

# FIGHT ON!

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**A FANZINE FOR THE OLD SCHOOL RENAISSANCE**  
for Fantasy Role Playing Campaigns played with  
Pencil, Paper, and your Imagination



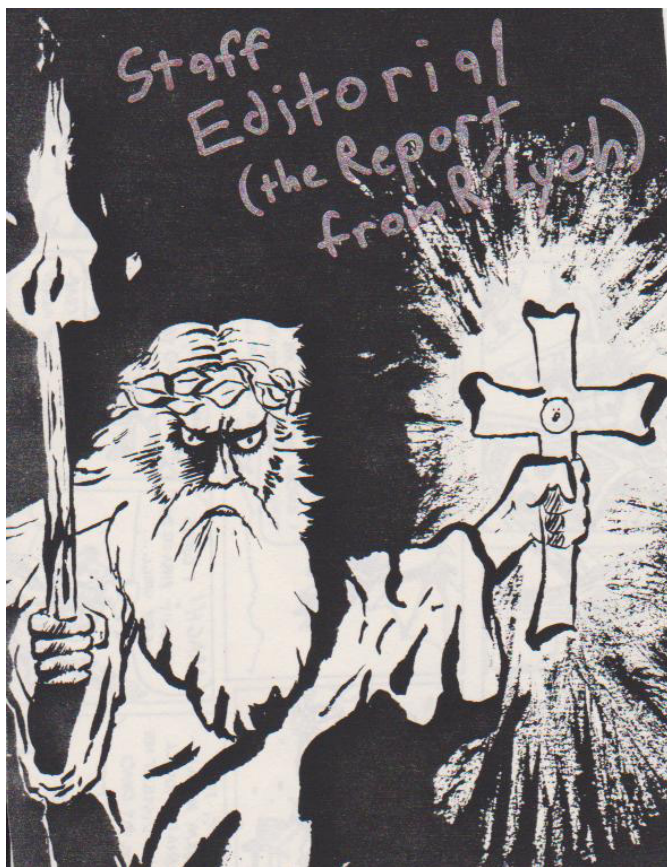
dedicated to Robert J. Kuntz,  
adventure designer *extraordinaire*,  
visionary of the Dawn Age,  
and Gary's Grey Mouser



Exhortation for True Creators:  
Do not confuse what is overused formula with your own unique form.

- Rob Kuntz





The splendour falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story:  
 The long light shakes across the lakes  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes dying, dying, dying.  
 O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes dying, dying, dying.  
 O love they die in yon rich sky,  
 They faint on hill or field, or river:  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow forever and forever.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.  
 - Alfred, Lord Tennyson

*Fight On!* has returned for a fabulous fourteenth issue! This time around the proceedings are dedicated to Rob Kuntz, original Argonaut, designer of devilish dungeons, co-author of *Greyhawk* and *Gods, Demi-Gods, and Heroes*, and Gary Gygax's co-DM for the second fantasy campaign. Our authors and artists own all their own work. If you want to contact our authors or artists, drop us a line and we'll put you in touch (or just contact them directly yourself). If you have other questions please contact Ignatius by email at [iggyumlaut@gmail.com](mailto:iggyumlaut@gmail.com).

*Fight On!* is a journal of shared fantasy. We who read and write for this magazine are a community of role-playing enthusiasts unified by our love of the freewheeling, do-it-yourself approach that birthed this hobby back in the 1970's. We are wargamers who write our own rules and fantasists who build our own worlds, weekend warriors sharing dreams of glory, and authors collaborating on tales of heroism and valor. We talk, paint, draw, write, act, costume, build and roll dice in service of our visions. We game! And you're welcome to join us.

- Ignatius Ümlaut, Publisher and Editor

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# Half-Men

rules for homebrewed races by Calithena

Many fantasy and sci-fi races are essentially human/animal or human/monster crossbreeds. In this article I'll outline a simple system for generating these hybrids and pressing them into service for use as (N)PCs.

**Step 1: Choose your Beast.** Anything in your creature catalog is fine. Remember to scale the creature somewhere between hobbit and horse size\* when estimating HD, DC, etc. Normally the animal is cross-bred with a human, but if you want to cross with an elf, throon, or vargr, all you need to do is figure out what modifiers a half-breed of that species would get and tack them on to the human hybrids we will develop. Here are seven samples to start:

| Type     | HD | DC | SPD   | Special                 |
|----------|----|----|-------|-------------------------|
| Bull     | 4  | 7  | 15    | Charge attack           |
| Elephant | 5* | 6  | 12    | Prehensile trunk, tusks |
| Horse    | 3  | 7  | 18    |                         |
| Lion     | 5  | 6  | 12    | Rarely surprised, rake  |
| Pigeon   | 1* | 9  | 12/24 |                         |
| Scorpion | 5* | 3  | 15    | Pincers, poison sting   |
| Tiger    | 6  | 6  | 12    | Rarely surprised, rake  |



DEX should receive a +1 instead of one of these if appropriate to the beast's species (felines and avians, e.g.). Special abilities should be worked out as makes sense for the new body type. Minotaurs should be able to charge, and Lion- and Tiger-men should probably be harder to surprise, but the 'rake' attack with rear claws would not make sense for the latter. Scorpion-man and -woman 'centaurs' would likely retain both pincers and poison sting, making them truly nasty foes to contend with (especially at higher levels of fighting ability). Normally Half-Men will only progress as Warriors, but some types will do well in other roles as well: precedent suggests Priest and Bard capability for centaurs, and many 1 HD Half-Men will progress well as Mages and Thieves. Ω



**Step 2: Man-Beast or Beast-Man?** In general, half-men either have fully human heads and torsos atop fully beastly frames, or animalistic heads atop hominid bodies (albeit often well-muscled and furry ones). For both types, you may compute starting HD and DC by averaging (with 9 in the latter case) and rounding down. Base SPD is the beast's in the case of the human-topped version, and 12 in the case of the beast-headed version. STR and CON should receive a +1 (or more) if starting HD are over 1;





# Blessings & Pacts

cleric-free religion by Gavin Norman

The Priest class, regarded by many as one of the four cornerstones of the class system, has for others been a point of contention. Clearly inspired by Christian crusaders of the medieval period, with spells based on Biblical miracles and the traditional ability to “repel evil beings by presenting the sign of the cross”, the class’ applicability to many campaigns is limited. Various “fixes” have been suggested in the past – mostly attempts to modify the class to make it more generic. And yet, how many campaigns end up with priests of the sun god, the god of the underworld, and the goddess of righteous justice all running around turning undead and wielding the same set of standard spells? As an alternative, I present a few ideas for completely removing clerics and delivering religion and divine or diabolical dealings into the hands of all PCs!

**Blessings:** Generally adventurers have some means to contact and appeal to the deities. Typically this would take place at their temples. However, other means of divine contact are possible: adventurers may discover lost shrines (perhaps to forgotten gods) in dungeons or the wilderness; as part of their background characters may know various prayers and rites to make contact with a deity; or perhaps simply speaking the deity’s name is enough.

Once you have the attention of a deity, what kind of conversation ensues? Typically adventurers ask for some kind of aid, while deities desire sacrifices. So once contact is made, the question becomes: can we make a deal? Preferred sacrifices are usually of two sorts: blood or valuables, both of a magnitude appropriate to the requested boon. Fortunately, we have books full of “deific boons” (that is, priestly spells) conveniently arranged by magnitude (spell level). So, a sacrifice of valuables worth 50 gp may persuade a deity paying attention to a PC to grant a minor boon equivalent to a 1<sup>st</sup> level spell. More powerful effects could cost roughly five times as much per increased level: 250 gp for 2<sup>nd</sup> level, 1000 gp for 3<sup>rd</sup> level, up to about half a million gp for earthquakes, full resurrections, and the like. Blood sacrifices are similar, requiring less gold but more effort to obtain – a fatted calf might be enough to gain a 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> level blessing, while the most powerful blessings might require the death of large numbers of human or other intelligent beings of rare and specific sorts.

This process is not purely mechanical: deities have preferences. Some may only accept blood sacrifice. Others may only accept valuables of a particular form (precious scrolls or incenses cast into a fire, specific types of jewel, gold deposited with the priests of a sanctioned temple). Others may have no specific demands. This is all left open to the referee as to what fits with his or her milieu. The referee should also decide whether there is some element

of fate, chance or whimsy involved in the process. Likewise, not all deities bestow all abilities; some gods are more devoted to healing, some to fire, some to the peculiar powers of the demon-toad, and so forth.

Whatever the case, once a successful sacrifice has been made the character will be granted the deity’s blessing. This usually takes the form of a clerical spell imbued into the devotee, to be called on at a later date. It is suggested that each character be allowed to receive only one such blessing at a time unless the PC has developed a special relationship with that particular deity.

**Pacts:** Those of a more serious bent may desire to take a further step. Gods, demi-gods, devils and demons are all willing to grant special favour to mortals who relinquish ownership of the most precious thing they have – their soul, to be collected immediately upon death. Such a pact can be made only once, to a single deity – attempts to double-cross cosmic forces lead inexorably to a sorry fate.

The Referee may allow PCs to begin the game already having made such a pact, or may require them to be made during play. Either way, the character’s death is final – *Raise the Dead* and so on have no effect, as the PC’s soul is whisked away upon the moment of death to whatever fate their patron has in mind. In return for such a pact a deity will grant powerful and permanent boons. First, the character may call upon the deity’s aid, once per day. Such aid may take any form the referee wishes, but the list of priestly spells can provide a yardstick for what is possible (max spell level of divine aid  $\approx$  highest level spell PC could cast if (s)he was a priest). Direct aid will always be of a form fitting the personality of the patron deity (Referees may wish to come up with a suitable list for each). Note that such aid will be granted on the “security” which has been laid down (the PC’s soul), without need for sacrifice. Secondly, upon making the pact most PCs will be blessed with a permanent boon of some kind. Some possibilities include +2 to an ability score, unnaturally fast healing (1hp/turn), dark vision, the ability to see invisible or to detect magic, beneficial mutations, a psionic power, a familiar (which would presumably be replaced if killed), and so on, to mark the PC as his/her deity’s servant.

**Impromptu Pacts:** In dire situations the minds of adventurers sometimes take a sudden religious turn – “Dear god(dess), save me!”. Such life or death occurrences can be handled as impromptu pacts. The character enters into a momentary inner dialogue with the deity in which the Pact is made as above, and then the character is granted some boon which (she hopes) will help her out of whatever desperate predicament she has found herself in. It is recommended that this rule be used in place of the “divine intervention” rules that one often encounters, so that the only way Joe Platemail can find a deity intervening on his behalf is to bind his soul to the whims of a patron god or demon. Percentage chances to see if Impromptu Pacts are successful are reasonable to impose as well.  $\Omega$





# The Balrog

an exceptionally demonic PC race/class by Douglas Cox

In the hierarchies of darkness, as everywhere else, soul-devouring eldritch terrors have to start small and work their way up. So it is that parties of a more evil or varied bent may use these rules to include a Balrog within their ranks. 10<sup>th</sup> level Balrogs are supposed to be roughly as powerful as those found in our rulebooks, so adjust the class accordingly if yours vary from the classical norm.

**Alignment:** Chaos and Evil are the norm here.

**Combat:** As Warrior.

**Hit Points:** 1d6 (1d8 if advanced hit die rules are in use).

## Balrog Advancement Chart

| Lvl | Hit Dice | Resist Magic | Immolate Damage | XP       |
|-----|----------|--------------|-----------------|----------|
| 1   | 1        | 5%           | 1d4             | 0        |
| 2   | 2        | 15%          | 1d6             | 2501     |
| 3   | 3        | 25%          | 2d4             | 5001     |
| 4   | 4        | 35%          | 2d6             | 10001    |
| 5   | 5        | 45%          | 2d6+1           | 20,001   |
| 6   | 6        | 55%          | 2d6+2           | 40,001   |
| 7   | 7        | 60%          | 3d6             | 80,001   |
| 8   | 8        | 65%          | 3d6+1           | 160,001  |
| 9   | 9        | 70%          | 3d6+2           | 320,001  |
| 10  | 10       | 75%          | 4d6             | 640,001  |
| 11+ | +3/lvl   | +1%/lvl      | +1/lvl          | +320,000 |

**Size:** First level Balrogs are only 3' tall. Balrogs grow 8" each level after the first until reaching 9' tall at 10<sup>th</sup> level.

**Movement:** Balrogs are slow on the ground, but fly well: 6"/15" movement rate.

**Armor:** Burning with hellfire makes it difficult to wear any sort of armor. However, Balrogs have a natural AC of 2. (GMs running systems with better peak Balrog ACs might wish to have it start at 4 and progress to a peak instead.)

**Martial Abilities:** Balrogs are proficient with all manner of weapons, as per Warriors. In addition, they take no penalty on their "to hit" rolls when using a sword in one hand and a whip in the other.

**Magic Resistance:** This is the % chance to resist an 11<sup>th</sup> level Mage's spells. There is a +/-5% chance to resist for each level under/over 11<sup>th</sup> of the casting Mage.

**Immolate Damage:** Flames burst forth from the Balrog's skin constantly, and large gouts of these can be used to immolate foes which are grappling the Balrog, being grappled by same, or who have been pulled close following a successful hit with an off-hand whip. The amount listed is the fire damage done by this immolation.

**Other Abilities:** The power level of Balrogs and other canonical monsters seems to increase with system complexity. If you are playing in a system which gives substantial paramagical abilities to these demonic monstrosities, those too should be scaled so that a 10<sup>th</sup> level Balrog has access to all the powers of the BtB monster. Ω

# We're with the band.



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# DCC RPG



# Robo-Dwarves

cyborg commando race/class by Chris Kotalik

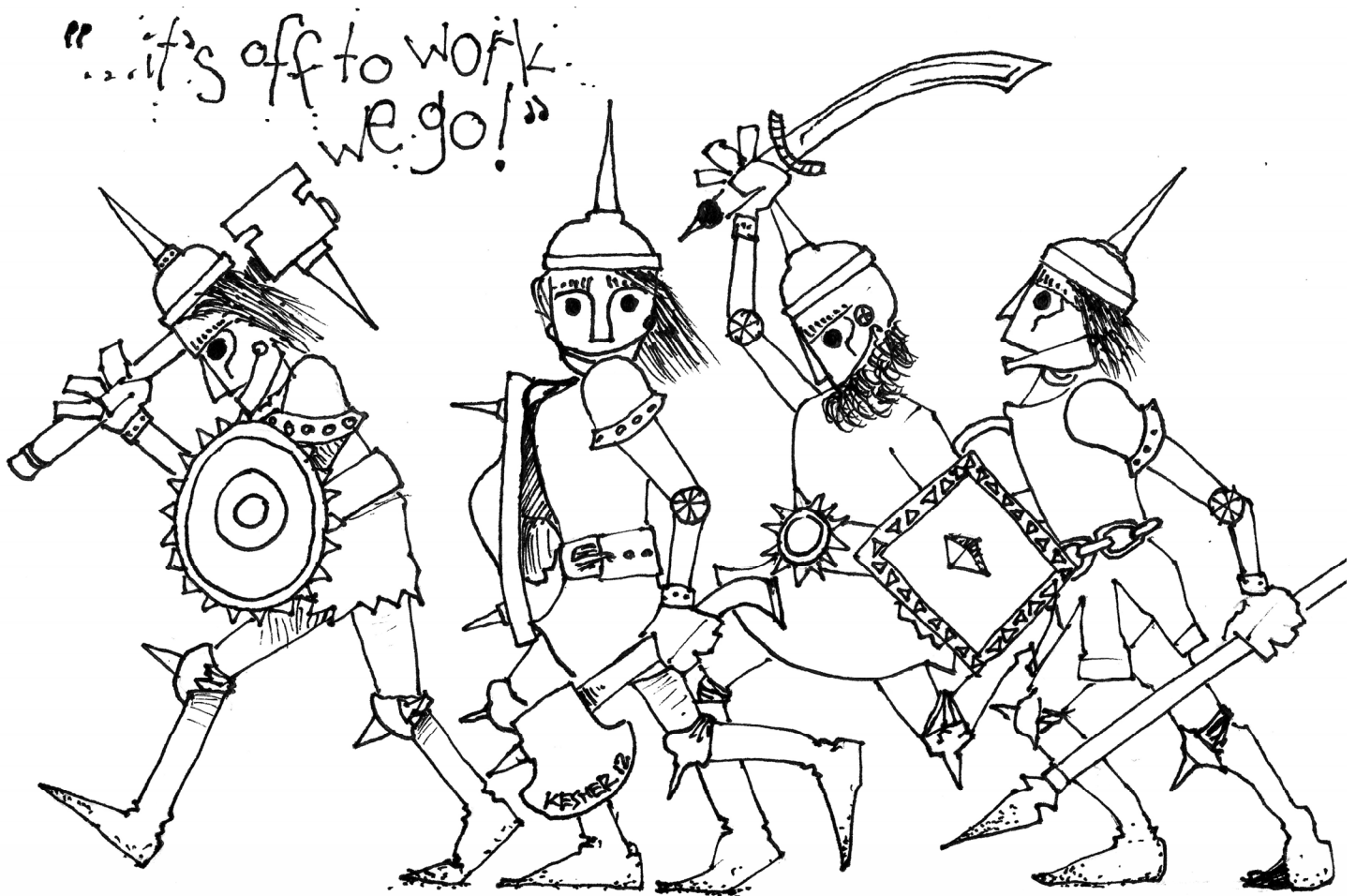
Strange tales are told in these hills of squat adventurer-constructs from beyond the weird. Said to be made of equal parts animate stone, mechanical gears, and living tissue, these so-called “Robo-Dwarves” are the freakish creation of an irresponsible higher power. Some blame the baleful White God, others an extra-dimensional ur-dwarf called Xhom. It matters little.

Though fleshy in feel, their skin is composed of dull grey-silver matter (natural armor of DC 8 if not wearing any other armor) and their eyes are an unsettling black with no iris. Their hair is always a greasy, lanky black and exudes an odor vaguely reminiscent of fresh primrose; beards are on the patchy short side with pencil-thin mustaches.

Robo-Dwarves always speak in a halting monotone with regular vague references to “The Future”. They can speak their own tongue (Xho), common, dwarvish, and a halting pidgin that suffices for rudimentary communication with living statues, gelatinous cubes, lurkers above, piercers, gas spores, rot grubs, rust monsters and similar types. When angered in conversation, small black wisps of brimstone-smelling smoke issue from their ears.

| Level | Hit Dice | Experience |
|-------|----------|------------|
| 1     | 1        | 0          |
| 2     | 2        | 2,251      |
| 3     | 3        | 4,501      |
| 4     | 4        | 9,001      |
| 5     | 5        | 18,001     |
| 6     | 6        | 36,001     |
| 7     | 7        | 80,001     |
| 8     | 8        | 160,001    |
| 9     | 9        | 310,001    |
| 10    | 9+3      | 450,001    |
| 11    | 9+6      | 600,001    |
| 12    | 9+9      | 750,001    |

Robo-Dwarves consume no organic food, water, or distilled spirits – with the inexplicable exception of herd animal milk, which intoxicates them. Indeed, organic food and water are so toxic to their system that if forced to ingest them Robo-Dwarves must save vs. poison in order to avoid implosion. For sustenance they must consume one flask of lamp oil every third day, and are fond of snacking on gravel and small bits of rusted metal. Robo-dwarves have a deep-set and perhaps unwholesome attachment to metal armor, especially when constructed with outlandish flourishes. They are banned from wearing leather or other





armor composed mostly of organic matter and prefer going naked (they have no naughties) to wearing it. Though they greatly prefer helmets with large protruding spikes, they will make do with unadorned helms in a pinch.

**Combat:** As Warrior (or Dwarf).

**Hit Points:** 1d6 (1d8 if advanced hit die rules are in use).

**Prime Requisite:** Constitution (Minimum 9).

**Martial Abilities:** As Warrior and/or Dwarf. In addition, they receive +1 to hit with axes, hammers, or picks made

*entirely* of metal and/or rock. The absence of wooden hafts may make such weapons unwieldy, however.

**Other Abilities:** Robo-Dwarves have the same abilities and disadvantages as their fleshy counterparts. They see in the dark with their Robotronic eyes at 60' and have a 2 in 6 chance of noticing weak spots in stone work, traps, false walls, hidden construction, or subtle slopes. The Robo-Dwarf must lay his hands on stonework in the general vicinity and use his special stonopathy mental powers to "commune with the rock" for this to happen. Ω



# Shadow Court

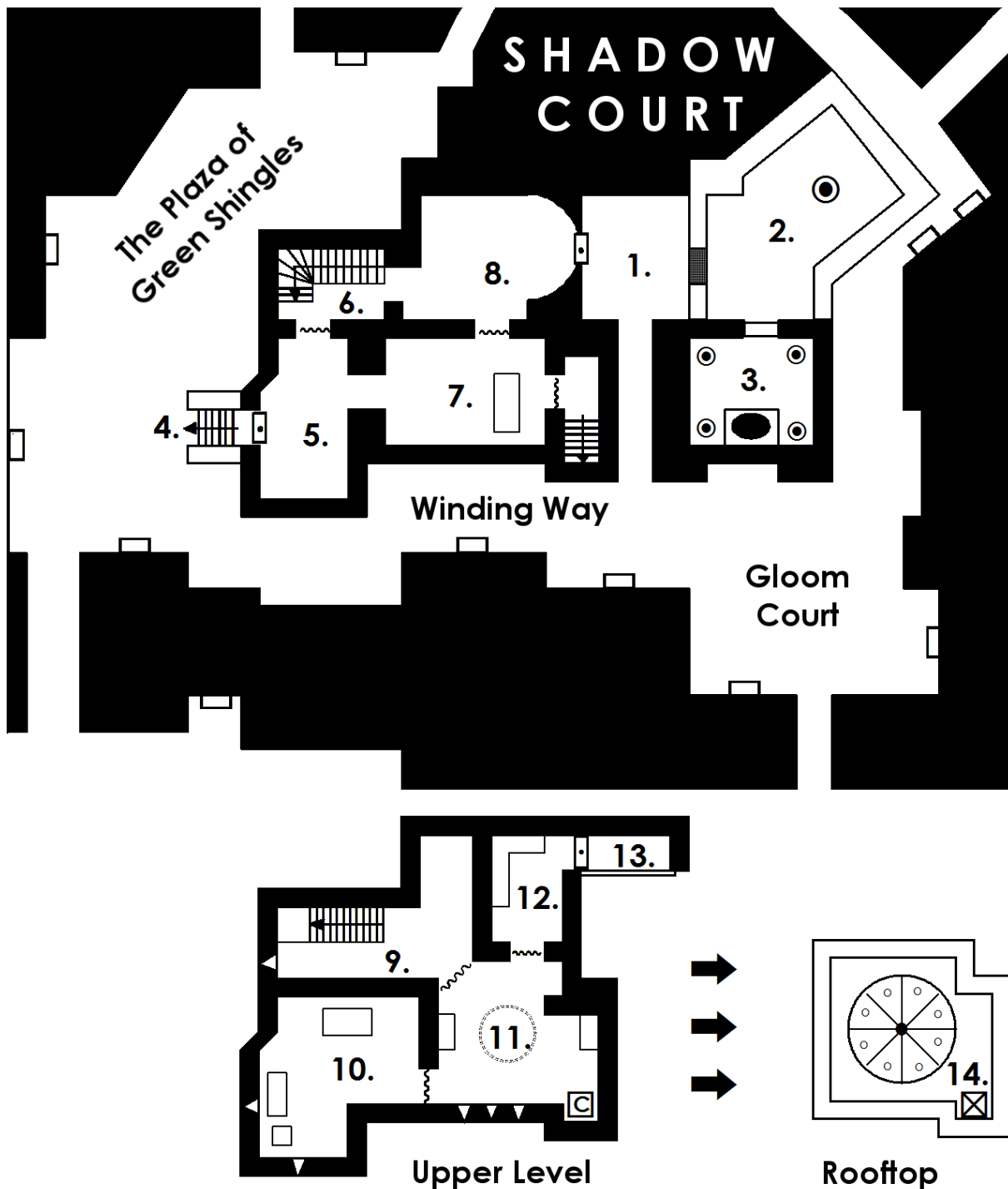
by Gabor Lux.

playtested by Gabor Acs, Zsolt Bagdi, Laszlo Gramantik, Akos Laszlo, and Tamas Striczky

**Background:** Winding alleyways, small courts, and decrepit houses surround Shadow Court. This walled garden suffers ill repute: a baleful influence dwells in the stone structure opening from it, and – it is said – silent pilgrims in strange habits are wont to seek it for sacrifice. Owing to these rumours the house next to the court stood

abandoned for a long time, until Lais the alchemist decided to set up his store and workshop here. Most ascribed the attraction of the dark locale to his arts; but only a few realised the true reason for his occult interests.

**Lais, Priest of Uthummaos, the Shadow-God:** Thief 6; DC 8; hp 23; Atk shortsword 1d6 + deadly poison or dagger 1d4 + deadly poison; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8; LE; 300 gp jewelry, 4 potions of healing, Yag Amnun's terrible dust (airborne poison, save twice vs. 3d6/4d6 Hp). Spells (all one-use boons granted by his deity): *augury*, *hypnotic pattern*, *the greater crystallogenesis*.



## Shadow Court

**1. Alley:** A dark alley under the alchemist's wooden balcony; old barrels with the remains of failed experiments (20% harmful) may be found here. The arched entryway to Shadow Court has been walled up – those who speak the right words can see it dissolve into smoke and pass through unhindered.

**2. Shadow Court:** A dismal garden surrounded by decaying black walls. Rank weeds on dull earth, tumbled statuary covered by creeping vegetation, and a decorative well sealed with iron bands and a stone plug (an entrance to the Undercity). The gates to the squat shrine, covered in creeping ivy, are wrought iron patterned with interlocking nine-pointed stars. At night, the light of dancing flames casts odd shadows on the surroundings. Someone who studies them too intently feels a pressure on the throat, and unless she looks away she will be strangled for 3d6 damage each round until freeing herself (save vs. paralysis).

**3. The Shrine to Uthummaos:** During the day, the shrine is empty, its frescoes of faint inky blots carrying uncertain and unpleasant associations. At night, dusty velvet banners and drapes hang on the walls; the flames of twisted candelabra cast weird shadows; and in the braziers flanking the altar, incense and scented tallow burn. The interlocking shadows form inscrutable geometries which cause vertigo and disorientation (-2 to all rolls while inside). There is no idol here, only a basalt altar with the sign of Uthummaos, a radiant chasm. Behind it on the wall stands a tall, immobile humanoid shadow. The blacksilver vessels on the altar slab are worth 4\*500 gp, and there is also a dusty smoke quartz globe which carries sacred meaning to Uthummaos' cult. If any of the valuables are stolen or the sanctity of the shrine is violated, the shadow on the wall animates to attack the intruders as a **Shadow Demon** (HD 7; hp 45; DC 10/5/0; Atk 2\*claws 1d6; immune to mind-affecting spells, cold and electricity, +1 or better to hit, ½ damage from fire; spells: *Magic Jar*, *Darkness*, *Fear* 1/day; LE). If, however, they perform an appropriate sacrifice, the demonic force answers questions put to it as an oracle, or offers bargains in the name of its master – great power or knowledge beyond the natural realm in exchange for terrible services.

**4. Entrance:** The locked entrance is watched closely from across the Plaza of Green Shingles by multiple shady types: appearing as anonymous drifters, they are all followers of Uthummaos. **Cultists (3):** Warrior 2; DC 10; hp 18, 10, 17; Atk club 1d6+1 or dagger 1d4+1; LE.

**5. Foyer:** Carpets, benches, sizeable ceramic vessels and engraved copper plates on the walls.

**6. Stairs:** The room doubles as a cramped storage for amphorae, crates, and jugs containing everyday supplies.

**7. Laboratory:** A spartan chamber without a hint of disorder. Chests containing weights, ceramic vials, and glass bottles are found here, along with the following:

- a long ebony case with 6 vials of acid;
  - a scroll on a lectern explaining how to create blacksilver;
  - in the cavity of a sooty shin bone plugged with beeswax, incense mixed with necrotic dust (functions as *Animate Dead* if it is sprinkled on corpses);
  - an inert colony of brown mould in a ceramic bowl (becomes active if it contacts water, even human breath);
  - a thick, sealed glass tube with 2 doses of aquastel, a compound 10x as heavy as water and able to separate mixtures into their components in a matter of seconds.
- Behind the curtain, a locked door leads to stairs descending to the Undercity.

**8. Back Chamber:** Contains acidic solutions fermenting in tanks of lead, spongy black materials suspended in dim glass cubes, and acid-eaten metal implements. Within a sarcophagus covered in lead and scented wax lies a phosphorescent skeleton, lamenting its terrible fate via telepathy (the lead sheets block this thought transfer).

**9. Passage:** Footlockers contain gauze and silk, along with black and blue robes (4\*75 gp). On the ceiling, a colourful lantern emits inky blue light. If *Lais* commands it, this lantern can conjure monsters of shadow, up to 6 HD at any given moment.

**10. Study:** Within are a table, an upturned chair, and a chest containing clothes and 310 electrum coins. By the south wall is a scroll stand with metaphysical, aesthetic, and occult texts. A blacksilver mirror on the wall reflects the character peering into it with glyphs on his or her face. The glyphs can be read with a successful check, which brands to the character's face in reality (3\*1d4 damage) upon comprehension, but they impart knowledge of the words to enter Shadow Court (2) and other secret locales – provided the character realises the signs were read in a mirror and speaks the incantation in reverse (otherwise, the attempt inflicts 1d3 damage). The burns fade in 1d6 days, although a *Detect Magic* or *Read Magic* spell cast at the character still reveals them.

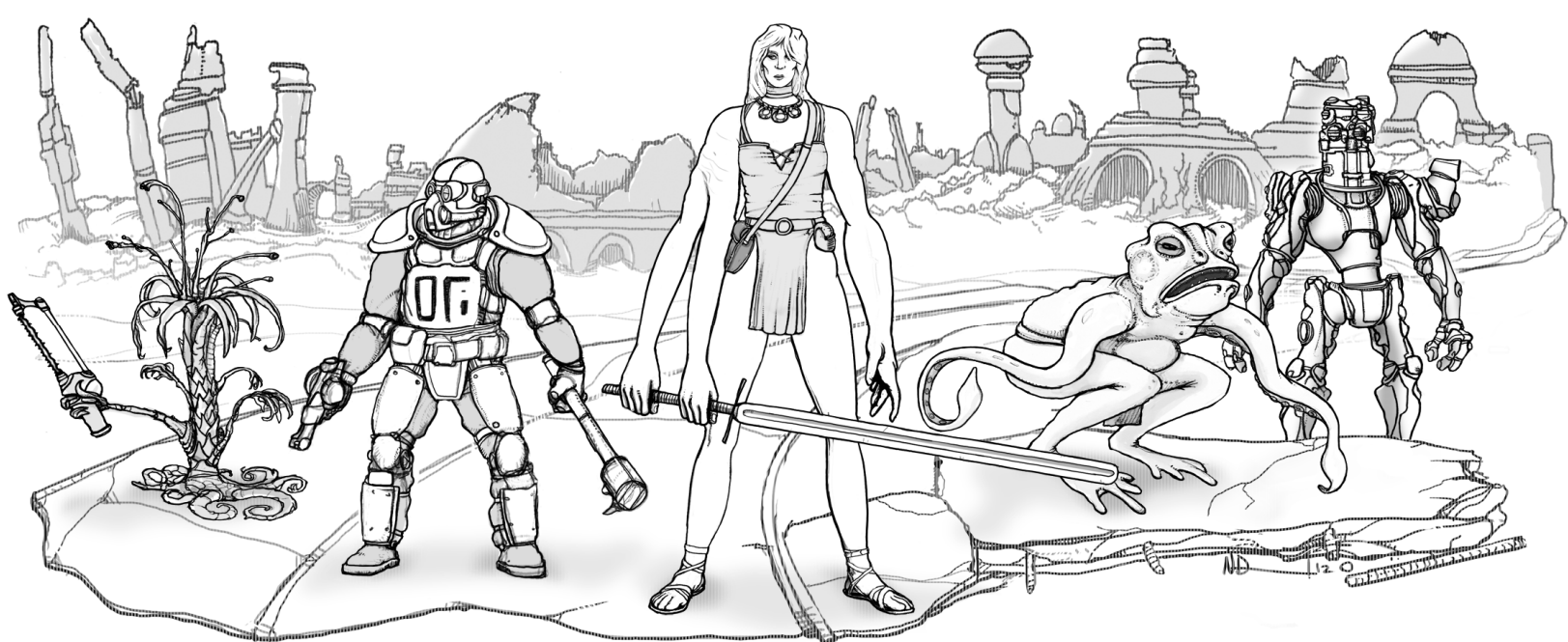
**11. Domed Room:** Light streaming in from the ceiling illuminates lush plants and flowers in copper bowls (*Lais* can animate them as **Killing Vines (2)**: HD 4; hp 16, 25; DC 5; Atk vines 1d6 and entanglement; Spec constriction 2d6/round) and a marble basin with goldfish. On a pedestal covered with a glass hemisphere lies the alchemist's pride, a gem-studded bracer resembling a serpent with emerald eyes (380 gp). The **Serpent** (HD 1+3; hp 6; DC 5; Atk bite 1d6 + deadly poison), an exotic specimen from southern lands, is alive and just slumbering.

**12. Room of Relaxation:** Dark, decorated chamber with low table and seats. There is a jug of sugary water, bowls of fruit, and a board game with lacquered wooden chits.

**13. Balcony:** Dilapidated and close to collapse, this overlooks the back alley. Door warded with a *Fire Trap* (d4+6).

**14. Roof:** Flat w/sundial & strange astronomical devices.





# HELP WANTED:

## 20 Job Offers for the Mutant Future

by Richard Rittenhouse

Times are tough for everyone, and good jobs are scarce. But even a telekinetic talking raccoon has to eat, and even an android occasionally needs spare parts. Below are twenty employment opportunities for cash-strapped scavengers looking to earn a little extra coin in the insane world of the dark future, suitable for use with any “Gonzo” Post-Apocalyptic role-playing game, including Goblinoid Games’ *Mutant Future* as well as various new and classic science-fantasy games with Greek letters in their titles. Game Masters can use these as brief one-encounter side treks or flesh them out into complete all-night adventures as they desire. Pick or roll a d20:

**1:** An insectoid has been cut off from its hive’s hive-mind. Despondent and suicidal, it promises to show PCs the location of one of the black pyramids of the Ancients in exchange for escort into a particularly dangerous section of the Wasteland. It wants to “at least be killed by something interesting”.

**2:** A petty despot’s sex droid concubine has suffered a software glitch and is rampaging through his palace, killing everything in sight. Kicked out of his own home, the “Supreme Awesomeness of the West” offers the PCs a laser pistol, three healthy Duocorns with shoes and saddles (treat as warhorses with 3d6 impale attack), a bottle of 275-year old brandy, letters of introduction, and two energy cells if they can sneak in through the dungeons and re-take his palace in a game of cat-and-mouse with the cute, but deadly, cheerleader-uniform-clad death machine. The concubine is an 8th level basic android with good stats and mutations, armed with a warp-field sword and 1d4 other artifact weapons. A good tactician, she will try to split the

PCs up and kill them one-by-one. 50% she’s actually insane, otherwise she’s just gained true free will and is ticked-off from centuries of being treated like an object.

**3:** The deranged Captain Tyrus offers the PCs a place on the crew of his infamous ship, *The Gorgon*. *The Gorgon* looks like a 16th Century Spanish galleon with the occasional anachronism (the crew listens to music on an 80’s style boom-box while they work on deck, there is a wide-screen TV in the mess hall that shows old pirate movies, etc.). *The Gorgon* is crewed by (1d6): 1 clones of the Captain; 2 strangers from other times and worlds stranded in the Mutant Future; 3 junkies who hate the Captain and only serve him because they’re addicted to a drug his mutant body secretes; 4 stereotypical old-movie pirates; 5 “Video pirates” who loot ships for old vid-discs and constantly argue obscure points of film criticism; 6 Sexy “Steam-punk” girls in goggles and corsets. Tyrus’ next voyage will be (1d6): 1 an attempt to find Moko-Munko, the wise, centuries-old, and sentient Island That Lives, so that he can ask it if there is a God; 2 an Ahab-like quest to kill an infamous, massive sea monster; 3 a quest to find a legendary lost fleet of unlooted Ancient vessels trapped in a mutant Sargasso; 4 investigating rumors that a city of the Ancients that was sunk in the Final War has recently risen to the surface; 5 to cross the fearsome Sea of Poison and come back alive, just because no ship ever has before; 6 following a rival pirate’s treasure map tattooed on the back of a beautiful slave girl.

**4:** A local petty despot wants the skies sunny and clear for his group wedding to six clone-princesses from a rival fiefdom. The nearby weather control tower of the Ancients, however, is controlled by an insane AI that’s set itself up as a storm god to a tribe of cannibals. Riches and knighthood await anyone brave enough to best the Tower of Thunder-Son and seize control of his “Magic”.

5: Rumor has it that a woman in a village 100 miles away has given birth to a baby so terribly mutated that it doesn't look even remotely human. The local Bishop of the Cult of Mutation wants to see the child to determine if it's a holy "Prophet of Change," or maybe even the re-incarnation of Oppenheimer himself! Guards are needed for the trip, and the urgency is such that even "Gentiles" (non-mutants) are acceptable.

6: A party of adventurers looting an Ancient ruin accidentally turned loose...something. Something bad (1d6): 1 a huge, crazed war-bot; 2 a massive blob-monster of living cancer cells (use an ooze from *Labyrinth Lord* or a similar ruleset, increase HD to 20+; 10% chance it's sentient); 3 a horde of walking dead; 4 a computer virus that drives androids and robots berserk; 5 an army of decadent albinos in tattered sci-fi jumpsuits with working Ancient tech who want to reclaim and "civilize" the surface; 6 a



sentient advertising jingle of the Ancients that has turned into a "language virus" that re-programs the brains of speaking creatures that hear it. Two rewards are offered by the local despot: a small one for killing the foolish adventurers, and a big one for stopping the menace itself.

7: It's discovered that the glands of a certain dangerous monster can be made into a very addictive drug. A local petty thug wants to set himself up as a narcocrat, and he's paying top dollar for dead specimens.

8: A tribe of savages has formed a pathetic cargo cult around a functioning Ancient shortwave radio. These "Listeners" believe that the garbled sound fragments and bounced Ancient transmissions on the radio are the voices of the gods. Lately, one band has been transmitting a monotone, male human voice reciting a certain longitude/latitude coordinate over and over again, 24/7. The tribe's shaman will pay the PCs 2000 gp in farm animals and clean water if they can lead him through the Wasteland to this "Home of the God-Voice." 50% chance it's some kind of ruse or trap. If not, it could be an unlooted Ancient installation or vehicle broadcasting on automatic.

9: A wandering human bard recently sang a ribald song questioning Oppenheimer's divinity ("Got mutants makin' a god/Outta a guy who just made a bomb!"). The faithful cannot tolerate such an insult against the Lightbringer of Trinity. The Cult of Mutation has declared a fatwa against him, with 5,000 gp in property, livestock, and clean water to whoever kills him, be they atom-touched or gentile.

10: Clouds of radioactive dust blowing in off the Wastelands have become more and more frequent within a city-state, and underground shelter space has become a precious commodity. The city-state's despot offers an assault rifle, 42 bullets, two grenades, a tame spider-goat (it won't fight, but is valuable for the bulletproof silk it produces), and the hand of his youngest daughter to anyone brave enough to map and clear out the maze of Ancient sub-train tunnels under the city. These are currently haunted by cannibals, monsters, deranged robots, and cultists of the Cancer Gods.

11: A haywire cargo teleporter in the ruins of an Ancient starport has begun to malfunction and is "beaming in" weird and dangerous monsters from across all of time and space (dragons, WWII tank battalions, Lovecraftian monsters, monsters from your favorite books/movies/other games, etc. – go nuts). Two nobles contact the PCs separately: One wants to hire Our Heroes to shut the "Demon Warp" down, while his scheming brother wants the PCs to seize the device so he can use it to summon an army of monsters and usurp the throne.

12: Three traveling water merchants have been abducted by a cannibal tribe, and their clan has gotten tired of negotiating a ransom. The cannibals are led by a mutant "Witch" who has weather-control powers and surrounds their mountain base with deadly storms. 500 gp in clean



water for each rescued merchant, plus 500 for proof of the witch's death and twenty for each cannibal head.

**13:** Bloodthirsty entrepreneurs arrive and set up a gladiator pit. Opportunities for money-making abound if the PCs aren't squeamish: the fights have a good purse (though no guarantee that matches will be even remotely fair), and the pit-masters will pay well for robots or captured monsters.

**14:** The king's mutant pre-cognitive advisers meditate on the new "star" that appeared in the sky a few nights ago... and determine that it's a time-dilation-affected interplanetary troop transport full of Ancient cyborg commandos on their way to "liberate" this patch of America from the "occupiers" currently living in it. Uh oh! The king needs every gun he can get his hands on, and will grant knighthood and full looting rights to any warrior who will stand against the "Star Devils".

**15:** God must die! The new bishop of the Cult of Mutation wants to convert a nearby tribe of savage "pagan" mutants and save their souls. But first, he needs to show them that their tribal "god" is false by killing it. Their "god" is a massive monster of at least 15 HD...a radiation-breathing T-rex would be cool. The bishop will give three random artifacts and 5000 in gold for "god's" head.

**16:** A terrifying storm of unearthly power tears through the area, destroying many structures and raining down all kinds of odd things from the sky. When the dust clears, it's discovered that the storm left behind an entire, relatively intact, Ancient aircraft carrier in the middle of the Wasteland (miles from any sea). The local despot wants to turn the ship into a new fort, but first the walking dead, human-hating androids, and giant bugs inhabiting it need to be cleared out. He will give the PCs four frag grenades, a bolt-action rifle with 17 bullets, and three suits of plate mail in advance. If they succeed in taking the ship, he will give them another three random artifacts. They can also keep anything they find on the ship.

**17:** The local despot used to tolerate The Army of Red Chains, a band of vicious slavers, as long as they paid lip service to his rule and only preyed on mutants. But now they've started seizing human thralls and talking smack about their brutish leader being the new "King of America." The despot wants them taught a lesson, to the tune of 25 gp a scalp.

**18:** An assassin attempts to murder a powerful water merchant, then flees through a Plane Shift portal to a weird and very alien alternate world. The merchant offers 15,000 gp in water and artifacts to anyone brave enough to give chase and bring him to justice.

