

TROLLS ZINE!

#6
FALL 2012

ICE EXILE
GM ADVENTURE
BY MARK THORNTON

SOUL SURVIVOR
SOLO ADVENTURE
BY SID ORPIN

NIGHT WALK IN THE WILD WOODS
SOLO ADVENTURE
BY JAMES FALLOWS

OLD KRAMM
SHORT STORY BY ROY GRAM

AND MUCH MORE!



THE FREE TUNNELS & TROLLS™ FANZINE

TROLLSZINE!

Issue 6

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Trolls Delve

Welcome to *TrollsZine!* #6. This issue of *TrollsZine!* is focused on delving, which is what *Tunnels & Trolls* is all about. In these pages are two solo adventures, a GM adventure, and a short GM scenario fresh from the creative minds of the *T&T* community; more than enough to keep you busy for quite some time I would think. There are plenty of opportunities for your characters to die horrible...I mean obtain wealth, glory, and immortality. With these adventures are several articles to help support your beleaguered delvers and harried game masters.

This issue includes a nice mix of *T&T* authors both old and new. David Moskowitz, author of *Amulet of the Salkti*, gives us an interesting game scenario to test the wits and ingenuity of an adventuring party. Stefan Jones, author of *Dark Temple*, has come up with some excellent rules on challenging players to provide their characters with the basic necessities of life. Finally, Roy Cram, author of many *T&T* articles and adventures including *Mistywood* and *Gamesmen of Kasar*, provided this issue's piece of short fiction with a slightly different take on trolls. It's wonderful to have such notable members of the *T&T* community contributing to *TrollsZine!* Among the newcomers is James Fallows who wrote the entertaining and challenging solo *Night in the Wild Woods*. As a side note, James provided the illustrations for the solo as well. You can find another one of James' solos online at *Hobb-Sized Adventures*. I look forward to seeing more from James in the future. Sid Orpin, author of many of my favorite recently published solo adventures including *Rapscallion*, *Devotion to Duty*, and *Formication*, has provided another solo guaranteed to leave your characters cowering in fear. Did someone say demons? Mark Thornton, the creative mind behind the *Gems and Giants* blog and author of the unique new solo *Pressure Drop*, has provided a giant-infused GM adventure through which he ran the Trollgod himself, Ken St. Andre. Paul Ingrassia, the power behind *Troll Hammer Press*, presents us with an interesting Wizard NPC sure to make a valuable ally or cunning adversary for your next game. Of course it just wouldn't be *TrollsZine!* without an article by the prolific Justin Williams. This issue he presents an excellent set of armor elaborations for all you gear heads out there.

Bringing all of this writing to life are the inspired contributions of many artists including Darren E. Canton, Alexander Cook, Patrick Crusiau, E. P.

Donahue, James Fallows, J. Lambert, Simon Lee Tranter, and David Ullery. I am continuously impressed by the quality of work that these artists produce and freely contribute to *TrollsZine!* Patrick Crusiau provided the trollish illustration featured on the cover of this issue. The featured trolls appear rather benign, don't they? Just a father and son travelling together on a bright and sunny day; what could be more pleasant?

I hope you enjoy this issue of *TrollsZine!* As always, this magazine depends on your contributions. If you'd like to see *TrollsZine!* thrive, then please get involved. Visit the *TrollsZine!* thread at the TrollBridge *T&T* discussion forum to learn how you can contribute.

Now, let's get delving!

Dan Hembree



Standing in a Corner

By David S. Moskowitz

This is a contrived encounter, designed to test the player's ability to act like characters rather than actors rolling dice and revealing they've been intellectually crippled by conventions in electronic games.

SETUP

A generically powerful potential employer says, "Look, if I didn't think you could fight, I wouldn't bother talking to you. I want to see how you think and work together before I decide what of mine I should risk letting you take with you. Your goal is to get out."

Poof. They're teleported into a round room, 20 yards in diameter and 30 yards high, with a single door. As soon as players are inside there will be an ominous mechanical sound from behind the door leading out.

In the center of the room is a single round table with three objects positioned as vertices of an equilateral triangle:

A **glass jar** with a pair of moth wings flying around inside. At the jar's base is a small golden mallet. The jar is enchanted to be immobile and invulnerable to anything but the mallet which will easily shatter it.

A **candle** as colorful as the moth wings are drab. It is unlit, but at its base is a small wand with which any character can cast a Call Flame spell of negligible damage. If your world has more mundane items like cigarette or barbecue lighters of some sort, use them instead.

A **carved ram's horn**, clearly made for blowing, cold to the touch.

Embedded in the center of the table is a palm-sized red button. Feel free to write "Reset" on it or, if you prefer a bit more subtlety, use an appropriate symbol.

The Game's Afoot

The players should have a minute or two to explore the room before jets in the floor start filling it with a greenish fog. The fog will rise at six inches per minute,

irritating exposed skin but otherwise causing no damage. If inhaled, however, the fog does one point of damage to CON per minute, at which time the characters must also make a saving roll on CON at their level minus one to avoid being blinded. The fog is also flammable. Any contact with fire will turn the room into a toxic inferno at which point damage for inhalation becomes three CON points per minute and the level of the saving roll against blindness becomes players' level *plus* one.

How Things Work

The Door: When the players first enter the room, the employer's minions barricade the other side of the door with enough force to ensure that the characters cannot break through. After the characters' first testing of the door, the minions will remove the barricade. The door is no longer locked, just stuck. The same effort that failed previously will work, regardless of what's happening in the room. All of the mechanical sounds coming from the door are actually produced by the employers' minions doing their best sound effect work to fool players.

The Giant Red Button: This is indeed a reset button. If pushed, all of the room's contents revert to their initial state, instantly and silently—*except* there is a replay of the aforementioned sounds from the door. Lost CON and expended WIZ are not refreshed, but



characters that were blinded, however, can see again.

The Horn: Blowing the horn will cause it to discharge a ray of cold that will freeze anything up to ten yards away, with no saving roll needed or allowed. The first time a delver commits to blow the horn, the GM may allow others in the way to make a SR on IQ or LK to realize that they need to move.

The Candle: Lighting the candle will turn it into a Roman candle of unlimited duration. Any character that gets in its way is hit with the equivalent of a Blasting Power spell and receives 5D+10 damage (and the player who pointed it at his or her teammate should get a real-world smack in the head).

The Wings: Once freed, the moth wings grow to twenty feet across and fly around the room. Their flapping cause's sufficient turbulence in the room to kick up the caustic fog so it now hits players in the face—and any lit flames. If the candle is lit, the wings stay close enough to the table to be frozen. Otherwise, they fly out of range of the horn's ray.

The path of no harm...

...is of course to ignore everything but the door. Barring that, players should act immediately, lighting the candle, then breaking the jar and freezing the wings, which will fall to the ground and shatter. The room gives no signs of success; no lights, bells, whistles, or opening of the door. No suggestion that the players have done anything right or wrong. Perhaps delvers can learn employer's true name is Gnotehfeckingexbawx or something similar.

End Game

The reward for success? Cheese, of course. If you're pleased, provide extra calcium and protein for STR and CON. If not, maybe it will act as a whisker-variant of *That's A Natty Beard*.

Delvers who spend time trying multiple combinations of actions should receive *slightly* more APs for the ordeal than those who don't lose sight of the goal; but the bonus should pale in comparison to the equipment the EMPLOYER trusts them with.



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Eating for Adventurers

By Stefan Jones

Most *T&T* adventures are not the sort of errands where characters need to be bothered with trivial details like eating, or keeping track of rations. However, on extended quests the challenge of staying fed can add to the fun rather than being an exercise in tedious bookkeeping. Below are a set of suggested rules for dealing with buying food, foraging, and staying fed.

Well Fed, Hungry, and Starving

To be in tip-top shape for adventuring, characters need at least two square meals a day. The quality doesn't matter; a meal could be a feast, a piece of hard tack and a bit of sausage, or a couple of handfuls of bugs, berries, and roots resulting from foraging. A character that eats two or more meals is *well fed* and suffers no penalties.

Characters that eat just one meal per day are *hungry*. Hungry characters take twice as long (twenty minutes) to regain a lost point of Strength (STR) or Wizardry (WIZ). They also heal damage to Constitution (CON) at half the normal rate (1/2 point a day).

Characters that go without a meal for more than a day are *starving*. Starving characters regain lost STR and WIZ at one-sixth the normal rate (one point every hour). They not only do not regain lost points of CON through normal healing, but they also lose one point of CON each day. This damage cannot be healed by magic or potions, but is "healed" immediately after eating two hearty meals and getting a good night's sleep. Eating just one meal returns a character to *hungry* status; the hunger damage then starts to heal at "normal" hungry rate of a half point a day.

Buying Food

Meals can be served up at an inn ready to eat, purchased in the form of raw materials for cooking, or bought in the dried or salted form for eating on the road or underground. Players should feel free to have their characters bargain for better prices!

Meals at an Inn

Virtually every inns and tavern serves meals to their guests. The quality varies with the type of inn and how much the guest is willing to pay. The quality of a meal doesn't affect a character's health unless the GM makes a special ruling; but meals could affect an adventure in other ways. A potential employer might look down her nose at adventurers who are seen eating boiled turnips, for example. On the other hand, a fancy meal might make a nice bribe for an official whose favor the adventurers are trying to curry (Mmmmm, curry!). Eating an especially rich and fancy meal could have consequences as well, ranging from being a bit slow or having gas.

Meals at an Inn

Miserable Meal	5 cp
Ordinary Meal	12 cp
Fancy Meal	3 gp
Sumptuous Feast	10 gp

Miserable meals consist of poor peasant fare like porridge, hard black bread, and thin fish soup.

Ordinary meals include dishes like stew, good bread and butter, cheese, sausage, and greens.

Fancy meals include chops of fresh meat, roast fowl, vegetables with sauces, and good wine.

Sumptuous feasts are rarely found outside of the homes of nobles and inns that serve the high-born; they include fancy roasts, soups, sauces, and pastries.

The basic price includes some kind of drink, ranging from cheap ale to a goblet of fine wine. Extra rounds might add 20% to the price of the meal.

Raw Ingredients

If the campaign deals with the characters' lives between adventures, they will want to know what it costs to stock their cupboard.

Raw Ingredients	Meal	Week
Miserable Meal Fixings	2 cp	3 sp
Ordinary Meal Ingredients	5 cp	8 sp
Fancy Meal Makings	12 cp	2 gp

Raw ingredients need a kitchen and a cook to become a meal! Most people can make a miserable-quality meal; fancy feasts require someone with the appropriate Talent.

Meals on the Go

Rations	Cost	Weight
Field Rations	5 sp/day	30 w.u.
Dungeon Rations	1 gp/day	20 w.u.

Field rations are used on the road. They include things like rolls, sausage, cheese, and dried fruit. They keep fresh for about a week. A ration consists of two meals. Field rations can be eaten as-is, but campfire cooks with a pot and tripod can turn them into something more appealing.

Dungeon rations (which are also used aboard ships) are sturdy, spoil-resistant foods like jerky, pemmican, and hard tack. They can keep for many weeks. A ration consists of two meals.

Miserable meal fixings (grains, dried fish, and root vegetables) can be brought on the road or stored in a ship's hold. Two meals worth weighs about 40 w.u., and keep for a week; however, the supplies must be cooked.

Cooking Gear

In a rough-and-ready medieval world, anyone with a knife, some wood, and a way to start a fire could turn small game or fish into a tasty roasted meal. More elaborate meals require some gear. The prices below are for new items; used gear can be had very cheaply, or salvaged from ruins, battlegrounds, or monsters' dens.

A *mess kit* is a modest individual cooking set, which doubles as a bowl. A *cooking tripod* is used to suspend a *big pot* or *cauldron* over a fire. Two tripods can be used to hold a sturdy spit for a large piece of game. A *camp*

Cooking Gear	Cost	Weight
Mess kit	10 gp	20 w.u.
Cooking tripod	2 gp	40 w.u.
Big pot	3 gp	50 w.u.
Cauldron	18 gp	800 w.u.
Camp cook's kit	10 gp	100 w.u.

cook's kit has everything required to prepare a *big* meals for a dozen or more people.

Foraging

Anyone can try to find edible items in the wilderness. This requires a L1SR on Intelligence (INT) in a fertile area or a L2SR on INT in a barren waste. A successful roll means the character finds enough roots, berries, wild greens, and grubs to make one meal for one person. Foraged food keeps for two days.

A character can make one foraging roll while traveling at a normal pace, two rolls if trekking through the land at half normal pace, or four rolls if staying put and working from a camp.

Foraging can be taken as a talent! A skilled forager finds two meal's worth of food instead of one if the roll succeeds.



A party of adventurers is on the march through the Drebat Woods. Two of the characters decide to forage as they go in hopes of extending their food supply. They can make one roll each. One character has an INT of 13; she makes her L1SR and rolls a 6, not enough to find a meal's worth of forage. The second character is a Ranger with a Foraging talent of 16. He also rolls a 6, but it is enough for a successful SR and he finds two meals worth of nuts and berries.

Shomol the Archer has escaped from a slave galley and is making his way up a desolate coastline. The only foraging he's done is picking berries as a kid. Because he is traveling slowly he can make two foraging rolls a day. But with an INT of only 11, he must roll a 14 or better on each roll to find enough pickings for a single meal.

Trapping

Instead of foraging, a character can try to catch small animals. This takes more time and is a little more difficult, but yields richer rewards on success. Food from trapping keeps for one day after it is caught.

A character traveling at half pace can make one trapping roll per day; a character staying put can make two trapping rolls. Trapping requires a L2SR on INT in a fertile area, or a L3SR on INT in a barren area. A successful L2SR yields two meals. For each level of success above L2, the character obtains two more meals worth of game. Trapping can also be taken as a talent. A talented trapper may reduce the difficulty level of the trapping SR by one.

Trapping Gear	Cost	Weight
Trapping Kit	2 gp	20 w.u.

A trapping kit includes snares, fish hooks, little spearheads for gaffing fish and frogs. A trapping kit allows a character to make one additional trapping roll per day.

Lazark the Reprobate is hiding out in a small, fertile valley. He spends his day tickling fish and trying to catch rabbits with a snare made from his shoelaces. Since he is staying put he can make two trapping rolls. He doesn't have the trapping skill, but does have an INT of 18. On a particular day he rolls a 7 and a 5. The first roll and Lazark's INT totals 25, enough to make a L2 SR and thus gather two meals worth of fish and game.

Gannert the Ranger is patrolling the barren frontier wastes. Her slow pace would normally allow her to make one trapping roll per day, but she has a trapping kit so she can make two rolls. Gannert is a skilled trapper, meaning she only needs to make a L2 SR versus her Trapping talent of 16 to succeed. Gannert's player rolls an 8 and an 11. The second roll is a L2 success, earning Gannert two meals.

Big Game

Of course, characters can go after bigger game, be it deer, boar, wild cattle, giant bipedal birds or small dinosaurs. Hunting of this sort is really an adventure in itself, requiring the GM to determine ranges, the number of hits of damage a beast can take before expiring, and whether the prey can fight back! Unless the party runs into a prey creature by chance, they'll need to make SRs on INT or an appropriate talent such as Hunting or Tracking or Survival to find one.

If a hunt is successful, a single deer or boar can supply dozens of meals. Game will keep a day without preparation; smoking meat is a major operation (taking at least a day) but results in the equivalent of field rations.



More to come!

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TUNNELS & TROLLS 8, THE FRENCH EDITION, LA CRÈME DE LA CRÈME

Henchmen for Solo Delvers

By Dan Hembree

Let's face it, being a solo delver is tough. Not only do you have to be prepared to face ravenous beasts, vile undead, slaving monsters, spike-filled pits, poison needles, and ancient magic but you've got to carry everything. Not just the good stuff like gold coins, jewels, and magic swords but extra weapons, arrows, torches, oil, rope, water, and food. Plus you've got to hold your own torch or lantern, so forget using a shield or second weapon when you go someplace dark (which is the typical workplace of delvers); unless of course someone was nice enough to leave a light on for your plundering convenience. Then let's say you do kill that giant ogre that was terrorizing the countryside and his great horde of treasure from a lifetime of sacking and looting is yours; how are you going to carry it all back home yourself?

That's where henchmen come in. No, they're not professional delvers, they are simply hired hands. They come from all walks of life, but they are all desperate. After all, they're agreeing to some pretty dangerous work. Maybe there's a farmer's son who didn't get his fair share of the family's land, a merchant who lost everything to fire, flood, or gambling, a sailor who is now afraid of water, or even a disowned and disgraced nobleman trying to survive in the real world. Their job is simple. They carry backpacks, sacks, chests, and torches. They make sure that your hands are free to deal with the dangerous stuff while they hang back well out of the way. They most certainly do not engage in combat, scout ahead for trouble, open doors, chests

or touch anything first for that matter. They are not cannon fodder (but accidents do happen). That being said, they do come in quite handy.

Rules For Henchmen

The following rules are for using henchmen in solo adventures. In adventures run by game masters, henchmen may certainly play a greater role. These rules are intended to preserve a sense of fairness to solos while still allowing the solo delver a few companions.

A character with a Charisma of 12 or less may hire one henchman at a time. For every point of Charisma above 12, a character may have one more henchman (e.g., a character with a Charisma of 15 may have up to three henchmen at one time).

When you hire a henchman, roll 3D6 and multiply that number by 100. This is the carrying ability of the henchman.

Henchmen have no other attributes. They may wear no armor nor may they carry any weapons of their own; they are strict noncombatants. They also cannot be used to lead the way, solve puzzles, test floors, pick locks, force down stuck doors, open chests, doors, or windows, or any other kind of delving related task.





Henchmen can carry whatever the delver wants, but the delver must provide containers such as packs and sacks for most items (food, oil, torches, rope, treasure, etc.). Henchmen could also carry spare weapons in belts, bows, quivers of arrows or extra shields slung over their shoulders or across their backs, or larger weapons such as spears or pole arms in their hands (they just cannot use them to fight).

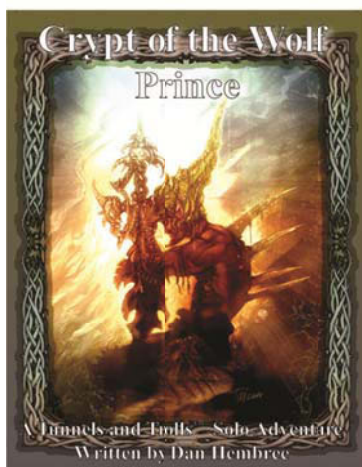
Another excellent use of a henchman would be as a torch or lantern bearer, giving the solo delver two free hands in dark environments.

