

Old-School Gazette

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Within this Old-School Gazette you'll find the history of two martial men, Zaram the Lion and Galandro Redgwick, at three different points in their life. Also we continue our tricks and traps to test your player's wits by Matthew Finch with the alter of life, the changing landmark, the iron cannon, a tantalizing treasure trove and the frictionless chimney. So enjoy this eighth Old-School Gazette and look forward to many more!

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Some of you may be unaware of OSRIC™. Go and download the product from the above link and then come back. As you can see from the above, OSRIC™ is a freely available, OGL role-playing system that pays homage to the style of role-playing games we grew up playing. The Old-School Gazette is designed to support the OSRIC™ system by releasing compatible material, not only to players and Game Masters, but to other publishers as well.

We're very excited to start the Old-School Gazette. We plan on featuring monsters, magic items, spells, and anything else you can think of relating to old-school gaming via the OSRIC system. Have any ideas? Send an e-mail to josephbrowning@gmail.com and let us know your thoughts! And yes, it's a paying gig. *smile*

Zaram the Lion

Male Human LN Fighter; 2nd-Level

Str: 15 Int: 12 Wis: 13 Dex: 17, Con 11, Chr: 10 HP: 17 AC: 2

Magic Items: **+1 shortbow**

Zaram el Kabari is a Sergeant in the Border Riders of a wealthy desert kingdom. He is the heir of a minor noble family with strong political connections, and consequently sees his service in the military as a personal obligation. He is proud, dedicated, and serious-minded, as befits a minor nobleman. Zaram achieved his position through hard work and discipline; he expects his subordinates, and indeed his superiors, to demonstrate the same level of responsibility as himself. The meaning of his nickname, "the Lion", differs depending upon the perspective of the speaker: to his commanding officers, and to the civilians with whom he rubs shoulders when off-duty, it is a slightly condescending reference to his zealous ambition; to the soldiers beneath him it describes his humorless attitude and his short temper; to those who have never met Zaram, the lion is a mysterious force of justice. The desert is the domain that it is sworn to protect, and it may appear at any moment to bring down harsh justice upon its enemies. Zaram has only served in the



Border Riders for three terms, yet already he is earning this reputation as a dedicated protector of the land.

Zaram has the strong, clear features that the nobility normally like to pretend they exhibit. His eyes, skin, and hair are crisp and dark; his body is as disciplined and as focused as his mind. His imperfection is, ironically, in his perfection - his movements reveal to the skilled observer his supreme confidence in his abilities and his

forthcoming achievements, diminishing his charisma. The conceit apparent in Zaram's body language is visible to many even on an unconscious level. Not that this overly concerns Zaram the Lion, of course. His ambitions do not include impressing others with his charm or his humility. When he marries it will not be for love, but because he is the heir of the el Kabari family.

Zaram the Lion

Male Human LN Fighter; 6th-Level

Str: 15 Int: 12 Wis: 13 Dex: 17, Con 11, Chr: 10 HP: 49 AC: 1
Magic Items: **+1 shortbow, +1 scimitar, boots of striding and springing**

The career of Zaram the Lion has been fiercely successful to date. He is now a Lieutenant in the Border Riders, just about the highest rank one can attain while still being closely involved in the action. His record is spotless and dotted with commendations. He does not even bear a scar on his body to tell of a near-miss or a miscalculation, though plenty have fared much worse beside him or under his command. Naturally, this is starting to work against him: Zaram the Lion is beginning to appear a little too successful. Where once his reputation sparked interest and curiosity among his peers, now it seeds resentment and envy. Although it is by his own merits that he has achieved his status, and not through luck or favors, Zaram is no longer the popular figure that he once was. If he does not quell his ambition, or work to soften his reputation, his own success will soon be working against him.

Zaram has become aware of this, and is in two minds about it. He knows that he could easily rescue his popularity; he is not, after all, an unpleasant man

at heart - simply ambitious. He believes he is slowing down, becoming stronger and more resilient at the expense of his eagle-eyed perception and his lightning reflexes. This thought and the resentment that he feels from others around him have allowed him to reflect upon his own values. He knows that now is a time when he must choose his future path, and it may be his last opportunity to change direction. On the other hand, Zaram also knows that nobody has the right to criticize his attitude to life. He has become successful at nobody else's expense. The feelings that others have towards him are born of jealousy, and it is not his responsibility to acquiesce to their petty emotions. Whatever his decision, he must make it soon. Uncertainty is not a survival trait in the Border Riders.

