

1  
Slimy stories! Roll 1d:

1-3 – The tavern is abuzz with stories of the disgusting thing that happened after a local man fell off a ladder and broke his neck. Experienced warriors or Naturalists will recognize the description as a Bloody Rider (*ITL*, p. 86) leaving the body.

4-6 – When the subject of Slimes came up, some of the tavern locals claimed that, a couple of times a year, the town is visited by a woman who has a small pet Slime that obeys commands like a dog. Just how a Slime can “roll over,” or who would be willing to shake hands with it, is not clear.



2  
You seem to be in an unusual place . . .

Roll 1d:

1, 2 – The frogs here do not go “Ribbet, ribbet!” like reasonable frogs. Instead they go “Brekekekex, koax, koax!” In chorus!

3, 4 – The cattle here are said to be almost as smart as dogs. Whether that is true or not, it is clear that they are kept for milk and as plowbeasts, but they are not eaten.

5, 6 – Never, as far back as the old folks can remember, has this village been hit by a storm. They always seem to go around.



3  
This village has a “sister village” connected by a Gate between their marketplaces. The other village is on the far side of the kingdom. No one shows much curiosity about this; it’s always been that way. People pass through freely, residents pay taxes in the duchy where their home is, and no one is concerned. No one collects fees, though it is customary for travelers to patronize the village inns or shops to show their appreciation for the time they have saved. If it’s true, how can a Gate persist for generations without maintenance?



4  
Rumors about the wizards! Roll 1d:

1-3 – There is a spell that will heal wounds quickly, but the wizards keep it a secret. Why do you suppose that is?

4-6 – Below the Wizards’ Guildhouse are three secret rooms. No one goes there but the greatest Masters and their blindfolded guests. In one they conduct duels. In one, it is said, all magicks are easier to cast, and in one, all magicks are harder to cast.



5  
A Mechanician has built a clockwork cart full of sandwiches. If you put a silver piece into the mechanical hand, it will give you a sandwich wrapped in a paper that tells your fortune. A joker tried to fool the cart with a copper piece filed down to the size of a silver, but a big padded boot popped out of the side and kicked him in the fork, to general laughter. The sandwiches are good and all the fortunes are favorable. What could go wrong?



6  
An unknown Gate has been discovered in a storeroom of one of the city buildings. It leads to a similar room in the capital of an adjacent kingdom. It would be very valuable if anyone could figure out its rule; so far, it has allowed only the two buildings’ janitors to pass through.



7

Everyone who drank light ale at the Lucky Goat last night became as strong as an ox for a few hours. Fortunately, it's a peaceful tavern, and there were no brawls, but a lot of solid oak furniture was splintered by experimental kicks and punches. The cask of ale is empty now, and maybe that's for the best. What if this were to happen at the Diamond Axe? Or, fates forfend, the Jawbone?



8

Strange events . . . Roll 1d:

- 1, 2 – No insects were seen anywhere around town yesterday, not even the flies in the street and the bees in the hives. Today they are all back.
- 3, 4 – Accidental, seemingly unrelated tragedies have overtaken the healers in three adjacent villages. Clearly, at least one healer is needed, but is there also a mystery to solve?
- 5, 6 – An outbreak of borer beetles has reduced an entire village to sawdust.



9

A bucket of green paint has been stolen, along with other random items, from a hoarder's home. What the thieves probably did not know is that the bucket had \$900 in silver dumped into the bottom, under the paint. If any of that money is spent, it will probably still have flecks of green on it. But maybe the thief just wanted to repaint his house?



10

Mysterious high winds have knocked down dozens of trees in nearby forests. Villagers salvaging a fallen oak for firewood found a skeleton in full plate in a crypt among the roots. How did she get there? Would there be interesting findings at other fallen trees? Was the wind natural?



11

Everyone who knows their numbers is sure that there is supposed to be something between 22 and 24, but no one can recall what it might be. A master of the Scholars' Guild tried to work his way back from 46 but collapsed and took to his bed, raving about the Law of Fives.