Henchmen may not engage in combat; however, that does not mean that your opponents will respect their noncombatant role. For every 6 that an adversary rolls in combat (scoring spite damage in 7th edition) roll 1D6. If another 6 is rolled, that means that a henchman got caught in the middle of the fight and has been killed. If using spite damage, this effectively absorbs that point of spite.

When the going gets tough, henchmen may not want to stick around. At these times a Morale Check is required. Whenever the delver loses CON (but not from Spite damage), runs from a fight, or another henchman is killed make a Saving Roll on Charisma. The Saving Roll starts at Level 0 (requires a roll on 2D6 >3) the first time a morale check is required and increases by one for each subsequent check. A failed Saving Roll means that one of your henchmen has fled along with everything he/she was carrying. If you have more than one henchman, determine which one fled randomly. Note that a failed Saving Roll does not reset the Saving Roll level progression.

Of course, henchmen don't work for free; they do expect to get something out of this dangerous job. Each henchman should receive a 5% cut of any monetary treasure (coins, gems, jewelry) won in the course of the adventure.

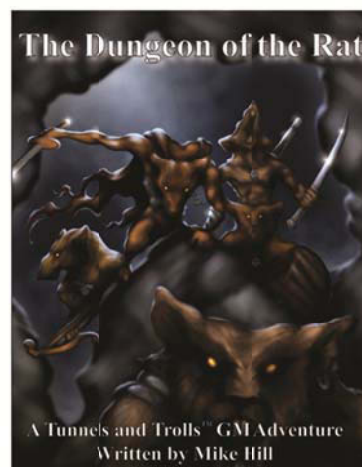
I hope that you can see how valuable henchmen can be to a solo delver. While you may not need them or be allowed them in all solo adventures (if you start as a prisoner for example), they can make life a lot easier in exchange for just a little gold. After all, every warrior or wizard worth his salt should have a trusty sidekick or two. You don't want to carry all that stuff yourself, do you?



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Meszmyr Heldaer

AT&T NPC Portrait

By Paul Ingrassia

Meszmyr Heldaer

Dark Elf
5th Level Wizard

STR: 17
CON: 17
DEX: 39
SPD: 17
INT: 21
WIZ: 56
LCK: 27
CHA: 22
ADDS: +52

Talents: Alchemy, Magical Lore, Gem Trader

Weapons: Staff Ordinaire, Poniard, Blowpipe/darts with stone-fish poison

Description: Meszmyr is about 5'8" tall and 170 lbs. with deep purple eyes and a jet black tuft of hair on top of his head. He has a long, narrow, pointy nose, pointy ears, and dark tan, leathery skin. His ears are pierced multiple times, and he wears an enchanted ring on each of his hands. The ring on the right hand is a Ring of Dis-Spell; the one on the left is a Ring of Protective Pentagram. Each leeches half the appropriate kremm amount from him when he uses it. Meszmyr has two small fangs protruding from his bottom jaw, and his fingers and toes end in sharp, pointy nails.

The Dark Elf wears voluminous robes in a motley assortment of earth tones - deep green, brown, gray, and black, all held closed with a belt. He favors black leather sandals on his feet. Meszmyr's hat is a heavy burlap-like material, long and pointy, with chin straps (which he never fastens). The hat droops over his eyes, and the tip ends in a sort of tassel that causes the hat to pitch forward. The 'tassel' is actually a magical eyeball. It is closed when inactive, but at will, Meszmyr can make it open, and then he is able to cast Detect Magic, Oh There It Is, Cateyes, or Omnipotent Eye spells one at a time, without any kremm cost.



Meszmyr carries a 7' staff ordinaire crowned with bull's horns, with a tiny skull (hobb, gnome or dwarf, most likely) strung between the horn points, and a small corked jar hanging from the base of the horns. The skull is magical and grants him the equivalent of 10 points of armor when he is holding the staff. The jar is always filled with a potion, the type dependent on what Meszmyr's needs may be for the adventure at hand. Meszmyr knows all 1st level spells, and a variety of higher level spells, which I will leave for each GM to determine based upon their own unique needs. He also has a variety of magical, enchanted, and bespelled items hidden away in his tower.

Background: Meszmyr was born Tarr Orilin, a green eyed, blonde haired, Noble Elf of Khazan. His father, Torr-ah Orilin, was a rich alchemist with powerful influence in Khazan. His mother, Kahla Oompah, was the daughter of another influential nobleman of the city. Tarr, to the chagrin of his snooty father, was quite

a mischievous lad. However, he also displayed a strong magical aptitude, so his father enrolled him at the Wizard's Guild. Torr-ah hoped his son would learn to use his magical gift, and that the regimen of the Guild would curb his troublesome ways.

Only a few weeks after arriving, while sneaking around exploring the Guild hall after hours, Tarr passed through a magical portal that brought him into a demonic world for 666 hours. Tarr never spoke of what happened in the demon portal, but the boy would never be the same. His eyes had turned dark purple, his hair black, and his skin had become a leathery, dark tan. He declared his name from then on would be Meszmyr Heldaer, and that he would never be referred to as Tarr Orilin again. Meszmyr had also returned with a new companion, Ghor, a Demonosaur hatchling. Almost immediately, his mischievous nature began to morph into a quiet, brooding curiosity and an insatiable thirst for power.

Although Meszmyr was in constant trouble for disobeying Guild rules, he excelled at his studies and was at the top of his class, a class which despised him for his sadistic, pompous personality. His classmates also feared the ever-growing, and highly protective, Demonosaur always by his side. Meszmyr was a loner and spent nearly all his time at his studies.

Upon graduating from the Guild, Meszmyr, with Ghor by his side, set out to build his power and fortune. He became obsessed with gems and jewelry, so decided to apprentice with a gem trader. He learned quickly, but his personality clashed with his master's, so the apprenticeship was short-lived. He decided to set out on a life of adventure and exploration, and his focus became the accumulation of magic and gems.

After many years of adventures, Meszmyr had amassed a great amount of wealth and unusual magic items. He decided to settle down, so he captured a tower by slaying the resident wizard, and began constructing a dungeon beneath it. From within his tower he started a business as a gem trader, and a black market business as a potion and poison dealer. He also indulged his other passion, magic and magical lore, by building an extensive library and series of laboratories within his dungeon, a never-ending building project that was becoming quite an extensive network of tunnels and rooms.

From time to time, Meszmyr and Ghor still go out on adventures to acquire more wealth, or to chase a special magic item he may have learned about through his studies in Magical Lore.

Ghor the Demonosaur (Meszmyr's Familiar)

MR 216 (22D + 108)

Ghor's MR is equal to the total of all of Meszmyr's attributes, and increases/decreases with his maximum attributes, not his current attributes. If Meszmyr is killed, Ghor will immediately try to avenge his master's death, and then will die afterwards. The creature is ferocious in combat, and has a Talent in Tracking equal to Meszmyr's INT + 4.

The Demonosaur stands about 4'10" and looks like a giant ball of flesh and muscle covered in dull, grayish-green reptilian scales. Ghor has only two short, thick, strong legs, but has an enormous tail that is almost as thick as his body is tall. It tapers to a thick, blunt tip, and a row of horns runs down the back to the tip of the tail, where the horns end in a cluster. It also has three horns across the top of its face. Ghor's face is flat and takes up the entire front of its body. Most of its mouth is filled with razor sharp teeth and two huge tusks extending from the bottom jaw. Ghor has a tiny nose (actually two nostril holes) and two small, beady black eyes topped with bony ridges. Ghor wears a magical 'armband' type of ring around his right mouth tusk that grants him 20 points of armor protection.



Night Walk in the Wild Woods

A T&T 5th Edition Solo Adventure

By James Fallows

This adventure was written using the T&T 5th Edition rules and designed to be playable by characters of any level. Any time that the text instructs you to make a Saving Roll, you should make it at your character's level. (e.g., if the text instructs you to make a Saving Roll on Luck, if you are 1st level, make a L1SR on LK, if 5th level then you must make a L5SR). Lower level characters ought to be careful not to roll unluckily nor enter into combat indiscriminately. Higher level characters that feel that their mettle will not be put to the test may be assured that there are plenty of opportunities ahead for them to be arbitrarily killed. Thus is balance achieved! Any gender, type, or kindred of character may be used. For reasons of space and simplicity, options for magic use have not been given, so you will need to use your judgment to determine the outcome of any spell cast. Your character is between adventures, travelling to a distant city. So far, the journey has been uneventful...

Introduction

Your journey has been long and lonely. Arriving at Hulgur's Fort, you are encouraged to learn that the fabled city of Ghometh lies just a few days' ride to the West, across Black Oak Heath. Madame Shakasha, a trader of some renown, will soon be taking her caravan by that road. But for now she is awaiting the arrival of a shipment of cabbages from the goblin farms at Jabbersnatch Gulley. She offers you the opportunity to earn a handful of silver by enlisting in her guard for the journey. Your business in Ghometh, however, is pressing and the prospect of even one night's delay holds no appeal, particularly if you would need to make the remainder of your journey accompanied by the pervasive stench of Jabbersnatch cabbage. So you decline the offer and instead strike out alone on the broken, deep-rutted road that winds up onto the bleak moors of Black Oak Heath. **Now read paragraph 1.**

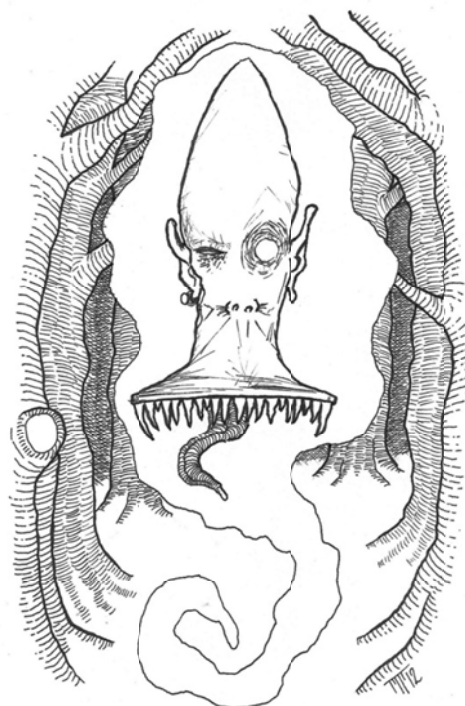
1

It is late in the day, and you are weary, having travelled many long miles. The sun sets amidst crimson clouds over the distant mountains. The road ahead enters a gloomy forest of gnarled oaks and leaning pines.

Shaded over by reaching branches, it looks as dark as any tunnel in the ground. The forest is a forbidding presence, and you are not sure whether you wish to spend the night within it. You pause to consider your options. If you wish to press ahead, and have means (mechanical, magical or natural) of lighting your way, **read 20**. If you would prefer instead to find a small hollow somewhere off the road and set up camp for the night, **read 30**.

2

A disembodied head floats above the forest floor. It regards you with a cold, blank stare and addresses you in sepulchral tones: "Stranger! Kneel before me and hear my tale of woe!" Will you kneel as requested, perhaps bowing your head and baring your neck meekly for good measure? **Read 16**. Take a swing at this loathsome specter with your weapon? **Read 29**. Apologize that, much as you would be delighted to hear the head's tale of woe, you'd much rather hear the story about the little piggies that travelled to a magical kingdom in a friendly wizard's flying hat? **Read 37**.



3

Ouch! *You lose 1 point of CON.* It certainly seems that you are awake, however strange your surroundings. Perhaps you should follow the path? **Read 6.** Or would you prefer to settle back down to sleep, hoping that you will awaken in better circumstances? **Read 13.**

4

You slay your doppelganger. As its corpse slumps to the floor, it blackens and crumbles to dust along with all of its possessions. With a mighty rumble the room beyond the mirror collapses, and the tree roots around you twist and writhe. You decide that you had better get out of here as quickly as you are able. **Read 18.**

5

You press on into the forest. *Make a LUCK Saving Roll.* If you fail, **read 25.** If you succeed, **read 17.**

6

The path twists and turns through the woods, and you are soon completely befuddled about which direction you are heading. As doubts plague you, you are distracted by the noise of something approaching. *You have been disturbed by the occurrence of a Random Encounter.* **Read 49.** If you survive the encounter **read 32.**

7

The runes are of some lost language unfamiliar to you and broken in many places by the protruding tree roots. However, you find them strangely fascinating, and a sense of their meaning begins to grow in your mind. *Make an INT Saving Roll.* If you fail, **read 21.** If you succeed, **read 43.**

8

Unless you are somehow immune to all forms of poison (in which case there is no effect, and you may continue, following your snack, to **35**), that was a particularly bold (or foolish) decision! The glowing toadstool is indeed virulently toxic. *Make a CON Saving Roll.* If you fail, **read 13.** If you succeed, read on.

You choke on the foul tasting fungus. *You lose 5 points of CON.* If this is sufficient to kill you, **read 13.** If you still live, then read on further still.

You drop to the floor in a convulsive spasm, and are afflicted by a striking auditory hallucination, in which it appears that the very woods around you speak: “Stranger, your lack of sense in the face of obvious dire danger does you credit! What is more, it indicates that you may be the one we seek. Our name is Fafahlfahal, and we are afflicted by Ghrl’khutt

Bhaeghoar, Eater of Souls! Fight him in our name, and naught he does may harm you!” Should you perchance find yourself in combat with an incarnation of Ghrl’khutt Bhaeghoar, Eater of Souls at any time in the near future, you may say “Fafahlfahal” and indeed suffer no damage from Ghrl’khutt Bhaeghoar, Eater of Souls’ attacks, whilst inflicting your full damage against him, until the demon is slain. At length, the vision passes, and you are recovered. As you come to your senses, though, you fear that something fearsome approaches you through the trees. **Read 25.**

9

You are glad to leave the sobbing and the blackened oak behind you, but fear that you are hopelessly lost in these confounded woods. *Make a LUCK Saving Roll.* If you are successful, **read 23.** If you fail, **read 25.**

10

You take great delight in mocking your weeping reflection. This enrages your double – it jumps to its feet, takes a couple of steps back, and launches itself once more at the glass! This time... (**read 14**)

11

“You!” the horned rider declares in a voice as deep and strong as the very woods themselves. Will you flee as fast your little (or big, whichever) legs will carry you? **Read 19.** Or stand and fight? **Read 22**

12

The water is refreshing. *Regain 5 points of lost CON.* Drinking it also cleans your mind and suggests an idea – you could follow this stream, as surely it must eventually lead you out of this forest. If you wish to do this, **read 33.** Otherwise, strike back out in what you hope was the direction you were originally headed (**read 35**).

13

Alas, that was not one of your better ideas. There are terrible things that lurk in dark places, and it seems that one such has brought about your untimely demise. For you, the adventure ends here. For your shade, an eternity of torment lies ahead, haunting these cursed woods. The hours aren’t good, the pay is lousy, and the prospect of career progression non-existent – but all that said, at least it’s a job...

14

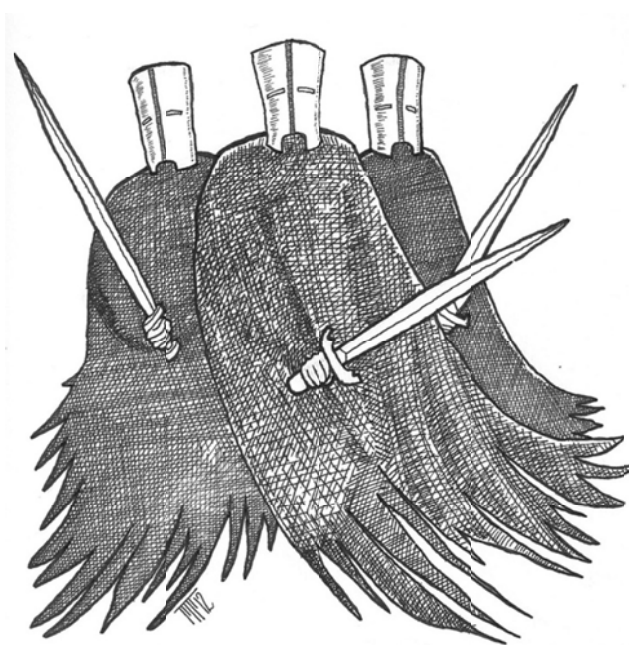
The glass shatters into a thousand pieces. Your reflection is no longer weeping but smiling. It is not one of those friendly, light-hearted smiles that you like to think give you quite a winsome appearance, but a

sickening, twisted leer. “Thank you,” it says, and then leaps to attack! The mirror creature which you are fighting is a form of Doppelganger. It has the same attributes and same equipment that you carry yourself. Any tactic, special item, spell, or ability that you might consider to employ against it, it will also employ against you. If you defeat your Doppelganger, **read 4**. If your Doppelganger defeats you, **read 34**.

15

You are overwhelmed by a primal panic, and turn and run to escape from this unwholesome wood. *Make a DEX Saving Roll*. If you fail, you stumble on a root as you flee and *lose 3 points of CON*. If this is sufficient to kill you, **read 13**. If you survive this damage, or if you make the Saving Roll, read on.

You run along the winding path, and you run, and you run, and you run. In fact, you realize with a growing sense of horror that you have run for a much greater distance than you originally travelled on this forest road. Perhaps in your confusion you have only run deeper into the forest – or perhaps you are subject to some kind of enchantment? Standing momentarily confused and unsure, you see three figures in long hooded cloaks approaching you with swift, certain strides. Will you strike off into the trees to escape this new menace? **Read 32**. Draw a weapon and boldly attack? **Read 44**. As confidently as you are able, hail the new arrivals and ask for directions? **Read 42**.



16

“Alas,” begins the head, “I was once a most foolish adventurer, and fell prey to a Ravening Fiend Head...” Perhaps there is more to the tale, but sadly you will not hear it, for the narrative is interrupted. You experience a sudden, decapitatory sensation somewhere in the region between the base of your skull and the top of your shoulders. **Read 13**.

17

As you proceed warily into the woods, your attention is caught by a patch of tall, luminous toadstools growing at the base of an ancient pine. There are some bite marks in one of the toadstools, and the shriveled form of some dead squirrel-like creature curled up beside it. You feel a curious compulsion to take a bite out of the unwholesome fungus. Will you ignore such foolish thoughts and quickly move on? **Read 35**. Or indulge your strange whim and taste the eerily glowing thing? **Read 8**.

18

The chamber of runes has altered somehow. You sense that the power which once dwelt here is now gone. On the floor in its center is a small golden statuette of a rather hideous, many-limbed, cylindrical monstrosity. Common sense warns you to leave the unpleasant thing well alone, but something else compels you to pick it up and place it in your pack. It is quite heavy for its size (weight 20), and could well be worth hundreds of gold pieces to the right buyer. Once you have ascended the spiral staircase to the open air, you notice another welcome change. Daylight is breaking through the dense covering of branches overhead. The forest has lost its unwholesome character, and trills of birdsong fill the air. Able to see better in the growing light, you note that the paths which diverge around the blackened oak trunk soon join again, in a road which heads steadily westward. You follow the road, and to your great relief, find that before too long the trees begin to thin out, and the road proceeds once more across open moorland. **Read 50**.

