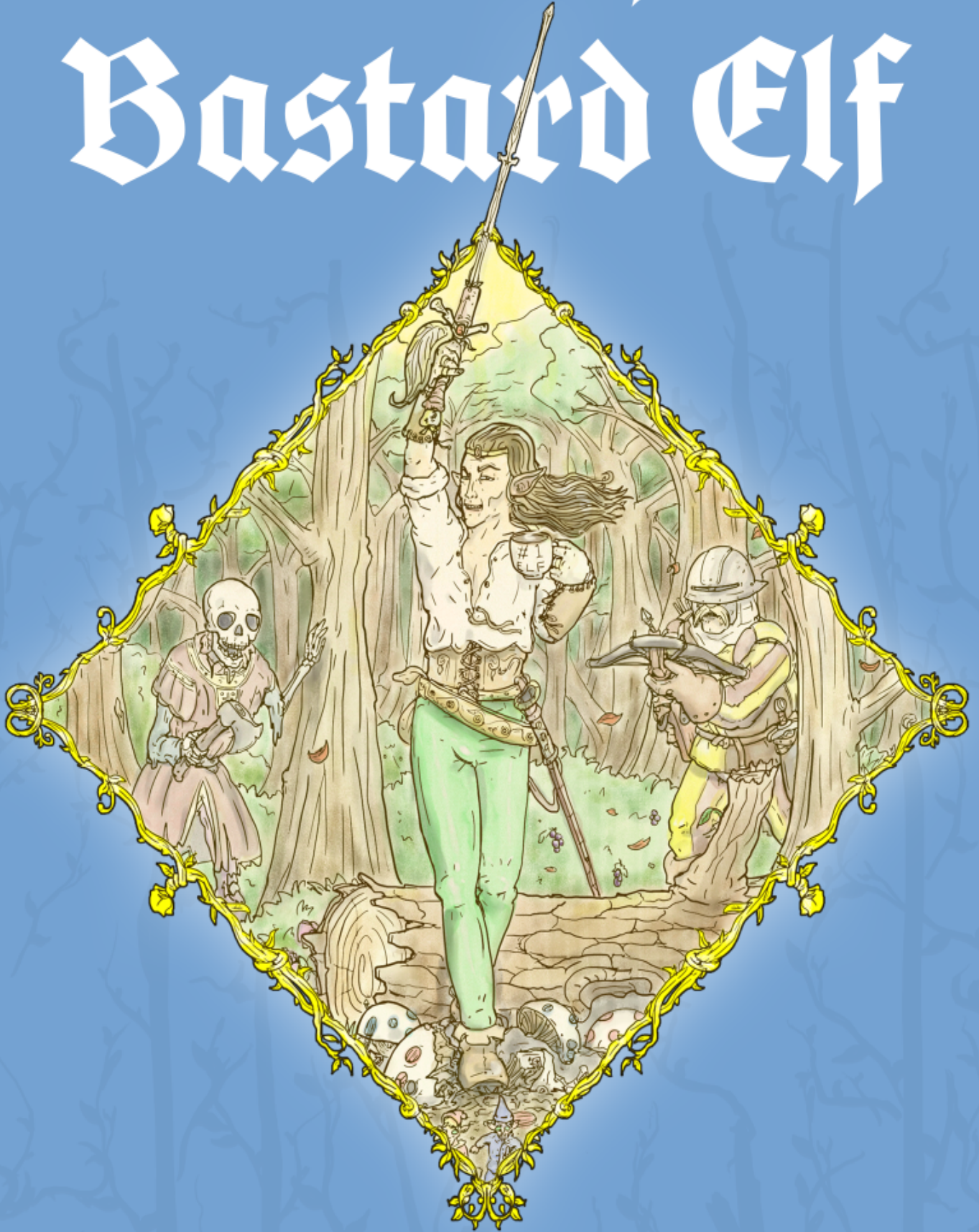


HERMAN S. SKULL
The Sword of the
Bastard Elf



A TWO-FISTED FANTASY ADVENTURE

LET'S PLAY EDITION

Look out for the full adventure mid-2017

Illustrations by S. IACOB

Dear Reader,

Thank you for picking up this Let's Play edition of *The Sword of the Bastard Elf*, a Two-Fisted Fantasy gamebook. What's an Let's Play? Well, it's where you show internet people a game that you're playing and let them call the shots. What's a gamebook? A kind of solo RPG where the book is the dungeon master. What's a Bastard Elf? Well, with *The Sword of the Bastard Elf*, you are.

This Let's Play edition is stitched together from the last two copies of the old 1980s original known to exist - I can only apologise for the damaged pages, poor scans and miscellaneous stains. After the Let's Play the books were destroyed so - aside from the remnants you are about to flip through - the epic adventure has been lost to posterity.

Until now, that is. Over the years since this Let's Play ran I have been gathering scraps and remnants, interviewing people who recall the game and painstakingly putting the pieces back together. I have re-written large sections from memory and have had to re-do most of the illustrations, but the work is paying off : it should soon be possible for a new generation to play *The Sword of the Bastard Elf*!

This new version of the Let's Play includes hyperlinked pages to allow you to jump to the next page or paragraph with a click of the mouse. As many pages are missing this is by necessity a linear adventure, but it should serve to give you a small taste of what's coming in mid 2017.

I hope you enjoy it!

S. IACOB

S. Iacob

Illustrator

Two-Fisted Fantasy

twofistedfantasy.com

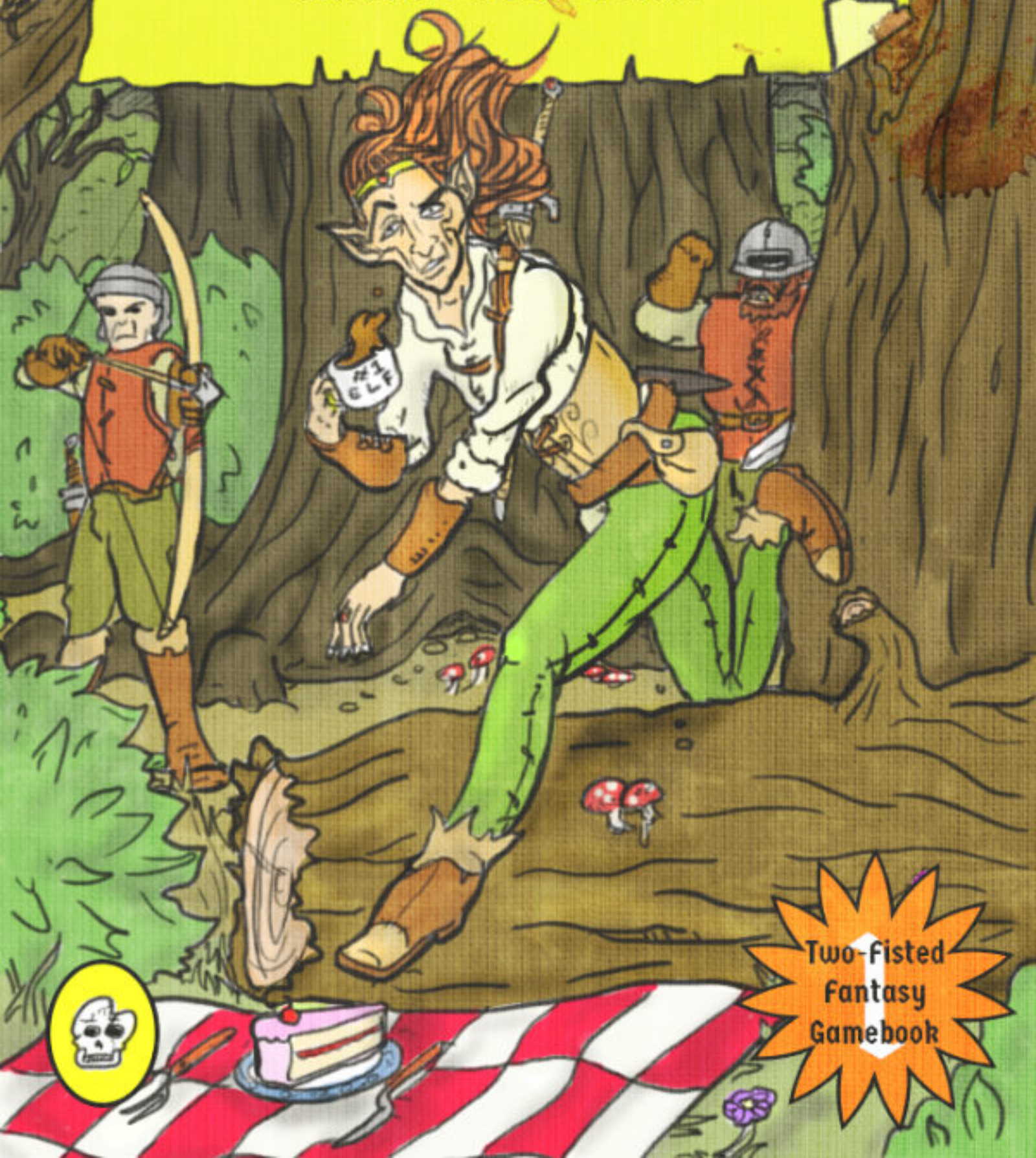
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The Sword of the Bastard Elf

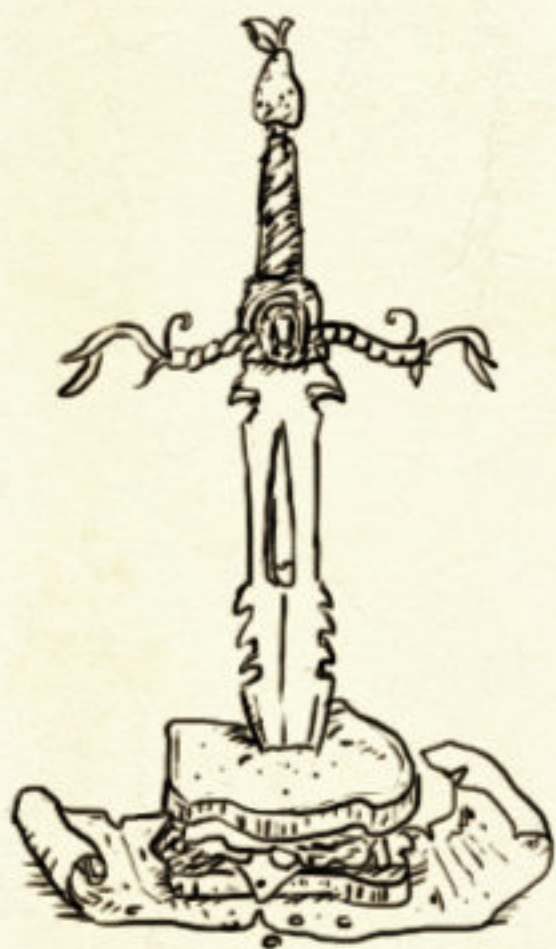
An original fantasy adventure in which YOU are
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encounters and score sheet



Two-fisted
Fantasy
Gamebook

Herman S. Skull

The Sword of the Bastard Elf



A Two-Fisted Fantasy Gamebook

Dedicated to Two-Fisted Warriors everywhere, but especially

Fetus Tree, ROFLBurger, lite frisk, Poland Spring, FRINGE, Claven666, HJE-Cobra, Enfield, Shinjobi, BadgerSeat, Pick, damn horror queefs, naem, Dr. Video Games 0112, BeefThief, Nefarious, Applewhite, Pyroi, Rajjoble, Mad Monk, djwetmouse, Carlton Fisk, Jerry Mumphrey, C. Everett Koop, pixaal, Rickycat, Arkanomen, Hogge Wild, DOWN JACKET FETISH, Peebla, Who What Now, ANIME IS BLOOD, Yolomon Wayne, LegoPirateNinja, Dreggon, Eumenides, WanderingMinstrel I, A_Bug_That_Thinks, Speleothing, almost1337, Scurrilous, Coohoolin, ~~ArtisPastaType~~, RaceBannon, Grand Prize Winner, Harald, Lord of Pie, Three-Phase, J.D.Salinate, Stoat, TACO_HERO, Horrible Lurkbeast, ButteCysts, Cathulhu, A Wizard of Goatse, fancy sauces, Arrhythmia, Dr Cheeto, Mojo Threepwood, pentyne, Chard, Obscil, loquacius, Volume, Epic High Five, Hatebag, Xelkelvos, Ultimate Mango, the_steve, Jenkem Delivery, Beer4TheBeerGod, King of Bleh, Ponderous Saxon, Shimrra Jamaane, mvo, Highblood, Paladin, Helical Nightmares, zaitochi, RandomPauI, Al Borland, RC Cola, Schwza, HBar, Solice Kirsk, Chewbaccanator, Gridlocked, JosephWongKS, Kajeesus, Atma, The Protagonist, SaltyJesus, Beyond sane knolls, Darth Llama, vrath, Monkey Fracas, Amorphous Blob, Modus Pwnens, inkmoth, Shankel Magnus, Lanky Coconut Tree, Butt Discussin, OMGVBFLOL, Bicyclops, GENUINE CAT HERDER, assemblyrequired, Araenna, comedyblissoption, BlueBlazer, Esper, Carnival of Shrews, Random Hajile, Deadmeat5150, Dienes, Outrail, LeoMarr, Dongicus, poor life choice, xthnru, TheHomerTax, Mr. Gibbycrumbles, awesomebrah, EvilTaytoMan, Leofish, Runaktla, fordham, Axolotl Atlatl, Elric, Justin Time!, Blizzy_Cow, CheeseThief, Furia, CaptainSarcastic, kmxexii, vortmax, Dogstoyevsky, Kallev, Play, Ergath, kissekatt and Mechanism Eight

who helped make the Bastard Elf into
something, awful though that thing may be.

Herman S. Skull, October 1983.
Sculthucke-upon-Woad,
Wessex, UK

INTRODUCTION

Before embarking on your adventure, you must first determine your own elf's strengths and weaknesses. Use dice to determine your initial scores. On the following pages there is an *Adventure Sheet*. On it you will find boxes for recording your statistics.

ÉLAN, EFFORT and FISTS

Roll 1 die. Divide this number by two (rounding up halves) and add 6. Enter this number into the ÉLAN box on the *Adventure Sheet*.

Roll 2 dice. Multiply this number by 10. Enter this number into the EFFORT box.

There is also a FISTS Box. This is a two-fisted adventure so enter 2 into this box.

For reasons that will be explained below, ÉLAN, EFFORT and FISTS scores change constantly during an adventure. You must keep an accurate record of these scores and for this reason you are advised to keep an eraser handy. But never rub out your *initial* scores.

Although you may be awarded additional ÉLAN and EFFORT points, these totals may never exceed your Initial Scores except on very rare occasions, when you will be instructed on a particular page. You may gain additional FISTS above your initial score - these are metaphorical fists (most of the time).

Your ÉLAN score reflects your general ability to do things. You're only a half elf, and a bastard one at that, so you lack much of the dash and wit of your elf half-brethren. Try and improve it if you have it in you. Your EFFORT score reflects your will to do anything and your ability to get off the couch; the higher your EFFORT score the longer your elf will be bothered to continue going about his business before he just sits down wherever he is and starts jacking off disconsolately. Your FISTS score indicates your rough, vigourous qualities and how many alcoholic beverages you can credibly drink from simultaneously. Most elves have two hands but only one fist; you must have inherited your deadbeat human dad's gritty, in-your-face demeanour. If your FISTS score drops to zero

POTIONS

Just as in the real world, staggering around quaffing liquid from unlabeled bottles is a dangerous but potentially rewarding activity. During your adventures you may come across several potions. In some cases the story will specify a page to turn to if you drink the potion where the effects will be described. Other potions may be imbibed at any time so long as you have them in your inventory.

In our humdrum world medicines are measured carefully and the strong stuff is tightly regulated. In any case most of it is made for humans. In the world of *The Sword of The Bastard* Elf potions are made by half-mad weirdos in filthy hovels mashing weeds, animal parts and barely-differentiated filth by the fistful into dirty bottles filled with home-made booze, which are eventually peddled to numerous different species with wildly different physiologies. In short, potions rarely do what they say on the label.

When you drink a potion for any reason, lose 1 ÉLAN due to the effects of getting hammered on cheap herbal moonshine. Then roll 2D6 to determine the potion's effects. These apply in addition to anything the story throws at you:



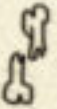
Roll:	Effect:
2-3	<i>There's something wrong with this potion - the mad old hag that brewed it forgot to wash her hands, causing it to spoil. The potion has permanently dented you. -2 max ÉLAN, -20 max EFFORT. You must also roll again.</i>
4-5	<i>The potion causes hallucinations. Your dead Elven grandma is crawling up your leg with a knife between her teeth, shrieking something about you never visiting. You must fight: GRANDMA - EFFORT 12 - TOUGHNESS 1 You also fail any checks or tasks on this page due to family obligations.</i>
6	<i>The potion causes your bowels to twist and suddenly emit a thunderous blast of foul-smelling gas. +1 FIST for the duration of this page.</i>
7-9	<i>This potion is a refreshing Healing Bevvie. Heal up to two wounds.</i>
10	<i>A Potion of Strength. You're ripped! +1 max and current ÉLAN.</i>
11	<i>A Potion of Feelings. The sun seems to shine a little brighter. +20 max and current EFFORT.</i>
12	<i>A Decoction of Mutation. You sprout another arm, leg, head or other appendage and resolve to use the hell out of it. +1 FIST.</i>

ADVENTURE SCROLL

YOUR ELF:



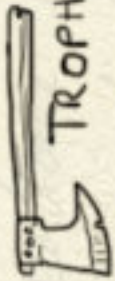
HEALTH:



ÉLAN
/

EFFORT
/

FISTS



TROPHIES

JUNK

Blank area for recording junk items.

EQUIPMENT

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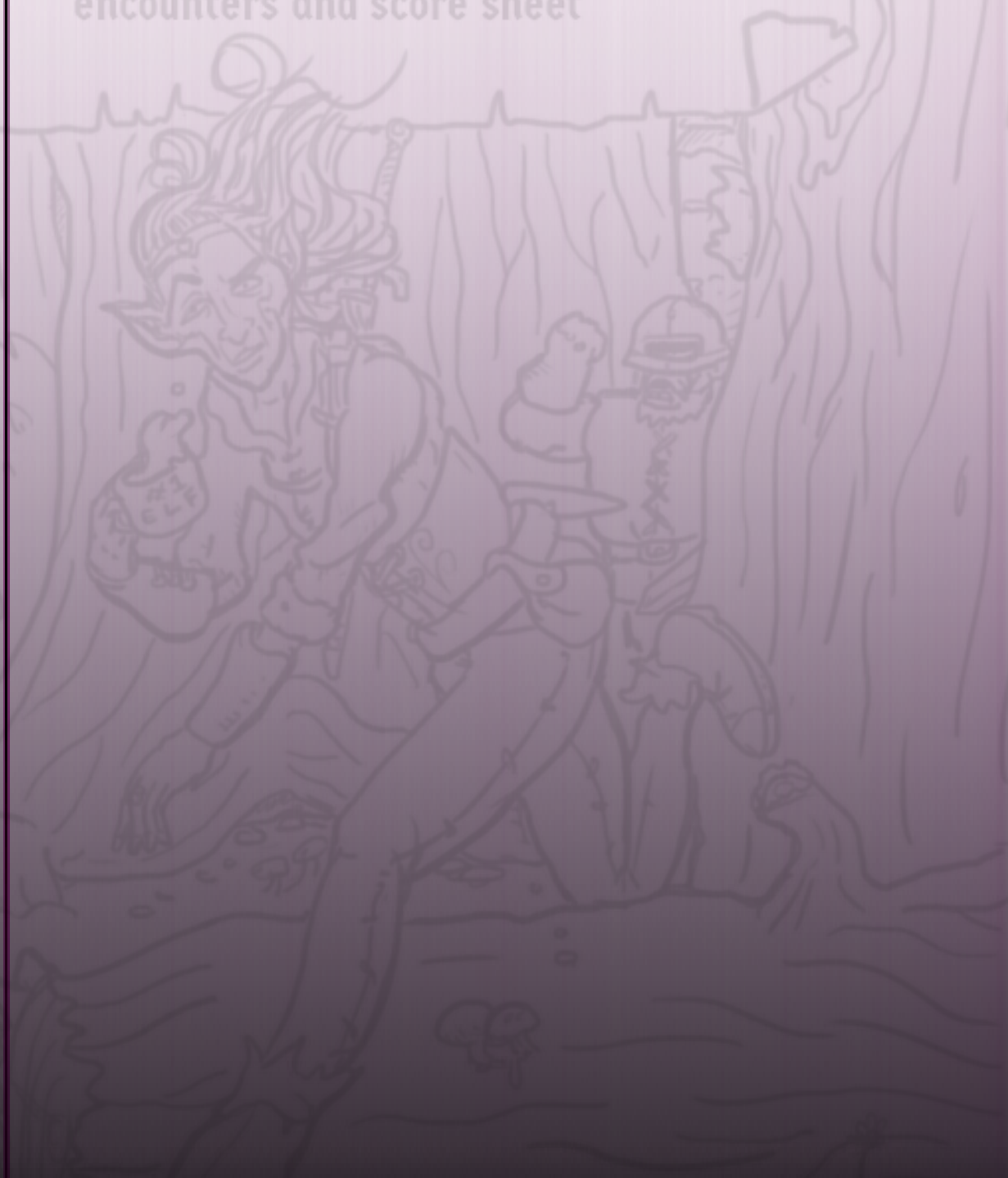
CASH

Blank area for recording cash.

Herman S. Skull

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As long as you could remember, everyone in the village called you "Bastard". You were never sure if it was because you were born out of wedlock, or because you were, in fact, a complete and utter bastard, but the name stuck until no one really remembered what your birth name was.

Adding injury to insult, you are only a half-elf. Your mother, an apprentice whimsyflicker (a respectable trade by elf standards) took a liking to a wandering human milkman. He stayed just one night and moved on, but it was long enough for you to have inherited his rough looks and human oafishness. You are incapable of truly understanding Elvish art, enjoying Elvish rations or mastering any of the Elvish skills that would lead to an Elvish career. Because of your racial infirmity you are despised for reasons above and beyond the circumstances of your birth and your unpleasant demeanour.

One afternoon you are rudely awakened from your slumber by Jeff, mom's boyfriend who you will NEVER call "Dad". He informs you that he's sick of you and your lack of a work ethic, that you'll never amount to anything if you don't pull your finger out, and that it's time to push the baby bird out of the nest. You yell at him to shut the Hells up, that he's not your real dad and that he can't tell you what to do, and...

Before you can conclude your stinging reparte Mom interjects.

"Jeff's right. You've been loafing about the house for years. No job, no ambition... It's my fault. I never let you learn how to live among humans. I should have sent you to stay with your father when you flunked out of the grasswatching academy. Now it's time you went to live among your own kind."

"But mooom....", you whine plaintively, "I'm only sixty years old..."

Jeff bellows over you, "When I was sixty I had a full time job!"

Your Mom nods. "Sorry my son, you must pack your things. Pack lightly, for it is a long journey to the human town of Bilgeton, where your father lives. Seek him out and crash on his couch, if you are able. Be gone before supper."



Time is now of the essence, so you spend most of the afternoon in your room, jerking off miserably. Eventually you are jolted into action by Jeff- that guy who lives with your mother but who you will never, ever respect - hammering on the door.

“FIVE MINUTES!”

You hurriedly cram whatever’s lying nearby into your pack.

You may now select three objects from the starting items list on pages 28-46 of the instructions. Make a note of them in your equipment. You also find 120 leaves of valuable Elvish currency - add this to the Cash section. Finally as you leave the house you find your mother has left you a sack of Elvish rations - largely undigestible to you but better than starving. Note this in your Junk section.

10 FOOT POLE
TASTY BURG & CONDIMENTS
BASTARD SWORD OF THE ELF

Cursing your mom and that shithead Jeff under your breath, you set out.

If you take the most direct path to Bilgeton turn to **12**.

Otherwise you decide to scream incoherently and flee blindly into the woods, tearing at your clothes and babbling until you pass out in a pool of your various bodily fluids. Turn to **180**.



You lean over uncomfortably close to Aggie and clumsily slur, "I'm sure all these skeletons want to take you to bed but they don't have the guts so here I am".

Aggie regards you with a look similar to that of a butcher appraising a beef carcass.

"You smell like a ploughing tanner's scrotum. There's a tub around here somewhere - scrub off some off that blasted filth and come find me in my chamber when you're done."

That having turned out surprisingly well, you clean up and make your way to Aggie's bed.

You rise the next morning, well-rested despite the hangover. The skeletons have cleaned your clothes and prepared you a hot breakfast. *Restore your ÉLAN and EFFORT to their maximum values.* Aggie is outside preparing the caravan to leave and you go down to say goodbye.

"Fare fucking well, and don't put up with any shit from those blasted elves. They'll jump you as soon as you reach the road so be ready to give them a good ploughing. If there's anything here you could use, let me know and I'll bloody bring it to you."

She hands you a pouch containing 250 Bilgeton Guilders.

"That's part payment. You'll get the rest when you meet my agent in Bilgeton. He's an utter cunt so you'll get on like a fucking house on fire. Don't forget to check your pack for a special bloody gift from me to you. And if you're ever passing by this way again, well, don't be a ploughing stranger."

*Your pack now contains the **Skeleton Friend** which you may equip if you wish. You may also select one item from the Wizard of Warlock Tower collection and add it to your inventory.*

SKELETON FRIEND

BOOTS OF ELVEN STOMPING

You stammer out a farewell, mount your horse and follow the skeleton caravan as it trundles away. Turn to **66**.

After being booed out of the New Naracourte, the Hoary Boar and the market square, your burning enthusiasm for musical expression sputters out. You throw your lute into the Bilge, and just like that the dream is dead: *Queynte* is no more. The members go their separate ways: Groine starts a grunge troupe called *Mother's Queynte* while Oine takes up the bottle. You, however, must forge your own path.

Turn to 161.



The Hoary Boar is the place to go for the thrifty drunk that isn't concerned about the taste of the watered-down swill they're imbibing, nor the reasonably high probability that they will spend a good chunk of their evening picking their teeth out of the gaps between the floorboards. You'll fit right in.

You spend the afternoon drinking at the bar and questioning the grumpy barkeep to get the lay of the land, but you get drunk enough that you remember very little. As dusk sets in you are feeling quite refreshed - add 10 to EFFORT - but your mood is shattered by the arrival of a boisterous gang of dwarven women, apparently here for a ritual they call a "hen party". Like most things involving dwarfs this ritual includes a lot of drinking, yelling and threatening everyone in sight with violent blood feuds.

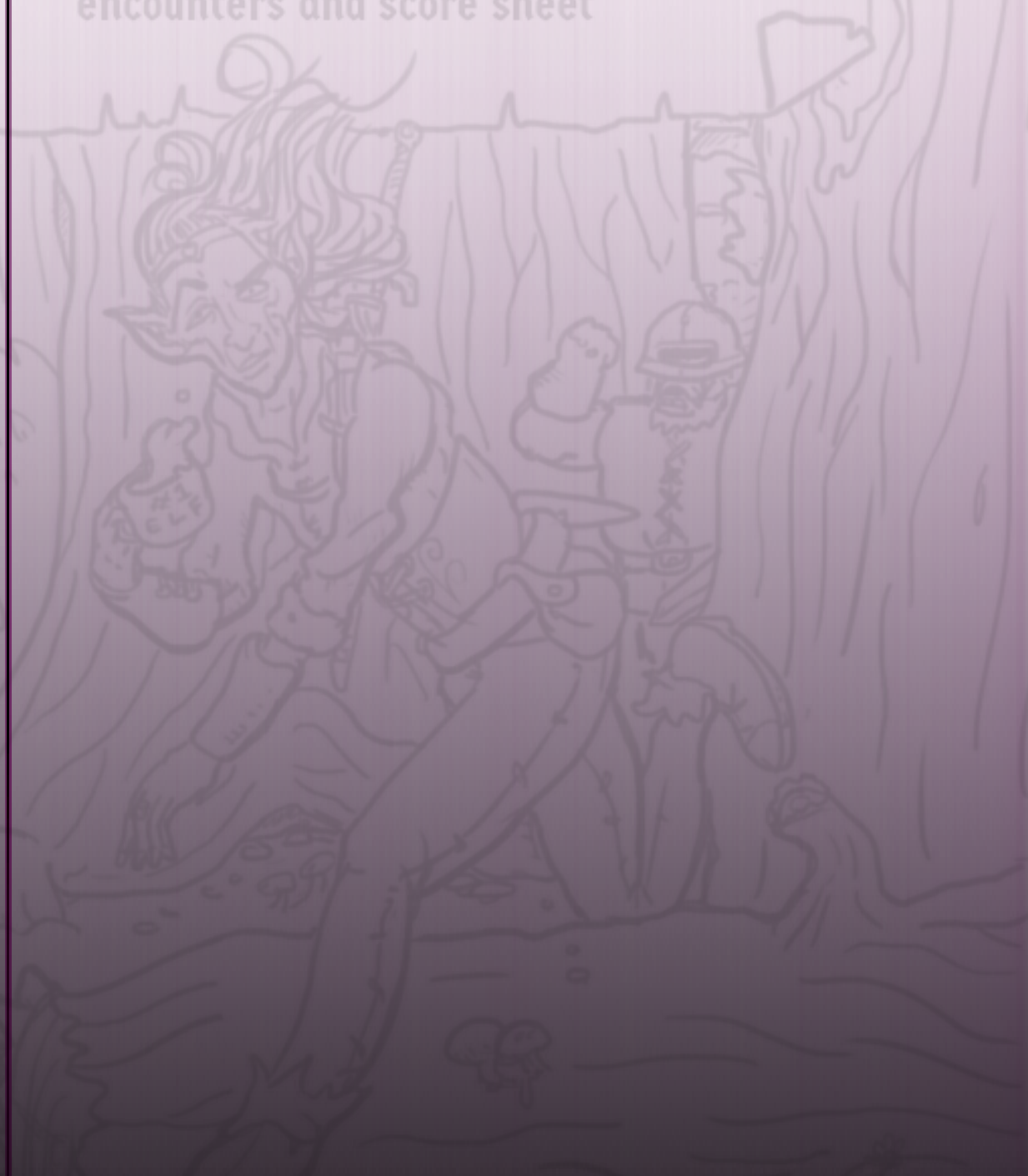
If you're waiting for someone here you may make the signal to get their attention. Otherwise you might want to get up on stage and tell a few jokes for the merriment of the crowd (turn to 274). Alternatively if you wish to turn in you may settle your tab and rent a room for the night from the innkeep by turning to 196.



