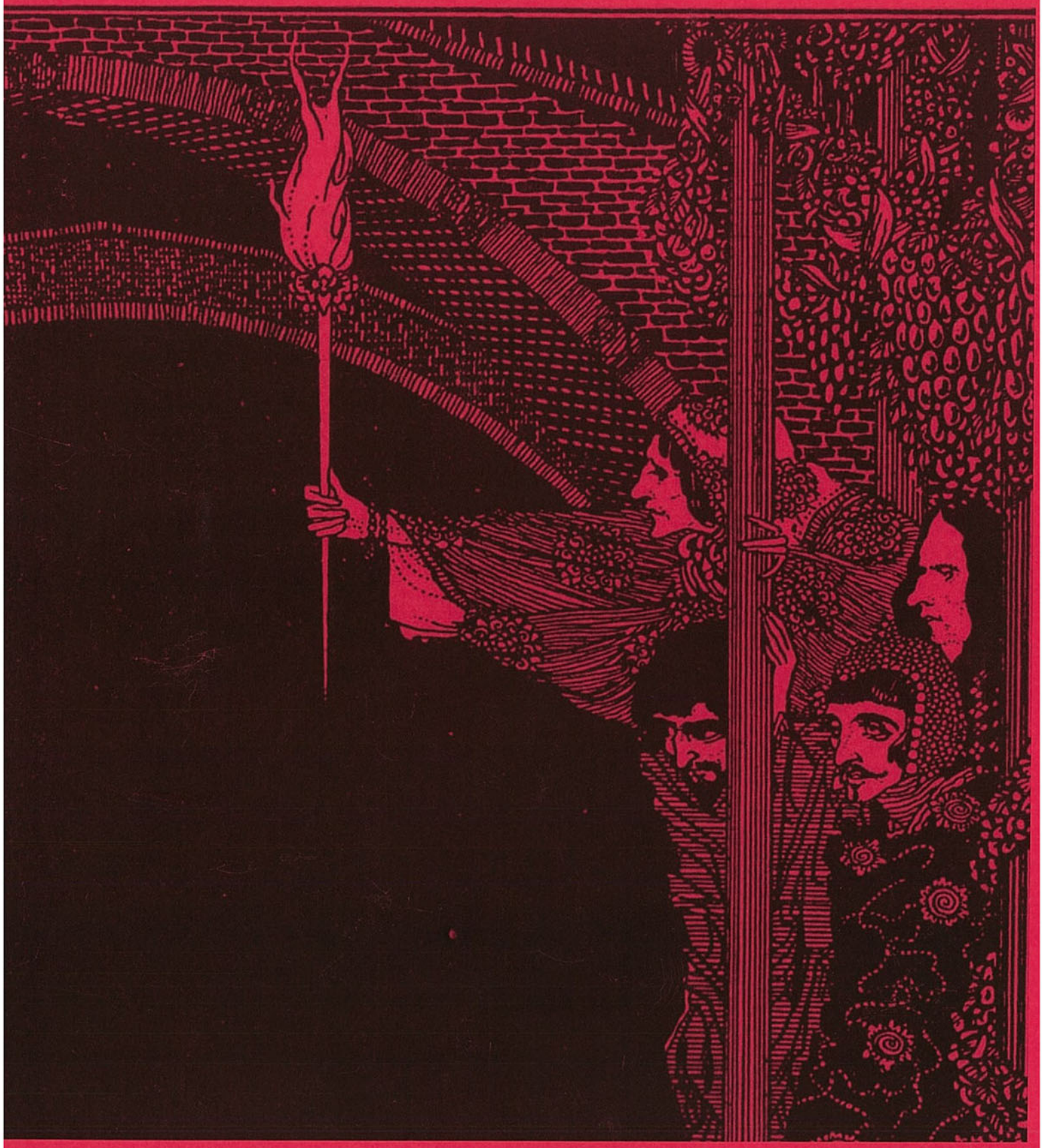


Table of Contents

Adventure: Captain Zhudo and the Last Crown of Atlantis, set in Hyperborea for adventurers levels 5-8

Alternate (Medieval Style) Combat/Armour Rules by Scott Moberly

Monsters of Vancian Splendor: 1. The Deodand 2. The Pelgrane by Chris Kutalik

Micro Dungeon: Cavernous Haunt of the Giant Albino Penguins by Scott Moberly

Fiction: In the Court of the Dragon by Robert W Chambers (1895)

Planned Encounters: 1. The Grey Ravine 2. Encounter with a Vampire in the Mist by Scott Moberly

Tables:

1. Random Events while in a Tavern by Scott Moberly

2. Coins & Related by Scott Moberly and Brent Caldwell

3. Post Apocalyptic Weather Table by Scott Moberly

4. Table of Semi Mundane Treasures (by Scalydemon, Vlark, Illgottenpants, apprentice, Mock26, Datagoblin, Mudguard, cwslyclgh, KingOfCowards, Varl, Svankensen, jobatett). 100 items

New Monsters: 1. Night Wolves 2. Deep Mutants 3. Savage Orcs by Scott Moberly

Bubble Helmets & Blasters: Sci-fi rules variations for Mutant Future & Introductory scenario by Scott Moberly

Captain Zhudo and the Last Crown of Atlantis

By Scott Moberly

An adventure set in Hyperborea for a party of adventurers levels 5-8

Cartography by M.W. Poort

Background/Setting Placement: This adventure takes place amidst the craggy snow-capped foothills north of the Kimmerian Steppe along an old trade route that runs to Krimmea. An overgrown track runs through a series of treacherous mountain passes 100 miles east of Mt Forptycle. A large group of Ziege Men occupy portions of this area.

Ziege Men –

2+3 hit die

AC 6

Atk: By weapon type, in melee prefer bastard swords (2d4 dmg) +1 STR bonus. Ranged heavy crossbow

Special Atks: If reduced to less than ½ hit points, have a 20% chance of going berserk. When berserk atk melee 3/2 rounds and can be reduced to -5 hit points

No. Appearing 4-16

Move 6"

Barbarian goat men of the northern mountains and craggy hills. Dark grey patchy fur. Bi-pedal they walk erect on hoofed goat legs, barrel chested. Males have devilish horns. Ziege men commonly engage in thug

style banditry. They eat nearly anything, and are fond of coin and gems, thus having good treasure. They carry treasure and equipment in large sacks

Ziege Men are militaristic in their hierarchy and this group is led by a brutish young Captain Zhudo who is at this stage quite mad with power lust (through wearing the cursed Crown of Atlantis). They have taken residence in an ancient retreat of the lost civilization of Atlantis, who were randomly transported here in escape from the all-consuming waves through worship of their Sea God Neptune thousands of years ago. The underground dwelling is all that remains, the above ground structures having crumbled to dust some aeons past.

Getting the players here: Suggested; Caravan Guards hired to guard a load of Mastodon pelts, fine thread and costume jewelry. An eccentric Merchant named Khuluri hires the party through an intermediary for 100gp wage each. They also will have acquired a very crude, worn map with an odd symbol showing something listed as 'Ancient Ruins of Lost Atlantis' in a nearly forgotten language dialect from a local Mountebank(or thief). The map shows the old trade route as a thin line and the symbol is east of the trail some 20 miles.

Some clicks in the party is ambushed from all sides by a thuggish band of 13 Ziege Men. 12 privates led by a 3HD Sergeant with a +1 bastard sword. They only communicate amongst themselves in a grunting guttural goat tongue. If the Sergeant is slain and/or things go badly the survivors will seek to flee to the east. They have a high movement rate in this familiar terrain and should likely escape through the hilly pine forests, but their cloddish hooves will leave a track-able trail that eventually would lead close to the entrance

Dungeon: Unless otherwise noted, ceilings are 12' high. The walls are of 3' x 4' stone blocks, which appear granite-like, bone white in color flecked with silver. A green mildew invades the block's beauty in many areas. Verdigris stained bronze sconce holder's line most corridors and rooms.

Entrance : Smashed in double doors set into an overgrown hillock of tall grasses surrounded by heaps of cyclopean bleached white stone rubble and boulders. From appearances it took much effort in breaking these doors in. They are of a stout dark wood carved in bas relief patterns. Ancient runes written on an zinc lentil say 'From Atlantis to Utopia' read languages needed. Dingy white stone stairs pitted and plagued with mildew lead down into shadowy dakness.

1. Vestibule. Sea green frayed large oval shaped area rug covers most of the floor. Vaulted ceiling w/ missing chandelier. Arched large doorway leads south. Verdigris stained double doors, unlocked. A slot is behind the doors allowing them to be barred with a length of wood. Under the NE corner of the rug is a hidden trapdoor which leads below via brass rungs(to room #2).

