



KHAGHBOOMMM
PRESS

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

A TUNNELS & TROLLS SOLO



BY
MARK
THORNTON

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016



Welcome friends from overseas
I'm your guide I aim to please
I know what you want from me
Sights and smiles and history
I'll take you down to the Underground
That's where the spirit of the Blitz is found
Hear those sirens over your head?
See that platform, that's your bed

(Chorus)

Who went mad, who drowned in drink?
Who's in a cage and who's extinct?
Who ended up in a uniform?
The Lion and The Unicorn

Here's the church there's the steeple
Open it up where are the people?
Thinking up ways to take your dough
By deal or scheme or unseen blow
Now out to the shires where the towns are quaint
We spruced them up with a coat of paint
That white paint don't cover up dirt
Bandages don't cover up hurt

(Chorus)

I'll tell you tales of kings and sailors
Puritans, outlaws, thieves and traitors
Show you round the land we made
Whisper something we betrayed
So where's the hope, where's the reason?
Poisoned by the years of treason
Where's the justice where's the grace?
Disappeared without a trace

(Once again, credit to the Men They Couldn't Hang for their lyrics to the song, "The Lion and the Unicorn".)

Credits

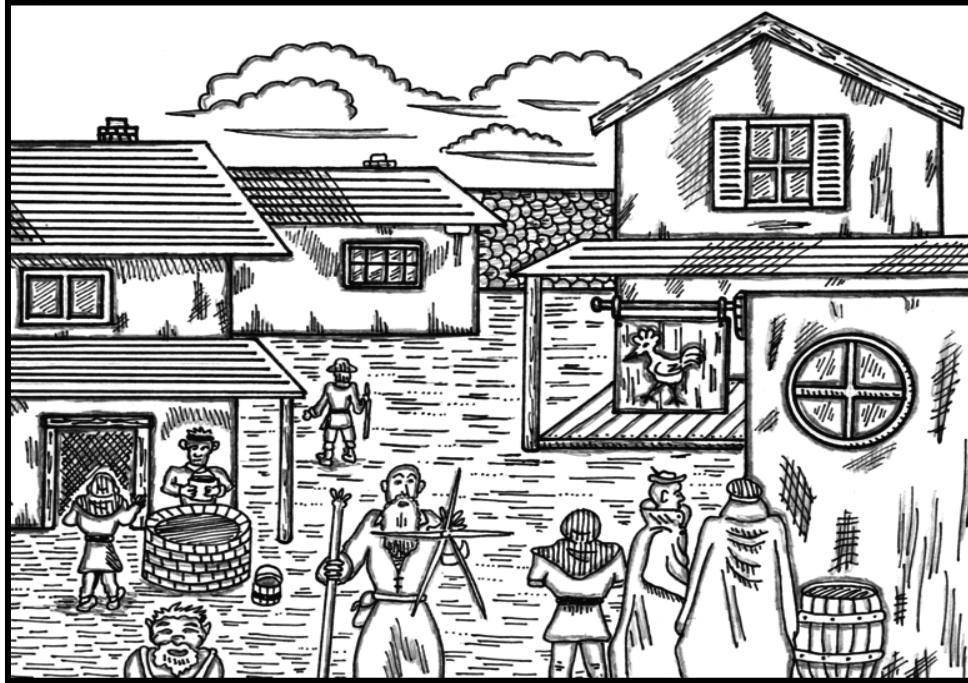
Written by Mark Thornton
Covers & Art by: Stanley Ditko



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A Tunnels and Trolls solitaire adventure for use with any edition of the rules. Suitable for all character types and levels but why not try with a low level character to begin with and get a feel for things? This setting will give you the chance of emerging with a very powerful character indeed, maybe even a fledgling Wizard-God, should you triumph over evil!



What can I tell you about this solo?

Seamists came about as a place on holiday on the south coast of Spain two years ago. Whenever we walked down to the beach of the strip of bars and restaurants below the house we were renting, just outside the lovely town of Nerja, we would 'play' Tunnels & Trolls. I think it is still fair to say 'play' but developing stories and characters had long before become the main reason for this most social and creative of activities. Rather like scripting, casting and shooting a movie but without the cost!

Characters emerged in that three week game who have gone on and 'lived' beyond that game. Principally, the demon-possessed Dr. Kilso, who features in the "Magic City Mayor" novel and the adventures of Gibby Honeydew and 'Bad Boy' Bernard Michaux in founding Pythagorax I the remote North-West tip of the Kraken continent. There was also Murgatroyd, the warrior who had become the Mayor's strong right arm by the time of "Magic City Mayor" while Taz was a warrior who had first appeared in Andy Holmes' quintessential "Goblin Crag" GM dungeon. The characters of Old Ned the Norse Necromancer, Blairvael, Grandmother Mosiken and Nerja all grew out of that walking game in the warm Spanish sun, as did the notion of Curse Magic, with its curses, jinxes and hexes.

Tunnels and Trolls is a game created by Ken St. Andre and published by Flying Buffalo, Inc.

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I wanted to remember those happy, laughing days and so wrote them large in this solo. Charlie liked the idea of a solo where an ordinary character might just emerge as a new Wizard-God if he or she surmounted every challenge and that is the carrot on offer within these pages. I have always loved Ken's "Death Trap Equaliser" beyond nearly all solo adventures and so I repeated the idea of a quest where just one or a whole array of challenges might be accepted. I have already visited the Labours of Herakles as a GM adventure but find it so compelling that I wanted to make it the foundation stones of this Curse Magic caper.

Anyhow, I must admit I'm not much of a play-tester! Everything I do is on the fly and much in keeping with Ken's own approach in that way at least. So, I rely on getting it right first time. I do make an effort with spelling and paragraph references and I think that I am pretty solid on both counts. What I do not look at after the act of writing is done are the saving rolls, monster ratings, AP awards, treasure and so on.

I often 'GM' solos – to extend them, to socialise them and to customise them – so I invite you to do the same if you feel the need or the urge. I apologise for any errors and cringe when I find them when my copy arrives from Lulu in the U.S. and reaches Aotearoa but I don't find willing play testers, proofreaders or editors because I am not Ken St. Andre! So, be kind in your judgments and quick in your laughter and my efforts will not have been in vain.

As for the artwork, there are many different styles of art and we all have our preferences. I think Stan never fails to bring life and humour to my pages and I hope you find these qualities working for you too. As it is for so many of us, producing rather than consuming is a labour of love, one that I think Herakles might have wanted to take on regardless of the other twelve.

Ah well, now I've said that, I might just roll up a character and see how they do before I commit myself and send the pdf of to Lulu...



OK – this is Roger Mellie, a human rogue of no fixed abode:

STR-8 WIZ-12 INT-6 LK-6 CON-13 DEX-10 CHR-11
SPD-11 (adds -4)

Well, Roger is no fighter and can't use magic so we'll give him a Roguery talent (+4 for INT, LK and CHR). Leather armour and a kukri and a poniard will take care of much of his starting 130 GPs. And his fate?

After six or so paragraphs, poor Roger fell down a cliff and broke his neck. It happens to all of us, you see!

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1 - You have come to the small coastal town of Seamists, some 200 miles south of the great city of Khaboom. Everything is damp here as the heavy sea mists roll in continually, never giving a moment of respite. Even in summer, the sun's rays do no more than turn the top layer of the mists to steam. Only hats stay dry here as the mists sit at shoulder level to an average man.

The road has brought you to this morose place because you have heard tell of someone seeking out fearless adventures to help lift curses from cities and villages all over the Kraken continent, Khaghtch'an. The word going round is that anyone sidestepping the many deaths than will dog the tasks required of a would-be hero will be rewarded with fame, fortune and power. That has been enough to get tongues wagging in inns up and down the countryside and it has been more than enough to make you pack your belongings and set off for glory.

Why does the work have to be done in such a Trollgod forsaken place? Ah, that is simple enough. Seamists is home to a strange brand of magic, Curse Magic, and its most capable practitioners are to be found in the environs about the bedraggled town. There are few people of the streets this evening as you seek the warmth of a tavern and local gossips to direct you to your destiny. Then arising mysteriously from the gloom penetrated only slightly by the glowstone lamplights hanging above street corners, you see a grizzled old man in tatty green robes, decorated with strange runes and lightening strikes. A Curse Wizard, surely! You follow him for a few minutes, keeping back so as not to draw attention to your interest, and then you see him enter a tavern, the board above the door creaking in the wind. You look up and see that it reveals the name of the hostelry, 'The Full Moon'. There is nothing for it but to follow in the mage's wake and go to the bar... (Go to 10).

2 – “Looks like there's a bit of the 'right stuff' in this one!”

“You might have something there, old friend.
Let's take a look shall we?”

You hear two voices inside, seemingly discussing your arrival. When you step over the threshold, you see a stern-looking dwarf smoking a large charoot and a milder human wizard, in blue robes and a tall conical hat.

The dwarf gets up and looks you up and down from head to toes. “I think Nerja will want to see this one, House Elf.”

“Well, you know she is expecting a visitor – we saw it in the ashes of the *Phoenix Fire*!
Come on, Souza, let's show some manners.”

With that, the two wizards escort you through a beaded curtain into a small, circular room with a strong smell of sandalwood. Go to 52.



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3 – “Old Ned wasn’t going to hurt ‘ee... Sorry about your eyebrows. I’d like to tell ‘ee that they’ll grow back but Old Ned won’t lie to ‘ee.”

The subtle curse Old Ned has breathed over you has raised your WIZ, LK and CHR – one of them by 1d6 (you can roll 1d6 to find out which one) and the others by 1 point. Sadly, because you did not cooperate, Old Ned has done a bit of damage too. Your eyebrows have been vaporised and this has done you 1d6 damage.

“Now you curl up next to Old Ned in bed and we’ll be right as rain come the morning.”

The bed is lumpy and sags and Old Ned drapes limbs over you all night but when Dawn shows her face, he is already up making porridge for you.

“Get that down you, you lubber, and then we’ll go visit Nerja. She’ll know what to do with you. You’re a good sort when you don’t wriggle.”

You feel earnestly compelled to follow Old Ned through the damp, misty streets – it must be the bonding a shared night can bring. Go to 76.

4 – The deeper you go into the Lernean Swamp, the worse the reek of noxious gases becomes. There is no apparent life here. Nothing shows its head above the viscous water, no eyes peer out at you as you plough on into the oppressive marsh.

Then glow worms begin to show on mangrove branches, twinkling amidst the clinging mists. As you become used to their elusive presence, you seem the gleam of something quite different. It is a sickle hung from the branch of a mangrove tree. Its blade looks keen and it has a faint golden sheen to it. It must surely be worth taking but that would involve leaving the path and climbing above the wretched muck, waiting to suck in the unwary.



While you ponder the wisdom of seeking to possess the sickle, make a L2 SR on CON (the marsh vapours are no less deadly here!) and go to 14.



5 – “We don’t have no truck with no wizards in Seamists,” Old Ned tells you in a faltering voice, once you enter the small room filled with a small double bed. He strokes his beard thoughtfully. “Are you a wizard? I can usually tell by the smell but my nose is as old as the rest of me. Quick, tell me!”

- If you are a wizard and you admit it, go to 25
- If you are a wizard and deny it, go to 30
- If you are not a wizard and make this clear, go to 35
- If you are not a wizard but claim to be one, go to 40

6 – A new problem dawns on you – where is this cave the Boar was supposed to be guarding, the statue to be destroyed within? Make a L1 SR on INT and go to 101 if you succeed and 106 if you fail.

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7 – As an inner voice tells you it is all over and pictures start to flood past you, showing your life to date in cartoon form, you hear people talking...

“This is what the Wizard-Gods do, isn’t it? Intervene. Let’s give it a go!”

“Yes, but we’re not Wizard-Gods. I don’t think we should risk upsetting them – it’s their business, not ours...”

Make a L1 SR on WIZ. If you make it, go to 42; if you fail, go to 47.

8 – The Norse Necromancer takes your ears and pulls your head down between his knees, gently squeezing your skull once he is satisfied with your position. He mutters mystical phrases and chants in plainsong until he is satisfied with his work.

“Well done, matey. You won’t cause trouble here with your scroll learning and Old Ned’s given you a little present in return.

You will not be able to cast the spells you know until you leave Seamists and its coastal waters. On the sunny side of the street, your LK is boosted by 1d6.

When you look to be recovered, Old Ned tucks you up in bed and snuggles down next to you for an interesting night’s sleep. In the morning, he feeds you kipper porridge for breakfast and marches you down the road to see Grandmother Mosiken. Go to 41.

9 – This foul place seems endless. The torturous path insinuates its way towards the heart of the morass, spiralling ever closer to the destination it, not you, has designed.

Out of the hopelessness of its chill horror, glow worms begin to show on mangrove branches, twinkling amidst the clinging mists. As you become used to their elusive presence, you seem the gleam of something quite different. It is a sickle hung from the branch of a mangrove tree. Its blade looks keen and it has a faint golden sheen to it. It must surely be worth taking but that would involve leaving the path and climbing above the wretched muck, waiting to suck in the unwary.

While you ponder the wisdom of seeking to possess the sickle, make a L3 SR on CON (the marsh vapours are no less deadly here!) and go to 19.

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10 – The tavern is ill-lit and smokey. As you glance about to check out the clientele, you see that most of the customers are old men, supping from half pint mugs and playing cards or cribbage, content to while away the hours away from the dampness of the outside world. The bar is tended by an elderly woman whose forehead betrays uruk heritage. She looks up in surprise to see a second punter so hot on the heels of the mage and her eyes linger on you, perhaps because you are clearly not a local. As you take off your sodden coat, the old wizard bangs down coins on the bar and turns to you.

“What’s your poison then? I’m buying – there’s only one reason why an outside would show up at this time of year after dusk. What will it be? Whiskey, ale or are you a wine drinker?”

When you give him your answer, the barmaid is quick to pour your drink once she has filled the beautiful, twisted horn that the old man drinks from.

“You want a bed for the night?” she asks gruffly. You can hear that rain has begun to beat down outside and the thought of tramping the streets in search of better accommodation is depressing enough to make you nod your agreement.

“No need to trouble the girl, Brigid,” the mage snorts through a mouthful of something dark red and frothy. “He can doss with me. I’ve got a notion he and I might have some business to see to.”

Brigid grunts as she wipes off the bar top while the old man turns to you and grins, showing you yellowing teeth studded with rubies.

“When you’ve downed that and had a bite to warm your inards, you can follow me upstairs and we’ll talk terms.”

He upends his horn and wipes his lips on his sleeve and then trudges creakily up the stairs. When you ask Brigid who he is, she scowls and clears her throat with a rasping wheeze.

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“That’s Old Ned. Some call him the Norse Necromancer. He’s harmless enough if you don’t upset him. He’s lived here for generations and is one of the few to visit Blairvael when he chooses. A Curse Witch and a Curse Wizard! Good thing for the rest of us they get on. What with Grandmother Mosiken and young Nerja, I reckon we can keep them Guild wizards out of our hair. You wouldn’t be one of them, would you now?”

A hush spreads across the room as everyone turns to hear your answer. After a moment’s reflection, Brigid serves you a big bowl of meaty stew with hunks of ryebread and then it is time for you to take your bed and find out what Old Ned the Norse Necromancer wants to discuss with you.

As soon as you stick your face through the door, the Norse Necromancer seizes you by the collar and demands that you reveal what you are!

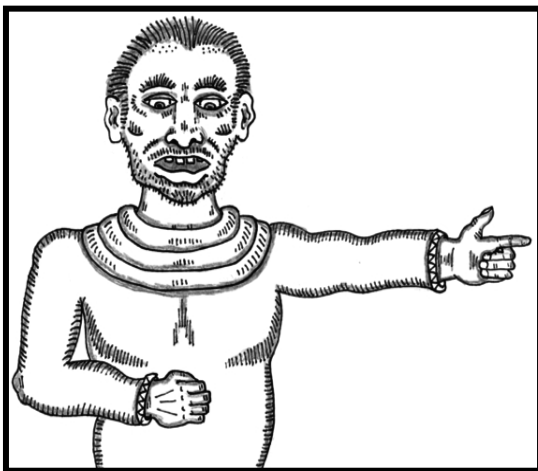
If you say you are a wizard, go to (5); if you say you are a rogue, go to (15); if you say you are a warrior or a citizen, go to (20).

11 – The Norse Necromancer points a bony finger at you and waggles it suspiciously. “Are you telling porkies to Old Ned? That’s not a nice thing to do – not nice for your health! Let’s see if you want to change your mind, shall we?”

His eyebrows quiver and you feel a strong compulsion to tell the truth come over you. Make a L1 SR on WIZ. If you make it, go to 31 but if you fail, go to 36.

12 – A shaggy head emerges from the main. “I am Tryphon, Guard of the Sea Witch. Your coming has been anticipated these many moons. If you will allow me to place my hand upon the prow of your boat, I will take you to Blairvael.”

When you nod your ascent, the merman moves at a speed beyond your eyes’ capabilities to observe and once a short period of utter dark is over, your boat rests on a sandy shallow in a cave. Ahead of you is a bright blue coruscation. Whatever it is, Tryphon has left you to discover yourself. Go to 22.



13 – The Norse Necromancer scowls and spits. “You clear off then! Get out and don’t come back!”

You can do as he says and leave the adventure, have a change of heart and let him do what he must to stop your spellcasting (go to 8) or you can either try to overpower him (go to 46 or pretend to leave but scout about sneakily (go to 51).

14 – If you failed the SR, you are weakening in every way as you inhale toxins from the Swamp. Reduce every attribute by 1d6 (1 roll, same

effect for all) until you get out of the Lernean Swamp.

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Now you must decide whether to climb the small tree to get the sickle or to force yourself deeper into the malodorous domain of the Hydra. If you want to go for the sickle, go to 24 but if you think it best not to take that risk and to proceed on your quest without it, go to 29.

15 – Old Ned is sitting on the edge of a small double bed which almost fills the small room he is in. When you say that you are a rogue, he is quick to ask you if you are the magic casting kind or the sneaky type.

- If you are a spellcaster and you admit it, go to 45
- If you are a spellcaster and deny it, go to 50
- If you are not a spellcasting rogue but have the roguery talent and make this clear, go to 55
- If you have the roguery talent and are not a spellcasting rogue but claim to be one, go to 60
- If you are a warrior or a citizen, go to 11.

16 – The old fogey has been dreaming about you and sending nocturnal blessings your way. How sweet! Your WIZ, LK and CHR are all raised by 2.

When he wakes, he tells you it is time to go to see Blairvael as she will do how best to look after you here in Seamists. Go to 73.

17 – The octoshark that grasps you in its rubbery embrace soon devours you within its gaping maw. Then it burps and swims off. Close the book.

18 – “There’s something queer about you or Old Ned’s a lot older than he thinks he is! Oh well, let’s get to bed and Grandmother Mosiken will sort you out in the morning. You seem as if you’ll need a lot of sorting out, so you do!”



With that he hops into bed, leaving you the other side and you spend an all too cosy night together in a lumpy, sagging bed. In the morning, he feeds you kippers and porridge and takes you out into the cold mists to pay a visit to Grandmother Mosiken. Go to 41.

19 – If you failed the SR, you are weakening in every way as you inhale toxins from the Swamp. Reduce every attribute by 1d6 (roll for each attribute separately) until you get out of the Lernean Swamp. Now you must decide whether to climb the small tree to get the sickle or to force yourself deeper into the malodorous domain of the Hydra. If you want to go for the sickle, go to 34 but if you think it best not to take that risk and to proceed on your quest without it, go to 29.

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20 – You find Old Ned sat on the edge of small double bed in a very small, plain room. “Good to know that you ain’t one of those spellcasting types. We don’t hold with them in these parts – we got our own special ways, see?” He squints at you as if you might see something of what he means in his eye. “I got to curse you now for your own good. You just keep still and it’ll soon be done if I can keep from forgetting the words...”

- If you keep still for Old Ned, go to 65
- If you protest or back out of the room, go to 70

21 – The Necromancer has been harbouring suspicions about you and has cursed you in his sleep! Lose 1 from WIZ, LK and CHR.

The old man grumbles about you being on his side of the bed when he wakes up but after dousing his shaggy head in cold water and flagellating himself with a camel hair thong, he cheers up.

“Come on, I’ll take you to see Blairvael – she’ll likely as not know what to make of you. You’re a strange one – too strange for Old Ned. In me prime I’d a known what to do with you but now all I can remember is that I like kippers...” He witters on for quite a while and makes sure you pay attention. Go to 73.

22 – The refulgent ocean blue, the epitome of the sea dazzling in summer sun, dissipates slowly, leaving behind a woman of indeterminable years. She seems ancient and in her prime at the same time. She has unreadable blue eyes set in an oval face perfectly proportioned to accommodate warm, full lips and high cheekbones. Her electric blue waist length hair is matched with a sleek primrose dress which covers her completely while hinting at feminine pulchritude undreamed of elsewhere.

You are utterly captivated by this vision and when she speaks, it is as if the waves themselves are lapping inside your mind, soothing you as no sounds ever have before.

“I am Blairvael, the Sea Witch. I mean you no harm. I read of your coming and welcome you. This is a special place, a place where a different magic exists. You may yet learn something of it but for now you must listen to what I have to tell you very carefully. Then you must weigh your choices and come to a swift decision.



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There are on Khaghtch'an especially but also in other cities on Trollworld evil artefacts that must be destroyed if the creators of these demon devices are to be expelled before they gain enough power to drive the Wizard-Gods and Witch-Goddesses into the *Interstellar Abyss*, leaving Trollworld as a mere farm for demonspawn.

You may refuse to risk your life for the good of the entire planet but if you are valiant enough to play a part in this unseen war, you must choose if you will be the leading actor, take a lesser but still major role or if you will make a cameo appearance only.

There are two Arch-Demons who have made six artefacts each, located near different cities. You may elect to turn away in this moment of crisis or to seek to destroy all twelve, the six made by either the Lion or the Unicorn or

just one single item. Even the destruction of one of these evil creations will earn you fame, fortune and power – to destroy more will bring you greatness indeed.

If you destroy one object, you must continue with the quest to destroy more or else you must be given a new identity to keep you alive! The instant you succeed in whatever quest you may agree to undertake, you will be brought back here to safety.

I cannot say what your gain will be but I can tell you that you will put your life in jeopardy by taking a role in this play. Think well and speak your will!"

She regards you compassionately and waits for your answer.

You may accept just one mission, the Bit Part, (go to 57), follow the Plot of the Lion (go to 62), take the Script of the Unicorn (go to 67) or set out on the Performance of Peril, taking on both demons (go to 72).

23 – Before you can finish your sentence, the Norse Necromancer mutters a Word of Power and renders you senseless. When you wake you have the mother of all hangovers (your INT is permanently reduced to 9).

In your docile state, Old Ned feeds you porridge and kippers and takes you off to visit Grandmother Mosiken. Go to 41.

24 – Make a L2 SR on LK. If you make it, the only thing you have to contend with is the atrociously tricky climb over certain doom! If you fail, your presence awakens the evil heart of the sometimes-sentient tree and it attempts to buck you from its branches!

The saving roll to make your way securely over the waiting water is just L1 DEX unless the mangrove is out to unseat you, in which case it is L2. If you fail, the Swamp sucks you down and its acidic nature quickly eats the flesh from your bones.

If you succeed, you can take the Golden Serpent Sickle, which fairly throbs with magical power, then carefully climb back to the path and go on to confront the Hydra. You can hear it hissing like a raging hurricane now that the Sickle has been taken. Go to 29.

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25 – The raggedly unkempt old man leers at you and spits out a wad of tobacco. “Well and good that you admit it. You’ve got two choices, matey. You can submit to a curse that will stop up your meddling magics while you’re in these parts or you can pack your bags and head for home.”

Actually, you have a third choice – you could refuse to cooperate.

- If you refuse to cooperate, go to 75
- If you agree to be cursed, go to 80
- If you give up and return home, that’s you gone from this adventure!

26 – “You’re a numbskull, that’s what you are and no mistake.” Old Ned looks scornfully at you and then sneezes all over you. It puts you to sleep immediately and also drains 1d6 from your INT.

In the morning when you wake up, you feel sorely used but there is no time to grumble as he shoves and kipper into your mouth for breakfast and scoops you out of bed with surprising vigour.

“Time to take you for your interview with Blairvael. She’ll know what to make of you, you big banana.” Go to 73.

27 – The inside of the cottage is odd in that there are no chairs but rather couches set about low tables. Whatever is even odder are the runes etched on the walls and the smoke rings rising from crystal balls set into floor and ceiling.



On one couch reclines a naga, resting on her coils which are a grey-green, a clear sign of her great age. Although she must seem utterly alien to you, there is nonetheless something of the much-loved great aunt or grandmother about her, something that puts you at your ease despite the uncertainly surrounding this meeting and indeed what it is you are doing in Seamists.

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"I am Grandmother Mosiken, guardian of this town. I mean you no harm. I read of your coming and welcome you. This is a special place, a place where a different magic exists. You may yet learn something of it but for now you must listen to what I have to tell you very carefully. Then you must weigh your choices and come to a swift decision.

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28 – Make a L2 SR on CHR. If you succeed, go to 66 but if you fail, go to 71.

29 – As you turn yet another corner, you reach the centre of the Swamp. Happily, the air is no worse here and if you have survived thus far you can at least pause to take in the gargantuan beast that lies waiting for you. It is definitely serpentine, its trunk some 20' thick. There is one massive head in the middle, a forked tongue flickering

out, questing for prey and dripping venom.

From the trunk, to which there is no end in sight as it is embedded into the Swamp itself, sprout six other heads. These are tiny in comparison, no larger than the head of a cobra but as you watch in fascinated horror, you see that they carry another menace as their bodies are elastic to a degree and they all shoot out at you simultaneously!

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Make a L1 SR on SPD. Should you fail, you will be bitten repeatedly and the poison the fangs inject will leave you instantly paralysed so that you will have to watch the leisurely feeding process than will soon begin...

If you are quick enough to step back in time to avoid this doom, make a L1 SR on INT and go to 39.

30 – The shabby old coot sniffs and looks at you with narrowing eyes. “Are you telling Old Ned the truth? Woe betide you if you’re lying! Old Ned doesn’t take kindly to liars.”

Make a L3 SR on CHR. If you make it, go to 85 but if you fail go to 75.

31 – “Ah well. It doesn’t much matter. Old Ned can tell you ain’t got none of that city magic! Now, you settle down on the left side of the bed and mind you keep your hands to yourself.”

Old Ned takes the other side of the lumpy, sagging bed and is soon soundly asleep, snoring like an angry swarm of bees. When dawn breaks, he grasps your nose and chants a few high pitched, indecipherable words. When he squeezes hard on your appendage, instead of feeling pain you feel a sense of vigour wash through your body. You may add 1d6 to CON and 1 to each of WIZ, LK and CHR.

The old necromancer leaps out of bed, grabs a kipper for each of you from a pot under the bed and drags you outside once you are dressed. “Time to visit Grandmother Mosiken, I think. She’ll know what to make of you. Don’t dawdle – look lively!” He staggers off down the street, already thick with clammy fog. Go to 41.