19

You flee in abject terror, your mind completely unhinged by fear. Unfortunately, you never recover your senses and whatever your fate may be, your adventure ends here. If it is any consolation, though, whilst you are reduced to a gibbering loon, you are not slain by foul creatures, and do not become a shade destined to haunt this accursed place for all eternity. I

hope that helps. Kind of depends whether you are a glass half full or glass half empty kind of person, I suppose.

20

You decide to proceed into the gloomy forest. It is eerily quiet. After a few twists and turns of the road, the last circle of daylight is left behind you, and you are deep in the murk. You feel a growing sense of unease – there is something very unnatural about this place, and you sense that hidden dangers lurk here. Will you turn and flee as quickly as you can, to get out of this place before ill befalls you? **Read 15.** Or are you made of sterner stuff, and in no way deterred by the imminence of peril? **Read 5.**

21

As you trace your fingers over the runes, unfamiliar words form on your tongue, and you feel a growing pressure in your skull as though the contents were attempting to force their way out. You drop to your knees in agony! *You lose 5 points of CON.* If this is sufficient to kill you, **read 13.** If you live, read on.

The pain is such that you almost black out, but you are aware of a harsh, rhythmical chanting – which you suddenly realize is your own voice, speaking words that you do not understand. Then unwelcome knowledge dawns on you: *something* stands behind you, a looming presence. You have stopped chanting, and gag, as there is a thick, chemical odor in the chamber. Every sense you have screams at you to run for your life! Will you flee in blind panic from the terrible presence? **Read 19.** Or will you defy your fears and turn and face it? **Read 31.**

22

You fight the **Wild Huntsman!** (MR80). If you reduce the Huntsman to a MR of 40 or less, he will blow another blast on his horn, summoning a pack of Foul Wolves. Roll 1D6 to determine how many wolves are summoned. Each wolf has MR20 and will fight against you together with the wounded huntsman.

If you defeat the Huntsman, you may take the horn as your prize. The horn can be used once per day anywhere above ground in the wilds. It will work for you exactly as it has for the Huntsman – summoning 1D6 worth of MR20 Foul Wolves to aid you. However, you will discover that a side-effect of using the horn will be that you will grow irremovable stag antlers out of the sides of your skull (particularly

embarrassing if you are a doe/female). This will permanently reduce your Charisma to 5 amongst humans and other judgmental species. If you are slain, or forgot to make a note of the paragraph from whence you arrived, **read 13.**

23

You trudge warily through the strange forest. Soon you fear that you have lost all sense of direction. You are not even sure if you are following a path at all, or just wandering aimlessly between the trees. Looking about in growing panic, you notice a small spring of fresh looking water. Do you wish to drink from the stream? **Read 12.** Or press on and try to get out of this place? **Read 32.**

24

You try to speak to your reflection, but absorbed in its own misery, it pays you no attention. Then you notice that beyond it, a dark, monstrous shape with three red eyes and a profusion of weaving limbs is approaching. You turn around quickly, but there is no such thing on your side of the mirror. Your doppelganger shrinks against the glass, wailing, its sorrow now overtaken by abject fear. Will you wait to watch what happens? **Read 39.** Smash the glass to free your unfortunate reflection? **Read 14.** Or get out of here as quickly as you are able? **Read 19.**



25

Your apprehensions are realized! Something terrible approaches! *Consult the Encounter Table at 49.* If you survive the encounter, **read 35.**

26

Congratulations! You have found the Lost Scythe of Yang-yi! It has 26 dice and 17 adds. Furthermore it allows you a free strike at the start of any combat, inflicting full damage against up to six opponents. Shouldering your newly found weapon, and laughing at your great good fortune, you proceed merrily on your way. **Read 13**

27

You are in a small circular chamber beneath the forest. Roots protrude from the ceiling and walls. There is a stone staircase leading up, and a single corridor exiting the chamber. A mournful sobbing echoes down the corridor from somewhere ahead. The walls of the chamber are inscribed with ancient runes. Do you wish to head down the corridor? **Read 36.** Or would you prefer to first make a closer examination of the ancient runes? **Read 7.**

28

You push your way into the room and stand before the mirror. You see your reflection looking back – well, almost your reflection, for the face in the mirror is twisted in grief, and crying out in wordless anguish! You stagger backwards in surprise – but your reflection lunges forward! It crashes against the glass – which shivers at the impact, but doesn't shatter. How do you wish to respond? Try to speak to this thing beyond the mirror to find out how it/you came to be trapped there? **Read 24.** Use a weapon to smash the glass and free your reflection? **Read 14.** Jump up and down and pull moonish faces to mock the mirror being in its torment? **Read 10.**

29

You attack the **Ravener Fiend Head (MR70)**! If you defeat this foe, you will be pleased to discover that it wore a pearl earring, which your inner pawnbroker whispers is worth a good 50 gp from any (semi-) respectable booty dealer. You may also wear it yourself if you wish, it is most fetching. If you do not defeat this foe or if you cannot remember which paragraph you were supposed to return to following your encounter, **read 13.**

30

The ground rises to the north of the highway, and there you find a little hollow, shaded from the road by

a growth of stunted bushes. It seems to be a discreet spot to make camp. The evening is warm and you have hard cheese and stale bread, so decide not to risk a fire in case of drawing unwanted attention. Helping your sparse meal down with a few gulps of sour Brannish wine, you settle down on a bed of ferns, pulling your travel cloak over you, and soon drift into a troubled sleep.

You dream a most peculiar dream. In it, you are floating above the ground, looking down on your own sleeping form. Tendrils of mist are rolling out from the forest, and these reach your body like so many gaseous tentacles. The limbs of mist wrap themselves sinuously about you, lift you into the air, and draw you within the dark, forbidding woods.

You awaken with a start, reaching instinctively for your weapon and your pack, which you are relieved to find straight away. But although you have grabbed your belongings, you cannot see them, or anything, for you are in pitch blackness. What is more, you feel a pressing presence around you that you instinctively know to be the old forest. Was your dream true, or did you wander here, sleepwalking?

You are about to scabble in your pack for the means to light your way, when you notice that you *can* see your hands before you, and the ground, and the trunks and branches of trees. Everything seems to be lit with an eerie luminescence that your eyes grow increasingly accustomed to. You seem to be in a small clearing of sorts (though branches still cover over head), with a single path winding out amongst the trees. Will you follow the path to see where it leads? **Read 40.** Or should you pinch yourself hard to see if you yet dream? **Read 3.**

31

You turn and behold the thing behind you – and your heart almost freezes in shock at what you behold! *Make a CON save!* If you fail, **read 13!** If, however, you succeed, read on.

The thing is huge, quite filling the small chamber and blocking you from reaching the stairway. It is a great cylindrical mass of rubbery, luminescent flesh, from which dozens of jointed limbs extend and weave ominously. At the center of the mass is something of a face – three small deep red eyes regard you balefully; beneath them is a long vertical fissure lined with hundreds of irregular, razor sharp teeth. A thin purple tongue protrudes from the mouth, snaking slowly towards you. Do you turn and flee, screaming

incoherently down the corridor behind you? **Read 19.** Will you draw your weapon and fight? **Read 48.** Or do you believe that it would be folly to do anything but stand your ground and see what befalls you? **Read 46.**

32

You are lost in the trees, with no sense of which direction to go. Striking out, you push through undergrowth and fallen branches, and to your great relief find that you are back on the forest road. Your relief is short lived, however, as it is soon overwhelmed by growing anxiety and doubts. There is something very wrong in these woods. **Read 35.**

33

As you follow the stream, it grows wider and swifter, and its merry rhythm matches your own rising spirits. *Make a LK Saving Roll.* If you fail, you have been beset by some wandering beastie. Go to **49** to discover exactly what, making note to return to this paragraph (**33**) if you should survive the encounter. If you succeed in the LK Saving Roll or survive the encounter, **read 38.**

34

Your mirror self has triumphed! This leads to the unusual situation where you may continue this adventure as your twisted, evil mirror self. If your character was already twisted and evil then you will have to work out for yourself exactly what being double twisted and evil means. You may loot the corpse of your former self. Note that all belongings and treasure, including any ridiculously over-powered magical items gained on previous adventures, are duplicated in your doppelganger's possessions. There is only one catch, which is that henceforth, in this and any future quests, you should only choose actions that an evil doppelganger of yourself would take. Delighted at your triumph over your foolish and weak original, you set off back down the corridor to the room of runes. You aren't entirely sure whether you are in the mirror world or its original, as both appear identical. **Read 18.**

35

The road that you are following dwindles as the trees press in, until it is soon little more than a narrow path. By the blackened shell of a lightning-blasted oak trunk, the path splits at a fork. With the trees pressing in menacingly close, both routes seem equally uninviting. Your attention is caught by faint, mournful sobs emanating from within the dead tree. Do you wish to investigate the sobbing? **Read 45** Or will you ignore it

and press on down the left fork (**read 6**) or the right (**read 9**)?

36

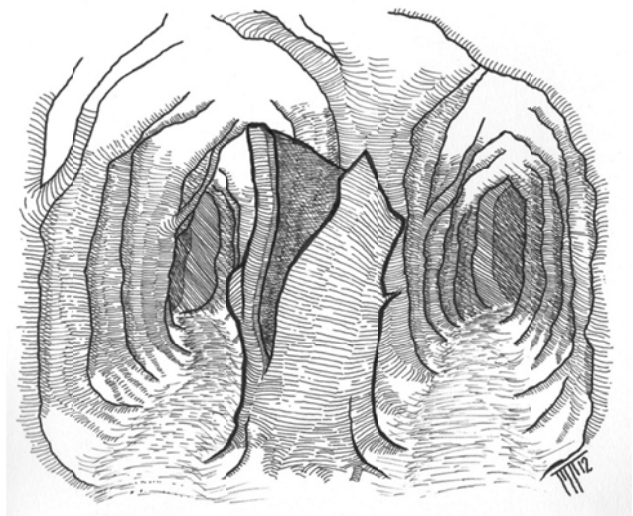
The corridor leads to another chamber, which to reach you have to push and squeeze past more and ever thicker tree roots. To one side of the chamber, almost concealed by the roots, is a large, gilt-edged mirror. If there are other furnishings in or exits from the room, they cannot be seen owing to the thick entanglement of roots. The sobbing appears to be coming from beyond the mirror. Do you wish to enter the room and look into the mirror? **Read 28.** Or does something (call it common sense) warn you to get out of this eerie hole in the ground as quickly as possible? **Read 9**

37

The head seems surprised at your request. "Really?" it groans, "oh, very well. Once, there were three little piggy's..." Although the circumstances are unusual, you find the familiar story of your childhood most soothing. *You recover 10 points of CON and gain 50 AP for this experience.* Now return to the paragraph you recorded before rolling on the random encounter table, or, failing that, **read 13.**

38

It is a long march through a seemingly endless night. After a while, you notice that your surroundings have taken on an increasing and unfamiliar luminescence. To your great relief and against your worst expectations, you realize that the trees are thinning out, and that the luminescence is the natural light of early dawn. The woods around you have lost their macabre aspect, and are slowly coming alive with trills of birdsong and other morning noises. Finally, you are out of the forest!



You stumble up a rise, and beyond it you see another road; a better one than the one you were following, which must lead to Ghomath. A sleepless night has left you weary, but you hope to get some miles behind you and hopefully find an inn where you can rest and recover. You carry a lingering doubt that some mystery of those haunted woods has remained behind, unresolved, but that is not enough to lessen your gratitude for the life blood which still flows through your veins.

Something or someone has been watching over you! Take 50 AP and increase your Luck by 1 for your experience. If this feels somehow unearned and you prefer to head back to the forest and spend another night there, then go ahead and **read 13** instead.

39

You watch and see what happens, when the otherworldly demon devours someone who looks very much like you. When it has finished, the demon looks up at you, and then moves forward, passing through the glass as though it were not there. You turn and run! **Read 19.**

40

You follow the path, your heart racing, the blood pounding in your ears. **Read 25.**

41

Something large is crashing through the woods towards you! You draw your weapon and prepare for its approach. There is the blast of a hunting horn, and a horse rears up before you, bestridden by a huntsman wearing the antlers of a stag. Will you attack this strange rider? **Read 22.** Ask, "What is it you hunt, o horn-headed one?" **Read 11.** Or declare: "By Saint Langford's Holy Bones, be gone and trouble me not, thou hoary misbegotten trope!" **Read 47.**

42

"Excuse me," you ask in a quavering voice, "but could one of you fine fellows direct me as to the shortest route out of this confounded place?"

"Well," says the first Grim Spectral Warrior, in a voice like rusted steel scraped over wet stone, "I'm tempted to give you the rather obvious and terminal answer to that question..."

The second Grim Spectral Warrior lets out a long sigh, like foul air escaping from a newly opened tomb. "That's you all over," he complains, "always going for

the obvious. Gets mighty tedious after, oh, say *four millennia* now."

The third Grim Spectral Warrior chuckles at this (a chuckle like... *well, take 30 AP if you can think of a suitably morbid simile to insert here*), which greatly offends the first. He shoves the third in the chest, and in no time at all, all three are brawling like street girls fighting over coppers in the gutters outside the Blue Frog Tavern. Whilst the three are thus occupied, you back away, then turn and run. **Read 35.**

43

As you trace your fingers over the runes, unfamiliar words form on your tongue, and you feel a growing pressure as though the contents of your skull were attempting to force their way out. With a supreme mental effort, you force yourself to stop reading, wrenching your gaze away from the invidious markings!

Your head spins and you feel nauseous (*you lose 3 points of CON*), but you feel that you have escaped a much worse fate. It seems to you that the markings on the walls are runes of binding, and that something unseen lurks here, beyond the thin, straining walls of reality. Is this the cancerous heart of this wood's strangeness? Your thoughts are interrupted by hearing the sobbing from down the corridor – renewed, and louder than before. Will you now investigate this unsettling noise? **Read 36.** Or is it time to get out of this hole and as far from this place as quickly as possible? **Read 9.**



44

You find yourself in combat with three **Grim Spectral Warriors!** Each warrior is **MR30**. Out of an exaggerated sense of fair play, they will only fight you singly if your character is less than 3rd level. If your character is so proficient that the three pose you no threat at all, they will politely suggest that you fight them at a suitable handicap (one hand tied behind your back, bare-handed, blindfolded, what-the-heck – naked), and you may humor them if you wish. At whatever level of experience you are in such a case, you ought to be able to work out the details. If you slay the warriors, you will be pleased to discover that, though their forms crumble to dust, each leaves behind a silver GSW brooch, probably worth 15 gp apiece. You may proceed to **35**. Should the warriors triumph they will offer your corpse a final salute, and you will **read 13**.

45

Warily, you peer within the tree trunk. To your surprise you find a stone spiral staircase, lit by phosphorescent mosses, twisting down into the earth. The sobs are echoing up from down below. Will you descend the staircase to investigate further? **Read 27**. Or would you prefer to get as far from here as quickly as you can, by travelling either the left (**read 6**) or right (**read 9**) forks?

46

Your beliefs, however well-founded, are of little help in this situation. **Read 13**.

47

Your words are most effective and fill the Wild Huntsman with an overwhelming sense of his own ridiculousness. He throws down his horn and rides off. You may take the Horn of the Wild Huntsman. If you ever choose to blow it, in this or any future adventure, refer to **Paragraph 22** to discover its effect. You may instead choose to sell it, in which case it should fetch 150 gp from an honest trader. Now return to the paragraph from whence you came (before rolling for this random encounter). If you failed to properly make note of it, make a note to be more careful in future, and instead **read 13**.

48

You have decided to take on **Ghrl'khutt Bhaeghoar, Eater of Souls (MR250)** in combat. Although the Eater of Souls has untold powers which it could call upon to resolve the situation, it is perhaps impressed by your pluck, and decides to give you a fair fight in one-to-one combat. If you triumph, **read 18**. If you

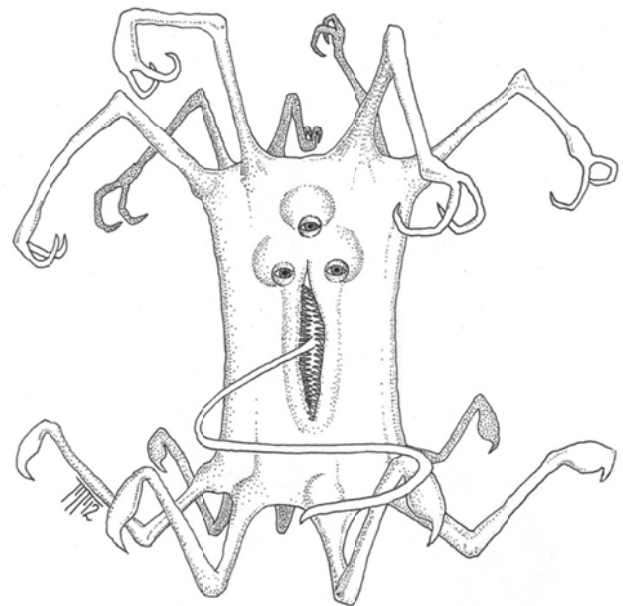
are defeated, you know the drill. (If you don't know the drill, **read 13**.)

49

Random Encounter Table

Roll 2D6, and find the result on the table below. Most of the encounters will require you to engage in combat with some foul spirit or beast of the woods, but some results are special encounters in which you must go to the listed paragraph number to resolve. You may only encounter each of these once per adventure – if you roll that result again, treat it as no encounter. Lucky you! Whether you roll a special encounter or one of the monsters, if you survive the encounter you should return to whichever paragraph you made a note of before reading this section. If you are defeated by the encounter, or if you simply forgot to make a note of the paragraph you came from, **read 13**.

<i>Roll</i>	<i>Result</i>
2,3,4	Read 2
5,6	Shades of Mist (you face one for every level of your character, each at MR25 .)
7	Transient Wight (Make a DEX Saving Roll to avoid its touch: fail and you take 1D6 damage to your CON per level of your character. Either way, the Wight then fades away).
8,9	Foul Wolves (You face 1D6 wolves, each at MR 20)
10,11,12	Read 41



The forest is far behind you, and the road improves and straightens with every passing mile. You are utterly weary after your experiences of the night, but find the strength to push on, and hope to reach a tavern or inn where you can safely rest.

Sometime after noon, you happen to look back over your shoulder, and notice the dust of riders approaching along the road. The forest is already lost to sight over intervening hills and rises. You strain to see the riders better, having some silly notion that some unspeakable thing from the woods might have ventured this far, even in broad daylight, to draw you back. But you see that beyond the riders are wagons by the dozen: Madame Shakasha's caravan. Curious, and thankful for the opportunity to rest, you take a seat by the road and wait for the merchant to arrive.

