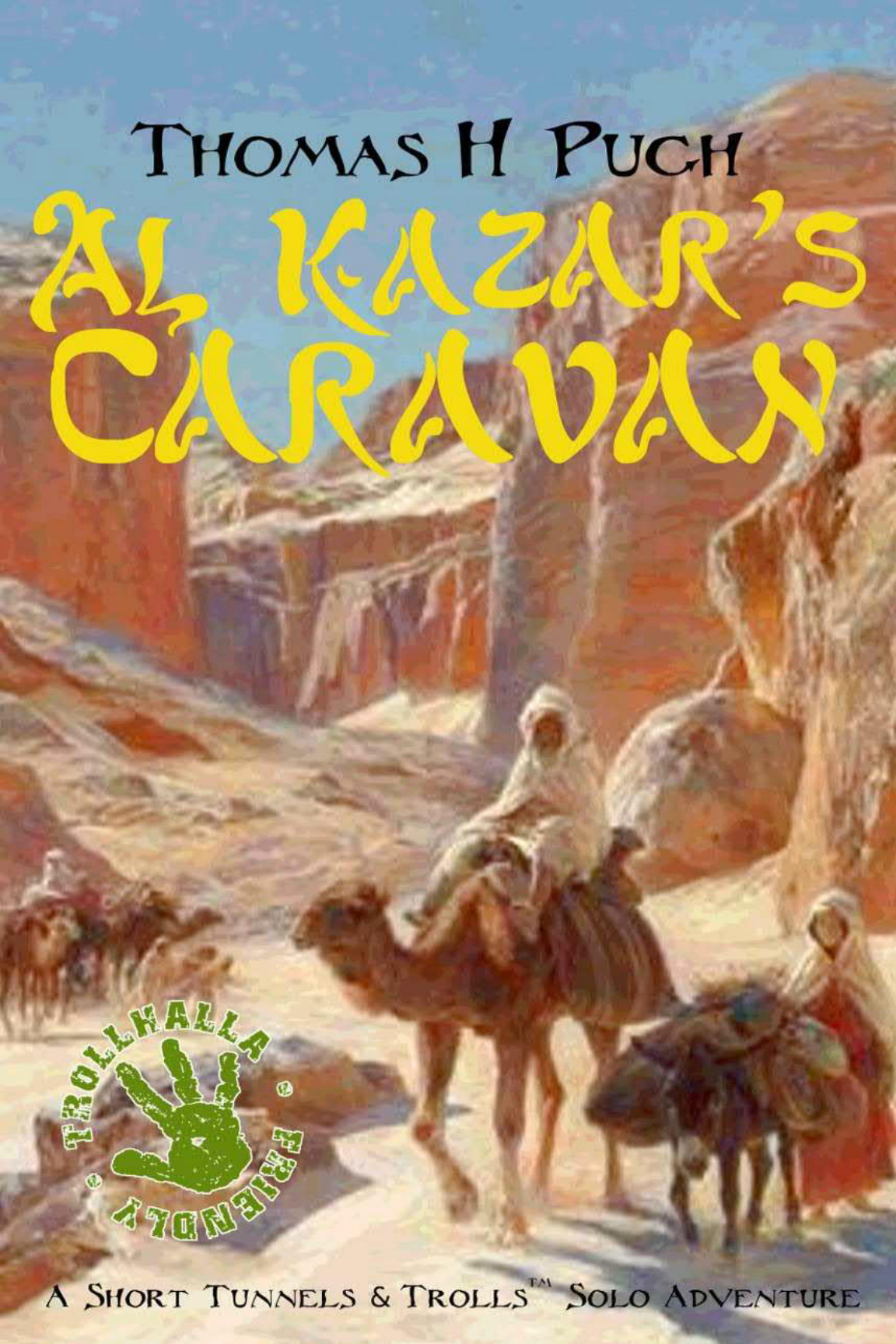


THOMAS H PUCH

# AL KAZAR'S CARAVAN



A SHORT TUNNELS & TROLLS™ SOLO ADVENTURE

The road to Kalliss-Morr is fraught with risks, the uruks and goblins are on the move, and in the wilderness of the Kurtish Plains it is unwise to trust to freely.

This is a beginners level adventure for warriors, rogues or wizards of up to 20 personal adds. Any kindred may be used except uruks or goblins.

SUGGESTED READING:

*From Flying Buffalo Inc.*

Deluxe Tunnels & Trolls

*From Trollhalla Press.*

Rock and Rule: The Spell Book of the Gristlegrim's Dwarves

The Spell Book of Shancinar (Ancient Elven Magic)

The Spell Book of the Leprechauns

The Spell Book of the Gremlins

# AL KAZAR'S CARAVAN

Thomas H Pugh



## THE CURSE OF KALLISS-MORR BOOK ZERO



**bolt thrower press**



AL KAZAR'S CARAVAN  
A BOLT THROWER PRESS BOOK  
ISBN: 978-1-326-74637-7

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Peters.

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# **Thank You**

Thank you to everyone who has helped with this adventure,  
play-testing and proof reading with out all your work it  
wouldn't have happened.

Thank you also to Ken St Andre and all at Flying Buffalo for  
creating and producing Tunnels & Trolls.

But most of all thank *you* for down loading or buying this  
adventure, this is the first one I have written and I would love to  
hear what you think. Email me at [thomas.h.pugh@outlook.com](mailto:thomas.h.pugh@outlook.com)  
with any feedback.

# Getting Started

This is a solo adventure written to be used with the Deluxe Tunnels & Trolls rules. If you prefer older versions of the rules, then they should be easy enough to use, fudge things as you see best.

When you are ready to start go to **paragraph 1** and follow the instructions from there. When you have finished the adventure you may want to go to the section '**After the End**' for a debriefing and to work out your AP.

To play you will need the following:

- A copy of the Tunnels & Trolls rules (preferably Deluxe).
- A character, either an existing one of no more than 20 personal adds, a newly rolled up one or one of the pre-generated ones from this book.
- A pen and paper.
- Some normal 6 sided dice.
- A deck of regular playing cards (jokers removed).

## Saving Rolls

If you are asked to make a L1 STRENGTH roll, this means make a Level 1 Saving Roll against your Strength attribute.

## Talents

If you ever think a Talent would be appropriate then feel free to apply the +3 modifier.

## Combat

Combat follows the normal rules as set out in the rule book. There will usually be an option to run away, if no option is given you may not run away. Where an option is given and combat has started (ie if you

have been given the opponent's MR) then you must always fight a combat round before attempting to run. If you fail you must fight another round, then you can try again.

Missile attacks are only allowed when the option is specifically given. Unless you are specifically told differently a L2 DEXTERITY roll is needed to make a missile attack.

## **Adventure Points**

Award your self Adventure Points (AP) as you are going along in the regular way, from Saving Rolls and defeating monsters. A monster is counted as defeated even if they run away.

In addition if you complete the adventure (ie you get to a passage that includes 'THE END' and you are still alive, then you will get some bonus AP. This is detailed in the 'After the End...' section towards the end of the book.

## **Characters**

This adventure is suitable for any character with up to 20 personal adds. Any kindred may be used except uruks and goblins (they are not very popular on the Kurtish plains).

Warriors, Rogues and Wizards are all allowed.

Existing characters may be used, but should not be higher than 3<sup>rd</sup> Level or have more than 20 personal adds. Any equipment may be used, either bought from the standard tables in the rule book, or obtained from other adventures.

New characters may be from Kalliss-Morr or the Kurtish plains, or they may be a stranger to this land.

Kallissian characters can be any kindred (except uruk or goblin), it is a big and diverse city. Almost any trade you can think of can be found in Kalliss-Morr and you can create characters to reflect this.

Kurtish characters may only be human or hrogr, no other kindred live in the plains except uruks and goblins. Kurtahs are keen horsemen, their favoured weapons are scimitars and short bows. Though they are generally poor and nomadic, to call them barbarians would be to do them a disservice, their culture is rich and sophisticated.

## **Magic**

The following spells may be used at any point where a missile attack is allowed:

- It's Elementary (Core Rules)
- Take That You Fiend (Core Rules)
- Boom Bomb (Core Rules & Rock & Rule)
- Blasting Power (Core Rules)
- Freeze Please (Core Rules)
- Absolutely Amazing Arrow Accuracy (Spell Book of Shancinar)
- The Boreal Breath of Winter Most Dire and Deadly (Spell Book of Shancinar)
- Slice (Spell Book of the Gremlins)
- Blammit (Spell Book of the Leprechauns)

The following spells may be used in any combat:

- Unerring Blade (Core Rules)
- Curse You (Core Rules)
- Vorpall Blade (Core Rules)
- Whammy (Core Rules)
- Frumious Damage of the Selected Weapon (Spell Book of

Shancinar)

- The Unbearable Sharpness of Weaponry (Spell Book of Shancinar)
- Rock Skin (Rock & Rule)
- Stone Fist (Rock & Rule)
- Scissorhands (Spell Book of the Gremlins)
- Tallerness (Spell Book of the Gremlins)\*

\*Tallerness may also be used via the Magic Matrix

The following may be used at any time:

- Hocus Focus (Core Rules)
- Duraspell (Core Rules)
- Poor Baby (Core Rules)
- Little Feets (Core Rules)
- Better Luck Than Good (Core Rules)
- Lucky Charms (Spell Book of the Leprechauns)

Any other spell, up to level three, from the Core Rules or any of the Trollhalla Press Spell Books currently available (except the Spell Book of the uruks, as you can not be an uruk in this adventure) may be attempted at any time by referring to the Magic Matrix.

To use the Magic Matrix simply pay the WIZARDRY cost for the spell, write down the paragraph you are currently on then turn to the back of the book where you will find the matrix.

If your paragraph or spell are not listed, or if they say 'n/a' when cross referenced , then bad luck, the spell did not work. If however there is a number given then turn to this paragraph to see the effects of the spell.



Name.....		<div></div>		
Kindred.....				
Type.....				
Level.....				
Height.....				
Weight.....				
Starting		<b>Strength</b>		Current
		<b>Dexterity</b>		
		<b>Intelligence</b>		
		<b>Luck</b>		
		<b>Charisma</b>		
		<b>Constitution</b>		
		<b>Speed</b>		
		<b>Wizardry</b>		
Adventure Points				

Name.....

## Notes

## Weapons

## Equipment

## Talents & Spells

Name. KIRIL  
Kindred. DWARF (MALE)  
Type. WARRIOR  
Level. 2  
Height. 3'6"  
Weight. 102LB



Starting	14
	14
	13
	17
	12
	20
	13
	7

**Strength**  
**Dexterity**  
**Intelligence**  
**Luck**  
**Charisma**  
**Constitution**  
**Speed**  
**Wizardry**

Current	

Adventure Points

Name.....KIRIL.....

## Notes

KIRIL IS A NATIVE OF KALLISS-MORR AND IS RETURNING AFTER A TRIP AWAY ON BUSINESS. THOUGH PRIMARILY A TRADER HE IS NO AMATEUR WHEN IT COMES TO DEFENDING HIMSELF.

## Weapons

DWARVEN THRUSTING AXE: 5D6, 100WU

DAGGER: 2D6+2, 15WU, RANGE: 15 YARDS

## Equipment

MAIL HAUBERK: 5 HITS, 400WU

SHIELD: 5 HITS, 400WU

30FT ROPE, 150WU

DELUXE BACKPACK, 30WU

## Talents & Spells

TALENT: MERCHANT

TALENT: GAMBLING

Name. SOPHIA  
Kindred HUMAN (FEMALE)  
Type. ROGUE  
Level. 2  
Height. 5'5"  
Weight. 154LB



Starting

12
17
22
7
9
12
10
14

Strength  
Dexterity  
Intelligence  
Luck  
Charisma  
Constitution  
Speed  
Wizardry

Current


Adventure Points

Name.....SOPHIA.....

## Notes

SOPHIA IS FROM A NOMADIC KURTISH TRIBE. AFTER THE TRIBE WAS DECIMATED BY URAKS SOPHIA DECIDED TO TRY HER LUCK IN KALLISS-MORR

## Weapons

LIGHT SWORD: 4D6-2, 50WU

DAGGER: 2D6+2, 15WU, RANGE: 15 YARDS

LIGHT BOW: 3D6, 30WU, RANGE: 50 YARDS

## Equipment

CUIR BOILLE: 4 HITS, 190WU

LIGHT SHIELD: 4 HITS, 350WU

30FT ROPE, 150WU

DELUXE BACKPACK, 30WU

## Talents & Spells

TALENT: WILDERNESS SURVIVAL - KURTISH PLAINS

TALENT: HUNTING

TALENT: ARCHER



Name..ELANDRA.....  
Kindred..ELF (FEMALE).....  
Type..WIZARD.....  
Level..2.....  
Height..6'9".....  
Weight..197LB.....



Starting

13
20
12
4
20
8
14
21

**Strength**  
**Dexterity**  
**Intelligence**  
**Luck**  
**Charisma**  
**Constitution**  
**Speed**  
**Wizardry**

Current


Adventure Points

Name.....ELANDRA.....

## Notes

ELANDRA HAILS FROM THE DISTANT FORESTS OF AVARELL AND IS TRAVELLING TO  
KALLISS-MORR AFTER A DREAM WHICH THE ELDERS TOLD HER WAS PROPHETIC

## Weapons

SHORT SWORD: 3D6, 35WU

DAGGER: 2D6+2, 15WU, RANGE: 15 YARDS

ELVEN BOW: 5D6-2, 50WU, RANGE: 85 YARDS

## Equipment

ELVEN MAIL HAUBERK: 5 HITS, 150WU

LEATHER BRACERS: 1 HIT EACH, 95WU

30FT ROPE, 150WU

DELUXE BACKPACK, 30WU

15 ARROWS

## Talents & Spells

TALENT: WILDERNESS SURVIVAL - KURTISH PLAINS

TALENT: HUNTING

TALENT: ARCHER

# 1

You are travelling through the Kurtish plains to the city of Kalliss-Morr.

If your character is from Kalliss-Morr then turn to **paragraph 139**

If your character is from the Kurtish plains turn to **paragraph 340**

If your character is a stranger to this land you may nonetheless take a L1 INTELLIGENCE test to see if you know anything of importance, if you pass you may turn to **paragraph 201**, if you fail turn to **paragraph 230**

# 2

You beat the guards. Quite a crowd has gathered to watch the fight, but no one seems interested in tackling you and, for the moment at least you can not see the blue livery of any more city guards. You slip, with as little fuss as possible, away and into the crowds.

This could be described as....

## THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...

# 3

You catch the pitiful goblin with a swing of your weapon. He falls, limp and lifeless into the dirt.

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet then turn to **paragraph 284**

## 4

You head towards the confusion that is the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 189**

## 5

'Come, sit with us and share our food,' he says. 'Our master is very generous and there is more beer here than we could possibly drink ourselves, though we're giving it a damned good go. Do you gamble?'

If you do gamble turn to **paragraph 383**

If you don't turn to **paragraph 110**

## 6

As you plummet towards the market scene below you notice with relief that you are heading straight towards a yellow and blue canopy. You hit it with an almighty crash which tears the stall in two, sending watermelons to the four winds and a shocked merchant, with a newly dampened tunic, running for cover.

Take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal).

If you survive the fall then you are in. For the time at least there are no blue tuniced guards in view and you take the opportunity to disappear as casually as you can into the crowd.

This could be described as....

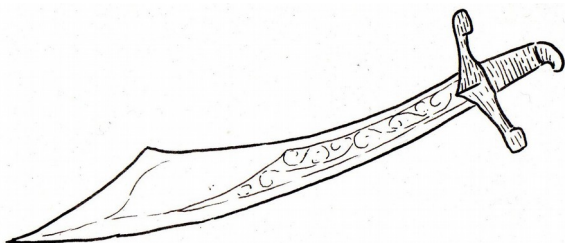
### **THE END**

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...

# 7

The goblin crumples to the ground, a pile of skin and bone.

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand side of your character sheet then turn to **paragraph 283**



# 8

You hit the goblin, but manage only to wound him. Squealing for someone called 'Gaston' he runs back into the camp.

If you stay where you are and look for another target turn to **paragraph 36**

If you move around the periphery of the camp, keeping to the shadows turn to **paragraph 89**

If you move into the camp and join the melee turn to **paragraph 151**

# 9

You stagger from the combat, blindly running, stumbling but managing some how to stay on your feet. After a few minutes you realise you have lost them and sink down onto your haunches, damp with blood and sweat.

Turn to **paragraph 362**

# 10

Choose which of your targets to affect (just one). As long as your INTELLIGENCE + LUCK + CHARISMA is greater than their current MR then the spell works.

You may flee the combat now, automatically pass all tests required.

Alternatively you can let the fight carry on. You are ignored while the enchanted opponent fights their erstwhile comrades. If the enchanted opponent wins, then so do you! However if they lose their comrades' attentions will turn back to you.



Return to your **previous paragraph**..

# 11

You creep towards the camp, but keep hidden in the shadows.

Turn to **paragraph 126**

# 12

The guard's face softens as the magic begins to work, but is your natural CHARISMA enough to persuade him not to attack you?

Return to your **previous paragraph** and if your CHARISMA is 11 or more you automatically pass the CHARISMA roll.



# 13

Roll two dice and add the following modifiers:

+1 per battle level

+1 if you are over 6'

-2 if you are under 4'

then consult the table below and turn to the relevant paragraph

Result	Paragraph
2 or less	<b>369</b>
3-5	<b>70</b>
6-8	<b>25</b>
9-11	<b>385</b>
12+	<b>209</b>

# 14

It takes some time to clear up the camp. There are only three surviving guards. The dead are buried in shallow graves, hard dug in the stony ground. A lot of the equipment has been burnt, smashed or looted by the uruks, but one tent is saved and the three guards offer to share it with you.

If you accept their offer (after all the nights are very cold) turn to **paragraph 173**

If you decline (can you really trust the look out to stay awake) turn to **paragraph 172**

# 15

You come round in a small stone cell. By the gods your head hurts, actually all of you hurts. No wait a minute...maybe there is one toe, you wiggle it: no, no that hurts as well.

A leprechaun is dealing somewhat roughly with your wounds.

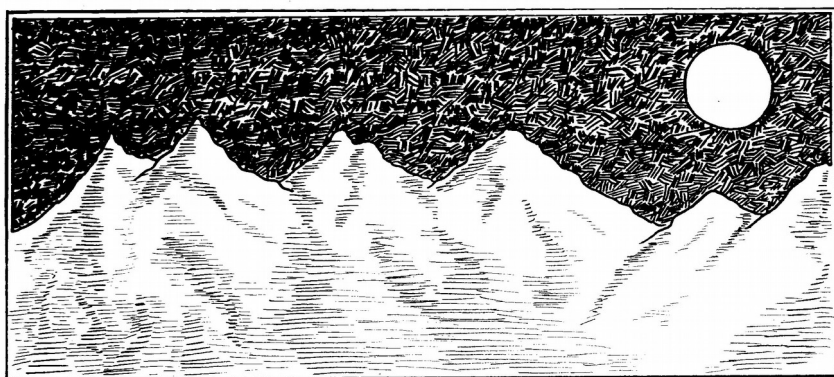
'Ah, so you're not dead then,' he says when he sees your eyes open.

'Well that's lost me that bet then. I was sure you were a goner.' He tips a small phial of something between your lips, it tastes foul and sends a strange burning sensation through-out your body. 'Well if you pull through the night, I dare say you might live any number of years. Well I say that, to be honest, you'll only live a week or so, then they'll hang you by the neck until dead. Did I mention you'd been found guilty of highway robbery?'

For now it is,

## THE END

But there is just one chance of escape, and that is to play 'The Curse of Kalliss-Morr Book 1: Down Where the Drunkards Roll', the next solo adventure in this series.



# 16

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you failed the DEXTERITY roll turn to **paragraph 234**

If you passed but scored less than 40 damage turn to **paragraph 234** but take your damage from the stated MR.

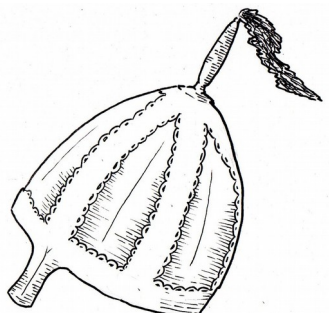
If you passed and scored 40 or more damage turn to **paragraph 311**

# 17

A sharp face goblin runs to the uruk's aid. He has **MR:20** (3d6+10).

If you beat both the uruk and the goblin turn to **paragraph 199**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 366**



# 18

You wander away from the camp, leaving behind the groans of the dying, and the smell of burning. You find a spot, sheltered from the worst of the cold by three large boulders and sink down, drifting straight off into a restless sleep.

Turn to **paragraph 272**

# 19

With a jolt you wake. Yet the dream does not drop away. You can not open your eyes, your mouth and nose are clogged, your lungs burning.

You leap to your feet, madly ripping at your face, handfuls of slime come away from your eyes: you can see they are slugs, hundreds of them. They fill your mouth, your nostrils, everywhere. You gag yet your throat is full of them too.

As the burning starts to fade from your lungs you know it is too late. Your hands become weak, you are no longer even able to lift them to your face. You slump to the ground, darkness envelopes you.

**THE END**

# 20

The goblin goes Billy-bananas: screaming incomprehensibly at you.

Goblin: **MR.20 (5d6+10)** (he gets plus 2d6 because he is going all out to kill you)

**Special Rule.** The goblin re-rolls all 1s for combat. If they come up as a 1 a second time then that sticks.

If you beat the goblin turn to **paragraph 345**

If you try and run make a L2 SPEED roll, if you pass you manage to dodge away from the goblin and head off to Kalliss-Morr. Turn to **paragraph 227**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

## 21

The half-hrgor had been giving the guard something of a battering and your help is appreciated, even though you are a strange face.

The half-hrgor has **MR:35 (4d6+17)**

The guard has **MR:18 (2d6+9)** and adds his total to yours.

If you win the combat turn to **paragraph 219**

If you try and run away make a L1 SPEED ROLL if you pass turn to **paragraph 24** if you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then carry on fighting.

## 22

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass you may either look for a new target, in which case turn to **paragraph 414**.

Or if you would rather join the melee that is now swirling through the camp turn to **paragraph 286**

If you fail take 2d6 damage and turn to **paragraph 91**

## 23

The goblin turns heel and tries to run away.

If you try and stop him make a L2 SPEED roll. If you pass turn to **paragraph 39**

If you fail (or you choose to let him run) turn to **paragraph 345**

## 24

You dodge away from the half-hrgor, slipping in the confusion of the general melee.

Else where in the camp a one-legged old man appears to be battering a goblin with his wooden leg and a fair haired chap is struggling against an uruk.

If you help the one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 106**

If you help the fair haired chap turn to **paragraph 59**

Or if you try and slip away turn to **paragraph 408**

## 25

The goblin falters as you face him.

If you take this opportunity to make a missile attack or just engage him in combat turn to **paragraph 112**

If you try and talk to him turn to **paragraph 115**

## 26

You hear the clatter and shouts of the guards behind you, but no one else seems to be paying much attention. It is a daily occurrence in Kalliss-Morr. You speed into the crowds and quickly slip away.

This could be described as....

**THE END**

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...



## 27

It does not take you long to catch the caravan. The guards, it seems, are little better than useless. Though at first you make little effort to hide your approach, darkness begins to fall and it is obvious they have not yet noticed you descending the valley behind them.

If you hail the guards and alert them to your presence, turn to **paragraph 136**

If you slink into the shadows and attempt to creep up, turn to **paragraph 45**



## 28

You are laying down on a rough woollen blanket when you hear a small sound just outside the limits of the camp.

The moon appears from behind a cloud, illuminating the landscape in a wan silver light. Creeping towards you is a goblin, but gods! It is ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

He has **MR:20 (3d6+10)**

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 84**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 337**

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.

## 29

You look on helplessly as the woman fades away, her breathing becomes shallower and sporadic. Eventually, after a painful ten minutes or so she jerks, coughs up some yellow-green spittle and then lies still.

If you wish to search her body turn to **paragraph 37**

If you leave her or bury her turn to **paragraph 61**

## 30

The camp is under attack from all manner of goblins and uruks.

To run to their aid turn to **paragraph 237**

To keep to the shadows and watch turn to **paragraph 11**

## 31

You sneak off into the darkness that surrounds the camp, unnoticed in the confusion. Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 188**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 331**

## 32

Make a L2 SPEED roll.

If you pass return to the fight at **paragraph 247** the goblin will not try and run again.

If you fail turn to **paragraph 265**

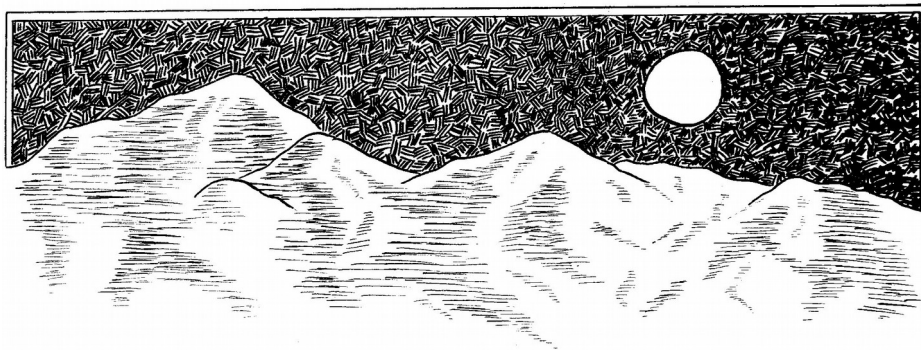
## 33

As you move the crates the guard moans slightly.

'Urgh...Whosya? What..? Is that a...?' And then he is silent again.

The crates contain various food goods, but way, way past their best. Bread, as hard as rock and partially hollowed by mice, coffee grinds turned to dust: nothing of any value.

Return to **paragraph 327**



## 34

The door is stiff, but opens with not too much of a creak.

It leads into a hallway with a set of stairs leading upwards. At the other end of the hallway is an open door, leading onto the street. This room is obviously in use, it is dirty but does not have the musty un-lived-in smell of the old storeroom.

To go up the stairs turn to **paragraph 211**

To go out the door onto the street turn to **paragraph 328**

To go back into the old store room turn to **paragraph 241**

## 35

You slip away from your attacker and use the confusion of the fight to escape into the darkness.

It seems the attackers have won, an uruk and three goblins are leading the caravan's camels, laden with loot, into the darkness. Whoops of joy come from the other attackers as they dispatch the guards who have not already fled.

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet.

Turn to **paragraph 421**

## 36

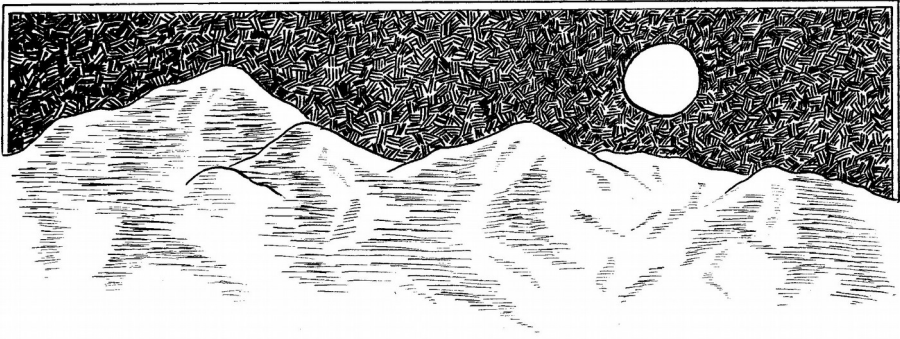
You sit in the shadows, ready to shoot at any target that presents itself in the fight. You hear a heavy footfall behind you and swing around to see a half-hrgr descending on you at a great rate of knots.

If you try to shoot him (it will be tricky) turn to **paragraph 90**

If you try to run away (again, not an easy task) turn to **paragraph 131**

If you engage him in combat turn to **paragraph 234**





## 37

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet.

The woman has nothing on her except a small ornate dagger of Kurtish design.

		Dam age	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Kurtish Ceremonial Dagger	Gold/Gilt, more ornate than useful	2d6 -1	3	3/14	1d6+1 0	15	15

Turn to **paragraph 61**

## 38

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 284**

## 39

The goblin attacks you.

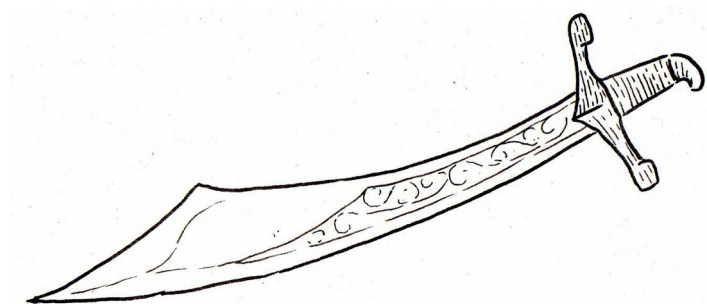
Goblin **MR:20** (3d6+10)

If you take the goblin below MR:10 before you kill him turn to **paragraph 221**

If you kill him turn to **paragraph 345**

If you try and run make a L1 SPEED roll if you pass you dodge away from the goblin and head off for Kalliss-Morr, turn to **paragraph 227**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified by armour as normal) and carry on fighting.



