

DOOMWALK BOOK 4

DAVE MORRIS & OLIVER JOHNSON

BLOOD SWORD



The first game book
series for both solo and
multi-player adventures



About the authors:

Dave Morris and Oliver Johnson were born within a few days of each other in 1957, were educated in Surrey and then went to Oxford in 1976. Despite this succession of coincidences, they did not meet until after graduating, when they began a professional career in fantasy role-playing. They have collaborated on several famous series in the genre, most of which are published in various countries including Japan and the USA.

Dave and Oliver both role-play every week, and many of the incidents from these games are written into the *Blood Sword* books. Their Legend Campaign is thus populated by such stalwarts as Tobias de Vantery, Icon the Ungodly, Lagrestin, Fatima, Anvil and Captain Puldro.

Nonetheless, they have never undertaken any adventure quite so perilous as the one described in this latest book....

BLOOD SWORD

DOOMWALK BOOK 4

DAVE MORRIS & OLIVER JOHNSON

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Maps supplied by Geoff Wingate



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To Nick

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THE RULES OF THE GAME

You will adventure in this book by taking a character (or characters) to be your alter ego in the fantasy world of Legend. There are four possible character types, and each has unique skills. The Warrior believes that strength, courage and nobility of purpose are sufficient to achieve any goal. The Enchanter prefers to put his or her faith in a range of magical spells. The Sage, a learned ascetic, constantly seeks to hone the powers of the human mind. And the Trickster is a clever and dashing figure with an eye for the main chance.

If you completed the third book in the series, *The Demon's Claw*, you will carry over the same adventuring team to use in this book. Your character(s) will have the abilities, rank and equipment with which they ended their last adventure.

If this is your first adventure in the Blood Sword series, read on. You may take a single hero or put together a party of adventurers. If playing alone, you take a single hero of one of the four adventuring types (Warrior, Enchanter, Sage or Trickster). You will be on your own, but with the advantage that you are a higher *rank* - ie, individually more powerful - than you would be in a group of adventurers. A solitary adventurer created for this adventure will be 20th rank.

If there are two players, each takes the persona of a 10th rank adventurer. These two must belong to different adventuring classes. Ideally, these will be

chosen so that one of the adventurers' strengths will make up for the other's weaknesses. An Enchanter is physically not very powerful, for example, while a Warrior has little resistance to sorcery, so a combination of these two classes makes a strong team.

If the adventure is undertaken by three players each takes a 7th rank character, while in a team of four players each has a 5th rank character. Again, all characters must be of a different class.

To summarise:

<i>number of players</i>	<i>composition of adventuring party</i>
one	a single 20th rank character
two	two characters of 10th rank
three	three characters of 7th rank
four	four characters of 5th rank

This applies to a team generated specifically for this book. Player-characters who got through the previous book may or may not meet these requirements, depending on how well they did.

After reading the sections on Combat, Magic and Teamwork, you should decide how many players will be taking part and to which of the four adventuring types each player will belong. Each player should read only the special section appropriate to his or her own character.

TERMINOLOGY

The usual role-playing abbreviation is used to indicate different Dice rolls. This uses the basic format of

$XDice+Y$

meaning that X Dice are rolled and Y is added to the total.

As an example, '3 Dice+1' means 'roll three Dice and add 1 to the total' - giving a number from 4 to 19. Taking another case, '1 Die-2' means 'roll one Die and subtract 2'; *negative numbers count as zero unless otherwise stated*, so this would give a score from 0 to 4.

FIGHTING PROWESS, etc.

Each character is described by four *attributes*. These are:

Fighting Prowess, which is a measure of how powerful a fighter the character is,

Psychic Ability, an indicator of the character's resistance to attack spells and (in the case of an Enchanter) his or her aptitude for magic,

Awareness, which encompasses quickness of thought, dexterity and general nous,

Endurance, the attribute measuring the character's state of health; wounds are deducted from Endurance, and if it reaches zero then the character dies.

COMBAT

Combat takes place in Rounds, each of which represents about ten seconds. Each Round, everyone who is taking part in the combat gets the opportunity to perform one action if they wish: to attack, cast a spell, or whatever. Actions are taken in sequence based on each combatant's Awareness score. The combatant with the highest Awareness acts first, then the combatant with the next highest Awareness, and so on. Combatants with equal Awareness scores act simultaneously. A combatant who is killed (reduced to zero Endurance) before his turn does not get to act!

The possible combat options and the circumstances in which they may be used are set out below. A character may choose any option for which he or she is eligible as his or her action for the Round:

MOVE

This action allows the character to close and *fight* an enemy, or to move to an exit (if any). If you take the *move* option while an opponent is fighting you, then (unless your Awareness is higher than the opponent's) you take an automatic wound. Once all surviving characters in the party have *moved* to an exit, the party *mayflee* at the start of the next Round.

FIGHT

The character must have previously chosen the *move* option in order to be close enough to an opponent *to fight*. (But there are exceptions to this rule; sometimes the tactical maps in the text will show that your opponents are directly adjacent to you at the start of the combat, in which case an immediate attack is possible.) To hit your opponent you must roll equal to or less than your Fighting Prowess on two Dice.

DEFEND

You cannot attack in the Round in which you choose this option, but it has the advantage of making you harder to hit - since your opponent must take his (or her, or its) *fight* rolls against you using three Dice instead of the usual two.

SHOOT

This is an option for Sages and Tricksters only. You loose off an arrow at any one opponent. Unlike the

fight option you do not have to *move* first because (of course) arrows are long-range weapons. You cannot choose to *shoot* if an opponent is striking at you in the same Round - that is, you must dispose of any opponents who have closed to attack you before picking off others with your bow.

FLEE

Sometimes the text will give your party the option to *flee* from a battle. All surviving adventurers must have made a *move* before the party can *flee*. When this option is taken, the entire party *flees* at the start of the Round, so their opponents get no chance to hack at them or cast spells as they run off.

CALL A SPELL TO MIND

This option applies only to Enchanters. It enables the Enchanter to prepare a spell ready for casting in the next or subsequent Rounds. It can be done at any time and the spell held in readiness indefinitely - except that each spell in mind temporarily reduces the Enchanter's Psychic Ability by 1.

CAST SPELL IN MIND

Another Enchanter-only option. The Enchanter must previously have called the spell to mind in order to cast it. The rules for spellcasting are in the Enchanter's special section (page 34)

You can perform ONE of these actions each Round.

The rules for combat are designed for ease-of-play but require a minimal explanation. When striking at an opponent (ie, when you take *the fight* option for a Round), you roll two Dice. A score of *equal to* or *lower than* your Fighting Prowess means that your blow

has hit. If you hit, you roll 'damage Dice' to see how much of an Endurance loss you have inflicted. If your opponent has an Armour Rating you must reduce your Dice roll for damage by this amount, and the result (if greater than zero) is deducted from the opponent's Endurance.

Take an example. You have a Fighting Prowess of 7 and a damage roll of one Die+1. You are attacking a Troll whose Fighting Prowess is 6 and which rolls one Die for damage. You have the higher Awareness, so you get first blow. Rolling two Dice, you score a 3; this is under your Fighting Prowess score, so you have succeeded in hitting it. Next you roll one Die and add 1 for the damage your blow inflicts. You roll a 6 (+1=7), but the Troll has an Armour Rating of 2 so only 5 points are deducted from its Endurance. If still alive (that is, if it hasn't yet been reduced to 0 Endurance) the Troll now gets to hack back at you. It rolls a 6 on two Dice - equal to its Fighting Prowess, so good enough to hit you (though only just!). For its damage Die roll it scores a 1; but because you have an Armour Rating of 2 this means that you lose no Endurance. The Troll's claws hit you, but scrape harmlessly off your studded leather jerkin. The battle rages on for another Round . . .

Two other factors need to be considered. If you *defend*, then your opponent must roll equal to or under his Fighting Prowess on *three* Dice in order to hit you. You do not get to strike a blow yourself in the Round you are *defending*.

The other point concerns the *move* option. If you have a high Awareness and can *move* away from an opponent before he gets his/her action for that Round, all well and good. If you try to *move* away from an opponent who has already attacked you

earlier in the Round, however, then he/she immediately gets a second strike at you - *and this is an automatic hit*. For this reason, it is usually best to dispose of one opponent before you *move* to engage another.

ARMOUR

You will start your adventure with a suit of armour. This gives an *Armour Rating* of 3 if you are a Warrior, or of 2 if you belong to one of the other adventuring types.

Your armour protects you in combat by absorbing its Armour Rating from any damage you would otherwise take. For instance, if a monster rolls two Dice+1 for damage and gets a total of 13, that is the number of Endurance points you would lose if you were unarmoured. If you are wearing armour with an Armour Rating of 2, you would take only 11 (ie, 13 minus 2) points of damage.

You *cannot* wear two suits of armour in combination. Thus, if you were to lose your armour and later come across two breastplates of Armour Rating 1, say, then you could put on one breastplate -but you could *not* put on both and claim a total Armour Rating of 2.

WEAPONS

If you lose your weapon, you must reduce your Fighting Prowess and damage Dice rolls by 2 until you find a replacement. An 8th rank Warrior normally has a Fighting Prowess of 9 and rolls three Dice+1 for damage when he/she hits an opponent. If he were to lose his sword and be forced to fight barehanded, he would have a Fighting Prowess of 7, and three Dice—1 for damage rolls.

SPECIAL CHARACTER OPTIONS

With only one player, the adventure works just like a standard gamebook. With parties of two or more players, one player is the 'reader', and he/she reads aloud the sections from the book as the adventure progresses.

Sometimes there will be the option for a character of a given class to act. Eg: 'If there is a Trickster in the party, turn to ...' If such an option is taken, *only* the player concerned looks at the appropriate section. He/she will usually read out the section to the other players, but sometimes part of a 'restricted' section will be set in *[bracketed italics]*. This means that the player can if he wishes keep that part of the information to himself. For instance, there might be the option for a Sage to read an ancient piece of parchment. The book passes to the Sage player, who reads in his 'restricted' section:

'(SAGE) You decipher the faded runes on the parchment. *[It tells you that the Egg of the Roc lies beyond the jewelled trapdoor.]* Turn to **559**.'

The player must tell his/her companions that he is reading the parchment, but he is not obliged to tell them what it says.

In a situation where two or more players are both given the chance for individual action (say, the Sage could speak to a jinni or the Trickster could shoot it with an arrow), the players roll Dice and the highest score decides who acts.

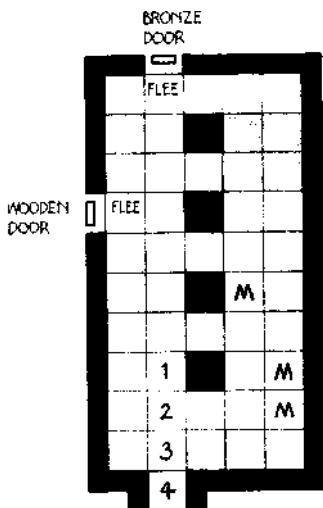
ENCOUNTERS

At all times players must specify their battle order. The best way is to prepare two, three or four card

counters labelled 'first player', 'second player', etc, each player then holds the counter referring to him/her. Battle order may be changed (ie, the counters exchanged) any time except when in combat.

Obviously, battle order makes no difference when only one person is playing (he/she *must* be the 'first player'), but in parties of two or more it may be crucial. Generally (but *not* always!) the 'first player', being at the front, will be the one to get hit by surprise attacks and so on. If players cannot agree on a battle order then they must adopt the following standard arrangement: first Warrior, then Sage, then Enchanter, then Trickster.

Encounters (fights, that is) are almost always played out on a tactical display of the room, corridor or what-have-you. An example is shown here:

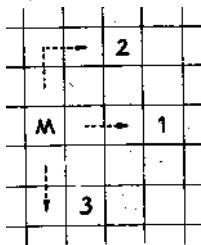


who the nearest adventurer is, count the number of squares the monster would have to pass through

The numbers on this tactical map show where the adventurers are standing when the combat starts. The Ms refer to the monsters' starting locations.

It is only possible to *fight* a monster in an adjacent square (NOT across a diagonal), and it is not possible to *move* onto a square already occupied by a monster or another player. You cannot *move* where there are no squares - nor on to a blacked-out square, which represents an obstacle such as (in the map above) a pillar or a large statue. Shaded squares can be *moved* through by monsters but not by players. (Eg, in the map above, the shaded squares indicate a bed of coals which the monsters are immune to.)

Unless otherwise stated, a monster will always *move* to attack the nearest adventurer. To find out (using straight-line moves, not diagonals) to reach a position where it could *fight*. In the diagram below, Adventurer 1 is closer to the monster than Adventurer 2 and the same distance as Adventurer 3. (If several adventurers are equidistant from the monster, roll Dice to see which it goes for - the lowest roll is the unfortunate target of its attention! A similar roll must also be made when a monster is adjacent to more than one adventurer, to see which of them it will *fight*.)



Before starting the adventure, prepare a few card counters to represent adventurers and monsters.

You don't need many, as you will rarely encounter more than three or four monsters at a time.

Always make a note of a monster's remaining Endurance if *you flee* from it. Monsters sometimes give chase, and if they catch up with you then you'll need to know how many wounds you've already inflicted.

ENCUMBRANCE

There is a limit to how much you can carry. As shown on the Character Sheets, you can usually have *ten* items at a time. If you are fully encumbered and find another item you want, you must discard one of the items you're already carrying (or give it to another player) in order to make space for it in your backpack.

Two special points need to be made. A quiver (available to Sages and Tricksters) will hold up to six arrows. The quiver counts as one item for encumbrance purposes *regardless* of the number of arrows it contains. That is, if you have a quiver containing six arrows then it still only counts as 'one item' and not as 'seven items'.

Your money pouch counts as one item, too. As with the quiver, the contents are not relevant. The money pouch will hold a maximum of 100 coins (of any type), but whether it is full or empty it only counts as 'one item'.

MAGIC

Magic is the special province of Enchanters and (to a much lesser extent) Sages. The way in which magic functions for these classes is fully set out in their special sections, but there is one thing that *every* adventurer must know about magic.

There are two types of magic. *Blasting* spells simply inflict damage when they are cast, and if you happen to be the target there is not much you can do about it! You deduct the damage the spell does (less your Armour Rating) from your Endurance score. The other sort of spells are *Psychic* spells, and these you can try to resist. To resist a Psychic spell you must roll equal to or less than your Psychic Ability score on two Dice. If you make this roll, the spell fails to work against you

You will always be told whether a spell is of the Psychic or Blasting variety.

EXPERIENCE POINTS

Experience points are a measure of a character's skill and power. If you complete *Doomwalk* successfully, you will be awarded a number of *experience points* to be divided amongst all surviving characters. At the same time, you add up any special bonus awards (or penalties) you were given during the adventure. The total *experience points* a character accumulates will enable him to rise in rank.

The overall *experience points* needed for each rank are set out below.

<i>rank</i>	<i>experience points</i>
1st	less than 250
2nd	250-499
3rd	500-749
4th	750-999
5th	1000-1249
6th	1250-1499
7th	1500-1749
8th	1750-1999
9th	2000-2249

10th	2250-2499
11th	2500-2749
12th	2750-2999
13th	3000-3249
14th	3250-3499
15th	3500-3749
16th	3750-3999
17th	4000-4249
18th	4250-4499
19th	4500-4999
20th	5000

There is no rank above the 20th.

You start the adventure with the base level *experience points* required for your rank - 1000 if you are 5th rank, 1500 if you're 7th, etc. If you survive this adventure with a single (10th rank) character and receive an award of 1000 *experience points*, for example, then you will advance to 14th rank. If you had got the same award as a party of four 5th rank characters, each character would advance to 6th rank.

After successfully completing the adventure and totting up your *experience points*, keep the Character Sheet. Characters who emerge alive from Sheol are eligible for the last adventure in the series.

GETTING KILLED

If you are playing the adventure solo and your character gets killed (reduced to zero Endurance), you do the same thing you would with any other gamebook - get a new character and start again at the beginning. But what if you're playing as a team and one person gets killed?

The other players go on with the adventure, of course. Their party is now at reduced strength because of the loss of a character, but they still have a chance to win through. The player whose character was killed does not have to sit on the sidelines, however - *he now gets to roll the Dice for the monsters.* He can also change a monster's strategy if he wishes. (Though he cannot invent powers for it that are not listed in the description!) Getting 'killed' can thus be quite fun . . . you lose your character, but at least you get to give your former companions a hard time!

THE SOLO-TEAM OPTION

Normally the number of characters in the part will be equal to the number of players, the idea being that most people will have their hands full just running one adventurer with all his various special skills.

However, once you have gained some experience with the BLOOD SWORD system, you may like to try using the Solo Team Option. Under this alternative system one reader takes, not a single character, but an entire team of four characters. In other words, it is just the same as if there were four players, but all the characters are run by the same person. (They are still just 3rd rank, of course - you can't take a team of four 12th rank superheroes!)

SPECIAL SECTIONS

The following sections contain the detailed rules for each adventuring type. You should ideally read only the section that applies to your character - though, of course, if you are using the Solo Team Option

(see above) then you will need to know the powers of several different character types.

For convenience during play (ie, so that you don't need to keep flipping back here!) please feel free to make photocopies of these special sections and Character Sheets.

THE WARRIOR

You are the master of the fighting arts. You have better Fighting Prowess than any other adventuring type at the same rank, and when you strike a blow you inflict more damage. You also have chainmail armour which provides an Armour Rating of 3 - better than the armour available to other characters.

These advantages give you a real edge in any fight, but you do not get things all your own way. You have none of the other characters' special skills - the Sage's ESP, for instance, or the Trickster's low devious cunning. Also, because you are of noble birth and follow the honourable traditions of your ancestors, you must be careful to stay true to the Code of Chivalry. You may take an *experience point* penalty if you behave in a dishonourable, cowardly or uncouth manner.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 12	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 18	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 24	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 7

5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 36	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 42	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 48	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 54	Damage 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 60	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 66	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 72	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 78	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 84	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 8

15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 96	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 8
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 102	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 108	Damage: 6 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 114	Damage: 7 Dice Awareness: 8
20th rank	Fighting Prowess: 11 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 120	Damage: 7 Dice+1 Awareness: 9

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Three, you already know what equipment you have.


If you are taking a new character, you begin with three items which you should now note down. These are:

- SWORD
- CHAINMAIL ARMOUR (Armour Rating 3)
- MONEY POUCH

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 5th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 7th rank, 70

gold pieces if you're 10th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you are 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes.

CHARACTER SHEET	
NAME _____	CLASS _____
FIGHTING PROWESS <input type="checkbox"/>	ENDURANCE
PSYCHIC ABILITY <input type="checkbox"/>	
AWARENESS <input type="checkbox"/>	
DAMAGE/ATTACK _____	
ITEMS CARRIED [MAX 10]	
CODEWORDS AND NOTES	



THE TRICKSTER

Some Adventurers are honest, chivalrous and honourable. Not you. You are basically a rogue - a likeable rogue, perhaps, but a rogue nonetheless. You live by your wits. If you can win a fight by trickery or by shooting someone in the back, you will. Cunning is your main weapon.

But when you *have* to face someone in a straight fight, you are no pushover. After the Warrior, you are perhaps the best fighter in any party.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 12	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 8
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 6 Endurance: 18	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 8
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 24	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 8
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 8
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 36	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 42	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 48	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 9

9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 54	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 60	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 66	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 9
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 72	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 78	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 84	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 10
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 10
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 96	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 10
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 102	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 10
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 108	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 10

19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9	Damage: 6 Dice+2
	Psychic Ability: 9	Awareness: 10
	Endurance: 114	
20th rank	Fighting Prowess: 10	Damage: 7 Dice
	Psychic Ability: 10	Awareness: 11
	Endurance: 120	

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Three, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with five items which you should now note down. These are:

- SWORD
- STUDED LEATHER ARMOUR
(Armour Rating 2)
- MONEY POUCH
- BOW
- QUIVER

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 5th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 7th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 10th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes. The quiver contains six arrows at the start of the adventure. Cross these off as you use them.

Two special rules apply to you:

Dodging technique

You are very adept at evading attacks. When an opponent makes a *fight* roll against you, he (or it) must roll 2 Dice+1 instead of the usual two Dice.

Archery

As long as you have your bow and arrows, you can use the *shoot* option in combat. You do not have to be in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to *shoot*. A *shoot* roll is just like a *fight* roll - that is, to hit you must roll equal to or less than your Fighting Prowess on two Dice.

Regardless of your rank, arrows inflict only one Die Endurance damage (less Armour Rating) on the target.



CHARACTER SHEET

NAME _____

CLASS _____

FIGHTING PROWESS
PSYCHIC ABILITY
AWARENESS

ENDURANCE

DAMAGE/ATTACK _____

ITEMS CARRIED (MAX 10)

CODEWORDS AND NOTES



THE SAGE

Your upbringing has been in the spartan Monastery of Illumination on the barren island of Kaxos. There you studied the Mystic Way - a series of demanding psionic disciplines and rigorous physical training.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 10	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 7 Endurance: 15	Damage: 1 Die+1 Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 20	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 7
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 25	Damage: 2 Dice Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 30	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 35	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 40	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 45	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7

10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 50	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 55	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 7
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 60	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 65	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 70	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 8
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 75	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 80	Damage: 5 Dice+2 Awareness: 9
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 85	Damage: 6 Dice Awareness: 9
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 90	Damage: 6 Dice+1 Awareness: 9
19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 95	Damage: 6 Dice+2 Awareness: 9

20th rank Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage: 7 Dice
 Psychic Ability: 10 Awareness: 10
 Endurance: 100

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Three, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with five items which you should now note down. These are:

- QUARTERSTAFF
- RINGMAIL ARMOUR (Armour Rating 2)
- MONEypoUCH
- BOW
- QUIVER

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 5th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 7th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 10th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes. The quiver contains six arrows at the start of the adventure. Cross these off as you use them.

Several special rules apply to you:

Archery

As long as you have your bow and arrows, you can use the *shoot* option in combat. You do not have to be in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to *shoot*. A *shoot* roll is just like a *fight* roll - that is, to hit you must roll equal to or less than your Fighting Prowess on two Dice.

Regardless of your rank, arrows inflict only one Die Endurance damage (less Armour Rating) on the target.

Quarterstaff technique

Your expertise in quarterstaff fighting includes a knowledge of critical nerve points. When attacking with the staff, you can elect to make *your fight* roll on three Dice instead of two. This is obviously more difficult, but it means that if you *do* hit you inflict one extra Die's worth of Endurance damage and knock your foe off balance, causing him to take his action at the end of the following Round (ie, as if he had an Awareness score of 1).

An example: Bede is a 12th rank Sage. Striking at a foe with his quarterstaff, he decides to go for a nerve point. This means he needs to roll 8 or less on three Dice. He scores a 4, so he hits and (because he was using his quarterstaff technique) he inflicts 5 Dice + 1 damage on his opponent.

Healing

You can use this psionic ability at any time except during a combat. When you attempt to Heal, you decide how many points of Endurance you are going to use. You deduct these from your Endurance, then roll 1 Die -2 and multiply this by the number of points you expended. The result is the Healing energy (in the form of Endurance points) that you are able to draw from the Cosmic Flux. These points may be distributed as you wish among the players (including yourself). No player can increase his or her Endurance above its initial score, of course.

An example will show how this works. Alfric is a Sage who decides to expend 5 Endurance in a Healing attempt. He thus rolls 5 x(one Die-2) - rolling '4' on the Die, say, and thus getting a total of 10 Endurance points. He could restore his own Endurance to what it was before he tried the

Healing, and this would still leave him with 5 points to distribute to himself or his companions as he wishes.

Negative results on the one Die-2 roll are counted as zero, as mentioned earlier. Your power of Healing is always a gamble, though, because you might roll 1 or 2 on the Die and thus get back no points from the Cosmic Flux.

Other psionic powers

Your other psionic powers will be explained in situations where you might need them. They include

ESP (the ability to detect thoughts)

Paranormal Sight (the ability to see through soft materials such as curtains, fog or water- though not stone or metal)

Levitation (the ability to negate the force of gravity on your body, allowing you to rise vertically into the air)

Exorcism (the ability to dispel ghosts and other wraiths by stifling the paranormal energies that sustain them).

THE ENCHANTER

Forget the mundane arts of swordplay. You can use a sword if you have to, but your true forte is in the manipulation of occult powers of Sorcery.

Your attributes at various ranks are these:

2nd rank	Fighting Prowess: 6 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 10	Damage: 1 Die-1 Awareness: 6
3rd rank	Fighting Prowess: 6 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 15	Damage: 1 Die Awareness: 6
4th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 20	Damage: 1 Die-1-1 Awareness: 6
5th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 25	Damage: 1 Die+2 Awareness: 7
6th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 30	Damage: 1 Die+3 Awareness: 7
7th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 8 Endurance: 35	Damage: 2 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
8th rank	Fighting Prowess: 7 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 40	Damage: 2 Dice+2 Awareness: 7
9th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 45	Damage: 2 Dice+3 Awareness: 7

10th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 50	Damage: 3 Dice Awareness: 7
11th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 55	Damage: 3 Dice+1 Awareness: 7
12th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 60	Damage: 3 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
13th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 9 Endurance: 65	Damage: 3 Dice+3 Awareness: 8
14th rank	Fighting Prowess: 8 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 70	Damage: 4 Dice Awareness: 8
15th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 75	Damage: 4 Dice+1 Awareness: 8
16th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 80	Damage: 4 Dice+2 Awareness: 8
17th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 85	Damage: 4 Dice+3 Awareness: 8
18th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 90	Damage: 5 Dice Awareness: 9
19th rank	Fighting Prowess: 9 Psychic Ability: 10 Endurance: 95	Damage: 5 Dice+1 Awareness: 9

20th rank Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage: 5Dice+2
 Psychic Ability: 11 Awareness: 9
 Endurance: 100

Fill in your rank and attributes on a Character Sheet.

If you are playing with a character from Book Three, you already know what equipment you have.

If you are taking a new character, you begin with three items which you should now note down. These are:

- SWORD
- SILVER ARMOUR (Armour Rating 2)
- MONEY POUCH

The money pouch contains 35 gold pieces if you're 5th rank, 45 gold pieces if you're 7th rank, 70 gold pieces if you're 10th rank, and 140 gold pieces if you're 20th rank. Regardless of its contents, the pouch still counts as *one item* for encumbrance purposes.

Your special skills are more involved than those available to any other character because you have a host of useful and deadly spells at your command. The procedure for spellcasting is quite involved, so read the following stages carefully.

1 Before you can cast a spell, you must call it to mind. If done during a combat, this takes one Round. You can call spells to mind at any time - and keep them in mind without effort- so you may wish to have a few ready before encountering an enemy. (Rather like having a cocked and loaded crossbow.)

However, each spell that you have in mind temporarily reduces your Psychic Ability by 1 until it is

cast. If you keep several spells in mind at all times, you will therefore be adventuring with quite a low current Psychic Ability, and this makes you vulnerable to psychic attacks.

2 The attempt to cast a spell takes one Round. It does not happen automatically. In order to cast a spell successfully, you must roll equal to or less than your Psychic Ability on two Dice. You must *add* the Complexity Level of the spell to the Dice roll. If you fail to cast it, you can try again the next Round; this time the roll is easier, as you *subtract* 1 from the two-Dice-plus-Complexity roll. If you fail again, you subtract 2 from your roll on the next Round. If the spellcasting process is interrupted (eg, you take a Round out to *dodge* or *fight*) then you have to go back to stage one.

An example will show how this works. Ragnarok is an Enchanter with a Psychic Ability of 9. He has called two spells into mind in case of trouble, so he currently has a reduced Psychic Ability score of 7. In an encounter with three Hobgoblins, he decides to use his *Sheet Lightning* spell. This is a Complexity Level Four spell, so the first Round he tries to *cast* it he must roll 7 or less on 2 Dice+4. He fails this difficult roll but continues trying on the next Round, this time making 2 Dice+3. He fails again, so on the third Round he needs to make his roll of 7 or less on 2 Dice+2. This time he succeeds, and a crackling bolt scatters the Hobgoblins. If Ragnarok had stopped trying to *cast* the spell in order to *fight*, and then started trying again the Round after that, he would have had to start with a 2 Dice+4 roll again.

All your spells except for *Ghastly Touch* are 'ranged' - that is to say, you do not have to be in an adjacent square to your opponent in order to cast the spell at him.

The combat spells available to you are as follows:

Volcano Spray Complexity Level One

Causes *all* enemies in the vicinity to lose 1 Die Endurance. This is a Blasting spell, so it cannot be resisted. The enemies' Armour Rating (if any) is deducted from the damage Die roll.

Nighthowl Complexity Level One

A Psychic spell which affects a single opponent. If the opponent fails to resist, he/she/it must make *fight* or *shoot* rolls using one Die more than usual (that is, on three Dice rather than two Dice) for the next four Rounds.

White Fire Complexity Level One

This Blasting spell strikes one opponent, causing the loss of 2 Dice+2 Endurance (less Armour Rating).

Swordthrust Complexity Level Two

A Blasting spell affecting one enemy, who loses 3 Dice+3 Endurance. Armour reduces the damage in the usual way.

Eye of the Tiger Complexity Level Two

When this spell is cast, you can *either* add +2 to your Fighting Prowess and damage rolls *or* add +1 to the Fighting Prowess and damage rolls of everyone in the party including yourself. This lasts for four Rounds of combat.

Immediate Deliverance Complexity Level Two

Used during a combat from which you wish *to flee*, this spell teleports everyone in the party to the exit (if there is one). You are then ready to beat a retreat in the next Round.

Mists of Death Complexity Level Three
All enemies in the vicinity lose 2 Dice Endurance if they fail to resist this Psychic spell. Armour gives no protection.

The Vampire Spell Complexity Level Three
This Psychic spell can be directed against a single foe, who loses 4 Dice Endurance if he fails to resist it. Some of the vital energy he loses is channelled into you: your own Endurance is *increased* by half the amount he loses (rounded down). Of course, your Endurance still cannot exceed its initial score.

Sheet Lightning Complexity Level Four
A powerful Blasting spell that inflicts 2 Dice+2 damage to all opponents in the vicinity. Armour protects from this as usual.

Ghastly Touch Complexity Level Four
This is the *only* spell that requires you to be in an adjacent square to your intended victim. It is a Psychic spell that affects one opponent, who loses 7 Dice Endurance if he fails to resist it - and 2 Dice even if he *does* resist it. Armour gives no protection.

Nemesis Bolt Complexity Level Five
This highly focused bolt of energy strikes one foe, who loses 7 Dice+7 Endurance. It is a Blasting spell, so armour will reduce the damage.

Servile Enthralment Complexity Level Five
This Psychic spell affects one enemy. If not resisted, it brings the enemy under your control. He (or she, or it) simply stops moving and in non-combat situations may respond to your questions. If you

order an Enthralled foe to fight for you (ie, against his own former companions), you must roll one Die: on a 6 he recovers his wits and attacks you. Enthralment lasts long enough for you to slay the enemy, so it effectively functions as an 'instant kill' spell.

You also have a number of non-combat spells. These include *Summon Faltyn*, which calls a sly, faerie creature to serve you for a time; *Prediction*, which grants a glimpse into possible futures; and *Detect Enchantment*, which informs you when magic is operating nearby. There is no need to make Dice rolls to cast such spells because it will not usually matter whether it takes several attempts to get them to work.



CHARACTER SHEET

NAME _____

CLASS _____

FIGHTING PROWESS
PSYCHIC ABILITY
AWARENESS

ENDURANCE

DAMAGE/ATTACK _____

ITEMS CARRIED [MAX 10]

CODEWORDS AND NOTES



THE STORY SO FAR

Your life of carefree adventuring was changed forever when you met an old harpist in the hills of Krarth. As he lay dying after a murderous attack, he told you of the five entities known as the True Magi and their plans to return to the world at the end of the millennium. He made you swear to take on his quest to recover the fragments of the Sword of Life - the Blood Sword - as it is only by restoring this ancient weapon that the Magi can be opposed.

Just as the Magi's agents had slain the harpist, now they directed their malice against you. Battling against terrible odds, you finally succeeded in restoring the Blood Sword - only to have it stolen from you at the moment of his descent into Sheol by your arch-enemy Icon of Yamato.

Only two years remain before the year 1000, when the Magi's power will have waxed full and the moment of their reincarnation will be at hand. Fatima, a sorceress whom you befriended, tells you that all is not lost; you can still retrieve the Blood Sword.

But to do so you must travel to the land of Death...



1

Fatima leads you through the garden to a pavilion where silk-clad servants provide you with food and drink. For a short while you are able to relax, listening to the songbirds in the trees. The sun rises higher, scorching the dew from the grass and raising a sultry fragrance from Fatima's exotic flowers.

But even in this idyllic setting, you cannot forget the urgency of your quest. When you speak of this to your hostess, she sends the servants to fetch new equipment for you. Any player who needs new arrows, weapons or armour can re-equip from the selection she provides.

'I have another gift for you,' she says, lifting a jar of scented oil. This is an ointment of healing - a magical preparation that soothes and cures the pains of battle.'

If any player is wounded, Fatima rubs some of the oil into his or her wounds which then miraculously disappear. All players can restore their Endurance scores to maximum.

There is enough oil left in the jar for ten applications, and each application will heal two Dice of Endurance. Note down on your Character Sheet that you have the jar.

'And now,' Fatima says, rising to her feet, 'it is time for you to depart.'

Turn to **127**.

2

(WARRIOR) If you are down to half your normal Endurance score or less, turn to **372**. If you still have more than half your normal Endurance, turn to **159**.

3

The gold amulet that the Bat presumably found in the tower is an *ankh*: a T-shaped cross with a circle at the top, commonly worn as a talisman in Kaikuhuran times. If any player wishes to put this on - either now or later - you should make a note of the entry you're reading at the time and then turn to 25. (If you aren't going to see what it does right now, note 'gold *ankh-cross*; see **25** for effects' on your Character Sheet.)

Their treasure chest has fallen open and you now discover that it contains a cache of enchanted items:

A suit of magical silver plate with an Armour Rating of 5; an Enchanter could wear this and still cast spells.

Two suits of magical chainmail, each with an Armour Rating of 4.

A suit of magical studded leather with an Armour Rating of 3; this will not impede an Enchanter's spellcasting.

Two magical axes; these give no bonus to Fighting Prowess, but score an additional one Die of damage when they hit.

A magic bow; arrows shot from this inflict 1 Die+4 damage.

There are also five thousand gold coins. 'Ah, we are rich,' remarks the Traveller ironically as he sees you looking at these. Once you have taken your pick of the hoard, he says: 'Too much time has been wasted already. Now we must hurry.'

Turn to **515**.

4

Before reading on, is there any one point that has made you suspicious about Sheol or people whom you've met there? Think about this (consult with

your fellow players if you aren't adventuring solo) and write down one thing that you are suspicious about.

After doing that, turn to **556**.

5

(TRICKSTER) A mistake. Tobias is too proud to accept having been taken in. He scowls at you as you try to explain that you were only trying to con him. 'Do you take me for a fool?' he says darkly. 'I see the truth only too clearly. You thought to enlist my aid in bringing the Antichrist here to the mainland. You are a Satanist yourself! Guards!'

Turn to **550**.

6

The creatures' bodies crumble like damp mud, releasing a hideous charnel stench into the air. It does not deter the villagers, who are crowding forward to thank you. At last their voices and manner seem to acquire a spark of vitality. Several of them even smile.

'You see?' you say to the Traveller. 'By intervening we have given them the gift of hope.'

Hope is the worst of all the ills that escaped from Pandora's jar,' he replies. 'It makes the inevitability of all other evils a thousand times harder to bear. No - it was for your own benefit that you did this, not theirs. Now come. We must hurry.'

Pressing through the throng of rejoicing villagers, you follow the Traveller's determined stride.

If you have the codeword TABULA, turn to **467**. If not, turn to **428**.

7

You visit a ships' chandler's with a view to selling one or two things to raise some cash. He casts a critical eye over the items you have to offer. After a

while he picks up a slate and jots down the sums he is willing to pay:

Enchanted armour	200 gold pieces
Enchanted weapon	100 gold pieces
Sword of Crescentium steel	8 gold pieces
Ordinary sword	5 gold pieces
Armour of chainmail or plate	15 gold pieces
Ringmail armour	8 gold pieces
Leather armour	5 gold pieces
Silver armour	12 gold pieces
Bow	4 gold pieces
Magical Orb	40 gold pieces
The Ruby Brooch of Iblis	32 gold pieces
Healing salve (per application)	10 gold pieces

After you have sold him whatever you wish to sell, you can either take a look at the rest of his stock in case you need to make some purchases for your voyage (turn to **136**) or you can leave (turn to **474**).

8

You thrust the eye-jewels into their pouch. Once they are out of sight, their sinister hold over you is broken. Puldro is strutting to and fro between the cavorting sailors, trying to bring them to their senses by the sheer volume of his profanity. 'God gnaw your bones, Tormold,' he is yelling at the boatswain. 'This foolishness would drive the Holy Mother herself into a spitting frenzy. Come to your wits, man! There's no banquet or music here - it's but a barren isle.'

If you think it would be best to go back to the ship now the sun has set, turn to **75**. If you would rather explore the island, turn to **77**.

9

Puldro suddenly stops talking. When you look to see why, it is because there is now a dog's tail protruding between his lips in place of his tongue!

'A tongue that wags so freely should look the part,' says Circe, framing each word on her lips as though it were a lover's kiss. In the same way, I transformed Ulixes' men into pigs when their behaviour warranted it.'

'And later freed them,' you point out.

She laughs a musical and malicious laugh. 'Because Ulixes asked me to. Do you imagine that one of you is the equal of Ulixes, who was never overcome by any threat? If so, it is time to disabuse you of this conceit.'

Turn to **343**.

10

With a ferocious roar, Thangbrand swings his sword at you.

Thangbrand

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 4 Dice

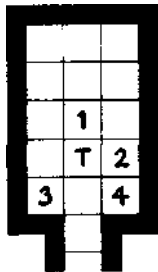
Psychic Ability: 7

Awareness: 1

Armour Rating: 2

Endurance: 48

If you *flee* up on to the deck, turn to **553**. If you win, turn to **181** if the Trickster is still alive; but to **444** if he or she is killed in the fight.



FLEE

11

He gives a snarl of pain. This one is the real Icon and the others are magical *kage*, or doppelgangers.

Turn to **349**.

12

At sunset you catch sight of another ship. 'By the Saviour's wounds,' mutters Silthor. 'The sea these days is a veritable thoroughfare, as full of traffic as the market avenues of Ferromaine. What will we find on this vessel, I wonder - or should we steer well clear of her?'

You do not answer, as she is now near enough for your eyes to pick out the details. She is a splendid longship with glistening gold shields along her sides. The figurehead is in the form of a buxom mermaid, carved of reddish-brown wood and lacquered in red gold. And on the white sail there is a symbol: the Angate character EN. The sigil of Entasius the magician.

Suddenly you are aware that Silthor is waiting for an answer to his question. 'Go alongside,' you tell him.

Turn to **334**.

13

The Enchanter can work no magic while bound in iron chains. The Warrior steps over and takes hold of the links, straining against them with all the strength and determination that come from a lifetime of hard-fought battles. And, slowly but surely, the metal begins to give . . .

The Warrior should roll two Dice, adding 1 to the score if he or she is of 7th-9th rank and adding 2 to the score if of 10th rank or higher. If the total comes to 6 or less, turn to **413**. If it comes to 7 or more, turn to **249**.

14

He falls into step beside you as you pass. 'The Shrine,' he tells you, 'is a place where one can summon any soul that now resides in Sheol. Perhaps you wish to locate a lost comrade, or someone who can aid you in your quest? The Shrine of Summoning is the place to do it.'

Turn to **222**.

15

(TRICKSTER) You have a sudden inspiration. Taking up the harp, you strum a light and joyous tune and begin to sing:

*'Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
On every blossomed branch a bird now sings.
The sun pours down his warmth all the day long.
Bees gather pollen; and I, I sing my song . . .'*

The wights inside the burial mounds hear you. Their dead voices are raised for a moment in a plaintive wail. Affrighted by the image of sunny days evoked by your song, they do not emerge. You pass safely by.

Turn to **111**.

16

God's wounds! These monsters can speak - !

'It's been a long time since we added to our hoard, old friend,' says the Horned Bat, gazing wistfully at the treasure chest.

'Yes, comrade,' agrees the Bearded Dog. 'Travelers rarely come from the mortal world now that the Age of Heroes has passed, and souls do not as a rule carry treasure with them.'

'It is a sad thing,' says the Horned Bat, shaking its wings. 'I often think of our treasure chest as though

it were a favourite son. When it remains unopened for so long, I imagine its sorrow and that sorrow becomes my own.'

'I agree utterly! As usual your words are *wise*, and show a depth of sensitivity which is not often encountered in this heartless world.'

The Bat nods. 'Ah, you are too kind, my dear friend. Without your companionship, my existence here would be an intolerable drudge.'

If you step out of the bushes, turn to **146**. If you sneak away and investigate the tower (assuming you have not been there already), turn to **475**. If you return to the river and follow it upstream, turn to **515**.

17

(ENCHANTER) Which spell do you want to use? Summon Faltyn? (turn to **51**); Nemesis Bolt? (turn to **99**); Servile Enthralment? (turn to **138**); or The Vampire Spell? (turn to **266**).

18

(TRICKSTER) You dress yourself in Trancier's clothes and quickly improvise make-up that will let you pass for him at a casual glance. Racing back to the deck, you leap across to the *Persephone*. The sight of such great wealth restored Thangbrand's wits,' you say. Your thespian skills enable you to capture Trancier's accent and manner perfectly. 'Wanting it all for himself, he slew the stranger - but he was no match for me.'

'Shall we fetch the treasure, cap'n?' asks one of the men. He is peering at you in the dusk, but you make towards the companionway before he notices anything amiss.

'Er . . . no,' you call back. 'It was all just fakes. St

Audrey's baubles and the like. Glass and paste. Such irony!' You give a wry laugh. 'Now, get her under way. We're heading north to see if we can't find this sorcerer Entasius.'

If there are any other players, you can order them brought aboard.

Turn to **67**.

19

There is another door in the right-hand wall of the passage.

If the Sage is here and wants to look through it with Paranormal Sight, he or she should turn to **453**. If not, you can try the door (turn to **107**) or go along to the end of the passage (turn to **385**).

20

Note the codeword FLAG on your Character Sheet(s).

Lokven shows you where you will sleep - a cramped corner of the crew's quarters under the fo'c'sle. 'Notice this pail,' he says. 'Please use it if you are affected by nausea.'

You hardly hear him as you are staring with disgust at a rat crouching under the bunk. The rat stares back unperturbed. 'Is there not a ship's cat?' You ask, him.

There was. Poor Goblin - her throat was torn out by one of those beauties. Ah well. Now then, Captain Silthor asks that you join him in his cabin at sundown. It may be that he intends to discuss your destination, but that is not for me to say.'

If you bought four magic swords from the landlord's brother at the Heart of the Sunrise inn, turn to **302**. If you bought the Torc of Indomitable Will, turn to **294**. If you didn't make either purchase, turn to **170**.

21

Only for a moment, you glance away from Charon to consult with the Traveller. When you turn back to tell him that you will not be crossing, he has faded away like mist.

'It makes no difference which bank of the Styx we proceed along,' says the Traveller. 'The river issues from the Screaming Mountains, and that is where our quest takes us.'

Turn to **515**.

22

You put your own weapon(s) in the rack beside the Traveller's staff. The steward nods, pleased at your ready response. 'It gladdens the heart to meet with wayfarers who respect the etiquette of the hall. Now then, approach the Hammer-King, our lord Angyar; you are assured of welcome.'

Turn to **495**.

23

If you continue checking the references to Entasius, turn to **522**. If you look up information about Sheol, turn to **519**. If you want to find out about Death himself, turn to **429**.

24

You teleport, but as you do there is a wrenching sensation you have never experienced before. Circe had set up a trap spell, primed to go off if you cast Immediate Deliverance. And now you have sprung that trap!

You materialise to find a silver cage around you. It is designed to prevent you teleporting again, and the bars are too thick for you to bend. Circe approaches with lissom, unhurried gait. At her

summons, dozens of toads with human hands and feet scurry from under rocks nearby. They thrust barbed spears into the cage towards you.

'The spears are envenomed,' murmurs Circe, 'so your choice now is between surrender and death.'

If you have an iron bell and want to use it, turn to **498**. If you surrender, turn to **511**. If you refuse to give in, then the toad-creatures prick you with their poisoned weapons and you die painfully, though without disgrace.

25

Before you read on, make sure you know the number of the previous entry, as this entry will not direct you back there.

The *ankh* represents Life - the only source of such power, here in Death's realm. As long as someone wears it, *all* players in the party are under its protection. Any wounds that a player takes are halved in effect, rounding fractions up. So if you would ordinarily lose 17 Endurance points from an attack, the *ankh* reduces this to 9 points.

Now return to the last entry you were reading.

26

You pay a visit to the headquarters of the Guild of Coradian Merchants in order to raise money on your estates in Chaubrette. A coterie of plump-faced financiers scrutinise the title deeds you show them. At first suspicious, they finally acknowledge that you own considerable land, including several manors renowned for the quality of their grape.

'These vineyards in the Amargue Province,' says the oldest of the financiers, pointing to one of your documents. 'I will give you a thousand gold pieces for them.'



'I will give two thousand!' snorts a younger man, snatching the deed. 'Why be robbed by this old varlet?'

'The robber's age makes no difference,' you sigh. 'Even two thousand gold pieces is a fraction of their true worth. Still, the need is great . . .'

You take the money in the form of a bag of fifty jewels each worth forty gold pieces. This counts as one item of encumbrance. As you leave the Guildhouse you notice a ship's chandlers nearby.

If you want to go in and make some purchases, turn to **136**. If not, turn to **115**.

27

(REMAINING PLAYERS) Your comrade(s), bewitched by the magic of the Orb, suddenly step off the side of the cliff! You watch them fall to be impaled horribly on the sharp rocks below. You can still see the eyes of your dead comrade(s), open and staring as if gazing on a vista invisible to mortal gaze. The realm of Death. You shudder and draw your robes about you more tightly, for the evening breeze is cold.

Turn to **273**.

28

If you have not yet retrieved the Blood Sword then you find it among Icon's belongings. You can find out its power at any time - now or later - by turning to **194**. You will first have to note the number of the entry you're reading, though, as **194** will not direct you back there.

Now turn to **493**.

29

One of the sailors produces a wooden flute, but

instead of a lively sea shanty to cheer your spirits he begins to play a mournful dirge. A lank man, sallow of face and with deepset eyes, sings in a hoarse low voice:

*'Fathoms deep the darkness under them,
Long the storm's tongue lashed the sails.
On the sea bed, in coral coffins, lay those
Whose last breath had tasted air
of a time before salvation.'*

The others join in with a dismal chorus as Acherus pushes a rusty cup of gin into your hands:

*'Ancient days, ancient days,
No port, no berth,
Never cold caress of earth,
Lost since ancient days.'*

The scene is altogether too eerie.

Will you drink (turn to **433**)? Or investigate the hold (turn to **247**)?

30

Four of the mounds contain nothing more than a few scraps of hide and some jars of vinegary wine. You can take some of these if you wish. The fifth mound contains something more interesting: under another jar of rancid wine you find a long copper rod. In the sixth mound there is a treasure of possibly still greater value: a mirrored shield, like the one Perseus used against the Gorgon.

You descend into the seventh and last mound in high hopes of finding the best treasure there. You are disappointed. It contains only a decaying box of copper obols - old coins from Emphidian times. You can put some in your money pouch(es) if you wish. They weigh the same as gold coins, though of course they are not worth as much.

