The PORTAL

Your Gateway to Lejendary™ Worlds



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2006

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It is hoped that **THE PORTAL Magazine** will be published bi-monthly, and we will strive to meet this goal with permission from TriGee Enterprises Company. *Lejendary Adventure, Lejendary Earth, Lejendary AsteRogues, Lejendary Elder Worlds, LA, LE, LAR* and related terms are:

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Submissions, Comments and Questions: To submit articles/artwork for publication within **The Portal**, or if you have any comments or questions, feel free to send e-mail correspondence to :

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THE SCRIVENER'S JOURNAL

WELCOME Adventurers!

Greetings to all, and welcome to the premiere issue of ***THE PORTAL***, a fan-based magazine created *for* Lejendary Adventure™ Gamers *by* Lejendary Adventure™ Gamers! What lies before you is something that I hope will become a valued, or at least useful, asset to the LA community.

When LEJENDS™ Magazine ceased its operations so many moons ago, there was left within the LA community a big hole in need of filling. As a recurring resource it served a rather valuable, and two-fold, function. It provided *Support* and *Opportunity*.

SUPPORT -- Firstly, it showed interested gamers that there was a steady influx of new, original, and "official" resource material. This is important since the introduction of new material in the form of adventure modules and sourcebooks has been slow for the LA game. I do realize that time and financial factors have much to do with how often new material comes out, but that is why the magazine filled such an important niche. It whetted the appetites of us fans & players while we waited for the big stuff to come out.

OPPORTUNITY -- Secondly, it allowed the players of the game a chance to have their own ideas, inspirations, and materials be published and shared with the rest of the LA community in a way that isn't really matched by posting on message boards…

Bearing this in mind, I (and a few stalwart LA enthusiasts) offer you a glimpse of what is hoped to be a bi-monthly publication. What is intended is that **THE PORTAL** becomes a useful and viable resource, even if there is never an "official" attachment to it. A medium where enthusiastic Lejend Masters and players alike can make their mark, as well as a tool that Trigee Enterprises Company, Troll Lord Games and Hekaforge Productions can use as an outlet for their abundant creative talent should they choose to.

It is the humble opinion of this scribe that the Lejendary Adventure™ RPG will be around without threat of extinction for a very long time to come. The fan base for the LA game is continually growing... slowly maybe, but growing nonetheless. Such being the case, I believe it's time for all of the long-time LA players to rise up out of the dark night and shine a light, so to speak, so that any and all who are interested may find the path that leads to our world of Lejendary possibilities…

While everyone takes a few moments to peruse the contents of this first issue, it is my fervent hope that something here will inspire you… Not just to want to see more issues come out but maybe even to put pen to scroll and, in some large or small measure, make your mark in these pages as well. You might be asking yourself, "Just what is The Portal looking for regarding submissions?"

Well, the short and sweet is… whatever you feel the urge to do! At the end of this issue is our initial "Submission Guidelines" for articles and artwork, containing a brief listing of varied columns that could show up here regularly or irregularly, depending on submissions. If you find something there that tugs at you, then by all means have at 'er!

After looking it over, if your idea doesn't seem to fall neatly into a category, or if you have any questions, comments, criticisms, suggestions… feel free to drop an e-mail to:

portal_ezine@hotmail.com

In closing I'd like to thank those few who contributed their time, effort and ideas to make this first issue a reality…

Gary Gygax (*Of course!*)
Martin Siesto (*OUTSTANDING artwork!!*)
Jon Creffield
Spencer Wright

THANK YOU GUYS!!

Now… who's next? ☺

Best Regards to all
and Happy Gaming,
Jerry Leonard

THE HARBINGER

Lejendary News & Announcements

Hail to All Fans of the LA RPG System!

It is with the greatest pleasure that I bid you welcome to your new gateway to the boundless realms of adventure of lejendary sort, **THE PORTAL Magazine**. Too long have we all been without a periodical to convey new game information to us, a vehicle in which to offer our creative efforts and voice our thoughts to our fellows. Now, thanks to our Stalwart Editor, Jerry Leonard, that lack has been rectified. We can all look forward to all manner of new and interesting things to be found in each new issue of this journal.

Speaking of new things, I have been doing a fair amount of creative work in regards to Lejendary Adventure game creatures--and I thank all of you that made suggestions or delivered actual details for my consideration. The pages of the ***MORE BEASTS OF LEJEND*** book manuscript are now brimming over with all manner of fell beasts, as well as lists of all the creatures in both works, including breakdowns of aerial, marine, mineral, and vegetable monsters, There is even a separate list of the beasties giving their general size, weight, means of movement, and cunning/intelligence.

In addition, I have managed to do yet another polish of the **Lejendary AsteRogues Fantastical Science RPG**, adding a considerable amount of information in the main body of the rules as well as in the extensive appendices. Again, I thank the fans that sent in corrections and suggestions that enabled much of that improvement. Meanwhile, Jon Creffield is working on developing and completing the initial campaign setting book for the game, "*Kowloon Wharf Space Station*", the working manuscript file for which I sent to him some months ago. As you are all aware, Jon is a most creative fellow, so we can expect a great adventure setting when he completes his work.

In similar vein, Jerry Leonard has my initial material for a Science Fiction genre expansion for the LA game system. The campaign base to introduce it is to be titled **Lejendary Elder Worlds**, and with the rules it will form the vehicle for stellar gaming. As the SF genre is so expansive, it is expected than many campaign books will follow, each introducing a new setting or two, different alien races, and added technology. In that regard I have already sent Jerry one that I devised, a seemingly science fantasy milieu that is really not that at all, so watch for news of "*Hunters of Ralk*".

We are looking to expand the LA game system into other genres as well, notably the Wild West, with a fantasy component likely, as well as contemporary era Lovecraftian Horror. Suggestions for other additions are, as always, welcome. Whether or not those are acted upon depends on the volume of information included with the suggestion, what we have on hand, the general consumer interest in the genre, and the availability of resources to undertake the work necessary to complete the project.

Speaking of availability, I am still attempting, futilely at this time, to become semi-retired so as to be able to read and play more games instead of working most of the time. That means my contributions to this magazine will be limited. Thankfully, many of you are highly creative, so I won't be missed all that much... I do hope to be able to do some collaborative adventure module design for the LA game, and most certainly I plan to oversee all the genre expansions, develop and polish the material created for them.

Finally, the LA Online game is still alive and kicking...if awaiting substantial funding to take it into beta test stage can be termed that. We have hopes, but the odds are long, and one major producer that had supposedly been considering it for many, many months, was simply stringing us along. Now we have moved on and found another group. Our chances are about the same as those of a movie script being made into a major motion picture...

The outcome of that does not affect my enthusiasm for the LA game nor the Troll Lord Games commitment to the system. The main benefit of having it serve as the basis for a MMP would be both immediate enlargement of the audience for the paper game and revenue to promote and advertise it. That would surely guarantee more support publications for the fantasy game, more genre expansion works put into the works for publication on an accelerated basis.

So again, welcome to these pages, Daring Adventurers all. May what you discover here be Extraordinary!

Best Wishes,
Gary

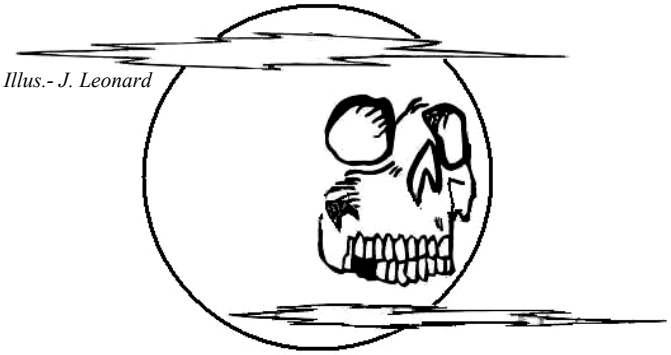
THE HAND OF HEKA

Lejendary Lore from the Master Himself

The Lunar Calendar of the 13 Months of the Lejendary Earth™ World Setting

by Gary Gygax

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Illus.- J. Leonard

The planet revolves around the sun in exactly 364 days, so the phases of the moon correspond to the 28 days of each month as indicated hereafter.

The names of each of the 13 months are given below, and corresponding dates for the Julian Calendar of our world are also shown so as to enable finding matching dates, minus 31 December, of course.

The Equinoxes and Solstices are marked by an asterisk (*) to indicate they are for the Northern Hemisphere, and must be reversed in the Southern one.

Lastly the seven days of a week are named, with "**Godsday**" the Sabbath on which persons attend worship services and work for the religious organizations, "**Serviceday**" the one in which obligatory labor is done for one's overlord or community, and "**Freeday**" the day of rest. Thus, all personal work at one's occupation is basically confined to the four *Celestial Days*-"**Earthday**," "**Moonday**," "**Sunday**," and "**Starday**". Of course some vocations require some work on a seven-day-a-week basis- dairy farming for example. Others will demand attention six days a week.

The Seven Days of the Week:

Godsday
Serviceday
Earthday
Moonday
Sunday
Starday
Freeday

The Lunar Cycle

1st-2nd : dark (2 days)
3rd-5th : waxing crescent (3 days =5)
6th-8th : waxing quarter (3 days = 8)
9th-12th : waxing three quarter (4 days = 12)
13th-16th : full (4 days = 16)
17th-20th : waning three quarter (4 days = 20)
21st-23rd : waning quarter (3 days = 23)
24th-26th : waning crescent (3 days = 26)
27th-28th : dark (2 days = 28)



Illustration by Martin Siesto

The 13 Lunar Months of the Lejendary Earth World:

NEWYEAR MONTH ("Nunth") Days 1-28 (corresponds to Jan. 1-28)
WINTER SOLSTICE* day 1
Moon phases as noted.

SECOND MONTH ("Secunth") Days 29-56 (Jan 29-31, Feb 1-25)
Moon phases as noted.

THIRD MONTH ("Thrunth") Days 57-84 (Feb 26-28, Mar 1-25)
Moon phases as noted.

FOURTH MONTH ("Forunth") Days 85-112 (Mar 26-31, Apr 1-22)
VERNAL EQUINOX* day 92
Moon phases as noted.

FIFTH MONTH ("Finth") Days 113-140 (Apr 23-30, May 1-20)
Moon phases as noted.

SIXTH MONTH ("Sunth") Days 141-168 (May 21-31, June 1-17)
Moon phases as noted.

MIDYEAR MONTH ("Midunth") Days 169-196 (June 17-31, July 1-15)
SUMMER SOLSTICE* day 183
Moon phases as noted.

EIGHTH MONTH ("Eitunth") Days 197-224 (July 16-31, Aug 1-12)
Moon phases as noted.

NINTH MONTH ("Ninunth") Days 225-252 (Aug 13-31, Sept 1-9)
Moon phases as noted.

TENTH MONTH ("Tunth") Days 253-280 (Sept 9-30, Oct 1-7)
Moon phases as noted.

ELEVENTH MONTH ("Levunth") Days 281-308 (Oct 8-31, Nov 1-3)
AUTUMNAL EQUINOX* day 294
Moon phases as noted.

TWELFTH MONTH ("Twelunth") Days 309-336 (Nov 4-30, Dec 1-2)
Moon phases as noted.

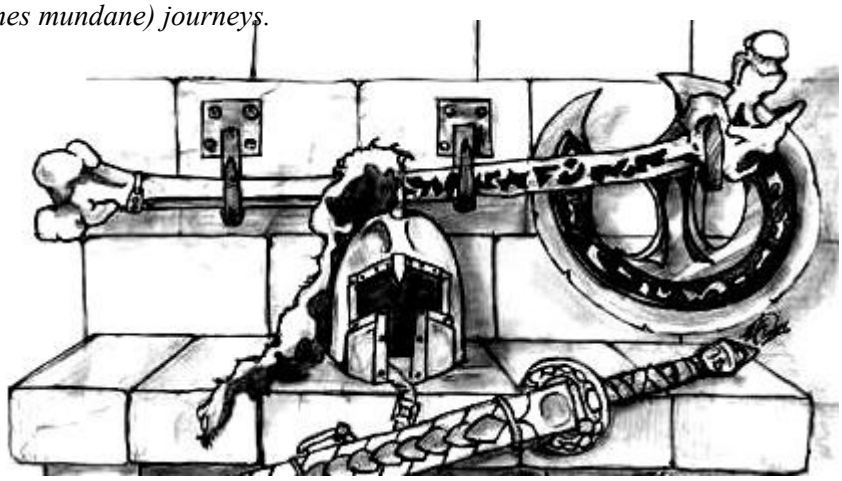
YEAREND MONTH ("Yendunth") Days 337-364 (Dec 3-30)
Moon phases as noted.

THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

The Lejendary Earth is a realm of the fantastic... populated with people capable of wielding energies of an extraordinary nature, and who are able to create items that harness the same. In this issue, "The Extraordinary Life" takes a brief glimpse at three items that adventurers may come across in their heroic (and sometimes mundane) journeys.

Harvest Moon

By Spencer Wright



Harvest Moon is mildly sentient, containing the spirit of an ancient Orc Warrior-King. It emits a pale glow of moonlight-like intensity when in use. The spirit within does not communicate verbally with the wielder rather it conveys its mental state via thought. When idle for more than five days, Harvest Moon becomes sad, if idle for more than two weeks it becomes despondent. These feeling directly supplant those of the avatar in possession of Harvest Moon. The axe is only happy when it is spilling blood. If a protracted combat ensues, or the wielder is particularly adept and graceful in his bloodletting, Harvest Moon and therefore the wielder will become elated.

To those capable of drawing upon it, Harvest Moon also has a 20 point AEP reservoir that will recharge at the dawn of each day.

Harvest Moon will not spill Orc blood. No successful attack against an Orc is possible.

Harvest Moon is a fearsome looking two handed war axe. Its haft is carved from the femur of a long extinct creature and inscribed with scores of primitive runes. The axe head is a long crescent that joins the haft at its points. The metal is a brilliantly crafted xagium alloy of unknown type. Blood never drips from the axe head; it is instead absorbed by Harvest Moon like water to a sponge.

Illustration above by Martin Siesto

Harvest Moon (Extreme ++) "Axe of Ancestors" / Orc war axe of legend

When Harvest Moon is despondent it will confer no additional abilities.

When Harvest Moon is sad it will confer the following:

- +10 to Precision/Weapons Ability
- +8-12 additional Harm that bypasses all armor and protections
- 10% protection against two opponents, adds 3 armor protection

When Harvest Moon is happy (LM's discretion) it will confer the following:

- +20 to Precision/Weapons Ability
- +13-16 additional Harm that bypasses all armor and protections
- 20% protection against two opponents, adds 6 armor protection

When Harvest Moon is elated (LM's discretion) it will confer the following:

- +30 to Precision/Weapons Ability
- +17-20 additional Harm that bypasses all armor and protections
- 30% protection against two opponents, adds 9 armor protection

Lord Harrington's Family Blade

by Spencer Wright

Two hundred years ago a Peccant, and it's minions of the most vile and diabolical type, plagued Lord Hamish Harrington's estate and the common folk who peopled his extensive holdings. Lord Harrington, along with his bravest and best soldiers, fell upon the Peccant only to discover that it was far too cunning and murderous a foe for mere steel to silence. After consultation with his most trusted advisors, it was decided that a weapon need be forged to drive this evil from their lands. Thus Hamish set his most gifted smith to work in concert with Uthat, the Harrington's mage, and High Abbot Maynar to confect a weapon to smite this malevolent menace.

And so, the Harrington Family Blade was born of skill, enchantment and prayer.

With this exquisite creation in hand, Lord Hamish Harrington smote the Peccant at the climax of a dread melee that claimed many lives. It was in that confrontation that the blade earned its famous moniker "The Grim Thorn" for as the living dead fell upon Hamish the sword blade darkened to a deep jet black and small faintly luminescent runes shown upon the blade. The fiends withered beneath its assault. In the eight generations hence the sword has been passed from hand to hand to the IX Lord Harrington, Archer.

Lord Archer Harrington fancied himself an adventurer and man of action. Using his name, wealth and the legendary power of "The Grim Thorn", he formed a company and set forth. Adventure, however, got the better of Archer Harrington. He died campaigning, without heir, and the sword of his fathers lost to some obscure part of the world.

The Grim Thorn is an expertly crafted long sword with a full basket hilt of ornately spun silver and gold; the Harrington family crest (a stag rampant over a blue crown) is inlaid on the pommel.

"The Grim Thorn" (Extreme +)

Long Sword: Cutting/Thrusting 4-20 Harm

Generally:

- +25% to Precision/Weapons Ability
- +9-12 Harm that bypasses all armor and protections

An AEP reservoir of 12 points that can only be utilized for the following activations;

- Blue Bolts (Grade V, as per the Enchantment activation)
- Personal Armor V (Grade V, as per the Enchantment activation)

AEPs recover at the rate of 6 per 12 hours.

Within 100'of the Living Dead;

- the blade darkens and luminescent runes appear.
- +35% to Precision/Weapons Ability
- +13-16 Harm that bypasses all armor and protections
- The blade produces and drips with consecrated water that inflicts a further 3-5 permanent Harm.

Night Helm (Strong)

By Jerry Leonard

A plumed, supernaturally energized metal helmet that appears quite ordinary but, when the proper command word is spoken by the wearer, instantly allows the wearer to see in total darkness as would one from the race of Huldrafolk, thus allowing the wearer to act in darkness without penalty. However, if the helm is activated by command word in full light, or is confronted with bright light while active, the wearer suffers the same penalty as would one from the race of Huldrafolk who is exposed to full daylight (effectively blinded). The helmet confers a protection value of 05% (-1) regardless of other armors worn. When activated the open face of the helm darkens to an extent that the face is not visible, and two glowing red pinpoints of light appear where the wearers eyes are, providing a most fearsome visage. Such a look will have an effect on the morale/attitude of all who are not familiar with the wearer when encountered for the first time.

THE MENAGERIE

The world of Lejendary Earth, as well as the countless matrices that adjoin and/or coexist side by side with it, is awash with a massive variety of flora and fauna… Mundane, Extraordinary, malign or benign. Set within these pages are those that are encountered and recorded by stalwart adventurers, such as yourself. Take note and remember– Forewarned is Forearmed.

Ravenous Fleshmonger

(Lesser, Greater)

Troublesome Nether Being

Appearing: Lesser 1-3, Greater 1

H: 60-90 **P**: 45-65 **S**: 12

LESSER FLESHMONGER

Attack:

- 4 Claws (Each causing 6-8+6-9 Harm 1/ABC)
- Bite (13-16+8-12 VT Harm 1/ABC) A successful bite will result in the victim being rendered catatonic for 3 full ABs. Whereupon the fleshmonger will feast on the poor soul so afflicted. "Feasting", the fleshmonger will ravenously devour enough flesh and bone each ABC to account for 5% of the victims Health BR, such that a victim will be totally consumed within 20 ABCs. While feasting, the fleshmonger can perform no other action as it is utterly fixated on the act, though if a feasting fleshmonger is attacked it will defend itself. Feasting restores 10 Health per ABC to the fleshmonger not to exceed its starting Health BR.