The heavily-armoured Trollish guards eye you warily, but riding amongst them is Madame Shakasha herself, who merrily bids you a good day.

"Tell me," you ask, "how is it that you and this train managed to pass through that accursed forest?"

"Forest?" she replies, "what forest? I daresay, in spite of the name, there hasn't been a tree growing on Black Oak Heath since before the reign of the Jade Kings."

You recount your adventures of the night before. Clearly, the Madame does not believe a word of it, and you feel bound to prove her wrong.

"You think I lie?" you ask, "very well. But perhaps you would be interested in buying this – it should be worth a wagon or two of your stinking cabbages!"

And from your pack you withdraw the gold statuette. Except that it isn't made of gold any longer, but carved from black wood. Madame Shakasha turns ashen-faced, and draws back in revulsion.

"Put that thing away," she croaks in a hoarse whisper, and without a single word more gallops back off to join her wagons. The guards glower menacingly, but you pay them no heed.

You look at the carving. It is a truly repulsive thing. And yet... you run one finger down its smooth surface and strange angles, finding it inexplicably compelling. Perhaps you will keep it yourself, as a memento. Surely no harm can come of that?

This adventure is at an end. You may take a reward of 500 AP for your experience, and the carving of **Ghrl'khutt Bhaeghoar, Eater of Souls**. It could come in handy as a paperweight or bookend. Feasibly, it may one day prove to have other properties: whether for good or for ill, time alone must tell.



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The Toothpick vs. the Broadsword

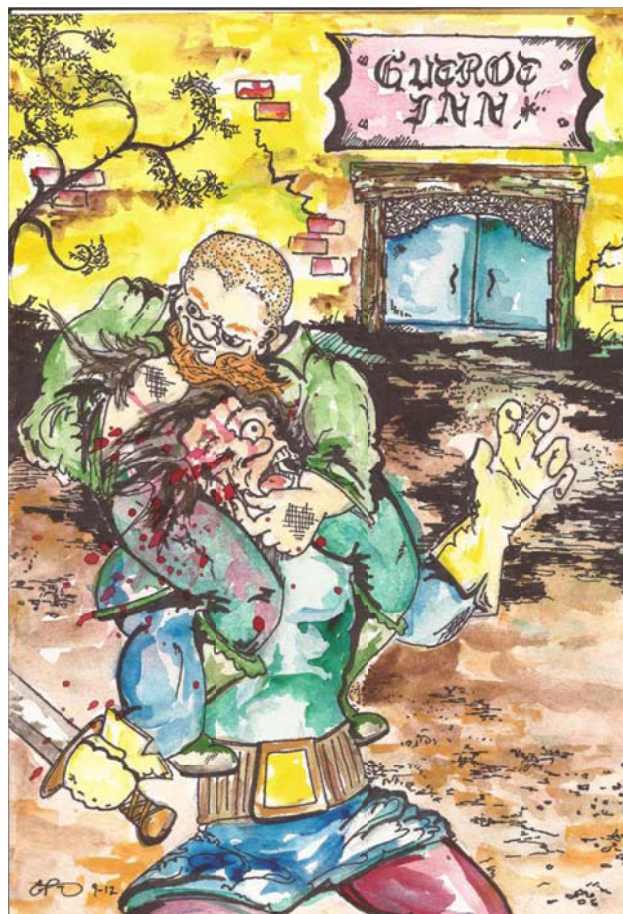
AT&T Combat Example

By Mark Thorton

Gustov Vynd strolled into town. Although it was a rough town, Gustov was confident in both his savvy and his prowess with a sword. He'd seen a lot and killed even more. Gustov had hacked his way up to third level and his attributes were rising nicely. Gustov made his way towards the Gutrot Inn, but before he made it through the wooden swing doors imprinted with the mark of many sore heads, he was stopped in his tracks by a gob of spit that landed on his left boot. The boot was made of expensive Nesstlehaven leather. He looked at the man who had spat in his direction and weighed him up as average; although average the man most certainly was not. Gustov shoved the man hard in the chest, thinking to pitch him 'a' over 't' into the horse trough handily placed for sobering and bathing rather than for equine libations. The man stayed on his feet, however, the first sign that Gustov had not been as savvy as he thought he was.

Prokta had curly hair; had, in that he had lost it recently when he had stuck his head into a crawl way that turned out to be hiding a baby dragon at the other end. Good thing it was only a baby, but it had left him in mourning for his beautiful ginger barnet and he was in a sour mood (that spittle certainly was not sweet). He was a very experienced rogue; he'd made it to fifth level and his adds were nicely mounting. He hardly bothered with magic as his INT caused him to miss too many saving rolls, but his phenomenal accuracy more than compensated.

The confrontation soon developed into a fight and gathered spectators. Gustov drew his broadsword from its scabbard. As a L3 warrior he got 6D6+4 with his favorite weapons (house rule!) and his personal adds were a meaty +22. He felt goooood! His opponent somewhat quirkily produced a toothpick and brandished it at Gustov. He got just 1D6 for the little wooden pokey thing, but his combat adds were a colossal +62! Surely the outcome was obvious, the onlookers thought, expecting much blood to flow – the broadsword is mightier than the toothpick. Surely the outcome is obvious, you, the experienced T&T player may think – Gustov will roll 21 on average and get a combat total of 47 with his adds while Prokta will



get and average combat total of 65. The difference of 18 is more than enough to get through the leather armor that both combatants favor. But how can a man with a toothpick really beat a man skilled with a big, sharp sword?

In fact, as it happened, Prokta elected to leap backwards out of danger as Gustov sliced at him. He made a SPD SR and got himself out of harm's way. Gustov jumped at him again, but Prokta choose to vault over the warrior, spin and stab him in the back of the head (unprotected) with his toothpick. He made SRs on both DEX and STR and executed the maneuver perfectly – now the jab from the little stick would surely finish Gustov! Not so...Gustov's player appealed to the GM that a toothpick just wouldn't kill

him and the GM agreed. He wasn't going to stand still while he was pierced and the toothpick wasn't long enough or strong enough to get to the brain. It did not do 65 points of damage. The GM allowed just 1D6.

And so the fight went on with Gustov moving in to attack and Prokta stunting his way out of trouble while looking for opportunities to deal nasty little pricks. How would it end? Probably someone would fail a critical saving roll; there is a one in eighteen chance and on average the 1 and 2 would come up half way through the sequence of eighteen, so perhaps at the ninth critical saving roll something unfortunate and deadly would occur.

Actually, Gustov's player eventually pointed out that Prokta should have to make a LK SR to avoid tripping

over the spectators' feet and he failed. Prokta's character then claimed Gustov would need to make a LK SR to have enough room to decapitate him with the broadsword – he too failed and slashed into some poor man whose wife who was rooting for Prokta. Prokta then made SRs on both DEX and SPD to leap on top of the nonplussed Gustov and perform acupuncture on both of his eyeballs. It was still not enough to kill him, but Prokta's player appealed to the GM to require a current CON SR for Gustov not to pass out in agony. The GM agreed and Gustov failed whereupon the still sour Prokta throttled the warrior and left the toothpick (which was made of stout Khaboomian khauriwood) protruding from the dead man's nose. He even made a little flag to put on the end of it (the toothpick, not the nose) and then he went off home with the unfortunate spectator's wife.

Rubus the Redneck Hobb



Old Kramm

By Roy Cram

Long ago in a faraway land called Valesia there was a forest. Over time a little town had grown up near these woods. Around the town were a number of small farms where hard working men and women raised families and supported themselves by raising grain, vegetables, and animals. Life was good here because it was far from the king's tax collectors, and there had been peace in the land for a long time.

Eight-year-old Lars Olavson, and his eleven-year-old brother, Peer, lived on one of the farms and their little house was quite near the forest. It was autumn and most of the harvest work had been done. The boys had done all their chores so after lunch their mother, Olga, told them to go outside and play so she and the new baby, Katina, could take a nap.

"But," she told them, "don't go into the woods. I don't want Old Kramm to carry you off!"

Old Kramm was the local boogey man that mothers used to scare their kids into good behavior

"Be good, or the Troll will come tonight and carry you off and cook you for breakfast in his big pot!"

Stories from the early settlers told of a mysterious, huge creature that would come on foggy nights and steal the axes and saws people had used to cut down trees in the forest. This was the reason they referred to the forest as the "Trollwood."

The area where the forest met the clearing was a good place for the boys to play their favorite game of hide-and-seek. Neither boy really believed that trolls existed since they had never seen one. So they dared to hide and hunt for each other in the bushes and brush at the forest's edge.

Now Peer, as some older brothers are wont to do, liked to annoy his younger brother. Soon he began to tease and taunt him about how boring it was to play with someone who was so easy to find. Each time Peer found Lars, he mocked him again, and Lars quickly became angry with this irritating badinage. When Peer began to go deeper into the woods to hide each time and Lars complained, the older boy mocked

him for being afraid of Old Kramm.

That really irritated Lars, and he resolved to show his older brother that, not only was he not afraid of imaginary monsters, but he could hide so well that even Peer could not find him. So, on his next turn to hide, Lars ran deep into the forest and did such a good job of hiding that Peer was indeed unable to locate him. Unfortunately, when Peer called for him to come out, Lars was in the woods so far that he went the wrong way, and soon found himself completely lost. It was late in the afternoon and it was hard to see the sun for the thick foliage in the deeper parts of the wood.

Peer went as far into the woods as he dared, calling and searching for Lars. But, at last, as the shadows began to lengthen, Peer realized that he had to go and tell his father Olav that Lars had gone deep into the woods to hide and had not come out again. Frightened and hungry, Peer hurried about seeking the way back to the clearing and swearing that if he found his way safely back home he would never misbehave again.





Peer got his ears boxed for not taking better care of his younger brother. After Peer and his father had called in vain at the edge of the forest for Lars, Olav ran the short distance to the little town's tavern to ask the men there to go with him into the Trollwood to hunt for his boy. But it was now sunset and the men were very reluctant to do so in the dark.

Then a stranger who was staying in the tavern spoke up. His name was Bjorn and he was a hunter by trade. He was passing through on his way to another town. Bjorn said that he would go and find the boy for a reward. Olav, very concerned, offered the man all he could afford. Bjorn quickly accepted for he was running low on cash and thought that this would be an easy way to fatten his purse. He asked the other men why they would not go into the forest at night, and they told him that they feared the Troll who guarded the woods. It was said to come out at night to punish anyone who dared to trespass among his trees and do them harm.

The hunter asked if anyone in the town had ever seen the Troll and they admitted that none of them had. Bjorn was amused now; he had never seen a Troll and did not believe that they existed anywhere except in the overactive imaginations of country bumpkins and children. But he was also very glad of the chance to pick up a little extra cash as he still had a long way to travel.

So, Bjorn got together his crossbow and several large bear traps from his gear then went with Olav to the edge of the woods where the boys had been playing. He made himself several torches, lit one up, and set off into the dark woods to find the missing child.



Deep in the heart of the old forest there stood a rocky hill. There was a cave in the hill, its entrance blocked by a large slab of stone. Inside the cave, Old Kramm the Troll lay on his simple bed of piled branches and leaves. He could sense that the sun had set, and so he got up, stretched, and went to add a few faggots of wood to the fire under his big cooking pot. When he was satisfied that it was heating properly, Old Kramm went to his door and easily slid back the huge rock that served as a door. Old Kramm went out into the cool of the night and again stretched his ten-foot-tall

body. He climbed up onto a boulder there and sniffed the evening breezes. Now Trolls have very large noses and ears so they smell and hear very well. They can also see well in the dark too, though their eyes are small by comparison with their other features. Old Kramm inhaled deeply and immediately picked up two disturbing scents in the evening breeze: there were two humans in his woods, not far away, and one of them had fire! Fire in his forest! Old Kramm had seen what fire could do to a forest, and a low growl rumbled in his huge throat. He would have to deal with that. Old Kramm closed up his cave, climbed down the hill, and set off through the trees to find these foolish people who trespassed in his beloved woods.



It was dark and past his bedtime, but sleep was the farthest thing from young Lars' mind. He had never been comfortable in or even near the woods in the daytime. In the gloom of the night, the forest had become very scary indeed for the eight-year-old child. Lars knew that he had to get out of this awful place soon for Olga had told him that Old Kramm came out at night to look for bad children to boil in his big cooking pot. Then, to add immeasurably to his terror and misery, he heard, not far away, the howling of wolves. Barely able to hold back his tears, Lars turned and ran as fast as he could, swearing and praying that if he were allowed to live he would never go into these awful woods again.



Not far away, Bjorn also heard the wolves, and stopped to cock his crossbow. This was a serious thing, for while wolves would seldom attack an adult man with a weapon, an unarmed little boy would be tempting and easy prey for the beasts. He needed the reward Olav had promised him. Bjorn lit his second torch and then hurried in the direction of the howling wolves.



Old Kramm, on his way to find the people who dared bring fire into his woods, passed near the cottage of the Crone whom he allowed to live in his forest. The old woman had lived in her little cottage in a small clearing there for many years. Each winter solstice she had always left him a bowl of porridge, and he had no

quarrel with her. Normally he would stop and drop a little dead wood for her hearth fire, but he heard the calling of the wolf pack, and knew they were on the trail of some prey. He also knew now that one of the people in his woods smelled like a child.

Old Kramm doubled his pace and his long troll legs carried him swiftly towards the intruders.



Lars could hear the wolves howling close by and ran terrified through the dark woods. Then he found himself before a big stone that lay against a rocky cliff jutting up from the ground. Realizing that he could not outrun the wolves, Lars clambered frantically up the rough surface of the big rock to its top. Unable to climb further, Lars turned and watched with horror as several dark shadows emerged from the nearby brush sniffing at his trail leading up to the rock on which he stood. The wolves looked up and growled. Looking down, Lars could see the moonlight reflected in their eyes below. They crouched to leap, Lars closed his eyes and prayed, and suddenly, BAMM!! A large rock literally exploded against the side of the big slab of stone on which Lars stood. With a yelp, the wolves fled. When they reached the shelter of the surrounding trees and bushes, they turned, barking and howling in their anger and frustration.

Lars could scarcely believe he was still alive. He looked about to see who it was who hurled the stone and driven off the beasts. In that moment, had the worst moment of his short life, for he found himself staring into the small red eyes in the huge face of Old Kramm. That was the last straw; Lars fainted, and slid down the rock into the shovel like hands of the Troll. Old Kramm stared at the boy for a moment. Then he pushed aside his big rock door and placed the child inside. Closing the door behind him he then set off to deal with the other human, the one who dared bring a torch into his forest.



Bjorn heard the wolves fussing in the distance, and stepped away from the bear trap he had just set. He advanced with torch in one hand and the crossbow, cocked and ready, in the other. He quickly arrived in a small clearing and saw a huge slab of rock against the side of a stone hillside. Then, suddenly, something huge loomed up behind him. He spun ready to shoot, but before he could take aim, a huge hand swatted the crossbow from his grasp and sent the bolt flying into the bushes. The second hand of the giant creature reached out and, grabbing the flame of the torch, snuffed it out like a man would pinch out a candle flame.



Bjorn's mother had not raised any fools; the hunter turned and ran for his life. He fled back the way he had come, and was just beginning to hope he might escape alive, when the jaws of the bear trap he had set and covered with brush snapped shut on his own leg! He yelled with pain and sprawled there, caught like a rat.

With great effort, Bjorn managed to painfully turn himself over. Then he saw the wolves staring at him close by. Bjorn whimpered and drew his hunting knife out, but knew it would only delay the inevitable. But then, the wolves scattered, yelping and barking again. The giant who had disarmed him and snuffed his torch came striding up and stopped before Bjorn. Beside himself with fear, Bjorn dropped the knife, and cringed away from the towering monster above him. Old Kramm studied him briefly and then reached down with both his huge hands. Bjorn closed his eyes, waiting for the giant to tear him to pieces, and then screamed in pain as the Troll forced the jaws of the bear trap apart freeing his injured leg. Like Lars, the hunter had had all he could tolerate, and merciful unconsciousness claimed him.

A short time later, Bjorn woke up. He was in the hut of the Crone who was washing and dressing his wounds.

"How did I get here?" he stammered,

The old lady shrugged, "The Old One must have brought you. Someone knocked on my door. When I opened it, I found you lying there on my threshold."

So Bjorn, worn out by the adventures of the night, fainted once again.



Lars woke up in the dimly lit big cave. There was a huge table and bench there made of crude, unfinished lumber and a bed of branches, leaves, and pine needles against the far wall. But the most disturbing thing in the cave was the big iron cooking pot sitting on a bed of coals at the end of the cave opposite the door. The Troll's dreaded soup pot! Lars felt himself grow weak with fear again.

Then the huge rock slab that served as a door ground open and Old Kramm came inside. He slid the big rock back into place blocking any hope of escape. Lars sat, too exhausted now by the stresses of this awful

night to even weep. The troll walked by him and went to the end of the cave where the big pot simmered on its bed of coals. The giant creature reached down and picked up a big chopper. Lars felt like he was about to faint again, but the Troll simply reached into a bin by the pot and pulled out some beets and turnips. He began to chop them up with his large knife and added them to his pot. He stirred it and after a while tasted the broth. Then the troll filled a large stone bowl with the thick soup and placed it near the boy with a big wooden spoon. Lars dared to breathe again, as Old Kramm filled another bowl for himself, sat down heavily on his great bench, and began to eat. Lars realized how hungry he was now and sniffed the soup. Finding no evidence of any meat in it, he hazarded a taste and was soon eating his fill.



Old Kramm had always loved the small creatures of the forest and especially their babies. The unhappy man child brought back to him a flood of old memories of his Trollwife and Trollkins who had once lived here with him in a time so long ago. How long had it been since they had, at the coming of the human kind, gone back down into the caverns and the Troll Warrens in the deep places of the Earth? But he had stayed here, "just a little while longer" he said, and the seasons had stretched into centuries. Suddenly he knew that it had been too long and his big heart ached to see his kin again and be near to his own family once more. A little Troll tear ran down his big nose and fell into his soup bowl. He quickly wiped his eyes on his tattered sleeve and picked up the bowl to drink the last of his meal. Now, what to do with the man child?



It was very early in the morning, at least 2 hours before sunrise, when Lars woke up his family pounding on the door of the house and yelling. He was embraced with joy and relief by his mother and father, but got his ears boxed by dad afterwards for the anxiety he had caused them.

They all scoffed at him when he told them his story of his amazing adventures of how the old Troll of the woods had rescued him from the wolves, fed him, and brought him safely home.

What stories children make up to try to get out of trouble!



