

A magazine for old school fantasy roleplayers



Issue Number 3

June/July 2010

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The Barbarian

a new character class
for Labyrinth Lord

The Sacred Heart

an adventure for
Labyrinth Lord

Firearm Rules Part II

for Labyrinth Lord

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

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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

Welcome to the third issue of *Oubliette*.

We were surprised and delighted to see a full review of *Oubliette Two* on *Grognardia*. Soon after the euphoria had levelled out, the pressure to do even better began. In the music business, bands often struggle in producing the difficult 'third album'. Thankfully, the same is not true when it comes to roleplay magazines.

Our ethos is to continue to evolve whilst maintaining the spirit of enthusiasm and fun that propelled us to start the magazine. We hope you see this reflected in the present issue. As always, your comments, reviews and feedback are most welcome.

Peter Regan, Editor

Special Mention: The adventure in this issue *The Sacred Heart* is dedicated to the memory of the late Ronnie James Dio, who sadly passed away on 16th May 2010. Many OSR blogs have discussed the connection Dio's music had with the hobby, and, like many others, I have fond memories of gaming sessions with his music playing in the background.

Monster Club #5

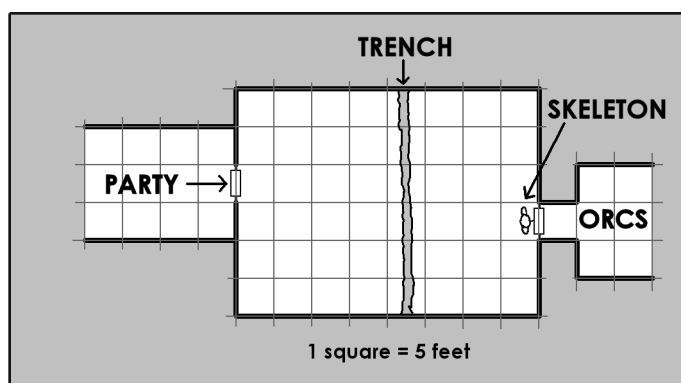
A regular column that will feature encounters, lairs, traps and other fun stuff with monsters.

Flambé Skeleton – This is a simple trap which, whilst not likely to be lethal, will certainly liven things up for any low-level party encountering it. On opening a door, the party find a room around 30' wide by 40' long. About 25' into the room is a flaming trench, a foot or so across, that runs the entire width of the room. Anyone can jump it fairly easily by taking a running jump and making a Dexterity check. (Failure could mean anything flammable they are wearing catches fire). The trench may also be bridged with a door or similar-sized object which will provide a safe crossing until the flames consume it. On the other side of the trench, standing against a door, is a motionless skeleton. The skeleton is animated but will only move if attacked, or if somebody gets within five feet of the trench. When either of these occurs, the skeleton will rush forward as if to attack the nearest member of the party.

Tied to the back of the skeleton, is a rope that is looped through a bar on the door and then up to a container of oil fixed into a cavity in the ceiling. As the skeleton rushes forward, the door behind

him is pulled open and the oil is released, covering the skeleton as it runs. As the skeleton jumps the trench, it bursts into flames and, instead of attacking, leaps forward to hug the nearest character, doing 1d8 fire damage if successful. The skeleton only lasts one round before the fire destroys it. However, in the following round, five orcs come through the now open door with missile weapons at the ready.

The players will probably guess some or all of what the trap is about, and the situation should give them a certain feeling of inevitability. However, the excitement comes from them trying to second-guess the situation or using clever tactics to handle it. The trap can be easily altered to include more skeletons, or different undead creatures (fireproof skeletons anyone?). The creatures in the room behind the skeleton can also be changed, or removed entirely if you prefer.





The Barbarian Prologue

I have fond memories of early games of D&D in which, invariably, the party consisted of barbarians. These were barbarians courtesy of Brian Asbury and *White Dwarf* magazine. Upon reflection, the class seems totally unbalanced. *White Dwarf* barbarians enjoyed fast level progression, and had a special ability to match just about everything that Conan ever did in his escapades. However, used in isolation, a party comprised solely of barbarians worked just fine. As kids, we played them with ferocity too. They would enter a dungeon and sack it, or die trying – no rest, no healing and no parley.

In later years, I encountered the barbarian class according to Gygax in *Unearthed Arcana*. It seemed to lack the spirit of the *White Dwarf* version. It was sort of balanced, but only because vast amounts of experience points were required to level up (6,001 for second level). There were still loads of abilities, but the whole thing seemed

cluttered. After I'd written the first draft of my barbarian class, a thread popped up on the *Goblinoid Games* forum which presented links to even more versions, all of which had merit.

I've kept my version very simple, but provided an additional, comprehensive list of all the skills and special abilities granted to other takes on the class. In my games, I'd allow a barbarian character to try pretty much any of the skills and just house rule on the spot for them. In addition to this, I would allow players to choose two or three of the special abilities that they would like their barbarians to have.

Although I've given my barbarian high starting and average hit points, and very fast level progression, the magic and armour limitations should balance this out. Barbarians should live life in the fast-lane. If players get too cautious with a barbarian character, give them a warning or two and then tell them their barbarian has adapted to life in the civilized world and is now a fighter.

The Barbarian

A New Character Class for Labyrinth Lord

Barbarians are tough. They live beyond the reach of civilization and will often be found in areas with harsh climates and hazardous terrain. They live in small settlements that can be easily moved to a new location that has fresh resources.

Barbarian society is made up of clans, each having a unique identity and history. Clans may work and fight together as allies but equally there will be frequent feuds and infighting amongst them.

Nearly all barbarians are human, but on rare occasions half-orcs (born into clans after orc raids) have been accepted. A half-orc barbarian character's progression is limited to 12th level.

As a product of their tough existence, barbarian adventurers start with an additional hit dice at first level, although they only add any bonus for high constitution once.

Attribute requirements: STR 12, CON 13

Prime requisite: CON

The barbarian is a sub-class of the fighter, and, as such, uses the fighter's attack and saving throw tables.

Experience	Level	Hit Dice (d6) ¹	Hit Dice (d8) ²
0	1	2+1HP	2+1HP
1,251	2	3+2HP	3+2HP
2,501	3	4+3HP	4+3HP
5,001	4	5+4HP	5+4HP
10,001	5	6+5HP	6+5HP
20,001	6	7+6HP	7+6HP
40,001	7	8+7HP	8+7HP
80,001	8	9+8HP	9+8HP
160,001	9	10+9HP	10+9HP
280,001	10	+3HP*	+3HP*
400,001	11	+6HP*	+6HP*
520,001	12	+9HP*	+9HP*
640,001	13	+12HP*	+12HP*
760,001	14	+15HP*	+15HP*

+120,001/Lvl

¹ Standard hit dice d6

² Optional AEC hit dice d8

* Hit point modifiers from constitution are ignored

Barbarians may use any type of weapon and will quickly adapt to new and improvised arms. When in the wilderness, provided they have a blade and suitable trees to work with, they can make spears, darts, bows, and arrows.

All barbarians may wear leather armour and use a shield. However, after 5th level, barbarians will not normally wear armour of any kind as a mark of their prowess and standing in the clan. If wearing heavier armour, up to and including chain mail, all barbarians suffer a -50% xp penalty. If wearing armour heavier than chain mail, they suffer a -75% xp penalty.

Barbarians dislike magic and will generally not use it or trust it. If a situation leaves them no alternative but to employ magic, they will not receive any xp for any actions they take whilst it is in use. Barbarians will also resist the use of magic on their person. They may grudgingly agree to a spell such as *cure light wounds* or *remove curse* being cast on them, but they will offer no thanks to the caster. If magic is used on them without their permission, they will react as if they have been physically attacked by the caster.

Reaching 9th Level: When a barbarian reaches 9th level he may form his own clan or challenge the chief of the clan he was raised in. If a new clan is formed, then it may be possible for it to operate as a subsidiary of his old clan, or it can be a breakaway clan that will be hostile to the original clan. Barbarian chiefs will usually position their sons to succeed them and be ready to lead the clan upon the death of their father and/or older siblings.



A-Z of Barbarian Abilities



Additional Dexterity AC Bonus – A barbarian's fighting style is greatly enhanced by high dexterity. Therefore, any AC bonus he receives is enhanced by 1. eg. 16 dexterity gives a -3 bonus instead of -2.

Back Protection – A barbarian's skill in combat gives him a chance to detect and counter any attack made to his back. The attack against him is still made, but no bonuses for backstabbing may be applied, or attempts at assassination made. Barbarians have a 5% chance per level of noticing such attack, and then they may make a normal to hit roll for their counter-attack.

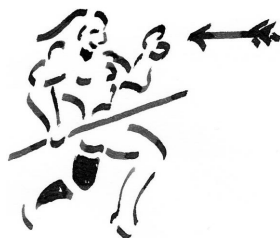


Berserker Rage – If a barbarian takes damage and is reduced to 50% of his hit points or lower, he must save versus Poison or enter a *Berserker Rage* for 1d6+1 rounds. In this state, they attack with a +2



bonus to all to hit and damage rolls, but also suffer a +2 AC penalty. If all nearby enemies are slain before the rage lifts, then the barbarian must make an additional save versus Poison to avoid attacking the nearest character/ally.

Catch Missile – Barbarians have a 5% chance per level of catching/deflecting a missile that is thrown/shot at them.



Climbing – This ability allows barbarians to climb trees and cliffs with the same chance as an equivalent-level thief climbs walls. This ability may not be used if armour heavier than leather is worn.

Detect Illusion – Barbarians have a 5% chance per level of detecting an illusion.

Detect Magic – Barbarians have a 25% chance plus an additional 5% chance per level above 1st of detecting magic. They won't necessarily be able to pin-point an item or magical effect but they will sense that magic is being used.

Evade Encounters – When alone in the wilderness, barbarians have a 95% chance of evading an encounter providing they are not surprised. If the barbarian is travelling with a group, then they are treated as being one size smaller than they are.



Fearlessness – If affected by fear, 50% of the time a barbarian will react by going into a *Berserker Rage*.



Find Direction – If a barbarian gets lost in the wilderness, then every hour they have a 1 in 3 chance of finding the correct direction.

First Aid – Barbarians heal quickly and are able to bind their wounds. This allows them to heal 1HP extra per day, regardless of whether they are resting or not.

First Attack Ferocity – *White Dwarf* variant of the *first strike* ability, grants variable to hit and damage bonuses based on a % roll and the barbarian's level.



First Strike – Barbarians are fearless warriors, leaving nothing in reserve when they attack. If they gain surprise or initiative in the first round of combat, they can make a first-strike attack. This gives them +2 to hit and +2 to damage rolled. Barbarians may only make use of this ability if they are not wearing any armour.

Forage – When travelling in the wilderness, a barbarian can forage for food. If he moves at two-thirds normal movement for one hour, then he has a 1 in 2 chance of finding a day's worth of food for one person.

Hear Noise - The same ability as an equivalent-level thief. This ability may not be used whilst wearing a helmet.



Hide – Barbarians can hide in familiar natural surroundings in the same way that a thief hides in shadows. They do this with the same % chance as a thief three levels higher than themselves.



Leadership – When dealing with other barbarians, a barbarian adds his level to his charisma (maximum 18) for purposes of reaction rolls.

Leaping and Springing – Barbarians can make a standing jump up to 10' forward, 3' backward or 3' upward. With a running start they can jump 16'-21' (15+d6) forward, and 4½'-6' (4+d4 each +1 adding 6") upward. The height a barbarian can spring depends on the situation in question but as a base, use 4'-7' determined by rolling a d4.



Move Silently – The same ability as an equivalent-level thief. This ability may not be used if wearing armour heavier than leather. (At the LL's discretion limited to wilderness settings).

Natural AC Bonus – If in light or no armour, the barbarian receives an additional -1 (-2 at the LL's discretion) AC bonus.

Resist Disease – Barbarians are highly resistant to diseases of all kinds. If infected they have a 50% chance of avoiding any ill effects as a result.

Saving Throws Option 1 – The barbarian's hardy nature means he makes saving throws as an equivalent-level dwarf.

Saving Throws Option 2 – The barbarian's hardy nature affords him a +1 bonus to all saving throw rolls.

Sense Danger – Barbarians have a natural ability to sense danger. At 1st level they have a 1 in 6 chance of succeeding. The chance of success increases by 1 for every three levels a barbarian advances (2 in 6 at 4th level, 3 in 6 at 7th level, etc.) up to a maximum chance of 5 in 6.

Sign Language – Barbarians have their own system of tactical sign language. They may silently coordinate attacks and plan moves using it.



Spot Traps and Snares – In a wilderness environment, barbarians will spot traps and snares on a roll of 1-2 on a d6.

Strike Creatures Normally only Affected by Magical Weapons – At 3rd level, a barbarian can strike a creature normally only vulnerable to +1 or better weapons. This ability improves for each additional three levels the barbarian reaches. At 6th level, he may hit creatures requiring +2 or better, at 9th, +3 or better, and so on.

Surprise Opponents – A barbarian's natural stealth gives him a greater chance of surprising foes that he encounters. Anyone encountering a barbarian will be surprised on a 1-3 on d6. If a barbarian is in terrain he knows, this increases to 1-4 on a d6.



Surprised Rarely – As well as having an increased chance of surprising opponents, barbarians themselves will rarely be caught unaware. They will only be surprised on a roll of 1 on a d6.

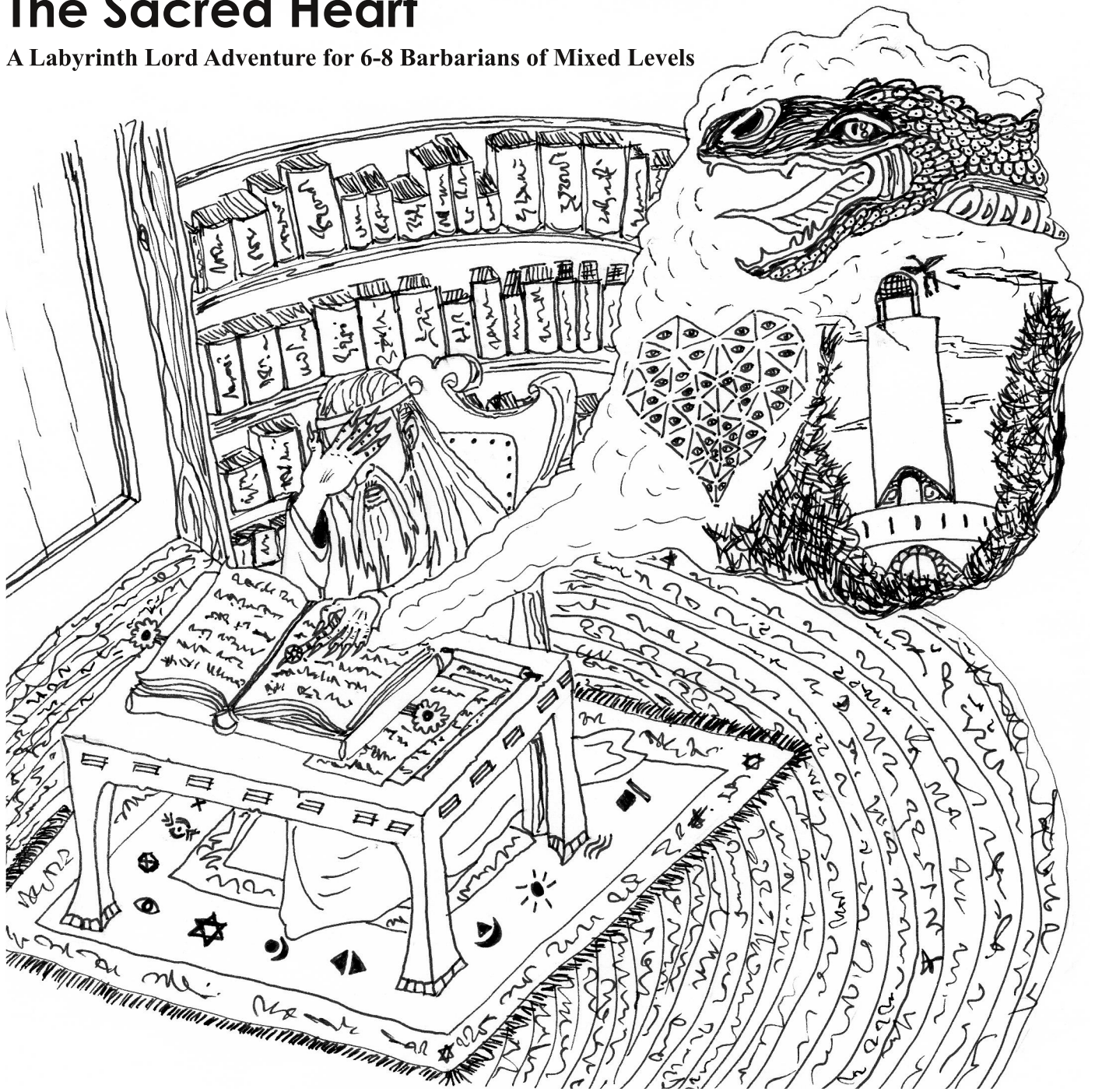


Survival – In the wilderness, barbarians have good basic survival skills. They are able to build shelters, set fires, construct simple weapons and hunt/trap game.

