

TROLLSZINE!

GET WELL SOON



Ken St Andre
Dan Prentice
Sid Orpin
David Lucardie
Nicholas Bergquist
Randy Whitley
James Fallows
John Prentice

ISSUE 10

2020

TROLLSZINE!

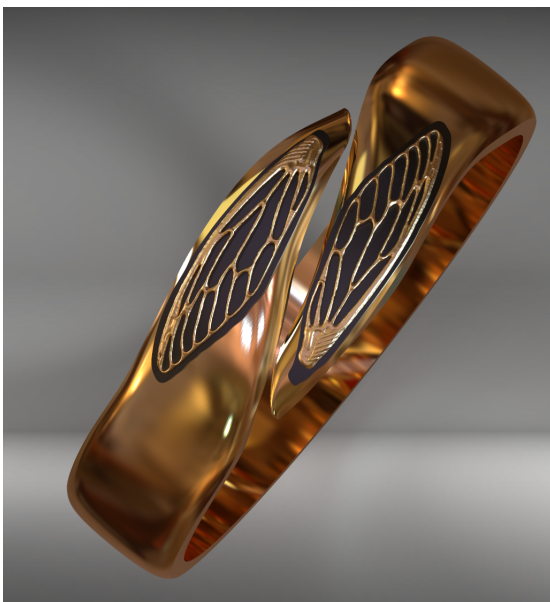
ISSUE 10

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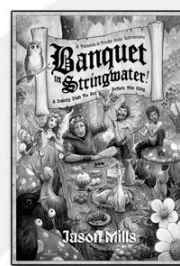
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TROLLS TALK TEN

A lot of water has flowed under the Trollbridge since I last had the honour of writing an editorial. The mighty Fellowship of the Troll formed and Deluxe Tunnels and Trolls came out as has the second edition of Monsters! Monsters! We very sadly lost the founding and continuing publisher of Tunnels and Trolls, Rick Loomis earlier this year. He was the writer of the first solo adventure, Buffalo Castle, having based it on the how to process from technical manuals (if this, then this). He is also unrivalled as the longest continuous publisher of a role playing game. We plan to dedicate the next issue to him.

This issue however is dedicated to the awesome, inspiring and inventive Trollgod, none other than Ken St Andre himself. He wrote the second ever fantasy roleplaying game and, as we know, the best, Tunnels and Trolls. He continues to engage with players, giving encouragement and support. He is still writing and publishing fiction and gaming material. I am very excited that he has allowed us to publish his new deadly combat rules, otherwise only available in his solo adventures such as Khara Khangs Deadly Rainbow Maze.

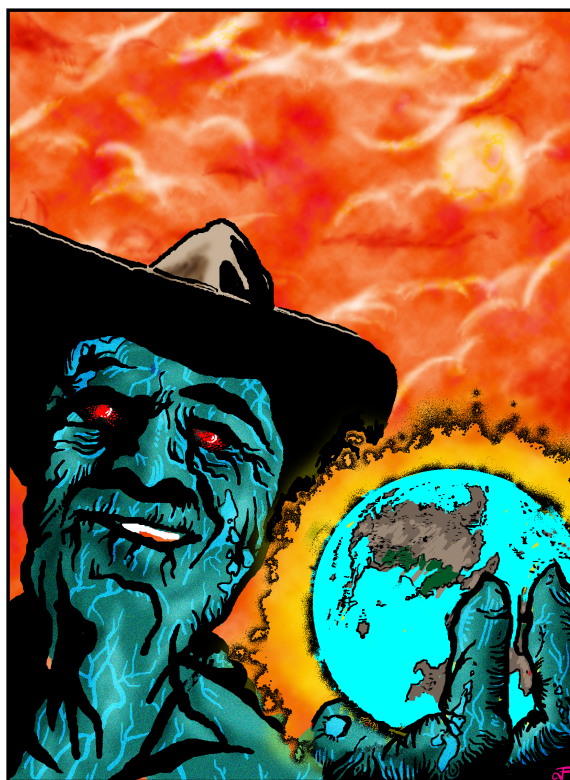
The Trollgod was laid a bit low by a collision with a newfangled automobile and at the time of writing was just being discharged from hospital, but by all accounts he is getting steadily stronger. This issue is dedicated to him and his recovery. Long may he reign over our great community, his infectious enthusiasm driving Tunnels and Trolls and us to greater heights of fun and creativity.

I am very pleased to be working closely once more with Bill Pitcher (Quoghmyre from the Trollbridge, my partner for issues 1 to 3). It was he that encouraged me to step up to the job of creating issue 10 and has done all the really hard work of formatting and putting the material together.

I think the quality of the zine continues to be high with contributions from authors old & new to the zine. How to get the most from Tunnels and Trolls combat is a theme, with articles not only from the Trollgod, but newcomer David Lucardie & perennial favourite Randy Whitley sharing their ideas. I am also very impressed with the adventures from Sid Orpin, Nicholas Bergquist and James Fallows. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I did. We are also fortunate that Jeff Freels, David Ullery, Peter MacKenzie, Sid Orpin & James Fallows have shared their art with us. Finally my brother John has shared with us one of his hand drawn maps, designed for you to create your own adventure.

I hope you enjoy this, our tenth issue, in the tenth anniversary year of the zines publication. Thank you to those who stepped up for issues 4 to 9, in particular Dan Hembree and Mark Findlay who edited and produced those. I hope we will still be able to read new copies of Trollszine when we celebrate our 20 year anniversary.

**ZANSHIN,
AKA DAN PRENTICE**



An Alternate Combat Method for Tunnels and Trolls or Monsters! Monsters!

by Ken St. Andre



Players: Read this twice, maybe 3 times. It's a little tricky, but it's intuitive and I think you will figure it out.

It has often been suggested that we use Saving Rolls for combat instead of rolling all the dice and comparing totals. Actually, saving rolls have been used in combat since the beginning, but only for accomplishing specific feats, such as dodging an attack, or running away. One can make the story of the game considerably more interesting if saving rolls are added into the combat mix.

The problem of using saving rolls as the entire combat mechanism is a bit more difficult. What do the players and GM make their saving rolls against? Which attribute or Talent do they use? When we use the Monster Rating system to tell how dangerous the monsters are, they don't even have attributes. The saving roll system doesn't work very well with Monster Ratings.

But I have been thinking about it, and it involves adding a new attribute called Combat Essence (ESS). Essence is a derived attribute, and for player characters Essence is defined as the current average of the character's 8 primary attributes. Add Strength, Constitution, Dexterity, Speed, Intelligence, Luck, Wizardry, and Charisma and then divide by 8. This number is Essence and it is used exclusively for saving rolls in combat. For example, Fang, Daughter of Terror, has an Essence rating of 11.25. That would round down to 11. Fang really isn't a very good fighter.

For things with monster ratings, Essence would equal $MR/2$. The same would be true for npcs with Human Ratings in the Monsters! Monsters! 2d edition rules. Essence equals $HR/2$.

Essence is a composite number that represents everything a character could bring to a battle: intelligence, training, health, skill, luck, speed. Test them all at once for each combat round.

When it is time to fight, each character would simply make a Saving roll using their Essence Rating as determined by the number or difficulty of each opponent. See the following chart:

Number of Foes	Essence Rating	Saving Roll Required
1	1-20	1
2	21-40	2
3	41-60	3
4	61-80	4
5	81-100	5



...and so forth.

The chart works by multiplication. Multiply the number of foes times the saving roll required for different essence ratings to find the level of the Saving Roll needed for each round of combat.

One foe with an essence rating of 35 would require a L2SR for each round of combat. (1 x 2).

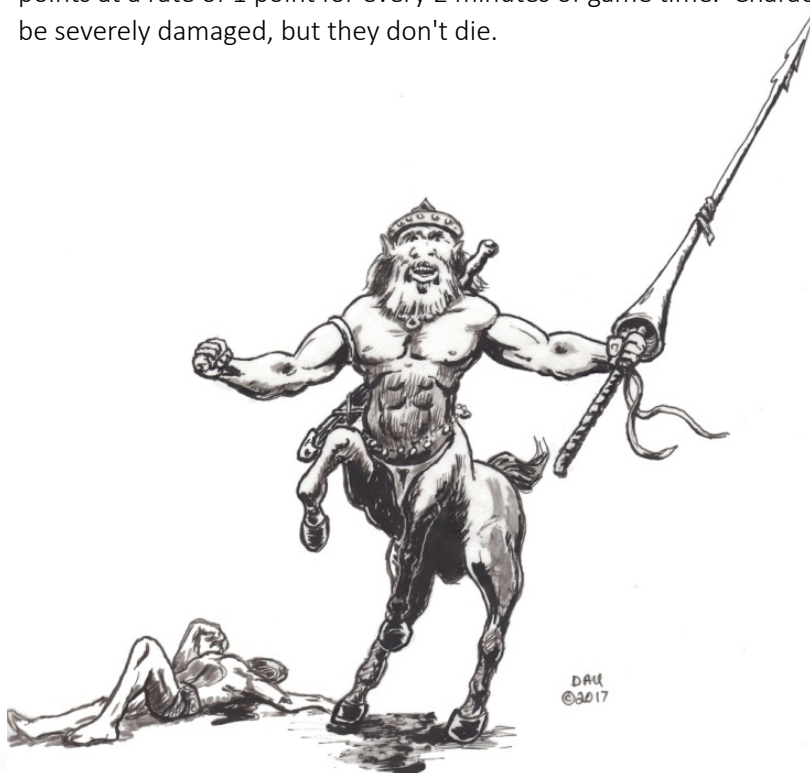
Most of the time combat should be one on one. Remember that all saving rolls in this new combat system are made with the new computed attribute Combat Essence (ESS).

NPC characters/monsters that are fully statted would have Essence scores just like player characters.

Characters that only have Monster Ratings would need to calculate an Essence Rating before combat started. For example, a troll with a monster rating of 100 would have an ESS rating of 50. If that troll was fighting 3 player characters with a combined essence of 90, it would have to make a L15 saving roll to damage them all on the same turn. (3 x 5). The target for level 15 is 90. The troll would have to roll 40 on 2 dice (DARO) to hurt them all. However, that troll could just attack 1 of the 3. Let's say it attacked the strongest one who had an Essence rating of 40. Then it would only need a L2SR (Target 25--an automatic success for something/someone with a combat essence of 50 unless it rolled a fumble). For any of them to hit the troll with its essence rating of 50 and damage it would require a L3 saving roll (1 x 3).



Damage would only be rolled if the attack saving roll was made successfully. Damage depends on weapon dice plus combat adds just as it normally would, except that no totals are compared and subtracted. If you do damage, you do major damage--the whole thing. You do not need to roll for spite in a case like this. Alternately, you may specify at the beginning of combat that you only want to do stun damage. Stun damage is computed exactly the same way as Kill damage, **but it never kills the target**. If enough damage is done to bring the target's CON to zero or less, the number of negative points below zero is how many combat turns (assumed to be 2 minutes each) that the victim will be unconscious and helpless. Unconscious characters recover CON points at a rate of 1 point for every 2 minutes of game time. Characters taking stun damage may be severely damaged, but they don't die.



If combat is unopposed as in the example of 3 to 1 against a troll, every player character would still have to roll against the troll's essence rating of 50 in order to hit it, but they would be using their own essences in the fight. So let us say the 2nd strongest character had an essence of 30, and the weakest character had an essence of 20. Character number 2 has a target number of 30, and it already has a combat essence of 30, so it hits on anything that is not a fumble, and does full damage to the troll's monster rating. Let's say he did 50 points of damage. $100 - 50 = 50$ for a new monster rating on combat turn 2, and that equals a new essence rating of 25 for the troll. Character number 3 also has an unopposed attack, but he still needs a L3SR to hit and damage the troll. The target is 30 for level 3. His combat essence is 20. He needs to roll a 10 or better on 2D6. Let's say he has a typical roll of 7 (6, 1). He missed and does no damage on that combat turn.

But what happens after the saving rolls have been made (or missed)? Misses are easy. That character does no damage. What happens when the saving roll is made? Weapon damage would then be calculated, and the target must take damage. In a two person fight, if Fang makes her combat saving roll and Gringrin the Goblin misses his, then Fang does full damage. And vice versa. But if they both make the saving roll, things get tricky. How is damage allocated? It could be gruesome but they both take the full damage that the other dishes out? Wicked! Lots of casualties that way. Of course, armor would still take damage and help protect in such situations.



Going back to the example of the troll fighting 3 characters--it chose to fight only one, the toughest one. It easily made the L2SR to hit. It hit that tough guy for $11D6 + 50$. That would probably kill the tough guy. Yikes! In normal T & T combat three fairly tough characters have a good chance to beat a troll with a monster rating of 100 and suffer only spite damage. Not any more. Oh my! Combat just got real dangerous.

But how about big melee combats? Ouch! How would the saving rolls even be calculated? Could the Game Master manage 20 different saving rolls for each round of combat? Does he break it down to one on one fights? Or maybe two or three to one. Typical situation: 8 bandersnatchi vs. 5 midlevel characters. The bandersnatchi have monster ratings of 60 each. Each bandersnatch would have an Essence Rating of 30, requiring only a L2 saving roll to hit. But if characters faced 2 bandersnatchi at once, the total would be 60 and that would require a L3 saving roll from the pc in order to do damage to both. The characters'

Essence average only about 30 each. That's a piece of cake--only fumbles keep them from hitting. On the other hand, both of the monsters only need L2 saving rolls to hit--automatic for them unless they fumble their saving rolls. Ouch indeed!

I don't think most players would ever switch to this style of combat. It would actually be slower to execute than the original style. On the other hand, for small melee situations, it could be a blast. I'm going to redo some of my earlier solos using this style of combat and the Monsters! Monsters! 2d edition rules. Bwa ha ha ha ha haaaaaaaa!

End



IMPORTANT NOTE: The combat in these fights can be fairly complicated. Be sure to read the whole paragraph without taking any action first. For example, the text may tell you to do 3 combat rounds at the beginning of the paragraph, but it may also say if either fighter's CON goes to zero or less, then go to some other paragraph. Those instructions clearly take precedence over doing 3 combat rounds. Be sure you understand the whole situation before you start rolling dice and making saving rolls.

Talent Saving Rolls. This solo may allow you to use a Talent to improve your chances of making a saving roll. Most Talents have a value of 3, but may have any value depending on how you developed your character. To make a Talent Saving Roll, simply add the Talent value to the attribute that you are using to get a modified attribute as the base of your saving roll attempt.



Player Character Survivability

Since Deadly Combat is so likely to kill our players very quickly, let's do something to improve their chances of surviving in the solo game. In face to face play, the smart players would be trying stunts to avoid taking damage, so let's assume that also happens in solo play.

Stunting Rule: If a player character is about to take damage in combat, they can stunt out of it by making a saving roll at the level of the attacking character's ESS. They can make this on any attribute of their choice except WIZ or CHR. Thus, if an attacking bear had an ESS rating of 50 which would require a L3 saving roll to hit, then consider it a level 3 character, and the saving roll the player must make to avoid damage would be level 3 with a target number of 30. Let's imagine the player character is a dwarf with a best attribute of 24 in STR. The player chooses Strength and tries to roll a 6 or better on 2D6 to avoid damage. Rolling a 9 allows the player to mentally say something like "I jumped out of the way and took no damage." The player would also acquire 27 adventure points. Rolling a 5 would fail, and the player would have to take the full damage dealt by the bear. This salvation rule only works for player characters, and never works for nonplayer characters. Thus, the GM doesn't have to spend a lot of time making saving rolls for all of her monsters.

The Stunting Rule will not be mentioned in the adventure that follows. It's up to the player to remember that he or she might have a way of avoiding certain death. As always, we rely upon the player's honor to use this new rule fairly and sometimes let the bad guys win.

Ken St. Andre. 10/6/2020



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ERRAND OF MERCY

Sid Orpin

INTRODUCTION

As a young mountain troll you aspire to become a part of the TrollGod's corps of elite champions that live with him in Trollhalla. One day you hope to be mentioned in the same breath as Grumlahk, Boozer, Dekh, Kopfy, Zanshin and Ramsen Triten but until then you will just have to serve your leader in whatever way he deems most useful. You regularly hang around the entrance to the halls of the mighty hoping to catch a glimpse of your heroes and to impress them with your fighting prowess as you wrestle with other young trollings.

Today is no different but you find yourself alone on the mountainside as thunder rumbles up the valley and a hailstorm starts to fling frozen missiles at you. You are just considering returning to your nice dry cave when you hear a great commotion from within Trollhalla. Moments later the great stone gates open and the mighty Quoghmyre appears. He is clearly agitated and looking for something or someone when his eye alights upon you. Pointing in your direction with a large, clawed finger he beckons you towards him. "Quickly! You must serve the TrollGod in this hour of direst need. Now, follow me!" With that he turns, and you run to keep up as he disappears into the halls of the trolls...

Errand of Mercy is a mini-solitaire adventure for use with Deluxe Tunnels and Trolls™. The only characters that may enter are young mountain troll warriors: go to **67** to roll up the attributes of your aspiring trollish hero or heroine and then return here. It is worthwhile making a note of your route through this adventure, as sometimes you will be directed back to the paragraph you have just left. If, at any time, you die whilst on your mission, roll a D6 and add 3 to the total, then go to **45**. Now, follow Quoghmyre to **42** to discover what your mission for the TrollGod is.

1

After a brisk march up into the mountains, Quoghmyre points to an opening in the ground and declares it to be the secret entrance to the Goblin caves. You can see now why you were volunteered for this quest: the opening is small. Far too small to admit a fully-grown Troll and even for your adolescent frame it will be a tight squeeze. Decide which way you are going to make your entrance: Headfirst, go to **53**, feet first, go to **43**.

2

The ledge is not quite wide enough for a creature of your size. You will have to press back against the cavern wall and shuffle along slowly to maintain your balance. Attempt to make a L1 SR on DEX. If you succeed, you get to **48** if you are heading north or south from one of the beaches, or to **40** if you are heading away from **48** in either direction. If you fail the roll, you tumble into the lake: go to **57**.

3

Your club flies end over end and hits the Goblins a mighty blow about their heads. They are both rendered unconscious and lay unmoving on the cavern floor. Go to **56** to jump across the trench; your destination is now **65** not **27**.

4

You continue to accelerate as the passage becomes even steeper. Without warning the path turns tight left and slightly uphill before you shoot through an opening out into blackness. For an instant you are suspended in midair before you fall scrabbling into what you find at **57**.

5

Make a L1 SR on SPD or DEX. If you succeed, the arrow misses. If you fail, you take 3D6 + 1 hits from the missile. The Goblin flees immediately. You should return to **36** and leave here.

