountered by Oshol would have expected him to serve them personally for a greater or lesser period of time, in return for greater or lesser sexual favors. Likely types of service might have been overseeing slave labor in Mink workhouses, acting as a bodyguard, or taking clothing or food for the Minks from Boar supplies.

Each Order has a fine large building, called a Temple, which serves as the Order's headquarters and shrine. Usually the temple is located as near to the barracks as possible.

Interdimensional Travel

Although the games Stormbringer and Hawkmoon are constructed to allow easy travel between them, there are certain effects which interdimensional travel forces upon a character.

Entering Tragic Millennium Earth

Of all Moorcock's universes, Hawkmoon's is perhaps the most Lawful and least influenced by Chaos. Any Stormbringer adventurer coming to Tragic Millennium Earth finds that all his magic skills are divided by 10 (5 or greater rounding up). Summoned demons and elementals may not be bound into a sorcerer's permanent service, though such entities previously bound remain under control once brought here. Additionally, no magic may be taught in Hawkmoon's world. The nature of Law does not permit the tremendous and

wierd flexing of logic and mental perception necessary to the learning of spells.

The abilities of elementals remain the same as in Stormbringer. However, elementals may not be bound into a sorcerer's service on Hawkmoon's Earth: they may only be summoned and commanded once, after which they depart.

All demon attributes, except for SIZ, and all demon special abilities are divided by 10 so long as they stay on Tragic Millennium Earth. This even applies to powerful demons such as Stormbringer itself, who only drains 1d10 points of POW, instead of 1d100. New demons can be summoned on Tragic Millennium Earth and, unlike elementals, can be bound into service. The total of the demon's attribute points equals the sorcerer's total attribute points divided by 10. The demon's POW is based on a normal roll of 1d3, which makes

it extraordinarily easy to tame. Since SIZ remains normal, points put into SIZ are multiplied by 10 (or whatever fraction thereof the summoner desires).

Upon return to the Young Kingdoms, all the demon's statistics but SIZ are multiplied by 10, including POW. This POW increase gives the demon an immediate chance to resist the sorcerer's POW and escape its binding. If it is an aggressive type of demon, it immediately attacks the sorcerer. Otherwise, it merely departs.

Elemental Rulers, Beast Lords, and the Lords of Law and Chaos cannot be summoned in Hawkmoon's world. Agents (only) of Law, Chaos, or of an Elemental Ruler, that try to contact their patron can, at best, get only a dim image or voice from their god. Their god can take no action here.

Amulets of Law or Chaos become inert and dead while within Hawkmoon's Earth.

Unlike other forms of magic, Virtues function normally in Hawkmoon's Earth. However, new virtues cannot be manifested here.

Entering the Young Kingdoms

No change occurs to a native of Tragic Millennium Earth upon entering the Young Kingdoms. Flamelances still function, mutants retain their special powers, ornithopters fly perfectly well. Science, the tool of Law, works just fine in Elric's world. However, the tools necessary to science are generally unavailable anywhere in the Young Kingdoms. Unless a traveller brought his equipment with him, no Hawkmoon Lore skill can operate at higher than 20%.

Flamelances and similar technological weapons are generally not considered to be magic, and do not damage demon armor, though the damage points in excess of the demon armor's protection will still damage the wearer. Certain special weapons, such as the Sword of the Dawn, can harm demon armor. Ant other weapons, such as the acid or sonic cannons, produce effects too devastating or too subtle to be blocked effectively by demon armor.

Scenarios

The adventures presented in The Shattered Isle can be used with either Hawkmoon or Stormbringer adventurers. Ambitious gamemasters may also choose to use this book with parties composed of both types.

*Written by: Kerie Campbell-Robson,
With: Greg Stafford and Harry A. Robson V.*

This campaign takes place on Tragic Millennium Earth. It can be played by either or both *Hawkmoon* and *Stormbringer* adventurers. Reasons for the participation of both types of adventurers are included. Several different Non-Player Characters are included, to give you and your players a choice in the motivation that gets your players started in this adventure. Some of these Non-Player Characters are important to this adventure later on, so familiarize yourself with them all.

Background Information

This series of adventures takes place mainly on the island of Eire, just west of Granbretan. It is part of the Dark Empire.

Eire

Eire is nicknamed "the Emerald Isle" for the brilliant green vegetation that abundantly covers its rolling hills and valleys. North and south Eire boast ranges of small mountains. Between the mountainous areas is a stretch of fairly fertile lowlands dotted by vast bogs -- treeless, cool areas where eons of moss have decayed into peat, which is burned in the natives' fireplaces. Western Eire is cold, especially in the winter, when North Atlantic gales from the Arctic sweep over it.

Eire is mineral-poor. Its bones hold no oil and little coal or metal. The people subsist mostly by farming, though fishermen are in the west and south, and cattle, sheep, and pigs are raised as well. Potatoes make up the bulk of the diet.

The Eirish are a superstitious folk, repeating and believing tales of the wee folk: leprechauns, elves,

fairies, ghosts, and goblins. Mutations are common, probably due to the country's proximity to Granbretan, since Eire is one of the few lands not hit directly by nuclear fire in the Tragic Millennium. Mutants are believed to be changelings or otherwise part-faerie, and are ostracized, though not harmed. Most mutants live in small self-sustaining communities, bolstered occasionally by gifts from nearby farmers to keep them happy and secluded.

Eire is used by the Granbretanians as a hunting preserve. However, the men of the Dark Empire hunt humans. The Granbretanian nobility permits the poor fishers and farmers of the Emerald Isle to go about their daily business and lives so that they will multiply, giving the Beast Masks a plenitude of gruesome trophies to display in Londra. Eire is also used as a proving ground for new recruits, a sort of final exam for certain Orders. Villages and towns are overrun and destroyed in "mock" invasions to instruct untried Granbretanian youths in the arts of death and plunder. Tests for new military equipment are often made in Eire, which is conveniently close, yet isolated from the spies of other lands. The ruins of ancient and new war machines lie all over Eire. Since the invasion of the mainland, Eire's importance has diminished, and it is now much less used.

Eirish are fair-skinned with light-colored eyes. Their hair is either deep black, or blond, red or light brown. Eirish are usually short and slim, with fiery tempers and fair humor. Any roll of Scholar or Scientist on the class table should be replaced with Farmer. Roll 1d6 for body frame: 1-3 = light, 4-6 = medium. Add 1d3 to CON, 1d3 to DEX, and 1 to CHA. Subtract 2 from SIZ if already 10 or more.

The Coming of the Sorcerer

Zhenadar-vron-Kensai is an Amarehkian scientist, the infamous creator of the Charki. Two centuries ago, after years of struggle against his insane appetites and experiments, the Amarehkians drove him from their lands. Zhenadar sailed across the Atlantic in a mechanical ship and found himself in Eire, penniless and friendless.

A fisherman found Zhenadar asleep on the beach, took pity on the old scientist, and brought him to his house. While recuperating in the fisherman's home, Zhenadar learned of the Eirish superstitions, the existence and customs of the European lands he thought were myth, and of the power-hungry Dark Empire. Too, he learned that the common Amarehkian language he spoke was nearly identical to the language that the fisherman claimed was common for Europe.

Zhenadar, with his scientific marvels, soon convinced the fisher and his village that he had come to punish the evil of the Beast Empire. The fisher-folk swore fealty to Zhenadar and helped him build his stronghold atop a magic faerie mound. After a few experiments, Zhenadar discovered that the faerie mound was actually a focus for inter-dimensional activity -- a place where other planes periodically intersect with Earth's.

Zhenadar equipped his mound-top villa with devices captured from Granbretanian patrols or built from raw materials stolen from local farms. He wiped out the fishing village that had originally helped him, and settled down to learn about the other planes which intersected the faerie mound, hoping to find allies he could use to conquer first Amarehk, then the world.

After two decades of exploring the other planes, Zhenadar discovered an artifact in an extra-dimensional nil-space. This item, called Arkyn's Eye, when harnessed, restored his youth and kept him perpetually young. he turned back his personal clock by thirty years, reducing his age from 68 to 38 and keeping it there, while continuing his watch for allies.

Generations passed. During this time, he fathered two sons on captive peasant girls. His sons took up their father's cause when they came of age. Several years before this scenario begins, a hunting party of Granbretanians led by two Serpents found his laboratories. Enthralled by his genius, the Serpents joined Zhenadar. With their help, Zhenadar stole one of the new Granbretanian ironclads and sailed to Amarehk, where he captured ten Charki before returning to Eire.

With the Charki, Zhenadar, his sons, and the Granbretanians could pillage peasant towns whenever in need of food or goods. He also used them to capture a number of seacraft, assembling an armada in a western Eirish bay for use in his upcoming conquests.

For some years, mercenaries have been trickling in to Zhenadar from all over Europe. He has also managed to



The Scientist Zhenadar

garner a number of otherworldly allies from other planes of existence. However, in so doing Zhenadar and the Serpents have also managed to offend a number of sorcerers and scientists from these other planes. Several of these seek to stop him before he damages the fabric of the Multiverse itself. Arkyn's Eye, Zhenadar's youth-enhancing artifact is much more important than he dreams (his petty use of it to prolong life is rather like using a jack-hammer to crush robin's eggs). The Eye is actually one of several secret creations whose purpose is to stabilize and sustain the structure of the Multiverse. Zhenadar's drain on its forces has weakened

key parts of the interplanar continuum and upset the Cosmic Balance of several worlds.

While visiting Granbretan for supplies, one of Zhenadar's Serpents gave information about Arkyn's Eye to Baron Kalan, who immediately probed for it himself. Soon, he found the Eye in its little pocket of nil-space, and managed to tap its power. He has converted the Dark Empire's siege beetles (titanic war engines in the shape of huge insects) to derive their power from this artifact. The new model siege beetles are currently in use around Europe, causing further drain on Arkyn's Eye.

Getting Here

Ivandir Ayoomas

(for Young Kingdom adventurers)

Ivandir is a good choice to get your players into the adventure if their adventurers are basically nice guys, but feel that financial rewards are important, too.

Ivandir is a wealthy Lormyrian sorcerer-priest of Arkyn. Arkyn came to him in a dream and explained that an insane creature of great power was working against the Multiverse and if he were not stopped, many precious things would cease to exist. Ivandir awoke with a shout and a sense of purpose. He wishes to gather a party of the faithful (i.e., Lawful adventurers) to destroy this misled being. Ivandir sends his call through the temples of Law in the Young Kingdoms, entreating assistance in his crusade. Those answering his summons must come to Ivandir's home in Ramasaz, where he will outline the mission.

Ivandir's story: "This mission must be accomplished in another world, where magic is less powerful. Lord Arkyn will open a gate for you in the ocean off the coast of Lormyr. Once through the gate, sail north till you reach land. Once you have reached land, you must travel further north till you reach the land of the sorcerer. The threatened Eye lies on a plane other than the one to which you are being sent. However, you should be able to get enough information to find your way to the Eye from thence. Arkyn's Eye is globe-shaped, and is also known as the Cornerstone. It is not dangerous in any way, but I know nothing else of it. My instructions are either to cut the Eye off from outside interference, or, if necessary, to destroy it. I believe that destruction of the Eye will cease the Multiversal fluctuations by releasing its 'soul' to find a new container.

"In return for your services, you may, of course, keep all booty found en route, provided unusual items are first taken to a temple of Arkyn for inspection and possible reproduction. In addition, each survivor will receive 1000 LB in any denomination he chooses and a trip home to anywhere in the Young Kingdoms, via Virtue of Transport."

Agents and priests of Arkyn who successfully complete this venture gain 2d10 Elan. Agents and priests of other Lawful lords gain 1d10.

Ivandir cannot accompany the party. He must stay behind in case the adventurers fail, so that he can recruit a second party.

If Ivandir is not used to introduce the players to this scenario, he may come himself to stop Zhenadar's menace, as he was unable to find anyone else to do so. One promising way to introduce him to the adventurers is to have them rescue him from Charki or chaos creatures in Eire. Ivandir is extremely cautious and won't directly assault Zhenadar or his minions, hoping that the location of the Eye will be revealed to him in another vision. Ivandir is a coward and hates combat, but his knowledge of other planes and Law may be of some use to the players.

Ivandir Ayoomas, Lormyrian Priest of Arkyn, age 38

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 21
DEX 13 CHA 14 HP: 12 Armor: Half Plate, 1d8-1

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Dagger	40	1d4+2	30
Cudgel	35	1d6	35

SKILLS: Ride 54, Sleight of Hand 43, Balance 50, Scent 24, See 68, Credit (in Young Kingdoms) 89, Persuade 65, Sing 94, First Aid 67, Plant Lore 88

LANGUAGES: Common Tongue 95, Low Melnibonean 82, High Melnibonean 43; Note: Ivandir is literate.

SUMMONINGS: Elementals: Air 52, Water 34; Virtues: Knowledge 51, Travel 47

Encounters with Agents of Law or servants of the Runestaff such as the Warrior in Jet and Gold fill Ivandir with awe. He always recognizes such for what they are and is extremely respectful. If he encounters Agents of Chaos or the Melnibonean sorcerer Ilendrik, he cowers and attempts to escape. Ivandir knows his limitations and won't attack such strong Chaos outright. The Granbretanians are Chaotic to him; with proper display of scientific knowledge, Ivandir may well come to believe that they are the Lords of Chaos themselves.

Ilendrik Tohrmhal

(for Young Kingdom adventurers)

Ilendrik is a good choice for your players if they are solely profit-oriented or if several of them are chaotic.

The adventurers are approached by a half-Melnibonean messenger, wearing the garments of that isle's slave-class. If the characters do not live near one another, separate messengers approach each one. All the messengers act in the same manner and carry the same orders.

The man produces a scroll from his jerkin and lays it before the adventurers. He then quietly waits, making no conversation. Insistent questioning causes him to open his mouth and reveal that his tongue has been removed at some time in the past.

The scroll reads (in the language used by the adventurers):

"Kindly accompany my servant to my abode. I know of you and have work that people of your caliber should find welcome. Payment is handsome. You have an hour from the arrival of this message to follow my messenger. If you do not leave by the end of the hour, he shall depart to seek another. Be fearful of no treachery."

The signature is illegible, but appears to be in a language other than Common.

At the end of the hour, the messenger leaves. Those following him eventually arrive at a ship in the nearest sea port. They are not accosted by any sailors as they walk aboard, mostly due to the non-human blood in their silent guide. He hands a scroll to the captain whose face drains of blood as he reads it, and the ship is hurriedly prepared to sail. No word is said about payment.

The players are shown to their cabin by the captain himself. If questioned, the shaken Lormyrian states, "I do not envy you gentlemen. It is not often that one is invited to Melnibone." He says no more on the subject, and the ship sails inexorably toward the Dragon Isle.

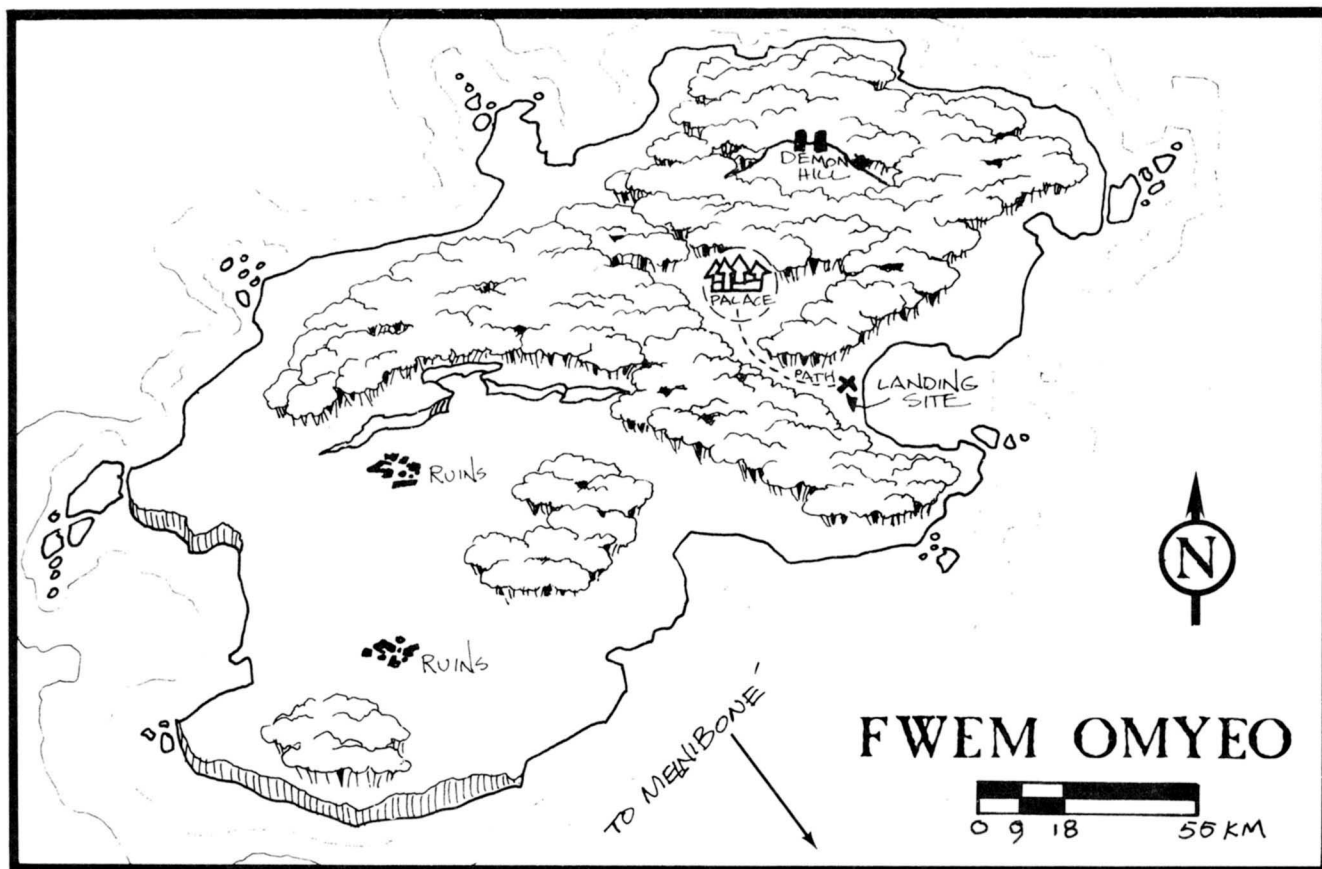
The characters are on their way to Fwem Omyeo, the largest of the three smaller Melnibonean islands, northwest of the main isle, Melnibone proper. Historically, Fwem Omyeo was the estate of the throne's heir apparent. Depending on the campaign, the island can play differing roles. In a pre-Elric game, the hiring sorcerer should be the crown prince of the current Dragon Empire. In a game in which Imrryr has not yet fallen, the sorcerer is an eccentric, living off to himself away from the dreaming, dying main island. In a post-Imrryr game, he is a hermit who cannot bear to leave his ruined homeland.

Fwem Omyeo is heavily forested with fragrant woods such as cedar and pine. The sea barrier that surrounds the main island is lacking here and a longboat can safely thread the protecting reef to beach on the isle. The sorcerer dwells in the towers of the crown prince's palace at the island's center.

When the longboat is rowed ashore by two terrified crew-members, it is almost dark. As soon as the characters disembark, the longboat hurries back to the ship, which sets sail perforce. From the forest comes a scattering of unearthly hoots and cries. The messenger sets off into the forest along an overgrown paved pathway.

The forest of Fwem Omyeo is not in itself dangerous. The trees are oddly-colored but are not animate or malevolent in most cases. However, chaos creatures roam about freely, products of Ilendrik's magical experiments. Their cries can be heard, filtered through the trees, but no attack will come. These creatures avoid the path, which is enchanted.

The estate proper is bare of trees, consisting of a manicured stretch of bluish lawn, white and red roses, and the palatial towers, which are at least three millennia old, though they are in



excellent repair. They are not painted in the normal pastel shades of Imrryr's mansions -- the sorcerer has seen fit to paint his three towers an ebony black.

The characters are ushered into the center tower to meet with the sorcerer. Only a few half-human slaves, silent like the messenger, are present, but a feeling of being watched is persistent and annoying. Any attack or untoward behavior directed at the lord of the palace or anything his is abruptly stopped by unseen, strong hands. Very powerful demons of protection inhabit the castle, untouchable and unseeable.

By his bearing and appearance, the party's host is obviously a noble in high standing. He is in fact of royal blood, either brother or cousin to the Emperor (depending upon your campaign's needs). He condescends to the party in a way that suggests he feels he is far superior to them.

Ilendrik Tohrmhal, Melnibonean Royal-Warrior, Age 46

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 19 INT 26 POW 35
DEX 12 CHA 16 HP: 20 **Armor:** Special demons

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Thrown Dagger	85	1d4+2+1d4	--
Sea Axe	75	2d6+2+1d6	70

SKILLS: Conceal 58, Climb 60, Dodge 87, Listen 65, Memorize 95, Orate 60, Persuade 55, Pick Lock 48, Plant Lore 85, Poison Lore 90, Ride 90, Ride Dragon 65, Scent 40, See 50, Sleight of Hand 95, Taste 80.

LANGUAGES (Read/Write/Speak): High Melnibonean 80, Low Melnibonean 100, Common 100, 'pande 45, Mabden 60, LawSpeak 40.

SUMMONINGS: Elementals: Air 93, Earth 71, Fire 98, Water 55; Demons: Combat 95, Desire 56, Knowledge 82, Possession 95, Protection 97, Travel 66; Lassa 49; Straasha 60; Grome 47; Kakatal 55; Hionhurn 41; Meercliar 64; Haaashaastaak 55; Roofdrak 63; Uurr-Rzzzrr 51.

CARRIED GOODS: Ring, gold and diamond: 400 LB; Gold hoop earring: 60 LB; Jewelled belt: gold, topaz, and garnet: 1500 LB.

Once the adventurers have given Ilendrik their undivided attention, he strikes a pose before the fireplace in which a magical (elemental) fire burns and he begins to speak.

"You seem to be fine specimens, and I hear are hardy and adventurous. I offer employment for you, temporarily only, of course. My permanent employees are ... adjusted for silence.

"You must fetch something for me, an ancient artifact of which I and I only can make proper use. Retrieve the item and you each may have a fistful of these."

Ilendrik waves a languid hand and a velvet-lined tray appears from nowhere in his hand. The tray contains a mound of Melnibonean silver dragons. Ilendrik allows the party to drool for a moment, and then motions the tray back to wherever it came from.

"Do you accept? I cannot inform you of my requirements until you have done so."

He waits for an answer from each adventurers. Those who refuse are ushered into another room by invisible demons, where they may reconsider. If they continue to refuse, they are sent back to their home ports via demon of transport.

When all remaining have accepted, Ilendrik continues.

"A man in another continuum has offended me in many ways, stealing my servants and magic and interfering with my works. I want him eliminated. Furthermore, he has the key to an item which I desire. This item is a fist-sized crystal of glowing green. Kill this man and secure this artifact. The crystal is not as important to me as this man. Bring me his head and I will render payment."

Ilendrik then smiles thinly and reaches into the air as if to pluck a fruit. A small silver arrow appears in his hand.

"Observe, this is a virtuous item. Only I can prime the arrow, but it follows my commands explicitly. Watch closely."

He tells the arrow to point to a specific adventurer and gently releases it. The arrow hovers for a moment and then points

directly at the correct character. Ilendrik grasps the arrow again and continues.

"The arrow is now primed to seek the man I am after. Dispose of him, and take home a handful of silver dragons. Bring me the crystal as well, and I'll double your reward. You may keep any money or magical artifacts you encounter on your search, with the exception of the globe. Once you have killed my enemy, the arrow will point towards me, or the best route to get to me, to help you find your way home."

He speaks to the arrow and then hands it to the most intelligent party member. If that person has demons, they object to the arrow (which is an artifact of Law), but do nothing about it.

Ilendrik ushers them to the tower gate. "When you want to locate the item, just release the arrow. It will point in the correct direction. I wait your return."

The Arrow of Law, Virtue of Knowledge

POW 17

This virtue is a peculiar virtue of knowledge. Rather than answering questions, it manipulates its binding object, the arrow, to point in the direction of whatever its owner seeks. It can understand two commands at a time; three or more causes it to cease functioning.

Ilendrik shows the characters to another room in the main building. The room has been painted silver-blue and the walls, ceiling, and floor are covered with black runes and diagrams. In the center of the far wall is a door-shaped space of nothingness.

"There lies your path. The arrow leads you from now on. All you need do is release the arrow and it will point in the correct direction. Good luck."

The door shuts firmly behind them.

If Ilendrik is not used to hire the adventurers, he may have decided to go in search of Zhenadar himself. The adventurers could meet him near Villa Kensai, muttering blackly to himself at the failure of his demons on this too-Lawful plane. Depending on the adventurers' attitude, he may become their ally or their enemy. He certainly wants Zhenadar's death; anyone objecting to this is likely to be injured or killed. Ilendrik is Melnibonean, after all, and his goals come before all else.

Sepriz

(for Young Kingdoms adventurers)

Sepriz is best used with players who enjoy doing good deeds, dealing with cosmic powers, and saving the universe. Or who are so actively Chaotic that the threat of universal destruction is necessary to keep them in line. Though he is primarily intended for Young Kingdoms adventurers, he can also be used by Tragic Millennium characters -- simply change Sepriz's dialogue accordingly (for instance, he won't refer to Zhenadar as being from another plane).

The party is approached by a large, black-skinned man wearing white linen and furs. A hooded cloak conceals his face. He steps into the circle of firelight, up to their table in a tavern, or whatever is appropriate. As he comes forward, he drops his hood to reveal an ancient, withered face and speaks both urgently and rapidly.

