

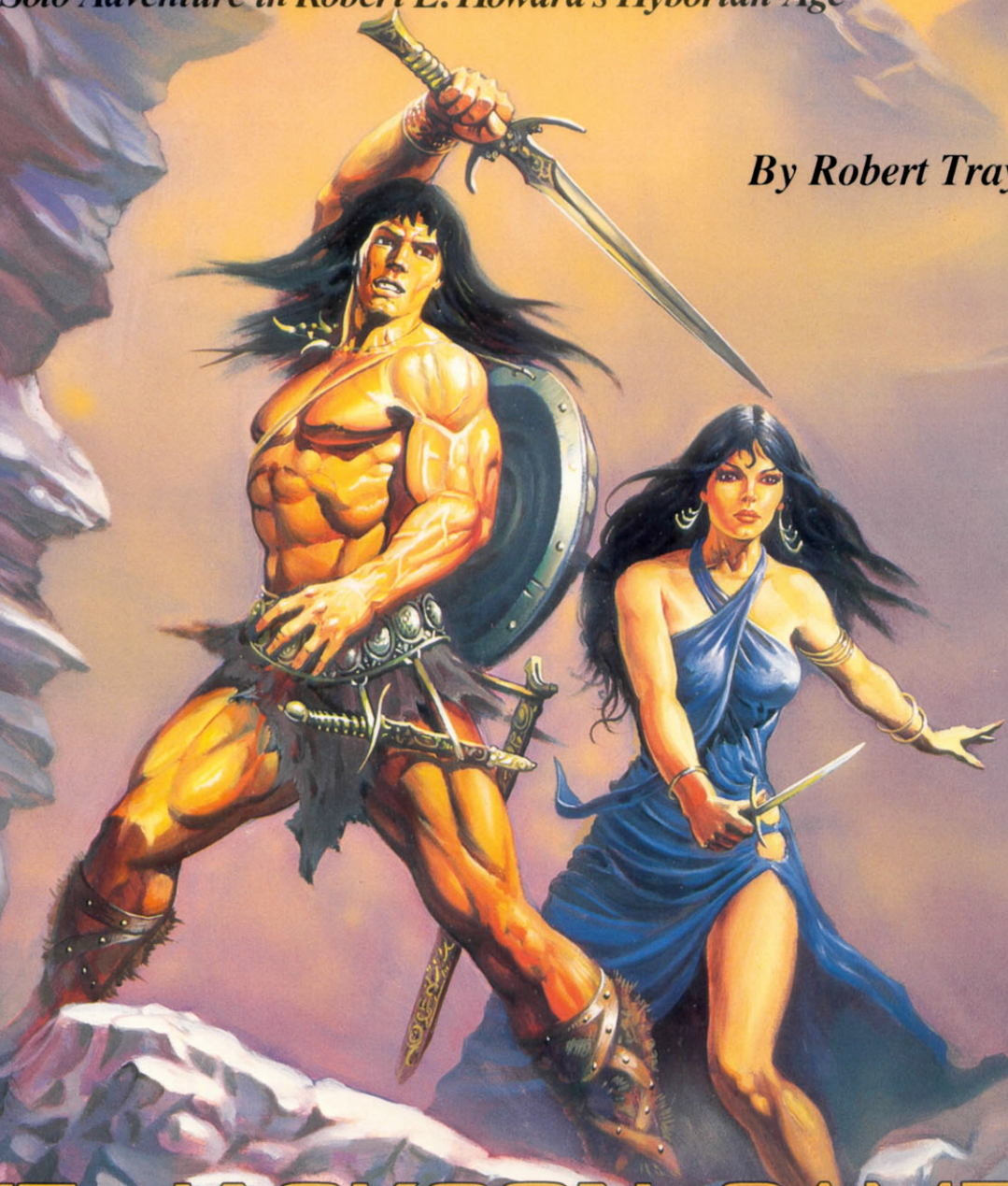
GURPS[®]

CONAN[®]

AND THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK COAST

Solo Adventure in Robert E. Howard's Hyborian Age™

By Robert Traynor



STEVE JACKSON GAMES

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QUEEN OF THE BLACK COAST

Solo Adventure in Robert E. Howard's Hyborian Age



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STEVE JACKSON GAMES

INSTRUCTIONS

Conan and the Queen of the Black Coast is the latest in a series of *GURPS* solo adventures. The character you run will adventure in the fabulous Hyborian Age, a time of flashing swords, horrific monsters, and riches beyond measure. You may play the legendary Conan, the greatest hero of his time, or a character of your own choosing.

“Queen Of The Black Coast”

This adventure is based on the story “Queen of the Black Coast,” by Robert E. Howard, found in the book *Conan of Cimmeria*, from Ace Books.

About Robert E. Howard

Robert Ervin Howard was born in Peaster, Texas in 1906 and died in Cross Plains, Texas 30 years later. He completed high school and had a few hours of non-credit, business college courses; for the rest he was self-educated by omnivorous reading.

From his late teens he supported himself principally as a freelance writer. In his brief life, he wrote stories for almost all the pulp-magazine genres: horror, detective, sports, western and adventure. His greatest success was for *Weird Tales*, the stories that chronicled the Hyborian-Age adventures of Conan of Cimmeria. He created at least two other enduring heroes, Kull of Atlantis and the Puritan adventurer, Solomon Kane.

More than 50 years after his death, his stories not only remain in print, but are continued and elaborated on by a new generation of writers. Adaptions of his work have appeared as novels, short stories, comics and movies.

About The Author

Robert Traynor is a long-standing gaming and hockey fanatic who masquerades during the day as a bank representative. He can be found lurking about SF clubs and hockey rinks, reading books or scoresheets as the situation warrants. A lifelong resident of Massachusetts, he lives in Springfield with his wife, cats, books and too many dice.

His other fields of interest include medieval urban history, education, Baroque and folk music, politics and table-top dice baseball, not necessarily in that order. Already looking forward to the filming of *Citizen Traynor*, he’s trying to decide whether his last words will be “3d6” or “Long live the Warwick Dragons!” This is his first book for Steve Jackson Games.

You do not need a GM for the adventure — this book takes care of that chore. As you move through the scenario, you will be asked to make various choices. Each decision will send you to a different numbered paragraph, which will provide information and instructions. The object of the game is the same as in a multi-player roleplaying game — to gain wealth and glory, and to stay alive to enjoy them!

Getting Started

You will need a pencil or pen, scratch paper and three six-sided dice. You’ll also need hex paper, and markers or figures to fight out any combats. We highly recommend *GURPS Battle Maps* and *Cardboard Heroes* for this purpose. Most importantly, you need to be familiar with the *GURPS Basic Set*.

After you have these things handy, it’s time to create a character. The Conan character is provided on p. 30. If you’d like to use a character of your own or create a new one, go right ahead. Follow the steps below.

Character Creation

Queen of the Black Coast is a challenging adventure, designed for the mighty Conan. Obviously, the standard 100-point beginning character would be out of his depth. Therefore, we recommend that you build your character with 300 points. However, you should stick to the *GURPS* limits of 40 points worth of disadvantages and 5 points of quirks.

Suitable characters include a coastal sailor from Zingara, Argos or Corinthia; a barbaric mercenary; a Black Kingdoms spearman; a civilized soldier; or a pirate, perhaps a member of the Red Brotherhood. In order to sail with Bêlit, your character needs to meet certain requirements:

Skills: You need the following skills at the levels indicated. Of course, you can have them at higher levels: Seamanship-11, Bow-12 and Leadership-11.

Disadvantages: One is required: *Sense of Duty* (To Bêlit) all the time. Your character gets 5 points for this disadvantage.

Equipment: While you are comparatively wealthy, sailors are not in the habit of loading themselves down with much besides loot. Therefore, you may equip yourself with one melee weapon of your choice (fine quality) and armor as heavy as scale mail. The *Tigress* also has an ample store of knives, spears, bows, arrows, rope and waterskins. You may have as many of these as you can carry, and can replenish your supply freely whenever you are at the ship.

How To Play

The book is divided into numbered paragraphs. *Do not read them in order.* First, read the introduction, then turn to paragraph number one. The text will instruct you where to turn from there.

Most paragraphs involve various choices — usually two, sometimes several. You will often choose freely among the options. At other times, a die roll against your skills or attributes, the result of a combat or a random roll may determine

the paragraph. At various points in the story, you may be asked to write down certain Plot Words. If you have a Plot Word, you may be given special instructions during play. Be sure to follow these instructions. Plot Words remain for the entire adventure, unless you are specifically instructed to erase them.

Current Time

You will be asked during the adventure to keep track of the Current Time. Time is divided into four watches — Morning, Afternoon, Evening and Night. The adventure begins in the Afternoon.

Companions

During much of the adventure, you will have several partners. They will usually be at your command and fight on your side. The adventure will mention any exceptions. Keep track of any losses. The *Tigris* has 80 crew members, but small losses add up. Even though you have many sailors at your beck and call, you're better off not thinking of them as cannon fodder. To help in keeping track of the large crew, a record sheet has been provided on p. 32.

Under certain circumstances, you may freely select your companions. There are some restrictions: you may not have Bêlit or N'Yaga as a companion unless specifically mentioned, and you must have at least one sub-chief — if possible — with any group.

Healing

At certain points in the adventure, you may stop for healing. N'Yaga is the only crewmember with the Physician skill (his skill level is 14). If he is unavailable or dead, you will have to settle for simple bandaging! You may, if you have the skill, perform First Aid on yourself or on any companions. More complete information on First Aid and Healing can be found on pp. B127-128.

Opponents

For the most part, your opponents in combat are aggressive and not human. Foes will attack whenever encountered, closing at maximum possible speed and fighting to the death. Exceptions will be noted in the text.

Morale Rating

The adventure involves a rather superstitious crew — after all, what band of sailors anywhere in the world *isn't* superstitious — sailing through an area that they believe to be haunted. Many incidents can occur that will unsettle them. Throughout the adventure, you will be asked to modify the crew's *Morale Rating*. Keep track of the number; it is a cumulative score. The text may give you special instructions if the Morale Rating reaches a certain level. Be sure to follow these instructions. At the beginning of the adventure, the Morale Rating is 0. If, for any reason, you lead a separate band of sailors from the main crew, the new group will maintain the old rating. Any changes in this rating will apply to the entire crew when the groups rejoin — your followers will certainly tell stories of their adventures!

Default Skill Usage in Play

At several points, you will be asked to roll against various skills your character may not possess. If you wish (or need!) to make such rolls, use the Default levels listed on the insert sheet in the *GURPS Basic Set*, Third Edition. In most cases, the IQ or DX default will be noted in the text.

Playing With A Party

Once you've played through this adventure, you might want to run the adventure for a party of several players. They can take the parts of the various characters, or create an entirely new crew for the *Tigris*. You might want to read through the adventure, playing the foes. Or you can use the plot for a full-scale game-mastered adventure!

Obviously, if you're the GM you can change things to suit your own style. If you think the foes are too weak or the treasure too great, change them!

About GURPS

Steve Jackson Games is committed to full support of the *GURPS* system. Our address is SJ Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) any time you write us! Resources now available include:

Roleplayer. This bimonthly newsletter includes new rules, variants, races, beasts, information on upcoming releases, scenario ideas and more. Ask your game retailer, or write for subscription information.

New supplements and adventures. We're always working on new material, and we'll be happy to let you know what's available. A current catalog is available for an SASE.

Errata. Up-to-date errata sheets for all *GURPS* releases, including this book, are always available from SJ Games; be sure to include an SASE with your request.

Q&A. We do our best to answer any game question accompanied by an SASE.

Gamer input. We value your comments. We will consider them, not only for new products, but also when we update this book on later printings!

BBS. For those of you who have home computers, SJ Games operates a BBS with discussion areas for several games, including *GURPS*. Much of the playtest feedback for new products comes from the BBS. It's up 24 hours per day at 512-447-4449, at 300, 1200 or 2400 baud. Give us a call!

Page References

Rules and statistics in this book are specifically for the *GURPS Basic Set*, Third Edition. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to a page in the *GURPS Basic Set* — e.g., p. B102 means p. 102 of the *GURPS Basic Set*, Third Edition.

ADVENTURE

Introduction

Cursed be the day you ever entered Messantia! During your stay in the rollicking Argossean port, you ran afoul of the law. Damned judge — actually ordering you imprisoned for failing to betray a friend to Argossean “justice!” At the time, jumping aboard the merchantman *Argus* seemed a good idea. Now, seeing the infamous pirate galley *Tigress* gaining on your ship, you’re not so sure.

The *Tigress* is the scourge of the coasts from Zingara to Kush. She’s crewed by skilled Black Kingdoms spearmen, who unquestioningly obey the commands of their leader, Bêlit.

You’ve heard the stories, of course; the sailors’ talk about the woman they call the Queen of the Black Coast. Some say she was once a Shemite slave. Others say her forefathers were kings of Asgalun. All agree on two points — her ferocity and her beauty. “Must be quite some woman,” you think, “to keep a crew of hardy pirates in line.”

The galley approaches within bow range. Soon they will close and board the *Argus*. Still, you’ll not go down to Hell without an escort of pirates! Taking up your bow, you search the quarterdeck of the *Tigress* for targets. There, that white figure amid the black ones — Bêlit herself! Just one arrow shot, and at this range you don’t miss. A smooth draw, a quick sighting and, following a nameless impulse, you drop the chieftain to Bêlit’s right.

The pirates take up bows themselves, and begin to return fire. Their aim is true; the *Argus*’ helmsman falls in the first volley, the captain in the second. Without leadership, the crew shouts in panic and confusion. “Up, lads!” you shout. “Never mind the oars, they’ll catch us anyway. Take up your weapons and let’s give these dogs something to remember us by!”

Taking heart, the sailors manage one sparse volley of arrows before the *Tigress*’ ram takes the merchantman. The grapnels fly, biting into the doomed ship’s rail, and the vicious buccaneers pour over the side. It is slaughter; the pirates outnumber the remaining sailors five to one, and are far better warriors.

It is not your way to be butchered like a calf, however! Taking the initiative, you leap onto the now lightly-manned galley. You are immediately surrounded by foes. No matter. They are unarmored and easy bait for your sword; your superb armor is proof against their clubs and spears. Breaking free from the pack, you fight your way to the mast. Ten pirates die in mere moments and many others fall sorely wounded. A tall sub-chief barks out commands, and the pirates pressing you withdraw, drawing arms back to cast their spears. Shrugging your mighty shoulders, you prepare to hurl yourself into their midst and die like a warrior.

“Hold!” The shrill cry rings over the battle. The spearmen freeze in place. Bêlit leaps in front, beating aside their points. Time seems to slow — she is a goddess! Lithe yet voluptuous, rippling black hair, eyes like glowing black coals, this is the loveliest woman you have ever seen.

Walking like a jungle cat — the ship is well-named, you think dazedly — she boldly moves up to you, careless of your blade. “Who are you?” she demands. “I have sailed these coasts from Xuntal to Pictland, and never have I seen a man like you.”

You state your name, alert for any sudden moves. She is unarmed, save for a dagger. Yet her name is legend for a thousand leagues, and she’d be dangerous no matter what. But you begin to believe that you have nothing to fear. Not from this woman. Not now.

“And my name, stranger, I am Bêlit!” she cried, as an empress might speak at her coronation. “Look at me, stranger! I am Queen of the Black Coast, ruler by fire and steel and slaughter! No man was worthy of me. None till now! Come with me, bold one. Follow me on this sea till world’s end. I am queen be thou my king!”

Startled, you look about you. Join these pirates, whose mates you’ve slaughtered? Yet, looking over the ranks of warriors, you see no signs of jealousy or anger. You realize that Bêlit’s hold over these sea-wolves is absolute, that to them she is more than a woman; her commands are obeyed without question. You look at the *Argus*, slowly sinking, littered with the bodies of her sailors. You look over the ocean, and think of the glory, the riches, the adventures that might await. And above all, to quest at the side of this glorious woman . . .

“I’ll sail with you,” you growl, shaking the red drops from your blade.

She leaps to your side, and you take her into your arms as a roar goes up from her crew. You have found your queen!



The times are good. The *Tigress* pillages the waves. The queen of the sea finally has a mate, whose ferocity in war matches her cunning and sea-skill. So long as there is gold to win, battles to fight, and Bêlit at your side, what does it matter where the ship sails? You love the life. Turning south, you raid the coasts of the Black Kingdoms. The crew, however, has been heavily thinned by raiding.

Turn to paragraph 1, and begin your adventure.

1 The morning is still young when the *Tigress* anchors. Nearby is the mouth of a broad, slow-moving river. “Odd,” you think, “a river this large will usually have a settlement at the mouth, but there is no sign of man. Only white beaches and the emerald jungle exist, as far as the eye can see.”

Bêlit points to the sluggish, murky waters. “That is the river Zarkheba. Once I was chasing a Stygian vessel down this coast, and it fled into the river mouth. Here I anchored, and waited. Some days later, the ship drifted out of the river. When we boarded, we found her deserted. The decks were bloodstained, as if a great battle had been fought. One survivor we found, but he was raving something about winged demons and he died a day later.” She laughed. “What did it matter what destroyed her crew? The cargo was intact, and none of my bold followers need die to take it! But it set me to thinking . . . what was up that river?”

She has aroused your curiosity. “And?” you ask.