Outside again, you pause to investigate the

wights' armour. It is in the style favoured in Ancient Emphidor, yet of magical silver rather than bronze. Any player who wants to wear one of these suits of armour can do so. They give an Armour Rating of 2.

Now you are ready to see where the smouldering hoofprints are taking you.

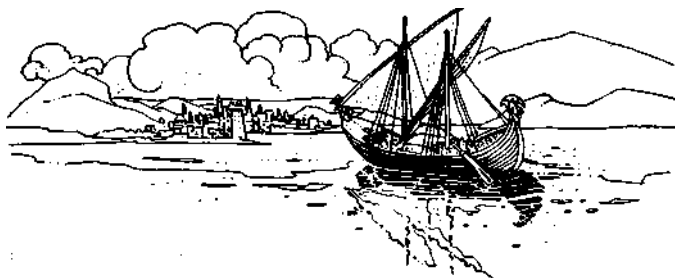
Turn to **111**.

31

'Return a hundred crowns of the money you were given,' you suggest to Silthor. 'You were paid for the whole journey, and now you can go back even though we are not halfway to Entasius' island.'

He puffs his cheeks in a snorting bray of laughter. 'Hah! The money was paid, and there's an end of it. The fact that you now choose to travel aboard another ship has no bearing on our own arrangement.'

If the Enchanter is here and has something to say about this, he or she should turn to **473**. If the Trickster is here and wishes to act, turn to **396**. If you try to force him to give the money back, turn to **255**. If you decide to let the matter rest and just cross to the other ship, turn to **492**.



32

At the top of the stairs, an archway leads off the landing into the room where the green light shines. A black-clad woman stands there, facing away from you into the next room. She is tall and powerful with muscles like bushel baskets. Her hands are bronze claws. In the virescent light the close-cropped hair on her head seems to seethe. Then you realise that it is not hair at all. It is a moving mass of serpents' tongues ...

She hears you and begins to turn.

'A Gorgon!' screams the Traveller. 'Avert your eyes!'

If the player carrying the Sword of Loge is a Warrior, turn to **91**. If not, turn to **108**.

33

The gaoler is terrified, but he fights with a strength born of desperation. He knows that even if you don't kill him, Tobias will.

Gaoler

Fighting Prowess: 7

Damage per blow: 1 Die+1

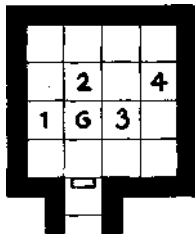
Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 12

If you defeat him, turn to **328**.



34

For the first time you notice that Screebo is not with you. A loud croak draws your gaze to the upper eaves of the hall, where he sits perched like a disreputable old man. Ignoring all your efforts to entice him down, he stays there watching you with his beady eyes.

You will have to leave him there. The wretched bird - to think you have kept him sheltered and fed all these years! Remove him from your Character Sheet and turn to **351**.

35

A fierce wind howls across the moors outside blowing a spray of soil and dead leaves in through the marble portico. You shelter your eyes momentarily. When you look up again, Tobias is staring before you with drawn sword. His face is the colour of chalk. 'You pursue me into the Afterlife?' he says in a voice like flint. 'Now I see why God sent me to this barren plain instead of directly to Paradise. It was so I would get another chance to destroy you.'

He cannot be reasoned with, you must fight.

Tobias

Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage per blow: 5 Dice

Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: 65

Note: Tobias is immune to Servile Enthrallment. He has already cast his Chrysoteuch spell, which surrounds him with a sparkling gold force-field (figured into his Armour Rating given above).

Each Round he will either strike with his sword or prepare/cast a spell. Roll a Die each Round if you need to determine his actions randomly:

- 1-2 Strikes with his sword
- 3-6 Prepares or casts a spell

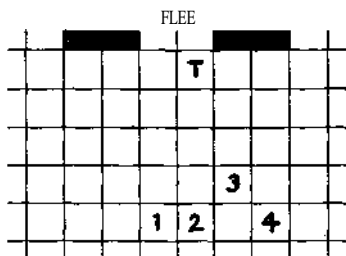
The spells he might use are:

Catachronism (Complexity Level Three) A Psychic spell affecting all enemies in the vicinity. Anyone who fails to resist it has his or her perception of time distorted, and can only act in alternate Rounds. This wears off after six Rounds.

Ceraunisation (Complexity Level Four) A Blasting spell that can be directed at a single foe, causing the loss of 7-42 points of Endurance (roll one Die and multiply the score by seven). Armour protects from this as usual.

If fighting more than one opponent, Tobias' first spell will be *Catachronism* and he will then try to finish the fight with *Ceraunisation* spells and his sword. Against a lone opponent, he forgets about *Catachronism* and just uses *Ceraunisation*.

If you *flee*, turn to **322**. If you defeat him, the body vanishes and you can try summoning someone else - turn to **386**.



36

After a moment of silence, Charon replies: 'The fee is one obol per passenger.'

Obols are antique copper coins. If you have enough of them to pay for each player to cross, turn

to **469**. If you don't have any obols but the Trickster is here, he or she should turn to **244**. Otherwise you must remain on this side of the river - turn to **21**.

37

(TRICKSTER) The only thing you can think of that might frighten a shark is a whale. Fortunately your adventuring-life has taken you to sea more than once, and you have heard whales' song across the Mergeld Sea. Dipping your head into the water, you imitate the sound as best you can.

Roll two Dice and add your rank. If the total is 18 or more, turn to **478**. If it comes to 17 or less, turn to **387**.

38

An old man dressed all in black is standing under your balcony. He looks up and a meaningful glance passes between you. Then he points to a group of suspicious figures standing in the moonlight some distance away. Recognising them as men who were sitting near you in the tap-room earlier, you dodge back out of sight and strain your ears to pick up what they're saying.

'... must have plenty o' chink to hire the Azure Chamber,' whispers one.

'Aye,' murmurs another. 'We can look forward to a good night's takings.'

They all give furtive laughs in the manner of men contemplating great wickedness. You wonder that they haven't spotted the old man who warned you, but when you glance down you cannot see any sign of him.

You retreat into the room and prepare your arms and armour. The thieves burst in a few moments later, having climbed to the balcony with a nimble-

ness born of long experience. They are surprised and alarmed to find you ready for them.

Magsmen

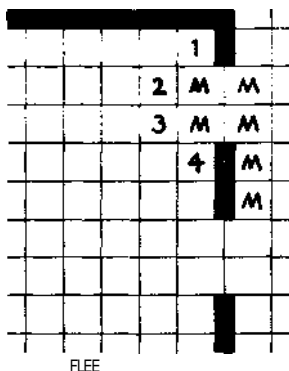
Fighting Prowess: 7 Damage per blow: 1 Die

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	15	<i>fourth</i>	15
	<i>second</i>	15	<i>fifth</i>	15
	<i>third</i>	15	<i>sixth</i>	15

If you *flee* you will have to hide from them in the streets nearby - turn to **119**. If you kill them, turn to **224**.



39

The figurehead watches you with unblinking eyes. Even as the wind drops, the longship's sails unfurl of their own accord to catch a supernatural breeze that you cannot feel. You watch as she puts about and heads to the north, returning to her master. Was it really Entasius who sent her or (as you suspect) another wizard of equal power, intending to trick you? Perhaps a wizard serving the True Magi? No matter - you will get to Entasius' island your own way.

Night falls as the last rivulets of sunlight bleed from the sky. Under the moon's rays, the wreck of the *Annuvin* is transformed into a scene that could have come from a dream.

A dream with a nightmarish element. Low in the eastern sky you see the Plague Star, hanging amid a rack of cloud like a sickly green canker.

Out of the east a carpet of greenish fog rolls towards you across the sea. Except that it moves too fast for fog.

You are engulfed . . .

Turn to **548**.

40

You are about to pass by when he says: 'You must choose your own way, but my offer should not be casually rejected. Sheol is a foul place, most inhospitable to the living. For instance, beyond the River Lethe lies a forest of black iron trees which you must traverse. At the far side is the Gate of Mist which is guarded by the monster Garm. He loves to rend living flesh, but he loves honey-cake still more, and so it is possible to appease him with an offering. I can show you where to find honey-cake - and ways to bypass others of Sheol's terrors.'

You consider. What harm can it do to let him accompany you? You gesture for him to follow. Note the codeword HEOROT on your Character Sheet(s) and turn to **428**.

41

Circe falls under the onslaught of your attacks. Something begins to happen to her body. As you watch, it begins to blacken and spread like a pool of ink. When your attention is fully focused on it, you realise it has become a shadow - the shadow of

someone standing beside you. You look up to find Circe waiting there, with no mark of wounds now on her body.

'Death does not have a lasting claim on such as I,' she says before you can resume the battle. 'But I grant I have been defeated.'

Then surrender,' you say to her. The look in your eyes makes it clear you will slay her again if she does not.

Turn to **283**.

42

(SAGE) Which is the more truly enlightened: the shark, or you? If you think it is the shark, turn to **410**. If you think it is you who better understands enlightenment, turn to **47**.

43

If you are a lone player, turn to **399**. If you are in a team of two or more, decide who will remain here in Sheol and then turn to **124**.

44

(ENCHANTER) You and Circe square off for the duel, mustering your sorcery in a contest to determine who is the greater magician. You can call the Servile Enthralment spell to mind now - preparing more than one if you wish. Remember that each spell you prepare temporarily reduces your Psychic Ability by one point, and this makes you more susceptible to Circe's attacks.

You advance cautiously across the glowing plaza. For more than a minute your eyes are locked but neither of you makes the slightest move. An observer would think you were doing nothing - not realising that each of you is trying to sense the

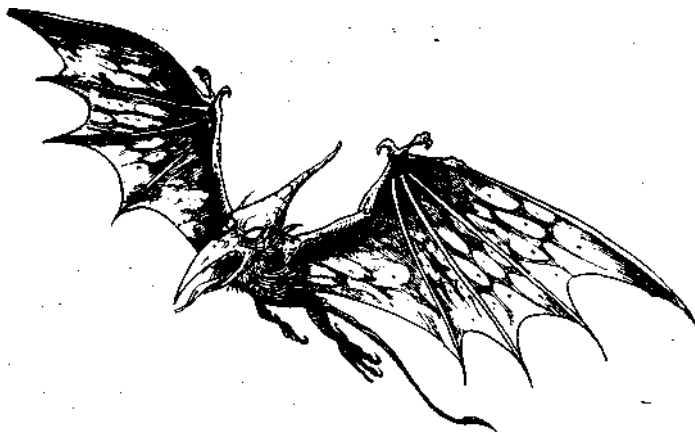
other's aura and get a feel for any psychic weak spot.

Then battle is joined, and coruscating bolts of magical light flare out through the night in answer to your chants and rapid gestures . . .

Circe's Awareness is 7 and her Psychic Ability (given that she has one spell in mind) is currently 10. The spell she is attempting to cast is a Psychic one of Complexity Level Five. Thus she needs a 10 or less on 2 Dice+5 to cast it on the first attempt, 10 or less on 2 Dice+4 to cast it on the second attempt (if the first fails), and so on.

Resolve the combat Round by Round. Once Circe has cast her spell she will, if you are not affected, spend the next Round calling it to mind again and then resume casting.

If you succumb to her magic first, turn to **397**. If you Enthral her, turn to **448**.



45

The smells of salt-spray, hemp and tar fill your nostrils as you walk along the quay looking for a

suitable ship. A young pilgrim who is walking past notices your indecision and comes over to talk to you.

'Good morning,' he says. 'Are you also travelling aboard the *Providence!*'

'No,' you say. 'A pilgrim vessel, is it?'

He nods. 'Aye, bound for Ellesland where we can return to our homes and regale all our families with accounts of the pilgrimage. Ah, what a joyous time it has been for us! How my family will sigh when I tell them the wonders of the Holy Land.'

'The "wonders" of the Holy Land are greed, venality and bloody war,' you reply curtly. 'The captain of this vessel - would he be prepared to divert his course, would you say? To return to Ellesland by way of a certain island close to the Sea of Mists?'

The young man throws up his hands. 'And place all our lives in peril? Of course not!' He crosses himself and hurries away towards the *Providence*.

You look around. There is another ship that might serve your purpose) the *Golden Lance*, a merchant cog.

If you go aboard the *Providence*, turn to **291**. If you try the *Golden Lance*, turn to **486**.

46

Your comrade does not get up again. Angvar turns to you. 'This poor mortal was too frail for such a contest,' he says. 'Unless one of you thinks you can do better, you should now leave.'

The Traveller tries to lead you away, but you first insist on collecting your friend's personal effects from his or her corpse.

If another player wants to take on Angvar, will it be: the Trickster? (turn to **424**); the Sage? (turn to



338); the Enchanter? (turn to **541**); or the Warrior? turn to **202**).

If you take the Traveller's advice and leave, turn to **195**.

47

(SAGE) Everything is One to the shark: hunger, living, food and killing. It is a simple form of the enlightenment you search for every day of your life, but in the shark's simple world it is true enlightenment. You still struggle with meaningless thoughts and comparisons, so the Way continues to elude you. As the boat splits like a nut, you are tossed into the sea. Roll a Die, and on a roll of 1 the shark fails to notice you swimming away; on a roll of 2 or more you are eaten.

If you or any comrades survive, turn to **431**.

48

(ENCHANTER) [*Hardly a simple request, protests the faltyn. 'I will only do it in exchange for some of your own psychic force.'*]

It is asking you for 1 point from your Psychic Ability score. 'A preposterous demand!' you say sharply - lowering your voice again when you notice Tobias giving you a suspicious sidelong glance. 'I am only asking for a simple illusion. A gold piece or two would be nearer the mark.'

[*The faltyn is adamant. 'A fraction of your aura,' it insists. 'Nothing else will suffice.'*]

If you agree, reduce your Psychic Ability score by 1 and turn to **221**. If you dismiss the faltyn, turn to **118**.

49

(PLAYER(S) EXCEPT ENCHANTER) Record the

codeword RUBY on your Character Sheet(s).

.Your friend is locked in an instant of paradox. He (or she) appears now as a flickering image, endlessly repeating the same sob of terror.

The Enchanter is lost,' says your guide grimly. 'Let's retreat now lest we suffer a similar fate.'

You cannot even remove the Enchanter's belongings, as they are also frozen in time. If you decide to do as the Traveller suggests, turn to **515**. If you want to enter the tower and search for a way to rescue your comrade, turn to **227**.

50

Emeritus offers you provisions for your journey if you have need of them. Each player can take a week's supply of salt beef, nuts, biscuits and dried fruit. One week's rations for one person count as a single item for encumbrance purposes.

'Apart from this I can give you little aid,' he says. 'I do not charge my patients, so I am far from being a rich man. However, it may be worth your while to seek out the captain of a ship named the *Providence*. I once cured him of the ague, so he may be willing to do you a favour.'

'Emeritus, you are a good man,' you say. 'Your help has been invaluable.' Taking up your belongings, you bid him farewell and set off towards the harbour.

Turn to **472**.

51

(ENCHANTER) *[The faltyn appears, arching its eyebrows in a look of detached consternation at the sight of the shark, which is now on a collision course. 'Well,' it says. 'Your life has been a catalogue of absurd risks and ever-more-perilous situations. Now it seems to have at*

last reached an appropriate conclusion. Have you called me here to witness this?']

'No, prattering fool,' you snarl, 'to prevent it! Use sorcery to distract the monster. And quickly.'

[The faltyn flutters its hand in front of its mouth in imitation of a stifled yawn.] The shark is only a few metres off. You can see its ivory-white snout. It reminds you of a battering ram, and in effect that is exactly what it is.

[In return for this service,' says the faltyn, 'I will take everything you possess.']

Sheer extortion! Will you agree to these terms (turn to **200**)? Or try to haggle (turn to **387**)?

52

Mortally wounded, Icon sinks to his knees on the frost-rimed rock. As you have seen from your two previous encounters with him, his powerful *ki* force lets him cling to life for a few extra moments - but this time he does not use his Vaporisation spell to escape.

Despite the obvious agony, he opens his mouth to speak. His voice is a rasping whisper: 'I . . . underestimated you. You have developed real skill since we last clashed. For years you had only my hatred . . . but now you have my admiration also. I am . . . honoured . . . to have been . . . your enemy . . .'

He falls silent, staring at you with an indescribable expression. You wait a few moments but he says nothing else. When you touch the body, it slumps lifeless to the ground.

And amid Azrael's plumage, another of the myriad eyes winks shut.

Turn to **28**.

.You sweep a hand in Cordelia's direction, momentarily speechless with disbelief. 'Remain forever in the land of the dead - so that this girl can return to the world she left seven centuries ago . . . ? Lord Azrael, consider the absurdity involved. The world has need of heroes now. The True Magi and a hundred other evils must be confronted and destroyed, or the coming millennium will not be the earthly paradise that mankind hopes for. Aye, it is heroes the world needs. Of insignificant people such as this girl, it already has its fill.'

Azrael smiles sadly. 'Your argument is well reasoned. I sought to test you - but it was a moral test, not a proposition of logic. Rationality and rhetoric are not what make a hero, for these gifts were given by God to all men to make use of as they choose. In heroes I would look for other qualities - not least courage, selflessness and loyalty to one's sworn oath. In these you are lacking.'

You open your lips to answer but find that you cannot draw breath. Moaning, you slump to the icy plain. Darkness closes around you as Azrael claims you finally for his own. You will awaken beside the Rivier Cocytus without memories of your mortal life. There you will remain until Doomsday, when all the souls in Sheol return to the world to be judged.

You were so near to glorious victory; but, like so many others who aspire to be heroes, you had a fatal flaw . . .



(WARRIOR) Who better than you to deal with angry fighting men? Lowering your weapon, you stare coldly past them to where Angvar sits. 'It is not a clash with the hall-hounds that will settle this,' you say into the waiting silence. 'Where is the hounds' master? Will he step forward to face me?'

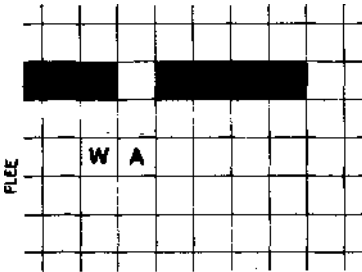
'By my father's eye!' roars Angvar delightedly. 'Is this a call to battle? Such spirited words are all too rarely heard from mortal lips.' He rises and, flinging off his cloak, advances on you. The warriors part, awestruck by their lord's answer to your challenge.

Angvar

Fighting Prowess: 11	Damage per blow: 7 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9	Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: 950	

Note: He is immune to command - and lightning-magic (including Sheet Lightning and Nemesis Bolt).

Victory is impossible. If you *flee* (along with your companions, if any) turn to **195**. If you surrender to Angvar, turn to **2**. If you are killed but there are other players with you, they should turn to **46**.



55

(ENCHANTER) You break out of the chronostasis with a scream of unendurable pain. The trauma leaves you spiritually maimed: reduce your Psychic Ability by 2. This effect is permanent.

Nothing in all Creation would induce you to enter the tower now. You stumble back, numbed and shaking, towards the Styx.

Turn to **515**.

56

The Orb has no special effect on Lei Kung. It works as specified in *The Kingdom of Wyrd*. See the relevant entry in that book for details:

The Orb of Carnage	Book Two, entry 49
The Orb of Mystery	Book Two, entry 302
The Orb of Plague	Book Two, entry 161
The Orb of Bestowing	Book Two, entry 396
The Orb of Fire	Book Two, entry 310

Then turn to **113**.

57

Circe comes down the steps towards you. She is a tall woman, very slender and graceful, with golden hair that is piled in overflowing cascades above her bare shoulders. Her lips are as red as a plum that has been cut open. Her gaze seems to smoke and smoulder. She is dressed in the style of the ancients, in a long tunic of white linen bordered with designs in silver and blue. It is slit up to the thigh after the Lacedaemonian fashion, and as she extends a long leg you see her sandals are of diamond-studded silver.

Puldro takes a pace forward. 'Woman-' he says. She drifts to a halt, still several steps above you.

'I am the queen of this island,' she says haughtily. 'A demigoddess. Watch your words, mortal, when you address me.'

Puldro is intimidated for an instant, then suddenly gives a snort. He must be one of those men to whom terror gives a kind of fevered courage, as he shakes a thin fist at Circe and says: 'Arrogant wench. You are no goddess or queen, just a painted trollop with a few spells at her fingertips. What devilry have you worked on my crew, you spiteful witch? Restore them to me at once, or by the Gate of Yann, I'll -'

Circe raises her hand. Turn to **296** if Puldro is wearing a garland consisting *only* of wild garlic flowers. If he has no garland, or a garland of different flowers, turn to **9**.

58

The faltyn stamps its foot pettishly and becomes a curl of blue vapour that swiftly fades to nothingness. An ethereal scent mingles with the smell of tar blown on the salt breeze.

If the Trickster hasn't yet tried anything and wants to do so now, turn to **363**. If not, then you can sell some equipment to raise money if you haven't already done so — turn to **7**. Otherwise you are left with no other means to get money than to summon the faltyn back and agree to its terms - turn to **133**.

59

Which item will you use? A mirrored shield? (turn to **219**); an iron bell? (turn to **254**); the Sword of Loge? (turn to **32**); or two blue eye-jewels? (turn to **461**).

Turn to **292** and choose again if you do not have (or decide not to us) any of these.

60

The *Annuvin* drifts into a region where the sea is the colour of liquid gold. Rusty brown kelp snags at the keel, and the ship lurches to a halt. Thrown off balance, you are dashed against the rail and lose consciousness.

While out cold you do not see the phosphorescent glow that is closing around the ship. A gold mist of sorcery seeps into your skin. It is the power of Gift Star, fifth of the apotheosised True Magi, assailing you while your resistance is at low ebb.

Each player must roll three Dice, trying to score less than or equal to his or her Psychic Ability. Players who fail the roll should read **326**. If all players succeed, turn to **226**.

61

Typhon disintegrates again, but this time he does not rematerialise. Only his eye is left. It is a glaring yellow sphere of hard crystal, about the size of a child's skull. You can take it if you wish.

The sky rumbles. No, it isn't the sky - the sound of horses' hoofs comes from the air around you, a phantom stampede like a dozen thunderstorms. There is a crack, and a smoking hoofprint appears in the seared grass nearby. As you watch, another appears, and another. The hoof prints form a trail, leading inland across rolling downs.

If you follow the trail, turn to **154**. If you ignore it and choose a different route inland, turn to **250**.

62

You wait in the cell for hours which become days, and during this time you are given little water and no food. You fall into a half-slumber and, in your weakness, lose all sense of time.

At last Tobias has you brought from the cell. 'Are you ready to confess?' he demands.

There is no way he will listen to reason. You try to spit in his face, but your lips are parched. The Capellar guards holding you give you a hefty clout on the shoulders for your trouble.

'A bonfire has been prepared in the courtyard,' says Tobias shortly. 'Its flames will cleanse your flesh and send your soul back to your infernal master.'

'If that is so, Tobias,' you say weakly, 'we'll meet again in hell.'

He gives a curt gesture and the guards march you out to your doom. Your adventure ends here.



63

You reach the far bank and get out of the boat. When you turn to thank Charon he has already gone. There are not even any ripples in the black water to show that he and his boat were ever there.

'Sheol becomes ever more chimeric in its hinterlands,' remarks the Traveller. 'Where now? Shall we go to the hillock where you thought you saw signs of 'life' - or to the high tower where the green lamp shines? Or shall we now head for our rendezvous with Death without further delay?'

If you wish to go towards the hill, turn to **466**. If you want to investigate the tower, turn to **475**. If you head upstream, turn to **515**.

64

Do you know for a fact that Psyche is dead? If you fought and killed her, turn to **543**. If not, turn back to 386 and select another option.

65

The one you have just wounded evaporates away as soon as it is touched. It was one of the *kage* - the phantasmal duplicates created by Icon's magic. But which one is the *real* Icon . . . ?

Turn back to **240** and continue the battle after removing the simulacrum marked SI.

66

Under the touch of the dying daylight, the *Annuvin* no longer looks like a proud vessel capable of taking you to the Sea of Mists. Her timbers are rotted and warped, her rigging mouldered, her blood-soaked sails in tatters. Silthor's first guess was right. She is a ghost ship.

Then you see another vessel appearing out of the north. A sleek longship with her prow carved into the form of a voluptuous mermaid. Her sails are white but bear a solid black glyph which you recognise as the Angate character EN. Along her bows, the sunlight glistens redly on shields of beaten gold.

Astonishly, the figurehead speaks to you: 'Entasius has become aware that you seek his island. Come aboard and be conveyed there.'

If you do as the figurehead says, turn to **392**. If not, turn to **39**.

67

(TRICKSTER) If the crew suspect that their captain has been replaced by an imposter, they show no

sign of it. Probably Trancier had got them used to following orders unquestioningly, and if 'he' wants to stay in his cabin while the *Persephone* heads into the Sea of Mists, they see nothing for it but to go along with his wishes.

Three weeks pass. Any wounded player can restore his or her Endurance to normal, unless suffering from a disease which prevents recovery. You barely leave Trancier's cabin in all this time, but when the helmsman announces landfall you are on deck like a shot.

'An island dead ahead, cap'n,' he says, nodding through the gathering dusk.

You peer in that direction, and can just discern the outlines of a pebble-strewn shore. 'Lower a boat,' you tell the men. 'Your captain is going ashore. You'll head back to Quadrille - the first mate will take charge in my absence - and wait there for me to rejoin you.'

'But cap'n,' says the cabin-boy. 'How will you get back?'

'Ho ho, listen to the lad. Yon island is the home of a wizard, is it not, lad? Well, he'll doubtless send me back by wizardly means when my business with him is done.'

The cabin-boy scrutinises you in the twilight. 'You've lost a lot of weight, cap'n,' he says.

'Ho ho. Good for my health, lad.'

'Ever since we encountered that ship the *Annuvin*, in fact. When you took to staying in your cabin all the time. And why have you stopped calling us by name, cap'n? Have you forg - Ow!'

'Sorry lad,' you say, removing the heel of your boot from his toes. 'I blundered into you in the dark. Now - is the boat ready?'

You climb down into the boat and row ashore

(along with your companions, if any). The crew watch you for a few minutes and you notice the mate cuffing the cabin-boy, who is still agitatedly trying to tell them about your deception. Clever lad - should go far, if he lives to see adulthood.

After you are safely ashore, the *Persephone's* sails are hoisted and she drifts off into the night.

Turn to **156**.

68

You hear her voice fuzzily through the pall of sleep that is settling on you.

'*Timor Mortis*,' she says. 'He has searched a score of lifetimes for the secret of how to enter Sheol - he already knew the other secret, that of proroguing the journey. Now he is old; as old as the millennium. And like all old people, he must face his own mortality. He fears . . .'

Her words became thunderous and indistinct, drowned out in your ears by your own heartbeats.

Everything goes black.

Turn to **471**.

69

You emerge on the other side of the glowing mist-wall. A vast flat plain stretches out ahead of you, featureless except for a few pebbles and clumps of sickly heather.

'It seems to have got darker now,' you remark to the Traveller. The sky, formerly a gloomy grey, has become a curtain of velvet black. There are no stars.

'As we penetrate the regions closer to where Death keeps his vigil, we are sinking deeper into night,' he says. 'Sheol - as you call it - is like a dreamworld where time is more dependent on location than on logic. That is also why the things

we encounter seem disjointed and unreal; they are dream-fragments of the mythologies of death that are familiar to you.'

You take your first few steps across the plain. It is impossible to tell how far you might have to go to reach the distant line of mountains. It could be hundreds of miles. 'And this place is ... ?' you ask your guide.

The territory separating the inhabited, 'normal' regions of Sheol from the inner landscape of primordiality. Essentially this corresponds to the distinction between the commonplace world of dreams and the darkest depths of the unconscious. To draw a parallel from Emphidian myth, we are leaving the Asphodel Fields behind; ahead lies Tartarus.'

You know something about Emphidian myth, even if the rest of what he says makes no sense. You stare across the desolate plain. 'In other words,' you reply, 'we are walking into Hell.'

Turn to **358**.

70

Tobias falls, his head lolling at an unnatural angle. As he breathes his last, he somehow finds the strength to speak.

'I go now to join the Lord,' he groans. A fierce grin spreads across his face. 'He will have need of such as I to do His work in heaven.' The grin freezes as the life goes from him.

'Absurd delusion,' you say to the corpse, 'your proper reward must surely await you in hell, Tobias . . .'

Now you must act fast, before you are discovered. You can take Tobias' sword if you wish; it is magical, adding 1 to the wielder's Fighting Prowess. Buckling on your own weapons, you

glance out towards the main gate. It is open. To either side stands a sentry, relaxing in the shade of the temple wall.

If the Enchanter is here and has got free of the iron shackles, he OR she should turn to **293**. If the Enchanter is not in the party (or is still shackled and thus unable to use magic) you will have to make a dash for it - turn to **437**.

71

You are in a state of eager anticipation all the next day, but it is dusk before the figurehead announces landfall. You strain your eyes to pierce the mist and gathering gloom. A bleak stretch of pebble-strewn shore looms.

'Is this Entasius' island?' you ask. 'It looks like a barren rock.'

'The two are not mutually exclusive,' replies the figurehead. 'You may wade ashore from here.'

You disembark and trudge through the cold sea-water up to the beach. Turning, you find the longship is already moving back away from the island. A bank of fog hides her for a moment, and then she is lost in darkness.

Turn to **156**.

72

'What amount will you offer me that can possibly compensate for the risk?' he asks.

After some haggling it turns out that the amount in question is one hundred and fifty gold pieces. 'Come early tomorrow morning with this amount, and the *Providence* will steer the course you want,' he says. 'Aye, though it goes against my better judgement. But where is the man who is so content that he'd turn down a hundred and fifty crowns... ?'

Turn to **487**.

Modgud chuckles quietly to herself as she watches you cross the bridge. In the shadows of its wooden roof, glittering eyes open and peer at you as you pass.

'They are illusory,' says the Traveller when he sees how the eerie scrutiny unnerves you. 'Just as Modgud's words only appear to have meaning. In fact she was set here by the northern gods and cannot leave, but other than this she has no duty, responsibility, or purpose - not even to guard the bridge. So she invents things to say to such as you and me, and tries to entice them into drinking the water of Lethe so they might become as motiveless as she.'

You emerge from the bridge into a thick forest that comes right down to the river bank. Between the massive trees sits a nightmare darkness that you cannot imagine any torch could penetrate.

The Traveller is more optimistic. He lights his lantern and fixes its handle into the fork at the end of his staff. It casts enough light for you to see the ground in front of your feet.

'Is there need for such haste?' you call after him as you advance into the forest.

'Indeed there is. Are you not aware that your connection with the mortal world is attenuating with each hour you remain in Sheol? Delay your return too long, and you will be cursed to wander here forever. As I am . . .'

This is an unwelcome piece of news, and you can see why Entasius preferred not to mention it. Putting it from your mind, you look around at the shadow-shrouded boughs and enquire where you are now.

'This is Iron wood,' the Traveller says, flicking a

pine needle. It rings with a metallic note.

'Monsters?' you ask, staring into the absolute blackness ahead of you.

'Some, no doubt. I don't know the details. If we traverse the wood with all speed, we may get to the Gate of Mist happily none the wiser . . .'

Turn to **544**.

74

'There is no point in lingering here,' says the Traveller, casting an inscrutable glance across the river to the throng of weeping ghosts. 'Best that we resume our journey to Death's stronghold immediately.'

You have to agree. Moving at a steady trot across the moor, you soon catch sight of the bridge again.

Turn to **256**.

75

Gathric comes with you, nervous at the thought of remaining ashore by night. Puldro refuses to budge. 'I must get to the bottom of this,' he says. 'Without her crew, my ship is stuck here.'

You understand. After warning him to be careful, you make your way back down the hillside to the bay where the *Providence* lies at anchor. Before settling down for the night, you take up the gangplank as a precaution. The ship's dog stands in the prow, pricking up his ears at the distant sounds of revelry along the cliff tops.

Turn to **350**.

76

Each player who touched the water for a second time must roll a Die. On a roll of 1-5 you are slain instantly. On a roll of 6 you survive and your partial

invulnerability is increased - it now works 33% of the time (ie, on a roll of 5 or 6). Alter the note on your Character Sheet to indicate this.

You peer down into the water, tempted to immerse yourself completely in it. Your reflection stares up indistinctly from the black depths. There is something faintly disturbing about it, but you can't quite tell what.

Survivors turn to **137**.

77

You walk with Puldro across the starlit shrubland of the island's interior. 'Behold!' he says, extending a scrawny arm towards the disc of the rising moon. 'Is that not a palace on the hill there?'

You look where he is pointing. Indeed there is a palace. It is an acropolis consisting of several marble buildings in the classical style. In the moonlight the marble shines like silver.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **125**. If the Enchanter wants to cast a spell, turn to **206**. If not, turn to **282**.

78

You watch with horror as the dismembered tatters of the Warrior's body are greedily devoured by the shark. But perhaps your comrade's noble sacrifice was not entirely in vain. It buys you a few moments to find a more sensible way to deal with the monster.

If the Trickster is here and wants to try something, he or she should turn to **37**. If the Enchanter wants to try a spell, turn to **17**. If you think it might be worth looking for an item to use, turn to **199**. If you don't think any of these options are worth trying, turn to **387**.

79

Who will face him in battle? The Enchanter? (turn to **541**); the Trickster? (turn to **424**); the Warrior? (turn to **202**); or the Sage? (turn to **338**).

80

Record the codeword IRE on your Character Sheet(s).

'They're in no mood to be reasoned with right now,' screeches Puldro, tugging your sleeves. 'Let's beat it.'

You race off down the hill path before the others can collect their wits enough to stop you. They soon give chase. You can hear them swarming down the stone steps behind you, snarling like angry wasps.

Turning a bend in the path and noticing a narrow cleft in the rock just off to one side, you scramble through it out of sight. The men go racing past. You quietly make your way back up to the cliffs and then strike out towards the other side of the island.

'We'll give them till dawn before we go back,' suggests Puldro. 'Perhaps they'll have cooled off a bit by then.'

Sounds like good advice.

Will you spend the night exploring the island (turn to **77**)? Or just sleep out under the stars and return to the *Providence* in the morning (turn to **237**)?

81

Inching the cell door open, you creep up on the two gaolers. They are engrossed in a game of dice and only notice your approach at the last minute - too late to stop you knocking them cold with a stool. After checking that they will not come round for some time, you step out into the corridor and hurry to find the way out of the temple.

Turn to **309**.

82

(ENCHANTER) With your attention directed at the palace, you cast the Prediction spell. You see yourself going to the palace... meeting a beautiful witch who has lived here for two thousand years. It is her magic that enthralled the sailors and pilgrims. Her name is Circe.

The vision fades before you can discover the outcome of the meeting. You have seen one possible future.

If you have another spell that you want to cast, turn to **206**. If not, turn to **282**.

83

'We have reached the end of the plain,' announces the Traveller, 'and now we are truly in Death's heartland. Nenokatatsu, as it is called by the people of my country. See that river? It is the one the Ancient Emphidians knew as the Styx - the River of Hate.'

You stand on the bank of the river. Instead of water, it looks like black ink. Pallid fish dart to and fro just under the surface. The Styx apparently flows from the mountain range you saw earlier, passing through a shadowy wood and between two round hills on its course to the ocean.

You look across to the hill on the other side of the river, catching a faint glimpse of something moving there. 'Signs of life,' you muse.

'Life?' says the Traveller with a short laugh. 'Assuredly not!'

Beyond the hill stands a tower whose upper windows shine with emerald light. The Traveller mentions it is the tower of someone called Sthenno, but that is all he knows. 'I can't say whether this Sthenno would make us welcome or not,' he says.

'In any case, we'd have to cross the Styx to get there.'

A boat you had somehow failed to notice before is approaching from the far bank. The ferryman regards you from the depths of his hooded cloak. The boat must be propelled by magic, as he does not touch the oars. If this is the River Styx then the ferryman must be Charon, who conveys the souls of the departed to their final resting-place. Whether he will take you across remains to be seen . . .

Turn to **489**.

84

(TRICKSTER) You go out into the street and look around. A screech-owl is perched on the roof of the building opposite. Before it can utter a cry, you pick up a stone and fell it with a well-aimed throw. It drops to the street and you carry it back into the inn.

'No harbinger, no dismay,' you say to the villagers. You fling the owl on to a table. 'Why not make yourselves an appetising stew? And if any more screech-owls show up, just give them the same treatment.'

The Traveller gets up and fetches his lantern and staff. 'Ingenious. Now let's be on our way.'

If you have the codeword **TABULA**, turn to **467**. If not, turn to **428**.

85

If you are in a multi-player party, turn to **362**. If you are the only player, turn to **289**.

86

If you have the codeword **GLIMPSE**, turn to **120**. If not, turn to **74**.

87

A wall stretches off into the darkness along the forest's edge. It is not a wall of wood or stone, but of a phosphorescent mist that shifts and swims. The only breach in the wall is guarded by a monstrous being with the head of a wolf.

'It is Garm,' says the Traveller.

The wolf-headed giant gives a snarl and lopes forward to attack.

If you have a parcel of honey-cake, turn to **451**. If not, you must fight - turn to **105**.

88

Several weeks pass. In the crowded fore-castle, with the ship swaying to and fro whenever there is a high wind, you get what rest you can. The pilgrims seem boundlessly cheerful, buoyed up by their faith, but you find conditions aboard the *Providence* noisome and sordid.

Any wounded player must roll a Die to see how well his or her recovery progresses:

- 1-2 Your wounds become infected and you only recover one Die's worth of Endurance points.
- 3-5 Continual nausea interrupts your sleep; regain two Dice Endurance.
- 6 Making the best of poor conditions, you recover four Dice Endurance.

No player can regain points above the level set by character type and rank, of course.

When you have made the appropriate adjustments to your Endurance score(s), turn to **207**.

89

'A potion distilled from pomegranate, lotus and belladonna.' Her words are loud and *fuzzy*, echoing

like distant thunder. Your vision is getting cloudy.

'You are already half in the otherworld,' she is saying. 'Now abandon this waking world altogether. Sleep like the dead . . .'

The voice is drowned out by a sound in your ears; your own heartbeat. Then there is silence.

Turn to **471**.

90

Bending over the oars, you soon reach the side of the other ship. Strangely, her name is not painted on her bows, nor does she display any emblems or flags proclaiming her port of origin. As you are helped aboard by a haggard of thin-faced sailors, you ask about this.

'We are the *Annuvin*,' says one with a mournful expression. 'Out of Caersid port in Ereworn, we are now bound solely for a place west of the Sea of Mists. I cannot say more, but we will see you to Entasius' isle.'

Turn to **414**.

91

(WARRIOR) Your battle reflexes take over, and you react faster than thought. You throw the sword straight at the Gorgon's throat. She lifts her metal hands instinctively in an attempt to deflect it, but the tactic is useless against an invisible missile. It impales her through the neck and she falls with a gore-choked scream.

'Aa!' gasps the Traveller appreciatively. 'In my land that technique is called "Letting Go of the Hilt" and is only practised by the greatest sword-masters. I had underestimated your skill.'

You shrug. 'Skill... Or luck. Anyone who claims to have perfected such a tactic is either a fool or a

liar, but a desperate confrontation demands a desperate response.' You retrieve your sword. 'It worked this time, anyway, and that's what counts.'

Turn to **353**.

92

For successfully completing the adventure you get one thousand experience points (to be divided equally among all surviving players).

Entasius' servitor takes you to another room stocked with armour and weapons. 'Entasius kept these things to equip his demon fighters when they were needed,' she says. 'Nothing here is magical, but at least they will be more appropriate than the togas I had you clothed in.'

You can take your pick of the items. There are swords, bows, quivers full of arrows, and quarter-staffs. There are also numerous suits of studded leather armour (Armour Rating 2) and a single suit of plate (Armour Rating 4).

Once you have fully re-equipped, turn to **557**.

93

As you are making ready to depart, Angvar puts his arm around your shoulders and steers you over to a darkened corner of the hall. Lifting a hide, he shows you a jewelled treasure chest which he unlocks and opens. The glitter of gold and silver shines up into your eyes.

Angvar reaches into the chest and takes out a silver armband for each player. 'It is not often I take a shine to mortals,' he says. 'But your bravery has impressed me. Here - a gift from the lord of Bilskirnir.'

You take the armband(s). Each player examines his or hers and finds it covered with runes.



If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **499**. If not, turn to **402**.

94

(ENCHANTER) [*A hastily cast spell of Detect Enchantment tells you that all the items are non-magical fakes. If you have any companions, it is up to you whether you let them know about this.*]

Turn to **123**.

95

(SAGE) Exorcism works against spirits and undead, but Icon is neither. It was in his mortal form that you cast him down into Sheol, and he is as real and living an entity here as you are.

Turn back to **121** and go on with the fight.

96

(TRICKSTER) You push your luck a little too far. One of the sailors snatches the dice from you before you have a chance to substitute the original, unweighted, pair. 'These aren't my dice,' he growls. 'By Frombo's beard - they're weighted! We've a cheat in our midst, laddies.'

'More than one, I'd guess,' you say, diving for the door. They are too slow to stop you and, though one or two give chase, you easily lose them in the warren of back streets around the harbour. Still, you have lost the money you put down as your stake so you are now worse off than before.

If the Enchanter is here, he or she should turn to **452**. If not, you can visit a chandler's shop to sell some belongings if you haven't done so already - turn to 7. If you've tried everything and still can't pay for the voyage, then your adventure ends here in failure.

97

Your search through Emeritus' books drags on into the evening, when the muezzins' call and the sound of church bells mingle in the dusk outside. A servant comes into the library to light the lamps. You are on the verge of giving up when you find some more references to Sheol. Theodoric of Osterlin Abbey writes that Sheol is a dream landscape comprising fragments of various mythologies. He confirms the claim that you found earlier that mortals can reach Sheol - but adds that the longer one spends there, the more difficult it is to return.

Now you decide to call it a day.

Turn to **367**.

98

Did you definitely fight and kill Tobias? If so, you can summon his spirit with the horn - turn to **35**.

If not, then he is not in the land of Death and you must turn back to **386** and choose again.

99

(ENCHANTER) You have three Rounds in which to cast the Nemesis Bolt. This includes preparation time, unless you called it to mind earlier. If you have *not* cast it after three Rounds, turn to **387**. If you manage to cast it in time, turn to **301**.

100

At Trancier's invitation, you go aboard his ship, the *Persephone*, and pay him the sum of fifty gold pieces. Delete them from your Character Sheet. 'Let us now make for Entasius' island without further ado,' you say to him. 'A quest whose importance you could never estimate hangs in the balance.'

'Your quest is your own business,' he replies,

signalling to his men to get the *Persephone* under way. These fifty crowns and I can be trusted to keep our own counsel, and not pry into the affairs of others.'

Turn to **390**.

101

(ENCHANTER) *[In your vision, a figure appears at the top of the stairs and steps forward, reaching its hands towards your future-self. Light falls across its face -*

Its FACE!

You have looked straight into the face of Sthenno, mightiest of the Gorgons. Under normal circumstances her gaze is instant death, but you might be saved by a paradox. If you see her in your vision of the future, the sight should have killed you at once. But if you die now, you could never have entered the tower and hence the Prediction could not have revealed Sthenno's face . . .]

Your acceptance of paradox is proportional to your Psychic Ability. Roll three Dice. If you score higher than your Psychic Ability, then you reject the paradox as impossible: turn to **55**. If you score equal to or less than your Psychic Ability, you are able to reconcile the contradictions involved: turn to **318**.

102

(ENCHANTER) The whole island has an enchantment laid upon it. Subtle and ancient magic pervades the air, the stones, the very ground underfoot. And it seems to radiate from the mysterious hilltop palace.

Roll two Dice. If the score is equal to or less than your rank turn to **533**. If you roll higher than your rank, turn back to **206** if you want to cast another spell - or to **282** if not.

Do *not* try to cast Detect Enchantment again at

this time. The casting has given you all the information you're going to get for the moment.

103

'Very well,' you say to the landlord's brother'. 'Let's see what you have.'

'At once,' he says, nodding obsequiously. He calls to a couple of slaves, who carry forward a large chest and open it. 'Look at this magnificent talisman,' he says as he takes out a large blue jewel. 'It is the fabled Amulet of Safe Voyaging and it will protect you from shipwreck. This gold tore, on the other hand, belonged to a jarl of ancient Thuland; it wards against spells of control and command. And these four swords - which I can only sell as a set, observe the bimetallic strapwork on the hilts and scabbards - these four swords were enchanted by the wizard Mathor at Wayland's Smithy, and always strike mightily at their wielder's foes.'

If you wish to purchase any of these, turn to **123**. If you demand a demonstration, turn to **297**. If you aren't interested in his wares, you had better go to the quay and board your ship - turn to **506**.

104

Your night is spent in reasonable comfort. Awakening to a breakfast of eggs and coffee, each wounded player recovers 3 Endurance points. Now it is time for you to set off. You check your belongings and head for the quay.

If you got a letter of introduction from Sir Tobias arranging your voyage for you, turn to **445**. If you are paying for the voyage, are you travelling aboard the *Providence* (in which case turn to **173**), or the *Golden Lance* (turn to **306**)?

105

Intruders,' says Garm to himself. 'But they won't get past me.'

The Traveller hangs back from the fray. 'I am no warrior,' he calls out to you. 'I cannot aid you in this battle.'

Garm the Giant

Fighting Prowess: 7 Damage per blow: 7 Dice

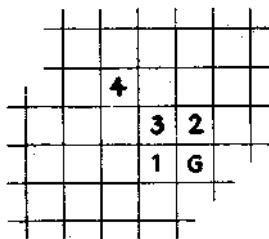
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 4

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 68

Note: Garm is in fact not a true giant, but his mother was the giantess Angrboda ('Boder-of-Anguish') and so if you have the sword Blutgetrunker it will score an additional 1-6 points of damage against him. However, his father is reputed to have been the god Loge, so if you wield the Sword of Loge Skyrunner it will score one *less* Die of damage against him.

If you win, you can pass through the Gate of Mist - turn to **69**.



106

'Do you want to take that one?' the Dog says to the Bat.

'Okay.' He turns to you. 'Just head upriver, pass

through the Screaming Mountains, and you're there.'

'Any monsters or obstacles we're likely to face on the way?' asks the Traveller.

The Bat bobs his antlered head. 'Doubtless.'

They don't seem to be very helpful on this topic. If you ask them about the tower nearby, turn to **134**. If you ask what is really inside the chest, turn to **531**. If the Trickster is here and does *not* have the codeword FOSSIL, he or she has the option of trying something - turn to **177**. If you take your leave of the weird pair, turn to **140**.

107

The door opens into an office where a young knight is working on some papers. He is unarmoured, but has his sword beside him. He reaches for it as he hears you enter and, turning, instinctively half-draws it.

If you went on patrol with Balian the last time you were in Crescentium, turn to **450**. If you never met him, turn to **132**.

108

'Pretty eyes!' screeches the Gorgon dementedly. 'Prettier than Pallas Athene's!'

Somehow you doubt it. The trick is going to be killing her without getting a glimpse of those terrible eyes. Each Round, when a player's turn comes to act, he must check to see if he catches the Gorgon's stare. This is indicated by rolls of 1-4 on one Die. (A player who is more than three squares from her can add 1 to the roll, as can a player who is standing on the line of squares *directly* behind her.) Anyone who does look into her eyes will immediately crumble to dust.