As a reflection of his new outlook on life, Zaram has begun courting the youngest daughter of a rival family. His embarkation on this affair was born of passion and spontaneity; neither family entirely approves of the arrangement, having been business rivals for some three decades, though they would never be so improper as to denounce the couple publicly. This courtship is the only venture that Zaram can recall pursuing based on his emotions - it is possible, though he is not certain, that it even makes him happy.

Zaram the Lion

Male Human LN Fighter; 8th-Level

Str: 15 Int: 12 Wis: 13 Dex: 17, Con 11, Chr: 10 HP: 49 AC: 0
Magic Items: **+1 shortbow, +1 scimitar, boots of striding and springing, +1 chainmail, potion of extra healing**

Shortly after Zaram had begun his courtship of the Lady Jahaari, his regiment was called upon to initiate a manhunt in the eastern flats. Halor the Traitor had escaped from jail and was assumed to be headed for a reunion with his rebel army. It was the duty of the Border Riders to apprehend him before this could happen. After a grueling ride the two forces met in the middle of the flats, and a bloody battle ensued in which Zaram's forces barely came out on top. Only half a dozen Border Riders remained alive to return to the fort with their prisoner.

They were less than two miles from the fort when a sudden sandstorm struck. Halor took the opportunity to flee, forcing Zaram to pursue him through the deadly storm. Although Zaram quickly lost his mount, he

would not so easily give up on his prey. Through the blinding sand that scoured at his flesh he pursued the fleeting shadow of the fugitive Halor, Zaram's inhuman determination propelling him to bear down upon him under impossible conditions. But the storm was too much to bear, even for Zaram the Lion. When the sand ceased to howl they found him, barely alive, the corpse of his prey beside him. The sand had seared the flesh from half of Zaram's face before he had been able to use Halor's body as a shield.

Zaram the Lion, Scourge of the Sands, is a force to be feared throughout the deserts. He is now a Major in the Border Riders, and he pursues the retribution of those who would transgress against the safety of the kingdom with a ferocity usually spoken of in nightmares. His determination and discipline were renewed long ago by fate herself; Zaram was tempted, however briefly, to abandon his path of personal accomplishment, and the punishment wrought upon him was terrible. Although he was brought back to perfect health by

magic, his wounds were too terrible to disappear without a scar. Zaram is missing the skin from the right hand side of his face, giving him the bizarre and

terrifying countenance of some kind of monster. Some say that the scars exist because his body is a reflection of his soul. Nobody, of course, says this to his face.

Galandro Redgwick

Male Human LG Paladin 2nd-Level

Str: 17 Int: 10 Wis: 13 Dex: 10, Con 14, Chr: 17 HP: 13 AC: 4

Magic Items: **Scroll of protection from magic**

Description:

Barely past his youth Galandro is tall and wide-shouldered, his waist thin and tapered. Deeply black, wavy hair hangs over his collar and often falls just into his eyes giving him a youthful, boyish expression. Handsome, ever smiling and cheerful, his easy-going manner and boundless energy is both addictive and contagious.