32 – You touch the steel gloved hand and it closes about your wrist, heaving you bodily to safety. Allelujah!

As you look up to see who has preserved you from an untimely death, you see a short minotaur warrior wearing heavy plate standing on the path, arms crossed over his broad chest.

“Welcome!” he booms. “I am Taz, bodyguard to Grandmother Mosiken. You have long been anticipated – we have seen your coming in the stars! Follow me and I will take you to the Venerable One.”

He seems to know what he is about and you feel no urge to do anything other than follow him, especially now the path is flat. After 15 more minutes, you come to a thatch roofed cottage built into the cliff face. Taz knocks lightly and stands aside to allow you to enter. There is a reptilian smell to the cottage. Go to 27.



33 – If you made it, you manage to hear a particular word he has been repeating with absolute clarity – when you perceive the true word, you find 1d6 has been added to your WIZ. If you fail, you just feel a tad frustrated at not understanding and at the repetition.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

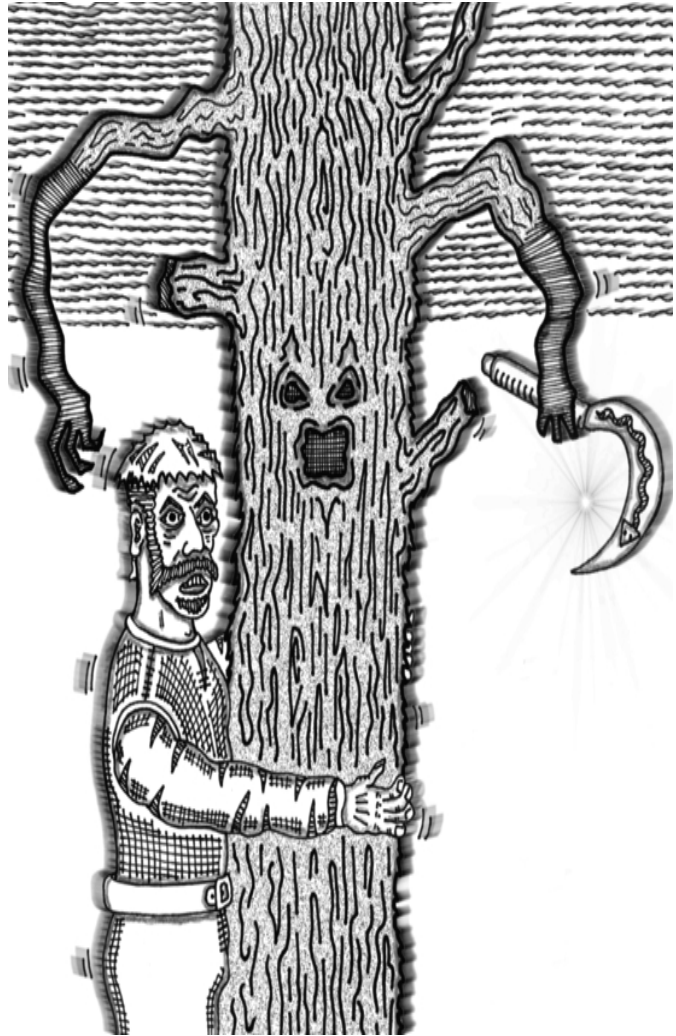
By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

After a breakfast of porridge and kippers, the old man tells you it is time to visit Grandmother Mosiken if you want to live to see tomorrow. Perhaps this is the incentive that makes you accompany him out into the damp mists of morning. Go to 41.

34 – Make L1 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR. If you make them, the only thing you have to contend with is the atrociously tricky climb over certain doom! If you fail any of them, you do not possess the inherent soul-masking capability to prevent the tree from awakening – it has an evil heart and the sometimes-sentient tree now attempts to buck you from its branches!

The saving roll to make your way securely over the waiting water is just L1 DEX unless the mangrove is out to unseat you, in which case it is L2. If you fail, the Swamp sucks you down and its acidic nature quickly eats the flesh from your bones.

If you succeed, you can take the Golden Serpent Sickle, which fairly throbs with magical power, then carefully climb back to the path and go on to confront the Hydra. You can hear it hissing like a raging hurricane now that the Sickle has been taken. Go to 29.



35 – The rugged old man snorts and sniffs, sniffs and snorts and finally is satisfied that you are telling truth. "You don't have the stink of magic on you, you'll do at a pinch!" he fires back at you. "You'd better kip down for the night next to me and we'll see where our dreams take us..."

The bed is lumpy and sags in the middle so you soon find yourself rolling up against his bony old body. His breath is stale and his nocturnal emissions are not infrequent. There always seems to be an elbow in your face or an arm draped across you. As morning comes, you hear him muttering in his sleep and he leans in close to your ear.

Make L1 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 95.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016



36 – “You varmint!” the old man yells, seizing you by the nose with alarming speed. “Old Ned don’t like liars, oh no he don’t. Here – take that!”

Before you can react, the Norse Necromancer squeezes hard on your appendage and you promptly pass out. In the morning, when he wakes you, you have a nasty headache and have lost 1 from each of WIZ, LK and CHR.

Locking on to your wrist with an iron grip, he drags you out of bed and sticks a kipper in your mouth. “You can eat your breakfast as we walk,” he says fiercely. “Time to visit Grandmother Mosiken, I think. She’ll know what to make of you. Don’t dawdle – look lively!”

He staggers off down the street, already thick with clammy fog. Go to 41.

37 – You touch the steel gloved hand for one fleeting second and it attempts to close around your outstretched fingers but to no avail... there is no connection, no rescue, no *deus ex machina* salvation. After a brief fall, you smash like an egg on the rocks. Close the book.

38 – “No more clowning, you hear! What you think you’re playing at? I got a good mind to curse you...” Make a L1 SR on LK – if you fail, he mutters a Word of Power and you lose 1 or 2 points of LK (odds or evens, 1 or 2).

He soon forgets what you did to annoy him and settles down for the night, leaving you the other side of the lumpy, sagging bed. After an oddly personel night of much tossing and turning, you wake to Old Ned offering you kippers and porridge for breakfast before telling you what the day has in store.

“I’m taking you to see Grandmother Mosiken. She’ll know what you’re made of, so she will.”

And with that, you feel weirdly attracted to follow him down the clammy streets. Go to 41.

39 – If you failed the saving roll, you forgot about the Swamp and in you go! You are now easy pickings for the Hydra – that is if the acidic water doesn’t gobble you up first!

Otherwise, all being (temporarily) well, go to 44.

40 – The old codger taps his nose and blows hard into a dirty old rag which he throws onto the bed when he is done with his nasal expulsions. “You want to be careful with what you claim. You wouldn’t want to be taken as a deceiver, would you? Old Ned can turn lies into facts, Old Ned can!”

Make a L2 SR on CHR and go to 100 if you make it but to 26 if you fail...

41 – Old Ned sighs as he leads you out of town and along a winding, steep path along the cliffs. At least you leave the rolling, clinging sea mists behind. After 30 minutes of scrambling over rocks along treacherous slopes, Old Ned stops.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

“This is as far as Old Ned goes. It’s too tough on me old legs from here. I doesn’t want to break me old bones, so I don’t! You go one and take care, mind! There’s a fair few folks that have tumbled down to be dashed brainless on them rocks down there!”

He hobbles away with a wave and leaves you to descend what serves a path. It looks as if slithering would be safer! Go to 200.

42 – Something rather magical happens – and it happens to you! When your head stops spinning, you find yourself to be very much still alive and you hear two people inviting you into the KASOCC offices. When you step over the threshold, you see a stern-looking dwarf smoking a large charoot and a milder human wizard, in blue robes and a tall conical hat.

The dwarf gets up and looks you up and down from head to toes. “I think Nerja will want to see this one, House Elf.”

“Well, you know she is expecting a visitor – we saw it in the ashes of the *Phoenix Fire!* Come on, Souza, let’s show some manners.”

With that, the two wizards escort you through a beaded curtain into a small, circular room with a strong smell of sandalwood. Go to 52.

43 – The curse is completely benign. The Norse Necromancer has raised your WIZ, LK and CHR by 1d6 each.

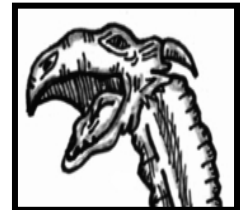
“Old Ned knows a thing or two, does Old Ned,” he nods with sage satisfaction. “Now you curl up next to Old Ned in bed and we’ll be right as rain come the morning.”

The bed is lumpy and sags and Old Ned drapes limbs over you all night but when Dawn shows her face, he is already up making porridge for you.

“Get that down you, Sweetcheeks, and then we’ll go visit Nerja. She’ll know what to do with you. You’re a good sort when you don’t wriggle.”

You feel earnestly compelled to follow Old Ned through the damp, misty streets – it must be the bonding a shared night can bring. Go to 76.

44 – You notice that one of the small heads has purple eyes, while the rest are yellow. The monster is fixed on ending your life quickly and decisively. If you have the Golden Sickle, you had better use it now. If not, you have little choice but to attack because that amounts to the best and only form of defence.



If you want to randomly attack the small heads one by one so that you can get to the oversized freak show behind the others, go to 49; if you want to attack the head with the purple eyes with single-minded aggression, go to 54.

45 – “You know many spells, do you? We don’t want them Wizards’ Guild spells thrown in Seamists, see? They upset the applecart, they do. I’ll make you for get them until you leave – that suit you?”

If you consent to receiving the *Curse of Forgetfulness* Old Ned wants to place on you, go to 8; if you decide to decline, go to 13.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

46 – Make a L5 SR on SPD. If you make it, you are too quick for the suddenly agile and electric octogenarian (go to 48). If you fail, he touches you lightly before you can do anything to stop him and you zone out, all senses failing simultaneously.

When you wake, he is leading you by a chain around your neck and you know you are helpless to resist him. Your INT has been reduced to 9 (permanently) by some arcane method.

“I’m taking you to Grandmother Mosiken, so I am. She’ll know what to do with you, you miserable wretch!” Go to 41.

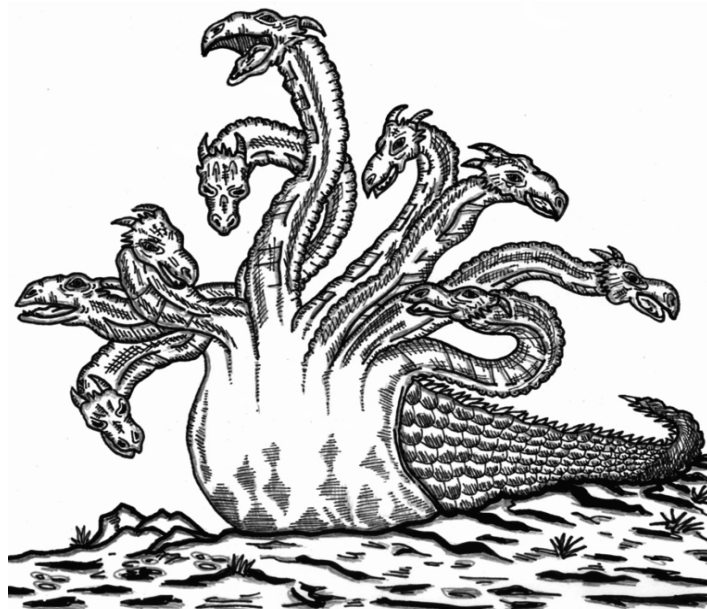
47 – Unfortunately, there is no miraculous cure to your problems, nothing and no one gets on the white horse and charges to the rescue.

You have been banished from Seamists forever, teleported home (wherever that may be), cursed to hop for the rest of your days. You can switch legs but hop you must. You have suffered the *Kangaroo Curse* and you will need to access L7 magic from a branch of the Wizards’ Guild to lift this one. Close the book.

48 – You have Old Ned at your mercy. “You can run, you can hide but you’ll never be safe in this town again!” he spits with geriatric rage. Then he chokes on his own tongue.

You have a choice: confess to your part in his death (go to 78) or make a run for home (go to 83).

49 – As you battle for your life, it is perfectly plain that the purple-eyed head is the ‘control’ head, directing the darting attacks of its sisters. These five heads have a combined MR of 100. To sever one takes a L4 SR on DEX, in which case the MR drops by 20 – if you have the Sickle, which gets 10d6 +10, the DEX SR drops to L2. Should you sever the five heads assailing you, there will still be the control head and the colossal central head to contend with – go to 59 if you are still swinging.



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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

50 – Make a L3 SR on LK. If you make it, go to 18 but if you fail, go to 23.

51 – It's dark outside now and the mist stings your eyes. As you turn a corner, cold hands grab at you and pull you to the ground. Your limbs turn to jelly and your tongue freezes. You are helpless.

Make a L2 SR on LK and go to 56 if you succeed or to 61 if you fail.

52 – Sat behind a desk studying an ancient tome bound in what may well be basilisk hide is a young woman, attractive rather than beautiful, intelligent rather than overpowering. She indicates a couch for you to sit on and the two wizards flank you, the dwarf leaning on you a little, either because of his girth or to exert a certain pressure. The taller magician pats your knee and tells you not to be alarmed and then the woman speaks to you.



“I am Nerja. I own KASOCC along with my two colleagues beside you. It is not a profitable enterprise but the work we do shows promise.

I read of your coming and welcome you. This is a special place, a place where a different magic exists. You may yet learn something of it but for now you must listen to what I have to tell you very carefully. Then you must weigh your choices and come to a swift decision.

There are - on Khaghtch'an especially but also in other cities on Trollworld - evil artefacts that must be destroyed if the creators of these demon devices are to be expelled before they gain enough power to drive the Wizard-Gods and Witch-Goddesses into the *Interstellar Abyss*, leaving Trollworld as a mere farm for demonspawn.

You may refuse to risk your life for the good of the entire planet but if you are valiant enough to play a part in this unseen war, you must choose if you will be the leading actor, take a lesser but still major role or if you will make a cameo appearance only.

There are two Arch-Demons who have made six artefacts each, located near different cities. You may elect to turn away in this moment of crisis or to seek to destroy all twelve, the six made by either the Lion or the Unicorn or

just one single item. Even the destruction of one of these evil creations will earn you fame, fortune and power – to destroy more will bring you greatness indeed.

If you destroy one object, you must continue with the quest to destroy more or else you must be given a new identity to keep you alive! The instant you succeed in whatever quest you may agree to undertake, you will be brought back here to safety.

I cannot say what your gain will be but I can tell you that you will put your life in jeopardy by taking a role in this play. Think well and speak your will!”

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

She regards you compassionately and waits for your answer.

You may accept just one mission, the Bit Part, (go to 57), follow the Plot of the Lion (go to 62), take the Script of the Unicorn (go to 67) or set out on the Performance of Peril, taking on both demons (go to 72).

53 – Make L3 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 90 if you make them all or to 98 if not...

54 – You must get past the five sister heads to get to the purple-eyed ‘control’ head. These have a combined MR of 100 but one of them will always seek to guard the control head so you only need to face a MR of 80. To sever one takes a L4 SR on DEX, in which case the MR drops by 20 – if you have the Sickle, which gets 10d6 +10, the DEX SR drops to L2.

Should you sever the five heads assailing you, there will still be the control head and the colossal central head to contend with – go to 59 if you are still swinging.

55 – Old Ned sniffs and nods. “That seems right enough to Old Ned’s nose, so it does! You better kip down for the night and we’ll get you straightened out in the morning. You take the left side and keep your hands to yourself now!”

He settles down and is soon snoring away. The bed is lumpy and sags in the middle.

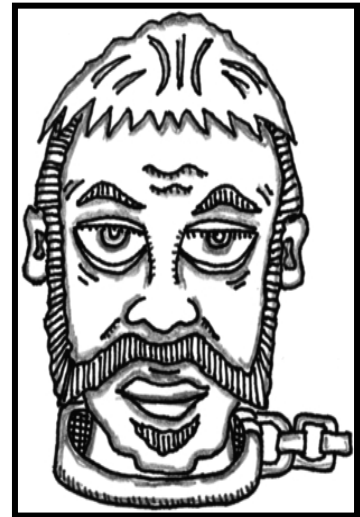
What’s more the old man keeps throwing his arms and legs all over you so sleep is not great. Just before dawn, you can hear him muttering away in his sleep.

Make a L1 SR on INT and go to 33.

56 – You hear a voice in the grey-black mists. “You fool! You’re as useful as a month old kipper left out in the sun!” It is Old Ned and his touch on your temple makes you collapse at the knees and lose consciousness.

When you wake, he is leading you by a chain around your neck and you know you are helpless to resist him. Your INT has been reduced to 9 (permanently) by some arcane method.

“I’m taking you to Grandmother Mosiken, so I am. She’ll know what to do with you, you miserable wretch!” Go to 41.



57 – The Bit Part

You have chosen to put your life on the line in a one-off mission to destroy an accursed object made by an Arch-Demon. You will be teleported to safety as soon as (if!) you destroy the evil artefact. You are a hero in the making!

Roll 1d6: if you get an odd number, roll again on the **List of the Lion** below; if you get an even number, roll on the **List of the Unicorn**.

You will receive 1,000 APs if you survive and a guarded escort back to your home.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

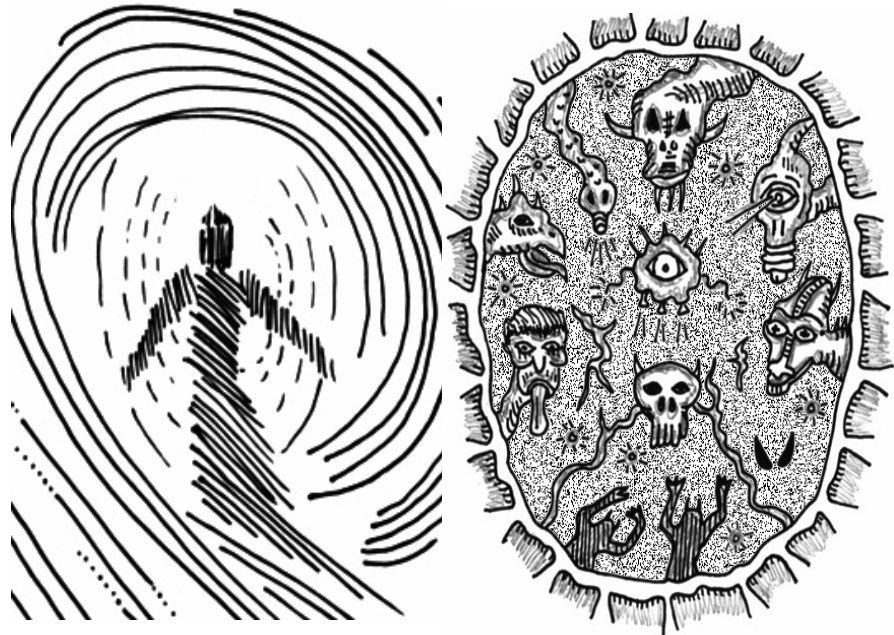
By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

The List of the Lion

1. Go to 110
2. Go to 125
3. Go to 140
4. Go to 155
5. Go to 305
6. Go to 185

The List of the Unicorn

1. Go to 205
2. Go to 215
3. Go to 230
4. Go to 245
5. Go to 260
6. Go to 308



58 – “Let’s have a look at you – did the curse take root?” Old Ned pulls your eyelids up and stares into your soul with his own pupils burning with stellar fire.
If you made all three rolls, go to 63; if not, go to 68.

59 – The control head is the immortal head of the Lernean Hydra. It can be severed by an ordinary weapon but only if you can summon a burst of khremmatic energy to accompany your blow. If you have the Golden Sickle this is not an issue.
The control head has one last defence – it can spit venom with unerring accuracy. To stay in the game, you need to make a L2 SR on DEX to dodge the fatal venom that the head jets out at you. If you do that and strike, if you are not using the Sickle and fail a L3 SR on WIZ, you must go to 64 but if you do employ the enchanted weapon to decapitate the control head, you can go to 69, as you do if you had to make the WIZ SR and succeeded.

60 – “Well now, my nose don’t seem to think your right there! You playing games with Old Ned?”
If you confess the truth, go to 38; if you stick to your guns, go to 28.

61 – The hands reach for your throat and close, crushing your windpipe and ending your life on the sorry streets of this drab, grey town. (They do bury you when they find you in the morning.)

62 – The Plot of the Lion

You have chosen to put your life on the line in a one-off mission to destroy an accursed object made by an Arch-Demon. You will be teleported to the next location as soon as (if!) you destroy an object of evil. You are a hero in the making!

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

You will receive 1,000 APs for every encounter you survive provided that you destroy the accursed item.

Start with the first task and work your way down as best you can...

If you destroy all 6 bedevilled artefacts, go to 280.

The Plot of the Lion

1. Go to 110
2. Go to 125
3. Go to 140
4. Go to 155
5. Go to 305
6. Go to 185

63 – “Ah, yes, bless me! I did it! There’s a spark of life left in the old dog yet, so there is!”

As he grins and capers like a loon, you feel smooth all over, as if the edges have been taken off you. All three attributes (WIZ, LK and CHR) rise by 1d6.

“Now get your head down and hit the sack. There’s work to be done in the morning. I’ll take you to visit Blairvael.”

With those cryptic words, he beds down and is soon snoring like a trooper. Your night is not the best – the bed is lumpy and his limbs and digits seem to get everywhere. Go to 73.



64 – As you lash out more in hope than with conviction, the control head shrinks back into the enormous serpent body, leaving you to fight the behemoth. It has MR 2000. If you win, you can take 1,500 APs and go on to 74. If not, I guess you are just a minor footnote in Crosshair’s History of Trollworld in 666 volumes.

65 – “That’s a good chap,” he says, smiling madly. His eyes boggle and glow redly. “Fwkcmbrtz!” he cries.

His curse is set - go to 43 to find out what he has done to you.

66 – Old Ned looks out of the window for a good ten minutes before he settles down for the night, leaving you the other side of the lumpy, sagging bed. The Norse Necromancer has clearly forgotten what you did to annoy him and After a oddly personnel night of much tossing and turning, you wake to Old Ned offering you kippers and porridge for breakfast before telling you what the day has in store. “I’m taking you to see Grandmother Mosiken. She’ll know what you’re made of, so she will.”

And with that, you feel weirdly attracted to follow him down the clammy streets. Go to 41.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

67 – The Script of the Unicorn

You have chosen to put your life on the line in a one-off mission to destroy an accursed object made by an Arch-Demon. You will be teleported to the next location as soon as (if!) you destroy an object of evil. You are a hero in the making!

You will receive 1,000 APs for every encounter you survive provided that you destroy the accursed item.

Start with the first task and work your way down as best you can...

If you destroy all 6 bedevilled artefacts, go to 290.

The Script of the Unicorn

1. Go to 205
2. Go to 215
3. Go to 230
4. Go to 245
5. Go to 260
6. Go to 308



68 – “Bah, humbug!” Old Ned is not pleased. “I was trying to help you, not damage you – it must be because you’re a city wizard!”

You feel a little discombobulated – in fact, the three attributes (WIZ, LK and CHR) all drop by 1.

“Now get your head down and hit the sack. There’s work to be done in the morning. I’ll take you to visit Blairvael.”

With those cryptic words, he beds down and is soon snoring like a trooper. Your night is not the best – the bed is lumpy and his limbs and digits seem to get everywhere. Go to 73.

69 – Your weapon – either the Golden Sickle or something less wondrous but no less effective in this case - slices the head cleanly from the body and as it falls to the ground, the massive serpent shrivels to the size of a worm. You can now see a stairwell descending into the Swamp. There are handholds carved into rock walls and the climbing looks easy to manage.

You may take 1,500 APs for destroying the Lernean Hydra and go to 74.

70 – “It’s too late for second thoughts!” he rasps. “No backing out now!” Unless you can make a L5 SR on SPD to get out of there before he can use his rheumy old eyes to place his curse, you don’t get a choice. If you make the SPD SR, you can get away and go home (or GM this solo to your heart’s content) but otherwise it’s off to 3.

71 – Before you can say another word of this nonsense, Old Ned mutters a Word of Power and you are reduced to a quivering jelly and you slump unconscious on the bed.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

When you wake, he is leading you by a chain around your neck and you know you are helpless to resist him. Your INT has been reduced to 9 (permanently) by some arcane method.

“I’m taking you to Grandmother Mosiken, so I am. She’ll know what to do with you, you miserable wretch!” Go to 41.

72 – The Performance of Peril

You have chosen to put your life on the line in an all-or-nothing attempt to destroy every cursed object known to be part of the plot to dominate Trollworld by the two Arch-Demons. You are a Wizard-God in the making!

Roll 1d6: if you get an odd number, start on the **List of the Lion** below; if you get an even number, start on the **List of the Unicorn**. Work your way through each list, going alternatively from one to the other e.g. Lion then Unicorn then Lion etc.

You will receive 1,000 APs for every encounter you survive provided that you destroy the devilish artefact. After destroying an object of evil you will be teleported instantly to the next location.

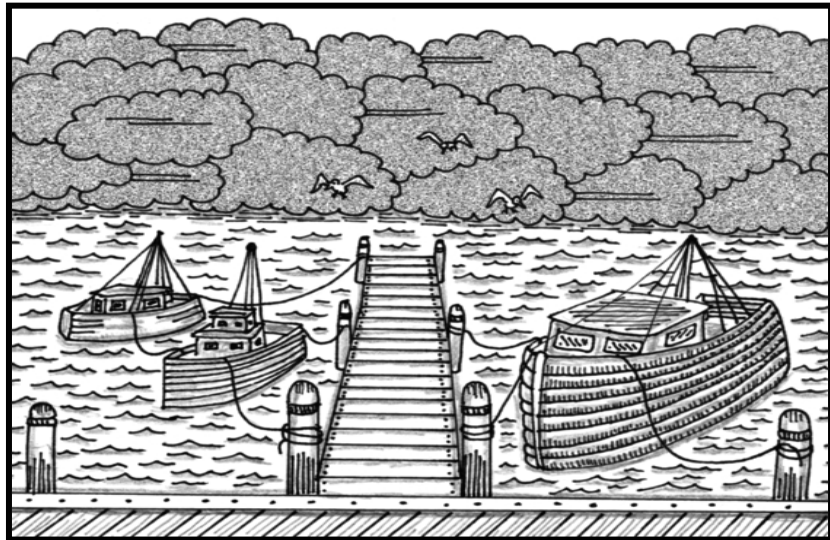
If you succeed in destroying every listed creation of the Lion and the Unicorn, go to 300.

The List of the Lion

1. Go to 110
2. Go to 125
3. Go to 140
4. Go to 155
5. Go to 305
6. Go to 185

The List of the Unicorn

1. Go to 205
2. Go to 215
3. Go to 230
4. Go to 245
5. Go to 260
6. Go to 308



73 – Old Ned leads you through the mists rolling in from the sea until you reach the town’s harbour. You can just make out fishing boats, back with the early mornings trawl. Seagulls screech overhead and make bombing runs at you until the Norseman waves his wiry fingers at them and they wheel away, blaring their panic to their fellows. The Necromancer then tugs at a skiff hidden by a tarpaulin.