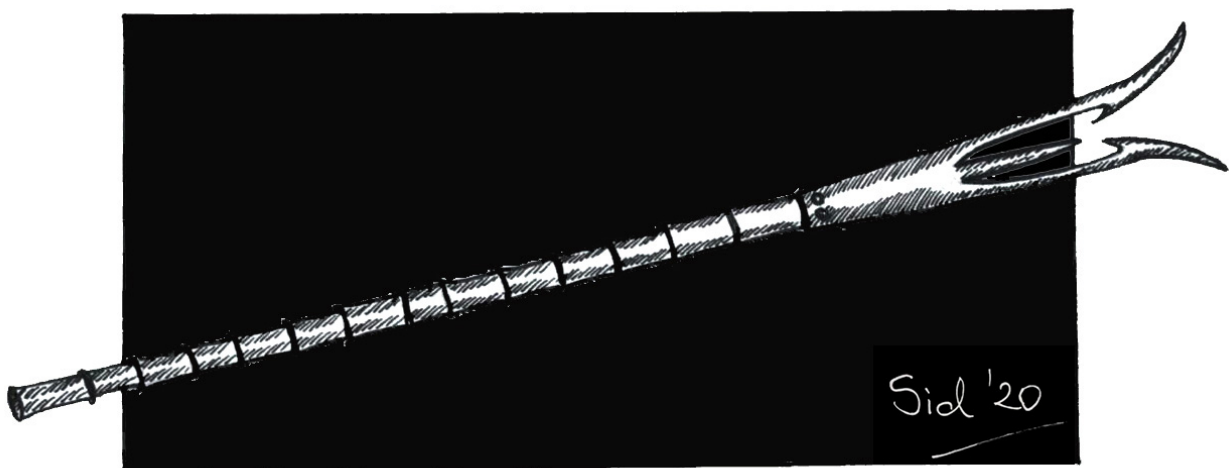
6

You are falling headfirst into the pitch black of the goblin caverns. You will need to be pretty lucky to land without injury. Make a L1 SR on LK (L2 if you were freed by Quoghmyre's shove). If you are successful, you land on a goblin and squash him flat. If you fail, you crash into the cavern floor taking direct damage to CON equal to the number you failed the SR by and must now fight a Goblin scavenger who has a MR of 30.

When you are ready to start exploring, go to **32**.

7

You find a goblin fishing spear. It's only a little over 4' long but has the most beautiful obsidian headpiece. It weighs only 50 wt. units and requires a STR of 10 and DEX of 7 to use. It scores 3D6 + 3 hits in combat, which can be doubled when used underwater. You never know, it may come in useful. Return to **40** and make a new choice.



8

You sit down next to the vision of loveliness on the stone bench and stare into their eyes. Suddenly, the image becomes that of an odd demonic creature with four arms and two

huge eyes in a triangular face. You cannot move as the Siren Soulsucker attacks your very being. Add up your current WIZ and CHR and use the total to produce dice and adds as if it was a MR. You must fight the Siren that has a total of 24 (3D6 + 12). Any hits scored in this spirit battle come off CON: the Siren's is 20.

If you manage to defeat the demon, you get 60 APs. If you are still conscious after 5 completed combat turns, the Soulsucker flees and you get 30 APs. Return to **60** and leave.

9

You are on one of the beaches at either end of the lake cavern. If you are at the northern end you can leave heading north to **51**. If you are at the southern end you can leave heading south to **66**. If you would like to make your way from either beach to the other one you will have to use the narrow ledge along the west wall by going to **2** but remember the goblins have all disappeared.

10

You are in a roughly oval cavern with exits to the north, east and south. You are on the north side of a lava trench that bathes the walls and ceiling with a dull orange glow. There are two Goblins standing on the far side of the lava waving their sabers, making obscene gestures at you and taunting you in pidgin kharghish. The usual sort of thing: "Your mother was a basalt!" "Your father was laid down in the late Ordovician!" It's all very childish and typical of Goblins. You could try to throw your club at them by going to **34**,



you could jump across the 10' of lava trench at **56** or you could leave by going north to **60**.

11

Trolls are not natural swimmers whereas the monster is in its natural element. Attempt to make a L2 SR on the average of your STR and DEX. If you succeed, you make it to one of the beaches at the north or south end of the cavern: roll a D6 odds = north, evens = south. Go to **40**. If you fail, the giant cephalopod catches up with you, go to **26**.

12

Something at the back of your mind makes you stand and take stock of the situation. As you look at the Troll on the bench the image becomes blurred and distorted and suddenly there is no Troll but an odd-looking demonic creature with 4 arms and a strange-shaped head with two huge eyes. You can attack this beast at **47** or dash out of the west exit to **51** or the south one to **10**.

13

Jonnwykk smiles at your lack of selfishness. He throws a sparkling powder over you as you activate the necklace and begin to return to Trollhalla. The powder causes your skin to toughen: it will now act as 6 points of armour. Go to **61**.

14

Attempt to make a L2 SR on the average of STR and DEX. If you are successful, go to **6**. If you fail, you'll have to come up with a different plan, go to **37**.

15

Just outside the entrance to the cavern ahead of you, you can see an Uruk clearly guarding whatever is in there. His beautiful Uruk Scimitar and smart leather cuirass strongly suggest he is a mercenary of some sort. He is clearly alert, and you will have to fight him to get into the cavern beyond. You could charge him by going to **49** or you could try to distract him before you attack by going to **38**. Alternatively, if you want to avoid a battle, you can return to the paragraph that sent you here and take an alternative route.

16

This water tastes bitter but is a healing potion. It restores 2D6 of CON damage and if you have not taken any hits so far, it will raise your CON by 1D6 permanently. You are, however, rendered unconscious. You wake at **20**.

17

You come across a small water skin that contains a pale fluid that smells faintly of aniseed. Who knows, it may come in handy. Now, return to **32** and get moving.

18

As your voice echoes around the cavern, every Goblin in the lake turns and stares in your direction. A brief silence ensues before they all flee before you. Some run up the beaches and out of the exits while still others scramble up the cavern walls and disappear into crevices and fissures in the rock. Soon you are alone with your thoughts, the silence only disturbed by the occasional sound of dripping water. Then, you are suddenly bombarded by stones thrown by the Goblins concealed in the various openings in the ceiling. Make a L1 SR on LK. If you fail, you take the number you missed by in direct CON damage. If you are still conscious following this assault, return to the paragraph that sent you here but ignore any mention of goblins, they have all gone.

19

Unfortunately, you have not brought the right medicine with you and Mahrundl and Quoghmyre look at you with something considerably less than admiration in their eyes. You have failed but your adventure was worth a bonus 300 APs.

Fortunately, it turned out that the problem was that last burrito, but no poison was involved and The TrollGod has made a full recovery. Close the book, your adventure is over.

20

You are in the middle of a large oval cavern with exits to the north, east, south and west. Strangely you have no memory of entering the cave and walking to the middle. The place is packed full of giant mushrooms, some of them even taller than you. The air is filled with tiny dust-like particles gently floating all around and settling in a thick carpet on all flat surfaces. If you would like to eat some of the mushrooms, go to **54** and if you would like to lick up some of the layer of particles, go to **35**.

To leave here you can go north to **36**, northeast to **50**, south to **15** and west to **66**.

21

By stroke of good fortune the granite necklace has activated and returned you to Trollhalla. Mahrundl and his band of lesser Troll mages work their dark arts upon you and bring you back from the dead. Unfortunately, they could not resurrect you as a Troll. You will be one of the so-called goodkin.

Roll a D6. 1 = Human 2 = Elf 3 = Dwarf 4 = Hobb 5 = Leprechaun 6 = Fairy

Apply your new attribute modifiers but only for STR and CON and apply your physical modifiers as well; a 600 lb 8' tall Fairy would be very strange indeed. Although you failed in your quest, you receive a bonus 400 APs. You will obviously have to live out your life as a lesser being but that is a small price to pay.

Fortunately, it turned out that the problem was that last burrito, but no poison was involved and The TrollGod has made a full recovery. Close the book, your adventure is over.

22

The passage is steep, narrow and the floor is very slippery. You will have to use your arms to claw at the walls to drag you up the slope. Make L1, L2 and L3 SRs on STR. If you fail any one of them, you slip back and end up in the lake at **57**. If you succeed, you find yourself at **51**.

23

With a deft flick of his wrist the Half-Goblin mage envelopes you in a cloud of purple smoke. For every level of successful SR you made you may raise that attribute by 1 point: i.e. L2 SR made on LK, increase LK by 2. You activate the necklace. Now go to **61**.

24

As you climb the rough, uneven steps you fancy you hear a faint cry echo from further along the tunnel before it suddenly stops with a soft percussive sound, "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee, pshhhh!" If you find this disturbing and want to turn around, you can head back to the cavern below at **51**, otherwise proceed to **63**.

25

1-2 = North

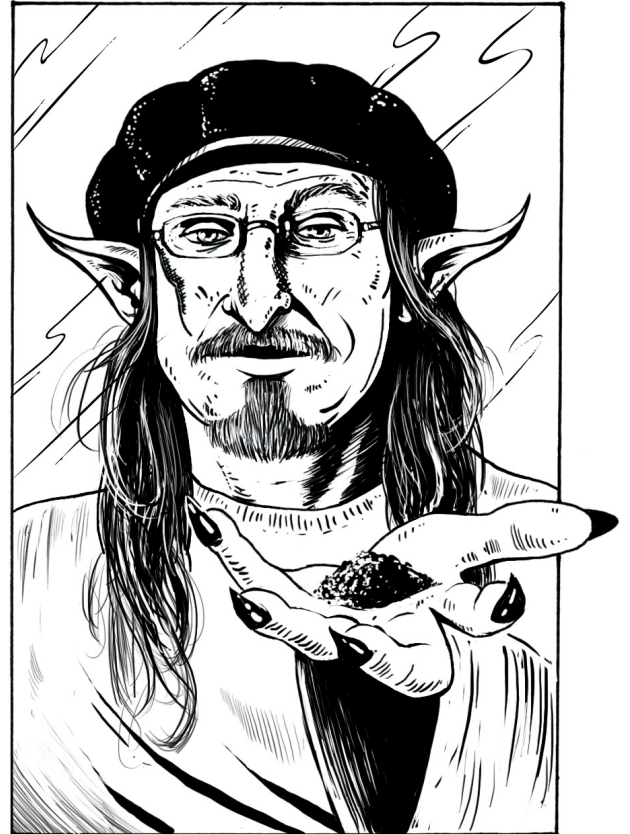
3-4 = East

5-6 = Southeast

If your chosen direction matches your dice roll, the beetle follows you and you will have to fight, go to **46**. If not, return to **66** and leave here.

26

You are fighting a tentacled terror in the Goblin Lake. Your opponent has a MR of 40. You will also have to try to dodge tangling tentacle attacks every combat round by making a L1 SR on DEX. If you fail, you get wrapped in a tentacle for the next turn and lose half your STR-derived combat adds. On top of this, if you only have your club to use as a weapon, it really isn't terribly effective underwater and scores half hits. Fight for your very life. If you are the victor, you earn 60 APs and can drag yourself up on to either the north or the south beach by heading to **9**.



27

The Goblins look shocked at your sudden arrival but stand firm. They each get 3D6 + 7 in combat and have a CON of 10. If you defeat them, you get 40 APs and you could take their Short Sabers to use as a large dagger for you (3D6 each). Go to **65**.

28

This water is gritty and even your trollish constitution is challenged to swallow it without throwing it back up. Make a L3 SR on CON. If you succeed, go to **41**. If you fail, you vomit copiously and then fall unconscious. You wake at **20**.

29

Make a L2 SR on CHR. If you succeed, the arrow misses. If you fail, you must take 3D6 + 1 in hits to CON. The Goblin flees and you should return to **36** and leave here.

30

You are in a roughly square cavern with exits to the north and the northwest. The place is clearly set up as home with a bed of furs in one corner and a small fire pit for cooking in another. Across the south wall there is a rough wooden bench stacked high with bunches of dry plants, various dead animal parts and numerous clay pots and jugs in which to mix these ingredients into medicines. Sat at the bench is a stocky Half-Goblin with a greying beard and wearing glasses. Jonnwykk smiles at you as you enter, his expression encourages you to step forward and tell him of your mission.

Immediately on hearing your tale he starts to grind, mix, heat and strain bits of this and parts of that. Before long he has a potion ready to go in your medicine pouch. As he hands the Troll-God's cure over he asks if there is anything, he can do for you? If you decline his kind offer and say you need to dash back to Trollhalla to save Kenn Arth's life, go to **13**. If you request a healing potion to help with the injuries you have suffered today, make the highest-level CHR SR you can and go to **44**. If you ask for help to improve another attribute, make the highest-level SR you can on that attribute and go to **23**.

31

As you stand and watch the frolicking goblins, they all swim to the centre of the lake and start chattering excitedly to one another. Suddenly a huge tentacled creature rises from the water and the goblins start to scrabble all over it. Rather than attack the terror from the deep, the goblins begin rubbing handfuls of wet sand all over its surface. It is clear that the creature enjoys the process as it starts to make a low-pitched purring sound that resonates around the cavern. Soon the goblins start scraping something from the tentacles and storing it in small pouches they have hidden in their loincloths. After 10 minutes the monster submerges, and the goblins return to their frolicking but not before they place their pouches in piles on each beach.

You could try to sneak up and take one of the pouches by going to **52**. Otherwise, return to the paragraph that sent you here in the first place.

32

You are in a small roughly circular cavern that appears to be empty apart from a mound of general rubbish piled against the wall: used bedding, old bones, broken pots etc... There are 3 exits one heading southwest up some rough-hewn steps, one heading south and the last one

east. You may explore the rubbish heap if you feel you have the time to spend by going to **58**. When it is time to leave you can head southwest up the steps to **24**, east to **60** or south to **40**.

33

Make a L1 SR on LK. If you succeed, the arrow misses. If you fail, you must take 3D6 + 1 in hits. The Goblin flees and you should return to **36** and leave here.

34

The Goblins make a large target at near range, so you will have to make a L2 SR on DEX to hit them. If you are successful, go to **3**. If you miss, they pick up your club and throw it into the lava trench: you are now weaponless! Return to **10** and make a new choice.

35

The particles dissolve on your tongue and start to pop and crackle. You become light-headed and your vision is filled with bizarre bright colours and shapes. You feel as if you are going to collapse. Make a L2 SR on CON. If you are successful, you manage to stagger out of the cavern; return to **20** and decide which direction to head in. If you fail, go to **62**.

36

You are in a roughly oval cavern with exits to the north, east and south. You are on the south side of a lava trench that bathes the walls and ceiling with a dull orange glow. There is a Goblin archer on the far side of the trench, and he is clearly taking aim at you. In order to avoid being hit, you may crouch down to make a smaller target by going to **33**, you may try to dodge around as fast as possible at **5** or you can shout at him in an attempt to intimidate him into missing his aim at **29**.

When it is time to leave here, you can head east to **50**, south to **20** or you can jump across the lava by going to **56**; your destination is now **10** not **27**.

37

You have barely taken a breath when you feel the massive frame of Quoghmyre slam into your lower half. Winded and slightly bewildered, you pop free of the hole like a bolt from a crossbow. Go to **6**.

38

You pick up a stone and throw it so that it lands behind the Uruk. He is momentarily distracted, and he must now fight the first combat turn with only $\frac{1}{2}$ of his usual combat adds. Go to **59** and do battle.

39

You appear back in the inner sanctum of Trollhalla. Mahrundl grasps the medicine pouch from your hand and before you can say a word, he has put it to the TrollGod's lips and made him drink the lot straight down. In just a few moments your leader has regained much of his old colour and sits up on his bed of furs. His first words are to ask "what's for breakfast?" An enormous cheer goes up throughout the halls of the trolls.

You have completed your mission. You receive a bonus 1000 APs for this, and your name is entered into the roll of honour here where it will be remembered forever. You are a hero to your people. Close the book, your adventure has ended in success.

40

You are on a small beach at one end of a large cavern that runs north south. If you came north to enter you are at the southern end and if you came south, you are at the northern end. Spreading out before you is a small lake that takes up the whole of the middle of the cavern. The entire place is lit up by a soft green glow produced by numerous stalactites in the cavern ceiling. There is a narrow ledge that runs along the western edge of the lake that connects the two beaches. There are several goblins swimming in the lake, diving for fish and generally larking about; they haven't spotted you yet. From here you could edge along the ledge north or south by going to **2**; you could call out to attract the goblins' attention by going to **18**; you could explore the beach you are on by going to **55** or you could just stay and watch what the goblins get up to at **31**.

When you decide it is time to leave you may head south from the southern beach to **66** or north from the northern beach to **51**.

41

The waters of the pool of power begin to make great changes in you. Immediately, you may raise your LK and DEX by 1D6 each. When you have returned to Trollhalla, you may increase your INT and WIZ by the same amount. Afterwards you pass out. You wake at **20**.

42

You are lead into the inner sanctum of Trollhalla. Before you, resting on a large bed piled high with furs, you see the TrollGod himself. He is pale and all but unconscious: rambling in a fevered sleep.

Sat beside him looking anxious is the great Troll Mage Mahrundl who turns to you and speaks in hushed tones,

“The TrollGod has been poisoned by the duplicitous Goblin leader Krromm Ptonn: jealous of TrollGod's continual success in their weekly Friday night poker games no doubt. He knew there would be no way that last burrito would be left uneaten!

The toxin is beyond my skill to cure but the Half-Goblin wizard Jonnwykk could certainly do so. He is hidden away in caves high in the mountains. He and TrollGod are friends of

old, if you can find him, I am sure he will be able to help.”

Before you can ask any questions, Quoghmyre has you marching high into the surrounding peaks. He says little on the journey, but he does give you a pouch-come-water skin to carry any medicine in and a necklace of granite cubes that will, just once, transport you straight back to Trollhalla whenever you have obtained the cure your deity requires. Make a note that you can go straight to **61** the instant you think you have what the TrollGod needs. Now go to

1.



43

You take a small run up and then leap into the opening. In spite of the tight fit, you shoot through into the darkness beyond. You will need excellent balance to land safely without injury. Make a L1 SR on DEX. If you are successful, you land gracefully in front of a goblin and frighten him so much that he flees. If you fail, you crash into the cavern floor taking direct damage to CON equal to the number you failed the SR by and must now fight a Goblin scavenger who has a MR of 30.

When you are ready to start exploring, go to **32**.

44

Jonnwykk hands you a bright green potion and motions for you to drink it. For every level of successful CHR SR you make, you can heal a D6 of CON damage: i.e., L3 SR made means 3D6 of healing. If there are any points of healing left over, you can add these to your CON permanently. You activate the necklace. Go to **61**.

45

Roll 2D6 and compare it to the number you have just generated. If your roll was equal to or exceeded that number, go to **21**. Otherwise, you have indeed died in the service of the Troll-God. You will never be forgotten in Trollhalla.

46

The Darkshade Beetle has a MR of 48 and its thick chitinous covering acts as 6 points of armour protection. If you defeat it, you receive 60 APs and you can use the larger part of its carapace as a shield worth 4 points of protection. Now return to **66** and leave here.

47

The Siren Soulsucker has a MR of 38. It will continue to try to alter your perception of it even during combat. Every time a 'spite' hit is registered it doesn't score direct CON damage but means you will have to make a L1SR on INT to see through the disguise and continue fighting. The level of this SR increases for every extra 'spite' hit scored i.e., 2 'spite' = L2 SR etc... If you fail one of these rolls, you stop fighting and go straight to **8**. You earn 50 APs for defeating the Siren. Return to **60** and leave.

