

A magazine for old school fantasy roleplayers



Inheritance
a fantasy campaign setting

Hornet Hill
an adventure for Labyrinth Lord

Firearm Rules
for Labyrinth Lord

Plus: Fiction, Reviews,
Cartoons, Monster Club
and more ...

Issue Number 2 May 2010 \$2.00

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Contents

- 3 Editorial
- 3 Tales from Hell
- 4 Monster Club #3
- 6 Hornet Hill
A Labyrinth Lord Adventure for 3rd to 5th Level Characters
- 15 Monster Club #4
- 16 Inheritance: Part 3
A Fantasy Campaign Setting
- 20 Present Arms!
Firearms for Labyrinth Lord
- 24 Good Shop / Bad Shop
Agrad's Shop of Wondrous Miniatures
- 25 What's in the Oubliette
Reviews of: The One Page Dungeon Codex, V – The Series, Music Inspired by Lord of the Rings, and AD&D Monster Cards
- 26 Mouse Watch
- 28 The Song of Sithakk
Our Epic Dwarven Serial. Part 2: The Tale of Venison and Salted Rabbit
- 34 PDF Heroes
Printable Cardboard Figures for use with this Month's Adventure
- 36 Pre-Generated Characters
For use with this Month's Adventure

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Play-testing: R. Depper, C. Kitchener and P. Regan

All rulebook page number references are shown as:

(LL p##) *Labyrinth Lord Revised Edition 2009*

(AEC p##) *Advanced Edition Companion 2010*

Editorial

Thanks to everyone who bought our launch issue, and thanks to those who reviewed it, or gave us a mention. It's always great to get feedback – it can really galvanise a rush of creativity. Speaking of which, in our second issue, we've really tried to push the boundaries. Our writers complained of Labyrinth Lord Aneurisms when they handed in their completed work. Whilst I grieve for their sore heads, I'm delighted by the quality and magnitude of the work. Our in-house artist has only recently come out of the berserker drawing haze, and again, I could not be more pleased with the result.

I put up some free character sheets for download a couple of weeks ago, designed to be compatible with both Classic and Advanced Labyrinth Lord (see the blog for links), and more than 150 sets have been downloaded so far. I've got some other ideas for freebies, so keep an eye on the blog for them.

Peter Regan, Editor



Monster Club #3

A regular column featuring: encounters, lairs, traps, and other fun stuff with monsters.

Skeletons - Human Skeletons are the entry-level undead and, as such, will be found in first level dungeons almost as often as kobolds. However, pretty much anything with bones can be animated, providing its hit dice is not greater than the animator's level. In a dungeon, one might expect to find more non-human skeletons than human ones.

Stats for a skeletal form of almost any creature are simple. They get the same hit dice and physical attacks (unless the attacks in life were made with a boneless appendage). All skeletons are armour class six. It could be argued that some larger creatures should have a better armour class, but that would make an *animate dead* spell more powerful when used on the remains of such creatures. Special abilities like breath, gaze, poison, regeneration etc., will be lost. However, abilities that rely on the basic

physical form of a creature will still work. For instance, a giant would still be able to throw rocks.

The next page has tables for quick reference, that detail the skeletal versions of a selection of creatures. In skeletal form, some of these may be difficult for a party to identify, especially if you add a little embellishment to your descriptions of them.

Powerful creatures, with very high hit dice, might take an extremely high-level cleric to animate them after death. In these instances, I house rule that two or more clerics may simultaneously cast the spell, assuming each of them has it ready. This allows animation of creatures, equal to their combined levels. Control of the resulting undead goes to the highest-level cleric in the group. If clerics tie on level, then the cleric with the highest wisdom gets control. (If that doesn't separate them, then roll a dice to decide). Skeletons will follow the commands given to them until they are destroyed, regardless of whether their master is present, or even still living.

"MUCH BETTER, BUT YOU STILL NEED TO WORK ON THE TURNS"



Humanoid, Animal and Monster Skeletons

	Kobold	Goblin	Human/Orc	Hobgoblin	Gnoll	Ogre	Troll
No. Enc.:	4d4	2d4	3d4	1d6	1d6	1d4	1d3
Alignment:	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic
Movement:	60' (20')	60' (20')	120' (40')	90' (30')	90' (30')	90' (30')	120' (40')
Armour Class:	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Hit Dice:	1d4 HP	1-1	1	1+1	2	4+1	6+3
Attacks:	1	1	1	1	1	1	3
Damage:	1d4 or weapon -1	1d6 or weapon	1d6 or weapon	1d8 or weapon	2d4 or weapon +1	1d10	1d6/1d6/1d10
Save:	0 level human	0 level human	F1	F1	F2	F4	F6
Morale:	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Hoard Class:	None	None	None	None	None	None	None

	Giant Rat	Giant Gecko	Dire Wolf	Owl Bear	Cave Bear	Wyvern	Red Dragon
No. Enc.:	3d6	1d6	1d4	1d3	1d2	1d2	1
Alignment:	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic	Chaotic
Movement:	120' (40')	120' (40')	150' (50')	120' (40')	120' (40')	90' (30')	90' (30')
Armour Class:	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Hit Dice:	1d4 HP	3+1	4+1	5	7	7	10
Attacks:	1	1	1	3	3	2	3
Damage:	1d3	1d8	2d4	1d8/1d8/1d8	1d3/1d3/1d6	2d8/2d8	1d8/1d8/4d8
Save:	F1	F2	F2	F3	F3	F4	F10
Morale:	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Hoard Class:	None	None	None	None	None	None	None

Notes:

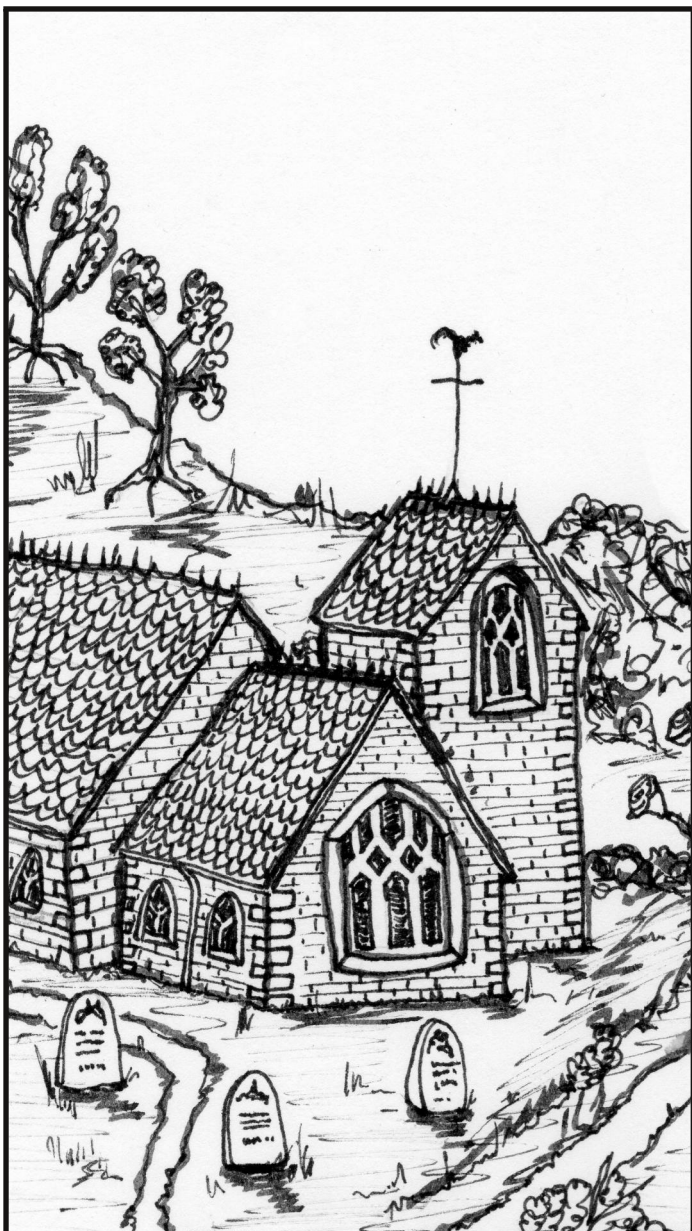
1) The *number encountered* ranges use the numbers of living creatures of the same type normally encountered as a base. These ranges are then adjusted to reflect how many HD of creatures a cleric up to 16th level would be able to animate. Of course, the spell could be cast more than once, or by a higher level cleric, if you want greater numbers.

2) All skeletons have the same ground movement rate that they would have had in life. Human skeletons in the rules (*LL p95*), are listed as moving at 60' (20') which I've doubled to match live humans.

3) I've made all skeletons AC7. It could be argued that some creatures with dense bone would be tougher but their HD probably reflect this. A blanket AC also helps keep the power of *animate dead* spells more even.

Hornet Hill

A Labyrinth Lord Adventure for 3rd to 5th Level Characters



Background for the Labyrinth Lord

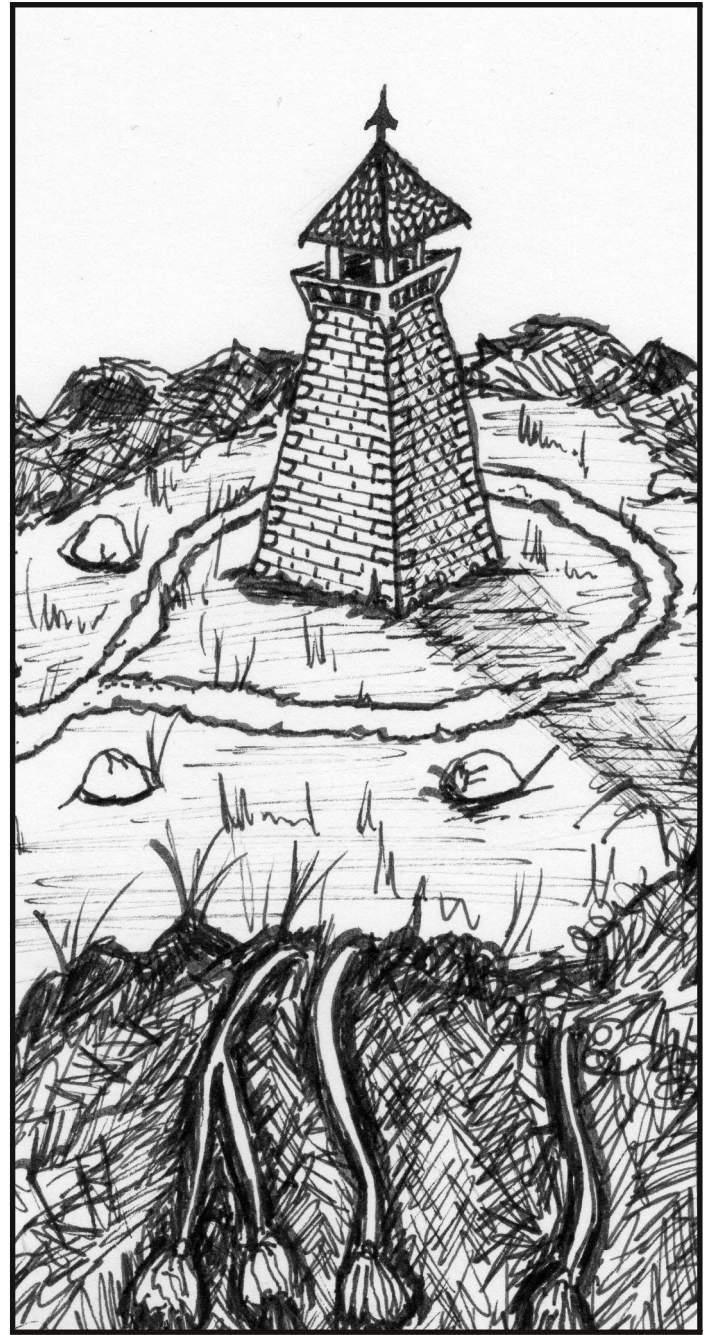
The following section contains historic and present-day background to help set up the adventure. The players can be given as little or as much of this info about the village as you like. I've designed the adventure so that it can be completed in a single session. More powerful parties can probably fight their way through the whole thing, making it not much more than an extended encounter. Weaker parties will need to be far more cautious and take a very tactical approach if they are to succeed.

The adventure can be easily dropped into a sandbox campaign. The village can be renamed, and may be of some use, after the adventure, as a location. You can decide what hook to use to get the players into the adventure but here are some suggested starts:

I) The players are attacked on the road before reaching the village by either some wasps or kobolds, or both – one after the other. After the encounter, they either reach the village and find out more about the situation, or they might pursue the kobolds and take direct action.

II) The players reach the village and hear the whole story. The villagers offer them free board at the inn every time they visit, in return for dealing with the wasps. The priest gives them several potions to neutralize the wasp poison.

III) If you want to run the adventure, but one of your players is absent, have the wasps sting, paralyze, and fly off with his character. Then the party will need to save him before the wasp larvae in the nest devour him.



History

Swapton is a village that lies halfway between two towns, on the main road that connects them. The Traveller's Rest Inn was built around 300 years ago, and the village slowly built up around it.

The village suffered a setback about 30 years ago and its usefulness as a safe rest point for travellers was under threat. Marauding orcs raided the village, and attacked travellers on the road. A small garrison was installed, along with a watchtower on a nearby hill. This added greatly to the village's security, and although it was raided many times, the walls of the garrison held and the tower gave at least some warning of impending attacks. In time, the orcs were defeated, and without any leadership those of their number that remained were scattered.

Now such troubles are a distant memory. The village enjoys peace, prospering from the ever-increasing numbers of travellers that break their journeys at the inn. The garrison is still maintained, but for the most part is manned by a volunteer militia. Its original captain, now semi-retired, still runs the place and lives in the building. The watchtower is still on the hill, but after standing unused for over 20 years it is now little more than a run-down shell. Sometimes children climb the hill to play there but it is regarded as unsafe and even in peacetime, dangerous animals still wander close to the village every so often.

Last summer, a new problem hit the village. A nest of giant wasps was discovered up on the hill. The wasps were initially not much of a threat to the village, but as their numbers grew so did their

territory and hunting grounds. By midsummer they were starting to attack people, both on the road and, if out of doors, within the village itself.

After about a week of this locked-down existence, the wasps managed to sting and carry off a handful of villagers, all paralysed and completely helpless as a result of the wasp venom's effects.

Then, as luck would have it, a patrol passed through the village. They were attacked by several wasps, but a few accurate shots from crossbows killed two and scattered the rest. The patrol leader quickly got his men to the garrison, and they tended to two of their number suffering from paralysis.

The patrol now numbered 10 able bodies who joined forces with the 13 members of the village militia and the retired captain. At dawn, the 24 men left the safety of the garrison, and started towards the hill in tight formation. Each man at the perimeter held two long flaming torches. In the centre were six crossbowmen, all loaded and ready. The ageing captain and patrol leader took up the lead, both in full armour. The local priest gave them a blessing and gave them five potions to counter the effects of the wasp poison.

The wasps attacked twice before the group reached the dug out entrance to the nest chamber. The formation of fire held up well.

Around two dozen wasps were killed with crossbow bolts and the swords of the two leaders. One of the militia men panicked at one point and was killed by multiple wasp stings and bites.

Several torches were thrown into the narrow opening in the hillside to keep any remaining wasps trapped inside. The men then set about digging out the nest. The entrance opened into a large natural cavern. Throwing in more torches, they could see more wasps, and at the back of the cavern, a nest the size of a small house. The last of the wasps fought to protect the nest but were no match for the soldiers, three of whom were stung in the battle. The men began to hack at the nest and the Queen Wasp emerged, fighting. She was a formidable foe and before she was done she had killed the retired captain, one of the soldiers, and injured another two. Close to death, the Queen backed up a narrow passageway at the rear of the cave. The soldiers threw in torches, driving her further back, and then caved in the ceiling to seal her within.

Just as the soldiers were about to burn the smashed remnants of the nest, they noticed two motionless bodies in the rubble. They dragged them clear and revived them with the last of the potions. Then torches were thrown and everything burned. An hour later, the inside of the cavern was just ash and smoke. The soldiers boarded over the entrance to seal the place.



Present Day

It is now one year on and the wasps have returned. Once more the village is under threat. In fact, the Queen Wasp burrowed further into the ground until she managed to open a tunnel into the cellar of the old watch tower. There, she nursed her wounds over the winter, gaining what little sustenance she could from the rotting contents of the cellar. In the spring, she started a new colony and began constructing a new nest.

