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Best of
CAVALIER ATTITUDE
An Old School Roleplaying Zine

from Cavalier Attitude Vol. III



by

Louis "sirlou" Kahn

A compendium of adventures, articles and fantasy fiction
Compatible with OSRIC™ and most Fantasy RPG systems



Starry Knight Press

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CREDITS

Author: Louis "sirlou" Kahn

Artwork: Jacob E. Blackmon, Blackie Carbon, Luigi Castellani, Larry Elmore, Rick Hershey, JEShields. Fil Kearney, Denis McCarthy Powercell Games, Marc Radle, Daniel Walthall, and Louis "sirlou" Kahn

Cartographer: Dyson Logos, Tommi Salama, and Louis "sirlou" Kahn

Editing: Kerri Tarvin

Thanks: Many thanks to my wife for supporting my "flights of fantasy". This book is dedicated to my mother, Anicia Ortega Kahn. My mother instilled in me a love of reading and learning, for which I am eternally grateful. love you mom!

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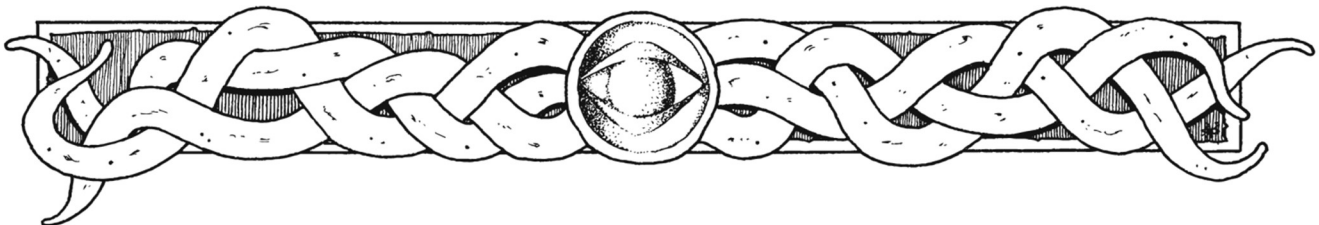
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PREFACE

Hello and welcome, adventurers and Game Masters! You hold in your hands an exciting compendium of adventures, role-playing articles and fantasy fiction taken directly from the pages of the third volume of my *Old School Gaming* zine **Cavalier Attitude**.

In this supplement you will find four short adventures which have previously appeared separately in the pages of my zine. There are four articles culled from the pages of the zine, discussing current topics and new rules for your OSR games. Lastly, there are three short stories, fantasy fiction to fuel your imagination and inspire your games, a staple of *Old School* role-playing! All of this is presented here, for the first time, in a single volume.

I. ADVENTURE AWAITS!

Unlike my four prior adventure compilations (**SC1 Wondrous Adventures**, **SC2 Amazing Journeys**, **SC3 Tales from The Dales**, and **SC4 Perilous Expeditions**), which each featured a series of completely fleshed out one-shot adventures, the adventures in this book are presented in their most basic, stripped down form. This allows the GM to fill in the details and shape the narrative to the needs of their players and campaign.

Your group will to be introduced to a variety of challenges, in different environments, requiring several different skill sets. There are adventures for player characters from levels four to ten, and they can easily be adapted for use with players of any level with a few simple changes. There are battles for sure, but there are also puzzles, traps and thinking problems! Each adventure is presented in a simplified manner, so that Game Masters may use the game system of their choice

I have attempted to present these adventures as they were originally published in the pages of the zine **Cavalier Attitude**, making only minor changes and providing a few additional details to allow for more flexibility in their use, where I felt it was necessary. I have also supplemented these adventures by providing world maps to anchor them firmly in my published campaign setting, the world of **Terrans**, and thereby provide the GM and players with more context and opportunities for adventure.

However, these adventures were written to be generic enough in setting that they may be placed anywhere in

the GM's own campaign world and my setting details may be ignored if the GM wishes.

The adventures presented herein are as follows:

THE BLOOD MOON: This mid-level adventure first appeared in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 1. It involves a mission to investigate strange occurrences being reported at a local farm after a recent **blood moon**. As a **lycan**-themed adventure, it introduced three new shapeshifting monsters: the **wereweasel**, **werejackal** and **werelion**. (See Appendix C, New Monsters) It is intended for 4 to 6 seasoned player characters of levels 4 to 6.

THE COPPER HALL OF NAREN KAZ: In this mid-level adventure, first published in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 2, your players are local heroes who seek to explore the underground fortress of the mage **Naren Kaz**, presumed dead long ago. Unfortunately for your players, **Naren Kaz** still haunts his **Copper Hall** as a powerful undead **demi-lich**. (See Appendix C, New Monsters) It is intended for 4 to 6 skilled players of levels 5 to 7.

TOWER INVERSO: This adventure setting was first presented in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 3. This scenario takes place in a labyrinthine tower buried underground. While players normally delve *down* into dungeons, in this adventure we have turned that concept on its head, and your players will be trapped underground and traversing this tower upwards, to the surface and freedom. It introduces a new monster, the **sand elemental**. (See Appendix C, New Monsters) It is intended for 4-6 players of levels 5 to 7.

SEERESS' RESCUE: In this adventure your players will be called on to rescue a young seeress who has been kidnapped by a demonic cult. This adventure introduced two new monsters, the sinister **demon cult monks** and the terrifying **brain eater**. (See Appendix C, New Monsters) While the **brain eater** statistics were not originally provided in the pages of **Cavalier Attitude** (where it was called the *thought eater*) they are included here now in Appendix C, New Monsters. A high level adventure intended for 4 to 6 players of levels 8 to 10, this scenario was first published in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 4.



II. OLD SCHOOL RULES!

Like the fantasy gaming magazines I grew up reading (primarily **Dragon**® and **Dungeon**® magazines, from the venerable wordsmiths at **TSR**®), I wanted the articles in my zine to inspire players and GM's, and to encourage them to expand their games with additional concepts, ideas and rules not listed in the official gaming manuals.

Thus, the articles presented here encompass a broad range of *Old School Gaming* interests, including the following topics: introducing law and order to your medieval role-playing game; tips and advice on how to avoid conflict in the division of loot; and a discussion on how to handle player character death.

The articles presented herein are as follows:

FELONY MURDER HOBOS: In this article from the inaugural issue of our third year (**Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 1), we address the concepts of law and order in medieval campaigns. The article gives a very broad overview of the law in medieval Europe and how you might replicate such a system in a fantasy campaign. We address how to apply these rules on crime and punishment to your player characters and how the GM can begin to teach their players that their actions have consequences.

LOOT DIVISION: This article addresses a critical issue in role-playing games, and one which can lead to a lot of hardship and inter-player conflict: dividing up the loot. We discuss various methods for the amicable division of treasure, to keep your player group running smoothly. The article discussed an approach which I have used in my own game, to great success: GM directed loot distribution. This article was first published in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 2.

ASHES TO ASHES: In this article we cover a question close to every role-playing gamer's heart: what happens when your character dies? Perhaps even more importantly, to some folks: what happens to all of their character's possessions upon their death? To answer these queries, we proffer various means of dealing with a player character's death, with advice on helping players deal with the loss of their avatar and discussion of the role-playing and story opportunities such tragedies provide.

We also offer a means by which your characters can create a legacy for themselves, through creation of a last will and testament. This article was first published in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issue 3.

CAVALIER ROUNDUP: This article, first published in **Cavalier Attitude**, Vol. III, Issue 4, is aimed at helping you, my loyal readers, keep track of where and when I may have published an article or module of interest to you. It contains an index of every single issue of this zine, showing where you can find each monster, article, character class, magic items and adventure that have appeared in the pages of this zine over the last three years!

III. NEVER ENDING STORIES!

I have included the four offering from the third volume's **Bard's Corner** column. This column presents fantasy fiction short stories with a role-playing theme; it premiered in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. II, Issue 4. The stories we published in the third volume are as follows:

PRUE'S FATE: In this story we journey along with a young thief named **Prue** as she breaks into a supposedly empty manor house, on intel from a supposedly reliable fence. Unfortunately she gets more than she bargained for when she find, to her eternal regret, that the home's vile **anti-paladin** owner is still at home!

THE TROUBLE TWINS, PARTS 1 & 2: This two-party story was serialized in **Cavalier Attitude** Vol. III, Issues 2 and 3. It concerns two scions of the elven family **Glamrenthal**, a male elf and his half elven sister known as the **Trouble Twins**. This tale tells the storied history of this ancient and powerful elven clan, marked by tragedy and renowned for their great heroism, who dwelt in the elven city of **Brethil Bar**, hidden deep in the wild and uncharted **Dlútha Forest**.

THE UNSTUCK SPY: This story follows the journey of a **spymaster** hot on the trail of the culprit who murdered their friend and employer, the King. Having narrowed the list of suspect, the **spymaster** was caught surveilling one of them, the **court mage**. The spell caster magically tossed the **spymaster** across several different realities, to leave him lying confused and lost in the land of **Terrans**.

We hope you enjoy these adventures, articles and stories, and that we have whet your appetite for more issues of **Cavalier Attitude**! The zine, along with our modules and supplements, may be purchased through our website (**starryknightpress.com**) or our online distribution partners.

Louis "sirlou" Kahn
April 2020

Blood Moon

by

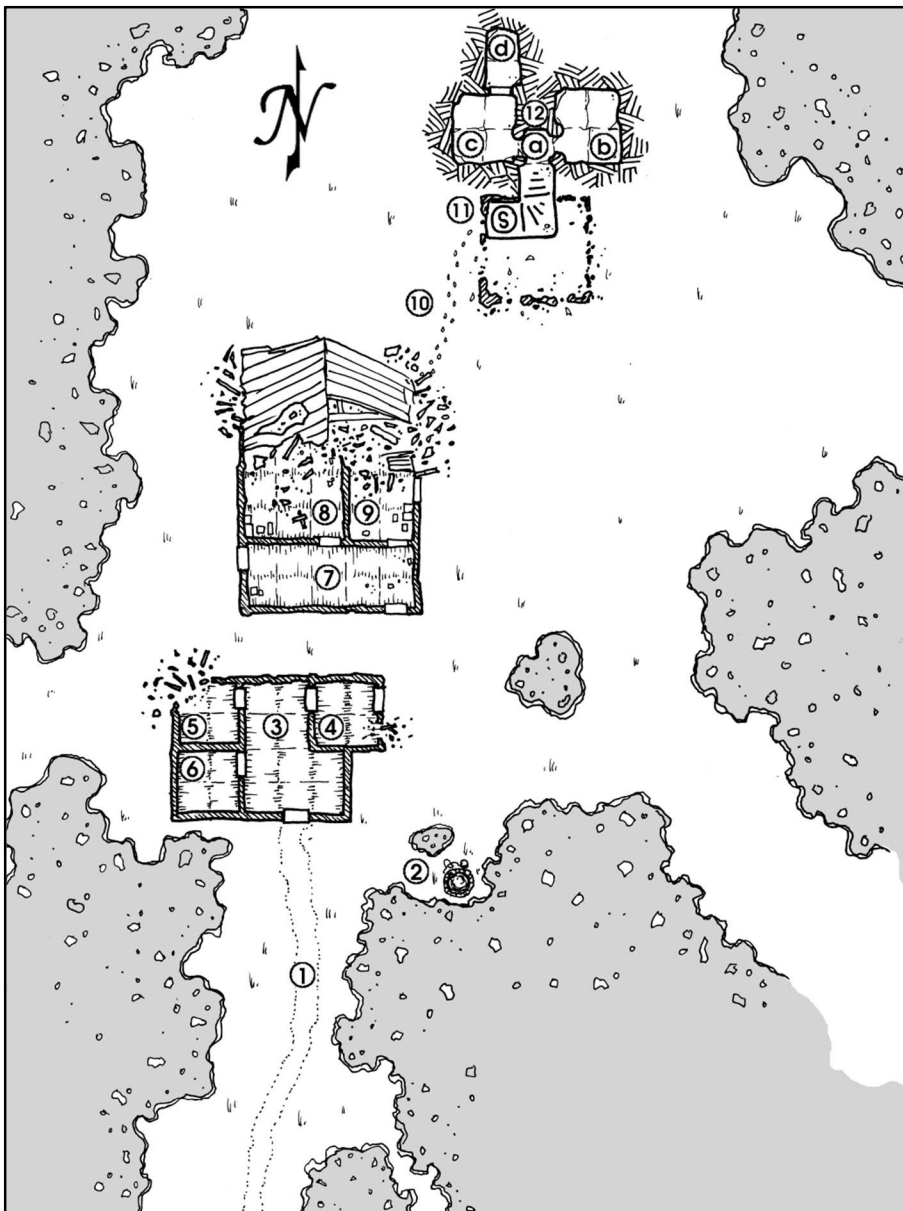
Louis "sirlou" Kahn



A Lycanthropic Adventure

Recommended for 4-6 player characters of levels 4 to 6

This adventure was first published in March 2019 in **Cavalier Attitude** Issue III, Vol. 1



BLOOD MOON

This adventure is a **lycan** themed encounter which takes place at a ransacked farmhouse known as the **Humbill House**. This mid-level adventure is compatible with most FRPGs and is intended for 4-6 player characters of levels 4-6. It is written as system agnostic, and should be compatible with most fantasy RPGs.

The **Humbill House** is a farm located a few miles outside a major city. The land is owned by the Humbill family, stalwarts of the local

community who have farmed it for generations.

Recently, the Humbills failed to pay their yearly taxes; which was very unlike them. Neighbors also reported a fire and strange sounds at the farm. The local constable sent a clerk and some soldiers to investigate; they never returned. The constable has hired your players to investigate the mystery at the **Humbill House**.

GM's note: Each of the **lycans** in this adventure carries 3d10gp. The GM should also place level

appropriate treasure throughout. Finally, while **werebears** are usually good, the individual in this adventure is aberrant and chaotic evil.

1. Farmstead Entry: Players enter the area at this point. Four **werejackals** (33hp), hiding in the trees, fire crossbows (D 1d6) at the party before fleeing to the **warren** (Area 12).

2. Well: This well has been in use for generations. If the bucket is hauled up, the severed heads of Mr. and Mrs. Humbill are found inside. If given a proper burial, award the party 500xp. Four **wereweasels** (27hps) lurking in the woods attack anyone at the well.

3. Main Hall: The main hall of the farmhouse shows signs of a battle. Two figures there are arguing over a sack. They claim to be local sellswords who've come to investigate the farm. They claim the right of first conquest and demand the players leave, and if they refuse these two **wereboars** (32hps) attack. The sack holds 250gp.

4. Kitchen: This room has been ransacked, with a hole in the wall (made by the **werebear**). Three feral looking gnomes are here looting. These **wererats** (23hps) demand the party leave and if the PCs refuse, they attack with long knives (D 1d4) and hand crossbows (D 1d3 + poison, save vs. poison or *sleep for 1d4 + 1 turns*).

5. Bedroom: This was a communal bedchamber with four beds. The room has been ransacked; there are signs of an intense struggle, and there is a hole in the wall.

There are no enemies in this room.

A **silver brush** (25gp) lies forgotten on the floor, its handle matted in blood and fur. Mrs. Humbill stabbed the **werebear** with her brush, sending it into a blind rage.

6. Bedroom: This was Mr. and Mrs. Humbill's bedroom. Player must make a WIS check on entry to see if they perceive there was a struggle here.

Cowering in the bed is a comely middle-aged woman who screams when players enter, hiding under the covers, and refusing to respond until someone comes near the bed. If that happens she (having changed form under the covers) and her mate (hiding under the bed) attack, with surprise. They are powerful **werefigers** (38hp). If a player made their prior WIS check they will not be surprised.

Barn: The barn had tools and animal pens on the ground floor, storage for hay on the first floor and a connecting staircase. A pitched battle between the **lycans** and defenders was fought here, with the **werebear** ending it by collapsing the entire first floor onto the enemy.

7. Storage Room: This was the main room for storing equipment and tools. Now, piles of decomposing remains of animals and humans lay mixed up in a heap. The smell is foul: players must save vs. poison or be incapacitated, retching for 1d3 rounds and losing 1 point STR per round for 1d3 rounds. There are no foes here, but anyone retching draws the foes from Area 8.

8. Stables: This area was the stables. Carcasses of dead livestock lay here. The smell is foul, but not sickening; the bones were picked clean by the pack of four

werewolves (27hp) and their **alpha** (30hp) bedding down here. They immediately attack any intruders in the barn, but will not aid other **lycans**, except the **werebear**.

9. Hen House: This area housed the farm's fowls. There is a mighty stench of death, but it's not incapacitating. The stairs to the upper floor are here, broken. If the party searches carefully (1 turn), they may find the corpses of the farm foreman, the clerk and his retinue under the rubble.

The foreman (FTR2) was a conscripted soldier in the barony's militia long ago. He joined the clerk and soldiers in defense of the farm, but was slain by the **werebear**. The foreman wears chain mail, a *magic longsword* is clutched in his hand, and a *silver amulet of health* is around his neck.

Shed: This outbuilding held tools and supplies, and farm work was done here (e.g. food preservation, woodworking, repairing tools, candle making and etc.). A trap door in the northeast corner led to the **root cellar** below. It was burned to the ground during the **lycan** invasion, with only its husk remaining.

10. Tracks: A set of large tracks here leads from the barn to the shed. The trail begins as bear tracks and transitions into a large man's footprints. The tracks are very deep. A successful WIS check indicates a player discerns the being making the tracks was heavily encumbered, perhaps carrying a heavy load.

11. Secret trap door: The tracks at Area 10 lead into the shed, to a *trap door* in the northwest corner. It is poorly concealed under an old

barrel. The *trap door* leads to the Humbill's cold storage and **root cellar**, which the **lycans** have taken over. The *trap door* opens onto a 5' x 15' staircase heading south and curving to the north, dropping 15' down. A faint muddy trail on the stairway matches the trail from above-ground.

The Root Cellar: The *trap door* corridor ends in a "T-intersection" in the **root cellar**, with archways leading to chambers to the east and west. The Humbills stored food which needed to be kept cold and surplus food-was also stored here. The invaders are hiding out here while formulating plans to use the farm a staging area to raid nearby human settlements.

12a. T-intersection: Four **lycan** guards mill about here: the four **werejackals** (33hp) from Area 1.

12b. Sundry cellar: This 10' square room was used for storage of items which were used most often and thus kept closest to hand, primarily salad greens, fresh meat and fish, jarred preserves and jams, salt, butter, milk, cream, bread, and cakes and pies.

The **lycan** use this area as their **common room**: a large central hearth is surrounded by numerous bedrolls. All of the **lycans** rest here when not on duty above. When the players enter there are two **were lions** (39hp) and a **wererat** (23hp) here.

12c. Vegetable cellar: This 10' square room was used for longer term storage, especially during the winter, for item such as potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, onions, jarred and potted vegetables, salted meat and fish, winter squash,

cabbage, and other traditional root vegetable fare.

A locked door on the north wall leads to Area 12d, keeping the goods here separate from goods stored therein.

This room has been commandeered by the leaders of the **lycans** as a **throne room**. The leaders are a **werebear** (45hp) and its mate, a powerfully built white **werewolf** (34hp). They are resting comfortable here, he on a makeshift throne and her on a bed of pelts and furs. Once they see the players they immediately shift into their true forms and attack with ferocity and no mercy.

The Humbill children, **Anya** and **Nils**, are also here, kept in locked cages so the **lycans** could torment them. The two youngsters look weak and out of their minds with fear and

sorrow. They will scream and beg the players for their release as soon as the party enters the chamber. If released they will attempt to assist the party as best as they are able, providing any support and assistance possible (e.g. holding a torch, binding an injured player's wounds, and so on). They are classless "0-Level" humans.

After the battle, the players may find a key on a leather thong around the **werebear's** neck. This key opens the children's cages and the lock placed on the door to the **segregated storage** (Area 12d).

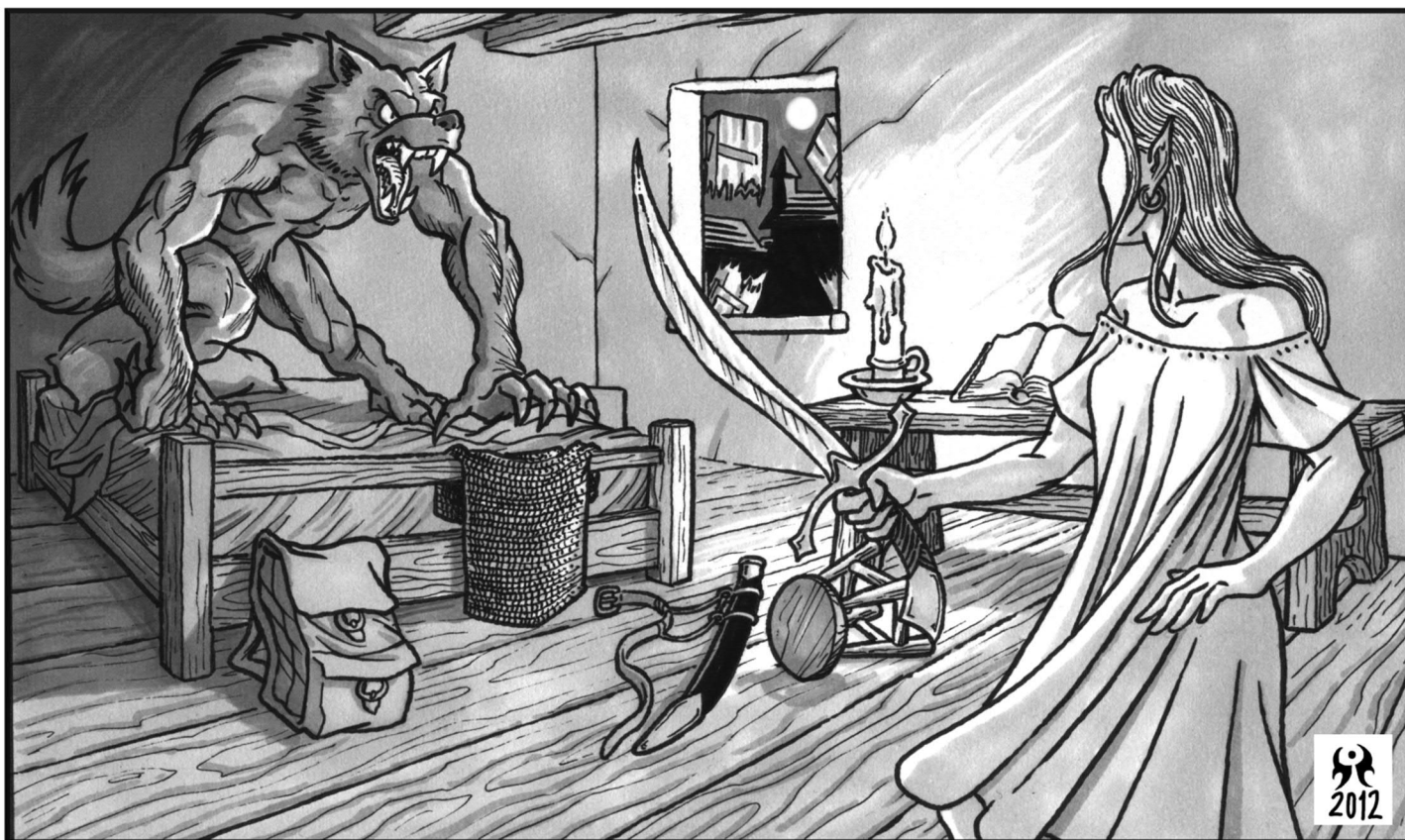
d. Segregated Storage: This is a cramped 5x10' room. Apples were stored here since their fermentation could cause over-ripening or spoilage of other stores, and thus they were segregated in this room. Water, beer and other types of fermented alcohol were stored

here as well, as they would not be affected by the apples' fermentation process.