Back in the forest, Old Kramm sat on a boulder on the side of the rocky tor that had been his home for the last thousand years and thought about the events of the night. How things were changing now. He recalled now the early days of his own youth, when he lived with his own parents deep in the Earth below and how the war with the little people, the Dwarves, had driven him and his kin to ever higher levels of the world until they finally reached the surface of the Earth itself. He remembered the beauty and wonder of the forest and all the new things that so enchanted him and won his heart with its almost magical beauty. Here he had lived with his wife and here his children had been born. But the humans had come in ever increasing numbers and the other Trolls, who had never been a warlike people, went back down into the deep places of the Earth again until he alone was left behind to watch over the wood and protect it from the humans. But there seemed, every day, to be more and more humans. It seemed to him that he was done here. There was little more one old Troll could do to stop the men from coming here. He knew they would cut down his trees and clear the brush away and soon he would not be able to prevent it any longer. How he now missed his old crabby Trollwife and his children. A second tear ran down his nose and dropped onto his lap.

Then, as the first deadly rays of the sun tickled the horizon, Old Kramm, last of the wood trolls, got up, went slowly into his cave, and slid the boulder firmly shut behind him.



A few days later, the hunter Bjorn hobbled back into town on a home-made crutch. He claimed that he had battled the wood troll to a standstill and then had to stop in the Crone's house to get treatment for his wounds. Olav, after much argument, gave him some money to pay his bill at the Inn. Then Bjorn hobbled out of town as quickly as his damaged leg would let him, anxious to put some distance between himself and the 'vanquished' troll of the woods.



Ten years later, a full grown Lars who now had his own family and farm, made another trip into the small part of the forest that had not yet been harvested for lumber or firewood. He made his way to the center where a rocky hill jutted up from the ground. It did not take him long to find the big slab of rock that had served the troll as a door, but it took him a lot of effort using a large tree branch as a lever to open it up.

But the cave was empty, and had apparently been so for a long, long time.

So Lars returned home, saddened that something special had departed from the world of men. But as he made his way home to his wife and children, he knew he would always remember his wild night in the Trollwood when he sat in a cave and ate soup with Old Kramm.

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Soul Survivor

AT&T 7th Edition Solo Adventure

By Sid Orpin

Introduction

Your entire life you have heard from the men who work the caravans across the East Brahm Mountains between Solihar and Khell of the terrors that haunt the high passes. Stories to frighten children you had always thought; or the combination of a weak mind and too much ale perhaps. All of the tales though, make mention of demons and souls being dragged to the netherworld by their Prince, Baclitax'l.

This day those tales have been proved true to you in no uncertain fashion as, following your capture while making the mountain crossing, you are forced to watch as some of your travelling companions are torn asunder by demons and hellhounds from your worst nightmares. Is there any way you can avoid the same fate and escape from their foul clutches?

Soul Survivor is a solitaire adventure for use with *Tunnels & Trolls* 7/7.5 edition rules. Any character type of 1st

or 2nd level with no more than 30 combat adds may brave these caverns, but magic users will discover that there is limited opportunity to use their supernatural powers here where our world and the demon realm conjoin. Combat spells are permitted; check the **Combat Spell Table** located at the end of this solo when you cast one to see if the incantation is successful. A 'Poor Baby' spell will always work, as long as the appropriate INT Saving Roll (SR) is made successfully. For the purposes of recovering WIZ, each new paragraph visited allows 1 point to be regained.

The demons will have stripped you of your main weapon(s), but fortunately your dagger (any sort, but no enchanted types please) was hidden in your boot, plus you still have any armor you were wearing (maximum 10 points protection). The usual *T&T* conventions apply and, as always, keeping track of the paragraphs you have visited is a jolly good idea.

Baclitax'l's devilish minions will be trying to track you down at all times while you wander the caves and



passages of this projection of the demon realm into your reality. Every time you leave a cavern or room with the exception of the main cavern where you start, you must roll 1D6. If the result is odds, you meet one of these horrors and must roll on the **Rampaging Demon Table** at the end of this solo to determine which one. Also, if you return to a place you have visited before, unless instructed otherwise, you will find it empty of everything you saw before except a Rampaging Demon. Roll on the **Rampaging Demon Table** to see which one it is. Finally, should you die during combat at any point, go to **72**.

Now, go to **1** to start.

1

You are huddled with a crowd of your fellow captives in the center of a large cavern. Huge hellish hounds, the size of small horses, surround you guarding against any attempt at escape. In front of you, the Demon Prince Baclitax'l has already plucked out the hearts of two other prisoners and thrown the corpses to his minions for sport. You have seen strange translucent clouds leave the bodies; surely the souls of the dead being forced into the demons' foul realm. Your turn cannot be too much longer in coming.

As you contemplate your own demise, one of the other prisoners, a dwarf, makes a run for one of the exits. The giant dogs immediately leap after him and in moments they have run him down and start to tear him apart. In the confusion that follows, you have a brief opportunity to make your own escape attempt. To just run for the nearest exit, go to **42**. To try to hide in one of the shadowy areas at the edge of the cavern, go to **24**. You could try to leap on the back of one of the demon dogs and ride out of here by going to **50**. Or you could wait for a better opportunity to flee by going to **68**.

2

You perform brilliantly. Baclitax'l applauds warmly baring his fangs in a fierce grin into the bargain. He vanishes, but rewards you by raising the level attribute of your choice by 2 points. The west door springs open while all the others fade away. Exit this way to **51**.

3

You find a length of the chain that was used to tether the hellhounds that were guarding the prisoners. It will make a serviceable weapon, scoring 3D6+2 and requiring a STR and DEX of 6 to use. Return to **17**.

4

You have defeated the Prince of Demons in single combat. Truly a heroic effort! You earn 150 APs and can now step safely through the fire curtain to **66**.

5

Attempt a L2SR on LK. If you succeed, go to **22**. Otherwise, return to **45**.

6

You cup the weird black fluid material into your hands. It has the consistency of quicksilver running in globular aggregations over your palms back into the pool. Do you really want to ingest this netherworld concoction? To drink it down, go to **37**. Otherwise, return to **45** and make a new choice.

7

You turn quickly to check on those chasing you. Fortunately, they are not near enough for you to see them yet, but as you turn back to continue your flight, you slip. You find yourself falling towards the inky blackness of the chasm. Attempt to make a L1SR on DEX. If you succeed, you manage to regain your balance and can continue on to your destination paragraph. If you fail, you drop over the edge and fall to your doom; go to **72**.

8

In order to release the scimitar from the skeleton's death grip you have to pull so hard that the remaining articulated bones collapse in a heap and instantly turn to dust. When the cloud has settled, the ring and helm are gone. The sword is ancient and battered, but perfectly serviceable. It will score 4D6 in combat. Now, leave here by returning to **21**.

9

Attempt a L2SR on CHR or a Singing talent if you have one. Success leads to **2**, while failure means you should visit **70**.

10

You have got past the Prince of Demons and just have the fire curtain left between you and the outside world. You cannot wait to time your jump; you will just have to leap and trust to luck. Roll 2D6. If you roll doubles, you are caught by the flames and take direct CON damage equal to the number you just rolled (2, 4, 6...12). If you are still alive, go to **66**. If your CON drops to 0 or less, go to **72**.

11

You are in a small squarish cavern with exits to the north, east, and south. The moment you enter, a number of ghostly apparitions appear and start to fly around and even through you. As their number increases, you notice a sharp hissing whisper that echoes off the grey stone walls and into your mind. The speech reaches an intensity that starts to cause you pain while your vision starts to blur. You are on the verge of collapse. Make a L1SR on CON. If you succeed, you can leave safely by heading north to **17**, east to **27**, or southwest to **41**. If you fail, you fall unconscious and suffer CON damage equal to the number by which you missed your SR. Should your CON remain above 0, you awake feeling cold and disorientated but can now depart. If your CON drops to 0 or below, go to **72**.

12

The object of your intense scrutiny suddenly transforms into a living skeleton complete with bejeweled eye and tooth sockets. You are too close to be able to flee, so you will have to fight this creature of the undead. It has a MR of 26 and can regenerate 5 points of damage each combat turn. You will have to reduce its MR to - 5 or less to destroy it. Every 4th combat turn another of the mounds will spring to life and join the battle. A maximum of 6 skeletons will appear in total. If, at any point, you do not have an opponent to fight, you can head to **69**.



13

The giant dog flings you into the air. You sail in a less than graceful arc across the cavern and out through one of the three exits. You land doing 1D6 + 1 in direct CON damage. If you remain conscious, roll 1D6. 1–2 you head southwest to **65**; 3–4 south to **36**, 5–6 southeast to **11**. If your CON drops to 0 or below, go to **72**.

14

Roll your full attack. If you score 50 or more, go to **4**. Otherwise, go to **25** and continue the battle with the demon. His CON will obviously be reduced by your combat total.

15

Refer to the table to see what happens. Return to **55** when you have finished here and continue this strange game of hop-scotch.

Roll	Outcome
2	Fiery blast. 1D6 direct CON damage if you fail L1SR on DEX.
4	You are teleported directly to 51 .
6	Magical blast. 1D6 direct CON damage if you fail L1 SR on WIZ.
8	Lightning blast. 1D6 direct CON damage if you fail L1SR on SPD.
10	Freezing blast. 1D6 direct CON damage if you fail L1SR on STR.
12	Move on 2 lines safely.

16

In order to release the ring from the skeleton's dead finger you have to pull so hard that the remaining articulated bones collapse in a heap and instantly turn to dust. When the cloud has settled, the scimitar and helm are gone. The ring is enchanted. The wearer receives double his/her DEX adds versus the undead (note this does not include demons); but every fight, even if successful, leads to a permanent 1 point loss of CON. Now leave here by going to **21**.

17

You are back in the cavern where you started this adventure. Fortunately, the Prince of Demons and his hellish horde are not in residence. The only thing left is the large rock upon which Baclitax'l sacrificed your compatriots for his own devilish ends. If you want to have a look around for anything useful, go to **53**. Otherwise, you can leave by heading southeast to **27**, south to **11** or southwest to **65**.

18

The passageway you enter slopes downwards quite steeply and you slow down in order to take care with your footing. Unfortunately, after just a couple of steps, you start to skid down slope as if you were walking on ice. You cannot slow your decent, but you can try to remain upright by making a successful L2SR on DEX. If you fail the roll, you fall taking the number you missed by in direct CON damage. Remember whether you managed to remain on your feet or not and proceed straight to **61**.

19

Attempt a L2SR on INT or a Poetry or similar talent if you have one. Success leads to **2**, while failure means you should visit **70**

20

In order to grab something from the pile of treasure and still keep moving as quickly as you can away from the demons and hellhounds chasing you, you must attempt to make as high a SR as you can on SPD.

- If you fail the roll, one of the demons catches you. Roll on the **Rampaging Demon Table** to discover which one. Should you survive this encounter, you may gather treasure as if you had made a 1st level SPD roll successfully.
- If you succeed at 1st level, you grab 5D6 in GPs.
- If you succeed at 2nd level, you grab 10D6 in GPs, 1D6 gems worth 10 to 60 GPs each.
- If you succeed at 3rd level or better, you grab 10D6 in GPs, 2D6 gems worth 20 to 120 GPs each, plus an item that you can find at **48**.

When you have finished collecting treasure return to **65** and leave here.

21

You are in a large rectangular cavern with exits to the northwest, southwest, and south. If you have been here before, go to **38**. Scattered at irregular intervals across the floor, though concentrated at its center, are

half a dozen or so piles of pale grey dust or dirt. To examine the nearest mound, go to **58**. If you prefer to keep moving along, you can stride amid the mounds to your chosen exit via **44** or you can skirt around the edge of the cave at **69**.

22

You find a secret door in the east wall of the pool chamber. It leads to **41** if you choose to go that way. Alternatively, you could return to **45** and decide on a different course of action.

23

You bend to look at the moss when suddenly a large cloud of purple matter erupts into your face. You start to cough. You gasp desperately trying to draw air into your lungs but you cannot. You collapse and roll on the floor your lips and tongue turning blue as you suffocate and die. Go to **72**.

24

The pandemonium created by the dwarf's escape attempt dies down and your absence seems to have gone unnoticed. Attempt a L1SR on WIZ. If you succeed, go to **47**. If you fail, Baclitax'l's demonic horde discovers your hiding place and drags you before their leader where your heart is ripped out. Go to **72**.

25

In a straight fight you are unlikely to defeat such an opponent. You need some sort of strategy to tip the odds in your favor. Attempt to make a L1SR on INT. Success leads to **59**, otherwise fight for all you are worth. You may attempt this roll again during the heat of battle should you fail first time, however, the level of difficulty rises by one for every combat turn the fight has lasted (e.g., after the first combat turn L2SR, after the second combat turn L3SR, and so on). What you are up against here is obviously not the demon Baclitax'l, but merely a projection of some part of him into the mortal realm. He has a CON of 50 and MR of 52. If you are defeated, go to **72**. If you are the victor, you should head to **4**.

26

You drop into the strange dark pool. Immediately, you feel your strength and will being sapped. You sense you need to get out as quickly as possible. Attempt to make the highest level CHR SR you can.

- If you make the roll at L3 or higher, you escape in 1 combat turn.
- If you make the roll at L2, you escape in 2 combat turns.

- If you make the roll at L1, you escape in 3 combat turns.
- If you fail the roll, you escape in 4 combat turns.

For each combat turn you are in the Pit of Despair, attempt a STR SR, starting at L0 and increasing by 1 level for each additional roll. Any failures temporarily reduce your STR by the amount that you missed the SR for the next 6 different paragraphs you visit before it returns to normal levels. If your STR drops to 0 or below at any time, your spirit fails and you sink beneath the surface into oblivion. Go to **72**. When you manage to drag yourself out onto the side, go to **45**.

27

You are in a narrow cave with exits to the northwest, southeast, and west. As you try to decide in which direction you should head from here, a humanoid figure approaches from the shadows. In a few seconds the creature is upon you. It is clearly a zombified dwarf wearing chain mail armor (11 hits) but carrying no weapons. He has a MR equal to the total of your 3 highest attributes. Your choices are to stand and fight. If the zombie dwarf scores more than 4 spite hits against you, you will mutate into zombie form. You can try to dodge past him by making a successful L1SR on DEX. Failing this roll means that the dwarf gets to attack you without retaliation for a single combat turn. If your battle extends to a fifth combat turn, a demon turns up and joins the fight; go to the **Rampaging Demon Table** to see which one. Once you have avoided your opponent in whatever way you can, the northwest tunnel leads to **17**, the southeast to **21** and the east tunnel to **11**.



28

As you leave the Cavern of Sacrifice, you are suddenly aware that you are crossing a narrow rocky bridge with the impenetrable dark of a likely bottomless chasm on either side of you. The sounds of pursuit grow louder. If you decide to look behind at your pursuers in case they are so close that you have to stand and fight, go to **7**. If you just keep your head down and hope you can keep ahead of them, go to **56**.

29

Roll 1D6. If you roll evens, go to **39**. If you roll odds, you meet a demon; go to the **Rampaging Demon Table** to discover which one. If you survive this encounter, you end up at **21**.

30

You will have to attempt a L2SR on SPD to get to an exit before the demon prince can react. If you fail, one of Baclitax'l's fiendish cohorts descends upon you; go to the **Rampaging Demon Table** to discover which one. If you succeed, you can leave and head west to **51**, northwest to **65**, northeast to **11**, or east to **46**.

31

Ring of Solace: This enchanted object has the power to make any of the demons, except Baclitax'l himself, leave your presence and forget where you are. For it to work, all you need do is make a successful WIZ SR starting at L0 the first time you use it and increasing by one level on each subsequent attempt. It will be worth 150 GPs if you escape from here.

32

You suddenly realize that the mounds may pose a threat to you and bolt for one of the exits. As you do so, the pile that you had been looking at transforms into a living skeleton complete with bejeweled eye and tooth sockets. Now go to **44** and try to leave.

33

You are gripped in the enormous jaws of one of the hellhounds and tossed around like a rag doll. Attempt a L1SR on LK. If you are successful, go to **13**. Otherwise, you are torn apart by the giant canine; your attempt to escape has quickly ended in your demise. Go to **72**.

34

You discover a terbutje-like weapon hidden in the dirt. It consists of a bamboo pole with vicious 3" claws attached to it. It scores 4D6+2 and requires STR and DEX of 10 to use. Return to **17** and leave here.

35

You will need to try to make L2SRs on both SPD and DEX to bypass the Prince of Demons. Failure to make either roll means that you take the total(s) you missed the roll(s) by in direct CON damage before you have to fight him by going to **25**. If you make both rolls successfully, you nip by him to **10**.

36

You are in a small circular cave. You have entered from the east and there is another exit to the south. The floor is covered in a thick carpet of moss that gives off a faint purple luminescence. To just head off from here at top speed, go to **60**. If you would like to take a closer look at this glowing botanical mass, go to **23**.

37

The black liquid has an odd consistency and virtually no taste. Within seconds of swallowing, you feel yourself fading. You have crossed into the demon realm. You aren't dead, but you don't really get to enjoy all that normal mortality has to offer. Trapped beyond hope of rescue or the deliverance afforded by death, your adventure has ended.

38

You are back in the cavern that had the dirt mounds in, though they have now disappeared. You need to make a L1SR on LK to avoid meeting a Rampaging Demon. Go to the **Rampaging Demon Table** if you fail the SR. If and when the time comes, northwest leads to **27**, south to **46**, or southwest to **71**.

39

The thin pieces of material have subtle veins within them and a waxy warm surface. They begin to pulse with a silvery light at your approach; slowly at first, but with increasing frequency. The effect is hypnotic and you find yourself feeling tired suddenly. This place is the Well of Spirits and the evil presence here is trying to steal your soul. Use the sum of your WIZ and CHR as if it were a MR to produce dice and adds. The creature here has a rating of 3D6 + 20. Run a spirit battle using these ratings as if it were an ordinary T&T combat but without spite hits. If your rating drops to zero or less at any time, your soul has been stolen away from your earthly shell and you have died. This means that you cannot be reincarnated, so your life is well and truly over. If you are victorious, you gain 3 times your opponent's rating in APs. If the creature is defeated, all of the flaps drop to the cavern floor and merge to form an opening to a narrow passageway that leads to **51**. You could, of course, turn around and

head back northeast by going to **38**.

40

You manage to blind the demon with a handful of dust and may now either rush past him to **10** or you can take this opportunity to attack him while he cannot retaliate at **14**.

41

You are in a large rectangular hall with ordinary doors in the east and west walls plus two others heading northwest and northeast. There is a raised wooden platform against the south wall with an ornate high-backed golden chair at its center. The Prince of Demons, Baclitax'l himself, is sitting on this throne leaning forward and looking in your direction. He leers at you and announces in a voice dripping with malevolence, "Welcome puny humanoid to my Chamber of Entertainment. If you can amuse me in a way that befits my station, I may allow you to leave here alive." Your options are to try to do as he requests and either sing a song (at **9**), dance (at **54**), recite an epic poem at (at **19**), or tell a joke (at **49**). Otherwise you could try to make a dash for one of the available exits by going to **30**. Finally, you could challenge this example of demonic royalty to a duel by going to **67**.