“I have listened to the tales that sailors tell. Some, despite the deadliness of the river and the legends, have dared to sail some length upriver. They have glimpsed, far off, purpled towers and ramparts. My love, there is a great city or a ruin on that river. We fear nothing — let us go and sack that city!”

If you agree, turn to 148.

If you point out the depletion of your crew, turn to 75.

2 The blows you deal your maddened comrade would fell many a strong man, but in his berserk fury he doesn’t even seem to feel them. Then your sword lodges in N’Gora’s side, and wrenches free from your grasp. In a twinkling, the madman is at you, bared teeth sinking themselves in your throat. Struggle though you may, you cannot escape.

Your adventure is over.

3 In searching an antechamber, you are surprised to find a great deal of broken glass, twisted copper tubing, and the remains of porcelain jars. Scratching your chin, you ponder . . . Aha! This must have been a wizard’s or an alchemist’s laboratory. Who knows what treasures might lie within? Digging carefully but diligently, you find inside a stoneware pot a finely cut crystal vial. It’s chipped, but intact; inside is a violet fluid. You know more about fighting than alchemy, to be sure. But N’Yaga does know much old lore . . . After finding the shaman, you wait impatiently while he sniffs and tastes the fluid. His face lights up with an expression of awe. “Know ye what this is?” he asks.

“If I did, old one, I wouldn’t have brought it to you,” you reply. “Out with it!”

“This is the Elixir of Life,” he says breathlessly. “Dying men can drink of it and be saved. The legends say that there is no wound the Elixir cannot heal — none have the skill to make it since Acheron fell these hundreds of years ago.”

Note this find on your sheet. Drinking the Elixir restores 3d of lost HT points, and takes five full minutes to have any effect. If the drinker is unconscious, a Physician or First Aid/TL3 (defaults to IQ-5) roll is necessary to force the liquid down his throat. There is only one dose. You have the *Plot Word* VIOLET. You may use the Elixir at any time when not actively in combat; doing so causes you to lose the *Plot Word* VIOLET.

Turn to 120.

4 The creature is at a height of 30 hexes, and is traveling at a speed of 14.

If you aim for one or two seconds before shooting, turn to 150.

If you aim for three seconds, turn to 223.

If you shoot without aiming, calculate your modifiers from the table on p. B201, then roll to hit. The creature dodges on a roll of 8 or less.

If you hit it, turn to 77.

If you miss, turn to 196.

5 You plunge deeper into the fetid jungle, but there is still no sign of water.

If you continue the search for water, turn to 170.

If you return to the city, turn to 51 if you have the *Plot Word* DELAYED, and to 197 if you do not.

6 If you have Danger Sense, roll against your IQ. (If you do not have Danger Sense, roll against IQ-4.)

If you succeed, turn to 79.

If you fail, turn to 152.

7 You are on lookout duty — a rather dull, but necessary chore. You stand in the prow, fighting off the omnipresent jungle flies and scanning the sullen waters of the Zarkheba for anything out of the ordinary. Suddenly, you feel the hairs on the back of your neck stand out.

If you have Danger Sense, roll against your IQ. If you succeed critically, turn to 80; on any other successful roll, turn to 153.

If you do not have Danger Sense, or if you fail your IQ roll, turn to 226.

8 If you examine the tower, turn to 119.

If you examine the pillars, turn to 73.

If you examine the slab, turn to 146.

If you argue against disturbing the temple, turn to 154.

You may choose each option once only. When you have done all these things, turn to 81.

9 Ignoring the curses of the sailors, you examine the bodies more closely. You realize that the deck is spotted in several places with dark blood — far darker than that shed by the pirates. Curious, you glance at the spearheads of the victims. Two of them are coated in the same fluid. So it can be hurt by steel, you realize. That should help.

Leaving the five behind with orders to clear the decks and keep a lookout for the creature, you rush back to Bêlit and tell her the news. “Listen, all of you!” you say to the crewmen. “It may be a killer, whatever it is. It may be hardy and clever. But it can be slain! See the proof!” You throw the bloodstained spears to the cobblestones. Their clattering echoes in the silence. “So take heart, men. If it comes again, let’s greet it with steel!”

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale Rating. Note that in any future encounter with the Winged One, it has suffered 6 HT points of damage. When you are done, turn to 120.

10 Bêlit orders the crew to run the galley in and tie up to one of the intact wharves.

Turn to 20.

11 The heat of the day beats on the backs of the crew as they labor amidst the foundations of what once might have been a mansion. Your mood is as sour as the sweat pouring from you. What kind of adventure is this? If you wanted to be a laborer, you didn’t have to come here to do that. Casting your shovel aside in frustration, you wave to the others. “This is a waste of time,” you say. “There must be easier pickings around. Come on.”

Turn to 120.

12 Your jokes fall flat. Ever ready to find an ill-omen in everything unknown, the pirates ignore you, staring mutely at the sinister apparition moving through the brush. Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

13 A loud crashing in the underbrush alerts the column. Clutching your weapons, you wait to see what could cause such a racket. Running into view is a large hyena — the sailors gasp at its unnatural size and appearance.

Make an IQ roll for each crew member, adding the current Morale Rating as a modifier. If the roll is failed, the crewman is surprised. He is *mentally stunned* for 1 round per point by which the roll fails. If the roll is successful, the crewman acts normally.

Turn to 86.

14 The floor rips beneath you as you try to cross it — it is made of papier-mâché!

Make a DX roll; if you have the Acrobatics skill at higher than your DX, roll against that instead. If you are holding a weapon, subtract 4 from the roll. You may drop your weapon to avoid this penalty; if you do so, your weapon is lost for the rest of the adventure.

If you make the roll, turn to 87.

If you fail, turn to 160.

15 As you stand at the rail, the man gasps, sucking in water. While the crew frantically hurls ropes at him, he starts to scream. Horribly, a thin trail of smoke issues from his mouth as he howls in anguish. Finally, he sinks beneath the water.

Several of the crew, noticing your immobility, begin to mutter in their own tongue.

You now have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS. Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating, and eliminate any positive reaction modifier you might have from the crew.

Turn to 64.

16 You gasp for breath as the falling rubble drives the air from your lungs. Your adventure is over.

17 You and your spearmen pant in exhaustion, the hyenas' bodies heaped about. Suddenly, the thrashing of huge wings fills the air. Whirling around, you see the winged demon, swooping over you!

Turn to 236.

18 Roll one die.
If you roll a 1 or 2, turn to 7.
If you roll a 3 or 4, turn to 134.
If you roll a 5 or 6, turn to 267.

19 The door swings open and you hear the sound of shattering porcelain inside! A small puff of purplish mist comes from the recess! Make a DX roll.

If you succeed, turn to 92.

If you fail, turn to 165.

20 Bêlit is the first to disembark from the ship. Her eyes sparkle as she surveys the ruins. You are close behind, followed by the rest of the crew.

The brooding silence of the necropolis deadens the spirit of all save Bêlit, it seems. You grip your weapon, as if to reassure yourself. Bêlit notices your nervousness, and pokes you gently in the arm. "Why so gloomy?" she laughs. "So the place is

deserted. Is that so bad? The plunder's all the easier to take!" She waves to the spearmen. "Come along — let's explore!"

Make an IQ roll. If you succeed, turn to 93.

If you fail, turn to 47.



21 Fight the battle. Use Combat Map B, p. 29. N'Gora's stats are found on p. 32. Place the two of you anywhere on the map, six hexes apart.

N'Gora is quite mad — he is Berserk, as per the disadvantage on p. B31. He has, for the duration of the combat, a strength of 20 and will ignore all non-crippling wounds. Roll against his base DX to hit, inflicting 2d crushing damage if he does. He will not defend against any attack. Unlike a true berserker, if his HT reaches -HT, he dies.

If you win, turn to 94.

If you fall unconscious or are killed, turn to 2.

22 You search diligently through a cluster of ruined towers, but find nothing except rubble, debris and stone shards. If there's loot in the city, it isn't here.

Turn to 120.

23 You struggle to identify the strange creature. Make a Vision roll. If you succeed by 3 or more, turn to 96.

Otherwise, turn to 169.

24 As you raise your bow and carefully aim, the creature veers off. It sails away just over treetop level. An inhuman cackling is heard as it vanishes from sight. Turn to 242.

25 If any other crew members survive, turn to 98.
Otherwise, take the *Plot Word* SOLITUDE, and turn to 171.

26 Turning to face the spearmen, you give the speech of your life, exhorting them to win through the trials and fill their pockets with gold. Bêlit smiles with satisfaction as the air splits with cheers.

Add 2 to the crew's Morale Rating (or raise Morale to -5,

whichever is higher), and add 1 to any Reaction rolls to you.

Turn to 29.

27 After a moment's examination, you find sets of handholds on each side, oddly unsuited for human hands. Bêlit leaps up, smiling. "The temple loot may be under that altar. Some of you grab those handholds and try to lift it."

Make a roll against Bêlit's IQ of 12. If she succeeds, turn to 54. If she fails, turn to 100.

28 You inspect the ship — it's in good enough shape. The monster had been intent on breaking oars, but only a third of them are damaged. The *Tigress* doesn't need all of them, and she stores spares anyway. The notion troubles you, though. It was intelligent enough to smash the oars. What else might it know or do?

If you remain on the *Tigress* to guard it, take the *Plot Word* DEFENDED. Turn to 109.

If you return to searching the city, turn to 120.

If you leave the men on board and return alone, take the *Plot Word* GUARDED, and turn to 120.

29 If the crew's Morale is -6 or less, turn *immediately* to 91. Otherwise:

If the Current Time is Morning, turn to 56.

If the Current Time is Afternoon, turn to 18.

If the Current Time is Evening, turn to 137.

If the Current Time is Night, turn to 210.

30 A diligent search reveals a battered metal box, encrusted with rust and grime. Little work is needed to force it open — from the opening, a golden stream of coins pours! To your surprise, over a hundred broad gold coins are scooped from the box. "Aye, but that must have been a wealthy innkeeper," beams N'Gora.

The coins are worth \$2,000. Note the find, turn to 120.

31 As the *Tigress* moves close to the bank of the river, loud rustling noises can be heard in the underbrush. Even more ominously, large glowing eyes of a sickly purplish hue can be seen by keen-eyed sailors.

If you laugh the apparition off, turn to 131.

If you shoot at it, turn to 104.

If you ignore the eyes, turn to 58.

If you bring the *Tigress* in to take a closer look, turn to 85.

32 The "log" attacks the column with surprising speed. It is a huge dark lizard, bigger than any you've seen! The lizard attacks a Random Victim, who is *mentally stunned*. After the attack, the lizard gets one free round to act.

Turn to 59, and proceed with the combat.

33 A careful search of the pyramid's base reveals a weathered door.

If you inspect the door for traps, turn to 106.

If you open the door, turn to 179.

If you decide not to look for loot here, turn to 187.

34 Fight the combat — the river serpent's statistics are given on p. 28. Every five rounds, the serpent will pick up a crewman (1 second), hold him in its mouth (2 seconds), swallow him (1 second) and choose another crewman (1 second). If the crewman makes a Dodge roll, he escapes the serpent. The serpent will always attack the nearest crewman; roll randomly if two or more crewmen are equally close.

After the serpent has eaten five crewmen it will withdraw into the river and escape; if this happens, turn to 253.

If you kill the serpent but have lost crewmen, turn to 107.

If you kill the serpent and suffer no losses, turn to 180.

If you are killed or fall unconscious, turn to 61.



35 "Are you addled?" Bêlit shouts. "Priests have all the gold — it's the same the world over, and the temples are the treasures! Where else would they keep it? Keep on searching here."

Turn to 8.

36 You shake your head. "If we're attacked, we'll have none too many warriors — better not to be taken piecemeal. The men on the ship might also lose heart if they're alone. I think we should stick together."

"You have the right of it," she says. She raises her voice to the buccaneers. "Up, men — we've work to do and plunder to win. Mourn the dead when we get the gold!"

Turn to 120.

37 The surviving crew members unship the oars, and pull away from the wharf. No one dares disturb you as you stand vigil over the makeshift bier of your love. Heedless of the progress of the ship or of the passing of the city, you stare into the deepening gloom.

Turn to 256.

38 "Give me some of that!" you laugh. "No more of that watered-down beer and wine! We'll toast to our success . . ." The buccaneers cheer, taking hearty pulls of the ale. A warm glow fills you as the powerful liquid courses down your throat. To the devil with digging!

Turn to 111.

39 Bolting before the arrows strike it, the shadowy creature disappears into the undergrowth.

Turn to 64.

40 You cry out in anguish as the mighty jaws of the lizard seize and crush your ribs. Blackness overcomes you.

Your adventure is over.

41 Make a roll against DX+2 or your Jumping skill, whichever is higher. (Jumping has no default.) If you succeed, turn to 114. If you fail, turn to 14.

42 Thinking swiftly, you leap over to the netting on the side of the galley, secure a line, and toss it to the sailor. He grasps at it, and manages to hold the stout hemp for a moment. He is already succumbing to the water's effects. His hold slips off the tarred rope, and swiftly, he sinks. The crew, subdued, return to their duties.

Turn to 64.

43 You salute the helmsman as you walk onto the quarterdeck. "Hail, master Gwythar! How's your watch been?"

Gwythar is a huge man, larger than even yourself. Unlike the rest of the crew, he favors the knife in battle, rather than the spear, and his skill is uncanny. You rather like him — he's more jovial and fun-loving than many of the crew.

"Well enough," he replies. "The quieter the watch the better I like it." He accepts the mug of beer you present him, and toasting your health, quaffs it.

"You know, my friend, since it's so quiet . . . well, I've wanted a few pointers in piloting. Mind showing me some?"

Make a Reaction roll for Gwythar, adding any modifiers you may have with the crew.

If the reaction is "Good" or better, turn to 116.

Otherwise, turn to 189.

44 Fight the battle. Statistics for the Winged One can be found on p. 28. On the first round, any spearmen must make a Fright Check at -2, with the current Morale Rating as an additional modifier.

If you win, and any companions survive, turn to 117.

If you win, and are the sole survivor, turn to 190.

If you fall unconscious, turn to 263.

45 The sub-chief jabs his spear towards you. "I don't fear you, cur," he sneers. "Come and fight me, and your heart's blood will appease the great god Damballah! You have bewitched the great queen, but soon you shall die. Then I will be the warleader, and to the dark places with you who brings death upon us for your greed!"

Gasps come from the oardeck at this open defiance of Bêlit's authority, and nearby crewmen turn toward you, waiting for your reaction.

There can only be one response to the insolence — wash it in blood. Tossing aside your scabbard, you advance on the traitor.

Turn to 118.

46 You scout the crumbling wharves and warehouses with no success. As you search, a messenger finds you — Bêlit thinks she's found something important.

"Over here," she beckons as you approach. You face a row of columns, leading to a high, tottering tower. In front of the tower is a huge stone slab. Traces of massive walls surround the columns — the ruin is huge, impressive, and vaguely sinister. "It must have been the temple of the city," Bêlit says.

Turn to 8.

47 Bêlit sends you and a picked team off to search for loot. Select your men — you may take no more than ten, including as many as two sub-chiefs and note this on your Crew Record Sheet (p. 32). When you are finished, turn to 120.

48 "Wait here for me and I'll check on it," you tell N'Gora. "You lead until I return." N'Gora nods as you move out. Turn to 186.

49 With a will, you and the men set to clearing the stairwell. Suddenly, an ominous rumble is heard, and the tower begins to shake!

Make a DX roll for each character. If the roll is made, he makes it out of the tower safely. If not, the collapse of the tower buries him. If you are buried, turn to 76.

Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating (-2 if more than four men are crushed), and turn to 120.

50 Laughing, the nearby crewmen join in the jesting, making ribald comments about the apparition. Add 1 to the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

51 If you have no companions, turn to 124. Otherwise, turn to 197.

52 The pirates fight manfully against the hyenas, but there are too few spearmen left to fend them off. One by one, your comrades fall, and soon the hyenas are within the perimeter. Bêlit goes down under the onslaught of the furred monsters. As you strive to reach her side, the slaving beasts pull you down as well.

Your adventure is over.



53 The sub-chief, mollified by her, returns to his duties. Add 1 to the crew's Morale Rating or raise it to -5, whichever is higher, and turn to 29.

54 As you grip the altar, Bêlit shrieks. Everyone freezes except you. Whipping around, weapon drawn, you look questioningly at her. "There is a serpent in the weeds here. Come and kill it." She waves at the corsairs. "The rest of you lift that altar."

Irritated squealing about snakes is out of character for Bêlit; you scan the grass for the snake. In the meantime, the warriors heave at the altar. It doesn't lift, but instead shifts and, at the same time, the tower above crashes down on them without a moment's notice.

Aghast, the other spearmen rush to the pile of masonry. Bêlit holds you back. "I lied," she whispers. "There's no snake — I feared a trap. Let us clear away the stones."

Turn to 127.

55 If you have the *Plot Word* VICTORY, turn to 120. If you have the *Plot Word* GUARDED, but not the *Plot Word* VICTORY, turn to 128.

If you have neither, turn to 220.

56 Over the tops of the trees, you see towers looming in the distance. Finally, the lost city and its riches! Calling Bêlit to your side, you point out the spires. Her mouth wide in excitement, she calls for the crew to make ready and arm themselves. Add 1 to the crew's Morale, and turn to 129.

