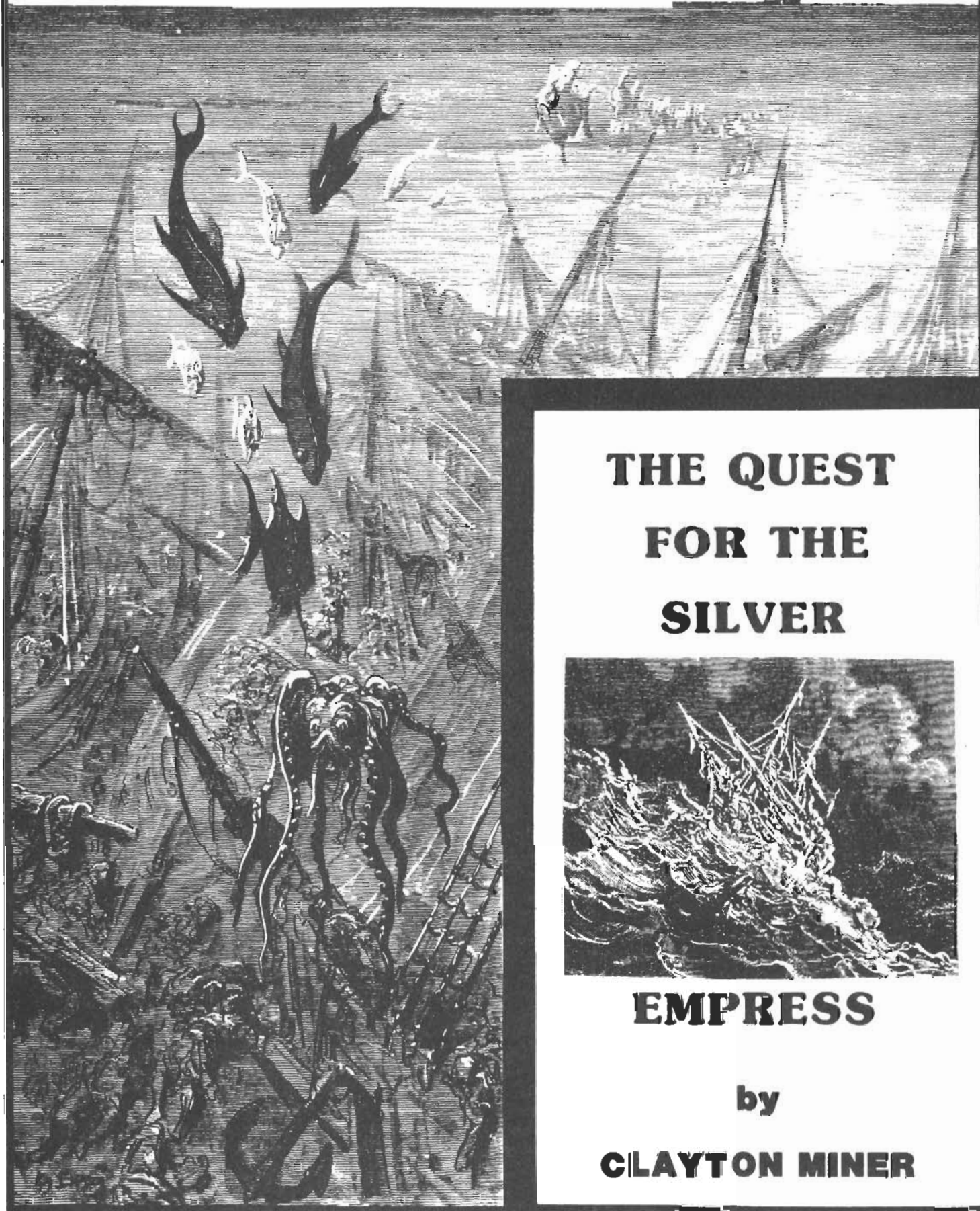
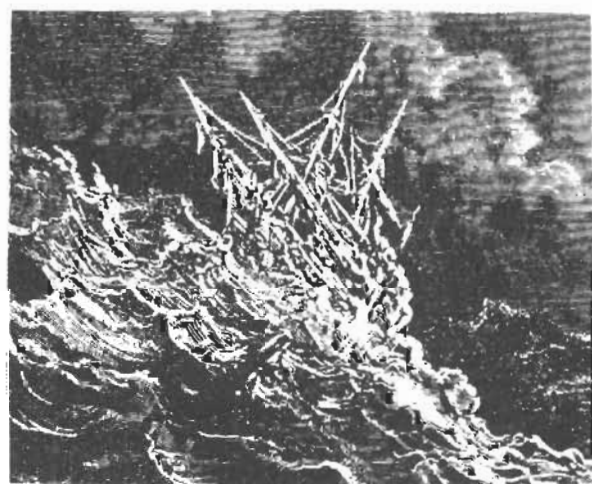


CITY-STATE CAMPAIGN INSTALLMENT



**THE QUEST
FOR THE
SILVER**



EMPRESS

by

CLAYTON MINER

THE QUEST FOR THE SILVER EMPRESS

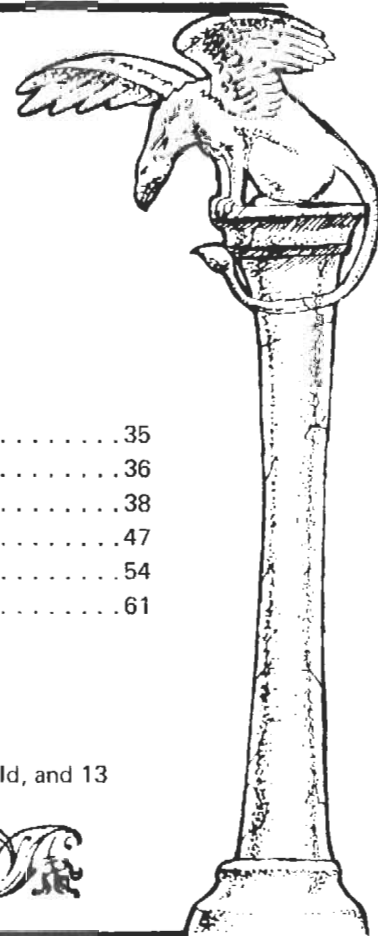
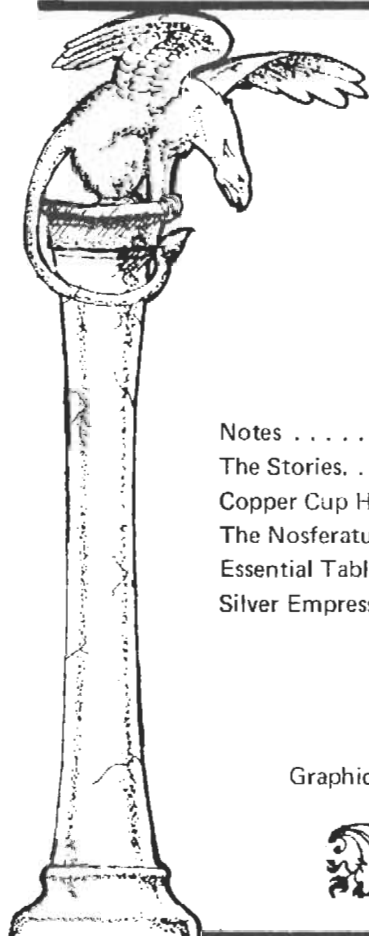


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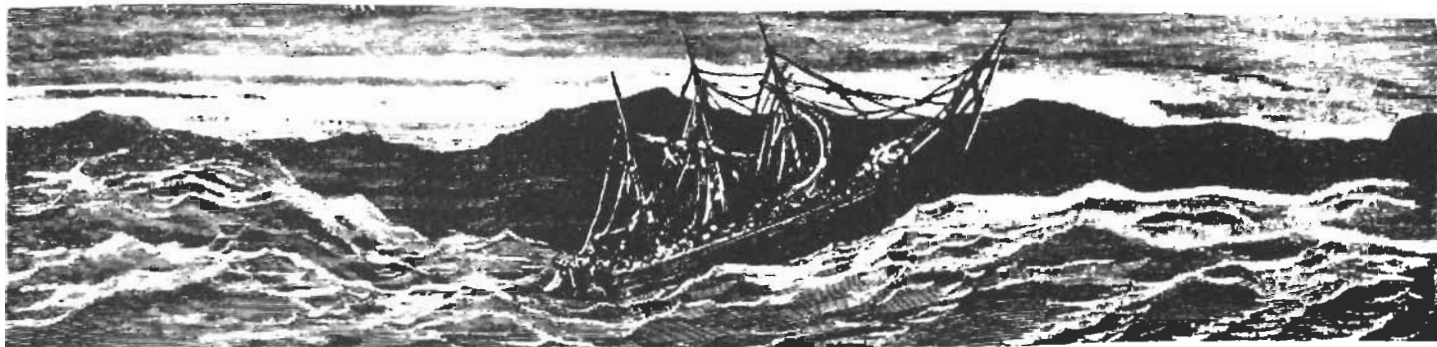


This Adventure

Belongs To: _____



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Notes for the Judge

The descriptions of the NPCs found in the Copper Cup House are, as a rule, longer than those of the other NPCs encountered. To a great deal, this is because the players stand a chance of convincing the majority of these NPCs to join the group. Generally, the other NPCs, such as the fishermen and the ship's crew, will not want to or will not be in a position to accompany the players anywhere.

I strongly recommend that any Judge who is interested in running this adventure should read through it thoroughly. There are few, if any, hidden problems designed to cause either the players or the Judge any difficulties, but it is best to read through it in order to establish some image of the NPCs.

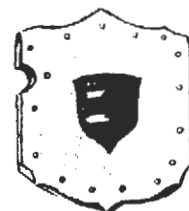
I have not included pre-generated player-characters in this scenario because I feel it is better if the players risk using a character with which they are familiar; also, they will probably enjoy it more and play better if they use their own characters. To facilitate using this adventure, it is necessary for the Judge to make some arrangements with one or two of the players. I would suggest setting this up in advance with the people because they may become suspicious if you suddenly lay an "Oh, b the way. . ." on them that suggests that one or more of them all at once knew something vital to the adventure. The type of information you will want to set up with the players beforehand should be in some way to their benefit in the adventure, primarily in figuring out where to look for the ship. To go about this, you can use the following ideas or come up with your own:

1. One of the players comes from a long line of sailors and, as a child and young man, heard many tales from his relatives, one of which was about a great treasure ship lost in a northern sea near the coast of Tarantis during a wild storm.
2. The player in question may have been the recipient of some vague prophecy about riches and a wine-dark sea and has been searching for the answer.
3. Instead of being the recipient of a prophecy, as a child, the player was a native of the region. A resident of the castle which housed the survivor of the wreck, the player remembers traveling with his father to the beaches to search for signs indicating the proximity of the hull of the Empress.

The **Quest for the Silver Empress** is not intended to be a simple "hack and slash, pick up the treasure" adventure. It has been set up primarily as a thinking adventure where the players rely more on their brains and their abilities than on a Sword or an Axe. True, there may, and, most likely, will, be some killing before the adventure is over, but that is not the main thrust to this installment; intelligent and creative play is. As a few final words to the prospective Judges of this installment, you may find that I have glossed over some areas that you would like to have seen covered, such as the castle or the cities and villages. That may be, but, remember, once you have decided to use this installment, it becomes part of your world system, and my views on a castle or village may be quite different from yours. The major intent of setting up the **Quest for the Silver Empress** was to provide a framework for an adventure and, as such, centers primarily on main points of interest. As Judge, you should feel free to expand this installment to your liking, for example, by adding a land campaign section to cover the party's travels from a port to the beach, and so on.

The following table explains the Armor designations used in this adventure. Animals, of course, don't wear Armor but have natural defenses. In the case of an animal, a letter designation indicates that an animal is as difficult to damage as a person wearing that type of Armor.

A	Unarmored	E	Chainmail
B	Shield Only	F	Chain and Shield
C	Leather Armor	G	Plate Armor
D	Leather and Shield	H	Plate and Shield



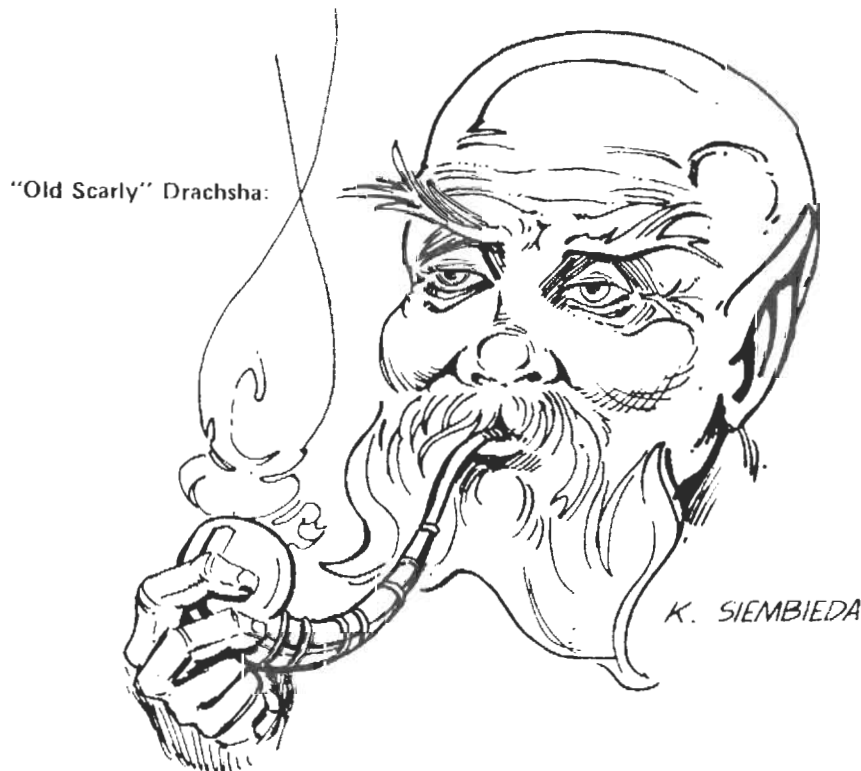
The Copper Cup House

A small, well cared for tavern set along the Silver Shod Canal, the Copper Cup House sheds a cheerful light upon darkened streets and alleyways. The Copper Cup House is a modest place nestled among old warehouses, residences, and shops that, for the most part, have seen better days. Even though the area around the Copper Cup House slowly decays with age

and rot spawned by the moisture in the air, Polybis and his employees somehow continually manage to keep the place clean and in good repair. The main claim to fame of the Copper Cup House, and the greatest part of its drawing power, is its reputation for being a place where anyone's bad fortune turns to good. Whether or not this is true, or that some beneficial spirit watches over the tavern, has never been determined, but one thing that is a certainty is that friendship and good fellowship dwell within its walls. Polybis, owner and proprietor of the Copper Cup House, has made it an established rule that the doors of his establishment will remain open to anyone, regardless of their race, however wretched they may be, or whatever their situation. Many is the time that Polybis has served a meal free to the city's poor and often has been repaid in a number of ways.

The Story of the Quest for the Silver Empress (To be read to the players)

It has been a rather pleasant evening for you and your comrades as you sit around one of the tables of the Copper Cup House, one of the better eating and drinking establishments to be found in the City State of the World Emperor. The meat and ale of the place is good and so is the conversation flowing between yourselves and the gentleman who joined your company to listen to tales of your recent exploits. Introducing himself as Polybis Beak-Breaker, a one-time adventurer and current owner of the Copper Cup House, he has hauled over a chair for himself and invited himself to your reminiscing, occasionally ordering a round of drinks for all of you. The only thing that has marred the overall quality of this night out on the town is the presence of a small gang of rowdies who seem to enjoy creating a ruckus and making themselves heard over everybody else, but, as they are paying customers, Polybis is doing his best to ignore them. Before long, however, the rowdies congregate on a table occupied by some anonymous old man and begin to harass him, often sneeringly demanding that he "tell that old fishstory again, Granpa!" in a collectively nasal voice. This goes on for a few minutes until your host and a scarred female sitting at a table in the corner tell this group to put up or shut up, which they quickly do. Now being encouraged by Polybis to "tell your tale to my companions here and to anyone else who may not have heard it," the old man, whose name is Old Scarly, proceeds to do so.



