

EARTHDAWN

Vol. 1

\$4.95



THE EARTHDAWN JOURNAL

**An Official
Publication Devoted
to FASA's
Earthdawn Fantasy
Roleplaying Game**

Issue #1 \$4.95US
Aug/Sept/Oct 1994
Stock Number: SOK101

The Earthdawn Journal is published quarterly by Sword of the Knight Publications, Inc.

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THE EARTHDAWN JOURNAL is published quarterly at the middle of February, May, August, and November. One year subscriptions are \$18.00 (North America), \$22.00 (Overseas Surface), and \$30.00 (Overseas Air). Please make all payments in US funds or by Visa/MasterCard.

Submissions: We are looking for good articles and illustrations for the Earthdawn Journal. When submitting manuscripts and artwork, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with appropriate postage for return. We also would appreciate that submissions be presented on IBM compatible diskettes along with hardcopy. Electronic submissions are received at our internet address.

THE EDITOR SPEAKS...

Welcome to the first issue of the Earthdawn Journal! It is our intention to provide you with a quality magazine to support your Earthdawn campaign. However, with this being our first issue, we pretty much had to guess what it is that you are interested in. Please take the time to fill out the "How Are We Doing???" form on this page. We've even included an incentive for your sending it in...

We need submissions!!! Both artwork and articles are in great demand. We will be publishing the Earthdawn Journal quarterly; however, if we begin receiving enough submissions, we will go to a bimonthly printing! So if you want to see more Earthdawn material in print, write more! Enjoy!

Kevin Knight

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TODAY!!!

HOW ARE WE DOING???

Please take the time to fill out this questionnaire. Each respondent will have their name placed in a drawing for free copies of the next issue. A lucky three will receive free copies of the Earthdawn Journal #2.

Dying Words	0	1	2	3	4	5
Trouble in Red Dirt	0	1	2	3	4	5
The City of Ardatha	0	1	2	3	4	5
Hitting the Books	0	1	2	3	4	5
Children of Jaspree	0	1	2	3	4	5
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Artwork (Mike Sorensen)	0	1	2	3	4	5
Artwork (Alan Gillispie)	0	1	2	3	4	5
Artwork (Jim Fallin)	0	1	2	3	4	5
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Artwork (Steve Bryant)	0	1	2	3	4	5
This issues cover	0	1	2	3	4	5
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Convention Info...

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DYING WORDS

Dying Words is a brief encounter, or mini-adventure, that gamemasters can use in the middle of another adventure, or as break from their normal campaign. Dying Words confronts the characters with a new form of Horror, called Deceivers. These Horrors appear in *Parlaint: The Forgotten City*, published by FASA Corporation. This encounter is presented in the same manner as are encounters in the Earthdawn adventures *Mists of Betrayal* and *Terror in the Skies*, published by FASA Corporation.

OVERVIEW

This encounter can take place while the characters are traveling across the vast open plains and hinterlands of Barsaive.

The characters come across a ruined village, fires still smoldering after a raid by parties unknown. If they rush to help the last few anguished survivors, they discover that they've fallen prey to a trick by deceivers, a vicious type of minor Horror.

SETTING THE STAGE

Read the following to the players when they arrive at the deceiver-plagued village:

Up ahead, you can see that the trail you're currently following winds past yet another tiny village. Before you can decide whether you want to skirt it or check it out, you realize that something's wrong. A thick cloud of oily smoke rises from the village, throwing a menacing black shroud over the savanna. A terrible wail rises into the air along with the smoke - long and sobbing, it takes you a moment to decide that it's made by a Name-giver and not some wounded animal.

Then you can hear the words in the wail; again and again, the distraught villager is repeating the word "Help!" in the dwarf tongue.

THEMES AND IMAGES

In this mini-adventure, the adventurers are reminded that many corners in Barsaive, especially in this neck of the woods, do indeed have Horrors lurking behind them, and that even the most seemingly innocent situations can mask the stink of Corruption.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The ruined village is a trap laid by Deceivers, Horrors that compensate for a lack of sheer power with the cunning use of mind-reading and illusion abilities.

DECEIVERS

Attributes

DEX: 13 STR: 6 TOU: 8
PER: 14 WIL: 11 CHA: 15

Initiative: 15 Physical Defense: 7
Number of Attacks: (2) Spell Defense: 8
Attack: 10 Social Defense: 9
Damage: 12 Armor: 0
Number of Spells: 6 Mystic Armor: 10
Spellcasting: 22 Knockdown: 3
Effect: See below Recovery Tests: 4

Death Rating: 28 Combat Movement: 50
Wound Threshold: 7 Full Movement: 100
Unconsciousness Rating: Immune

Karma Points: 20 Karma Step: 8
Powers: Animate Dead 12, Corrupt Karma 12, Cursed Luck



12, Damage Shift 12, Empathy Net 20, False Form 20, Thought Mirror 20 (see below)
Spells: Circle 1 Wizard spells

Legend Points: 1,000
Equipment: None
Loot: None

Commentary

Few people know what deceivers really look like, for they almost always appear cloaked in illusion. Even in death they assume a false form. According to a few reports from powerful illusionists who have beheld deceivers with true sight, they appear humanoid in shape, no more than four feet tall, covered from head to toe in gray, lumpy skin that resembles writhing brain matter. These illusionists saw no sensory organs or other visible features.

Deceivers usually roam in packs of 6 to 8. They delight in using trickery to lure victims to their destruction, either physical or mental. Deceivers use their Empathy Net power (see below) to mentally scan an unsuspecting victim from a distance and determine his or her most noble instincts. Then the deceivers use the Thought Mirror power (see below) to create a large-scale illusion meant to appeal to those instincts. Finally, they use their False Form power (see below) to fit themselves seamlessly into the illusion. When the victim comes to investigate, the deceivers reveal themselves and attack. This element of surprise makes for an effective ambush, but the deceivers seem to enjoy the victim's feelings of shock and betrayal as much as any physical damage they might inflict. Deceivers get their thrills from punishing those who act unselfishly. Given a choice, they prefer to leave their victims barely alive rather than killing them, most likely in hopes that the victim will refuse the next opportunity to act heroically once he or she recovers. Deceivers revel in the knowledge of having stained a shining soul with fear and self-doubt.

In combat, deceivers combine their Empathy Net and False Form powers to identify and mimic the appearance of their opponent's loved ones. This nasty trick unsettles the opponent by forcing him or her to hack away at those he or she cares for most in the world. If its opponent succeeds in killing a deceiver, the Horror plays one final trick: it shapeshifts into a precise copy of its slayer as a child between the ages of six and ten. More than one hero has been attacked in the act of disposing of a deceiver corpse by righteous assailants who believe they have caught a child-murderer.

Of all the Horrors, deceivers are among the easiest to kill despite the ferocity with which they defend themselves. They rarely flee from fights, and many scholars believe that they care more about inflicting mental trauma on others than for their own survival. To a deceiver, death at the hands of a Name-giver simply affords the Horror another opportunity to cause its killer harm.

Empathy Net: Once a deceiver selects a spot it believes will attract the right kind of victim, it expends a Karma Point and performs a brief ritual during which it dashes out the

brain of a living creature against a rock. After this gruesome rite, the deceiver waits until a Name-giver approaches to within 500 yards of it, at which point the power of the ritual mentally alerts the deceiver to its victim's presence. The deceiver then makes a Spellcasting Test against the highest Spell Defense of any Name-givers within the 500-yard range. If the test is successful, the Empathy Net power fills the deceiver's mind with images from the Name-givers' minds. From this telepathic flow, the deceiver can determine what situations would most likely trigger a self-sacrificing response from the targets, what their past and present loved ones look like, and what they looked like as young children.

False Form: The False Form power allows the deceiver to mimic anything it sees in an Empathy Net scan. This power works in three ways, depending on which of the victim's thoughts the deceiver is using to inspire the false form. The deceiver can, for example, become part of a complex illusion created by its Thought Mirror power (see below). As part of the thought mirror, the deceiver's false form shares the thought mirror's Sensing Difficulty (40) and Disbelief Difficulty (26).

The deceiver can also assume the form of an opponent's loved one by making a False Form Test against the victim's Spell Defense. If the test is successful, the victim suffers a reduction of 2 steps to all actions for a number of rounds equal to the difference between the test result and the victim's Spell Defense. When the effect wears off, the deceiver can attempt to adopt the form of yet another loved one. Because the deceiver changes its shape while its opponent watches, the victim knows he or she is fighting an illusion. In this case, however, disbelief does not negate the 2-step reduction. Even though a victim knows he is not really chopping up his mother, he still finds the act emotionally difficult to perform.

If mortally wounded in combat, the deceiver makes a final False Form Test against its killer's Spell Defense. On a successful result, the deceiver transforms into a replica of its opponent as a child. Oddly enough, this change is not an illusion. The deceiver actually becomes a dead child of the relevant Name-giver race, matching its opponent at that age down to the last freckle.

Thought Mirror: The Thought Mirror power allows the deceiver to use images gleaned from an Empathy Net scan (see above) to create a complex illusion that appeals to the victim's sense of heroism. Examples include a mother and baby trapped in a burning building, a drowning child being swept down a river, or a kitten being stalked by a rabid dog. The illusion covers 5 square yards for every 1 of the deceiver's Spellcasting steps. The Step Number for most thought mirrors is 20, giving the illusion a Sensing Difficulty of 40 and Disbelief Difficulty of 26.

APPROACHING THE VILLAGE

As the adventurers approach the village, they see a grim sight indeed - it looks like an entire settlement has been slaughtered, their huts put to the torch. Horribly mangled corpses lie everywhere - outside the village perimeter, in the fire pit and corral, lying out of doorways of huts. Some seem

to have been killed in the midst of a fight, their weapons still clutched in their lifeless hands. Others - including young children and the elderly - lie face down, as if killed summarily. About a hundred people seem to have died here, and recently.

If they pay careful attention to the slain, the party members might note that something is slightly awry here. For one thing, the dead include windlings, t'skrang, trolls, and obsidimen, who aren't typically found in these mixed farming communities. Secondly, the corpses show a surprising range of injury - some have clearly been killed with conventional melee or missile weapons, while others show the marks of having been mangled by vicious animals and creatures. Others have literally been torn apart in a most gruesome fashion, with no way of telling how they were killed.

These inconsistencies are the result of the deceivers having pulled these images from the minds of the player characters - since the party is used to dealing with all of the races back in the civilized areas, the deceivers have included them all amongst the dead. They've also taken various images of death from different adventures and experiences, which

explains why the illusionary corpses seem to have been killed in so many different ways.

As the heroes come closer to the village, they see someone is still moving - an ork woman lying outside a hut at the village's south

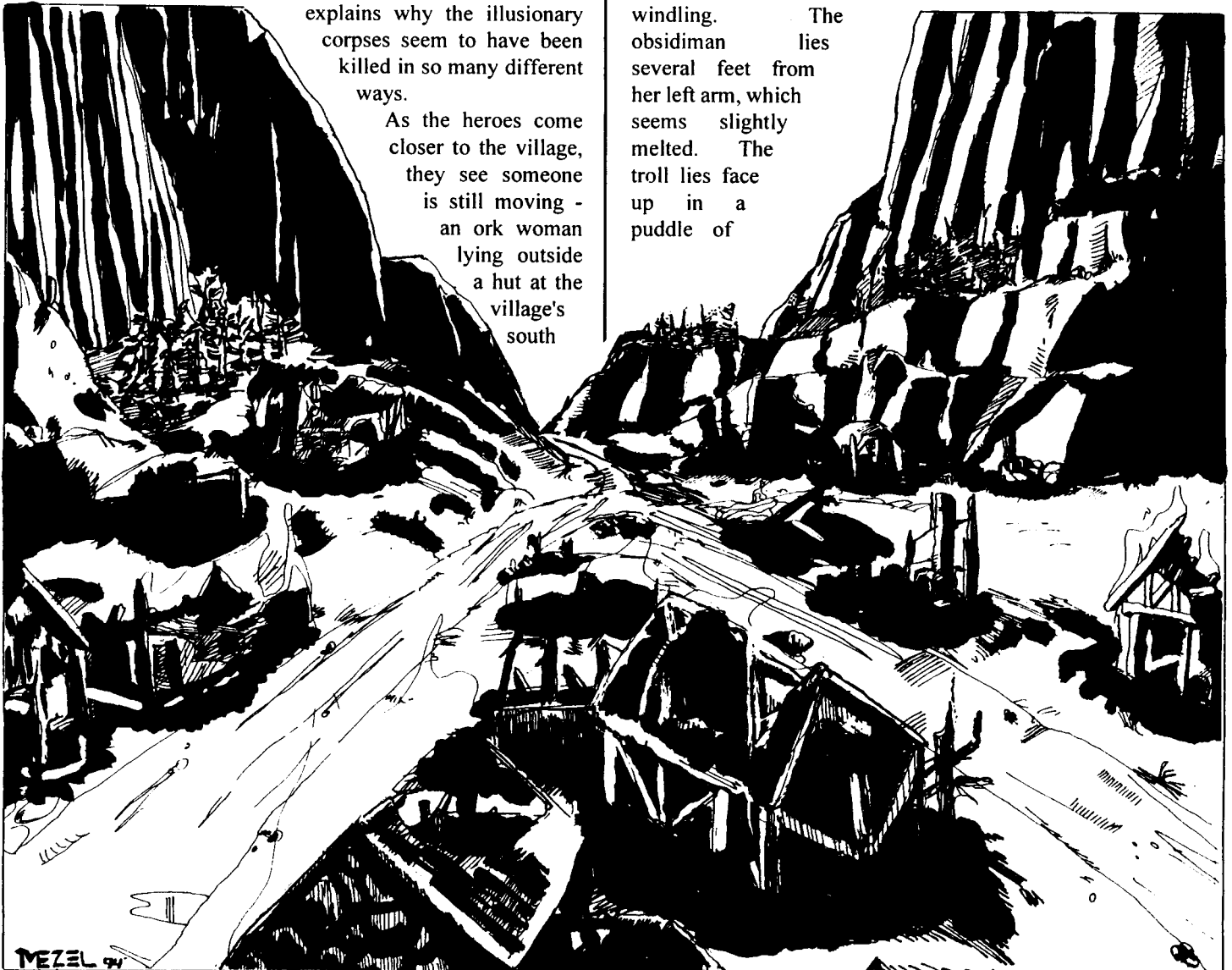
end. She's making the wailing noises they heard earlier. She lies on her back, pierced by several arrows. This is actually a deceiver in False Form (see above) as are all of the "villagers" still "left alive."

If they approach the woman, she chokes as a trickle of blood runs from the side of her mouth, and then speaks: "Please, please, in Garlen's name, please be here to help us. Don't be more of them here to finish us off."

Assuming the adventurers make reassuring noises to her, she responds: "Oh! My prayers are answered! You've come to save us! You are sent by Garlen, you are - " Here she pauses to dramatically gasp for air. "You are heroes."

If the adventurers roll the "ork woman" over onto her back, the deceiver makes a great show of crying out in pain as they move her. If asked who the "us" she's talking about is, the other three deceivers, on cue, begin to stir and cry out. Two lie outside of huts, the other one in the midst of the corral. According to the illusion, the corral fencing is blazing away. Some illusionary slaughtered horses lie inside the fencing; one of them is lying on top of the deceiver, whose False Form is that of a female obsidiman. The deceiver to the west looks like a male troll; the one to the north is a male windling.

The obsidiman lies several feet from her left arm, which seems slightly melted. The troll lies face up in a puddle of



blood, his chest torn open by some unknown force. The windling is bleeding profusely from the head, as if bludgeoned repeatedly.

Should the adventurers offer them any healing aids, the deceivers will be only too grateful to gulp them down, laughing inside at how completely they've fooled these pathetic Name-givers. They want to keep the adventurers fooled for as long as possible; the more completely they trust them, the more twisted pleasure the deceivers get.

If anyone asks any of the "wounded" the name of their settlement, each gives the same answer, a small nearby village. This village should be one of the gamemaster's choosing, preferably, one known to the characters.

The deceivers are waiting for the adventurers to figure out that something fishy is going on, at which time they'll commence their attack. It's possible, though, that the adventurers won't suspect the "dying villagers" even after hearing the four different accounts of the raid - they may chalk this up to some kind of magical mind-clouding on the part of the nonexistent raiders. Or simply believe the first one they hear without asking for the others. If the adventurers don't seem like they're going to figure things out, the deceivers get bored and start the fight.

Each of the deceivers has a cadaver man stashed nearby, hiding in a hut, and orders it to attack when the combat begins. Another way the fight might break out is if the adventurers search the huts for some reason and come across the animated corpses. If there are four or fewer characters, the deceivers withdraw, watching the fights with glee. If there are more party members to take care of, the deceivers nearest to unengaged player characters take them on. Unoccupied deceivers would still rather watch than dive right into the fight.

In case it matters, the deceivers found these corpses in this abandoned village when they first came across it a couple of days ago. They were the remains of lost travelers who died of heatstroke just before the deceivers came on the scene.

CADAVER MEN (4)

DEX: 4 STR: 6 TOU: 7
PER: 3 WIL: 6 CHA: 4

Initiative : 5 Physical Defense: 5
Number of Attacks :1 (4) Spell Defense: 6
Attack: 7 Social Defense: 11
Damage: 9 Armor: 0
Number of Spells: NA Mystic Armor: 0
Spellcasting: NA Knockdown: 7
Effect: Na Recovery Tests: 2

Death Rating: 36 Combat Movement: 25
Wound Threshold: 9 Full Movement: 50
Unconsciousness Rating: 30

Legend Points: 110
Equipment: None
Loot: None

Cadaver men go into a rage if wounded, getting four attacks per round until the character who wounded them is dead or 10 rounds have passed, whichever comes first. These particular cadaver men have been driven so insane by constant proximity to Horrors that they're incapable of social interaction of any kind - they're just mindless automatons of destruction.

When cadaver men go down, unengaged deceivers replace them, activating the False Form power so as to appear as various loved ones of the adventurers. The deceivers prefer to stay out of hand-to-hand range and fling Crushing Will and Mind Dagger spells for as long as possible before closing. They're not well-equipped to take damage, so they'll use Cursed Luck on opponents trying to hit them and Damage Shift when they do get hit.

When party members fall unconscious, the deceivers stop attacking them, or command their cadaver men to stop. They want the party members to live to rue the day they stopped to aid some helpless people in trouble - and to report their experiences to others, spreading mistrust throughout the countryside. If a deceiver knocks a combatant out, it steps back to enjoy the spectacle unless there's another unengaged opponent to fight.

These particular deceivers have more of an instinct for self-preservation than most; if any of them take 25 or more points of accumulated damage, they run away, on foot. When one deceiver flees, the rest follow. This counts as a defeat, entitling the group to Legend Points for the deceivers. Still, the party may wish to pursue them to rid the countryside of this menace.

When the deceivers die (turning into child replicas of the characters who strike the final blows) or leave the immediate area, the air shimmers and the scene changes. The corpses vanish - except for the cadaver men - and the fires and smoke disappear with them. The huts turn out to be old and crumbled - the village has obviously been abandoned for years, and the characters are able to discover moldering documents in one of the huts that identify the place as Verybright. They find a diary entry that explains that Verybright was abandoned when its well ran dry.

If captured, the deceivers refuse to talk - being taken prisoner is an indignity they won't tolerate, and they'll use all of their magic and persuasive abilities to attempt an escape. It is unlikely that seasoned adventurers will let them live anyway.

TROUBLESHOOTING

It is unlikely that the characters will get themselves killed in this encounter, because their enemies consider it more deliciously evil to let them live. Don't fudge a killing blow, though - Horrors are not to be trifled with. Barsaive since the Scourge is a dangerous place.

-- Robin D. Laws --

TROUBLE IN RED DIRT

This adventure takes place in a small town called Red Dirt located about 11 days walking (6 days riding) in a straight line from Kratas to Jerris at the foot of the Tylon Mountains. It is set for 4-6 characters of 2-4th circle. It is strongly suggested that one of the characters be a nethermancer, but it is not essential to the completion of the adventure. The adventure begins with the characters already in the town of Red Dirt. It is likely that they have taken rooms at the 'Drunken Fieldhand' as it is the only inn in town and the price is always right. The 'Drunken Fieldhand' is run by Ma and Pa Cherteck an elderly human couple (They insist on being called Ma and Pa by everyone -- see Personalities at the end of this adventure). While staying at the inn the party has a chance of hearing one of the rumors found in the Rumor section at the end of this adventure.

THE TOWN OF RED DIRT

Before the party begins making preparations to continue on their way a young page boy will approach a member of the party and hand them a note. The note is from Devin Tillney, the mayor of Red Dirt. He wishes to meet with the party and stresses that it is very important. He has a problem that he believes the party may be able to help him with. Read the text below when you feel it is appropriate, or as the party is going to see the mayor.

Red Dirt, in the time you have been here you have certainly learned how the town came about it's rather appropriate name. Red dust from the claylike soil blows through the air constantly. Your clothes and packs are saturated with a fine coating of the crimson dust. Red Dirt is a small town, not much at all to look at, and the people are all quite simple. The only adepts you have seen in town besides yourself are Tetslo the crippled weaponsmith and Erdigal the town troubadour. Like many of the other small towns that have sprung up since the Scourge, Red Dirt is a farming community. The people

work in cooperation with each other so as to better the whole community's chances for survival.

Beyond and below the clay brick walls of Red Dirt lie the ruins of a larger city that once went by the name of Dravarth. The marvelous city once sprawled across the surrounding land and in fact even below it. Dravarth was known for its extensive undercity. A complex system of corridors and rooms that lay below the surface of the earth and functioned as an inassailable fortress. Sadly the city was abandoned during the Scourge and little



remains except the rubble of old buildings now converted into stone walls used for seperating plots of land with soil rich enough to be used for agriculture.

What now troubles this town so much that they would ask you for help? The people here seem so independent and strong that it is difficult to guess what their problem might be. A horror? Scorchers? Theran skyraiders? Only Devin has the answers right now.

When the party meets Devin he tells the party that the town of Red Dirt does indeed have a problem. In the past few

months a number of graves have been robbed of all valuables and even the bodies have been taken. No clues have been found except for a few shuffled footprints leading out of the graveyard. To make matters worse some of the villagers have been reported missing and all those who have gone to investigate have not returned; the last time any of them were seen was heading toward the graveyard. It is not known what happened to them. Devin would like the party to watch the graveyard at night and find out who or what is digging up the bodies and if it's related to the missing villagers. Then he wants them stopped.

He will offer the party 400sp from the town treasury and he will be more than willing to help equip the party with the resources he has available.