The village militia, although experienced after the events of last summer, don't have the numbers or courage to tackle the wasps alone. The next patrol is not expected for another two weeks, by which time irreparable damage may have been done to the village's reputation. Already, a party of travellers have been attacked on the road and at least one villager has been paralyzed and carried away.

In addition to wasp attacks, things have been going missing from the village. One farmer reported that some supplies were stolen from his barn, even while there were wasps circling the area. At the inn, a whole barrel of ale was taken, which was safely in a store. The villagers mutter about orcs, though none have been sighted, and a few missing supplies seem to be the least of their worries while the wasps plague them.

The culprits for these thefts are a band of kobolds that have unsealed the cave that housed the wasp nest the previous year. They became aware of the wasps about a week or so after their arrival, but were able to keep the cave entrance fortified and their new lair relatively secure.

One of the kobolds is a wise old 'witch doctor', of sorts, who has mixed up a paste containing various plants and tree sap. When applied to the skin and clothing it acts as a powerful repellent against the wasps. This now allows the kobolds to travel freely, and they have taken to following the wasps to the village and stealing supplies, whilst the inhabitants are all locked in their abodes.

The kobolds have also harvested venom from several dead wasps, which their 'witch doctor' has managed to stabilize and mix with a sticky resin. The kobolds of the tribe favour tiny, short bows and have coated their arrowheads in the poisonous mix.

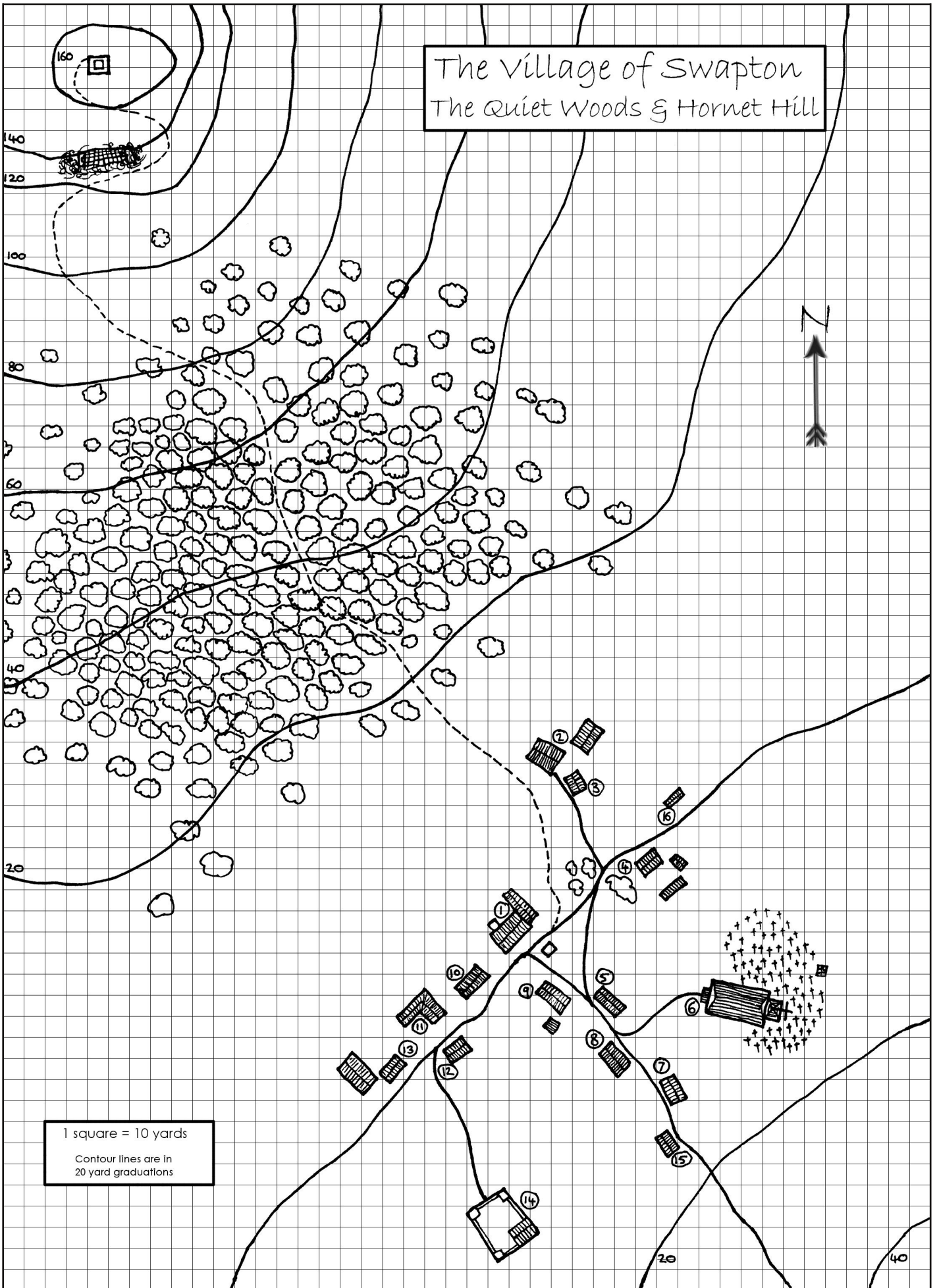
Encounters – The party are unlikely to meet the usual selection of wandering monsters within two or so miles of the village, as the wasps are pretty much at the top of the food chain now.

d10 Random Encounters: Check once per hour

- | | |
|------|--|
| 1-2 | 1d6 Giant Wasps* (25% chance that 4d4 Kobolds will be 2d4 rounds behind them). |
| 3 | 4d4 Kobolds* armed with small short bows. |
| 4 | Merchant Caravan 1d4 wagons (only if players are on the road). |
| 5 | Local Militia patrol of 6 men. |
| 6-10 | Nothing. |

*Wasps and kobolds should be taken from the rosters for each (see pages 13 and 14) which also contain basic stats for them.





Village Key and description

Village life has ground to a halt and few of the locals will venture outdoors. The wasps are only really active during the day, but the villagers are no less afraid at night. There is plenty of food in the village and the farmers have moved all their livestock into barns and outbuildings.

1 – The Traveller's Rest Inn – A large building and the hub of the village. It offers meals, shelter and stabling.

2 – Farm – This farm is the next place the kobolds plan to raid. They will wait until dark and then steal as much as they can carry from the barn.

3 – Bakery.

4 – Farm.

5 – Priest's house – The priest will be here unless he is needed to treat someone in the village who has been stung by a wasp.

6 – Church – The village church has been locked up as no services can be held because of the wasps.

7 – Farm.

8 – Row of cottages.

9 – Blacksmith.

10 – Row of cottages.

11 – General store – Sells a good range of gear from hardware items to adventuring and travelling supplies. Stocks simple weapons but no magic.

12 – Captain of the Guard's house.

13 – Farm.

14 – Garrison – Once this building was home to around a dozen men. Now there will be two members of the village militia at most times.

15 – Private house.

16 – Private house.

Villagers and Militia

Master Beck Youngmay – Lives at 11. Runs and owns the general store. He is a retired adventurer. He will offer advice but wants no part of anything that will put him in harm's way.

3rd Level Thief Move 120' (40') AC7 HP10
Wears leather armour and carries a short sword.

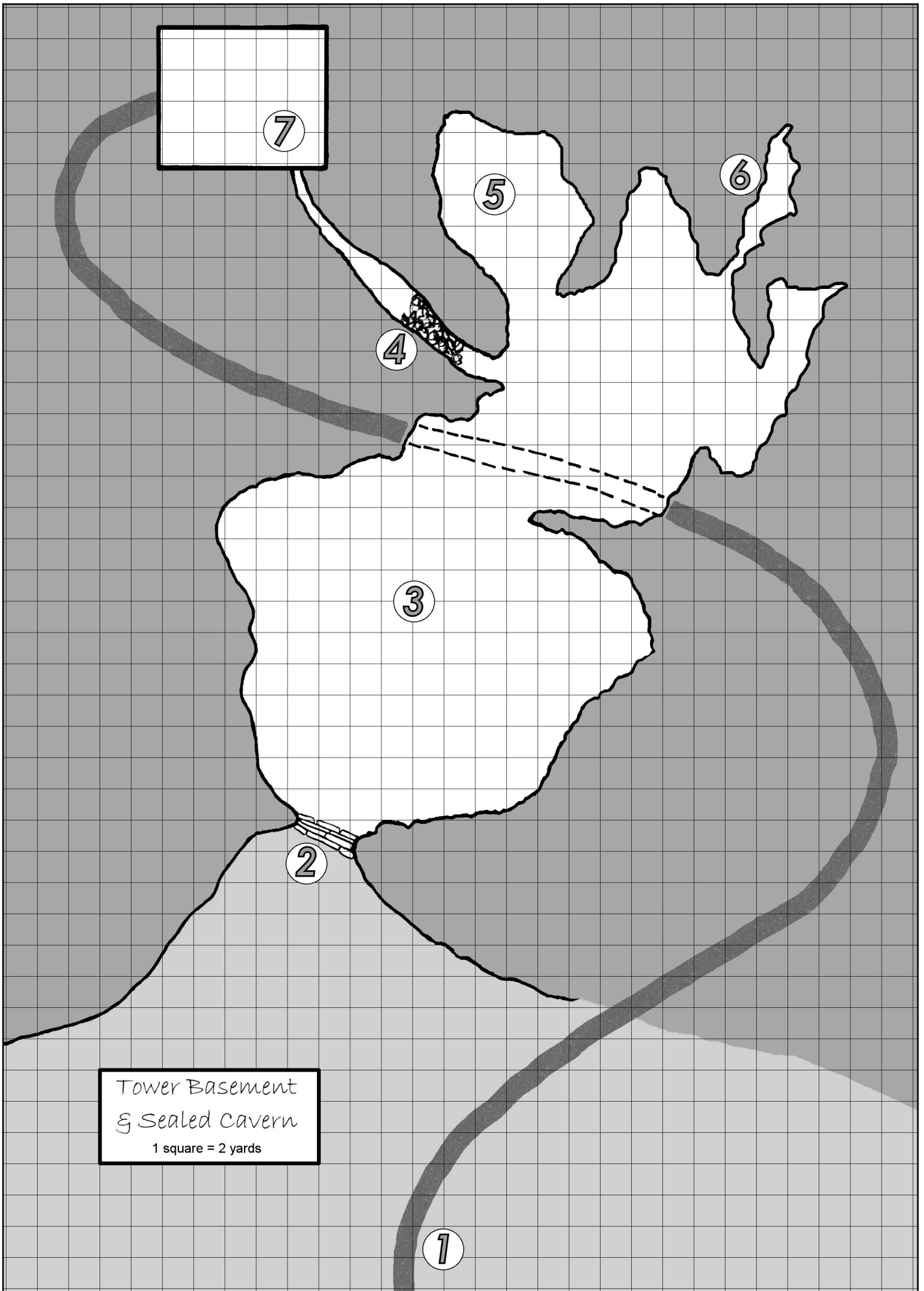
Father Erwin Godbert the village priest – Lives at 5. He will be happy to help the party and probably has the clearest recollection of the events last year. He will not take up arms with the party but he will offer them 2-4 potions that will neutralize the effect of the wasp poison.

Captain Hulbert Ordway – Lives at 12. He took over after the last captain was killed by the wasps last year. He is merely a shadow of the man he replaced and will not want to attempt a repeat of last year's fight against the wasps. He will insist that his men will only venture up the hill with the added support of a patrol, when it arrives. If the party provides him with information about the tribe of kobolds, he will assist by deploying the militia in the village to confront them if they attempt a raid.

2nd Level Fighter Move 120' (40') AC4 HP10
Wears chain mail armour and carries a long sword and shield.

The Militia are all 0 Level Humans Move 120' (40')
All have a chain mail shirt, a dagger and the following:

- 1) AC5 HP6 heavy crossbow, 20 bolts.
- 2) AC5 HP5 halberd.
- 3) AC4 HP3 shield, long sword.
- 4) AC5 HP4 spear.
- 5) AC5 HP2 heavy crossbow, 20 bolts.
- 6) AC4 HP6 shield, long sword.
- 7) AC5 HP4 heavy crossbow, 20 bolts.
- 8) AC5 HP5 halberd.
- 9) AC5 HP3 heavy crossbow, 20 bolts.
- 10) AC4 HP4 shield, long sword.



Cavern and Tower Basement

As the party approaches the top of the hill, the chance of encountering wasps increases. In this area, during daylight hours, there is a one-in-three chance every minute (six rounds), that they will be attacked by 1d6 giant wasps.

1 – This steep path winds up the hill leading to the watchtower.

2 – This is the boarded-over entrance to the cavern that the wasps nested in last year. There is a sweet, pungent smell in the immediate area. If the party have already encountered kobolds, they may recognize the smell and possibly even know it comes from the wasp repellent. The kobolds have gained access by loosening a small panel. If the party search the boarding, there is a 50% chance that they will find it. It will take 2-4 rounds to remove enough boards for someone of human size to gain access to the cavern.

3 – This cavern is now home to the kobolds. If the party have encountered kobolds before this point, then the kobolds will have prepared for a possible attack. The kobolds will initially attack with bows, and gradually move to the back of the cavern making good use of cover and the dark.

24 Kobold Archers Move 60' (20') HD 1-4HP AC7 HPs 1, 3, 1, 4, 2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 2, 2, 2, 3, 1, 1, 3, 3, 3, 1, 4, 1, 2, 3 Short Bows 1d4 damage plus poison and Daggers 1d4-1 damage.

10 Kobold Warriors Move 60' (20') HD 1-4HP AC7 HPs 2, 4, 4, 2, 2, 2, 4, 4, 1, 3 Daggers 1d4-1 damage.

3 Kobold Bodyguards Move 60' (20') HD1+1 AC7 HPs 6, 6, 6 Short Sword 1d6 damage.

1 Kobold Chief Move 60' (20') HD2 AC7 HP9 Club 1d4 damage.

1 Kobold Witch Doctor Move 60' (20') HD 1-4HP AC7 HP3 Quarterstaff 1d4-1 damage.

4 – This is the passageway that the Wasp Queen escaped through. The roof has been caved in, but there is still enough room for a few kobolds to hide in readiness to make a surprise attack. The passageway can be cleared but this will take several

hours. Beyond the cave-in, the passageway narrows to a tunnel about 12-18" in diameter.

5 – The kobolds sleep in this cave with numerous belongings lying around. If everything is searched carefully, the party will find 356cp, 134sp, 28gp, an almost empty barrel of ale, four small jars of kobold wasp poison (each jar has enough to dose 48 arrows), and nine medium jars of kobold wasp repellent (each contains enough to protect 20 people).

6 – There is a narrow section in the cavern here that is just wide enough for a kobold to get through. If things go badly for the kobolds then they will scuttle in and hide. Up to 12 of them can fit in the small area beyond.

Kobold Giant Wasp Repellent – Giant wasps will stay at least 20' from a creature that applies the repellent. Effect lasts for six hours. If a wasp is attacked by someone wearing it, they may counter-attack if they make a successful save versus Breath Attack each round. If they fail, then they will simply fly out of the range of the attacker. The repellent will keep for several months if stored in an air-tight container. It will have good resale value, but a buyer would probably need some sort of demonstration to know they're not buying snake oil.

Kobold Wasp-Poisoned Arrows – These do 1d4 damage and anyone hit must save versus Poison or suffer an effect similar to a *slow* spell (reverse of *haste*): all actions, attacks and spell-casting reduced to half the normal rate per round. The effect lasts for 1d4 turns. The poison will remain potent for around 24 hours if exposed to the air. In a sealed air-tight container it will keep for four to six weeks.



7 – The basement of the watchtower now contains the giant wasp nest. Unless they have managed to obtain some wasp repellent, the party will automatically be attacked by 1d6 giant wasps when they get within 20 yards of the tower day or night. If the party are using wasp repellent, then they may be able to seal the entrance to the basement. The wasps will still try to attack but will need to make the required saving throw each round. It will take 2-4 rounds to cover over the opening in the floor using pieces of timber lying around in the tower.

34 Giant Wasps Move 60' (20') Fly 210' (70') HD4 AC4 HPs 14, 12, 19, 15, 23, 15, 18, 14, 7, 20, 14, 16, 18, 24, 10, 12, 21, 15, 10, 15, 16, 11, 12, 26, 17, 21, 22, 19, 29, 17, 11, 14, 23, 16 Bite 2d4 damage Sting 1d4 damage plus save versus Poison or be paralyzed.