Defense: Supernatural and malevolent energies confer 10 points of protection from all Harm, except as noted below.

GREATER FLESHMONGER

Attack:

- 4 Claws (Each causing 8-12+6-9 Harm 1/ABC)
- Bite: (17-20+13-16 VT Harm 1/ABC) A successful bite will result in the victim being rendered catatonic for 3 full ABs. Whereupon the fleshmonger will feast on the poor soul so afflicted. "Feasting", the fleshmonger will ravenously devour enough flesh and bone each ABC to account for 5% of the victims Health BR, such that a victim will be totally consumed within 20 ABCs. While feasting, the fleshmonger can perform no other action as it is utterly fixated on the act, though if a feasting fleshmonger is attacked it will defend itself. Feasting restores 10 Health per ABC to the fleshmonger not to exceed its starting Health BR.

Defense: Supernatural and malevolent energies confer 15 points of protection from all Harm, except as noted below.

Common Traits:

A Ravenous Fleshmonger suffers no Harm from mundane or Preternatural weapons or items. Activations of grade I-V have no effect while activations of grade VI and above inflict their standard level of Harm or effect.

Consecrated water in three-ounce volume, consecrated oil in one-ounce volume, or contact with a devotional object causes 3-5 permanent harm to a Ravenous Fleshmonger, disregarding the creature's Extraordinary protection and restoration.

Ravenous Fleshmongers in General

The fleshmonger, an intelligent, quasi-humanoid creature is an unholy and foul entity of the nether depths. They are seldom encountered, and fortunately for that. A fleshmonger knows nothing but destruction and mayhem and will unyieldingly rend to shreds any living being in its path. They are thought to be some bizarre cross between an undead creature and one of the "demoniacal hybrids" from the *Age of Adepts*, but that has never been confirmed.

A Ravenous Fleshmonger is a true abomination to behold. Vaguely ghoul-like, the fleshmonger sports four spindly arms with jagged claws and a massive slavering maw lined with several rows of sharp and irregular teeth. Their bulbous eyes are blood red and their skin is gray-green, covered in boils and carbuncles. The fleshmonger emits a foul odor that can cause nausea in even the heartiest individuals.

by Spencer Wright

Bonefiend

(Lesser, Greater, Extreme)
Troublesome Nether Being
Appearing: Typically 1 (More than one very rare)
H: 40-80 **P**: 40-65 **S**: 10

LESSER BONEFIEND

Attack:
- 2 Claws (Each striking for 8-12+4-8 Harm 1/ ABC)
- Bite (13-16 Harm 1/ABC)

Defense: Infused malevolent energies provide 6 points of protection from all form of Harm, except as noted below.

GREATER BONEFIEND

Attack:
- 2 Claws (Each striking for 13-16+4-8 Harm 1/ ABC)
- Bite (17-20+6-8 VT Harm 1/ABC*) A successful bite will result in the continued loss of 6-8 Health per ABC for the next 5 ABCs. *The VT can only be administered once per victim, repeated successful bites do not inflict the VT Harm.

Defense: Infused malevolent energies provide 9 points of protection from all form of Harm, except as noted below.

EXTREME BONEFIEND

Attack:
- 2 Claws (Each striking for 17-20+4-8 Harm 1/ ABC)
- Bite (21-25+8-12 VT Harm 1/ABC*) A successful bite will result in the continued loss of 8-12 Health per ABC for the next 5 ABCs. *The VT can only be administered once per victim, repeated successful bites do not inflict the VT Harm.

Defense: Infused malevolent energies provide 12 points of protection from all form of Harm, except as noted below.

Common Traits:

Bonefiends suffer no Harm from mundane weapons. Activations of grades I-IV have no effect. Activations of grade V and above inflict standard Harm.

Consecrated water in three-ounce volume, consecrated oil in one-ounce volume, or contact with a devotional object causes 3-5 permanent harm to a bonefiend, disregarding the creature's Extraordinary protection and restoration.

Bonefiends in General

Many scholars believe that bonefiends were once human, and that in many cases may have been powerful Necrourges who sought to cheat death, but were instead rewarded with this hellish existence in un-life. Due to their ability to be summoned, others hold to the belief that they are another rare form of undead/demoniacal hybrid, most likely created during the *Age of Adepts*. It is left to the LM to decide what works best in their game.

Bonefiends are intelligent, quasi-humanoid creatures that appear as deformed humans whose skeletal remainder is wrapped in bloody sinew and exposed glistening muscle. Their fingers are elongated razor sharp claws and their engorged heads feature dead black eyes and an oversized ghoulish maw with powerful jaws. They emit a piercing screech when attacking or to sound an alarm.

By Spencer Wright



Death Hound, Guardian

Appearing: 1
H: 50-70 **P:** 50 **S:** 13

Attack:
- Howl - Twice per day, it may emit a deafening howl that causes all within 100 feet to suffer a 25% reduction in their actions (including Ability use) for 4 ABCs.
- Bite for 9-20 +11-16, the latter bonus always bypassing armor protection. A successful bite will cause a human-sized or smaller victim to be held fast (with a 5% chance to break free for every point of Physique possessed) and allowing a bonus of 10 to be applied to the tail attacks. The bite causes 11-16 Harm for each ABC that the victim is held fast.
- Tail Strike - When using the tail the death hound

initially strikes using its center tentacle, with a successful strike causing a human-sized or smaller victim to be held fast (with a 5% chance to break free for every point of Physique possessed) which then allows the peripheral barbed tentacles to attack with a bonus of 10 (cumulative with the bonus for a successful bite). If held fast by the tail of the death hound, the victim may also be thrown with the chance for damage from such an act being normal. A successful strike from the barbs of the tentacles cause 6-8 Harm plus 11-20 VT (if armor is bypassed) which, after a 1 ABC delay, causes paralysis for a like number of seconds as there was points of Toxin Harm. The barbs bypass full armor 10% of the time and will bypass half-armor 50% of the time.

Defense: A death hound has 14 points of protection due to a malign preternatural energy and its hard exoskeleton.

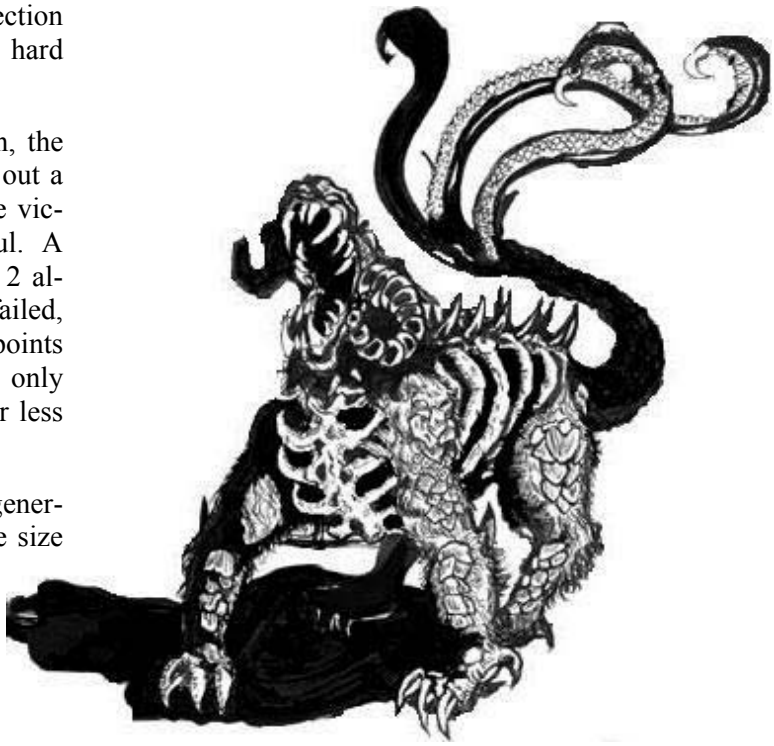
When a victim is held, and near death, the death hound instinctively senses it and vomits out a gout of raw negative energy that surrounds the victim and attempts to draw out its essence, or soul. A successful check against the victims' Speed x 2 allows the effect to be avoided. If the check is failed, the victim dies and the death hound gains 2 points permanently to its Health BR. This power is only employed when a victim is near death (10% or less of original Health possessed).

The "Guardian Death Hound", as it is generally called, is a chimera-like creature about the size of an Ogre Warhound that appears to be made up from several fantastical, unknown creatures not native to Learth, and hailing from an other-dimensional matrix heavily infused with dark/negative energy.

They were likely brought over to Learth initially to serve as guardians of various sorts as this is the role they are usually performing when encountered, though they are sometimes (rarely) found wandering in uninhabited wildernesses.

The guardian death hound possesses a long prehensile tail that ends in three tentacles tipped with venomous barbs, which it can use to capture prey and/or strike as a scorpion. Its legs and neck are covered with patches of coarse fur & scales and the torso is surrounded by a hard exoskeleton, while the head is adorned with ram-like horns and sports a large mouth filled with rows of sharp jagged teeth.

by Martin Siesto and Jerry Leonard
Illustration by Martin Siesto



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AMONG THE POPULACE

For adventurers in search of heroic deeds, it is inevitable that they will encounter friend and foe, as well as those who are indifferent to their ambitions, while traveling across the face of Lejendary Earth. In this issue, 'Among The Populace' introduces the Lejend Master to one group of antagonists that ply the seas in search of unwary and easy prey…

A Scurvy Crew

By Jon Creffield

Illustrated by Jerry Leonard

Many vessels ply the seas and oceans of the Lejendary Earth world: caravels, galleys, long ships, great galleons, merchant cogs and more. Traders and explorers must face diverse perils when setting sail; the navies of many lands contest with one another in battles that turn the seas red with blood, massive monsters lurk beneath the waves, destructive and unpredictable storms can arise. All these things are fearsome but there is something the mariners fear more – ***PIRATES!***

In some parts of the world huge pirate navies assemble, their ships stuffed with bloodthirsty cutthroats. In other areas the pirates are more circumspect in their plundering. But of all the pirate crews few have been more successful, or secretive, than that of the Wake.

The Wake is a caravel built vessel, broad of beam and 85 feet in length. She has two masts, fore and stern castles, main and gunnery decks, and a compliment of gnome built pneumatic catapults. More details of this vessel are given later, but for now let us turn to the crew of scoundrels that man her.

Detailed first are the principal members of the crew. Each is the equivalent of an Avatar that has earned 6,000-10,000+ general merits, and gained a few points from ability specific merits too.



Sir Artorio Xanadian

Knight Arrant (7th Rank Noble).

H: 56 **P:** 59 **S:** 11.5

Chivalry : 73 (+14 Weapons/Harm)
Weapons : 64 (78 due to Chivalry bonus)
Waterfaring : 35
Hunt : 35
Physique : 23 (+2 Harm)
Pretense : 20

Attacks:

Artorio wears a slender rapier (sword, thrusting) at his waist [*Harm base 3-20 penetration, range 4, speed 3, precision bonus 20*] and a dagger in his right boot for throwing [*Harm base 1-20 penetration, range 40, speed 2, precision bonus 0*]. In his cabin he has a broad sword (sword, cutting) [*Harm base 6-20 penetration/shock, range 3, speed 5, precision bonus 10*] and small crossbow [*Harm base 2-20 penetration, range 75-150-300, speed 4, precision bonus 10/0/0*]. Abilities possessed provide a +16 harm bonus to attacks with his striking weapons and a +14 harm bonus to hits from his crossbow.

Defense:

When at sea Artorio dons a suit of leather full armor, which provides 8 points of protection, and carries a targe shield for a further 6 points of protection. In his cabin is a *Preternatural* suit of *Steel Plate Full Armor* (LML pg. 49). When visibility is poor he fetches his helm from his cabin, this is set with a *Z'Apot Visor* (LML pg. 102), only rarely will this be worn in combat because of the danger that Artorio will attack his own men.

General Background: Born the younger son of a distinguished yet land poor Barcalonian family, Artorio ploughed what funds he had into purchasing and equipping the Wake.

Tucked away in his cabin Artorio has sev-

eral letters of marque; documents issued by various potentates that allow him to stop and board any vessel he encounters that flies under the flag of a nation deemed "hostile" by these rulers. In fact Artorio goes much further than such "honest" buccaneering, waylaying any and all vulnerable vessels that cross his path and only answering to his "lords" when such seems politic.

He is able to get away with such scheming and treachery by making sure that no witnesses remain after one of the Wake's assaults. All those that survive the pirates' onslaught either walk the plank or are taken to distant ports and sold into slavery.

Artorio is lean, the hair on his head is cropped close to his angular skull, and he favours dark clothing and wears tall boots of black leather.

This fellow masks his ill intent behind a façade of good manners and refined taste. He is the master of the ship.

Merrenius Tasoflade

Pilot (7th Rank Mariner)

H: 56 **P:** 62 **S:** 10.5
Waterfaring **:** 75
Commerce **:** 54
Weapons **:** 49 (52 with bow type weapons due to Archery bonus)
Archery **:** 36 (+3 harm with bow type weapons)
Planning **:** 11
Urbane **:** 21

Attacks:

Hook set on to stump of right wrist is equal to a *Hook, preternatural* (LML pg. 96) [*Harm base 1-10 penetration plus 1-2 points of preternatural harm that ignores normal armor/protection, range 1, speed 3, precision bonus 0, -10 to attack roll due to extraordinary precision bonus*]. If Merrenius succeeds in immobilizing a victim with a hit from the hook (see note 6 to the Striking weapons table in the ***Lejendary Rules***) he will then draw forth a long dagger from his belt and strike with it, suffering no penalty to off hand use as he is sufficiently adapted to his disability [*Harm base 1-20 penetration, range 1, speed 3, precision bonus 10*]. Merrenius keeps a loaded crossbow on the deck of the stern castle, he is adept at using his hook to cock this weapon and can thus shoot it in the same ABC that he reloads, using his hook to trigger it while holding the stock with his left hand [*Harm base 3-20 penetration, range 180-360-720, speed 4, precision bonus 15/5/0*]. His archery Ability grants him a +3 harm bonus with this weapon.

Defense:

Merrenius wears leather full armor for 8 points of protection.

General Background: The other principle crewmembers have varying degrees of skill in Waterfaring Ability but only this one is of the Mariner Order as such. While Artorio is in overall command it is Merrenius that takes charge of the day to day running of the ship, and he should be considered its "captain".

This rascal hails from a squalid port town in the Kingdom of Ralles. He made a living first as honest trader and seafarer and later turned to piracy. He is short and stocky, fair of hair, and would be considered handsome save that the tip of his nose was cut off in a tavern brawl long ago. In addition to that misfortune he lost his right hand to the bite of a groswurm when he was shipwrecked in the Irojhan Ocean and the stump is now set with a hook (see above).

Hezgar Narraine

Cornet (7th Rank Soldier)

H: 63 **P:** 54 **S:** 11.5

Weapons **:** 78 (80 with bow type weapons due to Archery bonus)
Waterfaring **:** 52
Planning **:** 47
Ranging **:** 34
Physique **:** 20 (+2 harm)
Archery **:** 21 (+2 harm with bow type weapons)

Attacks:

Hezgar carries a cutlass (sword, cutting) [*Harm base 6-20 penetration/shock, range 3, speed 5, precision bonus 10*] and long dagger [*Harm base 1-20 penetration, range 1, speed 3, precision bonus 10*], both at +2 harm due to physique. He has a strong bow to hand [*Harm base 3-20 penetration, range 150-300-900, speed 1, precision bonus 20/10/0*], hits are at +4 harm due to Archery/Physique.

Defense:

Hezgar wears steel mail half armor for 7 points of protection and carries a buckler for a further 6 points of protection.

General Background: Finding greater rewards in plundering merchant ships and peaceful coastal communities, this warrior absconded from his unit and took to the sea. For a while he sailed with the corsairs of King Moharif's piratical navy but signed on with the Wake when she put in to the city of Telhir for provisions. He drills the crew in defensive and offensive manoeuvres and is responsible for planning many of their inland raids. He is also the ship's gunnery officer and supervises the discharging of the pneumatic catapults.

Hezgar is dark haired and sports a well trimmed beard, he keeps his clothes clean and his cabin orderly.

Bran McPhereson

Footpad (8th Rank Outlaw)

H: 48 **P:** 58 **S:** 11.5

Waylaying	**:** 63
Waterfaring	**:** 40
Ranging	**:** 32
Archery	**:** 27 (+2 to harm with bow-type weapons)
Weapons	**:** 25 (27 with bow-type weapons)

Attacks:

Bran carries a cutlass (sword, cutting) [*Harm base 6-20 penetration/shock, range 3, speed 5, precision bonus 10*] and heavy knife [*Harm base 3-20 penetration, range 1, speed 3, precision bonus 0*] but prefers to use the garrote he keeps wrapped about his waist! [*Harm base special, range 0, speed 3, precision bonus 40, see note 12 to the Striking Weapons Table on pg. 197 of the Lejendary Rules*] In ship to ship actions he shoots a medium bow [*Harm base 2-20 penetration, range 75-225-450, speed 1, precision bonus 10/5/0*], gaining +2 to harm due to Archery Ability. He has a store of 9 *preternatural arrows* in his quiver; each adds 3-5 points of extraordinary harm that bypasses normal armor/protection and grants –10 to the score of its attack roll (see LML pg. 94).

Defenses:

Sturdy garments provide 6 points of protection.

General Background: This fellow has exchanged rapine and robbery in the countryside for equal villainy on the high seas. He shanghais "recruits" for the pirate crew and devises cunning plans to lure vessels into the pirates' grasp.

Bran is red-headed and hot tempered, although skinny of build he packs a punch…when striking from behind!

Thunderguts

Unordered Dwarf warrior

H: 60 **P:** 56 **S:** 9.5

Weapons	**:** 76 (81 due to Unarmed Combat Ability)
Unarmed Combat	**:** 50 (5 points of protection when unarmored, +10 harm with body weapons)
Mechanics	**:** 31
Physique	**:** 43 (+4 harm)
Planning	**:** 38
Pretense	**:** 12

Attacks:

Thunderguts wields a mighty *Supernatural Battle-Axe* (LML pg. 94) he names Skull Kisser [*Harm base 7-20 penetration plus 9-12 points of supernatural harm that ignores all normal and preternatural protection, range 3, speed 7, precision bonus 5, -25 to attack roll due to extraordinary precision bonus*]. He also carries a hand axe [*Harm base 5-20 penetration, range 2, speed 5, precision bonus 5*] and heavy dagger tucked in his belt [*Harm base 1-20 penetration, range 1, speed 3, precision bonus 10*], all at +4 harm due to physique.

Defense:

In battle Thunderguts wears steel mail half armor for 8 points of protection and carries a standard shield for an additional 8 points of protection. He likes nothing better after a victory at sea than to cast off his armor and wrestle with any captured sailors, snapping their necks for the amusement of the pirate crew (+14 harm to body weapons due to Unarmed Combat/Physique).

