

A SWORDED ADVENTURE



BY KEN ST. ANDRE

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A SWORDED ADVENTURE



**IMAGINED BY KEN ST. ANDRE
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ULLERY**

TROLLHALLA PRESS

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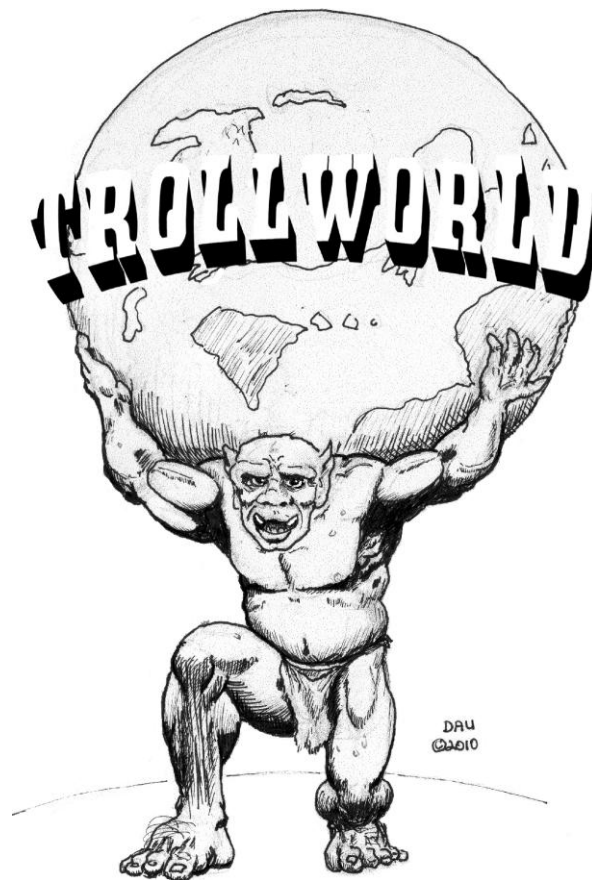
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The 2011 version has been expanded, partially re-written, and completely re-illustrated to be compatible with all editions of Tunnels and Trolls

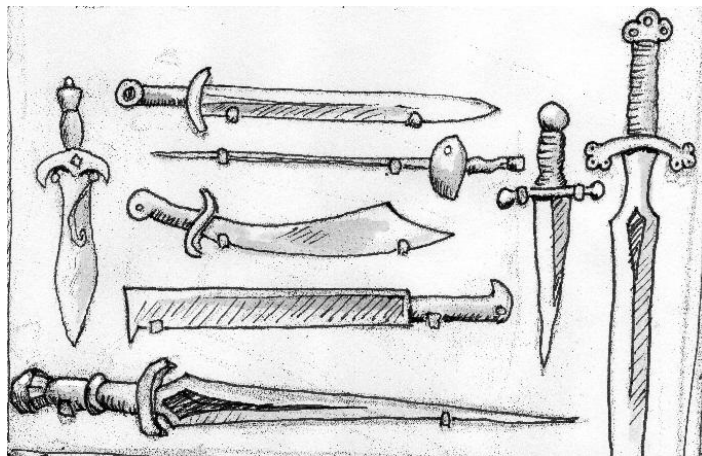


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Introduction

To play this adventure you will need pen or pencil, scratch paper, several 6-sided dice (called D6 from here on) and perhaps the Tunnels and Trolls rules, edition 7.5 or 5.5.

Adventurers don't spend all their time exploring caves, dungeons, and wilderness. Sometimes they are inside a city when strange things happen. This adventure is for a human swordsman/warrior with 50 combat adds or less. Since it takes place in the City of Khazan you may need the Naked Doom or Arena of Khazan solitaire modules to continue your adventure. If you are referred to one of those modules, and you do not own it, then use the alternate suggestion given in the paragraph that made the reference.



START HERE: With sword at your side, you decide to stroll through the Great Bazaar of Khazan. If you are carrying more than 50 gold pieces, you wander aimlessly through the Bazaar, looking at the weapon and armorers' stalls. **Go to <23>**. If you have less than 50 GP, poverty is not your only problem. **Go to <6>**.