**19:** A powerful merchant is sponsoring a team of explorers to investigate legends of a forest in a distant part of the Wasteland filled with trees whose fruit can allegedly cure radiation sickness.

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**20:** The Burning, a radical cult that wants to "simplify" the world by destroying all books and technology, is on the warpath, attacking androids, scholars, and centers of culture and learning. A small monastery of archivist-monks begs the PCs to help defend their isolated library. They have almost no material wealth to offer, but they are rich in learning, and can repay the PCs by teaching them languages, artifact use, etc. Ω

# What's in that Pipe?

put this in your campaign and smoke it – by H. Bell

A wizard smoking mysterious weed and blowing smoke rings is as tied to fantasy as the Conan-esque fighter with the two-handed sword. Here you will find a number of smokables to toss into your campaign. Hopefully they will inspire you to dream up a few of your own. Think of each smoking session like a potion or spell and you're ready to go. Any class/race can smoke this stuff.

My suggestion is making 1d4 types available in any appropriate shop. There is a 75% chance the seller has correct information on the type and effect of the herb; however, there is also the 25% chance they have no clue what they've got, are confused with another type, or simply lie. Any botany specialist will have no problem identifying types and effects (except Fiend's Gold, #3). Choose or roll d10:

**1. Buds of Courtempierre.** Duration 3 hours. Effects: +2 to hit vampires, +2 to Dexterity (thieves and hobbits only), and +20% to thief/assassin-type abilities. Known as a creeper, this long-lasting high sneaks up on you, taking 3



turns (30 mins) for effects to actually kick in after smoking. Super-rare, "B of C" is sought after by thieves for its dexterity boost and concentration boon, while clerics (specifically vampire hunters) will indulge in it for its garlic-like emanations. Avg. Cost: 250 gp for 6 sessions (two smokers max per). Note: if buyers are obviously thieves, the shopkeeper may try charging more.

**2. Druid's Dank** (aka *Hommet Omelet*). Duration 1 hour. Effects: smoker cannot speak or communicate; however, his or her insight is heightened, granting +2 or -2 (whichever is in their favor) to all noncombat rolls for the duration (druids +/-3). Immediately upon coming down an additional days' rations must be eaten. This moist bud is yellow and white with red hairs woven throughout. It is favored by leaf hounds everywhere, especially those that like to wake and bake. Though its high is short, it is sweet. Avg. Cost: 100 gp for d10 sessions (two smokers max per session).

**3. Fiend's Gold.** Duration permanent. Effects: similar to a *delusion* potion, smoker will think they are under effects of whatever strain they thought they were buying. However, the only true effect is that after 5 hours, the smoker's Wisdom is permanently lowered by one point. Subsequent smoking sessions will have no effect, though smokers will still be deluded. However, if a different stash of Fiend's Gold is obtained, it will affect the same character's wisdom again. In other words, each individual stash will only affect any one character's wisdom one time. This weed will appear to be another strain (roll d10 and charge appropriately, with the same number of sessions available as for the rolled type). Only an herb or botany specialist can detect Fiend's Gold, 33% of the time.

**4. Flying Cloud.** Duration 3 hours. Effects: Smoker can blow smoke to form anything they desire, which will take 1d8 rounds to form from smoke rings. Treat as *phantasmal forces* except that image is palpable and durable for the duration, no matter what. Only one creation can be blown per smoke. After duration, smoker must rest for 1 hour or receive -/+2 to all rolls (whichever is to smoker's detriment) until they do. This light green bud with white crystals flecked about like snow is extremely expensive. Its use is nearly always the highlight of any smoker's memory. Avg. Cost: 580 gp for 1d4 sessions (one smoker max).

**5. Hallowed Hash.** Duration 5 hours. Effects: smoker's movement is cut in half; earns +/-2 in regard to anything regarding the undead (whichever is beneficial to smoker) – this also pertains to any searches in a graveyard or hallowed location. When duration is over, smoker feels rested as if waking from a full night's sleep. This dense resin is in miniature brick form. Generally, it is placed atop tobacco when smoked. It is said that hallowed hash can only be harvested from weeds grown over the dead. Avg. Cost: 300 gp for brick of 6 sessions (two smokers max per).

**6. Lizard's Lunch.** Duration 1d20 turns. Effects: Smoker gains 1d4 hp but cannot move for duration; also, will not require rations for a full 24 hours after. However, there is a chance of extreme hallucinations. On a roll of 1 or 10 on d10, smoker is convinced that all other persons/creatures in proximity are from the random wandering monster table (roll one type for all). After duration, reactions are rolled for smoker in regard to those around, even if it's a home party. This bud actually *looks* like a lizard, orange veins throughout, green within. A popular smoke for loner, secretive types. Avg. Cost: 60 gp for 1d10 sessions.

**7. Nugs of Nobility.** Duration 1.5 hours. Effects: smoker gains +2 to reactions; any passersby within a 30' radius of nugs being smoked will wonder who the smoker is, automatically assuming they are someone important. On a 1-2 on 1d6, the passerby or nearby lounge will either offer assistance (if outside) or to buy food and drinks for the smoker & his entourage (if inside). Likewise, extra rumors should be easy to gain, no matter the roll, especially if they concern nobility within the area. These compact nuggets carry quite the punch when fired and smoked. Highly desirable, locating a sizable stash of this stuff can elevate even the lowliest pauper to wooing the baron's daughter in no time. Avg. Cost: 250 gp for 1d8 sessions.

**8. Old Homestead.** Duration: 1 hour. Effects: +1 to reactions and +2 (assuming this is detrimental) to dexterity checks (+3 to both for hobbits). An everyday blend of common smokeweed favored by halflings for its relaxing and social high; however, it also limits dexterity. Avg. Cost: 1d4 gp for 1d10 sessions (two smokers max per).

**9. Prankster's Puff.** Duration 1d4 + 1d6 + 1d12 turns. Effects: after 1d4 turns, the smoker will be enveloped in thick smoke where no one can see him; in 1d6 turns after that, the smoke will have thickened to a 20' x 20' area to where anyone within it cannot see 1' in front of them, much like darkness, even if a demi-human, etc. This smoke will not abate until 1d12 turns after that. This weed is highly prized by thieves and usually comes at a price. Ironically, the high is extremely weak, but buyers don't seem to care. Avg. Cost: 175 gp for 1d8 sessions (one smoker max per).

**10. The Rat's Meow.** Duration: 1.5 hours. Effects: any rats (giant or otherwise) within 60' of this weed being smoked will flood to the area with +3 to monster reactions; also, any smoker gets +2 to hit rats and +1 damage to rats, for duration of high. This smoking herb looks somewhat disgusting, but its smell is quite alluring. Though commonly used by exterminators, there are those that find pleasure in smoking it. Avg. Cost: 5 gp for 1d20 sessions (one smoker max per). Ω



# Reminiscing About Rob

lore from Michael Mornard

I first met Rob in 1967 in 7<sup>th</sup> grade math class; we sat next to each other. Since that was over 40 years ago I will confess to not having a lot of vivid memories, other than that I liked him.

Adolescence gave way to teenage years and high school and more people around. I got into Boy Scouts, and in 1971 a friend of mine in Scouts invited me to an “armor game” – *Tractics*.

I showed up that Saturday, and Rob was one of the players. I stayed a bit more in contact with him through the last two years of high school, mostly on Saturdays playing miniatures at Don Kaye’s garage sand table, or evenings of “Greyhawk” at Gary’s.

As I’ve noted many times, Rob never mapped, and Rob never got lost. I remember at least one occasion of him correcting Gary’s DMing!

“I said we went west, Gygax, not east!”

“Huh? GRR! Curse you, Kuntz!”

Rob could be tough to ref for, simply because he was so imaginative. In my “Ram’s Horn” campaign he decided to investigate town politics and was well on his way to taking over the whole city! In retrospect, if I’d known he was interested in that sort of thing, I’d have spent more time on that and less on drawing yet another dungeon level.

Rob was always willing to share his knowledge and ideas. I remember a long talk about balancing miniatures scenarios, and he also taught me why it’s a bad idea in *D&D* to give players too much too soon. He was always encouraging other people to use their imagination; don’t just use what was in the Little Brown Books, think up your own monsters, magic, and treasures.

Rob is amazing at thinking on his feet and loves it when others think on their feet as well. Once years ago I was playing a Balrog and for some reason, we had to distract a wizard. I asked Rob if my Balrog could immolate just the tip of his index finger...just make a momentary puff of flame. Somewhat puzzled, Rob said “yes”.

I then acquired a small wooden box, nailed a tin can to it, glued a piece of glass to the tin can, and got myself an asbestos hat with an asbestos card that said “PRESS” on it. I walked up to the wizard’s tower and knocked. When the wizard opened the door, I said, “Good day, I’m here from *Balrog Times* magazine and we’re doing a series on the Great Wizards of Greyhawk. We want to lead off with you

because you’re the greatest of all. Watch the birdie!” And here I issued a small jet of flame from my fingertip like the “flash” of an old time camera.

Well, for the next two hours the wizard conducted us on a tour of his tower with frequent “Hold that pose!” and “Watch the birdie!” (FOOF!) on my part. By the end of it the wizard was getting into the swing of things, showing us his latest experiments and striking poses spontaneously. After the initial reaction roll, I don’t think Rob or the players touched a die the entire evening. I don’t remember all the details, but I do remember that night as some of the purest “just plain fun” I’ve ever had in my life.

I’m sure given six months, or access to my old gaming notes, or even not being ten weeks away from a master’s degree, I could probably remember a lot more about Rob. Mostly, he’s an old friend whom, when the strands of Fate bring us together again, I’m always glad to see.

Oh, wait. One last anecdote. After I moved to Minneapolis I went back to Lake Geneva to visit frequently. On one visit...I frankly don’t remember when...Rob and I were at Rob’s house playing in Jim Ward’s dungeon. Rob was running Robliar, and I was running Gronan of Simmerya, at the time a 9<sup>th</sup> level fighter. I was really stoked about this, because Rob NEVER ran with other players any more by this time – playing with him was a treat, and playing with Robilar doubly so.

Anyhoo, at one point Jim rolled a die and said “Whoops, random monster.” A few more rolls and he breaks into a big grin and starts singing “Whoa oh oh ohhhhhh, whoa oh oh ohhhhhh,” from the song “Kung Fu Fighting”. Rob says, “Oh crap, let’s get out of here.”

“Huh? Why?” I asked.

“Stupid chaotic Kung Fu fighters. I hate those guys.”

“They’re just guys in dumb pajamas.”

“Hah! They can kick right through your armor! You can stay if you want, I’m leaving.”

Now, when Robilar took to his heels, it was no time to second-guess him, so I followed.

And that’s the time Jim Ward made Rob’s and my toughest characters run just by singing at us.





*(This is level 9 of our community megadungeon, **The Darkness Beneath**. It can be used as a stand-alone level in the Underdark of your choice or connected up to **TDB**. Thanks to Busman and Welleran for some helpful initial ideas. Enjoy! – Ig)*

**Introduction:** Surrounding a runewheel of electrum, five hunched Duergar shamans studied a smear of green ichor, divining the disposition of their chaotic deity. This paranormal ritual, observed every fifth year for the last 555, formed their tenets and commanded their tribe's rare debouchments. Unclean essence seeped into incised sigils.

Xsaya-Narsehv, Mutilator of Pantheons, would act!

Narsehv recounted the vile deeds his paranoid parishioners had undertaken to please him. Half a millenium's subservience wasn't long, but the tiny gray worms did have a concern that could impact his control. Beyond the citadel gate and past a thatchy jungle was a city of spiritual beings the Duergar failed routinely to raze. His immaterial eyes locked on the psychic field around these aliens, Narsehv's terrible will perceived a fear of calamity. Victims in another time and dimension they were, to be crushed yet again!

The declaration of cataclysm exhilarated the ruthless dwarves – until the moment their tenebrific overlord

extorted his price! The reckless shamans had entered into a cursed exchange. They recoiled from the runewheel, bodies painfully pulled into new shapes by the sorcery of Narsehv. The contorted clerics had to abide, their damned souls trapped - in the granite green of loathsome trollflesh!

Days after their ritual submerged the Deep Caves in fire and ash, the five transformed priests left...and returned. Guided by five dark kin claiming to be long-retained prisoners of the Duergar, a war band of trolls stormed a passage to their inner galleries, slaying all that could not flee. The priests accompanied the band back to the Dark Trolls' dread citadel, aware that the lustrous runes offer nothing without terrible remuneration. And even now, the plots of Xsaya-Narsehv thicken in the dark...

**The Hex Map:** For unwelcome visitors, the great Troll Highway ends at the indomitable looking Gate House (1). It seals seamlessly with the floor of the cavern, although it is open above to allow the passage of riding Pterocs. Algae growths among the sharp dripstones attract a bioluminescent fog, providing a dim glow all the way to the Citadel. Travellers admitted by the guards have over a mile to ride to the Troll King's doorstep, and will first pass a raised hill inhabited by Troblin tradesmen. Sulfurous smoke billows



out of the Troblin Kontor (2), where iron and raw materials from quarry and jungle are wrought with passable skill. The road to the Citadel splits at the edge of a repellent Moat (3), crossing directly forward along a stone bridge and winding atop arched promontories constructed flush with the cavern wall. Encircled by a wreath of glowing clouds, the enormous pillar-keep of the Citadel (4) holds the ancient chapel and Royal chambers. A maze of angular towers and reinforced parapets defend the entrance from the moat's far side.

The expanse beyond the terrific fortress is a mushroom-dotted pasture for rearing dinosaurs, with lodges for the very young and old members of the Troll population. The residences mix with food stock Hatcheries (5) near a spring-fed stream. A few Troll Rangers have built stone halls near heated mud pools, for recreation away from more contemporary sorts at Dagendreng Hold. A second cave pillar, pierced with looted Duergar Burial Niches (6),

demarcates the end of the lighted territory. Branching West is a patrol route leading to a sizable barricade of rubble. Soldiers are alert at all times here, for beyond is the Hollow of the Infected (7). Once the original Dark Troll settlement, the cold chasm hides parasites that can't be allowed to spread. Oddly, few patrols ride to the next closest chamber, the temporary headquarters (8) of a Draala Expedition (see *FO!* #11, or make up your own alien interlopers). The Dark Trolls consider their presence a boon, since they corral dangerous slimes and donate food unavailable from other subjects. Troblin crews know their way to the Iron Quarry (9), where they also dig for colorful gems like lapis lazuli. Altercations among the workers are often resolved here, where they won't be reprimanded by their hulking masters.

**Particulars of the Dark Troll Army:** Mistakenly thought an endless barrack of undaunted, reptile-riding champions, the stronghold of Dark Trolls posts troop numbers far fewer than any surface kingdom. (Of course, an adventurer encountering even a lone Troll would not like his odds without a host of men-at-arms.) Unlike their feral relatives in the swamps and moonlit crags, the Dark Trolls have disciplined their brains to restrain pure bloodlust and improve their fighting technique. They have even bred themselves to have leaner offspring that can wield weapons and wear humanoid armor. They do not exhibit the heavy skulls, bulbous joints, and lurching gait common to their species. The Thousand Spear Goblins secretly mock them for trying to look attractive, especially the nobles cavorting in Dagendreng Hold. Minor relinquishments in Dark Troll development have been a touch of height and one degree of natural armor (DC 5 bare instead of DC 4).

Officers direct their infantry, with cavalry, hunters, and royal bodyguards comprising smaller units. The King himself is partial to a central position among his troops, but the Shamans will deploy only under seemly portents. For dangerous operations like scouting for traps, the Trolls engage trustworthy Troblin militia and sacrificial war beasts like Claw Maws or enslaved monsters. If the conflict is inside the home cavern, female and elder kindred will also repel enemies with tooth and claw. A glaring criticism of the Army, which the King is focused on rectifying, is its nonexistent supply chain. The lizards they've trained as mounts will not pull carts or keep their snouts out of rations. Luckily, the hunters are raising a new dinosaur type to fill this crucial role.

The foot soldiers, called Varbod, don a jerkin of woven Underwild grass stitched with rows of iron scale in combat. They will carry a tall shield of laminated hide or buckler of blackened crab shell on one arm. Authorized weapons to select from include a heavy saber, spiked flail, iron bardiche, and refurbished Duergar crossbow. The Dark Trolls possess the size and strength to use these d8 arms in one hand. Troll veterans, the Vohbod, relish their role as officers and enjoy better armor. Their additional



equipment includes polished iron greaves, manica, and a riveted helmet. Officers are usually in control of ballista operation, and the use of two special weapons: the Unholy Hand Grenade and the Gastendolg Bomb. The first is a ghastly combination of Unholy Water and fetid Troll urine inside a clay pot, which inflicts with a direct strike (and failed save) 2d4 damage to good creatures and 1-3 rounds of weakness from stench to good and evil alike. The second, a creative weapon against mages, is a recovered Blood Thump eggshell full of powdered ghost stone from the Ashen Wastes. When hurled, the bomb's spilled contents become a cloud that can cause spell misfires (save or have magic effect siphoned into ethereal plane). All Vohbod have been trained to ascertain the best targets for these special missile weapons. From the officer rank, select loyalists may become Masungbod, the bodyguards of the royal personages. Regalia of the Masungbod include a full helm adorned with gems, a black cape, and often a spare magic weapon or device.

The Blood Thump mounted ranks include regular cavalry, the Rytbod, and wilderness hunters, the tireless Masarytbod. To improve flexibility, cavalry wear shorter jerkins partially covered in salvaged mail links. Seen with the shiny limb plates, the ensemble looks like unjointed plate mail. Since the cavalry often return from patrol with tribute items, they don't have space for a shield. Yet, they will equip a d10 pole-arm, effortlessly wielded like a short lance. Weapons with long wood hafts are uncommon, since the local flora is either too soft or fully petrified. To defeat the monsters of the Underwild, the Masarytbod favor crossbows and hooked blades crimped to lengths of chain. They forego bulky iron plating for chitin braces and a tasset-like skirt of ringmail or dinosaur leather.

### Key to the Gate House

To hollow an onlooker's heart with fear, the approach to the Gate House is staged with an array of sensational sights. Bleached tusks, ribcages, and loose mandibles appear swept to the sides of the highway. Thousands of raptor footprints tamp the clay, each with claw punctures only a spear could match. Glowing orange torches atop the high merlons give the structure the appearance of a reservoir wall, holding back a molten lake. Lastly, an acrid smell grows strong when within 100 paces, permeating the air like the exhalation of a gorgon. Surely, no men without mettle would survive here for long.

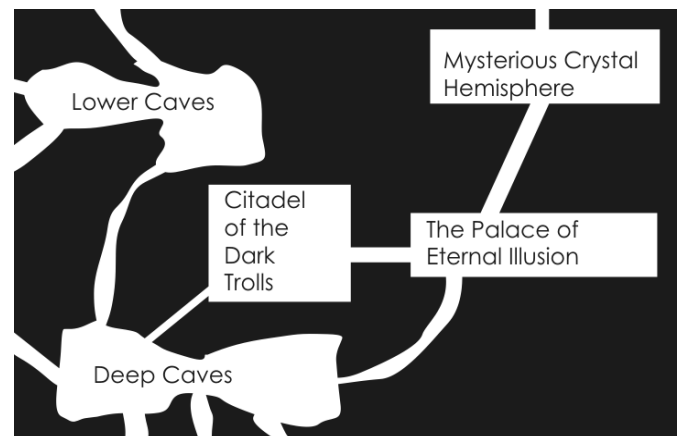
**1. Grinning Doormen:** Outside the barbican towers are a pair of toothy Varbod, each armed with heavy crossbow and saber. In place of a shield, they each clench twisted chains for guiding a pair of pet Claw Maws (HD 2, DC 2, ATT 1, D 1d4 bite, Special: jaw lock). The sharp creatures hoot and snort madly if they smell anything not marked by Troll contact. The only words in Common they know are a polite warning to turn back. However, they will ring welcoming gongs near the outer double door for non-Trolls if one of three criteria are met:

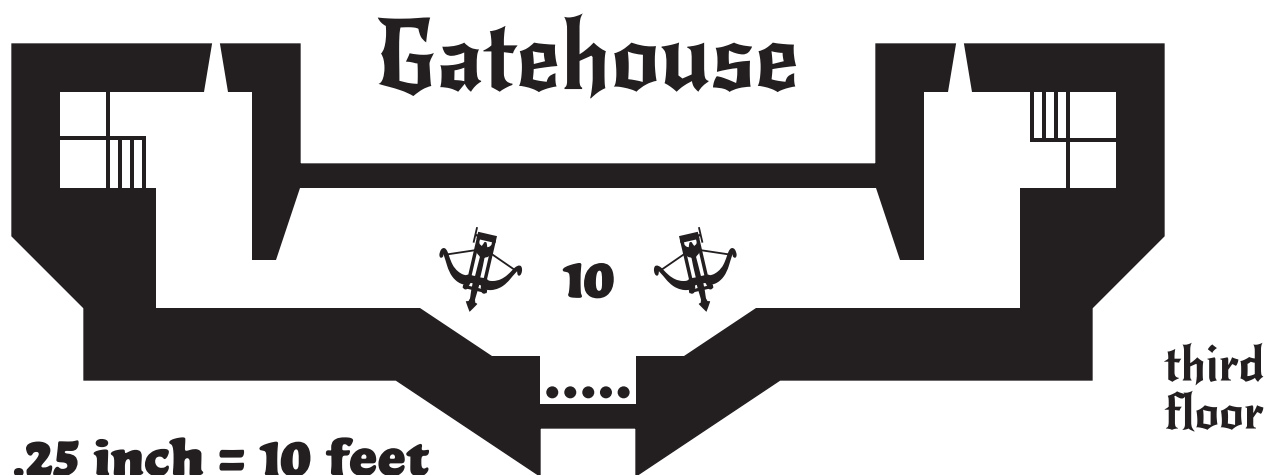
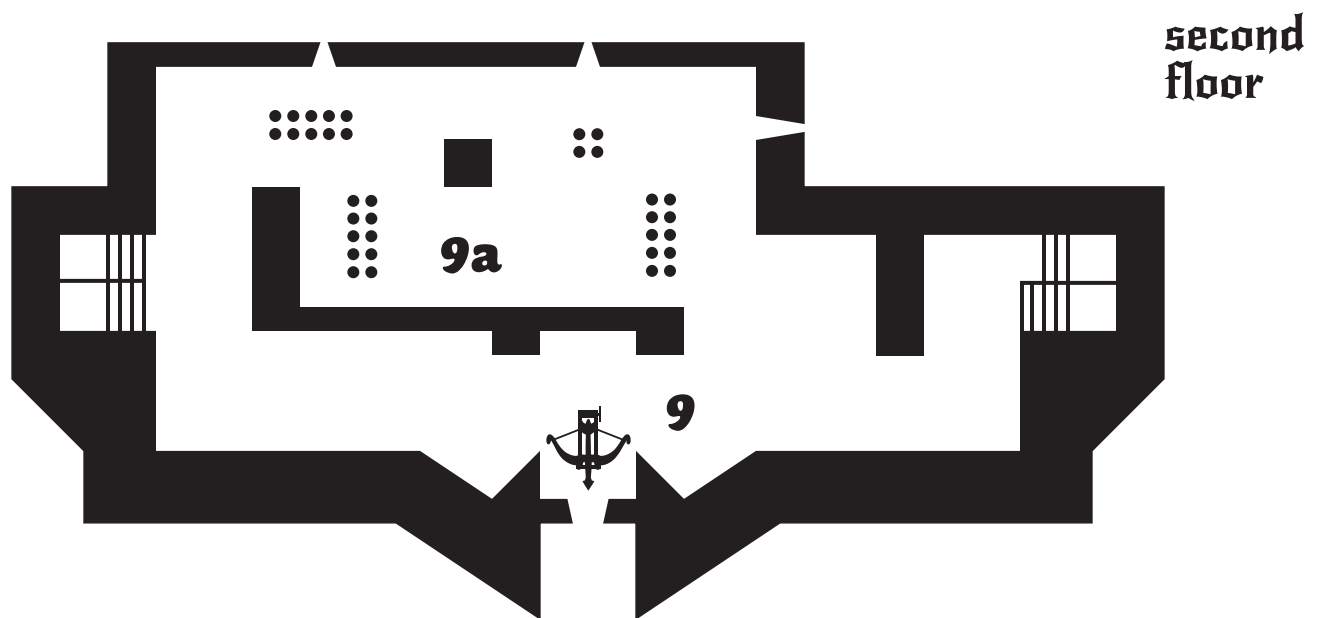
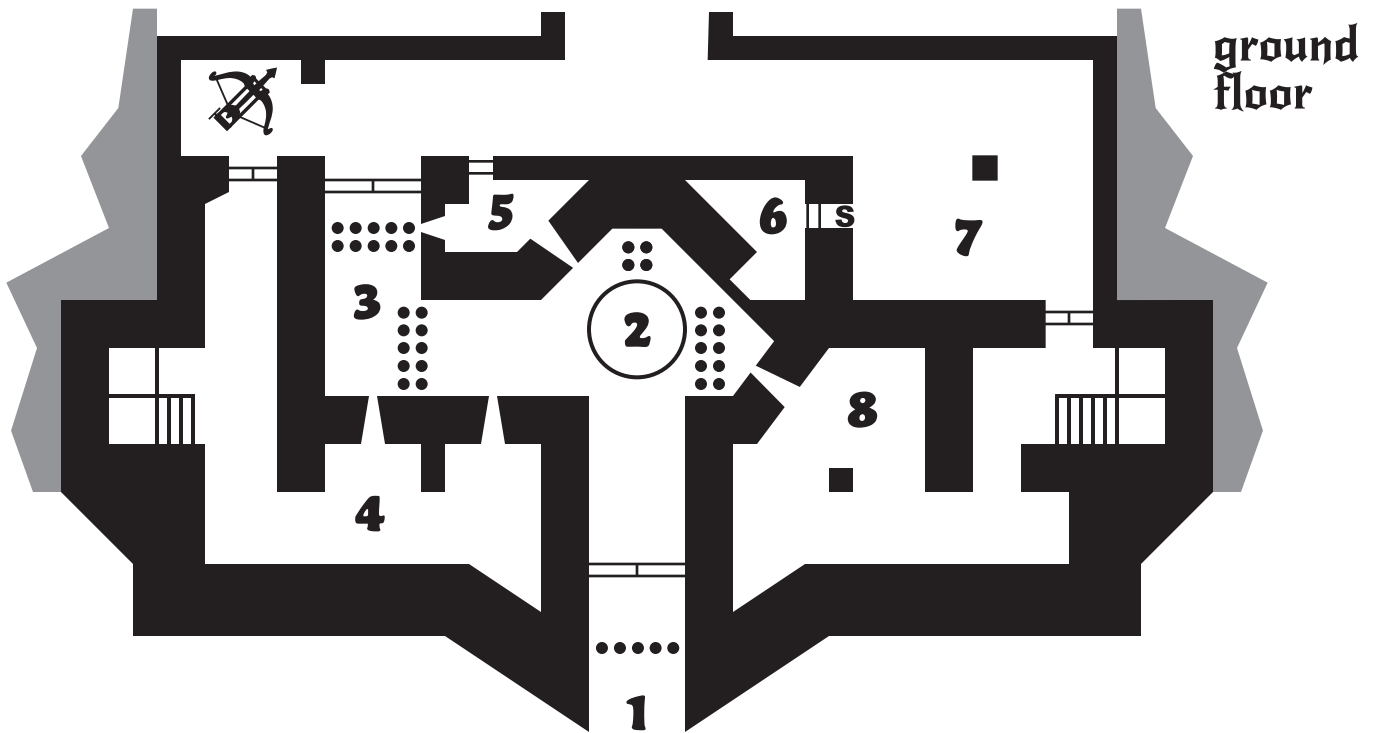
- 1) The foreigners plausibly claim a bounty decreed by the King (like the one for Gluushik's head in FO! #12).
- 2) The foreigners possess identifying items given to the Thieves Guild of Marchand from a Troll noble.
- 3) The foreigners desire to fight in the Pit Games, and are willing to bet all their possessions on the outcome.

**2. Traffic Inspection:** The sets of doors at both ends of this angled passage are fashioned from petrified wood 14" thick (STR 15 to move one side), and swing slowly on multiple iron hinges. The Dark Trolls have not deduced how the barriers were locked, as there are no keyholes nor slots for a drawbar. To increase security, the High Shaman has cast paralytic *Runes of Warding* upon them. Coupled with the runes are elastic bands made from dinosaur tendons, stretched (when needed) from notches in the floor blocks to pins hammered into the inside of each door. Since the gates only swing out, anyone pulling would experience incredible resistance from the springy cords. Four saber-armed Varbod are stationed in the tunnel to maneuver the doors and check incoming supply wagons or prisoner cages. They guide all suspect carriers to a holding position above a concealed trap door. If released by a lever in **6**, everything within the indicated circle plummets 30 feet, as the circular covering splits into five uncoupled wedges of iron. Dwelling in the cylindrical cell are nine zombified Anvil Head Ants (HD 3, DC 3, ATT 1, Bite 1d6+1), named after their smooth blocky heads. All the six-legged soldiers not smashed by falling material mindlessly attack. Intruders that elude the pit are likely worse off: they will be confronted by Varbod blades, jabbed from murder holes above, and assailed by magic and crossbow fire. Although the Witchdoctor can't enter from **6**, a section of the shared wall is perforated like a grate to permit his viewing and sorcery.

**3. Visitor Welcome:** Propped on the West wall is an iron-framed cut of dinosaur hide, painted with the phrase *Veni-Vidi-Vici* in Trollish. Technically, the translation is closer to "Storm-Sniff-Squash", but nobody has pointed this out to the trolls yet.

**4. Varbod Dormitory:** Even if Trolls require only sporadic naps, they do enjoy having a nest-like spot. Eight





.25 inch = 10 feet

Varbod reside here, one always stationed at the (3d6) ballista and another covering the inner stair or arrow loops. In the corner closest to 1 is a pile of shredded jungle leaves, where the four Claw Maws outside play with chew toys made from bugbear fur. Arrayed on wall pegs are three additional crossbows, quivers, and a pair of nine-pound ballista bolts. To curb boredom when patrols are out, some jocose activity may take place (d6): 1. Contest to see who can fit the most Duerger femurs in his mouth; 2. Facetious imitation of Pit Game victims; 3. Ballista trials with inappropriate projectiles, usually to find out what makes the best splatter; 4. Game of catch through the murder holes with guards in 10; 5. Audience with the Witchdoctor to hear stories about the detestable foods humans eat; 6. Search for Pteroc feathers to adorn armor.

**5. Lady Commander:** Idolized by her fellow Rytbod, Iviog the Pale is even more mysterious than the erudite hobgoblin around the corner. Distinctly, she appears only part Troll, with marble gray skin and the regal carriage of a stone giantess. Mounted on an albino Blood Thump and concealing her face at all times with a white mask, her reports are always received in awed silence. Six years ago, she was discovered in the Underwild. Rumors hint that the sculpted hood (of some ancient princess?) was given to Iviog by the Halfling witch in charge of the new stable there. Some Masarytbod say that it doubled her prowess in combat, a blessing that has made her a fearsome contender in the Pit Games. The spectators howl madly when she completes her signature move, snaring an opponent's head through the eyesockets before landing the final death blow. Iviog is wholly Troll, but her identity has been concealed. Before her isolation in the jungle, she was to be wed to the King's son. A revelation from the High Shaman's runewheel ordered that the strongest female fighter be paired with the strongest male Noble. Iviog, then called Tahmrys of Dagendreng, despised the Prince, who rebuffed her claim to being deadlier than he. On the day their monstrous nuptials were paraded through the Citadel, Tahmrys, ordered to ride behind the Prince, compelled her Blood Thump to yank her betrothed from his saddle with its jaws. Humiliated, the royal family exiled her from the Dark Troll dominion. Espied later near the Tomb of Thirteen, she made a pledge to outlandish witchdoctors to aid them in return for a magical disguise...and revenge. **Tahmrys the Renegade, Rytbod/Gladiatrix:** DC 3, HD 7, hp 56, ATT 2, D by weapon and greave spike, Special: regeneration 3, immune to mind reading from or normal weapon attacks by Dark Trolls. Schooled by the Pit Masters in the "venator" style, Tahmrys can add a leg attack to her normal melee action. Her personal weapon resembles a serrated guisarme (3d4), imbued with a +1/+4 versus Archosaurs enchantment. A razor spike on her favored right leg greave inflicts 1d6+2 damage. The *Ouhi-Fudo* (Queen's Mask), can only be worn by women. In addition to gaining fairer skin, the mask blocks extrasensory trespass and damage from normal (troll

wielded) weapons. Tahmrys doesn't disobey her King, but she will not suffer his unworthy progeny being named his successor. In her apartment is a bugbear-skin satchel containing: a strand of Lake Hydra teeth (205 gp to a wizard), an electrum totem of a sleeping bat (40 gp), Dagendreng gambling chips (90 gp of lapis lazuli), a corked gourd of Marchand honey, one Multiversal Bazaar Token and slivers of smoked fish.

**6. Witchdoctor Constable:** Trusted by the King to supervise the affairs of the Gate House, Wengami the Hobgoblin has more authority now than he ever did on his home isle. Native to the distant Island of Gyeryong, habitat of the dreaded cockatrice and other horrors, he arrived in Marchand thirteen years ago. Conducting the ocean voyage was his master, an intelligent salamander-sorcerer with unnerving abilities. Together, they won admittance to the Citadel by locating and recruiting a Nature Witch to partner with the trainers at Raptor Run. The success of this camp became crucial when numerous mounts within the stronghold succumbed to a parasitic disease. Wengami learned a great deal about the Deep Caves in this time, information that an officer in the outer defenses should have. Shortly after the Dark Troll Prince caused a second political calamity, the haggard King turned over inspections and lesser regulatory matters to new constables. Thus, little Wengami became the first outsider to assume a role in the Dark Troll Army. Issikasad, the Maho-Hanzaki (magic salamander), pretends to be Wengami's familiar. Under the influence of his student's *Wand of Size Alteration*, he looks like a pet lizard with skin the color and texture of river pebbles. He reverts to normal only within the confines of their hidden study. Wengami's position was secured not only by the effort at Raptor Run, but also by Issikasad's incredibly strong Charm Gaze. (The Maho-Hanzaki of Gyeryong are the equivalent of Spirit Naga on the mainland.) Unknown to all but his amphibian coven, he is here to purloin the artifact of Xsaya-Narsehv that the High Shaman protects. Multiple auguries suggest to him that the deity wants his sect to possess this unholy treasure, adding to the one found ages ago in a Gyeryong lagoon. If the forces within the Citadel are ever sent into disarray, Issikasad will compel Wengami and enthralled Trolls to assault the towering chapel. Beguiling or blackmailing PCs to sustain his recreant scheme would also be justified. Immediately behind the unlocked secret door to the Constable's office is a bronze door with a real lock. Wengami carries the key in his pouch of sling bullets. The candle-lit space features a wide ladder leading to the station where 2 can be scanned through a series of drilled holes. Tomes are piled beneath the ladder, along with an owlbear skull (Pit Game raffle prize). Along the North wall is a wet sand box and a crystal cauldron for producing unholy water. Issikasad has a magic item that can manipulate stone, which he has used to make nooks beneath his cozy bed of dampened alluvium. **Constable Wengami, Hobgoblin Witchdoctor:** Mage 3/Cleric 3, DC 4, hp 30,



ATT 1, D by weapon, Spells - *Protection from Good, Detect Magic, Know Alignment, Hold Portal, Comprehend Language, Detect Invisibility*. Considering his cohorts, Wengami is armed very lightly with sling bullets +2 and a *Wand of Size Alteration*. His clattering *Seashell Baldric of Defense* (DC 5) would make it hard for him to hide. Tucked in a pocket is a *Potion of Animal Control* he could use to flee on a Blood Thump or Pteroc. To thwart intruders, he will detach the *Ofuda of Desecration* from his cauldron and place it on an outer door. Good characters touching anything shielded by the talisman will take 3 points of damage every time. Wengami has jade green skin and ivory fish eyes like his Koalinth grandmother. One of his molars is actually a small diamond worth 170 gp. **Issikasad, Maho-Hanzaki:** Mage 5/Cleric 4, DC 5 (3), HD 7, hp 45, ATT 1, D 1-3 bite, Special: Charm Gaze, Spells - *Cause Light Wound, Curse, Darkness, Hold Person, Augury, Spider Climb, Identify, Invisibility, Web, Haste*. Weighing a bit over 120 pounds, Issikasad stands upright on short rear legs. Covering his body is a violet *Pelisse of Protection* +2. He hides his *Jasper Geode of Periousness* (power of *Stone Shape* & *Rock to Mud*) in the depths of the sand box. In melee, he will touch victims with a *Spiracle Ring of Asphyxia*, a vile item that forces a save each round to end a continual loss of 1d6+1 hp/level from choking. He will wait to use the ring until his target is already wounded, held in place, or stuck in web strands. Although he keeps the majority of their treasure hidden in the Underwild, some is within the floor niches: bag of onyx chips (200gp), deed to an abandoned tavern (600 gp to thieves, 275 gp to honest folk), 14 dishes of hammered electrum (840 gp).

**7. Hitching Yard:** Four Blood Thumps selected for speed are lashed to a pyramid block in this open court. These beasts have two strategic uses - defending the Gate House or carrying a Rytbod deeper into the tunnel to roust the next encampment. Packed on each saddle is a polished trumpet a rider can sound vigorously. Mounted Rytbod can see over the enclosing North wall, which is 10 feet high. Shading the door to **8** is Iviog's colorless steed, altered by a mutation that occurred as a result of eating garbage at the Multiversal Bazaar. Uncustomarily, the (slightly radioactive +1HD) raptor can breathe a stream of energy like a lightning bolt if severely frightened. Fortunately, the list of eerie things it would blast is short: The Night Dragon, Great Bogbears, Fungents, and humans with funny hats.

**8. Cavalry Postern:** Lazing in this secure chamber are four designated Rytbod, all pleased to be so close to their commander. Ignoring the daydreamers is one infantry officer, the Vohbod in charge of provisions. His temperament is poor, having to deal with stalled suppliers at the Troblin Kontor. During inspections, he often yells through the arrow loop, telling the Varbod to swipe things they could use. An extra suit of plate armor is kept hanging in case a rider needs a clean replacement. Combined, the Trolls here have Dagendreng gambling chips worth 800 gp.

**9. Watchman Gallery:** Centered on this floor is the only outward window, a design of the xenophobic builders. The Duergar were wary of huge monsters and canny magicians that might exploit a series of embrasures. Leveled at the road is a ballista, which can fire out the window once every 2 rounds (thanks to Troll strength). The two Vohbod working this artillery gain a +3 bonus to hit any target on or near the road. Certain large bones outside have been positioned as range markers, which the pair use to practice and refine bolt shots. Arranged on the dividing wall behind the machine are 24 ballista bolts, 118 crossbow quarrels, 2 of each special grenade, and a 60 pound basket of caltrops.

**9a.** On the other side of the gallery are the six Varbod they command. These Dark Troll fighters have iron harpoons (1d8) for plunging into the murder holes, in addition to crossbows. The extra floorspace near the East stairwell is spread with pots of salty dinosaur sausage, fermented louse hash, crab knuckles, brains in grease, dried mushrooms, and spring water. Tucked under a loose stair tread is an iron box with five luck charms of smoky quartz (175 gp), 600 ep, and a *Tallow Lamp of Mole Bat Summoning* the Vohbod know how to activate.

**10. Baleful Rampart:** Twice as vigilant as their compatriots inside, five Varbod react quickly to any strange sight or sound. Four of them are entrusted with a pair of ballista that have an extra wide arc of fire (120°). Stone rollers at various points allow the shooter to aim at both ground and aerial targets. Between the ballistae is a heated cauldron that could pour something like tar or oil upon attackers. Dejectedly, the King had to order that incendiary contents not be used after a panicked Pteroc spilled the pot and ignited a siege bow. Now, one of the duties of the rampart crew is to cook blood broth soup in it. If the crimson melange hasn't been completely eaten before enemies arrive, a splash attack will inflict 1-3 damage. In place of stone merlons, the thinner wall behind the ballistae features a petrified wood log that all arriving Pteroc must land upon. (Snearg has trained his birds to do this.) Passengers must present a small bag of inked bones to the Gate House Border Bailiff (fifth Varbod on rampart). The bones are a code, which tell the Bailiff where the flyer is going to. The patterns are changed twice a year. If an aerial intruder passes overhead, the ballista at **4** will be ordered to fire, and at least one Rytbod will pursue on the ground. The rooftop arsenal also comprises of personal crossbows, 12 ballista bolts, 9 gastendolg bombs, 4 unholy hand grenades, 2 weighted nets with sewn on zombified troglodyte heads, psychoactive porridge in ewers, and sealed cave clams stuffed with rot grubs.

### Key to the Troblin Kontor

Centuries ago, the Bugbear tribe living atop this hillock was fettered in chains of Duergar iron. Rage and primeval weapons had failed to drive back the bearded raiders, and the tribesmen quickly lost half their numbers. While blood

trickled to the cavern floor, Duergar shamans entered a haunted crypt near the butte's North slope. The vanquished Bugbears hoped the iron-shod imps would take the forbidden treasure there and go; but the Duergar stayed and enslaved their remnant. For generations, the Bugbear toiled to construct a pocket empire, exhausting vitality and determination. The misery might have ended with the ascension of the Dark Trolls, had the creatures been less avaricious. But the new Troll kingdom needed more than a buried stockade and servants with insufficient craft. Accords were struck with wild goblins of the Deep Caves, and the regenerative power of Troll blood was proffered. Within the King's lifetime, the Citadel and stockade had been refitted, and the first Troblins raised to adulthood. Although the Bugbears remained servants, their dwindling number stabilized after punishments were lessened and useful males no longer fought in the Troll games. The gregarious Troblins committed to upgrading the army, and made their Kontor a unique facility in the Deep Caves.

