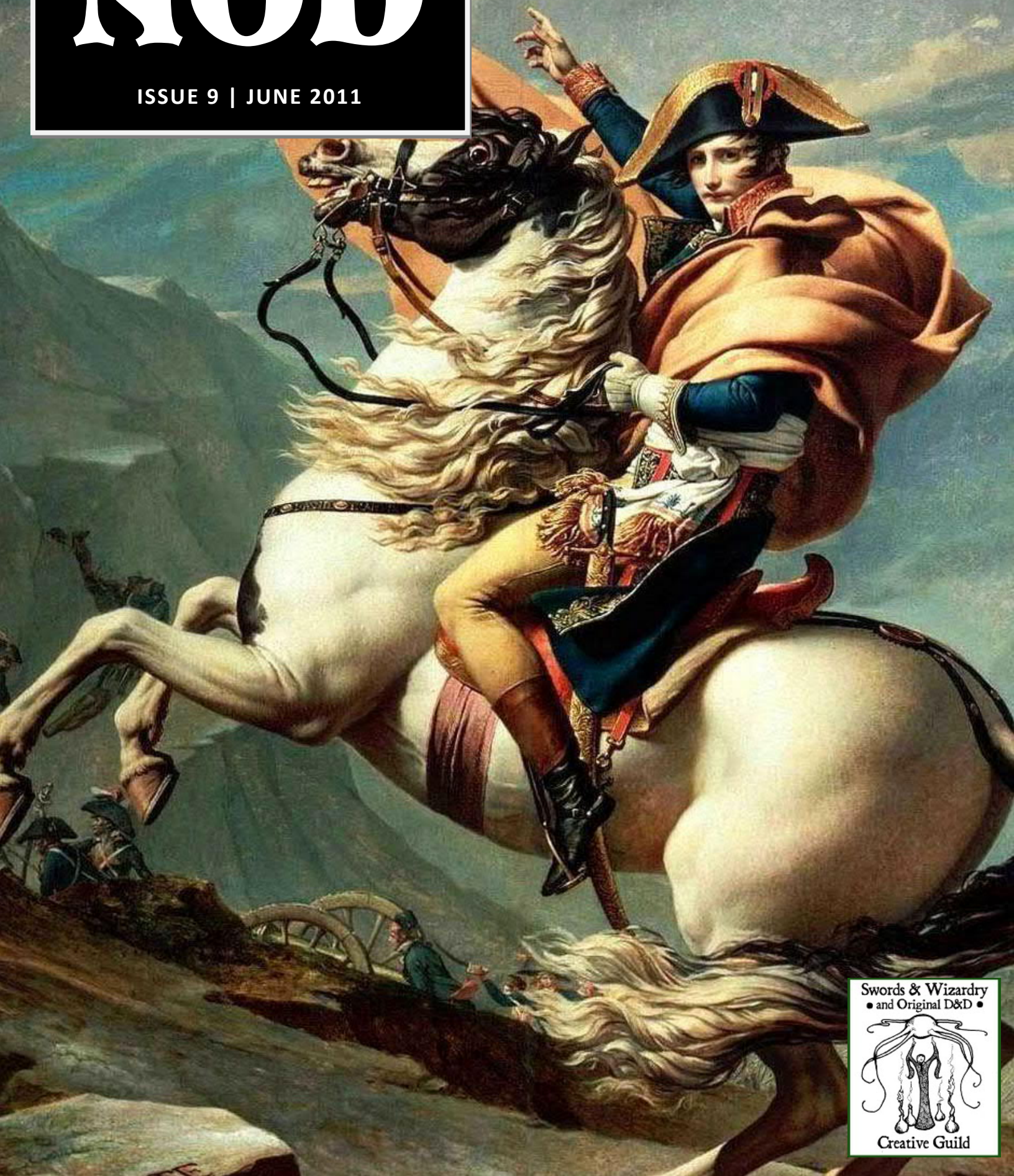


NOD

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Swords & Wizardry
• and Original D&D •



Creative Guild

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This issue's hex crawl uses the excellent *Ruins & Ronin*, which spins Matt Finch's *Swords & Wizardry* for dungeon delving in an Asian milieu. Head to Lulu.com to purchase the rules and check out Mike's blog *Sword +1* (<http://swordplusone.blogspot.com/>) for more information on *Ruins & Ronin* and his many other gaming endeavors.



This month, our cover image is *Napoleon Crossing the Alps*, in honor of the “Altered States of America” article on adventuring in an alternate history, Napoleonic-era America. The cover image was painted by Jacques-Louis David in 1800.

Campaign Sketchbook

Altered States

By John M. Stater

Campaign Sketchbook is a place I can sketch out the ideas of a campaign without completely fleshing it out or publishing it as a stand-alone title.

The America That Wasn't

The best thing about the internet, of course, is its inter-connectivity. Discover one thing of interest and it can lead you to even more discoveries. To a dreamer, there can be no better fuel. So it was that one day I came across two disparate items that mixed together in my mind and resulted in this idea for a non-traditional low fantasy campaign. The items in question were a map showing the original names of several American cities and an image of France's Guard Imperial from the Napoleonic Era. Combined with an existing interest in the origins of American states (and if you haven't already explored the Lost States blog, you really should – the link is at the end of this article), I conceived of a non-United America of quarrelsome states, not unlike the nations of Europe, competing with one another in colonizing the interior of the country, specifically the vast swath of territory west of the Mississippi River not already claimed and explored by the Spanish. This conception of the American continent is lodged in the Napoleonic Era, a time of tall hats, sabers and much swashbuckling and devilry – in other words, a fantastic time period for gaming.

First things first – don't get too deeply into the alternate history of this world unless alternate history is something both you and the players in your campaign love. The base year of the campaign is approximately 1800, but could be earlier or later depending on your tastes. In terms of rules, the Napoleonic Era could be well served by a "low magic" set of rules like Christopher Cale's *Backswords & Bucklers* or, if you prefer the d20 system, Atlas Games' excellent *Northern Crown*.

Adventurers in an *Altered States of America* campaign essentially replace Louis & Clark in their exploration of the Louisiana Purchase. As adventurers advance in level, they



can establish forts and colonize the area. Alternatively, adventurers could play Native Americans attempting to keep the Europeans out of their territory.

The Altered States

The following sketches describe the major nations that border the Mysterious Interior of the North American continent. Understand that most of the "cities" in these entries range in population from 500 to 1,500 people.

California: When Mexican authority broke down completely in their northern holdings, the nations of California, Texas and the Republic of the Rio Grande emerged. The Republic of California has good land on the



coasts, but an arid interior that defies exploration and exploitation – though the promise of lost cities of gold drives adventurers on. In the eastern, mountainous portions of the republic, Christian pilgrims have settled around the Great Salt Lake and plan to rebel against the “authorities” in California and form their own “theodemocratic state of New Zion.

| *Population: 20,000; Capital: Monte Rey; Other Cities: Encinal, Santa Cruz, San Miguel, Tucson, Yerba Buena, San Jose, Porciuncula; Govt: Republic; Leader: Pres. Diego de Borica.*

Canada, Lower: Lower Canada is a crown colony of the British Empire consisting of most of the original Province of Quebec. Lower Canada borders the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the two have fought several skirmishes over the governorship of Quebec City.

| *Population: 170,000; Capital: Quebec City; Other Cities: Trois-Rivières, La Place Royale, Rimouski; Government: Colony; Leader: Lt. Gov. Robert Milnes.*

Canada, Upper: Upper Canada is a crown colony of the British Empire consisting in the main of the northern shores of the Great Lakes. The original population consisted of Native American tribes and French traders and trappers, but it was more recently bolstered by the immigration of British loyalist subjects leaving the independent American nations that they might once again live under their beloved King George III.

| *Population: 60,000; Capital: York; Other Cities: The King’s Town, Newark, Sandwich; Government: Colony; Leader: Lt. Gov. Peter Hunter.*

Carolina: One of the original British colonies, Carolina once encompassed what is now Georgia and made claims on all

the land from its Atlantic coast to the Pacific. Naturally, the Spanish had a strong counter-claim in the western portions of the continent, a claim that was taken over by Mexico and then lost in successive wars of independence in California and Texas. Still, the Carolinians plan to press their claims in the mysterious interior.

| *Population: 776,000; Capital: Raleigh; Other Cities: New Bern, Wilmington, Bloomsbury, Charles Town (18,800), Fort Nashborough, Charlotte, Jonesborough, Fort Nashborough, Davidson's Fort, Morristown, Columbia; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. William Miller.*

Georgia: The country of Georgia was once a province of the British Empire, carved out of land claimed by both Carolina and Spanish Florida (now Muskogee). Georgia was originally a colony for the "worthy poor" of Britain's debtor prisons. The country produces rice, indigo and sugarcane. Border clashes with Muskogee are commonplace, and the western portions of Georgia are largely unexplored.

| *Population: 163,000; Capital: Savannah; Other Cities: Fort Maurepas, Fort Louis, Fort Rosalie; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. Peter Early.*

Louisiane: The colony of Louisiane has become the last refuge of Marie Antoinette and her son, King Louis XVII, the exiled Bourbons. Settlements ostensibly under their control in the Illinois Country that they claim include La Petit Roche, Cahokia, Fleurissant, Mine au Breton (a lead mining settlement) and Ste-Geneviève.

| *Population: 76,000; Capital: La-Nouvelle-Orleans; Other Cities: Baton Rouge, Fort Miro, Natchitoches; Government: Monarchy; Leader: Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte.*

Maryland: The Catholic stronghold of Maryland, hemmed in as it is by much larger nations, has almost no role in the exploration of the continent's interior, though its more adventurous citizens might certainly find employment elsewhere, especially in Catholic Louisiane or Quebec.

| *Population: 406,000; Capital: Annapolis; Other Cities: St. Mary's City, Georgetown, Port of Baltimore (26,500); Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. Benjamin Ogle.*

Massachusetts: The Common-wealth of Massachusetts is the second largest nation in North America after New Netherland. Massachusetts is a nation of industry and

commerce with a large flotilla on the Great Lakes. Massachusetts claims the northern portion of the Northwest Territory called Sylvania and is actively establishing forts to control it. Sylvania Territory has such settlements as Sault Ste. Marie and Fort Ponchartrain du Detroit.

| *Population: 1,225,000; Capital: Trimountaine (24,900); Other Cities: Fort Goede Hope, Quinnipiac, Lexington, Plimouth, Weymouth, Dover, Gloucester, Salem (9,500), Saugus, Kittery Commons, Mistick, Windsor, Musketaquid, Providence (7,600), Koussinoc, Montpelier, Casco, Condeskeag; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. John Adams.*

Muskogee: Muskogee is a Florida Indian nation founded in 1799 by William Augustus Bowles, a Marylander who moved into the area and eventually married into the local tribes, becoming a chief of the Muskogee in the process. Bowles had designs on creating a Native American nation that could compete with the European colonies, and to that end garnered the support of the Muskogee and Seminoles. He declared himself Director General and Commander-in-Chief of the Muskogee Nation and welcomed escaped slaves and pirates into his country.

| *Population: 55,000; Capital: Miccosukee; Other Cities: St. Augustine, St. Marks, Pensacola, Cowford; Government: Republic; Leader: William A. Bowles.*

New Netherland: New Netherland stretches across the real states of New York and Pennsylvania and claims the Ohio Country as a territory. The most populous state in North America, New Netherlands is a colonial province of The Netherlands held by charter by the Netherlands West Indies Company. Its governor is Philip J. Schuyler. Settlements in the Ohio Country include Cleaveland on the Cuyahoga, Franklinton on the Scioto and Losantiville on the Ohio River.

| *Population: 1,402,000; Capital: New Amsterdam (60,500); Other Cities: Fort Christina, Pittsborough, Beaver Creek, Lewes, Pavonia, Fort Casimir, Rye, Woodbridge, Newark, Chestnut Hills, Shackamaxon (61,600), Burlington, Erie, Allentown, Ellicott's Mills, Harrisburg, Buffalo, Trent-towne; Government: Colonial Province of Dutch Republic; Leader: Gov. Philip J. Shuyler.*

Prince Rupert's Land: Prince Rupert's Land is a large swath of territory extending to Hudson Bay and owned by the

Hudson's Bay Company, the first governor of the company. The land is mostly traversed by fur traders and a few explorers looking for the Northwest Passage. The country is sparsely populated.

| *Population: 30,000; Capital: York Factory; Other Cities: Fort Rouge, Fort Edmonton; Government: Company; Leader: Gov. Sir James Winter.*

Republica del Rio Grande: The Republic of the Rio Grande is a sister state to Texas. Like Texas, it exists in a constant state of tension with the Viceroyalty of New Spain and is generally cut off from the mysterious interior that makes up the bulk of an *Altered States of America* campaign.

| *Population: 20,000; Capital: Laredo; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. Jesús de Cárdenas.*

Texas: One of the three rebel republics of New Spain, much of Texas is wild and unexplored, the remainder given over to cotton plantations and cattle ranches.

| *Population: 55,000; Capital: Nacogdoches; Other Cities: El Paso, Franklin, Sante Fe, Albuquerque, Yanaguana; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. Stephen F. Austin.*

Transylvania: Transylvania is a chartered colony of Virginia started by the Transylvania Company and founded by the famous Daniel Boone, who serves as the colony's governor and military commander. Transylvania is Virginia's gateway to the Indiana Territory and the disputed Ohio Country.

| *Population: 221,000; Capital: Boonesborough; Other Cities: Lexington, Corn Island, Frank's Ford; Government: Colony; Leader: Gov. Daniel Boone.*

Virginia: The Commonwealth of Virginia, nicknamed "Old Dominion" is simultaneously the most aristocratic of the American nations and has one of the longest histories of republican democracy on the continent, its House of Burgesses having been founded in 1619. Governed by the spendthrift firebrand Thomas Jefferson, Virginia claims the entire Indiana Territory and plans to settle it extensively, along with as much of the rest of the interior as it can get its hands on. It does not recognize New Netherland's claim to the Ohio Country and has already established the colony of Marietta in the area. Its rival in the Northwest Territories is Massachusetts, and no love is lost between the explorers of those two nations. Indiana Territory has

such settlements as Dog's Prairie and Green Bay, founded in the extreme north by French trappers and Kaskaskia, Fort Dearborn, Vincennes, Fort Miamis and Rock Prairie in the southern portion of the territory.

| *Population: 887,000; Capital: Williamsburg; Other Cities: James Fort, Fort Charles, Fort Lee, Hampton, Kikotan, Newportes Neues, Norfolk (6,900), Alexandria, Charlottesville, Shepherdstown, Charles Town, Germanna, Richmond; Government: Republic; Leader: Pres. Thomas Jefferson.*

Exploring the Mysterious Interior

In an *Altered States of America* campaign, unexplored wilderness takes the place the "dungeon". While a few lost cities and ancient ruins might dot the landscape, this sort of campaign has no mega-dungeon – the point is charting the wilderness, establishing forts and extending empires or founding new nations. Remember – though the competing nations of North America have many claims on territory, a claim is only as good as the manpower one has to press that claim – hence the need for explorers, armies and forts. A game of *Altered States of America* is as likely to include mass combat as it is to involve "dungeon" exploration, and players should be just as excited about one as the other if they are to thrive in such a campaign.

When Louis and Clark set off to explore the Louisiana Purchase, they had no idea what they would find. There were rumors of lost tribes of Israel and Welsh princes, mastodons and other fantastic beasts and, of course, gold – the great motivator of exploration. In other words, you should feel free to include whatever fantastic things you like in the mysterious interior of the continent. There's no reason a company of explorers should not discover bulettes swimming through the Wyoming soil or storm giants in the Rocky Mountains.

Some of the things you might discover in the mysterious interior include:

Native Americans: Without a doubt, an *Altered States of America* campaign presents potential pitfalls for players. Taking on the role of a 19th century explorer means coming into conflict with the indigenous inhabitants of the continent, often with the intent of conquering or displacing them. Some fantasy games solve this moral dilemma by changing indigenous tribes into "monsters" like orcs and

hobgoblins while others over-romanticize Native Americans as “noble savages”. In an *Altered States of America* campaign, consider portraying Native Americans as human beings, with all the vices and virtues common to the species. Keep in mind that the Native American tribes were as apt to come into armed conflict with one another as they were with the colonizing Europeans.

Native American tribes of North America include Cherokee, Navajo, Sioux, Chippewa, Choctaw, Apache, Iroquois and Creek. Like all other human characters, they can be of any class available in the game or simply given stats by the Referee as he or she pleases. Native Americans fight with such weapons as short bows, spears, hand axes and clubs, as well as captured or purchased European arms.

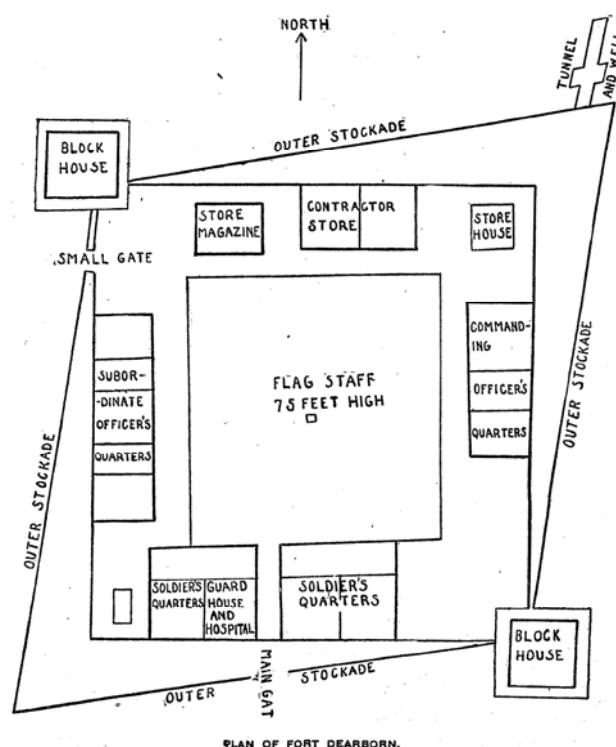
Welsh Tribes: There was once a persistent rumor that an ancient Welsh prince, Madoc, discovered the Americas and settled there with his followers. Over time, the Welsh became just another of the continent’s tribes, though one with European features and possibly Medieval armor and weapons like chainmail and longbows.

Pilgrims: The American continent has long been a refuge for people seeking religious freedom, and this is no different in an *Altered States of America* campaign. North American went through many religious revivals, and the adherents of a charismatic preacher could be making their way across the continent to found a New Zion.

Dinosaurs & Mastodons: Prehistoric creatures were not well understood by the scientists of the 19th century, and many believed they might still be lurking in the unexplored portions of the continent, not realizing that the ancient migrations of the indigenous peoples had wiped out most of the continent’s mega-fauna. Fortunately, a fantasy game like *Altered States of America* need not suffer a similar extinction event and the presence of a few giant beavers, mastodons and dinosaurs should liven things up.

Monsters from Folklore: The Native Americans had a whole litany of mythological creatures that can lurk in the interior of the continent, including giant rattlesnakes, bear spirits and the piasa bird, a sort of dragon. Atlas Games’ *Northern Crown* setting is an excellent source for such creatures for use in an *Altered States of America* campaign.

Forts: A number of forts have already been founded in the Mysterious Interior, mostly by the French, and thus at least nominally under the control of Louisiane. These forts are small affairs, rarely housing or protecting more than 100 settlers. A fort is usually commanded by a warrior of level 3 to 6 (i.e. roll 1d4+2) with 1d10+10 men-at-arms. A plan of Fort Dearborn (the origin of Chicago) is provided below.



Experience

Just as in any other fantasy game, experience points are rewarded for defeating foes in combat and finding treasure. Treasure in an *Altered States of America* campaign consists of fur pelts, gold and silver mines, art treasures and wampum as often as gold and silver coins.

Since an ASA campaign is focused on discovery, experience awards might also be distributed for each major geographic feature named, treaties signed, new land entered (maybe 100 XP per hex, or more) and trading posts and forts established.

Napoleonic Arms & Equipment

At the start of an *Altered States of America* campaign, characters are funded by a government or a company of investors with a charter from a government. They begin

with as many henchmen (men-at-arms and bearers) as allowed by their Leadership values (see below) and gear and supplies for themselves and their retinues for 6 months of exploration. After this initial six months, they must be able to finance themselves or their patrons give them the boot.

Logistics are as important in this kind of campaign as in a dungeon crawl campaign. Each person needs at least 3 pounds of food and half a gallon of water per day to survive. Oxen or horse teams are necessary to carry this gear into the wilderness, and those beasts of burden must also be supplied with food and drink.

Money in an *Altered States of America* campaign is in dollars, with the most common form of dollar being a silver coin weighing about 20 to the pound. Obviously, paper money, gold coins and letters of credit are also employed on the continent. If using traditional fantasy rules, just convert “gold pieces” to “dollars”.

Much of the miscellaneous equipment in traditional fantasy games, such as rope and iron rations, are usable as-is. The only armor commonly available is the cuirass, worn by some horsemen (cuirassiers). Heavy wool coats can be counted as padded armor (-1 [+1] to AC) if the Referee so desires. The following weapons are common to the Napoleonic Era.

Equipment	Damage	Range (Ft.)	Cost
Axe	1d6	-	\$6
Bayonet	1d6	-	\$2
Carbine	2d6	50-ft	\$18
Grenade	1d6	10-ft radius	\$6
Knife	1d4	-	\$2
Musket	2d6	70-ft	\$20
Pike	1d8	-	\$10
Pistol	1d10	30-ft	\$12
Rifle	2d6	200-ft	\$60
Saber, Short	1d6	-	\$8
Saber, Straight	1d8	-	\$15

Artillery	Damage	Range (Ft.)	Cost
4-pounder	3d6	1,100-ft	\$300
6-pounder	4d6	1,350-ft	\$450
8-pounder	5d6	1,350-ft	\$600
12-pounder	7d6	1,600-ft	\$900

Leadership

A Napoleonic campaign is not one of small bands of adventurers but of large bodies of soldiers staking their claims on the wilderness. For this reason, the larger a person’s retinue, the more likely they will survive and thrive in the campaign. The potential for mass combat is ever present, and the players should agree on a set of mass combat rules, such as those in *Swords & Wizardry*, should be found and agreed upon.

Each character in an *Altered States of America* campaign has a leadership value that determines the number of henchmen they can effectively command in their retinue. Henchmen are either men-at-arms with 1 Hit Dice or simple bearers with 1-1 Hit Dice. Men-at-arms must be paid \$2 dollars per day for their service, while bearers earn \$1 dollars per day. Remember, the adventurer’s patron pays for the first six months of an expedition, but thereafter the players must pay for their followers.

A leadership value is equal to a character’s charisma score plus their level.

Leadership Score	Max. Number of Followers
10	5
11	6
12	8
13	10
14	15
15	20
16	25
17	30
18	35
19	40
20	50
21	60
22	75
23	90
24	100
25	150
26	200
27	300
28	400
29	500
30	1,000



Men-At-Arms

Men-at-arms traditionally are organized into companies of about 50 men. Battalions are formed of anywhere from 7 to 9 companies and regiments of 10 battalions. The following types of men-at-arms are available for hire in an *Altered States of America* campaign.

One of every ten soldiers must be a sergeant pulling double pay and with one extra hit dice unless the character leads no more than 10 followers.

Grenadiers: Grenadiers are line infantry, often promoted from the fusiliers due to their ferocity. In Napoleon's army, it was required that grenadiers be the tallest, fiercest men in the regiment and that they wear mustaches. Grenadiers are armed with muskets and short sabers. They are usually identifiable on the battlefield by their tall bearskin caps. They are paid a salary of \$12 per month.

| Grenadier: HD 2; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 10; Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: None.

Voltigeurs: Voltigeurs, or vaulters, were elite skirmishers, chosen for their marksmanship. They originally rode into

battle and then dismounted, but in time they became pure infantry. Voltigeurs are armed with a musket and short saber. Their marksmanship earns a salary of \$8 per month.

| Voltigeur: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 10; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: +1 to hit with musket.

Fusiliers: Fusiliers are the backbone of the line infantry, and thus the basic man-at-arms. They are armed with musket and bayonet. Fusiliers are paid \$6 per month.

| Fusilier: HD 1; AC 8 [11]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 10; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Carabiners: Carabiners are the grenadiers of the light infantry regiments – the tallest, strongest soldiers (and also required to wear mustaches). Like grenadiers, they also wear tall bearskin caps. Carabiners are armed with musket, bayonet and short saber. Carabiners are paid a salary of \$9 per month.

| Carabiner: HD 1+1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Light Voltigeurs: These men resemble the voltigeurs of the line infantry. They are armed with musket and short saber. Light voltigeurs are paid a salary of \$8 per month.

| Light Voltigeur: HD 1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: +1 to hit with musket.

Chasseurs: The chasseurs, or hunters, are the backbone of the light infantry regiments. They are armed with musket, bayonet and short saber and are paid \$6 per month.

| Chasseur: HD 1; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: None.

Horse Carabiners: These men were the elite of the army. They wore bearskin caps and are mounted on heavy warhorses. They wear double cuirass and helm coated in bronze for effect and carry saber, carbine and two pistols. A horse carabiner is paid \$24 per month.

| Horse Carabiner: HD 2; AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 weapon; Move 10 (16 mounted); Save 17; CL/XP 2/30; Special: Heavy warhorse.

Cuirassiers: The cuirassiers were the basic heavy cavalry. Mounted on heavy warhorses, the cuirassiers wear

Jack-of-all-Trades

A New Character Class for S&W

By John M. Stater

The jack-of-all-trades (and yes, there are female jacks – just adjust the verbiage as you see fit, perhaps a “jill-of-all-trades”) is a wandering scamp and ne’er-do-well that has seen it all and done it all, or at least, that’s the way he tells it. In truth, he is an observant fellow always on the lookout for an opportunity, and that includes a bit of tomb robbing and dungeon delving when the pickings have been slim.