The truth of the trouble is that a nethermancer has come to town. Derek Soultaker has been taking bodies from the graveyard for use in his own private army. He has enlisted the aid of Deridious Quay, a blood elf adept. Together they found a way into the dark undercity where Derek found a Spirit Wind. A legendary undead creature capable of immense power. Derek has been feeding the spirit wind with the souls of the townspeople who get a little too curious and begin poking around the graveyard. He hopes to befriend the wind and have it serve him in his army.

THE GRAVEYARD

If the party goes out to the graveyard tonight nothing happens during the night. It is dark and cloudy, moonlight flitters in here and there but not enough to see by without low light vision. Someone in the party may try to use the tracking ability to find the trail. A success of a 12 or better will reveal the track leading up to the mausoleum. Once on the rubble another test with a difficulty of 15 (see the graveyard map for trail) must be made in order to follow the trail into the ruined mausoleum (see The Mausoleum). If the party searches the robbed graves they might notice (per (8)) that all of the graves that have been robbed are more than a year old.

The second night however, just past midnight four zombies will come shuffling out of the ruined mausoleum and into the graveyard (see Those that Stalk the Night... for more information). They head toward the grave of the mayor's son. With the zombies, but about 50 yards back follows Deridious Quay. He uses his Silent Walk talent and is very difficult to pick up while he slinks around in the dark. Those on watch must make a perception test (12) in order to notice him. Those studying the zombies with heat sight will note that the zombies bodies are cool. Those with night vision will notice the tattered clothing and torn cracked skin (this should be enough to clue them into the fact that the zombies are undead)..

The zombies have been ordered to dig up the body of the mayor's son so that Derek may animate it and add it to his troops. They will not fight unless they are assaulted first. Indeed they will not even acknowledge the presence of the party until the first zombie is struck. The zombies will fight together and have been ordered to listen to Deridious. If a battle does occur Deridious will watch the battle and attempt

to size up the party before returning to warn Derek. He will try not to get involved in this battle, preferring to wait until he can set up an ambush and strike from behind.

THE MAUSOLEUM

Before you stands the ruins of an ancient mausoleum. Two other buildings, still intact, stand off to the side. The doors of these buildings are sealed with large stone blocks carved with murals depicting various burial ceremonies and rites for the dead. The other buildings seem to have weathered time quite well. All of these buildings were apparently built just after the Scourge ended. They appear to have weathered much since then, you guess that some of it must be due to the fact that this whole area lies above the ruins of another city and thus some of the ground is unstable.

Looking at the building ahead you see that one whole corner of it has crumbled into rubble and now lies sprawled out in a precarious heap. The broken section of the building reveals access to three rooms all on the eastern side of the building. The rubble field looks as though it might be difficult to traverse, but nothing that should be too dangerous as long as caution is applied.

The rubble is in fact quite treacherous. The transversable look of the rubble was deliberately designed by Deridious to take care of nosey townspeople. In addition to discouraging visitors the noise of the falling rocks serves as an alarm. If the party has found the trail leading into the third room of the mausoleum then the traps may be avoided. The are only set to catch those who don't know the proper way in. If a character wished to examine the rubble pile before stepping onto it a perception test of 10 will reveal that things are not exactly as they seem. The traps are set to trigger if anyone walks through the trapped area and steps on a loose rock. To check for triggering have all who pass over the area make a dexterity test with a difficulty number of 1 for each 50 pounds of weight being applied to the area (i.e. 400 lbs = difficulty of 8). If the trap is triggered a slide will start and all those on the rubble pile are subject to the trap. (Rubble Mound: Initiative: 10, Effect: 15, Disarm Difficulty: 15).

INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM -- UPPER LEVEL

The interior of the mausoleum is dark except for what light trickles in from the missing section of wall. The floor is stone slab covered with dried leaves and bits of sticks as well as a few small bones that look as though they have been gnawed on by rats or other small mammals. The whole place is cold and your skin tingles a little at the sudden change in temperature. It almost feels like this place is drawing the heat from your body through your skin. You can hear the footsteps of those who are walking echoing off of the smooth stone walls. Dark openings line the main corridor, most likely more rooms for the dead, more violated rooms. At the end of the corridor a wide set of stone steps lead down into darkness.

The stone sarcophagi are all empty except for those in the the two rooms at the end of the corridor. Zombies have been placed in the coffins there with the command to attack if anyone enters either of the two rooms or goes down the

stairs. All of the rooms have old tapestries and wall hangings and alters along one wall or another for the purpose of prayer and communicating with the spirits of the dead. Due to the defiled nature of this place none of these alters function anymore. They have lost their special powers and they no longer give the gift of communication with the netherworld.

INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM -- LOWER LEVEL

As you descend the flat stone steps of the mausoleum staircase you begin to feel as though you are to forever be entombed in stone. The smooth stone walls lining the stair are wet with moisture and small patches of moss and algae cling to the wall in places carving out small nooks and holds in which to live. From below you hear the echo of water dripping into a shallow puddle. Each drop seeming more and more ominous until you reach the bottom of the stair



INSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM—LOWER LEVEL

and you feel the crunch of your boot on gravel as it scrapes along the smooth stone floor. Looking about you see a corridor extending to your left and right, before you the wall has been peeled back to expose a wide tunnel dug into the bare earth. At your feet sections of the wall lie in jagged edged blocks as if they were shattered by the force of a mighty blow. A cool draft flows down the stairs past you and into the tunnel.

A faint rasping sound alerts you just as you see a figure at the end of the corridor launch into motion. A walking corpse charges at you fearless of it's own destruction. Soiled rags and small bits of yellowed cracked flesh hang from its

withered drawn body. Long black hair whips around it's dried face madly as the thing charges closer.

The party is being attacked by two zombies, one from each side. The zombies have been given the command to kill anyone who steps into the corridor.

1-4.) Defiled Crypts

These crypts were cleaned out and defiled by Derek when he was organizing his own chambers in the undercity. The coffins have all been opened and cleaned out. Some of the corpses are missing or scattered about the floor while still others have been placed in grotesque positions depicting horrible tortures and other obscene acts.

5.) Questors Crypt

The door to this room is a fine but solid oak door. The symbol of Galen graces all four corners of the door and the handle is made of finely feathered bronze.

Against the far wall of the room lies a coffin of pure white marble. Garlen's symbol decorates the coffin. In the corner of the room stands an alter shaped to represent a hearth. On top of the alter are many gifts and offerings of fine goblets, gold coins, open bags of jewels and many other fineries.

The gifts on the alter were given to Garlen while people still visited this mausoleum. If anyone but a questor of Garlen tries to take anything from the alter, or attempts to defile the coffin in any way. They may be afflicted by a major curse. (Karma Curse, Step:15, Effect: victim suffers step 8 damage every time karma is used. This curse may be removed magically or by doing a deed that proves sorrow and repentment. The damage is magical in nature and mystic armor will protect). The treasures on the alter are 100gp, 50sp, 2 silver wine goblets (100sp ea.), 2 diamonds (50sp ea), 2 rubies (100sp ea.), and a gold necklace with an emblem depicting a common likeness of Garlen (200sp).

The coffin is sealed and cannot be opened without a dispell magic (20). Inside the coffin lies the body of a questor of Garlen. Those who have knowledge of the Passions or Legends and Hero's may make a test (12), to recognize the body of Nathan Ellsdragon a legendary questor of Garlen as well as a 8th circle swordmaster adept. His body is laid out in ceremonial robes with his armor (crystal ringlet) folded at his feet and his sword and shield flat across his chest.

It is for obvious reasons that Derek has left this crypt undefiled.

6.) Storage Room

This room once stored a number of different embalming goods and other common items. Since Derek moved in he has had the goods moved to his working area. The room is now empty.

7.) Burial Rack

A number of the dead who were not important enough to get their own family crypts have been placed here. The are preserved and placed on great stone slabs in a rack to hold them while their spirits passed from the world of the living to the world of the dead.

The bodies have now all been torn to shreds by roaving

zombies, rats, krilworms, and other friendly crypt critters.

TUNNEL

As you step into the soil walled tunnel a sudden chill comes over you. Lying on the floor before you is the corpse of an old human. While similar to the zombies in appearance the body does not appear to contain any dangerous presences or spirits. In fact a large portion of the body is destroyed. The right arm and part of the ribcage have been gnawed open by rats and some parts are even missing completely.

The tunnel winds on for about 20 yards before the party reaches the first trap. It is triggered by anyone stepping on a small pressure plate located in the center of the corridor. Those walking through the corridor have a 25% chance of stepping on the triggering mechanism. If the trap is triggered a 6'x6' sheet of steel reinforced wood with spikes driven through it pushes out from the wall and pins anyone in it's way to the far wall of the tunnel. The trap is mechanically driven by a counterweight in the wall and will continue to apply pressure against the far wall doing damage every round to any unfortunates caught between the two. In order to pull the plank back a combined strength test of 40 must be made (sum steps for those helping then roll final result) Plank Trap: Detection Difficulty: 15, Initiative: 20, Effect: 20 +step 6 per round, Disarm difficulty: 15.

This is the trap that resulted in the death of Stephan Ablefoot. Such a painful death with dishonor has kept his spirit from passing on and it now lurks further down the corridor in the form of a shadowman (See Those that Stalk the Night...).

Tunnel - Alcoves

This seemingly normal section of tunnel has been designed by Derek and Deridious to put a final fright into anyone trying to make their way into the tunnel system. Hidden behind the wall in a series of alcoves on either side of the corridor are 8 zombies. They have the command to attack intruders once the intruders have passed by the alcoves completely. Derek's hope is to drive the party into the pool and finish them off. The zombies will strike at the last person in the party to pass through the area, if the party is in a group. If not the zombies will strike at the last member of the first group to pass). The zombies make their first round of attacks with surprise and follow up by trying to drive the intruders down the corridor to the pool trap.

Tunnel - Pool

Up ahead you catch the smell of rancid meat accompanied by that of stagnant water. Looking ahead you are surprised to find that the tunnel opens up into a wide area about 6 yards across. Nearly completely filling the room is a sinkhole. Apparently the floor of this room gave out and has collapsed into a pool of water nearly 20' below. The sides of the hole look very unstable and occasional clumps of dirt roll down and splash into the putrid water. Floating on top of the water are four pale bloated human corpses.

A narrow walkway continues around the edge of the pool and into the tunnel on the opposite side.

Deridious and Derek have worked on this trap together as well. Deridious was aware of the danger of the sinkhole and

so he reinforced the walkway to hold only up to 200 lbs of weight, anymore than that and the walkway will pull away from the wall and tumble into the pool (per(10)) to notice trap. A dex test (8) allows anyone on the walkway to jump free before falling into the pool. The walls of the pool are loose soil and very difficult to climb (12).

The corpses in the pool are zombies waiting for anything to enter the pool before they attack. The pool is 5 feet deep so anyone fighting in the pool suffers a penalty to all steps requiring action (including initiative) according to the amount of their body submerged in the water. (waist-2, chest-3, shoulders-4, head-cannot fight-6). The zombies however, due to the nature of the magic that animates them are unaffected by moving through the water. The animate strength of the zombies remains constant even when pushing through such liquids as water (This is where the troll Tarsk Bloodluster lost his life. He too became a shadowman and lurks in the corridor ahead).

8.) Drowned Room

This room is where the two shadowmen live (See Those that Stalk the Night...). They remain here until they sense a life moving about in the tunnel system. They will then slip out and travel down the dark corridor and attempt to shadow double the lead characters and then strike from behind in the ensuing confusion. The names of the shadowmen were Tarsk Bloodluster and Stephen Ablefoot both died at the hands of Derek's traps nearly six months ago. Neither one of the shadowmen dares to attack Derek or his allies however because they believe that he has the power to free his souls if only they can please him (He never will, though he will try to enslave them in his army).

The room is eight feet high and filled with 6 feet of water. If the party wishes to explore the room they will find nothing as the room filled with water before Derek could move things into it.

9.) Welcome room.

You emerge from the tunnel into a partially destroyed rectangular room. The ceiling and walls around you collapsed some time ago and apparently this tunnel was dug right through the old walls of the room. The walls are covered with some type of phosphorescent moss that gives off a soft yellow light. A door still stands on it's hinges across the room from you. There is little else except for rubble in the room and a few tattered old wall hangings so rotted with moisture that they would fall apart at the touch.

10.) Ancient Corridor

You as you move through the door the first thing you notice is that this whole hallway is well lit by light stones floating near the arched roof of the hallway. A wooden door stands across from you and to your left more doors line the hall. Almost immediately to your right the hallway has collapsed and tons of soil and rubble block the way. You dimly hear a moaning voice from one of the rooms to your left.

11, 15, 16.) Abandoned Rooms

This room doesn't appear to have survived the collapse well at all. No furnishings of any type remain in the room and the collapsed walls have reduced the area of the room to a tight squeeze.

12.) Pass Warded Door and Derek's room. (See Pass Ward spell pg 180 ED)

This door has been warded by Derek so that only he or someone in his company may pass through this door. The same type of ward is on the door to the prison room, as well as the door leading into the hall with the sewer grate. The ward is quite strong strong.

(Detection Difficulty: 13, Spell Defense: 12, Disarm Difficulty: 12, Trigger Condition: Ward makes a spell casting test against the spell defense of anyone within 10 feet, Spellcasting: 13, Effect: 23, Duration 5 1/2 years). The ward places a white skull on the chest of the target and the ward message is "Children shouldn't play where they're not invited!"

Derek's Room:

A musty odor fills the air around you as the door swings open with a hollow creak. Candle light flickers off the walls of the room and the smell of incense pervades your senses. An ornate black rug lies in the center of the room a pattern of a griffon stitched into it with bright blue thread. In the corner a small bed lies next to a table with two chairs and a wooden chest. Opposite the bed stands a bureau.

Derek is not in the room, he and Deridious have left for the other section of the city. Deridious for the sewers and Derek has gone to visit the krill worms that live in the kitchen (room 17b).

The chest is locked (13) and trapped to trigger when the chest is opened (Dart Trap, Detection Difficulty (8), Initiative: 25, Attack: 15 (average success=2 darts, good=4, excellent=6, extraordinary=8, Effect: 8 per dart, Disarm Difficulty: 12). The chest contains a number of nethermantic goods such as bits of folded skin and bone fragments, a vial of fine ink (20sp), 15 gold rings (from corpses 15sp ea.) 10 silver rings (10sp ea.) 1 silver necklace (15sp) 1 gold necklace (25sp). Aside from these items the room is quite barren, the bureau has mundane clothing, and the table is clear. Derek believes in spartan living due to the fact that he has to relocate quite frequently, especially as of late.

13.) Deridious Quay's Chambers

The door opens into a plain looking room, the far wall has collapsed so far as to have nearly filled the entire room. A commonplace rug lies on the floor and a bed is set against the far wall next to a wooden chest.

The room is empty. Deridious is currently exploring the sewer system beneath the city level. He spends much of his time there hoping to find other sections of the city that were not cleared out or looted before the collapse.

The chest is locked (15) and trapped with a poisoned needle in the lock. If the lockpicking test fails a needle will dart out to prick the invading hand with poison (Needle Trap, Detection Difficulty: 12, Disarm Difficulty: 12, Initiative: 30, Attack: 20, Effect: 4 (needle must cause damage beyond hand protection worn in order for poison to work. Needle poison: Debilitative poison, Step: 6, Spell Defense: 6, Onset time: 1 hour, Duration 24 hours, poison causes sweating, shakes, and hallucinations). The chest is empty.

Deridious has hidden his goods in a small hollow he carved out beneath a loose rock in the rubble pile. If the party

searches the rubble pile a perception test (15) will locate the loose rock and the treasure beneath. (a large leather sack with 45 gold, 200 silver, 4 rubies (50sp ea.) 2 glass daggers, 1 vial of poison (same as on trap 3 doses remaining) There is also a small silver brooch (20sp) This brooch has been enchanted for Deridious so that he may pass through all Derek's wards and guards without fear. Deridious carries another brooch on him at all times.

14.) Prison Room

It seems odd to you that this door of all others should be the only one with a sliding bolt on the outside of the door. The door looks as though it has been reconstructed since the original door was hung on these hinges some hundreds of years before. Indeed bits of the copper binding on the door still glisten in places where the sickly green tarnish has not yet spread. Even as you are contemplating the door a low pained moan echoes forth from within.

The ward on this door is similar to the ward on the door outside of Derek's room the message is different, the ward repeats. "NONE SHALL PASS! (insert wicked evil GM laughter here!)." Once the party gets past the ward the room is as follows.

You slide the bolt back on the door and it slowly begins to swing towards you. From inside you hear a shriek of terror and a woman begins screaming "NO!, NO!, not my boy....don't take my boy!....please.....not my boy...." The screaming drops into a helpless sobbing. As more light filters in you see a partially collapsed room filled with straw mats. Here and there the mats have been heaped together to make a semblance of a bed. Small bowls containing food and water lie near the open doorway. In the far corner of the room a woman is huddled in the corner hugging a small child to her breast. She scrabbles back against the wall even as your shadow falls on the floor. Softly you can hear her murmuring, "not my boy, not my boy, not my boy...", over and over again.

The human woman is a prisoner being kept to feed the spirit wind. Her name is Sara and her child's name is Jon. She is hysterical and delirious and will remain so until she sees the light of day. She has been penned up in this room for over a week now and has hardly slept or eaten. She is in very poor shape. She remembers little except going to visit her husband's grave one evening with Jon and then she was snatched up from behind by a tall man. She never saw his face but she remembers the feeling of knives stabbing into her stomach and side as if his arms were covered with shards of broken glass or something wickedly sharp. She also knows that Derek is killing people somewhere down in the sewers because after he takes somebody out of the room she can hear their shrieks echoing through the walls.

17.) Common Rooms

These rooms are all fairly simple they are common rooms, some with beds, some with tables and chairs. the only unusual rooms are noted below. All rooms were cleaned out of anything valuable when the city was abandoned.

17a.) The only thing special about this room is the pass ward on the door. If anyone approaches within 10 feet of the door not accompanied by either Derek or Deridious the ward will

activate and a skull will appear on the chest of the offending characters. The ward functions as the one on the door to Derek's room though the message is a shrieking alarm meant to alert Derek to intruders. Derek is in room 17b. and will hear the alarm and begin making his preparations while the party deals with the door. If possible he will wait until the party is investigating somewhere else before he moves out to make his stand.

17b.) Kitchen. Derek is here with his new companions, a flock of 20 krill worms which he has impressed. They are now loyal to Derek and with his commands nightflyer spell he has given them order to protect him. He also travels with a personal bodyguard of four zombies.

Krilworms (20)

Attributes:

DEX: 5 STR: 5 TOU: 5
PER: 6 WIL: 7 CHA: 1

Initiative: 4 (d6) Physical Defense: 8
Number of Attacks: 1 Spell Defense: 7
Attack: 5 (d8) Social Defense: 7
Damage: 6 (d10) Armor: 0
Number of Spells: None Mystic Armor: 2
Spellcasting: 8 (2d6) Knockdown: 5
Effect: locate target Recovery Tests: 1

Death Rating: 30 Combat Movement: 75
Wound Threshold: 8 Full Movement: 150
Unconsciousness Rating: 25

Notes: no eyes, make a spellcasting test for swarm to locate target. Krilworms have an affection for nethermancers. When one of the swarm dies make a willpower test against a difficulty number of 4 for the swarm to stay.

18.) Bone Circle and Sewer Grate.

Before you lies an ominous sight. A sewer grate lies on the stone floor next to an open hole leading down into darkness. Surrounding the hole about 3 yards distant is a circle of bone. Small shards of what looks like rat bones form the circle. Inside the circle you can dimly see a humanoid shape darting about from side to side.

The circle is a result of the nethermantic spell bone circle. The spirit inside is a bone spirit (see pg. 176 ED) with an effect step of 16. The spirit will let none except those designated by Derek to pass.

Once past the bone spirit the party will find a ten yard long iron runged ladder set into the wall of the shaft leading down into the sewer system below the city.

SEWER SYSTEM

As you step onto the soft squishy mud below the drainshaft your foot sinks a few inches and sickening squishing sound echoes out. The corridor is not lit, but you can just make out an intersection to either side of you. Tentatively you place a foot out in front of you and set it down carefully expecting to slip in soft mud, but your foot falls firmly despite the

treacherous appearance of the footing.

The party's goal in the sewers is to make it to the pool where the spirit wind has taken up residence. There are many different routes that the party may use to find the wind but eventually they should end up at the spirit wind. If they begin to travel too far in the wrong direction



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have them come up against a collapsed section of tunnel.

The spirit wind used to roam the sewers looking for prey, but since Derek has been bringing it souls it has remained near the pool where it can wait for some of the other sewer creatures to come for a drink.

Deridious also walks the sewers, and there is a chance that he might hear the party moving about and come to investigate. For every minute that the party is in the sewers give Deridious a 10% chance to hear them, if they are fighting make it a 20% chance. If Deridious becomes aware of the party's presence he will make an effort to assassinate a party member or find some other way to throw a hitch into their plans. If he feels that he is in danger of dying he will flee into the sewers. Better to live to fight another day.

THE POOL

Read this when the party first encounters the pool and the spirit wind.

You look out on a large pool. A section of the sewer system has collapsed into the ground below leaving a large cavern into which water has collected over the years. Squinting your eyes you think you see a dim blue light below the surface of the pool. Then, to your surprise you see it growing larger and larger. Eventually it reaches the surface and water sprays in all directions. Through the haze you are able to make out a spectral blue form hovering over the water. Small bits of bone and flesh fall into the water as it swirls about. In a vortex of motion it moves towards you, a swirling cloud of faces. Long stretched faces, contorted in anguish and misery. They swirl madly almost looking like a blur of souls. Each face different, each face screaming with a banshee's wail.

For information regarding the spirit wind see Those that Stalk the Night... in this issue. The wind the party faces is weak. It contains only 8 spirits right now placing it at a step 4 spirit wind.

When the party finally manages to defeat the wind read the following.

In a cacophany of screams the wind dissipates. Fragments

of souls scatter about in a thousand different directions eventually reforming into the shapes of people. As the blue light fades you think you see winged creatures of light moving toward the souls, helping them move on, taking them to the world beyond. Faintly you hear a cry of thanks in your mind. Taking one last look before the light fades you see a small human girl looking back at you. Perhaps only 5 years old she smiles at you the looks down at her feet shyly as she is lead away by the takers of the dead.

