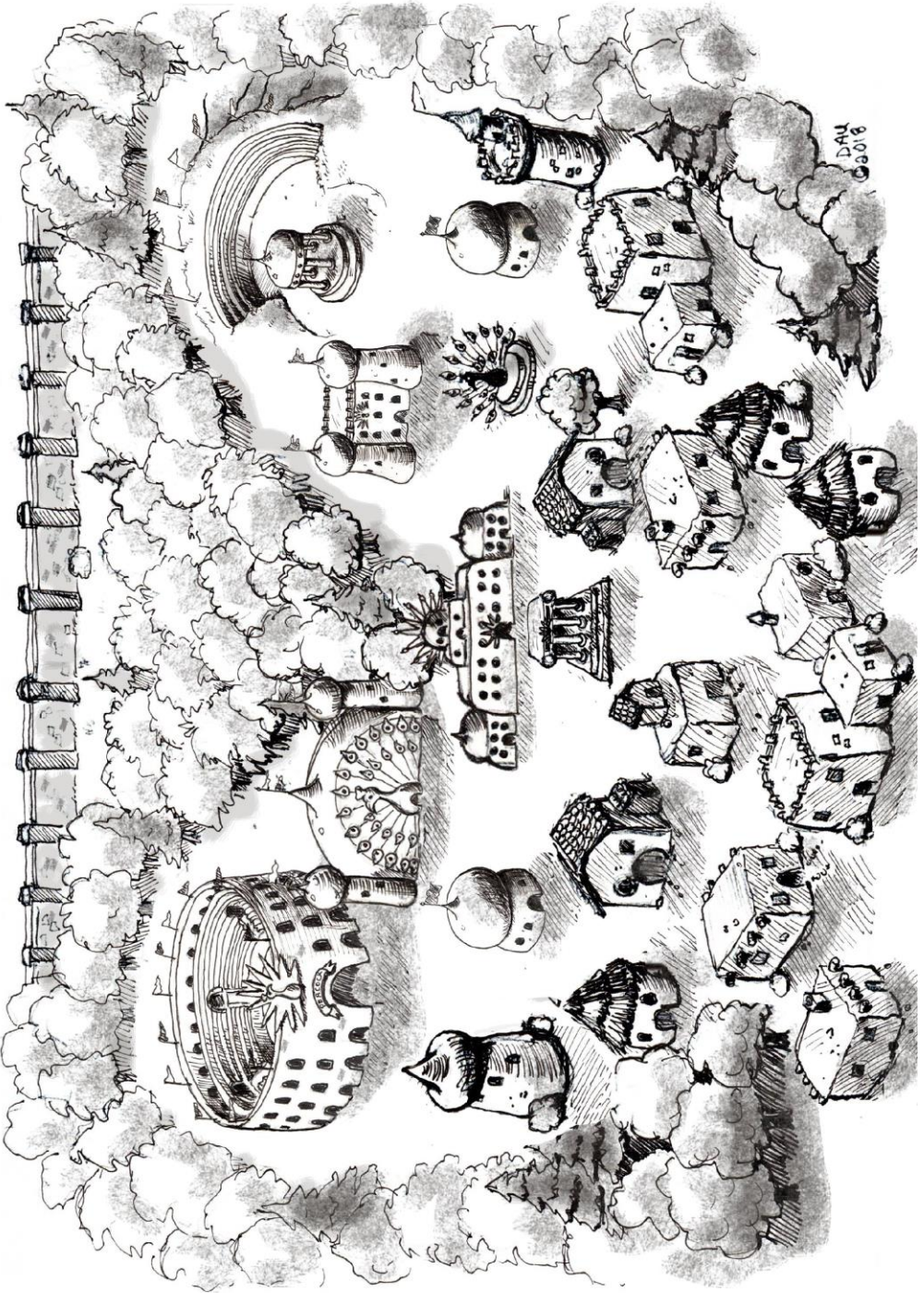


DRAGONS ATTACK X'VEΠΠ

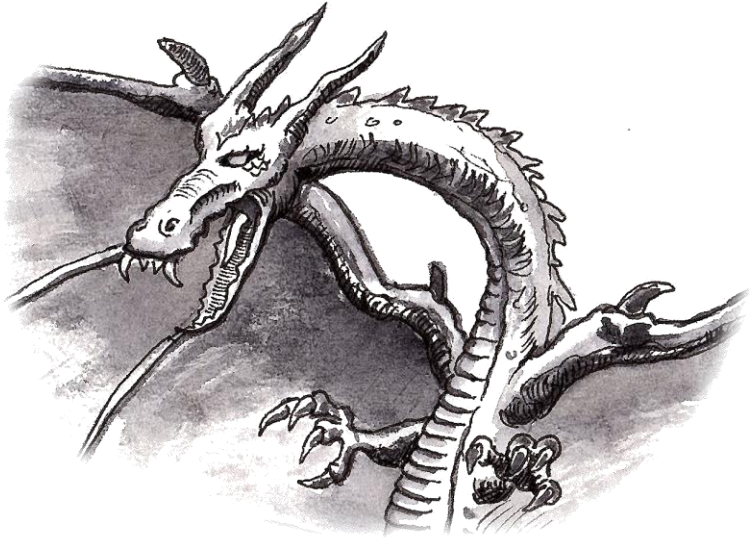


ΚΕΠ ΣΤ. ΑΠΔΡΕ



Dragons Attack X'venn

By
Ken St. Andre



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Introduction

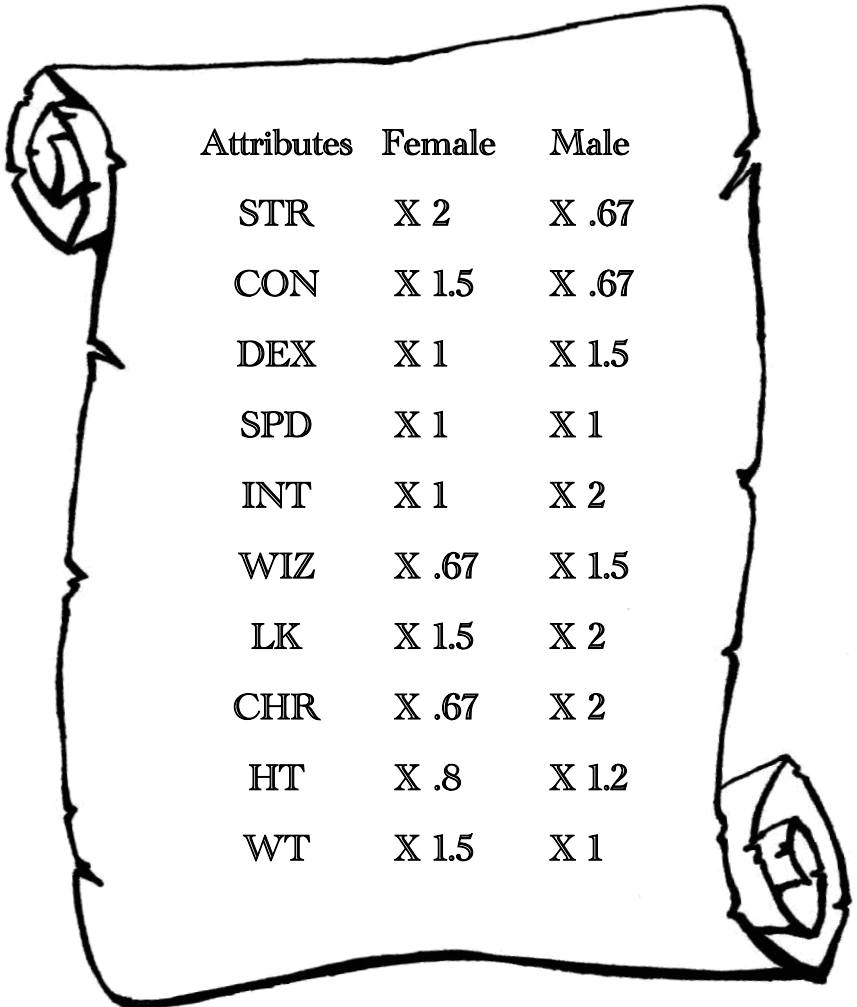
This is an introductory solo adventure set on the new Peacock Continent on Trollworld, and the plan is to give you an idea of what it is like to play Tjouse characters. The Tjouse are an exotic semi-human race where the men are all wizards, and the women are all warriors. Men are thin, effete, and magically powerful. They wear flowing robes and gowns, and they shine with a brilliance brighter than torches in a darkened room. The older and more powerful among them can outshine the mid-day sun if they wish, and cannot be looked at directly with the unprotected eye. Women are stocky, muscular, and completely lacking in magical ability. To play this adventure, you may play either as a man, a woman, or both at the same time.

For the most part, you will be playing by the standard rules of Tunnels and Trolls. There is one big exception--magic is paid for with points from the Charisma attribute, not from the Wizardry attribute. In fact, The Tjouse may not even know they have a Wizardry attribute. You will need one

or two beginning characters in order to play. You may either roll them up yourself, or use the sample characters provided here.

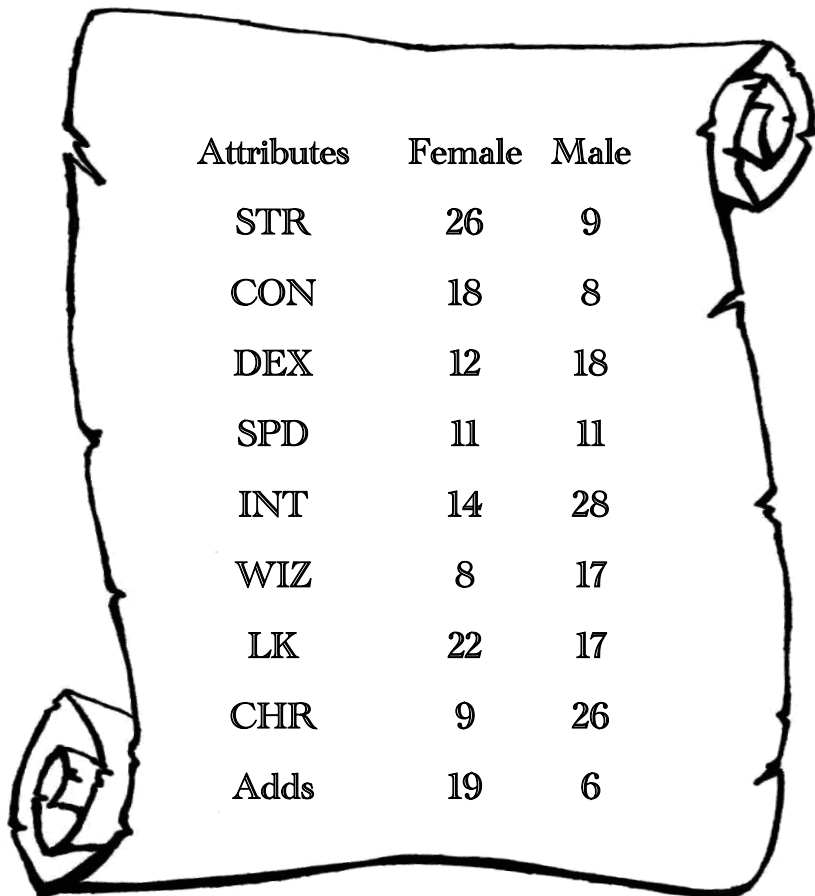
Here is a chart to help you create characters if you wish to make your own. Roll 3D6 to generate each attribute. Remember! Triples add and roll over.

