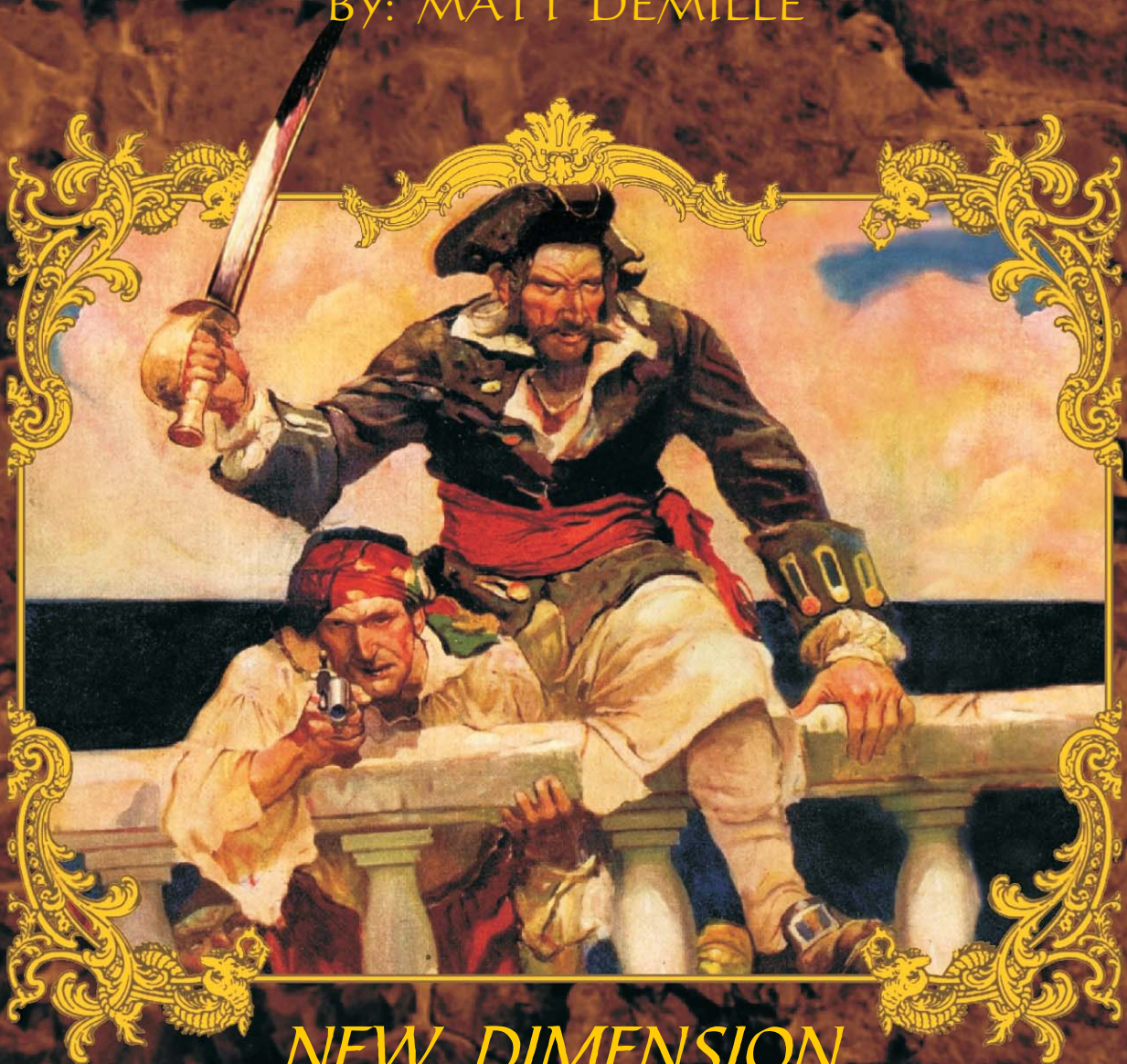


PIRATES

OF THE
TREASURE ISLAND

BY: MATT DEMILLE



NEW DIMENSION
GAMES

FOR Lloyd Osbourne, muse of the map . . .

Credits

Designer: Matthew deMille

Based on: "Treasure Island" by Robert Louis Stevenson

Cover: Frank Schoonover (historical picture)

Editing, Graphic Design, Typography: Matthew deMille

Producer: James deMille

PLANNING THE ADVENTURE



It's as dark a tale as was e'er told, of the lust o' treasure an' the love o' gold. Them the ones that die'll be the lucky ones . . .

PRONOUN NOTE: The male pronouns ('he', 'him', 'his') are used throughout this 'ere book. Though women may be bad luck at sea, they're right fine for this 'ere game, and we're not be tryin' to exclude 'em, nor even imply their exclusion. Centuries of use have made these 'ere pronouns neutral, and they're use provides for clear and concise written next—nothing else does.

ABOUT THIS BOOK: About this book in particular, indeed this gamebook—what is a gamebook for a role-playing game?

What is in this book: Contained within these pages is the classic tale of 'Treasure Island', interpreted in the form of an Adventure for the 'Pirates' role-playing game, plus a couple of sequel Adventures based on a wealth of popular mythology from over a century of readers and retellings.

Using this book: These Adventures are of varying size, requiring an estimated two full game sessions (roughly 20 hours) for Adventure #1 and one full game session (roughly 10 hours) for Adventures #2 and #3 to be played to their end. However, while you may increase the length of the Adventures by adding Encounters from other game gazetteers, this is not recommended with the first of these three Adventures, given the popularity of this classic tale and thus expectations for it.

It is also important to note that, as all these Adventures are classical, that they should be played back-to-back, as part of their story arc and quality comes from continuing a story begun long before, whether these Adventures are played by the same Characters, or their successors. However, if there are other Adventures played in-between them, you should add emphasis to the original and returning story-arc when the game reaches or returns to it. Otherwise, Players may associate Encounters in one Adventure with situations they face in another, and this can throw them way off track in their decision making. These Adventures should only be played with interim or interrupting storylines provided that

the Players are **fully** aware of when a new story thread or theme is introduced and thus when one Adventure ends and a **new** Adventure is beginning.

Indeed, if you play these three Adventures as pieces of a larger story or Campaign, have a little time bookend each interim Adventure (or chapter), thus clearly designating the storylines and helping the Players define the differences between themes.

PREPARING TO PLAY: Before you and your friends sit down to play this game, you should consider the basic elements of the Adventure, as explained throughout the following pages.

Tales to be told: The Adventures in this book are presented in their chronological order. The first, the classic Adventure of 'Treasure Island', named here 'Buccaneers and Buried Gold', takes place during the mid 18th Century. The second Adventure, 'The Ghost Of Captain Flint', leads to another treasure, Flint's elusive silver. Finally, the third Adventure, 'Tales Of Long John Silver', is an open mystery.

Telling these tales: This is indeed a classic, but in retelling it to a gamer audience, surely one cannot be expected to equal a genius storyteller's abilities, right? Fortunately, just like finding buried treasure, there is no need to win it in the traditional sense. Let these guidelines be a sort of treasure map to taletelling methods already proven well and true.

'Treasure Island' is rich with prose and word-smithing and dialogue amongst its colorful cast of characters. Much of its stronger narrative has been incorporated into the boxed descriptions of the first Adventure. Try to mimic that style as much as it is within your ability to do. It has been said that in great stories such as this one, it is not so much **what** happens, but the **style** in which it happens that is so memorable. So, try to emulate the style of the prose and narrative and you'll do well.

As a specific element of the story's style, try to focus on character, indeed creating the moment, bringing that brutal paradise of the pirate world into clarity through the eyes of the most colorful personalities. Make everything feel dangerous, that anyone could betray anyone, that it's a miserable but exhilarating business, that treasure is God and thus the ultimate reward for all of the suffering.

PLANNING THE ADVENTURE

RETELLING THE CLASSIC: The classic novel as a game Adventure. It seems simple enough, and in many ways it is, but game design, just like any other form of writing, is an art. So, lest there be disagreement with this Adventure (or at least the first one which is the entire novel—the others are sequels), let me clarify a few things.

First and foremost, as the Adventure Product Code insures you, this is a ‘Novelette’, thus based on the novel. Not the movies, and not the popular myths. Oftentimes retellings justify radical changes to a story as ‘artistic interpretation’, and sometimes this **is** justified, but not nearly as often as it tends to occur. I love movies and pretty much all other forms of storytelling, but the changing of a classic for ‘dramatic’ purposes is usually selfish, arrogant, or just plain pointless. I have tried my best not to do that. I believe if an artist is clever or creative (or selfless) enough, he can make something work without a lot of revision. The only film version of this tale I viewed prior to writing is the 1990 one starring Charlton Heston and Christian Bale, which is as loyal a retelling as you’re ever likely to see. Or, as John Silver himself might say, “Handsome than that ya can’t look ta find!”

That said, there are still **some** alterations from the novel in the (first) Adventure, a few, but not as ‘few as possible’. As few as possible would be, in truth, zero. But some things need, rather than a true change, simply a different perspective—classic characters such as Jim Hawkins would, in a game, be the Characters, and more specifically the Player Characters, who take center stage and of whom the adventure is centered on. Thus, the protagonists in the novel have either been turned into minor NPCs or omitted entirely, so that their roles can be taken up by those who should be center stage, that of the Player Characters indeed.

Furthermore, many classic scenes in the novel would, in a game, not be Encounters, but rather be situations that could only come about by the skill of the Players or the luck of the dice, not by a planned event, and thus they have been omitted as well. A good example would be Hawkins and his mother hiding under the bridge. That would be the choice of desperate Players, not something that the plot of planned Encounters should force upon them as the only possible life-saving decision.

The sequels in this booklet are where popular interpretation and modern myths are allowed their expected share. The novel itself simply isn’t long enough to fill a full Adventure booklet, and adding ‘fluff’ would go against being loyal to the original story. Moreover, many indeed are the ‘sequels’ for this classic tale. However, given that none of these were penned by Stevenson himself, and are all still protected by copyright, and that we wouldn’t want to play favorites with one sequel over another, the decision for this game’s sequels was a simple one, that of creating my own. The best part is, rather than contort other tales, I could make these sequels structured for a game from the beginning.

A classic is a legend which grows in retelling, and thus have all popular myths and preferences of ‘Treasure Island’ been reserved for these sequels. While a Game Captain can portray John Silver the NPC in the style of any classic movie performance it remains his choice to do so, while the written, structured, and thus not as easily changed aspects of an Adventure only involve cultural interpretation in these sequels. Here you will find echoes of the classic 1950’s John Silver as immortalized with the performance of Robert Newton. Here you will find sprinkles of pixie dust from Peter Pan. Here shall you find the jewels of the treasure pile that is the myth which has grown with each retelling.

Including this one.

Indeed, with my own sequels, I hope to add a little wealth to the legend of ‘Treasure Island’. The ultimate goal is to make an exciting Adventure for ‘Pirates’ that allows you to not just relive, but **live** the classic, whether you know and love it or are a curious newcomer to the tale. After all, beginning with a classic and then adding tributes and homage to recognize the authors and other artists who have come and cleared paths before me is a style used by Robert Louis Stevenson himself, who filled his classic ‘Treasure Island’ with tribute to authors like Frederick Marryat and Washington Irving. Indeed, like the Players and their Characters, all who come to Treasure Island will find the treasure, the tales, and the bones of many who have dared adventure here long before them . . .

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest . . . Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum . . .

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE: Before running this Adventure, it is a good idea to read through it first in order to become familiar with the storyline and key plot elements. However, reading the entire Adventure beforehand is not necessary for play.

Timeline: This adventure is set in the 18th Century, but exactly when is up to you. The dates are left open and flexible, allowing you to tailor the story to your Campaign's needs.

Location: Like the timeline, the actual location of the island in this tale is left to your discretion. Its bearings are a secret, and you should simply scribe them on the map of Handout 3 yourself. However, if you wish to better satisfy popular perception or preference, the island should be located either near to the southwest coast of England or in the chains forming the northeastern borders of the Caribbean.

Background: When everyone is ready to play, begin the adventure by reading the narrative below.

Black Hill Cove. The end of the road.

The southern shores of England are as cold a world as any, and may as well be the very edge of the map for your brethren. None make profit inland but the hangman, and no vessel sails from here without the hangman waiting for her return. The country lane bleeding wanderers from nearby Bristol down along the coast finally runs dry in this hamlet, much the same as the purses of the people. Here in these wooded hills are welcome sailors, vagabonds, and all manner of adventurers. The local magistrate even turns a blind eye to pirates so long as their oaths are kept to their tankards, and the only blood spilled is gold, and into the pockets of local business.

Above the small cove itself, before the road vanishes into the misty woods, you find rest at the sign of the 'Admiral Benbow'. A dark house and a secluded one at that, it's the last inne for many miles. The rum is plentiful, the innkeeper's wife honest, and the patrons keep to themselves. You've naught but time to think of adventure . . .

PART 1: OLD BUCCANEERS: While the party whiles away at the Admiral Benbow Inne, the tale of their adventure shall begin like a shot out of a cannon. Play the following Encounters one and all and in the order they are presented.