### Kontor Encounters (1d8):

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | Rytbod Patrol: 1-4 Dark Troll cavalry on Blood Thumps, from a camp halfway between the Gate House and Kontor.   |
| 2 | Iron Mine Crew Rotation: 4 Troblin Soltvar with crossbows, 12 Bugbear Thralls pulling 3 barrow carts of ore.  |
| 3 | Underwild Cane Bale Hauler: 1 Dark Troll Masarytbod on Blood Thump, 2 Troblin Soltvar with axes, 6 Bugbear Thralls pulling a sled of cuttings.  |
| 4 | Live Crab Delivery: 3 Troblin Soltvar with maces, 6 Bugbear Thralls with back baskets of stock.   |
| 5 | Citadel Catering Team: One female Troblin Chef, 2 Troblin Soltvar with crossbows, 4 Bugbear Thralls pulling 2 barrow carts of delicacies.   |
| 6 | Troblin apprentice smith with pair of heavy door hinges.  |
| 7 | Pair of Claw Maws in a noisy mating frenzy.   |
| 8 | Highway Repair Crew: 3 young Troblin with shovels, rakes, and bitumen chips. Inside a half-tent, two 4 <sup>th</sup> level Thieves from Marchand await their boss' return from meeting with the Troblin Warden. In the interim they are sharing some liquor with a Dark Troll Noble who escorted them from the teleport device at Dagendreng Hold. One of the burglars will slip away to follow any other humans entering the Kontor. |

**Kontor Approach:** Players could compare the vista to a hilltop where indistinct campfires create a stagnant haze. The side road heads straight East, jogging out around the North face of the site. Spying on the smoothed path are

Troblin Soltvar (reservists) 50' up in the only wall tower. The single ground level passageway to the interior is on the side of the Kontor not facing the highway. A 16' high wall safeguards the entry from intruders opting to dispatch to the South slope. This barricade, the Kontor, and the tunnel form a gulch-like bailey alive with Troblin enterprise.

**1. Policed Threshold:** Standing on the inside of a low swing gate are two Varbod with heavy flails. They will not impede carts unless they are noticeably overburdened or reek of an unusual scent (like humanoid blood). Customers from Dagendreng arriving without an escort must present a unique key issued only by a Clan Father. These keys can be made to vanish if held longer than expected...At the other end of the dusty gallery, nine Troblin Soltvar oversee the unloading of goods into iron bucket trolleys that roll on grooved tracks. All the Soltvar with javelins or crossbows will use these carts for cover when battling invaders.

**2. Junction Chamber:** Most of the finished rooms in the Kontor are dimly lit by oil lamps high on the chiseled walls. Trolleys pushed by Thralls pass through every hour, between the two ends of the Kontor. Four Troblin Planners are discussing a display of painted rocks, each socketed to a section of the West wall that looks like a Halma game board. All work schedules are announced here, with every labor shift represented by one of the colorful rocks. Stored in the alcove to the left of the archway to **1** is a disassembled ballista. This valuable weapon is destined for the back of a four-legged dinosaur being trained at the Citadel Stables.

**3. Troblin Commissary:** Formerly a Duergar tribunal hall, this vaulted chamber contains rows of petrified tables for business transactions and meal breaks. Troblin matrons draw water from a well here, a resource that has one permanent Soltvar guard. Banking around the well are trolleys headed to the kilns in **6**. Tables don't intersect the route to the prison elevator, but can be tilted to obstruct it if an alarm is raised. The iron platform, capable of bearing the weight of 4 Dark Trolls, is operated by a vacillating pedal on the floor. Stepping on one end lowers the apparatus, while a reverse move returns the platform to the commissary. A Troblin Soltvar with a Claw Maw guard-lizard has the simple task of elevator security.

**4. Crafting Hall:** Masking every square foot of floor here are shreds of raw grass, clumps of clay, and snarls of dust and hair. Occupying the center of the room is a pole-mounted hand loom for weaving. Troblin matrons hackle Underwild cane into tough filaments that, once degummed, are woven on the loom. The result is a strong hop-sack material that is made into army jerkins, nets, and carrying bags. In the West corner, a team of potters roll clay into strands, then coiled into crude bowl and vase shapes. Individual tradesmen, each expert with a particular component such as iguana hide, fill the remaining space. When a work shift ends for a rest period, those Troblins plug their ears and retire to a former watch room. If all the

# Troblin Kontor



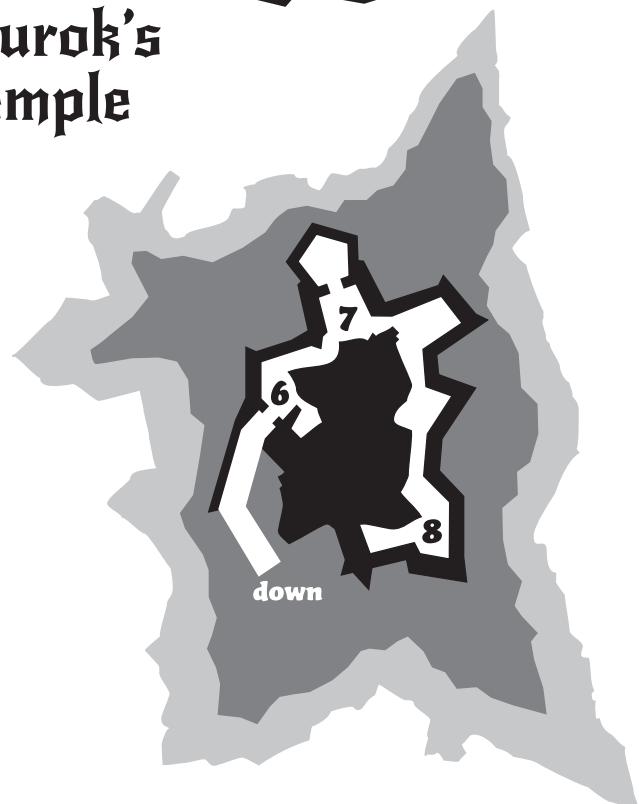
**Main Level**

.25 inch = 20 feet



**Lower Level**

# Kirjurok's Temple





crafters have orders to fulfill, 24 Troblins will be in the Hall, both sleeping and awake.

**5. Militia Headquarters:** Above the curtained archway to this Soltvar den is their blazon, a Claw Maw rampant with one foot grasping a mace. The entire squad numbers 30; half that number are on duty in the Kontor at any given time under normal circumstances. The remaining four active Soltvar are stationed in the watch loggia accessed by the spiral staircase. The modest room connected to the stair is the office of the Kontor Commander, an aging Vohbod named Dmoljuc. Like most of the Dark Trolls at the hill, he has many descendants from the interbreeding agenda. Dmoljuc possesses a unique shield made from Rust Monster hide, taken from a nest (formerly in 8) he destroyed. In melee, he fights with a Scimitar +1. Next to his bowl-chair is a stone podium, displaying a Bugbear lexicon and hiding a pouch of lapis lazuli nuggets worth 480 gp. Dmoljuc's two pet Claw Maws also use it for a scratching post. In the Southwest corner of the barrack are an octagonal game table and 3 heavy pots containing 5 javelins each. The barbed points are soaking in a poison made from spores and wood naphtha. The substance inflicts optic spasticity, blurring vision until the wound is cleansed. Beneath one pot is a key to 10.

**6. Iron Roaster:** Significant heat from the iron purification oven pours out into the corridor and makes the stone walls warm as flesh. This single domed furnace was the only one saved when the Dark Trolls ravaged the Citadel. Dwarven engineering was innovative enough to power metalworks with natural gas, a perfect replacement fuel for clans with no access to forests or anthracite seams. Tubes of bronze 2' underneath the floor transport the mysterious vapor to the roaster, a couple clay-firing kilns, and the forge in 7. Four Troblins in lizard-skin aprons regard the ovens at all times. The acrid smoke from here and the Smithy crowns the hill, preventing occupation topside.

**7. Troblin Smithy:** A Dark Troll produces weapons here with two of his strapping Troblin sons. Another Troll responsible for armor has three Troblin offspring at his side. Laughing over the hiss of hot metal, this consanguine outfit is the only crew that can keep pace with demand. Some of the equipment here is obviously too large for Troblin hands; their giant sires work titanic bellows and turn the oversized grinder. In a corner is a basket of rivets and armor scales so bountiful it could clad a bare dragon. Removing all the unfinished weapons from wall pegs would require one of the cargo trolleys and most of an hour. The South door, sealed with latches, opens into the cellar stores. Underneath a stone water basin are nine large and very heavy gold ingots worth a total of 18,144 gp.

**8. Unsightly Kitchen:** Once hidden by a Duergar altar and sheltering Rust Monsters, this ring-shaped cave is the only location that doesn't smell like Troll feet. Among the bubbling pots and greasy utensils is a sumptuous dish found nowhere else in the dungeon. At work (or rest) here

are 3-4 Troblin chefs and ten sooty Troblin maidservants. Invariably, the kitchen is behind schedule due to some sort of mishap. Common problems (d6): 1. A kettle has burst, and a grease fire is requiring everyone's attention; 2. Auntie Hockbone has lost her favorite measuring cup; 3. A passing Thrall has kicked over a tray laden for the Commander; 4. Maids are gawking at some romantic poetry written by an unknown Soltvar; 5. A Claw Maw is trying to drag food out of the cellar; 6. The ugliest rat ever seen (this week) is swimming in the bucket of well water. The kitchen specialty, which all find heavenly, is an aspic made from Draala gelatin bulbs...and smoked human meat. Basting in a covered crock is an entire torso, soon to be slivered into the jelly. The Draala gelatin comes from an organism that looks like a pumpkin-sized onion. Eaten raw, it tastes vaguely of garlic wontons. A dry tunnel meandering to 7 functions as a root cellar. Preserved food and spices are wrapped and hung from bags pinned to the ceiling. Anything that drops seems to summon hungry Claw Maws. In the Southeast corner of the kitchen is an iron-braced door, locked to prevent the unplanned appearance of Bugbears from below. PCs that bring bright light into the cellar have a 25% chance to find 1d10 gemstones worth 30 gp each.

**9. Jailhouse Ward:** To infiltrate the old Duergar prison, the Trolls had to pass numerous traps and rend seven gates of latticed iron. Those security measures were scrapped, since the first King believed that incarceration should only be a short respite before final judgement. Captives were fodder for the Pit Games, and rarely embodied any negotiable value. The mechanical platform descends 22 feet from 3 before reaching the prison. There is no lever to engage the system here. Without rows of inmates to care for, the Soltvar in residence use their time to practice combat styles and test new weapons. Firstly, they must be able to withstand a menacing Mother Claw Maw that has a way of scaring off craven Troblins. The old raptor, Brigozaa, has 4 HD and deals 1d6 damage. Any of her clutch above that howl from wounds will put her in a frenzied state (+1 to hit). Her pen is by the door to the first cell; the dozen Soltvar jailers stick to the other areas of the ward. Leaning against the South wall is a portable mantlet of petrified wood covered in Duergar scapulae. If signaled by the elevator controller, four Soltvar will position the mantlet, themselves, and Brigozaa on the platform to help defend the upper rooms. The wooden wall can absorb 30 points of damage before collapsing. Deposited in the niche for the elevator platform are 2160 ep, each coin set flat and covered by waxed leaves and fine sand.

**10. Gloomy Oubliette:** Glistening bronze doors that lock automatically partition these cells from the other rooms. The Warden and Dmoljuc have skeleton keys that function in all three, and one that only grants passage from 9 is hidden in a mantlet wheel. The shaded fields on the map represent sunken pits; seven cells are partially hollowed to

a depth of 15' and one is a complete cavity. An assortment of four or five captives can be selected from the following:

- 1 2 Cerebral Sentries (FO! #4) with only enough energy to levitate. A weighted net is pinning them to the ground until they deactivate and can be melted down.
- 2 A shackled Bugbear heretic that is thought to be an agent for the Thousand Spear goblins.
- 3 A stork-winged Faerie Minstrel who tried to pay a toll with musical composition. He has been tarred to prevent flight.
- 4 A truculent Barmaid of Dagendreng guilty of violating dress code after shaving her locks, and suspected of involvement in the "exploding pot pie" incident.
- 5 A speared Tricerabeetle (FO! #13) awaiting dissection.
- 6 A tattooed Assassin hanging upside-down from iron leg chains, convinced that his plight is one of the Abbess of Salicia's naughty games.
- 7 A stumpy custodial robot molded out of institutional green plastic. It rolled into the Kontor a month ago on a mission of lemony disinfection. If freed, it will return to the location of the secret elevator to the Palace of Eternal Illusion (FO! #11, or insert your own level).
- 8 A family of human peasants, kept clean for their turn on the kitchen cutting board.

A bronze handle in the corridor outside of cell H can be pulled to fill the basin with up to 10' of water. Area C, which has no oubliette, is where the Troblin Warden has rendered a map of Marchand. Topographic features have been scaled down and molded out of tinted cement. Tacks of yellow bone radiate outward, highlighting strategic targets. Crates of woven cane raise the paneled map 2' off the prison floor, skewered by a pair of poisoned javelins. The art project is an anniversary gift to the Dark Troll Queen.

**11. Forsaken Crypt:** Resting on an octagonal dais is the bottom half of a gypsum sarcophagus. The Dark Troll Shamans proclaimed a century ago that something important to Narsehv the Mutilator was uncovered here and then ensconced in the Citadel Temple. By standing on the angled foundation, one can see that the open tomb is a slough for a putrid green resin, collecting around where the occupant's ribcage would have been. Standing to the East of the unholy vestige is a female Troll Shaman, sorting a pile of bones into open jars. Cisamuuq is the Warden's abiding deputy and current Troblin Pontiff. With advance warning, she can use the power of the sarcophagus to animate the jumbled skeletons she has divided into containers. For an expended 1d6 hp from a disciple, any humanoid skeleton scattered into the open coffin will rise again as an Execrated Nawaab of Narsehv for one day, or until the summoner is slain. The fiendish **Nawaab** (HD 5, DC 6, ATT 2, D 1d8 claws and gout, Special: immune to 1<sup>st</sup> level spells, single gout of necrotic bile) are considered mummies for Turning attempts. Once

aware of a foe, the green ichor coating the Nawaab's bones will slither into its skull, to be expelled all at once as a short range missile. The slime causes a typhus-like disease if it contacts exposed flesh. Cisamuuq will perform this ritual four times (there are 5 pots of bones) if assailants are not beyond the door to the crypt. **Priestess Cisamuuq, Dark Troll Shaman:** Cleric 3, DC 3, HD 6, hp 33 (minus sacrificed lifeforce), ATT 1, D 1d8+2 Flail, Special: regeneration, Spells - *Command, Protection from Good, Silence*. Billowing around her iron-banded armor is a long tabard of septic green. A crabshell shield is behind her shoulder, painted with the symbol of Narsehv. The vile mark accents a diabolic bird skull, shown biting a spear that pierces a sunburst. After pitching bones into the sarcophagus, Cisamuuq will retain a Nawaab at her side to help block the exit to **12**. A lizard-hide pouch belted to her leg holds a Flask of Curses, and a table-cut emerald set in a silver dwarf hand (1200 gp).

**12. Palatial Office:** The lightless tunnel from the evil tomb meets a perpendicular route, although it appears only to branch left. A permanent illusion shields a circular vault about 5' in the opposite direction. Adventurers probing the corner may Save to disbelieve the sensorial facade. Dwarves that reject the false barrier will experience a second image for one round - a vision of dead Duergar everywhere! In reality, spread across the floor of the nook is a desirable magic item, a Portable Hole belonging to one impatient Thief of Marchand. Goods desired from the surface realm are transported in the extra-dimensional fissure and relinquished here for gold or protected convoy to the Bazaar. Awkwardly, the Dark Troll sharing his Token this time was the Troblin Warden, who is not inclined to end his camaraderie with the constrained crook. Dashiell the Red-Handed would be overjoyed if mayhem broke out in the nauseating Kontor, freeing him from a rambling examination of trinkets by his "partner." Poztuzhg the Troblin Warden is used to mayhem, and will only conclude his discussion if an angry Troll stands bleeding in the threshold. Poztuzhg's new finds will join a collection filling three garderobes, a faceted exhibit that requires about 2-8 hours to review. Finished with tales about the older prizes, he is emptying a CIR-CUL-CAY shopping bag (from an Undoer chronomancer named Rufus) on a stately table lit by a glowing sculpture of a winsome lady. Dashiell, seated eleven paces from the tunnel outlet, will only fight if cornered in the office. If combat erupts elsewhere he is confident that his skills will triumph over locked doors and sheer stone. However, abandoning the Portable Hole is not an act his Guildmaster will suffer. The Warden's exhibition of bravery increases the closer enemies are to his cherished bric-a-brac. Fortunately, there are a few magical oddities here that will trouble interlopers. **Dashiell the Red-Handed, Human Sharper:** Thief 7, DC 1, hp 37, S 14 I 11 W 15 D 18 C 15 Ch 12, ATT 1, D by weapon, Special: 3x backstab. Dash earned his title by filching goods during

midday, and informing each victim how much he profited from the stunt. His gumption shocked his first Guild, which he left about halfway through his career. Now, he performs the most perilous of challenges, delving into catacombs full of man-eaters. To help remain intact, he wears Elfin Chainmail +1 and fireproof boots. His most pragmatic item is a *Wraith Cord of Transposition*, which can teleport him from one silver aglet to the other. Sheathed in a fancy scabbard is *Tarsutram*, a Short Sword +1 of Stair & Slope Detecting. Dash has used the Cord numerous times to position himself for a backstab or slip past a gate. Stowed in the Guild's Portable Hole is an oiled iguana-tote full of lapiz lazuli (3000 gp), a Duergar ceremonial urn of electrum brimming with Underwild snuff (250 gp), and *Modra's Wand of Cobra Conjunction* (see new magic items). **Warden Poztuzgh, Troblin Champion:** Warrior 6, DC 4, hp 40, ATT 1, D 1d10+1 sword, Special: regenerates 2 hp per round. Formerly the Kontor's War Chieftain, Poztuzgh was quick to appoint a Dark Troll Vohbod to replace him. Impassive about the Soltvar destined to march to war, he thirsts for better covenants with the Undoers of the Multiversal Bazaar and other respected and wealthy personages of *The Darkness Beneath*. To complement his Priestess, he wears a green cloak and scale armor. Suspended from ankle to collar is a two handed *Sword of Clashing Paths*, ensorcelled to penetrate certain magic barriers. Fitted to index fingers are identical topaz rings - one a *Ring of Protection* +1 and the other an imitation with a poison needle (soak in water to fill a tiny capsule or be pierced when it dries completely in 2 days). If the Warden has the opportunity to enter an unfinished battle, he will take a couple trinkets from his office along:

- *Statuette of Madame Monlaur*: Shining like diamonds in the sun, this hollow porcelain figure magically illuminates a 10' radius. The ashen remains of a ravishing vampiress are held within, swept up after her last dance with paladins. Any evil person smashing the figurine can order her phantom to drain life one more time. A target that fails his Save will see the unearthly maiden clasp his chest, and feel her glacial bite (lose a level).
- *Weirding Waveform Amplifier*: An unadorned box from a distant desert planet, this weapon of banned sciences emits an invisible cascade of pain-inducing frequencies with each charge expended (1d20 remaining). Living targets are damaged based on their anatomical structure, taking 1d6 points for each type of vulnerable system: respiratory, renal, and skeletal. A creature like a Draala, without large lungs or bones, would only suffer the fluid-affecting die of damage. A Save against the Amplifier only reduces the damage to 1d4 rolls.

Below the waxed shelves in each of the Warden's garderobes is a false bottom, lined with possum skin and stacked delicately with electrum chunks shaped like orange segments. The entire mass of precious metal is worth 9600 gp. Poztuzgh's displayed assets of recognizable value include 17 assorted platinum rings (765 gp), Sphinx Blood

Ink in a labeled jade bottle (170 gp), a scrimshawed T-Rex tooth set in a gold plaque (400 gp), and Modra's digested spell book (only the middle pages are unmarred, with 3 second and third level spells still legible). Other curiosities, trash from strangers gadding about the Multiversal Bazaar, have a slim chance of pecuniary worth, mostly generating little beyond mild revulsion. **d10:**

|    |   |
|----|---|
| 1  | Translucent shells around spools of black ribbon, inked with lutes and pentagrams. They spill from inside the CIR-CUL-CAY sack.                       |
| 2  | A dehydrated alien head with three glass eyes.  |
| 3  | A 16" gargoyle with yellow teeth, strung with wire like a puppet.   |
| 4  | A bleached log with a 5" plug of brass on one end. It makes stridulous noises when lifted or rolled.  |
| 5  | An incredibly detailed painting of a sea cult, observing blithe human sacrifices moments before they fall into the maw of an ebon and white shark.    |
| 6  | A three fingered glove with no stitching that carries a magnetic charge.  |
| 7  | A dark blue folio stamped with a small eagle in the center, collecting small gray drawings of round lamps levitating in the clouds and dead cows.     |
| 8  | A large glass beaker storing a dessert sauce with a pickle tang stronger than "Howling Gnoll" Gherkins.   |
| 9  | A forty ounce copper mug with "Happy 7000th Flogging" stamped on the side in Lizardfolk.  |
| 10 | Stack of dusty pamphlets for tourists interested in Dark Troll Pit Games. The offer of discounted lodging at Dagendreng Hold expired nine months ago. |

**13. Strange Shepherdess:** Incarcerated for a decade in this rift, a mutated nymph from the territory of toadstools strives to earn her freedom from the Dark Trolls. Attacked by Woebegone Kernoble's adventuring party (FO! #13) because of similarities to the leering Medusae, **Hatipoli the Hesperid** (HD 5, DC 6, ATT 1, D by weapon, Special: Druidic magic gaze) was kidnapped from the Fungal Forest while bordering on death. Although her faceted eyes emit a magic lambency, no flesh can be transformed to stone. Rather, a twinkling gaze can warp wood or establish a telepathic link with an insect. The writhing coiffure atop her head are tussocky caterpillars, which do not bite. The delicate wings that once let her soar with giant moths were damaged extensively by the human's sneak attack, and never meliorated. Hatipoli capitulated to the Commander's order to care for the "resources" in the adjoining cave. The door to her dismal lair is only unlocked when baskets of Underwild vegetation are deposited inside once each week.

**14. Crumbling Cavern:** Impressed by a goblin scroll depicting a host of human warriors being swallowed by a monumental worm, Commander Dmoljuc went on a hunt for juvenile Purplepedes (FO! #13) four years ago. If the

moth-woman in his prison could make such horrors respond to commands, he wouldn't have to lead the weakest formation into battle. The prisoner's unnatural gaze had revealed its power early in her captivity, when she rid the pits of Giant Curled Lice. Druidic sorcery granted her the talent to speak with insects! Once the pair of caterpillars recognize Troll signals, Dmoljuc will have his terrible warbeasts, and the wretched nymph her freedom. Contrariwise, Hatipoli plans to win her independence by instructing the Purplepedes to assail the Kontor's foundations. Gradually fracturing from the multifold grip of two captive Purplepedes, the twin pillars strengthening the roof of this cavern are bound to succumb within the year. The prodigious larvae (HD 9, DC 6, ATT 1, D 2d8) are coiled around the far pillar, as directed by the clever Hesperid. The demolition has progressed very slowly, to avoid alarming the Troblins. Before her pets erupt into the crafting hall, she will also tear away the iron bars sealing the Bugbear pens nearby. If a PC force purges the jail first, Hatipoli will shelter with the caterpillars, wary of steel bearing humans. To appease such strange mammals, she will reveal a cache of gems (3880 gp) discovered at the bottom of the north wellspring. Players foolish enough to engage the protective worms with volatile magic risk collapsing the ceiling prematurely.

**15/16. Bugbear Holds:** The diminished population of Bugbear Thralls (HD 3, DC 6, ATT 1, D 2-5 fist or thrown rock) subsist in these branching caves. When workers are needed, a whistle is sounded at the door to **8**, one chirp per Thrall. Once assembled, the shackled band is handed victuals from the cooks and marched outside. If a male Thrall is sick or wounded, a female or runt must take his place. None of the dispirited creatures will risk escaping alone or be easily incited to fight the Dark Troll Army. The Kontor Commander inspects their pungent caves every few months, to confirm that they have not stolen weapons or treasure. The number of adult males and females hovers around 40, with 1d10 children. The oldest Thralls know about the treasure their ancestors secreted in the waters of **14**.

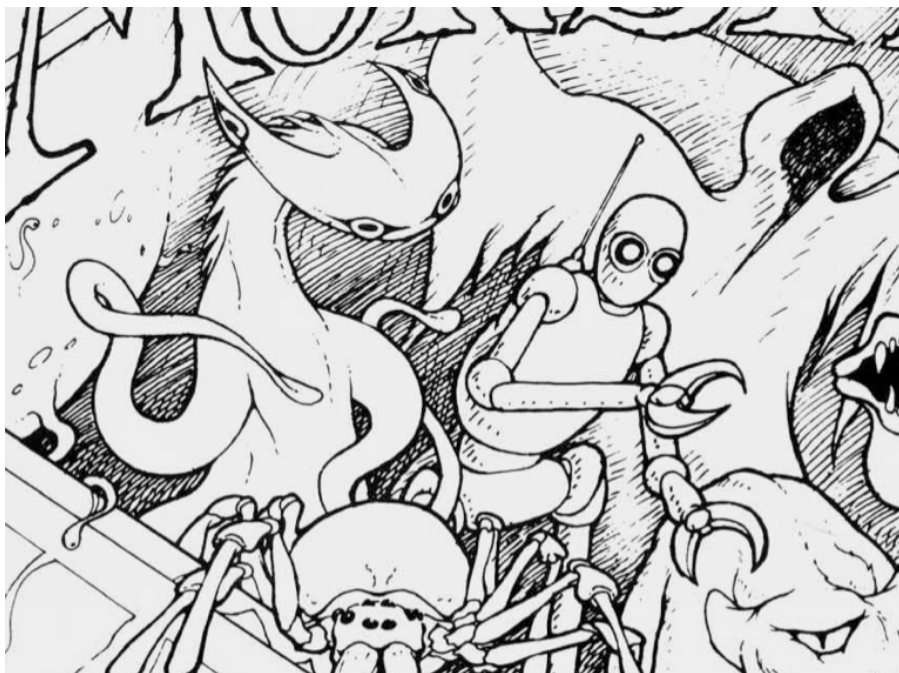
### Approach to the Citadel

Above the black slate bar in Dagendreng Hold is a collection of skulls. Each belonged to a one who tried to repent of his desire to fight in the Dark Troll arena, typically upon seeing the Citadel towers draw near. Saluting returning troops are a trio of mounted Rytbod and 1d8 Claw Maws, stationed at the highway split. Unlike other cavalry units, these Trolls ride caparisoned Blood Thumps, draped in dark green cloth from throat to croup. Part of the decoration is a chain of mixed skulls across the chest of each lizard. One rider will always follow an arriving gang across either bridge. To give the Citadel guards a better view of the diverging route, a 130 pound,

glowing brazier has been perched atop a 14 foot menhir. The stagnant waters of the great Moat rise to within a few feet of the cave floor and traverse bridge. Unlashed Claw Maws hop carefully down the embankment to scavenge for carrion, poised to retreat from the shoaling Moat Dragons (FO! #9) in the cold trench. Odd islands appear to surface from the festering lake, each smoothly leveled and featureless. These pads of granite are the stumps of stalagmites, removed by the Duergar to thwart nesting mole-bats. A popular punishment ordained by the Troll King is to abandon a victim on such a spot, where the natatorial goliaths will soon find him. The four Moat Dragons (HD 4+4, DC 4, ATT 1, D 1d10 bite) have a pen framed by the Citadel walls, observable from **21**. The carnivorous beasts, with maws like hungry Hydrocynus, would easily detect an attempt to breach the underwater opening to their sanctuary. The Dark Trolls constructed the East ramp for their cavalry in order to quickly mobilize a unit for action beyond the Citadel. Crossing the castle would be very inconvenient for regular patrols; Blood Thumps navigating the narrow baileys must slow to a walk lest a rider be pitched from his saddle. Hypothetically, both the ramp and bridge could be demolished or blocked by magic. In that event, both troll and steed would wade across the water while the moat dragons were lured to their pen with food. Wedged into the seventh corbelled arch from the start of the ramp is a bomb made from incendiary Salamander Flake. It has been undisturbed for years, hidden there by the Fane's former wizard, Myxod (FO! #7). Igniting the trap in place would collapse a 15' expanse of pavement and start a fire that burns for 3 turns. Implementing the explosive against any of the Citadel's portcullises would diminish its strength by three quarters.

**Citadel Construction:** Distinct from contemporary human building practices, the Citadel's 40' high towers and curtain walls are a conglomeration of irregular stones weighing many tons apiece. For lasting solidity, many sections are twenty feet thick, permitting two Varbod to walk side by side atop the allures. The enormous keep, encircling a cavern pillar, appears twice the parapet height given the additional temple structures. Two floors were gutted from each enclosed tower, leaving three stacked rooms a troll could stand upright inside. Dark Trolls were also responsible for digging the Arena Pit and connecting **8** and **13** with an elevated bridge. The drop-gates at each entrance are made from alternating beams of petrified wood and furrowed iron, without gaps. Lifting the barriers up recessed tracks requires soldiers atop the flanking towers to spin cranks. The only window slits are either high in the keep, or exposed only to the occupied side of the cavern. Furnishings are spartan in most common areas; the soldiers spurn items that would make their cramped rooms even more restrictive. Unlike the Gate House, no torches are affixed to the wall walks or carried by troops.





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Enchanted sconces, fashioned by Duergar to look like iron ribcages, hang in the royal chambers and near each gate.

**1. Bridge Vigil:** Policing the main gate and 240' bridge are four Varbod with green tabards over their scale armor. One pair are expert crossbowmen, while the others carry sabers and iron clarions for signaling the trolls inside. To defend this location, they are prepared to drag attackers into the moat, or expend a final spark of life plugging the entry with their 300 pound corpses. Any nonnative person spending more than 1d6 rounds here must save or sneeze violently from the drifting vapors eructed by the Moat.

**2/3 Barbican Towers:** A force of 24 Dark Troll Varbod dwell in these triangular towers, counting the soldiers minding the bridge. The greased cranks for hoisting the portcullis are never unmanned, and there are always four Varbod posted on the strip of ground inside the gate. Specially, the trolls of the barbican have a supply of the poison made by the Troblin militia. Every other bolt or javelin launched at intruders will be steeped in it.

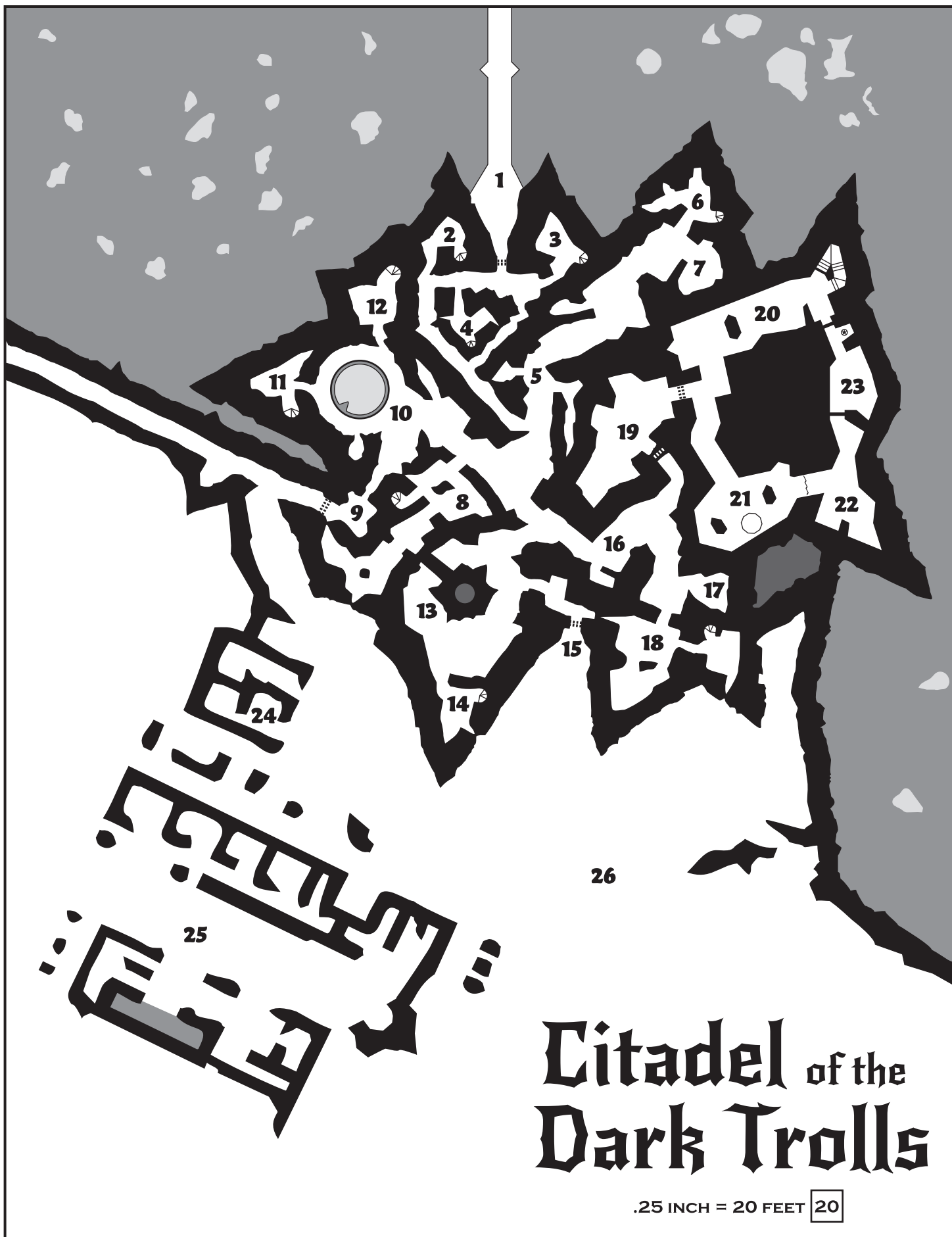
**4. Envoy's Apartment:** Tagart, the tribute collecting Vohbod (FO! #6), enjoys a personal suite in this squat, two story tower. He has a total of four bodyguards located on the ground level. Only two join him on the trail to collect tributes, while the others secure every expropriated coin until passed to the King's vault. A stone tub, recessed in the floor and sealed with a threaded iron plug (STR 15 to loosen), will contain 200-1600 gp yet to be tallied. Tagart's ostentatious quarters is dominated by a brick sleeping platform that can be heated by starting an oven fire in the room below. After riding for days, Tagart can only soothe his vast bulk with a heat treatment. Soft reptile leathers cover the radiating masonry, and a cashmere canopy from Marchand (325 gp) hangs above. A secret lockbox is kept inside the flue-like cavity of the platform, where

Tagart hides a gold medallion (155 gp), 400 gp worth of Dagendreg gambling chips, and a *Sceptre of Hypnotic Shimmer*. In addition to his unique bed, he enjoys Gargoyle Stout from the Moistened Bint (FO! #6), which fills a cask near one of the arrow loops. When home, Tagart's large Blood Thump settles into the alley behind the tower. The portly Envoy protested having to retrieve his mount from the Stable Master at **24**. In a battle where besiegers have entered this first bailey, Tagart's trolls will try to engulf victims with weighted nets stored on the roof. One gastendolg bomb and basket of young **Blister Beetles** (HD 1+1, DC 4, ATT 1, D 1d4 bite, Special: blistering oil secretion) are also available as missile weapons. The Claw Maws from **16** will lunge at enemies from a side that doesn't interfere with engaged Varbod. Lastly, reinforcements from **11** and **6** will move down the connected allures to fire crossbows or drop jagged stones.

**5. Competitor Crannies:** On a lane sided by the outer bailey and royal yard are three barred cells for humanoids and beasts slated to appear in Pit Games. In the nook closest to the arena are a pair of starved Speci-Men (FO! #3). Before they weaken too much, the captives will be forced to fight each other to the death. If inspected, the immuring walls will reveal tribal runes and pejorative remarks left by doomed Bugbears.

**6. Corner Tower:** Likely to be the oldest guard tower, this structure has required a few new blocks from the Quarry to remain unimpaired. Twelve Varbod share primary duties, scanning the Moat and protecting the curtain wall behind the barbican. Even though there is no access from the short walk to the Keep (above 7), one troll will always be stationed there with a clarion.

**7. Ruined Forge:** Had this gas-burning workshop not been dealt calamitous damage during the Duergar fall, the



# Citadel of the Dark Trolls

.25 INCH = 20 FEET 20

Dark Trolls would have been able to craft arms and armor decades before the Kontor upgraded. Currently, the exposed facility has no roof and only one pipe feeding gas to a burn pit. Two elder Trolls with no armor collect trash from around the fortress to incinerate. One elder can recall an adventure he had scouting the thicket of the Flower Dryad (FO! #12), and how he discovered an antidote for the soporific toxins there.

**8. Rytbod Bailiwick:** General Agradenv, leader of all lancers and hunters, instructs his thirty Rytbod in this hall by leaving a coded trinket looped around their individual pole-arms. Each weapon is clipped to the pillar near the entry, and cannot be taken down unless an order is given or the Citadel is under attack. The General's office is to the left of this rack where he can observe the door out and the spiral staircase. In addition to organizing patrols, he meets with the Stable Master and Masarytbod of **25** every couple days to review their progress with dinosaur discipline. Less frequently, Agradenv rides a Pteroc to the Army's Raptor Run in the Underwild. 40' from the bailiwick, and halfway to the Arena, is a wall alcove occupied by the General's dangerous Blood Thump. One of the three larger lizards allowed inside the walls, this +1 HD beast has small horns and tail spikes instead of plumage. A whipping strike from the tail can inflict 1d10 damage. As most of the cavalry are out in the various dungeon zones, only 8-12 trolls will be in the building with the General. **General Agradenv, Rytbod High Commander:** DC 3, HD 7, hp 50, ATT 1, D weapon, regeneration. The General's countenance is rather dreadful after having lost his lower lip to a caustic ooze. Impoverished by habitual gambling, his only lucky winning from the Dagendreng tables is a *Crossbow of Speed*. To settle his account, he covertly supplies the nobles with Underwild Snuff. A loyal Masarytbod collects the plants for him, which are dried and ground at a secret location. Customers that partake of the stimulant can only guess where it originates from. In battle, he will fight from the saddle with a pole-arm (1d10+2), unless outnumbered. Against a host, he stands afar to shoot Bolts +2 while his Blood Thump intercepts anyone attempting to close for melee. A silvered box lashed to the beast's saddle flap contains a silken purse marked "Bazaar Tokens". In fact, the spurious treasure is a *Bag of Devouring*, which has disposed of more than one fellow gambler.

**9. Cavalry Postern:** A ground level section of the Bailiwick tower, this gate is much more active than the Barbican entry. Riding lizards are taken and left just past the portcullis, where the ramp opens to the livery yard (26). Thus, all active Rytbod depart and arrive by way of the Postern. The area is manned at all hours by a pair of Varbod handling the gate winches above, and two more inside the tunnel. Should attackers breach the sliding gate, the guards will retreat to **10**, triggering a pendulum blade trap to thwart followers. The deadly defense impels two waving blades: one swings in the narrow path outside of the Bailiwick spiral stair and the other crosses the "elbow"

of the Postern interior at a 45° angle. Each will inflict 2d10 damage to a target in their arc.

**10. Fighting Pit:** More enemies of the Dark Trolls have perished inside this 32' ring than anywhere else in their domain. Every five years, coinciding with the Priest's rune readings, the compressed mixture of sand and dried blood layering the arena floor must be shoveled out to maintain a 12' depth. To keep the earthen walls of the hole protected, stakes of petrified wood, each a foot thick, have been set around the perimeter. Spectacles of sacrifice are frequent, replacing trials for meek prisoners and expediting the slaying of lesser monsters. Combat between troll soldiers or challenges from outlanders must be approved by Hringvotak, the Pit Master. Even being in the audience at a special bout is considered an honor; Dark Trolls beneath the rank of officer are only given the chance to observe with a pass won by lottery. Customarily, the major events are announced well in advance, to allow odds to be figured and bets placed at Dagendreng Hold. With the pit surrounded by over 40 trolls, nobody cares if foreigners keep their personal weapons to fight with. However, mages will be muzzled and given spears to attack with - troll chicanery they deem perfectly fair. Victors gain a macho moniker and a percentage from the Dagendreng wagers. A troll vs. troll contest will only end in death if the King permits it. The fight is won when the opponent can no longer give battle. When the arena is empty, Hringvotak will occasionally conduct gladiator training for Dark Trolls (like Iviog) that have his commendation.

**11. Causeway Tower:** With its crest high above the Postern road, this pointed tower protects an entire side of the Citadel. Half of the twelve Varbod here spend most of their shift on the rooftop allures, watching the ambling Rytbod below and slinging stones at mole-bats. Other duties include checking shipments of arms from the Kontor, supporting the defenders of **9** or **4**, and striking the Pit Game drums nestled in the curtain wall between their tower and the cavalry gate. Notoriously, all the Varbod of the Causeway Tower, with its lofty view of the arena, are related to nobles or reputable officers.

**12. Mentor's Tower:** Hringvotak the Pit Master, a surface troll of the two-headed variety, competed for his own freedom from a wicked spire haunted by invisible Erinyes and cognizant Spiders. A fervor for martial technique had been required extricate himself from the strange tower. Amidst pureblood trolls he realized that they lacked a good deal of combat proficiency, accustomed to simply taking hits and regenerating instead of using tactics. To benefit champions in the King's arena, Hringvotak pledged to train them in one of two masterful styles. The first, a "venator" technique, bestows the ability to add a leg strike in melee. The second technique, a popular "secutor" ability, involves fighting with a weapon in each hand. Four Varbod act as his assistants, and supervise any foreign challengers (none yet this month) confined to the second

floor. **Hringvotak, Two-Headed Troll Secutor Champion:** DC 3, HD 10, hp 68, ATT 2, D by weapons, Special: regen 1/rd, surprised only on 1, ambidexterity. The Pit Master wears a variegated shirt of fine mail, stitched together from two elven hauberks and two human ones. His belt weapons, a War Axe +1 and a Heavy Flail +1, cut and crush for 1d8+3 damage each without off-hand penalty. Irregular patches of hair appear on his two lumpy brows and muscled forearms. Although quite capable of kicking opponents, he eschews that style in melee after hurting a knee while performing a crescent kick to the head of a manticore. Hringvotak dreams about the day the aloof Trap-Springers (FO! #6) see the inside of his tenebrous pit. Entirely visible and on display in an open cabinet on the ground floor are these treasures: a silver collar of Knighthood worth 360 gp; a jewel encrusted falchion scabbard worth 905 gp; a bracelet of teardrop-shaped ivory engravings (175 gp); a platinum blond braid of elven hair, attached to the scalp; three goblin skulls inside an iron shield pinched shut like a taco; a hollow walrus tusk containing volcanic ash from a plane of Hell (1200 gp to a wizard); an imitation gold trophy for winning the "All Cave Karate Tournament": and a Gnomish Institute of Science ring that can open the hidden elevator to the Palace of Eternal Illusion.