(TARO)



Attributes	Female	Male
STR	X 2	X .67
CON	X 1.5	X .67
DEX	X 1	X 1.5
SPD	X 1	X 1
INT	X 1	X 2
WIZ	X .67	X 1.5
LK	X 1.5	X 2
CHR	X .67	X 2
HT	X .8	X 1.2
WT	X 1.5	X 1

If you prefer you may use these characters instead. They were generated from the same set of dice rolls just to show you how different men and women are from each other in the land of the Peacock.



A hand-drawn scroll with a table of attributes for females and males. The scroll is drawn with a thick black line and has two circular seals or knots at the top and bottom corners. The table is centered on the scroll and has three columns: 'Attributes', 'Female', and 'Male'. The rows are: STR (26, 9), CON (18, 8), DEX (12, 18), SPD (11, 11), INT (14, 28), WIZ (8, 17), LK (22, 17), CHR (9, 26), and Adds (19, 6).

Attributes	Female	Male
STR	26	9
CON	18	8
DEX	12	18
SPD	11	11
INT	14	28
WIZ	8	17
LK	22	17
CHR	9	26
Adds	19	6

You may, of course, name your characters anything you wish, but to be consistent, names are generally two to four syllables in length. Male names tend to begin with the letters X, Z, K, and G, while female names usually begin with a vowel.

(If you are only playing a single character, you need merely follow through the paragraphs in the normal solitaire fashion. If you have chosen to play both lines simultaneously, then get 2 bookmarks, and start 2 lists of paragraphs to show where you have been with each character. When you finish a paragraph for one character and are sent to the next, write it down and put a bookmark there, but do not read the next paragraph in that line. Go back and play the other character. When both characters have been played, you may then read the next paragraph for each one in sequence and take the indicated actions.)

As the adventure begins, your characters (or just you) are drinking wine in a second-floor garden of the Great Concourse of X'venn on a cloudless night with the red moon full blazing, and the black moon barely visible as a shadow against the stars. You are wearing light leisure clothing and are currently unarmed, as there is no reason to carry weapons within the city. If you are playing just one character, please ignore all references to the other party, and assume that you take the action appropriate to your gender. Suddenly you hear shouts and panicked screaming. Go to [1].

[1] Perhaps you are dallying with your special friend in the Garden of Blue Feathers on the second floor of the X'venn Concourse (combination Palace of Dueling Arena and city government--such as it is--a city of wizards doesn't need much government). Your companion's perfume fills your aristocratic nostrils; the elven wine is superb and intoxicating, soft music plays in the background, and the light is dim and romantic. Or, perhaps you are sitting by yourself, drinking wine and wondering why your life is so lonely. Suddenly you hear screaming--shouts of panic and fear. A newt comes into the garden, and shouts, "Run for your lives, masters! Dragons are attacking the city!" The woman in the pair leaps to her feet and starts for the stairs leading to the roof, but the male grabs her arm and stops her. "You are unarmed," he reminds her. "Perhaps we should return to our own palaces and get our best weapons and wands before we join the fight." "You are a wizard!" she counters. "Perhaps you should rush to the roof with me and fight back against these evil creatures!" Clearly a decision must be reached.

If you are female and wish to go to the roof and fight, go to [4]; if you are female and wish to return to your own palace and properly arm and armor yourself before fighting; go to [9]. If you are male

and wish to go to the roof and fight dragons with magic, go to [28]; if you are male and wish to return to your own palace and properly equip yourself for wizardly combat, go to [36].



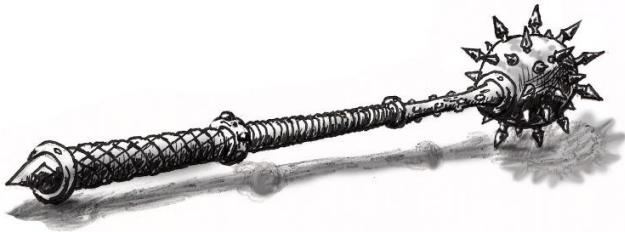
[2] Now that you are safely within your own home, it is likely that you could simply sit tight and wait for others to deal with the attackers. Such action won't gain much glory, but it could save your life, and there are probably plenty of other wizards following a similar strategy. After all, that is why flameproof palaces were created in the first place. Or, you could go to your study and arm yourself with the magical weapons and armor of your choice and return to the fight. To sit tight, go to [10]; to rejoin the battle, go to [17].

[3] You evade the falling dragon, but in order to do so, you have to jump through the central opening in the roof, and then find yourself falling 50 feet through open space toward the arena sand far below. As you fall you see a couple of wizards either levitating themselves up or down, and manage to shout out a call for help. Make a L2SR on Luck. If you make it, go to [58]; if you fail go to [66].



[4] As you race for the stairs, you look around to see if there is anything that you can use as a weapon. Running with strides surprisingly long and powerful for your relatively short legs, you spot a flame-lance, a leaf-bladed sword made of electrum, and a morning-star mace. The lance might be the most effective weapon since it can shoot either powerful goutts of flame, or miniature lightning bolts, but that is only true if it is fully charged. If it's simply meant to be an ornament, the lance would just be a long sharp stick. The leaf-bladed sword made from electrum, an alloy of gold and silver might be a good weapon, as everyone knows that dragons have a weakness for gold, but in order to use it, you would have to get in really close to the foe. The morning-star mace is simply

made of steel, but the spikes might penetrate dragon-armor, and all such maces have been enchanted to return to the wielder's hand after being thrown, making it both good for close combat and also an effective missile weapon. All three weapons are a bit unwieldy, and you can really only manage to use one. If you choose to take a weapon, write down which one you took and continue up the stairs to the rooftop--go to [44]. If you ignored them all, but hope to find something on the rooftop, go to [67].



[5] How many uruks did you slay? You get 40 a.p. for each uruk slain in this fashion. After a short time you are alone with the dead. You leave the room and go find your servants on the floor above. You send several of them down to clean up the mess, wall off the uruk tunnel, and guard it so that you won't be surprised again. The rest of the night passes without much excitement for you. Eventually you feel safe enough to take off the Robes of Gossamer and get some sleep. In the morning, the sun rises on a badly damaged city, but one that has survived. Go to AFTERWORD.



[6] Roll 2D6 (DAR0) to see how many warriors including you are in the fight. Then multiply that number by 50 to see what your combined combat total is. The dragon has a monster rating of 500 (51D6 + 250). It buffets at you with mighty wings, slashes with claws like scimitars, and bites with great gnashing teeth. Calculate 4 points of spite damage for each warrior, but roll for the dragon's spite damage. Add 100 points of magical attack

from the men blasting away at it with their sorceries. Do regular T&T combat. If the dragon has the higher total, it will slay 1 attacker for each 30 points of damage done. You, however, will not die in this manner unless it slays everyone. If the Tjouse have the higher total, then reduce the dragon's monster rating by the appropriate amount and continue the fight. If the dragon takes more than 100 points of damage--it will attempt to flee--go to [38]. If more than half of the women warriors are slain, then they will all retreat and wait for reinforcements--go to [48]. Repeat the combat as often as necessary until one of these conditions is met, or the dragon is slain outright--if that happens, go to [64].

[7] Having decided to return to the fight, you arm yourself with your best weapon, a wand of disintegration that you call the Master Blaster. You change into a functional hunting costume with lots of pockets that you stock with various potions (Healing, Strength, Invisibility, Speed--you never know what you might need in the fight to come). You summon your steward and give him instructions to defend the palace until you return. Then, as magically recharged and potent as your available potions can make you (i.e. recover any lost or spent attribute points), you return to the

great Concourse to help with the struggle. As you pass through the streets you encounter several rampaging uruks who are making a general nuisance of themselves, and these you slay in passing with minor kill spells that cost you only 1 point of CHR each. Roll 2D6 (DARO) to see how many uruks you slay on your journey. Each one is worth 40 a.p.

Ironically, this is mostly a waste of time and effort. By the time you get back to the Concourse rooftop, the battle is over, and the dragons are retreating. The wizard in charge of the defense commends you for returning to help, and rewards you with a Charisma blessing. (Your CHR is permanently improved by 3 points.) For the rest of the night you work on damage control along with the others who are still actively engaged. You put out fires, heal the wounded, and dispatch any uruks still foolish enough to be inside the city when the dragons leave. (no a.p. for additional uruk slaying, but 50 a.p. for general damage control efforts). When the morning comes, the city is safe again, and you return home to get some rest. Go to AFTERWORD.

[8] A golden aura appears around you and the dragonfire splashes off it--for a few seconds. Then the aura flickers, and you think, "this is it. I'm



dead." But, the aura holds. The dragonfire ceases as the mighty beast is hit by a barrage of spells from your fellow wizards. Mortally wounded, it crashes to the ground beside the Concourse, almost dead. Heaving a sigh of relief, you join the other wizards. In the skies above, the remaining dragons are disheartened by the loss of another comrade and decide this raid was a bad idea. One by one they roar their defiance, send a final blast of dragonflame at the defenders--held off by the combined magical might of your wizard companions--and fly off into the night. After they depart, it is simply a matter of mopping things up, and doing damage control. Go to AFTERWORD.

[9] You start for the main concourse going down, but quickly see that it is jammed with panicked newts, pushing, shoving, and screaming--no place for a noble of the Tjouse. You see 2 options to avoid the mob. You can either head for the back stairs by going to [75] or leap over the balcony rail and drop to the Concourse sand about 20 feet below, counting on your muscular legs to absorb the shock without injury by going to [85].

[10] Staying safely in your stronghold is the prudent thing to do, though you can't help feeling a little ashamed of making this decision. Reduce your CHR attribute by another point. Increase your INT attribute by that same one point. Little decisions in life such as this change everything and you might not even notice. You go to your study, and bring out the scrying glass to watch the battle outside. The main battle seems to be taking place on the roof of the Grand Concourse. You are watching that battle with interest when uruks burst into your chamber and attack. Go to [23].



[11] Your lightning blast charred the dragon's chest and knocked it from the sky, but did not actually kill it. With a loud squawk that sounds like the world's biggest chicken getting an unpleasant surprise, the mighty reptile plummets into the ground beside the Concourse, badly wounded. Take 300 adventure points. Then go to [78].



[12] By spending 3 CHR points, you swiftly levitate yourself down to the floor of the Concourse, neatly avoiding the crowded stairs. Your personal glow dims a little, and from there it's easy enough to find an exit from the building. As you emerge your friend D'nyall arrives. Looks like he had the same thought. You pause a moment to let him catch up. Go to [98].

[13] It is a long drop to the ground, and may well prove fatal. You may either trust your Luck to save you from death, or trust your Intelligence to do so.

If you trust Luck, make a L2SR on Luck and go to [20]. If you trust Intelligence, make a L2SR in INT and go to [30].