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30

As you approach the outskirts of Bilgeton you notice that there are very few people about. Doors slam shut ahead of you and window sashes are close tight. You can't help but suspect that this has something to do with the Pixie Revenant that is shambling along amiably behind you, waving its dozens of disjointed limbs and gurgling as it vomits up foul-smelling black blood nearly continuously.

Not for the first or last time you wish you had some way of getting rid of the thing. Turn to **308**.



31

Phalloknights are the highest caste of society on their plane of existence. Small armies of cocksmiths spend their lives slavishly forging and maintaining each plate of armour. Dozens of villages devote their entire existence into providing for the Phalloknight's every need. Hundreds of squires take care of all the day-to-day tedium and minutiae so the Phalloknight doesn't have to.

All this is so the Phalloknight can spend the whole of his existence either training for or waging glorious battle. The Phalloknight is aroused only by war: riding hard; crossing sword and spear with other knights in hot battle; thrusting their lance into a worthy opponent, and so on.

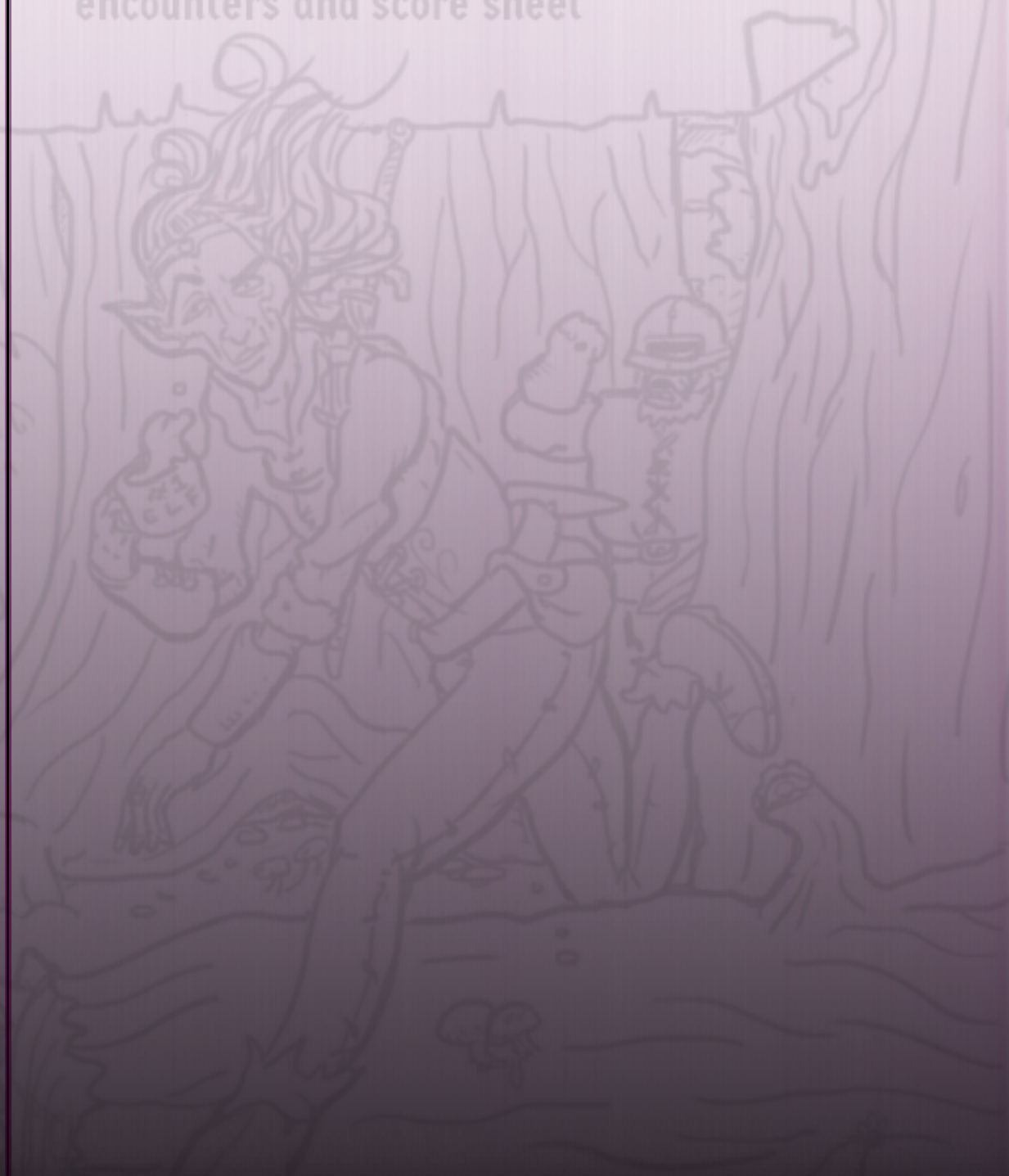
What is distinctly unarousing to this Phalloknight is the sight of some filthy, bedraggled half-elf begging for mercy far from any battlefield. It puts him off his stroke and he begins to go soft. The momentum of his charge isn't stopped completely but it is slackened enough to make survival a possibility.

The lance still crashes into you extremely hard, and you are thrown into the bushes at the edge of the clearing, where you briefly black out. Something's definitely broken - sustain two injuries. If you survive, turn to **194**.

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33

Never one to let an opportunity for petty bullying go to waste, you set about ritually humiliating your fallen opponent. As he cowers, marinating in his shame, you use his guano to daub many a penis and titty on his person. This takes a while but makes you feel like a real big man. You gain +5 Effort.

It's only when you start screaming in his ears that you realise you may have gone too far - you've ruined his super-sensitive hearing and you were eventually going to shake some directions out of him. As you came a knocking while his lair was a rocking, you reason that he's got a female accomplice nearby you can question.

You quickly find his cave and descend into the darkness. Your half-elf eyes quickly adjust and you can make out a large bed, and in this bed a horrifying, gargantuan bat monster much like its mate - at least seven feet tall with a cruel maw lined with razor-sharp teeth. She seems taken with your extremely handsome belt and your manly/batly odour of fresh guano.

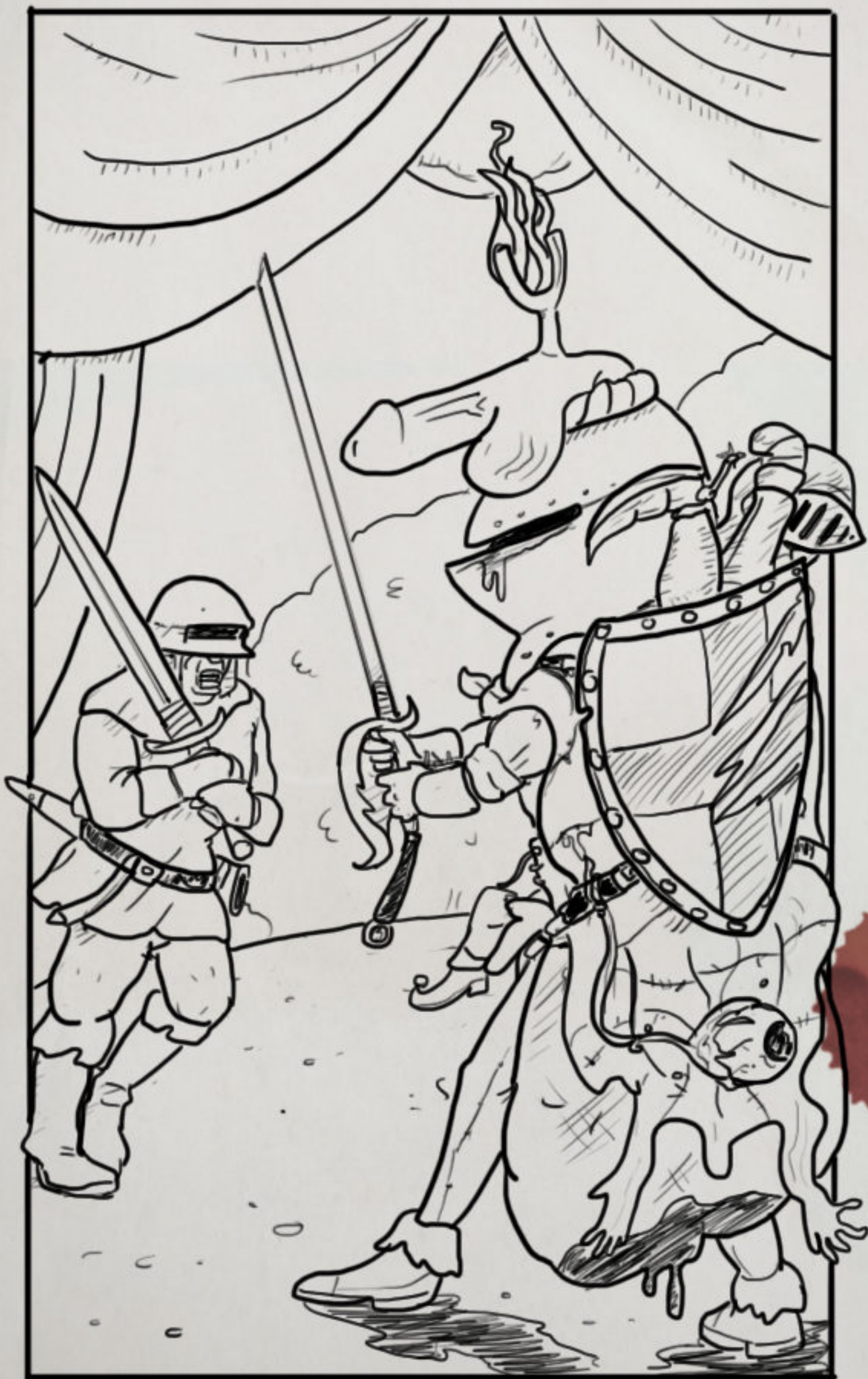
One thing very quickly leads to another and as you puff on a post-coital cigarette the female bat clicks and chirps out several possible directions to Bilgeton, as if she was keen that you were on your way. Will you:

Take **SHIELD** and **PLATE ARMOUR**

Make your way back to the road via the Glade of Pixies? Turn to **169**

Take a more direct route through the Big Rock Goblin Mountains? Turn to **293**

Else, do you wish to stay here with the only woman that has ever loved you, physically or otherwise? Turn to **48**.



Count Hugues "The Mark" of Bilgeton prides himself on his common touch and is a notoriously soft target for Bilgeton's itinerant army of grifters, scam artists, beggars and thieves (hence the nickname, not derived from his skill in archery). Your plan, in other words, wasn't completely foolish. However, the execution lacks polish. **USE DUNGEONEERING POLE, turn to 68**

Armed, armoured and hauling a bizarre medley of barely identifiable, putrefying and dripping body parts and organs, you resemble less a friendly traveller of the road than you do a waking nightmare. The Count, the Countess and their retinue, upon sighting your terrifying visage immediately take to their heels and flee headlong into the woods.

You decide to go about your plan anyway. *If you have any poisonous or rancid ingredients in your inventory, you can elect to mush any number of them together and smear them all over the campsite, making sure to get a good quantity in the stew that's bubbling merrily on the cooking fire as well as in the water and all over the coach upholstery. Make a note of which items were used. If you have no such ingredients or choose not to use them, you elegantly spit in the food instead.*

WE DO NOT USE ANY ITEMS

Having accomplished this noble deed, you roam about the campsite looking for things to steal. You note in particular the expensive-looking horses chewing hay nearby before you finish up by entering the Count's hunting tent.

You are momentarily taken aback by the sheer opulence of the place - the tent is the nicest place you've ever been able to get inside - but your sense of wonder takes a distant second place to your cupidity and you start shoving whatever you can reach into your bag (*take two loot cards from this area*). Your plundering quickly comes to an end though - as you are filling your boots you see motion at the entrance to the tent. A guard, his nerve returned, is charging at you with a drawn sword:

COUNT'S GUARD - Effort 11 - Toughness 2

If you do not win the fight within two rounds more guards arrive and you are overpowered and apprehended. Turn to 187

The guard, having sustained enough of a beating, throws his weapon down and slumps to his knees. You tell your thwarted opponent, "I, Jeff the Shittiest Elf of Elfdale Downs, send my regards to your pitiful liege". You then hustle out of the tent, leap onto the back of a horse (add Noble Steed to your adventure sheet) and ride on as fast as possible. Turn to 327.



46

Karol seems to be a bit miffed with you - for some reason his lady friends ditched you both during the disturbance at the Hoary Boar. However, he continues to tag along and navigates the way through the backstreets of Bilgeton using his map. Even though it's the dead of night you deem it safest to avoid the main boulevards - Karol is a wanted felon with a death sentence hanging over him but more importantly the guards might fine you for skipping out on your tab. You shudder at the prospect.

Sticking to the plan you arrive at the gated entrance to Sir Tedbald's manor just before midnight. Beyond the locked gate a short path leads to a small but pleasant-looking townhouse. A light burns in the gatehouse window - no doubt a guard hired to protect Tedbald's household while he is away erranting. You sneak up to the window and peek inside, and surely enough you see a bored-looking human guard in heraldic mail leaning back in a rickety chair, occupied with a book in one hand and rolling some dice onto the small table in front of him with the other. Karol finds a shadowy spot to conceal himself in. If you have the Screaming Skull on Spider Legs or the Sack of Scorpions and want to use them to distract the guard, turn to **42**. Otherwise you could storm the gatehouse and eliminate the guard by turning to **285**. If you'd rather settle this peacefully you could attempt to bluff your way through (turn to **345**) or enlist Karol's to give you a boost over the gate (turn to **387**).

47

Raising your weapon high in defiance, you give a rousing warcry and charge at Bilgeton's main gates. You don't notice until too late that the skeletons have all fled into the forest, leaving you to face the town's guard on your own. With no other targets at hand the crossbowmen on the walls practise their aim on you. Unfortunately for you they are already pretty good marksmen and you fall riddled with crossbow bolts long before you get close enough to the gates for the armoured halberdiers to get a chance to work on their technique.

50

Are you under the influence of hallucinogens? If so, turn immediately to **227**.

Otherwise, you survey the damage and notice that if you move this pixie to here and position that pixie's arm like so, it'll look like they got into a deadly brawl over the contents of the potion bottle. No one will care enough about a few pixies to investigate any more closely. Roll 1D6 and subtract this from your EFFORT score to reflect the work involved.

While you're repositioning the corpses you manage to pocket 30 gold coins. Record these in the currency section of your Adventure Sheet.

With your tracks suitably covered and a few coins jingling in your purse, you begin to breathe a bit easier. If you want to find a suitable place to have a rest, turn to **18**.

If you'd rather press on as quickly as possible to Bilgeton, turn to **6**.

51

You leap confidently out of the coach, ready to take the Governor's Ball by storm and courante, lavolta and sarabande your way into the hearts of all the leading ladies of the land.

As the saying goes, "clothes maketh the man", and you're half-man, so it half applies. How you are dressed will determine how your advances are received. If you are wearing:

The filthy and miserably tattered shirt and leggings you started in, turn to **242**.

The untreated hide of any being, sentient or otherwise, turn to **397**,

A barrel held up by a pair of suspenders, a left shoe and nothing else, turn to **115**.

52

You pull out your lute and begin strumming, which angers the Death Golem beyond reason. Thousands of years later archaeologists will find your remains and puzzle over the ceremonial significance of the insertion of an entire stringed instrument into the pelvic cavity of the deceased.

53

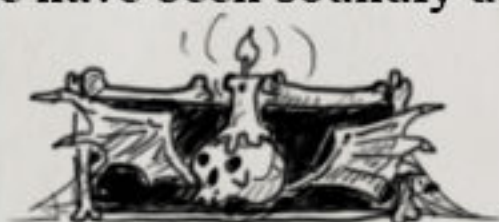
Your romantic exploits are almost paralytically depressing even to you, so you figure that hearing about them might have the same effect on the giant phallus demon that is currently bearing down on you. You struggle to raise your voice over the din of crashing armour and the thundering noise of the Phalloknight's terrifyingly rapid advance. Even if, as seems unlikely, the demon somehow heard your tale of woe, there's no time for him to reflect upon the existential horror of your squalid little life before he's upon you.

Turn to **260**.

54

You tear open the letter excitedly only to find that the Bilgeton Wizard's Academy has refused your admission on the basis of your complete lack of aptitude or interest in the magical arts. In this day and age this kind of discrimination should be a thing of the past. After all, the current Archmage of the College of Wynterhold has never cast a spell in his life. Maybe you should have applied there instead.

With college application season drawing to a close, your dreams of academic excellence have been soundly dashed. Turn to **41**.



55

It is mid-morning by the time you finally stumble out of the woods and back onto the cobbled road to Bilgeton. Your filthy, bedraggled appearance and wild eyes belie the fact that you've only been on your quest for less than a day. Next time, you promise yourself, you'll just take the road in the first place.

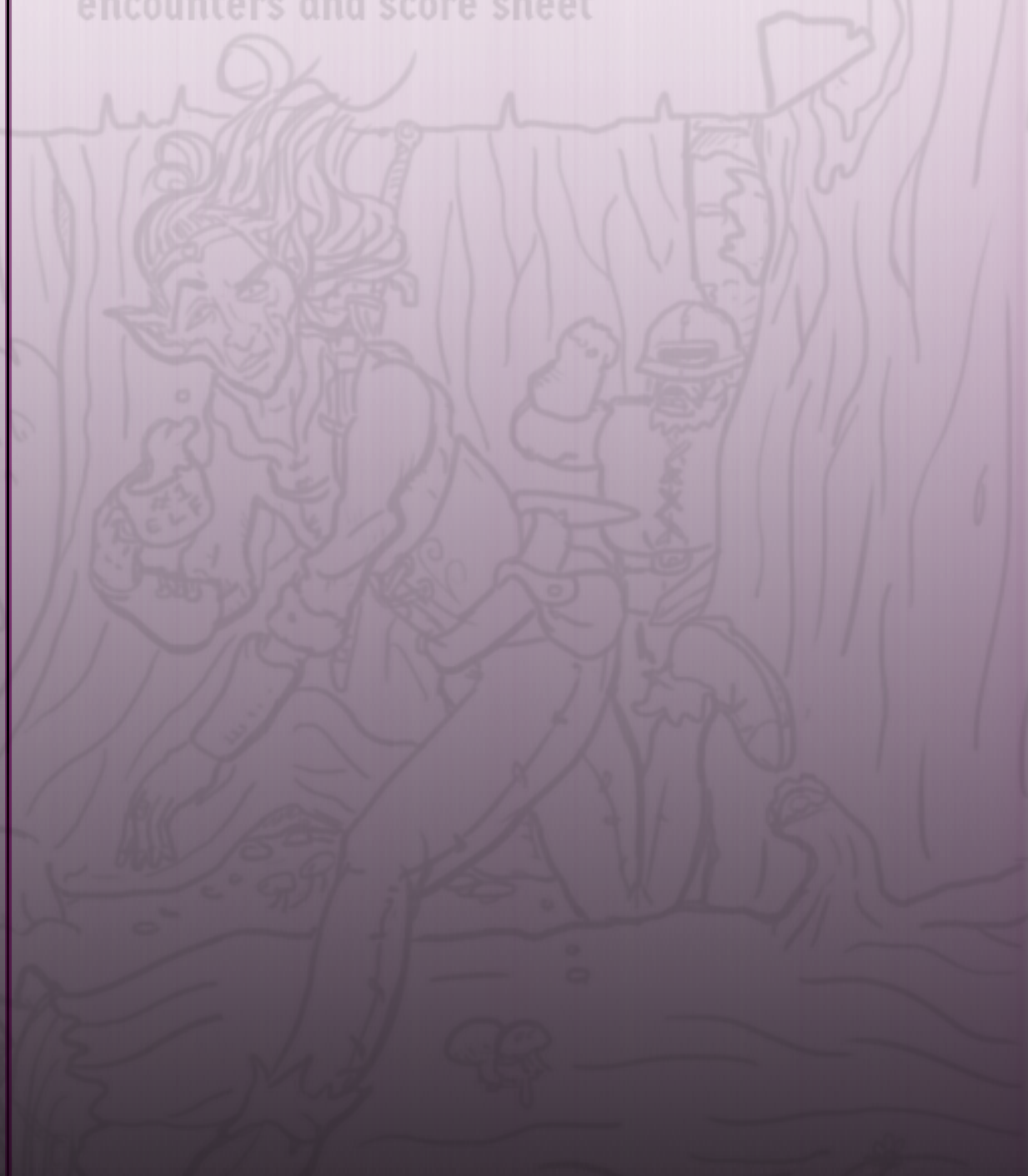
Now that the threat of imminent death has receded more mundane issues come to the fore. If you haven't eaten any food since sunrise you must now eat a food item or suffer the loss of 10 EFFORT due to hunger. If you still have your Elven Rations you are hungry enough to choke them down at this point - turn to **312**.

If hunger hasn't finished you off, you strike out along the road to Bilgeton. Turn to **106**.

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You're pretty sure Karol, your trusty 10-foot dungeoneering Pole, mentioned this place when you parted, but either he's surprisingly sneaky for a ridiculously tall man or he's just not here. You decide to give up looking for him and start hitting on the dwarven ladies. Accosting the nearest one, you say, "Hey baby, what do you and my cock have in common? They're both short and sweet..."

The dwarven lass delivers a terrifyingly hard blow to your shin with her hobnailed court shoe and you go down like a sack of potatoes, taking your flagon and a barstool with you. Before she can apply the shoe to your face a hooded but familiarly tall figure steps between you and calms matters, saying to your attacker: "Zignoruj go. On jest kretynem, nie warto zabijania. Pozwól mi kupić sobie i przyjacielom drinka." She seems mollified by this and goes back to her friends.

You go back to Karol's booth in the corner where he's been the whole time you've been here. He slides a flagon of mead over to you and you drink, telling him about your recent adventures. When you get to the part about finding the Milkman's card on the half-elf's corpse he gestures at you as if demanding to see the card. You show it to him, and he produces a map of Bilgeton, circling a location on the edge of town - the old dairy. At the end of your story Karol looks at you expectantly as if to ask, what next?

It might be a good idea to turn in early and head out early with Karol in tow: turn to 77. However if you want to try your luck sleazing onto the ladies with your Polish wingman, turn to 127.

Karol hears you calling from inside the lair and, bending over nearly double the huge Polish archaeologist enters the cave. Lighting a torch, he immediately sees what you've done. The look of shame, disappointment and disgust that contorts his face would put a greater man than you to shame. You on the other hand cheerily ask him to fossick around the lair looking for secrets and loot.

His professional curiosity aroused, Karol overcomes his profound feelings of horror and contempt and, ignoring the clicking, shrieking and flapping of your beau surveys the lair.

He's found something before you've pulled on your jocks. He gestures towards you to come over to where he's standing. He puts his finger into a small hole in the wall and you hear a click, and then a rumble as a rock wall slides aside. A secret entrance to... something.

In the torchlight you notice an inscription carved above the now-open door. It reads:

Οιόμενοι ἤδη ἐπὶ τέλει εἶναι, περικόμπαντες πάλιν ὥσπερ ἐν ἀρχῇ τῆς
ζητήσεως ἀνεφάνημεν ὄντες καὶ τοῦ ἴσου δεόμενοι ὅσσοιπερ ὅτε τὸ
πρῶτον ἐζητοῦμεν.

You ask Karol what it means. He shrugs and replies,
“*Nie wiem. To dla mnie greka.*”

As you understand neither the inscription nor the archaeologist, if you decide that discretion is the better part of valour and continue on your journey, turn back to 33. If you would prefer to explore this find, step through the door and turn to page 99.

64

Your crapulence and rage knowing no bounds, you feast on the corpse of the nearest pixie. Although you intend to eat the whole thing, it weighs about 40 pounds so you're forced to settle for its head and a shoulder.

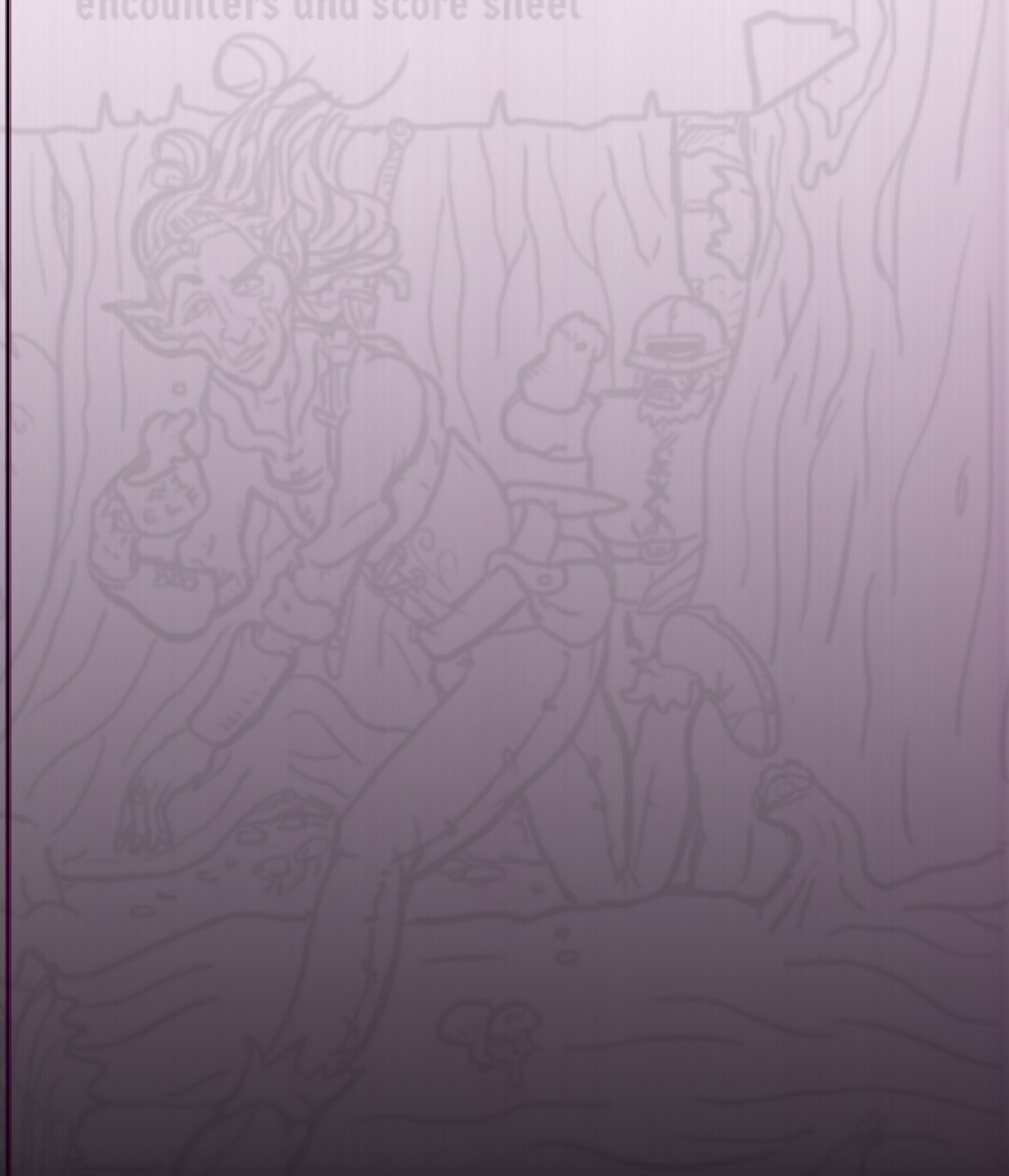
You immediately begin to feel a bit... twisted. What you probably didn't know before you decided to chow down is that pixie meat is a strong hallucinogen due to their diet of psycho-active mushrooms. You have effectively drunk a random potion - lose 1 ÉLAN and roll on the Potion Effects table.

If you survive turn to 74.

Herman S. Skull

The Sword of the Bastard Elf

An original fantasy adventure in which YOU are
the hero! Complete with combat system, monster
encounters and score sheet



You ride to the front of the skeleton caravan - three small covered wagons full of animated skeletons and their worldly possessions. A pair of live horses are harnessed to each of the conveyances and a skeleton sits on a board at the front, acting as a driver and guard. In total you're escorting a total of fifteen skeletons, three of whom are properly armed with a combination of bows, swords and spears. The rest have access to improvised weapons but many of them seem completely uninterested in fighting at all.



As the caravan rolls past the tower and towards the road you notice that last night's battleground has been cleared of bodies. You guess they'll be put to better use in death than they were in life.