57 The box is difficult to open, but you pry the lid off. It is filled with heavily tarnished silver coins, but they can be cleaned. You chuckle — that'll be a good punishment task for lax seamanship aboard the galley for the next week! There is a total of \$1,500 worth of coins here.

Note your find and turn to 120.

58 For a short while, you draw a bead. Then you lower your bow, shaking your head. With the distance and the cover, the shot is just too difficult. Why waste the arrow?

Turn to 204.

59 Use the statistics for the jungle lizard on p. 28. Use Combat Map B, p. 29; you are at point A. The lizard is at point B.

If you win the combat, turn to 78.

If you fall unconscious or are killed, turn to 40.

60 You diligently search for traps, needles, or any hazard, but the intricate carvings on and around the door totally baffle you.

If you try to force the door open, turn to 179.

If you abandon it, turn to 187.

61 Moving faster than any monster of its size should, the snake grabs you in its maw, shaking your body like a terrier with a mouse. Through the agony of the wounds, you feel its venom coursing through your flesh.

Your adventure is over.

62 Just to ease your mind, you spend some time with Bêlit going over provisions and equipment for the expedition. All seems to be in readiness.

Turn to 64.

63 No voice responds to your halloos. You search in greater frenzy, fearing the worst, finally entering the plaza of the pyramid. Before you lie the spearmen of the *Tigress*

slaughtered to a man, half-devoured. All about the bodies are huge footprints, like those of hyenas. But Bêlit is nowhere to be found, and fear fills your throat.

Silently, somehow knowing what you will find, you return to the galley. There, hanging from the yardarm of her own vessel, is the Queen of the Black Coast. Twisted about her neck is a necklace of great rubies, shining like blood.

You now have the *Plot Word* GRIEF. Turn to 136.

64 Advance the Current Time by one watch. Note this time on your scratch sheet.

Turn to 29.

65 You look for traps, but find none. If you open the door, turn to 19.

If not, turn to 138.

66 As the *Tigress* drifts along the bank, you suddenly see a lighter patch in the water — a sandbar, dead ahead!

Make a Seamanship/TL3 roll (defaults to IQ-4); add 2 if you have Combat Reflexes. If you make the roll, turn to 212.

If you fail, turn to 139.

67 You don't recognize the flowers, but . . . but . . . your mind begins to cloud, your thoughts coming more and more slowly. Make a HT roll at -5.

If you succeed, turn to 140.

If you fail, turn to 213.



68 The tower you enter must have been beautiful once. Its ruined facade is layered in glazed golden brick and adorned with carvings. Inside, the dusty main chamber looks empty. The stair is choked with rubble, and is impassable.

Undaunted, you set the warriors to digging. Who knows what might be buried beneath the rubble? Make a Scrounging roll (defaults to IQ-4). Add 1 to the roll for every ten helpers you have (round down).

If you succeed *critically*, turn to 3.

If you succeed by 7 or more, but not critically, turn to 195.

If you succeed by 5 or 6, turn to 122.
If you succeed by less than 5, turn to 141.
If you fail, turn to 214.

69 You quickly realize your mistake — the strength leaches out of you into the evil water. You barely make it back to the ship and the sailors must drag you out.

Take 1d damage to your HT and *lose 1 point of HT for the remainder of this adventure*. Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating and turn to 64.

70 To the acclaim of the crewmen, who find the match diverting, you win the bout. Bêlit plants a lusty kiss on your cheek as N'Gora clasps hands with you.

Add 1 both to the crew's Morale Rating and to their reaction towards you. When you are done, turn to 64.

71 If you have the *Plot Word* GRIEF, turn *immediately* to 25.

Otherwise, if at least half the crew survives, turn to 144; turn to 217 if less than half the crew is left.

72 Make a Leadership roll (defaults to ST-5). Add any reaction bonuses you have with the crew, and subtract 1 for each negative point of Morale over 6. Subtract 2 if you have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS.

If you make your roll by 5 or more, turn to 26.
If you make your roll by less than 5, turn to 145.
If you fail your roll, turn to 218.
If you fail critically, turn to 99.

73 There are ten marble pillars, which undoubtedly held up the temple's roof. After some minutes of examination, you are satisfied that there are no secret niches by them, where treasure might lie.

Turn to 8.

74 Bêlit curses. "We'll have to leave. We can't stay without water. Back on the ship, dogs!" Swearing like a spurned beggar, she rallies the sailors and orders a retreat to the *Tigress*.

Turn to 147.

75 Sacking a city? The loot would be fabulous, but your crew is thin enough that major losses would render the *Tigress* too undermanned to row or fight. You express your reservations to Bêlit.

She glares at you, shaking her head scornfully. "I thought you braver than that. This is the *Tigress*! We sail where I will, we sack what I will. I desire that gold, and I shall have it!" She throws back her hair, and strides from the quarterdeck.

You have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS. Turn to 221.

76 You are barely conscious, with the moans of the injured and dying in your ears. Dust fills the air, blotting out what light reaches you through the gaps in the masonry. Sensation and thought soon slip away, as your adventure ends.

77 Your shot flies true. The arrow plunges into the monster's breast. To the raucous cheers of the crew, it plummets into the river, sinking swiftly.

You unstring your bow, smiling grimly. "If it can harm you," you say to the crowd, "it can be harmed with honest steel. I haven't met a monster yet who withstood blade or bow." Add 2 to the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

78 You may, if you choose, attend to first aid or bandaging of the wounds of your party. Use the rules on pp. B127-128 to do so. When you are finished, turn to 5.

79 Engrossed in studying the column, you're not even sure whether you hear anything or not, but some sixth sense warns you of impending doom. Shouting a warning to your fellows, you vault from the top of the pyramid. Just in time too — the column collapses covering it in rubble.

Make an Acrobatics (defaults to DX-6) or Jumping (no default) roll. If you fail the roll, take 1d-3 points of damage. Turn to 225.



80 Snapping instantly alert, you turn to see a white head speeding toward you — a river serpent, and a huge one! Its scales, dripping water, shine in the dim light as its maw opens wide.

Use Combat Map A, p. 29. The serpent's head is at point F; it will reach the ship next turn. You are at point C. Turn to 34.

81 A thorough inspection of the temple reveals no sign of treasure. Bêlit sends you and the men to another section of the city to search. Turn to 120.

82 You find no other clues. If you stay and guard the ship, turn to 109.

If you leave the men behind and report to Bêlit, turn to 155.
If you return with the five men, remove the *Plot Word* GUARDED, then turn to 155.

83 You're instantly sure that danger is imminent. You order the men to grab their weapons. They form a defense at the base of the pyramid encircling Bêlit and the treasure.

Turn to 216.

84 You've picked out a likely ruin — the remnants of marble columns hold out the promise of loot. This might have been the townhouse of a wealthy merchant! However, a hard hour of work dashes your hope. The cellar is empty, and there seem to be no hidden niches where gold could be stashed. Whoever lived here took the treasure with him.

Turn to 120.

85 Taking the tiller, you heave the *Tigress* to, trying to get inshore to take a close look at the shadowy creature. Startled at the noise, it bolts deep into the forest.

Roll against your Seamanship/TL3 skill (defaults to IQ-4). If you make it by two or more, turn to 112.

Otherwise, turn to 258.

86 The hyena plunges towards your ranks, heedless of the danger, a killing light in its eyes!

Fight the combat, using Combat Map B, p. 29 and the statistics for the hell hyena found on p. 28. You are at point A, the warriors are at any point between you and point B. The hyena is at one of the numbered points. Roll one die and place the hyena at the corresponding number.

If you win, turn to 159. If you fall unconscious or are killed, turn to 113.

87 Twisting quickly, you grasp the edge of the pit, and hoist yourself up onto the other side. "That was close!" you think to yourself. Involuntarily, you peer into the gloom of the pit, seeing the pointed stone spikes that your body was meant to decorate.

Turn to 114.

88 You leap to the rail, tensing mighty muscles to dive in after the corsair. "No, my love!" shrieks Bêlit. "The Zarkheba is death to enter! Let my sailors handle this . . ."

If you ignore her and jump in anyway, turn to 188.

If you reconsider and try to find a safer means of aiding the crewman, turn to 161.

If you obey and let the crewmen rescue the man, turn to 15.

89 You approach an off-duty oarsman, offering him a mug of the weak native beer. "Ho, Yasunga," you say. "A drink of this will take the fatigue away!"

Make a Reaction roll, adding all modifiers you have with the crew. If the roll is "Good" or better (see p. B205), turn to 162.

Otherwise, turn to 235.

90 Drooping in exhaustion, you and the remaining warriors stare at the carnage about you. Suddenly, a shape blots out the moonlight — it's the winged demon, swooping to attack! The Winged One has surprised your group, and all characters are *mentally stunned*. It is his attack.

Turn to 44.

91 You listen to the steady mutterings of the crew. Their fears are beginning to get the better of them. Tasks are performed sluggishly and without skill; the beat of the oars is ragged. Suddenly, a voice is heard from the quarterdeck. "We

must turn back, mistress, and turn back now! The river will have our bones else. I tell you we must turn back!" Whipping around, you see one of the sub-chiefs confronting Bêlit.

If you reason with the sub-chief, turn to 72.

If you challenge him, turn to 164.

If you stay back and let Bêlit handle the man, turn to 172.

92 Staring at the wall from the ground on which you flung yourself, you watch the fine mist blow away in the breeze. Breathing a sigh of relief, you and your companions rise and brush off your clothes.

If you look into the recess, turn to 238.

If you decide to abandon the trapped hole, turn to 138.

93 "Wait," you say to Bêlit. "Let's not leave the ship unwatched. I'll send some men to keep an eye on her."

Roll against Bêlit's IQ of 12. If she succeeds, turn to 239.

If she fails, turn to 166.

94 Dodging a wild swing, you duck underneath N'Gora's arm. Your side stroke bites deeply — the madman pitches to the ground, trembles, and is still.

The body of your friend lies at your feet, but you hardly care. What of Bêlit, you wonder? Not even stopping to clean your weapon, you run towards the city. You now have the *Plot Word DELAYED*.

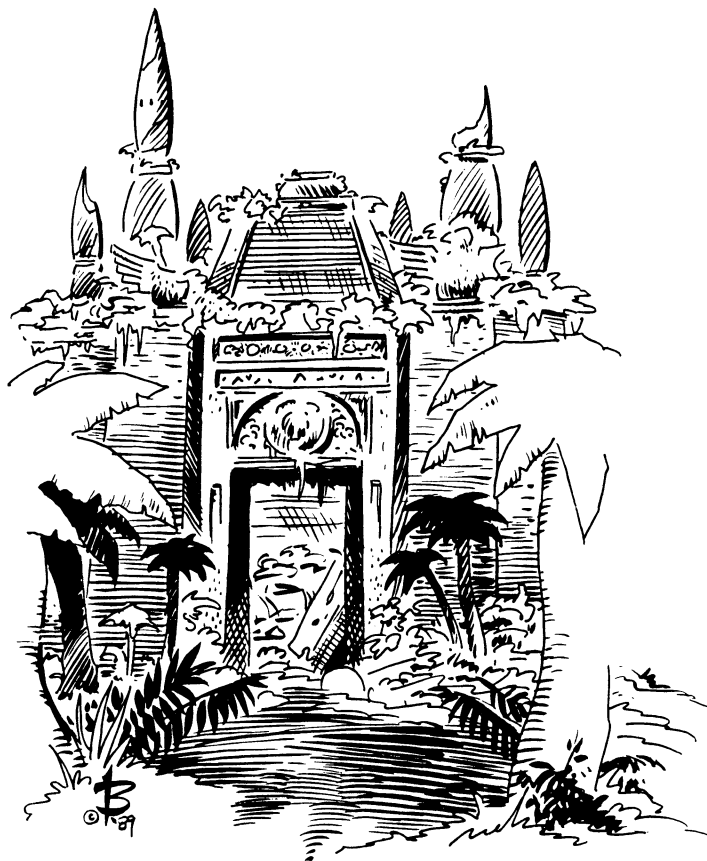
Turn to 124.

95 You stand in front of a narrow spire — one of the more intact in the city. Thinking that if any of the towers hold treasure this one might, you enter.

Roll against your Engineer/TL3 (if any) skill; this defaults to IQ-9. If you have Danger Sense, you may roll against your IQ instead.

If you make this roll, turn to 241.

Otherwise, turn to 168.



96 The shadow floats overhead for some time, tantalizingly out of the reach of spearcast or bowshot. Curious, you study it, trying to discern what manner of being it is. Surely that can't be a second set of wings — no, those must be arms. The more you gaze, the more convinced you are that it is some unnatural humanoid form. Knowing the superstition of the sailors, you feel some relief at knowing that you have the best eyesight on the *Tigress*. You say nothing of this to your crewmates.

After ten minutes or so, the creature soars away over the jungle, headed upriver. Turn to 64.



97 The jungle closes quickly around you, the light swiftly darkening to the muted green of the forest. You are unused to the jungle; the fetid smells, the hanging creepers and the twilight are none too welcome after the fresh breezes of the open sea. The pirates, at home in such places from childhood, silently fall in behind you.

Turn to 170.

98 Ignoring the bloodied visages of the remaining spearmen, you wrap the body of Bêlit in your cloak, and carry her onto the *Tigress*. Glancing at the city's treasure heaped on board, you shiver with revulsion. "To hell with this cursed loot! Would that we'd never come to this stinking city!" you shout, as you hurl the lot into the river. One of the sailors starts to protest, but it dies on his lips as you turn to glare at him.

Turn to 37.

99 Nerves stretched beyond the breaking point, the crew rushes you! "Kill him! Into the river with him!" Overborne before you can move, you are pummelled with spear hafts. Half-conscious, you are hurled over the rail. For one timeless moment, you meet the gaze of a transfixed, horrified Bêlit. Then the waters take you, and you sink below the surface.

Your adventure is over.

100 With a will, you and three spearmen grab the heavy altar and shift it to the side. Almost without warning, a grinding rumble comes from above. You hastily glance above you. The tower is toppling!

Make a DX roll, adding 1 if you have Combat Reflexes.

If you succeed, turn to 246. If you fail, turn to 173.

101 Examining the wreckage, you mutter a barbarian oath. The damned ape has done a very thorough job of smashing the water casks. They're repairable, but there's a long day before the *Tigress* would reach the sea, and it'd go hard with the crew not to have drinking water.

If you return to Bêlit, turn to 174.

If you wait to see if the creature reappears, turn to 109.

If you leave the men behind to watch, and return alone, take the *Plot Word* GUARDED and turn to 174.

102 Taking heed of the rowers' exhaustion, Bêlit orders the ship to anchor for the night. Turn to 64.

103 Knowing what they might find, the sailors excavate — with a will, too! — until they reach the winecellar. Uncovered is a treasure more important than gold or jewels — a half-dozen stoneware bottles of ale. The amphorae are huge — over 75 gallons each!

If you have the Alcoholism disadvantage, or if you choose to sample the "treasure," turn to 38.

Otherwise, make a Leadership roll (defaults to ST-5). If you succeed, turn to 157. Otherwise, turn to 230.

104 Due to the cover and the distance, shooting at the eyes is at a penalty of -12!

If you aim for 1 or 2 seconds, turn to 177.

If you aim for 3 or more seconds, turn to 185.

If you shoot without aiming, turn to 250.

If you decide not to shoot, turn to 58.

If you order the craft closer to get a better shot, turn to 85.

105 Taking care to avoid the creature, you lead the warriors in a wide arc around it. "We're here to find water, not trouble," you tell the others. "Time enough for fun when we've done what we came to do."

Turn to 5.

106 Make a roll against your Traps/TL3 skill (defaults to IQ-5).

If you succeed, turn to 252. If you fail, turn to 60.

107 The dying serpent falls into the water, staining the river with an oily rainbow of blood. The body of the fallen crewman joins it beneath the inky surface. "Poor devil," you mutter, leaning on your spattered sword.

"We all die sometime," remarks an oarsman dryly, "but better one die than that monster live to take more of us."

You can't help but think that the man has a good point.

Turn to 64.

108 You are off duty and decide to spend some time talking to Bêlit. If you discuss preparations for the venture, turn to 181.

Otherwise, turn to 135.

109 Make a Hearing roll. If you succeed, turn to 182. If you fail, turn to 255.

110 A ruddier light than the approaching dawn tinges the white beach as the *Tigress* sets out on its last voyage. A brisk wind fills the sail as the flames climb the mast and the quarterdeck to envelop the woman shrouded in the scarlet cloak of her funeral pyre. You look out at the swells of the ocean with sick revulsion. Bêlit was of the sea; she was its queen. Let it have her — you will follow it no more. Leaning on your notched and spattered sword, you gaze at the receding glow until it disappears into the sunrise. You have done what you could do for the Queen of the Black Coast, and sheathing your blade, you plunge into the wilds of the jungle.

This adventure is over. Turn to 270.



111 Make an IQ roll for every crewman and character — if there are too many crewmen, make rolls for groups of five or ten. Characters with the Alcoholism disadvantage *automatically* fail.

Characters failing the roll suffer the following effects: -3 to IQ and -2 to DX. The penalties last for the exploration of four complete locations, after which they are reduced to -1 IQ and -1 DX. IQ and DX will remain at the reduced levels for the remainder of the adventure (what a hangover!).