12

There's probably nothing important here . . . Roll 1d:

- 1, 2 – In the tavern just last night, someone had a talking sword. But it would only talk to those who had been drinking heavily. Nobody remembers what it said.
- 3, 4 – Sometimes when old Giles sneezes, a silver piece comes out of his nose.
- 5, 6 – People who go to sleep in public places are waking up without their hair!



13

The people of this village warn you excitedly that you must not say a certain word, lest you be snatched away by demons. But they are afraid to give you a hint about what you must not say, or even act it out, lest you blurt out the deadly word right in front of them.



14

Posted on the walls of this district are woodcut flyers with a map of the main buildings of the town, with circles around three guildhouses. But the flyers are in a completely unknown language, if language it is. If the party goes out immediately, they will find one of the flyers, and the story is true. Even the letters are unfamiliar, though there are a few things that look like actual numbers, including one that could be read as tomorrow's date.



15

This village has one streetlight, faithfully lit every evening by the mayor's son. Now someone has yarn-bombed it with a beautiful crocheted dragon. It's a local holiday, times are good, and everyone is pleased at the addition. When you go to admire it, you detect magic.



16

You hear repeatedly about a beautiful cat-girl who danced on the bar last night at the Sleepy Bear. But the bartender and customers at the Bear know nothing about it, except that they are tired of the questions. If you ask the old fiddle-player when he comes in of an evening, he'll give you the same denial, but then he will dredge up a memory . . . he says that such a thing happened, but it must have been 20 years ago.



17

Tavern tales . . . Roll 1d:

- 1-3 – A local tavern has invented a new bar snack by slicing potatoes thinly and frying them in fat. So far, everyone has had at least two.
- 4-6 – A patron of this tavern is so strong that he can lift a bench with three men on it. Some say he is using magic, others say he is just powerful. He is not a warrior; in fact, he is a master goldsmith.



18

It must be magic. Roll 1d:

- 1, 2 – In a village to the west lives an 8-year-old girl who turns into a beautiful silver bird when the full moon is visible by day.
- 3, 4 – A woodsman tells you about an ax his brother has had for years. It never requires sharpening and it doesn't throw chips – they just vanish.
- 5, 6 – A magic hat that lets you eat rocks? How amazing. How was its power discovered? And who wants to eat rocks anyway?



Strange tales from the hinterlands! Roll 1d:

1, 2 – Thieves broke into the home of Farmer Goodhand and broke his daughter's piggy bank, stealing her coppers. No sooner had they stepped out the door than they were chased down and slain by a wild boar.

3, 4 – In the forest not far away is an apple tree that flowers in fall and fruits in winter.

5, 6 – There is a village to the east where everyone has red hair, even the goblins.



Easy money, or too good to be true? Roll 1d:

1, 2 – Ambrosia mushrooms have been sprouting in a forest not too far from here. A gatherer could make his fortune in a day, they say, if he didn't eat them himself . . . and could avoid being robbed.

3, 4 – The Goblins are holding a contest to add a new word to their language. The winner will receive 100 gold pieces!

5, 6 – In the province of Lasaak, the harvest was so good this year that the lord sent his tax collectors around with little bags of silver to *give* to all the people.



Unusual visitors! Roll 1d:

1, 2 – The Scholar's Guild has an interesting guest: a gargoyle from the north, who seems cleverer than most humans and disputes philosophy with the scholars.

3, 4 – A mountebank in the marketplace can build a house of cards as tall as he is. He can do it with any cards, and has won quite a bit of money by getting people to bet against him.

5, 6 – A strange flight of geese landed at a farm pond north of town. At least, they looked like geese. But they sang like larks, and they killed a cow and ate a surprising amount of it before they flew north.



Some tales grow in the telling! Roll 1d:

1-3 – A farmer's son climbed up a huge cow and found three magic beans, which, planted, grew into giants. Or something like that.