RUMORS:

- 1.) A few months ago two adventurers went into the undercity to try to set things right. A troll warrior (Tarsk Bloodluster) and a human swordmaster (Stephan Ablefoot). They never came back (true).
- 2.) Erdigal used to be a court performer in Throal (true).
- 3.) Last Veltom someone saw a large horror flying over the graveyard (false).
- 4.) Ma and Pa Cherteck are Theran spies (false).
- 5.) Erdigal met with a horror while traveling once and could never perform again (true).
- 6.) Erdigal says he saw a dead man walking one night while he was out drinking in the graveyard (sort of true -- see Erdiagal Flynn).
- 7.) Tetslo got himself crippled when he killed a horror in single combat (false).
- 8.) Devin puts special magical ingredients into his bricks that make them so beautiful. He has a hoard of elemental earth hidden somewhere (false).

PERSONALITIES

Ma and Pa Cherteck

A elderly human couple Ma and Pa (as they insist on being called) are the proprietors of the 'Drunken Field hand'. They run a clean inn with a good kitchen and clean sheets. Their rooms are nice for the price and though a little bit stuffy and small they do the job. Pa has even had a few additions put on the inn over the past few years to house those races that have special requirements. Ma and Pa know little of what goes on in the graveyard, though they will not hesitate to volunteer what they hear about then inn. They are adamant about how evil the place has been feeling lately and they claim that they have heard strange sound coming from below their root cellar like someone screaming and wailing in terror.

Ma and Pa remember Tarsk Bloodluster and Stephan Ablefoot. They know that Tarsk and Stephan left during the night a few months ago headed for the graveyard. And they were never heard from again. Ma still has their old clothes in a sack all clean and folded hoping they will come back.

The 'Drunken Fieldhand'

Elsa Cherteck works as a serving lass for her grandmother and grandfather. She is young and highly flirtatious especially to those of noble grace who will try to woo her. She probably won't get involved with an adventurer, but will flirt the night with them until it's time to close up.

room: 5cp/night includes a drink before bed (ale/wine/

other) dinner: 2cp will buy breakfast and a dinner with another drink

drink: only common ale/wine/other 1cp per/pint house special: a Crimson Bonnie (small amount of clay mixed with a clear liqueur) 1sp (tastes excellent, quite a kick)

Devin and Dalla Tillney

Devin and his wife Dalla were born and raised in Red Dirt. Devin, 55, is now the proud mayor of this town whose walls have encompassed him his entire life. He has a very successful trading business centered mostly on ceramics and clay bricks. Some of the crimson bricks he makes even line the walkways of some of the richest houses in Throal. Devin is very concerned about what has been happening to the graveyard and he will do all he can to help the party accomplish their goals. He doesn't have much to offer but he is willing to give 400sp from the town treasury to the party if they will help to stop the grave robbing. He has little else to give but would gladly give more if he had it.

Devin is eager for the party to begin immediately and may seem a little anxious. What he does not want to tell the party is that all the graves seem to be robbed after a year of burial and that his son was killed in a farming accident a year ago tomorrow. He is desperately afraid that something will happen to his son's body. If he feels the party is hesitant to help either he or Dalla will break down and reveal to the party their true fears.

Erdigal Flynn

STR: 4 DEX: 6 TOU: 5
PER: 7 WIL: 4 CHA: 8 (4 - horror effect)

Erdigal Flynn is a 6th circle human troubadour who has been down on his luck for quite some time. He is not aware of it, but he was marked during the course of his first adventure and the horror in his head has a wonderful time making Erdigal forget a story completely right at the climax of the tale. He often makes Erdigal tone deaf as well or forces him to make horrible mistakes while playing. It is for this reason that Erdigal has turned to drinking and gambling for money. He has become addicted to gambling and will seldom do anything if there is not a bet involved in it somewhere. He is terrified of conflict and will flee at the first sign of anger and curl up in a ball under the nearest staircase. He does however have some knowledge that might help the party. One night while he was out drinking he found himself asleep in the bottom of a freshly dug grave. When he tried to crawl out he saw men digging up another grave with their hands. He cowered in fear and fell back into the grave to hide. When he came out again they were gone. He does remember a tall thin man giving orders in Sperethiel (elven).

Tetslo Shieldbreaker

STR: 7 DEX: 6 TOU: 7
PER: 6 WIL: 5 CHA: 4

Tetslo the ork lives alone on a small cot in the back of his shop. He is an excellent weaponsmith (4th circle and he is

rank 4 in all of his talents). He is willing to do work for the party at the fair market price. He no longer adventures due to a permanent limp he suffered at the hands of construct. He doesn't like to talk about what has happened to him and will become very defensive if anybody ever asks about it. He came here to get away from his old life but, at the same time, he sympathizes with adventurers trying to get by in the world. He has little knowledge of the graveyard problem except that the bodies are being taken at night and that the last time he was out there he found a wicked looking thorn about 2 inches long lying next to one of the open graves. The thorn was covered in blood. He still has the thorn and will offer it to the party if he thinks it will help. The thorn is one of Deridious's and is a minor pattern item for Deridious. Tetslo still has some of his old adventuring equipment and if the party seems interested he will offer to sell them a last chance potion (500sp) and his crystal viking shield (150sp). He will even power up the shield as part of the selling price.



DEREK

**Derek Sultaker -- 5th circle dwarven
nethermancer adept**

Attributes

Dex: (15): 6/d10	Str: (15): 6/d10
Tou: (16): 7/d12	Per: (18): 7/d12
Wil: (16): 7/d12	Cha: (10) : 5/d8

Talents

Karma Ritual (5)
R/W Language (5): 12 / 2d10
*R/W Magic (5): 12 / 2d10
*Spellcasting (6): 13 / d12+d10
Spell Matrix (5)
Spell Matrix (5)
Spell Matrix (5)
Spell Matrix (5)
*Nethermancy (6): 13 / d12+d10
*Astral Sight (5): 12 / 2d10
Durability 4/3 (6)
Frighten (5): 12 / 2d10
Taunt (5): 10 / d10+d6
Willforce (4): 11 / d10+d8
*Spirit Hold (6): 18 / d20+d12

Movement

Full: 60 Combat: 30

Skills

Artisan/Embroidery (1): 6 / d10
Knowledge/Undead Lore (2): 9 / d8+d6
Knowledge/Horrors (1): 8 / 2d6

Initiative Dice: d10
Karma Dice: d6 Points: 15

Combat

Physical Defense: 8
Spell Defense: 11
Social Defense: 6
Armor: 4
Mystic Armor:

Damage

Death Rating: 63 (30)
Wound Threshold: 11
Unc. Rating: 49 (16)
Recovery Die: d12
Recovery Tests per Day: 3

Equipment

adventurer's kit, booster potion, 2 healing potions, mace, embroidered robe, embroidery kit, grimoir, knife, leather armor, desperate spell charm, death cheat charm, absorb blow charm, traveler's garb, 20 cp, 60 sp, 3 gp, 1 elemental earth coin

Spells

1st circle: bone dance, chilling circle, detect undead, command nightflyer, experience death, spirit grip, undead struggle.
2nd circle: bone circle, ethereal darkness, fog ghost, life circle of one, shield mist.
3rd circle: death's head, fog of fear, grave message, pain, spirit double.

4th circle: animate skeleton, visions of death.
5th circle: pass ward, animate zombie (see Those that Stalk the Night... in this issue)

Notes

* denotes discipline talent
racial ability of heat sight
Derek may spend a karma point on any action using perception only
spell defense increased by 1 at 5th circle (change reflected above)

Derek has been living in the ruins of Dravarth for nearly eight months. He and Deridious have established quite a stronghold in the catacombs below the graveyard. Derek seeks to raise an army of undead to support him on his obsessive quest for power, and he has been searching the ruins of Dravarth for a tome he believes lies here that details the ritual for raising an entire army of the dead. In the course of his exploration he encountered a Spirit Wind that roams the ancient sewer system beneath the city. He has been using his spells and Deridious to steal away the people of Red Dirt and he throws them into the sewer system with hopes of buying the loyalty of the Spirit Wind (If such a thing is possible).

He has animated 25 zombies from the graveyard and has used blood magic with all of them. Derek has a peculiar



DERIDIQUS QUAY

fascination with blood magic. He thrives on the power of the magic and he frequently has a number of blood charms on his person to add to this effect.

Deridious Quay -- Blood Elf, 4th Circle Thief Adept

Attributes

Dex: (20): 8 / 2d6 Str: (14): 6 / d10
Tou: (13): 6 / d10 Per: (16): 7 / d12
Wil: (14): 6 / d10 Cha: (12): 5 / d8

Talents

Climbing (4): 12 / 2d10
Karma Ritual (4)
*Lock Pick (5): 12 / 2d10
Melee Weapons (5): 13 / d12+d10
*Picking Pockets (4): 12 / 2d10
*Silent Walk (4): 12 / 2d10
*Surprise Strike (4): 12 / 2d10
Durability (5)
*Lock Sense (4): 11 / d10+d8
*Avoid Blow (5): 13 / d12+d10
*Fence (3): 8 / 2d6
*Thief Weaving (1): 8 / 2d6
*Trap Initiative (3): 11 / d10+d8

Movement

Full : 110 Combat: 55

Skills

Artisan / Wood sculpture (1): 6 / d10
Knowledge / Gem appraising (1): 8 / 2d6
Knowledge / Creature lore (1): 8 / 2d6

Initiative Dice: d12

Karma Dice: d6 Points: 12

Combat

Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 9
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic: 6

Damage

Death Rating: 60 (55)
Wound Threshold: 9
Unc. Rating: 47 (42)
Recovery Dice: d10
Recovery Tests per Day: 2

Equipment

adventurer's kit, healing potion, last chance salve, thief's picks and tools, kelix's poultice, blood pebble armor, astral sensitive eye, 2 daggers, broadsword, buckler, espagra cloak, flight dagger, hawk hatchet, traveler's garb, sculpting tools, 35 sp, 10 gp, gold ring (50sp value), small pouch containing 5 cut topaz (25sp ea.), silver brooch (20 sp,

enchanted to let Deridious pass Dereks wards and guards without fear).

Notes

*denotes discipline talent
racial ability of low light vision
Deridious may spend a kerma point on any action using perception only

Deridious left the Blood Wood four years ago after he was exposed as a member of a secret organization devoted to opening the wood to outsiders. He believed that it was a honorable goal, but when he was brought before Queen Alachia and exiled from the wood for the murder of a Warder, he began to question himself shy the wood should be opened. After travelling about Barsiave under cover of darkness for two years he realized that the rest of the land had nothing to offer the elves of the wood and that he had been a fool to pursue the opening of the wood. He has become bitter, hating the world outside because he now sees them for what they are and the grief they have caused him. He also despises the Blood Wood for exiling him, though he does possess a secret desire to be a part of the wood again. Deridious met Derek for the first time in combat a year ago, since then they have become fast friends, neither wanting anything to do with the world as it is. Deridious trusts Derek and aids him in his rituals and sacrafices, though he is wary of the dwarf's obsession with blood magic. Deridious worries that one day Derek will accidently take his own life through the use of too much blood magic.

Deridious now spends much of his free time in the sewer system below the ruined city. He tends to shy away from the spirit wind even though Derek assures him it is safe, it still makes him uncomfortable. He has been looking for more rooms in the underground city that have not been destroyed. So far he has found two, only one with any money in it. The sewers have become his second home and he can dissappear in them without a trace if he so chooses.

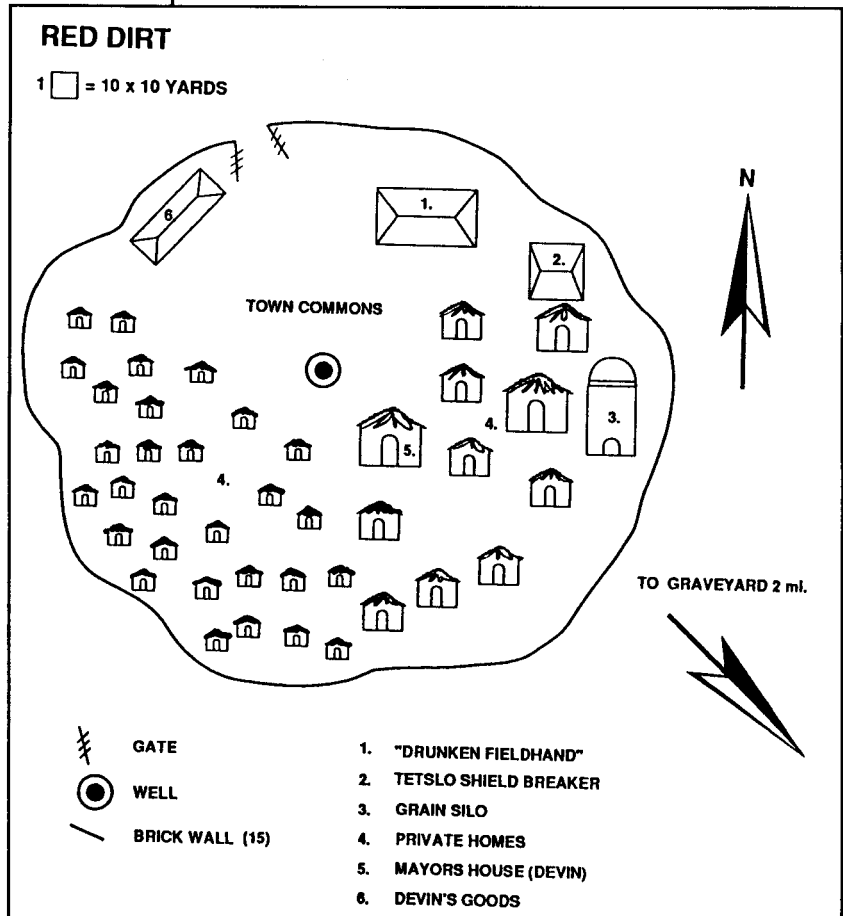
LOOSE ENDS

Legend Point Awards

- Accepting adventure without securing payment first or turning down payment 30
- Making it through the tunnel without triggering traps 50
- Freeing the woman and her child 50
- Charming the souls free of the Spirit Wind 30/soul

- Derek: 500
- Deridious: 400
- Krilworms: 1500
- Zombies: 50 each (1250 for all 25)

Shadowmen: 450 each
Spirit Wind: 2959
Total: 7509 (to be divided among party)



Continuing Adventure

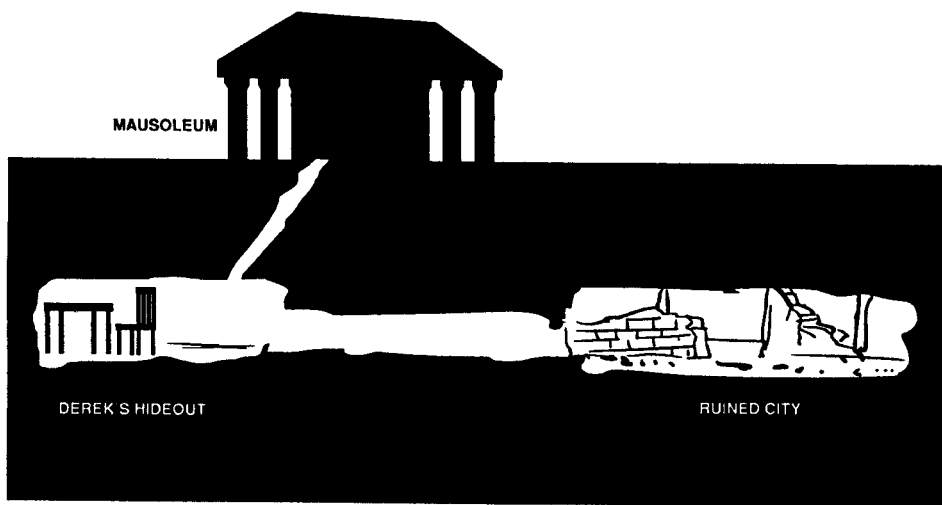
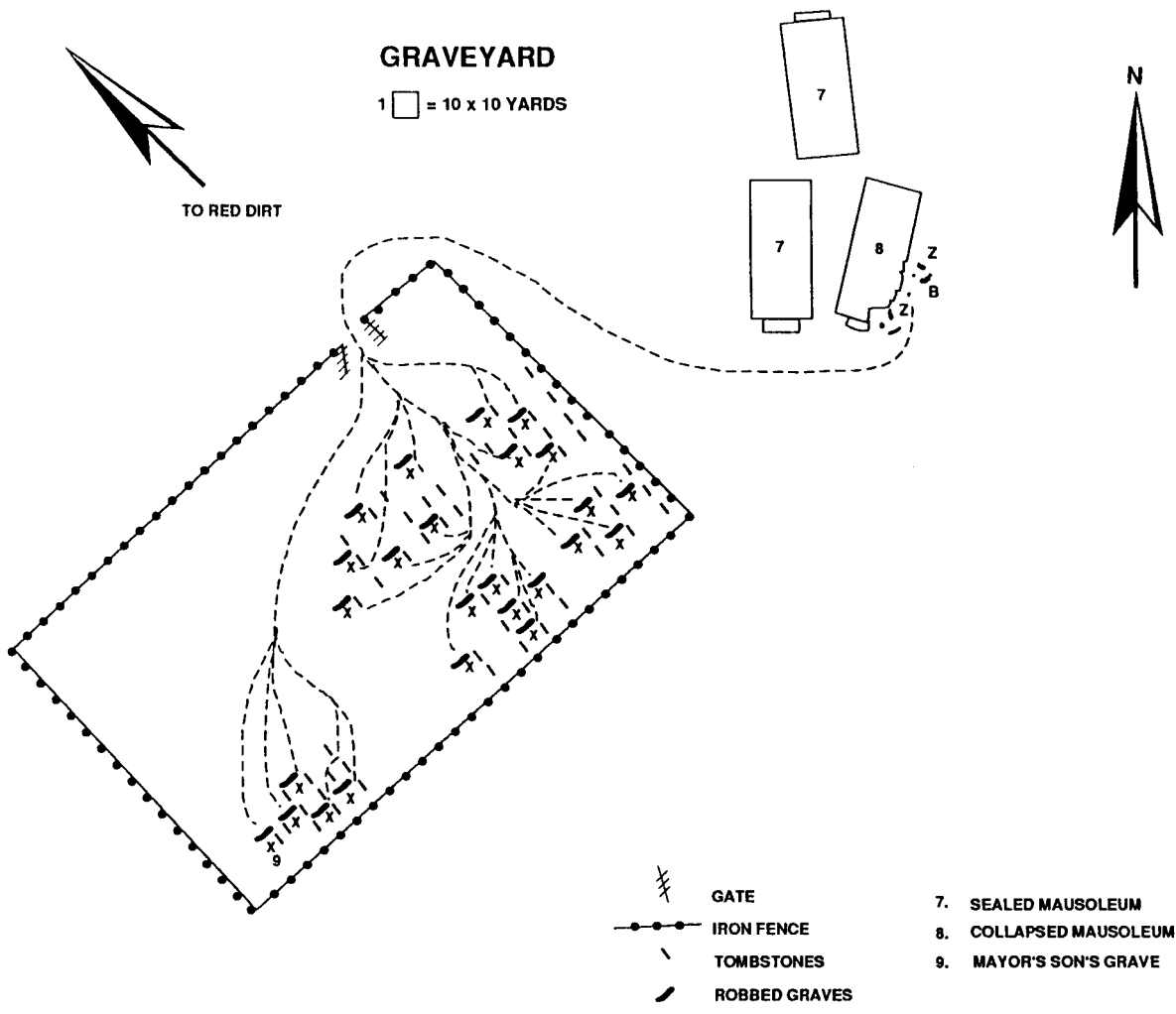
Deridious may leave the ruins after Derek is killed. He may try for revenge, or alternatly if he knows that the party has gotten their hands on a thread item for him he will certainly try to recover it.

Derek: If for some reason Derek manages to escape he will move to another town and continue to raise his army. Eventually he will try for revenge on the part or else they may hear of his growing power and choose to face him again.


Dravarth: can be an excellent place to continue adventuring. With Derek and Deridious gone the sewers are open to be explored. Perhaps they can find their way into another new area that is largely undamaged by the collapse. There may be a horror there, or lots of treasure. In any case it is certain that there will be adventure.

Erdigal: Erdigal my finally realize that there is a horror in his head and beg the party to help free him. He wants to travel with the party and help them fight the creature so that he might truly be free.

