

Störmbringer!

RICHARD WATTS'

Calisander



A TALE FROM
OLD HROLMAR
BASTION OF CHANGE IN THE YOUNG KINGDOMS

calisander

REVISED EDITION

A STORMBRINGER 5TH EDITION ADVENTURE BY
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CLEAR CREDIT

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INTRODUCTION

*Waters of the sea, thou gave us birth
And were our milk and mother both...*

ELRIC OF MELNIBONÉ, II, 1

THIS SCENARIO IS DESIGNED for novice adventurers and serves to introduce them to the Vilmirian city of Old Hrolmar and its inhabitants (details of which are available in *Stormbringer's Guide to Old Hrolmar*, see StormbringerRPG.com for more details).

It is estimated that this adventure will only take one or two sessions to complete and will most likely unfold from dawn to dusk in one game day. This scenario focuses on role-playing and investigation - although there are also plenty of opportunities for swordplay - and is designed in such a way that the players should quickly understand the course of the plot.

Like most Stormbringer adventures published to date, 'Calisander' is nominally set 12 months before Elric is crowned 428th Emperor of Melniboné, in the year 399 YK. Of course, with minor changes, the story can easily be set at any time, and in any coastal city in the Young Kingdoms.

LAYOUT OF THIS SCENARIO

This document is broken into three sections. This division has been done to assist the Game Master in managing the overall plot and the key events and encounters that will likely occur in play.

- * **Introduction (the section you are reading now):** This describes the overall plot of Calisander and details and overview of various optional events that may occur anywhere in the scenario.
- * **Calisander:** This section outlines the important events of the scenario and is presented in a roughly chronological order in which the plot will develop

ABOUT 'CALISANDER'

Calisander was first run as a tournament at the gaming convention Conquest in Melbourne, Australia in 1992. This expanded version is written in such a way that Gamemasters can include the adventure into any Stormbringer campaign, and where desired, expand upon the plot to develop it into the opening chapter of a longer campaign.

for the characters.

- * **Appendices:** The appendices collect the descriptions and statistics for all Non-Player Characters in this scenario, as well as provides additional information on the various items and treasures the characters will discover during play.

SCENARIO SYNOPSIS

Calisander opens with the adventurers arriving on the docks of Old Hrolmar shortly before dawn on a foggy autumn morning. Here they discover a young woman, Calisander Trammel, lying naked on the beach. The daughter of a Purple Towns merchant, she has been beaten and robbed. She implores the adventurers to help her recover her stolen property. If a financial impetus is needed, she will offer to pay them well for their assistance.

The young woman is not what she seems, nor is Calisander her real name, which is, in fact, unpronounceable by human tongues. She is a Sealkin: a member of a shape-shifting race that relies upon magical garments to facilitate their changing from seal to human form and back again. It is this cloak that has been stolen from Calisander and which she desperately needs to be returned.

The thief is a young beggar in fear for his life, Eodwulf of Ramasaz, who has only recently arrived in Old Hrolmar. Unbeknownst to the adventurers the local representatives of the Beggar-King of Nadsokor are on his trail, intent on punishing Eodwulf for his infractions of the beggar code.

In tracking down the thief the adventurers also find themselves embroiled in the affairs of a secretive sorcerer, Baron Zamoro Vadrigal, whose Chaos-fuelled magicks have alerted him to the existence of a potentially powerful artefact – Calisander's enchanted cloak – being traded on the streets of Old Hrolmar. As the adventure unfolds the party soon finds itself caught between the needs of the Sealkin, the sorcerer and the beggars. Furthermore, they will also have the chance to save Old Hrolmar from the vengeance of Calisander's shape-shifting cousins, who threaten the city with destruction unless their sister is returned to them unharmed.

CONCERNING SEALKIN

Legends told in the Purple Towns, and the Vilmirian Protectorates, speak of the Sealkin, a shape-shifting race part seal, part human whose relationships with humanity are ambiguous at best. Whether they are children of Straasha who have been corrupted by Chaos, or creatures of Chaos who have turned against the Sea King is unknown, but they are certainly capricious, wild, and more than capable of interbreeding with humanity (although relationships between mortal and Sealkin rarely last long).

In the Purple Towns, it is said that the Sealkin were once a race of fisherfolk who, when attacked by Pan Tangian pirates, prayed to Straasha for salvation and by his magic were transformed into seals and escaped into the sea. In the Protectorates, the stories say that the Sealkin were a tribe of greedy fishermen who turned to the worship of the Chaos Lord Pyaray, and who for their sins were cursed by the Lords of Law and condemned to live as seals thereafter. What the Sealkin say about their origins, none but they can say.

A SONG FROM THE PURPLE TOWNS (TRAD.)