“Here – lend a hand! I’m an old man and don’t you forget it! You takes this boat and rows out to the lighthouse – you can see its beacon. You don’t need to go that far – someone or something will greet you. No, I’m not going with you – I doesn’t want to get me old bones soaked, no thank ‘ee!”

With that, he tramps back up the beach with a dismissive wave of his hand, leaving you to set the boat on the tossing, frothing water. Go to 250.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

74 – As you clamber down below the Swamp, the air finally clears and you step into a chamber bare except for a jade statue of the Hydra that you have just despatched. It rests in an alcove some 3' from the floor and is protected by a cursefield, as a message written in the Common tongue tells you.

Underneath this message are strange runes, each one with a number underneath. Further Common text tells you this that the numbers are a cypher with which to translate the runes and cancel the cursefield.

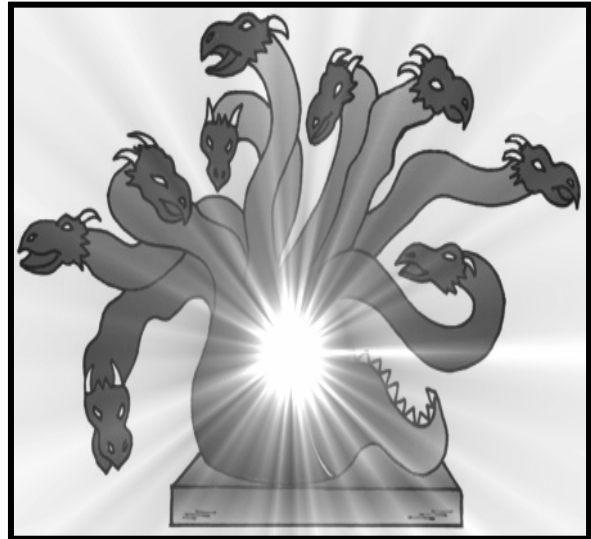
The runes read:

“◆✕◆♁ ☉ ◆✕●●☉ ♁☉♁☉ ☉ ◆☉☉☉ ◆✕◆♁ ☉ ♁♁☉☉◆☉
◆♁✕♁♁ ◆♁♁ ☉☉☉☉ ◆✕◆♁ ☉ ♁☉■☉ ○☉&♁ ☉☉◆☉ ☉
●☉☉.”

You need to make a L2 SR to decipher the text. If you do this you will have no trouble in solving the puzzle of the runes and can then smash the statue with ease. If you cannot crack the code, you will need to make L2 SRs on each of WIZ, LK and CHR to reach through the cursefield without suffering a diabolical death on the Demonplane where you will be teleported to.

If you manage to smash the statue of the Lernean Hydra, you may claim the 1,000 APs reward and in addition receive a boost of 1d6 to a) one of WIZ, LK and CHR and b) STR, DEX or SPD.

If you have the Golden Serpent Sickle in your possession, you may keep it! This valuable treasure is enchanted by L20 magic to get 10d6 x 3 against serpent-kind and only takes STR of 10 to wield effectively.



75 – Old Ned the Norse Necromancer attempts to place a curse on you for your cussedness! You can beat him to the punch and cast a spell if you can make a L5 SR on SPD (in which case go to 48); if not, go to 53.

76 – You are led by Old Ned through a warren of streets which would be beguiling even if it weren't for the ever-present fog until you arrive at a flight of steps rising up to an office. There is a lantern burning above the sign over the door even in daylight. The sign reads, “KASOCC”.

“That stands for “The Khaboom and Seamists Office for Curse Cooperation”, Old Ned explains. “It was started by two wizards from the big city but its run by one of our own. I won't come up with you. Me legs are wobbly on steps and me lungs ain't up to it either.”

With that, Old Ned disappears into the mists rolling in from the sea. As you look up, the door swings open with an ominous creak. Go to 150.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

77 – Just before you enter the blackness wherein lurks the Nemean Lion, the old man taps you lightly on the shoulder again.

“There is something more I may be able to do for. Hold still!”

With that, he rests his middle fingertips gently on your eyelids. You must make L1 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR. If you make them all, you have perfect night vision which will make all SRs performed in pitch blackness one level lower (minimum L1).

“I do hope that worked!” he sighs, clearly tired by this exertion.

If it did not take effect, you will need some form of light or you may as well fall on your proverbial sword! Go to 82.

78 – Old Ned was a much loved, if rather smelly, character in these parts. They broke the mould (deliberately) when they made Old Ned. When you tell your tale, perhaps altered to paint you in a better light, to Officer Peevley, the two-headed town sheriff, he thumps his fist into his palm and asks you if you will do all it takes to resurrect Old Ned.

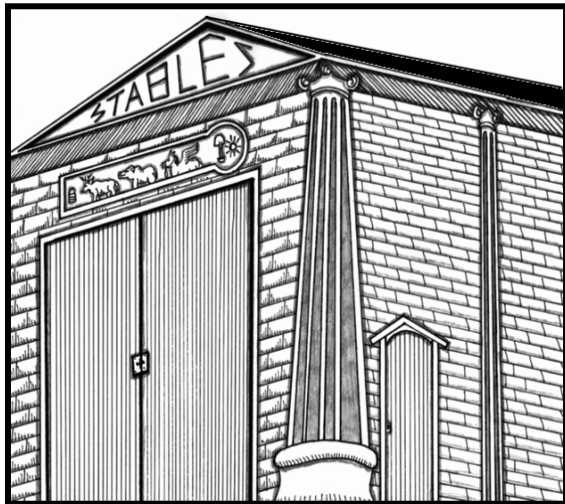
If you agree, go to 88; if you prefer not to go to such lengths for the doddering pensioner, go to 93.



79 – As you are hauled along the streets, you soon begin to smell a most pungent and insistent odour – dung. The guards readily reveal that the stables have not been cleaned out for many a long year and that the pong is overwhelming. After a few more yards, they take out kerchiefs and tie them about their faces to protect them

from the sickeningly rotten stink of manure.

Once you reach the stables, huge in length and strong in construction, they shove you inside very roughly so that you are thrown to the floor and then you hear bolts slam home. Go to 84.



80 – “Very wise, very sensible if you catch my drift. It doesn’t pay to fight curse magic with city tricks on our turf! Keep still and I can be more precise.”

He flexes his fingers and places them on your temples, which start to throb. Make L1 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 58.

81 – With steely sinews bulging and indomitable will steadfastly warding you from peril, you pull clear off the whirlpool whereupon it subsides and a shaggy head emerges.

“I am Tryphon, Guard of the Sea Witch. Your coming has been anticipated these many moons. If you will allow me to place my hand upon the prow of your boat, I will take you to Blairvael.”

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When you nod your ascent, the merman moves at a speed beyond your eyes' capabilities to observe and once a short period of utter dark is over, your boat rests on a sandy shallow in a cave. Ahead of you is a bright blue coruscation. Whatever it is, Tryphon has left you to discover yourself. Go to 22.



82 – You can hear the Lion breathing deeper into the cave. You must hope it is actually asleep. If you can see in the dark, you can creep past it with a L1 SR on STEALTH (the average of INT and DEX); if you have a torch or a lantern, the roll is L2. If you have no light or you fail the required SR, you must fight the Lion!

Go to 87 to fight the Lion or to 92 if you snuck past the brute.

83 – They have their ways of knowing the comings and goings in Seamists. Old Ned's departure from this mortal coil does not go unregistered and the *Avenging Angels of Aberavon* come ravaging after you. This is not good and might get a lot more unpleasant yet...

Make a L3 SR on LK. If you make it, you get beyond the range of their vengeance before they catch up with you (you are home free and may take 500 APs); if you failed, the AAA team rend your soul from your corpse after exterminating you with ease via their death-breath lamenting...

84 – Make a L1 SR on CON. The whiff truly is diabolical – even the most sulphurous demon this side of Ashgoleht would find its eyes watering PDQ! If you make it, go to 90 but if you fail, go to 94.

85 – Old Ned looks less than thrilled with the way the day is ending but let's his concerns go with a gassy sigh. "I guess the witch will know, one way or the other. Now get your head down and hit the sack. There's work to be done in the morning. I'll take you to visit Blairvael."

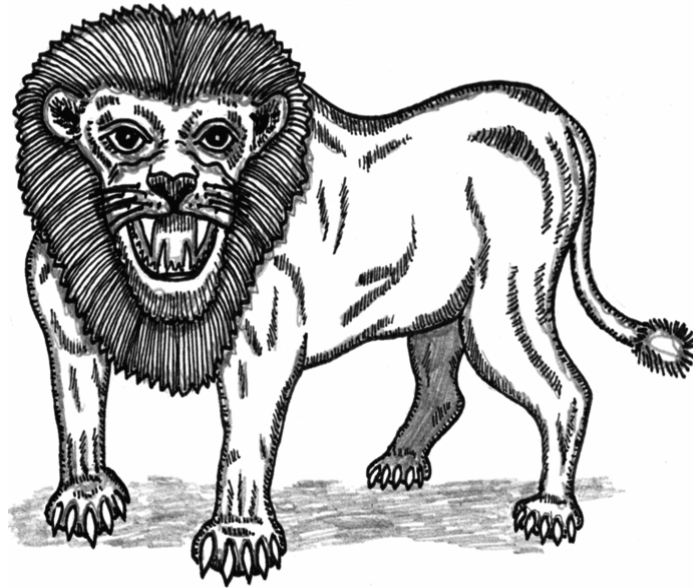
With those cryptic words, he beds down and is soon snoring like a trooper. Your night is not the best – the bed is lumpy and his limbs and digits seem to get everywhere. Go to 73.

86 – It is hopeless! Your muscles do not have the iron resolve to pull you out of this scrape. Just when a watery grave seems to beckon compellingly, a dark shape breaks the surface. Friend or foe?

Make a L1 SR on LK: if you make it, 12 is your destination; if you fail, off you go to 17.

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87 – The Nemean Lion has a MR of 1500. It never was going to be a victim to some fresh-out-of-the-forests elf wizard who would think to bring it down with a L3 *TTYF!* Even a group of wizardlings would falter against this monster. It looks pretty bleak for you from where I'm standing (in the gallery, as it happens, with a gaggle of watching Wizard-Gods). However...

We up here in the gods will give you a chance. This is not entirely altruistic as we don't want the show to be over too soon. The Lion is not immune to Wizard-God magics and has a *Glue You* cast upon it from on high while you are the beneficiary of a *Little Feets* spell. Both enchantments will last until one of you breathes no more.

The Lion does not have the nous to adjust to such interference quickly and so you may strike it freely each round provided that you make a L1 SR on SPD to avoid the sideswipes of its poison-laden claws. If you slay the Nemean Lion, go to 92. If you fall here, you are devoured and live on, in a very limited sense, within the sinews of the great beast.

88 – Office Peevley's mystical second head mutters mythically and siphons off 2 points of WIZ, LK, CON and CHR from your being to set Old Ned back on his feet. After a night in the cells sleeping off the mother of all hangovers, Old Ned is ready to take you on a journey to meet the witch Blairvael as Dawn breaks, as she so often does, fragile little minx (go to 73).



89 – It was time for the tough to get going and, nasally speaking, you got going! What's more, you see the shelf of nose plugs on the wall to your left that protects the stable hands from passing out or worse. Forwards!

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Looking about you, you see stall after stall, running away for as far as your eye can see.

There are a lot of horses here. All the doors are bolted shut. Perhaps this is to hinder theft of prize thoroughbreds or maybe it is to stop the equine marvels from getting out. In any event there is no missing the drainage channels filled with horse dung. They are all blocked and there is a mountain of manure to move.

You can take a shovel from a rack and start loading up the waiting wheelbarrows (go to 104) or undertake a search of the premises (go to 99).

90 – The Norse Necromancer’s spell has no effect and Old Ned looks nonplussed. He realises he may have upset you and quickly seeks to make amends. “That was unfortunate. I won’t be trying that again in a hurry, oh no I shan’t! You have the bed and I’ll sleep on the floor and in the morning I’ll take you to see Blairvael and she’ll know what to do with you.”

With these ominous words, he rolls under the bed and starts snoring as if his life depends upon it, out like a light. The bed is lumpy but at least you don’t have to share it with the Necromancer. Go to 73.

91 – You slither your way round the corner, catching sight of wicked jagged rocks far below as you turn through 90 degrees. As you come to a halt in a muddy slurry, you see a short minotaur warrior wearing heavy plate standing on the path, arms crossed over his broad chest.

“Welcome!” he booms. “I am Taz, bodyguard to Grandmother Mosiken. You have long been anticipated – we have seen your coming in the stars! Follow me and I will take you to the Venerable One.”

He seems to know what he is about and you feel no urge to do anything other than follow him, especially now the path is flat. After 15 more minutes, you come to a thatch roofed cottage built into the cliff face. Taz knocks lightly and stands aside to allow you to enter. There is a reptilian smell to the cottage. Go to 27.

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92 – As you pass the Lion, you see its bloody jaws up close and it is all too easy to imagine it devouring a man whole. There are no bones strewn about as it crunches them down too for the marrow. It looks to have fed – killed! – recently but there is nothing to suggest its carnal appetites would be sated by anything mortal...

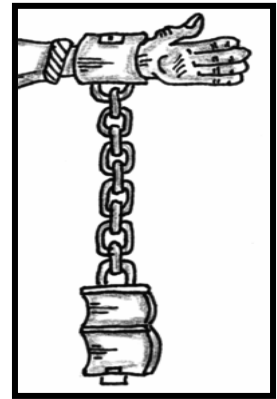
Beyond the Lion is a cavern reeking of sulphur. Every so often jets of scalding liquid shoot up and splatter the ceiling before falling back to the ground and disappearing. The pock marks on the roof show what the geysers do to stone – what will they do to flesh?

You can make out an entrance to another chamber beyond the geysers but to pick a path there will take more than good judgement... Make a L2 SR on LK. If you make it, go to 97; if you fail, go to 102.

93 – As you declare your hand, Officer Peevley's second body – headless but effortlessly controlled by its head – apparates behind you and has you swiftly cuffed with *Manacles of Morbidity*. All you can think of now is death and it may well be in the vicinity...

However, there may be a use for you yet. Officer Peevley shakes both his heads and reflects that the witch Blairvael may want to make use of you. His mystic head makes contact over the ether and waits for the verdict...

Make a L3 SR on CHR. If you fail, she has no desire to thrust responsibility on your shoulders and allows your dark thoughts to lead you into the Grim Reaper's eternal embrace. If you made it, while you wallow in the misery of despair, Officer Peevley has you taken away to the witch – go to 98.



94 – Your nostrils suffer cataclysmic overload, swelling to gargantuan proportions before exploding with all the violence of a windy rhinoceros. You must take 10d6 damage and if this amounts to more than 36 hits, your nose drops off and liquefies. If you survive, you can go to 89.

95 – If you made all of those SRs, go to 16; if not, go to 21.

96 – As you come to the critical point, you see that your velocity is going to carry you over the precipice and out over the wicked, jagged rocks waiting hungrily below. At the last moment, a gauntleted hand stretches out to you. Make a L1 SR on SPD: if you make it, go to 32; if you fail, go to 37.

97 – With a rush of relief as you enter the chamber just as a geyser erupts where you were scant seconds earlier, you see shimmering portals all about the place. There are thirteen of them ringing the small cave, all a different shade of crimson.

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The chamber is bare otherwise with the exception of a lectern made of mahogany in the shape of a lion's head. Resting open on this lectern is a massive leather-bound tome. You can see that the left hand page has a graphic illustration, finely depicted, of the Nemean Lion chewing on a broken hero. The page opposite has elaborate characters thinly drawn across it. There is no telling form here what the language is. If you would like to pass through a portal, choose a number between 1 and 13, write it down and go to 107; if you would like to approach the lectern to read the weighty book, go to 127.

98 – Old Ned's curse puts you to sleep and drains you of INT so that this attribute falls to 9 and you can no longer cast spells!

When morning's light first penetrates the musty room, the Norse Necromancer has you carried bodily down to the rocky shore, where he wakes you with a slap on the rump followed by a bucket of cold salt water over your head. Go to 73.

99 – Make a L2 SR on INT or a L3 SR on LK (if you have an applicable talent, roll against that). If you succeed, go to 134; if you fail, you find nothing and must start shovelling the excrement (go to 104).

100 – “You're a funny bugger, I'll say that for you!” He grins and spits out a rotten tooth. “Well, you just mind you don't upset folks you should be respectful too. Here – you take this.” He presses a silver hair into your hand. “Stick that in your underwear and it'll take root and see you right.”

Something about his manner makes you comply with this queer instruction and no sooner is the hair in your knickers than you swell with renewed potency. Your CHR is increased by 1d6.

He tucks you up in bed and then hops in himself, give you a quick tickle before zonking out. In the morning he tells you with a skip in his voice that it's time to take you to see Blairvael for your 'interview'. Go to 73.



101 – You spot a plug at the bottom of the watering hole as you peer into the polluted waters. You had better take a deep breath and plunge in to drain the hole – there must be something of interest concealed down there. Make a L1 SR on CON to hold your breath and not take in any of the wine-poisoned water. Go to 111 if you make it or to 116 if you fail.

102 – This is not destined to be your day! The geysers erupt about you, tossing you like a leaf in a storm, marinating you in scalding, sulphurous water. Take 2d6 in damage (no DARO so hope you roll 1, 1 then 1, 1). You have disturbed the Lion... We must also see whither the waters have dispersed you...

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Make a L1 SR on LK (assuming you still live): if you make it, you are able to continue away from the Lion – which will not pass through the geysers – and can go to 97; if you fail, you are lying prone at the Lion's feet (go to 87 and get up pronto!).

103 – The path would be easy to follow if it were not for the constant shifting of the loose pebbles under your feet. Walking is not a problem but you would not want to run on this volatile track. You can turn back and try the climb (go to 296) or you can continue along this route (go to 123).

104 – It is (seemingly) never ending work. Fortunately, most of the load is fairly firm but there is quite a bit of sloppy stuff to shift too...

Make saving rolls on STR and CON, starting at L1 and going higher until you fail a roll. Once this happens, go to 109.

105 – If you failed those SRs you go to sleep before the really good stuff. If you made them both you still fall asleep but not before you hit the heights of heaven and the whole Multiverse explodes through every cell of your body! Your STR and CON are both doubled, just as happened to Diomedes when he first was given admission to his father's harem.

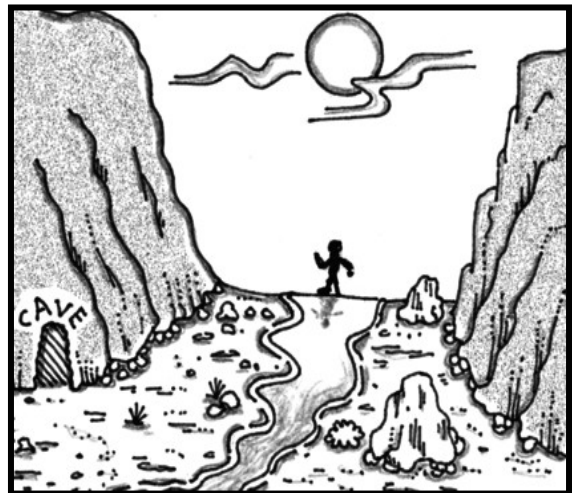
Now sleep has hold of you. Go to 120.

106 – You never do cotton on to where the cave is hidden. Too bad! You have to give up on your quest and slog your way wearily homewards, without a map, without transport and without a friend. Roll 2d6 DARO to see how many years getting home takes you. You may take 100 APs per year.

The Portals of Departure all lead to the Demon Plane. All bar one are set to teleport all mortals from Trollworld to the realms of the Demon Lords. These are not holiday destinations. Roll 2d6 to find the portal not set to whisk the unwary off to an eternity of indescribable tortures (if you roll 12, treat it as 1).

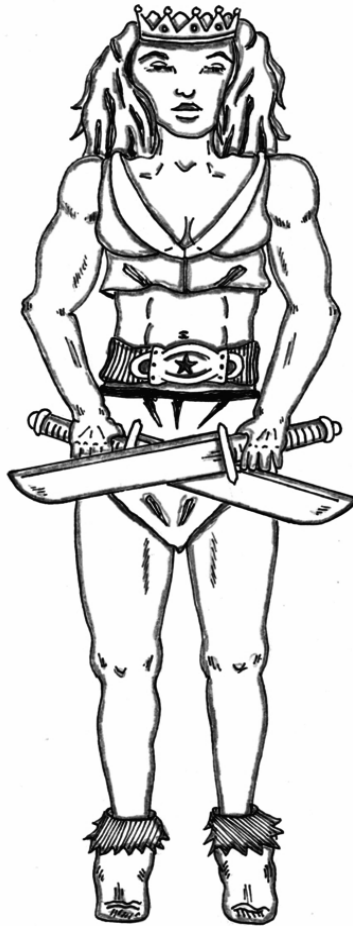
If you roll the number you wrote down, you have not been transported to a doom of infinite sufferings. Instead, go to 122. If you did not roll the number you recorded, I cannot say 'farewell' as there is not even a snowball's chance in Hell of that'; I must simply wish you a speedy journey to the oblivion of insanity...

107 – This is Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, not some boozed up bum lying into an alley. The queen sleeps easily because she has great reflexes and an uncanny sense of danger.



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Make a L10 SR on the average of your INT, LK, DEX and SPD – that should cover all bases. Go to 152.

108 – The vines are part of a benevolent being that is an integral part of this slab of rock that supports the grassy plains upon which the Cretan Bull rampages and wreaks destruction on farmers and travellers alike. The pounding of the Bull's hooves regularly causes migraines for this gentle basalt spirit and it is able to read your intentions.

Not only do the tendrils lift you tenderly to the cliff top, as they curl about your body and limbs and massage your muscles, they secrete a magical substance that will surely aid you in your quest. Your STR and CON are doubled. Your boldness in keeping to your purpose despite the unexpected vigour of the tendrils has impelled Basilros to gift part of its own vitality. You soon find your feet on solid ground high above the beach. Go to 148.

109 – If you failed on CON and not on STR, then you keep shovelling the smelly stuff until your heart falters. If you failed on L1, you must make a L1 SR on LK to survive, if you failed on L2 then the LK SR is L2 and so on.

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If you survived the heart palpitations, go to 119; if you failed on STR rather than CON, go to 124; if you failed on both STR and CON at the same time, go to 129; if your heart stopped beating, never to regain its ticker, you get added to the muck by the stable hands and, curiously enough, make the Trollgod awful stench twice as repugnant.

110 – When your head clears – you have no idea how you travelled from one place to another – you find yourself standing on a hill in winter chill. You are outside a cave mouth. It looks dark and foreboding and smells strongly of something predatory... A hand falls lightly on your shoulder and you see that you are not alone. There is an old man beside you, dressed in pauper's rags with no shoes even in this snowy realm. "I am Teiresias, your guide and scribe. I cannot help you beyond telling you what you must do and by recording your valiant efforts for posterity. This is the cave of the *Nemean Lion*. It has long been terrorising the city of Qadouche and its hide cannot be pierced by any weapon nor can it be harmed by any ordinary magic! You must enter the cave and destroy the statue of the Lion that lays within. You must seek to avoid combat with the Lion for it is mighty indeed! I do not know how its statue may be destroyed, nor do I know where it may be hidden. Make haste and enter and I will perform my arts to prevent your Enemy knowing of this attempt!" Go to 77.

111 – The plug needs a good pull to free it and you had better make haste if the air in your lungs is to prove sufficient. Make a L1 SR on STR and go to 121 if you make it or to 116 if you fail to unstopper the watering hole.

Whatever message the book has to impart is written in bloodcurdling demonic runes. Once a mortal begins to read them, there is no way that he or she may stop unless understanding arises from the madness the devil-script promises.

Your eyes water, blur and lose focus but your brain does not comprehend the peril the runes hold. As if hypnotised, you stare, slack-jawed, and spiral downwards, your thoughts becoming entangled until nothing at all makes any sense.

You need to break through the web of deception the book contains. Make a L2 SR on INT. If you make it, go to 127; if you fail, you begin to grow hungry for more of this demonic drivel – go to 132.

112 – This is Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, not some boozed up bum lying into an alley. The queen sleeps easily because she has great reflexes and an uncanny sense of danger.

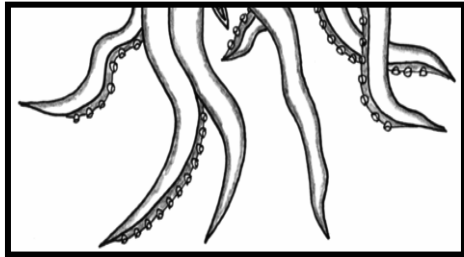
Make a L10 SR on the average of your INT, LK, DEX and SPD – that should cover all bases. Go to 152.



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113 – You might be keen to go some place else but it seems that there is another opinion to factor in. The vines snake about, seeking a purchase on your windpipe, your arms and your legs. If you have a bladed weapon to hand you can try cutting them (go to 178) or you can be more gentle and just unwind them or slip out of their clutches as best you may (go to 188).



114 – You sense a powerful energy enveloping you, nurturing you in its kindly arms. All your pains ebb away and you are made more than you were before. Your CON has been doubled! Your unseen benefactor is the glamorous Witch-Goddess Octopussy, she who dwells beneath Lake Calamere.

What is more, she gently places your hand on a hard metallic object. Go to 134.

115 – Not understanding can be very costly – if you failed you must resort to just lifting a veil with your fingers crossed – go to 273. If you were smart enough to make meaning of the mumbo jumbo these luscious lasses' lips spray out, you are certain of identifying the 'normal' concubines. Some do have strange tastes however... If you choose to be ordinary, go to 293; if your inclinations lay in the demonic direction, go to 288.

116 – You fail to stay safe, tiring lungs demanding breath. The polluted water finishes you more quickly than it did the Boar. You are fish food.

The slaying of this legendary monster brings with a reward from the watching audience. Wizard-Gods and With-Goddesses gasp and applaud before reaching into their khremmatic purses for something to reward you with. You don't really need to know how does what but I'm letting you in on the secret anyway!

The Man from Wales bestows a 1d6 boost to your WIZ (he has plenty to spare); his brother, The Shouting Man, begrudgingly tips you 1d6 of LK while the brooding Kafekaka slips you 1d6 CHR. There! You are well set and can go on to 92, although it will be a body that you pass. Take 500 APs.

117 – This is Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, not some boozed up bum lying into an alley. The queen sleeps easily because she has great reflexes and an uncanny sense of danger.

Make a L10 SR on the average of your INT, LK, DEX and SPD – that should cover all bases. Go to 152.

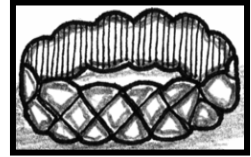
118 – The vines surge with power as you work to break them. They are not easily broken and certainly not by the likes of you! They pay you back with interest for your spiteful treatment.

