

A Bridge Too Far

A d20 System Call of Cthulhu® Adventure

by Wiggy

Editing and Development: Stephen Radney-MacFarland

Sometimes even great empires can expand a bridge too far. An adventure for four to six investigators set in Roman Britain. Characters are provided.

Based on the original DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® rules created by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson and the new DUNGEONS & DRAGONS game designed by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, and Peter Adkison.

This game product contains no Open Game Content. No portion of this work may be reproduced in any form without permission of the author. To learn more about the Open Gaming License and the d20 system license, please visit www.wizards.com/d20

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, D&D, PLAYER REWARDS and RPGA are registered trademarks of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. LIVING GREYHAWK is a trademark of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. ©2003 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. This scenario is intended for tournament use only and may not be reproduced without approval of the RPGA Network.

Visit our website at www.wizards.com/rpga

Call of Cthulhu is a registered trademark of Chaosium Inc. Chaosium Game Mechanics ©2003 Chaosium, Inc.

This is an RPGA Network scenario for the Call of Cthulhu d20 System game. A four-hour time block has been allocated for the play of this adventure. The rest of the time is spent in preparation before game play, and scoring after the game. The following guidelines are here to help you with both the preparation and voting segment of the game. Read this page carefully so that you know and can communicate to your players the special aspects of playing an RPGA scenario.

Preparation

First you should print this scenario. This scenario was created to support double-sided printing, but printing it single sided will work as well. There is enough room along the inside margin to bind the adventure, if you desire.

Read this entire adventure at least once before you run your game. Be sure to familiarize yourself with any special rules, spells, or equipment presented in the adventure. It may help to highlight particularly important passages.

When you run an RPGA Call of Cthulhu d20 System adventure we assume that you have access to the *Call of Cthulhu* d20 System rulebook. We also assume that you have a set of dice (at least one d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, and d20), some scrap paper, a pencil, an RPGA session tracking sheet, and your sense of fun. It is also a good idea to have a way to track movement during combat. This can be as simple as a pad of graph paper and a pencil, as handy as a vinyl grid map and chits, or as elaborate as resin dungeon walls and miniatures.

Instruct the players either to prepare their characters now, or wait until you read the introduction, depending on the requirements of the scenario as described in the introduction.

Keep in mind that you must have at least four players (not counting the GM), for the game session to be a sanctioned RPGA event. As well, you cannot have more than six players (not counting the GM) participating in the game.

Once you are ready to play, it is handy to instruct each player to place a nametag in front of him or her. The tag should have the player's name at the bottom, and the character's name, race, and gender at the top. This makes it easier for the players (and the DM) to keep track of who is playing which character.

The players are free to use the game rules to learn about equipment and weapons their characters are carrying. That said, you as the GM can bar the use of the rulebooks during certain times of play. For example, the players are not free to consult the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook when faced with a difficult monster or spell.

Some of the text in this scenario is written so that you may present it as written to the players, while other text is for your eyes only. Text for the players will be in *bold italic* type. It's strongly recommended that you paraphrase the player text instead of reading it aloud. Some of this text is general and must be adapted to the specific situation or to actions of the player characters.

Session Tracking

After the players have completed the scenario or the time allotted to run the scenario has run out, the players and DM score the game. Complete the RPGA session tracking provided within the Winzip archive that this adventure came in. Give this document to your Senior GM at the end of the session. This adventure is worth 2 D&D PLAYER REWARD points.

GM Background

This Call of Cthulhu d20 System adventure is unusual in that it is set in 66 AD. The PCs are members of a Roman legion stationed in northern Britannia. The adventure itself is basically a cat-and-mouse game with a spectral hunter.

It is strongly advised that you read and digest the entry on spectral hunters (*Call of Cthulhu* page 183) as you are asked to use this Mythos fiend to its maximum potential.

The adventure structure is non-linear. The characters are free to investigate the area around the fort as they wish. Although there are planned encounters, most occur as the PCs visit specific areas.

Introduction

Read or paraphrase the following to the players at the start of play.

You are all members of the IX Legion Hispania, currently stationed in northern Britannia. The legion, under the command of Legate Marcus Cassius Lentulus, is engaged in an offensive against the Picts, the local barbarian people, but hostilities has halted recently while engineering units construct bridges across the local rivers and supply lines are established.

On a cold, wet, morning in late September, members of the first cohort roughly wake you from your sleep, and order you to report to the legate's tent immediately. Bleary eyed, you dress, arm yourselves, and walk across the muddy camp to the legate's tent, nodding silent greetings to comrades on engaged in guard duty or preparing breakfast.

No sooner have you arrived when the tent flaps open and the commander of your cohort, Pilus Prior Tiberius Vettius Dentatus, a man universally despised by those under his command, strides out, his armor gleaming in the weak morning sun.

He eyes you all disdainfully and mutters something under his breath before turning to your officer.

"Call your men to attention when an officer addresses them!" he barks at Primus Ordini Merula, no doubt enjoying the act of belittling his deputy in front of his own men. Once you have snapped to attention, Dentatus begins to pace slowly up and down in front of you.

"As you are no doubt aware, a detachment of engineers with a century of legionary infantry marched north four weeks ago to construct a bridge. We have received no word of them since. The legate was preparing to despatch a century of soldiers to investigate, but I suggested that we send a small unit instead, saving vital manpower to establish this as a permanent supply camp. The legate, in his wisdom, agreed with me.

"You men have been volunteered to march to the engineers' camp and find out why they have failed to report. I thought that you, Gaius Cornelius Merula, would be pleased to have been put forward for this mission." Dentatus pauses; a wicked grin spreads across his thin face. "I personally recommended you to the legate.

"Accompanying you are an experienced soldier from your own fourth century, one legionary for your personal protection, a scout to help you find your way, an engineer to make a report on the construction progress, and a medic, just in case fever has stricken the camp. That should be all you need. Scouts tell us there should be no Picts this far south.

"The camp is four days march north of here. The legate expects your report within fourteen days. This matter must be dealt with quickly and efficiently; the legion cannot move north to subjugate these barbarians until the bridge is built. Do you have any questions, Merula?"

If the primus ordini has any valid questions, try to answer them as honestly as possible without giving too much away. Dentatus has no love for his deputy and is not going to provide any extra information unless it is specifically asked for.

A sample of answers to typical questions is given below, but you'll have to ad lib any others.

Other characters that ask questions are ordered to be silent and to address all matters through their officer. If they persist in annoying Dentatus he has them dragged off and given ten lashes (1d3 damage) for the offense of being disrespectful to an officer.

Where is the camp located?

We don't know the exact location. They were ordered to head north to the river and then find a suitable site for a bridge. Usually exact locations are given with the first report. They could be anywhere along its length. Don't fret; the exercise will do you good.

Who is in charge of the engineers?

Optios Aulus Ravilla commands the engineering detachment and Centurion Publius Cotta the legionaries. Cotta is nominal commander of the camp, at least until you arrive.

How many men are in the camp?

Ten engineers, 70 legionaries and officers. No auxiliaries were despatched. More than enough men to build a bridge and keep any hostile barbarians at bay.

What other equipment did they take?

Everything is detailed in this copy of Cotta's orders (give the players Player Handout 1)

What were their orders?

A: To locate a suitable crossing point and construct a bridge. A small way camp, the usual ditch and fence style, was to be constructed to provide protection against any Pict incursions.

What do you want us to do when we find them?

A: I would have thought that was obvious; find out why they haven't reported. If there is no good reason, bring back Ravilla and Cotta for punishment. Also, find out what state the bridge is in and when the legion can cross. Every day we wait gives the barbarians' spies more chance to discover our plans and set ambushes.

What if they're all dead?

Bury them and then report back to camp.

What do we do if we encounter Picts?