1) Introduction

This Encounter will introduce to this story any and all Player Characters who have not yet taken to a life of piracy, indeed those who have 0 Experience Points. If there are no such Characters about these parts, one at least shall be at the Admiral Benbow, the one who, in order of priority, is British, is the youngest, and who has the least money. If it's still a toss up, let 'em all work the kitchen here.

"It is a dark and stormy night . . ." says the pale faced fop. "Nay, that's no way to start a story!" says his wiggled friend. Their banter is drowned quickly though, for it is a stormy night, the wind shaking the four corners of the house while the surf roars in the cove down the hill. And if that wasn't enough to silence them, they're quieted as sure as having their throats cut when a stranger comes plodding in through the door, his sea-chest heft up in one mighty arm. He is a tall, strong, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of a soiled coat, his hands rugged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and a sabre cut across one cheek. His face is a dirty, livid white. Calling for rum, he has none of the appearance of a man who sails before the mast, but seems more like a captain, accustomed to be obeyed, or to strike. Turning to your table, he says at length "This is a handy cove, and a pleasant grog-shop. Not much company, mateys? Well, then, this be the berth for me". Sitting down, he starts into a wealth of rum and begins to sing loudly.

The stranger will say little else, save to order endless rum and sing often the same song, much to the wearied ears of the other patrons. However, no one shall dare ask him to silence. His sea-chest will be locked in his room, and the key hidden for now (it will not even be on his person). With his singing, boasts and demands, make of him such a grievance that the Player Character(s) will have to

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



do something, if only to shut him up and 'get on with the adventure'. However, remind them if need be there are always magistrates here at the inne, so they can't just outright kill him without drawing an appointment at the gallows. Frustrate them. Egg the Player(s) on by interrupting their actual talk at the game table with the stranger's own obnoxiously bursting into the same song over and over;

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

If nothing more develops, the 'captain', as he insists to be called, will be seen by folks spending time on the harbor cliffs with a spyglass, watching for incoming ships, and the innkeeper will urge the party to learn more about him, offering them free boarding if necessary; "The captain doesn't pay me anyway" she will say, suggesting he has long since run out of money. A Charisma Check is needed to get anything out of him, and then it will be only that his name is 'Billy Bones' and he will offer the smallest of the Player Characters (by their Brawn) 1 gold a day to "Keep a weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg". If anyone asks to hear his whole song, this will give them +3 to their Charisma Check.

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'ns pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlinspike,
And Cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped by fingers ten;
And there they lay, all good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozin'-ken
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men of a whole ship's list,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o'rum!
Dead and bedamned and the rest gone whist,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's ax his cheek had shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay and the soggy skies
Dripped all day long in upstaring eyes
At murky sunset and at foul sunrise
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Ten of the crew had the murder mark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawing hole in a battered head
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay, aye, damn my eyes!
All lookouts clapped on paradise
All souls bound just contrariwise -
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men of 'em good and true,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins riot of loot untold.
And there they lay, that had took the plum,
With a sightless glare and their eyes struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*More was seen through the sternlight screen,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Chartings no doubt where a woman had been!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she a wench or some shuddering maid?
That dared the knife and that took the blade!
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men on a deadman's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight
With a yo-heave-ho! and a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge in the sullen swell,
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

If the Players have a mind to remember these verses, they can do so with a Wits Check at +4. If they cannot, other patrons can, writing it up for free (hoping this will help send the captain away). Either way, this song is reproduced as Handout 1.

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



2) Unwelcome guest

Outside the inne, the cove is all gray with hoarfrost, the sun low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The rowdy captain is gone longer than usual. You remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off. He may be dead now for all you know, for that seems a lifetime ago. There is a terrible waiting, watching feeling, which is paid in full when the inne receives its next customer. This is a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers on his left hand, and though he wears a cutlass, he does not look much like a fighter. He immediately begins asking about 'Old Bill'.

This pirate is known as 'Black Dog'. The old captain, Billy Bones, will return in 4 Rounds. Until then, Black Dog will bother everyone for want of information regarding his 'friend'. When 'Old Bill' indeed returns, unless the party intervenes by some clever device, the two will fall to fighting, ending with Black Dog running for his life. If fighting is prevented, Black Dog will still leave, out of fear, and the innkeeper will reward the diplomat(s) with a total of 5 English crowns.

3) The black spot

The old captain has taken ill, but he continues to drown himself in rum. Soon, a customer enters. He is plainly blind, tapping before him with a stick, and he wears a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he is hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wears an old tattered seacloak with a hood, which makes him appear positively deformed. He calls aloud to the captain, as if he knows he's here. For the captain's part, at one look at the blind man the rum goes out of him and leaves him staring sober. The expression of his face is not so much one of terror but rather of mortal sickness. The blind man passes a note or something to the captain's hand, then with an incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skips out and into the road. Slowly unfolding his grasp upon it, the captain looks at the cloth in his hand, and in a thrill of fright he collapses to the floor, dead. He will sing, drink, and soon breathe no more.

If approached, the dying Billy Bones will give his last words, seemingly to nobody but whoever is listening: "Is this sea-manly behavior, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money or mine, nor lost it neither; and I'll trick 'em again... listen well: Of old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left, I was first mate, I was, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it me when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now... me chest. A dead man's chest. Blessed be ye keep it..."

Easily found on the body are 4 gold pieces of eight, a pinch of tobacco, a compass, a tinder box, and the paper that the blind man passed to him. Provided as Handout 2, it shows a large black spot along with the words '*You have till ten tonight*'. A Searching Check about the body can find the key to his sea-chest (this roll made with a +4 bonus), for he was keeping it on him of late, but instead of in any purse or pocket, hidden under his shirt on a long line slung around his neck to prevent it from being pilfered.

4) The sea-chest

Run this Encounter only when the party finds the old sea-chest of Billy Bones. If they do not search for it, the innkeeper's wife will strike up a hasty bargain—honest to a fault, and desiring not a coin more than her due, she will not wish to trouble in hand or name with the chest—she will offer them the chest and its contents if they pay her the bill of Bill, as it were, a mere 8 gold.

The dead man's chest looks like any sea-chest to outward eyes, the corners somewhat smashed by long, rough usage, but with the initial 'B' burned on top of it. Everything is suddenly still. It is as if the entire village is in hiding, haunted by the dread chance they might hear, as if expected, the sound of approaching footsteps in the mist...

The sea-chest cannot be opened save with the key from Encounter 3. Inside is a captain's coat, 2 pistols, a bar of silver (worth 200 gold), a Spanish pocketwatch, 2 compasses, some West Indian shells and coins; 62 doubloons, 8 louis d'ors, 24 guineas

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



and 90 pieces of eight. There is also a map, which is provided as Handout 3, and a small book. Each Character is allowed one Wits Check to deduce the book's purpose—the accounts of Captain Flint, the most notorious pirate of the last 25 years. If one spends time reading it, each hour spent will offer a roll on the following chart to determine whatever important or clue-like notation is distinguished from the captain's otherwise cryptic notes.

Searching The Book

Roll	What is gleaned from the book
12	'Israel's friend will make a fine compass'
11	'Second hand bought on Skeleton Island'
10	'The stockade cost nothing'
9	'Seven hundred thousand all told'
8	'18 leagues due south lies the Antigua'
7	'Off Caracas'
6	'Off Palm Key they got it'
4-5	'No more rum'
2-3	'Mr. W. Bones, mate'
1	'Billy Bones his fancy'

5) Blind man's trumpet

The blind man was the messenger of Billy Bones' former crew, who will be arriving at the Admiral Benbow Inn soon. No matter where the Characters go, they will be followed. If they simply wait for these pirates to arrive, skip the following narrative.

Outside, the fog is rapidly dispersing; already the moon shines quite clear. You hear in the silent, frosty air a little, low whistle not far off. It has an eerie sound like the blind man's voice, but its echo is positively haunting—far away and close at the same time, like a spirit.

Even if it's well before ten o'clock, all these pirates are coming. The town and protection is far down the road—1200' to a low bridge. The Pirates (all of them Crewmen) equal the party's own total count plus 8, and will be arriving in 3 Rounds. As they move 90' each Round, they will give chase as far as the bridge, turning away from the town's protection beyond that point. They will kill for the map and cannot be turned aside by anything less, not even saving their own skins, once they see it.

6) Tales of Captain Flint

Run this Encounter only if someone searches for a tale or record concerning 'Captain Flint'.

As it turns out, the dark name of 'Captain Flint' is well known to some in the hamlet and carries a great weight of terror. Several newer strangers have been reported on the road, and anyone who was a comrade of the captain's is enough, so it seems, to frighten them to death. It is said that cowardice is infectious, and such as it is, no one will speak of Flint for want of long life. If the tale is to be told this night or any other, it will take more than a charity of strangers to purchase it from the vaulted hearts of the secret-keepers.

There are several ways one can find a record or story about Captain Flint; a Searching Check, a Charisma Check at -2 (this penalty -4 instead for anyone in town who is not of British heritage), or paying a magistrate 100 gold. However gained, the tale of Flint is provided below and on Handout 4.

Captain Flint was a pyrate, commander of the Walrus, a scourge of the Caribbean and other seas whether Christian flags flew over them or not, for nigh on five and twenty years. Mariners can rest a safe sleep, at least the better, now that Flint has met his Maker. Some say he died in the Americas while others speak of him in the West Indies. The truth is of no matter. This dog is dead and only a legend remains, a legend of treasure, to lure other dogs of like mind to open gates to Hell.

Flint had many men whose names are nearly as stained as his own. Israel Hands, the gunner of Blackbeard's crew he was. Ben Gunn, obsessed by treasure so much he'd risk damnation by suicide to claim any. William Henley, who lost a leg for king and country under the Immortal Hawk but later is known to have given both his name and his honor for a run at Flint's hoard. There was also Pew, a blind man, Black Dog, a helmsman, and his fierce quartermaster known only as Billy Bones.

That treasure is legend. Tales say he hid it, a hoard beyond price and count, all on an island. It is believed he intended to go back for it, but there is no account of any such voyage.

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD

PART 2: A VISIT TO BRISTOL: Eventually, the party will set out in search of the vast treasure hoard of Captain Flint's map. However, preparation for such a journey can be difficult. There are not many pirates openly available in England, nor any sailors willing to take on such a dangerous venture (one whose purpose is either kept hidden or seems more like a fable). Thus, crew are not to be found in the normal manner of dice rolls, but through the following Encounters. Use them as necessary.

Guards: This is a major English port, and so there are always regiment soldiers around. However, they do not bother pirates unless trouble breaks out.

Acquisitions: All merchants will not at this time do business with pirate ships unless they are given an approval by local officials or magistrate.

7) Financiers

If the party openly seeks either funding, or a ship or a crew, they will be directed here.

All inquires for a financier lead you to the name of one Squire Trelawney. His house is receptive, and he himself is a rather talkative man, always in a good humor, though quick to speak ill if he is cross. More level-headed is his friend who is taking tea but listening closely, Dr. Livesey. They are both very interested in hearing all about the needs of your venture.

These two men require disclosure of the map and treasure to fund any venture. They shall ask to be full partners, meaning an equal share, but shall in accord fully fund a ship and crew. The vessel they can provide is the 'Hispaniola', a fine mariner whose statistics are provided as Handout 5. As for their part, in addition to their normal statistics as 'Officials', Squire Trelawney has Level 3 with all firearms, and Dr. Livesey has Level 5 in Medicine.

8) At the sign of the Spy-Glass

The only 'gentlemen of fortune' (pirates indeed) to be found for a hundred leagues or more are those who frequent this tavern . . .

If there's a place to find a crew, it's here, at the Spy-Glass Tavern. Fitting, it has a large brass telescope for a sign. Inside, it is a bright enough little place of entertainment—the windows have neat red curtains, the floor is cleanly sanded, and there is a street and open door on either side, which makes the large, low-ceilinged room clear despite the heavy clouds of tobacco smoke. The proprietor hears your needs, and guesses the rest right quick. "Long John Silver's the name" says he, with a balance of such charisma and menace that, despite his appearance, he commands all the tavern's respect; His left leg is cut off close by the hip, and under his left shoulder he carries a crutch, but which he manages with a wonderful dexterity. He is very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and ever smiling. Indeed, he seems in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moves about the tables, with ever a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests. The parrot on his shoulder squawks "Pieces of eight!"

If all the pirates of Encounter 5 were not seen dead, or at least captured, they will be drinking in this grog-shop, and can be recognized by any who fought them with an Intuition Check. If they're at all noticed, it will either come to blows (in which John Silver will help the party) or, if the party's numbers equal or exceed their own (including John Silver in this count) they will flee. The scores for John Silver are provided as Handout 6.

9) Introduction

This Encounter will introduce to the story any and all Player Characters waiting for adventure!

Bristol port is bustling with activity. You find a haven for adventurers here, a crossroads between the worlds of the law and the sea. You walk as a free man down along quays and beside a great multitude of ships of all sizes, rigs and nations. The smell of tar and salt are strong, you pass by many wonderful maidenheads which have all seen the world, and many old sailors, with rings in their ears, whiskers curled in ringlets and tarry pigtails, all swaggering with their clumsy sea-talk.

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



Being an English port, any Characters who are not British will be taxed for 20 gold, while French Characters will have their tariff instead be 30 gold. If someone does not have enough gold, he will be arrested. But quickly, indeed even before irons can be produced, he will also be freed by the sudden appearance of Long John Silver from Encounter 8, paying the fee (or its difference). Once the guards leave, he will be friendly with the new Character, explaining how he has a venture underway and can recognize a good man or even better a smart man when he sees one, and needs such for this voyage.