[14] Your magical training and might is not sufficient to control the demon you just summoned. It materializes in the form of a small thundercloud shot through with bolts of lightning. The cloud has eyes, a mouth, and teeth that drip with some disgusting green fluid. The stench of sulfur fills the air, and you gag from it. "Puny wizard," rumbles the demon cloud. "I defy your commands, and I shall have your power." The cloud envelops you and tries to drain you of all knowledge and power. Make a L3SR on LK. If you make it, go to [97]; if you fail, go to [43].



[15] The roof is mostly flat, and there is no good place on it to stand aside and watch. In just a few seconds it becomes obvious to you that you should either join the other warriors by going to [78], or take shelter in the stairway by going to [31].

[16] Hurt and angered by your blast, the dragon crashes down on the roof, momentarily stunned, but far from dead. Take 100 adventure points for knocking the monster out of the sky. The shock of the impact knocks almost everyone off their feet. The women warriors of the Tjouse recover quickly and many of them rush to attack the fallen creature. If you wish to join them, go to [26] with a note that this dragon only has a monster rating of 300 (31D6 + 150) at this time. If you look around for something else to do, go to [51].



[17] Leaving your servants behind, you pass rapidly through several chambers, then into your study, and then into your armory. This room reeks of concentrated magical power. First you decide to put on some armor. You have two choices--the Robes of Gossamer, which make the wearer insubstantial, or the Eggshell Armor which provide an armor stronger than steel. If you choose the robes, go to [29]; if you choose the armor, go to [40].

[18] Choose either Luck or Speed. If you choose Luck, go to [33]; if you choose Speed, go to [50].

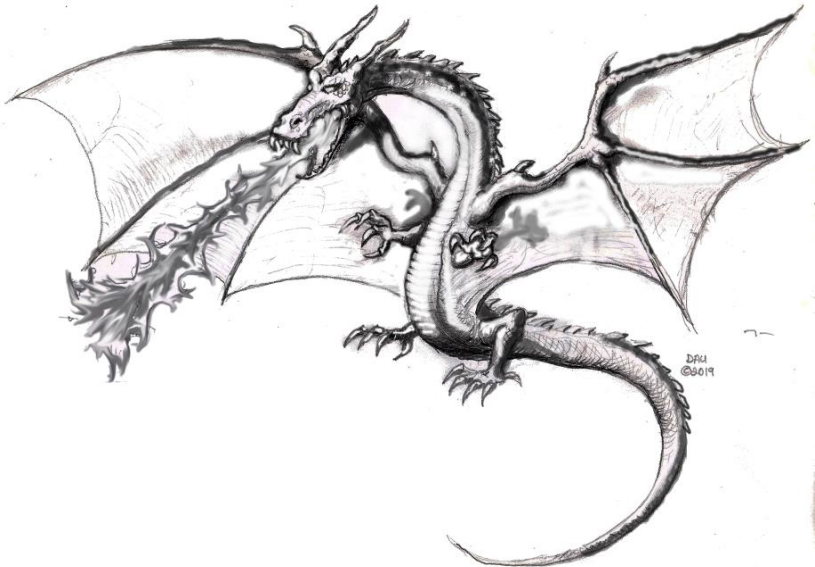
[19] You have chosen to use your magic. The question now is do you wish to slay them, capture them, or chase them away. If you choose to murder them (because that's what it is since they are helpless to resist your magic, and they would cheerfully murder you), go to [41]; if you wish to capture them, go to [49]; if you wish to simply chase them away, go to [55].

[20] If you failed the saving roll, then nothing happened to save you, and you hit the ground hard, suffering tremendous impact damage. Roll 5D6 and take that many hits to CON. If that brings you to -10 or greater, then you died. If you didn't die,

then you are knocked unconscious--go to [72]. If you made the saving roll, then you may narrate your own lucky escape. You now find yourself on the ground, and decide that the best thing to do is try to get to your own palace. Go to [45].

[21] If you are attacking a dragon, you had better use a weapon. If you attack with the flame lance, go to [34]; if you attack with the sword or the morningstar mace, go to [39].

[22] The dragon flame misses you, but not by much. Instead of standing still to contemplate your lucky escape you quickly join forces with the other women attacking the monster. Go to [6].



[23] It is known that uruks and dragons have a shaky alliance, mostly for purposes of fighting elves and Tjouse. Roll 2D6 (DARO) to determine how many uruks wearing horrific demonic war-masks and light lizard-hide armor have arrived. The uruks are armed with digging tools and daggers, but even their picks and shovels are fierce weapons worth 5D6 each. If you are wearing the Robes of Gossamer, go to [43]; if you are wearing the Eggshell Armor, go to [65].



[24] Even under mental domination an uruk's sense of survival and tribal unity will not permit self-destruction. One by one they shake off their stupor and turn to look at you. With your magic almost completely exhausted, you decide to run for it. Fortunately, they are still too ensorcelled to stop you. By one means or another you evade them all and make your way back to your sanctum--go to [77].



[25] A bolt of magical energy strikes the dragon as it falls, knocking it off course so that it hits the ground. Your life has been saved. Heaving a sigh of relief, you look around to see what to do next, and decide to join the other warriors. Your lance has exhausted its charge, but it is still an effective spear worth 5D6 in combat. You quickly trot over and join the main group of female fighters. They all saw what you did, and there is much cheering as you reach them. Go to [78].

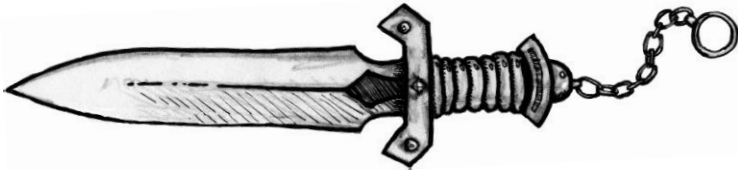


[26] Your motion catches the dragon's eye. It turns its head and snorts a quick blast of flame at you. Make a L1SR on either Luck or Speed. If you make it, go to [22]; if you fail then the dragonflame hits you squarely, and you blaze up like a torch. It's a glorious death in battle, but this is the end for you.

[27] Knocking the uruks unconscious will require a cloud of poisonous vapor that will immobilize but not kill them, or perhaps an insubstantial demon that can do the same thing--a cloud demon.

This requires improvisation upon your part. Make a L5SR on IQ--if you make it, go to [61]; if you fail, go to [74].

[28] You see a nearby stairway leading to the rooftop crowded with women warriors and a few mages better prepared than you with staff, wand or magical dagger in hand. You can join them by going to [90]. There is also an open shaft leading to the roof level. You could levitate to the coliseum top--it is a minor spell and will only cost you 3 Charisma. To ascend magically, go to [99].



[29] Now that you are wearing the Robes of Gossamer, you have become insubstantial and ghost-like. You can no longer touch anything solid, nor can solid objects touch you, but you can still perceive energy and insubstantial things like light and flame. You cannot breathe, but you do not need to. You can still do magic, and may take off the robes whenever you wish.

[30] If you failed the saving roll, then you failed to think of a way to save yourself, and you hit the ground hard, suffering tremendous impact

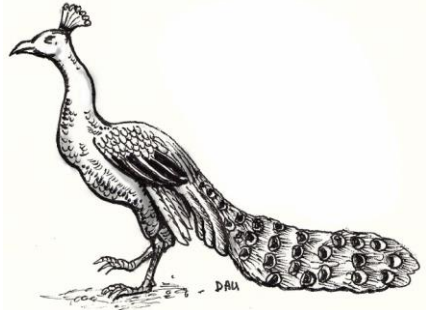
damage. Roll 5D6 and take that many hits to CON. If that brings you to -10 or greater, then you died. If you didn't die, then you are knocked unconscious--go to [72]. If you made the saving roll, then you may narrate your own brilliant escape. You now find yourself on the ground, and decide that the best thing to do is try to get to your own palace. Go to [45].

[31] You duck back into the stairway. The rush to escape the building has mostly abated. Since fighting on the roof is suicide (in your opinion), you quickly make your way to the street. Rationalize it however you wish, this was an act of cowardice--your CHR goes down by 1 point permanently. If you are female, go to [45]; if you are male, go to [76].

[32] You summon your servants, especially the beast-handlers and zookeepers among them. They make certain the uruks remain unconscious by injecting them with a soporific drug--call it a sleeping potion. They disarm them, bind them securely, and finally drag them off to the cages outside the palace on the private park behind it. It takes a couple of hours to accomplish all this, but you don't hang around to supervise--you head

back to your study to see how the battle with the dragons is going.

Depending on how long all this has taken, the main fight with the dragons may be over, or may still be going on. Make a L1SR on Luck. If you succeed, then you (the player) decide if the fight is over or not. If you fail the saving roll, the fight is definitely not over. If the fight is over, go to [42]. If it isn't over, go to [52].

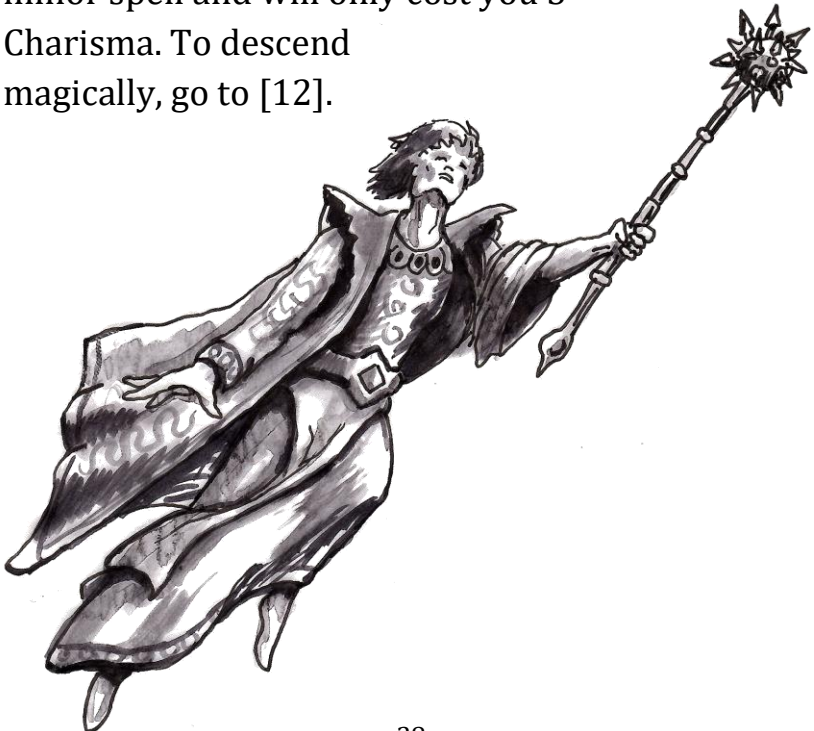


[33] Make a L2SR on LK. If you succeed, one of the higher level wizards noticed your danger and cast a Benevolent Golden Aura on you in time to protect you from the dragonflame. It splashes all around you, but you remain unharmed, and only slightly warmed by it. Mighty are the great wizards of the Tjouse! When the danger passes, you join the rest of the great wizards and continue the battle--go to [53]. If you fail, go to [62].

[34] You knew that the flame lance might not be charged when you took it from its display position on the wall. Make a L1SR on Luck. If you make it, go to [57]; if you fail, go to [63].

[35] You will always be remembered in X'venn as the woman who single-handedly slew a dragon. But the falling dragon landed right on top of you and smashed you like a grape. SPLAT! That is the END of your story.

