

~ The Song Of Loeul ~



A scenario for Stormbringer. By Alan Morgan

*"Three brothers in a windy land
Far beyond death's cold hand
Serving their sister tall and grand-
Who waits high on the hill
When shall she vacate her nest?
Only when one brother is laid to rest."
--first verse from the Song Of Loeul*

Background:

A complex psychological look at the lore of the Dharzi in the world of the STORMBRINGER game, this scenario is of a straight-line plot, ie the players should be encouraged to stay within the plot as far as possible. Experienced referees should be able to improvise if the players digress from the plot, but it is by no means an easy task!

When the armies of **Melnibone** laid waste to the area now known as the **Silent Lands** during the wars with the Dharzi, they left the work incomplete: several small bands of the tall, thin, wicked Dharzi survived through the use of sorcery. They lived on through pacts with chaos, use of arcane powers, herbs and such, and with the dawn of the **Young Kingdoms**, many lived on still. Chaos is now on the slow downward slide, and with the lessen-

ing of chaos, the reduction in sorcerous power followed; without this power the Dharzi must find another way to extend their survival. This scenario is a tale of the fight by three members of the Dharzi; **Asrogag**, **Lathuzial**, and **Naztragath**, three brothers in a windy land.

Referees Notes:

There are several possible scenario openings for the characters, some suggestions follow, but the author wishes to stress that referees are encouraged to integrate this scenario into their own campaign. It may provide a welcome diversion from the usual campaign adventure, or parts of it may be incorporated into a larger adventure.

Scenario Openings:

1. **The Church Of Law:** The Church has received disturbing reports of an increase in the amount of wild magick in the Silent Lands, and intends to send a small team to investigate. The mission is **primarily** one of investigation, although if the cause is isolated, the team are to subvert it. The church will provide a bounty of **150 LB** on the

head of "each creature of chaos" revealed, plus a booty thereof (aside from all taxes/tariffs for importing foreign wealth of **course...**). The church will provide passage on board *The Dream of Kirsty*, a merchant craft to pass **Serpents' Teeth** and send along a noble, Lady **Catherine De Medichi** as leader.

2. **Mercenary measures:** Queen Yishana of Jharkor has been worried by the increased piracy of her sloops around the **Serpents' Teeth** area (Map A). She has also heard reports of sorcery. The following notice has been seen in all major towns and cities throughout Jharkor:

"Be it hereby known that our royale highness, **Queene Yishana** is funding an expedition to the **wycked** south to stop **grayve** acts of pyracry and pillage upon our country. Pay negotiable.

Apply: Palace, Dhakos in 2 weeks."

The pay for the complete mission is 50 LB, though clear-minded characters may negotiate with dramatic effect. Passage is again **secured** aboard *'The Dream of Kirsty'* and Lady Catherine is the royal representative.

3. **Sorcerous means...** It is widely known that the Dharzi have many ancient and powerful artefacts, and Jason Ha'aarkna of PanTang is greatly interested when he learns of the apparent resurgence of the Dharzi. To this end, he is sending his disciple, Catherine De Medichi with a small party of adventurers to **'recover'** a few items for his studies. The party will be contacted and led to Jason's small house, where the deal may be struck. Ha'aarkna will forward great sums of money and suggest the party buy a ticket on *The Dream of Kirsty*, sea-bound this evening. He adds that his personal valet, Catherine, will be there to accompany them at all times. (Referee: Jason does not want anybody to tell of their discoveries, and on their return, the players may well have difficulty getting out of Dhakos.)

Dream of a Lady:

The Dream Of Kirsty is a fair sized ship in typical Jhakorian **'box'** style, over 20' greater in length than the standard merchant vessel; it holds only 2 passenger cabins. Catherine will insist on having one cabin as her own- she has hired 5 mercenary marines from the Purple Towns to back up any decisions she makes.

Two days out of harbour, slightly NW of **Sorcerer's Isle**, the players will be alerted by the shouts of the watch in the stern and Crow's Nest of the ship: visible to the port side is a large,

scaled back! One of the crew will make the sign of Law in the air and cry "**Sea-Wyrm!**". The wyrm is one of the lesser dragons that used to infest the northern Dragon Sea. Now, she is only one of a pack of three, and her 6 cubs are camped almost directly below the ship...