"I am Sepriz, servant of the Balance. Your world is threatened by a sorcerer on another plane. This being has tapped into an energy source that holds together the cosmic fabric. This energy source, which humans call Arkyn's Eye, manifests itself as a globe of glowing green, and exists in a cavern outside time. The Eye must be shattered, so its healing

essence can be freed to repair the damage done by this sorcerer. I cannot send you directly to the Eye, for passage to its cavern is beyond my power. However, I can easily send you to the sorcerer's home plane, from whence you can find your own path to the Eye. You may need to kill or disable the sorcerer's minions. However, the sorcerer will perish when the Eye is broken. Alas, I can offer you no reward beyond whatever plunder you take from the sorcerer and his minions. However, I assure you that this sorcerer's depredations are such that, if he is not stopped, you will soon have but little use for worldly riches.

"Walk due north from this place till you come to a small sailing craft. This boat is magical, and will sail itself to the other world. The sorcerer's name is Zhenadar. Asking for him always leads to him. I wish you luck."

Sepriz then vanishes, as if he were a ghost. Sepriz cannot go on the trip himself under any circumstances. He is a servant of the Runestaff, and has many tasks to perform.

For All Young Kingdoms Players

If Ilvanir or Sepriz hire your players, they start out in a boat of some description. The following events occur (characters hired by Ilendrik find themselves on the beach in The Emerald Isle):

As their ship moves, the light fades completely. Eventually, the black lightens into a featureless gray color. They can see nothing around them. Not their companions, not parts of the ship, not even their hands before their faces. They can still feel the seat they set on, and their clothing and personal effects are still tangible, but their sense of sight seems to be completely destroyed. A chill dampness strikes their faces and clings in their hair and clothes as if you had entered a fog. They seem to have been struck deaf as well. At least, they cannot hear their companions nor even their own voices.

Suddenly, the craft begins to pitch and roll violently as if caught in the teeth of a storm. Simultaneously, they can see again, through a normal fog in a normal storm. The craft splinters around them. All the adventurers are thrown free of the wreckage onto a beach. Through the mist and swirling wind they see trees and rocks ahead, shelter to weather out the storm.

Giorgiano Camparelli

(for Hawkmoon adventurers)

Camparelli makes a good opening for Hawkmoon adventurers who are somewhat seedy.

The adventurers are approached by a huge swarthy man. His clothing, though somber in color, is of fine velvet and brocade, and he is bedecked with silver jewelry. He strokes his thin moustache as he speaks. (He talks with a thick Italian accent as well, so pile it on.)

"I am Marco. My boss-man, he wishes to hire enterprising gentlemen for a single job. If you like lots of money, you go to [Marco names the most expensive hotel in town] and ask for Don Camparelli, my boss-man. He can tell you more specifics in person. You need money, yes?"

When the adventurers arrive, they are guided into the presence of a corpulent gentleman with a tasteful tunic, graying hair and moustache, and a fluffy black cat draped over one shoulder. He, too, has a thick Italian accent.

He introduces himself, "I am Giorgiano Camparelli, but you can call me Don Camparelli. I run a small olive-oil shipping business in Sardinia, and you would not believe how cutthroat the olive-oil trade is nowadays. Would you believe I have to arm my employees to protect my rights? Me, an honest businessman! Anyhows, I ship some stuff for a fellow, but he does no pay me. He steal my ship, he steal my goods, he never pay me. And I think he murder my employees. No one does that to Giorgiano Camparelli! I send some of my Sardinians to teach this fellow, but they always disappear. I run out of men to send to this fellow. Especially now that the olive-oil season is here, and I must guard many ships, many plantations, and keep tabs on many shamefully ruthless competitors. Please, let me make you an offer."

Camparelli now pauses to gauge the adventurers' reactions. Humor and talking out of place are both frowned on. Marco and several other goons are present to assist Camparelli in case of disturbance.

Camparelli continues, "You are fellows of refinement and perception. You do this thing for me, I give each of you a favor. Call it in any time, any place. If I can do it, and it don't cripple me or my business, you get it. If you don't see the value in this offer, then you want money, I got money."

To fulfill his "favor," Camparelli has access to a good-sized shipping company (with contacts in many ports all across Europe) and a small army of hardened criminals. He could assassinate someone, bribe an official, obtain hard-to-find merchandise, provide the adventurer and his friends with a quick getaway, etc. The limit is up to the Game Master. Once the favor is used up, Camparelli feels no further obligations towards the adventurers, though he'll still feel warmly towards them. If one or more of the adventurers just wants money, he'll offer 1500-2000 small silvers each.

Once the adventurers have agreed, Camparelli goes on. "My enemy, he is in Eire, I am not just exactly where. My spies, none have come back. His name is Zhenadar, and please kill him dead. One of my ships will take you to Eire, and I'll send Marco along with you. My ship will leave you on the south coast. From there, you go north, I think you meet Zhenadar soon enough."

Camparelli can provide the party with any equipment they desire (within reason -- he has no ornithopters, flamelances, etc.).

Marco is primarily an observer, and will only fight when essential to the preservation of the party. He should be the last person to be challenged if the party finds itself in trouble.

If Camparelli does not open the campaign, he'll send goons into Eire regularly, though he himself will probably not show up. His thugs are all Sardinian and Sicilian and have similar statistics to Marco (see above). If Camparelli's men ever catch the adventurers, they'll question the party to see what they know. If they seem to be against Zhenadar, the Sardinians will free them, with a warning to keep out of their way. The goons travel in groups of 2D4, are totally outclassed by Zhenadar, and are regularly killed off by charki or similar nuisances.

Marco, Strong-arm Warrior in the employ of Don Camparelli

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 12
DEX 8 CHA 5 HP: 22 Armor: Half-Plate, 1d8-1

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Longsword	80	1d8+2+1d6	75
Dagger	60	1d4+2+1d6	55
Club	90	1d6+1d6	85
Fist	80	1d3+1d6	(75)

Skills: Balance 35, Climb 31, Credit 36, Dodge 45, Evaluate 80, Hide 55, Jump 42, Listen 21, Persuasion 46, Ride 25

Languages: Common 60, Italian 100

Dermod Hinjclid

(for Tragic Millennium adventurers)

This opening is good for adventurers of all types. It can be set anywhere in Tragic Millennium Earth, including Amarehk (in which case Dermod will need to provide trans-oceanic transport).

The party is met by a knight in dull yellow armor, mounted on what appears to be a huge greyhound. He is armed with flamelance, sword, and mace. (If the encounter takes place in Amarehk, replace the flamelance with a crossbow.) He beckons to the party in a friendly manner and calls out "Follow me, if you're eager for good pay for an honest mission." He then leads them cross-country for 10-15 km to a bubble-shaped citadel in the middle of nowhere. There he dismounts, as servants come out to take his riding hound and also to take the adventurers' mounts (if any). Then he leads them inside.

The fort proves to be one enormous hollow dome. Biological equipment is set up everywhere. The inside is a hubbub of noisy activity. Here a huge oil-burning generator clanks on, there a pack of chained riding hounds bark thunderously as attendants rush food to them. Massed cages of experimental animals yelp, chatter, and chirp, adding to both the din and the smell. A few areas are separated from the rest by cloth partitions -- evidently sleeping berths and surgical arenas from what the adventurers glimpse through the curtains.

The adventurers are brought before a balding, bespectacled man who labors over a table, performing some sort of delicate operation on an anesthetized guinea pig. When the yellow knight gets his attention, the scientist turns to the party, smiling winningly. As he speaks, the unattended guinea pig slowly expires.

"Good day, good day. I am Dermod Hinjclid, owner of this facility. I'd like to invite you to perform a small project, a small chore. Biology has a great deal of potential, you must understand. It can be the most beneficial to humanity of all the sciences. Or, you understand, the most destructive."

Here Dermod stops for a moment, looking serious. Then he proceeds. "I belong to a small brotherhood of liberal-minded scientists who share our discoveries and pool our resources, to an extent. The Society of Man, perhaps you've heard of it?"

He stops and looks inquire at the adventurers who, of course, have not heard of his group. Disappointed, he continues. "Ah well, fugit gloria, fugit gloria. In any case, we have become apprised of a scientist located in Eire; not a Granbretanian, by the way. This fellow has tapped into a powerful, though limited, natural energy source which, evidently, he does not fully understand. I and my fellows of the Society of Man have found definite indications that his drain on this energy source is actually weakening certain natural laws. If this continues, the consequences are unknown, but certainly profound. In any case, we'd like you to travel to Eire and confiscate his energy source. And bring it to me, if possible -- we'd like to study it. We believe that this item is globe-shaped, the size of a man's head or smaller, and that it emits a greenish light. I'm afraid that's all information we have. Oh yes, we understand that this rascal has developed some sort of biological monstrosities, mutant animals to cause trouble. He seems to be quite despicable, really. If you can do this, our whole Society would be most grateful, most grateful. The

scientist cad is evidently located near the ancient land of Limerick."

With this, Dermod stops speaking, and looks hopefully at the party. Then he glances over at his guinea pig on its operating table and realizes that it is now quite dead. At first he grimaces with annoyance, then shrugs his shoulders and tosses the animal's carcass into a nearby bin.

The adventurers can now bargain with Dermod for their payment. He has little or no money (any cash he gets goes right into his machinery), but each party member can choose one of the following:

1) A riding greyhound. These beasts' statistics are just like horses, except that STR and SIZ are 1d6 lower, and the only attack is Bite, which has a base chance of 25%, and does 1d8 damage plus the dog's damage bonus (usually 2d6). They can run at up to 80 kph (50 mph) (significantly faster than a horse). They are, of course, carnivorous, which makes them expensive to feed. They are docile and easily trained.

2) Bioengineering. Dermod is happy to engineer a small, beneficial mutation onto any adventurer who wishes it. This increases one characteristic (chosen by the adventurer) by 1d6. This takes 2 weeks of surgery and biochemical treatment. Moreover, the alteration is not without penalty -- after the treatment is finished, roll on the following table:

1d6 result

- 1 lose 1 point of STR
- 2 lose 1 point of CON
- 3 lose 1 point of INT
- 4 lose 1 point of POW
- 5 lose 1 point of DEX
- 6 lose 1 point of APP

It is possible to lose 1 point off the same characteristic supposedly enhanced by the treatment. If an adventurer ever undergoes Dermod's treatment a second time, he must roll twice on the above table. If he takes it a third time, he must roll three times, and so forth, each time increasing the penalty for advanced mutation.

Dermod Hinjclid, Scientist (originally from France) Age 55

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 8	INT 28	POW 14
DEX 7	CHA 13	HP: 9	Armor: none	

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Fist	22	1d3	20

SKILLS: Craft Surgery 93, Biological Lore 81, Chemical Lore 53, Electrical Lore 29, Mechanical Lore 31, Memorize 89

LANGUAGES: Common 100, French 100, Ancient Latin 73

Dermod, of course, won't accompany the adventurers on their trip under any circumstances. Nor will the yellow knight, who is Dermod's bodyguard and confidante.

The Society of Man has chartered a vessel to deliver the adventurers on the south coast of Eire, from whence they must find their own way north to Limerick.

On Orders of the King-Emperor

(for adventurers from Granbretan)

This opening is best for loyal or naturalized citizens of the Dark Empire.

The adventurers are called before the Serpent lord Avirus, who is high in the Order of the Serpent, fourth in line after the Grand Constable. His ornate mask grins down at them.

Avirus says, "Fortunate fellows, you have an opportunity both to advance within your Order and win the friendship of the Serpents. A rebel has been causing trouble in our dominion of Eire. Stop him. Kill him if possible. Deliver his notes to me. Keep any mundane wealth or goods you find in the hands of this creature, but his scientific notes must be returned. Huon himself knows of this mission. Do not fail us. A ship is prepared for you, and fresh supplies and equipment awaits you aboard.

"The ship will drop you off on Eire's southern coast, from whence you must find your own way to the rebel. Spy reports indicate that he is somewhere in central Eire, near ancient Limerick. We wish you luck."

With minor modification, this opening can be tailored to fit the Unmasked. For their participation in this matter, Huon will restore them to masked status and their old ranks.

If your adventurers are not Granbretanian, then Avirus may appear later in the scenario, curious to see what Zhenadar is up to. He always has a small entourage of Serpents, Vultures, and Wolves. He'll ignore any party that does not interfere with his snooping. Adventurers who prove themselves to him, perhaps by bailing him out of a tight spot, are rewarded with an invitation to dine with him in his palace at an unspecified date in the future. Anyone foolish enough to take him up on this is arrested by guardsmen (Avirus will have completely forgotten his invitation). Avirus is never any help to the party in any way.

Avirus, Scientist-Noble of Granbretan, Age 35

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 25 POW 19
DEX 8 CHA 5 HP: 16 **Armor:** full plate and robes, 1d10+2

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Rapier	92	1d6+1+1d6	90
Dagger	32	1d4+2+1d6	--

SKILLS: Credit 100, Biological Lore 62, Chemical Lore 84, Electrical Lore 34, Evaluate Treasure 55, Mechanical Lore 94, Memorize 79, Pick Lock 54, Pilot Ornithopter 36, Plant Lore 42, Poison Lore 60, Ride 31, Set Trap 75.

LANGUAGES: Common 100, Granbretanian 100, Ancient English 51, Ancient Esperanto 12, French 52.

The Runestaff Calls

This opening is best for players who enjoy doing good deeds, dealing with cosmic powers, and saving the universe. Or who are so rambunctious that the threat of universal destruction is necessary to keep them in line. Though he is primarily intended for Tragic Millennium adventurers, he can also be used in the Young Kingdoms -- simply change the Warrior's dialogue accordingly.

While at rest one day, a man clad head-to-toe in black and gold plate armor approaches the adventurers. He does not raise his visor, but speaks to them through the closed helm.

"I serve the Runestaff, which has instructed me to notify you fellows of its needs. A scientist has discovered one of the cornerstones of the Multiverse -- Arkyn's Eye -- and is draining its power to keep himself alive. Each day that the scientist lives on past his natural span drains life from the Multiverse itself, causing larger and larger rifts in the fabric of time and space.

"The Runestaff itself is threatened by the scientist's manipulations. I tell you now that you must help the Runestaff defeat this menace. If you do not, life as you know shall cease forever.

"A boat has been prepared to take you to the menace. After it drops you off, head north, to the lands of the sorcerer. Your best course of action is to destroy Arkyn's Eye, setting its life-force free to inhabit a new form."

On the nearest shore of the ocean, a merchant craft awaits them, large enough for their equipment, themselves, and any mounts. The Warrior in Jet and Gold speaks quietly for a moment to the crewmembers of the craft and then bids the party farewell.

The Warrior will not reappear in this scenario.

Emerald Isle

Tragic Millennium parties should be sailing towards the south of Eire. After a few days of travel, Eire is sighted near evening. The adventurers are let into a longboat to row themselves to Eire, and the ship sails off.

As the adventurers row towards shore, their boat is suddenly attacked by 1d8+2 ocean ghouls.

GHOUL ONE	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 14	Rapier	60	1d6+1+1d6	60
Armor/HP: 3/12	Bite	45	2d6 --	

GHOUL TWO	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 17	Rapier	64	1d6+1+1d6	62
Armor/HP: 3/17	Bite	42	2d6 --	

GHOUL THREE	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 15	Claws (2)	69	1d3+1d6	34
Armor/HP: 3/18	Bite	50	2d6s --	

GHOUL FOUR	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 10	Claws (2)	71	1d3+1d6	34
Armor/HP: 3/15	Bite	85	2d6 --	

GHOUL FIVE	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 12	Spear	65	1d10+1+1d6	75
Armor/HP: 3/16	Bite	40	2d6 --	

GHOUL SIX	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 12	Saber	65	1d6+2+2d6	60
Armor/HP: 3/14	Bite	65	3d6 --	

GHOUL SEVEN	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 17	Javelin	45	1d6+1d6	40
Armor/HP: 3/17	Bite	40	2d6 --	
	Thrown Javelin	55	1d8+2+1d4--	

GHOUL EIGHT	weapon	attack	damage	parry
DEX 17	Shortsword	55	1d6+1+1d6	64
Armor/HP: 3/14	Bite	35	2d6 --	

No matter what their opening sequence, the adventuring party eventually find themselves on the south Eirish coast at the spot marked "X" on the map, due east of Corcaigh (Cork). If the party was hired by Ivandir the Melnibonean, they'll have the Arrow of Law to guide them, otherwise they'll have to go by their preliminary briefing (most of their employers told them to head north after landing).

The coast near Corcaigh is nearly beachless, with grassy hills sloping down into the water. Few trees dot the countryside. Bushes and weeds vary the wide stretches of grassland, and the hills are often topped with broken granite rock formations.

When the party arrives in Eire, it is nearly dusk, time to set up camp. Depending on their rate of travel, the adventurers should arrive at the charki-gutted village of Croom sometime during the sixth day. The encounters described are open-ended and need not be played in the order given.

Dark Empire Patrol

Consists of 2d6 Granbrethanians evenly divided between Fishes and Vultures, with a Vulture sergeant.

Vultures wear 1d8-1 halfplate, and are armed with axes; Fishes wear 1d10+2 full plate and are armed with longwords and daggers. Vulture sergeants wear 1d10+2 full plate and are usually armed with flamelances.

Random Encounters Table

Roll 1d6 for every 12 game hours; a roll of 1-2 indicates an encounter. Roll 1d20 and consult the table below.

1d20	result	1d20	result
1-6	Dark Empire Patrol	12-15	Natural Animals
7-8	Eirish Natives	16-19	New Fenians
9	Eirish Village	20	Other (Gaime-master's choice or roll again)
10-11	Mutant Animals		

GRANBRETHANIAN PATROL

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	15	18	21	16	12	18	16	14
CON	17	14	14	12	8	19	7	7
SIZ	15	9	13	10	12	19	13	10
INT	19	16	18	14	16	15	12	14
POW	13	12	14	13	17	20	9	12
DEX	10	12	10	8	10	6	13	14
CHA	12	7	10	8	10	6	11	8
HP	20	14	15	12	8	23	8	9
D Bonus	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6	--	+1d6	+1d6	--



Orork (left) and Mikkhal in the Armory

The Rebels

A group of Eirish are planning an uprising against the Granbretanian tyrants. The rebels, who have become known as the New Fenians, have stockpiled several caches of cast-off or experimental Granbretanian equipment. Though their numbers are few, the rebels are firebrands, and they conduct their bloody business with zeal. Dark Empire forces which the rebels outnumber are ambushed, often successfully. Beast-Mask outposts are attacked and burned. Supply columns are trapped and the slaves massacred. These dedicated men are set for the final struggle -- to drive the Beast Lords from Eire, or die trying.

The New Fenians are led by a Finn Mikkhal. Currently, Mikkhal is operating around Limerick, because of the activities of Zhenadar and his pet Serpents. The rebels fear Zhenadar, and recognize him as a threat. The New Fenians are trying to find a way into Zhenadar's fort, past the imported creatures and artificial monsters, as well as his technological devices.

The New Fenians are certain to notice the adventurers' party at one time or another. If they are convinced that the party can assist them, whether by repairing some of the broken Dark Empire devices or infiltrating Villa Kensai and helping destroy Zhenadar, the rebels will try to enlist the party. In general, they won't interfere with the party. The New Fenians are primarily a gamemaster tool. If the adventurers are hard-pressed, or trapped by charki, a band of rebels may happen by, and assist them. In such a case, they'll also attempt to sway the characters to their cause. If the adventurers' actions somehow convince the New Fenians that they are enemies, they'll try to avoid the party rather than attack, preferring to save their energies for the Dark Empire.

Once the party meets the New Fenians, they are invited to one of the rebel hideaways to rest and camp. The rebels are frank and open, almost garrulous, and their conversation should reveal bits of history to the players. Advanced science is unknown on Eire, except for such equipment as is imported by the Dark Empire, so the New Fenians are unable to repair their advanced weaponry and eagerly display bits and pieces of equipment, hoping that the adventurers can fix them: bent flamelances, dented ancient rifles or handguns, corroded acid or cold cannon, sonic pistols, needler pistols, and so on. If the adventurers are honest and friendly, and at least attempt to try and repair the technological castoffs, the New Fenians become fast friends, and take the adventurers' advice heavily.

Normally, the rebels travel in groups of four to ten, though larger bands (up to twenty) prowl about Villa Kensai, scouting. If Finn Mikkhal is not with the rebel band that first contacts the adventurers, that band will take the adventurers to meet him.

Important Fenians

Finn Mikkhal, Eirish freedom-fighter, Leader of the New Fenians

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 9
DEX 16 CHA 17 HP: 13 Armor: 1d6-1

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Cudgel	65	1d6+1d6	60
Shortsword	50	1d6+1+1d6	40
Sling	45	1d8+1	--
Flame Pistol*	25	3d6	--

* see notes below, under "The Fenian Army."

SKILLS: Ambush 75, Ancient Eirish Legend 88, Balance 42, Climb 62, Conceal 35, Dodge 49, Hide 63, Jump 27, Listen 33, Memorize 64, Move Quietly 50, Ride 89, Persuade 45, Scent 54, Search 58, See 36, Set Trap 95, Sing 12, Tie Knot 25, Track 40, Tumble 67.

LANGUAGES: Common Tongue 65, Eirish 90, Granbretanian 21, Ancient Eirish 52.

Finn Mikkhal is a slim, wiry man. His hair and lank moustache are black, his eyes icy green. His true name is Mikkhal Donnelly, but he took the name Finn after a legendary Eirish hero. He is quick-witted and charismatic as well as strong in battle. He would prefer to spend his life reading about old Eirish lore and writing epic poetry, but he feels it is his sacred duty to help his people to freedom. Mikkhal is a little unstable, and every time the New Fenians suffer a defeat, his mind is a little more unhinged. As time passes, he lives more and more in a dream-world in which he is the savior of his people and an avatar of the old Celtic gods. Removing Zhenadar is his goal at present. He knows that he must destroy the enemy in his rear (Zhenadar) before he can destroy the enemy to his front (the Dark Empire).

Jon Duggal, Warrior-Hunter, age 48

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 11 CHA 14 HP: 14 Armor: Leather, 1d6-1

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Quarterstaff	79	1d8	74
Punch	63	1d3	58
Cudgel	57	1d6	52

SKILLS: Ambush 91, Blacksmith Craft 45, Hide 74, Jump 43, Juggle 51, Move Quietly 41, Memorize 61, Plant Lore 25, Ride 89, Set trap 68, Track 65.

LANGUAGES: Common 71, Eirish 95, Granbretanian 15.

Jon Duggal is Finn Mikkhal's second-in-command, a seasoned hunter who has led raids on Granbretanian hunting parties for years. Finn Mikkhal is his cousin's son, and looks to Duggal for advice on tactics and ambushes. Jon is sensible and much-respected. Ultimately, he is probably a better leader than Mikkhal, and has his feet firmly rooted in the earth, but he refuses to be responsible for the large forces of men that the rebels hope to someday lead against Londra herself.

Patrik Orork, Warrior-Farmer, Finn Mikkhal's Lieutenant, age 21

STR 14 CON 19 SIZ 17 INT 6 POW 8
DEX 9 CHA 13 HP: 23 Armor: old Half plate, 1d8-1

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Battle Axe	85	1d8+2+1d6	73
Cudgel	59	1d6+1d6	54
Light Spear	75	1d6+1+1d6	70
Dagger	48	1d4+2+1d6	50

SKILLS: Blacksmith Craft 40, Climb 62, Navigate 56, Plant Lore 32, Ride 25, Track 45.

LANGUAGES: Common 82, Eirish 90.

Patrik is a fair-haired giant who favors drab green and gray clothes. He is no mental giant, but in battle he is all but unstoppable. He is young, but has long since proved his worth through his unquestionable loyalty and dogged determination to complete his orders no matter what the cost. Finn Mikkhal is a distant cousin of his, and Patrik idolizes him.

The Fenian Armory

Hidden in their secret lair in Fennis, the Fenians have a cache of captured and experimental technology. They are fiercely proud of this armory, which includes: 15 flame pistols, 6 bent flamelances; two dozen fragmentation grenades dating back to the early years of the Tragic Millennium; three cracked sonic pistols; and a dented needler.

Flame Pistols

These devices operate on the same principle as flamelances, but have only half the range (50 meters). This model was cast-off for good reason -- the design is defective. Whenever one of these is fired, 1d6 must be rolled. If the result is 4-6, the gun doesn't fire at all that round. If the user ever rolls 00 when firing the pistol, it explodes, doing 2d6 damage to him and anyone else within 5 meters. Each such pistol has 1d20 shots left; they can be recharged just like ordinary flamelances -- a process impossible to the primitive Eirish. Base pistol chance is 10% plus Attack bonus -- this can be applied to all pistols, not just flame guns.

Bent Flamelances

Each of these has 1d10 charges remaining. Through long tinkering, the Fenian smiths have managed to get them operational again, at a risk. Whenever 96-00 is rolled when firing one of these, the lance explodes, doing

4d6 damage to everyone within 10 meters.

Fragmentation Grenades

These are fist-sized black spheres with pull-rings set into it. The grenades are extremely old and partially corroded, so pulling the ring takes a STR x 5 roll on 1d100. After pulling the ring, the user has 5 seconds before it explodes, if the thing works properly. A Throw roll is used to place the grenade where desired.

Each time one of these bombs is thrown, roll 1d100 and consult the following table.

1d100	result
01-15	Explodes, doing 5d6 damage to all within 5 m.
16-20	Explodes, doing 2d6 damage to all within 5 m.
21-80	Dud, no effect.
81-95	Delayed explosion; 5d6 damage after 1d100 round delay.
96-00	Explodes the instant the ring is pulled, doing 5d6 damage to the user and all within 5 m.

Sonic Pistols

These experimental Dark Empire devices are streamlined, over-sized gray-green guns with parabolic bells instead of barrels. When working properly, the victim must roll his POW x 5 or less on 1d100. If he fails, he is knocked comatose by ultrasonics and takes 1d6 damage per round the gun is trained on him (armor does not protect vs. this). He can try another POW roll

each round, but his POW multiplier decreases by one each time. Hence, on the second round, he would only get to roll his POW x 4, then POW x 3, and so forth, to a minimum of POW x 1. Base pistol chance is 10% plus Attack bonus -- this can be applied to all pistols, not just sonics.

Consult the following table whenever a sonic pistol is fired.