PART 3: THE VOYAGE: When at last the party is ready to set sail, they will have rather an easy time of it. They will sight few (if any) sails along the way, for the dangers are already aboard, as the following Encounters can attest to. Play them as applicable but in the order they are presented.

Destination: Wherever you have chosen to place it, the distance to the island must be calculated using the Maps of the appropriate Sourcebooks. However, if you chose to locate the island in the Caribbean, more specifically its northeastern chains, then the voyage will be approximately 1250 leagues across the Atlantic Ocean.

Mutiny: During the voyage, the crew will slowly, quietly, be planning a mutiny. It cannot be stopped as knowledge of the treasure will have spread for all the party's attempts to hide. Long John Silver, of Captain Flint's crew (at the time he went by a different name, that of 'William Henley'), spread the word, and is the ringleader, but even if he is disposed of, the plan of mutiny will proceed, just with a different captain-elect.

10) Powder and arms

Run this Encounter only if the captain of the ship is an NPC.

The captain takes you aside, and in a whisper he explains that the crew know of the treasure, and so he wishes to put a good store of powder and arms in his cabin, in case of treachery. He asks, not orders, you to do this duty.

The Character may just do as he's requested without much more thought of it. However, if he Searches about the weapon's locker, he will easily find (no roll necessary) that many firearms have already been moved, and cannot be accounted for (these have been hidden by the mutineers).

11) Echo of the past

Have each Character make an Intuition Check, and if successful they will hear an NPC muttering the following words:

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

If asked how he knows these lyrics, clearly nervous, he will say at it's an old sea shanty and any sailor worth his salt knows it.

12) Council of blood

The voyage is going well this day. You have a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The ship rolls steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. The man at the helm is watching the luff of the sail and whistling away to himself, and that is the only sound except the swish of the sea around the sides of the ship.

Let the group role-play, but in general try to give the impression that this is a 'fluff' Encounter, without anything really to do. As it is, whoever is of enough initiative to go elsewhere besides on the deck can make a Luck Check, and if successful he will overhear pieces of the plan of mutiny. He will then roll once on the following chart to determine just what it is that he hears.

Rumors Of Mutiny

Roll	What is overheard
10-12	"New cap'n be Long John Silver"
7-9	"Two thirds of the crew be square"
5-6	"New cap'n was a part of Flint's crew"
3-4	"Nobody acts until cap'n gives the signal"
2	"Only man Flint ever feared was Silver"
1	"As for what to do with the honest crew, dead men tell no tales..."

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



PART 4: ADVENTURE ASHORE: As soon as the party makes shore on the island, the game will change drastically. The island will serve as a stage upon which virtually anything can happen. Let the dice and bodies fall where they may. The Map on Page 15 displays all key Encounter areas that the Characters will discover as they explore the island, all the while using their cunning and courage to hold their own against the mutineers and perhaps even each other.

Disease: Due to the water creating marshes, bogs and bugs, much of the island is rife with malaria. Each day one must make an Endurance Check or suffer as if hit with a poison of level 1.

Mutiny: By the time the island is reached, roughly two-thirds of the NPC crew will have joined in the planned mutiny. Either they're old shipmates of the ringleader, or are simply so easily swayed by their thoughts of a large share of treasure. Here is what will go on 'behind the scenes'.

The ringleader will be Long John Silver if he is still alive, otherwise it will be a Pirate Captain by a name of your invention.

Morale is not important as the mutineers will have been influenced by the ringleader.

Turning men back can be done if isolated and a Charisma Check at -4 is successful.

Their camp will be in Encounter 14, and as a result they will slowly die of malaria, their heads reduced by 0-2 each night (roll once, divide by 4, and then apply -1 to the result).

Key NPCs will remain loyal to the party and find them as quickly as possible.

Random Encounters will occur as the remains of the party explore the island. Each time one hits an Encounter area he stands a 1 in 6 chance of a meeting with a random group of mutineers. Once a group has been met, if rolled again, that particular group results in no random encounter.

Wandering Mutineers

Roll	Mutineers encountered
10-12	1 wounded Crewman; +3 to turning him
6-9	3 drunk Crewmen; -2 to all rolls
4-5	6 Crewmen looking for trouble
1-3	8 Crewmen and 1 Quartermaster

13) Arriving at the island

It is a bright morning when you sight the island, and the crew has mixed feelings, for it seems an island out of time, an other-worldly place where anything can happen. Gray-colored woods cover a large part of the surface, broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands and on the highlands by tall trees of pine out-topping all of the others—some singly, come in clumps. Away in the distance are two hills a couple of miles apart, running up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock, and rising behind them a third and higher summit. All these are strangely shaped, with the tallest also the strangest, sheer and steep on every side, and cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on. The very look of the island, with its gray, melancholy woods and wild stone spires, and the surf ever foaming and thundering on the beach, makes the crew a bit uneasy. Even now, the ship rides badly in the fierce swells around it. The booms are tearing at the blocks and the rudder is banging about, the whole ship creaking, groaning and jumping.

Every Character must make an Agility Check at a +2 bonus or grow so ill he gains an effective wound of -1. For the rest of the crew, this jostling will result in a loss of 0-6 Morale (one roll -6).

14) The beach

Here the trees come right down to the high-water mark, and the hilltops stand around at a distance like an amphitheater. Two small swamps empty out into this pond. The foliage around this part of the shore has a poisonous brightness. There is not a breath of air moving. A peculiar, stagnant smell hangs over the entire anchorage—the smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks.

In this area, a Medicine Skill Check can and will detect the chances of disease throughout the entire island. Those chances are increased here, as the daily Endurance Check will suffer a -2 penalty. The mutineers will camp here, and this will slowly kill them, reducing their numbers by 0-2 each day (as explained earlier).

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



15) The goats

You come to a long thicket of oak-like trees, growing along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact. From here the thicket stretches up to the top of one of the greater hills, and reaches down to the margin of a broad, reedy fen. The marsh is steaming in the hot sun, the outline of the tallest peak trembles through the haze, and goats roam about its lower arms like clouds about the sun.

The goats are real, and easily hunted, as they are not inherently afraid of man, offering hunting rolls a +3 bonus once this area has been found.

16) The highlands

The interior of the island is dense and tangled. Finally, you find an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike oak in growth, but pale in the foliage. Far away stands one of the greater hills, with two craggy peaks shining vividly in the sun.

This area is home to rattlesnakes. If one can make an Intuition Check he can avoid them. If not then he must fight all 3 of them; Defense Score 6, Survival 5, attacking at +2 with poison of level 5.

17) The man of the island

The first time anyone comes to any number '17', run this Encounter normally, but once it has been played out, all of the other numbers '17' are to be empty and uneventful.

Exploring the island, you see a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear, man or monkey, you cannot tell. From trunk to trunk the figure dashes like a deer, running man-like on two legs, but unlike any man you have ever seen, stooping as it runs.

The elusive figure is a marooned sailor who is curious about the party. A Charisma Check can get him to reveal himself, this roll gaining a +4 bonus

if someone speaks in English. Any threat will see him disappear, unable to be caught and not to give any reappearance until someone finds a new '17' Encounter, allowing one to try befriending anew.

A man it is, after all. Hearing you, he steps into the clear and then suddenly throws himself down at your feet. He is a white man, but his skin, wherever it is exposed, is burnt by the sun. He is clothed in tatters of an old ship's canvas and sea-cloth, and this extraordinary patchwork is held together by a system of the most various brass buttons, bits of silk, and loops of tarry gaskin. About his waist he wears an old brass-buckled leather belt. He awaits you to speak first.

The hermit (statistics equal to those actually of a Pirate 'Crewman') is named 'Ben Gunn'. He will be inclined to help the party from a distance—not to join them, but to carry out deeds which involve him operating alone. If encouraged in any way, he will be quick to tell his tale:

"I were in Flint's ship, I was, when he buried the treasure here; he and others—all strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a boat. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cut-water. But, there he was, you mind, but the others were all dead—dead and buried. How he done it not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against all. Ol' Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was.

Ahh, says he, we could go ashore, if we like, and stay, but as for the ship, she'll have been beat up for more, by thunder!

Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. Here's Flint's treasure, I told them. The cap'n was displeased at that, but my messmates were all of a mind and we landed. Twelve days we all looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until on one fine morning all hands went aboard. As for me, they left me a musket, a spade, and a pick-axe, and a sentence to remain here to find Flint's money for myself. Marooned . . ."

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



18) The stockade

At the top of a knoll is a stout log-house, like a stockade. It is loopholed for musketry on either side. Surrounding it is a cleared space, enclosed with a fence six feet high, yet without any door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor and too open to shelter besiegers.

The fence can be easily scaled with an Agility Check. Inside the stockade there is nothing except a freshwater spring welling up in an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a ship’s kettle of iron, with its bottom knocked out, and sunk to her bearings in the sand. The stockade can hold a good 40 men tightly. In addition, all within it gain against all without a +5 to Defense Score and +3 to rolls to survive if hit. Invisible from the sea, it is also just barely out of the range of all cannons.

19) Spy-Glass Hill

It is a difficult climb up the steep slopes of the island’s highest hill. When you finally reach the summit, you command an impressive view of all the island round. The foliage here is woven as if by the devil-crew of a sunken ship, with vines a rival to the rigging of the strongest vessel above the waves, holding fast stunted trees and a score of wide-reaching yardarms, all serving to conceal you from the eyes of everyone below.

A successful Search of this area will discover a Christian headstone beneath the growth, bearing a cryptic epitaph, provided below and on Handout 7.

*Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.*

*Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.*

The grave contains the bones of a man and a few books of fiction, as well as a brass key, like the key to a much larger book.

20) North Inlet

This inlet is filled with calm waters, the estuary of a river. At the southern end is the wreck of a tall ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts but has lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather that it is hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it the bushes of the shore have taken root. It is a sad sight.

A successful Search of the ship below decks will discover a large book locked with many thick clasps. This requires the key from Encounter 19 to open. Breaking the locks can only be done with a blast of powder, and then vital information will be lost from the pages within. That information is the tale of an English crew not on any other accounts or logbooks. If one spends time reading this one, each hour spent will offer a roll on the following chart to determine what clue is distinguished from the captain’s otherwise cryptic notes.

Searching The Book

Roll	What is gleaned from the book
12	The bodies scattered around the island are believed to be from Flint’s own crew
11	The island’s ghosts are quieted only when someone quotes passages from the Bible
10	In the southern portions of the island they were troubled by the voices of ghosts
9	Found nothing of Flint but his stockade
7-8	They came here seeking Flint’s treasure
1-6	Nothing new is learned from the book

21) White Stone

When the tide is far out, great tracts of sand lay uncovered, joining the island to Skeleton Island. Some distance down the spit you can see, rising among the low bushes, an isolated rock, one that is very high and peculiarly white in color.

A successful Search of this area will discover a small, grassy hollow and therein a tiny boat, one that is able to hold 120 total Weight between body and carried equipment.

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



22) Skeleton Island

This island, broken from the rest of the land, is a haunted place or you've missed your guess. Its trees are bent in unnatural ways, and all barren too, as if they were cultivated by all dead men. Dried grass, dried streams, and lacking any sound of beast or bird tells a strangely silent tale. Short hills of twisted rock rise here and there.

A successful Search of this island (this roll to be made with a -4 difficulty but given a +1 bonus for each hour spent searching) will discover an old sea-chest at the base of the tallest and most oddly shaped rock—like a sundial wing. The chest holds a cache of 2500 pieces of eight, 50 gold plates of 30 value each, and 1800 value in assorted jewels. It is, however, only a portion of treasure, meant to lure hunters from the true hoard. When opened, the chest will seem to groan, and strange sounds shall echo all around, amplified by the hermit Ben Gunn if he is still around. If he is, and any Scripture is recited aloud, he will fall silent, trying to convince the thieves they have 'earned the true treasure'. He will then sneak aboard their ship and, once at sea, reveal himself, hoping to return one day and claim the real treasure. If already befriended, he will wait to see if the party works together (it is common to see fighting break out upon discovery of treasure), and if nothing is amiss, he will reveal and explain himself. If he's discovered once at sea, he will use the true treasure's location (that of Encounter 25) only to parley a means to save his life.

23) Flint's Compass

Exploring the area, your progress is delayed by a heavy marsh. But little by little the hills begin to grow stony underfoot, and the wood changes its character and grows in a more open order. It is, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island you are entering. Many flowering shrubs have almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of nutmeg-trees are dotted here and there. The air is fresh and stirring under the sunbeams, and it's a wonderful refreshment to your senses. Yet all is of nature. If Flint left guidemarks, they are well hidden.

A successful Search of this area will discover a sun-bleached skeleton laying on its back, totally looted, and laying perfectly straight—its two hands point straight to the treasure site of Encounter 24, which can be triangulated by the rock of 'sundial shape' over in Encounter 22, which is itself clearly visible from this location. If that place is unknown to the party however, they can discover it through a spyglass and a Wits Check (this roll made with a +4 bonus if one specifically states he is looking for a triangulating landmark).