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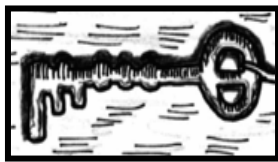
Make a L5 SR on STR and take the difference in direct CON damage if you fail. You are hurled back down to the ground by a force much greater than yours. You will have to travel along the path up to the cliff top as the maelstrom above you shows no sign of abating (go to 103).

119 – Once you suck in a deep breath and recover your wits, you see that your work has not been in vain. Where there's muck, there's brass, so we're told, and you spy a brass ring amidst the odious excrement. Go to 134.



120 – This is the point when King Diomedes decides he has had enough of all his guests. Maybe he can't stand the competition, maybe he has a low attention span. At any rate, his assassins come for you in the small hour just before dawn when sleep is said to be deepest.

There is a school of thought on Trollworld that those in touch with their inner khremm will get a warning when deathly danger descends. As for the Trollgod, his take is that it is better to be lucky than to be good. It probably is a bit of both so you can try a L3 SR on either WIZ or LK. Best not to fail this one... Go to 130.



121 – As you pull out the plug, the water drains away from the hole. What's more, you can see that there is a rock with a small ebony key set in it. When you turn the key all the rocks at the bottom of the hole begin stirring, shaking – it is if a minor earthquake had started! Go to 126.

122 – Somehow you have made sense of the maelstrom of possibilities about you since all portals bar one lead to a fate worse than death. Perhaps you were born under a lucky star. You pass through the 'safe' portal, one step closer to glory. Go to 137.

123 – After a few more minutes of tramping upwards you feel things moving against your calves. Looking down, you see little pieces of gravel travelling up the backs of your legs.

You can try to brush them off with your hand or a weapon (go to 128), try running to see if that gets rid of them (go to 133) or simply ignore them and plod on doughtily (go to 138).

124 – Your heart is fine but not so your back – you have put it out and can do no more than wince as spasms wrack your body. Rolling about in this filth is not a *good thing* because the dung is more than ordinary horse manure, infused as it is with the essence of the curse that afflicts this sorry little kingdom.

Unless you can summon a certain *je ne c'est quoi* from within you are doomed to drown in this sewage. Try saving rolls on WIZ, LK and CHR – you need at least 2 at L2 and the other no worse than L1 if you are to live through this brewing tragedy.

If you succeed, a light blooms before you – go to 114.

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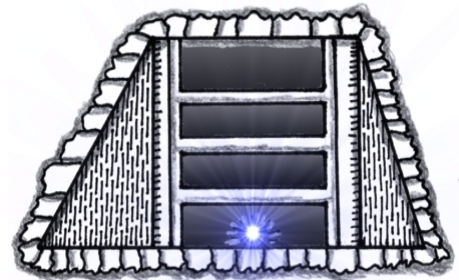
125 – No one truly *likes* the sensation of being teleported but it is *the* most effective way to get from *here* to *there*, in this case from *safety* to *extreme danger*.

You stand on the outskirts of Nesstlehaven on the edge of a noxious swamp wherein lurks the Lernean Hydra, a monster so terrible that books depicting it have been banned from the public picture book library. The sickly yellow mists oozing up from the boggy ground gives an indication of just how deadly its venom must be for it to be able to make its lair within the marsh gases.

Somewhere within the murky depths of the Lernean Swamp is hidden a jade replica of the Hydra in miniature, the object that carries the curse that prevents Wizards' Guild magics harming the serpentine monstrosity. It is this that you must find and destroy. You find that you have been provided with a silk mask to cover your nose and mouth. It is a slim hope for you will still need to breathe within but perhaps you can limit the damage your lungs will suffer if you are quick about your business.

You see as you survey the land ahead that there are two paths leading into the grim world of the Swamp. If you wish to take the left hand path, go to 285; if you prefer to go right, go to 292.

126 – Make a L1 SR on DEX. If you fail, you take 1d6 damage being knocked about as you lose your footing amidst the tremors. When they subside, you see that an opening has been exposed, with a rusty old ladder leading down into a chamber eerily lit by amber glowstones. Go to 131.



127 – Amidst the swirling, misleading cryptic messages suggested by the demon runes, you glean something precious, something potentially life-preserving – it is the portal directly in front of the lectern lion's eyes that you must pass through.

There is no mistaking this hidden communiqué and you can have no doubts about following its direction. Go to 137.

128 – As you agitate the peculiar little stones, they emit a buzz and then begin to crackle with energy. You need to do this quickly as you can clearly see! Make a L2 SR on SPD and go to 143.

129 – Your heart stops and your back gives out simultaneously. You might have survived the cardiac arrest but as your back spasms mercilessly, you keel over face first in a particularly runny patch of the icky stuff. No one ever truly knows if the heart attack killed you or if it was a fatal concussion from the fall or if you actually drowned in the wet, foul horse faeces but dead you most certainly are!

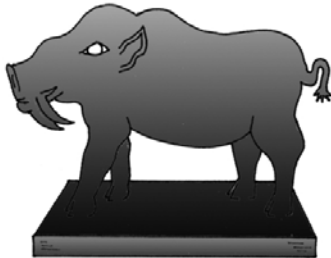
130 – If you did fail? You are murdered in your bed – that's all she wrote. Prepare an epitaph, plan a wake, roll up a new character.

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And success? You wake up as Diomedes' assassins stand poised to kill! The assassins are some of the very same concubines you chose from earlier this night. Women spurned? You betcha! At least they are human.

Make a L1 SR on SPD to roll away before they strike! (Go to 135.)



131 – The statue of the Erymanthian Boar is sitting on a small marble table below you. There is a strange smell of decay wafting upwards and 'something' seems to be flitting about, although you cannot actually see anything.

If you want to drop rocks on the statue to destroy it, go to 136; if you want to descend into the chamber, go to 141.

132 – The runes begin to physically form in your brain and you run the immediate risk of being possessed, becoming naught but a vessel for a demon wishing to walk on this mortal plane! Unless you can break the insidious connection the runes have forged, you will be lost forever, never regaining control of your own body.

Make a L1 SR on WIZ, LK and CHR. If you make all three, you throw off the yoke of demonic oppression and comprehend the salvation contained within the text (go to 127); if not, you are soon (ab)used to author the most abysmal atrocities upon the face of Trollworld.

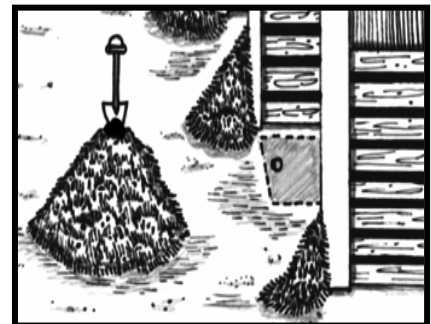
133 – The tiny magic rocks fall off with a fair wind if you're moving quickly enough – a L1 SR on Sprinting Speed (the average of STR and SPD) will do it. If you are not quick enough then the Cursestones will get a meal! Whatever you missed the roll by comes off anything they touched – weapons, armour, flesh with the effect being permanent. A critical fumble (1, 2) means an across the board 6 damage to everything they touch.

If you make it past the Cursestones you can either scramble up the final rise to the top (go to 148) or take a look in a small cave that is easily spotted off to the right (go to 153).

134 – You have found a secret trapdoor in the floor of the stables after clearing away a mini-mountain of dung. Good work! Now to see if you can unpick the lock.

You may have your own picklocks or perhaps a stiletto – if not you can use some no.8 wire lying in a corner (unless you're know a suitable spell, in which you're home and dry, if somewhat stinky). With picklocks, you need a L1 SR on DEX or a suitable talent to turn the mechanism; with wire or something just as useful, you need a L2 SR on DEX.

If you fail to open the trapdoor, go to 104 and put your back into some hard work; if you got the trapdoor open, go to 139.



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135 – If you failed to react quickly enough, the harem girls slit your throat, slice your giblets off and stick you like a pincushion...
Success? You get to hit back. Roll your combat total and go to 145.

136 – The statue is not moving and there are plenty of rocks at hand; nothing comes up to prevent you from accomplishing your purpose. Well done, safely done! Take your 1,000 APs award – you have done what you set out to do and may go home or on to the next challenge!

137 – You insides quiver like a jelly (jello!) on a plate carried by a very unsteady waiter as you pass through the portal. You emerge into a dark chamber, barely big enough to swing a bobcat in, dominated by a meekly kneeling maiden bearing in her hands a ruby statue of the Nemean Lion. In the pale yellow light cast by the sputtering candles set into niches in the wall, you cannot help but notice how dark her eyes are. It is as if she has not slept for weeks.

“So, you wish to destroy this piece of frippery, do you?”

The woman raises her head but keeps her eyes downcast. “You are not the first and I doubt you will be the last. Did they tell you what you are risking in making this attempt? I think not. If they did, they could hardly have allowed you to perceive the extent of the agonies you will suffer. Very well, try...”

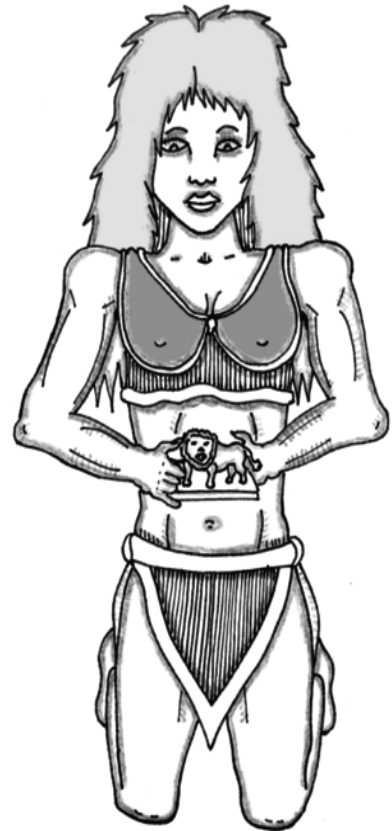
As she finishes her sentence, she extends the ruby statue towards you and opens her eyes, bring them to bear fully upon you. They are dire and they promise an eternity of anguish.

You can either try to take the Lion statue from her and then smash it (go to 142A) or attack her with whatever means you have (go to 142B).

138 – Very soon you see that these pebbles are clinging to you – not just clinging, they are scrabbling up your legs! They even seem to be worming their way into your clothing. Are they eating away at you?

You must try to brush them off with your hand or a weapon (go to 128), go a lot faster to see if that shakes them off (go to 133).

139 – You can smell fire down below and when you descend far enough to see what is going on, you find a unicaur, black as the blackest night, stood hands on hips in a smoky den. The floor is covered with hay and flames spurt from the creature’s nostrils. It is human from the neck down but the head is that of a proud unicorn.



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This preternatural being stands in front of a table upon which is set a ebony replica of the stables above. It looks fragile and it is this you must destroy if you are to succeed in the mission you agreed to back in Seamists.

The unicaur snorts, the goutts of fire coming uncomfortably close to the hay strewn about it. There can be no mistaking the awesome might of this titan.

“Will you meet me in single combat, rash though it would be?”

If you want to accept the challenge, go to 144; if you want to parley some more, go to 154; if you want to set fire to the hay (assuming you have means to do so), go to 159.

140 – Once you settle within yourself and are ready to take in your new surroundings, you see that you are standing on a field of snow stretching almost as far as the eye can see. Behind you in the far distance is what may prove to be a forest while ahead of you, much more within reach, is a solitary mountain. There is no road leading to either feature but you can make out what looks to be a cave mouth in the side of the mountain, some 500 metres above the level you now occupy.

If you choose to trudge off towards the forest, go to 189; if you slog your way towards the cave, go to 194.

141 – Of course the ladder breaks as you climb down! Make a L1 SR on SPD to grab some support and land on your feet or you take 1d6 damage as you land in a foul, soupy mush that eats into you as you sprawl in an undignified fashion.

As your eyes settle on the Boar statue, other eyes settle on you. The foul Death-Fiend marooned here to guard the treasure has a ravenous appetite for souls and has not feasted for many a long year. It has no body that you can harm and its insidious attack comes in the form of a psychic assault on your inner core. You feel the ferocity of its violent need to rend your soul from its physical abode as a sick feeling pervades you.

Make a L3 SR on each of WIZ, LK and CHR. If you fail, you are lost to Eternity. If you succeed in all the SRs, you have something within that the Death-Fiend is unprepared for and it is you that feeds on it! You may add 1d6 to each of these attributes.

Your way is now clear to smash the statue and get out of here. You find that the foul goop covering the floor of this chamber disappears with the fiend. Take your 1,000 APs award and either go home to a well earned rest or go on to greater challenges and greater glory.



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142A – As your hands seize hold of the sinister possession, the demon-wench laughs and refuses to yield her trophy, at the same time boring into you with her eyes and holding fast to the Lion.

You will need to make a L4 SR on CHR to break free of the icy grip those eldritch eyes exert over you and each round you fail, you lose 1d6 in WIZ (it will renew if you survive). Each round you may try a L3 SR on the average of your STR and LK – if you make it, you gain possession of the Lion. Once you have the Lion, you may seek to strike the dark angel to break connection with her eyes but you need to do 100 points of damage to her before she will be forced to flee to the Netherworld.

If you succeed in taking the statue, escape from those demon eyes and exile the demon, you will find it easy to shatter the statue by dropping it from head height. With the statue shattered, your job is done.

You have done a great deed and eased much suffering as well as putting a spanner in the works of Evil. You may take 1,000 APs and a boost of 1d6 to either WIZ, LK or CHR as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

If you fell in the act of trying to stymie the machinations of demons, your life was well spent, at least at its climax. Sleep well.



142B – Those terrible portals to the demon plane which serve as her eyes glare at you with all the pent up fury of typhoon, born of aeons of frustration and scheming.

At the same time you attack, a *Projective Pentagram* forms about the demon. It takes 300 to break through it and you will need to make a L4 SR on CHR to break free of the icy grip those eldritch eyes exert over you - each round you fail, you lose 1d6 in WIZ (it will renew if you survive). The Pentagram also blasts out concussive force equal to half your attack total (your armour will protect you).

If you shatter the pentagram, you may battle the demon-witch. Hecyloxia has MR120 and can now be harmed by mortal weapons since her shield is destroyed.

If you succeed in taking the statue, escape from those demon eyes and exile the demon, you will find it easy to shatter the statue by dropping it from head height.

With the statue shattered, your job is done. You have done a great deed and eased much suffering as well as putting a spanner in the works of Evil. You may take 1,000 APs and a boost of 1d6 to either WIZ, LK or CHR as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

If you fell in the act of trying to stymie the machinations of demons, your life was well spent, at least at its climax. Sleep well.

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143 – If you made the SR, no problem! If not, you must bear the effects of prolonged contact with the Cursestones. Whatever you missed the roll by comes off anything they touched – weapons, armour, flesh with the effect being permanent. A critical fumble (1, 2) means an across the board 6 damage to everything they touch.

You see more moving ominously ahead of you... Either retreat and attempt the climb (go to 296) or try to rush past them without picking up any more unwanted passengers (go to 133).

144 – The unicaur has a MR of 2000 so it gets 201 d6 +1000. It also does 10d6 flame damage each round unless you make a L5 SR on LK. There is no chance of dodging or beating it to the punch as it is a master of speed and agility.

Your only hope of avoiding this brutal conflict is to summon curse magic to banish it whence it came. This would be well nigh impossible but with the ebony artefact here, the chance does exist. The chink in the armour is a cost of creating such evil. You need L3 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR to do it. If you succeed, you exile the unicaur and can smash the stables, horses and all, and lift the curse. You can do this if you actually overcome the demon through physical or magical prowess.

If you die, no one watching bats an eyelid; if you banish or destroy the unicaur you can take 1,500 APs, smash the statue and go to 168.

145 – There are four of them and each has a MR of 20. You need to roll 12d6 and add in 40 for them. Their adds mainly come from DEX so they will not get in each others' way. Good luck! They fight to the bitter end. Take 100 APs if you slaughter them and go to 160 (do not 'Pass Go' if they are more than a match for you in war as well as in love).

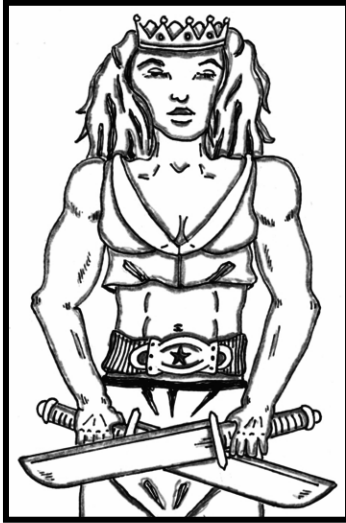


146 – You look behind you to see the source of this hideous eruption of noise and to your horror you see a swarm of birds arrowing their way directly at you. The birds glint in an unnatural fashion, the weak rays of the insipid sun flecking from their bodies. They look to be no larger than the common pidgeon but their number is legion.

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This is no time to play the ornithologist! Time for action – evasive or violent. If you want to duck down into the blanketing mists, go to 151; if you chose to stand proud and give battle to the demonic flock, go to 161.



147 – Hippolyta wakes in an instant, her eyes flashing brightly as she makes sense of what is happening about her, who it is that has dared intrude upon her dreamtime. There is a fierce pride, a steely resolve in those eyes and you sense you are being weighed in the Scales of Life.

Make a L2 SR on both WIZ and CHR and go to 172.

148 – You now stand on a windswept plateau. Swathes of grass ripple before you but there is a patch of land trampled flat stretching for some 300' to your left and right and more than 500' in front of you. No more than 200' ahead you see a stone mushroom with a flat top. It is just 3' high and there is a statue of a bull carved from amethyst stood proudly there, the sun's rays dancing from its enchanting form. This is the statue of the Cretan Bull you have come to destroy.

There is just one more thing to note up here on the cliff top. As you would surmise, it is the Cretan Bull itself, a full tonne of pulsating muscle and gristle, flames snorting from its nostrils, as it paws the ground and the ground itself quakes. The beady eyes of the monster are fixed on you... Go to 193.

149 – The grass is verdant. There are no other animals grazing on this hillside. Birds can be heard singing in the distance while insects chirrup and bustle about you as you walk. The meadow flowers seem to nod at you and their scents drift upwards. You feel rather drowsy. Make a L2 SR on CON. If you make it, go to 163 but if you fail, go to 170.

150 – As you move to enter, a strange feeling creeps over you. The doorway has a curse on it! Somehow you know it is there to test the mettle of those who think they have business with KASOCC.

A dizziness sweeps over you and your brain feels ready to implode. In fact, it is a curse which can transform people into worms, destined to spend a short life in the dark underground. You need to resist this curse with every fibre of your being!

Make a L1 SR on the average of your CON and CHR (the '*Stoicism*' attribute). If you make it, go to 2 but if you fail, go to 7.

151 – Make a L1 SR on LK and go to 166.

152 – If you made the SR, go to 157. If you failed, go to 162.

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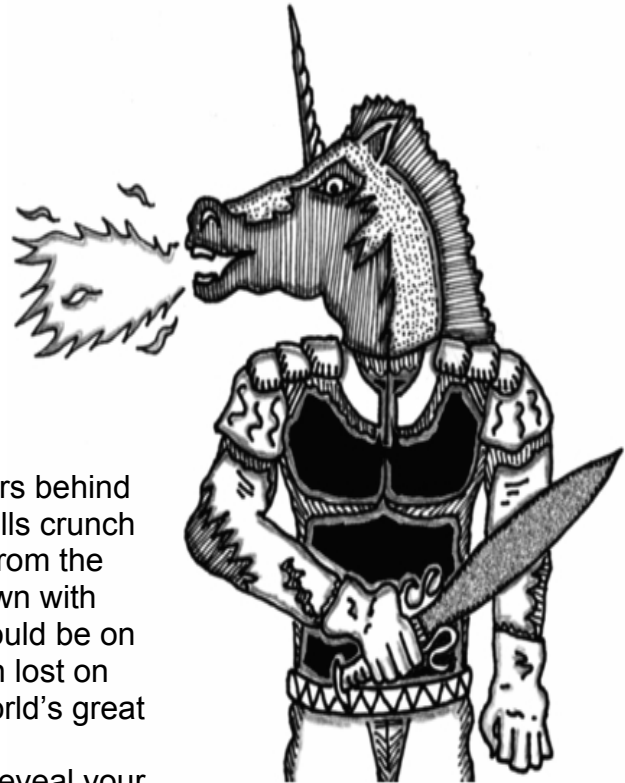
153 – Inside the cave you can see two objects, thanks to the sunlight penetrating its depths. Hung on an outcrop of rock is a red cape while lying beneath it on the ground is a great bull whip.

You may enter the cave (go to 158) or ignore these items and take the final climb (go to 148).

154 – The unicaur sweeps its eyes over you with arrogant distaste before blowing twin jets of white hot flame at you from its blazing flared nostrils.

You had better dodge.

Make a L3 SR on DEX and go to 164 if you succeed; if you fail, there is little left of you to fill the urn the monster takes back with it to the Demon Plane – little but just enough to resurrect you from your ashes for an eternity of torture.



155 – You can hear the crash of the breakers behind you and smell the salt on the wind. Shells crunch beneath your boots as you walk away from the tideline and walk towards the cliffs strewn with vines and red-flowering bushes. You could be on an island or simply on a desolate beach lost on the endless coastlines of one of Trollworld's great continents.

Without people to greet there is nothing to reveal your whereabouts.

To both and left and rights, the land reaches out into the ocean, like crab pincers encircling you and the bay that roars in your ears. There is no hope of traversing the slippery, ragged rocks that lead to the extremities of these promontories and even if you could fly like a bird, why would you think anything of value to you lay beyond?

No! Your path is before you. The feeling loiters laggardly in your loins, urging you to climb the path that snakes its way up to the cliff top dizzyingly far above your brows. What may lay there may be known to the Trollgod and his cohorts but must remain a mystery to you until you scale those cyclopean heights.

Once you commence the ascent, you soon reach a point where a choice must be made: to go directly upwards clinging to vines and creepers (go to 296) or to continue to wend your way along a track whose loose stones now seem to roll of their own volition before your downward gaze (go to 103).

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156 – The hill is not so steep and the journey is easy and pleasant. The Hind takes no notice of you. You are more than half way there in no time and then, suddenly, you see that you are back where you started. Odd...

If you want to make your way up the hill again, go to 177; if you want to go after the Hind, go to 184; if you want to walk towards the far-distant sea, go to 191.

157 – You have succeeded in your intention, whether it was to slay the sleeping queen, to steal the girdle or to burn the place down. If you have the girdle, you may destroy it as you choose and if it has been caught in a blazing fire, it will melt.

Well done! You have achieved your aim and may return home or go on to your next quest, taking 1,000 APs to boot.

158 – As you enter the small rocky tomb, dust swarms about you, flaking from the walls of the cave, acting as if a whirlwind was taking hold of the minute particles. It is impossible not to ingest them – they seem to seek out your orifices.

Not many could resist sneezing and spluttering but soon the discomfort is over and you sense a weird magic surging inside you. They do say that what does not break you makes you...

Make SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR add total the levels made, a critical fumble counting as minus 3.

If your score is less than 5, the rock dust converts your body cells to the same substance as the Cursestones found on the path up to this cave (no one ever comes down!). If your score is 5 or more, you may add 50% to all three attributes as the Cursestone magic lives now in you! Your touch for more than 10 seconds will have the same corrosive effect on flesh, metal, leather, etc that the stones have (you can reckon on 1d6 damage for every 5 seconds of contact).

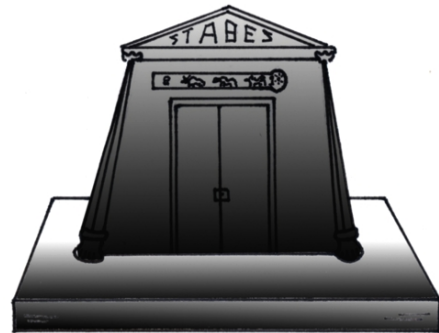
You may take the whip and the cape if you wish. They tingle with magic but are unknowable. You may continue on to the top now (go to 148).

159 – Make a L1 SR on SPD to do the work before the unicaur can prevent your action. If you fail, it impales you with its horn and teleports you to the Demon Plane where you will spend eternity enduring endless agonies.

If you succeed, you must now get out of here before you are incinerated – the inferno is already enraging the unicaur. Make a L2 SR on SPD.

If you make it, you scramble up the steps with the lamentable howls of the monster ringing in your ears as the heat cracks and shatters the statue of the stables – the unicaur knows the desperate punishments it will suffer for this dereliction of duty (you can go to 168 and take 500 APs).

If you fail, the unicaur seizes your ankles and use you as a blanket to starve the flames of oxygen. You suffer first degree burns *before* being impaled and cast into the *Pits of Purgatory* for eternity.



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160 – With the assassins down, now would be a good time to go for those equines before Diomedes really gets nasty. Fortunately, the smell from these vile carnivorous monsters is so strong you could not fail to locate them. Although you are high up, it is quite possible to climb out of the window and shin down the ivy clinging to the tower you are in.

Make a L1 SR on DEX and another on CON and go to 165.

161 – Roll your combat total and go to 171.

162 – Hippolyta awakens before you can strike and reacts with the speed of a panther touched by a *Little Feets* spell. She soon has you in her control. You can feel that her iron muscles will not yield to you.

Hearing the commotion, her advisor, an elder with an unforgiving glint in her eye, joins you in the queen's bedchamber. Hippolyta demands an explanation from you.

Make a L5 SR on CHR and go to 167.

163 – Shrugging off the urge to take a nap, you move closer to the Hind which eyes you but does not take off. As you crest a knoll, you see a bush with a silver filigree net hung from a leafless branch. The workmanship looks stunning.



If you want to take the net, go to 212; if you want to continue you after the Hind, go to 217.

164 – Intelligence is not the unicaur's strongest attribute. The idiot monster sets fire to the loose hay and soon is engulfed in flames hot enough to shatter stone. The fragments act as a shrapnel that dispatches the luckless unicaur back for savage interrogation on the Demon Plane.

And you? Make a L3 SR on LK. Make it and you survive! Take 500 Aps – you have destroyed the statue, just as you undertook to do. You emerge remarkably unscathed and can go to 169.

If you were not so lucky, you can parley all you want with you unicaur pal as the shrapnel accounts for you too and you share his sorry fate...

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165 – If you failed the DEX SR, you land with an awful thump and find guards surrounding you before you can get back on your feet (take 2d6 in damage and go to 180).

If you failed the CON SR, well, that will come in to play soon enough...

If you climbed down safely, you can race over to the horses before the sentries pass by on their rounds again – go to 175.

166 – If you failed the SR, you quickly find that you are not alone. A number of the birds follow you into the mists, seeking your flesh as a magnet does iron filings. Roll 1d6 to find out how many of these creatures have braved the mists and then go to 176. If you were successful with the LK roll, go to 181.