The Gorgon

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 5 Dice

Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 0

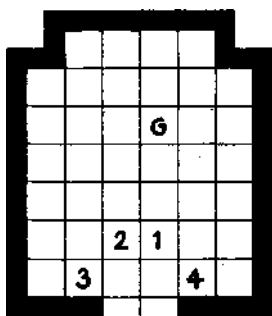
Endurance: 80

Gaze rules: kills on roll of 1-4 on one Die.

Die roll modifiers: +1 if more than three squares away; +1 if directly behind her.

You can close your eyes to fight her if you wish. A player who does this has no chance of seeing her gaze, but must roll three Dice for *fight* rolls against her to represent fighting blind. Spells and missile attacks cannot be targeted at her by a character who has his eyes closed.

If you *flee*, turn to **257**. If you slay her, turn to **353**.



FLEE

109

Plucking at the strings of the harp, you commence a lay in Angate:

*'Sancta mater graciae,
stella daritatis,
visita nos hodie,
plena pietatis.*

*'Veni, vena veniae
mox incarcerates,
solamen angustiae,
fons suavitatis.'*

The men gradually break off from their illusory revels to watch you with tear-filled eyes. Still playing the harp, you slowly descend the steps back to the cove where the *Providence* lies at anchor. They follow you, entranced by your words and music. You lead them aboard and then start to play a fast Cornumbrian slip jig. Feet flying and elbows pumping, they dance happily as they weigh anchor and unfurl the sails. Slowly the *Providence* eases out of the cove on to open sea.

Glancing back, you are struck by the sight of a lone figure atop the cliffs. It is a woman, very tall and dressed in a white *peplos* after the fashion of Ancient Emphidor. You seem to catch a sensation of mingled rage and admiration from her - but it must be your imagination, of course, as you could not have made out her expression at this distance . . .

Then she is gone.

Turn to **220**.

110

Circe mentioned a prophet who gave Ulixes advice when he visited this land. Was it Tiresias (turn to **287**), or Cassandra (turn to **442**)? If you don't want to try summoning either of these, turn to **386** and choose another option.

111

The trail lead to a monolith carved of red-flecked green stone. Inlaid into its base is a corroded bronze plaque. You brush away mud and moss to reveal a map engraved there:



You make a rough copy of this on a scrap of parchment you had among your belongings. Note the number **111** in case you want to refer back to this map. Also, note the codeword **TABULA** on your Character Sheet(s).

From here you can head towards the village marked on the map or towards the Shrine of Summoning.

If you make for the village, turn to **265**. If the Shrine, turn to **157**.

112

The blacksmith falls forward into the bucket he used for quenching his horseshoes. An anxious glance out across the market hall tells you that no one noticed the commotion. It was all over too quickly.

You spare a few moments to search the smithy, but you find nothing of value except for three swords. You can take these if you wish.

After checking to see there is nobody watching, you slip quietly from the smithy and make your way out of the crowded hall and along the street leading to the harbour.

Turn to **230**.

113

Lei Kung remains airborne and lashes down at you with his tongue of lightning. His attack is directed at the first player in the battle order. *However*, if any player is carrying a copper rod then the lightning is attracted to him or her instead.

The touch of the tongue of lightning inflicts four Dice damage, with armour protecting as usual.

If you wish to use an item, turn to **333**. If you want to fight it out, turn to **339**. If you decide to *flee*, turn to **85**.

114

In a multi-player party, it is assumed that the first player is approaching the unicorn unless someone else was specified.

If this player is wearing a crucifix, turn to **243**. If not, he or she should turn to **395**.

115

You search for a comfortable-looking inn not far from the waterfront and soon find one called The Heart of the Sunrise. Well, you are used to the whimsical names of Crescentium hostels by now. You push the door open and step inside.

The babble of voices dies away as you enter, and all eyes turn to watch you. A locals' place, obvious-

ly. You cross to a table and sit down, loudly calling for the landlord. The other patrons devote a few moments more to their sullen stares, then turn away. Gradually the din of laughter, conversation and banter returns.

The landlord is an Erewornian with large rings in his ears. He strokes his long moustaches and recites the tariff to you. 'I have only one private room, but it is the richly appointed Azure Chamber, which enjoys a prestigious reputation throughout the city.'

'Expensive, in other words,' you grunt in reply. 'A mat on the commonroom floor will do. Now, bring bread, hot stew and a pitcher of wine.'

'Do not be hasty,' says the landlord. 'Will you not give the Azure Chamber more careful consideration? At a very reasonable ten crowns a night, it represents extraordinary value. Moreover, it cannot have escaped your notice that most of my clientele are rogues of the blackest sort. Sleep in the commonroom, and who can guarantee you won't wake to find a dagger in your ribs?'

The others have stopped talking again to listen in on your discussion with the landlord. You return their stares with a menacing squint.

If you decide to take the private room, pay the landlord ten gold pieces and turn to **464**. If you want to sleep here in the commonroom, turn to **388**.

116

(ENCHANTER) You walk along the hall to where Angvar stands waiting. He has cast off his bear-skin cloak, revealing a powerfully muscled chest as broad as a barrel. It would obviously be sheer lunacy to close and grapple with him. Decide which spell you will cast to begin with, then turn to **225**.

117

Puldro - the thing that looks like Puldro - chases you to the side and then lashes out at the gangplank with a belaying pin, splintering it in one blow. You lose your footing and fall. Each player loses two Dice Endurance as he or she hits the rocky shoreline. Armour protects as normal.

As the Puldro-creature waves its arms and gibbers at you from the rail, surviving players can crawl out of the water and turn to **340**.

118

Tobias has nothing more to say to you. You go out of the courtyard and find a fountain in the shade of a broad-leafed palm. It is still early morning, but already the heat of the day is descending on the city like the wheel of a juggernaut. Splashing water on your dry lips, you try to decide where to go next. You could pay a visit to Emeritus the physician (turn to **193**) or else go straight to the harbour and see about chartering a ship (turn to **45**).

119

You spend a night of wretched discomfort among the beggars and drunken seamen slumped in the city's back alleys. Rising with muscles cramped and aching, you stretch painfully before seeking out a fountain to drink from. If you have rations you should deduct one day's worth for breakfast; each wounded player who eats recovers 1 Endurance point.

Now it is time to go on board your ship. If your voyage has been secured by a letter from Sir Tobias, turn to **445**. If on the other hand you're paying your way, are you travelling aboard the *Golden Lance* (turn to **306**) or aboard the *Providence* (turn to **173**)?

120

If you would like to investigate the shrine you saw from the air, turn to **222**. If you have already visited the shrine, or do not wish to, turn to **277**.

121

Icon seems almost crazed with exhilaration as he doses to attack you. 'Could there be a more fitting place to settle our blood-feud?' he cries. 'Here, under the gaze of Death himself, I will finally revenge myself upon you!'

The monstrous ego of the man! Azrael is the instrument of the Lord God to whom you are no greater than motes of dust, yet Icon thinks of him as some kind of spectacular backdrop for your battle.. .

Icon

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage per blow: 5 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 9
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 55

Note: Icon is immune to the spell of Servile Enthralment. He has four spells that he might use in the battle. Unless there is a reader playing Icon's part, you will need to roll randomly for his action each Round:

- 1-3 Strikes with sword
- 4-6 Prepares/casts a spell

His spells are:

Haragei ('InnerForce') This Complexity Level One spell increases the focus of Icon's strength, so that he strikes for six Dice in combat. It lasts for four Rounds, and once he has cast it he will not bother with any other magic until it wears off. Icon favours the Haragei spell when he is fighting only one or two opponents.

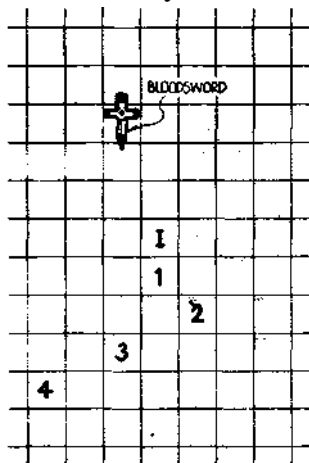


Hikari ('Fire') A Blasting spell of Complexity Level Two. It inflicts 1 Die+4 (less Armour Rating) on all players. Icon will only use this if he is fighting three or more opponents.

Nindo ('Invisibility') A Complexity Level Three spell that turns Icon invisible for four Rounds. While he is invisible, *fight* rolls against him must be made on three Dice (four if he is dodging).

Sha-ken ('Throwing Stars') This Complexity Level Four spell causes a volley of up to six *sha-ken* (roll one Die for the exact number) to fly out of mid-air and strike a single opponent. Each *sha-ken* inflicts two Dice damage (less Armour Rating) and remains lodged in the target's body. The player must spend one Round removing the *sha-ken*; if he does not, he takes a further 1 point of Endurance damage per *sha-ken* each Round, with armour no longer protecting.

If you *move* over to the Blood Sword and spend a Round picking it up, note the number of this entry and then turn to **194**. If the Sage is here and wants to spend a Round trying to Exorcist Icon's spirit, he or she should turn to **95**. If you kill Icon, turn to **52**.



122

You awaken refreshed and fall ravenously on the breakfast that Emeritus has prepared for you. 'Tray excuse the lapse in table manners,' you say to him between mouthfuls. 'In a life of adventuring, one can never be sure when and where one will get the next meal. Or what it will consist of!'

He gives a wave of his hand. 'Please - eat your fill. We can talk after breakfast.'

Each wounded player recovers Endurance points equal to 1 plus half his rank (rounding fractions up).

Turn to **50**.

123

'Naturally, quality comes at a price and my prices are therefore not cheap,' he says with an apologetic smile. 'The Amulet of Safe Voyaging is thirty gold pieces - but what a negligible sum for peace of mind! The Torc of Indomitable Will is thirty-five gold pieces. And for the set of four swords I must ask one hundred and fifty gold pieces.'

Decide which item(s) you will buy, if any, and cross off the money. Once you have recorded any purchases on your Character Sheet(s), you had better hurry to the quay before the ship sails without you.

Turn to **506**.

124

'This was the oath sworn to Entasius in return for his aid,' you admit: 'that Cordelia would be returned to him no matter what the cost. Very well, Lord Death. One of us will take her place among your subjects.' The player who has volunteered to remain in Sheol steps forward.

Azrael smiles at him or her. 'Well spoken. You are

truly a worthy successor to the likes of Heraklos, Ulixes and Vallandar. If it were my decision to make, I would allow you to return to the mortal world and prosecute your conflict with the Magi. But this is the unalterable law of God: that, though I may pick and choose among the living, taking whom I will and after whatever span of years, even I cannot change the total tally of all the dead.' He raises a massive hand from the pommel of his sword. 'You may all return now to the mortal plane. When you have said your farewells, I shall come to claim the one who is pledged to me.'

He reaches his towering arm towards the firmament. A nebula of light surrounds his hand. He is opening the gateway to the mortal world.

The wind roars across the plain, bringing with it a blizzard that bears down upon you. You are surrounded in snow that stings your flesh, and the air is so cold that you cannot draw it into your lungs.

'Merciful God - ' you scream as you feel your consciousness fading.

Azrael's voice booms out of the blizzard. 'Be silent! Do not tremble and call upon the Lord to aid you! It is not the sensation of death that you now feel and fear - it is the sensation of returning to life.'

Cold and darkness enfold you. Swept along by unearthly forces, you experience flashes of consciousness like the breaks in delirium. You cannot tell how long has passed, when finally you feel hands upon you. You have been washed ashore on a stony beach, and a tall woman is calling her servants to pull you from the waves. You look up at her: it is Entasius' servitor. When you look for the faces of her helpers, you see only darkness . . .

You fall unconscious again. When you awaken you are back in the room of cold stone slabs where

your journey to Sheol began. The servitor is here. She steps back from you, having just moistened your lips with elixir from an alabaster vase. You sit up on the slab. You are clothed in white togas, and the Blood Sword is still in your hands. Cordelia is on a slab beside you, staring about her with wide eyes.

'You were naked when we found you washed up on the beach,' says the servitor in a soothing voice. 'All your belongings were lost - except for that sword, which could not be prised from your grasp.'

You smile wryly. 'It will soon be time for a permanent parting. One of us has agreed to return to Sheol to take Cordelia's place. The quest for this sword has proved very costly indeed.'

'It takes great bravery and honour to sacrifice oneself for a greater good,' she says to the player whose soul is pledged to Azrael. 'Your name will be spoken of with reverence whenever great heroes gather.'

She turns to Cordelia. 'Have no fear. You are once more in the mortal world. Entasius is here.'

Cordelia speaks in a small voice: 'Entasius . . .'

'Aye, my love.' The ancient wizard has entered the room behind you. 'Now we are together again, and not all the storms of hell shall ever part us.'

She looks round, then gasps in dismay. 'No no. You are not . . . *cannot* be Entasius! My love was young and strong, full of life.' She shrinks from his withered touch. 'You are an old, old man.'

Entasius cries out at the revulsion he sees in her eyes. 'And wilt thou greet me thus, that hath loved thee so long? Alas, thy cruelty!' He gives a terrible groan. Suddenly seeming to sense a presence at his shoulder, he turns and stares into a corner of the room. You can see no one there. 'O Death!' he moans. 'For seven centuries I have

forestalled thee, and all that time I loved a phantom. Approach me now, then. I welcome the touch of thy wing!

A shadow settles over him. For a moment you fancy you glimpsed a dark-robed figure stooping there. Then Entasius gives a gasp and sinks to the stone floor. He is dead.

The player who had agreed to give up his or her life in exchange for Cordelia's should now turn to **276**.

125

(SAGE) *[The pieces of the puzzle are falling into place. An island of bewitching illusions . . . an Emphidian palace. It all adds up to Circe, the immortal enchantress of ancient myth. The story is that she enticed Ulixes to her isle and turned his men into swine, but that he countered her magic with flowers of wild garlic.]*

You search around for a while until you discover some of this plant, whose flowers you fashion into garlands for yourself and those with you.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to cast a spell, he or she should turn to **206**. If not, turn to **282**.

126

(TRICKSTER) The lock gives an ominous twang as you apply too much pressure and the lockpick snaps. The gaolers immediately leap up from their dice game. 'Sound the alarm!' shouts one. 'My lords! My lords! The prisoners are escaping!'

Gasping in irritation at your own clumsiness, you can only watch as the outer room fills with Capellar guards. After a few minutes Tobias strides into their midst and stands watching you with a humourless smile.

'Now I see what must be done with you,' he says

as you are dragged from the cell and bound. 'You must suffer the fate of all who do not love the Lord. You will burn.' He turns to an officer: 'Have the stakes prepared and piled with timber. We shall hold the execution immediately.'

Along with your companions (if any) you are led out to a hideous and unheroic death. Your adventure is at an end.



127

Fatima takes you to one of the many gates leading from her hidden garden. You have seen enough of her magic by now not to be surprised when she tells you that this gate leads to the city of Crescentium, which you left only a few days ago.

'You must charter a ship to take you north and west to the island of Entasius,' she says. 'He is a wizard of some repute, and he will be able to tell you how to reach the realm of Death.'

'What about the Death Focus?' you ask. 'Surely that leads straight there.'

Fatima shakes her head. 'Of course, but you cannot follow your enemy into Death's heartland by the same route that he took. It is easy enough to die, after all, but you will wish to return to the mortal world once you have retrieved the Sword of Life. Only Entasius can tell you how to accomplish that.'

She swings the gate open and bids you farewell. Thanking her for her help, you step through and emerge on a side street off the main plaza in Crescentium.

If you wish to visit the physician Emeritus, turn to **193**. If you have met Tobias de Vantery and wish to call on him, turn to **432**. If you decide to see about chartering a ship straight away, turn to **45**.

128

You cannot dissuade them from coming across. The mate goes down into the hold alone, only to emerge a few moments later with his face as pale as alabaster.

What of the treasure?' says one of the crewmen.

'No treasure,' says the mate grimly, eyes fixed on you. 'Tis but a scene of most foul murder, lads, and it is up to us to mete out justice.'

You get ready to do battle, but that is not what the mate has in mind. He signals to the *Persephone* and a dozen crossbows are levelled at you.

You whirl. You are too far from the side to dive overboard. You turn back to the mate and catch the glint of savoured vengeance in his eyes.

He brings his hand down. The crossbow strings release with a singing note. Quarrels sigh through the air-

Your adventure ends.



You catch Puldro's arm before he steps on to the gangplank. 'The man is under some sort of spell,' you say. 'He does not intend his words to sound mutinous.'

'And yet mutinous is what they are!' blurts Puldro, fairly shaking with indignation. 'What do you counsel - that I should allow such a lapse of discipline to pass unpunished? I have always run a tight ship.'

'Perhaps that is why your men succumb so readily to such a delusion,' you reply.

Liam is still standing at the foot of the gangplank. The beatific grin on his face makes him look like an imbecile. 'It's Paradise, captain. Those good pilgrims have been blown here by a holy wind, and it's our good luck to share their reward for a life of virtue. Don't pour the wine away looking for a mark on the bottle, eh?' -

Puldro gurgles with rage and hurls a belaying pin at the mate. It falls by his feet, but he only gives a sad shake of his head and shrugs before walking slowly away. This provokes Puldro's fury to such an extent that you have to hold him to prevent him trying to jump to the shore from here. As soon as you let go, he throws you a sharp glance and then runs down the gangplank to chase the mate.

If you go after him, turn to **167**. If you stay here on the ship, turn to **350**.

This is not a victory you feel proud of. You arrange the young knight's limbs so that he lies peacefully in death. Around his neck is a crucifix which you cup in his hands. After a short prayer for his soul, you look around for a way out. Another door leads from

the rear of the room, and when you open this you see a flight of steps leading up to the street level.

If you wish to take the dead knight's sword, arm yourself with this and then make your way up the stairs by turning to **307**.

131

As the fang-rimmed jaws of the white shark gape within an arm's-length of the boat, you toss the sliver into its black maw. Instantly the metal begins to flare up, reacting with the moisture in the creature's gullet. Some people claim that a shark is impervious to pain, but this one is certainly affected - if not by pain, then by the unendurable acrid taste of the burning metal. It rears up out of the water and twists away, but its flank still slams into your boat with the force of a battering ram. You are flung into the sea amid the smashed timbers of the rowing boat. Each player rolls a Die to determine his or her fate:

- 1-3 You plunge into the water unharmed.
- 4-5 You hit your head on a piece of wreckage; lose 1 Die+1 Endurance.
- 6 You are knocked unconscious and sink to the ocean bed; this means death, of course . . .

Any survivors bob up to the surface to see the pain-racked fish swimming away.

Turn to **431**.

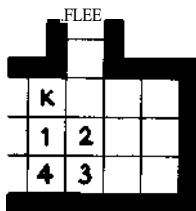
132

It saddens you to have to fight this young knight, but his code of honour forces him to try and stop you no matter how much he may privately disagree with Tobias' edicts.

Knight

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage per blow: 3 Dice+1
Psychic Ability: 7 Awareness: 7
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 48

If you *flee* past him, turn to **160**. If you kill him, turn to **130**.



133

(Enchanter) *[It hands you the die. Visible only to you and the faltyn, it spins on a corner and comes up 5. You protest, suspecting trickery, as the faltyn claims your knowledge of the spell of Immediate Deliverance. Note on your Character Sheet that you can never cast this spell again.]*

'You accepted the terms willingly,' points out the faltyn. 'Thus you cannot prevent me from taking what is due. Now, follow.'

It flits through the streets, eventually leading you out of the north gate of the city along a rough track into the hills. There you see a jewelled door set in the side of a massive boulder.

[What you seek lies beyond that door,' says the faltyn. 'As agreed, you will experience neither difficulty nor danger in obtaining it.' With these words, it vanishes.]

If you wish to open the door, turn to **374**. If you don't trust the faltyn and would rather return to the city, the Trickster could now try something (turn to **363**); or - if you haven't done so already - you could

sell some of your belongings to raise money (turn to 7). If you have already tried everything else, though, then you are really left with no choice but to open the mysterious door . . .

134

'I know next to nothing about it,' says the Bat.

'And I know less than my friend,' puts in the Dog. He glances over towards the tower, just visible beyond a copse of leafless trees.

'It isn't even inhabited, is it?' the Bat says.

'Of course it is,' you reply. 'What about the light in the upper window?' Then you realise that the light is not visible from this angle.

'Light?' says the Bat.

'Upper window?' repeats the Dog.

'So it is inhabited,' they say together, falling into hushed conspiratorial tones. 'And these could be trea--'

'Ahem,' says the Bat. 'Well, well, well. So someone lives in the tower and we've been here all this time and never knew it! Imagine.'

'Astounding,' agrees the Dog. 'We'll have to wander over there and see who it is . . . Perhaps. One day, I mean. Not right now.'

If you ask to see inside their treasure chest, turn to **531**. If the Trickster is here and does *not* have the codeword FOSSIL, he or she can try something - turn to **177**. If you take your leave of them, turn to **140**.

135

Do you have any of the following items?

The Axe of Heraklos;

The Dagger of Vislet;

The wand of the Magian High Priest;
The Snuff-box of Shormiano;
A gem containing the last breath
of Astarandel the Dragonlord;
The sword Blutgetrunker;
A magical Orb;
Enchanted armour of any sort.

If you have three or more of these, turn to **216**. If you have one or two, turn to **446**. If you have none, turn to **192**.

136

'Ah yes,' says the chandler when you ask him if he has anything to sell that you might need on your voyage. 'I am accustomed to outfitting dauntless Crusaders, prosperous merchants, and all manner of daring adventurers. Behold!' He throws open the door of a storeroom in which you see racks full of weapons and equipment. If you wish to buy any of these items, the prices are given below. But remember to keep back enough money to pay the captain.

Warrior's armour	25 gold pieces
Trickster's armour	15 gold pieces
Enchanter's armour	30 gold pieces
Sage's armour	20 gold pieces
Quarterstaff	1 gold piece
Bow	8 gold pieces
Quiver with six arrows	3 gold pieces
Sword	10 gold pieces
One week's rations (one person)	3 gold pieces
Lantern and tinderbox	4 gold pieces

If you want to sell some of your own equipment to raise more money, you can. Turn to **7** to see what the chandler will give you. Once you've completed your purchases and left, turn to **474**.

137

Now that you have some idea of the river's effect, you might like to immerse yourself in it more fully.

Players who have not yet touched the water at all but would like to do so now should turn to **335**. Players who have already touched the water once and wish to do so a second time should turn to **76**. Players who wish to touch the water for a *third* time should turn to **480**. Once everyone has had enough of bathing in the Styx water turn to **63**.

138

(ENCHANTER) You cast the spell directly at the oncoming shark but with no effect. The creature's thought processes are too primitive for your magic to have any effect. You might as well have tried to Enthral a ballista bolt.

There is no time to prepare another spell. Turn to **387**.

139

You enter the cage warily, disliking to put yourself in a vulnerable position but knowing that you have no other choice than to trust this odd creature. As soon as you have closed the cage door, it reaches down to seize an iron ring attached to the top and then launches itself into the sky. Despite its bulk and the burden of carrying you, it rises swiftly on its huge black wings. You are flung to and fro in the cage, but you manage to fight back your nausea until it has gained enough altitude to glide on the air currents. The flight becomes tolerable, if not comfortable.

Night falls. You must give in to sleep. When you open your eyes again it is daytime. An island is visible in the distance. Ignoring your questions, the

creature flies you to the shore of the island and departs without a word.

You step out of the cage.

Turn to **156**.

140

If you have not yet been to the tower and want to go and check it out now, turn to **447**. The Traveller thinks it would be better to head upriver towards the centre of Sheol. If you agree, turn to **515**.

141

There is a large copper-bound chest at the end of the tunnel. Hardly daring to draw breath, you unfasten it and slowly lift the lid. The wan light reflects off hundreds of glittering gold coins. It is, indeed, the treasure of faltyn promised you - acquired easily and without danger. You fill your pockets with as much gold as you can carry (every fifty coins counts as one item of encumbrance), then close the chest and turn to leave.

Turn to **278**.

142

'Ah, Angvar's hall,' says the Traveller when you mention your destination. 'As a matter of fact, I was going to suggest that we went there before crossing the river. We may be able to get some honey-cake there, you see, and honey-cake is the favourite fare of the monster Garm, who guards the Gate of Mist. So if we can get some cake . . .' His voice trails off into a chuckle. 'Well, take my word for it: it's worth the trip.'

Turn to **166**.

143

Seeing his comrade knocked out in such an unex-

pected way, the second gaoler flings down his crossbow and pulls out the cudgel that he has at his belt.

'Stay b-back,' he says. 'You w-won't get past me.'

If you attack him, turn to **33**. If you tell him to drop his weapon, turn to **505**.

144

(ENCHANTER) Tobias points at you. 'Methinks you have the look of a witch,' he says. He turns to the captain of the guards. 'See that this one is shackled with cold iron. That should prevent any pagan sorcery.'

Iron links are placed around your wrists before you are led away to the dungeons.

Turn to **180**.

145

The *Golden Lance* gradually closes on the scarlet-sailed vessel. As you draw nearer, signs of life are spotted aboard. 'She's not a ghost ship after all,' cries a man who has climbed to the crow's-nest. 'See that man at the wheel- and there, two deckhands

Nonetheless, you find it eerie the way the other ship seems only to come alive as you approach. The cries of her sailors gradually drift to your ears across the grey swell. By the time you are alongside, dozens of men crowd along her rail calling to you. But you cannot escape a sensation of foreboding.

'Ahoy, *Golden Lance*,' calls out a man you take to be the ship's captain. 'We're bound for the Sea of Mists. What of you?'

The Sea of Mists!' says Silthor to you. 'You can continue your journey with them and I can head straight for Ferromaine. What luck!'

If you agree to this, turn to **201**. If you refuse to travel in the other ship, turn to **443**.

The Bearded Dog jumps up with such a start on seeing you that it almost falls over backwards.

The Horned Bat, on the other hand, remains unperturbed. 'Wayfarers!' it calls in greeting. 'Come closer. We never move from this hill where we live, so if you can tell us news of the wider world then it will be much appreciated . . .'

'Am I alone in finding these creatures deeply suspicious?' whispers the Traveller to you.

'Not at all,' you reply behind your hand as you approach them. 'But you see the size of the treasure chest, don't you? Just be on your guard.'

If you are a lone player (with no other companions except the Traveller and, possibly, Cordelia turn to **135**. If there are at least two players in the party, turn to **192**.

147

(TRICKSTER) Woodblock printing makes cards expensive, so it follows that any game involving them will be played for high stakes. You go up to the group and introduce yourself as a pilgrim from Algandy, a fishmonger by trade. They ask you to join in, confident that you can have little experience of their game.

You must decide the total sum that you are prepared to wager. You can borrow money from your comrades (if any) for this. Once you have decided on a sum, write it on a piece of paper and turn to **502**.

148

(*Note: If the Sage has cancelled the energy of any of the undead beings by using Exorcism, reduce their number accordingly.*)

The mounds shudder and break apart. From within comes the odour of grave mould and ancient



cerements. Seven wights in ancient garb stand along the ridge, grey faces set in grins of mad hatred. They point their silvered swords at you and chant in unison: 'Warm blood and living thews - these have no place in Sheol. Here it is for the sheeted dead to stride the land, while mortals must lie silent and still.'

They advance on you. Characters with the *throw* or *shoot* options can have one free Round of missile attacks before they close.

Wights

Fighting Prowess: 7 Damage per blow: 1 Die+1

Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 2

Endurance: *first* 15 *fifth* 15

second 15 *sixth* 15

third 15 *seventh* 15

fourth 15

Remember that if the Sage has used Exorcism then there may be less than seven of them.

There is no point in trying to *flee* across this treacherous terrain. If you slay the wights, any player who is without a weapon can take one of their swords. You can then take a look inside the mounds (turn to **30**) or continue following the trail of ghostly hoof prints (turn to **111**).

w		w		w		
						W
	1	2	3	4		
w			w			w

149

(SAGE) You finger your jaw and try to think of a plan. Outside, three of the gaolers go off duty while the remaining two produce dice, several piles of copper pennies and a jug of wine. They have soon launched into a noisy gambling session. You will never get a better chance to escape.

You clear your mind in preparation for the use of your psionic powers. If, you concentrate on escaping, turn to **288**. If, instead, you focus your mind on not being imprisoned turn to **477**.

150

Cordelia speaks for the first time. Looking about her as though awaking from a dream, she says, 'What is this place? What has happened to me?' She shivers in the wind.

'Have no fear,' the Traveller says to her. 'I will take you back to the mortal world, where your memories will soon return.'

What does he mean, *he* will take her back . . . ?
Turn to **169**.

151

Uraba the seer gave you this bell to counter the magic of the Warlock-King. His power was the power of dream and unreality. Indeed, he was the greatest master of illusion the world has ever known - save for the True Magus Tor, who transmogrified into Blue Moon when Spyte fell. Perhaps the same thing that could break the Warlock-King's magic will also work here. You swing the bell. Immediately the revellers clap their hands to their ears and drop to the grass as though stunned. Each toll of the bell brings a groan of dismay from them.

At last you stop ringing the bell. Slowly the sailors

and pilgrims get up and look around. The sun has set completely now, and only a wan, cloud-filtered moonshine illuminates the island. 'Where have the pretty maids gone?' they whisper to one another, 'Where the drink, and where the song?' They turn on you with hard looks replacing their earlier smiles. 'Paradise has slipped away from us. Because of you.'

If you try telling them it was all an illusion, turn to **540**. If you forget about explanations and just make a run for it, turn to **80**.

152

If you have already arranged for a ship to take you to Entasius island, turn to **179**. If not, you had better see to it now - turn to **45**.

153

You look up. A lone bird wheels in the sky high above you. As it hears Circe's call it begins to descend. You see another . . . then two or three more, then still more. A flock of birds seem to arrive out of the clouds themselves in answer to Circe's summons.

The first one lands at your feet, and you see that it is like no bird of the mortal world. Its plumage is glittering silver. More start to arrive, flocking around you, settling on you in their hundreds. You are completely engulfed in their fluttering silver wings.

Then they start to fly away - one at a time at first, just as they arrived, then in a vast flock. And where you were standing, Circe's gaze falls on an empty spot. There is no sign you were ever there.

The birds fly north for hundreds of miles, till the wind becomes cold and the sea below is grey and

veiled with boreal mists. A small island appears and, seeing it, they circle down. Clustering together in a flurry of silver plumage, they alight on the shore. You feel your substance reforming. When the birds have gone, you are left standing on the shore where they were.

Thus, in this strange manner, you have come to the island of Entasius.

Turn to **156**.

154

The trail of sulphurously smoking hoofprints takes you across inhospitable downs where the mist sits sullenly in the hollows. You feel as though eyes are peering at you from the thickets of sedge and heather, but you can see no signs of life.

The trail wends between a number of ancient burial mounds. They squat along the ridge of a hill, their moss-covered stones looking like the hunched shoulders of beasts of prey.

A moan comes out of the ground. A loose stone clatters from one of the mounds. A breath of mist gusts from the entrance of another.

Their inhabitants have sensed your presence. They are waking up.

If the Trickster is here and has a harp, turn to **15**. If the Sage is here and wants to try something, he or she should turn to **229**. Otherwise, you can carry on (turn to **148**); or turn back from the barrow downs and find another route inland (turn to **250**).

155

The Traveller smiles. 'Ah, perhaps you are moved to pity by their fate? Do not be - it is only what they deserve.'

Several of the villagers have overheard your

conversation. 'Even the foulest tyrant of Ancient Selenrium would not deserve so horrible a punishment as is meted out to us,' says one. Had he cried out in impassioned resentment, you might have thought him alive. But instead he speaks in a hollow moan that chills the blood in your veins.

'Help us,' insists another in a voice equally cold.

'As your guide I must counsel you to ignore them,' says the Traveller. 'Whatever their fate, and whether you feel it to be just or unjust, we will only imperil the quest for the Sword of Life if we allow ourselves to get involved.'

If you agree to help the villagers, turn to **538**. If you accept what the Traveller says, turn to **275**.

156

You are standing on the bleak shore of Entasius' island. Tongues of mist drift in off the sea and lick around the barren rocks. You had expected a tower or even a palace - but from the shoreline there is no sign of any habitation at all.

'You have come to see Entasius,' says a voice.

A woman in elaborate robes is standing on a shelf of rock above you.

'Yes, madam. Who are you?'

'I? I am his servitor. Follow me.' She indicates a path to the ledge where she stands, then leads you to crudely hewn stone steps to a cave mouth. By the light of a candle she is carrying, you make your way along a narrow tunnel that ends in bronze doors. Each door is fashioned with a face in profile, that when closed they form the symbol of the old Selentine god Janus.

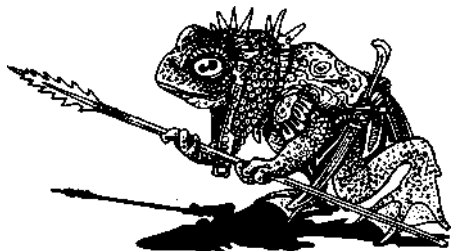
'Janus is the god of journeys - of beginnings and endings. Of thresholds. In view of your quest this has a special significance, do you not agree?' She

taps the doors and they swing open, admitting you to a subterranean chamber. The rough walls shimmer in trembling light cast by thousands of candles set in niches and on the tops of stalagmites.

An old, old man sits on a stone block against the far wall of the chamber. Jagged stalactites form an arch above his seat. You could almost believe they were younger than he; in the candlelight his skin looks like wax.

'Entasius,' says the woman.

Turn to **316**.



157

The Shrine of Summoning lies in the middle of a vast moor. Trekking across the bleak landscape, you espy a tree where a stranger stands. He is wearing a wide-brimmed hat and ragged cloak, and carries a lantern on a crook across his shoulder.

'Well met,' he says, performing a graceful bow. 'I am called the Traveller, and it is my function to guide you to what you seek.'

How will you reply to this? 'And what exactly is that?' (turn to **183**); 'Who are you?' (turn to **232**); or 'What is the Shrine of Summoning?' (turn to **14**).

158

(ENCHANTER) Perhaps you could convince Tobias with the judicious use of a little sorcery. What spell

will you try? Summon Faltyn? (turn to **317**); or Servile Enthralment? (turn to **221**). If you decide against using either of these spells, turn to **118**.

159

Angvar is disappointed that you gave in so easily. 'Well,' he says, 'you were brave to issue the challenge. Your skill should be the equal of your courage, and then you would be a hero indeed.'

He turns away. The thanes sneer at you - as if any of them would have fared better!

The Traveller comes over and retrieves his staff. 'We should leave now, I think before their mood turns ugly.'

'If their mood matched their appearance,' you reply loudly so that the nearest thanes can hear, then it would be ugly indeed. Yes, let's go.'

Turn to **195**.

160

You pull open the door at the back of the office. A flight of steps leads up to the street level. The young knight tries to stop you escaping, but you slam the door in his face. Rather than pursue you up the stairs, where you would have the advantage of height, he goes back to summon help.

Turn to **307**.

161

You manage to reach the armoury without being recognised. Luck is with you just that far, but it runs out as soon as you step through the doorway. Tobias is there, alone, standing at a table where your confiscated weapons have been laid out for his inspection.

He watches you for a moment. Apparently he does not know the emotion of fear. Then he speaks,

using the same tone of monolithic certainty in which he makes every pronouncement: 'You have escaped. It is truly said that the Fiend's followers share their master's dark cunning. But the hand of Providence has delivered you directly to me, and now I shall deal with you as I should have done already.' He draws his sword - a magic blade, black as night.

'Pagan sorcery, Tobias?' you say, inching closer.

He sees what you're planning and moves between you and the table. 'Certainly. Any power or agency may be legitimately employed in God's service.'

Any player who can *move* adjacent to the table and spend one Round not in melee with Tobias can recover his or her weapon(s).

Tobias

Fighting Prowess: 10 Damage per blow: 5 Dice

Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 65

Note: Tobias is immune to Servile Enthralment because of his fanaticism. He has four spells and is also a very capable swordsman. If there is no reader available to determine his actions, you will need to make a roll for him each Round:

1-3 Strikes with his sword

4-6 Prepares or casts a spell

His spells are:

Chrysoteuch (Complexity Level One) This spell increases Tobias' Armour Rating by 2 for the duration of the fight. It is the first spell he will cast. It cannot be applied a second time for cumulative effect.

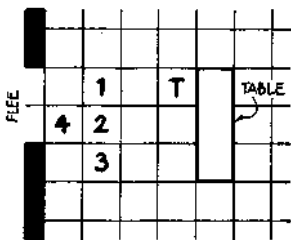
Euectia (Complexity Level Two) This spell immedi-

ately heals 2 Dice+2 lost Endurance points. Tobias will not use it if the players are inflicting more than 10 points on average each Round.

Catachronism (Complexity Level Three) A Psychic spell affecting all enemies in the vicinity. Anyone who fails to resist it has his or her perception of time distorted, and can only act in alternate Rounds. This wears off after six Rounds. This will be Tobias' first choice as an attack spell if he is fighting more than one opponent.

Ceraunisation (Complexity Level Four) A Blasting spell that can be directed at a single foe, causing the loss of 7-42 points of Endurance (roll one Die and multiply the score by seven). Armour protects from this as usual.

If you *flee* out across the courtyard to the gate, turn to **437**. If you slay Tobias, turn to **70**.



162

Lokven winks at you impertinently from the rail. 'Watch out for Billy Blood,' he calls, and all the sailors shriek with wicked laughter.

'Aye!' shouts Silthor as you row away. 'Ol' Billy's a toothsome lad, they say. Maybe he'll ask you to join him at his dinner table.'

You row until the sound of their laughter and catcalls is just a whisper in the distance. The sails of

the *Golden Lance* and the other ship soon disappear over the horizon.

If the Sage is in the party, he or she should turn to **204**. If not, turn to **488**.

163

The glow becomes brighter and brighter. You have to shield your eyes. As it fades, you see a giant figure standing in front of the torus. Seemingly composed of black marble, it has the head and hindquarters of a horse but stands on two legs and has the body of a man. It regards you with its single, unblinking golden eye. In its hands it wields a glass-like mace.

'I am Typhon,' it says. 'You who have come here from the mortal vale now face a dilemma, for you must defeat me to have any hope in your quest. Yet I am unconquerable, and the touch of my mace brings the mightiest to their knees!'

Suddenly, even as you watch, cracks appear throughout Typhon's stone body and he crumbles to dust ...

Turn to **398**.

164

(WARRIOR) The despicable merchant-captain has a wily look on his face as he listens to your challenge. Then he nods to some of his men standing behind you, and you find yourself caught in the rough grip of many hands. Along with your companions (if any) you are pushed into a small boat which is rapidly lowered into the water.

'Is this the answer you give to a call to battle, Silthor?' you snarl as he appears at the rail. 'Is this the reply of Silthor when his honour is challenged? What respect do you suppose your crew will have



for you now, after witnessing your rank cowardice?'

They respect my money well enough,' replies Silthor, raising gales of merriment from his men. Turning to them with a smile, he indicates for your boat to be cast adrift.

If you row over to the scarlet-sailed ship, turn to **90**. If you row away from both ships, turn to **162**.

165

You take advantage of the gaolers' quarrel to slip away. Note that the Trickster has lost ten gold pieces, though. Closing the dungeon door behind you, you hurry along the corridor.

Turn to **309**.

166

Angvar's hall is built at the point where the Lethe and Acheron diverge. It is a magnificent high-gabled building of dark red timber, with carved dragonheads rearing up along the patterned eaves and giltwork marking the elaborate runes and spirals typical of Norse architecture. A few out-buildings house Angvar's animals and grain. Inside the main hall is where all his warriors and their families live. Even when you are still several hundred metres away you can hear the sounds of drunken singing echoing through the twilight.

'Aha,' says the Traveller. 'Angvar and his hall-heroes are feasting as is their wont. No doubt they think they're in Valhalla, though I have seen the wenches who serve at the tables and they're no Valkyries, I can tell you!' Suddenly he glances off to one side and catches your sleeve. 'Look there, now. In the distance . . .'

You peer across the River Acheron to an expanse of bleak marsh. Hundreds of grey-eyed ghosts are

milling to and fro there. Their wailing is all but drowned out by the revelry from the hall, but from what you can hear it sounds ghastly.

'Are they souls in torment, to weep and moan so?' you ask in horror.

The unburied dead,' he replies. 'A rancid stream called the Cocytus drains into those swamps where they are condemned to wander forever. The word Cocytus comes from Ancient Emphidian, and it means "the place of lamentation". Forget them; our business awaits us in Angvar's hall.'

You nod and let him lead the way to the great double-doors. Bound in iron, they bear the hammer symbol of the god Tor, the Thunderer. The Traveller raises his staff and knocks.

The heavy strikes resound, rolling down the interior of the hall. The men at the tables fall silent, waiting to see the wayfarers who have come to their feasting-place.

Then a voice says: 'Throw open the doors. Bid those without to enter!' And it could almost be the voice of the Thunderer himself.

Turn to **526**.

167

Puldro is sure-footed on the narrow gangplank, whereas you - in spite of weeks on the ship - have yet to fully acquire your sea legs. In the few moments it takes you to catch up with him, he has reached Liam and run him through. The mate falls without a sound, still smiling blissfully.

'Oh, captain,' moans Gathric, staring in horror at the body. 'What've you done . . . ?'

The lubber mutinied,' says Puldro, sheathing his sword with trembling hand. 'Now - where are the rest of them?'

The others, pilgrims and sailors alike, are pouring up a path that leads inland as though they were following the Pied Piper. Deep in their delusion that they have arrived at the Land of the Blessed, they remain oblivious of Liam's murder.

'We've got to get them back,' you say to Puldro and Gathric.

Puldro nods. 'True. Without them to man her, the *Providence* will never leave this island.'

You set off up the path.

Turn to **370**.

168

(TRICKSTER) You brandish your money pouch in the face of the nearest gaoler. 'Turning keys is a tiresome way to spend your time, eh?' you suggest to him. 'Wouldn't you rather be living it up in an alehouse?'

He sneers and snatches the pouch. 'Sure, pally, but I'll enjoy my beer all the more for knowing that you'll be rotting here thirsty in the dungeon while I'm drinking it.'

They all chortle as he counts out the money. '... eight, nine, ten. That's two Crowns each, mates.'

'Ten?' you cry in outrage. 'There was twice that in the pouch. It is one thing to steal from me, but are you the sort of dog who tries to cheat his own comrades?' Seizing his sleeve, you use sleight-of-hand to make it seem you are extracting more coins from concealment there. 'Look what your so-called friend was keeping back for himself,' you say to the other gaolers.

One of them gives the first man an angry shove, snarling: 'Up to your old thieving tricks, eh, Gustav . . . ?' Within moments they are all scuffling over the coins, and you are entirely forgotten.

Turn to **165**.

169

Earlier you may have written down something you were suspicious about. If it concerned the Traveller, turn to **325**. If not, turn to **391**.

170

The ship sails north by northwest, making good headway with the strong following wind. As the sun sinks off the port bow, you make your way to Silthor's cabin.

Over a tot of brandy he discusses the ship's course with you. 'We cannot be sure exactly where Entasius' island lies,' he says. 'Once we reach the Sea of Mists I am prepared to devote six days to trying to find it. If we don't sight land in that time, we'll have to resume our voyage to Ferromaine where you can look for another ship.'

What will you reply? That is not our bargain. You will find Entasius' island, be it a task of six days or six hundred.' (turn to **513**)? Or 'Yes, of course, captain. That sounds entirely reasonable.' (turn to **191**)?

171

(TRICKSTER) 'It is a holy quest against the infidels,' you tell him, dropping your voice to a confidential whisper. 'St Vartus himself appeared to me in a vision and told me of an island in the west where a coven of Satanists is nurturing the Antichrist.'

Tobias stares at you long and hard. For a moment you think he does not believe your story. He seems on the point of striking you in righteous outrage. Then he slams his fist into his palm. 'God be praised!' he snarls. 'We will have the Devil's whelp in our hands - and, as the Lord is my witness, we'll treat him no better than the pagans treated our

Saviour, hung on the cross three day's and nights. Leave all preparations to me. We shall depart before the sun has set.'

You didn't plan on Tobias trying to accompany you! Will you come clean and admit you were making up the story about the Antichrist (turn to **5**)? Or will you try to bluff your way out of having him join you (turn to **485**)?

172

Tobias give you a look that smoulders with fanatic anger. When you have finished your story, he nods slowly. 'Now it is clear to me,' he says in a low voice. 'You worship the Evil One, and you are mad enough to tell me of your plan to descend into Hell and join him. Your talk is sheer blasphemy, and you will rue the day you chose to spout your blasphemous plans within earshot of Tobias de Vantery. Guards!'

Turn to **550**.

173

You go aboard and find Puldro on the quarterdeck, berating some of his sailors for their slovenliness. 'Ah, but they all serve at a low wage out of their wish to serve God,' he says when he turns to you. You cannot tell if he is joking or not.

'Captain Puldro - ' you begin.

'Yes, yes. You have the sum we fixed on?'

If you can pay him one hundred and fifty gold pieces, cross them off your Character Sheet and turn to **418**. If you do not have the money, turn to **454**.

174

You have defeated Puldro, but you have not killed him. Someone else did that hours ago, and then

stuffed his skin with sawdust and used magic to animate this grisly mannikin. After a few moments looking at his torn remains, you have to go to the rail and throw up.

Gathric is dancing agitatedly around the deck. 'It is an island of horror that we've stumbled upon, and no mistake,' he wails. 'Now we're trapped here. We'll be caught and flayed and made to walk around with stuffing and dust instead of innards. And only glass eyes to see the world with - !'

You slap him across the face, bringing him out of his hysteria. 'We cannot man the *Providence*,' you say, 'but what about her cutter?'

Gathric eyes the small rowing boat dubiously. 'On southern seas, perhaps. Here in the Deorsk Ocean the weather is all storms and heavy swells. We'd be doomed as surely as if we stayed here on the island. But,' he adds with another fearful glance at Puldro's remains, 'at least drowning would be a clean death . . . !'

If you take the rowing boat out onto the open sea, turn to **378**. If you decide to go ashore and scout out the island, turn to **340**.

175

The ship sails on the morning tide - and you must be on it, or your quest is doomed to fail. Somewhere you must find the money you need.

If you encountered a jinni a few days ago and wished for him to bestow great wealth on you, turn to **26**. If not, you will have to devise another plan to get the money. If the Trickster is here and wishes to suggest something, he or she should turn to **363**. If the Enchanter wants to try something, he or she should turn to **452**. If they are not in the party (or don't wish to do anything for the time being), turn to **7**.

(ENCHANTER) He takes the money and then leads you to his forge. Using a hammer and chisel, he strikes at the chains with sharp blows combining strength and precision. You are soon free. As the chains fall away, you rub your aching wrists and thank him, then continue on towards the harbour.

Turn to **230**.

(TRICKSTER) 'What I was wondering,' you say to them, 'was why the treasure on the other hill is just lying there unguarded . . . !'

'Eh?' says the Bat. 'What's that? Which hill?'

'Where?' says the Dog.

You point across the river, 'A hill right over there beyond the trees, on the other side of the river. There's a pile of jewels and gold in a hole, waiting to be taken.' You smile as you see them exchange a greedy look. 'Why don't you go over and check it out?'

'Yes, why don't we?' says the Dog, getting up off his haunches.

'Don't let's be too hasty,' the Bat whispers into his friend's ear. 'We don't want to go gallivanting off and leave these strangers here with our chest.' They both look hard at you and seem to grin. 'I'll fly over and investigate,' he says.

You watch until he disappears into the darkness beyond the trees. Poking at the ground idly with a stick, you wait a while and then say to the Dog: 'Your friend's taking a long time, isn't he? Perhaps he found the other treasure was so good that he's decided to keep it for himself?'