## 40

Some animal part of your brain tells you, you must keep running. And so, not knowing where the strength comes from, you get up. You run as fast as your shaking legs will carry you. At last you can run no longer, if it is not far enough, there is nothing more you can do, and you must die.

You fall into a fitful sleep.

Turn to **paragraph 406**

## 41

'Oi! You!' Your heart sinks as a pair of trolls in tatty blue guards' uniforms come round the corner. 'What do you think you're doing? Too good to go in the gate like everyone else is you?' One of them may (or may not) be female.

If you try to talk your way out of this, turn to **paragraph 321**

If you prefer combat, turn to **paragraph 164**

If you make a run for it, turn to **paragraph 71**

## 42

As you slip around the periphery of the camp a large half-hrgor comes running to the point you had been sitting, the goblin has obviously raised the alarm.

If you shoot at the hrgor turn to **paragraph 347**

If you engage the hrgor in combat turn to **paragraph 240**

If you try to run away from him turn to **paragraph 342**

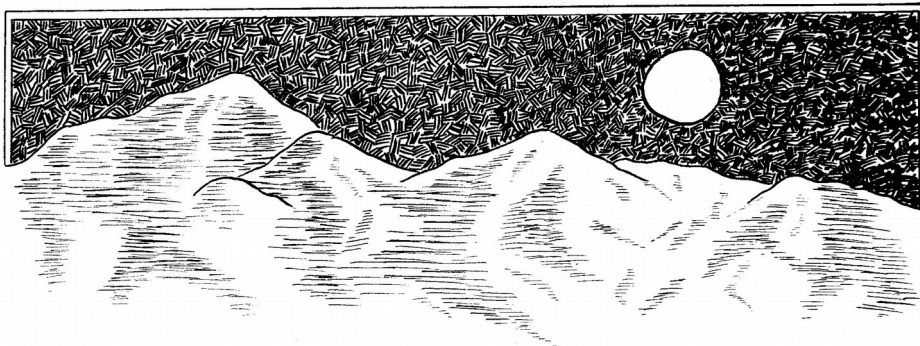
If you sink back into the shadows turn to **paragraph 351**

## 43

The uruk ducks and your blow sails over his head. While you are off balance he slips away into the darkness and the confusion.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 299**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 324**



## 44

The goblin squeals like a stuck pig as you hit him. He turns and attempts to run.

If you try and stop him turn to **paragraph 32**

If you let him run, turn to **paragraph 265**

## 45

Make a L1 LUCK roll to see if you can avoid being spotted.

If you pass got to **paragraph 388**

If you fail, go to **paragraph 315**





# 46

The fair-haired guard, looks like he can handle himself in a fight, but his opponent is a nasty critter, with some armour and an unwieldy but nastily barbed sword.

The guard will fight on your side, lending his battle damage to your total.

Guard: **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Uruk: **MR.40 (5d6+20) 5 points of armour**

Split all damage taken equally between you and the guard (with any odd points going to you) before allowing for armour.

If you wish to run at any point (presumably leaving the guard to die) make a L1 SPEED roll if you pass turn to **paragraph 35**

If you beat the uruk you may take his sword and/or armour if you wish, then turn to **paragraph 125**

		Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Wt/Ht	Max Wt/Ht
Urukish Leather Jack	Hardened leather front and back plates	4	2	0	100	200	0	165lb 5'8"	220lb 6'4"
Cloth Coif	A dirty padded cap	1	1	0	3	15	0	155lb 5'5"	230lb 6'7"

		Dam	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Urukish Sword	An unwieldy barbed affair	5d6+1	16	19	70	135	-

## 47

You awake. The sun is already high in the sky.

You regain up to 4 CONSTITUTION points, and 8 WIZARDRY points.

If you have any rations for breakfast you may regain another 2 points of CONSTITUTION.

You are stiff from the battle, and sleeping on the stony ground. A film of slime coats your mouth, a grizzly reminder of last night's events.

If you want to go to the stream to wash off turn to **paragraph 155**

If you want to go and look at the camp site turn to **paragraph 363**

If you want to head straight off to Kalliss-Morr turn to **paragraph 227**

## 48

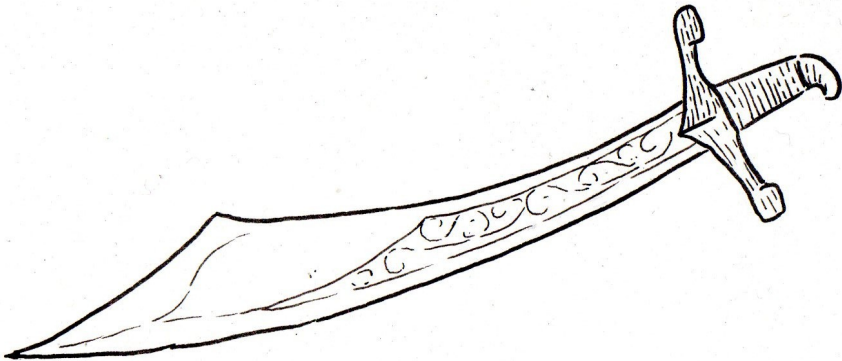
As the last of your foes fall, you straighten your back to find that your plan worked. The other uruks and goblins, seeing that to steal the loot they will have to go through a warrior who obviously knows his eggs, have decided to fall back.

There are four suits of armour

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin A)	A closed steel helmet with wings on the side	2	2	0	10	32	0	4'5" 65lb	5'1" 85lb
Breast Plate (Goblin A)	A leather studded jerkin.	3	3	-1	80	185	0	4'7" 72lb	4'11" 78lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin B)	A closed steel helmet decorated with what appears to be a goat's head	2	2	0	10	32	0	3'11" 72lb	4'7" 92lb
Hauberk (Goblin B)	A rusty chainmail affair.	3	3	-1	80	185	0	4'1" 79lb	4'5" 85lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin C)	A closed steel helmet with wings on the side	2	2	0	10	32	0	3'5" 90lb	4'1" 110lb
Breast Plate (Goblin C)	A rusted and somewhat brittle lamella coat	3	3	-1	80	185	0	3'7" 97lb	3'11" 103lb



	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Uruk)	An open helm with ridiculous brass horns	2	3	0	14	50	0	4'11" 120lb	5'11" 150lb
Hauberk (Uruk)	Ancient, much used chain mail.	3	5	-2	150	400	0	5'5" 135lb	6'1" 155lb
Pauldron (Right, Uruk)	Once this would have been very ornate, but the gilded pattern has all but flaked off	1	1	0	75	50	0	5'1" 120lb	5'9" 150lb
Pauldron (Left, Uruk)	A basic affair, probably crafted by a blacksmith rather than an armourer	1	1	0	65	55	0	5'1" 120lb	5'9" 150lb

	Description	Damage	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
3 x Goblin Swords	Nasty jagged little swords	3d6	10	10	60	37	-
Uruk's Schimitar	A long curved weapon, in surprisingly good nick	5d6	16	16	77	125	-

And of course there is the loot that the goblins were after....

If you are a good boy/girl and leave it alone turn to **paragraph 278**

If you decide to have a rummage through the loot turn to **paragraph 276**

# 49

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 272**

# 50

Unseen the ugly little goblin from last night creeps up on you.

Roll 2d6 add the following modifiers and consult the following table.

+1 per battle level

+1 if you are over 6'

-2 if you are under 4'

Roll Result	Paragraph
5 or less	<b>20</b>
6+	<b>39</b>

# 51

You best the goblin in combat and can take his equipment if you wish.

	Dam	St	Dx	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Scimitar	3d6	8	8	55	37	-

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 120**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 177**

## 52

You lean against a rock, catching your breath. As the figure approaches it becomes apparent that actually it is not a man, though she is indeed wearing male garb. She is attractive, maybe once she was beautiful, but her face is now sunken and hollow.

As she draws near she raises her eyes, the first time her gaze has left the dirt track since you first saw her. She raises her hand towards you.

'Can you...' she starts. Her accent is Kurtish, though her voice is weak. Before she can say any more she collapses into a pile on the floor.

You rush to her side and can see that she is frail, little more than skin and bones, she is obviously ill, in fact unless you can do something quickly she will die.

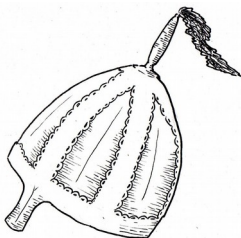
If you have any way of healing her (potion etc) turn to **paragraph 57**. Otherwise you may make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 158**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 29**

## 53

You may escape without making any saving rolls.

Return to **previous paragraph**



## 54

The goblin scampers away into the night, like a scared rabbit. (Take 20 AP)

You become aware of shouts from the camp, they are obviously under attack, by the look of it from a mixed band of goblins and uruks.

If you return to their aid as quick as you can turn to **paragraph 237**

If you sneak up, trying to keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 11**

## 55

You slip further from the camp, out of sight of the guards, and away from the warmth of their fires.

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 251**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 206**

## 56

'Come on,' the chap with the beard says. I don't know who you are, but it's beans and bacon tonight, come and sit and have a plateful. Now tell me, are you one for gambling?'

If you do gamble turn to **paragraph 383**

If you don't turn to **paragraph 110**

# 57

The woman revives somewhat, though you fear it is only temporary.

If you are Kurtish turn to **paragraph 79**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 166**

# 58

At last you crest the final ridge and start the descent down to Kalliss-Morr. Its tangled mess of terracotta roofs nestling against the lapis-blue of the ocean. Even from here the verdant green roof of the Grand Temple shines like a gemstone.

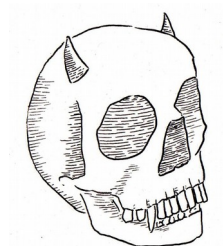
And you see people; dozens, no, more like hundreds of them, pouring in and out of the gates of the walled-city.

From here you have a choice, you can head to the main gate, where throngs of people are passing by under the watchful gaze of the guards. Or you can head to a smaller side gate. The third option is to look for a place where you can get over or through the wall.

If you go to the main gate turn to **paragraph 109**

If you go to a side gate turn to **paragraph 145** (you may only choose this option once)

If you try to get through or over the wall turn to **paragraph 332**





# 59

The fair-haired guard is in a bad way (he is already injured which is why his damage dice and MR don't add up). His opponent is a nasty critter, with some armour and an unwieldy but nastily barbed sword.

The guard will fight on your side, lending his battle damage to your total.

Guard: **MR.12 (4d6+6)**

Uruk: **MR.40 (5d6+20) 5 points of armour**

Split all damage taken equally between you and the guard (with any odd points going to you) before allowing for armour.

If you wish to run at any point (presumably leaving the guard to die) make a L1 SPEED roll if you pass turn to **paragraph 35**

If you beat the uruk you may take his sword and/or armour if you wish, then turn to **paragraph 125**

		Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add Dice	Min W/H	Max W/ H
Urukish Leather Jack	Hardened leather front and back plates	4	2	0	100	200	0	165lb 5'8"	220lb 6'4
Cloth Coif	A dirty padded cap	1	1	0	3	15	0	155lb 5'5"	230lb 6'7"

		Dam	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Urukish Sword	An unwieldy barbed affair	5d6 +1	16	19	70	135	-

Go to: Magic Matrix - Paragraph Finder

# 60

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass you may shoot (L2 DEXTERITY roll, damage as per weapon)

If you fail take 2d6 damage.

Either way turn to **paragraph 426**

# 61

The caravan remains a dark smear on the track ahead, neither pulling away nor nearer to you.

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 260**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 68**

# 62

It is quiet round this side of the city, and it doesn't take long before the road is empty. Quickly you take a run and jump, reaching for the roof's edge.

Make a L1 DEXTERITY roll,

If you pass turn to **paragraph 210**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 336**

## 63

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 144**

If you fail take 2d6 damage and return to **paragraph 292**

## 64

You hear the clink of a pebble behind you and turn to see the ugly little goblin from last night creeping up on you.

Roll 2d6 add the following modifiers and consult the following table:

+1 per battle level

+1 if you are over 6'

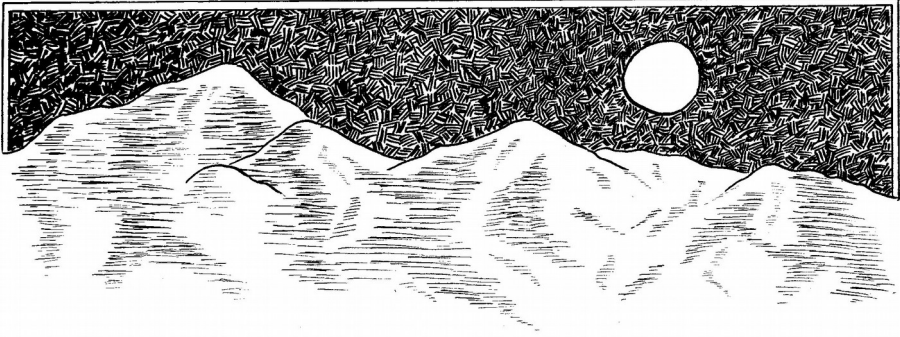
-2 if you are under 4'

Roll Result	Paragraph
3 or less	<b>330</b>
4-6	<b>183</b>
7-9	<b>198</b>
10-12	<b>154</b>
13+	<b>67</b>

## 65

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 214**

If you fail, turn to **paragraph 334**



## 66

'Hang on....I think I recognise you,' the guard says.

'Would you mind having a word with me in the guardroom.

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 239**

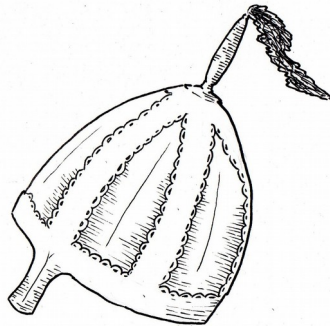
If you fail turn to **paragraph 85**

## 67

The goblin turns heel and tries to run away.

If you try and stop him make a L2 SPEED roll. If you pass turn to **paragraph 183**

If you fail (or you choose to let him run) turn to **paragraph 283**



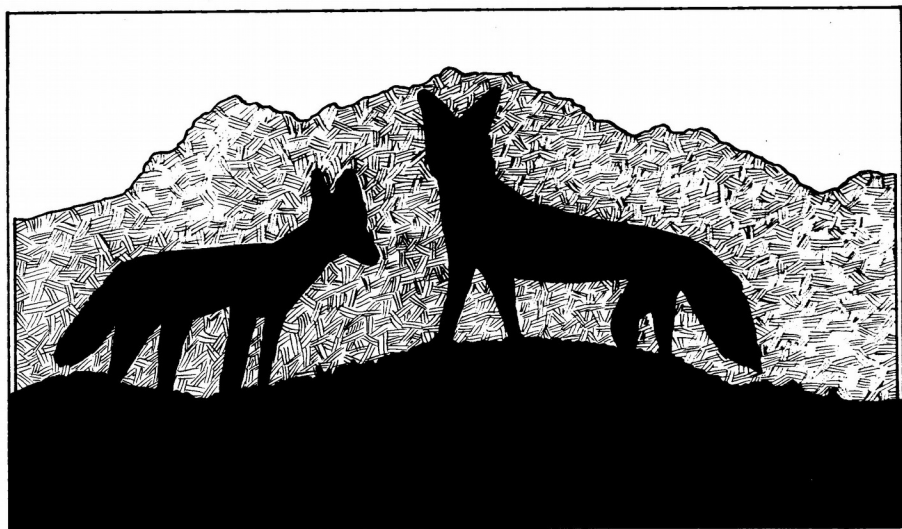
# 68

You are attacked by a pair of Kurtish Jackals.

2 x MR.10 (2d6+5)

If you try to run, take a L1 SPEED roll. If you pass you run to the safety of the caravan turn to **paragraph 27**. If you fail take 1d6+3 damage, modified for armour as normal.

If you beat them, then it becomes clear that you will need to travel with the caravan, after all were there are two jackals there are normally more. Turn to **paragraph 27**



# 69

As you watch, an uruk lumbers into view. He stands for a moment, still, with his back to you, an easy target.

Make a L1 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass dice for damage as per your weapon.

If you missed your target turn to **paragraph 98**

If you hit but scored less than 15 damage turn to **paragraph 83**

If you hit and scored 15 or more damage turn to **paragraph 180**

# 70

The goblin steps towards you, a malevolent grin on his lips. A successful L1 SPEED roll with allow you to make a missile attack before he steps in for combat.

He is **MR.20 (2d6+10)**

If you take the goblin below 15 MR but do not kill him turn to **paragraph 415**

If you kill the goblin turn to **paragraph 117**

If you try and run away turn to **paragraph 302**

# 71

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass then you manage to outrun the trolls, but you will not be able to try and climb the walls again. Turn to **paragraph 58**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and turn to **paragraph 164**

## 72

The street is quiet, it seems no alarm has been raised.

If you re-enter the door turn to **paragraph 241**

If you look for another way into the city turn to **paragraph 58**

## 73

As you stumble into the camp it is in disarray. Someone has kicked the fire into a pile of sacking, which is now ablaze. Thick smoke hangs heavy in the air, flickering hellish-orange from the flames.

As you look around trying to assess where you are most needed you are almost knocked to the ground by a whirling melee between what appears to be a half-uruk/half-hrgor and a camp guard.

If you join this fight turn to **paragraph 21**

If you leave them to it and look for another enemy turn to **paragraph 76**

## 74

You know you should run, but you just cannot summon the will and so you lie waiting. There is a light, a lantern. Al Kazar's cold, dispassionate face staring down at you. Slowly he places one finger on your forehead. You feel all the heat of your body draw out through this one spot. Until you are too cold even to shiver. Slowly your body shuts down. This is not as painless as you would think...

**THE END**

# 75

'Al Kazar, betrayed me, and now I've lost everything!' the goblin cries. 'He told me if I persuaded my boss-man to get our tribe to attack his caravan, he would make us all rich. Take the cargo, he told us, take all the gold, kill the guards, just don't touch him.

'He'd insured the caravan, he told me. We could take the gold, he'd claim it back from his insurers, plus some more. Then maybe in a few months we'd do it again.'

The goblin spat in the dirt. 'But he lied. His caravan was carrying nothing but stones! Chests and chests full of stones. He didn't even bother to take them with him when he left! He's gone to Kalliss to claim his money. Our tribe had lost some of our best warriors and what do we have to show for it? Chests full of stones, that's what!

'And because it was my idea, because Al Kazar got me to persuade the tribe, they've cast me out.'

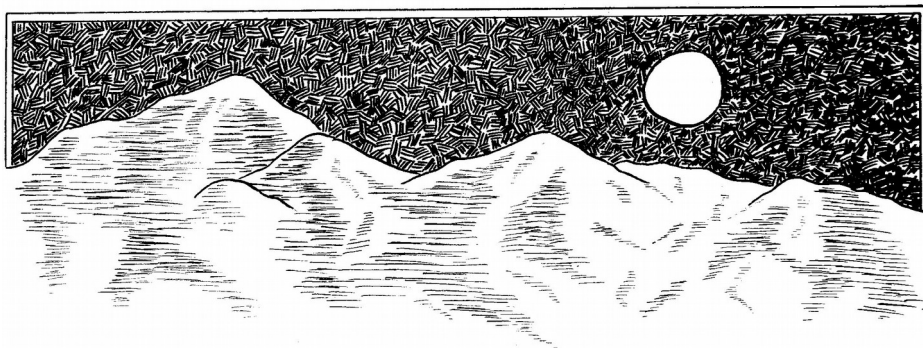
Suddenly he jumps to his feet and quick as a flash dashes away.

Make a L2 SPEED roll,

If you pass turn to **paragraph 3**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 348**





## 76

Elsewhere in the camp a one-legged old man appears to be battering a goblin with his wooden leg and a fair haired chap is struggling against an uruk.

If you help the one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 106**

If you help the fair haired chap turn to **paragraph 59**

Or if you try and slip away turn to **paragraph 408**



## 77

'Excuse me,' a guard shouts to you. 'But would you mind having a word with me in the guard room.'

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 239**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 85**

# 78

Whether you are spotted or not you cannot say, but no one makes any attempt to stop you as you crawl across the dirt away from the camp.

You reach a thicket of thorns, casting an inky black shadow under the moon's wan light. Exhausted you fall asleep.

Turn to **paragraph 406**

# 79

'You are Kurtish...?' she says with difficulty. When you nod she looks relieved and draws something from under her clothes. It is a small, ornate dagger, Kurtish in design, made of gold, or at least gilt. 'Take it, she implores you, I must remain with our people.'

		Dam age	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Kurtish Ceremonial Dagger	Gold/Gilt, more ornate than useful	2d6 -1	3	3/14	1d6+1 0	15	15

Shortly afterwards the woman dies. If you bury her draw a heart (♥) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet. If you leave her where she is draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet.

Either way turn to **paragraph 61**

# 80

You hit and wound the uruk, but is it enough to make him flee? He looks at you appraising your prowess...

Make a L2 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 269**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 308**



# 81

The uruk and goblins stuff as many of the crates and bags as they can on to the camels and lead them off. A great whooping goes up from the attackers and flushed by success they dispatch the few remaining guards with vigour. Then, their job done, they follow the camels into the darkness.

You are alone except for the crackle of fire and the moans of the dying. Suddenly you realise how tired you are and you slump to the ground. It is not exactly comfortable on the stony hillside but you slip into a fretful sleep.

Turn to **paragraph 421**

## 82

The goblin approaches you but then hesitates.

If you attack him turn to **paragraph 39**

If you try and talk to him make a L1 CHARISMA roll if you pass turn to **paragraph 107**, if you fail turn to **paragraph 39**

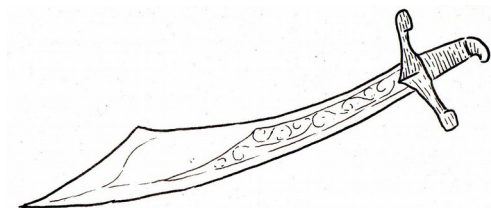
## 83

You hit and wound the uruk, but is it enough to make him flee? He looks at you appraising your prowess...

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 314**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 390**



## 84

The ugly little blighter squeals as you hit him, turning to run.

If you let him run turn to **paragraph 54**

If you try and catch him make a L2 SPEED roll. If you fail turn to **paragraph 54**

If you pass turn to **paragraph 293**

## 85

To fight the guard (you will have to fight her friends too) turn to **paragraph 99**

If you try and run, make a L2 SPEED roll if you fail then the guards attack you, turn to **paragraph 99**

If you pass turn to **paragraph 26**

If you go with her to the guard room turn to **paragraph 124**

## 86

You head into the confusion of the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 237**

## 87

You automatically pass the CHARISMA roll.

Return to **previous paragraph**

## 88

You hit the roof, roll and come to your feet. Pretty cool. The guards below seem none the wiser. With relief you see there is a set of steps from the roof garden you find your self on. You slip down these and into the anonymity of the crowds.

This could be described as....

### THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city of myth and adventure...

# 89

As you slip around the periphery of the camp a large half-hrgor comes running to the point you had been sat, the goblin has obviously raised the alarm.

If you shoot at the hrgor turn to **paragraph 16**

If you engage the hrgor in combat turn to **paragraph 234**

If you try to run away from him turn to **paragraph 252**

If you sink back into the shadows turn to **paragraph 344**

# 90

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you fail the roll turn to **paragraph 234**

If you pass the roll but cause less than 40 damage turn to **paragraph 234** but reduce the MR by the damage caused.

If you pass the roll and cause 40 or more damage turn to **paragraph 311**

# 91

The uruk approaches, sword in hand, his shrewd eyes looking for any opening. He is **MR.35 (4d6+17)**.

If you kill him on or before the third combat round turn to **paragraph 333**

If, after 3 combat rounds, you have inflicted 15 or more damage on him, turn to **paragraph 290**

If you would like to run turn to **paragraph 63**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 292**

## 92

You circle the camp keeping to the shadows and watching for an opportunity to shoot.

Turn to **paragraph 69**

## 93

Without warning you are attacked from behind by an ugly little goblin. He deals 1d6+2 damage (modified by armour as normal).

Turn to **paragraph 13**

## 94

You have time to loose off a quick shot if you have any missile weapons (L2 DEXTERITY, damage as per weapon).

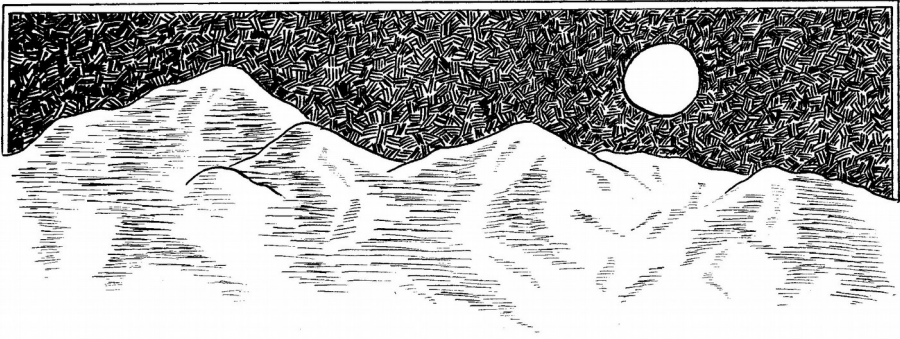
Otherwise go straight to combat, the goblin has **MR.30** but fights at (3d6+15).

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 44**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 291**

If you try to run away make a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 393**. If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour and shield) and then you carry on fighting.

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.



## 95

You creep from the tent, but in the darkness your foot knocks against something metallic and sends it clattering across the stones. You stop for a minute...not daring to breath. Without warning you are hit by a searing heat in the small of the back. It sends you flying face first into the dirt and deals 10 damage, not modified by armour.

If you are still alive make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 40**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 74**

## 96

Make a L2 SPEED roll.

If you pass return to the fight at **paragraph 396** the goblin will not try and run again.

If you fail turn to **paragraph 130**



# 97

If you told the truth (ie you're an adventurer heading to Kalliss-Morr, or something similar) then all is well, the guard sheaths his sword.  
turn to **paragraph 5**

If you lied, for whatever reason (why?!), turn to **paragraph 184**

# 98

You miss! The uruk swings round and sees you in the shadows. He starts to advance...

If you run away turn to **paragraph 22**

If you engage the brute in combat turn to **paragraph 91**

# 99

Four guards attack you:

Guard 1 – an attractive female human: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Guard 2 – a dwarfen female, not without her charms: **MR.32 (4d6+16)**

Guard 3 – An elven male, with some shiny armour over his guard's tunic: **MR.34 (4d6+17) 4 points of armour.**

Guard 4 – A human male, kurtish looking, with some battered armour: **MR.34 (4d6+17) 3 points of armour.**

If you beat all the guards turn to **paragraph 108**

If you try and run away make a L2 SPEED roll if you fail take 2d6 damage (modified by armour) then carry on fighting.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 26**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION then turn to **paragraph 15**



## 100

It is only as you pass over the edge of the wall you realise just how far down it is. But it is too late now, momentum is carrying you out, and down. Mostly down.

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 6**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 387**

## 101

As you head round the narrow causeway a door opens in the tower ahead of you, three humans and a dwarf run out.

If you face them in combat (there is time for a couple of missile shots first) turn to **paragraph 202**

If you head back the way you came turn to **paragraph 262**

If you jump into the city turn to **paragraph 114**

# 102

You duck into the darkness through the door. But... *blast!* There is another closed door blocking your route. You won't have time to open it before the guard is on you. In fact he is on you now! Quickly fight him!

Guard **MR.34 (4d6+17)**

The guard stands in the doorway, there is no escape, except next to him is a pile of crates, if you could push them on top of him, then you should be able to get away.

(After each combat round you make try to tip the crates: make a L1 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass they fall over. If you fail then take d6 damage (modified by armour), you may try again after the next combat round.

If you tip the crates over turn to **paragraph 327**

If you defeat the guard turn to **paragraph 241**

If you fall to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

# 103

With an all-too-loud cracking the door falls off its rusty hinges. By some miracle it appears no one has noticed, or if they have they think a battle hardened warrior sneaking into their city is not something they really want to involve themselves with.

Turn to **paragraph 241**

## 104

You are just shutting your eyes when you feel a burning pain in your shoulder. You open them to see a curved dagger hilt deep in your flesh, and behind it a goblin, well at least you suppose it's a goblin, but gods! Is it ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

He is **MR.20 (3d6+10)**

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 84**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 337**

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.