*An island maiden sits and sings,
To the babe she nurses at her breast,
She does not know the father's name,
Far less the hearth he takes his rest.
For he came one night to her bed feet,
And a grumpy guest, I'm sure was he,
Saying "Here am I, thy babe's father,
Although I be not comely."*

*"I am a man upon the land,
I am a seal within the sea,
And when I'm far and far from land,
The briny deep my home shall be."*

*"And he had ta'en a purse of gold,
And he had placed it upon her knee,
Saying: "Give it to my little young son,
And take thee up thy nurse's fee."*

*"And it shall come to pass on a summer's night,
When the moon shines bright on every strand,
I'll come and fetch my little son,
And teach him how to leave the land."*

*"And ye shall wed a huntsman good,
And a right fine hunter I'm sure he'll be,
And the very first prey that he e'er slays,
Will be both my young son and me."*

For most of their lives, the Sealkin live in the sea, but at certain times of the year they come ashore, although their reasons vary. Some come to walk among humanity solely out of curiosity, to see how their land-bound cousins live; while others come because they have seduced or have been seduced by a mortal. Few stay long upon the land unless they are trapped or ensnared.

All Sealkin, male and female alike, possess an enchanted garment that allows them to change from seal to human and back again. This usually takes the form of an unremarkable cloak of soft leather. The Sealkin can no longer transform itself back into seal form if this cloak is destroyed or stolen. Mortals who wear a Sealkin cloak gain no magical power, and cannot shape-shift with it, and although it may be possible for a very wise sorcerer to utilise the transmogrifying powers of a Sealkin cloak, the means of doing so is not generally known.

According to legend, more than one Purple Towns fisherman has found himself a Sealkin wife by stealing her cloak while she walked upon the land, although in such

stories her children usually discover the missing cloak several years later while playing, thus allowing their mother to return to the sea once more. Male Sealkin are equally likely to father children upon mortal women, although they rarely linger once the deed is done, returning only to teach the child their Sealkin heritage some years later before leaving once more.

A Sealkin appears as a large seal most of the time and save for its obvious intelligence cannot be distinguished from normal seals in this form. They grow to a maximum of 10 feet in length and weigh up to 700lb. Male Sealkin are dark with lighter spots, while the females are lighter with dark spots. As humans, they are generally dark-haired, dark-eyed, and of slightly less than average height.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS

Given the nature of this adventure, various key events will unfold in Old Hrolmar as the story progresses. While some occur at specific times or in specific places, others can be introduced by the Gamemaster when and wherever they feel it best fits the flow of the adventure.

THE ANGRY SEA

The attack upon Calisander does not go unnoticed or unpunished by her Sealkin brothers and sisters. Calling upon their seal cousins to aid them at first, and then upon Straasha, the Sealkin will turn the force of their fury upon Old Hrolmar and its citizens until Calisander is safely returned to them. Events rapidly escalate until the entire city is imperilled.

EMPTY NETS

Mid-morning, a rumour spreads through the city that the fishing fleet has returned to Quayside with no catch. It transpires that their nets had all been torn or chewed open when hauled in and that every fish they might have caught has escaped. Adventurers in Quayside when the fish fleet comes in might witness the return of the despondent fleet first-hand and see the frightened faces of the fishermen and the hungry faces of their families who must now go without food. If any of the fishermen are asked about this missing catch, they will blame the loss upon the many seals that were swarming in unnatural numbers in the bay this morning. Should the adventurers choose to investigate further, perhaps by hiring a rowboat, they will indeed see that a vast number of seals are swimming in the bay. Whether the seals turn against the adventurers and seek to tip over their rowboat

and cast them into the ocean is left to the Gamemaster's discretion.

A STRANGE RAIN

Shortly before midday, an ominous crack of thunder echoes out above Old Hrolmar, after which it begins to rain from a clear blue sky. This is no ordinary autumn shower, however: it is a rain of fish. From tiny whitebait to large bream and even larger sharks, a glittering, wriggling piscine shower falls upon Old Hrolmar for several minutes. At first, the rain may seem slightly comical or simply strange, but soon the adventurers will see people struck unconscious or injured by the heavier fish, and at least one person is badly bitten by a large tiger shark as it flops and snaps upon the cobblestones where it has fallen before it dies.

The shower lasts for no more than five minutes and ends as suddenly as it began. Understandably, the citizens of Old Hrolmar do not take this strange shower well, although some simple-minded worshippers of Goldar see it as a good omen and race around collecting a free dinner.

THE GATHERING STORM

In the early afternoon dark ramparts of cloud race up from the south and the wind turns bitterly cold. Although **Natural World** rolls suggest that storms are not uncommon in Old Hrolmar at this time of year, **Idea** rolls will indicate that this particular stormfront is moving with unnatural speed. Within the hour swollen black and indigo clouds have occluded the sun over the city. The day turns to a sick greenish twilight. For a brief moment, a single shaft of sunlight breaks through the clouds to gleam upon the Pyramid of Law, suggesting that the storm might yet be averted. Then all hell breaks loose. The sunlight disappears, an icy wind blasts down upon the city, and the clouds burst. Lashing sheets of rain and driving hail drive people indoors, howling winds rip shutters off windows and tiles from rooftops, and sporadic bolts of lightning flash overhead.