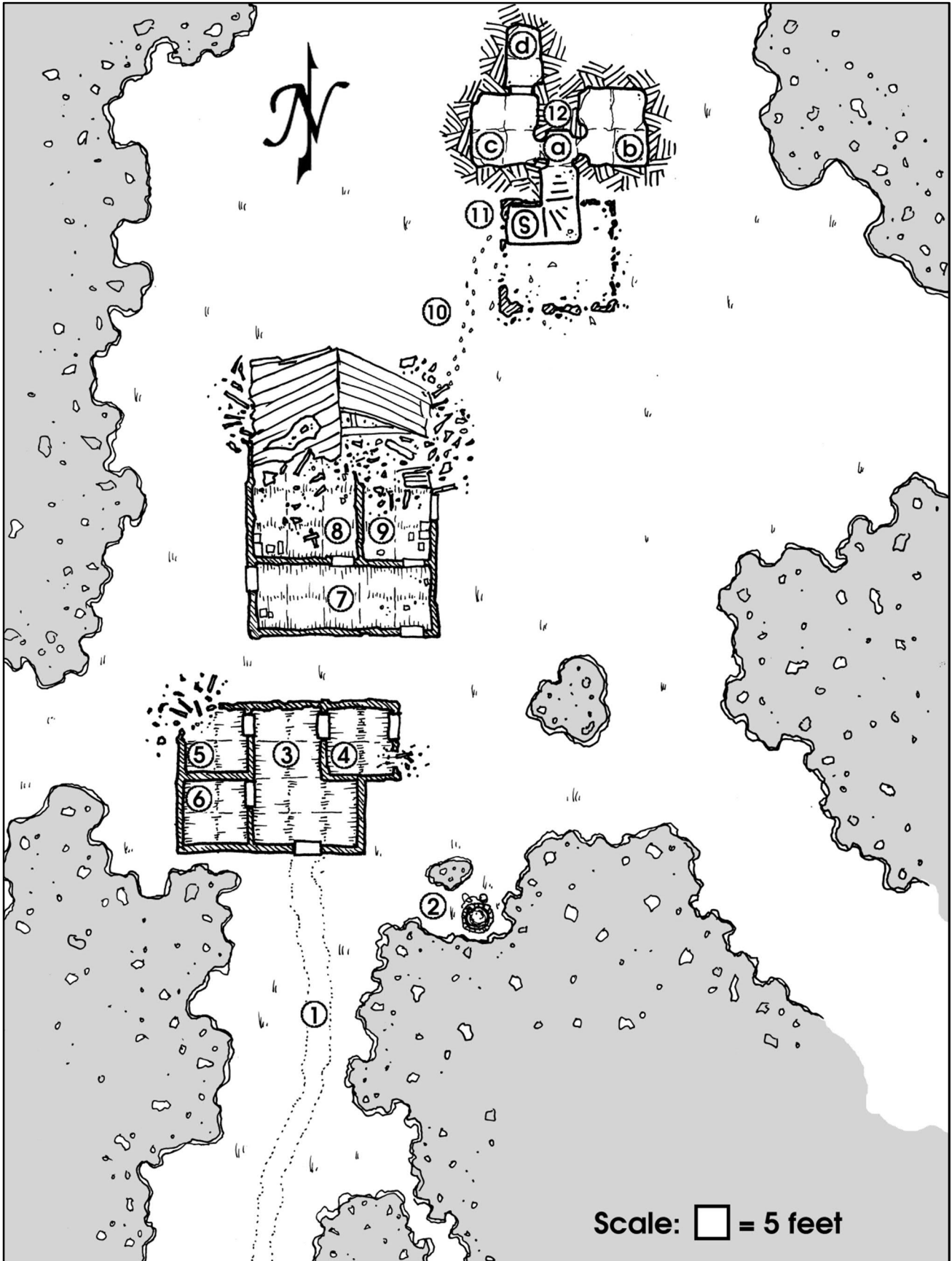
This room was kept locked, with only the **werebear** having a key to access the room. The **lycans** used the room as the **treasure room** for their band, where they stored all the loot they had acquired in their recent raids, including what they had taken from the Humbills.

GM's note: The GM should place level appropriate treasure here.

Once the **lycan** leader and his mate are defeated, the party's work here is done. Any remaining **lycans** in the area will flee to save their own hides. The party should receive a bonus 500xp if they rescue the children and lead them safely back to town.



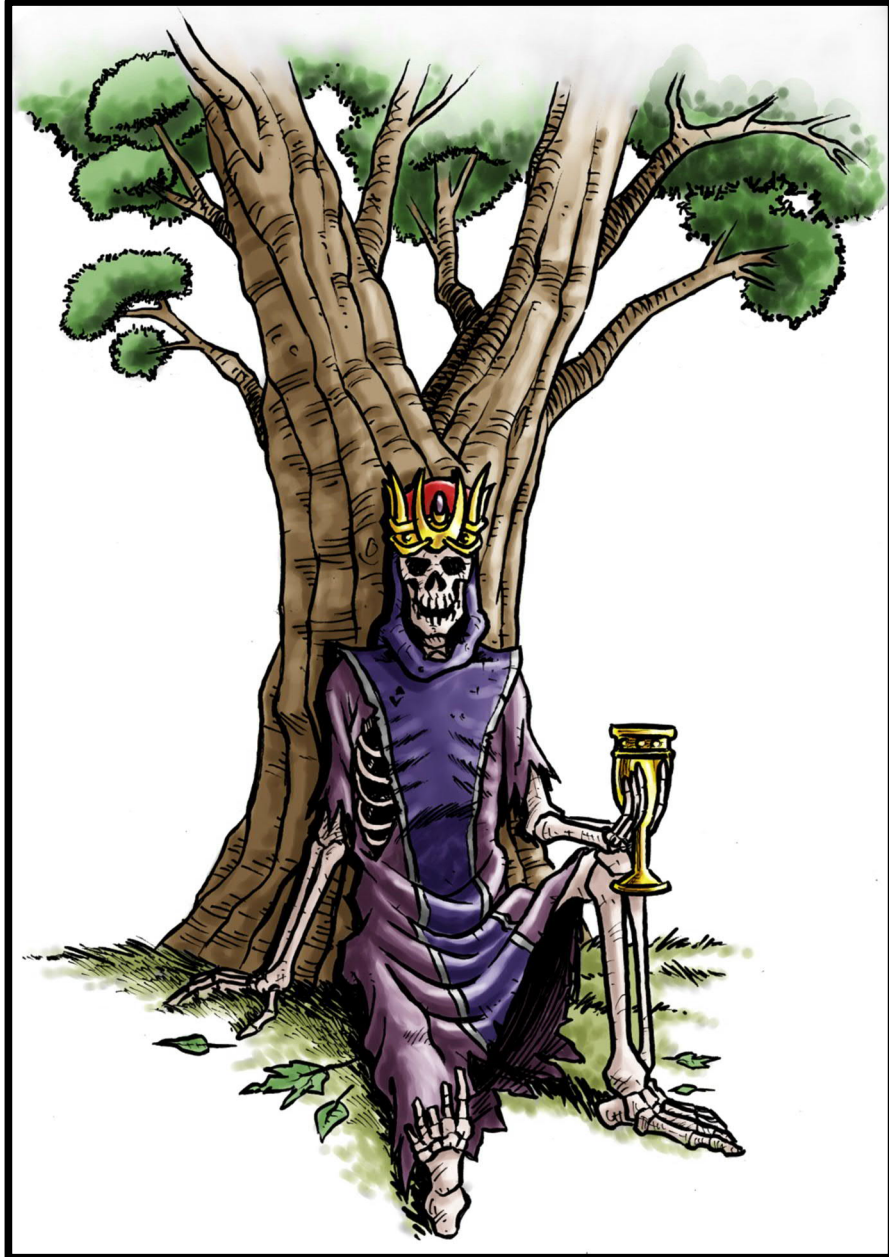
BONUS HAND OUT: BLOOD MOON ADVENTURE, *Hambill House Map*



The Copper Hall of Naren Kaz

by

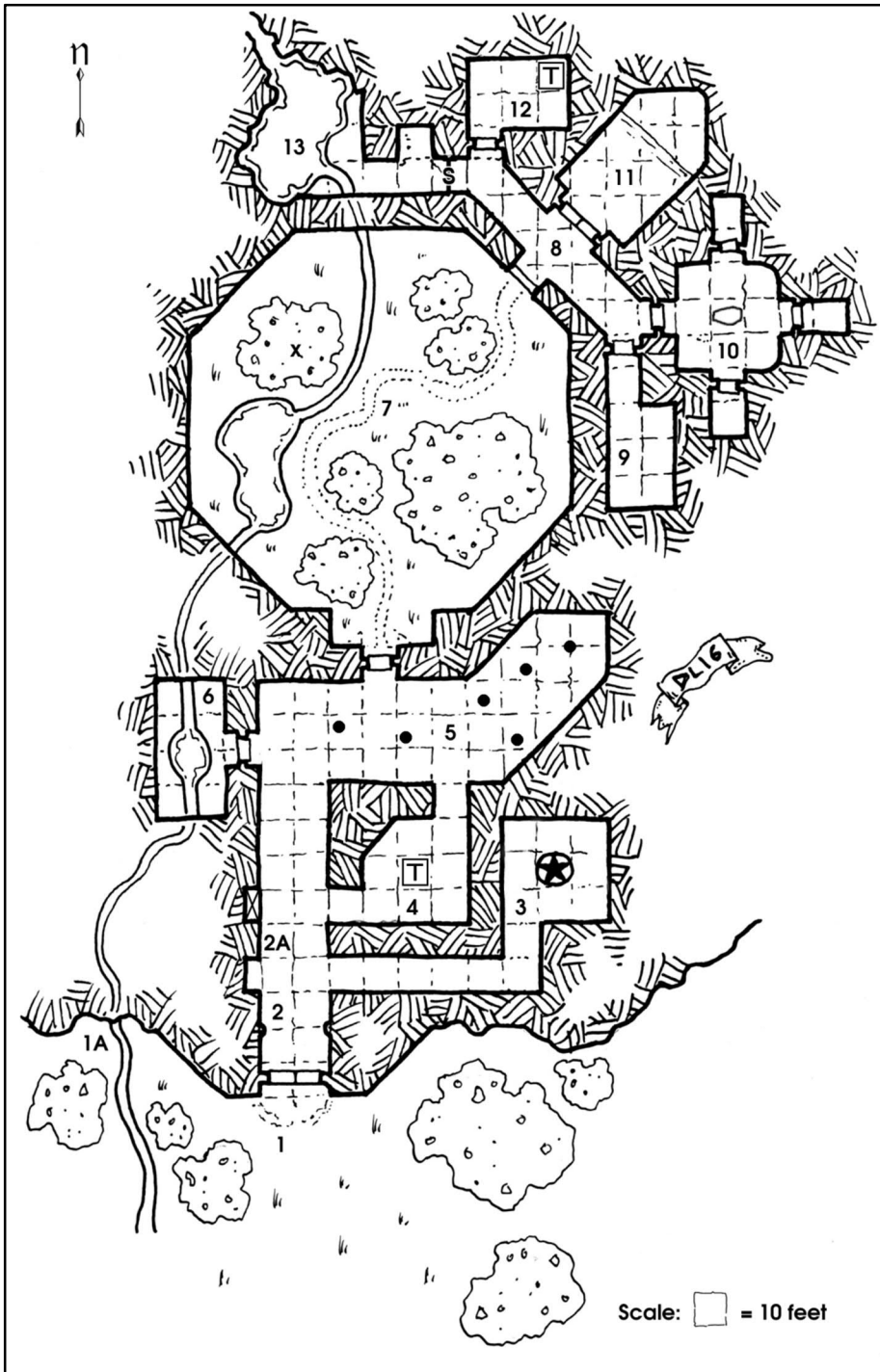
Greg Covey & Louis "sirlou" Kahn



An Undead Adventure

Recommended for 4-6 player characters of levels 5 to 7

This module was first published in June 2019 in **Cavalier Attitude** Issue III, Vol. 2



demi-lich Naren Kaz. It is intended for 4-6 player characters of 5th to 7th level.

Naren Kaz was a powerful mage who lived in the environs of his tomb over a century ago. Obsessed with not losing his power to his imminent demise, he set out to become an undead **lich**. Foolishly, he attempted his transformation far too early in his magical career, when he lacked the requisite skills.

Aware of his deficiencies in the art, he sought the favor of a dark and chaotic god to aid in his foul and wretched transformation. The god's intercession allowed **Naren Kaz** to obtain his dreams and become an immortal undead being, but due to his failings he became a lesser evil, without the full powers of a true **lich**.

GM's note: Unless noted, all doors in this place are closed but unlocked and work as expected. For the sake of description, north is up.

1. Entrance Doors: A set of double doors are set into the cliff face here. They are thick wooden doors, bound in copper with very sturdy hinges. These doors are locked, and can be opened only with a key (Area 7) or a *knock* spell.

1A. Alternate Entrance: Water flows out of a ground-level hole in the face of the cliff here. The opening is approximately 3' wide, of which 2' are above the water level. A loose metallic grate covers the opening, but its lock has crumbled with age and the grate is easily removed. Dwarves, gnomes and halflings are able to enter the tunnel here, but any other race cannot fit. The water flows slowly from the north. There are no creatures in the water.

THE COPPER HALL OF NAREN KAZ

This high level adventure pits your players against one of the most dangerous enemies in FRPGs: a foul **demi-lich**! This adventure was penned with veteran wordsmith **Greg Covey**, who previously collaborated with me on **The Harquebusier**, an OSR supplement which featured a new

subclass of fighter specializing in the use of late medieval firearms.

This undead themed adventure is intended for 4-6 players of levels 2 to 4. It is written as system agnostic, and should be compatible with most fantasy RPGs.

This adventure takes place within the underground fortress of the

The water is potable and fresh; the only thing in this fortress that is. Any player character entering the **Copper Hall** via this route will easily be able to make their way north along the stream to Area 6, although taller characters will have to travel on all fours. They will, however, have to deal with the inhabitant at that location.

2. Entrance hall: The **entrance hall** is dusty and littered with what looks to be broken furniture and furnishings. There are two alcoves cut into the **west wall** (Area 2A), and two hallways lead eastward off the **entrance hall**.

GM's note: If this area is approached from within the **Copper Hall** (see area 1A), the locked double doors may easily be opened by pressing a large, iron lever located next to them.

2A. West wall: In the alcove which lies closest to the entrance, there is a **magic mouth**. When it detects a presence before it, the mouth will animate and speak these words: "You are entering the copper hall of **Naren Kaz**. Beware the copper disc." It can repeat this greeting once per turn.

In the second alcove, which lies 10' away from the first, **Naren Kaz** has placed a **false door trap**. The door here looks identical to all other doors in the **Copper Hall**, but if the trap is not detected and disarmed, anyone opening the door causes a *lightning bolt* to shoot out, which travels 60' to strike the far wall in Area 4, activating the trap there.

3. Statue room: This room contains nothing but a human-sized marble statue at its center. The statue depicts a human male, dressed in wizard's robes. His hands have

been carved in a somatic pose, as if he is casting a spell. It is, in fact, a statue of the wizard who built this strange lair: **Naren Kaz**. In the northeast corner opposite the entrance are three **shriekers** (18hp).

4. Gelatinous Cube room: This room contains a **gelatinous cube** (26hp) which has been placed here as a trap for the unwary. The creature is ensorcelled in two ways: it has been rendered permanently *invisible* (-4 to attack rolls against it) and placed in *stasis* at the center of this room. This *stasis* may be broken in one of two ways: first, by someone walking "into" the cube by stepping into its 10' square, or second, by a *lightning bolt* from the false door trap at Area 2A striking the wall in this chamber, which sends an electrical charge along a copper wire placed in the room's floor to give the creature a jolt, awakening it. A wary player may notice the copper wire on the floor and avoid awakening the creature, if the *lightning bolt* was not released.

GM's note: Once awakened, the **gelatinous cube** will move forward in a circuit from this room to the **entrance hall** to the **processional** and back again, attacking any creature it comes across.

5. Processional: This is a long, pillared hall that angles north-east at the far end. The columns of stone are carved into the shape of tree trunks and seem to have been placed randomly, like trees in a forest. Stone "root systems" crawl out of the columns' bases into the floor and marble "branches" expand across the ceiling. A keen eye will note stone birds and squirrels in the branches.

The door on the north wall leads to Area 7, and it is locked. There are two wall sconces flanking the door which hold torches which burn with a bright blue flame. If examined, these *eternal torches* may be removed from the sconces. They produce a flame which is not hot and cannot be extinguished. One could put their hand in the fire and feel no ill effect, and the torches will not ignite combustible materials.

Hiding unseen in the darkened east end of the hall are four **ghasts** (22hp). The **ghasts** will attack upon sensing the players.

If **turned** by a cleric they will move to cower at the northern end of the hall.

6. Pool room: This small room contains a pool at its center. This pool is shallow, only about 3' deep at its deepest point. The pool is fed by a clear spring which flows from a roughly 4' hole in the north wall, and exits the room through a similar hole in the south wall.

A **grey ooze** (20hp) covers the entire western wall; it attacks any creature that comes within 5' of it.

7. Garden: This octagonal room has a domed ceiling which rises to a central height of nearly 60', and it is 20' high at the room's perimeter. This room contains an incongruously verdant forest scene: there are trees, a small pond with a stream running through it, nicely manicured grass, and a meandering path. There is a slight breeze blowing here, despite a lack of openings through which the wind could enter. If the party looks closely or pauses to take in the view, they will see squirrels, rabbits, and lizards scurrying around, and birds in the trees and

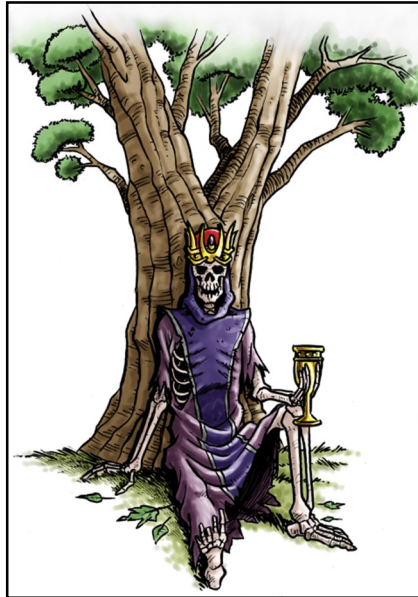
flying above. At the dome's peak there is a large copper disc which gives off a glow akin to sunlight at high noon. The room is bathed in this wonderful light and if the party lets themselves, they may forget they're underground. The walls of the room are painted with trees and other foliage, continuing the illusion of a forest setting.

The trees and shrubs are heavy with fruit of various sizes and colors. However, all of this fruit is poisonous. Any player who eats this fruit must make a *save vs. poison*, at a -2 penalty due to its highly toxic nature. Success indicates the player's system rejects the toxin, and more fruit can be consumed but the consumer will not feel sated. A failed save is dire, however, as the player will immediately begin losing 1hp/round. Once a poisoned player falls below half their hit points (from the total hit points at the time they consumed the poisonous fruit), the loss accelerates to 2hp/round, until they fall unconscious or the poison is cleansed. While poisoned a player suffers a -2 on "to hit" rolls, and -1 to damage rolls due to their weakened condition.

If a player falls to -10hp while poisoned by the fruit, they expire; at which point the magical nature of this poison takes effect and the player is reincarnated into one of the creatures which inhabit this room. The GM should roll 1d4 and consult the chart below:

Roll (d4)	Creature
1	Bird
2	Lizard
3	Rabbit
4	Squirrel

This change is permanent unless reversed by some powerful magical means (e.g. a *limited wish* or *wish spell*). This magical poison is the means by which **Naren Kaz** filled his garden with animals; which should chill the players when they realize how many delvers have assaulted this lair before them and failed to vanquish the **demi-lich**!



Sitting under a tree (marked "x" on the map) is what appears to be a human male. Upon closer examination, however, the party will discern it is a semi-rotten corpse. The thing wears once lavish robes of black velvet, now tattered and stained. A copper crown is partly fused to its grizzled skull, and it holds a copper chalice in its claw-like right hand. The crown and chalice look to be a matched set, as if made by the same craftsman.

If the party gets within 15' of this figure, it becomes animated and rises within one round, its empty eye sockets glowing a putrid green color. This decrepit creature is the mortal remains of the **demi-lich Naren Kaz** (48hp), who created the **Copper Hall** as his final resting place.

GM's note: **Naren Kaz's** stats are those of a standard **lich** (e.g. as found in the OSRIC manual or the GM's reference manual of choice), with the following exceptions:

- This creature is AC 4 and 6 HD.
- He has the power of *cold touch* (D 2d6), but his attack lacks the paralyzing effect of his greater brethren.
- All those of 4th level or 4 HD and below who behold the **demi-lich**, either directly or through a reflection, must *save vs. magic* or flee from the area, never to return.
- The **demi-lich** may be turned as a Type 9 undead (**spectre**).
- He may cast mage spells at the 6th level of ability, as follows:

Level	Spell
1	<i>magic missile, shield, burning hands, charm person</i>
2	<i>web, stinking cloud, invisibility</i>
3	<i>hold person, lightning bolt</i>

The **demi-lich** also wields a *dancing longsword*. Once he has used the weapon for four rounds he releases it to "dance" while he focuses on spellcasting.

Naren Kaz has a leather pouch on his belt that contains a few minor trinkets and a copper key (The GM should roll for three Miscellaneous Magic items). The key functions to open the box at Area 13.

If **Naren Kaz** is reduced below half his hit points in battle, he will retreat through Area 8 and open the door to Area 9, releasing his **zombie** hoard on the party.

The **zombies** will not enter Area 7 and will mill about Area 8 if released. **Naren Kaz** will either remain among them in Area 8 or, at the GMs discretion, he may retreat to areas 10, 11, or 12.

8. Inner hall: This hallway is dark and empty, unless **Naren Kaz** and/or the **zombies** from Area 9 are here (See Area 7).

9. Altar room: This is an altar room where **Naren Kaz** makes offerings to the evil god with whom he struck his immortal bargain. An unholy shrine is located on the south wall. Four tall black candles, carved with demonic visages, sit atop the black, blood encrusted altar. A group of five **zombies** (15hp) mills mindlessly about the room (unless already released by **Naren Kaz**, see Area 7).

As the party enters the room, the black candles magically light themselves, filling the room with a thick musky odor and dim light, casting long shadows. The **zombies** (if present) will throw off their somnambulance in one round and then move to attack the intruders. They will then attack on the next round. Each **zombie** wields a rusty battleaxe (D 1d8).

GM's note: This **zombie** horde is under the control of **Naren Kaz**, and as long as his phylactery is still intact (see Area 11), they cannot be turned and will fight until they are destroyed.

10. Burial chamber: This room is the original resting place of **Naren Kaz** and his sarcophagus sits in the center of the room. The sarcophagus' thick stone lid is very heavy, requiring a combined STR of 25 or more to move it. It contains a few funerary offerings (GM should

insert 4 items of jewellery and 1d6 x 100gp and 1d4 x 100pp) scattered atop a funerary portrait of **Naren Kaz** in the bottom of the sarcophagus.

The three small chambers which branch off this room are jail cells, each one containing piles of bones from the **demi-lich's** past victims. The cell doors can be bent via standard STR checks.

The south and east cells are empty, but the north cell contains two human men, wearing nothing but tattered clothing. The men have been driven mad by their imprisonment and torture, and attempts to communicate with them fail as they only speak gibberish. The men will be reluctant to leave, rambling on about "the master". If the party attempts to carry them out they will struggle. Nobody on the surface is looking for them, as they were considered lost and presumed dead long ago by any family or associates.

If the party finds a way to cleanse the men's' madness, they will agree to aid the party if provided with gear. They are both thieves, level 4 (22hp). They are treasure hunters who sought to plunder this ruin after learning about **Naren Kaz** from an ancient scroll. Unfortunately for them, **Naren Kaz** needs sentient beings to sacrifice to his evil deity, so he welcomes tomb raiders and grave robbers, which is why he allows easy access to his lair via the stream at Area 1A. These men were the next in line for sacrifice, the rest of their company having already met that cruel fate.