48

You are standing in the middle of a ledge that runs along the western edge of a large underground lake. There is an opening to a steeply climbing tunnel behind you. Large glowing stalactites cast a pale glow over the entire scene. At the north and south ends of the cavern there are small beaches and passages leading out. There are several Goblins swimming in the lake, diving for fish and generally larking about; they haven't spotted you yet. From here you can edge along the ledge north or south by going to **2**; you can call out to attract the Goblins' attention by going to **18**; you can leap into the 'Goblin Lake' to join in the fun at **57** or you could try to climb up the passage behind you at **22**.

49

Make the highest-level SR on SPD you can. For every level of success you have you can add an extra D6 to your attack roll in the first combat turn. If you fail, you lose a D6 from your attack. Now go to **59** and do battle.

50

You are in a small circular cavern with exits to the north and west. The floor of the cavern is littered with cracked snail shells, hundreds of them. Three huge stalactites hang from the ceiling, their pointed ends resting about 5' off the ground. There is a stalagmite below each of these that has formed into the rough shape of a goblet. Water drips from above into each bowl. They are too widely separated for you to reach more than one at a time. The first one has a small pile of shells stacked at its base and they are all in brown hues, the second has a stack of grey and the third a mound of yellow shells. If you want to drink from the brown bowl, go to **16**. If you decide to slake your thirst at the grey bowl, go to **64** while if you prefer the rather cloudy water in the yellow bowl, go to **28**.



If you have been here before, the bowls are empty. Leave either north to **36** or south to **20**.

51

You are back in the cave where you entered the goblin caverns. Nothing seems to have changed since you first arrived. As you look around a goblin sprints from the southern exit and runs across to the southwest one. He disappears up the steps and you fancy you can hear a faint scream "Eeeeeeeeeee!" for a second before silence returns. Decide which way you're going to head in. Up the steps southwest to **24**, east to **60** or south to **40**.

52

You snatch one of the pouches and retreat into the shadows to examine it. It is made of beaver pelt and the contents appear to be thick, slightly rotten fish smelling mucus. You remember hearing tales of the healing properties of similar excreta of sea creatures. In fact, if you rub this into a wound of any kind it will heal a D6 of damage. You have 3 applications in the pouch.

The goblins have now left their lake cavern and it is probably time you did too. Go to **9**.

53

You tentatively start to enter the caves headfirst but even your troll eyes cannot make out how long the drop is going to be in the impenetrable dark. You manage to get as far as your waist when you discover you are stuck: you cannot move forward nor back. Imagine the ignominy if this is as far as your vital quest was to get. If you decide to try to wriggle as much as possible to free yourself, go to **14**. If you want to use brains not brawn and try to think of a way to free yourself, go to **37**.

54

You grab a handful of fungal flesh and are about to eat it when you sense movement from behind you. Turning around, you come face to face with a massive humanoid creature in

mushroom form, at least 8' tall. The mycotic monster doesn't look too pleased and begins to batter you with long pale rubbery limbs. This is a 'Shroom, a protector of the giant mushrooms. It has a MR of 45 and its strange skin protects like 3 points of armour. Spite hits from the 'Shroom don't cause direct CON damage but cause the release of clouds of potentially psychoactive spores: you will need to make a L1SR on INT to avoid losing ¼ of your adds on the next combat turn (this is the effect with 1 spite hit or many). If you are the victor, you receive 75 APs. Unfortunately, you do not get to enjoy your win as you notice other 'Shrooms emerging from the depths of the mushroom forest and you must leave swiftly; return to **20** and decide which direction to head in.

55

The beach is a bit of rough scrub really, hardly St. Tropez. Make a L1SR on LK. If you succeed, go to **7**, otherwise return to the paragraph that sent you here.

56

You will need to make a L2 SR on STR to jump across successfully. If you fail, you incinerate in the lava. If you make the roll, head to **27**.

57

You land in the waters of an underground lake. To your surprise, instead of the frigid temperatures such places usually possess, these are quite warm.

You kick upwards and as you break the surface you notice all the goblins, if they were still present, scurrying away into numerous crevices and fissures in the cavern ceiling. It is hard to tell but they appear to be pointing and laughing at you. Suddenly, you realize why, as the vast bulk of a tentacled monstrosity surfaces only a short distance from you staring with its lidless eyes.

You have an important decision to make now. Do you turn tail and try to swim away to safety by going to **11** or do you try to do battle with the creature, bearing in mind a club is not the best weapon for sub-aqua combat at **26**?

58

Up close the rubbish heap really is an unpleasant assault on your olfactory system; and you live with trolls! Make the highest-level SR on LK you can. If you fail to make a successful roll, all you achieve is to cover yourself in 'eau de trash': your CHR drops by 2 until you can get cleaned up. If you make a L1 SR, you find the jewel from the pommel of a dagger: it is worth $(1D6 + 2) \times 5$ GPs. Return to **32**. If you succeed at better than L1, go to **17**.

59

Your opponent is an Uruk mercenary armed with an urukish scimitar (5D6) and wearing a leather cuirass (3 points of protection)

Level 2 Uruk Rogue									
STR	24	DEX	18	LK	15	SPD	14		
CON	15	WIZ	9	INT	11	CHR	14	Adds	+21
WEAPON Scimitar (5D6)					ARMOUR Cuirass (3)				

Fight to the death. If you are the victor, you receive 60 APs. You can take the mercenary's sword as well as his money pouch, which contains 2D6 x 5 GPs.

You may now proceed to **30**.

60

You are in a small roughly round cavern, which has exits to the west and south. If you have been here before, a creature scuttles out of the shadows and attacks you go to **46**, (when you have finished there, ignore other instructions and return here to proceed) otherwise read on.

Lying on a stone bench against the east wall is the most attractive troll you have ever seen. If you were to imagine your ideal troll-mate, this is the example of physical perfection you would have dreamed up! As you gaze at the gorgeous creature before you, they smile back and pat the bench inviting you to come and sit down. What are the odds that someone completely compatible with you should be here just when you turn up?

Attempt to make a L1 SR on INT. If you succeed, go to **12** while if you fail, go to **8**.

When it is time to leave you can go west to **51** or south to **10**.

61

If you have brought the potion from Jonnwykk or the potion that smells of aniseed, proceed to **39**.

If you don't have either of these, go to **19**.

62

You fall unconscious to the cavern floor where you stay unmoving for several hours. More and more of the particles land on you and dissolve you to your constituent parts, which go to nourish the giant fungi.

63

At the top of the steps the tunnel turns south and starts to go back downhill. As you take your first step you discover that the floor is extremely slippery. Before you know it, you are sliding downhill at an ever-increasing rate. If you would like to try to slow your descent, the passage is quite narrow and you could stretch you arms out and claw at the walls, attempt to make a L3 SR on STR. If you succeed, go to **48**. If you fail the roll or are content to relax and enjoy the ride, go to **4**.

64

This water tastes sweet, but it is a poison to trolls. It does 4D6 of direct CON damage. If this doesn't kill you, it renders you unconscious. You wake at **20**.

65

A search of the Goblins' corpses reveals a rough map of their cave system. This shows you that Jonnwykk's cavern is south from here through the next cave. Now, you may head south to **20** or east to **50**. If you want to head back across the lava trench, go to **56**, your destination is **10**.

66

You are at a 3-way intersection where tunnels head north, east and southeast. As you consider which way to proceed, an enormous beetle, at least 5' long scuttles out of the shadows. It has large spiked mandibles and makes straight for you. If you want to fight this entomological nightmare, go straight to **46**. If you want to try to slip away in the hope that the creature heads in another direction, decide which direction to head in and roll a D6 before going to **25**.

When it is time to move on north leads to **40**, east to **20** and southeast to **15**.



67

Your character is a very young troll, an adolescent, less than 8' tall, weighing around 400 lbs and inexperienced in the ways of Trollworld. Use the attribute modifiers listed below to roll up your statistics. You may use TARO, but you mustn't be any higher than a 3rd level character. Alternatively, you can roll 4D6 for each physical attribute and choose to keep the best 3 while just rolling 3D6 for the non-physical ones. Your skin is worth 3 points of armour protection. You do not need to roll for gold or to find equipment: anything you need will be provided for you and you are too immature to have developed any talents yet. If you don't want to spend time rolling up a character, you can use one of the pre-rolled ones below. When you have finished, return to the opening paragraph, you are attired in a fine tiger skin loincloth and you have a hefty club (5D6) with which to do battle.

STR x 2 CON x 2 DEX x 1 LK x 0.75 INT x 1 WIZ x 0.5 CHR x 2 SPD x 1

Level 2 Mountain Troll Warrior							
STR	24	DEX	9	LK	10	SPD	12
CON	22	WIZ	5	INT	11	CHR	24 Adds +12
WEAPON Club (5D6)				ARMOUR Skin (3)			

Level 2 Mountain Troll Warrior							
STR	24	DEX	13	LK	9	SPD	10
CON	24	WIZ	3	INT	9	CHR	20 Adds +13
WEAPON Club (5D6)				ARMOUR Skin (3)			

Level 3 Mountain Troll Warrior							
STR	30	DEX	12	LK	12	SPD	16
CON	26	WIZ	4	INT	10	CHR	18 Adds +22
WEAPON Club (5D6)				ARMOUR Skin (3)			

NEVER FIGHT FAIR AS A FAIRY

By David Lucardie

A fairy with roughened walnut-coloured skin and very short grey hair glides onto the stage of the auditorium where you and dozens of other soon-to-be graduates of the local adventurer's guild training program wait to learn from the real-world experience of this grizzled veteran. As he sternly gazes across the room, you feel like you have somehow been assessed, and only grudgingly passed. He speaks, and while his hair may be grey, his voice is clear, strong, and sharper than the blade at your side.

"Okay you wingnuts, listen up! I'm Sergeant Thistleblade, and I'm here to make sure at least some of you proud graduates of the Fairy Adventurer Recruit Traineeship survive your first dungeon!"

"I've seen countless would-be adventurers come back home in wooden boxes because they tried to fight like a dwarf or a human, and so help me none of you are going to end up like that! So, I'm going to drill this motto into your thick skulls: Play to your strengths to survive your weaknesses!"

"Rule One is to wear armour! Fairy armour only weighs a fraction of what human armour does, and we need all the extra protection we can get. Don't expect to survive even a glancing blow if you don't wear armour!"

"Now, armour will help, but it won't save you if you just hover within reach of the enemy like a tiny pinata! Stay out of melee range! Whether using missile weapons or spells, you should be able to easily stay out of harm's way in 90% of encounters just by staying high enough. Remember that you are not limited to hovering five feet above the floor, even if that is the best height to talk to your larger party members from. Making them look up won't kill them but staying low could kill you! Most large folk aren't trained to hit targets our size with arrows or rocks, and if a lucky shot does come your way, don't just stare at it in shock, **MOVE!**" *(Considering that a direct hit will kill the sturdiest of starting fairies, some GMs may allow LK or DEX SR to avert that fate).*

"If you are adventuring in a group with large folk, then for pity's sake don't get in front of them! Stay behind them and cast spells or fire missile weapons from the rear. If you stay high, you should have a clear, safe line of fire with no risk of hitting them."

"Combat gets messy though, and formations can be broken. If the fight moves and you can't fire into melee because of the risk of hitting your allies, take the time to fly to another point where you have a clear shot. If your allies have any sense at all, they'll be trying to keep together so they can't be surrounded and cut down from behind. This means there will usually be some angle from which a missed shot will not hit a party member, especially when



shooting from above is an option. It's better to let a round of blows be exchanged without you than to risk hitting an ally or being cut down en-route."

"If it all goes to pot and you must use melee weapons against a single opponent, dodge under their guard and strike! The arena fighters used to talk about a famous fight where a Hobb hamstrung a giant (see 2.37 in the 5th Edition rules), and it applies even more so to us against anything larger than a Hobb! It's a risky gambit, but it usually beats going toe to toe with someone ten times your size. Pick your opponent for this though: It's a safe bet against a large and slow opponent, but extremely dangerous against a fast one with quick reflexes. Use it against ogres, not cobras! If it works, your opponent will be defenceless against you, but if they hit you mid-air chances are you'll be a smear on the floor. *"(Make a SR Dex using Dodge, which should be one of the very first talents you take, against your opponent, with the difficulty based on how nimble they are. A typical ogre might be only a L2 SR, but a giant cobra might need a much higher SR. If you make the SR, the monster misses you and you will be able to apply your full combat result directly to that single opponent. If you fail the SR however, your opponent will get to do the same to you instead, and you do not have the CON to survive that. As a fairy you should have a good DEX, so you're likely to make the SR against standard grunts unless you fumble. I repeat: One of your very first talents should be Dodge.)"*

"Your worst-case scenario is finding yourself alone against multiple opponents. Unless you fancy a gruesome death, let your wings do their duty and fly away! There is no glory in a pointless death! If retreat is not possible, then try to split them up or find a defensible position so that only one can attack you at once. Once it is one-on-one, you can dodge. Or even better, stay out of reach and use ranged weapons!"

"While we are talking about enemies chasing you, let's go over traps. Tripwires, caltrops, oil puddles, or even marbles are all wonderful obstacles which are quick to set up and which we are completely immune to. A bit of taunting, and whatever is chasing you will probably be looking up at you, not down at the floor. Also remember the local terrain. Hazards like pits and cliffs can be especially satisfying, and the ever-popular lake or river

should give you a couple of clear shots while they try to ditch their heavier gear so they can swim. Even if they don't drown, this is an excellent way to force them to remove their armour while you can fire at them with impunity."

"Which leads me to the subject of poisons. If you can afford them, use them! On human sized opponents or smaller, spider venom is your best friend. Fire a missile dipped in it, wait a moment, and you have time to finish them off before they can move again. If you're pressed for time, dodge into combat on the first round after hitting them - they'll be slowed enough for you avoid them easily. But if you don't evade them, you will probably die - better to wait the extra time if you can. Needless to say, a foe paralysed while in a river is very soon going to be someone else's problem."

"However, don't rely on spider venom exclusively. Curare is excellent for edged and piercing weapons, especially arrows and spears, and there are many other poisons you will encounter. Learn them all, and buy them when you can."



"If you survive your first couple of fights, you'll feel your personal power grow allowing you to improve yourself. You may be tempted to bolster your speed or accuracy, but that would be a fatal mistake. Unless you encountered something in your adventure to grant you dwarf-like health, your first and only priority is to improve your constitution until you are, at the very least, on par with an average human. You will still be much less resistant to poison and disease than the large folk adventurers, but you should be avoiding exposure to these hazards in the first place, and your goal is to get to the point where you can survive taking a hit, if not two. If you live long enough to improve further, then even better." *(Your first few CON increases will be really, really cheap due to how low the starting value will be. Ask your GM if you can spend your AP as soon as you get it. Chances are they will jump at the opportunity to have you more able to survive the rest of the session. Don't stop raising CON until you're comfortably in double digits, and it would be even better if you could reliably make a L1 SR on CON, but also consider talents to help you make those saves.)*

"I spoke before about natural hazards. Now I need to remind you that we need to watch out for things that larger folk casually brush aside. Beware spiderwebs – the stronger ones can be deadly snares for us. Our biggest threat however, is if we face an opponent that can also fly. They negate our biggest advantage, so pull out all the tricks you have if you encounter these, and don't be ashamed to run!"

"Remember: Think small. Think fast. Think in three dimensions."

"Now go out there and come back alive!"



DriveThru RPG



THE TEMPLE OF NAGRUAL

by NICHOLAS BERGQUIST

This module is written with characters of levels 2-4 in mind, though a large party of lower level adventurers could probably survive by the skin of their teeth, and a small group of level 5-6 might find it challenging enough. The toughest monsters are Monster Rating 200-300 but many are of lower combat skill, so as GM you should modify MRs that look like they will lead to unnecessary Total Party Kills, unless your group is into that stuff.

This module can work in any arid desert land, but if you wish to run it as presented some details on the city where the adventure kicks off is included.

The Plot

An Al'Badian nobleman and antiquarian in the city of Kiddaros named Aladram Haskar has been funding an expedition to the ruined city of Mannamar, where he has been excavating the ruins of a lost temple of the old Sur Dynasty dedicated to the forgotten god Nagrual.

About six months ago the excavation was attacked by scorpionfolk raiders, led by Kadathas, a known monstrous bandit lord. They escaped with a fair amount of loot, and since this incident Haskar boosted the guards and protection for the camp. His loyal headman, the scholar Datim Rhomanus, has welcomed the extra protection.

Two months ago, word arrived that the excavation was attacked again! The rumor is the attackers came from within the depths of the catacomb complex beneath the temple itself, where they had only recently uncovered a network of ancient Surian tombs. These older tombs appeared at first to be normal burial catacombs, but according to Rhomanus it quickly began to look like some sort of horrific mass grave. Then the dead awoke and attacked...and the excavation collapsed as the workers fled.

Haskar rode out with his garrison of soldiers and Rhomanus, only to find that the abandoned encampment had not only been overrun by the denizens unleashed within the tomb, but that the scorpionfolk bandit Kadathas had also taken over and made the tomb his home as well. Bandits converted to cultists were suddenly proclaiming fealty to "Nagrual," of little more than iconography and indecipherable Surian script had been found. More frightening, though, were the workers who had not escaped now appeared to be cultists as well, dedicated to Nagrual, and swearing fealty to two new priests: **Sinmar**, a demonic witch woman who had been heard of in whispered local folktales, prowling the ruins of Gothkin in the Dead Mountains, and her loyal servant **Ramos**, a fierce warrior and known weretiger.



Haskar's forces failed to drive out the monsters, and he was forced to turn away from his efforts. He returned to Kiddaros, where he declared that the first to liberate his excavation of the evil that had overcome it would be paid no less than 25,000 gold pieces, with the option to trade cash for land.

Other Interests:

Hatham Mak'haros is a rival noble and secret agent of the Fire Knives assassin's guild who secretly paid the bandit army of Kadathas to cause problems for Haskar. He did not anticipate that Kadathas would defect and become a champion of an ancient evil god...that surprised him. Since then, "Scorpion Claw Cultists" have popped up in the streets of Kiddaros, assassinating religious leaders and outspoken clerics. This has shocked the Fire Knives who seem to have a rival assassin's guild in town...when two of the cultists were captured they were revealed to be former expedition members, who had somehow been brainwashed in to worshipping the mysterious Nagrual. Hatham will pay 10,000 GP to someone who puts an end to this threat, though he will prefer to favor Fire Knife members for this task.

General Yoram Satulos is one of the protectors of Kiddaros, and serves the Caliph well, but his youngest son Denoram Satulos was working for Rhomanus when the incident occurred, and he was left in the tomb/temple complex. He will pay 5,000 GP to the ones who bring his son's body back, or 10,000 GP and an honorary officer's title in the Kiddaros militia if his son is returned alive and well.

The Bestiary

The back of the module includes a bestiary on most of the unique monsters found below. Check there for specific stats for each monster.