"Old Scarly's" Story

"I remember the days I served on the Silver Empress; a proud and beautiful ship she was. None like 'er anywhere in t' entire world as that there beautiful lady. She were near unto 200 feet long from the great carvin's on 'er stern to the point o' 'er bowsprit, an' she carried three great, 'uge masts that could really 'old a mess o' sailcloth. Leastways, she could 'ave afore she went down near about thirty year ago. Anyways, there was none like the Empress; she were a right ol' queen o' the sea, she was. The Empress were a special ship made exclusively to the orders of the king o' Valon. Can't seem to remember 'is name right off, but 'e sure seemed to know what types o' ships 'e wanted us to sail. Anyway, the Empress was 'is pride an' joy, an' it were we that were sent on all the important runs, like our last voyage.

"We 'ad been out o' port for about a week 'aulin' a load of silver ingots an' suchlike valuables back to 'is Majesty in Valon that we 'ad gotten while in Tarantis. I never did figure out why we were goin' after such a prize, us relatively undefended an' all, but orders is orders, an' we 'ad to get this load back 'ome. Well, the Cap'n was sorter nervous on the trip an' must o' been a bit worried that we might be jumped by raiders, but I guess that we were lucky on that score. Another one of the Cap'n's worries, an' the rest o' us, too, was that our load might suddenly shift to one side o' the 'old should things get bad. But, for the most part, our luck 'ad 'eld.

"Well, 'twas on the afternoon o' the tenth day out from port an' after we 'ad put considerable distance between ourselves an' the shipkillin' reefs along the shoreline that our lookout in the crow's spots what 'e takes to be a gatherin' storm. Sure enough, that's what it turns out to be, an' the Cap'n decides it would be best if we were t' give it a wide berth. Well, we turn the ship to grab ourselves a good breeze an' get around the storm as fast as we can, an', to 'elp things along, the Cap'n orders that we put on full sail, someat we did as fast as we could 'cause none o' us liked what we could see. Unfortunately for us, our luck turned bad, real bad, for, as we were movin' along at a real good rate o' speed, we 'it somethin' 'ard, real 'ard. Well, we never found out what it was we 'it. I guess it could a been a whale or somethin, a might bit worse, but we kept goin' with what we thought to be only mild damage. There were some timbers forced that required patchin', but the bad news was that we 'ad lost our rudder an, were all but 'elpless. Of course, 'twas about this time that we noticed that the storm 'ad not only built up but 'ad changed course an' was 'eading in our direction.

"The Cap'n orders the ship's carpenter to cut out some o' the cabin walls an' build us a temporary rudder. It were a good idea, but it came too late to 'elp us. Before the rudder were finished, we were becalmed right before this wallopin' great storm. Well, she finally caught up with us, an' we started to move back towards where we knew the coastline was, but, as things weren't too bad, yet, we 'ad 'opes o' seein' our families again. But the Empress' luck were all used up an' afore long we were at the mercy o' a dreadful storm. What with the timbers below creakin' like a demon's knees an' the waves a-crashin' over the bow above, we really knew what fear were all about.

"Well, it weren't too long afore the wind 'ad torn open the sails the Cap'n 'ad ordered reefed right after we lost the rudder, an', afore we could do anythin' about it, we lost most o' them along with parts o' them magnificent masts I told ye about. We lost a couple o' men right then when the crown o' our mizzen came crashin' to the deck in a tangle o' sailcloth an' riggin' like ye'd never want to see.

"Well, we knew at that point that our beautiful Silver Empress were doomed to go down as we were springin' leaks an' some o' the deck planks were torn up, but things just 'ad to get worse. Somehow, she 'ad gotten turned broadsides to the win' an' we got slapped by a great wave. This must o' been the final straw for the ol' girl 'cause the main beam split open an' our cargo broke loose. We 'ad figured on the storm lessenin' up by now, but it showed no signs o' lettin' up. As near as we could tell, in the dark an' the cold, we were gettin' perilously close to those reefs, so we were really in trouble. We 'ad all gathered on the aft deck to 'ear what the Cap'n 'ad to say, an', as we expected, it were the order to abandon ship. With certain death ahead o' us, many felt they would stand a better chance over the side.

"As first mate, I stayed back to join the Cap'n when 'e left the Empress, but, before 'e could leave 'er, part o' a yard-arm fell an' pinned 'im to the deck. By the time I was able to reach the Cap'n an' try to lift the arm, the Empress 'ad reached the reefs. We struck full on, an' I was thrown for'ard o' the Cap'n an' almost were hit by what was left o' the main mast as it went over the side. Seein' as 'ow we were bein' jammed in tight by the force o' the gale, I went back to try to free the Cap'n, but he were dead at last. The storm all at once lifted the Empress off the one reef an' drove 'er right onto t' other, where she stuck fast again. By that time, though, she were so low in the water an' stuck at such an angle that you could just step from the aft deck into the sea, which I did.

"As I was driven past the bow o' the Empress, I 'eard a sudden crack an' saw the silver-painted figurehead break free an' fall towards me. I'll never forget 'ow she looked like an avenging angel as the lightenin' lit 'er up on 'er way down, an' I can remember 'ow I thought I were goin' to be killed by my own ship, but she missed me an' fell into the surf. At that point, a wave came along an' lifted me right over the sharp edges o' the reef an' set me down in the open waters between that an' the shore. The next thing I recall was wakin' up on a beach somewhere an' looking about for me mates. Nearby lay the remains o' one o' our ship's boats an' some bits o' wreckage includin' some o' the crew's gear an' sailcloth. Out away from the shore some 900 to 1,000 feet was the remains o' the Empress still impaled on the spines o' the reef. I guess she 'ad shipped a good bit o' water an' the weight o' it were more than she could stand, for, as I watched, she broke off the reef an' went down to the bottom. For a few minutes, I could see bubbles an' bits o' this an' that comin' up, but then they stopped, an' I figures that she's probably about 20 feet down there. Once she were finally gone, I found me a fesh water river openin' up to the sea nearby an' started to follow it. They say that a group o' noblemen found me still wanderin' along that there river, out o' my wits. Supposedly, they was out a-huntin', but I don't know about that part o' the story. All I know about that is I found myself in a great stone castle where I was brought back to 'ealth an' sent on 'ere to the City-State an' me 'ome."

Once Old Scarly finishes his story, the punks start up again, telling him that their folks all say there never was any ship by that name and that he is making it all up. Several of them pull out knives and threaten to shut him up once and for all, but, before they can act, a person whom nobody had noticed was there steps out of the shadows with Sword drawn to defend Old Scarly. Before anyone can act, however, the nearest punk slashes the man and lets him drop to the floor, apparently lifeless (although you are unable to judge that from your vantage point), and turns back to Old Scarly. This, then, is your situation; what are you going to do?

(From here, the game is started)

Seated

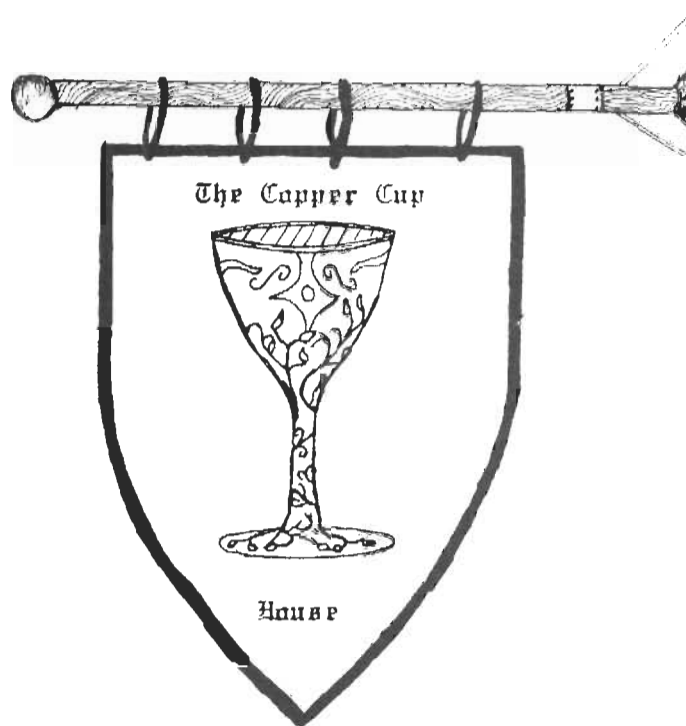
- 1 Polybis (Owner)
- 2 "Old Scarly" (Sailor/Story Teller)
- 3 Verian (Customer)
- 4 Ellisey (Customer)
- 5 Jachtra (Customer)
- 6 Cyne (Customer)
- 7 Khand (Customer)
- 8 Edward (Customer)
- 9 Ivar (Customer)
- 10 Penelian (Customer)
- 11 Ponsonby (Customer)
- 12 "Black Jack" (a Punk)
- 13 "Mangler" (a Punk)
- 14 "Weasle" (a Punk)
- 15 Grawulf (a Punk)
- 16 Oreath (a Punk)
- 17 Kristoferap Riis (Cook)
- 18 Kilburton Cramfast (Barkeep)
- 19 Silvina Cramfast (Serving Girl)
- 20 "Knavish" Haliford (Serving Boy)

Key

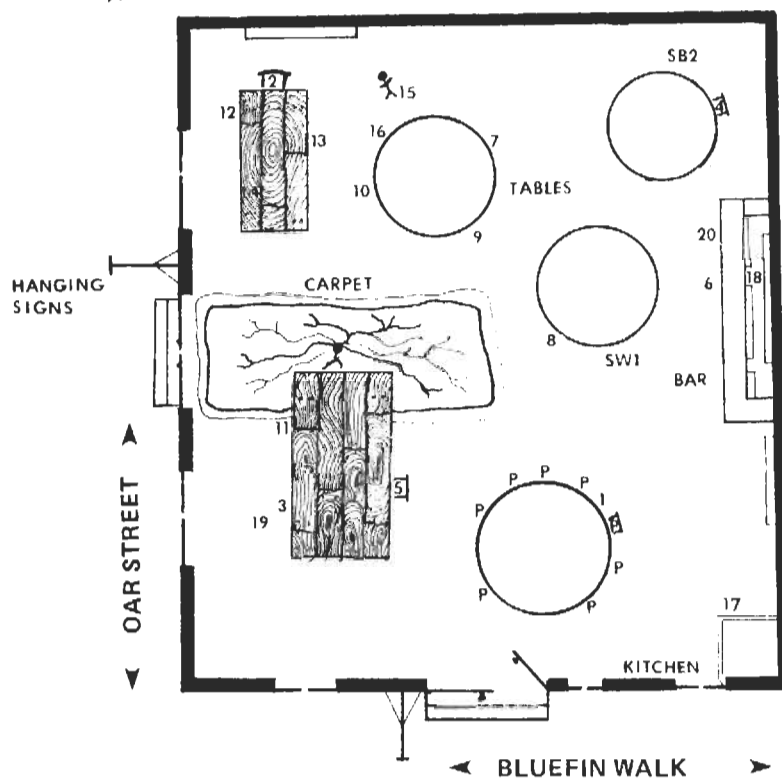
P = Party Members

⚡ = 1st Victim of Punks

THE COPPER CUP HOUSE



The Copper Cup House is located on the corner of Oarstreet and Bluefin Walk on the banks of the Silvershod Canal (Hex 1427 of the City State of the World Emperor Map).



Polybis Beak-Breaker:

The NPCs in the Tavern

Polybis Beak-Breaker: CLS: FTR; ALN: N; LVL: 1; HTK: 7; ARM: LJK; PSL: 6; STR: 15; INT: 10; WIS: 9; CON: 12; DEX: 13; CHAR: 13; END: 15; AGL: 10; LED: 16; LCK: 16; PSY: 12; WPN: Rapier. Polybis is a portly gentleman given to frivolity. However, he does run a half-way decent inn. Continually on the prowl for a good joke or clever story, he frequently mingles with the guests and passes his jokes and tales around. Always cheerful, he makes a point of personally greeting patrons as they enter, and, if this is the first time they have visited his place, he gives them their first drink free and has them sign in. The north wall is covered with the names of the patrons and the date they first entered.

"Old Scarly" Drachsha: CLS: FTR; ALN: LG; LVL: 4; HTK: 16; STR: 14; INT: 8; WIS: 8; DEX: 8; CON: 13; CHAR: 11; AGL: 9; END: 13; STA: 12; SPD: 8; LED: 14; LCK: 10; AT: C; WPN: Dagger. Wealth on Hand: 110 SP. 5' 4" tall, 128 lbs. with watery blue eyes, grey hair 3" long, coarse, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 64 years old. A quiet, unassuming man with hardly any enemies in the entire world, "Old Scarly" is content now to sit in the back of the Copper Cup House and share a pipe and some tales with his old sailing buddies. Having spent a full and active life of adventure on the high seas, he now sees no reason why he and his contemporaries should not be able to sit back and reminisce at their leisure and let the young folks have the fun and rewards of adventuring. Throughout his half-century of sailing the great oceans and rivers, "Old Scarly" has collected a great number of tales and delights in telling them to anyone who will listen. He can go on for hours at a time. Fortunately, he has always had the good fortune to have companions who enjoy hearing a well-told tale. To those who are good friends of "Old Scarly," it comes as no surprise that, of his entire stock of yarns, his favorite is his recounting of the sinking of the Silver Empress, a fabled treasure ship known to many a sailor, ship's captain, and navigator but almost unheard of outside the naval profession.

Also a man of meagre wealth, "Old Scarly" manages to keep himself alive through the continual use of his many talents which include chartmaking, teaching others the art of knot tying, and fishing. There is hardly a day that goes by that "Old Scarly" is not down by the canal edge dangling a line into its waters. Frequently, "Old Scarly" can be found down by the docks watching the ships enter and leave the port. Many's the time he has tried in vain to find a ship's master that will take him on for a voyage; so far, none have been willing to take the chance on his advanced years, and so he continues to look about.

Verian Dellansar: CLS: FTR; LVL: 3; HTK: 22; ALN: N; STR: 13; INT: 10; WIS: 13; DEX: 14; CON: 11; CHAR: 14; AGL: 14; END: 16; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 10; LCK: 10; WPN: Broadsword; AT: F. Wealth: 310 GP. 5' 7" tall, 178 lbs., piercing green eyes, black hair 4" long with beard and mustache, tanned skin, and low voice. He is left-handed and 21 years old. A relative new-comer to the varied charms and delights of the Copper Cup House, Verian has yet to hear the greatest portion of the tales spun by "Old Scarly" and his several transient friends. In that he spends almost all of his time traveling from place to place in search of fun and excitement plus a gold piece or two, it is most unlikely that he ever will. In some ways, this is unfortunate for the young man as he has not yet heard Scarly's tale of the loss of the Silver Empress and, at the least, would be very interested in that he lost his father with that ship. When present in the tavern, Verian feels a very strong attraction to "Old Scarly" whom he feels uncannily resembles the portrait of his father that hung in his home. Verian's continually active lifestyle has turned this once-sickly little boy into a fine, strong lad, fit enough to go out and battle just about anything that crosses his path.

Although Verian tries his best to control himself and be a peaceful man, he has had the misfortune to have been borne with a fierce temper that frequently erupts at the slightest provocation. Otherwise inclined to be somewhat reticent, a goodly number of people have come to believe that he is a berserker, but he has yet to display any special prowess in battle. At one time felt by his parents to be destined to join the Clerics, Verian was unable to see the sense in trusting one's existence to the whims of an invisible, and, possibly, not even real, power claiming to be a god when one could learn how to survive with a visible and highly tangible Sword. As a result of this thinking, he left his home to roam through the world as an adventurer and a mercenary rather than remain confined to a drafty stone building. Perhaps it is this that troubles him and contributes to his short temper and moody countenance.



Ellisey of the Shimmering Beach:



"The Weasel:"



Adward Skraelson: CL: Cleric; LVL: 2; ALN: LG; HTK: 7; STR: 12; INT: 14; WIS: 16; DEX: 14; CON: 14; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 14; END: 15; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 12; LCK: 14; WPN: Morningstar; AT: E. 5' 5" tall, 160 lbs., white hair, blue eyes, clean shaven, high cheekbones, deepset eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed and 27 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 2nd Level: 3. Spells: 1st Level: *Heal Minor Wounds*, *Food Purification*, *Detect Magic Auras*, *Detect Evil Auras*, *Personal Protection from Evil*, and *Sphere of Light*. Merely a tired traveler who is looking for someplace to bathe, eat, and get some sleep, Adward could not possibly be any more disinterested in what is going on in this particular tavern. He is particularly disinterested in whatever it was that prompted some youngish Elf to look at him with a mixture of anger and distrust on his face and then stick out his tongue. So far, the only need that Adward has been able to satisfy is the one for food, but this is due to the fact that he is too tired, right now, to try to find a place with bath and bed. All things considered, Adward has been seriously thinking of just crawling into one of the corners with his well-worn blanket and spending the night. Just coming from a highly successful adventure that brought him a total of 1,200 GP in coins and gems, Adward is intending to stuff himself until he all but bursts. Accustomed to the finer things in life, Adward finds dungeon adventuring to his liking, except for the food. In his blood-spattered and torn clothing and with a 5-day growth of beard, he looks very much the hard-bitten adventurer, and so far, for the most part, has been left alone. Somewhat interested in what the local news was while he and his few friends were off traveling about, Adward has been trying to get somebody to come over and talk with him, but, so far, he has been unsuccessful.