The dwarf has a tube of *Al Forzoul's Air Dust* (LML pg. 44) and he uses this potent powder to "fly" to the decks of merchant ships that the pirates pursue so that *"Skull Kisser can be the first to shed blood!"* If

the opposition appears tough he might spare some of the powder for Mad Jaarn and Teve Harmdon too (see below.)

General Background: Bearded and bellicose, this evil tempered brute is a terror in man-to-man combat. He helps in the planning of inland raids and leaps into battle at the earliest opportunity. He is new to the sea, having fled the authorities in his homeland, and is a miserable, seasick crewmember without, as yet, any knowledge of Waterfaring Ability. His skill in mechanics comes in most useful when the pirate vessel is in need of repair and he fills the role of ships carpenter, albeit under the guidance of those with greater experience of ships and the sea.

Thunderguts is covered in tattoos and, when in one of his rare good moods, he will strip off to show the snake on his big fat belly and the dancing girls on his arms. He has a long black beard and an eye patch over his left eye (+10 to attackers ASP from that flank, -20 to Thunderguts' ASP in missile combats.)

Mad Jaarn

Unordered Human Warrior

H: 54 **P:** 54 **S:** 13,

Weapons : 66 (73 due to Unarmed Combat and Savagery Ability)
Savagery : 42 (+4 harm)
Unarmed Combat : 34 (+6 harm to body weapons, 3 points protection when unarmored)
Tricks : 23 (+2 harm)
Evaluation : 12
Waterfaring : 12

A&A:

Jaarn fights with a great cleaver and has a pair of throwing daggers strapped to his forearms, he adds +6 points to harm due to Abilities possessed, +12 points if he strikes with hands or feet. He shuns the wearing of armor, preferring to leap into battle clad only in a pair of rough leggings.

General Background: Hailing from the wilds of the Teutowald Forest Mad Jaarn is a true berserker. His head is shaved save for a single long plait, worn long down the back of his neck. He decorates his body with a variety of dyes, blue and green in the main, and has leaf-like tattoos upon his hands and forearms.

Teve Harmdon

Unordered Greater Orc Thief

H: 83 **P:** 50 **S:** 7.5

Physique : 85 (+8 harm)
Stealing : 47
Weapons : 51 (52 due to Savagery Ability)
Waylaying : 43
Savagery : 13 (+1 harm)
Urbane : 12
Waterfaring : 17

A&A:

Teve fights with a long, hooked, pole-arm with which he sometimes catches the sides of enemy ships during boarding actions, he also carries a sap, dagger and mace. The orc gains a +9 bonus to harm due to Abilities possessed.

General Background: Teve is a scar faced Greater Orc warrior. Born in the wilds, he travelled to one of mankind's seaports. A dockworker by day and mugger by night, soon enough, the long arm of the law forced him to take his criminal ways to the high seas. He assists Bran McPhereson in attempts to deceive the captains of merchant ships, so that the pirates might more easily ensnare their vessels. He is also a skilled thief, and exercises that art when the pirate ship is in port, as well as shanghaiing "recruits" for the crew.

Teve is about 5'10" tall, short for a Greater Orc. He has numerous scars on his arms and face, is well muscled and stocky and has a "mean" look to him. Teve's body odor is peculiarly disgusting, a vile smell that permeates any room in which he stands, few amongst the pirate crew care to tell him though…

Benetrian Ortegon

Journeyman Necrourge (10th Rank Necrourge)

H: 53 **P:** 62 **S:** 14

Necrourgy : 61
Arcana : 45
Theurgy : 36
Scrutiny : 25

Weapons : 16
Waterfaring : 13
Luck : 12

A&A:
Benetrian's only weapon is a rusty lock knife; his clothing counts as a cloth half garment, providing 20% (-4) armor protection. In matters of attack and defense he relies upon his extraordinary powers. He owns a *Wand, preternatural, specialized*, fashioned from the thighbone of a wylf and attuned to the power of Necrourgy; this contains 21 activations of *Bone Splinters*. Benetrian will activate *Animated Wand* prior to any combat, if possible. The Necrourge also has a stash of 5 *Speedy Spark Globes*; he will use one of these prior to attempting any Theurgy activation in combat. He has a total of 65 AEPs.

Activations:
Necrourgy: *Ritual of the Living Death, Spell of Calling the Free-willed Living Dead, Spell of Calling the Unwilled Living Dead, Spell of Commanding the Free-willed Living Dead, Spell of Commanding the Unwilled Living Dead, Spell of Creating the Free-willed Living Dead, Spell of Creating the Unwilled Living Dead, Become Like a Free-willed Living Dead, Animate Shadow, Animated Wand, Charnel Heap, Cloak in Shadows, Mirdoleb's Shadow Shield, Mirdoleb's Shadow Wave, Shadow Bolts, Shadow Bridge*
Theurgy: *Bolster, Dismiss Influence, Exterminate Insect Pests, Exterminate Internal Parasites, Pulsion, Return, Reverse Shape-Shifting, Sacred Precincts, Shelter from the Elements, Undo Activation*

General Background: Once this fellow was an acolyte in the service of Acca Larentia until he began to take an unhealthy interest in the forbidden works of certain discredited scholars. He reasoned that the more he knew of evil spirits, of ghosts and the living dead, the better he would be able to combat them. In time though he came to pray secretly to Pluto and, not long after this, his distraught superiors discovered a hidden cache of necromantic works in his cell. Naturally he was excommunicated. Since then he has joined a depraved brotherhood of warlocks, the Sons of Dis. He experiments in ways of making man "immortal" (after all, that which is already dead is safe from disease and the ravages of old age…) On the high seas he finds the funds necessary to further his researches. Even the pirate crew finds this fellow distasteful, but his powers, both of theurgy and necromancy, are invaluable. He desires the Ilf sorceress but she spurns his advances, so he is considering her for one of his experiments in "immortality" as a result…

Benetrian customarily dresses in ill fitting gray robes, a tattered cowl drawn up over his head. He is scrawny of build; his limbs painfully thin; yet he has a large protruding stomach. His face appears slightly dirty no matter how much he washes it, his features are gaunt, the skin sallow.

Eowin Melande
Summoner (10th Rank Demonurge)

H: 72 **P:** 46 **S:** 13.5

Sorcery : 60
Geourgy : 53
Hunt : 28
Stealth : 24
Weapons : 35
Pretense : 25
Tricks : 12 (+1 harm)
Arcana : 11

Attacks:
Eowin carries a *Whip, supernatural* [*Harm base 0-2 special, plus 6-8 points of supernatural harm that ignores normal or preternatural protection, range 5, speed 5, precision bonus 5, -15 to attack roll due to extraordinary precision bonus, 40% chance to entangle a man-sized target subject or the subject's weapon, see note 11 to the Striking Weapons Table on pg. 197 of the Lejendary Rules.]* (LML pg. 99).

Defense:
On her left hand Eowin wears a *Shielding Ring, -5 protection/Two opponents* (LML pg. 81), while her clothing is the equivalent of a cloth half garment for additional 4 points of protection. She also has a *Geoplanar Ring* (LML pg. 60) and this confers 8 points of protection against attacks employing air, cold, earth, electricity, fire, heat, ice, stone, water, wind etc.

Eowin has a store of 56 AEPs and her *Geoplanar Ring* grants 20 more. Her true potency lies in extraordinary activations, of which she has the following:

Activations:

Sorcery: *Summon Devil*, Call Up Devil Imp**, Bolster Devil Health, Devil Imp Form, Apathy, Desecrate Consecrated, Mirdoleb's Hellblast, Mirdoleb's Hellbolt, Mirdoleb's Infernal Entrance, Pandemonium, Poison Fire, Seduce to Evil, Sending, Sorcerous Circle, Stupidity, Touch the Weave.*

Geourgy: *Conjure Devati***, Create Windstorm, Wind Whip, Conjure Maridi***, Elemental Aquanaut, Elemental Water Compatibility, Krigollan's Hard Water, Atmosphere Elementary Service, Calm Elementary Service, Wind Elementary Service, Breaker-Wave Elementary Service*, (note that the following powers can only be activated if Eowin has her Geoplanar Ring: *Extinguish Fire, Boiling Water Elementary Service, Phosphorous Elementary Service*.)

***** Eowin is loathe to use this activation as she greatly fears the consequences of it going awry, still if circumstances should be such that the pirate vessel is doomed without hellish help she will attempt it. The Devil she calls is named *Mephelisto*. Note that, despite the foregoing, Mephelisto is bound by a previous summoning to appear at Eowin's side should she be severely injured (Health BR beneath 15) and carry her to a place of safety. Mephelisto takes this arrangement literally, should Eowin actually be slain he has every intention of appearing and carrying her soul directly to hell…

****** Eowin is far more likely to call up a devil imp or two should she need aid, one is bound by a previous calling up to appear should Eowin be physically attacked.

******* Eowin has insufficient faith in her geourgic ability to risk summoning either of these potent creatures, much preferring to deal with the weaker elementaries instead. If in dire peril she will turn to the hells for help rather than the elemental planes.

General Background: This fair, coquettish ilf maid has most men eating from the palm of her hand. She gives the appearance of helpless femininity, but it cloaks a merciless and devious character. She is both a potent sorceress and geourge. Through her mastery of the elements of air and water she keeps the ship safe and speeds its passage, likewise brings woe to those the pirates seek to waylay. She has no knowledge of Waterfaring Ability and refuses to aid in the manning of the ship, believing such things beneath her.

Mephelisto:

An ordinary devil, a thing some six feet tall, with a human-like body covered with patches of green scales, hairy and goat-like limbs, a six-foot length tail with an arrowhead sting, great bat-like wings protruding from the shoulder blades, and long head with temple-area horns, an inverted V mouth, and slanting, reptilian red eyes.

Devil (ordinary): 1

H/FW: 130 **P:** 72 **S:** 12

Arms:

A malign energy powered hoof kick delivering 5-20 plus 11 points of shock harm *or* tail inflicting 6-8 points of harm and a VT of 9-12 harm, disregarding all but supernatural protection, that paralyzes the victim permanently (Theurgy Powers or Extraordinary Items Powers possibly reversing this, of course) unless a roll at a penalty +13 against two times *current* Health Base Rating succeeds. It can, as well pick up and use any normal weapon to add a second attack thereafter during later ABCs.

Powers:

- Shape-shift in 1 ABC to the form of either a normal-appearing human, a subterranean boa, or an unnatural springbat, taking the attack capacity of the form assumed, but retaining extraordinary armor protection.
- Fly as quickly as a bat.
- In 1 ABC become invisible without dematerialization and not appear to normal sight again until actually attacking.
- At will dematerialize or materialize in 1 ABC.
- In non-material form expend 19 points of Health (as if taking harm) and possess the body of any person then touched, succeeding on a roll of 39 or under—with a penalty equal to the subject's Speed added to the score if the target is intelligent; and if successful only a theurgist can evict the possessing spirit, but when evicted it returns instantly to its own realm.

Armor:

22 points of armor protection against material attacks so harm inflicted must accrue through Extraordinary attacks, including harm added by Extraordinary weapons and Powers, except that the touch of a sanctified devotional object inflicts 3-5 harm despite the evil force otherwise protecting the creature.

She dresses in fine clothes, favoring red taffeta and silk; her long blonde hair is tied back in a silver net. She is short of stature and slender, voluptuous yet well proportioned, a treat to a man's eye… until she uses one of her long fingernails to poke that eye out!

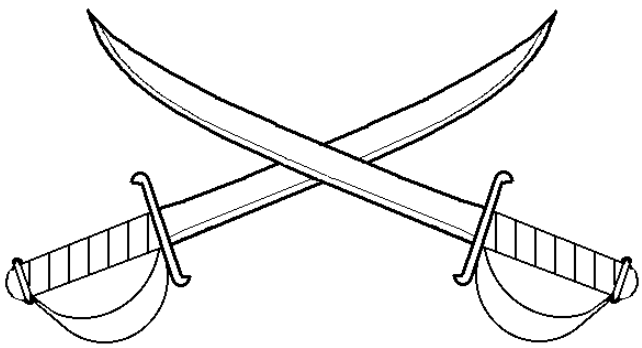
Devil Imp: 1 or more
H/FW: 13 **P:** 63 **S:** 14, including flying.

Arms:
Malign energy powered barbed tail sting inflicting 3-5 points of harm plus a VT of 9-12 harm ignoring all armor protection except that against poison.

Powers:
- Fly as quickly as a bat.
- In 1 ABC become invisible without dematerialization and not appear to normal sight again until actually attacking.
- At will dematerialize or materialize in 2 ABCs of time.

Armor:
20 points of protection against material attacks so harm inflicted must accrue through Extraordinary attacks, including harm added by Extraordinary weapons and Powers.

A devil imp is a small and horrid creature a bit more than a foot tall, with a snake-like body covered with patches of green scales and orange wattle-like growths, hairy and goat-like limbs, a two-foot length tail with an awl-like sting, bat-like wings protruding from the shoulder blades, and long head with forehead horn nubs, an inverted V mouth, and spiteful orange eyes.



The Rest of the Crew

In addition to the somewhat extraordinary crew members just detailed there are a dozen other stalwart pirates aboard the Wake:

Pirate 1
H: 20 **P:** 22 **S:** 11 **A&A:** cutlass*; 4 pts. protection

Pirate 2
H: 28 **P:** 30 **S:** 10 **A&A:** club; 4 pts. protection

Pirate 3
H: 18 **P:** 18 **S:** 9 **A&A:** dagger; 5 pts. protection

Pirate 4
H: 22 **P:** 27 **S:** 9 **A&A:** cutlass; 6 pts. protection

Pirate 5
H: 26 **P:** 18 **S:** 9 **A&A:** hook, hafted; 3 pts. protection

Pirate 6
H: 25 **P:** 34 **S:** 10 **A&A:** cutlass; 6 pts. protection

Pirate 7
H: 20 **P:** 20 **S:** 9 **A&A:** hand axe; 4 pts. protection

Pirate 8
H: 20 **P:** 17 **S:** 10 **A&A:** club; 5 pts. Protection

Pirate 9
H: 22 **P:** 23 **S:** 10 **A&A:** cutlass; 4 pts. Protection

Pirate 10
H: 22 **P:** 17 **S:** 8 **A&A:** dagger; 5 pts. Protection

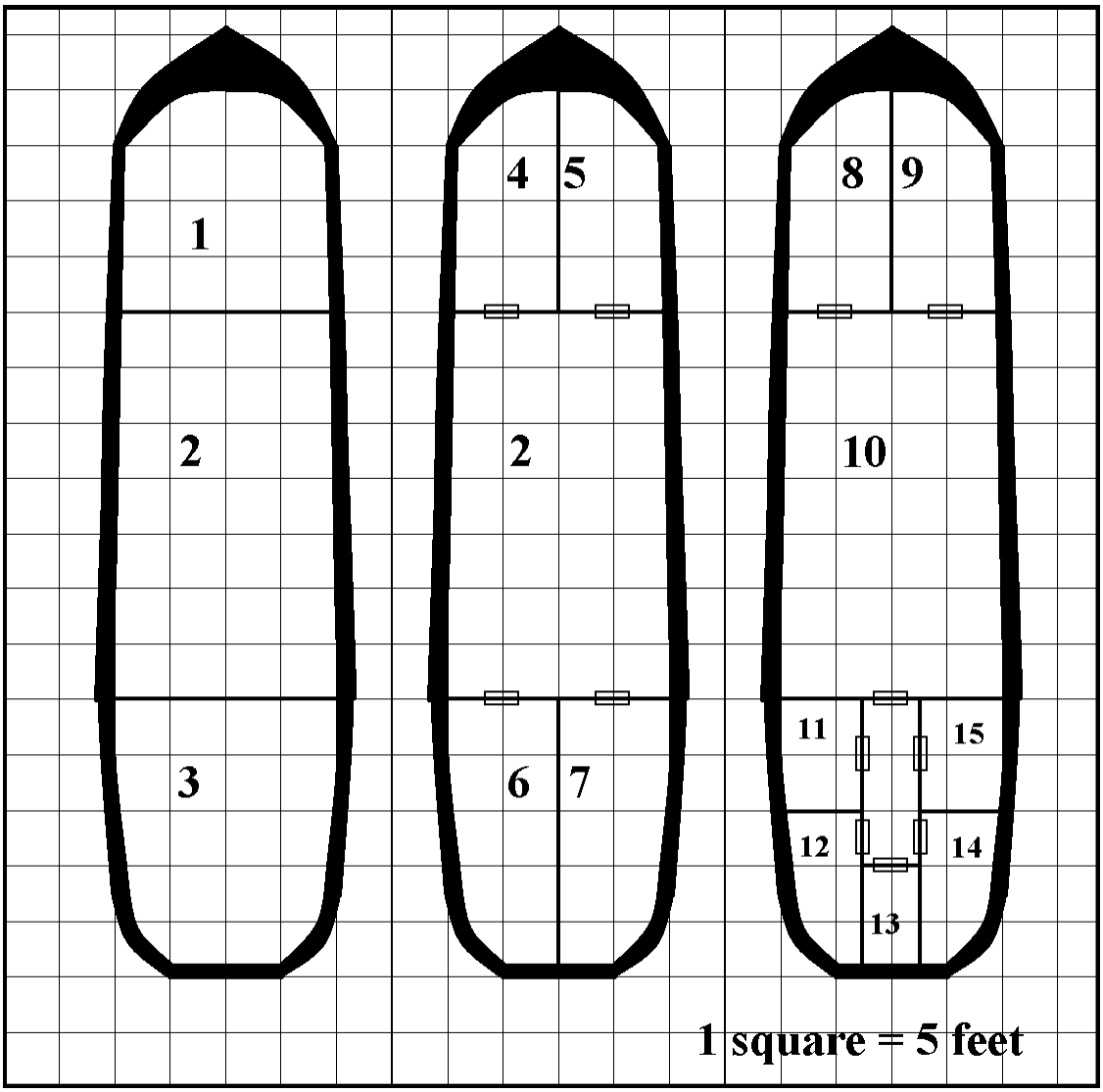
Pirate 11
H: 34 **P:** 25 **S:** 8 **A&A:** cutlass; 4 pts. Protection

Pirate 12
H: 26 **P:** 28 **S:** 10 **A&A:** mace; 6 pts. protection

*In addition to these weapons a store of crossbows, quarrels and bucklers are kept locked in area 6 to be distributed at Artorio's command.

These lesser pirates are a colorful bunch, dressed in the cast off finery of captured nobles, sporting outlandish beards and hairstyles, several bearing scars or mutilations from past battles and all eager to drink, wench, gamble or fight.

THE WAKE



Area 1, Forecastle: The forecastle is raised some 16 feet above the waterline, a single uncovered stairway descends to the main deck some 8 feet below. Wooden battlements provide 40% (-8) armor protection against missiles.