11. Throne room: A 4' high dais sits at the end of this room, with a shabby, gilded chair. **Naren Kaz** sometimes sits here, presiding over his wretched domain. Tall candelabras sit on either side of his throne, and a large censer on a stand sits before it.

The censor is presently smoking; it fills the room with an intoxicating and poisonous smoke in two rounds. Each player in the room must *save vs. poison*, at a +1 to their roll, or become light-headed and dizzy, resulting in a -4 on "to-hit rolls" while the player is affected. The effect lasts for six turns (one hour) after players leave the room.

12. Laboratory: This room is where the **demi-lich** practices his magical and alchemical arts. The shelves lining the room's walls are crammed with a myriad of strange items and books (none of which are worth much, unless the GM wishes it).



Inexplicably, there is a pile of dead rats in the southeast corner; perhaps a snack for the **demi-lich** or a failed experiment.

A large table sits atop a *trap door* in the northeast corner. The table is covered with old, decomposed body parts. The *trap door* is well concealed, but once found it is easily opened. Within this small alcove beneath the floor **Naren Kaz** has hidden a *bag of holding* containing his worldly treasures: a *rod of resurrection* and whatever other level appropriate treasure the GM wishes to place here.

13. Secret room: The *secret door* leading into this area, from the hall at Area 8, is well concealed. Elves and half elves have only a 1 in 10 chance to detect it when passing by and 2 in 10 chance if actively searching.

This area consists of a worked stone passage leading to a natural cavern. The cavern's southern and eastern sections have partially worked stone walls. A pool, part of the same stream that runs throughout the complex, takes up the western portion of the chamber.

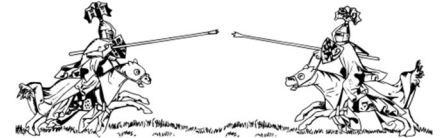
The water enters the room via a 6' diameter hole in the northeast corner and exits via a 4' diameter hole in the southern wall. The hole, only a foot of which is above water, is covered with a sturdy steel grate.

The pool is roughly 15 feet deep. It is home to a **giant crayfish** (30hp), which the **demi-lich** keeps here as a guardian, feeding the beast leftover scraps of sacrificial victims. It will rise and attack if the water's surface is disturbed, and it will fight to the death.

If the party searches the pool, they will find a small, locked, stone box at the lightless bottom of the pool. The box may only be opened with the key, which is held by **Naren Kaz** (see Area 7), or with a *knock*, *limited wish* or *wish* spell. The box contains the phylactery which holds **Naren Kaz's** eternal soul. If this item is broken or destroyed, such as by a heavy blow, he will immediately perish, permanently.

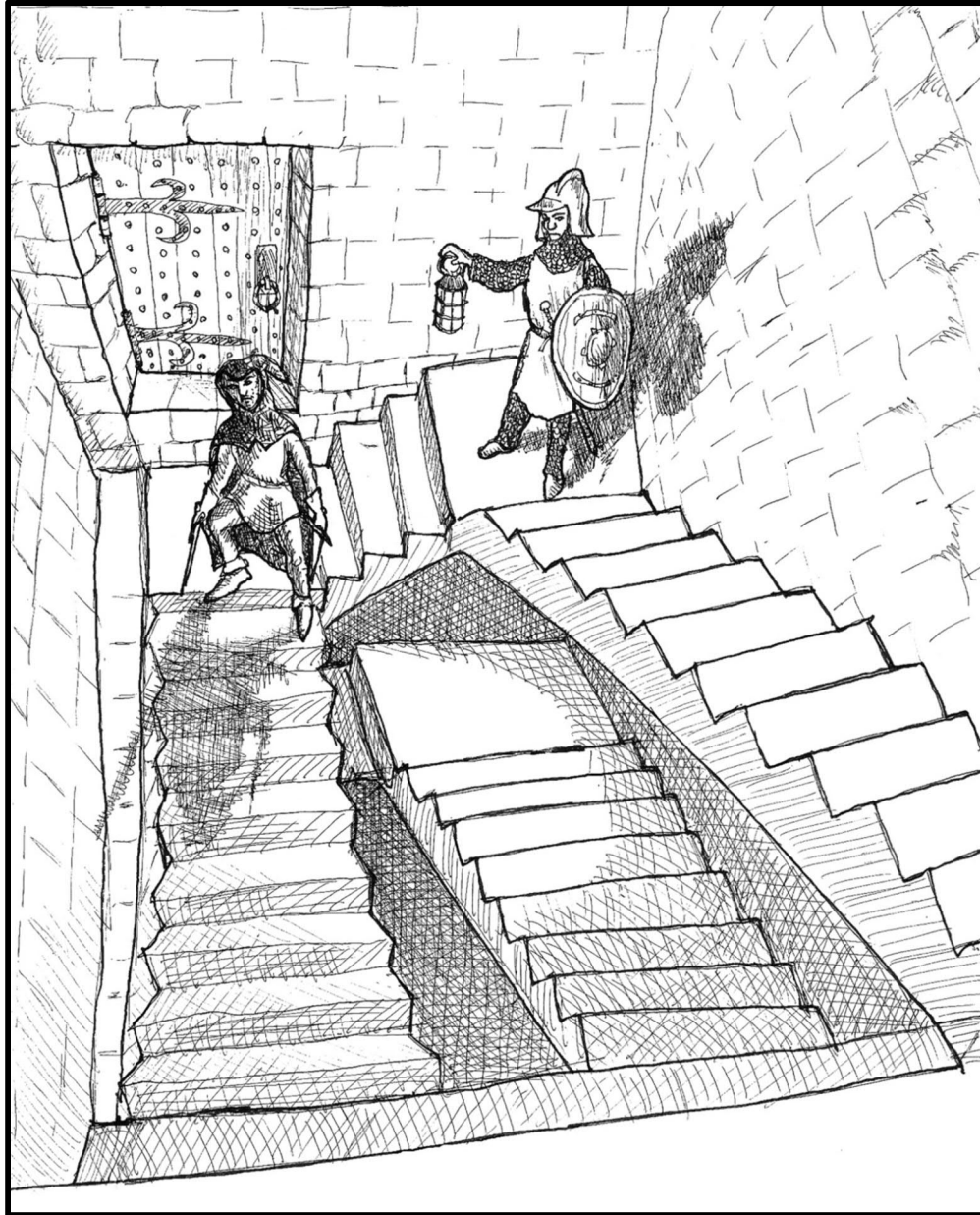
Editor's note: If you enjoyed this adventure, be sure to check out the "The Trial of the Shootist" module in "The Harquebusier" supplement which Greg and I collaborated on, as well as Greg's website **Unseen Servant Press**, at the following locations:

- <http://starryknightpress.com/harquebusier.html>
- <http://press.unseenservant.us/>



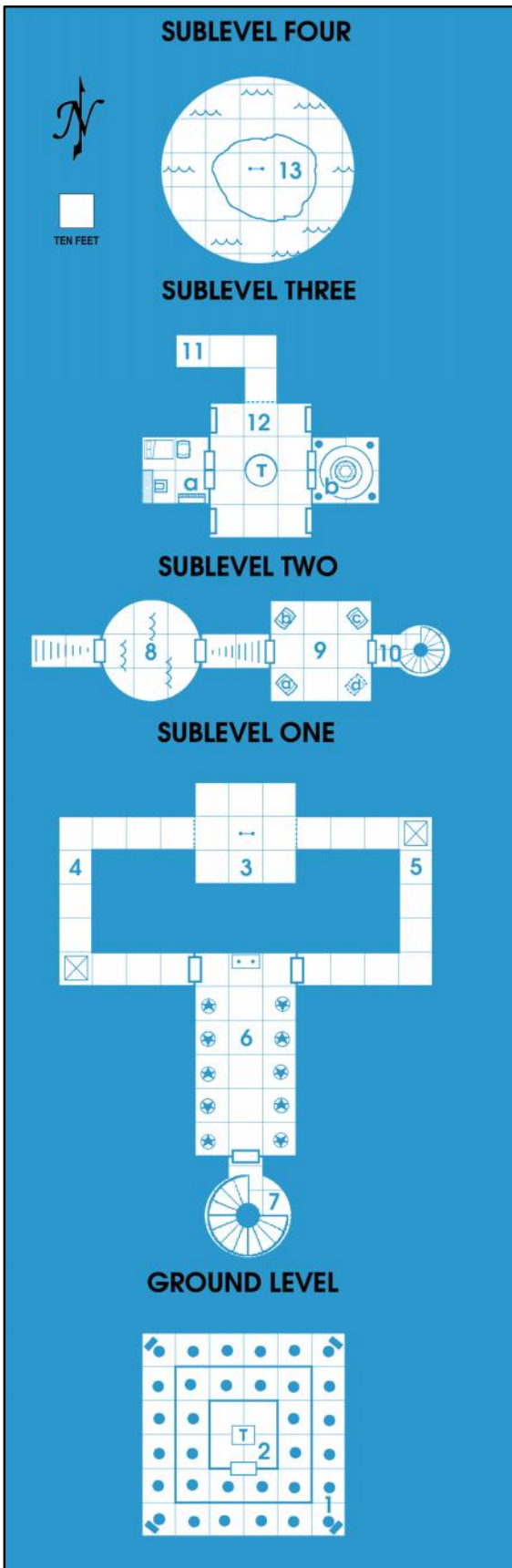
TOWER INVERSO

by
Louis "sirlou" Kahn



A Mid-Level Adventure
Recommended for 4-6 player characters of levels 5 to 7

This setting was first published in September 2019 in **Cavalier Attitude** Issue III, Vol. 3



TOWER INVERSO

This adventure takes place in a labyrinthine tower buried underground. While players normally delve *down* into dungeons, in this adventure we have turned that concept on its head, and your players will be trapped underground and traversing this maze upwards to the surface and freedom. It is intended for 4-6 player characters of 5th to 7th level.

Adventure Hook: Your players are sent into this inverted tower by arcane means left to the discretion of the GM. They must now fight their way upward.

13. Underground Lake: The party finds themselves teleported to this cavernous 60' round room, with a 50' high ceiling. They have 1d4 rounds before the dragon, flying above in the dark, notices them and attacks. A ladder up is the sole exit.

Encounter: **Very Young Black Dragon** (48hp).

Treasure: 13,000sp; 10,000gp; 24 gems (8x 10gp, 4x 50gp, 8x 100gp, 3x 500gp, 1,000gp); *potion of extra healing*; scroll (3x cure serious wounds); *shield +2*; *girdle of many pouches*; *scimitar +2*; *warhammer +2*.

12. Portal Room: The ladder from below ends in the center of this 30'x40' room, with a 10' ceiling. A closed **portcullis** lies across the north exit (Major STR check or find hidden lever, 1 on a d6).

Encounter: **4 false doors** (flaming spears fire at the party, 1 per player, as a 5 HD foe, D 1d6 +1d4).

12a. Summoner's Study: This room was used by a long-dead summon. The chest on the south wall contains her treasure, lying below a layer of sand.

Encounter: Demi-Elemental, Sand (38hp) (See **Appendix C**).

Treasure: Spell Book (MU 10, Spells: 10/10/8/6/4); 5 gems (2x 500gp gems, 3x 100gp); *dagger +2*; *rod of fright* (See **Appendix D**).

12b. Summoning circle: There is **demon** trapped within the circle on the floor, once the door is opened, a fuse is lit in SE corner (WIS check to notice), which burns through the summoning circle holding the demon in 60 seconds, releasing the demon.

Encounter: **Equivu (fly) demon** (44hp).

Treasure: 4 gold candle sticks (200gp total), each holding a *wondrous candle* (See **Appendix D**).

11. Hallway: This 40' long hall ends in an open archway leading to stairs up. **Effect:** An *anti-magic shell* is cast on a random PC; all magic ceases to function around them (5' radius) for 2 hours, no save.

10. Stairway 1: A spiral stair winds upward in a 30' wide stone shaft 100' high. A **peryton** nest (15' deep into the wall) lies 60' up the shaft)

Encounter: 7 **Perytons** (25hp) will dive down from their nest to attack the PCs as they climb. If struck, a PC must make a DEX check or fall 20' (D 2d6).

Treasure: 750gp necklace; *brigandine armour +2* (See **Appendix D**).

9. Chest Room: This 30' square room contains 4 chests (a through d), one in each corner.

(a) Encounter: Mimic (HD 7, 42hp).

(b) Effect: The inside of the chest is completely black. A *disintegration* field lies inside (per the mage spell).

(c) Effect: Anyone touching the chest releases an *electrical shock*, 1d8+10 damage to all within a 10' radius, no save.

(d) Effect: The chest is *invisible*.

Treasure: 4,000cp; 2,500sp; *potions of youth, vitality, and ætherealness; ring of warmth.*

8. Water Sphere: A steep set of stairs lead 20' up, to this 30' circular chamber. Half of the circle is above water, half below. There is an *invisible* crystal bridge, very susceptible to damage, which crosses the room. An **aboleth** floats in suspended animation within the water, and will animate once the door to the room is opened. It will attempt to knock PCs off the bridge and into the water (DEX check -2 to retain footing).

Encounter: **Aboleth** (48hp).

Treasure: In a small niche near the door on the north wall is a pouch with a 5,000gp gem; *potions of water breathing and extra healing;* and a wand of enemy detection.

The door on the west wall opens into a steep set of stairs which lead 20' up, to another door. This is a good place for the party to rest, and if they spike, or otherwise secure the doors on both sides they may rest in safety here.

Treasure: Lying on the landing in front of the door at the top of the stairs are two corpses, the bodies of prior adventurers attacked by the

aboleth, who dragged themselves here to die. The corpses have the following treasure: *chain +1; bronze breastplate +2 (AC 3); cloak of the bat; boots of the north; scroll (stone to flesh x2).*

7. Stairway 2: This 30' wide spiral stairway, identical to one in Area 10, winds 100' upward in its stone shaft, to end at door to Area 6.

Effect: **Darkness** (per the mage spell) within the stairway, which cannot be dispelled. To climb the stairs PCs must make a successful DEX check, or fall down (D 2d6).

6. Statue Room: The spiral stair leads to this 30' x 60' chamber. The floor is made of yellow and white stone tiles in a checkerboard pattern. There are very realistic statue running along the east and west walls, former victims of the basilisk which resides here (PCs who make a successful WIS check realize this).

Encounter: **Lesser Basilisk** (37hp).

Treasure: A candelabra (500gp) with black tapers sits on an altar.

5. East Hallway: This 110' long hall wraps around to end at a half-open portcullis to Area 3. There is a **trap** at the 80' mark.

Trap: Stepping on this floor section unleashes a *fireball* (20' radius) for 5d6 damage, save for ½.

4. West Hallway: This 110' long hall wraps around to end at a half-open portcullis to Area 3. There is a **trap** at the 40' mark.

Trap: Stepping on this floor section unleashes an *ice storm* (40' radius) for 3d10 damage, no save.

3. Portcullis Room: This 30' square room has portcullises at the east

and west entrances, which are halfway down when the players arrive at this room. There is a ladder in the center of the room, which ascends 50' to the surface. A lever in the northeast corner controls the portcullises (or open via a major STR check). The players will see a crying 4' tall human adolescent in the center of the room. This is a ruse; the creature is an ogre mage and its mate, an ogre is invisible and preparing to close the portcullises once the players enter the room, trapping them.

Encounter: **Ogre Mage** (33hp) and an **Ogre** (26hp).

Treasure: 50gp, 2,000gp, sun blade; 5 *potions* (ESP, healing, heroism, longevity, polymorph self).

2. Cella / Exit Room: The ladder from below ends in this 20' square room. The room is surrounded by two rows of columns, resting on two stepped platforms, 6" high by 10' wide.

Encounter: A **Hill Giant** (46hp) wanders among the columns, guarding the entrance.

Treasure: In a cave nearby the **giant** has 2,000gp; *studded leather +3, a ring of fire resistance; and potions of speed and vampire control.*

1. Bronze Plaques: At each corner a plaque stands, which reads, "*Et redde transgressoribus ultimum pretium!*" (In common, "Those who trespass here will pay the ultimate price!").

Effect: Anyone who steps within the colonnade of pillars is affected by a *curse* spell (per the cleric spell) for a period of 1 hour.

SECRESS' RESCUE

by
Louis "sirlou" Kahn



A Construct Themed Adventure

Compatible with Most Fantasy RPG systems

Recommended for 4-6 player characters of levels 8 to 10

This setting was first published in September 2018 in **Cavalier Attitude** Issue II, Vol. 3

SEERESS' RESCUE

In this adventure your players will be called on to rescue a young seeress who has been kidnapped by a demonic cult. It is intended for 4-6 player characters of 8th to 10th level.

Seers and seeresses hold great power as they can see the future, like prophets. Their visions come to them in their dreams, and the things they dream come to pass. It is an innate ability and those who have it are born that way; with the power passing down along family lines.

Adventure Hook: The cult fiends intend to sacrifice the young seeress to summon their dark lord to this plane from the hells. Your players are to fight their way into the cult's lair, rescue the girl and stop the cult's summoning.

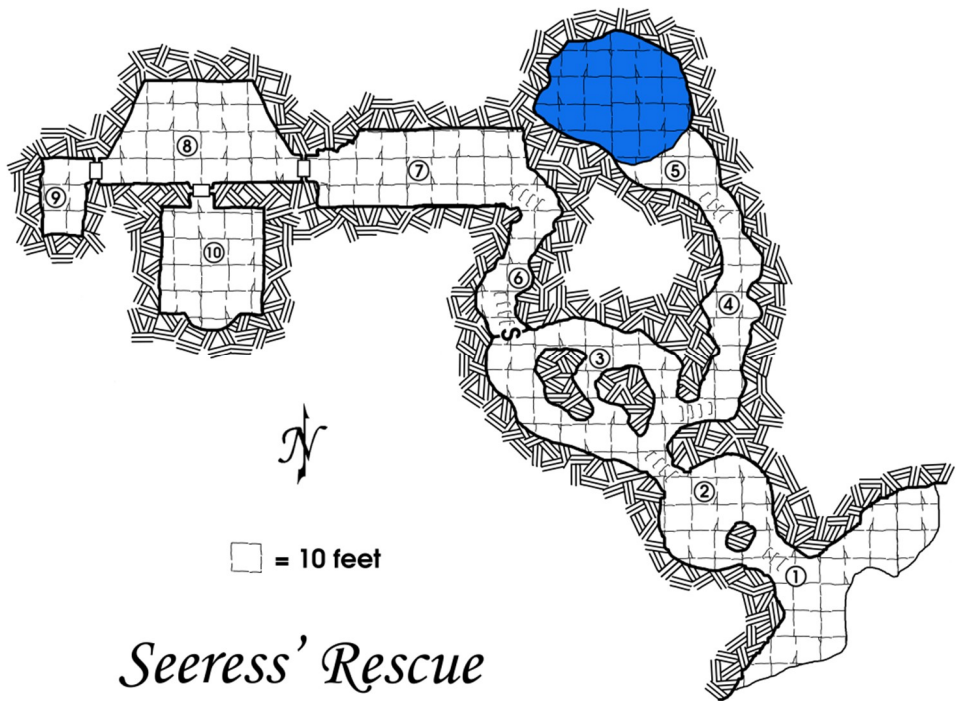
GM's note: Level appropriate treasure should be placed throughout the lair.

1. ENTRANCE: The entrance is dark and foreboding, with a cold wind issuing forth from inside. A large **grey ooze** (27hp) lies in wait on the ceiling.

2. CIRCULAR CAVERN: A 10' wide natural stone column lies at the chamber's entrance. A musty, metallic odor emanates from piles of rusty metal strewn about, the work of the two **rust monsters** (30hp) who make this room their lair.

3. THE MAZE: This irregularly shaped room is the lair of a **Minotaur Lord** (HD 6+3, 40hp) who wields a large *double bladed axe* +2 (D 1d10+2).

4. LONG HALLWAY: This long hallway descends 50' to Area 5. A **thought eater** (MV 15"; AC 6; HD 6+6, 42hp; #AT 4; D 1d4; SZ M) travels back and forth here, ready to mentally attack any interlopers.



Seeress' Rescue

5. KRAKEN LAIR: An immature kraken (HD 10, 60hp) rests within the deep waters that flood the northern portion of this huge chamber. The creature swam in via a crack in the pool's bottom and grew too large to exit. The monks feed it and keep it as a guardian.

6. SECRET HALLWAY: A *secret door* opens onto this hallway, which descends 50' to Area 7. When the players reach the mid-point **demon cult monks** (8HD; 48hp) spring down from a *trap door* in the ceiling and attack. There is one **monk** per PC.

7. PROCESSIONAL: This long chamber has a long row of columns on the north and south 10' sections, with the middle 10' clear. A **gorgon** (48hp) sits at the far west end of this colonnade. It charges to attack when players reach the midway point of the room.

8. ANTEROOM: This large irregular chamber serves as a meeting hall for the **cullists**. An ettin (60hp) has been left to guard the room while the **monks** perform their dark rites. It attacks the players on sight.

9. PRISON CELL: This chamber is sealed with a stout metal door, barred from the outside. A permanent *silence* spell blankets the room. If the door is opened a **greater medusa** (HD 7+3, 45hp) springs out and attacks.

10. SUMMONING CHAMBER: This large room is the summoning chamber. The **monks** are preparing to sacrifice the young **seeress**, who is gagged and bound to an obsidian altar in the southern alcove. There is one **demon cult monk** (8HD; 48hp) per PC, led by a 9HD **monk** (54hp). A **demoniac** (HD 7, 42hp) **7th level cleric** leads the ritual. They will stop their ritual to kill any intruders, offering up these souls to their lord along with the seeress'.



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ARTICLES: Felony Murder Hobos

Felony Murder Hobos: Law and Order in Medieval Campaigns

Players can often take great risks in a tabletop game because, as one of my players is fond of saying, "If you die in the game, you don't die in real life!" While this sort of risk taking is what makes the game so exciting for most, for some this sort of divorce from reality can lead them to make questionable or bad choices for their player characters; becoming the sort of vile "murder hobos" (e.g. wandering the lands and slaying and robbing with impunity) that most gaming tables and all fantasy realms want to avoid dealing with. This is where the GM comes in, as I see it, as I feel it is the GM's job to make the player's actions matter and have consequences in the fantasy realm.

Previously I wrote about how the GM can use alignment, and the meta fear of an alignment change, to keep their players in check, but this time I will be focusing on how to place some constraints on some of your player's worst tendencies through in-game mechanics: the long arm of the law! I believe the liberal use of legal procedures and proceedings in your campaign will not only aid the players, in terms of their immersion in the fantasy scenario, but it will also make the GM's life just a bit easier if the players develop a healthy respect for the authorities and try to constrain their actions to the reasonable bounds of society, the law and their local community.

The reason some players begin running rampant and violating all sorts of laws is because we, as GM's let them. If, however, we properly apply the rules and regulations of an ordered society players soon learn to

constrain their actions or pay the consequences. In addition, applying the law to your player's actions has the added bonus of creating great narrative tension! Your character has been thrown in jail? Time for a prison break! Your character is falsely accused of a crime, and then you better find the real criminal, and fast before the law catches up to you! Been banished from a territory for criminality, then it just makes having to get in that more thrilling. On the run from a criminal conviction, then you better expect to face bounty hunters now and again. A criminal who killed a player's loved one has escaped custody; they can be deputized to bring them to justice. As you can see, introducing legal systems into your campaign can lead to many fascinating and exciting adventures for your players!

*The GM's life will be easier
if their players develop
a healthy respect for
law and order.*

There have been numerous and varied codified legal systems throughout human history, stretching from the simple Code of Hammurabi to modern, complex legal systems such as the United States common law system. However, in the case of most of our tabletop games, the worlds we create are most similar to the medieval world here on Earth, with most settings taking place in a sort of mélange of cultures from that era. Thus, we look to the medieval law of the past as a potential analogy for the legal systems of our campaign worlds. These may then be expanded upon, and perhaps "enlightened" as

the GM wishes. This is actually strongly encouraged as humanity had no actual experience with two significant factors that shape our fantasy worlds, other races of beings (e.g. dwarves, elves, halflings, etc.) and magic, and thus they are inherently inadequate for our fantasy realms without tweaking for these factors.