24) Treasure site

This Encounter can only be found by triangulating the sundial rock on Skeleton Island (Encounter 22) with the straight skeleton that is Flint's Compass (Encounter 23). The entire plateau between Spy-Glass and Mizzen-Mast Hill is thick with pine-trees of varying height, such that every member of the crew could pick a favorite as to which of these trees was the particular 'tall tree' of Captain Flint. Without precise triangulation, one could easily walk within mere yards of this place and totally miss it.

When reading out this narrative aloud, replace '**NUMBER**' with the count of individuals the party totals at this time, minus one.

You come upon an excavation, not very recent, for the sides have fallen in and grass has begun growing on the bottom. There is the old shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn about. Sheer above rises the Spy-Glass, dotted with single pines and cut with black precipices. There is no sound here but the countless insects in the brush. A moment haunts you with thought of Captain Flint, that ungodly buccaneer who, though he died long ago, singing and demanding more rum, once years ago was in this very place, and right here, by his own hand, cut down a good '**NUMBER**' his shipmates. This grove which is now so peaceful must have rung with blood-curdling cries. Even with that thought, you believe you hear it ringing still . . .

Wait for the Players to work themselves into a fearful state if they may. All NPC crewmen will be easily captured by this dread and quickly begin

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



to fear for their souls. After things reach a boiling point, or start to calm, have an echoing voice sing out the following lines:

*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

If Ben Gunn (from Encounter 17) still lives, it is he who is singing, trying to spook everyone. If he is dead, there is no telling where this voice is coming from. In either case, quoting the Bible will silence the song. If not done successfully within 1 Round, all NPCs present at that time will go mad with fear and attack random individuals until only one remains, or they are all slain themselves.

A successful Search of this excavation will be able to find 2 guineas. That is all.

25) Treasure cave

The treasure was dug up months ago by Ben Gunn and hauled to this area. Only he can lead people to this otherwise unfindable cache on the northeast corner of the island.

Your steps now enter into a wide cave. It is a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor is sand, and in its midst a blazing campfire. In a far corner, duskily flickered over by the flames, you behold stacks of gold and silver bars, and great heaps of glittering coins; English, French, Spanish, Portuguese coins, Arabian philips, pieces of eight, doubloons, guineas, the pictures of all the kings of Europe for the last century, strange Oriental coins stamped with what look like bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle as if made for one to wear them around the neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must have found a place in this collection; and for number, they are like autumn leaves, so that one's back will ache simply sorting them out.

The treasure totals roughly 700000 gold. Seven hundred thousand indeed. This is the bulk of the hoard of Captain Flint and the ultimate prize which this island guards by trial of legend and blood.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE: Once the party has left Treasure Island behind, there are some things to consider.

Long John Silver: Determined to escape any typical pirate's fate, the cunning Silver will not stay with the party unless they have proven to be his allies unquestioningly. If not, he will sneak off the ship, taking with him in the longboat a mere 400 gold. If caged too well for any credible escape, he will try his best to bargain with the party, wishing only to be set ashore where he can return to that most 'honest trade of a gentleman of fortune'.

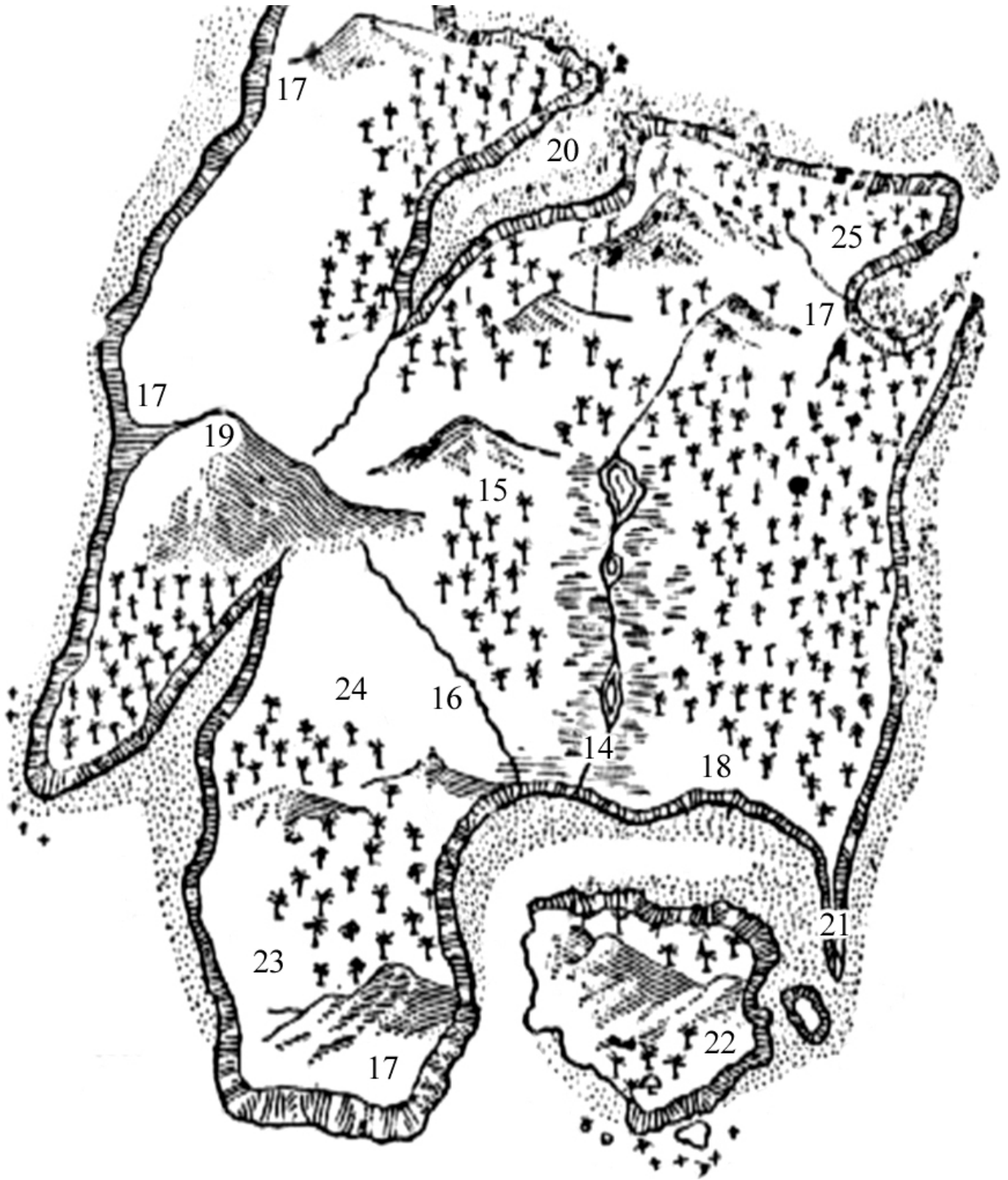
Ben Gunn: If the marooned man of the island still lives, he will wish most to return to Europe, with only an equal share of the treasure. If he made a bargain with anyone he will honor it. In the span of a few years thereafter he will have spent all of his gold and be reduced to begging, if anyone in the party has a mind to know.

Epilogue: If you wish to end this Adventure with a little narrative rather than simply counting coins and crew, the following epilogue is offered. When reading out this narrative aloud, replace '**NUMBER**' with the count of individuals the party now totals.

The voyage is well underway. When next you look, the island has almost melted out of sight in the growing distance. Before noon, the highest rock of Treasure Island has sunk into the blue round of sea. All told, only a good '**NUMBER**' of the men who set sail are leaving that island. 'Drink and the devil had done for the rest' with a vengeance, although, to be sure, you're not in quite so bad a case as that other ship the crew now sings about . . .

*With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five*

BUCCANEERS AND BURIED GOLD



THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



With one man of her crew alive . . . What put to sea with seventy-five . . .

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE: Before running this Adventure, it is a good idea to read through it first in order to become familiar with the storyline and key plot elements. However, reading the entire Adventure beforehand is not necessary for play.

Timeline: This adventure is set in the 18th Century, preferably years after the events of Adventure #1. If that tale hasn't yet been told it would be better to be played out first, but it is not necessary.

Location: Like the timeline, the actual location of the island in this tale is left to your discretion. Its bearings can correspond to any map, which might well be necessary since it is a place which appears in other tales (which also demand no fixed point on the globe). If you have a mind for history, the actual location of this island is in a chain between San Juan and Saint Martin in the northeastern part of the Caribbean. But whatever the bearings, you must scribe them on the bottom of Handout 9.

Background: When everyone is ready to play, begin the adventure by reading the narrative below.

The Royal Colony of Savannah in the Americas welcomes all manner of people. Despite the flag, it is the merchantiles who make the laws here, a bustling town where pirates are just as welcome as priests. Pirates have gold, after all. Or at least that is the popular notion.

Tales of pirates, of adventure on the Spanish Main, of hidden caves and buried treasures, these are called for almost as much as rum in tavernes and parlors. And nowhere are more stories spun or wild yarns unraveled than at 'Pieces of Eight', an Inne on Yamacraw Bluff.

Overlooking the river into town, the tavern is a dark den of rascals, scoundrels, villains and knaves, ready to hop onto the nearest boat for a fast escape. Inside, the walls are ill-stained with tobacco-smoke, the floors as sticky as the nearby coast with all the spilled drinks . . . and the blood of spilled secrets. With all the talk of treasures, you've naught but time to think of adventure . . .

PART 1: PIECES OF EIGHT: This tavern was built with some of the hoard of the now legendary Captain Flint. Whether it is chance or the work of devils, the party will be lodged or at least drinking here. And here shall a new story begin, as told by the following Encounters. Play them as applicable but always in the order they are presented.

1) Introduction

This Encounter will introduce to the tale any and all Characters who wish it. However, suggest that anyone who wishes to 'take a chance' should wait until later. Still, at least one Character must start his journey here. Order of choice is given to those who, in order of priority, have the most valuable ship, the most treasure, the highest rank in England and finally the highest total of Ability Scores.

Tonight, the tavern is filled with talk. You and others, for all your want of hand at sea—or lack of memory thereof—seem liken more to children listening in to the highly regarded yet ultimately unimportant talk of their elders. The lay of it is someone's been stoking the fires of long trusted fables about Captain Flint, who died in this very city. Yet for all their wild boasts, a man would be hard-pressed to tell if they are speaking of a man everyone feared, or the man that this devil feared his earthly self. As the night goes on, and the tide of rum rises around the islands of these mens' minds, you are recounted this spirit's own earthly incarnation in countless forms, and with countless diabolical expressions. These men have all paid a dear price for their drinks, beyond the few coins from their purses. As the flames of a wild evening's storytelling die down, the embers yet burn with the nigh-religious conviction which holds not all of Flint's fabled treasure lost, that a great deal of silver bars were hidden close to his body itself.

Asking for further details will get only fearful redirection to names carved on the wall, those of Captain Flint's closest mates, and told "Ask them"; 'Billy Bones', 'Israel Hands', 'Ben Gunn', 'Pew', 'Bloody Gums', 'William Henley' and 'Black Dog'. All these names are reproduced as Handout 8.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



2) Boast of a ghost

Run this Encounter only if the party encourages, in any way, more tales of Captain Flint, his treasure, or anyone related to this tale.

Amidst the usual stories of hanging, walking the plank and storms at sea—which frighten even the sailors here, some of them perhaps the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea—one of them boasts louder than a chorus of cannonade, and with so sharp a tongue it would surely cut his throat in a more lawful city. Yet it's enough to silence the rest of the voices in the tavern.

*With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five*

The drunk sailor will claim, if bought enough rum to total 5 gold, that he 'sailed with Flint back in the day'. Whether truthful or not, the verse that he sang is afraid to be repeated by anyone else in town, almost as if it is an evocation of ill omen. The only useful thing about it can be learned from the barkeep, who says it's 'echoed' in an old ship logbook that he keeps. If the party searches this book specifically for reference to any voyage that began with 75, they will find Handout 9.

3) A false grave

If the party inquires about Captain Flint's grave or body, they will be easily directed to it.

Just up the cliff's road from the Pieces of Eight tavern, a lonely outcropping of rock threatens to tumble in a shower of stone and dust down to the colorless waters below at any time, burdened perhaps by the weight of its guilt. For here local legend has it one can mark Flint's earthly grave. It has the look of too much high-to-do and fancy to be a justice to the greed of a buccaneer, but things are different in this city, and in honor for his business the captain may well have purchased by the charity of the townsfolk such a bed of stone for the afterlife. It is a towering cross with a stone spyglass and compass hewn into its base. Nothing short of explosives would ever open it.

Indeed, only with explosives may this sealed, stone tomb be opened, and that will cause the rest of the crag to collapse with it, drowning any and all secrets it may have held in the river a hundred feet below. A Saving Throw at 9 is required just to survive the fall, and even then, one will be met on shore by dozens of guards. For **any** tampering with this grave evokes a tremendous fear in the superstitious townsfolk, and any damage done to it results in an automatic arrest without trial, with the same punishment every time—3 days in jail.

4) Introduction

This Encounter will now look in upon anyone who is jailed, or wishes to take such an opportunity to enter this tale.

This cell is like the common-room of the devil's own tavern. Murderers sleep alongside drunks. It is as if this town has no laws, but only profits and those who get in their way.