Tracking - Barbarians have good tracking skills and in the wilderness have a 90% base chance of following a trail. The LL should apply modifiers to this based on how old the tracks are, the type of ground, weather conditions, and the nature and number of creatures being followed.

The Sacred Heart

A Labyrinth Lord Adventure for 6-8 Barbarians of Mixed Levels



This adventure is designed for a party comprised solely of barbarians. At the back of the magazine, there are 9 pre-generated barbarian character sheets. Players should refer to *The Barbarian* class rules found in this issue (pages 5-7).

Background for the Labyrinth Lord

Note: It is worth considering running one or perhaps two NPC barbarians along with the party as they could be a useful resource for you at the end of the adventure (see area 15 on page 18).

Akanza was a powerful wizard with a thirst for arcane magical knowledge. In his studies, he discovered ancient texts and learned their secrets.

He hired dark minions to hunt down precious lost artefacts from places far beyond the reach of civilization. Over the years, he became mistrustful of other wizards, and, in an effort to protect his knowledge, he raised a tower in harsh lands to the north. Therein, his work continued for many years. He had no great evil agenda, just a constant thirst for new secrets and powers.

Age began to catch up with him, so he set his mind to finding a way to cheat death. In an old book, he learned of an artefact used by an ancient wizard to hold his consciousness after death and interact with the outside world using magical constructs. In his few remaining years, he committed all his resources to finding it. Only

when he was near to death, did his men return with the prize: The Sacred Heart – a huge, glowing, red crystal, the size of a man's head. Through this, in combination with his own magic, he was able to transcend his physical form and place his mind inside the crystal. The Sacred Heart gave him the power to attempt possession of any creature that got close enough to the crystal, and also allowed him to control the four stone animated statues that he'd created. He would now be able to continue his research long after the death of his frail body.

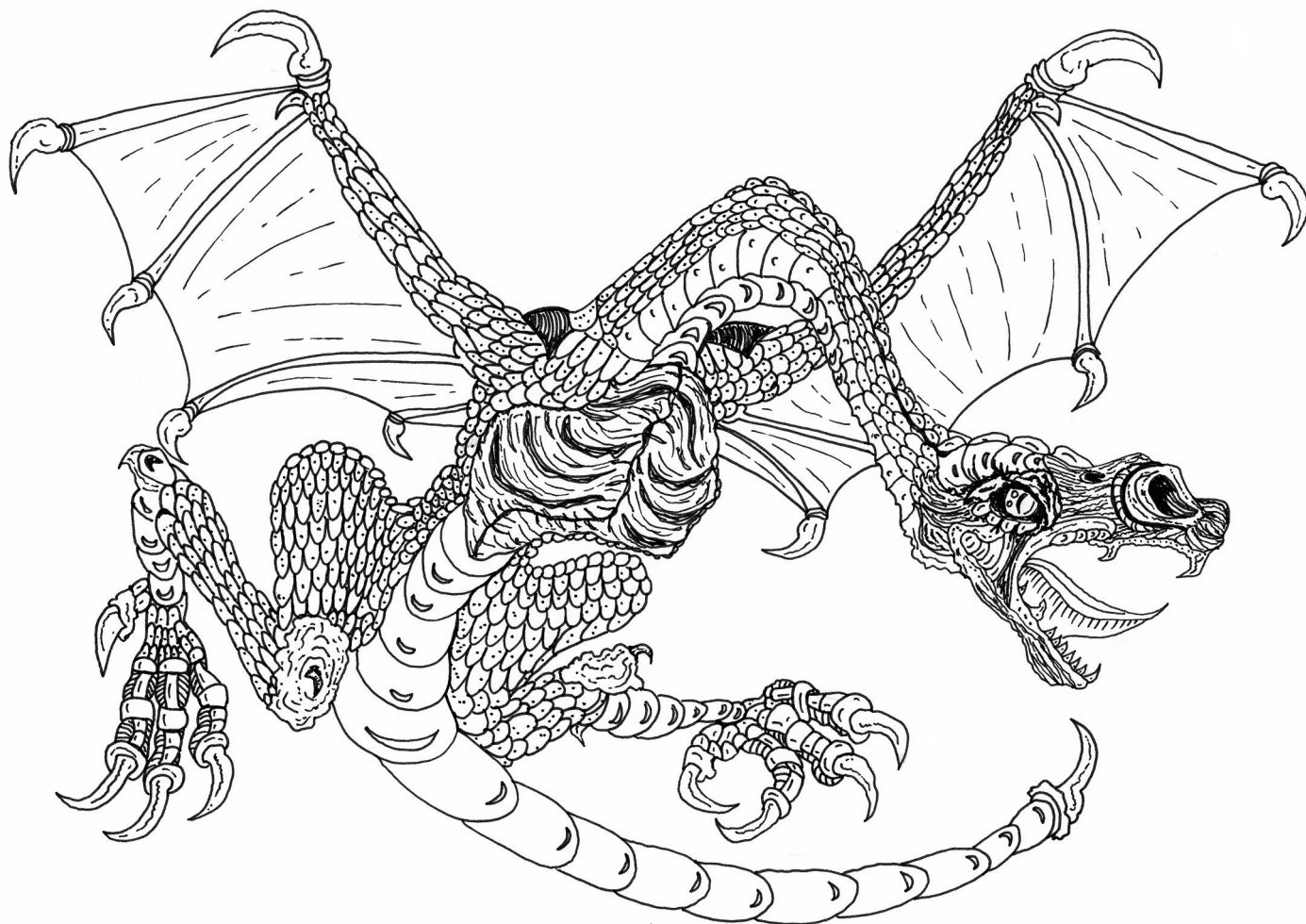
Fearful that his underlings might attempt to steal the crystal, he used his final days to enshrine it at the top of his tower and prepare his own sarcophagus. Akanza then used his living statues to kill his servants and guards so that nobody would be able to betray his secret. He surrounded his tower with a magical thicket that he alone would command post-mortem to deal with all but the most determined intruders.

Decades passed and Akanza's mind began to strain against the confines of his crystal prison. He could take control of any of the statues to walk about the tower, and read all the texts in his library through their eyes, but his thirst for new knowledge remained.

A few days ago, he cracked and decided he must venture out into the world again. But he would need a human body as a host to travel in. Then, once back in civilization, he would find a young wizard so he could live out his second life as he wanted, without raising any suspicions about his true identity. He used the statues to uncover the Sacred Heart where it shone atop his tower, with his corpse enshrined in the chamber below it. At night, the red glow could be seen for many miles. It would only be a matter of time before someone or something noticed it.

The next day, a wyvern was hunting not far from the tower and became distracted by the red glint coming from the place. Landing on the top of the tower, its mind was suddenly gone, lost in timeless space. Akanza the Wyvern spread his mighty wings and if his beak could have registered a smile it would have. This was truly a magnificent beast he had taken – no use for his travels back to the world of men, but ideal to scout out the surrounding lands.

West of the river, he spotted several orc tribes, just as he had remembered. East of the river, something new – a human village. Savage-like people but strong-looking. He flew back to the tower to make plans for his next move.



Area Background

This section contains background information for both the LL and the players. Text in italics is intended for the LL only. An edited players' sheet is included in the supplemental materials at the back of the magazine.

The Barbarians – The Cuthgar clan are a solitary people who have settled near to a tributary of the Great River. They originated from harsh lands to the north-east, but grew weary of constant warring with neighbouring clans. They have prospered, enjoying the relative peace the area offers, and have even begun trading with the Dwarven Hold to the north. They remain a fierce people, and are ever watchful for enemies and other predators. The Cuthgars will tolerate outsiders who have something to trade but will not offer hospitality to travellers. They are quick to react to any threat they perceive.

Civilization – The nearest village settlement is leagues away to the south-east and the closest garrison is further still. The only travellers who venture north either have dealings with the dwarves, or are adventurers, off to hunt trolls or orcs.

The Dwarves – The Hold in the mountains to the north is small, but secure. The folk there produce unrivalled weaponry, and also mine seams rich with gold and gemstones. The dwarves' structures are built around the source of the Great River, and they deal swiftly with any trolls or orcs foolish enough to venture within a day's march of the Hold. The dwarves have a good trading relationship with the barbarians. They provide weapons and other metal-work items in exchange for furs and fresh meat. *However, they are also wary of the barbarians and keep an eye on their numbers to ensure they don't present a threat to the Hold.*

The Orcs – There have been orc tribes in the lands west of the river for hundreds of years. They are kept in check largely by infighting amongst themselves, but also by the harshness of the area: rough scrub-lands and thick forests where monstrous denizens lurk. The orcs have, on occasion, crossed the river at the ford and sought to raid the barbarian settlement, but such attempts have always failed, and they've come to realize that the barbarians have scouts watching the ford. The orcs have never mounted a full-scale attack on the dwarves, and they do their best to avoid the lands to

the north as they know any infractions will be crushed with an iron fist. *The orcs have seen a red glow coming from the top of the tower and have decided to investigate what is causing it. They have made camp in a small clearing near the ford.*

The Trolls – In the foothills to the north-east, there are large numbers of caves that make ideal troll lairs. The barbarians often send parties to the caves to go troll-slaying. This ensures troll numbers don't get out of hand. Trolls raid the barbarian settlement a few times per year but the barbarians have become accustomed to this and have many traps and warning alarms in place, so are unlikely to be caught off-guard.

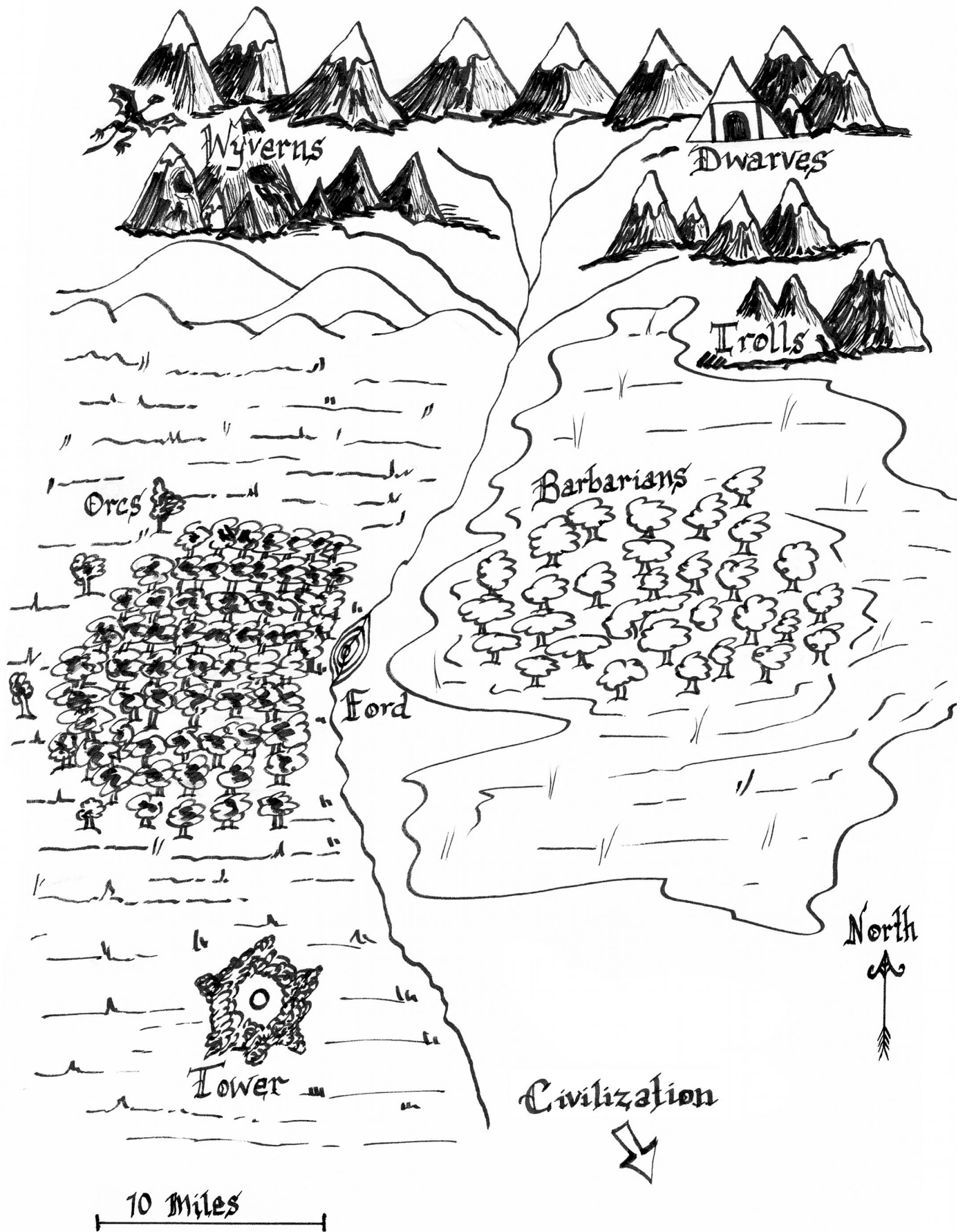
Wyverns – These fearsome creatures nest in the mountains to the north-west and are pretty much at the top of the food chain over the whole area covered by the map. Thankfully, their numbers are low, and they have only attacked the barbarian settlement once directly. One wyvern flew past the tower a few days ago, after the crystal had been uncovered. *Akanza took possession of it and has been scouting the area from the air. Akanza is aware of the approaching orcs and is likely to spot the barbarians if they cross the river. The wyvern's mate followed it back to the tower yesterday, and was slain by the possessed creature.*

The Great River – Starting high up in the mountains, by the time it has reached the foothills at the edge of the dwarves' territory, it has become a wide river with powerful currents and treacherous rocks. It is only crossable at the ford some 15 miles downstream.

The Ford – This is the first place, heading south, where the Great River can be crossed, although it is still hazardous, especially after heavy rains. Whenever the orcs have attacked the Cuthgar clan, they have crossed the river here, so now they have scouts watching it to provide advance warning of a raid.

The Tower – The true name of this strange tower is not known, but the barbarians call it *Thorn Tower* – a name given to it on account of the dense thicket that surrounds it. The barbarians sense that something is not right about the place, and, as it is a good distance from their territory and on the other side of the Great River, they have no cause to go there.

Area Map



Starting the Adventure

Depending on how your players approach this adventure, there are a couple of options to help engage them with the idea of investigating the tower. Try each of them in turn to 'hook' the players' interest.

The game starts in the late afternoon, the day after Akanza has possessed the Wyvern. Two scouts return to the barbarian village to report that around two dozen orcs have made camp near the ford. At this point, the party of barbarians may decide to go and investigate. If they move quickly, then they can get to the ford by nightfall. They can cross the ford, and approach the orc camp detailed on the following page.

If the barbarians decide not to check out the orc camp, then the orcs continue to the tower as they had planned. Upon their arrival, Akanza will trap the Wyvern in the thicket and possess the orc leader. He'll then mount an attack on the barbarian settlement and have all the orcs paint crude tower symbols on their shields, in the hope that the barbarians will kill the orcs and then turn their attention to whatever force is behind the attack.

If the barbarians still don't react by visiting the tower, Akanza will attempt to possess the Wyvern once more. If successful, he will begin a series of sneak attacks against the barbarians, picking out lone individuals, destroying property and slaughtering livestock. The barbarians will recognize that this is not the normal behaviour of a hungry Wyvern, and they will also notice that the Wyvern always flies south-west after a raid rather than towards Wyvern territory in the north-west.