Aggie's warning turns out to be prescient. As soon as the lead wagon turns onto the road to Bilgeton you notice movement in the undergrowth -an elf scout! He ducks into the foliage and vanishes. You hear him crashing through bushes as he races back to notify the raiding party that is no doubt near by. Sure enough, by the time the whole caravan has turned onto the road you can hear loud noises approaching from the woods on both sides of the path - probably a dozen elves, maybe more.

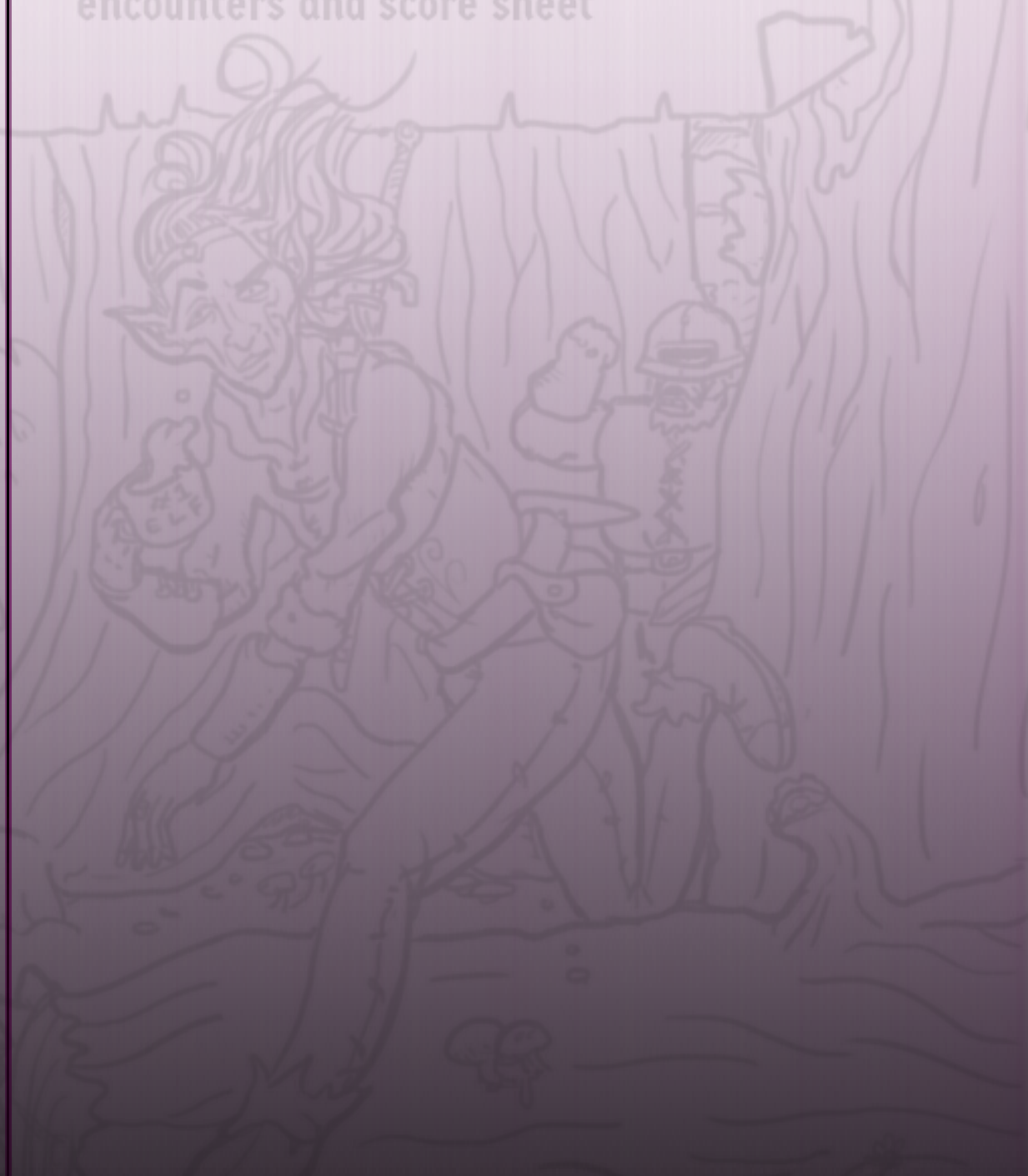
Before they spring their trap, you have a chance to yell some instructions to your charges and take an action. Do you:

Exhort the skeletons to violence and charge right at the biggest group of elves with whatever comes to hand? Turn to **202**.
 Or, stay on the defensive and let them come to you? Turn to **379**
 Else you can gallantly chicken out by turning your horse towards Bilgeton and riding as fast as half-humanly possible. Turn to **83**.

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Karol Myśliwiec, the ten-foot dungeoneering Pole, has been of very little use in your adventure. He has so far been content to watch you blunder into dangerous situation after dangerous situation, preferring to stand back with his arms crossed and an expression of disappointment mixed with contempt on his face while you risk your life for the good of all.

Now, however, he seems motivated to help out. As the guard charges back into the tent to apprehend you, Karol unexpectedly bellows, "*Kurwa no nie! Nie idę z powrotem do pierdolonym więzienia!*" and barrels at the soldier, his fists swinging wildly. The guard is completely horrified, barely able to mount a defence against the enraged Polish professor. You decide to press your advantage the only way you know how: creeping up on a distracted adversary and hacking at them while they're not looking.

DISTRACTED GUARD - Effort 8 - Toughness 1

If you do not win the fight within two rounds more guards arrive and you are overpowered and apprehended. Turn to 187

Assuming you defeat your outnumbered foe, Karol claps you on the shoulder and says, "*Na razie. Spójrz na mnie w The Hoary Boar w Bilgeton*". Exiting the tent he leaps onto the back of a nearby horse and races off into the woods, with several guards in hot pursuit. It seems he has bought you at least a few more minutes for looting before you too must get away. Remove the **10-foot Dungeoneering Pole** from your inventory.

Because of Karol's outburst you have time to pocket **200 gold**, a flask of premium **Marching Potion**, and a total of three items from the nobles' tent. Now turn back to **38** and plan your escape.

MARCHING POTION
SIGNET RING
DAPPER OUTFIT
CODPIECE



You and some guys from school had a troupe and tried real hard. Jimmy quit, Jody got married. You should've known you'd never get far. When you look back now, that summer seemed to last forever.

If you'd always wanna be there, turn to **263**.

If those were the best days of your life turn to **385**.



74

Finally the red mist dissipates and you gather your senses enough to figure out your next move. There's no way you got every single one of those little beggars, and there's a whole village of them nearby. However, they'll certainly outnumber you and they might be ready for you this time. From where you are, you can just make out the road to Bilgeton winding its way through the trees in the distance.

You feel exhausted. Dawn isn't far off and you haven't slept since **GODS-DAMNED BLOODY JEFF** kicked you out. As a professional loafer you need a solid 12 to be at your very best.

If you just want to put as much distance as possible between yourself and this place, you decide to make a bee-line for the road to Bilgeton. Turn to **6**.

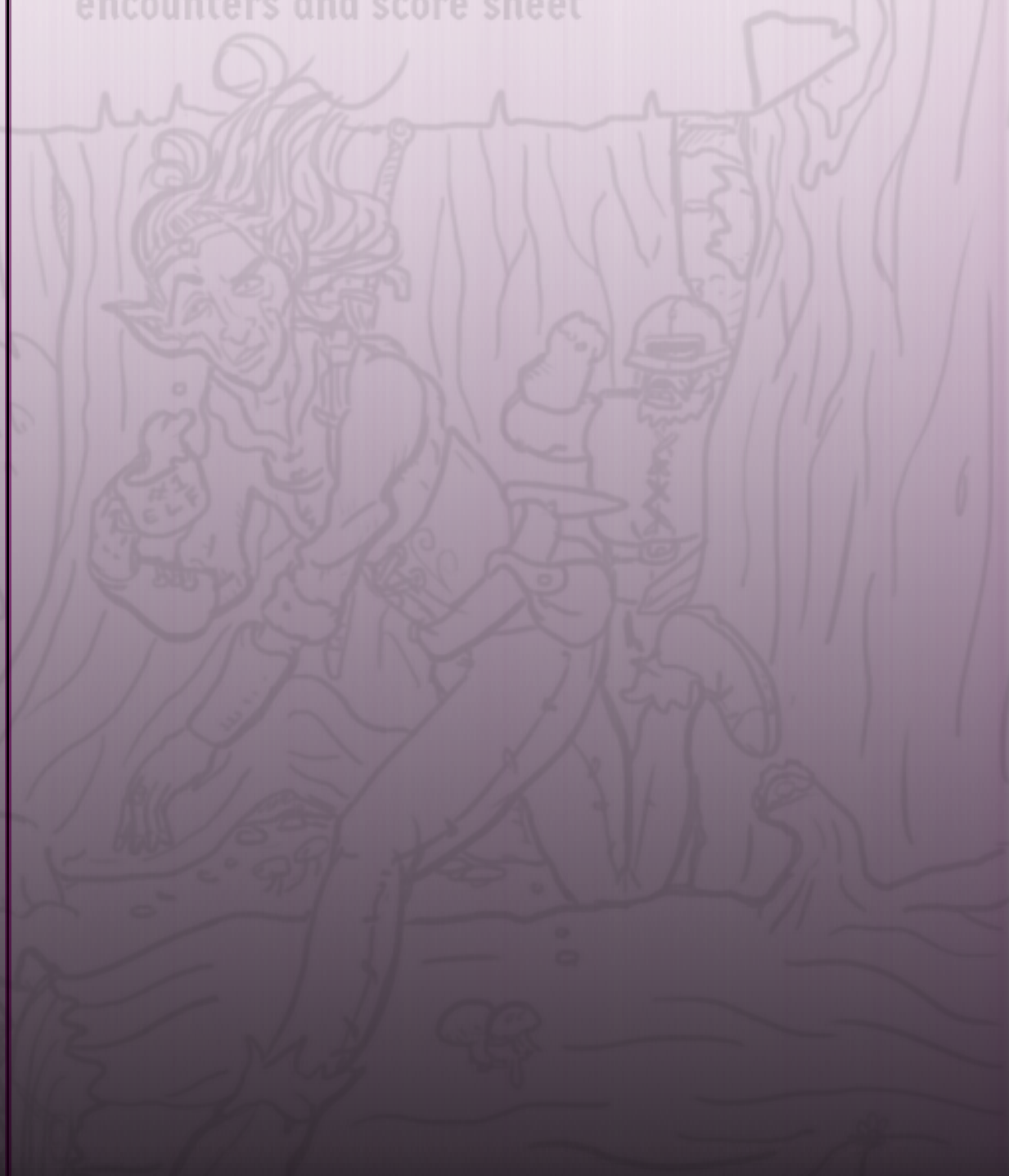
If you want to find the closest safe place to rest before you pass out, turn to **18**.

If you want to try to cover up your crimes first, turn to **50**.

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The half elf kneels on the ground before you, defeated. You're not known for your sense of decency or fair play when there's a potential corpse to be looted, and yet something stays your hand this time - a strange sense that you share something important with this fallen warrior.

Oh well, loot calls. Putting all that uncharacteristic musing to one side you draw a knife and stab viciously at the prone half-elf. Fortunately for him you're pretty shoddy with a knife and his battle-honed reflexes enable him to roll slightly to one side and out of harm's way. Your blade slices close to his neck, severing a locket which flies loose, hits the ground hard and flips open, revealing a little painted image of an elven woman holding a little half-elf baby. By her side - a human in a milkman's garb.



Months pass. Despite your lack of scruples, you couldn't bring yourself to kill your brother in the end - mainly because the shock of recognising your shared family ties gave him enough time to get to his feet and then you calculated that his loot wasn't worth the injuries you'd earn taking it. Instead you've gone into business together as "Elf 'n' Safety", an elite elf-stomping duo that makes use of your brotherly love of violence and loot in the service of the money of the local merchants and townsfolk that are troubled by the presence of elves, pixies, fairies and other assorted filth in their area of business. Thanks to your low cunning and your half-elf half-brother's terrifying killing power, you are on the verge of exterminating the last of the non-humans in the Bilgeton region. Next, you intend to go on to hunt the biggest game of all - Jeff.

You run at Aggie, intending to boot her out of the tower window, but before you can take two steps a skeletal arm snakes out of a nearby barrel and plants a rusty dagger between your shoulder blades. The last words you hear as you slump to the tower floor are, "Why are the pretty fuckers always so ploughing stupid? Chuck this cretin in the flenser with those other shits."

After the flensing you will return from the dead as a reanimated skeleton. His adventures will be recounted in an upcoming Two-Fisted Fantasy Gamebook, "*Crypt of the Bone Lords*", available in all good bookstores summer 1985. Your current adventure, however, ends here.



80

Not wanting to leave the caravan in the lurch, you turn back to aid in its defence. The skeleton guards are finishing off the last of the first wave of elves you encountered, so as soon as you rejoin them you lend them a hand:

DIEHARD ELF - EFFORT 11 - TOUGHNESS 1

If you lose a round turn to 369.

If you win, the skeletons follow you back out of the forest. The group of elves that were creeping in from the other side of the road has reached the wagons - the noises you heard were them smashing apart the few skeletons that put up a fight. The remaining skeletons are in the process of surrendering when you burst into the clearing. The elves spot you immediately.

You count six elves, three of whom are nocking arrows onto their bowstrings. You also hear something crashing through the woods behind you. Surrounded, you must act quickly. If you decide to cave in to your natural cowardice and flee as fast as your legs will carry you to safety, turn to 14. If you want to employ chemical warfare against the elves (assuming you have *Pixie Bits* in your inventory), turn to 148. Otherwise, mustering a weedy battlecry, you rush into the fray - turn to 278.

81

Brought up on a diet of racist fairytales about humans and their unelfish cruelty, you'd prefer to have nothing to do with the picknicking nobles. You trudge on by. Turn to 43.



89

Before the elf can stand you bring your right boot down on his head, causing it to explode like a rotten cantaloupe and showering everyone nearby in elf brains and skull fragments. Your skeleton companions begin to lay into the remaining elves, but you don't even miss a step. Keeping up the momentum you charge further into the woods.

Unfortunately this charge is brought to a halt a few seconds later when you barge into a clearing in the woods and come face to face with three more elves. These ones are more prepared - armed with short swords and machetes they fan out to surround you.

If you have any of the following items you can try to use one of them to even the odds: Pixie Bits (turn to 259), Screaming Skull on Spider Legs (237), Bottomless Flask of Scalding Soup (367) or Hard-to-open Condiment Packets (322).

Otherwise you steel yourself to hold out until help arrives.

Resolve this combat using the rules for multiple assailants:

SNEERING ELF - EFFORT 9 - TOUGHNESS 1 - FISTS 1

GREASY ELF - EFFORT 8 - TOUGHNESS 1 - FISTS 1

VIOLENT ELF - EFFORT 10 - TOUGHNESS 1

Each time you are hit you suffer one injury. If you are still alive after three rounds turn to 17.

90

You consult the map which you sensibly packed before you left home. Bilgeton is a few days away on foot but if you go around the cave and cut North through the forest for an hour or so you'll find a village where you can probably arrange faster transport.

Following this plan you hitch a lift with a local farmer taking his crops for sale in Bilgeton. After a relaxing two day journey you are waved through the town gates. Turn to 357.



Nope, no matter how you slice it, that dog won't hunt. Cleaning your knife on your trouser leg, you step away from the bloodhound. Turn to **12**.

Panting, coated in blood and completely insane with bloodlust, you stare wildly at the pile of pixie corpses. Then a thought flicks across your mind. You couldn't... could you?

EAT THE PIXIE - Turn to **64**.

If you're still reading, the bloodlust fades before you do something else you might one day regret. Turn to **74**.



The cart trundles across the bridge on the road out of town. Suddenly the militia captain yanks the reins and the horses come to a stop just on the other side of the bridge.

"Bilgeton, straight ahead" says the captain as you leap off the cart. "And if you want some friendly advice, a haircut and take a bath. You wouldn't get hassled so much. Hope this ride helped you out", he says cheerily as he tugs the reins again and the horses begin to turn the cart around.

"You have a nice day, huh?" shouts the captain over his shoulder as the cart pulls away back over the bridge.

You watch the captain's cart head back towards the town for a while. It begins to rain miserably. You hike your shirt collar up.

If you take the "friendly" advice and head on towards Bilgeton, turn to **2**.

There's no law against you getting something to eat here. Turn to **110**.



The earth heaves as a monstrous demon charges towards you. The thing racing towards you, lance couched, is a being known as a Phalloknight. Being barely educated, you know next to nothing about the things, but you're about to get a very short yet thorough course of personal tuition.

This particular Phalloknight is enormous. Clad from shaft to tip in shining gold armour crafted over decades by multiple generations of master cocksmiths, armed to the pelvic floor with a lance the length of a good-sized house and a greatsword longer than you are tall, his charge has an unstoppable momentum.

You draw your sword and prepare to stand your ground.

PHALLOKNIGHT ERRANT - Effort 11 - Toughness - 5 Fists - 3
If you lose a round to this enemy, turn to **260**.

If by some miracle you prevail, turn to **366**.

Alternatively, you can take the more prudent (or cowardly) approach and try to find a way to avoid being mashed into a gristly paste:

If you possess the **Bastard Sword of the Elf**, the **Staff of Rhah** or the **Godawful Speculum** you may attempt to strike the obvious weak spot in the beast's armour. Turn to **275**.

If you have **Pixie Grindings** in your inventory you could try throwing a bag of hallucinogenic dust into his face to crack his resolve. Turn to **311**.

To leap aside from the charge in an attempt to manoeuvre behind the demon for a chance to backstab it, turn to **116**.

If you want to dissuade the knight from charging you by invoking the rules of chivalry, turn to **298**. If you would rather lessen his ardour by telling an unsexy tale from your pitiful romantic history, turn to **53**.

To bravely turn your tail and flee, turn to **82**.

If instead you would prefer to grovel for mercy, turn to **31**.





99

Ignoring the inscription, you walk through the secret entrance. Karol follows, stooping low to avoid scraping his head on the ceiling. You briefly wonder what would possess a ten-foot tall man to take up a career in dungeoneering.

Karol suddenly shakes you by the shoulders and blurts out a phrase in his strange tongue, "*Znaleźliśmy Labiryntu w Człowiek Nietoperz!*", whatever that means. He seems happy, so huzzah for him.

You take in your surroundings - bare stone walls and a cobbled floor, pretty standard dungeon fare. A short distance ahead of you there is a sharp left hand turn. The wall to your right is straight, terminating at a 90 degree angle at this junction. The left-hand wall curves sharply around the corner.

Reaching the corner, do you turn left and continue (turn to 324) or do you retrace your steps and exit this strange place (turn to 243)?



100

Chagrined by the beating you received at the hands, wings and boots of the Giant Forest Bat, you dust yourself off and pick up where you left off - being utterly miserable and lost in a forest. Weeping, gibbering and lamenting your fate in turns you wander randomly through the hinterlands for the rest of the day and through the night. You must consume one food item or begin to starve, losing 10 EFFORT. As dawn breaks you stumble across a trail, and as luck would have it a signpost. It reads, "Bilgeton via Big Rock Goblin Mountains" and points to rising ground.

You decide to follow it. Turn to 293.



105

After hours of practice you and your fellow musicians of the hot new minstrel band *Queynte* are ready to take the tavern scene of Bilgeton by storm! Time to book your first gig.

If you want to play *The Hairy Boar*, turn to **189**.

If you'd rather entertain a more cultured audience, the *New Naracourte* is looking for accomplished troubadours - turn to **256**.

106



You follow the road until the sun is high overhead. It's much faster going than the forest but Bilgeton is still at least three days hike away, and you're already getting blisters. Lost in such thoughts you only notice the group camped out alongside the road when you're almost passing by them. It's some minor nobility out for a picnic. Like all nobility they're pretty self-absorbed so you haven't been spotted yet. This is your chance to pick up some supplies and maybe hitch a ride - if you're careful. Do you approach with the intention of persuading them to help (turn to **239**) or will you get what you need by deception (turn to **221**)? Alternatively if you know trouble when you smell it you can just trudge on by (turn to **81**).

The blind shopkeeper notices your interest in the lute.

“You have a good eye, half-elf. That’s the best in the township of Bilgeton.”

“How much?” you say, uninterested in hearing the sales pitch. “Two thousand gold and it’s yours,” he replies. “You can take it back to yon hovel with you. As a matter of fact I’ll throw in the treble strings for free.”

You try not to sound taken aback by the extravagant markup.

“Two thousand gold for this chunk of shit? Come on.” You strum a couple of chords. “I mean, really, it’s used. There’s no action left in this fingerboard.”

The shopkeeper closes the store window and sidles over to you. “Ah, ah, excuse me, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with the action on this lute.”

He takes the lute from your hands and proceeds to strum up a storm, playing a popular quadrille with such proficiency that passers-by partner off and start square-dancing in the marketplace outside with wild abandon.

You’re impressed. “Very well, good man, I’ll take this axe.”

If you think the shopkeeper will accept an IOU for the lute, turn to **334**. Otherwise you leave the shop empty handed. Turn to **185**.



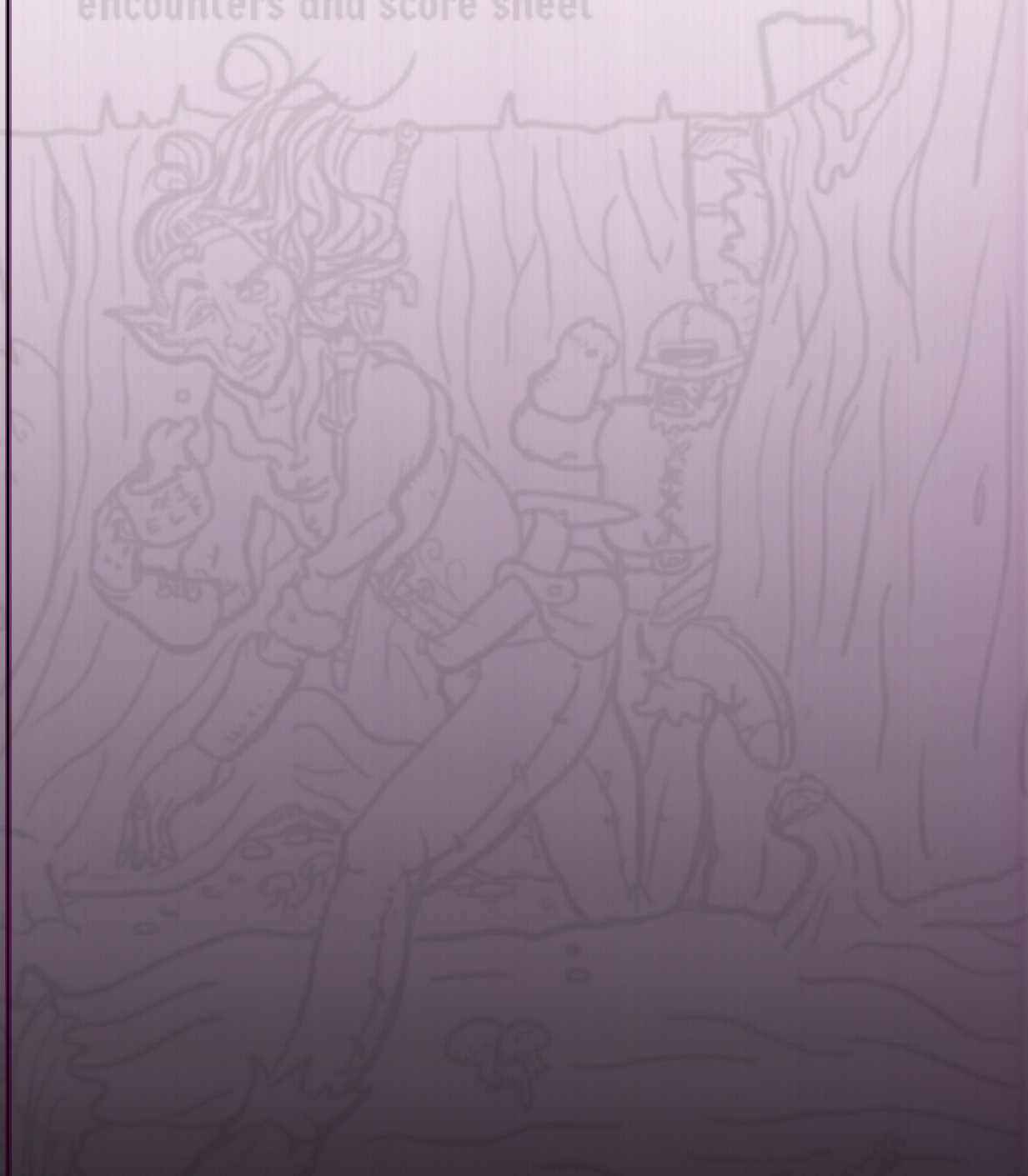
You follow the passage as it curves off to the left for an indeterminate distance. The grey walls are just as bare as before, with no markings or doorways. Karol, walking in front of you and stooped over almost double, taps the wall with his hammer at regular intervals but doesn’t find anything of any immediate interest. Eventually the passage curves around sharply in a hairpin turn, this time to the right.

Do you press on round this bend and continue to explore this odd dungeon? If so turn to **174**. To throw in the towel and head back turn to **243**.

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The mansion guards take one look at you and cross their halberds, blocking your triumphant ballroom debut with a clash of metal on metal. You inform them that your name should have been on the guest list but must have been left off due to some clerical oversight, that your clothes are the height of fashion in the Elvish territories, and that you have powerful friends and that you're adding their names to your list. None of these powerful lines of reasoning make much impression on the guards but the growing line of minor nobles waiting to get in is growing increasingly impatient and vociferous. Thwarted, you decide to find another way in. Turn to **308**.



You're not a great fighter but all elves have some natural agility which thankfully you managed to inherit. As the Phalloknight thrusts out his phallic lance you deftly spring to the side, in preparation for a sneaky attack on its rear.

Unlike you, all Phalloknights are superb fighters. As soon as you tense your muscles for the dodge, he's predicted your next move. As you leap aside from the blow he releases his lance and draws his greatsword in a single smooth movement. Swinging his sword in a wide horizontal arc as he passes by, you are sliced neatly in two at the waistline.

None of your weapons have any effect on the gelatinous cube and it sort of rolls on top of you, enveloping you entirely. Luckily for you several of the condiment sachets in your bag rupture in response to this rough treatment, leaking several varieties of artisanal salts into the bag. Coming into contact with this, the cube wobbles, emits a high-pitched squeal like air leaving a balloon and shrivels a little. Releasing you it slimes off into the dark to recover. Suffer one wound for being partially digested - if you survive you crawl back out of the sewer and try to figure out some less suicidal way of sneaking past the New Naracourte's bouncer.

Turn to **240**.

127

Karol appears to be receptive to your idea of bringing a few ladies back to the Tedbald Manor, although you can't be quite sure because you never learned to communicate with each other in any meaningful way. Still, you think he gets the idea, You bash your flacons together, down your drinks and head over to the dwarves. You had no luck last time, so you let your wingman take the lead.

"Ładnie pachniesz. Jadłaś kiełbasę?" he says to the nearest dwarf, a pretty lady just over a third his height. She giggles, flattered by this unintelligible come-on, and calls one of her friends over. Within seconds Karol has his lanky arms around both their shoulders and is heading for the door.

You look around but the only target for your amorous affections is the surly dwarven lady who roughed you up earlier and a couple of bored peasant girls drinking away their last coppers. You're about to approach one of these when you accidentally make eye contact with an extremely ugly-looking bruiser who's been drinking hard at the bar all night.

Do you have the Cockeye in your possession? If so, turn to **340**.

If not you successfully bust a very shabby move on the least unattractive and more bored of the farmhands, settle your tab (pay 50 gold) and lead her out into the night to meet Karol at Tedbald Manor. Turn to **276**.

128

Karol spits and says, "Jebać to. Chuj ci w dupę." before running off into the swamp. That sounded pretty final. You're on your own against the Phalloknight. Turn back to **98** and remove the 10-foot Dungeoonering Pole from your inventory.

Your ten-foot dungeoneering Pole is excitedly tapping away at the straight wall with a small hammer and scooping small dust samples into his pouch. When he notices you watching him he stops what he's doing and looks at you, a big smile of genuine satisfaction on his big archaeologist face.

You shrug broadly, to signify you don't know what's going on. Karol, absolutely in his element, is happy to explain. He puts his hammer back in his belt and says, *"Słowo labirynt jest niegreckiego pochodzenia, uważa się, że pochodzi od przedgreckiego słowa labrys, które oznaczało obusieczny topór. Labirynt znany jest od czasów starożytnych: stosowano go w starożytnej Mezopotamii i starożytnym Egipcie - stosowany był w królewskich grobowcach. W sztuce greckiej i rzymskiej wyobrażenia labiryntu występowały często w malarstwie wazowym, na mozaikach, monetach jako skomplikowane figury geometryczne o układzie centralnym. Z mitologii znany jest labirynt kreteński. Został zbudowany przez Dedala i znajdował się w pałacu w Knossos, na Krecie. W nim, według greckiego mitu, uwięziony był potwór Minotaur. Labrysy, - topory - do obrony przed Minotaurem, miały się jakoby znajdować w komnacie króla Minosa - stąd tę komnatę, a także cały pałac nazwano labyrinthos. Jeżeli wszystkie ściany labiryntu są ze sobą połączone, wystarczy cały czas trzymać się wyłącznie strony lewej lub wyłącznie strony prawej. Wtedy prędzej czy później wyjdzie się z labiryntu."*

You shrug again.

Karol shrugs.

Turn back to 99.



You hang around outside the abandoned shack until it slowly dawns on you that the "Thieves' Guild" is not an actual thing that exists and that you'll probably never see your 50 gold piece membership fee again. You've been robbed!