1 Giant Wasp Queen Move 60' (20') Fly 210' (70') HD6 AC4 HP31 Bite 2d4 damage Sting 1d4 damage plus save versus Poison or be paralyzed.

At all times, at least 4d4 of the wasps will be in the nest. At night, *all* the wasps will be in the nest. They will fight to protect it and the larvae inside. The Queen lives at the centre of the nest and will only emerge to defend the nest if intruders enter the basement. If intruders enter the basement wearing wasp repellent, the wasps may attack them without making a saving throw, but all wasp attacks will be at -4 to hit and they will not use their bite attacks.

If the players clear the basement of wasps and search the nest, they will find the wasp larvae busy feeding on three victims.

27 Giant Wasp Larvae 1HP each AC9 No attacks, but they will slowly eat a paralyzed creature over 1d4+1 days.

Two of the victims are still alive but paralyzed. One is a traveller who was attacked on the road and the other is a farm worker from the village. They can be revived with a potion/spell or stretchered back to the village, where the priest will tend to them. The third body is little more than a husk, having been devoured by the larvae. If it is searched, the following will be found: Ring of Protection +1, Dagger +1, Potion of Invisibility 2 doses, Potion of Giant Strength 3 doses, 35gp and 10pp.

At the centre of the nest there is a small pile of gems

comprising: 5x10gp, 6x25gp, 1x50gp, 9x75gp, 4x100gp and 6x250gp. The wasps must have been attracted to these alone, as there are no other items.

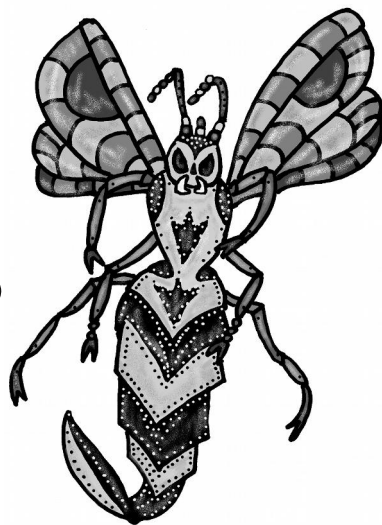
If the party use fire to deal with the wasp nest, then all the bodies and treasure will be destroyed or lost in the ashes. The internal structure of the tower will also catch fire and collapse into the basement. This will compromise the structure of the tower walls and make it a very dangerous place to enter.

Regardless of how the party deal with the wasps, the villagers will hold them in the highest esteem. If they manage to return with the two survivors, then the priest will offer them healing whenever they are passing through the village.

Giant wasps appear in the *Labyrinth Lord Advanced Edition Companion (AEC p140)*. Details for the Giant Wasp Queen are given here:

Wasp Queen, Giant

No. Enc: 1(1)
Alignment: Neutral
Movement: 60' (20')
Fly: 210' (70')
Armour Class: 4
Hit Dice: 6
Attacks: 2 (bite, sting)
Damage: 2d4/1d4
Save: F6
Morale: 11
Hoard Class: XI x 15
XP: 570



A Giant Wasp Queen is similar in appearance to other giant wasps but is substantially larger at around five feet long. Anyone stung by a Giant Wasp Queen must make a successful saving throw versus Poison or be permanently paralyzed. Paralyzed victims will be slowly eaten alive by wasp larvae, leading to death in 1d4+1 days.

Unless she is in the process of establishing a new nest, a Queen will only ever be encountered in the nest, and will emerge to defend it if it comes under threat. If the nest is destroyed, then the Queen will attempt to escape so she can restart the colony in a new location.

Giant Wasp Ecology

Giant wasps are in many respects very similar to common, social wasps that you might find nesting in your garden or attic. They work together to build a nest which serves as a permanent home for their Queen. The Queen lays eggs which hatch as larvae and feed on the live flesh of paralyzed creatures that have been flown back to the nest.

Normally, giant wasps will live for three to nine months, depending on how early in the spring they are hatched. A Queen may live for several years and will restart the colony each year using sperm stored over the winter in her body. A giant wasp colony will normally consist of up to 40 wasps, although in warmer climates they can grow much larger depending on food sources.

Giant wasps are fiercely territorial and will respect the territories of other colonies and never build a nest nearby.

If a Giant Wasp Queen dies, then a new Queen will emerge from the colony's surviving females. This usually results in a race between them to produce the most offspring in order to become dominant. The rival would-be Queens and their offspring are killed, leaving a new colony entirely comprised of offspring from the new Queen.

Giant wasp poison paralyzes any creature stung that fails a save versus Poison. The effects of the poison can be negated with a *neutralize poison* spell. I also house rule that *cure light wounds* and healing potions will remove the effects of the poison (although they will not heal damage in addition to this).

Giant wasps can fly carrying loads up to 150lbs. Under load, wasps will fly at about one third normal speed. If something is too heavy for a single wasp, then two or three will lift it together.

Giant wasps will keep clear of fire. If they are attacked with a torch, then the torch will do the normal 1d4 damage, but a successful hit will also have a 50% chance of burning off the wasp's wings. This does not cause any additional damage but obviously means the wasp can no longer fly. In this state the wasp will only survive for a few days and may even be killed by other wasps.

Monster Club #4

A regular column that features encounters, lairs, traps and other fun stuff with monsters.

Creeping Statue

No. Enc: 1(1)
Alignment: Chaotic
Movement: 480' (160')
Armour Class: 2
Hit Dice: 7
Attacks: 3 (2 claws, bite)
Damage: 1d8/1d8/1d12
Save: F7
Morale: 12
Hoard Class: None
XP: 1140



Unlike animated statues, creeping statues are not given life by magical means. They are, in fact, creatures from another plane of existence that appear as solid stone on the material plane. They remain solid and lifeless whenever another creature has them in continuous sight. If no other being is looking at them (directly or peripherally) they can move – and they move fast!

Even if a character is watching a statue, there is a chance they will blink each round. To avoid blinking a player must roll under his Wisdom on a d20 and suffer a cumulative +1 penalty in each consecutive round where he tries to avoid blinking. If a character blinks, then in the third of a second it lasts, the statue can move four feet or make one attack. If a character looks away for a second then the statue can move up to 12 feet or make all three of its attacks.

If a creeping statue is destroyed by force, it will regenerate back to its original form in 3d4 rounds, providing of course that it is not being observed. The only way to kill a creeping statue is to cast a reverse of the spell *stone to flesh*. Even if the statue makes a saving throw, the shock will send it back to its own plane of existence. If it fails to make a save, then it will be turned into a pile of dead flesh.

Creeping statues, whilst extremely dangerous, are very agoraphobic and will avoid open areas and daylight. They prefer dark dungeons and caverns where they can lie dormant for years, as time has no meaning for them.

Inheritance

A fantasy campaign setting by Christian Kitchener

Part III

Character Classes in Inheritance

Last month, I outlined the basics of my current campaign. I'm using *Labyrinth Lord Revised*, with Michael Curtis's *Stonehell* as the centre-piece. The *AEC* was way off on the horizon when we started play, and although we were all AD&D to the bone when we started, we've all adapted quite favourably to the B/X ethos. This month, I'm going to talk about the character class options which are available to the players. As you'll see, it's standard LL fare contextualised for Inheritance. In fact, this was one of my biggest challenges: taking a key element which differentiates LL from AD&D, and getting it to make sense, more or less, as written in the rules.

Clerics

The Clerics of Inheritance are all priests of the One True Faith but, depending on their alignment, they will emphasise different and often contradictory aspects of that faith.



Lawful Clerics belong to the Kin of Oc-Neeyal. Whilst the Kin place an emphasis on qualities such as charity, compassion, and social responsibility, they also promote the idea that an individual's lot in life is part of the Order of Things. They frown intensely upon any kind of social mobility, and were the sect most popular with pre-Empire Nobility and Royalty. It is even rumoured that they may have

preserved the Royal Line of the last of the old kingdoms to fall to the Wizards, in one of their abbeys far away over the mountains. Perhaps a Great Prince will come and unite the survivors of The Empire and revive The Old Ways in a grand restoration of the Old Monarchy. Perhaps the PCs will find him first. And kill him. And take his stuff. Priests of the Kin wear a red cloth tied around the neck. Their holy symbol is a stylised representation of a rose in wood, or metal. Wooden versions are often painted red. Occasional visitors at the Home Settlement, Priests of the Kin are offered every assistance in continuing their journey.



Neutral Clerics are devotees of Char Magitha. Libertarian in their outlook, the order of Char Magitha's central teaching can be summed up as "God helps those who help themselves". The order began as a reaction against the Church's stance on social mobility. Char Magitha acquired a huge lay following, and was particularly popular with merchants, craftsmen and other members of the pre-Imperial Proto-Middle Class. Ironically, Char Magitha was later instrumental in undermining the monopolies of the trade and craft guilds. Clerics of the Order can be identified by a blue cloth tied around their neck. Their holy symbol is usually a coin worn on a leather thong, although there is a great deal of flexibility, and individuals may adopt their own unique holy symbol. They may cast either form of a reversible spell. A high level priest, Portillo, and a small group of lower-level acolytes, are the only permanent religious presence in the Home Settlement.

integrated that they have lost their fundamental Dwarfness, but the Dwarves of Home will feel closely aligned to the community. They are led by Smith, who is also a member of the community's ruling council.



Chaotic Clerics belong to the fractured, and fractious, cult of Thurar Gillscar. Originally formed to protect the poorest members of society, the cult's teachings and mindset were oppositional from the outset. This attracted a certain type of priest. During the Imperial period, Thurar Gillscar's priests were those most likely to promote civil unrest, rather than the quiet proselytising favoured by the other sects. There are those who say that The Plague was sent by Thurar Gillscar. A great many Halflings were attracted to the cult. It all makes such sense. Thurar Gillscar's priests dress in plain, simple clothing, without any distinguishing features that would mark them as priests. Their holy symbol is a small, stylised knife (which they are NOT allowed to use as a weapon of course).

Dwarves

The Dwarves of the Daffer Mountains have co-existed peacefully with the humans of the Western Lands for centuries. There have always been Dwarves who choose to live out their lives above ground, amongst the humans, in trades such as smithying, engineering, masonry and mining. Because Dwarves naturally excel in these tough, physical occupations, even those practitioners considered mediocre by the standards of their own kind, have always been able to command decent fees in The Empire. In the post-Plague world of Inheritance, Dwarves will typically belong to small family units, with a long history of surface life, but with a distinct ethnic identity. They are never so



Elves

Even in the heyday of The Empire, Elves were a curiosity. Distinctive and alien, coming from a distant land which few, if any, humans had ever visited. Even those Elves who made their home in the Western Lands for a number of years, always retained a strong outsider status. To use a real-world analogy, they would be like Chinese noblemen in Medieval Europe.



In the aftermath of The Plague, Elves are rarer than ever. Those individuals who remain in the West, do so for unfathomable reasons.

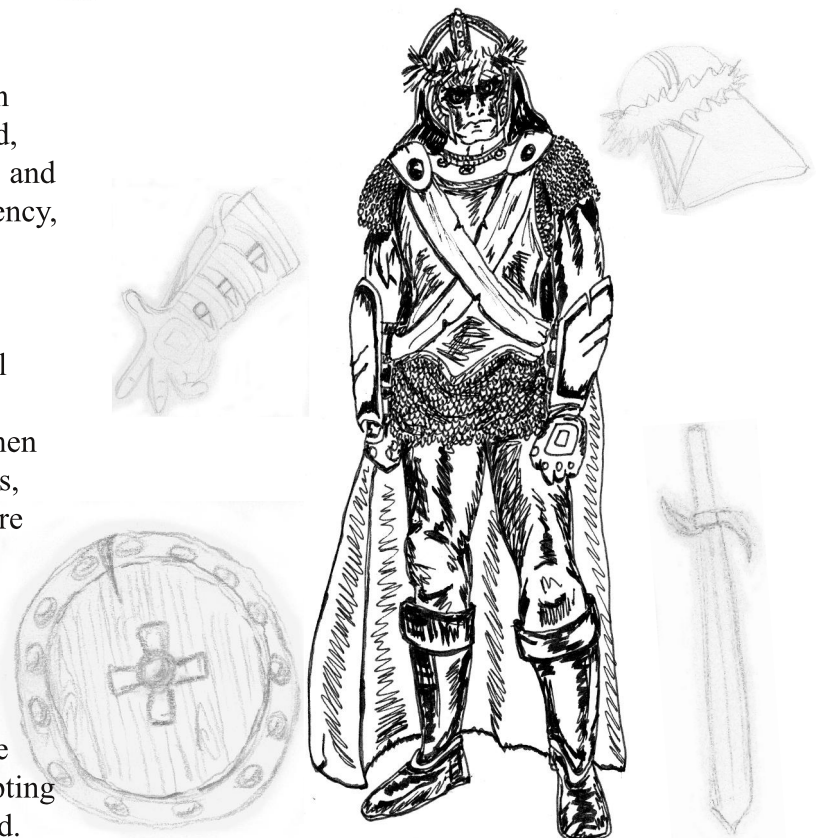


Fighters

The Empire's standing army was an organisation made up of professional soldiers. Highly trained, and well equipped, they kept the borders secure, and maintained internal order with a detached efficiency, which made them very much distinct from the warrior-elite of the pre-Imperial West.

Today, in the community of Home, there are still some Fighters who served in the old pre-Plague army, but even those who were only children when the disaster struck, have been trained by veterans, and are no less disciplined or dedicated. They are very much aware of their situation, being at the sharp end of the struggle to preserve civilised values, and survive in an environment which is extremely hostile to that aim.

In order to meet the demands of soldiering in the Post-Cataclysmic West, they are capable of adapting to different tactics, weapons, and armour, at need.



Halflings

Relative newcomers to the West, Halflings in the Empire were little better than slaves. Banned from holding property and excluded from the guilds, for three generations the only truly free Halflings were a few rare individuals making a living as independent traders, and small, isolated pockets of Ferals. For the vast majority, the post-Plague world is a freer, but not necessarily happier place. They have learned to be extremely wary of humans, running the risk of a return to slavery, or, in some cases, violence due to the widespread belief that it was the Halflings who spread The Plague.



While there are many well-hidden, self-sufficient communities, Inheritors of the Legacy of the Ferals, there are also a great many who still make a living picking through the ruins of the old, urban centres. At the moment, the only contact that Home has with any Halflings, is a tiny community of charcoal burners, a day's ride from the hill fort. They trade with the humans for food, clothing and tools, with a tiny handful of trusted individuals. Their existence is not common knowledge in Home, but the player characters, through their dealings with senior members of the community, are probably aware of their presence, if not their exact location.



Magic-Users

The Wizards ruled The Empire unchallenged for two and a half centuries. Living in luxury, and able

to pursue their interests at leisure, they stood aloof from the rest of the population. Today, they are a shadow of the elite group which made The Empire a nation that not even the Elves could ignore. The Plague hit them the hardest. In The Empire's prime, possession of magical aptitude guaranteed that an individual would be tested for his suitability to wield ultimate power. Now, any surviving Wizard with skills to pass on, will do so to any individual with talent who crosses his path.

Home has a small cadre of low-level Wizards, some of dubious quality. They are mentored by Hackett, a one-legged, one-eyed, alcoholic, who is completely insane. He is also a member of the ruling council.



Thieves

The Empire's secret police traced their professional ancestry to the Thieves' Guilds of the Old Western Kingdoms. Today, Home is ruled by a council, and presiding over that council, is Illith, a former senior operative of the secret police.

The Thieves of Home are not secret police as such, rather, they are salvage specialists, trained by Illith, in techniques which will aid them in their missions to recover useful items and information. This confers some advantage in Home's fight to survive and claw its way up from mere subsistence. They are the arch-exponents of the New Pragmatism.

The classes of the *AEC* don't have an official place in Inheritance yet, but I have a few ideas about how Paladins, Rangers and Assassins might fit in as NPCs.

Next time, I'll talk about monsters.

Present Arms!

A basic system for using Black Powder Flintlocks in *Labyrinth Lord* by Roland Depper



The trickle of powder overshot the mark, as the hammering on the door rose to new heights. Letting his powder horn drop to hang from its lanyard, Black Urgo spat in the shot, pulled back on the last swan-necked hammer, and grinned.

The prize had seemed a good idea earlier that day, compared to the risks involved in dipping into Basco's lair. Now, it didn't appear to be the wisest decision he'd made this year, as the bandit leader's bravos hacked at the barred door with well-placed axe blows. Still, he'd got this far, and the weight of the bundle at his belt leant him confidence.