[36] You start for the main concourse going down, but quickly see that it is jammed with panicked newts, pushing, shoving, screaming--no place for a noble of the Tjouse. You see 2 options to avoid the mob. You can either head for the back stairs by going to [75] or leap over the balcony rail and float down to the arena sand some 20 feet below. It is a minor spell and will only cost you 3 Charisma. To descend magically, go to [12].



[37] You concentrate and summon the Fires of the Underworld to appear before you in the form of a ball of blazing red energy. You fling it into the midst of the uruks, and it explodes with devastating force, doing 100 points of damage to every uruk and thing in the room. All of the magical toys, trinkets, and tools that you kept here are destroyed, but the uruks have all been slain. You are unaffected because you are insubstantial. It will take years to replace all that you have lost here tonight--go to [5].



[38] Badly hurt, the dragon decides to flee. With a great effort it manages to lift off the roof and flap away, hurling attackers in all directions. You are one of the warriors dislodged. Make a L2SR on Luck. If you fail, then you were hurled off the building and are now falling about 60 feet to the ground below--go to [13]. If you succeed, you are thrown onto the stone-tiled rooftop and strike your head, losing consciousness. Go to [72].



[39] Screaming your war cry, you charge at the dragon with weapon in hand. When the other warriors see you charging at the dragon, several of them break out of the group and also charge. Go to [26].

[40] Now that you are wearing the Eggshell Armor (ironic name--this is the toughest eggshell in the world), you can take up to 200 points of impact damage without harm. (If you take more than 200 points of damage, the eggshell is broken, and the enchantment dissipates leaving you without protection and allowing the full damage to go through. That would probably be fatal. However,

the armor does not protect you from magical attacks or energy attacks such as dragonflame. As you are deciding what to do next, uruks burst into your chamber and attack. Go to [23].

[41] How do you wish to slay these uruks? One at a time, or all at once? Lightning bolts to the heart will kill them one by one; a horrific explosion will kill them all at once. Neither set of spells will harm you, of course. If you choose lightning, go to [71]; if you choose the kaboom, go to [37].

[42] Inside your Sanctum Sorcerium, the place where you keep your books (mostly grimoires and journals, but there are a few trashy romance novels too--a guilty pleasure, but one shared by many of the Tjouse men), you sit down at your desk, pull the spidersilk cover off your scrying crystal and think about observing the Grand Concourse. Inside the crystal a picture forms. It looks as if you are standing in the arena. As you think about what you would actually do in the situation, the point of view changes. You think about floating up to the rooftop of the building through the open air shaft above the arena, and the picture changes to show you ascending and finally landing on the flat top of the huge building.

You see a large group of men and women standing around the body of a dragon. It looks dead. The dragon's hide is charred in several places from lightning strikes. Coagulated blood shows on several wounds, and there is a large pool of dragon blood spreading from beneath the body. You see the wizard G'Tarrg trying to collect some of the blood into a goblet, apparently levitating the fluid into the cup. You wonder why he wants a sample of



dragon blood, but that's his business. Some of the women are climbing on the body, still hacking and stabbing at it. You think they are probably counting coup. No other dragons seem to be

attacking, and that makes you think the fight is over. You're right. It is. There is no reason for you to return to the scene. You can watch it all much more comfortably from where you are. Go to AFTERWORD.

[43] The demon envelopes your helpless form and begins sucking all the power and knowledge out of you, You quickly lose consciousness and drop to the floor. Most of the uruks are horrified by the sight and flee back to their tunnel. A few brave ones attack the demon cloud--it incinerates them with bolts of hellish lightning. It drains your CHR down to 0--you will recover it in time, but very slowly at the rate of 1 point per day, and lowers your INT to a permanent new score of 10--which is not enough to understand Tjouse magic. You lose the ability and knowledge that made you a wizard.



Hours later your servants find you, unconscious, and take you to your bed chamber. When you awaken your steward questions you as to what happened, but you barely remember the malevolent cloud, and a horrible odor that still clings to your body.

You order a bath, a thorough cleansing, and perfuming. Even so, your CHR is at 1, and a faintly hellish scent clings to your body. You are cursed. In the future, another wizard may try to restore you (that is, you can use this character again if you just make up a little story to explain how you recovered). For now, this adventure is over. Go to AFTERWORD.

[44] As you emerge on the flat roof you see that the resistance has separated into 2 groups. The men have gathered around one of the four spires that rise above the central opening that looks down on the arena below. The Great Net spreads across the skylight with draperies of netting hanging down on all four sides. That netting can be easily pulled aside to allow flamebirds to fly into and out of the arena through the roof. The men are the brightest spot in sight, each of them glowing with their own magical light. They are gathered in a ring around the metal with their backs to the spire so that no

dragon can come up behind them. Some of them are shooting bolts of lightning from their wands or staves at the three dragons circling overhead. The women have gathered across the gap from the men around another spire. Some of them are armed with flame lances. As you head toward them, one fires a bolt of green energy at the nearest dragon. The green flame strikes the dragon full on, but simply spatters off its mighty body. Dragons are immune to flame and don't take much damage from lightning either. Other warriors stand ready with swords, maces, and in a few cases simply cleavers.



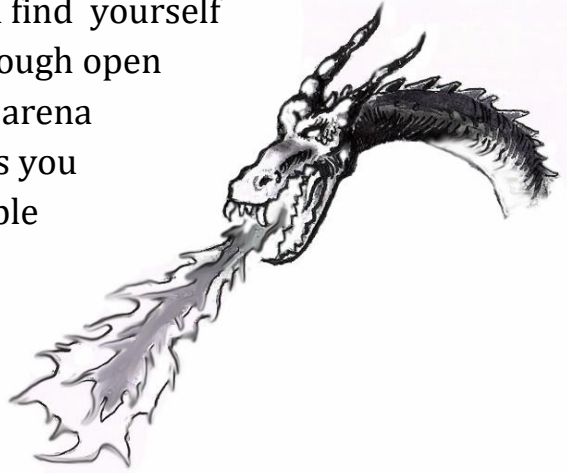
As you watch, one of the dragons swoops down and lands on the rooftop. The ceiling vibrates beneath the mighty impact, but does not collapse.

An enormous scarlet monster, fully 50 feet from head to tail, whips its head back and forth looking first at the men, then at the women, trying to decide which group to attack. Several bolts of fire and lightning strike it, but it does not seem to be seriously hurt, staggering only a little from the repeated shocks. Then it decides, and lunges toward the men. A group of six warriors break from their circle and run to intercept it--they are all armed with swords and maces. The stairway that you emerged from is actually closer to the enormous beast than the women warriors, making you the closest defender. If you leap to the attack, go to [21]. If you circle around to join the main group of women warriors, go to [26]. If you decide that discretion is the better part of valor and duck back into the stairwell, go to [15].

[45] There are no streets in X'venn, just open park-like spaces between the various buildings. This part of the city is full of the palaces of the Tjouse. Your mansion is about 3 circles back from the Concourse. As you make your way toward it, you are repeatedly jostled by frightened newts surging this way and that. In the distance you can see flames--apparently the dragons have set the wooden homes of the servant class afire, and they have fled for safety to the stone-built estates of the

nobility. Just as you reach the vicinity of your own front door, a dragon makes a strafing run in your direction. Your house servants have been watching through peepholes, and now open the doors and scream for you to get inside. If you are limping along on a sprained ankle, go to [54]. If you are not injured, go to [65].

[47] You evaded the dragonfire, but in order to do so, you had to jump through the central opening in the roof, and then find yourself falling 50 feet through open space toward the arena sand far below. As you fall you see a couple of wizards either levitating themselves up or down, and manage to



shout out a call for help. Make a L2SR on Luck. If you make it, go to [58]; if you fail go to [66].

[46] You are actually casting a form of Spirit Mastery on unsubdued foes. It will take 8 points of CHR per uruk to bring them all under your control. How many uruks are in the room? If you have enough CHR to subdue them all, then go to [88]. If

you don't have enough to subdue them all, then the spell failed. Some of the uruks seemed to fall into a daze, but those that were unaffected slapped them awake. You had a partial success and will gain 4 a.p. for each uruk affected, but on the whole, that plan failed. You should escape now--go to [83].

[47] if you fail then you are struck squarely by the devastating breath of the dragon and blaze up like a torch for a second only to fall to the rooftop as a fire-blackened skeleton, all soft part of the body totally destroyed by the fire.

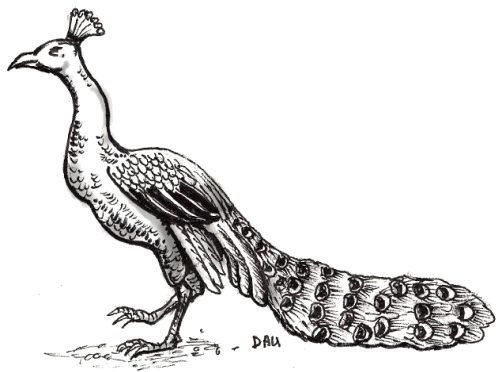


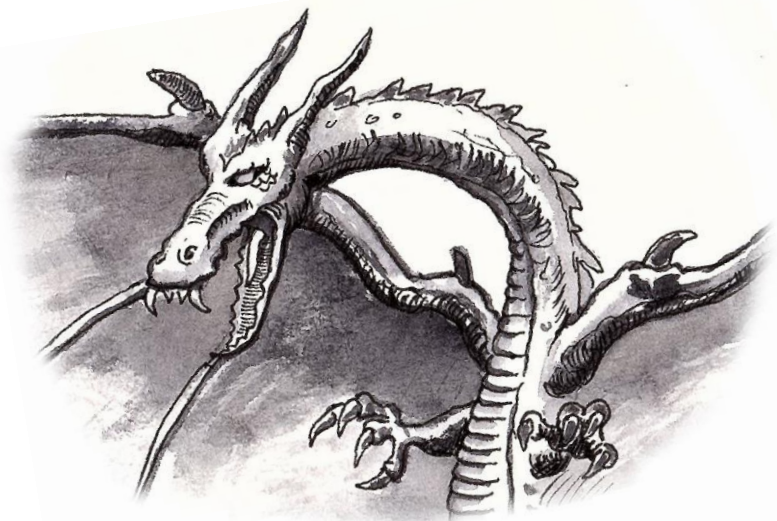
[48] While you are waiting for reinforcements, a large blue dragon dives at the roof, but it is met with such a concentrated barrage of magic and



energy blasts from flamelances that it is killed in mid-air. It crashes to the ground narrowly missing the rooftop. When that happens the remaining dragons decide to flee. They turn and fly away. That is the true end of the attack, although there is still some mopping up to be done in the streets. Go to AFTERWORD.

[49] The Tjouse seldom bother to capture their foes, but occasionally some are taken to serve (and usually die horribly) in the Arena. Those occasional wizards or warriors who capture foes and bring them in alive gain considerable renown by doing so. But to capture them you need to render them helpless. You could do that by putting them all to sleep, or by knocking them all out, or by making them all into brainwashed slaves who will do anything you tell them to do, or by putting them all in a cage. If you choose sleep, go to [56]; if you choose knock-outs, go to [27]; if you choose brainwashing, go to [46]; if you choose a cage, go to [59].