To report this crime to the city watch, turn to 28.

If, despite everything, you still believe in honour amongst thieves, turn to 352

You make a blatantly illegal move with your queen's bishop, yell "Checkmate!", and push the Prince's king over. Expecting to be summarily eviscerated, you are taken by surprise when the Prince of Shards accepts this defeat graciously. He bows curtly and speaks in a voice like the tinkling of shattering glassware, "Very well, you have won. I will honour our arrangement. Here is the traditional prize." He presents you with a beautifully made, demonwood fiddle with "*Idle Hands*" engraved on the lower bout. You feel like you've earned this, even if in a somewhat greasy way. Restore 10 EFFORT.

"Now begone." The demon turns his back on your dismissively. If you figure now is the time to leave, head back to the road and turn to 55. If you'd rather keep pestering the demon, turn to 147.

134

You inquire of the proprietess as to what kind of musical entertainment the establishment usually has.

"Oh, we have both kinds - ballade AND rondeau." she replies cheerily.

Your fellow members of the hot new minstrel troupe *Queynte* are not sure this is the place, but you allay their concerns - for now. Turn to 21.

135

Reasoning that the enemy of your enemy is your friend, you turn to help the skeletons against the remaining elves. Your friend seizes the opportunity to try to bury his hatchet between your shoulder blades. *Take 1 injury, saving throw is allowed.*

If you survive this bit of skulduggery, you hear a hoarse voice bellowing an impressively vile stream of billingsgate from the open window atop the tower:

"THIGHBONE YOU FUCKING OAF, CAN'T YOU BLOODY SEE HE'S NOT A BLASTED ELF. LEAVE THE POOR COCKSUCKER ALONE FOR THE FUCKING TIME BEING AND GET THOSE WORTHLESS PRICKS OFF MY SHITTING LAWN."

Thighbone looks as embarrassed as is possible for a skeleton. He chitters an apology and goes to look for an elf, but the survivors have all legged it. Thighbone now gestures for you to follow him and his companions to the tower. Do you want to follow, taking time only to pocket what you can from the fallen? If so, turn to 303. If you want nothing further to do with any of this and ride away down the road to Bilgeton turn to 357.



Months pass and you've ingrained yourself into society as Sir Tedbald of Bilgefurd. Half-elf knights are not unheard of and your rough manners and general ignorance of comportment and etiquette are put down to your years roaming the hinterlands. In any case these are considered mere eccentricities given your vast wealth - as the lord of Bilgefurd estate you have the tax income of several villages and a lumber mill, not to mention the numerous extra estates you award yourself through creative use of the Count's seal. Count Hugues "The Mark" of Bilgeton is not known for his comprehensive accounting and you are able to sneak quite an amount of wealth out under his nose. Along with fiefs, grants and honours you also sign Karol's pardon in the Count's name and he joins your household as an advisor and general crony. For your part you ensconce yourself firmly in your cozy manor in Bilgeton, enjoying the comforts that only the huge metropolis can offer the discerning petty noble on the fiddle.

Your tranquility is shattered one morning by a knock on the front door. It's your guardsman, who informs you that there's a visitor outside who has requested to meet with you in person. Looking through the gate you lock eyes with none other than that filthy, good-for-nothing scumbag Jeff! You grab your sword from its home behind the door and striding down the path you fling open the gate. Jeff, the home-wrecker, cause of all your misery and murderer of your childhood, stands before you, his posture that of abject humility and tears shining in his eyes. You grip the pommel of your sword as he speaks.

"Son... I must speak with you. I met you and your mother when you were but a babe of ten years, and watched you grow to be a young man. Although it almost slew me to be so harsh with you, I knew that you would squander your life among the elves, and pushed you from the nest so you could realise your potential. I followed along behind you all this time, helping where I could without being seen, hoping I could help keep you safe. And now, here you are, a knight, wielding your own sword forged from the very blade I wished to pass down to you when I died. I am so very proud of you, my son."

Your hand tightens around the grip of your sword. If you want to cut Jeff down before he can rob you of any more of your childhood, turn to **13**. If instead you would like to turn him over to the town guard, who due to your quick wit are looking for him in connection with a string of crimes, turn to **222**. However, perhaps his speech has kindled the recognition that, despite his flaws, Jeff is just an elf trying to do his best by you and that his efforts deserve to be reciprocated. If so, turn to **365**.

For some reason Aggie isn't particularly sympathetic to your complaints about mistreatment at the bony hands of her skeletons. Your whining doesn't do much but visibly annoy her. When you finally run out of steam, the necromancer responds.

"Fucking outstanding. Next time I'll fucking have my ploughing skeletons cut your cocksucking head off as well so I don't have to put up with you pissing in my ear with your cock and bull stories. You're old and ugly enough to put up with a pissy little scratch from a bloody gardening implement. Now are you ready to make a fucking deal or will I have you thrown down the ploughin' stairs for wasting my entire blasted evening?"

You are thoroughly brow-beaten. Lose 5 EFFORT from the chagrin. If you survive this lambasting, do you decide to help (turn to 290) or turn down her offer (turn to 375).



Trusting to your silver tongue and unflappable demeanour to blag your way through this impasse, you ignore the town guard's order and confidently stride forward. Another crossbow bolt whistles past your ear, and more true to character than to the plan you emit an inarticulate squeal and throw yourself behind the nearest bush. As you quiver in fright amidst the shrubbery you hear the heavy footsteps of a group of armoured guards approaching.

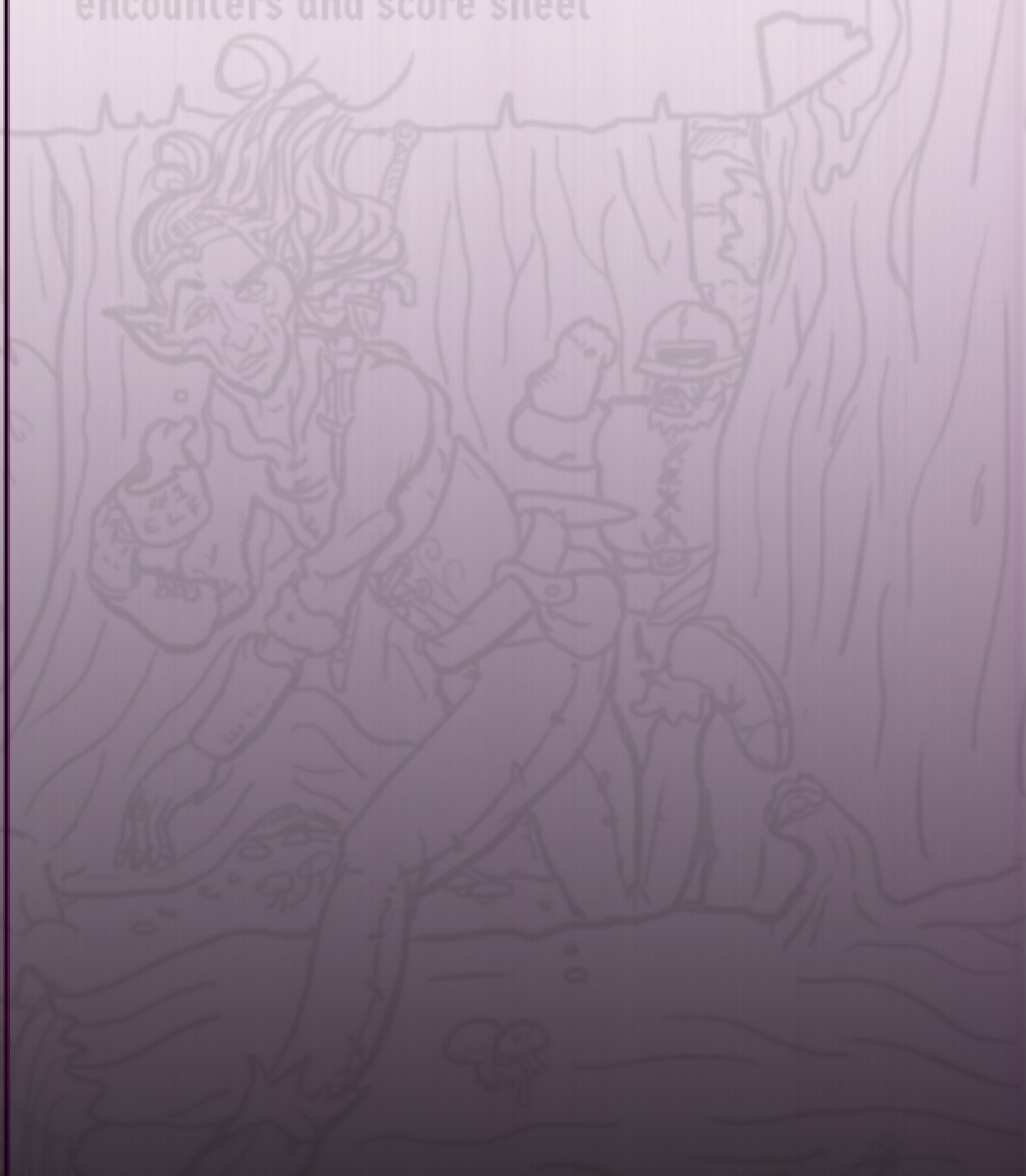
Do you have at least two of the following items : **Full Harness of Steel Plate**, **Knight's Shield** and **Soiled Heraldic Tabard**? If so turn to **353**. If you do not have these then your ruse has failed and you sheepishly surrender to the guards. Turn to **85**.

When you told the arena master that you thought you could defeat twenty five-year-olds in battle you didn't know he was referring to iron orcs, which reach maturity at age three. You are swiftly pummeled to death and bloodily dismembered. The last thing you hear over the sound of your bones snapping is the raucous applause of the gratified arena public.

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Thinking fast, you hurl your sack of assorted pixie parts as hard as you can in the direction of the elves before anyone can get a shot off. Having been lugged around on your person for nearly two days the pixie parts are totally rancid and bloated with rot. The sack hits the ground with a wet thud followed by a horrible gurgle as the decayed heads, limbs and organs disintegrate, spraying the whole clearing liberally with a burning spray of orange fluid and a greenish-purple gas cloud of poisonous hallucinogenic spores. The elves immediately drop their weapons and grab at their throats and faces. The skeletons, unaffected by the war crime you've committed, seize their weapons and make short work of their helpless attackers. You smile at your handiwork, open your mouth to gloat, and in the process take in a huge breath of the toxic gas as the cloud passes over your position.

You have effectively taken a dose of an extremely toxic potion. Lose 1 ÉLAN and suffer 1 injury. Roll on the potion table but subtract 1 from the roll. Ignore the "Healing Bevvie" result.

If you survive, you recover your senses just in time to notice the thing that's been following you bursting out of the forest. It's the biggest half-elf you've ever seen, accompanied by a slimy-looking elf. They must be the leaders of this posse. The half-elf speaks:

"You must be the guy who took out my scouts yesterday. I got no idea what's got into Aggie, hiring a thug like you. We had a perfectly good understanding until now. She pays us - not a lot, just a quarter or so - and we don't take everything. Of course, that deal's off the table. I take it all, and you die."

"Balls to you", you articulately reply, and draw your weapon as the half elf charges, swinging his hand-and-a-half sword wildly. His slimy companion creeps off into your peripheral vision.

Use BIG ROCK GOBLIN MOUNTAIN OYSTER, turn to 171

If you do not have **Skeleton Friend** equipped, turn to 369.

Otherwise you must fight:

ELF BASTARD - EFFORT 11 - TOUGHNESS 4 - FISTS 2

Skeleton Friend is busy defending your back against the SLIMY ELF and so his abilities are not available for this battle. As a half-elf the ELF BASTARD is not susceptible to items that only affect elves. If you lose a round, suffer 2 injuries.

If you survive three rounds turn to 342.

If you don't think you stand a chance and want to seize this opportunity to grovel for mercy turn to 371.



164

Bilgeton doesn't really have a jail, just a small dungeon tucked away beneath a hatch under the city walls. Forgetting that the state of medieval administration is pretty shabby at the best of times (and the reign of Count Hugues "The Mark" of Bilgeton is not the best of times, administratively speaking), you decide to wait patiently for your case to be heard. Unfortunately once the guard captain receives his reward for your capture he just forgets he has you locked away and no trial is ever scheduled. You spend the rest of your days in the damp darkness of the Bilgeton oubliette.

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Without further ado you run the half-elf through with his sword and leave his corpses with the others for Aggie to cook.

You sheath your new blade and saddle up. The caravan continues on its way without further interruption and within two days you sight the imposing walls of Bilgeton. You lead the carts down the road towards the Merchant gate. Turn to 72.



166

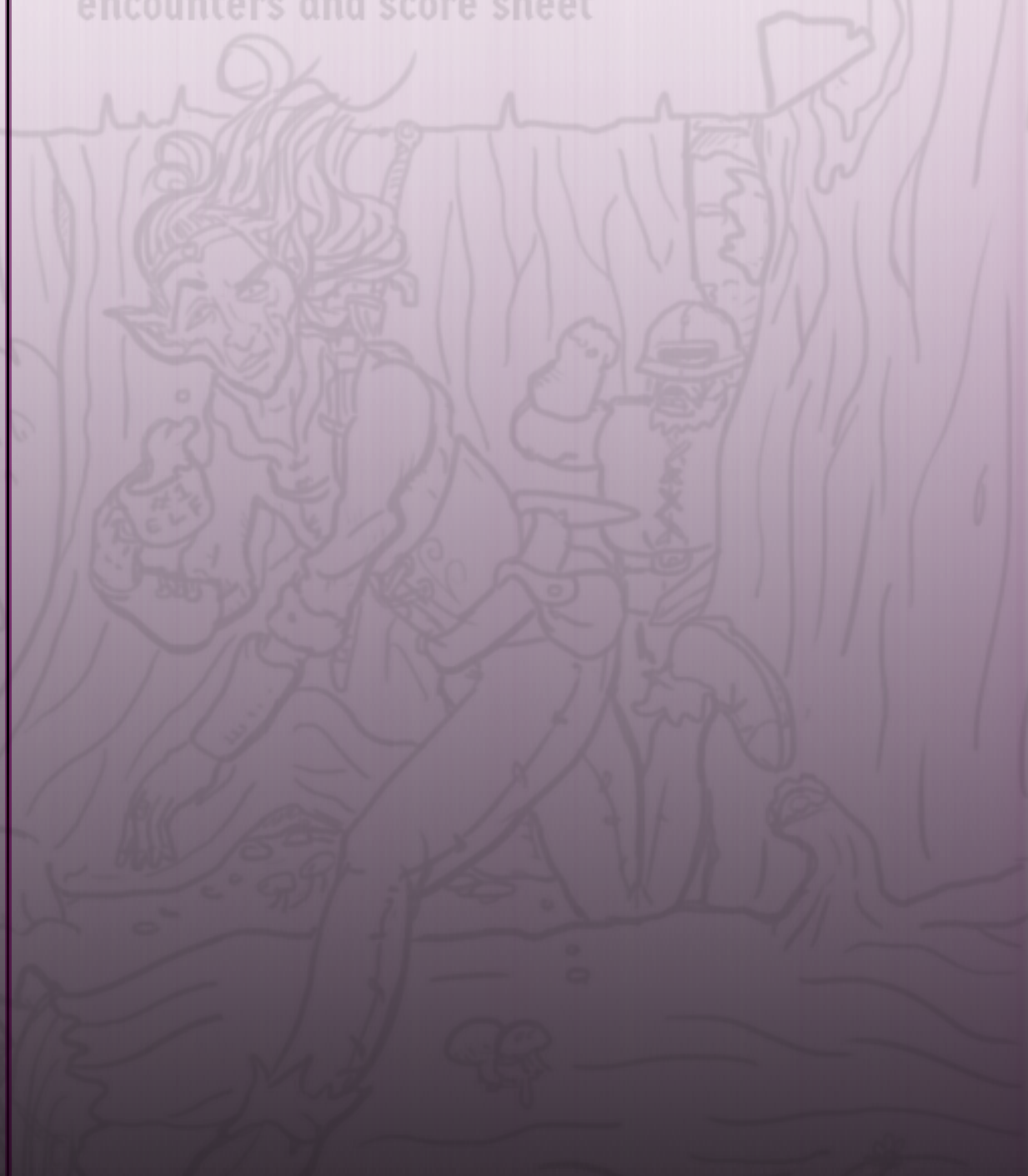
You look to your trusty dungeoneering Pole for guidance on what to do in this situation. He's absentmindedly swinging a ruby the size of a plum on the end of a gold chain as he leans against the mansion behind you, but he eventually notices you looking at him and states, "Wypchaj się sianem. Ja jestem bogaty."

As you still don't speak his brand of gibberish, whatever wisdom he bestowed upon you is lost to the ages. Return to page 136 and face your destiny on your own two feet.

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The foyer of the tower is dominated by a spiral staircase which leads up. You barely have time to register this before the wizard yells hoarsely,

“TOP FUCKING FLOOR, CHOP CHOP.”

You shrug and head up the stairs, ignoring several interesting looking rooms on each floor as you're being escorted by armed skeletons and each of the rooms contains a suspiciously large number of oddly jittery barrels. You reach the top floor before long, where the wizard awaits you on the landing. She's a little taller than you, maybe thirty years old, although it's hard to tell with humans and doubly hard to tell with wizards.

You open your mouth to complain about your rough treatment but the wizard immediately speaks over the top of you with a voice made hoarse by a lifetime of bellowing and cussing.

“About fucking time. Name's Aggie, I'm the ploughing supplier of Bilgeton's post-deceased workforce. Haven't shifted many of my blasted skeletons lately because those cocksucking elves have been hanging around my goddamned lawn the past two moons, fucking off all the customers and robbing my shitting caravans.”

You try to talk but she expertly cuts you off and continues.

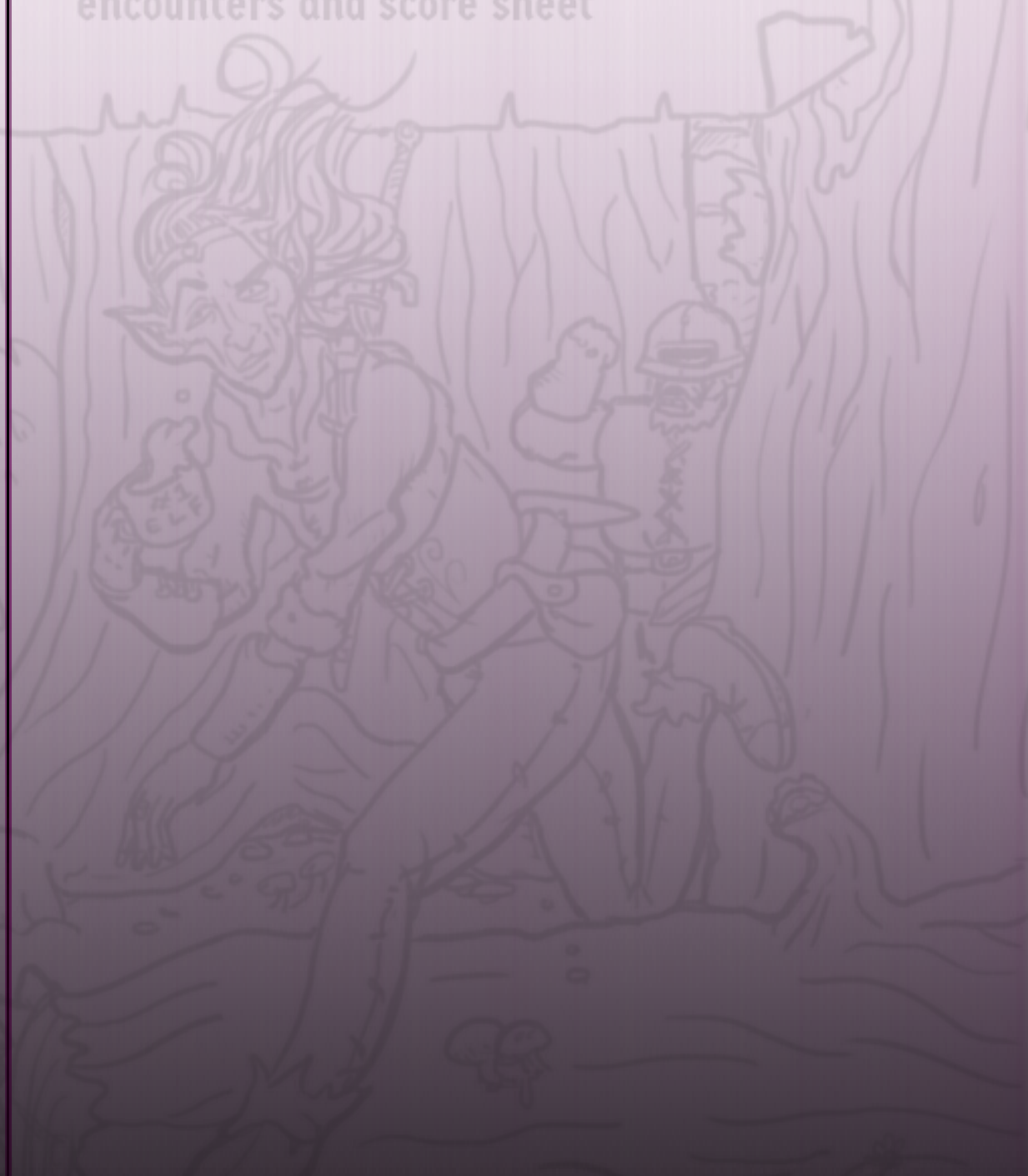
“Usually I sic the gardeners on them”. she gestures to your escorts, “but the slick little shits always move too fast for them. You did me a good fucking turn keeping those pricks distracted until my boys could put the boot into them. Now if you want to do me a second good turn, you'll ride out with the next fucking caravan to Bilgeton tomorrow morning. Those cocksucking elves show their ugly fucking mugs, put the fear of the ploughing gods into them again. If they can't rob my caravan they won't have anything to fucking pawn, and they can't do that they'll either piss off somewhere else or starve. Either way, fuck 'em. I'll reward you handsomely, of fucking course. What do you reckon?”

The verbose wizard finally lets you get a word in. If you start by whining about Thighbone trying to plant his axe in you, turn to **140**. If you don't think Aggie is the sympathetic sort, you could accept her offer (turn to **290**) or reject it (turn to **375**). Alternatively if you want to seize the opportunity to rid the world of a fountain of obscenities by summarily booting the necromancer out of the tower window, turn to **79**.

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Your adventure ends here as you fall screaming to your death in the ravine far below. Some hapless fly is going to lay her eggs in your liquefied remains and her defenceless little maggots are going to be forced to grow up in the rotting corpse of a failure. I hope you're happy.



Disdaining to make an honest elf of yourself or an honest bat out of her, you nobly scoop up all your things and sneak out of the cave as soon as your erstwhile lover turns her back on you. You stop to put your clothes back on only after you've put a respectable distance between yourself and what you've done.

You set off back towards the road to Bilgeton via the Glade of Pixies. A chill of foreboding sweeps over you - Pixies are the most deceitful, underhanded and mean-spirited creatures in the whole Bestiary, yourself included. Then again, that Bestiary was written by a dwarf, and they're a pretty racist bunch on the whole.

It's a long trek and dark sets in early this deep in the forest. As the light around you fades your stomach rumbles, alerting you to the need to eat something or other after a long day of physical, emotional and amorous exertions. You must eat at least one item of food if you have any. If you choose to eat Elven Rations, at this point turn to **71**. If you have no food available, you are starving. Deduct 2 from Élan until you get something to eat.

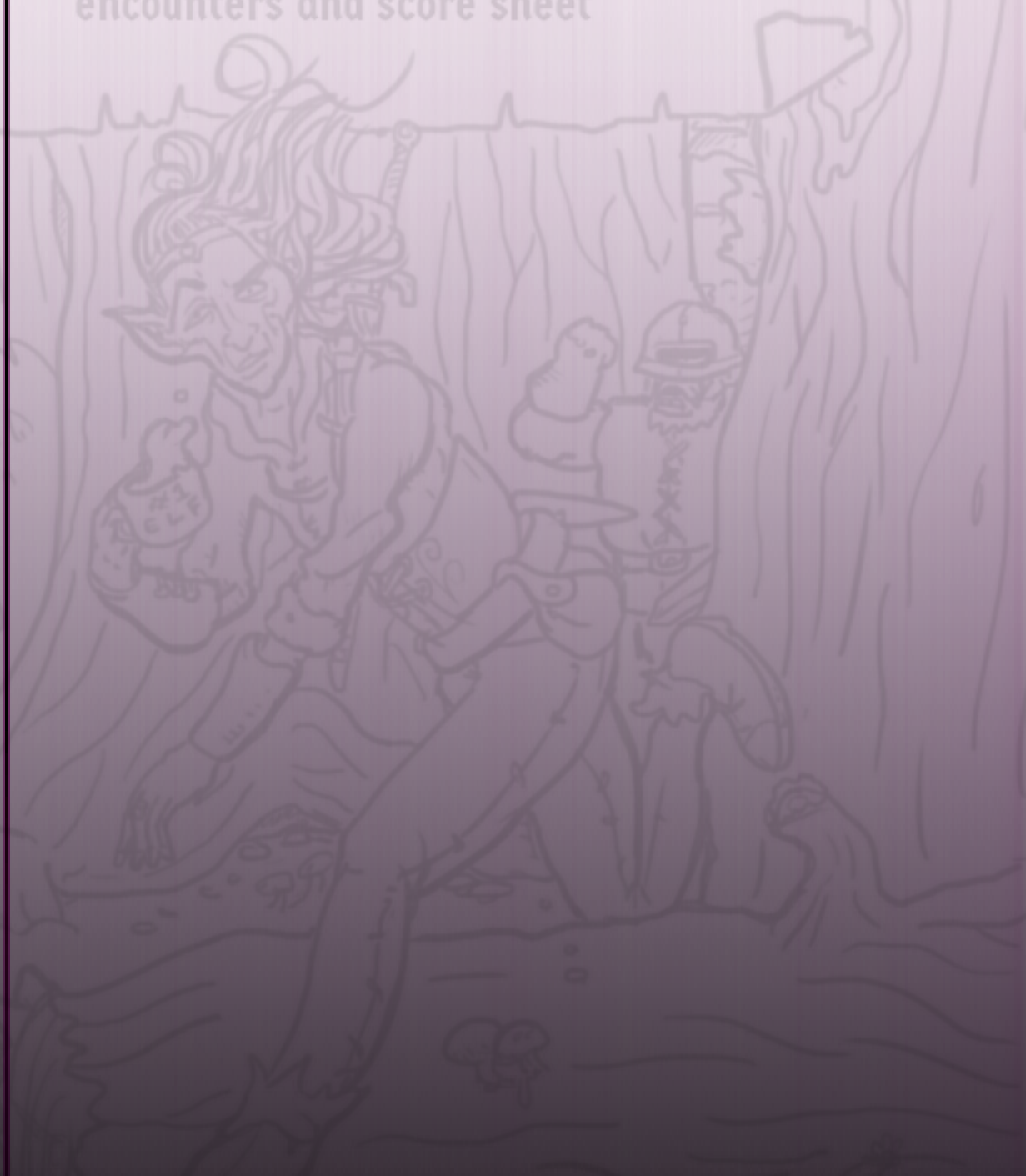
As the sun sets and total darkness sets in you notice the air is beginning to smell rancid, like a wet fart. The ground is becoming soft and squelchy underfoot. You also have a feeling that you're being watched, as if dozens of pairs of eyes are following your every move. In short, the forest has become a swamp, and you're feeling really paranoid.

Turn to **200**

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Striding through the saloon doors of the *Palais De Dance*, you spot Benny easily - he's the orc in the tight black tunic that passes for the Bilgeton Bouncer's Guild uniform. You order a flagon of pissmead from the bar, walk over to the bouncer, and nonchalantly up-end the entire vessel over Benny's boots. Benny looks at you; you stare right back in his eye. You draw a dagger, Benny gets a cold meat pie.

BENNY - EFFORT 8 - TOUGHNESS 3 - FISTS 2

If you win, you leave the wreckage of the *Palais* and get on with your quest. Turn to **318**

171

Instead of drawing a weapon, you haul a testicle the size of a warhorse's hindquarter out of a grimy heshen sack. This visibly disturbs your assailants - their charge falters. When you fix your steely gaze on the little elf and take a huge bite out of the top of the thing, they stagger to a halt. Their weapons go slack in their hands when you lift the testicle and start chugging its contents. They are still staring, slack-jawed, when the skeletons rally and surround them. The half-elf drops his sword and falls to his knees, muttering, "W...what kind of man...". His companion, the blood drained from his face in horror, is still standing when the skeletons reach him. They cut him down and he dies without a sound. The last thing he sees is your eyes locked on his as you messily gulp down the revolting sludge inside the huge ball.



Add **MANLY HAIR** card

You suddenly feel queasy as the testicle kicks in, its effects multiplying in response to your victory in battle. *Apply the effects listed on the loot card and discard it.* You begin to feel... manly. Virile. Hirsute. Your chest, arms, face, back and balls itch as hair follicles multiply and explode out in a crazy profusion of mane, thatch, beard and moustache. *Gain 1 max and current ÉLAN.* You can see that your erstwhile opponent has been stripped of the will to fight as he stares at you with blank incomprehension. You must now decide - if you wish to do the honourable thing and spare your defeated enemy, turn to **78**. If you'd prefer to kick him while he's down, turn instead to **299**.

Around the hairpin turn the corridor curves continuously to the right. This is getting monotonous, although Karol seems to be enjoying himself - much to your annoyance.