1d10	result
1-3	Functions normally
4-8	No effect
9-10	Backfire, stunning the user and giving him 1d6 damage with no chance of avoidance.

Needler Pistol

The needler is a glass and steel object with a cylindrical action. It uses compressed carbon dioxide to soundlessly fire poisoned needles. The needler that the Fenians have captured is almost out of CO₂, having only enough to shoot 16 more times. They do have several dozen needles, however. Alas, the needler's poison was quite volatile, and has long since evaporated, though sometimes the Fenians dip the needles in stale bull urine (this usually infects the target with tetanus). Amazingly enough, aside from the above problems, the needler works fine, doing 1d2 damage with each shot. For purposes of penetrating armor (only) the needler is considered to do 1d10 damage. Base pistol chance is 10% plus Attack bonus -- this can be applied to all pistols, not just needlers.

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Longsword	60	1d10+1	55
Dagger	45	1d4+2	40
Battleaxe	60	1d8+2	55
Flamelance	35	5d6	00 (3d6 charges)

1d8-1	adult men
1d8-1	adult women
1d6-1	boy children
1d6-1	girl children
2d10	sheep or pigs

Eirish Natives

Native Eirish encountered are polite, peaceful folk living on small farms, camps, or traveling by wagon. Any non-Beast masks are greeted in a friendly, though guarded, manner. Offers of food or weapons are welcomed and soon return the Eirish to their native ebullience. If the party is despicable enough to attack, the Eirish attempt to flee, rather than fight. A typical group includes:

Eirish treated well have encyclopedic knowledge of the surrounding land and hazards up to 10 km away. Beyond that, their information gets more and more hazy and uncertain. Naturally, the closer the party draws to Villa Kensai, the more the Eirish know of Zhenadar-vron-Kensai and his charki. Whenever native Eirish are encountered, there is a 5% chance that they are supporters of the New Fenians. In such a case, the party's activities and motives are reported to the rebels as soon as possible.

Eirish Village

A typical Eirish village contains around 3d100 inhabitants, who behave as do the native Eirish described above. However, if they are attacked, they will fight. Normally, only the men have weapons (clubs, scythes, and daggers). Children and most women hide in their homes and pitch stones or other heavy objects through the windows at aggressive intruders.

However, most adventurer parties will probably not assault the village, but be glad for the chance to warm themselves at a real fireplace, sleep on a real straw bed (instead of the hard ground), and have a roof over their heads. Every village has at least one or two contacts of the New Fenians, who will let the rebels know about the party's actions.

Mutant Animals

Many mutant animals of Eire are hungry and belligerent and attack anything they see that looks edible. Unfortunately, the adventurers fall into that category. This unusual ferocity is partly due to Granbretanian experiments in biological warfare.

The most common aggressive mutants of Eire are Stenchrunners, which are normally encountered in packs of 2d10. Remember, anyone fighting Stenchrunners has -10 percentiles from both Attack and Parry due to the nauseating smell these creatures exude.

If you wish the party to encounter a different type of mutant animal, you may wish to create your own. The only mutants found in Eire for which statistics are given in *Hawkmoon* or *The Shattered Isle* books are Jeebies, Mesmeroses, Minims, and Stenchrunners. Many other types, of course, exist, most of them found only in Eire.

STENCHRUNNERS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	16	13	12	15	13	11	11	8
CON	16	18	14	15	17	14	11	12
SIZ	10	7	9	15	8	12	8	9
INT	6	11	5	11	7	8	5	8
POW	11	13	7	2	8	8	6	9
DEX	18	10	14	11	18	14	8	7
HP	16	17	14	18	16	14	10	12
Bonus	+1d6	--	--	+1d6	--	--	--	--

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Bite	40	1d10	--
Claws	60	1d6	50
Stench	auto	special	--

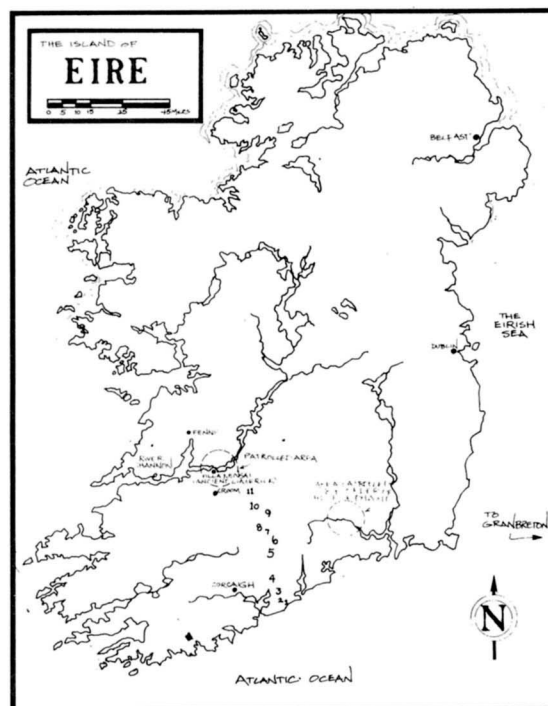
Armor: 1 point Fur.

Notes: anyone fighting them is overcome by nausea and must subtract 10 percentiles from all attacks and parries.

Natural Animals

Common large animals found in Eire include bears, wild cattle, deer, wild dogs, hawks, wild horses, and wolves. Only bears, dogs, and wolves ever attack humans and even these, unless led by an intelligent mutant, are cowardly. If they outnumber a party, dogs or wolves may attack, but killing a quarter or more of their number, should convince the creatures to back off. If a bear decides to attack, usually it must be killed. Dogs or wolves may keep following the party and harassing them, ganging up on stragglers.

Cattle, dogs, horses, and wolves are found in groups of 3d10. Other natural animals are generally solitary.



New Fenians

New Fenians look like normal Eirish, except that all are adults, most are men, and all are scarred, hard-looking individuals. They are only found at farms or permanent camps when visiting normal Eirish. If the party meets some New Fenians, the rebels are already aware of the adventurers and their actions, and react accordingly. Typical parties of New Fenians have 2d4 members.

Each rebel is armed with one melee weapon (club, sword, or hatchet) and one missile weapon (bow or sling). For armor, about half wear furs (1d3 armor), and half wear leather (1d6-1).

NEW FENIANS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	16	13	18	15	13	11	11	8
CON	16	18	14	15	17	14	11	12
SIZ	10	7	9	15	8	12	8	9
INT	6	11	15	11	17	8	15	8
POW	11	13	7	12	8	8	6	9
DEX	18	10	14	11	18	14	8	7
CHA	10	13	16	10	14	12	11	15
HP	16	17	14	18	16	14	10	12
Bonus	+1d6	--	+1d6	+1d6	--	--	--	--

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Club	50	1d6	50
Broadsword	30	1d8+1	30
Hatchet	40	1d6+1	40
Self Bow	35	1d6+1	15
Sling	25	1d8+1	--

Other Encounters

Aside from the above mentioned folk and animals, the adventurers might encounter creatures belonging to Zhenadar:

chaos monsters, weak demons, or races from elsewhere in the Multiverse. Such encounters are up to the Gamemaster, but none should be friendly to the party.

Travel Inland

The following encounters are indicated on the Map of Eire located on the next page

First Day: The Rock Jumble

(map area #1) The small section of gravel beach on which the adventurers put ashore is surrounded by dark granite monoliths of extreme age. The formation does not appear to be man-made, though certain faces of each rock are planed smooth. Much of the area is a

treacherous jumble. However, the adventurers can pick a path through the formation.

While traveling through the jungle, the adventurers must clamber through a small gully. Only one Climb roll is necessary to get down and up its walls. Halfway up the opposite side of the gully is a huge gnarled oak tree. A cave is at its base, partly screened by rocks and brush. A See roll made while passing the cave reveals a gleam of metal just inside the entrance.

Nauseating Stenchrunners



The Cave

(map area #2) The cave is dry and clean, with dirt floor, walls, and roof, all supported by the oak's roots. The floor of the cave is rough, and looks as though it had been tilled.

The cave is actually the lair of five mutant moles. These creatures are normally shy, but feel cornered by intruders and attack anyone entering their cave.

MUTANT MOLES

	1	2	3	4	5
STR	11	11	12	12	12
CON	14	10	11	14	13
SIZ	8	10	13	12	14
POW	11	8	7	9	12
DEX	10	2	8	10	9
A armor/HP/13	1/10	1/12	1/14	1/14	1/15
D Bonus	--	--	+1d6	--	+1d6
Weapon	Attack		Damage		Parry
Bite	40		1d6+2		--
Paws (2)	45		2d8		30

Skills: Hide 90, Listen 80, Scent 60

Aside from the moles the cave holds only a crumbling skeleton. Clutched in one bony fist is a working ancient compass and a gold ring worth 55 silvers. This accounts for the metallic gleam seen from outside the cave. The adventurers may find it useful to camp overnight in the cave once it is secured.

Day Two: The Ruined Villa

(map area #3) The next evening, after nearly twelve hours of marching, the party leaves the meadowlands they have been traveling through and enters a lightly forested region. As they travel, they pass a hill, atop which a ruined building is framed by the setting sun. Stone gateposts stand at the foot of the hill, flanking a cobbled path leading up to the building's entrance, which stands open.

If the party choose to ignore the villa, and simply set up camp, they are attacked by the villa's inhabitants (a pack of wild dogs) during the night. However, if they investigate the ruin before retiring, read on.

Ten large bushes with brilliant flowers grow beside the entrance. The flowers glint in the growing darkness and throw rainbow patterns into the air. These are mesmeroses.

Any creature viewing a mesmerose bush must roll 1d100 and add the bush's POW to the die roll. If the total exceeds the viewer's POW x 5, he is enthralled and unable to look away from the rose of his own accord. He stays there until he dies, collapses from hunger and/or thirst, or is removed from the rose's vicinity by a friend. These mesmeroses each have a POW of 15.

If anyone is caught by the mesmeroses, the villa's wild dogs attack within 6 combat rounds.



Inside the Villa

(A) **The Great Hall:** the villa is a ruin from ancient (early Tragic Millennium) times. All its really valuable artifacts were looted long ago. The great hall and surrounding corridor have become the den of a wild dog pack. If the party was not caught by the mesmeroses, the dogs and their mutant leader lurk in the corridors until they can attack the humans from behind. The hall may once have been tastefully furnished and decorated. Now all that remains is a concrete shell. Even the few formica and plastic furnishings are wrecks, victims of centuries of weather.

Eleven dogs dwell here with their mutant leader. Their statistics follow:

WILD DOGS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	8	5	3	10	6	12	3	12
CON	10	14	11	9	9	12	10	9
SIZ	7	8	7	6	12	10	9	6
INT	6	2	1	2	2	5	3	6
POW	4	8	11	6	11	8	5	8
DEX	9	9	15	16	11	13	11	13
HP	8	13	9	6	9	12	10	6
D Bonus	-	-	-	-	0	0	-	0

"-" = -1d6, "0" = none)

weapon	attack	damage
Bite	45	1d8

Skills: Dodge 45, Track 85; can Dodge once and attack per round.

MUTANT DOG LEADER (MASTIFF)

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 10
DEX 8	Armor/HP: 1/18			

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Bite	55%	1d8+1d6+poison

SKILLS: Dodge 67, Track 93; can dodge once and attack per round.

The mutant is a genetically altered mastiff, part of a Granbretanian experiment to develop war dogs. Long ago, he was taken to Ireland to test on the native populace, but he had been trained improperly (with insufficient loyalty/respect for his handlers) and escaped. He believes that all humans deserve to die. He may be convinced that not all humans are like his old Dark Empire masters, but this would take some time.

The mutant is highly intelligent, and can speak crudely, but coherently. He controls his pack through verbal commands. Additionally, the mutant has poison saliva. Anyone bitten by him must attempt to resist by rolling his CON x 5 or less on 1d100. If the roll succeeds, the victim takes only 1d6 points of damage from the poison. If the CON roll is a failure, however, he takes 3d6 damage.

If the adventurers manage to make an ally of the mastiff, he can tell them "Many more live in that great, smelly dungeon, like I did. Many puppies, all taught to kill and kill." Evidently the experiment continues.

The mastiff can also tell the adventurers that once he and his pack traveled north, roaming for food. "We saw a craft full of metal-headed humans, like those from the smelly dungeon. They sailed up a river and went into a big black building. But I could not follow -- the building reminds me too much of Londra." The mastiff, of course, is speaking of the traitorous Granbretanians and Villa Kensai. He doesn't want to leave his villa, and only the most extraordinary persuasive measures on the part of the adventurers should be able to get him to do so, assuming they have befriended him at all (a difficult proposition, considering that the first contact with the mastiff is likely to be an ambush).

(B) **Bath:** like the guest rooms, this has deteriorated. The tub, sink, and toilet have been removed. Plastic paisley shower curtains are all that remains.

(C) **Sitting Room:** this room, like the master bedroom (E below), was used as a temporary camp for a pair of refugee soldiers, a century ago. A radiation grenade tossed in at the door killed them all, leaving only yellowed bones and armor. The armor is half plate but is poorly-preserved -- it still protects for 1d8-1 damage, but if the user ever gets a result of "0" for his armor protection (i.e., he rolls a "1"), the armor disintegrates before the attacker's weapon and is henceforth useless.

Two ancient flame-lance tips holding two shots each lie by the leg of one of the two skeletons.

(D) **Master Bedroom:** the furnishings are completely disintegrated, no more than heaps of dust and splintered wood. The grinning skull and rodent-gnawed bones of another refugee soldier lies atop one mound of dust.

If the characters search the dust piles, they find a small steel case containing 3 metal vials full of a sweet golden liquid resembling honey. This liquid is a super-healing virus which greatly accelerates the drinker's natural healing rate, permitting him to heal 1d6 points of damage every full day of rest. The virus's effect lasts for the drinker's CON in days. Each vial holds enough for one person.

(E) **Kitchen:** the kitchen has been stripped of almost everything, including the tile work. All that remains are huge steel shelves and cabinets.

By the time the adventurers are finished with the villa, it is probably well after midnight. The villa is as good a place as any to camp for the night. Game is plentiful and easy to catch, so the players can feast that evening.

Day Two: Ambush

Three hours or so past the villa, the party is spotted by a Dark Empire patrol. Adventurers acting in the interests of the Empire are not bothered, if they can prove this satisfactorily to the captain. Strangers or enemies of Granbretan are attacked, at first to take prisoners. However, if the party resists strenuously, the Granbretanians lose control and fight to the death.

At dusk as the party seeks a campsite, they move past a group of 400 jeebies (23 DEX and Dodge 96 each). The jeebies spy on the party all night, follow individuals around, and make creepy little nuisances out of themselves. Anyone failing either a POW x 5 or INT x 5 roll on 1d100 (his choice as to which roll to attempt) is unable to sleep from nervousness and has all skills reduced by 5 percentiles the next day due to exhaustion. The jeebies silently leave just before dawn.

TIGERMASK PATROL

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
STR	18	15	7	19	15	14	10	18
CON	11	13	13	9	14	12	13	16
SIZ	16	13	15	12	16	11	16	12
INT	17	14	9	16	14	18	17	10
POW	15	6	15	10	9	15	15	18
DEX	6	12	7	11	9	11	13	10
HP	15	14	15	9	18	12	17	16
DBonus+1d6	+1d6	--	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6
weapon	attack		damage		parry			
Battle Axe	70		1d8+2		70			
Warhammer	70		1d6+3		70			
Thrown Javelin	50		1d8+2		--			

Armor: 1d10+2 plate

Day Three: Faery

(map area #5) The third day starts out uneventfully. The adventurers must succeed at both an INT x 5 roll and a See roll to notice the suspicious lack of local wildlife.

Towards evening, just as the party is setting up camp, successful Listen rolls allow each adventurer to hear the music of pipes slowly playing off to the east.

Following the sound, the adventurers come upon a four-foot-tall midget sitting on a boulder and playing bagpipes. He is dressed in a red jerkin and britches, with black boots and belt and a snowy white cap. He is beardless.

As the party approaches, he looks mournfully up. He makes no hostile moves, and does not speak till spoken to.

The "midget" is Kendall, one of Zhenadar's cross-planar imports. He was uninterested in Zhenadar's mad lust for power, so the sorcerer released him into Eire. Kendall suffers here tremendously, since the little guy has no power to return to his home. He is lonely for

civilized company -- the Eirish peasants think him to be a leprechaun and constantly try to capture him for his gold, when, of course, he has none. If the party threatens or ridicules him, he sinks into the rock with a little wail of despair, and cannot be coaxed out again.

If the party is kind to him, perhaps feeding him, he'll draw them a rough map of the area, showing the mutant elk's cave (area eight), the fen, and Villa Kensai. He won't accompany the party towards Villa Kensai -- his lack of magic ability on this plane terrifies him. He'll also reward kind adventurers with a small sack holding four magic cookies. He'll tell the adventurers that the cookies can help them when they are tired or weak.

Magic Cookies: eating one of these cookies adds 2d10 to the eater's Strength for a number of hours equal to his CON.

KENDALL THE FAERY

STR 8	CON 35	SIZ 6	INT 16	POW 20
DEX 19	CHA 15	HP: 32	Armor: none	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Bite	25	1d4	--	
Fist	60	1d3	60	
Knife*	55	2d8+2	55	

Notes: Kendall's knife is made of an unknown material resembling staghorn. It does phenomenal damage for its six-inch size -- penetrating armor, flesh, and bone like butter.

He can dodge and attack in the same combat round.

Skills: Climb 80, Cut Purse 50, Dodge 95, Hide 83, Juggle 35, Make Map 45, Move Quietly 80, Music Lore 95, Persuade 70, Pick Lock 40, See 51, Sing 100

Magic: in his home plane, he can manipulate earth and stone at will. On Earth, he has all but lost this power. Now, he can only sink into earth and stone to hide, and move through it at the rate of 1 foot per minute.

Hunting Party

(map area #6) Two hours after making camp for the evening, a group of savage mutants happen upon the camp. If the person on watch fails a Listen roll, the mutants gain surprise and have one free round to act while the party is stunned and sleeping. Only the person on watch, and anyone who slept in his armor can have armor. Sleeping in armor is painful and fatiguing -- anyone doing so is at -20 percentiles off all skills for the duration of the combat.

SIX HUNTING MUTANTS: The mutants are out for blood. Some are deformed Eirish who have taken to crime, rejected by their society. Others are Granbretanian experiments or accidents released in Eire to provide more hunting fodder.

If the adventurers offer to provide the mutants with weapons, armor, or similar goodies, they won't attack unless the adventurers seem quite weak and defenseless.

MUTANT ONE

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	CHA 8	HP: 13	Armor: 1d6-1 leather	

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Club	41	1d6+1d6	47
Thrown Javelin	19	1d8+2+1d4	--

Note: huge ears mounted on swollen knobs, giving him super-acute hearing, and a 100% Listen skill. However, he is sensitive to loud noises at close range -- if, when he is engaged in melee combat, his opponent shouts at him, he is stunned, and cannot attack that round (though he can still parry).

MUTANT TWO

STR 10	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 13	CHA 5	HP: 13	Armor: 1d6-1 leather	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
2H Spear	55	1d10+1	51	
Thrown Rock	22	2d4+1d4	--	

Note: expanded snout and pig-like nose. Has an excellent sense of smell, and acts as the mutants' tracker.

MUTANT THREE

STR 9	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 2	POW 13
DEX 8	CHA 3	HP: 16	Armor: none	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Bite	31	1d4	--	
Fist (2)	70	1d3	--	

Note: this mutant cannot speak, only crow (rather like a rooster). He is an imbecile. However, his soft, slimy skin is resistant to hacking and crushing weapons, and he only takes half damage from all weapon types except thrusting/impaling ones, such as spears, arrows, rapiers, etc.

MUTANT FOUR

STR 15	CON 5	SIZ 10	INT 10	POW 7
DEX 9	CHA 10	HP: 5	Armor: 1d8-1 half-plate	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Axe	29	1d8+2+1d6	32	
Thrown Rock	47	2d8+1d4	--	

Note: bright orange, wet-looking skin.

MUTANT FIVE

STR 8	CON 22	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 9
DEX 5	CHA 4	HP: 22	Armor: none	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Club	51	1d6	54	
Thrown Rock	39	2d4+1d4	--	
Laser	25	3d6	--	

Note: this mutant is highly malformed, and his whole torso is structured around an organic laser-core whose tip emerges at the base of his throat. He can fire his laser once a round in addition to any other attacks he makes. He was a Granbretanian experiment.

MUTANT SIX

STR 6	CON 8	SIZ 15	INT 10	POW 12
DEX 10	CHA 9	HP: 11	Armor: 1d6-1 leather	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Club	42	1d6	38	
Thrown Rock	35	2d4+1d4	--	
Spit	56	special	--	

Note: this mutant can spit a clot of extremely foul-smelling matter up to 4 meters, and usually does it when in melee. This substance smells so horribly that anyone hit by it (and anyone within a meter of the victim) must succeed in an INT x 5 roll each round or be overcome by nausea and incapable of attacking that round (though he can still parry normally). Ordinary soap and water removes the taint. The mutant is immune to the smell.

Day Four: Mutant Wolf

(map area #6) Approximately five hours into the day, the party stumbles across a brainwolf. This bizarre animal is nearly invisible inside a hollow log that crosses the path, and can only be detected if someone is actively searching and succeeds at half his See roll. The brainwolf attacks the person with the highest INT, which it can readily sense. The brainwolf looks like a wolf's head, with a swollen cranium. Its body is shrunken, and it has only two legs left, which it uses to drag itself around. However, it has effective psychic powers.

The victim of a brainwolf must roll his POW x 5 or less on 1d100, subtracting the creature's POW x 2 (in this case, 42 percentiles) from his chances of success. An unsuccessful roll indicates that the brainwolf has taken over the victim's system, and that the monster can control all his actions. The brainwolf immediately forces his prey to attack nearby friends, hoping to kill one or more of them, or at least to have his prey killed by them. Then he will creep out from his log to feed on the remains. If the victim successfully resists, he knows that some force tried to interfere with his mind, and he gets a brief mental image of the brainwolf itself.

The best way to save a person victimized by the brainwolf is to overpower him and carry him away from the creature's influence. Its mental control fades rapidly, and vanishes if the victim is taken more than a hundred meters away.

BRAINWOLF

STR 3 CON 10 SIZ 2 INT 9 POW 21
DEX 9 HP: 5 Armor: 1

weapon	attack	damage
Bite	45	1d4
Mind Control	Auto.	controls victim's actions.

SKILLS: Climb 58, Hide 83, Move Quietly 95, Scent 75, Sense INT 56, Swim 66.

Day Four: Mutant Elk

(map area #8) While passing under a huge stone archway in a small wood, the party is dropped upon from above by a mutant carnivore elk. The animal is covered with spiny armadillo-like plates, steel-gray in color. Its horns are replaced with a flexible jointed tentacle-like structures, in which it wraps and crushes prey.

Once the elk has wrapped a person in its tentacle, it begins to crush him, and continues to do so until it is dead or its victim dies. Armor helps absorb crushing damage. A person being crushed can keep his weapon arm free on a DEX x 3 roll. Each round he is crushed, he must roll CON x 5 to avoid fainting from the pain.

MUTANT ELK

STR 26 CON 19 SIZ 25 INT 3 POW 10

DEX 14	HP: 32	Armor: 8 point scales
weapon	attack	damage
Bite	45	1d8
Crush	60	3d6

If the party backtracks on the elk's trail, a relatively simple task, they find its lair, a solid, dry cave good for a night's camp.

Day Five: Fen

(map area #9) Two hours into the day, the adventurers find themselves entering a fen (marshy area) which lies in a small valley between two large hills. The fen is small, and it is clearly easier for the party to cross the fen by the visible path rather than walk for miles out of their way to avoid it.

Day Five: Lunch

(map area #10) An hour's march into the marsh, the party is discovered by four hungry swampnappers, imported from Italia in yet another Dark Empire biological warfare experiment.

SWAMPSNAPPERS

	1	2	3	4
STR	16	15	17	17
CON	21	15	17	19
SIZ	18	15	12	17
INT	6	2	5	3
POW	6	5	4	1
DEX	22	20	21	18
Armor/HP	4/27	4/18	4/17	4/24
D Bonus	1d6	+1d6	+1d6	+1d6

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Bite	40	2d10	--
Claw (2)	60	1d8	50
Ripping	Auto.	3d6	--

Day Five: Smoke

(map area #11) The sun is setting as the party emerges from the fen. As they rest, recovering from their muddy trek, the adventurers notice a smudge of smoke, as of some large thing burning, some distance to the west. The smoke is several miles away -- since night is falling fast, the adventurers may well wish to wait till morning to investigate.

However, a brief look at a map shows that the adventurers are quite near to their destination. Perhaps the smoke indicates the goal itself? Or a clue leading to it?

The smoking site is actually three hours off. If the adventurers choose to investigate that very night, in the darkness, have them attempt a Navigate to find the source of the smoke. Failure finds the adventurers wandering aimlessly about the hills until morning, when they can see the faint remains of smoke rising up.

Successful Navigate rolls allow them to find the village of Croom with fair speed.

However, if the adventurers do find Croom that night (via a Navigate), each member must attempt a POW x 3 roll on 1d100. Each person that succeeds has attracted one of the Charki from the next section towards him and

the party. The charki take the party by surprise if they fail Listen rolls (chances for success are halved because of the charki's stealth). The charki take advantage of surprise by attacking the adventurers with the highest POW.

Croom

Croom is a small village lying dangerously close to Villa Kensai. For the last few years, Croom's people have been in close contact with the New Fenians. The rebels and the town have an agreement whereby Croom provides free food and medical care to the New Fenians in exchange for books and technological items the rebels do not want or need. Ultimately, Croom gathered quite a selection of ancient books and useless artifacts, and even built a Hall of Learning and museum to house these materials.

Eventually, Zhenadar's pet Serpents received word of Croom's growing science and the town's alliance with the Eirish rebels. Their outrage at the Croom's temerity was not lessened by their disloyalty to Granbretan. Zhenadar sent spies -- his two sons -- to observe, determine the number of scholars and scientists, discover the principle allies of the New Fenians, and destroy all these people and their treasured Hall of Learning. The spies were ordered to finish the business and return to Villa Kensai within ten days.

