

One Last Heist

A Tunnels & Trolls Solitaire Adventure

Written by Mark Thornton and Joel Marler

About the Authors:

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Artwork:

Many thanks to Stanley Ditko and to those unknowns who make their work freely available. Assembled and mangled by Mark Thornton to fit the nefarious electoral methods of Scruffles in Tanglewood.

Information:

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A solo campaign for a level three or more rogue. During this game you try to pull one last heist... stealing an election! To win you'll need to best your erstwhile opponents, Ho Chee Mint and the Mayor, by gaining the most influence with the largest number of factions by the end of the game. Unfortunately you are at a distinct disadvantage, being a newcomer to pork barrel politics, and so only begin with one dice of influence with each faction. Ho Chee Mint and the Mayor each begin with two dice of influence with each faction (roll up their influence separately, and make a separate roll for each faction.)



The factions are:

The Army: A varied mix of economic enlisters, demographic conscripts, political prisoners, and born-and-bred slaves. Vote how their commanders tell them to vote. Often wake up to a hail of arrows, screaming, screaming, only to realise it was that dream again. Note that the city watch are a branch of the army - this is where you end up if you are lucky, look like you have flat feet, can bribe someone less dishonest than you or if you say you can tell the time.

The Merchants: Movers of goods. Rich, but heavily indebted. Robes are plain gaudy. Looked up to and down upon by all.

The Thieves' Guild: Movers of goods, whether the owners like it or not. Movers of fine cigars, normally three copper bobs a bit but free for a hardworking copper if he stops asking questions. Ironic, enigmatic, and intimidating middle names. Half a finger fewer than the city average. Polite to old ladies.

The Hol Polloi: The unwashed masses. Take what they can get, especially during the winter riots. Believe in big government. And small government. And peace. And war, but only if we were provoked. Believe in everything and believe anything, as long as it's repeated enough. Unfortunately for you, also believe they shouldn't be ignored.

The Wizards' Guild: It's not who you know, but what you know and how much kremm you have to realise it. Long beards, often glowing or sparkly from some recent mishap. Forget their own names, but never forget the 6,000 syllable sequence for an at best situational spell. Failure to control a demon is their leading cause of death.

The Farming Community: Down-to-earth, especially when planting potatoes. Faces like potatoes and potatoes like faces, which often win prizes at the local fair. Simple diets, largely consisting of potatoes. Simpletons. Potatoes.

The Delvers' League: A network of rogue wizards, honeyed rogues, and unremarkable, talentless warriors. High turnover among members, not usually by choice. Chaotic neutral. Always do more harm than good, whatever their intentions. When you're finally rid of one, a new one takes his place.

The Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance: Uruks, goblins, and ogres unite! A disgruntled group of outsiders who simply want to be accepted for who they are, not what they are. Reputed to eat children and most probably do.

The Healers' Guild: Pacifists. Profit off violence. Rely on lifestyle advice and the placebo effect unless you're on the gold package. Amputate just a little further up than necessary, just to be safe. Will not insure those with pre-existing conditions, such as a poorly rolled constitution.

The Knitting Circle: Can be heard decrying how quickly the realm is changing over the clacking of their stone needles. Staid believers of the troll gods, the King, and firm parenting. Not averse to the pension they receive.

The Ladies of the Night: Adventurous, destitute women of all ages, shapes, and sizes. Like to live fast, which is convenient as most clients last less than 15 minutes. Believe in quantity over quality when it comes to make-up and making out. Wear something inside them that would put off the customers if they knew.

The Maritime Guild: As Tanglewood is a landlocked city, this guild is not very large. Mainly transports goods across nearby Lake Calamere. Implacable supporters (and generous financial backers) of the Ladies of the Night, who seem to not mind the members' fishy stench. Commonly paid in rum.

The Brains Trust: Those wizards not cut out for magic end up here. An agglomeration of clever clerks, erudite accountants, and perspicacious pen pushers of all kinds. Believe in the power of the written word, despite ample evidence to the contrary. Will cling to a theoretical tenet like a mussel on a weathering rock.

At any point in the game, a faction that you have less than three influence with wants *REVENGE* against you. A faction that you have more than four influence with is *OBLIGED* to help you.

This game can also be played with other people (it should work particularly well over the internet.) To do this, play as normal and compare your influence with the factions at the end... whoever acquires the most influence with the largest number of factions becomes the new

mayor (ties don't count.)

An example of how to calculate whether you've won or not at the end:
 Let's say that by polling time, you, Ho Chee Mint, the Mayor, and another player have the following influence with each faction:

	You	Ho Chee Mint	The Mayor	Other Player	Faction Winner
<i>The Army</i>	5	6	5	3	Ho Chee Mint
<i>The Merchants</i>	4	4	7	2	The Mayor
<i>The Thieves' Guild</i>	10	3	7	4	You
<i>The Hoi Polloi</i>	6	6	5	2	None (ties don't count)
<i>The Wizards' Guild</i>	1	5	8	3	The Mayor
<i>The Farming Community</i>	8	7	7	-2	You
<i>The Delves' League</i>	9	5	8	5	You
<i>The Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance</i>	-3	3	4	14	Other Player
<i>The Healers' Guild</i>	6	5	6	5	None (ties don't count)
<i>The Knitting Circle</i>	7	8	5	8	None (ties don't count)
<i>The Ladies of the Night</i>	3	4	3	3	Ho Chee Mint
<i>The Maritime Guild</i>	12	7	8	10	You
<i>The Brains Trust</i>	7	7	8	-16	The Mayor

In this example you won four factions, Ho Chee Mint won two, the Mayor won two, and the other player somehow managed to win one. Welcome to office! Note that if the election had resulted in a tie, another election would have had to have been held (meaning that you would have had to play again.)

I bet you're rearing to go now! Here's a pre-generated character sheet and an influence chart to save you the effort of making them yourself.

Name: Scruffles

Type: Rogue

Level: 3

Kindred: Halfling

Strength: 17

Constitution: 22 (22)

Dexterity: 28 (30 without armour)

Speed: 22

Intelligence: 23

Wizardry: 18 (18)

Luck: 26

Charisma: 35

Weapon(s):

Two obsidian daggers (4+0 each)

Personal adds: 45 (47 without armour)

Total: 8+45

Armour:

Steel Breastplate: 14 armour. Lowers the wearer's Dexterity by 2.

Requires 9 strength to use. Worth 600 gold coins.

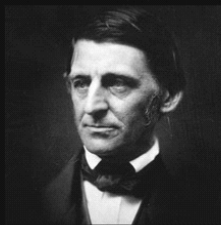
Total armour: 14

Spells:

Magic Fangs

Items:

A cherry bomb. When thrown as a ranged attack it deals 30 damage to each foe.



There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

	You	Ho Chee Mint	The Mayor	Faction Winner
<i>The Army</i>				
<i>The Merchants</i>				
<i>The Thieves' Guild</i>				
<i>The Hoi Polloi</i>				
<i>The Wizards' Guild</i>				
<i>The Farming Community</i>				
<i>The Delvers' League</i>				
<i>The Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance</i>				
<i>The Healers' Guild</i>				
<i>The Knitting Circle</i>				
<i>The Ladies of the Night</i>				
<i>The Maritime Guild</i>				
<i>The Brains Trust</i>				



And next up, a map of Tanglewood so that you can orient yourself during the action...



1 - Mayor Dimple's 'Think Big' Water Mill. Since the drought it's been powered by hand. The Uncommons are thankful for the work it provides.

2 - Old Market Boulevard. This area has become infested with lepers thanks to the charitable services of a cleric named Jeepers. Avoid if you're not in favour with the Healers' Guild.

3 - Spherical Square. One of the Brains Trust's more irritating mathematical experiments. Just standing in this place can cause head spin.

4 - Ho Chee Mint's Golden Pavilion and Bullion Exchange. A dazzling pagoda constructed from various precious metals. It's not a dwelling, it's an investment!

5 - Gondwar's Historical Wedding Cake House and Exotic Gardens. The mighty wizard never was the same after being afflicted by a Liche's *Dum Dum* spell. Rumour has it that his nurse, a powerful witch in her own right, has been working on a solution to his condition.

6 - The Wizards' Guild. Thanks to the services of ZippZapp the Guild doubles as a transport node. Many distinctly practical spells have been developed here, such as *Fool's Gold* and *Cupid's Guise*.

7 - Archie's and Associates. A blackmarket cleverly painted white. It's an open secret that pink dragon scales, hydra's milk, and other narcotics can be bought here.

8 - Whoknowswhere. A bafflingly homogeneous array of brick bungalows. Many a wandering tourist has wound up lost in this unremarkable suburb's alleys.

9 - Prospect Slums. The only prospect here is of being mugged, stabbed, or worse. Surviving to adulthood in this neighbourhood allows automatic entry to the Thieves' Guild.

10 - Treacle Avenue. Home to the best confectionary shops in the realm. Its cobblestones are distinctly sticky.

11 - The Fairy Light District. Naked fairies and pixies can be seen inside the street lamps, subtly advertising the nature of the area. The half-clad harlots, not so much.

12 - Daltimdim's Halls. Quietly ostentatious. Carved at reckless expense from a local cliff.

13 - The Diamond Office. The Mayor's office is encrusted with naturally enchanted gemstones, which negate any magic cast within. He's been paranoid ever since he was turned into a newt.

14 - New Market Boulevard. The daily market takes place here, this being a trading town. Practically anything can be bought, from hamburgers to halberds.

15 - Mr Weiner's Butchery. The sausages are made of scraps, sawdust, and salt to taste. Nobody knows what the pork chops are made of though, and nobody cares to ask.

16 - The Town Hall. A magnificent building constructed entirely of marbled paper. Sublime concerts and acrimonious debates take place here to the equal entertainment of the crowds.

17 - Dark Alley Lane. To control the spread of general disorder, the Mayor ordered that all shady dealings and violent actions take place here. As an unwritten rule watchmen avoid the area.

18 - The Centre for the Advancement of 'Science'. Has a strange fascination with mice, which are elsewhere regarded as an undesirable pest. The Brains Trust claim to have discovered a spell called 'penicillin' here, but they failed the wizard exam so who can trust them.

19 - Major Simone's Garrison and Dungeon Complex. Commander Izilio's murder led to Sergeant Simone's double promotion. Success has bred ambition in the seasoned warrior...

20 - Fair Eden Fields. All the plots are the same size, hence the name. It's here that the Farming Community quenches the town's appetite for fresh greens, fiddlewort, barley, and hops.

21 - Mayor Dimple's Far Horizons Housing Complex for Supporters in Need. Home of several rickety tenement blocks built from wood, sand, and glue. Everyone's waiting for them to fall down already.

22 - The Esteemed Sir Scruffle's 16 Covetous Ave. Mansion. A refined faux-palace filled with all manner of stolen aristocratic paraphernalia. A good dozen good families' crests decorate the walls.

23 - The Red Hob Tavern. Owned by a halfling happy to make a buck however he can. Unbeknown to the customers the drinks are watered down and spiked with Potions of Befuddlement to compensate.

24 - The Oddfellows Inn. A favourite of those Brains Trust members who have dared to try alcohol. It's members pass the time playing a most curious game called 'chess'.

25 - The Black Hole of Kilkutta. Gateway to the most notorious part of the demon plane. The screams of its victims, and laughter of its victimisers, can be heard warping from its centre.

26 - Crackskull Road. Lurking place for hi-tech thieves and low-brow thugs. All the street lamps have been smashed to guarantee darkness at night.

27 - Thimbleprick Thoroughfare. Haven of unfair trade coffee merchants, silk stockinged connoisseurs, and trendy grinders of beans.

28 - Lardida Street. The founder of Tanglewood is said to have begun clearing the forest here. He must have done a good job as the town no longer has any trees.

29 - The Dung Bomb. Favourite watering hole and public facility of soldiers and farmers alike. Very little difference between the liquor and latrine water. Downing a pint of the house amber is taken as a challenge.

30 - The House of Kochanbull. Coins have a habit of winding up here. Some say that Kochanbull run the show behind the scenes, but these disturbed denizens don't stick around to say so for long.

31 - Farquing Lane. Not the best part of town. No place to drop a stitch, if you know what's good for you.

32 - Mudsling Road. A place renowned for peasant uprisings and garden variety riots. In a ceremony of pomp and grandeur, anyone voted out of office must run down this avenue and endure a barrage of mud.

Alright, alright, we'll stop holding you up now. We don't want to waste the time of someone who just wants to play the game. After all, your time's important. You probably have a demanding job, demanding kids, a demanding wife... life's too short to read never ending introductions. So all we'll say is - and this is the last thing we'll say - all we'll say is good luck. May the best scoundrel win!

1 - There comes a time in an adventurer's life when he feels his body beginning to wane. It matters not at first, for experience with dungeons' dangers can cover one's deficiencies... while they are slight. But soon the stomach distends from tavern visits, the reflexes dull from basilisks' stares, and the mind is befuddled from one *Dum Dum* spell too many. At that point, it is time for a kind of retirement. If one has survived this long, and won fame and fortune enough for distinction, it is time to enter politics.

You, Scruffles, are one such washed-up adventurer. You were the greatest... while you were at your best. You proved your strength when you defeated a lich on the shore of League Beach, a dragon in the infamous roosting grounds, and a hydra in the swamps of Terrash'groot... you proved your cunning when you navigated the forested hills of Moravia, when you fooled the Bandit King into providing you men, and when you brokered a ceasefire between the Rainbow Palace and the Y'Drarll Federation. You performed feats that were - hopefully - unforgettable. You hope. You'll find out whether that's the case during Tanglewood's election.

But that's almost a week away. First you need to announce your candidacy. If you bill yourself as a strongman, go to 158. If you announce that you're a conservative, go to 173. If you claim to be a progressive, go to 184. If you consider yourself an intellectual, go to 193.

2 - Your mind-over-what-really-matters control is awesome! Now you have mastered Woolwich and sucked him inside you through your ears, temporarily making him act like an electron being in two places at once. You gain his WIZ and his LK while you wear him (ten and five of each respectively). You can now give Gondwar his cap back and hit the campaign trail - go to 34.

3 - The Alzheimer-Elf winces as his hair falls out. You hear a fizzling sound reverberating within his skull, and soon stars shoot out from his

ears and begin orbiting his head. It actually looks both impressive and rather dignified at the same time.

“I wish I’d put this on a few years back and then I might not have signed up for all those Trollzi schemes. I’m a bit short of filthy lucre now but where there’s muck there’s brass; we’re going a-politikcing! What’s your strategy? Have you got a spin-doctor? My back’s all twisted and we’re going to need some spine to stand up against the Mayor - not to mention the voters!”

You promise to hire a full-time masseur for him if you win. If you ask Gondwar to intimidate your opponents, go to 83. If you ask Gondwar to intimidate the voters, go to 93. If you’d rather just take a stroll around town and see who you bump into, go to 163.

4 - Fortunately Ho Chee Mint has bigger fish to poach than Dalto, so he turns his blind eye to the dwarf (the one that got sucked out one drunken night with his friend, Vacuitous, then head of the Wizards’ Guild, who tried to cast the *Hoover Dam* spell in the wrong place). With his remaining good eye he fixes you with an inscrutable stare and points to a pergola festooned with roses. There waits a reporter for the Tanglewood Trumpet. This paper specialises in genuine fake news. Their ace scoop-snoop, Foxtrot Murdock, is there with a scryographer ready to capture moving pictures for posterity.

Ho chee steers you to answer Foxtrot’s questions.

“So, Scruffles, what are you going to do about Noah’s Ark?”

It transpires than an idiot from the Maritime Guild has built a huge floating zoo and now it is becalmed in the middle of Lake Calamere with starving animals biting chunks out of each other.



Ho Chee has already stated quite categorically that he will authorise the Wizards' Guild to sink it. This gains him two points with their guild but loses him two with the Mariners. You can match him if you like or steer a different course.

Dalty whispers in your ear that he would get the Delvers' League to rescue the animals and then feed them to the Hoi Polloi at a grand public BBQ in his honour. If you run with his sage counsel you lose one point of support with both the Wizards' Guild and their maritime counterpart, but gain one with the league and two with the Hoi Polloi.

Once you have said your piece, you see Daltimdim scoot off after a minotaur hoisting a very long pitchfork on his shoulder. Go to 54.

5 - Ho Chee has a sigil to protect him from spurious attacks. Slack Alice has one too but hers sometimes makes a spell or an arrow rebound. Roll one dice with the following results:

1. The spell hits you! Oof!
2. The spell hits gondo! Ouch!
3. The spell hits a farmer! Whoops!
4. The spell hits a healer! Yikes!
5. The spell hits Ho Chee! Ha!
6. The spell hits the barman! Eek!

Zip! Zap! Zow! Go to 77 to see what happens next!

6 - 'And now, my friends - for I feel I can call you friends - I'd like to

pontificate on the prospect of empowerin' prostitutes. These fine, upstandin' ladies, who haven't harmed anyone, are taken advantage of by adulterin' and shifty men every night, just 'cause they're poor and they ain't got no options. Early each mornin' they turn up to the barracks with black eyes, black hair, and black skin, relatin' how they gave the ole' double happy endin' as requested but only got paid for a howdy whatsit! I enumerate that it is a crime to call such work as this a victimless crime: it is a victimful crime, and most certainly a crime I intend to enforce! As mayor of this urban conglomeration, which I believe to be a progressive conglomeration most firmly rooted in the future, one of my first acts will be to ensure that the members of the oldest profession are given the protection they deserve by closin' all bawdy houses and sellin' 'em to the highest bidder!

The Knitting Circle clack their needles in approval, but the Ladies of the Night seem strangely unappreciative, judging by the way they throw their high heels at you. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.



Time for your next policy. If promise monsters equal rights, go to 16. If you promise to personally hunt them down, go to 26.