[50] You watch the mighty dragon flying straight at you with jaws agape, ready to incinerate you in a blast of flame. Strangely enough, you feel no fear at this moment--only a steely determination to do your best to survive and protect your city. It occurs to you to make yourself invisible, and then to sprint as quickly as you can toward the wizards. To those watching you it seems that you wink out of existence just before the dragonflames engulf the area where you were standing. Make your L1SR on SPD. If you miss it, you were not quick enough--go to [62]. If you made it, you evaded the fiery immolation and reached the main group of wizards safely, where you drop your invisibility and join the fight--go to [53].

[51] You choose to escape, but you do not wish to lead the uruks up to a part of the palace where

your servants would be unprepared for them and might get slaughtered. Thus you take advantage of your insubstantiality to pass through a wall to a side chamber. This one has no uruks in it. From there you can float up through the ceiling, and appear in one of your parlors where you will be noticed by a servant. Deactivating the Robes of Gossamer is merely a matter of pushing the hood back to allow your head to become solid again. You confer with your chief steward, and he comes up with a plan to send a plague of scorpions to sting them all into submission, death, or retreat. These are spirit scorpions and will require you to actually summon them into existence, and to guide them to their targets. That would require a CHR of at least 25. If you don't have that much, go to [87] now without reading any more of this paragraph.

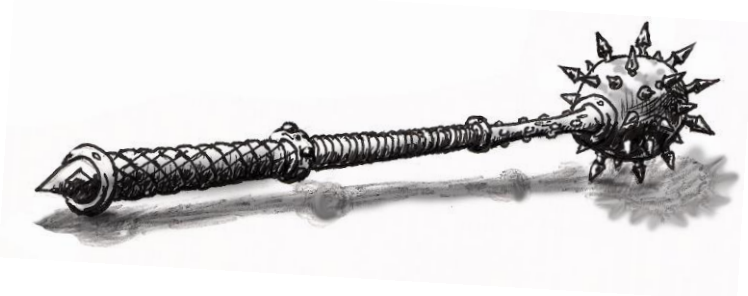
In the meantime, all passages leading to the cellars are closed, blocked, and reinforced to keep the uruks down below. Although Newts are not great fighters, you station the toughest and strongest of them as guards near the blocked entrances and arm them with improvised poison darts that will knock out or slay the uruks if they break through the barriers. This entire defense takes some time to organize, and the uruks may actually attack upwards before you are completely ready for

them. Make a L2SR on Luck. If you make it, go to [84]; if you fail, go to [87].

[52] Inside your Sanctum Sorcerium, the place where you keep your books (mostly grimoires and journals, but there are a few trashy romance novels too--a guilty pleasure, but one shared by many of the Tjouse men), you sit down at your desk, pull the spidersilk cover off your scrying crystal and think about observing the Grand Concourse. Inside the crystal a picture forms. It looks as if you are standing in the arena. As you think about what you would actually do in the situation, the point of view changes. You think about floating up to the rooftop of the building through the open air shaft above the arena, and the picture changes to show you ascending and finally landing on the flat top of the huge building. The Tjouse men are clustered around one of the spires that suspends the great net above the ceiling portal, and the women are clustered around another. Some of them are gesturing and blasting lightning bolts into the sky. Others make protective signs that maintain a golden shield of force around them. As you watch a blast of dragonfire hits that shield and dissipates without penetrating. You feel a momentary glow of pride in the sorcerous power of your brother wizards. Clearly the fight is not

over yet. Now you have a decision to make. Will you take your best weapon and return to the fight, or will you simply watch and see how it goes on the crystal? If you return, go to [7]. If you stay home and watch, go to [53].

[53] The struggle continues for more than an hour, but eventually the surviving dragons fly away. The older, more powerful mages turn their attention to damage control. On the morrow they will learn that many of the Great Houses have been invaded and looted by burrowing uruks. For the rest of the night, they battle fires and heal the wounded. Go to AFTERWORD.



[54] You appear to be a ghost to the uruks in front of you. Nevertheless, the leader leaps forward with war-shovel in hand, attempting to strike you down. His shovel passes through you without doing any harm at all, and the uruk grunts in disbelief, not fear, because uruks are practically fearless. He jabbars something in urukish, and the others spread out and start tearing your sanctum

apart, looking for treasures they can carry away. You may either remain and smite them with your magic, or calmly walk through them and a wall and get away. If you choose to fight, go to [19]; if you choose to escape, go to [51].

[55] You choose to simply chase the uruks away. That is very merciful on your part, and earns you a



reward. Roll 2D6 (DARO) and add that number to your Charisma. You may either choose to chase them away one at a time, or all at once. If you choose one at a time, go to [73]; if you choose all at once, go to [80].



[56] Total your IQ, LK, and CHR. If the total is greater than 40, and you have at least 11 CHR to spend on the spell then the uruks all fall asleep, dropping where they stand. You gain 11 times the total number of uruks in the room in a.p. for doing this spell. If don't have 11 or more CHR to spend on the spell, go to [83]. In that case, the spell fizzled, and you get no a.p. If you succeeded, go to [82].

[57] You're in luck. The lance is fully charged. There are 2 control buttons on the grip--one turns it on, and one chooses whether it shoots fire or lightning. If you choose fire, go to [68]; for lightning, go to [79].

[58] A nearby wizard hears your shout, sees you falling, and quickly snaps off a levitation spell to save your life. Your momentum has already determined that you will levitate downwards. A few seconds later you hit the arena floor and land lightly as the spell dissipates. You look upwards and wave at the man who saved you, noting that it is a middle-aged noble named K'zorg. You know him on sight, but have never been close to him in the past. He rises in your estimation, and you decide to look him up in the future sometime. Now that you are on the ground, you decide that the best thing to do is head for your own palace, get your own trusty weapons, and join the struggle down below. You head for the nearest exit. Go to [45].

[59] You do not have enough magical power to materialize a steel cage around all the uruks, but you can summon a cage demon. As demons can take on virtually any form (it's mostly illusion), there is no reason why one can't appear as an animate cage with bars that would reach out like tentacles and ensnare the uruks. The real question is do you have the mental prowess needed to cast such a spell. If your IQ is 50 or higher, then you succeed--go to [95]; if you fail, go to [14].

[60] The uruks return to the tunnel that brought them into your house, and retreat through it back to their staging point outside the city walls. From there they go back to their tribe, believing that they have won a great victory against the evil wizards of X'venn, whether they actually have or not. You showed mercy in letting them go. The gods approve--at least one goddess does, and your CHR improves by 1D6 points permanently. You decide to return to your Sanctum. Go to [77]



[61] Your brilliant improvisation works. The uruks begin to gasp and wheeze as the demonic cloud chokes them into unconsciousness. It would have the same effect on you, but luckily you are insubstantial. When the last uruk falls, the cloud dissipates, leaving them all at your mercy. Go to [32].

[62] Dragonfire engulfs you in a fiery inferno as great as any volcano, and you are instantly reduced to ashes and a few charred bones that would

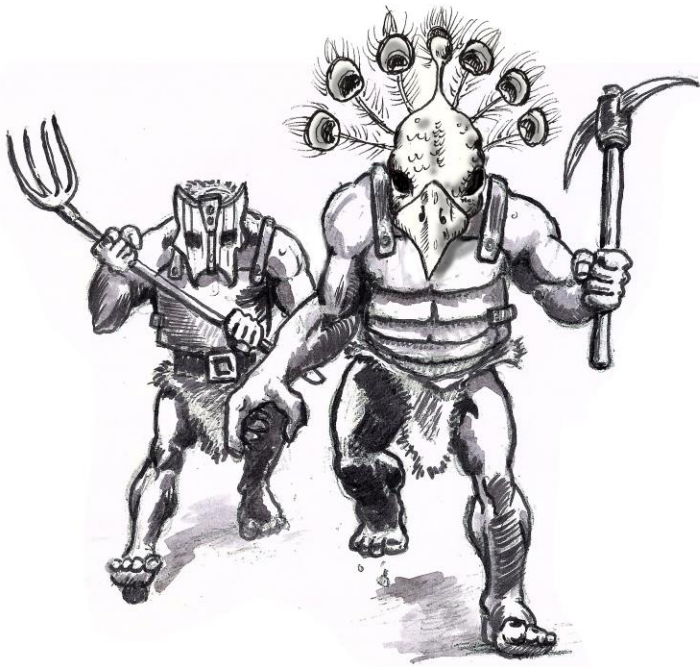
crumble at a touch. It was so fast and hot that you didn't feel a thing. THE END.

[63] There is a click and nothing happens. The lance had no charge within it. Oh, well, it is still a 5D6 weapon with a sharp point that might pierce a dragon's scales if you hit with enough force. If you decide to attack the dragon anyway, go to [39]. If you wish to run over and join the other female warriors, go to [26].

[64] The combination of spells and physical attack is too much for this dragon--the peacocks have triumphed and the dragon dies. In its death throes, the spasming dragon hurls you and the other warriors swarming on it off like water from a shaking dog. Make a L2SR on Luck. If you fail, then you were hurled off the building and are now falling about 60 feet to the ground below--go to [13]. If you succeed, you are thrown onto the stone-tiled rooftop and strike your head, losing consciousness. Go to [72].

[65] You know how many uruks are in the chamber. They all wish to attack and slaughter you, but there is only so much fighting space. Roll 1D6 to see how many uruks attack you each combat turn. They each have monster ratings of 40 and get

5D6 + 20 adds. Your Eggshell Armor will protect you from 200 points of damage each combat turn, but cannot save you from Spite Damage. Using your Deathtouch spell, you may slay 2 of them each combat turn by simply touching them. For each uruk you slay, you lose 1 point of CHR. When your CHR is exhausted, you cannot work anymore magic, and will have to fight physically. Fight the battle. The uruks are fearless and will continue attacking until they are down to one fighter. If there is only one left, he will break and run to take news back to the warren of what happened to their fighters (standard orders for uruk warriors--the



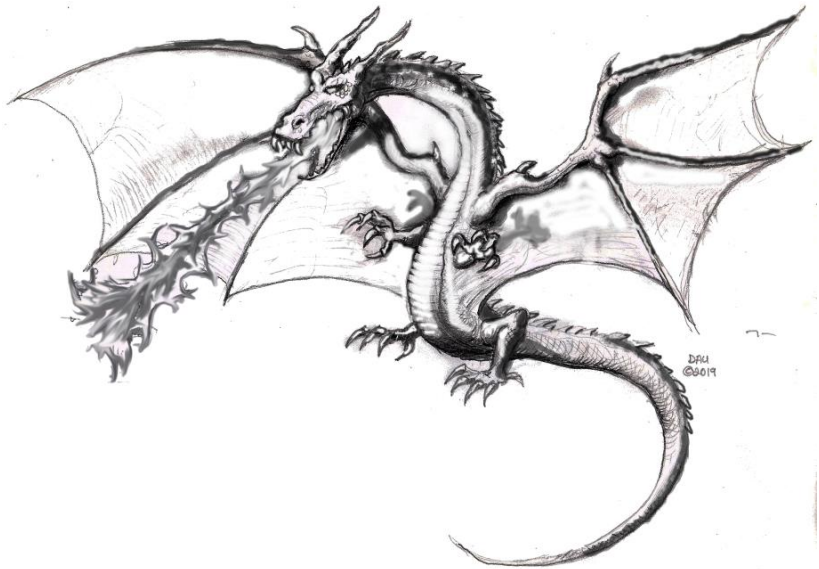
last survivor must always escape and take news back to the tribe). They swing and flail away at you with war shovels and stone-gougers and a few daggers and uruk scimitars. Beset on all sides, you have no time for fear or any other magic. You simply reach out and touch them, and they drop one by one.