-- Bill Hinks --

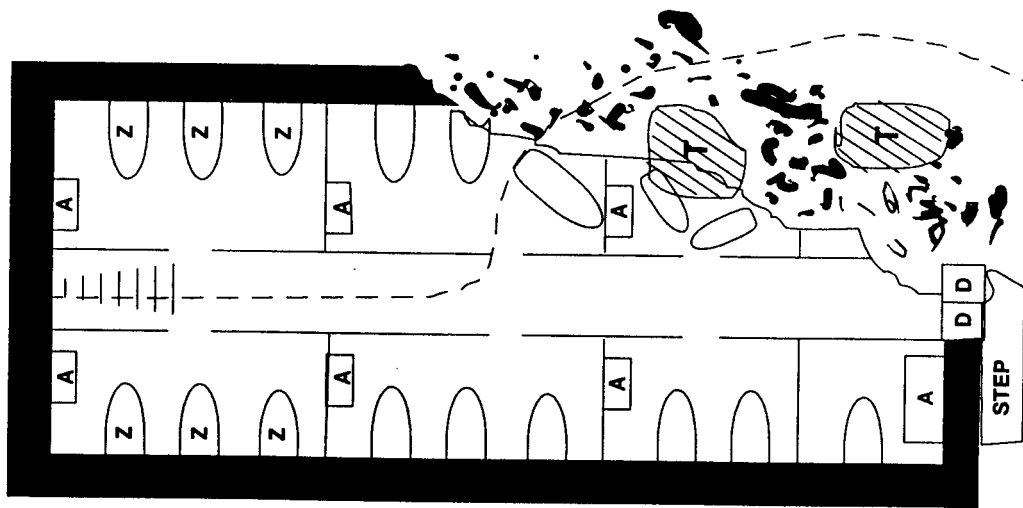





OLD MAUSOLEUM




1  = 2x2 YARDS



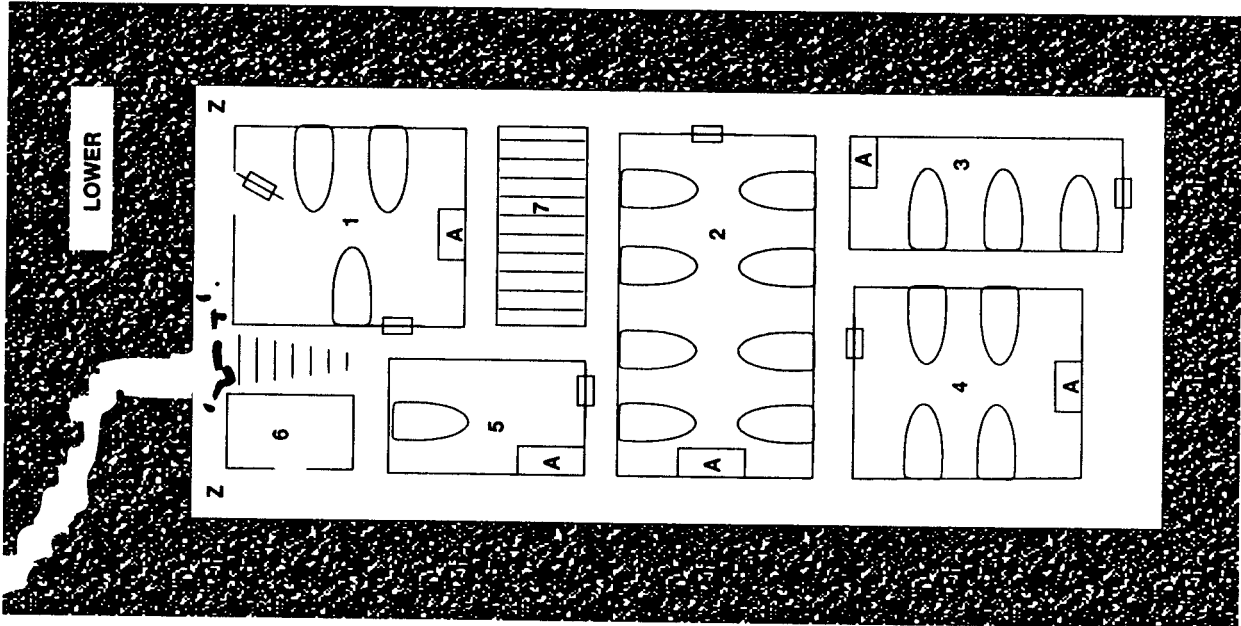
UPPER



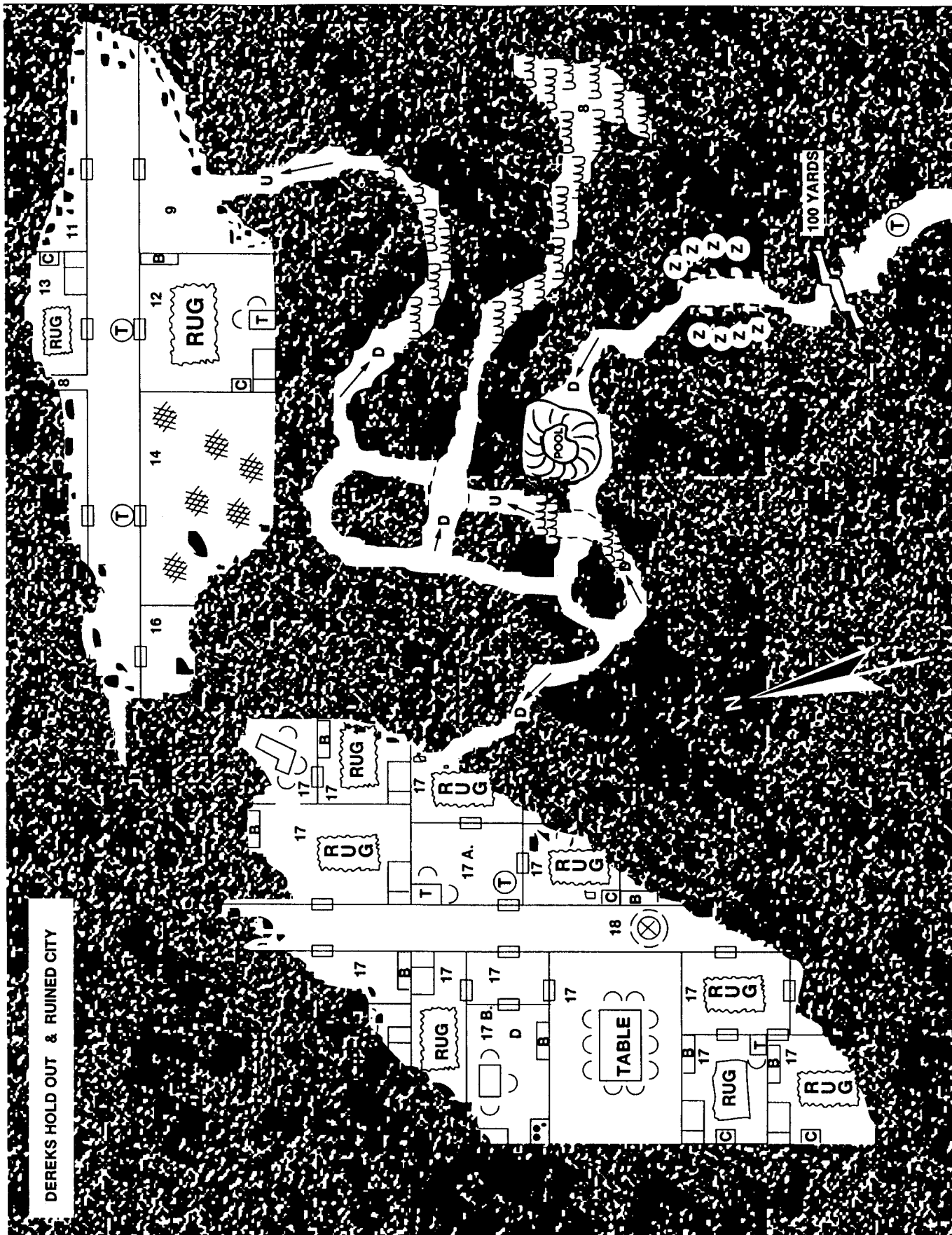
-  MAUSOLEUM DOORS
-  STONE SACOPHOGUS (OPEN)
-  ALTER

-  PATH (TRACKING 12)
-  DIRT
-  RUBBLE

DOWN - CONNECT TO RUINED CITY



-  Z ZOMBIE
-  DOOR
-  STAIRS
-  TRAP

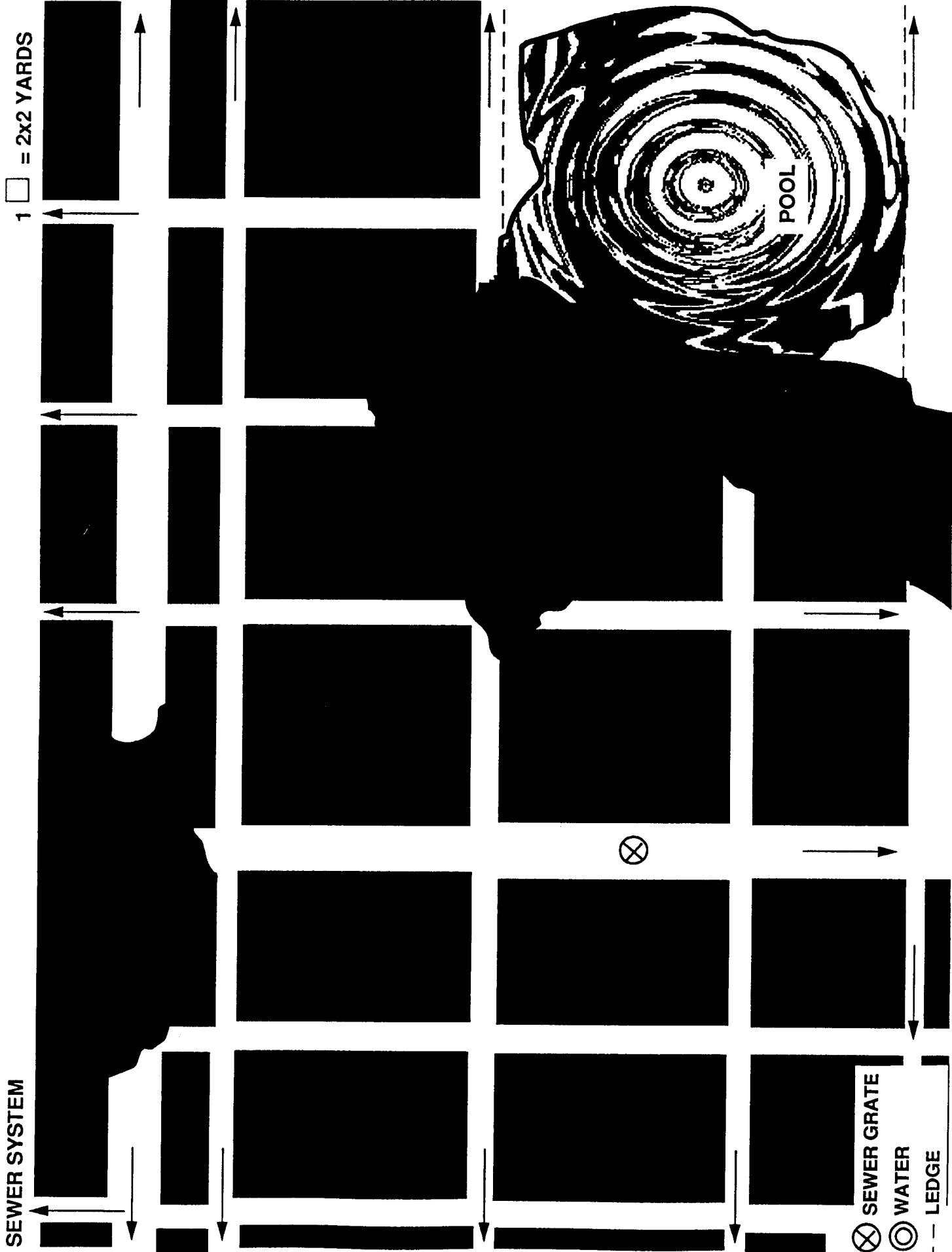


CONNECT TO
OLD MAUSOLEUM

1 [] = 2x2 YARDS

- (T) TRAP
- W W W WATER
- [] BED
- [] DOOR
- [] CHEST
- [] STRAW MATS
- () CHAIR
- (X) SEWER GRATE
- [] BUREAU
- [] DEREK

SEWER SYSTEM



THE CITY OF ARDATHA

A SHIMMERING JEWEL ON THE SHORE OF LAKE BAN

Tarliman Joppos is a visiting scholar from the Bardic Collegium in Urupa. In the course of his studies, he became fascinated with the phenomenon of cities, how they develop, how they grow and change, and the effects of gathering so many Name-givers into one place. He has become an expert in this line of study, the science of cities and large populations, expanding the scope of the field substantially. I am pleased to incorporate his works into the Hall of Records, and to assign him a seat as Scholar of City Lore and field researcher for the Guide to Barsaive. I feel that his insights into the structure of Barsaive's cities will be an important addition to our work in documenting our world.

Merrox, Master of the Hall of Records, Kingdom of Throal, in an open letter to the Scholars of the Hall and to his majesty, Varulus III, king of Throal

ON THE ORIGINS OF ARDATHA

Shimmering like a jewel on the northwestern shore of Lake Ban, Ardatha stands as a symbol of what can be accomplished in the post-Scourge world. Originally conceived of a mere fifty years ago, its origins lie with a consortium of merchants who sought to create a major port of trade at a strategic point, without the disorganized sprawl that resulted from the lack of planning at Bartertown. Learning from its example, the consortium planned out the entire city, from the layout of its streets to the location of social venues, using a new concept they called designated zones. In this idea, areas of the city would be designated ahead of time for specific purposes, some places for shops, others for residences, government offices and for recreational facilities such as playhouses and music halls. The city would be laid out across a large area to provide for wide streets and an open, airy feel, so vital to the recovery of the spirit after so many generations in the kaers.

So the people of several kaers, who had established villages in the area, were approached by the merchants' consortium, with the idea of building the city. The villagers proved receptive to the idea, not only of creating a trading port on the lakeshore, but also of creating a city that could recapture some of the past glory of Barsaive, and that would be wholly of Barsaive, with no Theran influence in the architecture, the design or the work. The name "Ardatha," incidentally, comes from the old High Throalic meaning "New Port." The merchants, together with questors of Upandal, drew up the plans for the site, where the streets would lie, how the piping for the fountains and

the public water facilities would be laid, the arrangement of the docks, and what areas would be designated for what use. They presented their plans to the people of the kaers, and, with the usual wrangling that accompanies any project involving more than one person, the plans were approved and construction began.

Ardatha today is a tribute to the skill and the Passion-granted inspiration of its designers.

The city is open and inviting, giving



welcome to all with honest trade to pursue. The rate of theft and robbery is low, compared to cities such as Bartertown and Kratas, and the health of the people good. No Horrors thus far have passed by the vigilance of the watch and the boaters, more about both of which in a little.

ON THE LAYOUT OF THE CITY

Ardatha stretches out across the base of a peninsula, extending from the north-western shore of Lake Ban, between the influx of the Serpent and Coil Rivers. This placement puts the city in an optimum location for trade, and offers a lengthy shoreline for the expansion of the docks as trade increases.

Center Shantaya's Sextant on Throal and align point phi on the Elf Queen's Palace. Sight along point daeth. Follow Chorrolis at sunrise. Ardatha lies 9 days ride, 14 days walk from Throal.

Currently, the city occupies only the first third of the peninsula, and extends inland for a short distance. Docks have been constructed on both sides of the peninsula, for boats arriving from the direction of each river, and will eventually meet in the middle as more docks are built down the shoreline.

The Dockside district is comprised of the docks themselves and the area between the two stretches. Warehouses, offices of cargo agents, hostels maintained by shipping lines for boat crews and bars take up most of the area. Many of the structures in Dockside are of lower quality than the rest of the city, as the buildings were put up hurriedly to get trade started at the port, with the intention of replacing them with more permanent structures once the city was established. Unfortunately, now that trade is brisk, it has become difficult to replace the buildings, as there is the problem of where to put everything. Nobody wants to halt their business while their old building is pulled down and a new one is put up. The Council has been arguing this problem for over fifteen years now, with no end in sight. In the meantime, Dockside lives in fear of fire, as there are not enough residents to keep a fire brigade on every street, and many of the structures are in violation of the fire codes, ramshackle wooden buildings leaning against each other and roofed with thatch. Rumor has it that a thief adept has set up a guild hall in one of the warehouses, and is training others in his Discipline. Certainly, the boaters have been watching foot traffic in the area very closely, especially at night.

The Merchants' Quarter lies next to Dockside, consisting of warehouses for goods in transit into and out of the city, offices of trading consortia, the Merchants Guild hall, and a number of taverns where most of the business actually gets done. The public squares in the merchants' quarter also see a good deal of business transacted. Many traders use their offices only for records storage and clerks, and make all of their deals in the squares and taverns, and at the docks. The offices tend to be in two and three story buildings, the taverns are normally two stories as none of them have rooms for the night and only about half have private meeting rooms, and the warehouses are the usual massive barns.

Some of the merchant consortia maintain hostels for their people, but these are not open to the public. Rooms for the night for the casual traveller lie either in Dockside (for the adventurous) or in the city center (for the more affluent). A good number of adventurers and mercenaries have found work guarding caravans and shipments for Ardathan merchants. While the consortia maintain their own guard forces, there are always sudden opportunities, losses or unexpected events that stretch the in-house forces thin. Many taverns along the border of the Merchants' Quarter with Dockside serve as unofficial hiring halls, providing work for someone in the right place at the right time with the right Talents.

Beyond the Merchants' Quarter is the city center. Here, the planners located the governmental offices, the most commonly-visited shops, and the social venues: music halls, playhouses and the like. This area is hardly ever quiet, as during the day it bustles with the activity of the city's officials, in the evening the music halls open their doors, and through the night the taverns and inns do a thriving business. The better inns are located here. If the traveller's purse permits it, there are establishments of the finest quality, not only Guild inns, but places where a personal valet is available with the suite. The Guild inns themselves are notable examples of their type, providing locks on their rooms, bathhouses, laundry service, and numerous other amenities.

To the east are the more esoteric shops, places that are useful to have but are not frequented on a daily basis. The traveller with a large purse is recommended to visit the Street of the Gemcutters, where precious stones from all over Barsaive are worked into exquisite jewelry. For the less wealthy, there is the Street of the Spice-Dealers, a treat for the nose, or the Street of the Weavers, where finely-made cloth is on display. Also located in the East End are the residences of some of the merchants and tradesmen.

The west end of the city is normally downwind, and thus was reserved for the less pleasant trades. Tanners, glue-makers, smiths, and other trades that create a nuisance with smells, noise or smoke are located in this area. The residences here are those of the tradesmen and those who in general cannot afford to live elsewhere. The watch maintains a heavy presence here, but nonetheless, most of the criminal acts in the city occur in the west end. The traveller is advised to keep one hand on his purse and the other on a weapon, and not to pass through alone or at night.

The northern end of town boasts the largest residences, those of the most successful merchants and tradesmen, as well as the city officials. Many of the estates here have private guards, as well as magickal defenses. Gaining an invitation to the private social functions held here is a true mark of having achieved a place in Ardathan society.

APPEARANCE OF THE CITY

Ardatha has stringent laws to prevent fire from sweeping through the city. No building may touch another, with the exception of storage sheds for tradesmen's shops, and even those must be set apart if they contain highly combustible

goods, such as oil or wood. All roofs must be made of slate or tile, to be resistant to sparks. No building may be constructed of over half wood, and stone is preferred. Fire brigades are organized on each block, and drilled regularly to keep them able to deal with a fire should one occur. There have been numerous small fires in the city over its forty-year history, but none have taken more than one building.

As a result of the fire laws, Ardatha is a city of open space. Nowhere does one feel closed in or penned, such as happens in Bartertown. As well, even the poorest of dwellings have stout walls and a decent roof. Visitors soon become used to the nightly shouts of "Fire!" and learn to check for sound and heat from the flames before becoming concerned - the city employs illusionists to cast visions of infernos, and reduce the flames accordingly as the brigade deals with the situation.

At each intersection, there is a public square. In the merchants' quarter and the west end, these are usually taken up with a few benches and a stone table or two, sometimes with a game board inscribed in the top. In the city center and the east end, a few squares have fountains, decorated with sculpture by Ardathan artists. There are also small parks in some of the squares, although these are more prevalent in the north end. Entertainers and travelling artists find these parks a congenial place to pursue their trades, so music and exhibitions of painting, sculpture, small weaving, embroidery, and other arts are a common happening. As well, numerous enterprising food-sellers have built small carts equipped with preserver and cold chests, grills and stoves, and offer a variety of fresh-cooked or preserved edibles.

One could easily grow fat in this city. Kern Redhand

Only with a heavy purse. The Ardathan diet may make lean persons fat, but it will make a fat purse lean. Tarliman Joppos

The citizenry tend to gather in the public squares at the noon hour for their meal, and spend the time discussing the latest events and the evening's expected presentations at the playhouses and music halls. The overall impression the traveller has of Ardatha is busy. There are so many shops, so many people, all thronging the streets, crying their wares from the doors and from carts and tables set up in the squares, music from bards on the streetcorners and in the halls, that it is easy for the newcomer to become overwhelmed and stand still in the middle of the street, trying to make sense of it all. The watch are accustomed to this, and will gently guide the confused person to a quieter area and ask politely if they need assistance. Once acclimated, though, Ardatha is an intensely vital place. In few other places does one truly grasp the feeling that the Scourge is over, that life will not be denied, and that the spirits of the Name-givers are still strong.

LODGING

Only a few words need be said concerning accomodations

for the night, plus the inclusion of notes on a few establishments to frequent or avoid. As has been said earlier, rooms for the night are available at inns in Dockside and the city center. Dockside inns are rarely of Guild quality. Those that do have the Guild mark are constantly in peril of losing it from complaints to the Guild. A traveller who stays at one of these had best be part of a large, well-armed group and keep a close watch on his valuables. The inns at the city center are rarely below Guild quality, frequently above. The traveller with sufficient coin may enjoy the services of a personal valet, dine in his room with the meals delivered, and avail himself of the attentions of the finest courtesans with no fear of theft or worse.

Crown and Swan, city center. Bogaman Tiltshield, a charming man who belies the notion that all orks are hostile and rude, maintains his Guild mark with scarce a complaint. His bathhouse is immaculate, laundry service is available to take dirty clothing from the bather and deliver it clean to the room, and the bath attendants are attentive without overstepping the boundaries of propriety. The food is excellent, if a trifle expensive, and the ale is from the Scorbin brewery. The common room usually has a minstrel in for the evening, and a dart board hangs beside the fireplace. Expect to pay the usual Guild rates for rooms. A bath without attendant is one silver, with attendant is five. Oils and unguents are provided with no extra charge. Meals tend to run in the middle to upper middle range as far as cost.

Fir Tree, city center. Luxury is the watchword. This is a first-class inn from foundations to peak. Valets will assist the traveller with his luggage from the street to his room, and remain if payment is arranged. The stable has its own animal healer and blacksmith. The common room is done in the style of a parlor, and does not offer meals. The dining hall serves its full menu at all hours, requiring notice for parties over ten and specialty dishes. The Gorliss family has owned and operated Fir Tree since its construction, and never once failed to make every possible effort to ensure the satisfaction and contentment of their guests. The traveller will of course pay handsomely for this level of service.

ON THE POPULACE

The approximate population of Ardatha at the time of this writing is 25,000. This is according to the tax rolls, and is not accurate, as it does not include children born in the last year, those who for various reasons (usually poverty) pay no taxes, and transients, such as boat crews. However, even adjusting for these factors, Ardatha still comes out roughly half the size of Bartertown. It sprawls across just as much land, perhaps more, but is much less densely inhabited.

The city is largely human, due to the kaers involved in the initial construction being derived from pre-Scourge human villages. However, there is a good representation of all the Name-giver races, obsidimen merchant consortia, elven artists and scholars, orks and trolls with jobs as heavy laborers or positions with the watch or the boaters, t'skrang who prefer to live on land, a few windlings, and of course dwarves are found throughout Barsaive in great numbers. The large concentration of humans however contributes to

the atmosphere of the city, an urge to haggle, a certain canniness and a tendency to try and get the best of others in a deal, as well as a vitality and urgency that is lacking in more serene elven and obsidimen-dominated communities. Some humans have moved to Ardatha from Urupa and Travar, to experience living in a city so heavily influenced by their kind.

ABOUT THE GOVERNMENT

Ardatha is ruled by an elected Council, consisting of representatives from the city's districts and from the Guilds. By the city charter, the chair of the Council is held by the Merchants Guild, which appoints the chairperson for a period of two years. The chair may be recalled by a two-thirds vote of the general Council. This rarely happens.