FLOOD TIDE

By late afternoon the storm has reached its peak and the city is as dark as night. Lashing waves 10 feet tall pound the Quayside district, driven by the fury of the shrieking winds. The river and the sea begin to rise, flooding the low-lying streets of the city. Piers and bridges shudder beneath the waves and may even collapse in a roar of foam and falling stone just after the adventurers have staggered across their spans. Here a millwheel breaks free; there a ship snaps its moorings. Sizzling bolts of

lightning lash down at rooftops and towers, turning them into flaming beacons and lighting up the skyline. The ferocity of the storm threatens the entire city. The Gamemaster should aim to time the climax of the storm as the adventurers prepare to confront Eodwulf of Ramasaz.

Adventurers with **Witch Sight** will hear the shriek of elementals in the wind and the waves, and glimpse them flickering and dancing at the edge of their sight, while from the bay they will hear a constant low keening. Adventurers who are powerful sorcerers or of Melnibonéan origin might attempt to commune with the elementals via magic. The success of any such venture should be determined by the Gamemaster, but only a high priest of Straasha would be able to halt the storm. The most an average adventurer could do is learn that the elementals have been called upon to revenge an attack upon their cousin and that their anger knows no bounds.

Anyone trying to manoeuvre through the storm must succeed at **STR** x5 rolls to stay standing, while all missile weapons are used at -50%, due to the fierce and unpredictable gusts of wind that buffet the city. Adventurers failing **Luck** rolls, or without shields to hold over their heads, lose 1D2 hit points from the grapefruit-sized hailstones that pelt down (armour can absorb this damage). More hail shatters on the cobblestones, making those streets which are not flooded slippery and treacherous, and occasionally striking down an unwary citizen. Anyone moving faster than a slow walk or making any sudden movement (such as drawing a sword or spinning about to look behind them) must succeed at **DEX** x5 to keep their footing. Elsewhere the streets are up to a foot deep in seawater. **Perception** rolls are made at -20% because of the poor conditions.

MEETING THE BARON

The appearance of a unique magical item in Old Hrolmar has not gone unnoticed, and Baron Zamoro Vadrigal, a powerful Chaos cultist, has been alerted to its presence. The adventurers will likely meet him fingering Calisander's silken dress at Mistress Salazar's Pawnshop in New Hrolmar, although they might also encounter him at Rogelio Zagosa's jewellery store in the Merchants' Quarter. He may even be met in both locations should the Gamemaster wish to impress upon the adventurers the threat that the baron presents.

Although he carries himself as just another Vilmirian noble, the baron travels without a guard or retinue, which will strike any adventurer who makes a successful **Young Kingdoms** roll as odd. Successful **Insight** rolls during any

encounter with the baron will suggest that he possesses a cruel temper barely held in check, while **Witch Sight** reveals his high **POW** and perhaps the demon broadsword hanging by his side.

Using **Witch Sight**, Baron Zamoro detects the enchantment lingering about Calisander's dress and ring and knows that he is on the trail of that which he seeks. Although the baron does not know he is looking for a Sealkin cloak, he hungers for it anyway, hoping that whatever form the enchanted object takes, it will aid him on his quest to become the leader of the cult of Slortar in Old Hrolmar.

At first, Baron Zamoro will haggle over the dress or the ring with the adventurers, claiming that he wishes to purchase them for his wife, but if the adventurers are persistent, he draws himself up to his full height and sneers *"Take the blasted thing then. It is but a trinket anyway."* Thereafter he stalks off, retreating to his mill in the Industrial Quarter where he sets about summoning a demon to find the cloak for him. The success of this venture is discussed below, in the section **Terror From the Skies**. Should the adventurers elect to follow the baron, they will be turned away at the door of his mill by a burly pair of guards. More guards patrol the mill and its adjoining warehouse, while additional reinforcements can be quickly called upon from neighbouring factories should the adventurers attempt to fight their way inside.

SHADOWED

For every person in Old Hrolmar the adventurers ask about the limping man, there is a cumulative 10% chance that they are overheard by the Eyes, Ears or Hands of Ramirez the Pustulant (more information about whom can be found in **THE OLD HROLMAR GUIDEBOOK**). Once this occurs, the adventurers will be discretely followed thereafter by one or more of the beggars in the hope that they will lead them to Eodwulf of Ramasaz.

The Eyes, Ears and Hands are no fools, and will not blatantly follow the adventurers about the city. One of the beggars might wait outside a shop while the adventurers are inside speaking to a merchant, with another of the beggars discretely picking up the trail once the adventurers move on, to reduce the adventurers' chances of noticing the same person following them everywhere they go. The beggars will also take turns shadowing the adventurers so that for one block the Hands is on their trail, and the next, the Ears, and so on.