Weary to the bone from chasing and being chased by many and varied dungeon occupants, Adward really hopes that nothing out of the ordinary occurs tonight because he is just too tired to be effective in a fight. He is not that foolish, however, and realizes that the rowdies in the place are going to cause trouble before they are finished, and his biggest hope is that there will not be too much bloodshed. Currently, he is on his third helping of steak and roasted potatoes and, much to the dismay of the serving girl that has been attending him, it appears as if he is going to call her over again. Basically, she is somewhat afraid of this blood-stained man who keeps putting his steak bones on the table in front of him instead of letting her clear them away. On his part, Adward is planning on using them as missiles in case any fighting breaks out. Adward is a pretty good shot when it comes to throwing things and is counting on the surprise value of beaming someone with a chunk of bone.

Ivar Kasparian: CL: Thief; LVL: 5; ALN: N; HTK: 13; STR: 16; INT: 13; WIS: 13; DEX: 17; CON: 12; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 18; END: 14; STA: 14; SPD: 13; LED: 11; LCK: 14; WPN: Rapier; AT: C. Wealth: 190 GP, 5' 6" tall, 110 lbs., black hair and mustache, pale blue eyes, and average complexion. He is right-handed and 23 years old. A long-time prowler of bars, taverns, and inns, Ivar has become quite proficient at sensing those situations that can be turned to his advantage, and the coming conflict is one of them. Quite skillful at lifting pouches, his mode of operation is to wade into the middle of the battle while delicately cutting the purses of those involved. He is the first to admit that this is a dangerous practice, but he also will admit to living his life solely for adventure. Quite the swashbuckler, Ivar displays a very odd form of ethics while in combat, such as allowing the enemy to retrieve a lost weapon, pointing out untied bootlaces, and so forth. These little niceties are frequently only a prelude to a rather cheap and nasty trick such as a knee to the face when his opponent bends over to retrieve a weapon. Outfitted in wide-cuffed boots, a blue velvet poncho and a soft hat with a huge plume in it, he cuts a magnificent figure in the many duels he fights.

Also quite a religious person, Ivar has always shown deference to any clerical type that he chances to meet, but let them cross him and he will not rest until he has put them in their graves. At last count, he was plotting revenge on the last 67 Clerics he has run across. There are those who are familiar with the members of the local thieving guild who are of the opinion that baiting Clerics has become a hobby with the young man and may have something to do with the time he was left for dead in a street fight by a Cleric he was trying to help. This may most certainly be true because, ever since that day, Ivar has held a veritable open season against what he considers to be "false" or "unworthy" Clerics.

Penelian Harlanor: CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: CN; HTK: 19; STR: 17; INT: 16; WIS: 14; CEX: 12; CON: 13; CHAR: 9; AGIL: 11; END: 11; STA: 12; SPD: 15; LED: 10; LCK: 9; WPN: Broadsword; AT: F (+1 Mail). Wealth: 78 GP. 6' 1" tall, 210 lbs., flaxen hair, clean shaven, brown eyes, tanned complexion, pronounced facial bones, and low voice. He is right-handed and 48 years old. Considered by many to possess one of the finest military minds currently in existence, Penelian has been able to sustain quite a high standard of living for himself through his highly effective mercenary groups. Sought after by many political factions, Penelian's men operate on the simple principle that, if someone has enough cash, they will fight for them. The only rule that they lay down on potential employers is that at no time are two groups of Penelian's highly-trained forces to be put in a situation where they are attacking one another. There is one known instance where someone decided to put an end to Penelian's mercenaries and financed a small war in which both sides were supplied from the same group. This attempt, however, failed quite miserably on the first day of fighting when the attempted trickery was discovered. The resulting number of casualties to their employer's own forces and, eventually, to his own family, has served as a good example of what a contract-breaker can expect from Penelian and his crew.

The most outstanding of Penelian's personal possessions is a silver and gold inlay hilted Broadsword which he wears at all times. Carried in a black leather-wrapped scabbard, this weapon has attracted the gaze of many as he moves about and is reputed to have shed the blood of every Thief that has dared to remove it. Rumored to be a gift from an Elven King, no one but Penelian knows precisely where it came from, and he is not saying. Currently, he and his second in command, a well-seasoned warrior named Giyrd of Neverich, are visiting various places in the City-State in hopes of turning up a new contract. So far, they have had no luck, and Penelian has stopped here only for some rest and a quick pint before moving on. Like Adward, the Cleric, Penelian dearly hopes that all will be quiet while he is having his drink. Already quite irritated by the carryings-on of the rowdy guests of the Copper Cup House, Penelian is not very far from being fed up and taking matters into his own hands. Quite proficient an armed opponent, it is unlikely that he will be faced with any difficulties with this small group of rabble-rousers. In fact, Penelian is so sure that there is going to be trouble that he has taken the precaution of loosening his fine Sword in its scabbard.

Ponsonby Scramff: CL: Magic User; LVL: 2; ALN: N; HTK: 8; STR: 15; INT: 17; WIS: 9; DEX: 16; CON: 15; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 16; END: 16; STA: 13; SPD: 17; LED: 12; LCK: 12; WPN: Dagger (2x); AT: A. Wealth: 15 GP. 5' 2" tall, green eyes, brown hair 3" long, average complexion, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 24 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level: 2. Spells Available: *Detect Magic Auras, Lock, Read Magic Script, Personal Protection from Evil, Sphere of Light, Charm, Slumber, Magic Shield, Magic Bolt, and Ventriloquism.* Keeping pretty much to himself while he sits and eats his rather simple meal, Ponsonby is trying to project an image of a calm and urbane gentleman at one time used to many of the finer things in life but currently down on his luck. Unfortunately, his rather shabby clothing and many furtive glances throughout the room have given most of the clientele the impression that he is either a beggar of some sort or, perhaps, an outlaw on the run. While neither of these assumptions are strictly true, the conclusion that he is an outlaw on the run is certainly the closest. He is currently being sought by the local legal authorities for his involvement in and suspected instigation of a highly destructive riot at the Hundred Fountain Square. This has made Ponsonby quite a nervous person, likely to bolt at a moment's notice. Along with his fears of being recognized and being held for questioning by the authorities, he is further put on edge because of his plans for this particular evening. Although a Magic User by training and a baker by upbringing, Ponsonby is present at the Copper Cup House tonight for an attempt at an assassination; it is something he is not looking forward to. While not cut out to be an Assassin, either physically or mentally, he has agreed to make the attempt in exchange for having all the charges stemming from the riot currently against him being dropped. Being somewhat of a realist, Ponsonby is aware that his chances of survival are not at all promising, especially considering that his assigned target is the mercenary leader, Penelian.

Even though he is, for the most part, unprepared for the attempt, Ponsonby has pretty much resolved himself to go through with it because it is the only way out of his present difficulties, insofar as he is aware. Armed only with his long, well-sharpened Dagger and a nebulous plan to slip up behind Penelian at some point and stab him with it, Ponsonby may very well balk and fail to act when the opportunity arises. Currently, Ponsonby has been forming a new plan which involves his waiting for Penelian to advance on the trouble-makers in the room and then slipping the Dagger into him as he goes by Ponsonby's table. As this plan involves quite a number of variables, Ponsonby is no surer of the outcome but is a bit more comfortable with it, as it is, at least, a more detailed plan than his previous one. Once the deed has been done, Ponsonby is in the dark about what he is to do, but he remains sure (or hopeful, at least) that the people who originally made him the deal will contact him.



"Black-Jack" Davy: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: NE; HTK: 12; STR: 13; INT: 12; WIS: 14; DEX: 8; CON: 8; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 8; END: 13; STA: 12; SPD: 7; LED: 11; LCK: 11; WPN: Black-Jack and Shortsword; AT: C. 5' 2" tall, 100 lbs., black hair 1" long, clean shaven, black eyes, olive complexion, heavily scarred face and hands, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 22 years old. Leader of the gang of punks, "Black-Jack" maintains tight control over this group of young toughs with an iron fist and rock-hard determination. Like so many of his fellows who also occupy the lower strata of the City-State's social order, Davy is nearly insane with hatred towards those he sees as being his betters as well as with the frustration of not being able to escape a lifestyle he finds intolerable. Almost a total illiterate, along with the rest of his following, Davy has turned to traveling the streets at night and engaging in petty thievery, muggings, vandalism, and the occasional rape as his way of staging a protest. Usually, the favored areas of Davy and his gang, the Gorgon's Claws, are the park areas and the fringes of the merchant's quarter, but tonight they have chosen to roam through the sailor's quarters for a change of pace. Unofficially the "Warlord" for the Gorgon's as well as their leader, Davy bears many scars as testimony to the frequent altercations between the rival gangs and the City Guard. One of the reasons underlying Davy's continual search for trouble is a subconscious death wish of which he is, for the most part, unaware.

At one time the devoted son of a moderately successful adventurer, Davy has been on his own in the slimier parts of the City-State since his father died in a tavern brawl 14 years ago. Fortunately, Davy's father had possessed the foresight to start to train the boy in the use of weapons almost as soon as he could walk. The loss of his father and his experiences during the next four years contributed greatly to his bitterness toward the well-to-do citizens of Veridistan. Through many hours of continual practice and instruction, "Black-Jack" Davy has turned his loosley-knit band of followers into an effective fighting force that usually comes off well in the many brawls they stir up. Although he keeps subconsciously hoping to be killed during one of their many excursions into the well-patrolled quarters of the City-State, Davy is, nonetheless, pleased and somewhat proud that the Gorgon's Claws routinely inflict more injuries than they receive.

Gustav "The Mauler" Hawkins: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; HTK: 9; STR: 16; INT: 14; WIS: 9; DEX: 10; CON: 13; CHAR: 8; AGIL: 12; END: 13; STA: 14; SPD: 12; LED: 11; LCK: 11; WPN: Bare Hands; AT: D. 5' 10" tall, 199 lbs., Reddish-orange hair, crew cut, green eyes, pale complexion, high voice, freckles, buck teeth, "barn door" ears, and a high voice. He is left-handed. Right-hand man and constant companion to "Black-Jack," there are few places Davy goes that his body-guard, "The Mauler," does not follow. For the most part, this almost dog-like devotion and loyalty on the part of Gustav has been a great asset to both Davy and the Gorgon's, but there have been occasions where it has led to some friction between the two. Fortunately for the group, these instances have been relatively few in number and do not last long. To a great extent, it is Gustav's devotion to Davy that has kept the balance of power intact in the Gorgon's because most of the members of the gang are afraid of Gustav and his massive hands. Cursed with a malformed body, Gustav is often viewed by those outside of the gang to be little more than a dumb brute or an illiterate country clod. Although Gustav is, in actuality, a highly intelligent person gifted with a great deal of natural cunning, he has not been granted any sense of finesse whatsoever which has reinforced his image of being a bumbling clod.

Named "The Mauler" by his companions in the Gorgon's Claws, Gustav has demonstrated any number of times that this nickname is well-earned. His unusual, two-fisted style of killing leaves no doubts among his fellows that they do not wish to share the same fate as that of his many victims. Ever since the time he knocked out a Guardsman's horse with one hit, and it was later found to be suffering from a major concussion, the other members of the gang have treated him with great deference. Although Gustav is highly intelligent, he is, at the same time, a dangerously warped person and has shown an almost pathological love for killing people in particularly shocking and horribly messy ways. Another way in which Gustav's devotion to "Black-Jack" has manifested itself is in his willingness to die for his leader which Davy, with his still-unrecognized death wish, finds mildly annoying.

"The Weasel": CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; HTK: 17; STR: 12; INT: 13; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 10; AGIL: 10; END: 11; STA: 17; SPD: 11; LED: 9; LCK: 9; WPN: Longsword; AT: C. 4' 9" tall, 95 lbs., brown hair 2" long, black eyes, swarthy complexion, thin lips, thin limbs, low voice, and big eyes. He is right-handed and 18 years old. Nicknamed "The Weasel" by the other members of the Gorgons for his amazing talents of evasion and escape and for several times when he was suspected of informing on the gang's activities, "The Weasel" has shown himself to be of great use to the group. Having lived through his rather lengthy trial which involved several repeatedly shouted accusations, a number of nail-studded leather strips, and the loss of close to two pints of blood, "The Weasel" is once again a member in good standing among the Gorgons. Frequently posted as a lookout while the rest of the gang is occupied with ransacking the interior of some merchant's store or a private citizen's home, he has many a time demonstrated his talents and his value to the group by alerting the others to the arrival of a rival gang or a contingent of the City Guard. His speed and stealth have, in many situations, given the Gorgons enough time to prepare for a fight or make good their escape, whichever is deemed the best course of action. As a sort of reward for his services to the Gorgons, "The Weasel" has been appointed to the unofficial position of exchequer to the gang and given first pick of the booty after it has been sifted by "Black-Jack" and "The Mauler." This has been quite an improvement from his previous status, which left him with whatever the 20-odd other Gorgons did not want.

Looking out, pretty much, for his own interests, "The Weasel" is, for the most part, unconcerned about the affairs of the other members of the gang so long as their actions do not jeopardize either his life or position in the gang. While trying, for the most part, to keep his mind on the activities in the Copper Cup House, he is, nonetheless, some-

what alarmed by "Black-Jack's" decision to come here tonight with so few members of the Gorgons and then to start causing trouble when there are so many obviously well-trained people in the place. "The Weasel" has already decided to make a move for the door if and when things get out of hand due to Davy's actions. With his talents of sneaking about and hiding, he feels quite confident that he can make good his escape with only minimal difficulties and injuries.

"Rabid" Grawulf Thornal: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NE; HTK: 13; STR: 11; INT: 8; WIS: 7; DEX: 7; CON: 10; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 9; END: 12; STA: 12; SPD: 7; LED: 14; LCK: 9; WPN: Dagger and Whip; AT: C. 5' 4" tall, 165 lbs., dark brown hair 4" long, black eyes, low voice, and facial scars. He is right-handed and smiles a lot. One of the meanest, most savage, and dirtiest street fighters that anyone could ever hope to avoid, Grawulf alone can truthfully boast of having defeated more opponents than any other member of the Gorgons. In fact, a great many of the gang's victories can be ascribed to this man's ferocity in battle. When wielding his favored weapon, a 6' wire-and-nail-studded Whip, he is truly a terrible sight to behold. In battle, Grawulf is totally devoid of any sense of mercy or restraint, and he has been known to press an attack long after his opponent has surrendered. He also has a reputation for provoking altercations with unarmed and defenseless passers-by. Apparently, Grawulf does this for some form of enjoyment rather than for a profit as it is rare for him to rob his victims once he has beaten them senseless. There have been a few times when his excessive brutality has gone too far, and several of the unfortunates who have run up against him have died. Inasmuch as one of these people was the eldest son of one of the lesser noblemen living in the city, there is currently a price on his head of 5,000 GP (less if he is dead). Fortunately for Grawulf, none of the other members of the Gorgons have heard of this reward.

Grawulf also enjoys using Knives on people, particularly if the Knives are quite sharp, and has developed a fair degree of proficiency in handling them. When it comes to using his glittering, sharp Knives, Grawulf's favorite method is to sit astraddle his victim while carving what he considers to be "pretty little pictures" into the victim's skin. Grawulf's prowess with a Knife stops with his artistic endeavors, and, as such, he is, at best, only average when it comes to fighting with a Dagger. In fact, he is somewhat less than average in a Knife fight as can be evidenced by the scars on his face. Somewhat of a morbid person as well as brutal, Grawulf makes it a habit to collect "mementos" of his triumphs. One entire wall of his room is decorated with weapons, clothing, personal possessions, etc. of his successes in combat, and, on his person, he sports a necklace of human teeth and finger bones around his neck and a belt woven of human scalps around his waist. Needless to say, even the other members of the Gorgons are a trifle leery of him.