7 - A rook-kin is quickly summoned and soon a kangaroo court is underway. All Tanglewood loves a good stitch-up and that's what most court cases are here. Perversely, Major Simone, the mustachioed customer, defends the elf while you have to press charges. Make L3

SRs on all of INT, LK, and CHR (L2 if the Army is *OBLIGED* to help you). If you make all three, you win hands down and the thief is handed over to your tender mercies, spitting and swearing (go to 91).

If you fail any of the SRs, things go poorly for you. Seeing you screw up getting his cap back, Gondwar takes refuge in a vat of pinot gris and you lose your running mate as well as one point of support with the army and the Thieves' Guild. You need to find a new strong right arm - go to 10.

8 - We'll get to that SR in a moment.

Arguing it out with the incumbent (with the emphasis squarely on the last syllable) is a risky business. In any case, Dalty is too short to reach the Mayor's ear and his worship just uses your mate as a shield to block you. An old hand with more tricks up his sleeve than you could teach an old dog, the Mayor attempts to turn the tables. You gain one dice of influence with the Wizards' Guild, who feel protective towards their potion-makers, but you need to have made a L3 SR on CHR to avoid losing ground with everyone else (yes, every other faction!). The Mayor is too wily to lose anything.

Once the show is over, go to 49.

9 - Plenty of folk are willing to press the flesh with you - running for public office has made you hot gos! A wealthy merchant approaches you with an offer. Provided you will drop export levies, he will give you all the materials you need free of charge to run a major league poster campaign. Dropping these levies will inevitably hurt the Hoi Polloi.

You would gain three points of support with the merchants for promising this and you would only lose three points with the rabble if you fail a L3 SR on LK and get found out by your opponents.

If you accept the offer, go to 19. If you decide to keep the levy as is, you gain three points of support with the common man when you boast of this but lose two with the commerce brigade. You go to 98 if you don't want the posters.

10 - Gain one dice of influence with the Delvers' League.

You've never had reason to doubt Daltimdim's standing as a host. Mind you, you've never had reason at all after emptying one of his 'Horns of Plenty'. His dulcet bellow rings in your ears and you pick yourself up off

the spit and sawdust carpet of his kitchen after he thumps you heartily on the back (lose one dice of CON for back pain unless you are truly spineless).

VOTE



“Scrofula, you young scallywag,” he thunders teasingly, using the pet name he gave you when you swallowed the dung beetle potion during your exploits together in the Dungeon of the Emaciated Eunuch. “I haven’t seen you in ages!” This isn’t surprising as he is blinder than Oedipus after he got to know his mother better without his glasses – which he is currently sitting on.

“I’ve been thinking it’s high time we went adventuring again, laddie. What do you say? Are you gay?” He may well have meant ‘game’ as he slurs his words after about five minutes without moistening his lips with ale.

He’s hard of hearing too so don’t bother correcting him. You’ve got what you came for: the toad-faced veteran (this time courtesy of an accident in the Dungeon of the Spluttering Buttocks) is champing at the bit to sink his teeth into a new adventure. The thing is, can you save his glasses so that he can see where he’s going and so you won’t have to fend off friendly fire all the time?

Make a L3 SR on DEX and another on SPD. If you make both, go to 90; if you fail the DEX SR, go to 100; if you fail the SPD SR, go to 11.

11 - You are nimble enough to grasp the spectacles and not anything tender but too slow to get them out from under his ample bottom in time. There is enough power coming down to crush the glasses into you hand. Take one dice of piercing damage and lose one point of DEX permanently unless you can make a L3 SR on LK.

“Never mind the blood stains, pal. It just reminds me of the good old days when we got stabbed, slashed, hacked, burnt, zapped and turned inside out before breakfast. I’ve got plenty of spare pairs of specs - don’t know why but I seem to sit on a pair at least once each day.”

He muses somewhat laconically, as dwarves are wont to do, then tosses a spare pair back where the other pair were before you bloodied your hand. Go to 90.

12 - In a passable imitation of the cat owned by the infamously schizophrenic wizard, Schrodinger, Woolwich leaps at the opportunity to descend into your brain through both ears simultaneously. You have been ‘occupied’ and now have a master.

Whenever you are faced with a choice, you must make it by tossing a coin or rolling a dice - anything that makes it a 50/50 outcome. Gondwar gets his cap back and makes mention of the strange glimmer behind your now-purple pupils. He is ready to hit the hustings! Go to 44.

13 - "What do you think you're playing at, you idiot!" The crusty old coot looks *compos mentis* all of a sudden. "That's a deluxe magic thinking cap - don't you know it's got a demon sewn into the lining?"

Perhaps you did, perhaps you didn't. It's all of a piece now as the demon, a rather creepy little pervert named Woolwich, begins unpicking the stitches, simultaneously perforating your scalp (take one dice of piercing damage). A contest is underway for control of your skull. Make a L3 SR on INT. Go to 2 if you make it or to 12 if you fail.

14 - Next stop for you is the butchers. There are many in Tanglewood as vegetables are thought to cause footrot and tooth decay. When you arrive, arm in arm with your legendary dwarven monster-mashing bro, you see the proprietor, Mr. Wiener, in the midst of a heated argument.

One of his customers, l'Queinstein, the renowned inventor of the self-propelled rubber duck, is attempting to denounce the dietary claims of Dr. Shivago, a cossack go-go dancer, who believes in a radish-only nutritional regime. Shivago does admittedly cut a fine figure, although that could be thanks to the go-go dancing. Shivago is currently half way through inserting a radish in each one of IQ's ears, although you don't see how that will help l'Queinstein lose any weight.

Dalty is quick to help the butcher break up the ruck and happily munches on a radish, declaring it to be largely meat-free. A crowd has already gathered and news has spread of your run for the mayoral ermine so everyone expects you to show your hand.

If you want to put an end to the sale of human brains in Tanglewood you gain three influence with the healers' fraternity. If you think radishes should be put where the sun don't shine you gain three influence with the Brains Trust. With this important topic addressed, you can go on to 48.

15 - The wizard pulls out a voodoo doll, and begins to dress it up as a faction member of your choice. He places it in one of his many miniature houses.

‘See, oh populace, the splendour of your abode under the reign of Scruffles!’ he intones solemnly. ‘Note the little oven, which really works! The chic gothic wallpaper, the buff, barbarian boyfriend, the slide from the second floor to the spiked picket gate! Scruffles promises you this and much more, realities beyond your wildest dreams, dreams beyond your wildest imagination, if you only pledge your support! Vote Scruffles: for a brighter tomorrow, today.’ Gain three influence with a faction of your choice.

The strain of the charm must have drained the wizard, for Gondwar flops down unconscious on your prone body and begins snoring lightly. You hoist your running mate into a wicker chair and, as it’s getting late, go to sleep yourself. You’ve got a long week ahead of you. Go to 35.

16 - ‘Moving right on from ladies’ rights, I’d like to talk about monsters’ rights. A lot of fine, upstandin’ people, and intelligent people, more intelligent than myself, say that orcs, and goblins, and uruks and the like are good people deep down, that they’re discriminated against systematic like, and that they deserve full rights, just like the so called ‘good’ kindreds. And I say good on ‘em for speakin’ out. It’s time to recognise that we’re all human beings, even the humans of us with mandibles and the like, that the make up of this here municipality has changed, that times have changed, and that we need to change with it. I declare, on this day and age, that all races in Tanglewood will hereby and heretofore be recognised as equal, will be endowed with all benefits deriving from their position as subjects of myself, the future mayor, and that further, it will be persecutable to act in such a way that could be construed to disvalue the so-called ‘evil’ races, punishable by law!’

The Uncommon Kindreds’ Alliance quite literally roar in approval, causing some of the knitters to reach for their smelling salts, while the Delvers’ League shake their gauntlets at you. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you declare your abhorrence for conscription, go to 36. If you declare your support for conscription, go to 46. If the Delvers’ League wants *REVENGE* against you, go to 56.

17 - ‘I’m sweatin’ bullets ‘ere - gather as many of our supporters as you can find, and make sure those who don’t like us don’t make it to the voting booths, alright?’ Daltimdim grimly nods before jogging down Treacle Avenue.

When you get to the voting booths you find them less busy than usual. The dwarf must've done well. When figuring out who won the election, don't count one faction of your choice. Unfortunately, your blatant tampering with the democratic process does have its drawbacks: the Brains Trust and Hoi Polloi will not vote for you even if you have the most influence with them of any contender.

After several hours, the votes have all been collected. Now it's time to count them (and to count an extra dice worth for a faction of your choice if the Knitting Circle are *OBLIGED* to help you... they've been gossiping in your favour).

Work out whether you've won by reading the introduction, then go to 150 if you lost and 200 if you won. If you've won the election but the army wants *REVENGE* against you, go to 140.

18 - As you wade in to the debate, people get hot under the collar and soon enough you are challenged about your sincerity. People want to know if you are really invested in this cause - in a nutshell, are you bald?

Make a L3 SR on LK. If you succeed, you happen to be shiny on top or wear a wig (you choose). If you can prove you are all mouth and trousers and meet the criteria of identity politics, you gain two points of support with the Wizards' Guild, the Brains Trust, and one more faction of your choice. If you failed the SR, the effect is the opposite (with a critical fumble meaning you lose influence with three factions of your choice, not just one).

And Daltimdim? He is no help at all. He earns himself a few gold coins by polishing bald heads, including Brewster's. The Mayor is an old hand at this and gains a point with the Knitting Circle and the Hoi Polloi by promising the dames a 10 year contract to crochet wigs for the needy. He needs their votes after all! Now go to 49.

19 - The guy who will do the layouts is a chap named Stickers. He is expecting you when you arrive and is in the middle of cutting his toenails. Bill smiles and sends a particularly sharp piece of big toenail at you - make a L4 SR on either DEX or SPD or suffer one dice of piercing damage.

Bill needs the text and the image for the posters and he needs them now. Decide who will do what out of you and Dallo. You can split it or have one do both as you prefer. Now go to 29.

20 - Gain one dice of influence with the Wizards' Guild.

Even though he could not have been expecting you – could he? – there is a warm and ready welcome as you push open the door to the venerable enchanter's cute five-storey wedding cake house. Naturally, you used the rhythmic knock Gondwar showed you before he lost most of his marbles. Back in those days he could conjure blood from a stone golem's nostrils, but now he is reduced to drooling as his medusa nurse pushes him round in circles about the statue that has pride of place in his lounge. It is the petrified remains of his arch enemy, Kimjongdong, the goblin shaman who destroyed the Ivory Tower of Babel single-handed.



Gondwar looks up but does not seem to recognise you. Do you want to attract the attention of his voracious nurse at 30, or use your electric charm to rouse him from his reverie at 40?

21 - 'Timbo grins amiably. "We've both got our fair share of those. There's more folk with reason to hold a grudge 'gainst the two of us than there are fleas on the Trollgod's chest wig! Who d'ya want me to take down first - Hochee Mint? He's as cool as a cucumber but I can slice him up like a vegetarian's sausage."

If you want Dimbles to go after the Eastern Orator, go to 22; if you want him to go on a general rampage against anyone who looks like someone might vote their way, go to 32. If you want him to cut to the chase and try to take on the Mayor himself, go to 112.

22 - Ho Chee made a mint moons ago and has been rolling in it like a pig in clover ever since. When Dimby gets to the pavilion, you see there is a long line of clients queuing to see their patron. On the other side of the street, held back by a posse of ogre heavies, is a crowd of resentful, envious Hoi Polloi. Dalty looks over to you and gesticulates quizzically. "Should I rough up the scroungers or give the riff-raff the rough stuff?" He asks plaintively, clearly wanting to carry out both assaults simultaneously, a hangover from the time when a Double-Double spell worked in an unexpected fashion.



If you want him to scythe down the peasants, you gain one dice of standing with the merchant class; if you set him on the wanna-bes at Ho Chee's door, you gain one dice with the Hoi Polloi. Make a note of it, whatever you decide. Now go to 4.

23 - 'Alright, we'll find ya bloody hat and break the fingers o' all involved. Jus' remember though that this here election ain' gonna win itself.' Gondwar begins babbling in thanks.

If you make a beeline to the blackmarket, go to 43. If you try to follow the elf's tracks, go to 53.

24 - The streets are thick with people of all shapes, sizes, and smells as

everyone has election-fever. The candidates' virulent speeches have literally broken down the populace's immune system, and everybody is coughing and sneezing around you. This bodes well for the Healers' Guild, and they give you particular credit for this: you gain two points of support from them.

When you turn the corner of Farquing Lane into Spherical Square, you see a crowd of what could be your voters listening to the Mayor. He is afloat on a sea of interest, surrounded by soldiery and knitters. Although you can hear that the Mayor wants to speak about the need for home swimming pools for high-ranking public officials, it is clear his audience wants him to settle a point of dispute.

The Circle ladies believe there is no longer any need for cavalry to be funded out of the taxpayers' purse since they are willing to give battle with their needles replacing lances and for half the pay in wool. The ranking officer is speaking for all the military when he tells them where they can stick their needles.

The Mayor gets flustered and all eyes fall on you. If you side with the army, you gain one dice of support in that quarter but lose two with the circle. If you lean the other way, the reverse is true. You can also try a L4 SR on LK. If you make it, the Mayor loses three points of support with whichever faction you choose. If you fail, he gains two points with both. Now you should leave Spherical Square, a place where the Knitting Circle likes to meet and the army loves to bask, and go on to 9.

25 - The elven wizard's eyes glaze over and his tongue lolls absentmindedly down your earlobe as he enters a deep trance. Soon he begins to whisper glimpses of the coming week into your lug hole.

'I see he of the hemp suit... besmirching your name... I see he of the sun scorched pate... buying you off... I see he of the spherical trunk... cursing you for standing against him... I see he of the sparrow like eyes... pleading for mercy. But it becomes dark! Oh, it's slipping from me, slipping, slipping...' Gondwar flops down heavily and begins lightly snoring. A set of vague predictions, but propitious nonetheless. You may automatically pass one failed SR during this adventure of your choosing.

You hoist your running mate into a wicker chair and, as it's getting late, go to sleep yourself. You've got a long week ahead of you. Go to 35.

26 - 'Moving right on from ladies' rights, I'd like to talk about monsters' rights. As far as I'm concerned, they don' have any! A lot of political

pundits and people in high places wit' higher minds like to say these orcs, and goblins, and uruks and the like are good people deep down, that they're discriminated against systematic like, and that they deserve full rights, just like the good kindreds. Well I say hogwash, pisspots and lies! You know why the good kindreds are called the good kindreds? It's cause we don' go around killin' innocents when we're peckish and razin' half the city to the ground! Sorry to say it but Tanglewood has been and always will be a halving city, and even if there's more ratmen here than us it's cause we've tolerated 'em up to now. Up to now, mark me. I say no to full rights, and I say they're not welcome no more, and I even say - and what I say is a promise - that once I'm mayor I'll personally whip out my ole' trusty and bolt 'em down in the streets! Send 'em back! Send 'em back! Send 'em back!

The Delvers' League enthusiastically chants along, but the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance hiss and growl at you. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you declare your abhorrence for conscription, go to 36. If you declare your support for conscription, go to 46. If your influence with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance is now negative, go to 108.

27 - 'I'm sweatin' bullets 'ere - burn down the voting booth in the troublespot, will ya? But make it discreet like, I don' want to lose the support of the law.' Gondwar nods before wheeling himself down Treacle Avenue.

When you get to the district's voting booth you find the building razed to the ground: don't count either the Hoi Polloi or Merchants' votes for any contender. Unfortunately the Brains Trust, having taken their own polls, strongly suspect you of foul play. You lose all influence you had with them.

After several hours, the votes have all been collected. Now it's time to count them (and to count an extra dice worth for a faction of your choice if the Knitting Circle is *OBLIGED* to help you... they've been gossiping in your favour).

Work out whether you've won by reading the introduction, then go to 150 if you lost and 200 if you won. If you've won the election but the army wants *REVENGE* against you, go to 140.

28 - Your idea of a upmarket joint might involve plush velvet carpets, flunkeys fawning on you and geisha girls gushing. In fairness, that might have been what Gondwar had in mind, but fate intervenes. Halfway down Merrychuckle Crescent, he sees the Mayor's right hand man, Dexter Droyt, handing out jellybeans to adolescents just old enough to vote.

The old goat gets his dander up. He quickly casts Hidey-Hole and sneaks up to Dex. Now Dex is highly strung and when Gondwar screams into his ear at point-blank range, it's more than jelly beans that are going to get spilt.

Make a L2 SR on CHR for your pal (he's got 12). If he makes it Dex jumps out of his skin, which is not a pretty sight. If this is the case, you gain two points of support from the Hoi Polloi and the Mayor loses two. If Gondo flubs it, it goes the other way.

Some of the jellybeans are lost, others are trampled flat. If you don't want to lose that point (or maybe a second) with the Hoi Polloi, you need to spend 500 gps at the closest candy store. You will also gain two points with the merchants! Now go to 98.

29 - Try a L3 SR on INT for the words and one at the same level on DEX for the graphics.

If the Brains Trust is *OBLIGED* to help you, you may reroll one check on the text as they're happy to proofread for you (indeed, they get some strange kind of kick out of crossing your i's and dotting your t's.) If the Knitting Circle is *OBLIGED* to help you, you may likewise reroll one check on the graphics as they offer to gussy up the edges with some flowery embroidery. You can see Dal's stats at 64 if you need them (maybe write them down for future reference). Now go to 39.

30 - 'Hey lady,' you say, 'the name's Scruffles 'Jackknife': make the wizard understand or else someone's gonna start losin' fingers. Scruffles is the biggest halfling this side a' town, and Scruffles don' appreciate bein' ignored.'

As the nurse stares at you, you feel yourself slowing down. Take a L2 SR on WIZ. If you pass, go to 70; if you fail, go to 80.