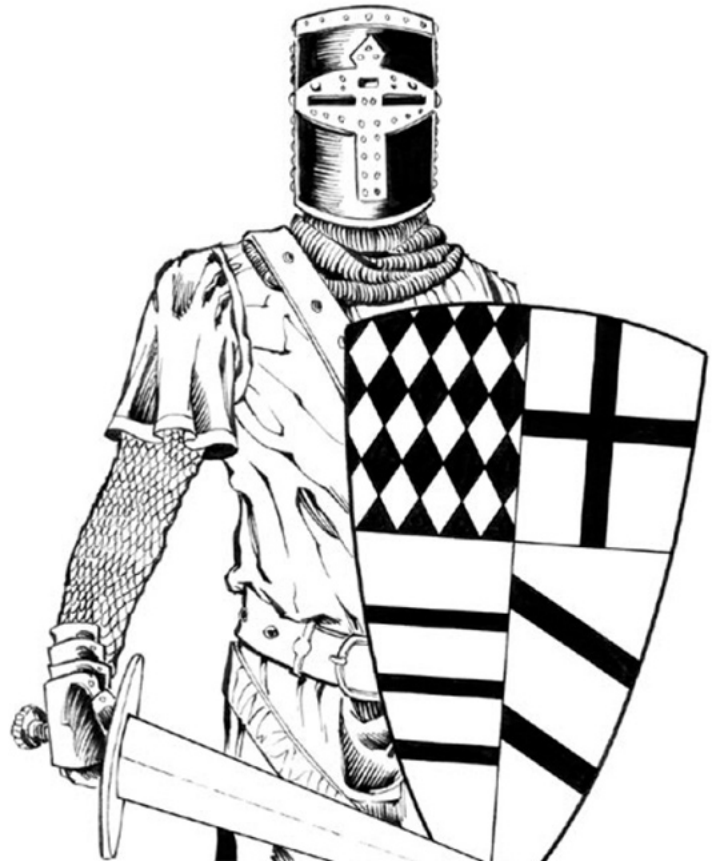
His manner of dress is neat, tidy, with simple clothes and weapons. Nearly everything he owns looks serviceable but worn. Chain mail armor with obviously repaired rents, an antique but sharp sword, and simple homespun jerkin are his typical wear as the tenants of his religion require him to be ever prepared to protect the innocent. His boots are expensive and appear new, as does his holy symbol, which is silver. On the back of the holy symbol his name is engraved along with the caption; "To our son, whom we love".

Background:

Galandro was born the youngest child of his family. His father, a respected merchant, was able to provide his family with a comfortable living through honest deals and hard work. Galandro's older brothers and sisters were provided with apprenticeships but young Galandro, easily his mother's favorite, was kept at home. As his teen years passed, he found a calling in his heart to serve his god. With his father's permission and against his mother's wishes he entered the church school at the age of fifteen.

While the school proved enlightening to the young man he quickly realized that his place was not among the rank and file priesthood. Due to his large stature his appeal for a transfer to the martial order of the Church was accepted and his true training began. While he still spent much of his day studying the holy texts, he now spent a great deal of time training in single combat. At the age of nineteen he was ordained as a Paladin. Spending the first year of his life as a Squire to Lord Pemburton, a Paladin of true heart but aged body, was a thrill for Galandro. He often maintains that he learned more about combat and avoiding the false temptations of life during that year than he had all those cloistered in the monastery combined. Lord Pemburton fell ill and died, but released Galandro to his own path of service as the elderly Paladin lay on his deathbed.

Since the death of Lord Pemburton, Galandro has spent his time wandering about the countryside, meeting the common folk of the area and sharing his



faith with them. Three separate skirmishes with bandits has made a local name for him and his unceasing efforts to care for the sick has made him beloved among the peasantry. His heroic defense of the village of Umbrun from the ravages of a goblin raiding party along with his one-man assault on a necromancer who preyed upon the town of Chawnder have elevated him to the status of hero.

Personality:

Galandro is open, honest, and truly loving to his fellow man. His faith in god is very strong with no reservations about accepting his church's vows of poverty and abstinence. He spends his days wandering the countryside caring for the sick or performing needed labor for the elderly citizens he encounters. When seeing even casual acquaintances Galandro will most likely greet them with a hug and never fails to bless them upon parting.

Tolerant of other's failings, Galandro stands prepared to share a parable or tale with anyone he sees committing a sin. He does not force his faith on others, but will not pass up the opportunity to do so if the other person appears receptive. When working he enjoys singing joyous hymns, loudly, but has a passing fine voice.

Galandro Redgwick

Male Human NG Fighter (fallen Paladin) 6th-Level
Str: 17 Int: 10 Wis: 13 Dex: 10, Con 14, Chr: 17 HP: 31 AC: 10

Description:

Shaggy, unkempt, dirty, unwashed. The clothes Galandro wears are rotting from his body. He owns no armor, no weapons, no footwear, only the ragged remnants of clothing he salvages from the refuse pile. His eyes are bloodshot and have a yellowish tinge to them. His complexion is bright red and he spends most of his day drunk and sitting slack-jawed, staring into space between fits of crying.