42

You bolt for one of the 3 exits and immediately hear the heavy footfalls of one of the hounds approaching you rapidly from the rear. Attempt a L1SR on SPD. If you succeed, go to **63**. If you fail, go to **33**.

43

In your attempt to retrieve the helm, you manage to knock the visible parts of the uruk skeleton to the floor. The bones collapse into dust and when the cloud has settled, the ring and scimitar are gone. This piece of armor appears entirely unremarkable. If you decide to try it on, it looks about your size, go to **62**. To leave here now without the helm, go to **21**.



44

As you stride across the cavern, one of the mounds transforms into a living skeleton complete with bejeweled eye and tooth sockets. It has a MR of 32 and can regenerate 5 points of damage each combat turn. You will have to reduce the MR to - 5 or less in a single turn to destroy it. If you manage to survive the ensuing battle, you can head to **69**.

45

You are in a small chamber on the edge of a pool that contains an odd blackness. Up close to this strange pond you feel more on edge, as if your hope of escape and confidence is being sucked from you. All in all, it is an uncomfortable place to be. There is only one exit through a doorway leading south. Do you want to leave here straight away by heading that way? If so, go to **51**. If you would like to drink some of the dark liquid, go to **6**. You could also search the area around the edge of the pool by going to **5**.

46

You are in a narrow hall that runs east-west. There are large wooden doors in the north wall at the east of the hall and in the west wall. The whole place is beautifully decorated with rich, gold-embossed wallpaper, delicate plaster mouldings along the ceiling, and a highly polished marble floor. Approximately two thirds of the floor is taken up by a checkerboard pattern of red and white squares; 3 squares wide and 8 squares long. When you look closely at the squares, you can see subtle images appearing and disappearing at short, but irregular, intervals. To leave here via a door you did not enter by, you will have to step on some of these squares. If you wish to turn around and head back the way you came, return to the paragraph that sent you here in the first place. To press on, go to **55**.

47

The demons perform their dreadful rite on the rest of your compatriots and then drift away leaving you the chance to slip out quietly. Go to **63**.

48

Roll 1D6 to see what you have found.

1 - 2 Go to **31**.

3 - 4 Go to **52**.

5 - 6 Go to **73**.

When you have retrieved your treasure, return to **65** and leave here.

49

Attempt a L1SR on LK or a Comic or similar talent if you have one. Success leads to **2**, while failure means

you should visit **70**.

50

You leap onto one of the hellhounds and grab hold as tightly as you can. The beast starts bucking and thrashing around trying desperately to dislodge you. Attempt a L1SR on STR. If you are successful, you manage to stay on board your canine mount. Eventually, the dog runs into the cavern wall and knocks itself out so that you can leap off to **63**. Failure means you fall to the stony floor. Before you can react, however, Baclitax'l's demons are upon you. You are torn apart in a frenzied attack. Go to **72**.

51

You are in a wide north-south corridor. South of you, beneath a high granite archway, a curtain of fire leaps and crackles. Sometimes the flames reach as high as the ceiling. Beyond this inferno, through the arch, you can see blue sky and glimpses of the East Brahm Mountains. It looks like you have made it to the gateway out from this demon-infested hole. Just as you start to contemplate the possibility of escape, Baclitax'l himself appears blocking your escape route. He bares his fangs and reveals his sharp claws all the while fixing his orange lidless eyes upon you. You must get past him to gain your freedom. Do you try to dodge and run around him by going to **35**, or do you decide to attack him before he attacks you by going to **25**?

52

Sword of Sanity: This is just an ordinary looking short sword (3D6) except that it will protect the wielder from any spite damage inflicted by any enchanted or other worldly creature (demon, zombie, living skeleton, balrukh etc.).

53

Attempt to make a LK SR. If you fail, return to **17** and leave. If you make a L1SR, go to **3**. If you make a L2SR, go to **34**. If you make a L3 or higher SR, go to **64**.

54

Attempt a L2SR on DEX or a Dancing talent if you have one. Success leads to **2**, while failure means that you should visit **70**.

55

In order to get across the hall you need to cross 8 lines of checkerboard tiles. For each line of the checkerboard you step on, roll 2D6. Each time you roll doubles, make a note of the die roll, and go to **15**.

You can attempt to jump over lines of tiles and so reduce the number you actually step on by making a DEX SR at a level equal to the number of lines jumped + 1 (e.g., to jump over 1 line requires a L2SR, 3 lines a L4SR). Should you fail your Saving Roll, you fall and take direct CON damage equal to half the number you failed by (round up). You also slide across 2 lines of squares. Roll 2D6 and go to **15**; use the table there as if you had rolled doubles of each of the numbers you rolled (e.g., if you roll a 4 and a 2 you must accept the consequences of rolling double 4s and double 2s). If you manage to get to the far side of the hall, the exit to the north leads to **21** and the west one takes you to **41**.

56

You safely pass the bridge across the chasm and can continue on to your destination paragraph.

57

The skeleton appears to be that of an uruk. As well as the battered scimitar, there is a silver ring sporting a yellow jewel on the index finger of the right hand and an unusually shaped open-faced helm on the floor behind the skeleton. To pry the sword from those long-dead fingers, go to **8**. If you like the look of the ring and want to remove it, go to **16**. Or you can take a look at the helm at **43**. If you have a bad feeling about the uruk and his possessions, you could examine the walls and their strange flaps at **39**, or you could just turn around and leave by going to **29**.



58

As you approach the small hill of fine-grained soil, you spot what look like a few small jewels amid the heap. Attempt a L1SR on INT. if you are successful, go to **32**. Otherwise, you continue to examine the mound at close quarters at **12**.

59

You notice that the floor of the corridor is covered in ashes. If you could throw it into the demon's eyes, it could buy you precious time. You will need to make a L1SR on DEX to hit your target. **YOU WILL ONLY GET ONE CHANCE, SO DO NOT WASTE IT!** Now return to **25** and have at it. If you do manage to blind Baclitax'l during your battle, go to **40**.

60

As you stomp across the cavern your steps send plumes of violet dust up into the air. You end up walking through clouds of oddly glowing particles and your throat becomes sore. You start to cough uncontrollably. Attempt to make a L1SR on CON. If you fail, you lose CON points equal to the number you missed the SR by; armor will not help. If you are still conscious, head to **18** and leave here going south. If your CON drops to 0 or less, go to **72**.

61

Having slid more than 20 feet down the slope, you see that you are rapidly approaching what looks like a pool of something black. If you lost your footing during the slide, you will be deposited into the sable pool at **26**. If you are still on your feet as you descend, you can jump over the pool by making a L2SR on STR, which will take you to **45**. If you fail, then go to **26** anyway.

62

This is *Hadron's Helm*. Any who don it are instantly transformed into an uruk. Your attributes, skills, and other knowledge are unaltered. This transformation is for life whether the helm is worn or not. The helm gives the standard 2 points of protection. Now, return to whichever paragraph you were at when you decided to put the helm on.

63

You manage to get to one of the exits from the cavern. Roll 1D6. If you roll 1-2, you head southwest to **65**; 3-4, south to **36**; 5-6, southeast to **11**. But before you go to any of these paragraphs, visit **28** first.

64

You unearth a glowing green gem. As soon as you pick it up, you are transported to **51**.

65

You are in a small, roughly circular cave with exits to the northeast, south, and west. A large pile of treasure including coins, artifacts, and even a few jewels rests in the middle of the floor. To try to grab some of the loot, even though you are supposed to be fleeing from

the demonic horde, go to **20**. Otherwise, you can dash through one of the exits. Northeast heads to **17**, southeast to **41**, and west to **36**.

66

Congratulations! You have escaped from the demon netherworld back to reality. By good fortune or the intervention of the gods, you are found wandering the East Brahm Mountains by a caravan en route to Solihar. You are suffering from exposure and are near total exhaustion, but your rescuers soon tend to your immediate physical need: warming you, feeding you, and healing your wounds. Whenever you tell your tale of the demon host of Baclitax'l, they all give you the same incredulous look that you once reserved for the tellers of similar stories; but that apart, you are well looked after. In less than a week, you are back at home.

For surviving this adventure you receive a bonus 250 APs in addition to those you earned for combat and SRs throughout. In addition, your experiences in the caverns on the boundary between this world and the demon world have given you a special understanding of the creatures that dwell in such places. From now on, for every battle you took part in today, you get a bonus combat add when fighting demons or any creatures of the undead (e.g., you had 4 fights today, so you now get 4 bonus combat adds). You can now move on to new adventures. **THE END**

67

Baclitax'l hesitates while expressions of surprise, mirth, and even contempt cross his face. He begins to laugh and while his guffaws echo around the room, you slowly lose consciousness only to reawaken at **51**.

68

You have wasted the bounty that fate had given you. Before you realize what is happening, you are placed on the crude stone alter and the Prince of Demons tears out your heart. As your life ebbs away, you are vaguely aware of your eternal soul being dragged to some other place. You are dead. Worse than that, because your soul has been lost you cannot be reincarnated. Your adventure is over.

69

You skip around the edge of the cavern and get to your chosen exit unmolested. To head northwest, go to **27**, while south leads to **46**, and southwest takes you to **71**.

70

Baclitax'l looks bored throughout your performance and when you have finished he lets you know in no uncertain terms how poor your efforts were. He vanishes but leaves you to face one of his giant Hellhounds (MR30), a great slaving brute as big as a pony. If you survive, you can leave heading west to **51**, northwest to **65**, northeast to **11**, or east to **46**.

71

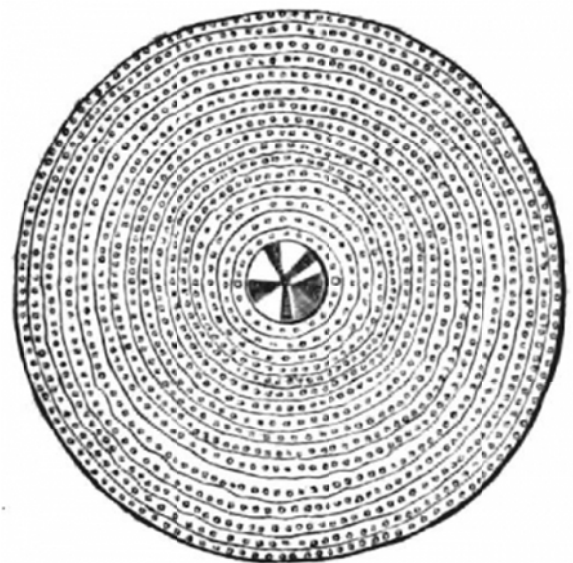
You are in a small, round cavern with one exit to the northeast. The walls are covered in multiple roughly triangular flaps of silvery green material. The ceiling is very low and you have to stoop slightly to avoid hitting your head. A humanoid skeleton is buried up to its waist in the middle of the sandy floor. It has an ancient bronze scimitar in its left hand. To examine the walls with their odd appendages, go to **39**. To take a closer look at the skeleton, go to **57**. If you decide to turn around immediately and leave, go to **29**.

72

Your life on this plane of existence is over. As your earthly vessel succumbs, your soul is ripped away to the realm of demons where it will suffer an eternity of never ending agony. Not only have you failed to survive this adventure, but your essential spirit has been stolen away and you can never be reincarnated. Your time here is over.

73

Shield of Sanctity: This is an ordinary-looking round shield (5 points protection), but it gets triple protection on combat turn 1 and double protection on combat turn 2 of any battle.



Rampaging Demon Table

You have been discovered by one of the demons that inhabit this place. Roll 2D6 and consult the table below to find out which of these devils you encounter. If your roll was a double (e.g., 1, 1 a meeting with Adal'meb) you should go to the Demonic Powers Table and roll 1D6 to see what special ability your opponent has. If you ever roll the same opponent again, they will have an increase in MR of 5 for each subsequent encounter with APs for victory increased by the same amount.

Demonic Powers Table

- 1 = Leaching Gift: drains 1 CON every combat turn unless opponent makes L1SR on WIZ.
- 2 = Gift of Inertia: slows opponent down, halving combat total every combat turn, unless a L1SR is made on SPD.
- 3 = Gift of Spite: scores double spite damage.
- 4 = Gift of Invisibility: halves opponent's combat total every combat turn unless a L1SR is made on LK
- 5 = Gift of Draining: reduces opponent's STR by 2 each combat turn and adds it to MR unless a L1SR on CON is made.
- 6 = Gift of Spite: scores triple spite damage.

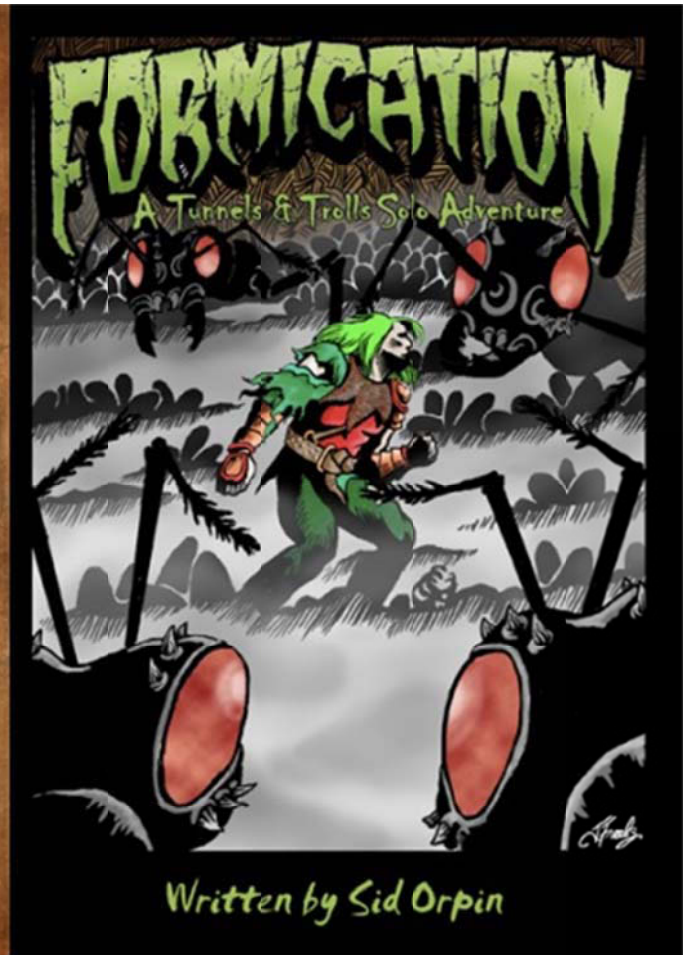
1st D6	2nd D6	Odd	Even
↓	→		
1 - 2		<p style="text-align: center;">Adal'meb</p> <p>A great blue demon with 2 pairs of arms and a black tongue at least 3 feet long. MR 30. Armor provides 6 points of protection. (40 APs)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Vin'Crex</p> <p>A small red-brown demon with 2 pairs of wings and a single horn on his head. MR 28. Armor provides 4 points of protection. (30 APs)</p>
3 - 4		<p style="text-align: center;">Cal'Plax</p> <p>A black demon with 2 pairs of eyes and 3 rows of razor sharp teeth. MR 34. Armor provides 6 points of protection. (40 APs)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Gol'Mab</p> <p>A large demon in the shape of a flying reptile. MR 32. Armor provides 2 points of protection. (35 APs)</p>
5 - 6		<p style="text-align: center;">Ust'Mek</p> <p>A great horned demon with huge claws on his 7-fingered hands. MR 36. Armor provides 4 points of protection. (40 APs)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Hellhound</p> <p>The hounds of Baclitax'l are great slaving brutes as big as a pony. MR 30. No armor protection. (30 APs)</p>

Combat Spell Table

You may only attempt to cast spells that either do direct damage to an opponent (ITYF, Call Fire, Call Water, Blasting Power) or that improve your weapon attack rolls (Vorpal Blade, Whammy). Don't forget that you need to make a successful INT SR to cast any spell. By some strange effect of this particular corner of reality, no account need be taken of the difference between WIZ values of each combatant.

Just roll 1D6 to discover what effects the demonic netherworld has on your incantation.

- 1 = Spell has half effect.
- 2 = Spell has full effect.
- 3 = Spell has no effect.
- 4 = Spell has no effect.
- 5 = Spell has half effect.
- 6 = Spell has full effect.



If you have enjoyed Soul Survivor then why not head to Drivethru RPG and check out my other solos for play with Tunnels & Trolls or other material from my friends at Tavernmaster Games.

Armor Alternatives and Elaborations

By Justin T. Williams

Since before the dawn of recorded history, man has sought to protect himself from the malice of his enemies. From the first humble hide shield to the most elaborate suit of Maximilian articulated plate, warriors both rich and poor have used the best defense they could find. Armor and shields of all varieties, styles, and of a dazzling array of materials have highlighted man's innate inventiveness and desire for protection all over the world and throughout history. Please find below a sample of some of the amazing diversity of protective gear from around the world.

I designed this armor table so players and GM's could use the amount of detail that they are interested in using. So you can simply use the "Hits Taken" like regular armor in T&T or the "DEX Modifier" to add to the difficulty of Maneuvering and Movement SRs when wearing restrictive armor, or "Missile Hits Taken" to add a little realism, or you can use the "Blunt /Slashing /Piercing Hits Taken" to make each kind of armor truly distinct, or all of them together or any combination you see fit. Use and abuse the table to your heart's content. I hope it adds something to your game. Also, give my new shield rule for Warriors a spin; it's about time for shields to take the active part in combat that they deserve.

Shields and Warriors

For members of the Warrior type, all shields are considered to be 1D6 weapons (unless they are already listed as doing more damage) in addition to their protective values.

Table Description

STR (Strength Needed): The minimum needed Strength score to use the armor without exhausting the wearer.

DEX (Negative Dexterity Modifier): Modifier to Maneuvering and Movement SR's (i.e., 2nd level basic SR becomes a 3rd level). *Example: Roarick the Bold is decked out in a suit of plate and mail and is currently fleeing*

from the wardens of Finder's Keep. Running across a rooftop, Roarick spies a coach and team of four horses below. His player decides to try and leap into the driver's seat and grab a ride out of town. The GM decides that a 1st Level SR would normally be called for to complete this maneuver, however, Roarick's suit of plate and mail gives him a +1 DEX SR modifier bringing the needed DEX SR to 2nd Level. Roarick rolls doubles twice and is off with his new coach while the wardens curse him from the rooftops.

HT (Hits Taken): The basic amount of hits taken by a specific armor type. If using the Missile Hits Taken statistic, HT should be used as the base number of melee hits taken.