You trudge along for an interminable distance, seeing nothing but grey walls and floor and hearing nothing but you and Karol's breathing and footsteps, when you hear one of the stones underfoot click. In one brave movement you shove Karol as hard as you can in front of you, hoping he will absorb the brunt of the floor spikes, arrow launchers, pits full of skeletons or whatever other nastiness this dungeon can throw at you.

Fortunately for Karol you had just trodden on a loose cobblestone and the Polish dungeoneer is merely sent sprawling. Karol stands, rubbing his back and (you assume) swearing vigorously. He looks at you scornfully, and you simper out the most insincere "sorry" ever witnessed by man or beast. Unsatisfied but with no further recourse, Karol turns away and continues onwards, muttering under his breath. Eventually you come to the end of this passageway - unlike the previous passages the left wall terminates in a right angle and the right wall curves around a full 180 degrees, turning into another passage which curves off once more to the right.

Will you continue? If so turn to 317. Otherwise you give up and go back: turn to 243.



There's such a thing as too good a time, and you just had it with the Mountain Trolls. Their trollbräu is incredibly easy to swig for something that's made from pebble squeezings, but it does horrible things to the human (and half-human) brain. Excusing yourself from the drinking circle, you stumble around in the undergrowth looking for a discrete location to drain the lizard. Unfortunately before you find anywhere suitable you do find the edge of a cliff. Half-blind and three-quarters paralytic, you first stagger and then plummet to your death.

You whip it out but no one is terribly impressed. Put it away and turn to 368.



Your trials and tribulations have driven you mad with rage and despair. You plunge heedlessly into the forest, screaming and babbling inarticulately for what seems like hours until you start coughing up blood. (You are now **Slightly Injured**) As you catch your breath and start to calm down, you examine your surroundings, which appear to be the mating grounds of a GIANT FOREST BAT. He is not pleased with your cockblocking.

GIANT FOREST BAT - EFFORT 9 - TOUGHNESS - 2

If you win you can loot his corpse for that SWEET BELT he's wearing. If you lose, he gives you a good kicking before leaving. Take an additional injury.

SWEET BELT

Now that's settled, did you pack a map? If so, turn to 90. If not, you have no idea where you are.

Do you continue to wander in circles, peeing and moaning ineffectually? If so turn to 100.

Instead if you successfully defeated the Bat, you may search it and its lair for clues about where you are. Turn to 33.



181

An individual elf on its own isn't much of a threat to anyone but they can be vicious in a pack. You're giving as good as you're getting but the remaining elves are begin to take advantage of their numerical superiority and are creeping around to strike your undefended sides and back.

For every point of Toughness left on the Elves in the last encounter, roll 1D6. For each roll of 5+ suffer one injury (saving throws, if you have any, can be used here).

Should you survive this rough handling, you are amazed when the attack suddenly slackens off. Some of your enemies actually turn away and flee before you! You briefly feel unbearably smug about your martial prowess until you spot the actual cause of the rout - several of the aforementioned skeletons have burst into the brawl, swinging rusty but dangerously sharp weapons with the annoyingly high level of enthusiasm skeletons usually display when carrying out this task. There are three skeletons present but the other two have charged into the remaining elven brawlers, leaving you to face a single adversary:

JAUNTY SKELETON - EFFORT 10 - TOUGHNESS 1

If you defeat the skeleton turn to 5. If you want to throw yourself on the mercy of your undead foe turn at once to 93.

If you've read this far without rolling any combat dice then you've displayed an ability to think a bit more strategically about these kinds of situations. Instead of fighting this skeleton, do you instead turn your back on it and continue fighting your mutual enemy, the elves? If so turn to 135. Finally, you could simply play possum and loot the corpses when it's all over. Turn to 389 to attempt this heroic plan.





You (incorrectly) consider yourself a patient and tolerant kind of half-elf, but after a day which involved being kicked out of home by that arsehole Jeff, grappling with a rutting Giant Forest Bat, rutting with a Giant Forest Bat, fleeing headlong from your shame with your pants around your ankles, and slogging all night through some gods-forsaken swamp looking for a squalid pixie den trying to pass itself off as some kind of "glade" - well, this painfully obvious attempt to drug you is the last straw. You know for a fact (*or you would, if you read that indispensable guide to the world of Two-Fisted Fantasy, the Bestiary - available at all good book stores now!*) that pixies aren't magical fairies which reside in a mythical land that requires an innocent, child-like or altered mental state to perceive: they're greasy, manipulative little scumbags that drug travellers and force them to perform free construction work in their grimy little back-road commuter hamlets.

Work?! WORK? Jeff would like that, wouldn't he, that evil, home-wrecking prick! You were onto a pretty sweet deal, sitting in your room all day reading choose your own adventure books and scrying pretty girls through the scrying orb - and then he came along and **RUINED EVERYTHING! GET A JOB, JEFF? YOU'RE NOT EVEN MY DAD!!!**

At some point this internal monologue becomes loudly external, and you leap up onto the tree stump, bellowing in rage. The pixies, terrified by your wrath, try to flee, but in their panic to get back to the road to their (presumably near-by) "glade", they run into one another, trip each other up, and generally make their location obvious. Bending down, you snake the potion and wing it at the source of the crashing, high-pitched swearing and shouting. It flies into the fog and shatters somewhere out of sight, but from the pitch of the screams it sounds like you got a few of the little pricks.

You leap from the stump, striding forward purposefully through the mist, now you know where the path is. You slay pixie after pixie - some covered in potion and glass shards, screaming about snakes and clawing at their eyes, others fallen and begging for mercy. Some die fleeing, their backs turned to you. One even turns and tries to fight :

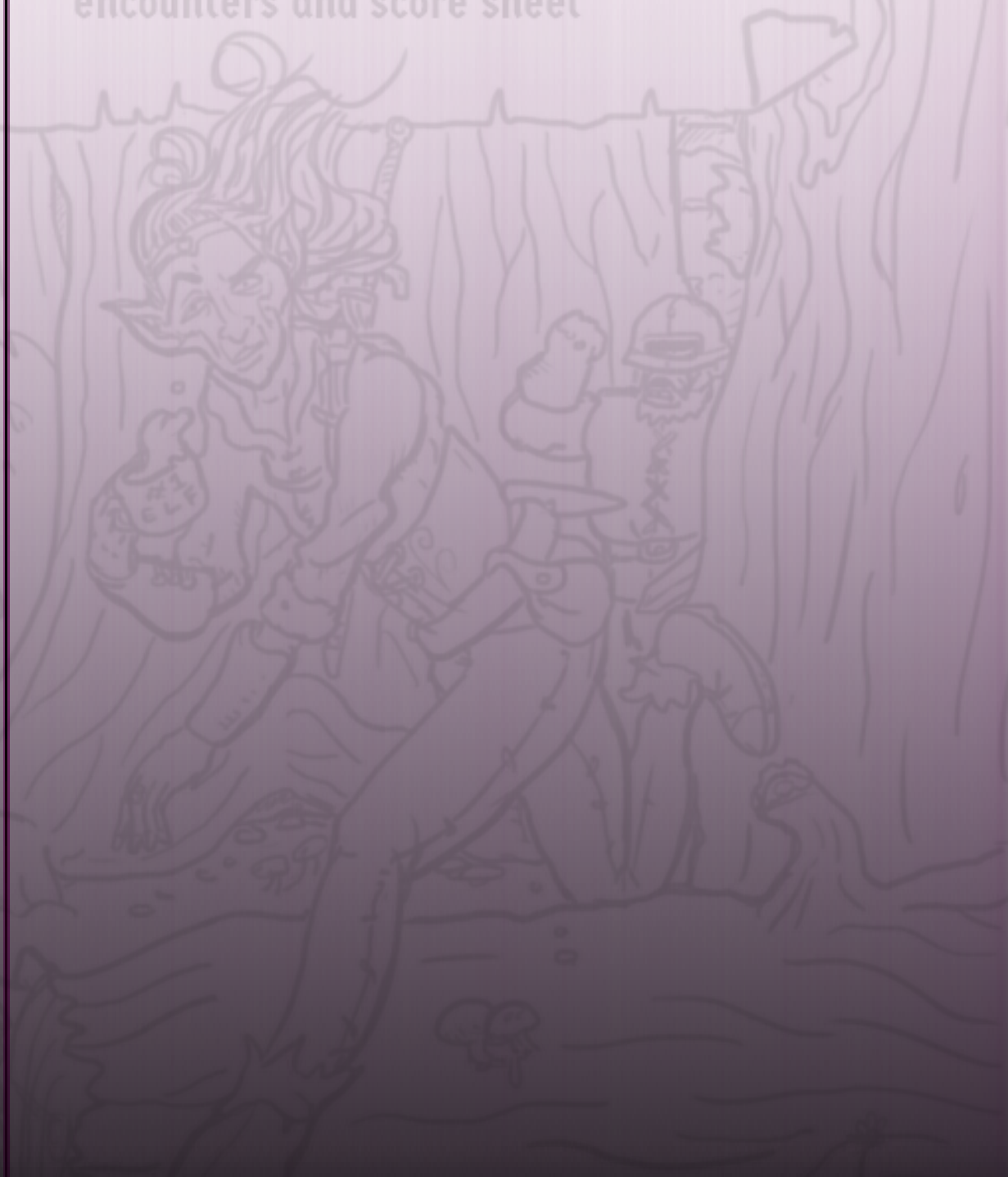
TERRIFIED PIXIE - EFFORT 5 - TOUGHNESS 1 - FISTS 1
Each time you lose against this opponent, suffer 1 injury.

If you defeat your doomed adversary, turn to **95**.

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You wave goodbye to your new friends and step on the road leading out of the Big Rock Goblin mountains. Heroic epics will be sung throughout the lands about your drinking and womanising exploits, and you know in your heart that you've found a true home among the mountain trolls when this quest is behind you.

Your time among the trolls in the idyllic setting of the Big Rock Goblin Mountains has reinforced your self confidence and reinvigorated your spirits. Add 1 to maximum ÉLAN and 10 to maximum EFFORT, then increase your current ÉLAN and EFFORT to these levels.

With a tear in your eye but a spring in your step you set forth on the short road leading to the Bilgeton Barbican. Turn to 137.



You're wise to the ways of Elf-kind. These jerks are going to send you off to do something insanely dangerous, and should you succeed you'll get nothing more than a handful of pinecones and a half-remembered quote from some elven self-help guru masquerading as timeless elvish wisdom. Hell, you used to do that to human travellers all the time, and you're only a half-elf.

Instead of subjecting yourself to any more of this abuse, you simply kick the elf leader in the head from the saddle and shake the reins to get your horse to gee up. Unfortunately your kick isn't as strong as your aim and the elf quickly recovers. Grabbing you from behind he hauls you down from the saddle. You are able to flail free from his grasp and leap to your feet, but now you're faced with half a dozen very insulted elves.

"You've got a lot of balls treating us with so little respect, half-elf", sneers the leader, "Time to teach you the manners your human parent failed to teach you, because he or she is a human and therefore crude and unmannerly, unlike an elf."

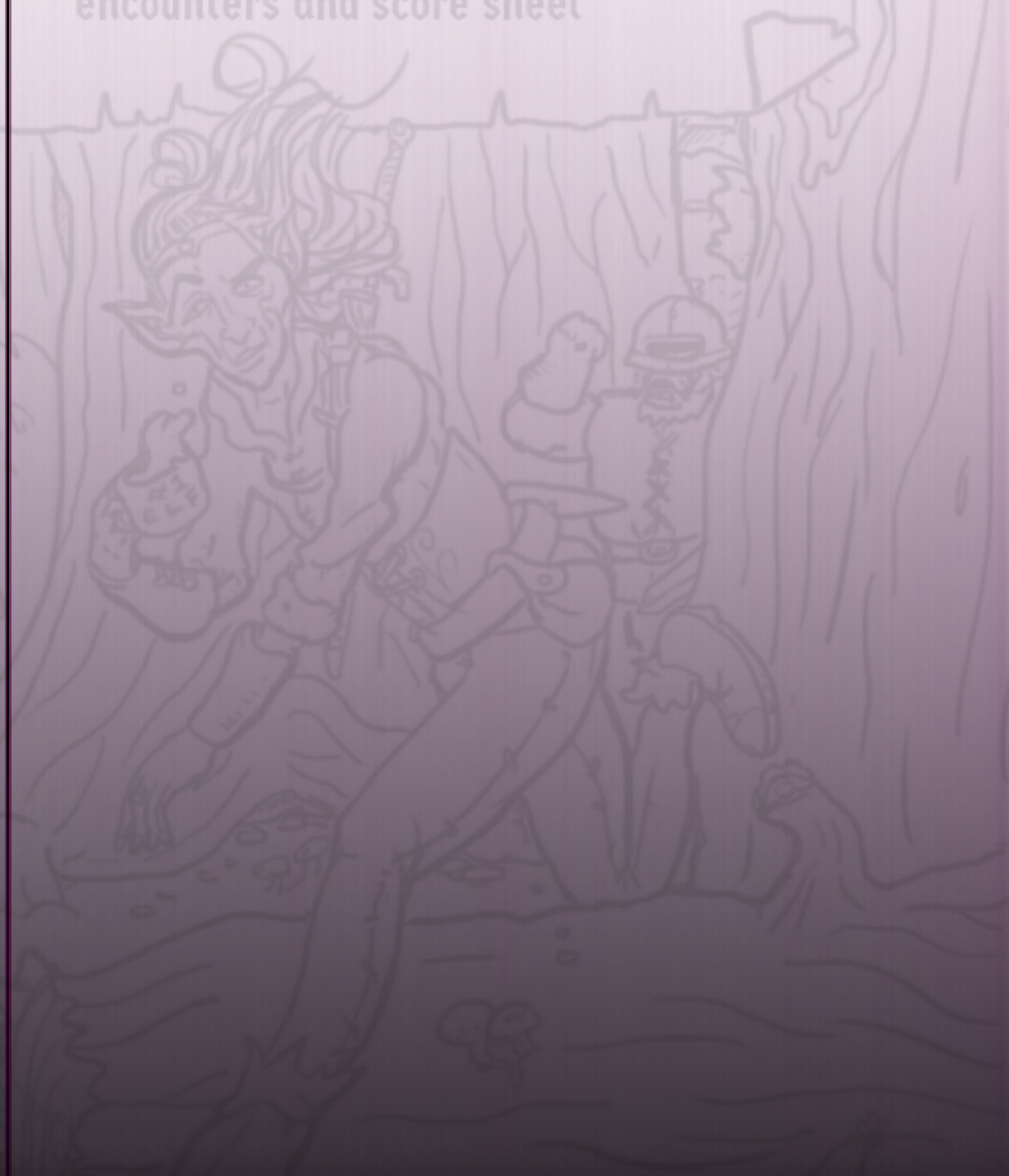
BUNCH OF ELVES - EFFORT 9 - TOUGHNESS 5 - FISTS 1

The burn is very weak but the elves' fists are hard enough. If you're still fighting after three rounds, turn to **181**.

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You regain consciousness to a terrible roaring sound. The Phalloknight has gone off his game completely. His steed has gone limp and won't get up. The Phalloknight is trapped, immobilised with his leg trapped under his penis and, by the looks of the puddle of blood forming under him, partially torn off. The armour plates and war gear scattered around the ground is evidence of rapid shrinkage, probably throwing the Phalloknight to the ground while galloping.

You have no way of knowing this but the Greater Necronomical Seal of Corpse-Monger Shamhat of Ur that you constructed was slightly imperfect, and the Word of Power you uttered was just slightly wrong. Although this was still enough to summon a powerful demon, its essence is fatally compromised. It is bound more by the rules of this universe than its own, and in this universe you just can't stay up all the time.

The Phalloknight is seriously hurt and barely mobile, but still presents a threat. His lance is shattered against a tree but he still wields a huge sword. You must decide on how to proceed.

If you still have **Pixie Grindings**, you can render him harmless enough to approach and finish him off. Turn to **347**.

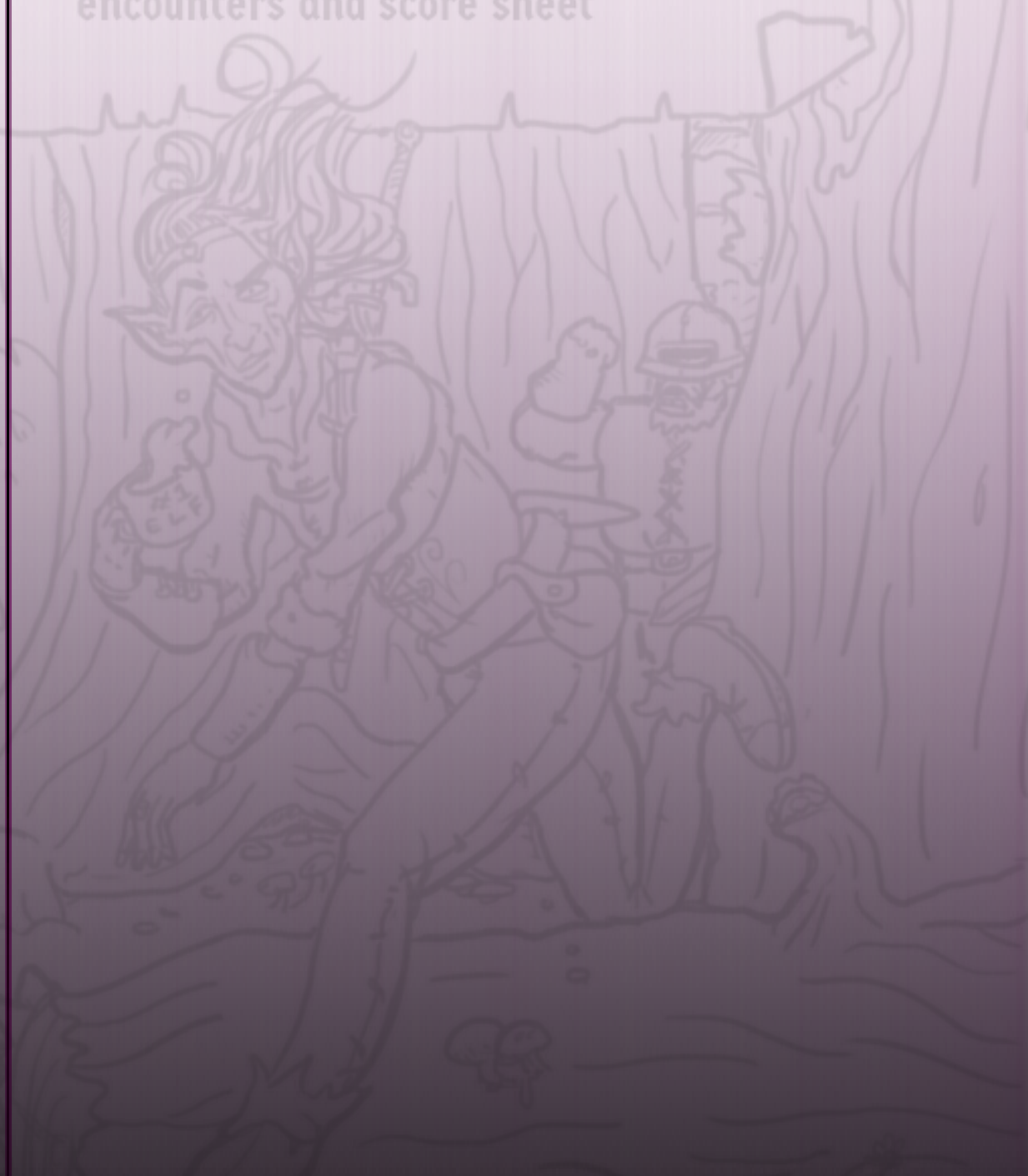
If you believe that nothing this splendid should die such a base death and you have the **Medical Diploma**, a **Healthy Poultice** or at least some **Hard-to-Open Condiment Packets**, turn to **286**.

Otherwise you just sidle past it outside of sword reach and finally get back to the road. Turn to **55**.

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After some hours of unpleasant trudging in the dark, during which time every single item you own gets covered in swamp essence, you begin to suspect that the Pixies inhabit a "glade" in much the same way that the dilapidated shoebox you grew up in was a "charming maisonette". Your suspicions are confirmed when you come to the end of the path that was supposed to lead to the Glade of the Pixies. A rotting tree stump sits in the middle of a soggy clearing. Perched atop the stump is a small bottle with a label reading, "Drink me". There is a thick fog around the clearing but you can make out movement and hear some snippets of inane banter about house prices. You're still being watched, probably by pixies. Their town must be around here someplace, but you doubt you'll find it without the pixies' permission.



If you throw dignity to the wind, get down on your belly in that swamp and appeal to the pixies' benevolence and hospitality towards a traveller in need, turn to **396**.

If you do what the pixies evidently expect of you and drink the potion that was painfully obviously left there for you, turn to **160**.

If you're sick of playing pixie games and you think you have what it takes to beat a bunch of swamp peasants less than one quarter of your size, turn to **183**.

Getting black-out drunk in the portside tavern was probably not one of your smartest ideas. When you come to some time later you are surprised to find yourself in the cargo hold of a moving ship. You are immediately accosted by a hideous grey-skinned elf with red eyes who insists that you stand and tell him your name. You are then hauled off the boat by a human guard and subjected to an embarrassingly personal questionnaire before being turned loose on some island populated mostly by more of those dark-skinned elves. You go on to have several more adventures before you are eventually pecked to death by a swarm of razorbeaked skinflaps racing along the cliffs of this strange land, but this particular adventure ends here.



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Seizing the moment you give a rousing speech to your skeletal followers to the effect that inside every elf is a skeleton waiting to be born, and exhorting them to the utmost violence in extracting their brothers and sisters from their meaty prisons. You then brandish whatever weapons you are carrying above your head, yell maniacally and charge into the forest in the direction of the main body of elvish ambushers. The three skeleton guards follow just behind.

Within seconds you almost literally trip over the first of the advancing elves - a group of four hooded ruffians crawling through the bushes with crossbows in hopes of getting a surprise volley in. Instead it is they who are surprised by your impetuous charge. Shocked, they begin to rise to meet your posse's attack.

If you are equipped with the **Boots of Elvish Stomping** and wish to use them for the purpose for which they are made, turn to **89**. Otherwise you must fight a Surprised Elf while your escorts battle his comrades:

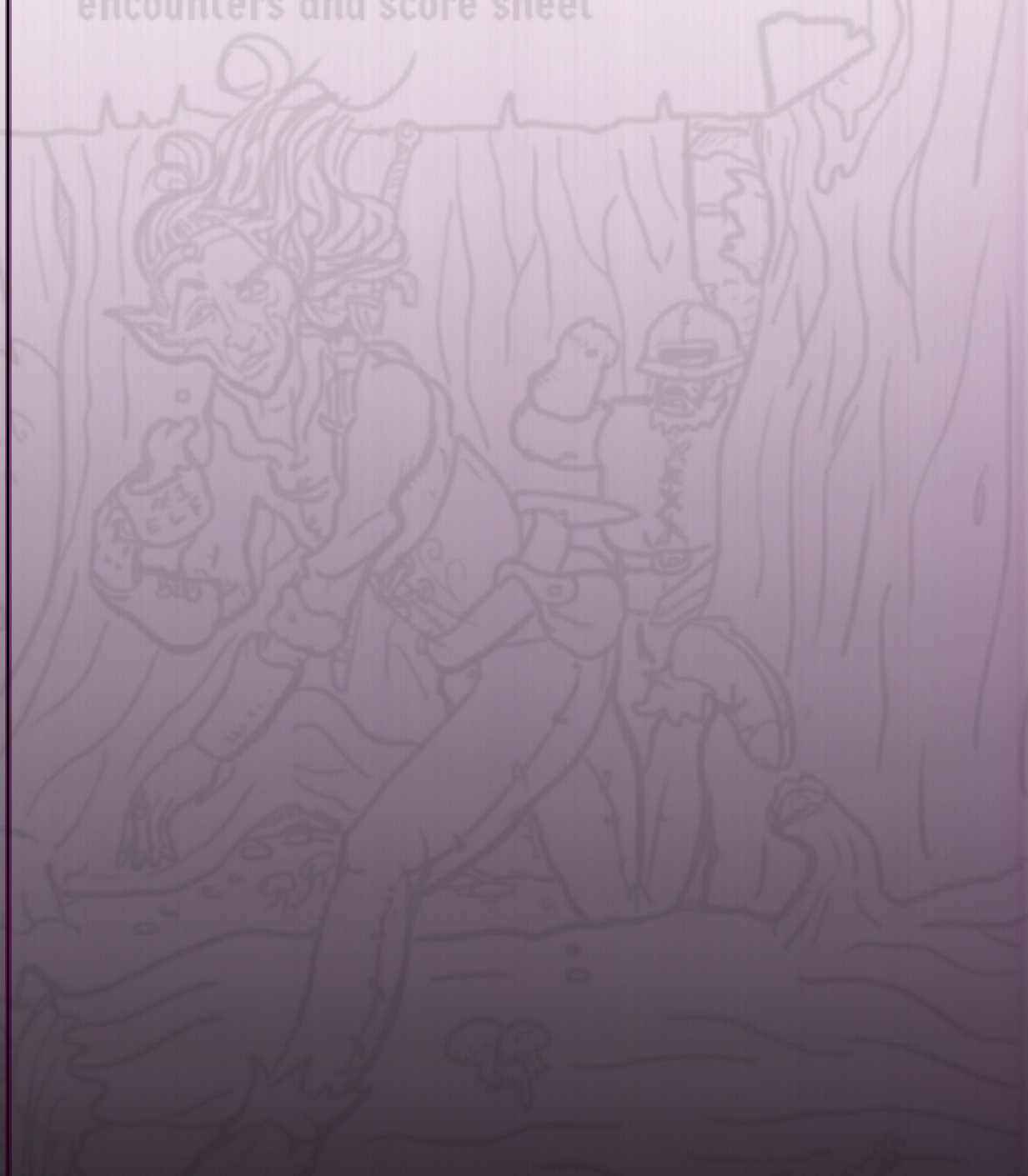
SURPRISED ELF - EFFORT 8 - TOUGHNESS - 1 FISTS - 1

If you prevail **195**.

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You pretend to take the potion and after a few minutes begin staggering around and saying "whoa" a lot as if you were under its influence. Somehow convinced by your hammy acting, a dozen pixies emerge from the woods. A few of them begin pushing and prodding you along a swamp path. Before long you arrive at their village, where you are treated to the sight of an elven woman and a dwarven man on their knees in a clay pit digging away at a hole in the ground. They are harnessed up like workhorses and a pixie is sitting on each of their shoulders, directing their efforts. Their dilated pupils and jerky movements immediately tip you off to what's going on here - the pixies are drugging travellers and forcing them to do manual labour for them! Turn to **288**.

You're not fighting anyone called "Savage Sid", especially not when you didn't get the drop on him and outnumber him by at least three to one. You do what comes naturally and curl up in a ball, blubbering as you shamelessly apologise for even having a cockeye and begging the kind thug for your worthless life.



Sidney is utterly disgusted at this revolting display of craven self-abnegation to the point of forgetting to kick the hells out of you. Instead, he gestures at the cockeye and growls, "Right, you can fuck along then. After you eat that whole fucking thing." Before he's even finished talking you're cramming the eye into your face.

This thing would have been repulsive fresh but after several days of fermenting it looks, smells and tastes exactly like an uncured leather sack filled with rancid pus. The sight and smell of you enthusiastically chowing down is too much for Sid, who is racked with spasms of disgust and vomits uncontrollably. Witnessing this, the bartender follows suit, as do several nearby patrons. Used to resorting to this kind of yellow-bellied crawling to get out of beatings, you keep your repast down with some difficulty and make a hasty exit. A greater man than you would be chastened by this shameful display, but you're just proud to have escaped without either a beating or paying your tab. Turn to **46**.

209

Your prurient suggestions do not go down well. The cave troll delivers such a ferocious kick to your groin that the windows rattle. You heroically suppress the desire to vomit out your testicles, but you'll never walk normally again. Lose 1 Élan.

You perform a movement something like a stagger crossed with a waddle through the brothel door and back into the street. Turn to 117.

210

Karol just shakes his head and says something to the effect of "*Jestem kochankiem, nie wojownikiem.*"

You have no idea what that means but it's pretty clear that you're on your own with this bat.

Turn back to 180.

211

Through dangers untold and hardships unnumbered, you fight your way to the castle beyond the Goblin City to take back the child that he has stolen. For your will is as strong as his, and your kingdom is as great. He has no power over you.

THE THIN WHITE DUKE - EFFORT 13 - TOUGHNESS 3

The Thin White Duke has the power of voodoo over you. You have -1 FISTS for the duration of this fight.

If you survive, turn to 15.



Your unfashionable attire of barrel and single shoe failing to gain you access to the Governor's ball, you are left with no other leads in the search for your father aside for the abandoned dairy merchant on the outskirts of town. It is late at night when you arrive and the wind is howling. As expected the place is empty, but exploring the premises you hear a warbling whistling noise which you dismiss as the wind. You poke around and find barrels of sugar spilled on the floor and a coin purse containing 50 gold, which you pocket (*add this to the cash section of the adventure scroll*). Only then do you notice the gaping hole in the back wall, apparently torn out by brute force. You step outside into the night and immediately come face to face with the true source of destruction and the strange whistling:

THEM! - Effort 13 - Toughness 2

This enemy can only be harmed by a ranged weapon. If you lose this battle your journey ends here in the pincers of a giant ant.

If you prevail turn to **163**.



Deception is your middle name, or you assume it would be, if you could remember it. You'll trick the humans into believing you're friendly, then as soon as their back is turned use either poison or force to get what you want. You boldly stride down from the path to meet with the noble lady and gentleman who are taking their repast.