The Kensai brothers identified the scientists and scholars of Croom and their students. They uncovered a few of the New Fenian contacts, and believed they knew of them all. Scant hours before the adventurers will enter Croom, the Kensai brothers attacked with their band of cross-planar raiders, killing most of the townspeople and wrecking the town. The charki assisting the brothers became sated before the town was completely demolished, so the brothers retreated to their camps to wait out the night and unleash another attack before dawn.

The adventurers approach Croom just as the fires are beginning to burn out. A half-mile outside of town, they stumble across a man lying in the grass, moaning to himself. This is Zarlín, leader of Croom's New Fenian supporters, and the instigator of Croom's brief boom in learning and knowledge. He is not an Eirishman, but was born and raised in Espaniya, which he was forced

to flee because of a family vendetta. After the sophisticated cities of Espaniya, Zarlín found Croom's quality of living abominable, so he set out to bring Croom up to "modern" standards. Zarlín did not take Granbretan into account, however, and Croom has been destroyed several times in the past decade. After each catastrophe, Zarlín rallied the people and rebuilt Croom. Now, Croom has quite a high standard of living, and the people are grateful to him, despite the attention they have received from the Dark Empire.

Zarlín has peripherally scouted out Villa Kensai, trying to get an idea of the true scope of its size and numbers of inhabitants. He is grief-stricken from seeing so many of his adopted people dead, but is willing to talk to the adventurers. He is a proud Espanyan, and won't give them any information unless they clear Croom of the remaining destroyers. Once he has extracted such a promise, he'll tell them everything he knows, and draw a map showing Villa Kensai's location. He can accompany the party into Croom, but is too badly injured to fight.

ZARLIN, Scholar of Espaniya, Age 51

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 21 POW 12
DEX 11 CHA 14 HP: (16) currently 5 Armor: none

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Fist	50	1d3+1d6	39
Rapier	32	1d6+1+1d6	40

SKILLS: Ancient History 91, Biological Lore 56, Cartography 81, Chemical Lore 70, Credit 31, Electrical Lore 33, Mechanical Lore 63, Memorize 91, Navigate 81, Persuade 31.

LANGUAGES (speak/read/write): Common 100, Ancient English 65, Ancient Spanish 50.

Zhenadar's two sons, Aloryk-vron-Kensai and Nihlar-vron-Kensai, and their band of otherplanar warriors, are due back within a week. Most of the charki have already left for home. If they do not return soon

Raiders From Other Worlds

after the charki arrive, Zhenadar will assume the worst and send out a much larger force to find and punish his son's killers. If the adventurers defeat Aloryk and Nihlar, and linger in Croom, they will soon be beset by Zhenadar's forces.

Raiders

While the adventurers are within Croom, roll 1d6 every hour. If a "1" results, they encounter 1d4 of Zhenadar's cross-planar invaders.

Sample Raider Statistics

NEESHA, JAGUAR/WOMAN CHAOS HYBRID

STR 20 CON 23 SIZ 15 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 17 CHA 13 HP: 26 Armor: 1d8-1 half-plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Rapier	60	1d6+1+1d6	60
Bite	45	2d6	--
Claw	80	1d10+1d6	25

NOTES: each round, Neesha attacks with Rapier, one Bite, and one Claw. If her sword breaks or is lost, she switches to two Claw and one Bite attack.

SKILLS: Ambush 80, Balance 85, Climb 65, Listen 70, Scent 70, Track 55

Neesha is an attractive creature, but her heart is full of hatred. She has jet black fur, a jaguar's head with human eyes and nose, human limbs, and a jaguar's tail and claws. She constantly growls deep in her throat.

ALMANDRIC, MELNIBONEAN NOBLE-WARRIOR-SORCERER

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 25 POW 37
DEX 14 CHA 12 HP: 17 Armor: 9 point demon armor

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Scimitar	98	2d6+2+1d6	95
Dagger	45	1d4+2+1d3+1d6	40
Thrown Dagger	85	1d4+2+1d3+1d4	--

SKILLS: Balance 54, Credit 90, Conceal 40, Evaluate Treasure 30, Listen 80, Memorize 30, Plant Lore 64, Poison Lore 87, Ride 90, Ride Dragon 50, Scent 25, See 70, Swim 30, Taste 40.

MAGIC: On Tragic Millennium Earth, Almandric knows he has little, if any, chance to summon demons or elementals, and no chance to summon any Chaos Lord. His reduced chances are listed below.

DEMONS: Combat 10, Desire 10, Knowledge 10, Possession 5, Protection 6, Travel 9.

ELEMENTALS: Air 9, Earth 9, Fire 8, Water 9

OTHER: Lassa 4, Straasha 6, Grome 5, Kakatal 7; Meerclar 5, Roofdrak 4, Muru'ah 4; Hionhurn 4

DEMON ARMOR: CON 9, SIZ 13, POW 2

DEMON SCIMITAR: STR 10, SIZ 2, POW 1

DEMON DAGGER: STR 5, SIZ 1, POW 2 (had the ability to levitate on Almandric's home plane).

FIRE WAND: holds 3 bound fire elementals.

Almandric is very pale skinned, with blue-black hair and eyes. His demon armor is in the form of Melnibonean plate, complete with dragon helm. Under the armor, he wears velvet in an unusual periwinkle color. A cloak over his armor is bright orange. If the

adventurers were hired by Ilendrik (and can prove it), Almandric is friendly to them and won't allow his companions to harm them. At the moment, he is still loyal to Zhenadar, but is rapidly becoming bored with Zhenadar's tedious orders of killing natives and looting, so fast-talking adventurers may well be able to talk Almandric into revolting against his master, in the capricious manner of Melniboneans.

TOLLIVER, HUMAN WARRIOR

STR 14 CON 18 SIZ 12 INT 8 POW 11
DEX 15 CHA 10 HP: 18 Armor: 1d6 special

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	50	1d4+2+1d6	45
Pole Axe	60	3d6+1d6	54

SKILLS: Hide 45, Move Quietly 65, Persuade 70, Pick Lock 50, Ride 90, Search 45

Tolliver is a human warrior from a Mabden world, more primitive than Tragic Millennium Earth. His axe is crudely, though stoutly, made. Tolliver is thickset, and wears only wolf fur and leather made of alligator skin. He has delusions of grandeur and believes he is meant to take over Zhenadar's operation after Eire is completely conquered. Zhenadar is amused by his plans and leaves him alive for the moment.

E'EVAAKHA, CHAOS BEAST

STR 20 CON 19 SIZ 23 INT 4 POW 10
DEX 8 CHA 0 HP: 30 Armor: 6 point scales

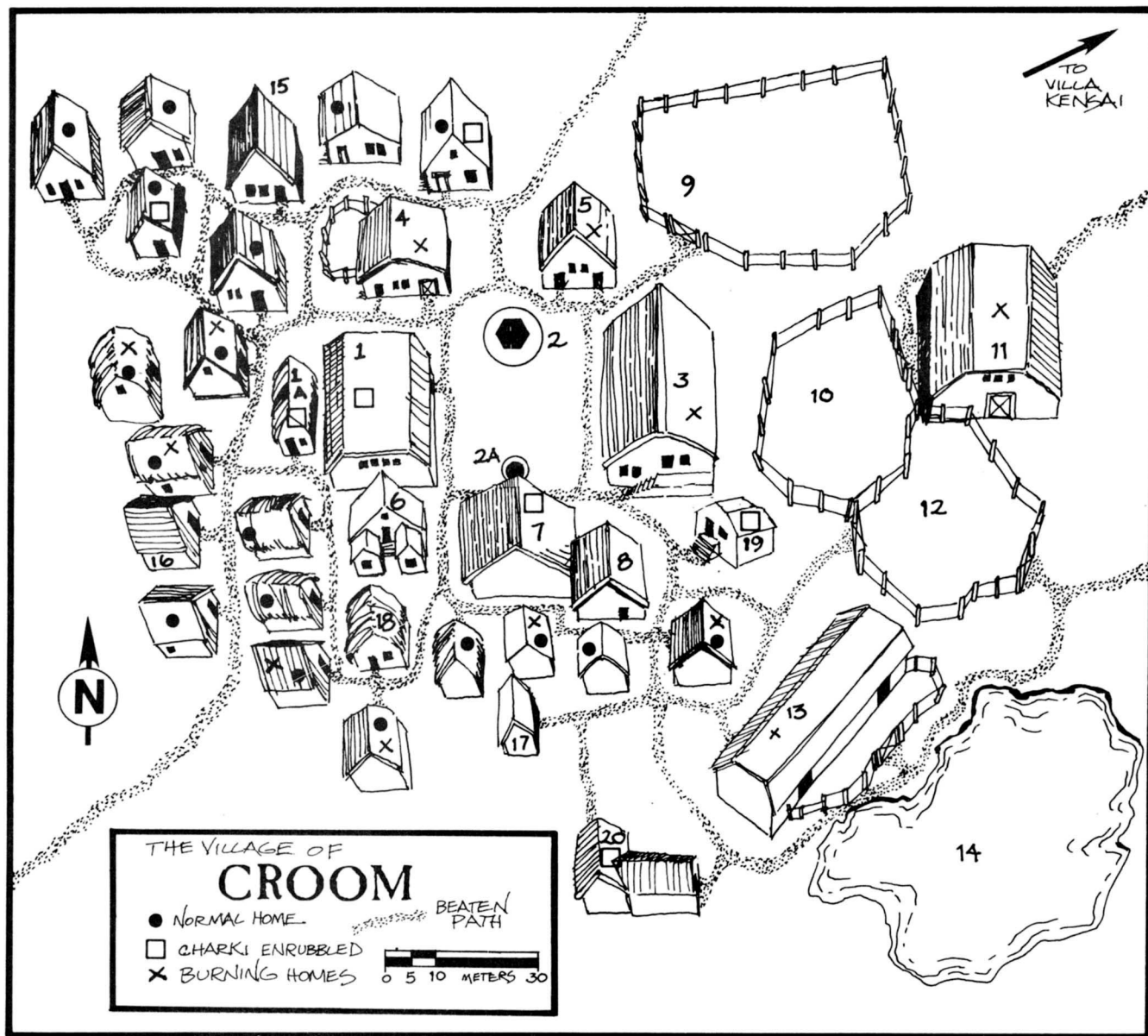
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Claws (2)	70	1d10+2d6	65
Bite	49	2d6+2d6	--

E'Evaakha has an obese, human-like body and alligator-like head. Its skin is covered in deep purple scales. Wiry black hair protruding from between the heavy plates. E'Evaakha is always hungry and eats constantly. It enjoys meat when available, but also devours wood, stone, metal, and anything else it can lay its talons on. Almandrik is its master, and the two are constant companions.

The Township of Croom

Croom is gutted by fire and charki. Houses marked with an X on the map are aflame, smoldering, or have already burnt out. Houses marked by a □ are lying in Charki-caused ruin. Buildings marked with a O are normal, habitable homes (all of which are similar). These normal homes may yet be burned or attacked by charki.

Each normal home has one to three rooms, depending upon the size of the home and the wealth of the owner. Single roomed houses normally held 1d10 people of the same family, enough feather mattresses to



sleep them all comfortably, plus quilts, cooking utensils, earthenware plates, cups and bowls.

Double and triple roomed homes are similar to single room homes, above, except that the family sleeps in the extra room or rooms, leaving the common room for cooking, eating, and guests.

In homes destroyed by fire, all goods are destroyed. One or more charred bodies are present in the smoldering ruins 50% of the time.

In homes attacked by charki, at least one corpse is readily apparent. The building's goods are largely unharmed, though they are buried under wooden beams and fallen stones.

In other homes, roll 1d10. 1-8 = the house is still untouched, though the family has either fled or is dead in the street nearby. In such a case, any valuables are

still within, untouched. 9 = the house has been cleaned out. 10 = 1d4 raiders are still inside.

The Hall of Learning (1)

The main force of charki and raiders struck this building first. Both it and the nearby storehouse/museum are nearly completely demolished. Its interior consisted of two rooms, one smaller than the other.

In the ruins of the smaller room, splintered wrecks of tables and benches lie strewn about. A large hole in the floor, surrounded by upturned dirt, shows the entry point of the invaders. Huge worm-like tracks lead out of the tunnel.

Bookshelves in the smaller room once held curiosities from ancient times and a few dozen books. Most have been destroyed or stolen, but two remain, perhaps overlooked.

The first is a small book, water-damaged and dog eared, and written in Ancient English. If this tome is translated, it proves to be a work titled "The Queen of the Swords". Its author has the unlikely name of Michael Moorcock.

The second item of note is in a glass case, partly covered by dirt. A Search roll is required to notice it. The Eirish could find no practical use for it and Zarin does not know what it does, though he knows its name. The item is a small silvery globe with a button at one end and a trumpet-shaped nozzle at the other. Its name "Life Energy Enhancer" is engraved on one side in Ancient English.

Life Energy Enhancer: when pointed at a person whose POW is 6 or less, and the button pressed, a black haze surrounds the target. He gains 1d3 POW, and a similar number of charges is drained from the device. If the Enhancer is directed at a person whose POW is 7 or more, he gains no POW, and loses 1 Hit Point. Such a use drains one charge from the device as well. The Energy Enhancer currently contains 25 charges, and cannot be recharged.

The larger room of the Hall of Learning is a shambles. Desks and chairs lie in smashed ruin. The west wall is nearly completely destroyed. A black slate board covered with chalk writing hangs on the north wall. The chalk drawings are obscured by splashes of blood. Many corpses lie in the ruins, all but three hacked to pieces. The three who are untouched have pale, clammy skin, showing no wounds at all.

The Hall of Learning Museum (1A)

This small building once contained supplies and equipment for the Hall of Learning, plus miscellaneous town curiosities and artifacts from ancient times. Almost everything stored here has been destroyed or stolen. Underneath the rubble, successful Search rolls uncover a complete set of stainless steel socket wrenches, in both English and Metric measurements.

The invaders entered this building through a gaping hole smashed through the east wall. The worm-like tracks seen in the Hall itself lead off to the north and south of this building, fading as they leave the rubble and freshly-turned earth behind.

Town Commons (2)

The town commons is just an open space of short-cropped grass and flower bushes. No evidence of violence is here, for no one was in the commons when the raid hit.

At the northern end of the commons is a raised dais of granite topped with an obelisk of darker stone (at the numeral 2 on the map). The obelisk is five meters high and nearly that width at its base. Carved into its southern face is a battle scene from the Tragic Millennium. Below the battle depiction is the following inscription, in both Ancient English and Ancient Irish:

THIS MEMORIAL IS ERECTED
TO HONOR THOSE SONS OF CROOM
SLAIN IN THE BATTLE FOR DUBLIN
AUGUST 5 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 18, 2021
GOD GRANT THEM PEACE.

SEAN KELLY JOHN ARCHER KILKENNY
MICHAEL CASLE LEARY DOUGLAS RYAN O'ROURK

At the south end of the commons is the town well (at the numeral 2A on the map). The boards that once covered its top lie scattered on the ground. From the depths of the well comes a scraping sound of flesh on stone.

Inside the well is the only charki remaining within the town proper. The charki retired to the well to let some of the energy it had drained dissipate before seeking out more. It has begun to get hungry again in the depths of the well, and will attack characters foolish enough to look down into the well itself.

Once the charki is aware of the adventurers' presence it hounds them all through Croom, burrowing through the earth to emerge and attack them at the most inopportune times. In general, it goes after the person with the highest POW, but initially it will attack the sucker who first looks into the well.

Each time the charki attacks, it first emits its mental rays for 2d6 combat rounds (presumably forcing the party to fight among themselves) then erupts from the earth (or the well) to attack physically. If it is wounded, no matter how slightly, it immediately retreats underground, to attack again later.

THE CHARKI FROM THE WELL

STR 18 CON 34 SIZ 28 INT 3 POW 15
DEX 9 Armor/Hit Points: 6/50

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	64	1d6+POW loss	34
Mental Impulses	Auto.	madness	--

SKILLS: Sense Life 61, Track 51.

About a meter and a half down the well-shaft, and nearly invisible from above (See roll to detect), is a tunnel that heads north. This tunnel is easily reached from above with a rope, and is, in fact, the charki's first point of attack within the town.

Some distance north (just beyond Croom's limits) the tunnel forks. The secondary tunnel turns to the northeast and opens onto a hillside just before the Charki Spy Lair. The main tunnel heads due north, ending in a stand of trees near the Main Charki Encampment. About a kilometer down this tunnel lies a small vial full of a greenish-gray liquid. If swallowed, this liquid increases the person's POW by 1d6. This effect is permanent. The liquid is difficult to analyze, as two major components are unavailable on this plane of the multiverse: the glandular excretions of a crimson roar (a colossal monster from a chaos plane) and the ichor of a Melnibonéan dragon in heat.

Tavern (3)

The tavern was set alight by overzealous raiders and was partly burnt before they managed to extinguish the fire. The north end of the building is burned, but the south part is almost intact. Four raiders are here, drinking the little liquor remaining and cruelly teasing a captive Croomian girl tied to a chair.

The adventurers do not look Croomian, so the raiders won't attack immediately, unless the adventurers are overtly hostile. If the adventurers pretend to friendliness, the raiders welcome them in for a drink and a hand of cards. The raiders are edgy, however, and will attack a party up to twice their number if they think the adventurers mean them harm.

TAVERN RAIDERS

KALIMBUR, YELITE WARRIOR

STR 18 CON 20 SIZ 8 INT 9 POW 13
DEX 10 CHA 4 HP: (19) currently 16 Armor: 1d6-1 leather

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	75	1d4+2	77
Shortsword	83	1d6+1	79

SKILLS: Climb 37, Dodge 85, Hide 85, Move Quietly 56, Scent 31, Tumble 45.

Kalimbur is a mutant, with green warty skin and shocking mauve hair. He was injured in killing the tavern keeper. His companions have razzed him about it, and he is feeling mean, looking for a chance to prove himself.

POLLIK TANTRAGEL, MABDEN WARRIOR

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 13 CHA 8 HP: 22 Armor: 1d8-1 half plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Denledhyssi Axe	58	3d6+1d6	50
Scimitar	82	1d8+2+1d6	75

SKILLS: Jump 54, Navigate 60, Search 45, See 75, Track 32.

Pollik comes from the same world as Tolliver (see earlier). He is the one tormenting the captured girl, while the others are just watching and shouting out jocular advice.

WHULLIN, CHAOS CREATURE

STR 25 CON 8 SIZ 24 INT 5 POW 20
DEX 4 CHA 2 Armor/Hit Points: 8/23

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Bite	40	1d10+2d6	--
Claw (4)	60	1d6+2d6	60

SKILLS: Memorize 90, Scent 95.

Whullin is a hulking blue-gray beast with four limbs and an eyeless, lumpy head. It has an extraordinary sense of smell, so its lack of visual organs does not hinder it. His favorite tactic is to grab prey in all four talons, squeeze it to death, then force it down its considerable gullet.

Whullin cannot speak, but can understand human speech. It has no sense of humor and is not sure why its companions aren't letting it eat the captured girl, but is willing to wait till they are finished.

SSHAYSSA, SERPENT MAN WARRIOR

STR 20 CON 26 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 16 CHA 3 HP: 26 Armor: 1d6+4
leather and scales

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Bite*	25	1d6+poison	--
Scimitar	95	1d8+2+1d6	92

SKILLS: Memorize 90, Move Quietly 65, Poison Lore 75, Scent 85, Swim 50, Taste 90

Sshayssa is a glistening legless creature with two arms. He can make remarkable speed over most terrain -- the rougher the terrain, the faster he can move (polished tile nearly immobilizes him). Anyone bitten by Sshayssa must roll its CON x 5 or less, with Sshayssa's CON added to the die roll. Failure indicates 4d6 poison damage, success gives him none. However, in any case, a bitten victim is ill with nerve damage for 1d6 days, unable to do more than moan and sip at liquids.

COLLEEN DOUGLAS, THE CAPTIVE GIRL

STR 10 SIZ 15 CON 9 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 17 CHA 16 HP: (15) currently 10 Armor: none

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Self	Bow	42	1d6+1--
Dagger	60	1d4+2	40

SKILLS: Listen 35, Memorize 50, Persuade 36, Ride 40, Sing 90, Taste 84.

Colleen is a Croom native. The raiders won't let her speak to the adventurers, though she'll constantly mouth the words,

"Help me, please!" to the party when the raiders aren't watching. She is determined not to cry in front of the raiders, but the adventurers can see she is barely able to contain her emotions.

The girl is Zarlín's niece. She believes, correctly, that the raiders are here because of Zarlín. If the raiders find out who her uncle is, they'll take her back to Zhenadar for questioning. Otherwise they mean to kill her after they sport with her a bit. The girl is spunky and good with weapons. She saw her parents murdered by the raiders. If the adventurers free her, she'll gladly accompany them to Zhenadar's destruction. If they don't want her along, she'll join the New Fenians instead.

Smithy (4)

This is a two-story building, the only one in town. The smith shared space with his brother, a wainwright and cooper. Both lie dead in this building, victims of the raiders. The huge corpse of the smith lies roasting in a high blaze in the yard; his brother is stretched out nearby, his throat cut. One raider, a Granbretanian butterfly-mask, lies dead between them, her skull crushed by the smith's hammer.

The raiders took everything of value in the smithy, including tools and anvil -- Zhenadar has use for such craft items.

The second story of the smithy is storage space, holding raw lumber, coal, and iron for the businesses below. The attic door is concealed behind a half-finished hogshead, and a Search is necessary to discover it. It is barricaded from the inside.

In the attic are the two wives and six children of the smith and wainwright. All are unharmed and alive. They are terrified, and observed the slaughter of their menfolk through a crack. They won't open without a great deal of convincing, including a successful Persuade.

The smithy's yard burns merrily -- the carts and wheels kept there are gone. The western wall is singed, too, but the building as a whole is untouched.

Tailor and Cobbler (5)

This building is a blazing inferno. No access is visible, and the only clue to the structure's function is its sign, the depiction of a bolt of cloth, needle and thread plus a huge wooden shoe the paint of which is already smoldering.

Bakery (6)

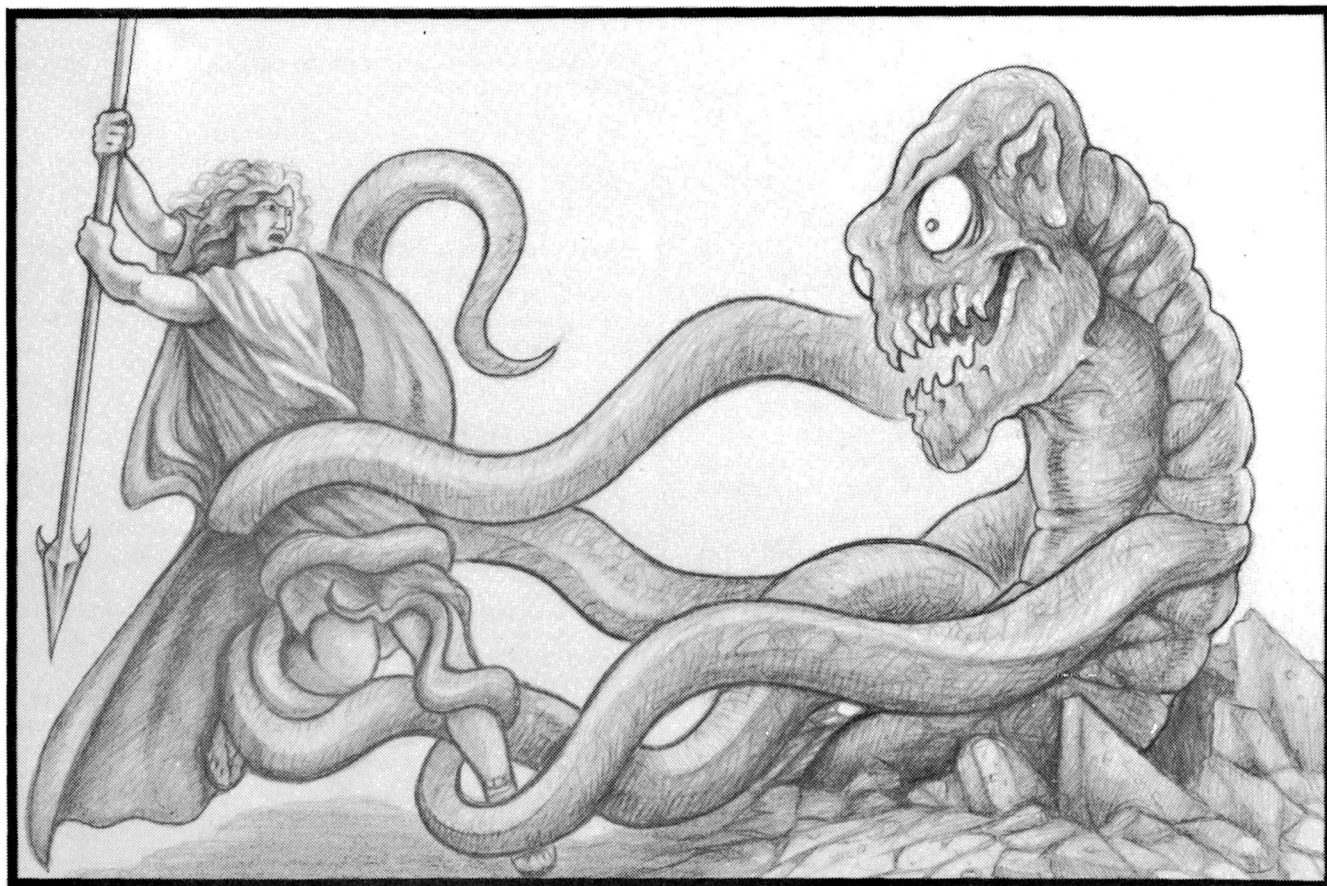
This building is untouched as yet and smells just like a bakery should -- fresh bread and rolls. The door is locked and barred from within. Approaching adventurers succeeding at See detect the terrified baker and his family peering out from behind the curtains flanking the porch. If they realize they've been seen, the family jerks away from the windows and huddles together in the main room, behind the display counter.