Looking around the room, he just had time to tip the hexagonal table over, and take cover as the door finally gave way. Two halberd tips entered the room, swiftly overtaken by the flight of quarrels that sank into the table-top, showering the room with destroyed veneer. As the guards paused to survey the ground, Urgo fluidly stood, arms extended. His two, double-barrelled pistols, blossomed with grey roses. Within the blink of an eye, the flowers opened, filling the room and landing with deadly lead-pollen.

Urgo leapt through the smoke, like a raven through a storm cloud. Shoving the still hot pistols into his belt, and stepping over the bodies, he pushed open the shutters and swung out on his silken rope into the night...



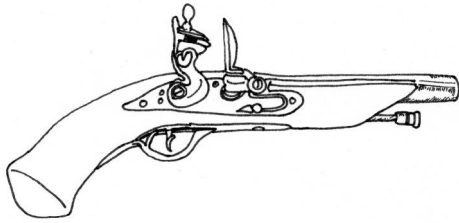
Firearms in Labyrinth Lord

Old school games have suffered from a lack of technological advancement, as the industrial revolution has passed them by. With that in mind, I've hammered together a few basic rules for black powder flintlock guns. It's not meant to be a history lesson, as there's a lot more information out there than I could condense into this article, but if you fancy swashing your buckle, and repelling the Orc boarders with volley fire, why not liven up your campaign with some shooters?

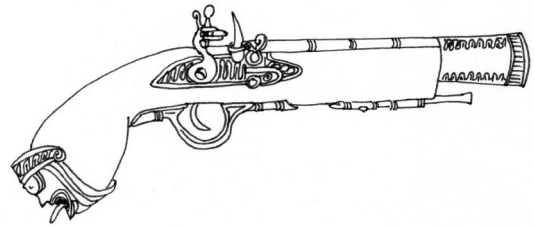
Flintlocks in LL are best kept simple, to keep them in line with other missile weapons. They probably work best in low to mid-level dungeons, as it isn't easy to scale them up for higher-level play without them becoming pocket-sized, twelve-pounders. If you want to make them better, then charge your players more for specially commissioned, better-quality items that add to hit and damage rolls, or perhaps add magic sighting systems and ammunition?

I have deliberately omitted prices for guns, shot and powder, as you will need to tailor the costs dependant on your campaign setting's economy. Maybe guns are common, and prices vary from pistols at 20gp, to rifled long-arms at 250gp. Or are they rare, and exotic specialist items that cost many hundreds? I personally plan to allow basic guns in the range of 125gp to 450gp, with an additional 100gp or so, for rifling. My shots will be five gold pieces a go for powder and ball. None will be readily available to everyone.

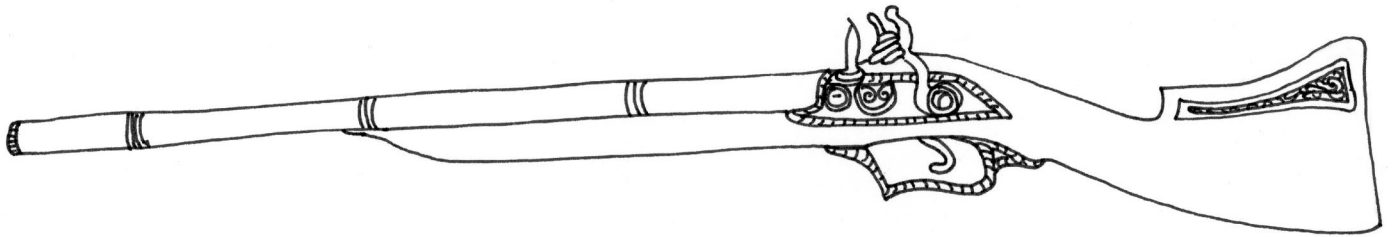
In addition to the basic missile rules, I've added several special rules for firearms. The only problem in adapting the existing missile rules is the feet and yards swap that occurs between indoor dungeons, and the great outdoors. The Pistol, Heavy Pistol, and Blunderbuss ranges sort of work. The Carbine and Musket ranges are far too long when transposed from feet to yards, unless they are rifled versions. I shall leave it to you to adapt your ranges, if you feel they are too extreme. I advise making Carbine and Musket ranges no greater than 80 yards, and even that is excessive.



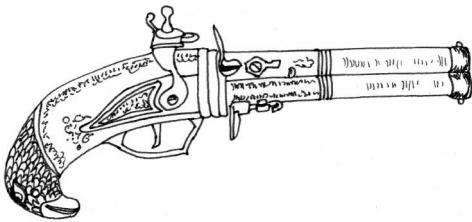
Single-Barrelled Pistols are the basic design from which all others are taken. They suffer an extra -1 at long-range compared to other missile weapons, as they are inherently inaccurate.



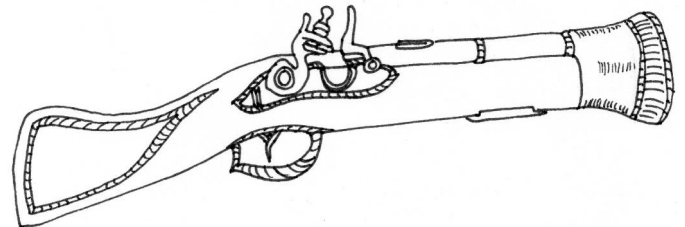
Heavy Pistols are the Coachman's friend, and fire a heavy-calibre musket ball. They again suffer the extra -1 at long range. They can have two barrels, and these can both be fired at the same time, as per normal pistols. They suffer the extra minus for recoil for the second shot.



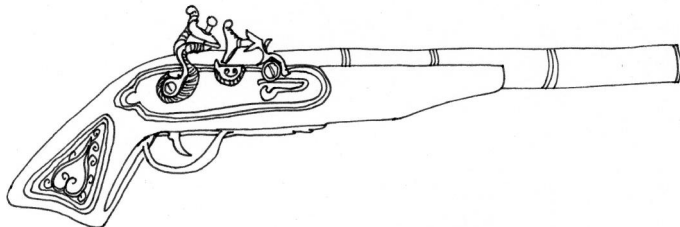
Muskets are the most easily made long-arm, favoured by military forces or Orc and bandit alike. They are heavy and slow to load, but pack a better punch than a pistol, and are more accurate as the firer uses both hands. They also make useful clubs when unloaded, or spears, when fitted with a bayonet.



Double-Barrelled Pistols are of a slightly smaller calibre, but can be fired twice. Both shots may be fired in the same round, but two to hit rolls are necessary, even though they must be against the same target. They can, of course, be fired separately, once each in different rounds, at different targets.



Blunderbusses, and other large-barrelled scatterguns, can be loaded with just about anything. Nails, gravel and small calibre pistol shot are favourites. They have a very limited effective range, but can catch any and all targets inside a cone that extends to 15' wide at 25' from the firer. A to hit roll is required for each target, as armour still plays a part. These guns are -2 to hit all targets, beyond the initial 15' from the shooter. The more with which they are filled, the longer they take to load, but the more damage you can do. For every round spent loading, up to a maximum of five, the gun does 1d4 damage to every target hit within the cone.



Carbines are essentially long-barrelled weapons firing pistol calibre ammunition. They have better range, and do not suffer the extra -1 at long range.

Loading Times

Pistols: 2 rounds +1 per extra barrel.
Carbines: 2 rounds.

Heavy Pistols: 3 rounds +1 per extra barrel.
Muskets: 3 rounds +1 per extra barrel.
Blunderbuss: see above.

Rifling

Rifled guns do not suffer any long-range to hit penalties, as the spiral grooves carved into their barrels impart a spin to the ball that makes it fly truer. This also increases the range, as the tighter fit in the barrel means less power is wasted. Rifled pistols are often used for duelling.

Both kinds take longer to load, as a silk or leather patch is wrapped around the ball before the ramrod pushes it home, prior to firing. The bonuses are that if a gun is rifled, it adds 10' to every range bracket, for pistols, and 20' to musket length arms. Rifled pistols do not suffer the extra -1 at long range. The downsides are that they take an extra round to load, and cost considerably more. Blunderbusses cannot be rifled.

Class Limitations

Personally, I see all classes in LL, except Clerics, using Pistols. Carbines for Fighters, Dwarves, Elves and Thieves and just Fighters, Dwarves and Elves using long-arms.

If you are playing *AEC*, then I'd restrict long-arms such as Muskets and Rifles to Fighters, Rangers and Assassins, with Carbines added for Thieves. I'd add restrictions on all Flintlocks for Paladins, Monks and Clerics – unless, of course, you have a wicked desire to inflict savage brimstone and fire upon the sinners of your game world ...

Firearm Weight, Damage and Range Table

Weapon	Weight	Damage	Short Range	Med Range	Long Range
Pistol	2lbs	2d4	Up to 10'	...to 20'	...to 40'***
Double Pistol*	3lbs	1d6	Up to 10'	...to 20'	...to 40'***
Carbine	5lbs	2d4	Up to 20'	...to 50'	...to 100'
Heavy Pistol	4lbs	2d5	Up to 10'	...to 20'	...to 30'***
Musket	8lbs	2d6	Up to 20'	...to 50'	...to 120'
Blunderbuss	12lbs	d4***	Up to 10'	...to 20'	...to 25'

Notes:

*Can fire both shots at a single target in 1 round. The second shot is at -1 to hit due to recoil.

**Double-Barrelled Pistol -2 to hit at long range.

***For every round spent loading, up to a maximum of five, the gun does 1d4 damage to every target hit within the cone that is hit.

Parting Shot

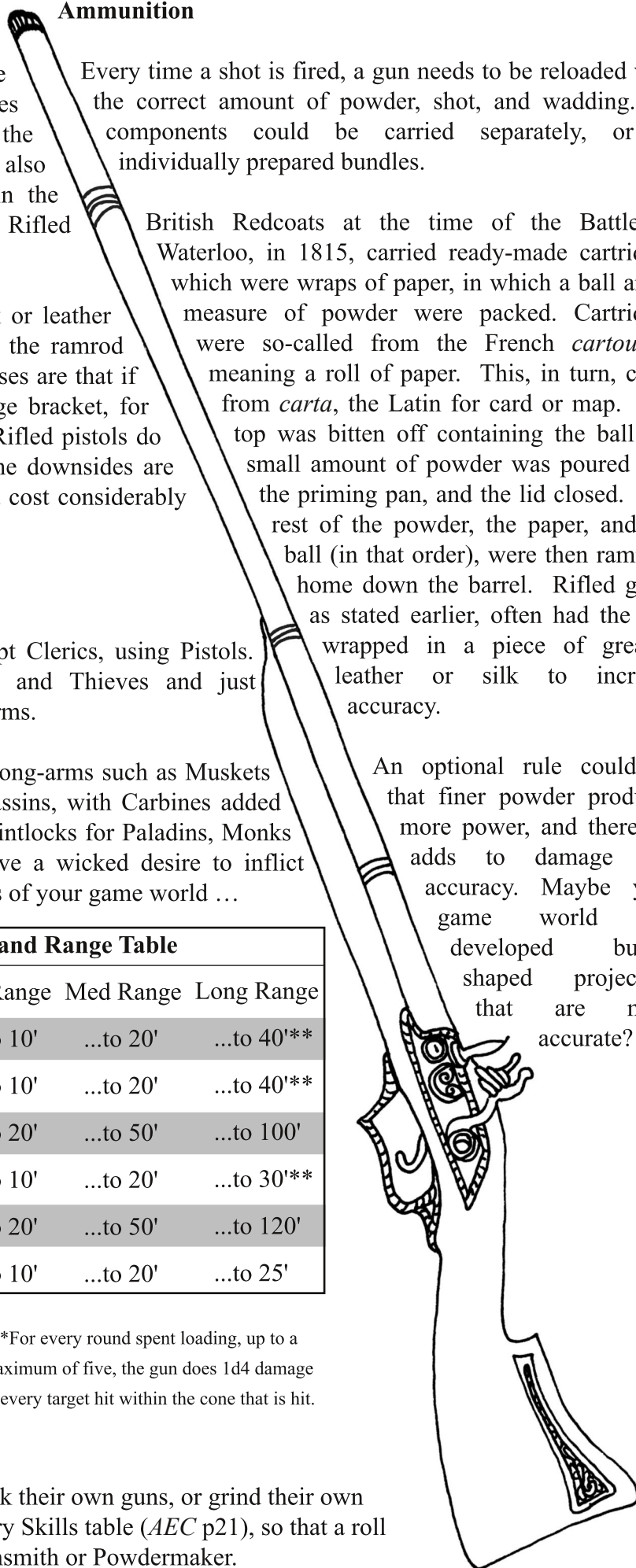
If you want *AEC* players to be able to tweak their own guns, or grind their own powder, then change the optional Secondary Skills table (*AEC* p21), so that a roll of 99-100 is either two rolls OR either Gunsmith or Powdermaker.

Ammunition

Every time a shot is fired, a gun needs to be reloaded with the correct amount of powder, shot, and wadding. All components could be carried separately, or in individually prepared bundles.

British Redcoats at the time of the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, carried ready-made cartridges which were wraps of paper, in which a ball and a measure of powder were packed. Cartridges were so-called from the French *cartouche*, meaning a roll of paper. This, in turn, came from *carta*, the Latin for card or map. The top was bitten off containing the ball. A small amount of powder was poured into the priming pan, and the lid closed. The rest of the powder, the paper, and the ball (in that order), were then rammed home down the barrel. Rifled guns, as stated earlier, often had the ball wrapped in a piece of greased leather or silk to increase accuracy.

An optional rule could be that finer powder produces more power, and therefore adds to damage and accuracy. Maybe your game world has developed bullet-shaped projectiles that are more accurate?



Next time: Grenades, Misfires, and Monster Morale ...

Good Shop / Bad Shop

A regular feature highlighting unusual retail establishments which offer useful, bizarre and sometimes dangerous goods and services.

Agrad's Shop of Wondrous Miniatures

Agrad was a famous magician who made his name decades ago as a sought-after entertainer in courts far and wide. His speciality was the conjuring of magical beasts which would take part in gladiatorial bouts for the sporting pleasure of his patrons. Over time, demand for his services fell as new magicks and entertainments came along. His magic also became more unreliable as time passed, sometimes failing, and one occasion a creature turned on the audience after defeating its opponent. Reluctantly, Agrad decided to retire and found a small shop in a back street where, until he passed away recently, he traded in ancient artefacts, magical curiosities and books.

Upon entry, it's clear the shop is in the final stages of being closed down. There's not much left, but a small display case is brought out from the back containing dozens of tiny figurines of various creatures. The man at the counter will explain that when each miniature is broken and a command word spoken, a living full-size version of the creature will be summoned to do the owner's bidding. The creature will follow simple commands of 10-20 words. As mentioned, Agrad's magic became somewhat unreliable, so when a creature is summoned, roll on the effects table to see what happens.