A Survey of Medieval European Law

Law in medieval time was quite harsh and punishments were rather severe. Torture, as both a means of reaching the "truth" of the matter and as a punishment, was accepted and commonplace. Shaming and public humiliation were common means of expressing social control. Likewise, capital punishment was more commonplace than in modern society, and was seen as a public spectacle, useful for enforcing the power of the nobility. The role of the law in that time was to act as an overwhelming deterrent from committing crimes. However, given the basic inequality of medieval society, where some were nobles, some clergy and others commoners, some even indentured, the laws were not applied fairly or equally. If this were incorporated into your campaign, this too could provide wonderful fodder for player's interacting with their world: perhaps they might lead a peasant's revolt seeking to create an equal system of justice for all?

Given the stratification of medieval society, there were generally separate courts relevant to each class of society: the Church courts, run by the clergy, had jurisdiction over matters involving the clergy and issues of faith; the manor courts, run by nobles such as knights or barons, handled less serious legal matters

involving commoners and dispensed rough justice often via painful ordeals; and the royal courts, before the king or queen, which handled very serious matters such as murder, rape, treason and such, as well as most matters involving the nobility.

Generally though, for the average person, law was administered in the manor court by their local lord who ruled the swath of land wherein they resided, who had been empowered to rule and dispense justice over said territory by the noble lord above him or her in the feudal hierarchy, all the way up to the king or queen, whose court was the final say in medieval jurisprudence. During medieval times, the laws applied by the secular courts were heavily influenced by Roman law and the law of the Germanic barbarians who overthrew the empire. However, as it was the Dark Ages, the law was also heavily influenced by superstitions and beliefs of the church.

The manor courts were much swifter and crueler than what the modern world provides for, and there was no presumption of innocence and in fact the exact opposite applied: it was the responsibility and duty of the accused to prove their innocence. Innocence could be proven up by the accused in several ways, but mainly came down to two manners: by oath and by ordeal.

Proving innocence by oath, known as compurgation or wager of law, involved the accused swearing a solemn oath to their innocence and then producing sufficient "oath helpers" (i.e. witnesses) who would also swear to the accused's veracity and innocence. The number of oath helpers needed to prove innocence depended on the seriousness of the offense the person was accused of. The system was considered effective

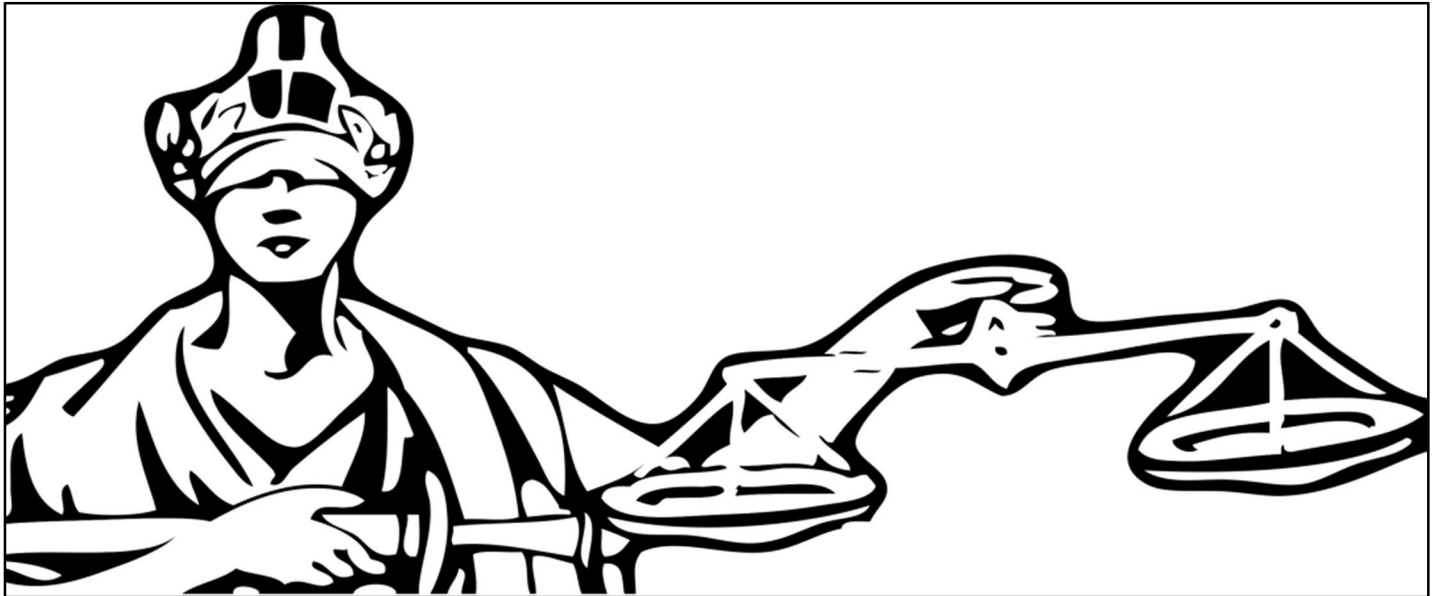
because it was generally believed that an "evil" or bad person could not obtain sufficient "oath helpers" to stand for them, while an honest and innocent person would have no problem doing so. Obviously there are flaws in this system, but in the smaller and closer knit communities of medieval times, it tended to work better than it could in modern times and communities. The lord would have the final say in these matters, and it was a boon to them to decide such cases as the penalty assessed was often a monetary punishment or fine paid to the noble for breaching the lord's peace.

Trial by ordeal was often cruel and influenced by superstition and religious beliefs.

Trial by ordeal was often cruel and influenced by superstition and religious belief. There were various ordeals that the accused might be ordered to endure to determine their innocence, but the basic concept was the same: if they survived the ordeal they were innocent and if they failed it (which usually resulted in their death or grievous injury), they were guilty. For example, in the ordeal by fire the accused would be required to take hold of a red hot metal rod, which would burn them. The wound would be bound and then in three days' time examined: if it had begun to heal they were innocent (as God had chosen to heal the innocent) but if the wound was festering or worsened then the accused was guilty. Regardless of their guilt or innocence, however, the person was likely horribly scarred both physically and mentally. In the ordeal by water, the accused would be submerged in water (sometimes bound and sometimes not) and if they floated or somehow made it to the surface they

were innocent, but if they sank or drowned they were considered guilty as it was thought God would not drown an innocent. There was also the ordeal by combat, generally reserved for nobles, in which the accused would fight their accuser and the victor of the battle (either by death or one of the combatants yielding) would be considered the innocent and truthful one, as it was believed God would protect the innocent warrior. However, it should be noted that again there was inequality built into the system as the noble personage was not required to engage in battle themselves but could appoint a champion to fight on their behalf. This is another flaw in the system as those nobles with great funds could hire the most experienced champion; but this is a flaw also leveled at modern jurisprudence, where it is argued the wealthy can hire the most experienced attorneys.

Now assuming you were found guilty by a manor court, and had not died in the proving of said guilt, it was not the domain of the lord to pass judgment and order punishment. As mentioned above, most lesser offenses resulted in fines and monetary punishment. However, more serious offenses drew swift and immediate punishment, as punishment by imprisonment such as we use in the modern world was not really practiced in medieval times. In that era, gaols were primarily used to simply hold prisoners until their trial. The punishments doled out were violent and barbaric by modern standards: people found guilty were commonly beaten; burned alive; boiled in oil; stretched on a rack; hung by the neck; quartered; drowning was a common practice; and amputations and mutilations were common, including removal of a hand, ear, tongue, eyes, fingers,



and branding. Shaming and humiliation were quite common punishments, including the pillory (in which the head and hands are imprisoned) and the stocks (in which the feet are imprisoned); the community would get involved in this punishment, including hurling insults and objects, kicking them, spitting on them, and subjecting them to other inhumane acts.

Applying the Law in Your Campaign

As we have seen, Medieval law was very strict; heavily influenced by superstition and theocracy versus logic; and was harsh and inhuman, applying what we in the modern world would consider cruel and unusual punishment. So then, how do you apply the law in your campaign in any meaningful way without making it a blood bath or some kind of witch hunt? I have found it is best done by injecting just a little bit of reason, fairness and sanity into the process, along with a healthy dose of magic. The first two things to consider are: (1) whether the fantasy society at issue has imprisonment/work camps as a penalty, and (2) whether it has corporal punishment, and if it does

whether it has the death penalty as its ultimate punishment. These two choices will be key as imprisonment or working off one's debt to society may be good deterrents to players who, as wandering adventurers, value freedom quite highly. Secondly, corporal punishment and the death penalty should, I feel, be used sparingly as a form of punishment in game, a punishment of last resort, and should generally **not** be carried out on players at all. This would just really seem to go against the spirit of the game, as far as I am concerned, and would take it to a dark place I do not prefer to go in my games.

However, that is not to say that the players cannot be *threatened* with this ultimate penalty, as that certainly adds tension and drama to the game. For example, let us assume your players were caught spying on an enemy in his keep, and they are told the penalty for this treasonous act is death. This provides great storytelling opportunities and adventure hooks, as this will clearly place them in a position where they will be looking to escape to avoid their execution or they might be willing to work for the enemy lord as

double agents in exchange for clemency.

This strategy of using the fear of punishment as a plot device can also be applied to the threat of long term imprisonment, as well as penalties for lesser offenses (e.g. if your players are caught stealing, perhaps they are sentenced to perform a task for those they stole from or some other task for the public good to make amends. Again, the goal of the GM should be to use the criminal law to create further story telling opportunities and adventures, and not as a means of retribution for the fictional wrongs, if you take my meaning.

As to how to educate your players about the laws themselves, I try to be fairly straight forward about this to place my players on notice their actions will have consequences. I like to have players immediately subject to restrictions when they enter a territory, e.g. by requiring them to surrender weapons within a town or have them restricted by "peace-knots"; I like to have postings of common laws placed around my territories (e.g. Theft is punishable in

these parts! Murders will be avenged! Battery will be prosecuted!). I also like to have a strong legal authority figure, such as a sheriff or mayor, responsible for keeping the peace and for letting new comers know what is expected of them. You might also have law courts which are public and meet in a town square, and have your players witness this. There are many ways in which you can clue your players into the fact they are in civilized, law abiding lands and I suggest you use as many as you feel necessary, so that when they violate the laws of the society, as they will do as brazen adventurers, you do not face cries and whinging on about not having known they would get in trouble!

Mage If Please the Court...

Lastly, when considering adding legal systems to your campaign, you must consider the two fantastical elements of roleplaying games which were referenced at the outset: different sentient races and the existence of magic.

Our discussion thus far has centered on human society, but with regard to the other sentient races, their societies might have very different approaches to law and order.

One can imagine, for example, that a much older and magic infused elven society might rely on magical means for determining truth and have done away with capital punishment in favour of other means of correcting anti-social behavior (e.g. perhaps those elves that cannot or refuse to conform to the law are sent on the Summerlands). Dwarves, for whom honour is synonymous with life, might have a system in which a dwarf's word was their solemn bond, and disputing it automatically invokes trial by combat for the offense. Gnomes,

logical tinkers as they are, might favour a system of trial by mechanical inquisition, with a "truth machine" used to detect physiological changes consistent with prevarications, such as increased heart rate, respiration, blood pressure and perspiration.

Halflings as a kind and sensible folk might favour a form of alternative dispute resolution and mediating claims over heavily legalist approaches to law enforcement, and perhaps might also favour forced labour over capital punishment. Also, it is important to note that the other race's rules might apply to only their own kind and transgressions by outsiders might be dealt with more harshly. Moreover, we should also consider what sort of "justice" one might encounter in an **Under Realm** city, among **dark elves**, **deep dwarves** and **shadow gnomes** - where the ethos of evil holds sway.

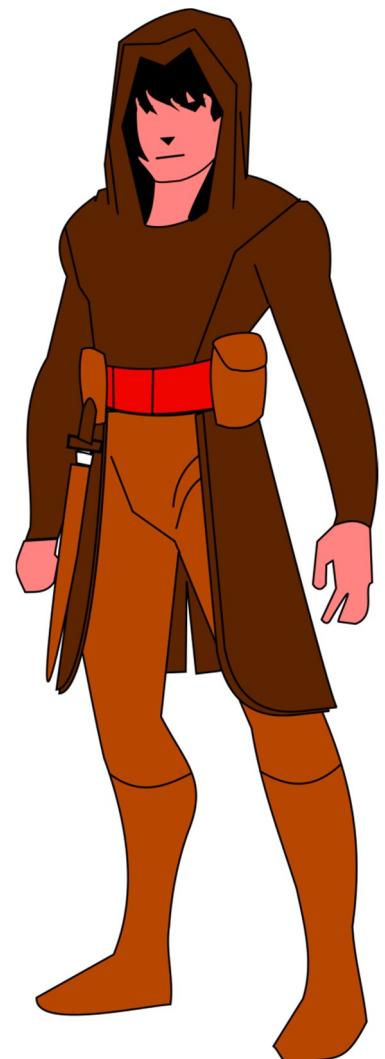
Moreover, turning to magic, it should be noted that there are numerous means by which information can be obtained from individuals via magic, and various ways in which they can be made to comply, against their will if necessary. Clerics excel at this task, and the clerics' spell list contains numerous enchantments which might be useful in a legal investigation: *command*, *speak with dead*, *detect lie* and so on.

Conversely, one must be cautious as numerous means also exist to conceal or obscure the truth, of which *charm person*, *forget*, and *suggestion* are a few examples while limited wish, wish and other reality distorting magics are serious impediments to the truth seeker. Magic items which approximate these spells must also be considered or guarded against.

Finally, one must consider how the Society at issue will deal with magic

and the law. Is it seen as common place to obtain a confession or learn the truth of a matter by magical means? Or is it perhaps seen as a violation of the civil rights of an accused to be forced to testify against themselves? Might magic only be used in serious crimes and not in minor offenses? Or perhaps against outsiders but not members of the community? All of these issues will need to be determined by the GM before putting a legal system into effect.

However you do it though, adding a legal system to your campaign is practically guaranteed to provide a huge amount of player immersion and narrative conflict that can really liven up your game!



ARTICLES: Loot Division

Loot Division: Methods for the Amicable Division of Treasure

You and your party have vanquished your foes and completed your quest. After making it back to civilization and paying for healing and identification of magical fare, you spread your booty on a table before you and bask in its bounty, the glow of the magic items...and then the fighting and name calling begins! Perhaps no topic causes more strife, conflict and hurt feelings around the gaming table than the division of loot.

There is a classic Erol Otus drawing, in the 1981 Tom Moldvay **Dungeons & Dragons™** Basic Set handbook, of three wizards fighting over a table of loot. The wizards all look angry and are grabbing at items and trying to pull them out of each other's hands. It is a fantastic image, it's hilarious, and it perfectly captures a moment in the fantasy world we have all experienced, as only the master illustrator Erol Otus can do. However, it is *not* what we want to see as GM or experience from a fellow player.

Treasure distribution should be done in a consistent manner and with an eye to fairness, so that your players do not get frustrated or harbor grievances against a comrade in arms, or against you as the GM for letting a greedy player take the lion's share of the loot. It's a tricky balance the GM must strike, but it's a key skill to master.

In the First Edition Dungeon master's Guide, the venerable Gary Gygax suggested three general rules for treasure distribution, paraphrased as follows: (1) equal shares; (2) shares by level, and (3) equal shares plus a roleplaying bonus. I will summarise each in turn below.

In an equal shares distribution, all player characters get an equal share of the loot right down the line, share and share alike. This has the benefit of being easy to administer and seems quite egalitarian.

My system of treasure distribution hews close to the First Edition model, but relies on significant GM direction of the process.

However, what if one or more players are several levels higher than their compatriots and have perhaps shepherded the lower level companions through an adventure? Is it fair that the players who did the most damage and took the most risk get only one share? This is where shares by level might be appropriate. The total number of levels of all players is tallied up, then the treasure divided by this number as one share, and players get one share for each level they possess.

When considering multi-classed players in the share by level system, Gygax suggested they receive half of their additional class levels added to their highest class level. Dual classed humans would receive experience for only the class they used during the adventure in the Gygaxian system.

Finally, in the equal shared plus bonus system, Gygax suggested that treasure be divided into the same number of shares as there are players, plus a couple more shares, and that these extra shares might be awarded to players for excellent role-playing, such as leadership, sacrifice or other excellence in playing their character.

Gygax also posited additional rules for the division of magical treasure separate from the rule for monetary treasure. These rules focused, once again on parity, and included allowances for exchanging one's monetary share of treasure for a magic item or conversely compensating those who did not receive a magic item with additional monetary compensation.

There were also rules to address henchpersons, allowing generally for one half share of experience or half their class level, based on which of the three systems was being employed. Again, the purpose of this was to bring some parity and fairness to the division of treasure.

These were fine, elegant and fairly simple rules...and in my experience, (especially as I began playing at a young age) they rarely resolved the real world problems we experienced as a group.

They certainly did not address what to do when you run into that one player who wants every single magical item found by the group, even those they cannot use. Nor do they function when a GM is facing that player who quibbles or gripes constantly about the distribution of treasure, while at the same time often seeking the majority of it for themselves.

Thus, over my four decades as a player and GM, I have come up with my own set of rules and procedures which govern the distribution of all loot, be it monetary or magical treasure, which I will share with you here. My own system hews very close to the goals of the First Edition distribution system, set forth above, but with perhaps a bit more GM direction than Gygax suggested.

In fact, my system of loot division tends to work best when it is primarily GM directed, with the player's consent naturally, as I will explain below. This system works very well with my group and I encourage you to try the same with your group. The key is to reach harmony in your real life players' reactions, regardless as to whether their player characters, as they are role-played, might gripe or grouse.

Most players opt for GM directed magical item distribution after not getting what they wanted once or twice.

The first step I take is to bring up treasure distribution directly and early on with a new group, or a new player to the group. Nowadays people refer to a "Session Zero" where such matters are often addressed, but it need not be that formal if your group does not function that way.

As I tend to play with friends and associates, I simply tell them the rules at the outset, explaining that I, the GM, will govern the distribution of monetary treasure and experience, and that I do so on an equal basis for all player characters to ensure smooth advancement of the group. This means that they will not be quibbling about who got what treasure as that is out of their hands, and they seem to accept that fairly well.

For my part, I explain my method of division to the players, so they will understand what is happening and so I can get them to buy into my system. My system is straight forward: all player characters will share equitably and fairly in treasure and experience. Each player will get one share,

except for NPCs and/or henchpersons who will get a half share, unless they bargain otherwise. We have had instances where NPCs did not want to go on a mission that seemed too dangerous and the party had to discuss it and agree to pay them full shares.

As to magical treasure, with a new group I give them a binary choice at the outset, as follows: (1) they can roll a die and then do a round robin for choice of items, with the highest choosing first and the second highest next, and so on; or (2) I, as the GM, can assign magic items to those players to whom I think the item is best suited.

I explain that they can change the system after each adventure, if they are dissatisfied. I find that most groups prefer to go with the round-robin choice *at first*, as the gambling nature of this type of system seems to draw them in. However, after they have not gotten the item they wanted once or twice, because of a low roll or because another player chose it first, they will generally opt to change to a GM directed distribution system.

This GM directed system is especially beneficial to players, (and I let them know it) in a game such as mine where I am running adventures I write myself, which I write with my players (or at least their archetypes) in mind. So I know which items I intended for which player, and once my players realize that as well, they buy into and feel comfortable with me directing the distribution of magical items to them.

You can accomplish this even if you are running a premade module, by simply modifying the magic items therein to more closely benefit your own players. For example, if the module provides for a *flaming two-*

handed sword, but you think the party's thief would benefit most from the weapon then you can simply change that weapon to a *flaming short sword*. Once your players know that you are trying to assign them the gear best suited to their class, abilities, and preferences, they will generally cede the magical treasure sorting to you.



Once players start down this path, I find it leads to a very harmonious and cooperative group. They will end up pooling resources more often, both monetary and magical. Healing potions tend to be for group use, and players seem to be interested in doing what is best for the party and often exchange or give each other magical items. They will often ask me if they can have a group treasure trove, usually in a magical bag of holding, which one strong party member will carry, with all of the party's earned but presently unused magic items.

This sort of peaceful cooperation among players regarding treasure allocation is far from the often heated arguments I have witnessed in the past, and it speaks, I think, to the benefits of players allowing the GM to distribute magical treasure. I heartily encourage you to try it with your group!

Ashes to Ashes: Dealing with Player Character Death

Adventuring is a dangerous life and few delvers live to a ripe old age. As the saying goes, death comes for all of us. We are (mostly) not sure of the hour of our death or how it will occur. The adventuring trade offers numerous and varied ways to meet one's end. The stab or crushing blow of a foe's mortal strike. Or it could be the acid trap the rogue failed to detect. Perhaps it is the deadly poison of an assassin's blade. Or maybe it comes from drowning in a watery trap, crushed by the weight of your amour. Also never forget a simple fall from a height is still a fairly common way to meet one's end while delving the deep and dark places of the realms. All these deaths and more besides await those who set out on the adventurer's path!

So how do we deal with player death? Much has been written over the years about player character deaths. There are scores of resources on how to deal with the emotional impact of a character's death, both on the other characters and on the players in the real world. Those discussions tend to focus on the issues of making the death meaningful or perhaps dealing with the "bleed" of those emotions into the real world.

That area is well covered in the literature and I have little more to offer except to say that player death is always a big deal and it should be treated as such by the GM, so the players learn it is possible (in fact, highly probable), so the game has some impact on them and they learn their actions have both consequences and perhaps more importantly meaning.

This article, however, is going to deal with a much more practical and straight forward topic: how to handle the character's in-game death in terms of their remains, their possessions and their holdings or titles, if any. We are going to talk about inheritance, and how your players can insure their character's legacy.

In short, we are going to talk about **last wills and testaments** in RPGs.

Back in the day, when my friends and I began playing D&D™ in the late 1970's, the game was so deadly we often played several characters.

Your players generally (at least in my campaign) manage to accumulate a lot of possessions: money, object d'art, mounts, gear, magical items, and the like – the acquisition of which was the reason many of them went adventuring in the first place. When they pass on, it is logical that, as in the real world, they would want to have some say in how their remains are dealt with and their possessions are distributed. Thus, they are going to need a last will and testament to ensure their wishes are taken into account after their passing; and making sure they are not ignored!

Back in the day, when my friends and I began playing D&D™ in the late 1970's, the game was so deadly we often played several characters. We might make them siblings or a parent and child or cousins, or gave them silly Hobbit inspired rhyming names like Slugo, Dougo, Lugo and Mugo. We always made sure to have a will so that when poor Slugo met his end on the wrong side of a kobold's spear, that Dougo would be able to

get his gear and treasure, and carry on in his name ("I shall avenge thee, Slugo!"). This was the standard operating procedure for us and most kids we played with, and at some point a brief last will section was even added to the official **TSR** character sheets, on the very bottom of the very last page. It was an acknowledgement that you wanted your legacy, well the legacy of your player character, to live on!

Flash forward a few decades and this idea of having a **last will** for your character seems to have gone out of vogue. A will section is not included in the current **Wizards of the Coast** character sheets for the Fifth Edition, and I see no mention of it in the Fifth Edition Player's Handbook™ or Dungeon Master's Guide™. Perhaps this is because death is not as common in the modern game, with its short and long rests to regain healing spells and its "death saves", but it's still a downright common occurrence at Old School Gaming tables.

For that reason I want to reintroduce (or just *introduce* for those new to the **OSR** movement who were not around to play in the old days) the concept of drafting a character's **last will**. On the next page I have created a **template** for a character's **last will**: it should be filled out when the character is created, it is recommended the GM be the witness to the will (or the GM in their capacity as a powerful or significant NPC in their campaign world). The player should list what they want done with their body, name an executor, make individual bequests (conditional, if they wish) and then a final catch all bequest. Copies of the document should then be kept by both the player and the GM. Finis!