2. A slate black, circular 1' high raised 6' diameter disc in S corner. This is a teleportation device that beams individuals or groups to the room 10 north receiving pad. A large oil painting depicting the lost Island of Atlantis hangs on the SE wall, value 300gp, weighs 35lbs dims are 3' x 5'. Behind the painting is a concealed wall compartment, 200 3 " electrum coins depicting an ancient goateed Atlantean King with a slender face and high cheekbones. Wearing an ornate helm., the coins are worth 30gp each.

3. Main Foyer. Huge diamond shaped room with a vaulted ceiling 26' high. A ruined crystalline chandelier hangs from it's center ceiling. Most of the shards are broken out or mildewed over, worth 40gp weighs 80lbs. The walls are painted scenes of huge blue/green waves and beautiful mermaids with seaweed encrusted castle ruins. A large depiction of a Sea God wading amidst the waters carrying a Giant Trident is in mosaic on the center floor with Colors of aqua, green, blue and silver grown somewhat dingy over time.

1d6 Ziege men are 50% likely to loiter here. A loud, or lengthy combat may alert room 4. All carry 2d12 gp.

Note: At the end of the corridor leading west from Room 3 is a covered spiked 10' pit trap, fall dmg 1d6 and there are 3 barbed zinc plated chromium points set into the bottom of the pit that deal an additional 1d10dmg total.

4. Sleeping Chamber. 16 male Ziege men dwell here. They will be alert to any loud noises in the vicinity if alerted will charge towards the entrance/foyer area and set up ranks of crossbow-men before engaging in melee w/ bastard swords. The room itself is surprisingly Spartan , and it hard to gauge its purpose. Close inspection reveals that some of the stone wall blocks in this room are larger than previously encountered. 24 of them have hidden pull handles. They slide out to form hyperbolic sleeping chambers. The Ziege Men being roughly the same height as the Atlanteans (8-9') have decided to use them upon discovering their existence. Many contain baubles, trinkets and precious coins. A total of 187gp, 30sp, a thin silver chain with a diamond pendant (340gp), a set of platinum thimbles (80gp), and a bronze looking glass (60gp)

5. Giant Mountain Goat Pen. 23 white Mountain Goats are kept in a pen here. A mix of kids, Billy goats and does. They appear to have been treated well. Metal grooming instruments and foodstuffs for the goats are present along with 4 3-legged wood stools. They make loud neighing noises but are otherwise penned in and harmless

6. Armory, weapons racks containing 19 spears, 4 tridents, 11 bastard swords, 77 hvy crossbow bolts, 3 hvy crossbows, and 2 large wood shields, rectangular with a depiction of a red crescent moon.

7. Statuary. 3 prominent shadowy alcoves. Each alcove contains an ancient statue of a King at one point in the far distant past of Atlantis. All stand on round plinths and are nearly 9' tall. (The Ziege Men haven't discovered the secret door that leads here.) The Kings are all tall thin noble looking men with narrow faces and all are wearing different types of aquatic open faced helms. On the West alcove the King carries a [+3 Trident] in his left hand that can be removed. It is pale green with a reflective metallic finish . The King in the East alcove wears a bronze helm that can be removed [Helm of Water Breathing]. The King in the North Alcove wears a silver ring on his index finger with a prominent swirling deep blue round stone. This is a [Ring of Aquatic Undead Control]. If this ring is removed from the King's finger – a stone grating sound can immediately be heard directly in the middle ceiling of the room. At the same time the entrance door slams shut. A crackling metallic sphere 2' diameter drops down from the ceiling, hovers for a moment and then starts rapidly darting around firing red eye beams. Roll for initiative. EYE OF DEATH , 6HD, 25HP, AC -2, # OF ATKS 3 EYEBEAMS, DMG 1D12 EA, SAVE VS DEATH MAGIC FOR HALF. SPECIAL DEFENSES: MAGIC WEAPONS REQUIRED TO HIT, TAKES ½ DMG FROM POINTED OR EDGED WEAPONS.

If the Eye is slain the door pops back open. Otherwise to open the door requires a knock spell.

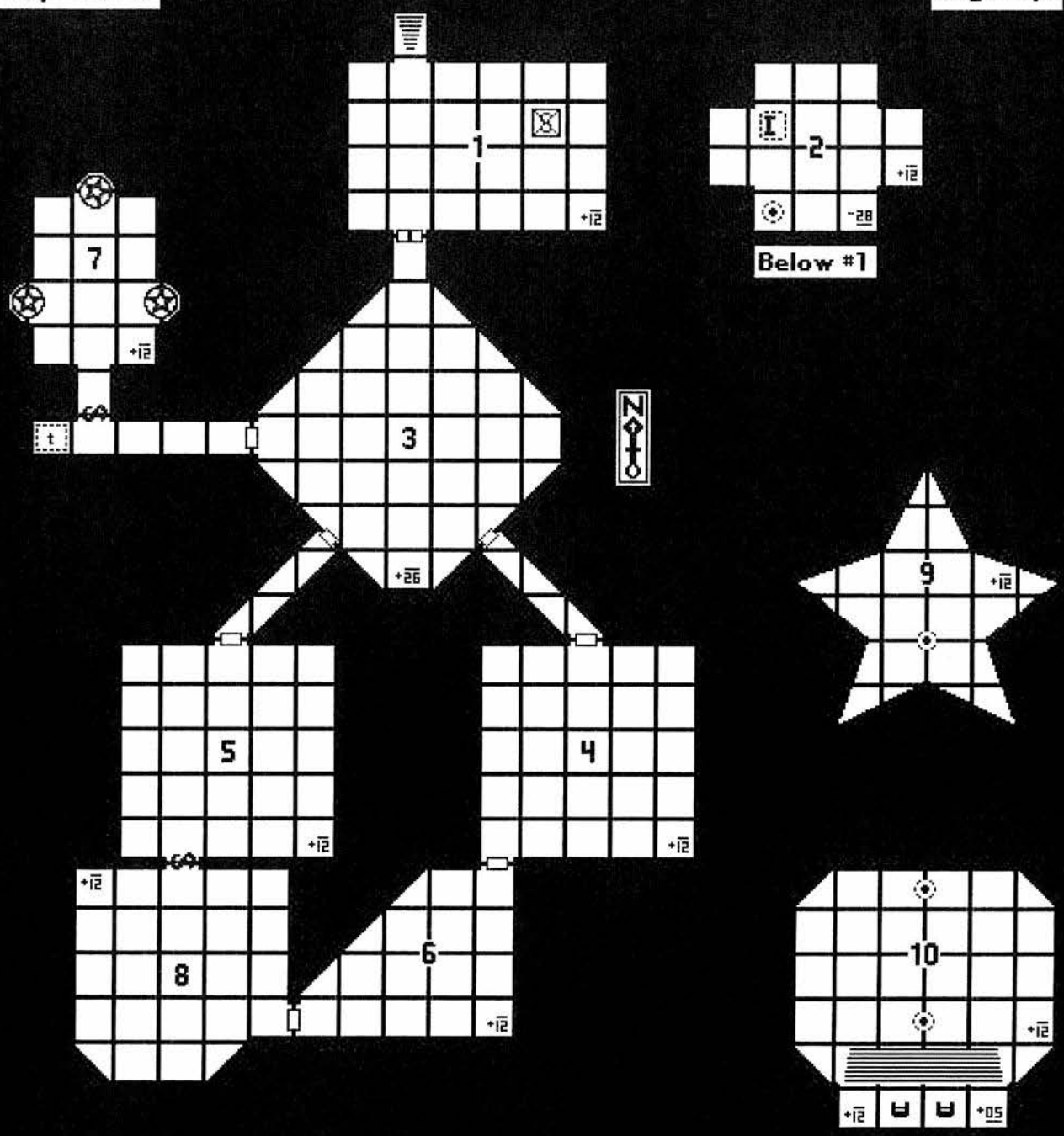
8. Relaxation Chamber. Leather couches and settees line the walls. 2 small end tables are present with smoking hookas. The boles are packed with a pungent herb. There are also several half finished bottles of sour ale and 2 full quarts of ale. In the middle of the floor is a large oval shaped area rug with a green and black paisley pattern and various aquatic fishes sewn into the pattern, worth 75gp weighs 25lbs, can be rolled up.

9. STAR SHAPED ROOM. This room is haunted by a 4 ARMED CRYSTAL GORILLA CONSTRUCT, HD 12, HP 100, # of atks. 4, pummels for 1d10 dmg ea. AC 0, special defenses, only harmed by +2 or better weapons. Magic resistance 60%. Surprise on a 1-4. Size L 12' Tall. Appears as a semi-transparent shimmering hulking bending of the light. There are no doors/exits/entrances to this room. This is a room people are banished to to meet their death. Various bones, weapons and bits of armour are scattered about the edges of the room (their usefulness lost to time), and a handful of muted coins depicting a planet with 2 moons, 12gp, 7sp.

If the monster is defeated all occupants of this room are immediately teleported back to room 1.