Kiddaros, City of Splendor

Ruled by Galsapar Thon, this coastal port is one of the major Al'Badian cities and a religious mecca for the local civic cult which is dedicated to the demigod Eraclam, a king figure turned deity.

House Thon has ruled Kiddaros for generations under the title of "K'ala'san," which is the "Lord of the Land," and a rare Al'Badian title recognized by the nomad tribes as well. Galaspar Thon is the grand Sheik, whose rule has kept the people rich and content for a generation now. His eldest daughter, Kimote Thon-Vellos, rules as queen of Octzel in the north and Kiddaros has prospered for twenty years from the political alliance. Other noteworthy members of the family include: Magdan Thon, eldest son and heir to Galaspar's rule, Asanar Thon (2nd eldest), Esedria Thon-Loramos (married to Prince Kinador Loramos of Galonia), and Minonia Thon-Acastra (married to king Acastra of Hitatica).

Kiddaros is rife with competing organizations, such as the **Raven's Guild**, an organization of thieves and assassins who never admit to belonging to their own group. It is rumored that admitting you are a Raven is punishable by the loss of a hand. They are nonetheless well or-

ganized and protective of their own. Lesser thieves guilds such as the Cutters, the Sly dancers and the Beggar's Guild are all said to pay protection money to the Ravens.

The **Order of Eradam** and the associated Order of the Peacock Knights are dedicated to the local deity who is both a god of commerce and men, and recognized by the locals and the nomads who trade here. The **Order of the Peacock** is an order of knights who vigorously seek to protect the interest of the cult and the city and to enforce the greater good.

In contrast with the above are the **Enforcers Guild**, which constitutes the largest and strongest local militia outside of House Thon's personal army. The Enforcers Guild is funded by the merchant houses of Kiddaros and are paid to keep the peace. The current leader of the Enforcers is General Yoram Satulos, who oversees the protection of the city and is considered in many ways second only to the Sheik Galaspar Thon himself.

The **Saracani** round out the most notable orders in Kiddaros. This is the resident mages guild, comprised of sorcerers, noted viziers and wizards who are united in common study and interest. They keep the temple of Nyctaris in their compound and provide tutelage to the children of the sheik and merchant princes of Kiddaros.

Areas of Kiddaros include:

1. The Farmer's Tracks, a major and constant local marketplace of goods, especially food and livestock
2. The Splendorous Palace, where house Thon rules
3. The Greak Markets, where the largest bazaar of imported and exotic goods can be found
4. The Auction Grounds, where the sale of goods and slaves takes place regularly and nomads regularly set up camp
5. The Celestial Temple, where the priesthood of Dhuka rules
6. The Hill of Eradam, where the temple of Eradam and the compounds of the Order of the Peacock can be found
7. The Lower Quarter, where landless peasants and other commoners dwell
8. The Military Compounds of the Enforcers, where the guild serves to protect the city
9. The Sacred Temples of Thon, where the ruling house maintains its own exclusive temples and shrines to the gods
10. The Fortress of Dhuka, where House Thon's forces are quartered

The Ruins of Mannamar

The Ruins are haunted with dead things and old monsters, and the story of ancient Sar is a mystery to all. It is known for certain only that once the rivers of life poured through this region to the coast, but the well of the river dried up in the Dead Mountains and in less than a century the land grew uninhabitable, its ancient civilization forced to collapse and move on. This is believed to have happened three thousand years ago, but how it happened and why the river died remains unknown.

Mannamar was believed to be the great capitol of the old Sar empire. Some nomad tribes in the region believe they are directly descended from these kings of old and claim that they still worship the old gods. These tribes do not remember a Nagrual, though.

2D6	Encounter
2-4	A degenerate, somewhat friendly but unpredictable giant named Sagulos (MR 250)
5-7	Haikyndyr lizard men raiding party (2D6 raiders, MR 22 each)
8-10	Sand spider (usually ambush from sand traps, solitary hunters; MR 90)
11-12	Scorpionfolk raiders (move in groups of 1D6, MR 60 each)

It will take two days' travel to get from the city to the ruins. Four possible encounters in Mannamar

(occurring on a 2-3 or 11-12 on 2D6, roll once per 4 hours travel) include:

The Temple of Nagrual

The Temple of Nagrual is situated on an immense pyramid, but more than half of it is submerged beneath the sands. The excavation has built a passage which forces the sand aside, but if left unmanaged it would be devoured by the dunes within a year or less. The cultists have continued to keep the passage clear, which exposes the base of the pyramid where a single entrance to a lengthy staircase downward can be found (area 1).

The outside excavation area is littered with abandoned tents and many crates which have been broken, contents scattered or looted. A handful of cultists work around the clock to keep the sands at bay and reinforce the scaffolding and framework that keeps the large pit open. There is usually about two dozen here at any given time, protected by 4-6 scorpion cultists while they work. Cultists are not strong combatants, MR 18 each, but the scorpionfolk are formidable, MR 60.

Note that the brainwashed cultists will "snap out of it" if they are reduced to 1/2 or more of their MR or dropped to zero and then revived with beneficent healing magic. They otherwise seem singularly obsessed with Nagrual, who is described as a God of Gods, and the "Destroyer, Lord of Draught and Famine." He is depicted with a panther's face and human body.

While in the pit, anyone crawling around the scaffolding in a rough manner must make a Level 1 SR vs. DX to avoid causing a collapse, as the oppressive sand seems intent on swallowing the pit up. If a sandy avalanche starts, the PCs within 40 feet of the area must all make Level 1 SR vs. DX or become engulfed, taking 2D6 rounds to dig their way out while suffering 1 point of damage per round from suffocation and pressure.

This complete high quality map is available for download at the Trollbridge.



TEMPLE OF NAGRUAL
NICHOLAS BERGQUIST

Key to the Temple:

#0. Dig Site Camp

The cultists have ignored the dig site tents but set up their own camp overlooking the dig, the temple to Nagruaal. There is an effigy in stone that is crudely carved in Nagruaals' image at the entrance. There are 24 cultists (MR 18), 6 scorpion claw cultists (MR 38) and a cult leader named Androsar (MR 48; can cast Take That You Fiend with IQ 18 and WZ 20) in this encampment. They explain that they have been charged with the sacred task of unearthing the grand temple by high priestess Sinmar and high priest Ranmos, the holy child of Nagruaal.

#1. Entrance

The stairs descend close to 200 feet down, at a steep angle. Running up the stairs takes twice as much exertion and movement. Curiously despite the amount of sand pouring into the dig site outside, none of it seems to be going down the stairs.

#2. The Entry Hall

This pillared, empty hall is adorned with ancient, shockingly vibrant paintings on the wall of jungle predators moving in what appears to be a lush forestland along an ancient river...the River of Lost Sar. The images depict the temple and city, no longer immersed by sand, in the distance.

The images have yellow citrine eyes, 12 in total, that can be pried off without breaking on a Level 2 SR vs. DX. If this is done, the first time an eye is pried loose a puff of yellowish dust will emerge, requiring a Level 1 SR vs. CON or the victim is hit with an ancient hallucinogen from the yellow lotus, and is poisoned for 1D6 hours. In addition, the victim will begin to see motion, shapes and invisible entities where there are none for the duration of the effect. Each hour roll a D6. On a 1-2 the hallucinations will culminate with a hallucinatory pantherman form of Nagruaal hunting the PC down. The Pantherman will be MR 180 and the PC will "snap out of it" when he is either killed by or kills the hallucination. If "killed" by the phantom he must make a Level 2 SR vs. WIZ or emerges from the hallucination with 1 CON left. If he makes the save, all damage dealt in the imaginary attack is restored.

#3. Collapsed Tunnel

This tunnel contains scaffolding and material where the excavators were trying to dig it out, and they had clearly made headway when the entire tunnel collapsed. A wooden sign has been posted warning that it is unstable. Any effort to dig will result in a collapse, requiring a Level 2 SR vs. DEX to avoid 3D6 falling damage and possible entrapment, which takes 2D6 rounds to dig out from, taking 1 damage per round.

#4. Meditation Chamber

This appears to have been a solitary chamber for prayers and meditation. A shrine to Nagruaal is on the far wall with a relief of the cat-headed god. Four skeletons are prostrate before the shrine, dressed in priestly garb, as if they died praying to Nagruaal to save them. Each has a black, rusted sword run through the back and impaling them to the stone floor. The four skeletons are not undead, but one of the four swords is a Bastard Sword of Ghost hunting, a 9 dice weapon that doubles its HPT against ghosts and phantoms. It would have to be pulled free and knocked clean of the black substance coating the blade to reveal its silvered runes.

A sign is posted at the entry of this room stating, "Do not touch—Rhomanus."

#5, 6 and 7 The Priest Chambers

These three chambers have clear evidence the excavators have thoroughly looted the rooms and cataloged the goods. However, amidst the stray but worthless debris in the chamber three Faceless Ones prowl, waiting for victims. The Faceless Ones (MR 44) were among the monsters let loose in the lower catacombs. They currently are crouched quietly in the debris, waiting (Level 1 SR vs. LK to spot), one in each room. The other two will run to the aid of the others if attacked.

#8. The First Well Room

This chamber includes a dry, desiccated well that descends for fifty feet into what appears to be a wide but low passage of some forgotten subterranean riverbed... only short folk can walk this path without crouching. The chamber itself shows little evidence of any use before the temple collapsed, and markers indicate that the excavation has picked it over already.

In one corner (spotted on a Level 1 Save vs IQ) is evidence of peculiar scratching on the ground where a secret door can be found. The secret passage is well and truly stuck but a Level 3 SR vs. STR will dislodge it. On the other side is a passage that ends in another secret door blocked by a cave in on the chamber beyond. Three bodies are piled up against the far door, as if they were trapped in desperation where they perished. If the three bodies are disturbed or the PCs get within 15 feet they react to the presence of life, and three mummies attack.



The three mummies (MR 50) have priestly adornment, including 3 holy amulets to Nagruaal (gold, worth 50 GP each), 3 circlets (100 GP each), and 3 diadems (each worth 150 GP). One mummy has a wand of enemy detection on his rotted belt.

#9. The Chamber of Descent

A steep staircase descends fifty feet to the floor where a chamber overlooking a hole that through which the dry subterranean river bed is visible. Anyone who stays here runs the risk of a 50% chance per hour of an encounter with creatures using the subterranean passage for travel: (D6) 1: 1D6 Murder Hooks (MR 72), 2-3: 1D3 Faceless Ones (MR 44), 5: 2D6 lizard men (MR 22), 6: 1D3 giant hunting spiders (MR 34 each).

#10. The Second Well Chamber

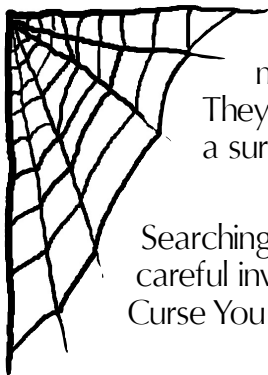
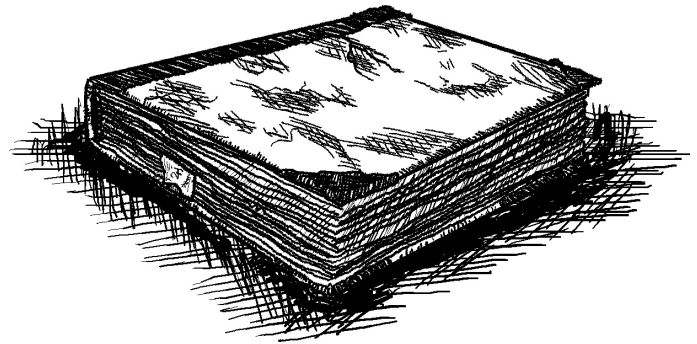
This well chamber is in a room with old sacred rituals adorning the walls depicting the water ritual of worship to Nagruaal. Though the chamber has clearly been combed over by the excavators, it appears someone bashed in the far door into a passage leading to the collapsed chamber beyond. In this hall a nest has been formed of some sort of resin, and toward the

back are dozens of brittle eggs. A pair of Murder Hooks (MR 72) are nursing their abominable eggs to life. They are hidden and a Level 2 SR vs. IQ or LK will spot their ambush. If no one spots them, the Murder Hooks attack and double HPT for the first round of combat.

In the resin are the remains of a soldier of Kiddaros, armed with a scimitar, heavy crossbow and splint mail. There are 53 GP on the corpse and a magic sax (deals double hits, 4D6+10) on his belt along with a potion of healing (will heal 20 points to any stat). He appears to have been killed and then buried in resin as food for when the eggs hatch.

#11. Lost Library

This chamber has hundreds or maybe thousands of ancient scrolls and clay tablets, but time has not been kind. The tablets were mostly unfired and are now in giant clay heaps. The scrolls were poorly preserved and are so brittle that touching them causes them to crumble. A large sign from Rhomanus warns that no one is to touch anything in this room without his supervision.



The room is now inhabited by 7 giant hunting spiders (MR 22) who have made a sophisticated web in the upper area of this forty-foot high chamber. They will remain quiet for the first three rounds a group enters, then drop to make a surprise attack (Level 1 SR vs. IQ to avoid the ambush!)

Searching the chamber reveals that Rhomanus has taken most of the good stuff, but a careful investigation reveals a single spell scroll with Slush Yuck, Curses Foiled, and Curse You inscribed on it.

#12. The Passage to the Catacombs

This entire passage was collapsed and after weeks the excavators managed to clear it out and reinforce the walls, though with some effort a person could destabilize it again. The passage is a staircase which descends another 200 feet into the depths below. There are dozens of slain excavators and guards still here, where it appears many of them ran in to a bottleneck before being slain. They bear evidence of having been partially devoured. The corpses have claw marks and looks of terror on their faces.

Looting the bodies will net about 223 GP and 1416 SP (the antiquarian paid the workers in silver).

#13. Collapsed Passage

Evidence of work begun on clearing this passage can be seen. A lone excavator appears to have taken refuge in this passage and barred the door with planks (Level 2 SR vs. STR to break down). He scrawled a note in his own blood on the back of a scroll with the day's work register on it: "This is Ramudan, of Kiddaros. If you get this, know that I am dead, and please take this to my wife, Amora, that she may present the proof to my brother Faros in Argor so he will take her in." His body is missing.

#14. The Bathing Chamber of the Priestesses

Here is an elegant but dry swimming chamber for the priestesses of Nagrua's old cult. Evidence of ancient pipes made of ceramics and sealed with resin can be found, and it looks like they piped water from the now dry subterranean river below. The walls are adorned with imagery of life in Mannamar before the city died, with evidence of children playing, bards performing, priestesses teaching and other pleasant scenes. This suggests to some (Level 1 SR vs. IQ) that Nagrua's reputation in Sar when it was a living kingdom may have been more beneficent than later texts suggest.

1D3 rounds after entering this chamber each PC is subject to a mass illusion as Sinmar will manifest from room 15 (the secret passage). The chamber appears to come to life, and the characters are immersed in the images from the tableaux. A Level 3 SR vs. IQ or having a WIZ of 40 or greater lets the character know this is merely an illusion.

Sinmar (MR 220; WIZ 50 and has Blasting Power, Fly Me and Mirage) is a succubus who has felt the call of the Diadem of Nagrua, which has possessed the excavator named Abroan and imbued him with the memories of the last true priest of the dead god. She came to Abroan's call, feeling the pull of power, and has fallen under the diadem's spell.

She will initially be friendly with the PCs and suggest they visit Abroan, and even offers to take them to him. Abroan is in the grand chamber #29, the pool of the priests, undergoing his "transformation."

If the PCs are aggressive, she will call for the aid of the 12 cult fanatics (MR 28) in chambers 16-21. Sinmar has on her person two potions of invisibility (renders target invisible for 10 minutes) and a potion of healing (20 points of healing).

#15. Sinmar's secret chamber

Finding the secret door requires a Level 2 SR vs. IQ or LK to notice that one of the images of a bard on the wall has a thin protrusion for his lyre, with strings. The strings, when plucked, cause the door to open (but also make noise). The strings are new...the old strings rotted away long ago.



This appears to have been some sort of secret chamber the male priests used when the temple was intact, but Sinmar has turned it in to her private lair. There are a dozen venomous snakes (MR 12; Level 1 SR vs. DEX to avoid their initial lunge) that will strike anyone other than her. She has stashed jewelry she has collected from the complex, including three gold necklaces with rubies (500 GP each), 6 gold rings with precious gemstones (50 GP each), a golden goblet (100 GP) and a medium spear that deals 6 dice and is silvered. She has brought in bedding and material from the camp outside to make a somewhat comfortable bed.

#16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21 Priestess Chambers

Each of these chambers was previously looted by the excavators but have since been converted into quarters for a dozen female scorpion claw fanatics (MR 38). They are firmly dedicated to protecting Sinmar and Abroan. Each has sworn to him in the name of the Scorpion's Claw, the ancient assassin's order which once protected the temple when ancient Sur ruled strong. There is a 1-2 on a D6 chance that each chamber has 1D3 cultists sleeping within.

Each priestess has 20 SP and 10 GP as well as a holy amulet to Nagrual worth 50 GP in addition to daggers and garrotes.

#22, 23, 24, 25, 26. The Catacombs

The catacombs are where things get dangerous. Each alcove contains one of the following, and when someone gets within 30 feet of the undead within or enters the chamber, the undead spring to horrible life to destroy them.

1-2: 2D6 Skeletal undead (MR 32)

3-4: 1D3 Mummies of Nagrual (MR 50)

5-6: 4D6 Zombies (MR 22), usually recently killed from the excavators or other recent intruders

#27. The Deep Catacombs

The passages at this point either carry on to the hidden priest chamber at 41, or to the deeper catacombs where the Diadem of Nagrual was found. Past this point the masses of undead clog the halls and become prohibitively difficult to get past. Only someone wearing the Diadem of Nagrual can pass safely.

#28. The Grand Priest Chamber

Here the priests socialized and engaged in business before an immense carving of a crocodile, (a creature found in Galvonar even today). Abroan has placed his personal guards here while he bathes in area 29. This includes 3 crocodile men (MR 85 each) which have also felt the call of the diadem. They will scrutinize and attack anyone who is not obviously a cultist



or Sinmar. It is possible to trick them on a Level 3 SR vs. CHA or IQ, and if the adventurer is wise enough to don a cultist's garb then the saving throw drops to Level 1.

#29. The Bathing Chamber of the Priesthood

Here the male priests bathed and socialized. Abroan is here, with the Diadem of Nagrual, along with four female scorpion claw cultists (MR 38) and his loyal seneschal, Denoram Satulos, youngest son of General Satulos. Abroan is also accompanied at times by Sinmar, but she may also be escorting the PCs to visit him if they convinced her they had no ill intent. Two tigers prowl the perimeter as guards.

Abroan is an ordinary worker (MR 32) in possession of a powerful psychic artifact. The device protects its owner in two ways: it creates a force field effect which can sustain up to 50 points of damage from incoming attacks per day, and also grants magic resistance (As if he has WIZ 100). The second major trait is that it grants him domination over those around him. Anyone within 120 feet of the diadem when willfully controlled by the wearer must make a Level 4 Save vs. IQ or succumb, developing a feverish faith in Nagrual.