The Gamemaster should make a single D100 roll for each beggar, the result of which is matched against the beggars' percentages in both **Hide** and **Move Quietly**. A

critical result for either skill negates any successful **Search** roll from the adventurers (although a critical success means that the beggars are still seen) and allows the beggars to safely follow the adventurers everywhere they go. A failure on one of these skills means that the beggar will be noticed with successful **Search** rolls from the adventurers. Failing both skill checks means that only an **Idea** roll will be needed from an adventurer for them to realise that they are being followed.

Once the adventurers realise they are being followed, they may choose to confront the beggars, or perhaps try and lose them. Given that the majority of Old Hrolmar's streets are laid out on a neatly ordered grid this is not as easy as it seems, especially as the beggars know the city so well. Only in the Foreign Quarter, where decades of neglect have allowed a maze of side streets, alleyways, and illegally constructed buildings to change the layout of the city's blocks, is it easy to lose a tail, but as the Foreign Quarter is the beggars' home ground, losing them here will be even harder for the adventurers.

A FILTHY HORDE

It is entirely likely the adventurers will seek to confront the beggars. Should this be the case, the beggars will grovel and cower, begging the adventurers' pardon and explaining that they have been commanded by the beggar-lord Ramirez the Pustulant to use any means possible to track down Eodwulf of Ramasaz. When they realised that the adventurers were similarly on his trail, the beggars elected to follow them in the hope that they would lead them to him.

The Eyes, Ears and Hands of Ramirez do not know the reason that their master seeks the Lormyrian. If the adventurers wish to know the beggar-lord's reasons they must accompany the beggars into the Foreign Quarter, to the Rat's Palace, and speak with Ramirez themselves. The beggars might also confront the adventurers themselves once they are sure that they are truly on the Lormyrian's track and issue their master's invitation for an audience. Regardless of whether they initiate the audience themselves or do so at the beggars' request, any adventurer who meets with Ramirez gains an automatic point of allegiance towards Chaos as a result of their actions.

Should they agree to accompany the beggars, who will issue the invitation with forced civility and appear visibly startled should the offer be accepted, the adventurers will be led deep into the Shadow City via a maze of lanes, cellars, tunnels, and adjoining hovels. Eventually, they will enter a refuse-strewn courtyard and behold the crumbling pile that was once the monastery of Theril. It is

an outpost of Nadsokor, a debauched and vile hell on earth populated by the murderous, the depraved, the deformed and the insane.

In its echoing and partially flooded cellars the adventurers can meet with Ramirez the Pustulant, whose skin squirms with excitement as he parleys with them. In the shadows around them, the unwashed and vile assemblage of beggars creeps ever closer. Few outsiders enter the Rat's Palace and survive, but the adventurers might be able to do so, especially if they are able to bargain with Ramirez using their knowledge of Eodwulf's location as a stake.

In a hoarse, phlegm-choked voice, Ramirez will demand to know why the adventurers seek the traitor Eodwulf of Ramasaz. Only after he is satisfied with their story will the beggar-lord explain that a price was placed upon the Lormyrian's head by King Urish after Eodwulf failed to hand over all of his weekly tithe to Nadsokor. *"Let his impending death be a lesson to you, that King Urish knows all, and will not be cheated,"* Ramirez gurgles at his assembled court. Astute adventurers succeeding at **Insight** rolls may note the flicker of mirth in his bloodshot and rheumy eyes as he issues this pronouncement.

If the adventurers explain that they know where Eodwulf is living in the Foreign Quarter, Ramirez will demand that they allow his agents to accompany them there. *"He was right under our noses all the time,"* titters one beggar, whose own nose has long since rotted away and is now a gaping, ulcerous hole in his face. Accompanied by the Eyes, Ears and Hands of Ramirez, as well as by a small retinue of some 20 beggars armed with an array of knives, clubs and other makeshift weapons, the adventurers will be invited to lead the way to Eodwulf's lair.

AN OPTIONAL AMBUSH

Another scene will present itself should the adventurers remain unaware of the beggars who follow them. Once the adventurers have climbed the rickety stairs of the building in which Eodwulf is hiding, a small army of beggars will sweep silently up the stairs behind them, intent on bloody revenge in King Urish's name. The first sign the adventurers will have of this threat is the stink that precedes the beggars: successful **Scent/Taste** rolls will alert the adventurers to the foul odour; otherwise **Listen** rolls may detect the ragged horde moments before they burst through the door, weapons at the ready.

If the adventurers succeed at **Scent/Taste** rolls they will be alerted to the impending attack and have two full rounds to prepare spells, draw weapons and otherwise

ready themselves for combat. If **Listen** rolls are made, then the adventurers have only one round before the stinking horde bursts through the doorway into Eodwulf's room.