The jack-of-all-trades has the enviable ability to imitate all of the different classes of fantasy adventurer. Although they do their best work at emulating the thief, in a sticky situation a jack might recall the way that wizard once levitated himself out of a pit – he said something like “Abra Kadabra” and then set a feather atop his head – or maybe when presented by a clutch of angry kobolds, he recalls the way that fighting-man held off a whole gang by himself using only the pieces of a broken chair.

Prime Requisite: Charisma, 13+ grants the jack-of-all-trades a +5% bonus to earned XP.

Hit Dice: 1d8 per level to level 9, +2 hit points per level thereafter.

Weapons: All weapons.

Armor: Leather armor and shields.

Jack-of-all-Trades Abilities

Everybody’s Pal: The jack-of-all-trades gets around, and he knows how to work a crowd. Most jack’s can play an instrument, dance, sing, tell stories and do minor tricks. They receive a +1 (or +5%) on reaction checks (double with dragons) and always leave a tavern with at least one rumor.

Background: Even a first level jack-of-all-trades has a bit of history under his belt. Choose one of the following backgrounds for your little scoundrel.

Acolyte: He was thrown out of the seminary/temple school for unworthy behavior, possibly with women of ill repute or for stealing the holy wine. He has a +5% chance to emulate cleric abilities and is literate.

Apprentice: He was dropped by his eldritch master for something referred to only as “the incident” – brooms



might have been involved. He has a +5% chance to emulate magic-user and is literate.

Soldier: He deserted from the army on the eve of a major battle, possibly with his fellows' pay. He has a +5% chance to emulate fighting-man abilities and can wear chainmail (though doing so spoils his use of magic-user and thief abilities).

Bits and Pieces: The jack-of-all-trades wanders widely and rubs elbows with a diverse crowd. As he walks through life, he learns bits and pieces from others, and he is always observing and making notes. This gives the jack-of-all-trades a percentage chance to use the abilities of the other classes (see advancement table below).

Cleric abilities usable by the jack-of-all-trades include turning undead, casting cleric spells and using cleric scrolls. When attempting to cast a cleric spell, divide the jack's percentage chance of success by the level. Fouling up a clerical ability carries with it a 1% chance of divine retribution, the exact form of which is up to the Referee.

Fighting-Man abilities include making multiple attacks against creatures with less than 1 Hit Dice (the jack need only make the roll once per fight) and using magic items only usable by fighting-men.

Magic-User abilities include casting magic-user spells and the use of staves, wands and magic-user scrolls. As with

casting cleric spells, you must divide the jack's chance of success by the level of the magic-user spell he is attempting. Fouling up a magical ability carries with it a 1% chance of ill consequences (roll 1d6 on the table below).

Roll	Consequences
1	Spell triggers on yourself
2-3	Spell triggers on a random person in range of the spell
4-5	Spell triggers on everyone in range of the spell
6	Spell has the opposite desired effect (if applicable) or the jack-of-all-trades suffers from a disability (Roll 1d6: 1-3 = assumes gaseous form of 1 hour; 4-5 = feeble-minded for 1 day; 6 = confusion for 10 rounds).

Thief abilities include speaking the cant and back stabbing. The jack-of-all-trades also has a percentage chance to use a thief's other abilities (climb walls, pick pockets, etc) equal to half that of a true thief of the same level.

Whether the jack's ability to ape these classes applies to "sub-classes" (the monk, druid, etc), is up to the Referee. Perhaps the jack's player might have to choose whether he can emulate the class or one of the sub-classes, just to keep things even.

JMS

Jack-of-all-Trades Advancement Table

Level	XP	HD	Save	Title	Cleric	Fighting-Man	Magic-User	Thief
1	0	1	14	Gamin	1%	25%	5%	25%
2	1,750	2	13	Punk	2%	30%	7%	32%
3	3,500	3	12	Buck	3%	35%	9%	39%
4	7,000	4	11	Lad	4%	40%	11%	46%
5	14,000	5	10	Sonny Jim	5%	45%	13%	53%
6	28,000	6	9	Bloke	6%	50%	15%	60%
7	56,000	7	8	Chap	7%	55%	17%	67%
8	115,000	8	7	Gent	8%	60%	19%	74%
9	230,000	9	6	Jack-of-all-Trades	9%	65%	21%	81%
10	430,000	+2 hp	5	Jack-of-all-Trades	10%	70%	23%	88%
11	630,000	+4 hp	4	Jack-of-all-Trades	11%	75%	25%	95%
12	830,000	+6 hp	4	Jack-of-all-Trades	12%	80%	27%	99%

Uncommon Coinage

By John M. Stater

Not every coin found in a treasure trove has to be ordinary disc of precious metal. Some of those massive piles of coins might hide something far more wondrous.

Compacted Cubit: One of these coins is actually a full ton (2,000 lb) of silver dust stuffed into an extra-dimensional space inside a tiny, coin-shaped cylinder of magical force. They look like grainy, silvery coins but feel perfectly smooth. God forbid you have a few of these in your backpack when somebody casts dispel magic. Depending on how you value coinage, a compacted cubit is worth 20,000 sp or 200,000 sp.

Gold Soultaker: This coin appears to be a blank, unstruck gold coin. When pressed on the forehead of a recently dead body, it absorbs the person's soul and their image appears on the coin.

Dragon Token: Dragon tokens are wooden coins that are steeped in the blood of a freshly slain dragon and then coated with wax to keep the draconic goodness locked inside. Value depends on how much you value dragon blood, but probably not more than 10 gp.

Token of Friendship: This token is a tarnished brass coin. It creates a vague emotional connection between you and the person who presented it to you - i.e., you know when they are frightened, happy, etc. The coin can summon the person bodily to you if you call out their name while holding it.

Platinum Cone: A small platinum cone, worth 2 pp. When the tiny end is held to the ear it implants a random magic-user spell (level 1d3) in your head, making you capable of casting it if not wearing armor. There is a 1 in 6 chance that the spell is reversed or just not what you thought it was.



Pennywise: This copper coin bears the image of an owl. It increases a character's wisdom score by +3, to a maximum of 18, but also makes that person very tight with money.



Golden Rad: Radioactive gold coinage, with all that radiation brings (poison, mutation – it depends on your campaign). Each coin has a 1 in 20 chance per month of transmuting back to lead.

Silver Sylph: This is a silver coin with a hole in the center. If one blows through the hole, the coin produces bubbles of perfume and has a 1% chance of instead producing a sylph. You have no control over the sylph, and if you dragged her away from something important she might be quite cross.

Gold Spiral: This is a gold coin struck with a spiral design, it can absorb one lightning bolt (no save needed) and then automatically discharges it exactly one hour later. While holding the charge, the holder is immune to electricity.

Corpse Coins: These copper coins, if placed on the eyes of a corpse, completely stop decay. If held over the eye of a living creature, a corpse coin makes that person invisible to corporeal undead. One could hold coins over both eyes, but they would probably just run into things.

Brass Extinguisher: This brass coin bears an image of a blowing wind god on one side and a mermaid on the other. No normal flame can ignite or exist within 20 feet of the flame. Flames carried into the coin's range are immediately snuffed out, regardless of the fuel. Magical fires are suppressed only 15% of the time.

JMS

Yun-Bai-Du

A City-State for the Mu-Pan Setting

By John M. Stater

Illustrations by Jon Kaufman

Yun-Bai-Du is the city of White Sage King, the current chan of Yun. The White Sage King is a judgmental man with skin the color of loam, pale blue eyes and long black hair. He is tall and wiry, with a chiseled face and thoughtful eyes. He is married to Dojoodol, a fragile beauty talented in the soothsayer's art. The royal children of Yun-Bai-Du are the princes Atai and Emul.

The city-state is actually more like eight conjoined city-states, each constructed around a massive karst pillar. The eight pillars, called the Eight Lofty Peaks, hold the tombs of eight Yun kings now worshiped as immortals - Purple Phoenix King, Darting Sparrow King, Splendiferous Tiger King, Crashing Thunder Emperor, Amethyst Emperor, Sublime Elephant King, Topaz Dragon King and the Puce Emperor.

Around the base of each pillar there is a circular fortress-temple staffed by sohei dedicated to the pillar's immortal. These fortress-temples have gates facing east and west and have fifty-foot tall walls and crenellated battlements. Several wushen and shugenja temples are set into each pillar, with all of the gods of Mu-Pan having a temple or shrine. The pinnacle of each pillar holds royal residences for the chan and his extended family. Beneath the royal level, from which one can enter the subterranean tombs of the immortals, are dozens of noble manses built into the stone of the pillar. Beneath the noble manses are the homes and businesses of the commoners, piled upon one another like building blocks. Many of the streets of Yun-Bai-Du are ramps or stairs. Long walkways atop the great walls link the common quarters of the different cities and dimensional gates link the royal palaces and homes of the nobles. Nobles also travel by flying carpet and other magical means, rarely descending to the earth and mingling with the commoners.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Population 34,500

Race Human

Minorities Hengeyokai, Shamshir

Patron Deity Agrodaun (Law)

AUTHORITY

Ruler Baichulun, the White Sage King (Shugenja 5)

High Priest Suri (Wushen 8)

DESCRIPTION

Theme Ancient China' Three Kingdoms Period

Accent Very refined and lofty Chinese

Vistas Polished stone, cobblestones with patches of mint growing in the cracks, sparkling fountains with racy statuary, lovely nobles in silks in sedan chairs, panting peasants pulling rickshaws, the clink of coins in silk purses, water buffalos pulling heavily laden carts, sloped tile roofs

Female Names Kipchure, Babinsu, Tulunnalc, Ubin, Sagiynavn, Anogal, Tuluny, Bayan, Mongeran, Bumbatem

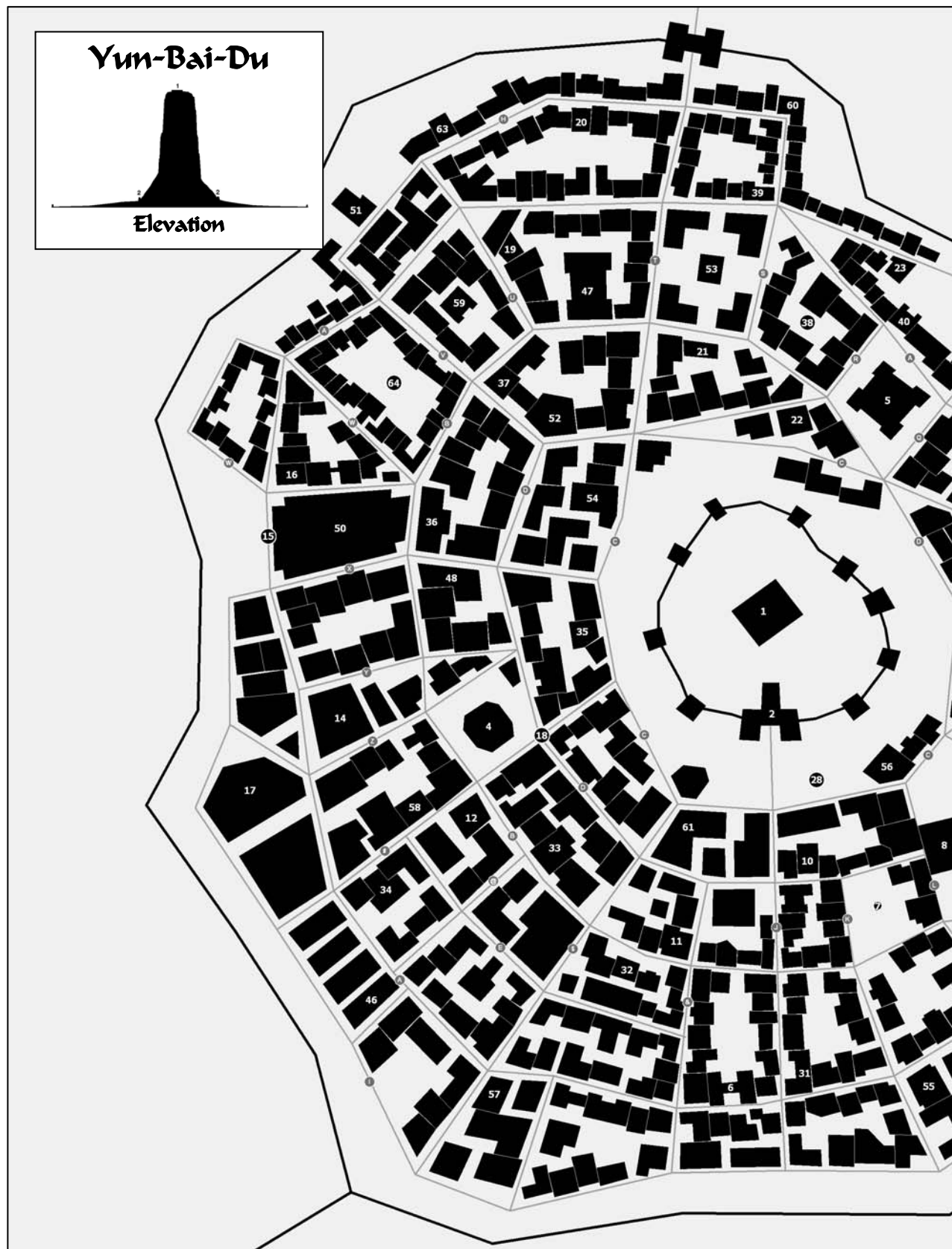
Male Names Tagunevn, Dashaidai, Temunlik, Taidutu, Mugi, Bany, Buandorjuch, Giineger, Naimagneg, Toghiren

Between the Eight Lofty Peaks is prime grazing land for the cattle of the chan, and beyond the meadows are many hexes worth of terraced fields and stone castles.

Atop each royal palace there is a stone tower bearing a mirror weapon that emits a concentrated beam of light up to 1 mile and causing 3d6 points of burning damage per round (save or burst into flame).

The city buildings are constructed of granite, malachite, porphyry and marble and often decorated with delicate carvings. The streets of the city are thronged by bazaars and smell of exotic spices and unwashed humanity.

The economy of Yun-Bai-Du is based on trade from the mountains and farms surrounding the city-state. It is





known for its lovely landscapes, fabulous hanging gardens, large theaters in which wildly entertaining operas are performed and imaginative, though slightly scandalous, fountains. Each fountain is home to a hermit of Slid, the Lord of All Waters.

The city-state is ruled directly by the Chan and his fifty ministers, but the Meng merchants have a tremendous amount of influence in the politics of the kingdom, angering many of the locals (including the Blue Turbans). This is not helped by the city-state's overbearing samurai guards.

The people of Yun-Bai-Du are irreligious, for the most part, though they go through the rituals and ceremonies out of a love for tradition and a slight fear of the supernatural. The entire pantheon has temples in the city-state staffed by priestesses drawn from the matrons of the community. The high priestess of Yun-Bai-Du is Suri, a sohei of Agrodaun. Priestesses of Agrodaun wear green turbans affixed with jewels and are all skilled dancers.

Encounters

1 in 6 chance of encounter whenever a corner is turned, Roll 2d8

Roll	Encounter
2	Wandering Barber; twirling a pair of long iron tweezers, carries long bamboo lath, from one end hangs a small chest of drawers containing razors, brushes, shampooing instruments made of white copper – serves as seat for customers; counterweight is a water vessel, basin and charcoal-furnace
3	Beggars clapping together wooden clubs and dancing
4	Fancy ladies with feathered raptors (small, with pug noses) on chains of silver or gold, accompanied by several maids and 1d3 bodyguards (low-level bujin)
5	Haughty samurai (bujin of level 1d3+3) intimidating commoners
6	Kung-fu fighting (unarmored bujin of two rival monasteries or schools fighting in the strength)
7	Mandarins with guards (bujin level 1) imposing a myriad of laws on the populace
8	Monkey folk acrobats (1d4+2) performing in streets and relieving pedestrians of small valuables
9	Ninjas (1d4+1) lurking in the shadows
10	Patrol of 1d6+3 yari ashigaru or shashu no ashigaru with one 3 HD sergeant (5% chance of a low-level shugenja or sohei with the patrol)
11	Pseudo-dragons (1d3) on a ledge, plotting devilry

12	Wandering swordsmen and swordswomen (kensei of level 1d3+1) looking for a fight
13	Water bearers shuffling under their heavy loads
14	Yowling cats (1d6), servants of the Cat Lord
15	Zealous sohei (level 1d3+3) chanting loudly and in unison
16	Shuffling shugenja (1d4+2) of level 1d3 in heavy white robes, their faces and hands hidden

Secret Societies of Yun-Bai-Du

Mu-Pan has long been a monarchy, and often an oppressive one at that. By and large, the empire is run for the benefit of the nobility, leaving the commoners to their own devices. For that reason, it is common for commoners to form secret societies for mutual protection. Over time, many of these secret societies have turned into criminal or revolutionary organizations, thus the necessity to keep them hidden from the imperial authorities.

The Silent Hand is a secret society of warriors led by Nyn, a lawful kensei and meets in his dojo. The Silent Hand has few enemies, but among them are the ninja of the Red Band and the shugenja of the White Vulture Society. They are neutral towards the Sun & Moon Society, but worry over the effect their revolutionary ideas will have on Mu-Pan. Members identify themselves with a secret sign in the form of the way they grip the hilt of their sword while still sheathed. The society consists of a small band of warriors and a large body of commoners who contribute their time and money to the mutual benefit and protection of their fellows. When operating in the interests of the society, members wear black wrappings to hide their faces.

To join the Silent Hand, one must be invited. These invitations come in the form of challenges to duel other members. These members first do their best to discover the character of the prospective member. When a member challenges a person (never to the death, usually just first blood – i.e. loss of one half hit points) they do not reveal themselves to be part of the Silent Hand. If a prospective member can defeat three current members, they are contacted in a quiet place and offered membership by members of the Silent Hand

The Red Band is a criminal band of ninjas and petty thieves with a fearful reputation as killers and blackmailers. Many times they have come into conflict with the warriors of the Silent Hand. Besides the criminal members, the society

includes their “clients”. Members wear red belts or sashes – not an uncommon piece of clothing in Yun-Bai-Du, but twisted in the center so that members can identify one another. To join the Red Band, one must be very skilled as a thief, assassin or ninja, and the initiation – the theft of a royal member’s robes – is terribly dangerous.

The contact for the group is an angry old ninja named Targanas, a hobbled man no longer capable of plying his chosen trade, but held in high esteem for his wisdom and ability to judge character. The organization is led by a council of nine elder ninjas, their identities hidden from each other and from the members of the society.

The White Vulture Society is a gathering of shugenja, philosophers and intellectuals keen on ousting the current noble order and replacing it with a council of experts. The society is quite wealthy, and has spies and agents among all the ministries of Yun-Bai-Du. The members work a white triangle symbol into their clothing. The White Vultures are led by Kemubo, an elderly woman and a member of the royal clan that rules Yun-Bai-Du.

The Sun and Moon Society is dedicated to the removal of the monarchy and the deconstruction of the empire. The members believe that each individual city-state, town and village would be better off organizing its own affairs and dealing with one another through trade. Naturally, they envision themselves being the arbiters of that peace, a sort of trans-national organization of warriors with a monopoly on the use of violence. Taidyn, a bo (count) of Yun-Bai-Du, is the secret leader of the society in Yun territory. The members are known for their blue turbans and veils and the placement of brands on the bottoms of their feet, one of a sun, the other a moon.

Immortals of Yun-Bai-Du

As mentioned above, each of the eight divine mountains of Yun-Bai-Du is dedicated to a king or emperor of the Yun now worshiped as an immortal. Inside each mountain, at the bottom of a deep shaft connected to that mountain’s palace, there is a tomb and shrine dedicated to that immortal and, like the fortress-monastery ringing each mountain, defended by a brotherhood of sohei.

The sense of rivalry between these sohei is high and their duels (sometimes close to riots) notorious. The raiments of the sohei are as follows:

The Purple Phoenix King: Yellow robes emblazoned with a purple phoenix, they wield naginatas.

The Darting Sparrow King: White robes with hundreds of embroidered brown sparrows, they wield katanas.

The Splendiferous Tiger King: Red robes with tigers on the sleeves, they wield long-handled tiger’s claws.

The Crashing Thunder Emperor: Black robes, red demon masks, they wield tetsubos.

The Amethyst Emperor: Purple robes, they wield katana and wakizashis.

The Sublime Elephant King: Beige robes emblazoned with rearing elephants, they wield tetsubos.

The Topaz Dragon King: Orange robes emblazoned with coiled dragons, they wield masakaris.

The Puce Emperor: Puce robes, tall brass helms, they wield katana and wakizashis.

Buildings

1. Palace of the Four Winds: Atop the divine mountain of the Splendiferous Tiger King sits the storied Palace of the Four Winds, constructed originally as the honeymoon cottage of the Tiger King and Oorian of the Amber Eyes.

The palace is a single-story structure with a foundation of yellow limestone. Looking in each direction are massive stone gates – the gates of the four winds – that serve as guarded portals into the palace and as shrines to the wind deities. Each gate is composed of cyclopean marble blocks, not unlike a torii or the structures at Stonehenge, in front of a small stone passageway that ends in thick doors of bronze studded with miniature brass faces in bas-relief. The doors can only be entered by pressing the correct faces in the correct order, a code unknown to any living person, for the doors are almost never used.

The deities honored in the palace gates are: Wardo, Lord of the North Wind, who appears as an oni with black skin and red hair wearing a leopard skin loincloth and carrying a

bag of winds over his shoulder; Fei Lian, Lord of the South Wind, who appears as a stag-horned dragon with a snake for a tail and carries his winds in a goatskin sack; Zaphana, Lady of the West Wind, who appears as a beautiful woman riding a white horse with a purple mane sounding an ivory trumpet; and sinister Yondo, Lord of the East Wind that blows from the terrible and awesome Sea of Stars.

The interior of the palace is clad in amber-colored marble and oiled teak from the southern jungles in an open style. While some rooms have stone walls and proper doors, most are formed by partitions of hanging beads that sway in an ever present cool breeze. At the center of the palace there is a small shrine to Oorian containing a brass idol and censers burning rose incense.

The palace now houses two retinues. The first is the Ministry of Bells and Whistles, a ministry charged with governing the manufacture of musical instruments and musicians. The other retinue belongs to the Princess Ganalchu, known as the Severe, for she is dedicated to the gods of law. Ganalchu has training in swordsmanship and sorcery and maintains a bodyguard of kensei-shugenja and dozens of servants and apprentice shugenja.

| *Princess Ganalchu, Kensei Lvl 5, Shugenja Lvl 5: 17; AC 6 [13]; Save 11 (9 vs magic, fear and death); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Favored weapon (katana, +1 to hit and damage), life-saving parry, natural defenses, spells (3rd). Katana, wakizashi, white robes, spellbook.*

| *Bodyguard: HD 3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 katana (1d6+1); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells as 2nd lvl shugenja, immune to fear.*

2. Fortress of the Splendiferous Tiger King: The fortress monastery at the base of the Mountain of the Splendiferous Tiger King is 60 feet tall and composed of sloped walls topped by twenty towers. Each tower rises 20 feet above the top of the crenelated wall and has two levels of sloping red tile roofs. The fortress has an outer gate that is inlaid with red marble and massive iron doors featuring a bas-relief of the Splendiferous Tiger King riding a tiger and fighting a trio of swamp hags to rescue his future wife, the maiden Qorian of the Amber Eyes. The inner gate leads from the mountain to the meadows, and resembles the outer gate in every detail save the gates are smaller and made of thick wood fortified with iron bands.

As with all the priests of Yun-Bai-Du, the sohei of the Splendiferous Tiger King are women. Called the Tiger's



Daughters, they wear red robes embroidered with golden tigers on the sleeves over their armor and are known for the black paint they use to decorate their faces in the manner of a tigress. The Tiger's Daughters wield long-handled iron claws (deal 1d6 damage) and tachi. Atop their walls they arm themselves with repeating crossbows and baskets of stones and iron balls that they can pour down on their enemies. Their fortress is connected to the fortresses of the sohei of Darting Sparrow King Mountain and Crashing Thunder Emperor Mountain (with whom they share a profound enmity). These long walls are 40 feet tall

and every 50 feet have a 60 foot tower marble studded with small iron spikes, many of which are electrified. These walls and towers are manned by the royal guard of the White Sage King (which includes many low level shugenja) and the elite archers of the Chiwa Brotherhood.

The inner gatehouse is connected to the nunnery of the Tiger's Daughters. Since, as with all the gatehouse sohei of Yun-Bai-Du, they keep 25% of the tolls collected at their gatehouse, their nunnery is quite luxurious, with extensive use of marble and oiled teak and many statues of ivory, gold, brass and marble. Their dining hall is lined with long, low tables of polished oak, with velvet cushions and silver bowls and goblets. The exercise chambers of the sohei are floored with supple bamboo and have padded walls. Most spectacular is the inner sanctum of their temple, where they keep a gold statue of the Splendiferous Tiger King mounted on his war-tiger. The tiger is decorated with orange sapphires and inlaid with black jade, while the King is garbed in rich silks.