Knowing Not the Hour of My Death, but wishing to provide for and maintain my legacy, I, _____, a humble, _____, from the town of _____, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make and set forth my testament concerning my material possessions, in the following manner.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

on conditions that _____.

To _____, I leave the following: _____.

on conditions that _____.

As to the remainder of my estate, including all my material goods and chattels whatsoever, including all of my holdings, titles, and any rights and privileges appurtenant thereto, after my debts have been paid and my testament fulfilled, I leave to _____.

As for my mortal remains, I wish to be _____ and the expenses for said disposition to be paid from my estate.

I hereby name as the executor of my testament _____.

By my signature hereupon, and that of the witnesses thereto, it is affirmed this is my last will and testament, drawn up on the day and year indicated below.

PLAYER'S SIGNATURE DATE

WITNESS' SIGNATURE DATE

ARTICLES: Cavalier Round-Up

Cavalier Round-up: These charts provide a complete index of every issues of this zine, past and present, for your use.

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FANTASY FICTION: Prue's Fate

Prue's Fate

by Louis "sirlou" Kahn

This short story tells the tale of a brave but unfortunate thief who got a bad tip and ended up trying to burgle the wrong home: the demesne of an anti-paladin!

*Our story takes place in the city of **Baile Atha Quinith**, the capitol city of the prosperous and free nation of **The Red Eagle Barony**. The story unfolds at the witching hour, in an unassuming manor house nestled in the quiet and well patrolled streets of the merchant quarter of this grand old burgh.*

* * *

It was an overcast, star-less night: perfect for a bit of burglary! Prue checked her gear one last time: she visually inspected her lock picks, made sure no shiny metal gear was visible to catch a bit of stray firelight, and her rope and grappling hook one last time. Everything was good. She should be in and out of this place within an hour if all went according to plan. The place was deathly silent and after casing it for a good half hour she'd seen no sign of life within. It looked like the master of the demesne and his staff were gone, as she had been told. As she lifted a black mask to cover her face, Prue whispered to herself, "This is going to be an easy score!"

* * *

As the glow of firelight seeped through her closed eyelids, Prue realized with a start that she had been unconscious. As she came fully aware, she kept her eyes closed and reached out with her other senses. She heard a crackling fire, the sound

of someone...no, two people shuffling around, and an odd rapping or clacking sound she could not place. As she sat there trying to gauge her surroundings, the shuffling sounds came closer...and as the smell hit her, a smell of death and decay, her memory came flooding back with a vengeance!

She had made it easily over the manor's stone wall, and was crossing the yard silently, hiding in the shadows as she went. She was sure no one had seen or heard her. She was just approaching one of the back doors when she felt a tug on her foot. Thinking she's gotten stuck on a root, she looked down and was shocked to see a skeletal hand grasping her ankle.

As she kicked at the hand and tried to free herself, another skeletal hand grabbed her other ankle. Then two skeletons slowly dragged themselves out of the soft dirt of the garden she'd just been walking through. As they yanked at her ankles she felt herself falling, and braced for impact. Then all of a sudden, out of the darkness ahead, two shambling creatures appeared, their rotting flesh clinging to their exposed bone and reeking of death. They reached out to break her fall, and one brought a heavy meaty fist crashing down on her head and then all had gone black.

Her thoughts returned to the present as two hooded guards, who held her in their iron-fisted grips, shook her viciously. Prue cursed angrily and creatively under her breath, as she struggled feebly against her captors.

The hooded figure before her let out a guttural snicker which held no warmth, and stepping out of the shadows, removed its deep hood. Prue saw a cold man whose smile did not reach his eyes.

"Hey, mister...", she began, hoping to talk her way out of this mess, but before she got another word out the man's gauntleted hand flew up and struck her hard in the face. Reeling from the blow, with blood filling her mouth, she tried to speak again, but the man placed a long gauntleted finger on her cracked and bloody lips. "Tut, tut," he said, almost conversationally, "you shall speak *only* when spoken to. You *will* answer my questions or you *will* die tonight." There's that creepy smile again, part of her brain thought as the rest focused on finding an escape route.

She cursed again, inwardly this time, at her bad fortune. She had only come to burgle this manor house because she'd gotten a tip from her fence, Toben Twofingers. He'd said the owner, some fighter type who kept a low profile and tended to hug the shadows like a thief, was away adventuring...or engaged in dark skulduggery, if you believed the rumours about town. She should have known the intel was too good to be true, and she just now realized Toben must still be sore about the fake gems she'd passed off to him last week..."





BAILE ATHA QUINITH: THE CASTLE AND MERCHANT QUARTER

Crack! The man's hand struck her hard across the face again, interrupting her thoughts; she felt bone break in her nose and blood began gushing into her throat in a torrent, choking her. Hands grip her tightly on both sides of her head and she was jerked painfully forward. She found herself standing mere inches from the miserable, scary bastard as his eyes bored into her. "Focus, dearie!" he said as he squeezed her head painfully. "Who sent you? Why are you here? Answer now and I let you live."

Looking into the man's dead, soulless eyes she knew she was in deep trouble. The man seemed utterly devoid of emotion as he was slowly

crushing her head. Prue heard or maybe she felt (the pain was so *intense* she could not be sure at this point) something snap in her head and she cried out. She had to give up Toben immediately, she realized, if she was going to survive at all.

"The bastard deserved it anyway", she thought, as she blinked rapidly to signal to the man she wanted to speak.

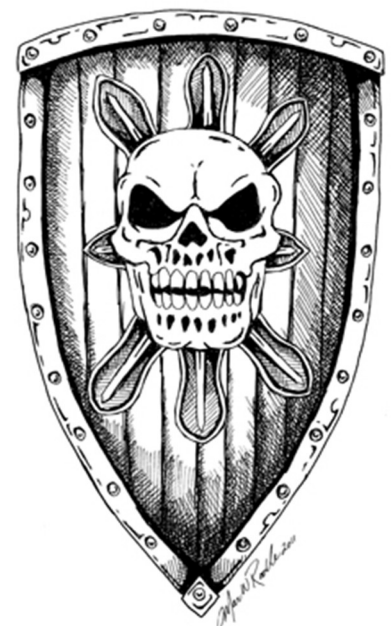
She gasped as he let go of her head. Pain overwhelmed her for a moment and she nearly passed out. She slurred as she said, "It was Toben the fence in Copper gate; he sent me here. He said you was an easy mark, mister. I swear I've never seen or

heard of ya before, and if ya let me go that'll be true again for the rest of my days, I swear it."

She just finished this outburst before nausea overtook her and she vomited down the front of her tunic. Prue let herself slump in the guards' grip, unable to stand any further, and hoping that the cruel man might let her live.

The man smiled at her again, although this time it was a sneer, as he said, "I don't care who you are or who this Toben is." Prue saw him draw a shimmering blade from the scabbard at his hip. "All I care about it is that you are on my property, I don't know you, I have no further use for you...and so you die." As he spoke these last words the man stepped forward and plunged the blade into her chest. "But," Prue gurgled as she felt her life's blood spilling out. The man cocked his head as if in thought.

The last words Prue heard on this plane were, "Oh yes, I lied about sparing you. I'll be killing Toben shortly, if that makes you feel better, not that I care. You two, don't just stand there like dolts, take it away now...quickly, quickly."



Fantasy Fiction: The Trouble Twins (Parts I and II)

The Trouble Twins (Part I)

by Louis “sirlou” Kahn

This short story concerns two scions of the elven family Glamrenthal, a male elf and his half elven sister known as the Trouble Twins, and the history of this ancient and powerful elven clan.

*Our story takes place in the beautiful elven city of **Silmaornë**, an ancient elven stronghold hidden deep in the wild and uncharted **Dlútha Forest**, within the **Red Eagle Barony**. The story unfolds one evening at the dinner hour, in the great hall of the elves, high up in the boughs of one of the silver barked trees which gave the elven stronghold its name.*

* * *

PART I:

“Who are those two,” the elf noble asked his wife, pointing with his chin toward a curious pair at the end of the bar, a male elf and a female half-elf as alike as to be twins. He had to lean in and whisper in her ear to be heard over the babel of conversation in the great hall tonight. As he pulled away he noted, with appreciation, his wife’s intoxicating scent.

“Ah, you’ve not heard of them?” she asked. “You have been away from home for quite a while, haven’t you?” she questioned, as she leaned in and kissed him affectionately on the cheek.

With a twinkle in her eye, the elf maid inclined her head toward an alcove, where plush couches sat beneath an open skylight, revealing all of the wonders of the heavens. “Come my love,” she said, “and let me introduce you to the tale, good sir, of the *Prestannen Gwanûn*, whom the

humans refer to as The Trouble Twins: *Hûlwen ‘Lorelei’ Glamrenthal* and her half-brother *Arrador Glamrenthal*.”

As they walked toward the alcove the husband mused, “Glamrenthal, eh? From *Brethil Bar*? That family has quite a history, and the gods have not always been kind to them.”

“Indeed, they have not,” the wife replied as they entered the alcove. “But I think that perhaps, with these two, the gods may finally have smiled upon their lineage, for I sense greatness in them...if they don’t get themselves killed first,” she laughed.

As they entered the alcove he took a seat and she sat across from him. She reached over and poured each of them a glass of wine, fermented from the flowers that grew in abundance in their forest home.

Their village of *Silmaornë* lay less than two leagues from the ruined elven city of *Brethil Bar*, home of House Glamrenthal clan, yet it was completely unknown to humankind. The superstitious humans tended to avoid the woods generally, and had known *Brethil Bar* as *Caisleán Sí*, or the Otherworldly Castle in their language. *Silmaornë* had avoided mortal notice throughout history as it was a magical realm, which rumour claimed existed both in the forest and in the land of Faerie at the same time.

The wife cleared her throat, to begin her tale, and as she did so several elves looked her way. Sensing a story in the offing, many of them rushed to the alcove to hear the tale, as she was known as a storyteller of some

great renown at court.

Her husband looked slightly annoyed, as he had wanted time alone with his wife, and was about to say something when he caught her subtle look of pleasure at the gathering crowd. She loved to perform for an audience, and who was he to complain? They had the eons together; let the others have one night of her attention. He settled in as more of the fair folk gathered. Someone began strumming a harp, providing a gentle hypnotic tune for her to weave her tale over, and she spake thusly:

“The *Glamrenthal* Twins. Theirs is a tale of love; of great love lost and love found. Their mother, some of you may recall, is the beautiful and fiery *Lothel* of House *Glamrenthal*, a well-regarded clan of minstrels and storytellers from *Brethil Bar*. While not royalty themselves, the clan has benefitted greatly over the eons from their connections to the great houses of our people. For it has always been, down the ages, that House *Glamrenthal* provided the royal houses of the elvish court with some of the most accomplished and beloved minstrels and troubadours.

“*Lothel* was a grand actress, dancer and acrobat in her time, and was married at the quite young age of 173 to a young, strapping elf lord named *Maethon*, scion of another well positioned house, known for producing warriors of great might. Their union was a happy one and they sired a child, young *Arrador*. Despite showing promise and a connection to magic at a young age, the lad was funneled into his family’s

martial training program: to be trained as a protector of the Elvish people, like his father.

"Theirs was a life of seemingly endless bliss, until tragedy struck this young family, as most often befalls we fair folk, while they were venturing into human lands.

"*Lothel* and her acting company had agreed, at the request of the ruling family of *Brethil Bar*, to attend and perform at the grand coronation of some local upstart human lord, by the name of Guether. His clan had managed to carve out a foothold in the nearby river valley and, as humans do, they had swarmed over it like ants on a hill and thrown up a rickety keep and proclaimed themselves "Lords" of all they surveyed. Typical human arrogance, thought our kin, but it's best to keep on their good side as the short lived brutes are quite dangerous when offended, and they breed like rabbits.

"*Lothel's* troupe had a quartet of warriors to protect them, including *Maethon*. The journey to the human settlement was brief and uneventful, the performance stunned the poor dullard humans into slack jawed awe, and the whole affair would have been a huge success but for the fact Lord Guether had not, as he claimed, tamed the lands around his keep.

"On their way back to *Brethil Bar*, the elvish party was set upon by an orcish war band looking to carve out their own home in the territory opened up by the humans' pacification efforts. It was a large war party of nearly three score orcish warriors and archers, and a shaman leading the rabble. Despite their superior skill at arms, our kin were outnumbered: slowly they were picked off, one by one. *Lothel* held her beloved *Maethon* as he died in her arms, while the skirmish swirled

around them. She wept in great heaving throes as she felt his eternal life force dissipate: he would never reach the elven Summer Lands at his Journey's End.

"The pain was nigh on unbearable, and something snapped deep inside this gentle being. As the last of her dear companions fell dead beside her, she took up *Maethon's* beautiful elvish longsword, stained dark with orcish blood, and her own slim rapier, and charged the enemy. Blinded by rage and sorrow she danced the *liltha gorth*, the dance of the dead."

The wife noticed a few blank stares, and continued, "I see some of the younger ones here have not heard of this, and I'm not surprised. This ritual dance is an ancient and rare secret, shared with few outside the *Glamrenthel* clan. It is majestic and terrible to behold. The dancer weaves a web of death through the precise movements of the dance, activated by the arcane keening song which accompanies it. The dancer draws upon their very own eternal life force to power their attacks and they are nearly unstoppable.

"However, the truth of the matter is that the dancer is simply not cognizant of the blows landing upon them or the pain or loss of blood. Once the song has ended, however, the dancer must pay the price. Their wounds and the life force drain immediately catch up to them, usually resulting in their demise: thus the dance's name.

"As *Lothel* flew into the orcish ranks that day, tears of rage streaming down her cheeks, she moved so quickly she was but a blur, with only an arcing arterial spray or a lopped off orcish limb marking her passage through the orcish ranks. So fell was her onslaught that her first charge

took her straight through to the other side of the orcish forces, leaving nearly a dozen orcs dead.

"A wise and unclouded mind might have considered flight, but *Lothel* sought the release of the dance's inevitable conclusion, so great was her grief. So before the drops of blood trickling off her body, from wounds she never felt, could hit the ground, she had whorled about and leapt back into the fray. To kill all the enemy and die trying, to avenge her family, to avenge her love: this was her only truth.

"*Lothel* was so focused on her dance that she was completely unaware of a company of mounted humans that had joined the battle. These men, a traveling company, heard the braying of the elvish horns, the orcish war drums and the eerie keening call of her battle dance, and had charged toward the sound, hoping to come to the aid of a troubled party if they could. They had arrived atop the hill overlooking the battle just as *Lothel* had begun her dance.

"The company, led by a gallant young human captain by the name of Engol Moors, had not hesitated a moment on viewing the carnage below, and had charged the enemy flank right at the moment of *Lothel's* second attack.

"Between the losses from the original skirmish with the elven band and the casualties from *Lothel's* charges, the orcs could not withstand the trampling assault of twenty horse mounted cavalry. They were beaten; their ranks broke and it became every orc for themselves as they turned and fled before the humans and the mad elf maiden.

"The orc shaman, however, did not flee. He stood his ground and met *Lothel* toe to toe in a final pitched

battle. The shaman chanted and swung his club, a blackish-purple light creeping along the length of the weapon. Despite her diving and weaving, it seemed a dark otherworld force aided the shaman's blow or perhaps the dance was taking its toll: regardless, the blow struck *Lothel* firmly and cruelly in her chest. The sickening crunch of bone snapping was loud enough to carry over the battle din. *Lothel* was knocked from her feet to lay panting on the ground several feet away from the shaman.

"Engol Moor watched in stunned silence: in awe at the elf maiden's martial prowess and terrible fae beauty. His heart swelled as he saw her spend the last of her strength attempting to avenge her kin.

"As the shaman drew close and prepared to deliver a killing blow, he barked a harsh laugh at *Lothel* and mimicked her tears. The orc drew his club back high over his head, and prepared to bring it crashing down to end the elf's life. Just then, however, the orc was distracted by a blood curdling scream from Engol. The man charged headlong at the orc, knowing there was no way he could reach the creature in time to stop the downward arc of its club. The orc snorted and turned back to the elf, only then recognizing its folly. The distraction had bought *Lothel* the scant seconds she needed to gather her strength. Through the haze of her pain and impending death, *Lothel* rose impossibly fast and lunged forward at her wretched foe.

"Drawing upon every last ounce of life force in her, *Lothel* drew a painful, wheezing breath and screamed the name of her beloved, 'Maethon!' the word coming forth in a spray of blood from her lips, as she sprang up and ran both her blades through the stunned shaman. They stood swaying

there together for a moment, orc and elf, while the last of their life blood leaked and mingled on the dry earth. The orc squealed its last and the elf maid laughed and then fell silent.

"The fight was over before Engol's steed had even taken two full strides, and he quickly reined his mount in as he approached the combatants. Their bodies separated and crumpled to the ground, seemingly dead before him. As Engol hurriedly dismounted, the elf maid's eyes locked with his, for but a moment, but in those eyes he witnessed a smile that did not reach her dead lips. He saw a deep, abiding peace and something more: a profound gratitude for giving her the time she needed to avenge her loved ones; for giving her the opportunity for a good death."

PART II:

"Given this was the moment of *Lothel's* death, and because of her profound gratitude and joy at not failing her clan, she shared a *soul* gaze with the human warrior, baring herself and letting him see deep into her otherworldly soul. He looked into the heart of the *fae*, never shared with mortals. What he saw stunned him; it was so powerful he could never explain it to anyone, not even his offspring in days to come, except to say he saw in her more beauty of spirit than he had ever imagined existed. In that moment, he fell madly and deeply in love with her.

"Engol Moor threw himself from his mount. He knew then and there, as the fates had always cursed him, he had been robbed most cruelly. He had lost his heart to this amazing creature in the moment of her death! He ran over and, driving his sword into the shaman's head for good measure, grabbed up the elf woman

and sprinted back to his steed. He barked orders to his Second over his shoulder: instructing him to mop up the stragglers, burn the Orc corpses, and give the Elves a proper burial. He then rode off to the nearby human keep, to see if there might be a way to save the brave woman.

"As Engol approached the gates of the keep the guards saw the bleeding elf corpse he carried and threw open the gates to admit them. They were rushed into the keep, through the inner bailey, and ushered right into the Royal chambers, where the Lord and his most puissant advisers had assembled. *Lothel* was laid, bloody and torn, on a cold stone table and deathly silence fell.

"Realizing the diplomatic trouble he was in, and concerned over the very real threat of elven retribution for the loss of their folk on his lands, the Lord of the keep instructed his seneschal to open his vault and bring forth the most powerful magics his family had.

"As the assembled nobles pored over the arcane items, looking for a way to heal *Lothel*, Engol wept salty tears for this magnificent elf maiden. Sensing she had expired, he nonetheless took a cloth and bathed her numerous wounds and tried, as best he could, to close her mortal chest wound.

"After deliberation, Lord Guether and the seneschal brought forth a very old, crumbling scroll. Being a woman of the gods, the seneschal pulled a holy symbol from beneath her robes of office and, unrolling the scroll before her, she began to chant as she read from the parchment. As she did this a bright light began to steadily grow in the room, seemingly coming from within the elf maiden.

"Meanwhile, the Lord took Engol aside and despite not knowing the

man, confided in him in a low and mournful tone, "Yon scroll has been a prized possession of my family for years and I hoped to never need to use it, but have kept it safe in case of dire circumstances, which these surely are. It contains a spell to revive the dead. I pray it works on an eternal elf; I know not if it will. If it does not I fear this kingdom I have wrested from the wilderness may be swept from this world by the wrath of the Elves or the Orcs...or both."

"As they spoke, the chanting continued behind them for several minutes. The light growing within the maiden grew brighter and brighter. Wherever the light touched, her wounds were healed. Engol watched in amazement as sinew, muscle, bones and skin knitted back together!

"The praying stopped and the seneschal nearly fell over from exhaustion, propping herself up on the stone table.

"As those assembled stood numbly in shock and stared at *Lothel's* body, her chest quivered, she arched her body back against the hard stone table and a very thin cry escaped her lips, something in the elvish tongue none of them understood, and then she fell back down to lie flat, her chest slowly rising and sinking as she began to breathe again. The colour returned to her skin and she seemed to be in a deep, natural slumber. Engol tore off his cloak and draped it over her sleeping form to preserve her modesty. It had been a truly miraculous cure indeed!

"At this point, servants were called for and the seneschal was led off to her chambers, to rest after her great undertaking. The assembled nobles also left the chamber, to allow the maids to clean and redress the elf maiden. Once that was completed,

they carefully and gently lifted her, to move her sleeping form to nearby guest chambers to recuperate.

"The nobles returned just as the elf maiden was being carried out. As Engol Moor passed her, she suddenly opened her eyes and grabbed his arm, piercing him again with her penetrating gaze. He clumsily attempted to pat her hand to comfort her. Tears ran down her cheeks as she held him in her gaze. The look lasted for but a moment, but it seemed like an entire lifetime to Engol. Then *Lothel* inclined her head ever so slightly, one edge of her mouth quivering in a brief, wan smile at him. His heart ached as if it was going to explode and he knew he was well and truly fated to love this woman.

"Love is lost and love is found. As *Lothel* healed in mind and body, she came to know the man that had given her death meaning and then saved her from it. In the weeks and months that followed, as she was still too weak from being *resurrected* to travel, she mourned her husband and the friends she lost. Engol refused to leave her side and often simply sat in silence with her, through day and night, providing comfort by his presence.

"The Lord had a monument erected at the site of the battle and an ornate crypt erected for the fallen elves. Artisans from the elvish community came to work on the crypt, and it was an elegant masterpiece. The Lord renamed the area Glamrenthel Glen: in honour of the brave and proud elf maiden that had fought there and in remembrance of her slain kin.

"Once *Lothel's* health improved, she and Engol were often seen walking the keep's grounds together, sometimes in companionable silence

sometimes in animated discussion. They were rarely separated during this time.

"When *Lothel* was once again able to return home to *Brethil Bar*, or **Caisleán Sí** as the humans knew it, she did so under the protection of an honour guard of one hundred of Lord Guether's mightiest warriors, led by the Lord himself. They were accompanied by an equal contingent of elven warriors of *Maethon's* clan, led by their son *Arrador* (who had gratefully visited her several times during her convalescence). Engol Moor insisted that he and his Company should ride alongside *Lothel* as her personal bodyguards, and none could dissuade him.

"Upon their safe arrival in elven lands, Lord Guether bade his farewell to the elves. The Lord told Engol he wished to employ his Company to bolster his forces at the keep as an elite guard, at quite a princely sum, if he was so inclined. Engol thanked the Lord for his generous offer but declined.

"Sensing some of Engol's desires, and wishing to keep such puissant warriors in his employ, Lord Guether made him another offer that would keep him near to his heart's desire, which he believed the love struck fool would ne'er refuse.

So after some further discussion it was agreed Engol's Company would establish a human garrison near the elvish lands, to provide support and assistance to both elf and human forces alike, under the Lord's banner and with the elves' grudging acceptance.

"Given his proximity and duties, Engol was able to call upon *Lothel* whenever he visited elven lands, and despite some indecorous comments

and amused glances from brittle traditionalists among the elven community, his presence was for the most part accepted.

“Over time, as *Lothel’s* heart healed, their connection grew and their own bond strengthened. One day, as it does, love blossomed from their deep friendship, and after a short courtship (considered madly brief by elven standards) the pair wed, with members of the noble houses of both races in attendance at the celebration of their momentous union.

“The following spring, a daughter was born to the couple; named *Hülwen* by the elves and “*Lorelei*” by her father, after his own mother. The child was trained in the art of being a minstrel of house *Glamrenthel*, for which she showed great propensity and also displayed prodigious natural gifts.

“Around this time *Arrador*, grappling with the nature of mortality due to this father’s death at an early age (unlike most elves that live for eons) became convinced he must follow his own heart’s desires: and so he began studying magic alongside his martial training. His desire to learn magic soon became insatiable.

“*Arrador*, perhaps due to the mortal influence of his step-father and half-sister, strove to learn magic faster, to gain more power over arcane forces than his staid elven tutor’s thought was good for him. Being from a long lived race, the tutors expected him to slowly absorb and study magical theory and history for years before actually practicing the craft.