1 Sq. = 10 Ft.

Fingolwyn



Map Key			
			Shaft & Ladder
	Door		Stairs
	Door, Double		Statue
$	Door, Secret		Teleport Pad
+12	Elevation		Throne
t	Pit Trap		Trapdoor, Secret

Captain Zhudo

-and the-

Last Crown of Atlantis

10. Throne Room. Captain Zhudo and 2 attendants (Lieutenants) are in this spacious room adorned with rich sea green tapestries and a mosaic pattern on the center floor done in gold flecked marble of a huge trident (the small individual stones can be pried up that comprise the mosaic worth a total of 2000gp, weighs 80lbs.) A meeting is taking place with 2 MINOTAURS, HD 6+3, AC 6, HP 35, 33 wielding large flails 2-8 +2 STR DMG. These are dignitaries of the *Goar Tribe* who have travelled here from a nearby region of the Spinal Mountains. Each carry leathern satchels, 46gp, thick copper nose rings (20gp ea), a brass ring stamp with an obscure Minotaur skull icon (official seal), wineskins, 50' hemp rope, a wad of black carnuba wax, and a crude area map. They are discussing plans of mutual interest involving Chaos and overthrow.

Broad steps lead up to a landing with 2 dominant archaic, aspen petaled silver thrones. There is a hidden teleportation trap in the form of a 6' hexagon 10' in front of and between the thrones. This is known to Cpt. Zhudo and his lieutenants. It is used to transport an unwanted guest(s) to banishment in the Star shaped room 9 to face final judgement.

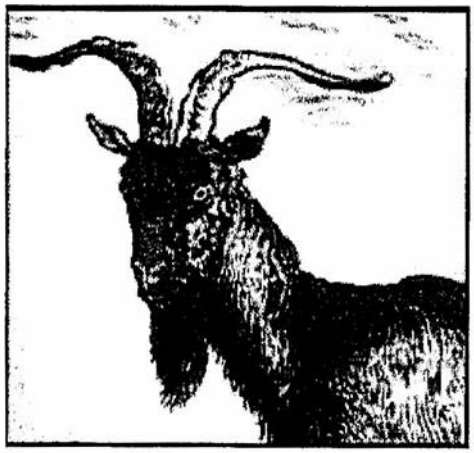
They will thus seek to stand and fight from the throne itself with heavy crossbows. If anyone rushes up to engage them in melee they would likely cross the teleport trap and find themselves facing the horrors in Room #9.

Captain Zhudo is a full 9' in height with a muscular barrel chest and wild grey penetrating eyes 5 HD, HP 38, +2 STR, ATKS. +3 BASTARD SWORD OR HVY CROSSBOW. On his person there is a large sack tied to his waist which contains 36pp, 3 giant pearls wrapped in cloth (worth 500gp ea) and a chunk of raw agate (worth 150gp). Around his horns, (1 horn is broken off near its base) sits a tarnished silver crown inset with green pearls, diamonds and pale green gemstones. The CROWN OF ATLANTIS functions as a helm of Water Elemental Control but is also cursed. Wearing it longer than 24 hours and a save vs. spells must be attempted (and each month following). If failed the wearer is dr ven insane with paranoia and madness. In combat Captain Zhudo will bark out orders and go berserk with a 80% probability if anyone does melee with him.

2 ZIEGE MEN LIEUTENANTS, 4 HD, HP 27,24. Otherwise stats are as per Ziege Men. Each carry a large sack, total loot from them is 12pp, 44gp and each wear hammered silver wrist bands worth 40gp each set.

Stepping back on the northern Teleportation pad beams the adventurers back to Room 2.

Ideas for lengthening/continuing the adventure: 1. Add another sublevel with burial chambers etc. 2. Add other locations of interest on the map the party possesses for them to venture to with compelling travel and sub-adventures enroute.



Alternate (Medieval Style) Combat/Armor Rules

*Descending AC system is used (as normal). DEX bonuses would also apply as normal

Unarmored = AC4/Takes full damage from a hit
Padded Armor/Leather Armor = AC6/Absorbs/deflects 1d2-1 pts dmg
Studded Leather Armor = AC6/Absorbs/deflects 1d3-1 pts dmg
Chain Mail = AC7/Absorbs/deflects 1d4-1 pts dmg
Plate Mail = AC9 Absorbs/deflects 1d6-1 pts dmg

Shields:
Small shield: Usable vs 1 foe/round -1AC + Absorbs/deflects 1 pt dmg
Medium shield: Usable vs 2 foes/round -1AC + Absorbs/deflects 1 pt dmg
Large shield: Usable vs 3 foes/round -1AC + Absorbs/deflects 1 pt dmg

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Helms/Helmets: If character is hit in the head his normal armor offers no protection. If he is wearing a metal helm/helmet and hit in the head absorbs/deflects 1d6-1 pts dmg.

Hit Location Chart: Once a hit is scored roll 1d100 and consult chart:
0-10 left leg
11-20 right leg
21-45 gut/abdomen [if a hit is scored here, roll 1d10, on a 1 result roll additional 1d6 dmg]
46-70 Chest/shoulder [if a hit is scored here, roll 1d10, on a 1 result the victim is stabbed/pierced in the heart and dies (not applicable if a blunt weapon is used)]
71-80 left arm
81-90 right arm
91-100 head [if a hit is scored here roll 1d10, on a 1-2 if no helm is worn death ensues]

Monster's AC rules:
To simplify the process use the normally listed AC for monsters (understanding that AC is somewhat of a subjective term). For NPC's and humanoid foes with stats listed use these full rules. At the DM's discretion if the monster carries a shield you can use the shield rules listed above.

Armor upkeep: Armor costs money and time to upkeep and maintain in working order. After each adventure armored players would need to visit an Armorer. Time to repair = 1d8 days. Cost to repair = 3d6 gold, 6d6 gold for plate mail

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Magical Armor/shields/helms: At the DM's discretion magical Armor, shields or helms found can either a) increase damage absorption, b) decrease base AC (lighter easier to manuever) or in many cases both

The Deodand: a Monster of Vancian Splendor

Of all the influences on my own campaign perhaps no other author has held such a powerful place in my imagination than Jack Vance. Whether it's the fairy-tale medieval picaresque of Lyonesse, the somewhat melancholy pulp fantasy of the Dying Earth, or the vast array of lesser known but equally evocative space opera worlds, I can't read more than a few pages without reaching for my brainstorm notebook to jot down a new idea for an NPC, locale, absurd encounter, or just an elusive weird fantasy tone/theme to weave into a session.

Invariably some of my favorite scenes revolve around witty, deadly exchanges between the protagonist and a harm-intending creature. The crafty deodand is a particular favorite, so I present him as a monster to spring on your unwitting players.

Deodand

No. Enc.: 1 (1-3)

Alignment: Chaotic (Evil)

Movement: 90 (30)

Armor Class: 6

Hit Dice: 4

Attacks: 3 (2 claws, 1 bite)

Damage: 1d4, 1d4, 1d8

Save: F4

Morale: 7

Deodands are intelligent, man-eating humanoids rumored to be borne of a sorcerous experiment that combined a human with a wolverine and basilisk. Deodands appear as handsome, muscular men with dull charcoal-black skin, long sharp fangs, and slitted golden or white eyes. The typical deodand prefers to wear a leather harness with bits of velvet or other rich clothes attached. There is a 30% chance that the harness is adorned with ornamental gems worth 100-400 gp.

The solitary deodand prefers to ambush his prey by stealth and will hide in shadows and move silently at a 60% chance. If caught unobserved he will surprise an unwitting party on a 1-4 roll on a d6.

Though vicious and unremitting in his desire to eat other humanoids, the deodand is also particularly interested in maintaining his own skin. If obviously overpowered or reduced to less than 1/3 hit points he will beg and plead for his life, often offering to guide a party. Adventurers should remain vigilant however if they take the creature up on any offer, as the deodand may attempt to subtly lead them into danger.

The Pelgrane: A Monster of Vancian Splendor Part II

No. Enc.: 1-8

Alignment: Neutral

Movement: 450 (150)

Armor Class: 5

Hit Dice: 3

Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d8

Save: F3

Morale: 8

Pelgranes are a flying, semi-sentient race with a most unpleasant and aggressive demeanor. Displaying crested, polished black beetle-like heads--complete with beak and fangs--they can make for a formidable nuisance to air-borne travelers.

Like birds of prey, pelgranes prefer to circle at great heights waiting to dive down on unsuspecting prey. As such they surprise on a 1-3 chance when outdoors. Pelgranes failing to achieve surprise will often converse with their intended prey before attacking them.

Cavernous Haunt of the Giant Albino Penguins

Cavernous Haunt of the Giant Albino Penguins

Entrance: Rusted iron rungs, broken in spots lead down a well, pit or shadowy back of a natural cave into pitch darkness. The air here is moist and fetid.

If the characters choose to descend without a rope using only the rungs - have the characters make a DEX check. An odd sound can be heard while descending that sounds faintly and is of a creaked sharp pipe organ. The noise seems to echo eerily then stops a short while after it starts.