The roof of the nunnery is planted with lush grasses. Here, the nuns rear sacred red deer for sacrifices at the altar of the immortal king. The beasts are slain by the abbess Sarighin using bagh nakh to tear out their throats. The blood is collected in a terracotta jar and boiled over a sacred flame. The jar with the dried blood is then filled with wine and drunk by all the sohei, while the deer's carcass is prepared with rice noodles and served to the folk who enter the outer gate and give an offering and prayer to the Splendiferous Tiger King. The antlers are ground into a powder that is sold as a medicine.

| *Sarighin, Sohei Lvl 7: HP 19; AC 3 [16]; Save 8 (6 vs death & poisons); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Banish undead, spells (5th). Haramaki-do, sode, haidate, suneate, naginata, tanto, prayer beads.*

3. Temple of Genbu: Genbu is a folk deity. Also called Invincible Warrior of the North, he is represented as a giant black tortoise of terrible demeanor – spikes on tail and neck, tusks jutting from mouth. The temple is made of black bricks and has terrifically sloping roofs composed of bronze tiles stamped with *glyphs of warding*. The building has but a single story and consists of an inner sanctum surrounded by apartments for the priests and storage and an antechamber where worshipers can leave offerings of cabbages and river stones and make prayers to the deity. The floors of the temple are all bare earth. The inner

sanctum holds a hepatizon idol of Genbu and is mostly given over to a large pit in which resides the living idol of the temple, a massive tortoise that, though not black, corresponds in most other respects to the idol of Genbu. A wooden ramp allows access into the pit, and though the tortoise is rather fierce with outsiders, he is used to the priests. At night, he is taken from his pit, which is then covered by an iron grate, and permitted to roam the inner sanctum. Tunnels leading from the pit go to three burrows in which dwell females of the same species – Genbu's harem, one might say. Once per year, a sacred red cow raised on a monastery outside the city is brought into the temple as a sacrifice to Genbu.

The cult of Genbu has about 250 avid followers in Yun-Bai-Du. The temple is under the command of Alasuja, a priestess of Kirikersan extraction, and home to 12 lesser priests. Alasuja has reddish-brown skin, dark brown hair that is always kept covered by a red scarf and blue eyes. Her appearance is always immaculate, and her manner usually overbearing.

| *Alasuja, Priestess: HD 1d6; AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Black silk robes, a peacock fan, tanto.*

| *Genbu: HD 10 (42 hp); AC -1 [20]; Atk 1 bite (2d6); Move 6; Save 5; CL/XP 11/1700; Special: None.*

4. Temple of Inzana: This temple takes the form of an octagonal, nine-story pagoda topped with a geodesic dome of hexagonal tiles of chrysoberyl and lapis lazuli. Interior consists of a hollow interior containing the idol of Inzana, a 30-foot tall statue covered in beaten gold. This inner sanctum is surrounded by a ring of chambers housing the 23 nuns of the temple, hospital rooms for wealthy clients and hospital dormitories for the poor. These chambers are connected entirely by secret doors and staircases that are opened by hidden caches known to the nuns. Gerengo, a plump Nakdani woman with black hair and sinopian eyes presides as the high priestess of Inzana. Although dedicated to the healing arts, she hides a deep-set bitterness toward all the gods, especially Slid. As a maiden she lost her love at sea and in her grief took Inzana's vows.

| *Gerengo, Wushen Lvl 7: HP 17; AC 9 [10]; Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Spells (5th), turn undead, special move, special move. Meteor hammer, prayer beads.*

5. Temple of Agrodaur: Boldashar is the high priestess of Agrodaur, the implacable, unresponsive god of law and

defense. Her temple is a six-story pagoda constructed of cut stone blocks, polished white oak and steel roof tiles traced with silver. The heart pillar is made from blessed granite. This pillar also serves as the idol of Agrodaun. The pagoda is approached via four paths paved with red stone and lined with bronze guardian statues of famed soldiers of the empire. Between the paths there are rock gardens tended by halfling slaves taken from the Golden Steppe by the Ulu-Than nomads. Surgeries performed by the priests keep the slaves docile and obedient. The priests of the temple dress in robes of white silk and tall silk hats bearing numerous black tassels.

Beneath the pagoda of Agrodaur (or beneath its rock gardens, to be precise) there is a subterranean ossuary containing the bones of sohei who died in battle. In these halls, the bones are placed on shelves and given every reverence by the priests of the pagoda. The ossuary halls are circular and formed like a labyrinth. At the center of this labyrinth is the exposed heart pillar, here carved in the shape of a coiled dragon and bedecked with jewels worth 17,000 gp. The entire chamber is riddled with razor-sharp, invisible blades. To get to the central pillar and then exit back into the labyrinth, one must know the proper combination of steps and do them precisely. Otherwise, each step taken into the inner sanctum inflicts 1d8 points of damage and forces the person to step back. A person has a 1 in 6 chance of taking a safe step even if they do not know the proper combination.

Once one has reached the dragon sculpture, they might notice that the dragon's taloned hands are actually manacles and that the altar is stained with blood. Further investigation reveals channels and holes in the floor around the bottom of the idol. One of the dragon's fangs pivots. If turned right, the fang causes the blades in the room to animate (per the *blade barrier* spell). Turning it left causes the floor around the idol to turn into a polished chute. The chute delivers people to a secret chamber 40 feet below the temple onto a small island in the middle of a subterranean lake.

This lake is cold and black and sits in a large volcanic cavern 1 mile in radius. The walls of the cavern are riddled with caves that extend another two to three miles into the underworld. The lake and caves are home to all manner of aquatic horrors, from albino electric eels to a rare breed of

blind aquatic hobgoblins with translucent skin and long, black horns placed in their foreheads. The island in the middle of the lake is of particular interest. It is formed of basalt and carved by human hands into a platform with a well in the center. Examination by dwarves or engineers will reveal that the blood holes in the inner sanctum above would send that blood dripping into the well. In the bottom of the well there is a pulsating cyst that looks as though it is encrusted with thousands of bloodstones.

This cyst contains the slumbering form of the demon Daldis. Daldis hungers for halfling blood and needs approximately three more sacrifices (made at the new moon) before she will awaken on the material plane as the herald of Chaos. In her complete form, she appears as a tall woman with a curvaceous body, glistening black skin, a sharply pointed chin and skeletal hands that end in long talons. She has shining green eyes that can open *gates* in walls three times per day, allowing up to 10 HD of demons (or a single demon prince) to enter the material plane before the gate collapses. Around her neck she wears a necklace of halfling skulls lacquered with green paint. Boldashar is her high priestess and the sohei of the pagoda are her devout cultists. The birthing well is tended by mogura-jin that travel to it from their subterranean lair via boats made from the dried remains of purple worms.

| *Boldashar, Sohei Lvl 9: HP 22; AC 0 [19]; Save 6 (4 vs death & poisons); CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Banish undead, spells (5th). Kabuto, sode, kote, hara-ate, haidate, suneate, naginata, prayer beads. Amoral and deeply chaotic.*

| *Daldis, Greater Demon: HD 9 (30 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk 1 sword (1d6+2) or whip (1d6 special); Move 6 (F15); Save 7; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Immune to spells from casters less than 6th level, magic resistance (75%), pull close with whip and burn for 3d6 damage.*

6. The Oil Market: The arrogant Hidarael runs this oil market. Hidarael is a Jin woman who was a favorite of the Tiger Empress. She now makes her way as a simple mandarin of the imperial court placed in charge of ensuring the oil traders classify their oil properly and use imperial measurements. It is a tedious job, but an excellent cover for her criminal enterprise, for she is the leader of the beggars and gutter thieves of Yun-Bai-Du. Hidarael is married and has four children ranging in age from 8 to 16. The two oldest are now attending the imperial academy in Khatan, while the others live at home with their mother (a modest set of apartments in the Dove Tree Palace, an

imperial residence that houses mandarins, imperial guardsmen and visiting officials of the Jade Empress' Court. Her husband, once a powerful man, has left his family to become a hermit in the mountains so deep is his sense of shame. The market sells oil rendered from river dolphins, coconuts, artichokes, apricots, pine nuts, safflowers, castor beans and many other plants and animals.

| *Hidarael, Bujin Lvl 10: HP 38; AC 7 [12]; Save 7 (6 vs death & poison); CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Follow through, combat sense, parry blows, parry death blow, swift motion. Suneate, kote, katana, wakizashi.*

7. Court of the Yellow Swordsman: This is the Court of the Yellow Swordsman, a market for weapons, armor, bodyguards and men-at-arms. It is named for a chipped and faded mural painted on the wall of one of the surrounding buildings of a swordsman in yellow robes fighting a trio of green-faced oni. The shops are all veritable holes in the tall brick walls that line the court, the openings being covered with bamboo screens at night and opened in the day that the owner's might display their handiwork. Behind these shops are forges that belch black smoke into the sky day and night, for most are converted into snack bars at night when the city-state's wandering warriors gather to test themselves in duels or just watch their fellows fight. The children of the smiths work their way through the crowd selling rice wine, lemon water, meat and vegetable dumplings and strips of crispy duck. Prostitutes also gather in the nightly crowd, along with a few slumming nobles and interested tradesmen, though one must take care not to jostle or annoy the wrong person, for once a duel is declared a person must either answer or suffer a buffeting from the crowd as they are chased out of the court.

8. Liquor Market: This spacious market is dedicated to the sale of yellow liquor (fermented beverages) and white liquor (distilled beverages). The market has multiple stalls each for millet wine, rice wine, barley wine, beer (pale lager is most common), baijiu (made from sorghum), grape wine, wolfberry wine and lychee wine. A shrine to Yidi, the mythic queen that invented the process of fermenting grain, is located on the west side of the square behind a portico of amethyst-bearing quartz pillars and polished brass capitals. The shrine is kept by a cackling old biddy named Jurghai. Jurghai is always disheveled, for she is utterly dedicated to her job of maintaining the shrine. The shrine has a floor of polished marble and an idol of brass

with amethyst eyes (worth 1,200 gp). Seven silver vessels surround the idol, each containing a different form of alcohol as well as a polished amethyst marble that serves as the receptacle of a warrior's spirit. In times of crisis, one may drink from a vessel and be imbued with the power and personality of that spirit (per the spell *transformation*) – only Jurghai knows this, and she will not hesitate to act on this knowledge if the shrine or market is threatened. Besides being dedicated to her shrine, Jurghai suffers a terrible fear of cats, and will not permit them to be near the shrine. The seven spirits of the shrine are:

1. Gayori – an ultra-royalist samurai who died five centuries ago while defending the gates of Yun-Bai-Du after an all-night bender.
2. Borchai – a samurai and hunter of pirates who retired to Yun-Bai-Du and killed himself with drink.
3. Qori – an ascetic monk who never allowed alcohol to pass his lips, but who gave his life for the shrine.
4. Muke – an over-protective father with a taste for plum wine.
5. Baichinai – a cunning card player who allowed his greed and rice wine to get the better of him one night.
6. Taika – a fickle woman who served as a siege engineer ages ago.
7. Gutmerk – a dwarf venturer who made the market his home for many years, entertaining the locals with his stories of faraway places and adventures deep beneath the ground.

9. Court of the Golden Rabbit: This brick courtyard is usually filled with a bazaar of booths selling exotic fruits and spices from the south. The bazaar is noisy and wonderfully fragrant, and is usually patrolled by two yari ashigaru. A brick shrine dedicated to the rabbit god Hu Tianbo is set in the middle of the bazaar and tended by a hoary old priest called Dawa. The shrine contains a brass idol of the Rabbit God, to which petitioners, always gay men, make offerings of chowed pork intestine and wafers of sugar. Dawa writes charms on pieces of paper and supplies them to worshipers for 1 sp each. The charms may be placed under one's bed to bring luck in love.

One booth in the corner of the bazaar might be of especial interest to adventurers. Qan, an alchemist's apprentice, sells small rockets and firecrackers there on behalf of his master, Temubo, who dwells elsewhere in the city. Qan is a

mousy man with bad hair and severe acne, but he is quite knowledgeable about his stock and fancies himself dangerous with the ladies.

The court is surrounded by several spice exchanges run by Meng merchants. While shoppers purchase fruit and spices in the bazaar below, the spice merchants shout trade with one another up above using trained monkeys and pigeons to carry their orders and rolled up notes of exchange.

10. Animal Handler: Tamerikai's shop specializes in the small, feathered carnosaur that have become all the rage among the women of Yun-Bai-Du. With the arrival of this new craze, he has made many improvements to his shop, which now consists of a viewing area furnished with velvet couches and curtains and a backroom with cages filled with the little nippers. Tamerikai was an ashigaru in his youth, but a ling arrow cost him his leg (he now has a false leg that keeps him fairly stationary as his old father, a gregarious old man named Jambe, delivers cups of tea and parades the carnosaurians past the wealthy customers. Tamerikai is the height of courteousness to folks who look wealthy, to the point of annoyance. To others he is overbearing and rude. Tamerikai has saffron skin and dark brown hair and eyes. His building consists of a single story – he and his father live in a rather shabby apartment building, but are planning on moving into a more fashionable lodging.

11. The Bronze Rooster: This restaurant is so named for the fierce bronze roosters that decorate the corners of the roof. The restaurant is a two-story structure set atop a brick platform with a comfortable patio. The patio has wicker chairs that are usually occupied by the old men of the neighborhood smoking long clay pipes. The patio is decorated with terracotta pots overflowing with chrysanthemums and jasmine.

Beyond the door one enters a generously sized room with four large tables, each table capable of sitting ten people. The restaurant is run by Banaikht, a neat young man with saffron skin, dull black hair and striking blue eyes. Aloof and artistic, he regularly glides through the room overseeing the waiters and ensuring they are showing their customers every courtesy and then moseys through the kitchen sampling the cooking and giving brief, terse instructions to his chefs. Banaikht is married and has three

young children, although wife and children never appear at the restaurant save for when she has them in tow on one of her shopping excursions. Banaikht is both chaotic and deeply impressed with fortune tellers and magicians.

The restaurant specializes in duck, serving it in several elegant and tasty ways, and is also well known for its excellent stock of wine (some imported from as far away as Lyon) and dragon fruit imported from the margins of Terra Obscura to the southwest.

12. Guard Tower: A five-story guard tower looks over this portion of the city. It and its twenty shashu no ashigaru and ten samurai are under the command of Zeehaad, an Ophirian sell-sword who has wormed his way into the



confidence of the king. Zeehaad is a youthful man who went to sea to escape the displeasure of the Prince of Ophir and, after many misadventures, ended up in Mu-Pan. He is tanned and raven haired, thin and well-muscled, with a rakish beard and mustache. He adores silks and jewelry, and one might mistake him for a nobleman if not for his lack of style.

Most of the tower is taken up by barracks, storage and armories, but the ground floor is a very unique stable. The stables hold the mounts of the elite warriors of Yun-Bai-Du, the Jade Tortoises. The samurai of the Jade Tortoise Squadron ride a weird sorcerous hybrid of tortoise and warhorse. The beasts have the overall shape of horses, but they have shells on their backs, the clawed feet and heads of tortoises, black, scaled skin and crimson manes.

| Zeehad, *Fighting-Man* Lvl 6: HP 6d6+1; AC 2 [17]; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Combat machine. Platemail, shield, longsword, dagger.

| Torquis: HD 3; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4) and 2 claws (1d4); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.

13. Spice Merchant: Sari is a graying Meng merchant who runs caravans between Yun-Bai-Du and Tetsukado, the southern colony famous for its pepper plantations. Very short and thin (outlanders sometimes mistake him for a tall Halfling), the plucky merchant has made numerous journeys himself, but now leaves the adventures to his three sons, Toli, Qai and Mayn. Sari's wife died many years ago, and he now entertains himself with a number of pleasant concubines. Sari is an immaculate man, and his 4-story, 20 room manse is no different. Much of the furniture is teak, with velvet cushions in a variety of vibrant colors. Callous and avaricious, Sari is a devotee to the lords of chaos, and his cellar contains a shrine to Mung, the Lord of All Deaths.

| Sari: HD 6 (22 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: None.

14. Opera House: This large, beautifully decorated opera house is one of three in Yun-Bai-Du. The building is two stories tall and has a footprint measuring 100 ft x 100 ft. The interior consists of the stage/performance area (which measure 60 ft x 60 ft) in the center of the building and around it two stories of storage rooms, dressing rooms, lounges and offices. The performance area consists of a number of sunken boxes in which spectators stand

surrounding a square stage. Balconies ringing the room are provided for noble and royal visitors, along with chairs and a steady stream of servants carrying trays of viands and goblets of wine. The house is administered on behalf of the king by Inasar, a fat mandarin of Yun extraction with heavy eyes and a sibilant lisp. Inasar is an unforgiving taskmaster with the staff of the opera house, but he fawns upon the talent, all the while entertaining less than moral thoughts about his star performer, the lovely Madame Ijing, a graduate of the Imperial Music Bureau and a favorite of the deposed Tiger Empress.

15. Hanging Garden: The street at this point goes through an ancient hollow. One either side there are embankments covered with flowering vines that hang over the lane, filling it with sweet perfume. Several wooden pegs at the lowest point allow one to cross a trickling stream that runs beneath the embankments. The hollow is inhabited by a tribe of fairy dragons. The dragons dwell in the clumps of flowers, but always descend to investigate intruders and maybe play pranks on them.

| Fairy Dragon: HD 2; AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 9 (F36); Save 16; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Breath weapon (5-ft cone of confusion), spells (4th level *shugenja*), invisibility, magic resistance (10%), telepathy (2 miles).

16. Tea House: Just beyond the hanging gardens is the House of the Golden Peace, a tea house that serves not only the finest black tea from the south, but also dim sum and, to the right people, valuable information concerning stolen goods. The tea house is a single-story structure with a wildly sloping roof surmounted by bronze pineapple designs. Windows that can be propped open to admit a breeze line the walls, and the interior décor, while quite antique, is impeccable. The tea house is run by Ganaji, a young woman from Kirikersa who followed a handsome Meng adventurer to Mu-Pan and then found herself abandoned with his aunt and uncle when he left to continue his adventures. A sense of duty (and lack of funds) kept her from returning home, and eventually she inherited not only the tea house but also its secret role as the central meeting place of the Red Band, a secret society of thieves, smugglers and unscrupulous merchants (some of them victims of a protection racket).

At least three patrons of the place are actually ninja guards installed by the three criminal factions of the city to keep

the tea house a neutral middle ground. Ganaji is a coward at heart, and has learned to be sickeningly meek and courteous to the criminals who frequent the tea house. She has ochre skin, black hair that often falls in her face, and hazel eyes. The three ninja, Botain, Khilaidu and Giynuata, have held their posts so long that they are fast friends despite representing competing factions. When not in the tea house playing chess, they can be found somewhere in Yun-Bai-Du in the midst of an adventure.

- | *Botain, Ninja Lvl 6: HP 18; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, poisoned tanto, shuriken (5).*
- | *Khilaidu, Ninja Lvl 6: HP 12; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, poisoned tanto, shuriken (5).*
- | *Giynuata, Ninja Lvl 6: HP 16; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, poisoned tanto, shuriken (5).*
- | *Targanas, Ninja Lvl 8: HP 19; AC 9 [10]; Save 7 (5 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, poisoned tanto, shuriken (5).*

17. Wushen Graveyard: The wushen of Yun-Bai-Du maintain a graveyard here, the most ancient in the city. Over 200 bodies are interred here, some in plots, others in crypts that sink into the earth. There are five elemental shrines in the graveyard where the essences of elemental spirits are interred and the elemental gods are worshipped. Each shrine is a tall, single story building with a sloped roof. Each shrine consists of an inner sanctum containing an elemental idol and two side rooms, one a room for the shrine keeper and the other a reception room for honored visitors. Each shrine is overseen by an elderly woman, Sagkemu for Slid, Anegan for Inzana, Anasuk for Agrodaun and Temukel for Umborodom.

- | *Sagkemu, Wushen Lvl 4: HP 13; AC 9 [10]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (2nd), turn undead, special move, special move. Dao, tanto, prayer beads.*
- | *Anegan, Wushen Lvl 3: HP 10; AC 9 [10]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead, special move, special move. Dao, tanto, prayer beads.*
- | *Anasuk, Wushen Lvl 3: HP 15; AC 9 [10]; Save 12; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (1st), turn undead, special move, special move. Dao, tanto, prayer beads.*

- | *Temukel, Wushen Lvl 4: HP 11; AC 9 [10]; Save 11; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Spells (2nd), turn undead, special move, special move. Dao, tanto, prayer beads.*

18. Red Star Bridge: This moon bridge crosses a small drainage canal. Dedicated to the ancient Red Star Emperor, son of the Puce Emperor, it is constructed of wood and stone and decorated with hundreds of copper stars nailed into the structure. At the center of the bridge there is an ashigaru toll collector. During the day, it is a man called Kaidyuk, a swaggering little braggart who enjoys lording it over traders and tradesmen as though he were a mandarin. At night, it is guarded by Tumuhul, a craven man with a terrible fear of the supernatural. When darkness falls, mists form on the surface of the canal, and these mists give the impression to one on the bridge that they are stranded in a sea of clouds, with only the lanterns on the surrounding buildings providing a link to the world beyond. The toll to cross the bridge is 1 sp per foot or wheel in the daytime, and crossing is not permitted at night, for fear evil spirits might be making their way from the graveyard into the city beyond.

19. Glassblower: Tebtemaid is a master glassblower who lives in a small, single-story house and workshop. A relatively young man, his golden skin marks him as a Jin. Tebtemaid is a retiring man, a deserter from the armies of his homeland. His shameful flight from the north has made him antagonistic towards bujin, and his deep sense of self-loathing has made him turn to the demons of Diyu for comfort. He maintains a small shrine filled with one hundred glass idols of his own devising. Tebtemaid is married to the Yun woman Ane and he has a young son called Qan. As a master glassblower, he is capable of manufacturing lenses for use in science and wizardry.

20. Herbalist: Qoriunbil is an herbalist and practitioner of traditional medicine. He not only provides medicinal teas and poultices to those in need, but also practices the arts of acupuncture and acupressure and does a thriving business in mystic charms and amulets. Qoriunbil has wild, black eyes and cultivates a ragged appearance to convince folks of his bona fides as a woodland mystic. In truth, he was taught everything he knows by a traveling doctor who was down on his luck and needed a place to stay. This doctor, the venerable Master Banq, still dwells with Qoriunbil in his modest backroom, spending his days sipping rice wine and writing his memoirs. Qoriunbil is

usually in a dark mood during the day, as he has a tendency to become intoxicated via his herbal knowledge at night.

21. Diviner: Jochu is a woman steeped in mystery. Of Jin origin, with silky black hair clasped in a dozen lacquered red clasps and with large, blue eyes, she can usually be found sitting on a wicker “throne” in front of her front door. Her home is a three-story structure covered in a crackled jade paint over plastered bricks. Those who desire her services must present themselves before her throne with a single platinum coin – she accepts nothing else – and a live bird.

Jochu’s parlor is cluttered with odds and ends that suggest the study of a great wizard, but everything in the place is a mere prop. The room is dominated by a hexagonal table draped in silk and surrounded by six wooden stools. A copper tray atop a brazier allows Jochu to tell fortunes by heating bones, the bones coming from the bird brought (and killed) by the petitioner. As candles send fragrant fumes into the air, Jochu chants over her brazier, watching the bones crack and interpreting the results. There is no magic here – only show.

Velvet curtains hide a spiral staircase up to the next floor, which contains living chambers for the woman. A locked trapdoor leads to an attic that holds a few odds and ends as well as an iron lockbox containing 178 pp. The most impressive objects in the attic are two mirrors of silvery appearance in frames of cherry. These two mirrors lead into both the distant past and the distant future, and permit a gaseous entity to travel from one to another quickly. The gaseous entity might be encountered here (1% chance). It appears as a cloud of purple smoke with what look like thousands of angry motes of light buzzing within.

| *Gaseous Entity: HD 7 (29 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk 1 engulf (1d8 electricity); Move 15; Save 9; CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Only harmed by +1 or better weapons, magic resistance (15%), immune to elemental attacks.*

22. Gem Dealer: This stately three-story house belongs to Borchikha, a Yun gem merchant who deals exclusively in emeralds. A devout worshipper of the Invincible Sun (Apollo Helios), she hides her religion from others, keeping a small shrine in his attic. Borchikha is a well-traveled woman, a rarity in a Yun, and she spent much of her career

as a venturer in service to a sultan of Kisthenes and then traveling between the city-states of the Cradle of the Sun as a courier of government secrets. Borchikha is tall and skinny, accentuating her height with platform shoes, flowing silk robes and a tall headdress. Dreaming and completely without scruples, she is a dangerous opponent who often destroys her enemies without them ever knowing they were her enemies. Besides her treasure of 2,230 sp and 310 gp, Borchikha owns music box of black lacquered wood that, when opened, repeats in a tinny, musical voice the last 100 words spoken in its presence.

23. Weaver: Ganain the weaver lives in a simple one-story house. A Yun with aqua-blue eyes, he is short and in almost every respect unremarkable. His hangings, tapestries and rugs, on the other hand, are anything but forgettable. They show a true genius of design, and often incorporate complicated geometries that excite the imaginations of sages. Along with being a weaver, he works for the King of Ying, weaving government secrets into his work and then selling them to merchants that travel south to the land of the Ying. A spendthrift, he is often separated from his money in taverns and while drunk brags about having important connections and knowing people who can “eliminate” his enemies.

24. Poorhouse: This single-story mud brick building is a relief house for the poor operated by Nasurtem, a lawful sohei, and protected by the Silent Hand. Nasurtem is a youthful man with mustard skin, serious black eyes and a shaved head. Tall and immaculate in appearance, he busies himself serving bowls of rice and radishes to the poor while preaching honesty and piety. In his spare time he might be found at the Silent Hand’s dojo or patrolling the streets in protection of the city-state’s beggars and whores. More than a few thugs have had their pates creased by his tetsubo.

| *Nasurtem, Sohei Lvl 6: HP 19; AC 2 [17]; Save 9 (7 vs death & poisons); CL/XP 7/600; Special: Banish undead, spells (4th). Sode, kote, do-maru, haidate, suneate, tetsubo, prayer beads.*

25. Bowyer: The bowyer Bortemerk dwells in a two-story brick house that was once quite opulent but is now rather run down. Bortemerk makes a fine enough living making bows and crossbows, he simply doesn’t care about the house. Bortemerk is a very tall Yun, and he specializes in daikyu. He is married to Chemun, a pretty little woman

with a ferocious temper and a knack for getting work out of her husband. They have a daughter named Gany who is rarely far from her father's side. Bortemerk is a rash man, especially when he's in his cups, and he has on occasion disparaged the Silent Hand as a band of self-righteous nits. He longs to belong to the Red Band.