Price List

Kobolds x4 (LL p83).....	100gp
Orcs x2 (LL p90).....	150gp
Snake, Spitting Cobra (LL p96).....	150gp
Beetle, Carnivorous (LL p65).....	300gp
Bugbear (LL p66).....	400gp
Wolf, Dire (LL p102).....	500gp
Spider, Giant Black Widow (LL p97).....	600gp
Bear, Grizzly (LL p64).....	750gp
Ogre (LL p90).....	1,000gp
Owl Bear (LL p91).....	1,200gp
Rust Monster (LL p93).....	2,000gp
Giant, Hill (LL p76).....	2,500gp
Ettin (LL p74).....	4,000gp
Bulette (AEC p107).....	5,000gp

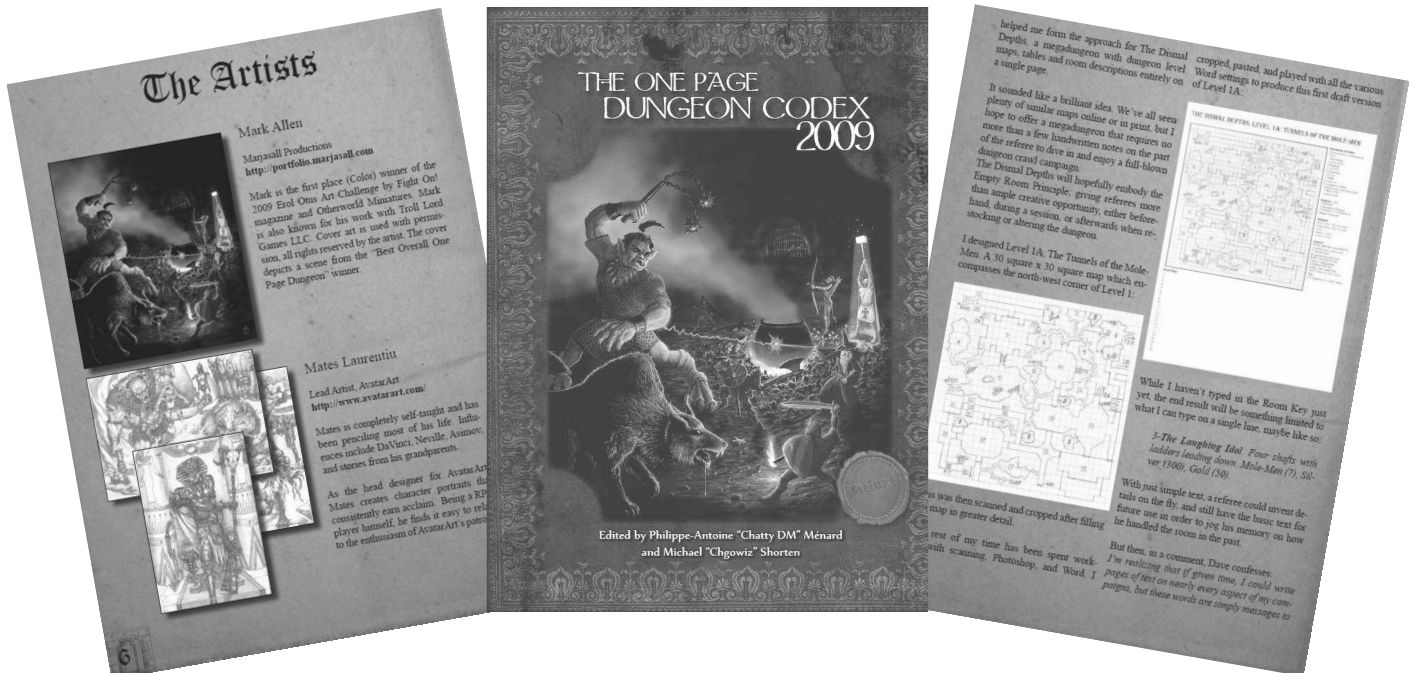
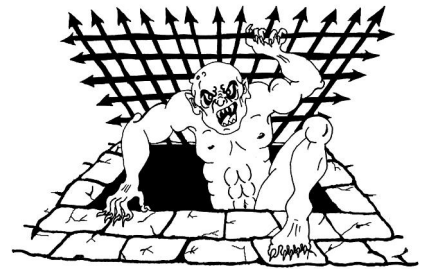
Effects Table d20

- 1 Miniature is faulty. Creature appears and lasts for 2d6 turns but it attacks the person that summoned it.
- 2 Miniature is faulty and explodes in the holder's hands doing 1d6 damage.
- 3 Miniature is faulty, and other than a small puff of smoke, it has no effect.
- 4 Miniature is faulty and has no effect.
- 5 Miniature is faulty. Creature appears but only lasts for 1d6 rounds.
- 6 Miniature is faulty. Creature appears and is running at double speed so acts as if under the effects of a haste spell (LL p32). However, it is also unstable and has a cumulative 10% chance per round of exploding and inflicting 2d6 damage to all creatures within a 10' radius (save versus Spells for half damage).
- 7-8 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 1d4 turns.
- 9-10 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 1d6 turns.
- 11-12 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 2d4 turns.
- 13-14 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 2d6 turns.
- 15-16 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 3d4 turns.
- 17-18 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 3d6 turns.
- 19 Miniature performs normally and lasts for 2d6 turns but is a perfect example of the creature and has maximum hit points.
- 20 Miniature creates a permanent creature that remains as a loyal servant until killed.

Prices should be adjusted to suit your campaign and additional creatures can be added. As the shop is closing down, there is, of course, no comeback should an item prove to be faulty.

What's in the Oubliette?

A regular review column featuring Labyrinth Lord compatible material, with frequent diversions into other games, and the odd book, film or TV show. Product submissions for review are welcomed.



The One Page Dungeon Codex 2009 Deluxe
Edited by Philippe-Antoine Ménard & Michael Shorten
Published by Tabletop Adventures \$ free

Being a recent returner to gaming, I only became aware of the *One Page Dungeon* concept and contest a few months ago. I would have entered this year's contest myself, but I'd already started work on Oubliette. The 2009 contest was judged in May last year and a collection of all the entries – along with a smaller compilation of just the winning and nominated entries – has been available for download since January. This deluxe version has the same basic content as the smaller compilation, but has improved design, layout, and specially-commissioned full-page art for the three winning entries.

The first 22 pages contain fascinating background information about the contest. There's a really good account of how the template for *One Page Dungeons* was developed, along with helpful guides on how to create your own one-page masterpiece.

Then there are the dungeons themselves: Three winning entries and 18 runners-up and honourable mentions. Each of the winning entries has a full-page piece of superb artwork by Mates Laurentiu. All the dungeons come without stats, so to run them

you need to handle monsters as you play, or do a bit of prep. However, for this sort of product, that is a bonus given the number of systems out there now. Even if you don't use the dungeons themselves, there are loads of great ideas and maps that could be adapted or worked into your own adventures. Here are my three favourites:

Secrets of the Old City by *Simon Bull*.
Overall Winner.

The Gray Goblin Warrens by *Christopher Brackett*.
Runner-up: Best Hack-n-Slash.

The Crumbling Dungeon by *Lord Kilgore*.
Honourable Mention: Best Dungeon Circa 1974.

I really hope that the editors can produce a similar tome for the 2010 entries. I also think that this would be a very popular print-on-demand book. I may have missed this year's contest but I will make every effort to enter in 2011.

The Codex is available for free download from www.rpgnow.com



superbly wardrobe, but somewhat bland affair compared to its eighties incarnation. Interestingly, the main characters of the Resistance form a modern D&D party. The FBI agent, The Resistance Fighter, The Priest, The Renegade and The Dissenter could easily be transformed into the classic roles of Fighter, Cleric, Thief, and, um, brave Halfling who bites the big one (sorry, Georgie Sutton, may you rest in peace).

Correspondingly, Anna might be seen as some sort of evil, amphibious Enchantress, who keeps her minions spellbound in the magic of her *Bliss*. There is a protracted and drunk conversation to be had at this point about the exact labelling of all the characters, but I've run out of meths, and I'll need to do a quick trip to my local hardware store to get myself in the mood. Certainly, the discord and in-fighting of the party add dynamism and tension to any venture they undertake.

The original *V* was a simple, straightforward story of bad aliens promising friendship but actually wanting to rape the planet and eat the human inhabitants. The new *V* has a more complicated back-story. The *V*s have been infiltrating earth for years, positioning themselves in professions of importance. Why they are doing this, we have yet to find out, but some sort of *coup d'etat* is an obvious conclusion.

This series is not gripping, edge-of-the-seat stuff like its predecessor, but as an entertaining way to spend an hour, mesmerised by Anna's lean figure slinking all over the mother-ship and threatening dominatrix-style fascism, you could do worse.

V – The Series, Season 1 - TV Show
Airing on abc 2009-2010

I remember *V* the first time around, when it hit my black and white 15" telly over a quarter of a century ago. That *V* featured the immortal acting skills of Marc "I have a pose for every emotion" Singer, as Mike Donovan, and introduced us to Jane Badler, who played the kinkily cruel Diana. In my teenage memory, the series had tremendous pace and real shock value.

The most famous, and possibly most replayed scene on early Betamax and VHS's, was the swallowing of a guinea pig, whole, by Diana and her unhinged jaws of death. The series glued families all over the UK to their tellies, and the country breathed a sigh of relief when mankind finally triumphed over their evil, alien foe.

The current re-imagining of *V* is an enjoyably slick,

MOUSE WATCH

SPRING 2010

Caught off guard, the mice of Fauxhaven fight for their lives against a deadly predator.



Note for international readers: Bill Oddie (featured above) is a much loved British comedian who also presents a nature TV show called *Spring Watch*.



Music Inspired by Lord of the Rings Bo Hansson 1970/1972 LP & 1996 CD

In 1983, I, like any other 13 year-old D&D player, was an ardent Tolkein fan. I still love his books and really enjoyed the trilogy of films. I particularly like Howard Shore's soundtrack, which is a work of immense scale. However, Shore's music makes me think of the film images for which it was created. If I want music to trigger my own LOTR images and memories, then it has to be Bo Hansson's 1972 album, *Music Inspired by The Lord of the Rings*. I remember borrowing it as a scratchy, vinyl LP from the local library, and making a tape that I'd happily sit and listen to whilst flipping through gaming books, or painting figures.

Last year, I picked up a CD of the album and really enjoyed rediscovering it. Sadly, Bo Hansson passed away this year, on April 24th, aged 67. His music had actually found a new audience, becoming a popular sampling resource for Swedish DJs.

The sound is very distinctive, employing multi-layered Hammond Organ and Moog Synthesizers as lead instruments, with standard bass, drums and guitar as backing. In style, Hansson's music might be likened to Mike Oldfield or early Pink Floyd. The album captures the relentless, foreboding journey of the hobbits, broken with flashes of dramatic action. In general, I'm not that keen on what people might call 'psychedelic music'. Hansson's just imprinted on me at the right time as a youngster. It may not be to everyone's taste, so listen to a sample on *You Tube* before you buy it.

AD&D Monster Cards Sets 1-4 TSR Hobbies, Inc. 1982 £1.50 each

These four sets consisted of 20 full-colour 3" by 5" index cards, each detailing a single monster. They had a (usually good) picture on one side with stats and description on the reverse. I've illustrated a few of my favourites alongside this review. They've probably been out of print for 25 years now, but when I did a search they were still available from third parties on Amazon, and a full set was on eBay. Most of the creatures were taken from the Monster Manual, but each set had around three new monsters, mostly taken from modules of the same era.

My cards have suffered a few casualties over the years, with only 68 of the original 80 still present, but I'm really thankful to still have them. Monster cards are undoubtedly useful during a game. They show the players what a creature looks like and are a handy reference tool. However, if that is all they get used for, then you're really missing out. The most fun to be had with these involves dealing them out between a group of players, and then running arena-style battles. I still have vivid memories of Kobold v T.Rex v Gelatinous Cube, and other wierd and wonderful combinations.

I've never really played any of the trading card games that came out in later years, but if they were half as much fun as our arena battles, it's easy to see their appeal.



THE SONG OF SITHAKK

Translated By Elk Runnymede

PART II: The Tale of Venison and Salted Rabbit

It was early afternoon when Sithakk finished his meal. He had put some distance between himself and the scene of the fight. The arrows he had salvaged from the bodies of the slain were now checked, sharpened, and freshly dipped in the poisons of madness and death, brewed from the store in his rucksack. The Fadur-sword was once again honed keen. Soon, with daily maintenance, it would shine brightly once more.

Sithakk rose, brushing crumbs of his mother's black bread from his thighs, buried the embers of his fire and the bones of the wood-pigeon he had shot with a white-flighted arrow. He was about to depart, when his hand brushed the pouch which Hordehund had given him, tucked into his belt. The warrior's consciousness of perpetual readiness for battle had caused him to forget it. Curious now, he knelt, upending the pouch over a clear patch of earth. A cascade of shining lights – diamonds for sure – blazed back at him in the sunlight. And then he had to push it out through the neck of the pouch something rounded, red, and glowing with an inner fire that took his breath from him. Sithakk shook his head in amazement It was a ruby, big as a baby's fist,

It was now clear why the Sylvmorten had ventured so far out of their territory in pursuit of Hordehund. Here was treasure worth a king's ransom. Sithakk picked up the ruby and examined it more closely. In all his life he had heard of only one enormous ruby – the Eye of Sylvellan. Legend spoke of a certain red jewel that adorned the eye-socket of the Cyclops God, an idol at the centre of the Sylvmortan pantheon, an idol that the Sylvmorten claimed to have brought with them, in the days of their Great Migration. Their story told of a land where the sun shone every day of the year, and the vines that grow the rare, red wine covered the hills, and the people fed on milk and honey. This land lay on the shores of a great ocean, which the Gods had imprisoned for daring to imitate the heavens, and it lay far, far away where the mid-day sun is so warm, it blesses the skin and turns it to gold.

Sithakk collected the jewels, hid the pouch in his rucksack and continued his watchful march through

the forested borderland, guided by the position of the sun and the length of the shadows.

It was perhaps three hours till sunset when Sithakk smelled smoke, and cautiously diverged from his route to investigate. He had only walked a couple of hundred paces, when the alarm call of a blackbird awakened him to the possibility that he might not be alone. Retiring from the path, Sithakk silently unfastened his rucksack, drew his sword, and concealed himself, crouching in the bushes. He did not have long to wait before a Sylvmortan came striding confidently past. Sithakk sprang out behind him, and the Sylvmortan lurched round to find a massive sword inches from his throat.



The skins he wore were yellow and green, and arranged in the same precise pattern as those of the fighters Sithakk had earlier slain. Could he have fled the fight, having seen what was happening to his companions? They stared at each other. Sithakk prodded the buckle on the forest dweller's sword-belt, and the enemy shakily disarmed himself. Sithakk motioned with his left arm, and took the shoulder bag his prisoner was carrying. It contained a small piece of bread, and a strip of salted rabbit meat. Glancing round, Sithakk could see the outline of a building through the trees.

“Who lives there?”

“My uncle,” came the reply, thickly accented, after a pause. “I came to see him.”

“Who lives with him?”

“No-one.”

“Who lives with him? If you lie, you die.”

“He lives alone.”

“Then we shall visit him. Go.” Sithakk stooped for a moment, retrieved his rucksack, and followed the Sylvmortan, sword at the ready.

They followed the path, crossed a shallow stream and there before them was a substantial wooden house with a roof of thick thatch, walls with few, tall, narrow windows and a rough-hewn fence all around. On the far side, a road curved past the house. The prisoner reached over the gate and without looking, slid open the bolt halfway down its back. He had indeed been here before. They proceeded, and, as they approached the metal-banded door, a short, stocky figure emerged, grey haired, and richly dressed in a fine, black cloak flecked with gold. He strode purposefully forward bearing a short Sylvmorten sword clasped in his right hand. Sithakk froze in puzzlement – a dwarf! The prisoner fell on his knees:

“Uncle!”

“Uncle!” snarled the dwarf.

The Sylvmortan spread his arms in supplication:

“Zieghur!”

Sithakk was staggered. This, he knew from his grandmother, was a title of respect, afforded to few among the Sylvmorten.

“Swine,” said the dwarf dispassionately. And before Sithakk could so much as blink, the dwarf slashed mightily with his sword, and the Sylvmortan’s head went skittering and bouncing

across the yard, trailing and splattering blood in spiral patterns, before bouncing off the wall of the house with a dull thud.

Sithakk’s eyes flickered to follow it but came back immediately to the dwarf. They surveyed each other for an extended moment, through a veil of arterial blood that pumped and misted skywards from the headless corpse. Then, still pumping and wheezing, the carcass fell sideways, to lie twitching on the flagstones. The dwarf sheathes his sword. He smiles.

“Come, let us break bread and drink together,” he says in the most correct tradition of Dwarven Hospitality.

Sithakk nodded: “Your invitation honours the House of Isarnthrum.” So saying he put away the Fadur-sword and moved after his host.

As they approached the door, the sweet and musky scent of drying herbs drifted from the interior, while cultivated against the walls of the house, Sithakk identified in those few seconds thyme, comfrey, betony, bergamot, nightshade as well as the lethal hemlock, and several clusters of evil mushrooms and toadstools. Basking in the watery warmth of the afternoon sun, six white doves cooed in a generously proportioned cage, just at the threshold.

Inside, the natural light came dimly through the slitted windows, illuminating what turned out to be the larger of the two rooms in the dwarf’s abode. From the large barrel by the door came a waft of scented lamp oil. Herbs hung in many bunches from the high ceiling, and roots, toads and the internal organs of certain birds and animals were preserved in vinegar and oil in glinting glass jars, sealed with wax, on shelves that covered the far wall.

Elsewhere, boxes, brass-bound chests, a wall of books and scrolls stacked in compartments, two more barrels and on a stove in the corner, a large pot simmered quietly above the yellow flames of a recently replenished fire. A rich man’s house indeed.

“A strong and handsome dwelling,” observed Sithakk with decorum.

“My home is at your service. Some mead, perhaps to refresh the traveller?”

And so they sat down at the solid, square, oaken table, each with a tankard of warming mead from the barrel near the door to the second room. And



they ate of the traditional bread as custom requires. They looked at each other quietly. The dwarf said:

“I am called Maglic fon Merkan And how are you called?”