The diadem will also immediately summon 2 Spectral Hunters (MR 75) to protect its bearer if anyone moves to attack. It can do this once per week.

#30. The Dome of Secrets

This huge dome contains, at first glance, only ornate and abstract decorations across the high domed chamber and floors. Anyone who resides in the chamber or chooses to meditate must make a Level 3 SR vs. IQ or WIZ or begin to feel the effects of the chamber.

The chamber was once a medium to commune with the enigmatic god Nagrual and was used by the priests to commune with other temples in Sar and beyond. The meditation effect allows one to transmigrate the soul and consciousness to another willing body. In the distant past, the priests kept young acolytes conditioned to be receptacles for thought.

Today, this chamber will transmigrate the consciousness of a meditating person into a random mind of a sentient creature within or near another temple, if the possessor makes a Level 1 Save vs. IQ. On a success, the meditator gains control of the other entity. This is usually an animal of MR 12 or less. Such beings are controlled for 2D6 minutes. This same effect can be made on sentient beings as well, with a minimum save level of 2 or more by power and intellect.

If you enter the chamber with the Diadem of Nagrual, it enhances the effect in a unique way: the transmigration of the mind may move forward or backward in time, seeking a willing receptacle/acolyte. Currently this defaults to the ancient past, where Nagruals acolytes thrived, but an effort to search into the future reveals a chilling distant time when the cult has been revived and an era of dark sacrifice and death to a god once a deity of life, now turned into a deity of darkness and death, rules supreme.



#31. The private chamber of the High Priest

Here is where the ancient high priest resided. Now Abroan is working to fix it up. He has three cultists (MR 18) here working on prepping the chamber and setting up furniture. They do not want to fight and would rather flee.

#32. Stair Chamber

This stair chamber has a steep set of stairs ascending to the priest's chambers, which are nestled in the upper pyramid. 2 Lizard Men (MR 32) stand guard.

#33. The chamber of Ramnos

Ramnos has made this his private chamber. He conceals a coffer with 250 GP and 12 gems worth 100 GP each, along with three potions of healing (each heals 20 CON) and one potion of Strength (grants +10 to STR for 1 hour). His coffer is trapped with a poison needle (Level 3 SR vs. DEX or LK to bypass or detect, 3D6 damage on failed save and SPD drops by half for one hour).

#34. The Throne Chamber

Here the high priest ruled, second only to the ancient Pharaoh of Sar. Ramnos the weretiger (MR 280) spends most of his time here, concocting schemes for how to reveal the temple and grow the flock. He has already sent a hundred or more cultists out into the desert as pilgrims and prophets to spread the word of the tiger god. His throne sits between two tiger idols, each with huge citrine eyes worth 250 GP each. Unless the group approaches with full stealth (Level 3 SR vs. IQ or LK) then he will be waiting in ambush.

Besides Ramnos are the other two tigers of the complex (MR 64 each), his personal guard pets. Ramnos also employs four lizard men (MR 32) to stand as ceremonial guards.

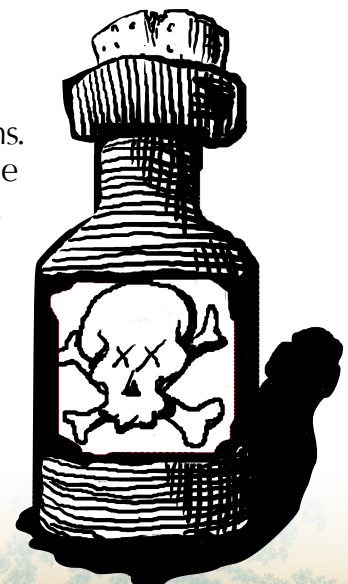
#35, 36, 37, 38, 39. The Priest Chambers

Here the priests had their cooking chambers, pantry and took their meals. The chambers were cleaned out by the excavators, but furniture is being rebuilt and repaired. 8 cultists (MR 18) and 4 lizard men (MR 22) are hard at work here by day, and twice that many are asleep at night.

#40. Bolt Hole

Even the high priest of ancient Sar needed an escape route. This hidden chamber requires a Level 2 SR vs. IQ to find, revealing that if the left tiger in room 34's eyes are pulled and rotated then the door opens. Inside this simple room is a rack with desiccated ancient potions, none of which work and all of which if drunk will have a 50% chance of a chaotic random magic effect. A hatch in the floor opens to a narrow passage heading down into the catacombs, and was where the high priest went in his final days to hide the diadem.

Sample Chaotic Magic Effects (1D6): 1-target grows 20 feet tall; 2-target shrinks to 6 inches; 3-target grows twice as many limbs; 4-target gains the ability to phase through stone; 5-target transforms into



a monster or demikin of another type; 6-target explodes. On items 1-5, roll a D6 to see how long it lasts. On a 1-4 it lasts 2D6 minutes; on a 5 it lasts 2D6 hours; on a 6 it is permanent!

#41. The Catacomb and Final Chamber of the High Priest

Here is where the high priest got before succumbing to poison. His body has returned as a greater mummy (MR 200), driven mad by the loss of the Diadem, which was taken long ago by unknown monsters into the deeper chambers. The greater mummy will attack any who get within 30 feet. The old high priest (Khaset) has (ironically) a rod of resurrection and a golden set of vambraces worth 500 GP. The greater mummy functions like a Mummy of Nagrual, but saves vs. his curse effect are at level 4!

Bestiary:

Faceless Ones

Faceless Ones (MR 44) are brutal humanoid abominations that appear to be constantly sloughing dead skin, with liquid-looking flesh running constantly. They are easy to track, though their shed flesh dissipates after 12 hours. They deal spite damage on a 6 in the form of acidic spittle spraying from their skin as they move, and if they manage to deal direct damage the target needs to make a Level 1 SR vs. LK or risk losing 1D3 CHA due to scarring.

Mummies of Nagrual

Mummies of Nagrual (MR 50) take double damage from fire attacks, and anyone they deal damage to may succumb to a curse (Level 2 SR vs. WIZ or LK to resist). A mummy's curse will increase all saving throws by 1 level for the next 24 hours.

Murder Hooks

Murder Hooks (MR 72) are lean, chitinous black predators that look vaguely insectoid. They are covered in spikes, and anyone who strikes them in melee must make a Level 1 SR vs. DEX or LK to avoid taking 1D3 damage from the spikes. They also deal spite damage from these protrusions on a 6. They do have vulnerable points, though; a Level 2 SR vs. LK may reveal such a spot, and if the adventurer makes the save he may double his own HPT for that round of combat. If he fails he must halve it having been too distracted looking for an opening!

Sand Spiders

These are huge camel spiders (MR 90), larger than horses, which dwell in sandy dens in the desert. A hapless victim who gets too close to a den entrance (Level 2 SR vs. IQ to spot a hidden den) must then make either a Level 2 SR vs. DEX to avoid sliding in, or a level 3 SR vs. DEX to stealthily move past without alerting the spider. Sand Spiders work alone.

Scorpion Claw Cultist

Scorpion Claw Cultists (MR 38) are trained assassins, armed with long daggers (Sax, 2D+5) that have hollowed tips in which poison is inserted. The poison they favor is milked from deadly black scorpions which require a Level 1 SR vs. CON or the target will perish in 1D6 minutes without some magical intervention or an antidote. There is a 1 in 6 chance the cultist has antidote on her person.

Scorpionfolk

The dreaded scorpionfolk (MR 60) have scorpion bodies and torsos, heads and arms of humans. They dwell in small but aggressive clans in the desert wastes. Scorpionfolk can deploy their poisonous tails in combat, and if they deal 2 or more “6” rolls on the HPT as spite damage they can require one target on that round in combat that takes damage to make a Level 3 SR vs. CON or take an additional 3D6 poison damage dealt directly to both STR and DEX. This damage heals at the rate of 1 point on either score per hour. Aside from this trait, they move exceptionally fast, and can travel at the same speed as a galloping horse.

Spectral Hunters

These phantoms (MR 75) are manifested by the presence of the Diadem of Nagrual and are ghosts for all intents and purposes. Magic can harm them but physical (non-magical) weapons cannot. Their touch steals WIZ and ignores armor; any damage dealt comes off of this trait specifically, and when WIZ is drained they go after IQ next until they leave comatose victims in their wake. When a victim reaches 0 IQ and 0 WIZ it decomposes rapidly and returns as a Spectral Hunter in one week.

Succubi

These lower order demons (MR 120-220) are known as Incubi when males, and Succubi as females. They usually have an array of magic, particularly Blasting Power and fly Me, with a WIZ score of 40-60. They are winged and can fly in the open without difficulty (but cannot easily hover underground). Succubi are all capable of charming a target, forcing a Level 4 SR vs. CHA to resist being convinced they are actually a firm ally for one hour rather than a foe.

Weretigers

These beasts (MR 120-300) are terrors of the lycanthropy world, and often dominate the societies they dwell in. They transform at will, or by the seasons of their gods, and are not bound by the moon. Anyone mauled by a weretiger must make a Level 1 SR vs. CON to avoid becoming infected with lycanthropy, turning into a weretiger themselves. Weretiger spite damage (on a 6) does not trigger this effect but can be “death by a thousand cuts.” Weretigers can be quite stealthy, and if they know you are coming they can be hard to spot (Level 3 SR vs. IQ or LK); they will strike with a full ambush if the group does not see them



WARFARE AND FORCE MULTIPLIERS IN TUNNELS TROLLS

By Randy Whitley (AKA ORDER99)

As a long-time player of Tunnels & Trolls, I have been fortunate enough to see new players join up in my local games-and with this influx of newcomers to T&T I've noticed a certain amount of confusion...

Several newcomers have never played an RPG before. These tend to actually have the easiest time with the rules of T&T as once they understand the concept of RPG's in general, they are faced with what is at heart a very simple system.

Some new players come from more recent RPGs-they expect a certain amount of complexity and play balance built into the system, and are more than a little perplexed at a system that seems to have no 'baked-in' modifiers for every encounter or action.

Some new players come from older systems and are used to 'winging it' with GM rulings and ad-hoc modifiers-and in older systems 'game balance' wasn't a given.

All of the above sometimes fall in the trap of "if it isn't in the Rules I can't do it". They then they look at the Combat rules, wherein the GM simply compares all the Combat Totals of the PCs vs the Combat totals of the Enemy, applies damage evenly and PCs subtract Armor Rating if they are ones taking it on the chin and that's it. Needless to say, many players, used to more complex systems, balk at this method. They see a closed-loop system where they, the Players have little strategic input...the very simplicity of the Rules appear to prevent it.



But RPGs happen in the minds of the Players and the GM. **And everything is a Force Multiplier in Battle. Everything.** Just because it isn't written down doesn't mean that it doesn't exist. New Players may know the Rules, but they haven't yet grasped the ramifications nor wrapped their minds around the almost infinite freedom they have both in and out of combat. In fact, Player Input is just as important-and sometimes more than the Rules.

A few examples:

The Saving Roll; this is in my opinion the very heart and soul of T&T. The melee sub-system is also important, but the Saving Roll is a Danger Avoidance check, an Ability check and a Skill check, all in one. Earlier versions of T&T sometimes appear to gloss over the importance of the SR, but they are very, very important to the game.

Are you losing a fight to superior opponents and can't or won't retreat? Start using those SR's to fight dirty! Go for eye gouges, cripple the hamstrings, maneuver around the Big Guy and stab the Enemy Wizard (DX SR). Lead the opponents through rough terrain and chokepoints to lower the enemy's combat effectiveness (IQ SR). Wave some jewelry at the enemy commander and ask for Parley and Truce. Maybe you can cut a deal, or at least set up an ambush (CH SR).

The downsides of Saving Rolls are that you can fail them and be in an even worse spot than when you began. But if you are losing the battle already, you have little else to lose, so Go Big or Go Home! Grab your spear, strap your shield to your boots and shield-surf off that sea cliff and into that (MR 700) Sea Monster's open mouth! (DX SR) Either you Slay that monster, or you die the death of a Mighty Hero, possibly both! Regardless of the outcome, you will be remembered in song and story.

Magic, does your party have a Wizard? If the Wizard is part of your melee then something has gone terribly wrong. Magic is a gigantic Force Multiplier. A Wizard can enchant your weapons for more effectiveness, throw terrible power at the enemy, turn them to stone, turn the party invisible, turn the brilliant enemy commander into a drooling idiot or a confused puppy or a useless bit of statuary. Even a low-Level Wizard can turn the tide of battle as long as their magics hold out, and if they are exhausted then they can reload weapons requiring ammunition, drag bodies out of the way, apply potions and first aid to the wounded, employ a magic item etc. etc. Protect the lightly armed and armored Wizard if you can!



And if low-Level Wizards can turn the tide of battle...picture a conquering Army besieging a castle of desperate, hungry men. It happens that one of those men is a high-Level Wizard, and now the conquerors have to deal with the catapults suddenly burning to ash, invisible cavalry breaking up their units, your generals chasing mice, the dead rising from their graves to attack you, half your army attacking the other half because of illusions. And if you manage to take the castle for all that, you find it empty, its inhabitants teleported to an allied kingdom...

Missiles; through no fault of your own your low-level party encounters a colossal Giant Ape (MR 900). You outrun the creature, just barely (DX SR) and take shelter in a cliffside cave, but the stubborn beast will not leave! Well, time for massed missile fire! You, er, you did bring missile weapons, right?

Missiles are a huge advantage in combat, particularly when the Enemy have none. No two or three or even four men have been able to kill that rampaging man-eating Ogre but let's see what the beast looks like with twenty arrow shafts in him! That Orc sentry at the barricade? Aim that crossbow carefully and take him out quietly, then sneak in. That idiot standing on the ridge waving her staff menacingly? Wheellocks to the shoulder and FIRE!

Does the Enemy have Missiles as well? Then use Cover, strategy, tactics and your Wizard to win the day!

Negotiation and Guile; what if you don't have to fight at all?

"Notice those Trolls guarding all those rare treasures? They don't look happy to be here. Notice those heavy iron chains on their ankles? Notice how all that food is just out of reach? Anybody here speak Troll? Well, the Wizard just loaded Trollspeak into my head for a while, I'm going to drop my weapons, march right in there and shove half of that food within their reach and ask them whether those fetters are enchanted or not. If they don't eat me right away, I'm just going to tell them straight up that we're here to steal those goodies they're



glaring resentfully at, and see if they want freedom and a share of the treasure. If they agree, let's find out when Shift Change is and start breaking some iron!"

"Don't shoot, it's just me, your little Invisible Hobbling pal! Okay, I got to map a third of the complex before those unnatural Moonbeasts got my scent. Bad news, they suspect intruders so we need to leave for a while...but the Good News? I got some *juicy gossip!* The Moon Priests are in an armed truce with those rubbery-gilled freaks that attacked us in the sunken grotto last month. So, when they find those two downed sentries with the slashed throats? They are going to find this coral necklace that I'm dropping on the way out! Now let's head back to camp, start cutting some Moon Runes on our arrow shafts and head back to that grotto...if we weaken both sides with conflict, we can take back the Howling Blade, line our pockets with gems and alert the Reeve that both sides are weak enough for capture. Who knows, we might get to be raiders and heroes for once!"

"Good Evening Sir Dragon...do you have any titles or honorifics you prefer? No Dread Verrodonathir, if I wanted those amazing tall piles of coinage or those beds of rubies or that incredible tapestry behind you (is that a genuine Valacchio? Astonishing!) I would not have come boldly before you unarmed and unarmored..."

"-No Dread One, of course I am not alone. Those outside are pledged not to interfere, only to return to Duke Garrick with either his daughter or news of my failure...yes Dread one, I have come to negotiate for the safe release of Lady Feanna. I notice you have a keen eye for artwork, and the Duke has a few rare samples of genuine Persinne coral statuary, and if you wish to spend more time in contemplation we are willing to tithe a certain amount of cattle or mutton to..."



"-a, a, a... marriage? To Baron Geethel's son? You do know our kingdoms are on the verge of War, this might just...no, wait, I see what you are up to. They'll both be livid of course but if Lady Feanna and Sir Gerard should create a mutual heir soon enough...what, already begun? No, I don't think either one of them will object to the Elopement, not with *you* supporting it! However, I might need to don some armor on the way to the palace, heh heh..."

In summary, **Everything Is A Force Multiplier.** Your abilities on paper, your equipment, strategy and tactics, that bottle of Lord Kelvin's Insanity Sauce you purchased as a prank, and above all your creativity as a Player. Everything.

This also applies, to a lesser degree to Solo modules. If the text of the module does not absolutely forbid it, you should absolutely use the Spells or Magic items you may have on you. Lacking a GM, you can use the Dungeon Level as an SR rating for your feats of derring-do. This isn't to say you can 'take a Third Option' with a SR like you could with an open-ended

FRESH MEAT AT THE DREAD DUNGEON OF GHURL AKK WER

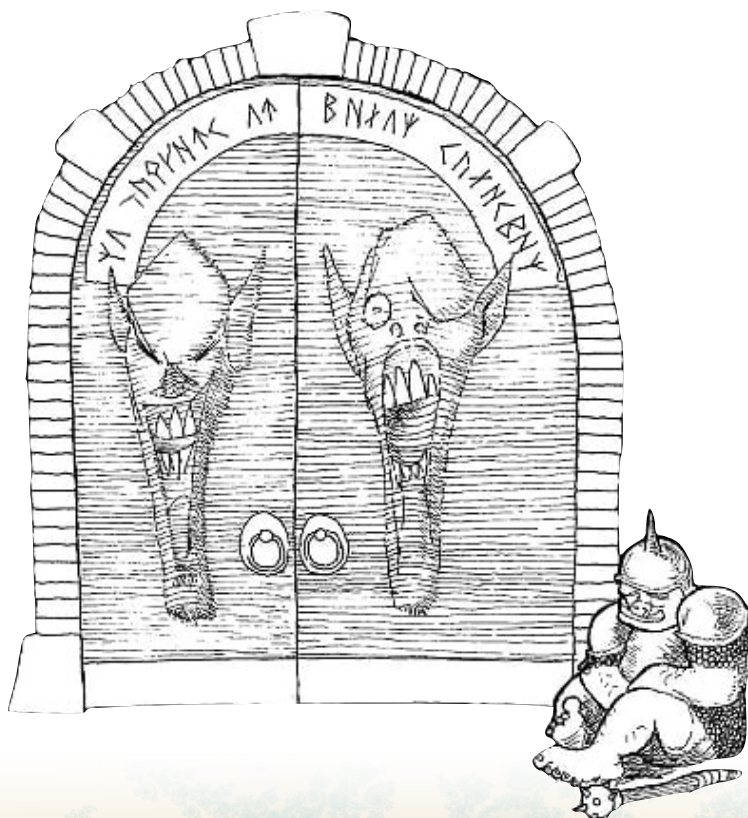
By James Fallows

The Lich Lord Ghurl'akk Wer has sent his grim messengers across the land, calling for fresh recruits to join his loyal legions and defend the Dread Dungeon from marauding hordes of adventurers.