25' down the well opens up into an echous carven. Torch light only extends 20' in this damp dark cavern and won't light up the entire cave.

Cavern #1

Stalagmites and stalactites rise up frequently. Some are large enough to touch forming natural pillars. The rock, upon inspection down here is a bone white and there are yellow veins running thru it in spots.

This cavern is the lair of an Oozing Guardian that will drop on an unsuspecting party member holding a light source. It is uneven to walk on in here. Careful inspection of the cave will reveal a small pile of rusted chain mail and a nice hand axe in the southwestern corner. The hand axe has an etching on the blade of an odd five pointed star-like symbol; it is a +1 hand axe, +2 vs Aquatic creatures. Remnants of a stone altar to an unknown God can be found in the western wall that has been purposefully smashed into rubble.

Oozing Guardian: (a variation from the Realms of Crawling Chaos sourcebook by goblinoid games). This pale grey slowly undulating blob is some 25' in diameter and moves via thousands of small hairlike bristles on its white underside. 10HD, hit points 61, AC 5, dmg 3d4 bite + special, special atks: bite causes paralysis for 2d4 rounds unless save is made, swallows prey hole in its gigantic maw on a 19 or 20, move 20', surprises prey on 1-3 on d6 due to natural camouflage and slow movement along ceiling.

A crude passage can be found leading from the north end of this cave. The cavern undulates between 4'-8' wide in spots, the ground here is slick from mildew and the going is slow

Cavern #2

Upon approach - On 2 in 6 the party hears more ominous shrieking echoing from the north. If this occurs save vs spells or run in fear for 3 rounds.

This large cavern is also pocked with stalagmites and stalactites. Slowly moving towards the party's light source come 4 large ghost-like blobs. Roll for surprise, initiative.

Closer inspection reveals these creatures to be 10' tall hideous GIANT ALBINO PENGUINS. 6HD, hit points 29, 34, 27, 36, AC 7, dmg 1d8 beak, move 20', special defenses- need magical weapons to hit. spells: cause fear, greater phantasmal force. The penguins will attempt to cause the party to flee with

spells or kill them. Their treasure hoard is in the NE corner of the cave. It contains a heaping pile with 1247gp, 36pp, 210sp, 4 medium red rubies (200gp each), a clear potion of invisibility and a 10" long silver key. This key is arcane in nature and can be used by a Magic User of 5th level or higher to create a portal to another World (as chosen by the DM). To activate the key the glyphs on the key must be uttered aloud and the key must be placed to a blank expanse of natural obsidian stone. The party may learn how to use the key and its function by consulting a nefarious Sorcerer in a large City

In The Court Of The Dragon

Robert W Chambers

"Oh Thou who burn'st in heart for those who burn
In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn;
How long be crying, 'Mercy on them, God!
Why, who are thou to teach and He to learn?"

In the church of St. Barnabé vespers were over; the clergy left the altar; the little choir-boys flocked across the chancel and settled in the stalls. A Suisse in rich uniform marched down the south aisle, sounding his staff at every fourth step on the stone pavement; behind him came that eloquent preacher and good man, Monseigneur C----.

My chair was near the chancel rail. I now turned toward the west end of the church. The other people between the altar and the pulpit turned too. There was a little scraping and rustling while the congregation seated itself again; the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs, and the organ voluntary ceased.

I had always found the organ-playing at St. Barnabé highly interesting. Learned and scientific, it was too much for my small knowledge, but expressing a vivid if cold intelligence. Moreover, it possessed the French quality of taste. Taste reigned supreme, self-controlled, dignified, and reticent.

To-day, however, from the first chord I had felt a change for the worse, a sinister change. During vespers it had been chiefly the chancel organ which supported the beautiful choir, but now and again, quite randomly as it seemed, from the west gallery where the great organ stands, a heavy hand had struck across the church, at the serene peace of those clear voices. It was something more than harsh and dissonant, and it betrayed no lack of skill. As it recurred again and again, it set me thinking of what my architect's books say about the custom in early times to consecrate the choir as soon as it was built, and that the nave, being finished sometimes half a century later, often did not get any blessing at all: I wondered idly if that had been the case as St. Barnabé, and whether something not usually supposed to be at home in a Christian church, might have entered undetected, and taken possession of the west gallery. I had read of such things happening too, but not in the works on architecture.

Then I remembered that St. Barnabé was not much more than a hundred years old, and smiled at the incongruous association of mediæval superstitions with a cheerful little piece of eighteenth century rococo.

But now vespers were over, and there should have followed a few quiet chords, fit to accompany meditations, while we waited for the sermon. Instead of that, the discord at the lower end of the church broke out with the departure of the clergy, as if now nothing could control it.

I belong to those children of an older and simpler generation, who do not love to seek for psychological subtleties in art; and I have ever refused to find in music anything more than melody and harmony, but I felt that in the labyrinth of sounds now issuing from that instrument there was something being hunted. Up and down the pedals chased him, while the manuals blared approval. Poor devil! whoever he was, there seemed small hope of escape!

My nervous annoyance changed to anger. Who was doing this? How dare he play like that in the midst of divine service? I glanced at the people near me: not one appeared to be in the least disturbed. The placid brows of the kneeling nuns, still turned toward the altar, lost none of their devout abstraction, under the pale shadow of their white head-dress. The fashionable

lady beside me was looking expectantly at Monseigneur C----. For all her face betrayed, the organ might have been singing an Ave Maria.

But now, at last, the preacher had made the sign of the cross, and commanded silence. I turned to him gladly. Thus far I had not found the rest I had counted on, when I entered St. Barnabé that afternoon.

I was worn out by three nights of physical suffering and mental trouble: the last had been the worst, and it was an exhausted body, and a mind benumbed and yet acutely sensitive, which I had brought to my favorite church for healing. For I had been reading "The King in Yellow."

"The sun ariseth; they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens." Monseigneur C---- delivered his text in a calm voice, glancing quietly over the congregation. My eyes turned, I knew not why, toward the lower end of the church. The organist was coming from behind the pipes, and passing along the gallery on his way out, I saw him disappear by a small door that leads to some stairs which descend directly to the street. He was a slender man, and his face was as white as his coat was black. "Good riddance!" I thought, "with your wicked music! I hope your assistant will play the closing voluntary."

With a feeling of relief, with a deep, calm feeling of relief, I turned back to the mild face in the pulpit, and settled myself to listen. Here at last, was the ease of mind I longed for.

"My children," said the preacher, "one truth the human soul finds hardest of all to learn; that it has nothing to fear. It can never be made to see that nothing can really harm it."

"Curious doctrine!" I thought, "for a Catholic priest. Let us see how he will reconcile that with the Fathers."

"Nothing can really harm the soul," he went on, in his coolest clearest tones, "because----"

But I never heard the rest; my eye left his face, I knew not for what reason, and sought the lower end of the church. The same man was coming out from behind the organ, and was passing along the gallery the same way. But there had not been time for him to return, and if he had returned, I must have seen him. I felt a faint chill, and my heart sank; and yet, his going and coming were no affair of mine. I looked at him: I could not look away from his black figure and his white face. When he was exactly opposite me, he turned and sent across the church, straight into my eyes, a look of hate, intense and deadly: I have never seen any other like it; would to God I might never see it again! Then he disappeared by the same door through which I had watched him depart less than sixty seconds before.

I sat and tried to collect my thoughts. My first sensation was like that of a very young child badly hurt, when it catches its breath before crying out.

To suddenly find myself the object of such hatred was exquisitely painful: and this man was an utter stranger. Why should he hate me so? Me, whom he had never seen before? For the moment all other sensation was merged in this one pang: even fear was subordinate to grief, and for that moment I never doubted; but in the next I began to reason, and a sense of the

incongruous came to my aid.

As I have said, St. Barnabé is a modern church. It is small and well lighted; one sees all over it almost at a glance. The organ gallery gets a strong white light from a row of long windows in the clere-story, which have not even colored glass.

The pulpit being in the middle of the church, it followed that, when I was turned toward it, whatever moved at the west end could not fail to attract my eye. When the organist passed it was no wonder the I saw him: I had simply miscalculated the interval between his first and his second passing. He had come in that last time by the other side-door. As for the look which had so upset me, there had been no such thing, and I was a nervous fool.

I looked about. This was a likely place to harbor supernatural horrors! That clear-cut, reasonable face of Monseigneur C----, his collected manner, and easy, graceful gestures, were they not just a little discouraging to the notion of a gruesome mystery? I glanced above his head, and almost laughed. That flyaway lady, supporting one corner of the pulpit canopy, which looked like a fringed damask table-cloth in a high wind, at the first attempt of a basilisk to pose up there in the organ lost, she would point her gold trumpet at him, and puff him out of existence! I laughed to myself over this conceit, which, at the time, I though very amusing, and sat and chaffed myself and everything else, for the old harpy outside the railing, who had made me pay ten centimes for my chair, before she would let me in (she was more like a basilisk, I told myself, than was my organist with the anæmic complexion): from that grim old dame, to, yes, alas! to Monseigneur C----, himself. For all devoutness had fled. I had never yet done such a thing in my life, but now I felt a desire to mock.