“*Arrador* was having none of that and he began practicing magic on

his own, and began using his rudimentary mage-craft alongside his martial skills while on patrol with his step-father’s company, protecting the region’s frontier.

“As an elf among humans and a mage among warriors, *Arrador* invariably felt like an outsider, distant from most folk except for his little sister, who he adored, and who shared the same feelings as he.

“For her own part, *Hülwen* never felt completely accepted in elven society as a result of her mixed race. Perhaps it wasn’t acceptance she lacked, but it was just that she never felt understood. The half-elf had grown up always feeling apart from her elvish peers, as she matured much more rapidly than them. All except for her big brother, in whom she had found a kindred spirit.

“Thus, as time went on *Hülwen* had taken to practicing her bardic craft by entertaining at the nearby human community at the keep, with her brother *Arrador* always at her side, providing protection as they traveled together. Theirs was a deep and abiding love born of mutual admiration and a deeper understanding of their being “different”.

“Because of the trouble and heroics they sometimes became involved in, the siblings had become known by the elves as *Prestannen Gwanûn*, or “The Trouble Twins” as the humans called them; and they couldn’t be happier about it.

“Recently it seems the pair have met up with some like-minded folk and they are setting off on some adventure. In fact, if the rumours are true they are meeting them in this

very tavern tonight. Look there...”, the story teller paused to point at the *Glamrenthals* again. A pair of humans, a halfling and a *dwarf*, of all things, could be seen greeting and glad-handing with the two at the bar. The crowd’s eyes all followed the storytellers, and an audible gasp went through them as they realized the story was going on right before their very eyes! A trill of giggles and polite applause followed, and the storyteller inclined her head in a slight bow, accepting the praise and also indicating her tale was complete.

Quite a few of the assembled elves came and paid tribute to the storyteller as they filed out of the alcove they’d been seated in. As the last of the fair folk left, the elf lord sidled up to his wife, lifting her long silken hair to gently kiss her long pale neck, and whispered in her ear, “Lovely story, my dear.” The wife laughed and swatted him playfully as they collapsed on the divan, staring up at the stars wheeling above, telling their own never-ending tale.



The Unstuck Spy

by Louis "sirlou" Kahn

You were hot on the trail of new leads to finding the true murderer of your former master, the King's Spymaster. You had narrowed the suspect list down to three potential targets:

❖ **The Queen:** Rumours claimed she was having an illicit affair with the head of the local warrior-priest's temple, that she was with child and that the Spymaster was going to expose her infidelity to the King and the fact the child was not his.

❖ **The King's Illegitimate Brother:** A robber-lord who rules a band of brigands in the deep woods (The Spymaster discovered he had a double agent at court who was plotting to poison the King, but unfortunately he never revealed to you who that traitor was before his death.)

❖ **The Court Mage:** The Spymaster told you the woman was dabbling in dark arts and he believed she had become the thrall of a demonic lord with plans on invading the prime material plane.

You thought you'd begin the final part of your investigation by checking on the **Court Mage** first. While she was attending a thaumaturgy conference one night you used your considerable thieving skills to break into her suite in the castle. Finding a hidden passageway, you followed it down to her laboratory. There, among the bookshelves, cauldrons, beakers and other magical equipment, you spied an arcane circle, in the form of a pentagram, inscribed on the floor. A black, leather bound book, with silver sigils on the front, sat within the circle.

Examining the floor and then the book, you found no sign of any traps and, since nothing else seemed to jump out at you, you opened the book to examine its contents. You were hoping it was a journal with incriminating passages or that it would at least provide further clues.

What you *did not* expect to see inside the book was a "void": where the pages should have been was simply a yawning, empty black space... which your brain registered for a split-second before you were pulled, screaming into that void. Your body was transformed to pure energy and dragged wholly into the void; the book consumed you and then fell with a thud to land back on the floor within the arcane circle.

The mage dispelled her invisibility spell and laughed deeply and with great relish as she stepped over to the circle and, being sure not to open the book, gingerly picked it up and took it over to a bookshelf. She placed a small platinum chain around it, whispered an incantation, and the chain clamped shut around the tome. She was glad to be rid of the pesky, upstart junior spy who had been snooping around her affairs too much lately. She stepped lightly, full of renewed energy, as she climbed the stairs and sealed the secret door behind her.

* * *

Meanwhile, inside the void...

Once you were pulled into the void you experienced the strangest sensation, as if you were standing still but the "empty" was moving around you. After a moment or an eternity,

you were not sure which, you saw light begin to "form" (if that was the right way to say it; it had not existed and then it existed) all around you, and suddenly you were someplace else. You were in a place of tall metallic mountains, with strangers in odd clothes, there was a tremendous din, and you saw a great metal dragon fly overhead. Startled, you took a step back...

And you found yourself in a swamp, with huge leafy plants rising high above your head. There were strange leathery "birds" (like small dragons, perhaps) circling overhead and you heard the sound of thunderous footsteps nearby. Suddenly, there was a huge roar very close by and the ground shook so mightily that you stumbled and fell to your knees...

And when you looked up, you found yourself in a room made completely of metal and some form of stiff, shiny material you had never seen before. Strange dark mirrors were everywhere, but they showed only minimal reflections and mostly displayed rows and columns of indecipherable figures.

Looking over your shoulder you saw a window, and you moved to look out at the night sky, only to find, to your immediate shock, that you were again in the void, only this time there were innumerable stars present and you were apparently "floating" within the stars in your metal room. You could see a strange sight out there, a globe of blue, green, brown and white that looked somehow familiar and yet totally alien.

You were not sure what was going on but it seemed you had somehow become “unstuck”, for lack of a better word, from the world. You appeared to be rapidly moving from one world to the next and, the thought suddenly occurred to you, perhaps you’d never stop! Panic began to seize you: you could feel your breathing becoming shallow and your heart racing, as if it were about to explode! You sat down hard on the unyielding metal floor...

And you closed your eyes to minimize your intake of stimuli, ease your muscles and control your breathing to slow your heart rate, as the Spymaster had taught you. Eventually the panic began to subside. You could feel the ground beneath you and it felt like stone, cold regular stone, and you felt relief wash over you. Convinced now that your visions were the doing of a trap on the book, a spell or a poisonous tincture, you opened your eyes...

And you were once again in a world that made sense to you. You were in a cobbled stone street; there was a baker, there was a butcher, and there was an armour shop. You could hear the clang of a smith’s hammer and just smell a whiff of a tannery on the air.

However, while this appeared to be your world...there were certain discrepancies you noticed. For one thing, you were no longer in the castle, and for another, you did not recognize any of the folk hereabout. You then began to notice other things that were off: this was not *your* market square, folk were dressed oddly, and as you listened carefully you realized with concern that you did not know the language the folk were speaking. It appeared you were someplace else once again, the spell or poison must still be running through your

body you surmised. You decided to ride these “visions” out there, as it seemed close enough to home to be intelligible to you, and you took a seat in a free corner of the market, pulled your leather coif over your head, closed your eyes and hunkered down to let it all pass...

And you awoke with a start, as a mail clad man, likely a city guard, nudged you with his foot and indicated you should move on. You gathered this from his gesture and scowl as you could not still understand the language being spoken. Apparently you had foolishly fallen asleep, likely from exhaustion brought on by the stress, and it was now night time. You got up quickly, bowing respectfully to the guard, and you moved off.

You seemed to have become “stuck” again, but apparently in another place that was not your home. However, it was at least a world you understood and perhaps it was just somewhere on the other side of the known world, which would explain the differences of language and custom. You used your thieving skills and found an empty place to rest the night. As you looked out the window of the abandoned warehouse you had commandeered for the evening, you realized with a start that the stars were not the same. You were not home and the gods knew where you were!

The next morning you were still there, in this place...and the next morning and the next morning after that. You had, in the end, used your intelligence and cunning to get by in this strange new world.

It had now been six months since you had “crossed over”, as you thought of it. You had learned the language of this new town, which the locals called

Baile Atha Quinith, the capital of a nation known as **The Red Eagle Barony**. Plying your talents you had managed to secure first funds, then credentials, and then employment as a low level government functionary. You worked as a clerk at the local lord’s tax collection office, all the while trying to learn as much as possible about this new world and trying to discover any magic that might help you to become “unstuck” again, and to find your way home.

Most of the locals were simple country folk with no access to the sort of intel you needed, and the nobles hereabouts were primarily concerned with gaining the favour of **The Lady** (or **The Quinith** as she is known), and none of them seemed to have the sort of money and power you thought you might need to make your dream of returning home come true.

You had begun to despair of ever returning home to punish your master’s murderer, when you heard word of a group of successful adventurers operating in **The Barony**.

It was whispered these folk had traveled far and wide, and even traveled to other realms beyond the heavens. While most considered these tales pure fantasy and boasting, you believed them to be true based on your own firsthand experience.

As luck would have it, the gossip said these worthies were headed your way, to **Baile Atha Quinith**. They might be just the sort of powerful folk you needed to help you. Thinking quickly, you devised a plot to intercept these “do-gooder” heroes, to gain their favour and feign friendship with them, so that you could use the fools to get yourself back home. You are back in business and one way or another, you will get home!

Addendum: The Adventure Continues



I hope you have enjoyed this compilation of the best bits from the third volume of **Cavalier Attitude**. I look forward to providing you further stories and adventures in the days to come!

Thank you for your custom!









Two of these mini-adventures were expanded into full-length modules as follows: **SO14 Blood Moon** and **SG2 Seers' Rescue**. They are available for purchase at my website (starryknightpress.com), where you will also find other exciting offerings for you and your players! Please accept my thanks, once again, on behalf of *Starry Knight Press*.

Louis "sirlou" Kahn
April 2020

Appendix A: Pre-Generated Characters

These pre-generated characters are provided for use by the GM and their players. They are listed at three different experience levels, for use with all of the adventures in this book. **GM's note:** Hit point and armour class numbers include all applicable bonuses.

					
Tag Dornince	Sasha Cromartie	Kilmi Feldspur	Gilwin Perwain	Talia Dewblossom	Inara Beldane
Human Male	Half Elf Female	Dwarf Male	Elf Male	Halfling Female	Human Female
S 17 D 15 C 16 I 14 W 15 CH 17	S 18.52 7 D 15 C 16 I 14 W14 CH 13	S 17 D 15 C 16 I 13 W15 CH 12	S 17 D 16 C 15 I 18 W11 CH 12	S 16 D 18 C 15 I 14 W14 CH 15	S 17 D 16 C 16 I 14 W17 CH 12
Blood Moon (Levels 4 to 6)					
Paladin, Level 5 HP 55 AC 3 Gear: chain & shield longsword +1 light crossbow standard pack*	Ranger, Level 5 HP 53 AC 3 Gear: chain & shield longsword longbow +1 standard pack*	Fighter, Level 5 HP 55 AC 3 Gear: chain & shield warhammer +1 2 light hammers standard pack*	Magic-User, Level 5 HP 23 AC 8 Gear: robes quarterstaff +1 Standard pack*	Thief, Level 5 HP 34 AC 3 Gear: studded leather short sword +1 sling standard pack*	CLERIC, Level 5 HP 45 AC 2 Gear: chain & shield war hammer +1 2 light hammer Standard pack*
The Copper Hall of Naren Kaz and Tower Inverso (Levels 5 to 7)					
Paladin, Level 6 HP 65 AC 1 Gear: chain +2 & shield longsword +2 light crossbow Standard pack*	Ranger, Level 6 HP 61 AC 1 Gear: chain & shield +2 longsword longbow +2 standard pack*	Fighter, Level 6 HP 65 AC 1 Gear: chain +2 & shield warhammer +2 2 light hammers standard pack*	Magic-User, Level 6 HP 28 AC 2 Gear: bracers (AC 4) python serpent staff 3 daggers standard pack*	Thief, Level 6 HP 40 AC 1 Gear: studded leather +2 short sword +2 sling standard pack*	CLERIC, Level 6 HP 54 AC 0 Gear: chain & shield +2 war hammer +2 2 light hammers standard pack*
Seeress' Rescue (Levels 8 to 10) †					
Paladin, Level 9 HP 94 AC -3 Gear: plate +2 & shield +2 longsword +3 light crossbow +2 standard pack*	Ranger, Level 8 HP 81 AC -3 Gear: plate +2 & shield +2 longsword +2 longbow +3 standard pack*	Fighter, Level 8 HP 88 AC -3 Gear: plate +2 & shield +2 warhammer +3 2 light hammers +2 standard pack*	Magic-User, Level 8 HP 38 AC 0 Gear: bracers (AC 2) python serpent staff 3 daggers +2 standard pack*	Thief, Level 9 HP 73 AC -1 Gear: studded leather +2 cloak of displacement (minor) short sword +3 sling +2 standard pack*	CLERIC, Level 9 HP 81 AC Gear: -4 plate +2 & shield +2 war hammer +3 2 light hammers +2 standard pack*

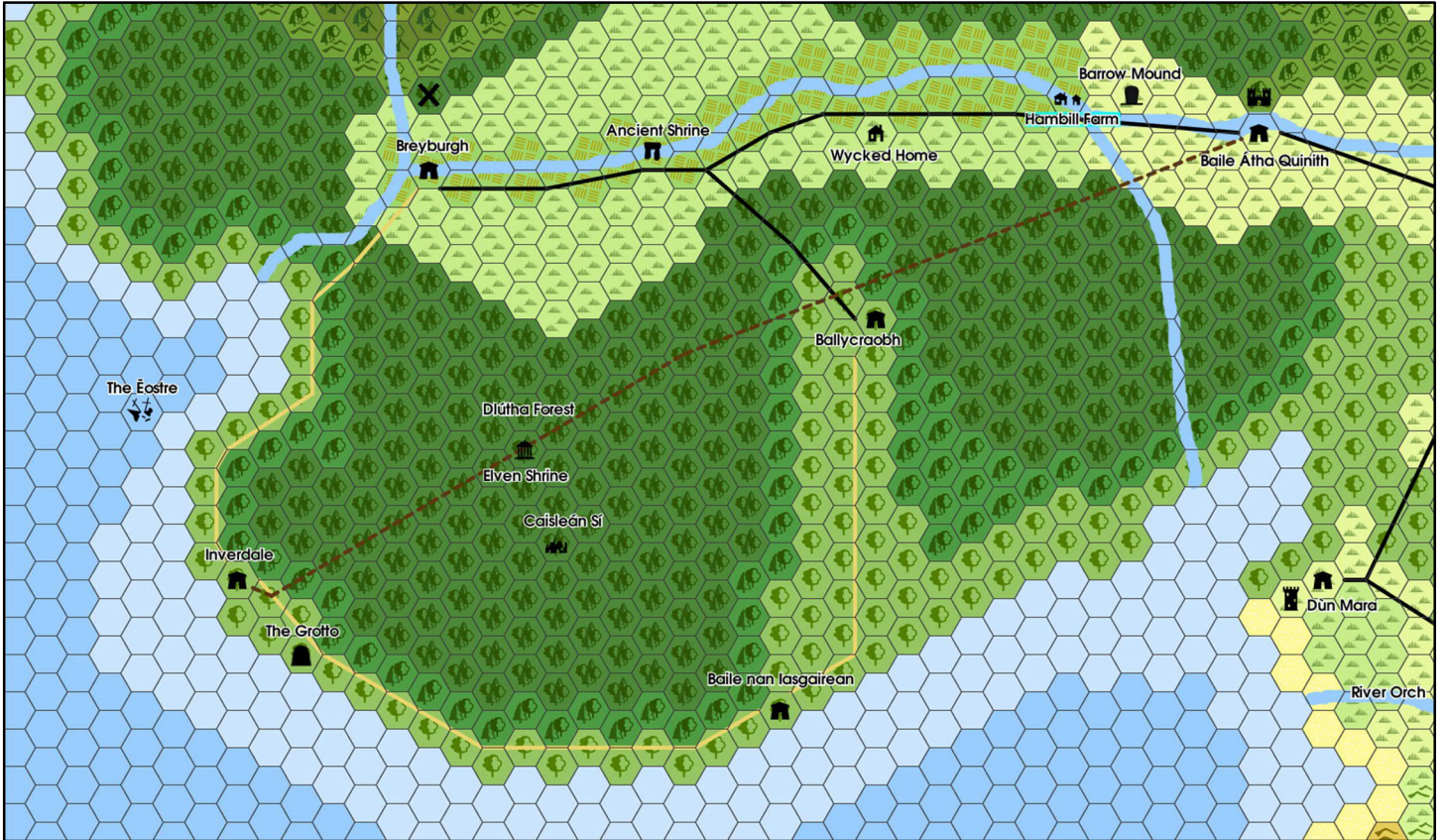
*Standard pack: Set of clothes; boots, heavy; backpack; 1 week rations, standard; 50' rope; hammer; 10 iron spikes; lantern, hooded; 4 torches; flint and steel; 2 flasks oil; 2 candles; chalk; bedroll; water skin; 2 pouches, belt, large; 2 sacks, large; generic specialist item (thieves' tool, holy symbol, spell book, etc.); and quiver or pouch with 24 generic ammunition (for those with ranged weapons).

Appendix B: Maps

BLOOD MOON: Map of The Red Eagle Barony

This map depicts **The Red Eagle Barony** and its capital city of **Baile Atha Quinith** (*The City of The Quinith* in the Common tongue). The focus of the action in the **Blood Moon** adventure is the **Hambill farm**, a local farmstead recently attacked and plundered by **lycans**. The farm lies roughly 5 leagues (15 miles) from the capitol, along a patrolled trade route. The map indicates geography, local settlements, defenses, and areas for further exploration. A map legend is included for reference: each hex equals 3 miles.

THE RED EAGLE BARONY



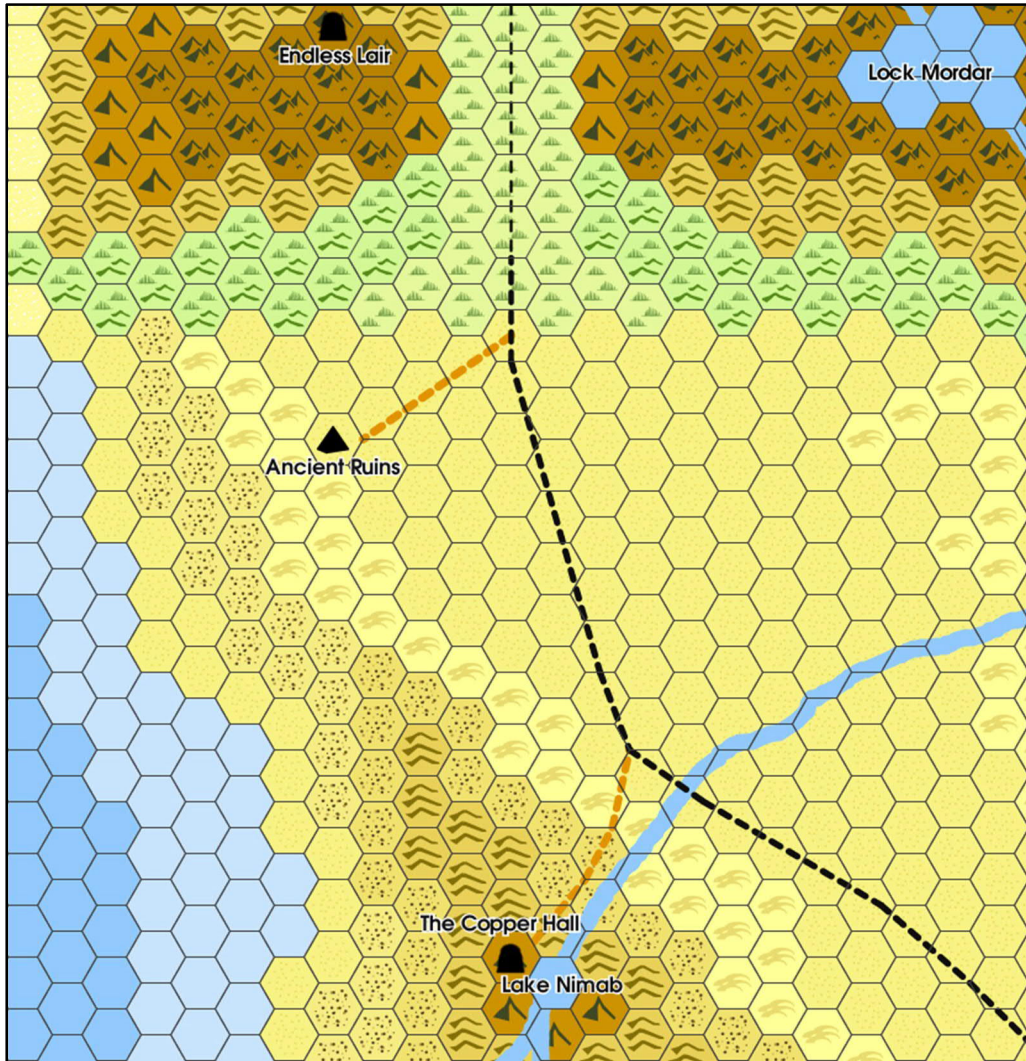
MAP LEGEND

	Light Forest		Village/City		River		House
	Mixed Forest		Sunken Ship		Trail		Farm
	Mixed Forest (heavy)		Cave		Road		Tower
	Grassland		Ruins		Tasmir's trail		Fort
	Farmland		Barrow		Shrine (large)		Castle
	Shallow Ocean		Ocean		Shrine (small)		Point of interest

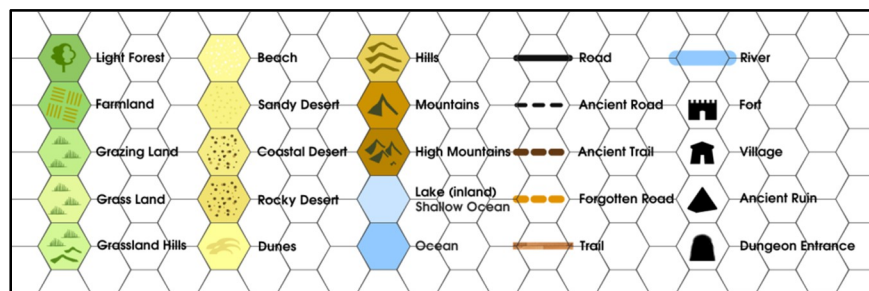
COPPER HALL OF NAREN KAZ: Map of The Parched Desert

This map depicts the central portion of the arid region known as the **Parched Desert**. This desert is a harsh and dangerous region located between civilizations to the north (small independent nation states) and a very old empire of free peoples to the south (not yet explored in my published campaign). **Naren Kaz's** ancient hall lies deep in the desert, roughly 12 leagues from the **ancient ruins** featured in **Seeress' Rescue** and 26 leagues (78 miles) from the **Dùn Bhriste** village of **Dùn Loachas**. The map indicates geography, local settlements, defenses, and areas for further exploration. A map legend is included for reference: each hex equals 3 miles.