Here the foremast rises through the deck at a sharp forward angle. To one side stands a capstan for the raising and lowering of an anchor. A gnome-built light pneumatic catapult is mounted before the prow (refer to the Gnomes entry in the ***Beasts of Lejend*** book for a description of these wonderful devices).

Siege Wpn Name: Gnome sm. pneumatic catapult
Harm*: 2-20 +21-25
Harm Base Class: shock
Range (in feet) **: 50 -100-150
Speed #: 5 mins
Precision Bonus ##: 10/5/0

* Harm assumes a maximum result on any die adds 1-10, but only out to medium range, and thereafter this is reduced to 1-5, with no addition beyond medium range.

** Range is multiplied by four is high-angle fire, but all fire is considered as maximum range when so doing.

\# Speed is for reloading, as discharge requires only 1 second realtime to accomplish.

Applicable only to direct fire, not arching fire.

Area 2, main deck: the main deck stands some 8 feet above the water line. Doorways provide entry to areas 4 and 5 beneath the forecastle and areas 6 and 7 beneath the aftcastle, while both a cargo hatch and covered stairway give access to area 10 on the gunnery deck.

The mainmast rises from the center of this area to a height of 60 feet, with a crows nest accessed by a perilous ascent through the rigging some 50 feet overhead.

Two boats, each 15 foot in length, are strapped securely to the deck either side of the mast. These may be lowered over the side by means of winch and rope; each has six oars.

Area 3, Aftcastle: As with the forecastle this area is some 16 feet above the waterline, 8 feet above the main deck. Wooden battlements provide 40% (-8) armor protection against missile fire. Two uncovered stairways port and starboard provide access from the main deck. Here there is a second capstan to provide safe mooring in times of storm and the ship's wheel, tended at all times by a helmsman.

Area 4, Stores: The ship's provisions are kept here. Dried victuals are stacked in crates along with barrels of fresh water, wine and rum. (Ten 5-gallon barrels of common wine, each worth $200, two 10-gallon barrels of rum each worth $600 and one 4-gallon keg of fine wine worth $800.) When possible fruit, fresh vegetables and hung meat can also be found here. All cooking is done on the main deck for fear of fire; a large iron brazier designed for this purpose is likewise stored here.

Area 5, Eowin Melande's Cabin: The ilf sorceress has as comfortable an abode as conditions at sea will allow. It is furnished with a sturdy bed piled high with blankets and cushions. A dressing table, two stools, desk, wardrobe, chest, low couch, dining table and two chairs complete the furnishings. A large and handsomely stitched Oriental rug covers the floor; this is worth $6,000 to the right buyer (Success in Commerce, Creativity or Evaluation Ability reveals its worth.)

A locked iron coffer beneath the bed holds $12,000 in mixed coinage, and a devil imp will appear and attack should anyone other than Eowin touch this. A secret compartment in the dressing table (Evaluation, Luck, Scrutiny or Psychogenic *Material Sensitivity* power required to locate it) holds a sapphire necklace and matching earrings worth $20,000 as a set.

The desk is unlocked and holds several treatise on astrology and demonology; these are not overly rare texts but they still might fetch $2,000-$3,000. The materials necessary to create command and protection circles for both sorcerous and geourgic summoning are also kept here.

The chest and wardrobe contain a variety of beautiful dresses and other female dainties; even at second hand value the clothing might fetch $4,000.

Area 6, Sir Artorio Xanadian's Cabin: As master of the ship Artorio has reserved the grandest accommodation for himself. A black silk drapery divides the room. On one side a dining table and chairs are set out so that the nobleman might entertain select members of the crew, or guests when they are in port. This furniture is inlaid with mother of pearl, is exquisitely carved and might bring as much as $17,000 from the right buyer. On the other side are his sleeping quarters with wardrobe, bed, and a manikin bolted to the floor and regaled in the *preternatural full plate armor* of which Artorio is so proud.

A silver service set worth $7,000 is mounted on shelves in the dining area. A secret compartment in the bottom of the wardrobe (Evaluation, Luck, Scrutiny or Psychogenic *Material Sensitivity* power required to locate it) holds $9,900 in mixed coins and a small sack containing 110 pearls, each is of average size and has a base value of $100. If the LM so chooses he may adjust the value of each pearl (or group of 10 pearls) as per the guidance given in ***Lejend Master's Lore***.

Beneath the table is a large locked sea chest holding 6 crossbows, 72 quarrels and 9 buckler shields.

Several pictures decorate the room; oil paintings of beautiful yet regal girls, pastoral scenes etc. One is of great worth but only a successful check against Creativity, or a roll equal to 1/10 or less of an Avatars Commerce or Evaluation Ability, reveals this. The actual value of this painting is left to the LM's whim, as is the nature of the scene depicted and the name of the artist who created it.

Area 7, Merrenius Tasoflade's Cabin: As "captain" of the ship Merrenius is also entitled to one of the better cabins. His is arranged in a more practical fashion however; a large desk bears charts,

compasses, sexton and astrolabe. His bed is small, and to one side a single padded leather chair is bolted to the floor beside a low table and drinks cabinet.

A *Dawn Lamp* stands upon the desk next to a small wooden box holding $1,000 dollars worth of crystals suitable for use as its fuel. Hidden in the bed's straw mattress is a sack holding $6,000 in mixed coinage.

The drinks cabinet holds half drunk bottles of brandy and wine; towards the back are three bottles that one with Commerce Ability might recognize as being of value, they are a rare vintage and worth $200-$500 each.

A battered sea chest beneath the desk holds various garments, most dirty.

One searching in the desk's drawers will find several charts, the ship's log and a hand drawn map. The latter item shows the location of an island where the pirates have buried a good part of their ill-gotten gains. When time permits the author of this article intends to detail that isle, the savage tribesmen that occupy it, the diverse creatures that dwell along its jungle cloaked coasts and the mysterious night-black valley which gives the place its name – ***Dark Isle***

Areas 8 and 9, Common Sleeping Quarters: These two large cabins are crammed with hammocks and footlockers, each is home to half a dozen pirates. In total there are 12 lockers to be searched. Each contains oddments of clothing, bottles of spirit, dice, playing cards, pewter tankards, half eaten cheeses etc. and $200-$500 worth of coins and crystals.

Area 10, Gunnery Deck and Cargo Storage: Entrance to this area is provided by a covered stairway from the main deck and a cargo hatch. Six large gnome-built pneumatic catapults are mounted here, three to port and three to starboard.

Siege Wpn Name: Gnome lg. pneumatic catapult
Harm*: 4-40 +26-35
Harm Base Class: shock
Range (in feet) **: 60 -120-180
Speed [#] : 5 mins.
Precision Bonus [##] : 5/0/0

* Harm assumes a maximum result on any die adds 1-10, but only out to medium range, and thereafter this is reduced to 1-5, with no addition beyond medium range.

** Range is multiplied by four is high-angle fire, but all fire is considered as maximum range when so doing.

Speed is for reloading, as discharge requires only 1 second realtime to accomplish.

Applicable only to direct fire, not arching fire.

The catapults stand before square cut covered portholes set well above the waterline.

What space remains is used for the storage of ammunition and whatever cargo the pirates have most recently plundered. This may be nothing at all or rare items of great worth as the individual LM desires.

Area 11 – 15: These are small cramped cabins shared by the more prominent members of the crew, as detailed hereafter.

11: This is the cabin of Hezgar Narraine. All here is neat and orderly. $1,300 in coins and several pieces of rare corral worth a total of $4,000 is stored beneath the neatly folded clothes in his locker.

12: Bran McPhereson and Teve Harmdon share these tiny quarters. Bran is beginning to find Teve's unusual body odor intolerable and is seriously thinking of moving in with the common sailors or quietly throttling the orc one night.

Teve has a large opal worth $4,800 stuffed beneath his blankets while Bran has $1,400 in coins and a gold necklace set with tourmalines worth a total of $5,200 hidden in a secret compartment in the lid of his locker (Evaluation, Luck, Scrutiny or Psychogenic *Material Sensitivity* power required to locate it).

13: This pokey den is home to Benetrian Ortegon. He has decorated the walls with strange cabalistic designs and has set up a small shrine to Pluto - a brass stand upon which are seven black candles and a blood stained goblet. The goblet is fashioned from gold, is of antique design, and worth $15,000 to a wealthy collector interested in oddities (Arcana, Commerce, Creativity or Evaluation Ability can reveal its worth).

14: This "cabin" is securely locked and all the pirates shudder when they pass it by. The occupants are the cause of much unrest amongst the crew, particularly those whose sleeping quarters are nearby. Within are six animorts created by Benetrian's dark art.

Animort (animate remains)**:** 6:
H: 15 **P:** 13 **S:** 7
H: 15 **P:** 27 **S:** 8
H: 26 **P:** 19 **S:** 7
H: 33 **P:** 12 **S:** 8
H: 13 **P:** 24 **S:** 8
H: 32 **P:** 13 **S:** 6

A&A: Bony fingers of both hands for 1-2 harm but VT of 9-12 harm always bypassing armor or other protection; unnatural energy provides 60% (-12) armor protection against all attacks except that of blessed oil or water, those with continuing harm such as acid and fire, and theurgy Ability Powers specifically attuned to affect the living dead.

Holy water in three-ounce volume, or holy oil in one-ounce volume causes 3-5 *permanent* harm to an animort, *disregarding the creature's extraordinary protection and restoration*.

Unless the animort is so harmed as to be at a negative 30 (-30) or lower Health, the unnatural energy that fills it will cause the creature to regain power. After seemingly collapsing and being destroyed, having been reduced to a zero to negative 29 (-29) Health, the evil force begins restoring 1 point of Health each one second realtime thereafter, until the Health Base Rating has reached its full state, at which point the creature arises and functions again.

Anyone entering this chamber other than Benetrian is subject to instant attack. If fighting aboard the Wake should be going badly for the pirates Benetrian might retreat here and order the Animorts to enter the gunnery area to attack Avatars as they come below deck. The items the Animorts guard are stored in a black box screwed to a small table; they are 8 pieces of preserved *Silver energy Fungi* in a glass jar and 3 doses of *Wound Nostrum* in a silvered flask itself worth $800. Benetrian brings forth these items after battles to curry favour with Artorio.

A brassbound sea chest holds the dark magicians stock of necromantic paraphernalia - all the items required for the construction of command and protection circles. It also holds his "workbook"; a half-indecipherable journal detailing Benetrian's thoughts on life, death and immortality, his obsession with Eowin and many of his barbaric *"experiments in preserving the animate state beyond death."* A reader with Necrourgy Ability who studies this work has a chance equal to 1/10 of that Ability of deducing the correct ceremonies, chants and materials required to perform the *Ritual of the Living Death*. Thereafter they could record that ritual on a memory tablet if that the deplorable rite was previously unknown to them.

A bundle of old canvas lies in one corner, beneath it is a small coffer containing $5,000 in mixed coins.

15: this is the cabin of Thunderguts the dwarf and Mad Jaarn; they often argue and fight but have grown to admire one another, even to enjoy each others company a little.

In a sturdy padlocked chest at the foot of his bed Thunderguts has $8,000 in mixed coinage and $4,100 worth of fancy stones (amethysts, quartz stones, zircons, green jadeite, lapis lazuli etc.)

Mad Jaarn has stashed his wealth in a small locker beside his bed, placing it inside a covered chamber pot. It contains $1,700 in gold coins, a small piece of rare corral worth $300, and a 4 carat white sapphire worth $5,600.

Tactics and Dirty Tricks

The crew of the wake seeks easy victories over protracted battles, to this end they have developed a number of stratagems.

- Faking distress; by burning smoke pots, or redistributing cargo and gear in such a way that their vessel lists heavily, the pirates give the impression of having suffered some accident. They then signal to passing merchantmen, but woe betide the merciful captain that brings his ship alongside to provide aid.

- When in waters new to the Wake the pirates will put into ports openly. Sir Artorio will tour the town with Eowin on his arm, claiming to be newlyweds seeking the romance of the sea and lands new. Sir Artorio's impeccable manners and Eowin's dazzling good looks bring them invitations to the finest gatherings; by artful questioning these two then learn of any fat prizes soon to sail from the port. When a vessel with a rich cargo sets sail the Wake is not far behind…

Combat at Sea

When engaging a vessel the pirates hope to plunder they are careful *not* to sink it. After all what use is even the richest cargo if it is at the bottom of the sea? By shooting bar and chain shot the pirates bring down their victims rigging, leaving them wallowing helplessly in the water.

If engaged by a potent enemy seeking to capture or sink them the pirates turn to Eowin for aid, her geourgy activations can sink or damage even the greatest of vessels.

The Pirates and Your Campaign

There are many uses for these pirates. The Avatars need not even be at sea in order to encounter them; these villains sometimes execute raids far inland in search of plunder.

Be aware that only an experienced and capable band of Avatars could hope to best these pirates in a stand up fight. A group of newly created Avatars would have holes as large as pneumatic catapult balls punched through them if they fought man to man against the crew of the Wake!

A newly created party of Avatars might be sent in pursuit of the Wake. Through many long and perilous adventures they would come ever closer to their quarry but always just fail to catch them. They might meet individual members of the crew but not face them en masse until they had gained sufficient strength to challenge them. In these circumstances the crew of the Wake will develop into the party's long-term enemies.

The LM might allow the party to discover a map showing the way to a distant island where buried treasure lies. Unfortunately for the party the crew of the Wake seek the treasure too. The pirates have split into several small groups to better explore the isle, so a weaker band of Avatars is in with a chance (for a strong and experienced party you might rule that one group of pirates has joined the crew of the Avatars ship!)

An ambitious LM might have his party abducted by the rascally pirates and forced to join the crew *"Sign on or walk the plank!"* The Avatars might start a mutiny, make a daring escape, or even willingly take part in the pirates looting and plundering.

For the time being LMs must rely upon their own judgement when determining the outcome of chases at sea or ship to ship engagements. If you feel uncertain as to how to handle these matters then fear not, even now Kelly D. Doherty is working on a most excellent set of rules that detail everything the LM could wish to know about matters nautical. This sourcebook of the seas has rules to determine the speed and firepower of vessels, the quality of their captains and crew, the ability of vessels to survive storms and much more besides.

So, for the time being we leave the Wake and its crew behind. As they sail off into the sunset let us remember that the Wake is not named for the silvery trail it leaves behind it but rather for the sorrowful gatherings of sailors wives whose husbands fell victim to her crew.



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THE JONGLEUR'S STAGE

The Storyteller's Spotlight

SOUL-SEARCHING

by Jerry Leonard

The voice echoed from the darkness. "You should be proud Demmek. It's not every day that smells such as this are discovered. Maybe we should name this one after you…"

It took all he had to resist the urge to give an ill-thought and rude reply but Demmek managed. Instead he forced himself to calm and, swallowing the ache in his chest, said in his most optimistic voice, "Very funny Hagar… If you think this is bad wait till we're under the Merchant's Quarter. There's a stench there you'll easily recognize. And it even has a name… corruption."

"Now wait just a minute here…" As Demmek stopped and turned around, Hagar came closer to the light of the lantern. "You know as well as anyone else that I'm a free-trader and charge fair and competitive prices for my goods, regardless of the demands of the Council of Merchants."

Demmek grinned wide and gave his friend a good once over. For a man in his forties he looked lean, and much younger than his years. Normally dressed in the finery of a well to do merchant, and quite the ladies man to boot, the heat radiating in the sewers caused his long, wavy blonde hair to become soaked and it plastered itself in unflattering ways across his face and tunic. For once, Demmek thought to himself, his friend looked no better than he. Short of stature, with pockmarked face and dark greasy hair down to his shoulders, when coupled with the normally drab clothing he always wore, he was never one that the ladies would look twice at… or even once if they could help it.

Covered in the sewage slime they'd been wading through for the last two hours made Demmek give a small laugh as he pictured Hagar trying to woo his Lady Vonda looking like this. Appearances could be everything to a man, but when the opportunities for free riches were around all bets were off.

"Heh. Gods you're a mess. I wasn't talking about your 'goods' and you know it. I was referring to those dealings you would rather not have as public knowledge. When it comes to bribery and blackmail, corruption is corruption."

Hagar gave Demmek a hard look and, after carefully pulling a perfumed handkerchief from the neck of his tunic and breathing deeply through it a couple times, he gave a shrug and said guardedly, "Careful, my friend. You're just as guilty as I in those particular endeavors. If I went down, so would you."

"Of course I'm guilty. But I don't make any pretenses of being anything other than I am. That sort of activity is expected of me."

Hagar shrugged again and, just as carefully as before, put the kerchief back in place making sure it stayed clean. "Just so." Looking around in distaste he mumbled quietly to his equally slime-covered partner, "Tell me again why we're down here? How do you know it's not just a wild hunt?"

"Bah! The map and journal is solid, I told you that. I've made it all the way to the door… twice. If the rest is true you and I will never have to steal or swindle again. We'll be rich beyond anything we can imagine. With all of your needs taken care of for the rest of your days, the Lady Vonda would be foolish to turn away your attentions."

"Maybe. But I've always seen treasure hunting as a fool's game, and a dangerous one at that. Swindling is much safer."

Demmek laughed out loud, then put a hand to his chest as if to hold back a great pain. "The sword of a jealous husband or the dagger of a jilted lover isn't dangerous?"

Laughing back Hagar smiled and said simply, "Just so… But all the same, you wanted me along because why?"

"Because we're friends… Because you know the legends better than most and, while you've taught me much regarding protection and warding glyphs, I don't recognize these totally. I want to get this right the first time. Remember now… an even split."

With a small sigh Hagar raised his hands in mock surrender. "Fair enough. How much further?"

A relieved and satisfied look on his face, Demmek said confidently, "No more than an hour under the Merchants Quarter, then another half under the Den of Nobles. We'll be planted squarely under Duke Arset's Castle at the end."

"Why didn't we just drop down from my place in the Merchant's Quarter? We would've been there by now."

Talking as if to a child, Demmek sighed. "Tsk, tsk. Because the map doesn't take us by your place, I'm almost sure of that, and I never poked my head out to keep my bearings. Not wanting to take the chance of getting lost or being seen I just followed the map… Now let's go."

With that, he turned on his heel and began quickly sloshing through the sewer muck. Hagar watched him make his way for a moment and, with a shake of the head to get the hair out of his eyes and a quick pat down across the body to make sure he still had all of his belongings, began to follow. True to Demmek's judgment of time soon they had passed under the Merchant's Quarter and, with a demarcation line as clear as the walls that separated the city districts above them, they had passed into the sewers of the Den of Nobles. Being much grander in scale than the rest of the ways they had traveled through it was easy to see that, even in regards to the filth and waste of the nobles, no expense was spared to see it off. These sewers never backed up, of that he was certain.

Traipsing through the muck and around the precarious ledges of the giant cisterns they passed, with only the rats to keep them company, the two soon made it to the end of their journey. With a small laugh, a wide grin, and an exaggerated flourish, Demmek bowed and gestured to the blank wall before them.