Stop them reporting back to their leaders by any means necessary. I'm sure you're capable of fighting a few barbarians without a whole legion to back you up.

How do we get out of this seemingly suicide mission? (Just in case anyone asks.)

Give the offending character ten lashes (1d3 damage) for his insolence toward to a superior officer.

Encounter 1: Strange Portent to the North

Read or paraphrase the following to the players.

With the briefing over you set out at a steady marching pace. For the first two days you made good progress, enjoying the chance to break from the routine of camp life. Constant drizzle, common in the north, has failed to dampen your spirits.

Have each player make a Spot check (DC 12) at this point. If they succeed read the following text.

Early on the third day, as you pass through an area of light woodland, a glint of metal in the undergrowth catch your eye—it is a gladius (a Roman short sword), apparently discarded by its former owner

If the gladius is located, have each character make a Listen check (DC 15). Again, read the following text if they succeed.

From nearby you can hear the sounds of numerous crows—carrion birds common to these isles.

It is expected that the characters will investigate the sound of the crows at this point. Should they fail to do so, simply carry on with the next encounter, *Encounter 2: What Remains*. Let them worry about why the messenger never arrived at base camp.

If a character asks to attempt a Knowledge (occult) check, he may do so (DC 15). If successful, inform him that crows are considered messengers of the dead by the local Celts of Britannia, inhabiting battlefields and graveyards. Give this information only if the Knowledge check is successful.

A successful Listen check (DC 15) leads the party to a small clearing located some 100 metres from the trail they are following. Continue by reading the read-aloud text below.

A dozen black crows, startled by your sudden arrival, take to the air as you enter a small clearing, cawing like harpies robbed of their prize meal.

In the center of a clearing, slumped against a gnarled tree stump, is the body of a Roman legionary wrapped in a cloak, his exposed flesh torn open by the scavengers. His head is tilted limply to one side; empty eye sockets stare eerily out at you.

Paranoid players may immediately suspect an ambush and take appropriate steps. Let them, but there are no foes here, only clues.

Note that there is *no* Sanity check associated with seeing the body—the PCs are veteran combat troops who have seen far worse on the battlefield.

Anyone taking the time to investigate the body for cause of death may attempt a Heal check (DC 15) to deduce that he apparently froze to death sometime in the last few days. A successful Search check (DC 18) finds that some of his extremities show signs of frostbite. A successful Knowledge (geography) check (DC 15) confirms the likely suspicions of the PCs—it rarely gets this cold in September, even his far north.

Characters searching the body for information can attempt a Search check (DC 12) to find a small leather scrollcase tucked inside his armor. It's stamped with the IX Legion's crest.

Inside is a small piece of parchment. On the parchment is the following message, written in a shaking hand.

*Send reinforcements. Something is killing my men.
Cotta.*

Note: This is the messenger dispatched by Centurion Cotta five days ago. He was caught in a blizzard (summoned by the Pictish shaman). Caught in the eldritch storm he grew weak, dropped his sword as he tried to find shelter, and managed to make it to the clearing before he died of exposure.

After the PCs have discerned all the information they can, and have buried the body, all that's left is to progress farther northward to *Encounter 2: What Remains*.

Encounter 2: What Remains

As the PCs head northward in search of the fort, have them attempt three Search checks with cooperation (see *Call of Cthulhu* page 22) (DC 20). The checks are there to describe how long it takes for them to find the fort and keep the players on edge, they don't trigger any encounter,

When they reach the fort, read or paraphrase the following section.

As you walk the last few miles to the river the sky has turned progressively darker, the evening sun hidden behind a black veil. Night is only a few hours away. The late autumn wind has turned cold and carries with a sense of palpable menace.

Turning a bend in the road, you catch sight of the fort, a square wooden structure, built along standard military guidelines. The gate swings in wind, creaking as it moves to and fro, keeping its own rhythm, like the beating of a living heart.

The fort appears deserted, no sentries on duty outside, no signs of campfire smoke.

The wind shifts direction, blowing across the fort towards you, carrying with the unmistakable odour of death.

Normally a Roman fort would have several sentries stationed outside the gate, but none are visible, something that strikes the PCs as highly unusual. Calling out greeting elicits no response.

Scouting the immediate area at the gate's front reveals a multitude of footprints (no skill check required to detect them), but a Track check (as see below) is required to discern any specific details.

Track Check Result

DC 10 and Over: There are numerous footprints going in and out of the gate. Several are quite fresh, maybe only a day or two old.

DC 15 and Over: There are several sets of footprints that were not made by Roman military boots. They are only a few hours old. The tracks lead in and out of the fort.

DC 20 and Over: No Roman legionary has walked through the gate in several days.

Again, the PCs may suspect an ambush, but there is no immediate danger here.

Once the PCs are ready to move on, proceed to the relevant section below.

Note: A small force of Picts made the non-Roman footprints. Seeing no activity they entered the fort, and began to take heads as trophies. They left barely an hour ago, warned by their shaman that Roman reinforcements (the PCs) were nearing the fort.

Inside the Fort

The read-aloud text below assumes that the characters enter the fort through the main gate. Change the text accordingly if they find another way to enter.

Upon entering the fort the reason for the lack of communication becomes readily apparent. Bodies, most in full armor, lie scattered among the wreckage of the tents and on the open ground. Several are clearly missing their heads. The grass inside the fort is stained with a sickening amount of blood.

The fort itself is laid out on standard military lines: a central wooden building—no doubt the administration block—surrounded by eight large leather tents—all of which are now trampled into the bloody mud—and a well-trampled area in front of the wooden structure that served as the parade ground.

A Bridge Too Far

The ballistae and catapult stand near the parade ground, though they are damage—all hacked and bludgeoned, maybe beyond repair.

There are nineteen corpses lying in the open, seven of which are missing their heads. An examination of any of the corpses—requiring a successful Heal check (DC 12) and reveals that they appear to have been torn apart by a wild beast, clearly evidencing claw and bite wounds, and a more thorough investigation (DC 20) concludes that the decapitation occurred post mortem. It is a well-known fact that the Picts take head as trophies (no check required).

Checking the ground inside for signs of what may have killed the men requires a Track check (DC 15). With a success the PCs discover several sets of footprints that do not belong to Roman soldiers, being of shoes with soft leather soles rather than hobnails. There are no animal tracks.

The catapult and ballistae are all badly damaged, but can be repaired. A successful Repair check (DC 15), three hours of time, and at least two people (One of whom must have the Repair skill) is required to get each one back in working order. The stats for the artillery weapons can be found on the Titus Calvus's character sheet.

The Administration Building

At the heart of any Roman fort is the administration building. As well as being the barracks for the senior officers, it serves as the focal point of daily life; orders are issued from here, wages handed out to the men, and endless paperwork is generated. Although small, this building served the same function as it would in a larger camp, being home to Centurion Cotta and Optios Ravilla (the two senior officers).

The administration is built from wood, is square, some 20 feet to a side, and has a sloping roof, also constructed from wooden timbers. There is a single door for entry, but no windows.

A description of the principal features follows. Unless stated otherwise, all doors are assumed to be unbarred.

Front Door: The main entrance is a stout wooden door secured by a bar from the inside (hardness 5, hit points 20, stuck 20, locked 22). The PCs will have to sunder the door to gain entrance into Cotta's Office, see below.

Cotta's Office: The door to this room is barred from the inside. Read the boxed text when the characters open the door.

Cotta's office was the hub of the camp. All work orders were issued from here and disciplinary matters heard.

When the PCs gain entrance to his office, read or paraphrase the following.

With a final, tremendous crack the door succumbs to your persistent pressure and swings open on its tortured hinges.