26. Jeweler: Murelan is a terribly skilled jeweler who specializes in cutting jade. She is a short woman, quite lusty and infinitely forgiving. Her religious views run toward chaos – life is illusion, she believes, and one must live life solely to suit themselves. She grew up in the hills and speaks a bit of ogre and hill giant. She has a husband, a rather lazy man who is always working on a “deal” and her three children are usually running wild in the streets.

27. Tinker: A young engineer and tinker named Jebtabaich has recently set up shop in the cellar of this four story apartment building. The man has the air of a scholar about him, but this is belied by the smudges of soot and grease that often cover his clothes and face. He is currently working on an independent plan to improve the city-state's fortifications, and has blustered frequently about how easy it would be to breach the walls. To this end, the White Vulture Society has made inquiries into his theories and has tempted him with promises of patronage.

28. Graveyard: The slope that leads to an upper level of the city contains numerous crypts dug into the earth and sealed with marble slabs beautifully decorated and mystically protected by magical guards and wards. As a result, most of the slope is now terraced and home to smaller monuments and graves. The cemetery is protected by a trio of sohei (usually men on the outs with their master). They dwell in a small building of mud bricks.

| *Sohei Lvl 2: HP 5; AC 2 [17]; Save 13 (11 vs death & poisons); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Banish undead, spells (1st). Sode, kote, do-maru, haidate, suneate, katana, wakizashi, tanto, prayer beads.*

29. Shanties: This low-lying, mucky area of the city-state is covered by a many shanties, the people living as beggars, thieves, fishermen and collectors of refuse. Many have benefited from aid by the Silent Hand, and the children of the shanties are a good source of information for those do-gooders. Notable among them is Juchidug, a recent arrival who claims to have been a captain of the Tiger Empress' guard in Khatan. This is, in fact, an exaggeration, but he

was a member of the royal guard and a favorite concubine of the empress. His indiscretions about his time in the palace and his stories of the empress have reached the ears of Buga [63], and his eventual death at the hands of an assassin is assured.

30. Dentist: Toqachan has set up a dental practice in this single-story mud brick building with a sloped roof of slate. A Yun woman who studied in Khatan, she grew up in a mountain village to the west and has an unreasoning dislike of city dwellers. Nonetheless, she is competent enough as a dentist and her pain-killing elixirs are regarded as quite superior. Toqachan has a wonderful eye for fashion, and strives to dress above her station, despite the city-state's sumptuary laws. She is an avid devotee of Agrodaun and keeps a shrine to him in her studio.

31. Apartments: This long, mud brick building is inhabited by four different families, their apartments separated by bamboo screens. Toilet facilities are kept in the alley behind the house, and the families share a single charcoal brazier to prepare their food.

32. Engineer: Buranalq is a youthful Yun woman with amber skin, black hair and sparkling green eyes. Short and fat, she usually has a ragged appearance, being very dedicated to her craft, which primarily involves the design and construction of siege engines, but also includes the construction of fortifications and other buildings. Her single-story home consists of a cluttered workshop scattered with scrolls, tools and measuring devices. An inquisitive woman, she guards her studies carefully and is suspicious of other academics, especially the members of the White Vulture Society.

33. Armorer: The doors of this 2-story brick building have been closed and locked for over a month now, opening only to admit stores of food and fresh water. Smoke billows from the chimney night and day, and people wonder at the presence of a strangely beautiful man in robes of the deepest dye and fringed with the feathers of a white crane. The building belongs to Oorchin, a master armorer of Yun extraction who is very tall and quite fat, with hard eyes and a square jaw. Fearless and haughty, Oorchin has never been shy in bragging of his skills, and the shugenja Kuzhaidan has taken him up on his boasts and has ordered him to complete an enchanted wakizashi.

The finished weapon is intended to be a +1 weapon capable of launching arcs of flame when swung. A piece of jet has been shaped into the form of a skull and will be implanted in the hilt of the weapon, while an essence of efreet blood is to be injected into the length of the blade. Kuzhaidan does not permit visitors, other than the aforementioned deliverers, and he allows Oorchin only brief naps – the armorer now regrets his bragging.

| *Kuzhaidan, Shugenja Lvl 8: HP 22; AC 9 [10]; Save 8 (6 vs magic); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Spells (4th). Tanto, spellbook.*

34. Brewery: This brewery produces fine pale ale and holds a monopoly on all beer production in the city-state. It is owned by Kagariu, a lesser daughter of a distant cousin of the king. A youthful woman, she knows little of the brewer's art, nor does she wish to know it, relying on an elderly man named Buri to brew the beer. The brewery consists of a large space that holds ten vats and a small office for Buri. Bushels of grain are stored in the main area, and tools are kept in the small, stone cellar, along with a few barrels of ale. Kagariu is a youthful woman who exudes grace and breeding. Not brilliant by any means, she is a born flatterer whose ambition knows no bounds. She is accompanied everywhere by Almaan, her bodyguard.

| *Almaan, Bujin Lvl 4: HP 21; AC 5 [14]; Save 13 (12 vs death & poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Follow through, deflect missiles, estimate foe, parry blows. Haramaki-do, kote, jingasa.*

35. Diamond Merchant: Dalikab is a diamond merchant and financier of merchant caravans and explorers. He dwells in a sprawling single-story manse that looks over the lower city, but is itself eclipsed by the fortress-monastery at the foot of the mountain. Dalikab is an intensely private man, very short and thin with suspicious, tired eyes. In a subterranean vault known only to him he has a shrine dedicated to a lost love, a "daughter of the sun" as he puts it. Her image is carved in bas-relief in black marble. A locked adamant box in the floor holds a token of her love, a piece of her heart as she described it, in the form of a perfect, lovely garnet (worth 2,000 gp). The vault is protected by a stone construct in the shape of a foo lion. The loss of his perfect woman has left Dalikab, formerly a vivacious man with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, callous and sullen. He seeks a way to travel to the Solar Sphere, and will pay almost any price to get there.

| *Stone Construct: HD 8 (32 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 fist (2d6); Move 6;*

Save 8; CL/XP 8/800; Special: Slowed by fire spells, damaged/healed by rock to mud spells and mud to rock spells respectively, only affected by aforementioned spells, +2 or better weapon to hit.

| *Dalikab, Trader: HD 3 (9 hp); AC 9 [10]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.*

36. Mercantile Vaults: This two-story brick building contains a total of 48 small, 6-ft x 6-ft vaults (simple locks) used to store a variety of things. Most of the customers are visiting merchants who wish to store their goods, but some of the vaults are used by local ninja as hiding places or to hide their ill-gotten goods. The second vault on the right of the first floor has a concealed trapdoor that opens to a narrow set of stairs. The warehouse is owned by Dalanket, a retired soldier who made his money in protection rackets and smuggling while defending the city-state. He is a Yun man with beady brown eyes and a superior attitude – he takes great pleasure in flaunting his wealth and makes a great show of his katana, which he claims was a gift from the Tiger Empress (the truth).

37. Gemner: Kain is a short, thin, albino gem cutter who has a small workshop on the second story of this four story building. The ground floor is a restaurant that specializes in dumplings, while the third floor is home to a spinner of silk. The fourth floor is an attic and the home of Kain. It contains a simple couch and a locked cabinet. The cabinet contains an idol of Kali, the demon princess of assassins and mother of mariliths. Kain took up the worship of Kali while a sailor visiting Kirikersa, City of the Black Pelican. Kain is a master gem cutter, capable of preparing gems for use in the creation of magic items. He is also a masterful swordsman, having a +1 bonus to disarm opponents.

| *Kain: HD 4 (14 hp); AC 4 [15]; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 13; CL/XP 4/120; Special: None. Scaled armor, buckler, khanda (broad sword) or meteoric iron, dagger.*

38. Cemetery: This strange cemetery winds its way through the western side of the city-state. The cemetery is the last resting place of soldiers, itinerant warriors and swordsmen. An umber-skinned Kirikersan woman named Ongkidori is the caretaker. She dwells with her five children in a stone building covered in friezes of the gods.

39. Glassblower: Mujucheng is a glassblower who works with leaded glass, and her lead handling has left her sickly and irritable. Most folks in the neighborhood are used to her ranting and raving over perceived slights, and give her

a wide margin. She works in a 2-story brick building, the workshop on the bottom floor, her living quarters above. When not throwing a temper tantrum, Mujucheng is well-spoken and pleasant. When a tantrum is coming on, her left eye begins to twitch. In the throes of a rage, treat her as a berserker.

40. Healer: This three-story building has lovely wooden accents, carved in the shape of raccoon dogs and cobras. The bottom floor is a parlor of sorts, with a small pantry and kitchen attached. Here, the resident of the house, Temyshid the Healer, entertains prospective patients and friends on red velvet couches around a teak table, also richly carved. Stairs hidden behind a tapestry give access to the second floor, Temyshid's operating chamber, where she provides such services as acupuncture and minor surgery. She is assisted by her husband, Kaik, a pleasant little man who uses too much cologne. The third floor contains the family living quarters, a chamber for Temyshid and Kaik and another for their four children, as well as a short hallway lined with shelves of glass jars and bottles containing medicinal compounds, herbs and a few odds and ends taken from former patients. Temyshid is younger than her husband, and entirely too bright for her own good. She has golden skin, black hair and blue eyes, with a neat, scholarly appearance. Although a healer, she is unfeeling and immoral.

41. Weaver: Yeraniz is a young weaver who works primarily with linen and wool. His specialty is a purple dye that he extracts from sea snails, keeping the creatures in a large copper vat in his workshop filled with salt water. He has seven such snails. Yeraniz is a hefty man, saintly in demeanor and antagonistic with folk who don't quite measure up to his high standards.

42. Surgeon: Chinoyongo runs a very successful operation here as a dentist and surgeon, his specialization being

brain surgery (i.e. drilling holes to relieve pressure). So skilled is he, he can cure most brain ailments (insanity, lost intelligence or wisdom points) about 75% of the time. The rest of the time he inflicts 1d6 points of intelligence or wisdom damage and forces his patient to roll 1d20 under their constitution or die on the operating table. Chinoyongo has a three story building, his operating room being in the backroom of the ground floor, the remainder taken up with a parlor. His second floor is occupied by his servants, Atan and Suhi, who assist him in his operations. The top floor is taken up with his own living quarters, a Spartan room dominated by a rack of beautiful swords. A widower, Chinyongo spends his free time practicing with his swords.

43. Herbalist: Delganaya the herbalist occupies a three story building, the top floors being apartments rented to soldiers, the ground floor being Delganaya's living quarters and storage chambers. She sells such items as cinnamon, ginger, ginseng, licorice, medicinal mushrooms, dried seahorses, powdered tiger bones and ground rhino horn. A widower, Delganaya is a greedy woman who brews poisons for the local ninja.

44. Barge Captain: This single-story brick house with the overly ornate roof belongs to Muhisim, a youthful barge captain who operates primarily between Yun-Bai-Du and Artuk. A shameless womanizer, he has a family in each city, his local family consisting of wife Anaima and six children (four rugged boys, two equally rugged girls). In Artuk he is married to the wealthy (and old) Jarengi. Muhisim is built like a panda bear and always maintains a neat appearance, even when plying the filthy canals of Mu-Pan. He considers the gods to be a sham and makes sure to mock priests constantly behind their backs. Besides his collection of wives, Muhisim also owns a collection of exotic monkeys from the southern jungles.

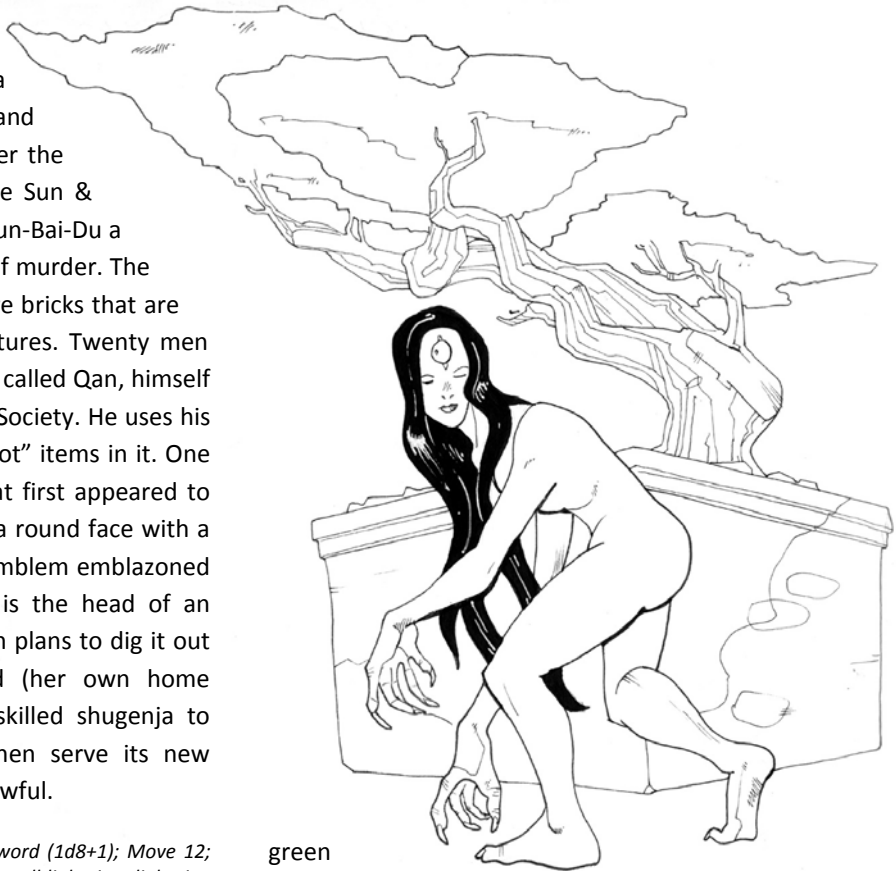
45. Clay Pit: There is a great empty space here behind the buildings. It is taken up by a clay pit run by Muke, a youthful Yun woman with a tiny frame and moody, dark brown eyes. She took over the pit from her brother, a member of the Sun & Moon Society who was forced to quit Yun-Bai-Du a year ago when he fell under suspicion of murder. The clay of the pit is used to make the ochre bricks that are used to build many of the city's structures. Twenty men work under Muke, including a great oaf called Qan, himself secretly a member of the Sun & Moon Society. He uses his access to the pit to hide valuable or "hot" items in it. One of his recent excavations revealed what first appeared to be a cinnabar mask. The mask depicts a round face with a thin nose and square jaw with a lotus emblem emblazoned on the forehead. In truth, the mask is the head of an ancient automaton of great power. Qan plans to dig it out one night when Muke is indisposed (her own home overlooks the pits). It would take a skilled shugenja to reactivate the creature, which will then serve its new master loyally, provided the master is lawful.

| *Lei-Hua: HD 15 (50 hp); AC 0 [19]; Atk 1 sword (1d8+1); Move 12; Save 3; CL/XP; Special: Spells (1/day each) - call lightning, lightning bolt (5d6), enlarge, haste.*

46. Vaults: This long, brick building is divided into numerous vaults that are rented to traders to store their goods by Tema, a mature woman of impressive height with a careless way about her that many men find endearing. Unmarried and avaricious, she thrives on attention. One of the vaults is used by a natural philosopher called Anegan to store his inventions and old papers. This vault is guarded by a homunculus that looks like a miniature woman with iron claws and three eyes, the uppermost being a crimson orb. Another vault is the last resting place of the wako Chiri, a notorious pirate who had his body shipped here in his old sea chest, along with his treasure of 18,000 sp and 300 gp. The chest is locked and trapped with a spring that launches the treasure and dead pirate at anyone who opens it, causing 3d6 points of damage.

| *Homunculus: HD 2 (9 hp); AC 5 [14]; Atk 1 bite (1d4 + poison); Move 9 (F15); Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Poison (save or die).*

47. Court of Earthly Delights: This Court of Earthly Delights is a large brothel. The brothel has a sloped roof of moss



green
tiles

and a large courtyard of fountains, rosewood benches, exposed rafters and multi-colored paper lanterns. The brothel is two stories tall and divided into numerous apartments, with dormitories on the ground floor for the women and living quarters for the owner, a scurrilous rake named Benastein, a Blackpoorter who traveled from his homeland to Mu-Pan after being drugged, kidnapped and placed on a caravan wagon.

Benastein is a lusty rascal, well spoken (he's learned the language, though he speaks with a thick accent) and charming. Although his primary goal is wealth and comfort, he also harbors ideas of revenge. To that end, he has organized a small cult dedicated to the Furies. The cult, formed of Benastein and the eunuchs that work for him (many escaped from the imperial city of Khatan), uses the prostitutes (who are slaves) in complex rituals designed to win the favor of Nemesis so that the goddess might send erinyes to slay his kidnappers. He also uses them to bribe and blackmail local officials. The local criminal gangs consider him a threat to their mono-poly on crime.

| *Benastein, Kensei Lvl 6: HP 29; AC 5 [14]; Save 10 (8 vs. death & fear); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Favored weapon (rapier, +1 hit and damage), life-saving parry, natural defenses. Rapier, dagger.*

48. Apartment: This single-story brick building with a bowed roof is divided into four apartments. It is owned by Noyorbelu, a young woman with vibrant skin and eyes as bold as a stormy sky. Short and pretty, she owns several buildings in this area, making her money renting them out. Though one would hardly suspect from the looks of her, Noyorbelu was once a queen among the wako of the eastern coasts. Deposed in a mutiny, she managed to find her way back to civilization after seducing first a shark man called Kidaki and then his lord, the gold dragon called Chaachingh. Noyorbelu has a magical trident hidden beneath the floor boards of one of the apartments. It is still sought by the dragon, so she does not wish to have it too close to her own domicile.

| *Noyorbelu, Bujin Lvl 8: HP 24; AC 7 [12]; Save 9 (8 vs death & poison); CL/XP 8/800; Special: Follow through, combat sense, mighty leap, parry blows, parry death blow. Haramaki-do, katana, wakizashi.*

49. Chandler: Cherg is a well-respected chandler, running his business from the ground floor of this three story wood building. Tall and corpulent, he recently lost his beloved wife Analchi to a shugenja's curse. The shugenja sought a collection of scrolls that were owned by his father, a sage and magician that once worked in the household of the king of the Yun before an ill-conceived duel cost him his position. Cherg keeps these scrolls hidden in a vault owned by Tema [46]. The second floor of his home has a broad balcony swathed in flowers, kitchen, pantry and servant's quarters and the top floor has living quarters for himself and his two sons, Agan and Tain.

50. Great Hall of Calligraphers: The Great Hall of the Calligraphers is a large hall of wood floors and stone walls. The floor is covered by a hundred straw mats. On each mat there is a calligrapher with a roll of paper of bamboo, pots of ink, pens and brushes. A mandarin named Gereng is the master of the scribes, assigning work to them and walking up and down the rows of calligraphers critiquing their work or urging them to work faster. The hall is an imperial structure, for the imperial government has a monopoly on calligraphy in Mu-Pan, training calligraphers at a school in Khatan and using them as hirsute spies wherever they go. Gereng is a mature man and a fine calligrapher and spy in

his own right. A thin, neat man, he has a crisp style of speech and practices and economy of movement. Highly perceptive, little escapes Gereng's notice. He is remarkably well read, and a very good source for information (has a 2 in 6 chance of answering any question per the *legend lore* spell). He has an apartment in the Great Hall that he shares with his wife Terinai and his daughter Chama. Gereng keeps secret missives hidden within his belt. He always keeps a *potion of poison* on his person.

| *Gereng, Ninja Lvl 6: HP 18; AC 9 [10]; Save 9 (7 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, potion of poison.*

51. Ancient Tannery: This ancient tannery predates the city-state of Yun-Bai-Du, and had not its founder saved the life of the emperor many centuries ago, it surely would have been removed. As it is, it consists of a large lot pocked by pools of acidic water that are connected via tunnels to the Maokun River. In the midst of these acid pits there is a small building of limestone, itself heavily pocked, surrounded by wooden frames upon which are stretched hides in the midst of being processed. The stone building is home to the tanner, Chazang, a young woman who is the thirtieth in her line to own and operate the tannery. In this capacity she also keeps a small shrine to the Red Jade Emperor, whose life was saved on this spot by the original owner. The emperor fell in love with his savior and made her his empress. The shrine commemorates their love.

52. Tavern: A chubby Meng woman everybody calls Aunt Nizany runs a tavern here. The tavern is a single-story brick structure on a raised stone platform. A number of wicker benches and chairs surround the building, with locals preferring to sit outside the tavern and smoke.

The interior consists of a common room with two small tables, four large tables, six semi-private booths and two private side rooms. One side room is nicknamed the wolf room, for the giant winter wolf skin rug that adorns the floor. The other room is hidden behind a secret door and remarkable for the collection of knives in the ceiling, left there by the ninja that hold meetings here.

The tavern is somewhat grubby, with a thick cloud of smoke hanging in the rafters and flavoring the ducks and sausages hanging there to cure. Despite the ambiance, the food and drink here are excellent, though expensive for

non-natives. They serve the aforementioned duck and sausages, as well as dumplings and have just about every form of alcoholic beverage one can imagine, with fine mead being the house special. The tavern is always crowded, being a meeting place for everyone from peasants to nobles. The small tables feature dice games.

53. Granary: This four story stone granary is administered by a young immigrant from Ishkabibel named Derenoyo. Derenoyo has bronzed skin, black curly hair tucked under a white turban and eyes the color of parched soil. Derenoyo is short and heavy, with a body and personality reminiscent of a badger. He guards his granary as though it were a royal palace. He dresses in white and tan robes over chainmail and carries a katana and buckler. Unbeknownst to him, his grain has become infested with ergot, a fungus that causes hallucinations. Derenoyo and the authorities are as yet unaware of this infestation, but as the grain is distributed problems should arise.

| *Derenoyo, Bujin Lvl 1: HP 3; AC 4 [15]; Save 16 (15 vs death & poison); CL/XP 1/15; Special: Follow through, flurry of blows, headlong charge, mounted archery. Chainmail, shield, katana.*

54. Tea House: Banasla runs a quiet restaurant in a dim alley. A mature woman with a rugged build and a scar on her chin, she was once a mountain bandit famed throughout the land as a defender of peasants and robber of fat merchants. In time, she gave up that life and used her savings to open this café. Banasla serves medicinal teas and such mountain fare as greasy joints of mutton, cold duck on a bed of spinach leaves and soup made from the feet of camels. The café has a second floor, where Banasla lives with her husband and former lieutenant Erany (now the cook). A false panel in this room leads to stairs that descend into a hidden first floor room. Here, Banasla hides her treasure (540 sp, 1,000 gp) and here she allows her two greatest friends to make secret rendezvous.

Her friends are the swordsman Zecetoz and Qaranua, beautiful daughter of a merchant prince. Zecetoz was once a minor angel, sent to Nod to save the soul of Banasla. This he managed to do, but not before he fell in love with Qaranua, a captive of Banasla who was to be ransomed to her wealthy father. Extra-dimensional beings are really just extensions of the great, mysterious true gods. When they are manifested in the material plane, they have no individual consciousness or soul of their own and can be

called home with but a thought. If they tarry long in the world, though, they begin to develop individuality, and their divine essence becomes an individual soul. At this point, they can no longer be called home and fall from their state of grace, becoming beings known as aasimar (in the case of Lawful spirits) or tieflings (in the case of Chaotic spirits).

| *Banasla, Bujin Lvl 10: HP 33; AC 7 [12]; Save 7 (6 vs death & poison); CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Follow through, combat sense, estimate foe, ferocity, flurry of blows. Do-maru.*

| *Erany, Bujin Lvl 7: HP 18; AC 7 [12]; Save 10 (9 vs death & poison); CL/XP 7/600; Special: Follow through, combat sense, ferocity, fists of iron, iron hold, sundering chop. Jingasa, sode*

| *Zecetoz, Aasimar Bujin Lvl 9: HP 45; AC 1 [18]; Save 8 (7 vs death & poison); CL/XP 9/1100; Special: Follow through, ki shout. Kabuto, do-maru, haidate, suneate, sode, masakari, tanto. Zecetoz appears as a man with golden skin, pearly eyes and a broad forehead. His hair is silvery and naturally curly. Wields a masakari with engravings of phoenixes, white oak haft, can stop time once per day*

55. Unscrupulous Trader: The unscrupulous trader Gozz, a Thulian man with tanned skin, black hair worn in four long braids clasped in silver and moody green eyes, runs an opium den here under the protection of the White Vulture Society. Opium comes from poppies, which are chiefly grown in the mountains that border the desert known as the Cradle of the Sun. Gozz owns two caravans that run back and forth between the Cradle of the Sun and Yun-Bai-Du. Although he plays the part of a humble seller of medicinal smoke, he is truly a greedy man who covets gold above all other things. The authorities have long frowned on his establishment, but the protection of the White Vulture Society has kept him in business. He keeps a covered pit inside his door in case of emergency (10-ft deep and the floor and walls covered in iron spikes). He has recently become aware of an inheritance owed him back in his home city of Azdak, and is mulling over whether he should close his establishment and make the journey.