The **Sea-Wyrm** is 25' in length and will attempt to sink the ship by smashing its head into one side. Roll d6. A 1 means she has succeeded; 2-4 means the ship is damaged and no doubt taking on water; 5-6 means the wyrm glanced off the side of the ship. The best method for defeating this monster is to strike between the eyes with missile weapons, or to jump (heroically) onto its flat head and strike 2-3 times with a large axe between the eyes. Eventually, the wyrm will sink below the waves (causing problems for anybody attempting to mount it!). Murmurs of "ill-fate" begin rumbling around the superstitious crew. To add fuel to these beliefs, a ferocious storm will beset the voyage that night, causing the ship to be **driven** onto the cruel rocks at the southern end of the Serpent's Teeth.

The Hollow Land:

The characters will awaken after a severe battering on the grey gravel shores of the Silent Lands. There is no animal life in evidence, and apart from the players and Catherine, there doesn't seem to be any survivors.

- Sitting cross-legged on a stone slab on one side of a hillside sits a hooded, cloaked figure. His light grey leggings and boots, the tip of a **shortsword** and his lute are the only visible signs to suggest that there is more beneath the cloak...calmly he will look at the players and with a giggle recites the first verse of the **Song of Loeul**, and introduce himself as **Naztragath**. He is about 4 feet in height; a dirty, twisted beard and long greasy hair hides much of his grubby face. Players should be allowed Music-lore rolls to see if they can remember anything of the Song of Loeul, and sorcerers of rank 3 or above should be allowed an intelligence roll to see if the name Naztragath triggers anything; a success will recall a long-dead Dharzi lord by that name.

Naztragath will offer the players the hospitality of his home for this evening and the night, and they should be encouraged to agree (if not, Naztragath will warn them of the dangers of the place they have arrived at...). The walk to the 'house' is in fact very short, but constant twists and turns confuse the trail somewhat. The path consists of loose grey grass in blue clay, cold bleak swamp stretching in all directions and a cold, old wind whistles through the clothes and freezes the spirit. Not before time, a final hill will

be breached and there lies the house...

The House of Darzi:

The house is a 3-storey, tower-design surrounded by a large mass of blue swamp. The only method of entry seems to be across a dark, baroque bridge between the tower and the main gate a short distance away. A light blue-grey smoke swirls around, disrupting the landscape. It smells of dead vegetation. Through the mist, a distant hill can just be made out. Gaily, Naztragath skips down the pathway towards the little bridge. He turns to look at the party, giggles, and disappears through the gates. On the other side (if the party chooses to follow), a Hunting Dog lurches to its feet, tied to the wall with stout red-rope. It's head, instead of the usual canine variety, is that of a vulture! The rope is strong, however, and the players quite safe.

A large door opens inward to a tall fluted hall. An open fire rages and three high-backed chairs rest nearby. On one of these, Naztragath is seated, his cloak now removed. His giggling increases as he bows in a mock theatrical manner to any ladies present, and kisses each on one hand. Looking around the room, players will notice several large volumes on one shelf with titles in High Melnibonean ("**Bestiary of the Beasts**"; "**Tome of the Enchantment of the Minor Beasts**"; "**Herb Lore and the Art of Age Regression**" and so on). Paintings on the wall show four people with "Naztragath, Asrogag, Lathuzial and Loeul" inscribed in Low Melnibonean underneath. It may be noticed that all four have thin white faces, golden almond eyes, slightly scarlet flecked eyelids and long creamy hair. The pictures look very old indeed. Naztragath will show the players to their rooms, informing them that dinner will be served "whenever it is ready".

The players' rooms are all pretty much the same; a large bed, chair, table, shuttered windows. Although the linen is fresh, the beds do not look as though they have been slept in for years, the air is stale and stagnant. The trunk is full of old clothes, fresher than the rest of the room, of several sizes, qualities and fashions. There are one or two weapons in the bottom of the trunk. If any player chooses to leave his room, the dinner bell will sound from above the rooms, and Naztragath will shortly arrive to escort the players to dinner.

Descent into Dinner...