167 – If you made the SR, your words carry deep import for the queen and she draws you close, dismissing her grumbling cursing advisor. She holds you with her proud, penetrating eyes you sense you are being weighed in the Scales of Life. Make a L2 SR on both WIZ and CHR and go to 172.

If you failed the SR that brought you to this paragraph, you are listened to briefly and then your sentence is passed – go to 182.

168 – You have a choice now: you can treat this as the end of this particular assignment and take the promised 1,000 APs in addition to any bonus Aps you gained for dealing with the unicaur or you can have a crack at cleaning the stables and removing another blight on the face of Trollworld (go to 174).

169 – How can any place this beautiful be evil? It beggars belief. Looks can be deceptive though... If you failed to keep your wits about you, you simply lie down in the grass and succumb to the nymphs' charms when they swarm about you (they can be thoroughly exhausting if you are not a thunder god).

If you kept your thoughts on the task at hand and not just on the curvaceous figures drifting over towards you, take 100 APs and go to 173.

170 – The soporific scents and the laziness of the day get to you. Before you can catch yourself falling away into slumber, you are prone on the side of the hill. The Hind nuzzles you enquiringly and then nickers urgently to summon the Huntress.

The sleep is possessive and Artemis is deadly no less so. Make a L3 SR on CON to wake up. If you fail, you never do see the light of day again. If you make, it you open your eyes just in time to roll away from a glittering knife held in the strong but elegant hand of a proud, beautiful woman regarding you with haughty confidence (go to 198).

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171 – The flock of metallic birds cannot all get to you immediately. Your only hope is to buy yourself time and then to make the most of it. If you mustered more than 50 hits, go to 186; if you got 50 or fewer, you barely dented the leaders - go to 196.

172 – If you failed to make both SRs, go to 182; if you made them, go to 187.

173 – Seeing that you have not fallen under the hypnotic spell of their garden, the Hesperides skip lightly away, laughing as they go. Your task is not to kill them or to destroy their garden but rather the apples that sway pendulously in the gentle zephyr from the boughs of the one great tree the gardener is pruning.

He looks to be a formidable brute. Do you want to go up and speak to him or have you other ideas (such as attacking hi, trying to capture the nymphs, flying up to the apples or dislodging them by throwing sticks)? Go to 183 if you wish to converse with the titan or to 197 if you have something else in mind.



174 – The only way to clean these direly diabolical stables is to divert the river that feeds these lands and sweep all the filth away, King Augeus not exempted. This is a high risk strategy.

Your determination to set things to rights leads you to discover a crystal sphere set in a wall. Although it must surely have been hidden from sight, perhaps since the time it was placed here, by the accumulation of excrement, once you clean away the filth you can see its shiny, glowing surface.



As you examine the orb, you see a tiny figure inside! It is a fairy and soon enough she starts talking to you, her voice penetrating the crystal.

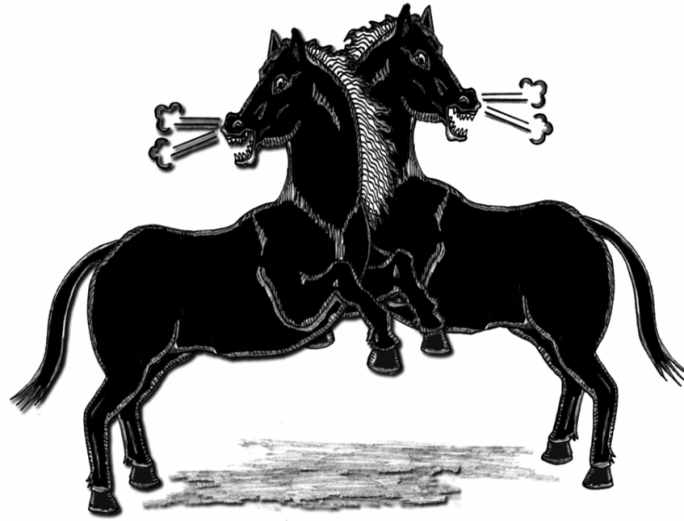
“You have done marvellously! We’re all very, very impressed! And you stuck to your word to that trumped-up king-let instead of bunking off with the job only half done!

You still have a mountain to climb though... You have to change the course of the river to wash away all the grime in this abyss of a place. You would have to be so very strong to do that. I can’t just give that gift to you but you can gamble for it. Do you want to? It would mean risking your life.”

If you are willing to put your life on the line, go to 179; if you think that is an ask too many, you can end this mission, job completed as required, take your rewards and be on your way.

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175 – To get the mares to breath fire, Diomedes starves them of water. They are kept chained up in his stables and there are too many to kill even if you could get close enough to strike – the others would incinerate you, eat you or both. They are flame-proof too so no good thinking of burning the place down and flash frying them.

They are not guarded for who would guard the guards? There is a huge bolt cutter propped against a wall, used to free one mare at a time when Diomedes chooses to make use of them. It would be possible for someone very strong to cut the chain at the far end of the stables to free them as a herd and let them find their way to water.

That is the only way. To use the cutters, you need to make a L3 SR on STR. If you fail, all you can do is get out of here and hitch your way back home; if you succeed, the next thing is to follow the horses because intuition (a helpful voice in your head from your friends in Seamists) tells you that they will lead you to the statue. Go to 195.

176 – These birds are made of metal, not flesh. They each have a MR of 12. However, luckily for you, they are not accustomed to giving battle blind and the mists reduce their eyesight to zero. Less happily, you can see next to nothing, just like them. The only advantage you have is that they may get in each others' way while you can focus on defensive destruction to everything that moves about you.



Roll for combat for both you and the birds, making sure you check for spite damage.

Your combat total must be halved and theirs reduced to just one third. Go to 201.

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177 – You set about the hike for a second time, travelling over the familiar terrain. Once more, when you reach about the halfway mark, you see that you have returned to Square One!

If you want to make your way up the hill again, go to 222; if you want to go after the Hind, go to 184; if you want to walk towards the far-distant sea, go to 191.

178 – The creepers react very violently to the lick of a knife – or rather the creature that the vines are attached to takes a very dim view of them being sliced like salami! The thrashing tendrils make such dramatic movements that it is akin to being caught by a cyclone!

Make a L5 SR on STR and take the difference in direct CON damage if you fail. You are hurled back down to the ground by a force much greater than yours. You will have to travel along the path up to the cliff top as the maelstrom above you shows no sign of abating (go to 103).

179 – “How splendid! I do so very much hope you survive and succeed!” The fairy capers with excitement at your audacious play.

“There is a glass tube in your left hand now” (You find that there is indeed a vial there.) “Drink it and one of two things will happen: either you will die or you will become heroically strong. I’m sorry but now you have the potion, you simply must drink it or it will explode and kill you!”

Roll 2d6 DARO. If you get 7 or better the potion will not kill you; less than 7 and death will be instantaneous. If you survive, you will be strong enough to dig a ditch to divert the river to sweep away all the stable dung and King Augeus along with it. (The potion will give you STR of 200 (permanently) – you can take an additional 1,000 APs and be on your way. This is quite an important dice roll, is it not?)

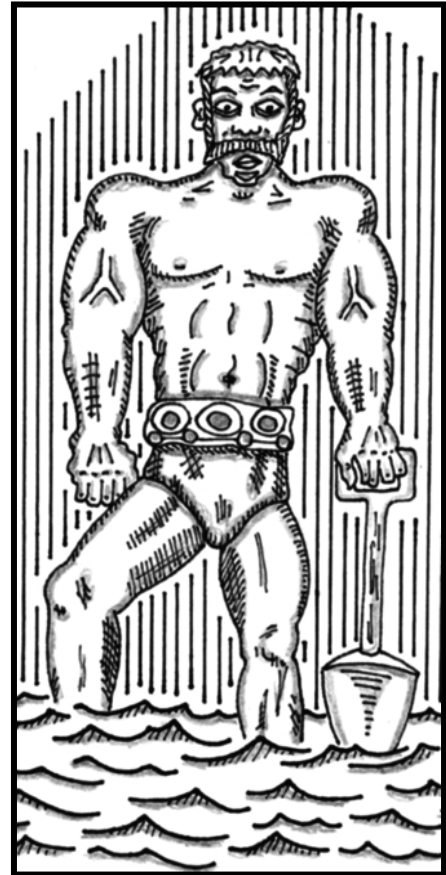
180 – A cudgel falls sharply on the back of your neck, bringing unconsciousness (take 1d6damage). When you are awake, you find yourself in mithril chains in Diomedes’ dungeon.

The king scrutinises you and then speaks:

“Give me one good reason not to have you tortured and then hung, drawn and quartered and fed to my mares!”

Ever kissed the Blarney Stone? It would improve the odds...

Make a L3 SR on CHR and go to 190.



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181 – Although the sound of the angry flock and its fierce frustration is muted by the mists, you can tell when they abandon their prey. The air here is damp and heavy and settles on the lungs. Make a SR on CON, note the level, and go to 211.

182 – Your reason is unacceptable. Whatever you gave us the explanation, no matter how you toadied, the queen shakes her magnificent mane and hands you over to her advisor. This hag is hideously wrinkled and sneers at you with a disdain that suggests laboratory experiments on low life forms would be preferable to what she has in mind for you.

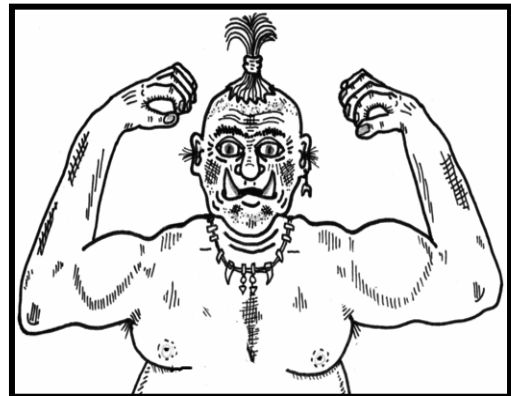


Once she has you securely manacled in mithril, she dismisses her minions and begins the arduous task of reducing you to a bare minimum of flesh. This reduces your CON to 1. Then she places sticks and powder under your feet and trails a fuse away to a safe – for her – distance, takes out a match and lights the beginning of your doom.

A L10 SR on WIZ will see you snatched from the cusp of a very messy death by a kindly Wizard-God (you would find yourself back home in bed to recover with 500 APs). Failing that and you are spread very thinly and very forcibly over the walls and the ceiling, to which you stick tenaciously and provide the cleaners with quite a headache getting rid of you.

183 – The giant is surprised to see you here but shrugs and gets on with his work, his strong hands employing his mighty secateurs to get through serious tree matter. After a while, he asks you why you are here and then, before giving you a chance to answer, asks if you would like to lend him a hand rather than stand there idle.

If you would like to offer your help, go to 202; if you prefer to ask him for his help getting you the apples or – boldness indeed! – cut down the tree, go to 207.



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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

184 – As you move off in the direction of the Hind, the grass under your feet feels to grow more springy and a bitter-sweet scent drifts up to your nose. A gentle breeze picks up and whispers to you, seeming to speak of death.

You can turn back and head to the sea (go to 191) or you can continue on towards your target, heedless of the changing mood of this place (go to 149).



185 – You find yourself seated at a great table in a gloomy hall. Pale, ghostly attendants flit about serving the dinner guests with dark, purple wine and grey, cold food. The guests are all either deathly white or skeletal. Those on your side of the long, broad table are drawn and white, while those on the opposite side show nothing but bone. At the head of the table sits one of two exceptions – a huge, brooding man, obviously a king from his rich attire and golden accoutrements. At the other end, opposite the king, sits a delicate, beautiful maiden, whose eyes betray a sadness beyond mortal capacity to bear.

It is clear that a place has been set for you, that you are no gatecrasher. Do you want to:

- Talk to one of the guests on your side of the table (go to 225)
- Talk to one of the skeletal diners opposite (go to 235)
- Call out to the king and ask him what is going on (go to 240)
- Call out to the girl and ask her why she is so sad (go to 255)

186 – Now roll for them. Roll 3d6 to see if they got in any spite. If you did get any sixes, you quickly find that these foul creatures carry poison – your mind is as foggy as the swamp and your limbs are like lead. Your INT, STR, DEX and SPD are all reduced by 1d6 (roll for each separately) until you receive some professional healing. If you were fortunate enough to avoid spite damage, you still see the poison the birds carry as it drips from them as you strike their bodies. At any rate, you have a brief respite! If you want to duck down into the mists now, go to 181; if you still stand your ground and fight on, go to 206.

187 – You can relax. Hippolyta smiles and your tension melts from you.

“This girdle has been a burden for me to endure for so long I can barely recall what it is to be free. Here! You take it now. I will be able to rid myself of the witch who has controlled me these long years and my people will prosper again. You have liberated the Amazons and their queen!

You may choose to wear the girdle and best the eldritch power that is locked within it or you may choose to do what I could not and destroy it. Which ever path you walk, you have my never ending gratitude and will always be an honoured guest here.”

So, another choice. Destroy the girdle, take the promised 1,000 APs and return home or on to your next quest or place the thing about your own waist (go to 192 if you dare this).

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188 – There are far too many tendrils to evade. However, you become aware that far from attempting to hurt you they are intent on raising you aloft towards your cliff top destination! It is like having your own personal elevator with built-in massage therapy.

The vines work at your muscles in a most magical fashion. Roll 3d6 and attempt a L1 SR on WIZ four times. The first roll is for STR, then for CON, then DEX and finally SPD. If you make the WIZ SR you may add the dice roll (TARO) to the attribute. Before long the creepers deposit you safe and sound – and quite possibly rather more able than before – at the top of the cliff. Go to 148.

189 – The forest is a long ways away but at least you can see that it definitely is a forest. It is very cold. Make a L2 SR on CON. If you fail, you suffer terrible frostbite, pass out and die. If you succeed, you can either continue to make for the treeline (go to 199) or make your way back and head for the cave (go to 194).

190 – If you made it, Diomedes keeps you for a year as a companion, sharing with you the headaches of being a harem owner. After a year is up, he ransoms you back to your home city – we may only surmise as to who stumped up for you but you should feel grateful (and you can have 500 APs).

If you failed, he does as he says and you are made rather a bloody mess of...

191 – As you set out in the opposite direction to where the distant breakers crash into the bleached shore, a woman rises up from the ground to block your path. She is beautiful in a cold, savage way. There is no doubting the power coursing through her anymore than there is her ability to use the bow that is slung over her bare shoulder. Her tunic is thick with wiry hairs which cannot have been shed by a mortal beast.

She holds up an elegant yet forceful hand. Go to 198.

192 – As you slip the girdle over your hips and fasten it, you feel an icy chill run through your veins and then a sensation as if a taloned claw is closing about your heart.

“I am Berg and I will take possession of you and the woman. You have sealed your fate by accepting my yoke – she is not free and never shall be! You will be a tasty morsel and will serve to whet my appetite for the conquest of this tawdry planet. Now, I feast!”



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Your heart feels as if it is being ripped at by savage teeth and you come close to blacking out forever. Make a L4 SR on CON and another on CHR. If you do not make them, Berg devours you with a malodorous belch and looks about for his next savoury snack.

If you made them both, you prove too chewy for the demon and you banish him whence he came. You have the belt and you retain much of Berg's powers. You hold on to a further 50 points of WIZ and can benefit by 20 additional points of WIZ, LK, CON and CHR if you make L3 SRs on those attributes (you don't have to make all of them, you just missed out on the gain for that attribute if you fail a saving roll).

To maintain the boosts taken from Berg you must wear the girdle. As well as the 1,000 APs that were the reward for destroying the girdle, you gain a further 1,000 for mastering it.



193 – The Bull is not used to challengers but it will not shy away from battle. It is no mere bully! This is the time for action. You need to rise to the occasion or this will be your final curtain. The Bull is indifferent as to whether it gores you, roasts you, tramples all over you or simply tosses you on its horns back over the cliff's edge. If you have the whip and cape and want to use them, go to 203; if you wish to sidestep at the critical moment and hack at the Bull as it passes you by, go to 208. If you wish to cast a spell, go to 213; if you are ready to stand your ground and meet its charge, go to 218.

194 – As you reach the foothills, a grey mist rises up from the ground in front of the cave and rolls down the mountainside towards you. Do you want to:

- Walk through it, holding your breath (go to 214)
- Walk round it (go to 219)
- Turn round and head for the forest (go to 199)

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195 – The lake the mares head for is reached in just a few brief minutes. You can see the statue of the herd suspended magically in the air just in front of the waterline. The horses mill about it as they wait their turn to drink, the lead mare commanding tight discipline.

There once was an oracle, told here in Diomedes' kingdom in his great-grandfather's day, that stated the only way to destroy this nightmare herd and the statue that keeps them ever young is to drown them in the river that feeds the lake. To even a thorough inspection of the terrain there would seem no way to divert the river to achieve this purpose. However, the oracle prophesied that when a worthy hero stood ready, the necessary tool would be provided.

The question then must be – are you that hero?
Make L3 SRs on WIZ and CHR and go to 210.

196 – Were there anyone to watch the spectacle, they might well have admired your valour – but they would surely have thought you foolish beyond measure to take on such a vast cloud alone. The birds swarm about you, brushing aside your attack, and make a very thorough job of pecking every scrap of flesh from your bones.

197 – It is not going to work, I'm afraid, whatever *it* is. You see, the nymphs are so fond of their garden they have exchanged favours over the centuries with extraordinarily powerful wizards and demons. They have ensured their precious garden is warded against disease, cold, heat, drought, flooding, winds, trampling, reaping, plundering, plucking, deflowering and general abuse.

If you sought to climb the trees or fly to fruit, you would find yourself still grounded. If you thought to knock apples down with stones and the like, if you had in mind to *Upsidaisy* them right into your lap, no dice.

If you had something other than conversation in mind for the gardener, he too is protected. The Hesperides went to great pains to recruit Atlas and he is a permanent and irreplaceable member of staff. He gets big loyalty bonuses which even the IRS find difficult to tax.

Time to talk turkey with the big man – the nymphs always hope the rare visitor to their garden may teach him new points of horticulture. Go to 183.

198 – Artemis the Huntress is not foe to anger lightly. She lacks all feeling for society, spurning human company for that of the wild. The birds and beasts are her friends, the flowers and trees her solace in a world not of her choosing.

As she looks over you, her face loses its disapproving frown and folds into a questioning look.

“Are you sent to release me from this curse, I who was born to roam free wheresoever I wish? Speak now and I may let you live!”

Your choices are simple: tell Artemis why you are here (go to 229) or attack her (go to 236).



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199 – The forest is still far off on the horizon and the cold is getting more and more severe. Make a L4 SR on CON. If you fail, you fall through weariness and freeze to the ground, where you die. If you make it, you can either go on heedless of the bitter cold (go to 204) or give up and go back to find the cave (go to 209).

200 – Before you have descended 200 feet you realise that this path might well be the death of you! When you come to a viciously slippery slope, turning sharply to the left – or plunging you headlong over the precipice if you do not control your slide – you sense you are putting your life on the line to visit Grandmother Mosiken. Something warns you not to turn back, whether it is a voice on the wind or a demon inside your skull. Make a L2 SR on DEX. Go to 91 if you make it or to 96 if you fail.

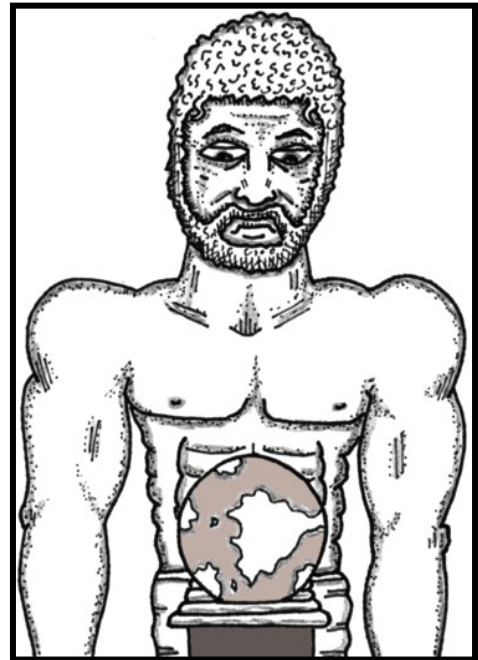
201 – You must fight this out until either you are pecked to pieces or you have destroyed all the birds. After the first round, armour is useless as they instinctively target any exposed flesh – eyes probably! If you perish, you feed both birds and swamp; if you live but have been wounded, you soon enough find that these foul creatures carry poison – your mind is as foggy as the swamp and your limbs are like lead. Your INT, STR, DEX and SPD are all reduced by 1d6 (roll for each separately) until you receive some professional healing. Go to 171.

202 – “I’m a little embarrassed to ask,” he confesses with a shy look away, “but I have to move the World for the Hesperides. I know a big strong chap like me should be able to do it without asking for help but my back’s a bit sore from bending over and weeding so much. I’d be obliged if you would hold it up for me so that I can just roll it on to my back rather than pick it from the ground behind my back – that’s always caused by a lot of pain. I hate it when I get a sore coccyx!”

He looks at you with innocent hope and then leads you down the garden path to the far end of the walled garden where an enormous globe rests on a pedestal. You can make out the shapes of the different continents – dragon, eagle, kraken, unicorn and wolf.

Atlas moves to lever the sphere until it teeters on the edge of its resting place, on the verge of crashing to the ground. It is clear that even Atlas will not be able to prevent it from falling for very long.

If you will support the globe as he requested, go to 227; if you think it best to seize your chance to go for the apples while he is occupied, go to 232.



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203 – The monstrous Cretan Bull fixes you in its line of sight and charges head down, heedless of your new possessions. From the way the ground trembles under its hooves, there is no way you want to be on the receiving end of this juggernaut! It has a MR of 1000 – that's 101 d6 plus 500. There is nothing sluggish or clumsy about it either.

Your hope is in the gifts you received in the cave. The cloak can be used as a decoy to save your skin. It is well nigh indestructible and its colour is like a magnet for the Bull. You will be able to keep a safe distance from its horns if you are nimble enough to deploy it with the requisite skill (that's a L1 SR on DEX for every charge of the monster.)

As for the whip, every time you strike the Bull with it, you will do 5d6 damage. You would need many, many lashes to even slow the beast let alone hurt it and it takes a L1 SR on SPD to hit the Bull with the whip once you have evaded its charge.

However, if you are lucky too you may be able to lure it over the edge of the cliff and onto the rocks below – and not even the Cretan Bull could survive such a fall. To succeed in such a stratagem you will need to make 5 consecutive L2 SRs on LK, each following a successful strike with the whip.

If you kill the Bull you may take 1,000 APs and go on to destroy its statue – go to 223.

204 – The cold is so marrow-freezingly awful that you must make a L8 SR on CON to survive. If you live, you suddenly find yourself picked up by a snow-whirlwind which thoroughly warms you but carries you off despite any resistance you may attempt (go to 194).

205 – The spinning sensation takes a while to wear off but when you are over the effects of teleportation, you see that you stand at the base of a steep hill. Behind you lie the plains and beyond them the sea; to your left and right, thick forest hems you in, almost warning you away from the wild interior.

As you cast your gaze over the hill you notice two things: firstly, a beautiful deer grazing contently by a brook and secondly, a small stone building just over the brow of the hill, the apex of its roof all that is visible.

You know (and there is no reason to wonder how you know) that the deer is the physical incarnation of the fabled *Hind of Artemis the Huntress*, neither of them anything more than a starry constellation to people other than those dwelling on the west coast of Khaghtch'an. Only the cities of Portree and Castleward have been given cause to fear Artemis and her golden hind, their savage attacks making the forests of the west unsafe. What was nothing but a myth for you may prove to be real.

You understand full well that if you are to complete your quest you must either capture the Hind (go to 149) or approach the building (go to 156).



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206 – Well, you may feel brave and heroic, refusing to give an inch in battle, but you do not look it. This is because the flock descend and bird after bird finds a spot to attack as they devour you alive.

207 – “What!” he roars. “You dare try for the apples! You will pay for this perfidy!” With that he snatches for you, his hands suddenly seeming much, much larger. Atlas seeks to clap his hands together with you the meet in the sandwich! He has such prodigious strength once roused to anger than none but wizard-gods may stand before him!

Your only hope is to evade those great slabs meat with their protruding sausage-fingers and calm him down. Each round you need to make a L2 on DEX or SPD to stay alive and each round you survive you may try to reason with him. If you make a L5 SR on CHR before he makes jam of you, take 200 APs and go to 202.

208 – The Cretan Bull has an MR of 1000! It is not slow or cumbersome either and you will need to make a L2 SR on DEX to dodge its charge and then a L2 SR on SPD to hit it before it is past you. If you fail to step aside you get hit by the force of a 101 d6 plus 500 juggernaut...

It will not give up and will simply wheel, puts its head down and charge again. If at any stage you chose to stand a give battle, go for it!

If the Bull does for you, then you become mere fertiliser for its paddock. If you slay the Bull you make take a full 1,000 APs and head for the statue (go to 223).



209 – A blizzard suddenly whips up about you and visibility is zero. You may survive the ordeal for a while but you must stumble on and find the cave. Make L2 SRs on both INT and LK. If you do not make both, you get lost and die numbly of hyperthermia. If you make them both, go to 194.

210 – Are you empty handed or are you primed for the big time? You needed to make both those saving rolls to still be in play. If not, you have a bit of explaining to do to the guards and then to Diomedes (go to 180 to learn your fate).

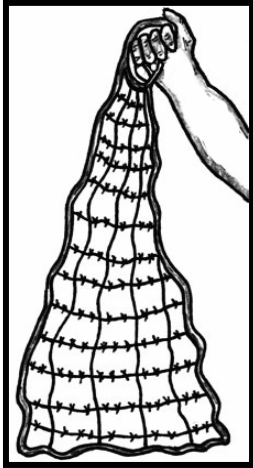
If you made them both, you now find that you have a silver pencil in your hand. It has a bulbous end that fits snugly into a palm, while the other end has a red tip that glows with incandescent ebullience when you have the opposite end in one palm.

How does it work? What can it do? Shall we find out? Of course we shall! Go to 220.

211 – Unless you made a L2 SR on CON or better, the effects of breathing in the gas soon tell on you! Go to 216 if you succeeded or to 221 if you did not do so well...

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212 – As soon as you place a hand on the fine steel threads of the net, you feel another hand pressing firmly on your shoulder and as you turn, you see a fiercely beautiful woman standing watching you. She is of proud bearing and her beauty has an untouchable quality to it. It is difficult not to feel utterly overmatched in her presence although she has not yet made any move to harm you. Go to 198.

213 – You find out very quickly that you can cast spells upon yourself but not upon the Cretan Bull – directly or indirectly. So – *Little Feets*, yes, *Glue You*, no; *Fly Me*, yes, *Slush-Yuck*, no. Other spells that do not work include *Protective Pentagram*, *Wink-Wing*, *Blow Me Too* and all the *Wall* spells; the Bull can breath fire a very long way so *Fly Me* is of limited use and it can see through *Hidey Hole* spells – magic is no easy answer.

Go back to 193 and select again.