Background:

The years have not been kind to Galandro. His fame as a righteous knight had grown to the point that his church had begun using his on specific missions. Unfortunately these missions brought to light the indiscretions of certain of Galandro's superiors within the church. His faith shaken by the greed and corruption he had witnessed he asked for a temporary sabbatical and returned to the home of his parents. There he sunk further and further into depression under the wrath of his mother's demands for grandchildren and demands that he live closer to his home village.

So low did his faith fall under this assault that when his mother fell and cracked her skull upon the hearth stone he was unable to heal her with his hands. With her death he became wracked with guilt that was only exacerbated when he began to drink.

For the last two months Galandro has lived in a run down tavern, drinking up whatever money he makes digging ditches and removing large boulders for the local farmers. His last worldly possession, the silver holy symbol given to him by his parents upon completing his service to Lord Pemburton, was traded the month before to the local Lord in exchange for a cask of ale.

Personality:

Galandro is sullen and mean. He ignores most attempts at conversation unless a coin or mug is offered. He will not cease drinking until he passes out or runs out of money. He lives with a local prostitute who swears he hasn't spoken more than three words to her since he moved in. It takes little to provoke him into a fight.

The only kind gesture Galandro will acknowledge is the return of his holy symbol. The local lord will gladly sell it for cash (50 gp) and, if returned to Galandro, he will hold it tightly and cry in despair. As soon as is possible he will walk away, taking the holy symbol with him.

Galandro Redgwick

Male Human LG Paladin 8th-Level
Str: 17 Int: 10 Wis: 13 Dex: 10, Con 14, Chr: 17 HP: 51 AC: 1
Magic Items: **+4 defending sword, +2 chainmail, +1 shield, potion of evil dragon control**

Description:

Changes in this man have made him barely recognizable to those who once knew him. His hairline has retreated and what remains is now peppered with gray. His once handsome face is now marred with a thick scar that runs from the middle of his forehead, through his left eye, and part way down his cheek. The eye itself is gone as are several teeth from that side of his upper jaw.

In appearance Galandro is now clean and sober, his single eye no longer glinting with humor but now sharp with experience and understanding. He walks with shoulders back, always moving with a purpose.

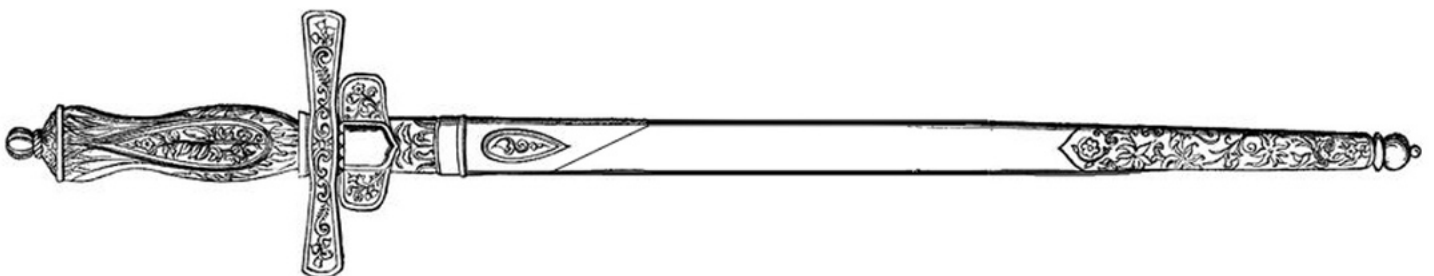
The arms and armor he wears have seen much use but are also quite powerful though plainly adorned.

Background:

The return of his holy symbol sparked a slow rebirth for the former Paladin. His faith restored he began the long path back to atonement for his sins. His travels during this period were extensive but he has now regained all that he lost including his full status within the church. Through his efforts a sizeable purge of the hierarchy has occurred and most of the corrupt officials have been removed, strengthening the church.