As for the sermon, I could not hear a word of it, for the jingle in my ears of

"The skirts of St. Paul has reached,
Having preached us those six Lent lectures,
More unctuous than ever he preached:"

keeping time to the most fantastic and irreverent thoughts.

It was no use to sit there any longer: I must get out of doors and shake myself free from this hateful mood. I knew the rudeness I was committing but still I rose and left the church.

A spring sun was shining on the rue St. Honoré, as I ran down the church steps. On one corner stood a barrow full of yellow jonquils, pale violets from the Riviera, dark Russian violets, and white Roman hyacinths in a golden cloud of mimosa. The street was full of Sunday pleasure-seekers. I swung my cane and laughed with the rest. Some one overtook and passed me. He never turned, but there was the same deadly malignity in his white profile that there had been in his eyes. I watched him as long as I could see him. His lithe back expressed the same menace; every step that carried him away from me seemed to bear him on some errand connected with my destruction.

I was creeping along, my feet almost refusing to move. There began to dawn in me a sense of responsibility for something long forgotten. It began to seem as if I deserved that which he threatened: it reached a long way back - a long, long way back. It had lain dormant all these years: it was there though, and presently it would rise and confront me. But I would try to escape; and I stumbled as best I could into the rue de Rivioli, across the Place de la Concorde and on to the Quai. I looked with sick eyes upon the sun, shining through the white foam of the fountain, pouring over the backs of the dusky bronze river-gods, on the far-away Arc, a structure of amethyst mist, on the countless vistas of gray stems and bare branches faintly green. Then I saw him again coming down one of the chestnut alleys of the Cours la Reine.

I left the river side, plunging blindly across to the Champs Elysées and turned toward the Arc. The setting sun was sending its rays along the green sward of the Rond-point: in the full glow he sat on a bench, children and young mothers all about him. He was nothing but a Sunday lounger, like the others, like myself. I said the words almost aloud, and all the while I gazed on the malignant hatred of his face. But he was not looking at me. I crept past and dragged my leaden feet up the Avenue. I knew that every time I met him brought him nearer to the accomplishment of his purpose and my fate. And still I tried to save myself.

The last rays of sunset were pouring through the great Arc. I passed under it, and met him face to face. I had left him far down the Champs Elysées, and yet he came in with a stream of people who were returning form the Bois de Boulogne. He came so close that he brushed me. His slender frame felt like iron inside its loose black covering. He showed no signs of haste, nor of fatigue, nor of any human feeling. His whole being expressed but one thing: the will, and the power to work me evil.

In anguish I watched him, where he went down the broad crowded Avenue, that was all flashing with wheels and the trappings of horses, and the helmets of the Garde Republicaine.

He was soon lost to sight; then I turned and fled. Into the Bois, and far out beyond it - I know not where I went, but after a long while as it seemed to me, night had fallen, and I found myself sitting at a table before a small café. I had wandered back into the Bois. It was hours now since I had seen him. Physical fatigue, and mental suffering had left me no more power to think or feel. I was tired, so tired! I longed to hide away in my own den. I resolved to go home. But that was a long way off.

I live in the Court of the Dragon, a narrow passage that leads from the rue de Rennes to the rue du Dragon.

It is an "Impasse;" traversable only for foot passengers. Over the entrance on the rue de Rennes is a balcony, supported by an iron dragon. Within the court tall old houses rise on either side, and close the ends that give on the two streets. Huge gates, swung back during the day into the walls of the deep archways, close this court, after midnight, and one must enter then by ringing at certain small doors on the side. The sunken pavement collects unsavory pools. Steep stairways pitch down to doors that open on the court. The

ground floors are occupied by shops of second-hand dealers, any by iron workers. All day long the place rings with the clink of hammers, and the clank of metal bars.

Unsavory as it is below, there is cheerfulness, and comfort, and hard, honest work above.

Five flights up are the ateliers of architects and painters, and the hiding-places of middle-aged students like myself who want to live alone. When I first came here to live I was young, and not alone.

I had to walk awhile before any conveyance appeared, but at last, when I had almost reached the Arc de Triomphe again, an empty cab came along and I took it.

From the Arc to the rue de Rennes is a drive of more than half an hour, especially when one is conveyed by a tired cab horse that has been at the mercy of Sunday fete makers.

There had been time before I passed under the Dragon's wings. to meet my enemy over and over again, but I never saw him once, now refuge was close at hand.

Before the wide gateway a small mob of children were playing. Our concierge and his wife walked about among them with their black poodle, keeping order; some couples were waltzing on the side-walk. I returned their greetings and hurried in.

All the inhabitants of the court had trooped out into the street. The place was quite deserted, lighted by a few lanterns hung high up, in which the gas burned dimly.

My apartment was at the top of a house, half way down the court, reached by a staircase that descended almost into the street, with only a bit of passage-way intervening. I set my foot on the threshold of the open door, the friendly, old ruinous stairs rose before me, leading up to rest and shelter. Looking back over my right shoulder, I saw ***him***, ten paces off. He must have entered the court with me.

He was coming straight on, neither slowly, nor swiftly, but straight on to me. And now he was looking at me. For the first time since our eyes encountered across the church they met now again, and I knew that the time had come.

Retreating backward, down the court, I faced him. I meant to escape by the entrance on the rue du Dragon. His eyes told me that I never should escape.

It seemed ages while we were going, I retreating, he advancing, down he court in perfect silence; but at last I felt the shadow of the archway, and the next step brought me within it. I had meant to turn here and spring through into the street. But the shadow was not that of an archway; it was that of a vault. The great doors on the rue du Dragon were closed. I felt this by the blackness which surrounded me, and at the same instant I read it in his face. How his face gleamed in the darkness, drawing swiftly nearer! The deep vaults, the huge closed doors, their cold iron clamps were all on his side. The thing which he had threatened had arrived: it gathered and bore down on me from the fathomless shadows; the point from which it would strike was his

infernal eyes. Hopeless I set my back against the barred doors and defied him.

There was a scraping of chairs on the stone floor, and a rustling as the congregation rose. I could hear the Suisse's staff in the south aisle, preceding Monseigneur C- to the sacristy.

The kneeling nuns, roused from their devout abstraction, made their reverence and went away. The fashionable lady, my neighbor, rose also, with graceful reserve. As she departed her glance just flitted over my face in disapproval.

Half dead, or so it seemed to me, yet intensely alive to every trifle, I sat among the leisurely moving crowd, then rose too and went toward the door.

I had slept through the sermon. Had I slept through the sermon? I looked up and saw him passing along the gallery to his place. Only his side I saw; the thin bent arm in its black covering looking like one of those devilish, nameless instruments which lie in the disused torture chambers of mediaeval castles.