## 105

You automatically pass any CHARISMA rolls you are called on to take in this encounter.

Return to **previous paragraph**

## 106

The old man is on the floor when you arrive. The goblin is just about to deal the death blow. Said goblin is heavily armoured. He is holding a pole-arm, which he seems pretty useless with but his armour is covered in jagged spikes which make it very difficult to get anywhere near him.

One Legged-Man **MR.8 (0d6+0)** – he's on the floor.

Spiky Goblin **MR.30 (4d6+15) 9 points of armour**

If the Spiky goblin ever rolls two points of spite damage in one combat round then this instead becomes d6+1 spite damage.

Split all damage taken equally between you and the old man (with any odd points going to you) before allowing for armour. However the old man gets a special save each round he would take damage he makes a L1 LUCK roll (his LUCK is 10) if he passes he avoids all damage.

		Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min W/H	Max W/H	Dam. Taken
Spiky Goblin Helmet <sup>1</sup>	An open helm covered in jagged spikes	2	3	0	12	55	+1d 6	88lb 3'11"	119lb b 4'9"	1
Goblin Hauberk <sup>1</sup>	A rusty coat of mail	3	4	-1	120	325	0	93lb 4'2"	113lb b 5'0"	2
Spiky Goblin Bracers x2 <sup>1</sup>	Iron Bracers, with nasty spikes (stats are each)	1	1	0	75	80	+1d 6	93lb 4'2"	113lb b 5'0"	1
Spiky Goblin Gauntlets x2 <sup>1</sup>	Black steel gauntlets with a large protruding spike (stats are each)	1	2	-1	30	15	+1d 6	93lb 4'2"	113lb b 5'0"	1

<sup>1</sup> All of the goblins armour is already damaged. This is accounted for in the stated 'hits' but must be taken into account when a LUCK roll is made to avoid damage.

		Dam	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
--	--	-----	-----	-----	--------------	------------	-------

Goblin Polearm	A short polearm, with an ash shaft and a basic iron head	5d6	11	10	100	120	-
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If the old man dies draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet, if he survives draw a heart (♥)

If you try and run make a L2 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 35** if you fail then take d62+2 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

If you beat the goblin you may take his sword or armour if you wish then turn to **paragraph 125**

# 107

The goblin blubs and is racked with pathetic sobs.

'I've been cast out,' he tells you. 'Out-lawed by my tribe. Al Kazar betrayed me! He came to me a few weeks ago and told me that if I got my tribe to attack his caravan then, as long as we left him alone, we would find rich picking. He'd insured the cargo at Kalliss-Morr and would get paid, we'd get the loot, everyone would win. Then maybe in a few months we could do it again. But he lied! His camels were only carrying stones! Crate-fulls of stones! When they found this out, they blamed me! Just because Al Kazar had spoken to me, they said it was my fault! And now they've cast me out.'

Suddenly the goblin dashes away, up the mountainside quicker than you could ever hope to catch him.

Turn to **paragraph 345**

# 108

You dispatch the guards. As yet no more have come to their aid, but it can only be a matter of time. A crowd has formed but no one attempts to apprehend you. Quickly you slip away, seeking anonymity amongst the myriad of faces.

This could be described as....

## THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...

# 109

The main gate into Kalliss-Morr is huge, flanked on either side by towers constructed of cyclopean stone blocks. The gateway is 20 yards wide, gigantic wooden doors, studded with rusted iron, can presumably be shut in times of trouble. They are open now though and people, in their dozens if not hundreds, flood in and out. A small knot of guards, in distinctive blue livery, are chatting to one side.

If you walk through the gate brazenly, as if you own the place turn to **paragraph 409**

If you try and sneak through not drawing attention to yourself turn to **paragraph 229**

# 110

The caravan owner(who you are told is called, Al Kazar) does not introduce himself, in fact you are not sure he has even noticed there is an extra member of his party. He sits at his own fire, on the edge of the camp, next to his silk tent.

Security seems very lacking on the caravan, you can see no one who is staying sober for guard duty. However the company is good and you are invited to travel the rest of the way with them.

If you decide to accept the offer and bed down at the camp turn to **paragraph 313**

If you prefer your own company and head off to make your own camp turn to **paragraph 294**

# 111

The explanation seems to be good enough.

'It's a cold night to be out by yourself,' says the bearded guard. Why don't you come and share some of our grub, gods know we've got enough. Ale too, four casks left and we'll be there tomorrow, why don't you help us finish it up? Tell me, are you a gambler?'

If you decline the invitation turn to **paragraph 362**

Otherwise, if you are a gambler turn to **paragraph 383**

Or if not turn to **paragraph 110**



# 112

You may make one missile attack before combat begins.

He is **MR.20 (3d6+10)**

If you take the goblin below 15 MR but do not kill him turn to **paragraph 415**

If you kill the goblin turn to **paragraph 117**

If you try and run away turn to **paragraph 302**

# 113

Your shouting alerts the creature to your presence, but you hear from the cries now coming from the camp that they have seen the attackers.

If you run to the aid of the camp turn to **paragraph 189**

If you keep to the shadows and watch turn to **paragraph 208**

# 114

Damn, that's a long way down! But you teeter on the edge for a second and it is too late to stop. Suddenly there is nothing beneath your feet and you are plunging head first into the city below.

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 6**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 387**

# 115

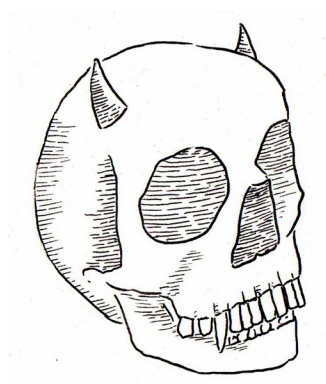
'Scared now, are we?' says the goblin. 'You should be!'

Turn to **paragraph 70**

# 116

Battered and bloody you stand atop a pile of dead bodies. Then suddenly there is a pain in your chest, would you Adam-and-Eve it? A heart attack! Well, doesn't that put a damper on the evening.

**THE END**



# 117

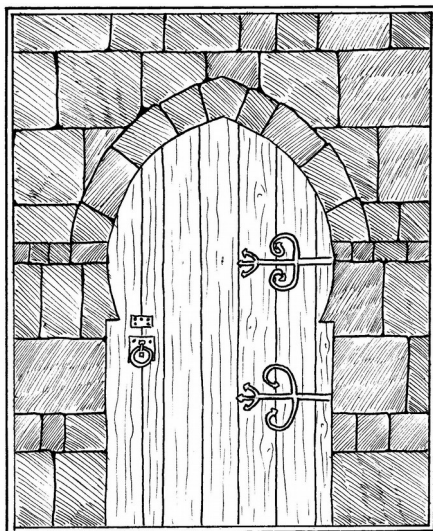
The fragile body of the goblin crumples into almost nothing as he lies dead in the dirt.

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top right corner of your character sheet then turn to **paragraph 284**

# 118

The door does not budge, to be honest you look a bit of a fool. And just to make things worse: 'Oi, you!' someone shouts behind you. 'What do you think you are doing?'

A guard in blue Kallissian livery, a tall and broad human, has seen you.



If you try and escape down the street turn to **paragraph 223**

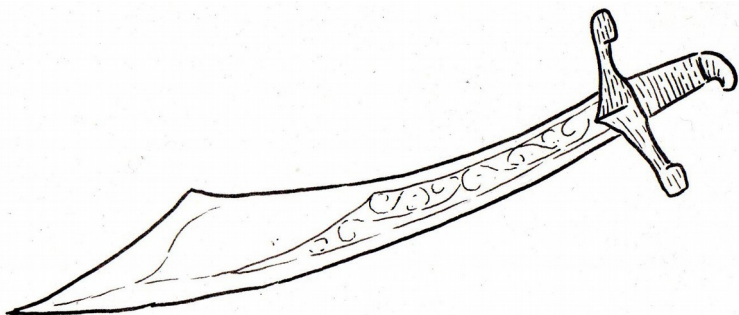
If you fight the guard turn to **paragraph 312**

# 119

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 410**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 13**



# 120

You see another goblin in the shadows, and he has a nasty looking crossbow pointing right at your belly. You may choose to try and shoot the goblin or dodge out of the way.

Either way make a L2 SPEED ROLL, if you pass and were dodging turn to **paragraph 319**

If you pass and were shooting turn to **paragraph 267**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 259**

# 121

As you watch, an uruk lumbers into view. He stands for a moment, still, with his back to you, an easy target.

Make a L1 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass dice for damage as per your weapon.

If you miss your target turn to **paragraph 329**

If you hit but scored less than 15 damage turn to **paragraph 80**

If you hit and scored 15 or more damage turn to **paragraph 275**

# 122

The window opens easily enough and you climb onto the sill. You take a deep breath and jump...

Make a L1 DEXTERITY ROLL

If you pass turn to **paragraph 88**

If you fail you clatter to the street below, right at the feet of the startled looking guards. Take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then turn to **paragraph 244**

# 123

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 283**

# 124

The guard shuts the heavy door and you are confronted with a room-full of dour looking agents of the city. There is a poster on the wall with your face on: WANTED it says (even if you can't read, you get the gist). Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all...

I am presuming you resist arrest?

Guard 1 – an attractive female human: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Guard 2 – a dwarfen female, not without her charms: **MR.32 (4d6+16)**

Guard 3 – An elven male, with some shiny armour over his guard's tunic: **MR.34 (4d6+17) 4 points of armour.**

Guard 4 – A human male, kurtish looking, with some battered armour: **MR.34 (4d6+17) 3 points of armour.**

Office Clerk – A thin hobb female. **MR.14 (2d6+7)**

Dark Clad Fella – (or maybe a woman) a slender human, covered from head to toe in dark material with only a slit for his (her?) blue eyes. Under the material is expensive light-weight armour, armed with a thin curved sword: **MR.50 (6d6+25) 5 points of armour.**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION then turn to **paragraph 15**

If you beat the guards you may help yourself to their weapons and armour, turn to **paragraph 179**

Or if you just want to get out turn to **paragraph 149**

## 125

Though you've won your fight, it seems the battle at large is going to the attackers. As you look around an uruk and three goblins lead the caravan's camels, laden with loot into the darkness. A loud cheer goes up from the uruks and goblins, who no doubt spirited by the thought of forthcoming riches, set about the remaining guards with renewed vigour.

You wander dumbstruck from the camp, there is no one left to save, and all your fighting was for nothing.

Turn to **paragraph 421**

## 126

As you creep towards the camp, keeping to the shadows you see it is in disarray. Goblins and uruks have taken the drunk guards by surprise.

If you join the melee and try and help the guards turn to **paragraph 86**

If you look for a viable target for a missile attack turn to **paragraph 121**

If you continue to watch turn to **paragraph 186**

## 127

The guard looks confused, doubt spreading in their mind.

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass then the guard waves you on through, turn to **paragraph 26**

If you fail then turn to **paragraph 326**

# 128

'That is...disappointing,' says Al Kazar. 'But as you wish it.'

Something about the look in his eye tells you that you made the right choice. After all it was a *lot* of money he was offering just for a day's guard work.

You are suddenly very tired, if you want to find somewhere to sleep near the camp turn to **paragraph 172**

If you would rather sleep away from the camp turn to **paragraph 18**

# 129

'Who goes there!' a guard calls out, walking towards you his hand on the hilt of his sword. He is a burly fellow with a large black beard.

Write down your answer then turn to **paragraph 97**

# 130

The goblin evades your grasp and disappears into the night.

Draw a star (\*) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet.

Behind you the camp is under heavy attack from a mixed band of uruks and goblins.

If you go to the aid of the caravan turn to **paragraph 189**

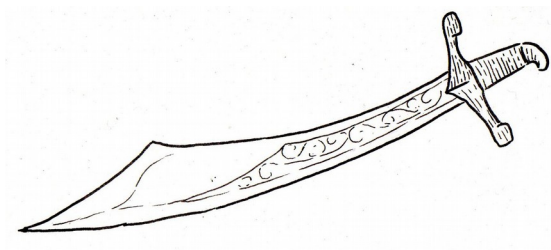
If you slink away, its not your fight after all, turn to **paragraph 208**

# 131

Make a L3 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 176**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) then turn to **paragraph 234**



# 132

Make a CHARISMA roll.

The amount Al Kazar alters his offer by depends on the result of this roll, consult the table below.

Result	New Offer
Fumble	75gp
Fail	100gp
L1 pass	125gp
L2 pass	150gp
L3 pass	200gp

If you now accept turn to **paragraph 14**

If you decline turn to **paragraph 128**



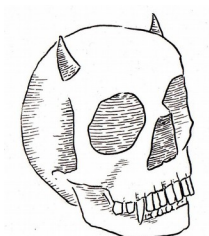
# 133

'Excuse me,' a female guard stops you. 'But would you mind having a word with me in the guard room.

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 239**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 85**



# 134

The fight is beginning to come to an end. You see over at the far side of the camp three goblins and a she-uruk are loading up the camels with the caravan's pay load, presumably to lead them away.

From where you are you do not have a clear shot or time to find one.

If you attempt to engage them in hand to hand combat turn to **paragraph 338**

If you just watch turn to **paragraph 81**

## 135

As their boss slumps to the floor the remaining goblins go mad, working them selves into a frenzy over the death of their beloved mistress.

All the remaining goblins now fight at **(4d6+0)** no matter what their remaining MR is.

If you kill the remaining goblins turn to **paragraph 373**

If you die turn to **paragraph 405**

If you want to run away make a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 248** if you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

## 136

'Ahoy there,' you shout, or words to that effect. Two stout looking fellows stride forth from the camp to check you out.

If you are a female human or elf you may make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 170**

If you fail, or do not fit this criteria, turn to **paragraph 129**

## 137

Your shot goes wide, but it gives away your hiding place and the goblin charges, engaging you in combat. He has **MR.20 (3d6+10)**

If you kill the goblin, turn to **paragraph 400**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 281**

# 138

It's not tasty, but it does the job!

You have successfully created some rations.

Return to **previous paragraph**.

# 139

Kalliss-Morr is a jewel of the eastern coast. While the surrounding tribes were still scratching around in mud and wearing furs, Kalliss-Morr was trading fine silks with kingdoms many hundreds of leagues across the sparkling blue ocean. It is a centre of learning and of culture even to this day.

Cut off from much of the known world by the Kalliss mountains, it has developed an enviable maritime tradition. The high prices it gets for silk, spices and of course opium pay for an unrivalled level of comfort and decadence enjoyed by its ruling elite. The poorer classes though are not so lucky and poverty is rife in the slums of the city, so much so that some people actually voluntarily enter slavery as a means of escape.

Most citizens, even the slaves, are proud to be from Kalliss-Morr, it may not be perfect but it has contributed more to the worlds of art, science and culture than nearly any other city.

In recent years there has been an influx of uruks and goblins into the Kurtish Plains which surround Kalliss-Morr, as yet they seldom risk coming too near the city.

Turn to **paragraph 230**

# 140

As you creep towards the camp, keeping to the shadows you see it is in disarray, but thanks to your alarm it is not all going the attackers' way.

If you join the melee and try and help the guards turn to **paragraph 4**

If you look for a viable target for a missile attack turn to **paragraph 69**

If you continue to watch turn to **paragraph 226**

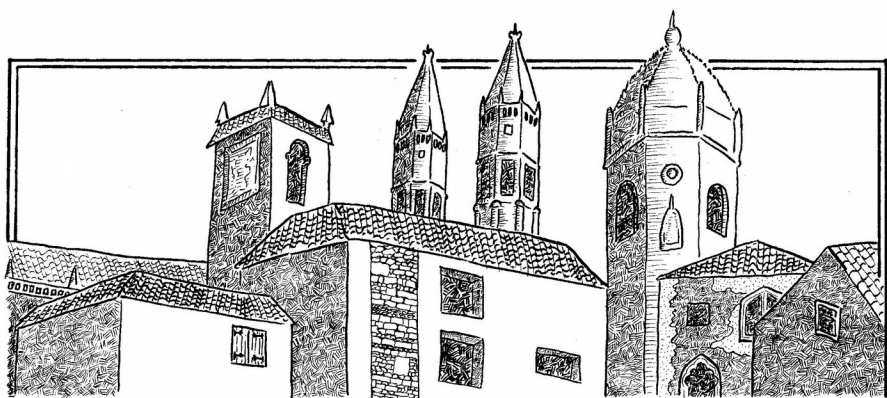


# 141

With a swift downward blow the goblin collapses into a pitiful pile in the dirt.

Draw 2 diamonds (♦♦) in the top left corner of your character sheet.

Turn to **paragraph 284**



## 142

As you try to push Fazl he twists out of the way. You pitch forward, and with alarm realise you are too far over the edge to stop yourself. Tearing your nails on the way down you fail to find any hand hold.

With an almighty CRASH you hit the roof of the taverna, sending loose stones and broken tiles down into the street below. Before you can steady yourself you too are rolling down the roof, too fast to know which way is up, let alone steady your self.

You land face first in the dirt of the street and realise you made a lot of noise on the way down...

Take 3d6 damage not modified for armour.

Make a L3 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 332**

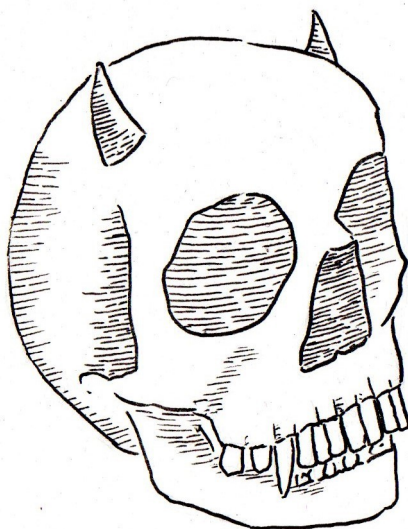
If you fail turn to **paragraph 41**

# 143

As you approach the camels you see good news and bad news. Good news is that the uruk and goblins are so engrossed with their task that they are completely oblivious to your presence. There is plenty of time to take a shot at them, probably two, that's assuming you have a missile weapon of course. Conversely there is also time to slip back into the darkness and leave the caravan to its own business. Which brings us to the bad news. The three goblins are heavily armoured and carry nasty-looking serrated swords, their boss, a she-uruk is also armoured from head to foot in an ill fitting mail hauberk, mismatched pauldrons and a horned helmet. If you choose to take them on this will not be an easy fight...

To run away turn to **paragraph 408**

To fight (with or with out shooting first) turn to **paragraph 375**



# 144

As you hack and slash, your weapons darting forth like steel vipers the uruk and goblin fall back, unable to escape. You chop one down then the other. A tough fight, but somehow you managed to pull through.

You may take some or all of the weapons if you wish:

	Dam	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Uruk's Axe	5d6	13	9/15	60	90	10
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Scimitar	3d6	8	8	55	37	-

You also find an item of loot on the uruk, use the **Random Loot Table** to determine what.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 414**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 286**

# 145

You find only one promising side gate. And to be honest, when I say promising I mean: not very promising at all. It is a small door, but obviously stout. Ancient oak, studded with iron and, more to the point, locked. It is quieter in this spot than most, but still every few minutes people wander by.

You *could* try smashing it in, either by hand or weapon. Or you could forget about side doors.

If you try and bash the door in by hand turn to **paragraph 310**

If you use your weapon turn to **paragraph 304**

If you leave it be turn to **paragraph 58**

# 146

The goblin's face softens as the magic begins to work, but is your natural CHARISMA enough to persuade him not to attack you?

Return to your **previous paragraph** and if your CHARISMA is 7 or more, add +5 to the roll.

# 147

The cross-bow wielding goblin, having shot his bolt disappears into the confusion of the camp, shouting to alert others of your presence.

If you stay where you are, looking for a new target turn to **paragraph 36**

If you move position but keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 89**

If you join the melee turn to **paragraph 151**

# 148

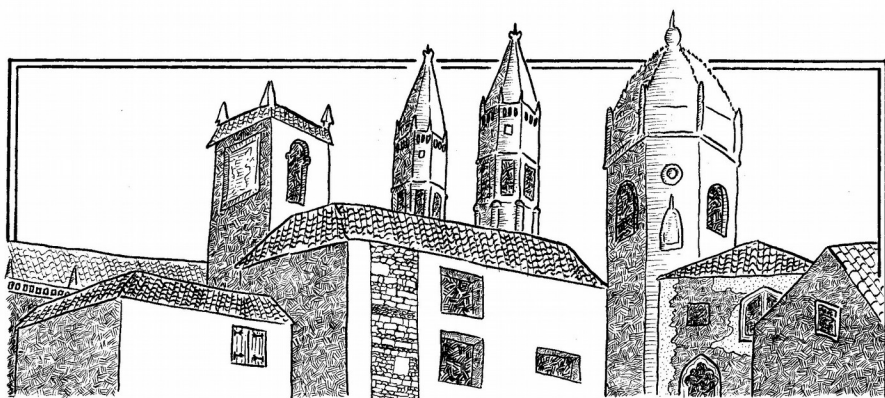
You sleep soundly, exhausted by the fight. Your dreams though become ever more claustrophobic, drowning in a sea of filthy mucus, until it feels like you can hardly breathe.

Make a L2 WIZARDRY roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 356**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 287**





## 149

You slip away from the guard room. There is no commotion outside, and no sign of any more blue tunics. You head into the city and are soon swallowed by the anonymous crowds.

This could be described as....

### THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...

## 150

The goblin crumples to the ground, a pile of skin and bone.

Draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand side of your character sheet then turn to **paragraph 345**

# 151

Leaving the safety of the shadows you head into the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 65**

# 152

You climb in through the window of the disused tower, you are most of the way to the top now, but the hardest section looks like it is yet to come. Inside the tower the blocks have been less exposed to the elements. You have to climb the height of three stories, up through a tower which is now a sheer shaft, its floors having long since gone. From there you can get onto the walk way at the top.

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 394**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 253**

# 153

Somehow you summon the will to stand and run again. For what seems like hours you stumble in the inky darkness until eventually you have no choice but to stop and lie down. If this is to be your grave then so be it. You slip into a fitful sleep.

Turn to **paragraph 47**



## 154

The goblin backs off, raising his hands in the air.

'Now don't be hasty,' he says.

If you try and attack him make a L2 SPEED roll. If you pass then turn to **paragraph 183**.

If you fail the goblin dashes away and is soon out of sight, turn to **paragraph 283**

If you try and talk to him turn to **paragraph 156**

## 155

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 47**

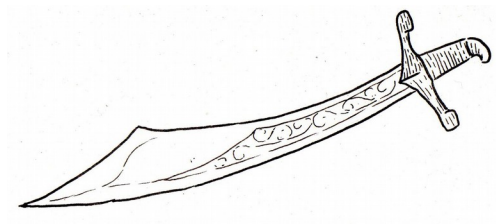
# 156

The goblin blubs and is racked with pathetic sobs.

'I've been cast out,' he tells you. 'Out-lawed by my tribe. Al Kazar betrayed me! He came to me a few weeks ago and told me that if I got my tribe to attack his caravan then, as long as we left him alone, we would find rich picking. He'd insured the cargo at Kalliss-Morr and would get paid, we'd get the loot, everyone would win. Then maybe in a few months we could do it again. But he lied! His camels were only carrying stones! Crate-fulls of stones! When they found this out, they blamed me! Just because Al Kazar had spoken to me, they said it was my fault! And now they've cast me out.'

Suddenly the goblin dashes away, up the mountainside quicker than you could ever hope to catch him.

Turn to **paragraph 283**



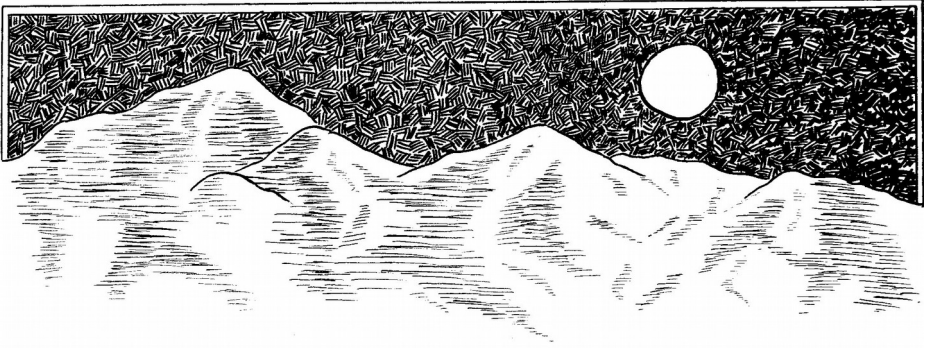
# 157

The goblin falls lifeless before he can raise the alarm.

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 188**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 331**



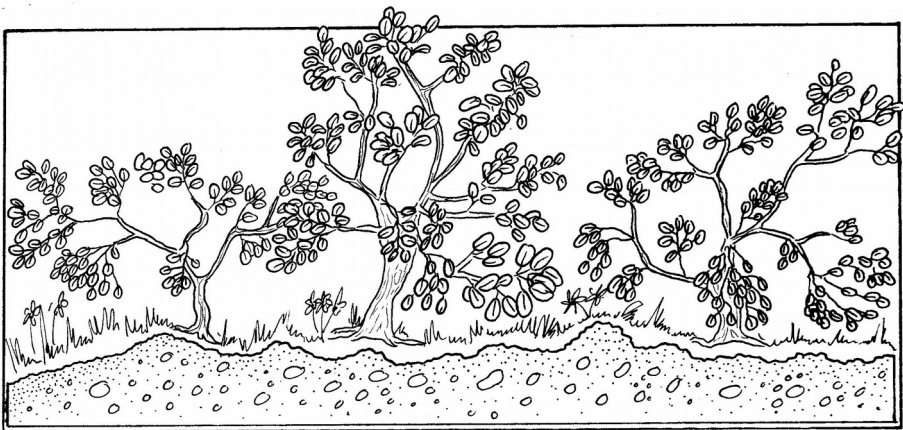
## 158

You notice a khaki-green leaf growing out of a cliff near by, *Kings' Weed!* You don't know exactly what is ailing the woman, but if Kings' Weed does nothing more, it should at least ease her pain.

You mash it into a paste with a little water and spoon this between her lips. After a few minutes her breathing becomes less laboured. Her eyes, which until now had been staring into space, focus on you.

If you are Kurtish turn to **paragraph 79**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 166**



# 159

You lose your grip and with an almighty crash land on the roof of the taverna, sending tiles scattering to the street below. You grab wildly, but there is nothing to catch hold of and you follow the tiles face first on to the dirt floor.

If your possessions are stowed away in a deluxe backpack then they are safe. If they are in a simple backpack or belt pouch then it rips. The backpack/belt pouch is now useless, you lose 2d6 GPs and you must roll a die for each item you are carrying (not counting armour and weapons) on a 1 you lose that item. If for some reason best known to yourself you are carrying everything around in your pockets then the result is as above, except you lose items on a 1 or 2.

Take 2d6 damage, not modified for armour.

Make a L2 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 332**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 41**

# 160

The goblin looks shocked as your arrow sticks into him, but he does not fall. Instead he charges and engages you in combat. He has **MR.20 (3d6+10)** but has already taken any damage caused by your shot.

If you kill the goblin, turn to **paragraph 400**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 281**

# 161

You peer through the grubby window and see a busy street scene below you, crowds of people push and barge in every direction.

Directly below you, stood near the door, are two guards. One an Hrgor, the other an elf, they appear to be waiting for something. Just outside the window is a flat roof, maybe six feet away. You could probably make the jump if you wished.

If you go downstairs and leave onto the street you automatically pass the luck roll.

To try and climb out of the window turn to **paragraph 122**

Otherwise return to **paragraph 211**

# 162

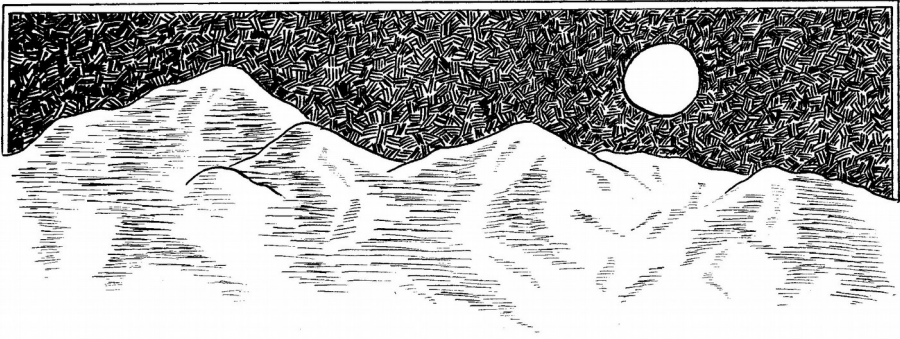
'I think you're lying!' The man draws his sword. Two more big blokes, one with an axe, one with a nasty looking butchers hook, stroll up behind.