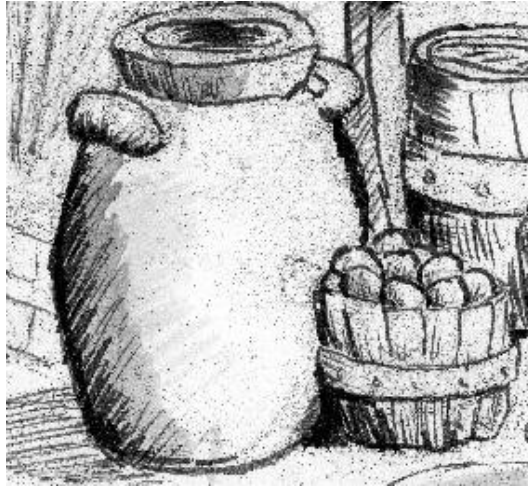
<1> Khordolon tells you to come back tomorrow afternoon and he'll have your sword for you. You have a few gold pieces left over, and besides, you know a ticket taker - so you head off to catch the evening show at the Arena. Marek of Phoron Isle is scheduled to face some wizard, and you ought to be able to make a few coins by betting on the foreigner. After all, he's already won 8 fights. **THE END**.

<2> Unfortunately, it lands on your head, not in your arms. You take 4D6 worth of damage to your CON regardless of armor. The wagon driver goes "Uh, oh!" and whips his mules to a

faster pace, trying to vacate the scene. If this has slain you, it is **THE END**. If your CON has been reduced to less than 10, **go to <14>**. If your CON is still 10 or greater, **go to <18>**.



<3> He apologizes for being so clumsy and swiftly begins to move away. You stand there for a minute with a dumb smile on your face and wonder how anyone could be so oafish. But something doesn't feel right. You slap at the leather case on your hip where your pouch of gold rests, and it's empty. "Stop, thief!" you cry, but he only begins to run faster. With a bellow of rage you rush after him, knocking several people out of your way as you go. As you continue to yell, hands start clutching at him, but he draws a dagger and begins to flail about, which makes the crowd withdraw rapidly. Then he bursts free of the throng, and dodging between two wagons he crosses Bear Street to vanish among the mud hovels on the other side. If you wish to give up the chase, **go to <27>**. If you'll never give up while he has your money, **go to <10>**.

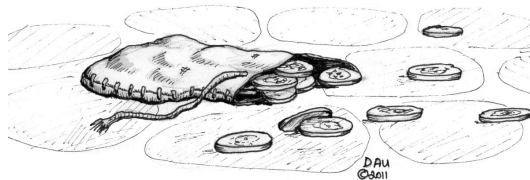


<4> He makes a beeline out of the Bazaar, leaving a wake of angry shoved people behind. Your pushy exit, hot on his heels, doesn't help the situation any. You knock a fat, man out of your way. He falls into a booth full of tomatoes and flattens it (and many of them, thus inventing tomato juice). The middle-aged harridan who was running the stall falls on him and begins to hit and kick him. A small riot develops behind you, but you have now come out onto Bear Street. **Go to <10>**.

<5> You come to a skidding halt. Tombs and cemeteries have always been the stronghold of your old arch-nemesis, Yugded, the Necromancer. It's probably just a coincidence that the thief fled in here, but why tempt fate? It's only gold. You turn, and whistling a doleful dirge, stroll back to your room on Manticore Street. You get 1 AP for each gold piece lost (up to 500 AP). And this is **THE END**.



<6> The sun has already dipped behind the Arena walls as you walk grimly along Market Street beside the Great Bazaar. Riding in the scabbard at your hip is what looks like a sword, but is in reality only a hilt and two pieces of broken blade. You can't really afford a new weapon, but as a warrior you can't afford to be without one. Khordolon the Dwarf might be able to reforge your fragments into a weapon that will see you through to better times. Make a first level saving roll on Luck (20-LK). If you make it, **go to <25>**. If you miss it, **go to <20>**.