Personality:

Calm, confidant, quiet; all these words now describe Galandro. He has come to grips with his human frailties and wishes to spend his remaining years in service to the poor, protecting them with his holy blade and healing them with his faith.



Five Tricks and Traps to Test your Players by Matthew Finch!

Altar of Life

In a room that appears to have been a chapel of some kind in the ancient past, there is a long altar, seven feet long and rising to a height of four feet. At one end of the altar stands the stone statue of a hooded man with a skeletal face, holding a scythe. At the other end there is a statue of a beautiful woman holding her arms outstretched over the altar. A large offering bowl stands in front of the slab and its attendant figures. If a dead character is placed onto the altar slab, and an offering of at least 2,000gp in value is placed into the offering bowl, the altar will begin to glow. There is a 40% chance that the dead character will be raised from the dead per the raise dead spell. Regardless of whether the raising from the dead is successful, the sacrifice placed into the offering bowl will disappear. The altar will never raise the same person from death more than one time, and it will only function once per week in any event. If the altar fails to raise someone from the dead, it cannot be attempted a second time for the same person.

Changing Landmark

This is a fairly standard trick that can cause a party concern about the accuracy of their maps, or simply provide a reminder that they are in a dangerous and magical place. The only trick involved is some sort of landmark such as a normal statue, fountain, altar, decorated wall, wall carving, tapestry, etc. Some memorable detail of the landmark changes over time. For instance, the scene depicted upon a tapestry might change from a scene of battle to a scene of the victory feast held by the winners of the conflict, or a standing gargoyle might move to a crouching position.

The Iron Cannon

At one end of a long chamber, there is a hole in the wall, lined with iron. The wall around the hole is scorched and blackened. There is a lever next to the hole, in the "up" position. Directly across from the hole, the wall on the other side of the chamber is shattered and cracked. If anyone pulls the lever and no one is standing in front of the hole – which is, obviously, the mouth of a magical cannon – it will belch fire and smoke, hurling a sizzling iron cannonball to strike the far wall. After the cannonball strikes the wall, it boils away into nothingness. If the lever is pulled and there is a person standing in front of the cannon, the cannon will fire but the effect will be quite different. Just as the cannonball strikes, the metal will boil painlessly across

the person's skin instead of striking him. The character will sustain no damage, and will actually gain a bonus of 1 to his armor class, lasting for 24 hours. The same character may use the cannon twice more, but if the trick is used a fourth time the cannonball will actually strike, inflicting 4d6 points of damage. Although a character may use the cannon twice more, this will only be useful if the later attempts are made after the armor class bonus from the first use has already expired – the bonuses do not stack (i.e., the cannon cannot be used to gain a bonus of +2 or +3).

A Tantalizing Treasure Trove

In a chamber or hallway of the dungeon, part of the floor and the stone beneath it have been rendered permanently invisible, down to a depth of ten feet. At the bottom of this ten-foot window a treasure chest lies entombed in the stone. Because the stones above it are transparent, the chest is quite visible – but it will be a fairly significant mining job to reach it (unless the party is high enough level to have spells that can dig through stone). Breaking through ten feet of stone is certainly possible, but it is a noisy enough task to call in a veritable stream of wandering monsters while the excavation is in progress. The chest's contents are left to the game master; the treasure should be significant for a lower-level party but not for a higher-level party that could get to the chest without much exertion.

Frictionless Chimney

At some point in the dungeon, the party will come across a wide shaft (30ft or more) leading up to the level above. The bat-winged stone statue of a gargoyle squats on the ground just below the shaft, looking upward into the darkness. The statue's arms are held outward as if cradling a large baby, but they hold nothing. Once the party ascertains that the gargoyle statue is not going to attack them, and starts investigating the upward-leading shaft, they will find that the walls of the broad chimney are completely frictionless, which makes normal climbing impossible. However, if any character climbs into the statue's arms, the gargoyle will animate, flying upward through the shaft to deposit the character safely at the higher level. It can carry a tremendous amount of weight, but will only carry one person at a time. Under no circumstances can the gargoyle statue be induced to carry a character back down again; this is a one-way route from the lower level to the higher level.