A Persuade is required here to convince the baker and his family that the party means no harm. Once in the baker's confidences, the party is welcome to rest in his house and eat freely of his goods. When they leave Croom, the baker offers them all the hard bread they can carry, to eat while on the road to Villa Kensai.

Trade Goods (7)

The trading post was ravaged by charki, after which the raiders looted all the valuable goods and food. Little is left but a few farming implements. The shopkeeper's portly frame swings back and forth from a beam in the middle of the emptied room.

Under a pile of rubble near the main counter is a secret floorboard safe. A Search finds locates it. Within it are 2 bars of silver worth 100s each and four pieces of jewelry made of



A Charki Bursts Upon a Brave Croomian

carefully carved wood. There is a bracelet worth 25s, a ring worth 80s, and two chains of delicate serpentine workmanship each worth 100s.

Warehouse (8)

The extra goods for the trade post were stored herein, as well as scientific and ancient items that would not fit into the storage room next to the Hall of Learning. Nothing of value is here, save a bloodied bolt of paisley cloth upon which rest two corpses.

Vegetable Gardens (9)

This was a communal plot for all the village's vegetable gardens. Each family's plot is carefully marked and staked out. Most of the vegetables are trampled, and three women lie here dead and slashed.

Enough vegetables are left to supply rations to the party for a week.

Cattle Pen (10)

The cattle held here were used as target practice by the raiders. What is left of thirty bovine carcasses has been crudely butchered and laid in the sun to dry. The party can help itself to the choice cuts of beef laying around in vast amounts.

Barn (11)

The barn housed animals in winter, and sick animals in other seasons. Now it is a blazing wreck now, the charred skeletons of a few hapless animals barely visible through the flames.

Sheep Pen (12)

Like the cows, the sheep were used as target practice and the meat left to dry out. Over fifty animals were slaughtered herein.

Coop (13)

This long, low building held the town's poultry. The chicken coop is burning merrily away, and is nearly gone. A few of the chickens are still alive, wandering forlornly around the fenced-in yard and along the shore of the duck pond.

Duck Pond (14)

The ducks managed to escape the carnage, and are floating on the duck pond quacking away as if nothing had happened. However, the corpses of several townsfolk and a cow share the waters with the birds.

Living Quarters (15)

The family here still lives, as the raiders have overlooked this small house in their greed for loot. However, this respite will not last long. As with the other surviving townfolk, the adventurers need to succeed at Persuade as well as deliver a convincing story to gain the barricaded family's trust and be allowed inside. The family consists of a young married couple, their baby and their dog. So far, they have not dared to try to creep out of town while the raiders were occupied elsewhere.

Raided Home (16)

This small cottage is completely looted. Three raiders are still inside, torturing the woman who owned it. She is nearly dead of pain and blood loss, and dies before the adventurers can save her, unless they succeed at First Aid. She has only 2 hit points left, and her name is Connie Davan.

The raiders have between them 38s, a richly embroidered velvet belt worth 150s, and several fancy bejeweled daggers worth a total of 250s.

FRITZ VON ROCHOFFEN, 1916 GERMAN CAVALRY OFFICER

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 14 CHA 17 HP: 13 Armor: Leather 1d6-1

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Saber	92	1d6+2+1d6	90
9mm Luger	70	2d6	--

SKILLS: Chemical Lore 45, Hide 25, Orate 68, Ride 80, Set Trap 75, Sleight of Hand 45, Track 38.

Von Rochoffen's pistol holds seven bullets and he has another 62 shells in his pockets. Base pistol chance for Tragic Millennium users at is 10% plus attack bonus. Von Rochoffen is not sure what he is doing in this strange place, but greatly prefers pillaging helpless civilians to fighting on the Russian front, which is what he was doing before Zhenadar's cross-planar magic brought him here. His pistol and aristocratic manner make him the leader of this small band of raiders.

ALORM NAIKHEDA, NHADRAGH WARRIOR

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 12 CHA 12 HP: 15 Armor: 1d8+2 Nhadragh half plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Staff	85	1d8+1d6	81
Shortsword	60	1d6+1+1d6	55

SKILLS: Balance 34, Cut Purse 45, Evaluate Treasure 60, Listen 75, Persuade 95, Search 50, See 85.

The Nhadragh are a humanoid, highly magical race from a different plane. They have low foreheads with deep widow's peaks, prominent brow ridges and very dark skin. Their eyes are orange with bluish sclera and are pupil-less.

LONG-ARMED EATER, DYING EARTH HUMAN WARRIOR

STR 20 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 6 POW 15
DEX 14 CHA 12 HP: 15 Armor: 3 point fur and leather

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Spiked Club	54	1d8+1d6	50
Dagger	45	1d4+2+1d6	40

SKILLS: Balance 46, Juggle 50, Move Quietly 80, Navigate 75, Ride Horse 30, Ride Walrus 90.

Long-Armed Eater is almost bestial, owing to his extreme stupidity. All he cares about is food, sex, and fighting.

Untouched Home (17)

This home has yet to undergo the attentions of the raiders. The family has apparently fled.

Untouched Home (18)

This home is also untouched by the raiders. The family is hidden in the root cellar, and unless the party makes a great deal of noise, the family won't even be aware that someone has come to rescue them. The cellar door is concealed within the kitchen pantry.

Raided Home (19)

All the furniture in this home is wreckage, and the tip of a charki tentacle lies still writhing on the floor, presumably severed by the dagger a female corpse in the front room is clutching.

Anyone so foolish as to touch the tentacle with anything but a weapon or long pole loses 1 POW permanently.

In the house's back room are five raiders, shooting craps and arguing over their accumulated loot. The raiders won't be unduly suspicious of the adventurers (if they don't look like or accompany any Croom townfolk), and may invite them into the game.

ROURYK, MELNIBONEAN WARRIOR-NOBLE

STR 15 CON 13 SIZ 19 INT 20 POW 21
DEX 15 CHA 16 HP: 20 Armor: 1d10-1 Plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Sea Axe	65	2d6+2+1d6	60
Long Sword	70	1d10+1+1d6	62
Dagger	35	1d4+2+1d6	30

SKILLS: Conceal 60, Make Map 35, Memorize 40, Ride Dragon 75, Ride Horse 90, Search 80, Swim 50, Tie Knot 50.

The Melnibonean is aloofly ignoring the sport, and incidentally keeping a watch for trouble. Of all the gamblers, he will be most suspicious of the party.

IVELDA, MABDEN WARRIOR

STR 12 CON 17 SIZ 11 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 12 CHA 9 HP: 17 Armor: 1d6-1 Leather

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Staff	60	1d8	55
Shortsword	50	1d6+1	45
Self Bow	30	1d8+1	--

SKILLS: Ambush 80, Climb 50, Hide 57, Listen 35, Ride 90, Scent 70, Swim 45.

Ivelda is quite a coward in her heart. She fears to let her comrades see this, however, so she blusters and toughs everything out. But if she is faced with armed opponents (as opposed to helpless townspeople), each round she must succeed at a POW x 5 roll to keep from panicking and running away.

AMLIEN DU GUERRE, FRENCH THIEF

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 18 CHA 15 HP: 12 Armor: 1d8-1 Half Plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Rapier	85	1d6+1	78
Dagger	45	1d4+2	40

Thrown Dagger 75 1d4+2

SKILLS: Balance 30, Climb 85, Conceal 71, Cut Purse 90, Evaluate Treasure 56, Hide 81, Listen 50, Move Quietly 58, Pick Lock 60, Ride 80, Search 45, See 61, Set Trap 60, Sleight of Hand 45

Amlien is from the contemporary Tragic Millennium Earth. He's been gone from home so long that he is desperate for the sound of a French voice, and will instantly befriend and take the side of any Frenchman he meets.

ULURAS, AFRICAN WARRIOR

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 16 CHA 10 HP: 14 **Armor:** none

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Calmant *	76	special (see below)--	
Agonizer **	66	special (see below)70	

SKILLS: Ambush 67, Climb 45, Search 35, Tie Knot 80, Track 65, Tumble 70.

* Uluras' calmant is a complex mesh of green metal mounted on the end of a beautifully-carved ivory rod. When the violet beam it fires strikes any living creature, that creature is overwhelmed by pacifism and peaceful feeling for the next 1d6 hours. It must roll its INT x 3 or less to be able to fight or even defend itself. This roll must be made afresh every single combat round. The rod has 6 remaining charges and cannot be recharged outside of Uluras' African kingdom.

** The agonizer is a long red metal rod with a basket hilt. When it strikes a foe (whether or not that foe is armored), he rolls 1d20. The target takes 1 point of damage for each point the d20 roll exceeds his CON, or 1 point of damage in any case.

Uluras is from contemporary Tragic Millennium Africa, a place completely unknown and mysterious to Europeans of Hawkmoon's time. He either cannot or will not speak, and communicates with his companions through sign language. However, he is perfectly capable of understanding everything they say.

FLAVIUS, ANCIENT ROMAN WARRIOR

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 9 CHA 14 HP: 16 **Armor:** 1d8-1 Roman armor

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Shortsword	87	1d6+2+1d6	53
Javelin	45	1d6+1d6	32
Thrown Javelin	66	1d8+2+1d4	--

SKILLS: Balance 35, Jump 50, Scent 80, See 26, Sing 70.

Flavius is an especially brutal soldier just doing his job. His centurion sentenced him to crucifixion for his crimes, and he was saved by Zhenadar's recruiters. He is loyal to Zhenadar.

Raided Home (20)

This home sags drastically on its one intact wall. Anyone entering the building must attempt a SIZ x 5 roll. Success brings down a shower of timbers and brick, doing 1d10 damage to the culprit.

Main Charki Encampment

While Zhenadar-vron-Kensai's sons planned the plundering of Croom, the charki dug this area in a sheltered section of the forest (no map of this encampment is provided). The forest is quite dense, and a Search is needed to find the path leading to the charki burrow. At the trail's terminus, the burrow itself is quite

obvious -- a 6 meter wide hole leading into the earth at a 45 degree angle.

ENTRANCE CAVERN: battery-powered lamps burn in the bedrock walls of this largish chamber. Four such lamps are here and one each in areas 2, 3, and 4. Their batteries are good for 100 hours of steady burning. A switch turns them on or off.

A charki sits in the middle of the room and attacks anyone unfamiliar to it. After three combat rounds, the two charki from area 6 will have joined the fray. The guard charki won't pursue fleeing enemies -- their orders are to guard only. At the start of any combat, the charki immediately emits its madness-inducing impulses in an attempt to lessen the odds against it.

CHARKI GUARD

STR 20 CON 28 SIZ 39 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 10 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/55

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	62	1d6+POW loss	38
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

SKILLS: Sense Life 70, Track 57

STOREROOM: shelves line this large, smooth-walled room. Two-thirds of the shelves hold dried food, with the remainder being divided between rolled-up clothing of fine cut and fabric and poetry scrolls. The thirty-two rolls of clothing are each worth 1d100s. The seventy-eight scrolls of poetry are each worth 1d10s. The food is edible, but not especially valuable or even tasty.

On one shelf, hidden behind stacks of jerky, is a black wand (Search to locate). The wand is 60cm long and 1cm thick. Two gems, a ruby and a diamond, are set into it about 12cm from one end. When the gemless end is pointed at an opponent and a gem pressed, the victim must roll its POW x 4 or less. If the roll succeeds, nothing happens. If it fails, the target is stunned and incapable of combat action for 3d6 rounds. Pressing the ruby stud affects humans, the diamond, charki. The wand recharges itself slowly, regaining one charge per 12 hours of disuse, up to the wand's maximum level of 6 charges. One charge is necessary to stun a human, and 1d6 for a charki. Dismantling the rod destroys it permanently.

NIHLAR-VRON-KENSAI'S QUARTERS: Nihlar is not here right now, but in the Charki Spy Lair. The room is decorated garishly and holds a bed, a dresser, and a chair. An old book in Ancient English, titled **Lessons in Chemistry**, lies on the dresser. If studied carefully (taking at least a month to do so) it raises the reader's Chemical Lore to 20%, or by 1d6 percentiles if his skill is already above 20.

In the dresser is a bag of coins, 304s in all. The rich clothes (worth 200s) in the dresser fit SIZ 16.

ALORYK-VRON-KENSAI'S QUARTERS: Aloryk is awakened by combat in the entrance cavern, and waits patiently for any intruders surviving the guard charki. He engages whomever opens the door, preventing others from slipping past. He fights till he has lost half his HP, when he throws down a smoke grenade, blinding all intruders for 1d10 combat rounds. After the smoke clears, they notice Aloryk's absence. (Aloryk escaped through a secret door in the northeast corner of the room.)

Aloryk's secret door is so well-constructed that a critical Search is needed to locate it. Aloryk should be long gone by then, riding hard to the Spy Lair to warn his brother. If the adventurers reached that area first, he rides north to warn his father.

The only item of real value in the room is a jewelled dagger under the bed's pillow. This dagger is made of a strange,

extremely hard metal (vanadium alloy) and does 1d6+2 damage.

ALORYK-VRON-KENSAI, WARRIOR-SCHOLAR, AGE 26

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 11 CHA 9 HP: 18 **Armor:** 1d10-1 plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Energy Pike *	65	1d6+1+1d6 (+1d10)61	
Scimitar	48	1d6+2+1d6	44
Mace	43	1d8+1d6	39

* Aloryk's energy pike cannot be recharged. It has 52 remaining charges. If the pike's regular damage penetrates armor (by even a single point), then the pike does 1d10 additional points of damage, and loses 1 charge. Once the charges are gone, the weapon is a normal spear in every respect.

SKILLS: Ancient Lore 73, Balance 45, Credit 36, Memorize 61, Mechanical Lore 61, Persuade 45, Ride 72

SECRET TUNNEL: roughly hewn by the charki, this escape tunnel runs a kilometer through bedrock, opening in the woodland further east. Stable room for two horses is available in the natural cave entrance, but Nihlar has one at the Spy Lair. By the time the adventurers reach this place (if, indeed, they ever do), Aloryk has saddled the remaining beast and ridden off.

CHARKI CAVERN: this cavern is bare stone. Two charki lurk here, one wounded, one imperfectly formed. At the sound of battle, the two rush to the entrance cavern (taking three rounds) to help the charki guard. If the adventurers dispose of the guard silently, or sneak past it somehow, these two will still be waiting here.

INJURED CHARKI

STR 18	CON 29	SIZ 31	INT 8	POW 15
DEX 12				
			Armor/Hit Points: 6/38	
			(normally 48 hit points)	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Tentacle (1d6)	70	1d6+POW loss	40	
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--	

SKILLS: Sense Life 62, Track 59.

IMPERFECT CHARKI

STR 12	CON 16	SIZ 23	INT 2	POW 10
DEX 17				
			Armor/Hit Points: 4/27	
weapon	attack	damage	parry	
Tentacle (1d4)	40	1d4+POW loss	20	
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--	

SKILLS: Sense Life 82, Track 56.

Charki Spy Lair

The charki dug a hole here to spy out Croom and discern whom the rebel sympathizers and scholars were. The Kensai brothers took turns watching. Now that Croom is demolished, the brothers and charki prepare to return to their father to report their successful attack on the upstart village.

ENTRANCE: the entrance cavern is dimly lit by the sun's rays filtering over the hills. Some large worm-like tracks mar the dust.

CHARKI CAVERN: a lone charki stands guard. If it senses battle from Room 6, it goes to assist; if the charki in Room 6

senses battle here, it comes. It takes each charki 4 rounds to get to one another.

STR 19 CON 22 SIZ 33 INT 3 POW 13
DEX 10 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/58

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	55	1d6+POW loss	45
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

SKILLS: Sense Life 63, Track 56

HORSE CAVE: Nihlar's horse is stabled here, waiting while he packs up the bedding and food remaining in the lair. Nihlar's mount is a heavy warhorse, equipped with saddle, saddlebags, and bridle. It is trained to be unafraid of the charki, unlike most animals.

STORAGE: several small bundles lie here, wrapped in fur and tied with leather thongs. Most of the bundles hold food, but one is a sleeping roll.

SLEEPING ROOM: this is the room the brothers slept in while watching Croom. Nihlar is here right now, and if he has heard any fighting in the outer rooms, he'll wait here quietly to ambush any surviving intruders. He has no escape route, and Nihlar will fight to the death to avoid capture.

NIHLAR-VRON-KENSAI, WARRIOR-SCHOLAR, AGE 32

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 18 CHA 15 HP: 16 **Armor:** 1d8-1 half plate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Scythe	82	2d6+1d6	72
Battle Axe	73	1d8+2+1d6	63
Shortsword	51	1d6+1+1d6	41
Long Bow	43	1d10+2+1d4	--

SKILLS: Ancient Lore 75, Balance 50, Chemical Lore 84, Credit 28, Jeweler Craft 51, Memorize 80, Persuade 55, Ride 80.

Nihlar wears a silver ring set with star sapphires worth 2500s.

CHARKI CAVE: a lone charki stands guard in this cavern. If it senses battle from Room 2, it will go to assist; if the charki in Room 2 has sensed battle here, it will come. It takes each charki 4 combat rounds to reach one another.

STR 16 CON 38 SIZ 32 INT 7 POW 14
DEX 10 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/58

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	70	1d6+POW loss	40
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

SKILLS: Sense Life 68, Track 52

Conclusion

If either Aloryk or Nihlar escaped the adventurers, Zhenadar may come looking for the party, rather than wait for them to arrive at his lair. He will set out from Villa Kensai with two charki, 10 Vulture-masks, and a smattering of otherworldly beings (such as Clakars). If Zhenadar cannot find the party within a week of searching, he returns to Villa Kensai.

Villa Kensai

Whether the characters chose to investigate Croom or not is immaterial for this part of the scenario. Villa Kensai is about a week's walk north of Croom, and the terrain is only slightly hilly.

The encounters are the same as in the *Emerald Isle* chapter, with the exception of those listed below the table.

If no alarm has been raised, careful adventurers could march right up to Villa Kensai and pretend to be members of the raider army. Certain areas within the Villa are off-limits to the army, but in general, restrictions are minimal. Suspicious actions on the party's part, of course, lets the cat out of the bag. Also, if any of them are Eirish, they are all taken prisoner. Otherwise, they may explore the Villa freely.

At one point or another, the adventurers are likely to encounter Zhenadar himself. Due to his manipulation of Arkyn's Eye, he is both invulnerable and immortal. Only releasing the Eye from his control can ensure his death. When this is done, he crumbles to dust -- his natural life span ended two centuries before.

ZHENADAR-VRON-KENSAI, AMAREHKIAN SCIENTIST, AGE 260+

STR 12 CON n/a SIZ 14 INT 38 POW 20
DEX 10 CHA 15 HP: n/a Armor: none

Random Encounters Table

This close to the villa, a different encounter table must be used. Roll 1d6 for every 12 game hours. A roll of 1-2 indicates an encounter, for which roll below.

1d20	result	1d20	result
1-7	Zhenadar's Raiders	12-16	Natural Animals
8	Charki	17-19	New Fenians
9-10	Eirish	20	Other (Game-master's choice or roll again)
11-12	Mutant Animals		

ZHENADAR'S RAIDERS: this is 1d8 cross-planar mercenary scum. For statistics, use any of the raiders found in the Croom description, or make up your own from past (dead) characters.

CHARKI: a charki from the villa. It is initially seen at a distance. If the adventurers approach, it sends out its madness-inducing mental rays, then attacks.

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Flamelance	60	5d6	--
Longsword	99	1d10+1+1d6	99
Thrown Dagger	80	1d4+2+1d4	--
Dagger	80	1d4+2+1d6	80

SKILLS: Ancient Lore 100, Biological Lore 100, Blacksmith Craft 90, Cartography 80, Chemical Lore 100, Conceal 50, Credit 100, Dodge 35, Electrical Lore 100, Evaluate Treasure 100, First Aid 100, Jeweler Craft 90, Listen 70, Mechanical Lore 100, Memorize 100, Orate 90, Persuade 80, Pick Lock 50, Search 70, See 70, Sleight of Hand 65, Taste 85.

LANGUAGES: Common Tongue 100, Ancient English 100, Ancient Latin 50, Ancient Greek 50, Granbretanian 50, Serpent Tongue 25.

Inside the Villa

The Grand Hall (A1)

Adventurers pretending to be raiders find it an easy matter to enter the Great Hall, as the army is fed here. Huge tables fill the room and tapestries hang on the walls, depicting scenes of ancient Amarehk. The tapestries each measure 5 meters by 10 meters, and each is worth 1000s, though a wagon is needed to transport even one of them. At all times, a number of raiders are here, unconscious from drink, or simply sleeping companionably in the straw with the Hall's canine inhabitants.

The Kitchens (A2)

The food for the troops is prepared here by a large staff of kitchen personnel working twelve-hour shifts. The kitchens never shut down, as the raiders eat at widely varying times, depending on duty and racial need. The cooks are enslaved Eirish, and live in terror of the raiders.

Library/Study (A3)

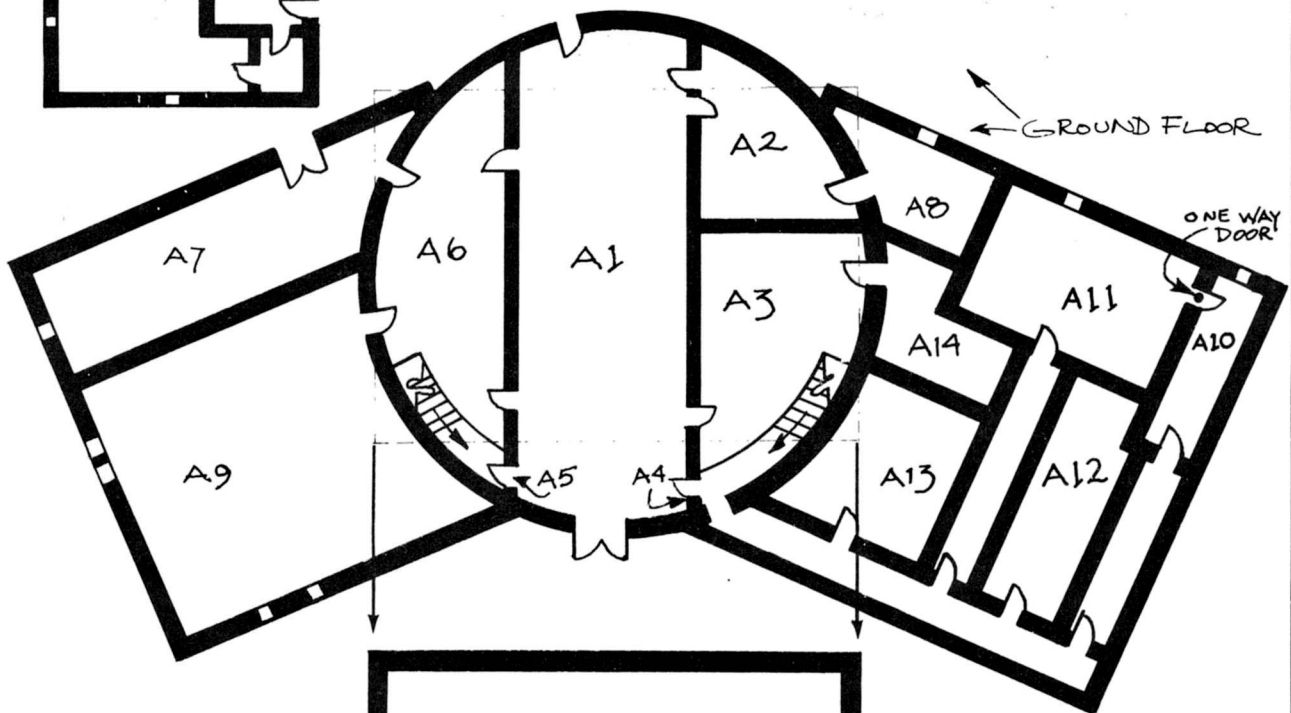
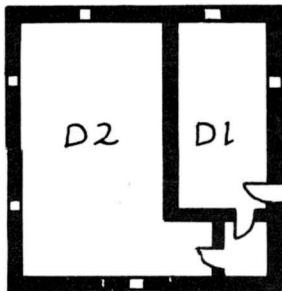
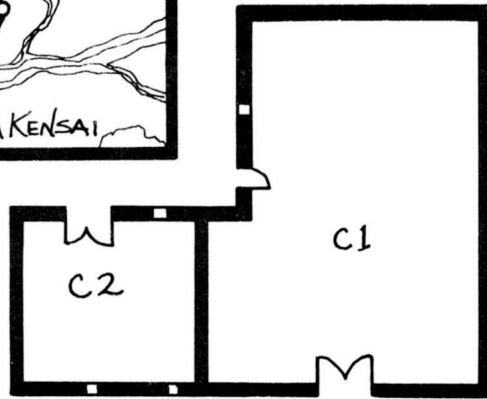
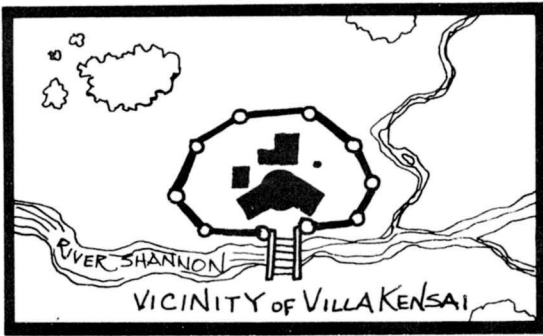
Zhenadar's extensive library is kept here, and this room is also the entry to his private quarters, so two guards stand within the door here at all times. Adventurers masquerading as raiders might someday be lucky enough to pull duty shift here.

Titanic shelves line all the walls. Two oval tables and a large desk sit in the center of the floor. The books are arranged by the ancient Dewey decimal system, so to find a specific book, the adventurers need an Ancient Lore roll. Books are available on all scientific subjects from biology and chemistry to anthropology and computer science, written in many different ancient languages. Roll on the following table to determine the language of any one book.