Random Encounters

The lands to the west of the river are much rougher than the barbarian territory to the east. Therefore, two random encounters tables are provided, and rolls should be made according to the party's location. The orcs may also encounter wandering monsters, although by using advance scouts and relying on the keen nose of their dire wolf, their main group will avoid most encounters. If players fight their way through each encounter, they may well suffer some losses. However, the barbarians know the surroundings, so they should be able to avoid some of the creatures that they might meet.

Random Encounters (East) – Check once per hour (roll a d6). If a 1 is rolled, roll a d10 and consult the table below.

Result:

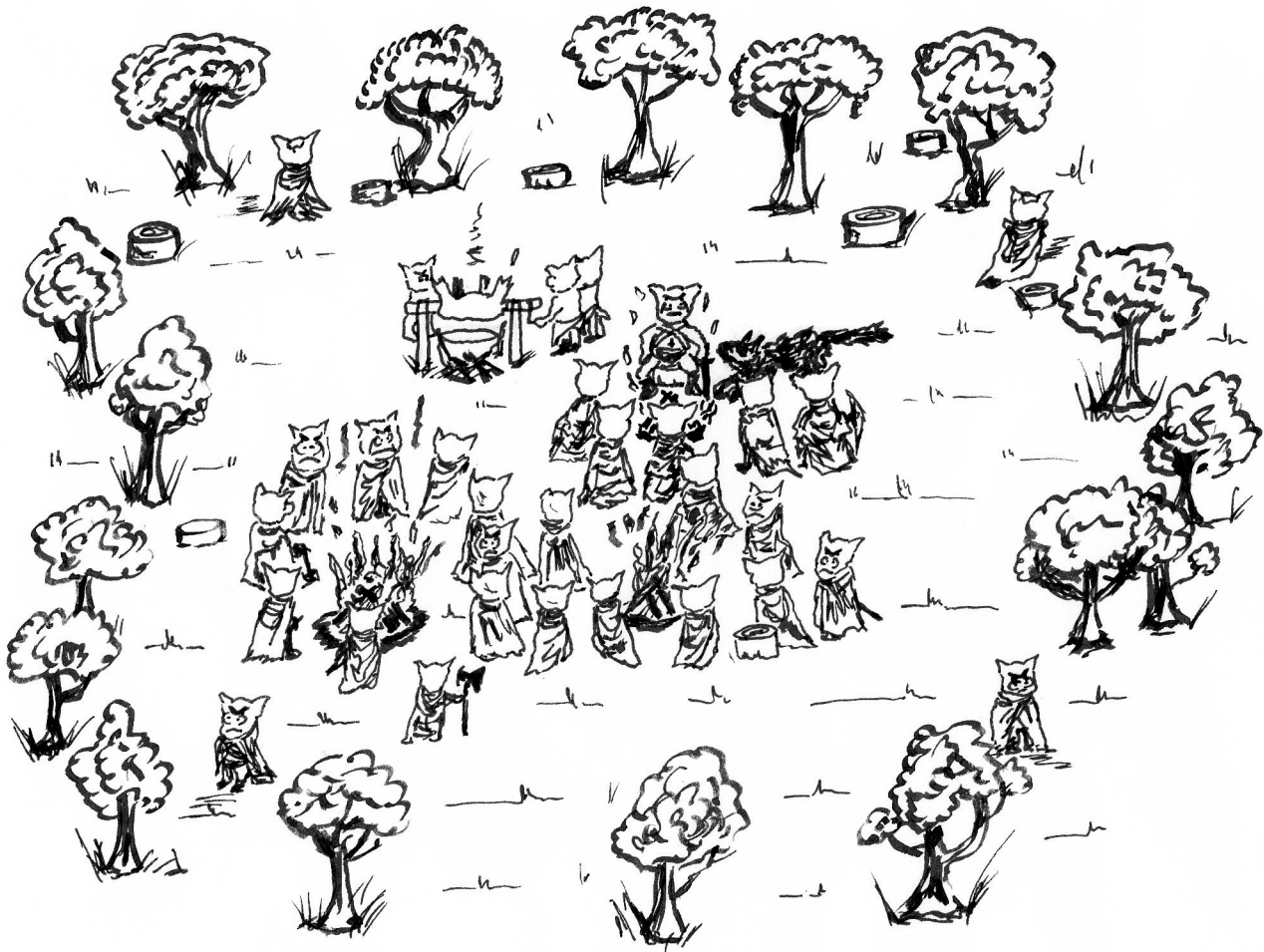
- 1-2 2d4 Giant Centipedes Move 60' (20') HD 1-4HP HP2, 2, 4, 2, 4, 4, 1, 2 AC9 Poisonous bite
- 2 1d10 Stirges Move 30' (10') or 180' (60') flying HD1 AC7 HP5, 5, 5, 1, 8, 4, 7, 7, 1, 7 Drain blood 1d3 damage
- 3 2d6 Wolves Move 180' (60') HD2+2 AC7 HP12, 13, 9, 9, 9, 12, 4, 9, 14, 17, 14, 10 Bite 1d6 damage
- 4 1d6 Dwarvern Traders en route to the mountains*
- 5 2d4 Orc Scouts Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6 HP3, 6, 8, 3, 6, 4, 3, 1 Weapon or 1d6 damage
- 6 1d3 Trolls Move 120' (40') HD6+3 AC4 HP31, 27, 17 Claws x2, bite 1d6/1d6/1d10 damage
- 7 1d6 Wild Boars Move 150' (50') HD3 AC7 HP8, 15, 19, 18, 8, 12 Tusks 2d4 damage
- 8 1d4 Mountain Lions Move 150' (50') HD3+2 AC6 HP14, 19, 17, 13 Claws x2, bite 1d3/1d3/1d6
- 9 1 Wyvern (Akanza) flying towards tower Move 90' (30') or 240' (90') flying HD7 AC3 HP50 Bite, sting (poisonous) 2d8/2d8 damage
- 10 1 Wyvern hunting Move 90' (30') or 240' (90') flying HD7 AC3 HP33 Bite, sting (poisonous) 2d8/2d8 damage

**Stats left to the LL to decide, if required.*

Random encounters (West) – Check once per hour (roll a d6). If a 1 or 2 is rolled, roll a d10 and consult the table below.

Result:

- 1 1d4 Owlbears Move 120' (40') HD5 AC5 HP28, 20, 27, 19 Claws x2, bite 1d8/1d8/1d8 damage
- 2 1d6 Giant Carnivorous Beetles Move 150' (50') HD3+1 AC3 HP15, 7, 13, 12, 14, 11 Bite 2d6 damage
- 3 1d10 Stirges Move 30' (10') or 180' (60') flying HD1 AC7 HP6, 1, 8, 3, 1, 4, 6, 6, 2, 8 Drain blood 1d3 damage
- 4 1d4 Dire Wolves Move 150' (50') HD4+1 AC6 HP26, 14, 20, 15 Bite 2d4 damage
- 5 1d3 Hill Giants Move 120' (40') HD8 AC4 HP38, 33, 31 Club 2d8 damage
- 6-7 2d4 Orc Hunters Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6 HP6, 7, 4, 7, 1, 1, 7, 6 Weapon or 1d6 damage
- 8 2d4 Orc Scouts Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6 HP3, 2, 4, 2, 6, 6, 8, 4 Weapon or 1d6 damage
- 9 1 Wyvern (Akanza) flying towards tower Move 90' (30') or 240' (90') flying HD7 AC3 HP50 Bite, sting (poisonous) 2d8/2d8 damage
- 10 1 Wyvern hunting Move 90' (30') or 240' (90') flying HD7 AC3 HP29 Bite, sting (poisonous) 2d8/2d8 damage



The Orc Camp

The orcs have made camp for the night in a small clearing that they often use as a resting place. Most of them are sitting around two large fires. To one side of the clearing, three orcs are tending a smaller cooking fire, over which an unfortunate wild animal is being roasted and a large pot of broth is bubbling away. Grund, the orc leader, is holding court, sitting on a large tree stump in a prime spot in front of his own fire. Lying at his feet, with one eye paying close attention to the trio of chefs, is his pet dire wolf. It's a dry night with a light, west wind. If anything approaches the camp from the east, the wolf has a good chance of catching its scent and warning his master.

At the edges of the clearing there are four orc look-outs, each positioned behind a tree. The orc facing eastward is somewhat jumpy as the ford lies in that direction, and if trouble comes, it will most likely be from there.

Provided that they don't make any undue noise or carry lit torches, the barbarians can easily get close enough to see everything described above. They can also safely light their own small cooking fire, if they wish, in a dell on their side of the river.

If left undisturbed, the orcs rest until dawn and then break camp. Rather than making for the ford, they turn south-west and head towards the tower. The barbarians can follow them with ease as they show little regard for covering their tracks.

Grund, Orc Leader Move 120' (40') HD4 AC6
HP15 Battle axe 1d8+2, dagger 1d4+2 damage

Dire Wolf Move 150' (50') HD4+1 AC6
HP21 Bite 2d4 damage

2 Orc Lieutenants Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6
HP8, 8 Scimitar 1d8+1, dagger 1d4+1 damage

6 Orc Warriors Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6
HP7, 8, 2, 1, 8, 6 Short sword 1d6, dagger 1d4
damage

6 Orc Warriors Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6
HP1, 2, 8, 2, 4, 8 Spear 1d6, dagger 1d4 damage

6 Orc Warriors Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6
HP1, 7, 8, 3, 2, 5 Axe 1d6, dagger 1d4 damage

6 Orc Archers Move 120' (40') HD1 AC6
HP2, 3, 3, 8, 7, 1 Short bow (12 arrows each) 1d6,
dagger 1d4 damage

The following sections deal with the tower and the thicket that surrounds it. It is assumed that the players have followed the orcs. If they have not, Akanza will use the orcs to get the barbarians interested in the tower, as outlined in the *starting the adventure* section.

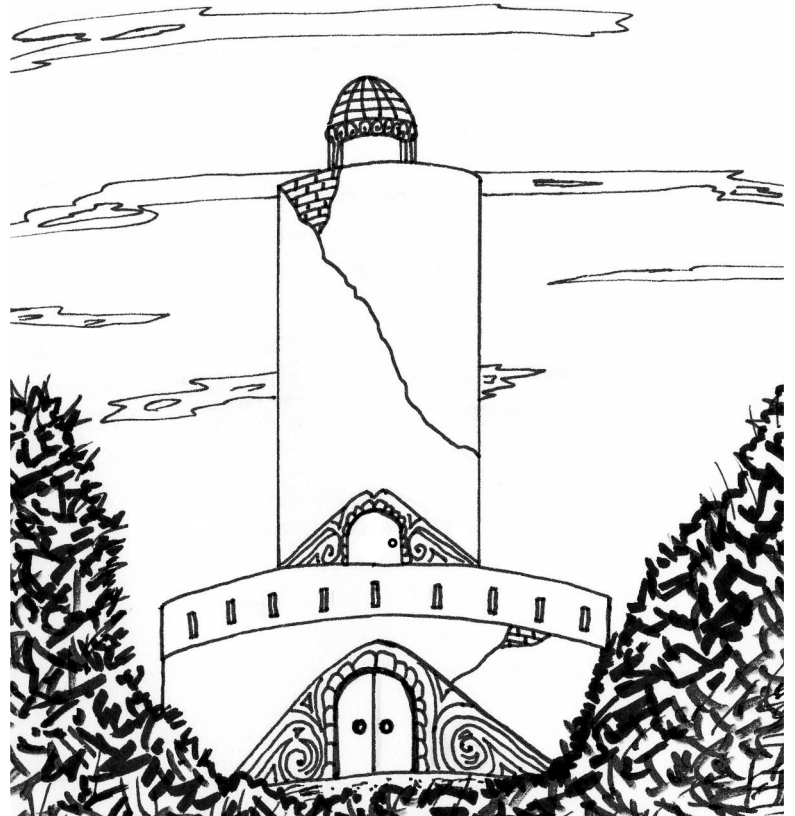
The Thicket

About halfway from the orc camp to the tower, the dark forest gives way to rough scrub-land. The orcs continue on at a good pace, cutting through the brush as they go. Without the cover of the trees, any pursuers will need to keep their distance if they wish to remain unseen. A weather front slowly moves in from the west, reducing visibility somewhat, and a light rain begins to fall. When the tower comes into view, it is approximately half a mile away. The tower is about 90 feet tall. The bottom half is obscured by the dense thicket, which runs all the way around the tower and looks to be about 100 feet thick. At the top, there is an occasional red glint from something, even though there is no direct sunlight to cause it.

Anyone following the orcs will notice the last of them disappearing into the thicket leaving a small cut trail behind them. If the barbarians head toward the same spot in the thicket where the orcs entered, they will hear them arguing about something. It's difficult to hear what is being said but the words "missing", "locked", "fire" and "gold" are audible. When the orcs were about halfway through the thicket, something attacked them and managed to crush the life from about half of them. The remaining orcs are now having trouble getting the huge oak doors of the tower open. Some of them think there will be gold and treasure in there, whereas the rest just want to light some torches and get back through the thicket, and as far away from the tower as possible.

The thicket is not natural. It is a creation of Akanza's and he still controls it. His sole plan for the orcs was for them to lead the barbarians to the tower. If he chooses, he can grab at anyone in the thicket with vines and roots. If successful, a creature immobilized in this way can then be crushed.

Creatures moving through the thicket can move 10' per round, normally. If Akanza elects to attack



them, they move at half this rate and may only do so if they make a strength test (roll under their strength on a d20). A creature that fails is held in place and must then make a second strength test to avoid taking 1HP of crushing damage. Creatures must make further strength tests at the start of each subsequent round, regardless of whether they were caught or not in the previous round. If a group makes use of torches or another form of fire, then this will prevent the constricting vines from attacking.

If the barbarians enter the thicket, they can follow the same route cut by the orcs, although much of the undergrowth will have sprung back across it. It will take them 10 rounds to get through to the clear ground in front of the tower. Akanza doesn't make any attempt to hinder them, and although the barbarians will not see any movement, they will find the atmosphere in the thicket very oppressive.

Whilst in the thicket, the barbarians will hear more noise from the orcs and they will also hear the large powerful wings of a wyvern flapping. The orcs will briefly be heard fighting the creature, but then the sounds will switch to those of a retreat. Seconds later, they'll hear the death yelp of the dire wolf, followed by flapping wings and then silence. If they continue, another half minute will see the barbarians into the clearing.

The Tower

The round tower looms over the small clearing. There is a larger, circular structure at its base with battlements about 20 feet up. Then, from the centre, the tower proper ascends another 70 feet or so. Two huge, oak doors are directly ahead. If the party take a closer look, they will instantly notice that one of the doors is slightly ajar. In the clearing to the left of the doors, is what looks like the corpse of a wyvern and around it are several orc bodies. Upon closer inspection, the party will notice that although the orcs are freshly slain, the wyvern looks like it has been dead for a day or more. Around the rest of the tower there are no other bodies to be found, although the ground shows recent signs of movement from the orcs, and what look like recent wyvern footprints.