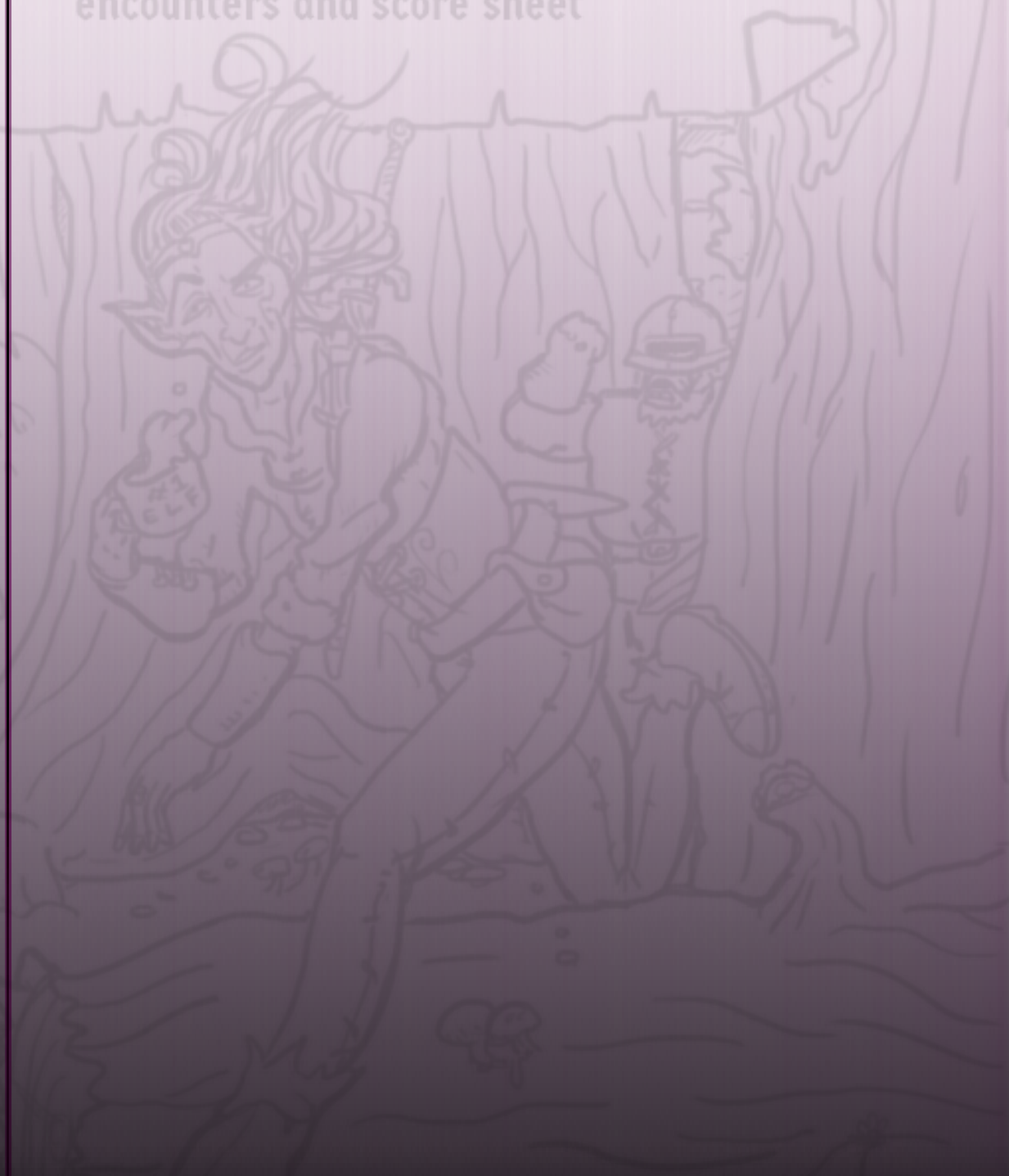
Check your inventory. Give yourself one point for each of the following items: **each equipped weapon or shield, the Billowing Cloak, the Mask of Zorro and the Steel Plate.** Add two points for each **critter parts** item, the **Massive Helmet** (if equipped), and the **Achievement in Banditry Trophy.** Add three points for the **Pixie Skin Cloak** or the **Screaming Skull On Spider Legs.** Add a further point if you did not get a full night's sleep last night.

If your score is less than five turn to **398**. If more than five but less than ten turn to **123**. If somehow your score is more than ten turn to **38**.

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227

You're exhausted, more tired than you've ever been, but your evil brain won't let you sleep. Thoughts, and insane things similar to thoughts, keep flashing burning lines through your skull. When you close your eyes you see fire, blood and geometry. When you open them your hands leave traces in front of your eyes. You ogle them for a while-how on earth did they get so dirty? - and then you remember what you intended to do.

You start to haul the bodies away but the chaos of the battle scene appals you. Symmetry must be maintained. Sacred geometry. The bloody mandala. Then all the souls will be released, the spirits will forgive, and sleep will come.

Hours of hacking, slashing and meticulously careful placement later (lose 10 EFFORT) you've made something truly horrible out of assorted pixie parts. No one would believe the pixies did this to themselves, but luckily for you no one cares about pixies except other pixies, and they're not coming anywhere near you after this.

Having completed your craft project to your demented satisfaction, you set about scavenging the leftover bits that had no place in your artwork. You fill a sack with assorted PIXIE BITS, grate a generous portion of PIXIE GRINDINGS and, still full of nervous energy, you stitch together a stylish PIXIE HIDE CLOAK to keep you warm on these long

psychedelic swamp nights. You also pull 400 Pixie Teeth - add this to the Cash section of the Adventure Sheet.

PIXIE BITS
PIXIE GRINDINGS
PIXIE HIDE CLOAK

Finally that pixie you ate starts to wear off and you crawl into the centre of your horrible mandala to come down and sleep off your excesses. You are no longer affected by your pixie meal - regain your lost ÉLAN point.

Unfortunately for you, you have a habit of gibbering in your sleep, and the thing you've built bears a striking resemblance to a Greater Necronomical Seal of Corpse-Monger Shamhat of Ur. At some point in your nocturnal orations you mutter something similar enough to a Word of Summoning and all Hells literally break loose.

You are jolted awake shortly after dawn by a sound very much like the gateway between worlds being rent asunder. A fiery red portal opens in the ground just a few feet from where you are lying. This is followed shortly thereafter by a sound like a thunderclap mixed with the furious trumpeting of a chorus of angels as the gods slam the gate shut again.

In the intervening time, *something* has managed to cross over and is currently alarmingly close to you. You spring to your feet, rubbing the sleep from your eyes, and try to figure out how to save your skin.

You must roll 3D6 on the DEMONIC ENTITY table listed in the instructions for this book and turn to the appropriate page number .

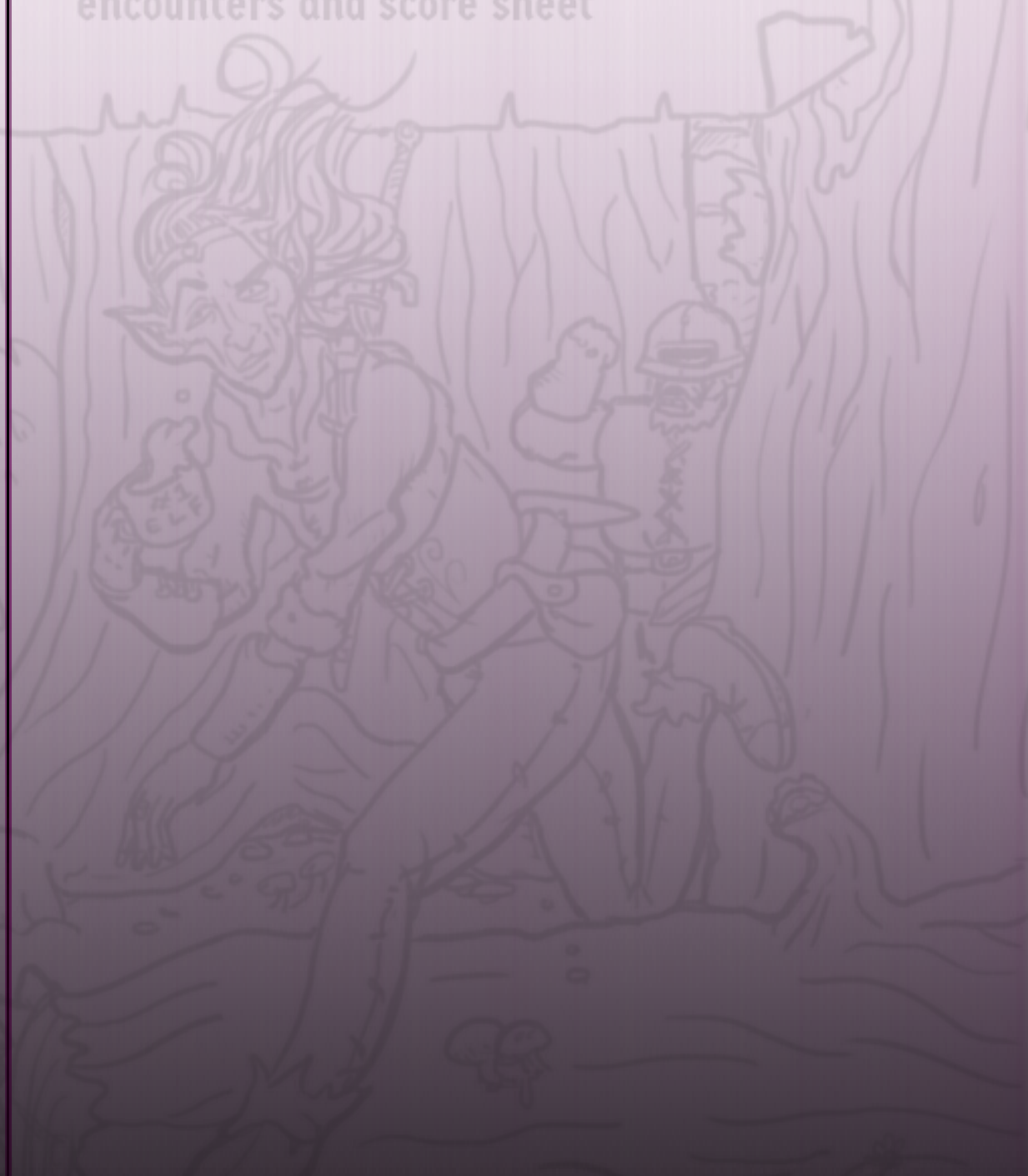


ONLY SCANNED ENTITY
IS PHALLOKNIGHT
TURN TO 98

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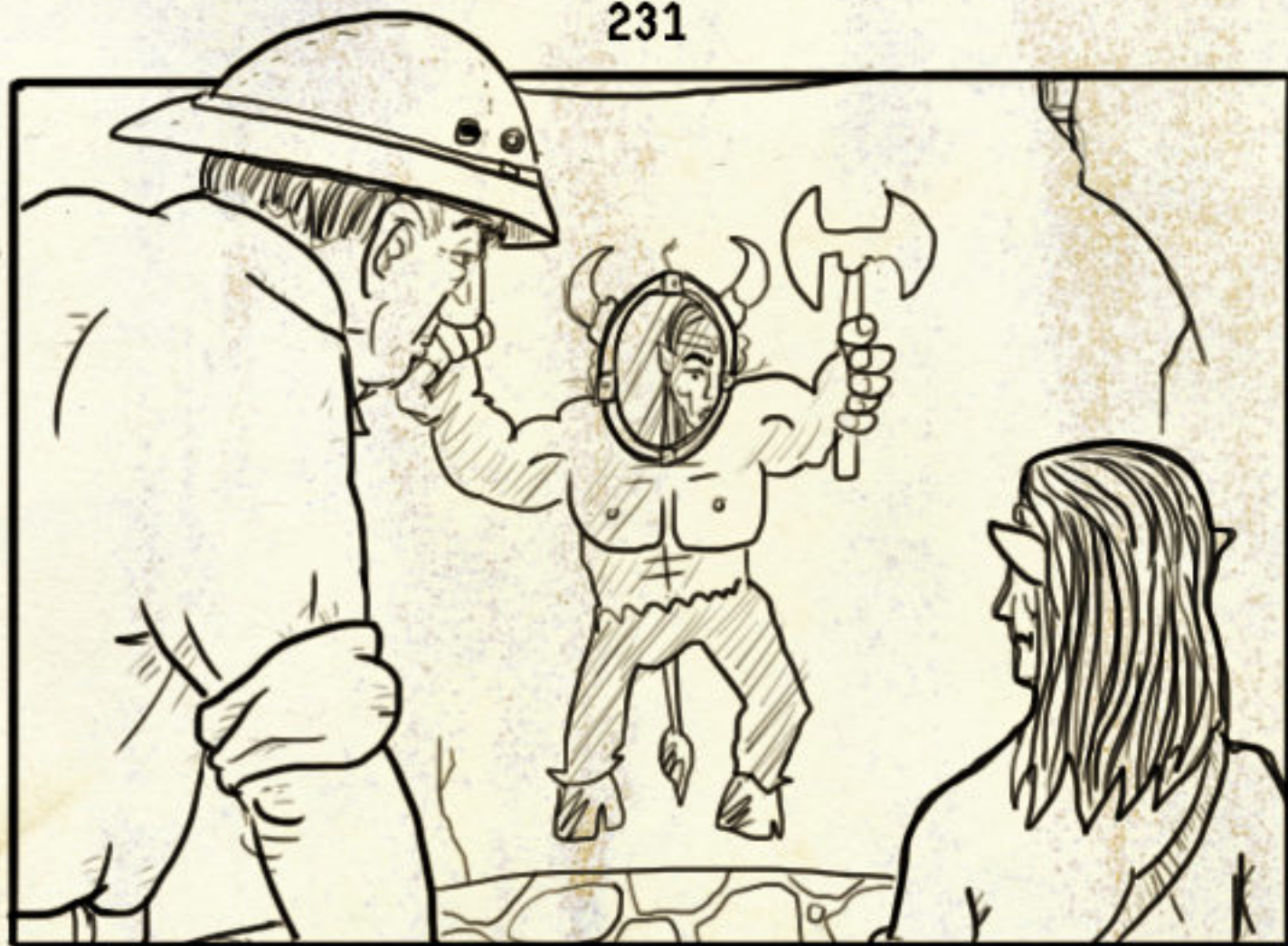


Your casual littering has infuriated the druid! You must fight:

PANORAMIX - EFFORT 8 - TOUGHNESS 1 - FISTS 6

If you lose a round, take 1 injury and turn to 198.

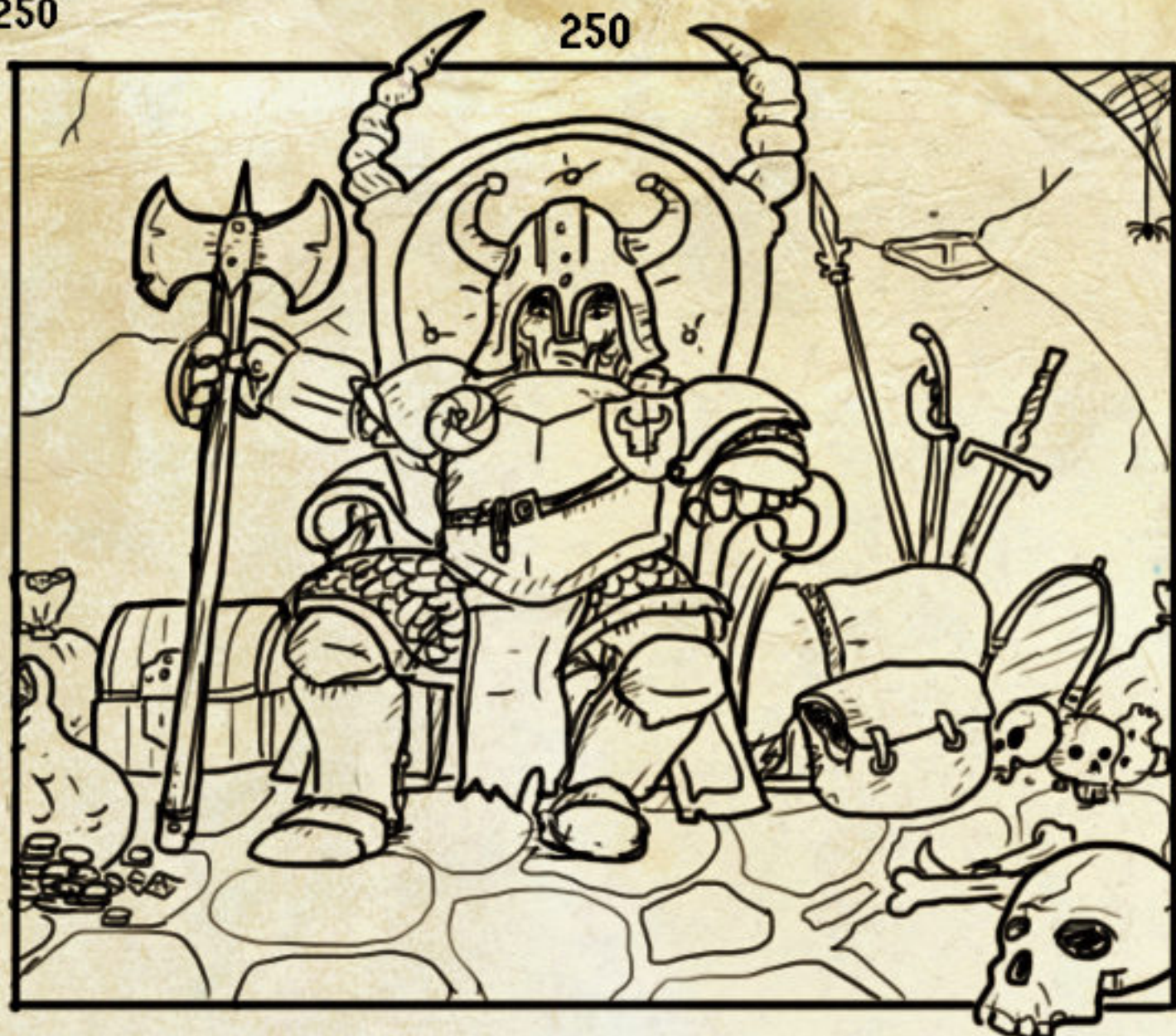
If you defeat the druid you may add his Magic Potion to your Adventure Sheet if you wish, then turn to 331.



The tunnel weaves right then left. You follow another hairpin turn to the left, followed shortly by another to the right. Your footsteps and Karol's elaborate curses as he bangs his head echo back at you increasingly rapidly and loudly. You are reaching the end of this weird maze at long last.

You are annoyed to come face to face with - instead of a door or a treasure chest or even a guardian monster - a dead end with a minotaur crudely painted on it. Even more annoyingly, it has a polished piece of metal for a face, so you can see your reflection in it. You and Karol pry around for a few minutes but there's nothing else of interest here and no way to go but back.

Your reflect on your experience as you trudge back through the labyrinth. If you didn't learn a damn thing, turn to 243. But if you've come to realise that the true meaning of the labyrinth is that, by perservering through life's winding course, we find that we ourselves are the source of our fears and realising this we return to the journey's start with a lighter step, turn to 250.



The painted minotaur at the centre of the labyrinth is meant to confront each visitor with the idea that they are the source of their own troubles and fears, but you take it to mean that there's currently a vacancy for a minotaur at the centre of this maze. Upon reaching the exit back to the batwoman's cave, you gesture to Karol that you intend to stay. The Pole taps his helmet to indicate that he thinks you're crazy, but he shakes your hand and you part ways amicably.

As it turns out, the bat lady receives many adventurers, and a surprising number of them try to escape their shame by sneaking out through the labyrinth. Now, instead of a journey of self-discovery and spiritual improvement they run into your waiting blade. After looting the corpses you trade some of the valuables with the bat lady for food and other necessities. Over the years a bond develops and you become quite close, or as close as a murderous half-elf and vile she-bat can become.

Living in a tunnel, bushwhacking tourists for a crust and common-law married to a bat - not how you thought your life would turn out, but you're rich, successful and happy enough. The only thing that nags at you is that you'll never get to rub Jeff's ugly nose in your success, but maybe one day he'll stumble into your labyrinth and find the monster he made waiting for him in the middle.

The Phalloknight, now at full gallop, skillfully hits you square in the sternum with a couched metal penis the size of a large tree trunk. You burst like a blood-filled balloon struck by a lightning bolt, leaving only your shoes and a half-mile long spray of assorted half-elf fluids as a testament to your existence.



261

You've managed to summon a Reverse Fetch - a kind of demon that is completely opposite to you in every important respect. This one is a double-elf, with twice the lanky height, elongated ears and arched eyebrows of a normal elf. He has a strong, commanding jaw, a face which commands trust and obedience, and eyes that glisten with righteousness and good humour. He sports an expertly sewn leather cloak of half-elf hides, under which he wears practical, rugged and clean clothes.

Assuming from your wretched appearance that you are some kind of force for evil in the world, he bellows a war cry and charges, weapon drawn.

DOUBLE-ELF - EFFORT * - TOUGHNESS * - FISTS 1

This opponent has EFFORT equal to your current ÉLAN, TOUGHNESS equal to the number of injuries you can still sustain, and it has the same items equipped as you, gaining the same combat effects.

If you defeat this bizarre negative you, turn to 44.

If you cannot prevail, the Reverse Fetch swiftly puts you out of your misery and continues on his quest to offer his sword in service to Jeff, much beloved father figure and boyfriend to his mother.



You take a hefty swig of the Trollbräu, emptying the flask right before realising the magnitude of the error you have just made. Mountain troll liquor, being fermented from rocks, is somewhat harder than the dandelion schnapps that you're used to. If your internal organs feel like they're melting, it's because they are a little.

Restore 20 EFFORT but sustain one injury. Lose 1 ÉLAN until you manage to sleep it off. Now remove the Trollbräu from the adventure sheet and return to the page you came from.

You know a good one. "Why are gay dwarves so popular? Because they can suck a cock standing up!". This merry quip instantly earns you a well-aimed barstool across the shoulder blades. Take one injury. If you survive, you must fight:

GRUMPY DWARF: EFFORT 11 - TOUGHNESS 1

If you win turn to **153**. If you say uncle turn to **329**.



Armed with a long, thin pole you think you have a good chance of striking the Phalloknight's weak spot as he bears down on you. This would be a sound plan but for a few details. Firstly, you're not a particularly calm half-Elf at the best of times and these aren't the best of times. You're shaking like a leaf because you're attempting to shove a thin metal rod up the dickhole of an armoured death-beast the size of a house as it bounds towards you with the force of a tidal wave. Secondly, your rod is waving around uncontrollably because of the minor earthquake the Phalloknight's charge is causing, so you've got a drunk's chance in a tavern's urinal of hitting anything you're aiming at. Finally, the phallic lance thrusting at you is much, much longer than the puny needle you're packing and will reach you long before you shove anything up any part of the Phalloknight.

Turn to **260**.

Walking back through the labyrinth you just get more and more confused. You don't think you really get what this place is about. You decide to ask Karol about it again.

In response he launches into yet another lengthy and tedious lecture in that incomprehensible language of his. You begin to feel that Karol's schtick is wearing a bit thin and that it's gone on far too long. You tell him so in no uncertain terms, rudely interjecting over his speech and cutting his explanation short.

You guess he gets the gist of what you said to him as he scowls, his face turns red and he spits out, "*Chuj ci w dupę.*" You don't know exactly what this means but it's pretty clear to you that these are fighting words. You resolve to put an end to this joke:

KAROL MYŚLIWIEC - EFFORT 9 - TOUGHNESS 3 - FISTS 2

If you lose a combat round sustain one injury. If you are defeated, Karol doesn't spare you. Your adventure ends here.



If you prevail, you step over the corpse of your former and only friend and head for the exit, only to find that Karol had taken the precaution of closing off the secret passage shortly after you entered the maze. You have no idea of how to operate the mechanism and, exhausted and wounded, have no hope of figuring it out before you run out of steam. Your hope ebbs away into the darkness of the labyrinth. You curl up into a ball and wait for the end.

281

The third skeleton collapses into a pile of bones, but yet another one is charging at you. It looks suspiciously like the first skeleton you defeated, but you guess they all look alike in the end.

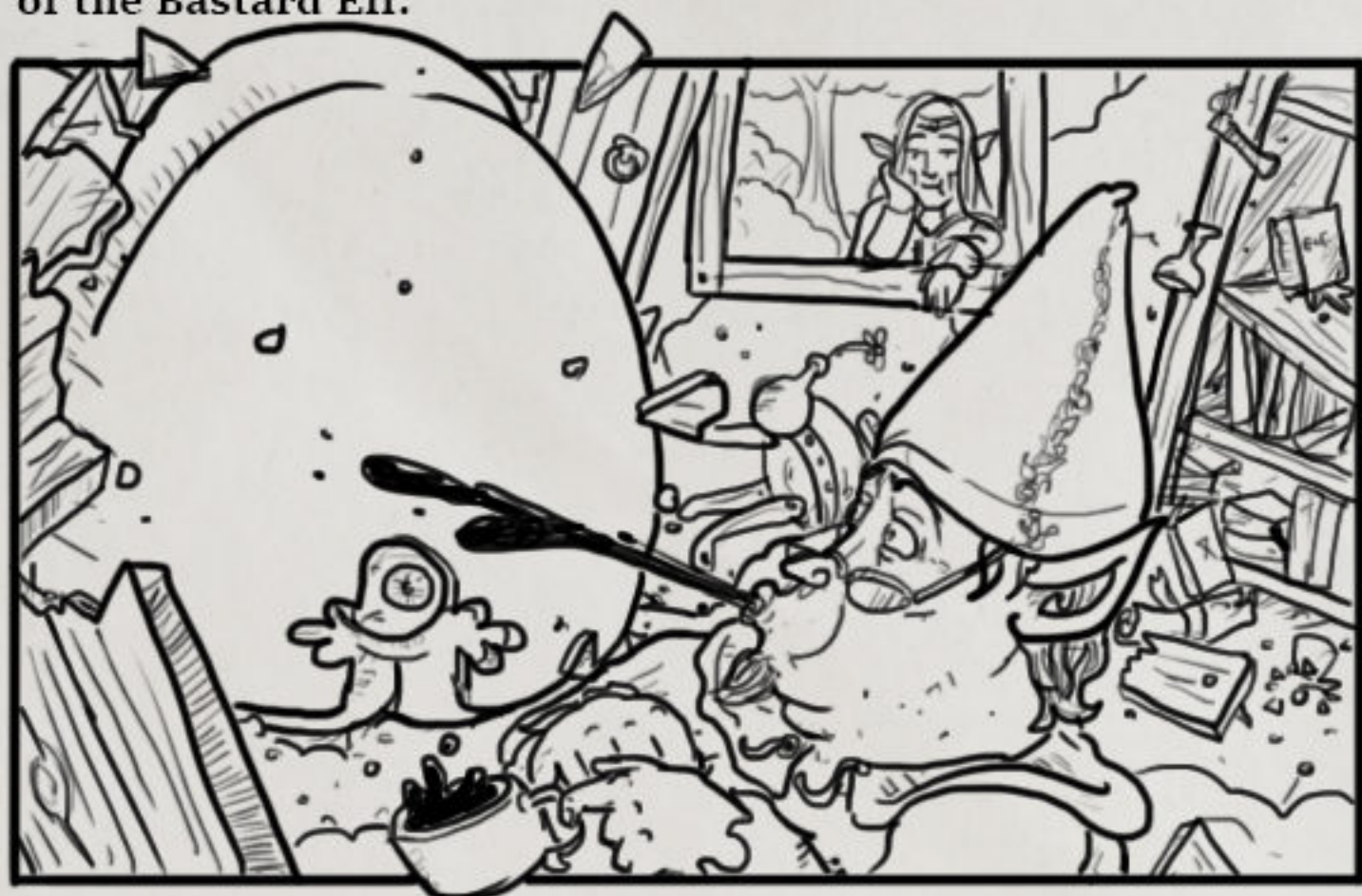
SKELETON - EFFORT 10 - TOUGHNESS 1

If you survive, turn to 57.

The Phalloknight roars his defiance as you edge closer and swings his greatsword back and forth, cutting arcs through the sky but nothing else. Five or six swings along with severe blood loss takes most of the fight out of him, and raising your hands to show you mean no further harm, you are able to approach without being hacked at.

The Phalloknight, now bested and severely injured, is utterly at your dubious mercy, which you don't usually extend to anyone but yourself. You make an exception this time - a Phalloknight would be a great thing to have in your pocket.

Days pass as you nurse your charge back to health. You bind his wounds, gather his food and reattach his armour to the best of your ability. In return, the Phalloknight swears his sword to your service. This is when you tell him about Jeff. Very shortly afterwards, Jeff receives a visit from the Sword of the Bastard Elf.



A season comes and goes. You're back living at home where you belong. Unfortunately your new friend has taken Jeff's place at the head of the household, and he expects you to do your chores. While the rest of the village groans under his iron-phallused rule, you spend your days ensconced in the smithy forging and repairing the armour and weapons your new not-dad uses in his regular rampages. You are no longer the village bastard - now everyone knows you as the village cocksmith. But hey - the world needs cocksmiths too.

You never do find your real father and your new not-dad can be kind of a dick, but he's not as bad as fucking Jeff and you've got your home back. All in all, not a bad bit of adventuring.

289

That strange-looking little fop sure can fight! Your wild swings fail to connect at all while he directs precise jab after precise jab to your unprotected face. As you reel from the flurry of blows the burly orcish store manager grabs you from behind. Lifting you by your shirt and belt, he hurls you bodily through the front door and into the market square.