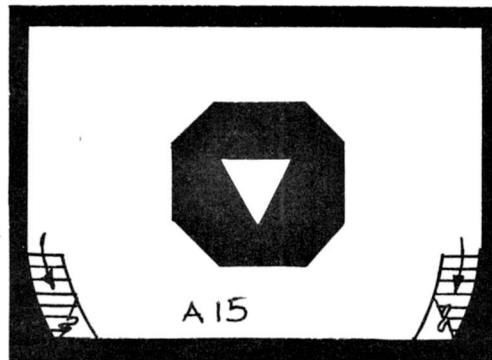
01-50	ANCIENT ENGLISH	86-90	ANCIENT SPANISH
51-55	ANCIENT FRENCH	91-93	ANCIENT LATIN
56-65	ANCIENT GERMAN	94-96	ANCIENT GREEK
66-85	ANCIENT RUSSIAN	97-00	OTHERPLANAR LANG.

VILLA KENSAI

0 2 4 7 METERS 12



BASEMENT



Rolls of 98-00 turn up books from other planes. Most are in High Vadhagh, High Nhadragh, or Eldren (the only Eldritch races that produced high science). Determine the contents and award anyone that reads it 1d6% in the appropriate knowledge skill, or create a separate skill if appropriate.

GUARD ONE: BRO-AN-LWLLYN, MABDEN WARRIOR

STR 16 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 8 CHA 8 HP: 22 **Armor:** 1d3 Fur

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Pole Axe	75	3d6+1d6	70
Shortsword	60	1d6+1+1d6	55

SKILLS: Ambush 50, Balance 50, Climb 35, Ride 80, Tie Knot 40, Track 60.

GUARD TWO: FORDO, YELITE MUTANT

This Yelite's mutation is toughened hide, manifesting itself as natural armor.

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 25
DEX 18 CHA 3 HP: 13 **Armor:** 4 point tough hide

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Scimitar	90	1d8+2	90
Dagger	45	1d4+2	23

SKILLS: Ambush 60, Camouflage 45, Conceal 90, Dodge 50, Jump 80, Listen 45, Search 60, Track 95

Hall/Stairs (A4)

This staircase leads down into the transporter chamber, area A 15. Zhenadar is aware of the danger that intruders face when entering the obelisk chamber, so he has posted no guards.

Hall/Stairs (A5)

These stairs also lead down into Area A15. As in area A4, no guards are here.

Laboratory (A6)

Zhenadar's main laboratory is here. If the adventurers do not find him in his quarters or Area A9, the biological research lab, he is likeliest to be in this room. The array of scientific goods here is enough to please even a Granbretanian Serpent. Almost any item that a Scholar or Scientist seeks can be found here, from surgical instruments to rare and expensive blown glass containers. Two ancient microscopes stand on tables surrounded by a selection of old glass slides.

Zhenadar's pet Serpents are always in this room and leave it only to sneak back to the homeland for supplies. Their beds are here, they take their meals here, and they are certainly here when the adventurers arrive. The Serpents hate to be interrupted by the "common trash" that Zhenadar has hired, and shoot to kill with flame tubes at any intruders not accompanied by Zhenadar or one of his sons. Nothing personal; these Serpents are more than normally unbalanced and prefer to be left in peace.

FLAMETUBE: flametubes are the size and shape of a test-tube formed of gray metal. When a stud on its side is pressed, it fires a gout of flame. A tube can fire only once, then is useless. Each scientist has two. After exhausting the tubes, they fight with shortswords.

AQUINUS, RENEGADE SERPENT MASK

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 30 POW 21
DEX 12 CHA 9 HP: 13 **Armor:** 1d8-1 halfplate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Flametube	60	4d6	--
Shortsword	50	1d6+1+1d6	40

SKILLS: Ancient Lore 80, Biological Lore 50, Blacksmith Craft 60, Chemical Lore 90, Electrical Lore 80, Mechanical Lore 95, Memorize 50, Scent 50, Taste 65

CHOROLHNA, RENEGADE SERPENT MASK

STR 13 CON 18 SIZ 14 INT 26 POW 22
DEX 10 CHA 6 HP: 20 **Armor:** 1d8-1 halfplate

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Flametube	55	4d6	--
Shortsword	70	1d6+1+1d6	60

SKILLS: Biological Lore 70, Cartography 40, Chemical Lore 90, Electrical Lore 50, Evaluate Treasure 32, Jeweler's Craft 90, Mechanical Lore 95, Credit 45, Pilot Ornithopter 60, Ride 50, See 50,

Interrogation Room (A7)

Prisoners are brought to this room for questioning. All manner of torture implements line the walls. Blood gutters are carved into the stone floors and two large stone tables. If the party needs manacles or whips, these are easily available. No one is currently here.

Slave Quarters (A8)

Zhenadar's kitchen staff, clean-up crews, and other enslaved Eirish sleep here during their few resting moments. About twenty five slaves are sleeping, exhausted, when the adventurers arrive. One cannot be awakened, and dies in his sleep. The others are too physically drained to be used in battle, but are grateful if set free.

Biological Laboratory (A9)

The party may well encounter Zhenadar here, as he spends a good deal of time here, conducting further experiments.

This laboratory, like Area A6, is well-equipped in the latest scientific gear. The equipment was all stolen with the help of the Eye, and is large and bulky, specialized devices used in biological research and development.

Each of two cloning tanks on the south wall hold a charki, obviously of a different breed than those which have been ravaging the Eirish countryside. These charki seem to be made more of flesh than stone, and they are bulkier than their older cousins. The adventurers can do the world a great service by shutting off or destroying these tanks, as the monsters cannot yet support themselves in the open. If the adventurers ignore the new charki, Eire will receive quite a shock when the charki break out of their prisons in 1d6 weeks. The new charki have an additional 2d6 SIZ, but no armor. Their mental ray does not cause madness -- instead, it acts as a feeding mechanism. Anyone failing to resist the mental ray loses 1d6 POW to the charki.

Concubine Quarters (A10)

The eight women here are each lobotomized, imbecile, and helpless. Four are pregnant. They are used by both Zhenadar and his sons.

Some small trinkets are on the mindless women, pieces of cheap costume jewelry worth a total of 25s.

Zhenadar-Vron-Kensai's Quarters (A11)

Zhenadar may also be encountered here. The room is bizarrely furnished in styles stolen from many ages and worlds. Adventurers that have seen Londra may be reminded of the

Palace of the King-Emperor. Rich clothing fitting SIZ 14 hang in the wardrobe.

Wealth is not as important to Zhenadar as is scientific achievement, but he has collected a stash of coin and jewelry over the years, hidden below the massive featherbed. Adventurers need Search rolls to find the concealed panel hiding the stash. When the safe is opened, a mechanical spider leaps onto the nearest adventurer. This trap cannot be disarmed -- even Zhenadar himself is bitten by the spider every time he opens his safe. Of course, he is immune to pain and death, so he does not care.

Inside the safe is quite a collection of coins, gems, and jewels: 1200s, 102g, 24G, a 35 karat diamond (worth 1600s), four 20 karat rubies (worth 1300s each), a 50 karat emerald (2600s), ten 15 karat jades (280s each), two silver necklaces worth 300s each, eight rings worth 100s each, and a bejewelled golden belt buckle in the shape of an eagle in flight, worth 1500s. The total value of this is so high that the adventurers are certain to have trouble finding buyers.

MECHANICAL SPIDER

DEX 20 **Armor/Hit Points:** 8/15

weapon	attack	damage
Bite	60	1d6+2

Anyone bitten by the spider must roll their CON x 3 or less on 1d100 or die. Even a successful roll gives the adventurer 1d10 damage and knocks him unconscious for 1d6 hours.

Aloryk-Vron-Kensai's Quarters (A12)

The adventurers may well have killed Aloryk in Croom. If not, he is here, nursing any wounds he received from the attack on the village. His statistics are given in the Croom section of the adventure.

The room holds rich clothes (SIZ 14), several spare scimitars and maces, and a small sack of 32s and 4g. Nothing else of extraordinary interest is here, unless Aloryk escaped alive from Croom. If so, he is here, in which case he'll recognize the adventurers, raise an alarm, and try to hold them off till help arrives (1d10 rounds).

Nihlar-Vron-Kensai's Quarters (A13)

Nihlar's room is similar to Aloryk's, including Nihlar's reaction if he escaped Croom and recognizes intruding adventurers. Important items in the room include a rusted, useless ancient revolver, spare weapons, fine clothes (SIZ 16), and a lacquered box worth 10s that contains a fine white powder and a small tube for sniffing it up one's nose. The powder is a STR-enhancing drug that gives the imbiber +1d6 STR for 2d6 hours. At the end of this time, he loses 1 hit point.

Storage (A14)

This is a store-all for Villa Kensai. It holds bits of wire, spare dishes, bolts of cloth, food with a long shelf-life, bags of salt, containers of chemicals, and tools. Nothing spectacularly valuable is contained here, though the party could stock up on adventuring equipment such as rope or trail rations.

Below Ground Transporter (A15)

Underneath the Great Hall lies the chamber through which Zhenadar channels the energy from Arkyn's Eye. This chamber is huge, carved out of bedrock granite, and bare of all but stairways and a huge obsidian octagon. Atop the octagon is a translucent, triangular obelisk, that shimmers and changes color through a wide range of green-tinged hues. The obelisk's colors

pulse in time to some distant beat. On each of the obsidian octagon's sides is carved Zhenadar's personal symbol, "the crawling eye," a flaming mass with a human eye in its center.

No guards are here, for Zhenadar believes none are needed. Zhenadar is the only being who can directly contact Arkyn's Eye through the transporter. From anywhere in the room, he can draw a beam of energy directly from the obelisk into his body. If anyone touches the obelisk, or is in contact with the octagon for more than 10 seconds, he is sucked through the obelisk onto the plane of the Young Kingdoms. The adventurers doing so find themselves on the island of Fwem Omyeo, part of Melniboné. From there, they must find the true location of the Eye on their own.

Each time an adventurer touches the obelisk or dais and is transported to Fwem Omyeo, roll the combined POW of the missing adventurers as a percentage. If the roll ever succeeds, the obelisk begins an irresistible call to all other beings in the chamber, compelling them to follow through the obelisk. This impulse lasts for several minutes, then fades. Only Zhenadar and the Charki are immune to this effect.

Once the adventurers pass through the obelisk, continue with ARKYN'S EYE, below.

Charki Cave (B)

If the alarm has not been raised, Zhenadar's remaining charki are here, dormant and digesting their recently-absorbed POW. A few of those injured in battle with the party in Croom may be here as well. If the party did go to Croom, they are undoubtedly wary of charki, and they should realize that this is a large charki burrow, housing many beasts. Those that are not discouraged by this fact are faced with the remaining charki, who are aware of them and ready for a fight.

The charki have been ordered to stay in their cave. They follow this order to the letter, and won't even leave the cave to chase unwary adventurers. If Zhenadar is openly threatened by the party, he'll mentally summon the charki who burrow to his aid within 10 rounds.

CHARKI ONE

STR 19 CON 33 SIZ 30 INT 2 POW 16
DEX 8 **Armor/HP:** 6/51

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	65	1d6+POW loss	40
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

CHARKI TWO

STR 20 CON 25 SIZ 26 INT 4 POW 14
DEX 11 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/39

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	50	1d6+POW loss	30
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

CHARKI THREE

STR 15 CON 34 SIZ 22 INT 1 POW 15
DEX 8 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/44

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	55	1d6+POW loss	45
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

CHARKI FOUR

STR 17 CON 28 SIZ 32 INT 3 POW 12
DEX 9 **Armor/Hit Points:** 6/48

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Tentacle (1d6)	50	1d6+POW loss	40
Mental Impulses	Auto	madness	--

Barracks (C1)

Most of Zhenadar's army is housed here, along with the horses and other mounts. The variety of beings housed herein is too lengthy to be described, so statistics for raiders in the Croom section can be used if necessary. Adventurers picking a fight in the barracks are asking for trouble, as over 200 men, women, and unidentifiable creatures are sheltered here. The races of people housed here include humans from all planes, far futures, and distant pasts. Many individuals of the Eldritch races (Vadhagh, Nadhragh, Melniboneans, etc.) are here also. In addition, there are many members of exotic alien races, including a number of Chaos creatures. These latter tend to keep to themselves in the northeast corner.

Adventurers that have caused no alarm can wander here freely, and experience many interesting encounters with beings from other planes is here. The raiders are bloodthirsty brigands, but most are willing enough to converse with a neighbor.

Stables (C2)

The mounts of Zhenadar's troops are kept here. Horses in all colors of the spectrum are here, including two fine Shazaarian blue warhorses. Two giant owls are hooded and linked to perches by fine leather jesses. Four large walrus-like creatures wallow in a mudbath in the south end of the room.

The mounts, like the raiders, are not necessarily hostile. However, a number of carnivorous animals are here, including some of the horses, and they may well taste-test any adventurers that happen into reach.

Barracks (D1)

Zhenadar's Granbretanians are quartered herein, partly because they make the best prison guards, and partly because the Beast Masks are dangerous to keep with the other raiders. The barracks are empty when the adventurers arrive, as the

Granbretanians have gone to the coast to await a supply ship from Londra. The prisoners are safely locked away, but their keys hang openly on the wall by the outer door.

Adventurers searching the barracks can find enough spare clothing and masks to masquerade as Ants and Boars. They also find 58s, 2 gold chains worth 200s each, a silver and ruby ring worth 650s, a samite belt worth 100s, and 3 flamelance tips each holding 1d20 charges.

Prison (D2)

This great cell room is nearly empty. Most of Zhenadar's prisoners have been killed in experiments or fed to the charki, chaos beasts, and carnivorous animals.

Filthy straw clots the floor. Here and there, atop heaps of dirty bedding are human shapes. Five are corpses, but six still live, all Eirish. Two are women. One of the surviving prisoners is a New Fenian named Doogle. If the adventurers prove their good intentions, he'll gladly lead them to Fennis (the rebels' secret headquarters). He is in no shape to fight, so no statistics are given for him here. If attacked seriously, he dies.

Conclusion

At some point, the adventurers should have encountered the magic obelisk. If Zhenadar captures the adventurers (a likely prospect, if they attack his invulnerable person) he feeds them to the obelisk to dispose of them. Zhenadar does not know that other gates exist to the Eye through the obelisk and believes that this is an appropriate way to get rid of mysterious intruders.

Arkyn's Eye

Those who encountered Zhenadar's obelisk find themselves here, in the forest of Fwem Omyeo. A faint trail leads away from their position to the northwest. Characters that follow the path eventually find themselves at the demon hill, described below. It is just dusk when the adventurers arrive.

The forest of Fwem Omyeo is not in itself dangerous. The trees are oddly colored but are not animate or malevolent in most cases. However, demons and chaos creatures roam freely, products of Melnibonean magical experiments. Their cries can be heard all around, filtered through the trees, but no attack comes.

As the party travels, the night gets blacker and blacker. No light-source is needed, as the trees' weird veined fruit glows faintly, giving off enough luminescence to travel by.

After an hour's hike, the ground begins to rise, as a large hill pokes its way up into the sky. The trees cover its lower half, but the upper slope is bare. When the characters emerge through the trees, they are dazzled by a flash of bloody light. When their vision clears, they see a pair of obsidian pillars at the crest of the hill. Manacled between the pillars is the skeleton of a not-quite-human entity. Its greenish bones and skull shape reveal to any Melnibonean scholars that the skeleton is that of a Dharzi. The bones stand upright in the manacles, and the eye sockets glow dimly red. The bright light emanates from the pillars.

To either side of the pillars stands a being. The one on the left is a gorgeous non-human (Melnibonean) woman. On the right is a creature with a male human torso and legs, the head and neck of a cobra, and the

arms of a mantis. The entire scene reeks of Chaos and magic.

The woman, her long honey hair flowing behind her, the light from the pillars making her sea-green gown almost transparent, steps down the hill toward the characters and stops halfway to them. She smiles enticingly.

"I am Li'it," she says. "Who will kiss me?" She spreads her arms in a very friendly gesture. Even if the adventurers are attacking, each male in the party must roll his POW x 5 (add Li'it's CHA to the roll). Those who fail must rush towards her to claim a kiss (see below) which releases them from the enchantment. They may be enchanted in this manner over and over again.

Li'it and the other two are here to prevent anyone from gaining the gate. If Li'it's ploy fails, she attacks, as does the snake-man. The Dharzi bones must stand where they are.

LI'IT, DEMON OF COMBAT AND DESIRE

Li'it is a very minor noble of Hell, but a noble nonetheless. She rules a nation of succubi (a type of female demon of desire). She cannot be killed, but if her hit points are reduced to zero, her form disappears, perhaps to take vengeance at a later time. All demons of desire in female form must obey her orders to the letter, even over the commands of their sorcerer master.

STR 30 CON 60 SIZ 11† INT 40‡ POW 30
DEX 30 CHA currently 25 (can be changed from -5 to 25)
HP: 60 § **Armor:** 10

† SIZ can be changed from 1 to 40.

‡ CHA can vary from (-5) to 25

§ always 60, regardless of SIZ

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Claw (2)*	80	2d8+2d6	60
Kiss**	75	1d6+2d6+POW drain--	

* The "claw" attack comes from her long, sharp fingernails.

** On a successful kiss attack, the victim must roll his POW x 5 or less (add Li'it's POW to the roll). If the roll fails, the victim loses 1d6 POW permanently. If he willingly comes to her for the kiss, the POW and hit point loss are automatic, but he feels no pain. Li'it can try to kiss her foes at the same time she attacks with her claws.

EEGHAASHA, DEMON OF COMBAT

STR 40 CON 30 SIZ 19 INT 10 POW 20
DEX 20 CHA 2 HP: 37 **Armor:** 5 points

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Bite	60	1d10+3d6	--
Claw (2)	50	2d6+3d6	50

NOTE: On a bite that penetrates armor, Eeghaasha injects poison. The victim must roll his CON x 5 or less to resist poison, adding 20 to his die roll. The poison causes 2d6 damage to the nervous system (lowering the target's DEX), or 1d6 that if the CON roll succeeded. If a victim's DEX is reduced to 0, his breathing stops and he dies.

Eeghaasha can snap weapons he parries with his claws on a STR x 1 roll. He can attack three times a round, twice with claws, once with the bite.

SPECIAL ABILITIES: Regeneration; 1d6 HP returned per combat round.

Once these two are defeated (if, indeed, they are), the Dharzi skeleton laughs insanely.

The Dharzi skeleton is the gate. It cannot harm the party in any way, but they are likely to be wary of it and hang back. It gibbers and capers about within the confines of its manacles. If any of them have the virtuous Arrow of Direction, it points straight towards

the skeleton. Anything or anyone who touches it (even using a hand-held weapon) is transported back to Tragic Millennium Earth, at a battle between Granbretan and the walled city of Talon (ancient Tallinn) in Muskovia.

Battlefield

Adventurers stepping through the Dharzi find themselves in the middle of an immense battlefield. Beast-helmeted men in bizarre, highly-decorated armor struggle in mortal combat with more normal soldiers as far as the eye can see in all directions. Huge metallic birds, griffins, gargoyles, and dragons clank heavily through the air, spewing fire from their jewelled eyes at the struggling massed armies below. Screams of the wounded and dying fill the air.

Perhaps a mile away, across the battlefield, a huge column of roiling purple, black and green smoke can be seen.

Suddenly, as the adventurers stand gawking at the spectacle, they all see an immense, inhumanly beautiful, androgynous face appear translucently in the sky before them. It smiles and speaks, and each of them hear its voice, as though it were whispering in their ears. None of the warriors on the battlefield seem to notice it evidently this vision is intended only for the party. Any priests or agents of Arkyn recognize the vision as their personal deity. It whispers, "A cornerstone of the universe is imprisoned and dying. My namesake is being drained of the power of eons. Free it. All you need do is touch the sphere to release the force contained therein. Go towards the city. The path to success, and to your homes, begins within a metal beetle. The gods themselves wish you well."

The mysterious vision hisses its message seven times, then it vanishes. If the adventurers try to interrupt it, or speak to it, it ceases speaking, waits for them to finish, then goes on with its message. It does not respond to their questions.

Naturally enough, it is dangerous to walk across the battlefield. However, the adventurers do not look like they belong to any of the armies present, and are mainly unmolested. It takes them 30 minutes to walk across the battlefield. Each 10 minutes, have each adventurer attempt a DEX x 5 to avoid a knot of battling soldiers. Success keeps them out of trouble. If a single adventurer fails the DEX roll, the whole group is attacked by 1d6 Granbretanians. Some sample beast-helms follow:

FLY ONE

DEX 14 HP: 15 **Armor:** 1D10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Longsword	50%	1d10+1+1d6	50%
Buckler	25%	1d4+1d6	50%

FLY TWODEX 15 HP: 13 **Armor:** 1D10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Rapier	70%	1d6+1+1d6	50%
LH Dagger	25%	1d4+2+1d6	70%

HOUNDDEX 11 HP: 14 **Armor:** 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Crossbow	50%	3d6	--
Broadsword	40%	1d8+1	40%

BOAR ONEDEX 9 HP: 16 **Armor:** 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Long Spear	60%	1d10+1+1d6	60%

BOAR TWODEX 10 HP: 10 **Armor:** 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Great Hammer	70%	1d10+2+1d6	50%

WOLFDEX 12 HP: 15 **Armor:** 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Poleaxe	50%	3d6+1d6	60%
Broadsword	40%	1d8+1	40%

Battling with one of the beast-headed men has a 10% chance per combat round of drawing 1d6 more into the struggle. Repeat the above statistics as needed.

As the party draws near the column of vivid smoke, they can see that they are approaching a fortress-city, surrounded by truly stupendous walls. None of the party can recognize it as Talon unless they are Muskovian or scholars. Many gigantic beetles besiege the walls, their huge pincers impatiently grinding at the stones. Huge bursts of flame from one tower dart towards one of the beetles, and are reflected again and again off its shiny, metallic hide. Several of the beetles lay in smoking ruin, but nearly three times as many still work at the walls.

The War Scarabs

Eventually, the characters must choose one beetle (called War Scarabs) they will enter. Every beetle is the same inside, so it doesn't really matter which the party enters, so long as they enter one of them.

As the party approaches a beetle, they can clearly see that the beast is actually made of metal, dully shining in the sunlight which filters reluctantly through the smoke surrounding the city. Clanks and thuds come from engines deep inside the machine. Huge, serrated mandibles work at the stone of the city wall. Though the beetle's crystalline eyes can be seen dimly moving human shapes.

Just behind the beetle's head is a raised turret. Steps built into the body of the creature allow easy access to the turret. A round plate rests atop the turret with a bar set into it to pull up on. The stairs can be mounted with a successful Climb roll, while the machine pitches and rolls beneath the adventurers' feet.

Beneath the turret is a corridor, running lengthwise down the beetle's back. Toward the head of the beetle, five feet from the turret, is a door.

The Control Room (1)

The control room has two leather swivel chairs set atop metal posts. Before the chairs is a control panel that follows the curve of the beetle's head. Switches and dials cover the panel, as well as seven levers and a tong-like device. Two serpent-masked men sit in the chairs, operating the controls. Behind them, a lone vulture-man stands bored watch. The beetle's crystal eyes fill the curved wall before the serpent men. As the adventurers watch, one of the serpents operates the tongs, closing the beetle's mandibles on a pair of enemies running towards the beetle, carrying a petard. Their death agonies are short.

The statistics for the serpents and vulture are as follows:

VULTUREDEX 12 HP: 17 **Armor:** 1d8-1

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Mace	60%	1d8+1d6	60%

SERPENT ONEDEX 7 HP: 10 **Armor:** 1d6

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	60	1d4+2	60%

SERPENT TWODEX 10 HP: 8 **Armor:** 1d6

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	73%	1d4+2	59%

The serpents are no warriors, and are rather old and frail. If the control room door is opened, they continue to work their controls unless the vulture is attacked, in which case they watch horrified, but fight only to defend themselves. If the serpents cease to operate the beetle, half of the vulture contingent in Area 3 runs up to investigate the beetle's lack of motion. They'll arrive in 2d6 combat rounds.

Crew Room (2)

Three serpents and two moles are here, resting on their off-duty shift. They lounge on some benches (bolted to the floor) and talk quietly together in the native Granbretanian.

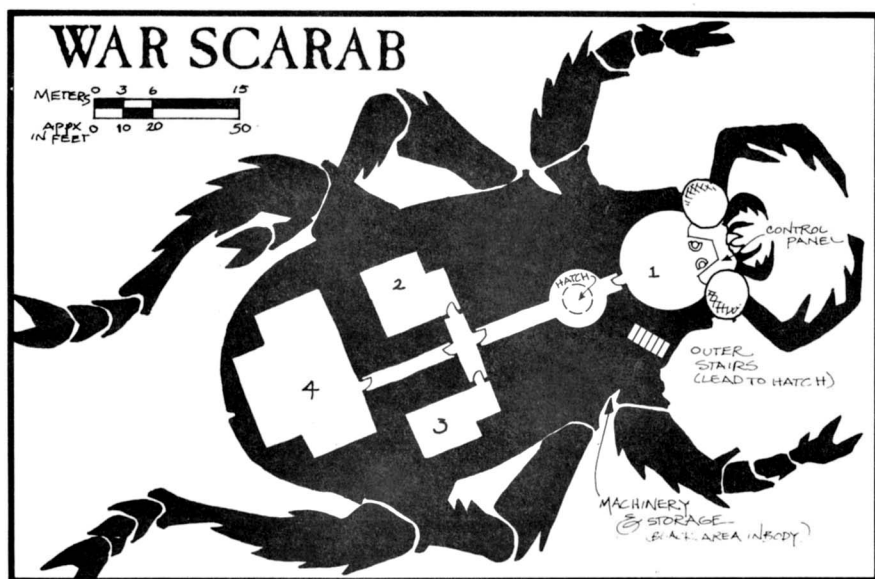
SERPENT ONEDEX 12 HP: 11 **Armor:** 1d6

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Shortsword	55%	1d6+1+1d6	50%

SERPENT TWODEX 11 HP: 10 **Armor:** 1d6



Battlefield Chaos



weapon	attack	damage	parry
Shortsword	65%	1d6+1+1d6	48%

SERPENT THREEDEX 9 HP: 10 **Armor: 1d6**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	57%	1d4+2+1d6	50%

MOLE ONEDEX 7 HP: 14 **Armor: 1d10+2**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Shortsword	55%	1d6+1+2d6	50%

MOLE TWODEX 8 HP: 12 **Armor: 1d10+2**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battle axe	65%	1d8+2+1d6	63%

These folk avoid combat if possible, but raise an alarm as soon as safely feasible if they encounter the party. The total of the valuables in this room consists of jewelry on the beast men: two jeweled golden rings, one set with topaz, one with ruby worth 700s and 500s respectively; a silver necklace worth 250s.

