

JOY RIDE

By Mark Thornton

Art by Stanley Ditko

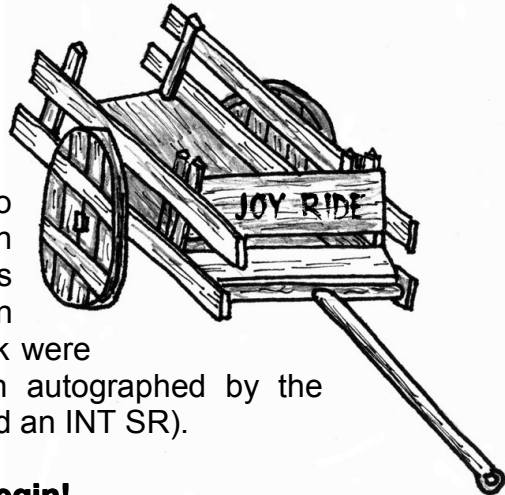
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This is a Tunnels and Trolls Solitaire Adventure for use with the 7.5 edition rules (although it is easily adapted for earlier editions). Suitable for low level types but no spell casting please unless you want to GM the action! Take APs for all saving rolls as you go as well as those prescribed in the text.

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

Author's note:

The name of the city this escapade is set in is based on that of the ancient enemy of Rome that gave birth to the ace general, Hannibal, son of Hamilcar and brother of Hasdrubal, he who marched upon the Seven Hills across the Alps with war-elephants. I think he would have liked Tunnels & Trolls. The solo sprang unbidden to mind when my car was stolen. Fortunately, dice and rulebook were recovered with the car (the rulebook had been autographed by the Trollgod so it would seem that the car thieves failed an INT SR).



Let the adventure begin!



Saving roll note - Where you see in the text the instruction to make a SR and no level is given you may take it as L1 but if your character is too powerful you may set the level yourself in which case up every stated SR level accordingly e.g. if you start as L3 then add 2 to a L2 SR.



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1A You are about to enter Caerthaeph't, a city of cruel watchmen, cutthroats and small-minded bullies. There are some good folk but they tend to keep to themselves and stay behind locked doors, certainly after dark. Let us consider your status and your means of transport. You are certainly too good to have simply walked here (but maybe not by very much).

Do you arrive in a flash carriage pulled by a team of white purebred stallions, driven by a stylishly tailored coachman (go to **5**) or do you plod along on a sledge on runners pulled by your faithful old donkey (go to **8**) or do you pass through the city gates carried on piggyback by a Spirit Mastered peasant, wheezing along on crutches, close to a cardiac arrest under your weight (go to **11**).

If you arrive in the pomp and circumstance of the carriage, you may assume you have 5,000 GPs in ready coin; if you are the donkey type, you may claim 100 GPs and if you are being borne by a crippled old wretch, you may take it that you are down to your last 13 copper pieces.

1B If you return to this paragraph you are welcome to leave the city for greener pastures or to explore its thrills and spills further. If you enter Caerthaeph't again, you hear the voice of an invisible benefactor who informs you that you are the heir of a recently deceased distant, long lost relative who has left you a bequest. This may all seem preposterous but it is quite true and the unseen wellwisher leads you to unremarkable building in which is a new means of transport – this is your legacy. Roll 1d6: 1-3 gives you a crippled servant and you're off to **11**; 4 or 5 sees you with a donkey-drawn sledge and you go to **8**; 6 means you hit the jackpot, get a carriage and driver and go to **5**.

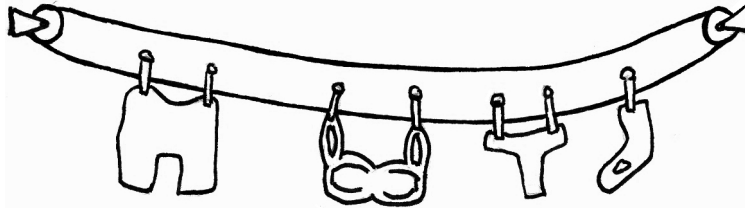
2 When you wake up the next morning you have a head throbbing like gristle in a groyne. After so many hairs that all the neighbourhood dogs are bald as coots, you finally stumble out on to the street to find you means of transport gone.

Make a SR on LK and go to **71**.



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3 As you contemplate the exotic pleasures that lay ahead, a burly yeoman in a blood-stained smock carrying a pitchfork asks you if you want him to keep an eye on the carriage and the horses while you indulge your fancies within. He tells you that the going rate is 500 GPs. This is clearly a ludicrous sum by any reckoning. Do you want to haggle (go to **12**), do you tell him to take a hike with a ferret down his underpants (go to **14**) or do you figure you can afford to pay for your pleasures and fill his purse with gold (go to **72**)?



4 This doughty downer of draft bitter, Watney Skol, is actually good company, quick to get in the beers when it's his round and full of funny stories of wooden legged leprechauns and emasculated elves. After quite a few too many, he jerks his head up from the puddle of ale on the table as serving wench calls out that there's a hubbub out on the street. If you couldn't give a toss and carry on drinking go to **2**; if you think you ought to check on your property make a SR on LK and go to **9**.

5 A rich merchant with a bevy of tittering beauties in tow hails you, beckoning you to join him inside his luxury mansion on Upper Crust Boulevard. If you want to tether your horses outside this opulent monument to plutocracy go to **3**; if you prefer to keep driving go to **7**. If you have been here before you can go straight up to the big front door. Make a SR on CHR and go to **84**.

6 The streets get progressively rougher and the pedestrians start spitting at you as you press on. The only people you see are on foot, all the carts, all the wagons you saw in better parts of the city are conspicuous by their absence. Eventually you reach a street which is literally running with blood as the butcher stands in the doorway to his shop slitting the throats of scrawny sheep. You can either stop here and go inside for what you hope will be safety (go to **10**) or pay scant heed to the deteriorating standards of behaviour by the Caerthaeph'tians and trudge on (go to **17**).

7 You quickly begin to doubt that his city is going to give you the respect you believe you deserve and your coachman tells you that you are being followed. You can go back to the well-healed merchant's pied-a-terre (go to **5**) or you can bull your way ahead, telling your driver to thwack anyone who shows discourtesy with the club studded with broken glass that you insist he carries (go to **8**).

8 As you pass by the Eviscerated Nun, Tavern a cheery if drunken fellow booms out a welcome to you, taking you for a long lost cousin. If you would like to go in to the Nun and join him tying one on go to **4**; if you think he is likely to lead you astray in his beer-fuelled folly and keep on trucking on go to **6**. If you have been to the Nun before you can go straight to the bar at **100**.



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9 If you made the SR the hammer-handed Watney goes outside with you; if you failed you are on your tod. What you find is...well, nothing. Your means of transport has disappeared. Make a SR on INT and go to **73**.



10 'Wotcha want, then?' the butcher's wife asks, stabbing a stubby, warty finger at your chest. 'We got dog burger, sheep gut fritters, kitten kidneys and sausages. Can't say what's in them sausages 'cos if I did /'d be in 'em soon enough. Come on, make yer blimmin' mind up. I ain't got all day!' She looks as if she must be a dab hand at the art of kidnapping to be married. You are probably lucky you are not a butcher. If you want to ask if you can taste the fare go to **16**; if you decide to call the Health & Safety Gestapo go to **19**.

11 Your slave grunts as a cart passes by a runs over his foot. It might need to be amputated as it is hanging on by a meagre scrap of flesh and flapping like a nervous debutante's fandangos. If you decide to stop in at the butcher's to ask for help go to **13**; if you think the old man is a whining malingerer and crack your whip to make him pick up his pace go to **15**. If you have been here before and have no reason to believe that the owners are deceased and you do not own the business you may either make a cash offer for the shop (write down how much and then go to **34**) or you may press on through the alleys and back passages of Caerthaeph't (go to **17**) or return to the city gates (go to **1B**).



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12 'Oright, you're the gov'nor. I'll take what I can get.' Decide what you will pay the bumpkin, who tells you his name is Natty Haystack. Now make a SR on CHR and go to **20**.

13 The butcher, whose name the sign above his shop tells you is Woody Chopper, rushes outside and hacks your slave's feet off with weighty swipes of his cleaver. The hapless drudge inevitably falls over and proceeds to bleed to death. 'Some good black pudding there,' Woody grunts. If you want to take revenge for this murderous act of capitalism and attack the cleaver wielding butcher go to **18**; if you want to demand money for the offcuts go to **21**.

14 This doyen of the backstreets takes offence pretty easily and you have rubbed salt in a festering wound in that a ravenously hungry uruk ate both his pet ferret and his Sunday best underpants last week. His blood is boiling and he wants to kebab you on a rusty skewer. His whistles piercingly for his mates in the City Watch (they like him because he gives them pedicures on quiet nights). Make a SR on LK and SPD and go to **22**.

15 Roll 1d6. This is the current CON of the almost terminally unwell invalid you ponce about upon. Make a SR on CON for him. If you fail your fleshy vehicle ain't going nowhere, no time. You can go in to the butcher's shop (go to **10**) or head on further into the nastier back passages of Caerthaeph't (go to **23**).

15A 'Steady on!' Woody warns you, bloody hand waving the dripping blade wildly and much too close to your face for comfort. 'If it's money we're talking, you can make me an offer for the shop and then you can do what you like with the offcuts. Time I saw the world and got out of this bloody business'. You can decline to offer money for this butcher's shop that even the most unsanitary uruk hygiene inspector would surely close down or you can seize the opportunity with both hands and a fat purse. Write down your offer or lack of one and go to **34**.

16 'You can taste this!' shrieks the hormonally challenged harridan. Her fist travels ballistically towards your nose followed by her pastry-covered rolling pin. Make a SR on DEX and go to **25**.

17 You come to a crossroads. It has a sign, marked in entrails on the grounds, set in concrete and presumably remade freshly every hour, which proclaims it to be the way to Death (left), Painful Death (straight ahead) or Very Painful Death (right). You can go to **27** for Death, to **29** for Painful Death or to **31** for Very Painful Death. Oh yes. You can turn back and deal with the drooling group of Rednecks now marching towards you, swinging what would be tire irons if the wheels here had tires and carrying nooses. There are eleven of them that you can see and they all look angry and meaner than Scrooge on a day when he has lost his wallet. You can go to **33** if you want to either take them on or try to talk them round.

18 Woody Chopper is not bright (INT 6), he has no aspirations to be a wizard (WIZ 4) and he would neither win a beauty competition in which he was the sole competitor nor would he persuade a dying man in a desert to take a glass of water from him (CHR 5).



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He is not very lucky either (LK 9). However, he is as tough as the steak he sells (CON 42), he is as strong as the smell coming from his undergarments (STR 36) and he is pretty deft at dealing anatomical damage (DEX 15). His speed lets him down because he has a wooden leg, this coming after he found himself in deep debt and hacked a leg off to pay for his wife's anti-snoring potion – a fair trade in the view of his one friend, 'Offal Oswald' Mosely.

His SPD is now 4. You must fight him. He gets 4d6 for his cleaver and +22 combat adds. He also gets the benefit of 10d6 plus 39 (that's three times unlucky thirteen) for his wife, who joins in the fight on the second combat round (well, she's not going to let anyone run off with her husband's wooden leg, is she?). If you kill Woody in the first round go to **28**; if you die here, **close the book** knowing that you went into what was, to be honest, a horribly gamey stew. If you kill both Woody and his unlovely lady wife go to **56**.

19 'Like that, is it, Mr La-di-dah High and Mighty?' the outraged trollop yells, swearing unlike any trooper not yet court-martialled for bad language. Within seconds, a big, ugly bruiser of a troll appears, his slime-crust head sticking in through the door, his beady green eyes fixing you with a look that could be malice, hunger or both. Make a SR on CHR and go to **30**.



20 Natty has a CHR of 14. Make a SR for him too. Now go to **32**.

21 'Fair enough,' Woody snuffles, hawking phlegm on your drone. 'Name your price.'

Write down what you ask of the butcher for the meat and bones and go to **15A**.



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22 That SPD SR relates to your reaction to the punch he swings at you. It is a murderous uppercut that would break many a jaw it might land upon. Glass chins beware! If you made the SPD SR you ducked, dived or somehow dodged. If you failed, his oversized fist crashes into your mush and mashes it like a saucepan of potatoes. Go to **24**.

23 On Shank's Pony you go where no sane person would go, not even a particularly bold Captain Kirk in a particularly blithe and numbskull mood. Your INT must be low so halve it for until you get a good night's sleep. Make a SR on LK and go to **35**.

24 Natty Hayseed's haymaker does 6d6 stun damage if it catches you (apply to CON). If you have been KO'd (at least he isn't the sort of pugilist to bite your ear off) go to **36**. If the punch missed, he over-balances and topples splashily into a water butt that is home to several thousand voracious mosquitoes. Now that LK SR. Go to **38**.

25 If you failed the DEX SR, you got whammo'ed and then smashed on the head for 8d6 stun damage (apply to CON). If you are laid out by her onslaught go to **196**. If you stepped aside go to **39**.

26 Try for a L3 SR on LK – she might fall off those heels. If not she tears you limb from limb, peeling the skin off first, then the flesh from the bone and finally splintering the bones and sucking out the marrow. That is definitely death and it's painful. No SPD SR because she's learned as she's got older that she has to be fast to get fresh meat. If you made the SR go to **69**.

27 You see a tall figure in aquamarine robes, carrying a gardening rake, coming towards you. The figure is wailing repetitively about your impending doom. There is a distinct smell of camphor drifting on the breeze from this apparition.

Do you want to turn and flee hysterically – go to **40** -, charge forward and give him a seeing to – go to **42** – or make your peace with him, raising your palms in a gesture of submission – go to **44** - ?

28 Mrs. Woody appears and goes ashen at the demise of her husband. Then she steels herself in a way that the British were supposed to do at Agincourt and on the beaches of Normandy but not in Crimea, South Africa or most places where their generals came from public schools.

'Well. You're on the scrawny side and I can't see you having much nocturnal stamina, if you catch my meaning, but you'll do at a pinch!' She eyes her fingers maliciously and then stoops down to remove Woody's ring as well as the band of metal that indicates their legal coupling.

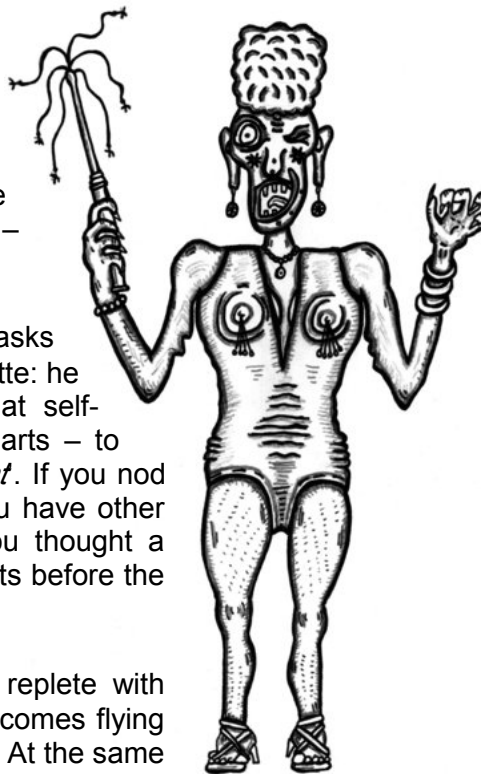
'This'll flavour the pot,' she howls demonically. 'Now put this on and then go inside and get an apron. There's butchering to be done!'

If you meekly accept this fate go to **41**; if you decline her offer of soul mate-ship go to **43**.



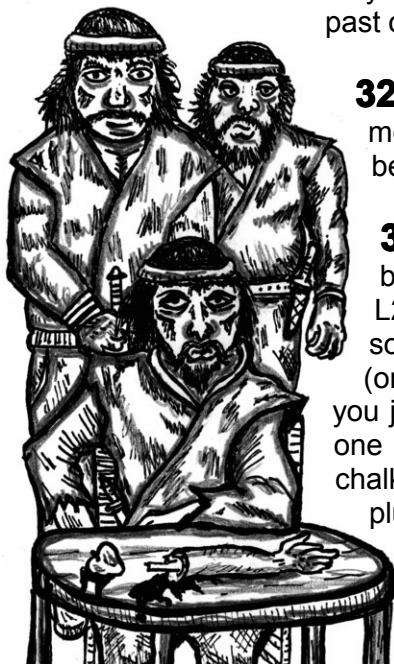
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29 Tottering your way on improbably high heels, clad in a pink leather bodysuit and wielding a cat o' nine tails, is a woman in her sixties, face caked with cheap make up and hair piled high in a beehive. Do you want to turn and flee hysterically – go to **26** -, charge forward and give her a seeing to – go to **45** – or make your peace with her, raising your palms in a gesture of submission – go to **47** - ?



30 If you failed the SR go to **46**; if you made it the troll asks you – relatively politely by the standards of trollish etiquette: he simply belches and calls a no-name nancy (somewhat self-contradictorily) before reaching for your most tender parts – to accompany him to his *'Underground Den of Amusement'*. If you nod that you are ready to trot alongside him go to **48**; if you have other ideas go to **50**. You may take a bonus 20 APs if you thought a sentence with a semi-colon, dashes, a colon and brackets before the full stop to be over-punctuated.

31 An opaque swarm of deafeningly buzzing devils, replete with barbed tails and cute little horns, screaming expletives, comes flying towards you. You can smell the decay of death in the air. At the same time you see a glowing, pulsing flyswatter, in the shape of an angel, at your feet. Do you want to turn and flee hysterically – go to **49** -, grab the flyswatter and whack away manfully – go to **51** – or put your head down and charge through, past or underneath the cloud of cursing hell fiends – go to **53** - ?



32 If you made a higher SR on CHR than he did he takes the money and guards your vehicle. Go to **52**. If you did not get the better of him with that SR go to **54**.

33 It will take a L3 SR on CHR to talk the leader out of selling your body parts to zombie-making wizards and even then you need a L2 SR on LK for the mob to agree. If you succeed there must be something about you they like and they take you off to their secret (or so they think) hideout – go to **128**. If you fail the SRs above or you just get a rush of blood you're in a bloody and brutal scrap. Each one of the ruffians (ruffians? no, that sounds too genteel by a long chalk – more like thieving, murdering good-for-nothing thugs) gets 2d6 plus 4 except for the leader who gets 4d6 plus 8 (he's a match for any two of them, as he proved when he had thirteen not eleven henchmen, worse luck for the missing two). 1d6 attack in the first round, then 1d6 more and so on until they are all piling in on you.

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The leader joins in on the third round of fighting. If you kill six or more they will back off and let you escape. If you kill them all or get away make a SR on LK and go to **55**.

34 If you offered 100 GPs or more, Woody takes the cash and he and his wife pack their bags (with sausages) and bugger off leaving you in charge of the shop – go to **198A**; if you offered a lesser sum Woody and his wife decide you probably have more and set about murdering you both for your money and your meat – go to **18** for a torrid tussle but do not go to **28** if you beat Woody in the first round because you are fighting the pair of them straightaway.

35 If you failed the LK SR go to **17**; if you succeeded go to **57**.

36 When you come to, you find that your feet are throbbing horribly.

Make a SR on CON and go to **58**.

37 Suddenly you hear the sound of running feet. Lots of them. Then you hear voices. Some sound angry, others just seem intent on mindless violence. Against you probably. Just as you see how big these brutes are and how many there are and the nasty weapons they carry a voice calls to you from the plush mansion you were intending to visit. If you want to run to the door and go inside go to **60**; if you prefer to take on the mob or to sweet talk them go to **33**.

38 If you failed the SR on LK go to **37**; if you made it, it seems as if his whistle went unheeded. Perhaps everyone is busy bashing up some poor stranger in Caerthaeph't alone without friends. You can go up to the gold-plated door to this luxury villa now.

If you want to push the doorbell go to **59**; if you want to shout 'Yoo-hoo!' at the top of your lungs until someone takes notice of you go to **61**.

39 You can get the heck out of here before this mad woman marmalises you with the mincing machine she has just picked up (it weights about as much as an elephant force fed Big Macs for a year) – go to **62** – or you can tenderise her loins with the best shot you can dish out – go to **64**.

40 Make a SR on SPD. If you make it you get away – go to **63**; if you fail...well, that's not such a good thing but then you wouldn't expect it to be, would you? (Go to **65**).

41 We can but hope you make a happy couple. You have steady income (as in steadily hovering on the breadline) and you get to chop up lots of flesh and kill lots of beasts. You should not – ever – think of leaving your beloved for she is a vengeful mistress and she knocked around with some very crusty ogres, uruks and trolls in her footloose and fancy free days (most things were loose really).

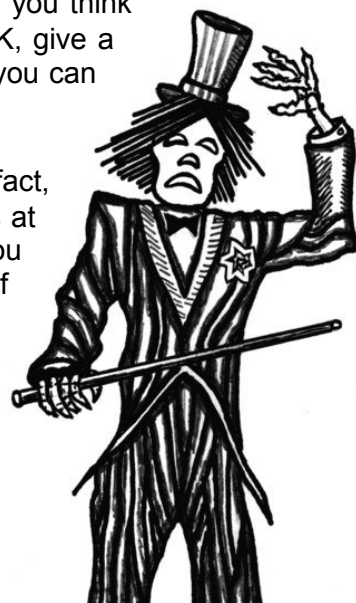
You may take 300 APs and get on with the throat-slitting business and the trollop cuddling.



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42 Really? You think you can mix it with Death Incarnate? Maybe you think it's just masquerade week and you want your own fancy dress. OK, give a sucker an even break I say. Make a L2 SR on LK. If you succeed you can go to **66** but if you flub it then it's off to **68**.

43 Cruella de Chopper does not take kindly to your attitude. In fact, she takes most maliciously to it. She starts throwing carving knives at you. If you make a L1 SR on DEX you avoid the first blade; if you make a L1 SR on SPD you dodge the next death-metal missile; if you make a L2 SR on the average of DEX and SPD you twist and elude the third and can escape her temper tantrum and flee the butcher's shop (go to **67**). You take 2d6 damage for every knife that strikes home (armour would protect you unless it's a head/face shot – that's 1 or 2 on 1d6).



44 Kinda playing into Death's hands, aren't you? Life been a bit to taxing recently? You're not going to have to worry your pretty little head ever again. The icy nails that pluck out your heart numb your nerves very soon after they burn with the most searingly excruciating pain you have ever imagined.

45 Just what she wanted! You are a generous fellow and let us hope you are built to please. Painful Death accepts your kiss enthusiastically, drooling and simpering. Make a SR on CHR and go to **70**.

46 'I don't like the way you look, sonny! Your eyes are too close together and your mouth curls in an insolent sneer. You're taking the mickey out of me, aren't ya? You're on my manor and I've rumbled your game! You're gonna pay for that!' The troll advances on you and you can see his fingers squeezing and pumping, a fair indication of what he wants to do to your throat. You can fight him, try to placate him or leggit. Go to **104** for the first; to **105** for the second or to **106** for the third.



47 Well, I know a solo is a lot about guesswork, getting to know the writer's peccadilloes, his foibles and his predilections, much like becoming familiar with the author of cryptic crossword clues, but surely you could have guessed better than this? I mean, how would this not lead to Painful Death? A saving roll, you beg? No! No such luck. You should have gone some place else if you expected mercy. Still, a live and suffering delver is better than a stiffening corpse. Roll 1d6. If you get odds, you die in utter, utter, utter agony. If you roll evens you get an even break and can go to **1B** and start all over again.

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48 Inside the Den there is much to amuse a troll – but then that does not necessarily take very much doing. Halla has business to attend to so he leaves you in the company of another troll. His friend eventually and shyly – you can see why – introduces himself as ‘Susan’. He tells you life ain’t easy for a troll named Susan. He recounts his life story which mainly consists of his quest for revenge on the man who gave him that awful name and who he stomped him into the blood and the guts and the beer when he finally tracked him down. By this time Susan has got all teary eyed and maudlin and there isn’t much worse than a weepy troll, especially one with a girl’s name. He realises this as he has been to Dr. Braille’s Self-Awareness Awakening sweat lodge and so he offers you the chance to become his partner (platonically, at first at least) and rid unfair city of Caerthaeph’t of the mongrels who keep nicking everyone’s wheels (Susan had his penny farthing stolen from outside the sweat lodge last week). If you would like to tie the Gordian knot with Susan go to **288**; if you would rather eat a bricklayer’s singlet go to **279**.

49 If not the hand of friendship, that flyswatter was quite obviously an opportunity to strike back at Very Painful Death. Turning tail and running away is not. OK, you may be Samos Treek in disguise in which case if you make a L5 SR on SPD you get back to the city gates and can start all over again with your original mode of transport mysteriously and miraculously there waiting for you (go to **1B**). If you are not that flash, the swarm latches on to you and a million sets of sharp pointy fangs suck every drop of goodness out of you and then, when that’s all gone, which may not have taken very long, they suck the rest of the muck out much more languorously and much, much more painfully. **Close the book.**

50 ‘Oi, sunshine! Where do you think you’re going. I told you, you is coming with me!’ The troll reaches out to grab you with a big catcher’s mitt of a paw. If you would to dodge and run for it go to **106**; if you decide it is better to go quietly than to risk upsetting the big lummoX go to **48**.

51 Make SRs on STR, DEX and SPD. You can’t veto the decree of Very Painful Death without those prerequisites. If you fail even one SR the barb tails eviscerate you (it happened to the poor nun the tavern was named after) atom by atom, each jab sending electric agony down your spine to your toes. But if you succeed...You get a 1d6 plus 100 for the flyswatter. The fly cloud has MR 101 against it. You do not get personal adds. If you win you have a great weapon against flies and an admiring fan club. Go to **188**. If you somehow lose against the devils (like they roll 11 sixes to go with their 50 adds) **close the book**; you read it and wept.

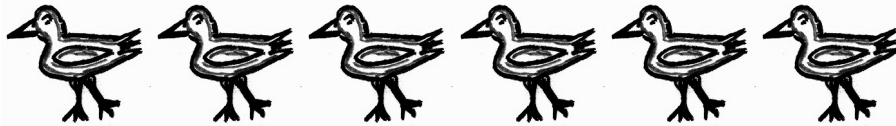


52 With your carriage safely under the watchful eye of the diligent and determined Natty Haystack you stride purposefully to the door of the mansion. A few moments after you chime the door pull, a butler peers round the gold-inlaid door and asks a few pertinent questions, establishing your name, station and affability with a well-practiced words. Make a SR ON CHR and go to **84**.

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53 The devils are carnivorous. They don't let you run through them – there are too many of them and they are too mean and evil. They remove every scrap of protein, every fat cell in your body, every molecule of edible matter in a haze of unendurable torment. That's got to hurt. Really. **Close the book.** No one gets through Very Painful Death without suffering.

54 As you are reaching for the door pull you hear the crack of a whip and turn to see the agricultural oik driving away with your carriage, giving you the finger and yelling out, 'That'll learn you to be mean with your money, Mr Rockerfella!' Your driver lies with a broken neck in a muddy, and now bloody, puddle. If you want to give chase go to **83**; if you think that would just look uncool and decide to go ahead with your unannounced visit go to **85**.



55 Well, stone the crows! Or any carrion birds you care to name – vous etes très formidable, Monsieur! Take 100 APs and now you're on the run from the law. They may have been crims but you can't just waltz into a strange town and murder the citizens – that's not cricket! You get some dark looks and as you keep moving to avoid being pressed on the question of your conduct you slip down back streets that good folk would surely shun. Perhaps it is best to go back to the city gates and brew up Plan B. Go to **1B**.

56 That was spiteful. You were lucky to get away with it as they were a formidable couple, capable of taking out starving ogres if necessary, as it often is in this jungle of a city. Still, they will not be missed by anyone of any discernment. You have a choice: back out on to the street or you can take over their shop. For the former go to **67**; for the latter go to **103**.

57 As you slog on through streets knee deep in mud thanks to an open sewer you see something sparkling in the murk and the filth. It looks like Troll Gold, a coin ten times the value of an ordinary gold piece. When you prize it out of the muck you find it is attached to a chain. If you want to pull the coin and the chain go to **102**; if you decide it's all a bit too dodgy and wade onwards go to **17**.

58 If you missed the CON SR take 1d6 damage. While you were laid out (or otherwise occupied if you have been adventuring indoors) a thief was just seized control of your carriage and is absconding with it. What's worse is the joy rider has just rolled a wagon wheel over your foot! If you want to give chase go to **83**; if you decide it's hopeless and to knock on the door to the mansion go to **85**.

59 A few moments after you chime the door pull, a butler peers round the gold-inlaid door and asks a few pertinent questions, establishing your name, station and affability with a few well-practiced words. Make a SR on CHR and go to **84**.



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60 A butler peers round the gold-inlaid door and looks you up and down with expert eye. Make a SR ON CHR and go to **84**.



61 An upstairs window opens and something is tipped out – the contents of a very full chamber pot. Make L2 SRs on SPD and DEX to avoid a coating with something very noxious, possibly toxic and maybe even pox-carrying. If you make it you can go to **59** but the SR called upon there is now one level higher. If you failed there is no way in the Trollworld that you will be admitted now. Going back to the street you find your carriage to be gone – vanished, departed, probably not invisible but really no better as far as you're concerned. You can either seek out the back streets (go to **17**) or return to the gates and set about stealing someone else's transport (go to **1B**). If you go for the latter, adjust for your present circumstances – it takes a L3 SR on LK to steal a carriage, L2 for a sledge and L1 for the piggyback (failing L1 means you best go home – with 100 APs – while a critical fumble indicates your attempt at theft led to your demise, sad though that would be, and you would need to **shut the book** with no chance to turn over a new leaf.

62 Cruella de Chopper hurls a troll haunch at you as you flee. Make a SR on the average of your LK and DEX. If you make it the meaty missile misses you and brains a stray dog instead. If you fail it clatters into the back of your skull and you see stars. Take 1d6 damage and then try a SR on SPD to stagger away – fail and the butcher's wife grabs you by the ankles and feeds you through her mincing machine (that would be **close the book** time). If the dog died and your head is still on your shoulders you have escaped and are running down the road, having loosened your load. You probably should have a world of troubles on your mind as you have to decide which way to go now. Go to **17**.



63 'Come back, come back, I want to give you a great big kiss on your bottom,' laments a clearly unfit and out of breath Death, trying to give the impression of subservience. You can stop

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and give Death what it wants (go to **65**) or you can keep on running for the hills and then possibly the mountains until your lings burn (go to **57**).

64 Roll your combat dice – you can use weapons or just fists as you prefer. Her loins have not been tenderised for some time as Woody has long since learned that discretion is the better part of valour where she is concerned. She gets 1d6 plus 12 and has a CON of 18 (she's as tough as the uruk steak she cells, cut from the bodies she digs up at the cemetery). She eats you for breakfast if she kills you – with eggs sunny side up to match her disposition. If you kill her you can flee before Woody has time to react – you can sprint down dark alleys and garbage-strewn lanes (go to **17**) – or you can claim the butcher's shop as your own and wait for Woody to confront you (go to **198**).

65 You have turned your back on pursuing Death and have not had the velocity nor the elusiveness to escape the clutches into which you now fall. Make a L3 SR on LK. If you make it a passing Wizard-God takes pleasure in annoying Death and teleports you to the city gates (go to **1B**) at which you arrive landing on your backside with a bump and no more than a 1d6 injury (take 100 APs). Fail to attract the playful Wizard-God and Death's clutches prove painful and lethal in equal measure as you are ripped to shreds and made into organic bunting. **Close the book.**

66 Death rolls up its sleeves and shows you that it still has its kid gloves on (the kid the gloves were made from was just kidding when it said Death could make gloves but Death is rather pedantic at times). Death offers you its hand to shake and before you can shake your head to decline Death extends its hand to yours in Reed Richards style. A cold chill spreads throughout your body. Make a L2 SR on WIZ. If you make it your WIZ is halved permanently by Death's touch – Death says, 'Thank you,' pats you on the head in avuncular fashion and sends you off to the city gates, making sure no one rubs salt in your wounds (take 100 APs and go to **1B**).

If you fail, Death leeches all your WIZ from you and the khremmatic field of the Trollworld planet sucks you to its core where you join many other unfortunate no-magic no-lives in perpetual torment – **close the book.**

67 Phew! That was a close shave and you haven't even been to the barber's yet (his wife's more hard core). Outside, all is quiet; the street is empty. Particularly with regard to your transport. Theft is a real problem here, unless you're a butcher's wife in which case thieves pick on someone less vindictive.

You can call for a cop or press on into the darker warrens of the city on foot. If you call for the law go to **101**; if you're up for some yomping go to **17**.

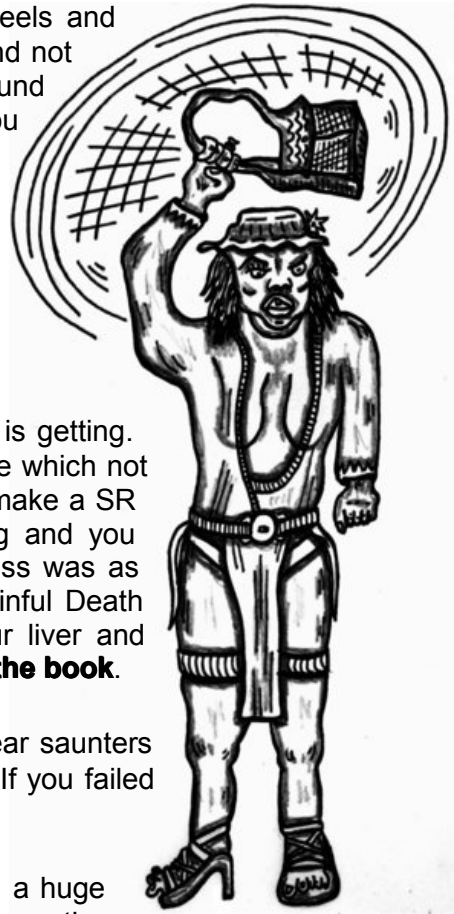
68 Death rolls up its sleeves and takes off its kid gloves (the kid the gloves were made from was just kidding when it said Death could make gloves but Death is rather pedantic at times). Death has big bony hands and smashes you hard on the head with them. Make a L4 SR on CON. If you make it all your teeth fall out but otherwise you are unharmed and Death dumps you at the city gates (take 100 APs and go to **1B**); if you fail you become less than a millionth of



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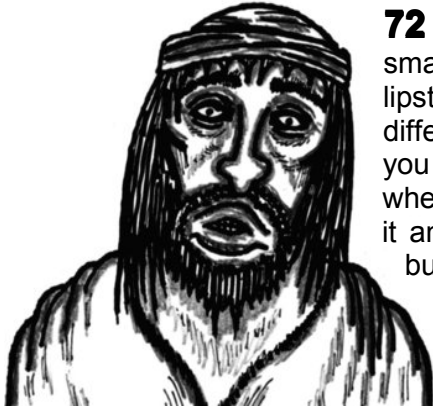
an inch tall in less than a millionth of a second – you are very, very flat and very, very dead (**close the book**).

69 Painful Death is stalking you on nine inch platform heels and swinging a lethal handbag. Suddenly it gets very gloomy and not just your spirits. You can just make out to holes in the ground ahead of you. The handbag horror is closing in on you so you need to make a move fast. One hole sounds as if a hornets' nest has just been revved up down there while the other sound as if a man with a very loud scream has just had a Portuguese Man 'O War dropped down his pyjamas. Which is it to be? If you jump down the hole making the angry buzzing sound go to **86**; if you prefer the prospect of jellyfish stings go to **154**.



70 If you made the SR then Painful Death likes what she is getting. Good for you! Go to **87** and take 100 APs for an experience which not many are ever going to be able to lay claim to (if you can make a SR on LK then a watching minstrel immortalises you in song and you never have to pay for your drinks again). If you fail the kiss was as passionate as that of a smoked kipper but not as hot. Painful Death sucks out your tongue and then your eyes and then your liver and kidneys. Hard to go on after that sort of kiss really so **close the book**.

71 A City Watchman with a supercilious grin from ear to ear saunters up to you and asks if you want to report anything missing. If you failed the SR on LK go to **75**; if you made it go to **77**.



72 The man kisses you wetly, a huge smackeroo that would remove the lipstick from a gorgon. Make a SR on CON. If you fail take the difference in emotional damage. Make a SR on CHR. If you fail you fall in love with the yokel and elope to Hughie Green, a place where opportunity knocks for odd couples. Let's assume you made it and are still carefree and single. At the sight of you shovelling bucket loads of coin down the front of the man's britches a butler leaves the desirable residence and asks you with a tug of his forelock to be so kind as to step inside as the master would like to make your acquaintance. Go to **76** if you accede to this request; go to **78** if you demur.

73 If you made the INT SR go to **80**; if you failed it go to **82**.

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74 'The master will be delighted to take tea with you, Sir. Please step this way.' The servant walks in a comedic parody of a duck suffering from constipation while attempting to waddle along a tightrope over a bottomless chasm. If you do indeed, as Aerosmith and Run DMC would put it, walk this way go to **95**; if you follow him normally go to **97**.

75 When you make a formal complaint about your missing donkey and sledge the Watchman seems not to understand what you mean. Maybe it's your accent – after all, you're not from these parts. The word he shakes his head at is 'donkey'. Slapping himself on the forehead he goggles as if in sudden comprehension. 'Oh! Now I get it. You want to report serious trouble with your ass. Is that it?' If you nod go to **79**; if you shake your head, in a disagreement, frustration and incredulity probably, go to **81**.

76 'Excellent, excellent,' the servant croons smarmily. 'Perhaps you would care for some refreshment before you meet Lord Lawkes?' He lifts the top off a large wooden globe of Trollworld revealing an array of beverages within. 'Name your poison,' he leers as he rattles crystal glasses against cut glass decanters. If you would like a drink go to **187**; if you prefer to forego this preprandial pleasure go to **123** with the butler tutting as he takes you to meet his master.

77 'Well, as it 'appens, I did see a pretty young thing disappearing down Wreckers Row a few minutes ago. She was on a sledge pulled by a mangy looking beast that was probably your ass. Do you want to file a report or do you want to save me the paperwork and apprehend the suspect yourself? If you want to give chase go to **194**; if you want to set the wheels of justice in motion go to **98**.

78 'A most regrettable decision,' the servant intones in a doom-laden voice. 'Then I must adjust the master's plans accordingly.' You can stick around to see what happens - go to **184** - or do a bunk out of a side door go to **186**.

79 'Now what sort of ass trouble is it that you have, exactly. You say your ass is missing? Hmmm! What evidence have you got then?' This goes on for some time and then some before the Watchman finally admits he is illiterate and asks you if you would like to come back to his place and give him some private tuition. If you agree to coach him in the skills of the feather quill go to **99**; if you sigh in exasperation and tell him you'll do your own sleuthing and track down the hijacker go to **96**.

80 You see the sledge disappearing down a distant lane. 'Come on, lad!' yells Watney belligerently. 'We'll give 'em a taste of what for, we will!' He puts his head down and thunders off towards your sledge. Go to **141**.

81 Your choices appear few. Dispensing with the services of the dopey copper, you can set about tracking down the villain who stole your sledge (the Watchman jerks his thumb and says he thinks 'She went that-away') or you can go back inside the comforting embrace of the Nun to drown your sorrows. If you follow the Watchman's tip go to **96**; if you roll back into the bar for a snifter go to **100**.



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82 Watney shakes his head and falls over. You see something vanishing from view down an alleyway ahead. Watney gets up and wobbles a bit but then recovers his balance and charges off where you are pointing. 'Up and at 'em, lads. They don't like it up 'em!. Go to **148**.

83 Make a SR on SPD. If your foot was run over you must deduct 1d6 from your total. If you make it go to **88**; if you failed the carriage disappears and you are left choking in a cloud of dust. It is not a good look, In fact you look like a victim. A rich victim. Almost at once two grim looking figures emerge from an alley and advance on you, greedy faces lighting up. Go to **90**.

84 If you made it go to **74**. If you fail the butler looks at you disapprovingly and tells you the master is not receiving visitors today. If you argue he make sit clear that both he and the valet are crackshots with a blunderbuss and although he is currently unarmed he has but to call and his junior colleague will pepper your backside with such ferocity that you may never comfortably sit down again. If you choose to leave go to **91**; if you brush the butler aside and enter the mansion go to **93**.

85 Hopping on the doorstep may not make a good first impression but you never know, this may be a city where hopping is considered stylish. Make L2 SR on CHR and go to **84**.

86 The angry buzzing sound turns out not to be a bunch of little folk being very busy but an actual real to Betsy hornets' nest, freshly stirred up by a woman in a rubber body suit called Betsy. You land on the hornet's nest and get stung agonisingly and frequently. Make a L2 SR on STR to see if you can attract the attention of a passing Wizard-God who will save you and dump you at the city gates (go to **1**) with only 2d6 sting damage. That could still be book closing time which it certainly is if you did not scream loudly enough to attract salvation – ouch!

87 Painful Death wants more – much more – from you. She takes you back to her favourite graveyard and keeps you as a plaything. You can get a late pass every now and then but whenever you want one you must make a SR on CHR to see if she has tired of you. Fail and she sucks you dry of every water molecule in your body so don't be frivolous about cavorting off to dungeons of desire. Every time you risk death by going gallivanting you can have 1,000 APs but like Cinderella you must be back by midnight (she's not actually quite so possessive so we'll say by 1d6 midnights). **Closing the book** time unless you want to go for a late pass right now: if so try that SR and if you live to tell the tale go to the city gates (**1B**).

88 Somehow you catch up with the carriage. Maybe you have been taking illegal substances? Do you want to leap for the railing on the back and then climb up on to the roof (go to **92**) or do you want to increase your speed and get ahead of the stolen vehicle (go to **94**)?

90 The two villains try to jump you. One comes from the left, the other from the right. They hurl



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themselves upon you with gay abandon. You can fight it out with them, attempt to flip aside acrobatically or you can submit to their ministrations. For the first go to **108**; for the second go to **110**; for the third go to **112**.

91 You can either sneak off without your carriage down an alley leading into dingy, dirty and dangerous back streets (go to **17**) or you can follow two figures sauntering up a deserted lane leading towards the heart of the city (go to **189**).

92 Make a SR on DEX to get up there. You take 1d6 damage if you fail have to trudge off down depressingly dangerous streets. Go to **17**. If you managed the gymnastics it shouldn't be too hard to stay on board now you're up top – provided, that is that the carriage thief does twig you're there. A SR on STR to stay on and a SR on LK to be undetected. Fail the first and you come crashing down for 1d6 damage; fail the second and your game is rumbled – the driver passes under a low arch and you have to jump down or you would be smeared all over the brickwork (DEX SR or 1d6 damage as you land). Either way, if you don't stay up top all you can do is wander off down increasingly shabby streets inhabited by correspondingly shabby people. Go to **17**. However, if you stay on your perch go to **114**.

93 The moment you enter the butler gives the alarm. 'Release the war hamsters!' Now that sounds ominous – at least it is meant to! Go meet some cute little furry mammals at **130**.

94 Make another SR on SPD – fail and you drop back and have to limp along streets where disconcertingly tough hoodlums lean against lampposts glaring at you as they seize you and start weighing you up with comments such 'Not much meat on this one' and 'Probably best for magical research'. The leader nods and says 'Sometimes the parts are worth more than the whole. Get your flensing knives out, boys.' Go to **33**. If you did succeed in speeding up you are now in front of your carriage and can see the driver looking daggers at you. Do you want to seize the reins, put a hand up to stop him or throw something at him? Go to **150** for the first, to **116** for the second and to **118** for the third.

95 The butler turns round and watches you waspishly. 'Do you need a doctor, Sir? The Master has a fine physician and would insist that you are, ahem, how can I put it, rendered hygienic – yes, that covers it – before he greets you. Follow me. This way!' If you do as he asks go to **107**; if you decline the examination he suggests is necessary go to **109**.

96 You meet an old woman selling shiny red apples. She doesn't have any customers, in fact people are crossing the street in droves. She offers you an apple and promises directions to 'a place where you are guaranteed a good time every time'. If you want to buy an apple for a copper piece and take the card with the directions and the recommendation go to **158**; if you want to keep on going go to **163**.



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97 You enter a divinely furnished room. Every piece of furniture must surely have been carved by elven craftsmen of illustrious ilk and the ornaments would likely fetch a king's ransom. Seated leaning forward, fingertips pressed firmly together, is a refined elderly man, wearing a cravat, smoking jacket and kilt.

He dismisses the butler with a casual flick of his cigar, scattering ash over the tapestry-carpet which a scantily clad maid stoops to sweep up. 'Good day to you, Sir. I am Lord Lawkes. My pet wizard had scanned you clairvoyantly and informed me of your pedigree and your business affairs. I am hosting a dinner party tonight and I fear it becomes frightfully drab and dreary hosting the same old crowd. I should be delighted to have you join us and your renowned wit and grace to our table. What do you say? Do say you shall – I hate disappointments. They make me awfully crabby!' If you agree to attend the dinner party go to **111**; if you give your excuses go to **113**.

98 The wheels grind slowly because Watchman Ken is all but illiterate and you have to fill in the paperwork which he has doodled all over. Eventually your claim is processed at the City Gaol and you stand before Officer Dribble, a man who gushes to an extent which makes you long for prohibition. Dribble takes you out in to the yard for an identity parade. This consists of a witchy woman, a black magic woman, an evil woman and a duck. Go to **204**.

99 The Watchman's wife is rather surprised to see you. 'There's enough tripe and onions to go round and I've got a bit of the jellied eel pie left from yesterday. By the way, Ken, I think some of your newts got out again.' Ken looks perplexed and rushes out to the potting shed to find his missing newts. 'I think they're pissed again,' she says. 'My name's Stanley by the way. I know it's not very feminine but then neither am I. Ken wears the skirts in this house to be honest.' When Ken returns he is wearing a kilt and playing the bagpipes. He is happy because his newts are sobering up. 'Now for some book learning,' he says heavily when he stops the caterwauling noise he thinks of as music. He gets out his fountain pen and inkpot and starts work painfully inscribing the alphabet, looking to you for expert tuition. Make a SR on INT and go to **176**.

100 The landlord is very pleased to see you and your fat purse. Things are a little quiet. There are some uruks playing darts, a fortune teller hoping for customers, palm upturned ready to be crossed with silver, a group of rednecks playing Montana Red Dog and some skeleton men downing shots and displaying the progress of the drinks down their innards. If you want to play

darts go to **203**; if you want your fortune told go to **205**; if you want to play cards go to **207**; if you want to join the skellies go to **209**.



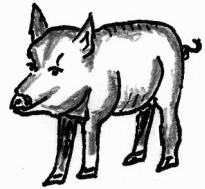
101 You're in luck! A beady eyed bobby is passing by on his beat, truncheon in hand. 'What's that? Another vehicle theft? That's the fifth complaint about stolen transport I've had today! Do you want to come to the station to make a report or do you want to search for it. If you think we can catch them I'll go that way and you go thatta way.' The Watchman jerks his thumb towards a dark and evil-

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smelling alley. If you want to make a formal complaint go to **98** and if you want to go off in less than hot pursuit go to **17**.

102 Make a SR on STR. If you fail you can't pull the coin free nor can you shift the manhole cover it's attached to. On you must slog to **17**. If you make the SR you get the coin (which is worth 20 GPs) and you are able to lift the manhole cover you discover. There is a wooden ladder dropping down 20' to a tunnel illuminated faintly by glowstones. Can go down the ladder if you want (go to **269**) or you can leave well alone and slink down the ever more dangerous streets (go to **17**).

103 Might as well carve up Woody and his wife and make a bit of coin. Do you want to shut up shop when the flesh is off the bones and explore the city or are you content to end your adventure and settle down to a life of butchery? If you want to boldly go where no sane man has gone before you should take a knife and trim your whiskers so that you look presentable and then go to **67**; if you sharpen the knives and concentrate on slaughtering animals take 200 APs and **close the book**.



104 'Spunky sort, are ya? OK, I'll play nice and keep one hand behind me back. Bring it on, Buster!' The troll does indeed put one hand behind his back and fights you with just one tree trunk-like digit. A small crowd of ne'er-do-goods gather to watch the sport. 'Come on, 'Halla!', 'Smash 'im, Big Guy!', 'Let's see his guts hanging out!', 'Go, 'Halla, you da troll!', 'Get 'im in the hole!' – those are the sort of chants you hear and you guess no one is rooting for you. 'Halla gets 11d6 plus 50 for his middle finger. Go to **129**.

105 'So...you wanna grovel a bit, do ya? Well, if you say, "Pretty please, 'Halla, you're da Boss Troll, 'Halla,' and lick my boots I might just tickle ya and not crumple ya. How's that then?' If you want to grovel and lick 'Halla's boots go to **131**; if you want to run for it rather than taste his dirty leather go to **133**; if you decide to man up and take him on go to **135**.

106 The troll is not that quick on his feet but his wits are like a whippet in a hurry. He whistles and it is like unto a hurricane and a thunderclap, yea verily and forsooth. Make a L2 SR on CON and if you fail take 1d6 troll whistle damage (TWD to those meteorological experts among you, o readers). Two lean and nervy kobolds appear from the shadows. 'Don't fret none, Boss,' simpers the first. 'Yeah, we'll nab 'im for ya, 'Halla,' whines the second. If you go for battle now roll your sleeves up, put your heart on one of them and go to **137**; if you put the pedal to the metal (an anachronism, I know) go to **139**.

107 The man servant shows you into what appears to be an operating theatre. The multitude of instruments on show are either for medical purposes or for something far more diabolical. While you peruse the sharp metals and leather straps the door slams shut behind you and you hear the lock seal your fate. A hitherto hidden door opens and a leprechaun staggers out clutching a bottle labelled 'Jamiesons'. "I'm Dr. Khwaq," he tells you uncertainly and reels across to the table and pats it. 'Lie down here. Take the weight off your feet and I'll give you some happy



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gas.' You can do as he bids you (go to **156**) or tell him that you'd sooner arm wrestle a bilious baboon (go to **138**).

108 Chas and Dave are well versed in the murky arts of mugging. They get 4d6 plus 15 each. They don't bother within weapons at this stage. If you have hurt your foot your combat adds are halved due to the inconvenience and discomfort. If you lose the first round they will overpower and subdue you and bundle you off for who knows what delights to come?

If that happens go to **143**. If you survive the first round then they try to kick your legs out from under you and pin you. You must make a L3 SR on DEX to avoid that indignity and your DEX is temporarily down by 1d6 (just for this SR) if you have a damaged foot. If they succeed in pinning you then you are dragged off to **143**. If you beat them in the fighting they run off as they do if they fail to pin you if the fight goes to second round. If you they flee you can only stumble on through increasingly mean little streets where increasingly mean little people walk – go to **17**. Ah but if you killed one or both of them then you must go to **145**.

109 'In that case, I must ask that you remove yourself from these premises before the master decides to let loose his war hamsters. They may be small but they are very aggressive when they are hungry. I should imagine they are hungry right now.' You may leave in good grace (go to **91**) or stick around to meet the war hamsters (go to **130**).

110 That's going to be some stunt if you pull it off. If your foot was run over your DEX and SPD are down by 1d6. You need to make L2 SRs on DEX and SPD and also SRs on STR and LK. Manage those rolls and you get clean away to the sound of the muggers applauding your cunning stunt – go to **17**. If you didn't pull those four SRs off, well good on you for being spunky but now your in for it! The villains pounce on you and you do an impersonation of ten pins doing the decent thing for a perfectly directed bowling ball. Strike! Go to **143**.

111 You are taken to a luxury suite where champagne is served and a fruit basket holds fruits the like of which you may well never have seen or tasted before. A tailor arrives to measure you for your dinner jacket and then the valet leaves to allow you some 'quiet time'. You hear the lock click from the other side. If you are content to rest go to **115**; if you wish to attempt to open the door go to **117**.



112 They like a bit of grovelling. Make a SR on CHR. If you make it they don't bother to hit you. Fail and you don't have as many teeth as you did a moment ago. Take 1d6 damage. You are at their mercy and the quality is certainly strained. Go to **143**.

113 Lord Lawkes turns purple and screams apoplectically for 'the Bad Boy'. The door to the drawing room is ripped off its hinges by a very large and twice as ugly ogre who looks ready to use the whole door as a shield or a bludgeon. 'Lawkes-a-Lordy!' the ogre bellows. 'Have you upset the Master, you worm?' You can grovel on your knees and beg for forgiveness or you can either fight the ogre or try to jump out the window.



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If you fall to your knees and pray go to **119**; if you rush the monster and commence battle go to **121**; if you leap for the window go to **123**.

114 The driver careers through the streets, recklessly running over pedestrians and small animals. Finally, he slows at an old warehouse on waste ground. You can either stay up top (go to **162**) or leap down now – it's easy – and duck behind a wrecked wagon lying on its side (go to **164**).



115 As the door opens you hear the dinner bell gong – or maybe it was the dinner gong belling? Anyhow...a man dressed as a penguin would dress if it were waiting in a top class restaurant bids you follow him to the dining room, where Lord Lawkes and his other guests await your arrival. Delicious aromas wafting your way would take you to this Bacchanalian supper even if the penguin flunky lost his way. Seated at the table are his Lordship and six other guests, Lord Monty de Wally de Honk, Lady Money Sterling, Lord Snot, Mr. Kendall Mintcake, Bambi Gascoigne and Jerzi Bolowski, who claims to be 115th in line to the Khazan throne and a second cousin of the Death Goddess herself. You make up the eight. 'We are about to play a game,' Lord Lawkes announces. You take the place of Lord Lucan, who is missing. He went missing in action, actually, at last week's soiree.' Go to **155** and find out what the game is.

116 Like he's really going to stop? He mows you down and the carriage wheels carve into you like a Thanksgiving turkey under the knife. Make a L2 SR on LK. If you make it a passing Wizard-God resurrects you just because you look like you might do something stupendously dumb again – take 100 APs and go to **1B**; if you fail, **close the book**.

117 As you turn the handle the door conducts a vicious burst of electricity, Make a L2 SR CON and if you fail take the difference in damage. Your hair now stands up vertically (if you are bald, choose a body part instead). Go to **171**.

118 What are you going to throw? The kitchen sink? There's no time to draw a dagger, let alone string a bow – your (well, not so much yours now) carriage zips by and all you could possibly do is hit the rear end of it. Reflecting on your decision-making acumen, you drift along into the parts of Caerthaeph't keep well off the tourist maps. Go to **17**.

119 'Very well,' the reddened lord drawls and spits at the same time, if you can imagine that. 'I shall spare your life if you sign over to me half your assets. You agree of course (you don't actually have much choice now). I shall send my lawyer up to see you once my faithful footman,



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Peeves, has secured you in a guest bedroom. You will be most comfortable, I have no doubt, but should you try to escape you will be most uncomfortable for a short while and then you will be most dead. I know a butcher who will be glad of your body parts for his pies. Peeves, take him away and see that Honeydew watches him at all times on his scrying stone.'

Two hours later, the door to your suite open and a centaur enters (it's a big door) to present you with a contract to sign. When you have taken the porcupine quill and scrawled your name, Kelba witnesses it and leaves you to stew in your own financially depleted juices. Go to **115**.

120 'You didn't 'ave to do that, now! You gone an' murdered me, you 'ave!' Arfa crashes heavily to the floor and utters his last words. 'Lads, wot 'e done to me, wot never hurt no one, as I swear on my mother's grave, orphan as I am, but you need a leader. Take 'im to the thrones. See if 'ell do. I feel cold now, I do. It's all going dark. Oh! There's a beautiful lady wiv wings an' all coming to get me. I'm gonna be alright, boys, Arfa's going home.' So saying Arfa expires and the gang grab you, blindfold you and force you along what seems to be a tunnel with little head room. Make a SR on LK. If you fail take 1d6 express delivery damage. Now go to **126**. (Don't feel too much remorse over Arfa – he's a little dodgy, maybe, but underneath (like, about 6'), he's all right, is Arfa, and anyway he has a curse on him that causes him to rise again twelve hours after death.)

121 Let's see – what's suitably unfair? The ogre has a 24 hour Little Feets which fighting triggers; he has Whammy'd knuckle-dusters (invisible) that get 20d6 each.; Uncle Ugly (for he is an avuncular, if hideous to look upon, fellow when not engaged in 'corrective' work) has anti-magic codpiece that thwarts L1-6 magic. Probably time to **close the book**, huh? Well, maybe not... If you are winning against Unc, Lord Lawkes 'Intruder Remover' teleports you to the city gates. If you are losing (and this kicks in immediately, not at the end of Round One) and you make a SR on LK, the Intruder Remover saves your bacon. If you are teleported go to **1B** - and take 200 APs, why don't you?



122 'Now that's just not friendly, is it? After all I dun for you! Boys, what are we going to do with 'im? Lemme see... First, punch 'im in the hooter, second, punch 'im in the teeth, third punch 'im in the unmentionables. If 'e's still breathing, tie 'im up, blindfold 'im and bring 'im down the tunnel. 'E'll be right after a few good whacks. Anyhow, I'd a dun the same, I would.' Forgiving fellow, heart of gold really. Each punch you take does 1d6 damage but if a make progressively higher LK SRs it's just stun damage. When all the fisticuffs are over and you wrapped up like a kipper go to **147**.

123 Make a SR on LK. If you succeed you crash through the glass (you must have hit a hairline fracture) and land gratefully in the ornamental fishpond (it was a ground floor drawing

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room) – go to **125**. If you failed the LK SR, you rebound from the magically reinforced window and flop, stunned, into the muscly arms of Uncle Ugly the Ogre. Everything goes black. When you awake you are somewhere quite different but very clean. Go to **107**.

124 If you made the SR, Arfa and his boys decide to give you a break – the middle finger of your left hand to be precise. Take 1d6/2 CON damage. Then they knock you out and dump your sorry carc-ass. Go to **1B**. If you failed the SR they do the breaking bit and the knocking out bit (they like those bits and they're good at them because they practice a lot). Then they blindfold you and take you for a more exciting adventure. Go to **147**.

125 The pond is only 3 ft deep so you won't drown. You hear the voice of Lord Lawkes chortling manically at the sight of you bedraggled with pond weed on your head. Uncle Ugly laughs too – it sounds like either thunder or a ruptured dragon. Then you see why they are laughing. A shoal of little silver fish with pearly white teeth are coming your way. Make a L2 SR on DEX. If you make it go to **127**; if you fail they strip you to the bone (there are just too many for any spell to take out and they are too fast to employ a shield, magical or mundane, let alone somersault to safety).

126 The blindfold is removed by rough hands. A face speckled with stubble is thrust up close to yours. 'You bin chosen, see. You're the chosen one, son, so you better get this straight. You bin cursed so you gotta do what Arfa says, see. E's all right, is Arfa – diamond geezer, 'e is, so e'll treat you right if you do right by 'im. My name's Gripper and I'm your best pal now so you'd better listen to me good, right?' Gripper takes a pace back and then continues. 'See that door there?' You'd be blind not to - a glowing door with runes etched into the burnished wood is set in stone at the end of a tunnel. The runes mean nothing to you except for one: the letter 'K'. The pulses emanating from them leave you in no doubt that magic is at work here. Gripper speaks again, softly but urgently.



'The curse means you must serve the owner of this house as long as he remains within the house. Arfa is the owner – all legal an' kosher – and Arfa says 'e 'as no intention of leaving until you have passed through this door, taken the challenge and 'e can tell you wot 'e wants done. I'm gunna go now. Enter exactly one minute after I go. I'll return in one hour to fetch you for a chin wag wiv Arfa.' With that said, Gripper spits on the floor, turns and leaves. If you do as he says go to **301**; if you do otherwise go to **313**.

127 You sprint for the garden wall. A SR on STR will get you over it before the rabid poodles patrolling the grounds sink their teeth into you and you froth, foam and fester (that is, you die horribly). OK, you could fly over if you have the means. If you



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get over the wall make a SR on CON to see if you kinda crashed into the wall rather than hurdled it a la Ed Moses (look him up – he was a mega-star) go to **58**.

128 After more twists and turns than you'd find in a barrel full of agitated eels a dozen or so water butts are moved aside by the gang to reveal a trap door. Once opened it reveals a rusty iron ladder leading down to a grubby room littered with the remains of drinking and gambling sessions. The leader of the gang offers his hand after spitting on it. Best not to refuse. 'The name's Arfa Daley, innit? Wot's yours, cock?'

After you tell Arfa a bit about yourself he makes you a proposal. 'I bin turned over by this other mob, 'in I? You could be on a nice little earner if you pal up wiv me, see? Wanna do business wiv Uncle Arfa, do you? Bit of wedge in it, son.' He rolls his sleeve up and draws an obviously well used knife. 'Once we're blood bruvvers I'll tell you what you gotta do to make us top dogs in this town.' If you are prepared to become blood brothers with Arfa go to **136**; if you tell him to find some other patsy go to **134**.

129 You have to roll for 'Halla too, of course. His skin takes 100 hits and he regenerates damage at 10 points per minute, no matter how much damage he takes (why last year he had a wizard cast *Hell Bomb Bursts* on his rotten tooth). If you beat him then, fair enough, you get to run away. Take 100 APs and make a SR on the average of INT and LK before going to **132**. If you did not beat him the good news is he was going easy on you. Any damage is just stun damage. If you were stunned you are now unconscious. His finger has magical properties that he could not fully describe but nonetheless serve him well. He scoops you up and takes you off to his 'Underground Den of Amusement' – go to **48**.

130 The war hamsters are duly released. These small furry, cute little mammals are quite nippy and have been trained to home in on particular scents. They haven't eaten since tiffins yesterday and they are ready for a bumper feast. It is your scent that has been hardwired into them. When they reach a target they scurry upwards until they find exposed flesh and they gnaw with gusto. Their teeth have been magically primed to explode when in contact with non-hamster flesh. There are 4d6 war hamsters. To avoid any given hamster you need to make a L0 SR on LK. We shall say that just means avoiding a critical fumble. For each one. If you do roll the dreaded 1, 2 you get a nasty little nibble and a lethal large explosion, which would entail closing the book. Survive and Lord Lawkes has his door guards throw you down quite roughly at the city gates (that would entail going to **1B**).



131 Well now, as trolls go Halla's not the worst at personal hygiene but those boots have kicked many a dirty derriere, especially when he visits Castle Lostreld to practice with his pal Buttbooter the Ogre (see 'The Poisoned Chalice' from Khaghboommm Press). Make a SR on the average of your CON and your LK. This is somewhat crucial as failure means the millions of microscopic bacteria on his boots scamper merrily into your mouth via the red carpet of your tongue and eat you from the inside out. That would mean dying and closing the book. However, if you don't get eaten by tiny single cells beings you have earned 'Halla's forgiveness and he scoops you up and takes you off to his 'Underground Den of Amusement' – go to **48**.



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132 If you made that SR on the average of your INT and LK you are lost. If you failed it you are hopelessly lost. For the former go to **157**; for the latter go to **17**.

133 He sighs and says, 'What is it? I used my deodorant this morning! Oh well, time for Plan B.' Go to **106**.

134 'Who'd Patsy, then?' says Arfa. 'Oh, I see, it's like that, is it? Right boys. Let's play darts, shall we?' The boys are keen to play darts. It is a game they enjoy although they have the disadvantage of not owning a dartboard. Actually, it's not a disadvantage as they have you. They quickly overpower you (there are three more of them than you could handle), tie you up and start their game. They mark some spots on you with permanent yellow paint and add the numbers from 1 to 20 in red. They always play 201 up. Roll 2d6 DARO to see what each dart scores. If the result is greater than 20, consider it a bullseye worth 50 (they marked that on your forehead). Each dart does one point of damage to CON. When they reach 501 the game is over and under the cover of darkness they dump your body at the city gates (go to **1**). If you are still alive take 200 APs.

135 'Alright! Bring it on! It's clobberin' time! Funny thing to say, I know, but I don't feel grim, I feel fantastic!' He seems genuinely happy at the thought of clobbering you. It is a good thing to spread a little happiness as you go through life so take 100 APs and also add 1d6 to your CHR because a watching Wizard-God feels all gooey and touchy-feely about you right now. Go to **105**.

136 Arfa nicks your arm and a bead of blood wells up. Is your immune system up to what's coming? Make a SR on CON. Fail and the answer is an emphatic 'No'. Your arm swells up to balloon size and it is very quickly too much for your heart. It stops, never to start again. **Close the book.** If you made the CON SR, your body is up to the task of repelling the invaders. Now your turn to nick Arfa. If you do as he did go to **140**; if you stab the oily geezer in the heart go to **142**.

137 You lucky! (OK, let's not make that assumption – make a SR on LK and if you fail you develop a migraine because of the stress and your STR is halved for the next 2 paragraphs after this one.) 'Halla calls the kobolds off and takes you on without their help. Take 50 APs because I said so and go to **105**.

138 A rather queasy simian appears at the click of the doctor's fingers. It squats in a Greco-Roman wrestling position, wearing a spandex leotard. Dr. Khwaq cries, 'Seconds out, Round One!' and the baboon leaps at you. There is no running away, no other option – you are in a catchweight contest for the Caerthaeph't Inter-Species Belt. The wrestling is based on the average of your STR, DEX and SPD. The baboon's average is 24. You roll 2d6 DARO and apply to your average, no level bonus for either of you. The match lasts three rounds and you can be tapped out with a forced submission if either of you are beaten by ten or more in one round. Otherwise whoever wins the best of three is the victor, with a sudden death round in the event of a tie after three. Oh yes, the baboon is extremely bilious and if it rolls doubles in any round it vomits copiously without you ever knowing if it stops (that would be an unpleasant way



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to die bit Mr. Creosote is an unpleasant baboon even in baboon society and so you might be glad to **close the book**).

If you lose you get thrown out with the trash and wake up at the city gates (go to **1B**); if you win you avoid the surgery and go straight on to the dinner – the butler escorts you to the brink of the room where the company is assembled and no doubt enjoying a snifter or two (go to **115**).

139 Make a L2 SR on SPD. If you make it after a few desperate sharp turns and frantic scrambles over walls you lose the kobolds. I guess 'Halla is going to teach them a lesson so they will do better next time. By now you are probably lost. Make a SR on the average of your INT and LK and go to **132**. Oh yes, if you failed the SPD SR, the kobold twins, Kuffbert and Kudgel, catch you and knock you down, leaving you to the tender mercies of their boss, 'Halla the Troll. Go to **104**.

140 Make a SR on CON. If you fail then the germs on the knife tip are about to wage war inside you. Make a SR on STR. If you fail that then your body waves the white flag and you go into a coma. Go to **146** if you made either of those SRs you're quite chipper – perky in fact. What doesn't kill you sometimes makes you stronger so add 1d6/2 to both STR and CON.

'Now that we've bonded, you can consider yourself one of us – part of the family, you might say. After some consideration, I'm going to show you the Throne Room. It's not here but we're right by a passage that leads there. It's secret so we're gonna have to blindfold you. That's not a problem, is it? Not afraid of the dark, are you?' If you allow yourself to be blindfolded go to **147**; if you don't fancy secret tunnels in the dark with this crew make a L2 SR on CHR and go to **124**.



141 The two hoods who have ass-napped your donkey and sledge are having problems with the braying donkey – it obviously doesn't like them one iota. 'Wot's wrong wiv the beast, Rodney?' wails the short one in the flat cap. 'I dunno Del!' whines his, weedy partner. 'You're the one 'sposed to be good with asses, you are'. You catch them up easily. Watney's all for giving them a seeing to, his knuckles grazing the pavement as he eyes them up. If you want to wade in fists blazing go to **208**; if you want to yell out to the pair that the game's up and they need to surrender the sledge and get their mitts of your ass go to **211**.

142 Make a SR on SPD and on DEX. If you make them both you are quick enough and accurate in your thrust. The knife plunges in between Arfa's ribs. Go to **120**. If you failed either roll it is Arfa who is too fast or perhaps you are nervous and the blade twists in your hand and fails to penetrate his diamond geezer vest. Go to **122**.

143 They must have stuffed a rag drenched in chloroform over your mouth because when you come round you can see you are not on the streets of Caerthaeph't any longer. You are in an



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old warehouse, piled up with crates and one of your two assailants is sitting an old piano in a corner.

The other, heavily bearded and wearing a check cap at a jaunty angle, is standing in front of you, hands on hips, pouring a glass of stale, cold beer over you. 'Gertcha!' he crows. 'On yer feet, sunshine. Let's 'ave a look at yer. Yer not much, is e' Dave?' Dave bashes out a few bum notes on the piano and replies with a musical lilt, 'Nah, bit of a tosser really. Wotcha gunna do wiv 'im, Chas? Feed 'im to Tik-Tok?' You might well wonder who Tik-Tok is...go to **183** and you will find out!



144 If you failed CHR SR the troll takes exception and charges you. It has MR 100 (11d6 +50). You can flee up the ladder if it is still intact and you make a SR on SPD (you flee to a nasty place if you get away – go to **17**). Otherwise, you're in a life or death fight. If you made the CHR SR the troll introduces himself cordially. 'My name is Trollkien. I've got a ring for you.' You can take the ring (go to **151**) or decline (go to **165**). If you happen to kill Trollkien you can take 100 APs and his money pouch with 20 pieces of Trollgold in it (he had a well paid job and the Trollgold is worth 400 GPs) – go to **149**.

145 As you draw breath, a heavy hand comes down on your shoulder and a hand grips you by the scruff of the neck. "Allo, 'allo, 'allo! What's going on 'ere? You're on my manor and you're nicked, sonny!" The voice is deep and sounds like broken glass. The hand feels as if it could crush nuts by the sack load. You can whirl and attack (go to **201**) or submit to the will of your captor (go to **199**).

146 Arfa and his cronies dump your body at the city gates. A passing Wizard-God takes pity on you because he thinks a few more drops of amusement could be wrung from your near lifeless husk. He sends an angel of mercy to you, an ex-sea captain now pursuing a career of nursing. Florence Fightingwhale sets you on your feet again and, even though you fall over the first

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dozen or so times, eventually you are able to totter off and stay upright. You have your sea legs so you can go to **1B**.

147 You are bundled along down what is a tight fitting tunnel. Make a SR on LK. If you fail take 1d6 'in transit' damage as these boys are pretty clumsy with whatever they are moving. Now go to **126**.

148 Two hard looking geezers are paying off a kid to take your donkey and sledge to their hideout you can see. 'There's a farthing in it fer yer if you get that sledge back in one piece before last orders, Darghh. You can be as mean as you like to that ass, I don't like the look of it!' the bearded geezer is saying. Watney hurls himself at them and misses, smashing head first into a brick wall, knocking a head shaped hole in the wall and himself unconscious. The two hard men give your ass a slap and then advance on you. Do you want to run (go to **167**) or fight (go to **213**).

149 You explore the tunnel and he takes you to a locked door that you just cannot open. You can put that ring on and try again (go to **215**) or you can leave the tunnel (if the ladder is still there) and go though mean streets until you wind up at **17**. If you can't get out because the ladder's gone you can either starve to death here in a tunnel with a dead troll (**close the book**) or put the ring on and open the door (go to **215**).

150 This takes a L3 SR on STR. If you make it go to **152**; if you fail all you can do is pray that he will rein the horses in as the carriage bears down upon your frail and inadequate form - go to **116**.

151 Trollkien gives you the ring which tingles when you put it on. The word 'Precious' reverberates through your skull. The troll turns round and leads you to a door marked 'Stage Entrance'. He opens it and pushes you through before slamming it shut. You hear chortling as the door closes. Go to **215**.



152 You cling on as the carriage screams round a corner on two wheels and breaks all Caerthaeph't speed records as it kicks up clouds of dust and shreds limbs in its maniacal journey. The thief points a finger at you and a mist of spray jets out at you. You could let go of the reins but you'd surely die so you have no choice but to suck it (whatever 'it' is) up. Go to **160**.

153 The first card is 'The Traveller'. 'I see that you are not a native son of this city, that you have journey steadfastly through life's trials to become the man you are today. Your past labours have not been in vain – you would not be where you are now without the triumphs of your yesterdays.' She looks at you and smiles with a warming, entrancing frankness. Well and good, you might think, but she hasn't actually told me anything concrete. True, o prince, but be patient. Go to **161**.

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154 You land next to a very unhappy man with a face which does not hide the agony he is in having just landed, as you to have done, on a Portuguese Man O' War. 'I think I'm about to die!' he cries and you don't have to be a doctor to see he is right when his eyes roll back, his blacked tongue pops out and he spasms backwards and stops moving.

Make a L2 SR on STR to see if you can attract the attention of a passing Wizard-God who will save you and dump you at the city gates (go to **1**) with only 2d6 sting damage. That could still be book closing time which it certainly is if you did not scream loudly enough to attract salvation – ouch!

155 Surely you guessed? Lawkes-a-Lordy! (as they say in these parts) – it's Russian roulette! 'Now this week,' Lord Lawkes proclaims jovially, 'it will be more spiffing fun than ever! Old Lucan was a jolly good sport last week and I know he'd approve. We'll play until two of you have gone to join him. My man servant, Blenkinsop, will provide fresh pistols for every shot. Now I warn, you – he looks at you with steely gaze before relaxing into the smug, supercilious smirk that he perennially wears – no monkey business or Blenkinsop will eliminate you with or without an enema. I shall keep the body count. You can rely on me!' These primitive pistols explode one shot in nine on average. You will go last and a 1, 2 or 1, 3 roll (that is, adding up to 3 or 4 without doubles for the avoidance of egregious cheating!) means that the pistol explodes instead of the freshly filled chamberpots you are all shooting at. If you ever decide to run for it or aim for something different go to **180**; otherwise roll on! If your gun explodes so does your head. If two other guests get blown to smithereens go to **179**.

156 He really is pretty pissed (in an English sense, not an American). 'I'm a little tiddly – sloshed in fact!' he announces with a grand sweeping gesture that sends a blood drip flying. 'You shouldn't be operated on by an inebriated physician!' His false teeth fly out as he says this and he picks them up quickly and puts them back. 'Three second rule, don't worry about germs! Ah, here come my student doctors! There'll have steady hands.' Four clueless looking but well-heeled young people come through the same door the doctor did. They are wearing surgical masks and gowns and flapping their arms excitedly. 'This is Lord Monty de Wally de Honk; this is Lady Money Sterling and that is Lord Snot, who really should not be answering calls of nature in the operating theatre – cut that at once! No! Put that scalpel down, you clot!' When this little difficulty is dealt with and Lord Snot has rather mournfully stopped sawing at the fourth fellow's cummerbund with the aforementioned scalpel Dr. Khwaq introduces the now jumpy fellow as 'Mr. Kendall Mintcake.' You must pick one of the four to perform your cleansing. If you would like it to be Lord Monty go to **166**; for Lady Money Sterling go to **168**; for Lord Snot go to **170**; for Kendall Mintcake go to **172**.

157 You may be lost but you have been lucky and you have not succumbed to panic. Roll 1d6: 1 or 2 means you follow the troll to his Den and make inside, catching him on a good day; 3 or 4 means you stumble across a driver parking his carriage and fiddling with the padlock of a shabby warehouse; 5 or 6 means you manage to sneak into the cellars of a rich mansion where a butler named Blenkinsop is



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discussing roles and responsibilities with a man called Roger. For the first go to **48**; for the second go to **164**; for the third go to **185**.

158 The old crone, who tells you her name is Dolly Dawkins, has a reputation that is not entirely deserved. Some of her apples are very good and then there are others – just a few, mind – that spoil the barrel. What you get is a lottery, frankly. Dolly means no harm, it's just that she has a good tree that bears lots of fruit and an evil one that is less productive. Roll 1d6. 1-4 means you got a good one while 5 or 6 indicates you pulled an evil apple out of the barrel. All Dolly's apples are enchanted: once you touch one you can't help but eat it. The good ones have healing properties, repairing the next 1d6 wounds you receive, regardless of magnitude; the evil ones open up wounds – for the next 1d6 paragraphs you must roll 1d6 and take that much damage as wounds mysteriously open up at random. Dolly's map takes you to a warehouse where a driver is fiddling with a padlock, having parked a carriage. Go to **164**.

159 Beneath the cellars are an uninviting maze of labyrinthine passages. As you follow Blenkinsop you begin to realise that if he were to disappear it is very doubtful that you would be able to find your way out of here in a hurry. Fortunately Lord Lawkes' faithful servant does not move in anything other than a docile plod, looking from time to time over his shoulder to see that you are still behind him. Eventually you come to a glowing door with runes etched into the burnished wood. The runes mean nothing to you except for one: the letter 'K'. The pulses emanating from them leave you in no doubt that magic is at work here. Blenkinsop speaks now, softly but urgently. 'You have been cursed now, just as I have. You must serve the owner of this house as long as he remains within the house. Lord Lawkes has no intention of leaving, I must inform you, until you have passed through this door, accepted the risk within and returned to hear the work he requires you to carry out on his behalf. I shall leave you now. Enter exactly one minute after I have gone. I shall return in one hour to fetch you for your audience with Lord Lawkes.' With that said, Blenkinsop turns and leaves. If you do as he says go to **301**; if you do otherwise go to **313**.

160 When you come round you are sitting on a comfortable high backed chair with your ankles and your wrists tightly bound. The driver stands before you and is taking his cloak and hat off. Once unencumbered, you that 'he' is a she – a most pleasing elven maiden stands before you. She reaches to her thigh and draws a misericord and bends to slit the cord tied about your ankles. Do you want to kick out at her (go to **283**) or wait to see what she will do next (go to **282**)?

161 'I see you demand more and rightly so. You deserve to know your present fate.' Rhiannon rings like a bell through the night and wouldn't you love to love her? With wavering hands tracing mystic patterns above the centre card, she suddenly descends like a falcon seizing a rabbit and flips the card over. It is 'The Pilgrim'. 'Ah, yes. Your loss,' she sighs. 'Your transport has been stolen. No – don't jump up without knowing your future. Perchance the Scales of Fortune will balance out this day. Let us see...' Go to **173** and learn what is in store.

162 The driver takes out a key and undoes the padlock to the warehouse so that the carriage can go inside. Then, once the door is shut and secured again, he takes off his cloak and hat.



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Long, lustrous red locks tumble free and the beautiful face of an elven maiden is revealed. You can watch to see what she does (go to **193**) or you can call out to her (go to **217**).



163 Next you meet a man who will swap a sealed envelope (which he claims contains very valuable information but which he simply can't bring himself to use) for a gold coin, a weapon or even a quick massage. His name, he tells you, is Larry Grayson and he impresses upon you the importance of shutting doors. If you want to take his envelope go to **174**; if you prefer to push on down unknown avenues and burlesque boulevards, well, that's your unalienable right as a free player character in this increasingly PC world we live in (go to **17**).

164 The driver fumbles with a padlock and gets the carriage inside the warehouse. Do you want to try to slip inside before the door is shut again (go to **275**) or do you want to stay outside and maybe try to pick the lock later (go to **290**)?

165 'Suit yourself. It's a nice ring and I wouldn't give it to any codger that came stumbling down a tunnel to meet a troll. Tell you what – take or fight. That's fair, I'd say!' If you want to fight go back to **144** and see it through; if you want to take the ring then go to **151** ; if you want to run away flapping like a chicken go back to **144** and run like the wind!

166 Lord Monty will never make a doctor although his father was, setting the Caerthaeph't all-time record for most healthy patients lost in a waiting room. You need a L2 SR on LK to survive. If you succeed go to **115** for a rest; if you fail you are flung in fairly lifeless form at the city gates – if you make a SR on CON you revive and may continue at **1B**.

167 The geezers start chucking, of all things, shurikens at you. They have a penchant for sushi and sumo too. Make a L2 SR on DEX and you get away un-shurkened to **17**; fail and you get him by either one or two death stars (SR on LK for just one, they get 3d6 each). Die and you **close the book**. Then you have to make a SR on DEX to get away to **17** - again a LK SR or two rather than one shurikens embed themselves in your flesh. After two huzzes of razor sharp steel the geezers give up the game and leave you to it. You can follow them – go to **191** - or pursue the nearest lane away from them – go to **17**.

168 Miss Money Sterling's father is frightfully rich and she has the nicest, dandiest chariot in town (well, she did but it has just been stolen). However, she has no bedside manner that will help you here. You need a L2 SR on LK to survive. If you succeed go to **115** for a rest; if you fail you are flung in fairly lifeless form at the city gates – if you make a SR on CON you revive and may continue at **1B**.



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169 You find the head troll honcho, Halla embroiled in a discussion about the potential value of a transport monopoly here in Caerthaeph't with another troll, clearly male but introduced as 'Susan'. Susan does not seem pleased at the interruption.

'Awww, no!' he slaps his head with thunderous reverberation. 'Now I'll have to start again and I'd never got passed a million before...one, elephant...two, elephant...three, elephant...' Halla shows no sympathy – he needs to maintain a 'tough boss' reputation – and beckons you to go somewhere with him for 'a good time'. Go to **294**.

170 Lord Snot is squeamish and faints at the first sight of blood which is unfortunate as it is your blood. You need a L2 SR on LK to survive. If you succeed go to **115** for a rest; if you fail you are flung in fairly lifeless form at the city gates – if you make a SR on CON you revive and may continue at **1B**.

171 If you will now wait go to **115**; if you would try the door again go to **117**.

172 Mr. Kendall Mintcake just bought both of Caerthaeph't's political parties this morning – he thought there would be plenty of jelly and ice cream. That sort of misjudgement does not qualify him to wield the knife over your supine form. You need a L2 SR on LK to survive. If you succeed go to **115** for a rest; if you fail you are flung in fairly lifeless disfiguration at the city gates – if you make a SR on CON you revive and may continue at **1B**.

173 Make a SR on LK. If you fail, Rhiannon turns over 'The Exterminator', looks at you in horror and drops stone cold dead on the floor. The City Watch is called and you are bundled off to the City Gaol for interrogation. Go to **182**. If you make the SR Rhiannon turns over 'The Hypnotist'. 'So,' she exhales, 'you will have the power! It has been awakened! From this moment on, once each day you will have the power to hypnotise another if you focus aright. Use your ability wisely and you will surely gain dominions and live long in the tales of bards!' With that she blows out her candles and ushers you away. This power works if you make a SR on CHR. Now you may go seek other entertainments in the tavern (go to **100**) or you may leave (go to **231**).

174 Larry's envelope contains an invitation to 'Halla's Den of Amusement'. The card has a luminous, coruscating design that hypnotises anyone seeing it with WIZ less than 1,000 to gleefully accept and scuttle off following the directions on the back. 'Shut that door,' Larry calls out as you motor off in pursuit of amusement. Go to **48**.

176 Watchman Livingstone is not quick to catch on but if you made the INT SR he is very grateful and seems to remember the vowels at least. 'Ah!' he exclaims. Then 'Ee', followed by 'Aye', 'Oh' and 'OO?' Then again they could have been attempts at making conversation. Happy to be able to take off the dunce's hat Stanley makes him wear when he doesn't get off the scholastic starting blocks, Ken gives you a card with an address scribbled on it. 'Shouldn't do this but you've been a pal. Go see Arfa and tell him Newbie sent you. He's a diamond geezer, Arfa.' After a bit too much of Stanley's exotic cooking, you leave. You can follow Ken's tip and go to **181** or you can pick your won way through Caerthaeph't at random (go to **17**). And make a



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CON SR against the tripe and jellied eels combo – fail and you are at half STR for the next five paragraphs.

179 ‘Splendid, simply splendid!’ cries the ecstatic Lord Lawkes. ‘Why, I like this new fellow, he’s quite a card. I say, Blenky, old bean – take him down to the cellars and release Roger! This chap can take his place in our jolly wheeze. He looks much more dashing than old Roger!’ With that ringing endorsement, Blenkinsop will take you to the cellars unless you want to bolt. You can have 150 APs for surviving the game regardless.

If you will allow yourself to be escorted to the cellars go to **185**; if you want to make a break for freedom go to **190**.

180 Blenkinsop takes careful aim and shoots. Make a L3 SR on CON or LK as you prefer. Success means that the concussive shot just knocked you out and your limp body gets dumped at the city gates – go to **1B**.

Fail and your dead. It’s that simple. **That would mean book closing time.**

181 You are admitted to a well dodgy warehouse by a gang of dubious scallies covered with tattoos and body piercings. Their leader is the craftily conniving and cockily charming Arfa Daly. Arfa looks at the card Ken gave to you and claps you on the back noisily. ‘E’s alright, lads. Kennie the Kilt sent ‘im, ‘e did. We need another likely lad now that Wozzer’s gone and swallowed his tongue. Come on, sunshine, give us yer arm and we’ll be blood bruvvers, you and yer Uncle Arfa.’

He gets out a knife that has seen many a misuse, quite clearly. Go to **136**.

182 At the Big House on the Hill, the face of law and order is not remotely interested in some dodgy clairvoyant shuffling off this mortal coil. ‘They’re a dime a dozen!’ he dismissively states. ‘I’ve got a hot potato here – missing vehicles all over town. What do you know? Was it you? Did you see anything? Come and have a look at the crew we’ve just picked up on suspicion’.

Maybe it’s just as well the policeman has other matters at hand. Go to **204**.

183 Tik-Tok proves to be a crocodile which has swallowed a very noisy clock. He is rather befuddled these days because, having spent many a happy year pursuing the fabled pirate Captain Hook, the latter was let off the hook when the crocodile was transported by a drunken Wizard-God to Khaghtch’an two months ago. Chas and Dave have been training him to pursue and bite the legs off rich folks that they can pick their pockets at their leisure. Another cunning plan worthy of many a fine turnip. The cocky pair securely chain your arms and then free your legs so that you can properly test Tik-Tok. They fill your pockets with 50 GPs to rev him up.



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You need to make a SR on SPD and go to **192**.



184 'Release the war hamsters!' the butler yells. A loud voice from deep within the mansion shouts back, 'What was that? Release Roger?' 'NO!' the butler answers hastily. 'He's still got work to do with Thamthon the Thaducee Thtrangler from Thamararia. I said 'Release the war hamsters – and clean the wax out of your ears while you're at it. We are rich enough o have candle holders – we don't need you to insert them aurally!' With that sorted out you may go to play with the war hamsters at **130**.

185 Down in the cobwebbed cellars where all the really good vintages are kept at perfect temperature, Blenkinsop tells a scraggly chap with a straggly beard and unkempt hair that he can go roam freely in the streets of Caerthaeph't as the master no longer requires his services for the caper previously assigned to his care. Roger blinks unbelievably and then runs upstairs squealing happily about crucifixions. Blenkinsop opens the hinged top of a wine cask revealing stairs leading downwards. In he goes, clearly expecting you to follow. You can do just that (go to **159**) or bugger off after Roger (go to **180**).

186 Make a SR on SPD. If you make it you explode out of the mansion, rush across the lawns knocking over croquet hoops (you can have a mallet if you like – it's a 2d6 weapon) and out on to a mean street where mean people lurk. You warily follow two men trudging along, thinking there might be safety in numbers. Better than appearing to be alone anyway. Go to **189**. If you failed the SPD SR the butler shoves you unceremoniously through a doorway as you try to escape through an adjacent window. You have no choice but step into the room beyond. Go to **93**.

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187 The drinks have been teleported in from all over Khaghtch'an and beyond (they are not shipped in because the seas around this continent are filled with krakens): you have a choice of Ogre Advocat, Minotaur Meths, Zombie Sambuca, Vampire Vodka, Wizard Wine, Balrog Bitter, Lamia Lager and many other strange brews (Lord Lawkes likes his liquor to be alliterative). Make the best SR you can on LK. A critical fumble means the drink rots your guts instantly – **close the book**; failing L1 means you make a mess and vomit and are dumped semi-comatose at the city gates (go to **1**); success at L1 means any CON loss is restored; success at L2 allows you to add 1d6 to an attribute of your choice; success at L3 or higher means you add 1d6 to two random attributes. Provided that you could hold your liquor you may now meet his Lordship. Go to **123**.

188 There are no flies on you! Or little bitey devils. You have thwarted Very Painful Death and fully deserve the 200 APs bundled up and coming your way. What next for VPD's conqueror? Well, I don't know the future but I can see two rough looking blokes sizing you up and they probably don't mean to send you to a tailor for a made to measure suit. A box maybe. Go to **189**.

189 Once they are at the opening to an alley on the right with piles of garbage strewn across the road, they turn and come towards you, whistling cheerily as they approach. 'Nice night for a bit of villainy, ain't it Dave?' the first says. 'Your not wrong in your summation, Chas! I fink we got ourselves a playmate,' his shaggily bearded partner in crime nods. Go to **90**.

190 Make a L4 SR on LK. If you succeed you getaway. It's a miracle. Blenkinsop shoots all the other guests trying to pick you off. You have to take the back alleys and it's not much safer out there than it was in here. Go to **17**. If you failed the SR go to **180**.

191 Make a SR on the average of INT, LK and DEX (we'll call that stealth). They don't like being tailed, these two, and they weren't born yesterday. If you make the SR you see that they have spotted you and you can run inside the Eviscerated Nag Tavern (go to **100**) or high tail it back to the city gates (go to **1**) unless you want to let them catch you in which case read on to find out what they do to people who follow them and don't do it very well... If you don't spot them spotting you then you get spotted with their fists which beat out a steady rhythm of pain. So many brain cells are lost that you lose 1 or 2 points of INT (odds or evens). Go to **143**.

192 Did you outpace the ticking saurian? If you did he's quite ticked off now. If not he bites your legs off and you die, played out by honky tonk piano tunes the Keystone Cops would doubtless enjoy cavorting to. **Close the book** if you are now legless – and bloodless. If you made it you must now make a SR on DEX to stay clear off his mashing molars. Fail and you're gone. Succeed and your captors decide to give Tik-Tok a tea break, tossing him a fresh snerg. Then they turn to each other and think about giving you a break. Make a SR on CHR and go to **195**.

193 She moves lithely, as silent as a panther, returning to the carriage to tend to the horses. Without warning she spins and throws a cloud of yellow, bitter smelling powder directly where

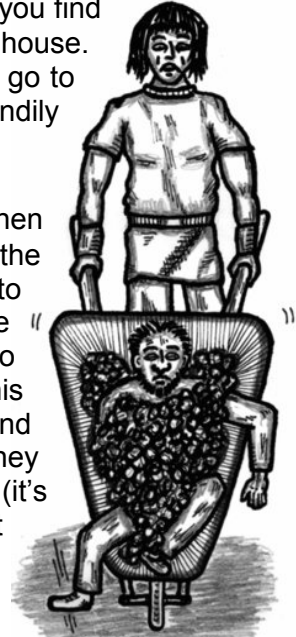


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you are hiding. Make L2 SRs on LK, CON, DEX and SPD. If you make them all go to **277**; if not go to **285**.

194 Make a SR on LK. If you fail the trail takes you to **17**. If you make it you find yourself watching a driver parking a carriage outside a rundown warehouse. There's no sign of your sledge. If you want to investigate the warehouse go to **164**; if you want to make your way back to the city gates which are handily signposted go to **1B**.

195 If you failed they give you a break – your left arm to be precise. Then they put you in a wheelbarrow, cover you with manure and take you to the city gates where they dump you. Take 100 APs, lose 1d6 CON and go to **1B**. If you make the CHR SR they stroke their chins, one stubbly to the extent that the owner of the thumb winces, the other bushily bearded so that the luckier owner is not surprised when he pulls out a plum. This stroking duly done they offer you the chance of joining their gang of second rate chancers. When I say 'offer' I mean of course that they insist. They take you down a stairway they reveal by shifting the crocodile's kennel (it's only sleeping dogs you have to let lie and the crocodile is very honest anyway). Go to **200** where you will hear of their master plan.



196 The butcher's wife, Cruella de Chopper, likes a bit of fun and games now that Woody isn't so keen on hanky panky. She waits for you to come round in her bedroom and then grabs some meat with a crushing grip. The she tells you that you have precisely three seconds (three is as far as she can count when she's been on the ethanol) to jump through her bedroom window. Go to **62**.

197 If you failed you were dropped and what you failed by indicates the number of d6's of damage you must suffer. If the fall killed you let's assume you were impaled on railings and then you can **close the book**. If you failed but did not die (and I am afraid a critical fumble means the railings did more than spike your drinks) you may limp your way through ever unfriendlier streets as the monkey lawman doesn't care for droppings – go to **17** if you fell and live. If you were dropped, Gringling Gibbons gets you safe and sound to the city dungeons where he hands you over to its Warden, Jim Panzee. Go to **202**.

198 When Woody sees what you have done he claps you on the back and kisses you heartily. 'Ding dong, the witch is dead!' he cries and dances on her corpse as she does not yet have a grave. He offers you an equal partnership in the shop. If you accept, take 100 APs and eke out your living in Caerthaeph't, a city of dubious distinction. You may double cross Woody and seek to eliminate him. You would still get the APs but need to make a SR on LK for him not to twig, turn the tables and murder you. He likes a bit of murdering, does Woody. If you get to be sole proprietor of 'Offal Offcuts Butchery' you make enough money to hire some help and so you can go back to **1B** and explore the city so more rather than closing the book.

198A As the sole proprietor of 'Offal Offcuts Butchery' you may either grow fat on the business profits although there may be lean times ahead or you may hire Offal Eddie to mind the shop



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while you go off adventuring. Either **close the book** or go back to **1B**. Either way you gain 100 APs.



199 You have been apprehended by an office of the law who, judging by his arms, must have simian parentage. In fact, Gringling Gibbons was swinging from tree to tree not so long ago, master of vines and creepers, but a capricious and bored Wizard-God gave him a brain and face transplant and set him up with a badge and a job in Caerthaeph't. Now he has to take you to the dungeons, there to wait trial by were-kangaroos, a methodology they have found ensures 99.9% of cases end in conviction. He does not march you but tucks you under one muscular arm and leaps for a flag pole and traverses Caerthaeph't from on high. Make a SR on LK to see if he drops you and go to **197**.

200 'We're going to get rich and you're going to make us rich. You've been cursed and you didn't feel a thing! Come on, we'll show you what you've got to do.' Chas and Dave lead you firmly but not hurtfully along an uninviting maze of labyrinthine passages. As you follow the lads you begin to realise that if they were to disappear it is very doubtful that you would be able to find your way out of here in a hurry. Fortunately they have plans that involve you at the core. Eventually you come to a glowing door with runes etched into the burnished wood. The runes mean nothing to you except for one: the letter 'K'. The pulses emanating from them leave you in no doubt that magic is at work here. Dave speaks now, softly but urgently. 'You've been cursed now, just like I said. You must serve the owner of this house as long as he remains within the house. We own this place and we've got no intention of leaving until you've passed through this door, accepted the risk behind it and returned to hear the work need you to do for us. We're gonna leave you now. Enter exactly one minute after we've gone. We'll come back for you and give you the low down.' With that said, Chas and Dave leave.

If you do as they say go to **301**; if you do otherwise go to **313**.

201 You can read 199 to find out about the creature that nabbed you then read on from here. Gringling Gibbons gets 8d6 plus 35 combat adds and if he rolls two sixes on his combat dice he manages to insert a banana in a random orifice of his opponent. The bananas he carries are explosive – think Hell Bomb Bursts – so they would kill you very messily and you would need to **close the book**. If he knocks your CON down to a value between zero and minus nine, you will be saved by a passing Wizard-God if you make a SR on LK (then you would be dumped, fully healed, at **1B**). If you kill the anthropoid cop you can take 100 APs



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but you need to get away from the crime scene pronto. Racing down mean, dirty streets you emerge at **17**.

202 There's a one in a thousand chance you won't be convicted so Jim doesn't fret none about the squalor of your cell. He scratches under his arm thoughtfully then tells you that you might have to wait a while for your day in court because they ate all the were-kangaroos last week, A Caerthaeph't tradition at this time of year. The he leaves you to play with the rats and to contemplate the bucket in the corner, your only form of entertainment. Fortunately for you an observing Wizard-God decides you don't really belong here and so he teleports you to Khaboom where you may find you are offered a job. Take 150 APs and **close the book**. You will find the job at hand by purchasing '**Jailbait – Hero For Hire**' for \$1.99 at Drive Thru RPG. It is published by **Khaghboommm Press** of course.

203 The uruk on the oche pulls his shot as you approach, hitting the biggest member of the players in the foot. This does not please Hoppy, as his now so aptly named, and he glares at you before demanding that you apologise. Make a SR on INT and go to **222**.

204 Officer Dribble asks you to look carefully at the suspects assembled and say now if you can positively identify any of these suspects as the thief. He tells you that there have been a lot of reports of carriages, carts, wagons and even wheelbarrows disappearing in Caerthaeph't recently and these suspects should be off the street anyway. If you can identify the thief (or claim to) go to **206**; if you say you really didn't see any of those in the line taking your vehicle go to **210**.

205 The wild-eyed gypsy looks up and gazes penetratingly into your eyes as you sit in front of her. She undoes two buttons at the neck of her high laced dress and sprays a musky perfume over her décolletage. 'Show Rhiannon your palm, my beauty,' she croons. 'Ooh, your lifeline is so strong, so good, so promising.' How much will you give her to continue? If it is less than 10 gold go to **226**; if it is between 10 and 50 go to **228**; if it is more than 50 go to **230**.



206 Who are you going to finger? Go to **212** for the witchy woman, go to **214** for the black magic woman, go to **216** for the evil woman or go to **218** for the duck.

207 "The minimum bet is 10 gold,' the dealer barks as you pull up a chair and join the card circle. He has an eye patch, a hook instead of a left hand and there is a parrot on his shoulder. If you want to be dealt in go to **232**; otherwise go to **100** and choose another diversion or leave the tavern. If you leave go to **231**.

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208 Make a SR on CHR. If you fail they're up for a fight – go to **268**; if you make it they meekly surrender – if you accept their hands on heads gesture of submission go to **263**; if you steam in regardless go to **268**.

209 A skeleton pours a shot of absinthe down his gullet, gulps, glugs, gargles and gurgles, before passing the bottle to you. You see on the label that this oft times banned tippie is 113% proof. If you sink your tot of grog like a trooper go to **234**; otherwise go to **100** and choose another diversion or leave the tavern. If you leave go to **231**.

210 The lawman frowns. 'Well,' he says ponderously, 'I'd better ask the duck then. You swap places.' The duck waddles over and eager young constables make sure you stand in the line. 'Quack,' says the duck. 'Really?' says Officer Dribble. 'An insurance fraud, I suppose. Well then, take him away, lads.' The eager constables frog march you into the courtroom where Judge Dreadlocks is presiding. Go to **220**.

211 Del and Rodders immediately leap into the sledge and give your ass a whack. The donkey brays angrily and rockets off down the street. Make a SR on SPD. If you make it go to **271**; if you fail go to **273**.

212 Eagle's eyes lock onto yours and a psychic battle begins. Calculate combat adds on WIZ, INT, LK and CHR. The witchy woman gets 3d6 for these attributes. You both get 2d6 DARO for this magical mental struggle, the difference between the two scores coming off INT (but do not recalculate adds when INT drops). When the battle is over go to **223**.

213 'Don't make us laugh, mate!' says Dave. 'I bleeding 'ate laughing, I do,' says Chas. Then they collapse into chortles of mirth streaked with murder and mutilation. If you still want to fight go to **221** otherwise hop it with rapidity - go to **167**.

214 Santana's eyes lock onto yours and a psychic battle begins. Calculate combat adds on WIZ, INT, LK and CHR. The black magic woman gets 4d6 for these attributes. You both get 2d6 DARO for this magical mental struggle, the difference between the two scores coming off INT (but do not recalculate adds when INT drops).

When the battle is over go to **223**.

215 You find yourself blinded by bright lights and when you finally blink some meaning into your battered eyes you find yourself on a stage before an audience of grinning trolls, drinking heartily and generally making merry. The rough hands that pushed you here command you in an ugly, barbarous accent, thick with anticipation, to 'sing, dance or pull rabbits from anywhere you can'. You realise that it is show time and that you are the main act. You can start performing (go to **272**) or protest, refuse and otherwise risk the ire of the paying customers (go to **276**).

216 Elo's eyes lock onto yours and a psychic battle begins. Calculate combat adds on WIZ, INT, LK and CHR. The evil woman gets 5d6 for these attributes. You both get 2d6 DARO for



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this magical mental struggle, the difference between the two scores coming off INT (but do not recalculate adds when INT drops).

When the battle is over go to **223**.

217 A voice as melodious as the face is entrancing hushes you by placing a finger on her full, rosy lips. 'I knew you were there,' she whispers. 'I was testing to see what you would do. Come in here with me,' she goes on, pointing to the warehouse. 'I've got something I'd like to show you if you've a mind for business.' You can go through the door she is opening again, ask her more questions or seek to overpower her. For the first go to **265**; for the second go to **274**; for the third go to **281**.

218 The duck quacks plaintively. Officer Dribble decides the best thing to do is to tie you both to the ducking stool and see who can stay under the icy water longest. Howard gets 3d6 for CON and you both must make progressively higher CON SRs with failure meaning you pass out, with damage equaling whatever the roll is missed by. When the battle is over go to **224**.

219 If you made the SR on CON these two likely lads give you a nod of grudging respect before they stop mucking about and describe in glorious technicolour the seeing to they're going to give you (go to **321** – as you do if you failed the CON SR except that there are a million stars going super nova before your eyes, there are kettle drums playing in your head and you don't get any respect from Chas, Dave or Aretha).

220 The judge is busy swishing her hair about, knocking over a glass of water and hitting the usher rather stingingly in the teeth. 'Let me see the accused,' Judge Dreadlocks demands in stentorian tones. 'Alas, we have no kangaroos at the moment to make up the jury so we will employ those upright citizens you had lined up outside, Office Dribble.' Dribble fetches the witchy woman, the black magic woman, the evil woman and the duck and sits in the jury box himself. 'Quite right, Officer,' the judge comments. 'We can have a deadlock now can we? Or do I mean dreadlock?' The aroma of herbs is evident in the courtroom as the judge drifts off into a trance. When she stirs she says, 'Obviously this is a hanging offence if the prisoner in the dock is guilty. Let's not beat about the bush – jurors, the evidence is writ plain on the accused's face: make up your minds, innocent – as if! – or guilty? Thumbs up or down, if you please!' Make a SR on CHR for the first juror, the witchy woman, and go to **225**.

221 The two hairy blokes stick their chins out and tell you to take a pop. If you want to take a swing at Dave go to **320**; if you throw a left hook at Chas go to **325**.



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222 If you made the INT SR you know that it is foolish to apologise in such circumstances. Instead you hurl another dart at Hoppy's other foot and get invited to play in the game. Go to **236**. If you failed the INT SR you are not well versed in urukish etiquette and your abject apology sees you pinned to the dart board by two hulking brutes while Hoppy lines you up. Go to **238**.

223 If you INT went to less than minus 10 you are brain dead and you should **close the book** except that you are no longer capable of that. If you lost the psychic combat it is you who is put on trial – go to **220**. If you won take APs to the tune of 50 times the number of dice your opponent got for her attributes. It is the woman who goes on trial and you are given an invitation to dinner at one of Caerthaeph't's most illustrious citizen's gloriously splendid mansion this evening. Go to **115** and enjoy the company of Lord Lawkes and his guests.

224 If you CON went to less than minus 10 you are as dead as the dodo and you should **close the book**. If your CON is between zero and minus 9 inclusive you are revived with a wet kipper and dumped at the city gates – go to **1B**. If you won take APs to the tune of 10 times the duck's CON and you get to eat the duck for lunch. You are given a ticket for a spectacular show at Halla's 'Den of Amusement' this evening. Go to **48** and enjoy the entertainment.

225 Roll 4d6 for the witchy woman's CHR then make her SR. Her name is Eagle you learn. If she makes a higher level than you she gives you the thumbs down. Now go to **227**.

226 Why so ungenerous, good sir? I have a roof to keep over my head and would turn to other, less savoury, means of making ends meet. Will you not increase your donation to my wellbeing?' She bats her heavily mascara'd eyelids and pursues her full, ruby lips appealingly. If you increase the money offered to between 10 and 50 gold go to **228**; if you up the ante to more than 50 go to **230**; if you tell her to be grateful and get on with it go to **240**.

227 Roll 5d6 for the black magic woman's CHR then make her SR. Her name is Santana you learn. If she makes a higher level than you she gives you the thumbs down. Now go to **229**.

228 The Mistress of Future Fate flashes pearly white teeth and rubs her hands together briskly before clicking her fingers in staccato rhythm. Cascading down from the ceiling come paisley backed playing cards, stacking themselves neatly before her. Rhiannon takes them and deals three before you without shuffling them. She points first to the left hand card, then the middle and finally the right. 'This is your past, this your present and this your future.' With a pause, she breathes out purple mist which swirls about you sweetly, obscuring the view of any nosey neighbours. Then with ringed fingers flashing in the candle light and bangles jangling musically, she begins to turn the cards over one by one. Go to **153** and learn what is written in the stars and revealed in the cards.

229 Roll 6d6 for the evil woman's CHR then make her SR. Her name is Elo you learn. If she makes a higher level than you she gives you the thumbs down. Now go to **233**.



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230 'I may not be able to tell your future tomorrow but I can today – you've got more money than sense, you have!' With that shrewd observation the gypsy cries out to everyone else in the tavern that there are rich pickings at her table. Suddenly you could hear a pin drop. All eyes swivel and rest on you, covetously. Do you want to buy everyone in the bar a drink (go to **252**), tough it out and preen and posture (go to **256**) or jump through the nearest window (go to **262**)?



231 Tarnation! Your 'wheels' have gone – not a sign of them. You have three choices: make your way back on foot to the city gates (go to **1B**), wander the ever meaner back passages of Caerthaeph't (go to **17**) or report this theft to an officer of the law who happens to be passing by, cracking an old fellow on the noggin with his truncheon (go to **98**).

232 The One-Eyed Jack's hands move in a blur and cards are spewed out in front of each player. One by one the other players fold, grumbling about walking under ladders, breaking mirrors and being stalked by black cats – a rough smelling minotaur bellows that he can't believe he can be so unlucky as to be dealt five aces, asking 'when, oh, when' will he get some big cards. Make SRs on INT, LK and CHR and go to **242**.

233 Roll 3d6 for the duck's LK then make its SR. It's name is Howard you learn. Now make your SR on LK. If it makes a higher level than you she gives you the thumbs down. Now go to **235**.

234 Make a SR on the average of your WIZ and your CON. If you fail your knees buckle and you begin to fall – go to **246**. If you succeed you find the aperitif most stimulating. The skellies down another shot each and offer another to you. If you think better of it you can leave (go to **231**), go back to the bar and find another pastime (go to **100**) but if you match them in their cups go to **244**.

235 Officer Dribble turns his thumb down quickly. Count up the votes. If the majority are against you go to **237**; if more thumbs were up than down go to **239**.

236 This is the best of nine sets of three darts. Hoppy will take you on – he looks nervous jumping from foot to foot on the oche but it's just the infection growing in his foot where the dart went in. Roll 4d6 for his DEX. Roll 2d6 DARO for him then you nine times, keeping track of the score. The highest after twenty seven darts is the winner. If you win go to **241**; if Hoppy is the better player go to **243**.



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237 Judge Dreadlock dons a black cap and sentences you to death. You are brought before the judge who whacks you on the head with her gavel. Take 1d6 damage. Everything goes black...but you do wake up...at **17**.

238 Hoppy aims for your nose. He's rather irate and that makes him less accurate fortunately for you. You can find his DEX with just 3d6 instead of the normal 4d6. He gets just one shot. If he makes L1 SR on DEX or better he gets your nose and you take 1d6 damage then the uruks let you go with a kick in the pants (go to **100** if you want to spend more time in the tavern or to **231** if you want to leave).

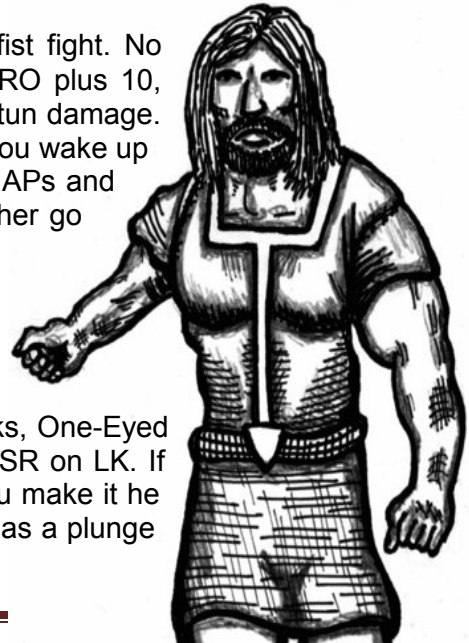
If Hoppy rolls a critical fumble he misses you completely - the uruks laugh and release you. If he misses L1 without a CF then he hits you somewhere else. Go to **245** and find out where.

239 'Pity,' the judge observes icily. 'We'll let you off with a fine then. No, on second thoughts, you can make a will and leave everything to me.' Once the will is signed, the eager young constables take you to the city gates and leave you there. The witchy woman, the black magic woman and the evil woman all blow you kisses as you go. If you make a SR on WIZ for each kiss you gain 1d6/2 to STR, CON and CHR respectively; if you fail, you lose 1d6/2 from those attributes. The duck quacks placidly at you and gives you a knowing wink. It is not a world of its choosing either. Now go to **1B**.

240 Rhiannon looks startled at your brusque manner, rather like a woman taken by the wind. 'Keep your hair on,' she whispers. 'If that's all you think knowing the future is worth go through that curtain and my dear friend, Mystic Meg, will see to you. Off you go, don't dawdle, I've got proper paying customers to attend to. Look! Here come's Fleetwood the Giant now.' Making way for the giant and his inseparable friend Mac, you go to **251**.

241 Hoppy is a sore loser and takes you outside for a fist fight. No weapons allowed, his mates see to that. He gets 2d6 DARO plus 10, you get 2d6 DARO plus your combat adds. All damage is stun damage. If you are beaten unconscious take 1d6 damage to CON – you wake up at **1**; if your punches put him out for the count you get 100 APs and can take his money pouch which has 5d6 GPs within – either go back inside (go to **100**) or leave (go to **231**).

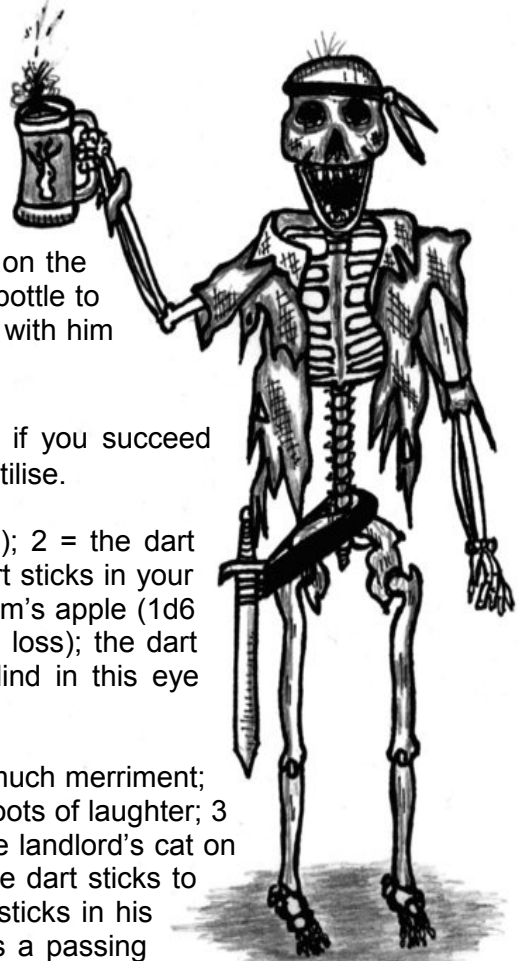
242 There's just you and the dealer left in the game. The minotaur tells you that every night he vows never to play again with a luck-thief but every morning he wakes up unfortunate enough to forget his vow. As the bullman speaks, One-Eyed Jack fingers the throbbing ring in his left ear lobe. Make a SR on LK. If you fail you lose one point of LK and he grins broadly. If you make it he scowls and hawks into an overflowing spittoon that doubles as a plunge pool for the paralytic. Go to **247**.



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243 Hoppy enjoys winning and insists on buying you drinks. He sees the skeletons at the bar downing shots like there's no tomorrow and pays for you to join them. Go to **209**.

244 One of the skeletons pats his tummy and calls out to his friend's for a bottle of the hard stuff. You can see the absinthe cascading down his throat and spiralling through his guts. 'Sure thing, Clavicle – you got it!' His girlfriend hands him a bottle of clear spirit. It smokes when he uncorks it. 'Thanks, Ulna. Don't think the twins should touch this stuff!' The twins, who introduce themselves as Metacarpal and Metatarsal shake their heads and watch Clavicle take a long pull on the bottle. Steam comes out of his ears as he passes the bottle to you. Go to **248** if you will take a drink of the hard stuff with him or go to **250** if you think your guts would fry.



245 Make a SR on LK. If you fail consult **Table A**, if you succeed consult **Table B**. Roll 1d6 when you know the table to utilise.

Table A: 1 = the dart breaks a tooth (1d6 CON loss); 2 = the dart goes through your left ear (1d6 CON loss); 3 = the dart sticks in your cheek (1d6 CON loss); 4 = the dart lodges in your adam's apple (1d6 CON loss); 5 = the dart sticks in your chin (1d6 CON loss); the dart enters your right eye (2d6 CON loss and you are blind in this eye meaning all DEX SRs are now one level higher).

Table B: 1 = the dart hits a barmaid bending over to much merriment; 2 = the dart goes in Hoppy's beer and he drinks it to hoots of laughter; 3 = the dart bounces off a wire on the board and kills the landlord's cat on the rebound and the uruks and you are barred; 4 = the dart sticks to his mucky fingers and when he scratches his head it sticks in his scalp; 5 = the dart passes through a window and hits a passing troll who later on wreaks awful revenge on poor Hoppy; 6 = the dart knocks a diamond earring from the lobe of an ogre's moll and you pocket the diamond, having seen where it ended up (the diamond is worth 100 x 1d6 GPs).

When the fate of the dart has been found you can either find something else to do (go to **100**) or leave if you have been barred or have had enough (go to **231**). Take 100 APs for your trouble.

246 The skellies catch you, bony hands digging into your softly yielding flesh. 'Sorry!' one says chummily. 'It's rough stuff if you're not used to it. My name's Clavicle and these are my friends Ulna, Metacarpal and Metatarsal – those two are twins and she's my lady,' he adds proudly, nodding at Ulna. 'Here's something to wash it down with – Hair of the Dog.' Clavicle hands you a bottle full of a golden, creamy syrup, smiling encouragingly.

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If you want to take his pick-me-up go to **259**; if you decline, politely or rather rudely saying you'll never drink again with a man who's entrails are clearly visible, go to **250**.

247 The dealer asks you if you would like an extra card or if you want to change up to two cards. For the former go to **249**, for the latter write down how many and go to **253**.

248 Make a L2 SR on the average of your WIZ and your CON. If you fail the Hard Stuff hardens in your stomach and it's like having a lump of concrete there – you are seriously constipated now. The skellies feel sorry for you and escort you to the mansion of a rich man they are on good terms with and there they leave you with his resident surgeon, a leprechaun who was thrown out of the Nun earlier tonight for being too much the worse for wear. They are very sorry that the evening has gone sour and hope you will be able to get unblocked soon. Take 100 APs and go to **156**. If you made the combination SR then the *Hard Stuff* scorches your lungs and coats them with dragon vapours, a substance which allows you to breath fire which will extend up to 50' once every hour. The flames will do your level d6 damage plus you combat adds much like a *Blasting Power* spell. However, you must make a SR on CON or you take 2d6 internal conflagration damage.

The skellies love your company and give you a skelly necklace which means skeletonmen will come to your aid if you are in trouble and you make a SR on CHR. Take 100 APs - you can find more entertainment in the Eviscerated Nun at **100**) or to leave – go to **231**.

249 Jack slings you a card that is tatty and dog-eared. Make a L2 SR on LK. If you fail you lose the difference from your LK permanently and Jack grins maliciously. Go to **258**. If you succeed he winces, coughs and tells you it's show time – go to **261**.

250 If you failed a SR on your first drink with the skellies you will find that all sixes become fives for the rest of this solo; if you didn't fail the SR you feel no ill effects. The skellies go back to their drinking, their transparent stomachs uncovered by clothing bloated and distended by excessive binge drinking. There's going to be an eruption soon!

You can find more amusement in the Nun at **100** or you can leave – go to **231**.

251 You emerge into a gloomy chamber with an open coffin on the table. An unmoving, unspeaking woman with very pale skin and black robes lies in the coffin. If you want to kiss her go to **270**; if you want to go back to Rhiannon and protest that her friend Meg is dead go to **254**.

252 This is going to cost you! Shell out 100 GPs and you're very popular indeed at least for a Warholian five minutes. Go to **255** if you have the cash to splash or to **256** if you haven't the means to match your mouth.

253 Jack slings you cards that are tatty and dog-eared. Make a L2 SR on LK if you changed up to two cards, L3 if you changed more.



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If you fail you lose the difference from your LK permanently and Jack grins maliciously. Go to **258**. If you succeed he winces, coughs and tells you it's show time – go to **261**.

254 'No she's not! She's just very tired. She's been working hard lately.' The giant Fleetwood prods you back to where Meg lays, still motionless, with spindly batons he handles deftly. Once he is gone you can either kiss Meg (go to **270**) or go back to Rhiannon and tell her friend is definitely deceased – go to **257**.

255 You now have many, many new friends. If you need allies at some stage in the next twenty four hours you are likely to be glad you bought this popularity. Write down the word 'Whistle'. You can go back to the bar and find more amusement here, you can make your way back to the city gates, you can delve into dark back passages or you can report the theft of your vehicle (it's not there when you look if you had one). For the first go to **100**; for the second go to **1**; for the third go to **17**; for the fourth go to **204**.



256 Suddenly there is a deathly hush throughout the Eviscerated Nun, much as there was when the pub was renamed after the ex-holy woman met her unwanted fate. Your date with destiny is unlikely to be similarly commemorated. Everyone piles in on top of you, flailing way in their rage. Make a SR on the average of your LK and SPD. If you make it you can jump through a window with only 1d6 damage taken. Go to **262**. If you fail you are beaten to a bloody pulp but a Wizard-God disguised as a serving wench takes pity on you. He rescues you and dumps you – for entertainment value – in a rich man's mansion. The rich man has his own physician, Dr. Khwaq, who has spent more time in the Nun tonight than is good for him or his patients. Go to **156**.

257 'I told you she knows about the future,' the gypsy shrieks. 'She's just practising for her own future. We all die one day you know! Now stop interrupting me. I'm hearing about their dreams. Go back to Meg.' Fleetwood drums you back to Meg's parlour once more. Once he is gone you can either kiss Meg (go to **270**) or go back to the gypsy and insist she comes to feel her friend's pulse – go to **260**.

258 There is great interest in the game by now and hulking, knuckle-crunching bouncers are there to make sure you can't leave. Make a SR on LK. If you fail, One-Eyed Jack has a better hand than you do (his other body parts are probably worse) – he has five kings, all with very big swords. Roll 2d6 – this is how much LK you lose and he gains. If your LK is zero or lower a spider falls from the ceiling, someone cries 'Watch out!', you look up open-mouthed, the spider lodges in your windpipe (rent free) and you choke to death in unseemly panic. **Close the book.**

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If you live you are free to find more entertainment in the Nun (got to **100**) or to leave – go to **231**. If you made the LK SR, you have better cards than Jack. He is a bad loser but the bouncers force him to give you his ear-ring.

If you make a L2 SR on WIZ, this magic trinket has the vampiric power to drain 1 point of LK from anyone you make eye contact with – you can only use it three times a day (it can only be used once more today) and your victim has to fail a L1 SR on LK. Jack runs bawling his eyes out to the bathrooms where he slits his wrist (the ear-ring has a L13 curse on it which causes the loser of it to commit suicide). You are now after much back slapping – no one liked Jack - free to find more entertainment in the Nun (got to **100**) or to leave – go to **231**.

259 Make a L2 SR on the average of your WIZ and your CON. If you fail the Hair of the Dog does two things to you: you sprout a tail (which removing will cause a fatal liver and kidney failure) and you become very hairy all over. You are now a were-mutt, not affected by the moon – unchanging in fact – but your attributes as modified (STR x 2, Con x 2, CHR halved as it's not a good look). Strange and terrible what drink can do to you. If you made the combination SR the drink does you no harm and sobers you. You are now immune to the effects of alcohol. The skellies love your company and give you a skelly necklace which means skeletonmen will come to your aid if you are in trouble and you make a SR on CHR. Take 100 APs either way - you can find more entertainment in the Eviscerated Nun at **100**) or to leave – go to **231**.

260 Rhiannon reluctantly steps inside the parlour, followed by Fleetwood and the silent Mac. She feels Meg's pulse and falls the floor crying, 'Murder! Murder! He's killed dear, sweet, innocent Meg, a girl filled with such a zest for life. He's cut her down in her prime and she'll never walk down Lime Street anymore with her friend Maggie!' Fleetwood knocks you out with an oversize drumstick and he and Mac cart you off to the police station. When you come to it looks as if you could be going down for a big bowl of porridge. Go to **182**.

261 You see that Jack has, of course, been cheating. You can call him on this – go to **267** – or you can let it pass, perhaps assuming he has friends and influence here – go to **258**.

262 There are two things outside the window: a water trough and a man-trap the landlord leave here to stop people sneaking in and bypassing the bouncers. Make a SR on LK. If you succeed go to **264**; if you fail you land on the trap and set it off, taking 6d6 damage (it is a trap designed to deal with ogres and trolls). If you do here **close the book**, if you live – albeit in great pain - a passing Wizard-God disguised as a naughty nurse takes pity on you. He rescues you and dumps you – for entertainment value – in a rich man's mansion. The rich man has his own physician, Dr. Khwaq, who has spent more time in the Nun tonight than is good for him or his patients. Go to **156**.

263 'It's a fair cop, Guv,' the short one says, spreading his hands wide and grinning in what he hopes is an endearing fashion. 'Forget about your ass. We got something much more interesting to show you if you know what I mean.' If you want to go take a look at what the Trotters have to show you go to **278**; if you want to call for the City Watch and dob them in go to **75**.



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264 The water trough is not for horses but is another trap to stop unwanted punters getting back into the Eviscerated Nun after the bouncers bounce them out. There is a spell on the water that freezes it solid but it won't be triggered if you make a SR on WIZ.

Fail and you both drown and freeze to death (book shutting time!); succeed and a passing Wizard-God disguised as a pantomime horse takes pity on you. He rescues you and dumps you – for entertainment value – in a rich man's mansion. The rich man has his own physician, Dr. Khwaq, who has spent more time in the Nun tonight than is good for him or his patients. Go to **156**.

265 You might be here because you chose to come or you might have been a captive. You might be here with limbs unbound or you might be trussed up like a turkey. Adrienne has decided you are that you are worth considering for a speculative joint venture and so the captivating elf, criminal mastermind that she is, makes sure that you are comfortable and opens a book with recent reports scrawled inside, in a variety of ill-trained scripts. These reports detail thefts of all types of vehicles ranging from hansom cabs to children's scooters from all parts of Caerthaeph't. 'See, my champion,' she says softly. 'Something is afoot, something unlawful. If there are ill-gotten gains to be made in this town, I want the lion's share. I will make you a 33% partner if you will go through that door behind me.' She clicks her fingers and a door magically appears. It glows with runes etched into the burnished wood. The runes mean nothing to you except for one: the letter 'K'. The pulses emanating from them leave you in no doubt that magic is at work here. Adrienne speaks again, still softly but urgently. 'You've been cursed now, just by seeing that door. You must serve the owner of this warehouse as long as she remains within its walls. I own this place and I have got no intention of leaving, until you've passed through this door, accepted the risk behind it and returned to hear the work I need you to do for me. I am going to leave you now. Enter exactly one minute after I have gone. I will come back for you and give you the details of my plan.' With that said, Adrienne turns and moves away towards the darker part of the room. You decide - if you do as she says go to **301**; if you do otherwise go to **313**.

266 'Excellent, splendid, quite splendid. A good egg and a jolly good fellow, I say. Well then, I shall allot you one fifth of the proceeds of this endeavour. You will need to move quickly. I will have my minions work in tandem with you – together but separate for, should you fail, you shall not sully my good name. My family's crest and motto shall be untarnished, I tell you!' His eyes seem bloodshot and spittle flies from his lips as he pounds his fists on Blenkinsop's upturned cheeks. 'Soon enough the cry of 'Lawkes-a-Lordy' shall be everyone's watchword in this city! Bring every means of transport you can lay your hands back here – there's no shortage of space for storage.' Now go to **292** and set about your part in the Great Caerthaeph't Carriage & Cart Caper.

267 Jack looks daggers at you and tries to stare into your eyes but the minotaur bumps into him with a drunken lurch and the contact is quickly broken. Make a SR on CHR. If you make it the bouncers show how tired everyone is of Jack by picking him up and ramming him head first into an already full (no flush here) dunny. You are feted and can scoop the pot of 1d6 x 100 GPs and take 100 APs. Now you may go find more fun in the Nun (go to **100**) or leave (go to **231**). If you failed the CHR SR, apparently the folk here like you even less than Jack. He stares intently



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into your eyes and drains your LK to zero. Ecstatic with his luck boost, he has his friends (well, the men he pays a gold piece each to) to escort you to the city gates. Take 200 APs and go lucklessly to **1B**.

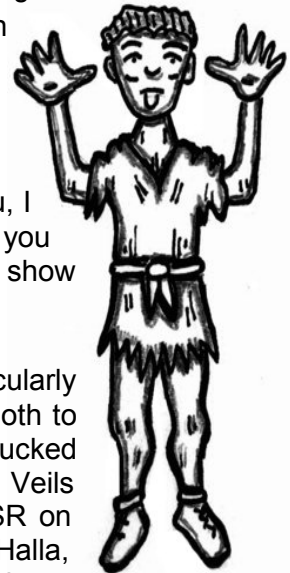
268 They're no much chop really at fighting. Watney has sledgehammer fists and gets 4d6 +16 barehanded. The Trotters get 1d6 +5 each and have CONs of 12 and 14 respectively. If you do not kill them in the first round of fighting you had been run because a mob of their mates will come to their whistle. Run to **17**. If you kill them make a SR on LK. Fail and the law comes – go to **280**; succeed and you are free to go back to the city gates (go to **1**), have a drink at the Eviscerated Nun (go to **100**) or explore dark alleys and unsanitary back passages (go to **17**).

269 Make a SR on LK. If you fail the ladder sprouts teeth and bites you wherever it can reach, causing 1d6 damage for every point you missed the SR by – armour does help. If you are bitten to death by a ladder **close the book**. If you get to the bottom alive you see a tunnel with a troll at the end of it. Make a SR on CHR and go to **144**.

270 Make a SR on the average of your WIZ and LK. If you fail you get a nasty reputation for necrophilia but will always be able to make mummies, zombies and the like feel like you're the sort of guy who would understand how it is from their side of the tracks and they won't willingly harm you – you do get barred from the tavern but you are free to go (on foot as any transport you had is long gone) to the city gates (go to **1**) or you can roam the less civilised streets (go to **17**), taking 100 APs for your adventures to date. If you made the SR combo then there is magic in the air – you are metamorphosed into a Froglet, a humanoid frog. You can breathe underwater, swim three times as fast as before, jump as if your STR was tripled and it is almost impossible for anyone to take hold of your naked skin as you are so slimy. Your CON is also doubled. Who says fairy tales aren't true? And Mystic Meg? Sorry, she's no princess waiting to be woken, just a corpse left there as part of a scam. You can take 100 APs and either go to the city gates on foot as any transport you had has been nicked (go to **1B**) or you can explore the nether regions of Caerthaeph't (go to **17**). You were spotted kissing the corpse and are barred from the tavern.

271 'Leggo! Geroff!' squeals one of the Trotter boys. 'Wot we dun to you, I arsk yer!' pleads the lanky one. 'Look, don't 'urt us and we'll show you something special. Wot d'yer say?' If you want to see what they have to show you go to **278**; if you want to beat them to a pulp go to **268**.

272 Fortunately, trolls are easily amused. You could be particularly unappealing and unfortunate at the same time but it would have to be both to displease this mob tonight because they are in their happy place having tucked into dwarf sausages and seen a Medusa strip in the Dance of the Seven Veils (this made them stoned and very mellow as well as happy). Make a SR on both LK and CHR. If you fail both the troll boss, a cheery tyro named Halla, has a special way of turning a bad ass act to his advantage within one minute of the jeering starting – go to **313**; if you make even one of those rolls, they love you and you



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are pelted with rose bushes in appreciation (take 1d6 damage unless you can make a SR on DEX and then go to **169** as Trollkien takes you off to wild applause to meet Halla).

273 The donkey puts on a burst of speed and your sledge and your ass are now owned by the Trotters. Del and Rodney turn to grin and wave, throwing grenades as a parting gesture. Make a SR on LK. If you make it there's only one grenade going for each of you and Watney, fail and you can double the trouble. It takes a SR on DEX to dodge the first bomb, a SR one level higher to dodge the second if there is one. You need to roll 3d6 to find Watney's DEX (and for his CON). The grenades do 2d6 damage each (armour protects) but doubles means a leg is blown off. If you die here **close the book**. If you live you may go back to the city gates (**1**) or explore nasty smelling back passages where not even donkeys go (**17**). You may be limping. If you lost a leg a passing Wizard-God gives you a wooden leg and a crutch and heals your CON but your SPD is now just 1d6 as is your DEX for acts of agility that require the use of legs. If you did lose a leg you can have 200 APs to boot (!).

274 'There is no time you fool! I gave you a clear run at fortune and fame and you have spurned it!' Like a tiger she leaps closer to you and throws a cloud of yellow, bitter smelling powder directly where you are hiding. Make L2 SRs on LK, CON, DEX and SPD. If you make them all go to **277**; if not go to **285**.

275 As you slip into the building a hand suddenly jams your arm tightly into a hammerlock behind your back while another grips your larynx. A woman's eyes, twinkling yet backed with steel, smile at you, boring into your thoughts it seems. Go to **217**.

276 That's not smart when you're in this sort of company and all eyes are upon you. The troll boss, a cheery tyro named Halla, has a special way of turning a bad ass no-performer to his advantage within one minute of the jeering starting – go to **313** unless you have a change of heart and decide that cavorting and frolicking like a lead-footed ballerina would be the wiser option (go to **272**).

277 'You are good, very good! I am Adrienne and I give you a choice: accompany me and hear my proposition or leave this city forever!' If you want to hear what Adrienne has to say go to **265**; if you decide it better to leave Caerthaeph't go to **287**; if you seek to overpower her go to **281**.

278 'You going to show 'im the hot seats, Del?' asks the tall streaky one as you are towed through dingy, dirty back streets. 'Well, yeah, I am, Rodders. He looks like he could do with taking the weight of his plates of meat. Gotta find out what they do somehow before some other criminal gets a leg up on the Trotter Brothers, ain't we?' You arrive at a particularly foul smelling public convenience and Del lifts up a manhole cover revealing a rusty ladder going down into darkness. 'After you, squire,' he prompts. You can clear off by sprinting down a desolate alley (go to **17**) or you can descend into the unknown (go to **290**).

279 Susan is rather upset at this rejection (he has been jilted more than once at the altar so is a little tender at times). He begins to sob plaintively until Halla comes to find out what has upset



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him. 'Just you wait a minute!' Halla says, stabbing a finger in your chest rather hurtfully (1d6 damage in fact). Go to **313**.

280 'Errrr....gotta go!' Watney yells as he disappears down a lane. 'I've framed, I've been set up, I'm out of here!' And with that he is gone. You can get on your bike and vamoose or you can answer the officer's questions.

For the former make a SR on SPD and go to **284**; for the latter go to **286**.

281 Roll your combat dice and take your personal adds. If you want to try a stunt you can – make a DEX SR if its that sort of stunt or perhaps SPD or at a stretch STR. Adrienne, known as the Eel, is a slippery and dangerous opponent. She gets just 1d6 for her bare hands but 150 personal adds. If you failed a stunt SR these are doubled. Roll 1d6 to see the level you needed to halve her adds. If you kill her, you upset a watching Wizard-God who was understandably rather partial to the lustrous elf – he dumps you unceremoniously at the city gates and revives her with a deft touch of his power rod (you go to **1B** and take 300 APs).

If she kills you, **close the book**. If she wins the first round but does not kill you she knocks you out, heals all injuries and tries to shake some sense into you. When you regain consciousness she is talking with intense purpose – take 200 APs and go to **265**.

282 Your disadvantage is too great given her heightened senses and military training. She easily evades your foot, slaps you lightly on both cheeks and laughs. Go to **277**.

283 She reaches down and strokes your cheek lightly and clicks her tongue. 'I think you might be better alive than dead. What do you think? We're not going to argue about that now, are we? Listen carefully as I won't repeat this and I should of course deny I ever said it if it comes to that...' She stands back and watches you for a moment and then begins to speak again. Go to **265**.

284 If you made it you escape the not so long arm of the law after a long chase in which you end up back at the city gates (go to **1B**); if you failed the officer feels oddly motivated about his policing duties today, catches up with you and bangs you on the head with his magically-charged knock out truncheon. You are duly knocked out and carried off to the station by an old man pushing a wheelbarrow under the supervision of the triumphant Watchman. There you find yourself accused of the murder of a fortune teller – well, they get paid for solving crimes not for finding the person who actually did it. Go to **182**.

285 Adrienne was too alert, too quick, too prepared for your deception (you could always try Strangebrew!). You roll off the top of the carriage and hit the ground with a hearty thump, breaking a rib or two. STR SRs are one level higher for the rest of your time in Caerthaeph't and your unconscious form takes 1d6 damage. Go to **160**.



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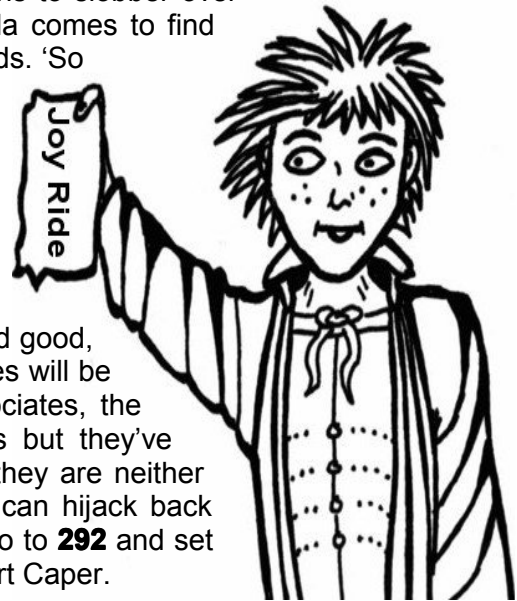
286 ‘You’re nicked, sunshine!’ the Watchman says gleefully as he collars you. ‘Say, you look like that bloke wot dun in the fortune teller! At least, you look like the shape in the tea leaves at the bottom of my cup. There’ll be a promotion for me if I bring you in, you murdering villain, you!’

With excitement he clouts you on the head with his special magically-charged truncheon and has you carted off to the station for interrogation. Go to **331**.

287 How sad to see you go before the fun really gets started. Oh well, bon voyage.

Take 200 APs for your endeavours and don’t think too long on what might have been with the delightful Adrienne.

288 Susan is visibly elated at your acceptance of one such as he (he has been jilted more than once at the altar so is a little tender at times). He begins to slobber over you until begin to resemble a swamp. Fortunately Halla comes to find out what has caused him to blubber like a whale’s innards. ‘So we can count on you, great!’ Halla says, swabbing you dry with a particularly crusty handkerchief. ‘Come down to my special place and I’ll show you a good time.’ He grins in a spectacularly ugly fashion. Go to **294**.



289 ‘As I said, I will give you a one third share – we need not quibble about decimal roundings unless you are a mathematician rather than an adventurer. Well and good, you will need to move quickly. I will do my share but eyes will be upon me. I will distract our adversaries with my associates, the Trotters. Del and Rodney may appear to be clueless but they’ve never had to do a day’s honest work in their lives so they are neither fools nor horses. Bring every means of transport you can hijack back here – there’s no shortage of space for storage.’ Now go to **292** and set about your part in the Great Caerthaeph’t Carriage & Cart Caper.

290 Maybe you use a lock pick, maybe you don’t. Make a L2 SR on INT and on LK. If you make both go to **295**; if you don’t then go to **299**.

291 The door glows with runes etched into the burnished wood. The runes mean nothing to you except for one: the letter ‘K’. The pulses emanating from them leave you in no doubt that magic is at work here.

Halla speaks again, quietly but urgently. ‘You’ve been cursed now, just by seeing that door. You must serve the owner of the Den as long as he remains within its walls. I own this place and I’ve got no intention of leaving, until you’ve passed through this door, accepted the risk behind it and returned to hear the work I need you to do for me. I’m going to leave you now. Enter exactly one minute after I’ve gone. I will come back for you and give you the details of my plan.’



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With that said, Halla turns and moves away up the staircase.

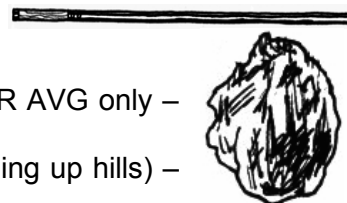
If you do as he says go to **301**; if you do otherwise go to **313**.



292 The different types of transport to be found on the streets of Caerthaeph't can be divided into the following types with the saving rolls needed for a successful heist in brackets afterwards along with the number to be found on the streets of the unsuspecting city and the Joy Ride points value (JRP) of each type:

Caerthaeph't Car Theft Table

- A. **Armoured carriages with armed escorts drawn by a team of six horses** – 50 (L3 AVG plus L2 INT – JRP 50)
- B. **Cushioned-suspension hand carved carriages** – 50 (L2 AVG plus L2 DEX – JRP 30)
- C. **Military-style chariots** – 50 (L2 AVG plus L2 SPD – JRP 30)
- D. **Covered wagons** – 100 (SR AVG plus SR LK – JRP 10)
- E. **Pony and trap** – 100 (SR AVG plus SR DEX – JRP 7)
- F. **Donkey and cart** – 200 (SR AVG plus SR SPD – JRP 5)
- G. **Slave-pulled rickshaw** – 100 (SR AVG plus L2 LK) – JRP 2
- H. **Hand cart or wheelbarrow** – 200 (SR AVG only – JRP 1)
- I. **Children's scooters and penny farthing bicycles** – 200 (SR AVG only – JRP 1/2)
- J. **Vaguely round rock with stick to roll it along** (not good going up hills) – 100 (SR AVG only – JRP 1/10)



(There is a score chart at the very end of this book which will help you keep track of things.)

You should make a note of this paragraph number as you will need to consult the table again. Now go to **300** (that's **328** when you've finished all your dice rolling here).

293 'You done yourself a service there, squire!' Arfa says gleefully, rubbing his greasy palms together 'You can have a quarter of whatever we make on this rort. Get your skates on! My boys'll snatch whatever they can and we'll have this job stitched up in no time, see if we don't!'



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Bring every means of transport you can lay your hands back here – there's no shortage of space for storage – I got a old abattoir we can lay 'em up in.' Now go to **292** and set about your part in the Great Caerthaeph't Carriage & Cart Caper.

294 The good time Halla has in mind does not include the now petulant Susan. After descending a spiral staircase at the back of the gents, Halla wiggles his little finger rhythmically and a door lights up. 'Now that's your door, that is,' he states flatly. Go to **291**.

295 Just as well you had your wits about you and luck on your side – that lock was set to blow if you hadn't stop just when you did. Instead the door opens and a beautiful, elegant and intense elf woman draws you inside with a strong and supple arm. She speaks to you in an alluring voice. Go to **277**.

296 'Glad that's sorted. We're in business! You can have two fifths of whatever we make on this malarkey. You must move quickly. My patrol of trolls who have fathered offspring will take control of this city and make it easy for you to nab anything with wheels or runners! Bring every means of transport you can lay your hands back here – there's no shortage of space for storage in the Den.' Now go to **292** and set about your part in the Great Caerthaeph't Carriage & Cart Caper.

297 In through the out door to claim your date with destiny... If you came here from Lord Lawkes go to **304**; if you came here from Adrienne go to **306**; if you came here from Arfa go to **308**; if you came here from Halla's Den of Amusement go to **310**; if you came here from Chas and Dave go to **312**.

298 'Good move, son!' Chas says, snorting loudly as Dave claps you on the back, forgetting he has a meat pie in his hand. 'We'll give you half – that's fair! That's a quarter as there's two of us and only one of you and anyway we're bigger'n you. Pull you finger out! We'll go ahead and distract drivers and carters so you can thiefe their transport! Bring every thing you can shift back here – there's no shortage of space for storage – we use the catacombs for hiding other people's 'lost' property.' Now go to **292** and set about your part in the Great Caerthaeph't Carriage & Cart Caper.

299 Everything goes red. There is intense heat. Then everything goes white. There is intense pain. Then everything goes black. You have been exploded to death.
Close the book.

300 AVG SRs are made on the average of all eight prime attributes so you will need to total them and divide by eight, rounding up to the nearest whole number. Start with rock and stick and decide if you want to steal any of these then work your way up the list until you get to those fine luxury carriages employed by the rich and famous. You don't have to go for any of a type if you so decide –



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simply move on to the next type of transport you wish to try hijacking. If you make a SR you gain 1d6% of the total up for theft; if you fail a SR you may well be apprehended and you must consult the appropriate paragraph to see if you manage to get away to thief some more (you go to **311** if you get spotted). Now go to **318**.

301 The door shuts with a sound that communicates more clearly than mere words ever could that it is not a door you will be able to open again by yourself. As that realisation permeates your mind, you see an ancient creature standing in front of three sparking, luminescent high backed thrones. The wizard –for such he must be, garbed in robes of Kraken hide and carrying a gnarled staff with a silver kraken head atop - is almost as tall as a troll but as slender as an elf. It is not often that he wears his natural form and yours is a rare experience in this millennia upon Trollworld. He speaks in a cracked, rasping voice, at once both guttural and melodic. 'Do not trifle with me and I will not harm you. You must choose: will you gamble everything or will you gamble part of the whole? Speak now: I am too old a relic for patience!' Go to **305** if you will risk all; go to if you will risk less **309**.

302 Now you need to roll for the other criminal organisations of Caerthaeph't. You teamed up with Arfa Daly (a little dodgy, maybe, but underneath – he's alright, is Arfa). Most of his thieving is done for him by his minder, Terry, who's a bit tasty with his fists, is young Terrence. Enough of that though – roll for the others in this order: 1) Halla (he's a heavyweight troll who runs 'The Den of Amusement') 2) Adrienne (she's an elven enchantress and mistress of disguise) 3) Lord Lawkes (he's an upper class twat, truth me told, but he's got a title, an opulent mansion, servants galore and an overdraft that is hurricane force) 5) Chas and Dave (two crafty cockneys with a penchant for strumming and knocking a tune out on the old joanna). They roll 2d6 DARO for each class of transport with a critical 1-2 fumble putting them behind bars. If you exhaust the supply of a particular mode of transport then those to follow just miss out. When you have calculated the JRPs for each gang go to **330** if you and Arfa came out on top or to **329** if you slipped off the pace.

303 The trelf smiles thinly. 'I cannot wish you well but I do not wish you ill. Choose one of the three Thrones of Chaos and take your place in the cosmic dance. I cannot advise you which one you should take but I advise you not to deviate nor to dawdle. My brother will know when a seat is sat upon and a seat sat upon is enough to unseat even the most experienced of riders. Be seated!' He bangs his staff upon the floor of the chamber and you are plunged into a terrible darkness that neither flame nor magic can penetrate. (If you have played before then you must roll 1d6 to decide where to go next – 1&2 = left; 3&4 = centre; 5&6 = right.) If you grope your way to sit in the left hand throne go to **315**; if you elect for the centre go to **317**; if you prefer the right hand throne go to **319**; if dawdle or deviate go to **323**.

304 'Good – you're alive. His Lordship was worried. To be truthful, he would have tried that himself or got one of his staff to do it but an oracle said that if he made any such attempt on the Thrones of Chaos he would lose all his fortune and become a leper...I shudder to think of it! Now to business – I must take you to Lord Lawkes.' Blenkinsop leads you to his master's study where the eager aristocrat hands you a ring. 'Put it on...I cannot for it is cursed - but now that you have sat on a Throne of Chaos the Wizard-God watching over this city will not touch you. I have been offered a contract, a lucrative contract – a monopoly, in fact. All I have to do – all! –



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is strip Caerthaeph't bear of all means of transport...' Here Lord Lawkes spreads his hands wide to signal the enormity of the task. '...so that hostile powers can lay siege and starve the authorities into surrender. It is a ragtail collection of mercenaries of all kindreds that seeks the keys to the city but the bogwoppit in the chair of command is sure and swift and without mercy.

The Mayor will yield if there is no means of feeding the people of reinforcing the soldiery and the wizards of the Guild. All we have to do – you and I – is secure possession of the greatest share of Caerthaeph't's transport before the twin moons meet over the city – tomorrow night! We must work fast!' If you are ready to share in the spoils and accept the risks go to **266**; if you want nothing to do with such a dastardly plot it will take the insulted nobleman a minute to take this in - go to **313**.

305 The trelf smiles thinly. 'I cannot wish you well but I do not wish you ill. Choose one of the three Thrones of Chaos and take your place in the cosmic dance. I cannot advise you which one you should take but I advise you not to deviate nor to dawdle. My brother will know when a seat is sat upon and a seat sat upon is enough to unseat even the most experienced of riders. Be seated!' He bangs his staff upon the floor of the chamber and you are plunged into a terrible darkness that neither flame nor magic can penetrate. (If you have played before then you must roll 1d6 to decide where to go next – 1&2 = left; 3&4 = centre; 5&6 = right.) If you grope your way to sit in the left hand throne go to **315**; if you elect for the centre go to **317**; if you prefer the right hand throne go to **319**; if dawdle or deviate go to **323**.

306 'Good – you're alive. I was worried. To be honest, I would have tried that myself but an oracle said that if I were to try the Thrones of Chaos I would emerge half the person I was...not for me, thank you very much! Now to business.' Adrienne hands you a ring.

'Put it on...I cannot for it is cursed - but now that you have sat on a

Throne of Chaos the Wizard-God watching over this city will not touch you. I have been offered a contract, a lucrative contract – a monopoly, in fact. All I have to do – all! – is strip Caerthaeph't bear of all means of transport...' Here Adrienne spreads her hands wide to signal the enormity of the task. '...so that hostile powers can lay siege and starve the authorities into surrender. It is a ragtail collection of mercenaries of all kindreds that seeks the keys to the city but the bogwoppit in the chair of command is sure and swift and without mercy.

The Mayor will yield if there is no means of feeding the people of reinforcing the soldiery and the wizards of the Guild. All we have to do – you and I – is secure possession of the greatest share of Caerthaeph't's transport before the twin moons meet over the city – tomorrow night! We must work fast!' If you are ready to share

in the spoils and accept the risks go to **289**; if you want nothing to do with such a dastardly plot it will take the pouting Adrienne a minute to take this in - go to **313**.



307 The ancient trelf totters across to you on unsteady feet and extends a liver-spotted hand to raise you from the throne. As you watch, you see years slough from his flesh, his bones seeming to straighten. Alarming intelligence gleams in those moments-ago milky eyes. 'Quite a

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tonic my brother arranged for me – and thanks to you too. Now I must return the favour to Khaghboommm so that the madness that rules his heart recedes just as the shackles placed by the Arch Demon on my will have been broken. I think we may meet again, my young accomplice but it is for you to make that pathway through chaos actualise.

Farewell! You must go through that door now because the Arch Demon will radiate this chamber with lethal khremm in scant seconds.’ Khaghtch’an blinks out of view on this plane. Your last glimpse of his eyes reveals a determination for retribution. Not such a good time to be an Arch Demon, perhaps. You may either pass through the glowing, shimmering door (go to **297**) or you may wait to be irradiated (go to **314**).

308 ‘Gordon Bennett! – you’re alive. I never thought I’d be seeing you again! To be honest, I would’ve given it a whirl meself but this old crone did the mystical spiel gig and claimed the Thrones of Chaos would halve my unmentionables...fair gave me the shivers, she did! Now let’s talk turkey.’ Arfa hands you a ring. ‘Put it on...I can’t – the bleedin’ thing is cursed - but not for you that you been and sat on a Throne of Chaos. The Wizard-God what watches over this city won’t lay a finger on you now, ‘e won’t. I been offered a contract, see - a doosie of a contract, a monopoly, no less. All I got to do – all! – is strip Caerthaeph’t bear of all means of transport...’ Here Arfa spreads his hands wide to signal the enormity of the task. ‘...so that hostile powers can put a knife to the throat of them that are in charge and make ‘em surrender. A ragtail mob of mercenaries of all kindreds they are what wants to run this joint but the bogwoppit that is the big cheese is as ‘ard as nails and twice as sharp. His nibs the Mayor will kiss his backside if ‘e can’t get no more grub and there’s no way ‘e can ‘ire ‘eavies and wizards. All we have to do – you and me, pal – is make sure we get more of Caerthaeph’t’s transport than all the other villains before the twin moons meet over the city – tomorrow night! No time to waste, we gotta get crackin!’ If you are ready to share in the spoils and accept the risks go to **293**; if you want nothing to do with such a dastardly plot it will take the effing and blinding Arfa a minute to take this in - go to **313**.

309 ‘Very well! Hedge your bets and retain something of yourself no matter what. Tell me what you will stake against your future prosperity – be it strength, constitution, speed or dexterity; be it intelligence, wizardry, luck or charisma. You may tell me no more than five and no less than three for I will remember no more and make up for less.’ Write down between three and five prime attributes – for these are what you are gambling - and go to **303**.

310 ‘Good – you’re alive! I was worried about you, my little friend. To be honest, I would have tried that myself but a prophet once said that if I ever tried the Thrones of Chaos I would emerge half the troll I was...not for me, not this side of Trollhalla! Now it’s cards on the tables time.’ Halla hands you a ring. ‘Put it on...I can’t because it’s cursed – but now that you’ve sat on a Throne of Chaos the Wizard-God watching over this city won’t touch you. I’ve been offered a contract, a fat, juicy contract – a monopoly, in fact. All I have to do – all! – is strip Caerthaeph’t bear of all means of transport...’

Here Halla spreads his hands wide to signal the enormity of the task. ‘...so that hostile powers can lay siege and starve the Mayor into surrender. It’s a ragtail collection of mercenaries of all kindreds that wants power but their bogwoppit leader is smart, mean and without mercy. The Mayor will yield if he can’t feed the people and can’t hire mercenary soldiers and wizards. All we



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have to do – you and I – is to grab the greatest share of Caerthaeph't's transport before the twin moons meet over the city – that's tomorrow night! We must work fast! If you're ready to share in the loot and take the risks go to **296**; if you want nothing to do with such a dastardly plot it will take the gobsmacked Halla a minute to take this in - go to **313**.

311 The first time you fail you need to make a SR on SPD to get away; the second time you need to make a L3 SR on LK to elude angry transport owners intent, understandably, on fracturing your cranium; the third time you need to make a L2 SR on LK, L4 on DEX and L6 on LK. On fourth and subsequent failures you need to throw 10 or higher on 2d6, no DARO, as people are used to your clumsy attempts at hijacking and there are wanted posters all over Caerthaeph't with your handsome features well depicted. If you get away after failure go back to the paragraph that brought you here and take 100 APs; if you are nabbed, you get stripped and soundly beaten (possibly to death – take 4d6 damage) and slammed in the slammer (another 1d6 damage) and then you stay there until you throw double sixes on 2d6 – one attempt per year and **book closing time** with 200 APs to go with your captivity and physical abuse.

312 'Stone the crows! – you're alive. We never thought we'd be seeing you again! To be honest, we would've given it a crack but some old bint read in the tea leaves that the Thrones of Chaos would cut our virility in half...Rosie Lea, 'er name was. No chance we want to risk being impotent, eh Dave? Now let's cut the crap.' Chas hands you a ring. 'Put it on...we can't – the smegging thing is cursed - but not for you that you've parked your ass on a Throne of Chaos. The Wizard-God what watches over this city won't lay a finger on you now, that's right ain't it Dave? Dave nods obligingly and Chas continues.

'We've been offered a contract – worth a king's ransom, a monopoly, more or less. All we have to do – all! – is strip Caerthaeph't bear of all means of transport...' Here Chas spreads his hands wide to signal the enormity of the task. '...so that hostile powers can get some leverage and make the top brass here surrender. A ragtail mob of mercenaries of all kindreds they are but the bogwoppit that pulls the strings is a cunning, evil type. The Mayor will have to suck it up if the people are going hungry 'cos he can't bring in food and there's no way he can hire warriors and wizards. All we have to do – you and me, sunshine – is make sure we get more of Caerthaeph't's transport than all the other villains before the twin moons meet over the city – tomorrow night! No time to waste, we gotta get our A's into G!'

If you are ready to share in the spoils and accept the risks go to **298**; if you want nothing to do with such a dastardly plot it will take the darkening pair a minute to take this in - go to **313**.



313 After 59 seconds all is well. One second later and nearly everything is well. The exception is you. In response to your lack of cooperation, a magical disease gas jets out from above, below and about you. Hmmmm – you probably think you should



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get a saving roll...OK – L10 on WIZ, LK and CON (not DEX or SPD as the jet of gas travels only fractionally slower than photons do).

Make those three rolls and you impress a passing Wizard-God who dusts you down and takes you back to her place for tea and conversation – you may take 1,000 APs and be set down upon Trollworld wherever you wish, then **close the book**). Supposing you don't have the wherewithal and dice skills to make those three colossal saving rolls then you must roll 1d6 and consult the Table of Magical Diseases below before being dumped at the city gates with the word 'Unclean' branded on your forehead (go to **1B**):

Table of Magical Diseases (all 10 curses)

1. The disease causes your nostrils to triple in size and suck like a vacuum; the bacteria you inhale reduce your CON by 1 every time you roll less than 8 on ANY future SR
2. The disease causes your knees to buckle whenever you are fighting and roll more than a single 1 on your combat dice, leaving you defenceless for one round
3. The disease causes you to faint whenever magic is cast within 100' of you unless you roll doubles on 2d6
4. The disease causes you to act as a powerful magnet for any arrow fired, spear or dagger thrown within 100' of you, the projectile homing in on you unfalteringly unless you roll more than 6 on 2d6 for EACH projectile
5. The disease causes you to shoot 30' directly upwards at the sight of dwarves with a collision force of 1d6 for every 100 pounds you weigh unless you roll less than 7 on 2d6
6. The disease causes your knees to knock violently and your arms to flap uncontrollably for five minutes whenever you are within 100' of someone drinking beer unless you roll 6, 7 or 8 on 2d6

314 This is not about you. That means no saving roll. Theta rays bombard the chamber the trelf has just vacated but where you have chosen to remain. Roll 1d6. 1-5 indicates your utter annihilation, reduced to indiscernible theoretical sub-atomic particles posited by strange wizards in strange towns. You are free to roam the cosmos at will for eternity but you are not remotely aware of this ultimate gift. **Close the book**. A roll of 6 indicates the Arch Demon has taken you to one of his dominions. **Do not close the book**. Send an email to Khaghboommm via mark.findlayrd@gmail.com – the adventure is about to begin... (and take 2,000 APs).

315 As you take your place on one of the Thrones of Chaos, timeless, unbridled Chi energy torrents through your veins. It is rather ticklish and many would be inclined to laugh. All your prime attributes are doubled if you staked everything, just the ones you gambled otherwise. 'You are a blessed child of the Trollworld!' observes the archaic trelf wizard. 'My brother, Khaghboommm, is quite taken with you, I'd say.' Now go to **307**.

316 Now you need to roll for the other criminal organisations of Caerthaeph't. You teamed up with the glamorous and resourceful elven temptress, Adrienne. She has an advantage which may cause you to celebrate – any other gang boss rolling double 5s or 6s must re-roll one of the dice. Now roll for the others in this order: 1) Lord Lawkes (he's an upper class twat, truth me told, but he's got a title, an opulent mansion, servants galore and an overdraft that is hurricane force)



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2) Chas and Dave (two crafty cockneys with a penchant for strumming and knocking a tune out on the old joanna) 3) Arfa (a little dodgy, maybe but underneath – he’s alright, is Arfa) 4) Halla (he’s a heavyweight troll who runs ‘The Den of Amusement’). They roll 2d6 DARO for each class of transport with a critical 1-2 fumble putting them behind bars. If you exhaust the supply of a particular mode of transport then those to follow just miss out. When you have calculated the JRPs for each gang go to **330** if you and Adrienne came out on top or to **329** if you slipped off the pace.

317 As you take your place on one of the Thrones of Chaos, timeless, unbridled Chi energy torrents through your veins. It is rather ticklish and many would be inclined to laugh. All your prime attributes are halved if you staked everything, just the ones you gambled otherwise. ‘You are a cursed child of the Trollworld!’ observes the archaic trelf wizard. ‘My brother, Khaghbbboommm, is quite disgusted by you, I’d say.’ Now go to **307**.

318 Each time you successfully make the SR(s) called for you gain 1d6% of the total number of that type of Caerthaeph’t transport available to be thieved in the city. You may try several times at the same transport type but of course you increase the risk of failing the SR – in which case you must go to **311**. However, you can only try the very best, the luxury carriages, once. When you are calculating how many carriages or rickshaws or whatever you nicked you can round up. When you have got to the end of your audacious caer-thievery you must find out how your partner(s) in crime did. Go to **328**.



319 As you take your place on one of the Thrones of Chaos, timeless, unbridled Chi energy torrents through your veins. It is rather ticklish and many would be inclined to laugh. All your prime attributes are shifted if you staked everything, just the ones you gambled otherwise. ‘You are an unusual child of the Trollworld!’ observes the archaic trelf wizard. ‘My brother, Khaghbbboommm, does not know what to make of you, I’d say.’

Attributes shift as follows – STR becomes INT, WIZ becomes LK, INT becomes SPD, LK becomes STR, CON becomes CHR, DEX becomes WIZ, CHR becomes DEX and SPD becomes CON. Attributes can shift more than once. Now go **307**.



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320 Before you can complete your roundhouse swing, Chas gives you a vicious crack on the back of the neck. Make a L1 SR on CON and go to **219**.

321 You don't have much of a chance against these two. They are veterans of urban warfare. Still, they sometimes do take prisoners. Make a L1 SR on the average of your LK and CHR. If you make it, one kneels on your chest while the other applies something definitely non-medical to your mouth. Go to **143**. If you fail, they trample all over you with their hobnail boots until a passing Wizard-God takes mercy on you, heals your wounds and dumps you at the city gates. Go to **1B**.

322 Now you need to roll for the other criminal organisations of Caerthaeph't. You paired up with the mighty troll, Halla. He has an advantage which may cause you to cheer – any other gang boss rolling double 3s or 4s must re-roll one of the dice. Now roll for the others in this order: 1) Chas and Dave (two crafty cockneys with a penchant for strumming and knocking a tune out on the old joanna) 2) Arfa (a little dodgy, maybe but underneath – he's alright, is Arfa) 3) Adrienne (she's an elven enchantress and mistress of disguise) 4) Lord Lawkes (he's an upper class twat, truth me told, but he's got a title, an opulent mansion, servants galore and an overdraft that is hurricane force). They roll 2d6 DARO for each class of transport with a critical 1-2 fumble putting them behind bars. If you exhaust the supply of a particular mode of transport then those to follow just miss out. When you have calculated the JRPs for each gang go to **330** if you and Halla came out on top or to **329** if you slipped off the pace.

323 'You are either stupid, deaf or both! I am Khaghtch'an and my wrath is terrible to behold and therefore I blind you!' You eyeballs melt. Take 4d6 damage. If you live, take 2,000 APs and find yourself dumped, irrevocably sightless, at the city gates (go to **1B**). If you die, do you best to **close the book** with unloving, unfeeling fingers.

324 Now you need to roll for the other criminal organisations of Caerthaeph't. You paired up with the diamond geezers, Chas and Dave. They spend most of their time strumming and tinkling the ivories when they're not thieving. Now roll for the others in this order: 1) Arfa (a little dodgy, maybe but underneath – he's alright, is Arfa) 2) Lord Lawkes (he's an upper class twat, truth me told, but he's got a title, an opulent mansion, servants galore and an overdraft that is hurricane force) 3) Halla (he's a heavyweight troll who runs 'The Den of Amusement') 4) Adrienne (she's an elven enchantress and mistress of disguise). They roll 2d6 DARO for each class of transport with a critical 1-2 fumble putting them behind bars. If you exhaust the supply of a particular mode of transport then those to follow just miss out. When you have calculated the JRPs for each gang go to **330** if you and Chas and Dave came out on top or to **329** if you slipped off the pace.

325 Before you can complete your pugilistic act of warfare, Dave smacks you hard in the chops. Make a L1 SR on CON and go to **219**.

326 Now you need to roll for the other criminal organisations of Caerthaeph't. You were put in service by that upper crust toff, Lord Lawkes, a thoroughly bad card and scoundrel. Famous for



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his family motto, 'Lawkes-a-Lordy, my bottom's on fire (he once had a fling with that scarlet woman, Ruby Murray, and found her vindaloo too hot to handle), the cad has no loyalty to anyone but himself. Now roll for the others in this order:

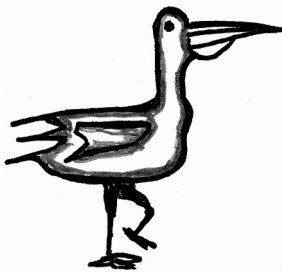
1) Adrienne (she's an elven enchantress and mistress of disguise) 2) Halla (he's a heavyweight troll who runs 'The Den of Amusement') 3) Chas and Dave (two crafty cockneys with a penchant for strumming and knocking a tune out on the old joanna) 4) Arfa (a little dodgy, maybe but underneath – he's alright, is Arfa). They roll 2d6 DARO for each class of transport with a critical 1-2 fumble putting them behind bars. If you exhaust the supply of a particular mode of transport then those to follow just miss out. When you have calculated the JRPs for each gang go to **330** if you and Chas and Dave came out on top or to **329** if you slipped off the pace.

327 You gain 1,000 Aps for your strife and endeavour here in Caerthaeph't. As a military policeman in the service of the tyrant Bogwoppit you are armed with a TTYF wand that can fire at a WIZ cost of 1 every 30 seconds doing damage equal to your INT. You are have a Protective Pentagram shield that will stop magic up to and including L5 provided that you make a L1 SR on SPD to get it in position; it also absorbs up to 50 plus your STR and CON physical hits each round and is well-nigh unbreakable. You get Spy-Ears that fit over your ears and triple your hearing abilities and Snoop-Goggles that allow you to see in the dark and treble your seeing capabilities. You are provided with a throat amulet which is a voice modulator – this enables you to issue commands ala Spirit Mastery to anyone who hears your voice and understands your language who fails to make a higher SR on CHR than you do. All in all, you are pretty handy as part of the Bogwoppit's secret police. Walk the streets and bring terror to all who behold you. **Close the book.**

328 Roll 1d6 for each category of transport to find out how your partner(s) did. Round up when calculating – anything from .5 upwards takes you to the next whole number. Add the JRPs gained by your partner(s) to your haul and then go see who the other gangs of villains did. Where you go depends on which team you are on.

The links are: Arfa **302**; Adrienne **316**; Halla **322**; Chas and Dave **324**; Lord Lawkes **326**.

329 A miss is as good as a mile, even in metric countries. You failed. The price of failure is to lose one's home, one's family, one's freedom. Your partner(s) fare no better. The winning gang are rewarded by the outside forces that wish to seize control of Caerthaeph't. The evil Bogwoppit that is the head of the beast supplies them with the hardware and spell capability to become the Caerthaeph't equivalent of the KGB. The streets are not safe and homes are not safe under this brutal regime with friends turning in friends and everyone having to carry a copy of the Bogwoppit's creed, 'The Rules of TOG'. Life is not worth living and six-sided dice are banned. It becomes necessary to consult three rule books and throw 1d20 to find out if you will be allowed to draw breath at any given moment. However, as has happened throughout history across countless planets a totalitarian regime eventually spawns a challenge and the oppressed rise up, today's terrorists becoming tomorrow's democratic heroes – or not.



JOY RIDE

Take 500 APs for your time and troubles in Caerthaeph't and watch out for the sequel, '*Five Card Frank and the Fairy*'.

330 You and your accomplices are top dogs. You have won the favour of the forces of evil now ready to seize the critically wounded city of Caerthaeph't. With utter control of transport, the Mayor folds and the evil Bogwoppit leads his unopposed forces through the city gates. A reign of terror begins and you and your accomplices are rewarded with lethal hardware and insidious spell capability to ensure the citizens of Caerthaeph't are subdued to the point of slavery. Nice one Comrade. You may go to **327** and find your rewards for disabling the city and opening its gates to fascist control. The Bogwoppit may of course find that the day dawns when the worm turns, early bird or not. Whose side will you be on when the crushed spirit of the oppressed rises to reclaim freedom? That is another story, tentatively entitled 'Five Card Frank and the Fairy'.

331 You wake up in a jail cell with a skull-splitting headache. Take 1D6 in CON damage. If that takes your CON to zero or less, go to **332**. Otherwise, make a SR on LK. If you fail the saving roll, the constables come a few hours later and take you to your date with the judge - go to **220**. If you make the saving roll, an administrative error makes the Watch think you might be a witness and they haul you out of your cell to talk to the sergeant - go to **182**.

332 Even if your CON was negative, you don't die - you just look that way. The guards think you're dead and cart your body, minus anything of value, out the back way to the city dump and throw you on a pile of refuse. A few hours later you wake up - your CON has restored itself to a positive number (roll 1D6 for a new CON rating). You are alive and outside the city. You may either leave (that would be the end) or make your way back through the main gate by going to **1B**.

The End



JOY RIDE



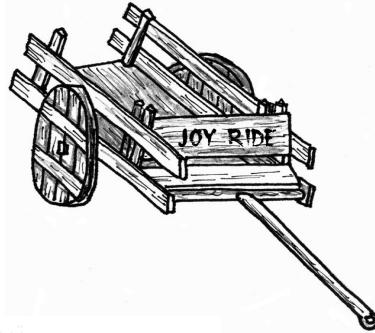
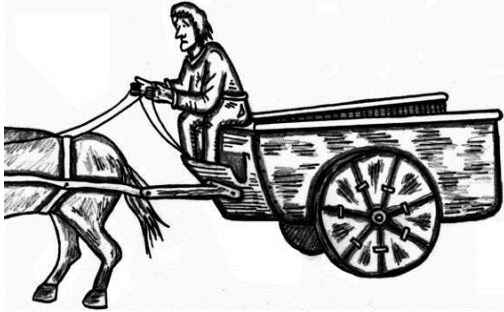
Caerthaeph't Cart Heist Score Card

	You	Your Partner(s)	Arfa	Adrienne	Chas & Dave	Halla	Lord Lawkes
Armoured carriages							
Hand carved carriages							
Military chariots							
Covered wagons							
Pony and traps							
Donkey and carts							
Slave-pulled rickshaws							



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Hand carts or wheelbarrows							
Scooters or penny farthings							
Rock and sticks							
TOTALS							



The Duck Kin

There is a duck that appears within the pages of Joy Ride and its kindred is by no means uniquely found in Caerthaeph't. Below and to the right can be seen our feathered friend in uniformed variety. He is so captivatingly charming that you may wish to play someone like him (surely destined to become one of your most esteemed PCs). So – some more about the duck kindred.

There are six types of duck kin (they are listed below with the variations from the standard type which distinguishes each evolutionary offshoot). These creatures all speak Quackney, Common and Avian (the last pretty badly, it must be admitted). These ducks are typically 2/3 human height and weight and struggle with



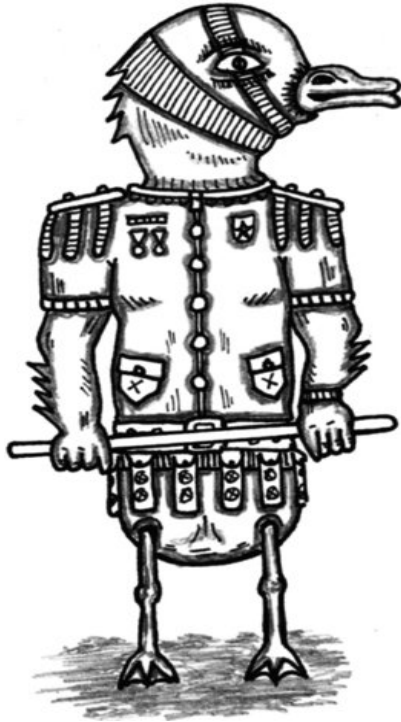
JOY RIDE

many ordinary tasks as they lack hands. Their wings, however, enable them to hold on to many objects and perhaps even utilise them with a DEX SR according to the improbability of the task.

The genetic norm for duck kin is as follows:

STR - 1.25 **WIZ** - 1.5 **INT** - .75 **LK** - 1
CON - 1.5 **DEX** - 1 **CHR** - 2 **SPD** - 1

Ducks have a +10 swimming talent on DEX, get 3 points of feather protection, are much less likely to feel cold than humans, can fly for short distances but need a good run up (it is not a quickly achieved feat) and can hold their breath for twice as long as humans



Sub-species:

Quackerel – This duck has the ability to confuse in the same way the Befuddle spell works but with no WIZ cost (it merely has to be heard by those liable to being confused).

Mallard – It is able to breed with just about any kindred and grows to maturity in just one week from egg fertilisation.

Bombay – More like a fish than a duck, this kindred is able to breathe fire doing 1d6 damage per level (range up to 30' with one combat round's rest required before another fiery breath can be exhaled); immune to fire damage.

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Peking – This creature is a master of disguise, specifically as a favourite food of its intended victims (kindred/beast lore talent +8 on INT); it is very accomplished at leaping up at would-be diners as they are about to tuck in.

Evader – This duck is just very, very good indeed at ducking – arrows, gunshots, spears, whatever – they all go sailing over its head (talent +12 on the average of DEX and SPD).



JOY RIDE

Character Sheets

Name - Kindred-
STR - WIZ - INT - LK -
CON - DEX - CHR - SPD -
COMBAT ADDS -
WEAPONS -
ARMOUR -
SPELLS -
OTHER -

Name - Kindred-
STR - WIZ - INT - LK -
CON - DEX - CHR - SPD -
COMBAT ADDS -
WEAPONS -
ARMOUR -
SPELLS -
OTHER -

Name - Kindred-
STR - WIZ - INT - LK -
CON - DEX - CHR - SPD -
COMBAT ADDS -
WEAPONS -
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OTHER -