56. High Court of the Mountain Gate: The High Court of the Mountain Gate is overseen by a mandarin named Anegh, a thin woman of 30 winters who always appears in public in her official robes, supplemented by strings of pearls and other expensive baubles. In this court, Anegh is empowered by the King of the Yun to judge cases from loitering to homicide. The court is a building of marble and richly oiled wood that stands two stories high, with a central court paved in red marble and a second story

gallery that wraps around the court for the benefit of onlookers. Anegh has offices behind the main court. As a mandarin, she lives on the lower slopes of the Mountain of the Splendiferous Tiger King. The court is always guarded by six sergeants-at-arms in heavy armor and wielding naginatas and wakizashis. The sergeants are commanded by Captain Chamdin, the famous “Lion of Spring”, who wears o-yoroi and wields an enchanted nodachi. Stairs hidden behind thick oak doors lead down to a two level dungeon with numerous cells (some containing long forgotten prisoners) and other nasty surprises for folks thinking of affecting a prison break. The mole men mogura-jin have a hidden entrance into the dungeon, which they use to launch raids to capture prisoners to stock their larder.

| Captain Chamdin, Bujin Lvl 6: HP 26; AC -1 [20]; Save 11 (10 vs death & poison); CL/XP 6/400; Special: Follow through. O-yoroi, +1 nodachi, tachi.

57. Wheelwright: The wheelwright Qoyorchag is uninteresting save for his ownership of a golden cricket that casts a powerful blessing over his business and home. The cricket’s presence in a building acts as a double strength *protection from evil*. The Sun & Moon Society desires it, but has as yet been unable to steal it do its ability to summons a *swarm of insects* to protect itself.

58. Maker of Tabi: Chuke is a maker of tabi, or Japanese socks. He is a simple, hard-working man with a wife, Houli and six polite, disciplined children. He and his family occupy three rooms set above his workshop. While Chuke works, he sings little songs in a weak, cracking voice that is both pathetic and beautiful. He sings folk songs and ancient romances mostly and many people in the neighborhood make a habit of stopping by and listening while they take a break from their labors. Chuke never pays them any notice while he is working and singing, for his focus is on his wondrous stitchery, in which he encoded messages to the Tiger Empress. For the past seven years, Chuke has been on the payroll of King of the Ying, organizing his operatives in Yun-Bai-Du, mostly low-ranking courtiers who shop in the store and a few wanderers who stop by to listen to his songs, in which more messages are passed. Chuke has been paid well for his services and he has been smart enough to save that money in a locked iron box under his floor boards rather than spend it lavishly and bring suspicion on himself. He plans to continue his work

for the Ying for three more years and then leave in the middle of the night with the help of the ninja and retire to a small manse in the southern jungles.

59. Alchemist: This simple manse covered in grape vines is home to Lorittaine, an alchemist from Lyon and King Tristram’s ambassador to Yun-Bai-Du. Here, she keeps an eye on the merchants of Lyon (and, to a lesser extent, the other Motherlanders in Yun-Bai-Du) and attends the court of King Baichulun once a week to recite any news she has learned from her countryman and receive any official messages from the king to her lord. Her home is a sprawling single-story structure with a courtyard in which she cultivates the flowers and shrubs of home as best she can. She gladly opens her home to countrymen, serving them the dishes of home and wine from her extensive cellar. Besides the wine, Lorittaine also keeps a copper vat in the cellar in which she is attempting to grow a clone of a courtier of King Baichulun, surmising that replacing him at court with an operative of her own would give her added insights into the politics of Mu-Pan.

60. Turban Maker: The elderly Bhrasini, a transplant from Kirikersa, has been manufacturing turbans for two decades in Yun-Bai-Du, having originally settled in Khatan and been forced to move for supposedly agitating against the imperial authorities. Bhrasini scoffs at the accusations, but they are quite true. Even today, she rankles under any form of government, believing herself to be above such things. Although the authorities of Yun-Bai-Du have no proof, they have long suspected her of being involved with the Sun & Moon Society. In fact, she her association is (and always has been) with the Black Magicians of Tsanjan, to whom she makes available her attic when they are need of a hiding place or a private space to conduct their rituals. In return, they supply her with the black lotus wine of their country and her favorite delicacy of pickled tongues taken from condemned men and women. Despite her advanced age, Bhrasini is a dangerous combatant, having served in the cult of Kali before fleeing her homeland.

| Bhrasini, Ninja Lvl 7: HP 15; AC 9 [10]; Save 8 (6 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 4/120; Special: Move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, strangulation cord, shuriken (5).

61. Den of the Weeping Prince: The Den of the Weeping Prince is a large gambling den operated by Chirang, a

rotund little man with sunken blue eyes and an explosion of downy black hair. Chirang has a broken nose that makes his voice nasally and annoying, and a gently demeanor that often lulls people into a false sense of safety around him. The den is exceptionally luxurious, with marble floors and expensive, exotic woods lining the walls and ceiling. The main floor of the building is situated with a dozen tables for playing such games as mahjong, keno, pai gow, sic bo and fan tan. Gaming tiles and dice are made of ivory and the players sit on velvet cushions while being fanned by geisya and served all manner of cocktails and fine viands. The gambling den is under the protection of the White Vulture Society and is a major source of their funding. Those who attempt to cheat or welch on their bets are taken into the back room and subjected to the darkest magic. Their remains are then displayed in the casino or outside it as a warning to others. The Weeping Prince is always guarded by a dozen men-at-arms, unarmored and wielding tachi and clubs.

| *Chirang, Ninja/Shugenja Lvl 5/3: HP 15; AC 9 [10]; Save 10 (8 vs. death & poison); CL/XP 3/60; Special: Spells (2nd), move silently, hide in shadows, climb sheer surfaces, backstab x3, read languages. Tanto, shuriken (5), spellbook.*

62. Dojo of Nyn: This building is the dojo of Nyn, a lawful kensei and teacher of the art of sword fighting. The dojo is also the unofficial headquarters and meeting place of the Silent Hand, a secret society of warriors who serve the interests of the poor and downtrodden in Yun-Bai-Du and its environs. Nyn is a short, graceful man with a fencer's build that is usually hidden underneath off-white robes. His head is shaved and his face bears deep wrinkles and the scars of a life of violence. He walks with a cane (a thin blade is hidden inside it) and can be an ill-tempered busybody. He keeps a variety of exotic reptiles in cages stacked in the corners of his room. Often, one of his iguanas or snakes can be found lounging on him as he barks orders to his students.

| *Nyn, Kensei Lvl 10: HP 10d6+1; AC 6 [13]; Save 6 (4 vs. death & fear); CL/XP 10/1400; Special: Favored weapon (+1 hit and damage with katana), life-saving parry, natural defenses, establish dojo. Katana.*

63. Safehouse: This grand manse of multi-colored marble and copper tiles is home to an eccentric young aristocrat named Buqa. Buqa is a bit of a fop and is considered a pleasant stooge by the lords of Yun-Bai-Du. Little do they know that Buqa's family was loyal to the Tiger Empress and suffered terribly when her regime was ousted. The youngest, he saw his father driven into a bitter exile and his mother die from a heavy heart. He now serves as one of the chiefs of the infamous Sun & Moon Society, a secret society ostensibly dedicated to destroying the imperial order and creating a nation of self-ruling cities, towns and villages governed by wise men and women. In fact, the overall plan is the destruction of the imperial order that the followers of the Tiger Empress can pick up the pieces and fill the power vacuum, with the help of the Black Magicians of Tsanjan. Through a secret door in the cellar of Buqa's manse is a fantastic series of marble caverns and a deep chasm that leads to a subterranean river that flows from the high plateau of Tsanjan. The cavern hides a number of Buqa's fellow travelers – mostly escaped eunuchs (shugenjas) and weretigers – in fortified caverns. The river, which is inhabited by subterranean nixies, allows communication with the lords of Tsanjan and their minions (goblins, ling, hobgoblins). They travel the river in armored keelboats equipped with fire projectors. Buqa's manse is guarded by seven berserkers, all fanatical followers of Chaos with a red crescent tattooed over their left eye.

64. Peach Fountain: One of the city-state's many fountains rises here in a small plaza surrounded by tall apartment buildings. The fountain depicts intertwined serpent women grasping after a peach, which seems to float just out of their reach.

JMS

Through the Door

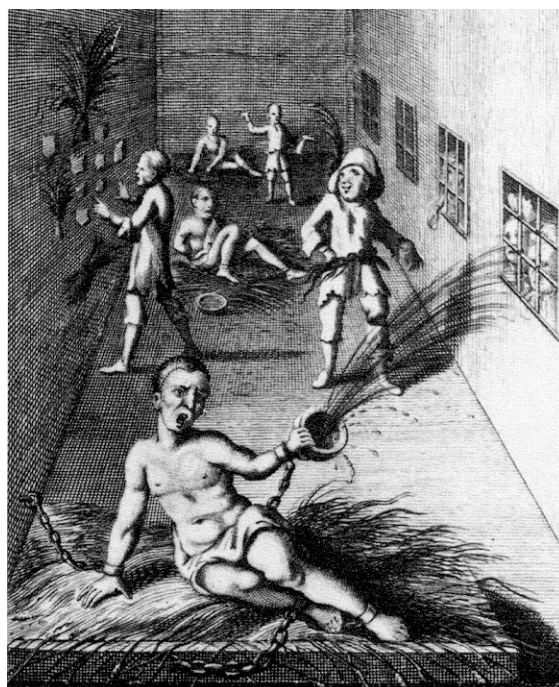
By John M. Stater

Dimensional portals that send characters from their own world into others are a common trope of fantasy literature and gaming. The next time your band of curious delvers decides to step through that strange, glowing door, perhaps they wind up in one of these places ...

Roll Destination

- 1 Alien city during an important ritual. There is a 50% chance the visitors are welcomed as emissaries from the gods and imprisoned in a palace of alien pleasures (if only the PCs could digest the alien food) and a 50% chance they are treated as intruders and put to “death by a thousand rays”.
- 2 Step into a cellar at the moment Aleister Crowley is summoning a demon; Crowley must pass a system shock test or suffer a heart attack. His patrons may not take kindly to the intrusion.
- 3 Pass through an atomic feedback flux loop onto a massive space ark infused with radiation and bizarre animals. Everyone must pass a saving throw (vs. poison) or suffer a mutation.
- 4 Adventurers find themselves in a cluttered wardrobe that leads into wartime England. They are welcomed by a man in a natty suit (Merlin) and pressed into a mission to assassinate Adolf Hitler.
- 5 Walk into the lowest level of a mad archmage’s castle with no memories (though spell casters retain their memorized or prepared spells) of how they got there.
- 6 Step into a massive submerged cavern and the grand council of dolphins. A dolphin mage will work fast to summon up airy water. The dolphins are discussing their plans for their summer campaign against the sharks.

- 7 Awaken in a brilliant woodland on Midsummer Night; cavort with fey both good and evil.
- 8 Find themselves on a barren world as the representatives of Law in a gladiatorial combat with their opposites from another universe as the representatives of Chaos.
- 9 Enter a padded cell of Bedlam asylum, where they must save a mad woman from the machinations of Fraz-urb'luu, for she alone can open the portal back to their world.
- 10 Step onto a solar barque making its way across the skies of a mythic earth, moments before it passes into Hades for the night.
- 11 Step into a world where orcs evolved from men!
- 12 Find themselves on a meadow being fought over by Texicans and Lousianans armed with muskets and wearing tall hats (see *Altered States* in this issue).



The Titans' Door

PARS FORTUNA adventure for 1st to 3rd level characters

By John M. Stater

Illustration by Kelvin Green

Imagine trekking through a wide valley, one side of which consists of sloping hills pocked with monster-inhabited caves, the other a veritable rampart of stacked basalt blocks patrolled sporadically by Oraenca.

At the end of this valley, at the foot of a miles-high spire, stands what generations of adventurers have known as the Titan's Door. The door is a 200 foot tall structure of gray stone, unmarked (though often marred) pierced only by a large keyhole located about 100 feet above the floor of the valley. Beyond the door is the Spire, one hundred levels of weird that, if the stories can be believed, culminates in a small, unassuming chamber that holds the *Wheel of Fortuna*. Win your way to the top of the spire, and you can spin the wheel. Spin the wheel, and the cosmos is re-made in your image.

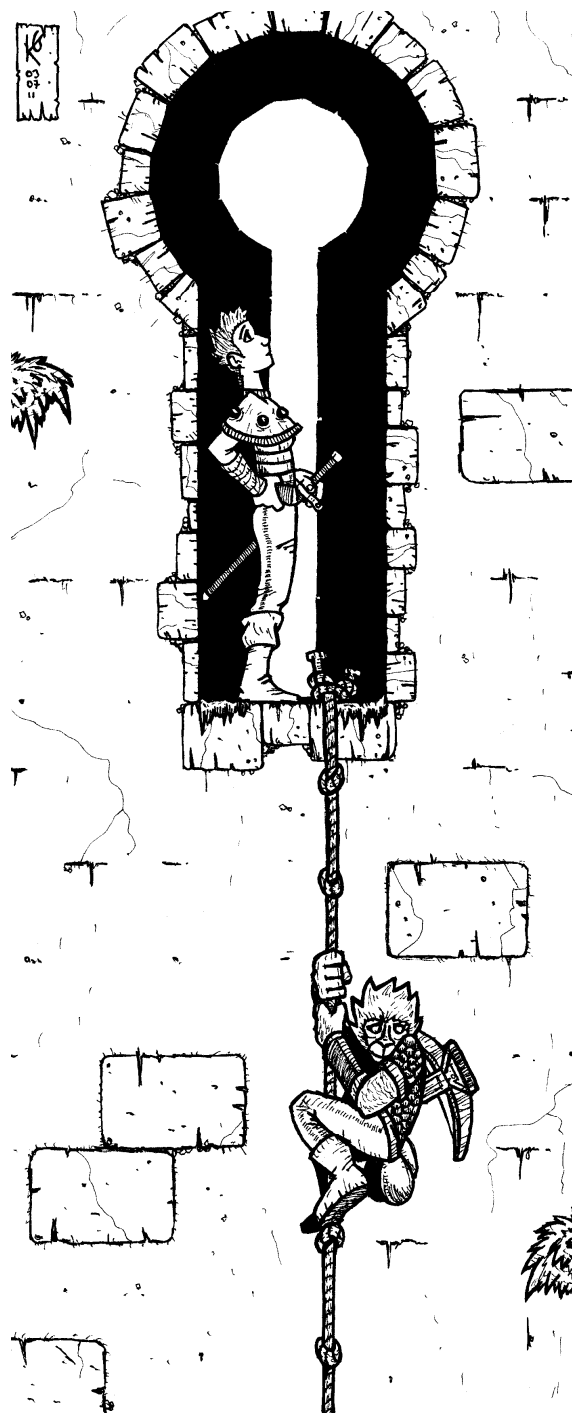
Not surprisingly, every adventurer worth his salt has dreamed of making the pilgrimage to the Titan's Door and winning his or her way inside. Many have succeeded, taking their knowledge with them into the depths of the Spire.

Now, your own band of explorers is staring at the Titan's Door and preparing to enter the greatest (and maybe last) adventure of their lives. Hopefully they brought enough rope!

The Basics

Let's get the preliminaries out of the way first. The door is made of gray stone that cannot be chipped through or magicked through – if players want to get into the spire, they will have to enter the door and solve its puzzles.

The door is 200 feet tall, 80 feet wide and 30 feet thick. The interior holds a small "dungeon" of fourteen chambers. The chambers are never more than 20 feet wide (dimensions are included for each chamber) and their appearances can vary widely. The dungeon was constructed with magic rather than hollowed out of the



stone door by hand. Its mechanisms were conceived in the mind of a deity, who then put a brotherhood of osks in charge of maintaining the door and protecting its secrets.

All doors in the dungeon are locked. Ten minutes after a door is opened, it closes and re-locks itself. Likewise, all traps reset after one hour unless steps are taken to make re-setting impossible.

Wandering monster rolls should be made each time an unoccupied room is entered or once an hour (whichever comes first). Roll 1d6. An encounter is indicated with a roll of "1".

Roll	Encounter
1	Hamazak (1d4): HD 3+1; AC 14; Atk 1 pole arm (1d10) or net (entangle); Move 12; Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: None.
2	Jeyah (1d8): HD 1d4; AC 11; Atk 1 bite (1d3); Move 15 (C15); Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Psychic static (save or madness)
3	Osk (1d4): HD 1+1; AC 15; Atk 1 hammer (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Withering gaze (1d4 damage to plants)
4	Moggie (2d4): HD 1; AC 12; Atk 1 claws and bite (1d4); Move 15; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Surprise (3 in 6).
5	Retriever: HD 2; AC 15; Atk 1 bite (1d8); Move 15; Save 16; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Lock jaw. The retriever contains a magnetic spike in its secret compartment.
6	Vazin (1d6): HD 1d6; AC 13; Atk 1 claws (2d4); Move 12 (C12); Save 18; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Shock (1d6).

Keyed Locations

1. The Keyhole (6' x 6'): Entering through the keyhole-shaped portal, adventurers find themselves in a vaulted chamber with two obvious exits and one secret exit. The room is the lair of two assassin bugs.

The secret exit is a false ceiling tile that leads to a slanted crawl-way studded with stone hemispheres that make it easier to climb, but more uncomfortable as well. Unarmored adventurers have a 1% chance of putting a knee down on a stud, dropping their movement rate by 3 points for 1 hour. The two obvious exits are through locked doors that close and relock one turn after being opened.

The stairs down to [7] are behind a door in the small passage that connects [1] to [2].

▲ Giant Assassin Bug: HD 3; AC 14; Atk 1 proboscis (1d6 + venom); Move 12 (F15); Save 14; CL/XP 3/60; Special: Venom (save or stunned).

2. Force Field (9' x 9'): This room is empty except for a force field seemingly emanating from a magnetic spike drilled into the ceiling. An eclipse of large moths flies around inside the field. Removal of the spike removes the field, releasing the malhora swarm inside the field.

▲ Malhora Swarm: HD 3; AC 13; Atk 1 touch (age); Move F9; Save 14; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Aging, decay.

3. Echo Chamber (9' x 9'): Any noise made in this room is magnified many times, creating a terrible racket that has a 2 in 6 chance of attracting a wandering monster. Sonic damage inflicted in the room is dealt to everyone in the room and doubled against the actual target. Of course, the inhabitant of the chamber, a yellow killer slime, is bad enough. The slime dwells on the ceiling.

▲ Yellow Killer Slime: HD 3; AC 11; Atk 1 pseudopod (2d6); Move 3; Save 14; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Acid, growth, divide, half damage from weapons.

4. Roll Out the Red Carpet (18' x 9'): This room is bare, white stone. The stairs are located on the inner wall of the Titan's Door and are decorated with a long, red carpet. The carpet is actually an animated object that can constrict like a snake. When it first attacks, it shifts its body in such a way that anyone on the stairs must pass a saving throw or topple down the stairs, suffering 1d6 points of damage and plunging into a trap door in the wall and down a chute to [10] unless they pass an additional saving throw.

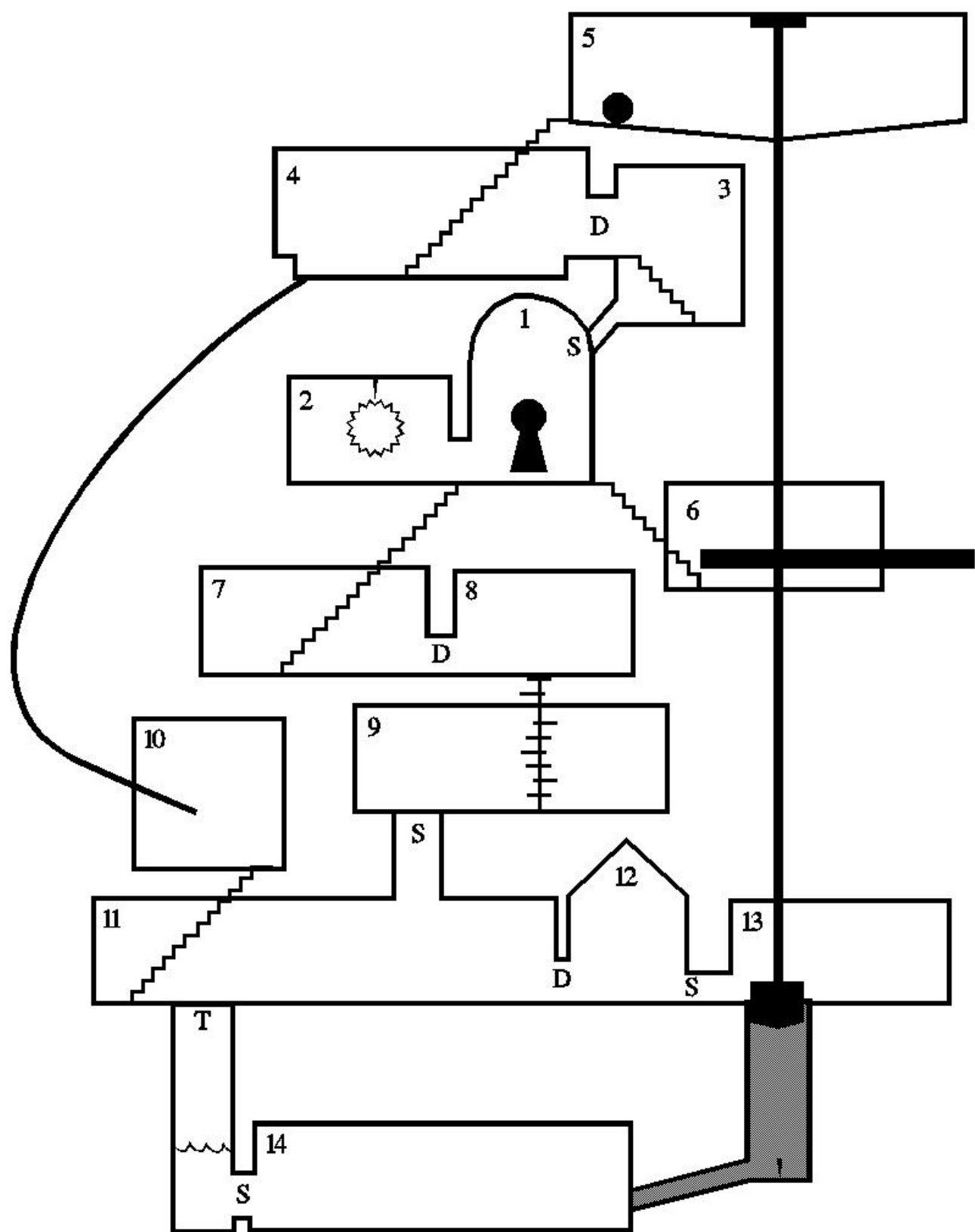
▲ Killer Carpet: HD 4; AC 14; Atk 1 strike (1d8 + constrict); Move 9; Save 13; CL/XP 5/240; Special: Constrict (1d8).

5. Upper Rod (20-ft Diameter): This large chamber contains the termination of the upper rod. The rod passes through a large, metal gear that, if turned clockwise, screws the upper rod into the ceiling, releasing the bolt in [6].

The room is circular and the floor is conical. Ridges in the floor allow to large, black metallic spheres to roll in a clockwise direction around the room.

One of the metal balls is actually a mechanical armadillo rolled into a ball. At the first sign of intruders carrying the magnetic spikes that operate the gear, it attacks.

The gear is operated by inserting at least three of the magnetic spikes into holes drilled into its sides. The



magnetic spikes, attracted by the other metal ball, turn the gear and release the bolt in [6].

- ▲ Mechanical Armadillox: HD 6; AC 18; Atk 1 claw and bite (2d6); Move 9 (B3); Save 11; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Thrash (1d6+2), surprise (2 in 6), immune to mind control, cold and electricity, half damage from fire.

6. The Bolt (9' x 9'): Stairs lead down to this murky chamber, the black walls of which seem to drink in the adventurer's torch and lantern light. The corners are especially murky. A thin layer of dust has settled on the floor here, as it has nearly everywhere in this complex, but many footprints are in evidence here. The room is dominated by a massive adamant bolt "hovering" in the center of the room and poking into a hole lined with adamant in one wall. This bolt keeps the Titan's Door securely closed, and moving this bolt is the goal of those adventurers who have crept into the keyhole.

Two metal rods intersect the larger bolt, one coming from beneath the floor, the other from the above ceiling. An engineer might be able to determine that the rods are not, in fact, a single rod, but non-engineers probably haven't a chance of discerning this. Should one manage to move the two rods, they are still faced with the difficulty of moving the massive bolt. The bolt is 25 feet long, 1.5 feet in diameter and, since it is happily hollow, weighs 12 tons. A combined strength score of 50 will move the bolt.

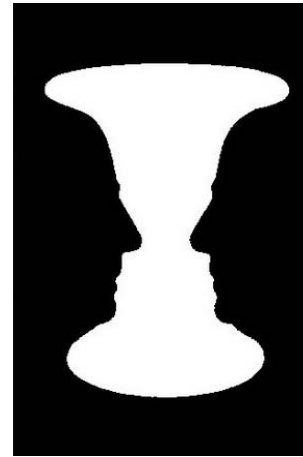
Most importantly, one of the magnetic spikes mentioned in the introduction and used to move the upper rod is embedded in the exposed end of the bolt. The metallic spike is of a slightly darker color than the rod and is easily slid from the rod using any sort of iron or steel since adamant is not a ferrous metal.

Once the bolt is moved, the Titan's Door creaks open and remains open for 1 hour.

7. Checked Room (15' x 15'): The stairs from the room above come down on the outer wall of this room. Access to this room is through a door.

This bizarre room has a ceiling and floor checked with black and white tiles, each tile being 3-ft x 3-ft. The contents of the room depend on the perception of the adventurers (and their players) when they enter. Before you describe the room, give the players a test.