THE PARCHED DESERT (CENTRAL)



MAP LEGEND

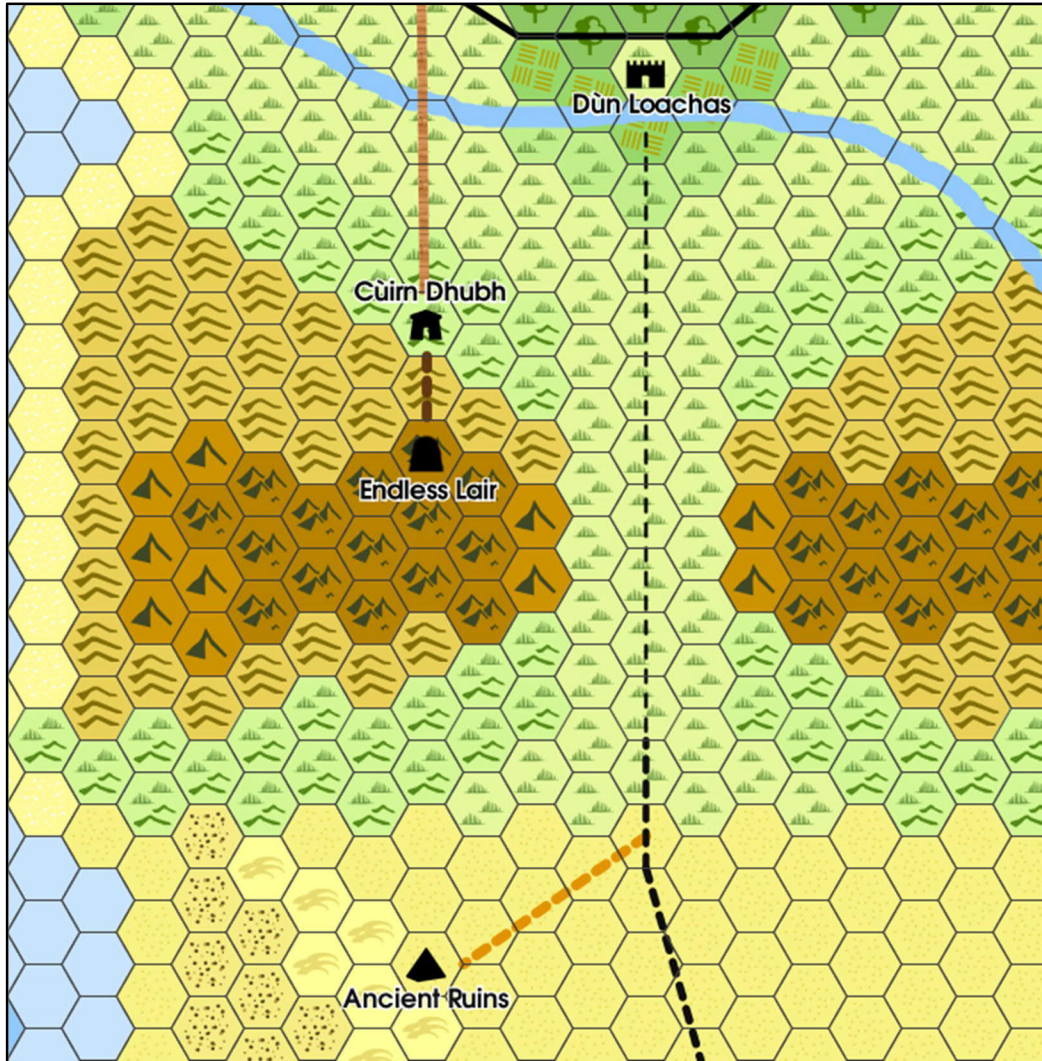


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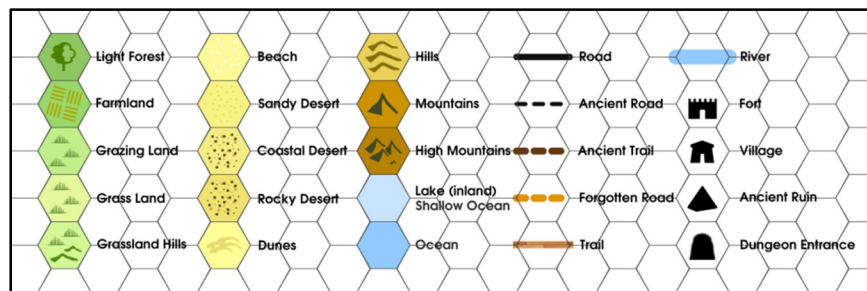
SEERESS' RESCUE: Map of Dùn Bhriste and The Parched Desert

This map depicts the northern-most portion of the arid region known as the **Parched Desert**. The **seeress** is being held captive in an underground shrine below an ancient ruin site, roughly 15 leagues (45 miles) south of the **Dùn Bhriste** village of **Dùn Loachas**. The map indicates geography, local settlements, defenses, and areas for further exploration. A map legend is included for reference: each hex equals 3 miles.

THE PARCHED DESERT (NORTH)



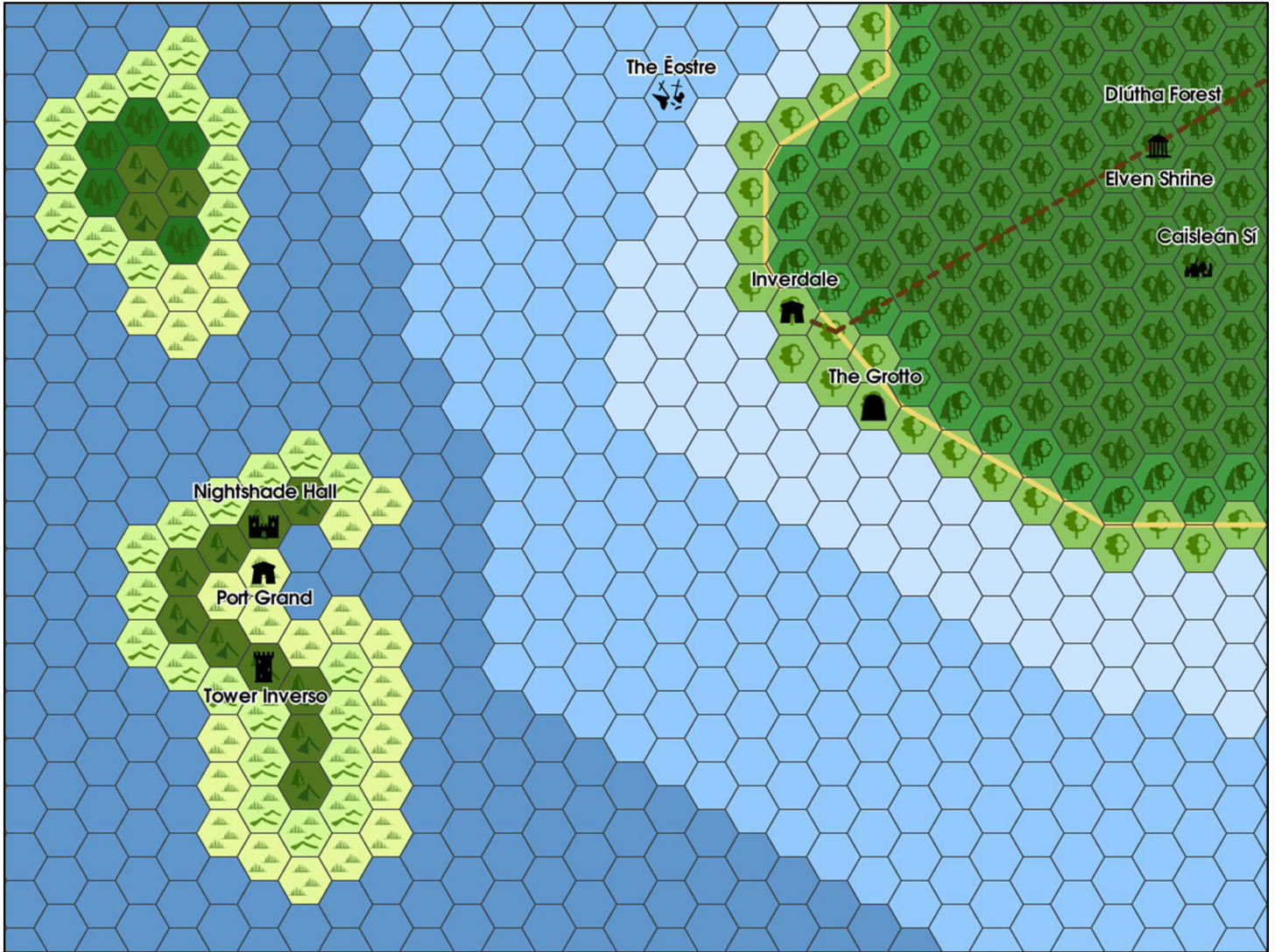
MAP LEGEND



TOWER INVERSO: Map of the Viridian Isles

This map depicts the location of the subterranean **Tower Inverso**, which lies atop an island mountain peak. The tower is roughly a league (3 miles) from the village of **Port Grand**, a dangerous outpost of piratical villainy and home to the worst flotsam and jetsam of **Terrans'** society. **Port Grand** is nominally ruled over by the **Lady of Nighshade Hall**, from her castle in the mountains above the village. She is alleged to be an **anti-paladin** of immense power. The map indicates geography, local settlements, and areas for further exploration. A map legend is included for reference: each hex equals 3 miles.

THE VIRIDIAN ISLES



LEGEND

	Light Forest		Grassland		Village		Dungeon
	Mixed Forest		Shallow Ocean		Castle		Trail
	Mixed Forest (Heavy)		Ocean		Tower		Tasmin's Trail
	Heavy Forest (Evergreen)		Deep Ocean		Shrine		
	Forested Mountains		Sunken Ship		Ruins		

Appendix C: New Monsters

This section details all the new monsters published in all four issues of Volume III of *Cavalier Attitude*.

DEMI-ELEMENTAL, SAND

Frequency:	Very Rare
No. Appearing:	1d2
Size:	L (8'-16' tall)
Movement:	9"
Intelligence:	Low to Average
Lair probability	50%
Armour Class:	2
Hit Dice:	6, 8, 12, or 16
Attacks:	2
Damage:	6HD: 2d8 8, 12, 16 HD: 3d8 or by weapon
Special Attacks:	Smother, see below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral evil
Level/XP:	6HD: 5,000 8 HD: 7,000 12 HD: 11,000 16 HD: 15,000



The **sand demi-elemental** is a fearsome and very rare creature which is not often encountered on the prime material plane, and generally only appears there when summoned. Even then, the creatures will only be found in the hottest and driest of climates. They hail from a scorching, deathly hot place known as the demi-elemental plane of sand.

Such demi-elemental planes border on the primary elemental planes. So in addition to the four elemental planes of air, earth, fire, and water, there exists demi-planes that lie between them and which have properties which are combinations of the primary elements. Thus, while the elemental planes spawn true elementals, the demi-elemental planes spawn lesser elementals, whose powers are based on the nature of these demi-planes.

These demi-elementals tend to be a bit less potent than their "true elemental" cousins, and they are also generally less refined, more raw and savage, and are not highly intelligent. Those demi-elementals who are of average intelligence, however, are able to communicate, but only in a language of their own which is not easily understood by others. The **sand demi-elemental's** native tongue, for example, is unintelligible to mortal ears, who hear it as the whirring and whistling sound of a sandstorm.

The **demi-elemental plane of sand**, from whence **sand demi-elemental** hail, is one of intense, burning heat. As such, these creatures are dangerously hot themselves, with massive bodies made of churning sand, deep empty black maws filled with grinding sand like sandpaper, and deep set eyes that glow yellow like a burning sun. Their bodies are loosely column shaped piles of sand, which ripple in waves as dunes run along their surface, with no legs but two arms formed of sandy protrusions which end in powerful pummeling hands.

In combat they may wield a prior victim's cast off weapon. However, their primary attack is a bludgeoning assault with their powerful fists, causing serious damage. (2d8 or 3d8 points) to their foes. In addition, they may *smother* foes by crashing over them in a wave of sand in a 12 sq. ft. area, reducing movement to 1", with a 10% chance to fall and suffocate to death in 2d4 rounds. In addition they take ½ damage from flame and heat attacks, are immune to weapons of less than +2 bonus, and when slain they explode in a deadly spray of super-heated sand and rock, causing heat and bludgeoning damage to all in a 20' radius who fail a DEX check. Damage caused by this attack is per HD of the elemental (6HD: 2d6+2d6; 8HD+: 3d6+3d6; 12HD 4d6+4d6; and 16HD 5d6+5d6).

Treasure: Incidental, per the GM's discretion.

DEMI-LICH

(Turned as type 9)

Frequency:	Very rare
No. encountered:	1
Size:	Medium
Move:	60 ft
Armour class:	4
Hit dice:	6
Attacks:	1
Damage:	2d6
Special Attacks:	Spell use (as Magic-User at 6 th level ability, see below); <i>fear</i> effect (see below)
Special Defenses:	+1 or better weapon to hit; immune to cold, electrical, poison, paralysis, polymorph, death magic, <i>sleep</i> , <i>charm</i> , <i>hold</i> and mental attacks; spells that drain attributes or stats have no effect
Magic Resistance:	Standard
Lair probability:	95%
Intelligence:	Genius or higher
Alignment:	Chaotic evil
Level/XP:	7/3,000 + 10/hp

When powerful wizards seek to cheat death and achieve immortality by the use of extremely puissant arcane magic, they may attempt to transform themselves into undead beings known as **liches**. However, only the most learned and potent practitioners of magic have the skill to attempt the transformation to **lichdom**; and a lesser form of unlife, the **demi-lich**, is the result when wizards of insufficient skill attempt the transformation. **Demi-liches** and true **liches** are created in the same manner and generally have the same powers, albeit at a slightly lower level for the **demi-lich**.

Wizards who take on this form seek to transform themselves into greater undead, and to thereby live on far beyond their normal life expectancy, usually in the mad pursuit of greater and greater arcane power. Evil unholy magic and their slaving devotion to the pursuit of power are the main forces binding these horrible beings to the prime material plane. They are cruel, remorseless and savage creatures whose souls have been traded to dark powers (be they deity, demons or devil) for their unlife. However, a tiny spark of their former humanity, their essence remains on this plane, encased in a **phylactery** or talisman of sorts. This object is intricately involved in the creation of their unlife, and each and every **demi-lich** and **lich** has such a talisman, although even the most learned scholars are unclear on how they are created.

A **demi-lich statistics** are the same as true **liches**, with the following exceptions:

- Their bodies are weaker (AC 4 and 6 HD);
- Their *cold touch* (D 2d6) physical attack lacks the paralyzing effect of their greater brethren;
- They may occasionally wield magical weapons in battle (if one is indicated in their treasure, it may be used by them);
- Their *fear* effect causes all those or 4th level or 4 HD and below who behold them, either directly or through a reflection, to *save vs. magic* or flee from the area, never to return;
- They may be turned as a Type 9 undead (**spectre**).
- They may cast Magic-User spells (at 6th level) as follows:

Level	Spell
1	<i>magic missile</i> , <i>shield</i> , <i>burning hands</i> , <i>charm person</i>
2	<i>web</i> , <i>stinking cloud</i> , <i>invisibility</i>
3	<i>hold person</i> , <i>lightning bolt</i>

These fiends normally make their lair in underground labyrinths or a seemingly abandoned tower in darkened and blighted woods. When confronted, they are horrific to behold, and take the form of skeletal beings with rotted and shriveled flesh hanging from their bones, their grinning skulls staring intensely with empty sockets. They wear once lavish wizard's robes of the finest materials, which have become tattered and stained in their unlife. All forms of **liches** are believed to feast on **Soul Worms** as sustenance, along with, it is believed, their victims' souls.

Treasure: 1d3x1,000cp (40%); 1d4x1,000sp (40%); 1d6x1,000ep (30%); 1d6x1,000gp (25%); 1d3x1,000pp (15%); 4d4 gems (45%); 2d4 jewellery (40%); 3 magic items (40%).



DEMON CULT MONK

Frequency:	Very rare
No. encountered:	1 per player character
Size:	Medium
Move:	120 ft
Armour class:	Varies by level
Hit dice:	Varies (In this adventure 8 or 9)
Attacks:	Varies by level, as per FTR progression
Damage:	1d4/2 levels + special (See below)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	See below (Spell immunities)
Lair probability:	100%
Intelligence:	Above-Average
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Level/XP	Varies/150xp/level+1/hp per 2 levels

There are, for reasons known only to the gods, depraved and demented mortal souls who chose to worship demons and their foul ilk in cults across the realm. Of that dark company there are some of exceptional ability and prowess who stand head and shoulders above their deranged brethren. These blighted souls are found and brought, preferably at a young age, to be further inculcated in the ways of their demonic patrons. The strongest become **demon cult monks**, the "fists" of their demonic master. They are tested constantly and cruelly by their mortal masters and taught the martial arts: learning to govern their bodies and their minds. They eschew all armour and weapons for robes and unarmed combat.

Enhanced Movement and Armour Class: These monks engage in a rigorous training regimen which keeps them in peak physical condition. However, their connection to their demonic patron provides them with additional benefits in the form of increased speed and enhanced bodily integrity. As a monk advances in level, so do these gifts. At first level the monk is AC 9, but their AC drops 1 point per level gained (e.g. AC 8 at level 2, AC 7 at level 3, and so on), up to AC 0 at level 10. Thereafter their AC drops 1 point per 2 levels, to a maximum of -5 at level 20.

Similarly, at first level a monk's movement rate is 14"/round, and it increases by 1" per level gained thereafter (e.g. 15" at level 2, 16" at level 3, and so on), up to a maximum movement rate of 24"/round at level 10.

Special Item: Demon cult monks wear special *cold iron* bracers created by their demonic patron. These are provided at their initiation into the cult. These bracers establish a link between the demon and the **monk's** eternal soul. They provide the monks with +1 to "to hit" and

damage rolls for every 2 levels of experience (e.g. +1 at levels 1-2, +2 at levels 3-4, and so on). At 9th level and above, the bracers allow the monk to do double damage to good-aligned creatures. These bracers lose their power when removed from a demon cult monk, crumbling to dust as the vast power of the **demon** consumes them.

Special Abilities: These **monks** gain additional abilities as they advance in experience level, as set forth below:

Demon Cult Monk Special Abilities	
Level	Special Ability
3	The ability to speak with demons in their native tongue, which begins at 3rd level of experience.
4	The ability to mask their minds, so that ESP, detect evil , and similar detection and mind reading spells and/or affects have only a 30% chance of success. This power begins at 4th level, and with each level of experience which the monk gains thereafter, the chance of successfully sensing the monk drops by 2% (e.g. 28% chance of success on a 5th level monk , 26% on a 6th level monk , and so on).
5	At 5th experience level these monks become masters at controlling their body's immune system and metabolism. They are immune to poison and disease, and no longer affected by <i>haste</i> , <i>slow</i> , <i>sleep</i> or <i>hold</i> spells or effects.
6	At 6th level the monk gains the ability to use self-induced catalepsy, lowering their body temperature and heart rate to appear dead. The monk is able to maintain this state for 2 turns (10 minutes) per level (e.g. 12 turns at 6th level, 14 at 7th level, and so on).
7	At 7th level the monk gains the ability to heal damage to their body. The amount of damage which can be healed is 2-5 hit points (1d4+1) to start, increasing by 1hp/level thereafter (e.g. 3-6hp at 8th level, 4-7hp at 9th level, and so on). This ability may be used once a day.
8	The ability to <i>move quietly</i> , as thieves do, is attained at 8th level (55% chance, +/- DEX and race bonuses).
9	<i>Beguiling</i> , <i>charm</i> , <i>hypnosis</i> , <i>command</i> , and <i>suggestion</i> , spells are less effective against monks of 9th level and above. These monks are 50% resistant to such magic at 9th level, and this resistance increases 5%/level thereafter, so at 10th level such spells have but a 45% chance of affecting the monk, 40% at 11th level, and so on. Standard <i>saving throws</i> apply if their resistance fails.

Treasure: Incidental only. These **monks** take a vow of poverty, tithing all their worldly possession to the cult, and thus they have no personal possessions.

LYCANTHROPE

	Wereweasel	Werejackal	Werelion
Frequency:	Very rare	Very rare	Very rare
No. encountered:	2d4	2d4	2d6
Size:	M	M	M
Move:	150 ft	120 ft	120 ft
Armour class:	3	4	4
Hit dice:	4+3	5+3	6+3
Attacks:	1	1	3
Damage:	1d10	2d6	1d6/1d6/1d10
Special Attacks:	blood drain	none	rear claws
Special Defenses:	See below	See below	See below
Magic Resistance:	Standard	Standard	Standard
Lair probability:	30%	25%	25%
Intelligence:	Average	Average	Average
Alignment:	Neutral Evil	Neutral	Neutral
Level/XP:	4/300+6/hp	5/500+6/hp	6/550+8/hp

Lycanthropes are humanoids with the ability to change their shape to that of an animal form during the night hours. A full moon is 90% likely to cause their transformation to their were-form. Any humanoid who is bitten and takes 50% damage or more will contract the lycanthropic disease of its attacker. The disease must be cured within three days by a *cure disease* spell cast by a cleric of 12th level or higher. Eating belladonna within an hour after an attack has a 25% chance of curing the victim, though they are incapacitated for 1d4 days and there is a 1% chance of the herb killing the victim.

There are numerous types of were-animals, each with their own unique special abilities and powers. One thing they all have in common, however, is their kind's major special defense: all lycanthropes may *only* be struck in melee combat by weapons which are made of silver or by magical weapons. As far as spells, they are not immune to magic and have the standard magical resistance, allowing for saving throws as appropriate against spells cast against them.

Wereweasel: They appear as smallish and furtive persons in humanoid form. In were-form they are granted the quick movement and sharp teeth and claws of a weasel. In battle, their bite automatically drains blood after the first successful hit, 1d10 per round.

Treasure: 2d6×100cp (20%), 2d4×100sp (25%), 1d4×100ep (10%), 1d2×100gp (10%), 1d6 gems (25%), 1d3 jewelry (25%), 1d2 magic items (10%).

Werejackal: In human form werejackals are pug-faced and rather hirsute, with long ponytails. In were-form they are very aggressive and attack with a strong bite.

Treasure: 2d6×100cp (20%), 2d4×100sp (25%), 1d4×100ep (10%), 1d2×100gp (10%), 1d6 gems (25%), 1d3 jewelry (25%), 1d2 magic items (10%).

Werelion: They appear as tawny haired humanoids with a very haughty, regal bearing. In were-form they attack with their powerful front claws and strong maw. If both front claws successfully strike a victim, a werelion gets two extra raking attacks with its back claws (D 1d6/1d6).

Treasure: 2d6×100cp (20%), 2d4×100sp (25%), 1d4×100ep (10%), 1d2×100gp (10%), 1d6 gems (25%), 1d3 jewelry (25%), 1d2 magic items (10%).

WEREWEASEL



WEREJACKAL



WERELION



SPIDER, UNDEAD

(Turned as type 8)

Frequency:	Very rare
No. encountered:	1
Size:	L (12 diameter)
Move:	60 ft / web, 120 ft
Armour class:	2
Hit dice:	6+6
Attacks:	3; bite and 2 legs
Damage:	2d8/2d6/2d6 (bite, 2x legs)
Special Attacks:	Poison, webs, spells (see below)
Special Defenses:	Spell immunities (see below)
Magic Resistance:	Standard
Lair probability:	100%
Intelligence:	Above-Average
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Level/XP:	7/1,200+6/hp

Undead spiders are wicked, deadly predators who have managed to bite and claw their way up to the top of the heap in arachnid society. They are the alpha hunters of the arachnid world, and wholly devoted to spreading chaos and evil. There is only one **undead spider** in any group of arachnids, and they will always be the leader of the group.

These beings begin their lives as standard highly intelligent **giant spiders**, with the power of speech and spell casting. They will speak a sibilant, heavily accented Common, Chaotic Evil and the language of spiders. These particular giant spiders are the smartest, most ruthless, and most skilled magicians of their kind.

Once they have risen to great heights of arcane knowledge some of these **spiders** seek to cheat death and gain immortality through an arcane transformation into an **undead spider**. This is similar to the process evil humanoid magic-users undergo to become an undead **lich**. The difference between the two types of undead is that while **undead spiders** do not become quite as powerful as **liches**, they also do not suffer the downside of **lichdom** (e.g. their chitinous bodies do not decay as rapidly as humanoid's bony forms and they are not required to create a magic phylactery to contain their spark of life, which they retain in their bodies).

These creatures appear as large (12' in diameter) emaciated spiders, they have little to no fur remaining on their bodies, and their legs become hard pointy, spear-like appendages. Their eyes glow a deep purplish colour and their mouths are filled with a deadly poison which is very potent (save vs. *poison* at -2 or die), and which also causes

acid damage (2d6 the first round, 1d6 the second round), even if a successful save vs *poison* is made.