Add 2 to the crew's Morale Rating (at this point, they don't care about monsters), and turn to 120.

112 So much for that idea! No sense running the vessel aground to investigate. You bring her back on course.

Turn to 64.

113 Dancing around your blade — far faster than mortal beast should be — the hyena dives under your guard, tearing into your vulnerable side with powerful, slaving jaws. The wound is fatal, and you topple into the undergrowth. Seeing their leader fall, the remaining sailors panic, throwing their weapons from them and fleeing in unthinking terror. Before the blackness takes you, the hyena looms over your body, cackling in insane — and horribly human-like — laughter.

Your adventure is over.

114 The darkness envelops you as you enter through the doorway. Stumbling about, your hand touches a hard metal object — a torch cresset. Taking out flint and steel, you light the torch. The glow reflects back at you — this chamber is filled with bars of gold! There are 50 ingots, each weighing 10 pounds. The tomb you expected to find is not here. "Crafty devils," you say. "Why bother jamming dead bodies in here when the important thing to protect is the loot?"

Each bar is worth \$15,000, making the hoard's total worth a colossal \$750,000! Note the treasure on your scratch sheet.

If you have the *Plot Word* DEFENDED, turn to 268.

Otherwise, turn to 120.

115 You break open an equipment locker, frantically looking for a free coil of rope that will serve. Bêlit tells you to stop. "Don't bother," she says. "The waters have done their work. He's already dead."

Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

116 Gwythar readily agrees to show you a few tricks of his trade. It is easy to see that he is as masterful a pilot as he is a knife thrower. He shows you how to gauge what hazards lie under the river by color alone. You receive 1 character point, which you must devote towards increasing your Seamanship skill.

Turn to 64.

117 The creature tumbles to the ground, clutching at its terrible wounds. It turns its head to glare at you as you raise your weapon to strike. "Tell them in Hell who sent you there," you hiss, as you strike it in the vitals. The demon twitches — then is still.

The remaining pirates, one by one, walk up to the body, and — almost ritually — plunge their weapons into it.

You now have the *Plot Word* VICTORY. Remove the *Plot Word* DELAYED, if you have it, and for the rest of the adventure, do not take the *Plot Word* DELAYED even if instructed to do so. Turn to 71.

118 You must fight the sub-chief. Use the stats for the sub-chiefs found on p. 32. By the code of the pirates, you must duel with equal armor and weapons. Therefore, the battle will be without armor and using spears. Use Combat Map A, p. 29 for the fight. The sub-chief starts at B; you are at A.

If you win the combat in less than 3 turns, or win without taking any damage, turn to 191.

If not, but you still win, turn to 264.

If you are knocked unconscious, turn to 126.

119 The tower looms over the slab, thrusting defiantly into the naked sky. Make a roll against your IQ or Engineer/TL3 (if any) skill, whichever is higher.

If you succeed, turn to 192. If you fail, turn to 265.

120 Walking through the ruins requires care. The paving stones are cracked and overgrown by weeds and grasses, and footing is uneven at best. Your wary eye also notices that the cover is excellent — if there are lurkers waiting in ambush, they'll be hard to spot. You resolve to keep alert. While the city is largely ruined, there are several intact landmarks.

Choose which building you wish to search. Make a mark in the box next to the entry and turn to that paragraph. You may only choose an entry with an unmarked box.

As you mark the fourth box, erase all the marks and turn *immediately* to 55. Only turn to 55 once. If you return to this paragraph after you've been to 55, do not mark the boxes and do not return to 55. You may continue to explore the city freely.

- If you examine the pyramid, turn to 198.
- If you explore one of the many towers, turn to 260.
- If you explore the buildings, turn to 149.
- If you search the dockside area, turn to 46.

You may also choose to leave the city.

If you decide you have enough treasure and wish to leave the city, turn to 269.

If you decide to leave the city even though you don't have very much treasure, turn to 229.

121 Thinking about how little daylight remains, you reconsider. "We've too much to do to waste time chasing after grass snakes," you tell N'Gora.

Turn to 5.

122 "Look, master!" One of the warriors calls you over. He has uncovered an ancient stone coffer. With labor, you and your men pull it from the ground. The lock is rusted, and easy to break open. With awe, the pirates look down into the open coffer, brimming with golden coins. There are 500 coins here, worth a total of \$10,000.

Note the treasure on your scratch sheet, and turn to 120.

123 "What do you take us for, children or blind men?" says a sub-chief. "If that be a bird, then I'm a Messantian doxy." Nearby sailors nod their agreement, some making signs against evil.

Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

124 Panting, you tear through the underbrush to reach the crumbled wall. At last, curse it! Recklessly vaulting the wall, you dash down the ruined avenues, panicked at the thoughts of what might have befallen Bêlit in your absence. Take the *Plot Word* SOLITUDE and turn to 63.

125 A hyena falls to your arrows — and another, and yet another. Still, they charge, and you cannot fell them all in time. With an oath, you fling the bow aside and take your well-worn blade in hand. But these are not ordinary beasts. One lunges straight for your chest — you make short work of it, but in the meantime another creature seizes your sword arm. Soon, overwhelmed by the beasts, you fall beneath their fangs, angry that you could not take more of these demons to the Abyss with you.

Your adventure is over.

126 Sliding under your guard, the chief's spear bites deeply into your vitals. You try to summon the strength to thrust into his exposed side, but your arms fail to respond, and he sidesteps your dying blow. You hear rather than feel yourself hit the deck, as your thoughts pass into oblivion.

Your adventure is over.

127 After long labor, the rubble is cleared away, and the mangled bodies of your comrades borne from their deathplace. A great stone lid is uncovered, concealed beneath the altar. "Well, go ahead," snaps Bêlit. "One trap's enough for any treasure. Get it open." Two sailors obey, and bend to the task.

Turn to 200.

128 In the midst of your explorations, you hear a horrible scream from the direction of the wharf. "Look," cries one of the spearmen in your group, pointing toward the ship.

"Another vessel?" snarls Bêlit, whirling around.

"No, that way —" you reply. From the prow of the *Tigress*, a dark shape rises, soaring into the jungle.

"The Winged One is spying on us," mutters N'Yaga.

"What of it?" asks Bêlit. "The men on board drove it away — where are you going?"

"To check on the galley," you say. "If the guards drove it away, why haven't they signalled? We don't know what happened — what if it attacked the ship?"

Taking five pirates and rushing to the *Tigress*, you spring aboard. There, sprawled on the deck, are the bodies of the watchmen, torn apart by a powerful clawed hand.

If you examine the vessel, turn to 201.

If you rush back to inform Bêlit and take your men with you, remove the *Plot Word* GUARDED, and turn to 155.

If you remain aboard the ship, turn to 109.

If you leave the five behind and report to Bêlit, turn to 155.

129 The *Tigress* clears a wide, overgrown point in the river. The city beckons beyond. Once it must have been splendid, with wide plazas, tall buildings and broad avenues. Now it is a ruin. Weeds and grasses split the paving blocks of the streets, the wharves that could berth a fleet lie shattered, mighty towers sway drunkenly against the stark sky. Everywhere, the jungle encroaches on the remains. In the middle of the city stands a marble pyramid, topped by a column. There is a dark statue surmounting the column.

Make a Vision roll. If the roll is successful, turn to 202.

If not, turn to 10.

130 Your search unearths several skeletons. You scratch your head in puzzlement — with the steamy jungle climate, they should have rotted to dust ages ago! In the hands of one is a rust-spotted bastard sword. Examining the sword, you determine that it is of Stygian make, far too recent for the city's former inhabitants. You shrug. The sword might not be much, but in a pinch it's better than nothing. Note the acquisition of the sword on your character sheet. It is *cheap* (see p. B74).

Turn to 120.

131 Attempting to distract the crew, you crack jokes about the eyes. Make a Fast-Talk or a Bard roll, adding all pertinent modifiers (both default to IQ-5).

If you make the roll, turn to 50.

If you fail, turn to 12.

132 Make a Hearing roll. Add 1 if you have Combat Reflexes and 1 if you have Danger Sense. If you make the roll, turn to 13. Otherwise, turn to 205.

133 The passageway is very narrow — less than three feet wide — and difficult to traverse. It slants downward at a sharp angle. After perhaps twenty feet, the passage levels off onto a landing. A short distance beyond the landing, you can see a doorway in the dim light. Note on your sheet whether or not you have your weapon drawn.

If you have Night Vision, Intuition or Danger Sense, make a roll against your IQ; otherwise, roll against IQ-5. If you succeed, turn to 206. Otherwise, turn to 14.

134 While securing a stay, a crewman loses his balance and plunges into the poisonous waters of the river!
Turn to 207.

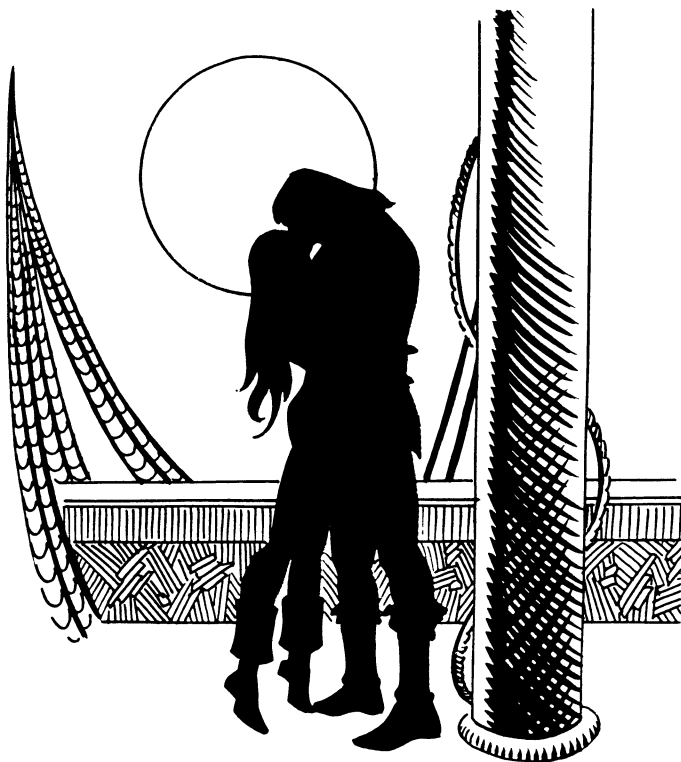
135 A faint breeze stirs Bêlit's hair as she stands at the rail with you, regarding the flow of the river. She smiles ruefully at you. "We sail through a land of terror and death, and horror lurks in the jungles. Are you not afraid?"

"No," you say. "If a demon or a spirit can harm me, my steel can harm it. If I cannot hit it, like as not it can't hit me. Wherefore should I fear?"

"I am not afraid either — I never fear," she says. "I have seen and dealt too much death to fear it. Do you fear the gods?"

"Little enough," you reply. "Mitra of the Hyborians is a strong god, for his people have built their cities all over the world. But even the Hyborians fear Set. Manannan, the sea god, is a strong god, they say, and Crom too. But who cares? That is for the sages to argue over. Let me live free, and eat, and drink, and love. Let priests talk about gods. I'll spend my time living instead."

"But the gods are real, and so is death," ponders Bêlit. "And so is life after death, and love after death —"



She continues fiercely, "— and my love for you is stronger than any death! My heart is welded to your heart, my soul is part of your soul!"

Bêlit clasps you to her in a pantherish embrace. "Were I still in death and you fighting for your life, I would come back from Hell to aid you! Nothing can part us, not gods nor death itself!"

Note: You now have the *Plot Word* GLORIOUS. You may invoke this *Plot Word* if all of the following conditions are in effect: (1) You have the *Plot Word* GRIEF; (2) you are in combat; and (3) you are still alive, but are unconscious, prone or stunned in any way. If you decide to use this *Plot Word*, note the number of the entry you are on, then turn *immediately* to 208 and follow the instructions there.

The two of you go to Bêlit's cabin and close the hatch behind you, shutting out the world for a time.

Turn to 64.

136 The moon rises over the desolation of the city. The dead warriors lie as they fell — but on her galley, the Queen of the Black Coast rests, on a pyre heaped high with spoil. The treasure of a hundred cities rests at her feet, but the plunder of the necropolis lies in the riverbed, where you threw it, cursing.

Your labors done, you return to the place of the battle. This is as good a place to meet the enemy as any, here where your friends and comrades were slaughtered. Of course they will come. And come they do; perched on the pyramid's pinnacle like a statue, you watch the approach of the hyenas. "Their mistake, to save me for last," you think to yourself. Placed in the ground in front of you are many arrows, ready to shoot. By your hand is your trusty weapon.

They are not true beasts, you realize. Their eyes blaze with unearthly light and they carry the aura of the grave — to which you'll soon send them, if Crom is good enough to grant you revenge!

Fight the battle. Use Combat Map C, p. 29. You are at point A, with a weapon of your choice fully readied. If you have any companions, you may place them at any point within 5 hexes of you, also fully readied. There are ten hyenas. They start at the opposite map edge and will close the distance at their maximum movement.

If you win, and you have surviving companions, turn to 209.

If you win, and you are alone, turn to 163.

If you lose the battle or fall unconscious, turn to 125.

137 Roll one die. If the result is 1 or 2, turn to 215. If the result is 3 or 4, turn to 108. Otherwise, turn to 31.

138 Turning to Gwythar, you shrug. "Why make trouble for ourselves? There must be less dangerous loot around. Let's find some."

"My friend," he says, "You have the rights of it. No envenomed needles or traps for us, by Manannan!"

Turn to 120.

139 The ship tilts drunkenly as an awful crunching noise sounds from the keel. You have run aground on a sandbar!

Fortunately, the ship is light enough that it can be wrenched free — but it will take time. Doing so while avoiding touching the waters of the Zarkheba takes even longer.

Freeing the vessel is difficult and time-consuming. Subtract 1 from the crew's Morale Rating and turn to 64.

140 With a mighty effort, you snap out of the trance, and flee from the deadly glade to join your friends. Lose 1 point of HT and turn to 5.

141 You find a long case in the wreckage. Opening it, you find a broadsword — heavily coated with oil to preserve it. It is pitted in spots, but serviceable. Lacking a backup sword, you take the blade.

Turn to 120.

142 The waters of the river burn your eyes and mouth as you swim. Soon, you are completely disoriented — your eyes hurt too much to see, your mouth too much to shout. The pain grows greater, then recedes as you slip into unconsciousness.

Your adventure is over.

143 To the astonishment of most of the crew, N’Gora bests you. Groans sound from the oardeck as the few canny corsairs who bet against you happily collect their winnings. However, entertainment is hard to come by on a pirate vessel, and the bout *was* diverting.

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

144 Panting, the survivors pick themselves up from the carnage. The battle is won, but at great cost.

Bêlit gazes over the battlefield, arms folded and frowning. “Well,” she says, staring, “do we retreat or not? There may be more loot to be found, but can we win it?”

If you wish to try for more treasure, turn to 244.

If you do not, turn to 217.

145 Unsheathing your sword, you stride up to the sub-chief. “What treachery is this, you dog? Are you a coward, or a man?”



The sub-chief steps back a pace, and glares. “I am a mighty warrior! I have proven my valor in many battles!”

You spit on the deck. “Then act the man, not the craven. We’ve all sworn to follow Bêlit, have we not? She’s promised us gold enough to make us rich forever — that should fill your belly with fire, eh? Unless you want the gods to curse you as forsworn.” This is a long speech for you; a relieved smile plays across your lips as the sub-chief returns to his place on the benches, amidst the jibes of his fellows.

Bêlit, coming to stand by your side, places her hand on your arm. “Well spoken, my heart. That will keep them.”

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale Rating, or raise it to -5, whichever is higher. If you have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS, remove it. Turn to 29.

146 You examine the slab of granite. It must have been the altar for the temple — the discolorations from centuries of hellish rites still remain. “A thousand years of rain has not washed it clean,” muses Bêlit.

If you examine the altar further, make a roll at IQ+2, adding any levels of Alertness you may have.

If you succeed, turn to 27.

If you fail, turn to 219.

If you do not wish to examine the altar, turn to 8.

147 The *Tigress*’ mainsail billows with the fresh sea wind as she runs clear of the Zarkheba’s mouth.

From the mighty prow of the galley, you gaze over the glistening blue sea, smiling. Bêlit might still be upset that her sack of the city was interrupted, but the city isn’t going anywhere, is it? Better to return with a full crew of bold hearties and new oaken water casks — stored safely below! And in the meantime, there’s an ocean full of ships just waiting to be plundered. The entire Black Coast belongs to the two of you, and you mean to keep it!

This adventure is over. Turn to 270.

148 Loot a city of the Ancients, perhaps? By all the gods, there’d be enough treasure to make an emperor groan in delight! Afire with eagerness, you quickly agree to Bêlit’s plan, and bark out orders to the sailors to make ready for the trip. Turn to 221.

149 “Which to explore?” you think to yourself. “There are so many of them!” Finally, you choose one of the buildings at random. Roll one die, and turn to the paragraph indicated next to the number rolled.

- 1) Turn to 222.
- 2) Turn to 176.
- 3) Turn to 184.
- 4) Turn to 203.
- 5) Turn to 11.
- 6) Turn to 84.