If neither **Scent** nor **Listen** rolls are successful, the adventurers will be surprised by the attack, unable to act while the beggars rush through the door and array themselves in a semi-circle about the room. Before anything else can happen, a second attack comes from a wholly unexpected quarter: see ***Terror from the Skies*** on page 21.

CALISANDER

Our story begins shortly before dawn on a chilly autumn morning, as the adventurers disembark from their ship or ships in the Quayside district. The adventurers may already be companions, or perhaps they are strangers to each other, in which case the events to follow will bind them together as companions in adversity. Perhaps they have known each other only for the length of time it took their ship to sail to Old Hrolmar.

Once they have disembarked, they find both themselves and their luggage standing upon the rough wooden planking of the wharf, surrounded by fog and the dimly visible outlines of numerous ships from the four corners of the Young Kingdoms. Waves sob and sigh upon the shingle, and muffled curses are heard from the labouring sailors on the quayside. Elsewhere all is cold, silent and still.

Here and there other people can be seen: a querulous Vilmirian merchant and his bodyguard, a barbarian from the Sighing Desert, sailors bound for home and women and children headed to the markets. Ahead, dimly visible through the pre-dawn mist, are the towering sandstone walls of Old Hrolmar. Closer, outside the city, faint lights gleam through windows of glass and parchment upon the shore. The city's Quayside district is already stirring, although the city itself still seems to be asleep.

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY

As the adventurers take stock of their surroundings, perhaps debating whether to seek the shelter of an inn or to venture directly into the city, a faint red glow begins to penetrate the fog and the first sliver of the rising sun rises above the eastern horizon. It is welcomed by a blare of trumpets from the city's watchtowers, announcing the imminent opening of the city gates in half an hour. As if echoing the brazen blasts, a woman's muffled scream

suddenly rings out from the nearby shore, and then just as suddenly as it is uttered, stops, cut ominously short.

Successful **Listen** rolls will allow the adventurers to pinpoint the spot from whence the scream came: some 30 yards along the beach to the east. If they do not succeed at such a roll, **Search** rolls can be tried, but due to the fog and the poor light, must be made at -20%.

THE GIRL ON THE BEACH

As the adventurers hurry off the pier and down across the shale, a sudden gust of wind tears away a swathe of fog to reveal a naked woman lying on the shingle beach beneath the city's walls. She is sprawled awkwardly, limbs outstretched. Above her squawking gulls circle, while the waves of the bay lap at her ankles as if trying to revive her but she does not stir.

- * A Successful **Physik** roll soon brings the woman around. Her eyelids flutter open, revealing deep brown eyes. Appearing to be in her late teens, she is soaking wet, and her waist-length, sandy-coloured hair is matted with blood from a heavy blow to the back of her head. Her pale face is wide, with a broad, flat nose and the hint of a downy moustache above her full lips, which curve in a hesitant smile as she looks up at the adventurers.
- * A successful **Young Kingdoms** roll will suggest from her appearance that she hails from the Purple Towns, as she possesses the pale skin and dark hair of the Temeric people.
- * **Idea** rolls will note her smooth hands, allowing astute adventurers to reason that she is from a well-to-do family.

Although not badly beaten save for the blow that knocked her unconscious, the young woman's injuries have left her shaken. It is evident to all that she has been robbed and stripped, for as well as being naked, her feet are bare, and she carries no luggage. As soon as she is

brought to her senses, she looks around her desperately, scrabbling at the shingle upon which she lies, before clutching her face in her hands and bursting into tears. Between sobs, she explains that she has been robbed.

Successful **Track** rolls will discover the faintest of footprints leading away from the beach where the girl lies in the direction of the South Gate. A critical **Track** will reveal that the footprints are those of a man favouring his right leg, perhaps limping from an injury or partially crippled.

Should the adventurers look for the young woman's footprints upon the shore they will not find any, even with a Critical success. It is almost as if she had walked up onto the shore from the sea, although in all likelihood it is just that the incoming tide has washed her footprints away.

Presumably, the adventurers take pity upon the girl and take her to an inn where they can speed up her recovery. This gains the adventurers' checks to both their **Law** and **Balance** allegiances.

THE GIRL FROM THE SEA

Once refreshed, with her wounds tended, the young woman gives her name as Calisander Trammel of Menii in the Purple Towns. **Idea** rolls for adventurers familiar with the politics of the Isle of the Purple Towns allow them to identify the Trammel clan as one of the most important of the Isle's merchant families. A successful **Young Kingdoms** roll will also result in an adventurer knowing this same information.

She claims that she was attacked and struck unconscious while walking along the shore as she waited for the city gates to open, having arrived in port earlier this morning. If pressed, she says that she cannot remember the name of the ship she travelled on, only that they left the Purple Towns three days ago and made good time to Old Hrolmar. **Physik** rolls suggest that memory loss is not uncommon following a head wound such as Calisander has suffered. **Insight** rolls will not reveal any indication that Calisander is dissembling, as she is skilled at concealing the truth about her origins from mortals.