The Dog sniffs haughtily. 'You don't know what you're saying! The Bat is my trusted friend. He

would as soon fall in the river and drown as double-cross me.'

'Still, taking a long time, isn't he . . . ?'

'It's a long way to go,' protests the Dog.

'Flying?' You give a cynical bark of laughter. 'But maybe you're right ...'

He paces to and fro for several minutes. 'I have come to a decision,' he announces at last.

'Oh yes?' You scratch your nose disinterestedly.

'I'm going to see what's happened to my friend. But I'm not going to leave our chest here - even though it does only contain peat for our fire. Help me get it up on to my back.'

You help him with the chest until it is balanced squarely on his shoulders. 'Heavy for just peat, isn't it?' you remark.

'Peat's all it is,' snaps the Dog. He makes his way down the hillside and is finally lost to view among the thorn thickets.

Turn to **518**.

178

You race away from the broken torus. After a hundred metres, hearing no sound of pursuit, you risk a glance back. There is no sign of Typhon -

The ground gapes at your feet. Of course - he is using the same tactic as before. Since you are forewarned, you might be able to dodge the surprise blow as he materialises. The first player should roll three Dice. A score of equal to or under his or her Awareness means that the player has avoided Typhon's mace. If you score higher than your Awareness you are stuck for 12 points of Endurance damage.

Surviving players can resume the battle. (Remember to adjust Typhon's Endurance to take

account of any wounds you have already inflicted on him.)

Typhon the Giant

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 6 Dice+1
Psychic Ability: 8 Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 3
Endurance: 70

If you win, turn to **61**.

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179

You while away the rest of the day in the bazaar, watching acts of sword swallowing, fire breathing and juggling, and listening with interest to a storyteller. He is well into the famous tale of Simbar the mariner, but as he gets to the part where Simbar is swallowed by a giant fish his tale is interrupted by the call to prayer. 'Pity poor Simbar,' he says to his audience. 'There in the fish's belly, how is he to know which direction to bow to the Holy City?'. There is a ripple of laughter. 'Be here tomorrow!' he cries as the crowd moves away. 'Be with Simbar as he is spat out by the Dendan and washed onto the beach of Nephele! Witness his swordplay and derring-do against the Ancient One of the Sea! Gasp with him at his love for the beautiful Princess Liabla!'

The crowd applaud this virtuoso finale and shower the storyteller with coins. Meanwhile, you slip



away to find somewhere to spend the night.

Turn to **115**.

180

The guards march you to the armoury, where your weapons are taken from you and placed on a table to await Tobias' inspection. Note that until and unless you re-arm, all players must reduce their Fighting Prowess and damage rolls by 2.

If you have the invisible Sword of Loge Skyrunner or a blade of Crescentium steel (which is flexible enough to conceal in your belt), they do not find these.

Next you are led across an inner courtyard and through a marble hall with a fountain in the centre. Steps descend to a passage that slopes down into the catacombs below the temple. You are taken past two side doors. When you come to a third, the captain of the guards knocks and the door is opened by a whey-faced man with a bristle of lank whiskers across his double chin.

'Oh, welcome,' says the gaoler. He grins and mocks you with a bow. '*Do* come in!'

There are four other gaolers in the room. They watch you warily, their hands resting on heavy cudgels in case you make a break for freedom. Satisfied that they have the situation under control, the guards turn and leave.

Turn to **523**.

181

(TRICKSTER) If you are wearing a glowing mask that you cannot remove, turn to **236**. If not, turn to **18**.

182

(OTHER PLAYERS EXCEPT TRICKSTER) The

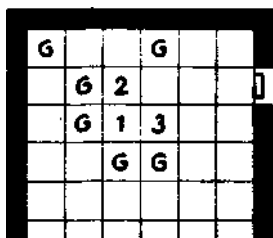
Trickster is knocked down by Njal's punch and the gamblers are now turning their attention to you. That one wasn't the only crook in here!' shrieks one man.

You must fight the toughest of them. The Trickster cannot take part in the battle as several sailors are aiming vicious kicks at his or her senseless form.

Gamblers

Fighting Prowess: 8	Damage per blow: 1 Die+2		
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 6		
Armour Rating: 0			
Endurance: <i>first</i>	18	<i>fourth</i>	18
<i>second</i>	18	<i>fifth</i>	18
<i>third</i>	18	<i>sixth</i>	18

You cannot *flee* and leave your comrade at their mercy. If you win, turn to **190**.



183

He nods; under the shade of his hat's brim you see him smile. 'You seek to test me. Very well: you have come here seeking the Sword of Life, which was taken from you at the moment of his death by your arch-foe Icon of Yamato, known in his own land as Aiken of the Mountain of Songs. In order to retrieve the sword you must brave perils that no living soul has ever faced. You must confront Azrael, the Angel of Death. I will lead you to him.'

You shrug and continue across the moor towards the Shrine of Summoning. The Traveller falls into step beside you.

Turn to **222**.

184

'Perhaps you are right,' says the Traveller after you have called him back and told him what you think. He lowers himself down the bank and collects some of the river-water in a skin. This he hands to one of the players, who should note that he or she is now carrying some Lethian water.

You can drink from the waterskin at any time except when in combat. There is enough for all players. If you do drink, turn to 312 after first noting the number of the entry you're reading at the time. (The player with the waterskin will need to record this: 'Lethian water - see 312 for effect.')

Now turn to **73**.

185

One of the gaolers rushes over to the door and pokes his face up to the bars. 'Gone!' he breathes in horrified tones. 'Tobias'll have our guts for lyre-strings if he finds out we've let a prisoner get away.'

'How could anyone get out of one of these cells?' you hear the other gaoler say. 'Open it up and let's have a look.'

The keys rattle in the lock and a moment later the door swings open.

Turn to **484**.

186

'Showing your true colours at last, eh, Traveller?' you say. 'What did you mean by that remark? And who are you really?'

He answers with a spell which causes tongues of flame to leap out and curl around you. Each player loses 1 Die+4 Endurance (with armour protecting as usual).

The flame sends a cloud of hissing steam up from the ice-covered plain. As it dissipates, the Traveller stands revealed as who he truly is: your arch-enemy Icon the Warlock, who instigated this entire quest when he stole the Blood Sword from you and descended to Death's land.

'Like finding a worm in an apple,' you say, brushing at your scorched clothing. 'Of course the offer of a guide through Sheol was too good to be true . . .'

'Of course,' he says, nostrils flaring in anticipation of the revenge he has waited so long to achieve. 'Disguising myself from you was a simple matter - a simple illusion to fool the simple-minded. You recognise this, of course . . .' He produces a sword that he had worn under the now-discarded cloak. Its jewelled hilt and scabbard make the Blood Sword unmistakable. Icon tosses it to the ground behind him. 'No good for fighting: badly balanced,' he says dismissively. He twists the end of his staff and there is a click as he withdraws a straight slender blade that was concealed there. 'I much prefer a weapon of the *kiri-ha* style. Let me show you how effective it can be in the hands of a master . . .'

Turn to **121** but note that Icon has had a Round in which to call his Haragei spell to mind.

187

The eel-man argues for a little while but finally gives up, exasperated, and swims away. 'Such obduracy!' he shouts back. 'It is a mystery why Entasius should want you brought to him.'

'Unholy creature,' says Serafenne, spitting overboard. 'If you had gone with it, I warrant you'd nevermore have been seen in all the lands of men.'

You nod. Now that it has gone you experience a twinge of doubt. Perhaps it was sent by Entasius - surely the Magi would have employed a less obviously monstrous agent? You will never know the truth. The *Persephone* puts into the harbour at Sauvesse a few days later. Without the money to charter another ship, your quest must end here.



188

(WARRIOR) Silthor has accused you of cowardice in front of the entire ship's company. The honour of your family name demands that such a charge should not go unanswered. Either you must prove him wrong by going aboard the other ship (turn to **201**), or else you must challenge him to a duel (turn to **164**).

189

Lokven shows you to your cabin - a cramped space under the poop deck, barely three metres square. Measured against the typical standards of ship-board accommodation, it is the height of luxury. Turning a yellow-toothed grin at you, he says: The captain requests that you join him for a drink in his cabin at sundown. Perhaps he'll wish to discuss your destination - but it is not for me, whom he treats like a mushroom, to be privy to such secrets.'

'Indeed it is not!' you tell the insidious fellow. 'Be of with you.'

If you bought four magic swords from the landlord's brother at The Heart of the Sunrise inn, turn to **302**. If you bought the Torc of Indomitable Will, turn to **294**. If you didn't make either purchase, turn to **170**.

190

You defeat your own opponents and then pull the other ruffians off the Trickster. As a result of their savage beating, he or she has lost four Dice Endurance (down to a minimum of 1 Endurance point left).

You know that none of the city militia would come to a place like this, but there is also a Ferromaine-sponsored dockland militia. Before they can arrive, you snatch up a couple of bags of gold and scurry away. Later, in a back alley, you count out the coins and find you have another hundred gold pieces. You had to leave behind the money that the Trickster was staking in the game, though.

If you now have enough for your purposes, turn to 115. If not, and if the Enchanter is here and wants to suggest something, turn to **452**. If the Enchanter is not here, the only other option is to sell some equipment to raise cash: if you haven't done so yet, you can visit a chandler's shop by turning to **7**. If you've tried everything and still can't pay for the voyage, then your adventure ends here in failure.

191

Silthor, seeing that you have drunk your brandy, pushes the bottle over to you. 'Between reasonable men there can only be blissful concord,' he says. 'I venture to say that our agreement is not merely a

matter of contractual requirement, but that a valued friendship is also in the offing.'

He chats on, becoming increasingly drunk and affable, until finally he falls asleep in his chair. You quietly get up and return to your own quarters.

Turn to **494**.

192

'Well, well, well,' says the Horned Bat. 'Not many mortals come past here.' He flitters nervously around the treasure chest.

'And why should they?' adds the Bearded Dog, trying to adopt a casual tone. There is little here to see except us and our . . . box.'

They both look at one another for a startled instant, then look straight back at you. The Dog grins weakly. Anxious to see if you noticed the reference to the treasure chest, they both begin speaking at once. The Bat puts one wing across the Dog's mouth and blurts out: 'My friend was referring to our old . . . erm, fuel chest. It certainly looks very grand, doesn't it? You'd hardly believe it only contains peat for our fire, would you?'

'No indeed,' says the Traveller softly. 'It almost looks like - dare I say it - a treasure chest.'

'Ha ha ha ha,' barks the Bearded Dog. 'Treasure? Why, what an outlandish thought! Ha ha ha.'

If you ask them about the tower nearby, turn to **134**. If you ask to see inside the treasure chest, turn to **531**. If the Trickster is here and does *not* have the codeword FOSSIL, he or she can try something by turning to **177**. If you ask them the way to Azrael, turn to **106**. If you take your leave of them, turn to **140**.

193

Emeritus is delighted to see you safe and well, but

he listens morosely as you tell him the events of the past week. 'So now you must descend into the realm, of the Angel of Death - the land of Sheol,' he says. 'Ah, that Icon has wreaked a final bitter revenge on you, for you must know that your chance of returning is slim indeed.'

'Be of good heart,' you say to him. 'If no thought of failure is ever entertained, the quest must certainly succeed.'

'I admire your resolution,' says Emeritus with a slight smile. 'Your logic, however, I can only deplore!'

You laugh. 'Well, what can you remember about Sheol? It is best to go against the enemy forewarned.'

'Then let us go straightaway to my library.' He leads you to a room containing nearly a hundred tomes and many scrolls. It is surely one of the largest private libraries in Outremer. Poring over these, Emeritus selects a faded parchment and tilts it in a shaft of sunlight to read.

'Death is the brother of Sleep,' he says, 'and in myth they are respectively the son and daughter of Night. Sheol, which is Death's kingdom, can be reached from certain points in the mortal world where the barrier between life and death is weak. But I have no idea where such a place could be found.'

You look along the rows of books and at the heaps of dusty scrolls. You cannot afford to waste too much time before setting out on your quest - but there could be information here that might prove vital.

If you depart at once, turn to **152**. If you decide to spend some time in the library, turn to **401**.

194

(PLAYER WITH THE BLOODSWORD) Make sure you have the number of the previous entry before reading on. This entry will not guide you back there.

The Sword of Life, known in popular folklore as the Blood Sword, was created by the Archangel Abdiel. It is one of the most potent and holy relics in all the world. On a mundane level, it adds 3 to its wielder's Fighting Prowess and inflicts an extra two Dice damage when it hits in combat. If you strike an undead creature with it, the creature must attempt to resist a Psychic attack and is instantly destroyed if this fails.

It also has other powers. You will learn more about these as you use it. Now return to the last entry you were reading.

195

You step out of the welcome warmth of the mead-hall into the cold air of Sheol.

If you have Screebo the raven, turn to **34**. If not, turn to **351**.

196

(TRICKSTER) One of the other gamblers - a Mercanian sea captain called Njal Blutstrom - suddenly grabs your wrist. You try to twist free, but his grip is like an iron vice. Ripping your tunic open, he reveals several cards you had hidden there.

'Dirty cheat,' he snarls, glaring into your cool gaze. 'You've picked the wrong place to try your tricks.' Without warning, he throws a punch at your jaw.

Roll one Die. If you get a 3 or more, turn to **332**. If you get a 1 or a 2 and are alone, turn to **524**. If you get a 1 or a 2 and are with other players, turn to **182**.

197

Perhaps you have some item that would be of use. You search among your belongings. Will you try: a bunch of gristly fingerbones? (turn to **503**); Screebo the raven? (turn to **356**); the Orb of Fire? (turn to **347**); or a blasting sceptre from the Battlepits of Krarth? (turn to **542**).

If you do not have any of these items, turn to **62**.

198

(TRICKSTER) You crouch down, knowing that the last breaths of clean air will be found close to the floor. That buys you a few moments in which to think. You hastily drench your cloak (and the cloaks of your companions, if you're not alone) using the cell's urine bucket. Unpleasant - but this is no time to be fastidious. Wrapping the wet cloth around your face and hands, you dash out through the door and across the blazing outer room into the passage. Each player is scorched, losing two Dice of Endurance, but is otherwise unhurt. As you beat out the flames that have caught on your clothing, you are already thinking of the next part of your escape plan.

Turn to **233**.

199

Which item will you try using? A sliver of the metal Kalium? (turn to **131**); a red Orb of Carnage? (turn to **234**); or a blue Orb of Mystery? (turn to **271**).

If you have none of these, turn to **387**.

200

(ENCHANTER) The accursed faltyn has you over a barrel. Grudgingly you agree to the deal, and it removes all your equipment, money, clothing and

weaponry - though (oddly) allowing you to retain your loincloth for the sake of dignity. If you have estates and a treasury elsewhere in the world, it denudes you of these also. You are paupered.

(The belongings of your comrades, if you are adventuring with other players, are *not* touched.)

Turning towards the shark, the faltyn causes a number of glowing blue fish to appear beside it. They veer and - astonishingly - the shark veers with them, narrowly missing the boat. You watch as the sinister white gleam of its back recedes into the distance.

['A simple illusion of pilot fish,' explains the faltyn as it fades. 'The shark, nearly blind, allows itself to be guided by them.' And with that, it smirks and vanishes.]

Turn to **435**.

201

You gather your belongings and are rowed over to the ship with scarlet sails. You cannot make out any identification - nothing that would tell you her port of origin, her owner, her nationality, or even her name.

'What is your ship called?' you ask one of the lean-faced sailors who helps you aboard.

'The *Annuvin*,' he replies. 'An Erewornian vessel, we're now bound through the Sea of Mists, but we'll see you to your destination. Entasius' isle lies dead on our course.'

Turn to **414**.

202

(WARRIOR) He announces a wrestling contest. At least there is less chance of getting yourself killed in a bare-handed fight with him - although he does look as though he could snap a bull's back in his

grip. Not only that, but he towers over you as much as you would tower over a child. The prospect of victory looks slim . . . but at least if you get killed here in Sheol then you are in the right place.

Angvar's size belies his speed. He leaps forward and takes your upper arms in an iron grip. Shifting your weight rapidly, you are able partly to twist away, pushing in under his arms to seize his leg. But all your strength is not enough to topple him, and in the next instant he has lifted you clear of the floor in an armlock - one that you are powerless to break. He holds you aloft for a moment as the warriors rise to their feet to cheer, then the world spins around and you are slammed down with splintering force.

Lose 2 Dice+3 Endurance. If still alive, turn to **430**. If you are dead but there are other players who are still alive they should turn to **46**.

203

If you have the codeword GLIMPSE, turn to **384**. If not, turn to **299**.

204

(SAGE) *[Billy Blood is the name given by sailors to a giant white shark said to inhabit these waters. No doubt he is a 'toothsome' creature, as Silthor put it. By all accounts he should be avoided.]*

If you have your bow and at least four arrows, turn to **375**. If not, turn to **488**.

205

(ENCHANTER) You hastily call a faltyn to your side. *[It turns a whimsical smile upon you. 'What is the cause of your agitation?' it asks. To a casual glance it would seem you are about to be rescued.]*

'Those sailors are coming over to plunder the treasure in the hold,' you whisper into its ear. 'There are also two bodies they must not see, as questions of murder and the like would then arise.'

['An uncomfortable situation,' it admits with a light musical laugh. 'But what can my poor limited talents do to aid you?']

You glance over at the *Persephone*. They have already lowered a boat, and the mate is now rowing across with several others. 'You will have to sink the *Annuvin*,' you say. 'Do it quickly. The treasure and the bodies can tell no tales when they are forty fathoms deep.'

['My fee . . .'] says the faltyn.]

'Name it - but hurry, the rowing boat is almost here!'

[It licks its lips. 'I want four-fifths of this great treasure in the hold.']

'You extortionate fiend! You can take one-fifth.'

['Four-fifths, or I depart now and leave you to your fate.']

You simulate a groan of despair. 'Very well, then; four-fifths. Deposit my remaining share in Ferromaine for the time being, and I will fetch it at a later date. Now, sink her -'

The faltyn jumps over the side. A few moments later there is a loud crack and a blue flicker like a lightning-bolt. The *Annuvin* begins to sink.

'She's going down!' you cry, jumping panic-stricken into the rowing boat as it comes alongside.

'What about the treasure?' says the mate, grabbing your arm. 'Perhaps we can still get it off before she sinks.'

You shake your head. 'The hold is already flooded. Ah, that treasure carried a curse indeed - fie upon my greed, that I didn't see the truth sooner! We have had a lucky escape, my friends.'

[The faltyn flits over to hover beside the boat. 'There was no treasure,' it murmurs, eyes gleaming in faerie annoyance. 'You trickster - ']

You smile back at it and point to the Trickster. 'Now I think you must be confusing me with my friend here . . .

The sailors give you odd looks as they row the boat back to the *Persephone*. They cannot see the faltyn, nor do they hear its shriek of petulant rage as it vanishes off to its own world.

Turn to **209**.

206

(ENCHANTER) Do you think any of the following spells would be any use at the moment? Detect Enchantment? (turn to **102**); Summon Faltyn? (turn to **470**); or Prediction (turn to **82**).

If you don't want to cast any of these, turn to **282**.

207

As dusk falls on the thirtieth day out of Crescentium, the cry of 'Land ahoy' goes up. An island lies ahead, rock cliffs blazing like amber in the fading sunlight. You hurry on deck with Gus the dog at your heels. He soon sniffs out Puldro among the pressing crowd of pilgrims.

'Could it be Entasius' island?' you ask Puldro.

'Not unless it has moved. We aren't yet halfway across the Deorsk Ocean.'

Hearing the commotion, more of the pilgrims emerge from the fore-castle and begin to crowd along the rail to watch the island draw nearer. The ship lists under the sudden imbalance of load, but they ignore the mate's admonitions. 'All of you, get back,' he says. 'Do you want us to capsize?'

'If that be God's will,' replies one man loudly.

'Perhaps this island is the Land of the Blessed, after all, to which we have been brought by reason of our sanctity.'

The idea catches in the imagination of the other pilgrims. 'Aye!' cries one fervently. 'Salvation is at hand, brothers. Behold: the Rock of Paradise.'

The crowd gives a strange sigh, like a sob of joy. Puldro recognises - too late - what they intend. 'It may be the island of Medusa, who turns men to stone with her gaze. It may be the magnetic isle written of by Claudius of Olac. It may be Annuvin - or Sheol itself. We cannot land here!'

But the mood of the pilgrims has already begun to infect the crew. 'Can you not hear the music, cap'n?' says the lookout. A rapturous smile spreads across his scarred face. 'And there's a bevy of merry maids on yonder clifftop, or I'm a squint-eyed newt. It's Fiddler's Green, cap'n. Fiddler's Green!'

Without any orders from Puldro, the sailors trim the sails and steer the ship in towards the shore. Several pilgrims jump over the side with ecstatic cries and begin to swim towards the island.

Apparently, though you like the idea no more than Puldro does, the ship is anchoring here.

Turn to **460**.

208

(SAGE) Your Paranormal Sight makes it an easy matter to peer through the wood of the door. *[Beyond you see a shrine where several Capellars are kneeling in prayer. Obviously that is not the way out of here. You decide to carry on along the passage.]*

Turn to **19**.

209

The mate's name is Serafenne. You had hoped to

persuade him to take you on to Entasius' island, but he soon makes it clear that he is taking the *Persephone* straight back to Sauvesse port.

Five days pass. Any wounded player who is not suffering from Plague Star's curse can recover 10 Endurance points. On your sixth day aboard the *Persephone*, you notice a large shape ploughing through the waves astern of you. As it comes closer, you see that it is a hybrid creature some fifteen metres long, having the upper body of a man but resembling a giant eel or sea-snake from the waist downwards.

'I come from Entasius,' it calls, raising its wide-lipped green face from the water. 'Take hold of my coils and I will carry you to him.'

It could be another trick. If you go with it, turn to **313**. If you refuse to leave the *Persephone*, turn to **187**.

210

(ENCHANTER) You smile as you rub the circulation back into your pinched wrists. Tobias and his knights thought they had deprived you of your sorcery but soon you will be as free of this gaol as you are of the shackles they put on you. Flexing your fingers, you approach the door and peer out through the bars. Only two gaolers are on duty. Perfect. You speak the runes of the Servile Enthralment spell.

One of the gaolers suddenly gives a start. He is too dimwitted to resist your power. Responding to your mental commands he swings a punch at his companion who, taken by surprise, is knocked out cold.

Still under the control of the spell, the gaoler brings the keys and releases you. Pausing only to lock him up with his unconscious friend, you hurry

out into the corridor to make your escape.

Turn to **309**.

211

(PLAYER WEARING ARMBAND) Before reading on, make sure you know the number of the last entry you were reading.

The armband gives partial protection against lightning. While you wear it, you take only half damage from electrical attacks (rounding fractions up), including the Sheet Lightning and Nemesis Bolt spells. For example, if a Nemesis Bolt struck you and would normally inflict 21 points of damage, the armband would mean that you only took 11 points.

Now return to the previous entry.

212

You have nothing with which to pay for your passage north, and you freely admit it to Trancier.

'Too bad,' he says, tugging at his beard. 'You may as well come aboard though. I can take you as far as Sauvesse, on the south coast of Chubrette, where you may be able to charter a ship.'

Without money, you know that will be impossible. You gratefully accept his offer, but your quest is already over. You have failed.

213

You go back into the inn. 'Fetch sheets, hides and blankets - anything of that sort,' you instruct them. They stare back gloomily and then shuffle off to do as you say.

'Make haste!' you cry when they return. The Feasters are nearly here. Nail the sheets to the rafters so they hang down like drapes. All of them.'

Soon the room is completely filled with hanging sheets. Perfect: you can see through the sheets with your Paranormal Sight, but they will obscure the Feasters' vision enough to give you an edge. (When they arrive, subtract 2 from their Fighting Prowess to represent the advantage given by your ploy.)

Turn to **463**.

214

If you go with Puldro to investigate the palace, turn to **409**. If you return to the *Providence* without him, turn to **411**.

215

(SAGE) Recognising the unreality of gravitation presents no problems here, you don't think that anything in Sheol is real. You drift up to the top of the tower for a look around. A trapdoor is open in the centre of the roof, sending a beam of vivid green light up into the sky. A rustle of harsh breathing resounds from below, as of a monster that sucks in air into its lungs with difficulty.

Near the trapdoor there is a bronze coffer. But if you go over and open it there is a chance you will be heard by whatever monster lurks below.

If you decide to risk it, turn to **261**. If you float back down, return to **323** and choose another option.

216

'A further addition to our treasure hoard!' cry the two monsters in unison, leaping to attack you.

The Horned Bat

Fighting Prowess: 9

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 42

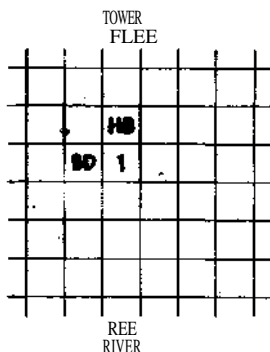
Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Awareness: 10

The Bearded Dog

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 4 Dice+1
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 8
Armour Rating: 1
Endurance: 56

If you kill them, turn to **379**. If you *flee*, will it be towards the river bank (turn to **515**); or - assuming you haven't been there already - towards the tower (turn to **475**)?



217

(WARRIOR) You kick away from the plunging shark and thrust up towards the surface. Your lungs are bursting and the rate of your ascent makes you dizzy, but you know that the shark is right below you. The thought of its gaping jaws, racing up in hot pursuit, gives you the strength to swim in spite of your fatigue.

Roll two Dice. Add your rank to the score, then subtract 1 for every 10 points that your Endurance is below its initial score.

If the total comes to 14 or less, the shark catches and devours you before you get to the boat, (Surviving players, if any, turn to **78**.) If the total is

15 or more, you scramble back into the boat just seconds before the shark reaches you. (Turn to **387**.)

218

Gus goes on whining most of the night. By dawn you are feeling mortally tired, and you feel decidedly malevolent towards the wretched animal. 'Cease your noise,' you snap, aiming a kick at his rump. 'A breakfast of dogmeat is becoming an increasing attractive notion.'

'Is the hound causing you annoyance?' calls a voice from the shore. It is Puldro, waving his arm frenetically. 'Lower the gangplank,' he says. 'I wish to come aboard.'

You help Gathric put out the gangplank. Puldro staggers aboard as though drunk. His tips are pulled back in an eerie grin and he fixes you with eyes like bright glass. 'Eh? Why do you stare?'

He is behaving oddly, but it is Gus who convinces you to draw your weapons. The dog is staring at Puldro with his ears right back. Slowly crouching down, he gives vent to a trembling growl. He is both angry and terrified.

'Good dog,' says Puldro in a monotone. Gus slinks back shivering until he is pressed against a coil of hemp.

'Drop your sword, Puldro,' you say. 'At least until we find out what's wrong with you.'

He answers with a mad screech. You attack.

Turn to **357** to fight him, but he must spend the first Round getting his sword out of its scabbard.

219

Once the first player in the battle order has readied the mirror-shield, you advance up the stairs. You can see an archway there, leading off the landing,

and the green light illuminating the tower streams from the room beyond that archway.

'What good is that mirror?' says the Traveller suddenly.

'Quiet!' you hiss. You edge up to the landing and glance through into the next chamber. A woman-like figure stands there, her heavy muscular frame barely covered by dark robes. Bronze-taloned hands hang from her sleeves, and across her head a mass of seething vipers' tongues takes the place of hair. She hasn't noticed you yet.

'Gorgon!' you shout, stepping into full view. And, as she turns to glare at you, you avert your eyes and present the face of the mirror towards her.

Turn to **420**.

220

A few days later you have just risen for breakfast when there is a cry from the lad in the crow's nest. 'A longship coming our way!' he yells.

Puldro emerges on deck. 'Could be raiders - or blue men . . .' he says to you. Then he shouts up to the lookout: 'Do they show any flags?'

You can see the longship's sail now. A white flag bearing the Angate character EN flutters in the breeze. It is the sigil of Entasius.

Puldro seems quite pleased when you tell him this. 'If the wizard has sent a ship for you, I need no longer expose the *Providence* to further risk,' he says. 'Heave to, men! Let her come alongside.'

Turn to **456**.

221

Tobias stops in mid-stride as the spell takes effect. For a moment he glowers straight ahead, eyes wide, then he spins to face you. Think you that I do not

recognise witchcraft when it is used upon me?' he thunders. 'Guards!'

Turn to **550**.

222

The shrine comes into view across the moor. It comprises a white marble rotunda with a fluted dome, entered by means of a portico surrounded by demon-carved pillars. Beside it is a small lake in which you can see glowing fishes swimming to and fro.

'This is the Pool of Remembrance,' says the Traveller, cupping his hand to collect some of the water and then letting it trickle away through his fingers. 'I have heard a tale that it restores lost memories, and is an antidote to the waters of Lethe.'

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **348**. If not, turn to **407**.

223

Responding to your approach, a flickering light appears between the horns of the semicircle. Almost beyond the range of hearing, you can detect a keening note in the air. The gulls - or whatever they are - give strangled croaks and veer out away from here across the sea.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to cast Prediction, he or she should turn to **315**. If not, you can investigate more closely (turn to **163**); or forget about the broken torus and head inland (turn to **250**).

224

The six rogues lie dead at your feet. You can take their weapons if you wish - also their leather

jerkins, which give an Armour Rating of 1. They have six gold pieces among them, no doubt the plunder of a less fortunate victim earlier this evening.

Summoning the landlord to have the bodies removed, you go back to sleep. The sun is already rising when you awake and, realising you are late, you gulp back mouthfuls of breakfast while pulling on your clothes. Each wounded player recovers 1 Endurance point for the meal, plus Endurance equal to half his or her rank (rounding fractions up) for the night's rest.

As you leave the inn, the landlord rushes up with another man at his side. 'My brother here is a collector and dealer in curios - ' he begins. As you brush him aside, he adds: 'Magical curios.'

If you want to see what the man has for sale, turn to **103**. If you think you had better hurry to board the ship, turn to **506**.

225

(ENCHANTER) If you are opening with Sheet Lightning or Nemesis Bolt, turn to **545**. If with any other spell, turn to **394** and resolve its effect before beginning combat.

226

There is another ship alongside the *Annuvin* when you awake. She looks to be a whaler.

'Ho, you aboard,' shouts her captain. You recognise his accent as Chaubrettian, though his Angate is fluent and well-educated. 'What disaster has befallen you?'

The *Annuvin* is merely a ghost ship,' you explain, adding the details of how you come to be here.

'So you are bound for the island of a wizard who

lives in the north?' says the captain, who has introduced himself as Trancier of Quadrille. 'I have heard stories of such a one. For fifty gold pieces, I am prepared to see for myself if the stories are true.'

If you have fifty gold pieces and are prepared to pay him, turn to **100**. If not, but you have a magic sword or axe that you will offer him in lieu of payment, turn to **532**. If not, but the Trickster is here and would like to try something, turn to **319**. If you cannot take any other option, turn to **212**.

227

The door swings open and you enter a hall illuminated by a feeble wash of emerald light from above. Stairs wind up to the higher chambers of the tower, and there is an archway leading to another room off the back of the hall.

If you go up the stairs, turn to **292**. If you take a look through the archway, turn to **500**. If you leave the tower, turn to **257**.

228

You scramble into the cutter and begin to row over to the longship. Silthor commands his men to shoot you with crossbows, and you are forced to cringe as quarrels rain around you with lethal force. Each player is hit 1-6 times with each quarrel inflicting one Die damage; armour protects as usual, of course.

Surviving players (if any) reach the safety of the other ship.

Turn to **492**.

229

(SAGE) Undead spirits are gathering in power all around you. You must try to stifle them before they

can animate the bodies inside the mounds. Roll two Dice for each of the seven mounds. On a roll of 9 or more, the undead spirit within is snuffed out and will not emerge as a wight to waylay you. Note how many spirits you manage to deal with.

If you are lucky enough to overcome all seven, you can pass by safely - turn to **111**. If not, turn to **148**.

230

Within a few minutes you are strolling along the quay in search of a ship that could take you to Entasius' island. Two appear promising: the *Providence* and the *Golden Lance*. The first of these is carrying pilgrims on their way back to Ellesland - though you may be able to convince the captain to go by way of the Sea of Mists. The *Golden Lance*, as you discover from a passing longshoreman, is a merchant cog bound for Ferromaine.

Which ship will you try? The *Providence*? (turn to **291**); or the *Golden Lance*? (turn to **486**).

231

You have done everything possible, but you simply cannot raise enough money to pay the captain to take you to Entasius' island. It is bitter to think that your quest of so many years and so many hard battles ends here. You utter a curse and leave the chandler's shop full of despair.

232

'I?' He smiles. 'I am a ghost. . . a shade . . . a spirit that was once a living man. Some called me Lord of the Mountain of Songs, and when I first came to Sheol I took the name Ultio. But now I am the Traveller, your guide.' He bows again.

With a shrug, you resume your journey towards the Shrine of Summoning. The Traveller takes up his pack and falls into step beside you.

Turn to **222**.

233

(TRICKSTER) Smearing soot over your face, you soon improvise a convincing impression of a dishevelled gaoler. You pull open the first door you come to and find several knights kneeling in prayer before an altar. 'Get out,' snaps one.

'But, my lords,' you say, touching your forelock, 'there's a fire in the gaol. One of the prisoners that Sir Tobias commanded to be sent there was a demonist with the power to conjure sulphurous flames.'

'*What?*' they bellow in unison, jumping to their feet. There is a moment of confusion before one of them takes charge. 'Go out into the courtyard and raise the alarm,' he tells you. 'Fetch pails of water and return here on the double.'

You bow and retreat from the room, confident that the spreading confusion and bustle can only increase your chances of escape.

Turn to **555**.

234

You fling the Orb towards the onrushing monster and speak the word that activates its magic: 'Blood.' As you do, scarlet tendrils seep out of the Orb, giving the seawater a bloody tinge. As the Orb sinks, the shark dives down in pursuit of it. Having caught the scent of blood it has forgotten all about you.

Delete the Orb from your Character Sheet and turn to **435**.

235

Two tunnels lead on from this chamber. You peer along them, but they are unlit and the glow from the masks does not carry far. At the end of the right-hand tunnel you think you caught sight of something moving - something hulking and inhuman. The left-hand tunnel seems deserted.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to examine the masks, he or she should turn to **336**. If you want to take a look at the masks but there is no Enchanter in the party, turn to **280**. If you want to go along one of the tunnels, will it be the right-hand one (turn to **549**); or the left-hand one (turn to **141**)?

236

(TRICKSTER) You had planned on disguising yourself as the captain, but you forgot this damned mask! You tug at it with renewed desperation, but it still will not budge.

You check that Thangbrand and Trancier are both dead, then take a long flensing knife from the barbarian's belt. Nothing else for it - you slash your own flesh so that it looks as though you have been sorely wounded in a fight. Reduce your current Endurance by 50%. Your companions, if any, should do the same.

You stagger up on deck and call out to the crew of the *Persephone*: 'The barbarian went mad at the sight of such wealth. He slew your poor captain and tried to do the same to me.' Your cuts make the story believable, and it does no harm that you now address them in Beaulangue as though you were yourself a native of Chaubrette.

'That filthy Mercanian was nothing but a bull on two legs,' snarls the mate. 'I told the captain he

wasn't trustworthy. Well, I'll send men over to get you and the treasure . . .'

You must stop them from doing that! When they see there is no treasure they'll know you were lying.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to summon a faltyn, he or she should turn to **205**. If not, turn to **327**.

237

You go back to the ship. The crew and the pilgrims are in sour spirits, but their memory of what they imagined last night is fading like a dream - and with it fades their resentment at the measures you took.

'It was all an illusion - ' you begin.

Puldro puts his hand on your arm. 'Let us drop the matter,' he counsels. 'Now then, you idle knaves - weigh anchor! Hoist the sail! Let's pick up whatever wind the fates care to send us.'

Sullenly at first, they move to obey. Then Tor-mold the bosun begins to whistle a jig. Others join in. By the time the *Providence* slips out of the bay, their pleasure at doing these familiar tasks has replaced any lingering despondency.

Turn to **220**.

238

(TRICKSTER) It is not long before you are able to take advantage of the pause, when a new flask of gin is ordered, to switch their dice for a weighted set of your own. From then on, the game goes much as you want it to.

If you want to double your original stake, turn to **286**. If you want to win back your stake plus twice as much again, turn to **251**. If you want to win back your original stake plus three times more, turn to **96**.

239

It seems that days go by. Any player who has rations should cross off one day's worth and can recover 1 Endurance point. Players who are suffering from Plague Star's wasting disease should reduce their Endurance by 1.

You lie on the deck of the *Annuvin*, staring up past the scarlet cobweb of the sail into a blustery sky. Gradually your eyes make out a dark speck against the white glare of the sunlight. A winged creature like a small dragon drops out of the sky bearing a wooden cage in its claws. It lowers the cage - which is large enough to hold several men - gently on to the deck beside you. Then it finds a perch on the yard of the mizzen-mast and haughtily folds its great wings.

'Entasius sends me to fetch you,' it croaks. 'Enter the cage.'

You sit up slowly, dazed by fatigue and by astonishment at hearing the creature speak. You must be careful. This could be another trick of the True Magi: a ruse to leave you trapped with no hope of completing your quest.

If you enter the cage, turn to **139**. If you don't trust the creature, turn to **252**.

240

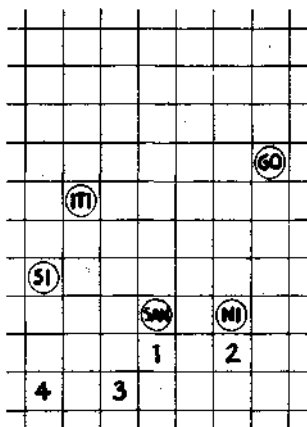
There are five clicks as the Icon-simulacra draw concealed blades from their staffs. Although bewildered by your enemy's sorcery, you must fight.

Icon-simulacra

Fighting Prowess: 9	Damage per blow: 5 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9	Awareness: 9

Note: You won't know their Endurance scores until you wound them.

If you wound the one marked ITI, turn to **11**.
 If you wound the one marked NI, turn to **389**.
 If you wound the one marked SAN, turn to **404**.
 If you wound the one marked SI, turn to **65**.
 If you wound the one marked GO, turn to **245**.



241

At the top of the stairs an archway leads off the landing into the room where the green light shines. A black-clad woman stands there facing away from you into the next room. She is tall and powerful with muscles like bushel baskets. Her hands are bronze claws and the hair on her head appears to seethe. Then you realise that it is not hair: it is a moving mass of serpents' tongues.

She hears you and begins to turn . . .

'A Gorgon!' screams the Traveller. 'Avert your eyes!'

'Turn to **108**.

242

The villagers nod unsmiling and drone their thanks.

You take up a position by the door and begin preparations for combat. 'How will the Feasters arrive?' you ask them.

'There will be the cry of a screech-owl' says one. 'As you must certainly know, the screech-owl is the harbinger of dismay and death. When you hear its cry make ready - for the Feasters will hear it too and come in off the moors in answer to its summons.'

If you are a lone Sage (ie, there are *no* other players), turn to **360**. If there is a Trickster here who wants to do something, he or she should turn to **84**. Otherwise, turn to **463**.

243

(FIRST PLAYER) As you get to within a few paces of the unicorn, it brays wildly and rears up. Its hoofs chop at the air and you have to throw yourself to the ground to avoid being hit. With your hands over your head you hear its whinnying recede very rapidly - as though it were blown away like a leaf in a phantom gale. Is there a faint susurration of laughter from far off in the forest's depths? The soft notes of a wooden flute? By the time you look up the unicorn has vanished.

'Did I not advise you against straying from the path?' says the Traveller. 'It was an elfin beast. A lure to draw you off into the trees where the *oni* - the fays I mean - could seize you. Fortunately your talisman protected you.'

'Traveller' you reply crisply, 'the holy rood is *not* a "talisman".'

You get up and brush the dirt from your clothes. Elves . . . You know he is right. In the instant you glimpsed the unicorn's hoofs you saw that they were silver-shod.

Turn to **530**.

(TRICKSTER) You leap from the river bank to land in Charon's boat. It rocks wildly and as you catch hold of the ferryman in feigned alarm, your nimble fingers reach around to his belt pouch and extract a few coins.

Charon does not notice the theft. He glares at you, and when he speaks his voice is sharp with outrage. 'What impudence!' he says. 'I had not even invited you to get into the boat. Get back on the bank.'

You bow, apparently, chastised and climb out of the boat. A glance at the coins in your hand tells you that they are indeed obols. It was a safe bet, after all, that if Charon regularly charges a ferry fee he would have a few such coins on his person.

Turning back to him, you say: 'Apologies honoured boatman. Will you convey us across the river? ere is the fee you demand . . .'

Turn to **469**.

245

The one you have just wounded fades away like mist. It was one of the *kage* - the phantasmal duplicates created by Icon's magic. But which one is the *real* Icon . . . ?

Turn back to **240** and continue the battle after removing the simulacrum marked GO.

246

Dawn finds you slumbering, but you are awakened by Puldro's voice calling to you from the shore.

'Lower the plank,' he says. 'Am I to stand waiting to board my own ship?'

'What news?' you ask him as you help Gathric put the gangplank down.

He lopes aboard like a scarecrow, arms waving spasmodically.

'News?' he says. He has a fixed grin and speaks with his teeth bared. His eyes look like glass. 'Here's news!' And with that he thrusts his sword into the gut of the nearest player.

The first player in the battle loses three Dice Endurance - with appropriate deduction for armour.

Turn to **357** to fight Puldro but each player must spend the first Round drawing weapons unless they intend to attack barehanded or with spells.

247

The sailors stare aghast as you unbolt the hatch leading to the hold. 'Aie!' cries one. 'Why go unbidden down to that black horror? Stay in the light, with the music - why face that which lies forgotten?'

'Nothing's forgotten,' murmurs the second mate stroking the hook that he wears in place of his right hand. 'Nothing is ever forgotten.'

The ship pitches in the grip of the storm. As you throw open the hatch there is a crack of muffled thunder from outside. You are staring down into utter blackness.

Does your heart quail now? You could still turn away - fasten the hatch and go back to a mug of gin.

If you want to do that turn to **433**. If you are determined to descend turn to **440**.

248

The shackles binding the Enchanter will be less difficult to remove than the lock on the cell door. The Trickster stoops to draw a selection of lockpicks from a concealed boot-flap. Within a minute the

padlock on the shackles gives a heartening click. The Enchanter's iron chains slide to the floor.

Turn to **210**.

249

(WARRIOR) You give thanks to the warrior-saints—the padlock on the Enchanter's shackles proved no match for your great strength. You help your comrade out of the loosened chains and step back to allow room for him or her to cast a spell.

Turn to **210**.

250

You come across a sluggishly flowing river and, following its course inland, soon arrive at a village of plain stone cottages.

If you want to enter the, village turn to **265**. If you carry on along the river-bank, turn to **551**.

251

(TRICKSTER) You win three times what you bet.

That is, you get back your original stake plus twice as much on top of that. Add it to the total recorded on your Character Sheet, then turn to **528**.

252

'Go back to whichever of the Five you serve, demon,' you shout up at it. 'Let them know that their trickery has failed.'

It snaps its beak at a seagull. 'How wrong you are,' it says. 'I serve Entasius. I go now to tell him that you are too stubborn to accept his help.'

It launches itself from the mast and flaps off across the ocean leaving the cage behind. Watching it go, you realise it is heading north-west in the direction where Entasius' island lies. It must be

keeping up the pretence only to dash your spirits - you know it will turn north-east towards Krarth once it is over the horizon.

Turn to **60**.

253

(ENCHANTER) You clear your throat and step forward to put your hand on Tobias' arm. He glares at you with a look that would shrivel a snake. 'Have I not already said that I will not help you without good reason?' he says.

'Perhaps I can supply an authorisation,' you reply, 'even though I'm not at liberty to explain the full facts.' You pull a scroll from your belt - a scroll placed there magically by the faltyn only moments ago. It is written on blue parchment but Tobias seems not to notice that, nor the faint whiff of sulphur that hangs about it. His attention is transfixed by the seal of the Doge of Ferromaine emblazoned upon it.

'Thereby charge,' he begins to read, *'that all friends of the Ferromaine League give help, shelter and full assistance to the bearer of this - Pah!'* He thrusts it back into your hands. 'Very well, I will bow to the Doge's wishes. You will get your ship.'

While Tobias writes a note to the captain of a vessel in the harbour, you count the cost of the faltyn's aid. It took fifteen gold pieces from you - or if you didn't have that much, it took all the money you had *and* one item (of your choice). Make the necessary deletions from your Character Sheet.

Tobias summons a sergeant. This man will take you to the captain of the *Golden Lance*,' he says. He hands you the note and turns away without another word.

Turn to **514**.

You swing the bell, shattering the silence. Something moves in the chamber at the top of the stairs, stepping across the beam of emerald green light and out on to the landing.

'Clang, clang, clang,' it says. It steps down towards you lifting the veil from its face with hands of bronze.

Death knell,' cackles the Gorgon.

And the sight of its face is the last thing you ever see—



'You landlubbers are all alike,' growls Silthor. 'Always trying to worm your way out of a bargain. And now you have the gall to threaten me! Well, trying to force money from a merchant-captain on the high seas - do you know what that is? Why, it's piracy! And do I not have a dozen strong lads here to see off pirates?' He snaps his fingers. Several of the crew draw swords and face off against you across the deck.

Sailors

Fighting Prowess: 7 Damage per blow: 1 Die

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance:	<i>first</i>	12	<i>sixth</i>	12
	<i>second</i>	12	<i>seventh</i>	12
	<i>third</i>	12	<i>eighth</i>	12
	<i>fourth</i>	12	<i>ninth</i>	12
	<i>fifth</i>	12	<i>tenth</i>	12



If you kill more than six of them, turn to **403**. If you *flee*, turn to **228**.

	5			
		5		
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			5	
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256

As you go to set foot on the bridge, a maid in a grey cloak steps out of the shadows in front of you. Her face is fair of feature but as grey as her robes.

'Stand aside, Modgud,' says the Traveller, brandishing his staff. 'Except for your words you have no power to deter us from crossing.'

'I shall not even try to dissuade you, scion of the Sugensiki,' she replies in a low voice. Then, turning to you, she says: 'Has your guide told you of this river, whose waters bring forgetfulness? Many souls choose to drink here so as to forget their past lives.'

'Pay her no heed,' says the Traveller, moving past her along the bridge. 'She will keep you here talking until the end of time if she has her way.'

If you think it is worth collecting some of the river water in case it comes in useful later, turn to **184**.

you want to drink from it now, decide which players are doing so - and they should turn to **321**.

If you follow the Traveller across the bridge, turn to **73**.

257

Where now? If you want to start heading upriver, turn to **515**. If you haven't yet investigated the hill and want to do so now, turn to **466**.

258

(TRICKSTER) Your winnings amount to five times your original wager. In other words if you put up forty gold pieces, say, then you will have come out of the game two hundred gold pieces richer than when you started.

Turn to **528**.

259

(ENCHANTER) It could be risky asking the blacksmith to remove your shackles. He might wonder how you came to be chained in the first place - might even give you away to the Capellars.

But really you do not have a choice. As long as the cold iron is around your wrists, you are unable to work your magic. You now know what it feels like to be an ordinary mortal with no supernatural power - and you don't like it. You go up to him and draw your hands out from under the folds of your cloak. 'Can you rid me of these?'

He looks at the chains, then up at you. He is a short, broad-shouldered man with heavy black brows. Seeing two Selentine Knights patrolling the market, he pulls you back out of sight. 'Sure, and I won't ask any questions about where you got them. But it'll cost.'