The stairway twists at an awkward angle, not allowing the characters to see into the hall until the last moment. Two figures clothed in dusty cloaks and heavy hoods and cowls greet the

players with silence. The first is dressed in brown robes with black boots and gloves inscribed with runes of silver thread. The second, slightly taller, is dressed in a white tunic and light grey garments, a delicate thin blade wrapped in a black scabbard. The scabbard is decorated with raised gold runes. As the characters approach, the two will pull back their hoods to show thin faces covered by filigree silver masks. They dust themselves down and stalk to the next room, where large plates of vegetables (no meat...) are laid. Naztragath will introduce them as his brothers **Asrogag** and **Lathuzial**, giggling slightly as he does so. The swordbearer, Lathuzial, angrily stalks over to his small brother and hits him sharply about the head, pours himself a large goblet of wine and toasts the party with "eat and be damned!". Pouring more wine, he laughs and stalks off outside. The players will no doubt feel a little uneasy about his behaviour, but Asrogag (the third brother) will comment that he "is merely attending to his hound-s...rather like the old days!". Naztragath leaps up to follow his brother shouting "You'll pay, Lathuzial. It's almost time now, Little Lu is coming back to me **Lathuzial!!** just you wait, big brother!"

He leaps onto the table and sings in a lilting tone the first verse of the Song of Loeul. Asrogag hurries out of the room, calling for Lathuzial and Naztragath adds, "*But what of the bodies he has raised. How then shall these bodies be slayed? Why only with the heart fathers blade!*"

At this, Lathuzial will re-enter with his sword drawn, blue flame burning from its edge, and pointing it at Naztragath shouts "No more of your evil sorcery brother! Come with me!" Naztragath is hustled out into the cold beyond. Characters attempting to follow will find a Hunting Hound barring the door.

If questioned about the above matters, Asrogag will apologise, explaining that his brother had a serious accident several years ago, causing his obvious severe mental illness. Bidding the characters to be seated, he glances nervously at Catherine. For her part, she has been responding very anxiously at the proceedings, having drawn her weapon at one point. Asrogag, in a bid to ease the atmosphere, asks if the party have any concerns; most questions can be answered by the referee, although Asrogag will endeavour not to give too much away. His replies to specific questions which, if the players do not ask, Catherine should ask (or hint at asking), are as follows:

Q) Who are you?

A) I? I am Asrogag the third Lord of

the Cold Lands. Our father decided that his four children should have equal shares in the power that lies in this valley.

Q) What means your brother when he says 'its almost time now'?

A) I believe he means the day of conjunction is almost upon us; he has strange beliefs which I do not share...

Q) Where is Loel; your sister I believe?

A) I would rather not talk about her my...friends. (If asked again) Very well, since you are obviously anxious to know. Loel was our sister. She possessed great power and when the Dragon-lords came to raze our race and release our hostages, she tried to stop them. Naztragath was caught when an accident happened high on the Tor... Now, if you have finished with these tiresome questions, I would prefer to retire to bed.

With this, Asrogag escorts the players to their rooms to retire. Protestations will be met with a cough, in response to which the hounds will howl. Once his duties as host are complete, he will return downstairs to study one of the books in the hall.

Sweet Dreams...

The characters, rather than sleeping as they are advised, will doubtless spend the night investigating the house. Catherine will not be found in her room. Opening the other doors on the landing will reveal the following rooms, in order:

Library: An imposing doorway and large decorated frame, the library is locked, but not strongly enough to sway a determined picklock. Inside, a large room holds great works of literature and fiction, are all very old and musty, and many are in a bad state of repair. Written in a form of High Mel-nibonean, they describe ways to control the various minor demonic Beast-Lords, a great book on Pentagrams and Octograms, Signals of Protection, ingredients and cures for the state known as 'Death', etc. In short, the room is a necromancer's joy. Dominating one wall is a large map, showing a valley in livid colour, a marked house and 2 straight lines crossing upon a hill to the north. In high Mel-nibonean, the inscription "Weylines of Xiombarg" accompanies other formulae along the frame. These describe the conjunction of the planets and the stars that signify when a 'gate' will be open between this plane and the 'sphere of Crom Gruach'. A closer examination will show that several of the books have been removed hurriedly and not returned. On the wall, only 3 portraits are hung, similar to the ones downstairs but dated 'In the year of 6883 of the life of the Bright Empire of the Dragon Princes'. They are

obviously pictures of the 3 brothers, but are a lot older than the paintings downstairs.

Laboratory: Also on this floor, in a small room without windows, lies a great mass of bubbling instruments, seemingly extracting the juice from a blue apple-like fruit, though this is severely bruised. A successful Plant-Lore roll will reveal that the fruit is the 'Keer-nai' of the Forest of Troos, with limited healing powers. Rumour suggests that it has powers of preserving living organisms for many centuries. A further search of the room will reveal several brown robes in a chest in the corner. Burn marks on the gowns betray acid splashes.