4-6 – Someone keeps starting rumors that Silas the Miser hid his treasure in thus-and-so a place. Two houses and two shops have now been torn up by searchers.



The incidence of failing Gates in the city has become much higher than usual, and trade is being affected. Already, the word is out that wizards with knowledge of Gate spells can find employment here at a good rate. But why is this all happening? Will the guards have to examine every would-be traveler to check for hidden Gate-Seals?



The hazards of magic . . . Roll 1d:

1-3 – The Alchemist's Guild has been replaced by a smoking hole in the ground. This is not unusual. What is unusual is that the building appears to have been moved 500 feet west, with no damage, and the alchemists say it has always been there.

4-6 – A local wizard created a quart jug that will pour out 5 gallons of lemonade for each lemon you put into it. His son put in a frog.



Tales of marvelous beasts! Roll 1d:

1-3 – A shop on this street has a watch-cat that will meow loudly at strange noises. Last week someone tried to break in and the cat attacked viciously and drove them off. Yes, a *cat*. Her kittens are now in great demand.

4-6 – A peddler just came into town with the hugest pack-beast anyone has ever seen; it looks kind of “horsy” but is 12 feet high at the shoulder. It follows his old nag faithfully and acts like she’s the boss horse. (GM note: It’s an Indri – p. *ITL* 89.)



Do not trouble the wizards; no good comes of it. Roll 1d:

1, 2 – It is said that most of the local mages have feathers in places normally hidden by their robes. This one is difficult to verify.

3, 4 – A wizard at a nearby inn was plagued by flies in his drink, so he gave the barkeep a long tongue and an appetite to match. The barkeep no longer speaks in croaks, but neither are there flies around that inn.

5, 6 – A wizard has found a way to trap a full-sized Slime in a tiny potion bottle. Do not drink this. Really.



Farmers found a meteor and sold it to a blacksmith; meteoric iron brings a good price. But this turned out not to be iron. The smith doesn’t recognize it. It can be worked exactly like iron, and holds a finer edge, but it’s a glimmering blue-silver in color. Weapons made from this metal will have a +1 to damage.



A former master of the Scholars’ Guild, locked in a tower there for weeks “for his own protection,” has escaped. He believes that the world is round and the chickens are our true masters, and can debate the matter persuasively . . . but when confronted by dumplings, he becomes violent.



The coins of this town are enchanted so that their weight is equal to the square of the quantity in close proximity (so having 2 coins weighs the same as 4 coins elsewhere, having 20 coins weighs the same as 400 elsewhere, and so on). It is said that a mechanician is close to completing a perpetual motion machine based on these coins.



Signs of the end times? Roll 1d:

1, 2 – A new mark has appeared on the Moon, though only keen eyes can see it.

3, 4 – The Prootwaddles are coming! The Prootwaddles are coming!

5, 6 – Outside the city are four ancient standing stones. But last week there were just two, and before that, as long as anyone can recall, there was just one.





Surely these stories cannot be connected . . . Roll 1d:

- 1 – Someone has bought up all the blue dye in the whole city!
- 2 – The local cats are getting unnaturally large.
- 3 – All the sundials here seem to read an hour faster than expected.
- 4-6 – All of the above!



In the district to the north, the natural habits of the races are turned all sideways. The Elves live underground, and the Dwarves are foresters. The Guard is formed of centaurs, some ridden by swashbuckling halflings. Most of the townspeople are peaceable Orcs, and savage humans live in the caverns. The traveling merchants are Goblins in bright wagons (as elsewhere, known for their total honesty). And some Prootwaddles, somehow, are said to be wizards!



Geography is hard, and physics is harder. Roll 1d:

- 1-3 – A large island off the coast is definitely moving toward the mainland. The mathematical scholars say that if it keeps up its current speed, it will “strike” in less than two years.
- 4-6 – A local well has gone dry. No one can see the bottom, or reach it with a rope, or hear any sound when a rock is tossed in. Sweet-smelling smoke emerges, but only at night. No one wants to go down to look.