"Welcome to our destiny! On the other side of this, the great things await us…"

Hagar eyed the wall, and then looked to his companion, saying sarcastically, "I knew it. Too much time breathing the sewer air has made you daft. All I see is a blank wall."

Giggling, Demmek replied. "That was what I thought the first time. Then something occurred to me and I went back home to retrieve a few gimcracks to make sure. The third time is a charm. Watch this…"

Quickly pulling what looked like a small sapphire pendant from underneath his shirt, he faced the wall and muttered a barely audible phrase. A small pinprick of light at first emanated from the pendant, but soon its blue light filled the end of the sewer. Being underground for so long, with only the light from their small lanterns to show the way, its radiance was almost blinding. Shielding his eyes from the glow Hagar looked to the wall and gave a small start. Light blue tracings appeared on the wall, outlining a door and prominently displaying, right in the middle of it, three glyphs positioned on each point of a triangle and surrounded by a circle.

Squinting, he quietly muttered to himself, "I'll be damned…"

Demmek gave another pained laugh. "Not yet you won't, old friend. What do you make of it?"

Puffing out his chest and speaking with an air of superiority, much like he would when pulling a swindle on some unsuspecting mark, he said smugly, "This is child's play, fool. I've taught you these marks. You should've been able to take it down without even trying."

In a hurt tone Demmek said defensively, "That's not really fair Hagar. You've shown me these glyphs singly, and in pairs, and I tried to take them down as you instructed, but nothing worked. I'm missing something here..."

With a mocking voice of authority Hagar shot back, "I'll say you're missing something… Look and understand youngster." Pointing to the marks before them he continued. "The triangle in the center, with each glyph to a point means that it's a tripartite ward. Each glyph must be taken down in the proper sequence. As old as this is supposed to be it was probably done counter to the sundial, and always from the top."

Demmek interrupted Hagar with a little heat in his voice. "You've shown me dual wards, you smelly excuse for a dandy. You've never taught me about these. Anyway, I tried that on a hunch… in both directions mind you… and nothing happened."

"Well I'm teaching you now you undersized ruffian, so listen and quit interrupting. As I said it's a tri-ward. But there is still the mark surrounding it. Before you say it, yes, I know it's a circle. It's not a ward. In this case I'm sure it's just acting as a Hiding Glyph… Before we can deactivate the tripartite, this needs removed."

Impatiently now, Demmek frowned and looked at Hagar. "Sure, that's just great. Removed how? As you can see it's embedded into the stone as

surely as the rest."

Laughing openly Hagar slapped Demmek on the back and said gleefully, "The air down here really has made you daft, hasn't it? No matter." Reaching into a sleeve he pulled out a small pouch and, with a deft twist of the wrist, flung the contents against the wall. A great cloud of white powder filled the air with much of it clinging to the damp walls. Tracing the circle into the powder stuck to the wall and laughing again at Demmek's startled and questioning glance, Hagar waved a dismissive hand. "With cold water it makes a decent batter, but blended with hot water and the right spices it makes a wonderful gravy. It's just flour. Now turn your pendant off… the magic won't work while it operates."

"Why do you carry flour in your sleeve? That's kind of odd."

"Thrown in the eyes of an adversary, makes it kind of hard to do you harm, and allows a chance for escape. It also helps to locate thieving little kobolds if you think they're nearby. Now hush and let me think a moment…"

As the blue light faded, Demmek and Hagar were left in the darkness while their eyes adjusted to the dim light of their lanterns. While they waited Hagar continued to speak in low tones. "You know, I was just thinking about the stories. About how when the first King of Rivas built the castle above us and made Crossmere the capitol, before moving farther south that is, and he had the royal treasury carved deep into the rock below the dungeons… if the stories are true we're probably right below the dungeons, even as I speak. Anyway, uhmm, how did it go? Yeah, the guards or somebody kept filching the gold or whatever he kept there, so he had a pet sorcerer summon a guardian… Damn, I wish I could remember what it was… wait, okay now… it… damn…"

"Oh well, long story short, the guardian grew strong and soon couldn't be controlled. The magic that allowed one to pass unharmed didn't affect it anymore, or something like that, and it killed virtually everyone stupid enough to go down there. Finally, King Dellicar sent his sorcerer back down to remove the thing, but fearing that the sorcerer wouldn't be able to control, or even be rid of it, he ordered the vaults sealed behind him. The poor sap probably never even knew it was being done. The rumors are that rather than see if the sorcerer was successful or not, he took his lumps and kept it sealed… leaving the sorcerer, critter, and gold in there to do nothing but collect dust."

Shaking his head he concluded his monologue with, "It's an ill wind that puts a man in that kind of fix, I'll tell you that one for free…"

Demmek shook Hagar out of his reverie when he said sarcastically, and maybe just a little too loudly, "I just love bedtime stories, but can we get on with it now?"

"What? Oh sure, no problem. Now that the magic of your pendant isn't clouding things… nice piece by the way… you can actually disable the Hiding Glyph." Walking up to the wall again Hagar ran his fingers back around the tracing he made in the flour, quietly reciting a short mantra. Once he finished, the outlines seen earlier with the pendant flared dimly into existence then faded, revealing everything to the naked eye. They now stood before an actual door… A door with no handle. Looking back at Demmek with a curious look he asked gravely, "I suppose you've considered the possibility that there might actually be a guardian of some sort on the other side… Hmmm? If there is, I doubt it's going to just let us walk right in to take what we can carry, and then leave again unmolested."

Demmek replied confidently. "No worries there my friend. We jam the door open behind us, and if there is a bogey of some sort, we're out of here quicker than you can say '*The Lady Vonda is built like a Royal Harlot*'… When we're out we close the door and reactivate the wards, then come up with another plan of attack."

Slapping himself in the forehead, Hagar laughed. "A simple thought, that. Leave it to you to come up with a terrible escape plan. Nice."

"Don't worry, it won't be needed. I'll bet you 100 gold orbs all we'll find in there, besides a lot of gold, is one dried up sorcerer's corpse."

With a snort Hagar said, "Here's hoping you win," then turned back to work on the ward. Each time a glyph was deactivated it would flare up dimly and then fade, looking just like it did before he touched it. Once all three magical locks were dealt with, the door slowly opened towards them of its own accord. Silently they just stood there and stared into the narrow passageway before them. At the edge of the light cast from their lanterns they could just make out a set of stairs leading up. After a couple moments of each mentally daring the other to go forward, Demmek broke the silence.

"The gold's not going to come to us, you

know. According to the journal it's supposed to be just a short walk up these stairs to the vault."

Quietly, and with a tremor in his voice, Hagar whispered, "After you then, oh courageous one…"

Heaving a sigh Demmek took the lead, cautiously entering and going up the steps even as Hagar jammed the portal open behind them. Peering intently into the darkness beyond the light it wasn't long before they reached the top. The air inside was stale with the slight odor of ancient rot. Hagar took a deep whiff of the air and said with a nervous giggle, "Somethin' died in here, that's for sure…" Ignoring the joke, Demmek pressed forward with his companion trailing behind. Continuing down the hall soon revealed that it turned to the side and, rounding the corner, led them straight to a large iron bound door that lay ajar. Again they stopped and stared, each screwing up the courage to go on.

Hagar slowly pulled forth his short sword and, a moment later, Demmek followed suit producing a long dagger from the folds of his clothes. Looking over at Hagar with a grin, Demmek nudged him and said with a hiss, "Okay… It's your turn." Reluctantly, Hagar practically tiptoed over to the door. Setting his lantern down he steeled himself, threw the door open, and jumped back with his sword at the ready. After taking a couple of deep breaths, he slowly relaxed his tensed muscles and crept back to the door. Picking up the lantern he took one step into the doorway and froze in place, staring rigidly into the room.

"Hagar?" Given nothing but silence in reply Demmek called out again in a hoarse whisper, "Hagar, talk to me damn it!"

Feeling the edge of panic in his gut, Demmek nearly fainted when the figure stepped before Hagar and placed a hand on his shoulder, causing Hagar to stiffen as if in pain. The figure that was revealed in the light of the lantern was gaunt and pale, but not entirely homely to look at, his bald scalp fairly gleamed in the light and his deep maroon robes were covered with dust. After staring steadily at Hagar, the man soon turned his attention to Demmek's trembling form and smiled. "I've been waiting for you." With a faint devilish glint flashing in his eyes he let Hagar go, turned, and began walking back into the chamber, his voice sounding hollow as he said, "Come."

Hagar woodenly continued into the room and, much to Demmek's horror, his own body responded to the order. Try as he might his body wouldn't obey his own commands. So, with a whimper, he walked into the room as well. As the two entered the room the light of the lanterns was magnified and the room became much brighter. Gold, silver, and precious stones lay neatly stacked in the many shelves arrayed along the walls. Even more was scattered all over the floor and the huge oak table that occupied the center of the room.

The being before them walked to the far end of the room and turned around, waiting for his unwilling guests to join him. Once they had come within arms distance he ordered them to stop. Their bodies froze in place at the command. Slowly the being walked up to Hagar and placed a pale hand to his shoulder again. Seeing the other bodies that lay desiccated and crumpled to the floor lying in the corner, Demmek mentally screamed, dreading what was to come next. Hagar was led to the table and, with a command, made to lie down on it facing towards the ceiling. When this was done the man casually tied his limbs to each one of tables legs. Afterwards, with but a wave of his hand, Hagar shuddered and came out of his trance.

In a panic Hagar looked quickly about the room and, seeing the bodies lying in the corner of the room, started yanking at his bonds with all the strength he had. Looking at the pale man beside him all he could manage was a hoarse whisper. "You... You... You're the sorcerer, aren't you?" A laugh without humor was the only reply. Rather than answer, the man glanced over at Demmek and said calmly, "Free," which caused Demmek to nearly fall to the floor when he was released from the strange compulsion they had been under. Demmek looked at the man before them and said with a shaky tremor in his voice, "That's five. I kept my end of the bargain. Now you keep yours... please."

With a look of shock on his face Hagar sputtered in confusion, "What are you talking about? Five? Five what? What bargain!? Dem, you told me you hadn't gotten in before." The light of understanding finally came to life in his eyes and, groaning, he let his head drop back to the table. With a tone of condemnation and fear he continued, "You bastard. You did get in, and you were caught. Weren't you? If he let you live, bargain or no, why didn't you just stay away?"

Almost as if in apology Demmek gripped his chest with one hand and replied, "Because he took something from me. Something I need back."

Angry now, Hagar interrupted him and spat out, "What could he possibly have taken that would lead you to this, you miserable piece... of... meat!"

When Demmek remained silent, the pale man replied with a hint of amusement instead. "I took a piece of his soul. A man can't live without his soul, as your fellows in the corner can attest, but if you take just a little piece of it they are left with a pain inside that can't be quenched.. by anything. Not even the ministrations of a priest could possibly end the tortured anguish of his soul as it follows him around endlessly, demanding to be made whole again. Your friend here just wants to end the pain that possesses him and, with an incentive such as that, can't help but be a slave to the one who can end it."

With another dry, humorless laugh he continued. "I'm sure the reward for each person he's brought to me has played a large part in his willingness to aid me as well."

Hagar hesitated before asking. "Reward?"

"Indeed. For each soul he's brought to me he has left with as much gold as he can carry." The look on Hagar's face caused the man to laugh again.

Finally breaking his silence, Demmek nearly pleaded to his friend, "I'm sorry Hagar! He's right about the pain. It doesn't get better, it just gets worse with each day. I had to do it, don't you see?"

Face turning red with unsuppressed anger, Hagar jerked a couple more times on the ropes holding him and hissed back, "You pick me for sacrifice and expect sympathy? Just shut up. He's been dead for almost a hundred years. Do you really think he's going to keep his end of the deal?"

Shoulders slumping in defeat, Demmek tried to ignore his friend and walked around the table until he faced the gaunt man. Unable to remove the tremor from his voice he nearly begged of him, "You said you'd set things right with five souls. Please, end this."

With a wicked smile in Hagar's direction, the man turned and looked down upon Demmek's guilt ravaged face. "Of course. A deal… is a deal after all. Now hold still." Reaching into his robes he pulled out a scarab the size of his palm made of white gold and adorned with several jewels. Placing it against Demmek's chest he began to quietly chant… "*Antou atem hota antou... Antou atem hitaney antou...*" After reciting the litany twice more the scarab flashed as bright as the sun, then lay dormant in the sorcerer's hand. Demmek stiffened in surprise and fell back a step with a hand flying up to his chest. The look of relief on his face said it all.

Finished, the man said, "It is done." Reaching over and quickly snatching the pendant from around Demmek's neck he added, "You left the seal open, yes? Then you won't need this anymore. Go then… take your reward."

Like a street urchin released unguarded in a bakeshop, Demmek pulled out a sack from his clothes and rushed over to the shelves lining the wall. Sweeping coins and gems into the sack until it was so full he could barely carry it, he gave Hagar's bound form a quick glance, shrugged and muttered another apology, then bolted for the exit. Hagar took a deep breath and regarded his captor for a moment before speaking.

"You let him live. How do you know he won't return with others powerful enough to destroy you next time? A greedy fool like him won't be able to resist the riches that remain here."

Staring down at his captive, the man actually laughed, with what appeared to be true amusement and humor. "You stand on the edge of death and that is all you can think to say? He should be the least of your worries, but no matter. I promised him his soul back, not his life…"

Resigned to his fate Hagar simply asked, "Then what's next?"

The look of amusement faded from the beings eyes and, with a look that bordered bitter hatred and madness, the reply was quick in coming. "What you said earlier was correct. I *have* been here a long time. Betrayed by the very King I swore to serve, I have had an age to think things out. I told the fools I could control the guardian, and imprison or destroy it if need be. And what did they do? They sealed me in with it. Of course I didn't know this until I tried to get back out again. For too many days I was left to feel the pangs of hunger as I starved to death, but in the end I did not die… not really."

He paused and Hagar watched in horror as the pale, cadaverous being before him transformed into a withered and rotting caricature of a man. The flesh was dried and crumbling, with his arms and hands squirming about as if they were boneless… like rotten worms. It was all Hagar could do to keep from screaming when he looked at the face. The skin of his face had the appearance of mummified rot, with dried lips peeled back revealing rows of sharp teeth like a wolf. The worst was the eyes. Where there should have been eyes there was noth-

ing but a purplish fire that threatened to sweep Hagar into the abyss of madness.

"What's next you ask? Now I claim your soul and use all collected to free the very thing I imprisoned. Pity you won't survive it. It then becomes be the instrument of my revenge as it plies the streets devouring the souls of all it encounters…"

Hagar turned his face away from the thing before him and spoke aloud the memory that evaded him earlier. "A Soul-Eater..."

"Indeed. Every soul it claims will only serve to make it stronger, and soon the city I used to cherish will fall in a storm of dismay and death. It is fit punishment." Standing straighter at the proclamation, the sorcerous corpse-weird approached Hagar and laid the scarab on his chest, holding it tight against his thrashing form. "*Antou atem hitaney antou… Antou atem hota antou…*" Again the scarab flashed in a brilliant display. Only this time it was accompanied by the pained and terror-stricken cries of Hagar as his soul was wrenched violently from his being. When it was over, all that remained was the dried out husk of a man who was once full of life and energy.

The creature picked the scarab up off his chest and looked down at the still form for a moment, then lifted the edge of the table and effortlessly threw it against the wall. The wealth of a kingdom scattered at the impact. Where the table once stood was revealed a sorcerers circle, of the type used to conjure things not of the natural world. Placing the scarab in the middle of it, the undead monstrosity stepped back out and began slowly pacing around the circle.

Reciting another chant… one that spoke of summoning, control, and release… it watched as the scarab began trembling and shaking on the floor. Soon a dim glow of scarlet emanated from the scarab, the energy building in intensity until it was hidden from view. Tendrils of blackness emerged from the ball of light and began thrashing about, almost as if searching for something. In mere seconds, the energy that flared began to coalesce and take form, the scarlet dimming to blackness. As the light faded, voices began to fill the vault, echoing off the walls. The voices conveyed no words… no meaning… a cacophony of gibbering madness.

The corpse-weird stopped chanting and stared at the object of his summoning. Looking like a balloon of dark and greasy flesh that stood the height of a man's waist, the Soul-Eater was covered with a writhing mass of black, squid-like tentacles. Many eyes of various shapes and hues were placed about the body, as well as scores of small fang-filled mouths that gnashed and uttered a bewildering array of howls, growls, shrieks, squeals, and hisses. All of its eyes were trained on the summoner standing before it.

"Gold has been taken from the treasury. Destroy the one responsible and, when it is done, I release you upon the realm of man to feed and do as you will." Picking up a discarded body from the corner, the thing that was once a man threw it across the circle breaking the containment spell. The soul-eater prodded at the body with its tentacles and, finding no life in it, used it as a bridge to cross the circle. Crossing unharmed, it celebrated its freedom with a mass of shrieks from its innumerable mouths and rushed the sorcerer, grabbing at him in the hopes of stealing his soul and rending flesh.

"Stupid beast! I have no soul. Now release me and do as you're told. Destroy the thief, and after that you are free to feed… Go."

With apparent reluctance the soul-eater released it useless prey and began crawling around the room, rolling its tentacles over the gold strewn about the vault. After pausing a moment, it began trembling and the mouths rang out with a chorus of howls. Like a hound following a scent the soul-eater used its tentacles, latching onto the floor & walls and pulling itself forward, to move quickly out of the vault towards the sewers in search of Demmek and freedom. The sorcerer followed behind and caught up to it as it bashed itself repeatedly against the closed and resealed portal. Lifting the pendant taken from Demmek just a short time earlier, he muttered the old incantation that caused the wards to drop and the door to open.

Noisily, the soul-eater rushed out into the sewers, diving into the watered filth and quickly swimming away. For several moments the corpse-weird stood at the door listening, until the light echo of screams bouncing down the tunnels as the creature caught up to Demmek rewarded him.

"And it begins…"

Turning around, the long-dead sorcerer headed back into the vault, his soulless laughter left trailing behind him.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

A Lejendary Adventure Scenario

Dancin' in the Moonlight

A Roadside Encounter
Written and Illustrated by Martin Siesto

Encounter Synopsis:

The group of Avatars chance meet Master Sibfur, a gnome merchant and his small company in a small town, hamlet or other likely spot that would delay the Avatars for a bit of time. The Merchant leaves the area heading down the road in the direction the Avatars are going to be traveling. After discovering some likely reason for the Merchant to have been delayed (allowing the timing of the main encounter to appear correct) the Avatars come across a deadly ambush site. Through deduction or good skill use the Avatars will realize that Sibfur and his merry merchant company have been waylaid by nefarious persons of ill intent. They then have the choice as to whether to go to the aid of the good merchant or to ignore his plight. The Merchant and company were indeed ambushed by a raiding party of Goblins set to carve a living out of the settled folk of the area. The trail will lead the avatars to the goblin camp. After defeating the goblin raiders and rescuing the surviving members of the merchant company (hopefully) the avatars will likely have gained the good will of said company and the rewards of derring-do. The LM may then decide the scope of the potential for more adventure. Was the raiding party just a chance encounter or the beginning of larger group of goblins intending to relocate into the area to harass and pillage the surrounding civilized folk.