“Sithakk ut Isarnthrum.”

“Then it is likely you are of the Barreldwarves ... Who was your Sire?”

“They called him Blodsprung.”

Maglic was silent for a space: “My people sing of him still. You must be very proud.”

“Indeed.”

Again there was silence. Then Sithakk said, “Your speech and your name suggest that you have arrived here from the Centre, near Dwarflicht and the Great River.” His host nodded. “How is it that you, a dwarf, live unmolested, wealthy, and respected, in the Land of the Sylvmorten?”

“Thereby hangs a tale. I was a merchant. I used to take my tradeboat to their border town – Helmung – to sell herbs, for I have a certain knowledge of flavours and medicines, as you might guess.” Maglic gestured to his surroundings. “One day, the King of all the Sylvmorten came to Helmung with his court The hunting is good Soon, his wife fell ill, unable to breathe, stricken with a monstrous purple rash, and a tetany of the feet. The symptoms are definitive. I knew immediately what must have happened, for unlike the King’s healers, I know the herbs of the borderlands as I know the lines on my hand. Raghar poisons in just this manner, and it looks much like the shapran that rich Sylvmorten use in their soups, though the sap is darker But, no matter. I knew a concoction that flushed the poison from her, and I was richly rewarded with a fine house, a stipend, and this this ring which carries the seal of the King. Maglic rose and showed Sithakk the large gold ring which he carried on the middle finger of his left hand. With this, I must be obeyed, must be respected.”

“A remarkable story,” said Sithakk. “Yet how came it necessary that you should kill one of them today?”

“He was a thief. I found him trying to steal my horse. I caught him at the door to the barn, unhorsed him, and drove him off with my sword, for I am not unversed in the use of weapons. However, he was a Sylvmortan, and his countrymen will not take kindly to his execution, no matter the justification.”

Maglic thought for a moment before continuing:

“You must rest in my house until you wish to continue your journey. We shall feast well tonight

on venison and salted rabbit mixed into a rich, thick vegetable stew, and washed down with mead, mead, and more mead. While I go to the barn and cut the meat, let me ask you to rid us of the criminal who lies in the yard, for ‘twould be better if he disappeared quickly and forever.”

Sithakk nodded.

“Take him into the woods, say three hundred paces to the west. Bury him, and hide the grave. We shall eat a little before sunset.”

So it was that Sithakk departed in the direction where the sun would set, with a stiffening body over his left shoulder, and a sack containing the head, dangling from the blade of the spade in his right hand. Maglic waved his butcher’s knife cheerfully in the air, and departed in the direction of the barn.



Sithakk walked fifty paces into the forest, then circled to bury the corpse in low brush, but three hundred paces to the east of the house. And all the while he kept an eye on the sky. His vigilance was not wasted. Before long, he heard the clatter of wings, and looked up as two white doves, ascending, flew eventually to the east.

The sky was clear, and the dying sun glowed red through the trees, as Sithakk levelled the grave, spread leaves and branches upon it in final concealment. He walked back to the house, circling once more, so as to approach from the west.

Maglic greeted him, seated on a bench by the door, enjoying the last rays of the setting sun. He came forward and worked the pump while Sithakk cleaned his hands and forearms. "Mead?" he enquired with a hint of mischievous charm. Sithakk's eyes glinted as he smiled.

They went inside together. There were now four white doves in the cage at the threshold.

Sithakk sat staring idly into his mead, as Maglic moved throughout the house, lighting the lamps, filling one or two of them from the barrel of scented oil at the entrance. Sithakk's relaxed demeanour concealed his conclusions: The Sylvmortan he had buried, was indeed the runaway survivor of the morning bloodspill. He had reported all to Maglic, a protected member of the Sylvmortan elite. Maglic had killed the Sylvmortan in order that Sithakk should not learn that he actively served his new masters. Further, Maglic's riches and reputation would be enhanced by return of the Sylvmortan treasures he might reasonably presume were now in Sithakk's possession. The white doves must each have carried a message to the nearest Sylvmortan barracks The Sylvmortan captured by Sithakk had been on his way to that same destination And a small piece of bread and strip of rabbit meat were all that were deemed necessary to sustain him on a journey that would end before nightfall. Sithakk leant back in his chair It was therefore possible that a troop of Sylvmortan soldiery could arrive for him in as little as two or three hours if Maglic, who, with his vast herbal knowledge, and possible affiliation with the black arts, had not killed him first, or incapacitated him with poisons.

"Food fit for the belly of a King!" boomed Maglic, placing two large, steaming bowls of delicious-looking stew on the table. Sithakk reacted immediately, rising from his seat, with great enthusiasm:

"Wonderful! But could a primitive warrior have a little bread to soak in the juices?"

"Of course!" responded Maglic, instinctively turning, reaching for the bin near the hearth. In that moment Sithakk switched the bowls, sat down noisily, and with cheerful energy scooped a spoonful from the bowl now in front of him.

"Fit for a King, indeed," he roared, as Maglic, twice glancing over his shoulder, reached into the bin and hurriedly returned, beaming, with a plump, round loaf. Sithakk ate with relish, then settled back in his chair.

"Some more?" enquired his host.

"No," said Sithakk, "I am well pleased."

They chatted for quite some time. Sithakk told how he had been hunting, followed the trail of an immense stag, believed he had wounded it, but eventually lost its trail somewhere in the forest not far from Maglic's abode. Maglic offered more mead, but Sithakk demurred, spoke of dizziness, and pretended to fumble, nearly dropping his tankard.

"Let me fetch you some water," said Maglic, a hint of triumph in his tone. He leant forward in his chair so as to stand up, and suddenly there was fear in his eyes. Sithakk gazed back at him, eyes narrowed.

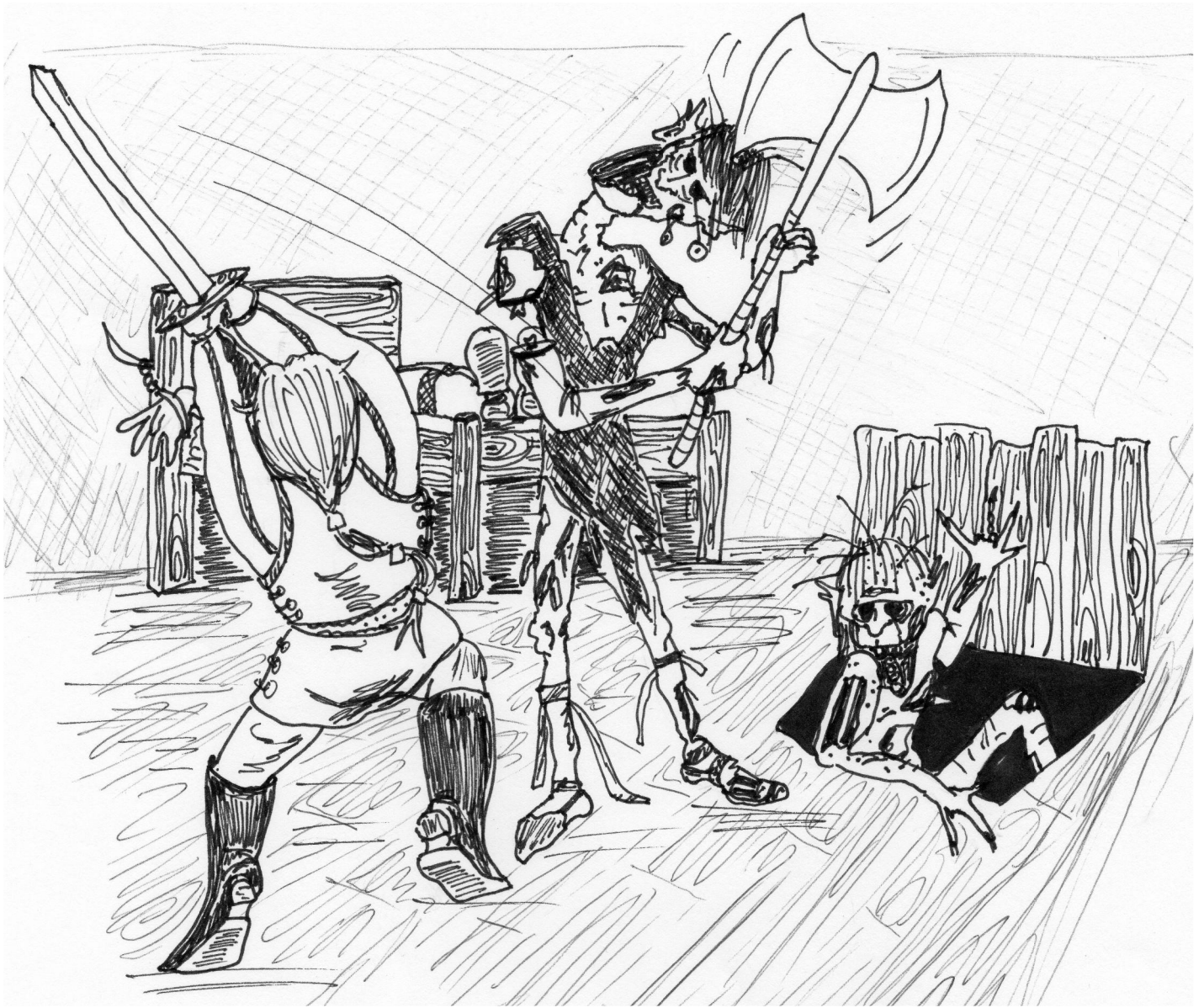
"My legs I cannot stand." Sithakk fixed him with a baleful stare. Maglic reached up to loosen his jerkin, but his fingers fluttered ineffectively at his throat. The paralysis was spreading swiftly.

"Mercy," he mumbled.

"You have defiled the most basic rules of Dwarven hospitality," said Sithakk with bitter contempt. "What you wished on me, you have wished on yourself!"

Sithakk bound him hand and foot to his bed in the next room, took the royal seal-ring from his finger, took the wondrous rich, black cloak with its woven gold. And all the time the paralysed dwarf chanted strange incantations – Sithakk heard snatches of Old Dwarvish interspersed with a vocabulary totally alien to him: "Does the poisoner seek to cast a spell?" he muttered.

As if in answer, a mighty crash shook the foundations of the house. Sithakk started, twisted round. A great trapdoor in the middle of the floor behind him strained, juddered and burst open. Thus were the tarry seals around the door broken. A hollow murmur issued from the darkness beneath, and then a gust of the foulest air blew into the room like an invisible plague, sweetly putrescent, searing with a pungency, warmly rotten as a silage pit. Sithakk recoiled in slow horror, his stomach contracting in a spasm of disgust, as an undead corpse, ragged in its mouldering shroud, the bewitched remains of a tall Sylvmortan, clawed its way up from the abyss and into the room. Jaw hanging slack where tendons had torn away, grinning through the dry mould that encrusted cheeks and skull, it reeled at Sithakk, wielding a great battle-axe. Sithakk drew the Fadur-sword, and advanced, bellowing as much in disgust and trepidation as in aggression. And then there were



two of them, three, four, and yet another two, struggling up and into the room with axes and swords, while still more swords waved wildly from the gaping trapdoor, as further creatures sought entry. Sithakk ducked a clumsy blow and stabbed straight through the Sylvmortan's rib-cage. But to no avail. The thing was already dead. He retreated desperately, flung a chair under the corpse's feet, then, as it stumbled, hacked off its right arm.

Sithakk retreated further towards the door, hauled a tapestry from the wall, and flung it over the heads of the undead before him. In the time this gained him, he leapt out of the room, slammed the door, jammed the table 'neath the handle to hold it for a short while longer, and then pushed several weightier items of furniture against it. Fortune smiled on him. A hammer and nails were still in the basket by the entrance where he had noticed them earlier, and tearing down the shelf above the hearth, he barred the door and nailed it fast.

The slitted windows of the bed chamber, as indeed throughout the house, had been designed to keep intruders out, but for now they would adequately contain the horrors that moaned and screeched on the other side of the door.

Sithakk knew that he might have little time. He dragged a thick tapestry to the entrance of the house and soaked it with lamp oil from the barrel at the door. Leaving the uncapped barrel partially obstructing the open door, he heaved himself onto the roof and made a large hole in the thatch.

Then to the barn, where he quickly saddled Maglic's fine, black stallion. He took the magnificent animal some way north into the forest, and left it secured to a sapling beside an immense and easily-identifiable oak that rose like a giant above the rest of the forest canopy. Then back to the house to set free the doves, and ensure that all else remained as he wished it. Thence forty paces to conceal a lamp in

the log pile at the edge of the clearing, and hide himself in the shadows behind.

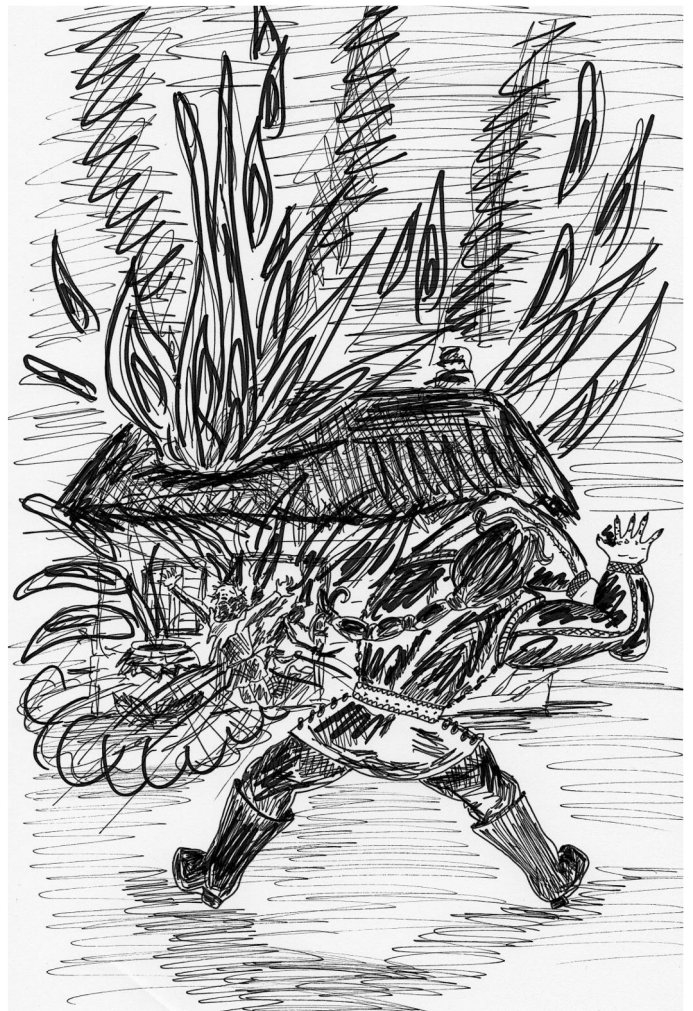
Before long, the Moon came up, casting pale, slanting shadows across the clearing. The house was quieter now, though occasional muffled crashing and whimpering could still be heard. A shaft of golden light from the front door illuminated the yard in front, and the windows sent a warm, diffuse light into the darkness.

They were there before he saw them. Three emerged from the shadows near the door, and others flitted out from between the trees to the east. They came quickly, their long, slender forms flickering from tree to shadow to shadow. Two Sylvmorten went into the house, saw immediately the barred and barricaded door, heard the wailing of those imprisoned within, and summoned aid. A dozen men and more rushed into the house, and set about the barricade with great energy. Three were left to guard the entrance.

“Nie! Nie!” A shout of anguished disbelief told Sithakk that the barricade had been demolished, and the prisoners were set free. The three at the door clustered together to see what ailed their comrades. At that moment Sithakk struck. Three red-flighted arrows finished them. Then, reaching forward to the lamp in the woodpile, Sithakk ignited the wad of oil-soaked fabric bound to the head of a fourth arrow, and sent it to the base of the barrel at the door. Two more flaming arrows for good measure, and the whole entrance was ablaze. A Sylvmortan soldier hurled himself through the door and into the yard, only to collapse with a red-flighted arrow in his chest.

The blazing tapestry and the barrel fed off each other, and the flames leapt high, igniting the great bundles of herbs that hung from the ceiling. Twigs and leaves danced across the yard, sucked into the house as a great updraft blasted smoke and sparks out through the hole in the roof.

Sithakk stared awestruck at his creation. Inside, Sylvmortan fought Sylvmortan corpse, shrieking in pain and desperate agony. Like salamanders they writhed and danced and screamed in the unbearable heat, staggered in the roaring updraft, thrusting, butchering, desperate, burning, dying. One, then later another lurched flaming into the yard, heard Sithakk’s Death-song, deep and sweet, before the arrow claimed them.