The body of a Roman soldier, resting on its knees, its face pressed against a second door catches your eye. The armor on his back has been shredded and his bloody flesh is clearly visible. His right hand holds a gladius; his left hand clenched around the door handle in a death grip.

The room itself is spacious, the simple desk and chair standing in the center of the room looks strangely isolated, forcing your gaze to drift back to the corpse.

If any PC vocalizes the idea that whatever killed this man may have done so through a locked door forces everyone to make a Sanity check (0/1). Of course, it is also as likely that he managed to bar the door and stagger a few paces before he died.

Cotta's Room: The door to this room is barred from the inside. Read the following only when the characters have opened the door.

Knelt before a wooden bed is the figure of a centurion, his red cloak hanging loosely across his shoulders like a sea of blood. The centurion's head rests against his chest; his hands gripping something near his breastplate.

In front of him, on the blanket, is an open scroll. A small ink jar, its contents spilled over the bed, lies nearby.

This is the body of Centurion Cotta, the former commander of the garrison. A casual examination shows that he appears to have committed suicide—his gladius has been thrust into his heart and is the only sign of injury on his person.

The scroll on the bed is his diary. Give the players Player Handout 2.

Aside from the bed, there is only a wooden chest containing spare clothing and personal effects and a small writing table and stool.

Ravilla's Office: When the PCs enter this room, read or paraphrase the following.

A large table dominates this room. Laid out on the table are several maps, possibly of the local area, and the design plans for a bridge.

Several more scrolls have been used as weights to keep the edges of the plans flat upon the table.

Dozens of burnt out and spent candles also sit atop the table. The candle's wax long since spread out from the candleholders and cooled.

An open door in the center of the left-hand wall is this room's only other feature

The maps are indeed of the area, as any PC succeeding at a Knowledge (geography) check (DC 15) can determine. Give the players the area map at this point.

Optios Ravilla, the chief engineer on this project, used this room as his office. The plans are indeed those of the bridge he was sent here to oversee the construction of.

Ravilla's Room: When the PCs enter the room read or paraphrase the following.

The well-presented room immediately brings back memories of camp life, where everything is run to a well-rehearsed plan.

A simple wooden bed frame stands against the far wall, the blankets folded neatly on top. Nearby stands a writing table and a stool.

Pinned to the walls are sketches of bridges, arches, forts, and other engineering works.

The plans are all ideas of Ravilla and have no relevance to the adventure.

Quartermaster's Office: The door bears a hastily carved plaque that pronounces it as being the quartermaster's office.

The office is spartan, comprising of only a wooden desk, covered with bundles of scrolls, a simple stool, and several smaller tables, also scroll-laden.

Although the men at the camp were not issued any actual money, the quartermaster still kept a daily record of who was working on the bridge, who was sick, and so on. He was also responsible for detailing ration and equipment expenditure.

The scrolls are lists of equipment, rations, a roll call, and duty rosters. It is expected in the PCs' mandate that these papers should be returned to the main camp (players who neglect to mention this should be prompted—they are members of an active military unit and would realize the importance of these documents).

Officers' Mess: When the PCs enter this room, read or paraphrase the following.

The stench of flesh beginning to rot assails your nostrils as soon as the door is open. As the door swings open the sight of a Roman soldier lying spread eaged on the floor comes into view.

You are no strangers to the sight of battlefield corpses, but this man has been mutilated. His tunic is open, exposing deep gouges across his chest. Creamy white fingers of bone, ribs, protrude from a

large central wound, jutting through the flesh as if ripped out by some immense force.

Splashes of dark brown, dry blood liberally coat the walls. The ceiling has blood spray across it, and the floor around the corpse still shines slightly in the dim light of your candles. Whatever killed this man did so in a frenzy.

Trying to ignore the ghastly site of the corpse, you can see that the few furnishings this room holds lie scattered.

Chairs lie smashed; a table that once held a tabula (backgammon) board has been upended, spilling the pieces across the floor. Plates, cups, and scraps of unfinished food are spread across the room.

Viewing the corpse and its hideous wounds triggers a Sanity check (0/1d3). A check of the body reveals that the man was an *optios* and, apparently, had no time to draw his gladius, which remains in its scabbard.

The garrison command structure comprised of one *centurion* (Cotta), one engineering *optios* (Ravilla), one legionary *optios* (Cotta's right hand man), and seven legionary *principales* (command men).

While the *principales* slept and ate with their men, the *optios* and Cotta lived separate lives. This room acted as their mess hall and private relaxation area.

Outside the Fort

This section should only be used if the characters search the area directly behind the fort. This area is concealed from the trail leading to the fort by the edge of the forest and the fort itself.

If death lurks in the fort, here is his home. Corpses, piled one on top of the other in haphazard manner, litter the ground behind the fort. You can't be sure how many there are—a dozen, twenty, maybe more. The stench of flesh well past its prime is almost unbearable.

Behind the corpses you can see patches of bare earth standing out against the lush, green grass

This is the graveyard of the legionaries and engineers. There are ten graves, each holding one man. As the body count began to rise and fear entered the soldiers' hearts, so they spent less and less time outside of the camp, eventually just dumping the corpses of their comrades for future burial.

The majority of the twenty unburied corpses show signs of claw and bite marks. Spear wounds killed the remainder.

Encounter 4: Frightening Events

A Bridge Too Far

The spectral hunter is present in the camp when the characters arrive, but it will wait before making any move against them, sizing up its foes and deciding how best to dispatch them. This encounter works best when the PCs spend the night in the fort, but can be modified to run at other times.

The following sections detail several of its preferred methods, along with a suitable timing, but you should feel free to add one or two others if you feel the need. The encounters should be run in the order listed, as the hunter starts with simple scare attacks and builds up to open assaults.

Writing on the Wall

Timing: Preferably at night, when only one or two characters are awake, either on watch duty or just discussing the situation.

Read the following to any player whose PC is awake when the creature makes its first move.

The nights in northern Britannia are long and cold, and tonight is no exception. The steady drumming of rain on the roof is somehow comforting.

Suddenly the fire flickers, as if something had walked past. The air turns cold, and the hairs on the back of your neck rise

Have the PCs make a Spot check (DC 12) and, if successful, read on.

In the flickering shadows you spot something on the back wall of the room, stains you had not noticed before.

A cold fear grips your heart as you realize that the stains are growing before your very eyes, forming into symbols that are familiar, yet are not Latin. Something unseen to your eye is writing on the wall!

Characters watching this event unfold triggers a Sanity check (1/1d3). Naturally, the spectral hunter is invisible and avoids any confrontation, easily avoiding attacks aimed at the wall.

The ink used to write the letters is congealed blood, gathered from one of the fresher corpses. Although the characters will be unable to determine the exact species, the fact that it is blood can be revealed on a successful Heal (DC 12) check.

The symbols are Pictish ideograms (the Picts having no true written language) and are translatable only by the scout. They read, "death to strangers."

The Walking Dead

Timing: Occurs either later the first night or early the following morning. Don't worry if one or more characters are outside when this event occurs—the

spectral hunter can use its *make invisible* ability to carry the corpses.

Pick a PC inside the administration building (Your choice, but preferably one who is awake) and read the following to the player.

Cautiously you inch towards the door, unsure why your hand is trembling as it reaches for the latch. Another bang, louder than before, causes you to flinch uncontrollably.

Slowly your hand reaches forward and lifts the latch, the door swinging gently open. In the pale light cast by the candles within the room behind, you can just make out a human form framed in the doorway. Instinctively you reach for your gladius, wary of a Pict attack.

The figure walks forward, a slow yet purposely gait, moving directly towards you. Before you can call out for it to stop, the figure lurches forward, knocking into you, forcing you to the ground under its weight.

Scrambling to get clear, you realize that the figure is a Roman soldier, his distinctive armor adding to his own body weight. Pushing him away, you roll clear, your hand slick with some dark, sticky liquid.