31 - "Good call! There's a sight more of them than opponents, even

though Trollgod knows we've got more than our fair share of them. Gotta say, that suits me these days. I need to tell you a secret... I'm a little short-sighted nowadays. Yesterday I mistook the paperboy for a liche and had to spent all afternoon mowing the lawns to make it up to his parents. My hands have got awful callouses now.

Anyho', It'll be a darn sight easier to do a good job if it don't matter who I smack up. No time like the present for a bitta axe work, hey?"

With that, he crashes through the front wall of his house, narrowly missing the door on his way. Go to 42.

32 - Two blocks down the road, Dalto bumps into a man being carried in a tub by litter-bearers. Most of the water slops out over the shoes of a dryad dungeon delver of his old acquaintance. Neither Rear Admiral Grog nor the dryad, Desertina, are best pleased.

You can rush over to apologise but it is clear you must choose who to appease first. If you go for Grog, you gain three points of approval with the Maritime Guild; if you mollify Desertina you gain three points with the Delvers' League. Note it down and go to 14.

33 - This is not as easy as you might think. The ancient leaf-lover takes you down with a supple leg-rake, a move that you have put to good use on the dancefloor to reap a rich romantic harvest; then he loses the plot and sticks his tongue in your ear, an act which may help your hearing and which certainly enables you to gain the upper hand in a northerly direction underneath his rather threadbare robes.

But enough horseplay: you've got horse trading to do, and your old buddy's magic is your ticket to success. If you ask Gondwar to charm the voters, go to 15. If you ask him to divine what shenanigans the Mayor will pull this election, go to 25.

34 - Gondwar leads you straight into a group of poor goblins, wringing their hands in despair. When you ask why they are so glum, in broken common they tell you the Mayor has just declared that if he is re-elected they will have to work at the water mill seven days a week. This would not be so terrible if it were not for the stinger: other drudges will be working above the waterline but not so goblins.

You can tell the newshound from the Tanglewood Trumpet who is now dogging your heels that you condemn this callous exploitation of new immigrants, or you can make out that you will consider it deeply in due

course. Gondwar does not like goblins much and thinks you should copy the Mayor.

If you do so, you lose one point of support with the Uncommon Kindreds but gain three with the Merchants. To take up the cause of goblin rights will gain you one dice of points with the monsters but lose you one point with the Merchants and one with the Maritime Guild, who are hoping this economic experiment will work and they will gain a whole new generation of barnacle scrapers. To decline to take a position will still gain you three point of support with the merchants but lose you one with the Ladies of the Night who have been doing surprisingly nicely from the recent influx of goblins.

Gondwar promises to take you somewhere more high class next - go to 28 unless the Uncommon Kindred Alliance is *OBLIGED* to help you, in which case go to 111.

35 - Gondwar roughly wakes you the next morning with an *It's Elementary* spell, clearly well-rested from his incantation yesterday evening. 'Hup-to hup-to, there's voters to be won! The early wyvern catches the wolf! Shall I cast *Little Feets* on you, or is that how slowly you normally get dressed?' You wonder if it was wise to get the wizard his hat back as he blows you out the door. Go to 93.

36 - 'Lastly, I'd like to talk about the topic on everyone's minds: the war. We're all thinkin' about the war. We're thinkin' about how we ain't doin' so well, ain't we. And I know - I know from speakin' with decent, hard workin' folks such as yourselves - that there's a lot of fear you'll be sent to the front to plug the holes, whether you like it or not. But if I'm elected mayor, you don' have to worry about that.'

'I declare today that it's not your responsibility to die for the realm against your will. This is a war of aggression, and it's not your fault it hasn't worked out! I'd have blood on my hands if I forced you to fight; I instead urge you to fight against the war! Peace, liberty, and freedom!'

The Farming Community rapturously applaud, but the Army begins talking of launching a coup. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

You walk off stage to the cheering (and booing) of the crowd, and watch anxiously as they shuffle off to vote. Go to 86.

37 - The Brains Guild notice that you aren't tampering with the democratic process, and appreciate it. Improve your influence with them by two.

After several hours, the votes have all been collected. Now it's time to count them (and to count an extra dice worth for a faction of your choice if the Knitting Circle is *OBLIGED* to help you... they've been gossiping in your favour).

Work out whether you've won by reading the introduction, then go to 150 if you lost and 200 if you won. If you've won the election but the army wants *REVENGE* against you, go to 140.

38 - The old boy has a powerful thirst now and salivates copiously at the sight of the swinging sign of the "Dung Bomb", an inn popular with both farmers and the Army. To the side of the tavern are the latrines. Loitering behind this rickety structure are a group of corporals ready to press gang any poor yokel needing to empty his bladder into military service.

None of this interests Gondy because he failed thirteen army medicals before he got accepted by the Wizards' Guild. Seems ingrowing toenails are not a problem for some. At any rate, he cruises on in to get his half of mild and a shandy for you.

You can blow the whistle on this underhand army operation and gain three points of support from the farmers for the loss of three with the Army (if you fail a L5 SR on LK - make it and they never know) or you can go inside for that shandy. Then go to 47 unless the Army wants *REVENGE* against you, in which case go to 183.

39 - Here's how it pans out:

- L3 or better on both message and look: you gain one point of support with every faction. Shakespeare and Picasso would have been so proud of a collaboration like this!

- L3 on one, L2 on the other: roll one dice for every faction with 1 or 2 meaning the loss of a point and with 3-6 indicating a gain. You are either going to look or sound stellar.

- Both L2, or one L3 and one L1: roll one dice as above but the odds are 50/50. Your poster will be a dart board cover soon but it is kinda cool in a dim light.

- A L2 and a L1: as above but the odds are reversed, so 1-4 gives the loss of a point. Either common is not your first language or you were blindfolded while designing this.
- Both L1: join a kindergarten art class if you think you're up to it. You lose a point with everyone.
- A L1 and a fail: how did you work such as insult into your poster? Lose a point with everyone. Also, pick one faction and set your support level to zero (it cannot rise now).
- Two fails: calculate to offend everyone, and it succeeds! You lose the election handily thanks to the provocative eyesore. Figure out whether Ho Chee Mint or the Mayor won by reading the introduction, then go to 150.

Now you can go to 59 if you're still in the race.

40 - You stare deep into the befuddled conjurer's eyes, and attempt to remind him of who you are - and who he is. Take a L5 SR check on CHR. If you pass, go to 50; if you fail, go to 60.

41 - You slink around the shed, open the window a shade wider, and clamber through, only to see an elf escaping through the door with a strange hat upon his head. Take a L4 SR on SPD: go to 61 if you pass it, and 71 if you don't.

42 - No sooner is the rhino-like dwarf out on the streets than he crashes into a lovers' tryste. A large-headed fellow from the Brains Trust (set up by the Powers That Be to assess the effects of khremm depletion on the planet) is having his frontal lobes massaged by a lady of ill-repute. Billowy Crumpet is looking very contented while Isabella la Douche is pocketing a pouch clinking with gold. Dalty seems unaware of his faux-pas and it is up to you to mend fences.

You simply must make amends for his brutish indelicacy, but it's plain that you will have to decide who to placate first. If you go for Barry, you gain two points of approval with the Brains Trust; if you soothe Isabella you gain two points with the Ladies of the Night. Note it down and go to 24.

43 - The black market is not hard to find. The tallest building in town, it is painted jet black in spider pulp everyday by the good-hearted ladies of the Knitting Circle. They knit their own paintbrushes which makes it a dawn to dusk task, which in turn makes the knitting tricky as their eyes are no better than Daltimdim's.

You hear the dulcet tones of Artful Archie, your best source of both gossip and contraband.

“Why Scuffles you rascal, come inside and we’ll have a very secret chat, just like old times.”

Archie has never been able to keep a secret and he’s an absolute dunce at keeping a low profile. He watches you walk into the market through the secret back door marked, “Fake Door”, and then lets rip with a saxophone solo to distract the City Watch, who are packing in behind you.

If you want to whisper your urgent needs into Archie’s shell-like, go to 63; if you want to speak in code in front of the Watch, go to 73.

44 - Where does the geriatric elf take you to score bigly with the electorate?



Straight to the House of Kochandbull, where a very rich double-headed salamander is hosting a party for his hot-headed flame demon friends. They all like to put it about a bit in the locker room and so he has hired a gaggle of young beauties from the Ladies of the Night faction.

When you arrive (and the dragon over the door breathes a hot, smoking sigh of relief at the sight of you - lose one dice of CON unless you make a L3 SR on SPD) the ladies are on the verge of walking out. They are highly concerned about lack of protection when things really heat up. Burnie Slanders makes it plain that their worries are no concern of his and you can see you either have to intervene quickly or let the boys have their fun. The Tanglewood Trumpet correspondent tailing you steps out of her *Hidey Hole* and readies her scrying stone to get the scoop.

If you decry this as an outrage and promise a programme of compulsory rubberisation, you gain four points of support with the Ladies of the Night but lose one with the Mariners' Guild and Uncommon Kindreds; if you swing the other way gain two points with the freaks and fishermen, but lose two with the members of the fearful sex.

For the little it's worth, Gondwar would invest in a rubber plantation and go with the ladies. You thank him for his input. Once you have set the record straight and smiled for the stone you should go to 38. If the Ladies are *OBLIGED* to help you go to 197 instead.

45 - You step up to the podium and look out over the sea of fools. 'Watch how I play 'em Mickey,' you whisper to your running mate. 'I can sing like a siren and roar like a werebear. If I promised 'em the moon they'd start packin' their bags before I finished and that's a fact.' You shout for silence from the crowd, then begin:

'My most erstwhile and upstandin' supporters, I will not stand here givin' you slogans. Unlike my opponents, Dirty Ho and the meddlin' Mayor himself, I respect your various intelligences. What I will give you instead is what this here city, this once erstwhile and respectable city which has been run into the ground, needs - change!

'I have formulated, with the help of my runnin' mate, which is a most hard workin' and upstandin' runnin' mate which I most deeply respect, is a set of innovative, well researched, and common sense policies to effect the change I mentioned before. It is my conviction - conviction, mark you - that these policies will transform Tanglewood into the metropolis we all want and deserve; a place we can once again be proud to call our own instead of a dump we pretend to not live in when on holiday.'

'The policies we will effect are the followin', which I will now enumerate for your elucidation.' If you promise them progressive taxation, go to 55. If you promise them regressive taxation, go to 65.

46 - 'Lastly, I'd like to talk about the topic on everyone's minds: the war. We're all thinkin' about the war; thinkin' about how we ain't doin' so well. And I know - I know from speakin' with decent, hard workin' folks such as yourselves - that there's a lot of fear you'll be sent to the front to plug the holes, whether you like it or not. And if I'm elected Mayor, you can bet your brand new army boots you'll be marchin' to those holes!'

'I declare today that it's your responsibility to die for the realm. This is a war of preemptive defence, and it's your fault we're losin' ground! I'd have blood on my hands if I didn't force you to fight; how could I watch our realm be over-run, plundered, and conquered by savages? Man up you liver-bellied yellow-headed city dwellers, for your own sake!'

The army begins stomping their jackboots in approval, but the farming community complain about how their farms will go to seed. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

You walk off stage to the cheering (and booing) of the crowd, and watch anxiously as they shuffle off to vote. Go to 86.

47 - Rounding a corner to Whoknowswhere, a remarkably unfamiliar and nondescript suburb, you realise that you are being tailed by a shady character carrying a black briefcase in one hand and a sharp-looking walking stick in the other. He is tall and wiry, moving with practised stealth. If you want to try to give him the slip, go to 102. If you want to confront him, go to 106. If you want to turn the tables, sneak round the back alleys and cosh him if you get the chance, go to 109.

48 - Stumbling along, chuntering away to each other, you both hear a strange accent all of a sudden. If you want to investigate, go to 58. If you can't be bothered, go to 68.

49 - Lardida Street is a hive of activity. What's going on? Why, it's a beautiful baby competition! The mayor has got here ahead of you and is going to decide the winner. You need to rain on his parade if he is not to steal a march on you here.

The crowd quickly works out who you are and the next minute you are besieged by proud mums pressing babies into your arms. Roll a dice - this is the number of babies you have to kiss. A L4 SR on CHR gains you a point of support with the Knitting Circle each time, while a failure loses one and a critical fumble loses three! Afterwards, shouting over the crying infants, you declare them all winners. Now go to 59.

50 - Boy, you must turn heads on the street. The old dodderer wipes his rheumy eyes, blinks, and then throws his arms open wide in welcome.

"Have you come to rescue me? Thanks, so much! They think I'm overdue for that grave plot you bought me as a wedding present but I've got some wizarding work I'm itching to do before I start pushing up

daisies. There's something I've been working on in secret. It's in the potting shed. Come on - ooh, this is jolly, isn't it?"

He rests on your arm as he shows you out the back door and leads you down the garden path. When you get to his shed, after forcing your way past a particularly hungry Sharkweed infestation, you see that someone has got there first. The door is open a crack and you can hear rustling inside. There is a window open on the side you could probably get through.

If you want to use the door to investigate, go to 51; if you prefer the window as your path to enlightenment, go to 61.

51 - You kick open the door, which knocks down an elf wearing a strange hat upon his head. You pin him to the ground. 'Eeh, he's got my thinking hat! Young rascal, don't you know better than to steal from a mighty wizard? Trespassers will be executed!'

The elf twists and turns under your grip. 'Let go of me: this is local council business!'

If you let go of him, go to 81; if you interrogate him, go to 91.

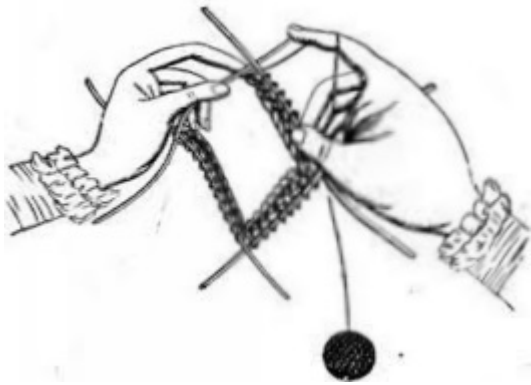
52 - Archie repeats everything you just said but with nasal inflections that convince the Watch that good things will abound once you're elected head honcho. You gain two points of support with them. What you said also made everything in Archie's garden come up smelling of roses. He spreads the good news and you also gain two points of support with the Thieves' Guild. Cosying up to both the Watch and the Thieves' Guild... you're destined for the Diamond Office!

But don't get complacent: there's still the no small matter of Gondwar's cap. Make a L4 SR on LK before going to 69.

53 - The elf's trail leads directly to the gaudily painted headquarters of the Delvers' League. Inside the giant teapot that serves all the refreshment needs of members who have remembered to pay their dues, a meeting is in progress. You see the thief in a centre aisle, cap in hand, listening to one of Ho Chee Mint's spin doctors promising the world in a convoluted fashion that to any rational person sounds as if he was actually proposing a tax of 50% on all treasure brought out of dungeons anywhere on the planet. He's stolen the central pillar of your platform!

The orator, a burly uruk reeking of patchouli oil, is being heckled by a small group of even larger adventurers, jammed in at the front bicep-to-bicep, who want the entire 50% tax haul to go to their mothers in the Knitting Circle. Then all eyes turn to you and it seems you are expected to make an impromptu speech, given your status as a rival candidate.

You can trash the proposed tax or you can agree with it. If you agree with it, you can promise it all to the Knitting Circle or to any other interest group you want to cosy up to. If you support the tax you lose three points of support with the Delvers' League but gain three points with whichever group you plan to subsidise unless it is the Circle, in which case you gain the three but lose only two as many delvers turn out to have knitting-mad mothers. If this results in you having negative influence with the Delvers' League, mark '*REVENGE*' next to the Delvers' League.



Now go to 69 to deal with the elf.

54 - You hear a shout followed by a stream of invective coming from a lady driving a cart laden with hay. You glean that the 'taur has half-inched the fork from this farming femme. Dalters is keen to help the damsel (or her scarecrow companion) and asks you if he can spook the cowboy.

If you agree, go to 64. If you would rather use the occasion to make a speech, go to 74 if you are going to bang the drum for law and order or to 84 if you want a minimum speed limit and fines for those who block the streets. If the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance is out for *REVENGE* you must go to 64 as the minotaur wants to spook you two!

55 - 'My first act as mayor would be to tax the rich dry. It is the shame of our city that decent, hardworkin' citizen folk such as yourself don't have two sticks for a fire, as my father used to say, while the moneyed class have fire comin' out o' their ears.'

The Hoi Polloi roar in approval, and the merchants begin calling you red. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you argue the need for sword permits, go to 75. If you argue that carrying a personal weapon is a constitutional right, go to 85.

56 - A particularly irate ranger fires an arrow at you before being tackled to the ground. Take six dice of damage (armour protects).

Despite being an adventurer yourself, you're badly shaken. Take a L5 SR on CHR. If you pass, go to 66. If you fail, go to 76.

57 - You need that CHR SR to avoid losing popularity with the Ladies of the Night. You lose one if you failed (or three if you failed critically with the dreaded 1,2 combo).

Either way, you gain two points with the Uncommon Kindreds. How so, you may wonder? Gondo's scaring the wits out of the whores does the centaurs a big favour - they keep their cash but don't have to keep their powder dry and have a bucking good time all night long.

You can see that Gondwar's style of intimidation is very different to that of your other old mucker, Daltimdim, but it is no less potent for that. Maybe you need to stoke his fires a little more! Go to 87 to find out who he can wreak mental havoc on next.

58 - You see an outlander in an alley talking to some henchwoman of Ho Chee Mint. You can tell who she works for by the shape and smell of the leaves embroidered across her bosom. Make a L3 SR on INT. Dalters can try it too - he's a man of the world, in a dwarvish fashion (10 INT isn't bad for the stout folk.) If one of you makes it, go to 78. If not, go to 68. If either of you rolls a critical fumble, go to 88.

59 - By now lots of folk want to shake your hand and tell you what they want done to put things to rights, politically speaking. Most of them are just dolts, dunces, and dullards who would tank Tanglewood faster than a foreign invasion.