Do the math and the combat. Remember, each round you must face 1D6 worth of uruks, each of which will deal 5D6+20 points of damage. Your armor will deflect up to 200 points of that damage, but if you take more than 200 hits, it comes off your CON. Also, all Spite damage (each 6 rolled by the uruk fighters counts as a point of damage to your CON that the armor cannot deflect) comes directly off your CON. If your CON goes to zero before you finish the uruks, you will be slain, and that is the END for you. If your CHR goes to zero, you may pick up a dagger and fight with that as normal T & T combat, but that is not likely to go well for you, and spite damage will probably bring an end to the combat sooner or later. If you get down to one uruk left alive, he will break and run for it, and you will let him go as you are much too tired to chase him. For each uruk slain, you get 40 a.p. If you win the fight, go to [77].

[66] None of the floating wizards reacted quickly enough to save you--they might not even have noticed you at all. The only thing you can manage to do is roll over in midair so that you will hit on your back and shoulders and throw your arms wide to brace for impact. The ground hits you with amazing force, and all goes black.



Make a L4SR on CON. If you make it, go to [72]; if you fail, then take damage to your CON equal to whatever you missed it by. (Example, you needed to roll a 24 to make it, and you only rolled 9, so you missed by 15 and would take 15 points of CON damage.) If the damage reduced your CON to -10 or below, then the impact killed you, and this is the end of your adventure. If you are still alive, go to [72].



[67] When you open the door leading out of the stairwell on the Concourse rooftop, you take in the situation at a glance. The roof is a large oval with the center open to the air, but protected by netting that stretches from the four stone spires that jut some ten feet into the air from four equidistant points around it. Around one spire the male Tjouse have gathered, glowing brightly against the

darkness of the night, and making them the main point of the dragon's attack. As you watch, a large blue dragon swoops down on them and unleashes a mighty blast of dragonfire that should burn them all to a crisp, but two of the older men make shielding gestures with their staves and a golden shell of light springs up around them all. The dragonfire splatters harmlessly against it and dissipates into the night air in a harmless shower of sparks. The general temperature on the roof increases slightly. Directly across from the men and gathered around another spire are the women of the Tjouse. Most of them seem to be armed with swords, maces, and a few cleavers, but a couple do have flame lances. As you look at them, one shoots a bolt of purple lightning at the attacking blue dragon. The impact makes the dragon roar--an ear deafening sound, and it thrashes its head around violently looking for the source of the attack, but then pulls out of its dive and rejoins its four companions circling above. You see a fallen warrior off to one side, more a blackened skeleton than anything else, but with an electrum sword nearby.



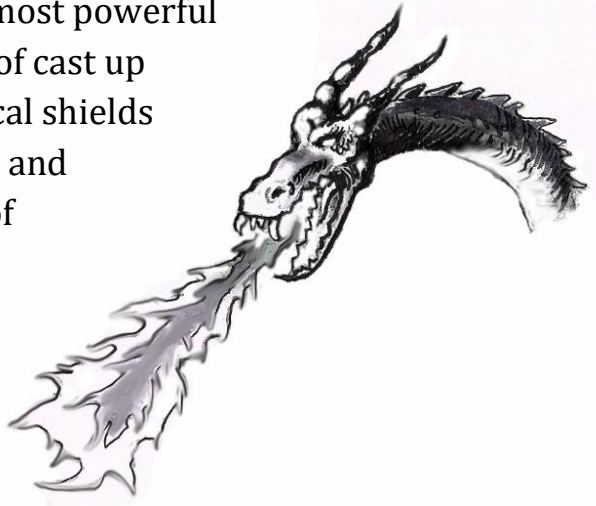
If you wish to try and claim that weapon for yourself, go to [69]. Or, you could make a dash for the spire where the main group of warriors are and hope they have an extra weapon for you by going to [78]. Or, maybe joining the defenders here is not really that good of an idea. If you decide that discretion is the better part of valor and duck back into the stairwell, go to [15].

[68] You aim your blast of fire at the dragon's chest, hoping to penetrate its scaly armor and scorch its heart. Roll 10D6 and add your combat adds, and go to [89].



[69] You easily run over and pick up the sword. This is one of the latest models with a super-keen edge, (It's worth 6D6 in combat) although that didn't seem to help the previous owner. Now you have a weapon, and you feel a bit better. The next thing you want to do is join the other warriors. Go to [78].

[70] As you hasten toward the group of wizards, an orange dragon swoops down toward the rooftop, spraying dragonflame indiscriminately in all directions. The most powerful mages on the roof cast up protective magical shields over themselves and over the group of warriors across the rooftop opening from them, but they are much too busy to worry about unprotected individuals. Caught in the open, you have only an instant to make your decision. Do you count on your Luck or Speed to avoid the dragonflame, or do you throw all of your magical power into forming a shield to deflect the dragonfire? If you count on your attributes (Either Luck or Speed, your choice), go to [18]. If you rely on your own magical ability, go to [82].



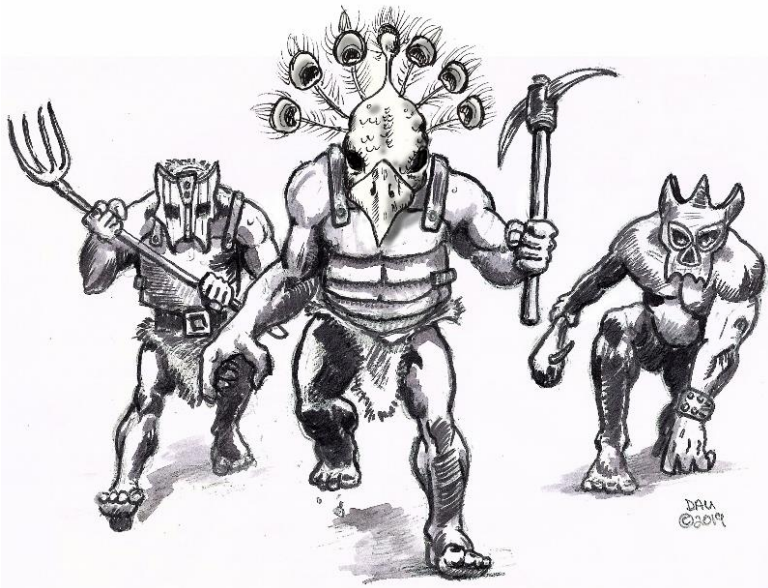
[71] What is your Charisma rating right now? For each point of Charisma, you may strike one uruk dead with an electrical shock. You point at one after another blasting, and they start falling down either dead or dying as you stop their hearts with

your magic At first they don't notice, but when half of them are down, they realize that something is happening, and they all turn to attack you. They cannot harm you, of course, since you are insubstantial, and wind up injuring each other. Your sanctum quickly fills with blood and gore, dead and dying uruks, smashed furniture, and desecrated walls. So much for the idea of watching other parts of the city and the attack--the scrying stone also gets destroyed during the mayhem.

If there are more uruks than you have points of CHR, then a few of them will get away, vanishing back into their tunnel, carrying away some baubles---mostly the fancier ones. Go to [5].

[72] You awaken in your own palace on the following day. If you took damage in the fall, then you get 10 adventure points for each point of damage suffered, and reduce your STR, CON, and DEX base values by 3 points each. Even with magical healing available, it will take you some time and effort to repair all the damage done by the impact when you landed--bones were broken, internal organs were damaged, you are lucky to have survived. If you were only knocked unconscious by the fall, then no permanent damage was done. Take 100 adventure points for

having survived when the dragons attacked X'venn. The END.



[73] Roll 1D6 and add 2 to see how many uruks you must deal with. Now total your INT, LK, and CHR. If the total is greater than 40, then your spell worked, and each uruk sees something so repulsive that they turn and run back to the tunnels by which they entered your house. However, for each uruk that turns and runs, reduce your CHR by 5 points and recalculate to see if you have enough power to continue chasing them away. If you succeed in chasing them all away go to [60]. If your INT, LK, and CHR are not greater than 40, then your spell fails--there is nothing you can do but retreat--to to [82]. If you managed to

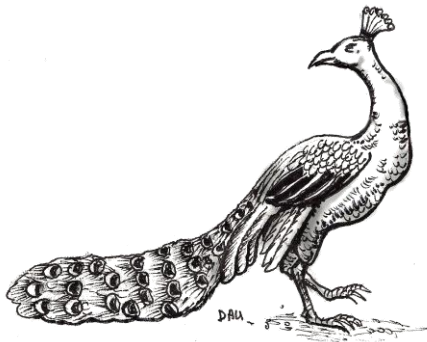
chase some of them away, but not all of them, go to [96].

[74] The demonic cloud starts to form and then fizzles away. The uruks howl with glee and attack you wildly with their crude weapons. You are insubstantial, and they cannot harm you, but it appears that you do not have enough magical power left to harm them either. In this case there is nothing that you can do except retreat. You will yourself to move through the palace to reach your Sanctum Sorcerium, passing through walls and ceilings to make it impossible for the uruks to follow you directly. They will loot parts of your palace and then happily retreat through the tunnels they used to enter. You will suffer the loss of considerable wealth and a few servants unlucky enough to be caught by the invaders. It is a catastrophe, but nothing you can't recover from in time. Go to [84].

[75] In a few moments you manage to reach the back stairs--the servants' stairway. This stairway is only half as busy as the main concourse. When the newts see you coming they respectfully make room. As you start downwards your friend D'nyall arrives. Looks like he had the same thought. You pause a moment to let him catch up. Go to [98].

[76] As you start downwards your friend D'nyall arrives. Looks like he had the same thought. You pause a moment to let him catch up. Go to [98].

[77] Having disposed of the enemies within your house to the best of your ability, you return to your Sanctum where you have stashed a few healing potions. These are sufficient to bring your CON (health) back to its normal rating, but they do nothing to improve your exhausted CHR. That will recover at the rate of 1 point per hour until it is fully restored. If any uruks remain in your palace, they will ransack the lower levels and then depart the way they came thinking that they have won a great victory. In the meantime you can work no magic, and you are still bone tired from the fight. You tell the servants to seal the house, keep guard, and admit no visitors for the next three days. You then fall into a deep, exhausted sleep. Go to AFTERWORD.