Looking at the now-inert figure, which lies on its back, you cannot hope but notice its shredded windpipe and deeply gouged face

At this juncture give the character time to react. He may decide to wake his comrades (insanity loves company) or to investigate by himself. The banging continues every few seconds until the door is opened, at which point you should read the text below.

Any character that witnesses this event must succeed at a Sanity check or suffer 1/1d4 San loss from the knowledge that an obviously dead body walked into the room under its own power. The character that first heard the approach of the walking corpse suffers 1/1d6+1 San loss—he knows that it was "alive" for several minutes.

A successful Heal check (DC 15) can reveal that the corpse has been that way for several days. A Knowledge (anatomy) check (DC 15) proves conclusively that the wound to its throat would have been instantly fatal.

Scare Tactics

These minor encounters can be used to keep the players on their toes. Insert them through the night or during the next day. Unless otherwise stated, each requires a San check (1/1d3 San).

Floating Head: The hunter rips a head from one of the corpses and carries it through the air, displaying the ghastly sight to one or more of the

characters. If a character goes to attack the area near the head, the hunter will drop it and run to avoid a lucky strike.

It's behind you! (0/1 San loss) The fiend pushes one or more of the characters, preferably when they are alone.

Moving objects: Objects near the character begin to move on their own.

Trapped: A character in a room by himself sees the door slam. The hunter uses its Strength to keep the character trapped in the room for a few minutes.

Alone with the Fiend

Timing: This attack occurs when all of the PCs are together, preferably when they are outside of the administration building.

The spectral hunter attempts to grab one of the PCs while *invisible* and use its *make invisible* power on him. As the victim cannot see the hunter coming, it gains a +2 penalty to attack and the victim loses his Dex bonus to AC. Remember, it only requires a touch attack to grab its victim. Read the first boxed text to the victim if he passes his Will save and the second if he fails.

Save succeeds:

Without warning you feel a vice like grip around your chest, pinning your arms against your side. You can smell death on the warm, foetid breath that wafts across your face. Something has grabbed you!

The hunter only holds the grapple for one round. It then releases its victim and scurries away. The victim must make a Sanity check or suffer 1/1d3 Sanity loss from the shock of the assault.

The spectral hunter repeats this attack during the day until it is successful.

Save fails:

A sudden cry from (PC's name) startles you. For a split second you see a look of terror on his face. Then he simply vanishes into thin air, as if he never existed.

Characters viewing this must make Sanity checks to avoid losing 1/1d3 Sanity.

Take the victim away from the table and read the following text to him.

A vicelike grip pins your arms to your chest. Momentarily dizzy your eyes cannot focus. You shake your head. The grip releases. Spinning round to confront your attacker you come face to face with an abomination straight from the mouth of Hades.

It stands seven feet tall, rubbery jet-black flesh covering its well-muscled frame. Red eyes glare malevolently at you and the beast opens its maw,

revealing rows of razor sharp teeth. Suddenly it lunges forward, bloodstained claws as long as your gladius reaching out for you, a look of desperate hunger in its eyes.

The victim must now succeed at a Sanity check or suffer 1/1d6+2 San loss (quite possibly sending him into temporary insanity). He has 1d6 rounds of being invisible and before the power wears off.

During this time the hunter remains corporeal unless it suffers more than 12 points of damage, in which it becomes incorporeal. It remains present however, tormenting the character as his blows pass harmlessly through it. Should either of the characters with magic weapons be the victim, the spectral hunter flees after taking one wound while incorporeal—it doesn't wish to die, it still has work to do.

Once you have dealt with the victim return to the other players and ask what they are doing. Leave the victim away from the table for now. Run through their actions as normal, interspersing sounds from the invisible victim's battle as they act. Although invisible, the victim's voice can still be heard and if he screams from witnessing the hunter first-hand or is being torn to shreds (both quite likely), the other characters must make San checks of suffer 1/1d3 San loss.

After the allotted time, the victim will reappear in the visible world again—hopefully alive!

Encounter 4: Half a Bridge

The bridge the men were here to build lies half a mile west of the fort. Read the following description if the visit the area.

In front of you stands the bridge that will carry the legion into Pict-controlled lands. Only half finished, its support timbers jut from the river like fingers reaching for the heavens.

Piles of fresh lumber stand in neat stacks, waiting to be used on the bridge causeway. Tools lie scattered on the near side, discarded without care. There is no other sign of recent activity.

The marsh is a morass of knee-deep, muddy water and sickly vegetation. Trees grow from the filth, their branches hanging low enough to stroke the water, reeds, high enough to conceal a man, protrude in great clumps.

There is little sign of wildlife, except for the biting flies and midges, though the croaking of frogs and the call of unseen birds are signs that something finds the marsh habitable.

Have PCs investigating the area around the bridge attempt Spot checks (DC 15) to find bloodstains soaked into the soil and on the bridge timbers.

Crossing the River

There is no easy way to reach the opposite bank. The river is 30 feet wide and fast flowing, and the bridge only extends 12 feet, leaving a sizeable gap to jump.

Swimming across involves fighting the current and the numbing effect of the cold water. Any character wishing to swim must make a Swim check (DC 15) to successfully reach the opposite bank.

Another alternative is to use the timber to construct a simple raft. Building one large enough to carry all of the characters will take three hours and requires a Craft (carpentry) check (DC 15). Rowing across the river requires no skill check, although it may call for Balance checks (DC 10) to avoid falling into the water.

Encounter 5: Exploring the Marsh

The marsh lying on the other side of the river contain a site holy to the local Pict tribe (see the Opposition section for details on this particular tribe).

The legionaries left no map of how to find the site, but the characters should find it easily enough if they bother to explore.

Read the following section to describe the marsh, moving on to the next section immediately afterwards.

Stones, Skulls & Picts (oh my!)

Read the following to the players.

Climbing through a patch of reeds, your feet find solid ground. As you brush the last of the reeds aside your eyes fall on an unholy sight.

A circle of low rocks, hidden by the reeds, stands on a natural island. Surrounding them are a dozen severed, and partially decayed heads. Their eyes and mouths sewn shut. Their skin color shows them to be of Mediterranean origin, their short hair cut in a fashion similar to your own—they are definitely Roman.

The air here is unnaturally cold, and, strangely, the flies do not seem to find the flesh hanging from the heads palatable.

Viewing the severed heads causes a San check (1/1d3).

As the PCs climb onto the island, have each character attempt a Spot check (DC 15). If they succeed, read the read-aloud text below.

In the center of the circle, lying atop a strange standing stone is a black skull, carved, it seems, from some sort of rock.

Give the characters chance to have a look around. Move onto the next bit of read-aloud text if they go to leave the site, reach for the skull, or are too indecisive to act.

The stillness is suddenly shattered by a dozen ferocious war cries. Charging from the reeds are a dozen Picts—naked save for strange blue markings on their faces and torsos.

With another cry, they surge towards you, spears ready, and hatred in their eyes.

The initial assault is led by a dozen Pict warriors. The characters should have little trouble killing them, given their higher level and superior armor class. If a character dies, so be it, but the goal of the narration is not to decimate the PCs, just to force them to pull back.

Pict Warriors (12): hp 6 each; see Appendix 1.

It is important that the PCs get the message that this area and the black skull are very important to the Picts. The Picts lay down their lives time and time again to protect the skull—the spirit item of the spectral hunter, a being they now worship divine creature—something they call the Daor-Madadh-Alluidh.

More importantly, if at all possible, position the Picts so that the PCs do not take possession of the skull at this stage unless the adventure is almost over (you have run out of time, or you just can't keep the darn thing away from them due to bad rolls or player ingenuity).