Withdrawn from his position in the Army and blacklisted by the Dagendreng Clan, the indignant Prince of the Dark Trolls broods in his room on the third floor. Almost seven years ago, a shameless bride mugged him with her Blood Thump and vanished into the Underwild: that fiasco cost him his position as a Varbod Commander. Then, around one year ago, an edict from the dark temple offered a chance to redeem himself and secure his advent to the throne. The required task wasn't trivial; Skaemir had to challenge and defeat Gorangol the Night Dragon! To prepare, he trained with Hringvotak and spent much of his father's gold obtaining magic items at the Multiversal Bazaar. Grievously, the ancient dragon's precautions nullified his plan of attack. Knowing he would use the statues lining her cavern to dodge breath attacks, exploding runes had been placed upon them before his arrival. Defeated, Skaemir was returned to the Citadel by posturing goblins, his lacerated flesh sliding from exposed bone. To chastise the troll nobles, Gorangol kept the Prince's equipment, ate his Blood Thump, and demanded that a week-long party for her wild goblins be held at Dagendreng Hold, free of charge. While recovering, the angry Prince learned that the Shamans blamed an outbreak of disease on his combined failures to uphold prophecy. If the PCs journeying through the Deep Caves do not kill Iviog the Pale, she will challenge Skaemir in the Arena. Word of the unexpected match will spread everywhere, and fill the vaults of Dagendreng Hold with wagers a hundred times greater than any previous contest. The showdown will distract every soldier beyond the Gate House, providing a hiatus in security the PCs (or NPCs) could exploit. Regardless of the outcome,

Iviog will be revealed as Tahmrys, provoking greater chaos in the Citadel. **Skaemir the Scorned, Dark Troll Prince:** DC 3, HD 6, hp 36, ATT 2, D by weapons, Special: regen. Skaemir only leaves his sanctuary if accompanied by Hringvotak or his father's Masungbod escorts. He fights with a pair of standard sabers and wears nothing to distinguish him from the tower guards. A fake quiver for crossbow bolts, usually on his belt, hides 105 gp and a *Potion of Humanoid Control* effecting Troblins and Goblins. The declaration from Iviog will impel him to take any measure to defeat her. If the luckless Prince fails a third time, he will blame his ruination on their implacable deity.

**13. Pteroc Pinnacle:** Between the two sally ports is a tower carved from, or possibly built upon, a ridged stalagmite. Thoroughly corroded chains hang from the high corbels, used long ago to raise a cage to the open roof. Duergar mutineers were condemned to death here, dropped into a smooth cavity where they would be consumed by giant ants. The Dark Trolls ditched their initial plans for the tower after Poltergeists were encountered inside. Now, the location serves as a landing pad for Snearg's birds. One Rytbod from 8 guards the bridge to their hall, and checks the passport bones that all flyers should possess.

**14. Signal Tower:** 12 Varbod supervise a signaling system at this tower. If they spy trouble at the dinosaur pen or Blood Thump yard, a crimson banner will be hoisted to warn Citadel forces. If a green banner appears, then all troll males outside the Citadel are being summoned to fight a foe. The warnings are backed with blasting clarions. One smitten Varbod will place a lantern in the second floor arrow loop on occasion, to arrange a chat with his mate from the crab hatchery.

**15. Grof Gate:** Considered redundant, this exit would only be used if the Barbican and Rytbod Postern were overwhelmed in a battle. Moreover, the King does not want the Count of Dagendreng's troops at 18 to have supervision of the gate closest to his Keep. So, in place of Varbod, the passage behind the portcullis is guarded by humanoid Skeletons animated by the High Shaman. Their flesh having long been devoured, these six undead minions (HD 1, DC 7, ATT 1, D 1D6) are armed with Troblin maces. They have been instructed to repel all creatures excepting the King, the High Shaman, and General Agradenv.

**16. Raptor Coop:** Eight mischievous **Claw Maws** (HD 2, DC 2, ATT 1, D 1D4 bite, Special: jaw lock, surprise) rule over everything tiny, and potentially edible, that the trolls take no notice of in the Citadel. Similar to hungry canines, they will sit around archways, wagging their feathered tails for scraps. Inside the confusing baileys, the guileful lizards can ambush intruders. If they win a first attack, targets without metal armor will be favored. Anchored near the opening to the dirty nest is a carnotaurine skull with a silver orb in one eye socket. The item is ordinary glass, and trapped with a Rune of Warding (12 points frost damage) that the garrisoned trolls will avoid.



**17. Citadel Pantry:** The plethora of meals needed to satisfy an army of trolls are dispensed from here. Five Troblin maidservants carry plates to **20**, selecting the best portions from inventory supplied by the Kontor and Hatcheries. Off-duty soldiers are expected to line up outside, each with a basket of uniform size. When beckoned by one of the busy females, skewers of mostly raw food, each the length of a short sword, are placed in the barrel. The amount of chow never exceeds the maximum of two meals a day for each troll represented by proxy. Motivated by hunger, at least 1D3 Varbod will be crowding the pantry shortly after shipments arrive. Skewer inflicted wounds are a routine occurrence.

**18. Grof's Manor:** The Grof (Count) of Dagendreng sojourns at this tower when recalled by the King from his fortified base near the Black Spinel Cliffs. Grof Leirgund is the King's cousin and a close advisor. Although he avoids reporting profits from iniquities in his private hold, information about armed outlanders or encroaching monsters is invariably delivered. The Grof knows the King will bargain with him for reports on Marchand, compiled from sources that operate on the surface. Although the King does not especially like his cousin, he provides valuable military intelligence, including directions to enemy strongholds and reports of vulnerable populations. In return for his support, Leirgund has asked that the Lower Caves be purged for eventual Troll occupation. The Dagendreng clan seeks to expand forcefully, by storming the Halfway Inn (FO! #6). The King and Grof both desire to pluck Jalen's fantastic spear from his dead grip, but the edgy King feels compelled first to raise more forces and to find his son a complaisant bride – with whom he can be uprooted from the Citadel. Twenty Dark Trolls, half of them Vohbod of Dagendreng, reside in the bottom two floors of the Manor. Each of the officers carries a belt pouch with 2d20 gp worth of gambling chips. They also wear black capes with the Count's coat-of-arms, a troll hand pinching a coin dimidiated with a Pteroc emblem. In addition to veteran fighters, the Manor has a bizarre watchdog - an intelligent **Mimic** (HD 7, DC 7, ATT 1, D 1D10 pseudopod, S camouflage, adhesive) shaped like a stone altar. The creature rests next to the ground floor pillar, surveying the main door. It speaks Goblin, which the Grof can understand by casting a spell. All the Dagendreng loyalists despise the Prince, and would not hesitate to hurl him into the Moat. The cranks that operate the portcullis at **15** are locked down with chains. **Leirgund Dagendreng, Dark Troll Count:** Witchdoctor 1, DC 1, HD 7, hp 45, ATT 1, D by weapon, Special: regeneration, Spell - *Comprehend Languages*. To his patrons at the redoubt, the clever Grof portrays himself as a rustic brute with treasure to throw around. Enhancing the ruse are his handcrafted Dire Wolf hide cloak and bold lines of war paint on his chest. However, magic detection reveals a glowing silhouette, as he is actually bedecked in rare items (and dabbles in sorcery). On his wrists are *Bracers of Defense* DC 2, purposefully

covered with strips of faded yarn. Clipped above a chin wart is a *Labret of Protection* +1, sculpted to resemble a tiger's head. For close-range fights, Leirgund draws his *Magnesian Blade of Khython* (see new magic items). If a swift slice doesn't solve his problems, he will take a defensive position and attack with a Thelidu Disintegrator (FO! #4) stolen from aliens. In his apartment on the third floor of the Manor, he has an exotic medley of exceptional treasures: a rendering of an Ogre wrestling a Cave Bear on a scroll made of Giant Ram skin (4d6+50gp to a collector); a Dragon Head Wine Goblet of gold worth 560 gp; a refurbished 20 inch electronic VidPhone Screen, used to send choppy messages to an identical unit back at the Hold; a mildly cursed *Rug of Rigandon*, which if tread upon by two persons compels them to dance together for 1d6 turns; an iron buckle set with a large square amethyst (800gp); four painted table legs of solid electrum worth 2000 gp; a *Potion of Water Breathing* hidden inside a Duergar skull; and a silver and pink tourmaline ritual mask of Graeth origin (1700 gp).

**19. Royal Yard:** The 10' square iron grille to this private yard is left down because the King's mutant Blood Thump likes to provide the lifting power. When a guard or servant needs to get in, the phase-shifted monster will materialize by the gate, bite a ring welded to the low end, and push the metalwork up till a pinion catches. Doubtlessly, the routine is a toe-curling jolt to outlanders. Such guests are warned not to respond aggressively, as the (HD 11) creature also likes to bite off heads. Cespitose moss the color of corn blankets the ground, and two Masungbod are stationed directly across from the entry. When the Dark Troll Queen spends time in the yard, she sits on a marble bench and throws dull javelins where the rollicksome raptor may have shifted out of sight. If she scores a hit, everyone in the Keep will hear a loud pounding as the Blood Thump circles the yard in a sprinting gait. When the quirky beast is saddled, it desists from dimensional translocation.

**20. Provost Hall:** Uniquely, the door to the titanic Keep, a 6" thick slab of black granite, slides into a wall pocket when unbarred. Disengaging the bronze wedges is the duty of another pair of Masungbod, both armed with magical military forks +1. Lengthy pole arms are not a concern, as the passages and chambers of the Keep are open to a height of forty feet. The great hall, used for meals and clan conferences, houses five more royal bodyguards and a pair of 30' inanimate bat wings strung up from the support column. Centuries ago, the Duergar wrested control of this cavern from a six-eyed Mega Mole-Bat, and chained its sheer wings (worth 2000 gp to an alchemist) here for a grisly trophy. While four of the soldiers will often be seated at one of two large tables, one wielding a heavy flail +1 will stand as a sentry near the door to **23** and the staircase up. The locked vault door of iron is glazed with concentrated Blister Beetle oil, and will inflict double the normal penalty if it contacts humanoid skin (-4 to hit).

**21. Throne Room:** A pair of tapestries swathe the crooked corridor opening into the King's audience chamber. The black insignia of Clan Dagendreng is seen again here, woven with dyed fibers and copper beads. The royal family, Clan Gjorslazreng, displays their badge on a slightly larger arras, beaded with green andalusite. The blazon depicts a scaly raptor leg crossed by a troll saber, crested by a fortified tower. The final brace of the King's eleven bodyguards flank the entrance, each with the additional protection of magical +1 shields. Four of the enchanted ribcage sconces, two on each hexagonal pillar, cast weird bands of illumination around the room. Queen Nanridr sits primly on a marble dais, at the foot of her glowering mate. She wears a smocked dress of human skin branded with dark runes, and holds a leash for two pet Claw Maws. Off towards the left is an alcove with a electrum-plated rostrum. During proceedings, an acolyte of the High Shaman will sit there to record deals and rehash any previous rune readings.

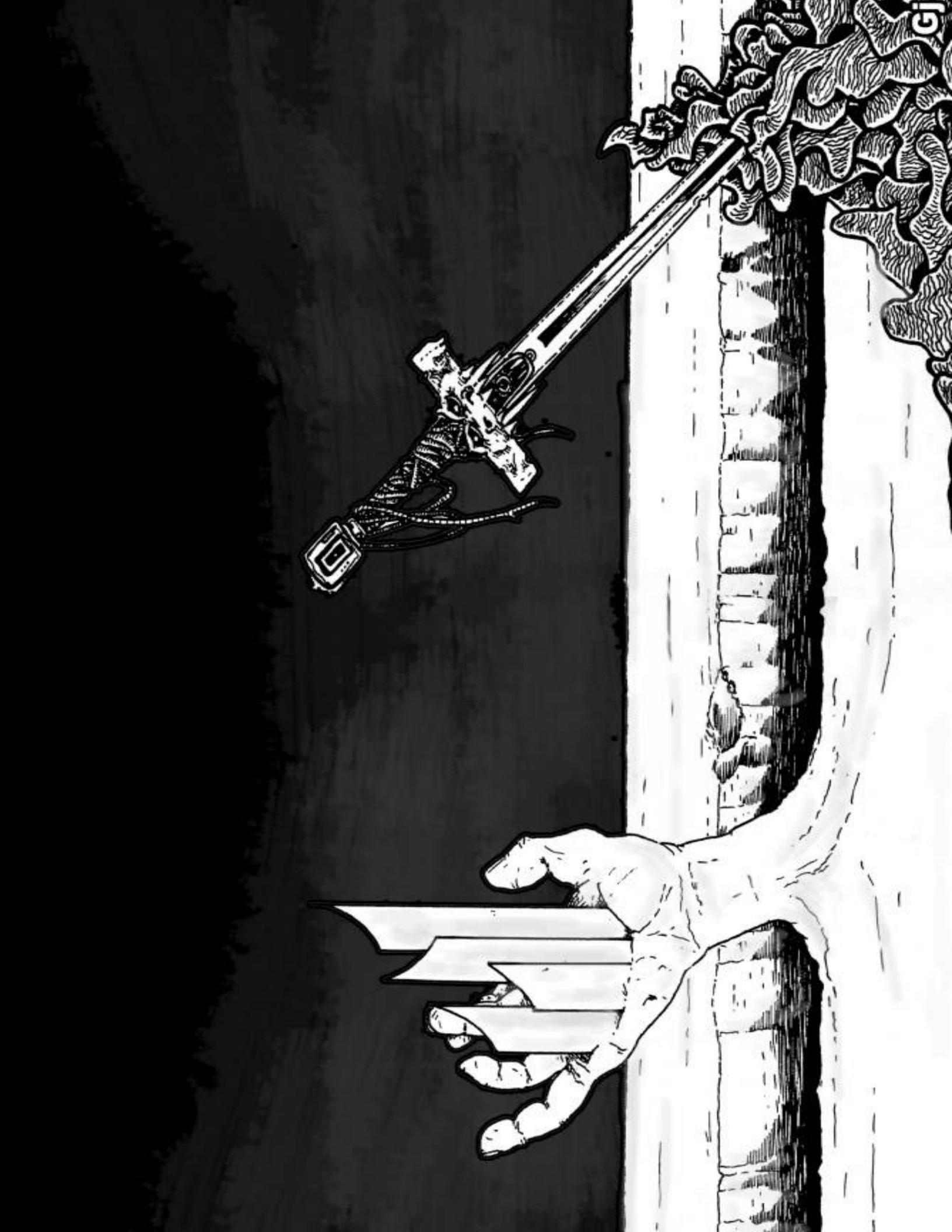
King Karbruc Gjorslazreng has never met the few humanoids that persevere in the upper caves, and is baffled why beings softer than goblins don't hasten to the sunlit surface. His greedy cousin has convinced him that these nuisances can live there as long as tributes are paid. Yet, money isn't a paramount concern in his kingdom, where all clansmen serve without recompense. The funds simply make transactions at the Bazaar faster, and entice outlying agents to follow Dark Troll bidding. His primary concen is not his troublesome son, but the continued training of warbeasts. Karbruc means to start a war with the Duke of Marchand once he has enough ceratopsians to transport supplies and a cavalry of at least 100 mounted Rytbod. The cursory scenario for the war has three stages: first, seize total control of the caves above (levels 1-5 of *The Darkness Beneath*) and exterminating any creature regarded as a threat; second, raze all the rural areas surrounding Marchand rural areas that could provide levies and food; and third, assault the city just before harvest time, with aid from Cultists of Salicia and the Thieves' Guild within the metropolis. **Nanridr Gjorslazreng, Dark Troll Queen:** DC 5, HD 6, hp 33, ATT 1, D 1d6 javelin or claw, regeneration. In anticipation of her sovereign riding to war, Nanridr is thinking about which part of the Graeth-Home she will requisition. The Pit Games do not intrigue her half as much as tales of murderous Fae. If menaced by adventuring PCs, she will retreat to gather reinforcements, or attempt to grapple the first one wounded by the King. On her right hand is a *Ring of Spellturning*, the use of which the High Shaman has explicated. Pinned at the hip of her macabre attire is an electrum cameo with jasper inlays worth 700 gp. **Karbruc Gjorslazreng, Dark Troll King:** DC 2, HD 8, hp 55, AT 2, D weapon, regeneration, ambidexterity. Moderately chagrined about never having led his troops to war, Karbruc has trained arduously to face the champions of good. With the guidance of his Pit Master, he has mastered

the use of dual weapons. All the troll officers support his plan, although the greedy High Shaman thinks they can accomplish their goals with fewer allies. The sovereign fights as an 8 HD monster with two sinister artifacts. One is a great mace known as the *Scaraboid Sledge of Destruction*, and the other a hooked gauntlet called the *Bane of Attestors* (see new magic item appendix). A human-sized garment, the *Robe of the Senescent Marid*, is knotted around his waist, and a *Pixane of Protection* +3 gussies his neck and collar. If opponents are harried by Claw Maws and soldiers, the King's first action will be to use the robe's power to summon sea fog, and then he will lash out with the sledge's battering horn toss. Karbruc knows that if he doesn't commit a foolhardy maneuver, the shamans and other defenders will soon reach his side.

**22. Masungbod Quarters:** Formerly the Prince's bedroom, this corner apartment is set apart from **21** by a curtain of Spinosaur hide. The King has turned the space over to his personal retinue, and often drinks blood broth with them. Underneath some dirty mole-bat cushions is a 200 pound stone coffer replete with coins. This stockpiled reward is for any triumphant foreigner claiming a lucrative bounty. For simplicity, the only largess offered in certified bounties is a sum of 10,000 gold coins. The brusque trolls will not offer to carry the coffer back to the Highway. The veritable metal inside is not all gold; the bottom 6600 coins are cast from electrum. Also within the box, written beneath the ponderous lid, is a message in Common that reads, "LEAVE OR BE EATEN".

**23. King's Vault:** Beyond a latched double door of petrified wood is the royal roost and clan treasure repository. In the corner by the projecting wall is a heap of assorted furs atop a base of doweled planks. Only one pelt, a white bison blanket, is worth keeping to sell. Hammered into the wall near the unkempt bed and below a magic sconce are three iron spikes. Dropped over one pin is the King's unhandy crown of pointy steel, black sapphire, and lapis lazuli (8000 gp). Parallel with the inside wall is a copper cabinet 14 feet long, with a back panel reproducing a winding river vista in splendid relief. The shelves inside stagger with the river's contour, and hold some baubles:

|   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | Bowl of suet and brain custard.   |
| 2 | An <i>Incense Cone of Perpetuated Spellcraft</i> (see new magic item appendix).   |
| 3 | A Dwarven sword with a snapped blade.   |
| 4 | A pocket map of some Troglodyte Warrens (possibly located on level 2 of <i>The Darkness Beneath</i> ...)                                    |
| 5 | A tall silver tripod containing a stalk-like Spinosaur vertebra (475 gp).   |
| 6 | A citron wood cage imprisoning one Unseelie Squirrel (FO! #1) in magical stasis. If freed, it will animate and try to bite the nearest Elf. |



The juncture between here and the provost hall has no illumination or apparent protection. The ceiling drops to 25 feet high, and the stone surfaces are dusted with gritty particles. Recessed into the floor at both ends of the passage are pressure plates that will release a pendulum blade like the ones in **9**. In addition to its 2d10 scythe blade, the apparatus incorporates a loud bell which will peal till the motion desists. Stowed in the 12' x 12' alcove between the floor traps is a **Cursed Carbuncle Idol**, man-sized, with arms raised to bear an unlocked treasure chest. Encircling its carmine body are three similar iron trunks. The stone construct (HD 5, hp 25, AC 5, ATT 2, D 1D6 x 2 fists, 20% magic resistance) will remember the first non-troll that opens or removes the elevated chest and teleport to that individual's first subsequent combat. The idol, appearing within melee range, will then attack the robber until destroyed. If the idol's treasure is emptied or the statue itself moved, the change will trigger another pressure sensitive trap beneath its feet. The reaction is the release of 10 tons of sand from directly above, which will inflict 1d4+1 points of damage. Dropping after the rushing sediment will be three zombified Anvil Head Ants. The trunks on the floor have locks that must be picked. The Idol Chest contains necklaces of lapis lazuli totalling 7500 gp, 90 silver scarabs worth 630 gp, and a *Potion of Polymorph*. The other three chests contain a total of 42,000 gp, gold ingots worth 64,512 gp, a 50 pound platinum death symbol worth 12000 gp, strips of braided silver wire worth 1480 gp, one flask of mysterious slime from the Vats of Gar, a *Helm of Frost & Fire Resistance*, 1/8<sup>th</sup> scale plans for the Duergar-designed ballistae, and five royal Clan Keys allowing entry to the Kontor, Dagendreng Hold, or Raptor Run.

**24. Marshal's Outpost:** Gulmirnk the Stable Master was selected for his position after defeating all challengers in a Blood Thump race from the Citadel to the Gate House. Young compared to many veterans, he grew up with his lizard companion, and is innately skilled at raptor handling. The mounts turned over to his care are scattered about the 1/8th mile hex considered the full livery yard. Gulmirnk's duty, along with his three Rytbod, is to rein Blood Thumps from the field and have them ready for cavalry missions. If the Citadel is attacked from the high road or cavern depths, the outpost has a light catapult braced on the roof.

**25. Breeding Barn:** Eroded foundations of an ancient temple carefully screened by Underwild shrubs and palms enclose the new Monoclonius stable. Only the Stable Master and a pair of stealthy Masarytbod are allowed within the important reserve; they will cut down any interloper, even another Dark Troll. Idling in the open stalls or near the water pool is a family of ceratopsians, two adults (HD 11, DC 6, ATT 1, D 2d4 horn, trample) and three young. Currently, other hunters are seeking a second breeding female to produce another clutch. With ample food, the troll herdsman believe the reptiles can be ready for service within 8 years.

**26. Livery Yard:** Nine months have passed since an outbreak of disease reduced the Blood Thump herd twenty head. Fortunately, the affliction did not spread to the Raptor Run, where three broods have been growing steadily. This has slowed down the King's plan to go to war, as he lacks a sufficiency of assault beasts. The rocky pasture appears empty most of the time due to frequent dispatches and the creature's natural aversion to befouled Moat water. Rytbod from **24** riding among the steeds can return with a pair to the postern in a few minutes. Also encountered in the yard will be Dark Trolls bringing stock to the pantry.

### Key to the Temple

(See page 24 for the Temple map.) One of the first mandates of the Dark Troll clans was to apportion equal power between the King's scions and the High Shaman. The original intrepid followers of Narsehv, the "trolls" that precipitated the Duergar rout, held the pontifical position in turn till they deteriorated. The quinquennial divinations were then entrusted to their best pupil, Kirjurok, who never held the royals in much esteem. Kirjurok was selected as much for his eristic and asocial traits as for his skill, and his influence tends to undermine both his own position and that of the King and nobles. True to form, his last two rune readings have tormented the Gjorslazreng Clan while decreasing his own prestige.

**1. Oracular Tabernacle:** By writ, admittance to the Temple is reserved for shamans and clan heads only. The dark staircase from the hall below connects to an antechamber where four **Bugbear Skeletons** with Troblin cleaver-axes (HD 1, DC 7, ATT 1, D 1d8) have been placed. The animations of the Temple cannot think for themselves; they only respond as programmed by the shamans. Centered in the 80' gallery to the right is a conspicuous metallic vessel, atop a pentagonal stage and below an open ceiling. The venerated object of evil lecanomancy is a wide plate of circumvolving runes, concave to a slight degree and made entirely of electrum (worth 8100 gp, but unholy). The wall insulating the central pillar holds five niches, one for each of the antecedent shamans, still captive to their master Xsaya-Narsehv. Normally, the acolyte in **2** will appear before anything can be investigated. The shaman will be daunted by his inability to waken the five mummies. If approached by PCs, the third dessicated corpse will tear open its chest wrapping, causing a small gold plaque to fall out. Scribed in both Duergar and Goblin is a brief message that reads, "DESTROY US BEFORE THE RELICS". Raiders that damage or attempt to move the divination instruments will awaken the undead elders. Compelled by their curse, they will attack as Mummies with the ability to regenerate.

**2. Temple Study:** Two stone box-benches with lids of petrified wood contain the records of rune readings and language translation tomes. The High Shaman's disciples are learning Goblin, in order to make use of imported



primers that decipher Common. The only shaman that has mastered the two additional tongues serves with the caravan that visits the Fungal Forest Garden (FO! #13). The Dark Troll Acolyte (Priest 1, HD 6, DC 4, ATT 1, D by weapon, regeneration, Spell - *Spittle*) present has poor study habits, and will not try to parley with unwelcome visitors. His skull-head mace and melted candle are the only items aside from the dingy books.

**3. Torture Chamber:** Heaved to the far corner are a number of dwarf-sized manacles and one extremely pitted iron maiden, five feet tall. Plainly, these implements were insufficient for any troll punishment. The current tool for castigation, when demanded by the High Shaman, is a coil of copper links heated red-hot in a gas flame. If the iron maiden is pried open, 1d8 Rot Grubs (hp 1, DC 9, Special: burrow into flesh) will slither to the floor.

**4. Acolyte Residence:** After Priestess Cisamuuq became the Troblin pontiff, the number of Kirjurok's adepts dropped to four. Of that number, only three still reside in the temple. Occupied by a fresco repair, two Acolytes (*Spittle* and *Protection from Good* spells) are spattering sections of the longest wall with raptor feathers dipped in pungent pigment. Behind each troll is a bugbear Skeleton holding a crackling torch. The azure panorama depicts an emaciated giant, with vulture skulls instead of hands, breathing miasma upon a florid city. One troll will retreat to warn the High Shaman in 7. In the recess near the entry is an iron chest with a poison needle trap, containing lapis lazuli dust and electrum knobs worth 350 gp.

**5. Pernicious Pudding:** Appearing like an island of saffron and black granite, a fractured fountain rests 15' from the ramp to the Temple's second floor. The top of the construction has been defaced and battered, although the semi-circular basin is only chipped. Leaning against the fountain is a glowing staff tipped with a ruby chrysanthemum. Non-trolls that graze the large tub or touch the staff will be attacked by an olive muck known as Bile Pudding (see new monster appendix). The intriguing staff, belonging to a slain elf, has no charges left. However, it is trapped with the High Shaman's paralytic Rune of Warding. The incline to 6, steep enough to be strenuous for humanoid legs, has hundreds of cobweb gossamers dangling from above, sheared by the passing priests.

**6. Cloister Beast:** Exhumed from the Underwild Tar Pits and reanimated, a bituminous Ant Bull Zombie fills the air with the stench of sulfurous pitch. Slowed from a skin of dry asphaltum inches thick, it will wait for intruders to encroach upon 7. The beetle-like beast (HD 8, DC 1, ATT 1, D 3d8 bite, blood drain) has hollow mandibles that can extract vital fluid from a bitten victim. If clenched for additional rounds, the damage applied will be a minimum of 12 points. At a corner in the right-hand wall is an archway concealed by a permanent illusion similar to the one in the Kontor. Individuals of good alignment that infiltrate this floor will cause the illusion to fade in 3

rounds, mobilizing a troop of eight Goblin Skeletons (HD 1, DC 6, ATT 1, D 1d6) in the revealed room. The silent soldiers, armed with short swords and crab shell shields, will join the fray with the undead insect or hearken to a shaman's command.

**7. Narsehv's Chapel:** In the lair of the High Shaman one is closer to the top of the Dark Troll cavern than the bottom. Slits in the tile-plated roof seem to glow blue when a puff of glowing fog skims the high turrets. The cold floor becomes a ledge for a single person when the projecting sanctum is explored. The vaulted space is open to 1, so the pendent relic just out of reach can weep green ichor onto the runes below. Seized by a chained Tyrannosaur skull banded in iron is a suppurative cyst the color of snail shell, the calcified Liver of Xsaya-Narsehv!

Unless powerful magic is used to breach the chapel and convey PCs to this very spot, they will have encountered the High Shaman Kirjurok in a more populated chamber of the Keep. His preference would be to fight with the King, bolstered by Masungbod and his undead retainers. He doesn't wear accoutrements produced by the Kontor; a suit of Giant plate mail +4, mildly scratched, was obtained from a red dragon at the Multiversal Bazaar. To pulverize beatific sectarians, Kirjurok fights with a *Stibnite Staff of Nether Adyta*, which strikes divine adversaries for triple damage. The priests that unearth an artifact of Narsehv gain the ability to summon a unique monster. The High Shaman can call forth a Bile Pudding once per week, which he regularly confines to 5. **Kirjurok the Doom-sayer, Dark Troll High Shaman:** Priest 7, DC -1, HD 6, hp 38, ATT 1, D by weapon, regeneration, Spells - *Protection from Good, Cause Fear, Darkness, Chant, Speak with Animals, Resist Fire, Rune of Warding, Blindness, Icteric Drain* (see new spells). To avoid being ringed by intruders, the High Shaman applies Mole-Bat Salve which permits a short (2 turn) aerial jaunt per application. The chain for his unholy symbol is platinum with jasper chips, worth 1360 gp. In a silken pouch beneath his armor is a Multiversal Bazaar Token. Should all the cultists and undead succumb to righteous rivals, the vise of bone holding the deity's enduring viscera will be blasted by reverberant howls. The Liver will disappear inside a growing bubbling seep of ichor, which will sweep into the lorn chapel. Born of this putrid orb will be the Avatar of Xsaya-Narshev, a two-faced horror with no body or limbs. One profile is the skull of a leprous Ghoul, 10 feet from lower jaw to frontal suture, with black sapphire eyes and two pair of snapping shark heads in place of teeth. Piercing the temporals are the blood-filled eye sockets of the antipodal face, a vulture skull with a dripping black beak. No power short of a Wish will stop the evil being from beginning its rampage with a pursuit of the High Shaman's killers.

The dissolution of the infernal Avatar will destroy the runewheel and the gypsum crypt at the Kontor. Unexpectedly, a tornado of golden lighting will loom over



## Avatar of Xsaya Narsehv

the Citadel, funneling down to the Pteroc tower. Its stones will tear apart violently, spilling like gems from a slit purse and collapsing the bridge to the Bailiwick. Emerging from the magical maelstrom will be 20 foot tall warrior-saints from Gyeryong, the Jang-Gun of Thunder & Lightning. They will remove their golden helmets to reveal two Dragon Horse Yearlings, which will fly to the PCs and deliver a pair of scrolls. The first scripture will grant each surviving battler either a point of Strength or Constitution for 729 moon cycles. The punctilious second scroll explains how the paladins and monks of Gyeryong brought down Xsaya-Narsehv and his demon birds with 10,000 arrows of sunlight and the trampling hooves of nine blessed Dragon Horses. The lore also recounts how the malign creature's liver was buried in the earth, the eyes fed to a Kraken, and hands pinned beneath a silver altar festooned with the prayer beads of every native monk. The

holy generals will circulate a message in the form of a shared dream before vanishing, identifying the Maho-Hanzaki as villains fostering the Eyes of Narsehv.

**8. Kirjurok's Lodging:** Unrolled behind a magic circle of velociraptor talons is a thin mattress of bugbear hide filled with tufts of Duergar beard hair. A tripod of iron ribs, fastened with pins to the floor, would presumably bear the shaman's armor and weapon. Where a bed pillow might be discovered is a large iron bowl containing slices of the Kontor's human flesh aspic. One foot from the benign circle of claws is a stack of grimoires:

- A lengthy treatise on hydraulic and gear driven devices written in Duergar. Secret pages detectable only by magic provide instructions for making a Carbuncle Idol.
- Notes about the dragon Gorangol and her lair divulged by tortured goblins.

- A *Libram of Forgettable Facetiae* (see new magic items).
- The Codex of the Yethlyreom Necropoles, bound in canescent Sirine skin. The last entry encloses a filigreed bookmark with the the initials “CAS”, worth 16 gp.

### **Farms and Lodges of the Dark Trolls**

Zone 5 on the hex map (pg. 18) is a “township” of Dark Troll livestock farmers and offspring too young for Army duty. The subterranean water supply that feeds the Fell Lagoons has an exposed tributary here which fills a fattening pond for crabs. The pool has sloped dikes around its perimeter so the Large Crabs (see *FO!* #3) can’t escape. The hatchery is tended by Troll Matrons and some Elder Trolls. Curious Troll tykes are kept away from the 60 pound, cantankerous crustaceans. Instead, the youths assist with the numerous iguana and eight-legged possum hutches on the opposite end of the village. For every dry stone cabin, there are 1d10 clay garden pots for carrying Underwild greens to the meat animals. Drums fashioned from mole-bat membrane will be percussed to warn the Citadel of an attack. The population count stands at 22 Elder Troll males, 38 Matrons, and 40 youths. Secluded near geothermally heated mud pits are 3-8 private stone lodges for retiring nobles and wayward hunters. The villas wrap around the pleasant mud pools, making them part of a closed courtyard. Although independent, each lodge master must keep a Blood Thump ready for responding to any royal mandate. The properties will also house 1d3 Matrons and 1d6 pet Claw Maws. The lodge that General Agradenv has converted into his Underwild Snuff mill is well defended by 10 troglodyte Zombies armed with crossbows and a Masarytbod wielding a Trident of Submission. The market value of the cured leaf stockpile here would be no less than 2500 gp.

### **Burial Niche Pillar**

Deserted by both its dead denizens and tenacious mole-bats, the ornamental pillar of Zone 6 has only two significant features. Anyone not interested in the columbarium’s chiseled art might be surprised to find a secret elevator to a mechanical room in Xanadun’s Palace (*FO!* #11). Searching the base with True Sight will spot the sealed cab and its control buttons. PCs that release the custodial robot from Troblin captivity may observe it struggling to return to the elevator. A third method of gaining access would be to aim Hringvotak’s science ring at the rock face from within 10 feet. The teak-lined transport opens with a jingle and has the ubiquitous (modern) arrow buttons, glowing pure white. Pulling at a chrome faceplate will cause it to swing out on a hidden hinge, displaying a third, blinking red button masked in black tape. A maniac that presses the prohibited selection is going to suffer the consequence of trifling with Gnomish machinery; the linear motion of the cab will accelerate and spin through assorted frontiers of reality! When the doors open at last, all occupants will be 1d3

years older and in one of the following extraterrestrial locations (**d12**):

|    |  |
|----|--|
| 1  | The Drugstore at the End of the Universe, where one old alien pushes a cart and looks for boxes of tissue. |
| 2  | Public Restroom 559 on Planet Tranzor K, which is one unbroken city of 75 million square miles.            |
| 3  | The centipede canyons of Mesklimm, where gravity is 4x stronger and the temperature is a toasty 140° F.    |
| 4  | An abandoned space station with a computerized counselor called Mrs. Pohl.                                 |
| 5  | A labyrinthine bunker being assailed by Nimian Tripods from the first Zone War                             |
| 6  | The icy wastes of Arisia Prime, utilized as a parking lot for repulsor engine limousines.                  |
| 7  | The volcanic beaches of the Optimen, who are looking for Optigals with excellent nails.                    |
| 8  | Prison colony of the Co-Dominium Navy, where everyone has the choice to work or be vaporized.              |
| 9  | The Draala city of Rithia, employer of thousands of talk show hosts.                                       |
| 10 | The post-apocalyptic surface of Earth in 2343, when the Cadi-lacs triumph over the mutant Vol-vores.       |
| 11 | The primitive continent of Phaesheia, protected by mechanical centaurs and rich in valuable orichalcum.    |
| 12 | The Synapse Hive of Wire-Agents where prowling dream tasters sell their services.                          |

Depressing all three elevator control buttons will return the riders to the Dark Troll cavern.

### **Hollow of the Infected**

Just under a mile from the Citadel is a defensive bulwark of mining debris used to quash the advance of coprophagous beetles and diseased monsters. The only creatures that pass the line of Dark Troll crossbowmen are mole-bats, immune to the infection spread through the Hollow. When Blood Thumps carried Vohbod inspectors to the wall, they carried back parasites to the susceptible herd. Thus, the nine Varbod policing the zone are on foot. They will not trail any humanoid going deeper into the plagued territory. Perils of the rancid stockade include (**d6**):

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 | Split cave floors inundated with guano and the roving packs of beetles that consume it. Most of the insects are harmless, but there are Blister Beetles and Giant Curled Lice (hp 2, DC 7, ATT 1, bite for 1 point) that will swarm a fallen or immobile character. If contaminated clothing isn’t washed or discarded in one day, the risk of disease increases dramatically. |
| 2 | Colonies of shelled Jekti ( <i>FO!</i> #11) growing upwards to increase the effectiveness of their acid against climbing and flying creatures.   |
| 3 | Worm-infested Claw Creepers (HD 5, DC 4, ATT 2, D  |

1d6x2 hook arms) living in the ruins of the preceding Dark Troll fort. The parasites have stricken the falcon-faced beasts with swollen limbs that impair their hunting prowess. The Creepers are deterred by fire, one reason the nearby Varbod have 2 barrels of pitch at their camp.

- 4 Exiled Troblin Sauropsiwere band (HD 4, DC 5, ATT 1, D 1d6 bite or weapon, Special: silver or magic weapon to hit, regeneration) trying to return to the Fell Lagoons. These former loggers have the power to change into Sphenacodon reptiles. When their plight was discovered by the trolls, the eight lycanthropes were isolated here. Fortunately, the magical disease makes them immune to the Hollow's burgeoning parasites. If assisted by PCs, the Troblins will draw them a map to a safe diving spot for giant pearls.
- 5 Mole-Bats (FO! #12) that will attack repeatedly until the party stinks of guano, ignites a sizable fire, or invokes an arcane barrier.
- 6 Two Duergar Wights (HD 4, DC 5, ATT 1, D 1d4, silver or magic weapons to hit, energy drain) concealed by a colossal pair of stone legs. The feminine limbs are positioned in a way to suggest the full figure was in a reclining stance. There is a 50% chance that touching the sculpted remains teleports the individual to King Hjørvar's statue in the Sparkling Grotto (FO! #6).

### Draala Expedition Base

The Rytbod that discovered these spongy aliens in the dark tract of Zone 8 believed the things had spawned from the slime flume known to exist there. When a larger squad returned to challenge the invaders, their strong mounts slumped to the ground and swords became impossible to swing. While vitiated by senseless sorcery, the Dark Trolls could only watch as the anomalous jellies melded into a walking agglutination of untold strength! The loam-colored giant demonstrated this by snatching up each soldier, to be dangled in turn over a bath of deadly slime. Shockingly, not a single creature was harmed in the confrontation. Weeks later, Troblin miners found samples of the Draala gelatin relinquished on their route. Interested in making a deal, the crew from the Kontor met a trio of staff-bearing amoeba-men and (fractionally) ascertained their mission. In trade for the edible polyps and temporary settlement, the Draala wanted to be shown the dungeon environs rife with slime and puddings.

More accurately, the advanced Draala, part of the Exobiological Protoplasm Agency (E.P.A.), had been asked by the Guild of Reality Mechanics to administer the ooze problem in their workplace, this mega-dungeon. Locally, the Guild is made up of talented Gnomes and a few Arch-Mages. Already, a number of levels and their tenants have been troubled by superfluous ooze. To combat the expansion, the 16 Draala have started

investigating sources and classifying the various species. Worrisomely, one of their scientists has not returned with his Troblin guide from the Fungal Forest. The Draala are also concerned that the violent trolls will only escort them for a higher price, and only to caves they want purged.

**Draala Scientists:** HD 3, DC 7[4], ATT 1, D by weapon, elasticity, darkvision, camouflage, telepathic communication with oozes. Cinched around their waists are *Belts of Subatomic Shielding*, which account for an improved armor value. Half of the task force are armed with Neuro-Receptor Dampening Lances, which can sever the mind's signals to skeletal muscles. The result is involuntary relaxation for 1d10 rounds per charge (50 maximum) expended. A Save reduces the time numbed in half. Mindless creatures like slimes will simply move away from the staff's energy field when sensed. With this device, a human could pass by oozes without trouble.

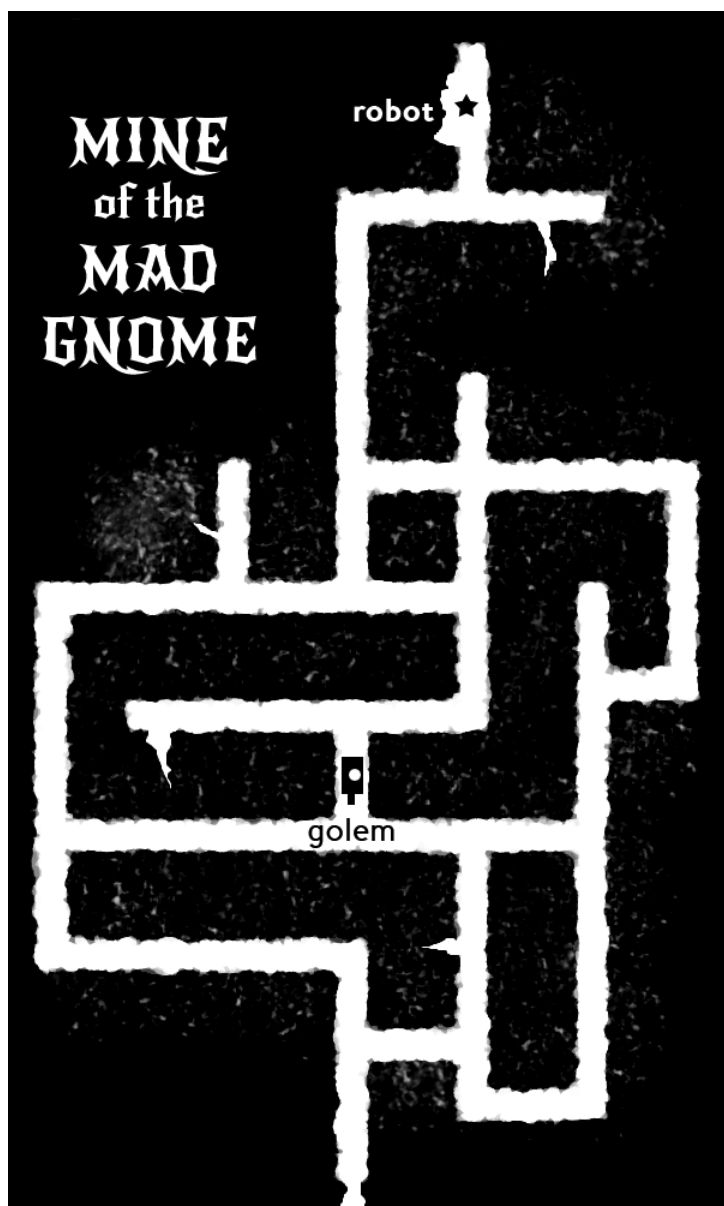
The busy expedition is housed in a dome of lobed concrete. Inside are work benches with bottled specimens and two futuristic machines. The Draala possess a *Tasty-Bake Glucoside Oven*, which generates both the gelatin bulb and a kind of fruit-flavored, twisted noodle. A second larger device, the *Multi-Mass Eukaryotic Fusor*, permits the Draala to merge up to half their number into a giant composite. The enlarged organism has HD equal to the sum of participating Draala, with the Fusor's effect lasting as long as desired. However, steady physical activity longer than 3 hours inflicts a kind of contusing damage, draining one health per fused individual every subsequent hour. If the PCs inquire about their plan of action upon locating the slime source, the aliens will say something about a "nuclear explosive".