Squadron Room (3)

Two large tables and a dozen stools are bolted to the floor here. Eight vulture-masked men sit at or stand around one of the tables where a dice-game is in progress. If the beetle has stopped operation, or an alarm was raised, vultures 1-4 are moving through the beetle's chassis, investigating, while 5-8 wait here with weapons ready.

VULTURE ONEDEX 12 HP: 19 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Great Hammer	55%	1d10+2+1d6	50%

VULTURE TWODEX 11HP: 15 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Buckler32%	1d4+1d6	77%	

VULTURE THREEDEX 13HP: 13 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battle Axe61%	1d8+2	59%	

VULTURE FOURDEX 13HP: 18 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
War Hammer	55%	1d6+3+1d6	52%

VULTURE FIVEDEX 10HP: 16 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battle Axe79%	1d8+2	80%	

VULTURE SIXDEX 14HP: 21 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Longsword59%	1d10+1+1d6		55%
Buckler	22%	1d4+1d6	44%

VULTURE SEVENDEX 16HP: 16 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
RH Saber49%	1d6+2+1d6	48%	
LH Saber	59%	1d6+2+1d6	58%

VULTURE EIGHTDEX 12HP: 16 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Great Hammer49%	1d10+2+1d6		51%

Within this room are a few artifacts: a pair of dice made of a porous, bone-like material, 62s, and a small metal box with a hinged top. The box is perhaps two inches by one inch by one quarter inch thick and sloshes lightly when shaken. Its hinged top swings back, revealing a small metal grille surrounding a piece of flint and a round wheel. Runes are stamped into the bottom of the box. If somehow translated, they read, "Zippo, 1985." The box is rather battered, but its owners took good care of it, knowing its value. The lighter can be lit 56 more times before it runs out of fuel.

Engine Room (4)

The characters' largest obstacle is this room. Crew and warriors are both numerous. Four moles and a serpent in a jewelled mask are at work herein, guarded by four vultures. The moles and serpent are busy with the workings of the beetle and do not respond to the threat of the adventurers immediately. Once the vultures join battle, however, the crew and scientist attempt all manner of dirty fighting, such as bludgeoning unsuspecting warriors over the back of the head with monkey-wrenches, cutting the throats of wounded opponents, and trying to trip warriors with cables or chains.

VULTURE ONEDEX 11 HP: 16 **Armor: 1d8-1**

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Broadsword	57%	1d8+1+1d6	45%
Heater Shield	47%	1d6+1d6	55%

VULTURE TWO

DEX 9	HP: 17	Armor: 1d8-1	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Mace	47%	1d8+1+1d6	43%
Heater Shield	53%	1d6+1d6	58%

VULTURE THREE

DEX 9	HP: 16	Armor: 1d8-1	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Mace	67%	1d8+1+1d6	67%
Heater Shield	37%	1d6+1d6	45%

VULTURE FOUR

DEX 15	HP: 12	Armor: 1d8-1	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Greatsword	81%	2d8+1d6	75%

MOLE ONE

DEX 5	HP: 15	Armor: 1d10+2	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Spanner	42%	1d8+1d6	41%

MOLE TWO

DEX 7	HP: 18	Armor: 1d10+2	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Shortsword	54%	1d6+1+1d6	31%

MOLE THREE

DEX 10	HP: 17	Armor: 1d10+2	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Screwdriver	43%	1d4+1d6	33%

SERPENT

DEX 5	HP: 13	Armor: 1d6	
weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	38%	1d4+2+1d6	33%
Flametube	70%	4d6**	--

** the "flametube" is a device made of gray metal the same shape and size as a test-tube. When a stud on its side is pressed, it fires a gout of flame. Each tube can fire only once, then is useless, but the serpent carries three. After they are used up, he will fight with his dagger.

The only item of value here is the serpent's mask. It is plated with silver, the eyes are 30 karat emeralds, and the fangs are ivory. The thing's entire value is 4400s; taken in pieces, its value is much less, 2100s total.

On one panel of the wall is Zhenadar's personal symbol, a rolling mass with a flaming eye in the center. The adventurers have certainly seen this symbol if they entered Villa Kensai at any time. Above the crawling eye symbol is an enameled green circle.

An inspection of the panel reveals nails with slotted heads at 6cm intervals around its sides. The panel measures 1m square. Searching adventurers can eventually find a flat-head screwdriver in the grip of one of the moles. A simple INT x 5 roll allows non-mechanically minded adventurers to divine its use. The panel is well-armored bashing at it gives a 10% chance per blow of breaking normal weapons, gets demon weapons exasperated, and does 1d3 damage to fists or feet, ignoring all armor. Only the screwdriver can do the trick.

Behind the panel is only a black space, intermittently lit by streaks of colored lightning. Nothing can be seen but the dark and the lightning. No walls, no machinery, no floor. For just an instant, all can hear the whispering voice of the god or spirit that appeared to them outside the battle, "Yes." Evidently they have found something useful.

The Eye of Arkyn

Those who scrunch through the panel into the nether-space can see themselves and each other but nothing else. A mysterious force pulls them gently in one direction. As they float, sensing motion only with their inner ears, the blackness lightens to gray, then to white. The party finds themselves in a huge chamber. An ebony dais fills the middle of the floor. From the dais rises a silver pillar, wrapped about with pipes and tubes of all varieties. A green globe the size of a fist pulses atop the pillar. Thin transparent tubes shoot off in all directions toward the ceiling from the globe. Flickering lights can be seen traveling up the tubing.

Naturally, this globe is Science in action, not magic. Any intelligent adventurer should realize that the globe powers the beetle somehow. This is a correct assumption.

As the adventurers watch, the globe flickers, dims, then skips a pulse. As the pulse slips, a hole appears in the air of the chamber, through which the party can see pink swirling vapors and a huge, whale-like shape. Then the pulse resumes, the globe resumes its former glow, and the hole disappears. If the adventurers spend more than a very few minutes in this chamber, they can see the globe (Arkyn's Eye) lose its pulse from time to time as other rents in the space-time fabric manifest, showing the adventurers scenes from other planes of existence.

The Eye is visibly weakening. Each skipped pulse lasts a bit longer, allowing the holes in space to last for increasing periods within the air of the chamber. If the adventurers do not act quickly, some sort of catastrophe is clearly imminent. As they watch, one of the tubes flashes, breaks, and begins to emit white opaque smoke. When this happens, the Eye keens in pain.

Any adventurer approaching within ten meters of the Eye feels dizzy, and loses 1d6 points of POW temporarily. (He will recover it over the next few hours.)

The adventurers should remember, at this point, that they were told to "touch the eye" by the divine vision. This alone may be insufficient motivation, but to fulfill their contract with their employers it is also necessary to obtain or destroy the Eye (if only because it may kill Zhenadar). Finally, the Eye is obviously fabulously valuable it would bring a pretty penny in any civilized city.

Touching the Eye causes it to pulse more rapidly; anyone doing so feels the pulse as a rapid vibration. If



Arkyn Standing Before the Eye

the Eye is removed from the pillar, a high-pitched keening fills the chamber, physically hurting the ears and exposed skin of all present, and causing armor and weapons to vibrate alarmingly (delicate weapons, such as flamelances, are ruined). Eldritch peoples (Melniboneans, Vadhagh, Nadhragh, and Eldren), and exotic folk such as Myrrhyn, must roll their POW x 1 or pass out from the pain in their skulls. The room starts shaking and rumbling as the keening goes on and on. Even hurriedly replacing the Eye back on its pedestal does not halt or mitigate the noise.

Suddenly, every pipe in the room explodes, abruptly cutting off the keening, but giving 1d10 damage to all present from fragments of metal and stone. An instant later, the pillar and dais explode as well. The party is engulfed by a brilliant green light, and as the room becomes invisible to them, they receive a series of brief visions:

... On a bloody battlefield, the mechanical beetles besieging a beautiful walled city all simultaneously grind to a halt, and begin to fall apart, emitting clouds of smoke ...

... A dark caravel on a becalmed, misty sea catches the time-wind in its sails. The immortal crew raises emaciated limbs and cheer weakly, their blind eyes and golden hair glinting in the dim red light of an unseen sun ...

... On an emerald isle in a gray sea, a maddened scientist turns slowly to dust, and his death agonies are infinite. Zhenadar-vron-Kensai is no more ...

... A spring wind begins to blow across the battlefields of a million nations. Where the wind touches, flowers spring up from the spilled blood of dead warriors ...

The green light rises to an intolerable brightness and blinds the party to all other visions. Each adventurer feels filled with strange power. An instant of excruciating pain follows and they are aware of no more.

Each adventurer touched by the magic light is healed of all damage. In addition, he gains 20 "extra" hit points. These special magic hit points remain with him until they are destroyed by injury. They cannot be

healed once gone, they are gone for good. Still, they are a fine unexpected bonus.

Homecoming

At the destruction of the Eye and the escape of its activating force, all party members are forcibly returned to their own planes.

Adventurers from the Young Kingdoms find themselves on Fwem Omyeo, on the hillside which once held Li'it and the Dharzi skeleton. The party lies on the grass, surrounded by chips of broken stone and greenish bone. A length of silver chain (worth 100 LB) lies across one of the party. The hilltop is scorched.

Whether they were hired by Ilendrik or not is unimportant. His demon of knowledge of has shown him the adventurers' quest from beginning to end. He waits for them at the bottom of the hill when they recover. He is impressed with their ultimately useful deeds, and is glad to assist any party off Fwem Omyeo to the city of their choice with the help of his large, rug-like demon of travel. The party he hired to retrieve the Eye is rewarded as he promised, despite the fact that the Eye could not be brought to him.

Hawkmoon characters find themselves lying within the walls of Villa Kensai on Eire. The complex is a ruin, the walls melted into slag. Charki fragments lie tossed about, as do the corpses of the imported raiders evidently most were caught in the vortex of destruction which attended the Eye's release. The quiet is broken only by birdsong.

If the adventurers explore the villa's ruins, they find, in the great hall, a man-shaped pile of dust wrapped in the robes of Zhenadar-vron-Kensai. His ring lies in the dust as well.

The adventurers can leave Eire at their leisure, as the natives of all southern Eire are pleased to assist them any way they know how. The adventurers are properly rewarded if they were hired by Don Camparelli, Dermot Hincjlid, or ordered to Eire by King-Emperor Huon. Those employed by the Warrior in Jet and Gold have found reward enough in healing the Multiverse.

Seeing The Elephant

This adventure, like the others in this book, takes place in Eire. It can be tied into the Emerald Isle adventure, or run separately, as the gamemaster chooses.

Getting There

The following are the available openings to this scenario. Review them all. If none is appropriate to your campaign, concoct a suitable rational of your own.

1) The Dark Empire

Granbretanian adventurers are called before their Grand Constable. If the adventurers belong to different Orders, each is called before his own constable and given effectively the same briefing. "One year ago, Serpent Joakam led an expedition to the god-forsaken wasteland of Eire. Huon himself sent Joakam to investigate something the Lizards found in a Londra cellar dating from before the Tragic Millennium.

"No word has arrived from Joakam, so I want you to join the investigatory expedition now going to Eire. If the expedition has been destroyed, find the perpetrators and punish them. Bring back anything the expedition found that is still intact or repairable. If Joakam simply has not sent in any reports, get his report, investigate his work, and report back directly to me.

"I shall report to the King-Emperor."

If the adventurers are from different Orders, the constable has one further remark.

"You shall work with members of several of our brother Orders on this expedition. You will, of course, give them all the courtesy and honor they deserve. However, ensure that our order receives our just share of whatever spoils the expedition may provide."

The adventurers are given a map to Joakam's destination, and two 6-passenger Ornithopters. If there are not two Crows among the adventurers, pilots and gunners are provided from the Crow Order. The expedition totals 11 people. Fill out the ranks with Hounds,

Bulls, and Serpents taken from the Hawkmoon Gamemaster Book.

Unless one of the player characters is a high-ranking noble, thus eligible to lead the expedition, the leader is a noble Hound named Maxell Howel. After a storm-tossed ride across the Eirish Sea, the expedition is left at the garrison town of Athaclait (on the site of the old Dublin), ready to venture inland and find the Joakam expedition.

Maxell Howel

Maxell Howel is a cousin of Adaz Promp and a potential heir for the Constableness. He clearly shares his cousin's propensity towards excessive girth. However, he is a veteran soldier, and no one to sneer at in a fight. This is his first independent command and his chance to prove himself fit for the Hound succession. In his fervor, he is likely to be rash and wasteful of his followers' lives.

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 18 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 13 CHA 14 HP: 21 Major Wound: 11

Nationality: Granbretan

Armor: 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Greatsword	74%	2d8+1d6	83%
Dagger	57%	1d4+2+1d6	35%
Flamelance	82%	5d6	--

COMBAT BONUSES: Attack +4%, Parry -3%.

AGILITY (-3%): Climb 15%, Dodge 24%, Jump 36%, Ride 92%, Swim 13%, Tumble 14%.

COMMUNICATION (+3%): Credit 98%, Orate 67%, Persuade 72%, Sing 14%.

KNOWLEDGE (+0%): Ancient Lore 38%, Cartography 28%, Evaluate Treasure 65%, First Aid 42%, Mechanical Lore 28%, Memorize 48%, Music Lore 22%, Navigate 78%.

MANIPULATION (+3%): Pilot Ornithopter 37%, Tie Knot 37%.

PERCEPTION (-1%): Balance 42%, Listen 33%, Search 45%, See 22%, Taste 67%.

STEALTH (-5%): Ambush 76%, Conceal 35%, Hide 56%, Move Quietly 25%.

Maxell Howel's Hounds (repeat as needed)

Hound One

DEX 12 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 12
Longsword 70 attack 1d10+1+1d6 damage 65 parry

Hound Two

DEX 13 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 11
Flamelance 70 attack 5d6 damage
Broadsword 50 attack 1d8+1+1d6 damage 45 parry

Hound Three

DEX 16 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 12
Battle Axe 70 attack 1d8+2+1d6 damage 65 parry

Hound Four

DEX 12 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 14
War Hammer 70 attack 1d6+3+1d6 damage 65 parry

Hound Five

DEX 10 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 11
Flamelance 70 attack 5d6 damage
Mace 50 attack 1d8+1d6 damage 45 parry

Maxell Howel's Bulls (repeat as needed)

Bull One

DEX 11 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 16
Greatsword 60 attack 2d8+1d6 damage 55 parry

Bull Two

DEX 9 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 18
Poleaxe 60 attack 3d6+1d6 damage 55 parry

Bull Three

DEX 6 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 19
Gt Hammer 60 attack 1d10+2+1d6 damage 55 parry

Background to Date

ONE YEAR AGO: *Mandos Joakam, Serpent, went before King-Emperor Huon and presented the findings of a Lizard, Fortentius Shoot, regarding a site in Eire potentially rich in ancient technology. Shoot had discovered mention of the site while sifting through documents found in the basement of a recently razed government building. Joakam received permission from King-Emperor Huon to lead an expedition to Eire to investigate the site.*

Joakam discovered Shoot's work when he sabotaged the work of one of his associates, Dilman Clyd, causing Clyd to be Unmasked and Joakam to get all his papers, including his correspondence with Shoot. Joakam saw the possible importance of the site and cultivated the unworldly Shoot.

With Huon's blessing the expedition of five Serpents, Fortentius Shoot, two Moles, a guard of 32 Ants, and about 50 Unmasked workers leave for Eire with two cargo Ornithopters. Most of the party must march overland to Mount Sleeveman while Joakam and his explorers and Moles ride, along with the innovative Mole Machine meant to be used for digging out the site.

TEN MONTHS AGO: *the diggers, several Unmasked slaves led by two Mole engineers, unearth an underground "ready alert" center, totally preserved by a "Stasis Ray". Everything from this 2079 center is intact, just as when it was established.*

It takes a month for the Serpents to figure out how to shut off the Stasis Ray.

EIGHT MONTHS AGE: *after the site is fully exposed and the true extent of the find is realized, Joakam discovers the hard way that Dilman Clyd is among the Unmasked slaves taken along to do the toilsome work. Clyd assassinates Joakam and makes it look like the local natives did it. The guards destroy the local village, using the ancient weapons discovered in the center "for practice." The other Unmasked workers, all of whom had been primed by Clyd, ambush the guards and kill them all. Clyd takes over as expedition leader and his minions kill all the other Masked. Unfortunately, Clyd cannot inform Huon of what he is doing (or rather what he wants Huon to think Joakam is doing), since he doesn't know the reporting codes. He decides to hope Huon doesn't demand a report soon and to recruit an army, using the unfamiliar technology to gain an edge and carve out a small empire for himself.*

Darse Springar, an Unmasked who was actually the son of another Unmasked, doesn't want to take up wearing a Mask, so he volunteers to find recruits for Clyd. Fortunately, Joakam brought most of his fortune along to meet expenses, so there is plenty of money for mercenaries.

SIX MONTHS AGO: *Clyd, to bring everyone under his sway, insists that everyone discard the masks they took off of the dead Masked Ones and adopt Elephant masks crafted with the supplies in the alert center. They are now the Elephant Order. Clyd took the Elephant name because of the still-popular folklore that an "Elephant never forgets," and Clyd has no intention of forgetting the disgrace of being made one of the Unmasked.*

Needing to save money for the mercenaries who are beginning to arrive, Clyd authorizes the mercantile former Foxes to sell surplus tools found in the base for supplies.

NOW: *Huon wants to know what is happening and is sending an investigatory party to find out.*

The Fenians want to know who destroyed their village and are putting together a group of bravos to check out the damage.

Rumors of great riches taken out of an Ancients site are starting to percolate through the country. Bandits like Brennan MacCool are gathering bands together to grab off the riches before they can be taken back to Granbretan.

Clyd is recruiting mercenaries to bolster his force and help him carve out his little empire.

Enter our heroes.

Bull Four

DEX 10 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 17
 RH Axe 60 attack 1d8+2+2d6 damage 55 parry
 LH Axe 50 attack 1d8+2+2d6 damage 45 parry

Bull Five

DEX 13 Armor: 1d10+2 Hit Points: 14
 Greatsword 60 attack 2d8+1d6 damage 55 parry

2) Freedom Fighters

A messenger from the New Fenians of Eire has contacted the adventurers, and one of the rebel leaders has asked them to investigate reports that some Beast Masks have destroyed a town.

"Now we don't want you to go getting yourselves slaughtered to no purpose, lad (or lassie), but if you'd go and find out what's happening and, if it doesn't look too hard, make sure the spalpeens are properly chastised, the Sons of Fenn would be mighty grateful."

The Freedom Fighters are given a rough map of the area around the village and an introduction to the leader of the village, a queer duck known as "Father." One of the adventurers must be chosen as leader of the expedition. The group may recruit New Fenians to beef up their forces, up to twice their number. Thus, if there are 10 players, they can recruit 10 New Fenians.

Sample New Fenian Stats (repeat as needed)**REBEL ONE**

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 10 POW 10
 DEX 13 CHA 11 **Armor:** Leather (1d6-1) **HP:** 14

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Spear	67%	1d6+1+1d6	58%
Dagger	52%	1d4+2+1d6	38%
Sword	45%	1d8+1+1d6	41%
Buckler	41%	1d4+1d6	68%
Self Bow	38%	1d6+1+1d4	--

SKILLS: Climb 44%, Dodge 52%, Hide 58%, Move Quietly 67%

REBEL TWO

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 15
 DEX 17 CHA 12 **HP:** 15 **Armor:** Leather (1d6-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Spear	77%	1d6+1	--
Sling	62%	1d8+1	--
Hatchet	54%	1d6+1	34%
Buckler	42%	1d4	75%

SKILLS: Climb 54%, Dodge 72%, Hide 63%, Move Quietly 72%

REBEL THREE

STR 16 CON 13 SIZ 14 INT 9 POW 10
 DEX 11 CHA 10 **HP:** 15 **Armor:** Leather (1d6-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Javelin	58%	1d8+2+1d4	--
Battleaxe	46%	1d8+2+1d6	28%
Shield	44%	1d6+1d6	63%

SKILLS: Climb 48%, Dodge 25%, Hide 73%, Move Quietly 62%

3) Outlaws

Adventurers hunted by authorities for less socially commendable reasons than opposition to the Dark Empire are contacted by an Eirish bandit leader, Brennan MacCool.

"I hear that some Beastly lord has taken up residence in the area. Let's go roust him out and see if he's brought anything worth lootin' from Londra town."

MacCool has a small troop of his own, and wants to add the player characters to the total. He insists on leading the group unless one of the player characters has a great reputation.

Brennan MacCool

Brennan MacCool is a famous bandit chief in Eire. He is also a mutation. Besides his great STR and SIZ, he has a tough, warty, skin which gives him 3 points of additional armor.

STR 24 CON 14 SIZ 24 INT 14 POW 15
 DEX 15 CHA 17 **HP:** 26 **Major Wound:** 13
Nationality: Eirish **Armor:** Skin and Chain (3+1d6)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battleaxe	92%	1d8+2+2d6	56%
Poleaxe	87%	3d6+2d6	79%
Shield	44%	1d6+2d6	87
Javelin	54%	1d8+2+2d4	--

COMBAT BONUSES: Attack +20%, Parry +6%.

AGILITY (+6%): Climb 88%, Dodge 22%, Jump 55%.

COMMUNICATION (+10%): Orate 35%, Persuade 68%.

KNOWLEDGE (+4%): Ancient Lore 45%, Evaluate Treasure 67%, First Aid 38%, Mechanical Lore 22%, Memorize 35%, Craft Armoring 72%.

MANIPULATION (+20%): Sleight of Hand 65%, Set Trap 72%, Tie Knot 58%.

PERCEPTION (+5%): Balance 79%, Listen 45%, Scent 66%, Search 72%, See 83%, Track 76%.

STEALTH (-6%): Ambush 72%, Camouflage 44%, Conceal 56%, Hide 65%, Move Quietly 75%.

MacCool Followers (repeat as needed)

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 11
 DEX 15 CHA 10 **HP:** 13 **Armor:** Leather (1d6-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battle Axe	48%	1d8+2+1d6	37%
Shield	37%	1d6+1d6	68%
Javelin	45%	1d8+2+1d4	--

SKILLS: Climb 44%, Dodge 52%, Jump 42%, Search 48%, See 37%, Track 52%, Set Trap 43%, Ambush 65%, Hide 52%, Move Quietly 66%.

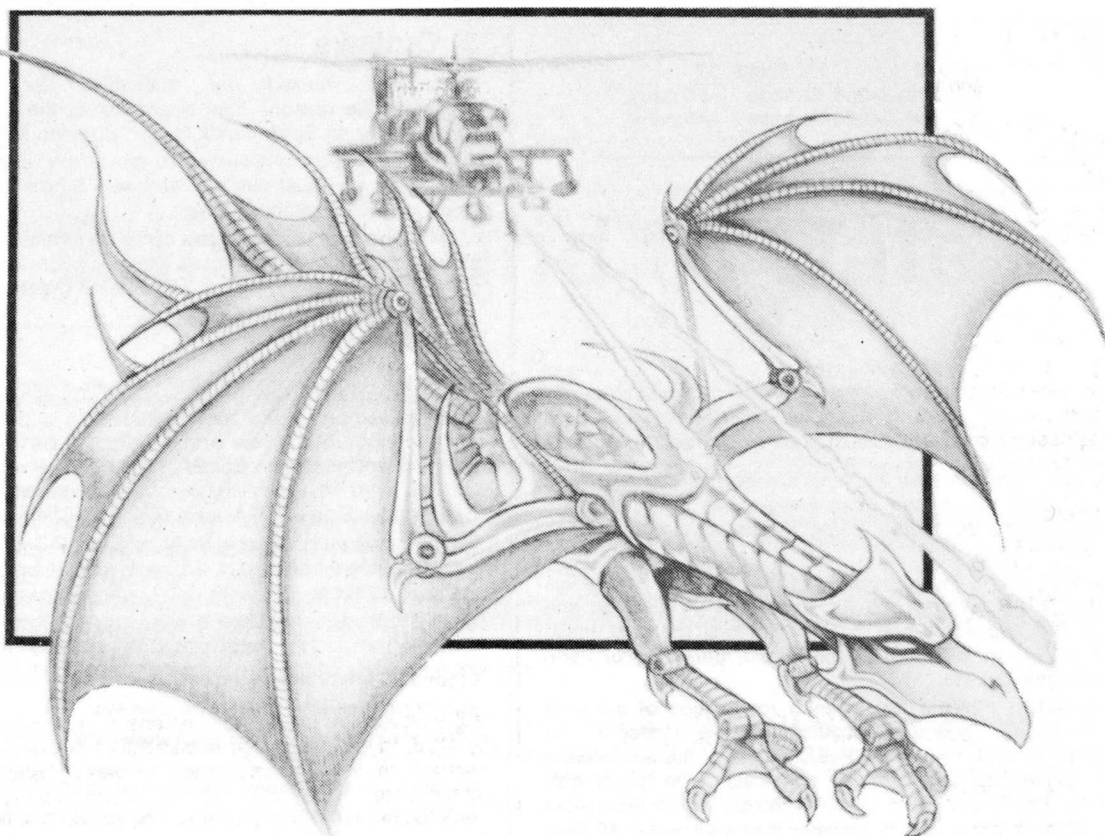
4) Mercenaries

Law-abiding adventurers looking for work run into a secretive man called Darse Springar. His version of Common has a distinct Londra accent, quite different from the Eirish one. Springar has already done a thorough background check on the player characters, and does not approach them if there is the slightest hint that they work with Dark Empire or New Fenian forces.