Prootwaddle jokes are popular here. In an hour, you hear:

- How many Prootwaddles does it take to nock an arrow? Three, one to hold the nock against the string and the other two to string the bow.
- Why didn't the Prootwaddle cross the road? He decided to go around it.
- Why wouldn't the Prootwaddle eat the potato? Because it had eyes!



Glad tidings, indeed! Or maybe not. Roll 1d:

- 1-3 – This has happened several times recently. At a horribly early hour in the morning, when all is dark, happy children's voices are heard around a house, calling “Doom! Doom!” with an occasional “All is lost!”
- 4-6 – A crystal skull has appeared in the middle of the road. It curses loudly at anyone who approaches. The villagers fear to touch it, but their children are learning a lot of new words . . .



Different places, different customs. Roll 1d:

- 1-2 – The entire population of this village uses stubby stilts to walk around (or is carried by someone else); they seem horrified that outsiders fail to do so, but offer no concrete reasons why.
- 3-4 – There is a town far to the east where building with stone is forbidden, nor are there cobblestones in the streets. Not even a millstone is to be found there.
- 5-6 – Members of the Mortuary Guild in this region are also its tax collectors.



37

All right-thinking people hope these customs will not spread. Roll 1d:

1-3 – In a far kingdom known for the excellence of its swords, the final cooling of a tempered blade is accomplished by thrusting it into the body of a prisoner. (This rumor is not unique to Cidri.)

4-6 – There is a town in which babies are sacrificed to a dark god in an unspeakable rite, but they always show up in their cribs the next day, whole and happy.



38

Make an IQ roll if you like, but you will be no wiser. Roll 1d:

1-3 – You hear a rumor that all rumors are false, including this one. Then you hear a rumor that the first rumor was started by the Logicians' Guild to drum up business. As far as you know, there is no Logicians' Guild.

4-6 – Fribble meet gormish old noom who gunder a peep interesting volinus story, twim you snerp only pibble every blig word toffin says. Olnibarbo doesn't dimp.



39

What is unseen is as important as what is seen! Roll 1d:

1, 2 – There is a constellation only visible from the fields of one secluded village.

3, 4 – The entrance to a nearby dungeon can be found only by those who first refrain from speaking for a full week.

5, 6 – All the citizens of this town wear long, billowy cloaks.



40

Sometimes Cidri is very like our own world. Roll 1d:

1-3 – A merchant has had the idea of what he calls an "express package service" between this town and the next. He is hiring riders and buying good horses. He'd like to find a roc!

4-6 – A convention of dungeon-delvers is scheduled for next month, not far away. Some of the speakers sound very interesting, and there will be a dealer room.



41

People to meet, perhaps! Roll 1d:

1, 2 – The daughter of this seaside village's blacksmith is said to be able to hold her breath underwater for over 10 minutes.

3, 4 – An otherwise nondescript person in the tavern lets slip that he's a demon. Everyone else in town confirms that – yes – to their understanding, he is a demon.

5, 6 – A wizard in town has a magical pendant that always points directly toward the sun.



42

Marvels of nature! Roll 1d:

1-3 – When butterflies disappear at night, they are escorting the souls of the dead to another place. This sounds like a religious belief, but the person who tells the PCs about it is presenting it as a newly-learned fact about butterflies . . .

4-6 – The mundane-seeming spiders in this region are said to be immortal and to have long memories.



43

Most people in this town wear drab shades. Some add bright accents of varying colors. When you enter, the guards caution you to moderate your attire. Every color is a political statement of some kind, and you have no idea what you are saying with your red cloak and blue sash. But you can be sure that everyone around you is noticing!



44

Local folk beliefs. Is this lost wisdom?  
Roll 1d:

1, 2 – Dragons will not approach a person who is clucking like a chicken, unless of course he has gold.