MHT (Missile Hits Taken): The amount of hits taken from fired, thrown, or launched missile attacks, such as arrows, spears, sling bullets, bolts, thrown daggers or knives, boomerangs, etc.

B/S/P (Blunt/Slashing/Piercing Hits Taken): The different hits taken by the armor when attacked by blunt, slashing, and piercing weapons.

Blunt: Damage from crushing and blunt force trauma inducing weapons such as clubs, maces, staffs, hammers, etc. as well as certain polearms. *Note: Some blunt weapons like the warhammer, some maces, and some clubs include a spike or multiple spikes that can be used to inflict piercing damage. Some polearms, like the poleax and halberd, can be used as blunt, piercing, or slashing weapons.*

Slashing: Damage from edged weapons such as axes, most swords, and large knives. *Note: Many swords, daggers, and knives can also be used as piercing weapons. Many single-bladed axes include a hammer on the reverse side that can be used to inflict blunt damage or a spike that can be used to inflict piercing damage. Some polearms, like the poleax and halberd, can be used as blunt, piercing, or slashing weapons.*

Piercing: Damage from pointed weapons like spears, thrusting swords (gladius and estok), bec de corbin, ankus, sickles, daggers, and most knives. *Note: Some piercing weapons like the estok can also be used as a blunt weapon. Some polearms, like the poleax and halberd, can be used as blunt, piercing, or slashing weapons.*

Armor Table

Name	STR*	DEX*	HT*	MHT*	B/S/P*	Weight	Cost
Articulated Plate	12	+1	18	18	18/18/18	1000	Special
Plate	11	+1	14	14	14/14/14	1100	500
Field Plate	10	+1	13	10	13/13/11	1000	450
Plate & Mail	14	+1	13	10	12/13/10	1500	350
Half-Plate	10	+0	09	06	09/09/09	900	300
Bronze Plate	14	+2	12	10	12/10/10	1300	300
Brigandine	10	+0	12	09	10/12/09	900	250
Splint Mail	11	+2	11	08	10/11/08	1000	200
Chain Mail	12	+0	11	07	08/11/07	1200	300
Japanese Lamellar	08	+0	10	10	07/10/10	800	500
Lamellar	06	+0	10	09	09/10/09	900	400
Scale Mail	07	+0	08	07	07/08/07	750	80
Ring Joined Plate	04	+0	07	04	05/07/05	300	100
Greek Hoplite	10	+0	08	06	08/08/08	800	250
Cuirbolli Leather	05	+0	06	04	06/06/05	200	60
Linothorax	05	+0	05	05	05/05/05	150	55
Studded Leather	05	+0	05	03	04/05/03	120	50
Fiber	08	+1	05	03	04/05/03	200	40
Disc or Tri-Disc	03	+0	03	02	03/02/02	85	32
Reinforced Cloth	04	+0	04	02	04/04/02	115	40
Feather Mantle*	06	+1	03	07	04/03/01	350	325
Layered Hide	08	+1	05	02	05/04/02	300	35
Wooden	08	+1	04	02	04/04/02	200	40
Bamboo	02	+1	04	01	03/04/01	200	30
Rope or Cord	06	+1	04	01	04/03/01	250	30
Quilted Cotton	03	+0	03	01	03/03/02	150	35
Quilted Silk	02	+0	03	04	03/03/03	100	100
Soft Leather	03	+0	03	01	02/03/01	60	30
Paper	06	+1	03	05*	02/03/03	150	30

Shield Table

Name	STR*	DEX*	HT*	MHT*	B/S/P*	Weight	Cost
Tower (Scutum)	06	+1	06	10	06/06/06	550	100
Pavise*	06	+1*	05	10	05/05/05	500	50
Greek	07	+1	06	10	06/06/06	600	120
Kite (Knights)	05	+0	05	08	05/05/05	450	65
Large Round	05	+0	05	08	05/05/05	400	60
Target	05	+0	04	06	04/04/04	300	35
Buckler	01	+0	03	03	03/03/03	75	10
Lantern*	06	+0	04	06	04/04/04	325	95
Tarch*	10	+2	03	02	02/04/02	350	95
Irish Targe*	05	+0	04	06	04/04/04	450	90
Madu*	01	+0	01	01	01/01/01	15	20

Armor Descriptions

Note: All armor includes an appropriate helmet or skullcap.

Articulated Plate: Articulated plate is custom made for the wearer and will count as plate to even someone of a similar size. The construction of articulated plate takes months and meticulous fitting and refitting. The cost should be in the "many thousands" range. Much of its fantastic strength comes from curves and fluting, maximizing the strength of the metal while keeping the armor light.

Plate: Interlocking plates with mail covering the joints and forming a short skirt to cover the groin.

Field Plate: Interlocking plates with an arming gambeson (quilted cotton) instead of mail to make the plate lighter and easier to wear for extended periods.

Plate & Mail: Chain mail with a breast and back plate, bracers and greaves.

Half-Plate: Breastplate with pauldrons, thigh guards, gauntlets and a helmet. The rest of the body is covered with thick leather clothing or a light gambeson.

Bronze Plate: Heavy bronze armor such as the "Dendra Panoply." Bulky bronze plates that overlap from the chest and shoulders to middle thigh. The arms and legs are protected with bracers and greaves.

Brigandine: Brigandine consists of plates of metal sown between two layers of cloth or leather with sleeves or bracers covering the arms, a short kilt covering the groin, and chain mail and greaves covering the legs.

Splint Mail: Splint mail consists of long metal strips sown vertically onto a material backing (either leather or cloth) with greaves bracers and chain mail protecting the joints and a skirt covering the groin and upper thighs.

Chain Mail: A flexible garment of interlocking rings covering the chest, arms, and the legs with





either a knee length skirt or a thigh length skirt and chain leggings. This covers chain, double mail, and bar mail.

Japanese Lamellar: Japanese Lamellar armor has been optimized for ease of movement and protection from arrows and other missile fire with small shields mounted on the shoulders and a wide brimmed helmet for better protection from missiles.

Lamellar: Lamellar armor consists of small plates which are laced together in parallel rows, but unlike scale armor, do not have a backing. Lamellar covers the chest and upper arms and ends in a knee length skirt. The forearms and

lower legs are protected by bracers and greaves.

Greek Hoplite: Greek Hoplite armor consists of a heavy bronze breast and back plate, an armored skirt, and bracers and greaves to protect the arms and legs.

Scale Mail: Scale mail consists of rows of overlapping scales of metal sewn onto a cloth or leather backing. Scale mail covers the torso and legs to the knees, with greaves protecting the lower legs and either full length sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers protecting the arms.

Ring Joined Plate: Ring joined plate consists of several pieces of floating plates joined by (you guessed it!) large rings. A large plate covers the middle of the chest which hangs from the pauldrons (the armor that covers the shoulder) and leads to a couple of rings from which hang tassets (small plates that protect the upper legs). Added to this are light bracers and greaves and a light open helm or turban with or without a skullcap beneath.

Cuirbolli Leather: Cuirbolli leather is hardened in boiling water and sealed with wax or oil. It consists of a breast and back plate with pauldrons covering the shoulders and upper arms. An armored skirt with thigh plates and bracers and greaves protect the lower arms and legs.

Linothorax: The Linothorax is made by quilting or gluing multiple layers of linen at alternating angles to increase its strength. Linothorax consists of a breast and back plate with pauldrons covering the shoulders. An armored skirt and bracers and greaves protect the lower arms and legs.

Studded Leather: Also known as "bezainted" or "ring-enhanced leather," studded leather consists of a knee length jacket of thick leather with metal bevels, squares, discs, or rings sewn onto it to provide more protection against slashing attacks. Studded leather either has full sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers to protect the arms and greaves to protect the lower legs.

Fiber: Constructed from plated coconut fiber or other fibrous plants, this armor covers the wearer from head to toe. It consists of full length pants, shirt, a reinforced breastplate, woven helmet, and

a back plate that extends over the wearers shoulders to just above the head. The back plate serves to protect the user from missile attacks from behind. The islanders that most commonly wore this armor were accompanied into battle by the women of their tribes, who hurled rocks and other missiles at the opposing forces; the back plate served to protect the wearer from friendly fire.

Disc or Tri-Disc: Consists of one large or three smaller bronze discs attached to the front, middle and upper chest, a broad armored belt, and a small bronze or reinforced leather skullcap.

Reinforced Cloth: Reinforced cloth consists of a knee length jacket of thick quilted cloth with metal bevels, squares, discs, or rings sown onto it to provide more protection against slashing attacks. Reinforced cloth either has full sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers to protect the arms as well as greaves to protect the lower legs.

Feather Mantle: Multiple layers of large feathers mounted on a wicker or cord framework covering the wearer from the neck to below the knee. The resplendent feathers that make up the mantle are rare and expensive; the feather mantle was a sign of high prestige and wealth. Although awkward, the mantle is surprisingly effective at blocking missile fire; the multiple layers of thick and slippery feathers serve to either deflect or trap incoming projectiles. Unfortunately, the feathers making up the mantle are delicate and easily damaged, especially in melee combat. **Special: If the mantle takes more than three times the base protection from a single melee hit, it loses a point of protection until it can be repaired.*

Layered Hide: A primitive armor made by layering tanned or untanned animal hides. It covers the torso, shoulders and hangs to the middle thigh. Furs are also wrapped around the arms and legs to provide a modicum of protection.

Wooden: Popular in parts of Asia and with many Northern American native tribes. The basic armor is a thick leather or hide jacket that extends to below the knees and with sleeves to the wrists. The torso is covered with a series of vertical wooden slates tied together in much the way of

splint mail. A wooden full helm completes the armor. Occasionally wooden splint bracers are also used.

Bamboo: Bamboo armor covers the torso with an ankle length skirt and full sleeves. This is worn over a quilted cloth ankle length garment that provides protection from blunt attacks. The bamboo itself is tied together in short segments vertically and is worn in much the same way as splint mail.

Rope or Cord: Found mainly in China, this armor is constructed of rings of sturdy rope or cordage sown together into a vest with or without pauldrons. A separate two piece kilt of the same material protects the upper legs. A reinforced leather or metal skullcap and occasionally leather bracers complete the armor. This armor was particularly popular with pirates because the armor, after being lacquered or coated in pitch, has a positive buoyancy and does not drag a wearer flung from a ship under the waves.

Quilted Cotton: Quilted cotton or quilted linen armor consists of a knee-length jacket. Quilted cotton either has full sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers to protect the arms and greaves to protect the lower legs.

Quilted Silk: Quilted silk consists of a knee length jacket. Quilted silk either has full sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers to protect the arms and greaves to protect the lower legs.

Soft Leather: Soft leather consists of a knee length jacket. Soft leather either has full sleeves or elbow length sleeves and bracers to protect the arms and greaves to protect the lower legs.

Paper: Paper armor is made by gluing multiple layers of paper at alternating angles to increase its strength. Paper armor consists of a breast and back plate with pauldrons covering the shoulders. An armored skirt and greaves protect the legs and bracers the arms. **Special: Paper armor is extremely ablative to arrow and bolt fire. Once paper armor has taken three times its protection rating in damage from arrows or bolts, it is considered ruined. This also happens if the armor is drenched for a prolonged time and the wax or lacquer coating is overcome.*

Shield Descriptions

Tower (Scutum): The tower shield (also called “the door of war”) is a large rectangular or oblong shield that reaches from the chin to the ankle with a large metal central boss and rimmed with either metal or hide.

Pavise: The pavise is a crossbowman’s or archers shield that can be strapped to the back or set up with a fork to take cover behind while reloading a bow or crossbow. It has no boss, but can be used by the set of arm straps in melee. **Special: the DEX penalty is only when used as a normal shield in melee.*

Greek: A very large round shield faced with bronze, covering the user from chin to knees and without a boss.

Kite (Knights): A large oblong shield tapering to a point, covering from the shoulder to just under the knee, rimmed with metal or hide, and bearing a heavy metal boss. The kite shield was designed to be wielded from the back of a horse and to cover the leg while riding.

Large Round: A Viking and Saxon design that covers from the chest to just above the knee and bears a heavy metal boss. While usually rimmed with metal or hide, some warriors used unrimmed shields like sword breakers (see T&T rules) but after one use the shield is considered a buckler.

Target: A broad variety of shields, round, square, or kite shaped covering from the shoulder to the waist, either with a heavy boss and rimmed with metal or hide or made completely of metal.

Buckler: A small circular or square shield with a very heavy boss covering either from the hand to mid-forearm or simply the hand and wrist. Good for infighting where a large shield is a hindrance and can also be treated like a metal boxing glove. Very much in favor where fencing with sabers and rapiers is common as it does not restrict the dexterous use of fencing swords.

Lantern: A shield that includes an internal shuttered lantern and one or more spikes or blades for infighting. The internal candle lantern is mounted in a cage with a reflector backing to

increase the radiance cast by the candle; however, unlike a torch, the light of the lantern shield extends in a cone ahead of the wielder so unless it is aimed it will not illumine behind or above the user. Many historical examples have a thick glass pane or pane of thin horn to provide additional protection from drafts or swift movements guttering out the candle. *Special: 1) Blinding: In darkened in close fighting, the lantern shield is capable of delivering a directed beam of radiance dazzling an opponent and leaving them open to attack. This reduces the personal adds of any foe capable of being blinded by one half for one combat turn. Against MR enemies, this requires a L1SR on DEX by the shields wielder. Against stated opponents, it is a L1SR on DEX or IQ by the opponent to avoid being blinded. This trick is only effective once per combat. 2) Night Target: When used in the dark with the lantern cover withdrawn, the lantern shield negates any missile combat penalties against the user as it is a dead giveaway of their position. 3) Punch spikes or blades: To make the most of the lantern shields infighting abilities, many historical examples have one or more blades or spikes extending from the edge or boss of the shield for use in melee. These provide and addition 2D to the combat total of the wielder.*

Tarch: The Russian tarch shield consists of shield without a boss that encircles the wearer’s elbow. An attached armored sleeve covers from the elbow to a gauntlet with a projecting two foot blade. The circumference of the shield is such that the wearer is incapable of lowering their shield arm, cutting of much of the arms lateral and vertical movement. The forward vision is



restricted so much that a keyhole opening in the edge of the shield allows limited sight through the shield in battle. Supposedly used mainly during sieges. *Special: the two foot punch blade provides 2D+3 in melee combat.*

Irish Targe: A round variety of the target shield faced with leather or hide and sporting an eight-inch spike attached to the boss for use both as a weapon and to help control your opponents weapon when parrying. *Special: The targe provides 2D in melee combat.*

Madu: A small round metal shield with two long antelope horns protruding from the top and bottom of the shield. *Special: More a weapon than a shield, the madu provides 1D+3 in melee combat.*

A Short Armor Glossary

Bracers: Bracers or arm guards cover and protect the forearm and are found in many types of armor.

Greaves: Greaves or leg guards protect from the

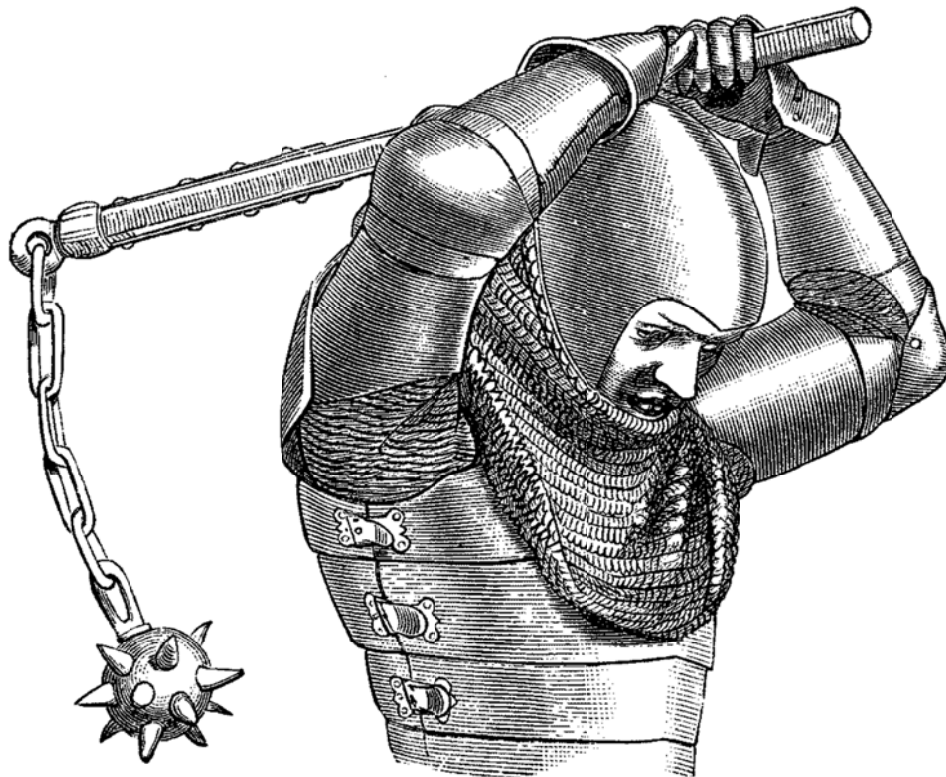
bottom of the shin to the top of the knee and are found in many types of armor.

Breast and Back Plate: The breast and back plate comprise the torso protection in rigid armor and often form the basis for connections to other pieces of armor such as the tassets and pauldrons.

Pauldrons: Pauldrons or shoulder guards cover the shoulder, armpit, and in some cases overlap the breast and back plate.

Tassets: Tassets or upper leg guards hang from the breast plate and are either singular plates or form lobster tailed segments covering from the upper thighs to the knee.

Shield Boss: The shield boss is usually round or conical and forms a convex metal guard in the center of the shield where the main grip is located. It serves the dual role of protecting the hand while forming the hard point of the shield that allows it to aggressively parry incoming attacks and launch directed shield-based attacks in turn.



Ice Exile

AT&TGM Adventure

By Mark Thornton

General Instructions

This adventure can be played with either the 5th or 7th edition *T&T* rules. While it is designed for two or more Fire Giants, there is no reason why you can't add other characters in if you want; you would just need to consider increasing the monster ratings of the opposition.

Fire Giants can be rolled up with the following modifiers:

STR and CON x 10, WIZ, LK, DEX x 2, INT x 1, CHR x 5, SPD x 1 ½

Remember SPD is a measure of reaction time rather than sprinting speed, but if you need the latter you could average STR and SPD.

Height? I think about 15'.

Fire Giants are armed with flame swords (10D6) and wear fire-proof asbestos jerkins (4 hits). They also wear tunics and cloaks.

Fire Giants naturally know two spells which all Fire Giants know once their INT and DEX reach 10:

Burning Touch – 1D6 per 20 STR of the Giant, costs 1 WIZ to cast but no INT saving roll required.