150 You’d better shoot quickly, you think — otherwise the chance might be lost. Add 2 to your effective Bow skill for aiming.

If you hit, turn to 77.

If you miss, turn to 196.

151 A large black log blocks your path. You skirt around the obstacle, hewing the vines to blaze a trail. Make a Vision roll, at -2 to the roll.

If you succeed, turn to 224.

If you fail, turn to 32.

152 Intent on finding a way into the structure, you hear the screams of warning too late. You barely have time to look upwards, to see the marble column shatter, showering you with tons of rock.

Your adventure is over.

153 You turn just as a giant river serpent looms over the bow! Use Combat Map A, p. 29. You are at point C; the serpent's head is at point E.

Turn to 34.

154 Regarding Bêlit as she searches the temple ruins, you remember a few past incidents when temple robbing almost cost you your life. There was that time in Mes-santia when . . . well, no matter. Who can tell what guardians or traps are present?

You try to convince her that easier treasure can be gotten elsewhere.

Roll a Contest of Skills between your Fast-Talk skill (defaults to IQ-5) and Bêlit's IQ of 12.

If you win the contest by 5 or more, turn to 227.

Otherwise, turn to 35.

155 Bêlit listens stolidly as you tell her of the slaughter. Finally, she shrugs. "It was their day to die," she mutters. "What do you think? Should I send more men to reinforce the ship? You know more of land combat than I."

If you suggest reinforcements, turn to 228.

If you advise against it, turn to 36.

156 The spires of the city recede behind you, as you steer the craft downstream. No matter that no crewmen remain to pull oar; with Bêlit gone, you care little for companionship. The river provides current enough. Looking back over your shoulder, you glare at the towers as the *Tigress* rounds the point.

Turn to 110.

157 "Belay that!" you shout at the crewmen, about to broach one of the amphorae. "We've still got plunder to find, and we won't find it spending the next week in this hole getting drunk. Haul those jars to the ship. Wait till we're on open ocean again, and we'll drink ourselves groggy!"

The sailors comply, taking the ale to the *Tigress*. Note the find on your scratch sheet.

Add 1 to the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 120.

158 A high-pitched scream sounds from the animal — your shot pierced it in the vitals! Nearby oarsmen cheer as the wolf-like being tumbles into the river.

Roll one die. If you roll 1 or 2, add 1 to the crew's Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

Otherwise, turn to 231.

159 The body of the hell creature lies on the grass. To the horror of all, it transforms from beast to man — a naked, hawk-faced corpse, crumbling swiftly to dust. "A Stygian wizard!" gasps N'Gora.

"So that's what it was?" you reply, wiping the blood from your blade. "Wizard or warlock, he's dead and gone. So much for his mighty magics."

Characters who have fled into the woods are lost. If one or more characters are wounded, you may wait until they recover.

If you do so, take the *Plot Word* DELAYED and turn to 78.

If you decide not to wait, turn to 232.

If no one is incapacitated, turn to 5.

160 Missing with your frantic try for a grip, you plummet into the pit, landing on a bed of tapered stone spikes. The defenses of the ancient tomb have claimed another victim.

Your adventure is over.

161 Heading towards the near bulkhead, you scan rapidly for any nearby equipment that would help your comrade. Roll against your IQ or your Seamanship skill, whichever is higher.

If you succeed by 5 or more, turn to 234.

If you succeed by less than 5, turn to 42.

If you fail the roll, turn to 115.

162 Yasunga is the youngest of the oarsmen, barely 16 years old but already a blooded warrior. He takes the flagon gratefully, taking a long pull and wiping his lips. "Damballah's Blood, my friend, I needed that! Almost as much as the rest," he confides.

You eye his sunken face and ask, "Too long without a break, Yasunga?"

He shrugs. "The great queen has had us rowing all day. We can row for a great while yet — aye, and fight too! But —"

"But the crew'd be better for a rest," you interject. "I'll see to it." Taking your leave of Yasunga, you walk to the quarter-deck, and convince Bêlit to anchor the *Tigress* for an hour.

Add 1 to all Reaction rolls of the crew to you. Turn to 64.



163 Sobbing for breath, you steady yourself on your weapon as you stand over the body of the fallen hyenas. The sound of large wings flapping fills your ears — "of

course,” you think, “where else would it be” — as you whirl to face the malevolent winged demon!

Roll one die. If the roll is 1 to 4, turn to 236.

If the roll is 5 or more, turn to 44.

164 Shaking your head, you draw your blade and take a position beside Bêlit. Matters have gone too far! “I’ve heard enough from your treacherous mouth, cur! Take back those words or fight me!”

Make a Reaction roll for the sub-chief (see p. B204), using the “potential combat” line. Add any reaction bonuses you have with the crew.

If the result is “Good” or better, turn to 237.

Otherwise, turn to 45.

165 As you are about to throw yourself clear, the purple vapor strikes you full in the face! Doubling over, you cough for quite some time. The cloth you hold to your mouth is flecked with blood. Finally, Gwythar manages to get some wine down your throat. Take 1d + 1 HT in damage.

If you still wish to look into the recess, turn to 238.

Otherwise, turn to 138.

166 She turns to stare at you. “No need. Who could take the ship? Jungle apes? Besides — I’ll need all hands to haul the treasure.”

“And what about the winged ape?” you ask dourly.

“Don’t worry. It’s only a beast.”

You wonder how true that is, but orders are orders. Gesturing at the spearmen to fall in, you follow Bêlit into the city.

Turn to 47.

167 From a distance, a welcome gurgling noise is heard. Leading your buccaneers, you reach the source — a small flowing brook. Testing the water first to make sure it’s wholesome, you order the skins filled.

Turn to 197.

168 The main chamber of the tower is sound, but empty. The staircase is blocked with debris, but it should be easy to clear it with a bit of labor.

If you take the time to clear it, turn to 49.

If not, turn to 120.

169 Cursing the bad light, you try to make out the details of the beast, but it moves too quickly. After a minute or two, it sails away over the jungle.

Turn to 242.

170 Using a pencil, mark a box in the following row each time you turn to this paragraph:

When you have marked all the boxes, take the *Plot Word* DELAYED and erase all the marks.

Roll two dice. Referring to the column below, turn to the paragraph next to the number rolled.

- | | |
|----------|--------------|
| 2, 3, 4) | Turn to 243. |
| 5) | Turn to 151. |
| 6) | Turn to 132. |
| 7) | Turn to 240. |
| 8) | Turn to 186. |
| 9, 10) | Turn to 5. |
| 11, 12) | Turn to 167. |

171 Paying no attention to the bodies of your comrades, you search until you find her. Several hyenas are heaped about her, arrows in their throats. At least she’ll have an honor guard to the Abyss . . . faint comfort, that. Taking her up gently in your cloak, you walk through the carnage to the wharf and the *Tigress*. On deck, you build her bier, surrounded by her plunder — gold, silver, jewels, the wealth of an empress. The treasure gained in this hell city you throw into the river with a lurid curse.

Turn to 156.

172 Bêlit strides imperiously to the quarterdeck’s rail, staring down at the rebellious spearmen.

Make a Reaction roll for Bêlit using the crew’s Morale Rating as a modifier.

If the roll is made by 5 or more, turn to 199.

If it is made by 4 or less, turn to 53.

If it is failed, turn to 245.

If it is failed critically, turn to 99.

173 Bêlit shouts in horror as you are crushed beneath piles of rock.

Your adventure is over.

174 You report the news to Bêlit. “We can’t drink the river water, and there’s no clean source in the city. We won’t last long without water.”

If you advise Bêlit to abandon the expedition, turn to 74.

Otherwise, turn to 247.

175 Piercing the darkness of the jungle night, the moon rises, blood-red and oddly menacing. Horribly, the jungle, quiet until now, erupts in sound. Howls and roaring cries from the throats of beasts, and sounds that no animal’s throat could make split the night. The corsairs falter in their rowing. You can see individuals shudder with fear, making signs against evil. Make a Hearing roll at -3.

If you have Absolute Direction, make this roll at a +3 bonus.

If you succeed, turn to 248.

Otherwise, subtract 1 from the crew’s Morale Rating, and turn to 64.

176 You’ve found a partially intact building in what seems like a residential section. Ordering your men to remove the debris, you begin to search for treasure. Make a Scrounging roll (defaults to IQ-4). Add 1 to the roll for every ten helpers you have (round down).

If you succeed by 5 or more, turn to 249.

If you succeed by less than 5, turn to 130.

If you fail, turn to 203.

177 You aim briefly, then loose the shaft. Add 2 to your effective Bow skill and roll to hit.

If you hit the creature, turn to 158.

If you miss, turn to 39.

178 Slowly, weapons in hand, you approach the “log.” As you get closer, you can make its form out more clearly. It seems to be some large reptile, burrowed into the grime of the jungle floor for camouflage.

Make a Reaction roll for the creature. If the reaction is “Neutral” or better, the jungle lizard bolts, escaping into the undergrowth. Turn to 5.

If the result is “Poor” or worse, it will attack the closest

character. Use Combat Map B, p. 29. The lizard is at point B. You may arrange your characters as you please, so long as no warrior is within five hexes of the creature, and it is not surrounded. All characters may have a weapon of their choice fully readied.

Turn to 59, and fight the combat.

179 After some prying and pulling, the stone door slides to one side to reveal a dusty passageway. It is quite narrow — anyone entering must crouch, and travel single file.

If you enter anyway, turn to 133.

If you do not, turn to 187.

180 You shake your sword toward the swirling waters. “If that’s the worst the river can do,” you bellow, “then sink me if it isn’t good practice for the sword arm!” The corsairs are heartened by this unlooked-for success. Add 2 to the crew’s Morale Rating, and add 1 to any Reaction rolls for the crew toward you.

Turn to 64.

181 You discuss the condition of supplies and weapons. Make an IQ roll.

If you succeed by 4 or more, turn to 254.

Otherwise, turn to 62.

182 Uneasily, you pace the deck. You realize that Bêlit would have wanted you to watch in case the beast reappeared, but that scarcely overcomes your nervousness at not being at her side.

The cries of many voices break through your reverie. Not even stopping to think, you leap from the ship, heedless of the other sailors, and rush towards the center of the necropolis.

The tumult seems to be coming from the area of the pyramid. Dashing around a pylon, you see a terrible sight — Bêlit and a knot of spearmen, surrounded by huge hyenas, such as you’ve



never seen before. Overhead, the winged ape cackles, well out of spear range. Heedless of the danger, you twirl your weapon, shout a war cry, and enter the fray!

Use Combat Map C, p. 29. In order to determine the number of surviving spearmen, make a Reaction roll for *each* man who was with Bêlit. (You may roll for groups of five or ten if you prefer.) Use the crew’s Morale Rating as a modifier. If the reaction is “Poor” or lower, the crewman has fled. He is presumed to have been run down and killed. No more than one-quarter of the crewmen with Bêlit will bolt, however.

Arrange Bêlit and the remaining spearmen within 7 hexes of point B. Place 20 hyenas (their statistics are found on p. 28) encircling the group, no closer than six hexes to any spearman. You, and any pirates with you, are on the opposite edge of the map from the hyenas.

Fight the battle. Note that this is likely to be a long one — Basic Combat is recommended unless you *like* long battles!

If Bêlit dies, take the *Plot Word* GRIEF.

If you win the combat, turn to 71.

If you lose, turn to 52.

183 The sail snaps out with the sea breeze as the *Tigress* leaves the river’s mouth and turns into the broad ocean. With a delighted laugh Bêlit playfully drapes a rope of pearls across your shoulder. “And what now, my hero? We have all the wide world to plunder. Shall it be the coasts of Argos, or Zingara, or dark Stygia itself?”

You smile and ease the jewels around her slim white throat. “Who cares? It matters naught to me whither we go from here. Just so long as the wind fills our sail, and there are foes for our steel, and you be with me, I’ll ask nothing of the gods.”

This adventure is over. Turn to 270.

184 In the demolished ruins of what must have once been a sumptuous villa, you see the helmsman poking gingerly at a granite wall. “Ho, master Gwythar,” you call. “What have you there?”

The corsair rubs his chin. “I think it is a small door built into the wall. You should look — were you not a thief once?”

Well, maybe you’ve dabbled in burglary once or twice, but it’s nothing you brag about. Still . . . you examine the smooth, weathered stone. There *does* seem to be a door of some sort! That seam there — yes! You work enough dust and silt out of the cracks with a dagger to expose a small door.

Make a Traps/TL3 roll (defaults to IQ-5 or DX-5). If you succeed, turn to 257. If not, turn to 65.

185 You aim carefully. Add 3 to your effective Bow skill, and turn to 250.

186 You face a large thornbrake, blocking the path. After a few minutes of relentless hacking, you clear a narrow path. “Wait here for a moment,” you tell your men. “I’ll scout ahead before we take this route.”

You pass the thorns into a quiet glade, filled with lovely black blossoms. It is surprisingly peaceful here, surrounded by the menace of the unknown jungle, with the perfume of the flowers filling your nostrils.

Make a Naturalist or a Survival (Jungle) roll (Survival (Jungle) defaults to IQ-5). If you make the roll, turn to 259. If you don’t, turn to 67.

187 “No, lads,” you say, turning to face the men. “It’s too dangerous. Blundering down there in the dark, with traps and maybe worse than traps? Those kings protected their tombs too well. We’ll find easier pickings than



this.” You hope you’ll find enough plunder elsewhere to make robbing this edifice unnecessary.

Turn to 120.

188 Leaping from the rail, you dive into the Zarkheba. The water feels oddly viscous as you swim towards the pirate. Roll against your HT at -3. Add 1 if you have Swimming at 15 or better. Subtract 3 if you can’t swim at all!

If you make the roll by 5 or more, turn to 261.

If you make the roll by 4 or less, turn to 69.

If you fail the roll, turn to 142.

189 He waves his hand. “I’m off duty in a few minutes; another time, my friend.”

Turn to 64.

190 The demon howls as, stepping under his guard, you smite him with a great blow. For a long moment, you stare into each other’s faces, eyes burning with hate. Then, with maniacal strength, the Winged One wrenches free of your weapon. He clutches at your throat — and then collapses to the ground. Enraged, you strike off his head.

And the oldest race in the world perishes . . .

You now have the *Plot Word* VICTORY. Remove the *Plot Word* DELAYED, if you have it, and for the rest of the adventure, do not take the *Plot Word* DELAYED even if instructed to do so.

Turn to 71.

191 Defeating your foe with contemptuous ease, you hurl his body into the river. Let the reptiles have him! Turning back towards the onlookers, you fix them with an insolent stare. Slowly, the sound starts — one spear beating

against the planks, then two, then ten. Soon, all the spearmen acclaim your prowess.

Bêlit holds up her arms, and the drumming stops. “Who else amongst you is so foolish as to doubt my choice of mate and warleader?” she shouts. “You, Gwythar?”

The huge helmsman jumps back a foot. “Me? No, great Queen! He is my friend and my leader! He speaks with your voice!” Nearby crewmen murmur with approval.

“So it is!” cries Bêlit. “Those who defy him defy me. Remember that!”

Add 2 to the crew’s Morale, or improve the Rating to -5, whichever is higher. Remove the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS, if you have it, and turn to 29.

192 You walk towards the tower. It doesn’t take much to realize that it is quite rickety and might be in danger of collapse. Turn to 265.

193 If you succeeded in your search for water, turn to 266. Otherwise, turn to 74.

194 “Forward!” you shout, and your party bursts through the foliage, into the glade beyond, shrieking dire Suba war-cries! There stands the monster — a small fox, peaceably dining on a rabbit. It stares at you, transfixed, then bolts.

N’Gora looks at the retreating fox, then back at you, and breaks out laughing. The rest of the corsairs join him. You try to look severe and menacing, but you really can’t keep it up — soon, the lot of you are propped against trees and vines, lest you fall to the ground in your mirth.

Add 1 to the current Morale Rating, and turn to 5.

195 “Here now, what’s this?” You pull from the brick pile a small object, wrapped in lead foil. Inside the foil is a rusting steel box. Suspecting a trap, you carefully open the box. Within is a huge emerald! It sparkles in the light, verdant fire reflected in the eyes of the awed buccaneers.

The emerald is worth \$7,500. Note the treasure on your scratch sheet, and turn to 120.

196 As you raise your bow and fire, the misshapen creature veers off, then sails away just over treetop level, ignoring your shot. An inhuman cackling is heard as it vanishes from sight.

Turn to 242.

197 You and your warriors slip out of the steamy, dank jungle into the shattered avenues of the city.

If you have the *Plot Word* DELAYED, turn to 63.

Otherwise, turn to 193.

198 The pyramid is made of old, weathered granite. On one face, two narrow stairways ascend to its peak. You ascend the steps, snorting — this heap of rocks is ridiculously small, compared to the huge edifices in Stygia which you’ve pillaged. On the landing on top, an altar once stood. Strange discolorations appear here and there, hinting of long forgotten dark rites.

Atop the pyramid is a marble column, high as a ship’s mast. There is a pedestal capping the column, where a statue might have once rested. “Well, start looking around,” you tell your search party. “There must be an entrance into this thing somewhere. I’ll wager there’s loot to be found here!”

Roll two dice. Add 1 if you have Alertness.

If the roll is 2 to 4, turn to 6.
If the roll is 5 to 9, turn to 225.
If the roll is 10 or more, turn to 33.