214 – The shrouds of mist are not heavy as you pass amidst them. There is a faint odour of bitter almonds and salmon tails but you don't have time to consider this as the tickling sensation the mists cause at the back of your throat gives you a coughing fit. Your eyes start to water and the temptation to break out into a run is great.

Make L1 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 239.

215 – You find yourself standing in a fertile valley, a rushing river generously irrigating an array of healthy crops under a warm, beneficent sun. You have arrived in the realm of King Augeus, a tiny independent state on a remote, isolated tentacle of the Kraken continent, Khaghtch'an.

No sooner have you regained your equilibrium after teleportation than powerful armed guards seize hold of you and frogmarch you to the audience chamber of the king.

"I know why you are here, you sorry excuse for an adventurer! You seek to usurp me and take my crown! Never shall it be so, you mangy dog! My spies told me of your coming and you have been caught as the spider traps the fly!"

The king is frothing at the mouth as he rants and the faces of his attendants betray their knowledge of his madness. Once a courtier has dab away spittle from his puckered lips with a sable cloth, Augeus resumes his diatribe.

"I sentence you to cleaning out my royal stables! That will teach you to think to harm your betters! Guards escort this wretch and see that there is no chance of escape! If the stables are not spotless at dawn, I shall have you hung, drawn and quartered after a slow crucifixion. Who's feeling smug now, you puffed up poppinjay?"

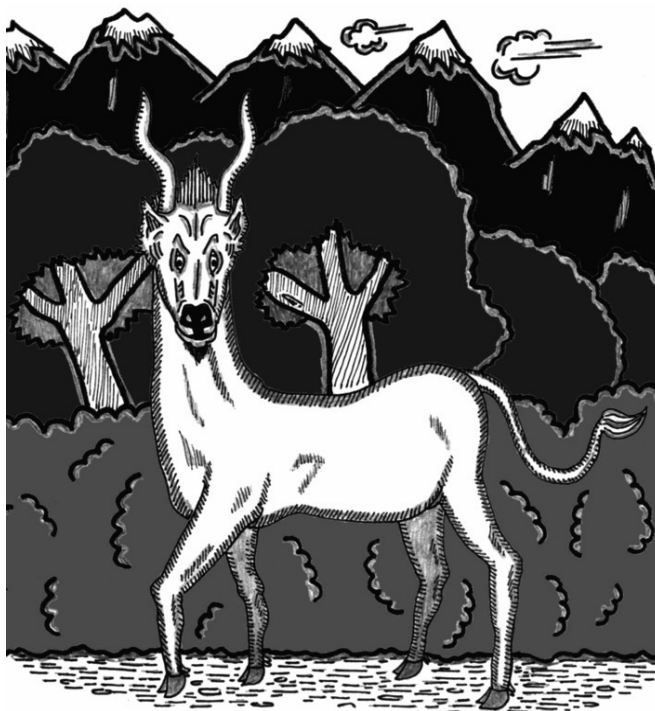
Naturally, his soldiers are quick to do his will. Go to 79.

216 – One way or another, you are able to survive below the mists and you have escaped or dealt to the Stymphalian birds. Now all you have to do is find their statues and destroy them...

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Trouble is, visibility is very poor down here. You could pop your head back up but just as you think of it, your hand finds a piece of wood with 'bumps' raised up on its surfaces. These bumps, you soon realise, are words carved out of the wood. You need to try to 'read' them with your fingers quickly because you can feel them sinking down into the wood. Make a L1 SR on INT and go to 226.



217 – You manage to creep up on the Hind without startling it. Perhaps it is aware of you but not alarmed by your presence, perhaps it is blissfully ignorant of your approach. You have the chance to spring at it, either to hurt or to capture. Make a SR on SPD, the best you can, and go to 257.

218 – Not many have ever dared to do what you are now doing. The ground looks as if it is being mashed to a puree as the Bull winds up for its charge. You may be pate to go with that puree very soon.

The monster has an MR of 1000 – that's 101 d6 plus 500. Good luck! Just know that it will not give up.

If the Bull does for you, then you become mere fertiliser for its paddock. If you slay the Bull you make take a full 1,000 APs and head for the statue (go to 223).

219 – The ominously brooding mists spread wider as you seek to circumvent them. If you wish to continue in your plan to outflank them, go to 234; if you wish to make for the cave, go to 224; if you wish to head off to the distant forest, go to 199.

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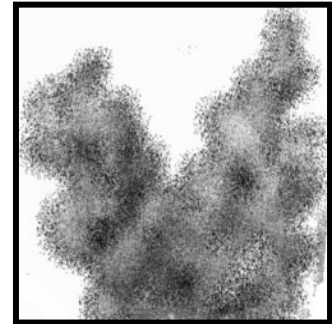
220 – What it can do is dig ditches out of earth and even rock. It can excavate in mere seconds, melting basalt as if it was Hokey Pokey ice cream. To dig a moat around a decent sized castle would take about 10 minutes with this baby. It doesn't harm flesh but then, why would you need to when you can just leave an enemy floundering in thin air or even molten rock?

You just have to think to operate it as it is now tuned to your khremmatic signature. It will work for up to an hour and then takes two hours to recharge (it only works when fully recharged). The voice in your head from Seamists suggests that you dig a moat, divert the river and trap Diomedes' mares whereupon it will be a doddle to smash the statue. Plain sailing now!

You may claim your 1,000 APs and what's more you may keep the *Khremmonic Whatzit* as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

221 – The gas has the following possible effects:

- Critical fumble: you balloon out to elephantine proportions and float away into the stratosphere and off out into deep space, never to be seen again
- Failed L1: your ears and nose grow to elephantine proportions (you have excellent hearing and a squeaky voice) and your CHR is at 50% of its full value in most human/social situations and at 150% for shock value/freaking-others-out purposes (go to 216)
- Made L1: your nose grows bulbous and your voice goes two octaves higher (go to 216)



222 – And so it goes on. Every time you reach the mid-point in your journey, you reappear at the point of origin. There is something comforting in that. You have been locked into this never-ending pattern and while your physical body is safe, nourished by nature, your soul is transported across the Great Divide to the Demon Plane where you are tortured with exquisite variation for the duration of Eternity.

223 – Heroic stuff indeed! You have dealt to the Cretan Bull but if you do not destroy its evil statue another will be bred and this region will not long be free of terror.

The statue is within reach of any weapon you may choose to smash it with. However, things are seldom without complications when curse magic is involved...

Before your eyes, a ghostly green minotaur rises up from the ground. It looks witheringly at you and extends towards you a mace in its left hand and an axe in its right.

“Choose one of these if you dare! One will permit you to survive when this statue shatters, the other will shatter you!” It waits for you to act without motion or further words. You can feel the curse magic in the air about its shimmering form.

What do you do?

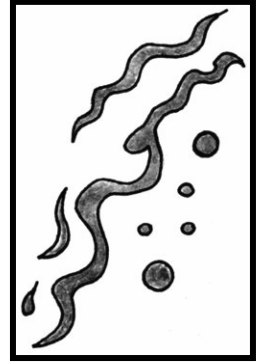
- Take the mace and strike the statue (go to 228)?
- Take the axe and smash the statue (go to 233)?
- Ignore the ghost and hit the statue with a weapon of your own (go to 238)?

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224 – As you turn back or look up, a shape emerges from the mists – or perhaps the mists give form to something that lurches towards you, its figure misanthropic. Fangs become evident and talons quickly follow; as you look on, a creature of the Abyss coalesces, its wicked eyes burning its hateful destruction at you. There is no time to flee – you can see that it would leap upon you and rend you limb from trunk. You must fight, there is no other way.

The demonic fiend has a MR of 40. Roll your combat score and then roll again for the monster. Go to 244.



225 – Your fellow diners seem lost and confused. The man on the left, Creseus, tells you the last thing he remembers is tugging a minotaur's beard while the warrior on your right, Vector, informs you that he was defending his city from a besieging enemy and had challenged their champion, Hotchillies, to single combat when his throat and tongue caught fire and everything went red before his eyes – it seems likely to be true as he clearly can't taste the foul food being served at this banquet. It becomes obvious that you will learn nothing useful from those seated alongside you – go back to 185.

226 – How good are your fingers at reading? Maybe you can't read at all? If you failed the SR, go to 231. If you managed to decipher the raised characters on the wood, go to 246.

227 – Just how strong are you?!? You can do what Atlas cannot? Try a L20 SR on STR (the target is 115!). If you fail, your back snaps like a rotten twig and you can do no better than fertilise the garden thereafter.

If you make, you are obviously cut from the cloth of legend and you earn Atlas' respect. All you have to do now is persuade him to take up the burden and relieve you.

Either he is too much in awe of your prowess or he has a sneaky streak in him but either way you can see he has begun sidling away from you and your load.

And when you tell him to honour his word? Make either a L5 SR on LK or on CHR. If you fail, you get left holding one very big baby (and if you drop it or leave unattended, you have serious trouble from seriously vengeful Wizard-Gods) and that's you over and out. If you make the SR of your choice, go to 237.

228 – You are too trusting! The mace is a teleporter and you are doomed to a one-way trip to the Demon Plane unless you can make L4 SRs on all of WIZ, LK and CHR – in which case you banish the ghost and can go to 338.

229 – “You have a steel core, I see! I admire grit more than showiness. Speaking plainly is a rare jewel in this world. You were never destined to touch my Hind but perhaps you can relieve me of the curse that afflicts both this region and me. Here – take this capsule and swallow it. It contains an extract from deer antlers and will allow

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you to enter the building over yonder wherein is contained the foul replica of my Hind. Destroy it and I shall be in your debt!”

Artemis the Huntress hands you the small capsule and as her hand touches yours, you receive her benediction. You may take 100 APs and a boost of 1d6 to your choice of WIZ, LK or CHR. You may walk to the stone building now (go to 278).

230 – You first notice a bitter, acidic smell in the air and then you feel how spongy the ground is under your feet. Mists swirl about your legs up to your thighs, stretching in all directions as far as you can see. The landscape is featureless apart from the odd withered limb of a long-dead tree reaching up in futile gesture to skies above, which are hung heavy with brooding rain clouds. Then a piercing shriek, followed closely by a cacophony of such shrill sounds, breaks the silence. Go to 146.

231 – As you wallow haplessly in the mists - trying not breath them in or poking your head up to escape them, hoping no more of the ghastly birds see you – you suddenly hear a droning, wailing dirge bubbling up from the very mud of the swamp itself. Go to 241.

232 – Atlas grunts as you turn your back on him. “What is this? You said you would help me! Come back, you villain!”

Of course, you don’t go back. When you get to the apple tree you have another choice to make: to climb it to destroy the apples (go to 242) or to throw sticks and stones at them from the ground (go to 247).

233 – You are too trusting! The axe is a teleporter and you are doomed to a one-way trip to the Demon Plane unless you can make L4 SRs on all of WIZ, LK and CHR – in which case you banish the ghost and can go to 338.

234 – The mists change as you keep walking, becoming bitter in their penetrating chill, eating through to the marrow in your bones. Make a L3 SR on CON. If you fail, your STR, DEX and SPD are all halved for the time being. Go to 249.



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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

235 – Through clattering, chattering teeth, the skeletal diner sitting across the table from you tells you that Hades has selected 13 new heroes to join him and his bride, Persephone in the Underworld. The skeleton lets you know that he was once a great hunter and adventurer, Orion by name, who sought to free the town of Seamists from its insidious curse but he failed and has had to serve Hades these past twenty years.

Orion tells you that your only hope for a solitary chance for freedom is to bring a smile to Persephone's face. You are free to talk to someone else (go back to 185) or to say something that you hope will change Persephone's plaintive, lost look (go to 265).



236 – Hideously dumb... The Huntress is a Power in her own right but under the thrall of a demon's curse she is indeed mighty. Her CON is 1000 and she gets 101d6 plus 500 fighting with just her knife. She makes L15 SRs on all attributes unless she rolls a critical fumble.

If you die at her hands, you can at least know that very few would have fared better. If you somehow contrive to defeat her, her body will disappear and you will be able to do as you please in this place (go to 243). Take 1,500 APs.

237 – You have turned the tables on spiteful Miss Fortune! Take 200 APs. When you get to the apple tree you have another choice to make: to climb it to destroy the apples (go to 242) or to throw sticks and stones at them from the ground (go to 247).

238 – How wise to distrust the ghost! It is powerless to harm you now that you have seen through its evil deception. It vanishes with a loud 'Frrmmmmfff!' It is a simple act to demolish the statue of the Cretan Bull with any weapon you choose to strike with. You may claim your 1,000 APs and a boost of 3d6 to WIZ, LK and CHR as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

239 – If you failed any of those SRS, the mists eat into your eyes, blinding you. If you succeeded with all three, although the sensation is very discomforting, you pass through with your vision intact and unimpaired. You have warded off a Cursemagic trap – take 100 APs.

A deep voice from within the cave calls to you. The speech is the Common Tongue and the speaker appears human. Go to 269.

240 – The Lord of the Underworld shoots you a grim, withering look (make a L2 SR on WIZ or lose 2d6 CON) and then addresses you with a barely-stifled yawn.

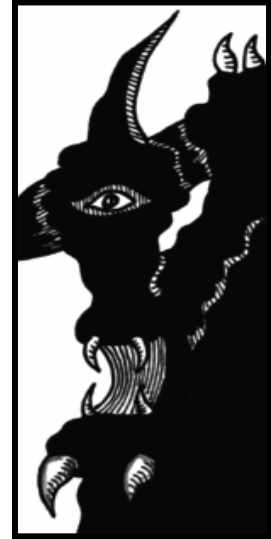
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“This is a feast for the Newly Dead, for those who are to replenish my Army of the Underworld. You are not dead yet, are you? Unusual... perhaps one of my brothers sent you here because you displeased them. No matter – you will cross over soon enough.

I imagine you would prefer to live and to go back to your home. Here is your one chance: make my bride smile. If she smiles, she will have to stay an extra month each year with me in my Underworld. Make her laugh and she will never return to the surface. Do this and you will greatly please me.”

Everyone turns to you, watching to see how you will make this attempt to win your life and freedom. Go to 265.



241 – The swamp is alive after a fashion and its stomach is rumbling in a plaintive monotone bass. Glop! Glumph! Glckk! It swallows you and burps contentedly. Over and out for you, that’s for certain.

242 – The tree is carnivorous and has thousands of tiny mouths that bite at you ravenously! You need to make progressively higher SRs on CON, starting at L1 and finishing at L5, to get to the branches with the apples that do not have mouths to eat you. If you fail any SR you must suffer the difference in damage. If you make it to the apples, go to 252.

243 – The Hind comes to you and nuzzles your hand before leading you over the brow of the hill to the simple one-storey stone dwelling that is both home to Artemis and her temple. Inside, you find the onyx statue of the Hind which you were commissioned to destroy.

It is a simple matter to raise it and smash it against the walls or floor now that Artemis has departed. With the statue shattered, your job is done. You have released the great Artemis from her curse as well as putting a spanner in the works of Evil. You may take 1,000 APs and a boost of 1d6 to either WIZ, LK or CHR as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

244 – The demon is not harmed by physical force alone – there must be something that you bring to the conflict that will turn it aside. Perhaps there is enough inner core to you to ward off this attack from the Abyss. If you were not slain by an initial confrontation, you should try L2 SRs on WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 254.

245 – An imperious voice addresses you in a deep, rich baritone.

“Welcome! I have been expecting you! You have come a long way to see my mares and you must be tired. But before you retire, you shall eat and drink with me and we shall become acquainted. For that is how it should be – we can be good friends notwithstanding your purpose! Here, let my cup bearer bring you a libation.”

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This man speaking to you is clearly a king from his ermine robes and ruby-encrusted circlet. Attendants hover, desperate not to displease and maidens vie to catch his eye. This is Diomedes, owner of the fire-breathing flesh-eating mares that you have been charged to destroy, along with their statue. Should you manage this, you will end a reign so perfidious that demons quail at the thought of being summoned here.

Once the curly haired young boy has poured wine into your cup, Diomedes beckons forward another, a much older fellow, stooped with his years and wearing the robes of wizardry.

“This is Admyx. He brews all kinds of potions for me.

They are potent and may only be drunk with equanimity by the gods and their champions. I am such – are you? Let us find out!”

At this, the wizard Admyx tips a clear liquid from a crystal phial into the cups of both the king and you. He stirs the potion into the wine with the little finger of his left hand, ringed as it is with a coppery serpent ring. Then he steps away as the wine briefly fizzes as it fuses with its visitor.

The king drains his cup in one great pull and watches you shrewdly. Do you do as he did (go to 253) or sip in a more circumspect fashion (go to 258)?



246 – The words that you make out spell, “Shout ‘Flibberdygibbet’ now as loud as you can”. If you do as the instruction says, go to 251; if you decide to keep your mouth shut or yell something else, go to 231.

247 – Make a L3 SR on DEX to dislodge an apple. If you succeed, go to 262; if you fail, you will have to give up and climb the tree (go to 242).

248 – The source of the guttural wrathfulness appears like a suddenly descending vision from the bleakest nightmare. A jet black lion, perfectly proportioned and massively built, but with the face of a demon that would curdle mother’s milk and turn a medusa to stone. The three Seamists witches summon enough protective magic to allow you all to stand before such malevolence.

“You will all suffer the Eternal Agonies of Ashgoleth for this desecration!” Navare glares balefully as it utters this sentence upon you all.

“I see that you have at last found a champion to do what you could not. You have cost me centuries but no matter – I will make again and make more dreadful yet what you have destroyed.

Let me see how well you have chosen. Your champion looks nothing but a babe in my eyes. We shall have a test of magic, of curse magic. If I lose, I will leave this world forever – and if your champion loses, I will have you all made into statues as part of my new regime.

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One of you may act as second in each test. I have no need of a second. Let us begin!

Enjoy your final moments of freedom, fools!”

There are three types of curse magic:

- curses – which effect sentient beings
- jinxes – which are attached to objects
- hexes – which are fixed to locations

Blairvael, Grandmother Mosiken and Nerja all whisper to you that this is better than they dared hope for and that you must seize the day and change the world! They explain that this will be an inner struggle all the khremm, all the force of spirit, all the sheer good fortune you can dredge up pitted against the demon, in three consecutive struggles. Before they can advise you who to select for each contest, Navarre roars malignantly and they are silenced.

The hour has come! Choose the witch to stand with you and add her soul to yours in the time of trial.

- If you choose Blairvael, go to 337
- If you pick Grandmother Mosiken, go to 347
- If you select Nerja, go to 357

249 – As you strive to throw off the soul-sapping effects of the freezing conditions, you see that the mists are swirling like a dire, diabolical portent of ill-fate. Go to 224.

250 – You haven't been at the oars for very long before you realise that a strong current is pulling you out in the direction Old Ned specified – the distant lighthouse. Soon you are lost to the sight of all those in the harbour as the mists roil about you.

Then you hear a frightening sound – water rushing downwards! Your little boat begins to spiral as it gets sucked in by the rapidly formed whirlpool. Make a L2 SR on STR (unless you have or choose to take a *Talent* for rowing). If you make it, go to 81 and if you fail, go to 86.

251 – ‘Flibberdygibbet!’ What a strange word! And what a wonderful word! As you let it loose into the mists, loud and proud, you feel yourself whisked away through time and space to special and secret place... Go to 256.

252 – You see that the apples will shatter if they are dropped. You also sense a horror lurking inside each one of the 12 green apples and see that it will be wise not to touch them but to just cut them from the tree. Go to 262.

253 – Diomedes claps you heartily on the back making you spit the foul stuff out.



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“Hah! That would have killed you!” he exclaims gleefully. “I’ve been taking the antidote for years – keeps me as regular as clockwork! I’m not ready to part with you yet, you scallywag! The Reaper can wait awhile longer.”

A watching benevolent power deigns to add 1d6 x 10% to your CHR for your courage. A very nice reward for being a boozier!

Now Diomedes asks you to come take a stroll with him to see his harem, picking five of the simpering maidens to add to his ‘stable’. Go to 263.



254 – If you made any two of those L2 SRs, your blade is imbued with your spirit and you prove able to deal harm to the monster. If you did worse, there is nothing you can do to halt this foe – it soon works out that it can ignore your thrusts and blows and its hunger for flesh and souls makes it vigorous enough to end your life.

If you defeat the fiend, go to 259.

255 – This delicate beauty looks at you with a brief flicker of hope shimmering in her eyes before turning away and demurring to the disapproving frown of her lord.

Hades chides you for your poor manners, unbecoming a guest.

You can apologise (go to 315) or ignore his rebuke and continue talking to his wife (go to 320).

256 – To your inevitable astonishment, you find yourself cupped in the palm of a colossus. The giant speaks in a thunderous baritone, clouds scudding away in the storm of its breath.

“I am Mendax, Demon-Lord of the Midnight Realm. You are trespassing in my swamp and I read from your thoughts what your vile purpose is. I will make a bargain with you, Evil One: in one palm I have you and in the other I have the statues of my beloved birds.

If you can cause the Demon Dice to show ‘6’ when it falls from my distant home and drops here on the summit of Mt. Treachery, the highest peak on Trollworld then I shall crush the statues for you with that hand rather than crush you with the other. But if you fail to control the Demon Dice, crush you I shall and feast I shall on your willing spirit!

What say you, sick worm?”

The gigantic demon is fairly throbbing with pent-up power and you are left in no doubt as to its ability to extinguish the tiny flame of your life this very second, should it so choose.

What will you do? Refuse to participate in Mendax’s game (go to 261) or accept and suffer the consequences (go to 266)?

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257 – It does not matter how well you did, the Hind is quicker than you and moves deftly away from your clutches. There is something annoying about this and you find yourself trying again and again to get to the majestic animal but always with the same lack of success.

Then you notice that the Hind has led you up a defile to the edge of a precipice! It is actually taunting you, shaking its rump and daring you to try again. It would be suicide to miss – the fall would be awful, with jagged rocks waiting below.

Maybe you can resist the urge to take hold of the creature's magnificent neck and pay it back for the humiliation it has caused you. Make a L2 SR on CHR: if you make it, go to 264 but if you fail, go to 271.

258 – Diomedes watches you shrewdly as you sip and when you have drunk more than a thimbleful he warns you to drink no more.

“Let's see what that does to you, eh? I take an antidote regularly and by jingo, it keeps me regular too! I don't really want you to die just yet so make an effort to pull through now, will you!”

Admyx's mixture is very toxic indeed. You should make a L2 SR on CON. If you fail your failure will cost you your life. However, if you succeed you will find your CON has trebled just as Diomedes' did back in the day (mind you, best not drink it as often as he does as it is reputed to cause madness...).

Assuming you didn't just peg it, Diomedes asks you to come take a stroll with him to see his harem, picking five of the simpering maidens to add to his 'stable'. Go to 263.

259 – As the demon dissolves into nothingness, the cold and the mists depart with it. A path reveals itself, leading straight to the cave. A deep voice from within calls to you. The speech is the Common Tongue and the speaker appears human, Go to 269.



260 – When your head clears from the teleportation, you see that you are in a bedroom. It is plainly furnished but the striking woman sleeping on the fur-strewn divan wears a gold headband and the most splendid girdle you have ever seen. It shifts in colour from deep sunshine yellow to coppery-gold to white gold to saffron and then recycles through each over and over again. It is inlaid with emeralds and rests over an iron-flat stomach on a supple waist. The woman has an enduringly regal beauty and sleep does not dull her sparkling intelligence any.

This is the girdle you were sent to destroy and you must quickly decide how to go about your task before its wearer wakes.

Your options are:

- To strike at the woman to kill her and then take the girdle (go to 107)
- To attempt to unfasten it without waking her (go to 112)
- To set fire to the bedchamber and flee (go to 117)
- To wake the woman and ask her to give it to you (go to 147)

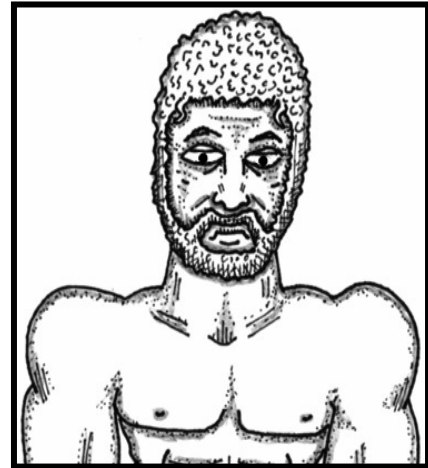
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261 – When you reject the demon’s offer, his fist closes into a ball and you are nothing more than a sticky mess on his palm which he licks clean with some small satisfaction...

262 – The apples explode with a hiss as they hit the ground. Each apple that is destroyed in this fashion emits a cloud of energy, dark, evil energy, that seeks a new home. You need to make a L2 SR on CHR to resist this dark matter’s attempt to worm its way into you. There are 12 apples to destroy so you will need to fight the evil off 12 times to remain your own master.

If you succeed in destroying all 12 apples, you will have ended the dark power of the Garden of the Hesperides and freed Atlas in the one act. You gain the 1,000 APs award and are free to either go home or on to your next task. If you will allow it, Atlas will accompany you from here on in. He is a fellow who prefers to have someone to follow and make decisions for him rather than being master of his own destiny.



Atlas is 100% loyal and his attributes are:

STR - 105	WIZ - 60	INT - 9	LK - 20	
CON - 150	DEX - 16	CHR - 30	SPD - 12	ADDS +104

He has a great spiked club that gets 20d6 but he will not wear armour as a matter of deep pride.

263 – The harem is quartered in an opulent cascade of silk drapery. Gauzily veiled ladies of pleasure peel grapes and pluck each others’ eyebrows while eunuchs ensure that their make up is fresh and their garments never less than revealing. Diomedes scans his bevy of beauties with dribbling enthusiasm and then offers you your pick.

“They all have something special to offer, some trick that you will not have seen or sampled in all your travels. Yes, I am sure you will have a night to remember!

Oh yes... I should tell you that my tastes are not always gentle and you may find some of these lovelies will cut up a trifle rough... Alright! I confess that half of them are succubae. I’m well past the point of being able to tell the difference – uncomfortably numb and not a little chaffed, you might say. Take your pick now – be quick before I have you flayed alive!”

You notice a score or more scimitar-bearing turban-wearing guards standing at the ready so best humour the despot. To give you a sporting chance of surviving the night’s athletics, Diomedes gives you the choice of lifting veils before you commit or asking a question.

If a questioner you be, go to 268; if you are more of a veil-lifter, go to 273.

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264 – As you see your fate flash past your eyes, you find the resolve to resist and as you do a beautiful, haughty woman shimmers into being before you and gently stokes the Hind's flank. She looks regal in her simple trappings and she also looks to be more than a match for most beings in this world.

"You have a steel core, I see! I admire grit more than showiness. You were never destined to touch my Hind but perhaps you can relieve me of the curse that afflicts both this region and me. Here – take this capsule and swallow it. It contains an extract from deer antlers and will allow you to enter the building over yonder wherein is contained the foul replica of my Hind. Destroy it and I shall be in your debt!"