Stone Chamber: A room devoid of all other ornamentation aside from a single sorcerous octagram which lies on the floor. In the centre of the 'gram' lies a shattered circlet of dark iron, the image of a cat on the frontpiece, now cracked in half, and the runes for Meerclaw (lord of cats) along the edge. A sorcerer should be able to establish that this room was the chamber used for the summoning and binding of powerful demons, and the circlet would indicate that Meerclaw was once held as prisoner, but someone or something released him. There seems to be little or no traces of the Entropy mark in the room, indicating that it is at least several hundred years since the binding was broken. Of course, the only people ever to bind Meerclaw were... the Dharzi! That is absurd, however, because they all perished...didn't they?

A Rude Interruption:

From downstairs, a scream will erupt. Hurrying to investigate, the party will see something flash into the dining hall from the main room. Catherine, dazed, stands clutching at her throat in terror, her sword lying some distance away. Blood begins seeping from her fingers and from her sack she attempts to unravel a bandage, though unsuccessfully. In the next room, a confused-looking Asrogag quickly throws a liquid into the fire, where it flares up briefly (See rolls will inform the players that the liquid is blue, not red as they might think).

The party's reaction to this scene will range from slight suspicion to outright condemnation. Asrogag will protest his innocence, claiming to know nothing of the event. A few prompts from the players should get him to admit that he saw something fly through and out of the kitchen. He will refuse to say more except "She will get me if I say any more". At this point, Catherine will begin to moan, clutching her neck. Blood starts to flow again, and she seems to be suffering

from a fit. Her eyeballs swivel, and her hair stands on her head and blows in an invisible wind. The door at the end of the hall slams open and the howling wind rushes in, tearing shields from the walls and tapestries from their mountings. Laughing hysterically, Catherine takes a short sword from the wall and begins dancing around the room, singing in a deep, lyrical voice:

*"Poor little piggies lured to death,
Set to free me from my rest.*

Eternal life, eternal hell.

Live or die? Whom can tell...?"

A hasty 'see' roll will show that on her upper right arm is an intricate piece of jewelry. As she sings, this will glow more fiercely. Laughingly, she will walk through the door and into the night. If attempts are made to stop her, she will fight with demonic strength. If followed, the characters will lose her in the mist.

Asrogag will break down and sob in his mask. Observant players may notice that the newer, plundered tapestries are left intact; those of the Dharzi Lords are now merely fragments of brown cloth and metal. Asrogag reaches for the nearest character and, tearing his mask from his face, begs for help.

Beneath the mask is the face of a worm-ridden corpse; no smell and barely any movement, the lips fail to move when he speaks, yet the voice issues **laudibly**.

"They are trying to bring back our little sister! They think she has the power to take them to a world where they will live on still. Do something!"

A giggling erupts from the upstairs landing, where Naztragath stands, leaning on a silver dagger. If pursued (Asrogag will remain downstairs and go into the yard to pursue the possessed Catherine.), he will escape into the library. When the door is forced, there will be no trace of him inside.

If any character reads High Mel-nibonean, and notices the large heavy bound book protruding slightly from the shelves, then he/she will be aware that it is entitled "Artes of the Myore"; in fact, it contains the formulae for transferring from one room to another, the "Fhoi Myore". Removing any more books will reveal a large carved face in a blue door. It is a **demon of protection (Con:30 Pow:23)**, with no power of speech. Built into the mouth is a small birdcage device; a tiny gilt bell suspended in the air. The door will open when the command "Fhoi Myore" is given. If a question is asked of the face, the bell will ring 3 times for yes, twice for no, and a single tone indicates the inability to answer. The players should discover this function by experimentation. The demon is there mainly as a delaying tactic, but



opening the door will lead to the inner chamber (successful characters should skip the following paragraph, emerging at the passage detailed 'UNDERGROUND').

During this time, the dogs have become restless. If they don't get the hint, the sound of Asrogag screaming will tell the players that something is amiss. Investigation will lead the players to the yard and reveal 3 Dharzi Hunting Dogs below, ripping the Dharzi-Lord to shreds. The scent of the characters will divert them from the dying Asrogag (fresh young mortal meat being far more preferable to mortified flesh!). They will only give up their attack on the players when faced with fire or many wounds. However, they are trained to go for Melnibonians or sorcerers; any others just get in the way. The only method of getting past the dogs is to kill them all (very unlikely), or escape to the small door across the yard, leading into another part of the house.