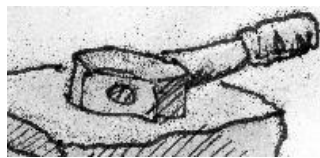


<7> You shrug. It's only gold - there's always more where that came from. Take 1 AP for each gold coin lost (max. 500 AP). As an avalanche of human vultures scrabbles after your money, you stagger out of the Bazaar and over to the Blue Frog Tavern. You could use a friendly face and a tasty drink, and Lucky the one-eyed, one-legged bartender owes you a few favors, so your credit will be good there. Tomorrow will be soon enough to start adventuring again. **THE END.**

<8> His cowardly attempt to incapacitate only angers you, protected as you are. You hit him three or four times until he can no longer stand up. Then, throwing him over your shoulder, you make your way to the Grand Kiosk in the center of the Bazaar. The uruk on duty receives the prisoner, gets your name in case he has to summon you to court, chains the thief to a pole along with half a dozen others that have been caught today, and pays you 10 gold pieces for making a citizen's arrest. You resume your journey. **Go to <28>.**



<9> “You'll never take me alive, Frog-Face,” you bellow, and pull out your sword. Caught off guard, the Uruk can only shove the fishwife onto your blade to avoid being carved. He pulls his own weapon and defends himself while he's shouting for help. The uruk warrior has armor that takes 8 hits (doubled he's a warrior) normally, and is armed with a falchion (4D6+4). He gets 6 adds in combat, and has a CON of 15. Fight! If he kills you in less than 3 combat turns, it's **THE END**. If you kill him in 3 combat turns or less, go to <19>. If the fight lasts 4 combat turns or longer, **go to <16>**.



<10> You leap across Bear Street and into an alley. Thirty feet ahead you see the thief turn a corner, and you continue your pursuit. The chase goes on this way for several minutes as he twists and turns through the stinking narrow lanes, but he can't elude you. A horde of mongrel dogs that live in these poor streets have been disturbed by the commotion, and now they are out, chasing the both of you, nipping at your heels and thighs as you run. He flails with his dagger and you with a sword to beat the curs

back.



Throwing himself over one last wall, he leaves this ragged section of town, and dashes across the Great Khazan Road. You follow him, too winded to yell any longer as he turns onto Golden Avenue, runs down it, and then vanishes through the Main Gate into the Old Heroes Cemetery. You arrive at the gateway and look inside, but see no trace of him. If you intend to follow him into the cemetery, **go to <22>**. If you want to give up the chase now, **go to <5>**.

<11> You arrive at Khordolon's stall to find the Dwarf closing down for the day. He tells you he'll reforge the blade tomorrow for 40 gold pieces, but he can't guarantee it against Dragons, Trolls, or Plate Armor. If you're willing and able to pay that fee, **go to <1>**. If that's too steep for you, **go to <30>**.

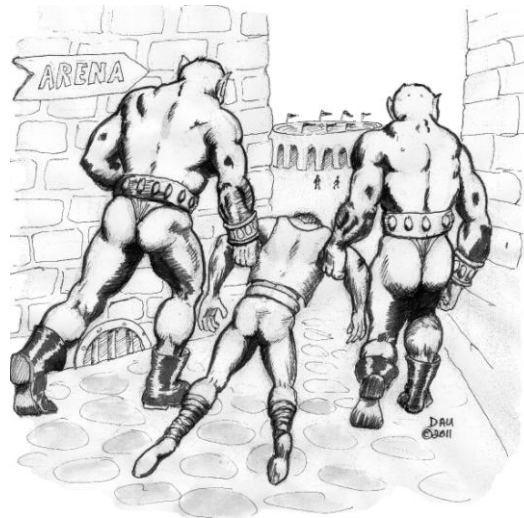
<12> Your brawny hand closes about the thief's arm, and as you lift it up everyone can see your coin pouch in his fingers. "That's an old one, you dog," you snarl, and as you bring your other hand up to smash him in the face, he lets the pouch drop, tears his arm free and lances his fingers into your throat. If you're wearing a full set of armor, **go to <8>**. If not, **go to <26>**.