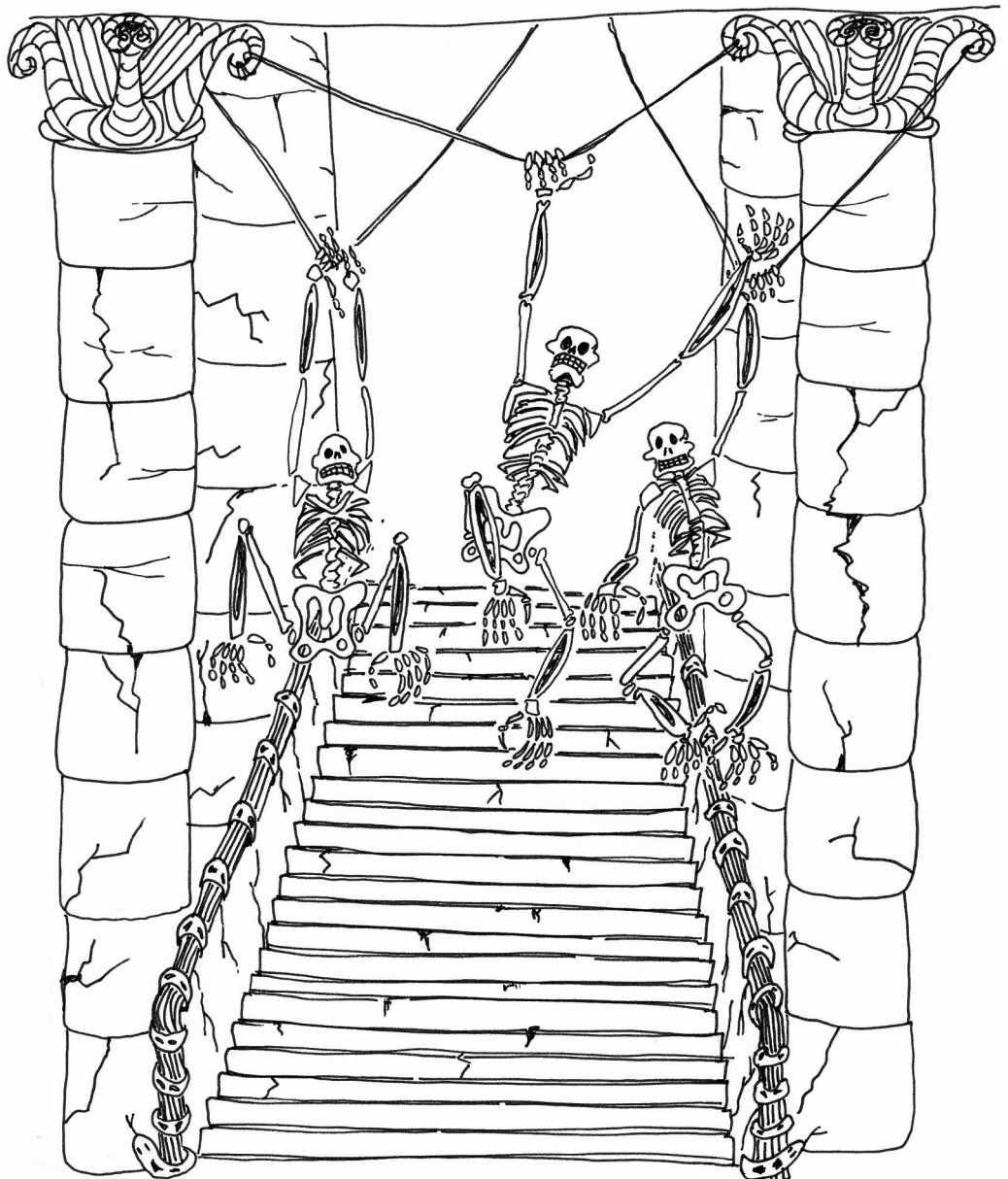
1 If either of the double doors is pushed, its rusted hinges will creak and it will slowly open. Inside, is an enclosed courtyard area about 20' x 40'. The ceiling is about 15' high and is supported by six large columns. On the left, there are two arched openings, and on the right there is a single, arched opening and a large set of metal gates. The dirt floor shows signs of having been recently disturbed, but there are no recognizable footprints. Propped against the wall next to one of the doors, is a large wooden beam that is clearly intended to bar the doors shut.

Between the columns, at the far end of the courtyard, is a large stone staircase about 12' wide that rises into the open air of the battlements above. At either side of the staircase, on the far wall, there is a normal-sized wooden door.

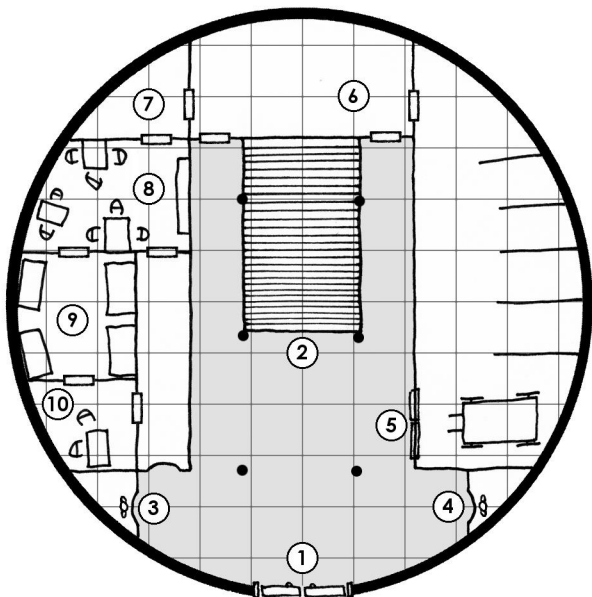
2 There is no movement in the place, but as soon as someone reaches the staircase, six strange, skeletal creatures swing down from the columns and ceiling, and attack. They have long arms that allow them to grab on to the rough-cut architecture and swing around the area with minimal ground contact.

6 Skeletal Chimpanzees Move 120' (40') HD3 AC7 HP7, 19, 15, 11, 17, 8 Claws x2, bite 1d3/1d3/1d6 damage

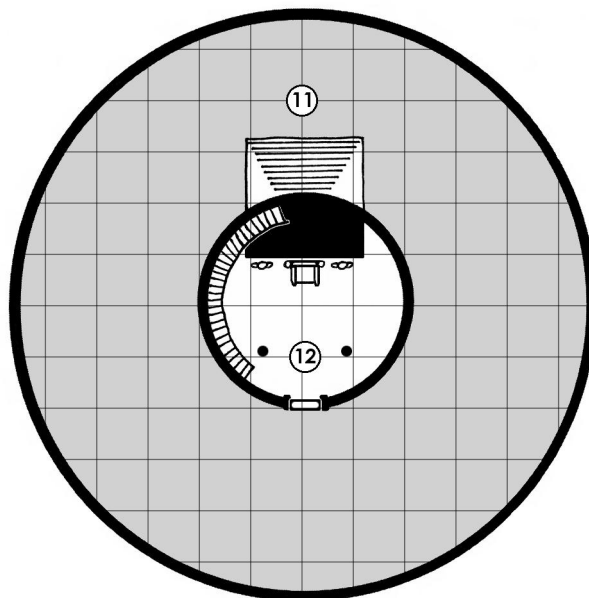
The skeletons have been ordered to attack anyone, other than the statues, who attempts to climb the stairs. If the party has a careful look around the area without climbing the stairs, they will have a good chance of spotting the skeletons hanging motionless from the ceiling behind the furthest columns. The skeletons will ignore creatures who find a route up without using the stairs. They will not attack anyone coming down the stairs.



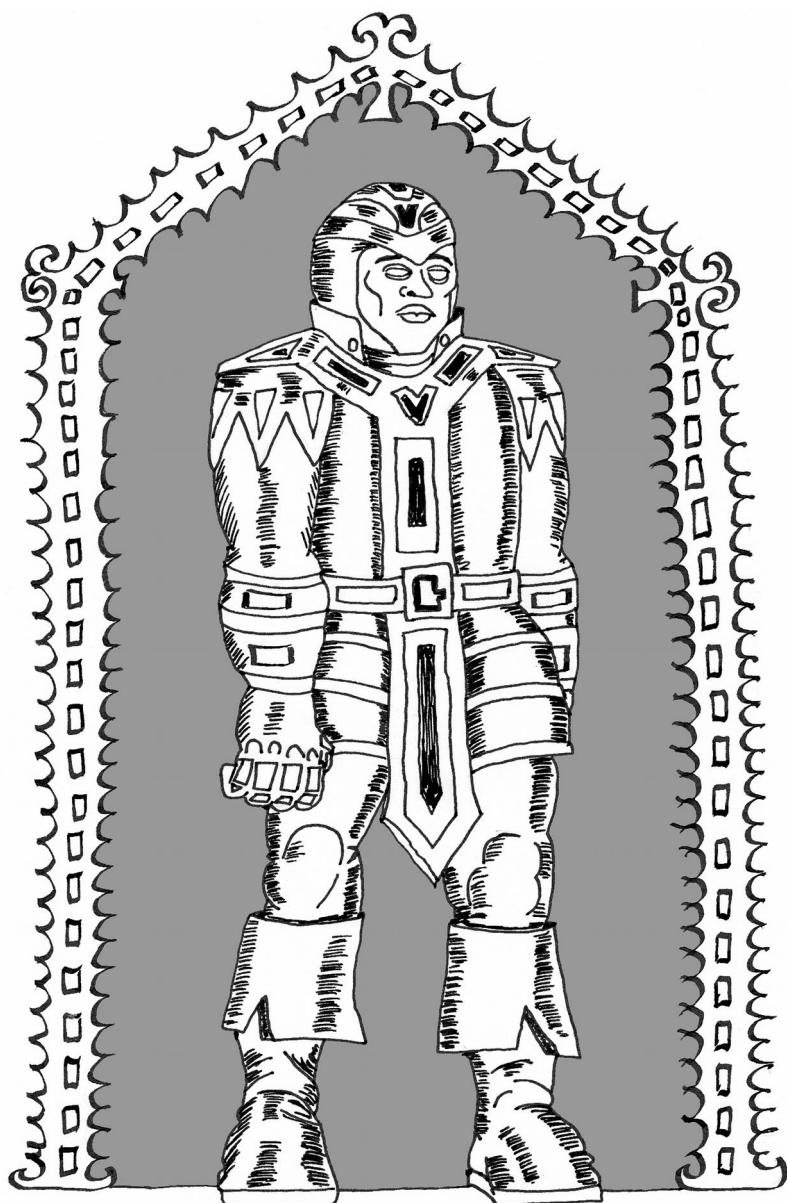
Courtyard, Ground Level



Battlements, Tower Level 1



1 square = 5 feet



3 An archway opening into a small sentry post. Just inside is a human-sized stone statue of a guardsman. It is motionless, but if touched, feels slightly warm. This is one of Akanza's animated statues. Initially, he will use it (and the identical one stationed at **4**) only to monitor the barbarians' actions as he doesn't want to 'spook' them. Once the barbarians move up to the next floor, the two statues will bar the huge double doors and stand guard in front of them to ensure nobody leaves the tower against Akanza's wishes.

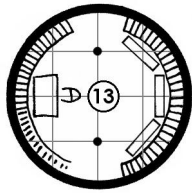
Animated Statue Move 60' (20') HD5
AC4 HP18 Fists x2 2d6/2d6 damage

4 An identical sentry post to the one at **3**, complete with statue.

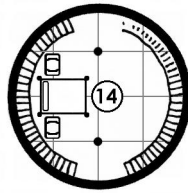
Animated Statue Move 60' (20') HD5
AC4 HP24 Fists x2 2d6/2d6 damage

5 A pair of large, rusting metal gates. The catch is rusted through, but a bash with a sword hilt or the back of an axe loosens it enough to free the gates. The gates drag in the dirt as they reluctantly open. There is a 20% chance that one of them will break away from its hinges as it is opened, which will result in a very

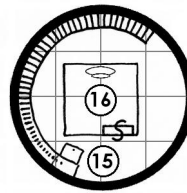
Tower Level 2



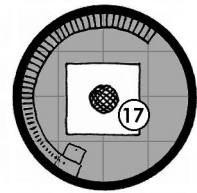
Tower Level 3



Tower Level 4



Tower Level 5



1 square = 5 feet

noisy crash as it hits the floor. Inside, the large room is instantly recognizable as a stable area. There are several stalls for horses and a large four-wheeled cart. The stable looks like it hasn't been used for decades and the various bits of tack in the place are worn and rotted.

6 In the past, this room was used as a storeroom for the tower. There are barrels, crates, rotted sacks, and other supplies all showing signs of decay and age. Things of possible use include oil, torches, candles, hammers, spikes, and hand axes. There is also plenty of rope, but a quick test will show it not to be safe to support a man's weight.

7 This room was used as a small kitchen. There is a small rusted stove and the remnants of a flue which used to carry away cooking smoke. Any evidence of food in the place has long since rotted to dust. Hidden up in the broken chimney is the reason there are no vermin to be found in the tower – A giant trapdoor spider has made its lair here, and lives off rats and other small creatures that find their way into the tower.

Giant Trapdoor Spider Move 120' (40') HD2 AC6 HP11 Bite (poisonous) 1d6 damage Surprises opponents on a roll of 1-5 (d6)

8 This appears to have served as a common-room for the tower's guards. There are three small tables and several chairs. A rack on the wall nearest the centre of the tower holds a selection of rusting weapons and there are several shields piled next to it on the floor.

9 An old bunk room, probably used by guards or

servants. The simple wooden cots are starting to fall apart and there are rotting remains of blankets and clothing scattered on the floor.

10 This looks like another guard room of sorts, there are more weapons, rusting chain mail, and a small table with two chairs.

11 The wide stairs from the courtyard rise up onto open battlements. There is a five-foot-high wall with arrow slits at 10 foot intervals. The whole tower is substantially built, but aesthetic choices have apparently outweighed defensive features of the design. The inner tower has smooth walls, save for patches where the render has fallen away. Walking round to the other side of the battlements reveals a single door as the only entrance to the structure. It is a large oak door with a design that echoes the main tower doors below. It has a large handle and a large keyhole but it is not locked. In fact, it is slightly ajar. It opens out onto the battlements with ease, if tried, and makes very little noise.

12 The door on the battlements leads to a single, circular room about 15 feet in diameter. The ceiling is supported by a pair of columns, which, unlike those in the courtyard below, are decorated with finely-carved patterns in the stone. To the left, there is a stone staircase that winds around the inside of the tower up to the next level. The wall opposite the door breaks where a section has been given over to create the required void over the stairs below. Against this flat section of wall is a large, ornate chair. It is cushioned with somewhat old and faded-looking red upholstery. Positioned either side of the chair facing the door, are two more stone

statues, identical in appearance to those at **3** and **4** and, as before, if touched, they will feel warm. The statues do not move until the barbarians have all reached the next level of the tower. Behind one of them, hanging from a hook on the wall, is the key to the door. The statue will take the key and lock the door, and then both statues will position themselves in readiness to block any attempt to exit.

2 Animated Statues Move 60' (20') HD5 AC4 HP21, 23 Fists x2 2d6/2d6 damage

13 The open stairs rise into another circular chamber and, after a level landing of a few feet, they continue on up to the level above. In addition to several more small, slit-shaped windows, this room has a larger window facing west. In front of it, is a desk and chair. The room has several bookcases that back on to the staircase. Each contains dozens of large books. There is a small fireplace that vents into a chimney, built into the wall of the tower. This is clearly a library, so it will probably be of little interest to the barbarians. The books are all non-magical reference texts covering a broad range of subjects.

14 This room has the same dimensions as the one on the level below, but no additional window. There is a large bed in the room, a small fireplace, and two trunks. The trunks are not locked. The first trunk contains clothing of very fine quality, and the second has a small stock of supplies including lamp oil, candles, parchment, several jars of powdered minerals and some bottles of wine.

15 The stairs end when they reach this level and at the top there is a large, open trapdoor. This is the highest level of the tower and it is open to the elements. The rain has fallen through the trapdoor opening and has drenched the first dozen or so steps. There is a low wall around the perimeter, giving clear views down to the battlements below and the thicket beyond. Thick, green moss grows unchecked wherever there is shade from the sun. Although there is no roof here, there is a structure covering the middle of the space. It is a smooth stone construction – a cube with sides of about eight feet. If it is a chamber or treasury, there is no clear way to gain entry. On top of the structure, is a dome-shaped metal cage about four feet in diameter. The cage looks to have been covered in stone, and rendered at one point, but most of this now lies as rubble on the floor. Closer inspection shows that

this may have been a recent occurrence as the cage shows no signs of rust, and the fallen stones are still clean and free of moss. If a character jumps, they can catch a glimpse of a bright, shining red object in the centre of the cage.

After a few seconds on this level, the party will be attacked by Akanza in wyvern form. He has been circling high above and will dive for an attack. This makes his approach fast and almost silent until the last few seconds. He will attempt to break up the party and draw out the fight until he can identify a suitable host for him to take over.

Wyvern (Akanza) Move 90' (30') or 240' (90') flying HD7 AC3 HP50 Bite, sting (poisonous) 2d8/2d8 damage

As soon as he sees an opportunity, or the instant the wyvern is killed, Akanza will attempt to take over either one of the NPC barbarians – or, if they are dead, or you decided not to use them, whichever barbarian is nearest to the secret door in the structure's wall. The LL should make a save versus Spells for the barbarian. If he fails it, then pass the player a note saying something like:

Your mind is suddenly snatched away from your body. You feel like you're floating in free space. In your mind everything appears red. You're trapped with no physical form and you get the feeling that there is something locked in with you. You may not make any actions.