As soon as she has been made comfortable, the young woman begs the adventurers to discover her assailant and recover her stolen property. This consists, she says, of:

- * A coral ring carved in the shape of two intertwined dolphins bearing pearls in their mouths, one white, one black.
- * A sea-green dress of fine Melnibonéan silk, cut in the

Jharkorian style (wrapping around the body and tied in place with a broad sash).

- * And a leather satchel containing an ivory comb and a silver mirror.

At the last minute, she adds almost carelessly that she has also lost a long leather cloak made of supple kidskin. While worth little, it is of sentimental value to her, and she would cherish its return. Successful **Insight** rolls will suggest that Calisander is attempting to conceal the true value of the cloak, although she will deny this if asked, and will laugh at any suggestion that the cloak is enchanted. *"It was given to me by a boy of whom I am fond, that is all,"* she says, if pressed on the matter.

Calisander can offer little in the way of valuable information about her assailant. As she was struck from behind, she did not see them, and so cannot provide any physical description save that she distinctly heard limping and that they stank quite strongly. Here she pauses for a moment. If pressed, she blushes deeply and murmurs that they stank strongly of urine.

- * If any of the adventurers possess the skill **Craft (Leatherworking)** they will know immediately, without having to attempt a skill check, that urine plays an important role in the tanning process as it helps remove all fatty tissues from the hide. Without this specialist knowledge adventurers will need to succeed at **Idea**, **Potions** or **Young Kingdoms** rolls to come to the same conclusion. This fact may suggest to the adventurers that either a tanner or leatherworker - or perhaps a beggar or a similarly unsavoury character for whom hygiene is of little importance - assaulted Calisander. Beyond this, she cannot offer any other information that would help the adventurers discover her assailant.

- * Should any adventurer possessing **Witch Sight** as an innate ability, or as a spell, use it successfully upon Calisander now or at any future stage of the adventure, will discover that she is surrounded by a powerful aquamarine aura. This suggests not only that she is magically powerful, but that her magic is something wild and elemental, and neither Lawful nor Chaotic as the adventurer understands these forces. With this in mind, the adventurers may be either more suspicious or more nervous in their dealings with Calisander, although her own attitude towards them will not change.

If asked for a reward in return for the adventurers' aid, Calisander says that her father is a very rich man who would be sure to look favourably upon anyone who aided her. Conversely, the adventurers may wish to aid her out of a sense of moral obligation or chivalry. *Note: It is*

hereafter assumed that the adventurers elect to aid Calisander for one reason or another for the adventure to progress as written.

STAYING WITH CALISANDER

Adventurers who choose to stay with Calisander while their compatriots are out and about in Old Hrolmar will have numerous chances to study her closely and may soon be witness to some of her curious behaviour. She seems strangely unfamiliar with eating utensils and crockery, attempting to eat prawns unpeeled and lapping ale out of a mug unless otherwise corrected; nor does she display much knowledge of the Purple Towns despite claiming to live there.

Calisander will try and laugh off such events, claiming that the blow to her head must have addled her senses, or try and turn the conversation to another topic, such as asking the adventurers about their homelands instead of discussing her own. The Sealkin woman is a quick learner, and she will not make such mistakes again. Astute adventurers succeeding at **Insight** rolls notice the fascination Calisander has for everything around her, no matter how insignificant or every day.

For the most part Calisander will keep to her room, pleading weakness after her ordeal in order to minimise her interaction with the adventurers and other humans. If the adventurers have elected to have Calisander stay at the Scales of Goldar, she will at some stage venture into the underwater bar. On the first such occasion, several seals will swim past the bar's window in a stream of bubbles while she is present. One, more curious than the rest, will briefly press its whiskered nose up against the glass and peer in with mournful and inquisitive eyes before gliding gracefully away. Other encounters with Calisander should be devised by the Gamemaster at their leisure. (See also *Defending Calisander* at the conclusion of the adventure – see page 25.)

SEEKING THE THIEF

Once the adventurers have agreed to assist Calisander, they have several options open to them, including inquiring at the South Gate after her assailant and seeking witnesses to the attack in and around Quayside. Suspicious adventurers may also wish to investigate Calisander's background. These and other additional leads generated by the adventurers' queries are detailed below, with information tied to specific locales and individuals around the city. Each lead can help them flesh out a more detailed portrait of the man they seek, although it is unlikely that the adventurers will discover every clue as given.

*Note: As the adventurers travel about the city, various strange events should begin to plague the party as they widen their investigation into Calisander. These are detailed in the **Strange Happenings** section see page 7.*

INVESTIGATIONS BEGIN

Once the party has engaged to discover the fate of Calisander's items and return them to their rightful owner, they can begin their investigations in several ways. The following outlines some of these options and their resulting discoveries.