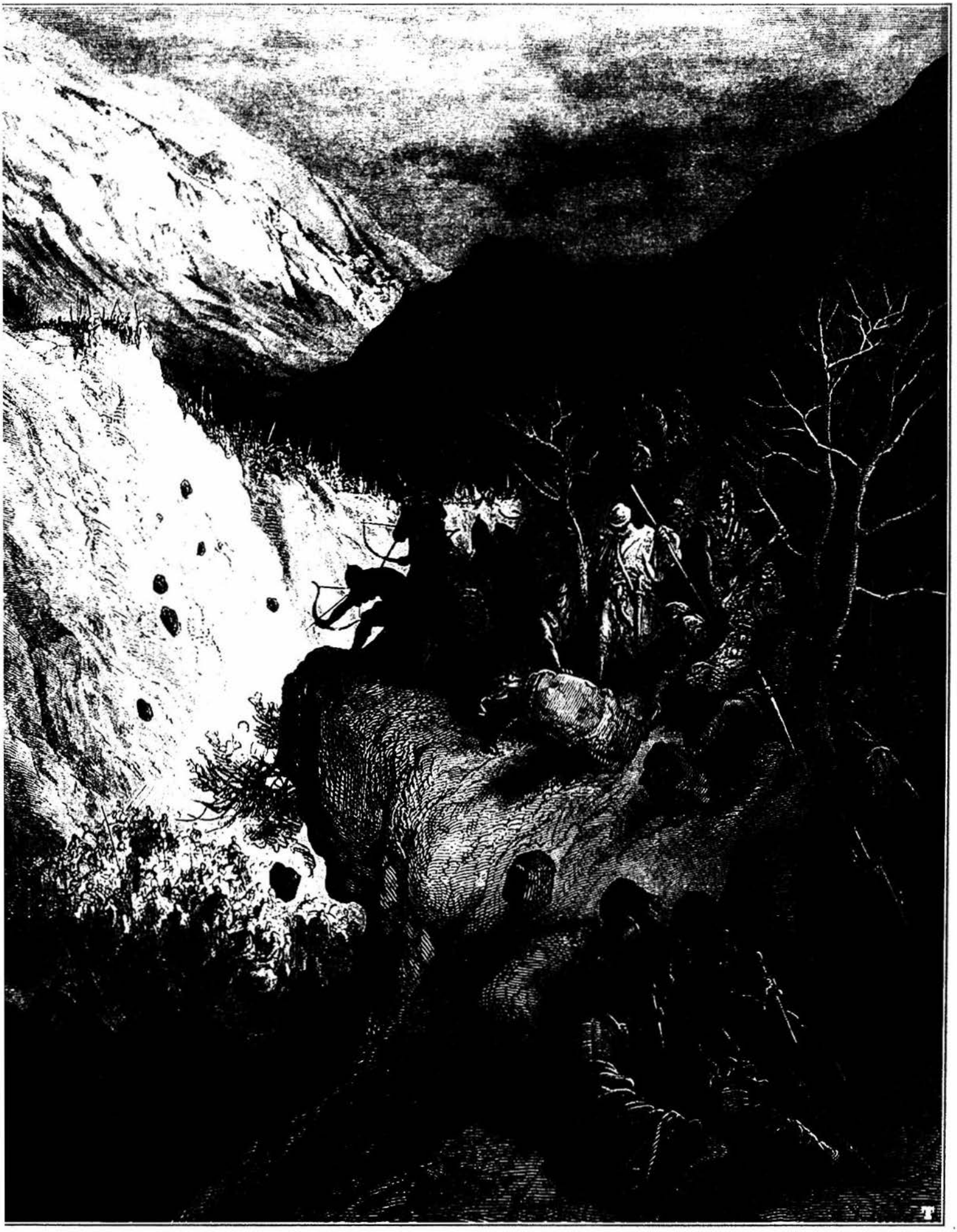
But I had escaped him, though his eyes had said I should not. *Had* I escaped? That which gave him power over me came back out of oblivion, where I had hoped to keep it. For I knew him now. Death and the awful abode of lost souls, whither my weakness long ago had sent him - they had changed him for every other eye, but not for mine. I had recognized him almost from the first; I had never doubted what he was come to do; and now I knew that while my body sat safe in the cheerful little church, he had been hunting my soul in the Court of the Dragon.

I crept to the door; the organ broke out overhead with a blare. A dazzling light filled the church, blotting the altar from my eyes. The people faded away, the arches, the vaulted roof vanished. I raised my seared eyes to the fathomless glare, and I saw the black stars hanging in the heavens: and the wet winds from the Lake of Hali chilled my face.

And now, far away, over leagues of tossing cloud-waves, I saw the moon dripping with spray; and beyond, the towers of Carcosa rose behind the moon.

Death and the awful abode of lost souls, whither my weakness long ago had sent him, had changed him for every other eye but mine. And now I heard *his voice*, rising, swelling, thundering through the flaring light, and as I fell, the radiance increasing, increasing, poured over me in waves of flame. Then I sank into the depths, and I heard the King in Yellow whispering to my soul: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!"

End



Planned Encounters

The Grey Ravine

Party levels 2-5

Whilst travelling enroute to a planned destination. The party follows a road, broad width, ancient well worn cobblestones, many spots with grasses and weeds choking the cracks.. Passing throiugh a craggy hillside. Boulders strewn as debris occasionally. The howling of jackals in the distance. An Arabian summer evening.

The ravine sides rise up 30-50' on the sides. The old road seems to cut through it. Stretching for ribboned miles. The sun begins to set on the horizon.

An ambush trap is laid at some point by a group of charlatan bandits in chained longshirts and carrying bows. Surprise on a 1-3. They recieve a +2 on all attacks from the vantage. Gruff bearded men with coifed helms. They number 27 in total. 14 are 1 level, 5 hps, AC 5 Chain hauberks carrying short swords and short bows with 24 arrows, 8 are level 2 AC5 Chain Hauberks carrying broad swords , 1d8+1 STR and long bows, and the leader is a stern faced goateed Fighter Level 4 barking out commands, this is Diebart, 27 hps, AC0,
+2 STR dmg, , +2 banded mail, +1 large kite shaped metal shield with a green dragon emblazoned. Diebart weilds a +1/+2 vs Undead longsword that glows a light blue along it's hilt. The group will shoot arrows or throw/push boulders down on the party(2d4 dmg). 11 such boulders are readied. If a party member is killed they will offer an honorable surrender, rob the party completely, but stick to the laws of chivalry and not further slay. They carry amongst their persons 747gp, 210sp, 17pp and an ornate silver bracelet worth 200gp.

Encounter with a Vampire in the Mist

A planned encounter for partys level 3-6

The party is travelling enroute to their planned destination. Late Autumn. Cresecent moon, dusk is setting in, thick fog. Rolling fooothills. A slightly swampy trackless waste.

*The party is stalked by a group of ravenous, rabid black wolves. 19 of them. 2+1 HD, hp 17, 14x4, 12x5, 10,10, 10, 9 , 9 , 9, 9, 8, 6..dmg. bite for 1d8 + *special* 5% chance per bite of inflicting a serious diesease. *wounds only curable by resting, potions or spells will not cure bite wounds.* immune to sleep spells**

Looking to the east in the distant gloom can be spotted a lone figure outlined against the yellowish moon on a sloping hilltop. Distance 300 yards. This is a Vampire who has control via Fear of the pack of black wolves and enjoys trailing them for sport.

If approached the Vampire Augustine will defend himself. Otherwise he will remain out of bow-shot and watch the proceedings with feigning interest in the outcome. He carries a scroll of 'raise dead', 340pp and a block onyx amulet on a necklace of braided gold (2500gp value)

Random Events While in a Tavern

1.	A random party member is targeted and pick-pocketed by a low level thief (1st-4th level). If detected the thief flees through an open window or escapes through a door
2.	Mistaken Identity: A group of 4-7 undercover Assassins arrive at the Tavern (thieves if no Assassins are used in your campaign). They believe one or more of the party members to have been involved in a crime against their person of hire. They will try and pick an opportune moment to backstab or poison their chosen targets
3.	A local dignitary enters the Tavern with his squad of attendants & bodyguards. They are celebrating some event as determined by the DM and buy a round for the bar
4.	A fight breaks out in the tavern between some drunken Sailors, or others dependent upon the locale. Roll to see which party member gets hit with a stray chair or fist and potentially drawn into the conflict
5.	A random party member is targeted and pick-pocketed by a high level thief (5th- 8th level). If detected the thief flees through an open window or escapes through a door
6.	A travelling band of Were-Rats in human form are present in the tavern. The party is targeted for potential wealth. They will look for an opportune time to attack, such as during the night, or when the party is walking to the stables in the morning. If the fight goes poorly for them they will flee.
7.	The party hears rumours of the ruins of a nearby castle from a retired adventurer in the tavern.
8.	A man is in the tavern who offers to sell the party a treasure map for 10gp. The map has a 50% chance of leading to actual treasure
9.	A local Bard enters the tavern and starts to play a lyre and sing epic ballads. He accepts tips and may be knowledgeable about an area or event of interest to the party
10.	The party meets a random traveller who is interested in becoming an adventurer and joining the party as an NPC. There is a 20% chance the individual has sinister motives and will look at some point to rob a party member and flee

Table: Coin & Related descriptions. Roll 1d20

1. The muted logo of a stern faced barbarian King with a goatee

2. A burning wheel icon with 8 spokes

3. Square bronze coins with a circular hole in the center and an eye on the back, the pupil of the eye is formed by the circular hole

4. A five pointed starfish covered in warts

5. An aquatic Elf king wearing a helm

6. An icon of an unknown planet

7. An icon of the face of a fish-like being with bulbous eyes and barbels hanging from its lips

8. An antlered elk head

9. A skull impression with a broad forehead

10. Platinum discs 3" in diameter, hexagon shaped

11. 2" silver coins with a coiled snake constricting around a planet

12. A crescent moon icon on an electrum coin

13. A hybrid goat-human face wearing a menacing expression of shouting or moaning, the open mouth formed by a circular hole in the coin.

14. A jaguar's skull covered or "shingled" (except for the teeth and eye and nose sockets) with polished, overlapping coins, each affixed to the skull with nails driven through each coin's circular hole.

15. Incredibly hard, transparent, dice-sized cubes of an unknown crystal-like material, each containing a bronze, coin-like disc inside, set at an angle and covered with strange characters .

16. Disturbing, pornographic images of frog-like creatures whipping and mating with human women.

17. A reconstructed, skeletal human hand, the bones bored and strung together with a gold chain, from which the hand hangs like a medallion. Gold, hexagonal coins covered in a strange script are also strung on the chain separating each joint of each finger on the hand.