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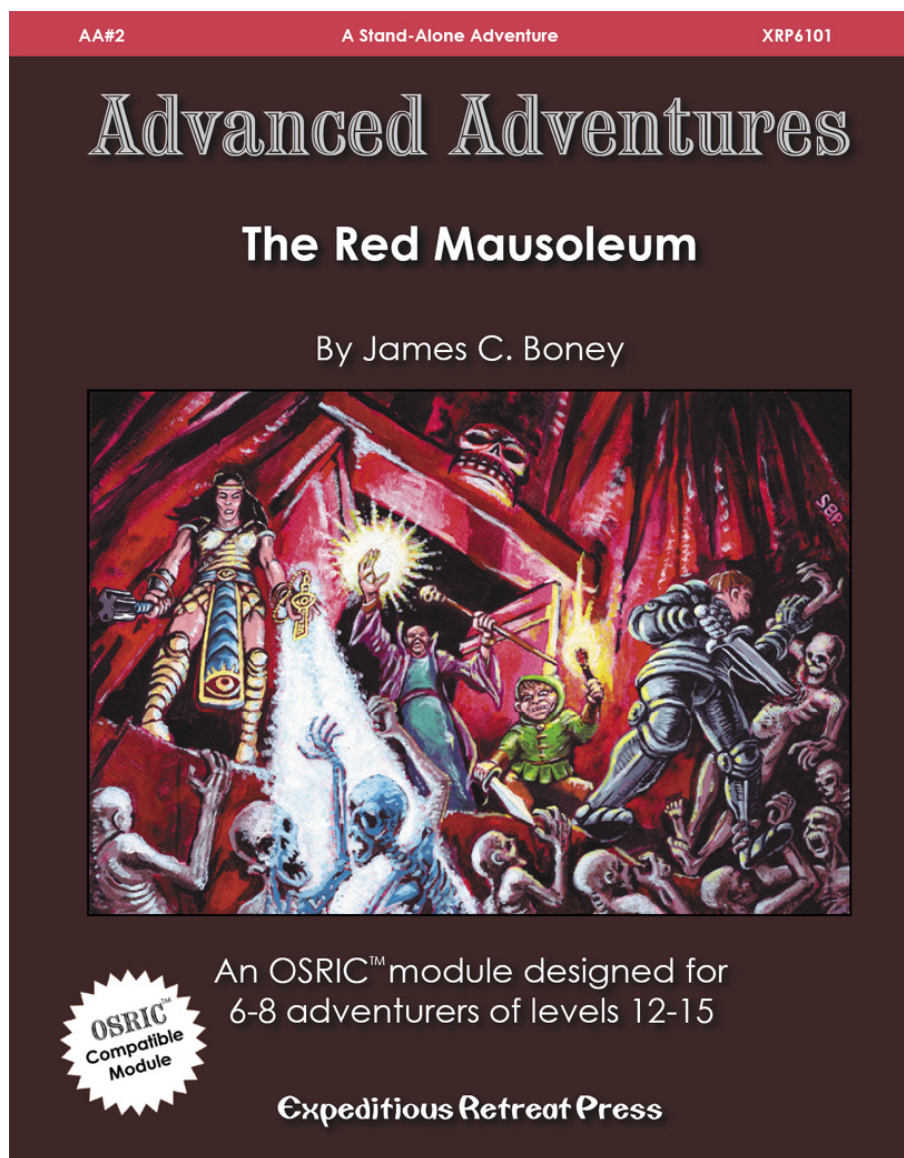
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Advanced Adventures Are Upon Us!



The populated regions north of the Sistermoors have enjoyed over a century of respite from the wars that once plagued the area. However, within the past year, baronial patrols have reported clashes with undead and other dark creatures brave enough to strike out from the moors into the forests of men and elves. The Baron's sage suspects that the undead issue out of the mysterious ancient landmark known as the Red Mausoleum located somewhere on the wild stretches of the moors!

This module includes 16 adventure-packed pages, complete with detailed maps and descriptions, forming a ready-made adventure.

If you enjoy this adventure, look for future releases in the **Advanced Adventures** line from Expeditious Retreat Press.

Coming to Print in October, 2006!