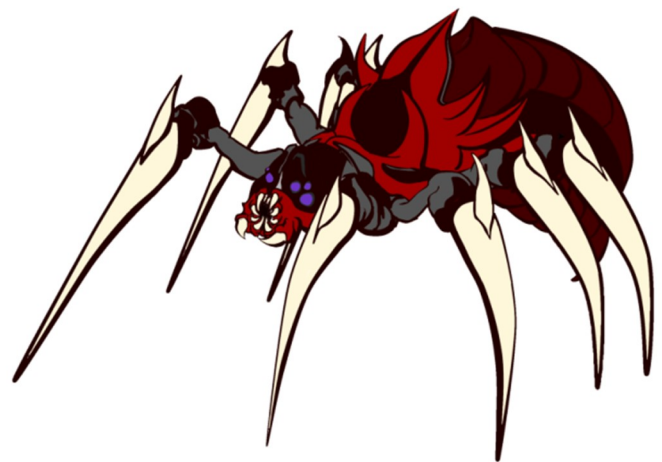
They attack with their poisonous bite (D 2d8 + poison and acid damage) and their two front, spear-like legs (D 2d6/2d6). Alternately they may cast spells; undead spiders cast spells as a 6th level magic-user (Spells: 4/3/2, GM to choose spells). They are extremely avaricious when it comes to magic and the acquisition thereof; they will do anything to acquire new spells and there are immensely paranoid about theft of their spell books and magic items.

They are wily and cautious predators, and prefer to function as generals, leaving the melee combat to their minions unless absolutely necessary. An **undead spider** is always accompanied by 1d3 mates which are large specimens of **giant spiders** (5HD, 30hp), as well as 3d4 smaller **spiders** (split between **large** and **huge spiders**), and 1d2 **ettercaps** (50%) or one **giant centipede** (50%).

While arrogant, they are not foolhardy and if their defeat seems imminent they will seek to parlay and respond positively to such overtures. They are completely untrustworthy, however, and they will use the parlay opportunity to their best advantage, and they absolutely cannot be trusted to keep their word.

They are a scourge upon the world and seek only to sow chaos and destruction, while at the same time increasing their own arcane power, wealth and influence.

Treasure: 1d10x1,000cp (25%), 1d10x1,000sp (25%); 1d10x1,000ep (20%); 1d10x1,000gp (20%); 1d10x100pp (20%); 2d4 gems (15%); 1d10 jewellery (15%); and 3 magic items plus 1 scroll (20%). In addition, the **undead spider** will have a spell book containing all of their known spells.



BRAIN EATER

Frequency:	Very Rare
No. encountered:	1-2
Size:	Medium
Move:	180 ft.
Armour class:	2
Hit dice:	7+1
Attacks:	4 plus special (See below)
Damage:	1d6 (x4)
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	25%
Lair probability:	75%
Intelligence:	Exceptional
Alignment:	Chaotic Evil
Level/XP:	8/2,250 + 9/hp

The **brain eater** is a terrifying looking creature. It is a Medium size quadruped with a dark grey body of thick, corded muscles. It has four legs like those of a great cat. Its fleshy upper body is pale grey with pinkish veins visible beneath the surface; this flesh folds and bends in on itself like the sulci and gyri of a human brain. Two eye stalks rise up from its front half, ending in yellow, saucer-shaped eyes. Below the eye stalks is a circular, blood-red maw filled with rows of razor sharp teeth and a long, prehensile tongue.

Brain eaters are generally found in underground caves and labyrinths; but may also be found in deep forests, crypts and graveyards; and are often found in the **Under-Realm**, where they are sometimes kept as pets by powerful beings.

Brain eaters are specialized carnivores who subsist on brains, especially those of sentient beings. They have adapted to be swift and silent hunter: they can leap to a distance of 20'; move at a swift 18"/round; and *hide in shadows* (65%) and *move quietly* (65%) as a **Master Thief**. Even when not actively *hiding in the shadows* they have a 50% chance to remain unseen in a shadowy/underground environment, if they remain still. They are also immune to surprise and can perceive hidden, cloaked, *invisible*, astral and even æthereal beings by sensing their brain activity. Given their abilities, **brain eaters** are adept at silently stalking their prey, surprising them on a roll of 1-3 on a d6.

A **brain eater** first attacks with its massive claws, attempting to snare its prey. For each successful claw hit, it receives a +1 to its "to hit" roll (up a max of +4) on its second, primary attack with their maw. Second, it tries to clamp its toothy maw onto the victim's skull (requiring a separate "to hit" roll) and bore a hole into it with its diamond hard teeth. If the maw attack is successful the victim takes 2d6 more damage, and the beast thrust its long tongue into the

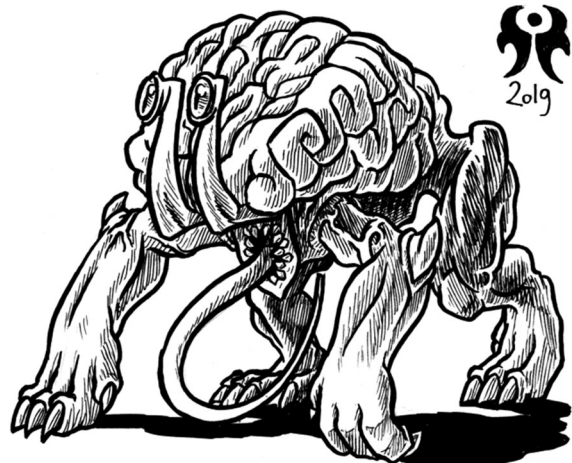
victim's skull. The tongue reaches the victim's brain in one round, placing the victim in a coma. The victim dies one round later (when its brain is scooped out and consumed), unless the **brain eater** is slain first. If the maw attack misses the victim still takes 1d6 damage, and the **brain eater** starts its attack routine over the following round.

If a victim's brain is eaten the beast gains the victim's thoughts, knowledge and memories; and It may speak in the victim's voice, which it uses to lure other victims. **Brain eaters** speak Common, in all its variations, as well as the tongues of most sentient demi-humans and humanoids. The creature also gains the victim's skills, including class based and spell casting abilities, but only briefly (2d4 rounds). These exceptionally intelligent creatures are able to make use of their new abilities immediately.

Brain eaters are extremely resilient. They are immune to *poison*, disease and normal weapons. A +2 or better magical weapon is needed to hit them, and bludgeoning weapons only do half damage. They have a 25% magic resistance and are immune to *sleep*; charms and beguiling spells; hold and compulsion spells; fear, phantasms and morale affecting spells; most symbols; and illusions.

However, while they are very tough they are not invincible. They are susceptible to elemental forms of damage (should their magic resistance fail); *death* and *disintegrate* spells have a 25% chance to kill them; a *power word kill* spell will slays them; and a *protection from evil spell* or ability (e.g. a paladin's *protection from evil aura*) keeps them at bay. These long-lived creatures have learned to be very pragmatic and if they are seriously threatened in a battle they have no qualms about fleeing to save themselves.

Treasure: 2d4x1,000cp (15%), 2d6x1,000sp (20%), 1d10x1,000ep (10%), 1d8x1,000gp (50%), 1d6 gems (25%), 1d4 jewelry (25%), Any 2 magic items plus 1 potion (15%).



Appendix D: New Magic Items

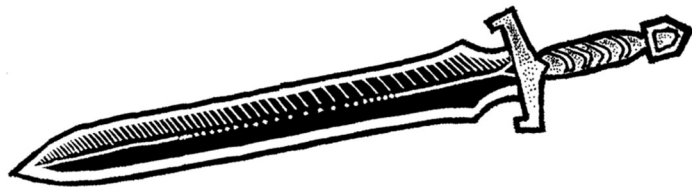
This section details all the new magic items published in all four issues of Volume III of *Cavalier Attitude*.

BLACK ICE LONGSWORD

This magical blade is composed entirely of one piece of dark, black ice. It is extremely cold to the touch, requiring thick leather gloves to wield safely, and anyone who grips it with their bare hands takes 1d4 damage.

It bestows a +2 to hit and damage, and +4 against fire using or dwelling creatures. It also grants the wielder the effects of a *ring of fire resistance*. Lastly, it may (33% chance) extinguish all fires in a 10 ft. radius. It sheds a pale blue light when temperatures drop below freezing.

The longsword remains cold, no matter the outside conditions, due to its magical nature. However, extended exposure to extreme heat (38°C) may damage or destroy it. For every 24 hours the sword is exposed to such conditions, it must save (as a liquid) vs. normal fire, or lose one of its "pluses": once they are all gone the sword simply turns to vapor and floats away. If removed from the heat before this and placed in freezing temperatures, it regenerates.



BRIGANDINE ARMOUR

This is a simple type of armour based on a protective vest of cloth or leather, with metal plates attached. It was commonly composed of small metal platelets which were riveted or sewn to a layer of stout leather or cloth, and sometimes sandwiched between two such layers. It is similar in appearance to a standard medieval doublet, and in expensive brigandine jackets the outer layer was often of rich velvet.

Unlike armours made from large plates, brigandine was fairly light and flexible, due to the movement between the overlapping platelets. The rivets which attached the platelets to the leather or fabric were frequently decorated or in decorative patterns. It provides decent protection to the wearer, while allowing a good range of movement and fleetness of foot.



Armour	AC	Weight	Move	Cost
Brigandine	6	35	9"	60gp

This armour may be ensorcelled to provide bonuses from +1 to +5 to AC protection, as well as other magical properties.

BULLWHIP

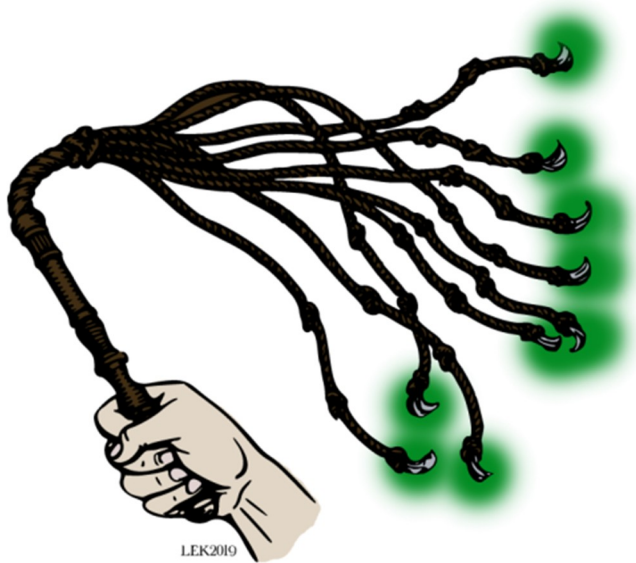
A **bullwhip** is a long whip made of braided leather, which has one or more tails, which was originally designed as a herding tool but which was later used as a weapon, especially when more than one tip is attached and/or bladed or weighted tips are used.

When used as a weapon the standard **bullwhip** does 1d3 points of damage and the player struck must make a successful DEX check or fall and be stunned for 1 round. More powerful **bullwhips** with additional and/or weaponized tails are available, doing 1d4, 1d6 and up to 1d8 points of damage. Its statistics are as follows:

Weapon	Damage vs. S/M/L	Weight	Cost
Bullwhip	1d3/1d4/1d6/1d8	3	Varies*

***GM's note:** A standard **bullwhip** cost 3gp, with each increase in the weapon's class of damage causing the cost to double (e.g. 3gp, 6gp, 12gp, and 24gp).

There are also magical **bullwhips** and they come in varieties of +1 to +3 to "to hit" and damage rolls, and/or additional properties. One example of the such miscellaneous magical weapons is the multi-tailed *venomous bullwhip of +2*. The tails of this **bullwhip** are ensorcelled snake fangs which glow with a sickly greenish hue. The weapon inflicts 1d6+2 damage, and on a successful strike the player hit must make a *saving throw vs. poison* or suffer an additional 3d4 damage. (GP value: 1,750gp)



EARTHBANE HAMMER

This light and well-balanced heavy warhammer will function as a +2 weapon when fighting most opponents. Its damage in this case is S/M 1d6+3 and L 1d6+2. However, against earth-based creatures the hammer functions as a +3 weapon, and its damage is S/M 1d6+4 and L 1d6+3. This would include creatures composed of earth, soil, dirt, sod, mud and similar elements.



In addition, against true **earth elementals** and beasts from the *elemental plane of earth*, the hammer functions as a +3 weapon and inflicts double damage against such foes.

ELFIN SCALE MAIL

Scale mail armour is composed of soft leather armour, usually a long coat and leggings or a skirted coat, worn over padding. Overlapping scales are then sewn to the leather armour pieces, providing added protection. The weight of this rather heavy and bulky armour falls mainly on the wearer's shoulders and waist. It provides the wearer with AC 6.

While it resembles **lamellar armour** it differs from it significantly as with that armour the lamellae are not attached to a cloth or leather backing, as is the case with **scale mail armour**.

Elfin scale mail on the other hand is, like **elfin chain mail**, extraordinarily light and not bulky at all: an entire suit of it weighs a mere 15 pounds and allows a movement rate of 12". In all other respects, it functions as standard scale mail and provides the wearer AC 6. Its statistics are as follows:



Armour	AC	Weight	Move	Cost
Elfin scale	6	15	12"	N/A*

***GM's note:** **Elfin scale mail** armour is exceedingly rare, is generally fashioned for elves alone, and is not traded or sold. However, on rare occasions such a suit might be commissioned for a hero of another race who is a true and loyal "elf-friend".

There is also very rare magical **elfin scale mail** which may come with a variety of protective properties and/or abilities. In this adventure the players may find a suit of *elfin scale mail of mending* +2. (GP value: 2,500gp)

In addition to its light weight and flexibility, this suit provides the wearer with improved protection (AC 4), and it has the ability to fix damage done to the suit (per the mage spell *mending*) once per day. Each day at sunrise, the armour will automatically be *mended* back to its original condition.

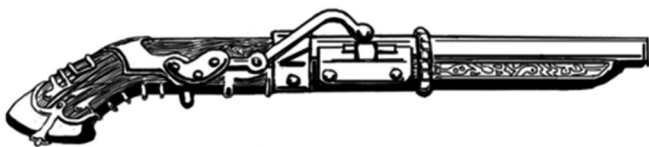
FIREARMS

Firearms take the form of both one and two handed projectile weapons. The supplement “**S1 The Harquebusier**”, written by Greg Covey and Louis “sirlou” Kahn, provides all the rules and information you need to bring late medieval firearms into your OSR campaign! Here are some of them:

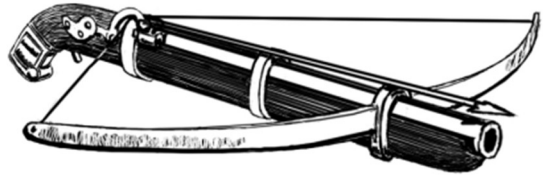
Handgonne: A one-handed pistol-like weapon. It has a crude trigger mechanism that mechanically brings the lit match cord into contact with the flash pan when the trigger is pulled. These are the primary weapon of the **harquebusier** character class, although the GM may allow other classes to use firearms at their discretion.

In battle the shot from a handgonne does 1d8+2 damage vs Small and Medium foes, and 1d6+2 vs. Large creatures. The rate of fire is 1 bullet/round, and the range is 70 ft., with a -2 to hit for each subsequent range class (e.g. -2 at 140ft. and -4 at 210 ft.)

Handgonne of webs: This weapon normally functions as a +2 weapon, granting a +2 on to hit and damage rolls. However, when a command word is spoken the handgonne will fire a bullet which expands into a large sticky mass, functioning as a 10th level magic user *web* spell. This power is usable 2 times per day.

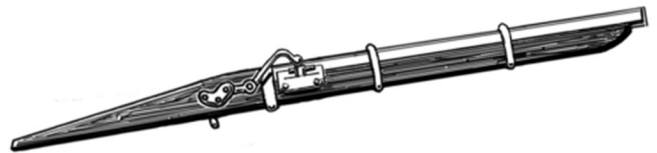


Handgonne crossbow: This unique weapon is a combination of a hand crossbow and a firearm. The limbs of the crossbow extend out horizontally on either side of the muzzle, and the bolts' flight groove is built into the top of the gun. The rate of fire is one bolt per round. It fires darts which do 1d3 vs. S/M/L targets, and the bolts are often coated with poisons for further damage or effect.



Magical versions of these firearms may be found, with bonuses of +1 to +5, although they are quite rare and highly prized.

Arquebus: A two-handed, long-barrel gun. It too has a crude trigger mechanism by which the match cord is mechanically moved to contact the flash pan when the trigger is pulled. The arquebus is a very accurate weapon with a considerable range; nearly double that of the longbow. The weapon may be used with a *fourquine* (a mono-pod) to increase range by 50%. The *fourquine* must be custom made, based on the height of the shooter



The arquebus is quite a formidable weapon; the shot from one does 1d12 damage vs Small and Medium foes, and 1d10 vs. Large creatures. The rate of fire is 1 bullet per 2 rounds, and the range is 120 ft., with a -2 to hit for each subsequent range class (e.g. -2 at 240ft. and -4 at 360 ft.)

Arquebus of burning flame: This weapon normally functions as a magical firearm, providing +1 on to hit and damage rolls. However, speaking its command word unlocks a weapon of much greater utility, with the following additional functions: (1) it can produce a powerful light, as per a 10th level magic user *light* spell, 3 times per day, (2) it functions as a fire-starter, and can light aflame any combustibles it comes into contact with, as if it were a flaming brand, 2 times per day, and (3) it can shoot forth a sheet of fire, which functions as a 12th level magic user *burning hands* spell, causing 12 points of damage, 1 time per day.

Battle axe arquebus: This is an arquebus which has been specifically modified to be useable as a melee weapon as well. The blade of the axe extends below the muzzle, while a sharpened spike extends above it. Melee damage when wielding this as an axe weapon is 1d8 vs. S/M/L.



Magical battle axe arquebuses are generally crafted for a specific **harquebusier** by a master gun maker and then ensorcelled by a wizard, making them very dear and exceedingly rare. Such weapons may have bonuses of +1 to +5.

RING OF BLINKING

This ring appears as a normal piece of jewellery. But when its command word is spoken, the wearer will be affected by a mage's *blink* spell. The effect lasts for ten rounds, after which the ring ceases to function 6 turns (1 hour) while recharging. The command word will generally be engraved on the ring. (GP value: 1,000gp)

ROD OF FRIGHT

This rod is about 3 feet long and 1.5" wide, and looks to be made from the long bone of some creature, with blackened steel bands long its length. It functions as a +2 weapon, doing 1d6+3 damage. In addition to its martial aspect, the wielder may expend one charge to cause a take on a frightening aura, with the victim seeing whatever they fear the most. This aura has the effect of a *fear* spell, and all foes within 30' who view the wielder must *save vs. spells* or suffer the effects of the spell. Even those who save must make a morale check to continue fighting, at -1 to their die roll (included in all subsequent morale checks). Each time the rod is used there is a 10% chance the wielder sees their own nightmare and must make the same *fear* spell saving throw as their foes.

TELEPORTATION STONE

A **teleportation stone** is a stone ensorcelled by a powerful mage to allow instantaneous travel via the magic-user *teleportation* spell. When placed on the ground and the command word is spoken, the stone will teleport all living beings in a 10' radius to a pre-determined locale chosen by the mage who has created the item.

These stones are one-use items, although they may be recharged by a mage: they must cast a *teleport* spell while holding the stone, allowing it to absorb the spell. It is rumoured certain arch-mages have created multi-use

teleportation stones, but such items would be exceedingly rare and expensive.

The spell functions almost unerringly, with a mere 2% chance of failure. Magic is unpredictable, however, and thus each time a **teleportation stone** is used, the GM should roll percentile dice: on a roll of 1 the spell fails and nothing happens; on a roll of 2-99 the device works as intended; but on a roll of 100 the device malfunctions catastrophically.

If a catastrophic failure occurs the GM should roll 1d6 and consult the chart below for the result:

Teleportation Stone Failure Chart

Roll	Result
1	The player is transported to a completely random location in time and space (e.g. the player may be transported to another planet in a different sphere, such as our modern day Earth). The final destination is at the GM's sole discretion.
2	The player is transported to the proper location, but 50' below the spot intended. If transported into solid matter they will die.
3	The player arrives at the right place, but a slightly wrong location. Roll 1d10: on a roll of 1-5 the player arrives that many feet east of the mark, and on a roll of 6-10 they arrive that many feet west of the mark. If transported into solid matter they will die.
4	The player is transported to the proper location but 50' in the air. Unless they have the means to land safely, they suffer 5d10 points damage.
5	The player arrives at the right place and time, but they arrive naked, with all their gear left at the spot from whence they came.
6	The player is transported to the correct location, but the wrong time. Roll 1d20: on a roll of 1-10 they arrive that many <i>days before</i> the present, and on a roll of 11-20 they arrive that many <i>years after</i> the present.

(GP value: 3,000gp, 10,000gp for a multi-use stone)

WONDROUS CANDLES

These magical candles look like any other candle, although they are notable for their color, a deep purple-black, and also for their extremely oily texture. These candles are highly sought after by adventurers, especially by magic users. Once lit, these magical candles will stay lit, no matter what, until they are extinguished via a command word incised into the bottom of the candle. They will even stay lit underwater or in environments where there is no oxygen. Each candle will burn for a total of 8 hours before being consumed.

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JEShields: p. 40 (chipped rustic sword with eye stone and raveled hilt) and 46 (sand elemental).

Fil Kearney: p. 54 (handgonne, handgonne crossbow, arquebus) and 55 (arquebus battleaxe).

Dyson Logos: p. 4, 7, and 9 (maps).

Denis McCarthy: p. 14 (Downward0001) (Some art by Denis McCarthy, © 2016 Denis McCarthy).

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Marc Radle: p. 32 (skull shield).

Tommi Salama: p. 32 (riverside village, *modified*)

Daniel Wallhall: p.49 (wereweasel, werejackal, werelion) and 52 (2 hand sword, *modified*)

Louis "sirlou" Kahn: cover (Starry Knight Press logo, Cavalier Attitude 2 logo, and "Aquamarine Dragon" image), frontispiece (Cavalier Attitude 2 logo, and "Aquamarine Dragon" image), p. 1 ("Lance" image), 3 ("Blood Moon" image), 13 ("joust" image), 27 ("Last will and testament" image), 40 ("Thank you" image), 50 ("undead spider" image), 52 ("brigandine armour" image); 53 ("poisonous bullwhip" image, "elfin scale armour" image), back cover (Covers of Starry Knight Press, Volume III, Issues 1, 2, 3 and 4), and maps and legends (p. 15, "Tower Inverso" map; 18, "Seeress' Rescue" map; 42, Map of The Red Eagle Barony and Legend; 43, Map of the Parched Desert (Central) and Legend; 44, Map of the Parched Desert (North) and Legend; and 45, Map of the Viridian Isles and Legend).

A world of adventure awaits within this puissant tome!
 This book holds treasures gleaned from Volume III of
Starry Night Press' Old School RPG zine Cavalier Attitude!

SCA III.1 (March 2019)

CAVALIER ATTITUDE
An Old School Roleplaying Zine

Volume III, Issue 1
 Louis 'Stark' Kahn • stark@starryknightpress.com • [@starryknightpress](https://www.instagram.com/starryknightpress) • [@starryknightpress](https://www.facebook.com/starryknightpress)

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 Louis 'Stark' Kahn • stark@starryknightpress.com • [@starryknightpress](https://www.instagram.com/starryknightpress) • [@starryknightpress](https://www.facebook.com/starryknightpress)

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Volume III, Issue 3
 Louis 'Stark' Kahn • stark@starryknightpress.com • [@starryknightpress](https://www.instagram.com/starryknightpress) • [@starryknightpress](https://www.facebook.com/starryknightpress)

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 Louis 'Stark' Kahn • stark@starryknightpress.com • [@starryknightpress](https://www.instagram.com/starryknightpress) • [@starryknightpress](https://www.facebook.com/starryknightpress)

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This supplement is only one of the many exciting role playing aids we create for games of all stripes, and our books are designed for use with OSR and modern rules systems. Our playing aids can be purchase throughout website and wherever quality games are sold.

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