Ask each player to tear off a scrap of paper and prepare to silently write down an answer. At this point, show them the image below and ask them to write down what they see.



If they answer "vase", then give them description A. If they answer "faces", give them description B.

A. You enter a room that at first appears to be clad, ceiling and floor, in 3-ft x 3-ft black and white tiles in a checked pattern. In fact, the floor and ceiling are composed of white tiles and black holes. The black holes appear to reach into the black depths of space, for they are terribly cold and deal 1d6 points of damage per round to anyone coming in contact with them. The room is occupied by a scintillating white ball of energy. This ball of energy attacks any who enter the chamber.

- ▲ White Energy: HD 5; AC 16; Atk 1 touch (1d8 + invigorate); Move F12; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Invigorate (increase strength and constitution and reduce dexterity by same amount as damage).

B. You enter a room that at first appears to be clad, ceiling and floor, in 3-ft x 3-ft black and white tiles in a checked pattern. In fact, the floor and ceiling are composed of black tiles and white holes. The white holes appear to reach into a dimension of searing light, for they are possessed of a searing heat and deal 1d6 points of damage per round to anyone coming in contact with them. The room is occupied by a scintillating white ball of energy. This ball of energy attacks any who enter the chamber.

- ▲ Black Energy: HD 5; AC 16; Atk 1 touch (1d8 + enervate); Move F12; Save 12; CL/XP 7/600; Special: Enervate (drain 1d4 points of a random ability score).

8. Spinning Chamber (9' Diameter): This chamber is circular in shape and clad in steel. Four circular

depressions, no more than 1' deep and 3' in diameter, are spaced evenly around the room. When the characters enter, one of the depressions is open, revealing a 6' deep hole. In the center of the room there is a heavy crank, like that on a winch. With a combined strength of 24, the crank can be turned, spinning the floor of the room. If turned clockwise, the hole next uncovers the trapped spiral stairs leading down to the [9]. If turned counter-clockwise, the next hole uncovered holds a greater skeloid. The final hole contains a treasure of 920 sp, 300 gp in leather sacks.

- ▲ Greater Skeloid: HD 6; AC 16; Atk 1 weapon (1d6); Move 12; Save 11; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Immune to mind control, sleep, poison & disease, absorb magic.

9. Sliding Stairs (18' x 18'): The stairs in this room are trapped to collapse when pressure is put on the wrong step. There is a 1 in 6 chance for each person who walks on the stairs to trigger the trap. When the stairs collapse, they send people on the stairs falling onto a bed of spikes that deal 2d6 points of damage (saving throw for half damage). One of the spikes is actually a magnetic spike.

The stairs remain collapsed for one hour before re-setting. The remainder of the room is filled with piles of metal shavings, oily rags and cast of tools and bits of machinery.

10. Chute's End: The chute in [4] terminates here, throwing its unfortunate riders onto the floor (1d6 damage unless a saving throw is made). The room is occupied by a mechanical snurl. Hidden beneath one of the metal plates of the snurl is a diagram explaining how one can release the lower rod.

- ▲ Snurl: HD 5; AC 18; Atk 1 bite (1d6+2) or spittle (poison); Move 15; Save 12; CL/XP 6/400; Special: Poison (save or 1d6 damage), surprise (3 in 6).

11. Osk Lair: This room is the primary lair of the osk that maintain the Titan's Door. The room is lived in by 12 osks and contains piles of sleeping furs and a menagerie of tools and weapons used in their work.

The room usually contains 1d6+1 osk, the others being off maintaining the dungeon (i.e. wandering encounters). The chief of the osk is always present in this room.

- ▲ Osk: HD 1+1; AC 15; Atk 1 hammer (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Withering gaze (1d4 damage to plants).
- ▲ Osk Chief: HD 4+4; AC 15; Atk 1 hammer (1d8); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 4/60; Special: Withering gaze.

The osks have a treasure consisting of numerous tools and a locked and poisoned chest containing 1,700 sp, 235 gp and a brass dish worth 1,550 gp.

An iron ladder connects the secret trap door in chamber [9] to this chamber.

A trap door in this room sends people falling into a pit filled with a mild acid (1d3 damage per round, ruins leather and cloth after three rounds) if they fail a saving throw. The osk are capable of activating the trap door by throwing a lever set into the floor on the other end of the room. A secret door at the bottom of the pit accesses chamber [14].

12. Shrine: This room is usually empty, though the osk sometimes come here to pray to their mechanical god. The walls of this room are covered in angular friezes depicting a great factory of osks crafting armor and weapons and mechanical constructs. The friezes run onto the conical ceiling and culminate in a stone pillar hanging from the peak about 8 feet into the room. This pillar is shaped something like a screw and terminates in a glass globe that measures about 1 foot in diameter. This globe of colored glass looks like an eye and has been enchanted to follow the tallest person in the room (including headwear). Beneath the eye there is a small, circular depression in the floor filled with holy oil that flames bright blue when lit and deals twice the damage as normal oil if used as a weapon. Three long poles tipped with felt are set around this depression in a triangular formation.

There is a 1 in 6 chance when the adventurers enter the temple that 1d6+1 osk are already present. The osk will be polishing the glass eye with the poles, the felt tips having been dipped in the holy oil. They will instantly drop the poles and draw their weapons to deal with intruders. There is also a 1 in 10 chance per turn spent in the temple that 1d6+1 osk enter to perform their rituals.

- ▲ Osk: HD 1+1; AC 15; Atk 1 hammer (1d6); Move 12; Save 17; CL/XP 1/15; Special: Withering gaze (1d4 damage to plants).

13. Lower Rod: This chamber holds the seat of the lower rod that holds fast the bolt in chamber [6]. The rod sits atop a stone pedestal carved deeply with geometric patterns designed to capture the eye. The patterns are the manifestation of dread mathematics steeped in the elder fire of the cosmos.

To a creature with an intelligence of 7 or less, they are meaningless and hold no fascination. For creatures with an intelligence between 8 and 12, they are interesting, but a saving throw at +2 keeps them from having an effect; otherwise the person is held fascinated by them for 1d6 turns, after which they may make an additional saving throw at +2 each turn to break free, and even have a 5% chance of increasing their intelligence score by 1 point. Creatures with an intelligence score of 13 or higher are the true targets of these patterns. They must pass a saving throw at a -2 penalty or suffer the same fate as their less intelligent comrades. One turn later, though, they must save (no bonus or penalty) or lose 1d6 points of wisdom as their mind is wracked with the burdensome philosophies of the fourth dimension. One turn later, they can make another saving throw, now at a +2 bonus, or suffer the same damage to their psyches. This continues, with the bonus increasing by +2 each time, until a saving throw is made. At that point, the creature snaps out of the fascination and may wipe the spittle from their slack lips and continue on their way. They enjoy the same chance of increasing their intelligence scores as their less educated friends, though the bonus in this case will be +2.

Creatures that lose all of their wisdom points will let out a high pitched shriek and then appear to shatter, the shards and fragments of their former selves rotating and seemingly winking out of existence. In fact, they have grasped truths about the structure of the cosmos well beyond the ken of most mortals, and have transcended the geometries of their birth.

As mentioned above, the lower rod sits atop a stone pedestal, itself seated atop a mass of sand held within a tall well. The well is almost completely obscured by the pedestal, though a canny engineer or thief might be able to determine the truth. The sand can be drained into chamber [14] by moving the steel door that holds it in place. If this is done, the pedestal and rod drop and release the bolt in chamber [6].

14. Sand & Surf: This long chamber is designed to hold the water and sand from the pits that flank it and, if the trapmasters who designed the Titan's Door did their work well, the remains of adventurers foolish enough to tamper with those pits.

When the secret door from the submerged pit is opened, the water rushes into this room, covering the floor in a thin layer of liquid and throwing creatures in the pit who were not prepared onto the floor as well (1d3 damage). At the other end of the room there is a large, steel plate affixed to the wall. This plate is actually a door that holds in the sand from the pit connected to chamber [13].

Next to the steel door there is a lever that can be used to ratchet the door opened about 3 inches per pull. The ratchet system is trapped. If the lever is pulled fewer than 5 times, the catch that holds the door releases two rounds after the last pull. This releases the fine sand into the chamber in a rush, and also releases 6 sand rats into the room as well. The sand creates a choking dust in the room (per *Yellow Smoke*) that does not affect the sand rats. The sand piles makes movement difficult after three rounds, reducing movement by 3 (again, the sand rats are unaffected) and forcing those who fail an attack to pass a saving throw or fall prone.

There is a magnetic spike driven into the stone floor of the pit which is easily removed using iron or steel.

▲ Sand Rat: HD 1d4; AC 15; Atk 1 bite (1d4); Move 12 (B6); Save 18; CL/XP B/10; Special: Miasma (save or retch).

JMS

WASHED OUT IN WASHOE

Mystery Men! Adventure for Superhuman Characters

By John M. Stater

Black Dragon image Copyright 2011, Joel Carroll and used with permission

The Plot

The Black Dragon is holding Silverado City hostage, threatening it with eminent destruction. 24 hours ago he appeared on life television across the country demanding an incredible amount of money in the form of gold bars in exchange for sparing Silverado City.

In truth, the Black Dragon really wants something far more valuable to him – a copy of the dread *Necronomicon* that is kept in high-security submerged government warehouse. The Black Dragon plans to drain Lake Washoe into the city, flooding it and giving his operatives a chance to acquire the wicked tome. The mechanism for his triumph – an atomic bomb that has been lowered into a shaft dug into the mountains. Setting off the a-bomb will set off an earthquake, opening the ground and sending the elevated lake water into the inhabited valley below.

The President is on the phone – “You have 24 hours to uncover his plot and stop him. God’s speed!”

The Timeline

The Past

Year Ago	The Black Dragon, through a front company called Wendigo Resort Development LLC purchases Wendigo Mountain Ski Lodge and closes it. Construction contracts are made with Frobisch Construction and an office is set up off the lobby of the Grand Palace Casino.
9 Mo. Ago	Construction is started on the resort – basements are excavated, etc. Secret construction is begun on a subterranean complex beneath the old lodge.
5 Mo. Ago	Two rangers disappear; an investigation is undertaken but nothing is found in the area of Wendigo Mt.
3 Mo. Ago	The secret complex is completed. It includes access tunnels, a large chamber for the main drilling

project, a prison wing for intruders, offices and living quarters for the guards, technicians and laborers.

2 Mo. Ago The drilling mechanism is completed and begins work on the shaft.

1 Mo. Ago An atomic bomb, smuggled into the country via submarine and transported in a seemingly innocent sedan, arrives at the site in the middle of the night and is brought into the complex.

1 Wk. Ago As people file into Silverado City for the Silverado Ski Invitational, a stir is created when skier Yvo Löwe of Germany, goes missing. He was last seen heading into the mountains around Lake Washoe.

Today

6:00 AM Secret Service in Washington DC receives a communiqué claiming that in 24 hours, if demands are not met, Silverado City will be wiped off the face of the Earth. The communiqué comes from the infamous Black Dragon.

6:05 AM The President asks the heroes for their help.

6:00 PM The sales office of Wendigo Resort Development LLC is closed and the staff leaves for the day.

6:30 PM The Black Dragon’s operatives, disguised as normal citizens, enter the Wendigo Resort sales office with a key and enter the locked office to prepare for their raid on the secret government vaults.

9:00 PM Douglas Tolliver enters the Wendigo Resort Development LLC office with a key and makes his way into the locked room to steal \$500 in petty cash from the vault. This will take him about 20 minutes (he is nervous), at which point he will flee with the money.

Tomorrow

5:00 AM The a-bomb is set off early, creating a small earthquake and opening a rift in the mountains. The water begins to drain from Lake Washoe into the inhabited Silverado Valley.

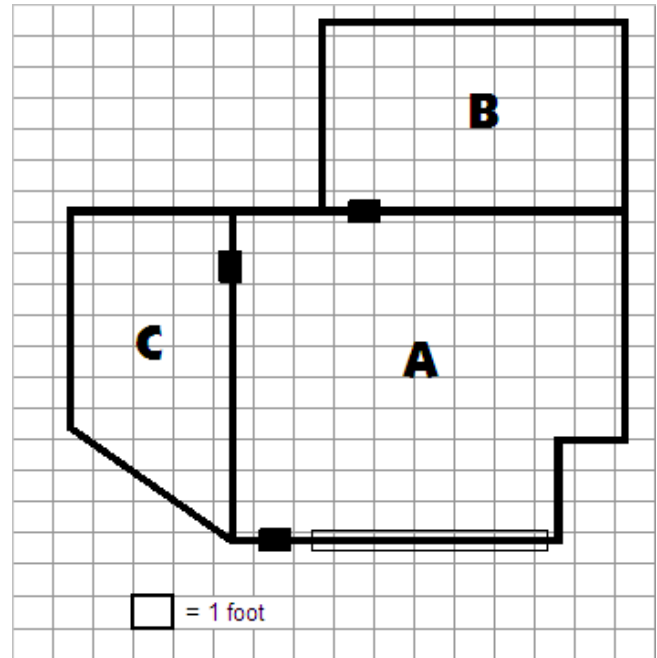
5:30 AM	The wall of water begins pouring into the outskirts of Silverado City
7:00 AM	Silverado City is covered in 5 feet of water. Thousands of people are trapped on rooftops, the roads are littered with vehicles and debris and emergency services are crippled. The Black Dragon's operatives, Harletron 3000, Polymorph and six elite ninja, infiltrate the secret government warehouse beneath the Grand Palace Casino.
8:00 AM	A state of emergency is declared by the President and the national guard is mobilized. By now, the Black Dragon's operatives have seized the <i>Necronomicon</i> and are proceeding to the roof to be met by six daeglos. The daeglos are carry them back to Wendigo Mt.
8:30 AM	The daeglos reach Wendigo Mt. They hand the <i>Necronomicon</i> to the Black Dragon, who teleports home, leaving them a briefcase containing \$2 million. His staff has already fled. His daeglo are left to their own devices, but they will ultimately do their best to fly home.

The Locations

Office of Frobisch Construction Company

Frobisch Construction Company has office and warehouse space in the suburbs of Silverado City. It is run by Sid Frobisch, a man with connections to organized crime, though he doesn't wear them on his sleeve. He is only somewhat aware of what is going on at the construction site. For example, he knows they built sub-basements under the lodge at great expense, and that this doesn't make much sense, but he was not in on the plan. Now that the threat has been made, he and his family are on their way out of the city in his white SUV. Traffic is snarled, so he'll be stuck on I-5 for a good portion of the day, but by 2 PM he has effectively disappeared.

The Frobisch office is a simple affair – reception area, several enclosed offices, and a large warehouse behind. His secretary and dispatcher are in the office, but most of his crews are in the field. His secretary, Paula Bodette, believes he and his family are taking an impromptu vacation to Sonoma. In truth, they are heading northeast into Idaho, where he has friends.



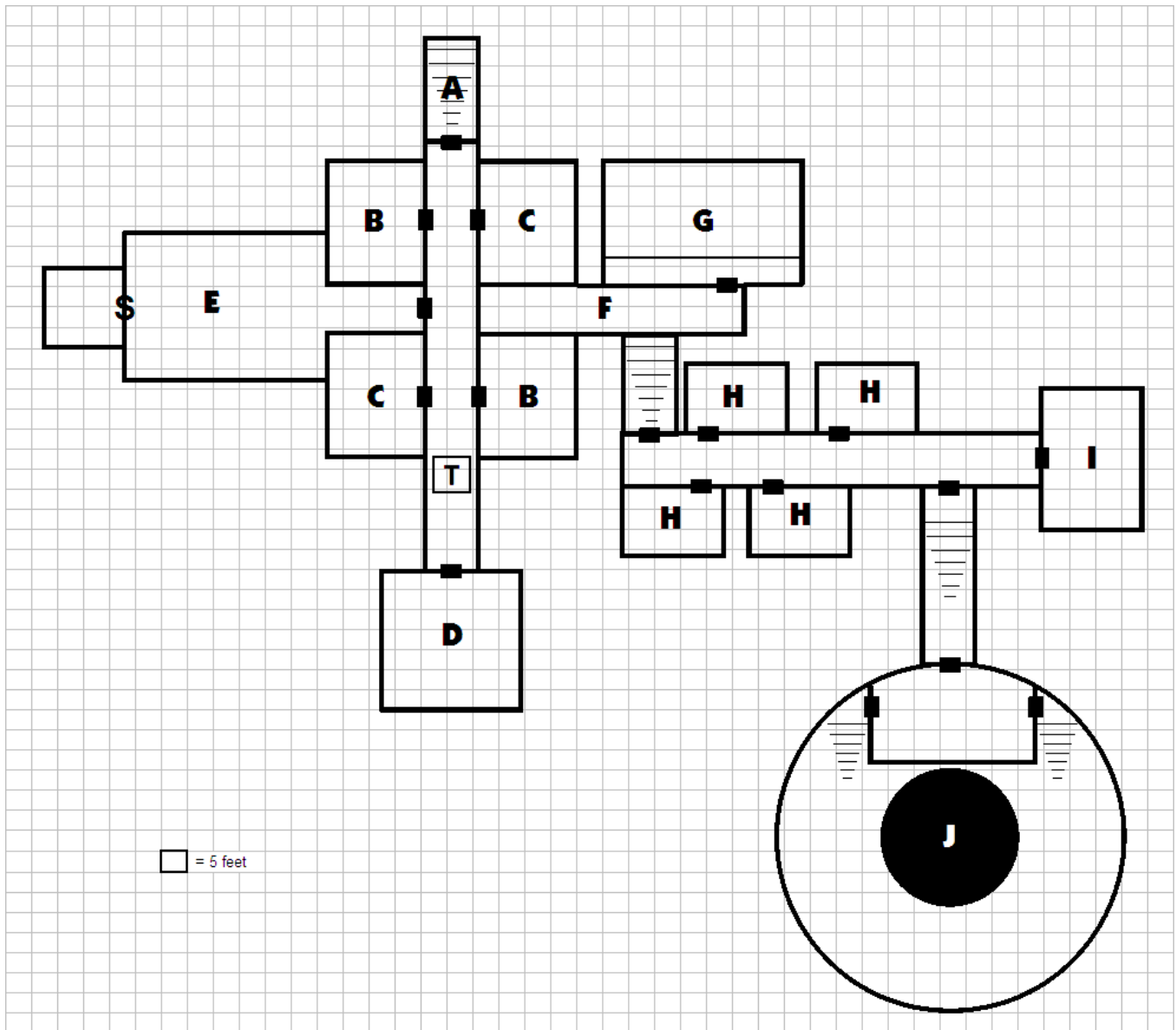
Office of Wendigo Resort Development LLC

Wendigo Resort Development LLC occupies a small office and showroom in the ground floor of the Grand Palace Casino & Hotel. The showroom (A) contains a scale model of the future resort, along with glossy poster-sized photos of the surrounding area. Two salespeople, Celia Everson and Joe Gleason, are usually in the showroom, ready to give their spiel. The manager, Douglas Tolliver, occupies an office (B) adjacent to the showroom. A second office (C) is locked (superhuman effort to pick); it is used for storage and contains a safe. It will also serve as a launching point for the Black Dragon's operatives when they attempt to enter the secret complex beneath the hotel. On this day, the sales office has been kept opened, though Tolliver has called in sick, putting Celia in charge.

The locked office contains scuba equipment, sub-machine guns and ammunition, ten smoke grenades and ten stun grenades (heroic feat of constitution or knocked unconscious for 10 minutes) hidden in cardboard boxes beneath other boxes of office supplies. The safe in the room contains \$500.

Wendigo Mountain Resort

The resort is about half finished. It consists of a steel skeleton and a basement. The old lodge is still standing. It is locked tight (superhuman locks) and patrolled by four men who look like mere security guards, but who are in



fact soldiers armed with hand weapons and pistols. There is a subterranean complex beneath the ski lodge.

Each turn spent in the complex carries with it a 2 in 6 chance of an encounter with two armed guards. Any alarm that is raised draws the attention of 1d4 guards per minute until all 20 of the complexes guards have arrived.

[T] Denotes a trap door that opens above an acid filled pit. A heroic feat of dexterity is required to avoid falling in. Falling in deals 1d6 points of falling damage and 1d6 points of acid damage.

[A] These stairs lead down to a steel blast door (superhuman strength to open). Four nozzles set around the exterior of the doors will spew sleeping gas (as the *Sleep* power) at the press of a button from the armed guards on the other side of the door. Security cameras mounted above the door and at the top of the stairs alert the guards to the presence of others. The doors can only be opened by the guards on the other side.

[B] These barracks contain cots for 10 soldiers. There are 1d10 soldiers armed with sub-machine guns and hand weapons in the room at any given time.

[C] These storage chambers contain office supplies, preserved foodstuffs, sub-machine guns and ammunition and combat knives.

[D] This locked (superhuman lock) vault contained the a-bomb until it was placed in the shaft. The room is now empty, though a Geiger counter will pick up traces of radiation. The vault doors are 6 inches thick and require a superhuman feat of strength to tear or force open. Opening the doors without a security key (held by the complex administrator, who will have already fled) causes sleeping gas to spew into the room and corridor.

[E] This room is behind a vault like that protecting [D]. It was constructed as a temporary throne room for the Black Dragon, and is decorated with a fine throne of ebony and gold and a thick red carpet leading to the throne. Unless he has already teleported away, the Black Dragon will be in this room with three daeglo guards. A button on the throne causes it to slide back behind a sliding wall (heroic feat of strength to bust through) and into a small study. The study contains only an ornate oak desk. The Black Dragon will leave his daeglo to fight intruders, teleporting away once he is safe in this room.

[F] This corridor is trapped with three searing laser beams. Two fire from the north end of the corridor, while the third fires from the south end. A pressure plate in the middle of the corridor sets off the trap.

[G] This chamber is designed as a death trap on the off chance government agents or super heroes discover the complex and are captured. The room contains a viewing gallery and a sunken area. Once heroes are chained to the walls with adamantine chains and manacles (epic feat of strength to break, superhuman feat of dexterity to pick the locks), and awakened, they will see the Black Dragon and his three daeglo looking down on them from the observation gallery. With the push of a button, water will begin to bubble up from holes in the floor while cement will pour down from holes in the ceiling. The water will rise 1 foot per minute to a maximum of seven feet. The cement will raise it the mixture another 8 feet to the ceiling, but by this time the Black Dragon will already have left.

[H] These rooms were used as living quarters by the four technicians of the complex. They are now empty.

[I] This chamber was occupied by the complex administrator, Doctor Abrams. It is now empty, though he forgot a suit jacket in the closet containing a security key with full access to the complex.

[J] This room has a 30 foot ceiling. A raised command chamber here is filled with computer equipment that was used to operate the drill, and now controls the countdown of the a-bomb detonation. The computer has been locked (epic level security). The chamber below once held drill equipment that has been torn apart and moved to the periphery of the room. In the center is the entrance to the mile long shaft. The a-bomb has been lowered with a massive winch attached to the ceiling to the bottom of the shaft and connected to wiring that run through the cement (i.e. it can't easily be unplugged).

Secret Government Vaults

The secret government vaults are located 100 feet below street level. They can be accessed via elevators in the Grand Palace Hotel's basement that are marked maintenance. The elevators have secret panels hiding a red button that can only be pressed by inserting a key. The Black Dragon's operatives have such a key.

There are four vaults marked on the map. The vaults have superhuman locks and would require superhuman strength to tear off their hinges. Power to the complex is via a self-contained small atomic reactor buried 50 feet below the complex and accessible via a maintenance tube with a ladder.

[A] This room contains a desk for the officer of the day and three elite guards armed with machineguns, knives, grenades and communicators. The desk contains a book with passcodes (not for the vaults) and a button that if pressed releases a cloud of deadly radiation into the vaults.

[B] This vault contains file cabinets (locked) that contain dozens of films and photographs taken at the Kennedy assassination that clearly show the man on the grassy knoll to be Abraham Lincoln.

[C] This vault contains three silver canisters containing human brains. The government hasn't figured out how to communicate with the brains, but knows they are alive.

[D] This vault contains the copy of the *Necronomicon*.

[E] This vault contains scraps from the Roswell, New Mexico “UFO” crash. The scraps are actually from a Nazi flying disc that was attempting to gain information about the American nuclear program.