You are a horrible stinky goblin, from Jabbersnatch Gulley. You know that farming cabbages is no life for one in whom the green blood flows, and you dream of rising in the ranks of Ghurl'akk Wer's lieutenants. Perhaps one day commanding a troop of loathsome Shoggox? Armed with a rusty short sword, dressed in a pre-owned leather jerkin, and carrying a letter of introduction from the Grand Cabbage-Wallah Hurvle Tranglewhang himself, you set out to seek your fortune!

This adventure is designed for a low-level goblin warrior. It should be playable with any edition of Tunnels & Trolls that uses the Peters-McAllister Chart, or better still with the wonderful new edition of Monsters! Monsters! now available at your favourite purveyor of adventure games. Standard abbreviations are used throughout, and enemies encountered will usually have an Adventurer Rating given, which by an amazing coincidence acts in exactly the same manner as Monster Rating.

You may well get the opportunity to join forces with various inhabitants of the Dread Dungeon, so be sure to make a note of their MR and make use of their support in combat. If you find yourself encountering the same enemy, ally or reward twice or more in the adventure, assume it is a similar foe, friend or boon. If you discover an infinite loop to exploit, fill your boots. You may then take your Level 40 goblin to your next RPG Convention T&T session and tell the GM that you have my express permission to use the character in competitive play, over-riding any stuttering objections they may have. See where that gets you.



1

You arrive at the forbidding stone gates of the Dread Dungeon of Ghurl'akk Wer. The stone doors stand twenty feet high, a grotesque carven face leers on each, beneath runes spelling out some curse or grim warning. To one side of the doors is a pile of refuse – broken furniture, rotting food remains, and the bones of hapless adventurers. To the other a troll wearing loosely fitted armour sits slumped, a spiked iron mace lying casually to his side. The troll ignores you completely.

Will you stride confidently forth and bang on the stone gates? (*Read 5*) Address the troll and request permission to enter? (*Read 10*) Or take a look through the garbage pile? (*Read 15*)

2

“Oh, forgive me, I did not realise the calibre of goblin we were dealing with,” says the ghoul, “I have a *much better* position for you. Follow me!” She takes you a very short distance down the corridor, where there is a small dark window high up on the wall, and a busted door beneath it. First door in the dungeon: you're sure your dear old Gammy Jigglebones had some little saying about that, but you can't recall it just now. Two goblins bustle out of the doorway bearing a wooden stretcher on which various unidentifiable red lumps and other bits and pieces are loaded. The ghoul carefully lifts a heavy wooden mallet from the mess, sends the goblins scurrying on their way, and presents you with the (bloody) handle. “You'll need this,” she says. “I'm sure someone'll be along soon enough to fix the door, in the meantime you make yourself at home. Look at you! The new Gate Warden of the Dread Dungeon of Ghurl'akk Wer! Now if you'll excuse me, I have to get on with my own humble duties. Oh, just one more thing though –” her voice drops to a chilling, threatening tone – “do not even *consider* abandoning your post.”

As soon as the ghoul leaves, you consider abandoning your post. You are now armed with your mallet of office (*4d6 damage, STR 8 and DEX 5 required*). You could leave the dungeon, perhaps stealing a barrow of who-knows-what-treasures from the garbage pile and cart it back to Jabbersnatch Gulley? (*Read 19*) Or sneak through the dungeon, try a few doors at random, and hope to find a better posting? (*Read 4*) Or perhaps you dismiss such cowardly thoughts, stand guard with the mallet held firmly aloft, awaiting the call of duty? (*Read 56*)

3

There is an impressive amount of dung scattered all over the cavern, and you suppose the best way to start would be to rake it all into one pile. It is not a pleasant task, though your years of cabbage farming have suited you well to the labour and the stink. You then set about raking the straw, starting with a large pile near the hut. You swing the rake – and are rewarded by a blood-curdling howl. Straw scatters, and before you rises a beast with the body of a lion, wings of an eagle, a scorpion's tail, and the very angry (and possibly senile) visage of an old man. Your rake is embedded in the creature's shoulder. Its sting rears high, a drop of green venom glistening on the end. You have disturbed the Manticore!

Will you run for the hut screaming for Fahr? (*Read 47*) Drop to your knees and beg for your life? (*Read 22*) Or beat the beast with your rake, shouting “Shoo!” loudly? (*Read 55*)

4

You sneak through the dungeon, hearing echoing sounds of combat at first near, then far. For a while you are convinced some hulking heroes are on your trail, and you run down one flight of stairs, round a corner, up another flight in a heart-thumping panic. (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 11, 2: Read 63, 3 Read 9, 4: Read 58, 5: Read 52, 6: Read 69*)

5

You bang on the stone door with the pommel of your rusty short sword, making a weak tapping noise that causes the Troll sat beside the gate to smirk, but no other reaction. You wait uncertainly. Was that a sound within?

Will you wait to see if the door is opened? (*Read 20*) Address the troll? (*Read 10*) Hammer on the door again, harder this time? (*Read 16*)

6

You demand that Ghurl'akk Wer recognises your service. How will you seek to be recognised?

By presenting the Lich Lord with at least 4 Combat Trophies AND/OR a cohort of at least 300 MR worth of your monstrous companions? (*Read 50*).

Or by presenting the Lich Lord with no less than 4 assorted items of Random tat you have accrued from the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A? (*Read 60*)

Or if you can do none of these, will you seek recognition by giving Ghurl'akk Wer a rousing rendition of "For He's An Undying Vengeful Death Spirit"? (*Read 70*) Or fall grovelling to the ground? (*Read 54*)

7

You poke among the cobwebs and bones, and to your delight find a sack containing 2d6 x 10 GP, as well as an item rolled on the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A. You also disturb a slightly starved and weakened Giant Spider (*MR 45*). You can fight her, in which case if you survive you may proceed through the Dread Dungeon (*Read 4*). Or tame her if you have some food to offer (she enjoys eating the remains of adventurers, so if you are carrying any as a combat trophy you could give her that), in which case she will join your entourage (*Read 11*).

8

You learn that the troll is called Fahr Lhrgz and does not much care for goblins. Perhaps ill-advisedly, you attempt to impress him by blathering on about how much you admire trollish cuisine and by singing the opening verses of "Oh How I Likes to Crush 'Eads". Before you have reached the refrain (which you had hoped he would join), Fahr prods you in the chest with a finger that feels like a column of rock. "Shut it, noob," he orders with a scowl. You gulp and await a crushing blow from the troll's fist or mace, but it appears this would be too much trouble, and having silenced you, he settles back against the rock face and returns to a half-slumber. You decide it is probably a good idea to sit in silence until The Gate is opened. (*Read 20*)



9

You take refuge in an empty 15' x 15' room while you try to gather your wits and plot your next move. Suddenly, a door on the far side of the room bursts open! (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 45, 2: Read 49, 3: Read 27, 4: Read 37, 5: Read 31, 6: Read 18*)

10

The troll looks up as you cough nervously for attention, and one hand reaches lazily for his enormous weapon. It is difficult not to imagine how one blow from that brutal mace would completely pulverise you. "Er, new recruit here," you stammer, "reporting for duty sir!"

The troll sneers. "Fresh meat, eh? Well, take a seat. Gate don't open for another hour."

It seems you are expected to wait. Will you sit by the troll and attempt to engage him in idle chatter? (*Read 17*) Stand firmly to attention, hand on the pommel of your sword, guarding the portal to your new realm? (*Read 20*) Or, as you have time to spare, take a look through the garbage pile? (*Read 15*)

11

You make your way through dungeons dark and deep. After a while, you find yourself climbing a narrow, spiral stair. (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 14, 2: Read 67, 3: Read 46, 4: Read 4, 5: Read 58, 6: Read: 24*)

12

Fahrr is stunned. "**You** killed the Manticore? You? The Manticore?" and carries on in this vein for a while. Eventually, he manages to become more coherent, but no less unsettled. "Listen mate, that is one major no-no. 'Im, you, me – we're Monsters, right. Monsters don't kill Monsters." You can think of numerous exceptions to this apparent natural law but decide this is not a good time to argue. He is shaking his trollish head, pacing and thinking. "Orl right, look, we can't stay 'ere. An' if they know I was wiv yer and didn't do nuffink, I'll be just as much fer the chop as you will. Right. That's it. We got to up and find some other billet and pretend like wot none of this ever 'appened." Fahrr grabs his spiked mace and other belongings and bustles you to the exit. (*Read 11, and note that you are happily accompanied by a 120 MR troll*).

13

You take the ring. Please note on your character sheet "Cursed Magic Ring". If you already have a Cursed Magic Ring noted on your character sheet, please note "2nd Cursed Magic Ring". Etc. (*Read 35*)

14

You take one turning, then another, scurry down a ramp and along a twisting corridor. You round a bend – and find yourself facing none other than the terrible lich lord Ghurl'akk Wer himself!

Will you prostrate yourself and praise his ineffable Majesty? (*Read 54*) Demand recognition for your loyal service and many hours of unpaid overtime? (*Read 6*) Or spin on your heel and run screaming in the opposite direction? (*Read 38*)

15

The troll ignores you as you root through the stinking garbage. A jawbone here, a broken stool there, a rotten severed hand, sodden mouldy bedsheets, shards of pottery, rusted fragments of armour, and more (make a roll on the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix

A, then return here). The garbage pile is a treasure trove, and you imagine how your reputation would soar if you could somehow bring it all back to Jabbersnatch Gulley. Why, with such riches you would probably win the heart and hand of Ghlthrk Shplurm. Ah, Ghlthrk Shplurm of the coal-black eyes and the lustrous green warty skin! You shake your head – such a dream could surely never become a reality. Then you notice an old wheelbarrow, entirely intact, and wrestle with temptation...

Will you load as much of your new-found wealth onto the wheelbarrow and head back on the road to Jabbersnatch Gulley? (*Read 19*) Or discard such dreams as folly: your duty is here, at the Dread Dungeon of Ghurl'akk Wer (*Read 20*)

16

You strike the stone with all your might, and the pommel of your sword snaps off. The blade clatters to the ground. "Dwarf-carver", carried by your forefathers into battle for generations, is no more. Well, to be accurate "Dwarf-carver" was usually carried *away* from battles and at some speed, in all probability had not spilled a great deal of dwarf blood, or any other blood than that of its owners (you nicked your thumb on it just this morning) – but still, it was an *heirloom*. You are now bereft, and furthermore, you guiltily realise, unfit for duty. The stone door opens. (*Read 20*)

17

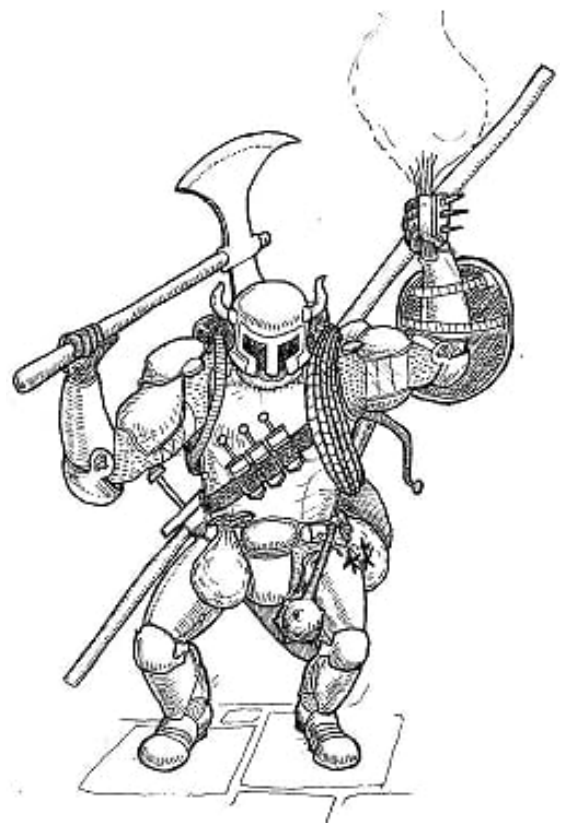
Make an L1 CHA or LUCK Save. If you fail, *read 8*. If you succeed, you learn that the troll (Fahrr Lhrgz, MR 85) is also a new recruit, sent here from The Death Pits of the Shattered Hand. You've heard of The Death Pits, an infamous dungeon of many levels, populated by the most fearsome denizens, its deepest chambers housing hoards of fabulous wealth. And if the legends be true, employees get a Defined Benefit pension scheme and medical insurance. You sound out what Fahrr knows about The Dread Dungeon. He shrugs. "Dunno. Ghurl'akk Wer has a bit of a bad rep in the union. Not very interested in negotiating with the workforce. No surprise really, undead are like that. Now sorcerers and dragons, they know you need to incentivise if you want performance. Liches got a different interpretation of the term "incentivise" though." Fahrr looks you over. "First time on dungeon duty?" he asks. You nod in reply. "Take my advice, get yourself a nice spot deep down, and watch out for –"

Before Fahrr can elaborate further, the stone door opens. (*Read 20*)

18

The door flies open and in bursts a 7' tall adventurer brandishing a flaming torch in one hand, an axe in the other, and bearing a towering haversack loaded with adventuring kit. He then keels over dead. You wait a moment, but no-one else seems to be coming, so you slam the door closed and set about looting the corpse.

You find 2d6 GP and can make 2 rolls on the Random Adventurer Table in Appendix A. You may also remove his head, which is good for one Combat Trophy (please mark as such on your character sheet). Now Read 35.



19

You return to Jabbersnatch Gulley with a wheelbarrow full of dross and dreck. Tears of joy stream down Gammy Jigglebones' prunish face. The Grand Cabbage-Wallah is sceptical in the extreme about your tale of vanquishing hordes of adventurers and being both promoted and granted early retirement by Ghurl'akk Wer. Your fellow townsgoblins, however, are deeply impressed, and Ghlthrk Shplurm's coal black eyes glitter with admiration. Henceforth, you are known as "The General". *Take 200ap for your troubles, and if you have any sense, live happily ever after.*

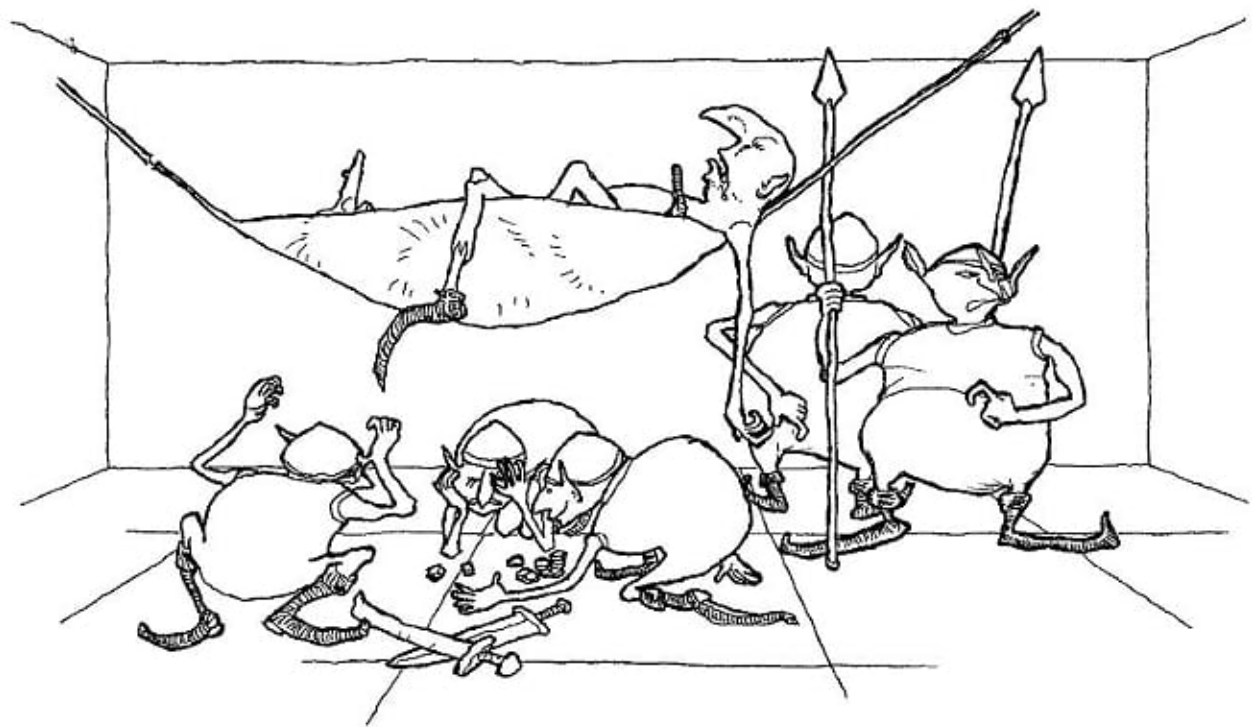
20

The Gate Opens. The stone doors swing slowly and dramatically outwards. Within, a corridor little wider than the doors themselves stretches back into the depths of the mountain. Torches flicker from sconces set at regular intervals in the walls. Standing at the threshold is a haggard she-ghoul, bearing a clipboard and pen, and eyeing you with a withering gaze.

"Name?" she asks. You are about to present your credentials when the troll shoves you to one side (you barely manage to keep on your feet). "Fahrr Lhrgez," he intones, "Skull crusher, first class." "Ah, Mr Lhrgez," she says, her tone brightening considerably, "welcome, welcome! Here we are – Fahrr Lhrgez, level four, Manticore stable. If you just –" "Stables!" Fahrr yells, outraged, "Seven years a skull crusher, I got seniority. I ain't mucking out no stables!" The ghoulish tuts and shakes her head, uncowed by the troll's outburst. "I'm terribly sorry, Mr Lhrgez, but that's the best position we have available. Now this specimen here" and she gestures in your direction "well, the best I have for goblins is Level One, what we call the "Fodder Rooms", and I'm sure you'll be happier down in Level Four, stables or not."

"Fodder Rooms" does not sound at all promising. You had better think fast.

Will you accept your posting with resignation: a goblin does not live long by questioning orders? (*Read 30*) Attempt to strike a deal with Fahrr Lhrgez? (*Read 25*) Or wave your credentials angrily and insist upon preferential treatment? (*Read 2*)



21

Your new home is a 15' x 15' chamber with six other goblins. There is one other door opposite the one you entered by, firmly closed and bolted from this side. Furnishings are sparse – a low rickety table, three stools (all occupied, by the larger and fatter of the goblins), a pile of dirty straw off to one side which appears to be all the bedding provided. The goblins are a sorry bunch – armed with an assortment of rusty swords and spears and dressed in tattered leather jerkins. You quickly assess their collective MR at 80. The three sat on the stools are drinking grog from clay mugs and eyeing you with disdain. The other three shuffle about, staring at the ground.

Will you introduce yourself to your new roommates with a hearty “Hail and well met”?