<13> A human avalanche of gold-hungry scavengers descends on you. Take whatever you missed your saving roll by in damage to your CON. Armor doesn't help at all with this attack. If that kills you, it's **THE END**. If you still live, you feel several ribs and the bones in one hand break before you pass out. **Go to <14>**.



<14> You were knocked senseless and are badly hurt. You wake up in the Khazan City Hospital with an uruk nurse beaming garbage-breath into your face. When the doctor comes to see you, you learn that your injuries were very serious, but that he has enchanted you back to health, and his fee will be 1000 gold pieces.

When he learns you can't pay, he turns nasty, rings a bell, and smirks as two troll orderlies come in and grab you. They haul you off to the Pits beneath the Arena of Khazan, where you can work off your bill by fighting 3 fights. Do not use this character again until you have fought your 3 fights in the **Arena of Khazan**. (You may use your own weapons - you're not a slave.) **THE END.**



[If you do not have access to the **Arena of Khazan** module, the Trolls drag you out behind the hospital and then let you go. They are having a good laugh about the Healer who thought he could get 1000 gold pieces from a broken-down old adventurer like you. Breathing a sigh of relief, you head over to the Blue Frog

Tavern to find out what day it is. **THE END.**



<15> The weight of a barrel full of water staggers you, but you manage to catch it. The wagon driver asks you to help him load it back on top, where he ties it down more carefully this time. He offers you a gold piece for your trouble and goes on his way. You go on yours. **Go to <11>.**



<16> Extra uruk guards come up and beat you into submission with the flats of their halberds. When you wake up, you are In the Pits of the **Arena of Khazan** sentenced to fight 10 combats in order to regain your freedom. You

start as an Arena slave. Do not use this character again unless you survive your 10 tights in the Arena. **THE END.**

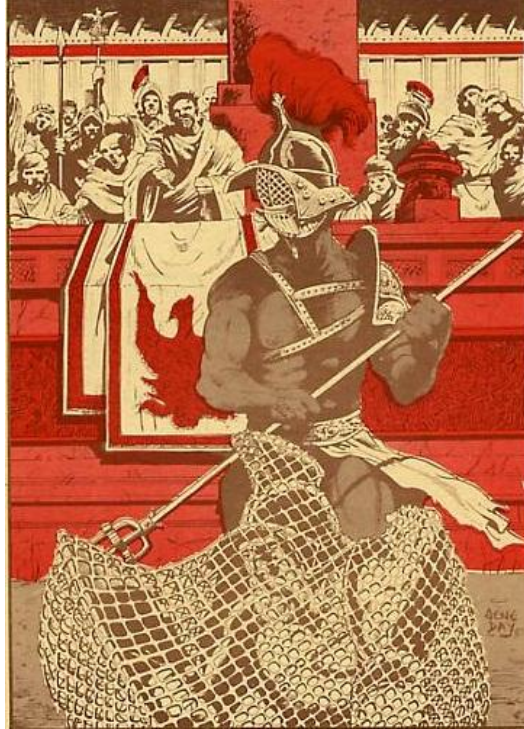
arena of khazan

[If you do not have the **Arena of Khazan** module, the Uruks beat you up, take all your money and weapons, and hold you in a jail cell for a week. When they get tired of looking at you, they throw you out on the street. You may take 1 A.P. for each gold piece that you lost in this fashion plus 100 A.P. for the loss of weapons and armor. You head off to the Blue Frog Tavern to look for a loan and a possible adventure to go on. **THE END.**]

<17> The fishwife gets no satisfaction. and you get taken off to jail, where you are sentenced to fight 3 combats in the **Arena of Khazan**, but as a free man (which means you got to use your own equipment). Do not use this character again until you have fought those 3 fights. **THE END.**