Underground:

A long, winding corridor leads the characters through great mounds of ash and dust, the recent imprints are all too easy to follow...

The area is obviously old, leading downwards through thick-walled corridors, to an open stone doorway in the floor. The passage widens at this point, beyond the range of a normal candle or torch, though if the area

beyond is investigated, the party will find great rows of dead Dharzi, fully armoured and prepared for battle. Their dented armour and broken weaponry speaks more of the remains of battle. The corpses are in fact, corpses; they have no necromantic power of relife in them, and are no threat to the party. Of course, the players may not be quite so confident... The passage levels out and eventually begins an upward slope at a steep angle (navigation rolls will reveal that they are roughly below the hill seen through the mist earlier. Intelligent players will remember the chart on the library wall showing the 'Tor' and weylines, etc.)

Eventually, a heavy stone door will end the route; the footsteps peter out at 3' in front of the door. A dripping tap is heard from beyond the door. Scuffling footsteps are then heard, followed immediately by the dousing of candles; lanterns smash as stones fly at them. A great rush of feet will erupt and small hands grasp at the characters.

These are **Svarts**, the small remains of the mabden populace that once dwelt in the Silent Lands before the Melnibonean/Dharzi Wars, and fled to the burrows beneath the earth. What the players have stumbled across is the remains of their once-proud race, which Loeul and Naztragath buried underground as punishment for crimes which all have since

forgotten. Their hands are noticeably weak, and fall away easily once hit with a hand or weapon. Stones and slashing flints will cut the characters with remarkable accuracy in this dim light, but once a light is made, the small creatures will scuttle back into the shadows. Crouching in the darkness, they will defend themselves as best they can. If in fear for their lives they will beg in a high whining voice for mercy, proclaiming "we didn't means to 'tack your royal Darsi sirsss!". If pressed, they will open the door, but if the Svarts believe the players to be acting against the Dharzi, they will immediately offer their assistance, acting as a bunch of 'groupies' to their new heros. They really are very simple folk. Their leader is **Myayella**, a fairly human-looking woman, though totally blind and with slightly webbed fingers. Begging and grovelling, she will lead the players through the doorway and onto a rock ledge overlooking the inner Tor, a cavern containing an altar, pentagram and other paraphernalia associated with necromancy, the walls lined with upright corpses in open caskets.

From this vantage point, the players will witness Naztragath sneaking up behind his brother Lathuzial, who will turn and draw his fine sword. This response is too late as the deformed dwarf Naztragath clubs his brother unconscious. With great difficulty, the smaller brother will haul the unconscious Lathuzial onto the altar and tie him down. Stepping inside the pentagram, Naztragath begins to chant, and more and more light floods into the room with every chant. From here onwards, events will be described as they would happen without interruption from the party. As the dwarf chants, light will glare off the rock and psychedelic patterns will shine off the far wall. Slowly, he will bring the knife down to his struggling brother's throat, then continue to chant. In the background a cold wind develops, and ice and snow begins to form. A tall, cold figure attempts to emerge from the shadows.

When the players do respond (and providing she is still around...), the possessed Catherine will charge from the darkness, sword in hand, the armlet still glowing. Myayella will use **air-elementals** to hold back any blows aimed at her, but will otherwise be only good for hurling rocks and guiding the players through the darkness. As soon as the interruption occurs, Naztragath will shower a silver dust around the tomb. It is called Liveer-Lass, and with this, several corpses will rise to defend their master.

If his deterrents are overcome, Naztragath will scream horribly and dash to the other side of the altar, raise his

hands and summon 3 tall creatures of Limbo, who will walk through the cold to aid him. These are **Ghouls**, and whilst they take no damage from normal weapons, will **retreat** before Lathuzial's sword (*How then shall these bodies be slayed? Why, only with the heart fathers blade*). If these are defeated, or retreat, then the dwarf will hurl himself at the characters, witch-knife raised... he will fight to the death. If the dwarf's minions are not defeated, Naztragath will plunge the knife into Lathuzial, the blood will stain the altar and a deep bell will sound. In either case, a brother has 'died', and out of a tapestry on the rear wall, a tall white woman will emerge, soft snowy hair falling to her waist.