Artemis the Huntress hands you the small capsule and as her hand touches yours, you receive her benediction. You may take 300 APs and a boost of 1d6 to your choice of WIZ, LK or CHR. You may walk to the stone building now (go to 278).

265 – What is going to be your approach to this challenge?

Will you:

- Tell a shaggy dog story (go to 270)
- Recount an episode from your childhood, perhaps about something you learnt from your mother (go to 275)
- Get up and tickle Persephone (go to 295)
- Tell a story of a harvest time and the thanksgiving of the farmers for the sun and the rain (go to 310)

266 – "Excellent, you Flesh-fiend! I release the dice! Let it tumble! Now – you have three seconds to control it before it lands and the die is cast. Have I not been fair with you, you Vessel of Soulfood?"



You must make the best SR on the average of your WIZ, LK and CHR that you can and then roll 1d6. You may adjust the dice roll up or down by the level of the SR you make. If you roll a critical fumble you cause the dice to show a skull instead of a number.

Go to 286 if the dice displays a skull; if not, write down your adjusted total and go to 276.

267 – The source of the blanketing thunder appears like a suddenly descending vision from the bleakest nightmare. A jet black unicorn, perfectly proportioned and massively built, but with the face of a demon that would curdle mother's milk and turn a medusa to stone. The three Seamists witches summon enough protective magic to allow you all to stand before such malevolence.

"You will all suffer the Eternal Agonies of Ashgoleth for this desecration!" Equilla glares balefully as it utters this sentence upon you all.

"I see that you have at last found a champion to do what you could not. You have cost me centuries but no matter – I will make again and make more dreadful yet what you have destroyed.

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Let me see how well you have chosen. Your champion looks nothing but a babe in my eyes. We shall have a test of magic, of curse magic. If I lose, I will leave this world forever – and if your champion loses, I will have you all made into statues as part of my new regime.

One of you may act as second in each test. I have no need of a second. Let us begin!
Enjoy your final moments of freedom, fools!”

There are three types of curse magic:

- curses – which effect sentient beings
- jinxes – which are attached to objects
- hexes – which are fixed to locations

Blairvael, Grandmother Mosiken and Nerja all whisper to you that this is better than they dared hope for and that you must seize the day and change the world! They explain that this will be an inner struggle all the khremm, all the force of spirit, all the sheer good fortune you can dredge up pitted against the demon, in three consecutive struggles. Before they can advise you who to select for each contest, Equilla stamps a hoof and they are silenced.

The hour has come! Choose the witch to stand with you and add her soul to yours in the time of trial.

- If you choose Blairvael, go to 307
- If you pick Grandmother Mosiken, go to 317
- If you select Nerja, go to 327

268 – This is *perhaps* the safer path to follow.

If you are able to unravel the riddle these concubines inevitably offer by way of answers you will know their true nature. Listen well and make a L3 SR on INT (go to 115).

269 – Inside the cave you encounter a grizzled, gnarled centaur, greatly agitated by your advent.

“Greetings, o Great One! I am Pholus, a pitiable wretch, condemned to dwell here in solitary confinement because of my drinking problem.”

He pauses to survey the many overturned flagons strewn about his cave. There is but one jar upright against the cave wall beside him.

“I gave up the demon drink when I got down to this one last amphora. I could not bear to be left here without a drink and so I abstained and now I am in recovery. Bu the wonder of this tale is that the wine within the jar has become much more potent with age!



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I will give it to you so that you may use it to overcome the Erymanthian Boar, the scourge of my people. Once they discover that the Boar is destroyed, they will welcome back into the fold and I shall be released from my lonely lament. The Boar guards another cave wherein is kept the statue from which it derives its power. Shatter that statue and the task shall be completed. You will have my undying gratitude and that of my folk!”

Pholus is very excited at the prospect of you liberating the centaurs in these parts and stamps his hooves in impatience. He gives you clear directions, hands the amphora to you with the instruction to have the Boar drink all its contents and fairly pushes you out onto the snowy slopes once again. Go to 274.

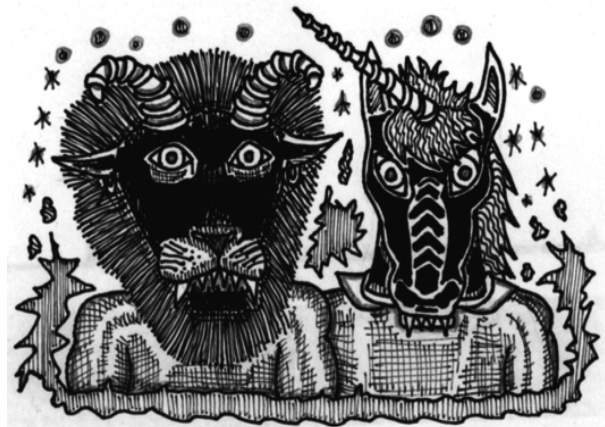
270 – Such stories must take up a good deal of time, much as Scherzade knew when keeping her sultan at bay. The need is for mental stamina so you much attempt a L3 SR on the average of INT and CON.

If you fail, the story peters out and you are doomed to serve Hades until your bones become too brittle and you are replaced by a fresh champion of the Newly Dead.

If you succeed, you get to the end of your tale and make the Queen of the Dead laugh out loud. Go to 330.

271 – Alas, you prove unable to resist the compulsion to lunge for the Hind one last, fatal time. As you miss your target again, your momentum takes you past the animal and out into the void over the waiting saw-toothed rocks below. The fall is short and the mess predictable...

272 – The sources of the blanketing thunder and vengeful wrathfulness appear like a suddenly descending vision from the bleakest nightmare. A jet black unicorn and an ebony lion, both perfectly proportioned and massively built, but with faces of demons that would curdle mother’s milk and turn a medusa to stone. The three Seamists witches summon enough protective magic to allow you all to stand before such malevolence.



“You will all suffer the Eternal Agonies of Ashgoleth for this desecration!” Equilla glares balefully as it utters this sentence upon you all and Navarre snorts magma and shakes his mane in agreement.

“I see that you have at last found a champion to do what you could not. You have cost us centuries but no matter – we will make again and make more dreadful yet what you have destroyed.

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The hour has come! Choose the witch to stand with you and add her soul to yours in the time of trial.

- If you choose Blairvael, go to 279
- If you pick Grandmother Mosiken, go to 287
- If you select Nerja, go to 297

273 – Make a L2 SR on LK. Let's hope you have not been unlucky in your random selection! You really wouldn't want to have a succubus staring back at you. Go to 283.

274 – It is easy enough to locate the Erymanthian Boar. The beast has rutted up the ground so thoroughly that it is a feat in itself to walk to the hollow it dwells in without turning an ankle. The fresh snows have done the job of concealing its disturbances but feet find what eyes do not.



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The Boar is huge. When you first see it, it is curled up at the bottom of the hollow but the wind must carry your scent for it springs up, its snout as high as a horse's shoulder would be, its shoulders as broad as the mightiest dwarf's broadaxe. It stands stock still, sniffing out your presence, drool falling from its lips and melting the frozen snow.

Its drinking hole is plainly visible, a dark stain in the pristine white, bubbling hotly so that it never ices over. This is where Pholus told you to decant the wine, then to wait until the Boar slakes its thirst to succumb to the potency of the vintage.

There are two obvious ways in which you might accomplish the pollution of the water hole: you might climb the nearby trees and travel from branch to branch until you overhang the hole (go to 284) or you might make a mad dash and rely on your speed and agility to avoid the sabre tusks of the Boar (go to 289).

275 – A tale to raise a sardonic smile, a wry grin, a twinkle in the eye that covers a bittersweet memory? The need is for intelligence wrapped in empathy so you much attempt a L3 SR on the average of INT and CHR.

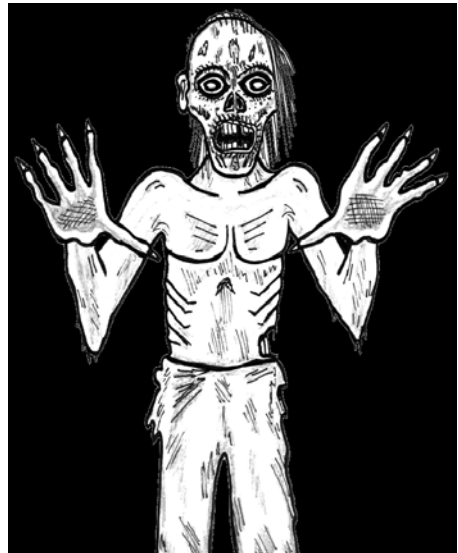
If you fail, the story peters out and you are doomed to serve Hades until your bones become too brittle and you are replaced by a fresh champion of the Newly Dead.

If you succeed, you get to the end of your tale and make the Queen of the Dead lose her sad look for a brief moment. Go to 335.

276 – If your adjusted total is 4 or higher go to 281; otherwise, go to 291.

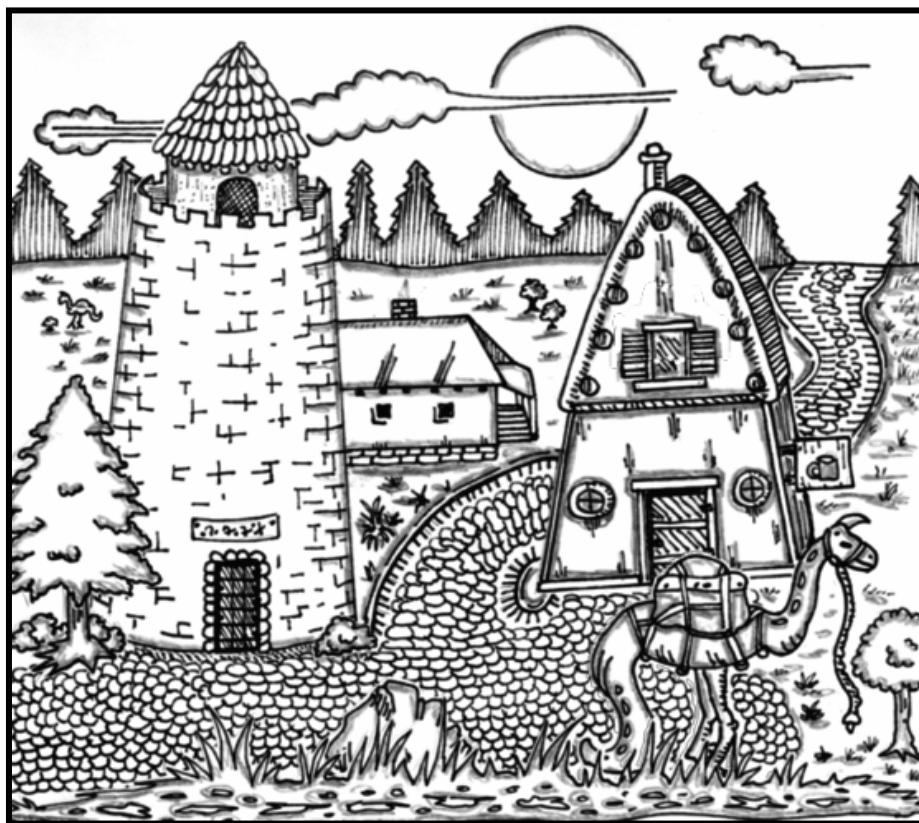
277 – There have been thirteen places on Trollworld kept in misery by the Arch-Demons Navarre and Equilla. You have may have changed this with the help of the Curse Witches of Seamists. On the other hand – the *sinistra* – you may toiled in vain and a sacrifice is called for.

- If you defeated Navarre, go to 321A
- If you defeated Navarre, go to 321B
- If you defeated Navarre and Equilla, go to 321C
- If you were defeated by Navarre, go to 321D
- If you were defeated by Equilla, go to 321E
- If you were defeated by Navarre and Equilla, go to 321F



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016



278 – You pass over the brow of the hill to the simple one-storey stone dwelling that is both home to Artemis and her temple. Inside, you find the onyx statue of the Hind which you were commissioned to destroy.

The curse in operation here has a twist: it is all the more perilous to attempt to break with Artemis herself still in the vicinity. Still, now you are inside you must see the work through – were you to try, you would soon discover there is now way out while the accursed statue is intact.

You will also find out that it is protected by a *Cursefield*, an invisible sheath that prevents anyone from lifting the statue while its magical defence is in place. To break the Cursefield, you must risk losing your eternal soul to the depredations of waiting, watching and hoping demons...

With whatever blade you have you must strike and strike true. Roll your combat total: for every 30 hits you score, you may remove one level from the saving rolls you must make to survive! These are all at L2 – on WIZ, LK and CHR. Fail one and you are lost to eternal damnation.

If you survive this test, it is a simple matter to raise the unprotected statue and smash it against the walls or floor. With the statue shattered, your job is done. You have released the great Artemis from her curse as well as putting a spanner in the works of Evil. You may take 1,000 APs and a boost of 1d6 to either WIZ, LK or CHR as you return either homewards or on to your next task.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

279 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:



Navarre:
WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:
WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:
WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is:

Navarre/Equilla - 790, Blairvael - 340.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Blairvael. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.

280 – Unbelievable! You have done it, you have destroyed the six evil statues made by the demon Navarre, he who takes the form of the Lion upon this world. Already, you are destined to be revered as a hero down the centuries to come in sagas told by lyrical bards, already you have made the life of the common man and woman easier to bear.

Before you stand the three great Curse Witches of Seamists, bastion of mortal power against the arch-demons set upon domination for the sake of pillage and abomination. Grandmother Mosiken, the wise naga, Nerja of KASOCC and Blairvael the Sea Witch. They speak as one:

“Beware, o valorous one! Navarre seeks your displacement, seeks to exile you to the Demon Plane for thwarting his carefully laid and long-laboured schemes of desolation! We would aid you in the struggle to come. Keep the faith and never surrender!”

As one, they conjure rare and magnificent energies with their waving hands, their eyes locked on a form coalescing before you. As it becomes tangible and takes on clarity, you see it is a second you.

“Accept this gift and may it be enough to bring you the victory your unswerving efforts deserve! We will accompany you and do our best to keep you safe against the raging storm that you must face.”

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

The conjured figure drifts into you and settles. It is a comforting feeling, not something to resist. All your attributes have been doubled.
Then the three Curse Witches fade and you hear the most fearsome roaring imaginable. Go to 248.

281 – The demon Mendax is a most mendacious character – he has of course lied and with a total higher than 3 you have no chance of compelling him to do as you wish – instead, he grins broadly and crushes you to pulp in his hand before smearing that pulp across his lips and devouring you, pulp and soul. He gives a gusty burp of satisfaction and moves on to new conquests, enjoying the short burst of ‘flavour’ your essence provides.



282 – The road you have followed has been long and your successes have been great. They have eased the bitter pill of suffering that so many unfortunates have been forced to swallow under the heavy yoke of demonic torment. However, for all your gallant endeavour, you have failed and there is a price to be paid.

- If you were defeated by Navarre, go to 321D
- If you were defeated by Equilla, go to 321E
- If you were defeated by Navarre and Equilla, go to 321F

283 – If you failed the SR go to 288. If you make it, you find delightfully enticing, stirringly alluring eyes gazing back at you with promises of rich rewards. Go to 293.

284 – At first the climb is very easy – ominously easy in fact. As you crawl out over the Boar along the smooth length of the final branch you need to use to fulfil your intent, the ‘branch’ suddenly begins to twist and writhe in your grasp – it has become a serpent!

As it coils about you, seeking adequate purchase for the crushing technique favoured by its kind, a wisp of hope flashes through your mind, just as your ribs begin to give and your eyeballs start to bulge.

Make a L2 SR on CHR and L1 SRs on WIZ and LK. Go to 294.

285 – The path twists frequently and soon takes you deep within the foul gases escaping from the stagnant pools all about you. Make a L1 SR on CON. If you fail, the effect these toxic fumes have on your system is such that you temporarily lose 1d6 from all attributes (just roll once so the change is the same for all of them). They will recover if you get out of here!

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

You can turn back and take the other path (go to 292) or you can press on (go to 4) but you would discover that you cannot leave the Swamp were you to try. A fiendish hex is in play!

286 – As you look more closely, the skull on the dice changes to incorporate your features. Your head has been sucked into the Demon Dice and without a head your body takes just two short, uncertain steps before collapsing and dying. You have achieved a form of immortality and be assured of rolling along for many years to come...



287 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla. To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:



Navarre:
WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:
WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:
WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 790, Grandmother Mosiken - 310. You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Grandmother Mosiken. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.
Now go to 311.

288 – The eyes almost literally eat into you, greedy to see if they can consume what they cannot with the king. You find it on the one hand ridiculous to think not to succumb but on the other hand... you know absolutely that if you do not you will be utterly lost for eternity.

Make L2 SRs on all of WIZ, LK and CHR and go to 298.

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289 – The Boar is no sluggard to fall to the first man to pluck up courage to attempt to beard it. Its malevolent ruby eyes glitter with hatred and contempt as it surges upright and lowers its massive tusks to meet your attack. Roll your combat total. You should also make SRs on DEX and SPD. You may add 20 times the level made for each attribute (but you must halve your combat total for a critical fumble!). Go to 299.

290 – Great balls of fire! You have done it, you have destroyed the six evil statues made by the demon Equilla, she who takes the form of the Unicorn upon this world. Already, you are destined to be revered as a hero down the centuries to come in sagas told by lyrical bards, already you have made the life of the common man and woman easier to bear.

Before you stand the three great Curse Witches of Seamists, bastion of mortal power against the arch-demons set upon domination for the sake of pillage and abomination. Grandmother Mosiken, the wise naga, Nerja of KASOCC and Blairvael the Sea Witch. They speak as one:

“Beware, o valorous one! Equilla seeks your displacement, seeks to exile you to the Demon Plane for thwarting her carefully laid and long-laboured schemes of desolation! We would aid you in the struggle to come. Keep the faith and never surrender!”

As one, they conjure rare and magnificent energies with their waving hands, their eyes locked on a form coalescing before you. As it becomes tangible and takes on clarity, you see it is a second you.

“Accept this gift and may it be enough to bring you the victory your unswerving efforts deserve! We will accompany you and do our best to keep you safe against the raging storm that you must face.”

The conjured figure drifts into you and settles. It is a comforting feeling, not something to resist. All your attributes have been doubled.

Then the three Curse Witches fade and you hear the most terrible thunder imaginable and the earth quavers as it grows nearer. Go to 267.

291 – The demon Mendax is a most mendacious character – he has of course lied and with a total higher than 3 you would have had no chance of compelling him to do as you wish; however, you have seen through his deception and adjusted downwards – take a bonus 1d6 to each of WIZ, INT, LK and CHR for avoiding certain death!

Mendax is obliged now to crush the statues of the birds, ending their power over this region. Huzzah! You have accomplished your mission and may take the promised 1,000 APs and the safe passage either back home or on to the next task.

Wunderbar!



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

292 – The path twists frequently and soon takes you deep within the foul gases escaping from the stagnant pools all about you. Make a L2 SR on CON. If you fail, the effect these toxic fumes have on your system is such that you temporarily lose 1d6 from all attributes (just roll for each of them in turn). They will recover if you get out of here!

You can turn back and take the other path (go to 285) or you can press on (go to 9) but you would discover that you cannot leave the Swamp were you to try. A fiendish hex is in play!



293 – You find a petite hand slipping inside yours and leading you up a incense-filled spiral staircase to a bedroom splashed liberally with cushions and hung with ropes and sashes of all colours. The walls are naught but mirrors and the clouds of incense drifting up from the staircase lend a film quality to this dreamscape.

As you are gently pulled down on to the cushions, a night of intense bonding and exploration unfolds. There is no pleasure denied to you, no connection left unmade, no moment not sweetened to saturation. Perhaps you will benefit from this exposure to pure bliss...

Make L2 SRs on CON and CHR and go to 105.

294 – If you did not make all of those SRs, you succumb to the power of suggestion – your imagination kills you!

If you succeeded in all three, you shrug off the deceptive Cursemagic woven into the fibres of the tree (take 100 APs) and see the opportunity to do now what you fought through this to achieve.

Almost the instant the wine splashes into the water, the Boar awakens, sniffs and leaps to drink. It is like deja vu – the feeling that this is just too easy returns...

In a trice, the Boar realises that it has been poisoned and locates you in the tree, labelling you its tormentor. Apparently Pholus was wrong to think all the wine had to be drunk up. With a final surge of lethal vitality, it charges at the tree!

Make a L1 SR on LK. If you fail, it knocks over the trunk and gores you to goulash; if your luck holds so does the tree and when the Boar breathes its horrible last, you may take another 300 APs and go to 6.

295 – The moment you set your foolish hands on the queen, Hades clicks his fingers three times in rapid succession. On the third click, the skeletons and the newly dead heroes rise as one and fall upon you, rending you limb from limb and feeding you to the dogs.



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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

296 – Barely 5 minutes pass before you notice that the vines are moving of their own accord. Your arms are not tired yet but there is a long way to go. If you want to keep climbing, go to 108; if you want to go back down, go to 113; if you want to rip at the creepers as they writhe beneath your grasp, go to 118.

297 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:



Navarre:
WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:
WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:
WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is:
Navarre/Equilla - 790, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Nerja. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.

298 – Unless you made all three SRs, your goose is cooked and you will do no more this side of Forever than add to the spices making this succubus so flavoursome to mankind.

If you did make them all, you are able with a stygian effort to break away, drop the veil and, as Diomedes sniggers heartily. In overcoming the soul-sucking evil of the succubus, you draw some of her resources into your being – add 2d6 to each of WIZ, LK and CHR (this will only happen once). You must make another selection now (go to 273).

299 – The Boar has a MR of 900...

The better news is that it has grown accustomed to having its own way in all things and likes to toy with its enemies before despatching them with disdain. It merely applies MR 200 of its full force against you. What's more, the porcine monstrosity is a coward at heart and if you do it any harm, it will turn tail and flee (spite damage!).

If you survive, take 900 APs and go to 6.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

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300 – Unbelievable! You have done it, you have destroyed the six evil statues made by the demons Navarre and Equilla, they who take the form of the Lion and the Unicorn upon this world. Already, you are destined to be revered as a hero down the centuries to come in sagas told by lyrical bards, already you have made the life of the common man and woman easier to bear.

Before you stand the three great Curse Witches of Seamists, bastion of mortal power against the arch-demons set upon domination for the sake of pillage and abomination. Grandmother Mosiken, the wise naga, Nerja of KASOCC and Blairvael the Sea Witch. They speak as one:

“Beware, o valorous one! Navarre and Equilla seek your displacement, seek to exile you to the Demon Plane for thwarting their carefully laid and long-laboured schemes of desolation! We would aid you in the struggle to come. Keep the faith and never surrender!”

As one, they conjure rare and magnificent energies with their waving hands, their eyes locked on a form coalescing before you. As it becomes tangible and takes on clarity, you see it is a second you.

“Accept this gift and may it be enough to bring you the victory your unswerving efforts deserve! We will accompany you and do our best to keep you safe against the raging storm that you must face.”

The conjured figure drifts into you and settles. It is a comforting feeling, not something to resist. All your attributes have been trebled.

Then the three Curse Witches fade and you hear the most fearsome roaring imaginable accompanied by the heaviest clap of thunder there has ever been on Trollworld. Go to 272.



301 – Two contests are over. If you have lost both, now is the time of reckoning – go to 282. If the count is even, read on.

For this third and final test, that of Hex Magic, you must choose the Curse Witch who has not yet acted as your second.

If you are facing Navarre:

- go to 331 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 341 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 351 if your second is to be Nerja

If you face Equilla:

- go to 312 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 343 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 353 if your second is to be Nerja

If you must battle both Arch-Demons:

- go to 302 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 356 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 359 if your second is to be Nerja



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

302 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on specific mountain, river or city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.



With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 790, Blairvael - 300.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Blairvael. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

303 – The ferryman rows across the great Styx to port you across the mortal' bank. He thanks you for sparing his beloved Cerberus and is careless of letting you spy the crystal statue of the dog lying at his feet. This is what you came to destroy.

You may either fight Chaeron to gain the statue (go to 323) or attempt to snatch it up and run off with it to later destroy it once you reach the mortal bank (go to 333).



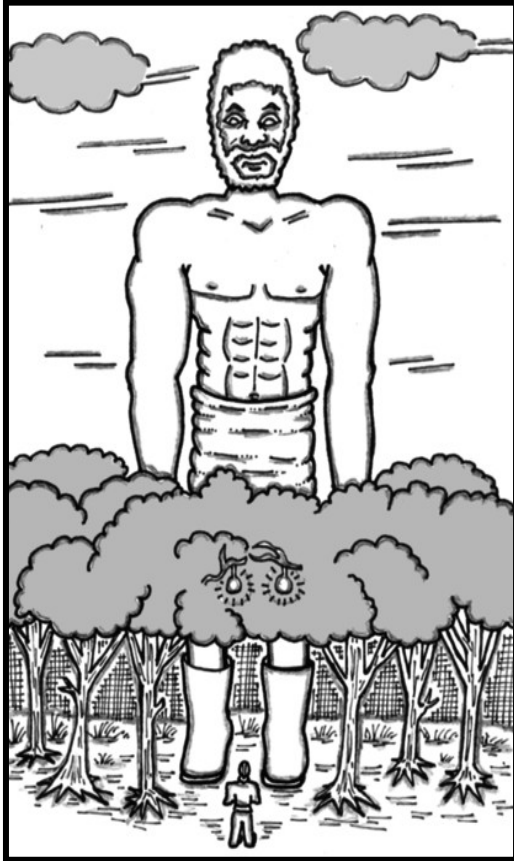
304 – Decide the range of your attack:

- Point blank – go to 309
- Near – go to 314
- Medium distance – go to 319
- Far – go to 324

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

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305 – A beautiful garden sprawls out as far as the eye can see. It has been lovingly manicured and you see some 300' off the gardener still working at pruning fruit trees. It seems that he must be a perfectionist given the stunning splendour already revealed by his green fingers. There seems no end to this vista of exotic flowering bushes, towering trees and creeping plants.



The next thing you take in is the sheer scale of this place. There are small plants, for sure, but many bushes loom high above your head and the majority of the trees reach up to caress the passing clouds with their topmost branches. This is the Garden of the Hesperides, legendary nymphs, and their gardener, Atlas, is a colossus, standing over 50' tall in his gumboots.

The overall effect of this most bounteous garden is simply spellbinding! So we had better see if you are spell bound...

Make a L1 SR on INT and go to 169.

306 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a curse on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla. To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 410, Grandmother Mosiken - 310.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

307 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

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To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 400, Blairvael - 340.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.



308 – The sun glares dazzlingly, forcing you to squint, turn away and then dab at your watering eyes. It is a hot, hot day and there is no shade to escape the ferocity of the overhead sun.

However, you do have a bow in one hand, a quiver with a single arrow on your back and a scroll in the other hand.

When you read the scroll, unravelling it and then shading your suffering eyes with one hand, you read the following instructions:

“Aim true and do not tarry for this sun will kill you within minutes and you will never reach the monster, Geryon, let alone find his cattle and destroy their statue. You have but one chance to quench the ire of the sun so be on your mettle!”