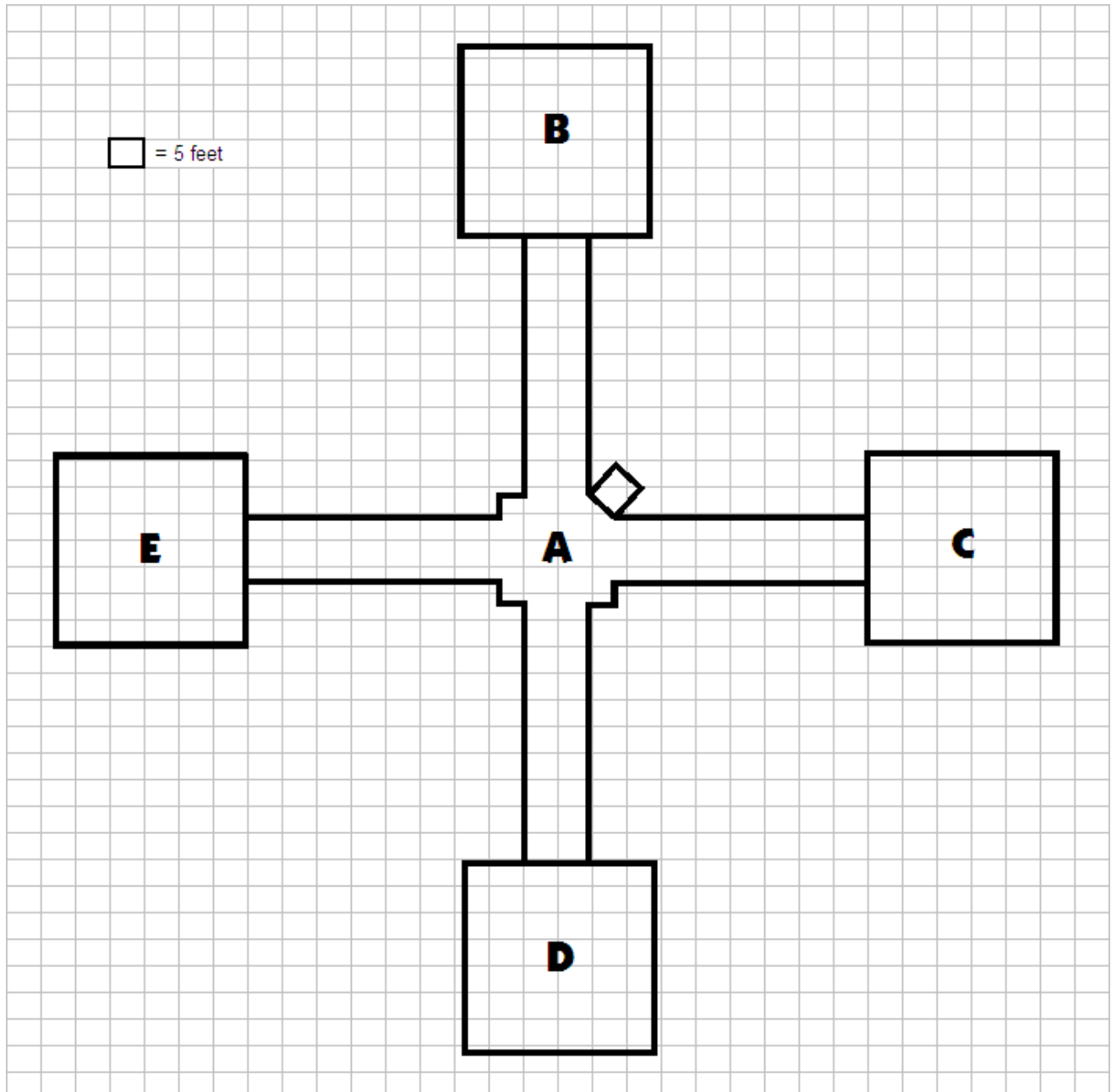
If the Black Dragon’s operatives have already been here the complex is submerged in water, along with the basement under the Grand Palace. Vault D is open, the *Necronomicon* gone, and the drowned bodies of the guards are floating in [A].

The Villains

The Black Dragon

Created by Jack Binder and Carl Formes, 1941

A recurring foe of Captain Battle, the Black Dragon seeks to conquer the world using the blackest sorcery and super science. He pulls the strings of many puppet regimes around the world from his hidden castle in the Himalayas. His minions include the daeglos, bird monsters that he creates from normal human beings using black magic.



Harletron 3000

Created by John M. Stater, 2011

Harletron 3000 is an android originally constructed by Dr. Van Voort and garbed as a harlequin for a demonstration at the 5th annual Conference on Advanced Thinking Machines (CATM). Covered with false flesh, the android was indistinguishable from a normal human being. Unfortunately, the mechanical man with the human face drew the unwelcome attention of the Lord of Madness. On the night before the conference, Harletron 3000 pulled on his mask and crept out the window. Harletron 3000 continues to show up again and again to challenge Earth's heroes, always seeking to improve itself with stolen technology or sow the seeds of chaos and madness.

Polymorph (Superhuman Villain)

Created by John M. Stater, 2011

College student Randy Riordan was working as a research assistant to Dr. Monroe Parker at Atomic City National Labs when he was struck with a near fatal dose of radiation. The radiation scrambled his DNA, allowing him to change into nearly anything he can imagine and giving him a radioactive touch. Government scientists tried for years to cure his condition, but eventually labeled him a lost cause

and placed him in a special facility for altered humans. He quickly tired of his pleasant prison home and used his powers to escape, becoming a super villain for hire.



The Black Dragon (75,000)

Tyrant and Sorcerer

CLASS	LEVEL	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIL	CHA	HP	DC	ATK	SPD	XP
SOR	9	3	4	3	12	8	15	24	11	+4	2	13K
POW	Super Cha +12, Super Int +9, Super Wil +6											
GEAR	None											
POOL	35,000 XP											

Harletron 3000 (50,000 XP)

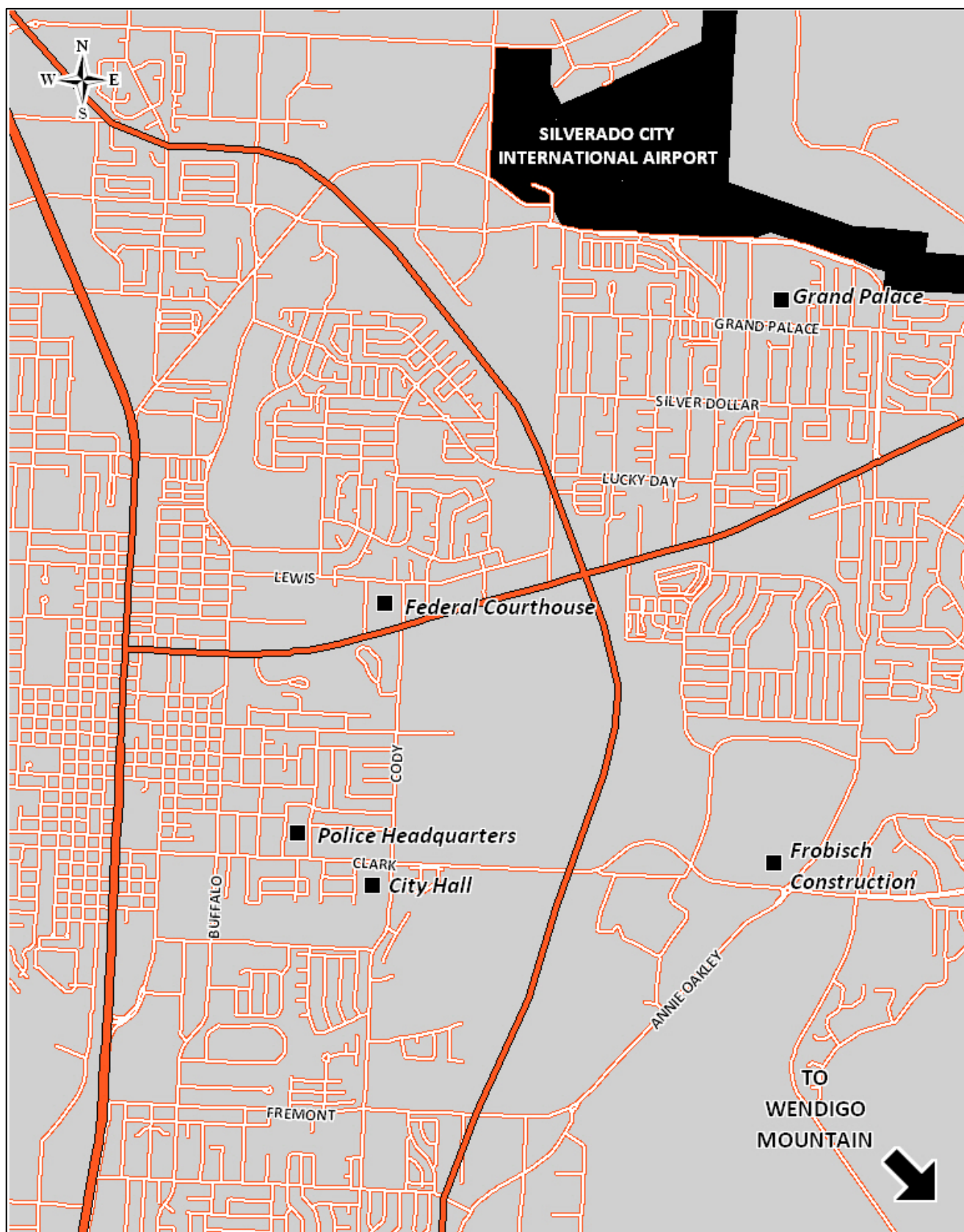
Android, Envoy of the Lord of Madness

CLASS	LEVEL	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIL	CHA	HP	DC	ATK	SPD	XP
ADV	7	7	9	6	9	3	3	45	16	+6	3	9.5K
POW	Color Spray, Disguise, Energy Hands, Force Missile, Grease, Invulnerability I, Jump, Make Whole, Suggestion, Super Con +3, Super Dex +6, Super Str +4, Super Int +6, Super Speed +1, Super Vision, Ventriloquism											
GEAR	Costume											

Polymorph (50,000 XP)

Randy Riordan, Research Assistant

CLASS	LEVEL	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIL	CHA	HP	DC	ATK	SPD	XP
ADV	13	2	3	6	4	2	3	71	10	+10	2	25K
POW	Energy Resistance (Radiation), Inflict Pain, Inflict Wounds, Polymorph (Self Only)											
GEAR	None											



Demonomicon II

By John M. Stater

Aguares (Agares, Agreas)

Aguares is a duke of hell and a commander of 31 companies of demons. He appears as an elderly man with a demonic cast in a long, richly embroidered tunic of devil-silk and brazen spurs on his heels. Aguares is mounted on a rapacious crocodile with glistening green scales and topaz eyes that gleam with infernal intelligence. On Aguares' right hand there sits a beautiful falcon capable of tracking any target Aguares designates.

Aguares' crocodile can breathe forth a cloud of burning, sulfuric gas in a 30-ft long cone that is 15-ft across at the base. Creatures within this cone suffer 3d6 points of acid damage and must pass a saving throw to avoid *blindness*.

Aguares is the patron of captains, especially those of mercenary bands, bandits and pirate ships. While few of these men and women know enough to make a pact with the duke of hell, they often wear lead lozenges stamped with his glyph as a protection against adversity while on campaign.

As a duke of Hell, Aguares can grant cleric spells up to 3rd level. His cultists often dual class as fighting-men when they can advance no further as spell casting clerics. They usually serve in the retinues of chaotic captains and wear cloaks of dark green over tunics of red velvet.

Aguares attacks as a 15 HD monster. He can use the following spells: At will – *cause fear*, *comprehend languages*, *ESP*, *protection from evil*, 10-ft radius, *remove fear*, *tongues*, *true seeing*; 1/day - *Earthquake*. Once per



day he can summon 1d4+1 vrock demons that serve him until they are dismissed.

| Aguares: HD 15 (76 hp); AC -2 [21]; Atk Claws (1d6+1) or weapon (1d10+1); Move 15; Save 3; CL/XP 21/4700; Special: Spells, summon demons, +2 or better weapon to hit, immune to mind effects, magic resistance (55%).

| Aquares' Crocodile: HD 8 (40 hp); AC 2 [17]; Atk Bite (2d6); Move 15 (S15); Save 8; CL/XP 12/2000; Special: Bite victims must save or be locked in the beast's jaws (open doors roll each round to break lock) and suffer 2d6



automatic points of damage from crushing, +1 or better weapon to hit, breath a cone of steam 1/day (30-ft long, 10-ft at base, 6d6 damage).

| Aquares' Falcon: HD 5 (30 hp); AC 3 [16]; Atk Peck (1d6) and 2 talons (1d4); Move 9 (F30); Save 12; CL/XP 9/1100; Special: +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to illusions and invisibility, tracks prey perfectly, shriek causes paralysis for 1d6 rounds (save negates).

Alastor

Alastor was born a mortal, the son of a king. Chaotic through and through, he was elevated to the status of a demi-god after he was slain by the hero Hercules and descended into the Underworld. Alastor is the executioner of Hell and a powerful spirit of vengeance. He is a patron of torturers and assassins, and is even invoked by officers of the law when they have nowhere else to turn. As a spirit of

chaos, he sends his minions to promote strife between families and intensify arguments into blood feuds.

Alastor commands no companies of demons, but he is the demon prince of erinyes and cacoademons. He appears as a horned demon with a bestial face. He arms himself with a serrated +1 dagger than drips a paralyzing venom, a vorpal +3 axe and a +1 sword that unerringly points to his prey.

As a demigod, Alastor can grant spells up to level 5, and thus he has many anti-clerics in his service. They dress in the manner of executioners, in full black robes (usually wearing armor beneath them) and a pointed black hood. Unlike most clerics, those of Alastor may only wield axes in combat. Alastor's clerics often serve as the dungeon masters of evil lords or as the spiritual advisors of assassins' guilds.

Alastor attacks as a 13 HD monster. As a demi-god, he has a saving throw value of '2' and is immune to all mind-affecting spells and fear except effects caused by full deities. He can cast the following spells at will – Emotion (rage), fireball (6 dice), forget, invisibility, locate creature, locate object, sleep and true seeing. Once per day, he can summon 1d6 erinyes who serve him until dismissed.

| Alastor: HD 13 (100 hp); AC -2 [21]; Atk Bite (1d6) and 2 claws (1d4) or 2 weapons (1d8+2); Move 18; Save 2; CL/XP 22/5000; Special: +3 or better weapon to hit, magic resistance (75%), immunities, spells, summon erinyes.

JMS

Phantastes, Part 6

By George MacDonald

This month, we continue our serialization of George MacDonald's *Phantastes*, an early work of fantastic fiction that inspired such esteemed authors as J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Lewis Carroll.

XIV

"Your gallery

Ha we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon,

The state of her mother."

- *Winter's Tale.*

It seemed to me strange, that all this time I had heard no music in the fairy palace. I was convinced there must be music in it, but that my sense was as yet too gross to receive the influence of those mysterious motions that beget sound. Sometimes I felt sure, from the way the few figures of which I got such transitory glimpses passed me, or glided into vacancy before me, that they were moving to the law of music; and, in fact, several times I fancied for a moment that I heard a few wondrous tones coming I knew not whence. But they did not last long enough to convince me that I had heard them with the bodily sense. Such as they were, however, they took strange liberties with me, causing me to burst suddenly into tears, of which there was no presence to make me ashamed, or casting me into a kind of trance of speechless delight, which, passing as suddenly, left me faint and longing for more.

Now, on an evening, before I had been a week in the palace, I was wandering through one lighted arcade and corridor after another. At length I arrived, through a door that closed behind me, in another vast hall of the palace. It was filled with a subdued crimson light; by which I saw that slender pillars of black, built close to walls of white marble, rose to a great height, and then, dividing into innumerable divergent arches, supported a roof, like the walls, of white marble, upon which the arches intersected intricately, forming a fretting of black upon the white, like the network of a skeleton-leaf. The floor was black.

Between several pairs of the pillars upon every side, the place of the wall behind was occupied by a crimson curtain of thick silk, hanging in heavy and rich folds. Behind each of these curtains burned a powerful light, and these were the sources of the glow that filled the hall. A peculiar delicious odour pervaded the place. As soon as I entered, the old inspiration seemed to return to me, for I felt a strong impulse to sing; or rather, it seemed as if some one else was singing a song in my soul, which wanted to come forth at my lips, imbodyed in my breath. But I kept silence; and feeling somewhat overcome by the red light and the perfume, as well as by the emotion within me, and seeing at one end of the hall a great crimson chair, more like a throne than a chair, beside a table of white marble, I went to it, and, throwing myself in it, gave myself up to a succession of images of bewildering beauty, which passed before my inward eye, in a long and occasionally crowded train. Here I sat for hours, I suppose; till, returning somewhat to myself, I saw that the red light had faded away, and felt a cool gentle breath gliding over my forehead. I rose and left the hall with unsteady steps, finding my way with some difficulty to my own chamber, and faintly remembering, as I went, that only in the marble cave, before I found the sleeping statue, had I ever had a similar experience.

After this, I repaired every morning to the same hall; where I sometimes sat in the chair and dreamed deliciously, and sometimes walked up and down over the black floor. Sometimes I acted within myself a whole drama, during one of these perambulations; sometimes walked deliberately through the whole epic of a tale; sometimes ventured to sing a song, though with a shrinking fear of I knew not what. I was astonished at the beauty of my own voice as it rang through the place, or rather crept undulating, like a serpent of sound, along the walls and roof of this superb music-hall. Entrancing verses arose within me as of their own accord, chanting themselves to their own melodies, and requiring no addition of music to satisfy the inward sense. But, ever in the pauses of these, when the singing mood was upon me, I seemed to hear something like the distant sound of multitudes of dancers, and felt as if it was the unheard music, moving their rhythmic motion, that within me blossomed in verse and song. I felt, too, that could I but see the dance, I should, from the harmony of complicated movements, not of the dancers in

relation to each other merely, but of each dancer individually in the manifested plastic power that moved the consenting harmonious form, understand the whole of the music on the billows of which they floated and swung.

At length, one night, suddenly, when this feeling of dancing came upon me, I bethought me of lifting one of the crimson curtains, and looking if, perchance, behind it there might not be hid some other mystery, which might at least remove a step further the bewilderment of the present one. Nor was I altogether disappointed. I walked to one of the magnificent draperies, lifted a corner, and peeped in. There, burned a great, crimson, globe-shaped light, high in the cubical centre of another hall, which might be larger or less than that in which I stood, for its dimensions were not easily perceived, seeing that floor and roof and walls were entirely of black marble.

The roof was supported by the same arrangement of pillars radiating in arches, as that of the first hall; only, here, the pillars and arches were of dark red. But what absorbed my delighted gaze, was an innumerable assembly of white marble statues, of every form, and in multitudinous posture, filling the hall throughout. These stood, in the ruddy glow of the great lamp, upon pedestals of jet black. Around the lamp shone in golden letters, plainly legible from where I stood, the two words -

TOUCH NOT!

There was in all this, however, no solution to the sound of dancing; and now I was aware that the influence on my mind had ceased. I did not go in that evening, for I was weary and faint, but I hoarded up the expectation of entering, as of a great coming joy.

Next night I walked, as on the preceding, through the hall. My mind was filled with pictures and songs, and therewith so much absorbed, that I did not for some time think of looking within the curtain I had last night lifted. When the thought of doing so occurred to me first, I happened to be within a few yards of it. I became conscious, at the same moment, that the sound of dancing had been for some time in my ears. I approached the curtain quickly, and, lifting it, entered the black hall. Everything was still as death. I should have concluded that the sound must have proceeded from some other more distant quarter, which conclusion its faintness would, in ordinary circumstances, have necessitated from the first; but there was a something about the statues that caused

me still to remain in doubt. As I said, each stood perfectly still upon its black pedestal: but there was about every one a certain air, not of motion, but as if it had just ceased from movement; as if the rest were not altogether of the marbly stillness of thousands of years. It was as if the peculiar atmosphere of each had yet a kind of invisible tremulousness; as if its agitated wavelets had not yet subsided into a perfect calm. I had the suspicion that they had anticipated my appearance, and had sprung, each, from the living joy of the dance, to the death-silence and blackness of its isolated pedestal, just before I entered. I walked across the central hall to the curtain opposite the one I had lifted, and, entering there, found all the appearances similar; only that the statues were different, and differently grouped. Neither did they produce on my mind that impression - of motion just expired, which I had experienced from the others. I found that behind every one of the crimson curtains was a similar hall, similarly lighted, and similarly occupied.

The next night, I did not allow my thoughts to be absorbed as before with inward images, but crept stealthily along to the furthest curtain in the hall, from behind which, likewise, I had formerly seemed to hear the sound of dancing. I drew aside its edge as suddenly as I could, and, looking in, saw that the utmost stillness pervaded the vast place. I walked in, and passed through it to the other end.

There I found that it communicated with a circular corridor, divided from it only by two rows of red columns. This corridor, which was black, with red niches holding statues, ran entirely about the statue-halls, forming a communication between the further ends of them all; further, that is, as regards the central hall of white whence they all diverged like radii, finding their circumference in the corridor.

Round this corridor I now went, entering all the halls, of which there were twelve, and finding them all similarly constructed, but filled with quite various statues, of what seemed both ancient and modern sculpture. After I had simply walked through them, I found myself sufficiently tired to long for rest, and went to my own room.

In the night I dreamed that, walking close by one of the curtains, I was suddenly seized with the desire to enter, and darted in. This time I was too quick for them. All the statues were in motion, statues no longer, but men and women - all shapes of beauty that ever sprang from the brain of the sculptor, mingled in the convolutions of a complicated dance. Passing through them to the further end, I almost started

from my sleep on beholding, not taking part in the dance with the others, nor seemingly endued with life like them, but standing in marble coldness and rigidity upon a black pedestal in the extreme left corner - my lady of the cave; the marble beauty who sprang from her tomb or her cradle at the call of my songs. While I gazed in speechless astonishment and admiration, a dark shadow, descending from above like the curtain of a stage, gradually hid her entirely from my view. I felt with a shudder that this shadow was perchance my missing demon, whom I had not seen for days. I awoke with a stifled cry.

Of course, the next evening I began my journey through the halls (for I knew not to which my dream had carried me), in the hope of proving the dream to be a true one, by discovering my marble beauty upon her black pedestal. At length, on reaching the tenth hall, I thought I recognised some of the forms I had seen dancing in my dream; and to my bewilderment, when I arrived at the extreme corner on the left, there stood, the only one I had yet seen, a vacant pedestal. It was exactly in the position occupied, in my dream, by the pedestal on which the white lady stood. Hope beat violently in my heart.

"Now," said I to myself, "if yet another part of the dream would but come true, and I should succeed in surprising these forms in their nightly dance; it might be the rest would follow, and I should see on the pedestal my marble queen. Then surely if my songs sufficed to give her life before, when she lay in the bonds of alabaster, much more would they be sufficient then to give her volition and motion, when she alone of assembled crowds of marble forms, would be standing rigid and cold."

But the difficulty was, to surprise the dancers. I had found that a premeditated attempt at surprise, though executed with the utmost care and rapidity, was of no avail. And, in my dream, it was effected by a sudden thought suddenly executed. I saw, therefore, that there was no plan of operation offering any probability of success, but this: to allow my mind to be occupied with other thoughts, as I wandered around the great centre-hall; and so wait till the impulse to enter one of the others should happen to arise in me just at the moment when I was close to one of the crimson curtains. For I hoped that if I entered any one of the twelve halls at the right moment, that would as it were give me the right of entrance to all the others, seeing they all had communication behind. I would not diminish the hope of the right chance, by supposing it necessary that a desire to enter should awake

within me, precisely when I was close to the curtains of the tenth hall.

At first the impulses to see recurred so continually, in spite of the crowded imagery that kept passing through my mind, that they formed too nearly a continuous chain, for the hope that any one of them would succeed as a surprise. But as I persisted in banishing them, they recurred less and less often; and after two or three, at considerable intervals, had come when the spot where I happened to be was unsuitable, the hope strengthened, that soon one might arise just at the right moment; namely, when, in walking round the hall, I should be close to one of the curtains.

At length the right moment and the impulse coincided. I darted into the ninth hall. It was full of the most exquisite moving forms. The whole space wavered and swam with the involutions of an intricate dance. It seemed to break suddenly as I entered, and all made one or two bounds towards their pedestals; but, apparently on finding that they were thoroughly overtaken, they returned to their employment (for it seemed with them earnest enough to be called such) without further heeding me. Somewhat impeded by the floating crowd, I made what haste I could towards the bottom of the hall; whence, entering the corridor, I turned towards the tenth. I soon arrived at the corner I wanted to reach, for the corridor was comparatively empty; but, although the dancers here, after a little confusion, altogether disregarded my presence, I was dismayed at beholding, even yet, a vacant pedestal. But I had a conviction that she was near me. And as I looked at the pedestal, I thought I saw upon it, vaguely revealed as if through overlapping folds of drapery, the indistinct outlines of white feet. Yet there was no sign of drapery or concealing shadow whatever. But I remembered the descending shadow in my dream. And I hoped still in the power of my songs; thinking that what could dispel alabaster, might likewise be capable of dispelling what concealed my beauty now, even if it were the demon whose darkness had overshadowed all my life.

XV

"Alexander. 'When will you finish Campaspe?'"

Apelles. 'Never finish: for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.'"

- LYLTY'S *Campaspe*.

And now, what song should I sing to unveil my Isis, if indeed she was present unseen? I hurried away to the white hall of

Phantasy, heedless of the innumerable forms of beauty that crowded my way: these might cross my eyes, but the unseen filled my brain. I wandered long, up and down the silent space: no songs came. My soul was not still enough for songs. Only in the silence and darkness of the soul's night, do those stars of the inward firmament sink to its lower surface from the singing realms beyond, and shine upon the conscious spirit. Here all effort was unavailing. If they came not, they could not be found.

Next night, it was just the same. I walked through the red glimmer of the silent hall; but lonely as there I walked, as lonely trod my soul up and down the halls of the brain. At last I entered one of the statue-halls. The dance had just commenced, and I was delighted to find that I was free of their assembly. I walked on till I came to the sacred corner. There I found the pedestal just as I had left it, with the faint glimmer as of white feet still resting on the dead black. As soon as I saw it, I seemed to feel a presence which longed to become visible; and, as it were, called to me to gift it with self-manifestation, that it might shine on me. The power of song came to me. But the moment my voice, though I sang low and soft, stirred the air of the hall, the dancers started; the quick interweaving crowd shook, lost its form, divided; each figure sprang to its pedestal, and stood, a self-evolving life no more, but a rigid, life-like, marble shape, with the whole form composed into the expression of a single state or act. Silence rolled like a spiritual thunder through the grand space. My song had ceased, scared at its own influences. But I saw in the hand of one of the statues close by me, a harp whose chords yet quivered. I remembered that as she bounded past me, her harp had brushed against my arm; so the spell of the marble had not infolded it. I sprang to her, and with a gesture of entreaty, laid my hand on the harp. The marble hand, probably from its contact with the uncharmed harp, had strength enough to relax its hold, and yield the harp to me. No other motion indicated life. Instinctively I struck the chords and sang. And not to break upon the record of my song, I mention here, that as I sang the first four lines, the loveliest feet became clear upon the black pedestal; and ever as I sang, it was as if a veil were being lifted up from before the form, but an invisible veil, so that the statue appeared to grow before me, not so much by evolution, as by infinitesimal degrees of added height. And, while I sang, I did not feel that I stood by a statue, as indeed it appeared to be, but that a real woman-soul was revealing itself by successive stages of imbodiment, and consequent manifestation and expression.