Each Guild, including the Merchants Guild, elects two Council representatives from within its ranks. The city watch and the Harbor Patrol do likewise. Each district of the city, the east end, north end, west end, city center, merchants' quarter and dockside, elects two representatives by simple-majority popular vote of the taxpayers. Voting is checked against the tax records to try and prevent fraud. However, if taxes continue to be paid after a person's death, that person's vote continues to be valid until the City Clerk reconciles the records of death with the tax rolls. Thus, it is possible to buy votes by paying the taxes for that name. This practice is winked at in the West End, where politics, like everything else, is sliding into corruption.

Each Councillor has one vote in the Council Chamber. The City Council sets taxes, collects and distributes revenue, proposes and ratifies laws, and generally sees to the daily operation of the city. Laws are passed through the City Court between proposal and ratification for review by the questors of Mynbruje, and frequently are revised and sent back to the Court many times before ratification. The chairperson of the

Council has a vote only in the case of ties or lack of a clear majority on an issue. The chair also has authority to table an issue for further discussion, either on the Council floor or in committee, instead of casting a tie-breaking vote.

The chair for the last three terms is Jiralee B'Tarev, a clothing merchant who maintains a shop of tailors, a weaving and dying concern in the west end, and an import house at dockside to handle raw materials. Jiralee is a tall, graceful human woman with a good deal of charm and

political instinct, adept at the art of bringing opposing parties to compromise. Her

husband, Gortne, is currently a sitting Councillor in his

own right, representing the Weavers Guild. The B'Tarevs live well out in the north end, and host a number of events throughout the year.

They are known to grant money and supplies to the occasional questor of Jaspree. There have been rumbles lately about the B'Tarev's power. Some seem to feel that perhaps this family has become too powerful. Certainly, Ardathan Tales has satirized them viciously of late, requiring additional guards for the troupe and the theatre.

No factions have done anything violent or overtly illicit as of yet, but surely it can only be a matter of time before something underhanded is perpetrated.

Rintok Flintheart, Councillor for the City Watch, is a grizzled ork with a long history of service to Ardatha. He started in the boaters, transferred to the city watch after taking a shoulder injury that slowed him down a bit, and rose through the ranks to assistant commander. He has been a representative to the Council for the past eight years. There are no signs that he will be leaving any time in the foreseeable future. Rintok is a tough opponent in a debate, arguing strenuously for measures that secure the safety and freedom of the general populace while punishing lawbreakers harshly. He has successfully defended a number of appropriations for the watch. Rintok is married, with five children. Three are watchmen, one is a questor of Mynbruje and sits on the court in Dockside, and the last is an officer



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in the Throal military. Again, there have been rumbles about the establishment of dynasties and expressions of dissatisfaction.

Sey'tas'then of covenant Keshti was elected as Councillor from the Tavernkeepers Guild because he was charming, easy to get along with, and pliable - or so the Guild thought. He'd owned a small pub down in Dockside for the past seven years, bought with profits from several voyages on his covenant's riverboat, and had never made waves in the Guild, always riding with the majority. When Kylara Toringay, Councillor for twelve years, decided to journey to the Blood Wood to join other elves trying to reclaim their kin from the Curse of the Thorns, the Guild looked for a yes-man to assign to her position until a new leader arose from within their ranks. The t'skrang Docksider seemed like a safe choice. Once confirmed in his position, though, Sey'tas'then proved to have been his own person all along. The canny t'skrang made a series of deals without the approval of the Guild, all of which went contrary to established Guild policies. However, every deal profited the Guild and its members terrifically, and a recall election was narrowly averted. Sey'tas'then remains a loose cannon on the Council, taking wild risks, throwing together unlikely coalitions, and managing to pull off most of his ventures with more profit than loss. He makes his own decisions, occasionally defying outright the wishes of the Guild membership, saying that an elected representative owes his constituency not only his representation but his judgement, and that he betrays their trust when he sacrifices that judgement to their opinion. The next election is in three months. It will be interesting to see if this wild card is kept in play, or even survives to the election. He has suffered four attempts on his life thus far, none of which resulted in arrests or even identification of his assailants.

Lintok G'Reshthen grew up in the East End, second son of a scribe. In his early schooling, he was taught the history of Barsaive, and became fascinated with the idea that his people, the dwarves, had played such a pivotal role, guiding the province through the Scourge, setting the standards for law and social structure afterwards, and leading the resistance to the Therans in the War. Lintok wanted to know more, and more, and eventually apprenticed to Minten Thrax, a scholar in historical lore at the Bardic Collegium. Lintok advanced to a position as a lecturer, and took on students of his own, schooling the children in the East End. This endeared him to the community, as he was willing to hold classes in the evening, after the workday was over, freeing up the children to assist their parents in their shops. Four years ago, Lintok was approached by the East End consortium, and asked to serve as Councillor for his district. He has done a quiet, competent job representing his neighborhood. His decisions are conservative, his arguments well-thought if pedantic, and his relationships with other Councillors are cautious. He has not advanced the East End as far as Sey'tas'then has the Tavernkeepers Guild, but he has not taken such tremendous risks, nor gone against the wishes of his constituency. Lintok is likely to keep his seat for many years if he continues on his current course.

ABOUT THE LAW

The laws of Ardatha are based very closely on Throalic law, with a system of magistrates to hear complaints and judge transgressors, and a fair and equitable system that bases fines on ability to pay and fits the punishment to the crime. Thieves tend to be punished perhaps a little more harshly than in Throal, owing to the city's origin as a trading point and the continuing influence of the Merchants' Guild on the government.

Law enforcement falls to two organizations: the City Watch, known for obvious reasons as the watchmen, and the Harbor Patrol, known familiarly as the boaters. The watch patrols in pairs through the West End, the city center, the East End and the North End. The boaters patrol in threes through the Merchants' Quarter and along the docks, and also make sweeps through the lake for nearly a mile in all directions.

The watch wear armor painted a brilliant red, with matching red tunics and breeches underneath. Their sigil is a black key on a silver shield, and is painted on the armor on the right breast and both pauldrons as well as over the brow on the helm. They carry truncheons for non-lethal combat, and may carry any weapon they like for situations where the truncheon proves insufficient. There are magickers numbered among the watch, who normally carry a stave rather than a truncheon. More than one would-be miscreant has been unpleasantly surprised by a watchman tossing a spell from a distance.

The watch in general are affable sorts, more interested in keeping order than in punishing every minor infraction of the law. It is said that if you are going to be involved in something disreputable, that it is better to be caught by the watch than by the boaters, for the boaters will drag you off to see a magistrate forthwith, but the watch will listen to an explanation, and may be persuaded to release the potential offender or reduce the seriousness of the charge if the explanation is reasonable or amusing enough.

The watch is largely composed of humans and dwarves, with the occasional elf or obsidiman, although some of the city's ork and troll inhabitants have found positions with the watch.

The Harbor Patrol wear leather armor for the most part, with a lining of cork both for padding and for buoyancy, although the boaters who keep watch in the Merchants' Quarter will frequently wear heavier gear, as they do not come near the water in their rounds. The boaters paint their armor a bright yellow that can be seen with ease on or in the water. Their sigil is a crossed gaff and harpoon, both silver, on a blue field, and is painted on the armor like the watch. As well, boater craft fly a flag with the sigil from the bow, and from the stern as well on the larger craft. The sigil is also worn as an enamelled pin over the left eye on the cocked hats that the boaters favor, both on and off duty.

As with the watch, the primary makeup of the boaters is human and dwarven, with a scattering of elves, orks and trolls. A large number of t'skrang also work for the boaters, most of them being followers or even questors of Mynbruje,

who have taken positions among the boaters to see justice done on the water. T'skrang boaters are especially harsh on pirates and mutineers.

The responsibilities of the boaters include not only the defense of Dockside and the Merchants' Quarter from thieves, but from other hazards as well. Patrol boats sweep the harbor in an irregular pattern, searching for stray ufganti, water elementals and other hazards to life and navigation. As well, long-range patrol craft regularly check the shoreline from the city all the way to the mouths of both the Serpent and the Coil, looking for nesting places of inimical creatures and traces of Horror taint. The watch keeps an eye on the forests beyond the city, but there are farming villages not far off that provide a defensive bulwark against invasion, making their task simpler. Because of the increased hazards to life and limb, the boaters are paid at a slightly higher rate than the watch. This does not cause as much friction

as might be expected, as many people transfer between the two organizations each year, and there are always positions open in the ranks of the boaters for those who want higher pay and are willing to accept greater risk.

The boaters have jurisdiction from the docks up to the edge of the Merchants' Quarter, although with that edge being somewhat ill-defined, there are occasional arguments as to who has charge of an offender. Most of the time, jurisdiction along the edge of the quarter is determined by who got to the scene first. Since the two authorities generally get along well, many an offender has been amazed to see a watchman and a boater solve a jurisdictional dispute by arm-wrestling, dicing, or a complex system of favors owed and owing.

THE COURTS

To become a magistrate in Ardata, the candidate must have been a resident for at least ten continuous years. (The initial magistrates were drawn from the villages that constructed the city.) Preferred qualifications include experience in the city watch, the boaters or the military; being a questor of Mynbruje; having experience as an advocate or clerk in the court system. Meeting the satisfaction of the Appointing Committee of the City Court, the candidate is recommended to the Judicial Committee of the Council for approval or

rejection. If approved, the new magistrate takes an oath to Mynbruje and to the city, and takes a seat on a low court, to hear small claims and petty crimes. Advancement comes with experience. How far and how quickly a magistrate can rise in the system depends on how many decisions stand and how many are changed by higher courts, and upon openings being available in higher positions. Politics within the court system of course is involved.

The City Court is the highest legal authority in Ardata. It can only be overruled by royal decree from Throal, which has not happened in the history of the city. Five magistrates make up the Administrative Committee, which oversees the day to day operations of the court system. They have in their charge maintenance of the buildings, appointing and training of bailiffs, and handling of court monies. The Review Committee consists of nine magistrates, who decide on the appropriateness and consistency with previous decisions of cases appealed from the high courts, as well as new laws passed to them from the Council. The Appointing

Committee has seven members, who select magistrates for advancement and candidates for positions within the court.

Below the City Court are the high courts, there being one high court for each district, and each court having three magistrates. Cases are heard before a single magistrate. Only in the Review Committee of the City Court are cases heard before a panel. Crimes involving loss of life, gross damage to property, commerce or reputation, and civil cases involving more than 5000 gold are heard in the high courts. As well, any decision made in a low court may be appealed to a high court. The case is heard over again in the high court, and the low court's ruling may be set aside, changed or confirmed. The side ruled against may appeal to the Review Committee.

The low courts hear cases of petty crimes, those involving no loss of life, and crimes and civil cases involving less than 5000 gold. A single magistrate sits on each low court. There is one low court for every 500 taxpayers in a district. A new court is created only when there are over 250 taxpayers over the boundary for an entire year. Currently, there are nine in Dockside, six in the Merchant's Quarter, eight in West End, seven in East End, five in the city center and four in North End.



CONCERNING BUSINESS IN ARDATHA

The city's primary reason for existing is commerce. The government is primarily controlled by the merchants and tradesmen. Business is the lifeblood of Ardatha. Making deals is a way of life.

Many goods and services are available here, but let the buyer beware: the Ardathans are shrewd bargainers, and while they are for the most part honest, they are in business for their own profit, and will try to make each deal to their own advantage. Business agents are available for hire, professional hagglers who will make an advantageous deal for their client in return for a percentage of the profit. Again, let the buyer beware. Hiring the first agent met at dockside may result in more profit for the agent than for the client. The wise traveller compares fees, percentages and reputations before making a commitment.

There are banks, called accounting houses, developed during the Scourge when it was inconvenient to coin money. Many traders and merchants use them for convenience. Out of town drafts are held until payment arrives, which can take several days. Only the largest houses have magical communications to verify drafts.

Most of the shops open in the early morning, not long after sunrise, and close shortly before the evening meal. Some shops, especially those near entertainment facilities and specializing in luxury goods, will remain open into the evening, but may open later in the day. Tradesmen's shops and merchant shops tend to keep the same hours. Very few shops will close for the noon meal. Journeymen will keep the shop going while the master dines. Many people will browse the shops during the noon mealtime, and return shortly before closing to make their purchases, having spent the afternoon considering what they have seen and comparing the offerings in different shops.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGIA

The East End is the home of the Bardic Collegium of Ardatha, a private college owned by the Bards Guild. Its primary focus is on the training of troubadour adepts, but any citizen with the silver may take most of the courses offered. History, mathematics, botany, composition, musical and theatrical performance are only a few of the studies which may be pursued. The Bardic Collegium was founded ten years after the city proper, and has gained a good reputation in eastern Barsaive for turning out a well-rounded bard.

There is also a Healers Collegium in the East End, which accepts any who wish to learn, and asks only that they pay what they can. Questors of Garlen are the primary teachers here, who seek to heal the sick and injured that they cannot reach personally by passing on the knowledge of healing that any person can use. Students of this Collegium frequently travel to other cities or to distant villages to practice their art. Again, the college is not very old, a scant thirty years, but its reputation is spreading. Some of the leading citizens of Ardatha have made gifts to the school to help keep it in operation. The collegium maintains a hall of healing that, like the college, only asks that its patients pay

what they are able, and turns none away.

Smaller schools exist throughout the city, for the teaching of children. Many of these are run by the Scribes Guild, and teach literacy in Throalic and a few basic knowledges for no charge, being supported by tithes from Guild members. Trades are learned of course through apprenticeship. Private tutors are available for a fee. These individuals will often hold positions at the Bardic Collegium or be able to be contacted through that institution. Calling at the Scribes Guild can also be useful for engaging a private tutor.

ON THE ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICT

The Ardathans believe in enjoying life, and as such have devoted a large area in the city center to entertainment facilities. Some of these are businesses, and are managed for a profit, while others are city property, supported by taxation, and are open without further cost.

PLAYHOUSES

Playhouses are owned and operated by either a promoter or an actors' consortium. There are five playhouses in operation at the time of this writing, three of which are privately owned and two of which are run by consortia. All five deal with the public in the same basic way (with the exception of Odd Bits); the differences in ownership and management approach are normally visible only behind the scenes.

A simple chart would be useful here to compare the facilities and productions of each:

Playhouse Ensemble	Seating	Price	Style
Kylar's Drama Hall 6 leads, 15 supporters, 12 musicians	100	4s	History, tragedy
Ardathan Tales 4 leads, 10 supporters, 6 musicians	75	4s	Satire, comedy
Hall of Heroes 7 leads, 18 supporters, 20 musicians	150	2.5s	Adventures
Odd Bits 4 leads, 9 supporters, musicians as needed	50	3s	Experimental
The Last Theatre	75	3s	Repertory

Kylar Ashgreth, owner of Kylar's Drama Hall, is an enterprising dwarf who made his original money in cargo speculation. He saw an opportunity early in the construction of the city, bought up a section of land across from the Council Hall, and had his playhouse built. He maintains a staff of three historians to research and write the plays that are presented, approximately one each month for the first twenty days. The last days of the month are used for rehearsal, stage and costume design, and other preparations for the next month's production. Kylar oversees each historical production himself for accuracy. The tragic productions are normally plays written in Throal or Urupe, and are selected with a critical eye, to balance them with the histories. Kylar does not put up with arrogant lead actors, and has been known to substitute an understudy on opening night when an actor threw one tantrum too many. His ensemble is padded out with stagehands and apprentices

from the Bardic Collegium for crowd scenes.

Ardathan Tales presents satirical works based on current events in the city. Travellers generally do not find the productions as amusing as native Ardathans. The playhouse is owned jointly by three investors, who divide the labor of running the operation, conferring among themselves frequently to confirm their decisions. Hestin Jesserel, a human, is a dealer in rare manuscripts, and handles the promotion of house productions, having bills posted, selling tickets, and seeing that the bills are paid, as well as suggesting story ideas to the writers. She tends to be the

Now that the house is making a steady profit, he spends his time smoothing ruffled feathers on the Council, assuring them that the productions are all in fun. He generally has little involvement in daily operations.

The Hall of Heroes puts on shows based on the exploits of post-Scourge adventurers, occasionally presenting pre-Scourge works as well, always heroic tales where the evil Horrors are extinguished by the cleverness of the Name-givers. The house is very popular among the middle and lower classes, playing to sold-out crowds on a regular basis. Mirantin Kystorell, a human who made her fortune in low-



F. 93

cost jewelry, saw the potential for profit in popular theatre, and while her house may be derided by the artistic community as derivative and unoriginal, even her worst detractors have to admit that her house is drawing a steady business and providing work for a large ensemble. Successful adventurers of high circle can make extra money by selling copies of their journals to Mirantin, as source material for future productions.

Odd Bits is very much of an experiment, in its management, its presentations and its relations with the public. Not all of their works are performed within the house. Members have been known to take over public squares and streets with no warning, to the confusion of passersby who cannot always tell that what they are seeing is a play. The consortium that runs the theatre organizes itself based on seniority with the ensemble and success of work. Apprentices must spend three years as supporters before being considered for lead positions. Profits are split after production and maintenance costs according to position (actor, stagehand, musician) and seniority. Odd Bits is not making a tremendous amount of

spokesperson for the house to the general public. Mosvar Gynith, a dwarf, formerly supervised a district of the city watch, and now directs the house's productions, dealing directly with the actors, musicians, stagehands and writers. He also arranges security for the ensemble when a production touches a nerve on the Council, frequently hiring out-of-town help who have no stake in the political issues that sparked the trouble. Corundar Longstrider, an elf of the southern enclave, is a dealer in spices and medicines. He originally provided the venture capital for the operation.

money for anyone involved, but it does allow the most creative freedom of any of the five houses in the city.

The Last Theatre uses the same basic management approach as Odd Bits, except that only lead actors and senior musicians have a vote in what productions are presented. Supporting actors and musicians are paid a flat wage, while senior ensemble members split the after-expense profits according to seniority. The troupe has a library of pre and post Scourge works, comedies, tragedies, dramas, etc., and

chooses its productions from the library. New works are regarded with suspicion, as they have not been proven in the market. The Last Theatre is considered reliable, but not innovative, as a result of this conservative policy. On the other hand, they produce a steady revenue rather than the wild fluctuations of Odd Bits.

MUSIC HALLS

Music halls tend to be owned by members of the Tavernkeepers Guild, and are regulated and taxed the same way as taverns. These are large barn-like structures with massive front doors that are folded out of the way during business hours so that the entire front is open to the street. A long bar usually occupies one wall, with small tables and chairs to fit all the Name-Giver races filling the remaining space for about two-thirds of the building. The back third is taken up by the dance floor. Most halls employ a dance master to teach new customers, lead line dances and act as master of ceremonies. Only the best musicians are paid by the hall. Most work for the coins thrown by the crowd.

The hall makes its money from the bar, which will serve ale, light wines and cordials, and chilled fruit juices, as well as light snacks and pasties. The music halls generally open at sundown, and close at the crying of the mid-night.

A list of some noteworthy music halls would be useful to the traveller, and is presented herewith.

Glenrathia, Embassy Row. Hiring musicians who have experience at the Throalic Court, and who have established a reputation in the north end, Glenrathia caters to the genteel trade. Its dances tend toward pavaues and slow bransles. The hall, like all others, does not turn away anyone at the door, but would-be customers of no social importance will find it impossible to get service at the bar. The dancemaster will not assist them with finding partners nor with the steps of the more intricate dances. A well-dressed person, however, could sit quietly at a table and overhear the most amazing conversations between city councillors, watch administrators, leading merchants and representatives from other cities.

Rose and Chalice, city center. Just down the street from Krendell's, possibly the finest restaurant in the city, this hall attracts the scions of the north end families, as well as would-be social climbers from the trade clans. The music tends to be more upbeat, and the dances put an emphasis on changing partners. Strip the Willow and Toss the Duchess are favorites. While the Rose provides a quite lively atmosphere, it is definitely for the young.

Jamie's. Located on the edge of the city center, just across the street from the official beginning of the west end, this is a raucous hall with a number of very obvious private guards. They act only in defense of the hall, however, and a fight that does not damage furniture or interfere with business will be left undisturbed. Musicians with satirical verses to sing about the government find a haven here, as do those with quick fingers and a store of lively dance tunes. Invigorating, but a hand should be kept on the purse. There are pickpockets working in the crowd.

TAVERNS

Taverns are defined under the city codes as public drinking houses without rooms to let. This vague definition leaves room for the music halls, as well as establishments with gaming parlors in addition to their bars. Some taverns will have a small stage, or a spot at the hearth for an enterprising musician, but the would-be bard had best remember that the primary business of such places is drinking and conversation. If his music intrudes too much, he may find a throat full of steel instead of a handful of silver as his reward. By no means should the traveller infer from this that all taverns in Ardatha are dens of ruffians; far from it. A short description of a few of the more notable establishments should give a feel for the variety offered.

Crimson Crystal, city center, near north end. Very fashionable establishment, with red silk curtains and leaded crystal windows that produce a flickering crimson light over the interior. Only the finer wines and cordials are available, and the meals are elegant and expensive. Private meeting rooms take up the second floor, with two guarded side entrances for maximum discretion. Not a lot of business during the day, other than a few Councilmen and hangers-on. The evening sees the social elite turning out to admire each other's fashions, to compare their latest conquests (business and otherwise), and to make plans for future social engagements. More than one social planner makes her office here. Rumor has it that a group of questors of Chorrolis hold rites in the upstairs rooms. As well, it is said that some sort of secret organization dealing with social position and business profit meets here, to decide who will succeed and who will fail in their rise to the upper strata. Musicians who perform here are paid by the tavern, as it would be vulgar to throw coin in such an establishment. Harpers are preferred.

Scorbin's Alehouse, city center. Just down the block from the Council Hall, this is where many of the government officials gather for lunch and for evening drinks before concluding their day. The interior is very plain, rough-hewn furniture and sawdust on the floor, and a perpetual haze from both the grill behind the bar and the pipes of the customers. Portraits in charcoal pencil of many former lights of the city are scattered across the walls, in mismatched frames and in no particular order. The specialty of the house is a rack of pork ribs, grilled with a spicy sauce basted over them. Very messy but magnificently tasty. Scorbin's brews their own ale down in the west end, a dark, heavy brew that owes its origins to dwarven stout. The wise traveller stops after two mugs. Much of the actual business of the city's government is done here, as deals are made in an informal atmosphere.

Crooked Mouse, Merchants' Quarter. The common room is small and not well lit, but has a comfortable atmosphere. Jarlik Grootz, the proprietor, is a genial dwarf with a good sense of when to speak and when to hold his tongue. A number of merchants with offices in the surrounding area gather here for meals and to do business in a quiet way. No musicians are allowed, and games are informal and expected to be discreet. Finding a table can be a difficult proposition, as Grootz has a fine memory for where the regulars have

their seats, and will not allow a newcomer to dislodge one of his regular patrons. Some of the merchants have personal mugs on a shelf behind the bar. Excellent place to pick up on the flow of business in Ardatha, and serves a filling and inexpensive lunch. Legend has it that the inn was going to be called the Cat and Mouse, until a clumsy apprentice jogged the elbow of the sign painter.