### Duergar Iron Quarry

The laborious extraction of metals from veins has expanded Zone 9 from a cramped split to a wide gulf skirted with stone ramps and cairn-like piles. Only the iron mine, comprised of subdividing shafts, still provides a healthy amount of ore. Unless a scheduling error is made, one mining crew from the Kontor will always be present here. Fifty sappers could work here at a time, but the Trolls have noticed that intense clangors rouse Anvil Head Ants. Even with minimal digging, a cluster of 2d6 Ants will turn up every month. Their queen is below, having established the colony before the Kontor's smelter was active. A second dusty portal into the depths is shunned, even though the Duergar electrum was minted from silver and gold obtained there. Lurking in the sloping tunnel is a ruthless construct still in service to the Duergar. Assembled by the mad Gnome Schlegenthal IV, a Bronze Golem in the shape of a small German Jagdpanzer will greet all thieves with a blast from its lava cannon. The heavily plated, mobile artillery (HD 16 [80 hp], DC 0, ATT 1, D 5D6 lava munition, Special: searing blood, ramming) has one off-center mortar and a set of three jagged cogwheels on each side. The 22,000 pound construct is



possessed by the dead demi-human, and can engage PCs as an intelligent adversary. Very few passages in the mine are wide enough for anyone to flank or dodge the fiery golem. If a cannon barrage doesn't repel visitors, the tank will prod them towards dead-end paths. Targets crushed by the bronze chassis will take 2d10+2 damage from blunt force and high heat. A Save must be made to avoid magma (1d6 damage) that spits from puncturing wounds landed on the war machine. A complete inspection of the remaining lodes will uncover gold nuggets worth a total of 9800 gp, and **Schlegenthal's Cytronic Simulacrum**. This gnome-sized robot (HD 3, DC 4, ATT 1, D 1D6 saw, Special: enchanted spike) made of bronze sports a Pickelhaube helm and a reciprocating saw blade along the left forearm. Once per day, the construct's cap spike can generate a *Wall of Sparks* (see new spells) and negate 1d8 points of damage from a fire-based attack. It will serve a neutral PC for 2d6 months before losing power.



## New Monsters

**Anvil Head Ants:** HD 3, DC 3, ATT 1, D 1d6+1 bite, MV 15. The size of velociraptors, these warrior ants have heads like great blocks of caramel chitin. Anvil Head Ants attack in multiples if defending territory or maddened by jarring vibrations.

**Avatar of Xsaya-Narsehv:** HD 9, DC 0, ATT 2, D 4d4 shark bite / 2D6 beak, MV 9, Special: silver or magic weapon to hit, undead immunities, elemental resistance, miasma breath, spell abilities. The unholy avatar is a spectral demon that cannot be affected by Clerics beneath 9<sup>th</sup> level. It is immune to mind control and paralytic spells. Damage from fire or cold based attacks are reduced by half. Both of its rotting faces can act each round, biting at close range or using a special power. Twice per day, the avatar can expel a necrotic plume from its accipitrine visage, inflicting 3d8+4 damage to living victims that fail a save. The ghoulish visage can cast the following spells once per day: *Darkness 15' radius*, *Silence 15' radius*, *Dispel Magic*, *Fear Aura*, *Insect Swarm*. The Avatar can pursue the party that slays a High Priest of Narsehv without error, barring a move to an alternate plane.

**Bile Pudding:** HD 5, DC 6, ATT 1, D 1d10 acid, MV 6, Special: organic digestion, salt irritant. Only a priest of Xsaya-Narsehv may summon these putrid green globules. They maneuver like black pudding and dissolve non-metals like wood or leather. Unlike black puddings, they will not split from damage or resist elemental attack. Victims struck by the pudding suffer a -1 penalty to actions until they can wash off their salted wounds.

**Execrated Nawaab:** HD 5, DC 6, ATT 2, D 1D8 claws, Special: immune to 1<sup>st</sup> level spells, diseased bile gout. This undead creation resembles a skeleton slathered in green ichor. After rising from the sarcophagus of Narsehv, it can either attack with bony claws or expel the infectious patina in a 20' range. The Nawaab can be turned as a mummy.

**Giant Curled Lice:** HD 2 health, DC 7, ATT 1, D 1 point bite, MV 3. The giant louse is technically a crustacean, roughly the size of a loaf of bread. They scavenge dun-geons for food, and will try to draw blood from wounded or immobile creatures. Under certain conditions, the Lice can spread disease. The spherical shape they can assume has made them a favorite living missile for Goblin slingers.

**Hesperid:** HD 5, DC 6, ATT 1, D by weapon, MV 12, Special: Druidic magic gaze, flight. Easily mistaken for Medusae, the Hesperid are female herbivores with huge faceted eyes and tussocky sensors on their scalps. Most are also born with lepidote wings displaying bold patterns. Their magical abilities are focused by gazing upon a target. Just from a look a Hesperid can make telepathic contact with an insect, or bend ligneous structures. Much like Dryads, they prefer to live in secluded forests.

**Maho-Hanzaki:** HD 7, DC 5, ATT 1, D 1-3 bite, MV 6, Special: Charm Gaze, Spells. Allies of evil sea creatures and demons, the arcane salamanders of the coast of Gyeryong Island control an impressive number of charmed Hobgob-lins and Merrow. Accorded powers akin to the Naga, the feeble-looking gilled amphibians are on par with mid-level shamans. After organizing into a council dedicated to evil sorcery, the monsters discovered an artifact of Xsaya-Narsehv. The artifact is part of a set they plan to recover, which will insure their control of Gyeryong. All Maho-Hanzaki must keep their skin moist for at

least 12 hours a day or suffer an increasing penalty to attacks and spell casting. They are immune to poison.

**Sauropsiwere:** HD 4, DC 5, ATT 1, D 1d6 bite or by weapon, silver or magic weapon to hit, regeneration. Rare creatures of the Underwild that can transform into nine foot crested lizards. To escape from larger carnivores, they live among the Dimetrodons of the lagoon.

### **New Spells**

*Icteric Drain* (Priest 4; Range 3, Duration 1 round/level): When invoked, a target is drained of half his Strength for the duration. A successful save lessens the misery; two points of strength will return each following round until restored to normal.

*Wall of Sparks* (Mage 3, Range 4, Duration - 1 round/level): This bright orange barrier of flaring flecks inflicts 1d8+1 points of damage upon creatures passing through it. Residual cinders, unless extinguished, will contribute another 1d4 damage the following round against infringers.

### **Protective Items:**

*Baldric Of Defense:* Gyeryong style of enchanted substitute armor, ranging from DC 6 to 3.

*Belt of Subatomic Shielding:* creates a barrier of deflective energy that doesn't really stop energized particles.

*Helm of Frost and Fire Protection:* increases save bonuses and reduces damage of cold and heat magics. Rakishly designed, the helm has both a horn of gold flames and a horn of blue crystals.

*Labret of Protection:* enchanted jewelry favored by dark magicians with too many rings already.

*Pixane of Protection:* a small quantity of linked rings that protects the collar area. Not considered full armor, this item is popular among statuesque adventurers.

### **Spell Effect Items:**

*Incense Cone of Perpetuated Spellcraft:* spells memorized while this incense is lit will increase duration as if cast at one level higher.

*Jasper Geode of Perviousness:* once per day, the geode will grant the power of *Stone Shape* and *Rock to Mud*.

*Modra's Wand of Cobra Conjuraton:* Modra had classmates that exploited his fear of snakes. To humble them, he made a Monster Summoning wand that brings forth a pair of 2 HD Spitting Cobras. Sadly, Modra the Mage was also greatly afraid of the T-Rex he encountered in the Deep Caves.

*Mole-Bat Salve:* a thin paste that permits short flights.

*Ofuda of Desecration:* an unholy talisman that dedicates items for use in evil rituals and damages good beings 3 hp/contact.

*Robe of the Senescent Marid:* grants the wearer the power to summon Sea Fog and cast *Water Breathing*. The former is a *Fog Cloud* that will also drench clothing and quench normal fires.

*Sceptre of Hypnotic Shimmer:* a crystal device which will emit one *Hypnotic Pattern* per charge expended.

*Statuette of Madame Monlaur:* when shattered, it summons the spirit of a wicked Vampire vixen for one round.

*Tallow Lamp of Mole-Bat Summoning:* allows the user to call to his aid a trio of Mole-Bats for as long as the lamp is lit. If two of the creatures are slain, the third will turn on the summoner.

*Wraith Cord of Transposition:* using a command thought while holding one end of this 30 foot cord will *Dimension Door* the owner to the opposite end. The cord can be used twice per day.

### **Unique Item & Weapon Selections:**

*Bane of Attestors:* this heavy iron gauntlet encloses the wielder's hand, and is capped with a crescent blade +2. The D8 weapon can detect alignment, and will inflict a 2D4 flaming burst upon lawful targets in addition to normal damage.

*Codex of the Yethlyreom Necropoles:* this ancient text records the treasures of, and directions to a fabled city of benevolent Undead. The city, once violated by necromancy, returned to its exemplary tenets and repudiated the horrific qualities of undeath. A mute boy lost in the desert found the necropoli, and was given a skeletal camel loaded with treasure to rebuild his life with. After penning the first version of the Codex, he was assassinated by an elder. Depraved searchers that attempt to follow the boy's directions will arrive in a city of Sand Hulks and Pit Fiends instead. Yethlyreom will only open its gates to those who struggle for virtue.

*Libram of Forgettable Facetiae:* a rambling collection of humorous stories about three friends, Squire Jack, Lady Priscilla, and her sister Snow. The libram is cursed, obliging a reader to spend at least 2 hours a day reading about the character's silly predicaments until the 720 page book is finished.

*Magnesian Blade of Khython:* an unfinished longsword +1 of white iron enchanted with Earth magic. The clay-hilted blade neutralizes certain chemistries, and acts as a Sword of Wounding versus acidic, aquatic, and heat producing monsters.

*Neuro-Receptor Dampening Lance:* see text description.

*Onbi-Fudo:* see text description.

*Rug of Rigaudon:* depending on where the rug is placed, dancing victims could wind up attracting the wrong crowd. A save will let the affected move off the rug after spending one round bowing.

*Scaraboid Sledge of Destruction:* this D8 dire mace looks like a haft of black steel spearing a pair of bulbous beetles wrestling each other. Passive effects of the sledge include a -1 penalty to Charisma checks and an aura of wormwood wasting. The wasting will slowly rot plant material and wood within a 10' radius of the wielder. In battle, it has a +3 /+6 versus warm-blooded creatures bonus, and a brutal power known as the battering horn toss. Twice per day, a target up to 40 feet away can be struck with a gigantic scarab horn that erupts from the ground with enough force to heave a Monoclonius. Unless a save at -1 is made, a humanoid victim will take 1D12 damage and be knocked down. Immense creatures will take 1D6 damage and lose initiative.

*Spiracle Ring of Asphyxia:* see text description.

*Stibnite Staff of Nether Adyta:* used exclusively by evil priests, this metallic staff will inflict triple damage against good clerics and paladins.

*Sword of Clashing Paths:* a two-handed sword +1 with runes that momentarily disable the barrier invoked by any type of shield spell. The cancellation only applies to strikes from the sword.

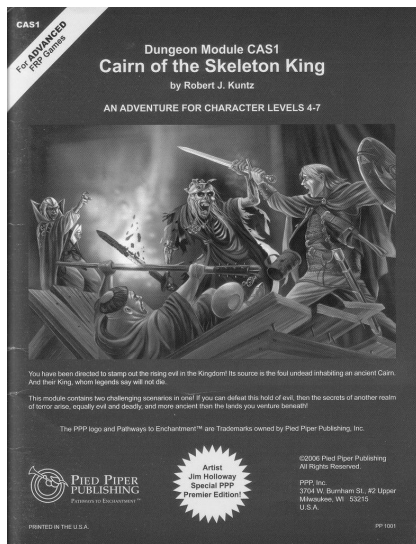
*Tasty-Bake Glucoside Oven:* a portable model the size of large chest, it makes two scrumptious foods from a reservoir of secretly formulated tablets.

*Weirding Waveform Amplifier:* see text description. Ω

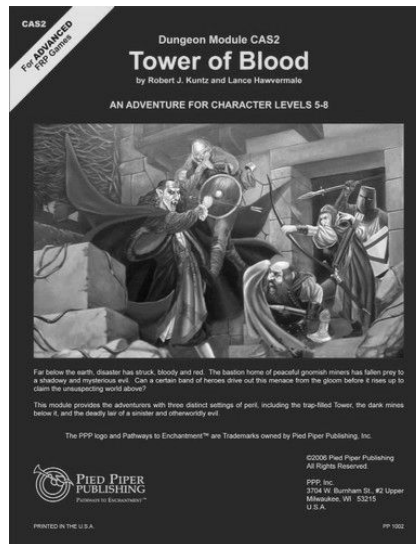
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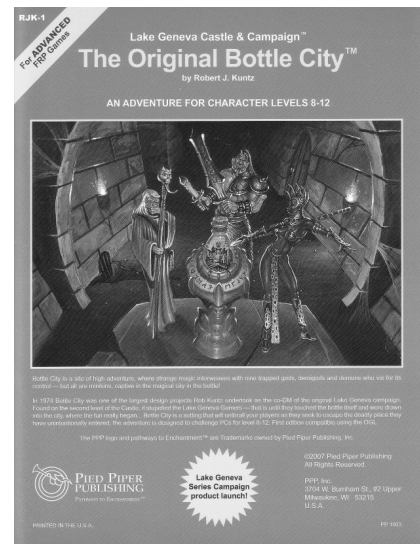
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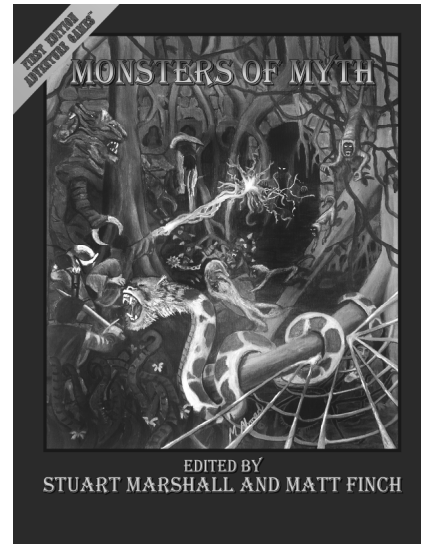
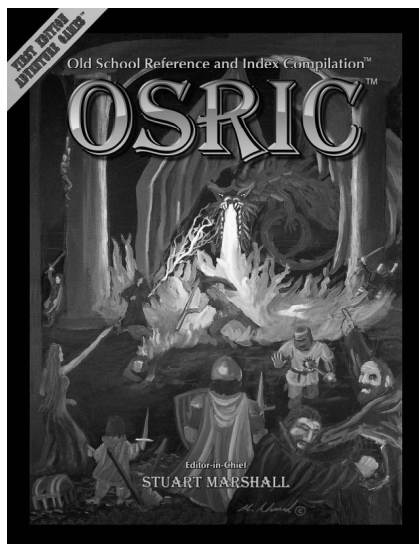
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# The Battle of Sixwillows Bridge counter sheet

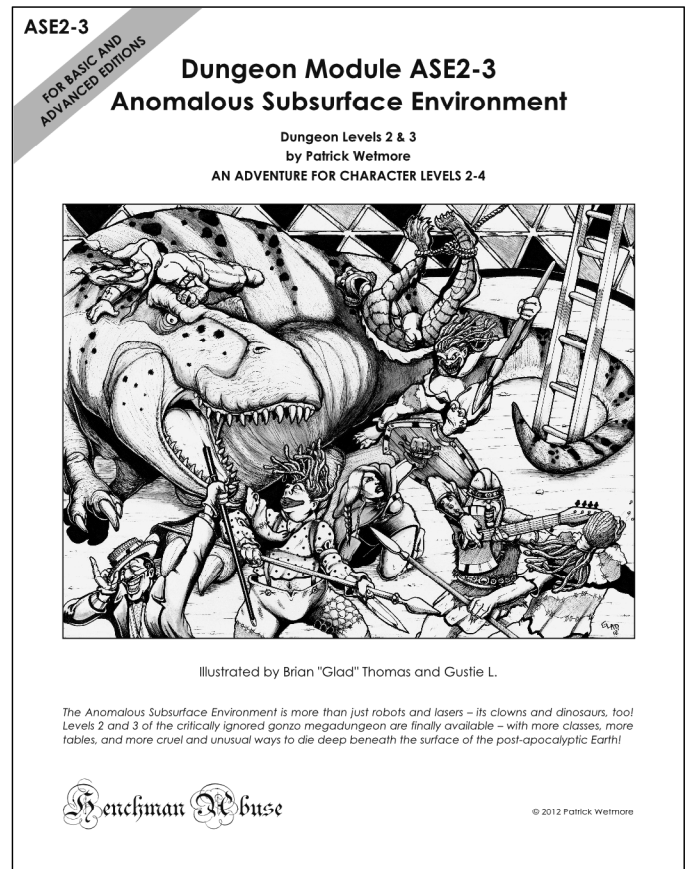
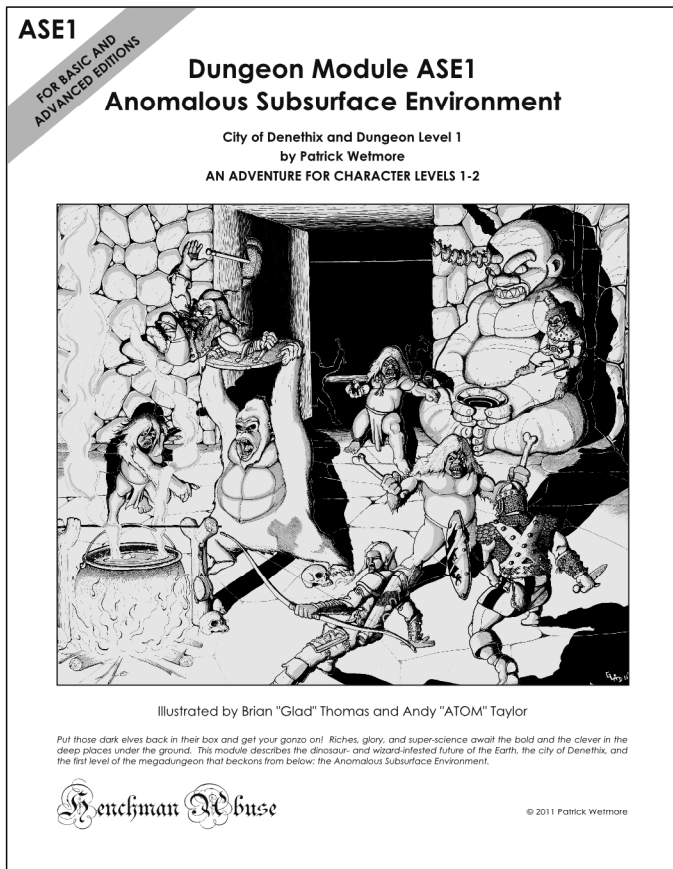
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|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    | Print or<br>Copy 5<br>Times for<br>1:20<br>figure<br>ratio                            |
| Elf Spear  | Elf Spear   | Elf Archer  | Volunteers  | Volunteers  | Haywards  | Haywards   | Slingers  | Slingers  |   |
|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| Shank's End  | Shank's End   | Postboys  | Pole  | Pole  | Poachers  | Oddfellows   | Geezers   | Geezers   | Warg Pack   |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Bollocks   | Poked Eye   | Poked Eye   | Bloody Nose   | Bloody Nose   | Gimp  | Gimp   | Spoonthieves  | Spoonthieves  | Contusion   |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Contusion  | No Names  | No Names  | Scabpickers   | Limpers   | Pointy Hats   | Piddlers   | Snipers   | Rabble  | Rabble  |



# The Battle of Sixwillows Bridge counter sheet

|             |              |         |          |         |          |   |         |         |         |
|-------------|--------------|---------|----------|---------|----------|---|---------|---------|---------|
|             |              |         |          |         |          |   |         |         |         |
| Spivs       | Spivs        | Spivs   | Spivs    | Spivs   | Spivs    | Spivs   | Spivs   | Spivs   | Spivs   |
|             |              |         |          |         |          |   |         |         |         |
| Muppet      | Muppets      | Muppets | Muppets  | Muppets | Muppets  | Muppets   | Muppets | Muppets | Muppets |
|             |              |         |          |         |          | <p>Only One Copy Needed for<br/>1:20 figure ratio</p> <p>Print or Copy Twice for<br/>1:10 figure ratio<br/>(discard duplicate hero figures)</p> |         |         |         |
| Elf Lord    | Sheriff Milo | Poacher | Oin      | Dwarves | Barnabas |   |         |         |         |
|             |              |         |          |         |          |   |         |         |         |
| Goblin Lord | Warg Hero    | Argh    | Ubergimp | Lumpy   | Troll    | Shaman  |         |         |         |





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# The Battle of Sixwillows Bridge

Chainmail scenario by Baz Blatt

*Sheriff Deepburrow surveyed his troop.*

*"Hold that pitchfork up straight, lad!" he barked. "Hob Thorney-brake, did you sharpen that billhook like I told yer? Won't cut a ruddy bindweed state it's in, let alone a gobbo's neck!"*

*A ripple of laughs went through the ranks, but he could tell they was scairt, all of 'em, and now you came to mention it so was he. They stood in straight lines, but that was about the only thing the Market Dafton Volunteers had in common with the elvish troops to their right. They had peasant smocks and leather weskits, not shiny chainmail, no shields and their 'spears' were farm tools.*

*A signal horn blared out, and Deepburrow struggled to remember what that tall elf feller said tan-tara-blah was supposed to mean.*

*"Thems with slings to the front of the troop!" he yelled, watching a dark clot of goblinry coming over the hedge a hundred yards off. "Get yer stones out, but don't shoot until you smell the stink of their armpits!"*

Once Odo Smallweed had reached the Elvenking's court, a call went out for elf volunteers to mount an immediate expedition into Goblin-occupied territory while messengers went out among his vassals to announce a half-muster at the next new moon.

As the elven expeditionary force made its way into Thistledown County by way of Shank's End, its commander, Lord Esriel, sent fast riders out to any hobbit village that seemed reasonably free of goblins. As soon as a sufficiently numbered force had come together at Market Dafton, they marched on to Sixwillows Bridge, the crucial crossing of The Stream, and into the first battle to liberate Thistledown County from the Great Goblin's Horde.

(Although neither is required to play, this battle takes place in the same setting as "It used to be a Hobbit Hole" (FO! #6) and "Smallweed's Ride" (FO! #8).)

## Rules

The ruleset used is 'Tactical Studies Rules' *Chainmail*, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed. – the TSR Hobbies versions are acceptable as well – and, unless you are blessed with vast acres of space and thousands of figures, use a 1:20 figure to troop scale and the 1inch = 10 yards battle scale.

Each player first rolls d10 three times on the Special Circumstances table for their side, ignoring any duplicates. Heroes can lead a unit, giving it a +1 bonus to morale, whether on 2d6 rolls when being charged or staying firm

after taking casualties and adding their own morale bonus to the units when working out post-melee morale. They never check morale when fighting alone, but attack other units on the man-to-man scale only.

Morale for each unit is given as being equal to a normal troop type. This tells you the target number for 2d6 rolls to stand after being charged by cavalry and when casualties mount. Each unit will also have a morale point value used in post melee morale checks, which may differ from the normal troop type. Penalties and bonuses are levied on all these checks. For example Goblins have morale equal to light foot, so after losing 25% of their number they need 8+ to stay fighting. If they suffer a -1 morale penalty the need 9+. Each Goblin is worth 5 points when working out what happens to the unit after a melee, with a -1 penalty this is reduced to 4.

The Goblins set up first, anywhere on the table they like bar a twelve inch strip along the southern and eastern edges. Unless allowed by special circumstance card he must have all his units on the table at the start of the game. The Tribe of the Black Eye has been given the task of guarding the bridge and that is that, no other tribe is going to come and help them, and in fact many rival tribes would love to see the Black Eyes get a black eye and fall down the pecking order in the Great Goblin's army hierarchy.

The Hobbit player can introduce units along the southern edge or the eastern edge south of The Stream. Any reserves may be ordered into battle at the beginning of his turn, in which case they will arrive on the edge of the table at the end of that same turn if elven troops, or 0-2 (1d3-1) turns later if they are the less organised and disciplined hobbit units. Again special circumstance cards may allow some variation to this.

## Time

The battle starts a couple of hours hour after sunrise (8 am) and each turn lasts an hour. The sun will set at 6 pm and the goblin player will lose any penalties he has suffered due to having his sun-shy troops fight during full daylight, and after 7.00 pm the hobbit player will start to suffer morale and hit penalties due to darkness.

## Weather

Unless seriously messed about with magically the weather will be assumed to be a lovely warm autumn day, the kind of mellow day Thistledown County is famous for, good hop-picking weather, if only the hobbits currently had time for such things. On the table below assume it starts at 3, and it may vary somewhat as the day wears on. Roll 1d6 per turn:

- 1 Weather turns worse, -1 on weather chart (min. 0)
- 2-5 Same as last turn
- 6 Weather improves, +1 on weather chart (max. 6)

## Weather Chart

|     |   |
|-----|---|
| -1  | Evil Black Clouds, see Goblin bonus card 3.   |
| 0   | Overcast with drizzle. Each turn each Goblin unit has a 50% chance to negate their daylight penalty.        |
| 1   | Cloudy and cool, north wind reduces missiles fired northwards range by 3.                                   |
| 2-4 | Light clouds, warm sunlight.  |
| 5   | Warm and bright, with clouds borne on a southern breeze. Reduce range for missiles fired south by 3.        |
| 6   | Cloudless sky, hot weather. Fatigue after one fewer round of movement/combat (cf. <i>Chainmail</i> pg. 11). |

## Army Lists

**The Elven/Hobbit Expeditionary Force:** *Chainmail* doesn't have much good to say about Hobbits as battlefield troops. For purposes of this battle Hobbits are considered to be as good as human light foot when attacking, defending, and checking morale. When using missiles, Hobbits attack as if their numbers were 50% higher and their move was 12, but they cannot go invisible as stated in the *Chainmail* rules, except for special units under certain circumstances as noted below. They are worth 1.25 points for 20 men, being slightly superior to human light foot. Slings are treated as shortbows, but with a slightly shorter range of 12 inches, and add 2.75 points.

Elves have many bonuses as per the *Chainmail* rules but cannot go invisible at will. Since they have many bonuses against Goblins they are still worth 4 points per 20 men.

### **200 Elven Spearmen**

Attack: HF Defend: HF Morale: HF (6) Move 12  
Equipped with Chainmail and Shield, Long Spear, Long Sword. Can form a schiltrom as per Scots Foot.  
PV 40

### **100 Elven Archers**

Attack: HF Defend: HF Morale: HF (6) Move 12  
Equipped with Chainmail, Longbows, Long Swords. Can split move and fire. Range 21.  
PV 40

### **'The Market Dafton Volunteers'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
200 hobbits equipped with a random selection of farm tools; no armour, as spear on man-to-man table.  
PV 12.5

### **'The Market Dafton Slingers'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
200 unarmoured hobbits equipped with sling and dagger.  
Range 12.  
PV 40

### **'The Lads from Shank's End'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
200 unarmoured hobbits equipped with slings and daggers.  
Range 12.  
PV 40

### **'Squire Twofoot's Company'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
200 hobbits with leather jerkins, and polearms.  
PV 12.5

### **'A Gang o' Bloody Poachers'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
100 slightly villainous hobbits with leather jerkins, short-bows and daggers. They are experts at sneaking, and can use the invisibility in brush or woods rule in *Chainmail*. If fired upon while in soft cover they reduce casualties by two-thirds rather than half as normal units do. Range 15.  
PV 90

### **'The Postboys'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
100 hobbits with a sling and a dagger. Most of this group serve as runners for the Thistledown postal service and get +1 move, +2 when charging or running away. Range 12.  
PV20

### **'The Eastmarch Haywards'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (4) Move 12  
200 hobbits with leather jerkins and various farm implements. This lot used to be part of what passed for Thistledown County's police service and militia and are a little bit bigger and tougher than the average hobbit, but somewhat less confident as they have already lost plenty of fights with gangs of goblins. Base morale is only 4, but get +1 dice per 50 men attacking.  
PV 12.5

### **'The Oddfellows Arms Regulars'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 12  
100 hobbits with farm implements, clubs, knives, broken bottles and barstools. Started brawling with the goblins outside their local pub on one rather boozy Saturday night a month ago and haven't stopped since. Are itching to liberate the Thornbush Inn (and its beer cellar). +1 morale if drunk, treat hand weapons for each figure as 1-2 Dagger, 3-4 Hand Axe, 5-6 Mace if using man-to-man.  
PV 12.5

## Heroes

### **Lord Esriel of Nan-Brethil**

Elven Hero/Seer, Chainmail and Shield, Magic Sword.  
Morale Bonus +30, Move 12  
Spells (Complexity): Wizard Light (1) (8" diameter circle)  
PV 80

Nan-brethil is the old Elvish name of the area of Thistle-down County round Sixwillows. Lord Esriel hasn't actually been to the lands he derives his title from for 600 years, and never realised that his King had long ago given permission to a bunch of very short and ugly looking non-elves to settle there and cut down most of the woodlands. Having finally met some hobbits and heard their current woes he is feeling somewhat guilty and is making up for his neglect by leading the expeditionary force. As army commander he gives +1 morale to any unit within 12" of him or the unit he is leading.

### **Sheriff Milo Deepburrow**

Halfling Hero, Chainmail and Shield, Magic Sword. Morale Bonus +30, Move 12

PV 30

A former leader of the Westmarch Haywards and local notable making up for the embarrassment of being locked up in his own hole by a gang of goblins (see FO! 6). Sees no real reason why solid and sensible hobbit-lads can't see off this motley crew of bandits if they stick to it, but then he has only ever seen brawls between Haywards and snot-goblin chicken thieves and sheepstealers.

### **Ziggy Deep-pockets**

Halfling Hero, Leather armour, Sword, Short Bow, Magic Arrows. Morale Bonus +30, Move 12

PV 30

Ziggy has had his differences with the Elvenking in the past, mostly relating to pheasants, and Milo has been after him for taking rabbits from other folks' warrens and cider jugs from their cellars. He went away someplace beyond the Faraway Hills for a year or two, and has returned with pockets of foreign coins and a more mature attitude. Still nicks stuff though. As a hobbit poacher he can become invisible in woods or other natural cover.

**Total PV = 460**

### **Special Circumstances**

**1 – Dwarves:** A dwarven hero and 20 followers make a desperate attack from behind enemy lines in turn 2-5 (roll randomly).

### **Oin Longbeard**

Dwarf Hero, Battle Axe, Plate and Shield, Morale Bonus +20

PV 20

### **20 Dwarf warriors**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: HF (5) Move 6/9 charge Chainmail, shield, battleaxe and light crossbow. Range 18. PV 3.5

Dwarves hate Goblins, and if they are within 9" of a Goblin unit there is a 50% chance that they will ignore any other orders and charge them. On the other hand Goblins

also hate Dwarves and any unengaged Goblin unit within 9" will charge at them on a roll of 1-5 on a d6. Dwarves get +1 on any combat dice vs Goblins. Oin and his gang of desperados have been fighting a guerilla war ever since their smithy in Upper Towsley was sacked, but rumours of the arrival of an avenging army has brought them out into the open for the kind of stand up fight Dwarves very much prefer. If Oin was killed or ended up accompanying the party during the adventure 'Smallweed's Ride' this group is led by Uthrin the Grim, Oin's cousin who came to rescue him when he heard the goblins were on the march. The Dwarves can come onto the map at any point north of The Stream and will fight their way through to the nearest friendly unit.

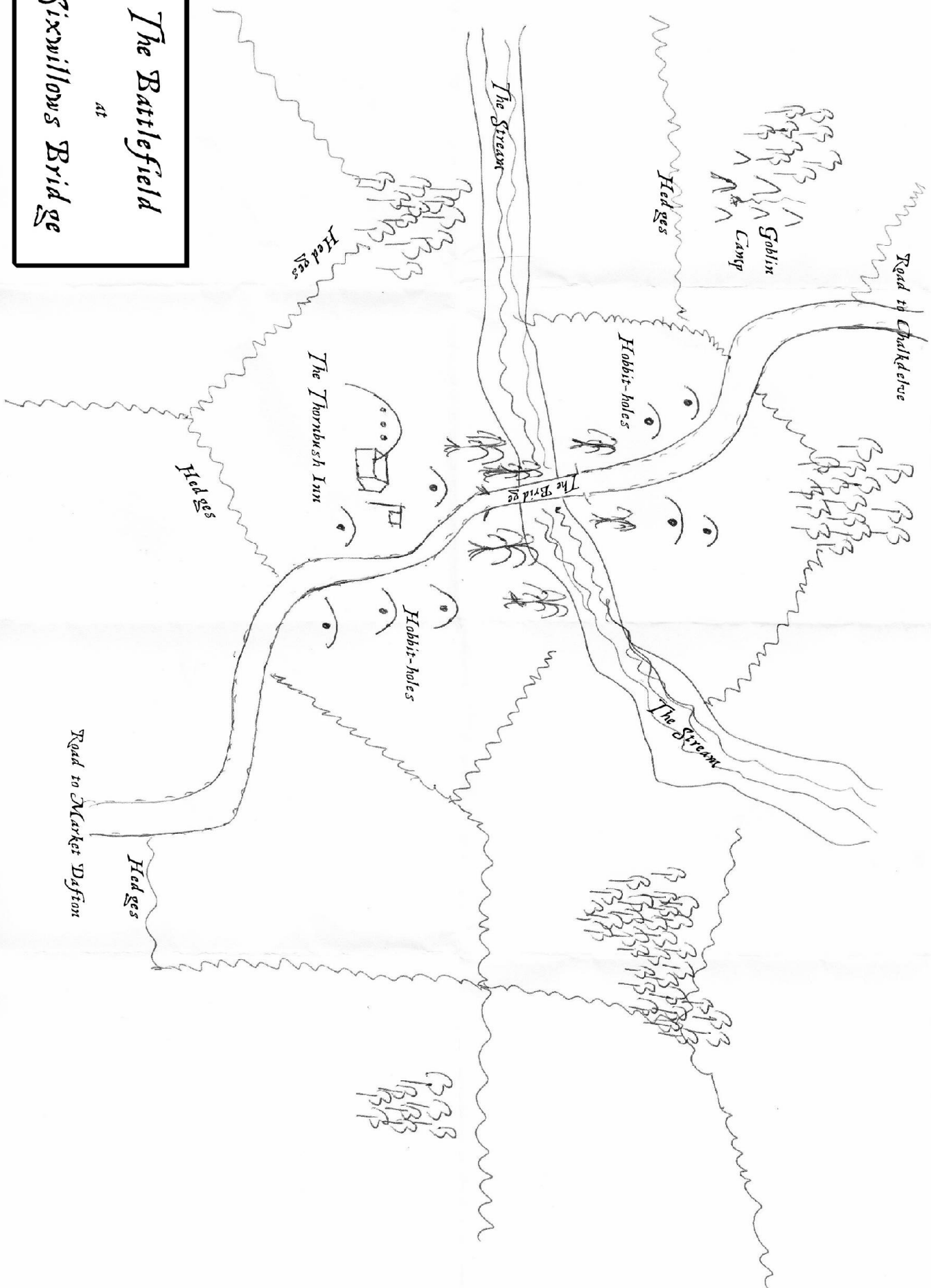
**2 – Best Beer in the Westmarch:** Three goblin units got blind drunk on the contents of the Thornbush Inn cellars last night. Each has lost 10-30% of its manpower due to a combination of alcohol poisoning and brawling amongst themselves. The survivors attack as one troop type less (ie Hvy Ft as Lt Ft), have -1 morale and -3 movement for the first three turns of the battle. They have a 1 in 3 chance of recovering per turn thereafter. The hobbit player gets to choose which units are affected AFTER the goblins have set up; the sub commanders are too scared to admit to their chief they lost discipline in their troops. Only one unit affected may be a wolf rider unit, and the chief's bodyguard wouldn't dare touch ale before a battle, as the chief would skin 'im alive.

**3 – Best Beer in the Eastmarch:** Ale-snobs may reckon the dark and fruity Thornbush brew is better, but Rosie Hedger's hoppy Eastmarch ale from Market Dafton is cracking stuff too. Three hobbit units go into battle fortified by beer gaining +1 morale for the first two turns, with a 1 in 3 chance of losing the benefit per turn thereafter. Cannot be used on Elf units as they only drink wine, being all hoity-toity like.

**4 – Coracles:** As a rule hobbits don't like boats, but one unit on the hobbit side has overcome this and brought skins and withies for making coracles. Given one turn without being attacked or making any attack or move themselves, they can assemble these and cross The Stream as their next move.

**5 – Poachers' Knowledge:** Poachers are a scurvy crew, but they do have their uses. Tommo the Keg-napper knows the back route into the Thornbush Inn and Polo Sharpeye can sneak a unit of hobbits into a woodland anywhere on the field without anyone noticing in the middle of the night. Pick a patch of woodland anywhere in the field more than eight inches from a goblin unit and make a note of it. Any unit of 100 hobbits may set up here and attack with the element of surprise at any point in the battle, but if a goblin unit comes within four inches the cover is blown and the unit must set up there and then. If the goblins have all the woodland covered this benefit is lost. If any hobbit unit makes it to within six inches of the

*The Battlefield*  
*at*  
*Sixwillows Bridge*





Thornbush Inn they may place a counter denoting the secret trapdoor into the cellars and use it to nullify the benefits of cover when attacking anyone within the Inn in melee, or invade the place and start using it as a fortress if it is unoccupied (see the Thornbush Inn below).

**6 – Barnabas of the Silver Birches:** Barnabas is a druid, a human who picks weird mushrooms and talks to trees. The hobbits think he is a nutter, and the elves think his pretence to wisdom even older and a more profound than theirs proves he is. However he has turned up to lend a hand whether he is wanted or not – just don't stand downwind of his cauldron.

#### **Barnabas**

Magician, Dagger, No Armour, Morale +20

Spells (Complexity): Phantasmal Forces (2), Detection (2), Hallucinatory Terrain (4)

PV70

**7 – Swan-fledged Arrows:** These magic arrows have flights made from the feathers of swans from the Silver Lake, and three each have been given to the unit of elven archers by the Lady of the Lake. These give the unit of Elf archers one attack using Enchanted Arrows, with all the special bonuses accruing to Elves using magic weapons.

**8 – Betrayal!** Goblins are a fractious lot, and even during a battle a lesser chief might attempt a rebellion. At any

point in the game the hobbit player can pick one goblin leader not currently in combat and declare that he has rebelled. The commander and his unit immediately make a beeline for the Chief, acting on the hobbit player's turn. Any goblin unit which fails a morale check while in combat with this rebel sees the force and merit of his case and immediately joins him. If the rebel is killed his unit will immediately come back under the control of the goblin chief, if the goblin chief is killed all other goblins recognise the rebel as his legitimate successor and fight on under his command, at least until the battle is over.

**9 – The Standard of Nan-Brethil:** This is a brand new standard, rather hurriedly adapted from the old one by Esriel's wife and her maids, depicting six silver willows surrounding a sturdy arched bridge. In addition the Oddfellows Arms Regulars have made themselves a unit standard, the bar-sign from their old pub mounted on a pole. This is a handsome wooden heraldic shield quartered with an hourglass, a beehive, cross keys and a lamb and flag, denoting the mixed trades of the hobbits that drank there before the bloody goblins wrecked it. Any unit within 12 inches of a standard gains +1 morale.

**10 – A Fair Wind:** A strong wind blows from the south, giving +3 range to all arrows and slingshots fired northwards. Negated as soon as weather number reaches 1 (see table above), and will not return if weather improves.

Set your time machine to 1973. Earthly Destination: 330 Center Street. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.  
Real Destination: Dungeon Level Eight East

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# "THE MACHINE LEVEL"

by Robert J. Kuntz

Coming Winter 2013-2014



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**The Tribe of the Black Eye:** Goblins are treated as light foot for morale purposes, with a base morale of 5. They attack as heavy foot but defend as light, and suffer a -1 morale penalty in daylight, and get -1 on all rolls. They have a base move of 9, with a charge move of 12. They hate Dwarves, but greatly fear Elves and need to make a morale check of 7+ on 2d6 before they can be persuaded to move in to melee with them, as per Peasants in the Historical section of the *Chainmail* rules – a roll modified by any morale bonuses or penalties. If attacked by Elves, they get another -1 modifier to morale when checking to see if they stand after taking losses. They have a point value of 1.5.

Hobgoblins are made of slightly sterner stuff, attacking as armoured foot and defending as heavy foot. They have a base morale of 7 and will attack Elvish units on a 5+, though still lose 1 morale when fighting them. They have a point value of 2.5

Warg riders attack as Medium Horse, but defend as Light Horse and have a move of 18. They have morale 6, will attack Elves on 6+ and have the same weaknesses to daylight as other goblin units. Using the man-to-man table the Warg attacks footmen on the second round of melee as does a cavalry horse as if using a hand-axe. They have a value of 3.5.