3, 4 – If you fight a gargoyle your hiccups will be cured.

5, 6 – If you sleep with a raw oyster in each hand, one of your dreams will come true.



45

Political science? Roll 1d:

1-3 – The archery tournament scheduled for tomorrow will determine who will rule the village for the next year. All are welcome to enter.

4-6 – The lord of the next city over is said to have ruled for 128 years, and he still looks like he's in his 40s. He does not seem to be notably wise or particularly good or evil; nor do people speak of mysterious practices by the dark of the moon. He's just old.



46

You can sometimes get free healing at the Physickers' Guild if you are willing to let the apprentices practice on you. Under the supervision of a master, of course. The more unusual your ailment, the more interesting the Guild will find you. Almost no one dies under the care of the apprentices, but there have been interesting side effects.



47

Anything thrown down the well in the village of Orsyn will fall, as from a great height, into the nearby marketplace. The exception was little Timi, who was merely stuck there for hours until his dog brought help. But Timi's shoes fell into the marketplace and hit a visiting trader, who started a fight, and was locked up in the mayor's cellar until a dwarf came to pay his fines. In the dwarf's beard were ten things. You will not believe #7 . . . The story can be spun out as long as someone will listen.



48

Interesting meetings. Roll 1d:

1, 2 – A battered but sturdy old warrior, with his squire, tells you that they are looking for the Holy Grail.

3, 4 – A tinkerer is selling doll heads from a cart. All of them register as faintly magical.

5, 6 – A Mechanician has built a device that crawls along the floor and can solve mazes. He wants someone to take it underground and test it in a labyrinth.





## Marvels of nature! Roll 1d:

1, 2 – A Halfling woodsman is telling of a female cougar he saw make a kill. She obviously had kittens . . . and she was a beautiful bright purple with darker purple spots that shimmered in the sun.

3, 4 – An unusual flower has bloomed in a lord's conservatory. A name appears on the blossom. It is, in fact, the name of one of the PCs.

5, 6 – The fish caught in the river here are delicious when cooked. This does not seem unusual, but the party hears it three times, from different people, in voices of confiding wonder.



## Is there more here than meets the eye? Roll 1d:

1, 2 – In a nearby village, everyone has lost their sense of humor. They are still perfectly pleasant, but they don't get jokes any more, and they don't laugh.

3, 4 – The local noble never visits this little village. Neither did his father. Why?

5, 6 – Every day of the week ends in the letter Y. This has to mean something!



## Local attractions . . . Roll 1d:

1, 2 – The Crimson Cow tavern has a new coffee punch that gives you wings. Useless, flappy little wings that last about two hours.

3, 4 – It's said that anything dropped in the bottomless pit in the center of town will return tenfold some day to the person who dropped it.

5, 6 – There is a small breed of dog here with retractable claws. They can and do climb trees.



## Wizards take note! Roll 1d:

1-3 – The family who owns this isolated inn claim that it was built in another kingdom entirely, in their grandfathers' time, and mysteriously moved to its current location. They further claim that it was somehow in both places at once for about a week.

4-6 – Last Wednesday afternoon, magic quit working in this town and at least two nearby villages. It came back sometime early Thursday morning. Needless to say, the wizard, and the guilds that use craft magic, are all a-twitter, as indeed they should be.



## Perhaps this place is more dangerous than it seems. Roll 1d:

1, 2 – The lord is hiring tax collectors. No one knows what became of the last two. (The men who tell you this elbow each other and grin.)

3, 4 – If you are in the woods at night, and you hear a sound like trumpets coming from underground, run as fast as you can!

5, 6 – Two towns over, in the cemetery, graves are being found open. If a watch is set, nothing happens, but otherwise one or two are found empty each morning.



In this town, many families have great blue parrots as pets. The birds talk, of course, and while they speak sentences by rote, they also seem to know the meanings of many individual words, and squawk them appropriately. The birds fly freely about the town but always return home. They enjoy fruit, but if upset they have a nasty bite (1d-4 damage) and keen loudly. Anything that offends a parrot will upset the townsfolk.