You notice Dalty is beginning to go bald on the chin - a terrible thing for a dwarf. He's so bored by the humdrum lives of the Hoi Polloi that he's

been absent-mindedly plucking out his own beard hairs. When he sees you're approaching the house of a mutual friend, the geriatric wizard, Gondwar, he tugs your sleeve and drags you bodily into Gondy's parlour. Very soon, he is snoring in front of a blazing fire, his socks slowly igniting. Conversation has never been his forte, having always been the strong, silent, slicing and dicing type.

A snooze? Not for you! There are voters to be wooed! Fortunately (perhaps!), Gondwar is ready, if not entirely able, to take Dalty's place. He's out there in his garden beckoning you while onlookers google his rickety old frame. Go to 50 unless you think you are ready for the voters to make their decision with no more help from you, in which case go to 120. If the Healers' Guild is *OBLIGED* to help you, you could also acquire a pick-me-up potion from them to revitalise your sleeping mate at 116.

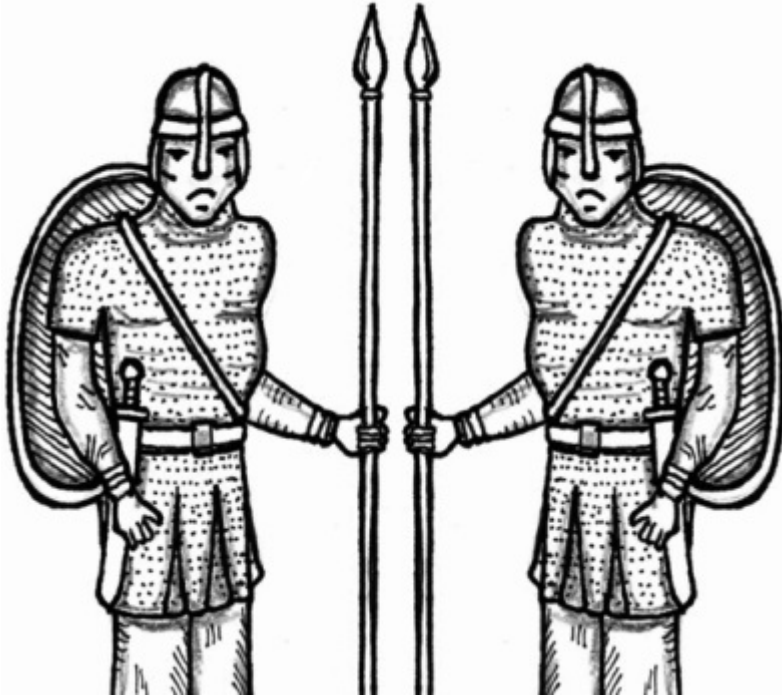
60 - 'Marissa, is that you?' Go to 30.

61 - You jump through the window, sprint towards the intruder, and tackle him to the ground. 'Eeh, he's got my thinking hat! Young rapsallion, don't you know better than to steal from a mighty wizard? Trespassers will be executed!'

The elf twists and turns under your grip. 'Let go of me: this is local council business!'

If you let go of him, go to 81; if you interrogate him, go to 91.

62 - While Archie does know what you said, unfortunately one of the watchmen is trained to understand rogues' cant too. 'Stolen hat aye? Stoled and stolen is my finkin', right Chuck?'



'Dese fieves are all da same. Just one big den of rogues round 'ere.'

'I reckon we haul da little one an' da wizard in for questionin'. Can't touch Archie though, he's ponied up dis month. I nevva trus' folks who don' speak common: what's wrong wiv' common, why do da underclass haf to put on such airs? Right Chuck?'

'Hey, yur right Buck - why do da underclass haf to put on such airs! Dey fink jus' because dey below da law dat dey don' haf to speak like common folk! You know what I reckon?'

'Huh?'

'I reckon we haul da little one an' da wizard in for questionin'. Can't touch Archie though, he's ponied up dis month. I nevva trus' folks who don't speak common: what's wrong wiv' common, why do da underclass haf to put on such airs?'

The two watchmen level their halberds at you and begin advancing. Go to 72 if you valiantly resist, and 82 if you effortlessly submit.

63 - That Archie - such a blabbermouth! Whatever you said, he misconstrued it and in his excitement yells out that everyone should vote for you. When the Watch ask why, he proudly informs them that you are going to cut their wages in half, only let them work in daylight, and force

them to give up their right boots. The watchmen appear to disagree with these proposals, as their streams of invective suggest.

If you so choose, you can disappoint Archie and tell the Watch that it is the Thieves' Guild who had better look to their laurels since you plan to require that each member adopts an orphan if they want to keep their permits and their heads. If Archie seems like too good a buddy to leave with egg on his face, you can brazenly confirm what he says.

If you side with Archie, you gain three points of support with the Thieves' Guild but lose one with the army; if you side with law and order, the tables are turned but you also gain one point of support from the Ladies of the Night (because they really struggle being good single parents in the modern world). Now go to 73.

64 - "Moo!" That is about as sophisticated as dwarves of Dalty's DNA get. The minotaur responds with similar finesse and thrusts with all the pelvic force he can muster in Dalt's direction. A crowd quickly gathers and the "fight! Fight! Fight!" chant echoes about the streets.

If Daltimdim can make a higher CHR SR than the minotaur can on INT then the lopsided scowl Dalty pulls ends the fight there and then. Otherwise, may the best kindred win!

Minotaur: MR 40, INT 10. 1/ The minotaur charges Daltimdim with the pitchfork, doubling its adds that round!





Daltimdim: 34 STR, 32 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 10 INT, 10 WIZ, 11 LK, 12 CHR (adds +22). Fights with a spiked sledgehammer (5D6+4) and wears a leather vest, shorts and leggings (takes 12 hits).

If Dalty runs the taur off you gain two points with the farming community and two with the Hoi Polloi, who always enjoy such high-brow entertainment. If there is a fight, you might as well make a speech when it is over and done with. If you want to give good news to farmers, go to 74; if you want to deal with the traffic congestion caused by Fanny Fertile's wagon, go to 84.

NB - if daltimdim dies go to 99, but make a note of the paragraph you went there from so that you can continue easily.

65 - 'My first act as mayor would be to lower taxes on our translocational entrepreneurs. It is the shame of our city that decent, hardworkin' tradin' folk such as the men in the boxes don't have two sticks for a fire, as my father used to say, despite movin' more goods each day than they could shake a stick at - if they had one! Why, I look at them in their second rate first rate furs, and their lamentably thin satin robes, and their pocket watches encrusted with hardly any diamonds and rubies and sapphires at all, and I am outraged, outraged that the heart and blood of a mercantile city aint got the fiscal respect they deserve.'

The Merchants give the plebs the finger, and the Hoi Polloi begin throwing tomatoes at both them and you. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you argue the need for sword permits, go to 75. If you argue that carrying a personal weapon is a constitutional right, go to 85. If the Hoi Polloi want *REVENGE* against you, go to 105.

66 - Although you fear for your life, you manage to pull yourself together. Time for your next policy. If you declare your abhorrence for conscription, go to 36. If you declare your support for conscription, go to 46.

67 - The stars are aligned for you and your dodderly sidekick. Neither Ho Chee or Slack Alice thought to wear protection tonight. Roll a dice to see who Gondo toasted: 1-3 gives you Ho Chee, 4-6 Slack Alice. Neither of them are going to die but it is certainly a vote winner.

You gain two points of favour with the farming fraternity but you need to give an impressive bellow to do better than that and to cow the healers. "Gotcha!" will not do it, nor will, "moo!" if you can make a L4 SR on CHR, you gain an extra point with both sets but if not you lose two with the healers, who have to mop up the mess Gondwar has caused. Not that Gondwar cares a hoot, capering like an old goat in heat at his own success. In fact, it's hard to stop him from baring his chest and then his ass. Go to 87 before he gets arrested for indecency.

68 - You missed an opportunity back there, either through lack of energy or because a lady had no energy for you or your mate. But not so Ho Chee-sey, living as he does by the '*carpe diem*' mantra. He gains one point with every faction. Ouch! Now go to 127.

69 - Gondwar is becoming increasingly volatile as cap withdrawal symptoms surface. As you pass a farmer driving a mule and cart, for no apparent reason he casts an *Oh Go Away* spell at the straw-chewing yeoman. As Manuric Mills, the best muck spreader in the shire, runs in panic, on-lookers chide you both in shocked tones.

"No one is a better friend to the farmer man than Scampy," Gondwar retorts. "You've never met a candidate who disrespects yokels more than this hero of the barnyard!"

Did you make that L4 LK SR? If you did then no one who sees gives a damn. If you failed, you are seen by Farmyard Bill Junior and his friends,

the Muckrakers gang. If Bill and the Muckrakers saw you, they take strong exception and ready their dungbombs and pitchforks. Make a L5 SR on CHR to bluff your way out of this one or lose two points of support with the Farming Community and also both you and Gondwar lose 1d6 CON on the sharp tines of the pitchforks. Now go to 79 unless the farmers want *REVENGE* against you, in which case go to 164.

70 - Nurse Flintheart looks regretful as she thinks better of adding you to the house's statuary. The sparks flickering over her eyeballs may have put her off her stroke – she sensed that you were not someone to be trifled with. Instead, she tells you she is just about to serve *Baked Alaska a la Russe Francaise* and trudges off to the kitchen to desolidify her latest creation.

As soon as she has wiggled her stout, child-bearing hips down the hallway, with a little shimmy as she exits from view, Gondwar leaps up and digs his sharp fingernails into your arm (lose one dice of CON) as he makes an animalistic attempt at a pass at you. Go to 50.

71 - You jump through the window and sprint towards the intruder, but he's just too fast for you. You watch him leap over a fence as you catch your breath.

'Eeh, he got my thinking hat! Young rapsCALLION, don't you know better than to steal from a mighty wizard? Trespassers will be executed!' screeches Gondwar.

'Save ya breath, gramps: he'll be hawkin' it for a couple o' bob and a pork pie by nows. We jus' have to recuperate from this here blow to our campaign, right gramps?' The wizard begins to cry.

If you promise to go hunt out the hat, go to 23. If you force Gondwar to focus on the election, go to 33.

72 - What the two watchmen lack in brains they more than make up for in brawn - and equipment. Fortunately Gondwar is of some small use to you, even in his bewildered state: you may include him in the combat as an ally. If you manage to resist the law, go to 92.

Watchman: 50 MR, 15 armour.

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

NB - If Gondwar dies go to 99 (make a note of the paragraph you went there from so that you can continue easily.)

73 - 'My fish and bait here tossed a tragic cat and mouse, and we're wonderin' wevva you've preened it' you announce, winking at Archie. Take an L4 SR on LK. If you make it, go to 52; if you fail, go to 62.

74 - "Look, I'm not picking on him 'cos he's a freak show wot wiv 'is 'orns an' all but when i've got that gold chain danglin' from me neck i'll double the number of bobbies on the beat and we'll 'ave no more a them doings!"

Questions from the throng force you to admit that taxes will rise in doing this. You gain three points of favour with the farming community and army but lose one point with the merchants, thieves, Hoi Polloi, and the uncommons. If any of these four factions want *REVENGE* against you, go to 124; if not, go to 94.

75 - 'Next of all, I want to discuss the blight that has descended upon our once fair city - the blight of violent crime and homicide. My heart dropped when I heard in a pie shop this mornin' about that attack on a school of merfolk. But you know what? I wasn't surprised - not one bit. The proliferation of personal weapons, such as kirks, slings, and even double-bladed broadaxes, has led to a demonstrable and measurable increase in fickle backstabbing, barely provoked attacks, and random combat encounters. Once I'm elected mayor I pledge to introduce a permit system to carry these lethal instruments, for the sake of the decent, innocent citizens of Tanglewood. And the children. I always think of the children.'

The Delvers' League wave their weapons at you menacingly, but the Healers' Guild seem to approve. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you argue for the decriminalisation of prostitution, go to 95. If you argue for a crackdown on prostitution, go to 6. If the Delvers' League want *REVENGE* against you, go to 56.

76 - You panic and, fearing for your life, dive off the stage and bolt. You'll have to hope you've won over the crowd - safety first! Go to 86.

77 - Follow the number below for the result from Paragraph 5.

Gondwar's stats below:

8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR
(adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

1. Make a L3 SR on either LK or CHR for one of the healer's present to put you right before you putrefy. Assuming you don't die here, you get booted out on your ass along with the old blaster and lose one point of favour with both the healers and the farmers. The latter shower you both with sloppy cow pats. Go to 87.

2. As i above. if Gondwar dies, you must soldier on without him. However, go to 97 before you move on through to 87.

3. The farmers are furious. You lose two points of favour with them and Ho Chee gains one. You both get dunked in a barrel of piss and slung out onto the street. Go to 87.

4. The healers are none to impressed but the farmers love it! You lose two points of favour with the former but gain one with the latter. The farmers treat you to their candied turnip treats. They may taste slightly worse than your oldest underpants but they do give both you and Gondo an extra dice of CON. they bedeck you with corn dollies for good measure. No one is sober enough to listen to any politicking - go to 87.

5. Ho Chee slumps and drools over his supper. Glassy-eyed, he is no match for anyone right now. If you can make a SR on CHR, you gain favour with both the farmers and the healers. In fact, you gain points equal to the level of the saving roll you make. Ho Chee's heavies make it clear that it is time for you to leave - go to 87.

6. Slack Alice quivers like a jelly and knocks her table over, sending Ho Chee sprawling. You gain one point of favour with both the healers and the farmers but need to make a L2 SR on SPD to get out of the hostelry before anyone can pay you and Gondo back for this. If you fail the SR, you are both jailed and that's that as far as your electioneering goes. If you make it, you pull a google-eyed Gondo out the front door with you. He threatens the doorman with a quavering, "want some of that too, bozo? There's plenty more where that came from!" 'Bozo' backs down so you both can go to 87.

78 - You put two and two together and get a astonishingly large number. You understand that agents from Khazan are working with Ho Chee Mint to rig the election. Naturally, you spill the beans to the elephant-eared cub reporter from the Tanglewood Trumpet, Jumbo Luglobes. When the front page is splashed all over the city, Ho Chee loses one point of support with every faction. Good job! Now go to 127.

79 - You spot the thief trying to sell the hat to a man with a military moustache. You can have Gondo cast a *Hold That Pose* spell on the elf (go to 89) or you can accuse him of highway robbery (go to 7).

80 - You may not have become mayor, but at least you have your own statue. The nurse pushes Gondwar round in circles about the new statue that has pride of place in his lounge.

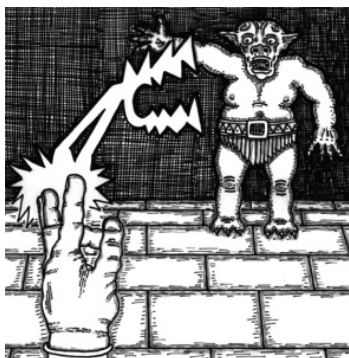
81 - Grudgingly, you release the thief. The elf bows. 'Thank you: your actions will not go unrewarded by the Mayor' (write '*OBLIGED*' next to the Mayor on your character sheet.) Gondwar is almost apoplectic as the elf walks away.

'How could you, Scupples, that was my life work! Away with you!' As you're blown to the alleyway outside, you wonder whether Daltimdim will still be your partner in crime. Go to 10.

82 - You allow Chuck and Buck to drag you both to a cell, where they promptly forget about you. You are eventually let out, but by then the election is over. At least you've got your health!

83 - "That sounds appealing," the old spell-zapper chortles. "Let's go round to Slack Alice's Nectar Bar. I hear the place is buzzing these days and I know Ho Chee Mint hangs out there on days ending with a 'y'. And why not, I say! Live and let die and all of that rot ."

So along the roads you stagger, two old codgers trying not to get mowed down by boy-racers in hot-wired chariots. Slack Alice's is indeed buzzing because the bee-kin also make a beeline for the hostelry. You both see Ho Chee intertwined with the eponymous Slack Alice - when Gondwar lets rip with a *TTYA!* How's that for tough tactics?



The others getting slack here are mainly farmers and healers. That might seem odd but many farmers suffer reaping and scything accidents at this time of year. Make a L4 SR on LK: if you succeed, go to 67; if you botch it, go to 5.

84 - "i didn't get where i am today by muckin' round, see," you proclaim, pointing threateningly at the wagon. "It's the year of the werewolf fellas: we're not going to get to live the Tanglewood dream by staying in the stone age. I'm going to have the Wizards' Guild work up a rocket-powered spell to keep things moving, and if the farming fraternity can't keep up then they can rot along with their turnips!"

A rousing speech, for certain. It gains you two points of favour with the Wizards' Guild and the Merchants (who can see distribution getting better) and also with the Thieves' Guild (who always want to pull a fast one). Naturally, you lose two points with the farmers and also with the knitters (who never like things to be rushed).



It's too much talking for your running mate however, who has the attention span of a geriatric flea. Unfortunately Dalty is keen to start another ruckus, so go to 94 unless both the farmers and knitters want *REVENGE* against you, in which case go to 154.

85 - 'You know what I hate? These freedom hatin' COWARDS you want to take our weapons! "Oh, it'll lead to less killings", they say. "Wa wa wa, my son was stabbed by a demonblade, boo hoo hoo, my husband was one-shotted in a tavern." Well you know what? Maybe your son and your p***y husband could've DEFENDED themselves if they was packin' a mace of flamin'! Where'll these flamin' do-gooders, who want to take away YOUR RIGHTS as a subject, stop! Next thing they'll be bannin' envelope knives - scrap that, they'll be bannin' paper cause you could give someone a papercut! Well I got news for them, and it ain't fake: the

citizens of Tanglewood are proud, they are LOUD, and they won't be givin' up nuffin' under my watch!