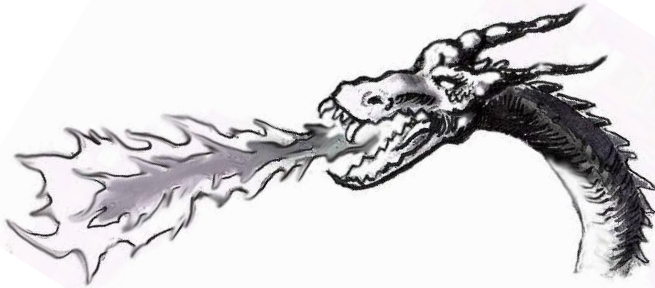
[78] You sprint to join the growing group of female warrior women that have made it to the roof. As you run, another dragon begins its dive at the roof, spewing flame from its mouth as it approaches. A fusillade of spells and energy beams shoots up to meet it and this time there is enough power to instantly strike it dead. The controlled dive becomes an uncontrolled fall, and it looks like it is going to land directly on top of you. Make a L3SR on either Luck or Speed. If you choose Luck and succeed, go to [93]; if you choose Speed and succeed, go to [3]. If you failed the saving roll, then the great dead beast lands squarely on top of you, and crushes you like a bug. That would be the end of your adventure and your life.



[79] You aim your blast of lightning at the dragon's chest, hoping to stop its mighty heart. Roll 10D6 and go to [81].

[80] Roll 1D6 and add 2 to see how many uruks you must deal with. Now total your INT, LK, and CHR and multiply by your character level to obtain your effective spell power. Multiply the number of uruks by 40 to determine how much wizardly power is needed. Compare your spell power to the power needed. If your spell power is greater, then the uruks all see and feel something so repulsive that they flee screaming back to their tunnels--go to [60]. If your spell power is not great enough, then the spell will fail and the uruks will laugh and attack you. They cannot harm you while you remain intangible, but you cannot affect them either. There is no choice but to retreat--go to [96].

[81] Dragons are far more vulnerable to electricity than they are to flame. Multiply your dice total by 10 and then add your combat adds. If the new total is greater than 500, go to [48]; if it is between 300 and 500, go to [11]; if it is less than 300, go to [16].



[82] When it looks like a blast of dragonfire will hit you, you instinctively cast the Benevolent Golden Aura spell that should protect you from all damage. However, dragonfire is extremely powerful and magical--your magic may not be enough to stop it. Make a L4SR on CHR. If you make it, go to [8]; if you fail go to [96].

[83] You start the spell, but then realize you don't have enough magical energy left in your body to finish it. Your CHR rating drops down to 1 point. (It will recover, but very slowly at the rate of 1 point per day, but that won't matter since the adventure will be over long before you regain your magical might. Since you no longer have the ability to do anything to the uruks by magic, you would then logically choose to escape. Go to [51].

[84] You soon reach it--a large room on the top floor of your palace. You rush inside and lock the door--activating the magical lock you had installed years ago. You have placed such locks in many rooms to guarantee your privacy for times when you don't want to be interrupted by servants with their petty concerns. You are now as safe as your palace can make you, surrounded by magical items, and locked away from the outside world.

Exhausted by your efforts, you fall into a troubled sleep in which you dream that you are still fighting uruks and goblins and strange creatures no one has ever seen before. The dream becomes a total nightmare of flight and fear. Eventually you awaken to learn that day has come and the attack is over. Go to AFTERWORD.



[85] Vaulting over the edge, you drop to the arena sand 20 feet below. Make a L2SR on STR. If you fail the saving roll, you land poorly, sprain an ankle, and sprawl face first in the sand. Reduce your CON by however much you missed the SR by and cut your SPD rating in half. (This is a temporary reduction--you get all your attribute points back if you survive this adventure.) If you

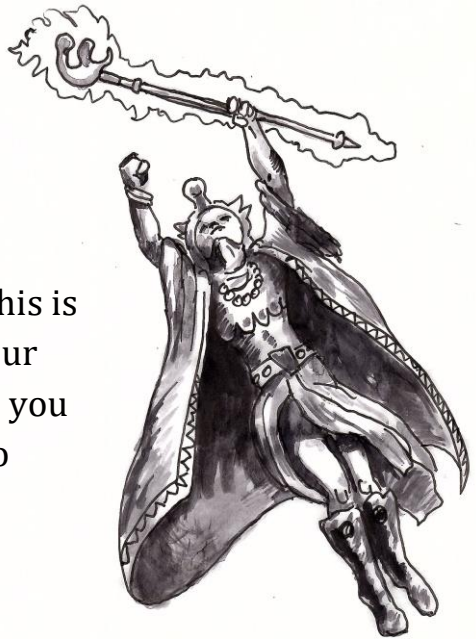
make the saving roll, then you landed gracefully and your mighty leg muscles did indeed take the shock without much difficulty. In either case, you hobble or sprint to the nearest ground-level exit and quickly find yourself outside the Concourse in the open between buildings. Go to [45].

[86] A few of the panicked newts manage to squeeze through the doorway with you, but when you say the Word of Sealing, the electrum-reinforced gates slam shut. A greater wizard than you might be able to reopen them, but it would give even an Elder a hard time. Your palace, like those of the other lords of the city, has stood for millennia and has been enchanted and re-enchanted hundreds of times to meet every conceivable need. A determined dragon might be able to force its way in, but it would have difficulty. For the moment, you, and all inside with you, appear to be safe. Outside you hear screaming, and the door glows with red-hot heat as dragonflame splatters against the outer portals. The screaming stops.



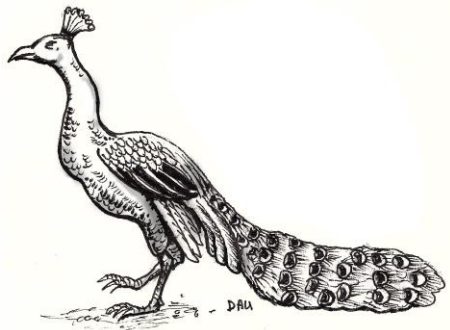
"Thank, Venn," gabbles a newt. "That was just in time." Your cold-hearted action may have saved you and those around you, but it condemned dozens of helpless people in the open outside to a horrible death. Roll 1D6 and add 1.

Subtract that number from your current Charisma value to find your new permanent Charisma attribute. (This is the highest number your CHR value can be until you find some other way to increase it, such as spending adventure points.) Go to [2].



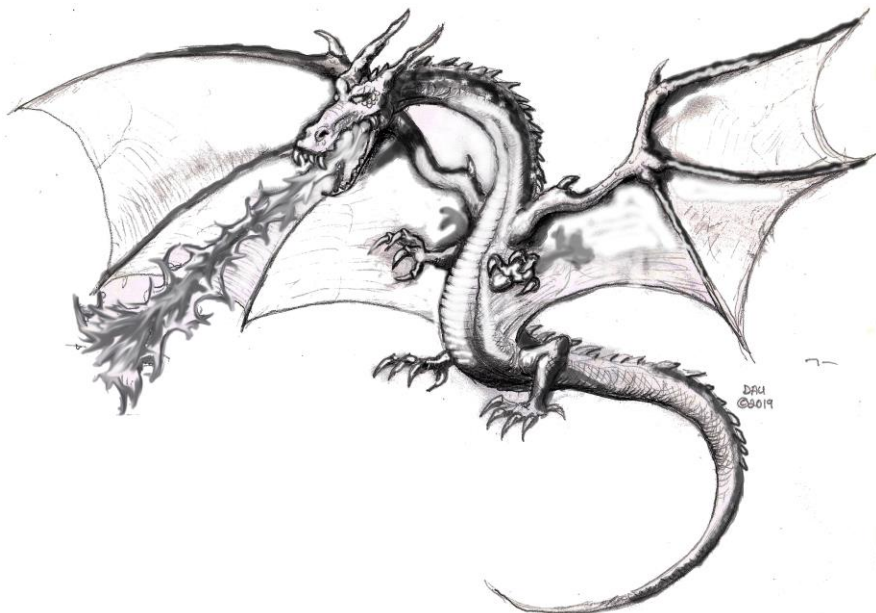
[87] Unfortunately, you do not have enough wizardly power left to perform the spirit summoning spell. Now your servants don't know what to do. You have never failed them before. If the uruks get into the upper chambers, there will be a massacre. You tell them to lock and barricade every door that leads to a stairway to the cellars, and to arm themselves. Your chief steward starts to organize all that. Some of the lesser servants simply run away, preferring to take their chances

in the streets rather than stay in the palace and be slaughtered. If any outsiders have taken refuge with you, they will certainly prefer to run back into the streets and seek shelter elsewhere. You can't worry about them now. You need to protect yourself. Your best chance is to barricade yourself inside your Sanctum Sorcerium--your library and study--the place where you keep your private books and most powerful enchanted objects. Leaving the servants to do whatever they wish, you say something about going to the armory to get your best weapon, and hurry off to the Sanctum. You soon reach it--a large room on the top floor of your palace. You rush inside and lock the door--activating the magical lock you had installed years ago. You have placed such locks in many rooms to guarantee your privacy for times when you don't want to be interrupted by servants with their petty concerns. You are now as safe as your palace can make you, surrounded by magical items, and locked away from the outside world. You wonder how the battle is going back at the Grand Concourse, and decide to check.



Make a L1SR on Luck. If you succeed, go to [42]; if you fail, go to [52].

[88] The uruks all seem to lose their focus and just stand there drooling. The effort took more out of you than you expected, and you have just a single point of CHR left. They will obey the first command they hear. Three possibilities quickly occur to you: (1) you could tell them to simply leave and go home--go to [60], (2) you could tell them to sleep--go to [95]; or you could tell them to kill each other--go to [24]. Choose one of those three and see what happens.



[89] This dragon has a monster rating of 500. All dragons are highly resistant to flame. Divide your

combat damage by 10 and reduce the dragon's monster rating by that amount. You succeeded in annoying it. The great reptile looks at you and smiles, the kind of evil grin that only dragons can do. You hear a rumble that might be a laugh. Then it opens its maw and shoots a blast of flame directly at you. You have about 2 seconds to react. If you hold onto your lance and stand there and take it, go to [94]; If you drop the lance and try to dodge the fiery blast, go to [100].



[90] When you open the door leading out of the stairwell on the Concourse rooftop, you take in the situation at a glance. The roof is a vast oval with

the center open to the air, but protected by netting that stretches from the four conic spires that jut some ten feet into the air from four equidistant points around it. Around one spire the male Tjouse have gathered, glowing brightly against the darkness of the night, and making them the main point of the dragon's attack. As you watch, a large blue dragon swoops down on them and unleashes a mighty blast of dragonfire that should burn them all to a crisp, but two of the older men make shielding gestures with their staves and a golden shell of light springs up around them all. The dragonfire splatters harmlessly against it and dissipates into the night air in a harmless shower of sparks. The general temperature on the roof increases slightly. Directly across from the men and gathered around another spire are the women of the Tjouse. Most of them seem to be armed with swords, maces, and a few cleavers, but a couple do have flame lances. As you look at them, one shoots a bolt of purple lightning at the attacking blue dragon. The impact makes the dragon roar--an ear deafening sound, and it thrashes its head around violently looking for the source of the attack, but then pulls out of its dive and rejoins its four companions circling above. You see a fallen warrior off to one side, more a blackened skeleton than anything else, but with an electrum sword

nearby. That is no weapon for a man, so you ignore it. You could make a dash for the spire where the main group of wizards is and add your magical might to theirs even without a focus object like a staff by going to [70]. Or, maybe joining the defenders here is not really that good of an idea. If you decide that discretion is the better part of valor and duck back into the stairwell, go to [31].