One-Eye's Alehouse: Capitalizing on sharing a nickname with the leader of Kratas, Bucknard One-Eye keeps his single orb fixed firmly on the crowd in his bustling common room. The sturdy ork was an adventurer of some sort before retiring to Ardatha to open his tavern deep in the west end. Asking about his past, though, will result in three different stories on three different nights. Games of dice and cards are available in the back rooms, some with fairly high stakes. Rumor has it that illicitly-obtained goods are available from some of the clientele, but asking around for such could prove risky. The watch is not above planting one of their own in disreputable garb to catch people attempting to circumvent the law. Bucknard of course never knows anything directly about any of this.

TEA ROOMS

Tea rooms are defined in the city code as dining establishments that do not serve a full menu nor any beverage stronger than wine. The preferred choices are fresh-baked pastries and tea, hence the name. These tend to be gathering places for the quieter folk, scholars, elders, and those who simply want a quiet place to read. Tea rooms will not disturb any individual who has bought at least a cup of tea and one pastry; thus, for the cost of a snack, one may read to the sounds of subdued music for hours.

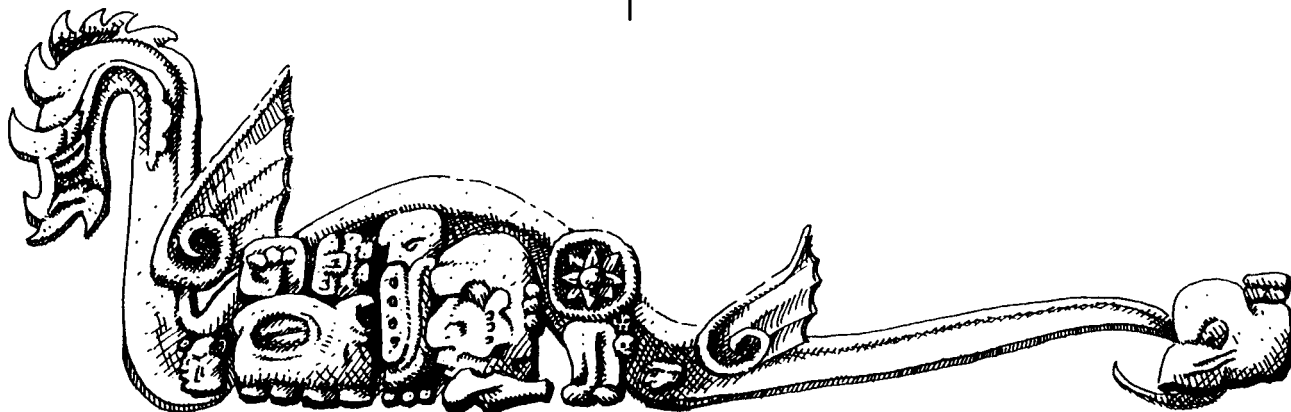
There are a dozen tea rooms in the city, scattered through the north and east ends and the city center. None of them vary much, each from the other, although the north end rooms tend to be patronized by elders with interests in gardening and social events, while the east end customers are more scholarly, frequently magickers who discuss esoteric theories, historians who endlessly argue battles from the Theran War and shopkeepers wishing to get away from their business for an hour. People who frequent tea rooms do not ordinarily visit each others' tables like customers in a tavern or music hall, preferring to keep to themselves. The general decor of a tea room includes

graceful furniture of elven influence, white linen tablecloths, crystal, silver and porcelain tableware, and fresh flowers, frequently potted rather than cut.

PUBLIC SQUARES

Ardatha's public squares bear mention here, as they serve as entertainment venues as well as gathering places and picnic spots. Musicians who do not currently have a hall or tavern to play in will set up in a square, sometimes in competition with each other. Bardic duels are not an uncommon occurrence when two musicians arrive at the same square at the same time. Artists whose work is easily portable take advantage of Barsaive's fine weather to display their works without the expense of renting space in a gallery, or paying a commission to an agent for each sale. Some squares have stone podiums erected where any citizen with the nerve to do so may address the passing crowd on any subject that troubles his mind. The watch generally keep an eye on these spots, in case the crowd begins to grow restless. Rabble-rousing is not considered an art form.

-- Andrew Ragland --



HITTING THE BOOKS

AN EXPANSION FOR THE RESEARCH SKILL

There have been many times in my campaign where I have had a need to quantify how long it would take and how hard it would be for someone to discover the Research Knowledge of Magic Items. The rules below outline a simple system for generating the time it would take, through research alone, to discover the Research Knowledge of Magic Items.

The below rules assume that the Key Knowledge is already known via the Weapon or Item History Talent.

The character attempting to discover the Research Knowledge of a Magic Item must have the Research skill (if the character does not have this skill, please see the note at the end). The character first rolls his Research Skill. The target number is determined by the Rank of the Research Knowledge sought (see chart). If a Research Knowledge covers more than one Rank of the Item, the highest rank is used.

<u>Rank</u>	<u>Target</u>
1	5
2	7
3	9
4	11
5	13
6	15

The result of this test is compared to the chart below to establish a unit of time.

<u>Success Level</u>	<u>Unit of Time</u>
Average	Month
Good	Week
Excellent	Day
Extrodinary	Hour

After determining the unit of time, the character is allowed to make another Research Skill Test for every unit of time that passes. As each unit of time passes the character makes another Research Skill Test and adds the Effect of each Roll. The character successfully discovers the Research Knowledge of the Item when he accumulates (Item Spell Defense x Rank Saught) points.

MODIFIERS:

The following will modify a characters Research Skill when accumulating points:

For every Scholar/Assistant helping the character gather the information a +1 Step modifier is gained.

The step increases gained by having assistants cannot exceed the characters Rank in his Research Skill.

Library/Research Source Quality: The quality/size/content of the library or research source the character is using effects the Research Skill as follows:

<u>Source Quality</u>	<u>Effect</u>
Poor	-1 step
Average	No effect
Good	+1 step
Excellent	+2 steps
Extrodinary	+3 steps

NOTE: These bonuses do *NOT* apply to the initial Research Skill Test to determine the time unit. The character is depending on her own merits here.

EXAMPLE:

The character wishes to discover the Rank 3 Research Knowledge of his Prism Dagger. The Dagger has a Spell Defense of 16.

The character does the following:

1) Roll Research Knowledge to generate a time unit. For a Rank 3 Research Knowledge, our hero needs to roll a 9 with his research skill. He rolls and average success, thus setting the time unit at a month.

2) After the first month, our hero can roll his Research Skill. This total is accumulated every month until a total of 48 points (Spell Defense x 3) is generated. Our hero continues to roll every month until this total is achieved and he has discovered the Research Knowledge.

3) If the character was using an Extrodinary Library (Throal?) with the aid of 2 Scholars, his Research skill would be increased by +5 Steps!

If a character fails his initial roll against the target of the Rank (9 in the example above), he researches for a month and discovers nothing. He may then try again.

-- Lawrence Barry --

EARTHDOWN ERRATA

EARTHDOWN RULEBOOK

Page 36: The Step/Action Dice Table

The Action Dice listed for Step 19 should be D20+2D6 NOT D20+D6.

Page 51: Mystic Armor

The paragraph which describes Mystic Armor should include the following sentence:

A character's Willpower attribute determines his Mystic Armor rating.

Page 52: Attribute Table

The label for the Lifting/Carrying Capacity column on this table is wrong. It should read 'Carrying Capacity/Lifting.'

Page 53: Karma

The paragraph which describes Maximum Karma Points should read as follows:

Maximum Karma Points is the maximum number of Karma Points characters of each races can have at any one time.

Page 71: Ork Cavalryman

The Initiative Dice should be D6 NOT D8.

Page 73: Dwarf Elementalist

The Spellcasting Talent Step Number/Action Dice should be 9/D8 +D6 NOT 10/D10+ D6.

Page 77: Human Nethermancer

The Armor Rating should be 3 NOT 4.

Page 100: Charge (Talent)

The sentence that read 'Add the Charge steps to the Strength dice of the mount or the rider, whichever is greater.' should be ignored. The Charge talent steps are added to the Strength steps of the rider only. See Mounted Combat (ED p. 198).

Page 112: Metal Ward (Talent)

The sentence that reads 'To use Metal Ward, the character makes a Metal Ward test' should read as follows: 'To use Metal Ward, the character makes a Metal Ward test against his own Spell Defense or the Spell Defense of his armor, whichever is higher.'

Page 125: Talents as Skills Table

Slough Blade should be Slough Blame. This talent is described in the Earthdown Companion (p. 38).

Page 153: Spellcasting (Matrix Casting)

The sentence that reads 'Each Spell Matrix talent rank purchased represents one spell matrix.' is WRONG. It should read as follows:

'Each Spell Matrix talent purchased represents one spell matrix.'

Page 157: Effect

The sentence that reads: 'In the case of spells that do damage to a target, the result of the Effect dice roll is the step number used to determine the damage done by the spell (see Make Damage Test, p. 194 of Combat).' is WRONG. It should read 'In the case of spells that do damage to a target, the result of the Effect dice roll is the damage done by the spell (see Make Damage Test, p. 194 of Combat).'

Page 177: Pocket Guardian (Circle 2 Nethermancer Spell)

The Effect of this spell should be 'Summons spirit guardian, NOT Willforce +6.

Page 179: Spirit Servant (Circle 4 Nethermancer Spell)

The game stats for this spell were left off the page. The stats are as follows:

Threads: 3 **Weaving Difficulty:** 8/20
Range: Touch **Duration:** 3+ Ranks days
Effect: Summons spirit servant
Casting Difficulty: 9

Rules Clarification

There is some confusion as to how Karma is used in the game. Below is a clarification of how characters can use Karma in the game.

All Adepts, as well as some of the more powerful creatures of the world are able to tap in the magical energy of the world in order to enhance thier use of magic and magical abilities. This magical energy is known as Karma. The use of Karma is simulated through Karma Points and Karma Dice. When an Adept wishes to use Karma when attempting an action, he spends a Karma Point. This allows him to roll additional dice when performing the action. The result of the Karma dice is added the result of the other dice rolled for the action. Like all other dice in Earthdown, Karma dice can be re-rolled as Bonus Dice.

Each of the Name-Giver races uses a different type of dice when using Karma. The Karma Table on page 53 of the Earthdown rulebook lists the Karma Dice for each of the Name-Giver races.

Adepts cannot use Karma on any action. Adepts can only use Karma on Talents that are either "Discipline Talents" or those Talents which "Require Karma." These are both described on page 95 of the Earthdown rulebook. As they progress to higher Circles, Adepts are allowed to use Karma on other specific types of actions, listed in the Discipline descriptions on pages 66 - 90 of the Earthdown rulebook.

Certain powerful creatures, such as dragons and modt Horrors can also use Karma. Their use of Karma is described in the Creatures section of the Earthdown rulebook.

EARTHDAWN COMPANION

Below are the Discipline talents for the Air Sailor and Scout Disciplines that appear in the Earthdawn Companion.

Air Sailor

- Acrobatic Strike
- Air Sailing
- Avoid Blow
- Great Leap
- Wind Catcher
- Thread Weaving
- Air Dance
- Second Weapon
- Wound Balance
- Endure Cold

Scout

- Avoid Blow
- Climbing
- Silent Walk
- Tracking
- Astral Sight
- Thread Weaving
- Trap Initiative
- Detect Trap
- Creature Analysis
- Safe Path

DENIZENS OF EARTHDAWN VOLUME I

Page 114: Woodsman Discipline description.

The Seventh Circle Talent Earth Skin is incorrect. The Woodsman should get Wood Skin in the place of Earth Skin.

New Disciplines

Below are the Discipline talents for the new Disciplines that appear in Denizens of Earthdawn Volume I.

Boatman

- Avoid Blow
- Melee Weapons
- Pilot Boat
- Read River
- Cast Net
- Haggle
- Thread Weaving (Net Weaving)

Journeyman

The Journeyman Discipline has no pre-set Discipline Talents. Instead, at each Circle past First, he may choose of the talent he has learned and use it as a Discipline Talent. A journeyman can choose only up to 10 Discipline talent throughout all Circles.

Wind-Dancer

- Insect Communication
- Mimic Voice
- Read and Write Language
- Speak Language

- Wind Dance
- Thread Weaving
- Lasting Impression
- Graceful Exit

Windmaster

- Avoid Blow
- Dive Attack
- Melee Weapons
- Thread Weaving
- Armor Bypass
- Maneuver
- Disarm
- Air Dance
- Whirlwind

Wind Scout

- Air Tracking
- Avoid Blow
- Silent Walk
- Thread Weaving
- Tracking
- Scent Identifier
- Sense Poison
- Eagle Eye

Woodsman

- Silent Walk
- Tracking
- Animal Training
- Climbing
- Borrow Sense
- Thread Weaving
- Endure Cold
- Poison Resistance

CHILDREN OF JASPREE

Evanten Farseeker is not your usual questor of Jaspree. Most of his kind have gone dashing off into the Wastes and the Badlands to try and heal the damage there. Evanten is taking a more organized, more methodical approach. He believes that in order to heal the land, we must understand the effects of the Scourge. He has thus devoted his life to cataloging the flora and fauna of current-day Barsaive, and comparing his work to pre-Scourge records. In this fashion, he expects to gain insight into the effects of the Scourge on Barsaivian life and possibly to discover the key to healing the land of its wounds. His work is the first attempt to produce a comprehensive guide to life in Barsaive since the days before the Scourge.

-- Merrox

UFGHANT

Attributes

DEX: 8 STR: 10 TOU: 10
PER: 5 WIL: 6 CHA: 4

Initiative: 2d6 Physical Defense: 10
Number of Attacks: 2 Spell Defense: 6
Attack: 13 Social Defense: 14
 Damage: 10 Physical Armor: 5
Number of Spells: 1 Mystic Armor: 2
Spellcasting: 10 Knockdown: 8
 Effect: 10 (poison) Recovery Tests: 4

Death Rating: 60
Combat Movement: 50
Wound Threshold: 14
Full Movement: 100
Unconscious Rating: 55

Legend Points: 375
Equipment: none
Loot: none

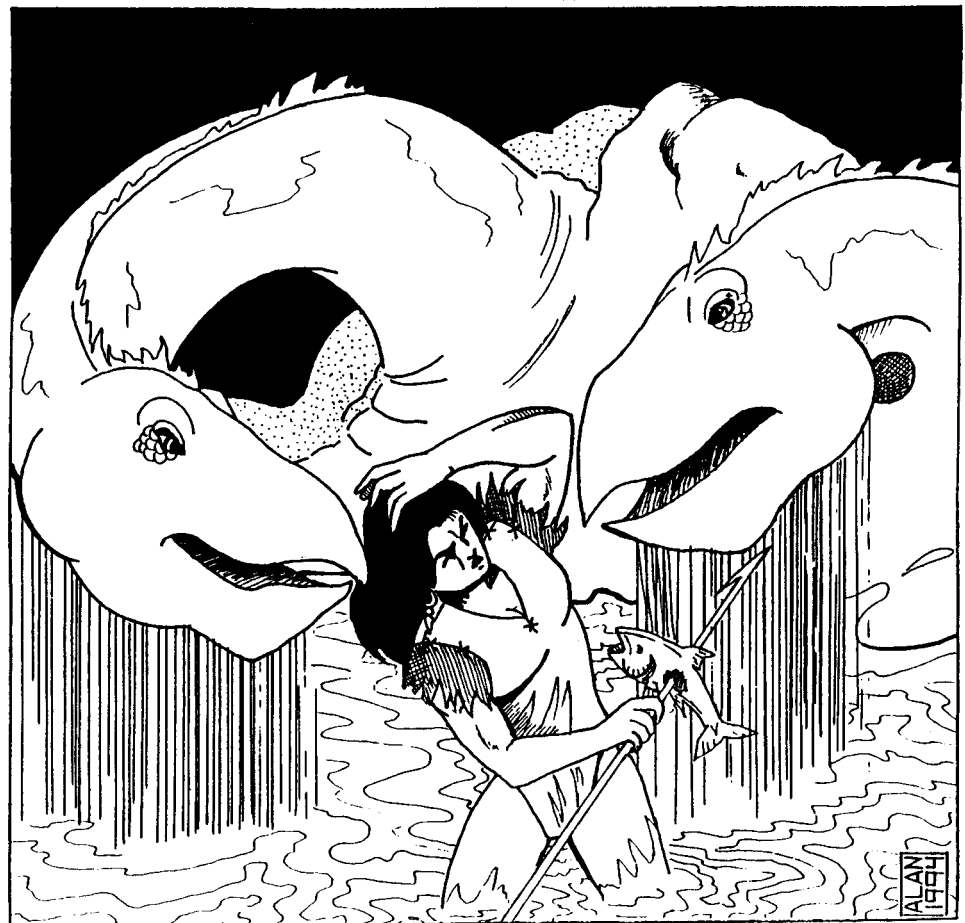
Commentary

There is a good deal of debate as to the origin of this beast. Certainly no sightings were documented before the Scourge, either in the Eternal Library at Thera or in the Great Library at Throal. It is possible that the ufggant could have evolved from the lesser river serpents under the influence of the Horrors, and this theory is the most widely accepted. Whatever its origin, the ufggant now fills a necessary niche in the ecological structure of the Serpent River.

The ufggant has a slender, torpedo shaped body with a distinctive hump on the upper back. This hump is protected by tougher hide and dense

bone, and well it should be, for the creature's brain is here, and not in either of its heads. Four paddle-like flippers propel the beast through the water. These limbs are totally unsuited for movement on land, and an ufggant removed from the water is effectively immobilized. It can, however, still attack. Extreme caution must be used.

The ufggant's two narrow, snakelike heads are supported on long, supple necks that provide excellent mobility. While its bite is painful, however, and it can strike the same victim twice in the time that most creatures can only strike once, its venom makes it a feared competitor for mastery of the river. The toxin affects breathing, the beating of the heart and the ability to move, retarding all severely. As well, Name-



givers will find it difficult to concentrate, and thus to take complex actions or to defend themselves with magic. Healing magics are effective against this venom, but must be applied swiftly.

The ufhgant's venom may be delivered by bite, or by projection; the creature can spit a stream of venom a good twenty feet with reasonable accuracy. The venom is a contact poison, and remains viable for up to an hour. If the ufhgant can see its target with both heads, however, it can deliver a devastating crossfire of uncanny accuracy. It is this crossfire that the ufhgant uses against its preferred prey, the large, fish-eating birds that nest on the banks of the Serpent. The ufhgant will lie just below the surface, with only the tops of its heads exposed, and drift, waiting for a bird to pass within range. Then, quick as a snake, its heads rise up, and the bird is caught at the crossing point of the ufhgant's venom streams and drops into the water, to become dinner.

Ufhganti have been known to attack riverboats in packs of up to 20, driven by an older bull. T'skrang boats are favored because of the crew's habit of swinging out over the water, and thus making good targets of themselves. The attack is led by the younger ufhganti, partially out of fear of the bull. If the bull can be killed, and this is no easy proposition, as he will stay at the rear of the attack and lie low in the water, the attack will disorganize and usually break off in the face of stiff opposition.

Ufhgant venom is a primary ingredient in poultices used against poisons, and brings a high price - up to 300 silver for a small jar of preserved venom, and up to 5000 silver for the intact poison sacs of an ufhgant, again preserved.

Game Mechanics

The ufhgant's attack step is increased by 3 when both attacks are directed at the same target, to represent the effects of triangulation. A venom crossfire adds 5 to

the casting step and 4 to the damage step of the attack. The bull of a pack has his physical stats increased by 2 steps and his mental stats increased by one. The brain hump is treated as having physical armor +4. Called shots to the hump are thus exceedingly difficult. The ufhgant's venom is a paralyzing toxin, and if the victim fails his Toughness save, it subtracts half the victim's initiative step, and reduces all action steps by 4. Contact with residual venom is treated as having half its original damage and casting step.

KYGREN

Attributes

DEX: 4 STR: 5 TOU: 6
 PER: 4 WIL: 6 CHA: 4

Initiative: 5	Physical Defense: 6
Number of Attacks: 1	Spell Defense: 6
Attack: 9	Social Defense: 6
Damage: 8	Physical Armor: 0
Number of Spells: 0	Mystic Armor: 2
Spellcasting: 0	Knockdown: 8
Effect: 0	Recovery Tests: 2

Death Rating: 36	Combat Movement: 22
Wound Threshold: 10	(50 flying)
Unconscious: 28	Full Movement: 43
	(100 flying)

Legend Points: 50

Equipment: none

Loot: None, although the eggs are edible...

Commentary

The kygren is one of the largest of the fish-eating birds that inhabit the banks of the Serpent River. Its brilliant white plumage is set off by black feathers at the tips of its wings and black edging on its tail. Unfortunately, as far as appearance goes, its plumage is its best asset.

The kygren's head is narrow, coming nearly to a point at the apex, and its beak is enormously long. The lower beak is but a frame for a pouch of skin that can distend to hold many small fish or one very large one.

As a flier, the bird is at best passable. It frequently misjudges distances from its wingtips to the water or other obstructions, such as boats or other kygren, and the resulting collisions can be quite spectacular. On occasion, a kygren will become so intent



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on tracking the fish it sees just under the surface that it will fail to notice what is in its path until far too late. Kygren have been known to break windows and ports, punch holes in sails, entangle themselves severely in rigging and knock sailors overboard.

On land or in the water, the birds are no more dexterous than in the air. Bad landings with much tumbling and shedding of feathers are the rule rather than the exception. Taking off requires a short run. On land, this is simple enough, needing only a stretch of ground a few paces long with no obstructions -- trees, shrubs, rocks, other kygren. On water, this results in a comical display as the bird tries to pick up enough speed to rise out of the water, and then maintain its balance running across the top of the water until it reaches sufficient speed to become airborne. On occasion, the kygren will strike a wavelet or dip a wingtip into the water, lose its balance and tumble beak over tailfeathers.

Such an inept bird would normally not survive well, but given the vast amount of fish in the Serpent, finding food is not difficult. The kygren's size leaves it few natural enemies, its primary predators being the ufgnant and a few species of lizard that find its eggs a tasty meal.

Kygren mate only for the season, but only with birds of their own generation, never with those of previous or later years. How they tell the age of a prospective mate is unknown at this time.

Both birds will attack viciously to defend the nest. In a fight, the kygren will stab with its beak if on land or water, rising up on its legs with much flapping of wings to balance itself before the strike. If airborne, the kygren prefers a swooping attack with a strike from the beak.