#### **‘The Chief’s Geezers’**

Attack: AF Defend: HF Morale: HF (7) Move 6/6  
200 hard-as-nails hob-goblins, the biggest and ugliest in the tribe, equipped with motley suits of chain and crude plate and armed with cleaver like scimitars, knuckledusters and shields.  
PV 25

#### **‘The Slobbering Pack’**

Attack: MH Defend: LH Morale: LH (6) Move 18/24  
100 goblins mounted on wargs, equipped with morning-stars, leather armour and shields. Having a whale of a time raiding and looting and decked out in an improbable collection of stolen hobbit clothes. They especially like the sturdy clogs many hobbits wear in wet weather which are good for kicking folk in the head as they ride by and the ornate bonnets hobbit gentlewomen wear as they have so much starched lace they make fine lightweight helmets.  
PV 20

#### **‘The Dog’s Bollocks’**

Attack: MH Defend: LH Morale: LH (6) Move 18/24  
100 goblins mounted on wargs, equipped with morning-stars, leather armour and shields. Generally less flamboyant than their rival pack, but have taken to skinning house-cats and wearing their fur as leggings.  
PV 20

#### **‘Clan of the Poked Eye’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 goblins with leather armour, shields and spears. Better drilled than most goblins and can even form a schiltrom, an immobile hedge of spears with no flank or rear.  
PV 15

#### **‘Clan of the Bloody Nose’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 goblins with leather armour, shields and spears.  
PV 15

#### **‘The Cult of the Gimp’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 goblins with leather armour, shields and maces. They favour black leather masks in battle and there’s something a bit funny about the design of their war-clubs as well.  
PV 15

#### **‘The Spoonthieves’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 goblins with small shields and short swords. They have taken a shine to the silver teaspoons found in every reputable hobbit’s kitchen and wear them bent round their wrists and arms as bangles and poked through holes in their earlobes and the septums of their noses.  
PV 15

#### **‘Clan of the Painful Contusion’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 Goblins with leather armour, shields and morning-stars. Not the brightest of souls, 10% chance of misunderstanding any order and standing around arguing and hitting each other instead of getting on with it.  
PV 15

#### **‘Clan with No Name’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
200 Goblins with leather armour, shields and handaxes. They wear stolen blankets as capes and chew hobbit pipeweed. They used to be called the ‘Clan of the Upright Finger’ but thought their new image was ‘cooler.’  
PV 15

#### **‘The Scabpickers’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
100 goblin archers with knives and shortbows. Prone to scrofula and dandruff. Range 15.  
PV 22.5

#### **‘The Limpers’**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 8/11  
100 goblin archers with knives and shortbows. For reasons best known to themselves they chop off their right big toes as an initiation ritual; -1 on all movement. Range 15.  
PV 22.5

### **'The Pointy Hats'**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
100 goblin archers w/knives and shortbows. Wear pointy hats of leather stiffened with bone in honour of the goblin hero Gorbo the Vile, who had a pointy head. Range 15.  
PV 22.5

### **'The Piddlers'**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
100 goblin archers with handaxes and shortbows. Have a nasty habit of urinating on defeated foes, though a Gust of Wind spell deployed at the right moment will cure that.  
Range 15.  
PV 22.5

### **'Snotnose Snipers'**

Attack: HF Defend: LF Morale: LF (5) Move 9/12  
100 goblins with studded leather armour, light crossbows and handaxes. Reckon themselves elite for knowing one end of a crossbow from the other, which is admittedly more than most goblins do. Range 18, max 1 shot per turn and no indirect fire.  
PV 15

### **'The Rabble'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: P (3) Move 9/12  
200 miscellaneous camp followers, goblin wives and girlfriends, juveniles and other undesirables who have come to finish off the wounded and loot them. Count as peasants, with 3 morale and attacking as light foot, when they can be persuaded to attack at all.  
PV 10

### **'The Spivs'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: P (3) Move 9/12  
200 miscellaneous camp followers, thieving snot-goblins, knife sharpeners, rat-on-a-stick salesmen, tinkers and other undesirables who have come to finish off the wounded and loot them. Count as peasants, with 3 morale and attacking as light foot, when they can be persuaded to attack at all.  
PV 10

### **'The Muppets'**

Attack: LF Defend: LF Morale: P (3) Move 9/12  
200 goblins too gormless and/or cowardly to fight in the front line, but dragged along on wars anyway to carry stuff, get kicked about by bored goblin warriors and possibly serve as emergency rations. Count as peasants, with 3 morale and attacking as light foot, when they can be persuaded to attack at all.  
PV 10

## **Heroes**

### **Grand Warlord Yugki Black-Eye**

Hobgoblin Hero, Magic Weapon, Magic Armour, Morale +40, Move 6/6  
PV 40

He wears the skull of a cave bear as a helmet, and has a large and ornate black tattoo of some evil-looking sigil all over his right arm and a red breastplate with a weird cross shaped rune on it. He wields a two handed battle axe (same as Greatsword on man-to-man table) He was having a whale of a time duffing up the snivelling little peasants of Thistledown County but is distinctly unnerved by the arrival of actual Elves. As army commander any unit within 12" of him or the unit he leads gets +1 morale.

### **Howlin' Ulth**

Warg-Rider Hero, Leather Armour, Shield, Morning Star.  
Move 18/24  
PV 20

Ulth will probably be found leading one of the wolf rider packs, but may team up with a foot unit, scooting round their rear ranks on his wolf threatening to marmalise any snotty little toerag who breaks ranks and runs.

### **Argh Macnacca**

Magician, Halberd, Leather Armour, Morale +25, Move 9/12  
Spells (Complexity); Haste (3), Darkness (1), Detection (2)  
PV 70

Macnacca has been going round prophesying doom and destruction for weeks now, telling Yugki that he is a fool for going along with the so-called Great Goblin and that no good will come of invading what used to be elvish turf. Now that he has actual elves in front of him he will summon up his most blood curdling curses and try and take as many of the bastards with him as he can, but has no great expectation of himself or any of his fellow tribesmen surviving the battle. He has promised any unit who fights with him a place in the Pits of Mabelode, the Goblin Valhalla, so he still gives a morale bonus despite his monumental gloom. He wields a Gae Bolg, a broad headed barbed spear, equivalent to a halberd, and his Darkness spell is merely the reverse of the Light spell, not able to cause gloom over the whole battle field, just an 8" diameter circle caused by a massive flock of evil ravens.

### **The Ubergimp**

Goblin Hero, Leather Armour, Shield, Mace. Morale +20, Move 9/12  
PV 20

Dresses in highly polished black patent leather armour with shiny steel studs, a shiny black leather mask and thigh high boots and has a tendency to titter hysterically in the midst of battle.

## Lumpy

Hobgoblin Hero, Chainmail, Great Axe (as Greatsword),  
Morale Bonus +20, Move 9/12

PV 20

Lumpy is thick as two short planks, was probably dropped on his head as a goblin-imp, and certainly has the finest collection of wens, boils and pustules in the tribe. Non-goblins might be hard pressed to say what his leadership qualities are, but the rank and file like him as he is too dense to claim the usual leader's share of any plunder (ie almost all of it, with gifts dished out to special cronies and bootlickers).

**Total PV = 460**

## Special Circumstances

**1 – Pigskins:** Two goblin units have pigskins they can inflate and use to cross the stream given one round to blow them up. This is far from a reliable way of crossing water, with a 1 in 6 chance per 20 goblins of sinking and drowning.

**2 – Fortified Inn:** One unit of archers has had the wits to start inside the Thornbush Inn which has been fortified into a miniature castle. This gives 40 Goblins (2 stands at 1:20) cover from indirect fire and a saving throw of 3-6 on 1d6 against direct fire. Another 60 goblins can stand in the inn yard, with indirect fire possible, and a save of 4-6 against direct fire. The wall round the yard is a 10 point palisade and the mostly subterranean inn is a 25 point rampart.

**3 – An Ill Wind:** Can be used on any turn but only if Argh Macnacca is still alive. Argh unleashes his most potent curse, a complexity 1 spell which will reduce the weather number by -2 per turn it is effective until it reaches -1, which it will remain at for 1d3 turns before improving to a mere 0. Thick black clouds cover the sun with dark clouds and makes a cold wind blows up out of the north. This temporarily negates loss of morale due to sun for Goblins, and gives the enemy -1 morale and loss of 3 inches of range when firing missiles northwards. Can be counter spelled by an enemy magician, and once Macnacca has got the weather down to -1 he cannot use the curse again.

**4 – Lash Masters:** Equipping the goblin sergeants with a cat o'nine tails puts some pep into the rank and file. This gives +1 morale in three goblin units.

**5 – The Return of Gorbac's Lads:** A unit of wolf riders is kept off the field at the start of the game and can come on from any side at any point in the battle to represent a returning raiding party.

**6 – Toadwort Lacquer Arrows:** One goblin archer unit gets a one use +1 on dice in missile combat due to a nasty venom they have brewed up from a local mushroom and painted on their arrowheads.

**7 – Troll:** A troll has been tempted out of his dark and grimy cavern by the promise of lots of fresh hobbit meat. He hates sunlight and suffers even worse ill effects than Goblins do, and lurks under the bridge itself for as much of the battle as he can. When enemies actually set foot on the bridge he will make himself known... He can only be slain by a hero or a unit with magic weapons. Heroes with magic weapons get +2 to their roll. PV 75.

**8 – Wolf Totem:** This standard can be held by either of the wolf rider units, and as well as adding to the units morale it adds +2 inches to charge distance. It is held by a Goblin Wolf Shaman riding on a Warg, if he is killed the benefit is lost.

## Seer

Morning Star, Leather. Morale +20, Move 18/24.

Spells (Complexity): Haste (3)

PV 20

**9 – Tea Break:** Can be played in turn 4, 5 or 6. This card forces all hobbit units not actually in combat or within one move of an enemy unit to sit down and have some elevenses, all units immediately becoming disorganised and requiring one round to form up again, during which they cannot move or attack. Units within one move of an enemy will retreat in good order before breaking out the picnic baskets. The hobbits will be genuinely shocked that battles do not generally have tea breaks, and will be upset if an uncouth goblin unit assaults them while they are having a bite to eat with -2 to any morale check. *Ref's Note:* If the hobbit player has the 'Best Beer in the Eastmarch' card this is an opportunity for units equipped with Rosie's ale to have another pint and regain or extend any bonus.

**10 – Raids!** Argh Macnacca's powers of prophecy gave fair warning of the enemy advance and Yugki's evil warmaking genius came up with a nasty plan; stage very public and very bloody terror raids on the unprotected hobbit villages. Remove one goblin archer unit, and reduce Hobbit morale by 3. Every 100 soldiers the Hobbits divert to deal with the raids reduces this penalty by 1, i.e. taking three hundred men out of the line to guard the villages will negate the penalty. The Goblin archers can return on any turn after turn 6, the hobbits will come back 3-6 turns later, rolling separately for each unit.

**Player Characters in the Battle:** PCs can fight in the battle independently or may lead a unit. Whether a given PC has sufficient talent, charisma and reputation with the hobbits (or the goblins, if evil) to grant a morale bonus to the unit is up to the referee. Even without this bonus, a character may accompany a unit and gain some protection from being shot at or overrun by hundreds of goblins at a time in the middle of a battle.



**Notes on the Battlefield:** The battlefield is criss-crossed with hedges between two and three foot high, full of thorny bushes and nettles. Crossing a hedge takes three inches of movement, and they provide soft cover against missiles if a unit is within 1 inch of it. A hobbit unit with 'polearms' essentially has all the tools necessary to remove a section of hedge entirely if they spend a turn attacking it.

The hobbit holes on the map are thoroughly looted and caved in and cannot be entered by either side.

The woodlands are coppiced round the edges, but have taller trees between 20 and 30 feet in height further in, plus extensive ground cover of ivy and brambles. Units on the



The goblin camp is made up of crude tents made from wooden poles and branches and skins, many freshly stripped from the local livestock, so it will not be easy to set on fire. If the hobbit player occupies the camp it will have no effect on goblin morale – no goblin is daft enough to leave his loot behind in the camp where the thieving snot-goblins can rifle it while he is away fighting.

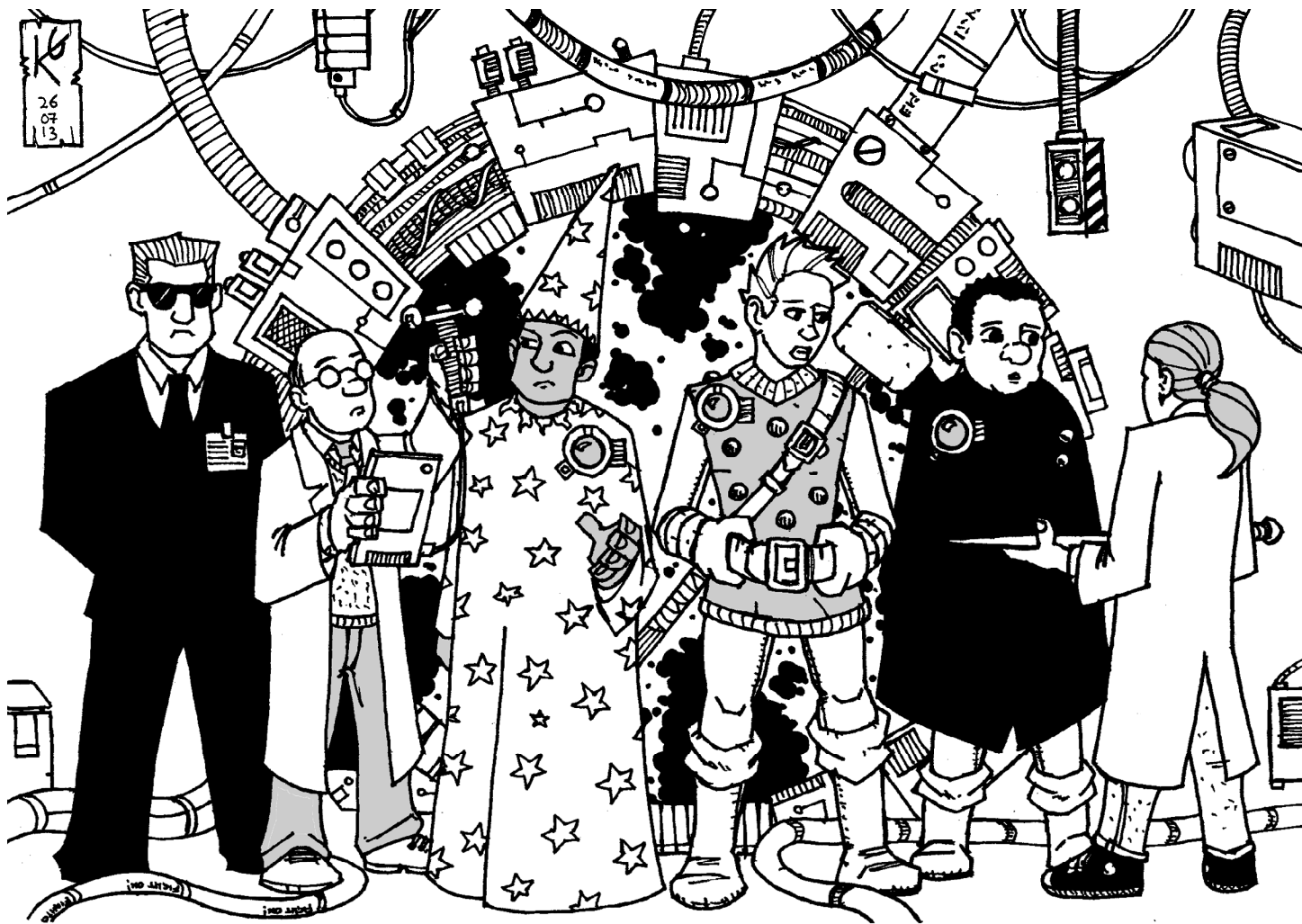
**What Next?** This scenario could be extended into a full blown military campaign, using the map from “Small-weed’s Ride” (FO! #8) for army-scale manoeuvres. If the GM has Dave Arneson’s *First Fantasy Campaign* he could assign budgets and create tables of available troops for each district of Thistledown County controlled.

In any case if the hobbits win, they may find themselves facing a counter attack a day or two later, but they will have elven reinforcements (possibly with a few more hobbit volunteer units mustered at Market Dafton) on their way. The goblins might try crossing the ford at Lower Towsley and moving to cut the line of communication with the Elfwood. An immediate advance on Chalkdelve may catch the Great Goblin unawares, or result in a bloody ambush. The Great Goblin might decide to make an immediate all out assault on the town before help can arrive.



If the hobbits lose at Sixwillows, then Market Dafton will be the next place attacked, and possibly a battle will be fought in the bleak hills ‘round Shank’s End. And if some hero recovers the Grand Shirrif’s horn, which can summon a regiment of fairies, or rallies the hard-pressed hobbits round the last descendant of the True Thane of Thistledown (whoever that may be), or rediscovers the rituals of the Morrigan once held at Runestone Round, the course of the war may be changed once again! Ω





# The CROWN

campaign précis by Jonathan Linneman

On September 23, 1999, NASA lost the Mars Climate Orbiter. In a calculation error that has become known as the “metric mixup,” the craft approached the red planet from a dangerous angle and disintegrated in seconds.

That’s the story we heard, anyway. In fact, that’s the story that NASA believed – until a few months later, on Christmas morning, when technicians working the holiday at Cape Canaveral arrived to find a rather unexpected gift in Hangar AC – the orbiter, in pristine condition. Pristine except for one major alteration: the craft had been gutted of most of its scientific instruments. In their place stood what appeared to be a large, golden music box. The orbiter was carefully transferred to an underground lab, and its reappearance was wiped from NASA records.

It took many months of serious examination before scientists felt it was safe to wind the box. They started the music on the morning of August 21, 2001. Its ethereal harmonies resonated through the hallways of the lab as the massive golden cylinder turned...and turned...and turned.

It soon became clear that the music box was powered by more than our usual physical laws. What’s more, each time the cylinder completed a revolution, when the tune should have repeated itself, new patterns appeared in the music, taking it into entirely new realms.

On May 28, 2006, researchers finally had a breakthrough. The songs were more than music; they were a code. And they told stories. Stories of magical lands filled with creatures from myth, from faery tales, and from nightmares. There were tales of knights and dragons, of war and exploration, of death and treasure. And most importantly, there were stories of outsiders venturing to these lands, and descriptions of how they did this. A few officials immediately organized the Commission for Research on Otherworldly Narratives (the CROWN) and began to recruit their team in secret. Early in the morning on February 19, 2011, the world’s very first extraplanar traveler – half-jokingly referred to by CROWN leaders as the world’s first “dungeonaut” – prepared to set foot in the realm of the fantastic...

**CROwN Agents:** Those who adventure for the CROwN perform a variety of jobs on their journeys. While some agents are skilled in multiple areas, there are four key roles that most agents fill:

- *CROwN Soldiers* are the fighters of each group. This is no trivial task, as the use of modern technologies is largely forbidden on missions (in order to avoid unnecessary attention). Soldiers, therefore, must be trained in the use of weapons common in the lands they visit: swords, axes, and the like, along with the occasional black powder firearm.
- *CROwN Spies* are experts at subterfuge, helping the adventuring party in tasks such as disabling traps and picking locks and pockets. Spies are typically agile and sneaky, and other members of their teams often debate the level of trust they should be granted.
- Many stories told by the music box include characters with the ability to manipulate reality in ways that researchers can only refer to as “magic.” The means of wielding this force is gradually being unraveled by the CROwN, and some agents are trained in these mysterious arts. *CROwN Scientists* spend hours studying arcane texts and practicing spellcraft in secret labs. As a result, they gain the ability to alter the world around them in a wide variety of ways.
- *CROwN Medics*, meanwhile, do not gain the wider perspective of the scientists, but their magic is seen by many as much more practical in nature. Medics often learn spells of healing and of fighting undead nuisances encountered on missions.

**Adventuring for the CROwN:** Most CROwN missions involve a very specific objective that will add to modern-day knowledge of wonders, advances, and threats from outside our world. The ease of sticking to the objective varies greatly by mission. Some recent adventures undertaken by CROwN agents include:

- Exploring a dungeon to retrieve a sample of “living metal,” an alloy reported to grow organically and behave much like a plant or colonial animal. Naturally, such a dungeon attracted a sizable population of rust monsters...
- Investigating the twisted grove of a mad druid to search for clues to the origin of the fearsome owlbear.
- Collecting tomes from libraries on various worlds in order to conduct an analysis of multiversal linguistics.

Missions are often quite deadly, especially for new agents.

**Standard Issue:** Besides the standard and mission-specific adventuring equipment carried by agents, CROwN scientists have developed some items that are now considered standard issue for all adventures:

- *Orb of Vision* – All agents are issued one of these small crystal globes, which can be carried or worn attached to the uniform. The orb of vision magically illuminates a 30’ radius around its wearer. It also records all that the agent encounters, so that adventures can be easily reviewed by CROwN officials upon return.
- *Planar Scroll* – Each agent also receives one of these scrolls, which provides transport back to our world. By reading the scroll’s inscription, an agent is quickly warped into our reality. However, the agent must read the scroll while in the exact location where he or she arrived in the fantastic realm. For each 10’ in any direction that the agent is located away from this spot when reading from the scroll, there is a 5% chance that the adventurer will be transported to a random world or plane, rather than back to CROwN headquarters.
- *Good Green* – Agency botanists have managed to cultivate, in limited amounts, a rather remarkable herb encountered on an early mission. Every agent begins travel with one dose of this plant, which has received the simple nickname “good green” for its ability to cure all diseases and curses encountered thus far on adventures, as well as providing 1d6 of healing when eaten.

Infinite Worlds of Wonder Await! Now is the time to show your loyalty to the CROwN!



# Hargravean Descriptionators

tables to trust by Jeff Reints

## d100 WALLS

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 01-02 | black basalt   |
| 03    | black basalt with silver and gold flecks                         |
| 04-05 | black marble   |
| 06-07 | black obsidian   |
| 08    | black onyx carved with obscene pictograms                        |
| 09-10 | blood red jade   |
| 11    | blue fur!  |
| 12-13 | blue marble  |
| 14    | brilliant green crystal with flickering, dancing points of light |
| 15-16 | burnished copper   |
| 17-18 | coal   |
| 19-20 | covered with lichens, moss & slime                               |
| 21-22 | cracked, crumbling tan sandstone                                 |
| 23    | deep red carnelian   |
| 24    | dry, crumbly red sandstone                                       |
| 25-26 | dull red quartz  |
| 27-28 | dusty granite  |
| 29-30 | dusty, cracked, crumbling basalt                                 |
| 31-32 | fired brick  |
| 33-34 | glittering mica with strange swirls of green copper              |
| 35-36 | granite covered with black velvet drapes                         |
| 37-38 | granite covered with silver leaf                                 |
| 39-40 | granite covered with tapestries depicting pastoral scenes        |
| 41-42 | granite painted purple   |
| 43-44 | green nephrite   |
| 45-46 | green obsidian   |
| 47-48 | grey granite behind purple silk drapes                           |
| 49-50 | grey granite covered by 4" thick glass                           |
| 51-52 | grey-green malachite   |
| 53-54 | iron ore   |
| 55    | magical mirror surface   |
| 56-57 | milky white marble   |
| 58-59 | old grey iron festooned with spider webs                         |
| 60-61 | old, dry pine paneling   |
| 62-63 | pale blue marble   |
| 64-65 | pale golden sandstone  |
| 66-67 | pale red translucent glass                                       |
| 68-69 | pale violet marble   |

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 70    | pale violet marble with white swirls and golden flecks   |
| 71-72 | pale yellow marble                                       |
| 73-74 | pale, streaked green jade                                |
| 75    | paneled with polished cherrywood                         |
| 76-77 | pearl grey stone   |
| 78    | phosphorescent blue plastic (emits deadly gas if burned) |
| 79-80 | pitted, corroded, acid-etched bronze                     |
| 81-82 | polished copper  |
| 85-86 | polished granite   |
| 85-86 | red marble with silver swirls                            |
| 87-88 | red painted limestone                                    |
| 89-90 | red, crumbly sandstone                                   |
| 91    | rough white quartz with iron pyrite sparkles             |
| 92-93 | rough, grey granite                                      |
| 94    | rusty, flaking iron                                      |
| 95-96 | solid granite  |
| 97    | translucent black obsidian                               |
| 98    | unfinished diamond                                       |
| 99-00 | wet grey granite with lots of moss                       |

## d100 CEILING

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 01    | 6" wide bars of glowing crystal (illuminate room)  |
| 02-03 | black basalt with red jade inlay depicting giant fanged mouth surrounded by swirling tentacles |
| 04-05 | black basalt with silver and gold flecks   |
| 06-07 | black marble   |
| 08-09 | black obsidian   |
| 10-11 | black onyx carved with obscene pictograms  |
| 12-13 | brilliant green crystal with flickering, dancing points of light                               |
| 14-15 | carved & arabesqued white marble   |
| 16-17 | copper plated with silver  |
| 18-19 | covered with lichens, moss & slime   |
| 20-21 | cracked tan sandstone, dust and debris crumbling down  |
| 22-23 | crumbling pale golden sandstone  |
| 24-25 | deep purple marble   |
| 26-27 | dull red quartz lit from within, filling room with pinkish glow                                |
| 28-29 | dusty granite  |
| 30-31 | dusty, cracked, crumbling basalt with large, cave-in prone crack                               |
| 32    | eerie green glow   |
| 33    | fired brick with small jets of blue flame (very hot in here!)                                  |
| 34    | granite covered with silver leaf   |
| 35    | green nephrite painted with hieroglyphs faded into illegibility                                |

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 36-37 | green obsidian   |
| 38-39 | grey granite covered by 4" thick glass                             |
| 40-41 | grey-green malachite   |
| 42    | iron ore   |
| 43    | magical mirror surface   |
| 44-45 | milky white marble   |
| 46-47 | mirror polished steel  |
| 48-49 | natural stone with stalactites so long some nearly reach the floor |
| 50-51 | nondescript stone painted pale blue                                |
| 52-53 | old grey iron festooned with spider webs                           |
| 53-54 | old, faded pentagram   |
| 55-56 | pale blue marble   |
| 57-58 | pale green marble  |
| 59-60 | pale red translucent glass   |
| 61-62 | pale violet jade   |
| 63    | pale violet marble with white swirls and golden flecks             |
| 64-65 | pale yellow marble   |
| 66-67 | pale yellow marble   |
| 68-69 | pale, streaked green jade  |
| 70    | patches of slightly phosphorescent lichen                          |
| 71-72 | pearl grey stone   |
| 73-74 | pitted, corroded, acid-etched bronze                               |
| 75-76 | polished copper  |
| 77-78 | red marble with silver swirls                                      |
| 79-80 | red sandstone  |
| 81-82 | red, crumbly sandstone   |
| 83-84 | rough, grey granite  |
| 85-86 | rusty, flaking iron with faded cabalistic design                   |
| 87    | sequin sparkle stars   |
| 88-89 | solid granite  |
| 90-91 | tan granite  |
| 92    | thick, clear quartz with glowing lava above                        |
| 93-94 | translucent black obsidian   |
| 95    | unfinished diamond   |
| 96-97 | wet grey granite slowly dripping water                             |
| 98    | yellow marble with dripping bloodstain on ceiling                  |
| 99-00 | yellow pointed granite   |



## d100 FLOOR

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 01    | 3' deep very dry old straw                                       |
| 02-03 | 3' of brown, mucky water   |
| 04-05 | 4' of dirt over stone  |
| 06-07 | black basalt with silver and gold flecks                         |
| 08    | black basalt with silver inlay in spiral pattern                 |
| 09-10 | black marble   |
| 11-12 | black obsidian   |
| 13-14 | blue marble  |
| 15-16 | blue painted concrete  |
| 17    | brilliant green crystal with flickering, dancing points of light |
| 18-19 | dry, crumbly red sandstone                                       |
| 20-21 | dull red quartz  |
| 22-23 | dusty granite  |
| 24-25 | dusty, cracked, crumbling basalt                                 |
| 26    | fine red crystal sand  |
| 27    | fine wool oval rug   |
| 28    | fire pit with eerie green flames                                 |
| 29-30 | fired brick  |
| 31-32 | glittering mica with strange swirls of green copper              |
| 33-34 | granite covered with silver leaf                                 |
| 35-36 | green nephrite   |
| 37-38 | green obsidian   |
| 39-40 | grey granite covered by 4" thick glass                           |
| 41-42 | grey-green malachite   |
| 43-44 | iron ore   |
| 45-46 | lavender marble  |
| 47-48 | loose dirt on rough, grey granite                                |
| 49-50 | low ground fog (3' or so) over slippery wet grey granite         |
| 51-52 | magical mirror surface   |
| 53-54 | milky white marble   |
| 55-56 | mirror polished steel  |
| 57-60 | Nondescript grey stone   |
| 61-62 | Nondescript stone painted pale blue                              |
| 63-64 | old grey iron  |
| 65    | pale red translucent glass                                       |
| 66    | pale violet marble with white swirls and golden flecks           |
| 67-68 | pale yellow marble   |
| 69-70 | pearl grey stone   |
| 71-72 | pitted, corroded, acid-etched bronze                             |
| 73-74 | red carnelian  |
| 75-76 | red marble with silver swirls                                    |
| 77-78 | red, crumbly sandstone   |
| 79    | rough white quartz with iron pyrite sparkles                     |



Snow  
Jenny Alvey 1998

|       |                                  |
|-------|----------------------------------|
| 80-81 | rusty red iron                   |
| 82    | rusty, flaking iron              |
| 83-84 | shiny steel                      |
| 85-86 | slippery smooth pale blue marble |
| 87-88 | smooth pale golden sandstone     |
| 89-90 | smooth red marble                |
| 91    | solid granite                    |

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 92-93 | tile mosaic depicting demons slaughtering elves          |
| 94-95 | tile mosaic of reds whites and blues in a floral pattern |
| 96-97 | translucent black obsidian                               |
| 98    | unfinished diamond                                       |
| 99-00 | yellow marble with puddle of blood                       |

## d100 OTHER FEATURES

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 01-02 | air glows pale green                                      |
| 03-05 | bitter, metallic odor                                     |
| 06-08 | blood splattered about                                    |
| 09-11 | chandelier(s) with oil lamps                              |
| 12-13 | crystal chandelier  |
| 14-15 | darkness spell only counterable with a wish               |
| 16-18 | doors of brass bound oak with ivory skull-themed knockers |
| 19-21 | doors of brass bound seasoned oak 18" thick               |
| 22-24 | doors of burnished copper                                 |
| 25-27 | doors of dull iron  |
| 28-29 | doors of fire-blackened iron                              |
| 30-32 | doors of highly polished bronze                           |
| 33-34 | doors of iron sheathed in tarnished copper                |
| 35-36 | doors of silver-plated steel                              |
| 37-39 | dust covering everything                                  |
| 40-42 | every surface painted with horrible cabalistic designs    |
| 43-45 | filled with giant toadstools                              |
| 46-47 | glass globe containing neon red gas, illuminating room    |
| 48-49 | glass orb glowing with daylight equivalent                |
| 50-51 | green malachite steps up to an altar                      |
| 52-54 | huge masses of cobwebs in corners                         |
| 55-56 | odor of burnt pepper                                      |
| 57-59 | odor of rotting meat                                      |
| 60-61 | oily quality to the air                                   |
| 62-63 | pale blue haze smells of licorice                         |
| 64-66 | pile of bones and rusted weapons/armor                    |
| 67-69 | room filled with glowing golden fog                       |
| 70-72 | room smells of cinnamon and fried chicken                 |
| 73-75 | shattered and partially dissolved bones                   |
| 76-79 | shiny polished sconces every 3'                           |
| 81-83 | smell of licorice   |
| 84-85 | smell of lilies   |
| 86-87 | smell of peppermint                                       |
| 88-90 | smell of sulphur  |
| 91-92 | tinkling sound like windchimes                            |
| 93-96 | torches in brass sconces                                  |
| 97-00 | white marble pillars                                      |





monsters by Jeff Rients

## Dungeon Chicken

Armor Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1

Move: 90' (30')/Fly 30' (10')  
for short bursts

Attacks: 1 peck

Damage: d6

No. Appearing: d6 (0)

Alignment: Normal Man

Treasure Type: none

Morale: 11

Description: These large belligerent hens are reputedly descendants of the legendary Black Pullet of Brygstowe, slain during the reign of King Arthur. One in twenty encounters with these creatures will include a cockatrice. Dungeon chickens make for fine eats. They are big enough that one carcass properly cooked can feed d4+2 adventurers, halflings counting double.

## Seaweed Colossus

Armor Class: 6 [13]

Hit Dice: 5

Move: 90' (30')

Attacks: 2 fists

Damage: d6/d6

No. Appearing: d4 (d4)

Alignment: Chaotic

Treasure Type: 2 gems per monster

Morale: 10

Description: The eyes of these hulking mounds of seaweed take the form of a matched pair of gems. Roll randomly for each individual colossus for value and gem type. If one of these seaborne brutes strikes a single foe with both fists, their victim will be drawn into their kelpy body. Those so entangled take 1 point of damage per round and can take no action save to

draw a dagger and attempt to cut themselves free at -4 to-hit. Fire attacks do half damage to these moist freaks.

## The Hideous Thing Spotted On Level

### Two

Armor Class: 2 [17]

Hit Dice: 6

Move: 150' (50')

Attacks: 2 claws/1 sting/1 gaze

Damage: d10/d10/d4 + lethal poison/special

No. Appearing: d2 (d4)

Alignment: Chaotic

Treasure Type: D/XIX

Morale: 9

Description: Seen once in the dungeons below Castle Dundagel, this enigmatic being may be distantly related to the mantichore. It resembles a giant scorpion with the head of a hideous, shark-toothed hag. Whoever stares into the glowing, pupilless eyes of this horror must save versus paralyzation or fall under its hideous sway for d3 rounds. During this time the victim can take no action and each round he or she loses d6 points of Intelligence. Magic Users (including Elves of the BX variety) lose their spellcasting ability when drained to under 9 Int. All other classes lose their special abilities when reduced to 1 or 2 points of Int. Any poor wretch reduced to zero Intelligence suffers a horrible fate: their head explodes messily. Survivors of the pitiless gaze of this monster regain Intelligence points at a rate of one per day. Ω

# Fight on!



# Artifacts, Adjuncts, and Oddments:

## The Three Artifacts of the Demon Senders

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Ages ago beyond reckoning, there were brought in the bowels of the earth deep beneath what is now the ancient Great Kingdom, nearly 400 miles north of castle Greyhawk, a set of powerful artifacts dealing with the demons and elements. These items were the sum of 20 years of study, hardship, strain, and peril by the wizards Xylarthen, Zaln and Blyzze. From then on, their dominion increased, and they have been known ever after as the Demon Senders. These relics were lost with passing time, and kings now inhabit the lands where once only mighty wizards dared to tread....

**The Four Stones of Xylarthen:** These gems appear as ordinary rocks that cannot be detected as magical in any way. When grasped, the illusion is lifted, revealing four pearls – black, blue, red, and white, each with an intrinsic value of 2,000 gp. A command word (DM’s choice) is inscribed upon the surface of each separate gem, and when it is spoken aloud an elemental will be summoned forth (according to the statistics below).

|                       | Black<br>(Earth)         | Blue<br>(Water)   | Red<br>(Fire)       | White<br>(Air)          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| Armor Class           | 0                        | 1                 | 2                   | 3                       |
| Movement              | 6”                       | 9”                | 12”                 | 24”                     |
| Hit Points            | 96                       | 80                | 64                  | 48                      |
| Level                 | 12                       | 10                | 8                   | 6                       |
| Spell Resistance      | 12th level<br>Magic-User | 9th level<br>Lord | 8th level<br>Cleric | 7th level<br>Magic-User |
| Hit By                | +3 or better             | +2 or better      | +1 or better        | Normal weapons only     |
| Attacks               | 1/4-48                   | 1/3-24            | 1/2-20              | 1/2-16                  |
| # of Times Summonable | 8                        | 10                | 12                  | 16                      |

They are summonable once per day, even if some other magic-user or being has summoned a like elemental. When summoned to their limit, the stone teleports away to some nether locale. These elementals are very intelligent and will bargain for their release in exchange for alert and responsible performance (e.g. “the elemental did not have to warn you of the green slime on the ceiling he saw but you didn’t see.”). Unless some sort of agreement can be worked out, they will perform stolidly and unimaginatively as one of their wizard-summoned cousins generally would.

An agreement could be releasing it from one or more of its extra total summonings, not summoning it for a month, etc. The gems are their soul objects and this keeps the elemental from attacking their master, for pearls are easily crushed, thus doing away (for good) with the elemental. If killed in any other way, excepting this fashion, they will return to the gem to be called forth again with full hit points. As a special addition to these magical stones, when all four of the *Stones of Xylarthen* are brought together they form a ring with these additional powers:

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| Black Pearl    | Move earth (as spell) twice a day.   |
| Blue Pearl     | Water breathing spell twice a day.   |
| Red Pearl      | Create a wall of fire twice a day.   |
| White Pearl    | Fly (as the spell) twice a day.  |
| Combined Power | Summon All Four Elementals: All four elementals appear and fight. Due to the combined mental strain of summoning and controlling them all, there is a 25% chance of instant insanity. This uses all remaining summonings of all elementals, so the ring flies apart and all four pearls teleport away when this power is used. |

These artifacts are usable by fighters, clerics, magic-users, and thieves.

**The Skull Staff of Zaln:** This is a 4’ high staff of ebony having atop it a skull of ivory. Below the skull is a tassel of red and a tassel of green. Constructed into the staff, inches below the tassels, is the ancient sign for warding off or controlling demons, a pentagram made of gold. The powers are varied depending upon the person wielding it:

| Wielded By            | Item Effects  |
|-----------------------|---|
| Lama or Patriarch     | Skull turns in direction of danger (eyes glowing green), direction of metal (eyes glowing purple) and direction of gems (eyes glowing orange). Range is 100’ including through obstructions.  |
|                       | Tassles (red) give an automatic protection from evil (20’ radius) and (green) add +3 to the dexterity of the wielder  |
|                       | Pentagram dispels any elemental or (1 <sup>st</sup> - 6 <sup>th</sup> order) demon upon touch (successful hit) and does 4-40 points of damage to those above the 6 <sup>th</sup> order. It glows white when there are demons within 200’. |
| Necromancer or Wizard | Skull as above  |
|                       | Tassles (red) create a wall of demon fire (x2 strength wall of fire) for 2-20 turns and (green) add +2 to dexterity of wielder  |
|                       | Pentagram summons all elementals as a staff of wizardry, dispels 1 <sup>st</sup> - 4 <sup>th</sup> order demons upon touch, deals 2-24 points of damage to all others and glows gray if demons are within 100”of the user.                |

|                  |  |  |
|------------------|--|--|
| Evil Lama or EHP | Skull (as above)   |  |
|                  | Tassles (red) create 3 blade barriers/day and (green) add +1 to Dexterity of user.   |  |
|                  | Pentagram dispels demons of the 1 <sup>st</sup> - 6 <sup>th</sup> order, elementals, invisible stalkers, and all enchanted (including charmed) monsters, and deals 5-50 damage to all other demons. It also will summon 3 class I, 2 class II, and 1 class III demons. It glows a blackish hue if demons are within 50'. |  |



**The Copper Hoop of Blyzze:** This magical hoop is large enough for a dwarf to step through without bowing. When set and spun it will do the things listed below, according to the speed with which it was spun. One merely tries to reach into the hoop whilst it is spinning. There are varying degrees of success (also according to the speed it was spinning when it was reached into). Of course, the faster it is spinning, the harder it is to reach within and the greater

|  |       |  |
|--|-------|--|
| Speed 1 –<br>Chance of failing<br>is a 2 on two six-<br>sided dice | 01-55 | 2-20 1st level monsters/beings are drawn forth for 3 turns.  |
|  | 56-90 | A wand of magic or enemy detection is brought forth. It will function 3 times and then disappears. |
|  | 91-99 | 1-10 2 <sup>nd</sup> level monsters/beings come forth for 6 full turns.                            |
|  | 00    | A 1 <sup>st</sup> order demon comes forth and serves for 10 melee rounds.                          |

the power, etc., acquired. The user controls the speed and is the only one allowed to reach within.

|   |       |   |
|---|-------|---|
| Speed 2 –<br>Chance of failing<br>is a 2, 3, 11, 12<br>on two six-sided<br>dice | 01-40 | 2-12 4 <sup>th</sup> level monsters/beings are drawn forth for 2 full turns.  |
|   | 41-55 | A wand of cold or fireballs is drawn forth. They have 10 charges each and when expended disappear.  |
|   | 56-75 | 2-8 6 <sup>th</sup> level monsters/beings are summoned forth for 2 full turns.  |
|   | 76-90 | A sword (12 intelligence, 1 ego) of the summoner's alignment appears. It disappears after slaying anything above 7 <sup>th</sup> level (including combined levels).                     |
|   | 91-99 | 3 1 <sup>st</sup> order demons appear for 20 melee rounds.  |
|   | 00    | A 3 <sup>rd</sup> order demon appears for 10 melee rounds.  |
| Speed 3 –<br>Chance of failing<br>is 2-8 on two six-<br>sided dice.             | 01-50 | 2-5 7 <sup>th</sup> level monsters/beings appear and serve for 1 full turn.   |
|   | 51-70 | A rod of cancellation or staff of commanding appears. The rod, of course, contains 1 charge, and the staff contains 10. They disappear after the expenditure of their allotted charges. |
|   | 71-85 | 4 1 <sup>st</sup> order demons appear and serve for 20 melee rounds.  |
|   | 86-90 | 3 2 <sup>nd</sup> order demons appear and server for 15 melee rounds.   |
|   | 91-99 | 2 3 <sup>rd</sup> order demons appear and server for 10 melee rounds.   |
|   | 00    | A 4 <sup>th</sup> order demon appears and servers for 5 melee rounds.   |
| Speed 4 –<br>Chance of failing<br>is 2-10 on two<br>six-sided dice.             | 01-50 | 1-4 9 <sup>th</sup> level monsters/beings appear and serve for 5 melee rounds.  |
|   | 51-70 | A rod of lordly might or a staff of power appear for 2-20 days for the rod or 2-12 days for the staff. They will disappear after this time and have full powers and charges.            |
|   | 71-99 | 2 5 <sup>th</sup> order demons appear for 5 melee rounds.   |
|   | 00    | A God or Demon Prince appears for 3 melee rounds.   |

If the user fails on the roll to reach within he must wait for 1, 2, 3, or 4 weeks (according to the speed at which the attempt was made) to try once again. Ω





# Pit Traps

tables we fell for by Wayne Rossi

Add variety to standard dungeon pit encounters! Roll on table 1 for pit depth, table 2 for pit dimensions, table 3 for what is covering the pit, and table 4 for special features.