Keeping the skull out of reach of the PCs shouldn't be difficult. Not only because of the Pict onslaught, but also sits atop the standing stone, which is 15 feet high, and requires a successful Climb check (DC 25) check to scale.

If it looks inevitable that the PCs will grab the skull, have the spectral hunter appear atop the standing stone (visible but incorporeal) to give them a fright (Sanity check 1/1d6+2). Its sudden appearance also triggers a Reflex save (DC 12), failure cause the PC to tumble to the ground. The fall does 1d6 points of damage. It becomes corporeal and fights to protect the skull, knowing that if its spirit item is destroyed, it is doomed. If the PCs are able to defeat the spectral hunter here

A Bridge Too Far

Daor-Madadh-Alluidh (Spectral Hunter): hp 15; see *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook page 183.

If the fight progresses to the marsh itself, the unstable ground and knee-deep water impose a -2 penalty on attack rolls, Balance and similar checks, and requires Balance checks (DC 10) to charge out of or run out from or within the quagmire.

Pushed Back—Now What?

The PCs have a few choices. They know that the Picts are now alerted to their presence. They could attempt to hold out in the fort, or attempt an offensive on the strange island, trying again to take the skull. Either option will trigger the final encounter (see Encounter 6: Against the Barbarian Horde)

They Destroyed the Skull

If the PCs destroy the skull it puts a crimp in the Pict shaman's plans, but it just motivates him to create another spectral hunter during Encounter 6: Against the Barbarian Horde.

Encounter 6: Against the Barbarian Horde

This can occur after a number of circumstances. Regardless the Picts attack the PCs, using their marital and supernatural forces to full effect against the new force of Roman invaders.

It could be that the PCs followed their instructions from the legate to the letter, at which point the assault occurs at the fort when the PCs are busy burying the dead Romans. If the PCs assaulted the Picts' island in the marsh, and destroyed the skull, the shaman and his minions show up to revenge its destruction...and the shaman creates another Daor-Madadh-Alluidh to aid in the fight. If the PCs were pushed back from the island, this encounter could occur when the PCs attempt a second foray that night, or the next morning if the PCs decide to use the fort for defense.

While the following read-aloud text assumes the PCs are at the fort, it can easily be modified if this encounter triggered on the island. In that instance the new forces come from the north, with unnatural silence through the thick fog.

Another day dawns, the warmth of the sun giving you renewed hope that you can survive the nightmare in which you find yourselves.

As the early morning mist starts to clear, you see a line of figures emerging from the gloom. Picts; a large force of them!

From behind the line a lone figure comes into view, waving a severed head high in the air. He begins shouting to the assembled warriors, who raise their spears to the sky and let out a bloodcurdling scream. Without warning the head is thrown towards the fort and the Picts charge!

The number of Picts present in the encounter is dependent on where the PCs trigger this encounter. If the PCs are assaulted on the island there should be no more than 10 additional warriors along with the shaman. If the PCs are at the fort, you can describe more (as many as 50), but use no more than 20 or so as actual combatants. The rest circle the fort to cut off escape.

Pict Warriors (variable): hp 6 each; see Appendix 1.

Pict Shaman: hp 31; see Appendix 1.

Daor-Madadh-Alluidh (Spectral Hunter): hp 15; see *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook page 183.

The key to completing the adventure successfully is for the characters to smash the skull and kill the shaman. Completing one without the other is only a partial victory.

If the PCs are at the fort, the logical choice is for them to fall back to the administration building and fight a defensive battle. While tactically sound, this will end up as a drawn out battle, made worse if the spectral hunter is still alive, as it will join in the fray using its natural abilities to demoralize the defenders.

Another option, and often a good one for any warrior when outnumbered, is to take out the enemy leader—an option that is a little easier if the PCs trigger this encounter while on the island.

If at the fort, the shaman remains 120 feet back from the fort and is protected by a bodyguard of five warriors. Any attack against him will require either missile fire, which will cause him to retreat 60 feet if he survives the first attack, or a frontal assault on the Pict lines. The characters may use the artillery if they have taken the time to repair it. If you've seen the film *Gladiator*, you know what carnage to describe should the latter option be taken.

Even on the island the shaman knows to put his warriors between himself and the invader—especially if he attempts to cast *become spectral hunter* in the middle of the fight. If he does cast the spell, he transforms one of his warriors into the spectral hunter. Even so, the shaman is quite capable of holding his own in a fight and fights to the death.

A Bridge Too Far

He is insane, but still a cunning and ruthless fighter who believes that dark gods will grant him unlimited power if he can drive the Roman invaders from this site.

Once the shaman is killed the remaining Picts warriors immediately rout—their dark gods have obviously deserted them and they lose heart. If the spectral hunter is still alive, it fights until slain, or the skull is destroyed.

Conclusion

If the characters have also destroyed the skull, and defeated the shaman, the adventure is over and you should read the following read-aloud text. Modify it to reflect the circumstances of the encounter.

The shaman is dead and the strange black skull shattered under your blow. Echoing through the hills you hear a ghastly howl, like some supernatural beast in its death throes.

As the scream fades, the sense of doom that lingered over the camp lifts and, for the first time since you arrived here, you feel safe.

All that remains is to bury the dead and make your report. Whether your commander believes you or not, you know that the Picts will not be conquered easily and that many more horrors may await you before this campaign is finished.

Appendix 1: The Opposition

The Picts encountered in this adventure are native to the area, but are shunned by their brethren elsewhere for their dark practises and love of human sacrifices. They are led by an insane shaman who worships Shub Niggurath in her aspect as an Earth Mother figure. They have no love of Romans, seeing them as hostile invaders and a source of sacrifices.

Dearg the Shaman

Cultist of Shub Niggurath: 5th-level male cult sorcerer; HD 5d6+13; hp 31; Init +2 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1/x3, spear), or +4 ranged (1d6+1/x3, spear); SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +7; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 10, San 0.

Skills and Feats: Animal Empathy +5, Diplomacy +5, Handle Animal +4, Heal +9, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (occult) +7, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +5, Spellcraft +7, Spot +5; Alertness, Brew Potions, Toughness

Spells Known: Become spectral hunter, control weather, raises night fog.

Possessions: Wolf skins (padded armor). Two spear, wolf tooth totem.

Pict Warrior

1st-level male offence option: HD 1d6+1; hp 6; Init +1 (Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +1 wolf skin, +1 small wooden shield); Atk +3 melee (1d6+1/x3 spear) or +3 ranged (1d6+1/x3 spear); SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10, San 20.

Skills and Feats: Climb +4, Intimidate +2, Jump +4, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Swim +2, Wilderness Lore +2; Iron Will, Track, Weapon Focus (spear)

Possessions: Wolf skins (padded armor), small wooden shield, two spears.

Player Handout 1

To Centurion Cotta, V Cohort, II Century

Your century will escort a detachment of engineers under the command of Optios Ravilla northwards to the edge of the river. There you will construct a fort and assist in the construction of a bridge across the river.

On all matters relating to the camp and its defences you are in command. Ravilla is a skilled engineer and it will be in your best interests to defer to him with regards to the bridge construction and placement.

The following supplies have been provided for the purposes of camp and bridge construction.

Two ballistae plus 50 bolts

Light catapult plus 10 missiles

Provisions for 80 men for two months plus one field kitchen

Two cartloads of general tools, including axes, hammers, wood planes, etc.

Two cartloads of general supplies, including nails, spare pilum heads, etc.

We anticipate no hostile actions from the Picts this far south and estimate that the bridge will take four weeks to build. I trust I need not remind you that your mission is vital for the legion to push northwards and subjugate these barbarians.

Strength and honour!