You shrug. 'How much?'

He names his price: fifteen gold pieces.

If you (or a companion) are able to pay him and wish to do so, cross off the money and turn to **176**. If not, turn to **516**.

260

(TRICKSTER) Your winnings amount to twice your original stake. In other words if you put up forty-five gold pieces, say, then you will have come out of the game ninety gold pieces richer than when you started.

Turn to **528**.

261

(SAGE) The monster cannot hear your footsteps over the rasp of its own laboured breathing. Tip-toeing over to the coffer, you lift the lid and take out a large golden amulet in the shape of an *ankh*. Note this on your Character Sheet along with the number **25**; if you decide to put it on at any time, you can find out what it does by turning to **25**. (But remember to mark your place before doing so, as **25** won't direct you back there.)

You return to the bottom of the tower with your prize. *All* players should write the codeword FOS-SIL on their Character Sheets. Now turn to **515** if you want to go back to the river, or to **466** if you have not yet been to the hill and want to investigate it now.

262

Azrael is a naked giant as large as a mountain. His skin is jet black, and wrapped across his face is a white blindfold. A colossal sword is planted on the ground in front of him, with his mighty hand resting on its ivory pommel.

He is indeed the Angel of Death. His face is beautiful beyond mortal comprehension, and he has wings which touch the edges of the sky. The plumage of these wings has a pattern like a peacock's tail, with countless eyes - except that

many of the 'eyes' in the pattern appear to be closed. You know from folklore that each represents a man or woman in the mortal world, closing when that individual dies. When all the eyes are closed it will be the Day of Judgement, and that day cannot be far off. Many more are closed than are open: the dead far outnumber the living.

If Cordelia is with you, turn to **150**. If not, turn to **441**.

263

(SAGE) [*The masks depict demigods from the fringes of Marazidi myth -jinn, ifrits and ghouls. If they have been glowing magically for the years or even centuries since the door was last opened, it is a fair guess that they are charged with other sorcerous powers as well. You have no way of knowing whether they might be beneficial or harmful. But you suspect the latter . . .*]

Turn to **235**.

264

Back on board you find Gathric cowering behind a water-barrel. 'I slipped away when I saw how things were going,' he whimpers. 'Poor Captain Puldro - murdered by those mutinous mongrels.'

The ship's dog, Gus, gives a sad howl. Perhaps he senses that his master is dead.

'Gathric,' you say, 'what chance do we have of taking the *Providence* out unaided?'

'A ship this size? None at all. We couldn't even weigh anchor. At a pinch she can be manned by a skeleton crew of ten. But we'll not find ten among those murderous rascals who'd help us - nor even one.'

Then it must be the cutter,' you say, hauling the covers off the small rowing boat used by shore parties in shallow waters.

Gathric crosses himself. 'Sainted mother! We'd be capsized by the first fresh gale.'

'If we stay here we will die just as surely, and probably it will be a more horrible death. There isn't any choice.'

You take up the gangplank and spend an uneasy and restless night aboard ship. In the morning you are ready to set out.

Turn to **378**.

265

It has none of the bustle or street-smells of a normal village. The inhabitants stand around listlessly or move in straggling groups. Deathly pale, they watch your arrival with haunted eyes.

You find the tavern thick with dust. The innkeeper and his patrons seem drained of energy. They do not blink, nor lick their lips, nor sweat. Nor breathe. The innkeeper's wife nods without speaking and pushes a flagon of ale towards you. It tastes like pond water.

'We see few strangers here,' says a man standing at the bar. He has a deep gash across his forehead, but the blood around it is as dry as rust. He sees you looking at it. 'An old wound,' he says, 'but a mortal one.'

The door swings open and someone else enters. From the way the villagers look at him, you guess that he is also a stranger here. He saunters over to you, eyes glittering under the shade of his wide-brimmed hat. He wears an old travel-soiled cloak and tunic, and across his shoulder is slung a long staff. A lantern swings from the crook at one end of it.

He introduces himself with a formal bow: 'I was known by various names, including Agalmon

Dystheos, in life. When I first came to this land I took the name Ultio. Now I am called the Traveller. I will guide you to Death himself.'

You smile noncommittally. 'Interesting. Why would you do that?'

'Because of a debt I incurred in my past life. It is a personal matter which I do not care to go into at this time, though I will explain later. Have you eaten...?'

He pays across a few tarnished silver coins and points to a table. The innkeeper brings you a loaf of bitter black bread and a pot of lard.

Turn to **465**.

266

(ENCHANTER) You have three Rounds in which to cast The Vampire Spell. This includes preparation time, unless you already called it to mind earlier. If you manage to cast it within three Rounds, turn to 301. If you haven't cast it successfully by the fourth Round, turn to **387**.

267

(SAGE) Exorcism works against spirits and undead, but Icon is neither. It was in his mortal form that you cast him down into Sheol, and he is as real and living an entity here as you are.

Turn back to **349** and go on with the fight.

268

You drop off to sleep, but are rudely awakened scarcely half an hour later to find that six thieves have stolen into your room. They approach you with knives drawn - long slender knives of razor-sharp steel.

Magsmen

Fighting Prowess: 7

Damage per blow: 1 Die

Psychic Ability: 6

Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 1

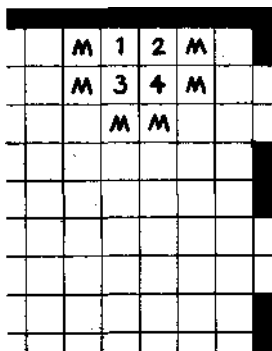
Endurance: *first* 15 *fourth* 15

second 15 *fifth* 15

third 15 *sixth* 15

They get one free Round to act before you can get your bearings. Any player who wishes to pick up his or her sword (or axe, quarterstaff, etc) must spend another Round doing this. You are not wearing your armour at the moment.

If you *flee* you'll have to hide from them in the streets nearby - turn to **119**. If you kill them, turn to **224**.



REE

269

OTHER PLAYER(S)) You are rooted to the spot with sheer horror as you see your comrade seized and carried away by a host of night elves. They move with uncanny speed and, by the time you can think of doing anything, the only trace of them is a fading silver mist on the air.

'I warned you about staying on the path,' says the

Traveller. 'Your companion is now among the elves and will never be seen by mortal eyes again except in dreams.'

The unicorn has also vanished. Apparently it was just a phantasm created by the elves as a lure. Shaking your head sadly at your friend's fate, you turn and walk away along the river bank.

Turn to **530**.

270

It is not Acherus who answers you, but a gaunt man with an iron hook in place of his right hand. 'In the hold?' he says with a grimace. 'A thing which none of us can face.'

'No!' says Acherus suddenly. 'There's nothing in the hold. It was where' His voice trails off on a note of horror and despair.

'A thing none of us can face,' repeats the man with the hook. Will you investigate the hold? If so, turn to **247**. If you prefer to join in such revelry as they can muster, turn to **29**.

271

You wait until the shark is about ten metres away and then fling the Orb straight into its open jaws. Mindlessly it swallows the Orb whole, diverting for barely an instant from its deadly path towards you. But in that instant you shout the secret word that energises the Orb:

'Death.'

Talons of azure light split the shark's white flanks, erupting with irresistible force from the Orb in its belly. It shudders and dies, immediately sinking out of sight in the grey-blue water.

Although one danger is thus averted, you now have another to contend with. The coils of azure

energy reach up from the depths towards you, as the power of the Orb of Mystery works indiscriminately on friend and foe alike. Each player must roll Psychic Ability or less on 1 Die+3; anyone failing the roll dies at once.

Delete the Orb from your Character Sheet. Survivors can turn to **435**.

272

You concentrate on Icon's name and blow the horn. It gives a deep resounding note which you can well believe might carry to the furthest corner of Sheol. You are tense, waiting for the confrontation with your arch-foe when he appears, but there is no sign of him as the last echo of the horn dies away.

'Curious,' says the Traveller. 'It should force any spirit to come here, no matter where in Sheol it is.'

Turn back to **386**.

273

The Orb splits apart with a loud crack, releasing a foul stench along the length of the cliff top. Still captivated by their hallucination, the others do not notice.

Puldro gasps and holds his nose. 'Bah! Will a strong stink bring them to their senses if their captain's words cannot?' As he says this with his nostrils pinched shut, his words come out sounding rather ridiculous. You cannot help laughing.

If you want to explore the island, turn to **77**. If you'd rather return to the ship, turn to **75**.

274

The sound of the horn echoes across the moor. Even as it dies away, you hear the sound of someone approaching. It is your lost comrade, face ashen in

death, who has come in answer to your summons.

The player can now rejoin the party for the time you are in Sheol. He or she *cannot* return to the mortal world, for ghosts are only substantial here in the land of the dead. The player has the same rank and special abilities that he or she had in life, with Endurance restored to its normal level, but only a staff and simple clothing (Armour Rating 0) with no other equipment.

If all living players are killed, the ghost player cannot continue the adventure on his or her own because of the impossibility of leaving Sheol. If this happens, the adventure ends just as if all players were slain.

Turn to **386**.

275

The Traveller gets up and dons his old cloak. 'You are wise not to become embroiled in their affairs. Come, we must be on our way.'

You are feeling rather tired. 'Isn't it nearly dark? Are you suggesting we travel by night?'

'Night? Day? He laughs. These are concepts you should have left behind you in the middle world. Darkness descends unpredictably in these parts, and gloom is never totally gone from the land. Those who are Azrael's subjects do not want for sleep, for they already sleep that soundest of sleeps - the sleep of the dead! You can rest later - first we must reach the Gate of Mist. Come.'

You wearily gather your belongings and set out behind him. If you have the codeword TABULA, turn to **467**. If not, turn to **428**.

276

[A voice speaks to you. A faint, far-off whisper: 'You are

released from your agreement. Entasius has come to my realm in exchange for his lover's life, and the tally is as before. But of course, the time will come when we must meet again . . .' You feel a shiver run through you, then Death is gone from the room.]

Turn to **482**.

277

Deciding that you should make for the centre of Sheol with all haste, you jog back over the moors to the bridge.

Turn to **256**.

278

A creature crouches there in the passage, scrutinising you with faceted eyes like black jewels. It seems like a horrible hybrid of insect and ape. You can now see a concealed alcove in the tunnel wall where it must have been lurking, waiting for you to pass by before shambling out to block your escape route. And thanks to the damned faltyn, you can't even teleport past it!

Treasure Guardian

Fighting Prowess: 9

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

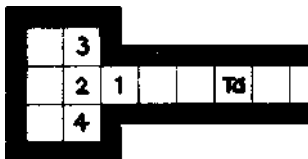
Psychic Ability: 9

Awareness: 9

Armour Rating: 1

Endurance: 45

If you win you can take your loot and return to the city - turn to **115**.



(ENCHANTER) *[You may like to paraphrase the following for the benefit of any other players. They need not know how much is the faltyn's doing . . .]* -

' With the faltyn whispering in your ear, you begin to devise a plan to outwit Angvar. 'Let's drink first,' you say, reaching for a mead-horn. You pour the mead down your throat until you have to stop for breath. You managed to drain three-quarters of it, though the feat has left your stomach feeling like an overfull wineskin.

Angvar takes the horn. 'Not bad for one so small,' he says as he refills it, 'but barely a mouthful for me.'

[Quick as a flash, while he is still raising the horn to his lips, the faltyn magically connects the mead in the horn with the level of the River Acheron outside.] Angvar looks surprised as he begins to drink . . . and goes on drinking . . . and on, till the muscles of his neck stand out like knotted ropes. At last he sets the horn aside with a gasp. He has also drained three-quarters of the horn. 'Never have I tasted such an insipid draught of mead!' he says.

['That's because it is water,' the faltyn sniggers in your ear. 'However, the river level fell by seven inches! No mortal could ever fairly best him at a sconce, that much is sure.']

' - you hear my words?' Angvar is saying, breaking in on your reverie. 'So much for drinking. Now we wrestle.'

[Again the faltyn works its magic, this time Unking your own weight to that of a distant mountain.] Angvar seizes you under the arms in a vice-like grip, then strains with all his might to throw you. At first you remain rooted to the spot but then *[impossibly - !]*

you are raised an inch off the floor and [*as the faltyn's magic is broken*] sent sprawling.

[*'He uprooted the mountain!' gasps the faltyn, but you are too dazed by the force with which you were thrown to pay any attention to it. Sensing that the contest is now over, you dismiss your invisible second.*]

Turn to **430**.

280

(FIRST PLAYER) You take one of the masks down from the wall. Under your fingers it seems to crackle with sparks of magical power. Almost unwittingly, you lift it to your face.

It flares up. There is a moment of searing pain as it touches your face. You realise at once that it is stuck fast, and there is nothing you can do to remove it.

Its effects are twofold. First, as long as you wear the mask you think and move twice as fast as normal. This means that you will get the chance for *two* actions every Round - ie, *move, fight, defend, shoot, call spell to mind, cast spell or flee*.

The drawback is that the mask also makes you more vulnerable to wounds. *Double* any Endurance losses that you suffer as a result of melee or missiles (but not from spells, fatigue, disease, exposure, etc).

Now that you know the powers of the masks, other players in the party (if any) can choose to put one on if they like. Note down the number 280 in case you forget the powers and need to refer back. Remember also that once a player has donned one of these masks it cannot be removed.

When you are ready to continue, decide whether to follow the right-hand tunnel (turn to **549**), or the left-hand one (turn to **141**).

281

'Aye, that is wise counsel,' says Silthor. 'If we find her deserted, it could make the crew uneasy. They might fear we are entering haunted waters - and even mutiny, for they are faithless dogs, I know!' He calls to the helmsman to give the red-sailed ship a wide berth.

Turn to **12**.

282

Puldro turns to you. He is chewing his lip, apparently wrestling with a difficult decision. 'I must go to the palace,' he announces suddenly. 'Whoever lives there may be able to shed some light on the mystery which is endangering my ship, my crew and my passengers.' He takes a few nervous strides in the direction of the hill. 'I cannot blame you if you prefer to stay here,' he says, 'but for my part it is my duty as captain of the *Providence* to get to the bottom of this.'

He is obviously terrified, so you have to admire his courage in going to the palace.

If you have the codeword IRE, turn to **554**. If not turn to **214**.

283

Circe sighs and lets her arms fall to her sides. 'Very well, then. Again I am bested by mortals - something which has only happened once before, when Ulixes brought his boat to my shore.'

'Set aright all the harm you have done,' you tell her.

'I cannot restore the dead to life,' she replies, 'but I can cancel all the spells that affected your ship and those aboard her.' She does this. 'Is there anything else you require?'

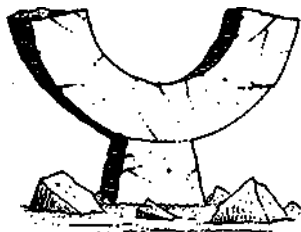
'Yes - to journey to the land of Death and return from there with the Blood Sword.'

'Ulixes sailed from this island to that fell kingdom, in order to consult the shade of Tiresias the prophet,' she says with a wistful smile. 'But Ulixes was not as other men are; he was like a god. Moreover, Death's realm is not so casually traversed now as it was in other days. All I can do is send you to the wizard Entasius, who has made especial study of such things.'

That was the original plan. It will do.'

Circe weaves a spell and shouts into the sky, trilling her voice in imitation of a bird's song.

Turn to **153**.



284

You take a furtive look along the passage, but there seems to be no one nearby who might have heard the sounds of battle. You can take the Capellars' swords if you wish. As there is nothing else of note here, you hurry out of the chapel and carry on towards the exit.

Turn to **19**.

285

(ALL PLAYERS EXCEPT SAGE) You see a pair of frightened eyes peer in between the bars of the

door. 'W-where's the other one gone?' asks the gaoler. Tobias'll kill us like he'd kill a couple of rats if he finds out we've let a prisoner escape.'

The other gaoler shoves him aside. He seems made of sterner stuff. 'Don't give me any fairytales,' he snarls at you. 'Just tell me where your crony has got to.'

You shrug and look back ingenuously. 'Spirited away,' you reply.

The gaoler grumbles as he unlocks the door. 'We'll soon see about that. Franz - get your cross-bow ready.'

Turn to **484**.

286

(TRICKSTER) You win back your initial stake plus the same amount again. Add this to the total on your Character Sheet.

Turn to **528**.

287

The dome reverberates to the sound of the horn and the gloom outside deepens still further until you are immersed in utter blackness. Out of the dark comes a glimmer of light which you see is a golden rod, clenched in the hand of a skeletally thin old man. He steps towards you and raises the rod so that his face is clearly illuminated in its glow.

'Tiresias am I,' he says in a voice like the crunching of snowflakes in winter. 'A king at one time, and a seer. Now I am among the dead. I know many things: your twofold purpose in coming to the Asphodel Plains, to recover a sword and find a woman. I know that you intend to return to the upper world, and I know - as you may not - that to do this you must face Aidoneos himself, whom you call Azrael, or Death.'

'What route should we take to find him?' you ask.

Tiresias smiles a candle-pale smile. 'Go to the bridge across the River Lethe, after first taking water from the pool beside this shrine. Collect water from the river also, but do not drink either until you have passed through the metal wood and come to a vast desolate plain. Then you should drink the Lethean water, and after crossing the plain you should drink the other.

If you have the proper coin to pay the ferryman, you will next be able to go over the River Styx. On the far bank is a tower on whose roof is a talisman that could be of great value to you, but it is guarded by Sthenno, a Gorgon, and if you do not have a polished surface in which to reflect her gaze then it is better to avoid her altogether. Near her tower is a hill inhabited by two strange creatures who together guard a cache of ancient weapons. Whether or not you set your sights on their treasure is up to you.

'Travelling up the Styx you will pass through another wood - a place of darkness and cobwebs where you must not stray from the path - before finally reaching the Screaming Mountains. Here you must face Lei Kung, or Hraghal as we called him in ancient times, the lightning-spitter. If you can pass him, make your way up the cliffs and through the caverns of Tartarus, where the old gods sent souls for punishment. The thousand-eyed, thousand-named one stands on a plain within the ring of mountains, in the very centre of his realm.'

Tiresias covers the glowing rod in his hands so that the hall is plunged into darkness again.

'Wait- ' you say, stepping forward. Your hands pass through thin air.

The stygian darkness pulls back and the gloomy

half-light of Sheol trickles back into the dome. The ghost has gone.

'Should have got it from him in writing,' says the Traveller wryly.

Turn to **386**.

288

(SAGE) In your yearning for escape, you allow your thoughts to be too strongly focused on concrete reality. You fail to achieve the proper serenity for Levitation. Despondent, you realise you must meditate for some time before making another attempt.

If the Warrior *and* the Enchanter are here and wish to try something, turn to **13**. Otherwise, turn to **197**.

289

Lei Kung flaps overhead, taunting you by spitting down lightning bolts that scorch the ground at your heels. You soon realise that you cannot get away from him. You will either have to stand and fight (turn to **113**), or else find an item to use against him (turn to **333**).

290

You enter a chapel where several knights of the Order are kneeling in prayer before the symbol of a cross on an eight-pointed star. You have no time to ponder the peculiarities of their faith - within seconds they have seized their weapons. You have one free Round before they start to act, as they must genuflect to the altar before they can risk spilling blood here in the chapel.

Cappellars

Fighting Prowess: 8

Psychic Ability: 6

Armour Rating: 0

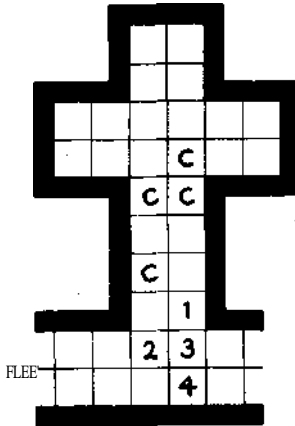
Endurance: *first* 36 *third* 36

second 36 *fourth* 36

Damage per blow: 2 Dice+2

Awareness: 7

If you *flee*, turn to **369**. If you manage to defeat them, turn to **284**.



291

You push through a throng of chattering pilgrims and go up the gangplank. After making your introduction to the first mate, you are taken to see Captain Puldro. He is a gangling scarecrow of a man, and when he speaks you notice a slight Cornumbrian accent.

'I have a hundred good pilgrims wanting to return to their homes in Ellesland,' he says after you've explained why you have come to see him. 'Homes that some of them haven't seen in years. And here you are asking me to delay that joyous

homecoming by steering a long course - and by way of the Sea of Mists, no less. A more foul and evil stretch of water it would be hard to find on God's earth! No, I cannot do what you ask under any circumstances. The risk to my ship, myself and my passengers is too great.'

If you have seen Emeritus since your return to Crescentium, turn to **376**. If you offer to pay Puldro if he'll take you, turn to **72**.

292

On the first landing you discover a pile of thick grey ash. A sword lies discarded beside it. You can take the sword if you wish; it is not magical.

If you want to take a closer look at the pile of ash, turn to **417**. If you step around it and continue up the stairs, turn to **241**. If you want to use an item, turn to **59**. If you want to leave, turn to **257**.

293

(ENCHANTER) It is the work of a moment for you to cast the spell of Immediate Deliverance. Along with your companions, if any, you are instantly teleported to the doorstep of a caravanserai opposite the Temple of the Roc. Few people see you appear, as most of the populace are taking a siesta because of the dizzying afternoon heat. A nearby beggar catches sight of you as you materialise, however. He crawls over, face blank with astonishment, and inquires if you are emissaries from heaven. 'If so,' he goes on without waiting for a reply, 'will you convey a message to the Lord for me? Tell Him — '

You stride past, pushing him off the step. 'Begone, you whingeing mendicant. Your mumblings

are of no significance beside the holy quest for the Sword of Life!

'The Sword of Life . . . ?' he says.

If you stop to speak with him, turn to **337**. If you think you should go straight to the harbour to see about chartering a ship, turn to **230**.

294

After examining the tore thoroughly you are convinced that it has no magic power whatsoever. It is not even solid gold - just brass with a lead core. If only you hadn't been so hasty to buy from the wretch - he obviously timed his approach perfectly, knowing you were too anxious to join the ship to give careful thought to what you were buying.

If you also bought the four swords he had for sale and have not yet examined them, turn to **302**. Otherwise, turn to **170**.

295

When you were floating high in the air you saw a shrine beside a pool and, further inland, a mead-hall.

If you want to go to the shrine, turn to **222**. If you want to go to the mead-hall, turn to **142**. If you want to cross the bridge, turn to **256**.

296

Circe cannot conceal her surprise when her magic fails to work against Puldro. 'What - ?' she breathes. 'How is it that you, a mere mortal, can resist my mightiest enchantment?'

Puldro brandishes his sword. 'The first of several surprises in store for you this evening, woman. I warrant you'll find the others even less welcome.'

Your reign of terror is about to come to an end.'
Turn to **343**.

297

He is quite happy to comply. 'Of course,' he explains with a jovial laugh, 'I cannot easily demonstrate the amulet or the tore. However...' He claps his hands and one of the slaves lifts a large shield out of the chest.

'Is this shield also magical?' you ask.

He draws one of the four swords. 'No, it is only ordinary iron and wood. Nonetheless, watch this.' He swings at the shield - which is still held by the cringing slave - and the blow splinters it effortlessly. The slave gives out a wail and presses a rag to a deep gash in his arm.

'You see?' he says, wiping the sword with a cotton pad before returning it to its scabbard. 'If it can perform so well in my hands - I, who have never fought in my life - how much better it will perform in yours.'

If you don't want to buy any of his items, then you may as well go and join your ship - turn to **506**. If you wish to make a purchase, turn to **123**. If the Enchanter is here and wants to try a spell, he or she should turn to **94**.

298

(TRICKSTER) Your winnings amount to ten times your original wager. In other words if you put up forty-five gold pieces, say, then you will have come out of the game four hundred and fifty gold pieces richer than when you started.

Turn to **528**.

299

The Traveller leads you off the moors to a covered bridge which spans the River Lethe. A forest of thick black pines covers the opposite bank. Beyond it rises a misty line that could be a distant mountain range.

Turn to **256**.

300

Unarmed and outnumbered, you have no choice but to let the gaolers thrust you into a cell. The key turns in the lock behind you with a sombre click. 'A real hole, isn't it?' snorts one of the gaolers, pushing his ugly face up to the bars of the door. 'But don't worry, you won't be here long. Tobias likes to burn old rubbish, you see, and he'll be getting the bonfire piled up for you right now!' The other gaolers laugh like crows at this.

If the Warrior and the Enchanter are both here, turn to **13**. If the Sage is here and wants to try something, turn to **149**. Otherwise, turn to **197**.

301

(ENCHANTER) Your spell strikes the onrushing monster. Resolve its effect, given that the shark has a Psychic Ability score of 3 and an Armour Rating of 11.

If the spell inflicts more than 15 points of damage on the shark, this causes it to veer away and leave you unharmed - turn to **435**. If the spell inflicts 15 or fewer points - turn to **387**.

302

You examine the swords carefully. To your annoyance, you realise that you were swindled. The swords are not magical at all. As it is too late

now to turn the ship around, you have to satisfy yourself with an expressive curse and a vow that you will avenge yourself on the man if you ever return to Crescentium.

If you also bought the Torc of Indomitable Will and haven't yet checked it over, turn to **294**. Otherwise, turn to **170**.

303

(TRICKSTER) You will have to bide your time. They thrust you into a cell and you hear the key turn in the lock behind you. A few hours pass. Peering nonchalantly out through the bars of the door, you see that only two gaolers have remained to guard you. There will probably never be a better moment than now to make your move.

If the Enchanter is also here, turn to **248**. If there is no Enchanter in the party, turn to **426**.

304

The *Golden Lance* rocks gently as the anchor is raised and the sails unfurled. She is a carvel-built cog with a single square sail, capable of making good headway if the wind is favourable, and you should reach Entasius' island within a month. The sailors give high-spirited cries as they scull her out of the harbour. You wonder whether Silthor has told them yet about the long detour the ship will be taking on her haul back to Ferromaine.

Once beyond the harbour walls, her sail catches the wind and she is soon ploughing through the waves. Silthor approaches, his face suffused with the exhilaration all sailors feel on returning to sea. He has another man with him, whom he introduces as the quartermaster, Lokven.

If the Warrior is here, turn to **189**. If the party does not include a warrior, turn to **20**.

305

(ENCHANTER) Only the spell of Immediate Deliverance is any use now. There are too many of them to kill with even your most potent battle magic. You have three Rounds in which to cast Immediate Deliverance (including the time taken calling it to mind, if you had not previously done so) before you fall unconscious under the pummelling they are giving you.

If you cast the spell within this time then you teleport yourself, Puldro and your comrades (if any) to a point some distance away - turn to **80**. If you fail to cast the spell but there is a Trickster in the party, he or she should turn to **352**. Otherwise, this is where your adventure ends.

306

'You have the sum we agreed on?' says Silthor, shaking hands as you step onto the deck.

If you can pay him two hundred and fifty gold pieces, cross off this sum and turn to **304**. If not, turn to **454**.

307

You emerge on to the street. It is now a little after midday, when the sun is at its hottest and the bustle of trade around the markets comes virtually to a standstill. Now that you are fugitive from the Capellars, a prolonged stay in Crescentium is out of the question. You head straight for the harbour.

Turn to **415**.

308

'Wait,' says Silthor. 'Do not be so hasty. If I were free to return to Ferromaine now, and were not bound to take you on to Entasius' isle, it would be vastly more to my liking. Each day we waste on this quest of yours is costing me dear, for I have a cargo to sell. If you free me from our agreement - if you'll consent to go with this other ship - I'll show my appreciation to the tune of a hundred crowns.'

If you agree to this arrangement, add the one hundred gold pieces to your Character Sheets (split equally among all players) and cross to the other ship by turning to **201**. If you still won't travel by the other ship, turn to **525**.

309

You come to a side door in the passage.

If the Sage is here and wishes to try something, turn to **208**. If not, you can either open the door (turn to **290**), or continue along the passage (turn to **19**).

310

Eternity could have passed while you were scaling the cliffs. When you finally reach the top, you consider pausing in prayer for a moment. But it would be a futile gesture in this lifeless, forsaken place. The wind brings gusts of decay to your nostrils. Peering up into the cold sky, you see a few rotted squawking things that look horribly like dead gulls, flying jerkily above the cliff tops.

Now you can get a closer look at the stone torus. Presumably built as a full ring, the countless centuries of supporting the weight of its own arch have shattered it into a mere semicircle.

If you feel like a closer look, turn to **223**. If you bypass it and head inland, turn to **250**.

311

Two Selentine Knights appear behind you, attracted by the commotion. As soon as they see you struggling with the blacksmith, they step forward to attack. You cannot get past them to flee, and within seconds the hue and cry is raised. Traders flock from their stalls, baying for your blood. You are grabbed and flung to the ground. That is how you meet your end - not heroically, fighting fell creatures of darkness, but ripped to pieces by an enraged mob of merchants . . .



312

(PLAYER(S) DRINKING) Before reading on, make sure you know the number of the last entry you were reading.

The waters of the River Lethe induce amnesia. As soon as you drink, much of your memory slips away just as water trickles between your fingers. You can remember your quest - though you are hazy about some of the details - and you can remember the name(s) of those you travel with. But a good deal of your combat expertise is lost: your Endurance is unaltered, but your Fighting Prowess, Awareness and Psychic Ability become those of a second rank character.

Write the codeword **LETHE** on your Character Sheet(s) and then turn back to the previous entry.

'Have you lost your wits?' cries Serafenne with a disbelieving laugh. 'You intend to ride on this merman's back? It is not to any island he'll take you, but to the bottom of the sea where your bones will slowly turn to coral! Saints! Think again. I beg you - this is sheer madness, to take the word of a monster.'

But you have made your decision and refuse to consider his arguments. 'Sometimes one must be guided by simple faith rather than by reason,' you reply. You gather your belongings and clamber down on to the merman's leathery back.

The sailors crowd along the side to watch you go. Most say nothing, but it is clear from the horrified look on their faces that they think you are going to your doom. 'I pray you are right and I am wrong, then,' says Serafenne as he gives you a farewell salute.

The merman swims like an eel, finding a speed that does not send too much water flying in your face. Even so, you have to gasp for breath amid the spray. 'How long till we reach our destination?' you ask.

'Days,' he shouts back. 'But it will seem like only hours, as Entasius has employed temporal magics to make the journey more tolerable for you.'

You feel almost as though you have lapsed into delirium. You cannot distinguish between the crash of the waves, the taste and smell of the salt spray, the chilling grey water . . . After an indefinite time, the merman twists his heavy green head around to grin at you. 'Landfall,' he says.

He coasts in to the shore of Entasius' island through banks of white fog. It is dusk, and in the gathering gloom you can barely make out the

desolate rocky beach and the cliffs rising beyond it. Stumbling ashore on numbed legs, you turn to thank the merman. He has already gone.

Turn to **156**.

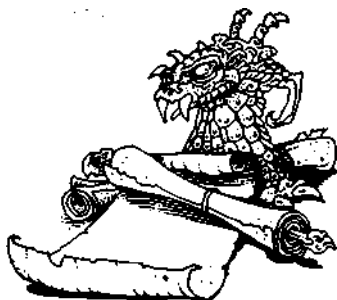
314

The Traveller agrees that your idea is good. 'It might be dangerous to drink this water,' he says, 'but who is to say it won't come in useful later?' He fills a water-bottle from the pool and hands it to you.

If any player wants to drink some of this water, note the number of the entry you are reading at the time and then turn to 496. It is important to note the entry you are reading first because, of course, 496 will not route you back there. You can drink the water at any time except when in combat.

There is enough water in the bottle for all players to drink if and when they wish. One player should note it among the items on his or her Character Sheet: 'Bottle of water from the Pool of Remembrance - to drink, turn to **496**.'

Turn to **423**.



315

(ENCHANTER) You are pleased to find that your magic works perfectly here in the Afterworld.



[Looking through the curtain of Time, you see yourself locked in combat with a giant monster. It has a horse's head and fights with a crystalline mace. You try to see further. After slaying the giant, it appears that you are led to a valuable treasure . . .]

The image fades. You are in the present again - if time can be said to have any meaning here.

If you choose to investigate the broken torus, turn to **163**. If you head inland, turn to **250**.

316

Entasius' eyes glaze and he seems to speak to himself more than to you. 'I remember distant days of youth, memories kept as in a glass locket. Cordelia was my love, her smile the sole cause of my heart's gladdening. I am chilled to the marrow by the cold of an unending night, and she is the only sun that can warm me. I live less in this world than in my dreams of the next, where she has gone. Sorrow spears my soul - an icy thorn that only her touch can withdraw.' He looks straight into your eyes. 'Descend into hell, then, I beseech you - *and bring her back to me.*'

'This is a high price to pay for your aid. Who can say whether such a thing is possible?'

'Reason tells me it is not, but fie upon Reason for that! Why should Azrael keep her, his drear domain swallowing up her joy and darkening her radiance? I put my faith in Faith itself that she is not lost to me forever.'

'If it is the price you demand,' you say, turning away from his burning gaze, 'so bet it. If there is to be any returning from Death's land, it will be with Cordelia or not at all.'

His face twists in the grip of desperate and unguessable emotions. 'Go then. My servitor will

show you the way.' The candles around him flicker and burn low. You turn to follow the woman.

Turn to **546**.

317

(ENCHANTER) The faltyn manifests in a haze of blue light, affecting a kind of stylish nonchalance like all its fay kind. Only you can see and hear it. - [*'Crescentium,' it murmurs, looking around. 'This is the Temple of the Roc. You are mortal and I am not. What more could you want of me than this succinct statement of incontrovertible truth?'*]

'Much more!' you hiss, stepping back out of Tobias' line of sight and whispering behind your hand. 'You must convince this sanctimonious lunatic to accede to my request for a ship. Suggestions?'

[*The faltyn smiles daintily. 'It is for you to suggest, and for me to obey.'*]

You have to think of a plan quickly.

Will you ask the faltyn to conjure a fake letter of introduction from the Doge of Ferromaine (turn to **253**)? Or will you get it to create the illusion of an angel speaking directly to Tobias (turn to **48**)? If you don't think either plan will work, you must dismiss the faltyn - turn to **118**.

318

(ENCHANTER) [*By accepting the paradox, you lock yourself into a continual time-loop on the boundary between life and death. You cannot move or think, and will merely re-enact the same split second throughout the rest of eternity.*]

If there are any other players, they should turn to **49**. If there are no other players, this is the end.

319

(TRICKSTER) 'Fifty gold pieces?' you say, holding your sides as you rock with laughter. 'You'll see fifty times fifty before this day is done, captain.' You turn a furtive glance around you, then call out to him in a conspiratorial tone: 'Best if you come aboard the *Annuvin* and take a look in her hold, I think.'

Trancier thinks about it for a moment before greed gets the better of caution. He comes across with one other man - a giant Mercanian called Thangbrand. 'Thangbrand was kicked in the head by a horse when but a lad,' Trancier says to you. 'He is loyal and strong, but his wits are not whole as in other men. We can talk freely in front of him.'

'Good,' you say. 'Captain, the *Annuvin's* hold contains many chests full of gems and silver. Her crew died to a man fighting over them. Let me show you.'

He descends into the hold with you. Thangbrand brings up the rear, steely blue eyes locked on you in an expression of dull-witted distrust. As soon as Trancier sees there are no treasure chests here, he turns to berate you.

'Villainous liar -' he says before you fell him with a hammer-punch under the ear.

Thangbrand stares at you. Perhaps he is too stupid to know you have hurt the captain? No - no such luck. He is drawing his sword . . .

Turn to **10**.

320

(PLAYER DRINKING) You scoop some water from the pool and taste it. You are instantly assailed by vivid memories of all the wounds you have ever taken in your adventuring career - all the hardships you have endured, all the horrors you have faced. It

is more than mortal mind can stand. Roll a Die:

- 1 You weather the flood of memories and survive unscathed.
- 2 You die of shock.
- 3 Your tortured mind survives, but not unscathed: reduce your Awareness score by 2.
- 4-6 You are driven mad. You can continue to adventure, but in any fight encounter you must roll a Die; on a 1 you attack your comrades (if any), on a 2 you do nothing until the fight is over, and on a 3-6 you can act normally. Note this on your Character Sheet.

Now turn to **423**.

321

(PLAYER(S) DRINKING) Note the codeword LETHE on your Character Sheet(s).

The waters of the River Lethe induce amnesia. As soon as you drink, much of your memory slips away just as water trickles between your fingers. You can remember your quest - though you are hazy about some of the details - and you can remember the name(s) of those you travel with. But a good deal of your combat expertise is lost: your Endurance is unaltered, but your Fighting Prowess, Awareness and Psychic Ability become those of a second rank character.

Now turn to **73**.

322

If you have the codeword TABULA, turn to **497**. If not, turn to **203**.

323

If there is a Sage here who wishes to Levitate to the

top of the tower, he or she should turn to **215**. If an Enchanter would like to cast Prediction, he or she should turn to **366**. If you just open the door and go in, turn to **227**.

324

You ring the bell Uraba gave you years ago, when you journeyed to Wyrd to face the Warlock-King. Its power was intended to counter his dream magic, and you feel sure that Circe's spells are of the same stuff.

You are right. The scene all around you boils into blotches of watery colour and then evaporates away. The bronze men are gone, and the island is now revealed as a featureless expanse of barren grey rock which was only made to seem otherwise by the power of Circe's magic.

'Aie!' she cries, staring in horror at what you have done. 'It will take me years to rework my spells here. I am undone!'

'Then surrender,' you tell her.

Turn to **283**.

325

If you merely suspected he was up to no good, turn to **186**. If you also realised that he is not who he seems, turn to **534**. If you realised that he is actually your arch-foe, Icon the Ungodly, turn to **468**.

326

(PLAYERS WHO FAILED TO RESIST) Each of you must roll separately for the effect that Gift Star's magic has on you:

- 1 Your legs become joined together down to the knee. Reduce your Fighting Prowess by 1. You can only move one square per Round in combat.

- 2 Your vision becomes distorted. Reduce your Fighting Prowess by 1. You cannot use the *throw* or *shoot* options in combat. If you are an Enchanter you will find it difficult to target your Blasting spells, and now cannot use these against any foe who is more than two squares away from you.
- 3 Any non-magical weapon you pick up becomes corroded and useless. Other than magical weapons, you must fight with your bare hands.
- 4 Your skin becomes thick and warty like a toad's. This gives an Armour Rating of 1, but you can never wear armour of any sort.
- 5 Your spirit is affected. Every time you fail to resist a Psychic attack, reduce your Psychic Ability by 1 (down to a minimum score of 2). Every time you succeed, increase it by 1 (to a maximum score of 11).
- 6 Lose 250 experience points. Apply the effects immediately.

Note on your Character Sheet(s) the details of what Gift Star has done to you. Once all players have done this, turn to **226**.

327

(TRICKSTER) 'No, wait!' you say as the mate orders a boat lowered. 'There is a curse on the *Annuvin* and her treasure. If you take it aboard you are spelling doom for the *Persephone* as well.'

'A curse?' He looks dubious.

Roll two Dice and add your rank to the total. If it comes to 15 or more, turn to **427**. If it is 14 or less, turn to **128**.

328

After despatching both of the gaolers, you hurry out into the corridor. There are no guards in sight; so far, luck is with you. But now you must find your way out of the Capellars stronghold before anyone discovers you have escaped.

Turn to **309**.

329

Your legs feel like lead. How long have you been walking across this plain? You seemed to black out for a moment; now you cannot remember. As though you were wading through the depths of sleep, each step is more onerous than the last.

You look down at your feet and moan in horror. The ground has become the faces of the people you have known throughout your life - friends and enemies alike. Their gaping mouths twist soundlessly as they gnaw at your feet. Their hands reach up from nowhere to snatch at your legs. You stumble to your knees, desperately clawing your way onward even though you have forgotten your destination.

The Traveller glances back. He is unaffected by the ghastly vision. 'You have walked into the Mire of Mortality,' he shouts. 'Memories of your life are sucking you down, trying to stop you from entering the deepest part of Death's realm. Avert your eyes!'

Each player should roll three Dice, trying to score less than or equal to their Psychic Ability. A player who fails the roll is absorbed into the Mire of Mortality, ceasing to exist in either the land of life or the land of death; the player and all his or her equipment are lost forever.

A player who succeeds in making the roll manages to cast away these last obstacles and progress

to the edge of the plain unharmed. As mentioned before, players with the codeword LETHE do not see the visions at all and can proceed without making the roll.

Surviving players turn to **342**.

330

(TRICKSTER) 'Look at these beautiful serving girls . . .' you say as though speaking to Puldro and unaware of Circe's presence. These fine viands are spread out here in this meadow for our enjoyment. Put aside your objections, captain. Your carping nature will spoil your enjoyment of this paradise. Why look for threats where none exist?'

You clamber on to the podium of a statue - a vantage point which puts you up on a level with Circe where she stands on the steps. She smiles superciliously as you turn to Puldro. Her eyes are on him as you say: 'Shall I pluck an apple from this tree for you, captain? You can taste its sweetness and -'

Circe's glance flashes back to the statue the moment you stop talking. She is too late. She can only gape in astonishment as you perform an acrobatic leap, turning in midair to land lightly on the step behind her. Your hand is around her throat before she can form a spell.

'Surrender,' you whisper in her ear. 'It would be a pity to snap such a lovely neck.'

'I . . . surrender . . .' she gasps.

Turn to **283**.

331

(WARRIOR) It is not your body but - incredibly - the bloody carcass of the white shark that sinks away into the ocean depths. You have no time to

exult in the victory, though, as your lungs are bursting for want of air. Striking up for the surface with powerful strokes, you reach the side of the boat and clamber in - exhausted but triumphant.

Turn to **435**.

332

(TRICKSTER) You roll back as Njal takes his punch. His fist barely grazes your chin and, as you complete your backflip, you snatch up a bag of coins from the table. The other gamblers are too dazzled by your acrobatics to stop you from somersaulting backwards to the door. Once outside (along with your companions, if any) you effortlessly shake off Njal and a few others who try to give chase. In the gloom of a back alley you count your haul: forty gold pieces. Not bad.

If you have enough money now, turn to **115**. If not, and if the Enchanter is here and wants to suggest something, turn to **452**. If the Enchanter is not here, the only other option is to sell some equipment to raise cash. If you haven't done so yet, you can visit a chandler's shop by turning to **7**. If you've tried everything and still can't pay for the voyage, then your adventure ends here in failure.

333

Which item will you use? A long copper rod? (turn to **521**); a mirrored shield? (turn to **368**); a magical Orb? (turn to **56**); or a Magian's wand? (turn to **434**).

If you have none of these, turn to **339**.

334

As you approach, the figurehead opens her gilded eyes and her lips move with a sound of creaking wood. 'Entasius has observed your efforts to reach

him,' she says. 'Come aboard and I will convey you to his island.'

Silthor is ecstatic, as this means he can take the *Golden Lance* on to Ferromaine without further costly delay. He orders your things brought to the rowing boat, which is lowered so that you can go across.

If you paid for the journey and now want to demand some of your money back, turn to **31**. If a letter from Tobias secured your passage, or if you think the matter of the payment is not worth raising, you can cross immediately to the longship: turn to **492**.

335

Each player who put his or her hand into the water must roll one Die. On a roll of 1-3, the player dies instantly (equipment on the body can be taken by other players). On a roll of 4-6, the player not only survives but becomes partially invulnerable: any time that he or she is about to take a wound in combat (from physical weapons, not spells) you should roll a Die, and on a score of 6 the wound is completely negated. (Write on your Character Sheet: 'Invulnerability - works on a roll of 6 on one Die.')

Surviving players can turn to **137**.

336

(ENCHANTER) You work a spell of Detect Enchantment over the masks. Each is powerfully charged with magical energy - but of course, you'd already guessed that much. Concentrating further, you see that the magic is partly beneficial and partly baneful.

If you wish to try a mask on, turn to **280**. If not,

which route will you take from this room: the left-hand tunnel (turn to **141**) or the right-hand one (turn to **549**)?

337

'What do you know of the Sword of Life?' you ask him.

'A little,' he replies craftily. 'Once I worked as apprentice to a limner. There were certain old scrolls I saw - magical treatises and so forth.'

'Well - your tongue appears to be healthy, even though the rest of you is filthy and covered in sores. Speak.'

'A few coins first, if it please you. I rely solely on charity for such wellbeing as I do enjoy.'

If you give him two gold pieces, cross them off your Character Sheet and turn to **393**. If you decide he has nothing useful to tell you, turn to **230**.

338

(SAGE) If you are with the Warrior, he or she must lose 50 experience points for not accepting the challenge. This applies at the end of the adventure.

You recognise well enough that the truth of a matter is often not what it first appears. This Angvar is clearly no mortal chieftain, to sit with impunity in the middle of Sheol, under the roof of so splendid a hall with his warriors here beside him. He can only be -

'Tor! Thunder-god! Here in your hall Bilskirnir, where you sit among the shades of those who died fighting for your glory, I call upon the protection of your father, Odin the Runecaster, Knower of Secrets. He watches over all those who love wisdom and hidden knowledge, and with his one eye he will see if I suffer harm at your hand.'

Angvarnods. 'Enough; you have named us. You will not be molested in my hall, I guarantee it.'
Turn to **495**.

339

You cannot reach Lei Kung to engage him in close combat, so you must rely on spells, arrows and other long-range attacks. (But if there is a Sage in the party then he or she can Levitate up to engage Lei Kung and can therefore *make fight* rolls as usual.) For his part, Lei Kung can easily strike down at you with his crackling, white-hot tongue.

Lei Kung

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage per blow: 4 Dice

Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 35 (less any wounds already inflicted)

Note: Lei Kung's strikes count as lightning, of course, so if you have an item that defends against electrical energy it will work in this case.

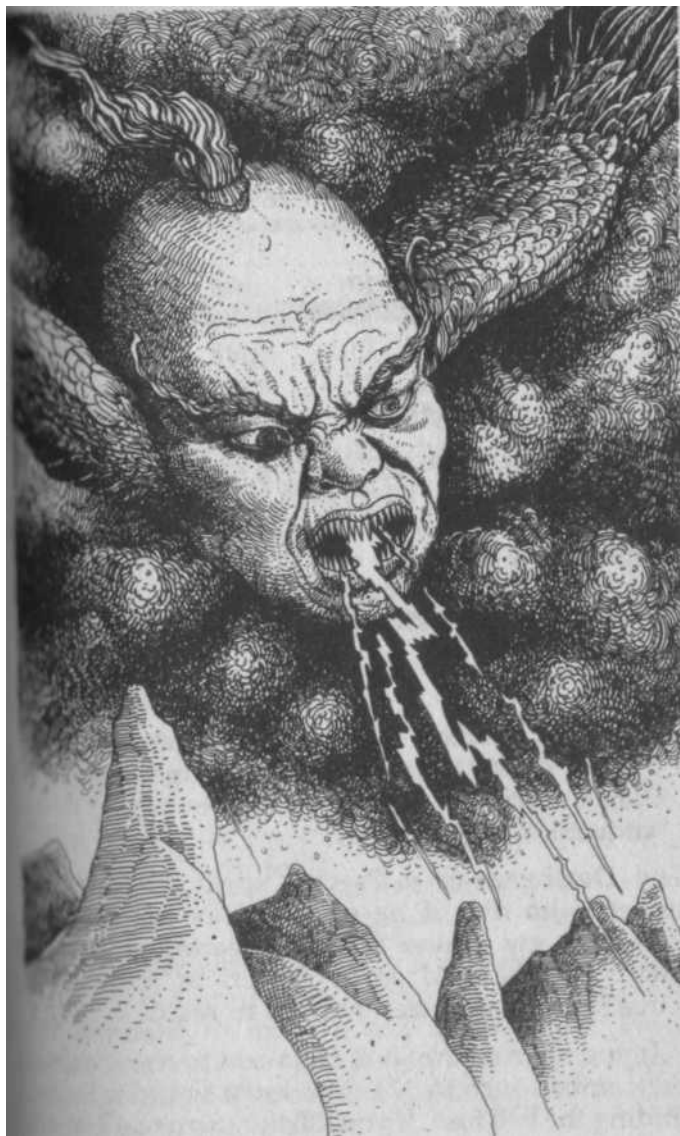
If you *flee* turn to **85**. If you kill him, turn to **459**.