SPOOGR

Attributes

DEX: 8 STR: 3 TOU: 3
 PER: 4 WIL: 3 CHA: 4

Initiative: 12	Physical Defense: 11
Number of Attacks: 1	Spell Defense: 5
Attack: 10	Social Defense: 10
Damage: 2	Physical Armor: 0
Number of Spells: 0	Mystic Armor: 0
Spellcasting: 0	Knockdown: 4
Effect: 0	Recovery Tests: 3

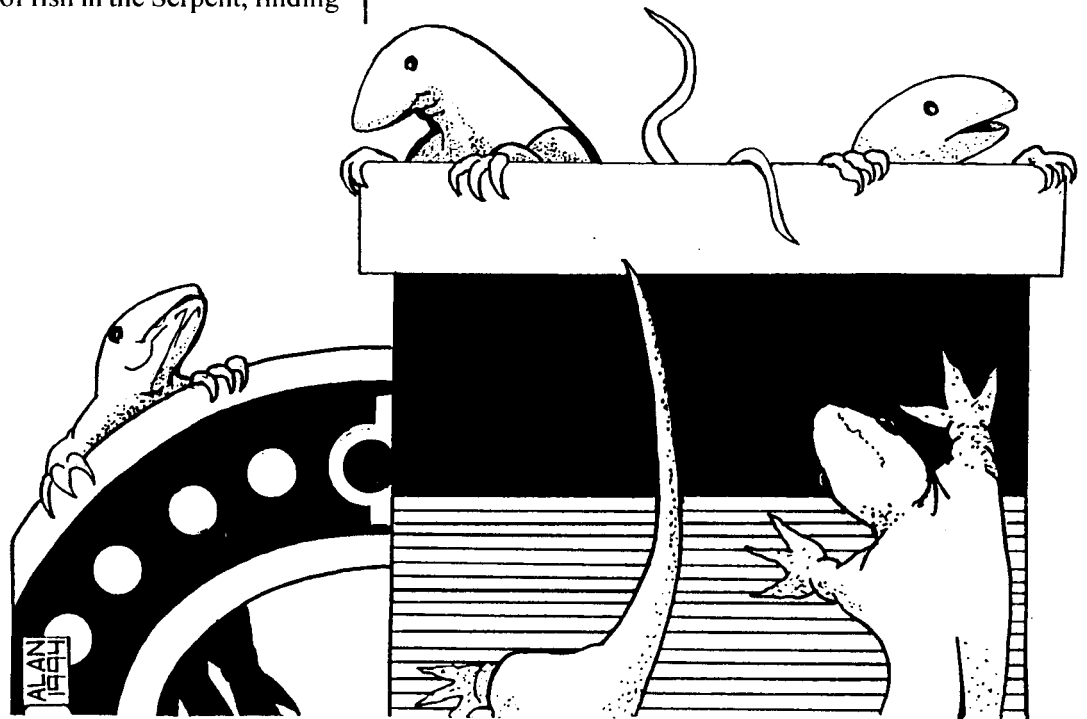
Death Rating: 20
 Wound Threshold: 4
 Unconscious: 11

Combat Movement: 50
 Full Movement: 100

Legend Points: 10
 Equipment: none
 Loot: none

Commentary

The Servos Jungle is home to a wider variety of small lizards than are found anywhere else in the province. The heat and humidity, coupled with the vast population of insects, have encouraged a burgeoning of the form and diversification into the hundreds. While this plentitude can keep a naturalist contentedly busy for months, perhaps even years, however, to the common Name-giver it is no more than an annoyance. Possibly the most annoying in everyday life of all these lizards is the spoogra.



Tiny and bright orange, not growing to over three inches in length, spoogras have infested every area where Name-givers live in or near the Servos. They have a love of salt, which leads them into many places where they are not wanted. Food must be locked up in stout wooden or metal boxes, especially travel rations which are normally dried and salted. The pests will chew on anything salt-bearing, which puts armor straps, shoes and dirty laundry in peril, as well as saddles and tack, documents written in saline ink, and even containers that might have something salty in them. The little beasts will chew their way into a bag on the off chance that it contains something tasty.

Dealing directly with spoogras is not terribly difficult -- just toss them out of the way. Their bite is no more than an annoyance to even the frailest of Name-givers. Killing them is another problem entirely. Spoogras are

quick enough that even the deftest swordmaster will have difficulty striking one. They ignore most poisons, but are partial to cyanide salts for obvious reasons. So far, no-one has devised a perfect solution to the problem. The best offense seems to be a good defense, in this case. Lock up everything that the lizards might find attractive in containers that they cannot easily gnaw their way into, and hope that they do not slip past the barricades.

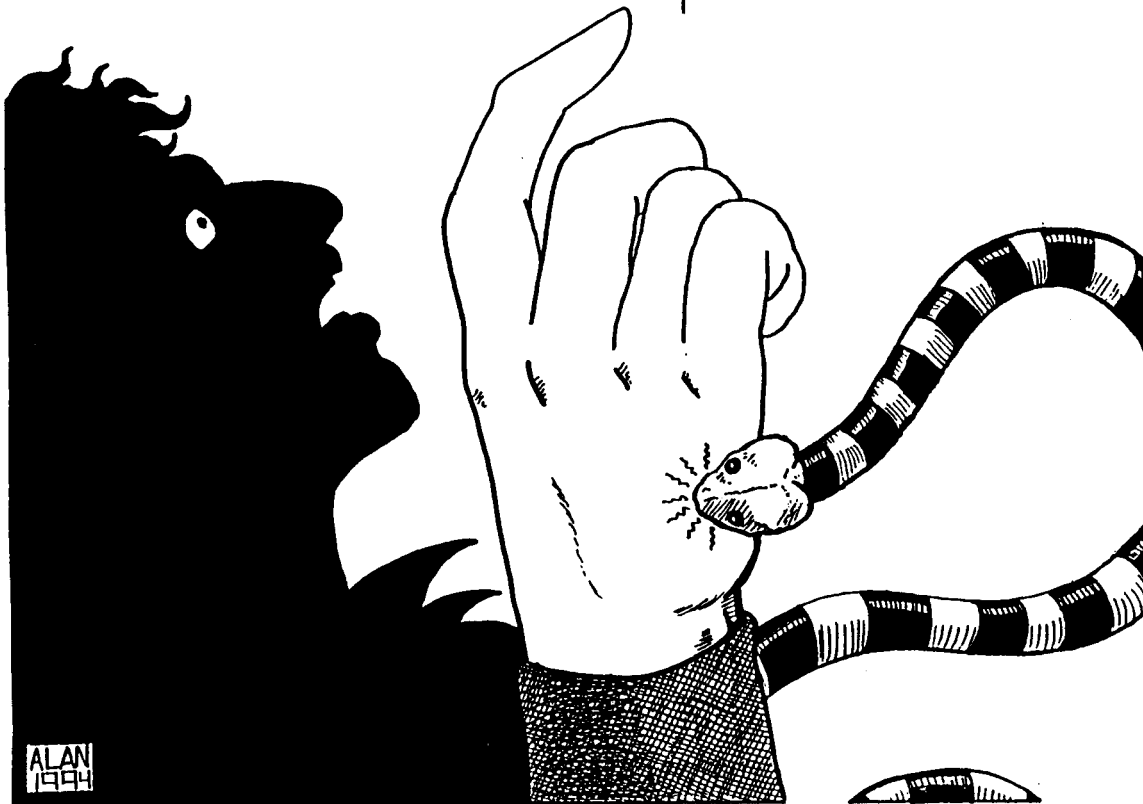
Certainly, Jaspree knew what he was doing when he created the spoogra. If only he would tell the world his reasons...

Commentary

The kyrell is one of the deadliest serpents of the Servos area. Its poison can kill a troll in seconds, and its appearance is deceptively innocuous. Attaining a maximum size of two feet in length and a girth no greater than a human's last finger, its smallness leads Name-givers to underestimate its lethality. The distinctive pattern of red and yellow bands on a black background make the kyrell stand out in grasses or under rocks, but among the flowering plants of the Servos it is easy to miss.

Like all snakes, the kyrell is fond of dark, damp places.

It reproduces by laying eggs, and the female broods on the nest until hatching, striking instantly at anything coming within reach. Baby kyrells are hatched with full venom sacs, and can slay a human right out of the egg. Travellers in the region of the Servos should take note of the native habit of turning over rocks and breaking up



KYRELL

Attributes

DEX: 8 STR: 3 TOU: 4
 PER: 4 WIL: 4 CHA: 4

Initiative: 9	Physical Defense: 11
Number of Attacks: 1	Spell Defense: 6
Attack: 14	Social Defense: 9
Damage: 6	Physical Armor: 0
Number of Spells: 1	Mystic Armor: 0
Spellcasting: 21	Knockdown: 6
Effect: 15 (poison)	Recovery Tests: 2

Death Rating: 28	Combat Movement: 45
Wound Threshold: 7	Full Movement: 90
Unconscious: 19	

Legend Points: 40
 Equipment: none
 Loot: none

brushpiles from a distance, usually with a long stick, and of shaking out clothing and boots in the morning before putting them on. Picking up these habits could save a life.

-- Andrew Ragland --

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF KREE PELA' ZAI

It has been several years since I first uncovered Kree Pela' Zai's journal in a back room of the Library of Throal. For seventy years, it had been kept by a colleague of mine - Allegra Zai' Shea - also the late ancestress of Kree.

As far back as I can put together Kree left here kaer early in 1505 TH to begin her adventuring. Early on, she met Grexloric of House Tyreseuss, who she would travel with many times in the course of her life. There are many versions of the story of their first meeting. Most often told is that Kree was being plagued by a troop of Trolls that included Timeor <later referred to as Troll> and his brother Uklah. They were harassing her by calling her 'Kindling' and threatening to start a fire with her when Grexloric came along to defend her honor. Thus was the beginning of their fast friendship. How they came to travel with Timeor is still a puzzle.

Though she never kept a true journal, one may piece together her story and the story of Akarem's Mistbane through her letters to her family and friends. Such is the task I have undertaken.

Merth; Scholar, Librarian 1579 TH

Dear Mama and Papa,

Hello again :) Well, it looks like we'll finally be on our way. Grex has finished <I hope> going back to his brother with last minute reminders on how to do his share of running the Grexloric Clan. What *that* entails <hee hee>, I'll never know. But while all the others were collecting mountains of things to take with them <you should see how much stuff they think they need!>, T'ron, the town elder, asked me to transport a message for him to the next town over. Well, I figured it was *something* to do while the others got themselves ready...

So, anyway, there I was in Deops. An' I figured that since I was there I might as well take a look around. But it was dark and most people were getting ready to sleep<boring>, so I went for a night fly back to the others instead. <Don't worry, Mama, I can take care of myself! sigh>

Well, a little ways out I saw a fire and decided to see who it was. And it was a good thing that I stopped to look before I flew right in (Grex is always giving me lectures about my 'enthusiasm') because as it turns out, they were Therans! Honest, Mama, real live Therans. An' no, they don't have two heads like cousin Pkinf said. They looked just like any of the other name-giver races. These were an ol' man an' a boy an' I think the boy was a slave 'cause the man kept beatin' at 'im an' yellin' an' stuff.

Anyways, they worked

mosta the night through, taking what I later found out to be Theran badges off all their stuff an' putting Throalic ones on instead. An' I saw that they had a horse. It was real sad looking - like it was beat up with a whip or somethin'. An' I felt bad for it an' thought about how much better I would be at takin' care of it an' that I could give it to Grex as a present. So, I - well, I took it. Now, don't be mad Mama. They probably woulda killed the poor thing an' now they can't.

So, anyway, I flew back to the town an' told the guards all about them. You'd have thought that they had never seen a windling before, the way they stared at me and they kept telling me to slow down, 'cause they couldn't understand me. I swear, I never saw such dumb guards! I was tryin' to tell



them
that

the

Therans were mixed in with a bunch of Ork mercs an' they were going to attack the town. The Therans would be coming tomorrow to spread rumors about a Troll Sky raiding party that was attackin' the region. An' then as the town was preparing for an aerial attack, the mercs would attack from the hills. When everyone was dead or captured by the Therans to use as slaves, they would leave behind Troll moot stones and clan symbols to implicate

the Trolls. But we got that all straightened out in the morning. T'ron even asked us to take a letter to King Varulus right now to explain things to him.

Oh! But I haven't told you about my friends...Let's see, there's Grex, the T'skrang Swordmaster <my hero>; an' Troll, the Skyraider, and an Obsidiman <yes, they are as big as they say and no, they're not entirely made of rock> named Georrard. He has been *very* nice to me. He's a nethermancer - all quiet and kinda peaceful. He called me sister and told me funny stories about a group of Windlings near his birth rock. As far as I can tell we aren't related to them. But then a veiled windling came in an' he whispered in Georrard's ear an' then Georrard said, 'good-bye' and left! As the Windling turned his veil fluttered an' I caught a glimpse of his face. It was Raven! Do you 'member him? He's Pfeif's old roommate. First thing he asked me was what relation that made us. I told him none, o' course, 'cause we aren't even though Pfeif's my third cousin an' all. An' then he tackled me, Mama! Head over wings we went tumbling across the bar! He's been fun and I like him a lot, but I sure hope he looses that veil soon, it's spooky.

Let's see, there's also a dwarf Weaponsmith named Hazad. Boy, is he ornery! He doesn't pick on me as much as Troll does, but mostly that's 'cause he's always muttering about elves.

And (oh!), I have to tell you about T'stray! WoW! I never knew T'skrang women were so - well - flirting isn't quite the word I was looking for, but there really is no *one* word to describe her. She was puttin' her tail all over Grex! An' he was fallin' for it too! I've never seen him so unsettled. I hate to admit it, but I was a little jealous until he noticed how well Savior <that's the name he gave the horse I got for him> was doing. He thanked and thanked me for him. <grin>

And lastly we met Lord Nebal. He's a dwarf and an Elementalist to boot. An' you can't just call him Nebal,

either. I tried and he corrected me right away. And I haven't made that mistake since! After all, I remember what happened to Uncle Hepple when *he* got an Elementalist mad! He's not as ornery as Hazad though. Maybe in time he'll loosen up.

So, anyway, I barely got any sleep last night. An' in the morning the Therans arrived and the people were so mad they stoned them to death. I could scarcely believe it. The townspeople had refused to ask Grex and the others for any help, 'cause they think all Adepts are bad. They only asked me to help 'cause I can fly.

Well, everyone wanted to make tracks as soon as they saw the stoning - but T'ron stopped us and asked us to carry that letter to Throal that I told you about. So, we did - we're carrying it now... And now that we're on the road and things have gotten ordinary again, I can sleep. I'll just make myself comfortable on Grex's shoulder.

Wind's Blessing to you All,

Kree

Transcribed and translated from the original windling by Merth of the Library of Throal 1578 TH

Dear Mama and Papa, Greetings! It's only been a few days since I wrote you last, but being an Adept out in the world

so many things happen so fast! So, let me catch you up on what's been happening...

Not too far from Deops, is a town called Tureen. We arrived around noon to a hero's welcome. None of us quite knew what was going on, so following Grex's lead, we waved to the cheering crowd as they gathered on both sides of the street. Grex was in his element, the crowd loved him!

Amidst all the pomp and circumstance, the town elder gave a speech welcoming us to the town. We listened and waited, hoped for a clue as to what was going on. As far as we could put together, he thought that we were the Adepts he had hired. For what, we still didn't



know. We were, of course, no such thing and Grex set him straight once we could talk to him in private. The elder was very distraught because the other group was two weeks late. They probably weren't going to come at all. Troll called a group meeting and we huddled just out of hearing range of the man. We decide to offer to go in their place.

We found out that the others were hired to find out what was keeping travelers from coming from the west and why when people go out to the west they never come back. Also, if possible, they were suppose to get rid of the problem. An' now it's our job. We all decided that it must be a Beastie that was doing it - an' an awfully big one at that.

Before we set out, we arranged for our letter to Throal to go on without us. You know, the one about the Trolls and the Therans from Deops. It does after all haf to get there as quickly as possible, but T'ron never said we had to take it ourselves. :)

The next morning, one of the town kids led us toward the west and the direction that they thought the Beast was living and hunting in. The crowd cheered us on as we made our way through the streets. We were flattered, naturally, but after the way we were scared out of Deops.. well... I'll just say it was awaefully nice.

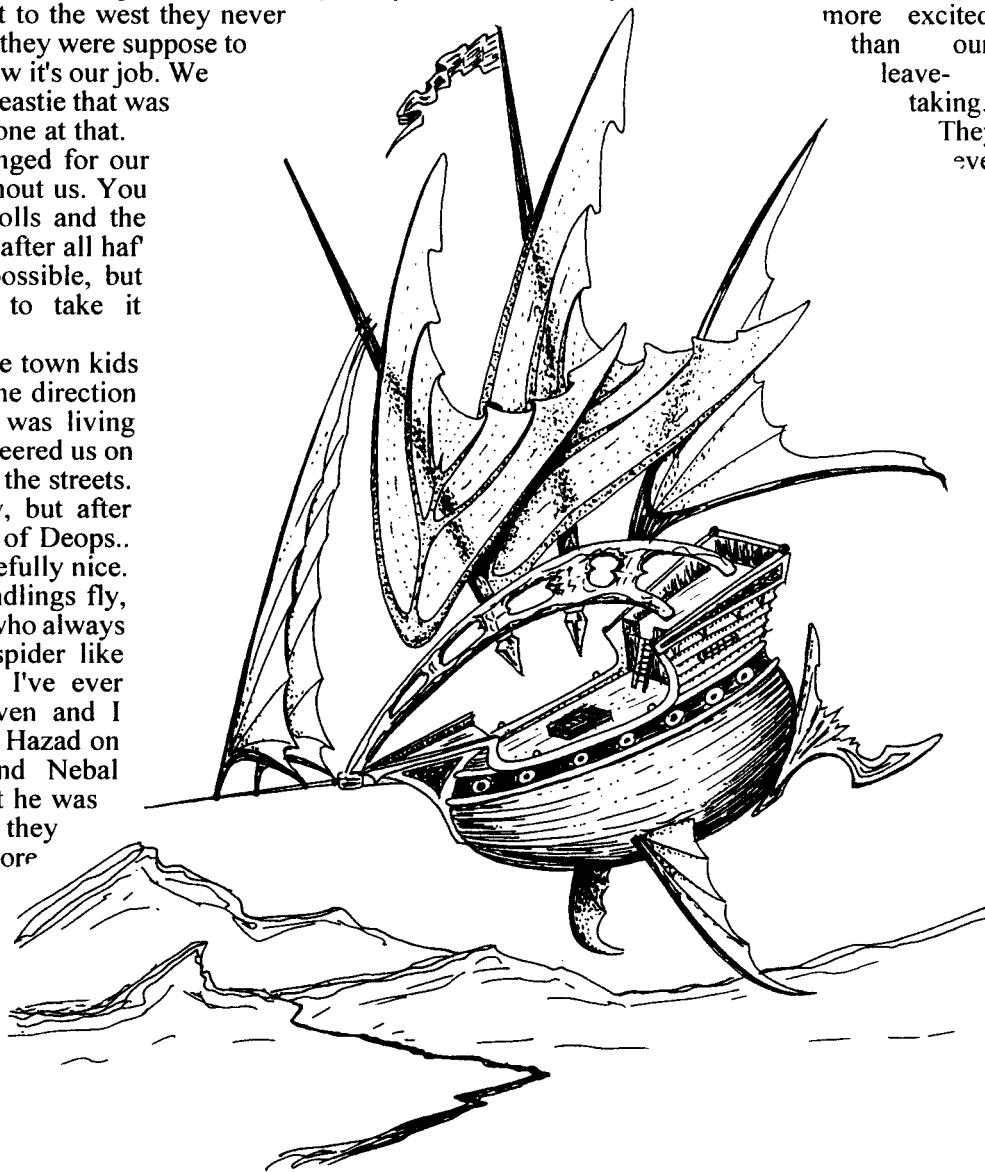
A short distance as the Windlings fly, but a long distance for those who always walk, we found two giant spider like things like no wild animal I've ever seen. We fought them; Raven and I from the air, Grex, Troll and Hazad on the ground and T'stray and Nebal casting spells. Grex fell <but he was ok>. So, did Troll - twice, but they both got up to fight even more determinedly. The Jehuthra as we were later told was what it is called, fought with icy magical claws similar to my own.

After what seemed forever, we defeated it. All of us were worn to the bone. The Troll was down and it didn't look like we would be able to revive him anytime soon. We searched the area to see if we could find any evidence of more of them or where they came from. Raven searched the cave there and found a beautiful silver amulet with a star burst pattern and crimson stain across it. Why those spider-things had it I don't know. Someone <I don't remember exactly who> suggested that we cut the thorax plates off the monsters. There's a very pretty starburst pattern on them - almost spider web-like.

We went back to Tureen to tell the people about the Jehuthra. That's where we found out they're really constructs (that means that they're made by Horrors). I hope we don't meet any of those again any time soon, but I think I'm the only one who feels that way. Raven

is all excited about meeting more of 'em. Grex thinks it's his 'honor and duty' to rid Barsaive of their threat. Troll keeps talking about it like its a game to play. Men! You'd think that just for a second they'd realize that where there are constructs there generally are Horors. I guess here's where you'd remind me, Mama, that men often strut like peacocks before the storm hits. Stupid bravado!

If possible, our reception back in Tureen was even more excited than our leave-taking. They even



held a feast in our honor! Nobody's ever done that before. Grex says that the more famous we get the more that'll happen. I hope so, it's awful nice.

Well, we've decided that we're going to go to Haven. That's the town in the middle of the ruin's in Parlainth. The elder says that a lot of adventurers go there. And we could probably find a wizard or sage there who could tell us about the necklace that we found. He recomended someone named Heirmon. I'll tell you about that in my next letter...

Wind's Freedom! Love you All,
Kree

THOSE THAT STALK THE NIGHT...

There is little known of the foul creatures we have come to call undead. Most simply shudder at the mention of the name, terrified by the memories of childhood stories that speak of cruel and tortured spirits that kill for pleasure and live through some form of twisted nether-magic. I too was haunted by these stories and have taken it upon myself to speak with Fraz'l, the famed elven nethermancer, so that I might try to understand how and why these creatures exist.

From our conversations I learned that there are many more types of undead than I was led to believe through my childhood. Sure I had heard the stories of armies of animated skeletons and cadavermen marching on towns and slaughtering women and children alike. And I had even heard of the demiwraiths, evil spirits who could hide in any shadow and waited in dark alleys and streets for children and unsuspecting travelers to pass by. I had always

assumed that these were the only types of undead that a man such as I would ever have to fear. Now, after my discussion with Fraz'l, I am ashamed to say that even I sleep with a lantern by my bed and a symbol of Garlen about my neck. Even though Fraz'l insists that none of the passions exert influence over the undead, I feel safer with her beside me.