The Healers' Guild shake their heads sadly, but the Delves' League fire arrows into the air in approval (wounding several). Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you argue for the decriminalisation of prostitution, go to 95. If you argue for a crackdown on prostitution, go to 6.

86 - The fatcats and dribdrabs, the high minded and simple minded, the mossheads, the bigheads, the bigwigs, and the simply bland and boring wend their way towards the voting booths, hoping to influence Tanglewood's future like so many grains in the sands of time. A charade, of course, but one that affects you greatly. At this late stage in the game, perhaps it's worth nudging the citizens in your favour...

If you have at least 5,000 gold coins and wish to spend them on beer for the voters, and the merchants don't want *REVENGE* against you, go to 96. If Daltimdim is your running mate, and you want him to stop a faction from voting, go to 17. If Gondwar is your running mate, and you want him to discreetly set fire to a district's voting slips, go to 27. If you'd rather let the citizens decide your fate, fair and square, go to 37.

87 - At this stage in the game, you could have either Gondwar or his protege, Wandgor, with you. It matters not, just read according to your own particular strand from the web of fate. Time for an excursion into the redneck community now. The Wizards' Guild is throwing its annual fireworks ball at Farmer Cyst's farm and all wizards are expected to attend. As you have one in tow, you might as well show your face. Go to 101.





88 - Between the two of you, you completely misunderstand what is going on and misinterpret their conversation as an invitation to canoodle. Dalts goes for the Ho-Chica, leaving you with the foreigner. By the time you extricate yourselves from an increasingly messy faux-pas, the Ladies of the Night hear of the contretemps and feel miffed at missing out on business so you lose one point of support from them. Now go to 127.

89 - You need to make a L3 SR on SPD to make a citizen's arrest. If you fail, the thief gets away, Gondwar gets pissed off and then goes off to get pissed, and you need to enlist the help of your other old comrade (go to 10).

If you succeed, you then need to make a I4 SR on CHR to convince Major Jump that you are not just gazaumping him to get the cap. If you fail the SR you get the cap but lose two points of support with the army. Now go to 91 to deal with the thief who is launching a tirade of cuss words at you.

90 - Before Daltimdim sits back down you nimbly retrieve the dwarf's stone spectacles from his stool. 'Careful Dalty, we don' wanna go into this one blind. This adventure ain' gonna be so dangerous as the others, but it's gonna be hard - them rubes are ficker than an unloaded dice. Hey Dalty, hide that mug o' yurs behind these why don' ya.' You place the glasses on the warrior's face, who blinks as if seeing the world anew.

'Scampy my boy, what kind of adventure is this? Safe but not easy?

You're talking in riddles - just tell me what to kill!

'Relax big guy, that's why I called. I'm runnin' for office see, and you're gonna be my bodyguard. It's a plum job is mayor: instead of plunderin' dungeons you just tax the plunder. The only trouble is gettin' them dumb plebs to think we're a good idea. But I got good ideas of my own, and that's where you come in once again.'

If you ask Daltimdim to intimidate your opponents, go to 21. If you ask Daltimdim to intimidate the voters, go to 31. If you just want to have a wander and speak to the electorate as you come across them, go to 174.

91 - They didn't used to call you Jack the Knife for nothing: in a flash you have your blade at the thief's throat. 'I don' like the tone o' ya voice, see; I don' like the tone o' ya words neither, it's comin' across as arrogant is what it is. Why don' ya jus' hand me that hat, and your wallet, and be thankful I didn' stick ya like ya deserve, ya bum.' The elf shakily hands you the hat and 500 gold coins.

'You'll be sorry for this - the Mayor will double your rates for starters, that's for sure!' says the elf before running (write '*REVENGE*' next to the Mayor's name on your character sheet.) Gondwar looks at you with admiration.

'My thinking hat! With that I can, er, think again! Give it here Scupples and we'll get to work on your campaign right away.' If you place it on his head, go to 3. If you place it on your own head and scamper, go to 13.

92 - Although Charlie make no effort to help you, he does seem pleased when you overcome the watchmen. 'Sorry mate: I haven't seen your friend's hat. What's so special about it anyway?'

The wizard jerks his head up at the word hat. 'Hat? Have you found my thinking hat? I can't go politicking without the right hat!'

He's right: you'll have to see if Daltimdim wants to run with you instead at 10. Before you do that though, make a note that the Thieves' Guild gives you two more support. Charlie appreciates your demonstrated law and orderless policy, and he'll be sure to spread the word that you're one of them. Of course, if the Thieves' Guild is now *OBLIGED* to help you, help you at 123 they shall...

93 - Gondwar has the bit between his teeth. He knows this will impress some of his shove ha'penny cronies at the Oddfellows Inn. He once swallowed a yellow potion with a slightly tart odour in the Dungeon of the Watted Daub and ever since has had an easy way with centaurs. There are quite a few in the city as horse-racing is popular and they are much better at it than humans. They drink copiously from pewter troughs and their favourite bar has a stable for more amorous adventures.

When you get there, Gondwar, a devoted celibate himself, sets about intimidating all the working girls and boys with a display of rare vigour. Make a L4 SR on CHR - well, you are known to be his associate - and go to 57 to talk your way out of the trouble your old mucker has caused.

94 - Rounding the corner into Wanderlust Lane, you stumble into the Mayor himself. His worship is giving a tongue-lashing to the general secretary of the potion-makers phylum because of their failure to make an effective cure for baldness.

This is too much for Dalty who grabs your hand and starts yelling and yodelling at top volume, right in the Mayor's ear. If you want to do the same in the other ear, make the best SR you can on CHR and go to 8. If you prefer to argue the case for bald rights and buddy up with Brucester Stirbrew, the wizard, go to 18.

95 - 'And now, my friends - for I feel I can call you friends - I'd like to pontificate on the prospect of empowerin' prostitutes. These fine, upstandin' ladies, who haven't harmed anyone (and have indeed brought much pleasure to our city), have been workin' hard without due and proper recognition, even if they do lie on their backsides for employment. Well I enumerate that it is a crime to call such work a crime such as this. Have any of us not shown our approval for these talented masseuse at one point or another? Have any of us not pitied the hustlers of our city as they're hustled from block to block, whether by watchmen or pimps? As mayor of this urban conglomeration, which I believe to be a progressive conglomeration most firmly rooted in the future, one of my first acts will be to ensure that the oldest profession is legalifed, rehablified, and taxified as is befitting the essential nature of the services they provide!'

The Ladies of the Night immediately begin working the crowd, whilst the knitting circle begin muttering among themselves. Increase and decrease your influence with each faction by two respectively.

Time for your next policy. If you promise monsters equal rights, go to 16. If you promise to personally hunt them down, go to 26.

96 - You shove a small chest into your running mate's hands. 'I'm sweatin' bullets 'ere - pop down to the Red Hob, send a few dozen kegs to the booths, and tell 'em every day'll be a party if Scruffles' mayor, alright?' Your helper nods before jogging down Treacle Avenue.

The crowds are noticeably appreciative of the gesture when you later walk into the voting booths: increase your influence with them by one each.

After several hours, the votes have all been collected. Now it's time to count them (and to count an extra dice worth for a faction of your choice if Knitting Circle is *OBLIGED* to help you... they've been gossiping in your favour).

Work out whether you've won by reading the introduction, then go to 150 if you lost and 200 if you won. If you've won the election but the army wants *REVENGE* against you, go to 140.

97 - Turns out that Gondwar has a grandnephew. Very wet behind the ears and of uncertain and dubious parentage but he is a wizard (of sorts) too. A chip off the old block really. His name is Wandgor and he carries a blood red rod that unloads his magical doings. There is (was) an uncanny telepathic link between the two wizzers and as soon as Wando gets over his grieving (like in less than two seconds), he's there at your side, helping to cremate the old fossil there in the street. Naturally, he insists on taking his grandpappy's place at your side. His stats are all two lower than Gondo's were (you can find them at 72, remember?). Now go to 87 and get to know your new lieutenant along the way.

98 - Being out on the hustings can take its toll but for whom may the bell toll? The human body is very fragile. There's so many parts that can and do go wrong, delicate vital organs wrapped by an eggshell so delicate that it might as well not be there at all.

Let's see how you and Gondwar are holding up. Make L2 SRs on CON for both of you (L3 if the Delvers' League want *REVENGE* against you: you've been poisoned!) If either of you fail, you're out for the count. In your case, it would mean conceding the election (figure out whether Ho Chee Mint or the Mayor won by following the instructions in the

introduction, then go to 150). If Gonners is done for you just need a stand-in - and who better than Wandgor, his grandson? His stats are:

6 STR, 10 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 12 INT, 53 WIZ, 17 LK, 9 CHR (adds +2). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

There, you have a new playmate if you do need to pension off the old stager and bring in new blood.

If you are still in the race, go to 104. And yes, if you rolled a critical fumble on that CON check you did suffer a stress related heart attack (take six dice of piercing damage).

99 - There is a tremendous flash of light in the centre of your brain as ZippZapp, the Head of Transportation at the Wizards' Guild, teleports you to their infamous Black Hole of Kilkutta, a top security interrogation chamber in an alternate dimension.

"We have our reasons to want to encourage your candidacy," he whispers. "That is not to say we will gift you the chain of office, but we won't see chaos deprive you of a much-needed ally after so many misadventures together."

With that, he steps aside to allow his colleague, Dick Fizzlequik, the Head of Change Management, to resurrect your old mate as an only slightly sour-smelling zombie. Honestly, hardly anyone will notice, especially as the streets never get cleaned. Resume your escapades together by returning from whence you came - courtesy of Parpadopadom - with a *Double Double* spell cast on all of your putrefying comrade's attributes to boost you over whatever hurdle you face.

The down side? You just knew there would be one! You lose two support with the Wizards' Guild every time Parpadopadom and Dick Fizzlequik provide their skills. They're not going to push their agenda on someone who can't get the job done. What kind of pawn do you think you are? One that now needs to prove its worth!

100 - You may be quick but you are a tad clumsy and pinch not just the pince-nez that should be sitting on Dally's nose but also one of his family jewels. This makes him leap up and now he is more alert than he has been since the red hot poker incident with the Card Sharp King.

The sudden look of youth inspires you: if you can make a L2 SR on WIZ, some magic will flow your way and you can add one dice to your LK. Sometimes the watching Wizard-Gods and Witch-Goddesses decide to tip the scales in an adventurer's favour. However, the glasses do fall under his Damoclean foot... Which perversely flips them back up where they were before, just as he sits down again. Go to 90.

101 - Every farm for miles around has a serious assemblage of pyrotechnic danger primed to go off at 5 o'clock sharp. That's the time for milking the cows at this time of year. The guild holds a lottery to assign the honour of setting the explosions off. Wouldn't you just know it, your boy wins! It does take a smidgeon of wizardly guile to light up the skies though. Get your man to make a SR on WIZ and go to 110. Gondwar's WIZ is 55 and Wandgor's is 53.

102 - You might be up to such a feat, but Gondy? You both need to make L3 SRs on the average of your INT and DEX. If you both succeed, you give the goon the slip - go to 98. If that doesn't happen, you must deal with the fellow face to ugly mug - go to 106.

103 - You find the bag is weighed down with what you can tally up to be 5,000 gold pieces. They are yours for the taking if your strength will hold out. You can also have his sword cane, a nasty weapon that gets 6+0. No time to bury or burn his body - only time to hot foot it outta here! Sprint to 98.

104 - Glad you're built to last! You make your way through streets filled with people who have drunk themselves silly to make sense of the multifarious campaign promises and misleading manifesto claims. When you are spotted you get shoved onto a bandstand to grandstand.

There is a hot debate in progress between army supporters and the Brains Trust. The former are all for a military coup whilst the latter are proposing compulsory IQ tests, with life sentences for anyone not qualifying for a place at wizards' school.

Now that, of course, would mean the end of the army and much of life as we know it. The Brains Trust have a riposte to this parry, countering that sometimes you have to prune the tree severely to reap the fruits tomorrow.

Naturally, both sides want your guaranteed support and you have to speak out. However, dissembling is a powerful political tool and if you

can make a L4 SR on INT, you can gain 2 points with both sides by shamelessly fudging the issue in time honoured fashion (if you roll a critical fumble you lose 2 points with both sides.) Anything else leaves you to decide who to actually back. You can gain one dice of influence with your chosen cause but you would lose the same with the other. Now go to 107.

105 - It's not long until the tomatoes thrown at you are replaced with rocks. The plebs really aren't going with the whole subsidise the rich scheme. Who would've thought!

There's a lot of them flying your way, so it'll be impossible to dodge them all. If you value your life, go to 76. If you value your campaign, go to 114.

106 - The gnarly man briefly introduces himself as an agent of Ho Chee Mint. Seems the magnate is worried about your rising popularity. His bagman, Bolso Mcmurdeath, offers you 5,000 in gold to quit. If you accept, go to 113. If you decline, go to 117.

If you attack Bolso you can get your retaliation in early while he is waiting for your answer - roll dice for you and Gondo and go to 115.

107 - After all that excitement your running mate declares himself "knackered". You have a choice: you can decide you've done enough trailblazing to win the voters over and seal the deal with a final speech (go to 120) or you can say goodbye to wizardly aid and call upon the services of your earthier mate, Daltimdim the stalwart, crusty and unwashable dwarf warrior, in which case you had better go knock on his 6' thick stone door and make your way to his fireside (go to 10). If the Healers' Guild is *OBLIGED* to help you, you can instead acquire a blackmarket pick-me-up potion off them for him and continue at 121.

108 - A particularly large balrog flies onto the stage. 'I'll hunt you down mate! Two bloody centuries working the pastry ovens, supporting a family of sin with my own sweat and blood, saving for a pit of my own, and for what? No recognition, no rights, no nothing! I thought you politicians were all the same, but you're worse... at least the others pay lip service to us!' And with his tirade over, the demon charges at you and your running mate.

You have fully a second to react. If you value your life, go to 76. If you value your campaign, go to 118.

109 - This will take a bit of doing! It's one thing to have a plan, quite another to execute it without ending up being executed yourself. And it's not just you we have to worry about. Both you and G'wazzer need to make L4 SRs on the average of your INT and DEX (both are 14 for Gondwar, both 12 for Wandgor if he is now in play). If a miracle happens dice-wise, go to 115. If the odds are respected by your dice, you must stare peril in its misshapen face - go to 106.

110 - If he managed to make a L3 SR on WIZ, he sets the heavens ablaze. This is greeted with rapturous applause from the wizard fraternity, who all pledge their votes to you. You gain four points with them but lose up to three points with the farmers, who have to leave in a most disgruntled state as their livestock stampedes and destroys much in its wake.

You can reduce the loss from three to two if you make a L5 SR on CHR and smile cheesily enough to make their milk curdle a little less. If your wizard sidekick didn't manage to set off the fireworks, it goes a bit differently. Another mage steps up and lights the blue fuse. You stay where you are with the guild but you have the opportunity to curry favour with the farmers when their cattle get spooked by claiming you stopped your mate from doing the dastardly deed. If you can make a L5 SR on CHR, you gain two points with the haybalers. Now go to 47.

111 - Gondwar promises to take you somewhere more high class next - go to 28.

112 - "You sure don't take prisoners, Scruffy! Ya sure this is legal? I know it's duck hunting season and the like, but mayors too? Forget it! You know best, always did. Ok, got any leads?"

That's a good question... where would the Mayor be? You can find him at an official function where he ceremonially allows his pockets to be picked by thieves (go to 126), or you can sneak round the back of his house and try to get past the gorgons on guard there (go to 128).

113 - Bolso leaves, glad to have done his master's bidding. Before you can figure out what to do with the gold, another creep steps out from the shadows and speaks out before you can react. Go to 125.

114 - Take a L9 SR on DEX. However much you fail the check by is how much damage you take (armour protects). If you somehow manage to

survive the barrage unharmed, increase your influence with the Ladies of the Night by three for showing such flexibility!

Time for your next policy. If you argue the need for sword permits, go to 75. If you argue that carrying a personal weapon is a constitutional right, go to 85.

115 - Ok, you get to make free attacks, both of you. Decide how you will both set about the sinister figure with his back to you, seemingly unaware of your presence, roll dice, then go to 119.

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

(All Wandgor's stats are 2 less if you need his.)

116 - You slip the bottle between his teeth and watch the fizzy fluid dash down his gullet. A minute later the big guy is jumping out of his armchair and grabbing his battle-axe.

'Me beard! Someone stole me beard while I was napping! What's the world comin' to when a dwarf can't even sleep without bein' accosted!' You take a closer look at the bottle and note that side-effects may include temporary disorientation.

'Relax Dalty: them schlubs and shleps bore you so stiff you tore your hair out. Too bad it wasn't the ones on the top of your head instead of the bottom, the baby face look don't suit you one bit. You'll grow out of it, but I just 'ope folk take you serious like while I'm still runnin' for mayor.'

Dalty's having none of it: he blames the plebs for their mediocre minds, and he's determined to get back at them. If you suggest he captures a few to sell for scientific experiments, go to 129. If you suggest he lets off steam by burning down one of the new tenement blocks, go to 139.

117 - At this, he drops his mr nice guy act and steams into you. He rolls 10+50. Roll dice for you and your running mate before charging towards 119.

Daltimdim: 34 STR, 32 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 10 INT, 10 WIZ, 11 LK, 12 CHR (adds +22). Fights with a spiked sledgehammer (5D6+4) and wears a leather vest, shorts and leggings (takes 12 hits).

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

(All Wandgor's stats are 2 less if you need his.)

118 - You and your running mate ready yourself for battle. The balrog's stats are below:

MR 100, armour 20. immune to debuffs. Whenever a character makes a melee attack against the balrog, add three dice to its combat roll.

Daltimdim: 34 STR, 32 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 10 INT, 10 WIZ, 11 LK, 12 CHR (adds +22). Fights with a spiked sledgehammer (5D6+4) and wears a leather vest, shorts and leggings (takes 12 hits).

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

(All Wandgor's stats are 2 less if you need his.)