If the players fail to stop the dwarf from killing Lathuzial, **Loeul** will assist him in bringing about the party's destruction (see **stats**, below), otherwise Lathuzial will react in one of two ways:

a) Disturbed by the resurrection of his dead sister, he is disgusted by the perversity of his brother's actions and assist the players or

b) Happy to see his beloved sister 'alive' again, he will come to her defence against the party.

Lathuzial's reaction is based on how well he was treated by the party, and the discretion of the referee. Whatever the outcome, both brothers should eventually be killed off, Loeul will pick up her dead brothers, and slowly chant the complete Song of Loeul:

*"Three brothers in a windy land
Far beyond death's cold hand
Serving their sister tall and grand-
Who waits high on the hill.
When shall she vacate her nest?
Only when one brother is laid to rest.*

*Four remnants of the Dharzi lore
Three peers in a musty Tor
Three to join the old Fhoi Myore-
The fourth lies stiff and still.
When shall this eventide be nigh?
When the Sidhi rise too high...*

*And so the Cold Lords rise from Hell
To wreck what misery, who can tell
Until by Corum who will fell-
In ages yet to be.
How shall the Fhoi Myore come to be?
When the Dharzi are set free...*

*To join their brothers, Goim and
Kerenos
For when Fhoi Myore gain; Dharzi loss
To destroy trees, plants and moss-
A world bereft of life
Millions of lives lost in future days?
All because of thy murderous ways..."*

Loeul will turn and walk into the landscape, trailing her two dead brothers behind. Their forms shimmer as they pass through the shadow, and



grow lumps, humps and other deformities. Unless the characters attempt to do something about it, the gate will close and leave the characters in darkness. Myayella will try to get the players to leave, but investigation will reveal the corpses of the disappeared crews and passengers of the lost ships. At that instant, Catherine will begin coughing and attempt to stand. She looks normal again, the armlet and sword have vanished.

The party now have the problem of getting home, to tell their tale and explain Catherine's injuries as best they can.

Fin.

Appendix:

Catherine De Medichi

The Daughter of the Duke of Thokora, Catherine came into her own when her brothers and father died during the attack on Menlibone. With no one else left to manage the estate and with the progressive views on women in power brought about by the new Queen Yishana, she made a huge success of managing the estate. Despite many offers of marriage, she has refused all for one reason or another (many say it is because she is a sorceress and consorts with demons-after all, how else would a woman make such a success of **business**?). Catherine has thus developed the estate to a point where it is almost running itself, and so turned to her other pursuits;

theology and sorcery. Both subjects conflict as her 'uncle' Jason Ha'aark-na is outlawed by law. Her sympathies tend toward Arkyn.

On this scenario she will be acting on behalf of either the church of Arkyn, Jason, or the Queen. The Statistics in brackets are Catherine when Possessed.

STR: 14 CON: 13
SIZ: 13 INT: 16
POW: 10 DEX: 11
CHR: 14 AGE: 29

HIT POINTS: 14 (32)

MAJOR WOUND LEVEL: 7 (16)

ARMOUR: 1D8-1 (Half Plate)

1D4-1 (Toughened Skin)

Weapon	% Hit	Damage	% Parry
Broadsword	72	1D8+1+1D6	64
Target Shield	34	1D6+1D6	59
Light Lance	54	1D8+2+1D6	NA
Shadowswathe	65	1D6+1+3D6	65

Shadowswathe:

(Daemonic shortsword picked up in hall)

STR: 30 CON: 18
SIZ: 2 INT: 2
POW: 15 DEX: 60
CHA: 20

COMBAT BONUSES:

+ 15% Attack/Parry
+3D6 Damage.

Eclipse:

(Daemonic armlet of Possession)

STR: 0 CON: 20
SIZ: 1 INT: 15
POW: 22 DEX: 0
CHA: 30



Demon of possession, provides a direct link to the binder (**Loeul**) so as to act through a captured body, was slapped onto Catherine's upper arm in the struggle. Appears as a very beautiful piece of thick jewelry, possesses the intelligence to sing when the binder's life is in danger. After Loeul leaves, it needs to be rebound to work once again.

Naztragath

The youngest of the four children who escaped the destruction of the Dharzi empire by Melnibone, he and Loeul were the pair who made a pact with **Grome** to hide their valley, at the cost of his sanity, and the loss of Loeul. His trauma has left him only remembering that he has to keep the altar fresh with sacrifices, and that one of his brothers has to die on the altar for his sister to be returned to him.