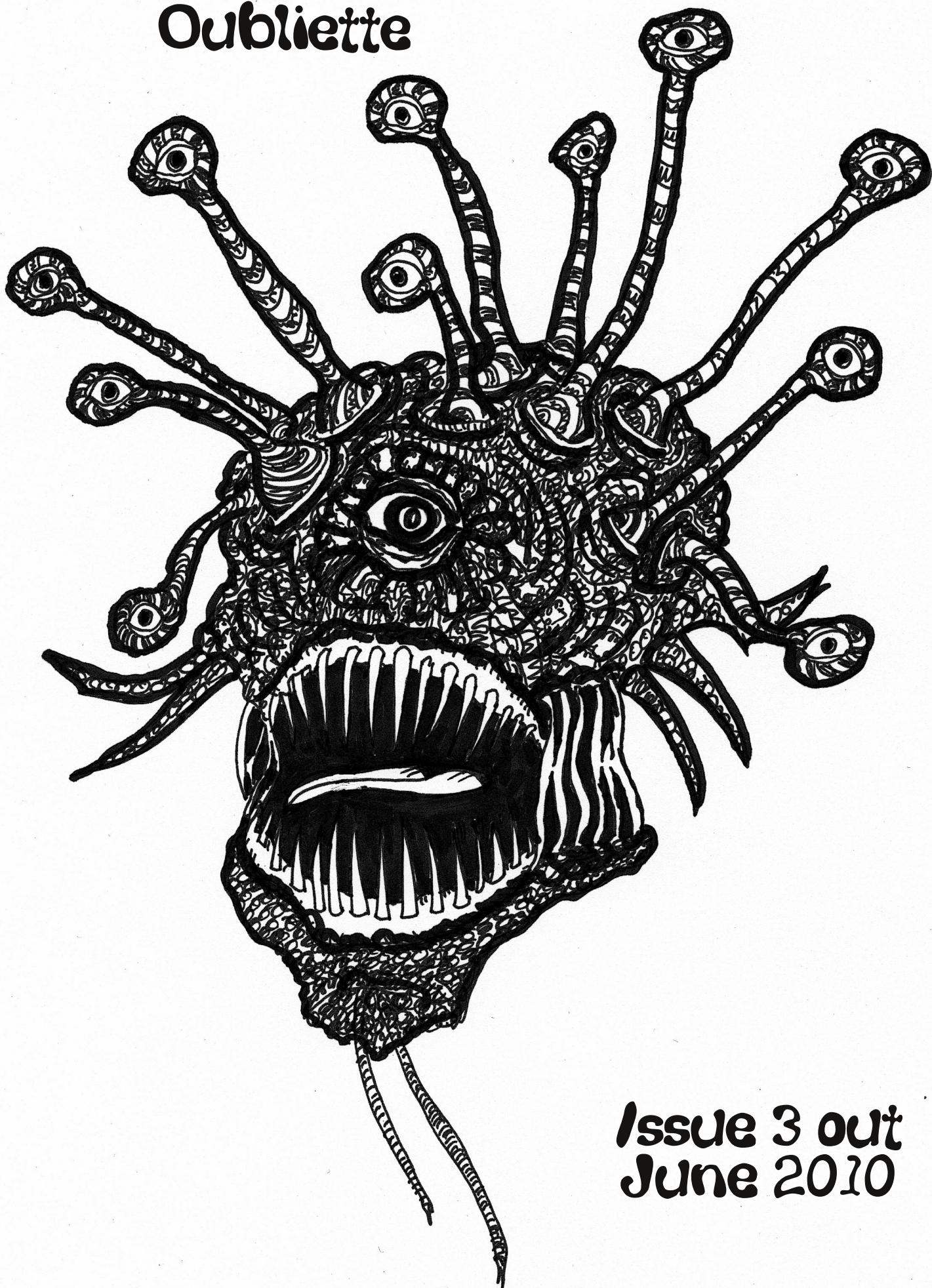


Then the roof collapsed: A wail of despair, a whimper, and a slow, hushed crunch, as when a wave collapses on the gravel in the shallows. The sparks like shining spray ascended into a dense black cloud of sickening, billowing smoke that appalled the purity of the night sky and left the bones of the fallen black in the embers.

Sithakk collected his battle gear. The fire would be seen from afar. It was time to go. He stood warily on the edge of the clearing, flung back his head, bayed his Bloodcry loud and long, till the wild echoes tolled in the hills like distant thunder.

A stag ran past him in blind panic, veered crazily past the vaulting flames, and disappeared into the forest.

**I always keep at least one eye out
for the next issue of
Oubliette**



**Issue 3 out
June 2010**

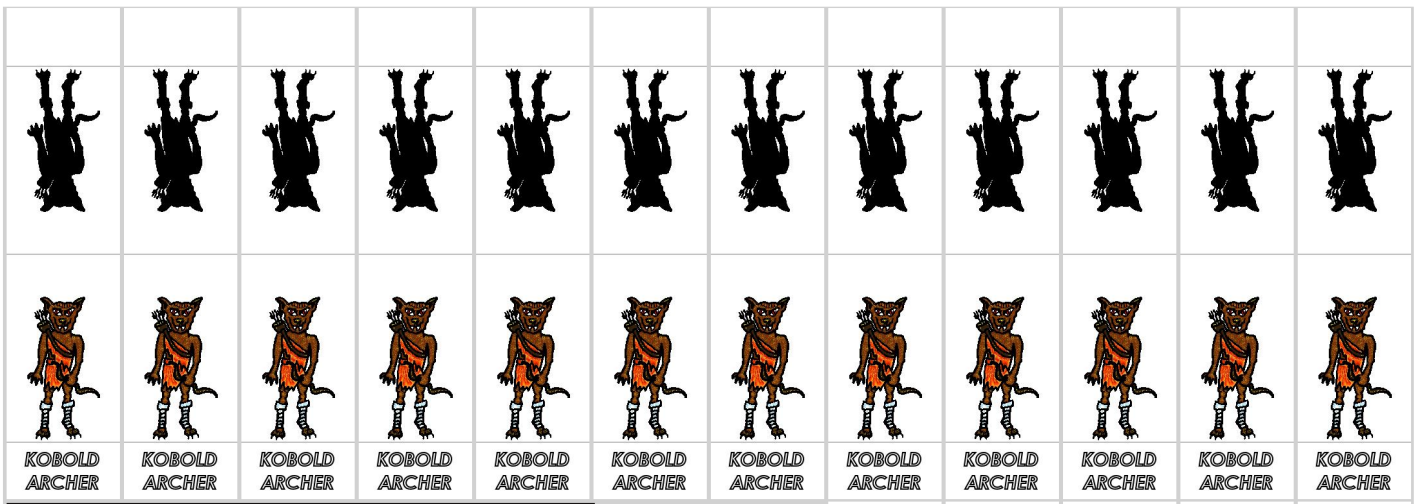
Supplemental Material

The following 14 pages contain extras for use with this month's adventure. They comprise:

Two sheets of full-colour PDF Heroes. 25mm scale printable cardstock figures.

12 Pre-generated character sheets. The characters were all created using Classic Labyrinth Lord rules. However, the character sheets have spaces for Advanced Edition content so they can be easily upgraded.

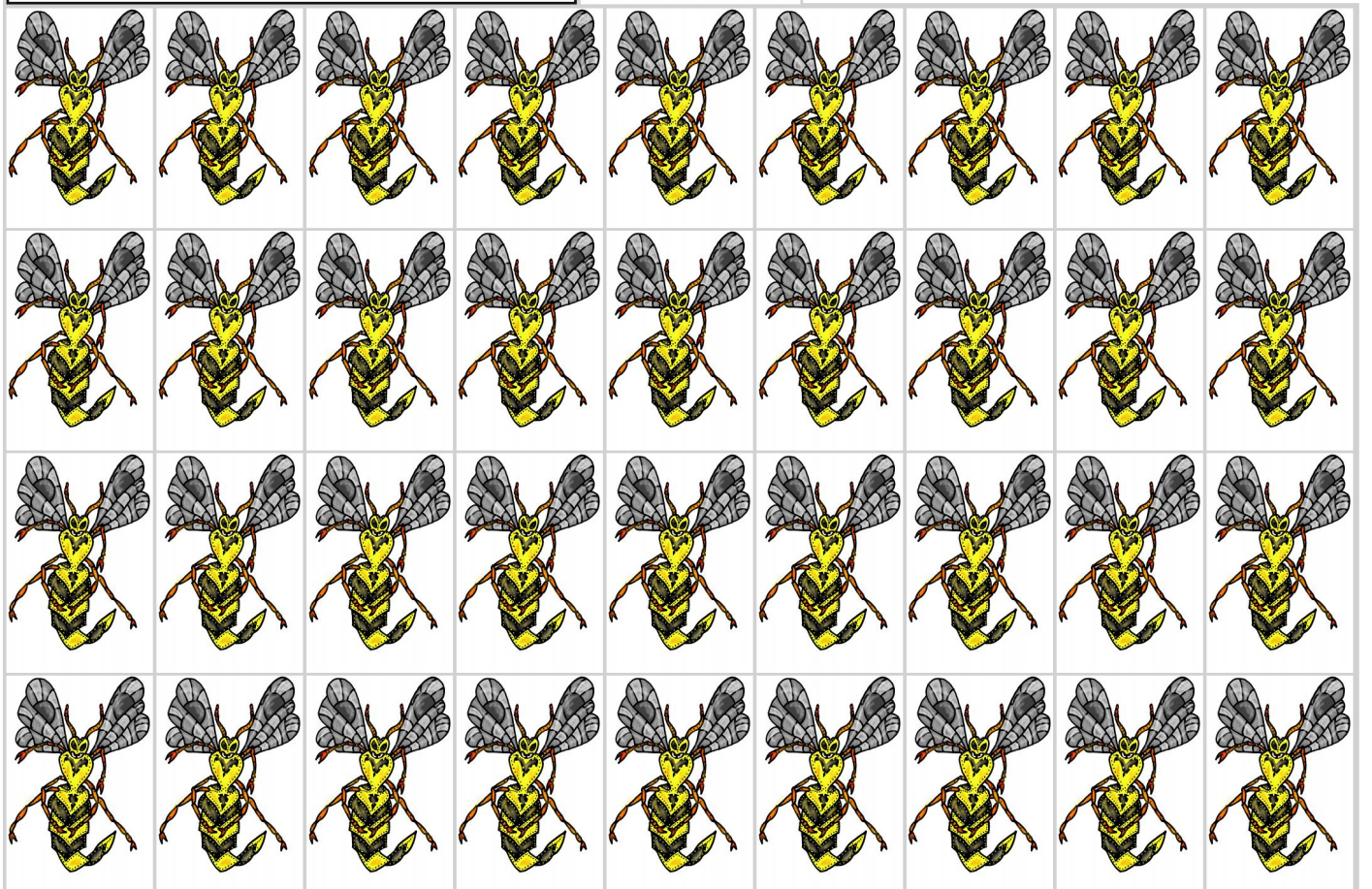
The adventure was play-tested with six of these characters.



Hornet Hill PDF Heroes

























These two sheets provide all the printable cardstock figures required to play this month's adventure. They should be printed onto 150gsm, or thicker, inkjet paper.

To assemble, score them lightly, fold the two flaps together underneath, and stick with double-sided tape. The figures can be further improved by sticking them onto small coins or counters, to give them a more solid base.



									
									
GIANT	CONNAL	DILOS	BASIL	CLAYANA	FLINT	KOBOLD W. DOCTOR	KOBOLD LEADER	KOBOLD B'GUARD	KOBOLD B'GUARD
									
						KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD B'GUARD
FARG	SHADE	D'LAH	SIRRAL	SHA'PA	GLADE	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER

Hornet Hill PDF Heroes

											
											
KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD ARCHER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER	KOBOLD DAGGER

GIANT _____ HUMAN _____ FIGHTER _____
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL _____ 4 _____ 8,125 _____ 16,251
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

17 STR +2
 Modifier to hit, damage
 and forcing doors

Symbol or
 character
 sketch



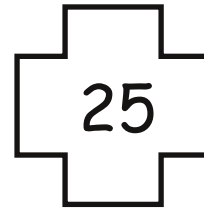
14 DEX -1 +1 +1
 Armour class Missile attack Optional initiative
 modifier modifier modifier

15 CON +1 _____ _____
 Hit point Save v poison Survive Survive
 modifier modifier resurrection transformation

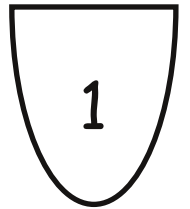
11 INT 0 _____ _____
 Additional Learn Min spells Max spells
 languages spell per level per level

12 WIS 0 _____
 Save v magic Spell 1st 2nd 3rd 4th
 modifier failure Additional Spells by level

10 CHA 0 4 7
 Reaction Retainers Retainer
 adjustment morale



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
L. SWORD 1d8+3	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5
L. BOW 1d8	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
DAGGER 1d4+2	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6

Saving throws

13	Breath attacks
10	Poison or death
12	Petrify or paralyze
11	Wands
14	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

PLATE MAIL				L. SWORD +1	
SHIELD				POTION OF HEROISM	
DAGGER				1 DOSE	
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3					
OIL FLASK x2					
FLINT & STEEL				Treasure & Coins	
LONG BOW				50GP	
ARROWS x20				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL

CONNAL
Character name

HALFLING
Race

HALFLING
Class

Age



NEUTRAL
Alignment Religion

5
Level

16,251
Experience

32,501
for next Level

12 STR 0
Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

16 DEX -2 +2 +1
Armour class modifier Missile attack modifier Optional initiative modifier

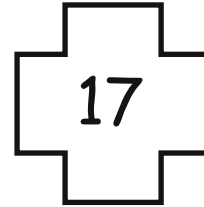
14 CON +1
Hit point modifier Save v poison modifier Survive resurrection Survive transformation

13 INT +1
Additional languages Learn spell Min spells per level Max spells per level

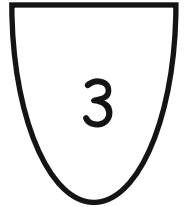
10 WIS 0
Save v magic modifier Spell failure 1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level

13 CHA -1 5 8
Reaction adjustment Retainers Retainer morale

Symbol or character sketch



Hit points



Armour class

Saving throws

Weapon\To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. SWORD 1d6+1	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6
S. BOW 1d6	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
DAGGER 1d4	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7

10	Breath attacks
6	Poison or death
8	Petrify or paralyze
7	Wands
10	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
DAGGER				S. SWORD +1	
SHORT BOW				POTION OF HEALING	
ARROWS x20				2 DOSES	
ROPE 50'				LEATHER ARMOUR +1	
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
				Treasure & Coins	
				50GP	
				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
ELVISH
HIDE OUTDOORS 90%
& LABYRINTH 1-2 ON A d6

DILOS

Character name

HUMAN

Race

FIGHTER

Class

Age

Advanced Edition
Character Sheet



NEUTRAL

Alignment Religion

4

Level

8,125

Experience

16,251

for next Level

16 STR

+2
Modifier to hit, damage
and forcing doors

Symbol or
character
sketch

17 DEX

-2 Armour class modifier
+2 Missile attack modifier
+1 Optional initiative modifier

15 CON

+1 Hit point modifier
Save v poison modifier
Survive resurrection
Survive transformation

15 INT

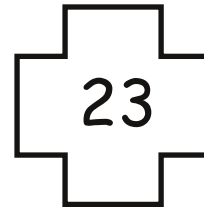
+1 Additional languages
Learn spell
Min spells per level
Max spells per level

13 WIS

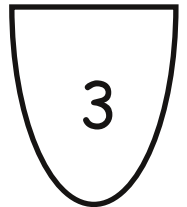
+1 Save v magic modifier
Spell failure
1st 2nd 3rd 4th
Additional Spells by level

11 CHA

0 Reaction adjustment
4 Retainers
7 Retainer morale



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon\	To hit	AC 0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
2H SWD 1d10+4	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	
L. BOW 1d8	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	
DAGGER 1d4+2	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
CHAIN MAIL				2H SWORD +2	
LONG BOW				POTION OF EXTRA HEALING 1 DOSE	
ARROWS x20					
DAGGER					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3				Treasure & Coins	
OIL FLASK x2				50GP	
FLINT & STEEL				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Saving throws