[signed] Legate Marcus Cassius Lentulus

Player Handout 2

September 17 [2 weeks ago]

Everything is going to schedule. The bridge should be ready by early October. Men in good spirits and eager for a fight. Maybe soon we can crush these Picts and return home. I miss my wife and children.

September 18

Engineer Marcus Aurelius and a small detachment of legionnaires sent to investigate the terrain on the northern edge of the marsh in advance of possible road construction. Bridge construction continues according to plan. Must hand it to these engineers, they certainly work fast.

September 19

Optios Aurelius' party have returned with some barbarian religious object - a skull carved from some strange black rock. They claim to have found it inside a stone circle in the marsh. Strange symbols carved into its head. Ordered one of the men to bury it outside of the camp. No room for barbarian superstitions here. Touching the skull has left me with a strange feeling I cannot place. These Picts are little better than animals. Why does the Emperor want this foul land?

September 20

Men nervous. Nightwatch report seeing a strange figure moving outside of the camp. Have ordered a squad to investigate for signs of Picts. Damn these blue-painted devils! Squad not back by curfew. Optios Galba ordered to whip them when (if?) they return.

September 21

Men still not back at morning roll-call. Despatched search party. Search party returned at noon and reported all of the first squad dead. Seems they were ambushed by Picts. Have doubled night watch for tonight. Had to whip legionary Eburnus for scaring the men by speaking of Pictish curses.

September 22

These Picts possess powers beyond imagination! Six of the nightwatch found dead in the morning. All were brutally slain. Other watch report no signs of Picts and claim that the men were killed without a sound. Had them all whipped for spreading gossip. Bridge construction has slowed but we'll meet our deadline. Have ordered no wine to be issued to the men in case it dulls their combat effectiveness.

September 23

A mist so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet has risen. Bridge party attacked. Can Picts see through the fog? Reports from only survivor useless as he is insane. Claims to have seen a horned figure that appeared and disappeared at will. When he is recovered I shall have him flogged for cowardice and desertion. Will keep double watch for tonight and flush these Picts out of the marshes tomorrow.

September 24

Another disturbance at night. One of the legionaries has gone insane and killed several of his fellow soldiers before he was struck down by a pilum. Mithras curse this country. Legionary Numidicus has some training as a priest; will order him to hold a prayer ceremony to Mithras tonight to calm the men. Search party in woods found no signs of Picts or the bodies of the soldiers killed three days ago.

September 25

Another two cases of insanity and another four men dead. My men are being slaughtered by some invisible fiends! Will dispatch rider tomorrow to return to camp and order more reinforcements. The strain of this is taking its toll on morale. Am keeping the men busy with the bridge, which is progressing well, despite the situation here. Little sleep for the men is affecting morale.

September 26

Messenger despatched this morning. Should have aid within a few days. Scouts report large Pictish force two days north heading this way. Will drill men ready for assault. Woken in early hours by more killing. What is happening? Down to half strength. Men tired and edgy. Distrustful of comrades. Flogging ineffective.

September 27

Another mist has risen. Bridge party attacked again. All dead. The Picts have taken their heads! No one will leave the camp now. Have had little sleep in last few days but am keeping order. Tripled watch at night but this leaves few men for day watch. Looks like a storm is approaching.

September 28

Only twenty men left now after another massacre last night. What is wrong with my men? Why can't they stop a few Picts? No one sleeps properly anymore. Picts sighted nearby... they're watching us. Waiting for us all to die slowly? Said prayer to Mithras for myself and my men. They're good soldiers. It's this climate - it affects the brain somehow. Weather worsening - fierce sleet storm and freezing temperatures.

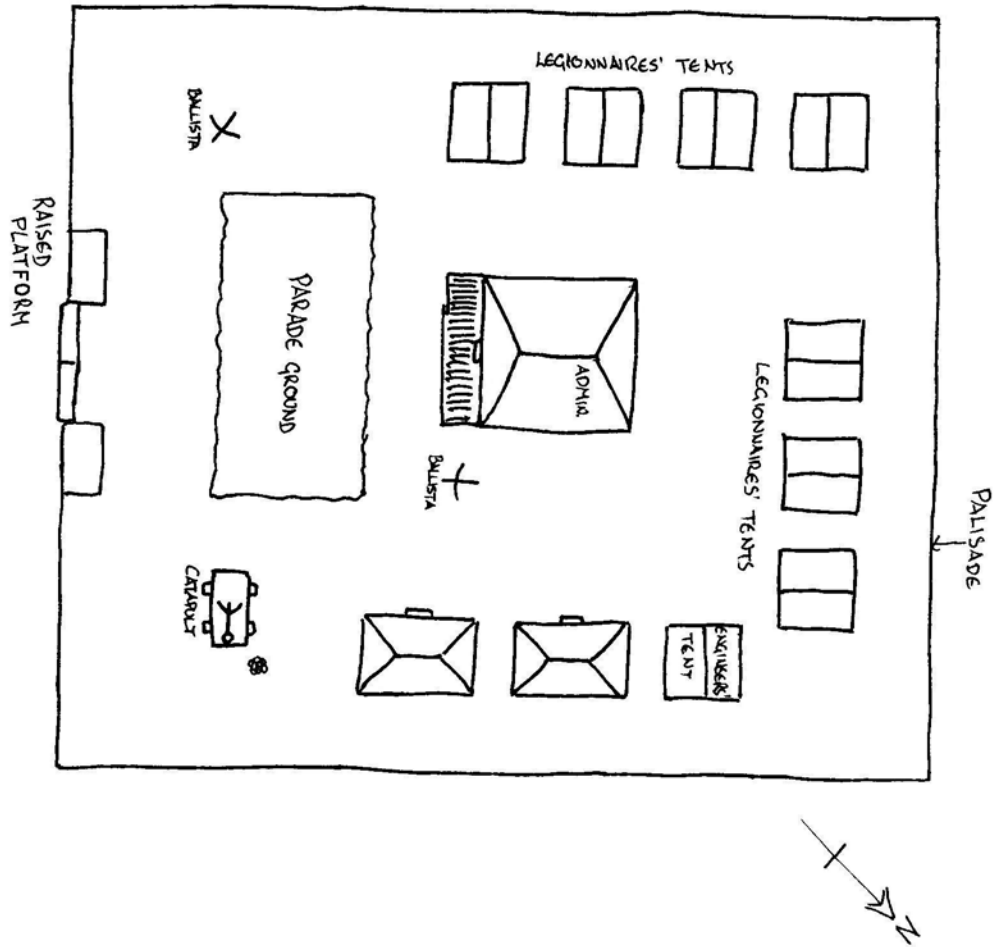
September 29

Nine men left after another attack last night. Men killed in their sleep. It must be the Picts! What else can it be? Have moved everyone into my barracks for safety. No one sleeps and everyone cooks his own food. Messenger should be at camp now. Reinforcements will be here soon. All bridge construction has long since stopped. We can only wait now. How will this look on my record?