Jacthra of the Silvertrove: CL: Thief; LVL: 6; ALN: CG; HTK: 18; STR: 12; INT: 11; WIS: 13; DEX: 17; CON: 14; CHAR: 13; AGL: 18; END: 16; STA: 14; SPD: 17; LED: 12; LCK: 15; WPN: Rapier; AT: C. Wealth: 60 GP, 6 SP. Race: Elven. 5' 5" tall, 120 lbs., brown hair 2" long, copper eyes, low voice, left-handed, thick eyebrows, and 352 years old. Almost always a welcome sight at the Copper Cup House, Jacthra continually brings along with him a wealth of tales, jokes, coins, and tricks. It is his love of the latter item that has brought about his occasional stretches of unpopularity with Polybis, who has a tendency to get a bit upset when Jacthra's antics go too far. The last time, he had been shown the door and the garbage-laced canal out back for snitching the door knobs to the private rooms upstairs while there were tenants using them. A frail and easygoing fellow, Jacthra has successfully covered his three-member thieving ring under the guise of a highly successful traveling medicine show, and one can be sure that any city, town, or castle that Jacthra's troupe visits will find a sudden imbalance in its stock of valuables. His undercover activities have not spawned any conflicts with his "good" tendencies as he views robbery as being a more efficient means of redistributing the wealth between those who have it and those who don't.

Jacthra usually tries to keep a low presence when he is around the clergy because he is convinced that they are after his soul, and he has every intention of saving it for his own use. Admittedly, his fears are not entirely groundless because he seems to have been cursed to attract more than his fair share of representatives of "off-the-wall" religions. While he has had better luck with the more "established" religions, the ones that can afford the prestigious structures, he is still a bit leery of them as well because they, too, have tried to convert him in the past. The only reason that he gets along with Ellisey to any degree is that she has impressed him as being someone who doesn't care any more; also, the fact that she has occasionally joined in one or two of his wilder songs has affected the way he views her. While Jacthra will not be foolish enough to try to rob one of the regulars, he makes it a practice to snitch a newcomer's pouch, take a few coins from it, put it back, and then buy the newcomer and himself a round of drinks with the money.

Cyne Biogan: CL: Magic User; LVL: 3; ALN: NG; HTK: 6; STR: 14; INT: 15; WIS: 14; DEX: 14; CON: 15; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 14; END: 15; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 11; LCK: 10; WPN: Dagger; AT: A. Wealth: 80 GP. 4' 6" tall, 97 lbs., grey hair and mustache, green eyes, faintly yellowish skin, and gravelly voice. He is right-handed and 52 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level Spells: 3; Second Level Spells: 1. Spells Available: 1st Level: *Lock, Read Magic Script, Understand Languages, Personal Protection from Evil, Sphere of Light, Slumber, and Magic Shield*; Second Level: *Fireworks, Find Possession, Break, Open, Sphere of Darkness, Spider Web, Multiple Images, and Magic Message*. The shortest of the regulars to the Copper Cup House, Cyne is also one of the most lively. Always active, he makes a perfect companion for Jacthra and has been known to outlast the capricious Thief in assorted punning and drinking contests. His short stories, jokes, and remarks have been so painful at times that Polybis and the other regulars have used him on the transient customers as a form of "punishment" for getting out of hand. All of the repeat clientele remember the day (or evening, actually) when the punning duel between Polybis, Jacthra, and Cyne became so intense that that the City Guard was called in to disarm the participants. Cyne is no stranger to the City Gaol as his seemingly boundless energy has prompted him to carry out some "off duty" carousing long after the taverns were closed.

Possessing a strength far greater than one would expect from someone as short as he, Cyne has become the undisputed champion at arm wrestling for the tavern. Through his standing challenge to anyone to come in the House and face him, he has gained a fair amount of coin, and Polybis has gained a great deal more business. Although it is rumored by many of his detractors, usually those he beats, that he is casting spells to insure his victories against larger opponents, there has never been any indication that this is so. A highly intelligent man, Cyne has proven himself to be quite an inventive fellow. As a result of his puttering about in his study for the better part of a month, combined with a fortuitous spill, he came up with a more durable parchment for writing scrolls upon that also make it easier to do so. This parchment, which is being examined quite thoroughly by the local wizards, will retain the text of a spell almost indefinitely, only losing the power of the spell once it is used. He has hopes that the wizards in the City will be pleased and will help him set up a commercial outlet for it.

Khand, 'the Bear': CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: N; HTK: 19; STR: 15; INT: 7; WIS: 6; DEX: 8; CON: 16; CHAR: 7; AGIL: 8; END: 9; STA: 13; SPD: 10; LED: 7; LCK: 7; WPN: Broadsword (+1); AT: E. Wealth: 160 GP. 6' 3" tall, 268 lbs., black hair and beard, brown eyes, and very deep voice. He is right-handed and 34 years old. On the whole, a pretty good fighter and a valiant companion to have by one's side in a desperate situation, "The Bear" spends most of his time trying to scrape together the few coins necessary to purchase the one or two trinkets in the bazaar that he fancies. Born in the small village of Doomford (hex 1005, map 5), his style of clothing and manner of speech mark him to be a stranger and leaves him open to some suspicion on the part of those he deals with, a problem which he really does not understand. At one time a highly inquisitive man, Khand unfortunately suffered brain damage when the raft he and his friends were using overturned and his armor dragged him to the bottom. Although he was rescued by his comrades and then revived as soon as possible, the damage was done and now his mind operates on a rather simple level. Even though he is no longer the great fighter he once was, Khand has managed to relearn enough about the use of Sword and Shield to be able to once more travel with his friends.

Currently in the Copper Cup House because he enjoys listening to others tell stories of excitement and adventure and because the food had been recommended to him, Khand has been having a great time chatting with people and making new friends. However, the six rowdies in the place that have been bothering "Old Scarly" have upset him. He keeps hoping that someone will side with him if he tries to roust out these ruffians, but he is afraid that he would end up fighting on his own.

Oreath the Merrybegotten: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NE; HTK: 8; STR: 16; INT: 11; WIS: 8; DEX: 13; CON: 16; CHAR: 9; AGIL: 13; STA: 16; END: 15; SPD: 11; LED: 12; LCK: 8; WPN: Dagger and Shortsword; AT: C. 5' 9" tall, 173 lbs., blonde hair 1" long, pale green eyes, medium voice, and dark skin. He is right-handed and 14 years old. One of the youngest members of the Gorgon's Claws, Oreath is also one of their most ambitious members. Eager to assume a position of authority within the gang, his current low status among the others is something he finds quite frustrating. Along with his resentment of the leaders of the Gorgons, Oreath is also a chronic failure at 90% of everything he tries to do, which does not improve his self-esteem. As such, Oreath has little confidence in himself and is considering leaving the Gorgons at the end of tonight's activities. Aware that this resolve is, most likely, going to get him killed and that being such a bungler and yet remaining a member of the Gorgon's Claws is, most likely, also going to get him killed, Oreath is almost at the point of desperation. In fact, there are times when Oreath has his doubts as to whether or not he is really enjoying himself as a gang member, but his fear of reprisals from the others in the gang have prevented him from trying to break away. Although Oreath is a complete bungler when it comes to planning and executing a plan, he is a passable Fighter, and his strength has been a great asset to his companions. His abundance of brute force is one of the reasons that Oreath is brought along as much as he is.

The one thing that Oreath seems to be totally unaware of is that he is somewhat well-liked by members of the gang, despite some rather obvious flaws in his leadership abilities, and he would be liked even more if he were not so moody a fellow. His repetitive depression is due, in part, to his lack of self-confidence, but it is also due to premonitions he has involving the deaths of members of the Gorgon's Claws. Tonight, he is especially subdued, having foreseen the coming demise of at least three members of the gang although he remains uncertain of who they will be and when it will occur. Since the small group came into the Copper Cup House, Oreath has become increasingly agitated, but, as of yet, he has not made the connection between his dream and this place.

Kristoffer ap Riis: CL: FTR; LVL: 5; ALN: LN; HTK: 30; STR: 12; INT: 13; WIS: 14; DEX: 15; CON: 16; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 15; STA: 17; END: 17; SPD: 18; LED: 15; LCK: 17; WPN: Meat Cleaver and Frying Pan; AT: B. 4' 11" tall, 105 lbs., sandy hair, grey eyes, slight lisp, medium voice, and a dimpled chin. He is right-handed and 47 years old. A calm and easygoing fellow who's had more than his share of adventurous living, Kristoffer is just as fond of tales of great deeds and far away places as Polybis, but he does manage to keep his mind on business somewhat better than does his employer. Throughout the many busy evenings that occupy much of Kristoffer's time, he entertains himself by listening to what snatches of conversation he can overhear in the steady stream of voices and letting his mind wander over his own dungeoneering exploits. Having first met Polybis during a tavern brawl in Thunderhold, the two of them formed an almost immediate friendship and partnership. Later on, this pair went on to become two of the best-known and most successful adventurers of their time. Now that they have both retired, Polybis and Kristoffer have maintained their friendship and their partnership through joint operation of the Copper Cup House.



Oreath the Merrybegotten:

Although Kristoffer prefers to present the image of an unperturbable, efficient cook contentedly going about his work, he greatly enjoys life when there is something exciting going on. On his days off from the grill in the Copper Cup House, one can be certain of finding Kristoffer wherever there is some action, even if he has to go to the extent of causing it. There have been one or two occasions when Kristoffer has missed a few extra days of work due to the intervention of the City Guards. While he may find enjoyment from watching people unwind in a tavern brawl and may gleefully join in one himself, Kristoffer does not approve of lethal weapons being drawn in the midst of a brawl. If this should occur, he will do his best to reach and disarm the owner of the offending weapon. Should an armed brawl break out in the Copper Cup House, things will be a bit different. Armed with a trusty frying pan and a well-used Meat Cleaver, Kristoffer will attempt to subdue or, if necessary, kill those people who have pulled their weapons unless, of course, those weapons were drawn in self-defense.

Kilburton Darkfast: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; STR: 14; INT: 11; WIS: 14; DEX: 11; CON: 11; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 10; STA: 11; END: 12; SPD: 13; LED: 13; LCK: 14; WPN: Dagger; AT: A. 6' 2" tall, 213 lbs., grey hair 2" long, blue eyes, pale complexion, medium voice, and receding hairline. He is right-handed and 38 years old. Possessing all the grace, learning, and sophistication of a country gentleman, Kilburton cuts an imposing figure as he stands and tends customers behind the great oak bar along the wall. An amazingly well-educated man, Kilburton seems to be capable of partaking in a discussion on any subject from philosophy to the arts magical. In addition to being one of the most interesting people in the City-State to engage in conversation, he is also a good listener which is one of the essential traits for a successful barkeep. Little is known of Kilburton's past and even less is known about his private life except that he has an only daughter and makes a hobby out of collecting and playing musical instruments. This shroud of mystery around Kilburton has given rise to a number of speculations as to his past, but most of them are wildly improbable. The only information about him that is a certainty is that he fiercely protects his daughter and that the two of them live somewhere in the northern end of the City-State.

Many are the times that customers in the Copper Cup House on a slow day have seen Kilburton idly fingering one of his prized instruments as if lost in thought or trying to remember something long forgotten. Although he has never openly played a tune or a song while at the Copper Cup House, and nobody can ever recall his performing anywhere else, his daughter, the serving girl, frequently claims that he plays for her quite often and is the best musician in the whole of the City-State. She has made mention of the fact that, when he does play, however, he seems to be a different man. These observations of hers have recently fired up more speculation on Kilburton's past, but there has been no evidence to confirm or deny even the least of these rumors.

Silvina Darkfast: CL: FTR; LVL: 1; ALN: LN; HTK: 6; STR: 14; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 14; STA: 11; END: 10; SPD: 13; LED: 13; LCK: 16; WPN: Dagger and Hair Comb; AT: B. 5' 4" tall, 120 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, green eyes, high voice, and thin face. She is right-handed and 14 years old. A calm and restrained young girl, Silvina goes about her duties as a server at the Copper Cup House with the air of a person who is totally content with her lot in life. A pretty girl, as well, Silvina exudes an almost mystical aura about her as she moves from table to table waiting on the various customers of the tavern. Her polite demeanor has won her the admiration and approval of her employer, Polybis, who sees to it that her duties are not too demanding. Silvina makes a practice of not saying much while serving the guests, preferring to listen and to learn as much as she can from the various conversations that are going on almost continually. This reticence has worried her father, Kilburton, somewhat because he fears that a spell or ensorcellment of some bizarre nature has been placed on her which prevents her from speaking unless spoken to first. Fortunately, Silvina does not appear to have inherited as much superstitiousness as that which her father displays.

Silvina has found her attractiveness to be a burden only a few times when working. This was primarily when passing groups of nomads or the northern barbarians had visited the Copper Cup House. However, the training she has received from her father and several of his warrior friends in the use of small weapons for self-defense has stood her in good stead and helped her to avoid trouble. Armed with a good-sized Dagger, Silvina will draw it only if she feels threatened or if she feels that she has been insulted. If disarmed or outnumbered, she will draw the ornamental comb in her hair and attack with it, using the four sharpened tines to puncture and rake.

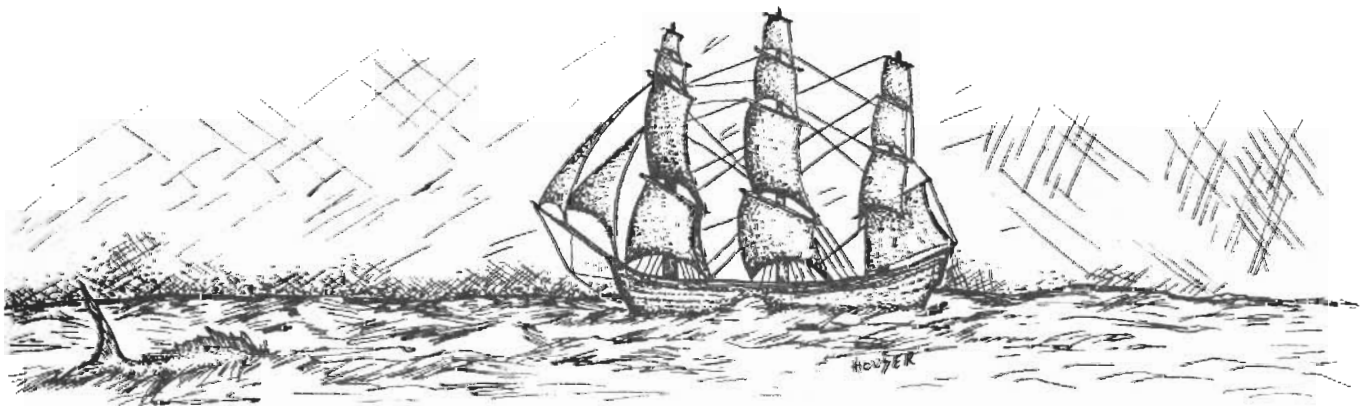
"Knavish" Halivord of Demon's End: CL: Thief; LVL: 2; ALN: CN; HTK: 5; STR: 11; INT: 8; WIS: 11; DEX: 14; CON: 9; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 12; STA: 10; END: 7; SPD: 16; LED: 11; LCK: 13; WPN: Stiletto; AT: C. 5' 1" tall, 110 lbs., curly, reddish-brown hair 2" long, narrow, green eyes, and low voice. He is left-handed and 26 years old. An interesting combination of traits, "Knavish" Halivord is not the type of person one would expect to find eking out a living as a serving "boy" in a tavern. At least, that is the impression most people get after being around him for a short while. Halivord projects the image of a person who would much prefer to be let loose to roam about the world rather than be confined in a small, boisterous ale house. Something of a loner by nature, Halivord prefers to be off by himself where it is quiet, and he has a tendency to act peculiar when forced to be around too many people for too much of the time. Some of his almost innumerable quirks include an intense dislike of children counter-pointed by an equally intense love of cats, a raving distrust of Elves, dogs, and windowsills, an obsessive belief that someday he will spontaneously turn into a clump of asparagus, and a tendency to wear his clothes on backwards while working. Another of his oddities is an argumentative nature which centers on a person's taste in food. Should someone be so unfortunate as to request something to eat that Halivord does not like, he or she will find that the service is brusque and he becomes quite melodramatic about serving it, doing so with a great number of actions, gestures, and words designed to impress

the person with how much he, Halivord, dislikes the dish.