Whilst his brothers kept themselves alive with sorcery and herbs, he turned to vampirism on the guests, which caused mental instead of physical degeneration.

STR: 17 CON: 15
 SIZ: 5 INT: 19
 POW: 28 DEX: 14
 CHR: 5 AGE: ?
 HIT POINTS: 11
 Major Wound Level: 6

Weapon	% Hit	Damage	% Parry
Dagger.....	43	1D4+2	47
Shortsword	60	1D6+1	64

Notes: After feeding, Naztragath possesses inhuman speed; his Dexterity is raised by 3 X Victims' Dex for roughly an hour.

Hunting Hounds

The houndsmaster, Lathuzial, had only three hounds left by the time this scenario took place, the fittest and best he had. However, lack of the hunt

and proper exercise has had its toll on these huge creatures, the only thing driving them on is lack of food. Meat is scarce in the Silent Lands, where the Dharzi long ago caused the loss of animal life and its freedom.

STR: 20 CON: 18
 SIZ: 15 INT: 5
 POW: 15 DEX: 18
 CHR: 4

Weapon	% Attack	Damage	% Parry
Claw	45	1D8+1	10
Beak	60	1D6+	

Attacks are by literally jumping on characters. Once successful all three hounds descend upon the one character and attempt to rip into pieces small enough to devour, unless they are distracted.

Svarts

Once the original Mabden inhabitants of the Silent Lands before Melnibone rose to prominence, and the Dharzi had a great empire away to the West. The Svarts were cast into darkness when their main cities were covered by great waves of earth. The survivors were those who got into larger buildings, those with chimneys that still led to the surface for air. These survivors then built their city. Naztragath found this city and managed to get the Svarts to burrow a passage to the Tor's inner cavern.

Over the centuries, the generations of Svarts have regressed in technology to the stage where metal is treasured and flint is essential. They have adapted in various ways, their eyes are extra sensitive to light. The majority of the race are small, weak creatures acting on instinct alone to survive. I suggest you create your own group to suit your needs. Bear in mind that the leaders of the community are those most human like, the human

form vaguely remembered as their original shape.

STR: 2D6 CON: 3D6
 SIZ: 2D6 INT: 2D6+2
 POW: 4D6 DEX: 3D6+4
 CHA: 3D6

Weapon	% Attack	Damage	% Parry
Flint Weapons	35+	Variable	40
Rock	40+		

Myayella

The daughter of the current warlord, Myayella is a mutant amongst her people in that she possesses feline eyes that can see in the light and dark (though not so well in the dark as her peers). Almost human. Myayella is to be banished on her 17th birthday in a month or so, and when the team come along she sees it as a chance to get out. Myayella is a product of her mother's meddlings in sorcery (she died in childbirth), and has thus gained a little skill. It should be noted that after the scenario, Myayella will stay with whomsoever shows her the greatest kindness.

STR: 10 CON: 14
 SIZ: 10 INT: 14
 POW: 19 DEX: 16
 CHR: 17 AGE: 16
 HIT POINTS : 14
 Major Wound Level : 7

Armour: 1D6-1 (Thick Leathers and Fur)

Weapon	% Hit	Damage	% Parry
Flint Axe	55	1D8+2	44
Sling	35	1D6+	

Other Skills:

Agility-Climb: 45%, Jump : 45%
 Swim: 50%
 Manipulation- Tie Knot: 35%
 Perception-Balance: 60%,
 Listen: 45%, Scent: 60%,
 Track: 43%
 Communication-Sing: 67%
 Stealth-Hide: 33%,
 Move Silently: 68%
 Knowledge First Aid: 30%,
 Music Lore: 53% (Lyre, Flute),
 Plant Lore: 30%,
 Poison Lore: 30%, Painting: 45%
 Summonings-Air Elemental: 50%

Undead Ancestors

The long dead ancestors, or rather peers, of Naztragath raised by his Necromancy to hold off the characters. Not very agile, the bodies only stop attacking when they have been hacked to pieces, under the armour.

STR : 16 CON: 14
 SIZE: 17 POW: 6
 DEX : 8 Hit Points: 19
 Major Wound Level: 10 (in this case ignore results of 01-50)

Armour: 1D101 Full Plate plus Helm (battered)

Weapon	% Hit	Damage	% Parry
Various	35	Various	NA