13	Breath attacks
10	Poison or death
12	Petrify or paralyze
10	Wands
13	Spells / spell-like devices

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
GOBLIN

BASIL HUMAN FIGHTER
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL 5 16,251 32,501
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

14 STR +1
 Modifier to hit, damage
 and forcing doors

13 DEX -1 +1 +1
 Armour class Missile attack Optional initiative
 modifier modifier modifier

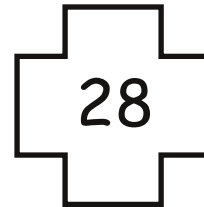
15 CON +1 _____ _____ _____
 Hit point Save v poison Survive Survive
 modifier modifier resurrection transformation

14 INT +1 _____ _____ _____
 Additional Learn Min spells Max spells
 languages spell per level per level

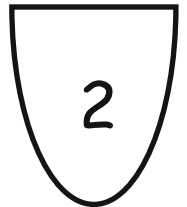
13 WIS +1 _____ _____ _____ _____
 Save v magic Spell 1st 2nd 3rd 4th
 modifier failure Additional Spells by level

10 CHA 0 4 7
 Reaction Retainers Retainer
 adjustment morale

Symbol or
 character
 sketch



Hit points



Armour class

Saving throws

13	Breath attacks
10	Poison or death
12	Petrify or paralyze
10	Wands
13	Spells / spell-like devices

Weapon	To hit	AC 0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. AXE 1d8+1	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	6
HVY. XBOW 1d8	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	6
DAGGER 1d4+1	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	6

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
BATTLE AXE				CHAIN MAIL +2	
HEAVY XBOW				POTION OF GIANT	
BOLT x20				STRENGTH 1 DOSE	
DAGGER					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3					
OIL FLASK x2				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
IRON SPIKE x5				10SP	
ROPE 50'				250 GP IN GEMS	
10' POLE					

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
KOBOLD

CLAYANA HUMAN (F) FIGHTER
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL 5 16,251 32,501
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

17 STR +2
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

9 DEX 0 0 0
 Armour class modifier Missile attack modifier Optional initiative modifier

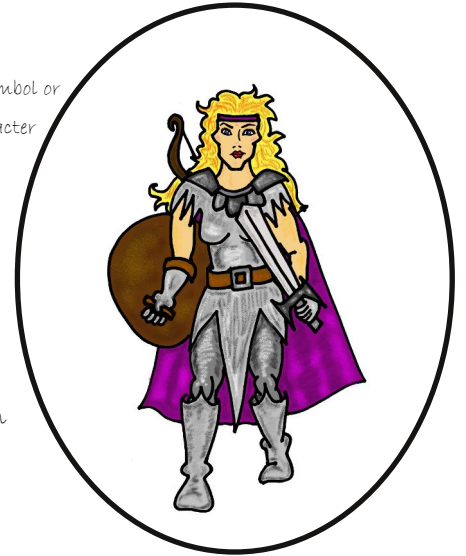
14 CON +1
 Hit point modifier Save v poison modifier Survive resurrection Survive transformation

10 INT 0
 Additional languages Learn spell Min spells per level Max spells per level

10 WIS 0
 Save v magic modifier Spell failure 1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level

15 CHA -1 5 8
 Reaction adjustment Retainers Retainer morale

Symbol or
 character
 sketch



24

Hit points

3

Armour class

Weapon\To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
L. SWORD 1d8+3	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
L. BOW 1d8	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
DAGGER 1d4+2	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5

Saving throws

13	Breath attacks
10	Poison or death
12	Petrify or paralyze
11	Wands
14	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

CHAIN MAIL			LONG SWORD +1	
LONG BOW			POTION OF HEROISM	
ARROWS x20			1 DOSE	
DAGGER			SHIELD +1	
BACKPACK				
BEDROLL				
WATERSKIN				
TORCH x3				
OIL FLASK x2			Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL			50GP	
IRON SPIKE x5			10SP	
ROPE 50'			250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL

FLINT _____ DWARF _____ DWARF _____
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL _____ 4 _____ 8,751 _____ 17,501
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

15 STR +1
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch



10 DEX 0 0 0
 Armour class Missile attack Optional initiative modifier modifier modifier

18 CON +3
 Hit point Save v poison Survive Survive modifier modifier resurrection transformation

13 INT +1
 Additional Learn Min spells Max spells languages spell per level per level

14 WIS +1
 Save v magic Spell 1st 2nd 3rd 4th modifier failure Additional Spells by level

9 CHA 0 4 7
 Reaction Retainers Retainer adjustment morale

33

Hit points

4

Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
WHMR 1d6+1	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
H. XBOW 1d8+2	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6
DAGGER 1d4+1	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7

Saving throws

10	Breath attacks
6	Poison or death
8	Petrify or paralyze
6	Wands
9	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
WARHAMMER				CHAIN MAIL +1	
HEAVY XBOW				POTION OF INVULNERABILITY 1 DOSE	
BOLTS x10				BOLTS +2 x15	
DAGGER					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3					
OIL FLASK x2				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
IRON SPIKE x5				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
DWARVISH
GOBLIN
GNOME
KOBOLD
ORC
60' INFRAVISION
FIND TRAPS 1-2 ON A d6

FARG _____ DWARF _____ DWARF _____
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL _____ 5 _____ 17,501 _____ 35,001
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

13 STR +1
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

9 DEX 0 0 0
 Armour class Missile attack Optional initiative
 modifier modifier modifier

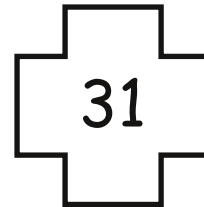
16 CON +2
 Hit point Save v poison Survive Survive
 modifier modifier resurrection transformation

12 INT 0
 Additional Learn Min spells Max spells
 languages spell per level per level

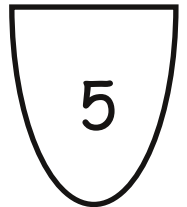
9 WIS 0
 Save v magic Spell 1st 2nd 3rd 4th
 modifier failure Additional Spells by level

12 CHA 0 4 7
 Reaction Retainers Retainer
 adjustment morale

Symbol or
 character
 sketch



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
B. AXE 1d8+2	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5
H. XBOW 1d8	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
DAGGER 1d4+1	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
CHAIN MAIL				BATTLE AXE +1	
HEAVY XBOW				POTION OF EXTRA HEALING 1 DOSE	
BOLTS x20					
DAGGER					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3					
OIL FLASK x2				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
IRON SPIKE x5				10SP	
SMALL HAMMER				250 GP IN GEMS	

Saving throws

10	Breath attacks
6	Poison or death
8	Petrify or paralyze
7	Wands
10	Spells / spell-like devices

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
DWARVISH
GOBLIN
GNOME
KOBOLD
60' INFRAVISION
FIND TRAPS 1-2 ON A d6

SHADE HUMAN THIEF _____
 Character name Race Class Age

Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL _____ 5 10,001 20,001
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

11 STR 0
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch

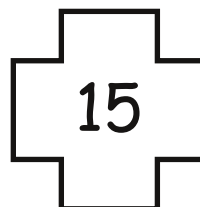
17 DEX -2 +2 +1
 Armour class modifier Missile attack modifier Optional initiative modifier

11 CON 0 _____
 Hit point modifier Save v poison modifier Survive resurrection Survive transformation

10 INT 0 _____
 Additional languages Learn spell Min spells per level Max spells per level

13 WIS +1 _____
 Save v magic modifier Spell failure 1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level

15 CHA -1 5 8
 Reaction adjustment Retainers Retainer morale



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. SWORD 1d6+1	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8
S. BOW 1d6	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7

Thief skills	35%	33%	40%	40%	91%	30%	1-3
Pick locks	Find and remove traps	Pick pockets	Move silently	Climb walls	Hide in shadows	Hear noise	

Saving throws

14	Breath attacks
12	Poison or death
11	Petrify or paralyze
12	Wands
11	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

LEATHER ARMOUR				SHORT SWORD +1	
SHORT BOW				POTION OF HEALING	
ARROWS x20				2 DOSES	
DAGGER				POTION OF SPEED	
BACKPACK				3 DOSES	
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3				Treasure & Coins	
OIL FLASK x2				50GP	
FLINT & STEEL				10SP	
IRON SPIKE x5				250 GP IN GEMS	
THIEVES TOOLS					

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL

D'LAH HUMAN (F) CLERIC
 Character name Race Class Age

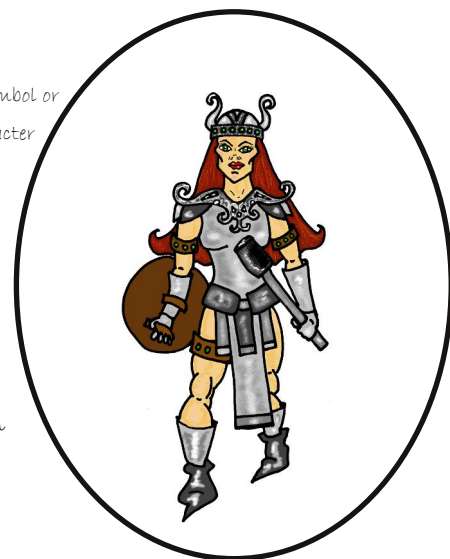
Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL 5 12,501 25,001
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

14 STR +1
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch

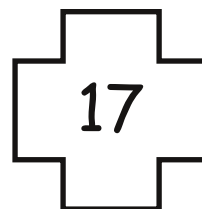


11 DEX 0 0 0
 Armour class modifier Missile attack modifier Optional initiative modifier

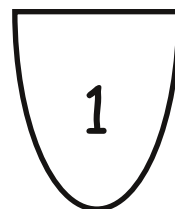
12 CON 0
 Hit point modifier Save v poison modifier Survive resurrection Survive transformation

13 INT +1
 Additional languages Learn spell Min spells per level Max spells per level

16 WIS +2
 Save v magic modifier Spell failure 1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level



Hit points



Armour class

13 CHA -1 5 8
 Reaction adjustment Retainers Retainer morale

Saving throws

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MACE 1d6+2	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
SLING 1d4	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9

14	Breath attacks
9	Poison or death
12	Petrify or paralyze
8	Wands
10	Spells / spell-like devices

Spells memorized: CURE LIGHT WOUNDS, DETECT EVIL, LIGHT, RESIST FIRE, HOLD PERSON, STRIKING

Languages, abilities and spells

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
PLATE MAIL				MACE +1	
SLING				SHIELD +1	
BULLETS x20				POTION OF HEALING	
HOLY SYMBOL				2 DOSES	
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3				Treasure & Coins	
OIL FLASK x2				50GP	
FLINT & STEEL				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
KOBOLD
TURN UNDEAD

SIRRAL
Character name

HUMAN
Race

CLERIC
Class

Age

Advanced Edition
Character Sheet



NEUTRAL

Religion

4

Level

6,251

Experience

12,501

for next Level

16 STR

+2

Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch

15 DEX

-1

Armour class modifier

+1

Missile attack modifier

+1

Optional initiative modifier

13 CON

+1

Hit point modifier

Save v poison modifier

Survive resurrection

Survive transformation

14 INT

+1

Additional languages

Learn spell

Min spells per level

Max spells per level

17 WIS

+2

Save v magic modifier

Spell failure

1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level

8 CHA

+1

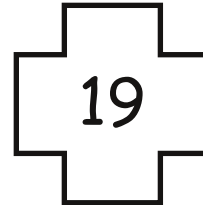
Reaction adjustment

3

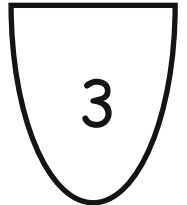
Retainers

6

Retainer morale



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
HAMMER 1d4+4	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5
SLING 1d4	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8

Spells memorized: CURE LIGHT WOUNDS x2, LIGHT, BLESS,

HOLD PERSON

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
SLING				CHAIN MAIL +1	
BULLETS x20				HAMMER +2	
HOLY SYMBOL				POTION OF GASEOUS FORM 1 DOSE	
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
TORCH x3					
OIL FLASK x2				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Saving throws

16	Breath attacks
11	Poison or death
14	Petrify or paralyze
10	Wands
13	Spells / spell-like devices

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
DWARVISH
TURN UNDEAD

SHA'PA HUMAN MAGIC-USER
 Character name Race Class Age



NEUTRAL 5 20,001 40,001
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

7 STR -1
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

14 DEX -1 +1 +1
 Armour class modifier Missile attack modifier Optional initiative modifier

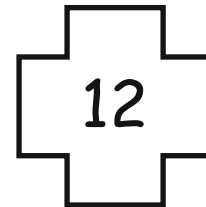
12 CON 0 _____ _____ _____
 Hit point modifier Save v poison modifier Survive resurrection Survive transformation

14 INT +1 _____ _____ _____
 Additional languages Learn spell Min spells per level Max spells per level

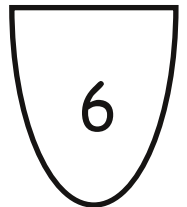
14 WIS +1 _____ _____ _____ _____
 Save v magic modifier Spell failure 1st 2nd 3rd 4th Additional Spells by level

15 CHA -1 5 8
 Reaction adjustment Retainers Retainer morale

Symbol or character sketch



Hit points



Armour class

Saving throws

16	Breath attacks
13	Poison or death
13	Petrify or paralyze
12	Wands
13	Spells / spell-like devices

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Q. STAFF 1d6-1	19	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10
DAGGER 1d4	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9

Spells memorized: **MAGIC MISSILE, SLEEP, ESP, WEB, PROTECTION FROM NORMAL MISSILES**

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
QUARTER-STAFF				DAGGER +1	
SPELL BOOK				RING OF PROTECTION +2	
INK & QUILL				POTION OF HEALING 3 DOSES	
LANTERN					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
OIL FLASK x4				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
ELVISH

GLADE _____ ELF _____ ELF _____ Age _____
 Character name Race Class

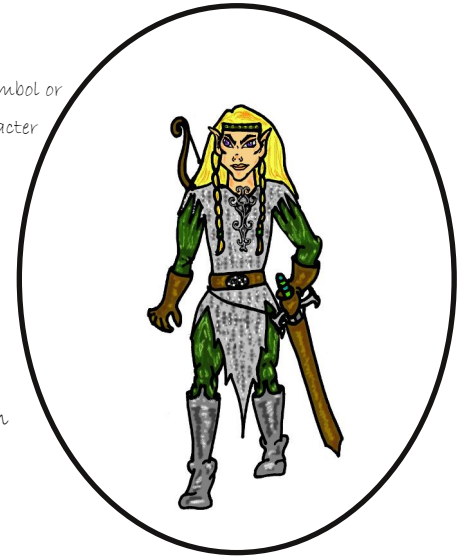
Advanced Edition
 Character Sheet



NEUTRAL _____ 4 _____ 16,251 _____ 32,501
 Alignment Religion Level Experience for next Level

14 STR +1
 Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch



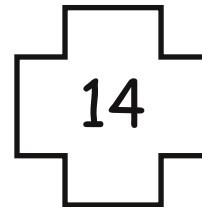
16 DEX -2 +2 +1
 Armour class Missile attack Optional initiative
 modifier modifier modifier

10 CON 0
 Hit point Save v poison Survive Survive
 modifier modifier resurrection transformation

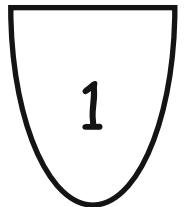
11 INT 0
 Additional Learn Min spells Max spells
 languages spell per level per level

12 WIS 0
 Save v magic Spell 1st 2nd 3rd 4th
 modifier failure Additional Spells by level

16 CHA -1 6 9
 Reaction Retainers Retainer
 adjustment morale



Hit points



Armour class

Weapon \ To hit AC	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
L. SWORD 1d8+1	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7
L. BOW 1d8	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5

Spells memorized: MAGIC MISSILE, VENTRILOQUISM, INVISIBILITY, ESP

Saving throws

13	Breath attacks
10	Poison or death
11	Petrify or paralyze
11	Wands
13	Spells / spell-like devices

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

L. SWORD				CHAIN MAIL +2	
DAGGER				LONG BOW +1	
SPELL BOOK					
INK & QUILL					
BACKPACK					
BEDROLL					
WATERSKIN					
OIL FLASK x4				Treasure & Coins	
FLINT & STEEL				50GP	
ROPE 50'				10SP	
				250 GP IN GEMS	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
AL LANGUAGE NEUTRAL
ELVISH
GNOLL
HOBGOBLIN
ORC
60' INFRAVISION
FIND S. DOORS 1-2 ON A d6

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