**Table 1: Depth of Pit**

|       |                                      |
|-------|--------------------------------------|
| 01-10 | 5 feet (1d2 damage)                  |
| 11-50 | 10 feet (1d6 damage)                 |
| 51-65 | 15 feet (1d6+1 damage)               |
| 66-80 | 20 feet (2d6 damage)                 |
| 81-90 | 25 feet (2d6+1 damage)               |
| 91-99 | 30 feet (3d6 damage)                 |
| 00    | Infinite (characters fall “forever”) |

**Table 2: Width and Length of Pit**

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 01-10 | 2 feet by 2 feet (victims may become stuck) |
| 11-30 | 5 feet by 5 feet                            |
| 31-50 | 10 feet by 5 feet                           |
| 51-80 | 10 feet by 10 feet                          |
| 81-90 | 10 feet by 20 feet                          |
| 91-00 | 10 feet by 30 feet                          |

**Table 3: Trap Covering**

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 01-10 | Open pit   |
| 11-30 | Trap Door, Stays Open  |
| 31-40 | Trap Door, Resets after 1d6 turns  |
| 41-50 | Solid Wood (breaks if >200 lbs weighs on pit)                                      |
| 51-60 | Glass (shatters if >100 lbs weighs on pit)   |
| 61-70 | Loose stone (crumbles to reveal pit beneath)                                       |
| 71-80 | Sliding slab of stone (moves away; resets itself after 1d6 turns)                  |
| 81-90 | Cloth (goes into the pit first)  |
| 91-95 | Illusion of actual floor (can be disbelieved if pole or other object goes through) |
| 96-00 | Solid stone; magically disintegrates with >200 lbs                                 |

**Table 4: Special Features**

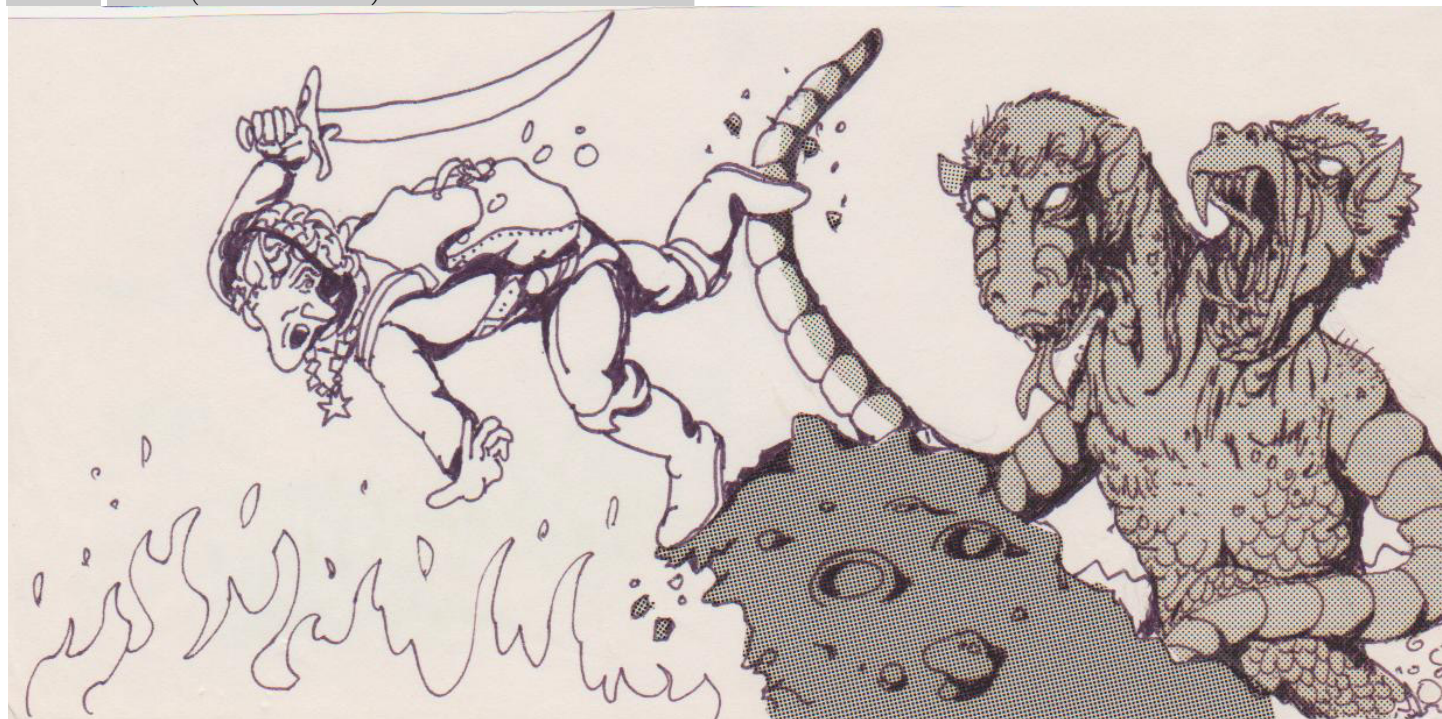
|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 01-35 | Bare Floor  |
| 36-45 | Punji Stakes, Wooden (add 1d4 damage)             |
| 46-65 | Spikes, Metal (add 1d6 damage)                    |
| 66-70 | Spikes, Metal, Poisoned (add 1d6 damage + poison) |
| 71-80 | Animal (consult Table 5)                          |
| 81-90 | Carrion   |
| 91-00 | Filled (consult Table 6)                          |

**Table 5: Animals in Trap**

|       |                        |
|-------|------------------------|
| 01-30 | Rats, Normal (2-12)    |
| 31-50 | Rats, Giant (1-6)      |
| 51-60 | Lizards, Giant (1-2)   |
| 61-70 | Beetles, Giant (2-8)   |
| 71-80 | Insect Swarm (various) |
| 81-85 | Snakes, Cobra (1-4)    |
| 86-90 | Snakes, Vipers (1-4)   |
| 91-95 | Killer Bees (2-12)     |
| 96-00 | Bear, Black (1)        |

**Table 6: Filled Traps**

|       |  |
|-------|--|
| 01-50 | Water, Normal (if deeper than 5 feet, armored characters may drown unless rescued) |
| 51-55 | Water, Icy (1d2 damage/turn from hypothermia until victim leaves)                  |
| 56-60 | Water, Boiling (1d6 dmg/round 'til victim leaves)                                  |
| 61-65 | Water, Contaminated (10% cumulative chance/round of catching disease)              |
| 66-70 | Tar (extremely sticky, takes 2 turns/individual to extract if possible)            |
| 71-75 | Acid (1d3 damage/round, destroys wood, leather etc. in 1 round, metal in 1 turn)   |
| 76-80 | Poisonous liquid   |
| 81-85 | Gray Ooze  |
| 86-90 | Green Slime  |
| 91-95 | Ochre Jelly  |
| 96-00 | Black Pudding  |





# Tracking Item Charges

a simple system by Jeremy Deram

There are two properties of wands and similar items that make them a pain in the butt: they have a finite number of charges, and the player/PC generally isn't supposed to know how many charges there are. This creates a responsibility for the GM that he'd rather not deal with. Thus, I present this simple solution.

Each magic item is assigned a two-part code when it is found. The first part is the first letter of a color – green (G), yellow (Y), or red (R). The second part is a number – 4, 6, 8, 10, or 12. The resultant code would be G6 or R12, or something like that. If desired, this can be described in game terms by stating that the item has a small crystal on it that gives off a very faint light of a particular color (green, yellow, or red), and/or a tiny number etched in the crystal. After using this system for a bit, players will learn the following: Green = many charges; Yellow = a moderate number of charges; Red = few charges, item no longer reliable. For each charged magic item that is found, roll a d6 and a d10 to see what the “charge code” for the item is.

Say the d6 comes up 3 and the d10 comes up 6: the code for the item would be Y8. Have the player write that next to the item on their character sheet. Whenever the item is used, the player rolls the die indicated (in this case a d8).

| d6  | Color Code | d10  | Die Type |
|-----|------------|------|----------|
| 1-2 | Green (G)  | 1-2  | d4       |
| 3-4 | Yellow (Y) | 3-4  | d6       |
| 5-6 | Red (R)    | 5-6  | d8       |
|     |            | 7-8  | d10      |
|     |            | 9-10 | d12      |

On a result of 1, the item functions, but the color changes to the next lowest level, And the player must be instructed to update the code next to the item on their sheet. In this example, the code would be changed from Y8 to R8.

If it is already red, the attempt to use the item fails and it is found to be out of charges. The player's turn is wasted.

Of course, the GM may just decide what the code is rather than rolling. A powerful item that can bring PCs back from the dead might be assigned the code R4, while a wand that can make a gallon of water might be assigned G12. In a sci-fi-type game, these codes can be represented by a number of LEDs on the item, or something similar.

This has simplified my life, and I no longer hesitate to have a lot of items with charges floating out there. I hope it can help you as well! Ω



# Customized Automata and Humanoids

by Jonas Mustonen

It is an age-old problem that players can become too familiar with standard monsters. These handy tables should help! Modifying familiar foes should make them interesting again, and sometimes players who rely too much on familiarity will pay the price.

You can use these tables for one-off encounters or to establish local or regional variants: the Iron Constructs of Zenopus, Orcs of the Edge Mountains, Mutants of the Discordian Wastelands, and so on. The Humanoids tables is a simple d30 roll, repeated as needed, while for the Automata I recommend rolling a d8 once for power source and then the d20 for special properties 1d4 times.

Combining results is not difficult in general, but may require a little thought. For example, an automaton with both Piloted (#4) and Brain in a Jar (#5) might be piloted by a gnome illusionist, or controlled by a stunted dwarfish lich floating in a tank of embalming fluids. Let your imagination run wild!

## Customized Automata: Power Sources (1d8)

- 1. Steam Engine:** When destroyed, this automaton releases a cloud of scalding steam from its ruptured boiler. Anyone within 10 feet takes one die of damage for every hit die the automaton had.
- 2. Internal Combustion Engine:** Automaton is so noisy it will never win surprise. When destroyed, it explodes in a spectacular fireball and spills burning fuel in a 10' radius. Anyone caught in the blast will take one die of damage for as many combat rounds as the automaton had hit dice until the fire is extinguished.
- 3. Infernal Combustion Engine:** As above, but in addition the magical furnace powering the automaton releases 3d4 imps or mephitis when destroyed.
- 4. Soul Burner:** This automaton is powered by a furnace of green flames that burns captured souls. Terrible howling cries can be heard long before such an automaton comes into sight. Automata of this type can be turned as special undead. When destroyed, they release 1d4 ghosts or other incorporeal undead.
- 5. Wicker Man:** Automaton is built with small cages around its body that contain bodies of animals and possibly small humanoids. It burns constantly and anyone it engages in melee or who comes close to it takes 2d6 damage from the heat and flames.

**6. Man Powered:** Automaton is actually a suit of armor bolted or sewn onto a lobotomized humanoid or giant. It is regarded as living being for sake of poison and most spells but as it is mindless it is immune to charm spells, feeblemind and others spells that affect mentality.

**7. Slime Powered:** This type of automaton's mobility comes from a magically pacified and controlled black pudding, which might be perceivable through cracks or seams. It is immune to slashing and piercing weapons as those just damage the shell. When such an automaton is destroyed it releases a black pudding with hit dice equal to half of the original automaton rounded up.

**8. Wind-up Clockwork:** This automaton is powered by an intricate machinery of springs and gears. It fights normally for a number of combat rounds equal to twice its hit dice, and then it just stops moving completely. Winding it for one combat round enables it to fight for two rounds. Standing guard or performing any other motionless duty does not power it down.

## Customized Automata: Special Properties (1d20)

- 1. Multiple Arms:** Automaton resembles statue of exotic deity. Its many arms give it twice its normally assigned number of melee attacks.
- 2. Improved Melee Capability:** Automaton has giant pincers, spiked wrecking balls on chains, or buzzing chainsaws mounted on the ends of its limbs. Increase damage of melee attacks by one die.
- 3. Lightly Built:** Automaton is of smaller size and more delicate design, showing a degree of sophistication on the part of its creator. It has half the normal number of hit dice (rounded up), but gains a three point bonus to its armour class as it is more nimble than the more clunky standard version.
- 4. Piloted:** Automaton is actually piloted by a small humanoid, such as a gnome or goblin. It may be affected by charm and sleep spells and other spells that target the pilot. Critical hits are also possible if in use, as in such cases the blow has struck the pilot, and a lucky shot may indeed disable the whole device.
- 5. Brain in a Jar:** Automaton has a glass tank with a preserved brain floating in it instead of a head. Automaton is very intelligent and can cast spells as wizard of a level equal to its hit dice. It may be turned as special undead and it is not immune to criticals.
- 6. Helicopter:** Automaton can extend rotors which enable it to fly at half the speed of its land movement. (Maneuverability Class: Piss-Poor.)
- 7. Wheels.** Automaton's torso is mounted on a wheeled carriage, moves at double normal speed.
- 8. Harpoon Gun:** Automaton may launch throwing spears in addition to taking its normal attacks. It can store a number of spears equal to its hit dice.
- 9. Magnetic:** Automaton may use magnetic field once/day to draw opponents wearing metal armour within 10' against its hull. Those who fail a save against wands are

immobilized (stuck fast in an awkward position) and can be attacked by the automaton with automatic success. The field lasts for 1d4 combat rounds after activation; after that the automaton's capacitors must re-charge.

**10. Poison Darts:** Automaton may shoot a poison dart in addition to its normal attacks. Darts are usually covered with save or die type poison, but other options like paralyzing or damaging poison are possible. The launcher carries a number of darts equal to twice the automaton's hit dice.

**11. Vorpal Blades:** Automaton's limbs end in shiny blades that sever opponents' heads on a natural 20.

**12. Eye Beams:** Automaton may, in addition to other attacks, shoot scorching beams of light at one opponent within 20'. They do damage equal to half the automaton's hit dice, rounded up.

**13. Freeze Blast:** Up to three times each day, the automaton may utilize its coolant system to unleash a torrent of cold in the form of a 30' long cone, 30' wide at its end. This attack does damage equal to the automaton's original hit points (save vs. dragon breath for half).

**14. Medusa Head:** Automaton may, instead of making any other attack, open a hatch in its chest or a faceplate to reveal the severed head of a medusa kept alive by alchemy. Anyone seeing it is turned to stone if they fail their save against petrification.

**15. Cannon:** A small cannon is mounted somewhere on the automaton. It can fire a round iron ball up to 100' which does three dice of damage on a hit. It takes a full combat round for the cannon to re-load; the automaton can fight normally while the mechanism loads. Automata are typically equipped with one cannon ball per hit die.

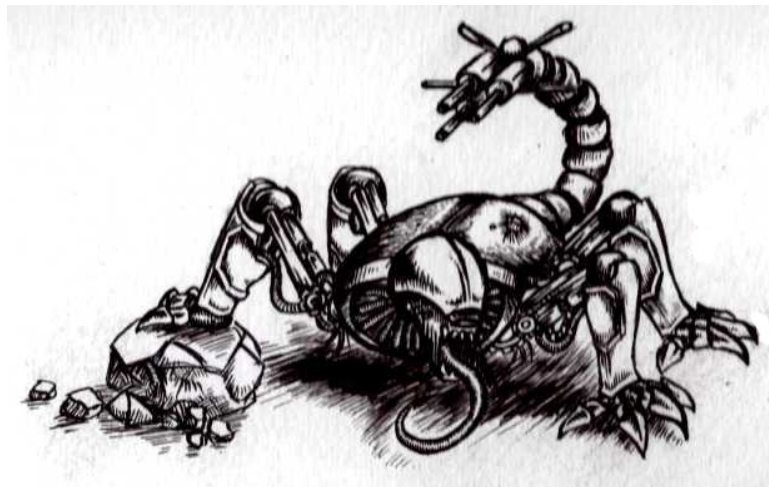
**16. Moving Shrine:** Automaton is made in the likeness of a deity and may be decorated with icons and holy symbols. It automatically turns or controls undead as a cleric of level equal to its hit dice. Destroying it counts as an act of desecration, and a cleric or paladin destroying automaton depicting his or her own deity or deity of similar alignment may be in trouble. Such an automaton might leave those carrying holy symbols of the deity it represents in peace, depending on the instructions of its creator.

**17. Holy Water Sprinkler:** Automaton is equipped with a sprinkler system that can douse anything within 10' with holy (or unholy) water, whichever is more appropriate for its creator. It carries a tank filled with enough sanctified or despoiled water for three applications.

**18. Tank Threads:** Automaton's torso is mounted on tank threads. It may attempt to crush smaller opponents simply by moving over them. Such an automaton gains a free attack against anyone standing in its path when it moves, doing its own hit dice in damage.

**19. Reflective:** This shiny, glossy, sparkly, or chrome automaton reflects all spells cast at it back at their caster.

**20. Negatively Charged:** Crackling with pitch black arcs of lightning, this automaton drains one life energy level on each successful melee attack.



### Customized Humanoids (1d30)

**1. Showy:** Humanoids wear extraordinarily gaudy clothes, rainbow patterned capes, captain hats with peacocks' plumes, Winklepicker shoes, brightly colored silk shirts, cartwheel ruffs, sashes and baggy pants. They use weapons of style and finesse, such as the rapier and poniard.

**2. Roguish:** Humanoids have been forced to rely on cunning and stealth instead of brute force; each can function as a thief of level equal to their hit dice.

**3. Berserk:** Humanoids foam at the mouth and bite their shields when readying for battle, as they rely on mad battle fury to overcome their enemies. They gain +2 to hit and damage in melee and never, ever retreat from battle once joined. They do however exercise caution about engaging, as once they commit themselves fury takes them over.

**4. Hospitable:** Humanoids invariably display exaggerated politeness when it comes to the guest-host relationship. Tea and scones will be offered even to adventurers who have just broken to their lair if a fight does not start immediately. (Of course, the tea might be poisoned if visitors are rude, and worse monsters with no such behavioral code might be alerted if guests prove difficult.)

**5. Cloned:** All of these humanoids look exactly alike; there is no variation, even of gender or age. The origin of such a species might involve a mystery involving cloning vats or sorcery, or the adventurers might just be "speciesists" that can't perceive individual differences.

**6. Pacifist:** Humanoids were converted in to pacifist ways by long-lost missionary father Ovis – many of the younger humanoids in such a group even incidentally (?) resemble him. They will resist only by non-cooperation, and having been thoroughly indoctrinated by Ovis they have an unhealthy fascination with martyrdom.

**7. Winged:** These humanoids have wings. They might be feathered, leathery like those of bats, or insectile. Dwellings of such humanoids tend to be caves where they hang upside down, buildings on cliffsides, or huts atop trees. They can fly with speed equal to their land movement.

**8. Elfish:** Humanoids have all the special abilities of elves and fight and use spells as such. They are elves in all but appearance and manners, which might imply a hidden connection between the two species.

**9. Sciapod:** Humanoids of this species hop around on a single giant leg with a foot of considerable proportions. Travelers tell that in the scorching lands of south these humanoids use their foot as shade, and in the frigid north they use it to glide fast down on snowy slopes.

**10. Cyclopean:** Humanoids of this species have only one bulging eye on their forehead. They are known for poor depth perception and thus have -2 to ranged attacks. Some members of such a species may be blown up to gargantuan proportions....

**11. Hermaphroditic:** These humanoids have reproductive organs from both the male and female sexes. They tend to have two-part names selected from each gender, like Billy-Jean or Urk-Jur.

**12. Two-Headed:** These humanoids have two heads, each with a personality of its own. They traditionally have very similar two-part names of their gender like Bob-Robert or Urk-Uruk. They are very hard to surprise (1 in 10). Some members (known as 'ettins') of such a species may be blown up to gargantuan proportions....

**13. Flesh Grafting:** All weapons and armour used by these humanoids are made of bone and living flesh. Their weapons are living things that drink blood, and bony armor plating is often grafted directly onto their bodies. Their sciences have obviously gone a different route from those of most societies, albeit with disturbingly similar parallel innovations, but such beings may not even know simple cantrips or even how to produce fire.

**14. Undead:** Elves and dwarves lament endlessly about being dying older races in a world being taken over by the young. They should shut up, because these humanoids have it worse – they are actually all dead. These humanoids listlessly imitate their former lives, but all spirit has left them, and burning of villages, raiding, and pillaging are no longer done with passion and joy but by mechanical repetition. Any racial enemies listed are probably those behind the genocide, and they can hardly be blamed for holding a grudge. They can be turned as undead of equal hit dice as they indeed are rotting undead monsters.

**15. Sorcerous:** Members of this humanoid species are greatly feared, because every one of them is rumored to be skilled in the use of magic. These rumors are absolutely true as each and every one of them is able to cast spells as a wizard of level equal to their hit dice. Their legends tell of a pact made at the dawn of time with a terrible alien space-god...

**16. Useful:** Humanoids are known for ability to survive by eating waste, and many cities have colonies of them maintaining the sewers and working in hazardous alchemical workshops. Though they might occasionally eat a stray street urchin or hobo, this is considered a small price given the excellent service they provide.

**17. Annoying:** This species only speaks backwards, and only in riddles. Learning their language is considered a particularly decadent way to satisfy one's intellectual curiosity. Sages speculate that their garbled language is result of meddling by an unknown trickster deity.

**18. Poisonous:** These humanoids have poison glands they use to coat their weapons. Anyone hit by such a weapon with fresh poison on it must, in addition to taking damage, save versus poison or die. Members of this species are often employed as assassins or shock troops by unscrupulous rulers.

**19. Cursed:** These humanoids carry a horrible curse that is widely known throughout the lands. Anyone wounded by one of them and surviving must save versus spell or be cursed herself; if the curse is not magically lifted within one month the victim turns permanently into a member of this species.

**20. Surprisingly Normal:** Humanoids do not look really that different from civilized "normal" folks, they don't have low brows, tusks, or too many bestial features. Orcs of this variety might look like burly men with green skin, kobolds like cobalt blue gnomes, lizard men like humans with scaly skin, bugbears like really tall dwarves, and mind flayers like purple-skinned space babes with retractable feeding tentacles. Despite their less savage appearance, they act like the monsters they are, and their abilities are otherwise unchanged.

**21. Alien:** Humanoids are not native to this plane of existence. They might be conquerors, wanderers or refugees out of another dimension. They can be banished to their home dimension with certain spells.

**22. Bioautomatons:** Humanoids are perversely utilitarian biological automatons who care only for the good of their own species, and are hostile to all others. Their language and thought are almost solely based on commands and requests. Though dangerous and alien, they do have many admirable qualities, as they do not lie, steal or murder their own, they do not know property other than what is held in common, their young are always taken care of, their elderly spend their days programming the young, and their leaders lead by directing action rather than by force of will or bullying the weak. They are perhaps an early experiment in creating sentient life by the gods of Law.





**23. Herbivorous:** Humanoids do not eat meat, and their instincts drive them to hostility towards anyone who does. This behavior might be a remnant of their ancient past as prey animals. Their religion tells them to prepare the world to become a paradise where every carnivore is forced to eat grass and be driven to extinction, and all the world has become a vast sea of grass where they will know nothing but peaceful grazing for all eternity.

**24. Fallen:** Humanoids are a remnant of a once continent-spanning civilization. Statues and murals in monster-infested ruins depict their ancestors before some great calamity reduced them to their current state.

**25. Immature:** Humanoids are actually immature specimens of a larger humanoid race. For example goblins, hobgoblins, and bugbears might all be different stages of development of the same species, ogres might mature into hill giants, two-headed orcs who live long enough might grow into mighty ettins, etc.

**26. Honorable:** Humanoid warriors follow rigid code of conduct that allows no trickery or ruse of any kind. As a result of this, they rarely engage in battles they do not feel sure to win.

**27. Enslaved:** Humanoids were bred as slaves to darkness, and after the fall of their dark lord they became free. They do not have much love for the dark one whose will made them march against the world, to be massacred in droves

on countless battlefields and secure their place as pariahs. Wizards with a certain level of understanding of the magic used for their breeding can easily force bands of these humanoids to obey their commands, and they are often found in such unwilling service. They suffer a -4 penalty on saves against charm, domination, geas, etc.

**28. Same Sex:** Humanoids are either all female or all male. They usually live with other humanoids among whom they can find suitable mates. All their progeny will be of their own species.

**29. Alternate Biochemistry:** Humanoids' bodies are composed of unusual material(s), and their diets are equally bizarre. They might be creatures of living rock that eat minerals and metals, enchanted beings drawn to places of magic to feed on ambient energies, etc.

**30. Soul Eater:** Almost universally reviled, these humanoids ritually feast on the corpses of their enemies in a way which devours their souls. It takes few (d4) weeks to digest and completely destroy a soul; after that the dead person cannot be raised or be found on any spirit plane. Humanoids might display the swallowed souls being digested as an inner glow or as extra faces on their bodies. Soul eaters must be killed to set the souls they are digesting free. Rumours tell of tyrants who employ them to utterly destroy political enemies. They are rightly considered abominations for their horrible practices. Ω

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# Mischievous Monsters

an adventure for Low-Level Characters by Simon Forster

**Introduction:** This adventure pits the characters against a group of mischievous fairies, who raid the inn the characters (henceforth, the Party) are staying at and steal the goods of a wealthy trader. The trader hires the Party to track the thieves down and recover his goods, and awards them handsomely to do so.

The Party will likely follow the rather obvious trail left by the fairies and discover that the group has split up, heading in three different directions. Each leads to an area where the fairies are waiting to ambush and otherwise harass the Party, in their own mischievous way. All of the areas have stolen goods, while the third also holds the portal that the fairies used to cross into the mortal realm.

Once the goods have been recovered, the trader rewards the Party, and might even hire them to escort him on the rest of his journey.

**Background:** Several leagues off the main road is a portal to the realm of faerie; a ring of standing stones resting in a clearing surrounded by ancient trees. Once a year, from one full moon to the next, this portal opens and allows the fairies to cross over, to wreak havoc and mischief in the mortal realm.

The portal has been open a week, and a gang of unruly, cruelly mischievous fairies have descended on the area. These are Fir Darrig; small, agile, quick to anger, fuelled by a need to spread chaos and led by a larger Fir Darrig that calls himself Ratkin. They have raided nearby farms, scared cattle, stolen cats, and curdled milk. Now they have set their eyes on the inn that stands at the junction, and in particular on the luxury goods recently arrived there on a trader's wagon.

On a wet night, as the Party arrive at the inn to spend the night, the Fir Darrig sneak into the inn and steal the goods. They are spotted and an alarm is raised, allowing the Party to catch a glimpse of the thieves, but likely unable to do anything to prevent the goods from being stolen. The next morning the trader begs them to recover the stolen items. Meanwhile, the Fir Darrig have split off, two parties taking the goods into a cave and a tainted wood respectively, where they lurk and lure intruders into their traps and ambush. The other party, led by Ratkin, returns to the portal and begins summoning one of their larger brethren.

**Timeline:** There is effectively a limit to the amount of time the Party can spend tracking down the fairies. When this limit is reached, the creature the fairies are summoning is brought forth into the world. Further delays result in more of these creatures being brought forth, as well as a concentrated attack on the inn.

## Part One: Mischief at the Inn

The adventure begins as the traveling Party comes across an inn as night falls and it begins to rain. The inn is located by a junction, a fork in the road with a signpost pointing to two nearby towns.

For the purposes of this adventure, the inn is at a junction and is called the Dancing Donkey; a modest, friendly and family-run inn that caters mostly to traders, along with the odd adventuring party or band of passing mercenaries. It has rooms to sleep in, a stable for horses, and is the only place to stay for several miles in any direction.

**The Dancing Donkey Inn** is run by Joseph and his family (wife, son and daughter), with a couple of loyal and decent servants (the stable boy and an on-site smith that deals with horseshoes and building maintenance). The inn has 3 private rooms, 3 doubles, and a common dormitory for 5 sp, 2 sp and 5 cp a night, respectively. Breakfast comes with the room and is served in the morning; a buffet of cold meats, bread, honey, fresh fruit and porridge spiced with cinnamon. Other meals are likewise simple and plentiful, costing 5 cp per meal. Ale and wine are sold by the tankard or cup, for 3 cp and 4 cp per drink respectively, both are pleasant if uninspired. A bottle of wine costs 1 sp and holds enough for four cups.

When the Party arrives the inn is fairly quiet, with only the trader, a wandering minstrel and a pair of caravan guards looking for work in the taproom. Another patron has retired to his room early; a frail looking old man who is actually a magic-user heading to the nearest town to meet up with an old friend.

| NPC                 | Names                     | Stats                        | Description                              | Items of note                               |
|---------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|--|---|
| Innkeeper           | Joseph                    | FTR 1<br>hp 8<br>AC 9        | Pot-bellied & jolly                      | Short sword, club                           |
| Wife, Son, Daughter | Mildred, Eric, and Bonnie | Normal, hp 4/5/3<br>AC 9/9/8 | Kind, friendly, quiet                    | None  |
| Smith               | Norris                    | FTR 1<br>hp 10<br>AC 8       | Laconic, tough & loyal                   | Hammer, tools, lapron                       |
| Trader              | Barton Millson            | TRD 1<br>hp 6, AC 7          | Loud & arrogant                          | Dagger, leathers                            |
| Minstrel            | Samuel Songsmith          | FTR 1<br>hp 8<br>AC 6        | Vain & brash                             | Banjo, rapier, leathers                     |
| Magic-User          | Old Esau                  | MU 1<br>hp 5<br>AC 9         | Old & secretive                          | Staff, spell book                           |
| Caravan Guards      | Horace and Jacob          | FTR 1<br>hp 9<br>AC 7        | Bold, stubborn & lacking in common sense | Leather armour, short swords, daggers, bows |

**In the middle of the night...**When everyone has gone to bed, to sleep and dream of treasure and forgotten dungeons, the Fir Darrig swarm into the inn and start stealing things. There are two per Party character (including henchmen). Every turn (10 minutes) they succeed at something, and then the Party have a chance of being woken from their slumber. The table below shows on which turn what happens, and the chance of a character waking up. It is entirely possible that the Party sleeps through the entire night; if so, when they awake in the morning they find the inn in turmoil as people find things missing, and the character's will also have a few of their own items gone.

If discovered and confronted, the fairies will spend a round 'playing' with the Party before fleeing into the night. If any are killed, remove them from the later encounters. If any are captured, they will do their best to lead the Party to one of the three sites, and will seek to escape at any and every opportunity. No one in the inn, nor the Party, have any idea what these creatures are, only that they are obviously evil and dangerous, and as such must be hunted down.

| Turn # | What happens?  | Chance to Wake |
|--------|--|----------------|
| 1      | The Fir Darrig sneak into the trader's wagon and liberate the goods.       | 1 in 6         |
| 2      | One Fir Darrig visits each patron's room, and steals something shiny.      | 2 in 6         |
| 3      | The trader wakes up, and spots a Fir Darrig stealing his hat.              | 3 in 6         |
| 4      | The trader runs down to the taproom, calling for help.                     | 4 in 6         |
| 5      | Three Fir Darrig go into the stable and dress the horses up in fancy hats. | 3 in 6         |
| 6      | The Fir Darrig head off into the night, giggling to themselves.            | 2 in 6         |

**In the morning...**The patrons of the inn assemble and lament the loss of their goods. Only the trader (unless a member of the Party woke and saw them too) caught sight of the thieving fairies, but was too frightened (too 'out-numbered') to do anything about it. By the time he roused the innkeeper, the fairies had fled with their stolen goods.

The trader will beg the Party to help him by tracking down the thieves and recovering his stolen goods. If they are returned, intact, he will gladly pay Party members 50 sp each (and may be haggled up to 75 sp), and offers to hire them on as guards when he leaves for town.

In addition, the other patrons, who have also lost something, offer their own rewards for the recovery of their belongings (see table below); they may also be persuaded to join in the hunt, but if convinced they naturally offer no reward. A persuasive argument will convince them to join the party, with normal Morale.

| Patron         | What was stolen?                   | Reward   |
|----------------|------------------------------------|----------|
| Trader         | His luxury goods.                  | 50/75 sp |
| Minstrel       | His banjo.                         | 25 sp    |
| Magic-User     | His book of spells.                | A potion |
| Caravan Guards | Their small bag of coins and gems. | 25 sp    |

### Timeline of Events

After waking in the morning, the Party only have so many hours until the fairies work their magic and summon their brethren. After several of them have been brought over, the fairies regroup and head back to the inn to cause further havoc, as per the table below.

| hours since waking | Events   |
|--------------------|--|
| 5                  | The first of the brethren are summoned. Ratkin sends one of the Fir Darrig to each other group to bring them back to the standing stones.          |
| 7                  | The second of the brethren is brought over. The Fir Darrig from the eastern cave return to the stones with their stolen goods.                     |
| 9                  | The third of the brethren is brought over from the realm of fairy. The Fir Darrig from the western wood return to the stones, stolen goods in tow. |
| 10                 | The Fir Darrig gather and head off to the inn.   |
| 15                 | The inn is attacked, and everyone inside is slaughtered and eaten by the brethren.   |

### Part Two: To Catch a Thief

The fairies have left an easily followed trail. It leads off the main road and into the fields of grass, crossing a stream and passing over a hill before the tracks split off into three separate trails: one heads north, another west, the last east.

To the north can be seen a line of trees: the stream meanders in that direction. To the east stand a rocky crag and some hills sloping into the distance, while dark woodlands, bleaker than the other surroundings, lies to the west.

**The North Wood:** A thick copse of old oaks stands here, spreading across the land. At its heart lies the ring of standing stones that the fairies has used to cross over. By the stones are Ratkin and several (1 per PC & henchman) Fir Darrig, currently working on summoning their brethren. Depending on how many hours have passed, there may also be one or more of the brethren here, restless and eager to go and slay and eat mortals.

**Stolen Goods:** This group has the Magic-User's spell book, which is stuffed in Ratkin's sack; and any item that was stolen from the Party is also found here, in a pile outside the stones. The spell book contains the following 1<sup>st</sup> Level spells: *Read Magic*, *Detect Magic*, *Sleep*, *Magic Missile*, and *Shield*.

**The Standing Stones:** These waist-high (on a human) stones are weathered sandstone, each shaped like a talon curving to the centre of the circle. There are nine stones in all, each roughly the same size as the others. They detect as chaotic magic, and indeed amplify such magic cast within 30' of the circle (any Magic-User or Elf spells are treated as if the caster were one Level higher than normal).

Anyone of Lawful alignment (such as a Cleric) that enters this area feels sick, and if a saving throw versus magic fails they suffer a -2 to attacks and when casting a spell must first make a second save versus magic in order to cast it; failure means no spell can be cast and the round is wasted, but the spell is not spent.

On the middle night of the full moon a portal opens here between the mortal and fairy realms, allowing free passage. At all other times it requires a special summoning spell (known only to certain fairy folk) to allow a crossing; this is what Ratkin and his fellow Fir Darrig are doing to bring in their brethren.



**The Eastern Cave:** Halfway up the craggy rock sticking up out of the hills to the east lies a cave. The trail goes straight inside. Inside the cave the Fir Darrig (1 per PC) have laid some traps, and watch with eager anticipation from the rear of the cave, where the tunnels are. If any of the traps are triggered, the fairies burst out laughing, and then retreat into the tunnels to the next trap. They again wait and watch, laughing if the trap is triggered, and withdrawn to the other exit. If attacked, they will fight back, but will flee if any of them are killed. If they are

brave enough they remain nearby, to harass the Party until word comes that it is time to return. Otherwise, they head back to the stones to inform Ratkin what has happened.

### Traps

**Stink bomb:** a loose pile of stones lies across the path, under which are concealed several glass beads full of a yellow, noxious liquid. Anyone entering the cave has a 4 in 6 chance of stepping on the stones, breaking the beads, and releasing a cloud of stinking gas that spreads out for 10' in all directions. Anyone (other than the fairies, who are used to the smell) caught in the area must make a saving throw versus breath weapon or be sickened for 1d4 turns (-2 to attack, 1 in 10 chance of spells miscasting due to nausea, lose Dexterity bonus to Armour Class).

**Trip Wire & Stick:** a thin wire lies level with the ground, easily missed, which is triggered on a 2 in 6. It is attached to a broom handle that springs up from the dusty floor of the tunnel (where it has been concealed) and hits the triggering character in the face: roll to hit, with a +1 bonus. The broom handle does 1 point of damage and increases the character's chance of being surprised by 1 for the next round.

**Rock-Fall:** a carefully balanced pile of rocks rests on a narrow ledge above the entrance to the side cave. Passing underneath has a 3 in 6 chance of causing them to fall, bouncing rocks off the character's head. If wearing a helmet (chain or better armour) then no damage is taken, otherwise 1d2 damage is dealt.

**Rat-Trap:** at the back of this dead end is a crate, with a lid held in place by a slender piece of wood. The wood is tied to a thin wire that is attached to a concealed trip wire 10' from the rear wall. If triggered (4 in 6 chance) the lid falls open, releasing a swarm of terrified rats that pour down the tunnel, attacking anything in their way. They travel at a rate of 30' per round, clambering over anything in their way: treat the swarm as a 1 HD monster, with 5 hit points, and having one attack against anyone they swarm over, doing 1d3 damage on a hit.

**Stolen Goods:** In the main cave are the most of the stolen goods taken from the trader's wagon. The rest are in the side cave off the tunnel.

In the main cave are:

- Three small crates packed with straw, each holding ten bottles of fine wine, each worth 25 sp apiece (they are 25 years old and made by monks far to the north-east);
- A bolt of silk cloth, dyed a bright green (worth 50 sp);
- A small ceramic jug, stoppered with a wax seal, which holds a quart of rose-scented perfume (and will fetch 30 sp at market);
- A small barrel of brass buttons (1000 in all) decorated with pictures of dancing elves (worth 1 sp each).

Inside the side cave are...

- A ceramic jar filled with rich honey (worth 10 sp);

- Another bolt of silk cloth (light blue, worth 35 sp);
- A suit of dark red leather armour, fancy looking and well-tailored (4 in 6 chance of fitting a character, normal AC, but worth double due to construction and coloring).

**The Western Wood:** This woodland is bleak, with trees rotting and shedding leaves and bark. The woods are tainted, corrupted by foul magic that emanates from a well in the midst of the diseased trees. The fairies (1 less than the number of PCs, minimum of two) have placed the stolen goods in plain sight next to the well, and have laid a few traps around the immediate area. They are hiding in the trees and bushes, waiting to see what happens; when something does happen, they attack using their blowguns, running back and forth to confuse, and doing whatever they can to cause the Party as much distress as possible.

Note that the Fir Darrig do not seek to kill (unless pushed too far or threatened with death themselves) but to merely harm and hinder; they'll leave whatever is in the well to do any real harm to the Party.

### Traps

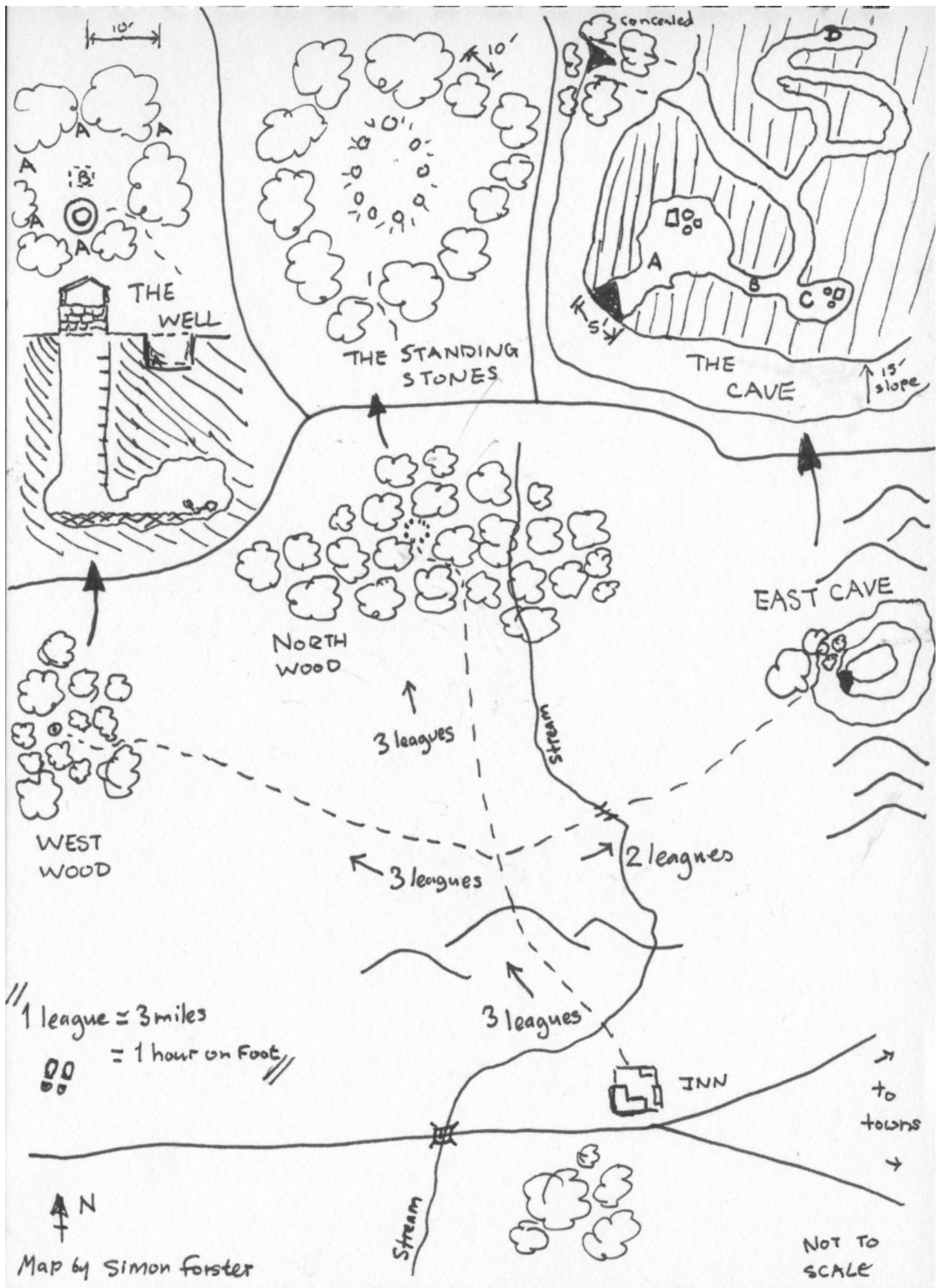
**Snares:** a concealed loop of rope, tied to a bending branch, triggered by anyone putting their foot in the loop and pulling it free of the wooden peg holding it in place. Passing through the gaps between the trees triggers such a trap 4 in 6, with a saving throw versus paralyse to jump out of the way in time. Anyone caught is lifted into the air, upside down, to dangle a foot off the floor. It takes a full round to cut the rope, or another saving throw to struggle free. This also alerts the creature in the well.