What else can you do in the circumstances but screw up your courage and your eyes and fix a bead on the heavenly orb that seeks to blind you and last every drop of moisture from your body, leaving bleached bones on the sands for carrion birds to pick at?

Make a L1 SR on STR to draw the bow, a L1 SR on CON to aim in the brilliant light and a L1 SR on DEX to send the shaft to its lofty target. Go to 318.



309 – You have left it far too late. Geryon reaches out with surprising speed and grabs you. His lips descend and he bites your head off. Not much of a snack for him and a regrettable outcome for you...

310 – The moment you begin this hearty tale of bucolic bliss, Persephone becomes engaged, eager to hear of the pastoral pleasures you tell. This is the way to thaw the chill in her heart for it reminds her of her own dear mother and the bounteous

gifts she used to bring to simple men and women before the loss of her daughter dimmed her eyes and broke her heart.

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She smiles at the end of your story even though she knows it will cost her dearly. As for Hades, he is more than appeased and points out a hitherto hidden exit behind him and bids you leave by it before these Halls of Death take from you your vitality. Go to 345.

311 – The cost of losing is not (yet) fatal, nor is does a victory mean the prize is won. No, there are still two tests to submit to – one if the first two bear the same outcome.

For this second test, that of Jinx Magic, you must choose a different second as the first will be utterly spent. Make that choice wisely for much more than your life hinges upon it.

If you are facing Navarre:

- go to 322 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 332 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 342 if your second is to be Nerja

If you face Equilla:

- go to 352 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 306 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 316 if your second is to be Nerja

If you must battle both Arch-Demons:

- go to 326 if your second is to be Blairvael
- go to 336 if your second will be Grandmother Mosiken
- go to 346 if your second is to be Nerja



312 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 400, Blairvael - 300.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

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313 – The ferryman jumps into his boat and rows furiously towards you as he draws near he screams a tirade of bloody oaths at you and swears to avenge the fallen dog. Before he gets to the bank you stand on, he leaps from the skiff with boundless energy and is upon you, fighting to end your life.

Chaeron has a MR of 2000 just like Cerberus but he is fast and deft, despite his countless years. If you beat him, take 2,000 APs and go to 303; if he is the victor and you the vanquished, he hands you over to Hades but asks that you be transformed into a poodle to replace Cerberus. Hades agrees it is an apt punishment for canocide and so you spend a few millennia as a watch-poodle, yapping every time the ferryman brings across another Newly Dead to the Underworld.



314 – You had better hit because the monster is too close for there to be a second chance! Make a L2 SR on DEX. If you make it, go to 334 but if you fail you will have to fight him now – go to 329.

315 – Make a L3 SR on CHR and go to 325.

316 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a curse on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 410, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

317 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

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They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is:

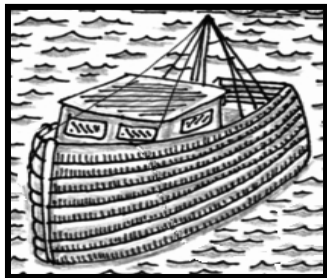
Equilla - 400, Grandmother Mosiken - 310.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.



318 – You needed to make all 3 saving rolls to hit Helios. Did you manage that? If not, your quest is at an end – you may take 100 APs for daring but you must go home or on to the next quest having failed in this one.



If you made all three, bingo! You are in business.

As your arrow finds its mark, the sun dulls rapidly and your eyes are restored to normal health. You now see that it is by no means all desert about you for to your left is the ocean and now a small boat appears on the horizon. There is no one in and it makes directly for you, ploughing into the shore with a gentle final surge.

When you look in the boat, you see a golden cap along with a set of oars. There is a message inside the cap, written in golden ink and it bids you to put the cap on and row with all your might straight back out to the horizon and beyond, until you can row no more.

Decide if you do don the cap or not and then man the oars and row for all you are worth. Make the best SR on STR and also on CON that you can and go to 328.

319 – A sensible choice! However, Geryon has trained hard to avoid things thrown at him – when he was young (and a particularly obnoxious know-it-all, me-me-me brat) he frequently had bricks, bats and even sofas chucked at him by the monster friends of his long-suffering solo mother (yes, she survived Deathtrap Equaliser and the Arena of Khazan).

You need to make a L3 SR on DEX and a L2 SR on STR to hurl the weapon fast enough and true to hit the big lad. If you hit him, go to 334 but if you miss go to 344.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016



320 – You must be very rednecked indeed to insult the Lord of the Dead in this insolent manner. Hades clicks his fingers three times in rapid succession. On the third click, the skeletons and the newly dead heroes rise as one and fall upon you, rending you limb from limb and feeding you to the dogs.

321A – As you clench your fist in triumph, you see Navarre diminish before your eyes, dwindling to the size of a domestic cat and then becoming too small for the naked eye to see.

“You have done more than we dared hope!” cries Nerja.

“This day is indeed glorious!” pronounces Grandmother Mosiken.

“The Arch-Demon is banished and we are relieved of a great burden,” declares Blairvael.

The three Curse Witches honour your achievement by commissioning a large than life statue of marble to stand in the centre of Seamists alongside another new statue, that of Old Ned the Norse Necromancer. When they let the gathered people know that they are now able to roll back the sea mists and lift the blanketing fog from the town, the reaction is not that which might be expected. Glad as everyone is that you have succeeded in ridding Trollworld of an Arch-Demon, the residents of Seamists prefer to keep their small home carpeted in the mists rolling in from the ocean to preserve their mystique and to prevent an influx of immigrants.

You have mastered two if not three of the branches of Curse Magic and receive the keys to Seamists, ever admitted to all doors. The three Curse Witches recognise your authority and will defer to your judgment in matters of civic import.

You receive 20,000 APs and are also gifted a suit of octopus skin that will take up to 500 hits and repel magical attacks up to and including L13. The final gift offered to you is a narwhal horn dagger that generates 10d6 +300 in combat as it is permanently enchanted (it cannot be boosted by Vorpel Blade or Whammy or the like).

Well done! May the world be your oyster and pearls be plentiful.

321B – As you clench your fist in triumph, you see Equilla diminish before your eyes, dwindling to the size of a domestic cat and then becoming too small for the naked eye to see.

“You have done more than we dared hope!” cries Nerja.

“This day is indeed glorious!” pronounces Grandmother Mosiken.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

“The Arch-Demon is banished and we are relieved of a great burden,” declares Blairvael.

The three Curse Witches honour your achievement by commissioning a large than life statue of marble to stand in the centre of Seamists alongside another new statue, that of Old Ned the Norse Necromancer. When they let the gathered people know that they are now able to roll back the sea mists and lift the blanketing fog from the town, the reaction is not that which might be expected. Glad as everyone is that you have succeeded in ridding Trollworld of an Arch-Demon, the residents of Seamists prefer to keep their small home carpeted in the mists rolling in from the ocean to preserve their mystique and to prevent an influx of immigrants.

You have mastered two if not three of the branches of Curse Magic and receive the keys to Seamists, ever admitted to all doors. The three Curse Witches recognise your authority and will defer to your judgment in matters of civic import.

You receive 20,000 APs and are also gifted a suit of octopus skin that will take up to 500 hits and repel magical attacks up to and including L13. The final gift offered to you is a narwhal horn dagger that generates 10d6 +300 in combat as it is permanently enchanted (it cannot be boosted by Vorpal Blade or Whammy or the like).

Well done! May the world be your oyster and pearls be plentiful.

321C - As you clench your fist in triumph, you see Navarre and Equilla diminish before your eyes, dwindling to the size of a domestic cat and a child toy horse then becoming too small for the naked eye to see.

“You have done more than we dared hope!” cries Nerja.

“This day is indeed glorious!” pronounces Grandmother Mosiken.

“The Arch-Demons are banished and we are relieved of a great burden,” declares Blairvael.

The three Curse Witches honour your achievement by commissioning a large than life statue of marble to stand in the centre of Seamists alongside another new statue, that of Old Ned the Norse Necromancer. When they let the gathered people know that they are now able to roll back the sea mists and lift the blanketing fog from the town, the reaction is not that which might be expected. Glad as everyone is that you have succeeded in ridding Trollworld of two Arch-Demons, the residents of Seamists prefer to keep their small home carpeted in the mists rolling in from the ocean to preserve their mystique and to prevent an influx of immigrants.



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

You have mastered two if not three of the branches of Curse Magic and receive the keys to Seamists, ever admitted to all doors. The three Curse Witches recognise your authority and will defer to your judgment in matters of civic import.



You receive 40,000 APs and are also gifted a suit of octopus skin that will take up to 500 hits and repel magical attacks up to and including L13 and a fish cap of a pink salmon that allows the wearer to swim effortlessly and breathe freely underwater, all the while invisible. The final gift offered to you is a narwhal horn dagger that generates 10d6 +300 in combat as it is permanently enchanted (it cannot be boosted by Vorpal Blade or Whammy or the like).

Well done! May the world be your oyster and pearls be plentiful.

321D – What has losing this epic struggle cost you? That depends...

If you won one of the Curse Magic contests with Navarre, you have a better chance of avoiding an eternity of torment on the Demon Plane as the Lion Arch-Demon supervises your torture and humiliation. It is possible that one of the three Seamists Curse Witches will offer to go in your

stead and such a offer could entice Navarre into sparing your agonies. After all, the Arch-Demon has been scheming to bring down these three witches for longer than it can bear to remember.

Roll 2d6 DARO. If you won a contest you may add 2 to your score. Then roll for either the witch who did not act as your second or, if you competed in all three contests, the witch who stood with you at the end. If you beat her score you may be spared. Finally, roll for Navarre: if the demon's score is less than yours, then the witch will be allowed to sacrifice herself for you.

If you are the one to be cast out of Trollworld, this is the unending end for you. If one of the witches substitutes for you then you must take her place in Seamists and strive with the remaining two witches to repulse the evil efforts of the Arch-Demons to utterly ruin Trollworld.

If you are bound to Seamists, you may take 5,000 APs.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

321E – What has losing this epic struggle cost you? That depends...

If you won one of the Curse Magic contests with Equilla, you have a better chance of avoiding an eternity of torment on the Demon Plane as the Unicorn Arch-Demon supervises your torture and humiliation. It is possible that one of the three Seamists Curse Witches will offer to go in your stead and such a offer could entice Navarre into sparing your agonies. After all, the Arch-Demon has been scheming to bring down these three witches for longer than it can bear to remember.

Roll 2d6 DARO. If you won a contest you may add 2 to your score. Then roll for either the witch who did not act as your second or, if you competed in all three contests, the witch who stood with you at the end. If you beat her score you may be spared. Finally, roll for Equilla: if the demon's score is less than yours, then the witch will be allowed to sacrifice herself for you.

If you are the one to be cast out of Trollworld, this is the unending end for you. If one of the witches substitutes for you then you must take her place in Seamists and strive with the remaining two witches to repulse the evil efforts of the Arch-Demons to utterly ruin Trollworld.

If you are bound to Seamists, you may take 5,000 APs.

321F – What has losing this epic struggle cost you? That depends...

If you won one of the Curse Magic contests with Navarre and Equilla, you have a better chance of avoiding an eternity of torment on the Demon Plane as the Lion and the Unicorn Arch-Demons supervise your torture and humiliation. It is possible that one of the three Seamists Curse Witches will offer to go in your stead and such a offer could entice both Navarre and Equilla into sparing your agonies. After all, the Arch-Demons have been scheming to bring down these three witches for longer than they can bear to remember.



Roll 2d6 DARO. If you won a contest you may add 2 to your score. Then roll for either the witch who did not act as your second or, if you competed in all three contests, the witch who stood with you at the end. If you beat her score you may be spared. Finally, roll for Navarre and then for Equilla: if the demons score are both less than yours, then the witch will be allowed to sacrifice herself for you.

If you are the one to be cast out of Trollworld, this is the unending end for you. If one of the witches substitutes for you then you must take her place in Seamists and strive with the remaining two witches to repulse the evil efforts of the Arch-Demons to utterly ruin Trollworld.

If you are bound to Seamists, you may take 10,000 APs.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

322 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 410, Blairvael - 320.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

323 – Chaeron has a MR of 2000 just like Cerberus but he is fast and deft, despite his countless years. If you beat him, take 2,000 APs and destroy the statue, then returning home or going on to your next task with the promised 1,000 APs for completing your mission here in the Underworld.

If he is the victor and you the vanquished, he hands you over to Hades but asks that you be transformed into a poodle statue as a gift for Cerberus. Hades agrees it is an apt punishment for your perfidy in attacking Chaeron and so you are crystallised and become a dog toy, receiving many a fond licking.

324 – Geryon is not a complete moron, nor is he incapable of dodging. The weapon has too far too travel to reach him before he can dodge and it sails harmlessly past. You hear a huge, thunderous rumble as he laughs and bears down upon you. You are in a fight now! Go to 329.

325 – If you failed, your apology carries no force and Hades clicks his fingers three times in rapid succession. On the third click, the skeletons and the newly dead heroes rise as one and fall upon you, rending you limb from limb and feeding you to the dogs.

If you made it, your words save you from this fate. Hades lets your ignorant *faux pas* slide. Go to 240.



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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

326 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.



With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 820, Blairvael - 320.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Blairvael. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

327 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 400, Nerja - 200.

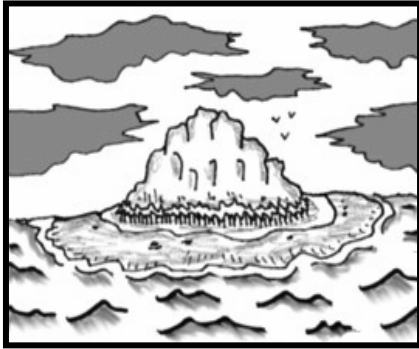
You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.

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328 – To get beyond the horizon and find the island of Geryon, you needed to make a combined level saving roll of 4 or better (minus 2 for a critical fumble!). If you did not achieve that, you never make it and can only wait for the tide to carry you back to the shore – once there, you get teleported back home or on to your next quest, unsuccessful in this one and with only a 200 AP bonus for your attempt.

If you made it over the horizon, the island unfolds before you, an emerald in a sapphire sea. Go to 338.

329 – The fight is on! Geryon has a MR of 3000. That would be a staggering 301 d6 plus 1500 adds – but you may have shaved this down to a mere 151 d6 plus 750 if you hit with the *Smaller Is Smarter* dose.

On top of that, you are probably wearing the Cap of Helios. The great thing about this enchanted artefact is that it dazzles any opponent not making a L5 SR on INT so that they get just one tenth of their normal combat total. Geryon is no genius, even by mad monster standards having flunked his door-opening exam so that he invariably just walks through walls. His INT is just 6.

It is quite possible that the slobbering, gibbering maniac about to bash you is down to just 16 d6 plus 75 adds. Can you handle that? You'd better be able to!

If you slay the monster, take 3,000 APs. You deserve them – he has been a boil on the backside of Trollworld for too long! Assuming you live, you need to deal with the cattle next. Go to 339.

330 – Hades leaps to his feet and pummels your arms and back.

“That, my friend, is quite splendid! My queen is bound to me hereafter, thanks to your jest. I am happy to allow you to escape from my realm and return to the mortal life.”
With this he literally shows you the door and you may go to 345.

However, once she realises that you have aided her husband in duping her, Persephone pours her anguish out upon you.

“I am cursed to never see my mother again now that I have broken my vow never to show happiness here. As you have ruined my life, so I call down the full force of my mother’s wrath on your head!”

You must make a L10 SR on WIZ and if you miss it, whatever you miss it by is deducted from your CHR.

331 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon’s attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 390, Blairvael - 300.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

332 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 410, Grandmother Mosiken - 310.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

333 – There is nothing to stop you destroying the statue, which ends Hades' reign of terror over the dead. You have succeeded in your mission and may take the promised 1,000 APs before returning home as a hero or going on to your next quest.

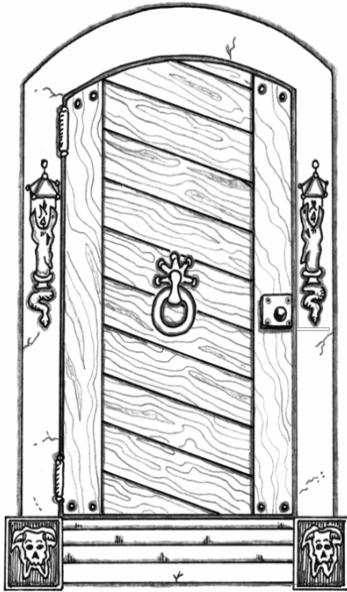
334 – Bullseye! The spell-poison works its magic instantly and reduces Geryon to the size of a small child. The tables have been turned on the bully! However, he still packs a punch but his MR has been chopped down to half its full value.

Now you must fight the monster-child as he doesn't go down for a count but keeps coming straight at you like a runaway locomotive with Casey Jones at the throttle. Go to 329.



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335 – Both Hades and Persephone rise as one and walk joyfully towards each other. The full story is not told on this happy occasion, authored by you, but you are made to understand that you have healed a rift between husband and wife, allowing the queen to still visit her mother in the mortal realm while giving her husband more time to share with here in the Underworld in joy rather than sorrow.

They both bestow their blessings, Hades permitting you to leave his realm by literally showing you the door (go to 345) while Persephone's kiss raises your LK by 50%.

336 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 820,
Grandmother Mosiken - 310.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Grandmother Mosiken. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

337 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghboommm Press, 2016

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 400, Blairvael - 340. You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

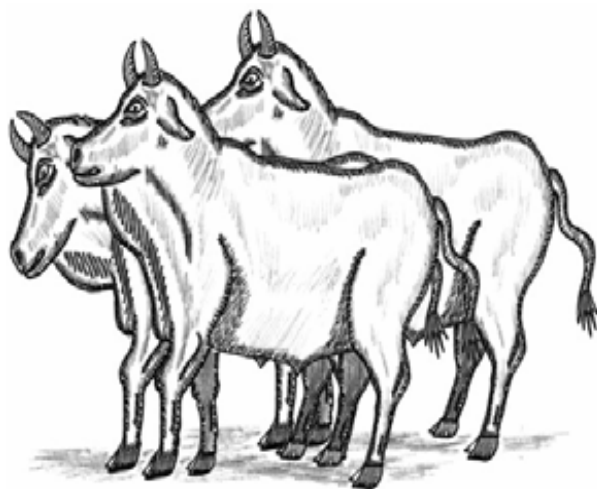
There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.

338 – As soon as you land, you are rushed upon by giant land crabs, scuttling out from caves and making a beeline (crabline?) for you. Roll 1d6 to find how many fancy making a meal of you.

Each crab has MR 20 and takes 10 hits on its shell, you can disarm (disclaw) a crab with a L2 SR on DEX so that it loses 1d6 and 5 adds. They will not give up the fight so you had better get cracking! You can have 30 APs for each crab you kill.

If the spark of life is not nipped in the bud (or the butt), you can go to 348.



339 – The herd is rather large as Geryon had no concept of a controlled breeding programme, Aside from being gargantuan, perpetually violent and capable of breathing white hot fire, these beasts are even more stupid than their master and easily (mis)led. They are grazing on the edge of a cliff at present and it would not take a Daredevil or a Quicksilver to run past them and rile them up, dropping down onto a handily-placed ledge while watching the cattle plunge like lemmings into the ocean below.

If you want to try this strategy, go to 349; if you want to charge in and cow them with your heroic persona, go to 354.

340 – If you have a whistle given to you by Hades, you may blow it. If not, you will have to subdue the mighty Cerberus

- To blow the whistle, go to 350
- To draw a weapon and attack, go to 355
- To wrestle with the great dog, go to 360

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By Mark Thornton, Khaghbboommm Press, 2016

341 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 390, Grandmother Mosiken - 340.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

342 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 410, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.



343 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

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WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 400, Grandmother Mosiken - 340.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.



344 – Geryon is quite nimble for a colossal titan and can even tap dance with some aplomb. If you can make a L3 SR on SPD, you will be able to get 50% extra hits on him in the first skirmish of the fight you are now in. Go to 329.

345 – As you leave, Hades bids you take the whistle he tosses you. “You may well need it ere you return home,” he says with a mixture of humour and menace in his voice. And so you may. You follow a dark, dank tunnel for a full hour before you reach a wide river, flowing with unforgiving black waters. On the far bank is a ferryman and a small skiff. On the bank just 30’ from you is a massive 3-headed mastiff. The dog slavers at the sight of you and prepares to spring, jaws open wide. Go to 340.

346 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a jinx on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons’ attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 820, Nerja - 200.

Tunnels and Trolls is a game created by Ken St. Andre and published by Flying Buffalo, Inc.

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You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Nerja. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

347 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 400, Grandmother Mosiken - 310.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.



348 – As you climb the cliff path up from the beach, you hear a low growling as you near the top. First you see one shaggy, fanged head and then another. As the two heads spring at you, you see that it is a monstrous two-headed dog, foaming at the mouth. This truly is an island of horrors.

You will have just enough time to throw a dagger or loose an arrow or spell but if you do, your next combat round will be at 50% effectiveness. The demon-dog has a MR of 150 (and you get 150 APs if you dispatch it).

Go to 358 if you survive this cliff top dance of death.

349 – It is not so much a matter of them not fooling for your ruse but rather a matter of what there is to leap down safely to. Make a L1 SR on

LK. If you fail, the ledge crumbles and you fall to your death with the cattle (unless you can fly).

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If you find something solid to squat upon (or you suffered a fall and were able to save yourself by flying), you can watch Geryon's beastly beasts go to meet their maker in the briny below. Take the 1,000 APs bonus and either go home or on to your next mission. You succeeded!



350 – The whistle is not easy to get a clear, pure note from. Make L1 SRs on all of STR, WIZ, LK and CON.

If you make them all, the dog lies down before you and begins to doze as it relaxes at the sounding of the note so often made by its master (go to 303). If you could not produce the crisp sound necessary to calm the great Cerberus, you must select another option (go back to 340).

351 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 390, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

352 – The second contest is in Jinx Magic. This involves either placing a curse on a specific object or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Blairvael pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Jinx Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Blairvael, hers are:

WIZ - 100; LK -80; CHR - 60.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 410, Blairvael - 320.

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You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 301.

353 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on a place such as a mountain a river or a city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with CHR counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Unicorn-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Equilla - 400, Nerja - 200.

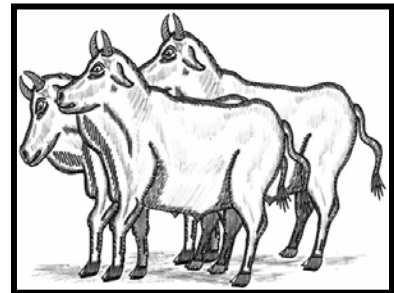
You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Equilla.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

354 – Make a L20 SR on CHR. If you make it, you drive all the cattle to their deaths over the cliff and the crystal statue you have come to destroy briefly becomes visible only to crack and fragment under your adamantine gaze. You may take the 1,000 APs bonus and either go home or on to your next quest.

If you fail to cow the cows, they stampede with a force capable of destroying small asteroids and you get squished...



355 – The dog is a brute and very canny too. It has a MR of 2000. If you beat it, go to 313 (you get 2,000 APs for the feat); if it slays you, you simply go back to Hades' table and become a Newly Dead hero, as Hades intended.

356 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on specific mountain, river or city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Grandmother Mosiken pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

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Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Grandmother Mosiken, hers are:

WIZ - 70; LK -70; CHR - 100.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 790,
Grandmother Mosiken - 340.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Grandmother Mosiken. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

357 – The first contest is in Curse Magic. This involves either placing a curse on another sentient being or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against the Arch-Demon Navarre.

To activate Curse Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with WIZ counting twice.

After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Lion-Demon's attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are: WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre - 400, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as does Navarre.

There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 311.

358 – With his dog dead, you can finish your ascent to the cliff top and see the cattle of Geryon grazing on the thorn bushes covering the island plateau. As for their master, Geryon is a three-headed titan, towering 50' above the ground. His face is ugly enough to sink all of the thousand ships that Helen's might launch and his body ordour would melt polar ice caps where he within 100 nautical miles of them. His fists are the size of elephants and his thighs could crush whales while his teeth and nails would do for the most savage of dragons.



Fortunately, you have a couple of things to help you overcome the brute. Your benefactors back in Seamists chose this moment to transport a dagger laced with *Smaller Is Smarter* venom on it. Furthermore, you have the Cap of Helios. A smoking message in the sky tells you to put the cap on and get close enough to throw the knife at Geryon.

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Unfortunately, the smoking message is right over your head and the monster has looked that way and just spotted you... The ground trembles at his approach. Go to 304.

359 – The final contest is in Hex Magic. This involves either placing a hex on specific mountain, river or city - or removing one already in place. There is nothing complicated about the test of prowess you are to undergo. It is simply you and Nerja pitted against both Arch-Demons, Navarre and Equilla.

To activate Hex Magic, it is a matter of WIZ, LK and CHR, with LK counting twice. After the destruction of the six artefacts, here on Trollworld the Arch-Demons' attributes are standing at just one sixth their normal potency.

They are:

Navarre:

WIZ - 100; LK -110; CHR - 90.

Equilla:

WIZ - 90; LK -110; CHR - 100.

As for Nerja, hers are:

WIZ - 50; LK -50; CHR - 50.

With WIZ counting double, the tally at the moment is: Navarre/Equilla - 790, Nerja - 200.

You need to add in your relevant attributes and then you make a SR, as do both Navarre and Equilla and also Nerja. There are no levels but a critical fumble equals negative 20! Whoever gets the highest score wins.

Now go to 277.

360 – The task before you is superhuman and so you need to make a L20 SR on STR to overcome the monstrous Cerberus in this Underworld battle. However, Cerberus is not supremely agile or quick so you may reduce that SR on STR by one level for every level you make on DEX and SPD saving rolls, down to a minimum of L5 on STR.

If Cerberus defeats you, he gently bites your neck to kill you and you simply go back to Hades' table and become a Newly Dead hero, as Hades intended. If you triumph, you may take 2,000 APs and go to 303.





"SEAMISTS IS A DREARY PLACE - WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT GO THERE? THEY WOULDN'T AND THEY SHOULDN'T. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS MEANT TO BE... BUT EVIL MENACES TROLLWORLD AND OPPORTUNITY BECKONS THE BRAVE AND THE FOOLISH!

THERE ARE TWELVE EVIL ARTEFACTS TO BE DESTROYED AND YOU MAY SEEK TO ACCOMPLISH JUST ONE MISSION, SEVERAL OR RUN THE WHOLE GAUNTLET. IT IS AS IF HERAKLES HIMSELF HAD BEEN SET LOOSE IN DEATHTRAP EQUALIZER!

IF YOU CAN OVERCOME THE CURSEMAGICS OF THE LION AND THE UNICORN DEMONS, YOU AND THE WHOLE WORLD MAY BE GLAD YOU STUMBLED INTO SEAMISTS ONE DARK, DREARY NIGHT..."