199 A hush falls over the crew, as Bêlit walks to the rail, leaving the sub-chief behind. She raises her alabaster arms to the jungle sky. She cries, “What has suddenly taken your valor? I have heard you murmur against this voyage and my warleader — am I no longer your queen, that you doubt my orders and my word?”

“No! Never!” thunders the reply from the oardeck.

“Then why this unseemly fear? You have striven and conquered in battle a hundred times! The same battles that my mate and I have led! Have we lost yet? No, I tell you! And we will not lose now, though the demons of the Abyss bar our way. Ye are my men — and better than any that have dared to sail the sea!”

The decks erupt in acclaim and applause, the forgotten sub-chief gaping by the tiller. You smile, never ceasing to be amazed at Bêlit’s skill at managing the corsairs. Once again she has conquered. Add 3 to the crew’s Morale Rating or raise it to -5, whichever is greater, and turn to 29.

200 The blaze of color as the lid is moved aside is almost blinding. The pit is filled with jewels — a king’s ransom! No, even a god’s ransom. Diamonds, moonstones, opals, rubies . . . gems of all kinds, catching the light of the day and turning it to liquid flame.

Crying out with wonder, Bêlit leaps into the pit, swimming in the stones. She extracts a priceless treasure — a golden necklace strung with huge rubies. The pirate queen’s eyes are dazzled as she regards the plunder. “Make a litter and take the jewels to the ship,” she says huskily.

Amazed at the colossal fortune, you watch for intruders as Bêlit supervises the taking of the gems.

The find is, for all practical purposes, priceless. Such a find would be worth \$5,000,000 — *at least*. Note the gems on your scratch sheet, and add 3 to the crew’s Morale Rating. When you are done, turn to 120.

201 Make an IQ roll, adding any levels of Acute Vision or Alertness you have.

If you succeed, turn to 9.

Otherwise, turn to 82.

202 Your keen vision spots movement from the shape atop the column — it seems to be alive! As the crew watches, it unfolds huge wings and flies off into the jungle. N’Yaga shakes his head. “A winged ape — or some manner of demon. We should never have come here. This place is surely accursed.” Bêlit scoffs at the shaman’s superstition, and orders the galley tied up at one of the intact wharves. Turn to 20.

203 You dig in the rubble for quite some time, trying to find something of value. It is fruitless — all you uncover are pottery shards, lumps of rusting metal, and rotten wood slivers.

Turn to 120.

204 Silently, the creature slips deeper into the jungle as the *Tigress* passes on. Turn to 64.

205 Without any warning, a huge hyena bursts from the underbrush! This is no ordinary hyena — it’s half again normal size, with glowing red eyes. It must be some sort of demon!

You and all companions must make a Fright Check (see pp. B93-94), with the crew’s current Morale Rating as a modifier. All characters not incapacitated by fear are *surprised*. Turn to 86.

206 The lighting is poor, but you notice that the floor of the landing has a slightly different color than the rest of the stonework.

If you continue across, turn to 14.

If you examine the floor closely, turn to 233.

If you leap across the floor through the doorway, turn to 41.

If you turn back, turn to 187.

207 The crewman shrieks in terror as he tries to swim back to the ship. Quickly, buccaneers swarm the rails, preparing rescue measures.

If you jump in to save him, turn to 88.

If you look for means on deck to rescue him, turn to 161.

If you let the experienced crew handle the rescue, turn to 15.

208 The combat goes badly; your foe has you at its mercy, and you know that death is near.

Suddenly, in one mad instant, she is there — a pale white blaze against the sky, shimmering like silver. She shouts a familiar battle cry as she thrusts a glowing blade at the monster’s chest . . .

“Bêlit!” you scream, and she turns to face you, love shining in her eyes like a beacon. But she is dead; you know she lies on her pyre on the *Tigress*! Then she is gone — a ghostly after-image left behind for an instant more. You suddenly remember her words . . . “Were I still in death and you fighting for life I would come back from hell to aid you”





If you were stunned, you no longer are. If you were unconscious, you may function normally, but you are still subject to the rules governing HT below zero (p. B126).

In any event, your foe is *mentally stunned* for three rounds. In addition, your foe takes 2d damage — armor and Toughness do not protect.

Remove the *Plot Word* GLORIOUS, and return to the paragraph you came from. Resume the combat from this point.

209 Make a Hearing roll. If you succeed, turn to 17. If you fail, turn to 90.

210 Roll one die.
If the result is 1 or 2, turn to 102.
If the result is 3 or 4, turn to 89.
If the result is 5 or 6, turn to 175.

211 Gwythar hands you a slim stiletto from his knife belt, and with it you slowly move along the length of the wire. There — a tink of steel against porcelain. Jamming the stiletto into the stone, you yank the door open. A twanging sound comes from the dark recess, as the steel wire snaps. Peering inside, you see a small ledge, with a porcelain bottle — neatly pinned by the stiletto. You reach in to withdraw the bottle. “Some poison, I’d wager,” you say, hefting the bottle. “Well, it’ll get none of us.” Looking to see that the area is clear of men, you fling the vial across the street, to shatter against a fallen column. A small purplish cloud appears, swept away in the breeze.
Turn to 238.

212 The keel scrapes for a moment, then breaks free of the bar. Your deft helmsmanship has saved the vessel from running aground!

Master Gwythar, the regular helmsman, claps you lustily on the back. “Well, my friend,” he booms in his mighty voice, “sink me if that wasn’t a fair bit of piloting! What thinkest thou, great queen?” Bêlit smiles, taking your arm.

Remove the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS, if you have it. Add 1 to the crew’s Reaction toward you and turn to 64.

213 You pitch face first onto the ground, sinking into a deep, heavy sleep. Strange dreams come to you . . . of a mighty people sunk into degeneracy and evil, luring strangers to their jungle fastness . . . of tortures and transformations. Throughout it all, you see the images of a giant winged demon and its hyena servants — who once had been men.

And whilst you dream, a black, rolling mist spills from the glade, through the thorn barrier, into the clearing where your loyal followers await your return . . .

With a start, you awaken. The day is far advanced — where are your men? What has become of them? Panicked, you dash from the glade. The warriors are not where you left them, but their tracks are clear. You can easily follow. Ominously, several different sets of paw prints mingle with the others — very large, mixed with blood spoor.

The tracks lead onto a hill. There, half-chewed and torn, are the bodies of your comrades. Standing beside them is what appears to be a large gorilla. The creature hunches over, and turns to face you. It is N’Gora — his face twisted nearly beyond recognition, spittle dribbling down his cheek. With an insane scream, he rushes for you, waving his arms madly.

Turn to 21.

214 You show nothing more for an hour’s hard work than shattered bits of pottery and moldering wood. Cursing your luck, you kick the shards.

Turn to 120.

215 One of the crewmen cries out, pointing to the sky. As your eyes adjust to the gloom, you note a large winged shadow soaring overhead. It doesn’t look like a bird — for one thing, it’s *far* too big . . .

If you try to shoot it down, turn to 4.

If you observe it further, turn to 23.

If you ignore it, turn to 242.

216 Suddenly, 15 enormous hyenas leap from the underbrush. Use Combat Map C on p. 29. Bêlit is at B. Arrange the crewmen near the base of the pyramid. They will try to defend Bêlit at all costs. Place the 15 hyenas (their statistics are found on p. 28) encircling the group. Place them no closer than six hexes to any character. Fight the battle.

If Bêlit dies, take the *Plot Word* GRIEF.

If you win the combat, turn to 71.

If you lose, turn to 52.

217 You and Bêlit look at one another, silently, for some time. Finally, she shakes her head. “We have to leave, curse it! We won’t survive another such battle.”

You can’t help but agree, looking at the bodies of your comrades and friends. Picking up the bodies of the slain, the crew retreats to the *Tigress*, to flee the accursed city.

Turn to 229.

218 You try to calm the sub-chief down, but he outshouts you. “It is this devil who is the cause of this,” he cries, pointing at you. “He has bewitched our mistress, forcing her to come here. If he dies, we are saved!” Facing you, he calls challenge on you. The oardeck erupts in babbling — many in outrage at the insolence, some in speculation at the result of such a combat.

Bêlit puts a hand on your arm. “You needn’t do this. I’ll stop this nonsense.”

You shake your head. “It won’t work. How would it look to the men? Besides,” you snarl, “that jackal needs a lesson in manners! He shouldn’t get away with that, and I swear he won’t.” You turn to face the sub-chief. “Ho, you dog! You want to fight? I’ll fight you then — if you have the stomach for it!”

Turn to 118.

219 You look over the altar for some time, but notice nothing out of the ordinary.

Turn to 8.

220 “Look — over the ship,” shouts N’Gora. The rest of you look up from your explorations. A dark shape flies from the deck into the jungle. “It spies on the vessel,” concludes the sub-chief.

“Let it,” says Bêlit calmly. “There’s still loot to be gained, and that’s what we’re here for. If it — where are you going?”

“For all we know it knocked a hole in the bottom,” you say. “We were fools for not posting a strong watch.” You take five crewmen, and rush to the *Tigress*.

If you have the *Plot Word* FORESIGHT, turn to 28.

Otherwise, turn to 101.

221 The *Tigress* rounds the bend into the Zarkheba, rowers taking up the beat to forge against the sluggish flow. The jungle soon blocks out much of the morning sunlight, leaving a pallid glow to illuminate the ship’s passing. The waters are clouded and unusually dark. “The waters of the Zarkheba are poisonous,” says Bêlit. “Nothing can abide them but the serpents of the river. The Subas avoid the river, and claim that it is accursed.”



The sounds normally heard in a jungle are ominously absent. No animal comes to the bank to drink; no bird flies overhead. The only signs of life are on the river’s sandbars, where reptiles wholly unknown to old N’Yaga’s lore writhe. Bêlit orders the helmsman to keep a long distance from the sandbars.

Set the Current Time to Afternoon and turn to 29.

222 The building you inspect has a familiar layout — large chamber, oversized firepit, cellar hole here, large firepit behind . . . You break out in laughter. “It’s a tavern!” you chortle. “The world’s the same all over.” The pirates join you in guffaws.

Make a Scrounging roll (defaults to IQ-4). Add 1 to the roll for every ten helpers you have (round down).

If you succeed by 5 or more, turn to 30.

If you succeed by less than 5, turn to 103.

If you fail, turn to 203.

223 Drawing the arrow back in the Shemitish fashion, you take long, careful aim.

Turn to 24.

224 Your eyes narrow in suspicion . . . that black log is *moving*. It must be some sort of animal.

If you attempt to avoid the “log,” turn to 105.

If you approach it, turn to 178.

If you attack it with missile fire, turn to 251.

225 Your group searches the pyramid for some means of entry for a considerable time, but no door is found. “The ancients hid their secrets well,” comments one of the pirates.

Turn to 120.

226 Suddenly, you are disturbed by a terrified scream from behind you. To your horror, you see a crewman dangling above the deck, hanging by what looks like a tree trunk. No, the man is in the jaws of a gigantic serpent!

Use Combat Map A, p. 29. The crewman is one hex above point D; he is surprised, disarmed and seized in the creature’s jaws. The serpent’s body extends towards point F. You are at point C, with your sword sheathed.

Turn to 34.

227 “All right,” she mutters. “We’ll leave it for now. But if we find no other gold, we’ll come back.” She brushes a rebellious lock from her face and stalks off.

Turn to 120.

228 “It would be best,” you say. “A few stalwart men should do it. Were I the hell-thing, I’d think twice about charging more spearmen, now that they’re ready for trouble and hot for revenge. We’ll have enough here to look for treasure.”

“Do it then,” she says.

Select ten crewmen to guard the vessel. At least one sub-chief must be one of the men chosen. You now have the *Plot Word* GUARDED.

Turn to 120.

229 Bêlit grasps the aft rail, staring at the towers as they disappear behind the jungle cover. Her eyes seem molten with hatred. You share some of the same emotion — having to run from the city with your tail between your legs, leaving behind many a stout comrade and true, and showing

cursed little for the trouble! You turn to look her full in the face. “This place beat us once,” you say. “Give us a full crew, and we’ll come back and conquer the city, every last stone!”

She stares back at you, then clasps your forearm in the age-old way of sealing bargains. “We will do it, my chieftain — return for riches and revenge!”

This adventure is over. Turn to 270.

230 “No harm in taking a taste, is there, master?” laughs a sailor as he broaches one of the jars. Others join in, taking lusty swigs of the powerful liquor.

You shrug. Let them have some fun — it’s not as if you could stop them, the way sailors take to strong drink. Just as long as there are enough to dig and haul, you’ll manage. Turn to 111.

231 As the animal pitches into the murky water, several large tentacles burst from the river, seizing the body and ripping it asunder! Several of the spearmen scream outright; all shout in dismay as the surface of the river is tinged with blood. Moving too fast for a shot to strike, the tentacles wrap about choice hunks of flesh and drag them under. The helmsman hastily steers the vessel to the far side of the bank.

Subtract 2 from the crew’s Morale Rating, and turn to 64.



232 You capture the gazes of the surviving crewmen. “We *must!* Bêlit needs us back, needs that water, and we can’t do that and carry cripples at the same time. I know you hate it — so do I! It just has to be done.”

You swiftly carry out the grim task that you will allow no other to do for you. After a cairn is hastily raised for the fallen, you leave this place of death.

Turn to 5.

233 Carefully, you tap at the floor with your weapon — and it passes right through. The floor is made of papier-mâché, concealing some trap.

If you jump over the trap, turn to 41.

If you turn back, turn to 187.

234 You stop for a precious moment to think. The current has borne him too far to swim safely. He might not be strong enough to grasp a thrown rope. What would be long enough and sturdy enough to serve? Then you note the oar benches, and with a shout leap into the open oardeck. Grasping the stout pole, you start to help the man from the water. Following your lead, other oarsmen rush in to help you. Luckily, the spearman was not immersed long enough to do any lasting harm. He does take 1d-2 damage.

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale Rating, and to any Reaction roll towards you by the crew. Turn to 64.

235 Accepting the mug, the young spearman drinks deeply. The two of you chat until the watch officer shouts for him to man an oar again. Turn to 64.

236 The Winged One veers at your swift reactions, then makes an arcane motion with his paws. Awfully, the pyramid staggers under your feet, and the marble column totters above you! In desperation, you fling yourselves from the pyramid as it shatters under the influence of the Winged One’s spell.

Make a DX roll for you and any companions. Characters who fail the DX roll are buried under the rubble; if you are one of them, turn to 16.

Each character who makes the DX roll by 5 or more is thrown clear of the pyramid, lands anywhere within fifteen hexes of point A and takes no damage. On a critical success, the character lands on his feet, ready for action; otherwise, he is stunned for two turns.

A character who succeeds by 4 or less is pinned by rubble. He sustains 1d-3 points of damage, and must make a ST roll to free himself; this requires 1 turn. If the roll fails, he is still pinned, but can continue to make ST rolls to try to free himself. He cannot defend against attack while doing so.

Note that for future combats referring to Combat Map C, the area where the pyramid was is now heavily choked with rubble. Double all movement costs for traveling through the hexes and impose a -3 penalty on all DX actions, including combat, which take place in the obstructed area. While airborne, the winged creature suffers no such penalties. Also note that the monster will not wait for trapped men to get free — he will attack immediately!

Turn to 44.

237 The sub-chief, glancing at his mates, stares pensively at you. He drops his spear to the deck. “I meant nothing by my words, warrior. We serve Bêlit together.” He turns towards her. “I ask forgiveness of you, great Queen.”

She looks at him coldly. “Back to your place, dog.” The crew turns sullenly back to their tasks, as N’Yaga takes up the rowing chant.

“Things haven’t changed,” she says quietly to you. “Ware of them. They are truly frightened, and will not stand for much more.”

You shrug. “The first man who dares betray you dies. That’s something they should worry about more than haunted rivers.”

Bêlit chuckles grimly as the vessel speeds onward.

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale, or raise the Morale Rating to -5,

whichever is higher. If you have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS, remove it and turn to 29.

238 Inside the hole, the light glints off a metallic object. You reach in — to remove a long, glittering knife. Holding it to the sun, you marvel at its beauty. It is like no other knife you’ve seen before — jet-black metal, beautifully fashioned, with a razor-keen blade. It fits snug and heavy in your hand. “A marvelous weapon,” you remark, showing the weapon to Gwythar.

Gwythar nods. “Aye, that blade was made by a master.”

Note the find on your sheet. It is a large knife, *finely made*, with +1 added to both swinging and thrusting damage. It is also unbreakable, and cannot shatter under any circumstances, including critical failures. Turn to 120.

239 “Good idea,” Bêlit says. “Do it.” With a command, you send the men off.

Select ten men to guard the *Tigress*. You have the *Plot Word* GUARDED. Turn to 47.

240 “Hist — what was that?” you whisper to N’Gora.

“I don’t know,” he replies. You two hear a crunching noise some distance ahead. “What will we do? Could it be a monster in ambush?”

“A clumsy enough monster if it makes noises when we approach. I think not. Maybe it’s a fat pig that we can catch for the table, hey?” you say.

If you personally investigate the noise, turn to 48.

If you ignore the noise, turn to 121.

If you charge the sound in a pack, turn to 194.