If the barbarian makes his save, Akanza will attempt to possess (sequentially, as necessary) the next nearest character until he succeeds. At this point you'll need to decide how to conceal what is going on from the other players. You can say that the possessed barbarian feels dizzy and needs to rest for a minute, or that they trip and fall through a concealed door. Whatever happens, Akanza in barbarian form will spend two rounds opening the secret door, retrieving the key that is just inside the chamber, and, if no one is looking, closing the door as he re-emerges from the chamber. If the wyvern was not killed before Akanza's soul left it, the wyvern's own life force will be back in control. It will have no memory of how it got into the fight but will probably continue with it until it fails a morale check.

From this point on, the game should run its course.

Akanza's prime objective will be to retrieve the Sacred Heart crystal and escape, or, with the help of his statues, defeat the rest of the barbarians. Full details of the powers he has through use of the crystal are given below (see 17 and the subsequent note on the crystal). As LL, it is worthwhile giving some thought as to how you might rule on grappling, pinning and snatching the crystal from someone. Akanza will attempt to switch between hosts to keep the characters guessing, and will also make full use of his statues and the thicket to aid his escape and/or victory.

16 The small, concealed door opens into a stone chamber roughly six feet square. Standing upright against the far wall is Akanza's sarcophagus. It is made from finely-decorated stone and the cover has been cemented in place. It can be opened with an axe or hammer in 2d4 rounds, or smashed off in 1d2 rounds. If it is opened, then the lid comes away to reveal the well-preserved remains of an old man dressed in fine robes. If the lid is smashed off, then the body falls out on to the person that hit it. The room has several secret compartments which contain money, gems, various magic items, and Akanza's spellbook. They are all magically concealed and protected by glyphs. The barbarians will not be able to spot these, but if another party is being used, then the contents and exact nature of the protection is left to the LL to decide.

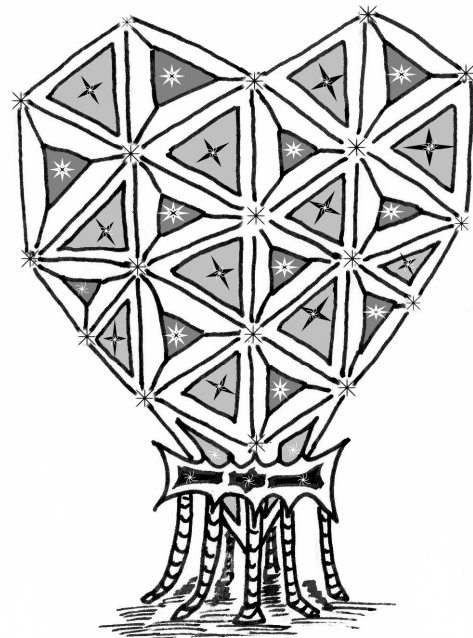
17 Characters can easily pull themselves up onto the roof of the stone structure. In the centre is the domed, metal cage that is securely fixed to the stone structure below. The cage is four feet across and three feet high in the centre. It is made from thick bars of blackened iron that show very little sign of rust. It has a small hatch made from the same material, and is secured with a large lock. The key for this lock is located just inside the sealed chamber below. Within the cage, on a metal stand, is a large, heart-shaped, gem-like crystal, about the size of a man's head. Even on this dull day, the crystal glimmers and shines as if under the full glare of the midday sun. On the floor, piled around the stand are hundreds of gold coins and every so often a red gem (372gp and 20 garnets worth 10-20gp each).

Anyone touching the cage, lock or crystal against Akanza's wishes will get an electrical shock and take 2d6 damage (save versus Spells for half

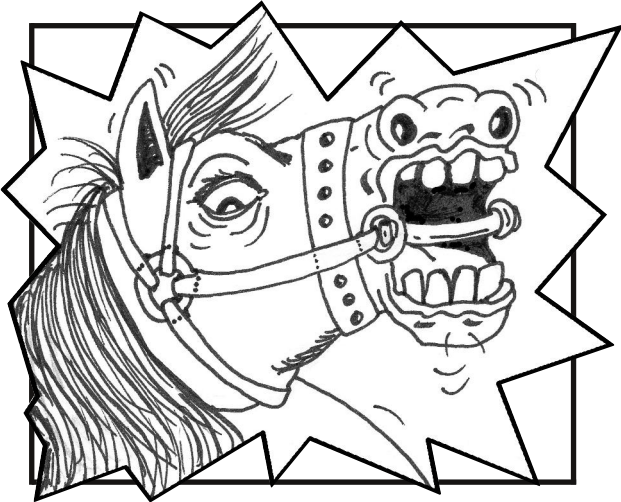
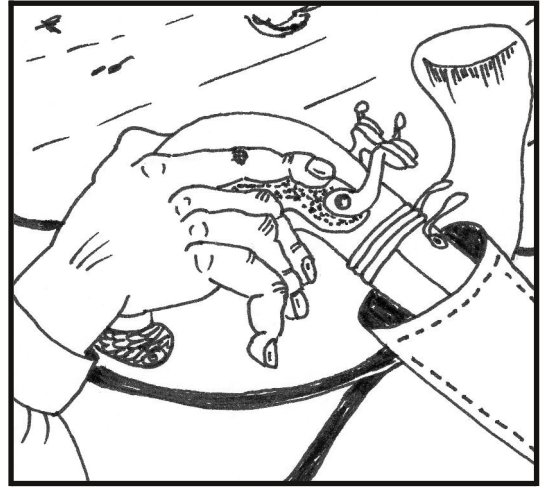
damage). This damage continues for every subsequent round that a character remains in contact with the object. If a character removes the crystal, they may attempt to destroy it by throwing it onto the stone floor below. On a roll of 1-3 on a d6 the crystal will shatter. If the crystal simply falls to the ground, rather than being forcefully thrown, it will only shatter on a roll of 1 on a d6. If Akanza's soul is fully in the crystal at the time it breaks, then it, too, will be destroyed. The crystal also provides the source of controlling power for the statues and thicket. At the moment it is destroyed, the thicket around the tower will no longer be able to entangle anyone who enters. The statues will revert to being plain, motionless statues once more. If Akanza's soul is in another body when the crystal is destroyed, then the soul of the body he has taken will be lost and Akanza will remain a permanent resident in the host body until it dies.

The Sacred Heart Crystal

This powerful crystal is the secret of Akanza's life after death. He is using it as a *magic jar* (LL p34) but it extends his powers far beyond the scope of the spell alone. He can attempt to take control of a body within 120' as per the spell (I house rule that the range does not extend through the thick stone walls and floors of the tower) allowing them a save versus Spells to resist. However, part of Akanza's life force remains in the crystal along with the soul of the host he has taken over. This allows him to maintain his link with the living thicket and the animated statues. He can sense all movement through the thicket and see through the eyes of the statues. He is very keen to keep the crystal, as it will greatly increase his power in his new life.



Present Arms! by Roland Depper



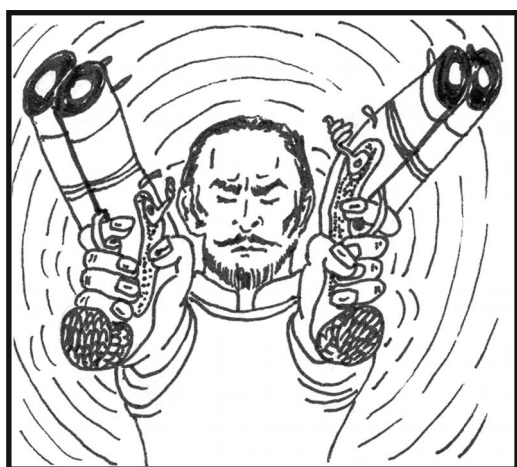
Was it just the twilight breeze through the ash grove, or was it something else? As Urgo stopped undoing the girth strap and slowly reached for the pistols sheathed at his saddle horn, he glanced about him at the tree-line.

Having made a swift retreat from his pursuers, Urgo was beginning to curse the lack of time he had to prepare for a few days in the wilds. A few more hours could have seen him properly equipped with a long-arm, preferably a rifled musket from Van Hopen's new workshops. Still, at least he was alive and had most of Basco's jewels still tied inside his britches.

The wind dropped suddenly as the treetops exploded into frantic swaying. Urgo had just turned and cocked his pistols when a fur-clad ball of tooth, talon and fury burst from the woods towards him. Five feet at the shoulder, blunt-headed and snorting like a bull, the Giant Wolverine bore down on the lone figure of the thief and his horse.

Urgo swallowed his shock and raised his pistols as the beast raced towards him. Flinching slightly, he closed his eyes and pulled all four triggers, causing his shots to go high over the Wolverine's head. Time seemed to slow as the smoke obscured his now wide-open eyes, and he fully expected that the next and last thing he would see, would be the creature. The smoke cleared as an eddy in the breeze lifted it away.

All Urgo could see of the beast were furrows gouged in the sward by its talons, and a crushed bush at the edge of the clearing, flattened in its escape from the noise, fire and smell of the four barrels in the thief's hands. Open-mouthed in amazement at his lucky escape, it began to dawn on Urgo that he was totally alone. Cursing the vagaries of his luck, he turned to follow the hoof prints of his fleeing horse.



Firearms and Monster Morale

These rules cover the effects that loud noises, fire and smoke will have on the wildlife in your LL game. Your game world will dictate how much they affect humanoids, but wild animals should always be scared to some degree or another by firearms. This fear may cause animals to freeze, to panic and flee, or even to stampede towards the firer.

Not surprisingly, neither Undead nor insects are affected by any fear of firearms. That is unless you feel that the smoke from burning black powder would drive off insects in a confined space. I don't think reptiles would be affected either, except larger cousins such as Wyverns.

I have tried to work out a general, basic formula that can be applied to all wild animals, but this does not take into account such factors as intelligence or belligerence. Whilst higher intelligence may raise general morale, it could

lower the reaction base against firearms. As in the basic rules, I would advise adding +2 to -2 to a roll dependant on the factors above.

The basic formula for arriving at a firearms reaction level (FRL) is to halve HD and Morale stats and add them together. Any fractions should be rounded down. Thus an Owlbear would have its HD and morale halved and rounded down to arrive at an FRL of 6. The LL would roll 2d6 as per normal morale and if the FRL was exceeded would make a judgement as to what should happen next.

Suggestions would be that beasts such as Giant Rats would flee, never to be seen again, whilst Wolves would withdraw, but possibly continue to stalk their prey. Rhinos would stampede in a random direction whilst creatures such as Bears, Dire Wolves and Owlbears would either turn tail and run, or be enraged to the point that they become berserk engines of death. Or rather – angrier berserk engines of death!

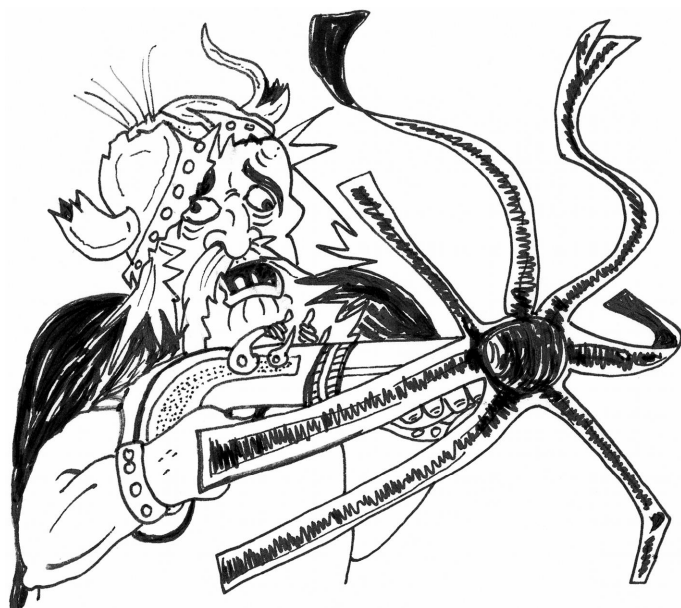
Misfires

Whenever the trigger is pulled there is a chance a black powder weapon will misfire. Even those of exceptional quality can be affected by bad powder, overloading, or misshapen ammunition. The result of the misfire could be affected by the quality of a weapon so that no catastrophically disastrous result is possible with a well crafted piece.

To determine if your gun misfires, roll a percentage dice whenever you make a to hit roll. The chance that it misfires is up to your LL. I'd make the average quality gun have an 8% chance and a poor quality weapon a 10% chance. Better quality weapons would have a 5% chance. Despite being of excellent quality, your gun may misfire because of bad ammunition or powder. Don't forget a damp atmosphere will play havoc with powder!

If you suffer a misfire, roll a d10 and consult the misfire table. Results may be adjusted to reflect the quality level of the weapon. A suggestion would be by -2 for poorer weapons and +2 for excellent, with no adjustment for average guns. A misfire doesn't necessarily mean a missed shot, thus the percentage roll alongside the to hit roll.

Just remember, contrary to popular belief, black powder weapons were not unreliable. Each barrel on a multi-barrelled gun is treated as a separate gun with regards to any effects that prevent firing.



Misfire Results Table

Roll 1d10

If an adjusted roll is higher than 10 then the misfire has been avoided. If an adjusted roll is lower than 1 then treat it as a 1.

1 *Dodgy ammo:* Misshapen ammunition causes the weapon to explode doing its full damage roll +2 to all those within 10'. It is destroyed beyond repair. The target is only hit if it is within the 10'.

2 *Flashback:* Overly fine powder causes a flashback doing half damage to the firer and blinding him for 1d6 rounds. The to hit roll counts as normal, but the gun is fouled and will take 1d4 turns to clean.

3 *The powder is fouled:* The gun will not fire and needs to be unloaded, cleaned and reloaded. This will take 1d6 turns.

4 *Jammed:* The gun is jammed through dirt in the mechanism. It must be unloaded to prevent accidental discharge and can then be cleaned. It is out of action for 1d4 turns.

5 *Broken flint:* The flint breaks or the slow match snaps, requiring another to be fitted. This will take 1 turn.

6 *Overloaded:* Too much powder was used: The gun fires at +1 damage per dice, but is too hot to load for 1 turn.

7 *Flash in the pan:* The priming powder ignites, but the main charge does not fire. The pan may be re-primed at the cost of one charge of powder in the next round and be fired normally the round after.

8 *Going off half-cocked:* The gun was not cocked correctly. It may be fired normally in the next round.

9 *Half charge:* The powder used was either weak or not enough was used. The gun discharges normally, but only does half damage and ranges are halved.

10 *Wrong ammunition:* The wrong calibre of ball was loaded and thus pressure was lost. Damage is halved, but range is normal.

Grenades

Grenades are small ceramic pots containing powder and shot or other shrapnel. They have a fuse protruding from a cork or bung in the top. The fuse length can be made to burn for half a round upwards. In theory, grenades can be placed like mini-bombs with several rounds worth of fuse attached to allow the placer to escape. They are thick walled to allow good compression for an explosion and to prevent them shattering if they land on a hard surface.

Damage, cost, weight and other variables are up to the LL in your campaign, but a sample grenade could weigh 1lb, cost 5gp and do 3d6 damage. The ranges would be the same as a hand axe at 10'/20'/30'. The area of effect would be full within 10' and 1d6 damage to those between 10' to 15' from the point of explosion. Grenades can also be dropped from heights, but they will shatter without exploding if they land on a hard surface over 40' below the user.

To throw a grenade you do not need to hit an armour class, as you aren't testing your skill against an armoured opponent. You are, however, testing your hand/eye co-ordination. The basic to hit roll is against armour class 9, but is adjusted by the following, as well as normal missile to hit adjustments due to lighting, range, dexterity, etc. These adjustments are cumulative, so a five-person melee on a smooth flagstone floor means the thrower will be at -8 to land the grenade on target. Feel free to tweak these numbers.

Smooth floor -6 (flagstones, rock shelf, etc.)