Conventions:

All Creature Statistics are provided in each encounter to save the LM time. Weapons used by some opponents are well kept or at least sharpened regularly.

As such I will add in a bonus to Harm called a Sharp Bonus. This is abbreviated as '*Shp*'. I also abbreviate Physique Bonus to '*Phys*'. A weapon wielded by a critter with a Physique of 86 that has been sharpened will look like this;

> Critter Sword, Heavy, Cleaving: 11-20 +14 (+6 Shp/+8Phys).

If it had say Chivalry ability, it would read;

> Sword, Heavy, Cleaving 11-20 +24 (+6 Shp/ +8 Phys/+10Chiv)

'*Chiv*' being the Abbreviation for Chivalry.

If this same weapon wielded by the same Critter were to be enchanted it would read;

> Sword, Heavy Cleaving 11-20 +32 (+6 Shp/ +8Pre/+8 Phys/+10Chiv)

The abbreviation '*Pre*' standing for Preternatural, '*Sup*' for Supernatural and so on.

Apology:

This is the writer's apology for the state of the maps as presented herein. This adventure was only play tested less than a week before publication. I promise future endeavors to be a bit more pleasing to the eye.

LM Notes:

This encounter is best run if, at some point prior to the actual encounter, that the Avatars come into contact with the Gnome Merchant Sibfur and his company. There are several ways to handle this, depending on when you as LM wish to use "Dancin in the Moonlight". Sibfur (or Master Sib) is detailed at the end of this adventure scenario in the section entitled NAC Descriptions.

The important thing is that Sibfur must leave

the village or area where the Avatars meet several hours, or as much as a day, before the Avatars so as to be further down the road. If the time span between the departure of the Avatars and the Gnome merchant is greater than say, six hours be sure to place some obstacle or business opportunity that would logically have delayed the merchant but would not give much pause to the Avatars. Any of the following would be make excellent choices:

1) The Avatars come upon a huge tree that had been cleared off the road, and now lies in pieces off to one side. It should be obvious that the tree fell of natural causes and was cleared off the road using axes and muscle power.

2) A small village of some twenty or thirty souls where the Merchant could have stopped to peddle his wares. The village being so small should have little interest for the Avatars – Make sure that the village is come across just after or before noon so as not to seem a likely place to bed down for the night.

3) A large farm where the merchant would have again stopped to peddle his wares.

4) A deep creek and a broken wagon wheel cast aside on the far side of the creek. Hence the Merchant wagon must have broken a wheel or even an axel and had to be repaired before continuing on.

PART ONE-

Encounter with Master Sib:

Encounter set up: This encounter should take place early in the day outside a Tavern, Inn or Caravanserai.

Despite the darkening sky, or perhaps because of it, the area around the Creek Thorn Inn and Stables is crowded with people, wagons carts and animals. The folk are busily loading supplies and hitching animals. Above, the sky continues to darken and threaten rain. The lead wagon, more like a house on wheels than a true wagon, is stopped in front of the Inn, and a pair of sturdy gnomes clamber up the side of the wagon, fussing about with an odd mechanical. The mechanical, called a Gnomish Pneumatic Catapult is death to nearly anything it hits. This one has 4 smooth barrels that launch deadly missiles with spot on accuracy. The only drawback is the reloading time. A group of kids have gathered around the wagon, jumping and waving their hands. Your eye follows the side of the wagon toward the front and all the children. In bright garish colors the wagon reads "Master Sib's Traveling Warehouse". Stepping back, you take in the whole of the wagon in your amused glance. The sides of the wagon are decorated with purple tassels that dangle from the edge of the roof. Over the back door is a bright green and white stripped awning.

Though it reads Traveling Warehouse, it could just as easily read Master Sibs Traveling Freak show. Seated in the front of the wagon, on purple pillows, and tossing some brightly colored hard candies to the children surrounding him is a gnome dressed in outlandish clothing. There is a bright jolliness in his eyes that is either infectious or terribly irritating, all depending on what side of the bedroll you'd come out of that morning. His garish clothing does nothing to disguise the hard life the gnome must have lived. The lines and wrinkles in his weather worn face are severe for even one of his diminutive race. Despite his hard living he is still animated and full of laughter. He notices you noticing him and, with broadening smile, he beckons to you.

"Right then kidduns', off ye go. Master Sib's got business, he does. Go on 'an see Tarker fer yer coppers." The village children scatter and Master Sib says a few quick words to his driver, then turns his full attention back to you.

"Hello there Longshanks," says the gnome. "I am Master Sib and I've just the thing for a traveler such as yerself." He reaches down and slides a six foot staff out from under the bench. He hops down landing lightly, extending the beautifully carved cherry wood staff so you can better appreciate it. "I have only a few mind you, and those are all fer us wee folk, Save this un that is" He directs your eye along its haft showing off its fine craftsmanship. There are beautiful knot-work carvings on each of its six faces, as the staff is hexagonal. About four inches from the top along each of the six sides is inlaid a strip of metal some five inches long and half an inch wide tapering to a point. "This here, good person, is what we call a Gnomish Walking Flail." He wrinkles his bushy eye brows "err, well that is to say a Longshanks sized Gnomish Walking Flail." His smile beams up at you. "Oh now I know what yer thinking, yer thinking to yerself that ol' Master Sib's done lost all 'is marbles to the local kidduns. Not true, not true a'tall. A simple carved staff you say.... nice an' pretty but surely not worth the ten gold coins Master Sib is askin fer." The gnome

winks theatrically. "With a simple twist we go from staff to Battle-ready, bladed flail!" Following his own advice the merchant twists the haft and releases a secret catch and the upper portion of the staff falls, trailing a length of chain behind it, but still attached to the larger portion of the "Walking Flail". As the chain pulls taught there is an audible click as six very sharp steel points snap out from each of the six faces of the staff. The gnome now holds a very deadly looking flail in his hands. He hands the weapon to one of you saying, "Feel the weight."

He will continue his sales pitch only so long as his crowd shows interest. A good bargainer, i.e. an Avatar that can make a Commerce check better than Master Sib, may be able to win the item for 8 gold or $4000.

OPTIONAL RULE:

One way to do an opposed Ability check is to have each participant make a roll as normal and keep track of the difference between a successful roll and the Ability in question: (Example: Doug has Commerce of 62 and Job of 55. For the sake of simplicity we will say that there are no other mitigating factors that would modify the rolls. So Doug rolls a 32 and the difference between it and his actual skill is 30 points. Job rolls a 17 and the difference there is 38. Comparing the two rolls we see that Job has gotten the better of Doug even though Doug is the more skilled of the two.

Master Sib will attempt to strike up a conversation with the Avatars trying to find out all he can without arousing suspicion. As stated elsewhere, he is always on the lookout for new talent. He will happily buy a few ales and is overall an excellent conversationalist. He will excuse himself after an hour or so having to head on to the next town. It is imperative that the Avatars do not travel with him. If anyone in town is asked about Master Sib they will respond favorably about him.

Before leaving the village Master Sib will set a few feelers out searching for information on the Avatars. As is mentioned in the NAC descriptions, most of his more able retainers are leaving the caravan to run a little "errand"...

PART TWO -

The Avatars, having left the town/village where they met Master Sib, shall soon come upon the devastated caravan and have to make a choice to either take up arms or to ignore the plight of the captured caravan. Avatars not willing to aid the caravan should receive 50 demerits.

The Goblins were able to pull off the ambush during the daylight hours due to the heavy cloud cover, allowing them nearly unhindered vision. The attack was swift and brutal. Having let most of his more martially able folk head inland, to dispense justice, Master Sib had left himself very vulnerable.

The canny gnome is not daft. Perhaps a bit overconfident, but not foolish. His route is one he knows well and there had been no bandit attacks for quite sometime. He had no way of expecting an attack of this size or viciousness. Those not slain in the first few seconds of the engagement were quickly overcome. Master Sib managed to kill one goblin and seriously wound another (that would later die of a punctured lung), but a Harasser caught him in a lasso and that was the end of Master Sib's resistance.

Ambush site:

Have the Avatars with appropriate abilities make checks to notice smoke in the air in the distance. Master Sib's caravan was attacked and several of the carts were burned.

Finally, the rain has let up after alternating buckets and sprinkles all afternoon. Other than being soaked to the bone your ride has been uneventful. The road has been winding thru a lightly forested area for the past several miles. If you want to make the next village before night fall you need to make up some time.

Kicking your mount to a fast trot your senses assail you as you pull up short on your mounts reigns. The scene that greets you is one of horror. Two carts have been set alight, smoking steadily thanks to the rain, as well as an overturned wagon. Scattered about the road are bodies and none of them are moving. Off to the side of the road a basset hound whimpers, nudging what must be the lifeless hand of its owner.

Basset Hound "Saggi"

H: 10 **P:** 20 **S:** 10

Def: 2

Bite: 1-4 Harm

Special: *Danger Sense*: Saggi can sense danger and ill intent from individuals it comes within 15 feet of. He shows his dislike by either Barking or piddling upon the individuals boots/feet.

(Optional) Blessing: One of the Gods (Amadan Mors perhaps?) having seen Saggi's plight enchanted the small animal with the ability to change form into that of a giant more feral Basset Hound (Statistics equivalent to a Ogre War hound) whenever wounded or seeing a goblin or other of the Unseelie Court.

The Hound, belonging to one of the Gnome children, will follow the first individual to pay it any mind. He has an excellent sense of smell and tracks as if he had Ranging 90.

Closer inspection of the area will reveal:

There are 11 bodies in all, including 3 horses and a pair of ox (or cattle at your option). A successful Intellect check will allow an Avatar to recognize some of the dead as being a part of the caravan. The bodies have been savaged with repeated weapon strikes, many of which occurred after death. None of the corpses have any valuables.

Scattered about the road are some few useful items including: A cleaver, 2 clubs, a Strong bow, a case of 20 Hand catapult darts, long dagger, 2 wood axes, and some foodstuffs, clothing and whatever other goods you see fit to add. Goblins are very avaricious and would not leave much behind.

There is an obvious trail where at least 1 wagon was led away into the woods.

The identity of the attackers is not easily discovered at the scene, if at all.

Wagon Trail:

This trail is little more than a game trail that has seen some recent wagon traffic. It wends its way from the road near the ambush site and meanders thru a mile, mile and a half of brush, light forest and meadows. The trail continues on the track becoming rockier, and more meandering still, as the hills become more pronounced and frequent.

Following the wagon's trail has been easy… a blind man could have done it.

Have any Avatar with an appropriate skill make a sensory check—Up ahead is a small group of Goblins – kicking a dead horse and cursing. Allow a bonus -10 to the roll for each ability beyond 1 of the following Abilities: *Hunt, Luck, Nomadic, Ranging, Savagery, Scrutiny, Stealthy, Tricks, Waylaying, Enhanced Hearing or smell*.

Allow them 2 checks before checking to see if the Goblins notice the Avatars (As they are busy beating a dead horse, furious at the prospect of having to pull/push the wagon themselves, give the Goblins each a 1 in 8 chance to sense something is not right (*see LML pg 119 for more information on Discovery Checks*). Should the Goblins notice the Avatars before the Avatars notice them they will bait an ambush by leaving one of their number with a knack for crying like a human child behind, with the rest spreading out to prepare to attack from behind cover. Goblins have waylaying Ability at 80%.

There should be no less than 3 Goblins, but no more than 1 Goblin for each Avatar, plus 1 Harasser. As the LM for your group you are in the best position to decide what a challenge is for your players. This encounter is meant to whet the Players appetites for the coming battles and to give them a bit of insight into what lies ahead. Beyond these, the most important fact is that Goblins are very dangerous, and not to be taken lightly.

Once the Avatars have discovered that they are not alone, read the following italicized text – this is assuming that the Avatars have not alerted the Goblins to their presence. ***Goblin #4*** is inside the wagon and ***Harasser #1*** is doing a bit of business behind a tree some 40ft into the woods. He will attempt to ambush the Avatars as soon as he can (1AB after combat begins)

Up ahead around a dense copse of trees is a large merchant wagon turned sideways on the trail. There are (3) Goblins jumping up and down, kicking at a horse lying on its side on the ground. The animal is unmoving and you hope that it is indeed dead and not suffering at the hands of the foul creatures before you. The other wagons of the Caravan are nowhere in sight.

The wagon is filled with foodstuffs and general supplies, including 3 barrels of oil, a barrel of ale and a cask of fine whiskey. There are likely blankets and raw cloth, as well as hemp rope, cookware and other

items of everyday living. In a large case are herbs and remedies of a mundane sort as well as bandages and other healer supplies.

Ambush Group (From Part 2)

Goblin #1

H: 60 **P:** **36** **S:** 14
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Crossbow (3-20 Harm), Great Cleaver (5-20 Harm)

-4 Gold coins ($500 each) 81 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #2

H: 42 **P:** 32 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Crossbow (3-20 Harm), Great Cleaver (5-20 Harm)

-6 Gold coins ($500 each) 14 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #3

H: 47 **P:** 40 **S:** 12
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Crossbow (3-20 Harm), Great Cleaver (5-20 Harm)

-1 Gold coins ($500 each) 111 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #4

H: 51 **P:** 32 **S:** 11
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Crossbow (3-20 Harm), Great Cleaver (5-20 Harm)

-10 Gold coins ($500 each) 12 Silver coins ($10 each)

Harasser #1

H: 65 (55) **P:** 56 **S:** 14
Def: 12/18 (buckler)(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Cleaver & Long Dagger 1/ABC each
Cleaver: 3-20 +13 Harm (+5 Shp./+8 Phys.)
Long Dagger: 1-20+10 (+2 Shp./+8Phys.)
Power: Can reverse (in 1/10 sec) the flight of 1 normal missile back at its launcher within sight and within 100ft, returning at the Goblin's Precision.

-Treasure in a money belt about his waist are the following coins 10 gold coins ($500 each) pouch of gold dust ($1500). In a pouch on his belt is 2 Gold coins ($500 each) and 68 silver ($10) each. There is a collection of gems and crystals worth $4000 as well. Hidden under his shirt and pants just above his back side is a Memory Tablet he has been toying with. It holds 4 powers: (2) Grade I (1) Grade III and (1) Grade V. (*The LM is encouraged to have this Tablet be of use to his Players and should therefore choose what the exact Powers.*)

PART THREE

Goblin Encampment:

Environment: The camp is set against the back drop of an ancient burial mound. Krilkah and the Dogs Head Killers have decided to lair here using the crypts to bed down in. The mound is surrounded by thick forest with a lazy river tucked up against its Northern side. Krilkah had sent ten of her murderers to check the crypts and, after breaching the door and building a log bridge to span the deep pit, the band went in and down. They also never came back. Deciding to be more cautious, she has posted a strong guard on the entrance and sent her shaman with a pair of her Harassers up to the burial mound to search it out.

For now the band makes do with a large hide tent. Krilkah's Goblins, despite the missing group, are drunk with victory and the promise of more loot to come. They are lazy and arrogant by nature, and their recent victories have only fed this natural inclination. They have enough slaves for working and ready foodstuffs available now if things get lean. The recent attack upon the Gnome merchant has them giddy. Krilkah, the Great Goblin of the Dogs Head Killers, has a special night of cavorting planned with tenderized roast gnomes as the main course. Goblins notoriously like to toy with their food, not only because of their sadistically cruel nature but also because they believe the adrenalin tenderizes the meat. To this end, they are using the mounted Pneumatic Catapult atop Master Sib's wagon to graze some of their meal.

DISCOVERY CHECKS: Avatar Activities are not likely to attract a lot of attention if they are cautious. Discovery Checks Should Remain in the 1-in-12, 1-in-10, or rarely 1-in-8, before an ability check is required.

LM OBJECTIVE: This scenario is designed to allow the Players to plan and enact a daring raid upon a goblin encampment. Plenty of extra information is provided to stir the LM's creative juices. Thereby increasing the potential for meaningful adventure.

Anyone getting a good look at the camp from a distance will see the following, and provide the players with the provided Game Aide: Players Map #1.

Your eyes are drawn to the large bonfire blazing between the two hills. Around the blaze are

a dozen or so rotund figures cavorting around it. Seated upon what at first seems to be a stone throne is an armored female goblin. Her throne is actually made up of a mass of rotting dogs' heads in various stages of decay. To the South East of the Bonfire are several cooking pits being prepared by downtrodden trollkin slaves. A large male goblin overseeing the wretched lot is taking pleasure in the lash of his whip upon any slave that seems to be slacking.

Several yards south of the cooking detail, huddled together in a terrified clump are what remain of the gnomish merchant company. Among them one gnome stands out trying to comfort the small group. He is beaten badly but not broken. He curses the three goblin guards set to watch them.

Over the loud revelry you hear a distinct Whoomp-Phhipbth THWACK! sound followed by a high pitched shrill scream. Buried deeply into a tree a heavy missile juts forth quivering just above a female gnomes head. The Poor woman is tied to a large tree surrounded by scores of recently felled trees. Following the trajectory of the missile allows you to spot Master Sibs Traveling Warehouse Wagon nearly due east of the Bonfire. A pair of Goblins is taking turns firing the Pneumatic catapult at the poor woman. The Goblins begin reloading. Up on the side of the hill is a large hide tent. High up on the hill across from your position movement catches your eye. There is an opening into the mound out of which step three goblins. What looks to be a shaman dressed in a robe made of bones and a skull head dress is flanked by a pair of large goblins armed with 6ft pole arms that look like someone strapped a great cleaver on the end of a pole.