Halivord is not a stupid person, merely somewhat unbalanced. If he senses that he has gone too far with his antics, he will immediately back off, giving his target an opportunity to calm down. Even when he is in his eccentric phases, Halivord's thieving talents remain as sharp as ever, and he uses every opportunity to sharpen them further. It is possible that the excellent cover provided by his position as a server is the one reason he remains where he is. Halivord is not a man for hobbies, but, if one must be listed, it would be causing bar-room brawls. In this one area, he excels greatly; he surreptitiously instigates a fight and then lifts pouches and wallets from the participants. In the event of a fight breaking out here in the Copper Cup House, Halivord shall cover his activities by at least appearing to try to break up the action.

Ellisey of the Shimmering Beach: CLS: Cleric; LVL: 3; ALN: LN; HTK: 18; STR: 12; INT: 11; WIS: 15; DEX: 14; CON: 13; CHAR: 16; AGL: 13; END: 15; STA: 14; SPD: 14; LED: 11; LCK: 12; WPN: Mace (+1/+1); AT: D. Wealth: 32 GP. 5' 10" tall, 170 lbs., green eyes, brown hair 4" long, average complexion and skin, and medium voice. She is right-handed, 29 years old, and has a scar on her face. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level: 2. Spells: 1st Level: *Heal Minor Wounds*, *Detect Magic Auras*, *Personal Protection from Evil*, and *Sphere of Light*. Other than the nearby teenaged serving girl who is trying her best to serve the evening's customers amid all the bustle, Ellisey is the only woman currently in the tavern. One of the regulars, she prefers to quietly sit at one of the corner tables where she can easily keep an eye on the doors to the tavern as well as the main mass of the clientele. Having shown her usefulness as a Cleric and as a bouncer at times past when several excessively violent fights broke out, she is given preferential treatment by Polybis and his employees. While this has caused some grumblings among one or two of the old timers who have been coming around longer than she has, there have been no problems. This is due partly to her rather fiery eyes and her practice, when sitting down, of placing her Mace on the table next to her Knife. Those few who have approached her table with less than peaceful intentions have sworn that, when they got close to her, the Mace flickered with a pale blue light, but this has been scoffed off by the other patrons as being the product of an alcohol-soaked brain.

A very calm and quiet woman who wishes merely to enjoy the few pleasures in her life, she bears an active dislike, combined with distrust, of any man older than herself. This is due to the way her father and two brothers treated her when she first announced that she was planning on leaving the farm to join the ranks of the 1,000, an elite Warrior-Priest group dedicated to spreading education throughout the world. At first merely cajoled into staying, then beaten and threatened when she tried to leave, Ellisey finally ran from home on the evening her father decided to "put an end to this Warrior-Priest nonsense once and for all" and proceeded to slash her face down to the cheekbones with a dull knife. Claiming to be the only survivor of a Troll raid that resulted in the farmstead burning, Ellisey declined to enter the order of the Warrior-Priests as she was no longer qualified to be a member of the 1,000. Actually, they would be willing to accept her, but she has kept a low profile while going her own way.



The Nosferatu

Originally constructed and christened The Trader's Lord for a growing merchant coalition, this vessel spent many of its earlier years plying the waters of foreign seas on missions of trade and commerce. For a while, the company was quite successful, but fortunes changed, and the company failed due to bad luck. To satisfy the demands of the creditors, the few ships that had survived the bad times were sold off to various companies or private individuals. The Trader's Lord was just one of those vessels that had to be sold to pay the bills of the company. Purchased by Captain Kendaris Martlet at an outstandingly low price, the ship was paid for upon receipt and almost immediately pulled into dry dock for substantial modifications. The most important work was done below the level of the hold deck, where the hull was slimmed down and reshaped to form a sharper, more narrow keel. Above decks, the masts were replaced with ones that were taller and stronger and allowed for a greater area of sail to be used. Other, smaller modifications that were made contributed toward making The Trader's Lord into a faster ship. The only problem that came up during the refitting of this vessel was that not enough ballast was on hand, so gravel from a nearby graveyard was substituted for the maiden voyage.

Painted black with gold filigree wood working and name boards and white masts and bulwarks, the ship was christened The Nosferatu and once more went out to sea. Her maiden voyage was an unnerving one with a near-collision with several barges, reports of ghostly apparitions, and the deaths of several crewmembers in a freak storm that almost claimed the entire vessel. Upon reaching their destination, the Captain speedily unloaded the entire cargo and all the ballast and had a high-powered exorcism done on board. While this eliminated most of the supernatural occurrences on The Nosferatu, there are still a number of unexplained happenings plaguing the ship. The Nosferatu has a reputation among other mariners of being a haunted vessel, and the sign against the evil eye is often made when this black and white ship enters a port.

Currently (when the players come across her), The Nosferatu is taking on cargo consisting of a variety of foodstuffs, some weaponry, and 50 oblong wooden boxes measuring 6' in length, 4' in width and 4' in depth. All of this is being stacked in the hold, and, as soon as this is finished, the ship will leave port. If the players can summon the courage to find the opportunity to search through these boxes (which are all nailed shut), they will find each one filled with some sort of earth or dust. This is not what it may appear to be, for, while the players may jump to the conclusion that there is a vampire on board, this shipment is actually of a business nature. The material is being sent to an alchemist in Tarantis who is actively engaged in the transmutation of metals. However, the shipment is also a cover for a number of smuggled rare art objects, antique weapons, and the like. This may be discovered on a chance of 2% cumulative per box searched.

If, by any chance, the players are discovered searching the hold, those who were involved will be taken prisoner and locked in a storage compartment for the night. The next day they shall be given 20 lashes by Schreck for attempted thievery and turned over to the port authorities upon arrival in Tarantis. There is a percentage chance equal to the character's CON subtracted from 25 of the character dying as a result of the flogging.

A partial list of some of the unexplained and somewhat supernatural occurrences going on on board The Nosferatu when she is at sea includes the following:

1. Singing in the hold when no one is there.
2. Doors quietly opening and closing on their own.
3. Lights dancing around the mast and crow's nest.
4. A large, greyish-white dog appears that no one can explain or capture.
5. The appearance of a tall, gaunt man in black.
6. The cargo is occasionally rearranged.
7. Ghostly eyes staring at people from darkened corners.
8. Names or conversations being whispered in hallways.
9. Metal weapons taking on a reddish tinge.

And so on. For the most part, the occurrences are low-key, aimed at being malicious rather than violent or aggressive.

The Ship's Cat

Known as Jones or Jonesy, the cat of The Nosferatu is a somewhat skittish, orange-colored tom that is rarely found in one place for any length of time. Quite affectionate, Jonesy likes to roam the ship and hunt for rats. After dark, though, Jonesy will usually single out one person and stick to the chosen one like glue. If encountered while roaming the ship, Jonesy will try to hide behind anything convenient. Following the cat or cornering it will cause it to arch its back and hiss, all the while looking over the person's shoulder. Jonesy will then take the opportunity created by the person's instinctive reaction to check behind him to slip away.



Captain Christigan Martlet: CL: Thief; LVL: 14; ALN: N; HTK: 26; STR: 13; INT: 13; WIS: 12; DEX: 17; CON: 14; CHAR: 16; AGIL: 15; STA: 14; END: 15; SPD: 15; LED: 18; LCK: 16; WPN: Dagger and Rapier; AT: C. 5' 8" tall, 175 lbs., gray hair 3" long, blue eyes, average complexion, and low voice. He is right-handed. The owner and captain of the well-known and somewhat unusual ship, The Nosferatu, Christigan is always on the lookout for excitement and adventure, particularly if it will bring fun and profit to himself and his crew. While Captain Martlet may appear to be a pillar of the community and a guiding beacon of goodness in the darkness of sin and wickedness, he is actually the leader of a highly successful smuggling operation. A highly intelligent and crafty man, he has managed to avoid any hint of suspicion throughout the 4 years that he has kept his smugglers in operation. He is always willing to take on paying passengers but makes no guarantees that the passengers will arrive safely in their port of destination.

"Mad Dog" Madhao: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: CG; HTK: 71; STR: 11; INT: 13; WIS: 13; DEX: 9; CON: 9; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 8; STA: 9; END: 10; SPD: 9; LED: 13; LCK: 13; WPN: Hand Axe; AT: C. 5' 3" tall, 115 lbs., black hair 5" long, black, almond-shaped eyes, small nose, and medium voice. He is ambidextrous. A small and wiry man, well capable of handling himself in a fight, "Mad Dog" is also one of the quietest members of the Nosferatu's crew. It is a common occurrence for passengers to go through an entire voyage without hearing his voice once. Having spent much time in perfecting his skills in stealth and hiding, it is also a common occurrence for passengers and crew to walk right past him, even if they are looking for him! Madhao's nickname came about as a result of his actual name and the behavior he exhibits in battle. In a combat situation, Madhao is prone to wade into the fray, laying about with his Axe and yelling excitedly in a foreign tongue. To many of the sailors of the Nosferatu, this resembled the barking of a dog, and so the name came into being.

"Tiny" Tillinghamst: CL: FTR; LVL: 7; ALN: NG; HTK: 39; STR: 15; INT: 9; WIS: 7; DEX: 13; CON: 11; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 14; STA: 13; END: 13; SPD: 13; LED: 14; LCK: 17; WPN: Broadsword and Horsebow; AT: C. 6' tall, 195 lbs., red hair, narrow, blue eyes, tanned skin, medium voice, big ears, and high cheekbones. He is right-handed. A member of the unofficial boarding party that the Nosferatu sports, "Tiny" makes an impressive sight as he charges across a deck waving his Broadsword. A good friend of Max Wood, the two are almost inseparable and, when in port, can be seen frequenting taverns and inns throughout the waterfront areas. "Tiny" is considered something of an oddity among his crew mates, who find it hard to understand how such a violent fighter can be so gentle with others. When not engaged in war of some sort, "Tiny" displays a touching kindness that clashes greatly with the bloodlust he exhibits in battle. Little is known about "Tiny's" background, and a quick way to alienate his easy-going nature is to ask questions along those lines.

Eliard Camplin: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: N; HTK: 59; STR: 16; INT: 12; WIS: 9; DEX: 12; CON: 9; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 9; STA: 16; END: 12; SPD: 12; LED: 10; LCK: 14; WPN: Cutlass; AT: C. 5' 9" tall, 160 lbs., blond hair 3" long, green eyes, and a high voice. He is right-handed. At one time the owner of a fair-sized fleet of merchant vessels, Eliard is now a broken man. Earlier in life, Eliard was a very successful merchant and held a comfortable place in society, but disaster overtook his business as, one by one, his ships and cargoes were either lost at sea or impounded to satisfy his creditors. The final stroke to his venture came when his best and last ship, the Madame Mina, was lost with all hands in a sudden hurricane in the Silver Skein Islands. Soon after that, Eliard's wife left him to the mercy of his creditors, taking with her his child and whatever valuable objects she could lay her grasping hands upon. Penniless and faced with a protracted stay in Debtor's Prison for non-payment of bills, Eliard slipped away from his home to find a ship on which to make his escape. Every so often, when the Nosferatu is in port, he will spot one of the surviving vessels of his fleet and wonder what became of his family.

Ridley, Ship's Navigator: CL: FTR; LVL: 8; ALN: NG; HTK: 41; STR: 14; INT: 14; WIS: 8; DEX: 11; CON: 7; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 14; STA: 8; END: 10; SPD: 9; LED: 14; LCK: 15; WPN: Dirk and Longsword; AT: B. 6' 1" tall, 220 lbs., greyish-brown hair 5" long, beard, brown eyes, tanned skin, low voice, hawk nose, and lantern chin. He is right handed. A loud and boisterous man who is constantly in good cheer, Ridley is an exceptional fellow. Capable of wearing a smile regardless of the situation, Ridley is also a highly qualified navigator. Originally signed on board by Christegan to merely assist in plotting the course, the captain has become quite dependent on his skills over the years. Ridley makes quite a flamboyant sight when on the bridge in his red and black patterned kilt and playing his ornate set of bagpipes. Quite often, he will be present by the captain's side when the Nosferatu leaves a port. Something of an exhibitionist, Ridley often moves about the ship wearing only his boots and kilt and playing a small musical instrument of some sort.

Haljorn, "The Cub": CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: NG; HTK: 28; STR: 15; INT: 11; WIS: 9; DEX: 12; CON: 8; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 14; STA: 9; END: 13; SPD: 14; LED: 15; LCK: 18; WPN: Battle Axe; AT: C. 4' 11" tall, 95 lbs., black hair 2" long and bushy eyebrows, brown eyes, and a facial scar. He is right-handed. An eager young man, anxious for adventure and filled with romantic notions of life at sea, treasure hunts, and glorious battles with pirates, Haljorn occupies the position of cabin boy. Usually, Haljorn has little to do in this capacity and spends much of his time as a lookout or as a rope hauler down on the deck. He is slowly being disabused of his notions of life aboard ship and is not finding the lifestyle particularly enjoyable. Already, Haljorn is bristling under the boredom of shipboard life and is becoming desperate for something to do. His feelings of frustration at his current situation are slowly corrupting Haljorn and causing him to look at the captain and his fellow crew members with hatred.

"Holy" Ector: CL: Cleric; LVL: 4; ALN: NG; HTK: 15; STR: 16; INT: 7; WIS: 17; DEX: 14; CON: 13; CHAR: 10; AGIL: 13; STA: 15; END: 13; SPD: 13; LED: 10; LCK: 11; WPN: Cudgel; AT: A. 5' 9" tall, 150 lbs., curly gray hair 3" long, green eyes, fair skin, and medium voice. He is left-handed. A fairly competent Cleric, capable of the standard, expected rituals, Ector really lacks some indefinable quality to his ministrations. Although he does not show it, Ector has been finding it increasingly difficult to get his spells to function. So far, he has been able to cover this with elaborate rituals, but he is afraid that, sooner or later, his failing as a Cleric will be found out, and he will be done away with as a fraud. Currently, Ector is wallowing in an ever-increasing pool of self-doubt as well as doubts about his chosen god, which is

contributing to his present problem. Unbeknownst to Ector, some of the more observant crew members have noticed his difficulties lately and are already spreading dissension among their fellows.

"Peg-Leg" Quincy: CL: FTR; LVL: 8; ALN: NE; HTK: 42; STR: 15; INT: 6; WIS: 13; DEX: 8; CON: 15; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 10; STA: 18; END: 17; SPD: 9; LED: 14; LCK: 14; WPN: Gladius; AT: G. 5' 5" tall, 180 lbs., brown hair 1" long, brown eyes, dark skinned, medium voice, and wooden left leg. He is right-handed. Pretty much the picture of a weather-beaten, hard-fighting sailor, "Peg-Leg" could well be found on any recruiting parlor or handbill anywhere in Veridistan. A tough man who has seen many years before the mast, "Peg-Leg" has been, in one capacity or another, a member of a crew for most of his life. Originally brought on board as a slave purchased from a passing merchant who needed the funds more than he needed his servant, "Peg-Leg" eventually was granted his freedom by the captain. By this time, however, he had become accustomed to life at sea and decided to stay with the Nosferatu. Despite the loss of his left leg from the knee on down in an attack by sahuagin, he has remained a formidable warrior. Almost through sheer stubbornness, "Peg-Leg" has retained the mannerisms, accents, and customs of the southern "barbarians" with whom he was raised.

Ridley



Peg Leg Quincy

Gravin of Howarth Flat: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NG; HTK: 9; STR: 9; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 12; CON: 7; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 12; STA: 6; END: 9; SPD: 13; LED: 18; LCK: 16; WPN: Heavy Club; AT: C. Wealth: 10 SP. 5' 6" tall, 150 lbs., brown hair 3" long, blue eyes, dark skin, and high voice. He is right-handed. An average sort of man, almost non-descript, in fact, Gravin's position on board can be described in the same fashion. To the captain and crew, Gravin is viewed as being a general worker, someone who is on hand when extra people are needed. To Gravin, this means that he is continually being called upon to do somebody else's job or to act as a servant. Only rarely has Gravin been called to help someone instead of to do their job. Not a particularly good Fighter nor possessed of any great strength, Gravin has developed the opinion that the others take advantage of him because of his failings. He is, however, determined to put up with the situation as long as is necessary to prove that he is as strong and as valiant as the others.