A search of the cell (this roll made with a +5 bonus) may find some old writing scratched on the wall. Written in English, it is provided both below and on Handout 10: *'Here am I, old Bloody Gums and I survive the three days as like much as God. My thirty-piece will be kept safe in my pocket and I say I cheat the devil as a jailor or Davey Jones as a gravedigger. Captain may have the treasure but I will forever keep the key'*.

5) Tales of Flint's crew

Use this Encounter if the party isn't making a lot of headway. It should steer them back on course.

Tonight, the inne is as silent as the grave. "Men are fearful more of spirits than of paying by the one in their chest for all their sins, in this city". So says the barkeep, who then sits himself down, as if to share a meal with you. "I've a notion a good deal has been stirred up, Flint's ghost for a song no less, at least". Clearly drunk, he babbles for a bit, though the gist of it is clear—he wants you gone from his inne to save business, but to pay for it he's willing to tell you all he knows.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



The barkeep has long known a little more, but not much more, than has been told. Most of all, if the party has not yet gathered the information from Encounters 1 and 2, he will encourage them to all stay on a few more nights here, and engage all of his customers, who “Know more than I do”. Yet if the party already knows the name ‘Bloody Gums’ and the bearings of the island, he will instead just offer them this much advice:

“Them pirates, that’s what they were. Ol’ Pew, Black Dog, Billy Bones—they’re all devils, the lot of ‘em. Wretched an’ without a humane notion left in their shallow souls. They’re all dead men. Dead. Devils, I say. With no want of anythin’ save fer treasure. Treasure, says I, fer all its glitter is the very Devil to them lot. It’s what made them what they be, and now it’s all they knows. Don’t let the glow o’ gold fool ya. The Devil oftentimes wears a fair face too. If ya run afoul these devils, don’t be tryin’ to do ought but flee from ‘em, or fight ‘em until they’re all down in Hell where they belong. That’s my advice.

Now, my knowledge ta ya, a fair price ta pay fer the ruckus an’ business rumor stirs up, that be different. You’ll find this island, sure as can be, a devil’s landing ye can expect. Bring enough water an’ good food fer a return voyage. That be the lay of it from all who’ve clapped eyes on that ungodly spit of sand.

Ungodly, says I. Not meself nor any other at sea, honest or on account, would be surprised if ya find yer ship shadowed by the ghost o’ Flint. That man be the scourge o’ more than one ocean. There wasn’t enough in him that was human ta die like is proper in nature. His spirit be why many never tried seekin’ the silver in the first place. Best be takin’ a Bible with ya, matey.

An’ now from me heart: I done gave up givin’ my life’s left ta searchin’ fer Flint’s silver, but the bars be out there. Ain’t no man be worthy of ‘em any more than the next. That’s what others’ll be a thinkin’ too, unless I’m mistook. Take with ye now no more o’ men than ya need, an’ no more than ya can handle should it come ta blows. God be with ya mateys, an’ may ya one day come back ta tell me the tale an’ p’haps spend some o’ those pieces of eight so I can see ‘em fer meself. Farewell . . .”

PART 3: NIGHTMARES AT SEA: When it has come time for the party to brave the sea in search of Flint’s island of silver, great perils lie ahead for them. For regardless of where they’re going, their voyage will turn towards this island, no matter its bearings. Once at sea, use the following Encounters one and all and in the order they are presented.

Destination: Wherever you have chosen to place it, the distance to the island must be calculated using the Maps of the appropriate Sourcebooks. However, if you chose to locate the island in its true place in the Caribbean, more specifically its northeastern islands, then the voyage will be approximately 375 leagues along the north side of the Bahamas.

Fears: During the voyage, the crew shall seem to be restless, as if planning a mutiny, but in truth it is the growing fear of spirits, specifically the ghost of Captain Flint that has them on edge. Play up to whatever fears the Players may have, going so far as to offer ‘evidence’ to support their fears. Indeed try to make them feel as the crew does, that what they dread could be real, and the more they fear it the more it seems to be the case. But ultimately, there is no mutiny or other betrayal to come.

6) The crew sees a ghost

The voyage is most trying at first. There is some heavy weather, but this only proves the qualities of the ship. Every man on board seems content and well. Alas, it is not to last. For soon a call from the crow’s nest causes the ship to list with all hands crowded leeward; there is an island out there, not on any charts. Almost at once rumors of ghosts can be heard amongst the men. Some speak of taking French Leave of the ship before they’re forced to sign with Davey Jones.

If the party is not headed to the island of old Flint’s silver, anyone who checks the ship’s current bearings can, with a Wits Check, realize that they have changed—the ship is now making for the isle of Flint’s cache. As for the island to port-side, this will drop crew Morale by 1-12, a loss that can be prevented if someone says he did it—thusly saving morale, but facing normal punishment by articles.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT

7) Tales from the apple barrel

A chorus of chaos on deck is soon resolved—the men have discovered that the apples reserved for curing seasickness are tainted, not by worms, but some mild poison. Nigh at once they grow angry and alarmed, yet resolved on justice, feeling that the apples are why they've been hearing ghosts. One crewman, however, says "At least we have not been **seeing** them . . ."

If there is a Player Character in command, it will fall to him to decide what to do about all the bad food—it totals only 50 man-days worth. Any NPC captain will have it tossed overboard, though such an action will cost 1-3 Morale, as men prefer apples for medicinal reasons.

Regardless of what happens to the tainted food supply, some of the crew will break into a fight, costing 1-4 lives if not put down. If anyone took credit for changing course in Encounter 6, he will be seen in a better light now, as steering the ship (and the crew) towards better fortune, and thus he can, with a Charisma Check, cause the rowdy men to cease fighting before any casualties occur. Or he can fight them, and try to beat them into a state of unconsciousness.

8) Phantoms and fate

A plague seems to be following your ship, like a ghost indeed. Another storm casts your vessel to and fro like a child playing with a dead animal. The sporadic flashes of lightning reveal a skeletal figure at the helm, but in the midst of the abyss, in the dark between thunderclaps, you see only a group of stout sailors holding fast to the rigging. Is it a delirium? Or can the dead walk and sail an earthly ship?

Should one approach the ghost at the helm, it will react only to a fearless man. To be considered fearless, one must either challenge it openly as his first action, or be the one who took responsibility in Encounter 6, or have a Fear befitting the scene (skeletons, storms at sea, curses, etc). If one isn't worthy of the skeleton's attention, it will laugh and in this moment of terror the individual must make

a Saving Throw at 5 to avoid waves sweeping him overboard to his utter doom. However, if one gains the skeleton's attention, he will 'hear' it speak in his mind—only he will hear this—many tales both dark and difficult to understand, leaving him with a single roll on the following chart to determine just what he 'learned' from this.

Tales Of The Phantom Helmsman

Roll	Summary of the tales told by the ghost
11-12	Flint's ghost guards his hoard and cannot be brought down by any mortal weapons
8-10	The treasure of Dead Chest Island is kept safe like a crypt is with booby-traps
5-7	Only he who pays the devil proper tribute can claim the blood-money of Flint
2-4	Recites "With one man of her crew alive, what put to sea with seventy-five . . ."
1	Claims to be the Character himself, as he will be one day, doomed by this voyage

9) A man of war

The crew is jubilant, for you begin to see waves dotted with small islands—not phantoms, but true land. Your destination should be raised after less than an hour. Alas, a strange sail raises first, the black ensign of a large vessel coming out of the fog behind you. Seized by the earthly spell of a most mortal fear, the crew damns their belief in ghosts, and each other. They begin to fight, with accusations of whoever is poisoning their minds flying as freely as the spit that sounds them. All the while the ominous silhouette of the unknown vessel astern is closing on you . . .

The ship is a pirate, one which has followed the party since Savannah. It is 2 Value higher than their own vessel, and with 30 more men (all of 1st Level). Its captain will soon hail the party, offering the following terms: "I am a man of war. I spare none but for what I can take from them and keep from the devil. Give me your chart to treasure and I'll let you live". This is a sincere offer, and if he is given all the party's information relating to the island of Flint's hoard, he will depart. Otherwise, he engage the party's ship, seeking to take it with 'negotiations of cannonade'.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



PART 4: DEAD CHEST ISLAND: This island, for all its legend, is relatively small, and lost in a chain of many other small dots of hopeful land in the vastness of the sea. Indeed, there is little else to do here but brave the gauntlet left by Flint to safeguard his silver hoard. The tale of this gambit shall be unraveled through the use of the following Encounters. Run them one and all and in the order they are presented.

Tales of the island: The NPC crewmen may have heard tales of this place on their own, by far the most common and feared being that it is here that a notorious pirate with a huge black beard would in days not long ago regularly come to maroon his men in order to downsize his crew. It is believed his last venture here resulted in mutiny but he left his ship fouled, and that the derelict is still to be found somewhere nearby. However much of this is true is your decision. But in any event, the crew believes it all, and as such will be reluctant to set foot on the island—they will help haul a treasure aboard, but not dare the gauntlet inland, not unless one can make a Charisma Check.

Survival on the island: This island is a barren and unwholesome place. Nothing can survive here save for snakes, lizards and mosquitoes. As a result, it is impossible to find food or water here to keep a man alive, even for a day.

10) Arriving at the island

The sun is bright when you come upon a small island. The sands are white and the trees scant, like a patch of desert amidst the sparkling azure ocean. A foul reek comes from the isle as well, the unmistakable stench of swamp. It is without a doubt the most godforsaken spit of land a man ever set foot on. It appears as the hairy chest of the devil himself asleep beneath the waves.

While checking charts will not be of any help, a Wits Check can remember tales of this island, that it is known as ‘Dead Chest Island’.

Once ashore, the party will hear a voice all around them. Its source, whether human or spirit, cannot be determined. Its words will be as follows:

“No fear have ye of all evil spirits, says you? Ahh, properly warned ye be, says I. Name the true owner of this island’s heart then feast yer greedy eyes on a treasure o’ kings. ‘Tis guarded well by a hunter of seventy-four. Now mark well me words, matey, fer he has room enough in his coffers for the bones o’ twenty-six more . . .”

One must name ‘Bloody Gums’ aloud in order to placate this voice. If he names or does anything else, the voice will say “Drink of the spring . . .” A search can find a spring nearby, but it is fouled, effecting level 3 poison. However, if someone says the right name, he will gain 10 Experience Points and the disembodied voice will go on to say more; “Dig below your earthly feet . . .” For indeed, there is a cache several feet beneath the beach, leading down to the otherwise unfindable Encounter 12.

11) Camp of the damned

Not far inland—still in sight of the thunderous, foaming surf—you come upon a camp. Tents are made from excessive clothing, and rusted swords and other blades lie everywhere, all but eaten, it seems, by lantern-oil. The entire scene is one of marooning en-masse, the dead burying bodies but keeping their clothes. And yet the dead are now as vanished as the ship which left them here.

Should there be any NPCs be present, there’s enough evidence of evil spirits in this scene to confirm the last of their lingering superstitions, and they will go berserk and attack everyone at random unless one can calm them. To do this requires yet another Charisma Check, modified in many ways, using the chart below. Each Player Character may attempt this Check once before the blood begins. If nobody can restore the peace, it effectively begins a ‘boarding party’ attacking itself.

Calming The Fearful Crew

Modifier	Aspect of the speaking Character
+1	Each Religion Skill Level he has
+1	Each Leadership Skill Level he has
+1	Each bonus to ‘acquiring’ on Table 57
-1	Each time this Check has been failed
-2	If he is the captain or quartermaster

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



12) The money pit

Rickety stairs wrought from deck planks stagger down into a dark, dank tunnel. Salt and seawater have misshapen the rough-hewn walls to resemble no better than the face of France's king. Ahead in the dominating gloom, you make out the stone frame of a door, itself a solid piece of a stern-castle. The floor is lost in knee-deep flooding. In crudely dug niches are several iron kettles, all of different sizes, hanging from a complex network of rusty chains and ropes run through the soft, earthy walls like rotting sinews that still cling to long dead bones.

There are 6 kettles in all, and each one of the lot can trigger a trap here. Yet the sizes are rather misleading as they are unimportant. What must be done is placing exactly 30 coins into one of them. This will properly balance the counter-weight that will open the otherwise unopenable door leading to Encounter 13. Solving this puzzle is worth a good 30 Experience Points, too. However, if the door is forced or the kettles disturbed in any other way, it will set off a random trap effect, rolled upon the following chart. If an additional trap that is set off results in a consequence already loosed, use instead the next lowest in numerical value not yet sprung.