(Read 44) Or walk up to the biggest of the goblins, dash his mug from his hand and bite him on the nose? *(Read 28)*

22

You fall to the ground, snivelling and begging for your pitiful life. *Make a Grovel Check: Roll 3d6 (DARO), if you roll equal or greater than your combined STR and CHA, you succeed (read 33).* If you fail, your pathetic entreaties have no effect, and the Manticore strikes you with his poisonous sting, then hungrily devours you. Your spirit may find some consolation in the fact that digesting your remains gives the beast a painful episode of heartburn.

23

The other goblins give you a sound beating. One snatches your letter of introduction and reads it out to the others in a mocking tone of voice. They all laugh, and sneer at you for being a cabbage-farming noob. *Take 2d6 damage. If you survive, you are at least toughened up by the thrashing – Gain +1 to your CON and STR attributes but suffer -2 to your CHA for the loss of stature and the marring of your prior good looks.* All the most menial tasks are now your responsibility, and you find life in the Dread Dungeon to be a desperate and miserable form of existence. You are taking a barrow-load of trash to the garbage heap outside the Dungeon entrance one day when it occurs to you that you could just load the barrow up with the best pickings from the heap and scarp back to Jabbersnatch Gulley. Will you abandon your post in the Dread Dungeon and flee? *(Read 19)* Or did you never expect Dungeon Life to be easy, and are prepared to persevere and become the goblin your dear old Gammy Jigglebones believes you can be? *(Read 40)*

24

The corridor passes over a churning underground stream, which races to dark and unguessed depths. There is a rickety rope bridge. Will you cross the bridge? *(Read 36)* Or head back and try to retrace your steps? *(Read 4)*

25

(Make a L3 LUCK or CHA Save. If you fail Read 2, if you succeed, read on.) “Hey Fahrr, old comrade,” you say, with as much cheer and confidence as you can falsely muster, “don’t fret about the posting. Your faithful, muck-shovelling friend will stand by you.” Fahrr looks blank and the she-ghoul frowns. “Me,” you explain, “I’ll muck out the stables. You can just, you know, crush any skulls that need crushing. ““No no no no no,” the goblin shakes her head, “that will never do. Can’t have a goblin down on Level Four. Ha! This is The Dread Dungeon. We have a reputation to think of.” Fahrr strokes his chin. “Hold on nah, this one’s me ‘prentice. Don’t get to skull crushin’ wivout goin’ through muck-shovellin’ first. Gots to ‘ave me ‘prentice, wottever the level.” Fahrr folds his arms. The she-ghoul rolls her eyes. “Very well,” she says, “Skull crusher first grade and apprentice, grade negligible. Level Four, both of you. Follow me.”

The ghoul leads you on an interminable hike into the bowels of the dungeon. You pass through tall, vaulted chambers, down long echoing corridors, over a stone bridge crossing a molten river of flame, descend twisting stairways, edging past yawning black pits. The dungeon echoes with the roar of unguessed beasts, the grinding of gears and the rattle of chain pulleys, mournful cries and screams of terror. You struggle to keep up with Fahrr and the ghoul, and it occurs to you that if you were to slip off unnoticed you might find a quiet little abandoned corner to make a lair of your own, free of responsibility, and subject to nobody's orders but your own. Will you seize the opportunity to follow this dream? (*Read 11*) Or do you think it safer to stick with the troll? (*Read 48*)

26

(*Make a L2 CHR Save*) If you fail, your attempts to assert yourself are woefully inadequate, and as a mass your fellow goblins turn on you. (*Read 23*)

If you succeed, though the goblins seethe with resentment and probably have a cruelly apt nickname for you that they whisper when you are safely out of earshot, your methods are nonetheless effective, and slowly transform the goblins from a dismal rabble to an effective cadre.

(*As a group, your goblins now have an effective MR of 120, and you gain 50ap, +2 STR and +2 LUCK. If you need it, you can replace lost or broken weaponry.*) Elsewhere in the dungeon work continues resetting traps and restocking the various beasties and minions, ready for the next criminal assault by hated adventurers. (*Read 40*)

27

The door flies open, and into the room burst two loathsome, bow-twanging elves, and a hobbit burglar armed with a stick!

The adventurers have Adventurer Rating of 100. Owing to the sharp eyes and swift arrows of the elves there will be no opportunity to escape and you must fight to the death!

If you defeat the revolting adventurers, you loot their stinking corpses and find 2d6 GP, a plain gold ring that is definitely cursed (*if you wish to take it anyway, read 13*) and sufficient spring water and cucumber sandwiches to keep on hand to torture any future prisoners with. You have also earned one Combat Trophy (*please note on your character sheet*), and can roll twice on the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A. (*Then read 35*)

28

You stride over to where the largest goblin is sat (noting that he is a vicious-looking individual) and dash his mug from his hand. It crashes to the floor; he splutters in outraged surprise and the other goblins gasp. You then leap on him, biting his prodigious nose.

Make a L2 STR Save, or fight MR 15. Should you succeed at the test or reduce him to 5 MR or less, you may lord it over your fellow goblins (*Read 34*). If, however you fail the save, or are otherwise concerned about the beating you are taking, you may beg for mercy (*Read 23*). If you are slain, well, better luck next time. Perhaps you should reincarnate as a Shoggox.



29

Make a L1 CHR Save. If you fail, your fellow goblins are initially full of comradely delight, toasting your wise and benign leadership. However, they consider you weak and ineffectual, and within a very short time turn on you. (*Read 23*)

If you succeed, you prove yourself to be a popular and charismatic leader. Life in your corner of the Dread Dungeon takes on a hitherto unfamiliar air of merriment and joy. Blogspott, the smallest of the goblins, delights one and all with his funny songs and impersonations of the dungeon hierarchy. The Yoblin brothers find a few bags of barely mouldy flour in a nearby chamber, and some barrels of booze, and for a week you feast on donuts and cider. Life is good. Unfortunately, the lack of discipline is reflected by a reduction of the goblins' collective MR to 65. For yourself, however, the unfamiliar relaxation and even more novel comradeship result in an increase of your self-worth and esteem, allowing you to be the goblin you had never thought you could be (*Gain +2 STR, +2 CON, +1 LUCK*). The weeks pass by... (**Make a L2 LUCK Save.** *If successful, Read 40. If unsuccessful, Read 32*).

30

Come to think of it, goblins don't live long by obeying orders either. Fahrr heads off down to the Level Four Manticore Stables, muttering darkly about grievance procedures and strike ballots, while you are taken on a hurried tour through a series of interconnected corridors with a large number of very flimsy wooden doors leading into drearily similar 15' x 15' chambers. Many of the doors hang from their hinges, the chambers beyond containing nothing but broken furniture, the again-corpses of former zombies and (shock!) the now-corpses of unfortunate goblins. A few bandaged and weary remnants of your kinsfolk are mopping the floors and scraping up the leftovers of their comrades in arms. "Here we are!" declares the she-ghoul brightly, "room 17b. Ha, says here it's "The Carrion Crawler Suite". Had trademark issues with that, switched back to goblins. Can't go wrong with goblins, can you? Anyway, in you go, make yourself at home. Don't get too comfortable though! Lots of adventurers this time of year."

She ushers you into another of the 15' x 15' chambers, in which a half dozen of your fellow goblins are crowded. They do not appear to be pleased at your arrival.

Will you make a final appeal to the ghoul for a better posting? (*Read 2*) Or make the most of your new situation? (*Read 21*)

31

The door flies open, and in burst two terrified goblins who beg to join your crew. It only makes sense to bolster your numbers with their collective 20 MR, before returning to 40 and rolling again.

32

You are sleeping off a particularly memorable evening of cider and slam-poetry when there is a loud banging at the door. You throw a boot at Blogspott, who ambles sleepily over to the door and opens it. A troll in impressively well-polished armour stands on the other side. You barely recognise him as Fahrr Lhrgez, your fellow new recruit, now promoted and wearing a severe frown as he takes in the disorderly array of snoring and farting goblins, impatiently patting a spiked mace into his mailed fist.

"Oo's in charge 'ere?" he bellows.

Will you cheerfully call out and invite your old comrade to join you for a hair-of-the-dog? (*Read 39*), Or point to Blogspott and say, "He is"? (*Read 23*)

33

The Manticore is amused by your grovelling. He spares your life but warns that the stay of execution is only temporary, and you are to consider yourself on double secret final probation. He then supervises while you work yourself to exhaustion raking the straw, disposing of the bones and other remains (tipped into the underground stream and washed away), before giving you the final privileged task of cleaning his feathers and waxing his tail. The only sign of Fahrr is loud snoring from the hut. The Manticore is fussy over how you clean his feathers, but finds the tail waxing soothing, and gradually drifts off to sleep. Possibilities swim within your goblinish noggin.

Will you stab the Manticore's own sting down on his foolish old head? (*Read 62*) Tiptoe over to the hut and get yourself some well-earned rest? (*Read 69*) Or have you had enough of this Fourth Level drudgery, and decided it is time to seek your fortunes elsewhere? (*Read 51*)

34

You have asserted yourself as Alpha Goblin. The other goblins, terrified at the prospect of suffering your wrath or spite, are keen to placate you with fulsome praise, tankards of watery grog, and the best of their collective loot (some chicken bones artfully bound together in the shape of a crown, at least 7 tarnished silver coins, a brass doorknob, and a cherished item rolled up on the *Random Adventurer Junk* Table in Appendix A).

With the spoils of victory, comes the burden of leadership. You must decide how you will use your vaunted position. Will you seek to instil discipline and fortitude in this snivelling bunch, instituting a rigorous routine of drills, physical exercise, and patrol? (*Read 26*) Or will you be a popular leader, increasing the daily grog allowance and doubling rations, encourage free-thinking and speaking, and spending time in idle pursuits such as dice games, drawing pictures of lady goblins, and singing songs about how stupid dwarves are? (*Read 29*)

35

You now have an opportunity to lick your wounds and recuperate (*Read 43*). Perhaps you would prefer to look for the first opportunity to grab whatever belongings and treasure you have been able to accumulate and head back to dear old Jabbersnatch Gulley? (*Read 19*). Or maybe you believe your endeavours deserve reward and recognition, and you would like to demand such from the Lich Lord himself, Ghurl'akk Wer? (*Read 6*)

36

The rope bridge sways and creaks alarmingly, but undeterred you press on. At the halfway point the ropes snap – you try to grab a piece of the rope and swing to the far side... *Make a L2 DEX Save, followed by a L2 CON Save – or alternatively make a single L3 LUCK Save.* If you succeed, you swing to the other side, crash against the rock, and scramble up to the corridor (*Read 4*). If you fail, you plummet into the icy waters (*Read 41*).

37

You stand quaking with weapons drawn. You hear yelling, the clash of arms, and footsteps charging this way and that, but eventually the sounds of mayhem fade and you breathe a sigh of relief. It seems fortune has decreed you will live another day. (*Read 35*)



38

You run screaming through the corridors of the Dread Dungeon. (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 58, 2: Read 4, 3: Read 11, 4: Read 46, 5: Read 61, 6: Read 14*)

39

Make a L2 CHA Save. If you fail, Fahrr is unimpressed, gives you a contemptuous dressing down that puts you on the verge of tears, then leaves you to the scorn of your comrades (*Read 23*). If you pass, read on: "To be honest, I could do wiv a pick-me-up," says the troll. He checks up and down the corridor behind him, then steps into your chamber, closing the door carefully behind him. "Wot've yer got ter drink?"

You pour out two tankards of your best grog, and Fahrr sits himself on a stool (breaking it) then slumps against the wall, taking a long slug of his drink and belching in satisfaction. The other goblins are very intimidated by his presence, but Fahrr seems to have a soft spot for you, so you are soon chatting away like old comrades. Fahrr complains about work conditions down on the fourth level, in particular the petulant behaviour of the Manticore. He has been thinking about submitting a grievance to the union rep.

You are in the middle of telling Fahrr a funny story about how Krerd got his head stuck in the latrine, when your conversation is interrupted by the loud clanging of a bell. The alarm! Adventurers are in the dungeon! Fahrr guiltily puts down his mug and picks up his mace, and your goblin rabble scramble for their weapons and armour. There is the distant sound of shouting, and some kind of fizzing explosion.

"All right you lot," orders Fahrr, lets see what you're made of!" You huddle together. Footsteps, shouting, and the clash of metal approach. (*Read 45, making note of the fact that the MR 120 troll is now part of your crew*)

40

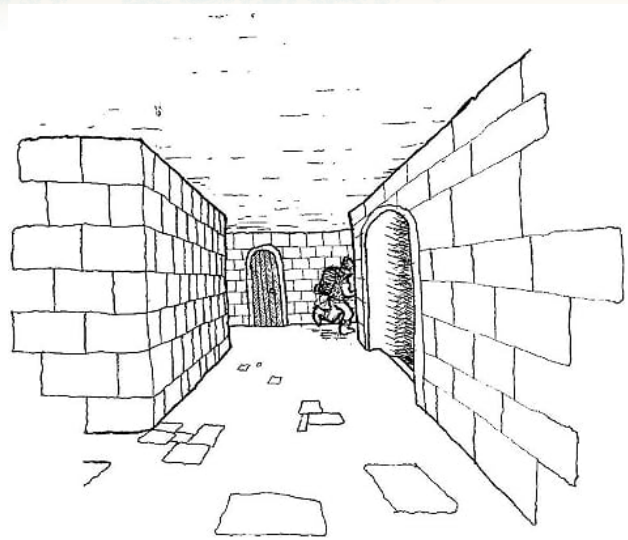
The daily routine is interrupted by the clanging of a bell, echoing through the dungeon. Adventurers! Will you draw your weapon and prepare to defend the dungeon with your life? (*If so, roll 1d6. 1: Read 45, 2: Read 49, 3: Read 27, 4: Read 37, 5: Read 31, 6: Read 18*)

Or, if you prefer not to face such terrors, you instead abandon your post and run screaming down a corridor... (*Read 38*)

41

You plunge into the fast-moving underground stream and are carried away by its churning torrents. Being familiar with the special power of goblins to stay under water for very long periods of time as delineated on p.27 of the 2nd Edition **Monsters! Monsters!** ruleset, your situation is less dire than may initially appear. Still, although you are in your natural element, you have no idea to what depths this stream leads, and you are already deep in the dungeon...

There is barely time for these thoughts to torment you before the stream suddenly launches you into a vast underground chamber. The stream plummets through the open air of the cavern, bringing you splashing down into a great dark lake. You catch a glimpse as you fall of



a distant shore, forests of mushrooms, and the clustered lights of scattered settlements. Again, the cavern is *vast*. You paddle over to the shore, your ears ringing, and your body aching. You are alive, and perhaps you are free? You are cold and hungry, and your belongings are all soaked through. But you are alive, which is considered battling above average in the ranks of goblinhood. Perhaps you will find better fortunes down here, in the deep underworld? Gain 500ap for your tribulations and await publication of the exciting sequel *Stranger in the Endless Caverns of Underworld*, due circa Spring 2032.

42

The zombies are compelled by your firm authoritative approach, and meekly fall in line behind you. Your chest swells with pride at your achievement; gain 100ap. Their collective 100 MR may come in handy, though the smell is a bit much even for you. (Roll 1d6. 1: Read 58, 2: Read 46, 3: Read 24, 4: Read:11, 5: Read 67, 6: Read 14)

43

As the days pass by, you have the opportunity to recover from any wounds, and life continues in the now familiar routine appropriate to your current station.

(Roll 1d6. 1: Read 65, 2-4: Read 40, 5- 6: Read 57)

44

You attempt to ingratiate yourself with your fellow goblins. *Make an L3 CHA Save*. If you fail, read 23. If you succeed, read 68.

45

The door flies open, and into the room burst 3 loathsome, axe-swinging dwarves, behind whom a mad-eyed mage in red robes and a tall pointed hat waves his arms in mystic gestures!

The adventurers have an Adventurer Rating of 180. Furthermore, if at any time their combat roll consists of four or more 6's or four or more 1's, the wizard is able to fire off a spell. Four or more 6s mean the wizard casts Sleepy Time – you must make a L2 CON Save – if you fail, you succumb to sleep, if you succeed you remain awake, but must make a L2 LUCK Save to see if half (should you fail) or none (if you succeed) of your crew also fall asleep (halving their MR after the round is resolved). Four or more 1's means the wizard casts Bolstering Barnacles, and the adventurers' AR is increased by 20 (after the round is resolved). And yes, four or more of both 6's and 1's means that the wizard casts both spells.

After surviving any round of combat you may if you choose flee screaming from the room (Read 38). Otherwise, fight to the death! If you defeat the revolting adventurers,



you loot their stinking corpses and find 6d6 GP, can take the dwarven battle axes if you can use them (*5d6, STR 15, DEX 8 required – if you arm the strongest members of your crew with the axes, they gain +60 MR*), 2 items from the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A, and sufficient cured ham and ale for a celebratory feast. You have also earned two Combat Trophies. (*Read 35*)

46

You are joined by a friendly Man Bat (MR 75) who isn't much for conversation, but any company is better than none in the Dread Dungeon of Ghurl'akk Wer. Will you make yourselves a lair in a convenient abandoned torture chamber? (*Read 35*) Or will you press on wandering the depths? (*Read 4*)

47

Make a L2 Luck Save If you succeed, read 66. If you fail, you are struck by a tremendous, piercing agony in the centre of your shoulder blades. What did your Gammy Jigglebones tell you? "Never turn your back on an enraged Manticore"? Or maybe it was "Never turtle back on an enlarged madrigal"? She really didn't make much sense most of the time. Alas, you will never set eyes on her wrinkled, prunish face again, nor hear her garbled wisdom, for Doom has found you in the depths of the Dread Dungeon of Ghurl'akk Wer, and your misadventures end here!

48

The Manticore Stable is a cavernous chamber, with a homely wooden hut built near its entrance, and mounds of rotten straw, dung and bones littering the rest of the cave. Conspicuous by its absence is the Manticore itself. Fahr heads straight over to the hut. "Right, I'm getting some kip. You get this place sorted, it's a bloody disgrace. You look about. There are some shovels, rakes and an old wheelbarrow. An underground stream crosses the far end of the cavern – arriving from who knows where before dropping into deeper, darker depths.

Will you set about your chores in the cavern? (*Read 3*) Or have you had enough of this place? (*Read 51*)

49

The door flies open, and into the room burst four barbarians in kilts, swinging claymores and singing the Highland Deathsong!

*The barbarians have a collective Adventurer Rating of 320. Fortunately, though deadly in combat, they are neither bright nor particularly agile. Prior to each round of combat, you may make a L2 DEX or L3 LUCK Save for yourself and (if you have a goblin crew) any nominated goblins to dodge their blades and trip one of the lumbering maniacs to the ground. If successful, you (and any participating goblins) play no part in that round of combat (and can take no damage from the barbarians this round), and manage to do-in one of the barbarians (reduce effective AR by 80) **before** their combat roll. Should you fail however you still play no part in the combat round but must take your lumps with the rest of your crew. After surviving any round of combat, you may if you choose flee screaming from the room (*Read 38*). Otherwise, fight to the death!*

If you defeat the revolting adventurers, you loot their stinking corpses and find 12d6 GP, claymores (*7d6, STR 25, DEX 21 required – your crew can barely lift them, let alone use them, although if you happen to have a troll or ogre it will give them a +40 MR boost*), two items from the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A, and sufficient shortbread and whisky for a celebratory feast. You have also earned two Combat Trophies. (*Read 35*)

50

Ghurl'akk Wer is impressed by your mighty accomplishments. Well, not really, but he doesn't drain you of every last ounce of your life and leave you nothing but a dry and hollow husk, which is always a bonus. Instead, he smiles vaguely (a truly horrible spectacle: the vague smile of a Lich Lord), mumbles something incoherent along the lines of "Nettle turnip patch and runcible," waves regally and departs. You don't even get a medal. You earn 250ap for learning how upper management undervalues your achievements, but that is small consolation.