241 As the workers are about to march in to search, you shout at them to halt. One asks sardonically, “Are you dazed by the sun?” but you ignore his jibe.

Something about the tower bothers you, and you’ll peer at it until you figure out just what. On closer examination, you realize that several key stones are missing from the base of the tower. Far from being sound, it is a virtual deathtrap — too much pressure one way or the other and the whole edifice might collapse. The pirate who laughed at you sheepishly apologizes.

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale Rating, and turn to 120.

242 You try to reassure the crewmen with a jest. “What’s an overweight bird to us? It must be well-fed to get that fat — too bad we couldn’t shoot it for the meat!” Make a Fast-Talk roll (defaults to IQ-5), adding any modifiers.

If you succeed on the roll, turn to 50.

Otherwise, turn to 123.

243 Through breaks in the trees, you spot the towers and spires of the city. Not for the first time in this jungle trek, your thoughts turn to Bêlit, wondering how she fares. Turning your thoughts to the job at hand, you shift your gear and march on.

Turn to 170.

244 Through bloodied lips, you snort. “What, and leave without as much loot as we can carry? We owe the dead more than that! Let’s make this hellish place pay weregild for our fallen!”

Bêlit smiles. “Damned if you’re not right.” She turns to the surviving crew. “Up, men! Take your brothers to the ship, then

come back to search for more gold. We’ve taken the worst they can send, now let’s take our fee in loot!”

Turn to 120.

245 The sub-chief returns to his place at her sharp words. But passing you, he glares at you for a long moment. Bêlit’s mystique and authority may have averted the immediate confrontation, but you wonder if the crew is starting to focus their fear and resentment on you.

Raise the Morale Rating to -5, and turn to 29.

246 Throwing yourself to the side, you just manage to avoid the ruin of the tower. The other three men were not so lucky; they were crushed. A cry of horror rises from their comrades as Bêlit rushes to your side, throwing herself into your arms. “I did not know the danger,” she murmurs. Helping you to your feet, she orders the stones cleared away.

Turn to 200.

247 You’d rather fight a cave bear naked than stand between Bêlit and loot. Racking your brains for a solution, you snap your fingers. “We’ve waterskins enough in the hold. There must be some stream in the jungle more wholesome than the river water. I’ll take some men and look.”

Bêlit agrees. You may take N’Gora (if he’s dead, take any other sub-chief) and up to ten spearmen. Each man is carrying two empty waterskins, each of which has a capacity of two gallons. You may outfit yourselves fully at the ship.

Note the crewmen you select and turn to 97.



248 “Are you babes, to tremble so at the sound of cats yowling?” you sneer. “Listen to them! The sounds are well back of the river — those beasts shun the waters as before. They’ll harm us not.” The crew, abashed, takes heed of your words. Turn to 64.

249 Deep in the rubble — of what may have been a living-chamber’s wall — you find an ancient bronze coffer, coated with verdigris.

If you open it, turn to 57.

If you abandon it, turn to 120.

250 You loose a broad-headed shaft at the shape. Roll to hit. If you hit the creature, turn to 158. If you miss it, turn to 39.

251 Trying to ambush your column, eh? Well, you have better things to do with your time than feed some hungry beast. You'll take no chances with it. Motioning your spearmen into position, you draw your bow to full aim. "Loose!" you shout.

Using Combat Map B, p. 29, note that the creature is at point B. You may arrange any character within ten hexes of it. Anyone eligible to fire a missile or thrown weapon may, at maximum aim and appropriate modifiers.

Turn to 59, and fight the combat.

252 After a careful search, you are satisfied that the door is not trapped. Turn to 179.

253 Too slow and too late to save their comrade, the impotent curses of the crew follow the serpent as it retreats, bearing its grisly prize. The ashen-faced buccaneers return to the oardeck, very shaken — what if the monster is still hungry? What if there are more of them out there?

Subtract 2 from the crew's Morale, and turn to 64.

254 "I've been thinking," you say to Bêlit, pointing to the water casks. "If we get into action, those water casks might be in the way. We've got room in the fore storage area — why not move them there?" Bêlit agrees with your reasoning, and gives the command.

You have the *Plot Word* FORESIGHT. From here forward, treat the hexes marked "W" on Combat Map A (p. 29) as unlabeled hexes. Turn to 64.

255 It has been a long time, and no word from Bêlit's party has come. You wonder whether staying behind to guard against the return of the ape was a good idea. Finally, impatient, you motion your spearmen to follow as you set out to search for the rest of the crew.

Turn to 63.

256 "But, master —" "But nothing, you dogs! Here's where Bêlit and I get off," you roar. "Get in my way and I'll send you to hell!" The surviving buccaneers, terrified by your ferocity, retreat aboard the *Tigress* and begin the slow voyage down the coast towards their home villages. Good riddance, you think. Without Bêlit, you crave no company. Lighting the simple pyre you have built, you watch through the haze as the Queen of the Black Coast burns, surrounded by the wealth of an empress. The sea holds no more interest for you. Turning your back on the cooling ashes and grasping your sword, you make your way into the dense jungle.

This adventure is over. Turn to 270.

257 You pry the door open part way, and stop, suddenly wary. You can't think of many traps that could survive centuries with mechanisms still in working order, but why take the chance? Reaching behind the door with your hand, you touch a taut wire.

If you try to disarm the trap, make a Traps/TL3 roll (defaults to IQ-5 or DX-5). If you make the roll, turn to 211.

If you fail, turn to 19.

If you abandon the trapped door, turn to 138.

258 Make a Vision roll. If you succeed, turn to 66. If you fail, turn to 139.

259 That scent . . . those blossoms . . . something about those flowers seems all too familiar. With horror, you realize that surrounding you are deadly black lotus plants! Their alluring poison is among the most harmful known in the jungle. Stumbling, you rush out of the glade.

Turn to 5.

260 There are many towers, in varying states of repair. Which one to inspect — blast it, none looks much different from the rest! "Dice for it?" suggests N'Gora, smiling.

"Why not?" you reply. "It sounds as good as anything else!" Roll one die.

If you roll 1 or 2, turn to 68.

If you roll 3 or 4, turn to 22.

If you roll 5 or 6, turn to 95.

261 Cleaving the water with powerful strokes, you reach the half-conscious crewman. Seizing his hair, you return quickly to the ship. Dozens of hands help pull you from the water. As you shake yourself dry, the thunder of spearhafts against the deck rings in your ears, honoring your feat. "Are you mad?" cries Bêlit, as she rushes to your side.

You shrug. "It worked, didn't it?"

Add 2 to the crew's Morale Rating, and 1 to their reaction towards you. If you have the *Plot Word* CAUTIOUS, remove it.

Turn to 64.



262 You hail N’Gora, the sub-chief, who is your best friend in the crew. “Some weapons practice, to stir the blood?” he suggests.

“Oho,” you say, “And do you think you have some new tricks to show me? You didn’t last bout.”

He winks at you. “You never know, my friend, what pirate tricks I might try to use on you . . . a wager on it?”

You agree, and ready yourselves for the bout. An eager audience of off-duty oarsmen gathers, and even the rowers crane their necks — when the oarman turns his back.

Use Combat Map A, p. 29, and the statistics for N’Gora found on p. 32. Choose any positions within the galley. The practices are fought unarmored, with blunted spears (halved crushing damage only). The first man to score three undefended hits wins. Bare-handed punching is permitted; kicks and dirty tricks — N’Gora’s jibe aside — are not.

If you win the combat, turn to 70.

If you lose, turn to 143.

263 Contemptuously, the monster slips past your defenses and rips into you with a terrible blow. Still trying to avenge your lover and friends with your dying breath, you raise your weapon to strike at him — but he has already flown clear. His unholy laughter is the last sound you hear as you sink into oblivion.

Your adventure is over.

264 Ducking an errant thrust, you step into the tribesman, striking him with the butt end of your spear. As he recoils, stunned, your mighty muscles drive the point home into his chest. With an awful cry, he crumbles to the deck, dead.

You lean on the spear, panting. “Crom,” you think, “he was tougher than I thought . . .” Raising your eyes to the silent oarsmen, you straighten. “Anyone else?” you bellow. “Never mind the spirits — if any of you dogs want to play the coward, that man can die right here and now.”

Old N’Yaga raises his voice. “You heard him, men! So perish all who challenge the great queen’s word! Row on!”

Add 1 to the crew’s Morale, and turn to 29.

265 As you examine the tower more closely, you notice that it is covered with frescoes of winged beings, making sacrifices of writhing men to their dark gods. This is surely an evil place.

Turn to 8.

266 You report your success to Bêlit, who orders the distribution of the water to the crew. She hasn’t found any more treasure, and wishes your help.

Turn to 120.

267 You are off duty and deciding how to spend your spare time.

If you talk to the helmsman, turn to 43.

If you seek a diversion, turn to 262.

If you want to do neither, return to 18 and roll again.

268 As the crewmen prepare to haul the treasure to the *Tigress*, you are startled by a low growl. It sounds nearby.

If you have Danger Sense, roll against your IQ. If you succeed, turn to 83.

If you fail, or if you do not have Danger Sense, turn to 216.

269 You’ve found treasure enough for this trip and head back to civilization. You store the loot in the *Tigress*.

Turn to 183.

270 Congratulations! You have survived the adventure!

If you escaped with more than half the original crew, award yourself 1 character point. If Bêlit is still alive, award yourself 1 character point. For every significant cache of treasure uncovered, earn 1 character point. Significant caches include any treasure found for which a dollar amount is specified, and the Elixir of Life.

If you have the *Plot Word* VICTORY, you earn 2 character points.

Deduct 1 character point if the crew’s Morale Rating drops below -5 at any point, as well as for each of the following *Plot Words* you finish the adventure with: CAUTIOUS, SOLITUDE and GRIEF.

Conan himself did rather poorly. He was the sole survivor of the expedition, uncovered a major cache, and defeated the Winged One — 1 character point.



APPENDICES

Creatures

Giant River Serpent

ST: 24 Speed/Dodge: 6/6# Size: 14
DX: 13 PD/DR: 1/0 Weight: 6,000 lbs.
IQ: 3 Damage: 1d cr# Habitats: F
HT: 20 Reach: C

This is the largest of the venomous reptiles found in the Zarkheba. The Giant River Serpent can be pale green or white, with lustrous fish-like scales. When dealing with unwary prey, it will attack by biting doing 1d-1 cutting damage. It will then try to withdraw with the victim; the jaws are very strong, and full ST applies for lifting a victim.

Note that the head is large and the fangs long. The venom may not be “sucked out” as may be done with smaller snakes. When dealing with alert prey, it will wrap around the victim and constrict.

For a constriction attack, the snake will attempt to “grapple” using the close combat rules (p. B111). Once it succeeds, it will begin to constrict, inflicting 1d of crushing damage per turn until the victim escapes or is dead.

Breaking loose from constriction is difficult, requiring a Contest of ST. Attacking with any weapon larger than a knife is also hard when encircled by a serpent’s coils — there is a -2 penalty. Neither armor nor Toughness protects against constriction.

River serpents are good swimmers but rather slow on land (Speed: 6-water and 3-land). They will climb trees and drop on prey. They can subsist for quite some time without food, requiring a meal on the average of once a month.

Hell Hyena

ST: 16 Speed/Dodge: 12/7 Size: 2
DX: 13 PD/DR: 1/1 Weight: 250 lbs.
IQ: 7 Damage: 1d+1 cut Habitats: J
HT: 12 Reach: C

These hyenas are massive beasts shapeshifted in some unholy fashion from men by the Winged One. A hell hyena looks like a common spotted hyena, except for the unnatural size and the glowing red eyes. The sight of them is greatly unsettling to the corsairs. When encountering them in any numbers, the Subas must make a Fright Check. Obviously, a pack of 40 is far more frightening than a lone beast.

The hyenas retain enough intelligence to know that they once were men and abhor their transformation. They will therefore attack anything that moves, without reason, thought or quarter. While their bloodlust is too great to avoid combat when outnumbered, a hyena will attack with some intelligence. They will strike for the throat or the weapon hand inflicting cutting damage in close combat. They will try to attack as pairs against a single opponent.

While they are far larger and stronger than normal hyenas, their size makes them relatively slow.

Jungle Lizard

ST: 20 Speed/Dodge: 8/6 Size: 5
DX: 13 PD/DR: 1/2 Weight: 350 lbs.
IQ: 3 Damage: 1d+1 cut Habitats: J
HT: 17/20-25 Reach: C

This huge, powerful lizard lives in the deepest jungles. It is stout and squat, almost jet black in hue. It waits quietly in the brush and picks off solitary victims. It has no fear of man, and will attack a straggler from a larger party. It does 1d+1 cutting damage with its bite.

If the lizard receives wounds equalling or exceeding half its hit points, it will attempt to flee.

The Winged One

ST: 20 Speed/Dodge: 10/8# Size: 1
DX: 13 PD/DR: 2/3 Weight: 250 lbs.
IQ: 12 Damage: 2d+2 cut
HT: 14 Reach: C

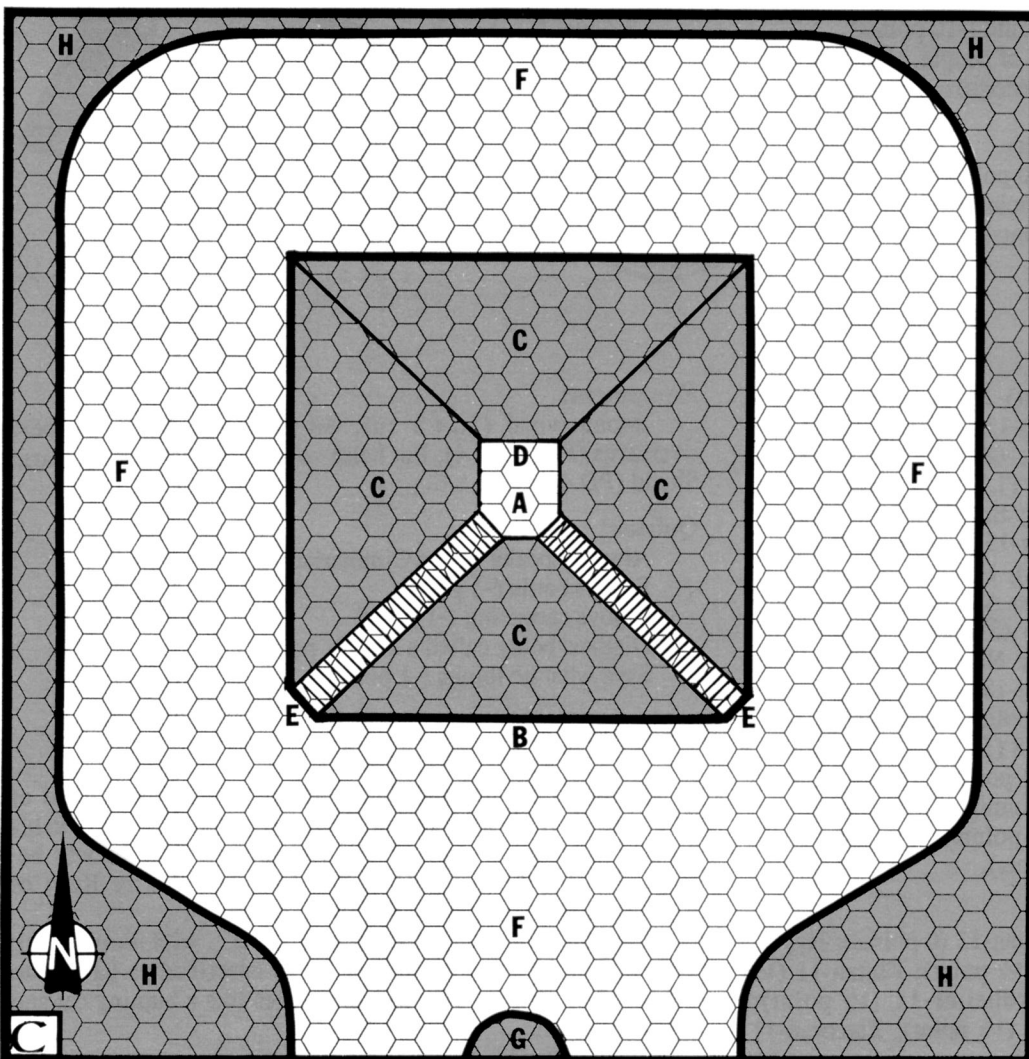
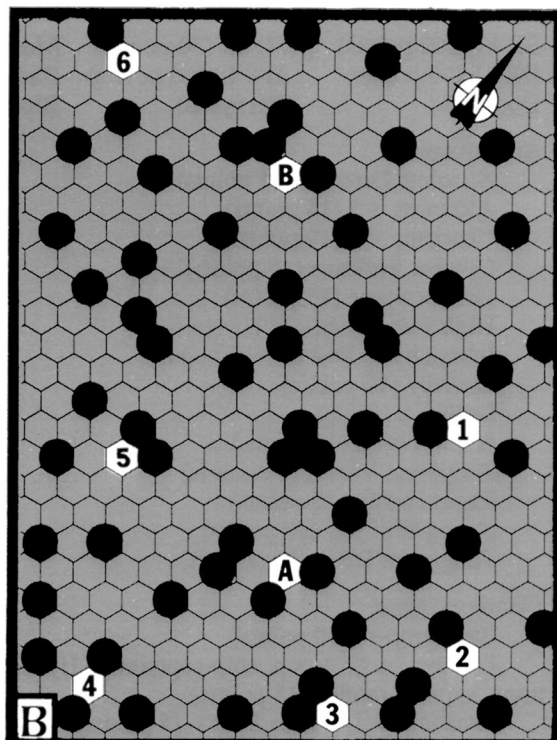
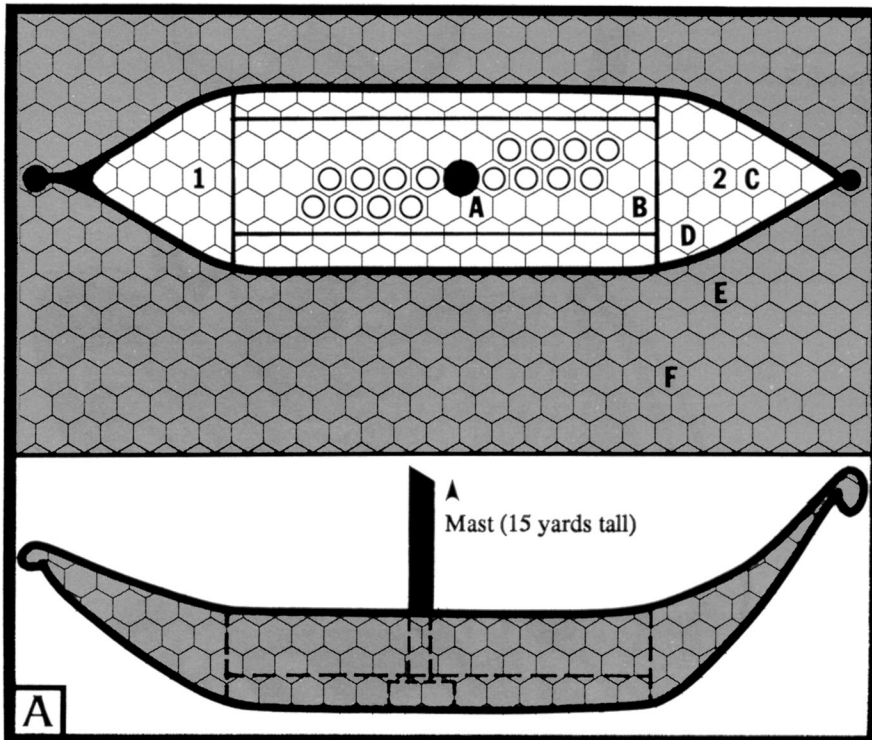
The last of a degenerate, ancient race, the Winged One has little purpose in life but to protect the dead home of his people from desecration. He is huge and man-like, though misshapen, with great taloned paws which he uses to deadly effect in melee.