340

On the shore you are confronted by a tall woman draped in a *peplos*, the long robe worn by the Ancient Emphidians. Her lips are full and red, and her hair has the colour of ripe corn. Behind her is a phalanx of ten bronze warriors armed with metal clubs.

'I am Circe,' she says. 'None leaves my island if I do not wish them to.'

She signals to the bronze men, who move forward with weighty strides. 'Few mortals can resist



my glamour,' she continues. 'You are to be congratulated on the strength of your will.'

The bronze warriors are upon you and, with your back to the sea, you make ready to give battle.

Bronze Warriors

Fighting Prowess: 7	Damage per blow: 1 Die
Psychic Ability: 8	Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 1	
Endurance: <i>first</i> 10	<i>sixth</i> 10
<i>second</i> 10	<i>seventh</i> 10
<i>third</i> 10	<i>eighth</i> 10
<i>fourth</i> 10	<i>ninth</i> 10
<i>fifth</i> 10	<i>tenth</i> 10

Behind them, Circe is preparing a spell: Deathgaze. This is Complexity Level Five, so (allowing for the 1-point reduction in Psychic Ability when she has it in mind) she will need a 10 or less on 2 Dice+5 to cast it in the first Round, on 2 Dice+4 in the second Round, etc. Once she has cast it she will prepare another.

Circe

Fighting Prowess: 5	Damage per blow: 1 Die-2
Psychic Ability: 11	Awareness: 7
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: 30	

The Deathgaze is a Psychic spell affecting one target, who dies if he or she does not resist it. *However*, any player who is wearing a garland exclusively of wild garlic flowers is immune to Circe's spells and need not roll to resist.

If you have an iron bell and want to use it during the combat, turn to **324**. You must spend a Round finding the bell first. If you kill her, turn to **41**. If you

Enthral her, turn to **448**. If you use the Spell of Immediate Deliverance *to flee*, turn to **24**.

4	W	W	W			
1			W	W	C	
3			W	W		
2	W	W	W			

341

A twig snaps nearby. You glance round to see a black unicorn with a silver horn standing only a dozen paces away among the trees. When you call out, it watches you coldly and paws the ground - but comes no closer.

If you want to go over and take its reins, turn to **114**. If you ignore it and continue along the river bank, turn to **530**.

342

At last you hear sounds from ahead - the cry of a solitary night-bird, the babble of running water . . .

If you have Screebo the raven with you *and* at least one player has the codeword LETHE, turn to **520**. Otherwise, turn to **83**.

343

Any player who is wearing a garland of wild garlic flowers is immune to Circe's magic. This means that if required to make a roll against your Psychic Ability to resist a spell of hers, you can proceed as though you had made the roll successfully without needing to use the Dice.

Players with no, garland, or with a garland of red flowers or of wild garlic and red flowers together, are *not* protected. You have no time to change garlands around now. If not protected, you must make your magic resistance rolls in the usual way.

If the Trickster wants to try something, he or she should turn to **330**. If the Enchanter wants to act, he or she should turn to **535**. Otherwise turn to **416**.

344

(ENCHANTER) The spell enables you to see some of the possible futures that may lie ahead of you. Concentrating on an image of yourself drinking the water of the pool, you experience a frightening jolt of pain and madness. Lucky that you tried the Prediction spell first, then!

You focus next on the possibility that you will enter the shrine. The image you see is of the inside of the marble dome, where, a large copper horn hangs from the centre of the roof by a slim thread. The spell fades.

Turn to **423**.

345

You spread your hands, showing the steward that you are unharmed. 'Those who are truly Angvar's friends do not even bring weapons into his hall,' you say.

He nods, satisfied by your answer, and waves you forward.

Turn to **495**.

346

It reaches out and touches you. Its snapping, blood-flecked jaws are within inches of your flesh. Fighting back fear, you utter a battle-cry and rush to attack it.

Skeleton

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 3 Dice**

Psychic Ability: 7*

Awareness: 8

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 32

* Its aura is strengthening as it fights you. Increase its Psychic Ability by 1 at the start of each Round.

** It wounds you by touching, which drains your vital force and makes you feel weaker. Whenever it inflicts wound, it *adds* the drained points to its own Endurance

Too late to *flee* now because you cannot move fast across the uneven terrain - unless you have Immediate Deliverance to reach the bottom of the cliffs. If you do, turn to **310**. If the Sage is here and wants to try Exorcism against it, turn to **529**. If you destroy it, turn to **547**.

	4		1	
	3	2	5	

347

You utter the secret word that activates the Orb and hurl it at the cell door. It explodes in a blossom of flame, igniting the timbers of the door and quick! spreading into the room beyond. The gaolers leap up and flee with terrified cries. You head towards the door - now just a jumble of burning planks - but the intense heat of the inferno beyond forces you back. The cell is damp stone, so the flames will not spread in here - but even though you might not be

burned alive, your lungs are filling with choking black smoke. Is this the end?

If the Trickster is here, turn to **198**. If not, it is indeed the end. You are suffocated by the fumes and you will be found dead in the cell when the Capellars have extinguished the fire.

348

(SAGE) [*According to another account, drinking the water of the Pool of Remembrance causes one to experience again all the trials and ordeals of one's life. If you drank from it now, you would feel all the wounds you have ever suffered all in one instant. The experience would either kill you or drive you mad. However, it is also written - as the Traveller just said - that water from the Pool of Remembrance acts as an antidote to the memory-stealing waters of the River Lethe.*]

Turn to **407**.

349

Now you know which is the original and which are the *kage*, or shadow-selves, created by his magic. Place yourselves, Icon and the *kage* on the tactical display below and go on with the battle. (If you have previously destroyed any of the duplicates, remove them from the four listed here. Also adjust Icon's Endurance to take account of the wound you just inflicted on him.)

Replicas

Fighting Prowess: 9	Damage per blow: 5 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9	Awareness: 9
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance:	<i>NI</i> 1 <i>SI</i> 1
	<i>SAN</i> 1 <i>GO</i> 1

Icon

Fighting Prowess: 9 Damage per blow: 5 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 9
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 55

Note: Icon is immune to the spell of Servile Enthrallment. He has four spells that he might use in the battle. Unless there is a reader playing Icon's part, you will need to roll randomly for his action each Round:

1-3 Strikes with sword

4-6 Prepares/casts a spell

His spells are:

Haragei ('Inner Force') This Complexity Level One spell increases the focus of Icon's strength, so that he strikes for six Dice in combat. It lasts for four Rounds, and once he has cast it he will not bother with any other magic until it wears off. Icon favours the *Haragei* spell when he is fighting only one or two opponents.

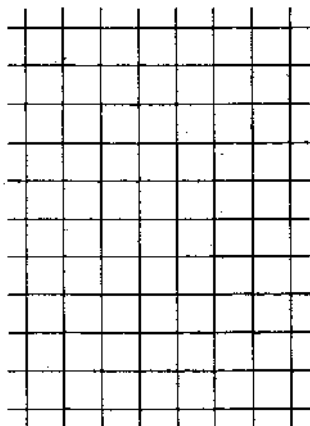
Hikari ('Fire') A Blasting spell of Complexity Level Two. It inflicts 1 Die+4 (less Armour Rating) on all players. Icon will only use this if he is fighting three or more opponents.

Nindo ('Invisibility') A Complexity Level Three spell that turns Icon invisible for four Rounds. While he is invisible, *fight* roll against him must be made on three Dice (four if he is dodging).

Sha-ken ('Throwing Stars') This Complexity Level Four spell causes a volley of up to six *sha-ken* (roll one Die for the exact number) to fly out of mid-air and strike a single opponent. Each *sha-ken* inflicts two Dice damage (less Armour Rating) and remains lodged in the target's body. The player must spend one Round removing the *sha-ken*; if

he does not, he takes a further 1 point of Endurance damage per *sha-ken* each Round, with armour no longer protecting.

If the Sage is here and wants to spend a Round using Exorcism against Icon, turn to **267**. If you overcome him, turn to **52**.



350

You set Gathric to keeping the first watch, but when you go on deck to relieve him just before midnight you find him snoring under a tarpaulin. He wakes with a terrified start when you poke him in the ribs.

'Ho, Gathric, we have been boarded by Satan's hordes,' you tell him. 'While you slept soundly, they put a brimstone torch to the ship and carried our souls off to hell.'

'Eh?' he says, blinking.

You seize him by the front of his jerkin and give him a good shaking. 'Fool! As long as we remain here we must be vigilant. Who knows what terrors lurk in the island's interior? We could have paid

with our lives for your few hours of slumber. Since God has chosen to leave you with your senses unmuddled, even as your fellow sailors cavort in the depths of a delusion, at least repay His kindness by acting responsibly.'

'I was tired,' he replies sulkily. 'It has been a long day for me, up and about my duties since before dawn . . .'

You are about to answer when the dog, Gus, leaps up and runs to the rail. Looking out across the starlit island, he suddenly throws back his head and gives a terrible despairing howl. Gathric crosses himself. You go over and haul Gus away from the side. He is whining and whimpering inconsolably.

If you let him stay on deck despite the racket he's making, turn to **218**. If you shut him in the hold, turn to **246**.

351

If you have the codeword TABULA, turn to **425**. If not, turn to **86**.

352

(TRICKSTER) Your quick wit saves you as it has so many times before. Spying a log, you throw yourself to the ground beside it while at the same time spreading your cloak out to cover it. Then you scabble into the bushes out of sight as the irate crowds rush up and begin to strike at the cloak-draped log.

'By Garm's teeth!' you hear a pilgrim gasp. This one seems as tough as an old oak.'

'Take up a rock to strike with, brother,' someone replies. 'You'll hear the bones break soon enough.'

'Bones? But look - this is not a person, it is but a log with a cape spread over it. We've been tricked . . . !'

'Name of the game, "brother",' you whisper to yourself as you slip away unnoticed in the direction of the ship. You do not like the idea of leaving Puldro (and your comrades, if any) to be torn apart, but there is nothing you could have done.

All other players are dead and their equipment lost. You should turn to **264**.

353

All players should record the codeword FOSSIL on their Character Sheets.

You search the chamber, but find only two objects of any interest: an emerald lantern that burns without heat, and a spear of carved bone that is faintly enchanted (adding 1 to its wielder's Awareness).

The Traveller has discovered a short flight of stone steps behind a drape. They lead up to an open trapdoor which gives on to the roof. Here you find a bronze coffer containing a golden amulet in the shape of an *ankh-cross*. If you decide to keep this, you can put it on at any time. The player who puts it on should turn to **25** to see what it does. (But be sure to note the number of the entry you're reading at the time - **25** won't guide you back there.)

If you have the codeword RUBY, turn to **371**. If not, turn to **257**.

354

What you took to be a pebble beach turns out to be strewn instead with hundreds of small grey skulls, like those of cats or rats. Avoiding this area, you walk on the very edge of the beach, where ashen grey sand is lapped by ashen grey water.

Suddenly the ground gives way under you. You are plunged to your thighs in damp sand. Pulling

free, you struggle up to the firmer ground of the beach of skulls. You feel sick with horror when you see that your legs are now caked with half-congealed blood. It is not your own blood - you took no wounds, but the ruptured shoreline now shows livid gashes of red where your weight broke through the salt crust.

A skeletal figure claws its way out of the moist sand. Its yellow bones are slick with gore. Bright light burns in the sockets of its skull. You have just time to reach the cliffs and start climbing before it is upon you.

If you do that, turn to **536**. If you stand your ground and *fight*, turn to **346**.

355

Inside, a large copper horn hangs by a long thread from the centre of the domed ceiling. You can reach it but, even though the thread seems thin, you find it impossible to break.

'You will not be able to remove the horn,' says the Traveller. 'However, you can use it to summon individuals from anywhere in the land of Death. Just blow through the horn while thinking the name of the person you wish to summon.'

If you decide to use the horn, turn to **386**. If not, you go back outside: turn to **423**.

356

You urge Screebo to get the keys. At first he seems to understand your words. Squeezing between the bars of the door, he struts across to the table where the two gaolers are gambling. He looks up at the key-ring hanging from the back of a chair - and then emits a loud croak which makes the gaolers start in alarm.

They stare down at Screebo, who is now preening himself in a self-satisfied manner. 'Well,' says one of them, smirking, 'maybe you thought your bird would help you escape? It looks like he knows which side his bread's buttered, though!'

The two gaolers slap their thighs, roaring with laughter, and then feed Screebo a few scraps left over from their last meal. Treacherous bird . . .

Turn to **62**.

357

Something horrible has befallen Puldro. At your first blow, one of his eyes pops out and rolls across the deck. It *is* glass. And sawdust, not blood, starts to stream from the wounds you inflict.

Puldro

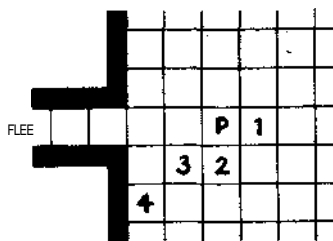
Fighting Prowess: 6 Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Psychic Ability: 12 Awareness: 4

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 40

If you *flee*, turn to **476**. If you win, turn to **174**.



358

Mile after mile, you trudge across the plain. There is no evidence of animal life, and even the plants here are sparse and twisted. Occasionally you catch sight of a dead oak or a boulder that seems quite large -

but such features are never nearby, and turn out to be impossible to reach.

Not even the wind moves across this barren land. Only your own hushed voices break the silence. After a while you begin to feel hypnotised by the inhuman bleakness of the panorama. You talk less and less, and at times it seems you are stumbling on in a dream.

Any players who do *not* have the codeword **LETHE** should turn to **329**. If all players have this codeword on their Character Sheets, turn to **342**.

359

Some three weeks out from Crescentium, you awaken to sounds of commotion out on deck. Emerging into the sunshine, you see the sailors crowding along the starboard rail and, shielding your eyes against the glare of the sunrise, you peer across the waves. There you see a ship with sails of scarlet cloth - sails which are lowered and furled while she lies at rest in the gentle breeze.

'Could she be a ghost ship?' muses Silthor as you step onto the poop deck beside him. 'I've heard many a tale of vessels deserted by their crews, left to ride the sea at the wind's whim . . .'

If you suggest going alongside to investigate, turn to **377**. If you suggest that he sail past as quickly as possible, turn to **281**.

360

You go out into the street and use your power of Levitation to rise high into the sky above the village. From this vantage point you can see the Feasting Dead picking their way across the moors. They are still more than half a mile away.

Before you descend, you take a look at the

surrounding landscape. The river running past the village is crossed some distance upstream by a covered bridge. On the far bank is a dense forest of tall black firs. You can also see some sort of shrine beside a glittering lake and - far beyond that on the limit of vision - a splendid mead-hall of the sort to be found in the lands of the North.

Mark the codeword **GLIMPSE** on your Character Sheet and descend.

Turn to **213**.

361

The fallen player gives a groan and begins to stir. You are delighted to see that, although badly wounded, he or she is still alive. The armband's runes dissipated much of the force of an electrical onslaught that would otherwise have been fatal.

The player that Lei Kung attacked must reduce his or her Endurance to half what it was before the encounter (rounding fractions *down*).

Turn to **4**.

362

Obviously you cannot outdistance him, but you can split up and he will only be able to go for one of you. 'We'll rejoin where the Styx issues from those cliffs,' you call out to the Traveller.

He signals to show that he understands and then begins to run along the river bank. As you split up, Lei Kung swoops overhead and selects one of the players for his prey. Each player should roll two Dice, and the lowest scorer is Lei Kung's victim.

The other players (ie, apart from Lei Kung's chosen victim) should turn to **412**.

363

(TRICKSTER) To someone of your special talents,

making a few hundred crowns is easy. But doing it in the space of one afternoon will be rather more difficult. You have no trouble in finding a gambling den where sailors pass their time ashore. You see several dice games being played, and there is also a circle of ships' officers and merchants playing with a deck of woodblock-printed *tarrochi* cards.

If you want to join the card game, turn to **147**. If you want to join a dice game, turn to **383**.

364

Tobias squints at you. He is an intense, fanatical man and it is impossible to know what is in his thoughts. At last he says: 'If you cannot confide in me, I cannot help you. How am I to know your quest is a worthy one?'

If the Enchanter is present and wants to try something, he or she should turn to **158**. If not, turn to **118**.

365

'You will have a psychopomp; a giant dog will lead you there.'

Her words roll together like thunder. You can no longer focus on her. The edges of your vision grow dark, and a deathly chill descends on you.

'Ah,' you cry weakly. 'That was not a potion to induce sleep, but death!'

'What makes you think there is a difference?' she replies.

Everything goes black.

Turn to **471**.

366

(ENCHANTER) With your concentration focused on the possible future in which you will enter the tower, you cast the Prediction spell . . .

[The clarity is remarkable. You see a vivid image of yourself passing through the tower door and slowly advancing across the stairwell. After one glance into a room where you see a number of piles of grey ash, you begin to ascend the stairs.]

If you want to break the spell now, return to **323** and choose again. If you want to try and maintain the spell long enough to see what lies at the top of the stairs, turn to **101**.

367

'That is wise,' says Emeritus. 'You need rest after your recent adventures. Tomorrow we can decide the best way for you to set about the next phase of your quest.'

You realise that you are mortally tired. Thanking him for his help, you go with his servants to a bedchamber that has been prepared for you, and there fall immediately into sleep.

Turn to **122**.

368

Lei Kung's tongue darts out, a flare of living lightning, and strikes the shield. The player holding the shield feels it become red hot, then burst into glowing fragments. The player in question loses two Dice Endurance (with armour protecting as usual).

Cross off the shield and turn to **113**.

369

With the Capellars in hot pursuit, you race out into the courtyard. You would like to recover your weapons from the armoury, but there is no chance of that now. Seeing only two sentries at the gate, you race towards them. If you can get past, you

should be able to lose your pursuers in the bustling market outside.

Turn to **437**.

370

'Signs of habitation . . .' you muse aloud. When Puldro gives you a querying look, you direct his gaze to the path. No mere natural cleft in the rock - it shows signs of chiselling. After another dozen metres you are walking up roughly hewn steps. These bring you to a grassy slope above the cliffs where the others are already gambolling merrily. It is as though all their cares had been miraculously lifted from them.

'Why stand with so sour a face, Captain Puldro?' says a fat man, who you learned was a candlemaker from the city of Ongus. 'Take a stoop of ale and one of these pretty lasses, and join in the dance.'

'Fool,' snaps Puldro. There is no ale, no music. There are no women. You have all fallen prey to an illusion. Listen to me!

If you decide to return to the ship, turn to **75**. If you suggest to Puldro that it would be worthwhile exploring the island, turn to **77**. If you think you might have an item that would do some good, turn to **380**.

371

You return to the base of the tower to find your colleague has been freed from the chronostasis that had trapped him or her. The Enchanter can now rejoin the party.

The Traveller realises what has happened. 'Once the Gorgon was slain, there was no possible future in which she could appear in your Prediction spell. The paradox was negated.'

'You seem to know rather a lot about magic,' says

the Enchanter, squinting suspiciously.

'I practised it myself when I was alive. Come, we should not tarry here. The Gorgon has two sisters of equal ugliness . . . !'

If you have not yet investigated the hill nearby, you can now do so by turning to **466**. Alternatively, you could return to the bank of the Styx and head upstream - turn to **515**.

372

Angvar accepts your surrender by giving you a hearty clap on the back. The force of it makes your teeth rattle in your skull. 'You fought well,' he says. 'No warrior here could have stood his ground better. Now, fetch yourself a mead-horn and tell me why you have come.'

Turn to **495**.

373

(PLAYERS WHO FAILED THE ROLL) *[An azure light surrounds you. No longer on the cliffs, you now stand in a hall of blue marble. Beyond the portico you see a sky the colour of old copper. An imperial figure in bright blue robes stands before you. You approach him in awe. As he spreads his cloak, the light becomes so intense that you can see nothing else. You are suspended in a blue void, and gradually all awareness of your life fades away.]*

You are dead. If *all* players failed the Psychic Ability roll then the adventure ends here. If there are any players who made the roll successfully, tell them to turn to **27**.

374

There is an iron ring set into the middle of the door. As you touch it, the door swings open with a groan of long-unused hinges. A gust of cool air blows up



from the darkened passage on the other side - a passage leading to steps which descend into the earth.

You make your way down into the gloom. A little sunlight filters down from above, glancing off the slick onyx walls of the passage. Then you notice a glow from up ahead, and you emerge into a vestibule illuminated by shining masks set around the walls.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **263**. If not, turn to **235**.

375

(SAGE) You know from Philomenes' *Zoology* that the white shark is virtually blind, and relies on pilot fish to guide it to its prey. These fish act as 'outriders', swimming in a wide formation with the shark and taking back news of any likely prey they chance upon. In return for this service, they get any scraps that the shark misses.

Taking your bow in your hand, you stand in the front of the boat and wait for the pilot fish to show. They swim close to the surface, and with your Paranormal Sight it is easy to spot them and pick them off. Delete four arrows from the supply recorded on your Character Sheet. Since the fish do not return to notify the shark of your location, he passes you by. Your boat drifts on a southerly current. You are safe - for the time being.

Turn to **435**.

376

'Emeritus recommended you,' you tell him. 'He thought you might undertake this voyage because he once cured you of the ague . . .'

'He was paid!' declares Puldro. 'Or rather he

wasn't - but only because he didn't ask for payment. No, I do not tell Emeritus how to care for his patients, and I don't see why he should tell me where to sail my ship.'

'A favour done is a favour forgotten, it seems.'

You consider. If you decide to offer him money, turn to **72**. If you would rather go and see the captain of the *Golden Lance*, turn to **486**.

377

Silthor is uncertain what to do, but he allows himself to be swayed by your arguments. 'If we avoid this other ship,' you point out, 'then it could lead to all manner of rumours among the men. Even if the ship is deserted, it is better to confront that fact boldly than to let insidious speculation run rife among our crew.'

He fingers his jaw. 'Aye, it may be that you're right. Verrochio -!' he calls to the helmsman. 'Bring her about. We're going alongside.'

Turn to **145**.

378

Gathric helps you lower the rowing boat into the water, but when it comes to leaving the *Providence* he begins to dither. 'No, I'm for staying,' he says at last. 'Mayhap the others'll come to their senses - that at least is a chance, but the rowing boat is certain death.'

You shrug and climb down into the boat. 'Please yourself. Good luck, Gathric.'

And may all the saints watch over you,' he calls as you row away. 'Beware of high winds: bale constantly, however much your arms may ache; and look out, too, for the white shark which is said to hunt in these northern seas.'

White shark - ! *Now* he tells you. You row out of the cove and, setting your course by the rising sun, begin to head north.

If the Sage is here *and* he or she has a bow with at least four arrows, turn to **375**. Otherwise, turn to **488**.

379

After rolling their corpses into a nearby thicket, you take a look inside the treasure chest. It contains five thousand pieces of gold, pierced through the middle and conveniently arranged in strings of fifty. Each string of coins counts as one item for encumbrance purposes. In addition you find the following:

A suit of magical silver plate with an Armour Rating of 5; an Enchanter could wear this and still cast spells.

Two suits of magical chainmail, each with an Armour Rating of 4.

A suit of magical studded leather with an Armour Rating of 3; this will not impede an Enchanter's spellcasting.

Two magical axes; these give no bonus to Fighting Prowess, but score an additional one Die of damage when they hit.

A magic bow; arrows shot from this inflict 1 Die +4 damage.

After taking what you want, you can go to the tower if you haven't been there already (turn to **475**), or else return to the river bank and head upstream (turn to **515**).

380

Which item will you use? An iron bell? (turn to **151**); the Orb of Mystery? (turn to **400**); two blue eye-

jewels? (turn to **436**); or a harp? (turn to **109**).

If you don't have any of these, or don't think they would do any good, you can explore the island (turn to **77**) or return to the ship (turn to **75**).

381

The horn produces a strident note, answered by a sound like thunder across the sky. Footsteps approach the shrine. Standing in the portico is the evil Ta'ashim prince, grinning a grave-smile as he raises his hands to fling a spell at you.

Susurrien

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 4 Dice

Psychic Ability: 10

Awareness: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 80

Roll for his actions each Round (except on the first and, when he is casting an already-prepared Mists of Death spell):

1-2 Strikes with his sword

3-4 Prepares or casts Servile Enthralment

5 Prepares or casts Mists of Death

6 Prepares or casts The Vampire Spell

If you *flee*, turn to **322**. If you win, his body disappears and you can try summoning someone else - turn to **386**.

FLEE

			5		
				1	
	3		2		4

382

The Traveller meets up with you just outside the village, having sneaked out of the back door of the inn during the fight. Thanks for your help,' you say sarcastically.

'I am your guide,' he says, unruffled. 'As a spirit myself, I will not be attacked by the monsters of this world unless I attack them first. It's better for our quest if I see to my own safety, wouldn't you agree?'

If you have the codeword **TABULA**, turn to **467**. If not, turn to **428**.

383

(**TRICKSTER**) You are more at home with dice than with these newfangled card games enjoyed by the wealthy classes. Quickly falling in with a group of merry sailors from the port of Mantla, you ask to join their game.

'To be sure!' one of them replies. 'Just place your stake on our altar of luck and draw up a pew!' They all laugh at this: a great jest in a city full of over-devout pilgrims.

Decide how much you will stake. You can borrow money from your companions if you are in a multi-player party, of course. Write the sum you're wagering on a piece of paper (and cross it off your Character Sheet), then turn to **238**.

384

If you have not yet investigated the mead-hall you saw earlier and wish to go there now, turn to **142**. If you don't intend to visit the mead-hall, turn to **277**.

385

You go up some steps and enter a marble hall built around a fountain. You now recognise where you

are, and with purposeful strides make your way to the archway leading into the courtyard. It is early afternoon - the hottest time of the day - and there are only a few sentries at the gate. You ought to be able to dash past them and escape into the *bazaar*. But that would mean leaving your weaponry behind.

If you make a break for it through the gateway, turn to **437**. If you go to the armoury to retrieve your weapons, turn to **161**.

386

If you defeated Circe and she told you the name of the seer whose ghost Ulixes sought in the After-world, turn to **110**.

If not, you can try summoning one or more of the following:

Tobias - turn to **98**.

Icon - turn to **272**.

Cordelia - turn to **504**.

Any player slain earlier in the adventure *before* you reach Sheol - turn to **274**. Prince Susurrien - turn to **381**. Psyche - turn to **64**.

Once you have summoned everyone you want to, turn to **423**.

387

The shark smashes the boat asunder with the force of its impact. You are flung into the sea, stunned. Each player should roll a Die, and on a roll of 1 the shark miraculously fails to chew up him or her. Players who roll a 2 or more are devoured.

However, a Sage has the option to try Levitating out of harm's way. Turn to **42** if the Sage is here and

wants to try this. Otherwise, if there are any surviving players they should turn to **431**.

388

The landlord's obsequious tone changes to one of scorn. 'Of course, if that is all you can *afford*,' he mutters. 'The charge for sleeping mat and supper is two gold pieces per person.'

If you agree to those terms, each player should deduct the appropriate sum and then turn to **104**. If you cannot or will not pay even two gold pieces, you will have to sleep in the streets - turn to **119**.

389

The one you have just wounded disappears like a burst bubble. It was one of the *kage*- the phantasmal duplicates created by Icon's magic. But which one is the *real* Icon . . . ?

Turn back to **240** and continue the battle after removing the simulacrum marked NI.

390

For twenty days and nights the *Persephone* sails northwards. Any player who is wounded can recover 40 Endurance points unless suffering from the Plague Star's curse. At last you reach a still grey sea wreathed in mist, and in the dusk an island looms off the port bow.

Trancier shakes hands as you prepare to go ashore in the rowing boat. 'Again, I will not ask you what dreadful quest has brought you up here to this forsaken corner of the world. But I will wish you luck.

'Thank you, captain,' you say. 'And good luck to you in all your ventures.'

You are set ashore and stand watching the

Persephone until distance and the night swallow her from view.

Turn to **156**.

391

Turning to ask the Traveller what he meant by his remark to Cordelia, you are amazed to see that there are now five identical figures standing beside you. You have another, greater shock in store. The five replicas cast off their wide-brimmed hats and dusty cloaks. They no longer look like the man who has guided you across Sheol; it is now the face of your arch-foe Icon that you see multiplied fivefold!

They give five laughs of identical evil and speak in unison: 'Yes, it is I: Utayama-no-Sugensiki Aiken. Anyone else would have seen through my deception long ago, but it seems your wits are as dull as ever! I have waited here in the Land of Night for you to come, using my oneiromancy to observe your bumbling progress in the mortal world. Now we shall settle our blood-feud at long last.'

'You're right about that,' you snarl back at the replicas; you are trying to buy time while you scrutinise them for some sign that will betray the real Icon. 'You have been a constant vexation since that day long ago in the Battlepits. In our previous battles you were bested fairly, and it is only your twisted vanity that prevents you from accepting the fact. The time is long overdue to put an end to this.'

The replicas nod: 'Although dearest foes, we are in complete agreement. Try to slay me, then, if you can. But - which is the real me . . .?'

Turn to **240**.

392

For days that turn into weeks, the longship bears

you relentlessly north. Any player who is wounded can restore his or her Endurance score to normal.

Though you put numerous questions to the figurehead, she seems a creature of little intellect whom Entasius simply placed there as a diversion for passengers. Her conversation is limited to weather prediction and repeated estimations of the journey time. At night she sings in a lilting voice - songs in Angate, about bereavement and the faded grandeur of Selentium. The shields along the sides chime magically to give her songs musical accompaniment.

On the deck are blankets, food and other comforts needed for the voyage. As you find the nights getting colder, you fetch thick furs from a locker in the stern.

At last the figurehead announces journey's end: 'Tomorrow we dock at the island of Magister Entasius.'

Turn to **71**.

393

He takes the coins and stuffs them into a pocket in his flea-infested shirt. 'Go to the house of Emeritus the leech,' he says. 'He knows a great deal. Perhaps he can help you.'

Since you already know Emeritus, this information is hardly worth two gold pieces. Still, you do not care to take your money back as it would necessitate handling the loathsomely diseased beggar.

As you walk away, you begin to wonder whether you ought to go and see Emeritus after all. Perhaps he can help you reach Entasius' island.

If you pay him a visit, turn to **193**. If you go straight to the harbour, turn to **230**.

394

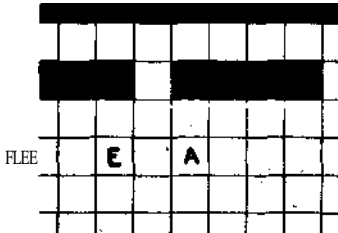
(ENCHANTER) Angvar looks like an enraged bull as he charges down upon you. No, much more dangerous than a bull. He looks like a god of storm . . .

Angvar

Fighting Prowess: 11 Damage per blow: 7 Dice
Psychic Ability: 9 Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 950

Note: He is immune to Servile Enthralment, Sheet Lightning and Nemesis Bolt.

Victory is impossible. If you *flee* (along with your companions, if any) turn to **195**. If you surrender to Angvar, turn to **449**. If he kills you but there are other players here, they should turn to **46**.



395

(FIRST PLAYER) *[As soon as you step between the trees, you are seized by a score of deathly white hands. You have a brief glimpse of glittering green eyes, thin lips parted in smiles of purest malice, a murmur of devilish laughter from all around you. Then you are lifted clear of the ground and borne off through the branches by an eldritch blast of wind.]*

If there are any other players with you, they can turn to **269**. If not, that is the end of your adventure.

(TRICKSTER) 'You utter villian,' you snarl at the captain. 'Six hundred crowns you took, and now you won't pay back even a sixth of that - even though I'm prepared to release you from our contract a good thirty days early. This grasping cupidity is repugnant and ignoble in the extreme.' You turn to address the crew. 'Aye, my lads. Six hundred crowns was the sum your captain took from me - but he won't have shared even half that with you, I'll warrant.'

'He told us you only paid fifty!' cries one in sudden outrage. 'I was given only two crowns as my cut of that.'

You nod. 'Typical of such a blackguard. Well, my hearties, you'll not have to go short because of your captain's miserliness. When he repays my hundred crowns, each of you will get two crowns for himself.'

Lokven looks at the faces of the crew, then whispers in Silthor's ear. 'It's not an unjust demand, cap'n. Better do it, anyway, or we may have trouble with the men . . .'

Silthor bad-temperedly hands you back one hundred crowns, and once you have distributed the promised two crowns to each crew member you are left fifty gold pieces richer. Record this on your Character Sheet. Jangling the bag of coins merrily under Silthor's nose, you descend into the rowing boat and cross to the other ship.

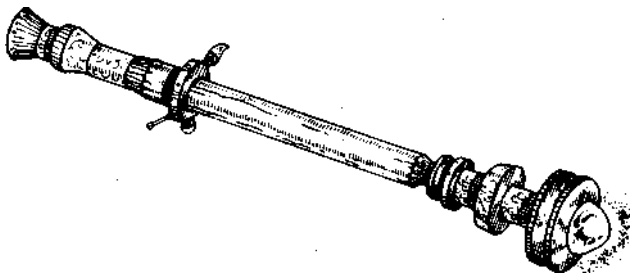
Turn to **492**.

Circe's spell transforms the Enchanter into a maggot, which she crushes under the heel of her jewelled sandal. The Enchanter is destroyed, along

with any equipment he or she was carrying.

'I did not break my word,' says Circe with a mocking smile. 'The spell I used was non-fatal

If there are any surviving players, they can surrender to her (turn to **511**) or attack (turn to **416**). Alternatively, if the Trickster would like to try something, turn to **330**. If the Enchanter was the only player then that is, of course, the end.



398

You are just relaxing your guard, wondering what happened to your 'unconquerable' foe, when suddenly he springs up out of the ground right in front of you.

'Learn this lesson quickly,' he says, giving a savage laugh like the booming of a thunderclap: 'nothing is what it seems in Death's realm.'

His mace swings down and slams into the first player with bonecrushing force. This player loses 15 Endurance points (less the usual deduction for armour). If you survive, you must fight him . . .

Typhon the Giant

Fighting Prowess: 8

Psychic Ability: 8

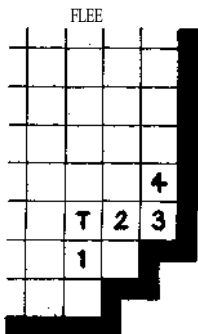
Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: 70

Damage per blow: 6 Dice+1

Awareness: 6

If you *flee*, turn to **178**.
If you defeat him, turn to **61**.



399

'This was the oath sworn to Entasius in return for his aid,' you admit: 'that Cordelia would be returned to him no matter what the cost. Very well, Lord Death. I will take her place among your subjects.'

Azrael smiles. 'Well spoken. You are truly a worthy successor to the likes of Heraklos, Ulixes and Vallandar. If it were my decision to make, I would allow you to return to the mortal world and prosecute your conflict with the Magi. But this is the unalterable law of God: that, though I may pick and choose among the living, taking whom I will and after whatever span of years, even I cannot change the total tally of all the dead.' He raises a massive hand from the pommel of his sword. 'You may return with Cordelia now to the mortal plane. When you have concluded your business with Entasius and given the Sword of Life over to him for safekeeping, I shall come to claim your soul.'

You hear his words with heavy heart, for you know that you will never complete your quest to

destroy the True Magi. But at least Azrael is allowing you to return to middle earth for a short time, and once Entasius has the Blood Sword he may be able to find another hero to undertake your quest.

He reaches his towering arm towards the firmament. A nebula of light surrounds his hand. He is opening the gateway to the mortal world.

The wind roars across the plain, bringing with it a blizzard that bears down upon you. You are surrounded in snow that stings your flesh, and the air is so cold that you cannot draw it into your lungs.

'Merciful God - ' you scream as you feel your consciousness fading.

Azrael's voice booms out of the blizzard. 'Be silent! Do not tremble and call upon the Lord to aid you! It is not the sensation of death that you now feel and fear - it is the sensation of returning to life.'

Cold and darkness enfold you. Swept along by unearthly forces, you experience flashes of consciousness like the breaks in a delirium. You cannot tell how long has passed, when finally you feel hands upon you. You have been washed ashore on a stony beach, and a tall woman is calling her servants to pull you from the waves. You look up at her: it is Entasius' servitor. When you look for the faces of her helpers, you see only darkness . . .

You fall unconscious again. When you awaken you are back in the room of cold stone slabs where your journey to Sheol began. The servitor is here. She steps back from you, having just moistened your lips with elixir from an alabaster vase. You sit upon the slab. You are clothed in a white toga, and the Blood Sword is still in your hands. Cordelia is on a slab beside you, staring about her with wide eyes.

You were naked when we found you washed up

on the beach,' says the servitor in a soothing voice. 'All your belongings were lost - except for that sword, which could not be prised from your grasp.'

You smile wryly. 'Much good it will do me. I have made a pact with Lord Death, and I have only a few minutes of life left to me. What is that elixir?'

'The antidote to the potion you drank before - the one that sent you to Death's realm.' She turns to Cordelia. 'Have no fear. You are once more in the mortal world. Entasius is here.'

Cordelia speaks in a small voice: 'Entasius . . . !'

'Aye, my love.' The ancient wizard has entered the room behind you. 'Now we are together again, and not all the storms of hell shall ever part us.'

She looks round, then gasps in dismay. 'No, no. You are not . . . *cannot* be Entasius! My love was young and strong, full of life.' She shrinks from his withered touch. 'You are an old, old man.'

Entasius cries out at the revulsion he sees in her eyes. 'And wilt thou greet me thus, that hath loved thee so long? Alas, thy cruelty!' He gives a terrible groan. Suddenly seeming to sense a presence at his shoulder, he turns and stares into a corner of the room. You can see no one there. 'O Death!' he moans. 'For seven centuries I have forestalled thee and all that time I loved a phantom. Approach me now, then. I welcome the touch of thy wing!'

A shadow settles over him. For a moment you fancy you glimpse a dark-robed figure stooping there. Then Entasius gives a gasp and sinks to the stone floor. He is dead.

A voice speaks to you. A faint, far-off whisper *You are released from your agreement. Entasius has come to my realm in exchange for his lover's life, and the tally is as before. But of course, the time will come when we must meet again . . .*

You feel a shiver run through you, then Death is gone from the room.

Only the sound of sobbing disturbs the silence. You look down at Cordelia, crouching beside the frail body of the wizard, cradling his head in her arms. But it is too late for regrets. You follow the servitor from the room.

Turn to **438**.

400

You put the Orb of Mystery down on the grass and say the word that activates its power:

'Death.'

It lies on the ground by your feet. For a moment you see no effect, then it begins to glow balefully. You cannot tell if the others have noticed it, as its blue radiance draws all your attention.

Each player must try to roll Psychic Ability or less on three Dice. Players who fail should turn to **373**. If all players succeed in making the roll, turn to **273**.

401

Emeritus agrees to help you with your research. 'But it is a large library and there may be a need for urgency,' he says, spreading his hands to indicate the sheer magnitude of the task. 'What shall we look for?'

If you suggest finding out about Entasius, turn to **507**. If you want to know all you can about Sheol, turn to **519**. If you look for references to Death himself, turn to **429**.

402

Record the armband(s) on your Character Sheet(s). If a player chooses to put his or her armband on - either now or later - then turn to **211** to discover its

effects. Make sure to note the number of the entry you are reading at the time before doing so, as **211** will not direct you back there.

When you are ready to leave, turn to **195**.

403

'What are you doing?' yells Silthor as the remaining fighters back off. 'Return to the fray!'

One of them - a burly man with a tattooed chest - shakes his head and replies breathlessly: 'No, cap'n. We'll fight mortal men for you all across the seven seas. Mortal men, aye - but not devils.'

The others lower their swords, similarly overawed by your martial skills. Silthor sees no choice but to return your money. You row over to the other ship with two fat bags of gold beside you: one hundred crowns in all. Divide this among all players and record it on your Character Sheet(s), then turn to **492**.

404

The one you have just wounded disappears like a burst bubble. It was one of the *kage* - the phantasmal duplicates created by Icon's magic. But which one is the *real* Icon . . .?'

Turn back to **240** and continue the battle after removing the simulacrum marked SAN.

405

Delete all items from your Character Sheets except for the Blood Sword. Everything else was lost in the transition between Sheol and this world.

However, you have in effect died and been reborn. This affects you in several ways. Firstly, if you were suffering from any form of illness, poison, madness, curse or amnesia then you are now purged of

it. If any player's Fighting Prowess, Awareness, Psychic Ability and Endurance were below their normal levels, they are restored.

Also, you have become much more than ordinary mortals. Only those who were destined for heroic stature could survive the perils of Death's land. Consequently your abilities are greatly enhanced, as follows:

If you are the Warrior, you can strike twice each Round (once with each hand). Your unarmed combat skills are also such that you no longer need to reduce your Fighting Prowess and damage rolls when fighting without a weapon.

If you are the Sage, you now use a multiplier of 1 Die -1 (instead of 1 Die -2) when using your Healing talent.

If you are the Trickster you find that your agility and co-ordination are much greater than before. An opponent who is trying to hit you must now make his, her or *its* fight rolls on three Dice (four if you're *defending*).

If you are the Enchanter, you now only use one Die when making the roll to *cast* a spell.

When all players have noted the appropriate changes on their Character Sheets, turn to **92**.

406

(WARRIOR) Nothing for it - you'll just have to tackle the monster. It may be large but it is, after all, only a fish. Shrugging off your armour you dive straight at the onrushing shark and, seizing hold of its dorsal fin, immediately attack it with all the savagery that is the heritage of your noble ancestors.

The shark responds by diving straight down,

twisting with incredible strength in an effort to throw you off. Each Round you take an increasing Endurance loss as the pressure builds up: one Die in the first Round, two Dice in the second, three Dice in the third, etc.

You should reduce your Fighting Prowess by half for fighting underwater (round fractions up). The shark has an Armour Rating of 11 and will be killed once it has lost 75 points of Endurance.

If you decide to let go at any point and swim back to the surface, turn to **217**. If you kill the shark, turn to **331**. If you are killed but there are still other players in the boat, they should turn to **78**.

407

If the Enchanter is here and wants to cast Prediction, he or she should turn to **344**. If not, turn to **423**.

408

You wake to find you have been washed ashore on an unearthly strand. The sky above you is grey green, looking like a mausoleum dome. What light there is is feeble and colourless.

Nearby is a ridge of rocks leading to a pebble beach. Beyond, stark cliffs rise up hundreds of feet. You look to either horizon without seeing a break in the cliffs. On the cliff top you can make out a broken ring of stone, though the only way up to it would seem to be by climbing.

If you climb, turn to **536**. If you make your way along the shore, turn to **354**.

409

Making your way along an avenue of statues and up a stone ramp under a portico gateway, you enter the forecourt of the palace. Various marble buildings of

grand proportions stand around the courtyard in pleasing asymmetry. In the midst of such antique splendour, among buildings of such size, you feel no more than ants.

'Up those steps,' says Puldro. He has lowered his voice to a whisper. 'It is that vast columned hall which seems to dominate the acropolis. Unless I miss my guess, it is there we will encounter our tormentor.'

As he says this, the flagstones under your feet suddenly flare with brilliant light. The whole courtyard is lit up, glowing like a pane of onyx with a myriad of lanterns beneath it. Lit from below, your faces acquire an eerie appearance.

Thick mist boils over from the upper courtyard and seeps in long tendrils, down steps and through pillared gates, to where you stand. The glowing flagstones throw tenuous shadows of it: flickering smoky patterns across the marble walls of the buildings.

A woman appears at the top of the steps leading from the rear courtyard. Despite the pale moon and the unearthly glare of the flagstones, she is lit up as though she were standing in the pure light of day.

'I am Circe,' she says.

Turn to **57**.

410

(SAGE) To the shark, thought, feeling and action are all one. Though only a simple creature, it has a lesson to teach any who aspire to the Mystic Way. Recognising that, you experience a flash of intuition and you are cut off from the snares of thought and body. With the weight gone from your mind, you float up into the air as the shark thrashes and snaps in the water below you.

If you are alone, turn to **421**. If you have any comrades who survived the shark's attack, you must descend to rejoin them - turn to **431**.

411

You find Gathric aboard, cowering behind a water-barrel. When you tell him where the captain has gone, his shaking becomes uncontrollable. 'Poor Captain Puldro,' he wails. 'His sense of duty has made a martyr of him. Of all the captains on God's oceans, he came the nearest to saintliness . . .'

'*You* say this, who was often heard to curse him behind his back?'

He crosses himself. 'At times he was difficult - even a tyrant. But he had the welfare of his ship and her crew always in mind. God is my witness when I say I was no less devoted to him than was old Gus the dog.'

Gathric points to Gus, who is standing in the prow with ears pricked up, listening for the voice of his master. You doubt if he will ever hear it again.

Turn to **350**.

412

You reach cover among the rocks near the head of the river and look back to see your companion being relentlessly pursued by the storm demon. Bolt after bolt crackles down until he or she falls, charred and smoking. Lei Kung hovers for a moment, then beats his wings furiously and rises up through the clouds towards the moon.

'According to myth, he lives in a palace behind the moon,' says a voice beside you. It is the Traveller.

You stare at him, numb with shock. 'How do you know?'

'He is a god of Khitai, which lies close to my homeland. A shame about your friend.'

You nod and walk over to the body.

If the player that Lei Kung pursued was wearing a silver armband given by Angvar, turn to **361**. If not, turn to **508**.

413

(WARRIOR) You felt sure the chain would soon snap, but it proves to be tougher than you thought. You continue to bunch your muscles, but you are weakening under the prolonged strain. You finally give a snarl of frustration and step back, taking a rest before trying again.

You will never get the chance. Hearing the key turn in the cell door, you whirl to see Tobias and his elite guards entering with drawn swords.

'I have been guided by prayer,' he says, holding your gaze with his own black glare. 'It is clear to me now that you must die. Therefore you will be taken out and burnt at the stake.'

The guards drag you all out into the courtyard and there you meet a painful and ignominious end.



414

Since you had not mentioned your precise destination, the sailor's words turn your sensation of vague unease into one of certain foreboding. You would return to the *Golden Lance* if that didn't mean losing



face. Instead you watch her sail away and then go in search of the *Annuvin's* captain.

'We have no captain,' explains a man with a large silver ring on his finger. 'But I was - I am the mate, Acherus. Direct your comments to me, then. But hurry, for I see a storm approaching.'

You turn your gaze to the east, following his. Black clouds clot along the horizon. Only minutes ago the sky was as blue as a sapphire, now the furlled sails mutter fretfully in the easterly gusts. You shiver and follow him below. The entire ship's company is crowded into the forecastle, and oil lamps are lit and the hatches are battened down against the coming storm.

'How is it you know of Entasius' island?' you ask Acherus, having to raise your voice now that a harsh gale is thundering across the deck above. The ship lurches to and fro. It makes you feel queasy, but the sailors sit in stolid silence.

'Where else is it you'd be going?' replies Acherus. 'Now, with the wind high, would you sing a song and take a drink of gin with us?'

You look around the forecastle. No rats to be seen - very odd aboard an old vessel like this. Your gaze alights on the hatch leading to the hold. It has been barred shut.