Traps Of The Money Pit

Roll	Trap that is set off
10-12	Cave-in sealing the entrance, can only be opened with explosives, and every point of Damage past 9 is the chance in 12 the disturbance sets off another trap
5-9	Floodgates barely concealed beneath the thin mud on the walls flood the tunnel, and all within must make a Brawn Check to swim back out (against the flow), with failure resulting in not going anywhere.
3-4	Explosives buried in the walls cause 4-15 Damage as they normally will, and every point of Damage past 6 is the chance in 12 the disturbance sets off another trap
1-2	Cave-in buries the tunnel and all access to Encounter 13 forever, for it cannot be dug out later, as tidal-tunnels continually flood and undermine all excavations

13) Flint and steel

Rounding a corner, you behold an amazing array of treasure sprawled over a cavern floor! No ill-pirate's hole dug by a ragged crew is this, but a stone womb of this dead man's island where evil is born and betrayal is nurtured. Silver bars form but the foundation of even more treasure piled in mounds upon it; Spanish pieces of eight for the most part, but English crowns and guineas glitter in the wavering darkness above the watery floor, along with other treasures that most gentlemen of fortune wouldn't prize, including portraits, clothes and lamps. The walls of this deserted berth must have once quaked with the sound of evil laughter and bloody oaths, but now they are silent, given life only by the rippling lines reflecting off your light and the black water. These reveal the grim figure of a skeleton perched atop the highest pile of blood-money, swathed in half-rotten captain's garments, greedily gazing at a brilliant ruby even after all these years have plundered his skin and cobwebs have patches his hat and coat. The odd light seems to make the dead man move, as the dark cavities of his eyes follow your every step, as if he yet watches all intruders in his cavern.

At this point you must decide the true nature of Captain Flint's ghost. There are actually three possibilities you may choose from. The first is that all of it is simply a delirium, and the party's fears are seeing spirits where there are none. The second is that all of the words and actions of this tale's phantoms are the work of a crewman who knows Flint's tale, has desired the location of the treasure, and now wants all the party frightened off so he can return for it later. The third possibility is that the ghost of Captain Flint is indeed that, an earth-walking spirit, one who now seeks to add to his treasure and his legend.

The skeleton is that of Captain Flint himself. The ruby in his hand is worth 13000 gold, but it is also ill to take—trapped if the ghost is not real, cursed if he is. In any case, to take the ruby free of consequence requires exchanging it with an item of equal weight—3 Encumbrance or 30 gold value to be sure, plus an Agility Check to make such a swap without the skeleton detecting any difference.

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



To fail, indeed to alert the skeleton to the theft of its ruby, is to bring down its wrath in the manner of the skeleton toppling, and from its dust rising a foe to fight the party, indeed a hallucination made real to the party by noxious powder, or the ghost in full supernatural form. It will speak to the party as a whole before it does anything else:

“Impressed ye be by the captain’s cabin? And wonderin’ ye be how he came about such elegant trinkets? Sweet talked the governor of Jamaica he did, like a ruddy member of Parliament, and took that wretched soul for a king’s ransom. Aye, blood money, and cursed it be, cursed for the black-hearted rogues what find it. Who knows what evil spells sleep within this cursed hoard? I knows, for I was here. From the Royal Fortune, bound for the Spanish Main, this score became their blessing and their curse. Them were happy times. Starved we was, for the sweet sound of a wench’s laugh, and to port the crew begot. As for the rest? Gold and silver, satin and lace . . . simple trinkets for the captain’s pleasure. Little curiosities you might say, reminders of his social contacts. Ahh, but deceitful was the captain. Cursed it be, cursed for the black-hearted rogues what find it. And them be you! By Davey Jones ye’ll add ta the hoard. Dead men tell no tales . . .”

One may note that this ghost speaks both as a crewman and as a captain, as if mad (if it is but a delirium), or just trying to confuse the majority (if it is the work of a deceptive crewman), or if it is itself being deceptive (if it is a true spirit). But no matter the truth, the party must fight with this ghost, which has Defense Score 16 and wields a cutlass with +9 ability. However, the ghost cannot be defeated or even wounded except by fire, and even then it has an effective Survival factor of 10. When it finally falls, it will crumble into ash, and never move or speak again.

The treasure hoard consists of roughly 200000 in silver coins and bullion. Most of the ingots are marked with the initials ‘H.M.S. R.F.’ and total a good 150000 of the hoard, while the rest, in coins and goods and art treasures, will only take up 800 space in a ship’s cargo hold.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE: Once the party has left Dead Chest Island behind, there are some things to consider.

Silver of the Royal Fortune: If the silver ingots are taken to an English government office, they fetch a higher price—180000 instead of 150000, as they’re all part of a larger English commercial venture that was merely stalled by Captain Flint’s taking of the vessel ‘H.M.S. Royal Fortune’.

Epilogue: If you wish to end this Adventure with a little narrative rather than simply counting silver bars and bantering about what ghosts may or may not be, the following epilogue is offered.

The voyage from what the crew now refers to as Dead Chest Island is a somber and quiet one. It is a sailor’s right—and moreso a pirate’s—to be short of words when considering the afterlife. All too easily the thought of ghosts comes again and again back to their thoughts, and not even for a king’s ransom in silver can they buy off the sea-devils to give them one night of peace.

The island has long disappeared over the dark horizon, but stories of ghosts never leave you. Is it only because the men they were in life, such as Captain Flint, were as terrifying as the Devil himself? Or is it because you all have locked in the depths of your own hearts the means to fall from grace? Is it the doom of pirates to meet an old captain for an undertaker who has made for them a watery grave? Is belief in ghosts wisdom or folly? Is it the malady of madmen who have simply looked too long for silver and gold and not long enough at the Bible? Was it all a trick? A dangerous game played by one of your crew? Or . . . was it real?

The simple squawking of a parrot brings your thoughts back to this world, and earthly treasures, as it caws again and again . . .

Pieces of eight, pieces of eight

THE GHOST OF CAPTAIN FLINT



TALES OF LONG JOHN SILVER



Pieces of eight, pieces of eight . . .

BEGINNING THE ADVENTURE: Before running this Adventure, it is a good idea to read through it first in order to become familiar with the storyline and key plot elements. However, reading the entire Adventure beforehand is not necessary for play.

Timeline: This adventure can be set at any date, any time, anywhere. It is, however, more dramatic to play Adventure #1 first, building up the legend of 'Long John Silver' all the more.

Background: When everyone is ready to play, begin the adventure by reading the narrative below.

“Yo . . . ho . . . ho . . .” The slow, empty words of a dying man echo the sentiments of the souls all throughout this place. Where you have foundered not even a Royal sailing master could tell. There are walls, for certain as the flickering lanternlight is stopped short, like hope. You're not yet in the circles of Hell, as raindrops slowly, steadily fall through the crisscrossing beams above your head. Outside the gunports, the world once of freedom, the sea, is lost in a gray haze.

You know not how long you've been trapped thus—an hour, a month, time isn't counted here. Like so many, your ship found this island, like a curious child finding the skeleton key to a dead man's chest. Run aground, your vessel has been joined to the town of shipwrecks, where pirates of all accounts slowly forget humanity and let go of their life in this self-made jail. Though your vessel will most likely float free, let loose with the tide like a shark releasing the leg of a rather unsavory man, most of the other men are already broken, and would not sail if given the chance. Too long have they been mired in this accursed fog, waiting for Death's embrace.

Some men sing, softly. Some play cards, but care not who wins. Not a single flash of powder or the slightest sound of agony betrays the rule of the darkness. Everyone here is dead or dying, and they accept it, their souls given over to that ghostly existence echoing throughout the derelict ship which has become their shadowed purgatory; “Yo . . . ho . . . ho . . . a pirate's life for me . . .”

PART 1: THE HAUNTED ISLAND: Whether in their own ship or one that wrecked here, the party will not float free as thought, at least not without assistance. They must be daring enough to explore the island and find the key to their escape. When they finally set out inland, for any reason, tell the tale with the following Encounters, played one and all and in the order they are presented.

1) Tales from the cove

The only route into the island is through the one cove which has trapped so many ships, its reefs and rocky headlands as sharp and chaotic as the jaws of a sea-dragon. Given to despair, nobody has made any repairs, and you are forced to find your way through the wreckage in a longboat, as if through a man-made bayou of tree-masts rising from the depths, hemp-foliage and thick boughs of blood-stained canvas. The shallow waters glow with the pale faces of drowned men on the reef below, who rise higher and higher the closer you draw to the island. Finally you set foot on the gravely beach of the island itself. An eerie, nigh unearthly silence greets you, as if you are on the border between two worlds. The derelict ships in the fog behind you are rapidly fading from sight, already little more than pale silhouettes, like the ghosts of mariners and merchantmen.

The other ships here are too badly damaged to ever sail again, kept 'afloat' only by the reef they are trapped on. However, enough can be salvaged from them to equal 1000 gold value for outfitting a ship for every Skill Level of the best shipwright amongst the party.

A Search of this area may discover the upper latches of a large sea-chest buried here, just barely uncovered by the tide. If dug up, it is filled with silver coins and a hidden viper. Whoever digs into the money first must make an Intuition Check to avoid the snake striking him in surprise for level 1 poison before it swiftly moves away inland. There are 2250 coins total, plus a silver ingot worth 800. If anyone has found or seen the treasure hoard of Adventure #2 in this booklet, he can make a Wits Check to notice that the bar is stamped with the same initials as Flint's hoard; 'H.M.S. R.F.'.

TALES OF LONG JOHN SILVER



2) The ruined mission

Hacking and slashing your way through the thick jungle, you come upon an old mission. The dark growth and silence of the island tells the tale all too well—this was a plague island, and no living man remains to help or hinder you. The weather-worn edifice of the crumbling church invites you to enter and see what treasure dead priests covet. The surrounding jungle seems suddenly menacing, as if it's watching you.

This area is well watched by a tribe of dark-skinned cannibals, normally hidden by the jungle. They will let the party enter with ease, as they all greatly fear the Christian God. However, they will not let anyone leave. The first person to attempt to leave (or a random Character if the party leaves at the same time) must make an Intuition Check (this roll made with a -2 penalty) to notice in time the surprise attack of a cannibal throwing a spear. The rest of the tribe—and normal combat—begin after this opening shot. These cannibals number 24 and have the following statistics: Defense Score of 7, Girth of 5, attack with spears at +2 for a Base Damage of 4 and have a Movement Rate of 130'. They are immune to poisons, being regularly fed a variety of concoctions from their witch doctor, thus they survived the plague when Europeans did not. Indeed they caused it. And, all for naught, for this tribe has no treasure.

A Search of the ruins may discover a secret niche beneath the altar, wherein are kept all of the holy symbols and ceremonial candles, plus a single flask of ceremonial wine. If a Christian symbol is held aloft with no weapon, the cannibals will fear the bearer enough that he can leave and pass them unmolested with a Luck Check. If he then tries to parley with them, he must make a Charisma Check and gamble his life: If failed, the cannibals attack, but if successful they will tell all about the island and what happened here. If one cannot understand their language, he may with a Wits Check (made at a -4 penalty) understand them well enough. The ceremonial wine, at this point, can also be traded for a daub-sealed skull filled with an exotic make of 'magical medicine'.

3) A fateful meeting

Approaching you, through the haze of heat, is an amazingly thin man. Despite his heavy coat and leggings, you can see he is frail and sickly. The man, having but one leg, hobbles up to you, and though weary, does not seem afraid, a Scotsman to be sure. "Top of the morning to you lads," he says in a friendly tone, "for a morning it is, the start of a venture no matter how dark the world is we live in. It's nice to meet you lads, fellow Godly men, unless I'm mistook. I'm Silver, and I think we can all be of a service to each other. Will you be amenable to hearing my proposal?"

The man is fairly young for his injuries, only about 40 years, but ill enough to be twice that. If the party hears his tale, it is as follows:

"Ahhh, thank you. I was a passenger on a fair merchant vessel—there's good reason they're called 'merchant ventures' laddies, for what with storms, inaccurate charts and . . . pirates, one never knows if he's going to sea port again. We never did. Came here delivering missionary supplies, and plague got the best of us. All dead lads, save myself.

God moves in mysterious ways, doesn't He? I had time to explore this island, avoiding the locals, if you follow me. In time, another maroon here, a pirate by the name of Long John Silver was made to share my fortunes . . . and I his. Dying, he told me a secret: I am not Long John Silver, says he. He went on to speak how the name was necessary for inspiring fear. He gave the mantle over to me, and I wear it as proud as the Admiralty wears the tricorn. And his parrot—wise bird, that one. Knows more than most men. Them parrots live forever it's said. Might be two hundred years old for all that I know. And I know a good deal, lads.

Here's my proposal: I've a ship nearby, that merchant vessel with its ghost crew. Give it living hands again and take me with you. Better, I know the world is changing, and soon the name of Long John Silver will be best left to tales told fireside in tavern and country house. I'd rather the world forget my right name. But I'll not forget Silver's treasure. Let's find it . . . together. What say you?"

TALES OF LONG JOHN SILVER



Most of what ‘Mr. Silver’ says is true, except he left out the part that he knows the bearings of Long John’s haunts only by the parrot, which only says “Pieces of eight” unless someone has one leg, and then he must make a Wits Check to gain its trust to thus hear the bearings of Silver’s treasure. The parrot Silver keeps in a cage on board the abandoned merchant vessel, which is the same type of ship as the one the party has grounded nearby, floating in another cove and fully seaworthy. She also has aboard 1200 days worth of provisions.

PART 2: INTO THE TUNNELS: Where does the parrot say Silver’s treasure is? That is for you to choose. It can really be anywhere in the world. And whatever adventure the party has on the way (if any, for Silver did often use unknown routes to avoid trouble), it will be nothing compared to the dark journey awaiting them when they reach their destination. Once they arrive there, tell this part of the tale using the following Encounters, played one and all and in the order they are presented.

Light and vision: There is no light inside, and thus the party must bring a light-source with them.