'Trouble, Enoch?' one asks.

'We've got a loiterer,' says the first man.

If you make your excuses and back off into the night turn to **paragraph 362**

If you square up for a fight turn to **paragraph 163**



# 163

The guards look at you uncertainly for a minute, what do you know that makes you think you could take them all in a fight? Your bravado might just work. Or it might go horribly, horribly wrong. Let's see...

Roll 2d6 on the table below with the following modifiers and turn to the appropriate paragraph

+1 per battle level

+1 if you are over 6'

+1 if you are wearing more then 3 points of armour.

-2 if you are under 4'

Result	Paragraph
2 or less	<b>296</b>
3-5	<b>357</b>
6-8	<b>215</b>
9-11	<b>364</b>
12+	<b>381</b>



# 164

Good luck.

Troll 1 – A pale yellow skinned troll, with large brown spots across his face and a golden hoop ear-ring he mistakenly thinks gives him a rather debonair appearance: **MR.50 (6d6+25)**

Troll 2 – Either a very ugly female troll, or a very ugly male troll.  
**MR.50 (6d6+25)**

If you beat the trolls then turn to **paragraph 332**

If you try and run from combat make a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 58** you may not try climbing the wall again.

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then carry on fighting.

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION then turn to **paragraph 15**

# 165

Your opponent's speed is lowered. If you wish to flee you automatically pass any SPEED rolls.

Return to previous paragraph.

# 166

The woman seems to be sizing you up, judging your worth.

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 178**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 307**

# 167

You quickly turn and run back the way you came, followed hotly by the three guards. Blast! The other door opens and four more guards appear, three humans and a dwarf.

To fight all seven guards turn to **paragraph 423**

To jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 114**

# 168

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you fail the roll turn to **paragraph 240**

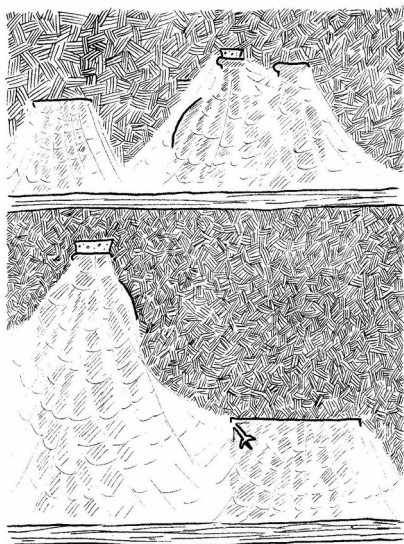
If you pass the roll but cause less than 35 damage turn to **paragraph 240** but reduce the MR by the damage caused.

If you pass the roll and cause 35 or more damage turn to **paragraph 298**

# 169

You wipe the cobwebs away from the shelves to find mostly empty bottles, three candles that have been chewed by mice and are now useless, but wait a minute what's this..?

Make one roll on the **Random Loot Table** then return to **paragraph 412**



# 170

The men are less than thorough with checking your credentials, well the relevant ones anyway. But they are friendly and offer you a seat by the fire. Female company can be hard to come by on the road. You are given a plate of bacon and beans, which is both warm and welcome.

You learn that the caravan belongs to a merchant called Al Kazar. They are carrying a valuable load of gold and other fine goods. There has been no trouble on the road, and now that they are nearly at Kalliss-Morr (only half a day or so away) there is a relaxed atmosphere, certainly plenty of ale is going around.

'Do you gamble?' one of the men asks you.

If you do turn to **paragraph 383**

If you don't turn to **paragraph 110**

# 171

The uruk stares you in the eye for a minute then obviously decides he can beat you in combat.

If you take him on turn to **paragraph 308** but remember you have already caused him damage.

If you try to back off turn to **paragraph 289**

# 172

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 279**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 350**

# 173

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 279**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 148**

# 174

'Rubbish,' says the bearded man. 'I don't believe a word of it.' The only way you are getting into the camp is to fight your way in.

If you want to fight turn to **paragraph 357**

Otherwise leave and go to **paragraph 362**

# 175

You see nothing and yet suddenly a searing heat hits your back like a force bolt, throwing you face first into the dirt.

Take 10 damage not modified by armoured.

If you are still alive you lie stunned, you know you should get up but you are so weak...

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 153**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 261**

# 176

The fight is beginning to come to an end, though no side has a clear victory yet. It seems if the fight goes on for much longer it will stop simply because everyone is dead. You see over at the far side of the camp three goblins and a she-uruk are loading up the camels with the caravan's pay load, presumably to lead them away.

From where you are you do not have a clear shot or time to find one.

If you attempt to engage them in hand to hand combat turn to **paragraph 392**

If you just watch turn to **paragraph 81**

# 177

Concentrating on the camp you do not see a goblin in the shadows to your right until it is too late. He levels a nasty looking crossbow and fires. Roll 2d6 (remember Doubles Add and Roll Over) and refer to the following table:

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or Hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the total of the roll equals or exceeds the target number then you have been hit. Take 3d6 damage (modified for armour) and if you survive turn to **paragraph 413**

# 178

'Take this...' she says, her voice little more than a whisper. She draws out a small, ornate dagger. It is Kurtish in design, made of gold, or at least gilt. 'It should remain with my people, but there are so few left, and I do not wish it to be taken by bandits...' With this she dies, pressing the dagger into your hands.

		Dam age	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Kurtish Ceremonial Dagger	Gold/Gilt, more ornate than useful	2d6 -1	3	3/14	1d6+1 0	15	15

Turn to **paragraph 61**

# 179

You start to rifle through the wreckage of the guard room, looking for anything valuable. There is a loud clicking, as several well oiled bolts shut by themselves on the door. A noxious black gas begins to hiss from a hole in the ceiling. Suddenly everything goes very faint. As if it is so all far away...so very far away...

Turn to **paragraph 15**

# 180

The uruk falls to the ground dead. In the hubbub no-one seems to notice.

If you want to find another target turn to **paragraph 414**

If you join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 286**

# 181

You march towards the gate.

You pass the guards, one, a female dwarf, is chatting with her back to you. The female human she is chatting to catches your eye...

If you duck your head and keep walking turn to **paragraph 326**

If you are male you may give your best flirtatious smile, turn to **paragraph 282**

# 182

You creep out of the rear flap of the tent, as quietly as you can. You can see no one else, but of course that doesn't mean no one else can see you...

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 78**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 95**

# 183

The goblin attacks you.

Goblin **MR:20 (3d6+10)**

If you take the goblin below MR:10 before you kill him turn to **paragraph 270**

If you kill him turn to **paragraph 283**

If you try and run make a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass you dodge away from the goblin and head off for Kalliss-Morr, turn to **paragraph 227**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified by armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

# 184

The man narrows his eyes, sensing that something doesn't ring true.

Make a L3 CHARISMA roll.

If you get a fumble turn to **paragraph 162**

If you fail (but don't fumble) turn to **paragraph 174**

If you pass turn to **paragraph 111**

# 185

The guard smiles at your flirtation, but then frowns.

'I thought I'd seen you somewhere before...would you mind having a word with me in the guard room?'

Make a L2 INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 239**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 85**

# 186

You sit in shadows and watch the melee. The attacking uruks and goblins seem to have the best of it, the guards panicked and beaten back on all sides. Draw a diamond (♦) in the top left corner of your character sheet.

Make a L2 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 188**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 331**

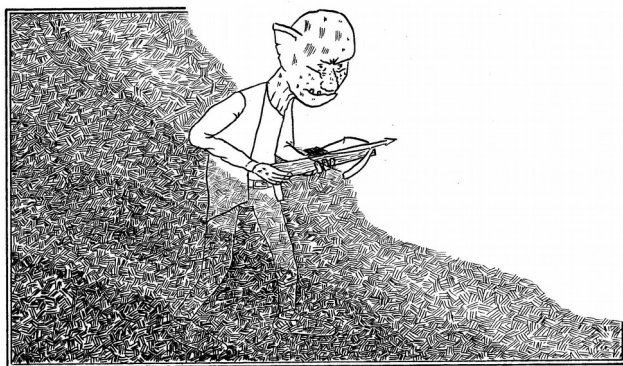


# 187

The uruk's head flies from his shoulders, landing some feet away with a dull squelch.

If you want to join the melee in the camp turn to **paragraph 324**

If you want to look for a new target turn to **paragraph 299**



# 188

You see another goblin in the shadows, and he has a nasty looking crossbow pointing right at your belly. You may choose

to try and shoot the goblin or dodge out of the way.

Either way make a L2 SPEED ROLL, if you pass and were dodging turn to **paragraph 322**

If you pass and were shooting turn to **paragraph 263**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 264**

# 189

At the camp, although things are not going well, the attackers do not have the advantage they would if you hadn't raised the alarm.

If you join the melee in hand to hand combat turn to **paragraph 73**

If you keep back in the shadows to use a missile weapon turn to **paragraph 92**

# 190

The figure creeps to the left of you, and even though it seems very close the inky darkness protects you and it passes by and away downhill, towards the caravan. When it is a little further away the moon comes out and bathes the scene in a silvery light. You can see it is a goblin, but gods! What an ugly one! His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

If you attack the goblin turn to **paragraph 94**

If you shout a warning to the camp turn to **paragraph 113**

If you watch from the shadows turn to **paragraph 11**

# 191

The trolls look confused.

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass then they wander off, satisfied with your answer, but you had better get out of here quickly before they come back. Turn to **paragraph 58**

If you fail then the spell served only to make them angry and they attack, turn to **paragraph 164**



# 192

As Fazl falls to the ground, he rolls, coming to rest just on the edge of the drop. He will probably attract less attention up here, you realise, and so leave him be.

Turn to **paragraph 376**

# 193

It is a good night. You learn several new verses to 'Uncle Harry's Bed Post' and the guards are good blokes. You don't know what time it is when you finally stagger to your sleeping blanket but dawn can not be too far off.

You are just shutting your eyes, trying to stop the world spinning when you feel a burning pain in your shoulder. You open them to see a curved dagger hilt deep in your flesh, and behind it a goblin, well at least you suppose it's a goblin, but gods! Is it ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

He is **MR.20 (3d6+10)**

However you are a little drunk, so fight with one less dice than normal.

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 84**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 337**

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.

# 194

As the uruk turns his back and makes a break for it you deal him one final blow, and he falls face first in the mud.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 414**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 286**

# 195

Fazl does not see the patch of gunk until it is too late.

Automatically pass the STRENGTH or DEXTERITY roll to push Fazl off the edge.

Return to **paragraph 394**

# 196

As you approach the camels you see good news and bad. Good news is that the uruk and goblins are so engrossed with their task that they are completely oblivious to your presence. There is plenty of time to take a shot at them, probably two, that's assuming you have a missile weapon of course. Conversely there is also time to slip back into the darkness and leave the caravan to its own business. Which brings us to the bad news. The three goblins are wearing mismatching armour and carry nasty-looking serrated swords, their boss, a she-uruk is also armoured from head to foot in an ill-fitting mail hauberk, mismatched pauldrons and a horned helmet. If you choose to take them on this will not be an easy fight...

To run away turn to **paragraph 248**

To fight (with or with out shooting first) turn to **paragraph 378**

# 197

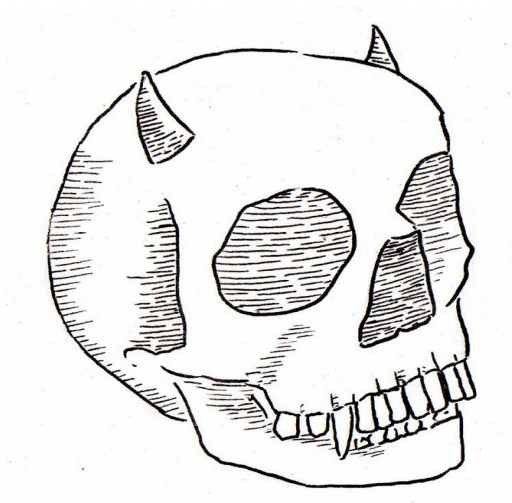
The goblin staggering from his wound disappears remarkably quickly into the shadows.

Draw a star (\*) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet.

Behind you the camp is in disarray, under heavy attack from a mixed band of uruks and goblins.

If you decide to go and help the camp turn to **paragraph 189**

If you slink into the shadows, this isn't your fight after all, turn to **paragraph 208**



# 198

The goblin approaches you but then hesitates.

If you attack him turn to **paragraph 183**

If you try and talk to him make a L1 CHARISMA roll if you pass turn to **paragraph 156**, if you fail turn to **paragraph 183**

# 199

As you hack and slash, your weapons darting forth like steel vipers the uruk and goblin fall back, unable to escape you chop one down then the other. A tough fight, but somehow you manage to pull through.

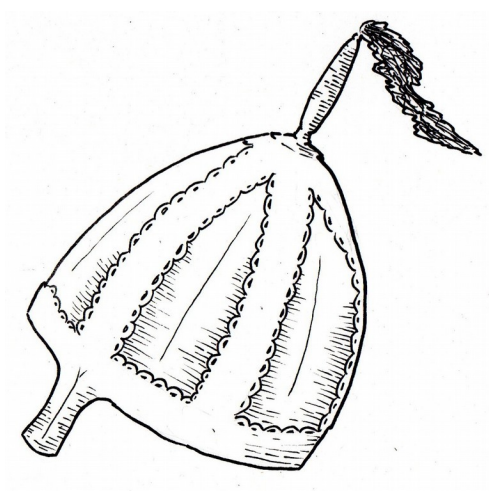
You may take some or all of the weapons if you wish:

	Dam	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Uruk's Ax	5d6	13	9/15	60	90	10
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Scimitar	3d6	8	8	55	37	-

You also find an item of loot on the uruk, use the **Random Loot Table** to determine what.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 299**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 324**



# 200

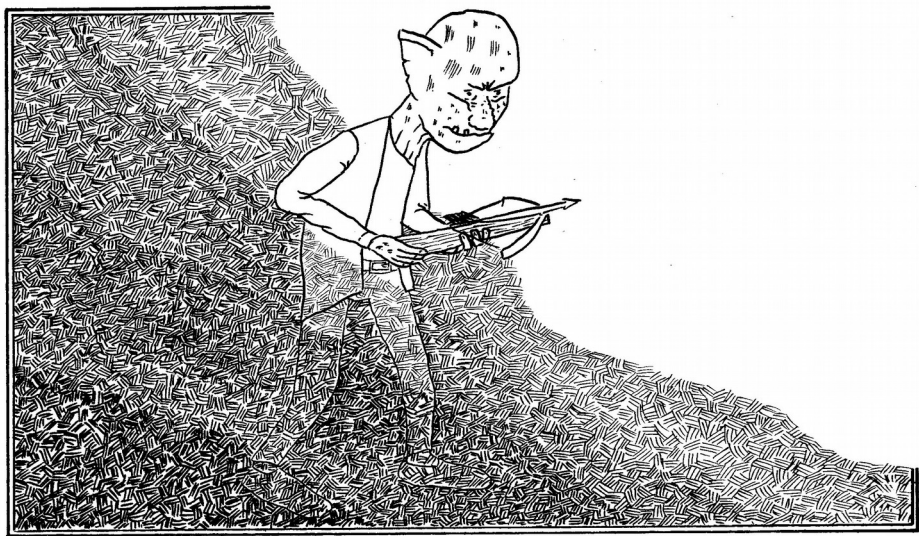
The goblin's expression changes, from spite-filled glee to shock, as he looks down at the arrow (bolt, singe mark, whatever) sticking out of his chest.

'You damnable...' he manages, before sinking to the floor.

You may take his knife and crossbow if you wish.

	Dam	St	Dx	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Crossbow*	3d6	10	10	100	100	30
*The Goblin's Crossbow is badly made if a fumble is rolled while firing it it becomes useless (and worthless)						

Turn to **paragraph 134**



# 201

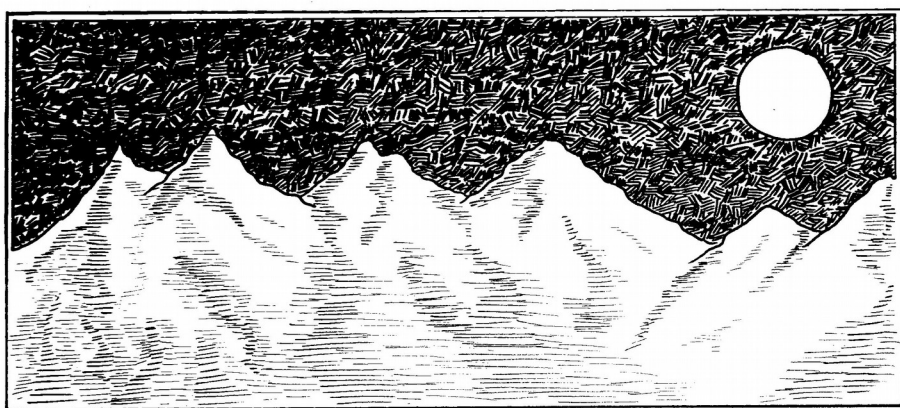
Kallissian's are a secretive lot. While they are happy to trade with the west they do not exchange much in the way of culture. Ships filled to the gunnels with fine silks, exotic spices and, often as not, opium criss-cross the oceans, yet few scholars from the great city ever leave its walls.

You have heard many tales of Kalliss-Morr, most of it undoubtedly myth and rumour, but soon you will be in a position to learn for your self.

The Kallissians, you have heard, can be a cruel race. Slavery is rampant and faces of many hues, who have found themselves on the losing side of a Kallissian scimitar, now keep the city going. Most of them are treated little better than animals.

On your journey thus far you have heard many tales of roaming bands of uruks and goblins, strange indeed as the arid plains are not the natural habitat of either kindred.

Turn to **paragraph 230**





## 202

You may make 2 missile attacks before the combat begins. L2 DEXTERITY to hit, damage as per your weapon, choose which target. After that you are locked in combat.

Human 1 – A red-headed woman with a mean scar across her cheek.

**MR:30 (4d6+15)**

Human 2 – A short, fat man with the face of a drinker: **MR:30**

**(4d6+15)**

Human 3 – A thin, nervous looking young woman: **MR:26 (3d6+13)**

Dwarf – Grey bearded with sharp features: **MR:36 (4d6+18)**

If the combat is still going after three rounds (not counting missile fire) turn to **paragraph 273**

If you decide to jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

If you win the combat turn to **paragraph 355**

## 203

If you took any course of action that involved staying in the tent turn to **paragraph 238**

If you left the tent stealthily turn to **paragraph 182**

If you left the tent in any other fashion (or did not specify how you left) turn to **paragraph 323**

# 204

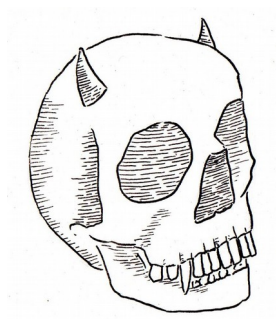
As the creature approaches, you have time to loose off a quick shot if you have any missile weapons.

The moon appears from behind a cloud, illuminating the landscape in a wan silver light. The creature in front of you is a goblin, but gods! It is ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

The goblin is **MR.30 (4d6+15)**. You have time for one missile shot before combat starts.

If you make a successful hit (either hand to hand or missile) on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 44**

If you kill him the first time you cause damage, turn to **paragraph 291**  
If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.



# 205

Add 3 to your total when making the CHARISMA roll.

Return to **previous paragraph**

## 206

There is a rattle of loose scree behind you, but you turn too late. A searing pain hits your shoulder and you see a weird curved dagger hilt deep in your flesh, behind it a goblin, but gods! Is it ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

Take  $d6+2$  damage (modified for armour), before the combat starts.  
The goblin is **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 44**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 291**

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.

## 207

You break from the guards and slip into the crowds. After a while it becomes apparent you have lost them, you are free, and you are inside the city!

This could be described as....

### **THE END**

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city of myth and adventure...

# 208

You find yourself in the shadows outside the camp, watching the melee unfold.

Turn to **paragraph 140**

# 209

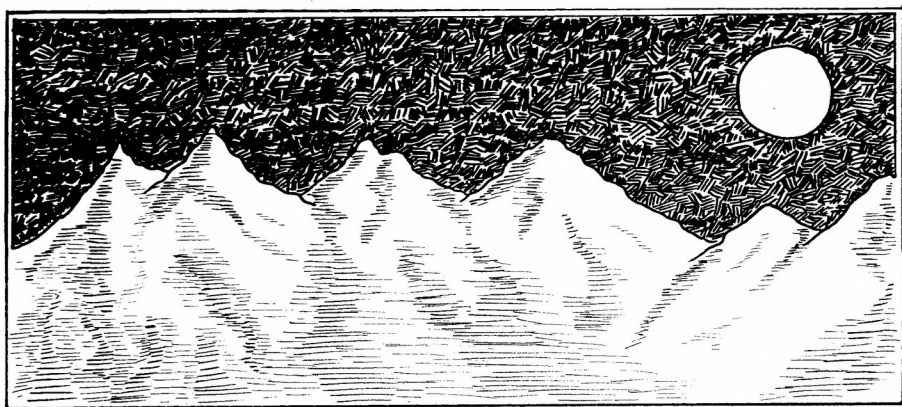
The goblin turns tail and runs.

If you let him go turn to **paragraph 235**

If you try and catch him make a L2 SPEED roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 112**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 235**



# 210

One of the tiles gives way and clatters to the street, but there is no one to hear and you are quickly up and away, into the shadow of the high wall at the back of the taverna roof. From here the wall looks even higher, but there is no turning back now and you begin the long climb, easily finding hand- and foot-holes in the aged masonry but your arms already tired from pulling up your own weight.

Make a STRENGTH roll, the level depends on the total weight of you and everything you are carrying (you may leave stuff behind at this stage to make yourself lighter.)

Total Weight	Roll Needed
<50lb	L0
50-160lb	L1
161-300lb	L2
300lb>	L3

If you pass turn to **paragraph 152**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 159**

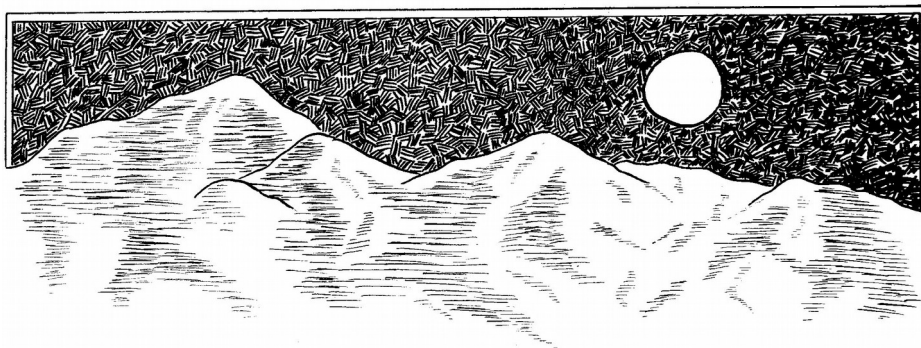
# 211

The stairs lead to a small room that overlooks the street. It appears to be some kind of bed-sit. A pile of blankets lie in one corner, a crate next to them with a wooden plate and tankard on it.

To search the room turn to **paragraph 346**

To look out of the window turn to **paragraph 161**

To go back down the stairs to the hall return to **paragraph 34**



## 212

This spell only works if your CHARISMA is higher than the trolls current MR.

Effected trolls turn tail and leg it. If they both run, then you have won, if only one does, well that is one less troll to fight, if neither do, I suggest you swot up a bit more on spell effects before you go using them.

Return to **previous paragraph**.

## 213

You evade the vicious little goblin in the inky shadows of the mountainside.

Draw a star (\*) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet.

Behind you the camp is under heavy attack from a mixed band of uruks and goblins.

If you go to the aid of the caravan turn to **paragraph 189**

If you slink away, its not your fight after all, turn to **paragraph 208**

## 214

There are three combats you can see where you might be of aid. On the outskirts of the camp an uruk has dragged the skinny accordion player to the ground and is busy kicking seven shades out of him. A nasty looking goblin appears to have detached an old man's wooden leg and is beating him about the head with it. Meanwhile three goblins and an uruk are reloading the camels with the baggage, presumably to lead it away. Of all the combats the last one is probably the most important, deny the attackers their loot and there is a chance they will back off.

To help out the accordion player turn to **paragraph 46**

To help help one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 274**

To attack the goblins and uruk who are loading the camels turn to **paragraph 196**

## 215

They are still unsure, frozen by indecision, you can either use this opportunity to make a quick missile attack or try and convince them you are trustworthy after all.

If you make a missile attack (or otherwise just want to fight) roll to hit (L2 DEXTERITY) and for damage as per your weapon then turn to **paragraph 357**

If you try and talk to them make a L2 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 56**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 357** (but do not make a missile attack)

## 216

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass you give the ugly, little goblin the slip and find yourself away from the camp, cloaked in darkness. Turn to **paragraph 140**

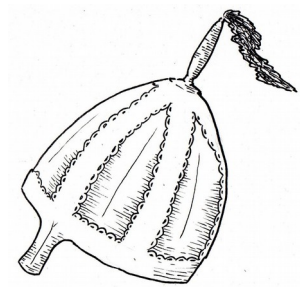
If you fail then the little fella stops your escape and you have no choice but to fight him. Turn to **paragraph 396**

## 217

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 389**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) then (re)turn to **paragraph 243**



## 218

The poster says you are wanted for involvement with the ambush and robbery of Al Kazar's caravan; 100gp reward. How in the name of the gods did he get that printed so soon!? Surely some kind of magic must be involved. But then again the attack of the slugs probably wasn't a naturally occurring phenomenon either.

Turn to **paragraph 58**



## 219

The guard shakes you heartily by the hand, smearing uruk blood onto your palm.

'I don't know where you came from stranger, but you saved my life. Still there is much work to be done.'

You look around to see a number of combats where you could be of aid. An old man appears to be beating a goblin about the head with his own wooden leg, elsewhere a beefy, fair-haired chap is laying into an uruk. However your ally points to the far side of the camp.

'Quick, they are making away with our pay-load!'

If you follow the guard's advice and head to where three goblins and a she-uruk are attempting to steal the laden camels turn to **paragraph 143**

If you try and help the one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 106**

If you go to the aid of the fair-haired chap turn to **paragraph 59**

If you decide you've had enough of combat and slink away from the firelight turn to **paragraph 408**

## 220

At last you crest the final ridge and start the descent down to Kalliss-Morr. Its tangled mess of terracotta roofs nestling against the lapis-blue of the ocean. Even from here the verdant green roof of the Grand Temple shines like a gemstone.

At last you see people; dozens, no more like hundreds of them, pouring in and out of the gates into the walled-city.

Turn to **paragraph 109**

## 221

The goblin surrenders, pitiful tears rolling down his ugly cheeks.

If you take mercy draw a heart (♥) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet and turn to **paragraph 107**

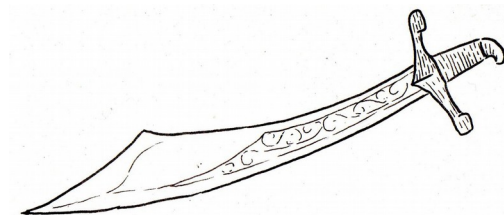
If you put him out of his misery turn to **paragraph 150**

## 222

You are about to step out into the street when you see out of the corner of your eye, two guards. You stop in your tracks and peer out. They are standing with their backs to you at the moment, but so close to the door that you could never get past them. One is an hrgor, the other an elf, both female though they seem to have little common ground and stand in a stony silence.

If you go out anyway turn to **paragraph 244**

If you go back into the hallway return to **paragraph 34**



## 223

You turn on your heel and clatter down the street.

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass you out sprint the guard, turn **paragraph 58**

If you fail then the guard catches you, turn to **paragraph 312**

# 224

The uruk ducks a blow and while you are off balance slips away into the darkness and the confusion.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 414**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 286**

# 225

You miss the nasty little runt and, grinning, he presses the trigger on his crossbow sending the bolt right at you. Roll 2d6 (remember Doubles Add and Roll Over) and consult the following table.

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the dice equal or exceed the target number take 4d6 damage (modified for armour). If you survive the goblin has gone.

If you stay where you are and look for another target turn to **paragraph 36**

If you move around the periphery of the camp, keeping to the shadows turn to **paragraph 89**

If you move into the camp and join the melee turn to **paragraph 151**

## 226

You sit in shadows and watch the melee. The uruks and goblins are fighting fiercely, if they had kept the element of surprise they would probably be over running the camp by now. Draw a diamond (♦) in the top left corner of your character sheet.

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 120**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 177**

## 227

And that, you suppose, is that. You are more or less in one piece, and it is only half a day's journey to Kalliss-Morr. Surely your adventures are over for now?