Wet mud +2 (-1 damage per dice)

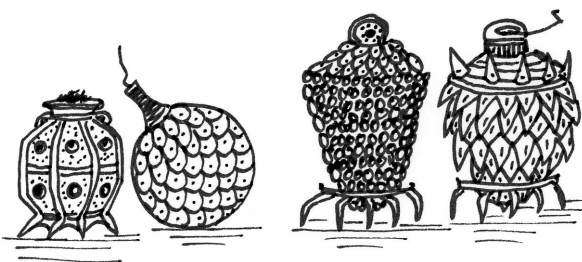
Sand -3

Furniture in the way -2 to -4

Low branches -2

Thick undergrowth -3 to -5

More than four people in a melee -2 per extra person (ever tried throwing a ball through a crowd of moving legs?)



What happens when you miss? Well, then the grenade will scatter...

Set a point in the direction that you are throwing as 1, and then, using the template below, roll 1d8, and count clockwise to the resulting number to decide the direction of travel. Note the amount by which you missed your to hit roll, and then use the following table to determine how far the scattered grenade travels.

Scatter Template



Missed by:

1-3 Scatter = 1d3 feet

4-6 Scatter = 1d4+1 feet

7-10 Scatter = 1d6 feet

11+ Scatter = 1d10 feet

If your fuse was set to burn for two or more rounds, then continue to apply the above scatter distance every round until detonation occurs. If there are objects in the way, then bounce the grenade back the opposite way...

Orc-Repellent Grenades

These 3" diameter small, green, clay pots are filled with normal powder plus a special ingredient. The extra ingredient is Bort Slug. The slugs are dried and ground down to a fine powder.

When the grenade detonates, it does 1d6 damage to anyone within 10', but it also creates a cloud of burnt slug. The smell of this will cause nausea to any Orc kin within 30' who fail to make a save versus Poison. The cloud spreads from the point of detonation at 15' a round. A strong wind will dissipate it in three rounds, but until then, no Orc will willingly enter the cloud. If the saving throw is failed, the nausea causes the Orcs to double over, coughing and retching for 2-5 rounds. They will be helpless to do anything except crawl away at $\frac{1}{4}$ movement rate. If the cloud is released in an enclosed space it will settle after 2-20 rounds, if left undisturbed. If any Orc makes the saving throw, they will do their utmost to get away from the cloud and will have to make another save every round they remain in the cloud. To all other races it is simply a green cloud that blocks line of sight.

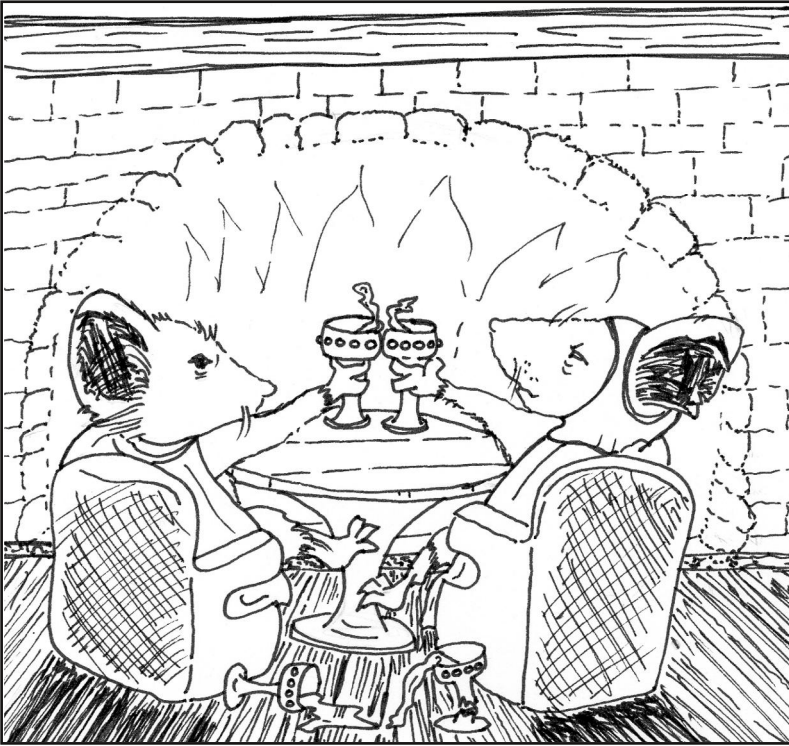
Next time: The Monsters Fight Back – and a selection of Specialist Items.

MOUSE WATCH

SUMMER 2010 - THE EVE OF WAR

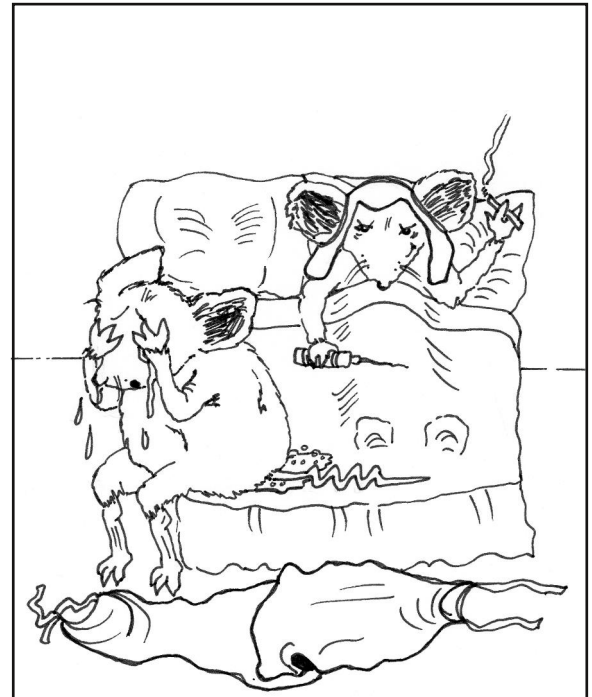
HANNIBAL AND NIBS, THE WATCH'S FINEST, CELEBRATE THEIR LAST NIGHT OF FREEDOM: THEY DRINK 'TIL THE EARLY HOURS...

...THEY ENGAGE IN MICELY RITES OF PASSAGE...



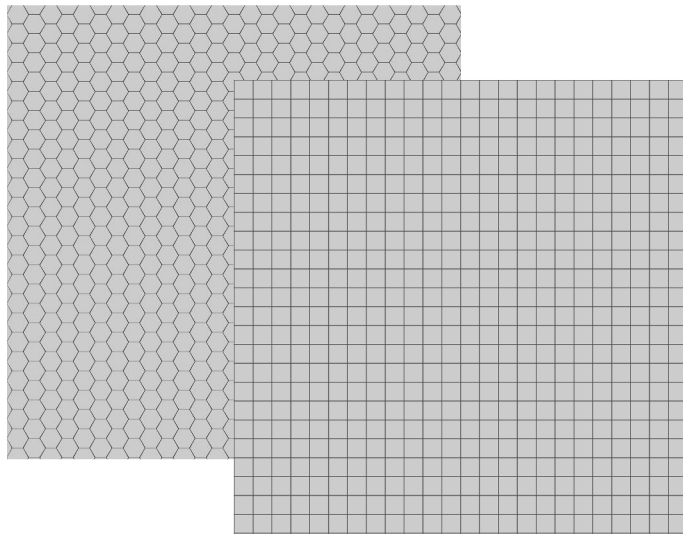
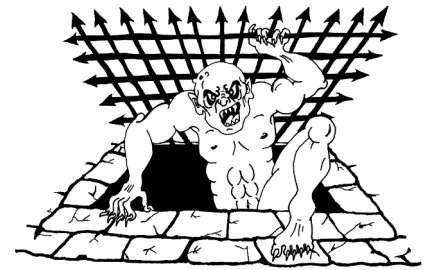
...BUT THE NIGHT DOES NOT END...

...WITHOUT A FEW REGRETS...



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.



One Monk Miniatures – Printable PDF Figures
www.onemonk.com \$ free

I enjoy using miniatures whilst gaming, but, like many gamers, only have a limited collection and often struggle to represent many of the monsters needed for my games. Invariably, when my players encounter 24 giant rats, they'll see 24 little counters, dice, M&Ms (please stop eating the rats) – or whatever – on the tabletop to represent them.

Thankfully, there is now a huge choice of printable, stand-up figures available. One of my favourite ranges is by *One Monk Miniatures*. Until recently, their PDF sheets of monsters and characters were sold for a dollar or two each, but now they've made the surprising move of making the whole range free of charge for download. And what a range it is! There are extensive fantasy and sci-fi sets of characters, monsters, undead, aliens, robots, etc. *One Monk* also have an active forum which I will be making good use of in the future. It's packed with useful ideas and links to online resources. Members of the *One Monk* forum are encouraged to submit their own figure designs, which are collated into monthly collections, also available for downloading from the *One Monk* site.

To date, the adventures in *Oubliette* have come with their own set of PDF figures for all the pre-generated characters and monsters required for play. Now that there is such a superb resource already available for free online, I will limit my counters to just the core characters and the occasional new monster or NPC.

Battlemat – Tabletop Gaming Accessory
Chessex Manufacturing Prices start at \$22.98

Despite the potential to have the shortest review ever, the Battlemat is a worthy product that reeks of the old school. I've been unable to track down my original Battlemat from the 1980's, but thankfully, one of my friends made the sound investment of ordering a brand new one.

Chessex now make the mats in three sizes: Battlemat 26" x 23½" (66cm x 60cm), Megamat 34½" x 48" (88cm x 122cm) and Mondomat 54" x 102" (137cm x 259cm). These come with squares on one side and hexes on the other.

Our version is a standard-sized battlemat with 1" squares and hexes, and as soon as my non-permanent marker touched the surface, it felt like I'd come home. The tower map in this month's adventure fits perfectly on to a Battlemat and you can expect more features with maps designed to be Battlemat-friendly in future issues. A truly excellent product. 9/10



Legend of the Seeker - TV Show
abc / Disney

Based on *The Sword of Truth* series of books by Terry Goodkind, *Legend of the Seeker* chronicles the adventures of Richard Cypher (the Seeker and wielder of the Sword of Truth), Kahlan Amnell (a Confessor) and Zeddicus Zu'l Zurander (Wizard of the First Order), who strive to prevent inveterate baddie and evil Emperor of D'Hara, Darken Rahl, from unleashing ancient and terrifying powers.

The first episode of Season One opens with an absolute corker of an establishing scene. The chase on horseback of Kahlan and her sister by D'Haran soldiers is nothing short of epic. From the girls' beautifully-photographed flowing robes, trailing in slow motion seductively behind them, their long hair a swirling mass of hair-commercial perfection, to the arrow that slices through the air kissing the top of Kahlan's head, this is an opening scene that promises extraordinary narrative and sumptuous camera work.

Alas, the narrative soon slows to what one might expect of a *Hercules* or *Xena* episode, which, once you realize that the budget was blown on the beginning sequence, and have managed your expectations accordingly, need not necessarily dent your enjoyment. The fight sequences throughout *Legend of the Seeker* are uniformly excellent, and an illustrator's *personal moment* fantasy. Richard Cypher flails bravely against increasingly dangerous odds, Kahlan heaves magnificently, garments and hair floating with gorgeous abandon whilst she despatches all who threaten her quest. And Zeddicus – dear, dear Zeddicus – mad eyes

blazing, tortured nostrils flaring and frightening teeth bared, burns and explodes his way through the expendable D'Harans who leap into his path.

This is drivel of the highest order. I did not cease to be entertained by each episode of Season One – which had a decent amount of drive and suspense. Season Two – hmmm. The main problem was that Richard was on a quest of paramount importance, but did not scruple to stop and occasionally head in the opposite direction to assist any person who happened to cross his path. The addition of one leather-wearing Cara Mason, Mord'Sith, ageil-poking Mistress of Pain, provides a decent amount of distraction from this obvious flaw. However, the dressing of Kahlan in leathers in an attempt to up the *sexy stakes*, rankled somewhat. Kahlan's thigh-high boots, split leather skirt and exposed floppage irritated me almost as much as her weight loss throughout the show, undertaken, no doubt, to prepare herself for a size 0 role in Hollywood. Very sad. The introduction of the Sisters of Light presented an uncomfortable premise in that our hero gets to beat up and kill admittedly villainous and deadly women. Some bright spark sought to allay the brutality of the slaughter of the Sisters of Dark by veiling them. Cover their faces! Genius! It is, after all, a televisual law that faceless entities are entirely expendable.

Disappointingly, *Legend of the Seeker* has been cancelled, although there is a *Save Our Seeker* campaign already in motion. Whatever my gripes, I thoroughly enjoy well-made tosh and this should have been given a third season, so that it could wear out its welcome properly.



LEGEND OF THE SNEAKER

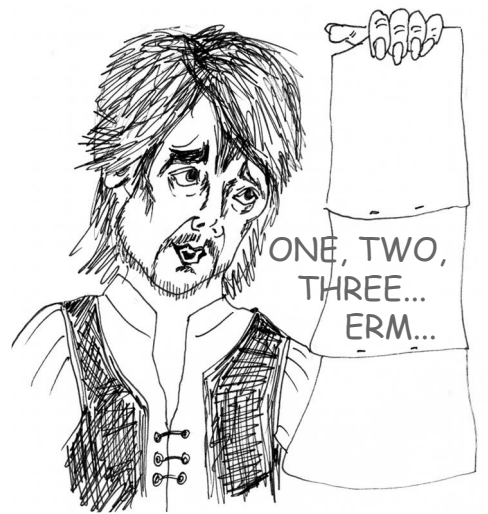
RICHARD SLIDER... YOU ARE THE TRUE SNEAKER...



...YOUR POWERS ARE LEGENDARY...



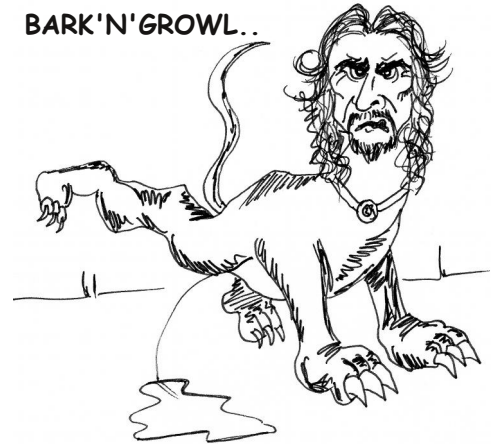
...YOU CAN READ THE ANCIENT SCROLL OF COUNTING MARROWS...



...YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH OF MANY...



...YOU BATTLE THE EVIL BARK'N' GROWL...



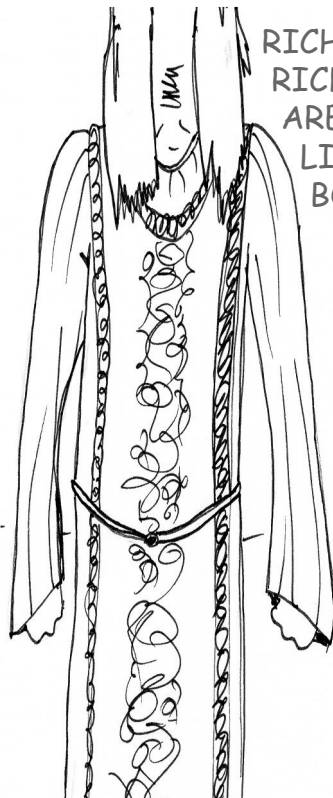
...YOU WIELD THE SWORD OF...



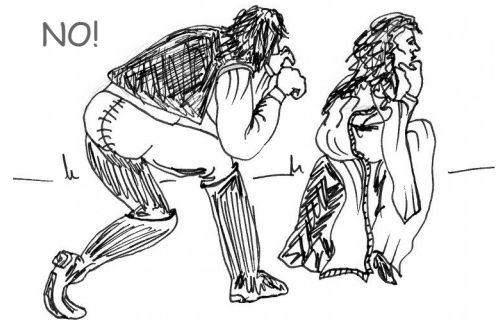
...AND HIS DEVOTED BORED'STIFF...



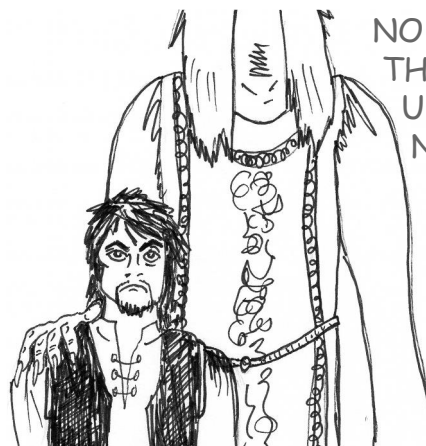
RICHARD? RICHARD? ARE YOU LISTENING BOY?