If you survive the battle, the Hoi Polloi, Delvers' League, and the Army cheer: they love a good fight! Increase your influence with them by one each. If you survive the fight without taking any damage, increase your influence with them by two each instead.

Time for your next policy. If you declare your abhorrence for conscription, go to 36. If you declare your support for conscription, go to 46.

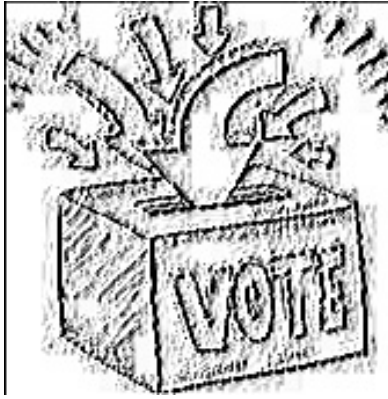
119 - His WIZ is just 19, so Gonzers ought to be able to get a spell off. His CON is a respectable 69. If you kill him right off the bat, take 250 APs. You can go to 103 to see what is in his bag. If you don't end his miserable life with immediate effect, he gasps what may well be his last words - go to 106 to hear them.

If you didn't have the advantage of surprise, I suppose Bolso may just do for you or at least hold his own. He will keep fighting until the bitter end so grit your teeth and keep at it until he's breathed his last or you are both worm food - then i guess you'd better go to 103.

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

(All Wandgor's stats are 2 less if you need his.)

120 - You pour yourself a steaming cup of fisslewort tea, and grab yourself a biscuit. All that remains is to address the multitudes at the town hall meeting. If the Brains Trust is *OBLIGED* to help you, go to 130. If they aren't, go to 180.



121 - Gondwar's eyes begin gyrating in their sockets as soon as you force the potion down his throat, and his digits begin to twitch uncontrollably. 'L-l-l-let's go!' he stutters, dragging you down Mellifluous Avenue with the strength of a cyclops on heat.

First stop, Grunge Lane. Whether by divination or chance, the drugged wizard has brought you to the scene of a stand-off between the Merchants and Mariners. From what you can garner Cyclone Susie has destroyed most of the traders' vessels, and they're demanding compensation. The Mariners, claiming the insurance forms went down with the ships, are saying the merchants don't have a leg to stand on. Which leg do you stand on? Go to 131 if you side with the moneyed folk, and 141 if you angle for the anglers' support.

122 - There is no reason why you have to keep your word. I imagine you have broken it all too often in the past, so why not now? You're a professional rogue, a politician - people expect it of you!

If you really quit, you may cash up and out and leave the stage to Ho Chee and the Mayor. Figure out who won the election (instructions are in the introduction), then go to 150. If you welch on any agreement, be that on your own head (write '*REVENGE*' next to any contender you've double-crossed. We shall see what transpires soon enough.) If you are still in the race, hobble over to 98.

123 - ‘C’mon Archie, do an hones’ knave a good turn and ‘elp out, will ya? You got the contacts to have it found, and I’m not goin’ to forget it when I’m sittin’ in the big seat. How’d you like it if I enacted a bit o’ the old cutbacks on the watch, eh? I can make it ‘appen if you put in the hard yards mate.’

Archie hesitates for a second before lowering the blinds, making the room even dingier than it was before. ‘I din’t want to get involved before, but the mayor’s goons ‘ave taken it. ‘E thinks that with the ‘elp of such a rare and powerful thinkin’ ‘at ‘e’ll be able to please the schlubs in words, if not in action!’

‘The burglar will be makin’ ‘is way to the Diamond Office, but I ain’t seein’ ‘ow you’ll catch up to ‘im. I’d just cut your losses; no point tanglin’ with the Mayor of Tanglewood!’

Gondwar holds his staff aloft as a breeze begins to rattle the blinds. Soon it whips into a veritable tornado, and Archie’s contraband goods are flying around the store. ‘My hat! Egads, let’s go!’ The demented wizard grabs your collar and blows you towards the seat of government, where you spot an elf absconding with the hat in the distance. ‘Stop, thief!’ you shout. ‘Piss off!’ he retorts. It doesn’t take long for you and the wizard to fly up to him and tackle him to the ground at 91.

124 - The throng hems you and Dalty in and mob you with insults. Apparently people don’t appreciate having their hard-earned coppers taken away to fund coppers. Who would’ve thought? You’re accused of being a would-be tyrant - worse, bad for business. It’s not long until the crowd is demanding *you* pay for the watchmen out of your own pocket.

If you try to buy the crowd off, write down how much you pass around to make ‘amends’ before going to 134. If you announce that you’re cancelling the policy, go to 144.

125 - This little person is no less unappealing than Bolso, but she at least bows respectfully. She pulls a scroll from inside her cloak and hands it to you. “Here! Read it and sign, sweet cheeks. The Mayor wants you out of this contest like yesterday! If you sign, you get a pension of 1,000 a year (per adventure you complete) for as long as you live and a ‘golden handshake’ of 5,000 when the Mayor is re-elected.

Well - are you going to do the smart thing?” up to you... you can sign or decline. Slobelia will go back to report to her boss either way. When

you're ready, go to 122.

126 - There he is, letting the best thieves in Tanglewood slip their hands into his trouser pockets. Look at that smile on his face. And theirs! He really is pleased to see them all. The participants at this posh-nosh luncheon, where all the food has been stolen from someone else's table but is still piping hot, is so appetising that no one takes any notice of the pair of you. Well, you do kinda look like thieves yourselves so you're hardly out of place.

Dalty runs his fingers along the blade of his axe to test its sharpness and loses a pinky in the process (and one dice of CON). He bites his tongue (there, another dice worth gone!) so no one looks. "Shall I jusst wun in and beheash him," he lisps, "or shall I cwawl under the table and shlice him in two at the waisht?" If you opt for the 'off with his head' order, go to 133; if you prefer the low blow option, go to 135.



127 - You wheel onto Crackskull Road reminiscing over old times, when every second step led to another senseless dungeon combat. Next minute you almost walk into a slugfest between arch thief, Burglar Bill Gateposts, and that salty old sea dog, Larry Coracles. When I say almost, I suppose I really mean slap, bang in the middle. You need to make a L2 SR on SPD to dodge an uppercut from Bill and a L3 SR on DEX to avoid a left jab from Larry. Same for Dalty. His stats are:

34 STR, 32 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 10 INT, 10 WIZ, 11 LK, 12 CHR (adds +22). Fights with a spiked sledgehammer (5D6+4) and wears a leather vest, shorts and leggings (takes 12 hits).

Being smacked means you take five dice damage, and being jabbed means you take four (armour protects). Let's hope all that ducking and weaving at St Gilmore's Dungeon Academy rubbed off!

Now it's time to fight with fists. Larry has MR 50, and Bill has MR 60. You can see if you were hit that it must have been only a glancing blow because these two are sluggers. Roll for them as a team unless you decide to team up with one and make it a massacre. If you take a side you will gain one dice of support with your new pal's faction (Bill is with the Thieves' Guild and Larry is with the Maritime Guild.)

To avoid losing one dice of support with the loser's faction, you need to make L4 SRs on both LK and CHR (and any critical fumble doubles the loss). If you take them both out, you gain two support with every other faction in Tanglewood but lose two dice with both the Thieves' and Maritime Guild. Dust yourselves down and go to 94 unless Dalty was K.O.ed, in which case go to 99 first.

128 - "We gotta avoid letting those monsters give us stoney looks, Scruffles," he croaks when you get to the stout railing fence at the back of the Mayor's house on Filibuster Hill. "Gotta be subtle, like when a cat creeps up on its quarry upwind, or when a fish buries itself in sand to awaits its lunch..." At this he charges the gate and knocks it down, sprinting past the gorgons to the spot where the Mayor is enjoying a picnic by his dolphin fountain with a bevy of wood nymphs. Pretty sneaky for a dwarf, but Dalty still needs speed to pull this off and get away with it. You only need to keep your head down.

Dalty can do it with a L1 SR on SPD (he has nine). You need a L3 SR on INT not to look a gorgon in the face. If you both succeed, the Mayor

is hacked to jelly and out of the race - run away quick! Take 200 APs and go to 32. If you meet the Mayor again, don't worry as it will be a stunt double, not a *Born Again* opponent wanting vengeance. If Dalty fails you must make a L3 SR on SPD to get away - go to 20 to try to hook up with your other old delving buddy, the wizard Gondwar if you succeed. You cannot affiliate with Daltimdim again as he is turned into a tree. If you have already campaigned with Gondo then you must go straight to the final speeches before the votes are cast (go to 120).

If you failed your SR, it matters not what your axe-bro did to the Mayor. You are added to the Mayor's impressive collection of statuary and when you are set free in 100 years time by a kindly and ageless wizard named House Elf, you find you have aged along with everyone else and most probably just crumble to dust. Anyway, your *Last Heist* is over. Nobody wants a nobody who can't even execute an execution properly.

129 - 'Hey, not a bad idea: them 'science' folk always need fresh rats to experiment on, and a human's almost just as good! I'll go fetch a few, just wait.'

Not wanting to be witnessed taking part in such a brazen crime, you propose to meet him at the Brains Trust with the specimen. True to his word, Daltimdim turns up an hour later with several common folk squirming in a sack.

'They didn't come willingly!' he puffs, Mrs Miggin's salamander pies clearly catching up with him, 'but the quick one-two convinced them in the end! Say, what's the payout on these fellas?'

Three men with pulsating brains step forward. 'Payout? Your unpretentious manner of elocution is most highly bemusing.' The man with the biggest and pulsiest brain turns to you. 'You are the one they call Scruffles, are you not? The payout is... our support!' Increase your influence with the Brains Trust so that it is one higher than any of your competitors, and decrease your influence with the Hoi Polloi by one dice.

It's not a bad deal from your end, but the dwarf looks miffed. Fair enough, since he did do the hard yards. He slips off to the Red Hob Tavern to drown his sorrows while you talk turkey with the trust. Once you've sealed the deal with a memorandum of understanding you catch him up at 149.

130 - Being a natural speaker, you of course will not be wasting coin on

speech writers or writing the speech beforehand, no: you'll ask the Brains Trust to write it for free if they really want you to win. And since they're smart enough to know you're talking sense, they will! Whenever you gain influence during your election speech, gain three instead of two thanks to their carefully crafted catchphrases.

You walk into the thronged hall later that evening, your right-hand man right beside you to your left. Ho Chee Mint has apparently just finished his own speech, for his face is as red as the tomato pulp caking his body (take a check on LK and lower his influence with a faction of your choice by level you make.) You're next! Go to 45.

131 - It's clear to all that the mariners are trying to pull a fast one on the Merchants. Decrease your influence with the ocean-goers by one and increase your influence with the Merchants by three. The shippers will go broke, but it's their own fault they couldn't manage a little wind.

As the standoff is settled you hear a plea for forgiveness in Dark Alley Lane, where it turns out a most tense situation is developing. The Mayor seems to have gotten himself in hot water with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance: several of their more vicious representatives have cornered him against the wall and are threatening to show him what evil really means! They haven't seen you yet, so you can either save the Mayor at 151 or watch and wait at 161.

132 - Now here's something to get involved in. Three matrons are attacking a merchant with their knitting needles. He's defending himself with a suede umbrella, and it's clearly not easy to parry such tiny weapons. He's having to use it as a shield more than a weapon and already it's so full of holes that he's going to get very wet next time he's out in the rain.

When you ask a newspaper seller what all this about, you learn that this mogul has cornered the market in wool and just doubled the price. Timothy Thisanthat expects to become a very rich man indeed. It's easy enough for you to break up the fight - just make a L4 SR on DEX to avoid one dice of piercing damage from needles - but are you going to declare yourself in favour of price controls? If so, you gain one dice of influence with the Knitting Circle but lose three influence with the Merchants. Now go to 136 unless the Merchants want *REVENGE* against you, in which case go to 195.

133 - Desperate times call for desperate measures! The dwarf needs to

make a L1 SR on DEX to pull this off, then a L1 SR on SPD to get away, along with you, without being recognised (the thieves only have eyes for the Mayor's coins and for the feast). He has 12 and 9 of each respectively as he's more of a proto-tank than a ninja.

If he succeeds with both rolls, the Mayor is neatly beheaded and is out of the race - run away quick! Take 200 APs and go to 32. If you meet the Mayor again, don't worry as it will be a stunt double, not a *Born Again* opponent wanting vengeance. If Dalty fails you must make a L3 SR on SPD to get away - go to 20 to try to hook up with your other old delving buddy, the wizard Gondwar if you succeed. You cannot affiliate with Daltimdim again as he is, in turn, cut in twain by a loyal scissor golem. If you have already campaigned with Gondo then you must go straight to the final speeches before the votes are cast (go to 120).

If you failed your SR, it matters not what your axe-bro did to the Mayor. You are quickly captured and thrown into Tanglewood's darkest and dankest dungeon to await judgement in court. Make a L3 SR on INT to talk your way out of a slow death by elfen water torture (a very slow death indeed...)

If your head saves your head roll three dice to find the minimum term, then make a L3 SR on CON to see if you can live on thin water, fat rats, and whatever fellow prisoners you can get your hands on. In any case, your *Last Heist* is most certainly your last. Nobody wants a nobody who can't even execute an execution properly.

134 - Handing out anything less than 500 gold coins will only add insult to injury, and result in the further loss of one influence with the merchants, thieves, Hoi Polloi, and uncommons. The only thing to do in this case is announce the cancellation of the policy at 144.

Handing out between 500 and 2,000 gold coins will at least disperse the crowd, allowing you to beat a hasty retreat to 94.

Handing out more than 2,000 gold coins will make amends, increasing your influence with the four factions by one and sending them straight to the pub to celebrate your wise leadership. You may escape before they change their minds to 94.

135 - This must look horribly undignified to you, the sight of Dalty's ample backside disappearing under the tablecloths. You're betting all

your chips on Dalty as the election roulette wheel spins - Russian roulette, that is...

The dwarf needs to make a L1 SR on DEX to pull this off, then a L1 SR on SPD to get away, along with you, without being recognised (the thieves only have eyes for the Mayor's coins and for the feast). He has 12 and 9 of each respectively as he's more of a proto-tank than a ninja.

If he succeeds with both rolls, the Mayor is half the man he used to be twice over and is out of the race - run away quick! Take 200 APs and go to 32. If you meet the Mayor again, don't worry as it will be a stunt double, not a *Born Again* opponent wanting vengeance. If Dalty fails you must make a L3 SR on SPD to get away - go to 20 to try to hook up with your other old delving buddy, the wizard Gondwar if you succeed. You cannot affiliate with Daltimdim again as he is, in turn, cut in twain by a loyal scissor golem. If you have already campaigned with Gondo then you must go straight to the final speeches (go to 120).

If you failed your SR, it matters not what your axe-bro did to the Mayor. You are quickly captured and thrown into Tanglewood's darkest and dankest dungeon to await judgement in court. Make a L3 SR on INT to talk your way out of a slow death by being partially hung, very roughly drawn, and painstakingly quartered by a butcher's apprentice wielding a safety cleaver with two left hands.

If your head saves your head roll three dice to find the minimum term, then make a L3 SR on CON to see if you can live on thin water, fat rats, and whatever fellow prisoners you can get your hands on. In any case, your *Last Heist* is most certainly your last. Nobody wants a nobody who can't even execute an execution properly.

136 - Passing along onto Treacle Avenue, possibly expecting a sticky time, you are approached by an earnest old lady wearing big, dangly jade earrings, a pink feather boa and a hat that should either be in a museum, a dustbin, or used by a vulture for laying its eggs in. "Excus-ay moi, Monsieur," she begins, "but might I trouble you to lend me your ears for a brief moment of your valuable time, this fine day?" Ok, it's clear she wants something - but what, precisely? Go on a voyage of discovery to 142.

137 - At the end of Lardida Street you find an Army recruiting sergeant, Bilko the Bugbear, trying to force a dazed hobgoblin into signing up.

There are several goblins lying unconscious in the road and Bilko is hefting his billy club menacingly.

If you don't approve of the Army bumping up the bayonet practice's ranks, you can call the bugbear out and make a speech shaming him and the army. Or, if you're particularly racist or spineless, you can just let it happen.

If you opt to intervene for the poor hobgoblin, make a L5 SR on CHR. If you're successful, gain two points of influence with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance and two with a watching faction of your choice. If you let Bilko get on with his job and look forward to watching the bayonet practice, make a L4 SR on LK. If you're successful you gain two points of influence with the Army and two with a watching faction of your choice. Now go to 143 unless the Uncommon Kindreds are *OBLIGED* to help you, in which case go to 196.

138 - Make a L4 SR on CHR. If you succeed, not only do they decide to play nicely with each other but they feel empowered too. You gain a point of favour with all five factions. If you rolled a critical fumble, the orchestra just starts an aural onslaught and you lose a point with all five. If you failed less catastrophically, then you must make a L4 SR on LK to avoid losing those points. Dalty is willing to charge into the throng and put a stop to it. If you want him to do just that, go to 156; if you decide to not risk making things worse, go to 176.

139 - 'Good idea!' shouts Daltimdim. 'I never liked the cladding of those new blocks anyway. They just look cheap!'

As the maniacal dwarf barrels down Thimbleprick Thoroughfare, you zip down to the closest coffee house. As expected, several bigwig traders are drinking the finest Karangahape 'shots' silver can buy, talking stocks and bonds and Trollgod-knows-what. You sidle up to their table smiling.





'Afternoon fellas, top o' the mornin' to ya. Just popping by to let you know the new tenements are about to go up in smoke. Could be some coin in it if you know what to buy and sell. Oh, and remember who tipped you off come voting time!' The Merchants run off to buy, buy, buy (or sell, sell, sell, you're never sure which one) before the damage is done. Increase your influence with them by one dice.