If you ask Acherus about what's in the hold, turn to **270**. If you'd rather have a drink and sing a sea shanty, turn to **29**.

415

To get to the harbour you pass through the vast hall of the Amarin Mosque. Once a place of worship, it was ransacked by the first Crusaders to arrive in Crescentium. Now it serves as a covered market, with canvas stalls occupying the dais where mul-

lahs once sat to lecture their pupils, and the fine mosaic floor is cracked and grimy with dust and animal droppings. Shafts of sunlight stand like mighty toppled pillars on either side of the hall, descending from the high crescent-shaped windows near the ceiling, but the interior of the building is steeped in cool gloom.

You pass an alcove. A blacksmith has set up his forge there, in the spot where a Ta'ashim altar would once have stood. Sparks fly from his hammer as he works on a horseshoe, battering it into shape before plunging it into a bucket of urine beside him. Acrid steam rises, and he steps out to the front of the alcove for a moment to wipe the sweat from his face and chest.

If the Enchanter is here and is still shackled, turn to **259**. If the Enchanter is not in the party (or is already free of the iron chains), turn to **230**.

416

Puldro is as eager as you are to slay Circe. Roll the Dice for his attacks along with your own.

Puldro

Fighting Prowess: 7	Damage per blow: 1 Die+2
Psychic Ability: 6	Awareness: 7
Armour Rating: 0	
Endurance: 25	

Your blows do not actually wound Circe. They are gradually wearing down the mystic Shield of Defence she has protected herself with, though. Knock off points from the Shield of Defence just as you would knock off Endurance points from any other foe.

Circe

Fighting Prowess: 5

Damage per blow: 1 Die-2

Psychic Ability:

currently 10

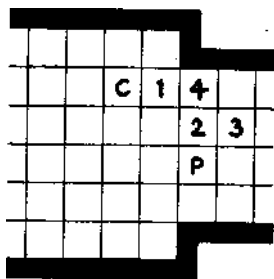
Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 0

Shield of Defence: 60

Note: Circe has called a spell of Complexity Level Five to mind: Deathgaze. She attempts to cast this each Round. It is a Psychic spell affecting one target, who dies instantly if he or she fails to resist it. Her preferred order of targets is: Warrior, Trickster, Sage, Enchanter, Puldro. After releasing the Deathgaze she will spend the next Round calling it to mind again, then resume casting.

If you have an iron bell and want to use it during the combat, turn to **539**. You must spend a Round finding the bell first. If you fight on and reduce her Shield of Defence to zero then she is at your mercy; any players still alive by then should turn to **283**. If you Enthral her, turn to **448**.



417

You stir the ashes and then abruptly cry out in disgust. Your fingers brushed against something soft and warm - a moist human heart buried in the centre of the pile of dust.

'Ominous . . .' says the Traveller.

Will you continue up the stairs? If so, turn to **241**. If you want to prepare an item, turn to **59**. If you decide to go back outside, turn to **257**.

418

Puldro struts up and down on the bridge, waving his arms like an excited grasshopper as he screeches orders to the crew. Under his direction (or perhaps in spite of it, as you notice the first mate quietly countermanding Puldro's orders from time to time) the *Providence* is soon sailing out of the harbour mouth. The men being a jolly sea shanty, accompanied by the pilgrims and the barking of the ship's dog, Gus.

'A fair wind,' says Puldro, squinting against the glare of sunlight as he looks up at the blazing white sails. They strain in the rigging, hauling the massive ship inexorably northwards across the Deorsk Ocean.

You are about to answer when Puldro sticks out a thin hand to point at a man who is just coming on deck. 'Ah, there is our quartermaster. Gathric, come here!' He turns to you. 'Gathric will show you where to stow your gear. Perhaps I'll see you later on, once I can trust my officers to handle the ship on their own. Prayers are here on deck at sunset, by the way.'

Gathric shows you to a crowded corner of the forecastle, where you are astonished to find that each man or woman has only a space some two metres by one metre in which to sleep. 'Not exactly the lap of luxury,' he admits when he sees your disapproving look.

'More like the armpit of squalor. There is not room here to swing a cat o'nine tails.'

'Aye well. , .' he says. "Tis only the mate who'd swing a cat, and that would be up on deck against the mainmast. The captain has had men keelhauled once or twice, though. And then there was the brigand from Algandy - him we made walk the plank.'

You dismiss Gathric before he becomes too carried away with his ghoulish reminiscences, then you settle your belongings into the meagre space allotted to you.

If you bought four magic swords from the landlord's brother at The Heart of the Sunrise inn, turn to **462**. If you bought the Torc of Indomitable Will, turn to **483**. If neither, turn to **88**.

419

The weeks go by. Conditions in the forecabin are cramped and squalid. Each player who is suffering from wounds must roll one Die:

- 1-2 Your wounds become infected and you only recover one Die's worth of Endurance points.
- 3-5 You suffer from continual nausea that disturbs your sleep. You manage to recover only 8 Endurance.
- 6 You make the best of poor conditions and recover 16 Endurance points.

No player can regain points above the level set by their rank and character type, of course.

When you have made the appropriate adjustments to your Endurance score(s), turn to **359**.

420

An instant of silence is followed by the most hideous scream you have ever heard. It goes on and on until the very air seems on the verge of shattering

like crystal. Then there is a hollow moan, an intake of shuddering breath, a whisper of falling dust. . . and the silence returns.

You risk a look. The sight of her own face has transformed the Gorgon to a pile of black ash. The mirror has become corroded and completely opaque. You discard it.

'If not for your foresight. . .' says the Traveller. He lets the thought trail off unspoken.

Turn to **353**.

421

You settle into a deep trance, allowing your consciousness to merge completely with the air, the sunlight and the smell of salt spray. A breeze blows your weightless form north across the ocean.

Towards dusk a ship intrudes on the unending changelessness of your vista. She is a longship with golden shields along her sides: they glisten ruddily in the dying rays of the sun. Her sails are white and carry a black symbol: EN, an Angate character used by Entasius as his personal sigil. The figurehead is a beautiful mermaid carved of dark polished wood.

As you take in these details, the weight of thought causes you to descend on to the deck. With a slow creak, the figurehead opens her lips and says: 'Entasius knows of your quest. He has sent me to bring you to him.'

Turn to **392**.

422

The demon is not at all perturbed by your attack. In fact it seems to shiver in anticipation. These creatures enjoy the giving and receiving of pain.

Cacodemon

Fighting Prowess: 8

Damage per blow: 3 Dice+3

Psychic Ability: 9

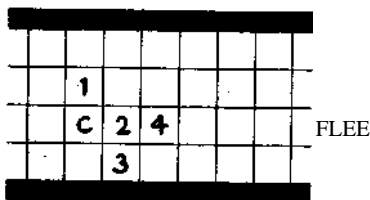
Awareness: 10

Armour Rating: 6

Endurance: 27

Note: It cannot move from the spot, but its tongue can reach out to strike a foe within five squares on the tactical map.

If you *flee*, turn to **491**. If you kill it, turn to **481**.



423

If anyone wishes to drink from the pool, turn to **458**. If you think it is worth collecting some of the water from the pool to use later on, turn to **314**. If you have not already entered the shrine and wish to do so now, turn to **355**. If you have finished here and are ready to move on, turn to **322**.

424

(TRICKSTER) If you are with the Warrior, he or she must lose 50 experience points for not accepting the challenge. This applies at the end of the adventure.

You look Angvar up and down. He is clearly stronger than any mortal man could be. Your speed and cunning might allow you a few minutes' grace but, in the end, the outcome of any battle with him could only be a painful death for you.

Thinking quickly, you say, 'I am a poor match for

you, my lord, and I fear that a contest between us would be a drearily one-sided spectacle for these warriors to witness. Let me unlock my word-ward instead, for I have a tale to tell of ancient days when two who were very like us clashed: one a mighty war-leader with sinews like bands of tempered steel, the other a sly trickster with a tongue as fast as a snake. The gods Tor and Loge, uneasy comrades in All-Father Odin's hall, were they. Attend, then, ye hall-heroes

You proceed to regale them with an old story about how Loge tricked Tor into leaving Asgard, having led him to believe the giants were amassing a warband, and then began to wreak all manner of mischief. The thanes gasp and roar along with Tor's heroic exploits in Jotunheim, and frown and mutter at each new trick of Loge's. The story ends with Tor returning to find that Loge has stolen his wife's beautiful hair. After forcing Loge to conjure new tresses of spun gold, he punishes him for his misdeed by sewing his lips together. 'And that,' you conclude, 'finally shut the old trickster up.' And you pinch your own lips tight shut.

The warriors bellow with laughter and bang the tables lustily. None laughs as loud as Angvar, who offers you a mead-horn to quench your dry throat after the long tale. 'In your story Loge got his comeuppance,' he says. 'But here in my hall today, another trickster has won over all these heroes with no weapons other than words and a ready wit! It is a grand joke. Now, sit at my table and tell me why you have come here.'

Turn to **495**.

425

If you have not yet done so, you could now visit the

Shrine of Summoning - turn to **222**. If you do not wish to go there, or have already been, turn to **277** if you have the codeword GJALLER; to **299** if not.

426

(TRICKSTER) Extracting a few tools from the lock-pick set concealed in your left boot, you set to work on the cell door. You bite your lip as you realise that the lock is quite a finely wrought mechanism and will demand all your attention. If you make the slightest noise in opening it, the gaolers will have time to raise the alarm.

Roll two Dice. If the total is greater than your Awareness, turn to **126**. If you score less than or equal to your Awareness, turn to **81**.

427

(TRICKSTER) You speak with such eloquence of the *Annuvin's* curse, evoking such images of grisly vividness, that the crewmen aboard the *Persephone* go pale with terror. 'Look at these blood-soaked sails,' you say. These mouldered planks. Is it difficult to imagine the ghosts that stalk below decks? Aye, I have heard them by night, my lads, and their gibbering was enough to loosen the linchpin of my sanity. They gather around those ancient treasure chests like moths around a flame, for useless though it may be to them - dead and grave-cold as they are - they'll shriek and groan and lay a dreadful doom on any man who tries to take it from them! Pity poor Captain Trancier and brainless Thangbrand; their shades now must haunt this devil-ship until the end of Time, never knowing rest or calm until the day when the Last Trump is blown and the drowned shall swim up from the ocean bed

to mingle with those friends and loved ones they left behind.'

There is a stunned silence. 'I -' begins the mate in a small voice. He coughs and tries to pull himself together. 'I think we'll leave that treasure where it lies. I'll send the boat over to bring you aboard.'

As soon as you have crossed to the *Persephone*, the sailors launch themselves into frenzied action. They are keen to get away from the hulk of the *Annuvin* as quickly as possible.

Turn to **209**.

428

Record the codeword GJALLER on your Character Sheet(s).

You follow the river to a point where it is spanned by a covered bridge. On the far bank, a thick black forest stretches on for an indefinite distance. Far beyond it, a livid scar that could be a range of mountains rears against the colourless sky.

If you have the codeword GLIMPSE, turn to **295**. If you have the codeword HEOROT, turn to **510**. If you have neither codeword, you may as well follow the Traveller across the bridge - turn to **256**.

429

You discover from various books on mythology and hierology that Death is an archangel called Azrael. He rules over a grim land of lost souls - the country of Sheol, where he stands in the centre of a vast plain from which he can survey all his subjects. According to one source, Azrael has innumerable eyes, so that he can behold all of time and space at one glance. Very little happens that escapes his notice, and whenever one of his eyes closes a human life is snuffed out.

It is now late in the day and you are tired. The musty air of the library is stifling and the subject matter you selected has made for a depressing read. You decide to sleep in order to reinvigorate your spirits.

Turn to **367**.

430

You stagger painfully to your feet. There is a din in your ears. As you recover your wits you realise it is the hall-heroes slapping their hands down on the stout oak tables. They are applauding your courage.

The battle is over,' says Angvar. 'I salute you for facing me so boldly. Take a mead-horn now and be seated. Rest your bruised limbs.'

Turn to **495**.

431

You remain afloat by clinging to the shattered boat's keel. Even so, any player except the Trickster will have to unfasten his or her armour as the weight would otherwise carry them to the bottom of the ocean. Delete the armour discarded from your Character Sheet(s).

Caught in a strong current, you are carried northwards. By late afternoon you are feeling cold, bruised and exhausted. Each player loses 1 Die -1 Endurance.

Turn to **435**.

432

You find Tobias at the Temple of the Roc - the ancient Ta'ashim shrine reconsecrated as the Capelars' headquarters. He is reviewing some troops newly arrived from the north and, though he watches you intently as you approach, he gives no



sign that he remembers meeting you before.

'So,' he declares when you have explained your needs to him. 'You want to charter a ship going west. Why would that be? Beyond the Azure Coast lies only an expanse of ocean and then the edge of the world.'

If the Trickster is here and wants to answer, turn to **171**. Otherwise, you can either explain the reason for your quest (turn to **172**) or else insist that your motives remain secret (turn to **364**).

433

You drink deeply, savouring the sharp warmth of the gin as it washes your insides. Acherus reaches over and gently prises the cup from your fingers. 'It is enough,' he says, fishing an old coin from the bottom of the cup. 'You've joined us now.'

The King's shilling . . .' you say, remembering the old Erewornian tradition of co-opting men into the navy.

'The King?' He laughs humourlessly. 'Aye - the King of Sheol, the Monarch of Final Breaths.' He shows you the coin: a corroded *obol* of Ancient Emphidor. The coin taken as payment by the ferryman for conveying souls across the Styx.

'You'll reach the shores of Death's Domain right enough,' he says. 'But there'll be no returning.'



434

A jet of flame shoots from the wand and strikes the monstrous flying head as it swoops to the attack. The wand is now useless, the last of its power expended; delete it from your Character Sheet.

Turn to **339** for the battle, but note that Lei Kung has taken 4 Dice damage before the normal sequence of combat begins.

435

As the sun sets, a glorious sight appears in the distance. It is a gilded longship whose white sails bear the Angate glyph EN: the emblem of the sorcerer Entasius. As she draws level with you, there is a creak like the bough of an oak bending in the wind. You look up at the figurehead - a voluptuous mermaid carved of burnished wood. She has opened her lips and, though you can barely believe it, now speaks to you; 'Entasius knows you seek him. Climb aboard, then, and be conveyed to his island.'

Turn to **392**.

436

When you take the eye-jewels out of their pouch you are surprised to find them glowing. Or are you surprised? They were the eyes of Magus Tor's undead seneschal - Magus Tor, who is now Blue Moon, the Principle of Unreality. The magic in the jewels is responding to the illusion-magic of the island in some mysterious way.

Blue images flicker at the edges of your vision. Scenes unfold of treachery, panic and destruction. The images of Spyte's ruin, centuries in the past, returning for you to witness today. You see the face of Magus Tor himself, and it is the face of a man

confronted with an extremity of terror and yet shored up against any sensation of fear by his sheer refusal to die. He weaves a spell in frantic haste as many of his peers plunge into pits of flame or are crushed by falling pillars ...

The images are ensnaring your mind, robbing you of your sense of time and place - your sense of reality. You must put the jewels away. The player holding the jewels should roll two Dice, If the score is equal to or less than his or her Psychic Ability, turn to 8. If greater, then you are all caught in the grip of Blue Moon's illusion: an illusion which has no end.

437

Half dozing in the haze of heat and dust, the sentries only react when you are almost at the gate. They step out to challenge you, but your only response is to increase your pace to a sprint. As you dive between them, they lash out with their swords. The first two players in the battle order may be hit (if there is only one player you will be hit twice), though it is possible to evade the blows by rolling your Awareness or under on three Dice. If the blows are not evaded they inflict 2 Dice +1 damage each.

Assuming you survive, you dodge into the bazaar. By the time the Capellars have organised themselves for pursuit, you have already slipped away. Reasoning that it is not a good idea to stay in Crescentium longer than you have to, you head towards the harbour.

Turn to **415**.

438

Delete all items from your Character Sheet except for the Blood Sword. Everything else was lost in the

transition between Sheol and this world.

However, you have in effect died and been reborn. This affects you in several ways. Firstly, if you were suffering from any form of illness, poison, madness, curse or amnesia then you are now purged of it. If your Fighting Prowess, Awareness, Psychic Ability and Endurance were below their normal levels, they are restored.

Also, you are much more than an ordinary mortal now. Only a legendary hero could survive the perils of Death's land. Consequently your abilities are greatly enhanced, as follows:

If you are the Warrior, you can strike twice each Round (once with each hand). Your unarmed combat skills are also such that you no longer need to reduce your Fighting Prowess and damage rolls when fighting without a weapon.

If you are the Sage, you now use a multiplier of 1 Die -1 (instead of 1 Die -2) when using your Healing talent.

If you are the Trickster you find that your agility and co-ordination are much greater than before. An opponent who is trying to hit you must now make his, her or *Usfight* rolls on three Dice (four if you're *defending*).

If you are the Enchanter, you now only use one Die when making the roll to *cast* a spell.

When you have noted the appropriate changes on your Character Sheet, turn to **92**.

439

They are many - far outnumbering you - and each is a seasoned warrior. And even if you overcome these seven, you cannot be sure that the hundred or

so thanes sitting along the benches will not then launch into the fray.

Perhaps it would be better to turn tail and run...

Hall-Heroes

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 2 Dice+1

Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 7

Armour Rating: 3

Endurance: *first* 24 *fifth* 24

second 24 *sixth* 24

third 24 *seventh* 24

fourth 24

If you win, turn to **509**. If you *flee*, the Traveller follows you outside - turn to **195**.

		H			
		1	H	H	
FILE	4	2	H	H	
	3	H			H

440

You descend the steps into the darkened hold. Your feet catch on something, and you light a taper to see what it is. Bones. Dozens of mouldered skeletons lie in the bilge. One wears a large silver ring, and another has no hand but only a rusty iron hook.

You return to the forecastle, now deserted and as silent as a tomb. There is no sign that the sailors of the *Annuvin* were ever here. You wait for hours until the storm abates, then emerge with chattering teeth on to the deck. It is sunset.

Turn to **66**.

441

Turning at the sound of a sob, you see a slim young woman standing close by. You know at once that it is Cordelia, Entasius' lost love.

'Who are you?' she says. 'And who am I?'

'You must have drunk from the River Lethe,' says the Traveller. 'At any rate, you have followed me here and your memories will return when we have left Sheol.'

His remark takes you by surprise. 'When we leave - ?'

Turn to **169**.

442

A tall raven-haired woman with wild eyes stalks into the dome. She rants of things yet to come, speaking of dangers you must face and the ways to deal with them, but her prophecies are delivered in such an insane shriek that you pay them no heed. She is clearly a madwoman. When she has finished her tirade she turns and walks away, and you cannot see the manner by which she leaves nor can you prevent her.

Turn back to **386** but note that you cannot now summon Tiresias, as you obviously do not remember what Circe told you.

443

'The scarlet rigging has unwholesome connotations,' you say. 'It brings to mind Red Death, the genius form of one of the True Magi.'

'Hah!' snorts Silthor derisively. 'You were happy enough to approach this ship, but now it seems you are too fainthearted to go aboard. And for no better reason than your superstitious fear of the colour red . . .'

If there is a Warrior in the party, turn to **188**. If not, you can insist on *not* boarding the other ship (turn to **308**), or you can change your mind and go across (turn to **201**).

444

You rush back on deck, and adopt a tone of ghastly horror as you call out to Trancier's men: 'The sight of such wealth jolted dumb Thangbrand's wits into action! He has slain the Trick-er, our friend.'

'Where is the treasure?' replies the first mate dourly.

You are at a loss to answer that. Then Trancier's voice barks out from behind you. He recovered from the Trickster's blow sooner than you expected. 'It was all a scurvy trick!' he says. They slew Thangbrand!

The sailors watch you grimly as they take aim with their crossbows. You die amid a hail of quarrels.



445

Silthor watches you come aboard without much enthusiasm. 'Ah, you are here,' he grumbles. 'There is no use my pretending that the prospect of this voyage pleases me. Were you to suddenly announce that you no longer wished to undertake

the journey, then I'd be happier than if I had spent the night at the Kohl & Rouge bordello.' He sees you are not about to announce any such thing. 'Still, I cannot afford to cross Tobias who is - you'll forgive my candour - as hard a man as any in Outremer and as blackhearted as any in hell. We set sail in a few minutes, so please keep out of the way for the time being.'

Turn to **304**.

446

'You appear to have some particularly choice items amongst your equipage,' remarks the Bearded Dog, licking its lips.

'We are connoisseurs of treasure,' explains the Horned Bat. 'Presumably to have acquired such excellent articles you must be a famous adventurer - a person whose courage and skill are acclaimed throughout the Nine Worlds?'

What answer will you make to that? 'Indeed, the tally of my foes must make a long list in Azrael's register of the slain!' (turn to **192**)? Or 'I have been lucky, that is all.' (turn to **216**)?

447

You have only gone about a hundred yards when you hear a noise and, whirling around, see the Horned Bat and the Bearded Dog in hot pursuit.

'They're after the treasure in the tower!' screeches the Bat.

'Not if we have anything to say about it, eh, old friend?' barks the Dog.

The Horned Bat

Fighting Prowess: 9

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 42

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Awareness: 10

The Bearded Dog

Fighting Prowess: 8

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 1

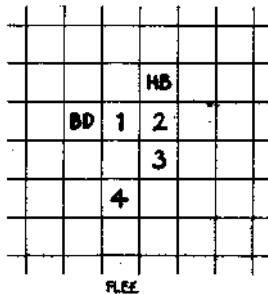
Endurance: 56

Damage per blow: 4 Dice -1

Awareness: 8

Note: The Bat can *move* to hover above you so that only the person it is fighting can strike back at it. It will do this if there are three or more players. Spells and arrows can still be used against it, of course.

If you kill them, turn to **379**. Alternatively, if you give up your designs on the tower you could *flee* upriver - turn to **515**.



448

(ENCHANTER) While Circe's will is enslaved by your sorcery, you cause her to make an oath of peace. When the spell wears off, she remains bound by the oath and can take no further action against you.

Turn to **283**.

449

(ENCHANTER) If you are down to three-quarters of your normal Endurance or less, turn to **372**. If you

still have more than three-quarters of your normal Endurance points, turn to **159**.

450

He recognises you almost immediately, in spite of your dishevelment. 'Good Lord!' he says. 'I heard Tobias had sent someone down to the dungeons on a devil-worship charge. Surely it wasn't you?'

'Unfortunately it was.' You step into the office and close the door behind you. 'Balian, you must realise that Tobias is mad.'

He frowns. 'Over-zealous, perhaps. I always thought it was that quality which made him so suited to be Commander of the Order here.'

'The rule of his own law seems more important to him than God's justice,' you reply bitterly. 'Like all fanatics, he ends up unwittingly doing the Devil's work for him . . .'

'Well,' says Balian. 'I'm no fool. I know you aren't guilty of devil-worship - whatever else your sins, eh? I'll help you escape.' He crosses the chamber and draws back the bolts on another door. 'Go up the stairs here. They'll take you to a side gate out of the temple, and you should be able to get away unnoticed.'

'Thank you, Balian,' you say, shaking his hand before making your way up the steps. You hear him close and bolt the door behind you.

Turn to **307**.

451

You rip open the package and show the cake to Garm. His eyes glitter greedily as he sniffs at it. 'Cake for Garm!' he barks. He has no tail, but if he did then it would surely be wagging.

Garm squats on a boulder and begins to devour



the honey-cake. 'Fine!' he declares when he's finished. You realise that he isn't very bright.

'Then it's all right for us to go through the gateway . . .?' says the Traveller.

The monster waves a clawed hand. 'Right. But don't tell anyone I let you through.'

'Of course we won't,' the Traveller calls back as he leads you through the Gate of Mist. Under his breath you hear him add: *'Iya na inu!'*

Turn to **69**.

452

(ENCHANTER) Loath though you are, knowing the slyness of faltyns, to summon one of those faerie beings, you have no choice. Finding a secluded cranny behind a stack of barrels on the waterfront, you utter the spell and a translucent blue figure appears beside you.

'Procure several hundred gold crowns for me,' you tell it. 'I must charter a ship.'

[It fans itself with a scented handkerchief, seemingly appalled by the odours of the docks. It refuses to show even a glimmer of interest in your affairs. 'Surely you would not have me stoop to theft?' it murmurs. 'Such an act would demean us both. Instead I will tell you where such a sum can be found - aye, and more. A thousand crowns . . .']

You are wise to the craftiness and purposeless malice of faltyns. That is agreeable as long as you observe these extra stipulations,' you answer. 'The money must be easily obtainable by a person of my ability without undue effort. Moreover, the acquisition of this treasure should involve no danger whatsoever.'

['All shall be as you say,' replies the faltyn. 'But first we must strike a bargain.']

Turn to **501**.

453

(SAGE) You use your psionic powers again, glimpsing the room beyond the door. *[It is an office where a young Capellar sits working under an oil lamp, reading and signing papers. You think there might be something familiar about his face, but you cannot be sure because the image obtained using Paranormal Sight lacks the clarity of normal vision.]*

If you decide to open the door, turn to **107**. If you continue on your way, turn to **385**.

454

He stands speechless for a moment. 'Then why are you here wasting my time?' he demands. 'Go ashore or I will call the harbour guards and have you thrown off!'

You have no choice but to return to the quayside and watch the ship set sail without you. Your quest ends in failure.

455

You fight to remain awake and hear her answer. Your vision is swimming - going dark. You seem to be falling down a long dark tunnel, while she watches you from the top.

'There is no turning back,' she says. To return to the mortal world, you must penetrate to the very heart of Sheol and look upon the face of the Angel of Death. Truly it is a task . . .'

You cannot hear her words any longer. Darkness closes around you.

Turn to **471**.

456

The ship Entasius has sent is a sleek longship with shields of burnished gold along her sides. The

figurehead is carved in the form of a buxom mermaid lacquered in red gold. Astonishingly, the figurehead suddenly opens her eyes. Her lips move with the sound of creaking timber: 'Come. I will bear you to Entasius.'

'Such wizardry!' gasps Puldro. Some of the pilgrims aboard make the sign of the cross, scowling as they hear the figurehead addressing you. You realise that the decision as to whether to trust what she says has been made for you: if you don't go voluntarily, the pilgrims may well throw you into the sea for witchcraft.

You embrace Puldro. 'At the outset you may have seemed an aloof and querulous man,' you say. 'But we have known adventures together and now we are comrades.'

'Aye... aye ...' He seems about to say more, but his voice catches in his throat. 'Here, take this.' He puts a purse containing fifty gold pieces among your belongings. 'Because we didn't go the whole distance.'

Gus the dog licks your hands as you clamber down into the rowing boat. After crossing to the longship, you give a last wave to Puldro and the others and then, as a faerie gale stirs the white sail, you turn your gaze to the north.

Turn to **392**.

457

(ENCHANTER) The faltyn puffs blue smoke into your face. You find you cannot remember how to cast any combat spell above Complexity Level Two. This condition will last until you leave Sheol and return to the land of the living. Note it on your Character Sheet so you don't forget.

'What do you gain by depriving me of my spells?' you ask the faltyn.

['Only a sense of satisfaction. Now attend: this "Angvar" is in fact the thunder-god Tor. You cannot possibly hope to beat him by direct physical or magical attack, but perhaps with a little guile you can still win the day. I will stay by your side and endeavour to aid you.']

It flits along the hall to where Angvar - or rather, Tor - stands waiting. He cannot see it, as it is invisible to all eyes but yours. He also cannot hear it when it speaks.

Turn to **279**.

458

(PLAYER DRINKING) Think back many years to your adventure in the Kingdom of Wyrd. Did you encounter and succumb to the Leaves of Remembrance, which drain their victims' memories? If you did, turn to **479**. If you did not encounter the Leaves, or if you managed to overcome them, turn to **320**.

459

The giant head drops into the Styx and is carried away by the strong current.

'Why on earth did he attack us?' you wonder aloud. 'It was completely random, senseless... Just destruction without reason.'

'Of course,' says the Traveller. 'Lei Kung embodied the nature of lightning. And lightning itself is senseless.'

Turn to **4**.

460

The *Providence* puts in to a small sheltered cove where it is an easy matter to put the gangplank

across to a flat-topped rock. Immediately the pilgrims and sailors begin to stream ashore. After fifteen minutes, you, Puldro, Gus the dog, and the obsequious Gathric are the only ones left on board.

'You seadogs!' Puldro yells at his men. 'You worm-eaten biscuits! Desert your captain, will you? In Cornumbria there'll be a reckoning for this.'

The mate - his ugly face now transformed by a blissful expression - turns from the throng as they make their way inland. 'But we'll not be going back to Cornumbria, captain. Not ever. We've found Fiddler's Green - the Hy-Breasail of legend, captain. Forget your crotchety old ways, your spinsterish naggings. Join us.'

Puldro's thin face is lit with blotches of purple. He struggles through outrage to find his voice. 'Oh ho, Liam. Found your tongue after years of servility, eh? And such words you have for your cap'n. Spinisterish, am I? Crotchety? Wait till my sword spills your guts on the ground, then you'll have cause to insult me.'

He runs to the gangplank, drawing his sword. The mate, Liam, waits on the shore without any sign of concern, much less fear.

If you try to dissuade Puldro from attacking the mate, turn to **129**. If you let him go but decide to stay on board yourself, turn to **350**. If you follow him down the gangplank, turn to **167**.

461

The first player in the battle order fits the jewels over his or her eyes before continuing stealthily to the head of the stairs.

The green light floods through an archway off the landing. Beyond, half turned away from you, you see a heavy figure in black robes. Possibly it could be

described as female. Instead of hands it has claws of hard metal. Instead of hair it has a seething mass of snake tongues. In place of teeth it has twisted tusks, forcing it to open and close its mouth with difficulty as it breathes.

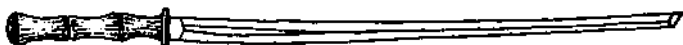
Hearing you, it slowly turns. When you see what it has in place of eyes, you give a cry of terror.

Turn to **108** to fight it. However, the player wearing the eye-jewels is completely protected from its gaze.

462

You examine the swords carefully. To your annoyance, you realise that you were swindled. The swords are not magical at all. As it is too late now to turn the ship around, you have to satisfy yourself with an expressive curse and a vow that you will avenge yourself on the man if you ever return to Crescentium.

If you also bought the Torc of Indomitable Will and haven't yet taken a look at it, turn to **483**. Otherwise turn to **88**.



463

The screech of an owl is soon followed by the sound of shuffling footsteps in the street outside. You stand ready. The villagers give a low wail and retreat to the back of the room.

The door crashes open. Smelling of soil and blood and decay, the first of the Feasting Dead stands there. Others of its kind crowd behind it, staring in with lidless eyes, hesitant. They have never encountered anyone who was prepared to fight them. Until now.

Feasting Dead

Fighting Prowess: 6

Damage per blow: 1 Die+3

Psychic Ability: 7

Awareness: 6

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: *first* 18 *fourth* 18

second 18 *fifth* 18

third 18

If you *flee* from the inn, turn to **382**. If you defeat them, turn to **6**.

		FLEE			
		F	F		
		F	F	F	
		1		2	
			3		
				4	FLEE

464

'Excellent!', he replies, counting the coins. 'You will not regret your decision, for this slight sum has bought you a night of most luxurious and hedonic slumber.' He shows you upstairs to a large and admittedly elegant suite. Servants scurry in to light the lamps, whose rich radiance reveals a number of fine tapestries and carven panels. A window covered by a screen of filigreed ivory opens onto a marble balcony which gives you a panoramic view of Crescentium's harbour.

'Serve dinner,' you tell the landlord.

He hesitates. 'A sumptuous meal can be had for two gold pieces per person . . .'

Any player who wants to eat should deduct this

sum from the total on their Character Sheet. The meal gives back 1 Endurance point to anyone who is wounded.

You dismiss the landlord and servants and settle down for the night. After a few minutes you hear a cat squeal in the street below your balcony, and then the sound of voices urgently whispering.

If you get up to investigate, turn to **38**. If you decide to try and get off to sleep, turn to **268**.

465

These people', says the Traveller, 'are the shades of those recently dead. They still carry much of the semblance of life, though I dare say you would not mistake them for mortal men.'

You look around, shuddering slightly as you catch the soulless gaze of the tavern's patrons. 'Indeed not!'

The Traveller breaks up a crust of black bread but shows no interest in eating it. They are troubled by a terror that haunts their existence here, for they all transgressed in a minor way against Fate and the gods when they were alive. They are chastised for it now.'

There is only one God,' you reply curtly,

If you want to ask him what form the villagers' chastisement takes, turn to **155**. If you are not interested, turn to **275**.

466

Forewarned that something inhabits the hill, you make use of the cover afforded by some thorn bushes to approach the summit unnoticed. Two odd creatures wait there beside an enormous treasure chest. One is a giant bat with crimson antlers sprouting from its head. The other is a dog the size

of a warhorse, with white fur and a long beard flowing from its chin.

If you want to step out from behind the bush and announce your presence, turn to **146**. If you want to spy on them for a time, turn to **16**. If you haven't already been to the tower and want to go there now, turn to **475**. If you decide to return to the river and make your way upstream, turn to **515**.

467

You are on the bank of the River Lethe. If you follow it upstream you will come to a bridge. Away from the river, your map shows a structure marked as the Shrine of Summoning beside the Pool of Remembrance. Further inland, where the Lethe splits from the Acheron, stands Angvar's mead-hall.

Where will you go next? The bridge? (turn to **428**); the shrine? (turn to **222**); or the mead-hall? (turn to **142**).

468

The Traveller turns to you with a sneer. 'Yes,' he says, 'it is I who shall keep your pact with Entasius while you remain here and rot in Death's domain for ever. Have you not guessed who I truly am - who it is that has guided you through Sheol's perils in order to savour this final scene of vengeance?'

'Icon,' you say. 'You talk a good fight, as usual.'

'So you *had* guessed!' He hurls aside his cloak and hat. It is difficult to see now why you didn't recognise him as soon as you met. Some sort of illusion-magic, no doubt.

'And do you recognise this . . .?' He produces a sword that he had worn slung across his back, under the cloak. Its jewelled hilt and scabbard make the Blood Sword unmistakable. Icon tosses it to the

ground behind him. 'No good for fighting badly balanced,' he says dismissively. He twists the end of his staff and there is a click as he withdraws a straight slender blade that was concealed there. 'I much prefer the *kiri-ha* form. Let me show you how effective it can be in the hands of a master . . .'

Turn to **121**.

469

Charon's white hand darts from the folds of his cloak and snatches the coins from you. There is no need to pay for the Traveller, as he has an obol for himself (and also one for Cordelia, if she is with the party).

You get down into the boat. 'Do not touch the water!' says the Traveller. 'It will turn your flesh lifeless and white, like our ferryman's.'

Charon chuckles at this and points to the far bank. The boat swings around and begins to drift across, propelled by no more than the ferryman's whim. 'Thetis' son was bathed in the Styx,' he murmurs. 'He suffered no ill-effects. Quite the reverse.'

The Traveller glares at him. 'Devilish boatman!' he cries. 'Do you think we're so easily tricked? This is called the River of Hate, after all, and it takes only a pinch of common sense to see that such a description would not have been applied if it had beneficial properties.'

If you want to dip a hand into the water, decide who's doing this and turn to **335**. If you take the Traveller's advice, turn to **63**.

470

(ENCHANTER) A faltyn appears in answer to your call. It has chosen to garb itself in the tunic and

war-harness of a sailor of Ancient Emphidor. A sparkling blue light surrounds it, intense in the soft gleam of the moonlight.

['Ulixes came here,' it says, seemingly to itself in wistful remembrance of days long past. 'His men were turned into pigs by the beautiful Circe. Are we to take this legend literally, or as a symbolic reflection of the effect of unrequited love? The truth is never a matter for exact scrutiny.']

'Never mind this twaddle,' you say, cracking your knuckles impatiently. 'Concentrate your tenuous faerie thoughts on other aspects of the tale. How did Ulixes overcome Circe? How did he escape? And how much will the information cost me?'

['The last question first,' it replies. 'Nothing -I serve you gratis, for reasons of my own. Ulixes escaped by sailing away in the same ship in which he arrived. He overcame Circe's magic by employing a flower with secret properties. Does this answer you?']

'Only in the most preposterously vague sense. Turn your attention to the specifics. For instance, what flower did Ulixes employ?'

['The faltyn strokes its lip. 'Wild garlic, as I recall. See that plant there? No, the straggling bush beside the spray of red blooms. That is wild garlic.']

'Yes it is,' you say. 'Sorcerer's garlic, some call it...'

['So. Fashion a garland of these flowers. Wear it and you are protected from the witch's magic.']

You turn to ask it another question, but it has already vanished. On the point of making a garland of wild garlic flowers, you are struck by suspicion. Why did the faltyn decline any payment? Without payment it was not bound to speak the full truth - that is the way the spell works. So why did it also mention the red flowers nearby? Are those,

perhaps, the flowers Ulixes used against Circe's magic, and not wild garlic at all?

Decide whether you are wearing a garland of wild garlic or of the red flowers. Your companions, if any, must also decide; Puldro will do whatever you advise. Note on your Character Sheet which type of garland you are wearing. (Wearing garlands of both would do no good, incidentally. You must have confidence for magic to work properly.)

If you haven't yet cast Detect Enchantment and wish to do so, turn to **102**. If you want to cast Prediction, turn to **82**. If you have no other spells you want to use at the moment turn to **282**.

471

You awake, but it still seems that you are dreaming. The room is empty and silent. You wander through the labyrinth of rock, but you cannot find the woman or even the chamber where you met Entasius.

A piercing howl causes you to quicken your step. You see light ahead. You are on the beach, and a terrible storm is raging across the heavens. A deluge of rain envelops you, drowning out all the air. Black clouds hang like titanic warships in the sky, assailing one another with javelins of lightning. The sea seethes like a living thing.

A giant hound raises its head to regard you. No, not a hound - a jackal. Anubis, the guide of the dead. His howl summoned you, and you know that he will take you where you must go.

You smell his wet fur as you take hold of his flanks. His breath almost makes you choke, and his eyes are like dying embers. He strikes out into the sea and you cling to him for dear life.

Life . . .?

The dream goes on and on. You forget the sea and the storm, and now feel that you are clutching desperately for Anubis' fur in the middle of a turbulent void. The image of a massive door, closed and bolted, looms before you. Anubis plunges towards it, dragging you with him. Then you cannot see or breathe. Suddenly you know that it is *not a dream* and, knowing this, you scream in mortal terror as a maelstrom of chaos sucks you inexorably down.

Down into oblivion . . .

Turn to **408**.

472

If you have already arranged for a ship to take you to Entasius island, turn to **445**. If you have yet to see about chartering a ship, turn to **45**.

473

(ENCHANTER) You give Silthor a menacing glance, then raise your arms and turn to address his men. 'Your captain hopes to cheat me,' you say. 'I, who command the forces of faerie. I, who know a thousand secrets of darkness and sorcerous death! Yet if I am harmed or the money that is rightfully mine is not returned to me, I lay a curse on this ship. The weird of the *Golden Lance* will be to sail from port to port, yet none will admit her - for she will have become a *plague ship* . . .'

Their faces go satisfyingly pale with fright. Superstitious cretins. You barely suppress a laugh of triumph as they round on the baffled Silthor. 'Don't let us fall victim to a wizard's curse, cap'n,' the quartermaster moans. 'Pay back the coins you took.'

Silthor has no alternative. He returns a hundred

gold pieces to you, knowing that if he did not he would have a mutiny on his hands.

Chuckling quietly, you row over to the longship.
Turn to **492**.

474

Do you have the money you need to pay the captain? If so, turn to **179**. If not, someone will have to come up with a plan to raise the additional cash. If the Trickster is here and wants to try and think of something, he or she should turn to **363**. If the Enchanter wants to try something, turn to **452**. If neither the Trickster nor the Enchanter are here (or if they've both already tried to raise the money you need), turn to **231**.

475

You approach the tower with a sense of foreboding, certain that a hideous danger must await you there.

The Traveller stops you before you can push open the door. The green light trickles down from the upper window, giving his face an unearthly look. 'Do you not feel that sensation, like the grip of icy fingers around your heart?' he breathes. 'This tower is the home of something unspeakable! Let us go at once.'

If you agree with him, you can either return to the Styx and follow its course towards the mountains (turn to **515**); or investigate the hillock nearby if you haven't already been there (turn to **466**). If you are adamant about going into the tower, turn to **323**.

476

If you *were fleeing* by means of the Spell of Immediate Deliverance, turn to **340**. If not - that is, if you were just running off - turn to **117**.

477

(SAGE) Imprisonment . . . freedom or captivity - these are just states of mind. The truly enlightened individual cannot be fettered by any means. As these thoughts come to you, you feel yourself rise up from the floor until you are floating weightless in the air. Levitating above the door, you call out to the gaolers in mocking tones: 'Thank you for your hospitality - and farewell!'

If you are alone, turn to **185**. If you are with one or more companions, turn to **285**.

478

(TRICKSTER) When you lift your head to draw breath, you see the shark veering away. It worked. Probably the shark - if such a monster thinks at all - now supposes your rowing boat to be a baby whale, and is reluctant to tackle it in case the parents are near. Lucky for you that sharks don't have very good eyesight - or much in the way of brains.

Turn to **435**.

479

(PLAYER DRINKING) You scoop some water from the pool and taste it. Instantly the memories you lost in the Cathedral of Bone are restored to you. Much of what you forgot then has been relearned since, but you still remember some tactics and combat techniques that the Leaves stole from your mind. You get an immediate gain of 200 experience points, whose effect you should apply right now.

Now that you have drunk once, a second taste of the water would have a completely different effect. If you drink again, turn to **320**. If you do not wish to try drinking a second time, turn to **423**.

480

(PLAYERS TOUCHING WATER) You die.

If there are any surviving players they should turn to **137**.

481

It shrivels to a brown husk, just like a dry leaf in autumn. A few of the tormented souls nearby muster their strength for a weak cheer. A couple are even given enough courage by your example to make a break from the others. You see them reach the lip of the cave mouth and scramble down to safety.

The others only watch for a moment with anguished expressions, then start to shuffle towards the river again. The other demons give you venomous glances. At your feet, a new shoot has already sprouted from the ground where you slew the demon.

Aware of the futility of taking on more of them, you pass by in heavy spirits.

Turn to **491**.

482

Only the sound of sobbing disturbs the silence. You look down at Cordelia, crouching beside the frail body of the wizard, cradling his head in her arms. But it is too late for regrets. You follow the servitor from the room.

Turn to **405**.

483

After examining the tore thoroughly you are convinced that it has no magic power whatsoever. It is not even solid gold, only brass. If only you hadn't been so hasty to buy from the wretch. He obviously

timed his approach perfectly, knowing you were too anxious to board the *Providence* to give careful thought to what you were buying.

If you also bought the four swords he had for sale and have not yet examined them, turn to **462**. Otherwise, turn to **88**.

484

(SAGE) One of the gaolers enters, looking around in bewilderment. Before he thinks to look up, you break your meditational state. Regaining your full weight, you drop onto his back and knock him to the floor. He gives a moan but is stunned by the impact and cannot get up.

Turn to **143**.

485

(TRICKSTER) 'It would be a great honour were you able to join in this mission, Sir Tobias,' you say, 'for your reputation as a dauntless soldier of the Cross is second to none. However, when St Vartus spoke to me in the vision he told me that you have a special duty here in Crescentium. The agents of the Antichrist are even now gathering here to welcome their unholy prince when he comes from the west. It is God's will that you spend the next few weeks rooting them out and ensuring that the Antichrist remains in our hands once we have brought him back here. There is no one else capable of carrying out this supremely important task.'

Tobias rubs his jaw. 'Of course. In my urgency to apprehend the Fiend, I forgot that he would have riddled the city with his agents. 'Tis true that there are those who are all too ready to open their hearts to his blasphemous teaching. Very well, I will stay here and do the work that the Lord has decreed for me.'

He summons an officer and tells him to take you to the docks, then provides you with a letter for the captain of the *Golden Lance*.

Turn to **514**.

486

Captain Silthor is a large man who emerges impatiently from his cabin when the deckhand tells him you wish to come aboard. As he listens to what you have to say, his broad face settles into an expression halfway between a sneer and a frown.

'In two days' time I intend to set sail for Ferromaine. I have a cargo to sell there, and the longer I delay the more money I will lose. Now you ask me to disrupt my schedule by several weeks in order to convey you to a mysterious island in the Sea of Mists! What compensation can I expect?' He leans forward and narrows his eyes. 'What's it worth?'

After some intense bargaining, you get him to agree to take you where you want to go in exchange for two hundred and fifty gold pieces.

'Return tomorrow with the money,' he says. 'We sail at dawn.'

Turn to **487**.

487

If you do not have the money that you need to charter the ship as far as Entasius' island, turn to **175**. If you are able to pay the sum that you have just agreed with the captain, turn to **179**.

488

The sun rises higher, blazing down unmercifully on your tiny boat. Your lips become dry and cracked. You stare about at the sparkling, undrinkable water.

A current takes the boat north, but you are

resigned to dying of thirst long before you reach the Sea of Mists.

Then you catch sight of a white fin, like the triangular sail of a fisherman's boat on the Isis. A great white shark is circling around you - a monstrous predator fifteen metres long, and weighing many tons. Once it has satisfied itself that you are suitable prey, it will break off its circling manoeuvre and head straight for your boat . . .

At least you won't have to die of thirst.

If the Enchanter is here and wants to try a spell, he or she should turn to **17**. If the Trickster is here and wants to do something, he or she should turn to **37**. If the Warrior wants to try saving the day, he or she should turn to **406**. If you want to use an item, turn to **199**.

489

Charon's boat drifts in towards the bank where you are standing. His face is invisible inside the blackness of his cowl. Speaking in a voice of leaden tones, he says: 'You are from the mortal world. Do you wish to cross the river?'

If you tell him you do, turn to **36**. If you say no, turn to **21**.

490

In the comfort of your small cabin you are able to get plenty of rest, as there is little for you to do throughout the voyage apart from your daily regimen of exercise and combat practice. Any wounded player can restore his or her Endurance score to its normal level.

Turn to **359**.

491

The cave extends back for miles, widening at some

points into vast bulbous chambers where the stone has formed baroque decorations. Moisture trickles down the walls, causing an endless whispering as it flows to the river.

At last you reach the back of the cavern. Water covers the rock like a living skin. The Traveller points to a narrow fissure from where it seems to be pouring. You scale the wall to investigate.

The fissure is low, such that you have to crouch to proceed. Then you have to go on all fours. Finally you can only crawl on your belly like a snake. Green-white phosphorescence streams from somewhere ahead, creating an ethereal hissing in the air. You feel as though you are pushing through invisible webs. Blood thunders in your veins.

'Like returning to the womb, isn't it?' whispers the Traveller, chuckling.

'Shut up.' You are getting tired of his continual remarks.

Turn to **527**.

492

The longship's sail billows in a faerie gale that you cannot feel, carrying you northwards at such speed that the *Golden Lance* is almost lost to view by the time the day's last rays draw back before the night.

Turn to **392**.

493

Azrael tilts his colossal head and speaks at last, and his voice shakes the sky and the very ground underfoot:

The Dies Irae is near. As I reckon time, it is scarcely a heartbeat hence; to you, it is perhaps a year - or two. According to ancient prophecies, the last days will be a time of reversals when men will

caper like animals and beasts will walk upon their hind legs and hold learned discourse. It is the greatest of reversals for the Sword of Life to be here in my domain while the Sword of Death is abroad in the upper world. Thus I thought for a time that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and that the Day of Judgement was at hand.'