“And stay out of Wollewert’s!”

As you pick yourself up and dust yourself off you wonder if he meant the one branch or all of them. Turn to **185** while you give it a think.



290

Aggie grins unsettlingly widely and slaps your shoulder so hard that your bones creak.

“Good fucking man! Right, now that’s settled, let’s have a cocksucking drink and you can tell me what your fucking excuse is.”

Aggie’s skeletons bring some bottles of viciously strong booze and over a tasty meal you proceed to get hammered with the necromancer. Aggie doesn’t display much interest in your stories but you find out that she’s been alone out here for several decades, aside from her skeletons and the odd customer, and she is looking forward to, as she puts it, “seeing the look on those prick-eared pricks’ faces when you leap out and bugger the ploughing shits right up the arse - without tallow!”

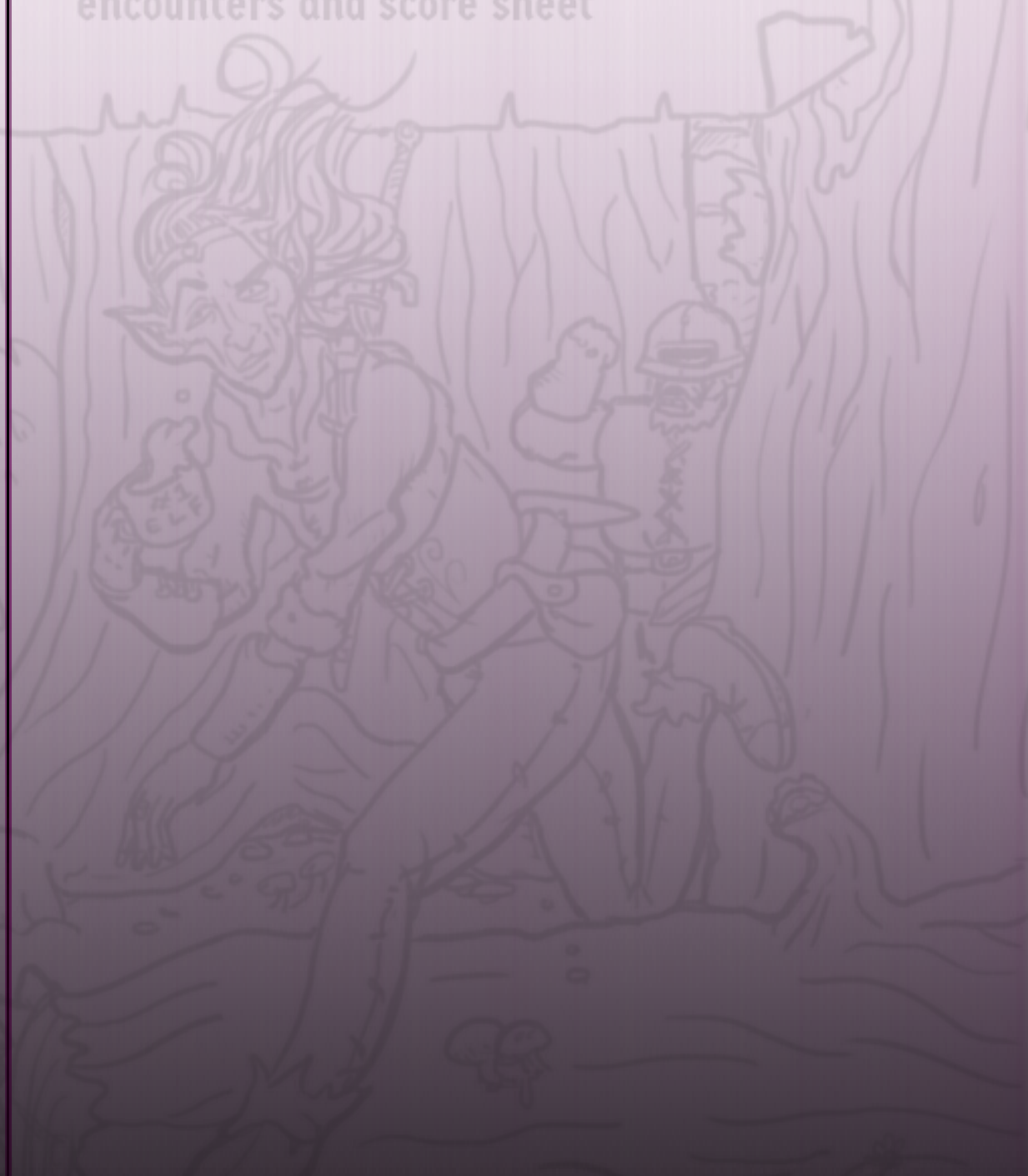
You’re not sure if its the booze or maybe the crushing pointlessness of your existence but the way her face lights up when she talks about you bugging elves makes you think she’s coming on to you, maybe. If you want to bust a move, turn to **24**.

If not, you decide to call it a night. The skeletons have made you up a bed somewhere near a stack of barrels and pass out as soon as you hit the mattress. Turn to **112**.

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298

The Phalloknight belongs to the knightly caste in its own dimension, where it is just as untoward for nobles to engage in armed combat with commoners as it is here. You rightly attempt to bring this to the charging Phalloknight's attention, but unfortunately he either doesn't hear you over the sound of his furious galloping and jangling armour, or he simply doesn't care.

Turn to **260**.



299

You're not feeling merciful. You loot the unresisting half-elf while you consider what to do with him. You decide to take the elf-bastards bastard sword and you also find an old Milkman's card detailing the address of a milkman in Bilgeton, but signed with an "X" instead of a name. You briefly wonder why he'd have something like that as you pocket it. You may also loot one other item from the elf corpses while you decide. **MILKMAN'S CARD**

Combine this sword with **BASTARD SWORD** to gain **SWORD OF THE BASTARD ELF**.

Combine **ELF SKIN** with **PIXIE CLOAK** to gain **HEROIC CLOAK**

You've made your mind up about what to do with your hapless adversary. If you want to rough him up a bit and take him back to Aggie to deal with, turn to **59**. If you just want to finish him off and get on with your quest, turn to **165**. Alternatively, if you possess the *Pixie Hide Cloak*, the *Debaucherosus Cock-Ring* or the *Mountain Troll Spleen*, your experience in wanton cruelty may have given birth to a more creative idea. If so, turn to **306**.

300

Although you were chased off by the guards, your appearance at the ball was a minor sensation. The identity of the half-man in the pixie-skin cloak became the topic du jour in all the fashionable salons, and over the coming months pixies would be hunted nearly to extinction as the nobility attempted to copy your styles. Turn to **43**.

After the eighth guard you passed today mentions it again you begin to harbour some suspicions about the Dark Brethren. If their activities are so secret how does every guard in Bilgeton seem to know what you've done? Considering they regularly hack people to death in the street for picking up random items from the gutter why aren't they even trying to arrest you for killing their king?

You can't shake the weird feeling that this is all somehow just part of a crude and perverse attempt at flattering your ego.

Turn to 147.



303

Bidding the skeletons wait, you quickly survey the battlefield. Most of them must have gotten away during the fighting as disappointing few elves litter the ground.

You rummage through their pockets, pouches and satchels but like most elves they don't have much of worth. You find some sticks and leaves that might either be Elven currency or rations, you can never tell.

*Roll 1D6 - on 1-3 you gain an Elven Ration, on 4-6 you gain 2D6 * 10 Leaves in currency.*

You're about to commence rummaging around a bit more thoroughly but the wizard runs out of patience and begins lambasting you from the tower with more charming oratory:

"ARE YOU FUCKING JESTING WITH ME? STOP PISSING AROUND WITH THOSE BLASTED CORPSES AND GET YOUR SHITTING ARSE OVER HERE. WE HAVE SOME PLOUGHING BUSINESS TO DISCUSS AND I'LL BE BUGGERED IF I'M GOING TO STAND AROUND OUTSIDE ALL EVENING FREEZING MY COCKSUCKING BALLS OFF WAITING FOR YOU TO STOP DICKING AROUND COLLECTING FUCKING TWIGS OFF BLASTED ELF CARCASSES."

The wizard continues for quite a while in this vein as you approach the tower, your skeletal companions providing a musical accompaniment to this tirade with their bones rattling merrily while they jitter along by your side.

If you survive all this abuse you approach the tower and, finding the door wide open, you step inside. Turn to 167.



306

Death is too good for this half elf, you think to yourself as you lash him to the front of the lead wagon with a length of rope. You've had a lot of hands-on experience in messing around with corpses over the last couple of days and you aim to get some more. You order the skeletons to pile up the elf corpses and you flay a number of them, stretching their skins over a few barrels being carried in the wagons. Sure that Aggie won't miss one skeleton, you remove the rib cage from the evil-looking companion of the half-elf and with more enthusiasm than skill you attach the rib bones to a board to create a crude xylophone. Having created a set of passable musical instruments you hand these out to the skeletons as spoils of war. The spirits that inhabit reanimated skeletons tend to be fairly musically inclined (they are attracted by the clinking noise of the bones in the first place) so this is taken as a particularly thoughtful present on your part. As the skeletons get situated in their wagons they set up the instruments and strike up a rousing marching tune.

With this work completed, you turn your attention to the half-elf. Ensuring he's tied up securely, you slice open a vein in his left arm and insert a reed tube. You hand the other end of this tube to the driver of the lead wagon for his refreshment as he drives. He doesn't really have a use for blood, but he feels it would be rude to refuse your gift. Throughout all this the half-elf is silent, pale as a sheet.

Your preparations settled, you seat yourself next to the lead driver and give the signal to move on. The wagons shudder forward to the merry percussions of the skeleton band and the muted groans of the dying half-elf.

Two days later you catch sight of the walls of Bilgeton. You may want to clean the caravan up a bit before you approach the Merchants' Gate : if so, turn to 72. If you'd rather make a memorable first impression and roll in through the main gates at the front of a bizarre and bloody skeleton band on wheels, turn instead to 374.

307

The halfling was so shocked by the arrival of all the dwarves that he didn't even notice you stealing into his halfling hole. You spend the evening draining his wine cellar before sneaking out around midnight. Gain 20 EFFORT and turn to 199.

With uncharacteristic presence of mind and resolve, you stand your ground until the Phalloknight is almost on top of you, then you fling your pouch of Pixie Grindings as hard as you can right into its helmeted face.

This would have been a great plan if you had half an hour to wait for the Pixie to kick in. The Phalloknight will definitely be tripping his massive balls off then!

Turn to **260**.



You manage to get your Elven Rations and Elven currency mixed up yet again and choked the whole lot down before you noticed. Restore 10 EFFORT but remove all Elven Rations and Elven currency from your adventure sheet.

When you're through cursing your gluttony turn to **106**.

You try not to display your confusion. If the Prince of Shards, playing you at chess for your soul, chose the black army then why did he take the first move? Why does he keep trying to move his bishops like knights? After a few turns it becomes evident that he simply doesn't know how to play chess at all.

If you keep your mouth shut for now, turn to **297**.

If you politely correct his chessmanship, turn to **370**.

If you put your theory to the test and yell "checkmate!" after your next move, turn to **133**.

315

Your habit of eating the flesh of sentient beings has earned you a case of kuru. You will eventually die from this but for now you suffer -2 max and current ÉLAN from the shakes. Now turn back to the page you came from and continue your doomed adventure.

316

It was an extremely strange and foolhardy move to challenge a demon like the Shade to chess for any stakes, let alone your soul. Shadow demons famously do nothing but play chess with each other while waiting for foolish mortals to summon them, and this Shade was considered something of a master even among his brethren. When he sees you have no intention of honouring your wager voluntary, he flies into a terrible rage.

GREATER SHADE - EFFORT 12 - TOUGHNESS 4 - FISTS 2

When you are defeated, the demon yanks your soul out and takes it with him back to his plane of existence, ending your adventure.

Should you somehow win, write to:

*Herman S. Skull c/o Two Fisted Fantasy
Riverside Way, Camberley, Surrey GU15, United Kingdom*

You will receive a certificate which will identify you as a Two-Fisted Fantasy Master who may automatically turn to page 400 of any purchased Two-Fisted Fantasy gamebook, relieving you of the need to play the books any more.

317

You follow the tunnel to the right. This turn is a bit more gradual than the previous hairpin turns but you still wind up turning 180 degrees. Karol proceeds ahead of you along the tunnel which is now curving left rather than right and more sharply than previously. You figure that you must be getting near the centre of whatever maze you're wandering about in. Before long the tunnel opens up into a strangely shaped chamber in which the left wall curves off 90 degrees to the left while the right side of the passage terminates at a right angle - the wall ahead of you is straight until it forms the right-hand wall of the passage that leads out to the left. You can't escape the feeling that you are very close to where you began this weird underground trek.

The only way forward is a turn to the left. To enter this short and winding passage turn to **231**. To give up and walk back now turn to **243**.

As the three elves close to fighting range, you remember the condiments you've been carrying around. The hot sauce, while delicious to you, is poisonous to full elves, causing horrible blisters and constriction of their throats. You used to smear it on that evil berk Jeff's toothbrush whenever you had the chance, and the sight of him writhing around gasping for air always gave you a chuckle. You decide to give these elves a taste.

Unfortunately these condiment sachets are very tricky to open even at the best of times. While you're futzing around with the packets the trio of elves close in and one delivers a nasty slash with his curved sword. Sustain an injury.

If you survive, the shock of the impact causes you to drop all but one of the sachets, which you involuntarily squeeze in reaction to the pain of your injury. Two of the elves are sprayed with sticky but otherwise harmless sweet plum sauce.



All hells suddenly break loose. Already riled up by the fighting, two giant forest ants are attracted by the sickly scent of sweet plum and come bursting into the clearing looking for food. They barrel into the two plummy elves, gripping them with their lethal pincers. As the ants drag their screaming meals out of the clearing and back to their nest, you are left facing:

VIOLENT ELF - EFFORT 10 - TOUGHNESS 1

If you win, you hear the sounds of battle coming from the caravan, but you can hear another group of elves ahead. Do you go back to defend the wagons (turn to **80**), continue your irresponsible charge (turn to **158**) or seize this chance to flee and make your way back to the road to Bilgeton (turn to **241**)?



324

You turn left, allowing Karol to squeeze past you because just in case you run into anything down there, you'd rather he ran into it first. Rather than turning into a straight corridor both walls curve to the right for a very long way. You follow the passage along, with no sound other than your footsteps, Karol's excited but unintelligible babbling and the occasional thump and what you presume are curses as he bashes his head on the ceiling.

After a long walk the corridor turns sharply left, bending around on itself like a hairpin.

Do you turn left and continue (turn to **108**) or do you give up and head back (turn to **243**)?

325

Approaching the clearing, you find that the stone circle you spotted from the mountain pass is actually a group of mountain trolls. A pretty hard-drinking group at that, judging by the hundreds of malt liquor bottles littering the area. These must be the eponymous "big rock goblins" of the mountains.

One of them spots you and holds up a bottle. He motions genially for you to come over and have a drink.

If you want to get hammered with a bunch of mountain trolls, turn to **214**. If you want to be unspeakably rude to a dozen liquored-up monsters each weighing in at nearly a tonne and turn down their friendly offer of hospitality, turn to **338**.

326

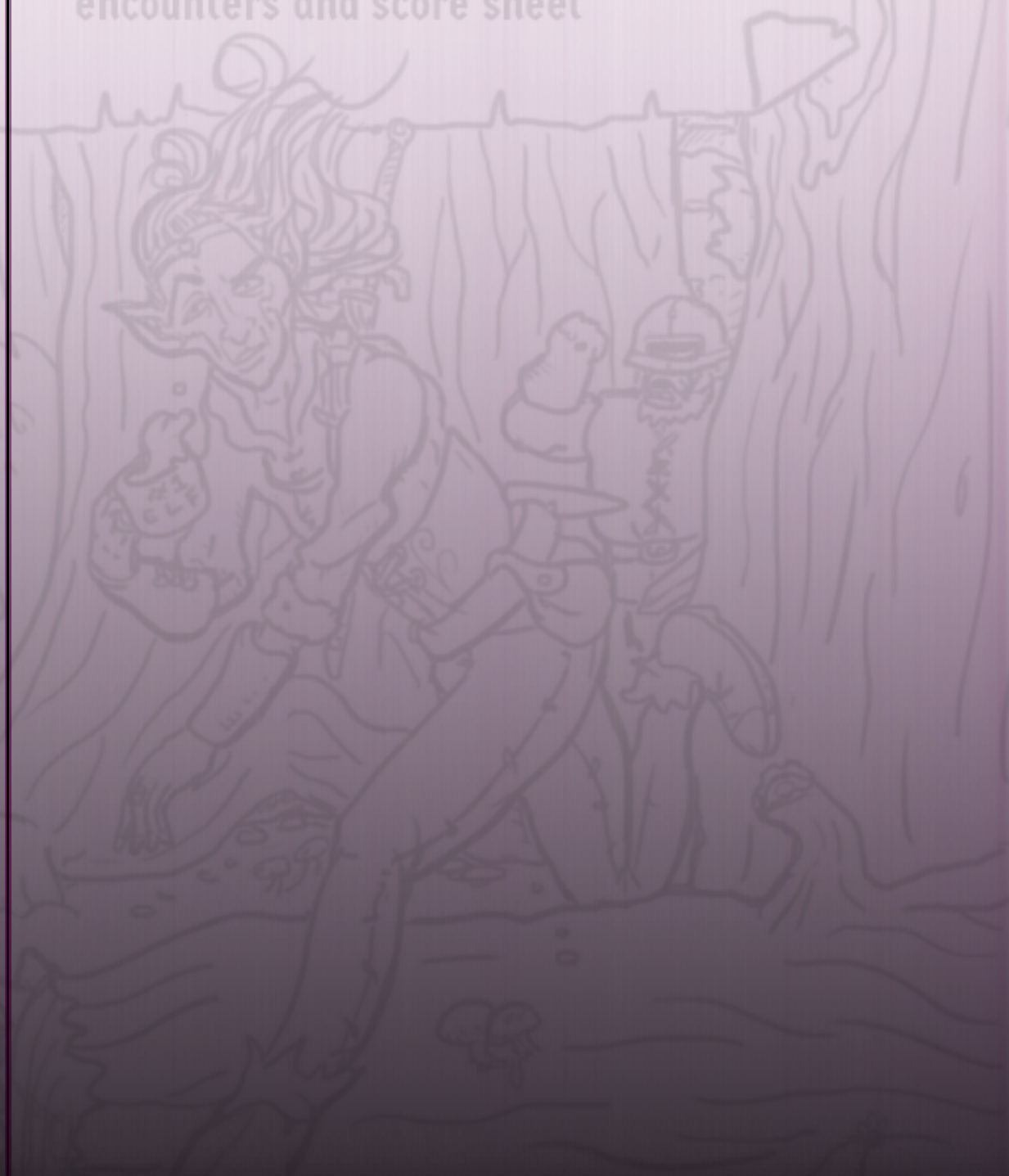
The merchant launches into his sales pitch but you immediately cut him off. "Wouldn't mind a few rounds of cards," you mutter, "Kent, specifically".

The merchant looks utterly despondent as he reaches for his deck. Turn to **176**.

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encounters and score sheet





327

You ride as swiftly as you are able along the road to Bilgeton, hoping to put as much distance between you and the inevitable pursuit as possible. Although you are reasonably sure that bloody Jeff - how DARE he tell YOU to get a job, the fucker - is going to get the blame for your crimes, you would still prefer to reach Bilgeton ahead of the news of your exploits. You snatch a few bites of whatever's in your saddlebags as you ride along - this doesn't provide much sustenance but it does ward off starvation. Lose 5 EFFORT for this day of hard riding. *You may choose to consume your ELVEN RATIONS at this point if you still have them to avoid this 5 EFFORT loss.*



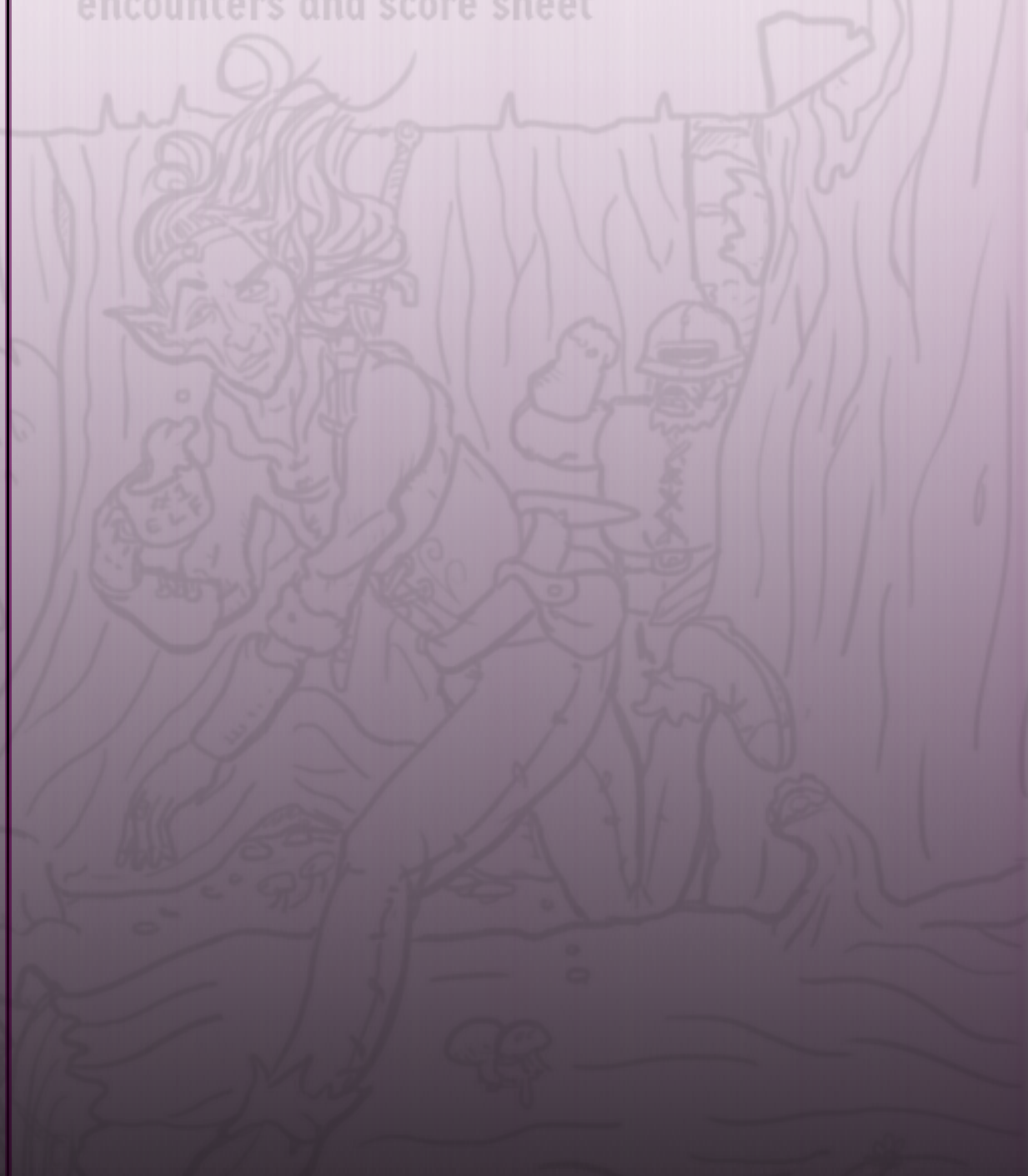
Early in the evening you spy a small group of elves in ragged clothing huddled by the side of the road. Spotting you, the leader stands and hurries over to you. He implores you to help - the Wizard of the nearby Warlock Tower has been harrassing the honest working Elvenfolk of the region with his skeleton hordes, and as a result these elves haven't gotten so much as a jot of whimsyflicking done in weeks. The elven leader offers you a surprise magical treasure as a reward in addition to whatever you can loot from Warlock Tower.

You haven't seen any signs of pursuit for hours now. Do you offer to assist your half-brethren in their hour of need? If so turn to **109**. Alternatively, if you're pretty sure this is just another greasy scam that you want no part of, turn to **192**.

Herman S. Skull

The Sword of the Bastard Elf

An original fantasy adventure in which YOU are
the hero! Complete with combat system, monster
encounters and score sheet



It wasn't wise to make enemies of the mountain trolls. While otherwise a fairly relaxed bunch they take exception to people who snub their hospitality. They express their dissatisfaction with your rudeness by flinging empty bottles at you with roughly the same force and accuracy as a trebuchet. The first barrage smashes you into a bloody pulp, putting an end to your adventure.



339

You find yourself getting irrationally angry at the inflammatory contents of the message pinned to the marketplace notice board, until you notice the signature at the bottom - "Ye Olde Taint Reaper", the nom de plume of a famous trollish jester of Bilgeton.

"Ugh, taint reaped again," you think to yourself, shaking your head sadly. Lose 5 EFFORT from the consternation and turn to 10.



340

"You better stop looking at me like that, fuck-face," the man snarls aggressively. You try to point out that you have a cockeye but the bruiser is spoiling for a fight and won't be deterred. The dwarven girls scream and flee, Karol following swiftly behind them. The other bar patrons and the bartender rush for cover behind the bar, tables and whatever else they can find.

SAVAGE SID - EFFORT 10 - TOUGHNESS 3 - FISTS 2

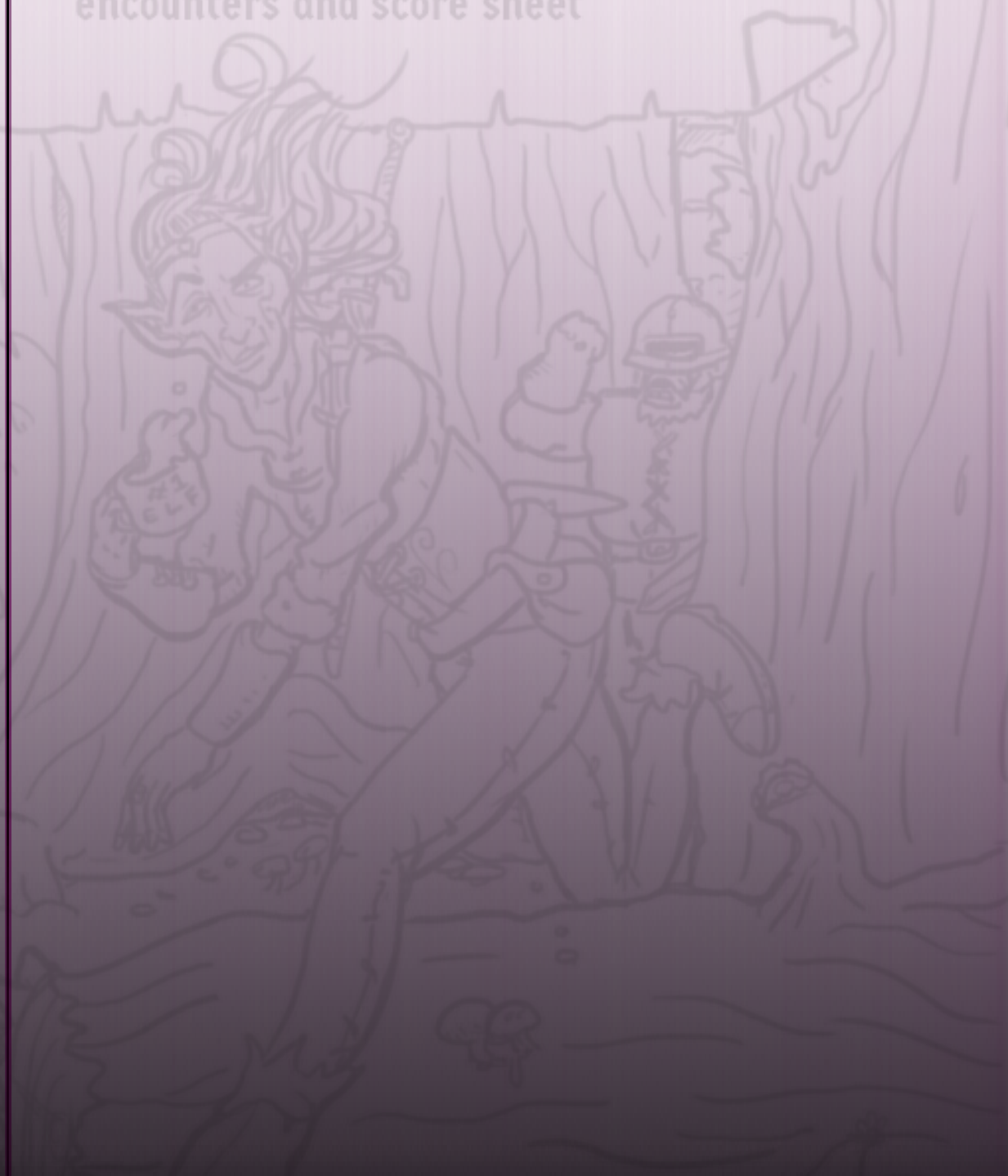
If you lose this fight or want to chuck in the towel turn to **205**.

Sidney is defeated but the bar is left in ruins from the brawl. The bartender loudly demands you pay 500 gold for the damage and you can hear the boots of the guardsmen approaching outside. If you can afford this you can pay up by turning to **102**. If you're impecunious or thrifty you can simply make a break for it and hope to lose the guards outside (turn to **145**) or you can stick around to argue it out and let the guards decide the matter (turn to **321**).