NO!



NO BOY, THE MOTHER UNDRRESSER IS NOT FOR YOU!

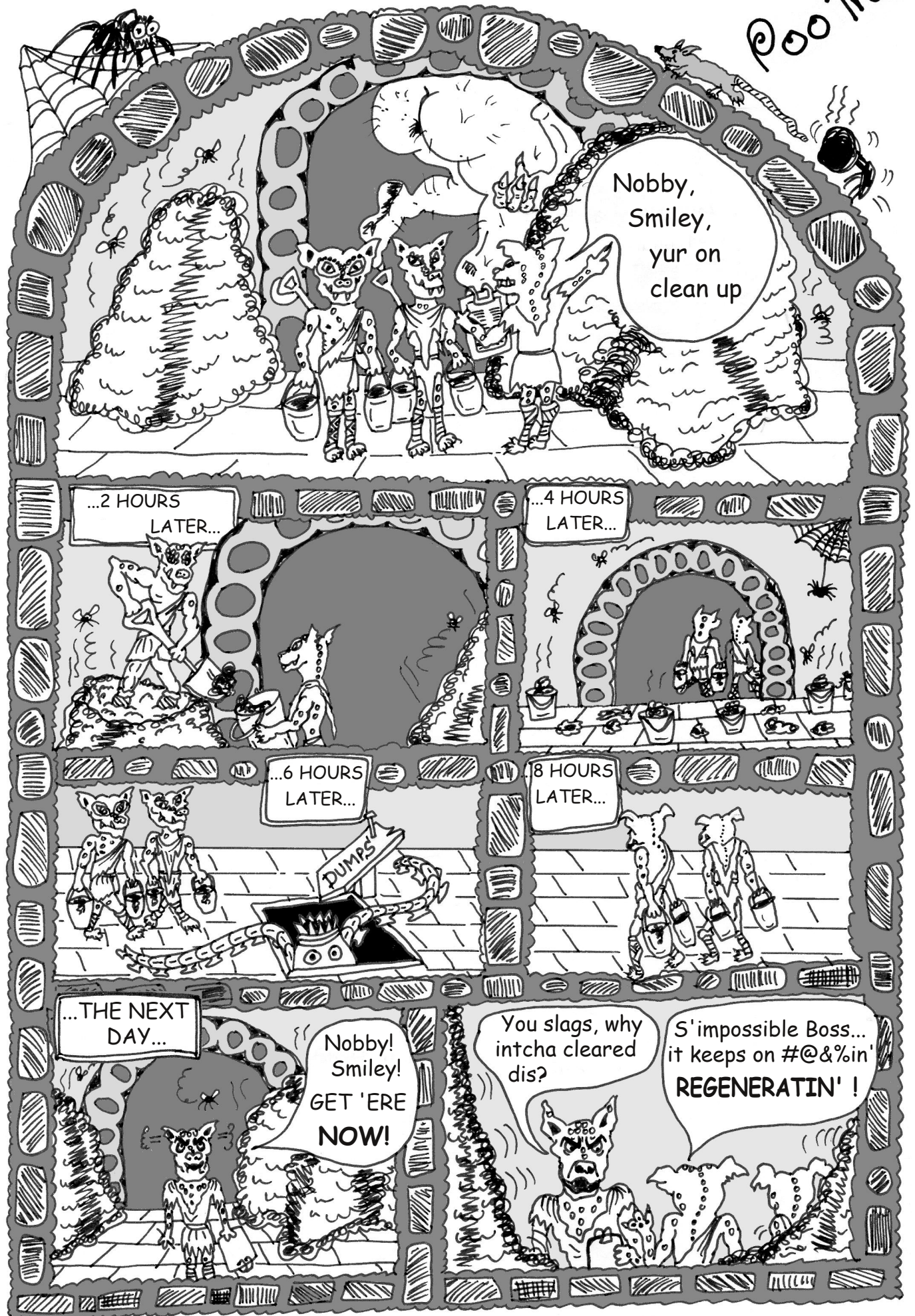


FIND OUT WHY NEXT TIME...

ONLY IN OUBLIETTE!

TALES FROM HELL - Bucket Patrol

poop Troll!





THE SONG OF SITHAKK

Translated By Elk Runnymede

PART III: The Joys of Conversation

High in the sky, the moon shone brightly, casting hard-edged shadows across the track. Sithakk urged the black stallion on, ever northward to where the Pole Star hung like an unwavering point of brittle glass in the vast coldness above. An hour's exhilarating ride had put good distance between Sithakk and the embers of his latest encounter with the Sylvmorten. He slowed the horse, noting with approval that it breathed easily, and decided that it was time to seek out a resting place for the night.

"I will guide you," said the voice, in a heavily accented version of Central Dwarvish. Sithakk started, his great sword already half drawn. He

moved his mount forward into a swift canter and continued down the track, searching the forest for any movement.

"I will guide you," said the voice once more. Sithakk bared his teeth. The track divided. Sparks flew from the well-shod hooves of the stallion as it clattered round a bend to the right, and galloped out of the forest into an area of grassland. Now there was no cover for either Sithakk or whoever followed him. He swung the horse round to face the direction whence they had come. The dark track of their passage through the long grass was clearly marked. Sithakk surveyed the scene, alert and ready.

"I will guide you," said the voice quietly, insistently. Sithakk looked around wildly, brandishing his sword aggressively above his head.

"Show yourself," he snarled.

"Quietly, my Lord," said the voice.

“Foul witchcraft and devilry!” bellowed Sithakk. Standing in his stirrups, he glared at the forest with straining eyes while the hair on the back of his neck prickled. And then the ribs of the stallion started to quiver and shake, and a deep, hollow laugh echoed inside Sithakk’s head.

“I agree,’ said the voice,“ but it is visited upon me rather than you, for I was not always a horse! The voice you hear is within your head. Only my master can hear it, and you are now he.” Sithakk was staggered. “Walk backwards,” he commanded, and it was so. “Now circle to the left.”

It took several minutes before Sithakk was convinced that he and the horse could speak to each other, but indeed it was true.

“Who are you, and how came you in this condition?” demanded Sithakk, dismounting.

“I am Ethelwynn, Prince of the Elvensmerts. Nearly ten years ago, the Hagelgots captured me in battle, far towards the sunrise and the north. They sold me into slavery to their southern neighbours, these treacherous Sylvmorten, and thus I toiled, anonymous, on the estate of a rich Sylvmortan noble for two long years.

“At last, a chance presented itself, and I escaped, only to be re-captured by the soldiers of the Sylvmortan King. I was to be executed, but the King had a use for me. For the entertainment of his guests he had Dydrunga, his ally, the evil Warlock, the destroyer of souls, cast a polymorphic spell on a condemned prisoner ... and so it was that I, Ethelwynn the Strong, the future of his people, was transformed into a horse.” Sithakk growled in anger.

“Soon thereafter, I was given as a gift to Maglic, who had healed the wife of the King.

“But he never knew I could speak, the slimy, fawning snake. Whenever we were in crowds, I would swear at him in Sylvmortan so that he believed the common people hated him. Sometimes he would lash out at them with his whip ... and so after a time, he was indeed hated, even by those who might otherwise have kissed his hand.”

“I have heard of these polymorph spells, such as afflict you,’ said

Sithakk, ‘but those who suffer them are as beasts with no language.’”

“That is so ... but Dy-drunga was ... d-drunk. His spell was a little flawed.”

Sithakk gave a semblance of a smile.

“Where are we going?” asked Ethelwynn, not unreasonably.

“North. Directly towards the Pole Star. It is life or death for me. I have the Death Snake.”

“I would hear more,’ said Ethelwynn. “But let us go, lest we be set upon. There is a cave two or three hours from here where Maglic would rest and break his journey when he ventured north. It will serve your purpose well.”

So it was, that at last, they found the entrance to a cave through a maze of boulders, at the bottom of a cliff, behind an old and stunted oak. And when the horse had been watered and fed from the hidden store, Sithakk lay down on the straw and slept the dreamless sleep, trusting himself held in Destiny’s palm, as every young warrior must.



They ate again, when the morning sun warmed the cave-mouth. And while yet the dew lay glistening on the grass they were away, away to the north, out of the forest, and into the rocky hill country, skirting the mountains of Hodin through pass and river valley.

Sithakk found that he had but to think, and Ethelwynn understood. When they stopped to rest and eat at noon, Sithakk discovered that their conversation was still just possible at a distance of five hundred paces.

“You will improve,” said Ethelwynn confidently. “I believe it may be possible to converse at double that distance, for when Maglic was enraged, I could comprehend snatches of his thought at perhaps a thousand paces.” Before they continued their journey, Sithakk went to a small stream, warmed some water, and prepared a cupful of dye from the herbs in his rucksack.

“Why should a young man die his hair grey?” inquired Ethelwynn. “It will not increase his wisdom by so much as a hair’s breadth.”

“No, but he may live longer,” said Sithakk. “Only Maglic owns a fine black stallion. Of all the dwarves, only Maglic of the grey hair and the

gold-flecked cloak, has right of free passage in the land of the Sylvmorten.”

“You are right, of course. I should have thought to warn you.”

“Then always do so,” said Sithakk, “for by Hrath and all things Holy, our fates are surely intertwined.”

The journey continued. Sithakk was tense, feeling simultaneously exposed and confined by the terrain.

The narrow path they followed took them down a steep hillside, then veered sharply to the left between two large boulders, opening up into a flat and rock-strewn area of weedy shrub and thistle. They were proceeding slowly across it, when from the other side, two Sylvmorten officers appeared, their horses moving at a slow walk. Behind them, a troop of twenty-five or thirty foot-soldiers straggled into view.

There was no alternative. The path led Sithakk straight into them. The silence was palpable as the distance closed between the lone horseman and the troop. At a distance of twenty paces the senior Sylvmortan officer lifted his hand. His troop



halted. Sithakk continued to approach and drew his mount to a stop. two paces from the leader.

“Where are you going ... and what is your business here ... DWARF?” demanded the officer. Sithakk surveyed him flintily.

“He is only a Richtdede,” said Ethelwynn, “a pumped up boot-licker.”

“Let me pass,” said Sithakk, with haughty condescension.

“What! Who the hell are you?”

“I am Maglic fon Merkan ... (‘protected of the King,’ whispered Ethelwynn in Sylvmortan) ...

protected of the King!” snarled Sithakk. He advanced and thrust the golden seal ring beneath the officer’s nose. “How dare you, a mere Richtdede, ask me my business. Now ... let me pass ... or you are finished ... all of you.”

The officer's eyes bulged and veins stood out on his kneck.

“Zieghur!” he cried. “I meant no offence. I could not have known ...” and turning to his men he shouts: “Clear the path for His Honour, you pigs. Forgive me Zieghur. You will understand, of course ...”

Sithakk dismissed him with an airy wave of his hand. Erect and scornful of bearing, Sithakk rode the stallion straight down the middle of the path, so that the troop was cleft in twain, scrabbling in the dust, and without looking back he proceeded slowly and majestically on his way.

“That is the way it must be,” said Ethelwynn. “The mountains are crawling with soldiers, and there can be no avoiding them.”

It was late in the afternoon when Sithakk heard a noise above the whistle of the rising wind: a drifting of small stones down a scree in front of them, as if rocks had been disturbed above. They paused, and then rose up around them on hilltop and crag, a company of Sylvmorten numbering sixty or more, and again, two officers and a group of foot-soldiers barring the way ahead.

“The senior officer is young to have so much rank,” observed Ethelwynn. “He wears the uniform of a Tusend-rica ... He has the authority to command a thousand men.”

Sithakk rode right up to the commander. Easily and confidently, he said, in the form prepared for him by Ethelwynn, “May Cyclop smile on you, my Lord. How may I be of service to the Tusend-rica?”

“First, I must know your name and purpose,” said the officer with gravity, and a quizzical raising of an eyebrow.

“I am Maglic fon Merkan, protected of the King,” replied Sithakk, and holding to the previous formula, he extended his left hand with the seal ring.

“Zieghur,” said the Tusend-rica, briefly inclining his head in a gesture of respect. He smiled, and switched with formality and politeness to the Dwarvish dialect: “We have recently experienced problems with bandits in these hills and mountains. We are therefore patrolling with increased vigilance, to ensure the safety of all our citizens, and all those beloved of our people.” Sithakk listened attentively, looking only at the Tusend-rica, who continued: “I must therefore ask you to accompany me to a place of safety for the night, and tomorrow, I shall arrange for an escort to see you safely on your way.”

“I thank you,” said Sithakk graciously, “but I would seek to cause you no inconvenience.”

“Indeed, Zieghur, but my duty is clear. You are protected of the King, and the requirement upon me is absolute. The fury of the King would fall upon me if I did not protect his chosen, even at the cost of Your Honour’s ... inconvenience.”

“Duty is the master of us all,” conceded Sithakk.

The sun was setting midst angry, red, scudding clouds as the company approached a massive, fortified structure situated in a basin between the peaks of nine hills. The enormous doors gaped open, and, as they entered, Sithakk noted that the watchtowers were armed with sentries and archers facing both within and without.

“What is this place?” enquired Sithakk.

“A prison and a quarry, where those who have disturbed the peace of the King may learn the joys of control through the virtues of labour. But we have good accommodations for the righteous, be assured.”

The company was dismissed; the horses stabled.

“Come,” said the Tusend-rica, and he led Sithakk to a richly-furnished ante-room on the second floor of the main building. “Let me ask you to wait here.” He gestured to a comfortable chair at the long table, “I must report to the Micht-rica,” and, turning to the soldiers who had followed them: “See that our guest has wine.”

“A large tankard of water will suffice,” said Sithakk, as his host knocked and entered at an ornate door on the far side of the room. Faintly through the mass of the door, Sithakk heard the

exchange of greetings, and a muffled conversation which lasted some little time. Then, the door opened abruptly and into the room came a tall, slim, well-muscled Sylvmortan, clothed in silks with much golden braid, and with a glittering sword at his side.

“Disarm him,” snapped the silken one, “and guard him well!” And Sithakk felt a sword at the back of his neck, and looked right to see another guard with uplifted blade at the ready. Sithakk ceded his sword, frowning in displeasure.

“Micht-rica Listwela, our illustrious commander,” said the Tusend-rica with a quick, formal bow to his master.

“Is this how you treat your guests?” demanded Sithakk, addressing the Micht-rica in a voice of thunder.

“Only when they are liars, killers and thieves,” responded the Micht-rica, enraged.

“I have you now – Sithakk.”
Sithakk jolted forward.

“You are Sithakk ut Isarnthrum, vicious leader of a marauding gang of swine who have mercilessly slaughtered up to forty of our comrades in ambushes and surprise attacks over the last two days, and burnt down the fine house of one of our citizens.”

“You fool!” spat Sithakk, his face alive with fury and scorn. “You gilded cockerel! You compound your insults with wild accusations and utter stupidity. When the King learns, you shall pay for this ...”

“The King! The King! Do you think we are idiots?” screamed the Micht-rica, frothing at the mouth.

“Yes!” roared Sithakk, standing, despite the swords at his throat, and leaning across the table, “For I am ... protected of the King!” He brought his left fist slowly up so that the Micht-rica could see the glinting seal on the golden ring.

“Give that to me!” Sithakk froze. “Let me see that!” And so Sithak removed the ring and tossed it down on the table. The Micht-rica seized it. He examined it intently.

“As reported ... I thought it might be genuine,” said the Tusend-rica.

“It has the weight of gold, but I fear that you have been deceived,” said the Commander with a stare that silenced his subordinate.

“Have you never before seen the King’s seal, you inflated yokel?” ground out Sithakk. “Am I to believe that there is not a single document ... in this benighted pile of excrement that is your

domain ... to which the King’s seal is affixed?”