Rannulf of Herbert Wells: CL: FTR; ALN: LG; HTK: 14; STR: 15; INT: 13; WIS: 11; DEX: 13; CON: 7; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 11; STA: 11; END: 9; SPD: 15; LED: 11; LCK: 14; WPN: Broadsword and Net; AT: D/C (use lower value if without net). Wealth: 19 GP. 5' 10" tall, 162 lbs., blonde hair 3" long, grey eyes, and medium voice. He is right-handed. A strange man with some pretty wild ideas, Rannulf is looked upon with a mixture of alarm, consternation, and amusement by the crew of the *Nosferatu*, as well as by any one else who listens to him. For the most part, the crew is of the opinion that Rannulf is just plain crazy. As far as Rannulf is concerned, it is the others that are crazy and not he. Among his totally preposterous ideas are that someday, in the future, magic will either cease to function, or people will have forgotten how to use it; mankind will rule the world through the use of intricate machinery; ghosts, dragons, liches, and all manner of magic creatures will no longer exist, and so on. The one idea that he has that always brings laughter to his listeners is that, in this future, man will reach to the stars without the use of magic. Indeed, Rannulf professes that, even now, magic does not work, and, while those around him try to laugh that off as well, no one can ever recall any magic ever having affected the man. (Judge's note: Rannulf possesses a natural anti-magic field and is 100% resistant to all magic.)

Albart Tygler: CL: Thief; LVL: 2; ALN: N; HTK: 7; STR: 10; INT: 9; WIS: 8; DEX: 15; CON: 14; CHAR: 7; AGIL: 15; STA: 13; END: 9; SPD: 18; LED: 8; LCK: 6; WPN: Rapier and Dagger; AT: C. 5' 10" tall, 170 lbs., blonde hair 3" long, grey eyes, medium voice, and facial scar. He is right-handed. The average, run-of-the-mill Thief, there is little in the way of skills that would make Albart stand out in any crowd. In terms of following one's chosen profession, this is much to his liking, but being continually anonymous greatly rubs against Albart's vanity. Something of a megalomaniac, Albart burns with the desire to be a leader of men and to be well-known wherever he travels. Needless to say, it is most unlikely that he will ever become anything more than a second-rate Thief.



Aldwin Hansard: CL: MU; LVL: 3; ALN: LG; HTK: 25; STR: 10; INT: 15; WIS: 9; DEX: 15; CON: 11; CHAR: 16; AGIL: 18; STA: 9; END: 8; SPD: 16; LED: 18; LCK: 18; WPN: Quarterstaff; AT: A. 5' 5" tall, 165 lbs. gray hair 5" long, gray eyes, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed. Spell Casting: 1st Level: 3; 2nd Level: 1. Spells: 1st Level: *Magic Bolt*, *Detect Magic*, *Read Magic*, *Read Languages*, *Sphere of Light*, *Charm*, and *Magic Shield*; 2nd Level: *See Invisible Objects*, *Levitation*, *Invisibility*, *Improved Lock*, *Detect Evil*, *Read Minds*, *Permanent Sphere of Light*, *Strength*, *Fireworks*, and *Open*. Considered by most of the crew to be the ship's wizard and wise man, Aldwin is often kept busy by various people coming to him with a wide range of personal problems or needing minor charms, spells, and enchantments. Somewhat flattered that he has been more accepted by the crew than has been Ector, the rather narrow-minded Cleric, Aldwin has also found all the attention somewhat bothersome. So far, he has found little time for himself. While it may be contrary to his beliefs, Aldwin has concealed the full extent of his abilities from the others, primarily because he is afraid that they will become even more reliant on him than they are now. Generally, he performs showy rituals to pacify the water and weather spirits and calm the superstitious sailor, as well.



Led Renfield, 1st Mate: CL: FTR; LVL: 13; ALN: N; HTK: 77; STR: 15; INT: 11; WIS: 12; DEX: 14; CON: 14; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 15; STA: 15; END: 12; SPD: 14; LED: 12; LCK: 15; WPN: Sword; AT: C. Wealth: 15 GP. 5' 5" tall, 135 lbs., sandy hair 3" long, green eyes, small mouth, and medium voice. He is left-handed. An appropriately unusual man for an unusual vessel, Renfield currently occupies the position of First Mate to the Nosferatu. His overall views on life and his odd mannerisms can all be summed up with the statement, "That one's a tad balmy, that one is" - a comment that can often be heard on board when Renfield comes up in conversation. One of his most outstanding eccentricities is his love of fire and explosions. To this end, he always has a number of molotov cocktails ready for use in his sleeping area as well as 1D6 on his person at all times.

Hanz N. Pfoeffler, Ship's Cook: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: NG; HTK: 57; STR: 17; INT: 16; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 11; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 10; STA: 14; END: 14; SPD: 14; LED: 13; LCK: 17; WPN: Meat Cleaver and Frying Pan; AT: C. 5' 7" tall, 170 lbs., blonde hair 2" long, blue eyes set far apart, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed. Having the near-legendary expert in Imperial cuisine, Hanz N. Pfoeffler, serving aboard as the Ship's Cook has imparted a great deal of prestige to the Nosferatu. At one time the head of the Emperor's kitchen, Hanz eventually grew weary of the position and retired, hoping to spend the last years of his life traveling about and adventuring. There are few that can match Hanz's skill in preparing a meal, and it is often said on other vessels that the crew of the Nosferatu is the best fed. When not actually engaged in fixing something for someone to eat, Hanz usually sits and whittles or tries his hand at catching a few fish. His position on the Nosferatu is somewhat unique because no one dares to cross him for fear that he will not cook dinner for them.

Max Wood: CL: FTR; LVL: 6; ALN: N; HTK: 28; STR: 14; INT: 14; WIS: 14; DEX: 15; CON: 12; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 18; STA: 12; END: 14; SPD: 18; LED: 15; LCK: 15; WPN: Broadsword; AT: C. 5' 5" tall, 143 lbs., black hair 2" long, blue eyes, tanned skin, and high voice. He is right-handed. Max is only one of the general deck hands with no really special talents to his credit. Indeed, he is somewhat of a jack-of-all-trades and, perhaps, is of more value this way. Born and bred to the sea in one of the northern fishing villages, Max looks upon land dwellers with disdain. An adventurous soul with the enviable gift of knowing when to keep silent, Max is Christegan's partner whenever smuggling arrangements need to be made. A fearless warrior, Max has been in many battles and has shown himself to be an excellent leader of men. If a combat situation goes against him and his men, and Max is required to make a morale check, he does so with a +4 modifier in his favor.

Wilholm Schreck: CL: FTR; LVL: 9; ALN: N; HTK: 51; STR: 18; INT: 9; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 14; STA: 13; END: 9; SPD: 10; LED: 13; LCK: 16; WPN: Sword and Cat-O'-Nine-Tails; AT: C. 5' 6" tall, 165 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, blue eyes, medium voice, long teeth, and high forehead with scar. He is right-handed. A well-built and powerful man, Wilholm is unofficially in charge of the loading and unloading of cargo. Part of the smuggling operation, his responsibilities also include updating and maintaining records, seeing to it that illicit materials are well-hidden, and altering and forging various documents, a task he performs amazingly well. Along with the unofficial position of cargo master, Wilholm holds the position of Provost Marshal AKA the "Head Flogger." Despite his continual readiness to use his Cat-O'-Nine-Tails and his immense strength, Wilholm has never been known to beat a man to death. In addition, Wilholm has not been known to use his whip without sufficient reason.

Sigourney, Ship's Sailmaker: CL: FTR; LVL: 5; ALN: N; HTK: 26; STR: 9; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 13; CON: 12; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 15; STA: 7; END: 9; SPD: 11; LED: 15; LCK: 13; WPN: Dirk; AT: A. 5' 9" tall, 180 lbs. brown hair 3" long, brown eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed. Occupying one of the more essential positions on board as Sailmaker, Sigourney also spends a good part of his time doubling as ship's carpenter. To a large extent, it is his efforts that keep the Nosferatu in good shape and ready to sail. Not really an active member of the smuggling ring, it, nevertheless, falls on him to construct the crates or hidden compartments for the materials the smugglers are hired to transport. While Sigourney does his best to keep quiet and not say anything, the situation bothers him, and he has been known to occasionally slip and say something about it to the wrong person. So far, nothing has come of his infrequent comments, but he is being treated with suspicion by both the port authorities and some of his crew mates.

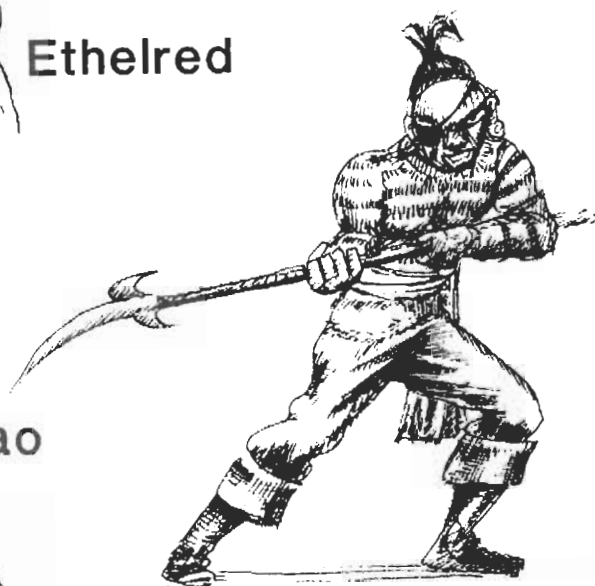
"Blundering" Odo: CL: FTR; LVL: 6; ALN: NG; HTK: 23; STR: 17; INT: 18; WIS: 8; DEX: 9; CON: 13; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 11; STA: 17; END: 17; SPD: 10; LED: 12; LCK: 12; WPN: War Hammer; AT: A. 5' 2" tall, 110 lbs., curly brown hair 5" long, green eyes, medium voice, and freckles. He is left-handed. Another one of the general hands on board the Nosferatu, Odo does his best to find a place that his well-developed muscles will help him fill. So far, he has not been made to feel all that welcome by the rest of the crew and has been spending much of his time thinking about jumping ship at the next available opportunity. The major reason behind the crew's dislike of Odo is that he is so clumsy. During the few months that he has been on the Nosferatu, Odo has been responsible for the loss of an anchor while at port, a sail set afire, the Captain being knocked down one of the gangways, and a yardarm crashing to the deck. While the accidents have been coincidental and did not result in any permanent damage, the crew has become convinced that he is a jinx and want him off the ship as soon as possible.

"Bearbait" Ethelred: CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: N; HTK: 19; STR: 10; INT: 13; WIS: 10; DEX: 14; CON: 10; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 12; STA: 8; END: 10; SPD: 13; LED: 17; LCK: 15; WPN: Mace; AT: C. Wealth: 25 GP. 6' tall, 210 lbs., black hair 3" long, blue eyes, pale skin, low voice, broken nose, upturned eyebrows, and pointed ears. He is right-handed. One of the biggest members of the crew of the Nosferatu, Ethelred gives testimony of the northern blood running through his veins by his physical make up. On no other way does he bear any resemblance to any of the sea raiders who stormed his home village with the intent to burn, pillage, and rape anything female. Born as a result of that forced union, Ethelred, as a child, was subjected to the contempt and taunts of neighbors who were more interested in believing that his mother gave herself freely to the raiders than in remembering the rape, as well as the dislike of his mother who saw in him a living reminder of that night. When he was old enough, Ethelred fled from home vowing to seek out a life of adventure and to never return to his mother's house.



Ethelred

Holy Ector



Tiny Tillinghast

Maddog Madhao



Galliard



Galliard of Myrthin's Hill: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: LG; HTK: 18; STR: 16; INT: 12; WIS: 12; DEX: 13; CON: 13; CHA: 15; AGIL: 16; STA: 16; END: 12; SPD: 14; LED: 15; LCK: 13; WPN: Bastard Sword; AT: C. 5' 10" tall, 160 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, grey eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed. One of the newest members of the crew, Galliard is only a temporary addition to the company. Signed on only three days earlier, shortly after the Nosferatu docked, he is planning on only working for his passage across the sea to the City-State of Tarantis. His ultimate goal is to reach the Windedark Sea and explore the coast, seeking some clues as to the resting place of the Silver Empress. He, too, has heard the tale (four nights earlier, as a matter of fact) and is convinced of the wreck's existence. Galliard is somewhat suspicious that this motley crowd he has become involved with may try to sell him to a slaver, and he is continually on his guard. As he came on board, most of the crew were struck by the great similarity between Galliard and Albart, and the suspicion is that they are brothers. As of yet, no one has broached the subject, so the speculations are rife.

Duration of Dive Table

This table is designed to give the players and the Judge some guidelines to determine how long a character may remain submerged. If desired, this table may be used in conjunction with the Sink or Swim tables originally printed in the **Modron** (JG 0034) installment and repeated on page 21 of the **Ready Ref Book** (JG 0014).

Condition of Diver	Duration of Dive*
Holding one's breath	½ of CON (rounded down) in phases. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 10% chance of drowning.
Using spell of <i>Water Respiration</i>	As spell description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 7% to chance of drowning.
Using Potion of Water Respiration	As potion description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 5% to chance of drowning.
Using Ring of Water Respiration	See description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 3% to chance of drowning.

*this does not include the time involved in ascent and descent.

Repetition of Dive

This section of the Judge's tables for the **Quest For the Silver Empress** is intended to offer some guidelines on how often a person may safely dive for treasure in this installment. It brings into play a measure of preparedness of the diver and the effects of fatigue. To determine the amount of time a diver will require to regain his or her strength and prepare for the next dive, take the number of feet dived and divide this by five, rounding off to the nearest whole number. This represents the number of 10 second periods the person should remain on the surface. There will always be people, however, who do not wait, so, to determine the effects of not preparing one's self fully, use the following guideline:

For every 10 second period less than that required by the previous formula, the person diving may spend 10 seconds less on the bottom, plus adding a 2% cumulative chance to the drowning possibility.

Recovering Treasure

Because of the nature of this installment, much of the activity will involve the attempt to recover some portion of the lost treasure. To govern this possibility, use the following formula to determine if any of the treasure is spotted. The Judge should be aware that recovery of the treasure does not involve a complete underwater archeological dig, nor is the treasure merely laying about on the ocean floor. The players and whatever followers, hirelings, and henchmen they have with them must not only spot a potential treasure but recognize it for what it is.

% of Discovery = $10 \times (\text{INT} + \text{WIS} + \text{DEX})$ or $10 (\text{INT} + \text{WIS} + \text{LCK})$ (whichever is greater) divided by the number of seconds on the bottom* + Level or HD (whichever is greater).

* if holding breath only

For Example: Stephan of Blueknoll (7th Level, INT: 12, WIS: 8, DEX: 9, CON: 12) is going to make an attempt at recovering some of the treasure, pretty much unaided by magical means.

Duration of Dive: 60 seconds (CON: $12/2 = 6$)

Repetition of Dive: rests for 30 seconds ($15/5 = 3$)

Once Stephan is on the bottom, he begins his search for some of the Treasure. His chances of finding some are as follows:

1st 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/1 + 7 = 36\%$
2nd 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/2 + 7 = 22\%$
3rd 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/3 + 7 = 17\%$
4th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/4 + 7 = 14\%$
5th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/5 + 7 = 13\%$
6th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/6 + 7 = 12\%$

If Stephan remains below, his chances for finding any treasure will continue to decrease, while his chances for drowning will increase.