**Pit Trap:** a shallow pit trap (5' deep) covered by twigs, grass and soil. Anyone moving onto the pit must make a saving throw versus paralyse or fall in. No damage is taken, but that round of actions is lost, and the noise again alerts the creature in the well.

**Stolen Goods:** Balanced on the lip of the well is the sack of coins and gems that were stolen from the caravan guards. There are 53 cp, 23 sp and 3 gp in loose coins, and a cloth pouch holding three Moonstone gems (worth 10 sp each).

**The Well of Foul Magic:** This old well of crumbling stone reeks of decay. A patch of grass all around it, spreading out five feet, looks scorched. The soil is barren, the grass black and brittle, and anyone entering the circle (or the well) feels claustrophobic (henchmen and retainers must make Morale checks or avoid the area).

At the bottom of the well is black sludge and a shallow cave. The cave is home to a creature born of chaos which is polluting the land with its presence. It considers the well and surrounding woods to be its domain, and anyone entering the well, or spending more than a turn in the clearing, attracts its attention: it climbs out and attacks any and all intruders, fairies included.





**Treasure:** Partially submerged in the sludge covering the cave floor is a gnawed skeleton, still dressed in brittle leather armour (worthless) and travelling clothes (shredded and stained with blood). Beneath the skeleton is a leather pouch with 23 cp, 12 sp and 5 gp, and also a magical sword, *The Blade of St. Gerald*.

### **Part Three: New Monsters**

**The Fir Darrig:** These small fairies are Fir Darrig; as large as a young child (2' tall), resembling rat-like humanoids dressed in ill-fitting frock coats and flat caps. Their leaders tend to wear better clothes and top hats, often worn and battered. They delight in mischief, practical jokes, and laying traps. They have a cruel and wicked sense of humour, love to cause chaos, and especially enjoy harassing Clerics and other Lawful types.

Generally, the Fir Darrig do not seek to kill their victims; after all, where would be the fun in that? What they will do is cause harm, be it physical, mental or emotional (ideally, all three); but they are more than happy to let others kill for them, so long as it is entertaining and their traps and jokes are the preludes. For example, while they will not try to kill the Party, they are happy to lure them to the cursed well and watch (and laugh) when the creature inside comes out to rip them apart.

They are poor fighters, but will defend themselves and their kin, and if cornered they will do whatever they have to in order to survive, including killing.

**AC:** As leather (7)      **HD:** 1      **Move:** 15"

**#Attacks:** 1 (bite or weapon)      **Damage:** 1d3

**Morale:** 8      **Alignment:** Chaos

**Special:** take minimum damage from mundane weapons; take normal damage from magic or cold iron weapons, holy water and Clerical spells; +2 to saves against Magic-User and Elf spells; immune to charm, sleep and hold.

**Items:** small swords (as dagger), blowguns with small darts, frock coats, flat caps, and some loot.

**Treasure:** roll on the table below for each Fir Darrig looted:

1. 2d12 cp, 2d8 sp, and 2d6 gp;
2. 2d8 cp, 2d6 sp, and 2d4 gp;
3. 2d6 cp, 2d4 sp and 1d4 iron rations wrapped in sack cloth;
4. 2d4 cp, 1d4 sp and a half-eaten loaf of stale bread;
5. 1d4 cp, a red apple, 2d4 acorns, and a hunting knife;
6. a ball of string, a bunch of wild flowers, and a dead bee;
7. 2d12 rose petals, and 2d6 raven feathers;
8. a scroll containing 1d4 random 1<sup>st</sup> Level spells (1-2 Cleric, 3-4 Magic-User);
9. a short sword with an ornate eagle's head pommel (worth double its value);
10. roll twice and combine the two, ignore further results of 10.

**The Blade of St Gerald:** This plain looking short sword was once owned by the farmer-turned-crusader, Gerald of Appleby. He became a Saint of the Prophet after following her on a pagan-hunting quest in the nearby hills. There they fought against the cultists of a demon-god, slaying the demon's worshippers and vanquishing an avatar of the demon-god itself. During the battle Gerald fell, but not until he had delivered the fatal blow. He was declared a Saint soon after, and his name is evoked by warriors fighting against dark forces. His sword was blessed by the Prophet and passed down to his son, who in turn passed it on to his son, and so on down the generations. It disappeared three years ago, carried by one of Gerald's descendants.

The sword is most useful against creatures of Chaos, specifically demons and their kin. The blade glows blue whenever a Chaos aligned creature is within 30'; the brighter the glow, the more powerful the entity (dim for upto 5 HD or Levels, moderate upto 10 HD/Levels, and bright for anything higher). Against such creatures it grants a +1 to hit and does extra damage equal to the user's Level or Hit Dice.

Only characters of Neutral or Lawful alignment may use the sword; it burns any associated with Chaos, inflicting a point of damage and forever branding them with a star-shaped mark (not even healing magic will remove it; only a Remove Curse followed by a curative spell will work).

### **Ratkin: the Fir Darrig boss**

Ratkin is a slightly larger Fir Darrig (nearly 3' tall) with a red frock coat that has seen better days. He wears a top hat perched on his rat-head and have a monocle over his left eye (just for effect). He carries a cane that conceals a thin-bladed sword (treat as a rapier). As their leader, Ratkin also has the powers of a 1st Level Magic-User, but requires no spell book.

**AC:** As leather & shield (6)      **HD:** 2      **hp:** 15

**Move:** 15"      **Morale:** 9      **Alignment:** Chaos

**#Attacks:** 1 (bite or rapier)      **Damage:** 1d4 or 1d6

**Special:** take minimum damage from mundane weapons; take normal damage from magic or cold iron weapons, holy water and Clerical spells; +2 to saves against Magic-User and Elf spells; immune to charm, sleep and hold.

**Spells** (once per day): *Charm Person, Enlarge, Spider Climb.*

**Treasure:** 17 cp, 42 sp, 7 gp, a silver-bladed dagger (blunts on a natural 'to hit' roll of 1), and a potion of healing taken from a wandering adventurer who barely escaped with his life. All treasure found on Ratkin or other Fir Darrig is stuff that has been looted from farms and travelers during their time in the mortal realm. They have little use for it themselves, but like stealing shiny things.

**The Brethren:** These large fairies are insatiable, filled with a hunger for mortal flesh and blood. They kill and eat any mortals, be they human, demi-human, humanoid, or animal. They look like fat humanoid toads, with thick warty hides and huge saucer-like eyes the colour of blood. Their mouths are wide and full of tearing teeth. The brethren dress in monkish robes, often a dark green or deep brown. Despite their bulk and size (7' tall, over 300 lbs) they are nimble creatures.

It takes three Fir Darrig 1d3 hours to summon a brethren. If their chanting ritual is disrupted during this time, the summoning fails and they have to start all over again.

**AC:** As chain & shield (4) **HD:** 3 **Move:** 12"

**#Attacks:** 2 (bite and punch) **Damage:** 1d6 and 1d4

**Morale:** 10

**Alignment:** Chaos

**Special:** take minimum damage from mundane weapons; take normal damage from magic or cold iron weapons, holy water and Clerical spells; +2 saves against Magic-User and Elf spells; immune to charm, sleep and hold.

**The Creature Born of Chaos:** This malignant creature was born from chaos and trapped on the mortal realm. It lives a tormented existence in the cave in the well, venturing out at night to feed on small animals and anything larger that comes its way. It is humanoid in shape, featureless, made of thick black sludge with bits of bone sticking out in odd places. It oozes its way across the ground, but climbs exceedingly well.

**AC:** As leather & shield (6) **HD:** 2 **Move:** 9"/climb 12"

**#Attacks:** 3 (bite/claw/claw) **Damage:** 1d4/1d4/1d4

**Morale:** 10

**Alignment:** Chaos

**Special:** immune to charm, sleep and hold magic cast by Magic-Users or Elves, not immune to spells cast by Lawful characters, such as Clerics; on a successful hit the creature turns living flesh to a black sludge: if a save versus magic is failed, the character loses 1d4 points of Constitution and Charisma (recover at a point per day with rest). Ω



# The Wildwyck

## Gazetteer: Part One

creepy cthulhoid campaign by Michael Curtis

In the inaugural article of this series, the reader was introduced to the quaint and somewhat sinister region of New York State known as Wildwyck County. The area's long history was explored and its environs mapped. With that introduction completed, it is time to tighten our focus on "the 'Wyck" and take a tour of the area's cities, villages, and hamlets, each of which has its own secret shames and horrors. The first half of the county's communities is covered herein; the remainder will be detailed in a future installment in the series.

**A Word on Municipalities in New York:** New York State is atypical in how it defines local government districts and understanding this can be important in a historical horror game set in the pre-Internet age. Investigators needing to track down records must know where to look, or else their search is doomed to fail.

In New York State, each county is divided in several smaller districts called towns, which are similar to townships in other states. These towns provide the functions of local government and are overseen by a town board that serves as the legislative branch. Each town has an elected supervisor who presides over the town board of between two and six councilmen. In addition, there are town justices and the town clerk who has custody of all records, books, and papers of the town (and who will either be a boon ally or fierce foil for investigators).

Each town contains several hamlets which are settlements not incorporated as villages and depend on the town for municipal services and government. Most hamlets have their own post offices, fire departments, and elementary schools. They have no official boundaries, but their proximate location is noted on road signs. Population size plays no role in defining a settlement as a hamlet or village and some hamlets are quite large.

In addition to hamlets, towns contain incorporated villages. Incorporated villages have their own mayor, board of trustees, and oversee local services and needs like garbage collection, building codes, cemetery and street maintenance and management, and street lighting. Some have village justices, while others rely on the town justice



for judicial resolutions. Residents vote for village officials and pay taxes to both the village and town. Unlike hamlets, villages have defined, legal boundaries. Most villages exceed 500 residents.

Cities are autonomous, incorporated municipalities that possess their own charters, provide services to all their residents, and are neither part of nor subordinate to the surrounding township (which often shares the same name as the city, confusing matters for outsiders).

Depending on where an adventure takes place in Wildwyck County, an investigator looking for specific records might need to visit the town clerk, a city's archive, the village hall, or all three in order to locate the documents they seek, and it is likely that this search will take them all over the 'Wyck, making the ownership of an automobile quite useful.

**Communities of Wildwyck County:** There are more than thirty hamlets, villages, and cities plotted on the Wildwyck map for the referee to make use of. However, these are not the only settlements in the area. Only communities with 100 or more residents appear on the map, and numerous smaller hamlets can be found nestled amongst the hills and along the creeks of the county. The Referee is encouraged to add settlements as desired.

Each settlement is considered to have at least one church (usually Protestant), a post office (although in smaller communities, the general store or other landmark business might double in this capacity), a fire department, and an elementary school. Older students attend high schools outside of the community, usually in or near the town center. Every community has some police presence, which range from a lone constable in a tiny hamlet to a full-time and well-equipped police force in a village or city.

**Ashton (incorporated city and county seat; 26,500):** Formerly known as Killwyck (“Creek Territory” in old Dutch), Ashton was renamed for the stands of ash trees in the area when the English took possession in 1664. The oldest settlement in Wildwyck County, Ashton is a pleasant mix of the past and the modern. The tree-lined streets of the city are edged by historic homes dating back to the post-Revolutionary war period and modern edifices containing offices, factories, and shops. A handful of old stone buildings still survive, including the Old Dutch Church, built in 1672, but many of Ashton’s oldest homes burned during the British occupation of the city in 1776.

Ashton hosts a number of services and institutions useful to investigators of the esoteric. The city’s Old Town Hall serves as repository for the county’s land deeds, civic court records, and other documents. Health services are available at both Ashton Hospital and Our Lady of Mercy Sanitarium (AKA Benedictine Hospital). The city’s newspaper, *The Ashton Sentinel*, is the oldest continuously published daily and its morgue holds a treasure trove of past issues, provided one gets past the desk clerk guarding the archive. Ashton also has a small but active historical society, and their records detail events and persons overlooked in civic documents. Although Ashton possesses no institutions of higher learning, a ferry makes several trips daily across the Hudson, allowing quick and cheap transportation to Bishopgate College in nearby Ravencliff.

Adventure seed: Ashton makes for a perfect “home base” for investigators in the Wyck and will be covered in more detail in a future article. In the meanwhile, almost any investigation (published or home-brewed) that needs a sizeable community with a long history can be placed within the confines of Ashton.

**August (hamlet, Town of Four Lakes, 700):** This community is famed for both the numerous Victorian gingerbread houses that line its street and for its large population of spiritualists. August was once known for its

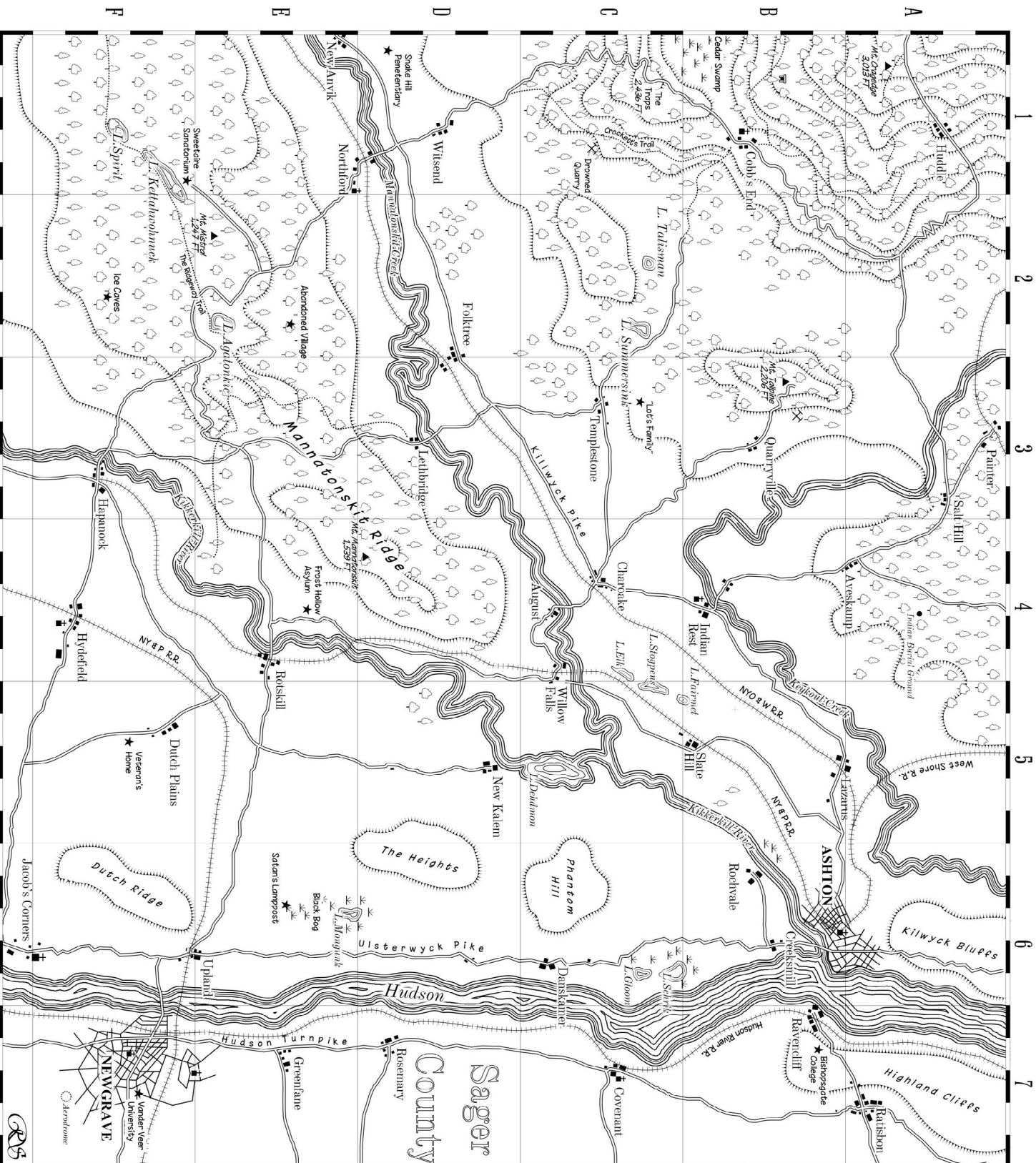
fulling mills and high-quality wool cloth they produced, but since 1881, it’s become a haven for mediums and spiritualist. These new arrivals were drawn to the community by Siobhan Quinn, a famed Spiritualist medium second only to the Fox Sisters. Quinn bought a home in August in 1881 and opened it to like-minded friends and acquaintances. Drawn by the pleasant little town, many took up residence in August full time. Large numbers of visitors come to August each summer in search of uncanny wisdom, most of whom number amongst society’s elite. Luminaries such as Susan B. Anthony, Edith Roosevelt (wife of Theodore Roosevelt), and Tallulah Bankhead have visited August to speak to its mediums.

Adventure seed: Although there is a large population of mediums in town, the majority are fraudulent. Some however are the real deal and can be of valuable assistance once the investigators separate the fakes from the gifted. PCs with their own psychic talents can set up shop in August (although competition is fierce), where they quickly learn that the hamlet has an equally disproportionate number of ghosts as well, all of whom are trying to get messages across the boundaries between life and death to loved ones or seek revenge on their enemies.

**Aveskamp (hamlet, Town of Lazarus, 100):** Meaning “forest edge farm” in old Dutch, Aveskamp is a tiny community that dates back to the early 18th century. A poor hamlet, Aveskamp ekes out a meager agrarian existence in the forested foothills of the Catskills. It is largely self-governing, with an unofficial council of elders handling the day-to-day needs of the community. Children here are dirty, the residents’ clothing is worn and out of date, and there are little in the way of services such as gasoline or lodging for travelers. Tourists pass quickly through Aveskamp.

Adventure seed: Aveskamp was supposedly settled in the 1700’s, but its Dutch name implies an earlier founding. It’s possible that not all the members of Nieuw Dorp coven died in the attack of 1663, and that the survivors fled into the foothills to form the nucleus of Aveskamp. Their descendents undoubtedly continue their ancestors’ loathsome form of worship.

**Charoake (hamlet and town hall, Town of Charoake, 230):** Charoake got its name from the titanic, lightning-struck oak tree that once stood in the hamlet’s village green. The tree was uprooted during a storm in the late 19th century, but the name remains (as do pieces of the old



# THE CURTIS 1917 GENERAL PURPOSE MAP

## WILDWYCK COUNTY — IN THE —

### HUDSON VALLEY VICINITY

#### ENGRAVED AND PRINTED FOR THE CURTIS WILDWYCK VISITORS' GUIDE

Scale with Map, 40 Dk. Map in lower, 25 Dk.  
ADDRESS:  
RANDOLPH CURTIS,  
RAVENCLIFF, NY

#### PLACES OF NOTE

Further information e.g. opening and closing  
times is available in the Guide.

1. Armstrong Institute F7
2. Blue Spring Wells F2
3. Canine House across Rhenai F3
4. Center for Esoteric Studies F4
5. Craig Ridge Hunting Lodge F2
6. Curiss-South Airport F7
7. Desolation Point Weather Station E3
8. Fordham Falls E3
9. Fresh Apple Orchard C3
10. Hudson Rock Club C7
11. Hunter Rock Lighthouse C7
12. Indian Dig C4
13. Logan's Menagerie C4
14. Megapic Mine E3
15. Finnerell's Needle F9
16. Finnerell's Mill C3
17. Puttick Buesen Mine C2
18. Old Stone Fort C2
19. Cudaw Cliff F7
20. Sherwood Opera House F7
21. Snake Chasm C1
22. Vellano Island C1
23. Whispering Lamps C1
24. Wildwyck's Mystery Spot A4
25. Witch's Rock E5

Distance in Miles



Each square on the grid measures 3 x 3 miles.  
THIS CARD IS ADAPTED TO THREE MAPS  
THAT ARE NOT SHOWN TO SCALE



oak in the form of hand-made memorabilia and rustic furnishings). This hamlet is the government center for the Town of Charoake and the town hall is located on Main Street, just a short walk from the train station. Investigators delving into any of the mysterious sites located in the Town of Charoake will become well-acquainted with the town hall's inconvenient hours of operation and its tendency of being closed for no apparent reason.

Adventure seed: Charoake is the center of anomalous weather patterns and sees more lightning storms than any other area in New York State. Meteorologists, geologists, and occultists have all investigated its propensity for lightning strikes, without reaching satisfactory conclusions. One resident, Nathan Fenner, has been struck by lightning no less than eight times, and local legend claims he once electrocuted a troublesome sow by simply touching the animal.

**Cobb's End (hamlet, Town of Tallpine, 200):** This secluded mountain community is far from the busy turnpikes, reached only by a winding road that provides a scenic view of the eastern lowlands. Cobb's End was established in the early 1700s after a trapper, hunter, and – some say – brigand named Thomas Cobb cut a trail up the treacherous Traps (a series of exposed, rocky cliffs) and died of exertion at the place that now bears his name. The residents of the hamlet inherited their founder's frontier, do-it-yourself spirit and remain avid outdoorsmen and paragons of self-reliance. Due to its remote location, Cobb's End often becomes isolated in winter when snow drifts choke the road in and out of town.

Buildings in Cobb's End are rude affairs and most roofs show signs of been repaired again and again. An extremely small business district caters to outdoorsmen and local craftsmen, but the selection of goods is very small. For anything but the most ordinary of supplies, townsfolk travel down to Northford.

Adventure seed: Nearby Cedar Swamp is home to many legends ranging from hidden bandit treasure to Indian ghosts to strange stones covered in bizarre symbols sunk beneath its tea-colored waters. A scientific study from Vander Veer University is currently organizing to conduct exploratory excavations around Cedar Swamp following the discovery of the fossil remains of a mastodon in Black Bog near the Hudson. Investigators with backgrounds and skills useful to the study are encouraged to apply.

**Covenant (hamlet, Town of Rattisbon, Sager County; 400):** Covenant is known for its large Pentecostal population whose lively services stand out amongst the more staid Protestant churches in Wildwyck County. The majority of Covenant residents are congregants of The Church of the Sacred Revelation led by Pastor Clarence Sunday, a charismatic gentleman from New Hampshire. The Church of the Sacred Revelation is especially vibrant, and most services see its worshipers succumbing to the touch of the Holy Spirit. Speaking in tongues, dancing in the aisles, and falling prostrate when overcome by the Holy Spirit are all commonplace events at a Sacred Revelation service. Although their stripe of Christianity is uncomfortable to many in the 'Wyck, the Church of the Sacred Revelation is lauded for their community outreach and social service, providing meals and spiritual guidance to those less fortunate in the area. The Church makes regular trips to Newgrave to proselytize and it operates a soup kitchen in one of that city's worst neighborhoods.

Adventure seed: While the Church of the Sacred Revelation would never use the term, occult investigators are quick to point out that the events occurring at one of their services are identical to the symptoms of possession. The Church of the Sacred Revelation may be calling upon a spirit or other force masquerading as the benign hand of God. In addition, the Church is not forthcoming as to what "revelation" has been revealed to them or what that knowledge might mean for the future of the human race.

**Creeksmill (hamlet, Town of Ashton; 350):** Once a small settlement, Creeksmill is now a growing community driven by its close proximity to the burgeoning city of Ashton. Many of Creeksmill's residents work in Ashton, commuting by means of the newly-inaugurated bus route that serves both communities six times daily. Those wishing to benefit from the higher wages paid in Ashton, but unwilling to surrender a quaint way of life find Creeksmill a magnificent place to compromise.

Adventure seed: Doctor Alexander Hodge works at the Benedictine Hospital in Ashton by day, returning to his historic and secluded home in Creeksmill each night. There, he continues his work in the field of neuroscience, corresponding with other researchers while pursuing his own theories about the limitations and capabilities of the human mind. Frustrated by the advances being achieved by other, better-funded researchers, Dr. Hodge indulges in illegal tests performed on the destitute patients of Bene-

dictine Hospital. The basement of his home is a horror show, stocked with preserved brains and highly-volatile chemicals. Dr. Hodge has begun offering homeless vagrants a bed and hot meal in exchange for their participation in his research. These unfortunates are seldom seen on the streets of Ashton again.

**Danskamer (hamlet and town hall, Town of Danskamer; 250):** Danskamer is an agrarian community near the banks of the Hudson and is the home of the Goodtyme Bakery, a bread-making factory that employs a large number of Danskamer's residents. Goodtyme trucks are a common sight on the streets of Wildwyck County as they go about delivering fresh-baked bread to grocery stores throughout the area. The company's owner, Silas Joosten, is a well-known philanthropist and has made sizable contributions to help improve educational facilities throughout the county.

Adventure seed: Danskamer is a corruption of "Devyl's Danse Chamber," the name given to the site it rests upon by sailors up and down the Hudson. In the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> centuries, great fires and eerie music were often witnessed at night along the river bank here, and ships took pains to avoid sailing close to shore. What went on here on those nights remains a mystery. Referees looking for a more recent adventure idea need only consider Goodtyme Bakery and its impeccable reputation for quality. After all, things that seem too good to be true often are. Add in ergot poisoning from the same fungus that some scholars believe was behind the Salem witch trials, and bake until evil.

**Dutch Plains (hamlet, Town of Rotskill; 500):** Dutch Plains is an agrarian community located at the edge of a chain of small hills. These low knolls are covered with apple orchards and the region is a popular marketplace for those with a taste for cider, preserves, and fresh apple pies. It is also the site of an extravagant harvest festival each year where local produce and handicrafts are sold during the three-day celebration. The harvest festival draws many visitors from Newgrave who enjoy escaping the city and returning to their rural roots for the day. Dutch Plains is also known for the nearby Veteran's Home that sees to the medical and housing needs of Civil War and Great War veterans.

Adventure seed: The orchards of Dutch Plains are verdant – maybe a little too much so. One might even speculate

that ancient rites are still practiced here under the full moon and that nothing makes the grass grow and the apples swell more than blood spilled on the thirsty soil. The blood of war heroes is especially potent and not all the deaths at the Veteran's Home might be from advanced age or lingering wounds...

**Folktree (hamlet and town hall, Town of Folktree; 380):** Folktree is a proud community and that civic pride is reflected in the good repair, quality service, and the general attitude of delight evident in its residents. Although much smaller than the big cities of Wildwyck County and lacking the age of other hamlets, Folktree is nevertheless a stately community, even when civic pride strays into smug self-righteousness. Folktree eagerly accepts tourists and maintains both an active chamber of commerce and enthusiastic historical society. Each year, Folktree hosts the Wildwyck Tall Tales and Music Festival, attracting yarn-spinners, backwoods musicians, folklore enthusiasts, and well-heeled city folk alike. For seven days, the hamlet is the epicenter of homespun tales and lively music. It is a celebration not to be missed by an inquisitive investigator.

Adventure seed: The Tall Tales and Music Festival is an excellent way to introduce new clues and adventure ideas into a Wildwyck-based campaign. Much of the lore exposed during the festival is pure (although entertaining) hokum, but some truths reside at the heart of these tall tales and folk legends. Any investigator attending to Festival for its duration adds +1d3% to his Wildwyck Lore skill. He can only benefit from the Festival once and subsequent attendance will not improve his skill, but may still reveal new clues and mysteries.

**Greenfane (hamlet and town hall, Town of Schneider, Sager County; 275):** Greenfane is a pleasant and industrious community overlooking the Hudson River. It gets its name from the original church built here in 1686. Constructed from native pine, the church quickly accumulated a blanket of moss giving the building a lustrous emerald color. The church is long gone, replaced by a more modern building, but its legacy remains. Visitors find the residents of Greenfane cheerful and hard-working, and its quaint stores draw crowds of shoppers from Newgrave during the summer months. The hamlet's sole peculiarity is its constant misfortune during the spring, when road closures caused by washouts regularly plague the settlement in late April.



Adventure seed: Careful research reveals that washouts always occur around April 30th, otherwise known as Walpurgisnacht, that evening supposedly celebrated by witches and Satanists in Europe. During that night, many of Greenfane's residents visit an archaic stand of oaks on a hill above the Hudson. Inquisitive explorers and the occasional wandering hiker have fallen prey to a number of large animal traps placed around that copse of trees. The denizens of Greenfane have something to hide.

**Hapanock (hamlet, Town of Hydefield; 300):** For years, Hapanock was a quiet farming community until the mill boom swept the 'Wyck and the New York & Pennsylvania Railroad laid their tracks along the waters of the Kikkerkill. Now its residents rely on industrial jobs to make ends meet, although the landscape surrounding the hamlet still boasts a fair number of growingly industrialized farms. The once-still nights are broken by the plaintive sound of train whistles heading to and from

Ashton. During the day, the population swells as millworkers and other service personnel arrive to punch the time clocks at their respective places of employment. Hapanock is also home to a thriving speak-easy situated along the tracks. Investigators looking for modern conveniences and outdoor gear should visit Hapanock where they'll find good deals on an assortment of goods beneficial to their endeavors.

Adventure seed: The owner of Hapanock's "blind tiger" is rumored to have connections that spread deep into the criminal underworld and he pays off the railroad bulls to ensure certain shipments arrive unquestioned and uninspected. Most unsettling of these rumors is that the speakeasy's owner, Albert Rose, is the mastermind of a white slavery ring and that some trains arriving in the dead of night carry human cargo. The fate of these largely female unfortunates is unknown.

**Huddle (hamlet, Town of Tallpine; 100):** This hamlet is little more than a collection of small shacks leaning drunkenly along the roadside. Livestock roam the streets, muddy streams wind through weed-thick yards, and the dim light of oil lamps shine behind windows of waxed paper. The folks of Huddle keep to themselves and school their children at home. Outsiders are unwelcome in Huddle, and the residents are not shy to inform visitors of this.

Adventure seed: Although any number of “backwoods” tales could start or end in Huddle, the residents have another reason for their secrecy and closed community. There are old tales of a secret silver mine up in these mountains, once worked by both Indian and settler alike in the dim past. The mine is hidden and legend has it that a light like a bright candle flame rises above the mine at midnight once every seven years, revealing its location. The townsfolk of Huddle are bound together in a pact to find the mine and extract its wealth. But what if the mine holds something other than silver?

**Hydefield (hamlet and town hall, Town of Hydefield; 350):** Founded by English farmers moving to the area from the stony fields of Connecticut, Hydefield has grown into a busy hamlet where commerce and agriculture meet. Although the hamlet’s population is largely middle class, Hydefield is also the summer home of New York City socialite Marie Lafevre, a patron of the arts renowned for her summer soirees. Madame Lafevre is popular with Hydefield’s inhabitants, many of whom see their own finances enriched by her lavish parties and generous donations to civic groups.

Adventure seed: Madame Lafevre’s parties always draw eclectic guests hand-picked by the society dame. Tycoons of industry, unknown but provocative artists, and esoteric scholars have all tread her summer home’s parquet floors. It is said that Marie Lafevre is interested in the occult and commonly holds midnight séances on her home’s upper floor. Some informed occultist speculate that she has been dealing with Albert Rose (see Hapanock above), employing him to provide her with the required sacrifices for her darkest magical rites.

**Indian Rest (hamlet; Town of Charoake; 150):** Indian Rest gets its name from a legend that the natives who burned Nieu Dorp in 1662 and carried off its residents paused here as they fled back into the wilds. Old folktales also say that seven of the male captives were castrated and

burned alive here before the natives continued their retreat. Today, Indian Rest is a small hamlet whose fortunes have seen better days. Old tanneries, now abandoned and polluted, line the banks of Keykout Creek, a reminder of the boom days of the last century. Many of the young folk have left Indian Rest for better jobs in Ashton and the hamlet seems populated solely by tired men and women of middle age. Even the elementary school has been shuttered. Most of Indian Rest’s business is done with hunters and outdoorsmen heading into the mountains, and its shops are all well-stocked with equipment useful to camping, hunting, and trapping.

Adventure seed: In years past, when the school was still open, the children swapped tales at recess of Inside-Out. According to these macabre tales, Inside-Out is a monster that lurks in the ruined tanneries down by the creek. His name says it all: he is a horrific version of a man turned inside-out, covered in blood and bile and gore. He carries off small children, household pets, and the occasional tramp that unwisely sleeps down by the river. But surely, this is all just childish fear...

**Jacob’s Corners (hamlet, Town of Colby; 275):** Jacob’s Corners was founded in 1701 by Squire Jacob, a sea captain and whaler who berthed his ship, *Plutonia*, in nearby Newgrave. He built his home in the shadow of Dutch Peak on a rise where he could view the busy Hudson below. In time, other settlers erected homes nearby and the hamlet of Jacob’s Corners was born.

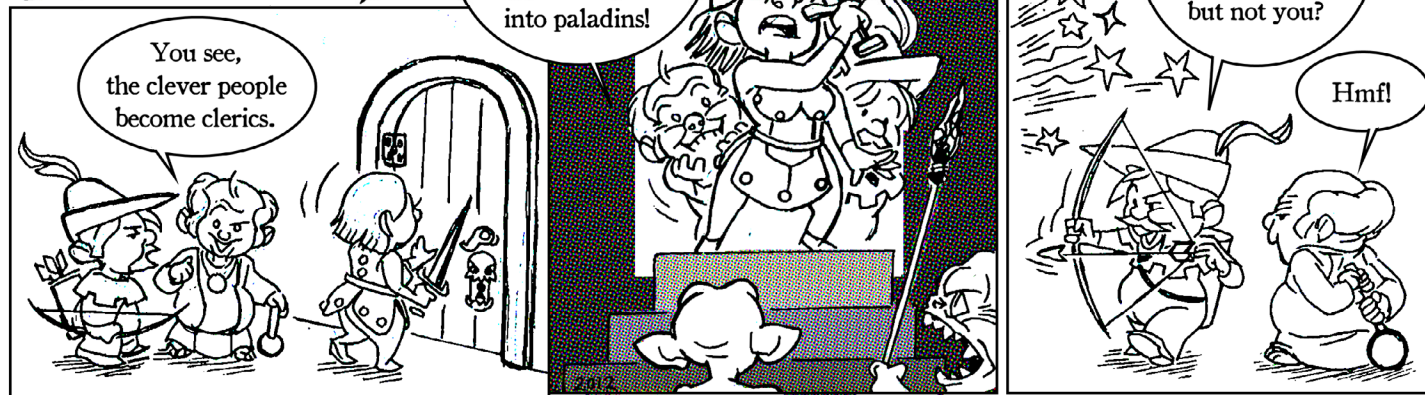
Today, Jacob’s Corners remains a picturesque village that sees enough traffic to support its shops and farms without compromising its old-world charm. Its residents are gregarious and content to remain aloof from the filth and crime that mars Newgrave on the far side of the Hudson. Visitors are encouraged to visit Jacob’s Corners at Christmastime when the hamlet turns into a paradise of soft candlelight and green wreaths and bunting.

Adventure seed: A popular local legend claims that Squire Jacob did more than whaling with the *Plutonia*, engaging in piracy to bolster his fortune. His sons continued the family business by acting as privateers during the Revolutionary War. Rumors of buried treasure on the Jacob manor grounds and in the highlands of Dutch Ridge are rife in Jacob’s Corners and many an afternoon was spoiled for an outdoorsman when he fell into one of the numerous exploratory holes dug into the surrounding hillsides by treasure-hunters. Ω



# Dullards & Drop-Outs

by Hancock & Jensen



## Sir Tendeth ☠



## Sniderman



## Sir Tendeth ☠



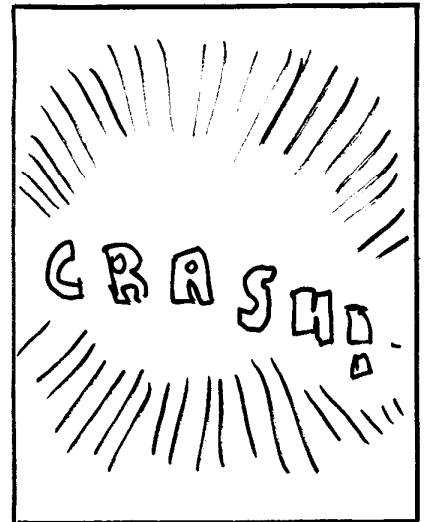
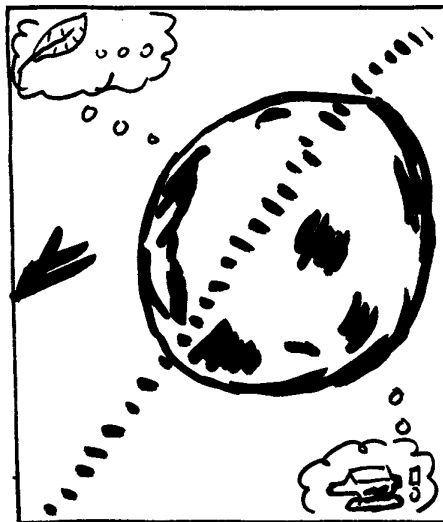
## Sniderman





# EDUCATION of a MAGIC-USER

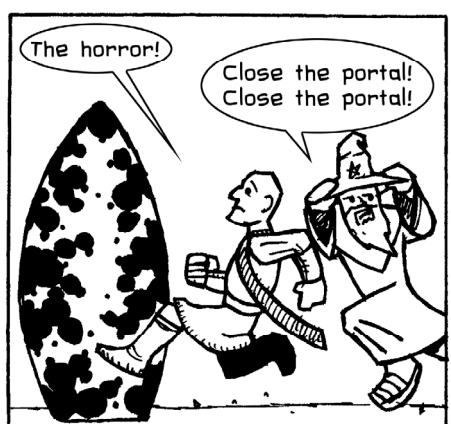
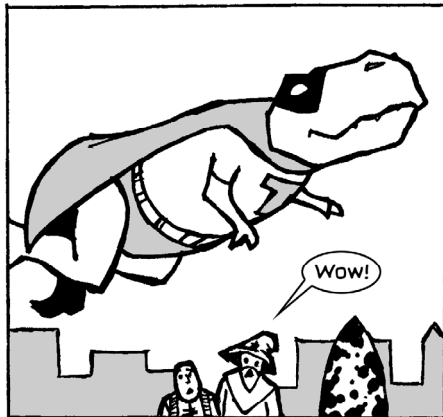
PART THE TWELVTH:  
Average studies



# DOXY, Urgent Care Cleric

By Jonathan Linneman & Kelvin Green

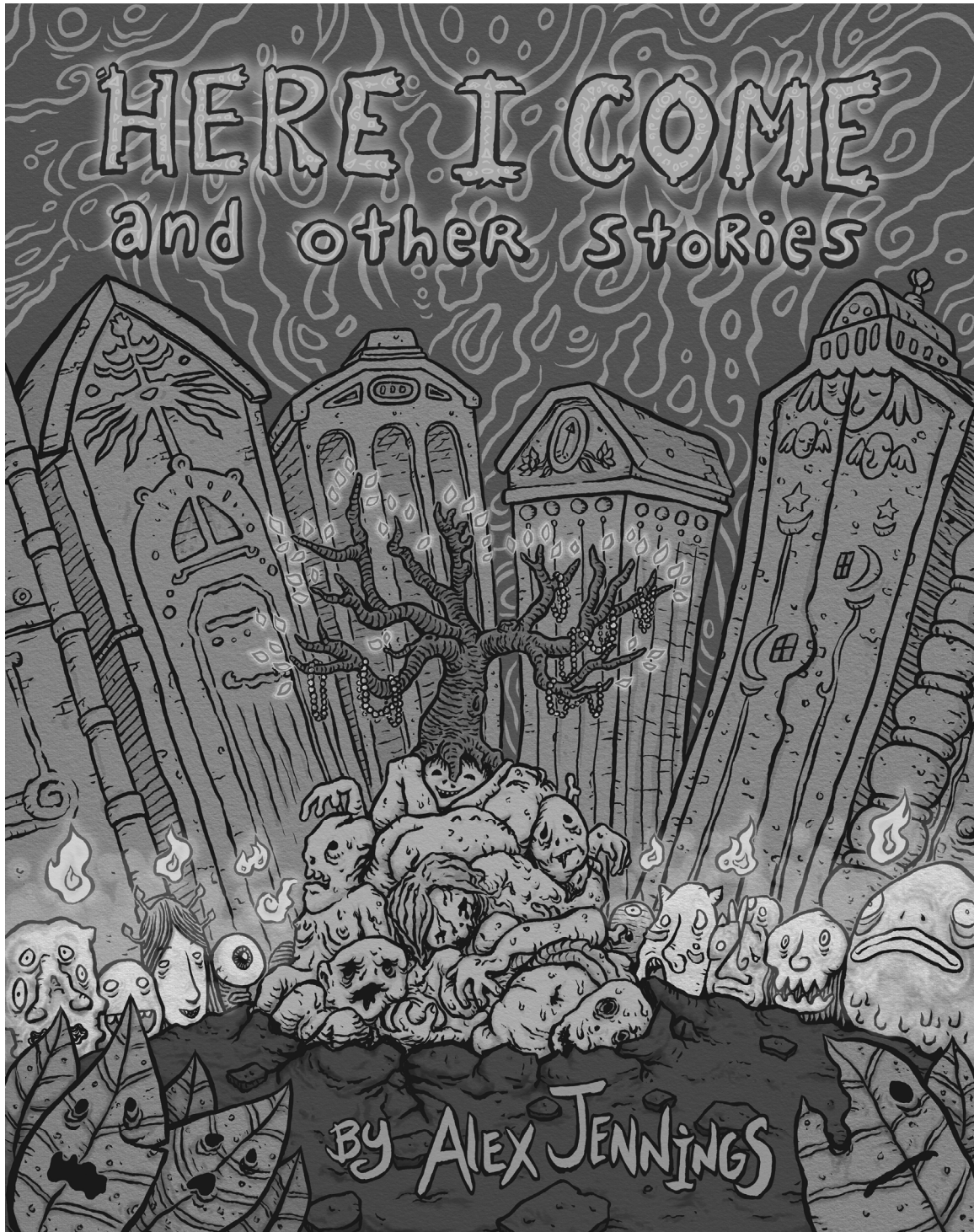
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