Yeah, right. Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 358**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 220**

## 228

Really?! You're going to have to make a roll for that.

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 362**

otherwise turn to **paragraph 136**

## 229

Make a L2 LUCK roll.

If you pass you slip unnoticed through the gate, turn to **paragraph 257**

If you fail then the guards notice you turn to **paragraph 133**

# 230

You are walking through the foothills of the Kalliss Mountains. Do not be fooled though, 'hills' is a name only in comparison to the mighty peaks of the mountains proper. For days now you have been climbing scree littered slopes seemingly into the heavens, rising high above the clouds, only to crest a ridge and plunge back down into a barren ravine.

At night you lie shivering, your drinking water frozen in its skin. Each dawn brings a blessed, but short lived relief. Long before noon you feel fried, there is no shade anywhere on the barren mountainside, by afternoon you are praying for the marrow-chilling night.

The route you tread is known as the Garrinkor Road, it lies straighter than the more popular Opium Road, but is harder and therefore less frequented. For days now you have been alone, with only wheeling buzzards and the occasional hare for company. And then today, suddenly it is like Khazan Market, well almost.

You climb yet another, featureless stony slope, a shoulder between two imposing crags. As you do, you glance backward at some movement. A figure is descending from the pass behind you, following your route. By his attire and his long loping stride he is a local.

And then, as you reach the pass and look down ahead you see more figures. Many miles away, they are little more than specks, but you can tell at once it's a merchant's caravan. A trail of some 10 or more heavily-laden camels; a horse, of the small, sure footed mountain variety, leads the column. Even from here you can make out his rider's brightly covered silks. Dotted along the line are a number of other

figures, more dourly dressed, mercenary guards, no doubt.

If you push ahead and try to catch the caravan turn to **paragraph 27**.

If you ease your pace and wait for the figure behind to catch you turn to **paragraph 52**.

If you are happy with your own company and continue ahead alone turn to **paragraph 61**.

## 231

The guards do not see the patch of gunk until it is too late.

Roll a die.

1-2: Fazl

3-4 Dwarf

5-6 Human

The indicated guard slips off the wall, no need to make a test. If the indicated guard is already out of action then re-roll.

Return to **paragraph 354**

## 232

Elsewhere in the camp a one-legged old man appears to be battering a goblin with his wooden leg and a fair haired chap is struggling against an uruk.

If you help the one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 106**

If you help the fair haired chap turn to **paragraph 59**

Or if you try and slip away turn to **paragraph 408**

## 233

The street is quiet, it seems no alarm has been raised.

If you re-enter the door turn to **paragraph 327**

If you look for another way into the city turn to **paragraph 58**

## 234

Grinning broadly the hrgor advances on you, a nasty looking club in his right hand, a large dagger in his left. He has **MR.40** (5d6+20) unless you have already hurt him.

If you kill the half-hrgor turn to **paragraph 311**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 252**

If you die, then it's game over.



## 235

The evil little goblin runs off, leaping from stone to stone like a monkey.

Turn to **paragraph 284**

# 236

The goblin's expression changes, from spite-filled glee to shock, as he looks down at the arrow (bolt, singe mark, whatever) sticking out of his chest.

'You damnable...' he manages, before sinking to the floor.

You may take his knife and cross bow if you wish.

	Dam	St	Dx	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Crossbow*	4d6	10	10	100	100	30
*The Goblin's Crossbow is badly made if a fumble is rolled while firing it it becomes useless (and worthless)						

Turn to **paragraph 176**

# 237

The caravan is in chaos. The fire has been kicked across into a pile of sacking and is now spreading. The camels are braying and straining at their bonds, foaming at the mouth and kicking in wild panic. Thick black smoke is wafting across the valley, lit hellish-orange by the flames. As you enter the camp a hefty figure steps through the smoke. Uruk? Hrgor? Probably a mix of the two, the important thing is he is coming at you with an axe.

You can attempt to loose off a shot with a missile weapon, but you may not have time. If you try turn to **paragraph 60**

If you face the big chap in honest combat turn to **paragraph 426**

If you try to slip away turn to **paragraph 343**



## 238

The tent fills with slugs. As fast as you rip one from your face ten more climb on. Exhausted and disorientated you lie flailing on the floor. And then there is a light, a lantern. Al Kazar's cold, dispassionate face staring down at you. Slowly he places one finger on your forehead. You feel all the heat of your body draw out through this one spot. Until you are too cold even to shiver. Slowly your body shuts down. This is not as painless as you would think...

THE END

## 239

You notice the guard is holding a wanted poster with your face on it.

To fight the guard (you will have to fight her friends too) turn to **paragraph 99**

If you try and run, make a L2 SPEED roll if you fail then the guards attack you, turn to **paragraph 99**

If you pass turn to **paragraph 26**

If you go with her to the guard room turn to **paragraph 124**

## 240

Grinning broadly the hrgor advances on you, a nasty looking club in his right hand, a large dagger in his left. He has **MR:35 (4d6+17)** unless you have already hurt him.

If you kill the half-hrgor turn to **paragraph 298**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 342**

If you die, then it's game over.

## 241

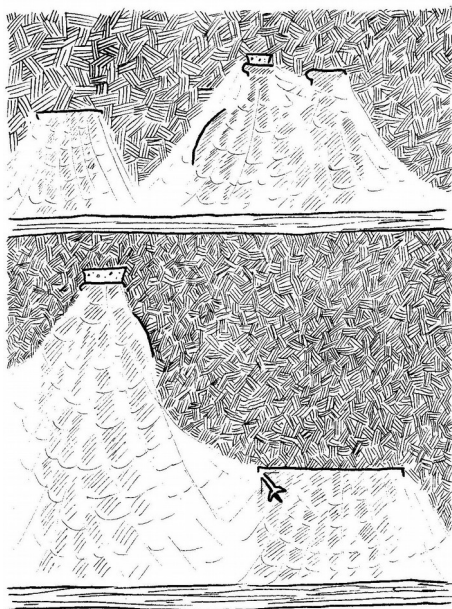
The room appears to have been a store room, but it obviously hasn't been used in a while, thick sheets of cobwebs lie over everything. A pile of crates stand in one corner, there is a set of shelves against a wall. There are two doors, the one you came in by and another, closed, door opposite.

To search the crates turn to **paragraph 417**

To search the shelves turn to **paragraph 318**

To go back out onto the street turn to **paragraph 72**

To try the other door turn to **paragraph 34**



## 242

Eventually you feel you have gone far enough, or at least you can go no further, which is much and the same thing. With out even realising it you lie down and as your head hits the ground you are asleep.

Turn to **paragraph 47**

## 243

Your shot goes wide, but it gives away your hiding place and the goblin charges, engaging you in combat. He has **MR.15 (2d6+7)**

If you kill the goblin, turn to **paragraph 51**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 217**

## 244

'Oi!' Shouts the hrgor.

'You're not Crooked Kaleed?!' says the elf.

But both close in for combat anyway.

Hrgor Guard **MR.50 (6d6+25)**

Elf Guard **MR.40 (5d6+20)**

If you try to break from combat make a L2 SPEED roll. If you pass turn to **paragraph 207**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then carry on fighting.

If you beat the guards turn to **paragraph 2**

If you fall to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

## 245

You escape the goblin's clutches, evading him in the dark.

Make a L1 LUCK roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 188**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 331**

## 246

You run stumbling into the darkness. No idea where to, just away...

Make a L1 SPEED roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 242**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 175**

## 247

As the creature approaches you have time to loose off a quick shot if you have any missile weapons.

The moon appears from behind a cloud, illuminating the landscape in a wan silver light. The creature in front of you is a goblin, but gods! It is ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

The goblin has **MR.30** but fights at **(3d6+15)**.

If you make a successful hit on the goblin which causes damage but does not kill him, turn to **paragraph 44**

If you kill him in one hit, turn to **paragraph 291**

If you try to run away make a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 393** If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour and shield) and then you carry on fighting.

If you die, then sorry old chap, it's all over for you.

## 248

You slip away and your attackers seem only too happy to let you go, after all they have the loot now. As they lead the camels off you hear a mighty cheer go up from the other attackers. Knowing they have the treasure they redouble their efforts. By the time you have ducked and wove your way out of the camp there are no guards left alive.

Draw a diamond (♦) into the upper right hand corner of your character sheet.

Turn to paragraph 421

## 249

Al Kazar has left, you suppose alone as everyone else is dead. Most of the guards' equipment lies scattered around the valley. The camels are gone, but the strange thing is that the heavy trunks they had been laden with are now strewn across the ground. From this distance you can not see if their contents have gone or not.

Was there another attack last night? Surely you didn't sleep through it...

If you have a star (\*) drawn in the upper left corner of your character sheet, make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 254**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 93**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 227**

# 250

You hear the clink of a pebble behind you and turn to see the ugly little goblin from last night creeping up on you.

Roll 2d6 add the following modifiers and consult the following table.

- +1 per battle level
- +1 if you are over 6'
- 2 if you are under 4'

Roll Result	Paragraph
3 or less	20
4-6	39
7-9	82
10-12	379
13+	23

# 251

You hear a noise in the thorny undergrowth, not far behind you. You turn slowly to see a small dark figure, merely a twisted silhouette in the moonlight. Other figures now become apparent on the hillside, creeping towards the camp.

Do you crouch down in the shadows and trust to your luck that the figure doesn't see you, if so turn to **paragraph 407**

Do you attack the figure, using the element of surprise while you still have it? If so turn to **paragraph 204**

Do you shout to alert the camp guards that they are being attacked? If so turn to **paragraph 255**

## 252

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) and (re)turn to **paragraph 234**

If you pass turn to **paragraph 176**

## 253

Your fingers slip from the smooth brickwork and with alarm you fall away from the wall. Tearing your nails on the way down you fail to find any hand hold.

CRASH! You hit the roof of the taverna, sending loose stones and broken tiles down into the street below. Before you can steady yourself you too are rolling down the roof, too fast to know which way is up, let alone steady yourself.

You land face first in the dirt of the street and realise you made a lot of noise on the way down...

If your possessions are stowed away in a deluxe backpack then they are safe. If they are in a simple backpack or belt pouch then it rips. The backpack/belt pouch is now useless, you lose 2d6 GPs and you must roll a die for each item you are carrying (not counting armour and weapons) on a 1 you lose that item. If for some reason best known to yourself you are carrying everything around in your pockets then the results are as above, except you lose items on a 1 or 2.

Take 3d6 damage not modified for armour.

Make a L3 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 332**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 41**

## 254

A slight *tink* of pebble on pebble makes you spin round. The ugly goblin from last night is advancing, wiggly knife in hand.

'You betrayed us!' he hisses. 'I've been cast out by the tribe because of YOU!'

If you ask the goblin what the hell he is on about, turn to **paragraph 119**

If you try and kick his head in turn to **paragraph 13**

## 255

Your shouting alerts the creature to your presence, but you hear from the cries now coming from the camp that they have seen the attackers.

The moon appears from behind a cloud, illuminating the landscape in a wan silver light. The creature in front of you is a goblin, but gods! It is ugly! Even for one of its kin. His face is bloated and puffy, though covered in wrinkles. He is bald, but thin coarse black hairs sprout from his jowls in rough imitation of a beard.

If you want to use a missile weapon against the goblin turn to **paragraph 361**

If you want to engage it straight in combat turn to **paragraph 396**

If you try and avoid combat with the goblin turn to **paragraph 216**

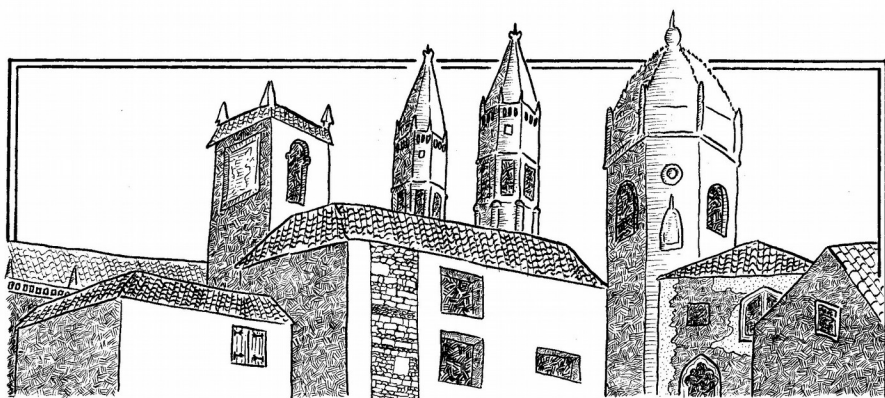
## 256

As the uruk turns his back and makes a break for it you deal him one final blow, and he falls face first in the mud.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 299**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 324**





## 257

You slip quietly into Kalliss-Morr, quickly becoming anonymous in the crowds.

This could be described as....

### THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...

## 258

You try and back away from the fight but the guards follow you step for step, you have no choice but to turn and flee.

Make a L2 SPEED roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 9**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then (re)turn to **paragraph 309**

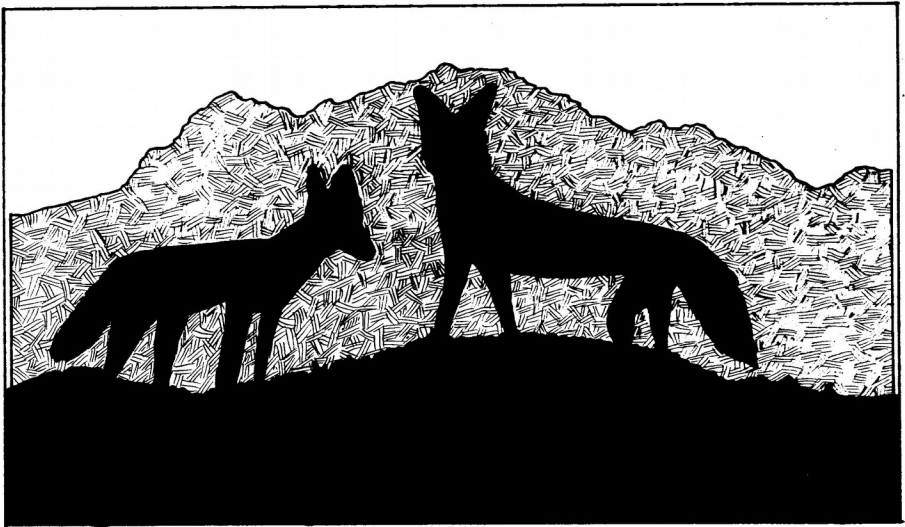
# 259

The goblin shoots at you. He is at close range. Roll 2d6 (Doubles Add and Roll Over, remember) and consult the following table:

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or Hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the total of the dice equals or exceeds the target number then take 3d6 damage, modified for armour.

If you survive turn to **paragraph 413**



# 260

You notice you are being tracked, a pair of Kurtish Jackals are watching you with all too much intent. It becomes clear that for safety you will need to travel with the caravan.

Turn to **paragraph 27**

# 261

You have no strength left and lie helpless. A shadow, black against the purple of the night sky, walks towards you. There is a light, only briefly, and the face of Al Kazar. Your body is limp as he leans forward and presses a finger against your forehead. The spot becomes as cold as ice, so cold it hurts. But the pain becomes distant as you feel your life fade away, slowly, everything goes dark.

**THE END**

# 262

You speed backwards towards the other tower, the sound of your pursuers hard on your heels. Blast! that door opens as well, and out troop a hobb, a dwarf and a human, all in the Kallissian blue guards uniform, which is becoming all too familiar.

If you fight all seven of the guards turn to **paragraph 423**

If you jump into the city turn to **paragraph 114**

# 263

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you failed the DEXTERITY roll turn to **paragraph 225**

If you passed the roll but caused less than 20 damage turn to **paragraph 8**

If you passed the roll and cause 20 or more damage turn to **paragraph 236**

# 264

The goblin shoots at you. He is at close range. Roll 2d6 (Doubles Add and Roll Over, remember) and consult the following table:

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the total of the dice equals or exceeds the target number then take 4d6 damage, modified for armour.

If you survive turn to **paragraph 147**

# 265

The goblin evades your grasp and disappears into the night. Draw a star (\*) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet and you earn 30 AP.

Behind you the camp is under heavy attack from a mixed band of uruks and goblins.

If you go to the aid of the caravan turn to **paragraph 237**

If you slink away, its not your fight after all, turn to **paragraph 11**

# 266

A blinding flash momentarily casts the scene in a searing white light.

Roll 2d6 (DARO) for each opponent you are fighting and cross reference the result with their MR on the table below. If they equal or exceed the target number then they are not affected by the light; they looked or way or blinked at the right moment. If they don't match the target number then they are subject to the effects below.

MR	Target Number
Up to 15	20
16-20	16
21-25	12
26-30	10
31-40	8
41+	7

All opponents who are effected lose all adds. If all opponents are affected then you automatically pass any tests to flee.

Return to **previous paragraph**

## 267

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll, if you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you fail the DEXTERITY roll turn to **paragraph 297**

If you pass the roll but caused less than 15 damage turn to **paragraph 341**

If you passed the roll and cause 15 or more damage turn to **paragraph 200**

## 268

The goblin squeals like a stuck pig as you hit him. He turns and attempts to run.

If you try and stop him turn to **paragraph 96**

If you let him run, turn to **paragraph 197**

## 269

The uruk stares you in the eye for a minute before thinking better of it and disappearing into the night.

If you want to find another target to shoot at turn to **paragraph 299**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 324**

## 270

The goblin surrenders, pitiful tears rolling down his ugly cheeks.

If you take mercy draw a heart (♥) in the top left hand corner of your character sheet and turn to **paragraph 156**

If you put him out of his misery turn to **paragraph 7**

## 271

Your form shimmers for a moment, then fades into the background, invisible to normal eyes.

You automatically pass the LUCK roll to avoid being seen.

Return to the **previous paragraph**

## 272

You awake. The sun is already high in the sky.

You regain up to 4 CONSTITUTION points, and 8 WIZARDRY points.

You are stiff from the battle and sleeping on the stony ground.

If you want to go to the stream to wash off turn to **paragraph 49**

If you want to go and look at the campsite turn to **paragraph 335**

If you want to head straight off to Kalliss-Morr turn to **paragraph 227**

## 273

You were so engrossed in the combat, that you did not see the other three guards until they were upon you. You are now fighting seven guards.

Human 1 – A red-headed woman with a mean scar across her cheek.  
**MR:30 (4d6+15)**

Human 2 – A short, fat man with the face of a drinker: **MR:30 (4d6+15)**

Human 3 – A thin, nervous looking young woman: **MR:26 (3d6+13)**

Human 4 – six foot six if she is an inch, this woman looks like she

works out **MR.38 (4d6+19)**

Dwarf 1 – Grey bearded with sharp features. **MR.36 (4d6+18)**

Dwarf2 – Bald but with a luxurious white beard, stained yellow with pipe smoke. **MR.28 (3d6+14)**

Hobb – Wearing a fez and green harem pants under his guard's uniform, this Hobb obviously thinks himself something of a dandy. **MR.22 (3d6+11)**

**NB you may already have reduced some MRs**

If you beat all seven of the guards turn to **paragraph 404**

If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

## 274

The old man is somehow holding his own, even though he is hopping. However he is not actually doing much damage to the goblin as the latter is so heavily armoured. The goblin is holding a pole-arm, which he seems pretty useless with but his armour is covered in jagged spikes which make it very difficult to get anywhere near him.

The one legged man adds his combat total to yours.

One Legged-Man **MR.8 (1d6+4)**

Spiky Goblin **MR.30 (4d6+15) 9 points of armour**

If the Spiky goblin ever rolls two points of spite damage in one combat round then this instead becomes d6+1 spite damage.

Split all damage taken equally between you and the old man (with any odd points going to you) before allowing for armour. However the old



man gets a special save each round he would take damage he makes a L1 LUCK roll (his LUCK is 12) if he passes he avoids all damage.

		Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Wt/Ht	Max Wt/Ht	Dam. Taken
Spiky Goblin Helmet <sup>1</sup>	An open helm covered in jagged spikes	2	3	0	12	55	+1d 6	88lb 3'11"	119lb 4'9"	1

		Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Wt/Ht	Max Wt/Ht	Dam. Taken
Goblin Hauberk <sup>1</sup>	A rusty coat of mail	3	4	-1	120	325	0	93lb 4'2"	113lb 5'0"	2
Spiky Goblin Bracers x2 <sup>1</sup>	Iron Bracers, with nasty spikes (stats are each)	1	1	0	75	80	+1d 6	93lb 4'2"	113lb 5'0"	1
Spiky Goblin Gauntlets x2 <sup>1</sup>	Black steel gauntlets with a large protruding spike (stats are each)	1	2	-1	30	15	+1d 6	93lb 4'2"	113lb 5'0"	1

<sup>1</sup> All of the goblins armour is already damaged. This is accounted for in the stated 'hits' but must be taken into account when a LUCK roll is made to avoid damage.

		Dam	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Goblin Polearm	A short polearm, with an ash shaft and a basic iron head	5d6	11	10	100	120	-

If the old man dies draw a diamond (♦) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet, if he survives draw a heart (♥)

If you try and run make a L2 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 35** if you fail then take d6+2 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

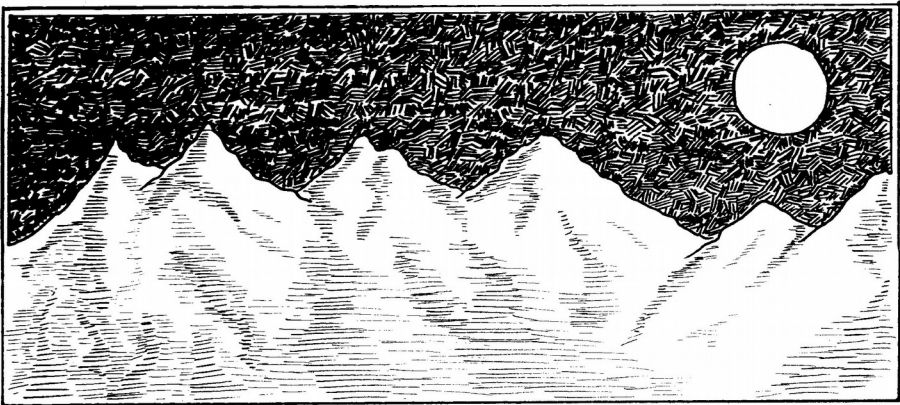
If you beat the goblin you may take his sword or armour if you wish then turn to **paragraph 125**

# 275

The uruk falls to the ground dead, in the hubbub no-one seems to notice.

If you want to find another target turn to **paragraph 299**

If you join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 324**



## 276

You begin to undo one of the clasps on a large wooden trunk.

'How can we thank you?' says a tall, Kalliss-Morrian, striding towards you across the debris littered battlefield. 'It appears you may have saved my caravan.' You turn round quickly pretending you weren't trying to rob anyone.

Despite his warm welcome the Keliss-Morrian has a cold face. Yellowed stumps of teeth poke through his thin lips; his eyes are all but hidden beneath dark lids. He is dressed richly, in the manner of a caravan owner, which is exactly what he is.

'My name is Al Kazar, this is my caravan. It seems some of my guards are...not of much use any more,' he kicks the dead accordion player lightly. 'Would you consider taking their place? I know you are but one warrior, but you have proven your worth here tonight. And what is more, we are but half a day's journey from the city, we shall be there by lunch time tomorrow. Shall we say 100gp..?

If you accept Al Kazar's offer turn to **paragraph 14**

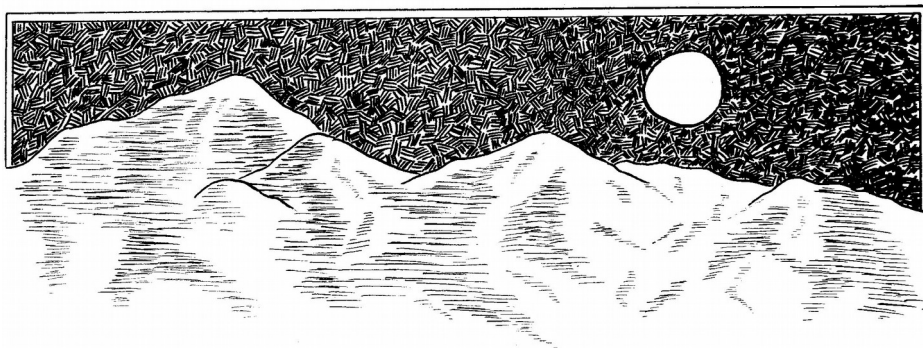
If you decline turn to **paragraph 128**

If you attempt to haggle over the price turn to **paragraph 132**

## 277

You rise effortlessly to the top of the wall, not even breaking a sweat.

Turn to **paragraph 376**



## 278

'How can we thank you?' says a tall, Kalliss-Morrian, striding towards you across the debris littered battlefield. 'It appears you may have saved my caravan.' Numerous dead bodies prove the 'saving' is relative.

Despite his warm welcome the Keliss-Morrian has a cold face. Yellowed stumps of teeth poke through his thin lips; his eyes are all but hidden beneath dark lids. He is dressed richly, in the manner of a caravan owner, which is exactly what he is:

'My name is Al Kazar, this is my caravan. It seems some of my guards are...not of much use any more,' he kicks the dead accordion player lightly. 'Would you consider taking their place? I know you are but one warrior, but you have proven your worth here tonight. And what is more Keliss-Morr is but half a day's journey, we shall be there by lunch time tomorrow. Shall we say 100gp..?'

If you accept Al Kazar's offer turn to **paragraph 14**

If you decline turn to **paragraph 128**

If you attempt to haggle over the price turn to **paragraph 132**

## 279

You awaken suddenly. Something is wrong. There is something in your mouth, something cold and wet and slimy. You roll over, onto hands and knees, spewing. Slugs! Your mouth is full of slugs, but not just your mouth, your nose as well. Hundreds, no thousands, of them, crawling up your body and towards your face.

You rip them off as fast as you can, hurling them into the night. The ground too is thick with them, there is some devilry at play here. You stagger away into the night, away from the camp.

You don't know how long you run for, but eventually you sink to your knees, exhausted, and then crumpling to a pile on the stony ground you fall asleep.

Turn to **paragraph 406**

## 280

As you pass the guards you hear one of them say 'Wait a minute, isn't that...'

If you break into a run turn to **paragraph 380**

If you act normal turn to **paragraph 77**

## 281

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 245**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) then (re)turn to **paragraph 137**

## 282

If you are a human or elf make a L2 CHARISMA roll.

If you are a dwarf, then her friend might be interested, but she doesn't look very friendly. Make a L3 CHARISMA roll.

If you are a hobb or faerie, well you never know, make a L4 CHARISMA roll.

If you are any other kindred you fail.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 397**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 66**

## 283

A lot of items have been left scattered across the battle field, mostly broken, worthless. You do though find one item of value.

Generate 1 item on the **Random Loot Table**

If you have not gone to the stream yet you may do so by turning to **paragraph 123**

To head off to Kalliss-Morr turn to **paragraph 227**

## 284

Lying on the ground you find some things that must have been dropped, by attackers or defenders you couldn't say. Generate 2 items from the **Random Loot Table** at the end of the book.

If you wish to wash in the stream (and you have not yet done so) turn to **paragraph 38**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 227**

# 285

Make a L1 SPEED ROLL.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 248**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then (re)turn to **paragraph 301**

# 286

You head into the confusion of the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 73**

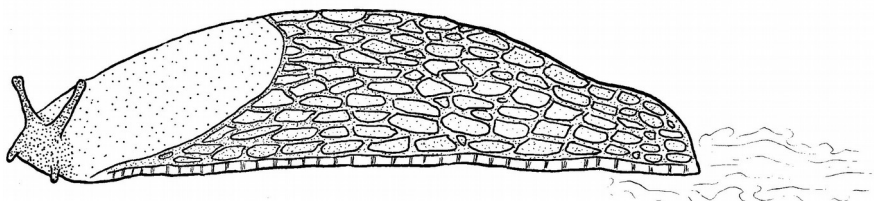
# 287

With a jolt you wake. Yet the dream does not drop away. You can not open your eyes, your mouth and nose are clogged, your lungs burning.

You leap to your feet, madly ripping at your face, handfuls of slime come away from your eyes: you can see they are slugs, hundreds of them. They fill your mouth, your nostrils, everywhere. You gag yet your throat is full of them too. The three other guards thrash in panic on the floor, their faces covered.

As the burning starts to fade from your lungs you know it is too late. Your hands become weak, you are no longer even able to lift them to your face. You slump to the ground, darkness envelopes you.

**THE END**



# 288

You feel rather smug as you stand over the bodies of three guards.

'Umm, excuse me...' comes a voice from behind you. Four more guards are standing there, waiting for a fight.

Human 1 – A red-headed woman with a mean scar across her cheek.

**MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Human 2 – A short, fat man with the face of a drinker: **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

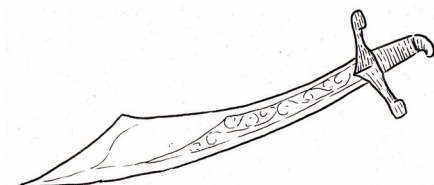
Human 3 – A thin, nervous looking young woman: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Dwarf 1 – Grey bearded with sharp features: **MR.36 (4d6+18)**

If you beat the guards turn to **paragraph 404**

If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 281**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**



# 289

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass you may either look for a new target, in which case turn to **paragraph 299**

Or if you would rather join the melee that is now swirling through the camp turn to **paragraph 324**

If you fail take 2d6 damage and turn to **paragraph 308**



## 290

The uruk, having taken a few nasty knocks, backs away attempting to flee.

If you let him turn to **paragraph 224**

If you try and stop him take a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 194** if you fail turn to **paragraph 224**

## 291

The gods-ugly goblin crumples to the ground. As you straighten up you become aware of shouts from the camp, they are obviously under attack, by the look of it from a mixed band of goblins and uruks.

If you run to their aid turn to **paragraph 237**

If you sneak up, trying to keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 11**

## 292

A sharp faced goblin runs to the uruk's aid. He is **MR.15 (2d6+7)**.

If you beat both the uruk and the goblin turn to **paragraph 144**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 63**

## 293

The goblin tries to dash off, but quick as a viper your weapon leaps out and deals him a blow, killing him outright.

You become aware of shouts from the camp, they are obviously under attack, by the look of it from a mixed band of goblins and uruks.

If you return to their aid as quick as you can turn to **paragraph 237**

If you sneak up, trying to keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 11**

## 294

You head off into the cold night, wondering if you were right to leave the camp behind.

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 251**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 206**

## 295

The door does not budge, to be honest you look a bit of a fool, but thankfully there is no one to see it. Well, that's a no-go then.

Turn to **paragraph 58**

## 296

Oops, their pausing was only a distraction, while one of their comrades, a weasely little fellow snook up behind you. Take 2d6 damage, not modified for armour. If you are still alive you are now locked in combat.

Guard 1: **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Guard 2: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

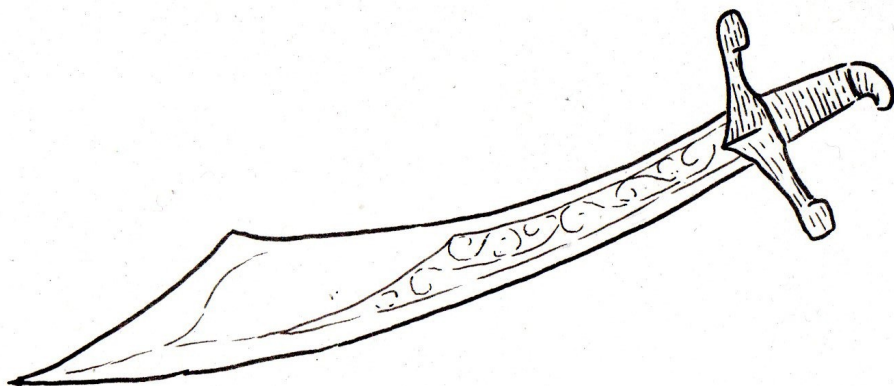
Guard 3: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Guard 4: **MR. 16 (2d6+8)**

If you somehow manage to win the combat turn to **paragraph 309**

If you try and make a run for it turn to **paragraph 258**

If you die, well you've only got yourself to blame haven't you.



## 297

You miss the nasty little runt and, grinning, he presses the trigger on his crossbow sending the bolt right at you. Roll 2d6 (remember Doubles Add and Roll Over) and consult the following table:

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or Hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the dice equal or exceed the target number take 3d6 damage (modified for armour). If you survive the goblin has gone.

If you stay where you are and look for another target turn to **paragraph 386**

If you move around the periphery of the camp, keeping to the shadows turn to **paragraph 42**

If you move into the camp and join the melee turn to **paragraph 360**

## 298

The hrgor slumps to the ground, if you wish you make take his weapons:

	Damage	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Hrgor's Sax	2d6 +4	7	8/30	35	35	10
Hrgor's Bludgen	6d6	18	10	50	200	-

Turn to **paragraph 134**

## 299

You draw back you bow (or ready your crossbow, flex your magic fingers, or whatever the case may be) ready for the next victim to walk into your sights.

A sharp faced goblin walks over to the uruk with an arrow in his back looks around, then looks directly at you...instinctively you fire.

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass, roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you miss turn to **paragraph 137**

If you pass but scored less than 20 damage turn to **paragraph 160**

If you pass and scored 20 or more damage turn to **paragraph 157**

# 301

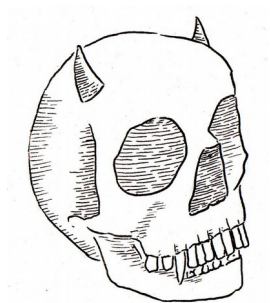
As their boss slumps to the floor the remaining goblins go mad, working them selves into a frenzy over the death of their beloved mistress.

All the remain goblins now fight at **(4d6+0)** no matter what their remaining MR is.

If you kill the remaining goblins turn to **paragraph 373**

If you die turn to **paragraph 405**

If you want to run away turn to **paragraph 285**



# 302

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass then turn to to **paragraph 227**

If you fail take 1d6+2 damage then (re)turn to **paragraph 112**

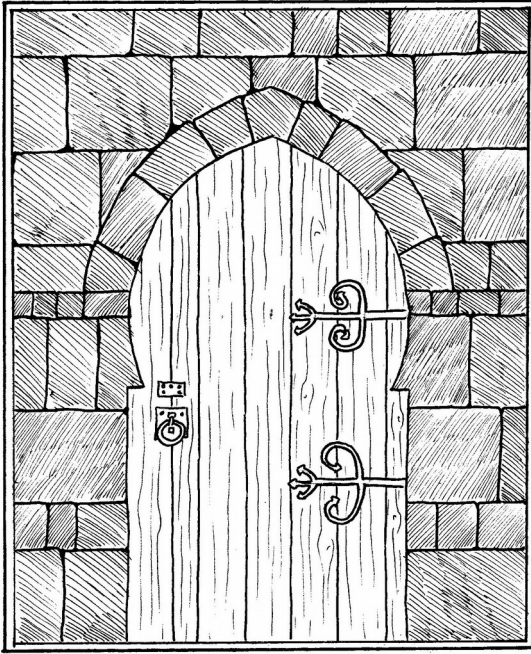
# 303

You hurry away, trying to keep to the shadows.

Make a L1 LUCK roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 242**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 175**



## 304

Trying not to look *too* suspicious you attempt to smash down the door with your weapon.

Make a L1 STRENGTH roll and a L2 LUCK roll.

If you pass them both turn to **paragraph 103**

If you pass the STRENGTH roll but not the LUCK roll turn to **paragraph 422**

If you pass the LUCK roll but not the STRENGTH roll turn to **paragraph 295**

If you fail both rolls turn to **paragraph 118**

## 305

Good idea! With only the smallest of creaks the door springs open.

Turn to **paragraph 241**

## 306

You stumble over an unseen stone. The goblin cuts you with his knife, take  $d6+2$  damage allowing for armour but not shield. Then turn to **paragraph 247**

# 307

The woman is easier, more comfortable, but it is clear she is dying. Over the next half hour or so, she slips gently away.

If you wish to search her body turn to **paragraph 37**

If you leave her or bury her turn to **paragraph 61**

# 308

The uruk approaches, sword in hand, his shrewd eyes looking for any opening. He is **MR.40** (5d6+20).

If you kill him on or before the third combat round turn to **paragraph 187**

If, after 3 combat rounds, you have inflicted 20 or more damage on him, turn to **paragraph 316**

If you would like to run turn to **paragraph 366**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 17**



# 309

Just as the last of the guards fall, four more step into their place, one of them some sort of half hrgor.

Guard 1: **MR.30** (4d6+15)

Guard 2: **MR.20** (3d6+10)

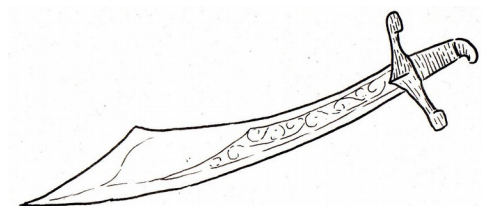
Guard 3: **MR.20** (3d6+10)

Guard 4: **MR.40** (5d6+20)

If you win (are you cheating?) turn to **paragraph 116**

If you try and run away turn to **paragraph 258**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION then you die.



# 310

You put your shoulder to the door, at the same time trying not to look suspicious.

Make a L2 STRENGTH roll and a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass them both turn to **paragraph 103**

If you pass the STRENGTH roll but not the LUCK roll turn to **paragraph 422**

If you pass the LUCK roll but not the STRENGTH roll turn to **paragraph 295**

If you fail both rolls turn to **paragraph 118**



# 311

The hrgor slumps to the ground, if you wish you may take his weapons:

	Dam	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
Hrgor's Sax	2d6 +4	7	8/30	35	35	10
Hrgor's Bludgen	6d6	18	10	50	200	-

Turn to **paragraph 176**

# 312

The guard is a tall and broad human, in another time and place he might be called 'buff'.

Guard **MR.34 (4d6+17)**

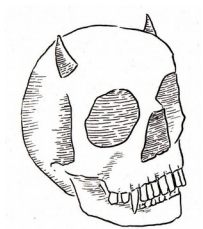
If you try and run make a L1 SPEED, if you pass you escape the guard.

Turn to **paragraph 58**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.

If you beat the guard you go through the door, turn to **paragraph 241**

If you are taken to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**



## 313

The tankards of ale are passed round freely, it seems Al Kazar, the caravan owner, must have spent as much on provisions as on the guards' wages. As the night wears on the singing and crude humour becomes ever more raucous.

If you abstain from drinking altogether turn to **paragraph 359**

If you drink, but sensibly turn to **paragraph 365**

If you match the guards tankard for tankard turn to **paragraph 193**

## 314

The uruk stares you in the eye for a minute before thinking better of it and disappearing into the night.

If you want to find another target to shot at turn to **paragraph 414**

If you want to join the hand to hand fighting turn to **paragraph 286**

## 315

'Oi!' one of the guards shouts, you straighten up, realising you have been seen. 'Who goes there?'

If you identify yourself to the guard turn to **paragraph 136**

If you slink further away from the camp turn to **paragraph 55**

## 316

The uruk, having taken a few nasty knocks, backs away attempting to flee.

If you let him turn to **paragraph 43**

If you try and stop him take a L1 SPEED roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 256** if you fail turn to **paragraph 43**

## 317

You are almost at the first tower to the left when its door opens and out run a hobb, a dwarf and a human, all in the Kallissian blue guards uniform.

If you meet them in combat turn to **paragraph 395**

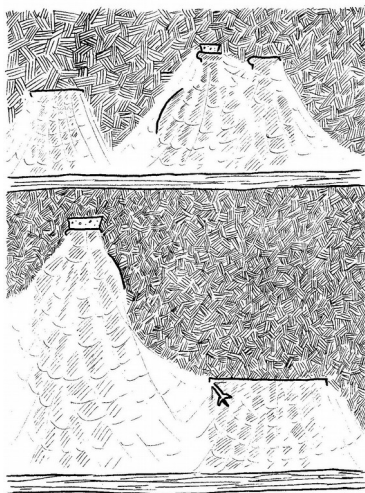
If you run back in the other direction turn to **paragraph 167**

If you jump, turn to **paragraph 114**

## 318

You wipe the cobwebs away from the shelves to find mostly empty bottles, three candles that have been chewed by mice and are now useless, but wait a minute what's this..?

Make one roll on the **Random Loot Table**, then return to **paragraph 241**



## 319

You slip behind a boulder, and the goblin's crossbow bolt clatters harmlessly off the stone and away into the night air. You wait for a second before looking over your cover, but the goblin has gone.

If you stay where you are, looking for a new target turn to **paragraph 386**

If you move position but keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 42**

If you join the melee turn to **paragraph 360**

# 320

You try desperately to keep the slugs from your mouth and nose, but to no avail. There are too many and as you tire they keep coming, slipping further into your windpipe, until at last you can draw no breath. You know it is the end and you lie helplessly while the black envelops you...

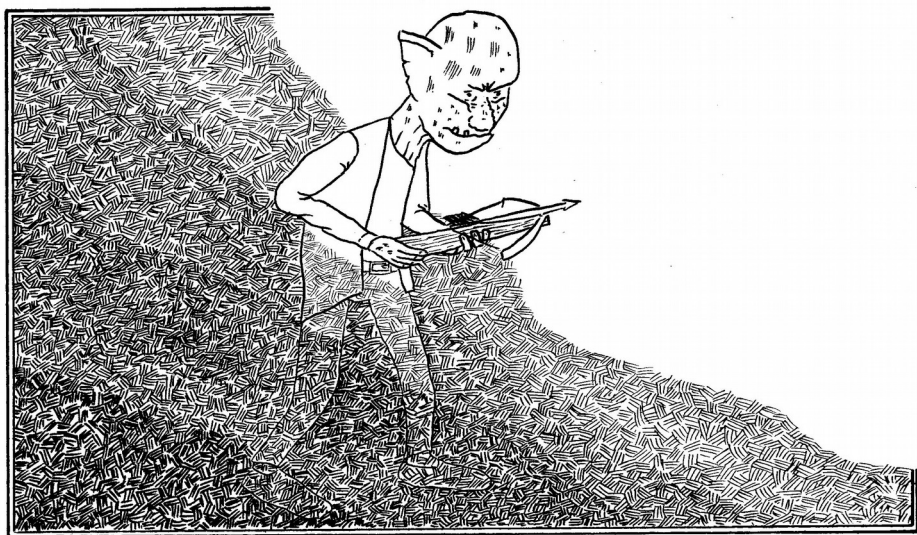
**THE END**

# 321

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass then the trolls seemed satisfied with your answer, but they will hang round here just in case, so you may not try climbing the wall again. Turn to **paragraph 58**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 164**



## 322

You slip behind a boulder, and the goblin's crossbow bolt clatters harmlessly off the stone and away into the night air. You wait for a second before looking over your cover, but the goblin has gone.

If you stay where you are, looking for a new target turn to **paragraph 36**

If you move position but keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 89**

If you join the melee turn to **paragraph 151**

## 323

You run panicked from the tent, not caring who can see you. Maybe this was a mistake. In fact it definitely was a mistake. Without warning you are hit by a searing heat in the small of the back. It sends you flying face first into the dirt and deals 10 damage, not modified by armour.

If you are still alive make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

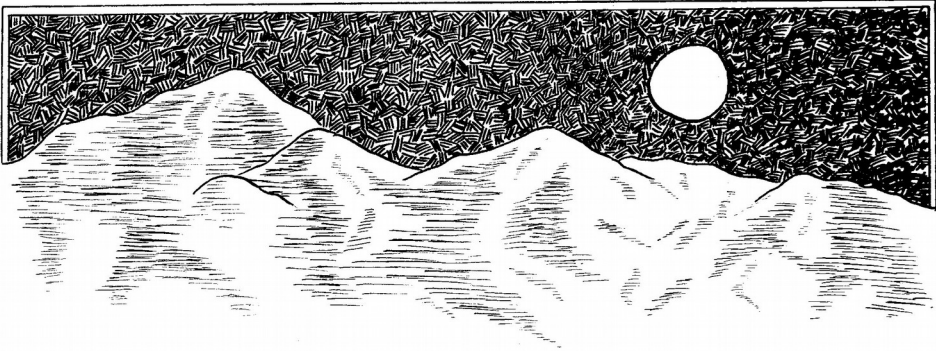
If you pass turn to **paragraph 40**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 74**

## 324

You head into the swirling melee that is now the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 237**



## 325

Make a L1 SPEED ROLL.

If you fail you can not escape combat, take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) then (re)turn to **paragraph 426**.

If you pass make a L1 LUCK roll, if you pass this as well turn to **paragraph 188**, if you fail the luck roll turn to **paragraph 234**

## 326

The guard hurries after you.

'Excuse me,' she says. 'But would you mind having a word with me in the guard room.'

Make a L1 INTELLIGENCE roll.

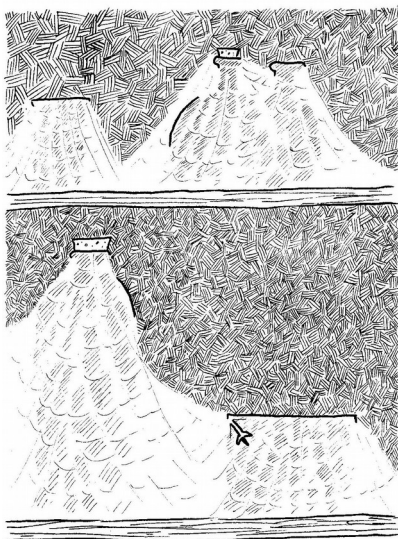
If you pass turn to **paragraph 239**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 85**

## 327

The crates topple on to the guard there is a muffled shout, then quiet: for now at least the guard seems to be out of action.

The room appears to have been a store room, but it obviously hasn't been used in a while, thick sheets of cobwebs lie over everything. Apart from the pile of crates that bury the guard, there is a set of shelves against one wall. There are two doors, the one you came in by and another, closed, door opposite.



To search the crates turn to **paragraph 33**

To search the shelves turn to **paragraph 169**

To go back out onto the street turn to **paragraph 233**

To try the other door turn to **paragraph 34**

## 328

You head to the door leading to the street, make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 222**

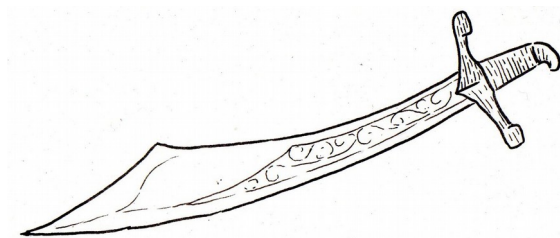
If you fail turn to **paragraph 399**

## 329

You miss! The uruk swings round and sees you in the shadows. He starts to advance...

If you run away turn to **paragraph 289**

If you engage the brute in combat turn to **paragraph 308**



## 330

The goblin goes Billy-bananas: screaming incomprehensibly at you.

Goblin: **MR.20 (5d6+10)** (he gets plus 2d6 for being because he is going all out to kill you)

**Special Rule.** The goblin re-rolls all 1s for combat. If they come up as a 1 a second time then that sticks.

If you beat the goblin go to **paragraph 283**

If you try and run make a L2 SPEED roll, if you pass you manage to dodge away from the goblin and head off to Kalliss-Morr. Turn to **paragraph 227**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.



# 331

Concentrating on the camp you do not see a goblin in the shadows to your right until it is too late. He levels a nasty looking cross-bow and fires. Roll 2d6 (remember Doubles Add and Roll Over) and refer to the following table:

Your Size	Target Number
Giant or hrgor	5
Troll, Human, Dwarf	10
Hobb	30
Fairy	60

If the total of the roll equals or exceeds the target number then you have been hit. Take 4d6 damage (modified for armour and shield) and if you survive turn to **paragraph 147**

# 332

For what seems like hours you skirt the city boundary, looking for some way through, ducking into the shadows every time you see a group of guards heading your way. Eventually you see a way you might, *might*, be able to climb over.

A small taverna has been built against the wall. Its sloping roof only 6 or so feet from the floor at the front. Behind is an old tower, its façade crumbling, which leads up on to the wall proper.

If you attempt the climb turn to **paragraph 62**

If you go to the main gate turn to **paragraph 109**

If you go to a side gate turn to **paragraph 145**

## 333

The uruk's head flies from his shoulders, landing some feet away with a dull squelch.

If you want to join the melee in the camp turn to **paragraph 286**

If you want to look for a new target turn to **paragraph 414**

## 334

Elsewhere in the camp a one-legged old man appears to be battering a goblin with his wooden leg and a fair haired chap is struggling against an uruk.

If you help the one-legged old man turn to **paragraph 274**

If you help the fair haired chap turn to **paragraph 46**

Or if you try and slip away turn to **paragraph 408**

## 335

There are dead bodies and the burnt remains of tents, sacking and who knows what smouldering where the caravan had been yesterday. All the pay load has gone, along with the camels.

If you have a star in the upper right corner of your character sheet make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 250**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 50**

If you do not have a star turn to **paragraph 345**

## 336

You clatter to the floor, hurting little more than your pride but making quite a noise.

Make L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 332**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 41**

## 337

The gods-ugly goblin crumples to the ground. As you straighten up you become aware of shouts from the camp, they are obviously under attack, by the look of it from a mixed band of goblins and uruks.

If you return to their aid as quick as you can turn to **paragraph 237**

If you sneak up, trying to keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 11**

## 338

You sprint over to the uruk and goblins, knowing that the only chance is to beat them in combat and hope the other attackers break.

Turn to **paragraph 375**

## 339

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 406**

# 340

There are many tribes that live in the hills to the south, and the plains to the north of Kalliss-Morr, of which yours is just one. Collectively you are known by the Kallissians as Kurtah's, though such a term is an insult to you, meaning 'barbarian' or 'unwashed'.

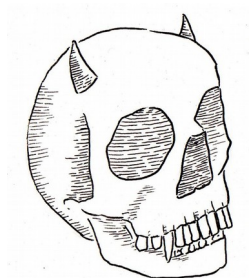
There is actually little that holds the tribes together, it is said a thousand tongues are spoken, and while some of these are doubtless dialects it is not uncommon for tribes living in neighbouring valleys to have no mutual understanding.

Life is hard for the tribes: you subsist on goat farming, opium poppies and banditry. Recently it has got even harder, bands of uruks have been roaming ever further south, getting more organised and (if it is possible) more vicious. They cover themselves in swathes of cloth as protection from the hated sun.

What is stranger is that they have been joined by goblins, who have left the salt plains that have always been their home and are now braving the arid plains.

Many Kurtah's have started migrating to a life of urban poverty in Kalliss-Morr.

Turn to **paragraph 230**



# 341

You hit the goblin, but manage only to wound him. Squealing for someone called 'Gaston' he runs back into the camp.

If you stay where you are and look for another target turn to **paragraph 386**

If you move around the periphery of the camp, keeping to the shadows turn to **paragraph 42**

If you move into the camp and join the melee turn to **paragraph 360**

# 342

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) and (re)turn to **paragraph 240**

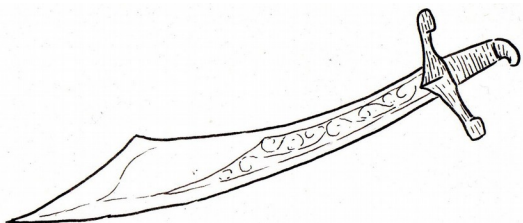
If you pass turn to **paragraph 134**

# 343

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you fail you can not avoid combat, turn to **paragraph 426**

If you pass you manage to slip away in the shadows, make a L1 LUCK roll. If you pass then turn to **paragraph 188**, if you fail turn to **paragraph 331**



Go to: Magic Matrix - Paragraph Finder

## 344

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass the half-hrgor fails to see you in the shadows, turn to **paragraph 176**

If you fail the half-hrgor sees you and takes a sudden swipe. Turn to **paragraph 234** but for the first combat round halve your adds (rounding up).

## 345

You come across something rather strange. you find several guards lying dead around the camp, many of them in their tents, as if they had died in their sleep. None of them have a mark on their body, except their faces are covered in dried slime and you find a lot of slugs about their persons.

Also, the loot, along with the camels which you fought so hard to save last night has gone. Surly there wasn't another attack in the night? You had slept a fair way from the camp, but even so you would have woken....wouldn't you?

A lot of items have been left scattered across the battlefield, mostly broken, worthless. You do though find two items of value.

Generate 2 items on the **Random Loot Table**.

If you have not gone to the stream yet you may do so by turning to **paragraph 401**

To head off to Kalliss-Morr turn to **paragraph 227**

## 346

There is nothing of interest or value in the room.

Regain 1 WAIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 211**

## 347

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you fail the DEXTERITY roll turn to **paragraph 240**

If you pass but score less than 35 damage turn to **paragraph 240** but take your damage from the stated MR.

If you pass and score 35 or more damage turn to **paragraph 298**

## 348

You watch as the pitiful creature disappears, scampering from rock to rock.

If you wish to have a look through the remains of the camp (and you have not yet done so) turn to **paragraph 284**

If you wish to wash in the stream (and you have not yet done so) turn to **paragraph 38**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 227**

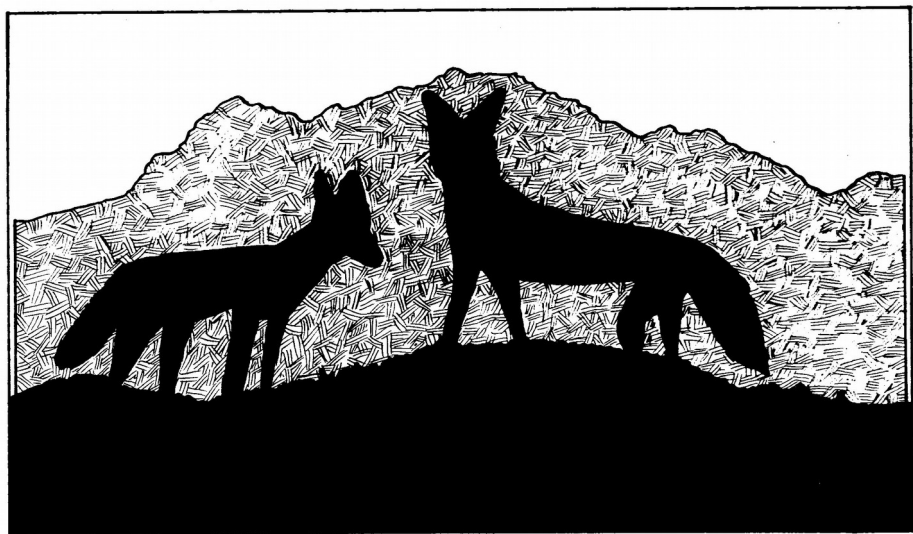
# 349

There is a sudden cerebral flash as your mind touches that of the jackal. You feel its thoughts, the hunger and fear which drives it. You try and steer these thoughts, so you are seen not as food, but as an ally. This is not easy, as it goes against all the jackals instincts.

Make a L1 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass the jackals back off and leave you be but it is obvious that you are not safe by yourself. You press on and try to catch the caravan, turn to **paragraph 27**

If you fail then the Jackals instincts are too strong to overcome. Take 2d6 damage modified by armour (you are touching one of the jackals) and then turn to **paragraph 68**





## 350

You sleep soundly, exhausted by the fight. Your dreams though become ever more claustrophobic, drowning in a sea of filthy mucus, until it feels like you can hardly breathe.

Make a L1 WIZARDRY roll

If you pass turn to **paragraph 279**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 19**

## 351

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass the half hrgor fails to see you in the shadows, turn to **paragraph 134**

If you fail the half hrgor sees you and takes a sudden swipe. Turn to **paragraph 240** but for the first combat round halve your adds (rounding up).

## 354

As if Fazl wasn't enough, two other guards arrive. Three against one are not odds you fancy.

Guard 1 (A dwarf) is **MR.26 (3d6+13) with 3 points of armour**

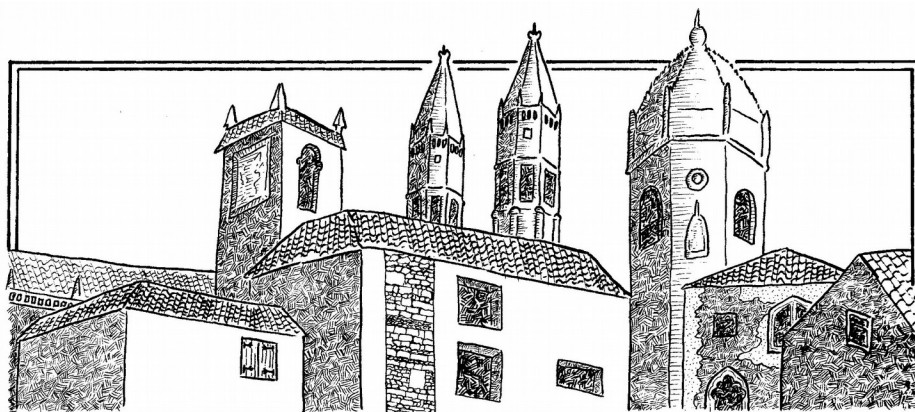
Guard 2 ( a human) is **MR.22 (3d6+11) with 2 points of armour**

Each round you may try and push one of these off the wall, as before.