"I'm representin' a certain foreign gentleman what's come to this land to set up housekeepin', like. He's lookin' fer a few good hands with weapons what can help keep him safe in these parlous times. It's good money -- 30 silvers a day and found.

"If you're interested, just go south to the foot of Sleeveman mountain and someone there will take you to the Big Trunk himself."

Springar does not expound on what he means by "Big Trunk," aside from saying it's the way a lot of his followers refer to their employer. Asking around the area about Springar gets you nowhere, he's a recent addition to the local scene. The next day, Springar leaves, heading North. He's not furtive about it,



and if asked, he says that he's talked to everyone here that could be interested, so he has to find some more mercenaries elsewhere.

Springar refuses to fight unless attacked.

Darse Springar

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 14 CHA 15 Major Wound: 6 HP: 12
Nationality: Granbretan Armor: Leather (1d6-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	76%	1d4+2	63%
Sling	49%	1d8+1	--
Sword	42%	1d8+1	52%

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Dodge 76%, Jump 64%, Listen 88%, Search 48%, First Aid 49%, Persuade 78%, Pick Lock 88%, Ambush 66%, Cut Purse 79%.

Complicating the Issue

At this point, your party of adventurers has been recruited by one of the interested parties.

Whomever the player-adventurers support, the other interested parties are not going to sit around idly. Huon is sending his investigators, the New Fenians are mounting a punitive expedition, and the bandits are going to try to loot the site.

Which party arrives in which order is up to you. You can ignore one group or another if it makes your life simpler. But the opportunities for wheeling and dealing are much greater when all are involved.

The Dark Empire

If the adventurers are not part of the Granbretan party, simply use Maxell Howel and his group of Hounds and Bulls. Howel takes his ornithopters directly to the site of the expedition. Clyd has no intention of allowing official investigators to snoop around his operation, so he has tucked his battle tanks out of sight around the curve of the hill, under some trees. The Elephant Order wears the masks of their former oppressors and invites the ornithopters down. Once the Granbretanians are on the ground, they attack, bringing the tanks around to destroy the ornithopters while footmen take out the investigators. Howel falls for this ploy to some extent, though he commands his followers to be alert for treachery and parks the ornithopters so their weapons can cover a 360 degree field of fire.

If the Granbretanians are lead by a player-character noble, he may make any approach he likes.

If the adventurers are neither Granbretans nor mercenaries working for Clyd, this fight could take place before the adventurers come on the scene. Anyone viewing the battlefield sees two burned-out ornithopters and a burned-out tank, and signs of a communal grave south of the camp.

Just who won the fight is up to you, the gamemaster. If Clyd won, he's licking his wounds and preparing to move what's left of his command to a safer place.

If Howel wins, he is investigating the site and trying to figure out how to get his men and booty back to Athaclait without ornithopters.

The New Fenians

The New Fenians are interested in the town of Kilsheel on the Anner River, just south of Sleeveman Mountain. A town has existed here on the river for four thousand years, though its fortunes have varied.

Before the attack by the Elephants, it was a small farming village of 200 people. Only a few hunters had ranged weapons, and the helicopters and tanks frightened everyone.

Now the village is a ruin, with a few survivors attempting to put things back together. Leading the villagers is Father, their hereditary ruler.

The current Father is an old man who was hidden by his followers when the invaders came. When the New Fenians arrive, whistling the birdcalls which identify them as friends, Father comes out to meet them. The onlookers see a wraith-thin old man in plain black robes with a white collar round his neck.

Though old and frail, Father still has all of his faculties. He can describe the attackers closely, his description based on the testimony of several surviving villagers. Better, he knows where the attack came from, because a couple of hunters tracked the tanks (no great feat) back to their point of origin. A season's rains have destroyed the tracks now, but the hunters have been observing the site on the sly ever since.

The Hunters

HUNTER ONE -- PADRAG

STR 12 CON11 SIZ 10 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 15 CHA 10 HP: 11 Armor: Furs (1d4-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Javelin	58%	1d8+2	--
Hatchet	49%	1d6+1	43%
Dagger	52%	1d4+2	32%

SKILLS: Climb 57%, Jump 62%, Track 78%, First Aid 44%, Set Trap 82%, Ambush 44%, Conceal 67%, Hide 78%, Move Quietly 92%.

HUNTER TWO -- DUFF

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 13 CHA 12 HP: 13 Armor: Furs (1d4-1)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Sling	87%	1d8+1+1d4	--
Hatchet	58%	1d6+1+1d6	44%
Dagger	62%	1d4+2+1d6	55%

SKILLS: Climb 73%, Jump 68%, Track 58%, First Aid 24%, Set Trap 92%, Ambush 34%, Conceal 74%, Hide 68%, Move Quietly 72%.

The hunters are glad to lead the rebels to the camp. Padrag assists in any way he can to avenge his village and murdered family. Duff, whose family survived the attack, gladly acts as messenger, but won't willingly take part in any combat. After all, he points out, someone has to hunt for the village until their fields are bearing crops again.

If the rebels are not accompanied by player-characters, they reconnoiter carefully, perhaps finding the bandits (see below). If they witness the fight against the Dark Empire, they attempt to make common cause with Clyd, but this is doomed to failure. Clyd is, after all, Granbretanian, and as megalomaniacal as the worst. He insists that the New Fenians become his men and don elephant masks, not something the rebels are pleased to hear. A fight will probably ensue, which Clyd is likely to win (after all, he has former Dark Empire trained soldiers, advanced technology, and a brain full of treachery on his side).

The Bandits

The bandits may find either village or Clyd's site first, depending where you decide they are coming from. If they find the village first, MacCool will just observe the villagers, seeking clues as to what caused the devastation. There's obviously no loot here. If they arrive simultaneously as the Fenians, they follow the Fenians. Otherwise, they arrive before the Fenians and follow Padrag and Duff on their scouting trips.

If the bandits arrive at the expedition site before the Granbretanian investigators arrive, they scout out the area and learn where all the equipment is hidden. Then they kidnap an elephant-mask and get all the information they can about the setup, when they learn of the anticipated advent of the Granbretanian investigators. If they aren't operating with player characters, MacCool waits for the aftermath of the investigators' arrival, which should be chaotic enough to allow his men ample opportunity to loot, or even take over the establishment.

If a player character is in charge or allied with MacCool, then the bandits do whatever the leader wants, so long as it is not suicidal. Suicidal plans (your discretion) cause MacCool to pull his men out of the alliance, leaving the player characters on their own.

MacCool has no desire to ally with Clyd. He is strictly after the neat weapons and a few captives to teach him how to use the weapons (then he'll sell the captives). He is not adverse to parlaying with Clyd, hoping to surprise the Serpent and attack him from within the encampment.

MacCool is willing to work for the New Fenians or even Howel. However, he is a tricky ally, ready to backstab at a moment's opportunity. How do you think he became an outlaw in the first place? Any agreement with the MacCool has to be enforced by constant vigilance.

The Mercenaries

If the player characters are mercenaries looking for employment by Clyd, they arrive at the encampment before any of the other parties, meet Clyd and his followers, and sign on as mercenaries. One or more of them are given posts of importance because of their superior experience. Clyd's followers are mostly Unmasked Badgers, Foxes, and Serpents, none of which have much military experience. Thus, the player characters have much to say about the defense of the camp, including scouting parties, how watches are set, and so forth.

If the player characters are not mercenaries, Clyd has recruited some other band of mercenaries to take care of such things for him.

And Then There's Zhenadar

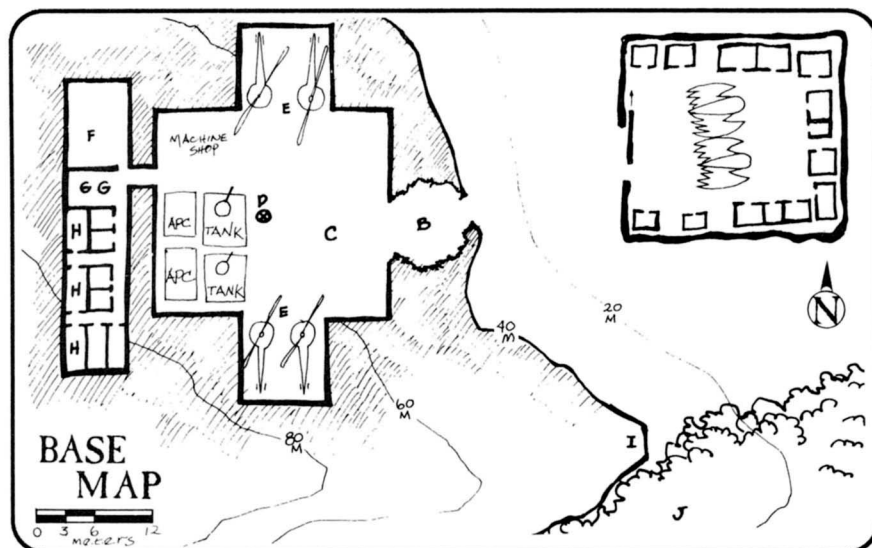
Remember the Emerald Isle? There's nothing to say that this adventure is not happening at exactly the same time as the events in the other scenario. This adventure takes place in southern Tipperary, barely fifty miles from the initial events of the other adventure.

This means that the Random Encounters Table from The Emerald Isle is valid for any party wandering through the area. The adventurers involved in this adventure could even be inveigled into the other adventure. Or, after succeeding in wresting some of the ancient technology from Clyd, they might be excellent allies for the New Fenians who want Zhenadar stopped.

Alternately, Zhenadar might learn of Clyd's encampment, and send a raiding party to attack Clyd. The possibilities are endless.

The Elephant Order

Most of these former Unmasked miss their former masks, but most also see the point of starting a whole new order. Their mannerisms are the same as they were in the old masks, and any of them, including Clyd, must make an INT x 3 roll to remember the gas shells in their elephant tusks.



The Base

MAIN CAMP

Most of the personnel live here, since the ancient alert base's living quarters are virtually uninhabitable. Here are parked the two cargo ornithopters the expedition arrived in, and the "mole machine" they used for much of the excavation. The whole camp is enclosed by a dirt wall, with living quarters of mud and wattle.

In the center of the camp is a big tent used for the mess and Joakam's pavilion. Dilman Clyd bunks inside the base.

THE EVACUATION

This is the hole in the side of the mountain made by Joakam's engineers with the mole machine to find the base.

THE BASE

This is actually the hanger and machine shop area of the base. It is in immaculate shape, except for mud and debris tracked in by Dilman Clyd's people after they supplanted their masters. Before the revolution, the Unmasked kept the place spotless, but such work is beneath them now, and they don't have a supply of slaves.

The vehicles in the base when it was found are shown on the map in the positions in which they were found. Now, the Armored Personnel Carriers

(APCs) are kept in the northwestern corner of the hanger, the helicopters are kept where they were, and the tanks are kept in position 10, as shown below.

PRESERVATION GAS MOUNTS

The current locations of the preservation gas projectors, where they are kept ready for any invasion.

MESS HALL

The Mess Hall is where the original occupants of the base cooked and ate. It was not under the preservation ray, so it is a mass of debris from falling sections of roof and the leavings of various burrowing creatures. There are also the barely recognizable remnants of the plastic tables and chairs and kitchen appliances which originally furnished the area.

Now, the room is used as the study/prison of Fortentius Shoot, the only member of the original leaders of the expedition not wiped out by the Unmasked. His captors consider him a model prisoner, for he is that sort of academic who cares nothing for who uses the fruits of his research, as long as he can research. He is happily pouring over the remnants of the official papers and personal correspondence of the previous occupants.

Dilman Clyd kept Shoot alive because he was the only one who could read Ancient Eirish and interpret the letters.

THE LOUNGE

This was the lounge for the personnel originally assigned to the base, three thousand years ago. The mess in here is even worse than that in the cafeteria, since there has been no attempt to make it habitable (as was done with the cafeteria so it could serve as a living space for Shoot).

Burrowing into the northeastern corner of the room would reveal an amazing artifact -- a completely intact video game called (in Ancient Eirish) "Blast 'Em Kill the Invader." The finder would have to develop an electrical power supply to run the game, but scholars could arrive at thousands of theories about pre-Tragic Millennium life after viewing this game. The likelihood of any of these theories being right is approximately .001%.

LIVING QUARTERS

In ancient times, the base personnel slept in these rooms. Now, it is impossible to tell if they were barracks, individual suites, or a combination thereof, as most interior walls have collapsed. The rooms are full of detritus of one sort or another, and the expedition has only explored them long enough to find any containers holding papers that might still be readable. They probably haven't found all the possible items (gamemaster's discretion as to where and what items can be found).

One of the rooms on the west end still has an operating toilet (it goes to a nearly empty cistern), though no one knows it. Tree roots have ruined the plumbing elsewhere in this area.

GUARD POST

Three guards are on duty here at all time, allowing communication between the expedition camp and location 10, where the tanks are kept in hiding.

THE TANKS

The tanks are held outside the cavern and around the spur of the mountain, under the trees.

OCCUPANTS

Most of the occupants of the base still live in the outside camp, though they retreat to the cave for major storms. Primitive as they are, the amenities are still better in the camp.

Dilman Clyd and his lieutenant, Baras Anor, have set up tents inside the cavern, just inside the fields of fire of the Stasis Rays. There they live with Badgers #1-3, who are their principal aides.

Dilman Clyd

Dilman Clyd is the ruler of the roost now, and doesn't let anyone forget it. So far, his followers think his plans are just fine, and no one contradicts him. He is slim for a Granbretan, and young for a Serpent. He is barely past thirty. It was his overweening pride, as much as anything, that caused Joakam to sabotage his experiments in the first place.

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 25 POW 14
DEX 12 CHA 8 HP: 11 Major Wound: 6
Nationality: Granbretan Armor: none
(Unmasked)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	35%	1d4+2	22%
Flamelance	45%	5d6	--
Autorifle	36%	2d6+2	--
Stasis Ray	89%	special	--

COMBAT BONUS: Attack + 15, Parry +2%.

AGILITY (+2%): Ride 34%.

COMMUNICATION (+14%): Orate 74%, Persuade 82%.

KNOWLEDGE (+0%): Ancient Lore 47%, Electrical Lore 86%, Evaluate Treasure 44%, First Aid 62%, Mechanical Lore 93%, Memorize 67%.

MANIPULATION (+15%): Pilot Ornithopter 35%, Drive Tank/APC 56%.

PERCEPTION (+15%): Search 45%, See 55%.

STEALTH (+13): Ambush 42%, Conceal 53%, Hide 34%, MoveQuietly 45%.

Baras Anor

Baras Anor was Clyd's toady when they were both Serpents, fell when Clyd fell, and now glories in the status of deputy leader and fellow researcher with his hero. A modern day man, seeing Clyd and Anor together, would immediately say, "computer nerds," and he would be right.

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 22 POW 13
DEX 14 CHA 6 HP: 10 Major Wound: 5
Nationality: Granbretan Armor: none
(Unmasked Serpent)

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	42%	1d4+2+1d6	37%
Flamelance	52%	5d6	--
Autorifle	39%	2d6+2	--
Stasis Ray	85%	special	--

BONUSES: Attack +15%, Parry +5%.

AGILITY (+5%): Ride 42%.

COMMUNICATION (+8%): Orate 42%, Persuade 56%.

KNOWLEDGE (+30%): Ancient Lore 37%, Biological Lore 85%, Cartography 43%, Electrical Lore 42%, Evaluate Treasure 65%, Mechanical Lore 53%, Memorize 33%, Music Lore 42%, Craft -- Herbalist 47%.

MANIPULATION (+15%): Pilot Ornithopter 86%, Pilot Helicopter 32%, Drive Tank/APC 44%.

PERCEPTION (+11%): Listen 78%, Search 34%, See 42%, Taste 56%.

STEALTH (+12%): Camouflage 43%, Conceal 56%, Hide 65%.

Badgers

These Badgers were part of a disgraced unit which was unmasked as a group. These managed to stay together and gravitated to Clyd while he was Unmasked. The first three are Clyd and Anor's assistants in learning how to use the equipment they have found. The other three act as trainers for the others.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
STR	15	14	16	12	15	10
CON	9	12	13	10	11	9
SIZ	10	13	12	13	11	14

INT	15	16	13	14	17	12
POW	8	10	12	13	11	9
DEX	10	11	12	13	8	9
CHA	5	7	8	10	11	6
HP	9	13	13	11	11	10

Armor (All): 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
War hammer	57%	1d6+3+1d6	48%
Flamelance	45%	5d6	--
Autorifle	54%	2d6+2	--
Heater	35%	1d6+1d6	58%
Stasis	Ray	42%	special--
Vehicle			
Flamelance	53%	7d6	--
Autocannon	44%	5d6	--

SKILLS: Excavation 78%, Weaponsmithing 93%, Siegework 67%, Drive Tank/APC 34%

Foxes

These Foxes were part of the same scandal that got the Badgers Unmasked. As such, they stayed with their comrades in crime and are now reaping the benefits. One of the benefits is training in how to fly the Helicopters. In any air-to-air combat, these are the helicopter pilots.

	1	2	3	4	5
STR	10	13	15	16	17
CON	9	14	12	13	11
SIZ	15	12	10	11	13
INT	12	14	16	13	15
POW	9	10	11	12	13
DEX	13	11	10	9	12
CHA	4	7	8	3	8
HP:	12	14	12	13	12

Armor (all): 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Sword	67%	1d8+1+1d6	56%
Flamelance	51%	5d6	--
Autorifle	28%	2d6+2	--
Heater	38%	1d6+1d6	54%
Rocket Pod	58%	6d6	--
Autocannon	44%	5d6	--

SKILLS: Pilot Ornithopter 45%, Pilot Helicopter 42%, Drive Tank/APC 44%

Others**(assorted lower class fighting orders)**

These are Unmasked from various fighting units who were conscripted into serving on the expedition. There were more to start with, but treatment by the Masked overlords before the revolt, along with some careful winnowing by Clyd after the revolt has left these six men.

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

Armor (all): 1d10+2

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Battleaxe	72%	1d8+1+1d6	63%
Long	Spear	53%	1d10+1+1d656%
Flamelance	45%	5d6	--
Autorifle	34%	2d6+2	--
Heater	43%	1d6+1d6	64%

SKILLS: Ride 45%, Pilot Ornithopter 34%, Drive Tank/APC 42%, Search 46%, See 42%.

Mercenaries

If the player characters are not acting as mercenaries for Dilman Clyd, he has managed to procure the services of a small group of mercenaries from elsewhere. These mercenaries have not been shown how to use the new vehicles, though they are supplied with auto-rifles.

EON FRAZER, Mercenary Leader

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 17 CHA 14 HP: 16 Major Wound: 8

Nationality: EirishArmor: 1d10-1

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Greatsword	84%	2d8+1d6	76%
Sword	74%	1d8+1+1d6	54%
Heater	45%	1d6+1d6	82%
Autorifle	28%	2d6+2	--
Long Bow	93%	1d10+2+1d4	--

COMBAT BONUSES: Attack +14%, Parry +10%.

AGILITY (+10%): Climb 48%, Dodge 52%, Jump 67%, Ride 56%, Swim 42%, Tumble 38%.

COMMUNICATION (+9%): Credit 45%, Orate 64%, Persuade 72%, Sing 34%.

KNOWLEDGE (+6): Ancient Lore 24%, Cartography 67%, Electrical Lore 45%, Evaluate Treasure 76%, First Aid 82%, Mechanical Lore 56%, Memorize 34%, Music Lore 57%, Navigate 45%, Craft Blacksmith 87%.

MANIPULATION (+14%): Pick Lock 45%, Set Trap 56%, Tie Knot 76%.

PERCEPTION (+7%): Balance 45%, Listen 57%, Scent 23%, Search 78%, See 89%, Taste 45%, Track 56%.

STEALTH (+7%): Ambush 89%, Camouflage 56%, Conceal 48%, Cut Purse 42%, Hide 78%, Move Quietly 56%.

Other Mercenaries

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

Armor (all): 1d8-1

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Broadsword	68%	1d8+1	72%
Heater	45%	1d6	84%
Autorifle	25%	2d6+2	--
Long Bow	56%	1d10+1	--

SKILLS: Search 76%, See 54%, Evaluate Treasure 35%, First Aid 45%, Swim 34%, Climb 65%, Dodge 45%, Jump 42%, Ride 66%, Swim 34%, Track 54%, Ambush 34%, Hide 66%, Move Quietly 44%.

Fortentius Shoot

This is the prisoner kept in the old Mess Hall. He is the only one who can read Ancient Eirish.

Autorifles

The autorifles used by this group were found in three crates of ten each in the machine shop of the base in perfect condition. Originally, there was 300 rounds of ammunition for each rifle, but practice and the attack on the village cut that amount down to 90 for each. At this time, everyone who carries an autorifle has one clip of 30 shots in the gun, and carries another clip of 30. The remaining 30 clips are kept in Dilman's tent in the hanger.

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 34 POW 14
DEX 9 CHA 3 HP: 11 Major Wound: 6
Nationality: Granbretan Lizard Armor: none

weapon	attack	damage	parry
Dagger	44%	1d4+2	22%

COMBAT BONUSES: Attack +24%, Parry +2%.

COMMUNICATION (+20%): Credit 45%, Orate 29%, Persuade 35%.

KNOWLEDGE (+89%): Ancient Lore 134%, Cartography 89%, Evaluate Treasure 89%, Memorize 89%, Music Lore 89%.

MANIPULATION (+24%): Pilot Ornithopter 34%.

PERCEPTION (+24%): Listen 45%, Scent 42%, Search 67%, See 82%.

Wrapping Up

So what is the expected outcome of this adventure? Aside from the need to do something about this monumental find, there is none. Or rather, there are a lot of possible desired results, all depending on what your campaign objectives are.

Most people would assume that keeping these weapons out of the hands of the Dark Empire is a good thing. But that's what Clyd wants to do. Maybe the adventurers should simply let him go his way and hope he proves a thorn in the side of the Empire. Of course, the fact that Clyd wants to set up his own version of Granbretan's mad society might be a factor to consider, too. Do you players want to foster a madman's dreams?

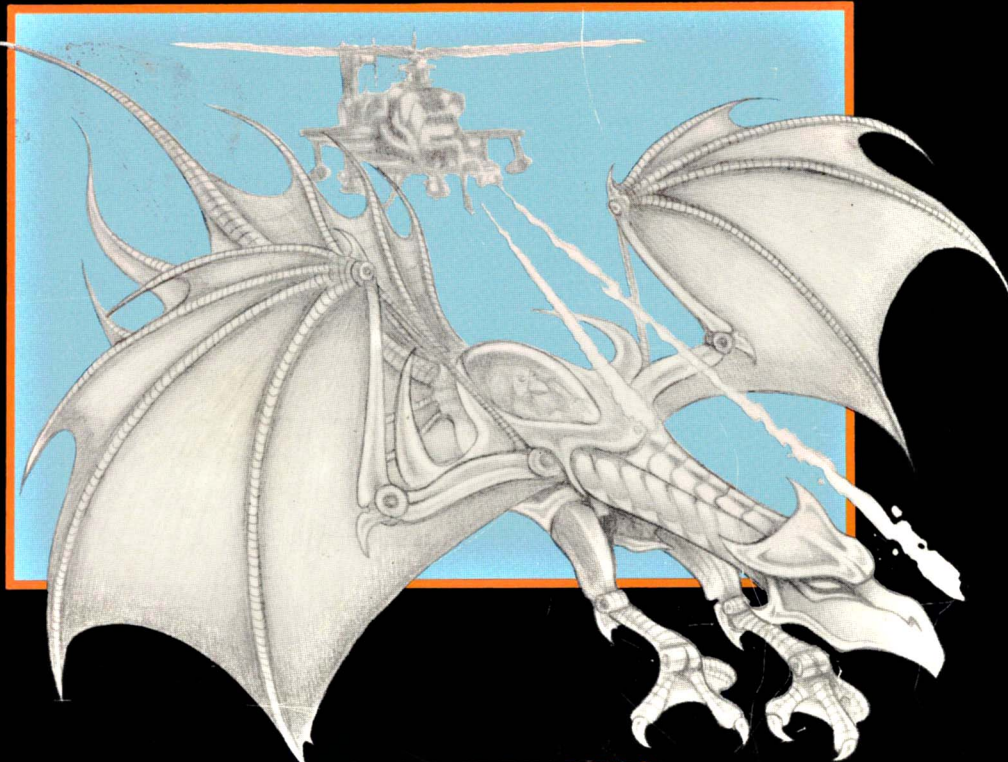
If the adventurers are active rebels and foes of Granbretan, they could use this equipment. This means they need to get it away from Clyd. Certainly the Fenians would love to have these weapons under their control. Voila -- instant objective.

Alternately, characters who are in it for the money have a real treasure trove here. Of course, they'll probably have to sell to Granbretan -- no one else in Eire has enough cash, and it's doubtful that the adventurers can transport the equipment to the Continent for sale. Do they trust Granbretan's deals? Especially after several valued Beast Masks have died over these items? The fact that your party may have had nothing to do with those deaths matters little to a Dark Empire torturer.

Whatever the players' objectives, these vehicles are a hot potato. Even if the adventurers manage to get control of them, your campaign will be full of wonder as they try to use them. I wonder what they use for fuel? I wonder if we can get more ammunition? I wonder if we can find a scientist who can duplicate them? I wonder if they are really any more efficient than ornithopters and wagons?

Happy Wondering.

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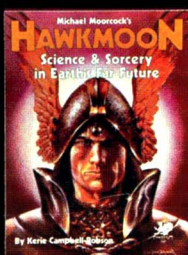
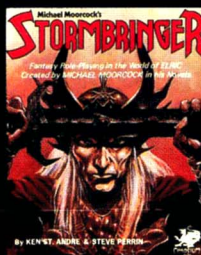
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