The Hoi Polloi will be peeved of course if they find out your running mate committed the act: take a L5 SR on LK and set your influence with them to zero if you failed. Now, time to rejoin with the arson at 149.

140 - You may have a way with words, but you have also perhaps fatally misunderstood the nature of democracy. While all voters are equal in the ballot box, some are more influential than others outside it. Some of those voters are marching down Mudslung Road to exercise their veto power. They are of course holding crossbows and pikes, and are of course launching a coup, as is there unofficial right.

Your only courses of action are to give yourself up to the platoon or to try and rally your supporters. Go to 155 if you realise the reality of your situation, or 165 if you boldly stake your ground.

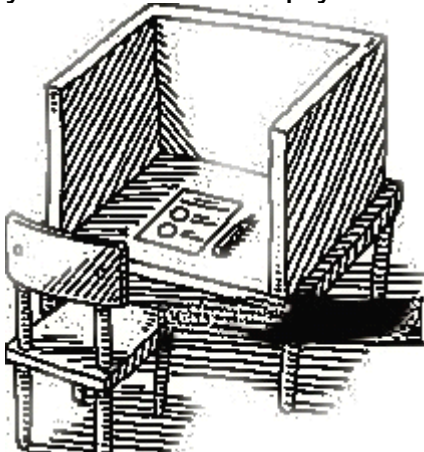
141 - You and the mariners can't really be said to have a leg to stand on, but your voice is enough to buttress their case. Increase your influence with them by three and decrease your influence with the Merchants by three for undermining the all-important insurance profession.

As the standoff is settled you hear a plea for forgiveness in Dark Alley

Lane, where it turns out a most tense situation is developing. The Mayor seems to have gotten himself in hot water with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance: several of their more vicious representatives have cornered him against the wall and are threatening to show him what evil really means! They haven't seen you yet, so you can either save the Mayor at 151 or watch and wait at 161.

142 - This rather pretentious old dame is none other than Femoiselle de la Groyne, the half-baked half-sister of the Mayor. "I understand, *garcon*, that you wish to steal the hat from my dear brother. His hat of office! How could you? I am but a weak old lady, but I will nonetheless reward you handsomely if you will abandon your designs on his virility." Now that is an offer couched in language you don't hear every day. If you want to hear Femoiselle out, go to 147; if you politely or very rudely decline, go to 153.

143 - Climbing up Filibuster Hill can be daunting on a full stomach, so with any luck you've worn lunch off by now. As luck would have it, you see a couple of ogres hauling a voting booth into an office near the top. Dalty's eyes twinkle. "Ya know what I'm a-thinkin', Scruffy me young pup? We could do us a bit a tamperin' and no one 'ud be the wiser. You up for a bit a mischief?" Before you can think about it he's off and in, like a ferret down a trouser leg. You just know it would be the worse for you if you didn't back up your impulsive buddy. Off you go to 152.



144 - You hastily cancel the policy, disappointing the conservative types and sending them the message that you're too weak for office. Lower your influence with the farmers and army by three each before beating a retreat to 94.

145 - You wave your dagger at them menacingly, a provocation which the three corporals seem to have been waiting for. They leap off the cart towards you, swords in hand.

Corporal: MR 25, armour 10. An MR 10 soldier joins the fray at the end of each combat round.

If you defeat the wznappers you unbundle your beleaguered comrade and let him *Blow You To 47*.

146 - 'Thanks mate,' says the scallywag, 'Archie's th' name. Perhaps I can repay a fine man like you with a rare and unique high quality ware, pulled right out of the horse's mouth - and without the bullshit, right? An 'onest politician such as yourself needs all the 'elp 'e can get I reckon.'

The reprobate fishes around in a small chest tucked under the counter, and pulls out a *Silver Tongue*. You may buy it if you like before going to 137.

Silver Tongue: Increases your charisma by your level when inserted in your mouth. Requires 5 DEX to use. Worth 1,000 gold coins.

147 - Femoiselle lights up at this, most of her wrinkles and creases becoming a good inch less deep. "Ver' well, *cherie*. Ver' good. I had been saving myself, but this is a worthy cause... possibly even a cause *celebre!*" She clicks her fingers and you feel that stomach-churning sensation that always comes with teleportation. Go to 157.

148 - Daltimdim flexes his biceps, burps heartily, lowers his head, and charges into the string section. They are no match at all for the lusty battle-scarred dwarf and go down like nine-pins. Next, he plays bullrush with the wind section and satyrs get smashed this way and that.

Everyone knows Dalto is your dwarf and so the electoral effects follow in your footsteps. You gain two points with the Merchants, Healers, and Hoi Polloi, but you lose two with both the Uncommons and the Knitters. Oh yes, and those far-flung satyrs? There is a risk the building comes down, in which case you're in trouble. Make a L3 SR on LK. If you make it, you are good to go on your merry way again (go to 176); if you fail, not so fast (go to 166).

149 - You meet Daltimdim in the Red Hob Tavern. He looks startled when you tap him on his shoulder from behind.

'What?! I didn't do anything, it wasn't me!' He must have got hold of his senses by now.

'Relax, big guy. I'm just checking up on you. 'ow's it going - feeling better now?' You pat with on the back.

The dwarf begins to, ever so softly, weep into his Darkfire Doublestout. 'They made me pull out my beard! They did it on purpose Scruffles, they were in the Mayor's pocket! I'll never live it down!'

A man, covered in scars, walks over to you from the next table. He wears a ring of a snake biting its own tail (why do thieves advertise their position so?) 'Lost your beard, aye?' he says. 'That's a righ' shame it is, a righ' shame. What's a dwarf without follicles danglin' from 'is chin? A 'uman, that's what. But maybe I can 'elp... the name's Archie by the way, 'ow you doing.' You shake his hand.

'There's a caravan of fine Lostreld wool makin' its way through the east gate soon, soft as a lamb's behind... nab it for me and I'll get a few old crones to knit the dwarf a new hairdo! What do like' he asks, turning to Daltimdim, 'mutton chops? The Viking? Or something more striking?' Daltimdim gestures something rather large and unusual with his hands.

Your running mate seems keen, but you run the show. You may ambush the convoy at 159 or leave him to do it himself at 179.

150 - The people have spoken, but not in your favour! You're seen as the slippery has-been that you are. The winner, nonetheless, sees you as a potential threat...

Go to 160 if the Mayor was re-elected, and go to 170 if Ho Chee Mint was elected.

151 - You take a deep breath and step out of the shadows. Gondwar illuminates you with a gentle, almost heavenly light for effect.

'Brothers! You're better than this, am I right? Let the governor go, 'e's a good lad even if 'e's not fit for the big seat. I mean, 'e's a bit of a piece of work, I'll admit it, and we all 'ate 'im a little, especially after wot he done with that enchanted sewage system fiasco - but 'urtin' 'im? When we 'urt others we 'urt ourselves! Why, if we went around 'urtin' everyone we don' like this place would be bruter than the Jungles of Phantog! We'd be worse than animals, an' I don' think you're animals, believe you me! Come on fellas, leave the poor shmuck alone will you?'

The three nagas hesitate. Take a L5 SR on CHR, which you automatically pass if the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance is *OBLIGED* to help you and fail if they are out for *REVENGE* against you. If you pass the check, go to 167. If you fail the check, go to 177.

152 - Dalters is looking a bit glum when you join him inside the voting shed. When you ask what the matter is, he explains the situation with a rueful voice. "I was gunna kick it to pieces!" he snorts. "But summa 'em fractions' gonna vote for you. I gotta be circumspect." He strokes his chin with the force of a hammer kicking an anvil, then viciously puts his boot to the booth. Make a L4 SR on LK and go to 162.

153 - Femoiselle is not a lady to accept bad manners with anything less than ill grace. Dis-grace maybe. She uses her magic to take you off the street to a place where she can teach you a lesson in how to treat a lady. Where could this be? Her dusty old four-poster bed, which you are nauseatingly teleported to. Go to 168.

154 - Spontaneously, the rustics begin voicing their opposition to your platform in time honoured fashion: by pelting you with manure. The Knitting Circle will get their own against you by gossiping about how ridiculous you looked and fearful you smelt. For the rest of the adventure you automatically fail CHR SRs. You escape their laughter by running to 94.

155 - The soldiers surround you and drag you back to their garrison. Fortunately you are too juicy a political target to be executed, or even locked in a common dungeon: it's house arrest instead! Once your term is up you are released scot-free, your assets intact, on the condition that you never run for office again. So close!

156 - "Good call, Boss!" the delighted dwarf bellows as he dusts off his repertoire of battle cries and selects only those full of four-letter words. Go to 148.

157 - You find yourself without a running mate, alone with Femoiselle atop a dusty four-poster bed. The damsel appears to be heading towards distress as she begins, shamelessly, to disrobe. She tells you that you will be bound by a Death-Curse after your time in Paradise but you will also be twice the man you used to be. If you want to back out, you realise that you will have to set upon her to stop her carnal intentions - go to 168. If you accept these terms, go to 178.

158 - You advertise your fitness for office by not just pledging to keep the streets safe, but by keeping them safe yourself. The crowds cheer as you pummel several well-known thugs on Treacle Avenue.

Make a SR on STR and increase your influence with the Army, Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance, and Delvers by the level you make. If you can maul the MR 50 don bare-handed before hauling him to Major Simone's office, increase the level you rolled by one. You've still got it!

Now that you've drummed up some interest in your campaign, you better choose a running mate. Go to 10 if you choose Daltimdim, your one-eyed dwarven comrade, and go to 20 if you choose Gondwar, your senile elf-wizard chum.

159 - You spit and shake hands with Archie. Frankly, he looks disgusted. 'Yes... it's a deal then. I'll be ready to take the goods after you've taken them yourselves.' And with that he returns to his table and resumes his game of Knifejack.

You walk towards the rendezvous with the dwarf, and take your positions behind two granite gargoyles. It's not long until a three camels wend your way.

'Alright Scruffles, on the count of three we ambush them! Then I can get my beard back!' Daltimdim shouts quietly.

'Psst! I'm the leader of this operation! We ambush them on the count of three, alright Daltimdim?' you hiss like a mouse.

You begin counting to three. The question is, can Daltimdim do likewise? Have him take a L1 SR of INT (he has an intelligence of 10). If he passes, go to 189; if he fails, go to 199.

160 - The Mayor's method of dealing with rivals is simple: he tries to kill them. When playing future solos, whenever you read a section divisible by 50, fight an assassin with MR equal to the section number. If the Mayor wants *REVENGE* against you, add another assassin! If the Mayor is *OBLIGED* to forgive you, however, you don't have to fight anybody. Phew!

You walk through the twilight back to your mansion, and place your butterfly-dirk under your pillow. You knew politics was a dangerous game when you got into this... hopefully you can get out of it alive.

161 - You gulp as the Mayor is mercilessly stabbed through the heart and tossed in a dumpster. Gosh, they could've treated the man with a little more respect! Cross his name off - it looks like it's down to you and Ho Chee.

Now that the monsters' attention is no longer taken up by the Mayor it will be very difficult for you two to escape notice. If you want to try and sneak away, go to 191. If you have another plan, write it down before going to 169.

162 - If you made it, his boot in the works blocks the count for a faction of your choice. You can eliminate one faction from the final count - just make a note of which one. If you failed, then the count is blocked for whoever you are doing best with. Again, record this faction - they are not going to register. If you got a critical fumble, forget about the two factions you're doing best with! Either you clap Dalto on the back and give him a big man hug or you put your boot to his pants. Go to 172.

163 - Suddenly, the old spell-cracker clutches his chest and begins wheezing hysterically. He drops to the ground, rolls over onto his back and starts kicking his spindly legs in the air like windmill blades about to come loose in a storm. He hooks a bony middle finger at you, beckoning you to drop down to his level to hear what he wants to say.

His voice is so cracked and simian that all you can make out is something about delvers and Daltimdim, your old dwarf mate. If you'd like to hook up with Daltimdim, go to 176 if you have hit the hustings with him before or to 10 if you haven't. If want to try to make sense of what Gondwar is actually trying to tell you, go to 190.

164 - The hillbillies really aren't buying Gondwar's garbled endorsement judging from the way they're advancing on you with pitchforks. Fight three dice of MR eight rustics (with Gondwar's help): once five of them are dead they'll scamper, and can you to 79.





Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

165 - 'Fellas!' you shout to the bystanders, 'come protect me, your duly elected ruler, from these scurrilous scallywags! You can bet your purse there'll be coin in it if we scrape through alive!'

Add (and subtract) your total influence with all factions: this is the number of MR 10 pedestrians who come to your aid. You must fight off one dice of MR 30, armour five soldiers per negative influence you have with the army.

Daltimdim: 34 STR, 32 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 10 INT, 10 WIZ, 11 LK, 12 CHR (adds +22). Fights with a spiked sledgehammer (5D6+4) and wears a leather vest, shorts and leggings (takes 12 hits).

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

If you manage to survive the scrum, pat yourself on the back - you've survived your first test of power! Go to 200 to reap the fruits of risk and labour.

166 - Those satyrs are heavy enough to bring the house down around everyone's ears, including yours and Dalty's. Everyone takes six dice of damage, although armour does protect (Dalty's CON is 32 and doubled armour is 12).

Let's assume you are able to walk, or at least limp, away from here. You go to 176 before the reporters from the Tanglewood Trumpet arrive on the scene. However, many people meet their maker here and blame you, and the Merchants' lose their condemned building into the bargain. You drop two points with all five factions invested in this little nightmare scenario.

167 - 'Yesssss...' spits one of the serpents, 'the small one is right. We shall ssssettle the matter at the ballot boxxxxxx.' Double your influence with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance and reduce the Mayor's influence with them to zero. The naga slither away.

'Saved by a rival - how embarrassing!' says the Mayor (write *OBLIGED* next to his name on your character sheet if you haven't already.) 'Perhaps I can repay you with a little horse trading. Ho Chee's the real threat, right? You scratch my back I scratch yours, you know how it goes.

You may pick two factions and transfer all of your influence with them to the Mayor, and pick two different factions and transfer all of the Mayor's influence with them to you. You shake the Mayor's hand before departing for home at 120, eager to seal the deal with a campaign speech.

168 - Femoiselle knows how and where to hurt a man. Her nails are sharp and her grasp is strong. You need to make a L3 SR on SPD to ward off her atrociously fast and lethal attack. Fail and you are dead, no matter your CON. She carries a certain *je ne sais quoi* under her fingernails. If you react quickly enough, you can save the day and overpower her with a L2 SR on STR. Fail that and you get that fatal raking along with a severe nut-crushing (death takes you.)



If you steer clear of those envenomed nails, she is easy to kill. Even if you didn't want to kill her you do as she is really pitifully frail and just plain snaps in two. As she dies, you teleport back to your running mate. You had better hope you left behind no forensic evidence and that the Mayor never finds out who murdered his half-sister. On the up side, her death casts its pall over his run for re-election. He loses one point of favour with every faction. You can have 200 APs for this brush with Death. Now go to [188](#).

[169](#) - Was your plan to make Gondwar cast *Hidey Hole*, or something equally clever and specific? If so you manage to escape unseen to [171](#)! If you were hoping to improvise something on the spot, I'm afraid you wasted too much time dilly-dallying and were spotted - go to [181](#).

[170](#) - Ho Chee Mint, being a greedy fellow, not only banishes you from the city but strips you of your property. Lose any gold and jewellery that you own, and thank him for sparing your life before you go! Note that if Ho Chee wants *REVENGE* against you, you lose everything you own instead!

You look back sadly at the city as you leave. Bereft of your accumulated hoard, not to mention your reputation, you have no choice but to go back to your old adventuring life. But oh how your old bones ache...

[171](#) - You're out of there! Once you're out of the alleyway you hot foot it home and lock the door.

A pall of suspicion will fall over you of course as many people will have spotted you around the scene of the crime (lower your influence with all factions by one.) Nothing a good speech can't fix though. Go to [120](#).

[172](#) - Next thing you know, you're on Old Market Boulevard and you can hear music. It's the sound of the Tanglewood Symphony Orchestra tuning up and it does not sound promising. The Healers' Guild is putting on a benefit concert for the ex-lepers. It's a joint promotion with the Merchants' Guild, who are providing a condemned building as a means of reducing the population to give each surviving ex-leper a bigger share of the pie. This is the first time you've seen a brass section try and play with mallets.

Daltimdim kinda likes the discordant musical mess and strides in, oblivious to the precariously poised timbers overhead. He grabs your sleeve and takes you with him. "Come on, Scruffy! All work and no play

and all that! Let's take the weight off of our plates of meat and let the old glutes take the strain." Go to 182.



173 - Although most of Tanglewood's denizens grudgingly recognise the need for change, there'll always be holdouts to be taken advantage of. Some benefit from the prevailing order, some believe in the old ways, and some are simply scared to see something different. A good demagogue can always rally them to the banner of inaction.

Are you that old-time firebrand? Of course. You know you are! Take a SR on CHR and increase your influence with the Merchants, Farming Community, and Knitting Circle by the level you make. Seeing as you hand out complimentary rose-tinted glasses before the speech, you do, however, lose any gold you possess. As you hop off your soapbox the geriatric crowd chants 'better the devil you know! Better the devil you know!'

Now that you've drummed up some interest in your campaign, you better choose a running mate. Go to 10 if you choose Daltimdim, your one-eyed dwarven comrade, and go to 20 if you choose Gondwar, your senile elf-wizard chum.

174 - The old dwarf still has some gold to spare after his adventuring days, so he thinks you should kick off your campaign in New Market Boulevard. There's a suit of mithril chainmail he's been hankering for - decorative, of course.

When you get there, you see a familiar scene playing out. A young apprentice is complaining about a supposedly possessed brooch he's bought, saying it's not giving him unlimited power as advertised. The seller, a man with a thin nose and circles under his eyes, is quickly

packing up his stall. If you cite the Tanglewood Consumer Protection Act of 58226, go to [186](#). If you tell the young wizard that the broach is indeed a rare and powerful artifact, go to [198](#).