REPORTING THE ATTACK

The most logical place to report the assault on Calisander is at the South Gate (the guardhouse and entrance to Old Hrolmar proper closest to the Quayside). Queries about a limping man attempting to gain entry to the city via the South Gate at or before dawn will be directed to the Captain, with interviews taking place in the mess hall on the third floor of the northern gatehouse tower.

The Captain of the South Gate is the dashing Toemas Satigo, tall, tanned and strong-jawed. He wears the grey tabard of the city guard over burnished armour. Captain Satigo is a close friend of the Harbourmaster, and these two Hrolmarians can potentially become valuable allies for the adventurers if they manage to get them onside.

Any mention to Captain Satigo of an attack on a defenceless woman is answered by a furrowing of his brows and a quiet assurance that the will of Donblas will be exacted upon the guilty party. After consulting the log of the morning watch, he presents the following information.

"Twenty-five minutes before the opening of the gates, a blonde-bearded man, reputedly of Old Hrolmar but speaking with a Lormyrian accent, hailed guards at the South Gate requesting entry. When advised that the gates would not open until the proper time, he swore at the Watch and walked back towards the Quayside district, favouring his right leg."

Although he can arrange an interview with the guard in question, few other details are forthcoming, save that the Lormyrian was of average build, blonde, and appeared to be in his early 20s.

Once he has finished with the adventurers, Captain Satigo will dispatch guardsmen to speak with Calisander, given that she has been the victim of a robbery, although his opinion that she is an innocent victim may change

should he hear about the suspicions of his friend Harbour Master Amlis Arrago. The outcome of these actions is described see *Defending Calisander* on page 25.

DISCOVERIES IN QUAYSIDE

The bustling Quayside district of the city is a likely place for the adventurers to begin their inquiries about the limping man who attacked Calisander. Questioning the district's inhabitants will be a laborious task, with only a small chance of success. With questions asked in the right places the adventurers will have some luck. While present in Quayside the adventurers might be witness to the first of several events caused by the Sealkin in revenge for the attack on their sister (see the section The Angry Sea in Strange Happenings).

For those trying to piece together Calisander's like movements, an **Idea** roll will allow the adventurers to recollect passing several people on the docks at dawn in the minutes before they heard Calisander's scream; these hardly few may have seen or heard something useful to their investigation. A success in this roll will allow them to remember seeing a few likely souls:

- * A tall, grim barbarian hailing from the Sighing Desert, who had been clad in ornate wood and leather armour. This is Dimoun Bakra, who made almost immediately for one of the local taverns (see *The Barbarian* below).
- * A fussy merchant and his heavily tattooed Pikaraydian bodyguard who appeared to be waiting for cargo to be unloaded from one of the ships recently arrived in Quayside. Fortunately for the party, the merchant, Fodric Helforth and bodyguard, Rongo are still in the same spot as they were last seen, now arguing with the very same ship's captain (see *The Merchant* below).
- * Other potential witnesses might also be located in are around the quays. There information is noted in *Other Likely Informants*, below.

THE BARBARIAN

Dimoun Bakra of the Sarangli is a strikingly tall and handsome young man of the Nomad Nations, who has been banished by his tribe for certain shameful infractions of their intricate codes of behaviour. His skin is a deep black, and he has the thin lips, nose and high cheekbones common among his tribe. He wears richly embroidered robes of flowing crimson silk sewn with glass beads over his intricately fashioned armour of wood and leather, while his glossy black hair is tied in intricate braids. Unusually for a Sighing Desert native, he is clean-

shaven. Dimoun can be found in a tavern near where the adventurers last saw him, drowning his sorrows (although given his strong constitution it will take him a full day of drinking before this tormented young man can find the peace he craves).

If asked about a limping man, he says that shortly after taking his seat at the bar, a little after dawn, he was approached by a limping, foul-smelling Southerner who spun him a story about having a sick relative in Jadmar and needing to leave on the first available caravan.

"He said he needed money desperately to help pay for the journey and tried to sell me a ring bearing two pearls, one black and one white; a beautiful thing," Dimoun says slowly. "I told him that I needed no jewellery and that if he was so eager to leave then he should ask after caravans in New Hrolmar. He swore at me and left, and I saw no more of him."

THE MERCHANT

Fodric Helforth and his bodyguard can be found arguing with the captain of a newly docked ship from Ilmar over an underweight bale of flax. To his credit, the Ilmioran captain refuses to be intimidated. The adventurers will probably be led to the merchant by his loud complaints, which can be easily heard above the crowded docks. Clad in a respectable black linen jacket and trews and white cotton shirt, Helforth is constantly mopping his sweaty face with a scented handkerchief and fanning himself with his broad-brimmed black hat. He is bald but sports an impressive beard. Behind him - tattooed arms folded across his broad chest - is Rongo, his dark-skinned and dreadlocked Pikaraydian bodyguard, who is clad in a kilt and sleeveless jerkin with a heavy sword slung by his side.