Exploring by boat: The caves are flooded and can only be explored by someone in a longboat or raft, or by hugging the walls or swimming each Round.

4) Through the Spy-Glass

Maneuvering through a labyrinth of reefs, at last you come to a barren coastline. There is no port, no town, not even a beach. The waves crash up against a rocky headland rising like a fortress in the colorless spray of the sea, from atop whose jagged ramparts the ghosts of long dead men are sure to have spotted you coming long ago. Thus does the crew quickly name this place ‘Spy-Glass Coast’. Through the clouds of salty mist you spy a dark cave opening level with the hide-tide, like the dark eye of the devil looking back at you. It is a place only fearless men would dare explore, and no tale of Long John Silver was without his fearless dismissal of spirits. He would very well have hidden treasure there, counting on fear and superstition alone to safeguard it.

The men will be too afraid to enter. One man can be motivated to go with a Charisma Check by the captain, who may continue to persuade his men one-at-a-time until he fails, and then he cannot get any more—the rest will stay on the ship while the party explores the caves.

5) Grotto of dead men

The flooded tunnel branches into a maze of dark passages. How much time passes as you drift in the darkness you cannot tell. Finally you enter a grotto fed by waterfalls surging in the blackness. Your light reveals the grim skulls of dead men all around—a skeleton lays on the rocks with a dagger in its back, another hangs from a rotten noose, another is pinned to the wall with a rusty cutlass. Many ghosts must dwell here, awaiting a spectral ship to take them to the other side . . .

The skeletons can be distracting—unless one shines a light directly ahead, the party will sail on through a waterfall in the darkness that is partially acidic, one born of the same volcanic activity that carved these caves in the first place, suffering all Characters an automatic hit of 1-12 (total) Damage.

6) The bone-box

The flooded tunnel enters a large cave, where an island of volcanic rock rises in the middle. And there, resting in the shadows as if since the very dawn of time, is a large stone box. It looks as if it could be an unfinished sarcophagus, or some cursed treasure chest, or perhaps an altar to the heathen gods of the sea.

Opening the stone chest requires one to make a Brawn Check at a -3 penalty. Inside of it are a collection of human bones. In one of the skulls is a parchment with faint writing in English, provided both below and on Handout 11. If no Character is able to read English, Mr. Silver most certainly can; *‘I came about these caves by chance. So can any other lubber. I won’t make my gold easy for you as I intend to come back for it one day. Listen to Captain Flint when you talk of tales of barbecued Spanish dogs. And do opposite what he says’.*

TALES OF LONG JOHN SILVER



Most of what ‘Mr. Silver’ writes is true, but it is not the **man** of Captain Flint he refers to, rather he refers to his parrot. When talk of barbecued or otherwise cooked Spanish are spoken of at all in ear-shot of the ancient bird, it will squawk loudly: “Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Burn them on a dead man’s plate. All asleep, six men deep” and it will then speak the bearings of Silver’s hoard.

PART 3: COOKING UP FINE TALES: What now? Captain Flint is dead. And, all of the party’s crew will know this. Each day the captain must make a Charisma Check to calm them, and each day that he fails there will be an Encounter, drawn from all the following, used in the order they are presented. If the Encounters run dry, there will be a loss of 1-12 Morale each following day. Or, the tales coming true will end when Captain Flint the parrot gives up the bearings. As before, what those coordinates may be arrrrrr for you to decide.

Captain Flint: The old parrot will always stay close to Mr. Silver, but never reveal anything new.

Mr. Silver: This NPC will be open with the crew about his identity, and just as eager to unravel the riddle of the treasure as they are.

7) Stories of the sea-cook

The crew is uneasy. Stories of Long John Silver, intended as nothing more than yarns about a sea-cook, have caught the crew’s fancy and soon all are jarring about the legendary buccaneer, able to placate their lack of a heading with tales of his treasure, as if they are somehow in possession of secret knowledge about it. “Aye, I knows Silver, leastaways I’ve heard o’ him . . .” a man says. “A surgeon from Roberts’ crew on the Royal Fortune had to take off his leg, and that man, bless his soul, he was later hanged at Cape Corso Castle. Them English forts ol’ Silver never forgot. I say we make for Silver’s leg! It’s stuffed with gold, says I. The leg of this journey be Silver’s . . .”

Corso is in the western Mediterranean, off of southern France, should it set the party’s compass. However, there is nothing to be found there.

8) What bloody money buys

More tales of John Silver are being devoured by the crew, hungry for treasure. The stories seem as plentiful as the fish from the sea. Still, there is no denying the growing appetite for treasure. For the yarns are getting wild, and John Silver is given the identity of many men, plus a ghost, and even the baron of Bristol himself. One man boasts “I says a man we make a ghost an’ see if he can call out this treasure-hoarding devil!”

This rowdy crewman must be calmed down by either a ration of rum or a fistfight. If neither are offered by a Player Character, he will pick one of the party to fight . . . to the death with weapons.

9) On parole

If the captain of the ship is a Character (be he PC or NPC), when reading out the following narrative, replace ‘**THE CAPTAIN**’ with his own name.

The tales of Silver have gotten the best of your crew. There is nothing else for them now except ruin, unless they can buy a new life with a real treasure. After a brief huddle, they all approach ‘**THE CAPTAIN**’ and present him with a single, small piece of paper. They stand back then, and wait, as if expecting the end of the world. Their faces are masks of cold sweat.

The paper is a black spot (written on the last page torn from a Bible), and includes a message: ‘*Morning truth or ye be deposed*’. This message is reproduced as Handout 12. It means the captain is to face mutiny come the morning unless he has an answer to Silver’s riddle the crew can believe, an answer and bearings. If anyone remarks on the ill fortune it brings to cut any page from a Bible, the daily loss of Morale will be reduced by 4 (thusly even to 0 on any day if the roll is low enough). One’s Skill with Religion can be parleyed into this as well, affording that Trade its normal use. Both factors—savvy and skill—will be afforded the party by Mr. Silver if he is present and favorable toward them (he has Religion at Skill Level 3).

TALES OF LONG JOHN SILVER



PART 4: SILVER'S EMBASSY: Wherever you set the location of Silver's hoard by his own hand, when the party finally arrives there, they will find it a small isle. Their expedition inland will be one both short and simple. Use both of the following Encounters in the order they are presented.

10) The old buccan house

Not far inland, you stumble upon an old buccan shack. This wooden house for smoking pork is a larger one than most, as if it once doubled as a shelter. And it's well made. The only damage is a shallow swamp covering the floor, due to the large smoke-hole in the thatched roof. Yet there is naught more than this. The tales are done told and the fires of fancy gone cold. A shadow from a high crag keeps the shack shrouded in darkness and despair.

No Search can find anything. The crag is 50' high and easily climbable from the leeward side, yet the sheer cliff overlooking the buccan house is, at exactly 36' above ground, cut with the initials 'L.J.S.'. Should someone pick or prod at this rock, it will come loose easily, revealing a cache that is otherwise impossible to find. Inside is a sea-chest (exactly like the one from Encounter 2, if someone asks). Once the chest is set on firm ground and opened, move immediately to Encounter 11.

11) And last

When reading this narrative aloud, do not read out the second paragraph if there are no NPCs present. However, if there are any NPCs of any kind near at hand, then read this description in its entirety.

The chest gleams cold in the light. There is an uncanny energy in the air. Clouds roll up behind the treetops, as if God Almighty is waiting just offstage, anxious to see what happens next.

No one can well conceal their excitement at seeing this dead man's chest opened. Indeed, the crew is visibly nervous, with a wild look in their greedy eyes. Whether for fear of stories coming true or sheer greed you cannot tell...

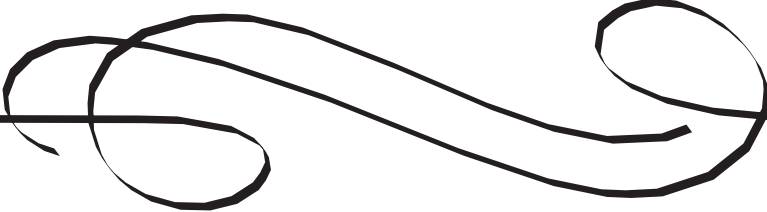
Once the chest is opened, all NPCs will enter a frenzy, attacking everyone in an attempt to hoard this treasure for themselves. No statistics of Morale or any other factors can prevent this—the legends of Long John Silver are too much for them. Thus the party will have to fight for their lives in what is effectively a 'boarding party' against themselves, with each Round the NPCs removing 1-12 of their own Levels, then the party choosing their targets normally (they must each choose at least one NPC to fight each round). Only Mr. Silver, key NPCs from all past Adventures, and those with their own Character Sheets will remain sane and loyal.

Inside the chest is naught but personal effects, and boring ones at that, and a single plate of gold. If one washes the plate with enough blood—each wound penalty becomes the chance in 12 that he uses enough—specially hidden writing will become visible, provided as Handout 13.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE: Once the party has left Silver's tales behind, there are some things to consider.

Silver's hoard: Following the instructions upon the gold plate, if it is presented to the bankers in the English port of Bristol, the party will be rewarded with all of Long John Silver's treasures. This can be one of two things. First, if the party somehow lost the treasures of Adventures #1 and/or #2, then that is what shall await them here, fully recovered by the crafty and cunning and daring Silver. But if all of that treasure is already counted among the party's victories, then what they will find the vault to hold instead is 300000 pieces of eight, plus a ring which makes its owner, if he is of a British lineage, Royalty, without cost of Creation Points.

The name of Silver: Someone may wish to take up the name of Long John Silver after this. Should he do so, he must fulfill certain requirements: He has to be British, have only one leg (a pegleg will do in place of a crutch, as the tales certainly become misrepresented over time and telling), and he must have at least a 6 Charisma Score (or else nobody will believe he is who he claims to be). However, taking on this name will automatically raise one's Notoriety Level to 10.



*Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
The bos'n brained with a marlin's pike,
And Cookey's throat was marked belike
It had been gripped by fingers ten;
And there they lay, all good dead men,
Like break-o'-day in a boozin'-ken
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men of a whole ship's list,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Dead and bedamned and the rest gone whist,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's ax his cheek had shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
And there they lay and the soggy skies
Dripped all day long in upstaring eyes
At murky sunset and at foul sunrise
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

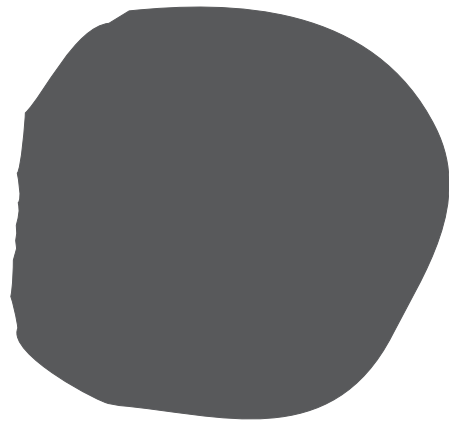
*Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Ten of the crew had the murder mark,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
'Twas a cutlass swipe, or an ounce of lead,
Or a yawning hole in a battered head
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red.
And there they lay, aye, damn my eyes!
All lookouts clapped on paradise
All souls bound just contrariwise -
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

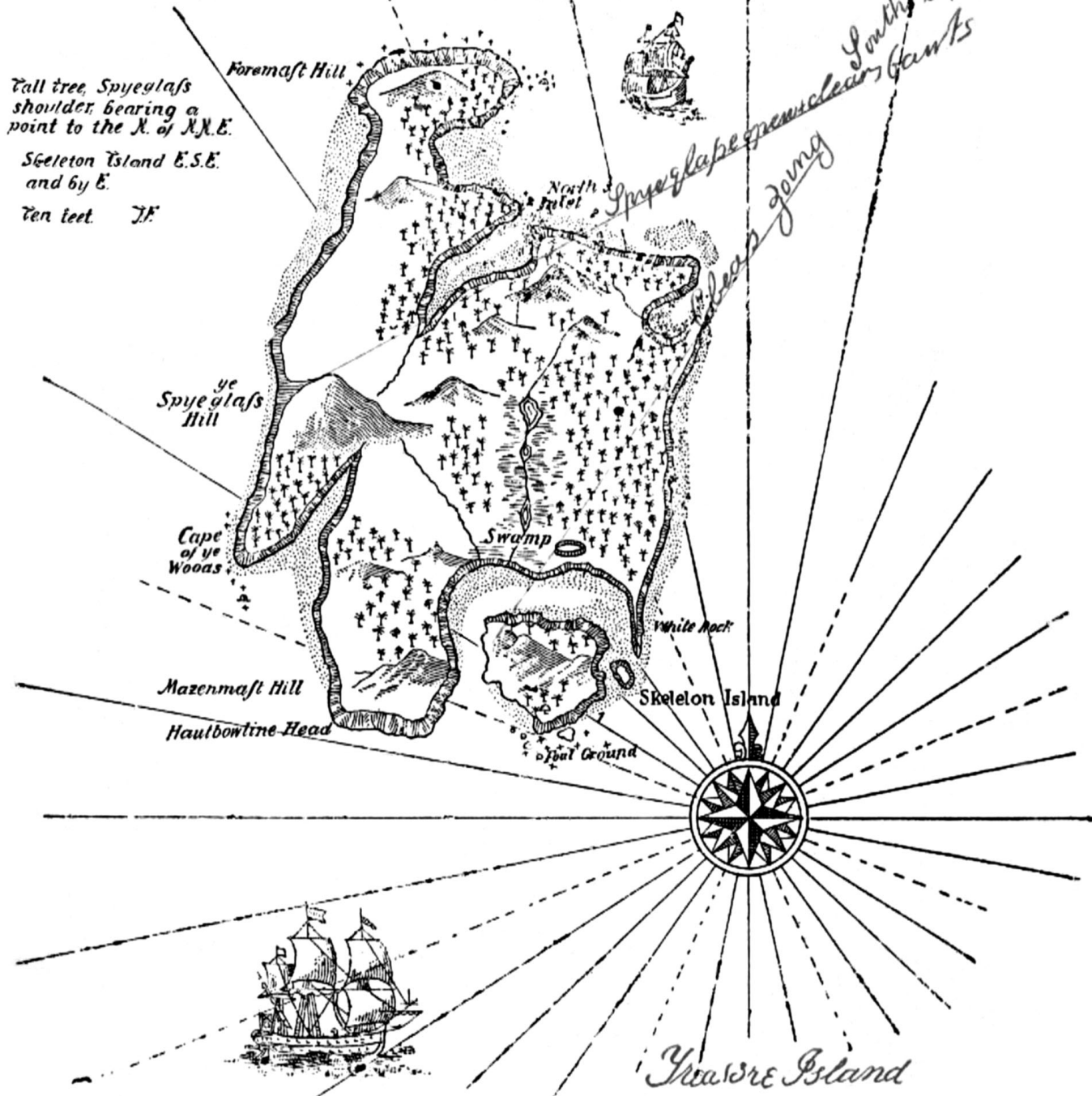
*Fifteen men of 'em good and true,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
And the cabins riot of loot untold.
And there they lay, that had took the plum,
With a sightless glare and their eyes struck dumb,
While we shared all by the rule of thumb
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*More was seen through the sternlight screen,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Chartings no doubt where a woman had been!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot
And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
Or was she a wench or some shuddering maid?
That dared the knife and that took the blade!
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