WEATHER TABLES

Order of Roll

Roll	Name of Table	Table Number	Modifiers
1st	Wind Strength	I	Terrain
2nd	Wind Direction	II	Zone
3rd	Precipitation Probability	III	Month, Zone Special
4th	Base Temperature	IV	Month, Zone
5th	Precipitation Type	V	Temperature
6th	Precipitation Amount	VI	Zone, Special

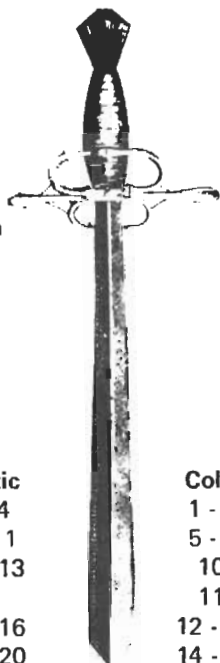
Roll	Result
1 - 4	Calm, 0 - 3 mph
5 - 11	Light, 4 - 18 mph, -1 Longrange Missile Fire
12 - 17	Strong, 19 - 39 mph, -2 Long and Effective Range Missile Fire
18	Special (see Table Ia)
19 - 20	Gale, 40 - 70 mph, -3 Short Range Missile Fire

(Flat Plains and Mountains add 2 to Die Roll)

Special Table Ia

Arctic	
1 - 15	Squall
16 - 20	Blizzard

Cold	
1 - 15	Squall
16 - 18	Blizzard
19 - 20	Thunderstorm



Temperate	
1 - 15	Thunderstorm
16 - 18	Tornado
19 - 20	Hurricane/ Blizzard

Sub-Tropical	
16	Thunderstorm
17	Tornado
18 - 20	Hurricane

Tropical	
1 - 17	Thunderstorm
18	Tornado
19 - 20	Hurricane

Semi-Arid Desert	
1 - 15	Dust Devil
16 - 20	Sandstorm



Table II Wind Direction (Roll 1D20)

Direction	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
N	1 - 4	1 - 4	1 - 2	1 - 2	1 - 2
NE	5 - 11	5 - 9	3 - 4	3 - 14	3 - 8
SE	12 - 13	10	5 - 6	15 - 17	9 - 14
S	14	11	7 - 8	18	15 - 16
SW	15 - 16	12 - 13	9 - 17	19	17 - 18
NW	17 - 20	14 - 20	18 - 20	20	19 - 20



Table III Precipitation Chance

Month	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
I	20	10	30	05	10
II	15	15	25	25	15
III	10	20	20	20	25
IV	05	25	35	20	30
V	05	35	25	25	35
VI	05	35	15	35	35
VII	05	25	05	25	30
VIII	05	20	05	20	25
IX	10	15	15	20	20
X	15	15	25	15	10
XI	20	10	25	05	10
XII	20	05	30	05	10

Table IV
Base Temperature
(Measured in degrees Celsius/Fahrenheit)

Month	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
I	-38/-36	-25/-13	-8/18	7/45	22/72
II	-40/-40	-22/-8	-6/21	7/45	22/72
III	-33/-27	-17/1	0/32	8/46	23/73
IV	-22/-8	-8/18	5/41	9/48	24/75
V	-10/14	3/37	0/32	11/52	25/77
VI	0/32	8/46	15/59	13/55	24/75
VII	5/41	11/52	16/61	15/59	23/73
VIII	0/32	9/48	15/59	15/59	23/73
IX	-12/10	2/36	12/54	14/57	25/77
X	-24/-11	-11/12	7/45	10/50	25/77
XI	-32/-26	-20/-4	-1/30	8/46	24/75
XII	-35/-31	-25/-13	-8/18	6/43	23/73

Normal Temperature Variance: Roll 1D10 and 1D6; on 1 - 3, add 1D10; on 4 - 6, subtract 1D10.

Normal Temperature Variance: Roll 1D10 and 1D6; on 1 - 3, add 1D10; on 4 - 6, subtract 1D10.

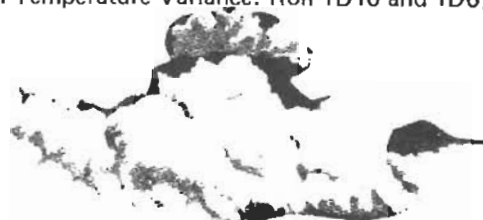


Table V
Precipitation Type
(Roll D%)



Base Temperature Range:	Below -10/14	-10/14 - 0/32	1/33 - 10/50	11/52 - 25/77	25/77+
Weather Type					
Snow	1 - 98	1 - 80	1 - 20	1 - 2	---
Sleet	99 - 00	81 - 89	21 - 22	3 - 4	1
Hail	---	90 - 97	23 - 25	5 - 7	2 - 4
Rain	---	98 - 00	26 - 00	8 - 00	5 - 00

50% chance of precipitation temporarily raising wind strength one category. Precipitation temporarily lowers temperature by 10 degrees Fahrenheit.

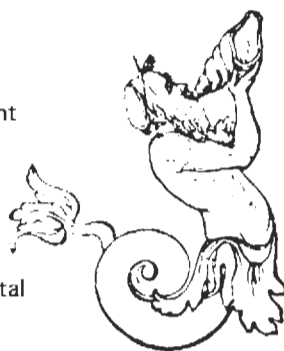
		Table VI Precipitation Amount (Roll D%)					
Type	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical	Desert	Semi-Arid
Trace	1 - 59	1 - 39	1 - 20	1 - 40	1 - 10	1 - 75	1 - 75
Slight	60 - 97	40 - 69	21 - 70	41 - 92	11 - 45	76 - 100	76 - 97
Moderate	98 - 100	70 - 94	71 - 90	93 - 97	46 - 87	---	98 - 100
Heavy	---	95 - 99	91 - 97	98 - 100	88 - 95	---	---
Steady	---	100	98 - 100	---	96 - 100	---	---

Special Note: Semi-Arid has constant 5% chance of precipitation; Desert has a constant 1% chance of precipitation. Precipitation is highly localized in cloudburst.

		Special Precipitation Amount Chart			
Type	Amount				
Trace	0 - .1 cm				
Slight	.2 - .5 cm				
Moderate	.6 - 1 cm				
Heavy	1.1 - 3 cm				
Steady	3+ cm in 24 hrs.				

Encounter Tables
(Roll 1D6 x 10 +D%)

Roll	Encounter		
100 - 160	Man	444 - 459	Ocean Sunfish
161 - 176	Lamprey Eel	460 - 475	Blue Marlin
177 - 192	Merman	476 - 491	Portugese Man-O-War
193 - 208	Dolphin	492 - 507	Giant Squid
209 - 224	Seahorse, Giant	508 - 523	Stingray
225 - 236	Giant Crab	524 - 539	Giant Catfish
237 - 296	Crocodile	540 - 555	Devil Ray
297 - 308	Pungi Ray	556 - 571	Moray Eel
309 - 324	Sea Snake	572 - 587	Sea Bass
325 - 332	Leviathan	588 - 603	Sea Raven
333 - 340	Water Elemental	604 - 619	Giant Porcupine Puffer
341 - 348	Air Elemental	620 - 633	Wolf Fish
349 - 409	Whale	636 - 651	Mako Shark
410 - 425	Sea Turtle (Giant)	652 - 667	Bay Shark
426 - 427	God(ess)	668 - 683	Great Hammerhead Shark
428 - 443	Barracuda, Giant	684 - 699	Great White Shark



Treasure Table
(Roll D% each time a Detection Roll is Successful)

Roll	CP	SP	GP	Gems	Jewelry	Special
01 - 02	1D8	---	---	---	---	---
03 - 04	---	---	1D6	---	---	---
05 - 06	---	1D10	---	---	---	---
07 - 08	---	---	---	1D20	---	---
09 - 10	---	---	1D4	---	---	---
11 - 12	---	---	---	---	1D4	---
13 - 14	1D6	---	---	---	---	---
15 - 16	---	---	---	---	---	1D2 Silver Ingots, 15 lbs. each
17 - 18	---	---	1D4	---	---	---
19 - 20	---	1D20	---	---	---	---
21 - 22	1D10	---	---	---	---	---
23 - 24	---	---	---	1D8	---	---
25 - 26	---	---	1D3	---	---	---
27 - 28	---	---	---	---	1D6	---
29 - 30	1D4	---	---	---	---	---
31 - 32	---	---	---	---	---	1 Random Magic Item
33 - 34	---	1D12	---	---	---	---
35 - 36	---	---	---	1D12	---	---
37 - 38	---	---	---	---	---	1D3 Gold Ingots, 40 lbs. each
39 - 40	---	---	---	---	1D2	---
41 - 42	---	---	1D8	---	---	---
43 - 44	---	---	---	---	1D12	---
45 - 46	---	---	---	---	---	1D4 Gold Ingots, 40 lbs. each
47 - 48	---	---	---	1D10	---	---
49 - 50	---	1D8	---	---	---	---
51 - 52	1D3	---	---	---	---	---
53 - 54	---	---	1D20	---	---	---
55 - 56	1D2	---	---	---	---	---
57 - 58	---	---	---	---	---	1 Random Magic Item
59 - 60	---	1D2	---	---	---	---
61 - 62	---	---	---	---	1D20	---
63 - 64	---	---	1D12	---	---	---
65 - 66	---	---	---	---	---	1D4 Silver Ingot, 15 lbs. each
67 - 68	---	---	---	---	1D10	---

69 - 70	---	---	---	1D4	---
71 - 72	1D4	---	---	---	---
73 - 74	---	---	---	---	1D3
75 - 76	---	1D3	---	---	---
77 - 78	---	---	---	1D3	---
79 - 80	---	---	---	---	1D12
81 - 82	1D6	---	---	---	---
83 - 84	---	---	1D10	---	---
85 - 86	---	---	---	---	1D8
87 - 88	---	1D6	---	---	---
89 - 90	---	---	---	---	1D6
91 - 92	1D20	---	---	---	---
93 - 94	---	---	---	1D2	---
95 - 96	---	1D4	---	---	---
97 - 98	---	---	---	---	---
99 - 00	---	---	---	1D6	---

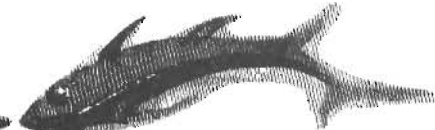
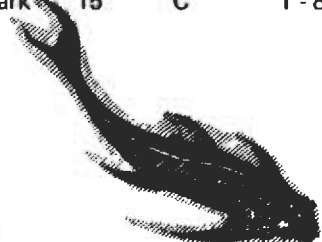
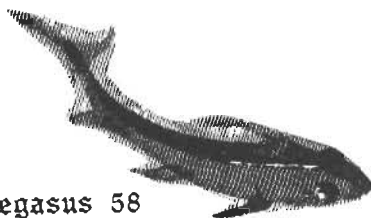


1 Magic Weapon



Indigenous Underwater Encounter Table (At Site of Wreck) (Roll D%)

Roll	Type	Size	Armor Type	Damage	Hit Dice	Number Appearing	Move	Attack %	Special
01 - 05	Great Barracuda	10'	D	1 - 8	3	1 - 4	12"	10	
06 - 10	Dolphin	6'	D	1 - 8	2 + 2	2 - 20	15"/21"	10	Ram Attacks
11 - 15	Ocean Sunfish	6'	A	1 - 4	4	1 - 2	4"	10	
16 - 20	Blue Marlin	20'	E	1 - 6	3	1 - 12	10"	10	
21 - 25	Portugese Man-O-War	20'	A	1 - 4	5	1 - 4	3"	10	Poison Type 5
26 - 30	Giant Squid	20'	C/G	1 - 8	6	2 - 12	3"/12"	12	1 - 10 points due to bite
31 - 35	Stingray	2' R	B	1	1	1 - 4	2"	10	Poison Type 4
36 - 40	Catfish	12'	C	1 - 6	3	1 - 6	8"	10	
41 - 45	Stingarges	10'	C	1	2	2 - 8	3"	10	3 Stingers
46 - 50	Devil Ray	20'	E	2 - 12	6	1 - 4	12"	10	Poison Class 3 Smother in 2 - 8 turns
51 - 55	Moray Eel	6'	C	1 - 4	1 + 4	2 - 16	12"	10	Poison Type 6
56 - 60	Sea Bass	7'	B	1 - 6	5	2 - 12	8"	10	Ram to Subdue
61 - 65	Sea Raven	20'	G	1 - 6	3 + 1	1 - 4	8"	10	Back is AT: C
66 - 70	Porcupine Puffer	3'/9'	D	1 - 4	2	1 - 6	3"	10	Poison Spines Type 5
71 - 75	Wolfish	6'	A	1 - 8	3 + 2	2 - 12	4"	10	
76 - 80	Hagfish	3'	B	1 - 4	1	1 - 10	5"	10	Drains Blood at Rate of 1 - 2 STR points/phase
81 - 85	Sea Turtle	20'	D	1 - 4	5	1 - 4	20"	10	Shell is AT: H
86 - 90	Maco Shark	12'	D	1 - 8	5	1 - 8	20"	70	
91 - 95	Bay Shark	15'	C	1 - 8	5	2 - 8	10"	60	
96 - 00	Great Hammerhead Shark	15'	C	1 - 8	3	2 - 8	5"	50	





POISON EFFECTS

Poison Type	Rounds Effects Delayed	Points of Damage Per Round/No. of Rounds*	(In Addition to Damage) Effect when Saving Throw*** Is Not Made On:			Per Potion Distill Cost
			Man-Sized	Ogre-Sized	Dragon-Sized	
0	9	0/0	Half Actions	—	—	10 GP
1	8	1/1	Coma	Half Actions	—	100 GP
2	7	2/2	III	Coma	—	200 GP
3	6	3/3	Paralyzed	III	Move Halved	300 GP
4	5	4/4	III	III	Half Actions	400 GP
5	4	5/5	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	III	500 GP
6	3	6/6	Coma	Coma	Paralyzed	600 GP
7	2	7/7	III	Paralyzed	Coma	700 GP
8	1	8/8	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	800 GP
9	0	9/9	Coma**	Coma**	Coma**	900 GP

* If Saving Throw is **not** made, figures show Damage Points received per round and number of rounds suffered. If Saving Throw is made, halve figures shown (drop fractions) - being Damage received.

** In addition to Damage received and Coma effects, -1 on Dexterity, permanently, is suffered.

*** Effects shown last according to size: Duration
 Man-Sized: 7 - 10 days
 Ogre-Sized: 12 - 48 hours
 Dragon-Sized: 6 - 36 rounds

When Saving Throw is made, only half Damage occurs - no III, Coma, etc. When Saving Throw is not made, special effects below occur in addition to Damage:

Half Actions: All actions: Spells, Speech, Movement are performed at half rate or are delayed a round, at Judges option.

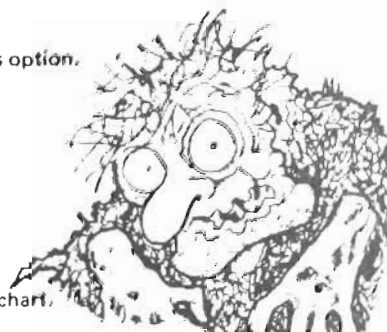
Move Halved: Movement, only, is at half rate, usually precludes flight capability.

Coma: is Unconscious, thus no actions, etc.

III: is Unconscious most of the time and no actions; limited Movement allowed, per Judge.

Paralyzed: Conscious but no actions are allowed.

Delay of a certain number of rounds will occur before any Damage is suffered, or any special effects, per above chart.



Poisons can only be placed on weapons by Alchemists. The Poison stays potent for one week, and becomes ineffective after causing six Hits. Each Poison Potion will treat ten small weapons or three large ones. Attempting to strike a specific point (such as a head or body) with a Poisoned Weapon reduces Hit Probability by -4. Generally, pits in the upper dungeon levels (with Poisoned Spikes) will have type 1 - 6.

Major Underwater Encounters

Residing within the decaying hull of the Silver Empress are two creatures acting in some form of master-pet relationship and, together, currently presiding over the positions of "guardian" and "executor" of the treasure. Their relationship to the treasure is one of accident rather than of desire as neither of the occupants are interested in the sand-obscured wealth accumulated around them. The only notice that has been paid to the remains of the ship and its cargo has been an occasional rummage about for tools by "The Beast," and, one or two times, the Octopus has played about with gems it has uncovered while looking for something to eat. It is possible that the fishermen have seen the Octopus tossing the gems to watch them float down and reflect the sunlight and drew the conclusion that it owned the treasure. Whatever the reason, the fishermen have avoided the wreck itself and know nothing about it.

The Giant Octopus has made its home here within the wreck merely because it is seeking a secluded and easily defensible habitat in which it can hide and rest. Pretty much a cowardly creature, despite its rather ferocious appearance, if the Octopus is encountered outside the hull, it will flee if surprised or threatened, leaving behind a cloud of murky, foul-tasting ink to cover its return to the wreck. Usually, when the Octopus is encountered outside its lair, it is hunting for a meal. Under these circumstances, there is a slight (10%) chance that it will attack a person under the erroneous impression that it has found food. Stumbling across the Giant Octopus when it is in the wreck is a different matter altogether. The Octopus views any intrusion upon its lair as an attempted attack and shall respond accordingly. The Octopus will fight until either all the intruders are dead or it is better than three-quarters damaged, at which time it will flee, leaving behind the oily cloud of ink.