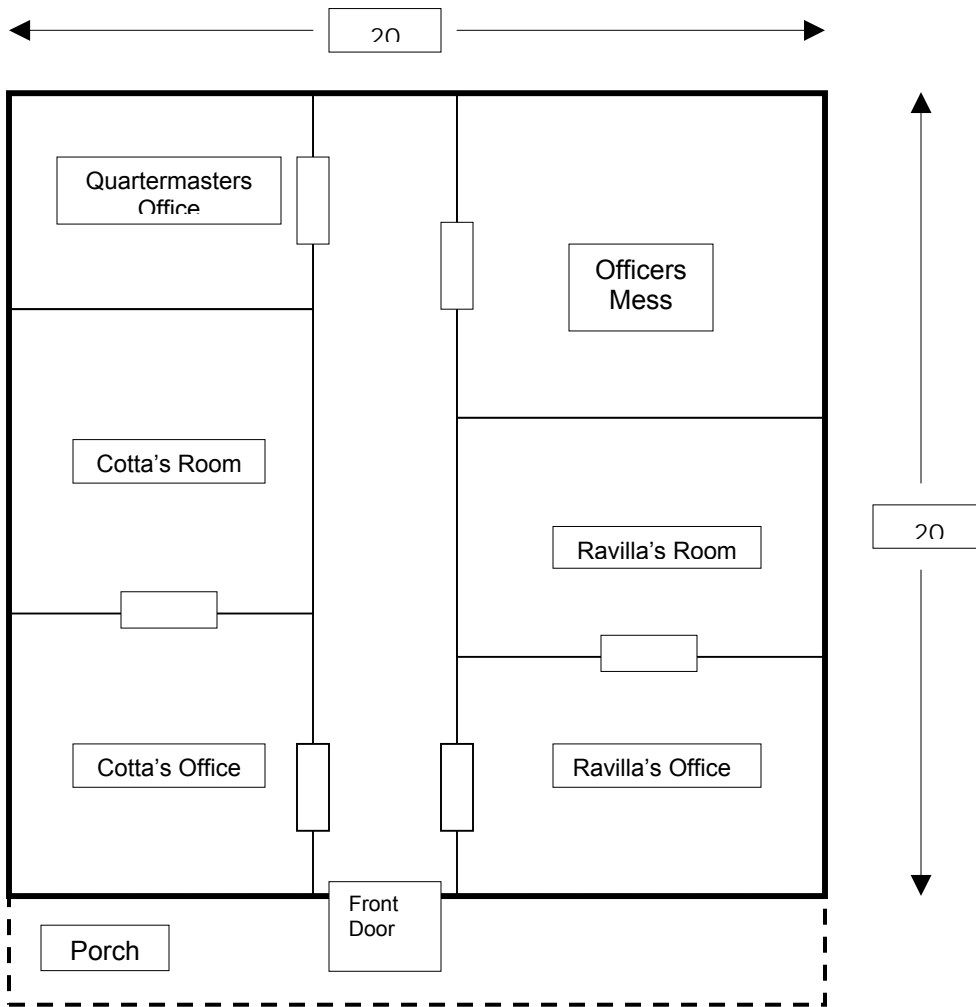
September 30 [yesterday]

Now I understand... will order men to find it... Take it back to the priests at camp... I can hear something outside... Optios Orestes has gone to investigate with a few others... screams... they're all mad... only sane man left... they're outside my room... had to kill three of my own men... insane... madmen all of them... can't hold out much longer... will die in this godforsaken land... the walls! It's coming through the wall!... tell my wife...

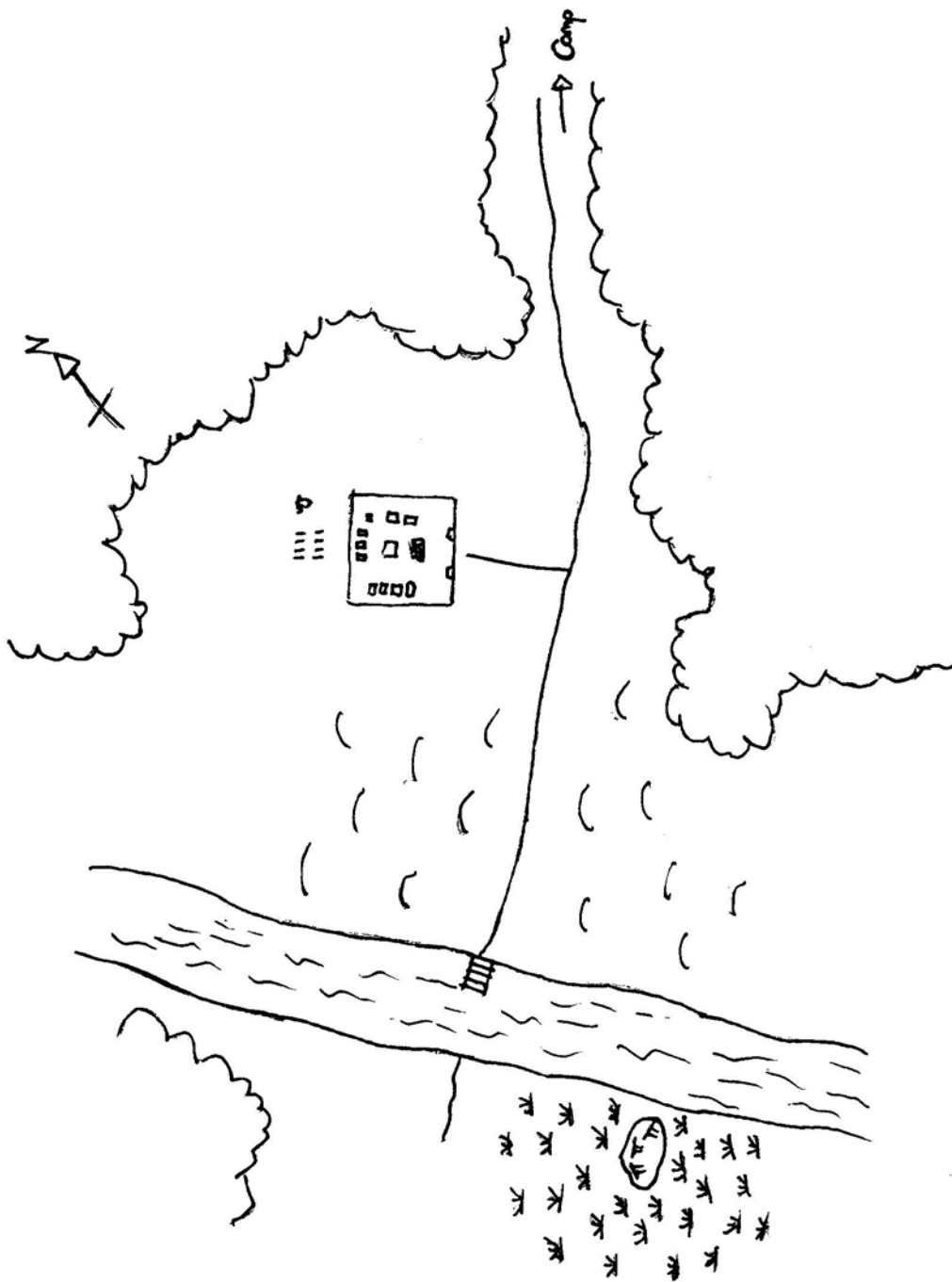
Player Map of the Fort



GMJ Map : Administration Building .



GM Map of the Area



Legionary	Titus Calvus	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Engineer
Player Name		Profession

ABILITIES

STR	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	13	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	13	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	12	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Ability +2 + Misc + Base +3 = Total +5

+ = +

+ = +

+ = +

RANGED

Ability +1 + Misc + Base +3 = Total +4

+ = +

+ = +

+ = +

INIT

Misc + Dex +1 = +1

Level

6

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
		+1	+7	10	= 18
Temp	Misc	Dex		Base	Ref
		+1		+5	= +6
Temp	Misc	Con		Base	Fort
		+1		+5	= +6
Temp	Misc	Wis		Base	Will
		+2		+2	= +4

Hit Points	Current HP	San Points	Current San
34		70	

SKILLS

Skill Name	Ran	Stat	Misc	Total
*Balance	8	+ +1	+ -4	= +5
*Climb	6	+ +2	+ -4	= +4
Craft (carpentry)	7	+ +3		= +10
Disable Device	7	+ +1		= +8
Handle Animal	5	+ +1		= +6
Intimidate	4	+ +1		= +5
*Jump	8	+ +2	+ -2	= +8
Know (engineer)	8	+ +3		= +11
Know (geography)	6	+ +3		= +9
Op. Hvy Machine	5	+ +1		= +6
Repair	8	+ +3		= +11
Research	4	+ +3		= +7
Sense Motive	2	+ +2		= +4
*Tumble	8	+ +1	+ -2	= +7
Use Rope	7	+ +1		= +8
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=
		+ +		=