55  
What an interesting place! Roll 1d:

1-3 - The innkeeper sells “invisibility water” from a clear glass cask. No one has ever seen anyone buy the expensive brew, but the quantity of liquid seems to be lower each time regulars visit the tavern.

4-6 - This town has a building where people are allowed to borrow books and scrolls, free of charge! Items are typically loaned for two to three weeks, and returning borrowed items is on the honor system. What madness is this?!



56  
Music hath charms; this is well known. Roll 1d:

1-3 - It's said that singing in the nearby dungeon will reveal possible sources of great wealth. The louder the singing, the deeper into the dungeon it will go; the *better* the singing, the more accurate the directions.

4-6 - A prophecy has it that the local beast of ill omen can only be defeated by blows from musical instruments.



57  
There is more to religion than mortal man can know. Roll 1d:

1-3 - The leaders of this belief are incredibly helpful to adventurers . . . almost *too* helpful. Do they have an ulterior motive?

4-6 - A nearby village is troubled by a cult that reveres spoons as the sign of their evil demon master. Do not mention or exhibit a spoon there. You will either be lynched, or invited to a cult ceremony.



58  
“Oh, a dog is a faithful companion, all right. But they get the dirty end of the stick. I had an adventuring dog that . . . (roll 1d):

1, 2 - was found skinned and full of gravel.”

3, 4 - became infested with little flea-sized men, and he protected them!”

5, 6 - was snatched by a leopard.”



59  
Everyone in the tavern insists this is true. Roll 1d:

1-3 - A villager saw three sheep fall down and split open. Creatures like giant dragonflies emerged. They flew high into the sky on rainbow wings and vanished. Of course, that creates a new mystery.

4-6 - The local wisewoman is not a wizard; everyone agrees on that. But she has been seen and heard talking with shadows, and they answered! Apparently they give her good advice, too.



60  
If you enter the next town, they will levy a tax on . . . (roll 1d):

1 - horses and mules.

2 - all shoes and boots in your possession.

3 - anyone who does *not* carry a weapon.

4 - puns.

5 - money and jewels.

6 - anyone whose name includes the letter T.



#### GBR 1

The garrison at Castle Ironskull is nourished and fed by the Eternal Goat, a living artifact that will regenerate body parts carved from it: the garrison can never be starved out. Once a year, the Goat must be fed . . . and it has peculiar appetites. A villager has gone missing, and her friends look to the keep for answers and blame.



#### GBR 2

An auction for a magnificent, powerful, and valuable magic item is to be held in three weeks' time at Castle Ironskull. Details change with the telling: a diadem of dragon summoning, a holy axe, and a blood-drinking sword have all been mentioned. Nobles gather to claim the item, and scheme to take it by force if they lose!



#### GBR 3

Travelers have encountered priests and priestesses of Enok on pilgrimages to the remote Icy Temple of Enok, supposedly carved into a mighty glacier. The "True Spirit of Enok," rather than the corrupt and greedy Elders of the main temple, inhabits that lonely outpost. The truly faithful wish to journey there; the powerful hierarchy of Enok is feeling vengeful.



#### GBR 4

The path to the hidden island of Costora, long considered so dangerous as to preclude even landing, was cursed and unapproachable for hundreds of years. Rumors spread of new expeditions to the cursed isle, seeking the plunder of 1,000 raids . . . and the fabled Blade of Dawn. None have returned with blade or treasures in centuries; surely this time it will be different!



#### GBR 5

A contingent of mercenaries from Ironskull Castle are marching to a location reputed to contain a valuable magical or historical item (which may or may not belong to someone else). Draw a treasure card: that's the goal. The Indhyna League wants it too, as do aspiring adventurers. Who will snatch up the item first . . . and who has the might to keep it?



## The Fantasy Trip™ Rumors

Notes:

