

KHAGHBBOOMMM 2012 OMNIBUS EDITION - TUNNELS & TROLLS

**PRESSURE
DROP -
LAGER
THAN LIFE**



**FAIRYLAND
- A WINTER
WARMER**

**ADRIFT
ON THE
OCEAN -
HALF A
PINT OF
MILD**

**ROTTEN
BOROUGH
- A BITTER
BREW**

**RANGER
THAN
FICTION -
SMALL
BEER**

**ICE EXILE
- EXPORT
STRENGTH**

**HOPS GROWN AND HAND
PICKED BY MARK THORNTON**

WHAT YOU GET IN A SIX-PACK

Page 4 – **Pressure Drop**

Page 61 – **Adrift On The Ocean**

Page 69 – **Ranger Than Fiction**

Page 87 – **Fairyland**

Page 105 – **Rotten Borough- Election Special**

Page 165 – **Ice Exile (GM Adventure)**

Credits

All adventures written by Mark Thornton.

**Pressure Drop, Fairyland and Adrift on the Ocean first
appeared on Charlie Flemming's 'Hobb Sized Adventures' -**

<http://hobbsized.wordpress.com/>

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The elf in Ranger Than Fiction was drawn by Alex Haynes-O'Connor. The characters of Fletch and Chester the Centaur in Ranger Than Fiction were drawn by Roy Cram and Chet Cox respectively.

The photo of the Gollum is of a sculpture to be found in the small town of Matamata in New Zealand and the Trollgod's hat was kindly arranged by Ken St. Andre.

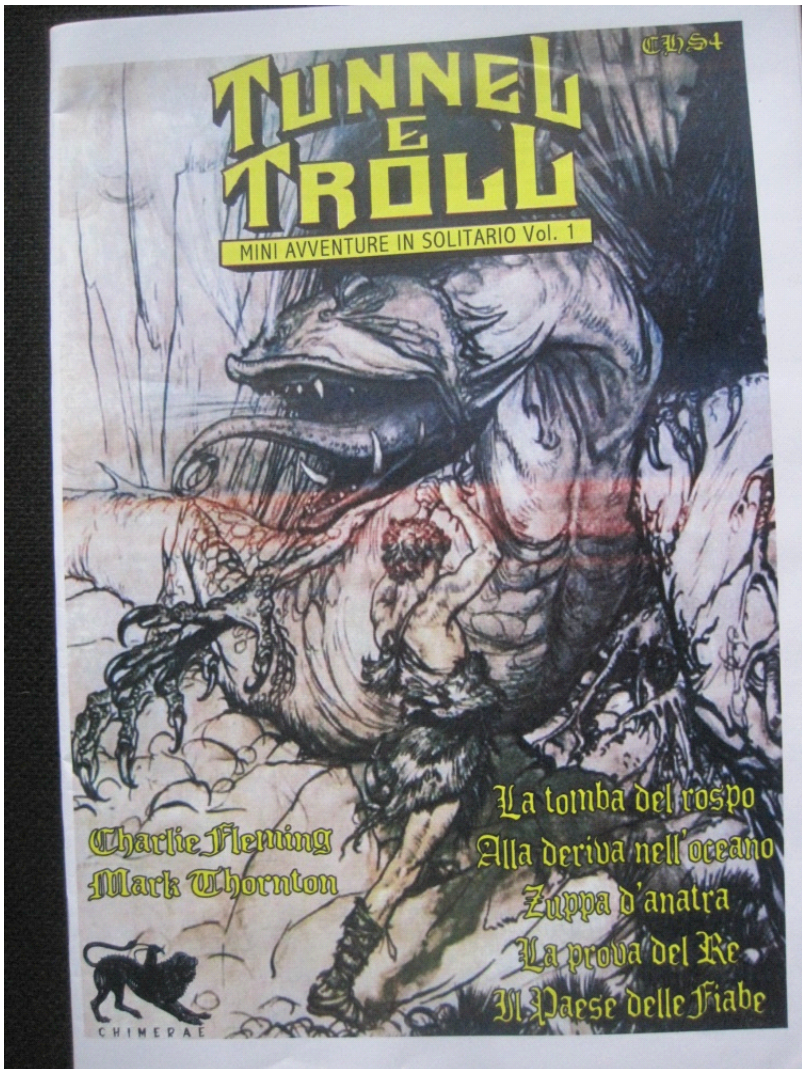
Ice Exile first appeared in Trollzine #6 available via

<http://www.trollhalla.com/inner.sanctum.php>

Rottenborough and Ranger Than Fiction are both available as stand-alone pdfs via <http://rpg.drivethrustuff.com/> - there will be a batch of new pdf adventures released there in 2013.

Fairyland and Adrift on the Ocean have both been translated into Italian and published by Chimerae Press – the cover of their excellent magazine follows:

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TUNNEL E TROLL

MINI AVVENTURE IN SOLITARIO Vol. 1

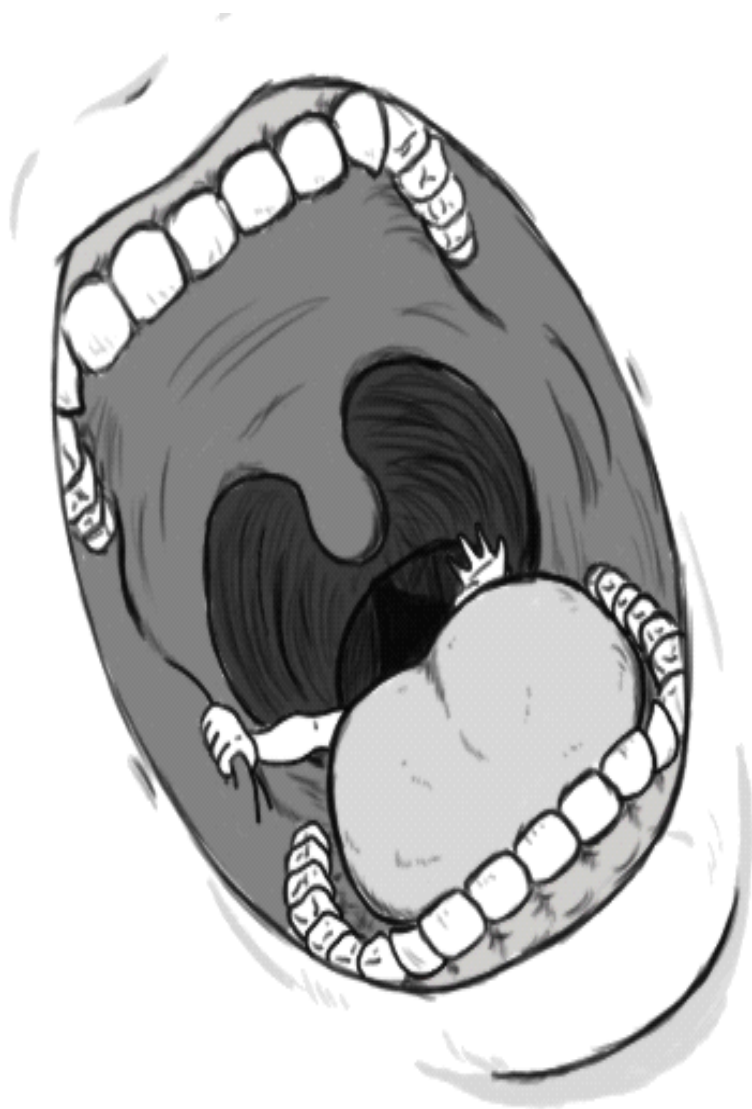
CWS4

Charlie Fleming
Mark Thornton

La tomba del rospo
Alla deriva nell'oceano
Zuppa d'anatra
La prova del Re
Il Paese delle Fiabe



CHIMERA



***Pressure Drop* is a solitaire adventure for Tunnels and Trolls written by Mark Thornton.**

It is intended for use with the version 7.5 rules set. If you want to convert it to 5.5, just substitute DEX for SPD and LK for WIZ for saving rolls and wizards can happily expend STR. If you multiply APs by 100 you'll pretty much be back where they were.

This is a short adventure for any humanoid character, wizard, warrior, rogue or one of those rare TARO classes. It's aimed at low level characters but there's not much I can do to stop you trashing everything with a big guy. You are

allowed to use any weapon, magical or not, and any spell you care to adjudicate in this adventure. You may need a rulebook, paper, dice, and your character sheet.

Have fun and remember to check into *trollhalla.com* every day because that's where all the saving rolls come up doubles and you get to play with the Trollgod ☺

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(Opening note: if you have played Pressure Drop before and succeeded in all that was set out for you, go to Paragraph (o) now.)

He is there, unsuspecting, nonchalant in his web of lies. He bites into his sandwich, doubtless savouring the mouthful as he savours the memories of his misdeeds, the purloining of treasures and creations beyond his wit. Well, let him eat, let him chew on something else that has given him what he cannot manufacture himself. It will not be long now and the long wait brings the great satisfaction of justice about to be done.

You slip the arrow out its quiver and knock it against the sturdy frame of the yew bow. The string is already taught and it will take real strength to draw it back to a point sufficient to release the shaft with lethal velocity.

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The letting go will not be hard. Not at all, not after all this time. No. This killing, this eradication, will be outside the law but charges are unlikely to be pressed. There are few left who know this man and would defend him in life, far less in death. Whatever comes next is unlikely to taste sweet to one who has kharmically regressed to amino acid level.

The bead is drawn now, the string pressing its outline against your cheek. Your fingers hold tight on shaft straining against the string. In all eternity, it is this moment that is to be the one that ends this travesty, the one that will be engraved in the hearts of the faithful through the words of bards. Yes...now.

He does not drop. He is not knocked back with the impact. Instead, he looks up, smiling, happy. It is you that

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are changed, not him. Some enchantment is triggered in the instant that you loosen your grip on the arrow. You feel more than know. You feel yourself falling in on yourself at unimaginable speed and then rocketing down the length of the wood, through the metal tip and out into the yawning chasm of space between you and him, continuing out into the void until you see into his soul, no different to the void you have traversed, only blacker than any black you have seen before. Through the pupil of his left eye you plunge until you come to a halt in a world you would not choose. You are inside him. It is hellishly hot and the walls are pressing in on you, throbbing and pulsing rhythmically.

You cannot stay here for long, that you understand. You must get out before you are subsumed or corrupted. There must be ways out. Think...think.

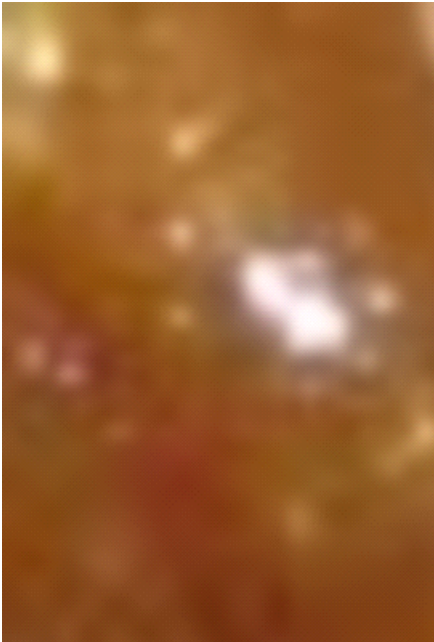
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You can go forwards or backwards. There are no other choices. Decide and decide swiftly. At each new paragraph you must make a L1 SR on CON. If you fail, you lose one point of CON. No magic works here. It is a place where the magic has died if it ever could have lived and dwelt here. If you choose to go forward go to (1); if you turn and head the other way go to (2).

(o) You have either upset a wizard whom wiser folk stay well clear of or you have accepted a no-success no-fee quest. Whichever, you are subjected to a Mutandum Mutandis spell and a reduced to micro-bug size and injected into the body of someone of considerable power and influence, someone who some would like to see extinguished. You are the special agent taking on the job from the inside out. You are catapulted (only with a handheld youth-size model) into the body of the marked man. Go to (1).

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(1) The walls about you are damp and hot, pressing in on you, seeking to prevent your progress it would seem. Make a L1 SR on STR. If you fail you must turn back - go to (3). If you have the brute force to press on against the inner law of this place you come to an apparent dead end. The way forward is blocked with a sticky orangey-brown substance from floor to ceiling, sealing the passage.

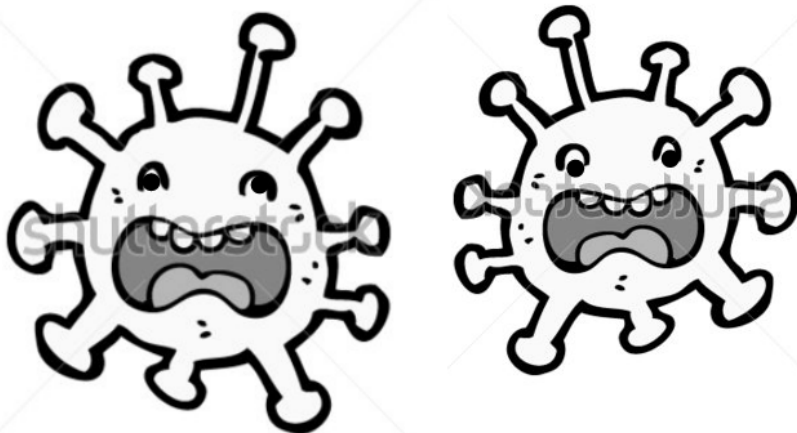


There is a strong sour, waxy odour all about you. You

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may try to dig your way through if you have suitable tools - go to (4) - or turn back, stymied - go to (3).

(2) You force your way forward through steamy, oppressive conditions, treading the soft, spongy floor of this passage. As you turn to your left, you encounter 2 white creatures.



They charge wildly at you, intent on your destruction. They have MR 14 and regenerate 2 MR every combat turn. They will fight to the bitter end. If

you defeat the white battlers, you come to a serious blockage at the end of the passage (you get 36 APs for overcoming them). From top to bottom your way is blocked by a foul, waxy smelling substance, orangey-brown in colour. You may try to dig your way through if you have something suitable with you - go to (4) - or you must retreat - go to (3).

(3) You thrust yourself forward through the passage which seems to tighten about you, embracing your body with it's cloying warmth, You are lower now than where you entered him - a sense of place is not easy here. You stumble on until you come to a chute. It is wide and appears deep as you look down, the surreal red light of this world giving you some visual clues but not many. Above you see very little space but by climbing it could be possible to get to a narrow crawl way. As you ponder what you might do next,

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convulsions wrack everything around you violently, You do not fall because the quaking causes the walls to squeeze in on you. Make a L1 SR on STR to resist the crushing force which holds you, vice-like. Go to (5).

(4) The stuff seems to reseal itself as you dig at it. After ten minutes of getting nowhere, you begin to tire. Make a L1 SR on INT. if you make it, you decide this is futile so you abandon the task and go back to (3). If you fail, you just keep tunnelling. Make a L4 SR on LK. Failure means you only succeed in entombing yourself in this waxy prison and endure a slow and sickening death. If you make it, you do the improbable and hit a temporary channel in the goop. You break your way out into daylight, poised on a precipice. You are standing on the shoulders of a man-mountain. You may either start digging your way back -make the L4

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SR on LK again to dig your way back to (3) - or journey on through life as a microbe. Your stats are the same against other microscopic life forms but one millionth for STR and CON in the world you know as 'home'.

(5) If you failed the roll, you failed to hold back the walls. They press in on you, ever tighter, squashing first the air from your lungs and then the blood from the vessels that carry it. You die.

If you made the roll, you summon the will and the steel to press out against the walls closing in on you. You must choose now whether to climb upwards - go to (6) - or to drop down into the deep well below your feet - go to (7) if this is your preferred option.

(6) You clamber up the spongy walls of the chute. You can only climb up for about 20 feet but at this height you find the crawl way you spotted from below. It is a tight fit no matter your

size - you can force your way along it but it is clearly designed to close if not pushed open. Your presence has caused an effect in this odd environment and this environmental effect is of immediate concern for you, unlike climate change or melting ice caps. You are giving rise to a tickling sensation. Make a L1 SR on LK. If you make it go to (8). If you fail, you are shot forward by the passage walls squeezing shut behind you at an incredible velocity. As you are propelled along you pass through a bath of sticky yellow fluid and then, with terrible suddenness, you find yourself flying through the air in the outside world. Go to (9).

(7) As you drop down a sour stench fills your nostrils and a rumbling from below sounds a dire warning. Everything about you shakes tremulously. You are thrown from side to side and the slimy, spongy nature of

the walls to this chute is the only think that prevents every bone in your body shattering. You have no time to thank your lucky stars as a hot, surging wave of thick, lumpy foulness hits you from below, as it erupts upwards. You can allow yourself to go with the flow - go to (10) - or attempt to brace yourself against the walls and stay down here - go to (11).

(8) Pressing further on, you now sense someone or something ahead of you. You hear nothing but you know it is there, lurking. With a throaty battle cry, you charge forward, determined not to be ambushed by whatever it is, hoping to turn the tables and gain the advantage of surprise. A good move. The whatever is slow to react. You halt your headlong rush just before you career into the creature which is larger than you, a murky mass of yellow, green and brown strands, woven together by some monstrous

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process beyond your ken (but not necessarily every Ken). You must make a stand here and fight the snotty thing that looms over you. Blunt weapons do not harm it, nor do arrows and the like; to attack with spells your WIZ must be at least 14. The thing that it is hard not to call a bogeyman meets your assault with a soft, gooeyness that belies its core strength. The noxious mass gets 5d6 plus 20 and if it has a greater combat total it will begin to subsume you, seeking to assimilate you within its stickiness. You get 40 APs if you defeat it. To repulse this intention requires a L2 SR on STR and SPD. If you overcome this menace, you find a way past it's fallen form and look out into a void - unless you want to jump into oblivion you must retrace your steps and as you do so you see to your utter dismay that the thing you put a stop to is re-gathering itself and rising - as rapidly

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as you can you make your way back to the chute and drop into it, desperate to avoid a rematch with the mucus mauler. Go to (7)

(9) A sneeze is a very powerful force and if you are a very small being (and you are) the distance it can expel you compared to your own size is if galactic dimensions. You are a very long way from where you were. This may be a good thing. On top of all this the explosive force which has catapulted you off into the great unknown has magical aspects. They cannot at this time be revealed except that you will, in 5 minutes time, regain your former dimensions. That's a big leap forward for you but nothing to write home about for your kindred. But where will you be? Ah, there's the rub. Roll 1d6 and see below:

1. You land in a horse trough in the centre of Khazan. The

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horse drinking there is not happy. Take 75 APs.

2. You appear in the slavers' pits in Khazan. Perhaps you attract high bids, perhaps you talk your way out of this potentially tricky situation. Take 150 APs.
3. You arrive in the Mayor's office on Khaboom. The Mayor is a very nice man and used to strange things wizards do. He offers you a cup of tea and probably has a job for you - he does not care much for unemployment. Make a list of low to mid-level jobs and roll to randomise what you get. Take 75 APs.
4. You wake up at home in bed. It was just a dream...or was it? Turns out your home and

bed had been shifted to Atlantis while you were away. Take 100 APs - you now have a sinking feeling.

5. You materialise in a library. You cannot help but shout out in surprise, thus waking up the librarian who happens to be a cantankerous, curmudgeonly old troll. The troll points to a sign overhead which has the word 'Silence' written on it in several different languages. He stoops down and picks you up and then throws you in a pit with a whole bunch of bookworms. They may make friends with you. Or not. Take 100 APs.
6. You land on the back of a hill giant. This surprises the giant but he is very slow to

make decisions and sits down to think about what he should do. You have time to slip from his shoulders and run off or you can deceive him into thinking you are the voice of his conscience, something he didn't really appreciate he had before so now he feels that much richer and fuller a person, and use him as your personal taxi as long as you like. He probably has quite a high MR so this may increase your mana with your mates. Take 125 APs.

(10) You descend like an elevator with broken cables except that there is no devastating crash at the bottom. 'Wipe out' images scurry through your mind as still worse foulness forces its way into your nostrils (your mouth is surely tightly clamped shut). You stop

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at (13), wiping yourself off as best you can. If you make a L2 SR on LK you don't have to take the damage specified there.

(11) Make a L2 SR on STR - if you fail, you go down the tubes on a tide of bile. Go to (13). Make it and ? You wedge yourself tightly in place as the sickening surf pounds in your ears and over your head. How long are you going to stay like this? It's not nice and it's tiring. Make a L2 SR on STR every round you want to stay here but subtract 1 from the dice roll for every round from now on in. You're going down anyway so why fight it? Go - sooner or later - to (13).

(12) The stomach bug has a MR of 20 and the rider attempts to make matters worse by jabbing his horrid little stabbing tail at you. He's pretty hopeless though and on a roll of 1,2 or 3 on 1d6, he impales his bug-steed

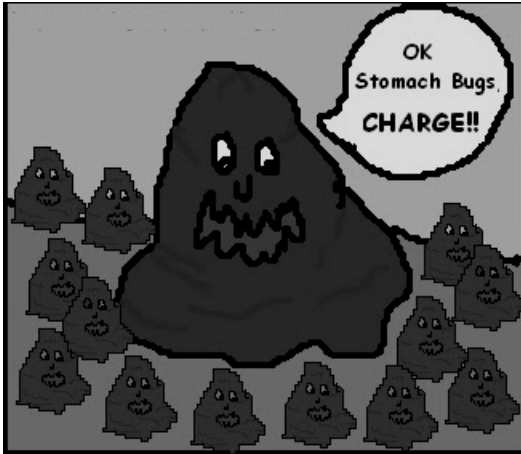
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instead of his foe. The tail does only 1d6 damage (his MR is a miserly 6). On a roll of 4,5 or 6 he gets you unless you make a L2 SR on DEX. Assuming you survive the melee go to (15) remembering not to lick your wounds and taking 30 APs to boot.

(13) That wasn't much fun and it surely has to take a toll...ok, whatever, throw 1d6 and take that as damage if you must. You are now in a gigantic cavern and there are quite a few things you could do now that you are here. But first you've got some trouble to deal with. Ever met a stomach bug before? Probably not one that's bigger than you. This one has a rider - why not, it's back is broad enough and if the saddle fits... This rider thinks it's pretty swell down here in the bowels of the universe because it knows a spell. The spell works on the microbiotic life lurking down here but that gets boring soon enough. Be good

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to see if it works on exotic specimens like you...make the best saving roll you can on WIZ and go to (14).



(14) The bug rider makes a L1 SR on WIZ. If you did not at least match this the nasty critter fires off his *Dreaded Lurgy* spell - this reduces your STR by one point each round until you make a L3 SR on your current CON. If your strength reaches zero you can no longer support your own body mass and implode in a jelly-like sprawl. Now go to (12) to deal with the physical attack.

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(15) Triumphant, at least for the time being, you stand in a cavernous chamber. There are passages leading in several directions. You may take time here to recover WIZ if you like. It is warm and humid but about the pleasantest spot you've found for quite a while. As you take stock of the passages you could explore next, your eyes fix on a poster on the wall:



There is no indication as to why 'Microbe' is wanted but he looks pretty friendly. Go to (16).

(16) There are passageways to explore to your right and to your left. There are also two holes in the cavern floor which you could lower yourself into. Go to (17) or (18) for the right or left

passages or to (19) or (20) for the left or right floor holes.

(17) After squeezing your way through tight passages with commendable rectitude, you emerge on to a balcony of sorts, looking down on a frenzied chase. An amiable little fellow is being chased round and round a circular chamber by a group of nasty looking creatures.



The cheery red being jumps high into the air when he sees you and waves (either

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that or he thinks he's drowning). 'I could do with a little help here, buddy,' he grins. 'My cavalry hasn't showed up yet and I don't think these guys appreciate my sense of humour.' If you would like to help him, you can jump down after the red thing - go to (21). If you'd like to just watch for a while go to (23).

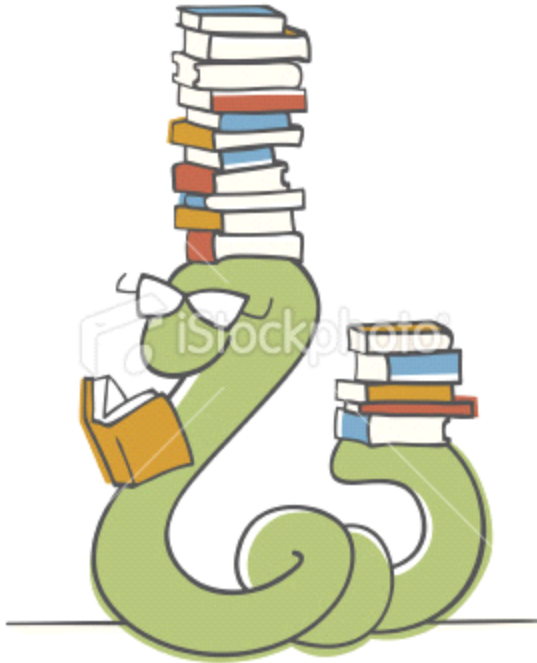
(18) You soon hear a percussive banging, throbbing from a chamber ahead. The rhythm is compelling and you pick up the beat, marching in time with the sounds coming forth. When you enter the vestibule you see a glass case and a crazy hairy animal who is beating a big bass drum. The glass case is in two halves, hinged in the middle and is heart shaped. It is empty. Make a L2 SR on Con - if you fail, take the difference in damage (1 and 2 means one point of damage) - it really is hard to take this din. Your best bet would be to get the furball drummer to quit

his hammering. If you'd like to give it a shot go to (27). If you attack the animated tub-thumper go to (28). If you just want to get the heck outta here go to (29).

(19) As you gingerly lower yourself further into the abyss, you hear a fizzing sound from below. You could clamber back up if you don't like fizzy noises - go to (16) - or you could think 'where there's fizz, there's often buzz' and go see if you can get a buzz too - go to (33).

(20) Wow!!! You have dropped down into the treasure chamber. What an Aladdin's Cave it is...there is a huge pile of gold, topped off with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds and pearls just like hundreds and thousands on a birthday cake. Naturally, all treasure hoards have guardians and this one is no exception. A gargantuan worm is coiled

intricately about the mass of gold,
reading a book on the anatomy of the
amoeba, you can see from the title on
the spine.



It would be unseemly not to want this
treasure for yourself but how to deal
with the bookworm? Go to (38) while
you work on your masterplan.

(21) 'Cheers, m'dear!' he yells as he
whizzes round, swerving between his

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oppressors. They wonder if you would be easier to give a good seeing to. Five of them form a ring about you and close in for the kill.



What are you going to do? Maybe a spell? Hidey Hole, Fly Me, Wink Wing and Protective Pentagram are decent choices if you can manage them. Up to you. If you bravely wield your blade, that's cool to. As it happens, they are all mouth and trousers, so to speak (they don't actually wear pants - they wouldn't fit as they have no legs or hips). Each one has a MR of 8. If you survive one round, the bouncy red guy

will pitch in on your side (and take 40 APs). Go to (24).

(22) Oh no! Gutwrench has set a fiendish trap. He has long suspected a likable lad like Haemie would buddy up and come after him so he rigged the spiral staircase to become a death trap. How thoroughly unpleasant - it really isn't cricket. The stairs flatten and oil and ball bearings pour forth. Then the whole spiral spirals (well, what else would it do?), accelerating at an alarming rate. It was Haemie who stepped on the pressure plate setting the trap off - that's why you didn't get a saving roll. You have a split second to think of any action you might take. Write it down and go to (32).

(23) You see the hyperactive speed freak hurtling in and out of the clutches of his enemies, tying them in knots. They don't seem able to get a fix on him but he's not making an

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impression on them either. You can watch as long as you like but eventually you have to pin the tail on the donkey, so to speak. Either leave him to it and go back to (16) or lend a pal a helping hand and go to (21).

(24) Assuming you got through one round, Haemie careers into whatever is still standing like a cannonball hitting a carefully constructed matchstick castle. He has a MR of 20 and is very hard to hit (it takes a L5 SR on DEX). After pumping your hand vigorously he asks you if you will help him free all his little globin pals. They've been locked up by the evil Gutwrench, a poisonous ratbag of a wizard, lurking somewhere below. He tells you that globins are related to goblins but they're a lot smaller and don't get up to all the dirty tricks their larger cousins rejoice in. The goblin branch of the family is much more recently evolved, developing accidentally when

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a bunch of globins spent one halcyon summer holiday in the stomach lining of a shoggoth. If you would like to give the peachy keen guy a hand go to (25). If you can do without this sort of complication in your life go to (26).

(25) Haemie is a loyal lad - one good turn deserves another. Take 100 APs for putting your shoulder to the wheel and then go to the secret door in the centre of the floor which leads to the spiral staircase down to Gutwrench's lair. Go to (22).

(26) He's a little put out and blushes crimson (but you don't notice both because you are callous and because he's crimson anyway). Take 50 APs for being a good scout and go back to (16) - there are no hard feelings and Haemie gives you a leg up.

(27) He doesn't stop unless there's a bloody good reason to. Make a L4 SR on CHR. If you fail go back to (18) and

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try something else. If you make go to (30).

(28) This dynamo takes some stopping. Each round you fight you have to make the L2 SR on CON again. Its CON is 200. It gets $3d6 + 4$ for each drumstick. You can back out of this battle any time you like because his job is to keep on with the beat. If you back off go back to (18) and try another strategy. If you take the little belter out of circulation take 50 APs and go to (30).

(29) The passage walls squeeze together. Seems like you're not meant to turn back. If you take the hint go back to (18) and choose something else. If you are determined to get away from the decibel assault ahead you will have to muscle up. Go to (31).

(30) If you are here and not there then you must either have been powerfully persuasive or rough, tough and

determined. Now that the banging has stopped, the silence almost hurts. The drummer (or her ghost if you killed her) looks confused - as most drummers tend to. 'What am I meant to do now?' Boom-Boom (for that is her name and she is not a he) asks forlornly. 'I thought I had to keep drumming for this place to stay in one piece..' she trails off, light beginning to dawn. 'Uh, we really ought to get out of here, like yesterday. This place won't stay fresh for long and I can't get it going again. There'll be a maggot invasion squad zoning in on us right this minute. Split, cat, split.' With that, she high tails it out the way you came in using razor-sharp nails to rip the walls back. You can leg it too or you can take a look at the heart-shaped casket. Go back to (16) after Boom-Boom and don't linger too long or go to (45) if your curiosity is behaving like a feline.

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(31) This is a real jam you've gotten yourself into. You now need to make a L₃ SR on STR to go back to (18) and select another option or a L₅ SR on STR to force a path back to (16). What is decidedly nastier is that you have to take whatever you miss a STR SR by from your CON. Happy days!

(32) Bet you didn't write down 'Ask Haemie to push the off button' did you? He didn't need to be told and the red corpuscle puts a stop to your torment. Gutwrench didn't know how good his hearing is and he listened in when the workers were installing the trap. He even made them sandwiches, he's such a swell guy. Maybe you took some damage though being shaken and stirred like that... time for L₁ SRs on both LK and CON. Take 1d6 damage for each saving roll missed. While you're recovering from queasiness and headbanging, Haemie is at the cellar

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door, ready to rumble. He pulls you along with him. Go to (44).

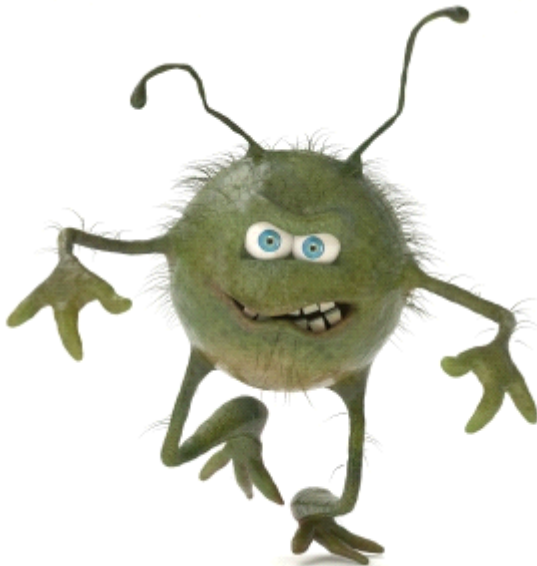
(33) Take 50 APs. Your deduction was correct. You drop down on to your heels is a cavern covered with green gungy goo. If you are not wearing stout boots you can learn that hard way that this is corrosive - take 1d6 damage. Assuming your feet are protected, just note that you will need new boots. There's a lot of fizzing go on down here and the buzz has started too. The fizzing comes from a bunch of bacteria - countless numbers to tell the truth.



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They are one mean bunch of hombres but they are being given the run around by Buzz - not classically good looking but he has a surfboard and looks cool by comparison. Go to (34).

(34)



Buzz shouts out that antibiotics should stick together! He thinks you are kin! 'What you need is a board, baby!' he yells. 'Ride the tide, something's gonna break!' He may mean a wave, he may mean wind or it could just be heads. Make a L1 SR on

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WIZ. If you make it you get a board too. It just pops into being under your feet. If you haven't got a board yet, Buzz skims past and gives you your ticket for the rollercoaster. The bacteria swarm in on you but Buzz is too cool to get caught by such squares. If you're holding his hips, make a L2 SR on DEX to stay upright; if you've got your own board, it's actually no easier so make the same roll. Now go to (35).

(35) Well, this is the crunch. If you stayed in the zone as the waves began to roll in, you can't be caught by the bacteria. You and Buzz run rings round the whole lot of them and put them out for the count as they get dizzy watching your surfing whirlwind. Go to (36). If you failed you just don't want to know what they did to you. Too many to fight - even if the ghastly green goo wasn't going to eat your flesh - it's lights out time. Spell? Why,

yes - you can save yourself with a judicious casting and an appropriate INT SR. Still with us? OK! Ride the snake with the hippy shake - go to (36).

(36) Buzz high fives you. 'That was most bodacious dude. I think we're ready for the Pipeline now. You and me, dude. The Bill and Ted of Trollworld. I'm on a freedom bus to oblivion and I haven't even told my parents when I'll get back!'



Whatever, you think but follow as Buzz busts his way through the gut wall and out into a dark tunnel. 'Don't lose your momentum, baby!' he yells over his shoulder. 'You need speed to succeed indeed!' With that he's gone and you jump into his slipstream, tailgating the lightning streak he has become into the Tunnel of Death. Go to (37).

(37) The Tunnel of Death...not so much given its name because people die here, more because they on their way to their meeting with the Reaper. Dark and corrugated, your nostrils fill with the over-ripe stench of the decay and worse. This calls for a L2 SR on CON to stay on your board - fail and go to (46). Health holding up? OK!! Now you're flying, skimming the surface, cresting the crenulations and keeping up with Buzz. Hey, this is pretty neat! Talk about a false sense of security though - the Tunnel of Death starts a

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series of contractions. It's trying to stop you or at least slow you down. You can either tuck in tight and try to increase you speed - go to (47) - or flatten yourself against your board and shut your eyes - go to (48) - or grab for one of the strips of slime hanging down from the Tunnel's roof now that you can see daylight and must be near the exit - go to (49).

(38) I guess by now you've come up with something good.



Far be it from me to limited your

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cunning plans, you little Baldrick, you, but this is a solo and that's life for solo types. As you ruminate and reflect ruefully, these are the options that occur to you:

1 - You can tell the worm a bedtime story to distract it from its book and put it to sleep - go to (39)

2 - You can utter a ferocious war cry and charge the worm, weapons swinging in lethal arcs - go to (40)

3 - You can cast spells and then choose another option

4 - You can creep up while the worm is deep in its book - go to (41)

(39) Oooh! I hope it's a good one. The recipe for a good story is one part intellect and two parts charisma. That translates to a L1 SR on INT and then a L2 SR on CHR. Success and the worm starts snoring and stringing those zees together. Go to (43). If you

can't entrance and enthral with your tale, go back to (38) and try something else.

(40) Fortune favours the lucky! The worm is so engrossed in its book that it doesn't notice your headlong assault. Having no ears, it's not that your battle cry falls on deaf ones, rather that the sound waves find no means of transmitting themselves to the reader. You get a free attack on the worm. Its MR is 150 and it is slow so you only need a L1 SR on SPD to avoid taking damage in any round of fighting. If you slay the literary watchdog take 150 APs and go to (42). If it worms its way through your defences you reappear after death as a worm caste.

(41) Tiptoeing your way forward, you mince up to the treasure. As luck would have it, the worm is a devoted reader and doesn't care too much for its duties as guardian. Make a L1 SR

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on LK. Make it and you're cruising on easy street - go to (43). Fail and the worm reluctantly puts the book down. Go to (40) and fight it out with the worm without the benefit of the free attack.

(42) As you get your hands on the treasure, something pops up from the bottom of the pile. 'Hands offa my treasure, varmint!' he cries. You might recognise him as the microbe on the wanted posted. Anyhow, he stands with his hands on his hips, swaying slightly, and eying you up and down. 'Say, boy,' he drawls, 'you don't come from these parts do you? Tell you what, you give me your weapons and I'll let you fill your pockets with treasure. Have we got us a deal?' Go to (54).

(43) As you get your hands on the treasure, something pops up from the bottom of the pile. 'Hands offa my treasure, varmint!' he cries. You might

recognise him as the microbe on the wanted posted. The racket he's making rouses the worm and it closes in on both of you. 'Say, boy,' the microbe drawls, 'tell you what, you give me your weapons and I'll let you fill your pockets with treasure while I take out this here critter. Have we got us a deal?' Go to (55).

(44) Pulling you with him, Haemie drops nimbly to the floor. You are clearly in a prison compound - the little globins are encased behind glass which runs all round the room. They soon spot their mate and press their wide-eyed little faces up against the glass, squishing their noses in a sad way. Then all the globins point in the same direction - they can see that Gutwrench has heard you and emerged from another trap door in the centre of the compound. He is clearly peeved and turns from you to Haemie and back, spitting feathers as his neck

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pivots (he doesn't get KFC down here). He raises a bony finger and points at you. Zap! Go to (52).

(45) The casing is made out of diamond, which is what happens in here when a heart hardens beyond all fellow-feeling. You may smash it with a L2 SR on STR and fill your pockets with fragments. If/when you get to your friendly gem merchant you should get between 10 and 20 thousand gold pieces, especially if you have deep pockets. Now hurry back to (16) in Boom-Boom's wake and don't spare the horses, only loose change. Choose another option - you don't catch up with Boom-Boom though.

(46) This is not a good place to take the air - take 2d6 toxic damage (a Too Bad Toxin would sort you out). You struggle to get to your feet and back on your board but the Tunnel seems to have a mind to rough you up. You get

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back on to your feet. Take 50 APs and go to (49).

(47) Make a L1 SR on SPD, DEX, LK and CHR. If you miss any of them go to (50). If you make all four rolls, with incredible twists, spins, style and good fortune, you put the pedal to the metal and cut past Buzz - that just shouldn't happen! He shakes his fist at you in fury and frustration - you have stolen his crown and by magic it appears on your head. With a burst of starting speed you erupt out into clean air and as you do so you feel yourself explode - not literally but every molecule expands and you regain your former stature. Not only that, you still have the crown and it instructs you in an instant in what it can do. Go to (51).

(48) It might just work. It lacks all semblance of style but the chips are down and no ones going to hold this against you. Buzz turns and beckons

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you on but as your eyes are shut you don't get the boost of his encouragement. Make a L₃ SR on LK. If you fail, you crash into a wall of the Tunnel and get a bad break - randomise a major bone with 1d6 and then go to (46) with 1d6 +3 damage and 50 APs. If you made it, you hit a beautiful left hand curl and soar upwards, giving you time to take to your feet and open your eyes. Go to (47).

(49) Bad move! The slime is both slimy and weak to the nth degree. You come off your board and fall to the Tunnel floor. The Tunnel constricts around you and, when it has a tight hold, launches you at escape velocity outwards. You are expelled past Buzz, who salutes a real trooper, and you are blasted on your amazing journey to a really random realm. You are stuck this size, living the life of Reilly on the back of a cute little Chihuahua

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which happened to be hanging around, sniffing the air. If you ever manage to make a L12 SR on LK (which for most would involve multiple doubles) you get transferred on to the body of a wizard whose khremm emanations rub off on you and return you to normal size whilst he is sleeping. Take 300 APs.

(50) You can't quite put all the pieces of the jigsaw together in time. Buzz is in your way - he isn't shifting for all the tea in China. Go back to (37) and choose a different option.

(51) You are free! You are normal - no, you are better than normal! You get 500 APs for succeeding and you now have a new talent - surfing. Roll 1d6 and add 3 - add the total to either DEX or SPD or CHR or LK for this talent. The crown allows you to conjure the board whenever you choose. **(Note - if you already have a character who has gained a board in Pressure Drop,**

read on but go to (60) to learn what the board can do, ignoring the powers of the board you won

before.)The board can do more than surf the waves - it can surf the air currents too. It has a demon held by a L15 spell within and it has a CON of 300, regenerating damage overnight. It is fire resistant and it would take a L20 SR on STR to snap it - and even then it would reform the next day.

The board performs one feat of its own choosing before yielding to your will. It zooms directly at the (still) smiling man you had come to kill. It strikes him squarely (for he is not at all cool) on the temple. Make your combat roll and multiply by your level. If your total is greater than 100 you have slain him. Wipe out! If less, the board makes a sharp turn and homes in a second time... and a third and a fourth, if necessary.

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This mission is over - a consummate triumph. You will not gain glory as this must be our secret but those who count know and they will not forget to give gratitude. A further 200 APs are yours, together with the contract success fee of 5,000 gold pieces.

(52) Gutwrench is horribly out of practise. And it shows. Roll 1d6 to see what spell he casts (it was meant to be a TTYF of either L1, 2 or 3). If you get a 1,2 or 3 it is a L1 spell, 4 or 5 means L2 and 6 equates to L3. He's pretty random these days so roll 2d6 to see which spell of the particular level he actually cast. If the number is 7, then he got the spell right. His WIZ is 22 and his INT is 18 (his CON if you need it is 13). If he rolls less than 7, count backwards from the first spell of the level to see what he cast, if it was more than 7 count forward. If the battle goes more than one round repeat the process. It's just you against

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Gutwrench because Haemie is too busy releasing the globins with a special tool he has for cutting through glass. If you defeat Gutwrench go to (53).

(53) As Haemie cuts the first hole in the glass, the rest of the tank explodes from the pressure. It is not safe done here - everyone needs to get out as fast as they can. Make the best SR you can on the average of your STR and SPD. If you make L1 you get out alive. For every level higher than L1 you make you save 1d6 globins. Boy are they grateful. You get 20 APs for every globin you save plus 75 for defeating Gutwrench. With Haemie and any globins in tow, you make your way back to (16). Haemie looks to your leadership skills now - he wants out of here with the globins. They will tag along with you and you can set saving rolls for them all if you want whenever something happens to you or you can just assume they make it!

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Roll up attributes too if you like - have fun with them! The globins each have an MR of 8. Not very tough but maybe having a pack of hounds at your heels will come in useful. (And if you do get out of here alive and get back to normal size, they will mutate into creatures half the size of a goblin - Haemie would be goblin-sized.)

(54) If you hand him your weapons go to (56). If you tell him to go take a running jump off a short plank go to (57).

(55) If you hand him your weapons go to (58). If you tell him to go sit on a porcupine go to (59).

(56) The microbe gives you a kooky grin and runs off, hacking wildly at the walls and floor as he goes. He seems intent on causing as much carnage as he can - go the microbe! You take your loot and 100 APs and make your way back to (16) and take

another option. Your haul is worth 3,000 gold pieces.

(57) 'Ya numbskull!' yells the microbe and with that he lays into you with his bare hands, bared teeth and kicks a little just for good measure. He gets 10 d6 plus 45 combat adds and has a CON of 90 and WIZ of 9 should you need to know. For other attributes, roll 3d6 but increase his LK to make up those adds. If you whup his fuzzy little butt take 100 APs and go to (16) to take another option, cramming your pockets with loot to the tune of 3,000 gold pieces in value.

(58) The microbe screams joyously (to him) and bloodcurdlingly (to you and the worm). He hoes into it with gusto and slices it up like a salami. He gives you a kooky grin and runs off, hacking wildly at the walls and floor as he goes. He seems intent on causing as much carnage as he can - go the microbe!

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You take your loot and 100 APs and make your way back to (16) and take another option. Your haul is worth 3,000 gold pieces.

(59) 'Ya dunderhead!' yells the microbe and with that he lays into the worm with his bare hands, bared teeth and kicks a little just for good measure. He takes it out pretty quickly, filleting it very tidily and skewering the pieces. Then he turns on you with a malicious, withering grin. He gets 10 d6 plus 45 combat adds and has a CON of 90 and WIZ of 9 should you need to know. For other attributes, roll 3d6 but increase his LK to make up those adds. If you whup his fuzzy little butt take 100 APs and go to (16) to take another option, cramming your pockets with loot to the tune of 3,000 gold pieces in value.

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(6o) Roll 1d6 to find surfboard you get and its powers:

- 1 *Whappa* *This board is light to wield but is very effective at battering enemies – it gets a hefty 8d6 plus 6 as a combat weapon*

- 2 *Ladder* *This board can be stood upright and it will extend up to 50ft in height. It is very stable and easy to climb and will retract on command*

- 3 *Bridge* *This board can form a bridge spanning up to 100ft. It is rigid and non-slip and will retract on command*

- 4 *Arrow* *This board can act like an arrow – it only takes a roll of 4 or more on 2d6 (DARO applies) to hit a target 10ft away, 5 or better for 20ft, 6 for 30ft, etc. It does the caster's level d6 plus level times 2 adds as damage*

- 5 *Shield* *This board has a handle on the back and if held as a shield whirls like a helicopter blade – it takes 40 hits*

- 6 *Ironing* *This board irons any clothes placed on it very nicely indeed with strong, straight creases. The wearer of clothes ironed by this board gets a temporary boost to CHR of 1d6 (re-ironing needed each day, therefore re-roll for CHR boost)*

All boards have a demon held by a L15 spell within and have a CON of 300, regenerating damage overnight. They are fire resistant and it would take a

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L2o SR on STR to snap one - and even then it would reform the next day.

If you have characters with all seven boards, no more magic boards will be issued but you do get a very fine surfboard to keep.

The End

ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN

1. The light filters painfully between the salted slits of your eyes, your head throbs like a demon's rage and your tongue is glued to the roof of your mouth with a sour taste you would gladly rinse away with salt water. And that's all you can do. The storm that hit the ship you were crewing on last night was swift and terrible, a tropical cyclone that tore the twin masts from the deck with cataclysmic ferocity. You got hit on the head by a falling spar but that's about it for your recollections of last night.

It dawns on you, perhaps inspired by the blush spreading up from the horizon that you are still alive – take that in the eye, you shades of the night! Surely you can't be the only survivor? And how come you feel (largely) dry? You struggle to break through the insistent ache pounding on your skull and see that you are in a rowing boat and you are far from being alone. **Captain Zkurvay** sits bolt upright, holding the tiller and seven other nautical refugees are packed to the gunnels in the small craft. There is a dwarf clinging tightly to your right leg and a hobb nestled against your chest – that explains why your breathing was so laboured. You are not (yet) having a heart attack.

As you push your fellow travelers aside and sit up, you suddenly feel ravenously hungry. 'Skipper!' you call. 'Do we have vittles? Do we have water?' Zkurvay grins without humour, chews his lip, then spits. Whether it was flesh or saliva, you cannot tell. 'We have a precious little by way of sustenance, mate. Not enough for

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all eight of this cursed crew, by Trollgod!’ He looks round at his companions. We have a perhaps a week’s rations if we are parsimonious. A week for seven not for eight. One of you must jump ship and swim. The current may take you somewhere better.’

Terror flits form one mariner’s face to the next. Who will be cast off. Make a L1 SR on CHR. If you make it go to <2>. If you fail, the die is cast. You are the unlucky soul who must surrender to the great unknown. The captain and crew tell you to close your eyes while they offer a prayer for your everlasting spirit but when you shut your eyes, you are sized and tossed unceremoniously over board. **The end.**

2. A sigh of relief goes round the boat. It is the hobb who is selected for a one way ticket to the seabed. He has one eye and half his nose was eaten away by a gremlin in a bun fight at a baker’s last time you made port. His looks have counted against him. Go to <3>.

3. Zkurvay breaks out the rations – hard tack biscuits and salted pork, always a favourite. As he hands you the meager morsels that will be your diet for heaven knows how long, a goblin grabs the food from your hands. When you protest, he springs at you, slavering and shrieking. The captain and the other seafarers crowd back in the stern to see who will win. There is nothing for it but to fight hand to hand for dear life. It is soon apparent that the goblin is trying to heave your sorry carcass overboard. You do the same without pity. Roll 3d6 for the goblin’s strength then both attempt saving rolls on this attribute. As soon as one of you makes a higher level roll than the other, he tips his opponent into the foaming sea. If you go into the briny,

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you quickly become numb with cold and are visited by a shark. Finis. If you heave the goblin out into the waves go to <4>.

4. The boat seems tiny amidst the great rollers that reign in your otherwise featureless world. One towering waves picks **'Little Shippy'**, as the captain calls your haven against the elements, up aloft and drops it back into a trough between the whitecaps. Someone has been lost overboard! Was it you? Make a L1 SR on DEX to adjust and balance your weight while you can. If you fail, your lungs quickly fill with ocean and your heart stops beating. If you make it go to <5>.

5. Your 'Little Shippy-mates' are overjoyed when the seas calm and are ecstatic when they see that there are just five passengers remaining. No one misses the dwarf troll who went into the deep – you all thought he would soon demand your share of the food and no one fancied trying to stop him. It seems strange to be becalmed after an eternity of being tossed like a Khazanian wimple and a mood of mistrust settles on the survivors. Go to <6>.

6. You eye each other warily. There is no pressing reason to seek to remove another now that food and water concerns have eased but these dire circumstances do not charity make for. Suddenly, an elf who has been stonily silent up until now, lets out an ungodly howl and lunges at you with a knife. Make a L1 SR on SPD – are you able to react in time to seize his wrist and turn the blade against its wielder? If you fail, the dagger slices into your throat, severing an artery and sluicing everyone with your life blood. You cannot long do without this vital fluid. Your corpse is fed in pieces methodically to fish trailing Little

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Shippy. If you make the roll, you turn the tables on the crazed elf and it his blood that flows fast and fatally. Captain Zkurvay eyes you with grudging respect and you notice you are given more room in the boat after this show of prowess. Go to <7>.

7. A few hours later, the dwarf whom you woke to find attached to your leg suggests you try catching the fish teeming about Little Shippy. Everyone is cheered by this prospect of action – it tears away the curtain of futility that had been drawn across your souls. The task proves easy and each of you soon holds in their hands a squirming, fresh piece of meat. You are about to take the sea creature to your lips and tear into it when you pause. Make a L1 SR on INT. Go to <8>.

8. If you failed the roll you eat the sashimi-style feast greedily. A mistake. Not one that you are destined to learn from though. The fish is poisonous. Your lips, then your throat and finally your heart swell to bursting point then burst they do. You explode messily all over your remaining companions who curse you for a sloppy diner. Not that you know. If you make it go to <9>.

9. You recognise the purple belly spots as a sign of poison and yell a warning to the others. All heed your admonishment and are (very slightly an temporarily) grateful bar the dwarf who cannot stop his teeth from closing. He looks stunned and gulps, taking fish flesh down with that gulp. It is he, not you, who plumps up outside and in and splatters his mortal remains over his mates and Little Shippy. Some of you bother to wash; some are past caring. Go to <10>.

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10. Mercy be! Your eyes spot a hump on the horizon. It is not a whale but an island and the currents are taking you that way. Praise be to Trollgod! But all is not rosy in your garden yet. As you approach the atoll, Zkurvay fails to navigate safely through the reef – uncharted territory so let's not be too harsh here, lads! Little Shippy has its bottom torn off and you all tumble out into the water. The reef is razor sharp and cuts are lethal in short order. Make a L1 SR on LK. If you fail, you are crisscrossed with cuts and pass out instantly due to the micro organisms that gleefully make their way into your bloodstream and play havoc with your cell structure. **Adieu**. If you make the roll go to <11>.

11. Zkurvay drags Little Shippy with its gaping hole on to the beach and stands panting next to you. As you both suck in long breaths, from the trees hurtle croco-uruks, the result of a strange coupling many moons ago, which would not be legal even in Khazan. You must fight bare-handed against one of these snapping, snarling monsters. After surviving so much, you are not ready to die. Your blood is roused and you stand tall against a foe you might normally run from. If you fight with your hands, roll the 1d6 you again and add if you get an even number. You are possessed with an indomitable will to live!. The croco-uruk has a MR of 10. You may cast a spell if you can. If you are unable to win this battle, your atoms become united with those of your killer, deep within its stomach walls. If you triumph, go to <12>.

12. As you shake off the grip of battle-lust, you take in what has happened to the others. The captain stands above two throttled croco-uruks. But there is another body, limbs askew, intertwined with those of one of the

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monsters. The slight man who had seemed most friendly has perished in the skirmish – but now you can see that ‘he’ was really a ‘she’. Zkurvay seems distraught at the death of this sixth member of your group of survivors and begins digging a grave with his bare hands. He won’t answer any of your questions and becomes taciturn to the point of silence. Go to <13>.

13. You find shelter but have to move on regularly over the next few days to avoid the croco-uruks who are aware of your presence on their island, you are certain. You find only strange fruits to eat and water supplies run out. It is unconscionably hot by day and unnaturally cold at night. Your body is visibly deteriorating and so is Zkurvay’s. He has not spoken to you since the fight on the beach and seems to look through you. It would be easy to hope not to wake when you finally find the peace of sleep in the moon-drenched nights you spend on the atoll. Perhaps you will not wake. Make a L1 SR on your current CON (perhaps you took spite damage in combat?). If you fail, your spirit breaks free during the night and you succumb to the temptation of going to a better place. If you make it go to <14>.

14. You wake and rub crusted eyes clean. Blearily, you look about you and see a peaceful expression on the Captain’s face. You shake him but to no avail. He has left you to join his unrequited love in another dimension. You are alone and know not what to do. Days pass in which you scarcely manage to elude croco-uruk hunters. You struggle to keep a grip on your sanity. Is it worth the effort, you ask yourself, the question itself restoring some faith in your destiny. Go to <15>.

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15. You realise one morning that you have circumnavigated the island when you sight Little Shippy on the beach not far from the grave Zkurvay dug. Wistfully, you wander to the boat with the ruptured bottom and climb over the gunnels and imagine it is sea worthy again and you are its esteemed captain. As your mid pictures the scene, an eerie chill ripples down your spine. Go to <16>.

16. Make a L1 SR on WIZ. If you make it go to 18. If you fail go to <17>.

17. 'Little Shippy' shimmers and vanishes as you stand bemused yet apprehensive. Instead of the boat you once traveled in, a man with demonic eyes emanating avarice confronts you, drooling with anticipation. A shape-shifter! He utters a low moan... "***ji - mi-ji -mi-gi-me-gi-me'***" and reaches out with both hands and draws you into his being. You retain a vestige of consciousness, aware that he has completely and utterly subsumed you. Your very thoughts are his to do with as he will, your memories, your feelings, your imaginations. You are now immortal but have no control over your own destiny. **The end.**

18. 'Little Shippy' shimmers and vanishes as you stand bemused yet apprehensive. Instead of the boat you once traveled in, a man with demonic eyes emanating avarice confronts you, drooling with anticipation. A shape-shifter! He utters a low moan... "***ji - mi-ji -mi-gi-me-gi-me'***" and reaches out with both hands and attempts to draw you into his being. However, you summon a warding chant of your own... "***su-su-su-zhaym-dus-grayz-dus-grayz!***" As you utter these magically-charged syllables you did not know resided within you, the creature throws its hands up and shrieks pitifully. It writhes in torments of indescribable

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self-loathing and flickers and fades, recalled to the hell pit where it was spawned.

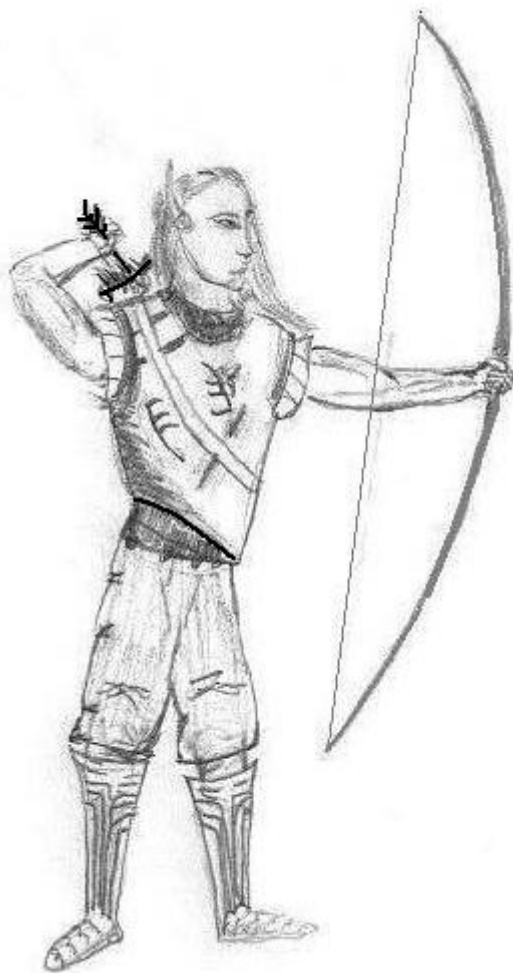
In its place is a fine rowing boat, stocked with weapons, water, provisions, charts, compass and sextant. The tide rolls in and rolls out again with you at the tiller, bound for home or adventure. You have done a good thing here and come though against the odds. Take **300 APs** and the thanks of heaven.

FINIS

RANGER THAN FICTION

This is short, single agenda Tunnels & Trolls solitaire adventure by Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm) based on the ever wonderful, ever improving game by the ever wonderful, ever improving Ken St. Andre. It is based on the rule of 18, Wolf-eyes and the incredible abilities of the ranger. It is set in Trollhalla because there is not enough room under the Trollbridge.

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The longest day of the year – once thought the safest by mortal men and their brethren. Why? Because they clung stubbornly to the belief that the sun’s rays would protect them, keeping them safe from the casual depredations of those lumbering louts that stopped them enjoying complete planetary domination. It was an old wives’ tale though. Nothing in it. The trolls of Trollworld had never found their skins frying under the UV blaze of Trollworld’s star. There had never been a demand for sunscreen with them.

The trollkind had for some time liked to throw a grand party on the night of the longest day. They were amused at the effect that the removal of the last straw mankind clutched at had on the little people. And that aside, like many kindreds, they just liked a good party. Their idea of merriment took in a large amount of ale, mead and mulled wine, together with copious quantities of venison, beef and other meats less fleet of foot but they also liked to be entertained while they revelled and caroused. Favourite spectacles ranged from man-jousting (where leprechauns rode men as steeds), dwarf tossing (where dwarves flexed their muscles and saw how far they could throw a man) and basketballs (the aim of which was to fill a large basket with body parts before the other team filled theirs). Really, they liked most sports which utilised men painfully, humiliatingly or, even better, both.

Eventually, the supply of men dried up. Like so many species, not taking care of tomorrow in a today of finite resources and

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infinite greed was a terminal fault. The lack of men led to something of a cultural revolution and the trolls of Trollworld turned to more refined athletic endeavours for their amusement. They watched elves perform rhythmic gymnastics with appreciation; they applauded long and loud as ogres undertook synchronised swimming; why, they even clapped uruks on horseback demonstrating the finer points of dressage.

OK. Enough of this preamble. Where are we going with this? Reports have just reached troll-dom that archery is good to watch and so they have invited Trollworld's finest bowmen and bow-women to take part in a contest in which each archer is to make eighteen shots of increasing difficulty, to the point of downright improbability, and the last one standing will take the spoils and is to be crowned 'Trollworld Champion Archer' with a large bouquet of snapdragons and two weeks holiday in Trollhalla as the prize.

Here's where you come in. You are a L1 ranger. You have the misfortune to be one of the only two men here and the sight of so many trolls licking their lips as they size you up (for the bbq, I fear, should you not win) may be making you more than a little apprehensive. May your bow be steady! You may roll up all attributes bar DEX but none of them may be higher than 19. Your DEX is 17. You threw a natural triple and thus are imbued with the magic eyesight, the enchanted aim of the ranger. You only need to avoid Wolf-eyes (1 and 2) to hit anything you aim at!! As you recall this stunning ability, perhaps your confidence rises phoenix-like even here amidst the trolls.

There are just four other competitors: Archibald Fletcher, Chester the Centaur, Dead-eye Dick and The Mysterious Stranger, sometimes referred to as 'The Oddz'. 'Fletch' is the

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only other man, just twenty years old but already professorial in his knowledge of all things Sagittarian; centaurs are renowned for their bow craft and Chester is no exception, plus he is a big favourite in Trollhalla and has the home crowd rooting for him (phew! one word less and that would have been very bad for Chester!); Dead-eye Dick has one eye badly munted as a result of a domestic squabble and is probably here by dint of some confusion and plain untruths in his CV. The Mysterious Stranger lives up to his name and there is not much to be gleaned from appraising him. He is an Odd Fellow and so is his genetic inheritance.

Chester's DEX is 41 but he is one lucky son of a half-horse and his LK means he is L13 – a whole 13 to add to failed saving rolls! Chester's base for any shot is effectively a whopping 54. Fletch has a DEX of 20 but has an archery talent based on it that gives him +6 and he is L2 so he gets to add two to failed rolls (his base for a shot is effectively 28). Dick had a DEX of 50 but now he is only partially sighted it has dropped for this sort of activity (doesn't affect his dancing) to 30. Dick is a ranger too so he only needs to avoid Wolf-eyes for archery saving rolls – being blind in one eye, frankly, has not bothered him a tinker's cuss. No one can really say anything about The Mysterious Stranger – the trolls did not invite him but think better of kicking this gatecrasher out – but we will pay cautious respect and treat him as a ranger.

The trolls gather ground, eager to see a bow actually fire an arrow at close quarters (they've only ever been on the receiving end as their attempts at bowmanship have invariably resulted in snapped bows). The contest has been organised and promoted by a sharp operator named Charrl. This troll shows each archer to his (or her) (or its) mark and issues a stern warning about

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only firing at the competition targets and not taking cheap shots to settle old scores.

Charrl explains that Dick will shoot first each round as a mark of respect for his long career, Chet will loose second, Fletch third, the Mysterious Stranger goes fourth and you last. Just one miss will mean instant elimination. You roll for each contestant's success or failure. Remember, rangers need only to avoid Wolf-eyes to hit their target, no matter what. Without further ado (Charrl's not a troll for rhetoric and, anyway, he has eaten his notes), he leads you to the first target. Remember to fill in the scorecards.

1. The contest opener is staid and conventional. There's a standard archery target of concentric circles and you just have to hit the bull. It takes a L2 SR on DEX from just 50'. Roll for each archer in turn. The trolls will applaud each success politely and snigger at any misses. Good luck, as if you needed it!

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

2. Anyone miss? Surely not! There must be arrows nestled into the inner circle and Charrl instructs you all now to split the shaft of an arrow already in the bull. Dead-eye Dick thinks about complaining that any target involving

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'bull' is unfairly motivational to a centaur, given their inter-species rivalry with the minotaurs, but a glance at big Charrl makes him bite his lip (the blood is salty and he needs a drink). The troll-dience will clap more enthusiastically for successes at this shot – they like to see things split, as a general rule e.g. bills, lips, heads. May Cupid direct your shafts – it takes a L3 SR on DEX to pull this one off.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

3. Still in the running? Charrl is a relatively well-read troll (he reads one book for every ten he eats) and has come across the tale of William Tell. An apple is placed on a young troll's head for everyone to shoot off. Charrl tells you that if an archer knocks the apple off, it will be replaced (but not so the head). The bar is a L4 SR. The trollkin, a cheery lad named Gib-trap, grins inanely as the first Bowman draws a bead on him...

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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4. How is young Gib-trap? Is everyone still with us? Charrl does not like to be accused of being sexist so the next shot is to shoot the head of a rose from the teeth of a girl-troll. Dolly (short for Dollop or Dollop Trollop in full) is a nice girl and looks even better when Charrl places the jaundiced rose of Khaboom between her prominent teeth. You have to shoot all the petals from the bloom as Dolly presents her profile. This takes a L5 SR on DEX to succeed. Failure would be unforgivable...

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

5. Assuming the lovely Dolly is unharmed and as beautiful as ever, you proceed to a new level of bow skill – the moving target. Charrl has a number of pigeons in baskets and the plan is that his mate, Tzhett, releases the avian stooges and you each bring down a bird on the wing. Pity the worth Tzhett decided to go quite so far away. This is going to call for a L6 SR – you can do it, champ!

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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6. Did you end the flying days of your feathered friend? Oh well, if you did, the trolls rather like pigeon pie. Anyone else left in with you? Charrl leads the survivors down to the river that flows through the Trollands. Today it is swollen and cascading down towards Troll Falls. Every now and then you see a dark shape under the water – trout! Instead of shooting fish in a barrel, you must stick a trout in the torrent. Daunting, huh? Charrl is quite droll about your chances (he is, surprise surprise, a droll troll). If you are going to stay in the hunt, you need to bring off a L7 shot. Take careful aim...

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

7. If you're still up with the pack, Charrl claps you on the back. When you get up and the pain subsides, he tells you the next shot involves a magician. When you begin to protest and say this is hard enough without someone getting magical help, he snorts and informs you that there is no magical help allowed. You simply have to shoot a button off the coat of a Troll wizard. The great Yorrdamma Vrash has agreed it is high time his waistcoat had new buttons and he stands leaning against a post some 150 yards off, the buttons glinting in the sun. And tiny little things they are too. Bon

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chance, mon amis – old trolls get pretty cantankerous when they are used as pin cushions. By my reckoning, knocking a button off at this distance is a L8 shot. Be careful now!

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

8. If you haven't been careless and upset Yordy, on you go to the next mark. Charri takes you on a nature walk, a troll stroll, until you find an ant colony. The little workers are very busy, bustling about going about their business. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to shoot one of the crazy, hyped up insects off a leaf. Not an easy task and to make it harder still you have to hit a particular ant, Anthony the Artisan, who is distinctive for his Trollgod hat. You must not on any account, Charri tells you with a wagging finger, hit the hat – to do so is instant death for a most heinous crime. It is another long shot and this time you must make a L9 SR.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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9. Let us suppose for the sake of convenience (always much more comfortable that way) that Anthony is no more but the Trollgod's hat is intact and unscathed. Now you must hit a Crackerjack, a small concertina'd creature, which leaps manically from shoulder to shoulder (it loves rubbing shoulders with trolls). Don't be hasty and hit a troll, Charrl admonishes, as he can't be responsible for their retributinal responses. The Crackerjack shoots left, right and up and down with no discernible pattern. To take care of business you must make a L10 SR.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

10. After such demanding tests, Charrl indicates, to your relief, a conventional shot for this next arrow. The typical archery target has been set up but it is 500 yards from you! What makes it possible is the wind. It is gusting strongly, just like Charrl – not erratically but consistently. So, a downwind long shot it is. To get the distance and to retain the accuracy you must conjure up a L11 SR.

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Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

11. How did that go? Did the wind blow straight and true and was your aim likewise? If so, all well and good. Charrl takes the opportunity to congratulate you but at the same time points out you have an advantage not everyone enjoys. When you ask what that might be, he replies 'eyesight'. To see how you would fare in different circumstances, he has his assistant blindfold you – you must get a bullseye and, to prevent this from being just a memory test, he has you spun round 10 times. Dick asks if a patch would do in his case rather than the full blindfold and there is some delay while his dead eye is tested – with a sharp stick. To come through yet another examination with flying colours you will need to make a L12 SR on DEX.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

12. Who needs eyes anyway? Dick has been going down that path for some time now. Maybe the unfair edge

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you have over other archers is the hand you use. If you are right handed you must now use your left. If you are a southpaw you have to switch to your right. Now see how you manage! Charrl refuses to sanction any practice – just get on with it! This takes a L13 SR.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

13. Still hanging in there? Charrl is beginning to think this will never end and his stomach's rumbling...he looks at you and licks his lips. No! A referee isn't allowed to eat a competitor except on Sundays. Up until now he's been following a script but he wasn't expecting the contest to go this far. So he busks it. 'Hmmm,' he ponders. 'OK, have a crack firing between your legs.' If your back is supple enough and nothing hangs down too low, give it a go. A L14 SR will yield success.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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14. The weather in these parts changes rapidly – and savagely. A hurricane is now raging and trees are bending to improbable degrees. Surely Charrl will call the competition off? No way, Jose. When the going gets tough, the tough get going, don't you know? Easy enough for a troll to stand in strong winds but not everyone is made so stoutly. Still, you can't give up now. Let loose your shaft. You need a L15 SR to hit the target in this elemental storm.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

15. When the storm blows itself out, Charrl gets to work setting up the next shot. He has decided to develop the theme of not being able to keep still and opts to have you dancing on hot coals – ouch! Let's not even think about the effect on your poor soles. We have to let you concentrate on your target. L16 is the saving roll mark this time.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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16. From the frying pan into the fire! Nah, Charrl gives a sucker an even break. How do you go at climbing? Not scared of heights? Up you go, into the topmost branches of an ancient trolow tree. See the target way down below? Yup, now jump out of the great tree and make your shot before you hit the ground ('cos it's harder still with broken legs). You need a L17 SR, no less.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

17. Even trolls have to heed calls of nature and Charrl trots off to see a man about a dog. He comes back a short while later looking less strained and carrying a lead. The end of the lead moves about as if by magic. However, it is not magic that moves it but an invisible dog. The grunty troll unclips his unseen best friend and tells you to count to ten and then let fly at Blinky. Oh my, lions and tigers and Blinky! This never before attempted shot (Blinky is the living proof of this) requires a L18 SR for success.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

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18. Let us hope that the good Charri is not having to find his black armband and mourn the passing of a loved one. A minute's silence, heads bowed in deep respect if necessary. Wouldn't take big Charri long to pass through his grieving process – it tends to be over in a blinky of an eye for most trolls – and now he introduces you to his other little friend, H-Block O'Flynn, the emaciated leprechaun. H-Block is a compulsive Wink Winger and he demonstrates this by popping in and out of existence with excessive frequency. Charri sighs and tells you that you are free to take a pot shot at wherever you guess he will come up next. H-Block may or may not know that he is in this game. An incredibly difficult ask, a L19 SR is the price of this shot.

Scorecard

Fletch	Chester	Dead-eye Dick	The Mysterious Stranger	You
Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?	Hit or miss?

Let's have a look at the old score card. I imagine Fletch went out first, promising young tyro though he is. Centaurs are expert archers but I rather feel that Chester would have been next to bite the proverbial dust. After that? I wouldn't want to be a bookmaker for this event (leave that to Sid James of Castle Lostreld). After that sequence of shots you should all be gone,

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gone, gone. If you have survived, you have beaten the odds. You may not have beaten The Oddz or even old Dead-eye but you have surpassed probability and have definitely, categorically and empirically beaten the odds.

Charrl is duly impressed if this is the case and you can tell by the stony look he fixes you with. 'If only trolls could be rangers,' he muses. 'Why we'd shoot you to blazes and the devil could take your hindquarters!' He always mixes his drinks and now his metaphors have gone the same way. Still, he concedes that you deserve a reward. The great Yorrdamma is summoned (politely, of course) and he agrees to do some high grade phisikering on you – you may modify your CON to troll proportions (that means multiply it by 10). Then a prayer is said for you to the Trollgod himself. Make a L1 SR on LK. If you make it, the Trollgod's special blessing descends upon you. Your LK is raised to equal your DEX. If your LK was higher than your DEX, this omnipotent force does you a disservice – too bad!

And if you tied with another archer? You are politely applauded and permitted to take a bow and make a pretty curtsy and that's it.

As for APs, you make 20 for every round you entered on top of your APs for the saving rolls. In my book, that's amazingly generous as you were never in any danger.

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I hope you enjoyed your visit to Trollhalla and should you wish to become a regular, you will be made welcome – access is via an Oh There It Is spell and then www.trollhalla.com.

May you never meet an angry ranger in whatever parallel Trollworld you inhabit.



FAIRYLAND

A Tunnels and Trolls engagement by Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm) for any edition. Tunnels and Trolls was created by Ken St. Andre, an act of great benevolence, and is copyright of Flying Buffalo, Inc. It is the best way to spend time with friends and family!

[Saving Rolls – all saving rolls are one lower than your level except that L1 is the lowest ever set.]

‘Yes, a good year, all things considered.’ You sit back in the old armchair with the stuffing leaking out at the sides, the one you got from your Pa and he got from his, thinking back over the exploits, the adventures, the flirting with doom. There was the one-eyed dragon of Vonstrule that you slew with the sickle smeared with yapplebark – yes, that was a close shave as your bald head testifies; and the psychotic sage of the Sour Sands – he put up quite a fight before you fried his gizzard in balrog butter. And who can forget the five fat fairies from Fingledell...

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But before you get to savour that luscious memory, a cry disturbs your reverie. Your daughter. Five years old and still scared of the monster under the bed. Well, there's one beast you can't lay a blade on. A story should do the trick. Why not? Those tales of make-believe still hold the same magic they did when you were bouncing on your wicked step-mother's knobby knees (ouch! the memory makes you wince!).

It's a better house than you were living in last year. Two stories and an inside dunny – luxury at last! The smile spreading over your face broadens as you enter the bedroom to squeals of delight. There in the corner is the book. The book. The treasure trove that never is exhausted. You little daughter snuggles deep under the blanklins as you turn the first page. But something is not right. You rapidly flick through the pages, turning them over in agitation. What has happened? The beginnings have changed and so have the endings. There are no more happy ever afters.

1 A grey mist passes over your eyes and your daughter's questioning voice, surprised at your silence, becomes a buzz in your ears. The room

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spins and you feel giddy. This lasts for but a short time but when it stops, you find yourself standing in front of a wall. You hear voices on the other side. The wall is no more than shoulder height and you easily scale it. On the other side you see a very big mess. The egg-man, Humpty Dumpty lies smashed on the ground, yolk running from what remains of his shell. A man with a crown is telling a bunch of soldiers that they can give up now and remount their horses.

So far, so good, it would seem. But now a man in stiff green velvet robes with tusks pushes imperiously through the ranks of men and waves a tube at the king. 'This is a job for a magician!' he proclaims. 'I shall get the egg-man back on his feet for I am the Walrus!'

You have a choice – you can either help the wizard with his tricky task of sticking Humpty back together again or you can whack him on the back of the head with a big branch you find lying on the ground, while his back is turned. Go to **7** for the former and **9** for the latter.

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2 You stand before a phantasmagorical gingerbread cottage. It oozes charm and is so appealing you rush through the door with something akin to gay abandon (an old fashioned phrase). Inside, the sight that confronts you appals you! Two children, maybe about eleven years old, are shoving a poor old crone onto an oven. They must be planning to cook her and maybe even eat her too!

So what are you going to do? You have to think that if the hag needed to make a L1 SR on CHR to save her bacon she would fail dismally. If you want to use your baking skills to help the children go to **11**; if you prefer to save the old woman from premature cremation go to **13** (unlucky for some?).

3 After the long, lonely journey through the woods, clinging to the winding path as if your life depended on it, as it probably did, finding the isolated cottage was a joy. Seeing the door wide open was at first welcoming but then worrying as you thought of the creatures lurking in these forests and their ill intentions towards human folk. With trepidation, you mounted the creaky stairs

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and looked apprehensively into the sleeping chamber. Would the old lady be all right?

The scene before you is both still and silent. A girl is sitting up in the big four poster bed. The old lady shawl around her shoulders has slipped off to reveal a red robe. She is staring at a large wolf which is ever so slowly backing away from her.

If you would like to attack the wolf before it regains its courage, go to **14**. If you think the girl is the one who needs treating very roughly and, quite possibly, throwing to the floor, go to **17**.

4 You are aware of a whistling sound. No, that's wrong. It's stronger than that – blowing would describe it better, a lusty, gusty blowing. You can't see who is doing this as you are standing at what must be the back of a house. It is a solid house, made from brick. You follow the path round the side of the building and then you see what is going on.

Three pigs, one dressed in red, one in blue and one in green, stand before the front door puffing at it with all their might. After a few more

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moments of effort, they stop in unison and the one in green bellows 'Mr. Wolf! Mr. Wolf! Let us in or we shall huff and we shall puff and we shall blow your door in!'

From inside you hear a muted, frightened voice answering 'By the hairs on my chin, I shall not let you in!'

The pig in red replies with menace 'Then we shall blow your door in!' and the three pigs start blowing again and it sounds as if a hurricane is brewing...

So, how to play this one? You could decide to help these murderous porkers (in which case, go to **8**) or you might think saving that outnumbered and lonesome wolf would be the better bet (and so you would go to **10**).

5 You find yourself clinging to a great, thick, green trunk. It clearly cannot be a tree and if it were one it would be a king of the forest. You hear noises both above and below you. Something large this way comes from above. Let's hope that it is not going to be something wicked. The sounds from below are that of an angry young man – he is

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cursing profusely and profanely. The threats issuing from his lips are directed upwards. At you?

The young man reaches you and tries to scramble over you, putting his foot on your ear for purchase. You can either let him climb over and beyond you or stop him from getting to the 'whatever' above you (the 'whatever' is getting close now and is breathing in great ragged gulps). To help the youth go to **16**. To hinder him go to **19**.

6 As your eyes clear, you first see an old hag lying in a deep slumber on a marble slab. Then you take in seven short, powerful figures bunched round you. Dwarves! One of them, in a long baggy robe and a tall floppy hat, leans towards you and asks slurringly if you need to be shown what to do. That makes all the others bar one chortle and smirk. The one who doesn't find this amusing cuffs you again and tells you to do the business. Surely he can't mean...?

The dwarf grunts as he shoves you in the back. 'Go on then! Or do you prefer something different?' What can he mean? Your eyes are still smarting from the two fingered poke

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someone else gave you a few moments earlier. You collapse unceremoniously in a heap on the ground whereupon strong arms drag you to your feet.

It is clear they want you to kiss the hag. If you go along with it (what the heck, she's not going to bite, is she?) go to **12**. If you tell the dwarves to take a hike unless they have something better for you to press flesh with go to **15**.

7 He really appreciates the help. Make the best SR on DEX you can. Each level SR indicates the percentage of the work you did. After several hours the egg-man is back on his feet and turns to the Walrus and says 'Goo goo ga job!' With this he unleashes a fiendish spell which consigns you to the roll of falling off the wall day after day while he and his accomplice, the Walrus, materialise in your world and things take a turn for the worse like never before. The End.

8 Actually, these pigs haven't got it sorted yet. The house is too strongly built and they are running out of puff. They gladly accept your help.

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Make a SR on INT. If you fail, you can't generate a decent plan and your help is worth nothing. The pig brothers snort in disgust. They decide to sit it out and wait for the wolf to starve – they will jump him when he tries to sneak out.

And you? They feel a bit peckish themselves and eye you hungrily. They have the odds and the attributes stacked against you and easily overpower you before rustling up a top notch pot roast with you starring as the main course. The End.

If you made the saving roll, hurrah! It occurs to you that in all the versions of the story you've read, things are the other way round. You get the pigs to wait at the back door silently and when the wolf pops his head out of the window at the front to check if the coast is clear, you lure him outside while the pigs go in. Now everything is the way it should be. Yay, you!

Before much longer, the world swirls before your eyes and when everything settles down again you find you are in very different circumstances. Go to **5**.

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9 Make a SR on LK. If you failed, the Walrus spins round and casts Hold That Pose on you. His WIZ rating is 200 so I'm going to assume he did not get a bad feeling. With you frozen, he rises and takes his dirk, waving it above his head for dramatic effect, before slitting your throat. The End.

If you made the roll, you club him hard on the base of the skull which explodes into a million tiny pieces. Turns out he was no less brittle than his mate, Humpty. The king and all his men applaud and as you bow the scene alters again. Go to **2**.

10 The wolf is not supposed to come out on top! What are you doing!! Maybe you kill the pigs and make lunch for the wolf or maybe you let the wolf out and help him slay the porky boys. Without the wolf you would have had no chance against these lardy lads but together you do the deed. Consuming the brothers pig boosts all the wolf's attributes and allows him to take who he will wherever and whenever he will. Not here but in your world. When he's hungry again, he lines you up and gulps you down. The End.

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11 That old hag is putting up quite a struggle. She does not want to be half baked let alone fully baked. Make a SR on STR. If you fail, she surges out and casts Befuddle on you. Her WIZ is astronomical so don't even ask about bad feelings. You butcher the children in no time at all and then she leaves you, a prisoner of this cottage, as she leaps through a portal into your world and proceeds to trash the place. The End.

If you made the SR, you and the children slam the oven door shut and lock it. She is EVIL they tell you. You have done what should be done. As you savour the rich meaty aroma the scene swirls and resolves into something a little different. Go to **3**.

12 As you daintily apply your lips to the wizened one's puckered mouth she begins to suck like there's no tomorrow (there may not be). Make a SR on CON, If you fail she sucks you into her throat, then her stomach, and you feed her wicked future. The dwarves prance and clap and set off with her at their head to conquer your world. The End.

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If you made the CON SR you shuck off her vacuuming and she begins to Hoover up the dwarves, one after the other. When the seventh disappears down her gullet she has an unexpected yet violent allergic reaction to at least one of them (could have been Soc or maybe Dumpy) and suffers an immense cardiac arrest. Make another SR on CON as she explodes messily and bonily. If you fail, her fibula cracks you on the skull as it is fired away from her corpse and her metacarpals embed themselves in your soft tissues. The End.

If you made the second CON SR, the gory entrails covering you absorb the impact of bone – you are teleported out of here. Go to **18**.

13 Roll your combat dice. What did you get? It doesn't really matter – the children were so focussed on their cuisine that they heard you not and so you slew them both. Very quickly. The old crone leaps out of the oven and grabs your sleeve, cooing her thanks. Then she casts *Spirit Mastery*. Her WIZ is so high she doesn't get a bad feeling. She has no remorse as she orders you into the oven, shuts the door and stokes up the fire. The End.

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14 What did you do to the poor wolf? A deadly spell perchance or a simple sword stroke? The wolf has a MR of 30 – he’s quite savage when he’s upset! A *Hold That Pose* would seem a fair bet if you know it but I shall leave this in your capable hands. If the wolf kills you, don’t fret honey...the girl gets the wolf in this story.

If you kill the wolf, you had better say your prayers quickly. That girl is anti-angelic and casts *Death Spell #9* on you (she has an unimaginably high WIZ so don’t even go there). If that fails to terminate you, she moves on to *Death Spell #12* and so on, cranking it up in prime numbers until your prime roast. The End.

15 ‘Sure! If you think you’re man (or woman) enough for the job!’ One of the dwarves looks at you mockingly while two others wheel in a very fetching young maid on a trolley. Then they wait for you to start the kissing business (remember, K.I.S.S.). Make a SR on WIZ.

If you fail, no matter how your blood is stirred, no matter how impassioned you become, cannot rouse the damsel. ‘Huh! Not so hot, are you?’ a dwarf grunts and they wheel the trolley away and it’s back to the hag for you. Go to **12**.

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If you succeed in the WIZ SR, bingo! You wake Snow White and become her prince. Fortunately, she is not at all possessive and will settle for Friday night visits in future. First, though, you must drive a sword through the heart of the hag. Roll your combat dice as for a 3+4 broadsword. If you get less than 22, the hag sits up and drains your life force through the blade before murdering Snow White and going on a rampage through your world with the dwarves making merry mayhem. The End.

If you generated force more than 21, you kill the wicked queen. Good show! You find that this act, coupled with kissing the loveliest girl on the planet, has doubled your CHR. Woot! You are released from this world until Friday night. Go to **18**.

16 Jack, for 'tis he, scrambles up and unslings an axe from his back. The giant (for that it is) hoves into view and tells Jack to get back down or he will snap the beanstalk. Jack snorts and waves his axe in one hand at the giant, while clinging to the stalk with the other. 'I'll chop you down, you great streak of gristle!'

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It looks like they will both be doomed if neither backs down. Make a SR on CHR to calm them down and get them to see reason. If you fail the battle rages, the stalk breaks and you all fall to your deaths. Jack's mother and the giant's wife become very bitter, team up and stomp off to your world where they seek to eradicate all humanoid life. And very effective they are too. The End.

If you make it, the pair shake hands, exchange tokens of peace and go back to their respective homes, swearing never to do the other harm again. All is well and as it should be. You faint with happiness...and awake to a new challenge. Go to **6**.

17 Ah hah! A misogynist maybe or just an animal lover? In any case, you going for the girl in a most unromantic way gives the wolf his opportunity. You just have to make a SR on SPD to make the most of the wolf occupying this most dangerous of females (everything should of course be reversed and you can't let the drama unfold this way).

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If you fail, she throttles the wolf mercilessly and then does the same to you (her attributes are phenomenal). The End.

If you made the roll, you get her and, with the wolf's help, you rid the world's storybooks of this particular ending. As she breathes her last, the wolf turns into a poodle and licks you happily. Then things go very white and when your eyes adjust you are somewhere quite different. Go to **4**.

18 You stand once again in your daughter's bedroom, book in hand. You note gratefully that all is as it should be in the much loved pages. You have restored childhood to its rightful state and the world is safe. The world may be safe but your daughter? Something stirs under her bed and, to your horror, begins to emerge!

It rises up in a swirl of arms and tentacles, mad marble eyes staring at you in alien fury. The arms pick up books and cherished knick knacks, hurling them at you (DEX SR to dodge or 1d6 damage), then toys follow (SPD SR to prevent your daughter's precious play things from breaking). The tentacles clutch other objects – your magic

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vacuum cleaner is sent spinning past your left knee, the abacus just misses your right ear and then, worse still, the other tentacles drop dust particles on to the carpet and dust mites with teeth as long as their legs swarm about this creature of night terror before most of them charge at you while another deadly group begin climbing the bed covers up to your still sleeping daughter. Its mad crazy paving marble eyes seem to mock you as socks, shoes and other items of clothing torrent out of closets towards you. You only have one chance to save the day. Decide what to do right NOW and write it down, then go to **20**.

19 Make a SR on DEX. If you fail Jack shoves you mercilessly and you fall a long way to the ground which hits you very hard – fatally in fact. Jack then slays the giant, gets a taste for dealing death and destruction, finds a portal to your world, uses it and goes on to become the biggest serial killer in Trollworld history. The End.

If you make it, you struggle fiercely and push Jack back down to the stalk. None too happy, he grumps off home. The giant does the same

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when he sees Jack has gone. ‘Thanks, matey,’ he says matily and gives you a hen which every day lays a golden egg worth 100 GPs. You tuck it under your arm and go back down where you borrow Jack’s chopper and hack down the beanstalk. All is peachy and quite dandy to boot. The hen clucks and this transports you to another place and another time. The hen will prove adept at staying out of trouble and is already very attached to you. Go to **6**.

20 Magic won’t save the day. There is no spell which will clean all of the bad guys up. Weapons won’t cut it. Even with the speed of Samos Treek you would be way to slow to get the job done. Somersaults and stunts go the same way – downhill fast. If you wrote down any of these things, that’s it –The End. You do not want to know more than that.

If however, you picked up the magic vacuum cleaner, make a LK SR. If you fail the saving roll, it’s another case of The End.

But if you made it, you suck up all the little suckers and then turn the heat on the big guy

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from under the bed. This thing really does suck! It rips the arms out of their sockets, pulls the tentacles out by the roots and then the mad marble eyes spring loose and the now blind thing from the Abyss keels over and gives up the ghost. It really is kaput and it fades into memory.

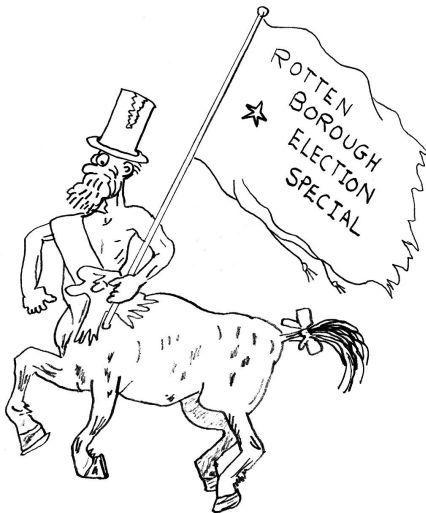
You look down at your daughter, sleeping peacefully, blissfully unaware of the nightmares you have overcome. You see a happy smile flitter over her dear face – she is dreaming of hero, Daddy, defeating dragons and giants, just for her.

Yes, it's been a good year and may the next one be better yet. Take 700 APs for the seven scenes you have triumphed in – may Trollgod bless you and yours. (Oh and if you are above L1 your AP award is 10% higher for each level above one you had attained.)

Finis

**ROTTEN BOROUGH – ELECTION
SPECIAL**

**A Tunnels and Trolls engagement by
Mark Thornton (Khaghbboommm) for
any edition. Tunnels and Trolls was
created by the mighty Trollgod, Ken St.
Andre, and is copyright of Flying
Buffalo, Inc. It is the best social
pastime and you should shout that
loud and proud, friends!**

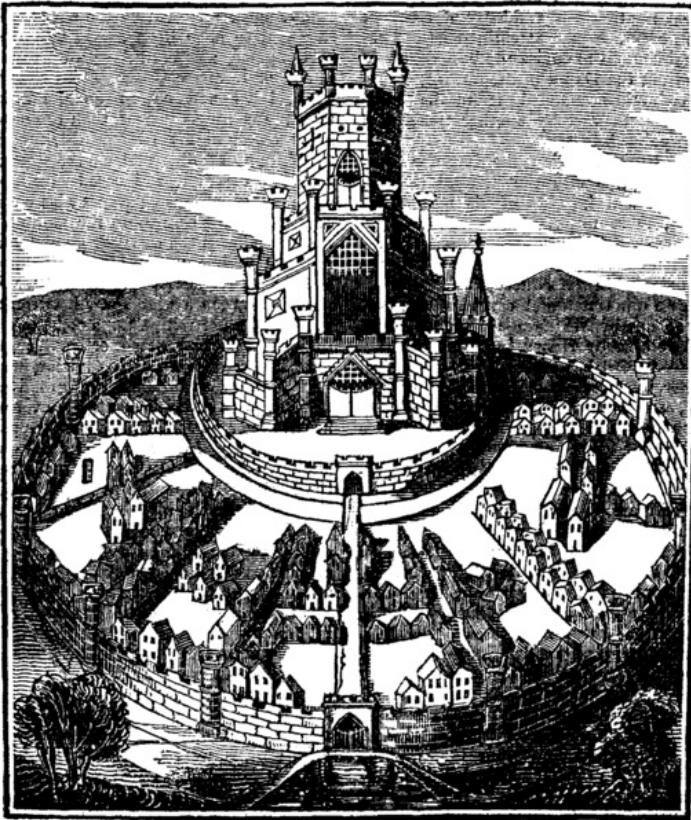


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The town of Stoneydaze is unusual on Khaghtch'an, the Kraken Continent, in that might is not always right. This was so and may be so again but in these times the town is governed by an elected Mayor. The Mayor is served by a Council of Advisors, selected by vote every 10 years, and this Council draws upon the expertise and acumen of wizards and farmers, merchants and warriors, artisans and adventurers.

The term of office for Mayor is 5 years. No one can hold more than one term – there are no exceptions legislated for. The incumbent is allowed to choose one candidate and a second is drawn by lot from all those registered as living under the protection of the town, agreeing to abide by its laws and pay all taxes.

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Election time is upon Stoneydaze and interest is at fever pitch. The Mayor, Geoffery Fielding, has been something of a bumbling incompetent and the man he has put forward, Melvyn Mann, while liked well enough, is not considered to be stacked to the gunnels with smarts. You have been living in the town for just over a year and it was your name that the fates decreed would be Mel's opponent.

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There is a week to go until voting starts and you need to get out there on the hustings. There are a series of 20 debates arranged – breakfast, noon and dinner for 6 days and then just breakfast and the midday lunch on the seventh day before the polling stations open at 2 hours after midday. You will have your chance to speak on each of these issues, as will Mel, before you must declare your policy. The Council, who advise on implementation of policy and procedures but do not set policies themselves, organise these debates and set the scene for the audience, the voters, before leaving the stage to the candidates.

Both you and Mel start with a base support of 20%. The other 60% of voters are undecided. Each debate will result in up to 3% of the remaining voters pinning their flags to a political mast – either yours or Mel's. If your policy is the one the voters like, you will gain votes; if Mel also declares that is his policy, any gain you make will be small. If one of you backs an unpopular policy, the outcome regarding voter decisions will depend on what the other candidate commits to. If you both go for the unpopular pathway, there will be abstainers; if you choose the unpopular policy and

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Mel goes the other way, he will gain at your expense.

Do you
like me?
(check one)

Yes No Maybe

Each debate will also have an element based on convincing rhetoric. If your orations are of a higher calibre than Mel's, you will gain support regardless of policy. The reverse will apply if Mel silver tongues his way into the voters' hearts. Here is the table which determines how support moves after each Candidates' Debate:-

	Popular policy	Debate winner	Unpopular policy
Both the same	+ 1% each	+1%	0% each
Split	+2% each	+1%	0%

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So, by way of examples, if you choose a policy that the voters like and Mel also goes that way, both of you gain 1%. If you outperform Mel in your rhetoric, you gain another 1%, he doesn't. If you both chose the unpopular policy, only the debate winner will make a gain. If you differ, the one who backs the people's preference gains 2%, the other nothing, with another 1% riding on the oratory. By the time voting starts, the total support for both candidates may well be less than 100%, especially if you back unpopular policies.

To decide the debate winner, both make CHR saving rolls. The one who makes the highest SR makes the gain per the table above. If you tie, no one makes the gain.

So how does Mel go about deciding his manifesto? You make LK saving rolls at varying levels – make the rolls and he goes the unpopular route while failure means he chooses the vote winner. The paragraphs from 21 to 40 will indicate the level for the LK SR. Oh yes, to prevent a really lucky candidate from having a stroll down easy street, the Wizards' Guild places a temporary cap on LK during election time for this purpose only. The cap

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is set at 15. You do not get to add level into these LK saving rolls.

Come election time, any uncommitted voters may choose to back a candidate rather than abstain. Equally, some declared supporters of either of you may switch sides or not vote. Here's how that works:

For the percentage of non-declared voters, both you and Mel must make LK saving rolls (no LK cap here). You both start at 50%. For each level that one beats the other with the saving roll, 10% of the undeclared voters go the winner's way e.g. you beat Mel by 2 levels so 20% of his 50% swing your way and so you get 70% of the undeclared voters while he gets just 30%.

As for late switching, this works on CHR. The bar is L10. If you and/or Mel makes a L10 SR on CHR (that's a target of 65), you lose no one. For each level you miss L10 by, you drop 2%. The dropped percentage may just not vote or they may vote for the rival candidate. You and Mel have to make LK saving rolls to pick up these voters – make L10 and you get all of them, make L9 and you get 90% and so on down to failing L1 LK and getting diddley

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squat. An example – You make L7 CHR so you drop 3 times 2% = 6%. Mel makes L5 LK so he gains 3% (or half) of the 6% you lost.

Mel's LK, CHR and level – to make a close contest (and those are always the best), Mel's attributes are based on yours. Roll 1d6. If you get 1 or 2 then Mel's LK will be lower than yours; 3 or 4 means Mel's LK is the same as yours; if you roll 5 or 6 it will be higher. Roll 1d6 again – this determines how much lower or higher. Now repeat the process for CHR. Write down both attribute values – you will need them. Mel's level is based on the highest of these two attributes, LK and CHR. You will need this to add into saving rolls Mel has to attempt.

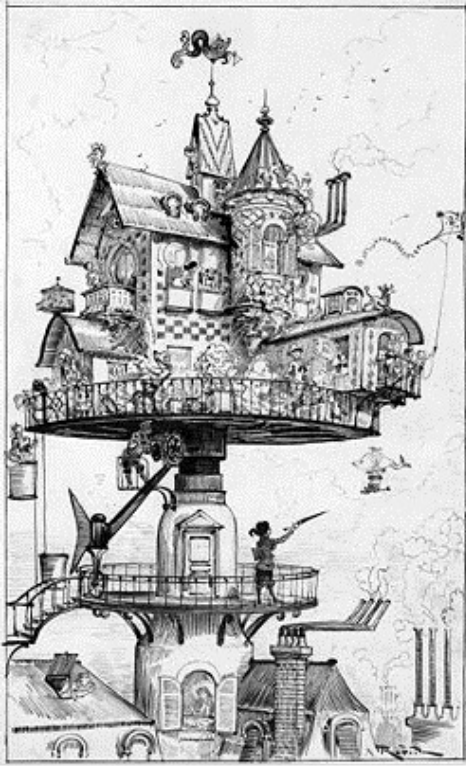
So this election campaign is based on CHR and LK alone as far as Tunnels and Trolls attributes are concerned. There will be no fighting and no spell casting. *Dear God* and *ESP* might be useful but the Council prevents such spells from being cast on the hustings or by candidates. Still want to play? OK then. Here's the next thing you need to know. You might not like what's popular in Stoneydaze. That's ok. You don't have to live here. The people

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of Stoneydaze aren't going to make war on your town or city and force their laws on you. There are some things they would definitely rather you did not do, since they are probably affected, and there are things they would be happy if you adopted but the Stoneydazers are just not the types to force their ways on others.

So, away we go. Time it is to hit the campaign trail and in Stoneydaze both candidates are subsidised by the town coffers and riches cannot buy you a vote. Now you can begin your campaign in earnest at <1>.

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The Mayor's Office - Stoneydaze

<1>

There are about 120 people gathered for the first debate. The crew from the local rag are there – journo to misquote you both and an artist to caricature. These 120 are the really well informed. You will probably see a lot of them and it is important to get off to a flying start. These folk are not ones to keep their opinions to themselves

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and they will go out and evangelise either for you or ag'in' you!

The witch from the Stoneydaze branch of the Wizards' Guild announces (and neither of you get told in advance what the subject will be) that the first issue to be chewed up is sexism. There are those who think it is high time that a woman achieved the office of Mayor – no reason why this should not happen, just never has). Others think this sort of stuff is men's business and there should be a clear divide as to which sex does what – this camp think nature should show the way and if women were meant to lead men would have babies too. This leads to fierce argument and quite a bit of abuse that all too quickly becomes personal.

Now you have to declare your hand: are you for equal opportunities for men and women or do you think the kitchen sink is where the fairer sex should spend their day? Write down your policy and go to <21>.



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<2>

How are you feeling? You're going to eat a lot before this week is out so maybe think of exercise in between engagements. The lunch is dominated by fine farm produce – meats, eggs, cheeses, breads, full cream milk. Interesting then that Farmyard Bill Junior, the farmer presiding over this debate for the Council informs you that the topic this time is obesity.

Many firmly believe that it is up to each individual to decide what they eat but there is an opposing view that too many people are eating too much now that the goblin raids are a thing of the past – they cost everyone money by working less, being sick more and generally being useless. This group want to impose penalties for merchants over-selling and fines on citizens who have a body-fat ratio beyond agreed levels.

What do you have to say? Write down your policy – freedom to be fat or financial intervention, hitting them where it hurts – and go to <24> to see what Mel is promoting and how the voters feel.

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<3>

Night time is the right time and not just for the creatures of darkness. Many come out for the first evening's debate. A crusty old warrior from the Council, whose scars come not just from battle, bangs down his tankard and calls the house to order. 'Hear ye, hear ye! The topic to be addressed by our clever candidates is war. There are some here among us who feel that life is but a joke. Let me warn you, fools, that it is not and it takes a warrior's mighty sword arm to leave you free to laugh. Without military might, you laugh at your peril or on the other side of your face!' He pauses to slug back his ale.

'Do we go to war to ensure our peace, to guarantee that our way of life can continue? Let us hear what these two have to say!' The 200 or so people packed to the gunnels either cheer or jeer – this is a bone of contention.

What is your take? Defence means defence or preventative action, first strike capabilities? Write

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down the platform you will stand on and go to <27>.



<4>

How ya doin', champ! You coulda been a contender and you probably still are. At any rate, it's Day 2 and breakfast at Laurel's Lard Larder (they couldn't have held the obesity debate here, could they?). The lady from the Council tells everyone that this morning you're all gathered to get the gen on education.

So they say, ignorance is a sin and no defence...school for all is the buzzword for the 'get smart' brigade. Others think a hard day's graft in the school of hard knocks is what gets the job done and stops Jack from being an idle bones. Time for you to wade into the debate and tell 'em how it's a gonna be. Write down 'free education' or 'school of life' and go to <37>.



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<5>

Lunchtime Day 2 and we're away from local politics and on to something global. The Wizards' Guild are out in force and there are plenty of people who benefit from magic here too. Then again, those who have suffered at the hands of mages are well represented.

Norma Spen, the town's leading scrivener, speaks for the Council. "Now the candidates are to address the issue of over-reliance on khremm. Some say it will never run out and some say if it does we'll just find something else to power spells. Some of you think we need to find ways of managing without it or limiting its use. Hard to agree to do without something we benefit from every day in so many ways; hard to agree to limit something we can't prove will ever run out. But we'd be a sorry lot if it ever did dry up, that as sure as eggs are eggs.

We know that if we did agree to limit its use, we're just one small town in a big world. Others might just carry on as they do now – in fact, if they knew we'd pulled back on using khremm, they might just think 'all the more for us!' and rub their

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hands in delight. On the other –well – hand, we might be setting a good example, getting the ball rolling and there might be hope for our grandchildren.’

Quite a speech and didn’t she strive for balance? So what will you say on the subject? Put it down in writing and go to <36>.



<6>

Evening, Day 2 and you’re just getting into your stride. Are your legs as long as Mel’s? This night your venue is Hooray Henry’s Hostelry, an upmarket tavern with a talented chef named Keef Floyd, the brother of Pink. The subject, as described by Keef himself for the Council, is the wealth gap.

Dungeon delving has a lot to answer for in some people’s book. There’s just far more to be made ransacking a dungeon than doing a hard day’s work. Sometimes this actually leads to labour shortages when the incapable attempt such feats

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but few actually relish being rendered limb from limb by a renegade monster so that's seldom a lasting problem.

What is though is the ability of the few to buy up the best housing, the best materials and even stockpile goods to corner the market and drive prices up. Many say all is fair in love, war and trade but others say enough is enough and even the tallest can live under a roof.

Hooray Henry is splashing champagne on the house tonight (there are some up there now licking the roofing tiles) and he is all for feathering one's nest and filling it with golden eggs. Some of the punters would like to be able to afford another round so they lean towards mandatory redistribution of surplus gold. What's your verdict? Get the pen out and then go to <39>.



<7>

Breakfast number 3, Day 3. You should be hitting your straps now. This is the meat in the sandwich,

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today and tomorrow. Out at Giles de Bandwidth's farm, the agriculturalists are rubbing shoulders with the townies over bacon sandwiches and toadstool tea.

Giles is another Council member and the subject he discloses is the media. Should they be reporting the news or can they create it? Should they tell people what to think or keep their opinions to themselves? Is it fair when a newspaper magnate who is also the owner of the most expensive store won't carry adverts for competitors and consistently decries the quality of their goods?

Of course, it's only a local rag that not many people can read even if they wanted to but there is still concern in the community. One farmer who suffered from a story suggesting his pigs were fed on uruk offal soon after he started shopping at the magnate's rival's store thinks that the town should own the paper and just report the news, good or bad, and if there's nothing to say, say nothing.

So that's where it's at – an unfettered media or a town-owned version. Where's your sympathy?

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Better be careful on this one – you don't want bad press...go to <22>.



<8>

Time for lunch! The next debate is introduced by the Council's only non-human member, Neskwik. The elf talks of cities on Rhalph, the Dragon Continent, such as Kartejan, that bar all but men and he acknowledges those who believe it should be so here in Stoneydaze. Life might be simpler – we could understand each other and have similar points of view, similar values. Then again, is there really evidence to suggest that elves, goblins and minotaurs disrupt human society any more than human newcomers from other towns?

Loud voices argue that these so called 'friendly kindreds' take jobs, women and wealth and that these belong in human hands. Others point out that they bring the same things they sometimes take. You and Mel must state for all to hear

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whether you support a 'human only' policy for Stoneydaze or whether you will open the town gates for all kindreds who will obey the laws and whether or not you will legislate against 'human only' taverns and businesses. Write down your stance and go to <25>.



<9>

You must be looking forward to a good night's sleep but first you have to slug it out with Mel on the hot topic of consumerism, as set out by Caecilius Argentarius, a banker and Council stalwart. Many are concerned with the level of debt being racked up by ordinary folk so that they can own goods that previously were not thought necessary and to consume more and more exotic foods, adding sauces and spices to the simple but wholesome fare their parents introduced them to.

It seems that the Council often selects a member with a vested interest in a subject to keep them up front and honest. Caecilius has been a big benefiter from this trend but he plays a straight

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bat. Things can be left to be as they will be – a free market, some call it – or the town can step in and limit the level of borrowings (and lendings – some go so far as to say ‘neither a borrower nor a lender be, but who listens to William Waggleddagger?) and audit the expenditure of its residents. Where will you pitch your tent? Go to <28>.



<10>

This morning you breakfast in the market place. Many traders have their stalls prepared early so they can listen as Koppeard the Cobbler speaks for the Council. False promises is the subject – particularly in business. This brings shouts of protest from some traders who think they should be able to say what they like to bring in customers. One, Shonky O’Neill, often claims that the oil he sells makes swords flash at lightning speed and cut through even the toughest dragon scales as if they weren’t there – none of this is true but many a gullible and desperate delver has made a

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purchase from Shonky the last purchase he ever made.

Koppeard puts both sides of the argument – ‘caveat emptor’ is the main thrust of the free-advertisers whilst those who want honesty in place of clever words and empty slogans think this dishonesty is insidious and sets a bad example to children. Koppeard gives the floor first to Mel, then to you. Write down what you put in your manifesto and go to <34>.



<11>

Lunchtime brings a change to the Council’s plan. It makes the audience harder to predict for this debate as the attendees didn’t know about the switch. Still, they are enjoying the picnic by the river at Flo Chabote’s picturesque watermill.

The subject is announced by Council member, Norm Usknose, a private investigator of good repute. Norm tells you all that the banking system is to be examined. It has come to the attention

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that some – no looking at the good Caecilius – have taken to issuing credit notwithstanding their own asset base. This gives rise to fears of inflation and economic collapse in hard times. It's closely linked to this morning's debate on credit.

In short, you must say whether you are in favour of limiting the money supply to what actually exists in hard currency or if you believe that a more reasonable take would be to use a multiplier (ten seems to have support) and adjust according to changes in circumstances. Commit yourself and go to <31>.



<12>

As dusk falls, you head over to the Town Hall. The whole Council is there as the home straight is entered in the Mayoral race – we have passed half way.

The Chair –Jill Blains, the witch, lets everyone know the debating topic is to be corporatism. Not everyone understands this as many are here

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mainly for the big spread laid on by the Council. Jill covers the basics – some people are no longer trading in their own name but under the guise of a new legal entity, the corporation. It is not to be found in tunnels nor with trolls but some think it is the most lethal of perils as it has no moral compass and does not fear death as it easily reincarnates. It has no need of family and friends who are seen only to be instruments to support growth, the corporation's *raison d'être*.

Jill points out that many traders like this form of business as it gives a sort of Protective Pentagon over their home and other assets in the event that they have to put wrongs right if something they sell does harm or destruction. It is not nice telling the wife and children that the suitcases must be packed. Telling the husband is just as bad, Jill adds.

You and Mel must add your thoughts on the subject and tell the people what you will do if you are elected. Go to <38>.



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<13>

Another day, another dollar (whatever they are). Breakfast at Tiffany's. Tiffany is the jewel merchant, quite literally a pearl amongst swine so let's hope you're in sparkling form this morning. It's Keef Floyd who gets today's debate going, sizzling sausages outside Tiffany's shop on a brazier filled with ruby red embers. Keef sneezes and wipes his nose, turns a few bangers, and then declares that the subject for breakfast discussion is disease, health and hygiene (it does not go unnoticed that he has not washed his hands before handling the food after his nasal explosion).

Keef sniffs and smiles. 'Should there be public healthcare in Stoneydaze or is medicine something reserved for those who can afford to take care of themselves? Do we have doctors, nurses and surgeons paid fees and retainers out of taxation or do the sick stay sick without silver and gold?

Many a delver has dragged himself out of a dungeon desperate for healing only to die days later of infected wounds. Is that how it should be? Wizard care is available but only at a price. On the

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other hand, who wants to pay for someone else's hernia or hip replacement? Declare your stance, o candidate, and go to <23>.



<14>

Lunchtime, Day 5 and that crusty old warrior's back and on his feet in front of the packed hall at the meatpackers. Does he really look older and crustier than he did on Day 1 or is it just the sleep still stuck to your eyelids. Crispy Krabbs sighs and announces terrorism as the issue up for debate now. It's tough for Crispy to stay neutral 'cos he sure knows what he'd like to do to the sort of wizards who put exploding charms on a man's undergarments.

Some people –and it seems to be true of many kindreds, friendly or not – take the law into their own hands when they can't get their own way in civic matters. In fact, they get downright uncivilised and band together, taking out soft targets with blades, bows and bad magic to force the majority to bend to their will. Some think

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listening to other points of view and forming policies that work not only for the majority is the way to heal this sore while others say ‘root ‘em out!’, cut them down on the streets and at the source – if they can’t use the peaceable means available to change other people’s opinions they don’t deserve air to breath. This is a firecracker of a topic, the proverbial hot potato. Get your spud masher out and your asbestos gauntlets and write down your line on this. Then go to <26>.



<15>

The Council has Farmer Giles speak up for the evening session. He gets it under way in the customary Stoneydaze fashion with a pipe in hand. He speaks slowly, taking his time, letting every word sink in. The issue this time is religious intolerance, or tolerance he adds, since there are two sides to every coin. The Council feel this sits properly alongside the terrorism debate since the latter often gives rise to the former (but not always, Giles is at pains to make clear, wanting to

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keep balance in everything). Two drunken fishmongers lose their balance (and their plaice) and are ejected.

The coin divides this way: some say 'Trollgod or no god' and want to burn heretics at the stake (once the vampires have finished with them) and the other side say 'live and let live, pantheons are perfect' and want a limit on one temple per deity as the rule for Stoneydaze. The audience puff on their pipes and it is a long time before any reaction is heard. You and Mel have to get into gear and have your say. Go to <29>.



<16>

How do bacon and eggs sound as you hit the ground running on Day 6? Probably never want to see another sausage as long as you live! Oh well, just tomorrow to go after today. This morning's session is held at the home of Old Mother Hubbard. She has just had her ninth child born

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and there are those who think she shouldn't go for double figures. Does it matter? Perhaps it does.

Caecilius is here again for the Council and the subject he announces is population growth. The town's population has more than doubled in the last ten years as fewer battles have been fought and wizards have more regularly used their magic to help their fellow citizens. To some, it's a worry. The surrounding forests are looking sparse and farmers are selling off paddocks so that young 'uns can build shacks so better transport is needed because the turnips have further to travel to market (and they don't taste as good when they travel) and so on...

Some think women should be barred from having more than two children, others think there should be a cap on the electorate and newcomers shouldn't be allowed to settle; their opponents either think 'she'll be right, mate' or new ways will be found to cope or they're just opposed to any restriction of personal liberties. What do you think and what will you get up and say? You're up on the podium before Mel. Write it down and then off to <32>.

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<17> The lunchtime bell rings again but for whom doth the bell tolleth? Norma, who you've met before, rises for the Council to set forth the pollution debate. Does it matter that there is no one paid to pick up the rubbish tossed aside by townsfolk and visitors? Does it matter that the chemicals used by Roscoe, the tanner from Lookout Mountain, are killing the fish in the river? Does it matter than the crematorium is blackening the milk in the next door farmer's vats? Does it matter that the lead mine is leeching lots of toxic stuff that would give dragon's venom a run for its money?

Norma puts these as flat, unemotive questions and then asks Mel to answer. After Mel, you get your say. Now go to <35>.



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<18>

Dusk falls as you plod wearily after Mel through the streets to Red's Place. Seems like everywhere has a Red's Place. This 'Red' is no red neck though. He got his name from too much lying in the sun – he has a milky white complexion (some say it keeps his lily liver good company). At any rate he's happy to host the debate tonight.

Koppeard is the Council spokesperson. He tells of a global issue that can only be dealt with, if it really needs dealing with, by starting at home with small steps. He relates that many would not agree that the activities of the friendly kindreds are having an effect on the whole of Trollworld that is not at all friendly. He points out that many think that any changes in temperatures and sea levels, shifting of seasons and increasing natural disasters are just a matter of the ebb and flow of nature's rhythms.

He puts the other side of the fence over too. That it's not all just happening by chance, that cutting down forests and silting up rivers has increased cyclonic activity, that pumping all that khremm

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into the atmosphere really has warmed the whole planet.

He then states the view of a third group – that even if men, dwarves, elves and the like have had a hand in these changes, it's too hard and too late to do anything. But not everyone gives up so easily and some clearly think every contribution can and does help turn the tide. Now it's your chance to have your say. Time is tight so don't go on too much – Mel must have his time too. Write down your policy and go to <40>.



<19>

You have had the last supper, now it's the final election breakfast. Neskvik is an early riser and speaks for the Council, raising the topic of resource stripping. A few voices shout out that it's

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already been aired but the elf asserts its difference to the problems of gluttony and over consumption – this is a matter of traders, businesses systematically taking everything today, leaving the cupboard bare for tomorrow. And, he points out, bears are a case in point. They have been hunted to extinction round these parts and now the lack of bearskins on the market has led to a lot of uncovered heads in winter as the price of importing from Khaboom is prohibitive and traditionalists just will not be seen dead in anything but bear helmets.

There are plenty of other instances, such as the short term collapse in the price of diamonds since Snowy the Dwarf and his motley crew extracted every last gem and now every lady and quite a few men have diamond teeth and diamond ear studs and the bars are full with double diamond tankards.

Neskwik speaks for the traders who do not see why they have to subsidise tomorrow's children – no one looked out for them so why should they for people who haven't even been born yet. They further claim that the Uruk Peninsula should be

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conquered and colonised for its legendary mining deposits.

So take your turn to speak and then make way for Mel. Write down your penultimate policy and go to <30>.



<20>

It's been a long, hard campaign and you have worn your poor larynx out on the hustings. One more time into the breach, dear friend! What could that Council have saved to the end?

Chippy McDowel, the carpenter, stands solemnly for the Council. 'As you all will know, it is customary for the Council to choose the subject of the last Candidates' Debate. We have the task of advising dutifully no matter who the Mayor is and no matter their policies. We are allowed this one piece of direction and no more, in public and not behind closed doors.

'We have deliberated long and hard, as you would expect us to do, and we unanimously agree that

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the subject which needs addressing carefully and seriously, which has hitherto been left under a stone unturned, is that of child raising.

Much is made of education whether it be pre-school in kindergartens, elementary schooling up to the age of 14 or apprenticeships under the tutelage of the various Guilds. All well and good, But we believe that the root cause of the difficulties we experience with each new generation taking its place in adult society stems from the lack of education on parenting. Nearly all of us procreate and give life to new souls but very few of us are given any lessons in how we bring our offspring up. It is all too easy to give way to childish demands and tantrums when we are tired, a quick solution to say 'yes' when the demand is repeated again and again. Who does not turn a blind eye to that which should be corrected, whether from a lack of energy, attention being elsewhere or because we want to be liked and loved.

We want to hear these two prospective Mayors speak their thoughts, from their hearts, on this matter. It is not yet a bone of contention but

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better than unthinking inaction! Speak, friends, one after the other – tell us what you would do, if anything, to ensure a better standard of parenting for each succeeding generation!

So, there you have it. You must respond after Mel, who is already declaiming from the bandstand in the town's central park, where Captain Flack and his Fireboys will be making hot sounds when voting is over tonight. Set down your policy and go to <33>.



<21>

Even though there are more men present than women – the kitchen stove, perhaps, is a factor here – the majority clearly favours equal rights. See the mechanics at the start and determine Mel's stance on this. You need to make a L1 SR on your capped LK for Mel to be out of tune on this issue. Then make the CHR rolls to see who secures what percentage of the voters' intentions. Keep track of your percentage and Mel's – remember you both started at 20%.

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<22>

Well, there's only one newspaper owner, powerful though he is. The majority want plain, unvarnished truth and fair play for all. What did Mel back? L2 LK is your target.



<23>

Are you hard hearted? Are you profligate with taxpayer money? Well (how apt), the people want to know they will be taken care of, even and especially in hard times. Find which way Mel went and adjust your standings. L1 LK is your target.



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<24>

The game mechanics are at the beginning. Those present are spilt but there is a clear majority in favour of intervention and prevention. Make a L2 LK SR, then the CHR rolls and find out who gets what share of the vote. Keep track of the overall level of support.



<25>

The majority of Stoneydazers present at the midday debate want an open policy and no segregation – most have good friends of other kindreds. Hope you and Mel didn't get offside (L1 LK SR). Are you ahead in the polls?



<26>

There is no doubting the mood of Stoneydaze – stop terrorism! There is a desire for better listening and more inclusive legislation to reduce

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the incentive for suicide Hell Bomb Bursters and the like but a taskforce to cut them down in their tracks is wanted, passionately. Did Mel support this (L2 LK SR)? And you? Amend the voting support polls accordingly.



<27>

You should be getting the hang of this now. Try a L3 LK SR to find out what Mel has to say for himself, then the popular voice is heard and then the CHR SRs for the power of oratory. Not forgetting to mark up the new opinion poll ratings for both of you. This time it turns out not to be as close as you might of thought. Those favouring the iron fist were loud but not numerous. The people of Stoneydaze say 'no war'.



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<28>

And the swell of opinion is for...state control!
Most can see the writing all too plainly on the wall
and don't want to go down this rocky road. Maybe
you and Mel think differently (L1 LK SR needed)?
Amend the support percentages, sleep well and
be ready for the early start tomorrow at <10>.



<29>

One by one, the voices of the people are heard as
they slowly say their piece. They do not like the
idea of a particular cult curtailing the freedoms of
others; they do not like the notion that if light
dawns, it will not be able to illuminate Stoneydaze
if it comes from a new sun. They want a temple
limit and no tolerance of intolerance. Mark up the
percentages for Mel and you based on your
stance (L2 LK SR) and your oratory.

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<30>

Maybe it's because diamonds are no longer a girl's best friend because they are everyone's friend or because people don't want to be left with nothing but the *bear* necessities. The prevailing view is that restrictions should be put in place and the future safeguarded even if there is less than there could be today. You need a L1 SR on LK for Mel to have got it wrong with the voters. Work out the changes to the voting preferences and on to lunch and the last debate.



<31>

Prudence and responsibility hold sway over individual desire. The people of Stoneydaze do not want unlimited licence to print money to be possible. Did you both gain support on this?

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Not going to tell you how this works any more. So there. What does Mel have to say (L2 SR on LK)? The people may care or they may not. There are certainly not with Pink Floyd, who made some good sounds but a lousy speech, and they say 'children are for learning'.



<32>

Lots of way of looking at this one and no easy answers really. But people agree it 's a problem that won't go away and is only going to get worse. Probably for that reason the majority want an end to uncontrolled population growth. You just need a L1 SR on LK for Mel to have gone astray on this. Adjust the charts and on you go.



<33>

This one has taken people by surprise and they have listened attentively to what you both have

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had to say on this subject. Perhaps it is an instinctive response, perhaps not, but the consensus is that the Council have unearthed something that should indeed be tackled. Attempt a L2 SR on LK – make it and Mel was off key. For the last time, adjust yours and Mel’s standing in the voters’ declared intentions and go to <41>.



<34>

Sound bites don't hurt as quickly as snake bites but the people of Stoneydaze think they do more damage in the long term. They don't want traders to make outrageous, meaningless claims for their wares.

The people, they say "Restraint – be a shining light in the world!" What did you say (a L1 SR on LK is required for Mel to be out in the cold)? Adjust yours and Mel's support levels accordingly - who's winning this race for the Mayor's Office.

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<35> No one is going to vote for dumping dirt on their own doorstep and it all seems very close and very real. The voters are clear – stop pollution, don't give excuses. If you make L2 LK, Mel got this wrong in the voters' eyes. Adjust yours and Mel's support levels and lurch towards the finishing line.



<36>

Not very popular with wizards and rogues but then they are in the minority and have had their chance to avoid restrictions, the people of Stoneydaze feel that sucking the khremm out of the planet and pumping it back out as pain or gain bullets has got to be unreasonable. So a quota system is desired. You and Mel may or may not have seen it that way but your popularity waxes or stagnates on that basis (L1 LK for Mel to have erred).

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<37> Most people find it frustrating not being able to read the runes in a dungeon or to leave a note for the milkman – they want education for everyone not just the rich and high born. Did you and Mel pick up that sentiment (L3 LK for Mel to have gone down on this one)? Tally up and crack on!



<38>

It's nix to corporates from the people. They want to know who they are dealing with and don't want some soulless monster to dictate their lives. It is a big majority who think this way – did you pick up votes (L1 LK for Mel to have gone the other way and to be estranged from the voters)?



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<39>

You must find out what Mel has to say on this (L2 SR on LK for him to have stuffed this one up). A majority of voters think wealth should be limited – not surprising perhaps as most are not going to be enjoying the fruits of an endless harvest stored up for private consumption.



<40>

Maybe people just want a panacea, a feel good factor but most at Red's Place want to spare him worse sun burn and prevent Trollworld's atmosphere being thinned out by khremmatic emissions. They want to hear that their next Mayor will think of tomorrow not just today and force people to take responsibility and not let greed run rampant. Will you follow that course? Is that what you spoke up for? Add to the percentages of both you and Mel (unless you got it all wrong – L1 LK for Mel to done exactly that).

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<41>

You've had your say and pitched your tent. Now the voters decide. Toss a coin – heads you cast the first vote, tails its Mel first. Now you need to adjust the percentages in favour of both of you for those who are not decided (see the section at the beginning before <1>). Once that's done you then need to see if any of your supporters jumped ship and – if they did – if they voted for Mel or abstained; after that, do the same for Mel's support.

[Roll of drums]...the incumbent, Geoffery Fielding, has his final duty as Mayor to discharge. Bumble (as he's been known for the last three years) declares in stentorian tones that the winner is (fill in the missing word).

If you lost, thank you for standing – maybe you are glad not to be representing a town with values very different from your own.

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If you are the victor, enjoy your term of office. May you wear the ermine trimmed robes with dignity and grow in wisdom and not of girth. Who knows what fate may throw at you and Stoneydaze? Stand strong together.

The loser walks away with a bonus 500 Aps, the winner 1,000. The winner also enjoys a Mayoral allowance of 1,000 gold pieces per month. Nice work if you can get it!

DIRTY TRICKS OPTION

Like all too many elections in our world, there is the possibility that the Stoneydaze election will not be fought fairly or cleanly.

Beware, though, lest the biter be bit! If you take the toys of mass destruction down from their shelf so too may your opponent. If you can't stand the heat, don't go into the kitchen because fire will be met with fire.

If that doesn't convince you to keep your hands in your pockets, you had better roll your sleeves up and dig deep into the box of dirty deeds...

You have two choices – you can either start as you mean to go on or you can see how the winds blows over the lay of the land before resorting to gutter tactics. If your campaign office is set in the sewer system from back before the day of the first Candidates' Debate, you may use both ***Dirty Tricks Menu A*** and ***Dirty Tricks Menu B*** and set in motion one despicable deed before the first debate commences; if you want to wait until half way through and then hit hard in a run for the line then you can only select from *Dirty Tricks Menu B*.

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Whatever you decide, your opponent for public office may do the same or worse or may play Mr. Nice Guy. After you have made your decision you must consult the ***Retribution Menu*** to see what Mel does.

Each dirty trick, if successfully executed, shifts 1d6 of the popular opinion from your opponent to you or from you to him if he is fighting dirty. So, if you manage to rig the count and Mel can't pin anything on you or doesn't spot it you get to **roll 1d6** – say it comes up 4, that means that Mel loses 4% of the vote and you gain 4%. Swings can be fast and furious in both directions!

You can only succeed at each dirty trick once. If you try and fail, you can try again and you might find success. But say you get a bunch of hecklers going and it works, you can't gain from this stunt again. If you roll the same dirty trick you have already made good, too bad, you misjudged the political mood that time.

You will need an additional attribute for the dirty tricks option – wealth (WLTH). To find this, roll **5d6** (and do the same for Mel). WLTH is not an absolute reflection of how much gold you have but rather your ability here and now in Stoneydaze to fund nefarious activities. Each dirty trick requires a WLTH saving roll and each such activity has a WLTH cost. Your current WLTH goes down as you spend up to jockey for position. That decreases the chance of making the **next** WLTH

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saving roll (i.e. you reduce your WLTH rating after attempting the saving roll for the dirty trick).

However, money attracts money in a strange and magical fashion. Both you and Mel may attempt a **L1 SR on WIZ** before each new attempt to fund something nasty. Make it and your WLTH rises by one, although it cannot go above its original level.

If your character has a history that makes it clear he or she is wealthy, you may adjust your WLTH level as you see fit with the proviso that, here in Stoneydaze, no one has WLTH greater than the maximum roll of **5d6 – so it's 30 tops.**

Finally, there is the option of last resort. If you are hopelessly behind after nineteen debates, before the final debate begins you may consult the ***Last Resort Menu*** in an attempt to hire an assassin.

May you not reap as you sow, should you walk the ways of the wicked, a thoroughly modern democrat!

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DIRTY TRICKS MENU A

DICE ROLL

- 1** Hecklers at debates- WLTH cost 1, L4 INT SR to negate
- 2** Delaying opponents getting to hustings - WLTH cost 2, L3 INTSR to negate
- 3** Smear campaign - WLTH cost 3, L3 INT SR to negate
- 4** Bribing opponent for a debate - WLTH cost 4, L5 INT SR to negate
- 5** Posters about town – WLTH cost 2, L3 INT SR to negate
- 6** Your choice from Table A

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DIRTY TRICKS MENU B

DICE ROLL

- 1** Rigging the count - WLTH cost 4, L5 INT SR to negate
- 2** Bribing voters - WLTH cost 3, L3 INT SR to negate
- 3** Spoiling ballot papers - WLTH cost 2, L3 INT SR to negate
- 4** Intimidating voters - WLTH cost 1, L4 INT SR to negate
- 5** Threats to opponent - WLTH cost 2, L3 INT SR to negate
- 6** Your choice from Table B

RETRIBUTION MENU

DICE ROLL

- 1,2** Mel starts dirty and works through Dirty Tricks Menu A and then through Dirty Tricks Menu B
- 3,4** Mel starts by playing fair but uses Dirty Tricks Menu B after Debate 10 is over and done with
- 5,6** Mel keeps it clean throughout no matter what you do

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LAST RESORT MENU

DICE ROLL

1,2 Assassins are hired before Debate 20 begins by both of you – consult **Assassin List 1** roll once for you and once for Mel – if you both try to hire the same assassin, try WLTH, then CHR, then LK saving rolls until someone beats the other – the loser fails to hire the assassin while the winner sits back and rubs his hands...

3,4 Same as above but consult **Assassin List 2**

5,6 For you, consult **Assassin List 3**; as for Mel, he will not stoop so low – you are off the hook

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ASSASSIN LIST ONE

DICE ROLL

- 1** Wilkie Booth, INT – 23, LK – 29, DEX – 18, SPD – 16.
Modus operandi – stiletto through cerebellum.
- 2** Diamond Joe Murray, INT – 23, LK – 29, DEX – 18,
SPD – 16. Modus operandi – handshake with
poison administered via ring spike.
- 3** Ossie Lee, INT – 20, LK – 31, DEX – 22, SPD – 15.
Modus operandi – powdered glass with milk
and cookies.
- 4** Nate Godsey, INT – 16, LK – 25, DEX – 16, SPD – 15.
Modus operandi – greased skillet to the nose.
- 5** Baron Jamray, INT – 29, LK – 31, DEX – 23, SPD – 20.
Modus operandi – exploding ants attracted by
honey on the victim's shoe.
- 6** Prince Gavrillo, INT – 16, LK – 34, DEX – 18, SPD –
20. Modus operandi – birthday card with
medusa image inside.

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ASSASSIN LIST TWO

DICE ROLL

- 1** Reccardio, Elf, INT – 23, LK – 17, DEX – 87, SPD – 19.
Modus operandi – arrow through each eye.
- 2** The Coffinmaker, Living Skeleton, INT – 37, LK – 41,
DEX – 18, SPD – 18. Modus operandi – tripping
victim and pushing into spiked coffin.
- 3** Smiling Sam Snide, Hobbit, INT – 33, LK – 33, DEX –
33, SPD – 33. Modus operandi – making victim
to walk under ladders, break mirrors, cross the
path of black cats, etc until a big league wizard
places a death curse.
- 4** Wadspud, Dwarf, INT – 14, LK – 17, DEX – 19, SPD –
16. Modus operandi – running victims over with
his oxen and buggy.
- 5** Old Hickory, Ogre, INT – 15, LK – 25, DEX – 20,
SPD – 15. Modus operandi – squashing victim in
an armchair.
- 6** Hayseed Buggins, Hobbit, INT – 27, LK – 31, DEX –
29, SPD – 21. Modus operandi – nasty poisoned
knives and lots of both.

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ASSASSIN LIST THREE

DICE ROLL

- 1** Uriah Kreep, Urukin, INT – 15, LK – 27, DEX – 23, SPD – 38. Modus operandi – throttling.
- 2** Van Kluth, INT – 24, LK – 36, DEX – 25, SPD – 25. Modus operandi – fingers up nostrils and then an almighty rip.
- 3** Nack-Knock, Half-elf, INT – 23, LK – 29, DEX – 18, SPD – 16. Modus operandi – blow pipe with hydra venom.
- 4** Hagar Thomas, INT – 20, LK – 30, DEX – 30, SPD – 20. Modus operandi – Hiding behind doors, yelling ‘boo!’ and causing heart attacks.
- 5** Yuri Felipov, Trorf, INT – 18, LK – 28, DEX – 28, SPD – 18. Modus operandi – starting an avalanche.
- 6** Sarah Sirah-Siraz, Fairy, INT – 20, LK – 59, DEX – 59, SPD – 26. Modus operandi – invisibly inserting brain-eating bug in ear.

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Each assassin is human unless otherwise stated; the assassin's **INT, LK, DEX and SPD** attributes are stated along with their preferred method of slaying. An assassin has to beat his/her victim on three saving rolls out of four, taken in the given order, to develop the opportunity for the kill and then to be able to execute. You can work out each assassin's level to know what to add to their saving roll attempts. You get **500 APS** bonus for either surviving an assassination attempt or having your opponent bumped off.

There is also a cost – if you win the election (as you will by default if your opponent is murdered and you live on) and the assassin does the dastardly deed then you must pay **3d6 x 100 GPs** out of you salary (vote yourself an advance!), If you lose the election, you have one week to pay 3d6 x 100 GPs or the assassin will come after you – you will need to beat the assassin on two of the four saving rolls to survive the attempt, thereafter you will be free of such malicious intentions (and can take a further **500 APs** to boot). There is no cost if the assassin fails.

There is a modest prize for the first person to correctly match my assassins to the real-life assassin I derived them from and to match three more assassins to the **Trollhalla** member whose player they are. Not easy to get all of them so let's say you can get one wrong for each of the two questions.

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The prize? A free pdf of the next **Khaghbboommm Press** solitaire or GM adventure released through **DriveThru RPG**. Betcha can't wait...

Finis

ICE EXILE

This adventure can be played with either 5th or 7th edition rules (probably true of all T&T GM scenarios and solos). It is for two or more Fire Giants but there's no reason why you can't add other characters in if you want. You would just need to consider upping monster ratings. **Fire Giants** can be rolled up as follows (or any way you prefer!):

STR and Con 3d6 x 10, WIZ, LK, DEX x 2, INT x 1, CHR x 5, SPD x 1 ½

(NB SPD is reaction time rather than sprinting speed but if you need the latter you could average STR and SPD).

Height? I think about 15'.

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They are armed with **Flame Swords (10d6)** and wear **fire-proof asbestos jerkins** which give 4 protection to their chests. They also wear tunics and cloaks.

They (naturally) know the two spells that all Fire Giants know when their INT and DEX reach 10 - **Burning Touch** (1d6 per 20 STR of the Giant, costs 1 WIZ to cast but no INT saving roll required) and a version of the **Call Flame** spell (costs 6 WIZ to cast, no SR required).

There are other Fire Giant spells such as Sauna, Oxy by Proxy, Lava Boost, Heart of the Sun, Great Balls of Fire,

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Blood Boil and External Combustion but these two youths do not know them (yet) – I imagine them unfolding in the mind when INT and DEX are high enough as they do for specialist mages. You can decide what they do, what they cost, etc if you want to use them or invent your own. The idea of different kindreds having their own natural ‘spellbook’ is one that appeals to me.

Background

In this manifestation of Trollworld, giants appear frequently as large ogres – that is, as hill giants – but Giants (with a capital ‘G’) are extremely rare. These Giants are much larger and much more powerful when fully grown. The period of adolescence is long by human measuring. They are also beings of a magical nature, not bound by all the laws of physics as we know them today, and so their height does not necessarily lead to proportional weight.

There are a number of offshoots from the Giant tree. Those known to the Wizards’ Guild of Trollworld include Fire Giants, Ice Giants, Cloud, Storm, Ocean and Sand Giants. There is little in the way of reputable lore regarding these true Giants. They keep themselves to themselves, able to keep most lower life forms from intruding on their demesnes, standing aloof above all others in the rich tapestry that is Trollworld.

Certain esoteric knowledge has been gained of them by other kindreds. The Dragon People tell stories that may have a few grains of truth mixed with the grit of invention and some ancient wizards who outgrew their mortal peers have passed their wisdoms as heritage tomes – it is within these dusty, near indecipherable pages that we learn hints of

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the task upheld by these Giants, a task that seems to foreshadow a change in the hegemony of Trollworld, a world in which humans play the dominant role.

Snippets and tantalising references lead some (self-appointed, all too often) authorities to suppose that these Giants are the custodians of races to be groomed to surpass humankind in ways as yet impenetrable, akin to kindergartners ensuring a safe and provoking environment for their wards to learn and extend within.

Of these Giants, the only genus which has been associated with anything close to fact in living memory is that of Cloud. One example cannot be claimed to prove an entire thesis but the reports of angelic beings known as ‘the Feigh’ at least lend credence to the old beliefs that have never quite gone away.

In fact, it is only the Ice Giants and the Cloud Giants who have remained alert and attentive to their ancient charter, with their brethren becoming forgetful and dreaming for

centuries passed. The wards of the Fire, Storm, Ocean and Sand Giants are lost to history, perhaps irretrievably. Of late, even the lofty Cloud Giants, those lordly aristocrats of languor and lyre, have neglected their purpose and allowed unworthy powers to displace their charges. (See ‘Obscured By Clouds’ via the Outer Sanctum at <http://trollhalla.com/outer-sanctum/members/profile/> or my Gems and Giants blog at <http://gemsandgiants.blogspot.co.nz/>)

It is to this backcloth, our Fire Giants enter the world of the Snow People, the apparently timeless protégées of their Ice

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Giant cousins. How much of this the Games Master chooses to reveal to the players is up to you. If the players adopt Fire Giants as their characters, it would seem that much would naturally be known to them, although surely little regarding the Snow People. If the characters are not Giants, then it is a very different matter and they will have much to learn about the world they thought they knew.

Bear in mind that the Fire Giants I am suggesting your players take up are young and therefore are not figures to dominate Trollworld.

As for the **Snow People**, the infant kindred given as wards to these Giants aeons ago, they are innocent beyond compare. They are noble savages with the will to ever strive for more yet often ready to hear the other and to work for their people, not exclusively for the one. This would be more than they could comprehend for they see the one and the whole as undivided. They are not ‘hippies’ or ‘socialists’ – nothing so glib. The one will challenge the other when the other seems ‘unworthy’ (although they do not have the methodical ruthlessness of logic that the Vulcan of Star Trek is given). Their evolution is very slow indeed as they cease to be beings of matter and the boundary between matter and energy, matter and thought becomes as nothingness.

These people have no knowledge of the outside world, to such an extent have they been sheltered. If it were only a matter of the physical, doubtless they, just as those natives of Pacific Islands confronted with the tall ships of the European navigators, would simply not see them, their brains deleting this irrelevant optical information. However, khremm-charged beings are seldom invisible and unfelt.

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The Ice Giants long ago arranged for a food source for the Snow People – a creature that they can hunt and so nourish their spirit as well as their bodies. This **pteredon** is drawn in sufficient numbers to the moss on the roof of the huge ice castle that confines the yeti-like people. They alone are able to pass through the mists than surround the edges of the Snow People’s world, their tightly-knit village with its naturally stable population. These mists keep both the Snow People in and others out. Even the Ice Giants make

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very few incursions and so are legendary, mythical beings to their wards. The Giants intervene only when absolutely necessary, the sole arbiter being the appointed **Guardian**.

Much more could be written but this is no more a novel than it is novel. Make more or less of it as you will, for each manifestation of Trollworld is as to its own.

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Scene One – The Feast of the Everlasting Flame

Two young Fire Giants, rogues by class, have been selected as **sentries** at tonight's gathering for the Feast of the Everlasting Flame – a great honour. The **Chief** is at the high

table with his **Flame Witch**, a wizard of high order, and revered guests from other clans. The mood is merry but underscored by the solemnity of the awaited rituals and ceremonies.

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The good order of the gathering is rudely shattered by the arrival – out of thin air – of a **human**, clearly a wizard. As he raises his hands to indicate his peaceful intent, the Chief motions to warriors to escort the Flame Witch to where the now disgraced keepers of the watch stand, still unaware of their failure and the intrusion. Whilst the wizard presents his case and sues for peace, without debate or a whiff of clemency, the Flame Witch **banishes** the novice gatekeepers with a single word of flame-force.

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You can build this scene up and allow lots of character building or tear through it; I made our highest level PC wizard, House Elf, the visitor, which leads on to another adventure so the world is your oyster!



Scene Two – Ice Exile

The two Fire Giants find themselves standing in an **icy wasteland** with a bitter wind howling incessantly. Snow immediately begins to pile up around them even though their life-flame melts the snow as it settles. At first they can see nothing but then, as the weak sun breaks through the thunderheads above them, they catch a glimpse of something glinting ahead, barely perceptible in the half-light. They have nowhere else to go. They must approach the only sign of anything other than the winds, ice and gloomy, cloud-laden skies.

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As they stumble, hearts heavy, feet already numbing, they catch a distant whine on the winds. It grows gradually louder as they take bitter step after bitter step and their frozen memories finally recognise it as they hunting call of **wargs**.

The glinting begins to reveal itself as a huge – even by giant standards – block of ice, some 30 times taller than the Fire Giants. They can see no feature whatsoever on the pristine face of this **ice monolith** but still there is nothing else for them here and still the call of the warg pack grows closer. With a sickening rush, they begin to realise that they are much weaker now – their **STR is at half normal level**. It takes ten miserable minutes to walk round the massive ice block and ten more fearful minutes as the wargs draw near to get to the opposite side where an **enormous boulder** can be seen. As they approach the boulder, they are able to make out a door behind it. There may just be time to avoid having to deal with the wargs in this weakened state if the boulder can be rolled away quickly enough – a STR SR at a level of your discretion is called for. If they have to fight the wargs, it's your call to make it

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close but not an automatic disaster. The pack might well number 6 and a MR of 50 would be reasonable.

Scene 3 – Inside *Harnak 'klutri*

The door can be opened by **reading aloud** a word of Giantish inscribed on the door – it simply says *Harnak 'klutri* ('fortress of ice' or 'the ice man's fortress' in the common tongue) and because the dialect is strange, it takes a L2 SR on INT to understand. The door can be barred from within. Once inside and safe from the wargs, the Fire Giants find their strength has gone down by another 1d6. They can use Call Flame to restore 1d6 STR but it will not go back up beyond 50% of base STR and every time they exert themselves they again lose 1d6 STR. They should be able to balance this by Calling Flame. Stress how cold and miserable they feel, banished as they are to this place of ending cold.

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From the door, a 10' wide 20' high passage winds through the block of ice, gradually ascending. After 2 minutes, they hear heavy footsteps and encounter a shaggy yeti-like creature, a *cryoril*. This beast lives here and gets fed but is often hungry – it is extremely anti-social, having no need of company, and will defend its patch to the hilt. It is of very low intelligence and is naturally belligerent – it gives a blood-curdling cry and attacks

without second thought. Make its MR in the vicinity of 200 if you allow the Fire Giants to fight side by side, less if you prefer to rule there is room only for one to meet the creature. You want a reasonably even fight and remember to make STR drop by 1d6 for each combat round. Although not fighting is often the better route to take, here it is the only way.

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After dealing with the *cryoril*, they follow the passages as it winds round and up for another 10 minutes (it is slippery and going quickly will drain more STR) until they encounter large pieces of **canvas-like material hanging on the walls**. There are 10 of these canvases and they all have metalloid ring holes in the corners and two in the centre, with a cord of unknown substance running through the six ring holes in a figure of eight.

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As they see the canvases they also hear a **rushing noise** ahead, rapidly growing louder. Very soon they reach the end of the passage – it ends in a **chasm** which would take a L15 SR on STR for a Fire Giant to leap across but you may need to adjust as it is not desirable for them both to be able to make the leap – and they see that from a **hole in the roof** of the ice tunnel just before the chasm, a prodigiously **strong wind** is blowing out and across the chasm. On the far side of the chasm, they can just make out what is the start of another passageway and in the centre they can see a **small column of rock**, rising up out of the misty coldness below, upon which is a **metal chest**. The top of the column is big enough for both Fire Giants to stand upon easily but if they attempt to jump to it, a L3 or 4 SR on DEX would be in order to not simply pitch off the other side.

The canvases can be used as **gliders** – L3 LK SR to catch the wind right, L1 INT SR to figure out how to steer. The cords are **fire (and ice) resistant**, the canvas is not. If they really need these gliders and don't work out what they might be used for, maybe a **pictogram** on the back if they take one off the wall... This is how the Ice Giants crossed to

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get to the People beyond. **L20 magic** precludes Fly Mes, Wink-Wings and Blow You/Me Tos.

The iron box contains 100' more of this stout cord but 30 seconds after the box is opened an **ice ghost** will begin to form and after 30 more seconds will be solid enough to do 2d6 CON damage per round. It does not attack Ice Giants, of course, but others are exactly what it has been left here to target. It can be harmed by fire or magic but not weapons but has a CON of 150. If it takes damage should they attack it (from fire or magic), it will float out of reach, reducing its damage attack to 1d6 per round. Plenty of scope for SRs on most attributes here.

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Scene 4 – The Snow People

The passage beyond the chasm wends its way round and slowly upwards. The cold is intense and should lead to more suffering and possibly **doubts about continuing**. There is no 'will' attribute so I would consider using the average of CHR and current CON for a saving roll here – interesting if one wants to turn back and has to be convinced by the other to press on...

After 20 minutes of hard slog, they will emerge into a **vast cavern** surrounded by thick swirling mists. It must be measured in acres and this is where the Snow People, the

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People given to the Ice Giants to nurture, eke out their existence, on their slow journey of evolution.

The Snow People will be going about their business. There are perhaps 120 of them. Aspects to include for the players could be:

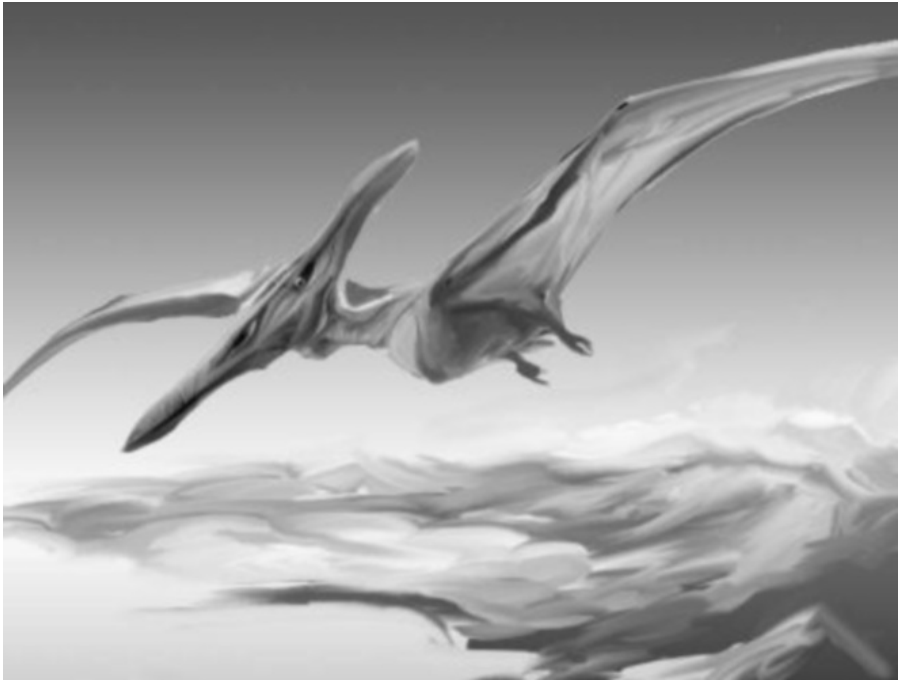
- Reconnaissance
- First encounter – language barrier
- Hunting pteredons (MR100 plus, DEX SR to hit or avoid being hit)
- Befriending the Chief (CHR SR)
- Yak herding/milking
- Confrontation with the Second in the hierarchy
- Exchange of culture e.g. cooking, materials, describing the outside world, painting, songs
- Challenge to the Chief by the Second – Fire Giants being chosen by the Chief as his stand-ins for challenge of hunting pteredons
- Teaching children

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When I ran this with Ken St Andre and my son, Charlie, there was no battle at the beginning and much was made of the language barrier and the cultural exchanges. Songs were created and shared. Then the Fire Giants were invited to try their hand at pterodon hunting and found it a challenge. The Snow People can leap prodigiously, not so the Giants. Then came the anger at feeling displaced by beings who had no place in the People's society from the Second and ultimately his challenge (I knew we had all recently watched the John Carter movie and I drew from this). This was triggered by the Fire Giants failing to take down pterodons but still finding favour with the Leader because of their new ideas and novelty.



If you need attributes for the Snow People, these might be reasonable:

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STR and Con 3d6 x 8, WIZ, LK, INT, SPD x 1, CHR and DEX x 2

I pictured them as tall and sturdy and closer to yetis than men but with more elfin features. I think working out what they look like for yourself and describing them in detail is good for you and the players and will lead to better game play – you have to put some reflective time in here so you can dream it!

The Snow People's realm is **surrounded by mists** that they are hard-wired not to pass through. In fact, the mists will cause no harm to the Giants but have a fear enchantment which hits the People. There is a tunnel in the **high, high roof** to their world through which come the pterodon, drawn by the rich moss which grows there and offers them a food source (could be other small creatures living there too if you like – all this has been contrived by the Ice Giants to provide a sustainable environment for their wards.)

Somewhere (wherever you like) through the mists the Fire Giants will find a **passage** on through the ice, leading round and upwards as before. It wasn't hard to get my players to want to explore beyond the mists but if you need to give yours a push in the right direction perhaps give the People a **legend** about the Guardian to share. I think that would suffice nicely enough.

Scene 5 – The Guardian's Last Deed

The Guardian is about to pass over to the other side and hand the torch on – he has served his time but cannot leave this mortal plane because no replacement has been sent. He

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has had not need to take a hand in the lives of the Snow People for several generations but is aware of their lives, their development and their encounters. He will know what has transpired between the Snow People and their Fire Giant visitors. The Guardian is sleeping deeply, enveloped in thick frost.



It is not easy for anyone or anything other than an Ice Giant to get to the Guardian, deliberately so. The passage quickly ends after no more than 50; at an immense staircase of alternate black and white steps. Each one is some 10' high, far from insurmountable for a Giant and not actually enough to deter determined humans and the like. The stairs might remind some of a piano perhaps. They are carved from ice, as is natural here, and the colour differentiation between black and white ice may have been augmented for effect.

At any rate, the black steps, which like the white are some 10' across, are each triggered by weight of anything more than a leprechaun, rising like pistons to the ceiling to smash the life out of anything unwary enough to walk onto one. A L2 SR on SPD would seem right to retreat in time if setting

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out of the piston-steps off – perhaps some stunt might be possible to avoid being crushed if reactions are slow might be offered but there would still likely to injury at least from the fall, which could be anything up to 100’.

There are 20 of these steps in total and at the top lies an empty round chamber. There are 3 doors, none of which are locked. Behind each is a short passage and at the end of each passage the Fire Giants will find the following:-

Left – The twisting passage is exceptionally cold – drop 1d6 STR each round. It leads to a flowing stream of **blue ‘lava’**. This would do serious damage to any non-ice creature who consumed anything more than a taste – say 10d6. It is sustenance to Ice Giants and the Guardian in particular. In the event that a new Guardian is appointed, should they consume this lava (and they surely would), this will give a permanent boost to both STR and CON of 50%.

Centre – The abode of the **Guardian**. The large well-appointed chamber is essentially a library. Those spending considerable time here might, with INT SRs, learn a variety of spells and there are also many histories and books of folklore. The Ice Giant Guardian is almost frozen solid and will not easily stir. However, he can be gently thawed out and when he speaks he is confused and frail – he has been here too long. What he wants, of course, is a new Guardian to volunteer so that he can dissolve and move on. If there is a willingness to accept the task, he will offer a great gift – changing the new Guardian so that he or she is half Fire Giant and half Ice Giant (I’m not going to give stats for the old Guardian because he is too frail to fight – if a hybrid Giant is created there is plenty of scope for struggles to

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reconcile the two halves, the learning of basic Ice Giant spells and so on. Companions will be Blow You To'd to their choice of destination. If none will accept the task they are on their own for getting out of here! If someone accepts and the other wants to go home but is afraid, offer a **Scroll of Forgiveness** which can be read to the Fire Giant Chief or to the Flame Witch - then it burns.

When the Guardian is woken or threatened (see below), the **Defender** will very quickly come to him. This should not lead to combat unless the players are determined on this course.



Right – The Defender

At the end of a straight passage of some 100' there is a small chamber housing the **Defender**, a huge, intimidating warrior clearly of any icy nature. He stands stock still and will only respond or move if attacked, directly or indirectly, or if the Guardian calls or is

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woken. If the Guardian is woken he will go immediately to his room and either defend the Guardian or take instruction.

He has MR 800, giving him an effective WIZ of 80. His SPD is 50. Other attributes can be decided upon if necessary as the GM wishes. As stated above, there really should not be a fight with this warrior but sometimes players just insist...If they do, they should be made to be sorry!

Wrap Up

If one of the Fire Giants returns to the Fire Giant Hall, the GM could easily play out this scene. If the GM wants to provide for the new Guardian to receive an annual visit or some such, so be it. An enterprising GM might even work through a meeting between Fire and Ice Giants with any number of outcomes possible.

If the players come through all of the five scenes I would award a total of 650 APs with a bonus 200 to the new Guardian but GMs may well settle on different numbers to suit their campaigns. In my thinking, the scenes generate 50, 100, 100, 100, 200 and 100 APs respectively.

I hope players and GMs alike find much to work with and enjoy here and it adds to the rich tapestry that is Trollworld.

Mark Thornton
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