The other inhabitant of the Silver Empress is a creature that has only rarely been glimpsed by the fishermen or visitors to this area. All that is known about it is that it is a ferocious fighter, seemingly intelligent, and has been spotted on land at times. Even though the fishermen know of its presence in the vicinity of the wreck, they are not absolutely sure where its lair is located. All they know for certain is that they are deathly afraid of it. Despite their fear, they have made no attempt to destroy "The Beast." Truly a deadly monstrosity, nobody knows what "The Beast" is or why it exhibits such unbridled

aggression. "The Beast" is a large creature measuring 7' when standing and 11' from nose to tail-tip when swimming and weighing roughly 1,000 lbs. It is somewhat lizard-like in its appearance and is armed with razor-sharp fangs and scythe-shaped talons which it uses with incredible precision.

While "The Beast" may not appear to be a life form capable of doing a great deal of thinking, it is, nonetheless, amazingly intelligent as well as highly cunning. This has been borne out by its demonstrated ability to plan, anticipate, and evaluate. Many ambushes by would-be treasure seekers have failed and have even been reversed, snaring them instead. The apparent cunning of "The Beast" is matched only by its strength, which is reputed by the fishermen to be great enough to tear a man's chest in half with ease. No stories are capable of doing justice to "The Beast" which can best be described as an intelligent, four-limbed shark. Its senses of hearing, touch, and smell are all highly developed while the senses of taste and sight are somewhat limited, being only marginally poorer than that of the average human. Even though it does not possess outstanding vision, its eyes are well-adapted to salt water, allowing it to see as well in water as men can see on dry land.

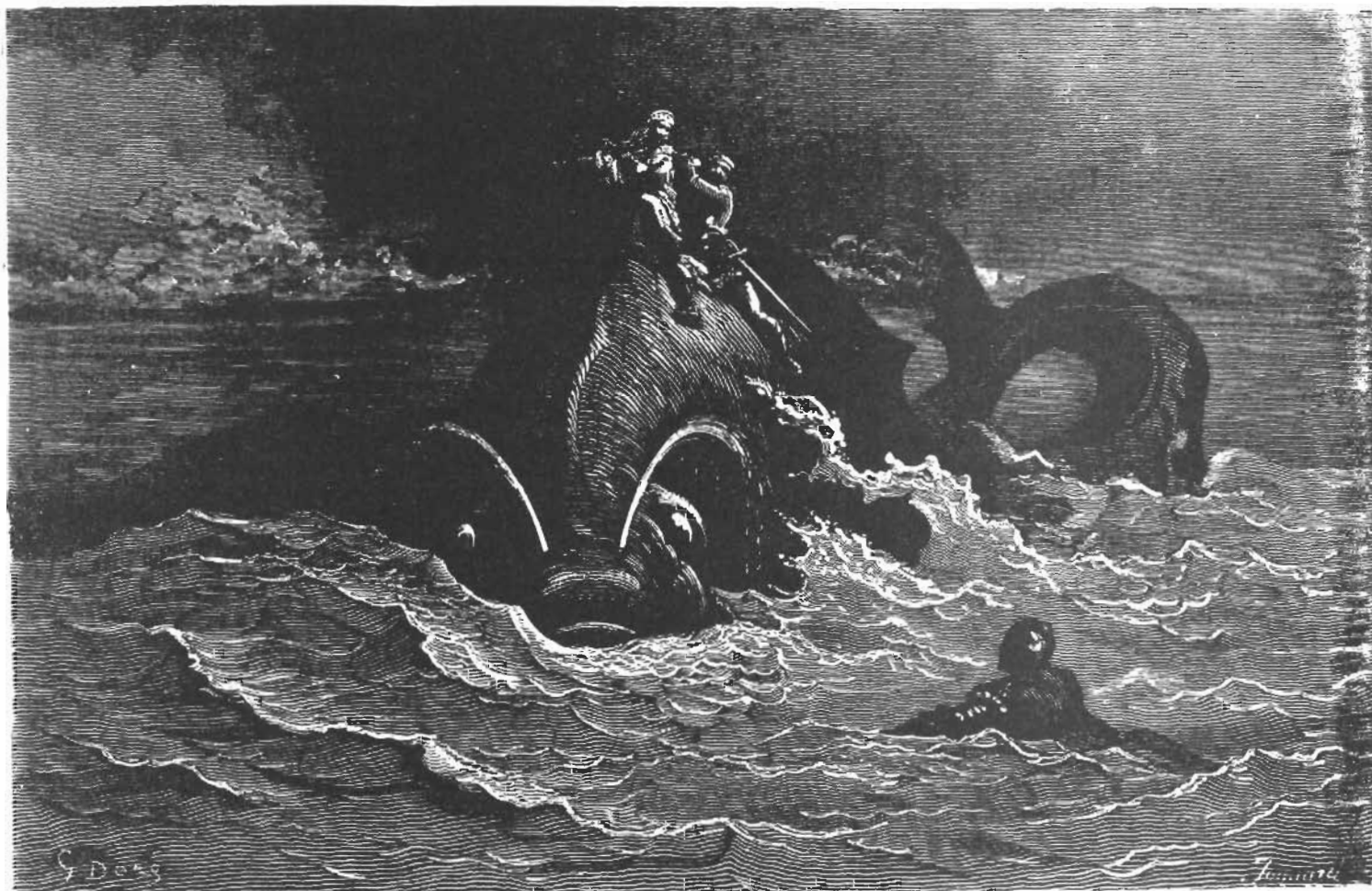
The main driving force within "The Beast" is its highly attuned territorial imperative. Other than hunger, nothing can spark the ferocity of "The Beast" like an invasion of what it considers to be its area. Currently, it has claimed the hull of the Silver Empress and everything around it for a space of 10' to be its territory and will conduct a lightning-swift attack if that zone is entered by someone. If, by some stroke of misfortune, "The Beast" is encountered while it is out hunting, it will attack anyone who comes within 30' of it. There have been very few that have survived its rapacious attacks, and those who have survived have ended up being maimed or crippled for life. The creature does not always engage in these savage attacks; if it encounters a group or a person outside its territorial limits, it will spend hours in hiding and observing the strangers.

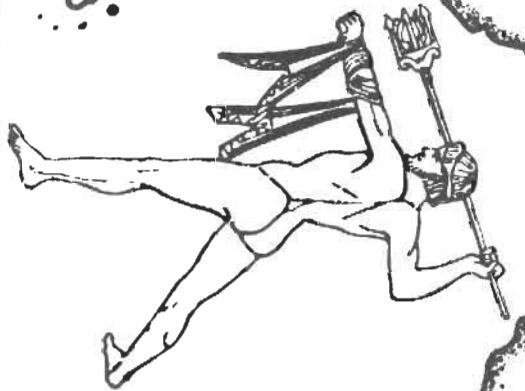
Giant Octopus

Body Size: 10' diameter
Tentacles: 30' in length
Hit Dice: 10
Hits to Kill Main Body: 35
Hits to Kill Single Tentacle: 10
(tentacle must lose all points to be severed)
Damage: 1 - 8 (crush with tentacles)
1 - 10 (Bite plus Save vs Poison or all voluntary
muscles paralyzed)
Chance per Turn of Being Outside Hull: 10%

The Beast

Hit Dice: 10
Hits to Kill: 71
AT: G
Move: 30"/9" (Ocean/Land)
Damage: 2 - 12 per hand
3 - 18 bite
Lair: 25% of being in hull
Treasure: None





Silver Empress First Hit by Storm and Disabled Here -

Silver Empress First Spots Storm Here -

Lost Sails and Started Taking Water Here

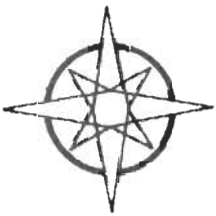
Crew of Silver Empress Abandons Ship Here
All But One Perish

Presumed Resting Place of the Silver Empress
Wreckage and Sole Survivor Land Here

Temporary Fishing Village

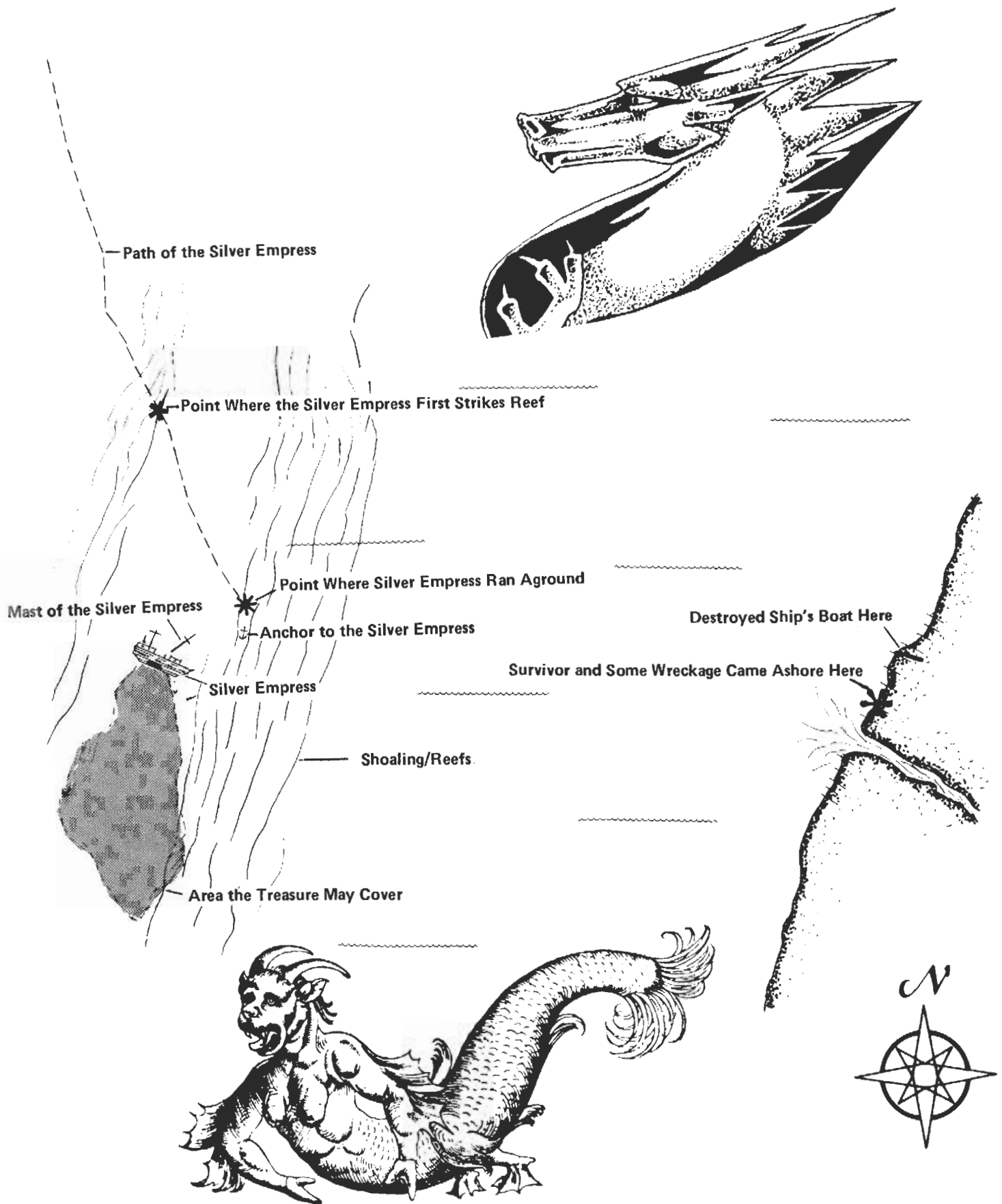
Survivor Found Here With Ship's Log

CV



VALLEY of the ANCIENTS

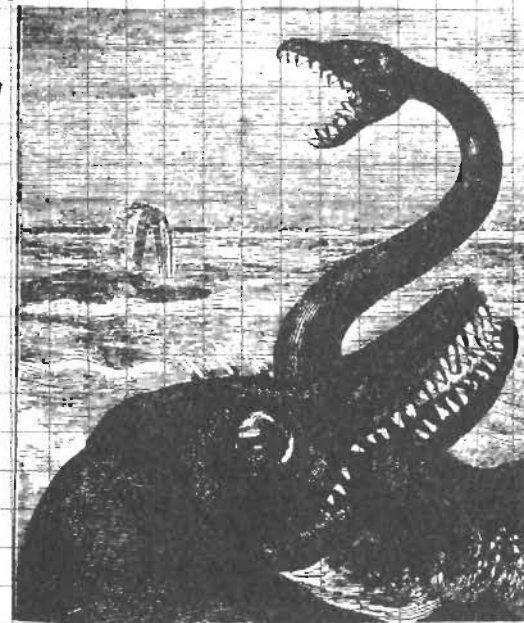
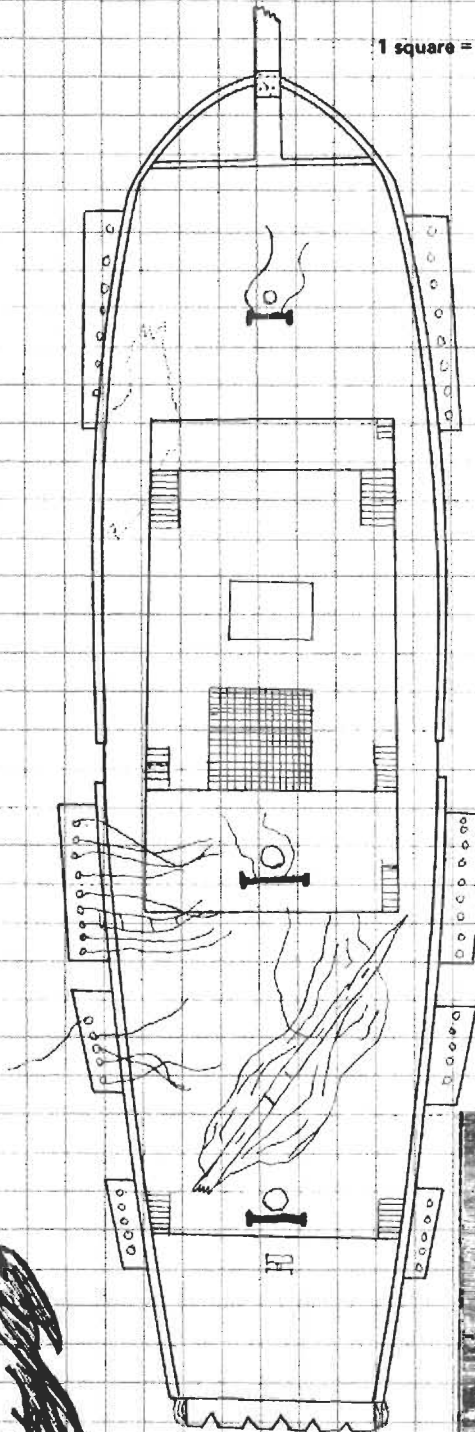
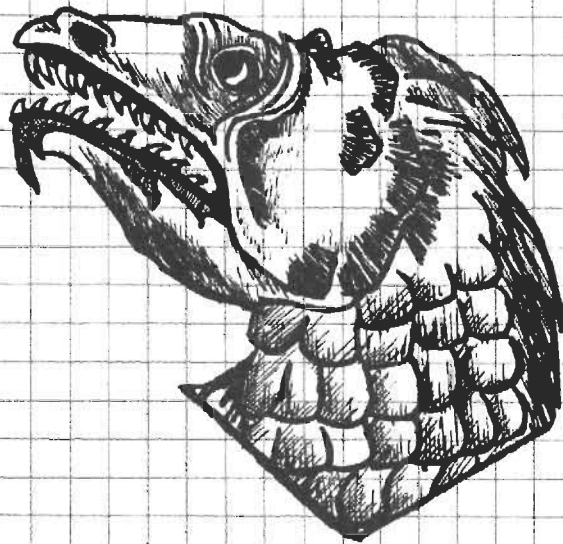
Campaign Map Three



PLAYERS MAP

THE WRECK OF THE SILVER EMPRESS

1 square = 10 feet



JUDGES GUILD



Various Metal Fittings

Hold Grating
(Broken Through)

Mast Stumps

Dotted Line Sections indicate Hull Damage

Each has Rope around it

Lair of
Major Underwater Encounter

Area Where Treasure
May Have Spread

Silver Bars

UP

Remains of Yard Arm
with Sail and Rope

Ship's Wheel

Ornamental Carving

1 square = 10 feet

THE WRECK OF THE SILVER EMPRESS