[175](#) - You shrug your shoulders as Gondwar is pressed into service. A perfectly understandable reaction, but one that's not going to impress the Delvers' League when they hear of this. Lower your influence with them by one.

You'll also need to find a new running mate. Who better than Wandgor, Gondwar's grandson? At least he's too young for the army. His attributes are below:

6 STR, 10 CON, 12 DEX, 9 SPD, 12 INT, 53 WIZ, 17 LK, 9 CHR (adds +2). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

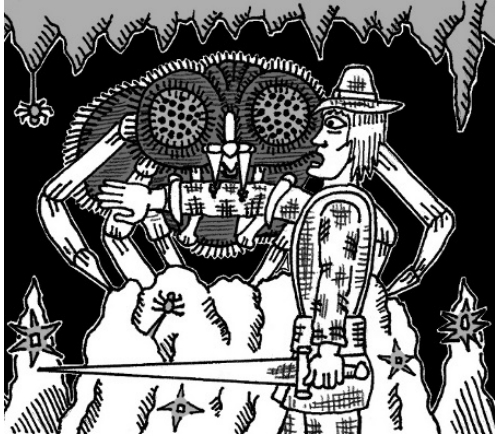
Don't worry about the young lad being upset with your inaction. He always resented his granddad for casting *That's a Natty Beard* on his armpits, which he blames for being left at the altar. But although he's willing to help out, how will he handle himself at [47](#)?

[176](#) - Your old buddy, the good dwarf Daltimdim, asks if he can take you aside for a private word. His tone is strange. Normally he bellows, snorts, or gurgles. Often he manages all three at once, but right now he is muted... oddly polite. "See, Scruffy, I bin thinkin' an', it bein' not bein' a dwarfish custom, it's doin' me head in. All dis panderin' you bin doin' to all these nobs and all them wasters... wot about da delvers? We wus delvers once an' that's where we owes our loyalties, see? Make a speech right 'ere, right now. There's plenty a people ready to listen tuh ya. You could say yer gunna open a new key factory. More jobs. Den you give free dungeon keys to all the delvers. Plunderin's a job, aint it? Aint it a livin'?"

If you think it is unwise to favour your home team, I am afraid he will stump off in a stew. You will either have to end your campaigning and head straight for the venue for the closing speeches (go to [120](#)) or look up your old magic-weaving buddy, Gondwar, if you haven't toured the town with him already (go to [50](#)).

If you're up for another speech, make a L3 SR on INT, LK and CHR. Yes, that's right, all three. If you succeed in all of them, your speech goes like a rocket to the hearts of the Delver's League and you gain two points with them; the promise of a new factory also scores a point with

both the Merchants and the Hoi Polloi. If you do not make all three, you gain the points with the League but lose a point for political bias with everyone else. If you roll a critical fumble, you stuff up your words and make the Delvers think you plan to lock them up (you lose a point with them and with the Merchants and Hoi Polloi for getting their hopes up before deflating them). As above, you have the option of going straight to the final orations (120) or looking up Gondwar (go to 50).



Time to move on. Go to 132.

177 - 'Witnesssssssssss!' spits a naga, pointing at you with a two-pronged spear. The three hideous creatures slither towards you both, strangely transfixing you with their gaze.

Naga: MR 30, armour 12. 2/ The naga momentarily hypnotise you both, negating any spells cast this round and changing all of your combat dice to twos. This ability activates even if different naga roll sixes.

Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

If you survive the battle go to 187.

178 - You do the deed and may well feel all the better for it. I know not, nor do I wish to.

You are now out of the race. You can have 500 APs for getting this far. Femoiselle is as good as her word and you are now twice the man you were. Twice as tall, twice as heavy, twice as old and twice as attributed (that means double them all). Unfortunately you're also twice as unlucky, and from now on, whenever you make a SR, you need to change the lower number to a one. I hope you're twice as happy as I suspect she is!

179 - 'Maybe it's best if you take care of business yourself, Dalty. It's your beard after all, and it might not be a good look if I get involved with such underhand activities such as the one the good man is describing. Meet you at the town hall?' The dwarf doesn't seem to understand, but it hardly matters. If he can get his beard back before your main campaign speech, all's well that ends well. Go to 120.

180 - Being a natural speaker, you of course will not be wasting coin on speech writers or writing the speech beforehand, no: you'll make it up in the spirit of the moment, using your political acumen to sense which way the wind shines. Flexibility is the key to politics after all!

You walk into the thronged hall later that evening, your right-hand man right beside you to your left. Ho Chee Mint has apparently just finished his own speech, for his face is as red as the tomato pulp caking his body (take a check on LK and lower his influence with a faction of your choice by that amount.) You're next! Go to 45.

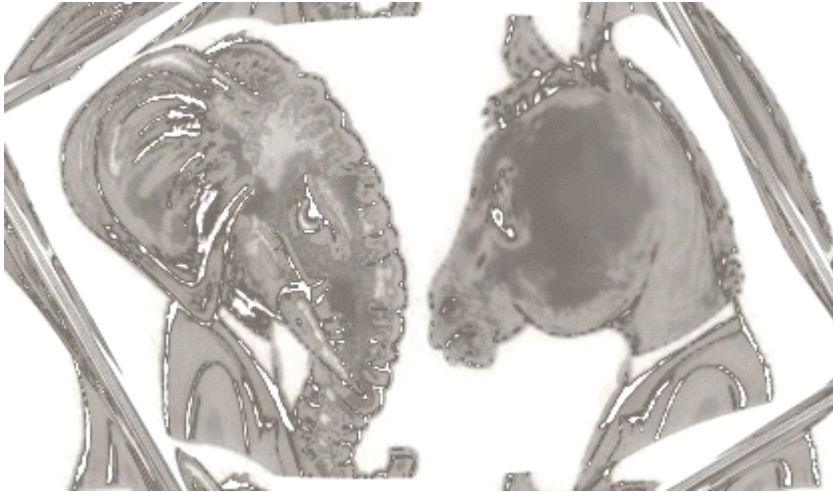
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Gondwar: 8 STR, 12 CON, 14 DEX, 11 SPD, 14 INT, 55 WIZ, 19 LK, 11 CHR (adds +8). Can cast all Level One and Two spells.

If you survive the battle go to 171.

182 - As you take your seat, you can tell what the problem is. The Ladies of the Knitting Circle have hijacked the bows of all the string players. The violins, cellos, and double basses have to be played with knitting needles - a bid by the Circle to up their profile, although why they would want to be associated with this aural catastrophe is anyone's guess. What's just as challenging to the ears is the ploy by the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance. They have kidnapped all the wind instrument musicians and replaced them with satyrs. The sound of Pan Pipes fills the building, threatening to literally raise the rafters. Jeepers, the cleric from the Healers' Guild heading up this charitable project, begs you to intervene and get the show back on the road. Go to 192.



183 - The corporals don't take kindly to you, and take revenge by taking Gondwar! 'They've got me by the beard!' cries the wizard as he's dragged off to a waiting horse-and-cart. If you try to save him, go to 145. If you take advantage of the opportunity to be rid of him, go to 175.

184 - Change is what Tanglewood needs, and change is what it'll get! The question is, what kind of change? Better to not spell it out. Keep it vague and it'll be whatever the denizens desire. Why write policies for the voters when you can get the voters to write their own?

Success will boil down to how dissatisfied the people are at the present moment. Make a SR on LK and increase your influence with the Thieves' Guild, Hoi Polloi, and Ladies of the Night by the level you make. Considering that they're failures - sorry, disadvantaged - they're probably going to be happy with any roll of the dice.

Now that you've drummed up some interest in your campaign, you better choose a running mate. Go to 10 if you choose Daltimdim, your one-eyed dwarven comrade, and go to 20 if you choose Gondwar, your senile elf-wizard chum.

185 - Cherry Blossom leads you back to Rouge Palace, ignoring the hissing of Kochandbull. Lower your influence with the Merchants by one.

It's worth it though as her massage releases all the tension from your body. She even rubs some balm into your wounds, which bubble and steam under her expert touch. Maybe she should join the Healing Guild? It could be a good retirement plan. It's all so relaxing that you end up falling asleep before she can get to the finale.

You wake up the next afternoon to some highly disagreeable sounds,

and sneak out before anyone can spot you. Restore your CON completely before meeting up with Gondwar at 38.

186 - The scurrilous vendor hands over a refund, but his apology is clearly forced. Increase your influence with the Wizards' Guild by two and decrease your influence with the Thieves' Guild by the same amount.

If the Wizards' Guild is *OBLIGED* to help you, go to 194. Otherwise, go to 137.

187 - You're out of there! Once you're out of the alleyway you hot foot it home and lock the door.

You see yourself emblazoned on the frontlines the next morning. The Mayor saw you kill three innocent, hard working nagas yesterday, the ungrateful sneak, and his story is backed up by a group of merchants and mariners. Lose all of your influence with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance, and lose one influence with six factions of your choice.



A bad start to the day, but nothing a good speech can't fix. Go to 120.

188 – On New Market Boulevard all is a frenzy of voracious bargaining. If it exists, it gets sold here. There is a reporter from the Tanglewood Trumpet present too. Clarker Parks has two burly bugbears with him, dragging a large water bed into the centre of the bustle, ruthlessly pushing aside barrows and barrow boys.

Clarker rushes up to you as soon as you appear and takes no interest in your wizard pal. It's a sif he knew you were coming. "Look mate, an election is the time for us to double our readership, especially with the illiterate. Here's the deal – we give you front page coverage and all you have to do is lie there with this lovely lady".

He points to a hastily underdressing voluptuous blonde named Ruth L'Essinthesack. She looks to be in the prime of life and a big money earner. If you want to pose with her, you can earn support equal to the level of a LK SR you can try right now. If you fail, you lose 3 points, doubled to 6 for a critical fumble. Either way, you allocate the points as you see fit except that one has to go to the Ladies, positive or negative, and you can't increase your standing with the Knitting Circle.

If you refuse, you must make a L1 SR on CHR or the poison pen piece Parks runs costs you 1 point with everyone, with a critical fumble again doubling this. As for Gondwar (or Wandgor), he definitely wants to take a turn, either rolling you aside or leaping in where you shied away. With him no longer campaigning with you, you can call on your dwarf buddy, Daltimdim, if you haven't gone out on the hustings with him already (go to 10). If you have, or if you just want to get on with the final count, go to 120.

189 - Amazingly the warrior is capable of simple arithmetic, although he does have to repeat the numbers you say under his breath and count them out on his fingers. With your synchronized assault, it's no problem taking care of the traders. Archie steps out from behind a fountain and grabs the reins of a bolting camel.

'Well done, well done: you'll have your beard in no time!' It looks like everyone's happy except the traders: lower your influence with them by one dice, and increase your influence with the Thieves' Guild and Knitting Circle by three each.

With Dalty's beard secured, you better get cracking with the meat of your campaign: the big speech. Go to 120.

190 - Gondo suddenly sits upright, flattening your sniffer with his pointy old head. Take one dice of damage (only head armour protects.) A crowd has gathered at the spectacle of Gondo collapsing and then breaking your nose, especially as it turns out that you bleed like a vampire's dream (nostrilly-speaking.) At least you have good circulation.

Turns out he's realised you could abuse your position as mayor and help out your friends. It also turns out that your prime friend is, so he informs you, your loyal companion, Gondwar. The dull-minded codger is begging you to do more for delvers and wizards, arguing that they perform an essential service clearing dungeons for residential

development.

Seeing as you're surrounded by onlookers, you really have no choice but to take up the cudgels, beat someone on the head with them, and make like Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg with your tonsils. To make such a self-interested speech without giving the game away, you really do need to be on your mettle. A long oration is called for and you need to make a L1 SR on CON, L2 on INT, L3 on LK and L4 on CHR to bring home the electoral bacon safely. If you make all four you gain two points of favour with the Delvers' League and the Wizards' Guild, effectively boosting their standing with their fellow citizens. If you fail any one of those rolls you still gain the points with the League and the Guild, but you lose one point with every other faction. If you roll a critical fumble on any of them, you don't get the gains but you do suffer the fall from grace. With Gondo back on his feet and your lungs on fire, go to 132.

191 - You both creep close to the ground, making sure to stick to the shadows. Take a L4 SR on LK and DEX. If you pass, go to 171. If you fail, go to 181.

192 - How are you going to sort this out and boost your popularity with so many factions? There's not just the Knitting Circle and the Uncommon Kindreds to humour, there's also the two guilds, the Healers and Merchants, and the lepers fall off the bone into the Hoi Polloi camp. You can make a big speech aimed at wooing everyone so they sort themselves out amicably (go to 138) or you can rip into the orchestra saboteurs (go to 148).

193 - As Plato said in *The Republic*, the people should be ruled by a philosopher king. Being mayor is a job that requires tact, wit, and fine judgement, dispositions not commonly found in the common sorts. Their deficiencies are their lot to carry; leadership, yours.

And who has a better head on his shoulders than you? Take a SR on INT and increase your influence with the Wizards' Guild, Healers' Guild, and Brains Trust by the level you make. You may have been chucked out of school, but that doesn't mean you don't know what you're doing.

Now that you've drummed up some interest in your campaign, you better choose a running mate. Go to 10 if you choose Daltimdim, your one-eyed dwarven comrade, and go to 20 if you choose Gondwar, your senile elf-wizard chum.

194 - 'I say, most gracious thanks for the assistance! I so rarely sally forth from the academy that I must admit my ignorance on the laws governing the act of consumption' says the young wizard.

'Perhaps, perchance, I may repay you with some manner of magical teachings. Any advantage for that rarest of breeds, an honest politician!' Quips the mage, chuckling at his own joke.

Make a SR on WIZ. As soon as the pallid youth has taught you a spell up to that level, Daltimdim, yawning, leads you away to 137.

195 - Thisanthat glowers at you. You have interfered with a money-maker's money-making operations after all.

'I'll be informing the shepherds that their pay's been halved via the King's mail, and I'll be blaming you, sir! Do not, in future, interfere with my interference with the free market! I know what I am doing, and what I am doing is not just best for myself, but sometimes, by happenstance, others! And good day!' And with that Timothy storms off. Reduce your influence with the Farming Community by two.

Oh dear, it's clearly time to move on. Go to 136.

196 - You lash out at Bilko for his unorthodox recruitment practices. Seeing as he's a seasoned soldier, you lash out with your blade - words mean nothing to the no-good after all. The hobgoblin thanks you as the conscripiter flees.

'Scrot tank you. Scrot help you. Scrot fight you!' You interpret that the intellectually challenged creature means to help you fight and so don't kill it on the spot. Increase your adds by 10 whenever you're in a combat for the rest of this adventure.

Scrot tails you as you walk down Miscreant Avenue, despite your best efforts to shake him off. Go to 143.



If you opt to intervene for the poor hobgoblin, make a L5 SR on CHR. If you're successful, gain two points of influence with the Uncommon Kindreds' Alliance and two with a watching faction of your choice. If you let Bilko get on with his job and look forward to watching the bayonet practice, make a L4 SR on LK. If you're successful you gain two points of influence with the Army and two with a watching faction of your choice. Now go to 143 unless the Uncommon Kindreds are *OBLIGED* to help you, in which case go to 196.

197 - One of the slender young wenches wraps her arms around you. 'Oh Scruffles, we must repay you! Our establishment is just two blocks away... why don't you pop inside, if you know what I mean?'

It would do you a world of good to take a break, but the partygoers are hardly going to appreciate you running off with the girls. If you take up her offer go to 185. If you tell her to focus on her clients and leave them to it, go to 38.

198 - The waifish stripling seems skeptical, but the waggish vendor is appreciative. Increase and decrease your influence with the Thieves' Guild and Wizards' Guild by two each.

If the Thieves' Guild is *OBLIGED* to help you, go to 146. Otherwise go to 137.

199 - It's too late for the warrior to admit he wagged math class: the truth is coming out. 'Five... seventeen.... eleventeen... hut hut hut!' he shouts, charging at the nearest camel.

The result, without you expert help, is a bloodbath. The Merchants open fire with their crossbows, gunning the brave baby-faced dwarf in the streets. You run from the scene, lowering your influence with the faction by one dice as soon as you're spotted. Increase your influence with the Thieves' Guild by one dice, however, for at least attempting such a dangerous second-to-last heist.

There's nothing for it: you better hire some nameless clerk as your new running mate before the news gets out, bolt down in your mansion, and weather the storm. Go to 171.

200 - Perhaps you have a way with words; perhaps you have well considered policies; or perhaps you bribed half the city. Doesn't matter. You won! The ex-mayor, if he's still alive, his face red from

embarrassment, anger, and ale, hands you the key to the Diamond Office during your acceptance speech.

Your prize is to serve the people. Just joking! Your prize is to embezzle as much cash as you can before you're run out of town. Add (and subtract) your influence with all factions, then multiply that result by 250: this is how many gold coins you manage to siphon into your Khaboomian slush fund. Divide this number by 10: this is how many adventure points you can spend on your charisma for pulling the biggest con in your life. Or you can opt to try and run the city... but that's a solo for another day.

End of *One Last Heist*

Enjoyed the game? No? Well, well not try another game instead.

(<http://www.drivethrurpg.com/product/230701/Escape-From-Danger-Dungeon>) *Escape From Danger Dungeon*, a co-operative board game based on the Tunnels and Trolls system. Can your band overcome the foes and traps which block its way? Can your band discover an exit before being buried alive? Can your band avoid squabbling over the loot? For only 25 USD (plus shipping), you can find out!

(<http://www.drivethrurpg.com/product/216031/Portrait-of-a-Troubled-Artist-The-Rainbow-Palace-Anthology>) *Portrait of a Troubled Artist* is a timed, open world adventure for a level one or two wizard, illustrated by Stanley Ditko. This solo is the hub for the others in the Rainbow Palace Anthology, with the minor characters in this game being the major characters in the others. Enjoy!