18. A frog-like creature splitting the skull of a human captive, kneeling and apparently begging for mercy.

19. A human suspended by the feet above a raised, ceremonial basin into which its blood drains. A frog-like creature serves another of its kind from the basin with a long, ladle-like instrument.

20. A 2 headed horse wearing barding armour.

Post-Apocalyptic Weather Table (To be consulted daily when travelling in the wastelands)

3d20 will be rolled and each chart consulted once

Wind
1,2 = calm 0-1mph
3,4,5 = light breeze 3-15mph
6,7,8,9,10 = strong gusty breeze 10-31mph (visibility reduced to 100 yards/meters)
11,12,13,14 = Gale force winds 32-60mph (visibility 50 yards/meters)
15,16,17,18 = Sand Storm/Storm 61-120mph (visibility 20 yards/meters, chance of acidic rain increased (roll 2x on the Precipitation table and accept the highest roll)
19,20 = Violent Storm 121-140mph (visibility 5 yards/meters, chance of acidic rain increased (roll 4x on the Precipitation table and accept the highest roll)

Temperature
Chart ranges from
1=high 90F,low 30F
20=high 130F, low 50F
For each die rolled over a 1, add 2 degrees to the high temp and 1 degree for the low temp. Minor penalties on the high end of the temp chart for most armored characters(left to GM's discretion)

Precipitation
1-13 = none/dry
14 = light normal drizzle
15 = normal rain showers
16 = light purple clouds/sky light acidic drizzle 1pt dmg/hour exposure
17 = light purple clouds/sky medium acidic drizzle 1d4 dmg/hour exposure
18 = dark purple clouds/sky heavy acid light rain 1d6 dmg/hour exposure
19 = dark purple clouds/sky heavy acid heavy rain 1d12 dmg/hour exposure
20= dark purple clouds/sky heavy acid heavy rain 1d12 dmg/hour exposure + violent electrical storm 1 in 10 chance hit per hour 4d6 dmg if hit (save vs energy atks for 1/2 dmg)

The Big Table of semi-mundane treasures(1d100)

1. A bronze telescope, somewhat verdigris stained (20gp)
2. A silver hand mirror with a narrow handle and a rose floral pattern (45gp)
3. A finely wrought ceramic ewer, forest green in color (15gp)
4. A rough cut reddish-brown carnelian, 1" diameter (40gp)
5. A gold nugget, roughly the size and shape of a d6, somewhat impure (15go)
6. A pewter goblet with an etching of a knight on a horse (20gp)
7. A tarnished golden tiara, the jewels have been pried out (35gp)
8. A collapsible 10' pole made of hollow steel of fine craftsmanship (20gp)
9. A large silver serving fork (10gp)
10. A set of 3 bronze padlocks of diminishing sizes, with matching keys (8gp)
11. Pinking shears of fine steel, 5go
12. Beautifully made silver ear spoon, 6gp
13. Small metal mirror in a tortoise shell case, 10gp
14. A set of 2-6 small glass rabbit figurines 1gp each
15. A 1' tall ceramic beer stein, painted with enamels to celebrate an Autumnal Festival, 25 gp to the right collector
16. A heart-shaped silver locket, the interior painted with the image of a smiling. red-haired woman (15GP)
17. A black leather armband with electrum studs (6GP)
18. A silver flute etched with a woodland scene (10GP)
19. An ornate candelabra of wrought silver (40GP)
20. A set of fine gold spurs (20GP)
21. Wooden peg leg inlaid with copper, bottom capped in bronze, and a single cat's eye gem on the front. Pegleg w. gem: 35 gp. Gem alone: 25 gp. Pegleg without gem: 5gp.
22. Ornate smoking pipe complete with finely crafted silver tamp with Ivory handle (25GP)
23. Finely carved walking stick of exotic wood with bone and silver inlay and tip (40GP)
24. Small looking glass with jeweled handle (15GP)
25. Jade, multi-faceted ink pot with decorated silver lid (20GP)
26. Small brass tin for snuff, ornately embossed and having tiny emerald decorations (20GP)
27. Expertly stuffed and mounted barracuda (Mahogany base with elaborate silver border)(30gp)
28. Set of intricately hand-painted porcelain Mahjong tiles(Incomplete) (15gp)
29. Amber brooch (Amber contains a fossilized crab) (20 gp)
30. Gold plated chamber pot (some discolouration) (5 gp)
31. Gold tooth (Sized for an Ogre) (15 gp)
32. Dagger with a hematite pommel (30 gp)
33. Crate holding 200 well-made but unadorned pewter mugs (1 sp per mug/ 10 gp for the full crate)

34. Glass alembic with bronze stand (15 gp)
35. Quill pen made of a fiery red feather with a gold nib (12 gp)
36. Large Round shield of wood jacketed in bronze with a lambda on the face (20 gp)
37. Small, well-made teak box with silver hinges and fittings (35 gp)
38. Electrum skeleton key (what it goes to unknown, 7 gp)
39. Silver Holy symbol set with a moonstone (45 gp)
40. Leather dog collar studded with quartz chips (9 gp)
41. A cork ball covered in a polished leather casing and stitched across the circumference (approximately 3 in diameter) - 5 gp
42. A fine silver urn unadorned, contains the ashes of a male elf - 25 gp
43. A small brass bell (8 in tall), with religious marking scrawled across its shoulder - 10 gp
44. A bronze candelabra, already used and covered in melted wax - 20 gp after cleaning it up
45. A wheel stolen from a ship's helm, 4 ft across and made of stained cherry wood that has cracked with age - 45 gp
46. A spindle of golden thread (4GP)
47. A glittering chunk of rock crystal (22GP)
48. A delicate charm bracelet with clover-shaped beads (10GP)
49. A large copper bowl rimmed with emerald chips (40GP)
50. A gold corkscrew in the shape of a caduceus (47 gp).
51. An 8x11 badly battered tin folder containing 12 pieces of paper in excellent shape (6 gp).
52. A small tin (3"x3") containing a wad of 27 tangled up, but still in perfect condition, fish hooks. (13 sp).
53. Engraved brass butt trumpet (10 gp)
54. Set of 37 tarnished silver napkin rings, engraved with the name "Sir Lord Milfordhausen" (11 gp)
55. A delicate blue-green blown-glass vase (20 gp)
56. Pocket-sized mahogany statuette of a bald, smiling fat man wearing loose robes (7 gp)
57. 48 feet of Gnomeleaf tapestry (48 gp)
58. Ceramic wine bottle gilt with silver, studded with tiny semi-precious stones (bloodstone), and a solid-copper stopper with a larger bloodstone
set on the top. On the front, near the bottom is a glass insert that allows you to see inside the bottle. Bottle: 25 gp, Stopper: 10gp.
59. Set of four glass-bottom, pewter mugs. On the glass, on the outside, is a silver inlay of a family crest. Each mug: 10 gp. Set: 45 gp.
60. Gold-tipped peacock-feather quill and carved marble ink bottle with copper stopper. Quill: 10 gp. Ink bottle: 5gp. Stopper: 2gp.

61. Ornately carved oak picture frame, small cat's eye gem set in each corner. Frame is 22" x 34". Frame with gems: 45 gp. Frame without gems: 25 gp. Gems: 2.5 gp each.
62. Glass candelabra with copper drip pans. Holds 5 candles in an "x" shaped with one candle in the middle. Value: 50 gp.
63. Gold candle snuffer with silver shaft and leather handle. Value: 40 gp.
64. Toy, 6" long 5" tall working torsion catapult made out of oak. Value: 25gp. Range: 10'.
65. Set of toy marble blocks that create a small 10" tall, 5" diameter circular tower. Value: 10gp.
66. 25 gold coated sling bullets. Value: 1 gp each.
67. Pouch with 50 silver sling bullets, for Werewolves. Value: 6gp.
68. Small, detailed figurines made of pewter about 2" tall, group of 10. Can be of various monsters, knights, soldiers, etc. Value: 5gp.
69. Ear Trumpet (Ear Horn, hearing aid) made of silver and minotaur horn. Value: 35gp.
70. High quality boot polishing and leather care kit. Value: 5gp.
71. Matching small belt pouches, highly decorated with toggles of ivory. Value: 5gp each.
72. Eye patch made of black silk with silver wire embroidery and 4 pearls stitched onto area that covers eye. Value: 10gp.
73. A box of 15 well preserved feathers from exotic birds. 15 GP.
74. A silver ring with a hollowed onyx for carrying poison. 35 GP.
75. A well crafted flashlight that uses a "continual light" stone. It doesn't have the stone. 10 GP.
76. A set of dentist tools, with half of them missing. 25 GP.
77. A glass cookie jar which shocks (no damage) anyone under 16 years who tries to open it. 49 GP.
78. A scale model of a ship (inside it has hidden 100gr of opium, it has to be broken to find them). 10 GP (60 GP).
79. Recipe book of a master chef. 20 GP (40 if sold near the castle where he worked).
80. A clever mechanical device which rings a bell if a door isn't opened in the proper way (10 GP).
81. A water proof scroll case. 30 GP.
82. A small (and broken) model of an unknown fire spitting machine. A master ingenieur might make something out of it.
83. A table for figuring out logarithms, trigonometric variables and other mathematical operations. 5 GP.
84. A sturdy and reliable hand drill. 10 GP.
85. 1 of a pair parabolic dishes which, if set one in front of the other, allow for sound to travel way farther than normally possible. 25 GP.
86. An Orcish to Common dictionary (7 gp).
87. Two finely crafted metal bookends, one depicting the front half of a beautiful mermaid, the other depicting the back half (27gp).
88. An ornamental gilded boat anchor, etched with a map of the Savage Coast (30 gp).