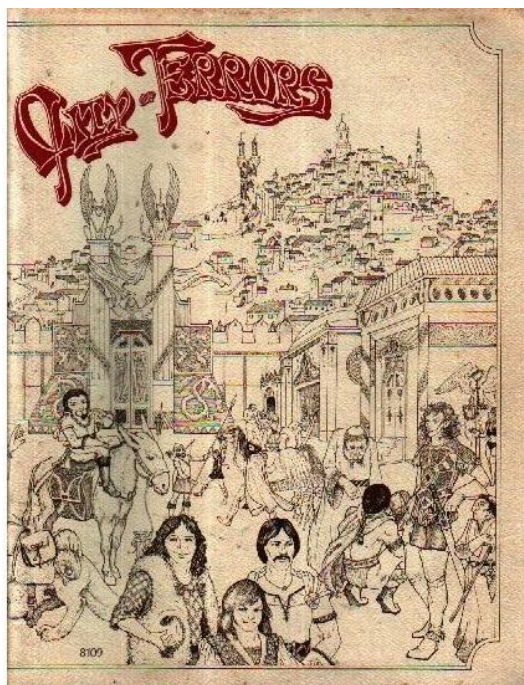
[If you do not have the **Arena of Khazan** module, you spend 3 days working on the City's Waste Removal Squad, which enables you to earn enough money to pay off the fishwife and exit with 10 gold pieces in your pocket. You do such a good job that the foreman offers you a full time job, but you turn him down. You would rather be an adventurer than a garbage man. With a little money in your pocket you resume your interrupted stroll to the marketplace--go to <6>.]



<18> You're hurt, but you're tough. You can either grit your teeth and stagger off to see Khordolon, or grit your teeth and stagger off to the Khazan City Hospital. If you go to the Bazaar, **go to <30>**. If you go to the Hospital, **go to <14>** and ignore the first sentence.



<19> Having disposed of the uruk, you realize your life is no longer worth a copper piece in the city of Khazan, and so you flee. You get 50 A.P. for slaying the uruk. You are now an outlaw in Khazan, and if you return to the city your life and freedom will be forfeit. A sea voyage would be good for your health - why don't you adventure next in the **City of Terrors?**

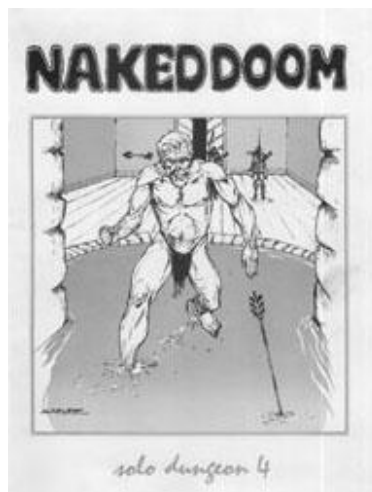


THE END. [If you do not own **City of Terrors**, you may either end the adventure or wander off into any other solitaire adventure that you do own.]



<20> “Look out!” You look up from your thoughts and see a heavy barrel falling on you from atop a stack of such barrels on a wagon. Without time to dodge or think, you try to reach up and catch it. Make a L3-SR on Strength (30 - STR). If you make it, **go to <15>**; if you miss it, **go to <2>**.

<21> As people begin to land on your back and hands in their mad scrabble for your gold, you heave up like an angry bear, smiting to left and right. This starts a fight, which quickly spreads. You whip out your sword. People around you begin to die as you try to fight clear, but before you can manage it, 200 Uruk City Guards come up and demand that everyone surrender. Then, the City Guards go into the throng and arrest everyone with weapons in their hands (including you) because they figure the armed ones are the troublemakers. In court you are found guilty of Disturbing the Peace. As your punishment, either serve 3 fights in the **Arena of Khazan** (as a free man--you get to use your own weapons), or run the Royal Khazan Gauntlet of Justice (better known as **Naked Doom**).



Do not use this character again until you have

completed your sentence. This fight was worth 100 experience points. **THE END**. [If you do not own either module, then the sentence was service in the Khazan Death Horde and you find yourself in the army. Months later you manage to escape from it in a location far from Khazan--you may resume adventuring at that time. For serving in the army roll 1D6 and take 100 times that number in adventure points. **THE END**]

<22> As you prowl among the gravestones in search of your foe, you hear the main gate clang shut, and watch in disbelief as the chain moves by itself to lock it. The air in front of you shimmers and the thief materializes. As it dawns on you that you're facing black sorcery, the earth begins to move and bony fingers pierce the soil to grip your ankles.