The Winged One has a palpable miasma of evil about him, noticeable at close range. When engaging him, characters should make Fright Checks with appropriate modifiers.

The Winged One is quite cunning, and will try to attack at an advantage — from behind if possible. In the air, his speed increases to 15, and he will not knowingly dive on a character with a readied thrown or missile weapon.



MAPS



Map Keys

1 Hex = 1 Yard

Combat Map A — The Tigress

- 1 = Bêlit's Cabin
- 2 = Storage Compartment
- = Water Casks
- = Mast (15 yards tall)
- Combat Positions = A, B, C, D, E, F

Combat Map B — The Jungle

- = Tree Trunks (not foliage)
- Combat Positions = A, B, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6

Only large tree trunks are shown. The rest of the area is covered with grass, plants and low-hanging foliage. Movement in this area is at double normal cost. There is a penalty of -2 for all missile fire beyond five yards range.

Combat Map C — The Pyramid

- A = Landing
- B = Front of Pyramid
- C = Pyramid Faces — Movement costs tripled
- D = Column
- E = Stairs — Stairs are steep, movement costs doubled
- F = Pavement
- G = Grass
- H = Rubble — Movement costs doubled, all targets within the rubble are -3 to hit.

Conan

ST 17 (100 points) IQ 13 (30 points) Move: 9
DX 15 (60 points) HT 15 (60 points) Basic Speed: 7.5
Dodge: 8 Parry: 10 Block: 9

Advantages:

Absolute Direction (5 points)
Alertness +3 (15 points)
Charisma +2 (10 points)
Combat Reflexes (15 points)
Danger Sense (15 points)
High Pain Threshold (10 points)
Immunity to Disease (10 points)
Literacy (10 points)
Luck (15 points)
Night Vision (10 points)
Peripheral Vision (15 points)
Rapid Healing (5 points)
Strong Will +5 (20 points)
Toughness DR 1 (10 points)

Disadvantages:

Bad Temper (-10 points)
Enemy: Large group, ship-captains of Hyborian coastal nations, appears rarely (-15 points)
Fanaticism: Love for Bêlit (-15 points)
Impulsiveness (-10 points)
Phobia: Magic (manaphobia) — mild (-10 points)
Reputation: Pirate, -4, large class of people, all people from the coast of the Western Ocean, recognized sometimes (-5 points)
Sense of Duty: To Bêlit (-5 points)
Sense of Duty: To all women (-10 points)
Sense of Duty: To comrades (-5 points)
Social Stigma: Barbarian (-15 points)
Struggling (-10 points)
Stubbornness (-5 points)
Truthfulness (-5 points)

Skills:

Area Knowledge (Black Coast)-13 (1 point), (Black Kingdoms)-12 (½ point), (Cimmeria)-13 (1 point), (the East)-12 (½ point), (Turan)-13 (1 point), (Zamora)-13 (1 point);
Axe/Mace-15 (2 points); Blacksmith/TL3-14 (4 points); Boating-14 (1 point); Bow-17 (16 points); Brawling-16 (2 points); Broadsword-18 (16 points); Carousing-15 (2 points); Climbing-16 (4 points); Crossbow-16 (2 points); Fast-Draw (Arrow)-16 (2 points), (Sword)-17 (4 points); First Aid/TL3-14 (2 points); Gambling-14 (4 points); Jumping-16 (2 points); Knife-18 (8 points); Leadership-17 (10 points); Navigation/TL3-13 (4 points); Riding-16 (4 points); Running-18 (24 points); Seamanship/TL3-15 (4 points); Shield-16 (2 points); Shortsword-16 (0 points); Spear-17 (8 points); Stealth-18 (16 points); Streetwise-14 (4 points); Survival (Jungle)-14 (4 points), (Mountains)-16 (8 points), (Plains)-16 (8 points); Swimming-15 (1 point); Tactics-15 (8 points); Throwing-16 (8 points); Tracking-16 (8 points); Two-handed Sword-17 (8 points).

Languages:

Argossean-11 (½ point); Cimmerian-13 (0 points); Hyperborean-11 (½ point); Hyrkanian-11 (½ point); Khitan-11 (½ point); Kushite-11 (½ point); Nordheimr-11 (½ point); Shemitish-11 (½ point); Turanian-11 (½ point); Zamoran-11 (½ point); Zingaran-11 (½ point).



Equipment:

Broadsword (1d+3 cut, 3d+1 imp); Scale hauberk w/sleeves (PD 3/DR 4); Pot helm w/horns (PD 3/DR 4); Large Shield (PD 4)

Quirks:

Always speaks with a Cimmerian accent (-1 point)
Enjoys battle (-1 point)
Enjoys carousing (-1 point)
Dislikes being called a liar (-1 point)
Says what he thinks (-1 point)

Total: 500 points

Conan is a barbarian freebooter from the frozen land of Cimmeria. His adventures with Bêlit take place quite early in his career — beginning at about 24 years old. In time, he will become the greatest warrior of his age, and finally King of Aquilonia, the mightiest of Hyborian realms.

He is hulking in appearance, about 6' 3", with unruly black hair and smouldering blue eyes. He is described as having an intense gaze. Belying his bulk, he moves like a hunting cat and is nearly as fast.

Even at age 27, Conan is a fearsome, experienced fighter.

Bêlit, Queen of the Black Coast

ST 12 (20 points) IQ 12 (20 points) Move: 7
DX 16 (80 points) HT 12 (20 points) Basic Speed: 7
Dodge: 8 Parry: 9 Block: 7

Advantages:

Ally: N'Gora — 100 pts; appears almost all the time (15 points)

Ally Group: 100 Suba Warriors; appear almost all the time (30 points) See *GURPS Conan* for details on Ally Groups.

Appearance: Very Beautiful, +2 on Reaction rolls by same sex, +6 on Reaction rolls by opposite sex (25 points)

Charisma +3: +3 on all Reaction rolls (15 points)

Combat Reflexes (15 points)

Disadvantages:

Bloodlust (-10 points)

Enemy: Large group, navies of Hyborian coastal nations, appears rarely (-15 points)

Fanaticism: Love for Conan (-15 points)

Greed: Will roll to avoid temptation (-15 points)

Intolerance: Toward Stygians, Argosseans and slavers, they will react at -1 to -5 (-5 points)

Overconfidence: (-10 points)

Reputation: Pirate, -4, large class of people, all people from the coast of the Western Ocean, recognized sometimes (-5 points)

Sense of Duty: To Conan (-5 points)

Vow: Revenge against Stygians, Argosseans and all slavers (-10 points)

Skills:

Acrobatics-16 (4 points); Area Knowledge (Black Coast)-13 (2 points), (Hyborian Coast)-13 (2 points), (Shem)-12 (1 point); Bow-18 (16 points); Broadsword-17 (4 points); Dancing-16 (2 points); Fast-Draw (Arrow)-18 (4 points), (Sword)-18 (4 points); Jeweler/TL3-11 (2 points); Jumping-17 (2 points); Knife-18 (4 points); Leadership-12 (2 points); Merchant-13 (4 points); Navigation/TL3-12 (4 points); Seamanship/TL3-14 (4 points); Survival (Jungle)-11 (1 point), (Island/Beach)-13 (4 points), (Sea)-14 (6 points); Swimming-16 (1 point); Tactics-16 (12 points)

Languages:

Argossean-11 (1 point); Kushite-11 (1 point); Shemitish-12 (0 point); Stygian-11 (1 point); Suba-12 (2 points)

Quirks:

Likes rubies (-1 point)

Sensuous (-1 point)

Vain about her beauty (-1 point)

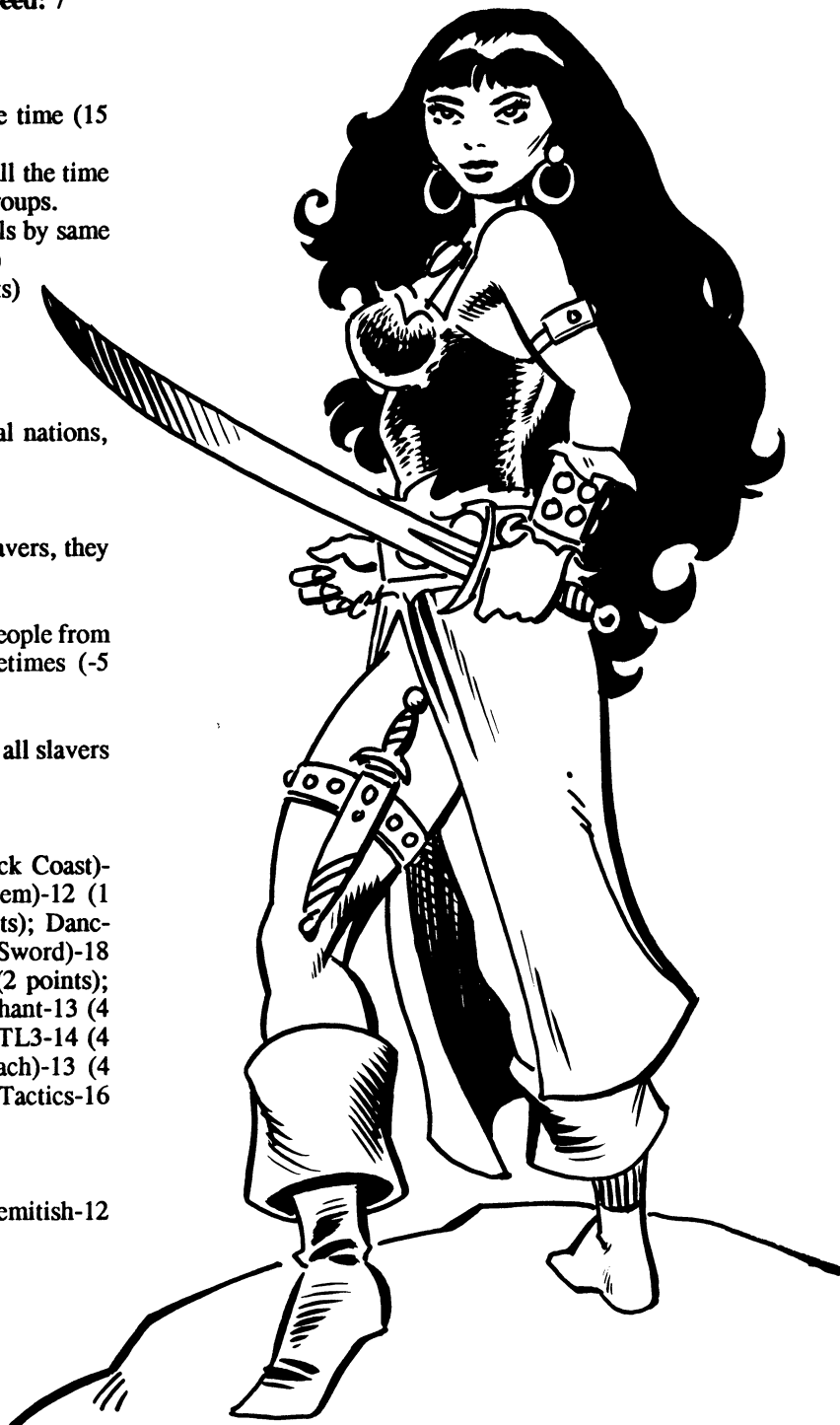
Proud of her ancestry (-1 point)

Impatient (-1 point)

Total: 235 points

Bêlit is Conan's first love, and the one who holds his heart for most of his life. The daughter of Shemitish royalty, she has rebounded from the fall of her house to become the most feared pirate captain of Hyborian waters.

Greatly aided by the awe which the warriors of the far south hold for her, the coasts are strewn with the hulks of her kills.



Supremely self-confident, she disdains contrary counsel and is rather willful. She is described as “pantherish” in her movements. While she seldom fights directly, she is a master of the Shemitish bow, and has taught its use to her buccaneers.

At the time of this story she is 26 years old. She has rich, black hair and dark eyes. Her complexion is fair. She is 5' 9" tall and weighs 130 lbs.

The Crew of the Tigress

	ST	DX	IQ	HT	Basic Speed	Move/ Dodge	Parry	Block	Thrust	Swing	Thrown				
											Spear Skill	Spear Skill	Knife Skill	Bow Skill	Shield Skill
Conan	17	15	13	15	7½	9/8	10	9	1d+2	3d-1	17	—	18	17	16*
Bêlit	12	16	12	12	7	7/8	9	7	1d-1	1d+2	—	—	18	18	—**
N'Gora	13	12	11	12	6	6/6	7	7	1d	2d-1	14	15	12	12	14
N'Yaga	8	9	14	10	4¾	4/4	—	—	1d-3	1d-2	9	8	11	8	—
Gwythar	12	14	11	11	6¼	6/6	6	5	1d-1	1d+2	11	11	18	12	11
Sub-chiefs	12	12	10	12	6	6/6	7	6	1d-1	1d+2	14	13	11	12	12
Crewmen	12	11	9	12	5¾	5/5	6	6	1d-1	1d+2	12	11	11	11	12

* Extra Skills — Conan: Brawling-16; Broadsword-18; Shortsword-16.

** Extra Skills — Bêlit: Broadsword-17.

	Hits					Hits					Hits			
	Hits	Taken	Dead	Location		Hits	Taken	Dead	Location		Hits	Taken	Dead	Location
Conan	15	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #21	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #51	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
Bêlit	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #22	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #52	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
N'Gora	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #23	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #53	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
N'Yaga	10	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #24	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #54	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
Gwythar	11	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #25	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #55	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
Sub-chief #1	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #26	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #56	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
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Sub-chief #4	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #29	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #59	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
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Crewman #4	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #34	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #64	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
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Crewman #7	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #37	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #67	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
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Crewman #18	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #48	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #78	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
Crewman #19	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #49	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #79	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—
Crewman #20	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #50	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—	Crewman #80	12	—	<input type="checkbox"/>	—

Weapon Damage

Weapon	Type	Damage	SS	Acc	½D	Max
Thrown Spear	imp	thr+3	11	2	ST	ST×2½
Bow	imp	thr+1	13	2	ST×15	ST×20

Weapon	Type	Damage	Weapon	Type	Damage
Large Knife	cut	sw-2	Broadsword	cut	sw+1
	imp	thr		imp	thr+1
Spear	imp	thr+2	Thrusting Broadsword	cut	sw+1
Two-Handed Spear	imp	thr+3		imp	thr+2
			Shortsword	cut	sw
				imp	thr

Morale Rating

0

Reaction

To:

Conan Charisma +2
Loyalty to Bêlit +2

To:

Bêlit Charisma +3 Loyalty +2
Appearance +6

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