“Enough!” commanded the Micht-rica. Then, with a twisted smile he produces two small scraps of paper. “This morning, a white dove arrived from our barracks at Fennfeld, a day’s march south-east of here. It bore this message: *‘Our agent reports he is host to Sithakk ut Isarnthrum, leader of gang of dwarvish renegades who have slaughtered a troop of our soldiers in the borderlands. We have despatched a troop to investigate.’*

And this afternoon, arrived from that same base: *‘Investigating troop found massacred. Our agent’s house discovered burned to the ground. We have additional Sylvmortan bodies and that of one dwarf. Our agent believed dead.’*”

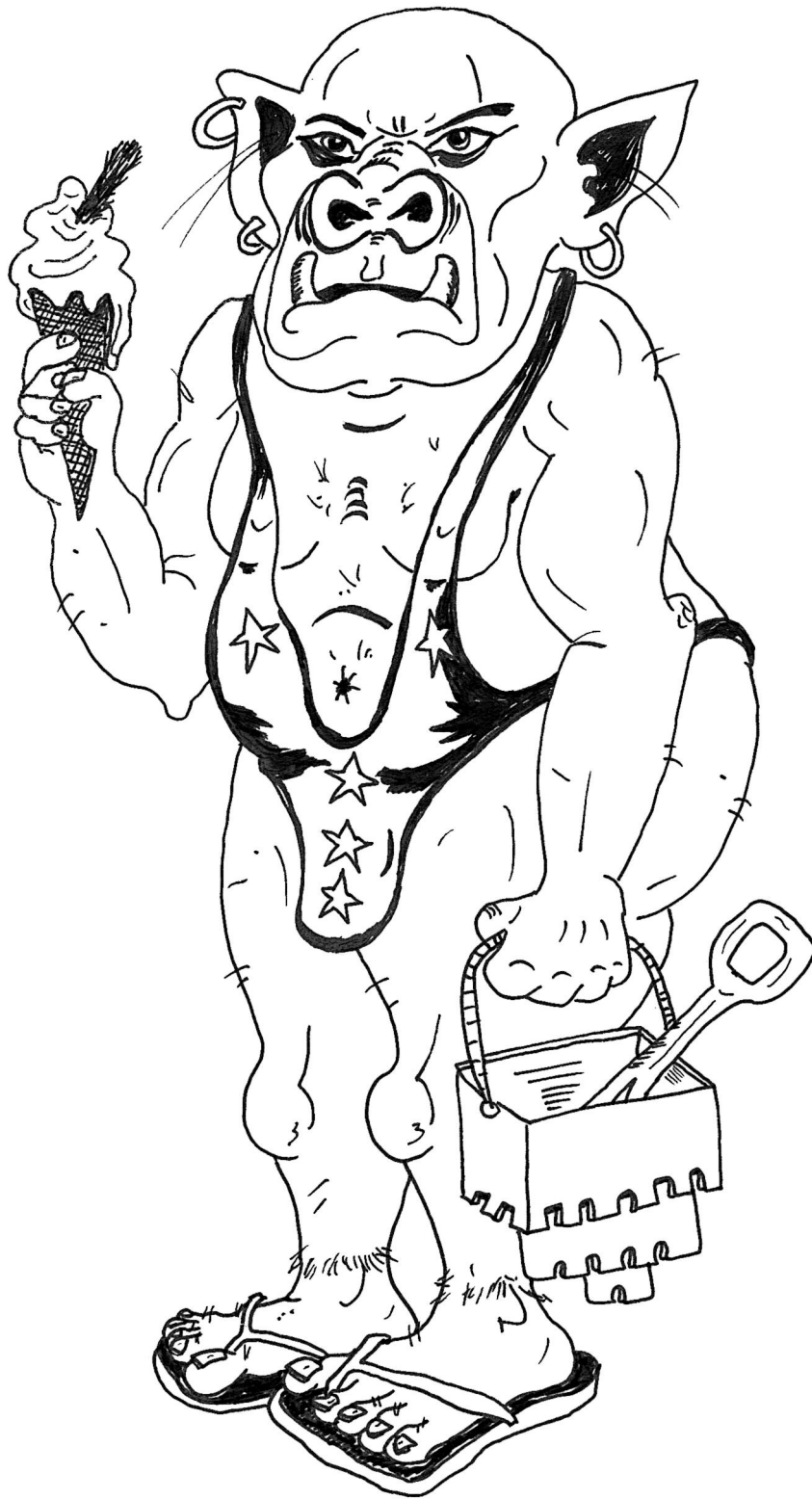
“You fool,” said Sithakk. “I am the agent of whom they speak. The dwarvish body is that of Sithakk, whom I poisoned. I am skilled with herbs, protected of the King for curing his dying Queen. I, Maglic the dwarf, escaped alone, for when the dwarves attacked, your soldiers instructed me escape, to go north, in fulfilment of their duty of protection. And here I am, set upon by those whose obligation it is to defend me.”

The Micht-rica was purple with suppressed rage. “I do not believe a word of these lies!” he shrieked “Take him and throw him into the night-cells with his quarry-working bretheren. We will show him what happens to thieves, murderers and outlanders who have no respect for their betters.”

“For this,” said Sithakk, “you will surely die – either by my hand, or on the instructions of the King you dishonour.”

Thus to the stinking cells went Sithakk, stripped of the black cloak flecked with gold, stripped of his dwarvern clothes, clad only in the filthy linens of servitude.

Even a Great Orc Chieftan needs a vacation



Look out for Oubliette Issue 4
later in the summer!

Supplemental Material

The following 11 pages contain extras for use with this month's adventure. They comprise:

One sheet of full-colour PDF Heroes – 25mm scale, printable, cardstock figures.

Nine 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.

As the barbarian characters do not have any special abilities listed, these should be agreed for each character with the LL before the game begins. For full details of all the potential barbarian skills and abilities players should refer to *The Barbarian* class rules found in this issue (pages 5-7).

The characters provided are equipped with only basic weapons and armour. Additional equipment may be added subject to LL approval but it will be limited to the supplies one might expect to be available in a small barbarian settlement.

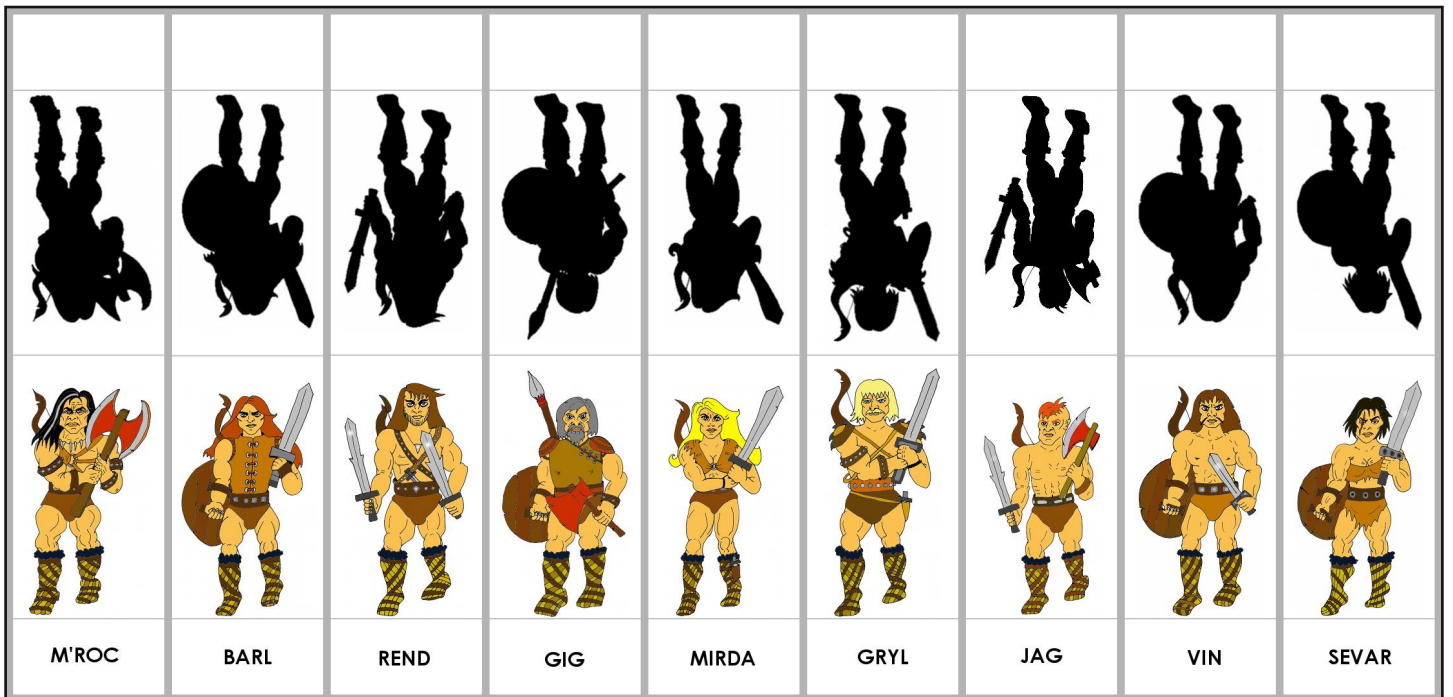
The adventure was play-tested with seven of these characters, one of which was run as an NPC.

The Sacred Heart PDF Heroes

This sheet provides printable cardstock figures of the 9 pre-generated barbarian characters, intended for use with this month's adventure. For printable monster figures, I recommend visiting www.onemonk.com where you will find a vast range of PDF printable figures available for free download.

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.



The Sacred Heart

Area Background (Players' Version)

This sheet provides background information for players of barbarian characters in the adventure. It provides them with basic knowledge about the area where their clan has settled.

The Barbarians – The Cuthgar clan are a solitary people who have settled near to a tributary of the Great River. They originated from harsh lands to the north-east, but grew weary of constant warring with neighbouring clans. They have prospered, enjoying the relative peace the area offers, and have even begun trading with the Dwarven Hold to the north. They remain a fierce people, and are ever watchful for enemies and other predators. The Cuthgars will tolerate outsiders who have something to trade but will not offer hospitality to travellers. They are quick to react to any threat they perceive.

Civilization – The nearest village settlement is leagues away to the south-east and the closest garrison is further still. The only travellers who venture north either have dealings with the dwarves, or are adventurers, off to hunt trolls or orcs.

The Dwarves – The Hold in the mountains to the north is small, but secure. The folk there produce unrivalled weaponry, and also mine seams rich with gold and gemstones. The dwarves' structures are built around the source of the Great River, and they deal swiftly with any trolls or orcs foolish enough to venture within a day's march of the Hold. The dwarves have a good trading relationship with the barbarians. They provide weapons and other metal-work items in exchange for furs and fresh meat.

The Orcs – There have been orc tribes in the lands west of the river for hundreds of years. They are kept in check largely by infighting amongst themselves, but also by the harshness of the area: rough scrub-lands and thick forests where monstrous denizens lurk. The orcs have, on occasion, crossed the river at the ford and sought to raid the barbarian settlement, but such attempts have always failed, and they've come to realize that the barbarians have scouts watching the ford. The orcs have never mounted a full-scale attack on the dwarves, and they do their best to avoid the lands to the north as they know any infractions will be crushed with an iron fist.

The Trolls – In the foothills to the north-east, there are large numbers of caves that make ideal troll lairs. The barbarians often send parties to the caves to go troll-slaying. This ensures troll numbers don't get out of hand. Trolls raid the barbarian settlement a few times per year but the barbarians have become accustomed to this and have many traps and warning alarms in place, so are unlikely to be caught off-guard.

Wyverns – These fearsome creatures nest in the mountains to the north-west and are pretty much at the top of the food chain over the whole area covered by the map. Thankfully, their numbers are low, and they have only attacked the barbarian settlement once directly. One wyvern flew past the tower a few days ago, after the crystal had been uncovered.

The Great River – Starting high up in the mountains, by the time it has reached the foothills at the edge of the dwarves' territory, it has become a wide river with powerful currents and treacherous rocks. It is only crossable at the ford some 15 miles downstream.

The Ford – This is the first place heading south where the Great River can be crossed, although it is still hazardous, especially after heavy rains. Whenever the orcs have attacked the Cuthgar clan, they have crossed the river here, so now they have scouts watching it to provide advance warning of a raid.

The Tower – The true name of this strange tower is not known, but the barbarians call it *Thorn Tower* – a name given to it on account of the dense thicket that surrounds it. The barbarians sense that something is not right about the place, and, as it is a good distance from their territory and on the other side of the Great River, they have no cause to go there.



BARL (CHIEF'S SON)
Character name

HUMAN
Race

BARBARIAN
Class

23
Age



NEUTRAL

Alignment

Religion

5

Level

Experience

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

14 INT

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

8 WIS

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

14 CHA

-1 Reaction adjustment
5 Retainers
8 Retainer morale



35

Hit points

4

Armour class

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

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
LONG SWORD					
LONG BOW					
ARROWS x20					
DAGGER					
LEATHER ARMOUR					
SHIELD					

Treasure & Coins

Saving throws

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

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
BARBARIAN SIGN LANGUAGE
DWARVISH

MIRDA
Character name

HUMAN (F)
Race

BARBARIAN
Class

25
Age

Advanced Edition
Character Sheet



NEUTRAL
Alignment Religion

6
Level Experience for next Level

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

Symbol or
character
sketch

15 DEX -2
Armour class modifier

+2
Missile attack modifier

+1
Optional initiative modifier

14 CON +1
Hit point modifier

Save v poison modifier

Survive resurrection

Survive transformation

9 INT 0
Additional languages

Learn spell

Min spells per level

Max spells per level

10 WIS 0
Save v magic modifier

Spell failure

1st Additional Spells by level

2nd Additional Spells by level

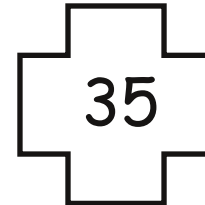
3rd Additional Spells by level

4th Additional Spells by level

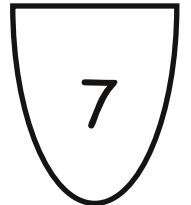
14 CHA -1
Reaction adjustment

5
Retainers

8
Retainer morale



Hit points



Armour class

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

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
2 H. SWORD					
LONG BOW					
ARROWS x20					
DAGGER					

Saving throws

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

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
BARBARIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

GRYL
Character name

HUMAN
Race

BARBARIAN
Class

33
Age

Advanced Edition
Character Sheet



NEUTRAL

Alignment Religion

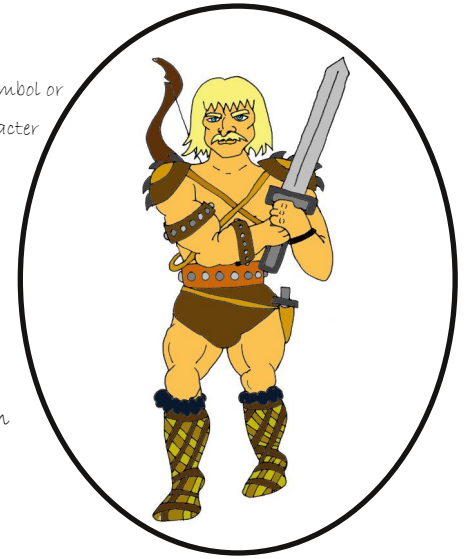
8

Level Experience for next Level

15 STR

+1
Modifier to hit, damage and forcing doors

Symbol or character sketch



14 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

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 Additional Spells by level

2nd

3rd

4th

9 CHA

0
Reaction adjustment

4
Retainers

7
Retainer morale

50

Hit points

8

Armour class

Saving throws

To hit AC 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

2H SWD 1d10+1	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
L. BOW 1d8	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4
DAGGER 1d4+1	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4

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

Equipment lbs Equipment lbs Magic items lbs

2 H. SWORD					
LONG BOW					
ARROWS x20					
DAGGER					
					Treasure & Coins

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
BARBARIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

SEVAR
Character name

HUMAN (F)
Race

BARBARIAN
Class

30
Age



NEUTRAL
Alignment

Religion

7
Level

Experience

for next Level

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

Symbol or
character
sketch

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

18 **CON** +3
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

8 **CHA** +1 3 6
Reaction
adjustment Retainers Retainer
morale



57
Hit points

8
Armour class

Saving throws

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

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

Equipment	lbs	Equipment	lbs	Magic items	lbs
LONG SWORD					
SHIELD					
DAGGER					
				Treasure & Coins	

Languages, abilities and spells

COMMON
BARBARIAN SIGN LANGUAGE

DESIGNATION OF PRODUCT IDENTITY

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