Herman S. Skull

The Sword of the Bastard Elf

An original fantasy adventure in which YOU are
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Something's been bothering you about this halfling wench. You eye her for a moment and then it hits you - she's no halfling at all. She's two quarterlings in a trench coat! If this is enough to put you off your game turn to 157, otherwise you slick your hair back and hone in on them, three drinks in hand. Turn to 393.

344

You're still a bit salty about the pixies' attempt to drug you into slavery, but you are more than willing to help them trick others in exchange for a cut of the loot. You spend the rest of the night crouched in the swamp alongside your newfound allies and catch them a nice juicy wizard. Lose 10 EFFORT from the lack of sleep.

Just before dawn the pixies' foreman comes over to you with a sheepish expression on his face. "Look, we aint got a mickle, mate. Couldn't do this buckshee couldya?" he says in his annoyingly shrill voice. The murderous look that contorts your face answers that question for him, so he continues. "You can 'ave this what we found on that wizard. Probably worth a couple groats. Better'n a bunch of fives up the jacksie, innit?"

He tosses a small sack on the ground and leaves the glade. Grumbling, you open it and immediately wish you hadn't. A skull on spider legs skitters out and begins racing around you tirelessly, screaming constantly at an earsplitting volume. You wish you had never trusted these pixies as you set off back to the road with your horrible new companion. Turn to 55.

345

As a slippery half-elf you place great reliance on your ability to bluster, bluff and blag your way through life, and you see no reason why this obstacle should be an exception. You simply walk into the gatehouse and announce that to the guard that you, Sir Tedbald of Bilgefurd, have returned from questing for the season.

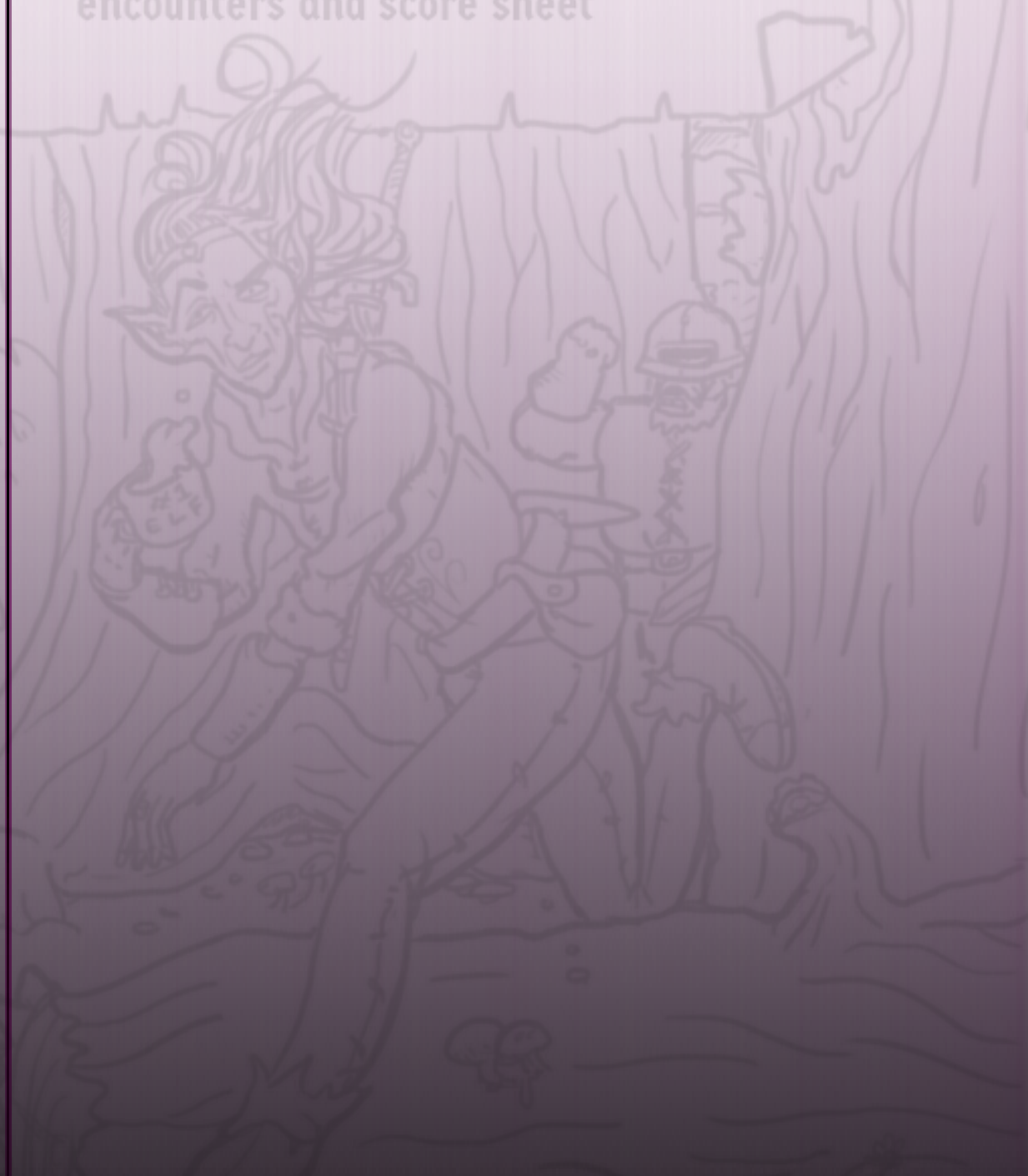
Luckily for you, Tedbald was an errant knight who spent most of his days wading through brackish swamps trying to stab serpents. Rarely seen around Bilgeton and always in full armour, the only thing even his servants know about him is his heraldic insignia and his generally unkempt appearance, both of which you have. The guard has no reason to doubt your word and bows as you and Karol pass through the gatehouse and into the manor grounds. You snake the book he was reading off the table on the way past.

If you have both the *Signet Ring* and the *Sword of the Bastard Elf* turn to 136. If you have only the ring, turn to 172. If you have just the sword, turn to 184. If you have neither, turn instead to 213.

Herman S. Skull

The Sword of the Bastard Elf

An original fantasy adventure in which YOU are
the hero! Complete with combat system, monster
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Having brought this eldritch abomination into the world, you feel that you are morally responsible for removing it. More to the point, you'll never be able to loot its corpse while it's still trying to gut you with a sword.

Even in weakened and immobilised the Phalloknight is still a very dangerous opponent, You decide to resort to chemical warfare, flinging your satchel of ground pixie dust right into his helmet. The shot is true and the pouch explodes, spraying pixie dust all over the clearing including on yourself.

You have effectively imbibed a potion. Remove the Pixie Grindings from your inventory, subtract 1 from ÉLAN and roll 2D6 on the Potion Effects table.

Should you survive, you notice that the Phalloknight is faring even worse than you. He inhaled the rind of something like a dozen pixies and, since Phalloknights are known for their abstinence, he's a total lightweight. After a few minutes he drops his sword and begins staring intently at his hands while intermittently emitting a high-pitched squeal.

As an experienced shitheel you recognise a vulnerable being when you see one. Wasting no further time, you sidle up within earshot and start loudly regaling the Knight with tales of your pathetic romantic exploits, starting with your marathon experiments with hand techniques and culminating in the unbelievably sad tale of you losing your virginity in the process of cuckolding a bat forty-five years later.

The knight is not capable of dealing with this right now. Your awful existence combined with the overdose of pixie dust snaps both his mind and his sex drive simultaneously. The very core of his being broken, he goes completely and permanently flaccid, He deflates, slumping to the ground sadly and quite dead.

Wasting no time you pick over his carcass. Everything on him is incredibly bulky and heavy, but you think you can haul one item away. Select one of the Phalloknight's possessions from the loot cards and add it to your Adventure Sheet. As a huge jerk who happens to have slain a demon, you are now possessed of insufferably swaggering and boastful airs: regain 10 EFFORT.

COCKEYE and TESTICLE (BIG ROCK GOBLIN MOUNTAIN OYSTER)

You are finally able to head back to the road. Turn to 55.



Your trust in your fellow felons is admirable but unfortunately misplaced. You stand outside the supposed entrance to the Thieves' Guild until the sky begins to grow light. In addition to losing faith in humanity (and your 50 gold), you were also prey to a particularly merciless swarm of swamp insects who saw you as an all-night buffet. Lose 10 EFFORT and turn to 124.

353

Mustering all your resolve you clamber to your feet just before the guards reach your hiding place among the shrubs, with the intention of weeping uncontrollably and begging for your life. However as soon as you stand the guards snap to attention and their captain goes red in the face. He salutes along with his men and stammers:

"S..Sir Tedbald of Bilgefurd! My apologies, I did not recognise you from afar. Count Hugues has ordered us to be on alert for a murdering thief who disrupted his lordship's hunt. My men recognised the steed you ride as the Count's charger, and so accosted you."

Seizing the moment, you respond, "Did you not recognise my armour, my insignia, the manly facial hair and bearing of a knight errant? The man you seek is none other than this wretch, who I have captured," you wave towards the half-elf attached to the lead caravan, "who is an assassin hired by one Jeff of Elfdale Downs, verily a base caitiff knave and notorious jabroni mark".

Sir Tedbald, known for sticking his nose into every cave and dungeon in the region, was notorious for his habit of collecting monster specimens and dragging them through the streets of Bilgeton. At least he was until he met his end at the claws and teeth of a rutting giant forest bat in a woodland cave. Your skeleton band therefore doesn't elicit much comment as you are waved through the gates and into Bilgeton. The city watch take possession of the noble steed and the corpse of the half-elf.

Bilgeton - the largest city in the Southern Swamps region is a huge and bustling metropolis of 2,000 souls. Anything the heart desires can be found here. You don't have much time to enjoy the sights before a red-faced man in the garb of a merchant comes puffing up to you. This is Aggie's contact. He pays you the remainder of your fee for your escorting services (gain 250 gold) and, thanking you, leads the skeleton caravan away. You consider your next move.

Combine DAPPER CLOTHES with CODPIECE to gain IMPOSING ATTIRE

To get to work on getting black-out drunk at the cheapest or most expensive inn, turn to 26 or 62 respectively. To head for the marketplace to sniff out deals turn to 253. To try to wheedle a reward out of the town guards for the half-elf turn to 384.



You relax your grip on the sword. You will repay Jeff for what he's done, but not in violence. You will repay him in his own coin.

Reaching out, you shake his hand and invite him into your house, where you begin to spin your vengeful web. You have decided to bequeath him a villa near Bilgeton where he and your mother may live in peace and comfort, but where your agents will be ever watchful for any opportunity to sabotage any effort Jeff makes to find work or better his lot in any way. You will stop by regularly to enquire about Jeff's situation and upbraid him for his laziness, lack of work ethic and general worthlessness.

You can barely contain the self-satisfied smirk as you use the Count's signet ring to forge the deed to Jeff's own private hell.

Turn to 400.



366

Through some combination of martial prowess, agility and blind luck you fight the Phalloknight to a standstill. He charges at you again and again and you masterfully leap aside, deliver a vicious cut through a chink in his armour, and duck under the sweep of his greatsword before he turns to charge again. The fight rages on in this manner for what seems like hours before the demon, seriously wounded and exhausted, judders to a stop.

You brashly stand before the defeated knight and place the point of your sword through the gap between the helm and the gorget. Unfortunately for you, all this combat has got the Phalloknight extremely excited and this little bit of martial contact is enough to bring it to completion. Before you can push the blade through the demon's throat it emits a horrifying blast of unnameable fluids from its mount with enough force to throw you to the ground with your ribs and back broken. The knight bellows out a groan and goes limp. The last sound you hear is the sound of satisfied snoring from the tuckered-out demon before you succumb to your injuries.

367

You attempt to open the flask of soup but the contents are too hot. You manage to scald yourself badly as you fumble with the lid. You suffer one injury and have no time to attempt to use another item before the elves are upon you. If you survive, return to 87 and resolve the combat.



Bilgeton, the only walled city in the region, lies before you and you intend to make a lasting impression. Ignoring the Merchant's Road leading to the authorised entrance in the Eastern wall you roll straight to the main gates, a passage reserved for the nobility and military. Your defeated enemy, long since expired due to a combination of a broken spirit and your lack of medical expertise, is still strapped to the lead wagon of the caravan. The crew and passengers are still playing a traditional skeleton percussion jam.

Aside from it being totally illegal to use the main gates in this way, you notice only as you're within bow range of the Barbican that posters with your portrait have been plastered up everywhere. You guess the news of your deeds has preceeded you, a speculation which is confirmed when a crossbow bolt fired from a slot in the walls punches into a nearby signpost. A guard hollers an ultimatum from atop the walls:

"Halt, monster! You are wanted for crimes against the Crown. Render yourself up for arrest at once or be cut down where you stand.". You must decide how to proceed. If you want to rush the gates with your invincible skeleton crew, turn to **47**. If you think it'd be safer to turn yourself in, turn to **85**. Alternatively you might try to talk your way past the guards by turning to **141**.

Your inability to understand how elves tick was the reason you didn't thrive in your home town, and this lack of understanding derails your revenge plans completely. Jeff, being an elf, has no plans or interest in bettering himself beyond finding a place to live and getting a few meals a day. You swing by the villa from time to time to hassle Jeff about his lack of a job but as he is at the apex of elven accomplishment your taunting fall on deaf ears.

On the verge of abandoning your plans, you are riding out to try to sink the boot in one last time when fate intervenes to give Jeff his comeuppance. You arrive to find Jeff, your mother and a tall, ancient but hearty-looking male human of about eighty years and wearing a milkman's uniform all standing about on the front porch in the midst of what looks to be a difficult discussion. The old man and your mother are holding hands and Jeff looks utterly miserable. They all fall silent as you approach.

Your mother is the first to speak.

"Son, this is Wandering Milkman, the very same milkman who wandered into my life all those years ago and gave me my rich, rich son. Since you moved us in here he has wandered back into my life, heart and bed. He has again been delivering our milk... and as Jeff is never home he has been delivering everything else a woman needs too." At this Jeff goes bright red, you cringe and the old man roars with laughter and gives you a big wink.

"I go out to sit under the tree in the yard for but an hour a day..." Jeff complains, but the old man interjects, walking in front of Jeff and over to you with his hand outstretched. Your feelings about this guy are a bit ambiguous, but you've never seen anyone upset Jeff to this level so you're quickly warming to him. You reach to shake his hand and he crushes your weak paw in a vice-like grip.

"Greetings. Name's Wandering B. Milkman, and I'm given to understand that you're one of my bastards. Right pleased to meet you but as you can see I'm a mite busy right now. I'll stop by your place soon, we'll drink some rye and catch up a proper." With another wink he turns and, putting his arm around your mother's waist, pulls her back into the house. The door slams shut behind them, leaving you and Jeff alone outside.

Jeff looks at you with a mix of loss, bewilderment and betrayal on his face. In return your face contorts into the ugliest, smuggest expression ever witnessed on any sentient being. "Whose turn is it to leave the nest now, *Jeff*?" you sneer as you saddle up. You chuckle at this humdinger all the way back to Bilgeton where you spend the rest of your days as a worthless, dissolute fop.



ALSO FROM TWO-FISTED FANTASY:

THE COURT OF THE CRIMSON KING

Herman S. Skull

The Keeper of the city keys puts shutters on the dreams. YOU wait outside the pilgrim's door with insufficient schemes. Meanwhile, the Black Queen chants the funeral march: the cracked brass bells will ring. The Fire Witch has been summoned back!

Do YOU have what it takes to walk the Road of Changing Horizons? Do YOU have the stamina to chase the wind of prison ships? Will YOU grasp the divining signs in time to satisfy the joke, or will YOU become a mere puppet, dancing in the Court of the Crimson King? All it will take to find out is two dice, a pencil, an eraser, and two FISTS!

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The world of the Bastard Elf is a perilous place for the unwary traveller, but travel you must, for you have been kicked out of home and need to find a place to crash. Journey from the relative safety of Elfsdale Downs through perilous caves, dangerous mountain passes and skeleton-infested forests to reach Bilgeton, the last known location of your long-lost father.

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Cover Illustration by Herman S. Skull



U.K. - £1
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POL - 8.79 zł



A HERMIT SKULL BOOK
ISBN 98-0724-441-2

Sword of the Bastard Elf

LOOT CARDS



Two-fisted Fantasy

Sword of The Bastard Elf



LOOT

Imposing Attire



+1 FISTS. +1 ÉLAN
Cannot be worn
with armour.

EQUIPMENT

Tasty Burg



Use for +20 Effort
OR
Heal 1 injury

JUNK

Boots of Elven Stomping



If you win a combat
round against an Elf
gain back half the
EFFORT expended
rounding down

EQUIPMENT

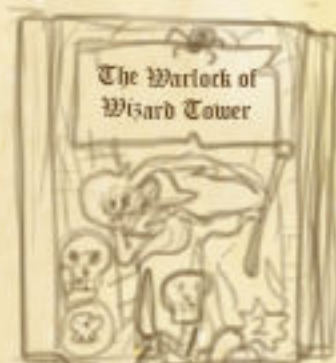
Sweet Belt



+1 FIST. Roll this dice
separately - if you roll a
1 the belt detaches to
go find someone more
worthy of it.

EQUIPMENT

Two-fisted Fantasy Gamebook



Present this card at any
participating store for 25p off
full RSP for "The Warlock of
Wizard Tower", available now
at all respectable book stores.

Valid until July 31, 1985
SMASHING DEAL!

Skeleton Friend



If you roll a 6 on any FIST dice, reroll that dice and add 6 to the result.

EQUIPMENT

Elf-Bastard's Bastard Sword



+1 ÉLAN. Causes 2 toughness damage per hit

EQUIPMENT

Elven Rations



JUNK

Hard-to-open Condiment Packets



+10 Effort OR heal one extra injury if used with Tasty Burg.

JUNK

Pixie Hide Cloak



+1 ÉLAN while under the effect of potions

EQUIPMENT

Dapper Outfit



+1 FISTS. Cannot be worn with armour.

EQUIPMENT

Heroic Cloak of the Half-Elf



No effort is expended in combat vs enemies described as terrified, helpless, disarmed, scared or fleeing.

EQUIPMENT

Massive Helmet



+1 ÉLAN in combat,
-1 ÉLAN out of combat.

EQUIPMENT

Manly Hairs



Cannot be discarded, sold or otherwise removed from inventory.

JUNK

Pixie Grindings



Can be consumed as a potion.

JUNK

Magnificent Codpiece



JUNK

Cockeye



JUNK

Noble Steed



JUNK

Full Harness of Steel Plate



JUNK

Big Rock Goblin Mountain Oyster



Can be consumed as food for +10 EFFORT and counts as a night's sleep. If in inventory when you read text "got a lot of balls" add 23 to page number.

Junk

Milkman's Card



Milkman!
I PLEDGE EXCELLENT SERVICE
I AM TITLED

MY REASONS ARE INSIDE

JUNK

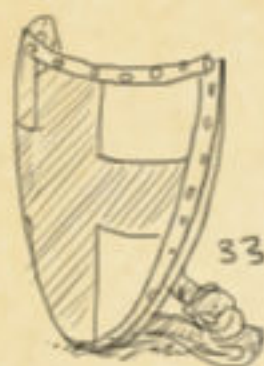
Marching Potion



Can be consumed as a food item. +20 EFFORT, -1 ÉLAN until next sleep. Does not count as a potion.

JUNK

Knight's Shield



Save of 4+ on 1D6 from negative effects when losing combat round. Lose one extra point of Effort every time Effort is deducted.

EQUIPMENT

The Sword of the Bastard Elf



+1 ÉLAN. +1 FISTS
+10 Max EFFORT

EQUIPMENT

10-foot Dungeoneering Pole



Add 30 to page number - if entry makes sense then proceed

JUNK

Bastard Sword of the Elf



+1 Élan in combat

EQUIPMENT

Bottomless Flask of Scalding Soup



JUNK

Herman S. Skull

THE TWO-FISTED TRAVELLER'S
Bestiary

YOUR INDISPENSIBLE GUIDE TO
THE WORLD AND MONSTERS OF THE
TWO-FISTED FANTASY GAMEBOOKS

Two-fisted
Fantasy
Guidebook



Demons

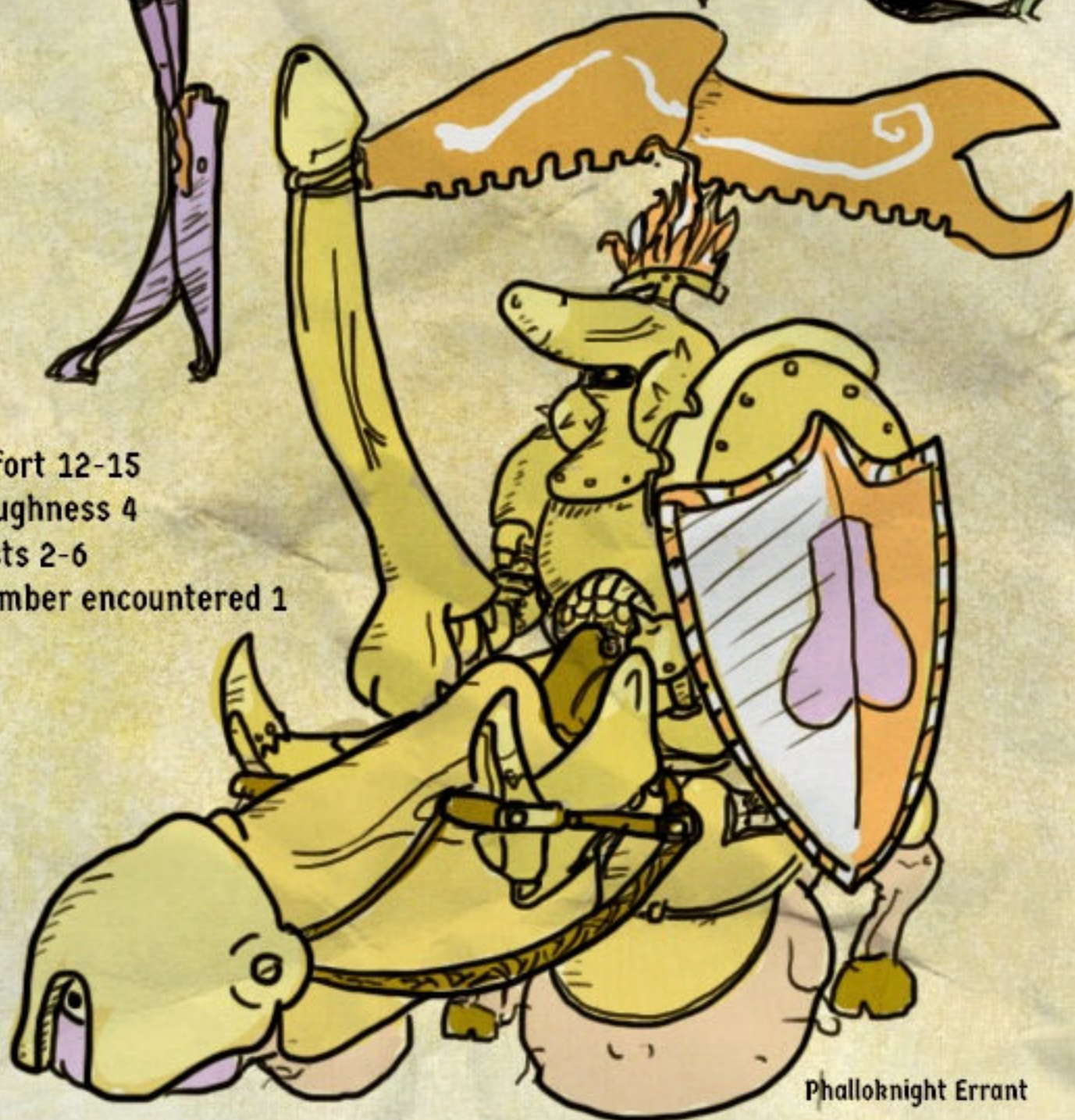
Prince of Shards



Shade



Effort 12-15
Toughness 4
Fists 2-6
Number encountered 1



Phalloknight Errant

Dwarf



Effort 7-13

Toughness 2-3

Fists 2

Number encountered 7-12

Dwarves are a non-human sentient species that are often encountered wherever humans are found. Much like goblins, orcs and wights they get along well with humans and integrate easily into their societies. Dwarves stand about a head shorter than the average human but have troll-like strength.

Dwarves aren't a particularly practical people and their societies are influenced by the radical academia that dominate their universities. They aren't great with their hands and although they're sturdy their imaginative and philosophical nature makes them poor soldiers. In human towns dwarves are often artists, teachers, musicians and writers but often do manual labour to make ends meet.

Dwarves are unfortunately very fond of alcohol and easily intoxicated. They make for extremely mean and violent drunks

Elf



Effort 5-10

Toughness 1

Fists 0-1

Number encountered 1-12

Elves are a very long-lived humanoid species, generally living hundreds of years unless some accident carries them off. Unfortunately an aggravating combination of smugness, self-righteousness, grotesque laziness and a propensity towards grifting without much talent in the field mean that fatal accidents are fairly common among elves.

Elves are reknowned for their love of ornamentation and their total lack of ability to create anything of worth. They tend to dwell around human or dwarven towns, selling miserable handicrafts and herbal drugs or bilking passers-by out of whatever they can. When humans refer to elves they usually use the words “vermin” or “scum”, but dwarves prefer the more descriptive and accurate term, “goldbricks”.

Greater Grandma's Ghost



Effort 12

Toughness 1

Fists 0

Number encountered 1-4

""You know how much your grandmother would love to see you. But do go and visit her only if you really want to." Now every idiot knows the catch. Beneath the appearance of this free choice there is an even more oppressive order. You seem to have a choice, but there is no choice, because the order is not only you must visit your grandmother, you must even enjoy it. If you don't believe me, just try to say "I have a choice, I will not do it." I promise your father will say "What did your grandmother ever do to you? Don't you know how she loves you? How could you do this to her?" That's superego. " - Slavoj Zizek

Regina Spectre

Human



Effort 6-12

Toughness 1-2

Fists 1-2

Number encountered 1-several thousand

Humans are the youngest intelligent species in the world of Two-Fisted Fantasy, and they are also the shortest-lived. The typical human lifespan measures barely forty years before some injury, disease or famine does them in. Despite this the human race has conquered most of the world and is driving the other species to extinction, presumably because at least a small proportion of the total human population can be convinced to go and do some work as opposed to sitting around for decades at a time twittering repetitive and inane bon mots to anyone within earshot.

Pixie



Effort 8-12

Toughness 1-2

Fists 0-1

Number encountered 3-4

Pixies (also pixshes, pixhes, pixyes, pxxyyx and “vicious little shitheads” as they are sometimes known) are semi-mythical creatures of folklore, considered to be particularly concentrated around Elvish settlements. Distantly related to the elves, pixies are believed to inhabit densely packed, grimly unpleasant and homogenous exurbs distant from their places of work. Pixies can sometimes be seen wandering slowly in huge groups for hours to and from their places of employment, this keeps their rents down apparently.

They are adept at the production and use of potions and poisons and are known as treacherous, manipulative goldbricks even compared to elves.

This author can confirm that they are not edible, their diet of mushrooms makes their flesh quite hallucinogenic.

Pole

Effort 6-12

Toughness 1-2

Fists 2

Number encountered 1-36,570,000

Polacy – naród słowiański zamieszkujący głównie obszar Rzeczypospolitej Polskiej i będący jej głównym składnikiem ludnościowym, a poza granicami Polski tworzący Polonię.

Polacy posługują się w większości językiem polskim, należącym do podgrupy lechickiej języków zachodni-osłowiańskich, oraz alfabetem łacińskim, który został wprowadzony w X wieku z chwilą, od której na ziemiach polskich zaczęto wprowadzać chrześcijaństwo obrządku zachodniego. W ukształtowaniu wyznaniowym Polaków wyraźną większość stanowią katolicy obrządku łacińskiego, obecne są także inne obrządki i wyznania.



Skeleton



Effort 5 (decroded), 8 (in barrel), 10 (regular)

Toughness 1 but see below

Fists 0

Number encountered 1-dozens

Skeletons are the earthly remains of one or another of the humanoid species reanimated by the use of necromancy. Wandering spirits (who are usually pretty relaxed) are bound to bones in return for a promise to serve the wizard who gave them a corporeal body. Possessed of some intelligence they make handy guards, labourers, sailors and (sometimes) conversationalists. Skeletons usually don't wear armour as their bones are good enough, but some do carry shields and decrepit specimens often like to hide in barrels and chests to surprise adventurers.

Depending on the level of skill the necromancer displays in skeleton summoning, you may face skeletons summoned by the rituals of "Shitty Bob's Bone Zone" or "Jason's Argosy". The main difference is that skeletons raised by the former will stay down when they're smashed apart, whereas those summoned by the latter means must be completely destroyed or they will reassemble within seconds of being put down.

THEM



Effort 12-15

Toughness 2

Number encountered 2 or more

Immune to close combat weapons. No saving throws possible against attacks.

“Well, goodman Johnson could've died in any one of five ways: His neck and back were broken, his chest was crushed, his skull was fractured... and here's one for the Serjeant-at-Arms - there was enough formic acid in him to kill twenty men.”

- Alchemist Putnam

Behold the Bestiary

From the darkest dungeons, the dankest swamps and the and deepest forests come the foul monsters of the Two-Fisted Fantasy universe. Many a foolish, drunk or unwary adventurer has fallen before their claws, swords and treachery.

Now for the first time we have compiled this Bestiary of over one thousand of the loathsome fiends. Many brave travellers have scoured the land for details on these monsters so that you may avoid falling afoul of the same wretched fate as they.

With an extensive foreword by Sir Tedbald of Bilgefurd, Knight Errant of the Realm.