There are many types of undead with many different natures and desires I have come to learn. Fraz'l has classified them by appearance and purpose. The smallest and most easily defined group of undead are the corporal undead. These are the undead which have true physical bodies such as zombies, skeletons, ghouls, cadavermen, and some would argue demiwraiths. Of these all but the demiwraiths may be horror constructs, animated and created by the horrors and able to follow simple commands. These undead fall into the category of controlled undead. They are the easiest of all the undead to understand and deal with and as Fraz'l says, the easiest to fight.

The second major category of undead are the non-corporal undead. These undead seem to exist in a number of places at once including the netherworld, the astral plane, and the physical plane. It is these undead which terrify me. Ghosts which may pass through walls and banshee's who's screams can pull your very soul from your body. Non-corporal undead are also frequently called apparitions, and they generally appear as shimmering or misty vaguely humanoid forms. These undead have the most terrifying purpose as well. Very few of the non-corporal undead are horror constructs. These undead have returned to their half-life oftentimes through sheer willpower alone. They continue to exist through hatred alone and it is this hatred of the living that drives them and causes them to seek out and kill any opportune targets. Many of the non-corporal undead still possess a spark of intelligence from their former life, as well as bits and pieces of memories that seem only to torture them and drive them insane by reminding them of the world which they may never truly be a part of again.

These apparitions as Fraz'l tells me are the most dangerous. Some may be quite cunning and attempt to lure you into a trap before they strike, while others will attack with a blind fury fueled only by pure hatred. It is their unpredictability, Fraz'l says which makes them so dangerous. In addition to the undead's ferocity or cunning in combat, those who find themselves in battle with an apparition may encounter other troubles as well. Those apparitions which exist mostly on the astral or nether planes often cannot be hit by normal weapons. Further a spirit goes from the physical plane the more difficult it is to hit. Wood and stone weapons are the first to fail, followed by iron and then silver (though many doubt the effectiveness of silver in any combat as it is such a soft metal). Eventually one needs magical weapons that can strike into the astral to even hope to win a fight with an apparition. Fortunately these apparitions are rare, most can indeed be struck by common weapons.

Jared -- Assistant Researcher at the Library of Throal --1505 Th.

ZOMBIES

Attributes:

DEX: 5 STR: 7 TOU: 7
PER: 4 WIL: 7 CHA: 5

Initiative: 4 Physical Defense: 6
Number of Attacks: 2 Spell Defense: 6
Attack: 6 Social Defense: 12
 Damage: 9 (hands) Armor: 4
Number of Spells: (1) Mystic Armor: 2
Spell casting: 5 Knockdown: 10
 Effect: Restore Recovery Tests: 2 (d12)
 Undead (12) (see below)

Death Rating: 40 Combat Movement: 30

Wound Threshold: 10 Full Movement 60
Unconsciousness Rating: 33

Legend Points: 50
Equipment: None
Loot: 20% adorned with jewelry worth 2d6x10 sp

Commentary

Zombies are a type of animated undead, they are often created by horrors or nethermancers with the 5th circle Nethermantic spell Animate Zombie (described below). Zombies can be formed from any humanoid creature that has been dead for more than a year and a day. After this period of time the last of the residual soul of the deceased has left the body and it may be animated. The magic that animates the zombies gives



ANIMATE ZOMBIE

Threads: 3
 Weaving Difficulty: 9/18
 Range: Touch
 Duration: Rank days
 Effect: create zombies
 Casting Difficulty: 6

The Nethermancer must be touching a corpse dead for more than a year and a day while he weaves the threads for this spell. He may only animate one zombie at a time with this spell, at the end of the duration of this spell the zombies will fall to the ground unmoving. If the nethermancer wishes he may spend a point of blood magic while casting the spell for each zombie created and they will exist for a year and a day before the spell expires (unless they are killed first of course). Zombies understand the commands of their masters and will follow a simple command to the best of their ability. While waiting to follow it's commands a zombie will remain completely still and will not move unless attacked, they are often mistaken for lifeless corpses. If the conditions for a command are not met the zombie will not follow them. (Example: Kill anything that passes through that door. If something was to come through the wall next to the door the zombie would not attack it).

SHADOWMEN

Attributes:

DEX: 7	STR: 5
TOU: 8	PER: 7
WIL: 10	CHA: 5

their hands which are usually dried and drawn like bone clubs. Zombies follow the will of their masters and may be given simple commands which they understand and follow.

Zombies have a very interesting special ability. If another zombie receives damage beyond it's death rating and "dies". Any other zombie within 10 yards of it may forgo it's attack for the round and make a spell casting test to Restore Undead. The difficulty number for this test is 6 (the spell defense of the zombies). If successful the zombie makes an effect test for Restore Undead and any fallen zombies within 10 yards recovers the result of the effect test in damage points at the cost of one recovery test. If no recovery tests are available the fallen zombies remain dead. If they recover enough damage to bring them back below their death rating they may rise at the end of that round and continue fighting from the beginning of the next round.

Initiative: 10	Physical Defense: 13
Number of Attacks: 1	Spell Defense: 10
Attack: 10	Social Defense: 14
Damage: 14	Armor: 7
Number of Spells: 1	Mystic Armor: 8
Spell casting: 12	Knockdown: 9
Effect: Shadow Shift	Recovery Tests: 1
Shadow Double	

Death Rating: 46	Combat Movement: 70
Wound Threshold: 13	Full Movement: 140
Unconsciousness Rating: NA	

Legend Points: 450
 Equipment: Shadow blade (Treasure worth Lp. if preserved)
 Loot: None

Commentary

Shadowmen are the undead spirits of warriors who died without ever having had the chance to confront their opponents. Honorable warriors who died at the



hands of assassins, magicians and traps. The soul of such a warrior is often so tormented by it's own loss of honor that through willpower alone their spirits come back to take vengeance on the world that wronged them. Trapped forever in darkness by the shadow that has fallen over their own souls Shadowmen live an existence of torture and despair. It is sad that with their spirits so wracked with grief and anger they have stopped caring about honor and clean fighting. Instead they use their powers only to kill as quickly as possible.

Shadowmen appear as wispy dark silhouettes, roughly 6 feet tall and wielding smoky blades of mist. Detecting a shadow man is difficult in all but the most well lighted conditions. In near total darkness

Shadowmen are practically invisible, they do not give off a heat signature nor can they be seen with low light vision on a perception test less than a 20 (In which case a glimpse of movement is all that is gained). Under better lighting conditions a Shadowman can be seen normally, though they are disconcerting to look at due to their swirling form. It is important to note that unlike a true shadow a Shadowman does not require light to exist, nor are they damaged by too much light. The name Shadowman is given to them due to their shadow like appearance. This misnomer that has cost many a young adept their lives as they hold up a light quartz to drive the creatures back.

ALAN
1994

Shadowmen have two very frightening abilities. The first, Shadow Shift, allows the shadow man to change his weapon from a physical blade into a mystic blade. The Shadowman must first inflict a successful hit with their shadow blade and then make a spell casting test against their opponents spell defense. If successful the blade shimmers for a moment and becomes a mystic blade passing through physical armor causing mystic damage. After the swing the blade returns to it's physical form. The shadow blade is a step 9 weapon. It will exist for 1 hour after it's wielders death, then it will dissipate unless a thread is woven to the weapon. (Maximum Threads 2, Spell Defense 14, Key Knowledge: Learn the Shadowman's Name). If a thread is woven the blade may be used as a normal weapon without the benefit of the Shadow shift ability. Though there are rumors that the weapons are true thread items, no one yet has learned more about them.

The Shadowman's second ability, Shadow double, is similar to the nethermancy spell Spirit Double, except the shadow body created for the spirit to inhabit is that of the target creature who must be touched and the difficulty number for the spell is the spell defense of the target creature. The Shadow double will have the physical attributes (Str, Tou, Dex) of the parent body with the mental attributes (Per, Wil, Chr) of the Shadowman. Shadowmen frequently try to create a spirit double of a person and have it attack their likeness, before revealing themselves in combat.

FLICKERINGS

Attributes:

DEX: 6
PER: 8

STR: 5
WIL: 5

TOU: 7
CHA: 7

Initiative: 6 Physical Defense: 12
 Number of Attacks: 1 Spell Defense: 11
 Attack: 8 Social Defense: 14
 Damage: 7 Armor: 4
 Number of Spells: 2 Mystic Armor: 5
 Spell casting: 10 Knockdown: 7
 Effect: 14 Recovery Tests: 2
 Abilities:
 Blink (test result yards)
 Possession

Death Rating: 40 Combat Movement: 35
 Wound Threshold: 11 Full Movement: 70
 Unconsciousness Rating: NA

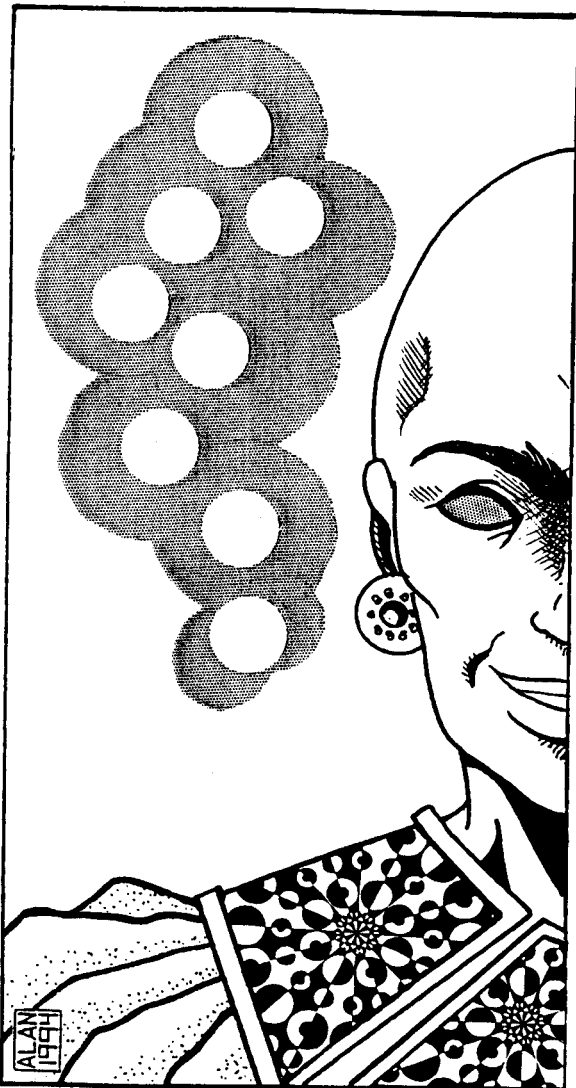
Legend Points: 400

Equipment: None

Loot: When a flickering is burned in a blessed hearth it leaves behind a silver/blue diamond with d4x100 sp. this gem counts as treasure worth legend points. (poor compensation for a dead friend)

Commentary

Flickerings are the lost souls of those who died within the walls of Parlainth during the scourge. These souls



who for some reason were not put to rest properly are destined to walk the ruins of Parlainth forever trapped half-way between this world and the dimension in which Parlainth hid during the scourge. Trapped as they are Flickerings have a horrible jealousy of those who are able to walk the world of men and die as men. The soul of a Flickering can never be truly laid to rest without being burned in hearth blessed by Garlen. If a Flickering dies in any other way it will reappear in Parlainth within an hour, thus they are fearless in their attacks. Flickerings received their name from their shimmering silver blue form that vanishes and reappears from moment to moment. If they leave the ruins in spirit form they will fade from existence and reappear within Parlainth in one hour.

Flickerings have developed two special powers to aid them in their quest for death. Their blink ability allows the flickering to blink from one location to another by shifting momentarily into another plane and then back again in a new location. To do this they must make a spell casting test against the difficulty number 5. They then move up to the effect test result in yards from their original location.

Their second ability can only be used on an unconscious character. When a character falls unconscious the flickering may make a spell casting test against the targets social defense. If successful the flickering inhabits the body of the target and may use it freely. The effect dice becomes the difficulty number to eject the flickering. A possessed character may make a willpower test after becoming conscious (note: they must have a recovery test to become conscious or be given a potion somehow) to reject the flickering. The difficulty number is the effect test of the possession spell. This is also the difficulty number for a dispel magic. The flickering may still be slain driving it from the victims body, but unless magic such as Undead Struggle is used it will harm the body as well as the spirit. Calling out the victims name and speaking to him of memories and people important to him will allow him to add 2 steps to his willpower test to reclaim his body. An ejected flickering is penalized as if knocked down for number of rounds equal to the duration of the possession. Some Flickerings retain their memories from their previous life and they can use a possessed body to express their feelings and emotions.

Flickerings seek to inhabit a body so that they may use it to seek out a questor of Garlen who will help them find rest. They will frequently use the possessed body to knock other characters unconscious so that other Flickerings may take control of the body. The Flickerings only seek to rescue their people form endless torture. NOTE: A flickering cannot use any special abilities of the victims bodies including talents.

BLACK DAGGERS

Attributes: *

DEX: 8 (10) STR: 7 (8) TOU: 9 (9)
 PER: 6 (8) WIL: 7 (7) CHA: 8 (6)

Initiative: 8 (10) Physical Defense: 11 (15)

Nbr of Attacks: 1(1) Spell Defense: 10(14)
 Attack: 12 (14) Social Defense: 10(12)
 Damage: 11 (12) Armor: 4 (7)
 Number of Spells: NA Mystic Armor: 4 (7)
 Spell casting: NA Knockdown: 10 (13)
 Effect: NA Recovery Tests: 4
 Abilities: Astral Shift

Death Rating: 50 Combat Movement: 50 (80)
 Wound Threshold: 14 Full Movement: 100 (160)
 Unconsciousness Rating: 43

Legend Points: 850
 Equipment: As physical manifestation.
 Loot: Black Dagger (250 sp) counts as treasure worth legend points.

Commentary

Black Daggers were once powerful members of the cult known as the Keys of Death. When nearing their deaths these men and women swore a pledge that they would continue to serve and fight for Death's freedom



long after their lives had ended. They then sacrificed themselves to death with a jet black dagger made of the finest obsidian. Somehow their prayers were answered, and they were granted continued existence in a non-corporal form. They have retained all of their memories and abilities and have only become more deadly since their deaths. They are found in all parts of the world, especially in and around major cities.

They have the ability to physically manifest themselves at will and often use this ability to serve as councilors and advisors to those who would begin wars. When in their physical form Black Daggers wear all black. Their hair, eyes, and nails all are of the purest ebony, while their skin is pale white. It is for this reason that they wear long deep hooded black robes. Their only weapon is a magical black dagger that can shift with them along with their possessions into the astral plane. Their astral shift is not complete however and they do leave a wispy image of themselves on the physical plane.

Black Daggers consider them to be members and leaders of Death's elite army. They strive to spill as much blood as possible and they prefer to do it in a ritualistic manner as opposed to in combat. In fact if they knock someone unconscious in combat they will move onto the next opponent leaving the unconscious one for later sacrifice.

In game terms Black Daggers have two sets of scores, one for their physical manifestation and one for their astral form, the numbers for the astral form appear in parenthesis. It is rumored that some adepts have even been accepted as Black Daggers. They retain their skills and talents and karma while in their physical form, and may continue to advance as though still living.

The shift from astral to physical takes one complete round in which no other action may be performed including tests of any sort. If the Black Dagger is forced to make a test they may try to shift again in the next round. The only weapon wielded by a Black Dagger is the dagger that was used for their own sacrifice. It binds them to their oath and if they are separated from their dagger for more than 1 full round they will dissipate and never reform again. The dagger has other properties as well which allow it to strike into the physical plane from the astral. When a Black dagger is killed or dissipated its dagger loses its magical functions and becomes a normal, but finely crafted obsidian dagger. In addition the magic that allows them to shift all equipment into the astral fails and their items fall to the ground.

*Black daggers may be of any race and profession. The numbers given here are assuming human assassins. Modifications should be made accordingly for more complex Black Dagger adepts.

SPIRIT WIND

Attributes:

DEX: 6+step STR: 5+step TOU: 9+step
 PER: 10+step WIL: 12+step CHA: 3+step

Initiative: 12+step Physical Defense: 14+step
 Nbr of Attacks: NA Spell Defense: 9+step
 Attack: NA Social Defense: 8+step
 Damage: NA Armor: 6+step
 Num of Spells: 2+step Mystic Armor: 6+step
 Spell casting: 12+step Knockdown: 12+step
 Effect: Psychic Recovery Tests: 1+step
 Scream (15+step)

Abilities:
Flight

Death Rating: 50 + (5 x step) Combat Movement: 75
Wound Threshold: 14+step Full Movement: 150
Unconsciousness Rating: NA

Legend Points: Legend points are based on the step of the spirit wind destroyed or dissipated.

Step	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Lp.	969	1940	2959	5505	9510	19890	33125

Step	9	10	11	12	13
Lp.	53300	74700	101800	144150	199200

Equipment: NA
Loot: NA

Commentary

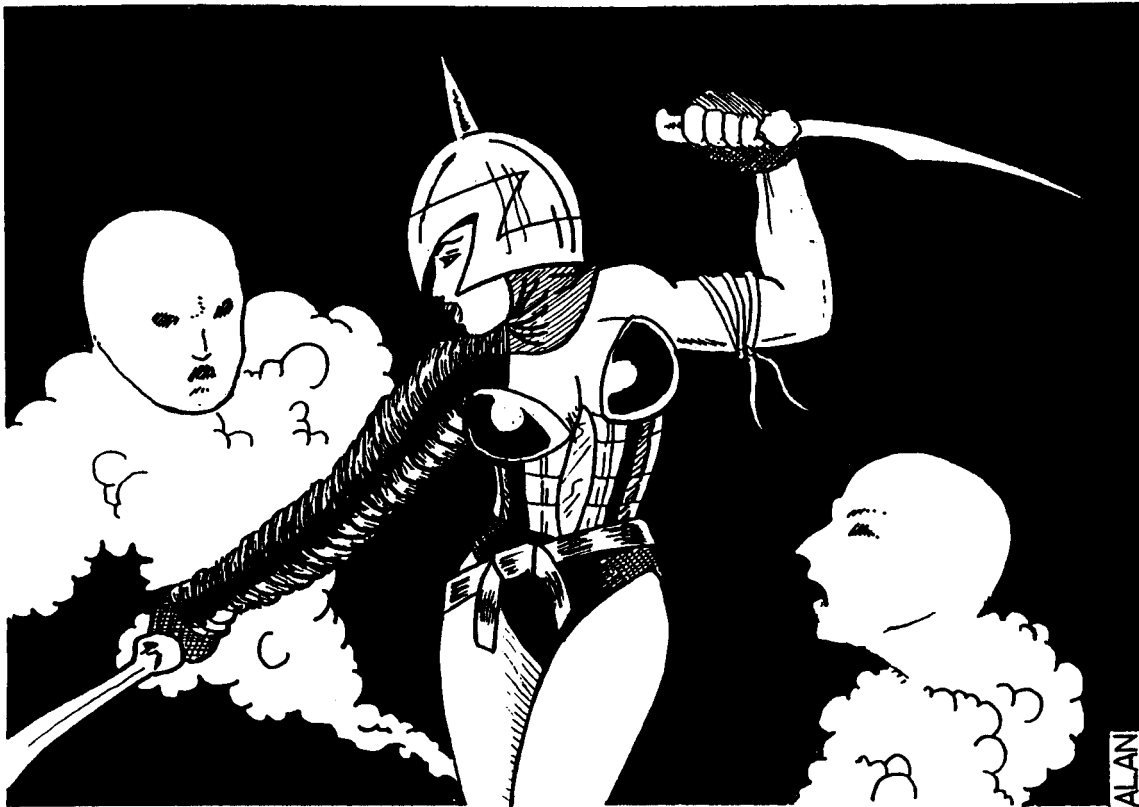
A Spirit Wind is formed when a large number of

may attempt to trick more souls into entering the mass. The more souls contained in a Spirit Wind the more powerful it may become.

The strength of a Spirit Wind depends entirely on the number of souls trapped within it. When a character dies within 100 yards of the spirit wind the wind may make a charisma test against the characters social defense. On an excellent success or better the new soul is enticed into joining with the spirit wind. On the reverse side of things however. If a character actively attempts to appease the spirit they may take their action and make a charisma or applicable talent test against the social defense of the wind. On a good success or better a soul will leave the wind reducing its power (The wind has a -2 social defense against all nethermancers). A spirit wind usually forms with 3-12 souls trapped in it. Use this number as you would an attribute value for calculating the step of the wind. Winds of more than 15 souls are rarely heard of,

though one legend tells of a wind numbering over 100 souls that sweeps over the deaths sea every fifty years or so.

The wind attacks by sending spirits circulating about a character screaming with an anguished wail. The difficulty number for the scream is the targets spell defense. A psychic scream tears



people die together in a single event such as an earthquake, volcanic eruption, being bathed in flame by a dragon, etc. When many lives are lost at once the carriers of the dead that escort the souls to the netherworld often become confused and overwhelmed by all the pleading and grabbing souls. When this occurs a large number of souls never make it to the netherworld world and become trapped on the physical plane. The souls are then abandoned by the carriers of the dead and left in anguish on the physical plane. Seeking solace these souls often join together to form one larger entity, each soul blending into the whole. It is for these reasons that Spirit Winds frequently haunt the halls of kaers and villages that have been decimated by horrors. Spirit Winds kill so that they

into the soul of the target character and attempts to separate the soul from the body. The effect test determines damage, mystic armor reduces damage. The wind may attack as many characters as it has spells in one round as long as they are within 2+step yards of the center of the wind. The spirits are visible as pale blue white streaks of light usually in the form of a humanoid bodies with stretched anguished faces.

-- Bill Hinks --



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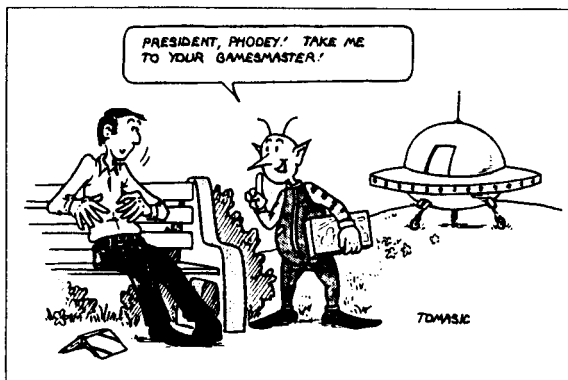


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