If you fumble turn to **paragraph 142**

If you decide to jump from the wall (the only way out of the fight) turn to **paragraph 100**

If you some how manage to win the fight turn to **paragraph 376**



## 355

The four guards lie impassive at your feet. You are busy feeling smug when there is a polite cough behind you. Three more guards are standing there patiently.

Human – six foot six if she is an inch, this woman looks like she works out **MR:38 (4d6+19)**

Dwarf – Bald but with a luxuriant white beard, stained yellow with pipe smoke. **MR:28 (3d6+14)**

Hobb – Wearing a fez and green harem pants under his guard's uniform this Hobb obviously thinks himself something of a dandy. **MR:22 (3d6+11)**

If you beat these three as well turn to **paragraph 404**

If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

## 356

With a jolt you wake. Yet the dream does not drop away. You can not open your eyes, your mouth and nose are clogged, your lungs burning.

You leap to your feet, madly ripping at your face, handfuls of slime come away from your eyes: you can see they are slugs, hundreds of them. They fill your mouth, your nostrils, everywhere. You gag yet your throat is full of them too. The three other guards thrash in panic on the floor, their faces covered as well.

In desperation you reach into your mouth, bringing out a mass of the vile molluscs. You gag again, but this time vomit and slugs spew from your throat. You can breathe!

You dash to the other guards, trying to free their airways, but it is too late for them. One by one, their struggles stop and they lie motionless.

You have ten seconds to write down what you do next, then turn to **paragraph 203**

## 357

They are not having any of it and close in for combat.

Guard 1: **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Guard 2: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Guard 3: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

If you somehow manage to win the combat turn to **paragraph 309**

If you try and make a run for it turn to **paragraph 258**

## 358

There is no sign of Al Kazar, presumably he has long gone. The road, such as it is, stretches out empty ahead of you. It is hard to believe that you are only a few hours away from one of the greatest cities in the world.

After a while you come across a small ruined building on the road side. Maybe once a guard station? It has long since been abandoned, and contains nothing of note, except....

As you walk past something catches your eye, a crumpled piece of paper blowing across the road. You pick it up and unfold it to discover it is a wanted poster. And hell, that's your face! Well you're pretty sure it supposed to be your face, surely your hair isn't that tangled, and do you really look that rough? Mind you, now you think of it, it has been a while since you've looked in a mirror.

If you are literate turn to **paragraph 218**

Otherwise turn to **paragraph 58**

## 359

You feel ever distanced from the group, they are really letting loose and your sobriety sets you apart. Some comments are made, but they are generally a friendly bunch, you feel uncomfortable but nothing more. You are glad though you are not employed as a guard, with such little discipline it is a wonder they have not already been robbed four ways to Fastday.

Turn to **paragraph 365**

## 360

You head over to the confusion that is the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 24**

## 361

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll.

If you cause damage turn to **paragraph 197**

If you don't turn to **paragraph 396**

## 362

You sit in the cold and the dark, watching the camp. Your dried provisions seem very meagre as platefuls of greasy bacon and peas are handed out to the guards, but none the less you sit unspotted. Some men play dice for money, most are swigging from tankards of ale, which seems very plentiful.

Make a L1 LUCK roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 251**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 206**

## 363

There are dead bodies and the burnt remains of tents, sacking and who knows what smouldering where the caravan had been yesterday. All the pay load has gone, along with the camels. If you have a star in the upper right corner of your character sheet make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 64**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 371**

If you do not have a star turn to **paragraph 283**

## 364

'Go on get off with you,' the bearded fella says.

If you leave the camp turn to **paragraph 362**

If you start a fight turn to **paragraph 357**

## 365

After a while the endless drunken choruses of 'There's No Harm in a Harem' become too much. You rise and head towards the sleeping quarters, where beery drunken snores are already filling the night air.

Make a L1 LUCK or INTELLIGENCE roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 28**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 104**

## 366

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 199**

If you fail take 2d6 damage and return to **paragraph 17**

## 367

Any opponents whose MR is less than your INTELLIGENCE + LUCK + CHARISMA will run away.

Return to **previous paragraph**

## 368

The figure creeps straight towards your hiding place. You can do nothing, moving will bring you to its attention for sure. Then it freezes in its tracks.

'Who's there?' it hisses in a thin voice.

If you run into the darkness turn to **paragraph 411**

If you face the creature for a fight turn to **paragraph 247**

## 369

The goblin screams a hate-filled and piercing battle-cry before leaping at you. There is no time for a missile attack.

The ugly little goblin has **MR:20 (3d6+10)**.

If you take the goblin below 15 MR but do not kill him turn to **paragraph 415**

If you kill the goblin turn to **paragraph 117**

If you try and run away turn to **paragraph 302**

## 370

The goblin looks shocked as your arrow sticks into him, but he does not fall. Instead he charges and engages you in combat. He has **MR:15 (2d6+7)** but has already taken any damage caused by your shot.

If you kill the goblin, turn to **paragraph 51**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 217**

# 371

Unseen the ugly little goblin from last night creeps up on you.

Roll 2d6 add the following modifiers and consult the following table:

- +1 per battle level
- +1 if you are over 6'
- 2 if you are under 4'

Roll Result	Paragraph
5 or less	<b>330</b>
6+	<b>183</b>

# 372

You were so engrossed in the combat, that you did not see the other four guards until they were upon you. You are now fighting seven guards:

Human 1 – A red-headed woman with a mean scar across her cheek.

**MR:30 (4d6+15)**

Human 2 – A short, fat man with the face of a drinker: **MR:30**

**(4d6+15)**

Human 3 – A thin, nervous looking young woman: **MR:26 (3d6+13)**

Human 4 – six foot six if she is an inch, this woman looks like she works out **MR:38 (4d6+19)**

Dwarf 1 – Grey bearded with sharp features: **MR:36 (4d6+18)**

Dwarf2 – Bald but with a luxuriant white beard, stained yellow with pipe smoke. **MR:28 (3d6+14)**

Hobb – Wearing a fez and green harem pants under his guard's



uniform this Hobb obviously thinks himself something of a dandy:

**MR.22 (3d6+11)**

**NB you may already have reduced some MRs**

If you beat all seven of the guards turn to **paragraph 404**

If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

# 373

As the last of your foes fall, you straighten your back to find that your plan worked. The other uruks and goblins, seeing that to steal the loot they would have to go through a warrior who obviously knows their eggs, have decided to fall back.

There are four suits of armour which you may take, but you may only use thm if you meet the requirements.

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin A)	A closed steel helmet with wings on the side	2	2	0	10	32	0	4'5" 65lb	5'1" 85lb
Breast Plate (Goblin A)	A leather studded jerkin.	3	3	-1	80	185	0	4'7" 72lb	4'11" 78lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin B)	A closed steel helmet decorated with what appears to be a goat's head	2	2	0	10	32	0	3'11" 72lb	4'7" 92lb
Hauberk (Goblin B)	A rusty chainmail affair.	3	3	-1	80	185	0	4'1" 79lb	4'5" 85lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Goblin C)	A closed steel helmet with wings on the side	2	2	0	10	32	0	3'5" 90lb	4'1" 110lb
Breast Plate (Goblin C)	A rusted and somewhat brittle lamella coat	3	3	-1	80	185	0	3'7" 97lb	3'11" 103lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet (Uruk)	An open helm with ridiculous brass horns	2	3	0	14	50	0	4'11" 120lb	5'11" 150lb

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Hauberk (Uruk)	Ancient, much used chain mail.	3	5	-2	150	400	0	5'5" 135lb	6'1" 155lb
Pauldron (Right, Uruk)	Once this would have been very ornate, but the gilded pattern has all but flaked off	1	1	0	75	50	0	5'1" 120lb	5'9" 150lb
Pauldron (Left, Uruk)	A basic affair, probably crafted by a blacksmith rather than an armourer	1	1	0	65	55	0	5'1" 120lb	5'9" 150lb

	Description	Damage	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Range
3 x Goblin Swords	Nasty jagged little swords	3d6	10	10	60	37	-
Uruk's Schimitar	A long curved weapon, in surprisingly good nick	5d6	16	16	77	125	-

And of course there is the loot that the goblins were after....

If you are a good boy/girl and leave it alone turn to **paragraph 278**

If you decide to have a rummage through the loot turn to **paragraph 276**

## 374

The ugly little creature crumples motionless to the ground.

Behind you the camp is under heavy attack from a mixed group of uruks and goblins.

If you decide to help the caravan turn to **paragraph 189**

If you slink away into the shadows, this isn't your fight after all, turn to **paragraph 208**

## 375

If you shoot first make a L2 DEXTERITY ROLL if you hit, assign damage to which ever opponent you wish. Then you are locked in combat.

Uruk **MR.26 (3d6+13), 7 points of armour.**

Goblin A **MR.14 (2d6+7), 5 points of armour.**

Goblin B **MR.14 (2d6+7), 5 points of armour.**

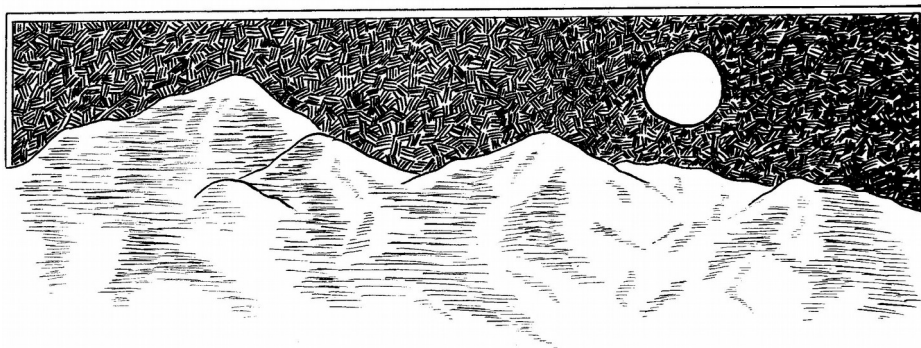
Goblin C **MR. 12 (2d6+6), 5 points of armour.**

However the space around the camels is cramped with luggage and equipment. Before each combat round you make make a L1 DEXTERITY or L1 LUCK roll. If you pass you only fight one of the enemy combatants this combat round, you choose which. If you fail you must fight them all.

If you kill the uruk while any of the goblins are still alive turn to **paragraph 135**

If you kill the goblins first then the uruk turn to **paragraph 373**

If you try and run away make a L1 SPEED roll if you pass turn to **paragraph 248**, if you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and carry on fighting.



## 376

At the moment the wall-top walk is empty. From here the city is just a mess of roofs and dirty alleys far below. It looks as if the path runs a complete circuit of the city, punctuated every now and then by towers, the only way up or down bar jumping.

If you head left around the walls turn to **paragraph 317**

If you head right turn to **paragraph 101**

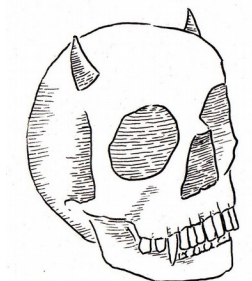
If you jump into the city turn to **paragraph 114**

## 377

If your plan involved staying where you are turn to **paragraph 320**

If your plan involved sneaking away turn to **paragraph 303**

If your plan involved anything else or you did not state that you wanted to sneak turn to **paragraph 246**



# 378

The grinning uruk and her minions close in on you, they have the following stats:

Uruk **MR:26** (3d6+13), 7 points of armour.

Goblin A **MR:14** (2d6+7), 5 points of armour.

Goblin B **MR:14** (2d6+7), 5 points of armour.

Goblin C **MR: 12** (2d6+6), 5 points of armour.

However the space around the camels is cramped with luggage and equipment strewn everywhere. Before each combat round you make a L1 DEXTERITY or L1 LUCK roll. If you pass you only fight one of the enemy combatants this combat round, you choose which. If you fail you must fight them all.

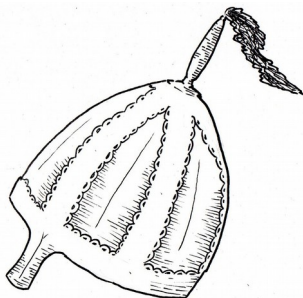
You have time to loose off two missile shots (L2 DEXTERITY) roll for damage as per weapon against your choice of target.

If you kill the uruk while any of the goblins are still alive turn to **paragraph 301**

If you kill the goblins first then the uruk turn to **paragraph 373**

If you die turn to **paragraph 405**

If you want to run away turn to **paragraph 285**



## 379

The goblin backs off, raising his hands in the air.

'Now don't be hasty,' he says.

If you try and attack him make a L2 SPEED roll. If you pass then turn to **paragraph 39**.

If you fail the goblin dashes away and is soon out of sight, turn to **paragraph 345**

If you try and talk to him turn to **paragraph 107**

## 380

Make a L2 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 26**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 99**

## 381

'By heck you've got some guts,' the bloke with the axe grins. Come and join us, have some grub and some ale, gods know there is enough.

Turn to **paragraph 56**

## 382

The opponent looks confused as the magic begins to work, but is your natural CHARISMA enough to persuade them to stop attacking you?

Return to your **previous paragraph** and if your CHARISMA is 10 or more your opponent runs away (count it as a victory, but you may not take any of their gear)

# 383

The game of choice in the camp is dice, using two travel stained cubes of bone.

## Round 1

- Choose an amount to bet, anything up to 10gp. (You must actually have the money)
- Make a L1 LUCK roll.
- If you lose, you lose your money, and the game is over.
- If you win, you may take your winnings (your initial bet is doubled), and may go on to round 2 (you don't have to).

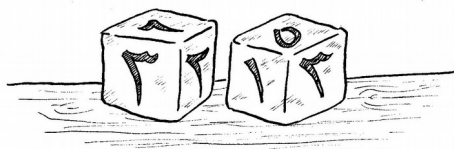
## Round 2

- Bet again, anything up to the amount you won in Round 1.
- Make a L1 LUCK roll.
- If you lose you lose your stake.
- If you win you double your stake and you may go on to round 3 (again, you don't have to).

## Round 3

- Your opponent has run out of money but they will bet an item generated from the **random loot table**.
- If you accept the bet, make a L1 LUCK roll.
- You either win the item and keep your money, or lose your money.

Once you have finished turn to **paragraph 110**



Go to: Magic Matrix - Paragraph Finder



## 384

You attempt to disengage from the goblin and run.

Make a L1 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 213**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour as normal) and return to the fight at **paragraph 396**

## 385

'Don't be hasty!' says the goblin, backing off. 'There's no need for more blood-shed, especially mine.'

If you carry on and fight turn to **paragraph 112**

If you change tack and try to question him instead turn to **paragraph 75**

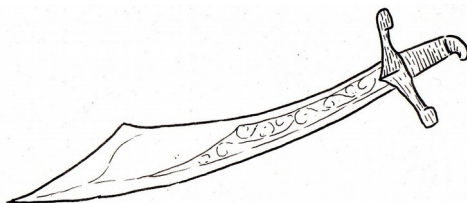
## 386

You sit in the shadows, ready to shoot at any target that presents itself in the fight. You hear a heavy footfall behind you and swing around to see a half-hrgor descending on you at a great rate of knots.

If you try to shoot him (it will be tricky) turn to **paragraph 168**

If you try to run away (again, not an easy task) turn to **paragraph 402**

If you engage him in combat turn to **paragraph 240**



# 387

As you plummet towards the market scene below you notice with relief that you are heading straight towards a yellow and blue canopy. Oh no, wait a minute, actually you are going to miss it by a matter of feet...

You smack into the ground right next to a pile of soft-looking water melons.

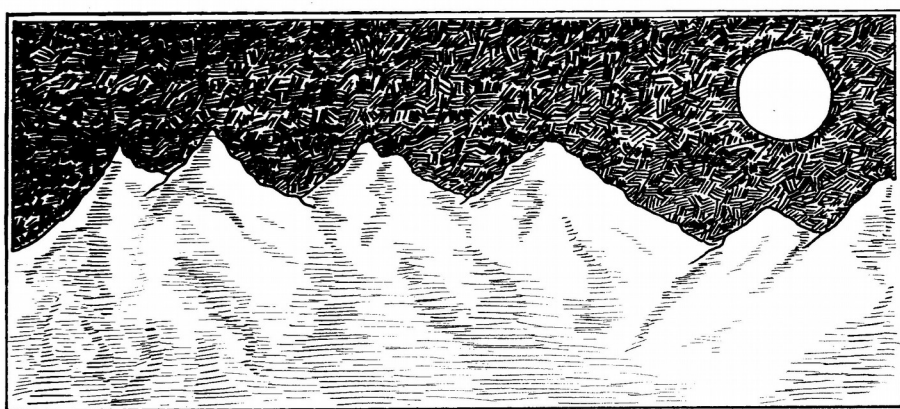
Take 3d6 damage (not modified for armour).

If you survive the fall then you are in. For the time at least there are no blue tuniced guards in view and you take the opportunity to disappear as casually as you can into the crowd.

This could be described as....

## THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...



## 388

Creeping up is slow work, and by the time you reach the caravan darkness is falling and they are setting up camp. As far as you can tell they seem a friendly bunch; a tall skinny, fair haired northerner is pumping away on a battered accordion; a fella who looks like he might be more than half hrgor is cooking over a fire. *MMMM is that bacon....?*

If you can resist the tempting smell of frying bacon turn to **paragraph 228**

If you step into the firelight and hope they share their supper turn to **paragraph 136**

## 389

You escape the goblin's clutches, evading him in the dark.

Make a L1 LUCK roll, if you pass turn to **paragraph 120**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 177**

## 390

The uruk stares you in the eye for a minute then obviously decides he can beat you in combat.

If you take him on turn to **paragraph 91** but remember you have already caused him damage.

If you try to back off turn to **paragraph 22**

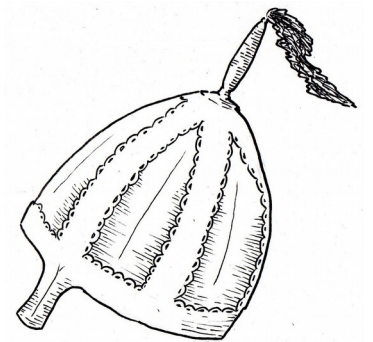
# 391

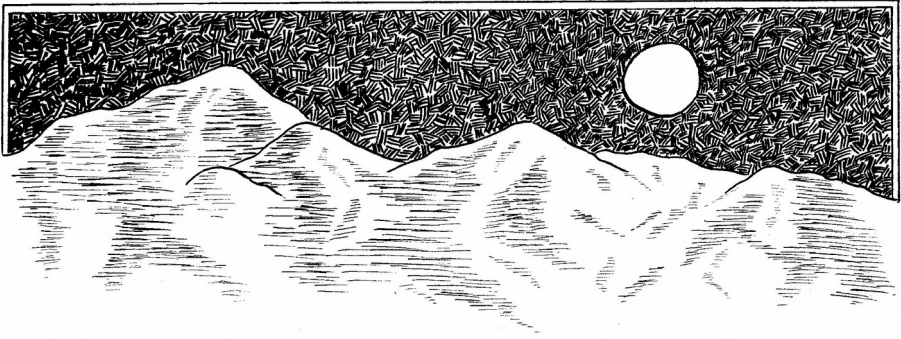
You may break any one piece of armour or weapon. If this means they are now fighting unarmed then their damage dice are determined by what kind of kindred they are:

Kindred	Damage Dice
Human	1
Elf	1
Dwarf	2
Hobb	1d6-3
Goblin	1d6-2
Uruk	1d6+1
Hrogr	3
Troll	2d6+3

Adds are still determined by MR, except hobbs, goblins, uruks and trolls will have a modifier to this as shown.

You may not loot any weapons or armour you have broken.  
Return to **previous paragraph**.





## 392

Bracing yourself for trouble you head into the camp.

Turn to **paragraph 65**

## 393

You slip away from the evil little devil, and do not have to go far from the camp until you are shrouded in darkness.

Turn to **paragraph 126**



Go to: Magic Matrix - Paragraph Finder

# 394

Your fingers are aching until they feel they will fall off as you finally roll onto the track that runs along the top of the wall. You lie there panting for a moment until your view of the blue sky is blocked by a large shadow. A very large shadow...

Fazl introduces himself with a boot to your stomach. He is about as tall and bulky as an hrgor, but three times as ugly and covered (at least all the parts you can see) in a thick black fur.

He is **MR.50 (6d6+25)**

However each turn before the combat round you may attempt to push him off the wall, make a L2 DEXTERITY or STRENGTH roll, if you pass then Fazl plummets to his death.

If you fumble the DEXTERITY or STRENGTH roll turn to **paragraph 142**

If you decide to jump from the wall (the only way out of the fight) turn to **paragraph 100**

If you beat Fazl within 3 turns turn to **paragraph 192**

If you are still fighting after 3 turns turn to **paragraph 354**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**



# 395

There is no time for missile fire, you are straight into combat.

Human – six foot six if she is an inch, this woman looks like she works out **MR:38 (4d6+19)**

Dwarf – Bald but with a luxurious white beard, stained yellow with pipe smoke. **MR:28 (3d6+14)**

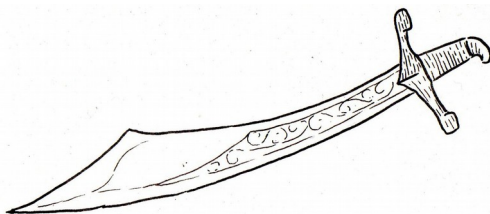
Hobb – Wearing a fez and green harem pants under his guard's uniform, this Hobb obviously thinks himself something of a dandy. **MR:22 (3d6+11)**

If you are still alive after 3 combat rounds turn to **paragraph 372**

If you kill the guards before then turn to **paragraph 288**

If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**



# 396

You close in on the ugly, little goblin, and he turns, snarling, to meet you.

He is **MR:20 (3d6+10)**

If you hurt the goblin but do not kill him turn to **paragraph 268**

If you kill him turn to **paragraph 374**

If you try and run turn to **paragraph 384**

## 397

The guard smiles back.

'Can I help you?' she says, a twinkle of mischief in her eye.

If you make some flirtatious comment and engage her in conversation turn to **paragraph 185**

If you smile but carry on walking turn to **paragraph 280**

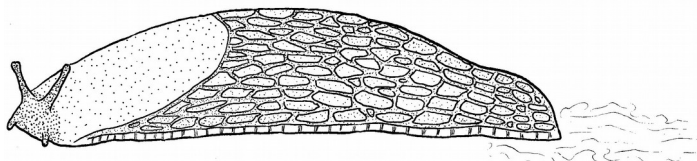
## 398

Your dreams are deep and dark, stifling. In your dreams you sink ever deeper in an endless sea of slime, which presses on your chest and seeps into your nose and mouth.

Make a L1 WIZARDRY ROLL

If you pass turn to **paragraph 419**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 418**



## 399

You walk out into the street, realising just a moment too late that two guards are stood mere yards from the door. Both are female, one an hrgor, one an elf. They were stood in silence but they hear you and turn sharply.

Turn to **paragraph 244**



# 400

You best the goblin in combat and can take his equipment if you wish.

	Damage	St	Dx	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Goblin's Knife	2d6	1	1/12	10	10	10
Goblin's Scimitar	3d6	8	8	55	37	-

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 188**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 331**

# 401

You bathe in the refreshing cool of the stream, washing away the dried slime, the sweat and blood, the dirt.

Restore 1 WIZARDRY.

Return to **paragraph 345**

# 402

Make a L2 SPEED roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 134**

If you fail take 2d6 damage (modified for armour) then turn to **paragraph 240**

# 403

Any attempts to run away are now taken at one level easier than that stated. Level 1 becomes Level 0 (IE anything above 4 passes)

Return to **previous paragraph**

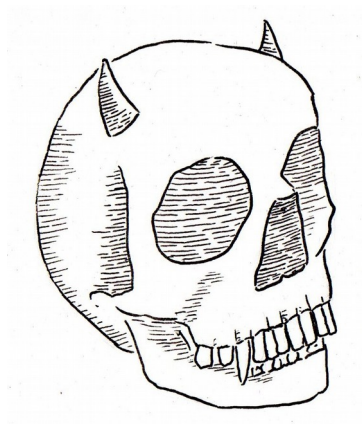
# 404

The wall-top is littered with the bodies of guards, but at last there is no one left to kill. Quickly you slip through the door into one of the towers and down the spiral staircase to street level. You emerge into the hussle and bussle of Kalliss-Morr, no one seems to bat an eyelid at your somewhat ragged appearance, and you slip inconspicuously into the crowds.

This could be described as....

## THE END

But really it is more of a beginning, the whole of Kalliss-Morr is at your disposal, a city steeped in myth and adventure...



# 405

As your CONSTITUTION reaches 0 you fall unconscious. If only there were someone to save you... There isn't. Sorry, you die.

**THE END**

# 406

You do not wake until the sun is high in the sky. The thorn bushes provide little protection from the harsh glare. Dried slime covers your face, a grim reminder of last night's events, that and the sweat has ensured that you are caked in dust.

Regain 4 points of CONSTITUTION.

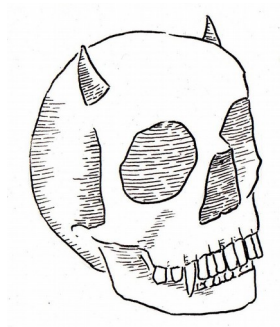
If you have some provisions you may now eat them for breakfast, recover up to another 2 points of CONSTITUTION if you do.

Up to 8 points of WIZARDRY have returned.

Afterwards if you wish to go down to the stream that you can hear not far off, turn to **paragraph 339**

If you want to go and investigate the camp turn to **paragraph 249**

If you turn your back on the whole damned-weird episode and carry on to Kalliss-Morr turn to **paragraph 227**



Go to: Magic Matrix - Paragraph Finder

## 407

There is no skill involved in hiding. The mountainside is full of shadows, you merely pick one and crouch down. If the figure comes too near it will see you, if it takes an alternative route it will pass by. The only thing that affects your chances is your size. Therefore take a LUCK roll, if you are hobb sized or smaller at L1, if you are human sized at L2, if you are hrgor sized at L3 and if you are giant sized at L4.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 190**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 368**

## 408

You sneak away into the shadows surrounding the camp. Draw a diamond (♦) into the top right hand corner of your character sheet. It seems the battle is over. An uruk and three goblins are leading the camels away laden with loot. Elsewhere, no doubt cheered by the thought of their forthcoming riches the attackers were killing the last of the guards who had not fled into the night.

Turn to **paragraph 421**

## 409

Make a L2 CHARISMA roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 181**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 133**

# 410

'Al Kazar, betrayed me, and now I've lost everything!' the little goblin cries. He told me if I persuaded my boss-man to get our tribe to attack his caravan, he would make us all rich. Take the cargo, he told us, take all the gold, kill the guards, just don't touch him.

'He'd insured the caravan, he told me. We could take the gold, he'd claim it back from his insurers, plus some more. Then maybe in a few months we'd do it again.'

The goblin spat in the dirt. 'But he lied. His caravan was carrying nothing but stones! Chests and chests full of stones. He didn't even bother to take them with him when he left! He's gone to Kalliss to claim his money, our tribe have lost some of our best warriors and what do we have to show for it? Chests full of stones, that's what!

'And because it was my idea, because Al Kazar got me to persuade the tribe, they've cast me out.'

Suddenly he jumps to his feet and quick as a flash dashes away.

Make a L2 SPEED roll,

If you pass turn to **paragraph 3**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 348**

# 411

Make a L1 SPEED roll. If you pass you manage to slip away from the creature, turn to **paragraph 30**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 306**

## 412

As you quickly dispatch the half-hrgror, you turn to look at the camp. It is in disarray, drunken guards struggling on all sides to fight back the attackers. You see a number of melees around the camp.

If you decide discretion is the better part of valour and slink away turn to **paragraph 31**

If you appraise the situation to see where you are most needed turn to **paragraph 65**

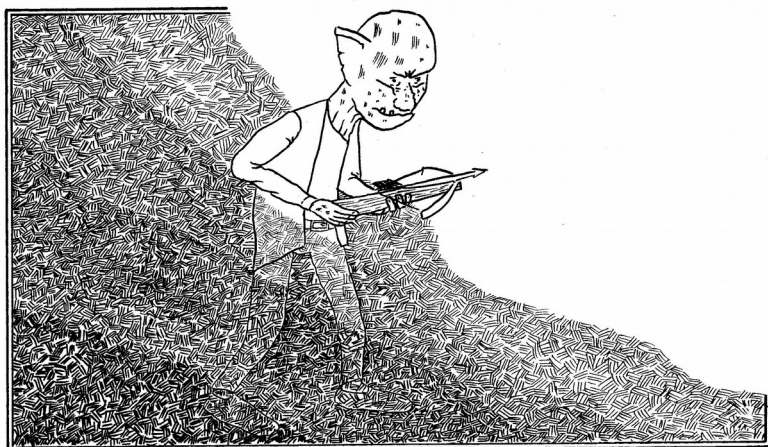
## 413

The crossbow wielding goblin, having shot his bolt disappears into the confusion of the camp, shouting to alert others of your presence.