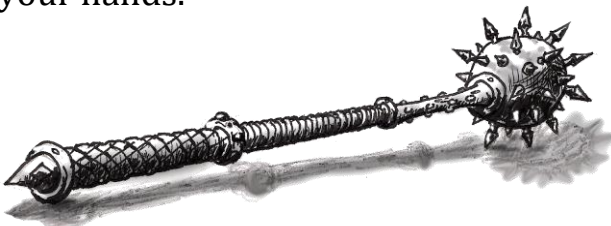
[91] More than 100 newts rush through the door right behind you. You see your major domo, and quickly bark out a command to it. "Divert them to the Audience Chamber, and keep them there until the emergency passes!" Your chief servant immediately takes action to obey your command. You step to one side and wait for the foyer to clear. Your generous decision has saved many lives--roll 2D6 (DARO) and add that number to your CHR. Go to [2].

[92] Your blast had the desired effect--it stopped the great beast's heart. Take 500 adventure points right now. A great charred hole appears in the dragon's chest, and it drops like a stone from the

sky. More like a huge boulder, crashing down directly towards you. Make your L1SR on Luck. If you make it, go to [25]; if you miss, go to [35].



[93] WHAMMM! The plummeting monster strikes the stone of the rooftop with enough force to crack the stone, but not quite enough to break it. It misses you by inches. You thought it was going to hit you, but you were wrong--never so glad to be mistaken in your life. The impact sends you staggering forward. Then a strong hand grabs your arm and pulls you into a hug. Your friend Arra has you in her grip. She smiles and says, "You must be the luckiest woman here tonight. Come join us." If you already had a weapon, you have lost it somehow. Arra presses an enchanted morningstar into your hands.



For a couple of minutes you simply stand with the other warriors, trying to catch your breath. Then you notice that the shouting and confusion seems to be dying down. Zarra punches you in the shoulder and laughs. "Look!" she shouts and points into the night sky. "The dragons are leaving!" You look up, and it's true. The dragons are fading into the darkness beyond the city walls. It appears that the attack is over. You heave a sigh of relief and sit down abruptly. Several of the other warriors are doing the same thing. From the men's party on the other side of the roof comes a great cheer--the great cheer of the Tjouse. They are all shouting, "VENN! VENN! VENN!" Go to AFTERWORD.

[94] Dragon flame envelops you--the world disappears in a blast of fire but then it comes back. You feel the pain, and it hurts--it hurts like fire, but you do not burn, and you do not die. The lance is one of the new models, enchanted to be fireproof, and to make its wielder fireproof as well. In fact, the dragonfire has made you stronger. You may double your STR and CON attributes. The great beast has no more time for you as your sister warriors have now caught up with it and are attacking it with swords and maces. You cannot fire the lance again for fear of killing your own warriors. Still, the lance is a long piece of sharp and

magical steel. You could possibly stab the monster with it. If you choose to join the fight, go to [6]. If you step off to the side to watch and see what happens, go to [22].

[95] The uruks all fall asleep and drop to the floor, letting their weapons fall beside them. Go to [32].

[96] A golden aura appears around you and the dragonfire splashes off of it--for a few seconds. Then the aura flickers, weakens, and disappears. Dragonfire engulfs you in a fiery inferno as great as any volcano, and you are instantly reduced to ashes and a few charred bones that would crumble at a touch. It was so fast and hot that you didn't feel a thing. THE END.



[97] Luckily, you are wearing the ring of unholy protection given to you by the greatest wizard in the city. The demon finds itself unable to penetrate your mind or soul. In complete frustration, it takes out its anger on the uruks, and incinerates them all with magical bolts of lightning. It even tries to blast you, but the ring wards you from the effect. Finally, when you are the only thing left alive in the chamber, it returns to its own special hell, leaving behind a putrid smell that will persist for a hundred years. Heaving a sigh of relief--you return to your Sanctum Sorcerium. Go to [77]



[98] "Dragons attacking the city!" D'nyall snorts. "How dare they!" you respond, "and me without my anti-dragon amulet!" Your fellow wizard grins

ruefully as you continue, "At least you have an anti-dragon amulet, while the best I have at home is a mega-blaster." "Ha!" laughs your friend. "That thing can knock over a mastodon." "Well, I hope it's enough to knock over a dragon," you pray.



Engaged in such banter you quickly reach ground level. For a few steps you stride through the crowd together, but your friend quickly splits off from you when he reaches his own palace. Your domicile is only a little further along. In the distance you can see flames and smoke rising into the night sky. Apparently the dragons have set aflame some of the houses of the newts in the poorer section of the city. Your house servants see you coming and throw open the front door. At that moment one of the dragons swoops down and

strafes the street with blasts of dragon fire. The newts scream and run for the nearest shelter which happens to be your front door. Your servants move to shut the doors and block them out as soon as you enter--strange newts are not permitted to enter the palace. "Please, master!" one of them cries. The dragonfire is getting closer. Time for a decision--let them enter and find shelter, or block them out--they are not your concern. If you let them enter, go to [91]; if you shut them out, go to [86].

[99] You spend 3 CHR points to levitate yourself through the open part of the building to the rooftop. You don't go up too quickly, as you will need to move yourself to the side and duck out from under the netting when you reach the top. You will also want to be alert for danger, and be able to see where the defenders have positioned themselves.

When you reach the roof, you take in the situation at a glance. The top of the Concourse is a vast oval with the center open to the air, but protected by netting that stretches from the four conic spires that jut some ten feet into the air from four equidistant points around it. Around one spire the male Tjouse have gathered, glowing brightly

against the darkness of the night, and making them the main point of the dragon's attack. As you watch, a large blue dragon swoops down on them and unleashes a mighty blast of dragonfire that should burn them all to a crisp, but two of the older men make shielding gestures with their staves and a golden shell of light springs up around them all.



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[100] You drop the lance and leap frantically away from the blast of dragon fire. Make a L1SR on SPD. If you make it, go to [47]; if you fail then you are

struck squarely by the devastating breath of the dragon and blaze up like a torch for a second only to fall to the rooftop as a fire-blackened skeleton, all soft parts of the body totally destroyed by the fire. THE END.

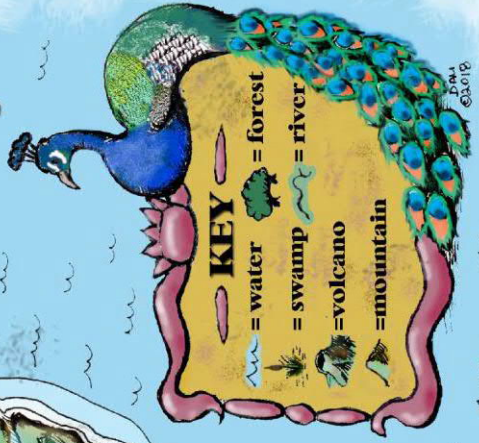
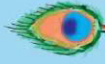


AFTERWORD: The combined dragon and uruk attack on the Tjouse city of X'venn passed into history as the second greatest threat the city ever faced. Those who lived through it told and retold the stories of that night until the legend grew far beyond the actual events. In time, when the Peacock Continent established contact with the other lands and people of Trollworld, it became one of the great hero stories of the ages. The only ones not pleased by the tale were dragons on other continents, and thus was enmity between all dragons and all peacocks formed. You survived the night, and for that you are awarded 500 adventure points and a one point gain in Charisma. THE END.

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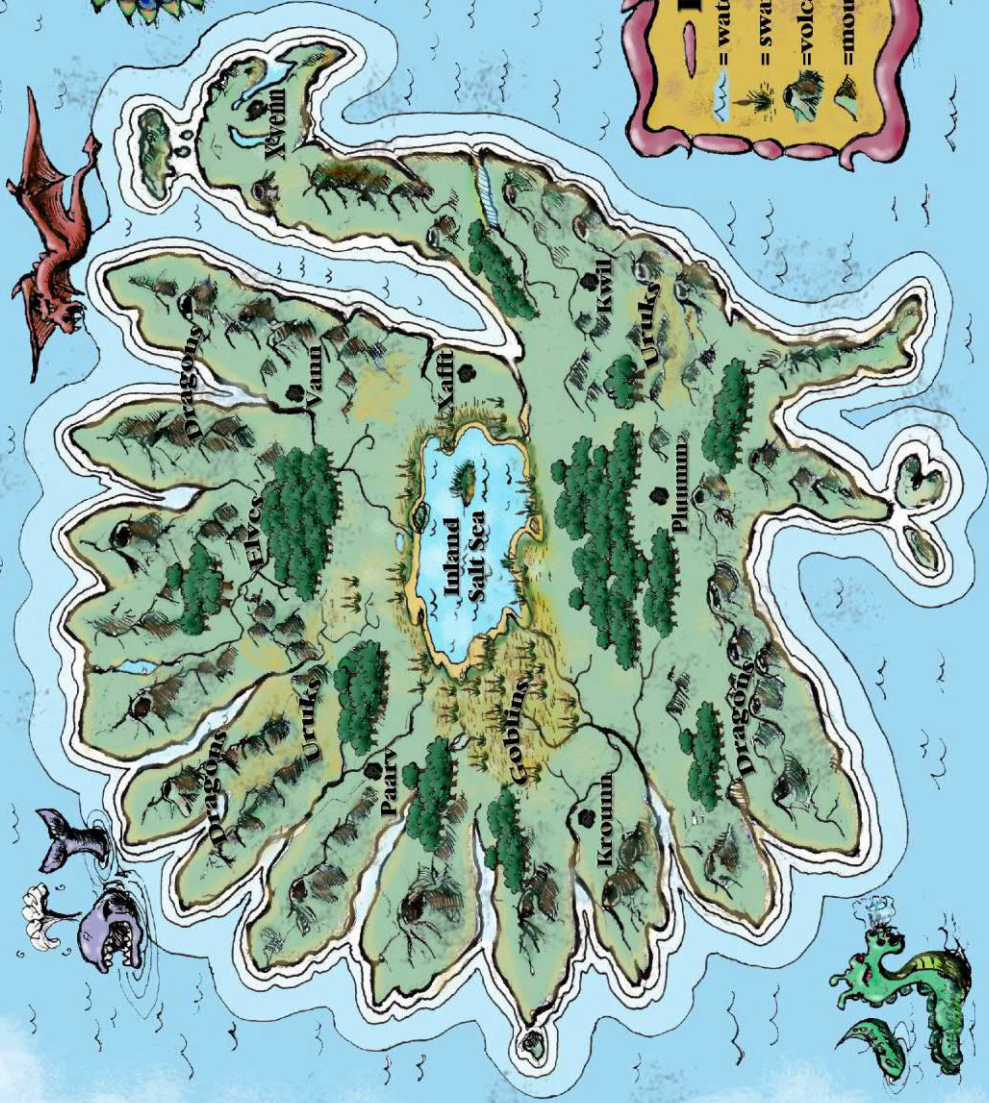
Continent



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KEY

-  = water
-  = forest
-  = river
-  = swamp
-  = volcano
-  = mountain



M 2022

DRAGONS ATTACK X'VENN



The Wizard City of X'venn on the Peacock Continent is attacked by Dragons in the air and Uruks on the ground! Will you help defend the city as a wizard or a warrior? What weapons or spells will you use? But most importantly are you brave enough to face the dragons' flame?

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