He pauses for a moment, and then answers your thought before you can voice it:

'No, I am not all-knowing. That is for the Lord Himself and no other. Similarly, although blind-folded, I am not forbidden from direct involvement in human affairs. I have been close behind you on many occasions, and in some cases exercised my own judgement not to bring you to me sooner.'

'Lord Azrael,' you say. 'The Sword of Life still has important work to do in the mortal world. The True Magi are gathering their power for a return to Spyte, from which they can extend their malefic influence like the strands of a cobweb. This - ' You brandish the blade. This can stop them.'

'You ask for me to return you to middle earth,' says Azrael, his words like the tolling of a great iron bell. 'In truth, a mortal sorcerer has already arranged your passage back. But what of the girl with you? While you are still clothed in living flesh and bone, she is a bare spirit. She belongs among the inhabitants of my realm, and the tally must not be altered. She cannot leave here unless another agrees to take her place.'

If one player agrees to sacrifice himself or herself by remaining in Sheol, turn to **43**. If no player is prepared to do that, turn to **53**.

494

If you have the codeword FLAG, turn to **419**. If not, turn to **490**.

The mead that Angvar's serving-girls bring you must be magical. You feel a surge of renewed vigour passing through your tired limbs. *Any* wounded player (even one suffering from Plague Star's curse) can restore his or her Endurance score to its normal level.

You let the Traveller do most of the talking, as he seems to know Angvar. 'My lord,' he says, 'we need to pass through the gate guarded by the monster Garm.'

'Garm,' replies Angvar. 'A monster he is indeed - though less of a monster than his poison-hearted father. Take some of my honey-cake, then. Garm is very partial to it, as you know. Thrud!'

Angvar's daughter Thrud brings you a parcel of honey-cake. One of the players should record this on his or her Character Sheet. Thanking Angvar, you rise and take your leave of him.

If there is a Warrior in the party who wrestled or fought with Angvar, turn to **93**. If the Warrior is not here (or if he or she did not face Angvar in battle), turn to **195**.

496

(PLAYER DRINKING) Make sure first that you know the number of the last entry you were reading. Then read on:

If you have the codeword LETHE then the water of remembrance cancels the water of forgetfulness. You can restore your Fighting Prowess, Awareness and Psychic Ability scores to normal and return to the previous entry.

If you do *not* have the codeword LETHE then you are in big trouble. A torrent of memories pours through your mind; all of them are unpleasant, and

you will be lucky if you can withstand them. Roll a Die:

- 1 You weather the onslaught of memories until they fade. You are unharmed.
- 2 You die of shock.
- 3 Your tortured mind survives, but not unscathed: reduce your Awareness score by 2.
- 4-6 You are driven mad. You can continue to adventure, but in any fight encounter you must roll a Die; on a 1 you attack your comrades (if any), on a 2 you do nothing until the fight is over, and on a 3-6 you can act normally. Note this on your Character Sheet.

Now return to the entry you were reading before.

497

If you have not already done so, you could now visit the place marked on the map as Angvar's mead-hall - turn to **142**. If you have already been there, or do not wish to go, turn to **277** if you have the codeword GJALLER; and to **299** if not.

498

You ring the bell Uraba gave you years ago, when you journeyed to Wyrð to face the Warlock-King. Its power was intended to counter his dream magic, and you feel sure that Circe's spells are of the same stuff.

You are right. The scene all around you boils into blotches of watery colour and then evaporates away. The toad-things and the cage that imprisoned you are gone. The island is now revealed in the bleak morning light as a featureless expanse of barren grey rock. It was only the witch's magic that ever made it seem otherwise.

'Aie!' cries Circe, staring in horror at what you



have done. 'It will take me years to rework my spells here. I am undone!'

'Then surrender,' you tell her.

Turn to **283**.

499

(SAGE) The most prominent of the engravings is the old Norse rune *hagalaz*, representing the power of thunder and lightning. To judge by the other runes, which include the defensive glyph *algiz*, what you have here is an item that would give its wearer protection from lightning.

Turn to **402**.

500

It is an empty hall - empty, that is, except for a few neat conical piles of grey dust lying here and there across the marble floor.

The Traveller looks up the stairs towards the source of the green light. 'The way to dusty death . . .?' he says. 'Or shall we leave here right now?'

If you decide against exploring the tower further, turn to **257**. If you go up the stairs, turn to **292**.

501

(ENCHANTER) [*The faltyn reaches into the air and plucks forth a cube of faience marked like a die. 'Let us gamble,' it says. 'On a throw of 1 to 3, you forfeit nothing at all and I serve you gratis. On a throw of 4, you must give me one item of my choice. On a throw of 5, I take your mastery of a single spell - again, of my choice. On a 6, I get a little of your fighting skill.'*]

If you agree, turn to **133**. If you decide to dismiss the faltyn, turn to **58**.

502

(TRICKSTER) If you had more time you might be able to find a marked deck to substitute for their cards. As it is, you'll have to rely on legerdemain. You let the first few hands pass uneventfully, biding your time while you get used to the feel of the cards. Then you begin to make your move, surreptitiously removing certain cards as you deal and switching them unnoticed into your own hand.

Roll two Dice and add the total to your Awareness score. If the final result is 20 or more, turn to **298**. If it comes to between 16 and 19, turn to **258**. If it is 13, 14 or 15, turn to **260**. If it is 12 or less, turn to **196**.

503

You cannot help grimacing in revulsion as you lift the mouldered bones towards the lock. Twitching in sorcerous spasms, they suddenly come to life and leap onto the lock like a bony white spider. These were the fingerbones of the greatest thief in all Outremer, and even after his death they still remain imbued with dexterity and skill. With a soft clacking they probe the lock, which springs open at their touch. Then, as the bones scuttle back to their place in your belt pouch, you quietly slip from the cell.

Turn to **81**.

504

The horn gives out a low, mournful note. Even before it has died away, you sense a presence in the dome with you. Turning, you see that a slender young woman has entered softly through the portico. She lingers on the threshold and seems unwilling to speak, but somehow you know that she is Entasius' lost love, Cordelia.

The Traveller reaches out his hand to her but she

shrinks away. 'If she has been in Sheol a very long time then she may find the proximity of your vital force somewhat disconcerting,' he suggests. 'Give her time and she will speak.'

Turn back to **386**.

505

Obviously he is nearly out of his wits with fear. At your command, he lets the cudgel fall to the floor and makes no attempt to resist as you bind and gag him. After locking both of them in the cell, you step out into the corridor. Breaking out of gaol was the easiest part - now you have to find a way out of the stronghold of the Knights Capellars.

Turn to **309**.

506

If your voyage was arranged by a letter from Sir Tobias to the captain, turn to **445**. If you are paying your way, are you intending to travel aboard the *Providence* (turn to **173**), or the *Golden Lance* (turn to **306**)?

507

You spend hours looking through volume after volume, straining your eyes to decipher the ancient faded calligraphy. At last Emeritus finds a useful reference in the *Codex Magica*.

'Entasius was a patrician of old Selentium,' he says, 'who fell in love with a woman of the plebeian class. Since they could not legally be together, they arranged to leave the Empire and go to an island in the western sea. This is going back hundreds of years, of course, but it must have been after the year 310 when the Lex Canulia was repealed. Anyway, on the night they were due to set out, Entasius'

lover was apprehended and slain by certain of his enemies. Entasius waited all night for her, then departed with the dawn - presumably by means of sorcery, for he was a renowned wizard. Selentium was sacked a few years after that by the Kotic Horde.'

It is now late in the afternoon. If you continue your research turn to **23**. If you decide to call it a day, turn to **367**.

508

You grimace at the sight of what Lei Kung's bolts did to your friend's body. You search among his or her belongings, disgusted at the need to rifle items from a corpse. All non-magical items have been destroyed, but if your friend had any enchanted items you can take them. Afterwards you say a prayer over the body and then cast it into the Styx.

'One day,' you vow in a voice choked with grief, 'Lei Kung will be called to account for this unprovoked slaying.'

'Beware,' says the Traveller. 'He is a god.'

'God? God? Pah! He is a demon. As the true God is witness, this Lei Kung will be sent down to burn in hell with all the other demons! Now - let us be on our way.'

Turn to **4**.

509

A shadow cast by the hearth-light falls across the bodies. You look up to see Angvar standing there, huge of frame and hairy like a bear.

'You have entered my hall rudely,' he growls, 'and taken arms against some of my men and slain them. Now I offer you this choice: face me, or turn and go.'

If you agree to fight him, turn to **79**. If you leave, turn to **195**.

510

'Before we can cross the bridge,' says the Traveller, 'we had first better go upstream still further. The hall of a chieftain named Angvar stands where this river, the Lethe, splits from another, called the Acheron. At Angvar's hall we may be able to get some honey-cake.'

If you think the detour is worthwhile, turn to 166. If you think it would make more sense to cross the bridge and start making your way through the forest, turn to **256**.

511

You drop your weapons and bow down in surrender. Such a thing is anathema to any Warrior, who should therefore deduct 500 experience points from his or her total at the end of this adventure.

Circe pouts, as though this easy triumph is a disappointment to her. Then she laughs. 'Well, I have had my sport. I imagine that you wish to leave the island, and there is no further value in keeping you here. Where is your destination?'

'Lady,' you reply, 'it is the isle of the wizard Entasius. He is said to know a route by which it is possible to enter the Afterworld.'

That is easily accomplished! Men go there every day - on the point of a knife, at the end of a fall, in a drop of poison. You can find the Afterworld in the few inches of water it takes to drown a man, or even between the sheets of a sickbed.'

'Ah, but these routes do not allow for a return journey.'

She nods, still smiling. 'I have heard that Entasius

knows that secret. To his island you shall go, then but you should know that you have been thoroughly bested by Circe. It is fitting that you arrive there with no more dignity than a shipwrecked cast-away.'

She claps her hands and there is a thunderous flash. All of your belongings are stripped away from you - armour, weapons, money and other items, all are spirited away by her magic. She watches you shiver naked in the cool wind for a moment, then reaches towards the sky and raises her voice in imitation of birdsong.

Turn to **153**.

512

'Only a fool would part with his weapons for even an instant in such a land as this,' you declaim. You glance sidelong at the steward, but your words are meant for Angvar's ears.

The red-bearded lord leans forward in his chair. His cloak is a bear-skin that scarcely covers his broad shoulders. You could easily believe that he tore the pelt from a beast slain with his own hands. He speaks to the Traveller, but his words seem intended for you. 'Who is it you bring with you, godless wanderer? You are welcome here in my hall as long as you work no mischief - aye, even though you have the look about you of my sly foster brother, whose tongue breaks word-locks. But any you bring with you must obey the honour code of the hall, or it is best and simplest that they leave.'

The Traveller bows to him. 'You are generous, my lord. A lesser man might be moved to anger by such a breach of etiquette.' He turns to you: 'Do as the steward bids you, or we must leave now.'

If you agree to relinquish your weapons, turn to

22. If you would sooner leave, turn to **195**. If you just march straight up to Angvar with weapons in hand, turn to **537**.

513

Silthor is rather put out by your manner. He was on the point of refilling the glasses, but instead he frowns and recorks the bottle. 'Aye, well . . .' he says slowly. 'We will see about that when we reach the Sea of Mists.'

Sensing that you have overstayed your welcome, you leave his cabin and avoid him for the next few days.

Turn to **494**.

514

You go the docks and soon find the *Golden Lance* lying at anchor by the north quay. The captain, a large man called Silthor, reads Tobias' letter and then turns to you.

'Sir Tobias commands me to take you west,' he says, not seeming to relish the idea. 'This means delaying my return to Ferromaine by several weeks, which will lose me some hundreds of crowns in loan payments. It is not welcome news, I can tell you, but if I am to continue to trade in Outremer I must keep the good will of the Capellars. I will make the necessary preparations for departure; return here tomorrow morning.'

You sympathise with Captain Silthor, but your quest is paramount. You shake hands and assure him you will be back at dawn tomorrow.

If you now wish to go and see Emeritus the physician, turn to **193**. If not, turn to **115**.

The ground along the river bank is carpeted with grass and moss, giving you an easy path as you follow the course of the Styx towards the Screaming Mountains. You pass a lightly wooded hill, and there is another very similar hill visible in the distance on the other side of the river.

'Some have ventured to call them Hel's Paps,' says the Traveller when you mention the hills, 'because of their rounded shape. Personally I consider it inadvisable to refer to Hel with such boldfaced familiarity. She does not have a forgiving temperament.'

You laugh. 'So what? We'll soon be face to face with Death. It is his temperament we have to worry about.'

'Perhaps Hel is one of the faces of Death,' he replies. 'Others have called him Azrael, or Pluto, or Hades, or Yama, or Osiris, or Yemmaten. For many who inhabit this realm of course, the face of Death is the face of those who murdered them. I am one of these.'

'You were murdered?'

'Fouly. I mean to have my revenge, however...'
He seems about to say more, then stops himself. 'We must concentrate on the matter at hand. Before us lies the Forest of Night's Abyss. Do not wander from the path or you will never emerge from it. With that caveat in mind, though, it holds no dangers.'

Tangled branches spread above your heads like a cobweb. Here and there clouds of white mist hang as though trapped amid the ragged foliage. Dark leaf-mould squelches underfoot as you venture onward, and a sickly sweet smell rises from livid mushrooms that line the river bank.

Turn to **341**.

516

(ENCHANTER) 'Get the chains off first,' you tell him. Then I'll pay.'

He snorts. 'Oh ho. Why should I trust you?'

'I have no weapons. If I tried to run off, you could soon call back those Selentines.'

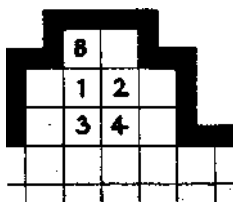
He considers this, then shrugs. Leading you to his anvil, he gets a hammer and chisel. After a few deft blows the chains break and fall away. You are already preparing the spell of Servile Enthralment as he reaches out a meaty hand for payment. Then you let him have it.

Blacksmith

Fighting Prowess: 8 Damage per blow: 2 Dice+1
Psychic Ability: 6 Awareness: 6
Armour Rating: 0
Endurance: 18

You must overpower or Enthral him quickly, before anyone notices what's going on.

If you defeat him within four Rounds, turn to **112**.
If he is still fighting after four Rounds, turn to **311**.



517

You reach the mouth of the cavern. A high, wedge-shaped tunnel recedes into the far darkness ahead of you. The river flows along the centre of this tunnel, and on either bank stand vicious-faced grey demons which seem to have sprouted out of the

very rock. They have no legs, but only a single stem or stalk where their legs should be. Their tongues are like whips that can lash out more than a dozen metres, and they use them to herd pallid souls into the fast-flowing water.

One of the unfortunates sees you and breaks from the throng. A demon turns to watch as he runs towards you, arms flailing in terror. 'Help me!' he cries. 'Help - akhh!'

The demon's tongue whips around his throat and he is dragged slowly back along the ground. Its grey face contorts into a cruel grin as it casts him back among the others.

'Merciful God . . .' you gasp. 'We must put a stop to this horror.'

'Cast all such thoughts from your mind,' warns the Traveller. 'This is the treatment that those souls have earned by their actions in their last life. The river will carry them back to the mortal world to be reincarnated. It is their *karma*, as we say in my country.'

If you decide to attack one of the demons, turn to **422**. If you pass by the scene of torment, turn to **491**.

518

(TRICKSTER) The Bat returns shortly. 'You were mistaken: there's nothing there,' it says sourly, exhausted by the flight. 'Eh? What? Where is my friend the Dog?'

'Where indeed?' you answer wryly. 'After you left he made some remarks to the effect that he had shared the treasure with you for too long, and he would now take advantage of your absence to make off with the lot.'

The Bat gasps. 'My trusted friend? It hardly seems within the bounds of credibility!'

The trust and friendship were only felt on your part, it seems.'

He sheds a few tears, then looks at you with angry eyes. 'Where has the miscreant gone? Tell me - he'll not get away with this. For centuries I have tolerated his dull wits and unrefined conversation. I will *not* tolerate this betrayal!'

You buff your fingernails on your sleeve. 'Well, it isn't really up to me to get involved, but I do think you've been treated rather shabbily. The Dog muttered something about hiding in that tower over there.'

'Hah!' cries the Bat. He shakes his wings and launches himself into the air. 'I'll fly in the top way and surprise him.'

A few minutes pass. The Dog returns, huffing and puffing, with the treasure chest still on his back. 'Forgot I couldn't swim the river with this load,' he says. 'You'll have to go and find what's happened to the Bat while I wait here.'

I will not have to travel any distance to tell you what has happened to him, but I'm afraid the news will cause you grief.'

'What is it? Has an accident befallen my friend? Did robbers come and attack him?'

'Neither. However, by his own admission and action he is no longer your friend. He came back with some truly fabulous jewels from the other hill. He seemed rather self-satisfied, and he uttered some uncomplimentary comments about you. His precise words may have been: This is a real find and I'm damned if I'm going to share it with that cretinous hound. I'm going to fly to yonder tower and hide it where he can't get his greedy paws on it.' I know this comes as a cruel blow to you, but it is time you saw your so-called friend for what he is...'

'A blackguard!' cries the Dog. 'A louse-ridden cheat! A rat with wings! All these years I've put up with his effete manners and his superior airs and graces! Now there'll be a reckoning.'

He sets off in the direction of the tower. You follow at a discreet distance. As you approach, the Horned Bat pokes his head over the parapet and flies down. You notice that he has a gleaming gold amulet clutched in his talons.

'Traitor!' snarls the Dog.

'Fiend!' shrieks the Bat.

They fall on one another in a rage and tumble over and over down the slope. After a few moments of furious fighting, the Dog manages to close his jaws on his opponent's throat. But the Bat's claws are poised to strike, and he eviscerates the Dog as he dies.

When you are sure they're both dead, you go over to see what they had.

Turn to **3**.

519

You find what you want to know in a book called *A Compendium of Other Seas*. Sheol is the abode of the wretched dead who are destined for neither Heaven nor Hell. This is the fate of pagans, madman, infants, and those who die without receiving the Last Rites. According to the book's author, Sheol can be reached by mortals and, in theory, it is possible to return from there to the mortal world. There is nothing further on this subject except for a cryptic reference scribbled in the margin by another reader many years ago: *Entasius has the answer*.

If you look in other books for information on Entasius, turn to **522**. If you want to go on looking for information about Sheol, turn to **97**. If you

decide to give up your research now, turn to **367**.

520

Screebo perches in turn on the shoulder of any players who drank the water of the River Lethe. He croaks into your ears, and you find your memory returning! Restore your Fighting Prowess, Psychic Ability and Awareness scores to normal and delete the word LETHE from your Character Sheet(s).

This done, Screebo flies up into the sky and circles three times before veering back into the illimitable distance across the plain. Remove him from your Character Sheet, as he is gone for good.

If the Sage is here, he or she should turn to **552**. If not, turn to **83**.

521

The rod almost sings in your hand. An unseen energy is causing it to vibrate. Acting on a hunch, you plant it in the ground beside you and step to one side just as Lei Kung's flickering flame-tongue stabs down. To his obvious astonishment, the bolt twists in midair and strikes the copper rod. He begins to gnash his teeth in fury, sending bolt after bolt down towards you. But all are pulled to the rod.

You can see one problem. Lei Kung has you pinned here, because you cannot pick up the rod safely and if you walk too far from it you will no longer be protected. Maybe your ploy isn't such a good one after all.

The Traveller solves this dilemma. He starts laughing at the furious demon, pointing at him and jeering in various languages. 'Look at the old Lord Thunder,' he says to no one in particular. 'He used to be a hotshot, but now he can't hit a person's head

when they're standing right below him. Poor old fellow. He ought to retire.'

Lei Kung suddenly gives a snarl and flies off over the woods. You look questioningly at the Traveller.

'Lei Kung is a god of the Orient,' he says. 'And there it is intolerable to lose face. He could not stay to listen to a mortal's taunts, even though he might have killed us eventually if he had.'

'It is very fortunate for us that you understand the ways of the Orient.'

'Yes. Now, we should make for the mountains before he decides to return.'

Turn to **4**.

522

According to the adventurer Simochus of Amatine, Entasius still lives. In his book *My Voyages*, Simochus describes a visit to an island in the far west beyond the Sea of Mists, where he was made welcome by the wizard until he tried to steal the letter's secret of immortality. Then he was forced to flee and, as he notes wryly in his book: 'Despite being many hundreds of years old, Entasius the magician still commands great power. He stood on the shore of his island and with hortatory gestures impelled the spirits of the air to pursue our ship. We were in the grip of an ungodly storm for five days. I believe that if the wizard had not intended merely to affright us for our cupidity, we would now lie thirty fathoms deep.'

'In fact he does anyway,' says Emeritus with an ironic smile. 'Simochus' ship was lost at sea a few years after he wrote this book.'

You decide to give up your search of the library, as it is late.

Turn to **367**.

523

Once the guards have gone, the gaolers begin to snigger at you and make abusive remarks. They are not members of the Capellar Order, of course. No knight would perform any duty so base as watching over prisoners in a dungeon. These gaolers are only townsfolk who serve the Capellars for a meagre wage - and therein, perhaps, lies your one hope for escape.

If the Trickster is here *and* he or she has more than ten gold pieces, turn to **168**. If the Trickster wants to try something but has ten gold pieces or fewer, turn to **303**. If the Trickster is not in the party, turn to **300**.

524

You try to roll with the punch, but it is awkward in a sitting position. You cannot avoid Njal's other massive fist as it drives up into your stomach, knocking the wind out of you. Someone coshes you from behind and everything goes black . . .

Hours later, you come to in an alleyway. They have robbed you of everything you own and then worked you over. Naked and aching from dozens of bruises, you wrestle a flea-ridden blanket from a beggar sleeping nearby. You must abandon any thought of completing your quest now. You will have your work cut out just staying alive as a pauper on the pitiless streets of Crescentium. Your adventure ends here.



525

Your stubbornness leaves Silthor out of sorts, but he is still bound by his earlier contract with you. After yelling across a few token pleasantries to the red-sailed ship, the crew of the *Golden Lance* make ready to resume the journey northwards.

Turn to **12**.

526

You step into the hall. A great fire rages in the central hearth, filling the air right up to the high rafters with a haze of smoke. Walking past the silent warriors at the benches, who watch you with their mead-horns forgotten in their hands, you approach Angvar himself. You have never set eyes on a man with more might in his frame. Above his fiery red beard, his eyes have the look of a storm within them.

As you are about to speak, the steward of the hall steps forward. With mail-coat jangling at every step, he raises his arm and points to the spear rack beside the door. 'You may approach our lord in your gear of battle, for Angvar Nikkarson fears no man or giant, but your weapons must here await your words' outcome. Guests do not walk among these thanes with slaying-tools in their hands.'

The Traveller shrugs and places his staff in the rack before going up to Angvar's seat.

If you are also prepared to relinquish your weapons, turn to **22**. If you have no weapons, turn to **345**. If you have weapons but prefer to keep them with you, turn to **512**.

527

Just when you are beginning to think you will become trapped in the narrowing tunnel, it widens out and you emerge into open air. You are standing

on a hard stone plain that sparkles under a net of hoarfrost. Icy cold wind whips at your robes and hair. The sky above is cloudless and black and filled with a million stars.

And before you, in the centre of the vast plain, stands Azrael himself.

Turn to **262**.

528

(TRICKSTER) You thank them for an enjoyable game. Some are sour at having lost, but most of them are here simply for a good time. They know that winning is a rare bonus, not something to be relied on. After taking your winnings, you count up the total cash that you have.

If you have enough to pay the captain, turn to **115**. If not, then if the Enchanter is here turn to **452**. Otherwise, you can visit a chandler's shop to sell some belongings if you haven't done so already - turn to **7**. If you've tried everything and still can't pay for the voyage, then your adventure ends here in failure.

529

(SAGE) The attempt to Exorcise takes one Round, and you cannot do it if you are in melee with the creature (ie, adjacent to it and in combat). To Exorcise it successfully you must roll two Dice and score *greater than* its current Psychic Ability. If you do, it is destroyed at once.

Return to **346** to do this. You can only make one attempt at Exorcism; if that fails, you will have to defeat it in the conventional way.

530

Eventually you leave the dark forest behind. You are

now walking across windswept open country towards a range of vast storm-shrouded mountains. The Styx is a violent torrent here, cascading over occasional rapids in its course downward from the mountains.

You look back and see the moon rising over the treetops. Seen through drifting banks of coppery cloud it seems sickly and stark.

'Is that the same moon that shines on middle earth?' you muse. 'It looks like the face of a leper.'

'It is the same moon,' says the Traveller. 'It is you who have changed.'

A shadow drifts across the clouds. Squinting into the lunar glare, you scan the heavens. Something is descending from the sky towards you. Something large. It draws nearer and you see it is a giant human-like head with blue skin, flying on wings that grow from its temples. The air begins to feel charged with energy. Your hair stands on end.

A call cracks out, unmistakably a battle-cry: 'Look up into the face of Lei Kung, the Minister of Lightnings, you errant mortals! I am the Spitter of Flame, the Searer of Souls - the Thunder-Voiced Lord.'

The challenge rumbles across the sky and re-sounds off the mountains.

If you stand your ground and fight, turn to **113**. If you look for an item to use, turn to **333**. If you make a run for it, turn to **85**.

531

'I knew it!' snaps the Dog. 'They're after our treasure.'

'Get them!' cries the Bat.

The Horned Bat

Fighting Prowess: 9

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 0

Endurance: 42

Damage per blow: 3 Dice

Awareness: 10

The Bearded Dog

Fighting Prowess: 8

Psychic Ability: 9

Armour Rating: 1

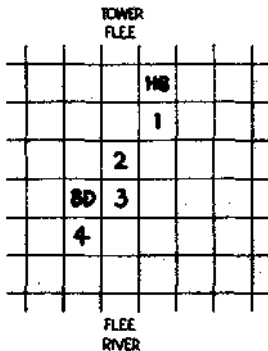
Endurance: 56

Damage per blow: 4 Dice+1

Awareness: 8

Note. The Bat can *move* to hover above you so that only the person it is fighting can strike back at it. It will do this if there are three or more players. Spells and arrows can still be used against it, of course.

If you *flee*, you can go towards the tower if you haven't been there already (turn to **475**) or return to the river (turn to **515**). If you defeat them, turn to **379**.



532

You hold up the weapon to show Captain Trancier. 'Will you take this for your trouble?' you ask him. 'Magic was used in the forging of it, and it is worth at least-fifty crowns.'

He tugs at his beard and then grins, waving for you to come aboard the *Persephone*. As he takes the weapon from you (cross it off) he signals for his crew to get the ship under way.

'It is a handsome prize,' he says, admiring the finely honed blade. 'Certainly it will pay for your passage to this wizard's isle.'

Turn to **390**.

533

(ENCHANTER) Aha! There is one area not pervaded by the island's sorcery. Around some flowers nearby you sense a zone that the magic shuns. One of the plants is wild garlic, while the other consists of red blossoms that you do not recognise. One of these plants is causing the effect - but despite your best efforts, you cannot focus the spell enough to tell which it is.

You may make garlands of one or both types of flowers if you wish. If you have companions they might also like to do so - Puldro will make himself a garland if you do. Each player should note on his or her Character Sheet whether he or she is wearing a garland of wild garlic, red flowers, or both.

If you want to cast another spell, turn to **206**. If not, turn to **282**.

534

You were expecting the Traveller to make his move sooner or later. 'If you were really a ghostly inhabitant of Sheol you would have no hope of returning to middle earth unaided,' you say. 'So who are you?'

'You really haven't guessed?' A wave of his hand causes his image to waver and change. The wide-brimmed hat and ragged garb are gone. It is no

longer the Traveller's thin face that smiles back at you, eyes glittering with malice, but the face of your greatest foe:

'Icon. Finding you here is like biting into an apple and finding a maggot.'

'How can you not have expected it? After you dishonourably bested me by casting my living form down into Sheol, did you think I would let this further outrage go unavenged? You should have thought to find me waiting on the shore with drawn sword - but no, this revenge is sweeter by far. I shall destroy you here when you are within an ace of achieving your goal!' He produces a sword that he had been wearing across his back, under the cloak. The jewelled hilt and scabbard of the Blood Sword are unmistakable. Icon tosses it to the ground behind him. 'No good for fighting - badly balanced,' he says dismissively. He twists the end of his staff and there is a click as he withdraws a straight slender blade that was concealed there. 'I much prefer a weapon of the *kiri-ha* form. Let me show you how effective it can be in the hands of a master . . .'

Turn to **121** to fight him, but note that he has already called his Haragei spell to mind.

535

(ENCHANTER) 'You claim to be an enchantress,' you say to Circe. 'Will you accept a challenge? Will you pit yourself against me in occult battle?'

She laughs. 'Impetuous mortal! I accept with pleasure. We shall duel using only non-fatal spells, and the first to succumb is the loser.'

This means you will have to use the spell of Servile Enthralment. If you are wearing a garland of

wild garlic, she will of course insist that you remove it for the duration of the contest.

If you agree to these terms, turn to **44**. If not the Trickster can try something (turn to **330**). Or you can simply attack her (turn to **416**).

536

The cliffs are higher than you supposed, and the climb more difficult. Several times your feet slip or your hands close on a crumbling rock, and you almost fall to your death on the bleak shore far below. To your death ... It is an odd thought. What is the fate of those who die in Azrael's land? Oblivion, perhaps. Or something worse. It is a secret you must hope to avoid finding the answer to.

Turn to **310**.

537

The steward and several other warriors stand forward to bar your way. Their eyes are burning with anger. 'How is it you have the gall to flout our lord's command?' snarls one. 'Were you not made welcome, when we might as easily have barred the doors against you? Were you not given greeting, when we might as easily have set upon you with swords as you entered? By coming here with thoughts of harm you have earned your end!'

If the Warrior is here and wants to try something, turn to **54**. If not, you must fight; turn to **439**.

538

The Traveller seems amused and faintly exasperated when you insist on lending a hand. 'You can change nothing,' he says with a sigh.

'Perhaps you subscribe to the view that any act of

charity or succour is merely a slap in the face of unrelenting Chaos,' you reply. 'However, such cynicism may stem from being a ghost. Living men must struggle on as long as breath is left in their lungs, whether the struggle is futile or not.' You turn to the villager. 'Explain the situation.'

The innkeeper steps forward. 'There are beings we call the Feasting Dead,' he says. 'They are cacodemons. They come at intervals and seize one or two of us. Those they bear away are taken to a fate we cannot guess at.'

'I think you know their fate well enough,' puts in the Traveller. You motion him to silence.

'The Feasters are due here soon,' continues the landlord in his monotonous voice. 'We implore you to stay and destroy them.'

If you say you will, turn to **242**. If you refuse his plea, turn to **275**.

539

You ring the bell Uraba gave you years ago, when you journeyed to Wyrd to face the Warlock-King. Its power was intended to counter his dream magic, and you feel sure that Circe's spells are of the same stuff.

You are right. The scene all around you boils into blotches of watery colour and then evaporates away. The acropolis is gone, and the island is now revealed as a featureless expanse of barren grey rock which was only made to seem otherwise by the power of Circe's magic.

'Aie!' she cries, staring in horror at what you have done. 'It will take me years to rework my spells here. I am undone!'

'Then surrender,' you say.

Turn to **283**.

540

You cannot reason with them. They shuffle forward, faces set in furious white frowns. Those at the front take up stones from the cliff-top and begin to pelt you. (Each player is hit by 1-6 rocks, each causing one Die of damage with armour protecting as usual.) Then they launch themselves forward with a murderous howl, and you are seized.

If the Enchanter is here, turn to **305**. If the Enchanter is not here but the Trickster is, turn to **352**. If neither the Enchanter nor the Trickster is here, you are torn apart by the enraged mob and this is the end of your story.

541

(ENCHANTER) If you are with the Warrior, he or she must lose 50 experience points for not accepting the challenge. This applies at the end of the adventure.

Angvar does not look the sort of man to be easily felled by magic. Deciding that it is worth seeking supernatural advice, you retire to a quiet corner of the hall under the pretext of preparing yourself for battle. Once out of sight, you summon a faltyn.

['The sprites speak of this splendid hall - this most stately building - standing here in Hel's fog-locked land,' it says appreciatively. 'Down among the dead men lie its heroes, they say, rising from under the mead-benches to new revelry each day. Great is its lord, the giver of frings, and his hall is no less in renown than that of his raven-counselled sire.']

'Shut up and listen,' you tell it. 'I have to fight this Angvar in a few minutes. Can you think of any way to win?'

[Win? No, not really. Do you have any other questions, or shall I now return to my own world - which is,

incidentally, close to Elf-home where Frey of the Vanir has his court?']

Angvar is now getting impatient. You can hear him at the far end of the hall, calling you to battle.

'I ask you for your advice!' you snap at the faltyn.

Ithums and haws. ['You are asking a lot, considering your plight. Mortal, you do not know who it is you face. In return for aiding you, I will strip away your ability to use all but the simplest spells until such time as you return from this land to the mortal world . . .']

If you agree to this, turn to **457**. If not, dismiss the faltyn and turn to **116**.

542

A single blast from the sceptre reduces the stout door to a pile of splinters. (Remember to cross off one charge from the device's remaining power.) The gaolers turn round with expressions of horrified amazement. 'What was *that*?' gasps one.

A magical device,' you reply, brandishing the sceptre. 'Drop your cudgels or you get the next blast.'

They don't know that the sceptre only has limited charges. Quaking, they throw their weapons down and do not resist as you tie them up and gag them. That done, you slip quietly into the passage to look for a way out.

Turn to **309**.

543

All the shades of Sheol could have heard that trump,' says the Traveller as the horn's note dies away. The fact that this sorceress has not come in answer to it can only mean that her soul is elsewhere - perhaps pledged to a demon, so that she does not enjoy the peaceful repose of death at all...'

Turn back to **386**.

544

You pass on through the Ironwood. Perhaps it takes hours: a *tableau vivant* with you shuffling cautiously along the needle-strewn ground, suspended in infinite darkness with only the pool of soft light from the Traveller's lamp to show you the way. Once, a noise like a cough leaps out of the dark and rattles the branches above you.

The Traveller shrugs when he sees the startled look in your eyes. 'Who knows what creatures lurk in the wood?' he says. 'Some say they are the ghosts of old giants from Ymir's day, who ruled the cosmos before the coming of the gods.'

There is but one God,' you remind him.

'You should pray He is with you now, then,' he replies with a cryptic laugh. 'For we are truly walking towards the valley of Death's shadow. But behold - we are out of the Ironwood, and there is the Gate

Turn to **87**.

545

(ENCHANTER) Angvar seems to catch the bolt in mid-air. 'Ho ho,' he bellows. This is not the weapon to use against me, little mortal.'

The lightning shimmers like a spear in his hands. He swings it around and hurls it back at you. You are struck by your own spell and must resolve its damage before turning to **394** for the battle.

If it kills you but there are other players here, they should turn to **46**.

546

She takes you by means of an another exit from the chamber along a labyrinth of tunnels that lead deep into the heart of the rock. At last you arrive at a cold

room of undressed stone. There is one stone slab here for each of you to lie on. It makes you think of a tomb.

An alabaster jar stands in an alcove at one end of the room. The woman pours from it, handing each player a goblet of odourless black liquid. 'Lie down and drink,' she says. 'Then you will go to Death's kingdom.'

With a grimace of distaste you quaff the liquid. The stone presses like ice against your flesh as you lie down. The room becomes darker.

The woman is going out. Do you want to ask her a question? Such as: Why didn't Entasius go himself? (turn to **68**); or What was the liquid you drank? (turn to **89**); or How will you find your way to Sheol? (turn to **365**); or How will you get back again? (turn to **455**).

If you have no questions, turn to **471**.

547

Now that it has fallen, its bones moulder away into a yellowish paste. You retch at the smell of decay rising from it.

A hideous chattering begins. At first you think it is just the shrieking of the sea wind among the rocks. Then you see that the thousands of cat skulls all along the beach are clicking their jaws.

Horror-struck, you flee the beach and begin the arduous climb to the cliff tops.

Turn to **536**.

548

A greenish-white haze lies all around you. The Plague Star's fog wraps the ship like a shroud. The hairs on the back of your neck rise and your nostrils flare in a stirring of involuntary panic. You know

that the True Magi are directing their ghastly sorcery against you - but you must not give in to terror. You have withstood their power before and will do so now.

Except . . .

Except that you have never experienced Plague Star's magic. It holds a special horror for humankind. It is the magic of decay- the rotting, insidious sorcery of utter corruption.

Each player should roll 2 Dice . If you score less than or equal to your Psychic Ability, you resist the worst effects of Plague Star's assault but you still lose 1 point from Fighting Prowess and 1 point from Endurance *permanently*.

If the Dice roll exceeds your Psychic Ability, you suffer the full effect of the spell: a wasting disease that will gradually erode your flesh and sinew. You lose 2 points from both Fighting Prowess and Endurance now, and this loss is permanent. You will lose a further point of Endurance each day and cannot recover Endurance points by any means. In other words, unless you find someone who can cure the sickness, you are doomed to die when your Endurance reaches zero.

After what seems like hours, the fog disperses and you are left alone, drifting in the midst of the vast Deorsk Ocean.

Turn to **239**.

549

You make your way to the end of the tunnel. A large silver mirror is set into one wall there, slanted so as to reflect the image of a narrow aperture in the left-hand wall. Looking through the aperture, you see a shambling creature waiting there to ambush anyone who took the other passage. It was the

reflection of this creature, moving silently to and fro in the darkness, that attracted your attention earlier.

Prising the mirror back from the wall, you uncover a niche containing six sacks of gold. A haul of some three hundred crowns in all. Hastily stuffing these into your pockets, you return to the stairs and leave the underworld. You get back to the city gate just before it closes for the night. Now that you have the money for your voyage, you can see to accommodation for the night.

Turn to **115**.

550

You are seized and held firmly. Any attempt to fight your way out of the Capellars' stronghold would be futile, as the courtyard is full of soldiers at the moment. You curse inwardly as Tobias leans forward to address you in his dangerously calm tones.

'I have not yet decided how to deal with you,' he says. 'The matter requires some deliberation. Should I torture you for information, mutilate you for pleasure, or immolate you for simple peace of mind? I will pray for guidance in this matter. Meanwhile, you will languish in our gaol. I fancy you will find it a most suitable abode for devil-worshippers.'

The guards lead you away. If there is an Enchanter in the party, turn to **144**. If there is no Enchanter, turn to **180**.

551

You encounter a solitary figure standing beside the river, and somehow get the impression he has been waiting for you. He wears a wide-brimmed hat and a ragged cloak, and has a long staff across his

shoulder. A lantern flickers on the ground by his feet.

'Well met,' he says, bowing gracefully at the waist. 'I am called the Traveller, and I have been sent to guide you to Death himself.'

'Sent by whom?'

'Ah, I mean obligated - driven from within; it is a debt of honour. Are you aware that this is the River Lethe? Its waters bring forgetfulness to those who drink.'

You wonder if the Traveller has drunk from it at any stage. He certainly seems rather odd, and the Angate in which he addresses you is obviously not his native tongue. But his offer to guide you to Death cannot be lightly dismissed.

If you accept, turn to **428**. If you refuse his company, turn to **40**.

552

(SAGE) *[At last you realise that Screebo was no ordinary bird. He was Muninn, one of the god Odin's two fabulous ravens - the one whose name means Memory. It is indeed fortunate that you acquired him from those sacerdots in Krarth so many years ago. Occasionally his ill-tempered croaking and voracious appetite annoyed you, but now you bid him a fond farewell:]*

'Fly straight and true, good Muninn - back to All-Father Odin, your master.'

Turn to **83**.

553

The crew of the *Persephone* are lined up along the rail watching you. After a few moments, Thangbrand follows you from the hold carrying Trancier's body under his arm.

A scream of outrage goes up from Trancier's men

when they see what you have done to their captain. They immediately unsling their bows. You try to dart for cover, but Thangbrand moves quickly to block your way. A dozen arrows fly from the *Persephone* with a ghastly whisper, then a dozen more. You fall, mortally wounded.

What miserable luck, you think as the life bleeds out of you, to encounter a whaling captain with a loyal crew -



554

It is quite possible that the crew and pilgrims are waiting for you at the ship. You would prefer to leave them for the night to cool down, as you do not relish the idea of fighting a hundred angry men.

'Let's go and take a look at the palace,' you say to Puldro.

Turn to **409**.

555

With servants and knights milling about like a nest of ants, you have no trouble in reaching the courtyard without being challenged. A sergeant, mistaking you for ordinary men-at-arms, points to a pump and shouts orders: 'Get a bucket and fill it! This is no time for dozy layabouts to shirk around the place - not with that fire spreading as it is.' He adds a few obscenities that would cause the Devil himself to blush.

Only two guards are left on the gate. If you make a break for it, turn to **437**. If you want to recover your weapons from the armoury first, turn to **161**.

556

The mountains rise abruptly in front of you - a sheer wall of rock along the edge of the moors. Dim grey light flares up periodically against the darkness of the sky, and distant rumbling suggests that a storm of unimaginable force is raging on the other side of the mountains.

The Styx cascades in a black waterfall from a cavern mouth several hundred metres up in the cliff-face. You catch sight of one or two pale, struggling figures being washed down and dashed on the rocks. As you clamber up a narrow path leading to the cavern entrance, another sound becomes audible over the waterfall's roar and the rumble of the distant storm . . .

It is the howling of thousands of tormented souls.
Turn to **517**.

557

The servitor leads you to the shore where a longship awaits you. Its oars are manned by invisible faltyns.

'This ship will convey you to the mainland,' she says. 'After the quest you undertook on my master's behalf, this is but a small recompense.'

'It was a quest which for him brought only grief,' you reply. 'Fortunately it also led to the recovery of the Blood Sword - so, though his motive was nothing more than his love for Cordelia, the whole world now owes him an inestimable debt. This sword shall be the salvation of us all.'

'Aye,' she says softly as you board the ship. 'Save for my poor master, who is now beyond salvation...'

Invisible and soundless, the faltyns ply the oars. The ship sweeps away from the lonely island, parting the waves with her prow. Spread by gusts of wind, your robes resemble the wings of the Angel of Death.

You do not look back. Your eyes are fixed on the horizon ahead, and they are like shards of ice. You swing the sword aloft and swear a solemn vow:

'Magi, beware! Too long have your foul plans been left to fester; now the day of your destruction is near. The hand of righteous wrath is reaching out of the west to smite you. And it is the hand that wields **THE BLOOD SWORD!**

The final battle with the True Magi awaits you in Book Five of the Blood Sword series: The Walls of Spyte.



Glossary

- Azrael An archangel who is the personification of Death. He rules the country of Sheol. Other times and other cultures have called him by various names, including Pluto, Hades, Arawn and Osiris.
- Blue Moon One of the Spirits of the Magi, the others being White Light, Red Death, Gift Star and Plague Star. In astrology, Blue Moon stands for Mystery, Paradox, Illusion; also the boundary between Life and Death, and hence it can represent mystical wisdom.
- the Blasting The demon-spawned disaster in which Spyte was laid to ruin and the True Magi were killed. After this holocaust, which lasted for three days and nights, Spyte was left isolated by a deep chasm which many believe goes right down to the fires of Hell.
- the Blood Sword The Sword of Life. One of a pair of ancient swords created by the Archangel Abdiel as icons of the parting of Life and Death. It was broken into several parts but has now been restored. The only artefact capable of conquering the power of the True Magi, it was stolen by Icon and is now somewhere in Sheol.

the Coradian Sea	The sea around whose shores are located the richest ports and cities of the world. Also used as a collective adjective for the countries of the True Faith - Algandy, Chaubrette, Kurland, the New Selentine Empire, Asmuly and Emphidor - surrounding this sea.
the Death Focus	A shaft leading directly from Legend to the hinterlands of Sheol. Icon of Yamato fell into this shaft, but used magic to snatch the Blood Sword so that he could carry it down with him.
Ferromaine	The richest port on the Coradian coast.
Gift Star	One of the Spirits of the Magi, the others being White Light, Red Death, Plague Star and Blue Moon. The significance of Gift Star in astrology is as a symbol of Luck (both good and bad) and the Oracle.
Icon	Lord Aiken of the Sugensiki family of Utayama Province, in Yamato. He was a warlock with a fearsome reputation, but was cast down into Sheol via the Death Focus shortly after the recovery of the Blood Sword. The name 'Icon' is merely a result of catachresis; his real name, Aiken, has a meaning roughly equivalent to 'Sharp of Spirit'.
Krarth	A large country in the far north of Legend, divided into several dozen separate states each of which is ruled over by a Magus. It is divided

from the civilised lands around the Coradian Sea by a deep rift valley which cuts through the Coradian continent from eastern to western shore. A cold and inhospitable country, full of ancient and xenophobic traditions, Krarth is avoided by most merchants from southern lands.

- Legend The mortal world; Midgard, or Middle-Earth
- the Magi The lords of Krarth. There are some thirty Magi, each essentially a local despot with absolute dominion over his territories. Since the country cannot support a standing army of any size, disputes are settled by means of the Battlepits contest - and sometimes by assassination.
- Outremer [pronounced *oo-tre mair*] The Principalities of the Crusade, being those areas of Ta'ashim territory which have been captured by the armies of the True Faith.
- Plague Star One of the Spirits of the Magi, the others being White Light, Red Death, Gift Star and Blue Moon. Seen in astrology as indicative of illness, Plague Star is interpreted in another sense as the decay and corruption that will inevitably follow any act of creation.
- Red Death One of the Spirits of the Magi, the others being White Light, Gift Star, Plague Star and Blue Moon. In astrology, Red Death is generally

taken as the symbol of wanton Carnage and Terror. Others see it as Conflict in a general sense - perhaps within an individual's psyche - which, if resolved, leads to enlightenment.

Selentium

The capital of the Old Selentine Empire which once took in most of the western world. After the fall of the Old Empire seven hundred years ago, Selentium has risen to a new importance as the centre of the True Faith.

Sheol

The Afterworld, where souls go when they die. It is overseen by Death.

the Spirits
of the Magi

Five small luminous objects which are sometimes visible in the northern skies at night. Each appears about a fifth the size of the moon's face. According to the popular superstition of Krarth, these objects are the apotheosised spirits of the five greatest wizards among the True Magi. They appear frequently in folk tales (usually as malevolent entities constantly plotting and dreaming of their return to the land of men). Less sinisterly, they are potent symbols in astrology.

Spyte

The 'holy city' of the True Magi, who convened there every seven years in order to commune with the gods of Krarth. Today it stands in ruins, atop a pinnacle of rock in the middle of a vast rift in the earth ('the Cauldron').

- Ta'ashim The name given to the religion and peoples of the southern lands, in the area that was once the empire of Kaikuhuru. The countries of Ta'ashim are Marazid, Zhenir, Harogarn and Opalar.
- the True Faith The principal religion of modern Legend.
- the True Magi The original rulers of Krarth, wizards of unimaginable power, who were all slain in the Blasting of Spyte centuries ago. The present Magi are for the most part the descendants of seneschals or apprentices who seized power in the ensuing confusion.
- White Light One of the Spirits of the Magi, the others being Red Death, Gift Star, Plague Star and Blue Moon. The meaning of White Light in astrological terms is as Knowledge and Consciousness - absolute and positive action which brings about permanent change.



BLOOD SWORD

Of all your adventures, this is the most desperate – and the most vital. Only two years remain before the year 1000, when the Magi's power will have waxed full and the moment of their reincarnation will be at hand! All is not lost; if you can recover the fragments of the Blood Sword, the Magi can be opposed. But to do so, you must travel to the land of Death...

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