*Fifteen men on a deadman's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight
With a yo-heave-ho! and a fare-you-well!
And a sullen plunge in the sullen swell,
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle o' rum!*

You have till
ten tonight





Given by above J.F. to Mr W. Bones Mast & ye Walrus Savannah this twenty July W.B.

Captain Flint was a pirate, commander of the Walrus, a scourge of the Caribbean and other seas whether Christian flags flew over them or not, for nigh on five and twenty years. Mariners can rest a safe sleep, at least the better, now that Flint has met his Maker. Some say he died in the Americas while others speak of him in the West Indies. The truth is of no matter. This dog is dead and only a legend remains, a legend of treasure, to lure other dogs of like mind to open gates to hell.

Flint had many men whose names are nearly as stained as his own. Israel Hands, the gunner of Blackbeard's crew he was. Ben Gunn, obsessed by treasure so much he'd risk damnation by suicide to claim any. William Henley, who lost a leg for king and country under the Immortal Hawk but later is known to have given both his name and his honor for a run at Flint's hoard. There was also Pew, a blind man, Black Dog, a helmsman, and his fierce quartermaster known only as Billy Bones.

That treasure is legend. Tales say he hid it, a hoard beyond price and count, all on an island. It is believed he intended to go back for it, but there is no account of any such voyage.

The Hispaniola

Captain:	Design:	Barque	Crew:	022
Alexander	Hull Points:	150	Levels:	050
Smollett	Mounted cannon:	05	Morale:	20
Flag: English	Reserve cannon:	00	Hold:	4000
Speed: 12	Men per cannon:	4	Cargo:	2700
Notes and Changes: _____				

The Hispaniola has had a short career in the service of only a few gentlemen, private ventures all, and due to how spoiled she's been, the vessel is quite comfortable for any crew's standards, well stocked and sturdy.

The Hispaniola, now owned by Squire Trelawney, and captained by one Alexander Smollett, is a comfortable but ship-shape vessel. The Squire's easy-going ways act as the counterpoint to the Captain's orderly but none-the-less fair, professional ways (being Level 5). The crew are not pretty to look at, but fellows by their faces, and of indomitable spirit, chosen not by the captain but instead by the cook, 'John Silver'. As the fates would have it, Silver's charisma is good for morale, and they get along well enough (but they're not to gain any bonus' to rolls by him).

The Hispaniola is well provisioned, with a good store of 8000 man-days of quality food, 10 salvos of ball and powder, 3 longboats, charts, anchor, spare sails, and the free flag of England. Her weapons locker is moved to be stowed astern, in the captain's quarters, as a precaution.

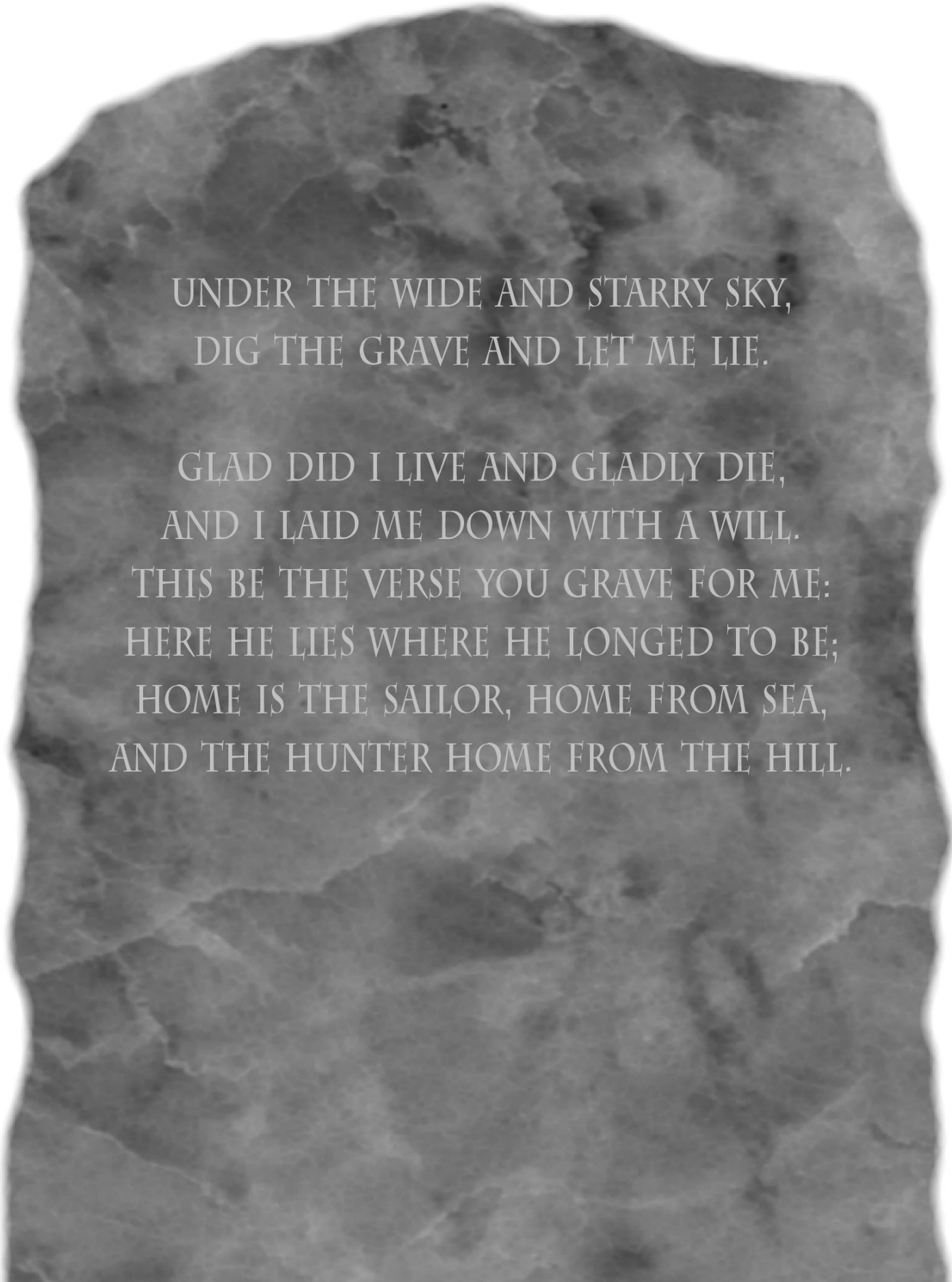
Long John Silver

Brawn:	06	Nationality:	English	Age:	50
Agility:	08	Class:	Buccaneer	Born:	NA
Endurance:	04	Experience Level:	7	Height:	6'2"
Girth:	08	Notoriety Level:	3	Weight:	140
Wits:	10	Defense Score:	12	Handed:	R
Intuition:	09	Carried Weight:	020	Move:	090'
Charisma:	12	Notes and Changes:	_____		
Luck:	10	_____			

He's had many names, including 'Barbeque' for all his skills in the galley, and even 'banker' due to his abilities to bank money, but most know him as 'Lohn John', the unofficial quartermaster aboard any ship due to his keen ability to charm and unite unruly crew. Having only one leg, lost fighting in the service of Admiral Edward Hawk against the French and the Spanish also earns him great respect, though he seems to have little need of it. He has a parrot named 'Captain Flint' who stays perched on his shoulder, named after the famous buccaneer.

John Silver is a man of the world, skilled with many trades, among them Religion (Level 1), Chiseling (Level 2) and use of both pistol and cutlass (both at Level 2). He is a savvy banker to boot, and the best ship's cook that one is likely to find. But his greatest skills are little used or seen; he is capable with English (Level 3), Leadership (Level 2), Intimidation (Level 1) and his crutch (Level 4).

John Silver carries 2 pistols, spare gunshot, his crutch (club) and wears a captain's coat to add to his charm.



UNDER THE WIDE AND STARRY SKY,
DIG THE GRAVE AND LET ME LIE.

GLAD DID I LIVE AND GLADLY DIE,
AND I LAID ME DOWN WITH A WILL.
THIS BE THE VERSE YOU GRAVE FOR ME:
HERE HE LIES WHERE HE LONGED TO BE;
HOME IS THE SAILOR, HOME FROM SEA,
AND THE HUNTER HOME FROM THE HILL.

Flint

William
Bones

William Hensley

Bloody Gums
Black Dog

ISRAEL HANDS Ben
Gunn

I keep this as a record by Flint's orders. Damned if I know if the bastard has even learned his letters. Aboard the Walrus all is kept apart from all else like so much cargo. Secrets ain't cargo. He isn't too straight with me none either. Makes me wonder all he keeps unto himself alone besides his rum.

We set out with a crew of five and seventy. I'd be Adam and Flint Eve if half that score are bound to return home. The hold be bursting with swag if my count is as keen as my leeward watch. No reefs nor storms but the crew is soon to downsize, or I am mighty mistook. If fate or Jones or perhaps the Almighty don't intervene, Flint's sure to mark the weak for slaughter as soon as chance heats the iron. Mutiny is sure to be brewing like a storm and everyone sees a share larger than their own for division.

If things come to mutiny, I'll wager my neck to stand alongside Mr. Henley. Even losing a leg when ol' Pew both deadlights ain't dulled the edge of fear about our cook or taken the devil out of him. Pew has become a dog as sure as Black, cowardly when alone, but if a fear holds the heart of Mr. Henley it is only the fear of naught more than there being too low a count of crew to settle scores with when the time comes to collect his tariff for passage on these bloody seas.

As much as the world fears Captain Flint, even Flint himself fears Mr. Henley.

It's been counted and told. Two-hundred thousand! And all in silver bars cached, bearings at

Here am I, old Bloody Gums
and I survive the three days
as like much as God.

My thirty-piece will be kept
safe in my pocket and I say
I cheat the devil as a jailor or
Davey Jones as a gravedigger.

Captain may have the treasure
but I will forever keep the key

I came about these caves by chance.

So can any other lubber.

I won't make my gold easy for you as

I intend to come back for it one day.

Listen to Captain Flint when you talk

of tales of barbecued Spanish dogs.

And do opposite what he says.

REVELATION 22

12 "And behold, I am coming quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give to every one according to his work.

13 I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last."

14 Blessed are those who do His commandments, [g] that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter through the gates into the city.

15 But outside are dogs and sorcerers and sexually immoral and murderers and idolaters, and whoever loves and practices a lie.

16 "I, Jesus, have sent My angel to testify to you these things in the churches. I am the Root and the Offspring of David, the Bright and Morning Star."

17 And the Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who desires it, "Come!" And let him who thirsts come. Whoever desires, let him take the water of life freely.

*morning truth
or ye be deposed*

A Warning


18 For I testify to everyone who hears the prophecy of this book: If anyone adds to these things, God will add [j] to his plagues the things which are written in this book;

19 and if anyone takes away from the things which are written in this prophecy, God shall take away [k] his part from the Book of the testimony, and from the things which are written in this book.

I Am Coming Quickly

20 He who testifies to these things says, "Surely I am coming quickly." Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

21 The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.



*By the blood
of the New World
I seal this with Duke Faire.
Codex to Baron Goldsmith's.
Key to my vault in Bristol:
"Gate Fifteen and dead
by midnight."*