Call Flame – costs 6 WIZ, no INT SR required.

There are other Fire Giant spells such as Sauna, Oxy by Proxy, Lava Boost, Heart of the Sun, Great Balls of Fire, Blood Boil, and External Combustion but these two youths do not know them (yet) – I imagine them unfolding in the mind when INT and DEX are high enough as they do

for specialist mages. You can decide what they do, what they cost, etc. if you want to use them or invent your own; the idea of different kindreds having their own natural 'spellbooks' is one that appeals to me.

Giants of Trollworld

In this manifestation of Trollworld, giants appear frequently as large ogres – that is, as hill giants – but Giants (with a capital 'G') are extremely rare. These Giants are much larger and much more powerful when fully grown. The period of adolescence is long by human measuring. They are also beings of a magical nature, not bound by all the laws of physics as we know them today, and so their height does not necessarily lead to proportional weight.



There are a number of offshoots from the Giant tree. Those known to the Wizards' Guild of Trollworld include Fire Giants, Ice Giants, Cloud Giants, Storm Giants, Ocean Giants, and Sand Giants. There is little in the way of reputable lore regarding these true Giants. They mostly keep to themselves and are able to keep lower life forms from intruding on their demesnes, standing aloof above all others in the rich tapestry that is Trollworld.

Certain esoteric knowledge has been gained of them by other kindreds. The Dragon People tell stories that may have a few grains of truth mixed with the grit of invention and some ancient wizards who outgrew their mortal peers have passed their wisdoms as heritage tomes. It is within these dusty, near indecipherable pages that we learn hints of the task upheld by these Giants, a task that seems to foreshadow a change in the hegemony of Trollworld, a world in which humans play the dominant role. Snippets and tantalizing references lead some (self-appointed, all too often) authorities to suppose that these Giants are the custodians of races to be groomed to surpass humankind in ways as yet impenetrable, akin to kindergartners ensuring a safe and provoking environment for their wards to learn and extend within.

Of these Giants, the only genus which has been associated with anything close to fact in living memory is that of Cloud. One example cannot be claimed to prove an entire thesis, but the reports of angelic beings known as 'the Feigh' at least lend credence to the old beliefs that have never quite gone away. In fact, it is only the Ice Giants and the Cloud Giants who have remained alert and attentive to their ancient charter, with their brethren becoming forgetful and dreaming for centuries passed. The wards of the Fire, Storm, Ocean and Sand Giants are lost to history, perhaps irretrievably. Of late, even the lofty Cloud Giants, those lordly aristocrats of languor and lyre, have neglected their purpose and allowed unworthy powers to displace their charges.

It is to this backcloth our Fire Giants enter the world of the Snow People, the apparently timeless protégées of their Ice Giant cousins. How much of this the Games Master chooses to reveal to the players is up to you. If the players adopt Fire

Giants as their characters, it would seem that much would naturally be known to them, although surely little regarding the Snow People. If the characters are not Giants, then it is a very different matter and they will have much to learn about the world they thought they knew. Bear in mind that the Fire Giants I am suggesting your players take up are young and therefore are not figures to dominate Trollworld.

As for the Snow People, the infant kindred given as wards to the Ice Giants eons ago, they are innocent beyond compare. They are noble savages with the will to ever strive for more, yet often ready to hear the other and to work for their people, not exclusively for the one. This would be more than they could comprehend, for they see the one and the whole as undivided. They are not 'hippies' or 'socialists' – nothing so glib. The one will challenge the other when the other seems 'unworthy.' Their evolution is very slow indeed as they cease to be beings of matter and the boundary between matter and energy, matter and thought becomes as nothingness. These people have no knowledge of the outside world, to such an extent have they been sheltered. If it were only a matter of the physical, doubtless they, just as those natives of Pacific Islands confronted with the tall ships of the European navigators, would simply not see the Giants, their brains deleting this irrelevant optical information. However, kremm-charged beings are seldom invisible and unfelt.

The Ice Giants long ago arranged for a food source for the Snow People – a creature that they can hunt and so nourish their spirit as well as their bodies. These pteredon are drawn in sufficient numbers to the moss on the roof of the huge ice castle that confines the yeti-like people. They alone are able to pass through the mists that surround the edges of the Snow People's world, their tightly-knit village with its naturally stable population. These mists keep both the Snow People in and others out. Even the Ice Giants make very few incursions and so are legendary, mythical beings to their wards. The Giants intervene only when absolutely necessary, the sole arbiter being the appointed Guardian.

Much more could be written, but make more or less of it as you will, for each manifestation of Trollworld is as to its own.



Scene One – The Feast of the Everlasting Flame

Two young Fire Giants, rogues by profession, have been selected as sentries at tonight's gathering for the Feast of the Everlasting Flame – a great honor. The Chief is at the high table with his Flame Witch, a wizard of high order, and revered guests from other clans. The mood is merry but underscored by the solemnity of the awaited rituals and ceremonies.

The good order of the gathering is rudely shattered by the arrival – out of thin air – of a human; clearly a wizard. As he raises his hands to indicate his peaceful intent, the Chief motions to warriors to escort the Flame Witch to where the now disgraced keepers of the watch stand, still unaware of their failure and the intrusion. Whilst the wizard presents his case and sues for peace, without debate or a whiff of clemency, the Flame Witch banishes the novice gatekeepers with a single word of flame-force.

You can build this scene up and allow lots of character building or tear through it; I made our highest level PC wizard, House Elf, the visitor,

which leads on to another adventure so the world is your oyster!

Scene Two – Ice Exile

The two Fire Giants find themselves standing in an icy wasteland with a bitter wind howling incessantly. Snow immediately begins to pile up around them even though their life-flame melts the snow as it settles. At first they can see nothing but then, as the weak sun breaks through the thunderheads above them, they catch a glimpse of something glinting ahead, barely perceptible in the half-light. They have nowhere else to go. They must approach the only sign of anything other than the winds, ice, and gloomy, cloud-laden skies.

As they stumble, hearts heavy, feet already numbing, they catch a distant whine on the winds. It grows gradually louder as they take bitter step after bitter step and their frozen memories finally recognize it as they hunting call of wargs.

The glinting begins to reveal itself as a huge – even by giant standards – block of ice, some 30 times taller than the Fire Giants. They can see no feature whatsoever on the pristine face of this ice monolith, but still there is nothing else for them

here and still the call of the warg pack grows closer. With a sickening rush, they begin to realize that they are much weaker now – their STR is at half normal level.

It takes ten miserable minutes to walk round the massive ice block and ten more fearful minutes as the wargs draw near to get to the opposite side where an enormous boulder can be seen. As they approach the boulder, they are able to make out a door behind it. There may just be enough time to avoid having to deal with the wargs in this weakened state if the boulder can be rolled away quickly enough – a STR SR at a level of your discretion is called for. If they have to fight the wargs, it's your call to make it close but not an automatic disaster. The pack might well number 6 and a MR of 50 each would be reasonable.



Scene Three – Inside *Harnak* *'klutri*

The door can be opened by reading aloud a word of Giantish inscribed on the door. It simply says *Harnak 'klutri* ('fortress of ice' or 'the ice man's fortress' in the common tongue), but because the dialect is strange it takes a L2SR on INT to understand the writing. The door can be barred from within. Once inside and safe from the wargs, the Fire Giants find their strength has gone down by another 1D6. They can use Call Flame to restore 1D6 STR but it will not go back up beyond 50% of base STR and every time they exert themselves they again lose 1D6 STR. They should be able to balance this by Calling Flame. Stress how cold and miserable they feel; banished as they are to this place of unending cold.

From the door, a 10' wide 20' high passage winds through the block of ice, gradually ascending. After 2 minutes, they hear heavy footsteps and encounter a shaggy yeti-like creature, a *cryoril*. This beast lives here and gets fed, but it is often hungry. It is extremely anti-social, having no need for company, and will defend its patch to the hilt. The cryoril is of very low intelligence and is naturally belligerent – it gives a blood-curdling cry and attacks without second thought. Make it's MR in the vicinity of 200 if you allow the Fire Giants to fight side by side, less if you prefer to rule that there is only room for one giant to fight the creature at a time; you want a reasonably even fight. Remember to make the giant's STR drop by 1D6 each combat turn. Although not fighting is often the better route to take, here it is the only way.

After dealing with the cryoril, the Fire Giants follow the passage as it winds round and up for another 10 minutes (it is slippery and going quickly will drain more STR) until they find large pieces of canvas-like material hanging on the walls. There are 10 of these canvases and they all have metalloid ring holes in the corners and two in the centre, with a cord of unknown substance running through the six ring holes in a figure of eight.

As they see the canvases they also hear a rushing noise ahead, rapidly growing louder. Very soon they reach the end of the passage; it ends in a chasm which would take a L15 SR on STR for a Fire Giant to leap across. You may need to adjust the SR level as it is not desirable for them both to be able to make the leap. If they look around, the Fire Giants see that a prodigiously strong wind is blowing out and across the chasm from a hole in the roof of the ice tunnel just before the chasm. On the far side of the chasm, they can just make out what is the start of another passageway. In the center of the chasm they can see a small column of rock rising up out of the misty coldness below. Sitting upon the column of rock is a metal chest. The top of the column is big enough for both Fire Giants to stand upon easily, but if they attempt to jump to it a L3SR or L4SR on DEX would be in order to not simply pitch off the other side.

The canvases can be used as gliders requiring a L3SR on LK to catch the wind right followed by a L1SR on INT to figure out how to steer. The cords are fire (and ice) resistant but the canvas is not. If they really need these gliders and don't work out what they might be used for, maybe a pictogram on the back if they take one off the wall. This is how the Ice Giants crossed to get to the People beyond the chasm. Level 20 magic precludes the casting of Fly Me, Wink-Wing, and Blow You/Me To spells.



The iron box contains 100' more of this stout cord, but 30 seconds after the box is opened an ice ghost will begin to form. After 30 more seconds, the ice ghost will be solid enough to do 2D6 CON damage per turn. It does not attack Ice Giants, of course, but others are exactly what it has been left here to target. The ice ghost has a CON of 150. It can be harmed by fire or magic, but not weapons. If the ice ghost takes damage should the Fire Giants attack it (from fire or magic), it will float out of reach, reducing its damage attack to 1D6 per turn. Plenty of scope for SRs on most attributes here.

Scene Four – The Snow People

The passage beyond the chasm winds its way round and slowly upwards. The cold is intense and should lead to more suffering and possibly doubts about continuing. There is no 'will' attribute, so I would consider using the average of CHR and current CON for a saving roll here – interesting if one wants to turn back and has to be convinced by the other to press on.

After 20 minutes of hard slog, they will emerge into a vast cavern surrounded by thick swirling mists. It must be measured in acres. This is where the Snow People, the People given to the Ice Giants to nurture, eke out their existence on their slow journey of evolution.

The Snow People will be going about their business. There are perhaps 120 of them. Aspects to include for the players could be:

- Reconnaissance
- First encounter – language barrier
- Hunting pteredons (MR100 plus, DEX SR to hit or avoid being hit)
- Befriending the Chief (CHR SR)
- Yak herding/milking
- Confrontation with the Second in the hierarchy
- Exchange of culture e.g., cooking, materials, describing the outside world, painting, songs
- Chief challenged by the Second – Fire Giants chosen by the Chief as his stand-ins for challenge of hunting pteredons
- Teaching children

When I ran this adventure with Ken St. Andre and my son, Charlie, there was no battle at the beginning and much was made of the language barrier and the cultural exchanges. Songs were created and shared. Then the Fire Giants were invited to try their hand at pteredon hunting and found it a challenge. The Snow People can leap prodigiously, not so the Giants. Then came the anger from the Second at feeling displaced by beings that had no place in the People's society and ultimately his challenge (I knew we had all recently watched the John Carter movie and I drew from this). This was triggered by the Fire Giants failing to take down pteredons, but still finding favor with the Leader because of their new ideas and novelty.

If you need attributes for the Snow People, these might be reasonable:

STR and CON 3D6 x 8, WIZ, LK, INT, SPD x 1, CHR and DEX x 2

I picture them as tall and sturdy, closer to yetis than men but with more elfin features. I think working out what they look like for yourself and describing them in detail is good for you and the players and will lead to better game play – you have to put some reflective time in here so you can dream it!

The Snow People's realm is surrounded by mists that they are hard-wired not to pass through. In fact, the mists will cause no harm to the Giants but have a fear enchantment which hits the People. There is a tunnel in the high roof to their world through which come the pteredons, drawn by the rich moss which grows there and offers them a food source (could be other small creatures living there too if you like – all this has been contrived by the Ice Giants to provide a sustainable environment for their wards.)

Somewhere (wherever you like) through the mists the Fire Giants will find a passage on through the ice, leading round and upwards as before. It wasn't hard to get my players to want to explore beyond the mists, but if you need to give yours a push in the right direction perhaps give the People a legend about the Guardian to share. I think that would suffice nicely enough.



Scene Five – The Guardian's Last Deed

The Guardian is about to pass over to the other side and hand the torch on; he has served his time, but cannot leave this mortal plane because no replacement has been sent. He has had no need to take a hand in the lives of the Snow People for several generations, but is aware of their lives, their development, and their encounters. He will know what has transpired between the Snow People and their Fire Giant visitors. The Guardian is sleeping deeply, enveloped in thick frost.

It is not easy for anyone or anything other than an Ice Giant to get to the Guardian, deliberately so. The passage quickly ends after no more than 50' at an immense staircase of alternate black and white steps. Each one is some 10' high, far from insurmountable for a Giant and not actually enough to deter determined humans and the like. The stairs might remind some of a piano perhaps. They are carved from ice, as is natural here, and the color differentiation between black and white ice may have been augmented for effect.

The black steps, which like the white are some 10' across, are each triggered by weight of anything more than a leprechaun, rising like pistons to the ceiling to smash the life out of anything unwary enough to walk onto one. A L2SR on SPD would seem right to retreat in time if one sets off one of the piston-steps. Perhaps some last minute stunt might be possible to avoid being crushed if the victims reactions are too slow; but there would still likely to be injury from the fall at least, which could be from as high as 100'.

There are 20 of these steps in total and at the top lies an empty round chamber with three doors, none of which are locked. Behind each is a short passage and at the end of each passage the Fire Giants will find the following:

Left – The twisting passage is exceptionally cold – drop 1D6 STR each turn. It leads to a flowing stream of blue 'lava'. This would do serious damage to any non-ice creature who consumed anything more than a taste – say 10D6. It is sustenance to Ice Giants and the Guardian in particular. In the event that a new Guardian is appointed, should they consume this lava (and they surely would), this will give a permanent boost to both STR and CON of 50%.

Center – This is the abode of the **Guardian**. The large well-appointed chamber is essentially a library. Those spending considerable time here might, with INT SRs, learn a variety of spells and there are also many histories and books of folklore. The Ice Giant Guardian is almost frozen solid and will not easily stir. However, he can be gently thawed out and when he speaks he will be confused and frail – he has been here too long. What he wants, of course, is a new Guardian to volunteer so that he can dissolve and move on. If there is a willingness to accept the task, he will offer a great gift – changing the new Guardian so that he or she is half Fire Giant and half Ice Giant (I'm not going to give stats for the old Guardian because he is too frail to fight – if a hybrid Giant is created there is plenty of scope for struggles to reconcile the two halves, the learning of basic Ice Giant spells and so on. Companions will be Blow You To'd their choice of destination. If none will accept the task, they are on their own for getting out of here! If someone accepts and the other wants to go home but is afraid, offer a Scroll of

Forgiveness which can be read to the Fire Giant Chief or to the Flame Witch - then it burns.

When the Guardian is woken or threatened (see below), the Defender will very quickly come to him. This should not lead to combat unless the players are determined on this course.

Right – At the end of a straight passage of some 100' there is a small chamber housing the Defender, a huge, intimidating warrior clearly of any icy nature. He stands stock still and will only respond or move if attacked, directly or indirectly, or if the Guardian calls or is woken. If the Guardian is woken, he will go immediately to his room and either defend the Guardian or take instruction.

The Defender has a MR of 800, giving him an effective WIZ of 80. His SPD is 50. Other attributes can be decided upon if necessary as the GM wishes. As stated above, there really should not be a fight with this warrior, but sometimes players just insist. If they do, they should be made to be sorry!



Wrap Up

If one of the Fire Giants returns to the Fire Giant Hall, the GM could easily play out this scene. If the GM wants to provide for the new Guardian to receive an annual visit or some such, so be it. An enterprising GM might even work through a meeting between Fire and Ice Giants with any number of outcomes possible.

If the players come through all of the five scenes I would award a total of 650 APs with a bonus 200 to the new Guardian, but GMs may well settle on different numbers to suit their campaigns. In my thinking, the scenes generate 50, 100, 100, 100, 200 and 100 APs respectively.

I hope players and GMs alike find much to work with and enjoy here and it adds to the rich tapestry that is Trollworld.



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T&T Websites

Vin Ahrr Vin's Trollbridge: <http://trollbridge.proboards.com/index.cgi>
Trollgod's Trollhalla: <http://www.trollhalla.com>
Tunnels and Trolls : www.tunnelsandtrolls.com
Tunnels of the Trollamancer: <http://trollamancer.weebly.com/index.html>
Gristlegrim: <http://www.gristlegrim.com/>
JongJungBu's T&T 5th Edition Gathering and Paraphernalia: <http://www.jongjungbu.com/home>
Hog Tunnels: <http://sites.google.com/site/hogtunnels/home>
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The Tunnels and Trolls Archive: <http://www.angelfire.com/rpg2/ancientworlds/tandt.html>
Free Dungeons: <http://www.freedungeons.com/>
The Troll Mystic: <http://www.trollmystic.com/pub/>
Ardenstone Adventures: <http://www.ardenstoneadventures.com/>
Tunnels et Trolls: <http://tunnels-et-trolls.eu/>
T&T Random Dungeon Generator: <http://www.apolitical.info/webgame/dungeon/index2>

T&T Blogs

Ken St. Andre: <http://atroll.wordpress.com/>
The Lone Delver: <http://danhemsgamingblog.blogspot.com/>
The Delving Dwarf: <http://thedelvingdwarf.blogspot.com/>
Maximum Rock and Role Playing: <http://maximumrockroleplaying.blogspot.com/>
Tenkar's Tavern: <http://www.tenkarstavern.com/>
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The Tower of the Silent Sorcerer: <http://jrl755.blogspot.com/>
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Tunnels & Trolls en Français: <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/Grimtooth>
Khaghboommm: http://www.rpgnow.com/index.php?manufacturers_id=4780
Michael Haensel: http://www.rpgnow.com/index.php?manufacturers_id=4535

T&T Artists

Liz Danforth: <http://www.lizdanforth.com/>
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