If you stay where you are, looking for a new target turn to **paragraph 386**

If you move position but keep to the shadows turn to **paragraph 42**

If you join the melee turn to **paragraph 360**



## 414

You draw back you bow (or ready your crossbow, flex your magic fingers, or whatever the case may be) ready for the next victim to walk into your sights.

A sharp faced goblin walks over to the uruk with an arrow in his back looks around, then looks directly at you...instinctively you fire.

Make a L2 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass, roll for damage as per your weapon.

If you miss turn to **paragraph 243**

If you pass but scored less than 15 damage turn to **paragraph 370**

If you pass and scored 15 or more damage turn to **paragraph 425**

## 415

As you deal the goblin a punishing blow he squeals surrender:

'Stop! Please stop!'

If you have mercy turn to **paragraph 420**

If you try and deal him another blow turn to **paragraph 141**

## 416

As you pass to 0 CONSTITUTION you crumple unconscious to the ground. If there there was someone about to help you, then all might not be lost. But there isn't. So it is.

Your body makes a meagre contribution to increasing the organic content of the poor Kurtish soil.

**THE END**

# 417

The crates contain various food goods, but way, way past their best. Bread, as hard as rock and partially hollowed by mice, coffee grinds turned to dust: nothing of any value.

Return to **paragraph 241**

# 418

You awake with a start, yet the absolute choking darkness remains. You grab at your face to find it covered in the slime of your dreams. Tearing it away you find that you are covered with slugs, hundreds, no thousands of them. You realise with a panic that they clog your mouth and nose, already your lungs are burning. You roll on to your hands and knees trying to spew but you can not. Your head spins, the world swirls and gradually, painfully the darkness returns...

**THE END**

# 419

You awake with a start, yet the absolute choking darkness remains. You grab at your face to find it covered in the slime that had been inhabiting your dreams. Tearing it away you find that you are covered with slugs, hundreds, no thousands, of them. You realise with panic that they clog your mouth and nose, already your lungs are burning. You roll on to your hands and knees and spew. Blessedly your mouth clears and you suck in lungfuls of air. Even as you do so more slugs crawl onto your face, into your mouth.

Quickly what do you do? You have 10 seconds to write it on a piece of paper, then turn to **paragraph 377**



# 420

'Thank you!' the goblin cries pitifully, tears rolling down his ugly cheeks into the dirt.

'Al Kazar, betrayed me, and now I've lost everything! He told me if I persuaded my boss-man to get our tribe to attack his caravan, he would make us all rich. Take the cargo, he told us, take all the gold, kill the guards, just don't touch him.

'He'd insured the caravan, he told me. We could take the gold, he'd claim it back from his insurers, plus some more. Then maybe in a few months we'd do it again.'

The goblin spits in the dirt. 'But he lied. His caravan was carrying nothing but stones! Chests and chests full of stones. He didn't even bother to take them with him when he left! He's gone to Kalliss to claim his money, our tribe had lost some of our best warriors and what do we have to show for it? Chests full of stones, that's what!

'And because it was my idea, because Al Kazar got me to persuade the tribe, they've cast me out.'

Draw a heart (♥) in the top right hand corner of your character sheet.

Suddenly the goblin jumps to his feet and quick as a flash dashes away.

Make a L2 SPEED roll,

If you pass turn to **paragraph 3**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 348**

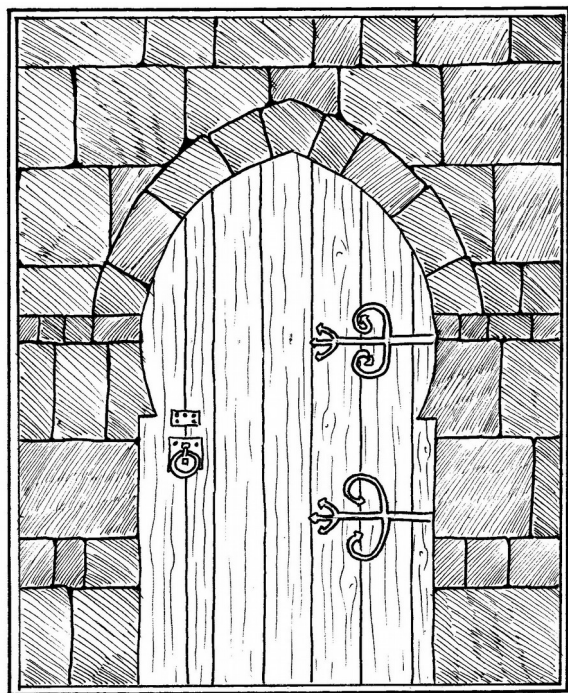
# 421

Suddenly, you realise, you are exhausted. The adrenaline which had been running through your veins is now spent and it leaves you likewise. You stagger to try and find somewhere to sleep, but sink to your knees on the open mountainside. Here will do then...

Make a L1 LUCK ROLL

If you pass turn to **paragraph 419**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 398**



# 422

With an all-too-loud cracking the door falls off its rusty hinges.

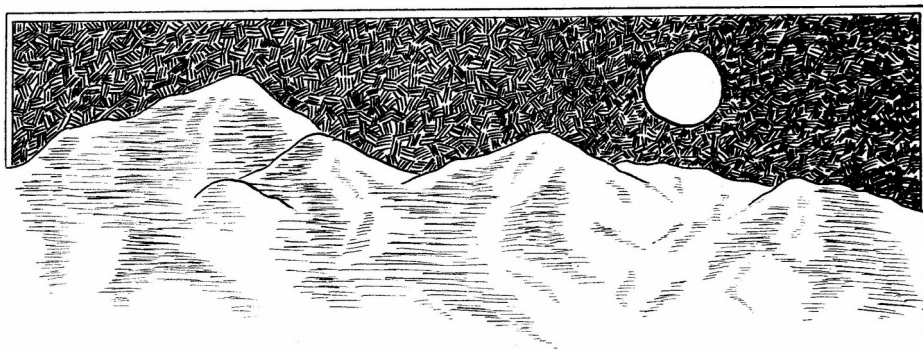
'Oi, you!' someone shouts behind you. 'What do you think you are doing?'

A guard in blue Kallissian livery, a tall and broad human, has seen you.

If you try and escape through the door turn to **paragraph 102**

If you try and escape down the street turn to **paragraph 223**

If you fight the guard turn to **paragraph 312**



## 423

You are surrounded by the seven guards, you have two choices: beat them or jump. Well there is a third, but that is to die...

Human 1 – A red-headed woman with a mean scar across her cheek.  
**MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Human 2 – A short, fat man with the face of a drinker: **MR.30 (4d6+15)**

Human 3 – A thin, nervous looking young woman: **MR.26 (3d6+13)**

Human 4 – six foot six if she is an inch, this woman looks like she works out **MR.38 (4d6+19)**

Dwarf 1 – Grey bearded with sharp features: **MR.36 (4d6+18)**

Dwarf2 – Bald but with a luxurious white beard, stained yellow with pipe smoke. **MR.28 (3d6+14)**

Hobb – Wearing a fez and green harem pants under his guard's uniform, this Hobb obviously thinks himself something of a dandy.  
**MR.22 (3d6+11)**

If you beat all seven of the guards turn to **paragraph 404**

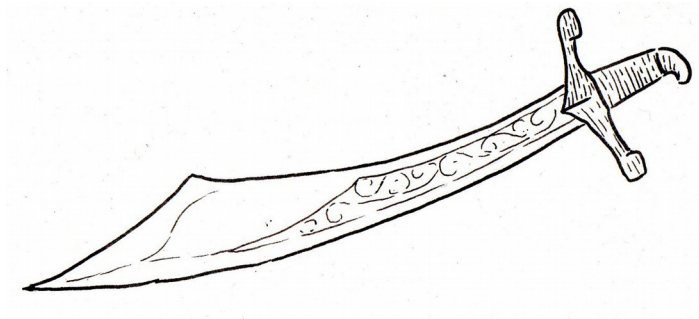
If you jump from the wall turn to **paragraph 100**

If you are reduced to 0 CONSTITUTION turn to **paragraph 15**

## 424

The guard's face softens as the magic begins to work, but is your natural CHARISMA enough to persuade them not to attack you?

Return to your **previous paragraph** and if your CHARISMA is 13 or more you automatically pass the CHARISMA roll.



## 425

The goblin falls lifeless before he can raise the alarm.

Make a L1 LUCK roll.

If you pass turn to **paragraph 120**

If you fail turn to **paragraph 177**

## 426

The hrgor (or maybe it's just a big uruk, who can say) has **MR:60** (7d6+30) and has **5 points of armour**. However he is something of a top heavy fellow and every time you attack him, before you roll for weapon damage you may, if you wish (and I think you should) try and knock him over. To do so make a L2 STRENGTH roll, or a L2 DEXTERITY roll. If you pass he is on the floor and only rolls (3d6+0).

After he fights a round on the floor roll a die, on a 3-6 he stays on the floor and fights the next round at **(3d6+0)**. If he rolls a 1-2 then he gets up, but you may try to knock him down again as normal.

If you beat him you may take his armour and/or weapons, but you may only use them if you meet the requirements.

	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Wt (wu)	Add. Dice	Min Ht/Wt	Max Ht/Wt
Helmet	An open face steel helmet with a crude half visor	2	4	-1	10	65	0	6'8" 380lb	7'6" 490lb
Breast Plate	A leather studded jerkin.	3	3	-1	80	185	0	6'10" 400lb	7'4" 470lb

	Description	Damage	St	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Spiked Mace	A giant iron spiked head, rammed onto half a tree branch	7d6	23	10	110	200	-

If you decide to try and run from combat turn to **paragraph 325**

If you best the brute in combat in 4 turns or less turn to **paragraph 412**

If it takes you more than 4 turns to beat the fella, turn to **paragraph 232**

If you lose the combat, turn to **paragraph 416**

## After the End...

Depending on how the adventure went for you, you are either dead, in gaol or enjoying the freedom of Karriss-Morr. If you're dead, well you won't be worrying too much about what happened will you?

Otherwise you learn the following from someone in the know, either over a nice pint or a bowl of gruel:

*'It was all an insurance scam. Al Kazar paid the guards to transport a caravan full of stones. They didn't know of course, not that they would have minded, I'll warrant, not with the amount of beer that Al Kazar was pushing their way.'*

*'He told the uruks that it was gold and silk he was selling. "Rob it," he told them, "take it all, kill the guards, just leave me be. It's all insured, I'll get paid, you'll get rich, and who will know?" No one would have known either if you hadn't put a spanner in the works.'*

*'They say he killed all the witnesses with his foul magicks, made mushrooms grow in their brains, I heard. Or turned them to slime, was it?'*

*'I don't know how he did it, not out in the plains, but Al Kazar got them posters printed up, to frame you for the robbery, discredit you, if you get my meaning. I reckon he used the dark arts, they says he is a powerful wizard, as well as a canny merchant.'*

If you ended up in gaol then all your items and money have been confiscated. Will you get them back? You will have to play 'Down Where the Drunkards Roll' and see.

You will have earned Adventure Points as you were going along from

Saving Rolls and defeating monsters. In addition you will have been drawing diamonds (♦) and hearts (♥) on your character sheet. These are a measure of how well you have done. Hearts are good, diamonds are bad. They also reflect how many bonus AP you get for finishing the adventure. Start with 200 and then take off 50 per diamond and add 50 per heart. The result can not be lower than 0.

You may spend any AP you earned in any way you see fit. If you managed to stay out of chokey then you are of course free to sell any items you may have acquired.

Any new equipment you wish to buy, you will be able to find in Kalliss-Morr, it is a large city, with hundreds of craftsmen of all skill levels. If you wish to sell any items you have two options:

1. The boring option: just sell it for its value.
2. Barter: roll on the table below to see how much you can get for your items.

You can of course mix these approaches, for example just rolling for any items worth 20gp or more. Once you decide to roll on the table for a particular item though, you must stick with the result.

2d6 Result	Type of Roll to Make	Level Succeeded At	Result
2-3	CHARISMA or LUCK	Fail	50%
		L1	75%
		L2	100%
4-5	INTELLIGENCE	Fail	75%
		L1	100%
		L2	110%

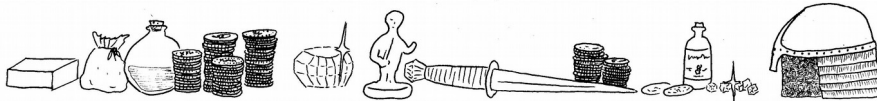
6-8	CHARISMA	Fail	90%
		L1	110%
		L2	125%
9-10	LUCK	Fail	100%
		L1	125%
		L2	150%
11-12	INTELLIGENCE or CHARISMA or LUCK	Fail	100%
		L1	150%
		L2	200%



## Random Loot Table

Draw a card from a pack of standard playing cards and consult the following table to see what loot you find.

Card	Treasure	8♦	Quartz Necklace – 20gp
2♦	Small Garnet Gemstone – 20gp	9♦	Obsidian Statue of an Elephant – 40gp
3♦	Small Opal Gemstone – 45gp	10♦	Turquoise Opium Spoon – 100gp
4♦	Large Topaz Gemstone – 60gp	J♦	Jade Statue of an uruk – 120gp
5♦	Average Ruby Gemstone – 150gp	Q♦	Ivory Flute – 140gp
6♦	Average Sapphire Gemstone – 160gp	K♦	Carnelian Chesspiece – 160gp
7♦	Large Amethyst Gemstone – 240gp	A♦	Tiger-Eye Bracelet – 260gp



*Continued on next page*

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## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure
2♥	Magic Candle, casts Oh There It Is for free, every time it is used make a WIZARDRY roll at the same level as the bearer, if it is failed the ring stops working – 200gp (10cp if not working)
3♥	Magic Candle, casts Oh There It Is for free, every time it is used make a WIZARDRY roll at the same level as the bearer, if it is failed the ring stops working – 200gp (10cp if not working)
4♥	Magic Key, casts Knock Knock for free, every time it is used make a WIZARDRY roll at the same level as the bearer, if it is failed the ring stops working – 200gp (10cp if not working)
5♥	Magic Ring, casts Detect Magic for free, every time it is used make a WIZARDRY roll at the same level as the bearer, if it is failed the ring stops working – 250gp (10sp if not working)
6♥	Rabbit's Foot Charm, +1 LUCK, permanent while carried – 80gp
7♥	Solomon Powder – 1 dose, +3 STRENGTH, lasts for one encounter – 40gp

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## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure
8♥	Nimble Neddy's Performnce Enhancing Potion – 1 dose, +3 DEXTERITY, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
9♥	'Twitchy' O'Hanrahan's Herbal Quickeners – 1 dose, +3 SPEED, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
10♥	Professor McGinnagin's Study Aid – 1 dose, +3 to INTELLIGENCE, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
J♥	Harry Gandalf's Potent Improver – 1 dose, +3 to WIZARDRY, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
Q♥	Distillate of Heather – 1 dose, +3 to LUCK, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
K♥	Sultana Esmerelda's Elixir of Lust – 1 dose, +3 to CHARISMA, lasts for one encounter – 40gp
A♥	Healing Potion – 2 doses, restores 1 CONSTITUTION point each – 80gp

*Continued on next page*

Go to: Paragraph Finder

## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	Damage	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
2♣	Elven Sword	A gleaming medium sized sword, which feels remarkably light in your hand	4d6	10	12	180	50	-
3♣	Dwarven Sword	A sword with a dull grey sheen, pleasingly solid	4d6+3	12	12	78	70	-
4♣	Haw-Blade	This sword glows like glacial ice, its blade razor sharp	4d6+2	12	12	120	70	-
5♣	Silvian Dagger	A small stabbing dagger with a light wooden grip	2d6+3	3	3/14	40	15	15

Go to: Paragraph Finder

## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	Damage	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
6♣	Gut-Ripper	A jagged little gutting knife	2d6+5	3	3/14	26	15	15
7♣	Elrann's Bow	A well crafted medium bow	4d6+2	12	15	120	40	60
8♣	Hobb Blade	A well crafted, light short sword	3d6-1	7	7	55	30	-
9♣	Djinn's Blade	An ancient scimitar, as sharp as the day it was forged	5d6+2	16	16	200	125	-
10♣	Uruk Cleaver	A heavy short sword of dwarfish build	3d6+5	10	7	75	55	-
J♣	Death Breeze	A long thin sword of gleaming black	5d6-2	11	18	300	80	-

Go to: Paragraph Finder

## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	Damage	Str	Dex	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Range
Q♣	Kaazum's Great Axe	A gigantic double headed axe, made by dwarfs but more suited to hrgors or trolls	7d6+3	23	10	199	180	-
K♣	Puck's Blade <sup>1</sup>	A well crafted, light short sword imbued with Hobb magic	3d6	7	7	255	30	-
A♣	Death Whisper <sup>2</sup>	A long thin sword of gleaming black, imbued with potent elf magic	5d6	11	18	500	80	-

<sup>1</sup>Puck's Blade gives +2 LUCK whilst it is carried

<sup>2</sup>Death Whisper gives +1 DEXTERITY and +1 SPEED whilst it is carried.

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## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Min Weight/ Height	Max Weight /Height	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Add. Dice
2♠	Elven Helm <sup>1</sup>	A light but strong open faced helm, enchanted by elven magic	3	2	0	110lb 5'1"	170lb 6'1"	160	45	0
3♠	Elven <sup>2</sup> Cuirass	A light but strong set of breast and back plates	6	1	0	120lb 5'3"	160lb 5'11"	410	190	0
4♠	Elven Gauntlets	A pair of slender gauntlets, as comfortable as kid leather (almost) (stats given are each gauntlet	1	1	0	110lb 5'1"	170lb 6'1"	75	12	0

Go to: Paragraph Finder

## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	Hits	Str	Dex	Min Weight/ Height	Max Weight /Height	Cost (gp)	Weight (wu)	Add. Dice
5♠	Elven Shield <sup>3</sup>	A large but light shield imbued with protective elven magic	5	10	10	n/a	n/a	250	300	0
6♠	Elven Charm	A small leather bracelet charmed by elven magic	+1 armour whilst worn (may not be doubled by warriors) - 40gp							
7♠	Uruk Charm	A snark's tooth, threaded on to a leather thong	+1 LUCK and +1 CHARISMA to any checks involving uruks - 40gp							
8♠	Dwarven Tankard	A plain dull grey tankard	Once a day this tankard will fill with beer when tapped sharply - 30gp - 5wu							

Go to: Paragraph Finder



## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	
9♠	Fox Fur Cape	A luxurious ladies' cape	100gp - 40wu
10♠	Dwarven Lucky Trousers	A pair of rather dashing red and brown checked trousers	+1 LUCK whilst worn - 30gp Min: 290lb 3'4" Max: 360lb 4'1"
J♠	Hobb's Banjo	A small and well made banjo	This banjo is so well made that (assuming you can play the banjo) you get +2 on all saving rolls involving it. If you are over 4'9" your sausage fingers are too fat to play it. 40Gp - 50wu

*Continued on next page*

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## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	
Q♠	Krimbold's Hammer	An enchanted hammer engraved with 'ThIs HaMMer BelonGs to KRIMBOLD'. You have never heard of Krimbold	+3 to all saving rolls using this hammer for the purposes of smashing anything made of stone 50gp – 200wu
K♠	Tin of SPUM	Specially Processed Unspecified Meat	Counts as one meals worth of rations. Never, ever, goes off. Tastes awful. 3gp – 5wu

*Continued on next page*

Go to: Paragraph Finder

## Random Loot Table (continued)

Card	Treasure	Description	
A♠	Mysterious Book	A book written in a language you can not understand	<p>Looks like it might be valuable, but you can't be sure. When you sell it, roll for its worth:</p> <p>1: d6 copper pieces</p> <p>2: d6 silver pieces</p> <p>3: 2d6 gold pieces</p> <p>4: 2d6 x 10 gold pieces</p> <p>5: 3d6 x 10 gold pieces</p> <p>6: 5d6 x 10 gold pieces</p>

<sup>1</sup>Elven Helm gives +1 INTELLIGENCE whilst it is worn

<sup>2</sup>Elven Cuirass gives +1 LUCK whilst it is worn

<sup>3</sup>Elven Shield absorbs d6 points of magically generated damage (extra to any normal armour effects)

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 1 – 54

	17	20	21	28	31	39	41	45	46	47	51
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Break It!	391	391	391	391	N/A	391	N/A	N/A	391	N/A	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	266	266	266	266	N/A	266	N/A	N/A	266	N/A	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	403	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	138	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	403	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	N/A
Oh Go Away	367	367	367	367	N/A	367	N/A	N/A	367	N/A	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	382	382	382	382	N/A	382	N/A	N/A	382	N/A	N/A
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	212	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	271
Wink-Wing	53	53	53	53	N/A	53	N/A	N/A	382	N/A	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	165	165	165	165	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	382	N/A	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 55 – 90

	55	59	62	66	68	70	77	80	82	83	85
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	127
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	349	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Break It!	N/A	391	N/A	N/A	391	391	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	N/A	266	N/A	N/A	266	266	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	87	87	87	N/A
Glue You	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Oh Go Away	N/A	367	N/A	N/A	367	367	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	N/A	382	N/A	N/A	382	382	N/A	N/A	146	N/A	N/A
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	349	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	205	205	205	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	N/A	53	N/A	N/A	382	53	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 91 – 134

	91	94	99	100	102	104	106	112	114	124	133
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	127
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A
Break It!	391	391	391	N/A	391	391	391	391	N/A	391	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	266	266	266	N/A	266	266	266	266	N/A	266	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	403	403	403	N/A	403	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	403	403	403	N/A	403	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A
Oh Go Away	367	367	367	N/A	367	367	367	367	N/A	367	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	382	382	382	N/A	382	382	382	382	N/A	382	N/A
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	53	53	53	N/A	53	53	53	53	N/A	53	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	165	165	N/A	N/A	165	165	165	165	N/A	N/A	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 135 - 180

	135	136	137	145	152	157	160	164	166	172	173
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	10	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	N/A
Break It!	391	N/A	391	N/A	N/A	N/A	391	391	N/A	N/A	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	266	N/A	266	N/A	N/A	N/A	266	266	N/A	N/A	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	403	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	N/A	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271
Insidious Inelektability	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	305	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	403	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	N/A	N/A
Oh Go Away	367	N/A	367	N/A	N/A	N/A	367	367	N/A	N/A	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	382	12	382	N/A	N/A	N/A	382	382	424	N/A	N/A
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	212	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271
Wink-Wing	53	N/A	53	N/A	N/A	N/A	53	53	N/A	N/A	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 181 - 214

	181	183	184	185	186	193	198	202	204	206	210
Baffle	127	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	N/A
Break It!	N/A	391	N/A	N/A	N/A	391	N/A	391	391	391	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	N/A	266	N/A	N/A	N/A	266	N/A	266	266	266	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	87	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	403	403	403	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277
Little Feets	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	403	403	403	N/A
Oh Go Away	N/A	367	N/A	N/A	N/A	367	N/A	367	367	367	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	N/A	382	12	N/A	N/A	382	146	382	382	382	N/A
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	205	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	N/A	53	N/A	N/A	N/A	53	N/A	53	382	382	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	382	382	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder



# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 215 - 272

	215	226	229	234	239	240	243	244	245	247	254
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	N/A
Break It!	N/A	N/A	N/A	391	N/A	391	391	391	N/A	391	N/A
Dizzle Dazzle	N/A	N/A	N/A	266	N/A	266	266	266	N/A	266	N/A
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	403	403	403	N/A	403	N/A
Oh Go Away	N/A	N/A	N/A	367	N/A	367	367	367	N/A	367	N/A
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	12	N/A	N/A	382	N/A	382	382	382	N/A	382	146
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	N/A	N/A	N/A	53	N/A	53	53	53	N/A	382	N/A
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	165	165	N/A	N/A	382	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 273 - 311

	273	274	280	282	288	292	294	296	303	308	309
Baffle	N/A	N/A	127	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	10	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	10	N/A	N/A	10
Break It!	391	391	N/A	N/A	391	391	N/A	391	N/A	391	391
Dizzle Dazzle	266	266	N/A	N/A	266	266	N/A	266	N/A	266	266
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	403	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	403	N/A	403	403
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Insidious Ineleatability	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	403	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	N/A	403	N/A	403	403
Oh Go Away	367	367	N/A	N/A	367	367	N/A	367	N/A	367	367
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	382	382	N/A	424	382	382	N/A	382	N/A	382	382
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	53	382	N/A	N/A	53	53	N/A	53	N/A	53	53
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	382	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 312 - 361

	312	321	326	330	332	343	344	351	354	355	357
Baffle	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	10	10
Break It!	391	N/A	N/A	391	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	391	391	391
Dizzle Dazzle	266	N/A	N/A	266	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	266	266	266
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	403	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403	403
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	231	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	277	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	403	N/A	N/A	403	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403	403
Oh Go Away	367	N/A	N/A	367	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	367	367	367
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	382	424	N/A	382	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	382	382	382
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	271	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	53	N/A	N/A	53	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	53	53	53
ZipZakka-Zippe	165	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 362 - 396

	362	369	370	372	375	378	380	389	394	395	396
Baffle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	10	10	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A
Break It!	N/A	391	391	391	391	391	N/A	N/A	391	391	391
Dizzle Dazzle	N/A	266	266	266	266	266	N/A	N/A	266	266	266
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	N/A	403	403	403	403	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	403
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	195	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	N/A	403	403	403	403	403	N/A	N/A	403	403	403
Oh Go Away	N/A	367	367	367	367	367	N/A	N/A	367	367	367
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	N/A	382	382	382	382	382	N/A	N/A	382	382	382
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	271	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	N/A	382	53	53	53	382	N/A	N/A	53	53	53
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	382	165	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	165	N/A	165

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Magic Matrix

Paragraphs 397 - 426

	397	400	406	407	409	423	426
Baffle	127	N/A	N/A	N/A	127	N/A	N/A
Beast Master	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Befuddle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	10	N/A
Break It!	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	391	391
Dizzle Dazzle	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	266	266
Fly Me	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Frightsight	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Glue You	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403
Gunk	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Hidey Hole	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Insidious Inelectability	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Iron Rations	N/A	N/A	138	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Knock Knock	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Levity	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Little Feets	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	403	403
Oh Go Away	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	367	367
Overwhelming Personal Elegance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	382	382
Subdual & Dominance	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Tallerness	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Terrify Trolls	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
Whammy Kammy	N/A	271	N/A	271	N/A	N/A	N/A
Wink-Wing	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	53	382
ZipZakka-Zippe	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	382

Go to: Paragraph Finder

# Paragraph Finder

1	32	63	94	125	155	185
2	33	64	95	126	156	186
3	34	65	96	127	157	187
4	35	66	97	128	158	188
5	36	67	98	129	159	189
6	37	68	99	130	160	190
7	38	69	101	131	161	191
8	39	70	102	132	162	192
9	40	71	103	133	163	193
10	41	72	104	134	164	194
11	42	73	105	135	165	195
12	43	74	106	136	166	196
13	45	75	107	137	167	197
14	46	76	108	138	168	198
15	47	77	109	139	169	199
16	48	79	110	140	170	200
17	49	80	111	141	171	201
18	50	81	112	142	172	202
19	51	82	113	143	173	203
20	52	83	114	144	174	204
21	53	84	115	145	175	205
22	54	85	116	146	176	206
24	55	86	117	147	177	207
25	56	87	118	148	178	208
26	57	88	119	149	179	209
27	58	89	120	150	180	210
28	59	90	121	151	181	211
29	60	91	122	152	182	212
30	61	92	123	153	183	213
31	62	93	124	154	184	214

215	245	276	309	339	372	402
216	246	277	310	340	373	403
217	247	278	311	342	374	404
218	248	279	312	343	375	405
219	249	280	313	344	376	406
220	250	282	314	345	377	407
221	251	283	315	346	378	408
222	252	284	316	347	379	409
223	253	285	317	348	380	410
224	254	286	318	349	381	411
225	255	287	319	350	382	412
226	256	288	320	351	383	413
227	257	289	321	354	384	414
228	258	290	322	355	385	415
229	259	291	323	356	386	416
230	261	292	324	357	387	418
231	262	293	325	358	388	419
232	263	294	326	359	389	420
233	264	295	327	360	390	421
234	265	296	328	361	391	422
235	266	297	329	362	392	423
236	267	298	330	363	393	424
237	268	299	331	364	394	425
238	269	301	332	365	395	426
239	270	302	333	366	396	
240	271	303	334	367	397	
241	272	304	335	368	398	
242	273	305	336	369	399	
243	274	306	337	370	400	
244	275	308	338	371	401	