Will you renounce the sham of thankless labour for an undying vengeful death spirit, load up a wheelbarrow with two rolls on the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A and head back to Jabbersnatch Gulley? (*Read 19*) Or, baffled that you have failed to meet your master's approval, will you wander the dungeon depths aimlessly? (*Read 11*) Or are you undeterred by this disappointment, and, determined to be the best goblin you can be, will you return to your post and report for duty? (*Read 56*)

51

Very well. Will you try to retrace your steps through the dungeon back to the higher levels? (*Read 11*) Or leap into the fast-moving underground stream and see where its churning currents take you? (*Read 41*)

52

You turn a corner, and crash into a panting dwarf who was running in the opposite direction. You can turn around and run off into the dungeon screaming "Dwarf!" (*Read 38*) Or draw your weapon and attack! The dwarf has an Adventurer Rating of 25. If you defeat him, you may take his bearded head as a Combat Trophy, and loot his body for 2d6 GP and a single roll on the *Random Adventurer Junk* table in Appendix A. Then you may proceed on your merry way (*Read 11*).

53

You leap onto the largest zombie and bite his nose. It is a bold tactic, inspired by your Gammy Jigglebones' fondly-remembered wisdom. Unfortunately, the advice may have been better suited to dealing with creatures other than the mindless undead. **Make a L2 LUCK or DEX Save.** If you fail, the zombies fall on you en-masse, rip you asunder, and devour you noisily. If you succeed you manage to escape their clutches, and run screaming down the corridor (*Read 38*)

54

You grovel and praise the Lich Lord Ghurl'akk Wer. **Make a Grovel test. Roll 3d6 (DARO) – if the result is equal to or greater than your combined STR and CHA, you succeed, and your master spares you, sending you scurrying back to your post (Read 43).** If you roll less than your combined STR and CHA, Ghurl'akk Wer is unimpressed by your snivelling display, and blasts you with a lightning bolt for 4d6 damage. Should you by any chance survive, gain 500ap and retire with a permanent ringing in the ears and industrial injury benefit (**50 GP per month for life**).

55

You beat the MR 250 Manticore with a rake. This is a bold move, and in fact startles the Manticore, which cowers and weeps at your vigorous admonishments. With the Manticore cowed, you find life on the Fourth Level to be quite acceptable. Fahr, when he eventually awakens, is quietly impressed by your mastery of the beast, and the two of you make a

comfortable home in the hut, with the now obedient Manticore causing you few problems, and apologising profusely whenever his dung requires raking. *Gain +1 INT, +2 LUCK, and 250ap. (Read 35)*

56

My, you are made of stern stuff. Backbone of the dungeon. Lose -1 INT and -1 LUCK, but gain +5 CON. You stay loyally at the post, ready to sound the alarm at the first incursion! It isn't too long before you are put to the test... (Roll 1d6. 1: Read 45, 2: Read 49, 3: Read 27, 4: Read 37, 5: Read 31, 6: Read 18.)

57

New recruits! You are joined at your post by one of the following (Roll 1d6):

- 1) 1d6 Goblinlings (*MR 10 each*)
- 2) An Ogre (*MR 60*)
- 3) A battle-scarred Troll (*MR 100*)
- 4) A Jelloid Beast (MR 0 but acts as a 60 hit sponge for damage, and regenerates if survives)
- 5) A Cantankerous Gloom Hag (*MR 120 – but will attack you rather than join you if you fail either a L2 CHA Save or an L3 LUCK Save*)
- 6) A sentient cloud of Dungeon Hornets (*No MR, but inflict an automatic d6 of stinging damage each round to enemies, and produce a slightly sour but edible honey*)

(Then roll 1d6. 1-3: Read 43, 4-6 Read: 40)

58

You hear a click, and suddenly find yourself falling as a trapdoor opens beneath you. *Make a L2 DEX Save.* If you succeed, you manage to grab onto the edge of the pit and haul yourself out (*Read 11*). If you fail, you plummet sixty feet and land on spikes. *Make a L3 LUCK Save.* If you succeed, by fortune (yours, not theirs) an entire party of adventurers preceded you and cushion the blow. Take 3d6 damage for the fall. If you fail the Luck test, there are no adventurers. Take 6d6 damage for the fall, and 6d6 damage for the spikes. Should you survive either outcome, gain +5 Luck and the title "Pitfaller Extraordinaire". Make 3 rolls on the *Random Adventurer Junk* table (Appendix A). If you find either at least 60' worth of rope & grapnel or climbing pitons you can manage to get out of the pit before the next bunch of unfortunates to be deposited here (*Read 11*). Still here? Look, I'm afraid there comes a time in every goblin's life when you just need to make the best of the situation. It's warm and relatively dry down here, and you haven't run out of food and had to start eating your own foot (yet).

59

The door bursts open and the Manticore stands roaring in the frame! You yell at Fahrr to waken the sleeping troll, and he reluctantly joins you in fighting the raging beast. *The Manticore has an MR of 250, Fahrr has MR 120. However, any time the Manticore rolls three or more 1's he attempts to strike you with his poisonous sting. You may dodge the sting by making either an L2 DEX or an L2 LUCK Save. If you succeed, the manticore will inflict no damage at all in that round of combat (even if he beats your side's total) and will suffer full damage from Fahrr's roll; if you fail however you are struck by the sting which is instantly fatal! If at any time you wish to escape at the end of a round of combat, Read 38.*

If you defeat the Manticore, will you and Fahrr settle down for an idle, carefree life in the dungeon depths? (*Read 43*) Or, fearing that you may be called to account for the demise of one of Ghurl'akk Wer's favourite pets, will you take the first opportunity to abandon your post? (*Read 51*)

60

You present Ghurl'akk Wer – undying, vengeful spirit, scourge and master of these dark realms – with some random tat you have accrued during your time in his employ. The Lich Lord's eyes widen, and he takes the items you have offered, staring at them either in shock or wonder. “Nibble tern and tramp under marble floor,” he mutters unintelligibly. When Ghurl'akk Wer reaches into the pockets of his loose-fitting robe, you start to slowly back off, but rather than a death wand he pulls out a bony fist full of rubies, casually tossing them to you and any companions (*You manage to grab 2d6 precious stones, each worth 50 GP*). With that, he wanders off, giggling in a frankly unsettling manner.

Is it time to leave the employ of a capricious and unstable undying vengeful death spirit, load up a wheelbarrow with a good three rolls on the *Random Adventurer Junk Table* in Appendix A and head back to Jabbersnatch Gulley? (*Read 19*) Or are you encouraged by your good fortune, and, determined to be the best goblin you can be, will you return to your post and report for duty? (*Read 56*)

61

You wander lonely as a clout, and see a nice shiny sword sticking out of a skeleton propped up by the wall. Bonus! You take the sword and admire the blade, which bears the inscription “Booya”. (*Booya is a 6d6 magical short sword, that requires a mere STR 5 DEX 5 to wield and is thus well suited to goblin folk. It glows green in the presence of bureaucracy, emits an ethereal, funky rhythm in the presence of trolls, and is one-of-a-kind. If you already found Booya earlier, you must have lost it. Please take better care this time. Now proceed with a jaunty whistle to Read 4*)

62

With a sudden burst of manic fury, you drive the Manticore's poisonous sting deep into the creature's own skull! The creature thrashes about, froth bubbles and sprays from its mouth, its wings and legs jerk, its eyes stare madly – then it keels over dead. Holy Jawbone, you just killed a Manticore! *Gain 250ap*. So, now that you have murdered Ghurl'akk Wer's favourite pet (and in a particularly gruesome manner, what is your next move? Leap into the underground stream and see where its waters carry you? (*Read 41*) Flee through the tunnels and chambers? (*Read 11*) Or will you go and sheepishly 'fess up to Fahrr and see if he will help you to come up with some kind of cover story? (*Read 12*)

63

You encounter a band of zombies, who are mindlessly wandering the corridors. They shamble towards you, uttering low, raspy moans. Will you turn and run screaming down the corridor? (*Read 38*) Leap onto the largest zombie and bite his nose? (*Read 53*) Or issue a stern rebuke and order the zombies to follow you to their new posting? (*Read 42*)

64

A party of gremlins in boiler suits arrive from the works department, to install a new trap in your chamber. You are pleased to learn that there will be no cost to you; this is a long-overdue upgrade for your chambers. They offer a choice of one of the following: Descending ceiling (*This will activate upon opening and crush any intruders within 2 combat rounds. Unfortunately, it will also crush all occupants of the room, yourself included, but at least*

you will have the satisfaction of knowing that You Done Your Bit), Wall spikes (*Will fire at any intruders on entry and cause 6d6 damage before they can even think about attacking you. The gremlins assure you it is reasonably unlikely to go off unexpectedly while you are having breakfast*), Poison Darts (*Similar to the spikes, but the darts will inflict increasing damage as the poison takes effect – 1d6 damage in the first round, 2d6 damage in the second, 3d6 in the third, 4d6 in the fourth, etc*), Knockout Gas (*Highly effective, this will put you and the intruders into an immediate coma, with an even chance that you recover before the intruder, and can then cut their throat. Likewise, they may wake up first, but 50/50 could be the best combat odds a goblin is going to expect to get*).

Choose which trap you want installed and make a note of its effect to apply the next time you find yourself under attack (or indeed when any close friends or colleagues call to visit). (*Read 35*)

65

You are picking some interesting detritus from one ear, when you gradually notice a strange, electric humming in the air. Curious. The door opens, and you behold none other than the terrible Lich Lord Ghurl'akk Wer himself!

Will you prostrate yourself and praise his ineffable majesty? (*Read 54*) Demand recognition for your loyal service and many hours of unpaid overtime? (*Read 6*) Or dart between his legs and run screaming through the corridors? (*Read 38*)

66

You dive into the hut and slam the door behind you, drawing a heavy bolt to lock it closed. Fahrr is fast asleep on a broken-down old feather bed. The manticore howls outside in rage. Fahrr wakes briefly and eyes you sleepily. "Never turtle back a mandible," he mutters, then goes back to sleep. The Manticore prowls up and down outside, and you quake in fear, but eventually things go quiet outside the hut, and the 120 MR troll's gentle snoring gradually lulls you to sleep.

A sudden noise wakens you and you leap to your feet! (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 45, 2: Read 64, 3: Read 27, 4: Read 37, 5: Read 59, 6: Read 18*)

67

You pass through great halls and echoing galleries. Your feet are sore, and you are tiring of dungeons. In one dank forgotten chamber you see a glint of gold among cobweb-covered bones. Will you investigate? (*Read 7*) Or press wearily on? (*Read 4*)

68

Your cheerful, positive attitude causes the other goblins to brighten, and you quickly win over your new comrades. Life in the Dread Dungeon settles into a very amenable routine – dice games, grog-drinking, afternoon naps, and singing songs about how stupid dwarves are. **Gain +2 CHA and +1 LUCK** for the character-building affirmation of your bright and out-going personality. Everything is going very well indeed, and you are untroubled by any doubts whatsoever of what the future may bring. (*Read 40*)

69

You sneak into the hut, where Fahrr (*good old Fahrr and his 120 MR*) is already fast asleep (as though he had been mucking out a Manticore stable all day) on the only bed. You find yourself a corner and drop to the ground, utterly exhausted. You are soon fast asleep.

A sudden noise wakens you and you leap to your feet! (*Roll 1d6. 1: Read 45, 2: Read 64, 3: Read 27, 4: Read 37, 5: Read 59, 6: Read 18*)

You take a deep breath, and launch into song:

*“For He’s An Undying Vengeful Death Spirit
For He’s An Undying Vengeful Death Spirit
For He’s An Undying Vengeful Death Spirit
Which Nobody Can Deny...”*

Ghurl’akk Wer, for the first time in a very long time is completely lost for words (not even so much as a hiss). In fact, he is so befuddled by your performance that he very nearly forgets to drain you of every ounce of life and leave you nothing more than a hollow husk, which is really quite remarkable. Nearly. Ghurl’akk Wer drains you of every ounce of life and leaves you no more than a hollow husk. Oh well, it was worth a try. Ghurl’akk Wer, though indeed an undying vengeful death spirit, is not without sentiment, and he sends your remains back to Gammy Jigglebones in a jar along with a very nice handwritten note, both of which she cherishes and gives pride of place on her mantelpiece.



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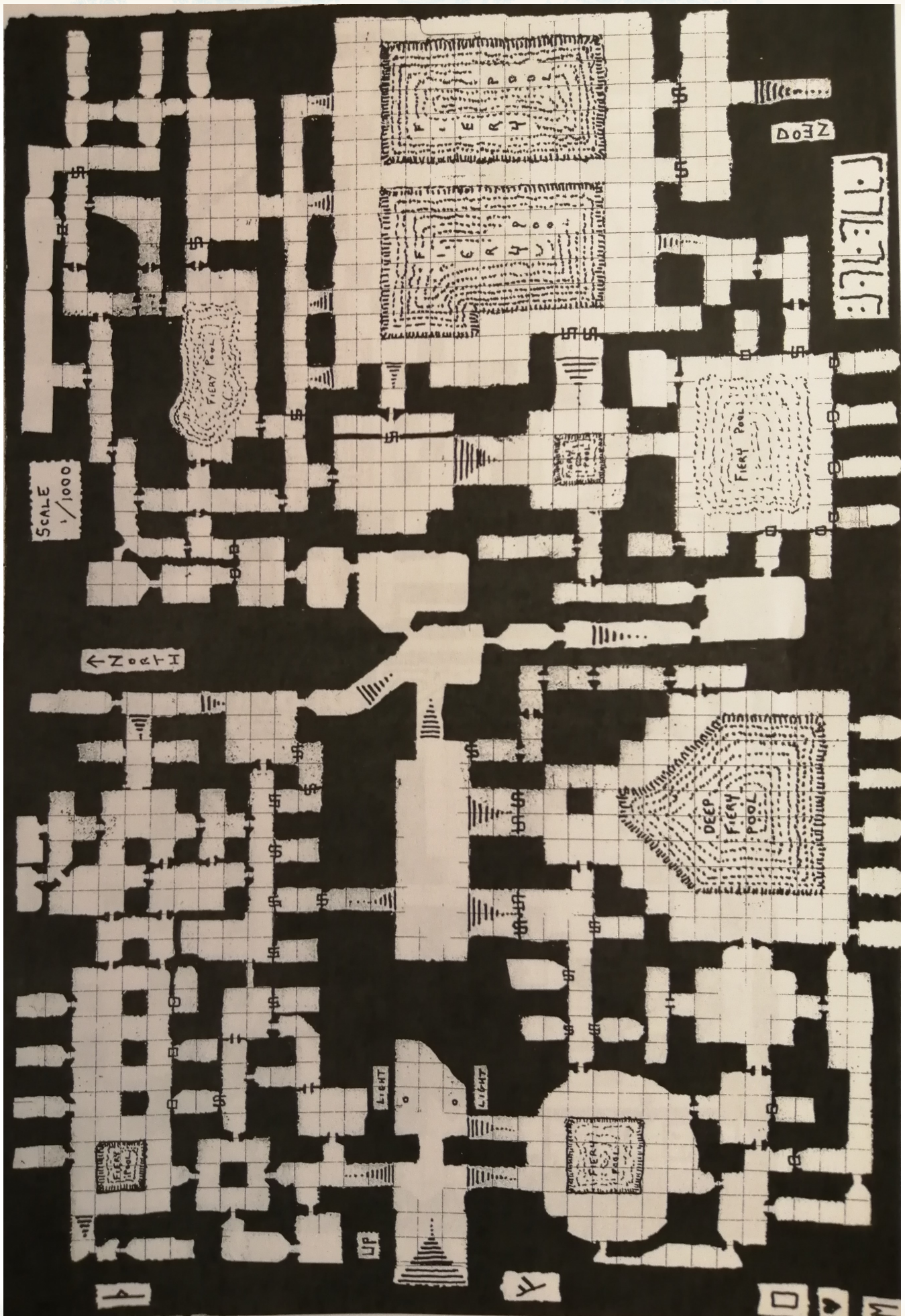
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APPENDIX A Random Adventurer Junk Table

Adventurers carry all kind of junk. Some of it may even be of value. Roll 1d6 on the first col-

First d6	Second d6	Result:	
1,2	1	Flint & tinder	
	2	50' rope & grapnel	
	3	Climbing pitons	
	4	10' pole	
	5	4 candles	
	6	Fork handles	
3,4	1	Iron cooking pot (can be used for 10 armour helmet)	
	2	1d6 Ninja stars (1d6 dam, can throw 1 before combat)	
	3	Monster Manual (provides +10 adds against a monster foe)	(to use, roll a 6 on 1d6)
	4	Adventurer's Guide (ditto, against adventurers)	
	5	GM's Guide (ditto versus GMs)	
	6	Stink bomb (stun a foe for one round – one use)	
5,6	1	Expired 5% off coupon for Crypt Dungeon & Beyond	
	2	False teeth (increase CHA by +2 when wearing)	
	3	Iron filings	
	4	Head lantern (keep your hands free, though hair will burst into flame)	
	5	Parchment scribbled with meaningless rectangular patterns	
	6	Kitchen sink (actually quite useful for upgrading your lair)	





TROLL LINKS

Your map to the many hiding places where Tunnels and Trolls (and associated forces) treasure is to be found.

Vin Ahrr Vins Trollbridge: <https://trollbridge.proboards.com/>

Flying Buffalo Press: <http://www.flyingbuffalo.com/>

Flying Buffalo digital products including Trollszone:

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/2238/Flying-Bufferalo>

The word from Ken St Andre: <https://twitter.com/Trollgodfather>

More words from Ken St Andre: <https://www.facebook.com/Trollgodfather/>

Even more words from Ken St Andre: <https://atroll.wordpress.com/city-of-the-gods/>

Straight to the Source for Ken's work:

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/9559/Trollhalla-Press>

Tavernmaster Games : <http://www.tavernmaster-games.co.uk/>

Jeff Freels site: <https://jeffwerx.com/>

Liz Danforth's site Oakheart: <http://www.lizdanforth.com/>

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Peryton Publishing: <http://www.perytonpublishing.com/>

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Dan Hembrees Lone Delver Blog: <http://danhemsgamingblog.blogspot.com/>

Dan Hembrees Lone Delver Press:

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/3094/Lone-Delver-Games>

Mark Findlays Khaghbboommm press:

<https://www.drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/4780/Khaghbboommm>

Bill used Map Assets from <https://www.forgotten-adventures.net>

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