89. A small banded treasure box inlaid with gold filigree. When opened is filled with fine white talcum powder and a powder puff. (7 gp for the powder; 49 gp for the box).
90. An wax seal kit consisting of a brass stamp with a blue glass handle and 18 wax sticks (6 each of red, black, and white). The seal itself depicts a badger head encircled by an ouroboros (10 gp).
91. Chess set with ivory & ebony pieces and inlaid marble
92. Horseshoe, embellished with gold, silver and small diamond inlay set upon finely made exotic wood stand, as trophy. Value: 35gp
93. Back-scratcher crafted from Ivory and Bone, decorated with scrimshaw and small rubies set to resemble fingernails in the hand. Value: 30gp
94. Set of 5 silk handkerchiefs. Value: 12gp
95. Perfectly round stone paperweight, made of onyx, with carved eye and a perfect garnet set as pupil. Value: 25gp
96. Highly detailed painting of (pick your color) Dragon, using its breath weapon, in gilded frame. Value: 50gp
97. Set of multifaceted dice, crafted of various colors of semi-precious stone complete with numbers marked on their faces. Stored in blue felt pouch, embroidered with the initials 'CR' in gold thread. Value: 10gp
98. Small mallet with smooth onyx handle and lapis head (35 gp)
99. poorly written tome on the nature and interaction of satyrs and nymphs (with many pictures, 15 gp)
100. A small box with 10 golden roses.(2GP per rose, 30Gp for all of them)

New Monsters / Beastiary

Night Wolves
2+1 hit die
AC 7
Atk: 1 bite 1d8 dmg
Special Atks: see below
No. Appearing 4-16

Night Wolves are the grisly stuff of campfire legends. Their terrible howling can be heard at night for miles echoing off the hills. They are pack hunters, and somewhat cowardly. They will only attack when they have a 2 or > number advantage. They prefer to hunt at night, and have been known to track victims for miles, especially if someone is bleeding or injured. *Special Attack: On a roll of 18-20 a wolf has scored a throat hit and won't release its toothy grip until it is killed, or the victim dies. Victim takes 1d4 dmg per round automatically after initial bite

Deep Mutants
1-4 hit points
AC 6
Atk: 2 claws (1 pt dmg each) + bite 1d3 dmg
No. Appearing 6-36

Deep Mutants are typically pale grey to dark grey in color, and have dingy scales (which they at times shed) that cover most of their diminutive 3'-4' tall nude bodies. They are crude under-dark dwellers, at home deep underground in stone corridors or sewers, never wishing to see the light of day. Their eyes are beady and lucid, creepily reflecting off the light of a torch or lantern. They hate the light and will be murderously attracted to anyone bringing un-natural light into their realm. Due to this they would suffer a -4 to hit penalty under the light of day should they venture to the surface. They shun weapons and seek to swarm and hoard upon their victims indiscriminately scratching and biting. 30% of those encountered will have formed gills on the sides of their necks, having adapted to living near underground streams or sewers. They blend in well with stone walls and corridors, surprising on a 2 in 6.

Savage Orcs
Hit dice: 1
AC 6
Atk: 2 claws (1d3 each) or bite 2-5, or by weapon type
No. Appearing 2-12

Savage Orcs are primitive bands and tribes of Orcs typically found deep in jungles or away from civilization. They are typically a dull green skin color, pig-faced and are fond of war paints, scarring and crude piercings. 50% encountered will use no weapons, attacking with 2 claws or a bite from their filed teeth. Those that use weapons prefer stone axes ,clubs, or stone tipped spears. They are 30% likely to treat their weapon edges with a mild poison salve, made from boiling down wolfsbane or monkshood. The poison is only effective for 1 hit per weapon. If hit with a poisoned weapon the victim must save vs. poison. If he fails the following turn he takes 1d4 additional dmg as the stinging poison enters his/her bloodstream .

Bubble Helmets & Blasters

Rules variations to be used to play a sci-fi genre/setting using Mutant Future or Gamma World as the core ruleset.

Hit points: Infantry starts at 4xCON + 1d6, all other occupations start at 3xCON+1d6

Skills: (all are % based, roll under to succeed)

Science officer:
Plant/Animal/Biology diagnostics: 4x INT
Chemistry/Geological knowledge: 4x INT
Radiation/Biohazard detection skill: 4x INT

Medic:
Identify/treat disease 4x WIS
Heal cure 1d6+4 hit points/day if successful, 1d3 hit points if not 4xWIS

Engineer/Mechanic/Pilot:
Piloting skill 4xDEX
Equipment diagnostics skill 4xINT
Device/Equipment repair 4xWIS

Infantry:
Tracking 4xINT

Starting equipment/weapons/armor

Everyone starts out with the following:
1 Mylar space blanket
14 protein pills (14 days rations)
14 days worth of concentrated hydration gel packs
gravity belt
gas/filter mask
star light goggles
Equipment belt
Plasti-shell backpack
Enviro-space suit
Commo link transmitter (10 KM radius)
bic lighter

In addition:
Infantry starts with Plastex Armor (base AC3), Plasma rifle (3d8 damage, 2 30 round magazines), Energy sword (1d8+8 damage), 2 fragmentation grenades (5d6 damage 20ft radius)
50 meters corded line/rope, compass

Science officer starts with Radiation sensor, binoculars, chemistry test kit, hand computer
Ballistic Nylon armor (base AC5), Phaser pistol (2d6 dmg, 2 20 round clips), knife (1d4 dmg)

Engineer starts with Basic tool kit, electrical repair kit, sonic screwdriver(lockpick normal and electricly sealed doors @ 75% success)
Ballistic Nylon armor (base AC5), Phaser pistol (2d6 dmg, 2 20 round clips), knife (1d4 dmg)

Medic starts with 20 medic/treatment kits (needs to use 1 each attempt to heal), common antidote kit (60% success rate), medi scanner kit (determines illness/disease)
Ballistic Nylon armor (base AC5), Phaser pistol (2d6 dmg, 2 20 round clips), knife (1d4 dmg)

Sample setting/ scenario intro

The year 3410... Earth (Terra) has spread it's wings across the galaxy. Life has been found on many planets in the solar sytem. The invention of warp drive has made interstellar space travel possible and commonplace.

Your group as members of the Terran Imperial Alliance is currently travelling aboard the massive Starship the 'Atlantis' heading towards the Ley Sector on a dimplomatic/trade mission with a race of beings called the Kiraj. The Kiraj have recently discovered Durandrium on one of their moons and begun mining operations. Durandrium is a mineral that is a more stabilized form of Andrium which has value as a fuel source for powering reactors onboard space craft.

Kiraj and the Ley sector are located in a far off quadrant in the galaxy. A preliminary scan of the surrounding area has revealed a planet called Hrunta which is orbited by six orbital moons. The planet itself is a gas giant which seems to serve no use to the Imperial Alliance. One of it's six moons, however, named Spinstorme(2200 km in diameter) has caught the attention of the Imperial Alliance command team. Spinstorme rotates the opposite direction of the other moons (this is termed retrograde, or more commonly referred to as a 'Rogue moon') of Hrunta and appears to be a somewhat habitable geography. An apparently abandoned recon base has also been detected here which may have use for the Alliance in establishing an outpost in this quadrant. An outpost is desired here to be closer to the Ley sector and Kiraj as a potential important new trading partner.

Your team has been selected , and named 'Analysis Team Beta 421' to shuttle down to Spinstorme and investigate this recon base. Scans of the planet reveal life forms. It is unknown why the base may have been abandoned, or when and what defenses may be still operational in the base. It is also unknown what race of creatures initially constructed the base. Scans of Spinstorme also reveal an oxygen level too low for humans to safely breathe without the use of a space suit. The moon is comprised of 90% liquid.

Your mission briefing calls for you to shuttle down to Spinstorme in a small scout vessel and rendezvous back with Starship Atlantis in 2 weeks time on it's return trip from Kiraj. You are welocome to ask any questions in this mission briefing.. A clean cut eager young 1st lieutenant Grigby is conducting this mission briefing in a conference room on the 22nd floor aboard the Atlantis..