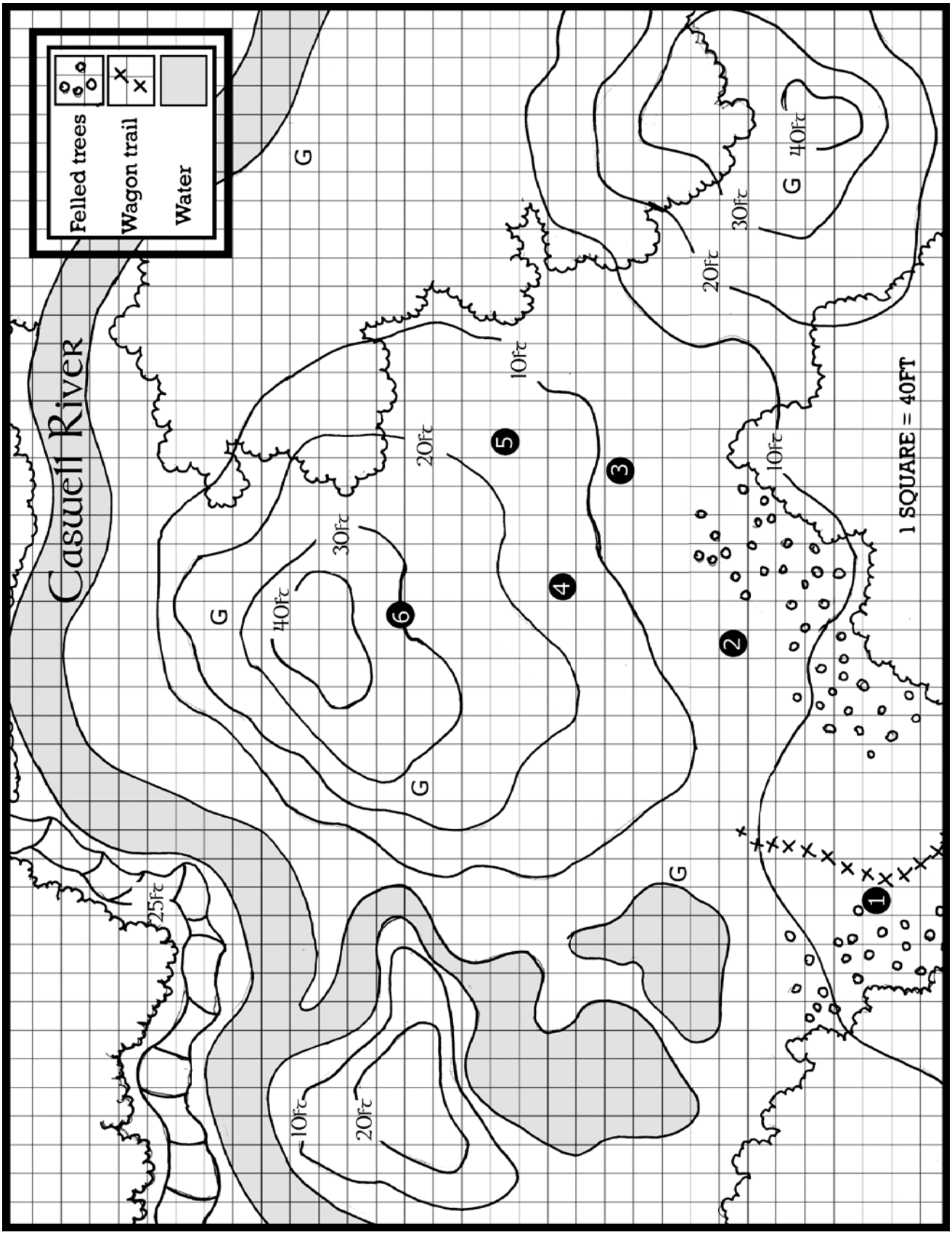
GOBLIN ENCAMPMENT

Key Locations:

Goblin Sentries are marked with a G on the map and conform to the common Goblin statistics that follow. They will have been celebrating with the rest and as such are not very alert. As such the LM should use the d10 for all discovery checks made more than 30 feet from the sentries and a d8 for any closer.



PLAYER HANDOUT : MAP 1 - Goblin Encampment



GOBLIN SENTRIES
Common Statistics

Goblin #G
H: 50 **P:** 41 **S:** 12
Def: 12 (+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk:
Crossbow (3-20 Harm) or
Great Cleaver 5-20+8 harm (+2Shp/+6Phys)

-4 Gold coins ($500 each) 81 Silver coins ($10 each)

RUNNING THE ENCOUNTER:

This area is divided into simple encounter areas. The encounter is set up to allow the Avatars a chance to raid the Goblin camp and rescue the prisoners, and avenge those who have been crushed beneath the desires of these wicked alfar. What happens is largely dependant upon what the Avatars plan and execute. A frontal assault should result in failure unless it is used as a diversion to rescue the prisoners- even so casualties will be high on the side of the party. Goblins are very dangerous, and not to be taken lightly--- make sure your players understand this if the encounter with the Goblins on the trail did not make it clear.

1.) End of the Trail:

From here the Avatars can get a pretty good view of the surrounding area.

A single Goblin sentry will greet the Avatars as they come to the area, thinking they are the returning Raiding band that is due back by dawn. If the Avatars use stealth to reach this point, they will catch the Goblin relieving himself of stolen ale instead.

--Goblin #G (*see entry above for general stats*)

2.) Loot Piles:

Here the goblins have dumped all the loot they have been able to accumulate over the past few weeks and have yet to disperse it. Mostly it is junk, or at least it is now. Mixed in with the clothing and personal belongings of the people that have been raided, is a good deal of foodstuffs, and several barrels of ale and three cases of wine. There is also a sturdy two wheeled cart and a familiar looking wagon...

There are also 2 Goblins atop the Merchant wagon manning the Pneumatic Catapult. If the Avatars wait for the goblins to fire the weapon before attacking (once it has been reloaded), the unfortunate female gnome tied to a tree some 60 feet east of the wagon will be impaled and die.

Goblin #5
H: 42 **P:** 49 **S:** 11
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk:
Cleaver 3-20+5 (+4Phy/+1 Shp) and
Spear 2-20+4 (+4Phys)

- 3 Gold coins ($500 each) 119 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #6
H: 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk:
Hatchet 3-20+6 (+6 Phys.) and
Heavy Knife 3-20+6 (+6 Phys.)

- 6 Gold coins ($500 each) 21 Silver coins ($10 each)

LM NOTE: Under the Wagon is a drunken Goblin sleeping it off.

Goblin # 7
H: 42 **P:** 50 **S:** 14
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Attk: Short Pole arm 1-20+8 (+8Phys.)

- 10 Gold coins ($500 each) 211 Silver coins ($10 each)

Merchants Wagon: The Merchant wagon has yet to be completely ransacked. The wagon is rectangular in shape having solid wooden walls. Atop the roof is a Gnomish Pneumatic Catapult with 4 barrels, as well as a case for the weapons missiles. Anyone manning the roof can easily take cover behind the 3 foot wooden wall that wraps the roof itself. The side of the wagon is painted in garish colors proclaiming *Master Sibs Traveling Warehouse*. The front has a gnome sized seat next to an oversized human driver seat (more likely designed for an oaf), and above these is a purple awning to block the sun.

Inside the wagon is the good Masters Living area – Bed and desk (all gnome sized) as well as his more precious stock. In a secret compartment, in the floor under the wardrobe, is a cache of scarlet hoods

and gloves along with some well worn adventurers gear including, a Double Barrel Gnome Hand Catapult. Cocking the weapon with less than a 5 physique will require 1 ABC time per point below. Those without a Physique score will require a full AB or some means to aid in the process. (Fires 2 Darts Simultaneously with one trigger pull and both attacks may be resolved with a single roll, as the LM sees fit.)

There is a pouch with 30 silver coins of various mintage and 20 gold coins of equally varied mintage. There is a *Copper Escape Hatch* (**LML, pg. 56**)as well as basic adventuring gear, 4 *Healing Bolus's* (**Minimus; LML, pg.50**) and a packet of 12 darts for the hand catapult that offer an enhancement bonus of +5 Precision Bonus and +6 to Harm.

LM NOTE: Master Sib will want this gear returned to him. The Avatar can make an easy enemy if they lie to him over it.

3.) Cook Pits and Slave Pen:

This area has three deep cook pits being prepared to roast gnomes on spits. There are 8 Trollkin slaves working in the area and a single Goblin Harasser.

To the North of the cooking pits is a deep hole some 10ft by 10ft. The Trollkin slaves are cast into the hole during the day and a large wooden grating is dragged over the hole to keep the slaves from escaping. There is also the "watch hound". **Harasser #2** has managed to train a northern Tiger. Now the animal is set to watching the slaves' pen during the day. This entails releasing the beast from its cage after the slaves are penned up in the hole. Any slave that gets out of the hole is likely to be eaten before he or she takes their 5th step

Huddled together and chained to each other are the survivors of the attack; 4 Male Gnomes (including Master Sib), 3 Female Gnomes and 4 Children. Master Sib will do whatever he can to save his people.

4.) Dogs Head Court:

Here the Goblins (***Goblins, #8-19***) cavort around the huge bonfire each trying to catch the attention of Krilkah for a purpose far too horrible to think about (almost makes me feel bad for male goblins). To the west of the bonfire is a large pile of dog heads, all in varying states of decay and piled in such a way as to create a throne of sorts.

Krilkah will choose one or two male goblins to join her in her tent every 2 hours or so during the night. She will also enjoy torturing a handy slave or prisoner as well. Before the players can attack allow Krilkah to retire to her tent with **Goblin #12**.

During the daylight hours the goblins will sleep in the tent or under a wagon. They are looking for a permanent lair out of the sun and the burial mound is a good possibility, but the first group of goblins she sent in did not return. She is waiting on what the Shaman has to say before sending in more to disappear.

The Goblins will respond to threats as follows:

Should any Sentry blow his horn, roughly

Trollkin Slaves #1-8

H: (21-26) 14-19 **P**: 20-25 **S**: 8-10

(Non Combatants- will flee at first chance)

All Gnome Prisoners

H: (23-32) 5-15 **P**: 16-25 **S**: 7-9

Attack: to weak to participate in an armed conflict.

Defense: 2pts. Protection from clothing.

Harasser #2: 1

H: 75 **P:** 60 **S:** 12

Def: 12 (+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: 1/ABC each

Whip: 0-2+12 Harm (+10 Phys/+2Tricks)

Sword. Cutting, Curved: 3-20+15 (+3shp/+10 Phys/+2Tricks) (75 Precision w/Tulwar)

This Tulwar has *Quillons, Sword* (**LML, pg. 93**) attached to it, giving +5 to Weapons Ability to any who wield it, in addition to its +10 bonus that it already has. Harasser #2 has a Precision of 75 when wielding this sword.

Power: Can cause an oncoming person within 20 feet to stumble and fall in 1 second.

-Treasure: Quillions, Sword (as above), Coin Purse around Neck with 15 gold Coins ($500 each), 22 Silver Coins ($10 each) and Gold earrings (2 each valued at $750 each).

Key to the Gnomes, and Tigers chain.

Northern Tiger

H: 70 **P:** 60 **S:** 18

Def: 4

Att: Strike for 1-12+12 Harm, Bite for 9-20 +12

- The Tiger is in a 10ft by 10ft cage. Any sign of Danger and Harasser #2 will rush to release the Tiger.

-Treasure: The Big cats Collar is made of Steel set with Silver Spikes and gems ($8,500)

half of the Goblins- **Group 1**- will immediately respond (within 1 AB). The other half will split again, with one group- **Group 2**- heading to Krilkahs' tent (*Area 5*) and the other- **Group 3**- moving to the cooking pits (*Area 3*) to watch over the slaves and prisoners.

Goblins - GROUP #1

Goblin #8

H: 42 **P:** 49 **S:** 11

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Military Pick 2 - 20+5 (+5 Phys) and Mace 5 - 20+5 (+5 Phys) or Crossbow 3 – 20 (10 Quarrels)

-4 Gold coins ($500 each) 20 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #9

H: 55 **P:** 32 **S:** 13

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Cleaver 3-20+10 (+5 Phys/+5 Shp) and Club 2-20+5 (+5 Phys) or Crossbow 3 – 20 (15 Quarrels)

-1 Gold coin ($500 each) 24 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #10

H: 48 **P:** 31 **S:** 12

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Mace 5 - 20+5 (+5 Phys) and Cleaver 3-20+11 (+5 Phys/+6 Shp)

-7 Gold coins ($500 each) 56 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #11

H: 41 **P:** 49 **S:** 13

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Hatchet 3-20+5(+5 Phys) and Heavy Knife 3-20+8 (+3 Shp/+5 Phys) or Crossbow 3 – 20 (6 Quarrels)

-4 Gold coins ($500 each) 160 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #12

H: 41 **P:** 32 **S:** 14

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Axe 5 - 20+6 (+5 Phys/+1 Shp) and Spear 2-20+5 (+5 Phys)

-3 Gold coins ($500 each) 7 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #13

H: 47 **P:** 39 **S:** 12

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Flail 4 - 20+7 (+7 Phys) Cleaver 3-20+7 (+7 Phys)

-2 Gold coins ($500 each) 58 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblins - GROUP #2

Goblin #14

H: 55 P: 33 S: 13

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Sword. Cutting, Curved 3 - 20+8 (+6Phys/+2 Shp) and Sword. Cutting, Curved 3 - 20+10 (+6Phys/+4 Shp)

-10 Gold coins ($500 each) 3 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #15

H: 42 P: 49 S: 11

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Cleaver 3-20+5 (+5 Phys) and Club w/ Spikes 3 - 20 (+5 Phys)

-6 Gold coins ($500 each) 33 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #16

H: 42 P: 49 S: 11

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Cleaver 3-20+5 (+5Phys) and Spear 2-20+5 (+5 Phys) or Crossbow 3 – 20 (9 Quarrels)

-8 Gold coins ($500 each) 109 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblins - GROUP #3

Goblin #17

H: 42 **P:** 49 **S:** 11

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Club w/ Spikes 3-20 (+4 Phys) and Spear 2-20+4 (+4 Phys)

-4 Gold coins ($500 each) 98 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #18

H: 42 **P:** 49 **S:** 11

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Cleaver 3-20+7 (+7 Phys) and Military Pick 2 - 20+7 (+7 Phys)

-6 Gold coins ($500 each) 22 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin #19

H: 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13

Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)

Att: Hatchet 3-20+6 and Heavy Knife 3-20+6 or Crossbow 3 – 20

-9 Gold coins ($500 each) 34 Silver coins ($10 each)

5.) Krilkah's Tent:

At the tent flap of this 30ft by 30ft yurt-like tent stand Krilkah's Body Guards. They are unusually alert and well armed. The Tent itself is made from hides and furs. At its Center is a Standard pole flying a yellow flag that displays a black dogs skull bleeding red from its eye sockets.

The inside of this tent is strewn about with furs and clothing… there is a large pile of furs atop a proper mattress on the floor in the center of the tent. On a table there are blood stained devices of a cruel and sadistic nature, as well as a functional rack and whipping post to the side.

Sleeping atop the bed are three Sundogs, each armored in leather, set with metal plates.

There are two huge chests next to the bed, each with a massive iron lock affixed to its lid to keep out her curious cohorts. It also looks as if most of the goblins sleep here during the day.

Neither Fricock (**Goblin #20**) nor Sec'Jarth (**Goblin #21**) will intrude upon their leader unless she specifically calls out to them. Goblins are base and vile creatures that takes pleasure in all manner of things best left unwritten.

Chest #1 - The lock is iron and very sturdy, but easily opened (+20 Bonus to Skill). This chest is filled with sacks of silver coins and, all totaled, there are 1,452 Silver coins. Admidst the bags of coin is a metal band about the size of a man's hand in the shape of a Figure Eight. This is an Extraordinary Item known as *Ravic's Aether Buoy* (**LML, pg. 78**).

Chest #2 - This chest is much smaller than the other and the lock is of a higher quality (Penalty of +20 to unlock) and built into the chest itself. Inside the chest are 2 heavy coin purses filled with coins and gems. Purse number one has 10 Gold coins ($500 each), 32 Silver coins ($10 value each), and 12 crystals valued at a total of $4000. Purse 2 has 6 Gold coins and 30 Crystals/gems valued at $2000. Scattered inside the chest are no less than 2 dozen pieces of jewelry-most of it simple wedding rings. The value of these items is $3500 (Among the rings is a *Ring of Shielding 10% vs 3 opponents* [**LML, pg. 81**]) There is also the pommel that would seem to fit on a great sword or other Straight bladed weapon of size (*Pommel of Acid* [**LML, pg. 93**]). A long dagger, forged of a Silver alloy and set with a moonstone, lies in the chest as well (*Preternatural Dagger +10 to weapons ability +8 to harm and is considered Silver when that may make a difference*). There is also a 3-sectioned staff (a weapon from the continent of Hazgar no doubt). When picked up by an Avatar/NAC with Enchantment Ability they must make a successful check against said ability or the staff will always remain (to them) a 3-sectioned staff. Those who succeed in making the check have 'impressed' the staff and learn the command phrase to cause it to shed its guise and become an *Imperial Talon Staff (***LML, pg. 56)** once more. The staff name (command phrase) is 'Dragons of the Four Winds'. This item may or may not hide other abilities.

TENT GUARDS

Goblin #20 (Fricock)

H: 60 **P:** 48 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att:
Flail 4 - 20+7 (+7 Phys)
Sword, Cutting, Curved 3-20+10 (+7Phys/+3 Shp)
Crossbow 3–20 (12 Quarrels)

- 18 Gold coins ($500 each), 45 Silver coins ($10 each), Gold Necklace worth $3200, Gold Earrings worth $1200, Copper and Topaz Armband $750.

Goblin #21 (Sec'Jarth)

H: 58 **P:** 50 **S:** 12
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att:
Sword. Cutting, Curved 3 - 20+12 (+8Phys/+4 Shp)
Heavy Knife 3-20+13 (+8Phys/+5 Shp)
Crossbow 3 – 20 (12 Quarrels)

- 12 Gold coins ($500 each) 78 Silver coins ($10 each) Silver and gem studded Belt wroth $7000 Gold Nose Ring worth $900 Silver Arm Bracer set with bloodstones worth $2250

SUN DOGS and the GOBLIN CHIEFTANESS (Krilkah)

The three Sundogs (a male and 2 bitches) have been with Krilkah for years. The male is larger than an average animal and very vicious. All of them are wearing specially made armor that combines leather and metal plates offering a +6 bonus to their defense She originally acquired them from a human settlement near the _____ (desert) near to where she left her clan to strike out her own. She never uses Sundogs to add to her throne, using whatever dogs or wolves her goblins come across instead.

Sundog #1 (Male)

H: 45 **P:** 65 **S:** 16
Def: 12
Att: 1-20 +14 (7pts ignoring Non Extraordinary armor)
- Wears a gold and gem studded collar worth $9800

Sundog #2 (Female)

H: 30 P: 55 S: 15
Def: 12
Att:: 1-20 +8 (4 pts ignoring Non Extraordinary armor)

Sundog #3 (Female)

H: 30 **P:** 55 **S:** 15
Def: 12
Att: 1-20 +10 (5 pts ignoring Non Extraordinary armor)

Krilkah (Goblin Chief)

H: 75 **P**: 70 **S**:16
Def: 16 (10 vs Sup) +5 vs Heat and cold
Att:
'**Guts-hook':** 1-20 +24 (+10 Phys/+6 Shp/+8 Sup)
Sword. Cut, Curved: 3-20+15(+5shp/+10 Phys)
Powers:

- *Wave of Nausea:* Range of 20ft in line of sight. Target: 1 individual Effect: Target functions at ½ normal capacity
- Ability to start small fires within sight and 40 feet

- 14 Gold coins ($500 each), 21 Silver coins ($10 each), Leather and Gold Ear Belt (worth $2000), pair Earrings ($2500), Crescent Moon Symbol ($6500), $12500 in various gems and Crystals. Krilkah has keys to her locked chests.