WEAPONS

Gladius (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+2	
Attack +5	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo

Dagger +2			Damage 1d4+4	
Attack +7	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

Legionary	Sextus Galba	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Soldier
Player Name		Profession

ABILITIES

STR	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	12	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	9	-1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	12	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+2		+5	+7

Level

6

RANGED

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+3		+5	+8

<u>INIT</u>	Misc	Dex	Total
	+	+3	+3

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
		+3	+7	10	20
Temp	Misc	Dex	Base	Ref	
	+1	+3	+2		+6
Temp	Misc	Con	Base	Fort	
	+1	+1	+5		+7
Temp	Misc	Wis	Base	Will	
	+1	-1	+2		+2

Hit Points	Current HP	San Points	Current San
26		45	

SKILLS

Skill Name	Ran	Stat	Misc	Total
Bluff	4	+1		+5
*Climb	6	+2	-4	+4
Heal	4	-1		+3
Hide	6	+3		+9
Intimidate	7	+1		+8
*Jump	7	+2	-4	+5
Know (occult)	7	+0		+7
Listen	7	-1		+6
*Move Silently	6	+3	-4	+5
Search	6	+0		+6
Spot	6	-1		+5
*Swim	6	+2	-11	-3

WEAPONS

Gladius (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+4	
Attack +8	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo

Dagger			Damage 1d4+2	
Attack +7	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

Legionary	Quintus Nasica	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Medical Orderly
	Player Name	Profession

ABILITIES

STR	12	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	10	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	17	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	13	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+1		+3	+4
		+	+
		+	+
		+	+

Level

6

RANGED

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+2		+3	+5
		+	+
		+	+
		+	+

INIT

Misc	Dex	
+	+2	= +2

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
	+2	+2	+2	10	16
Temp	Misc	Dex	Base	Ref	
	+2	+2	+5		+9
Temp	Misc	Con	Base	Fort	
		+0	+2		+2
Temp	Misc	Wis	Base	Will	
		+3	+5		+8

Hit Points	Current HP	San Points	Current San
20		85	

SKILLS

Skill Name	Ran	Stat	Misc	Total
Bluff	6	+	+1	+7
Concentration	6	+	+0	+6
Diplomacy	5	+	+1	+6
Heal	9	+	+3	+12
*Hide	6	+	+2	+8
Know (anatomy)	9	+	+2	+11
Know (medicine)	6	+	+2	+8
Know (psychology)	7	+	+2	+9
Listen	4	+	+3	+7
*Move Silently	5	+	+2	+7
Research	5	+	+2	+7
Sense Motive	5	+	+3	+8
Spot	4	+	+3	+7

WEAPONS

Gladius (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+1	
Attack +4	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo
Dagger			Damage 1d4+1	
Attack +4	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

Optios	Gaius Turburo	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Junior NCO
Player Name		Profession

ABILITIES

STR	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	18	+4	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+3		+5	+8

Level

6

RANGED

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+4		+5	+9

<u>INIT</u>	Misc	Dex	
		+4	+4

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
		+4	+7	10	= 21
Temp	Misc	Dex		Base	Ref
		+4		+2	= +6
Temp	Misc	Con		Base	Fort
		+3		+2	= +5
Temp	Misc	Wis		Base	Will
		+0		+5	= +5

Hit Points	Current HP	San Points	Current San
36		55	

SKILLS

Skill Name	Ran	Stat	Misc	Total
Bluff	6	+0		+6
*Climb	3	+3	-4	+2
Diplomacy	6	+0		+6
Heal	4	+0		+4
*Hide	7	+4	-4	+7
Intimidate	7	+0		+7
*Jump	6	+3	-4	+5
Listen	5	+0		+5
*Move Silently	7	+4	-4	+7
Repair	8	+0		+8
Sense Motive	6	+0		+6
Spot	7	+0		+7

WEAPONS

Gladius (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+3	
Attack +8	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo

Dagger			Damage 1d4+3	
Attack +8	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

Primus ordini	Gaius Cornelius Merula	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Junior Officer
Player Name		Profession

ABILITIES

STR	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	13	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	16	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	13	+1	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	17	03	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Level

6

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+3		+3	+6
		+	+
		+	+
		+	+

RANGED

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+1		+3	+4
		+	+
		+	+
		+	+

INIT	Misc	Dex	
	+	+1	+1

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
		+1	+7	10	= 18
Temp	Misc	Dex		Base	Ref
		+1		+2	= +3
Temp	Misc	Con		Base	Fort
		+3		+5	= +8
Temp	Misc	Wis		Base	Will
	+2	+0		+5	= +7

Hit Points	Current HP	San Points	Current San
37		55	

SKILLS

Skill Name	Ran	Stat	Misc	Total
Bluff	6	+3	+0	= +9
Diplomacy	8	+3	+2	= +13
Gather Information	4	+3	+2	= +9
*Hide	6	+1	-6	= +1
Intimidate	5	+3	+0	= +8
Know (history)	5	+1	+0	= +6
Know (law)	4	+1	+0	= +5
Know (philosophy)	5	+1	+0	= +6
Know (politics)	5	+1	+0	= +6
Know (occult)	3	+1	+0	= +3
Listen	6	+0	+0	= +6
* Move Silently	5	+1	-6	= +0
Sense Motive	5	+0	+0	= +5
Spot	8	+0	+0	= +8
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=
				=

WEAPONS

Gladius +1 (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+4	
Attack +8	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo

Dagger			Damage 1d4+3	
Attack +6	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

Legionary	Manius Paulus	Roman
Military Rank	Character Name	Nationality
		Scout
Player Name		Profession

ABILITIES

STR	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
DEX	17	+3	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CON	11	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
INT	14	+2	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
WIS	18	+4	Temp Stat	Temp Mod
CHA	10	+0	Temp Stat	Temp Mod

MELEE

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+2		+3	+5

Level

6

RANGED

Ability	Misc	Base	Total
+3		+3	+6

INIT

Misc	Dex	
+4	+3	+7

STATISTICS

Temp	Misc	Dex	Armor	Base	AC
		+3	+4	10	17
Temp	Misc	Dex		Base	Ref
		+3		+5	+8
Temp	Misc	Con		Base	Fort
		+0		+5	+5
Temp	Misc	Wis		Base	Will
		+4		+2	+6

Hit Points 25	Current HP	San Points 90	Current San
------------------	------------	------------------	-------------

SKILLS

Skill Name	Rank	Stat	Misc	Total
*Balance	3	+3	-2	+6
Bluff	5	+0		+5
*Climb	3	+2	0	+5
Diplomacy	4	+0		+4
*Escape Artist	4	+3	-2	+5
Gather Information	6	+0		+6
*Hide	7	+3	0	+10
Innuendo	5	+4		+9
Intimidate	3	+0		+3
*Jump	4	+2	-2	+4
Know (geography)	6	+2		+8
Know (Pictland)	6	+2		+8
Listen	7	+4		+11
*Move Silently	8	+3	0	+11
Search	7	+2		+9
Sense Motive	4	+4		+8
Spot	7	+4		+11
*Swim	4	+2	-6	+0
Wilderness Lore	7	+4		+11

WEAPONS

Gladius (Roman shortsword)			Damage 1d6+2	
Attack +5	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc	Ammo

Dagger			Damage 1d4+2	
Attack +5	Critical 19-20/x2	Piercing	Range Inc 10 ft.	Ammo