Feet of beauty, firmly planting

Arches white on rosy heel!
Whence the life-spring, throbbing, panting,
Pulses upward to reveal!
Fairest things know least despising;
Foot and earth meet tenderly:
'Tis the woman, resting, rising
Upward to sublimity,
Rise the limbs, sedately sloping,
Strong and gentle, full and free;
Soft and slow, like certain hoping,
Drawing nigh the broad firm knee.
Up to speech! As up to roses
Pants the life from leaf to flower,
So each blending change discloses,
Nearer still, expression's power.

Lo! fair sweeps, white surges, twining
Up and outward fearlessly!
Temple columns, close combining,
Lift a holy mystery.
Heart of mine! what strange surprises
Mount aloft on such a stair!
Some great vision upward rises,
Curving, bending, floating fair.

Bands and sweeps, and hill and hollow
Lead my fascinated eye;
Some apocalypse will follow,
Some new world of deity.
Zoned unseen, and outward swelling,
With new thoughts and wonders rife,
Queenly majesty foretelling,
See the expanding house of life!

Sudden heaving, unforbidden
Sighs eternal, still the same -
Mounts of snow have summits hidden
In the mists of uttered flame.
But the spirit, dawning nearly
Finds no speech for earnest pain;
Finds a soundless sighing merely -
Builds its stairs, and mounts again.

Heart, the queen, with secret hoping,
Sendeth out her waiting pair;
Hands, blind hands, half blindly groping,
Half inclasping visions rare;
And the great arms, heartways bending;
Might of Beauty, drawing home

There returning, and re-blending,
Where from roots of love they roam.

Build thy slopes of radiance beamy
Spirit, fair with womanhood!
Tower thy precipice, white-gleamy,
Climb unto the hour of good.
Dumb space will be rent asunder,
Now the shining column stands
Ready to be crowned with wonder
By the builder's joyous hands.

All the lines abroad are spreading,
Like a fountain's falling race.
Lo, the chin, first feature, treading,
Airy foot to rest the face!
Speech is nigh; oh, see the blushing,
Sweet approach of lip and breath!
Round the mouth dim silence, hushing,
Waits to die ecstatic death.

Span across in treble curving,
Bow of promise, upper lip!
Set them free, with gracious swerving;
Let the wing-words float and dip.
DUMB ART THOU? O Love immortal,
More than words thy speech must be;
Childless yet the tender portal
Of the home of melody.

Now the nostrils open fearless,
Proud in calm unconsciousness,
Sure it must be something peerless
That the great Pan would express!
Deepens, crowds some meaning tender,
In the pure, dear lady-face.
Lo, a blinding burst of splendour! -
'Tis the free soul's issuing grace.

Two calm lakes of molten glory
Circling round unfathomed deeps!
Lightning-flashes, transitory,
Cross the gulfs where darkness sleeps.
This the gate, at last, of gladness,
To the outward striving me:
In a rain of light and sadness,
Out its loves and longings flee!

With a presence I am smitten

Dumb, with a foreknown surprise;
Presence greater yet than written
Even in the glorious eyes.
Through the gulfs, with inward gazes,
I may look till I am lost;
Wandering deep in spirit-mazes,
In a sea without a coast.

Windows open to the glorious!
Time and space, oh, far beyond!
Woman, ah! thou art victorious,
And I perish, overfond.
Springs aloft the yet Unspoken
In the forehead's endless grace,
Full of silences unbroken;
Infinite, unfeatured face.

Domes above, the mount of wonder;
Height and hollow wrapt in night;
Hiding in its caverns under
Woman-nations in their might.
Passing forms, the highest Human
Faints away to the Divine
Features none, of man or woman,
Can unveil the holiest shine.

Sideways, grooved porches only
Visible to passing eye,
Stand the silent, doorless, lonely
Entrance-gates of melody.
But all sounds fly in as boldly,
Groan and song, and kiss and cry
At their galleries, lifted coldly,
Darkly, 'twixt the earth and sky.

Beauty, thou art spent, thou knowest
So, in faint, half-glad despair,
From the summit thou o'erflowest
In a fall of torrent hair;
Hiding what thou hast created
In a half-transparent shroud:
Thus, with glory soft-abated,
Shines the moon through vapoury cloud.

XVI

*"Ev'n the Styx, which ninefold her infoldeth
Hems not Ceres' daughter in its flow;
But she grasps the apple - ever boldeth*

Her, sad Orcus, down below."
- SCHILLER, *Das Ideal und das Leben*.

Ever as I sang, the veil was uplifted; ever as I sang, the signs of life grew; till, when the eyes dawned upon me, it was with that sunrise of splendour which my feeble song attempted to re-imbodey.

The wonder is, that I was not altogether overcome, but was able to complete my song as the unseen veil continued to rise. This ability came solely from the state of mental elevation in which I found myself. Only because uplifted in song, was I able to endure the blaze of the dawn. But I cannot tell whether she looked more of statue or more of woman; she seemed removed into that region of phantasy where all is intensely vivid, but nothing clearly defined. At last, as I sang of her descending hair, the glow of soul faded away, like a dying sunset. A lamp within had been extinguished, and the house of life shone blank in a winter morn. She was a statue once more - but visible, and that was much gained. Yet the revulsion from hope and fruition was such, that, unable to restrain myself, I sprang to her, and, in defiance of the law of the place, flung my arms around her, as if I would tear her from the grasp of a visible Death, and lifted her from the pedestal down to my heart. But no sooner had her feet ceased to be in contact with the black pedestal, than she shuddered and trembled all over; then, writhing from my arms, before I could tighten their hold, she sprang into the corridor, with the reproachful cry, "You should not have touched me!" darted behind one of the exterior pillars of the circle, and disappeared. I followed almost as fast; but ere I could reach the pillar, the sound of a closing door, the saddest of all sounds sometimes, fell on my ear; and, arriving at the spot where she had vanished, I saw, lighted by a pale yellow lamp which hung above it, a heavy, rough door, altogether unlike any others I had seen in the palace; for they were all of ebony, or ivory, or covered with silver-plates, or of some odorous wood, and very ornate; whereas this seemed of old oak, with heavy nails and iron studs. Notwithstanding the precipitation of my pursuit, I could not help reading, in silver letters beneath the lamp: "NO ONE ENTERS HERE WITHOUT THE LEAVE OF THE QUEEN." But what was the Queen to me, when I followed my white lady? I dashed the door to the wall and sprang through. Lo! I stood on a waste windy hill. Great stones like tombstones stood all about me. No door, no palace was to be seen. A white figure gleamed past me, wringing her hands, and crying, "Ah! you should have sung to me; you should have sung to me!" and disappeared behind one of the stones. I followed. A cold gust of wind met

me from behind the stone; and when I looked, I saw nothing but a great hole in the earth, into which I could find no way of entering. Had she fallen in? I could not tell. I must wait for the daylight. I sat down and wept, for there was no help.

XVII

*"First, I thought, almost despairing,
This must crush my spirit now;
Yet I bore it, and am bearing -
Only do not ask me how."*
- HEINE.

When the daylight came, it brought the possibility of action, but with it little of consolation. With the first visible increase of light, I gazed into the chasm, but could not, for more than an hour, see sufficiently well to discover its nature. At last I saw it was almost a perpendicular opening, like a roughly excavated well, only very large. I could perceive no bottom; and it was not till the sun actually rose, that I discovered a sort of natural staircase, in many parts little more than suggested, which led round and round the gulf, descending spirally into its abyss. I saw at once that this was my path; and without a moment's hesitation, glad to quit the sunlight, which stared at me most heartlessly, I commenced my tortuous descent. It was very difficult. In some parts I had to cling to the rocks like a bat. In one place, I dropped from the track down upon the next returning spire of the stair; which being broad in this particular portion, and standing out from the wall at right angles, received me upon my feet safe, though somewhat stupefied by the shock. After descending a great way, I found the stair ended at a narrow opening which entered the rock horizontally. Into this I crept, and, having entered, had just room to turn round. I put my head out into the shaft by which I had come down, and surveyed the course of my descent. Looking up, I saw the stars; although the sun must by this time have been high in the heavens. Looking below, I saw that the sides of the shaft went sheer down, smooth as glass; and far beneath me, I saw the reflection of the same stars I had seen in the heavens when I looked up. I turned again, and crept inwards some distance, when the passage widened, and I was at length able to stand and walk upright. Wider and loftier grew the way; new paths branched off on every side; great open halls appeared; till at last I found myself wandering on through an underground country, in which the sky was of rock, and instead of trees and flowers, there were only fantastic rocks and stones. And ever as I went, darker grew my thoughts, till at last I had no hope whatever of finding the white lady: I no longer called her to

myself MY white lady. Whenever a choice was necessary, I always chose the path which seemed to lead downwards.

At length I began to find that these regions were inhabited. From behind a rock a peal of harsh grating laughter, full of evil humour, rang through my ears, and, looking round, I saw a queer, goblin creature, with a great head and ridiculous features, just such as those described, in German histories and travels, as Kobolds. "What do you want with me?" I said. He pointed at me with a long forefinger, very thick at the root, and sharpened to a point, and answered, "He! he! he! what do YOU want here?" Then, changing his tone, he continued, with mock humility - "Honoured sir, vouchsafe to withdraw from thy slaves the lustre of thy august presence, for thy slaves cannot support its brightness." A second appeared, and struck in: "You are so big, you keep the sun from us. We can't see for you, and we're so cold." Thereupon arose, on all sides, the most terrific uproar of laughter, from voices like those of children in volume, but scrannel and harsh as those of decrepit age, though, unfortunately, without its weakness. The whole pandemonium of fairy devils, of all varieties of fantastic ugliness, both in form and feature, and of all sizes from one to four feet, seemed to have suddenly assembled about me. At length, after a great babble of talk among themselves, in a language unknown to me, and after seemingly endless gesticulation, consultation, elbow-nudging, and unmitigated peals of laughter, they formed into a circle about one of their number, who scrambled upon a stone, and, much to my surprise, and somewhat to my dismay, began to sing, in a voice corresponding in its nature to his talking one, from beginning to end, the song with which I had brought the light into the eyes of the white lady. He sang the same air too; and, all the time, maintained a face of mock entreaty and worship; accompanying the song with the travestied gestures of one playing on the lute. The whole assembly kept silence, except at the close of every verse, when they roared, and danced, and shouted with laughter, and flung themselves on the ground, in real or pretended convulsions of delight. When he had finished, the singer threw himself from the top of the stone, turning heels over head several times in his descent; and when he did alight, it was on the top of his head, on which he hopped about, making the most grotesque gesticulations with his legs in the air. Inexpressible laughter followed, which broke up in a shower of tiny stones from innumerable hands. They could not materially injure me, although they cut me on the head and face. I attempted to run away, but they all rushed upon me, and, laying hold of every part that afforded a grasp, held me tight. Crowding about me like bees, they shouted an insect-swarm of exasperating speeches up into my

face, among which the most frequently recurring were - "You shan't have her; you shan't have her; he! he! he! She's for a better man; how he'll kiss her! how he'll kiss her!"

The galvanic torrent of this battery of malevolence stung to life within me a spark of nobleness, and I said aloud, "Well, if he is a better man, let him have her."

They instantly let go their hold of me, and fell back a step or two, with a whole broadside of grunts and humphs, as of unexpected and disappointed approbation. I made a step or two forward, and a lane was instantly opened for me through the midst of the grinning little antics, who bowed most politely to me on every side as I passed. After I had gone a few yards, I looked back, and saw them all standing quite still, looking after me, like a great school of boys; till suddenly one turned round, and with a loud whoop, rushed into the midst of the others. In an instant, the whole was one writhing and tumbling heap of contortion, reminding me of the live pyramids of intertwined snakes of which travellers make report. As soon as one was worked out of the mass, he bounded off a few paces, and then, with a somersault and a run, threw himself gyrating into the air, and descended with all his weight on the summit of the heaving and struggling chaos of fantastic figures. I left them still busy at this fierce and apparently aimless amusement. And as I went, I sang -

If a nobler waits for thee,
I will weep aside;
It is well that thou should'st be,
Of the nobler, bride.

For if love builds up the home,
Where the heart is free,
Homeless yet the heart must roam,
That has not found thee.

One must suffer: I, for her
Yield in her my part
Take her, thou art worthier -
Still I be still, my heart!

Gift ungotten! largess high
Of a frustrate will!
But to yield it lovingly
Is a something still.

Then a little song arose of itself in my soul; and I felt for the moment, while it sank sadly within me, as if I was once more

walking up and down the white hall of Phantasy in the Fairy Palace. But this lasted no longer than the song; as will be seen.

Do not vex thy violet
Perfume to afford:
Else no odour thou wilt get
From its little hoard.

In thy lady's gracious eyes
Look not thou too long;
Else from them the glory flies,
And thou dost her wrong.

Come not thou too near the maid,
Clasp her not too wild;
Else the splendour is allayed,
And thy heart beguiled.

A crash of laughter, more discordant and deriding than any I had yet heard, invaded my ears. Looking on in the direction of the sound, I saw a little elderly woman, much taller, however, than the goblins I had just left, seated upon a stone by the side of the path. She rose, as I drew near, and came forward to meet me.

She was very plain and commonplace in appearance, without being hideously ugly. Looking up in my face with a stupid sneer, she said: "Isn't it a pity you haven't a pretty girl to walk all alone with you through this sweet country? How different everything would look? wouldn't it? Strange that one can never have what one would like best! How the roses would bloom and all that, even in this infernal hole! wouldn't they, Anodos? Her eyes would light up the old cave, wouldn't they?"

"That depends on who the pretty girl should be," replied I.

"Not so very much matter that," she answered; "look here."

I had turned to go away as I gave my reply, but now I stopped and looked at her. As a rough unsightly bud might suddenly blossom into the most lovely flower; or rather, as a sunbeam bursts through a shapeless cloud, and transfigures the earth; so burst a face of resplendent beauty, as it were THROUGH the unsightly visage of the woman, destroying it with light as it dawned through it. A summer sky rose above me, gray with heat; across a shining slumberous landscape, looked from afar the peaks of snow-capped mountains; and down from a great rock beside me fell a sheet of water mad with its own delight.

"Stay with me," she said, lifting up her exquisite face, and looking full in mine.

I drew back. Again the infernal laugh grated upon my ears; again the rocks closed in around me, and the ugly woman looked at me with wicked, mocking hazel eyes.

"You shall have your reward," said she. "You shall see your white lady again."

"That lies not with you," I replied, and turned and left her.

She followed me with shriek upon shriek of laughter, as I went on my way.

I may mention here, that although there was always light enough to see my path and a few yards on every side of me, I never could find out the source of this sad sepulchral illumination.

XVIII

*"In the wind's uproar, the sea's raging grim,
And the sighs that are born in him."
- HEINE.*

*"From dreams of bliss shall men awake
One day, but not to weep:
The dreams remain; they only break
The mirror of the sleep."
- JEAN PAUL, Hesperus.*

How I got through this dreary part of my travels, I do not know. I do not think I was upheld by the hope that any moment the light might break in upon me; for I scarcely thought about that. I went on with a dull endurance, varied by moments of uncontrollable sadness; for more and more the conviction grew upon me that I should never see the white lady again. It may seem strange that one with whom I had held so little communion should have so engrossed my thoughts; but benefits conferred awaken love in some minds, as surely as benefits received in others. Besides being delighted and proud that my songs had called the beautiful creature to life, the same fact caused me to feel a tenderness unspeakable for her, accompanied with a kind of feeling of property in her; for so the goblin Selfishness would reward the angel Love. When to all this is added, an overpowering

sense of her beauty, and an unquestioning conviction that this was a true index to inward loveliness, it may be understood how it came to pass that my imagination filled my whole soul with the play of its own multitudinous colours and harmonies around the form which yet stood, a gracious marble radiance, in the midst of ITS white hall of phantasy. The time passed by unheeded; for my thoughts were busy. Perhaps this was also in part the cause of my needing no food, and never thinking how I should find any, during this subterraneous part of my travels. How long they endured I could not tell, for I had no means of measuring time; and when I looked back, there was such a discrepancy between the decisions of my imagination and my judgment, as to the length of time that had passed, that I was bewildered, and gave up all attempts to arrive at any conclusion on the point.

A gray mist continually gathered behind me. When I looked back towards the past, this mist was the medium through which my eyes had to strain for a vision of what had gone by; and the form of the white lady had receded into an unknown region. At length the country of rock began to close again around me, gradually and slowly narrowing, till I found myself walking in a gallery of rock once more, both sides of which I could touch with my outstretched hands. It narrowed yet, until I was forced to move carefully, in order to avoid striking against the projecting pieces of rock. The roof sank lower and lower, until I was compelled, first to stoop, and then to creep on my hands and knees. It recalled terrible dreams of childhood; but I was not much afraid, because I felt sure that this was my path, and my only hope of leaving Fairy Land, of which I was now almost weary.

At length, on getting past an abrupt turn in the passage, through which I had to force myself, I saw, a few yards ahead of me, the long-forgotten daylight shining through a small opening, to which the path, if path it could now be called, led me. With great difficulty I accomplished these last few yards, and came forth to the day. I stood on the shore of a wintry sea, with a wintry sun just a few feet above its horizon-edge. It was bare, and waste, and gray. Hundreds of hopeless waves rushed constantly shorewards, falling exhausted upon a beach of great loose stones, that seemed to stretch miles and miles in both directions. There was nothing for the eye but mingling shades of gray; nothing for the ear but the rush of the coming, the roar of the breaking, and the moan of the retreating wave. No rock lifted up a sheltering severity above the dreariness around; even that from which I had myself emerged rose scarcely a foot above the opening by which I had reached the dismal day, more dismal even than the tomb

I had left. A cold, death-like wind swept across the shore, seeming to issue from a pale mouth of cloud upon the horizon. Sign of life was nowhere visible. I wandered over the stones, up and down the beach, a human imbodiment of the nature around me. The wind increased; its keen waves flowed through my soul; the foam rushed higher up the stones; a few dead stars began to gleam in the east; the sound of the waves grew louder and yet more despairing. A dark curtain of cloud was lifted up, and a pale blue rent shone between its foot and the edge of the sea, out from which rushed an icy storm of frozen wind, that tore the waters into spray as it passed, and flung the billows in raving heaps upon the desolate shore. I could bear it no longer.

"I will not be tortured to death," I cried; "I will meet it half-way. The life within me is yet enough to bear me up to the face of Death, and then I die unconquered."

Before it had grown so dark, I had observed, though without any particular interest, that on one part of the shore a low platform of rock seemed to run out far into the midst of the breaking waters.

Towards this I now went, scrambling over smooth stones, to which scarce even a particle of sea-weed clung; and having found it, I got on it, and followed its direction, as near as I could guess, out into the tumbling chaos. I could hardly keep my feet against the wind and sea. The waves repeatedly all but swept me off my path; but I kept on my way, till I reached the end of the low promontory, which, in the fall of the waves, rose a good many feet above the surface, and, in their rise, was covered with their waters. I stood one moment and gazed into the heaving abyss beneath me; then plunged headlong into the mounting wave below. A blessing, like the kiss of a mother, seemed to alight on my soul; a calm, deeper than that which accompanies a hope deferred, bathed my spirit. I sank far into the waters, and sought not to return. I felt as if once more the great arms of the beech-tree were around me, soothing me after the miseries I had passed through, and telling me, like a little sick child, that I should be better to-morrow. The waters of themselves lifted me, as with loving arms, to the surface. I breathed again, but did not unclothe my eyes. I would not look on the wintry sea, and the pitiless gray sky. Thus I floated, till something gently touched me. It was a little boat floating beside me. How it came there I could not tell; but it rose and sank on the waters, and kept touching me in its fall, as if with a human will to let me know that help was by me. It was a little gay-coloured boat, seemingly covered with glistening scales like those of a fish, all of brilliant

rainbow hues. I scrambled into it, and lay down in the bottom, with a sense of exquisite repose.

Then I drew over me a rich, heavy, purple cloth that was beside me; and, lying still, knew, by the sound of the waters, that my little bark was fleeing rapidly onwards. Finding, however, none of that stormy motion which the sea had manifested when I beheld it from the shore, I opened my eyes; and, looking first up, saw above me the deep violet sky of a warm southern night; and then, lifting my head, saw that I was sailing fast upon a summer sea, in the last border of a southern twilight. The aureole of the sun yet shot the extreme faint tips of its longest rays above the horizon-waves, and withdrew them not. It was a perpetual twilight. The stars, great and earnest, like children's eyes, bent down lovingly towards the waters; and the reflected stars within seemed to float up, as if longing to meet their embraces. But when I looked down, a new wonder met my view. For, vaguely revealed beneath the wave, I floated above my whole Past. The fields of my childhood flitted by; the halls of my youthful labours; the streets of great cities where I had dwelt; and the assemblies of men and women wherein I had wearied myself seeking for rest. But so indistinct were the visions, that sometimes I thought I was sailing on a shallow sea, and that strange rocks and forests of sea-plants beguiled my eye, sufficiently to be transformed, by the magic of the phantasy, into well-known objects and regions. Yet, at times, a beloved form seemed to lie close beneath me in sleep; and the eyelids would tremble as if about to forsake the conscious eye; and the arms would heave upwards, as if in dreams they sought for a satisfying presence. But these motions might come only from the heaving of the waters between those forms and me. Soon I fell asleep, overcome with fatigue and delight. In dreams of unspeakable joy - of restored friendships; of revived embraces; of love which said it had never died; of faces that had vanished long ago, yet said with smiling lips that they knew nothing of the grave; of pardons implored, and granted with such bursting floods of love, that I was almost glad I had sinned - thus I passed through this wondrous twilight. I awoke with the feeling that I had been kissed and loved to my heart's content; and found that my boat was floating motionless by the grassy shore of a little island.

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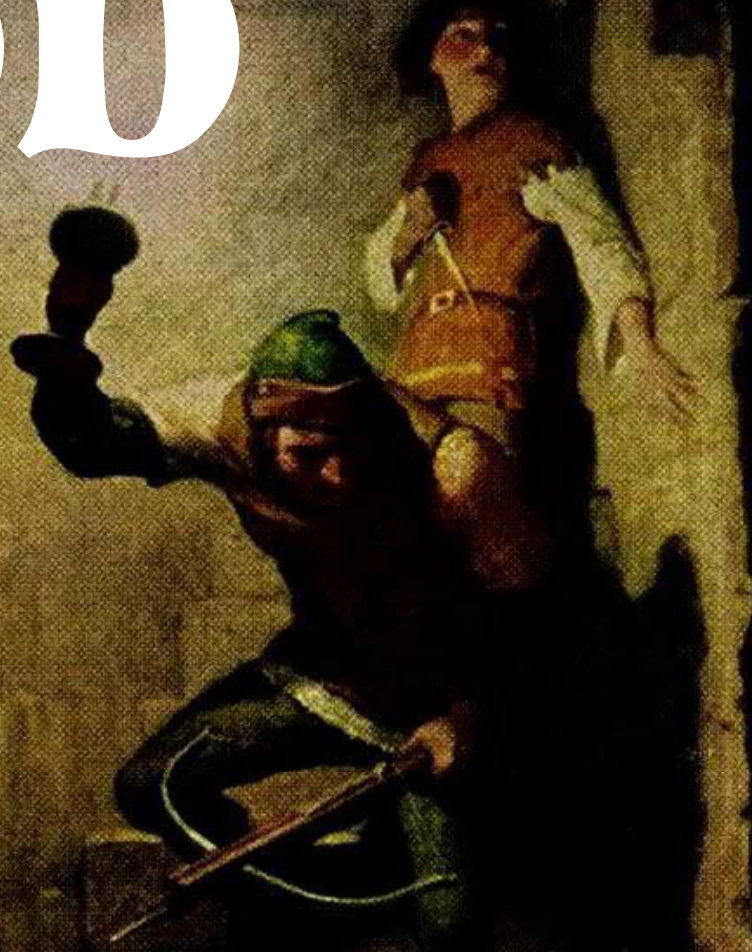
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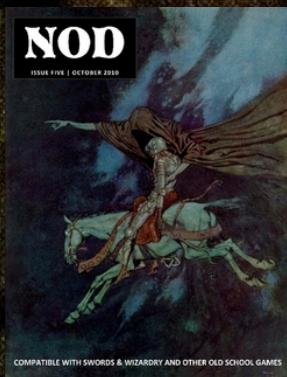
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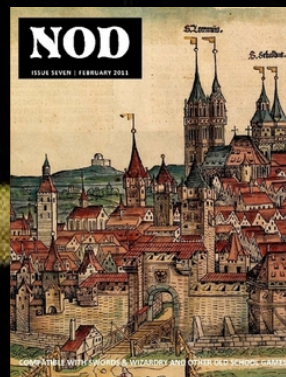
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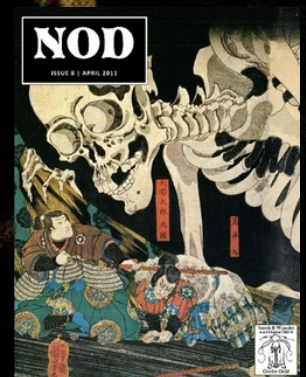
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