- 3 Bolus of Heath (minimal), Iron Escape Hatch.

NOTE: *For more information regarding Krilkah the Goblin Chief and the Weapon "Guts-Hook", see NAC Descriptions/New Items at the end of this adventure.*

6.) Entrance to the Burial Mound:

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *I have, for lack of space and time, not detailed the interior. I will leave the fate of the ten goblins that went within the burial mound up to your imagination.*

The entrance is 8 feet high and nearly 10feet wide and the stone doors that had sealed the tomb was shattered in ages past, so that now very little remains of the doors.

Just inside the entrance are 4 Goblins keeping watch so that nothing comes across the 30ft wide pit that separates the entryway from the stairs, which lead deeper into the tomb. The Goblins are nervous and very focused on the interior of the mound. The Shaman and her pair of Harassers will be spending at least half of the night here. When the Avatars first see them they will head down to talk to Krilkah, then return to keep vigil at of the tomb in an attempt to discern what happened. Arlvesti, the Goblin shaman, is a much more thoughtful than the others and less prone to erratic behavior.

BURIAL MOUND GUARDS

Goblin # 22 **H:** 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: **Pike:** 1-20+7 (+7 Phys)
Mace: 5-20+7 (+7 Phys)
Crossbow: 3-20 (12 Quarrels- 6 are Silvered)
- 5 Gold coins ($500 each), 9 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin # 23 **H:** 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: **Pike:** 1-20+5 (+5 Phys)
Axe: 5-20+5 (+5 Phys)
Crossbow: 3-20 (12 Quarrels- 6 are Silvered)
- 8 Gold coins ($500 each), 2 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin # 24 **H:** 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: **Pike:** 1-20+5 (+7 Phys)
Mace: 5-20+5 (+5 Phys)
Crossbow: 3-20 (12 Quarrels- 6 are Silvered)
- 3 Gold coins ($500 each), 23 Silver coins ($10 each)

Goblin # 25 **H:** 42 **P:** 42 **S:** 13
Def: 12(+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: **Pike:** 1-20+8 (+8 Phys)
Mace: 5-20+8 (+8 Phys)
Crossbow: 3-20 (12 Quarrels- 6 are Silvered)
- 1 Gold coins ($500 each), 7 Silver coins ($10 each)

BURIAL MOUND - Harassers and Shaman

Harasser #3:

H: 75 **P:** 60 **S:** 12
Def: 12 (+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: Pole-arm, short: 4 – 20 +9 (+8 Phys/+1 Shp)
Sword. Cut, Curved: 3-20+13 (+5shp/+8 Phys)
Mace: 5-20 +8 (+8Phys)

- **Power:** The Goblin can reverse (in 1/10 sec) the flight of 1 normal missile back at its launcher within sight and within 100ft. The missile returns at the Goblins Precision.

- 9 Gold coins ($500 each), 54 Silver coins ($10 each), $5500 in various gems & crystals, and a gem studded eye-patch worth $7,000.

Harasser # 4:

H: 75 **P:** 60 **S:** 12
Def: 12 (+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att: Pole-arm, short: 4-20 +10 (+8 Phys/+2 Shp)
Sword. Cut, Curved: 3-20+11 (+3shp/+8 Phys)
Long Dagger: 2-20+ 8 (+8 Phys)

- **Power:** Can create 2-5 Illusory duplicates of itself which are indistinguishable from itself.

- 12 Gold coins ($500 each), 230 Silver coins ($10 each), Silver Earrings worth $225, Platinum collar worth $5000, Tigers-eye ring worth $1200, Sword & Sheath are worked with gold and gems worth $10,000.

Arlvesti (goblin Shaman)

H: 55 **P**: 58 **S**: 16 **AEP: 64 (36)**
Def: 12 [+8 for Bone Shirt] (+5 vs Heat/Cold)
Att:
Supernatural Repeating crossbow: 3-20+8 (+8Sup) Up to 3 shots/ABC at 78 Precision
Flail: 4-20+3 (+3 Phys)

- **Powers**: **Flame Gout, Mystic Mace, Become Like an Animal Spirit, Zaganin's Quagmire or Quicksand, Conjure Jinni**

- **Treasure**: Pouch with 21 gold coins ($500 value each) and 12 Gems worth a total of $7500. He also carries *Medicine Paint* (Half of its contents used save for black –There is an extra full jar of black pigment) [**LML, pg. 67**]

- The Bone Shirt that the shaman wears is enchanted to offer 8 points of protection with no Speed BR Penalty. It has a 'Health' of 80 and can take 40 points of harm per ABC without damage to itself.
- Arlvesti also has a fully functional Supernatural Repeating crossbow (+20 To Weapons Ability and +8 to Harm). The Crossbow is fully loaded (15 Quarrels) and the Shaman carries 15 more is a quiver on his hip.



Ax wielding Goblin
by Martin Siesto

Dancin' in the Moonlight **NAC Descriptions :**

Master Sibfur Areol'eb'jonas Voss'teasil

('Master Sib' to his friends) **H**: 45(10) **P**: 45 **S**: 11 (6)

Attack: Throughout this adventure scenario, Master Sib has no weapons at hand. However, the listing below describes the weapons at hand when he is armed and outfitted:

Double Gnomish Hand Catapult: 1-20 harm + 5 (+5 phys) [*Fires 2 Darts Simultaneously with one trigger pull. Both attacks may be resolved with a single roll as the LM sees Fit.*]

Gnomish Walking Flail: (Preternatural +10/+5 Precision Bonus total +15) A breakaway staff that becomes a Flail (4-20 +5 Phys/+ 5-8 Pre)

Defense: wears Cloth Armor full (Supernatural) for 14pts armor.

ABILITIES:

Archery: 55	**Commerce**: 67	**Evaluation**: 44	**Pantology**: 28	**Physique**: 55	**Pretense**: 38
Rustic: 31	**Stealth:** 67	**Tricks**: 62	**Urbane**: 36	**Weapons**: 26	

Knack: Nose for the Truth (More accurately a Nose for a lie or untruthfulness including half truths.) This Knack allows the possessor to automatically "smell" a lie. Those attempting to deceive and or hid facts from the possessor must make an avoidance roll or be found out. Note: as there are varying degrees of success with an avoidance roll so to with this Knack.

GENERAL:

Master Sib is a canny bargainer that does not always use his ability for his own good. Unlike most gnomes he has a streak of kindness that wormed its way into his dealings with the common folk of the lands. He will swindle the rich (well not out rightly swindle but get the best of them as he can- thereby satisfying his racial greedy instinct.)

To recover what he otherwise "lost". As such he is a favorite of the common folk and especially of children. He also dispenses a little justice now and again on an overly aggressive husband or gods help him a man who dose not understand the word No.

With his ear always open he hears things and under the guise of a merchant he can easily travel to any town to work a little good in the world. Once a minor noble enacted Prema Nocta and it was not long before he was found hung with a scarlet hood over his head. Master Sib uses Scarlet to spread the fame of this champion of the little folk whether it is a scarlet glove or hood matters not. After the death of the Noble there was quite a fuss but it was quelled quickly. Some whisper that the Noble pursuing justice found his pillow covered in a scarlet hood with a note that said "Justice has been done? If yes check this box, and cease the search or I will find you again"

The truth of it is that while Master Sib was once a member of the Flaming Brand (A Mercenary Company that was led by Jack Davich – now retired to Hatchets Grove and Lord High Protector of said town. Master Sib is a better organizer than executioner. So thru his contacts he is able to get things taken care off. He often draws upon old comrades, people he has helped and his own retainers. This is what puts him in his current situation. Most of his retainers and his apprentice are away dispensing a little commoner justice to a bloke what took a very young Inn Keepers daughter on a journey of shattered innocence. He left her alive if barely. Master Sib's men will not be so kind. (the man in question is currently riding with a group of Free-riders looking for employ and heading inland.) It will be a week or longer before Master Sib's retainers return.

Six days too long for Master Sib to live thru this scenario.

Krilkah Dogshead

H: 75 **P**: 70 **S**:16

Def: 16 (10 vs Sup) +5 vs Heat and cold

Att: '**Guts-hook':** 1-20 +24 (+10 Phys/+6 Shp/+8 Sup) **Sword. Cut, Curved:** 3-20+15(+5shp/+10 Phys)

POWERS:

- *Wave of Nausea:* Range of 20ft in line of sight. Target: 1 individual Effect: Target functions at ½ normal capacity
- Ability to start small fires within sight and 40 ft.

ITEMS ON PERSON:

- 14 Gold coins ($500 each), 21 Silver coins ($10 each), Leather and Gold Ear Belt (worth $2000), pair of Earrings ($2500), Crescent Moon Symbol ($6500), $12500 in various gems and Crystals. Krilkah also carries the keys to her locked chests. 3 Bolus of Heath (minimal), Iron Escape Hatch.

GENERAL:

Krilkah advanced to her current position thru cunning viciousness, savagery and outright butchery & murder. It is a rare thing for a female goblin to take leadership of a troop of goblins, but she has. Krilkah and her happy band of murderers are presently seeking a new location to settle into, and they have found an ancient burial mound that will serve until something more fortifiable can be found. She has also found the human resistance in the area to be lax and the pickings to be ripe. If things go badly, Krilkah will attempt to escape at any cost if she feels her safety is at risk. Should this happen she will bide her time, stalking the Avatars, and strike when the Avatars least expect it, preferably when they are alone.

Something is disturbing her however. Ever since she found her new "Guts-hook" she has heard a voice in her head, a voice much different from the usual ones in her mind. This voice is clear and commanding but she cannot understand it. The voice is strongest when she is cutting with her "Guts-hook" and she has found herself doing things she'd never have thought of with the odd but wonderful weapon.



Her "Guts-hook" is in fact a supernaturally charged Suakadian Ritual Embalming knife, created to allow the user to harness the soul energy of those slain with it as part of a ritual now long lost, and the voice that Krilkah is hearing is that of the High Priest Geras Tek Domas, the last Priest-Mage to wield the blade. He took his own life with it to escape ritual torture & everlasting death and the knife absorbed his soul, even as the Priest-Mage spat out his last breath. He is now attempting to take control of the Goblin but finds the mind too alien to overcome. Whether or not the personality of Geras Tek Domas takes control of her is completely at the discretion of the LM. If he does succeed, he will attempt to resurrect his long dead cult, using the Avatars as the perfect sacrifices to rebirth it.

*--'Guts-Hook' is detailed in **"NEW ITEMS"** section on next page.*

Dancin' in the Moonlight New Items :

Gnomish Walking Flail:

This is what appears to be a heavy walking staff for a person of small stature, often having nasty short spikes ringing the top or possibly a series of inner curving blades that come to very sturdy points. While holding it ¾ of the way down the length of the staff, the upper portion separates with but a quick twist, revealing a hollow where the chain or cord is kept hidden. The weapon then becomes a very effective flail of normal size. Wealthy gnomes often have the blades hidden within the shaft as well so as to be less obviously armed. Sometimes these weapons are also "heka-forged" to increase the effectiveness of it as a weapon. This is a very popular item with Gnome merchants, and travelers of all kinds. Some few human-sized versions of the weapons have been made and offered as gifts to deserving Humans, and others that have done some great deed for gnomish kind. They are also available for sale.

Name	Harm Base	Harm/ Class	Range/ radius	Speed/ Class	Precision Bonus
Gnomish Walking Flail					
Used as Flail	4-20	Pen/Shock	3	6	+5
Used as Staff	2-20	Pen/Shock	2	5	+5
"Human Sized"					
Used as Flail	6-20	Pen/Shock	5	8	+5
Used as Staff	4-20	Pen/Shock	4	7	+10

'Guts-Hook' Suakadian Ritual Embalming Knife :

(EXTREME +)

HARM: 1-20 +14 (+6 Expertly Sharpened / +8 Supernatural)

POWERS: ***Spirit Form*** (Enchantment)**,** ***Pulsion*** (Theurgy), ***Take Possession*** (Baneful– see below)

This is a stylized & rune-covered Suakadian embalming knife that, after having been expertly sharpened during the creation process (+6 bonus to Harm), was infused with supernatural energies allowing another +8 bonus to be added to Harm inflicted, that bypassing all protections less than supernatural in strength. The knife will not naturally lose its keenness of edge. In addition to the previously stated power the knife was also imbued with the capacity to absorb the life essence, or soul, of any living intelligent creature when the knife is used to effect the 'killing stroke'.

Originally the collected spirits allowed the user to harness the soul energy of those slain with it as part of an ancient ritual that has long since been lost, but when the Priest-Mage Geras Tek Domas had *willingly taken his own life*, as his soul was drawn in, the blade was profoundly altered… Geras' consciousness and personality not only stayed within the knife, it *'became*' the knife. Because of this alteration the knife now exhibits new traits, but only if discovered either through magical means or by the spirit of Geras communicating the information to the possessor (must be able to understand each other):

- For every soul absorbed by 'Guts-Hook', the blade is charged with 5-10 AEPs (up to a maximum of 60 AEPs), which the knife [Geras] can use to employ its two powers, ***Spirit Form*** (Enchantment) and ***Pulsion*** (Theurgy).
- **BANEFUL EFFECT -** If Geras *is* able to communicate with the user, then at first logical and reasonable opportunity, he will ***secretly*** attempt to take possession of the user. The knife has a base 05% chance to possess the user, but for every 10% Health lost by the user the knife's chances to succeed at possession raise by 05%. If successful, this possession lasts for a full 12 hours allowing the knife/Geras to impersonate the user and pursue its own agenda… While strong, this possession can be broken by the activation of any Powers or Extraordinary Items that are meant to dismiss such influences.

Articles & Artwork Submission Guidelines for THE PORTAL Magazine

If you've read this far, then I think you may agree that one thing is certain. A magazine such as this cannot grow and thrive, let alone survive, without 'audience participation', be it in the form of readers or writers & artists. To that end, I send out this open call to everyone. We here at THE PORTAL will do our level best to give you the very best of LA related material that we can and, to that end, invite and encourage you to contribute as well!

As a reference for materials/contributions you may wish to send, I offer the following...

TEXT GUIDELINES

Format:

Electronic submissions are preferred, being the easiest to work with and the most convenient. We can accept any version of Word® up through Office 2003®, OpenOffice, or basic text files. Files done in .RTF can be problematic so it would be preferred if they weren't in that format. However, if that is all you've got then don't let it stop you.

PLEASE BE SURE to include your name in the file so that we know who to give credit to. Send files (as an attachment), or any queries, comments, criticisms & suggestions to portal_ezine@hotmail.com. In the body of your e-mail, please include the following:

- Your name and e-mail address.
- Your name as you want it to appear in the magazine, if it is different from above.

On occasion minor editing (spelling & grammar as needed or for layout reasons) may be needed but we will do all possible to maintain the integrity of your pieces. Any major problems will be brought to your attention so that you may provide feedback, or rework it if that becomes a necessity.

Any work you send in, and is used, that is derivative of the LA™ RPG system (*excepting general non-RPG system specific articles, fiction and artwork*) becomes the property of TriGee Enterprises Company at the time of publication.

To give you a general idea of what we are looking for regarding submissions, please refer to the following short list of various columns that we hope to offer on a regular/irregular basis:

-- THE SCENIC ROUTE- Villages, Towns, Territories, States, and various mundane, interesting, or extraordinary places to visit.

-- **AMONG THE POPULACE-** Orders as well as descriptions of local organizations, cults, groups, etc., such as a Rogues Guild, Enchanters Guild, Avatars or Non-Avatar Characters - Ordered or Unordered, Human or otherwise.

-- **THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE-** New Activations, Powers, and Extraordinary Items, divine pantheons & beings from the higher & lower matrices.

-- **THE MENAGERIE-** The critter corner. Flora and fauna, malign or benign…

-- **A MATERIAL WORLD-** Most likely to be an irregular column. While the equipment lists provided in the LA rulebooks are quite extensive, and were expanded even more within the pages of LEJENDS, there's always something new or useful to the Avatars that could be included. Articles on new/alternate uses for old items could also go here, as well as articles regarding equipment for the upcoming genre expansions.

-- **SHADOW-REALMS-** Everybody eventually develops their own house rules, either to speed up, smooth out, or add more "realism" and detail to the mechanics of the game. Here the LM can describe to the rest of the LA community what they have done to handle various aspects of game-play differently than the

rules may state.

-- **THE JONGLEUR'S STAGE-** The storyteller's corner, for the entertainment of all, as well as LA Product reviews.

-- General, non-RPG specific gaming articles that provide tips/ideas for increasing gaming enjoyment, running a smoother game, etc. are also welcome.

Regarding "word counts":

When a magazine is run to print, article sizes are a big issue to consider as the publishers only have so much space available. For an e-zine the issue isn't so much about limited space than it is about file size. After all, it takes some people quite a bit of time to download medium to large files, *especially* if they are on dial-up... So in an effort to keep it reasonable, please consider the following for certain subjects:

Short Scenarios -- 850-7,500 words
Longer Adventures -- 10,000 - 20,000(?) words, though will consider longer;
Extraordinary Items-- 500 words max per item;
Ex-Activations/Psychogenic powers-- 500 words max per spell;
Beasts of Lejend-- 400-800 words per creature, though one submitting a group of 'themed' creatures can use some extra space for an 'intro'.
Fiction -- For now, let's go with 4,000 words max and see how that works.

The broad choice of subject matter that can be used in the columns mentioned above leaves me wanting to stay a bit flexible with the sizes of other pieces for now. As we get a few more issues out to the public, however, we'll have a better idea of what is or isn't practical and this may defined a little more. If in doubt just drop us a line.

ARTWORK GUIDELINES:

There are many fine artists out there, and we'd love to see your work.

Illustrations:

Black and white line art would be really preferred, though for an e-zine we see nothing wrong with grayscale. Our decision for this is based on economics... not ours but our readers. Face it, printer inks are expensive (color especially so) and only seem to get pricier. By sticking with B&W and grayscale we will hopefully cut down on the reader's expenses a little should they choose to print them out. Since all printers react to graphics differently, folks' mileage may vary when it comes to grayscale, so if that is how you wish to present your work, then please try to include plenty of contrast within to help define the images.

Format Preferences:

Resolution: 300 dpi
Format: TIFF or JPG

If it is possible to archive your images within a ZIP or RAR, then please do... especially if they are quite large. In the body of your e-mails, please include a short description of each image file (including filename). Also include your name as you would like to be credited. If the image is to be associated/included within a certain text file/article being sent in as well, please be sure to state this.

Miscellaneous:

This magazine is intended to be available to all ages in the RPG community. This being the case, please avoid gratuitous or explicit sexual content. Excessive gore (?), visually or descriptively, is probably best left for the imaginations of the readers & players as well.

If you have any questions, or you didn't see something that you think would be important to address before you submit any work, please do contact us to clarify at:

portal_ezine@hotmail.com