The thief sneers, reaches up and grips his greasy brown hair. He rips his face off, revealing beneath the mask the features of your greatest foe, the evil magician known as Yugded. A bolt of blue energy flashes from his hell-red eye sockets to enwrap your muscular form. The sword drops from your strengthless fingers. All around you

now, graves are opening. Moldering corpses and skeletons emerge and shamble toward you. You hear his evil laugh reverberating in your brain, and as the dead fingers drag you down, you realize it is **THE END**.



<23> The sun is halfway to mid-heaven, the crowd in the bazaar begins to thicken, and a brisk ocean breeze freshens the air as you step off Bear Street into the jumble of wooden booths and small shops in the Great Bazaar. The armorers' quarter is over by Bow Street, but it's such a nice morning you thought you'd mingle with the crowds a bit, perhaps buy something for breakfast. A big ugly fellow in ragged clothing is headed in your general direction. Suddenly he seems to stumble and crashes into you. Make a L1SR on Intelligence. If you make it, **go to <12>**. If you miss it, **go to <3>**.

<24> You give up your sword, and the fishwife goes away happy. The uruk warns you not to let it happen again. But the Gods are watching, and

they decide you are unworthy of being a Warrior. They change your class to Rogue! You have been given the ability to learn magic, and you gain the Talent Roguery, but you lose the ability to get double protection value from your armor. You forfeit all Adventure Points, but your attributes remain the same. You may not even realize that this has happened to you until you get into your next adventure. Right now, this is **THE END**.



<25> “Look out!” At the warning you dodge violently to the left. An instant later a heavy barrel of water smashes on the pavement at your feet. It had fallen off a wagon loaded with many barrels of fresh water that was on its way down to the docks. An uruk guardsman stops the wagon driver, a cross-eyed dwarf, and orders him to clean up the mess of broken lumber in the street. You go on your way to the Bazaar. **Go to <11>**.

<26> As you choke and gasp for air (take 1D6+5 hits directly off your CON), he runs for it. Your pouch - which he dropped - breaks open

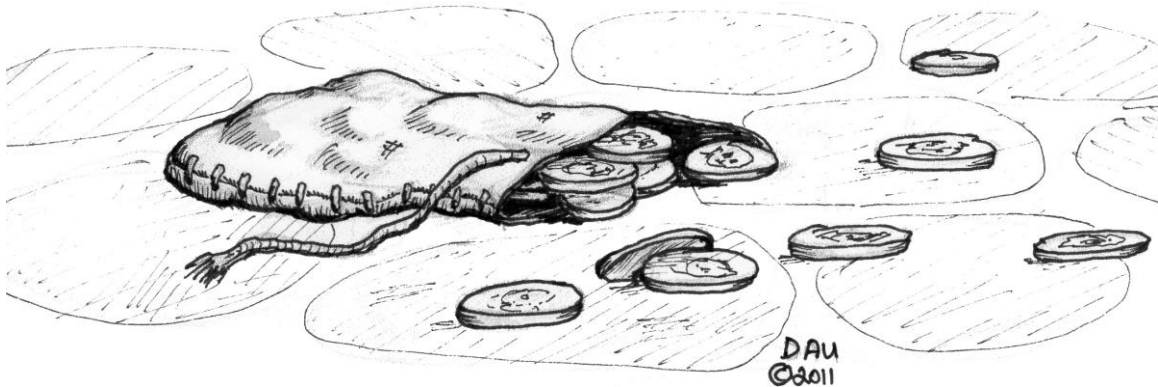
on the hard earth and scatters gold coins among people's feet. If you wish to forfeit the gold and chase the thief, **go to <4>**. If you want to try and get your gold back by dropping to your knees and scrabbling for it along with half a dozen beggar boys and several unscrupulous citizens, **go to <29>**. If you'd rather ignore it all and just limp away, **go to <7>**.

<27> “That’s the man, officer!” shrills a red-faced fishwife that you have never seen before in your life), towing an uruk guard by one hand and pointing at you with the other. “He deliberately knocked me down, and spoiled all my fine fish by scattering them beneath everyone’s feet.”



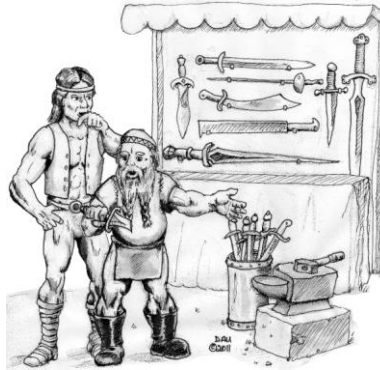
“All right, bruiser,” growls the uruk. “You’re under arrest.” If you let the uruk arrest you, **go to <31>**. If you decide to fight for your freedom, **go to <16>**.

<28> Khordolon is currently acknowledged as the finest weapons maker in Khazan. His swords are especially good, being triple-tempered of the finest Khargish steel. You decide to buy one. (You may have your choice of anything on the Swords list in the 7.5th edition, but don't buy anything that your character cannot afford. The cost is 50% greater than listed, and the weapon will get an extra 3 adds for its superior trenchancy and hardness.) Well content with the day's adventures you wander off for the afternoon show at the Arena. **THE END.**



<29> Some double-damned idiot sings out “Gold! Gold! It’s raining gold over here!” and it seems that every thief, beggar, and idler in the Bazaar descends upon you all at once. “That’s my money!” you shriek, but who’s going to listen to a dumb warrior on his hands and knees? Then you are buried under the avalanche of diving human vultures. Make your L3-SR on

CON (30-CON). if you make it, **go to <21>**. If you miss it, **go to <13>**.



<30> Khordolon tells you the sword is a basket case, and laughs at his own joke. He says he could make a dagger out of it for you, but you could do that yourself. Then he offers to sell you a used magic sword he inherited lately. Only 20 gold coins. The sword is a battered gladius with the runes for flame etched in the rusty blade. Khordolon tells you the sword is enchanted to be fatal to Water Elementals and laughs, because he's never heard of anyone who had to fight a Water Elemental. (Because of its poor condition, the sword is only worth 2 dice + 4 adds, but its merest touch will destroy any Water Elemental.) Buy the sword or not, as you choose, but this is **THE END**.

<31> “But, Officer,” you protest, “I was chasing a man who stole my gold.”

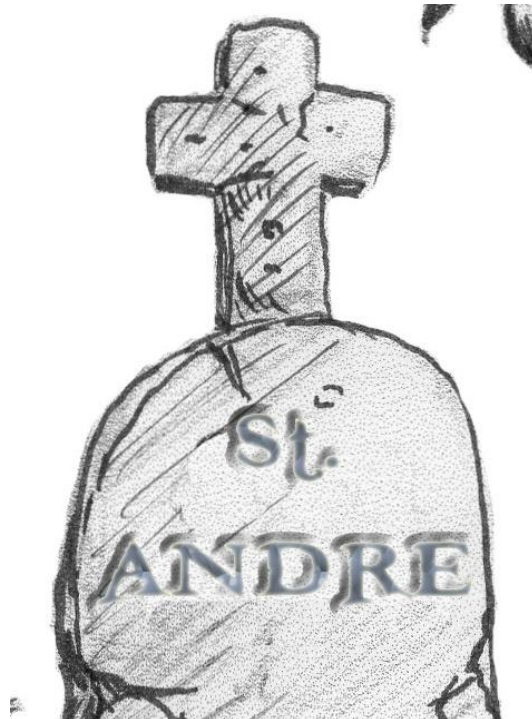
“That doesn't give you the right to batter

ordinary citizens like this woman,” he retorts.
“However, I'll let you go if you make up her loss.”



“I don't have any money,” you answer. “A thief just stole it all.”

“I'll take his sword,” croaks the woman.
“Should be able to hock that for enough to pay for the fish.” If you are willing to forfeit your sword, **go to <24>**. If not, **go to <17>**.



DEEP DELVING



BY KEN ST. ANDRE

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