Provided that the adventurers can get a word in edgeways to ask about the limping man, Helforth can tell them that he did indeed see such a man earlier this morning.

"The smelly little Lormyrian tried to sell me a cheap green dress, claiming it was Melnibonéan silk," he sniffs. "It clearly wasn't, and besides, it was ruined. As far as I could tell the cretin had tried to wring it out after washing it in salt water. I told him that I dealt in only the best quality goods and suggested that he try Pawnbrokers Street in New Hrolmar. Someone there might be gullible enough to buy it from him."

Thereafter, the merchant says, he ordered his bodyguard to send the man on his way. Rongo can add gruffly that the Ilmioran was last seen limping away in the direction of the Jadmar Gate but has little else to say.

OTHER LIKELY INFORMANTS

The adventurers may also simply choose to spend an hour or two making inquiries in the fish market and taverns of Quayside. Information should be gained at the Gamemaster's discretion, but lucky adventurers may well meet someone who remembers seeing a shabbily dressed, limping Lormyrian man, *"hardly more than a youth,"* hanging around the Quayside district for the last few days and begging for food and alms. They will describe him as unwashed, hungry-looking, and walking with a distinct limp.

Anyone who has spoken with the Lormyrian remembers that he had a distinctly haunted look about him and that he was constantly looking over his shoulder. The informant says that they have only seen him once or twice in the last 24 hours, suggesting that he has perhaps found somewhere else to live: *"No doubt in the Foreign Quarter. Even the most impoverished visitor can find some kind of dwelling there, although I have to say I'm sure it wouldn't be up to my standard!"*

Asking questions about the thief means that the adventurers run the risk of alerting the Eyes, Ears and Hands of Old Hrolmar's beggar-lord Ramirez the Pustulant to their mission. See *Shadowed* on page 8 for details about the consequences of this.

INVESTIGATING CALISANDER

It is entirely likely that the adventurers might wish to look into Calisander's story and background. If this is the case, they can spend several fruitless hours asking among the 20 or so ships of various nationalities that are currently moored in the harbour about passengers fitting Calisander's description. Most of the ships can be eliminated by a quick question to a crewmember, as only four vessels currently docked came to Old Hrolmar via the Isle of the Purple Towns this morning.

These four ships are the Purple Towns' brigs The Breath of Lassa and The Pride of Kariss, the HMS Justice from Lormyr, and the Vilmirian privateer The Wrath of Tovik. The logical individuals to speak to about passengers aboard each ship are the captain or first mate. Adventurers should attempt **Luck** rolls when asking to speak to either of these parties. If these **Luck** rolls fail, the captain and first mate will be either ashore (either for business or pleasure) or too busy to answer the adventurers' queries. Fumbled rolls mean that the adventurers have somehow managed to be insulting and are driven off the ships. While with successful **Luck** rolls, the adventurers are told, after the captain has scratched his head or the first mate has sucked upon his clay pipe,

that they carried no maidens by the name of Calisander from the Purple Towns today, nor indeed any young women fitting her general description. On those ships where the captain and first mate are either busy or away, patience and persistence will eventually garner the same information.

A quicker way of gathering the same news is by visiting the Harbour Master's office, where all cargo and passenger manifests for the port are kept, as successful **Sailing** or **Idea** rolls will suggest.

Adventurers may also think of hiring a town crier to spread the news of Calisander's plight, perhaps in the hope of finding people who can identify her. Such a plan, although worthy, will have no success, save for gold-diggers who see the young woman's plight as a possible route to riches. Adventurers who take this option will find themselves having to deal with conmen and the curious in equal measure once news of Calisander spreads through the city.

THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE

This small office is situated in the tower room of a wattle and daub building constructed upon a low hill in Quayside. The floors below are occupied by an array of importers, exporters, and insurance firms. The harbour master's office is a circular room with large, diamond-paned windows offering sweeping views of the harbour and the bay. An array of maps are tacked to the walls and spread out on every available surface, while lists and ledgers of manifests, shipping lines, and charts of tides and currents are piled everywhere. A detailed model of a Melnibonéan battle-barge stands on the mantelpiece, while a large and loud parrot from the Unmapped Continent sits on a perch by the door. It shrieks loudly whenever strangers enter the room and is likely to be a marvellous novelty to the adventurers.

Harbour Master Amlis Arrago is a stout, bearded man aged in his early 50's. His hair and beard are white, his face red, and he sports a wooden leg where his left leg should be (the limb was lost to a shark after the ship he once captained was sunk by Pan Tangian pirates). Arrago owes his position to Duke Avan, who he served with as second mate many years ago, and he will hear no ill of him. He is also a close friend of Captain Satigo of the Grey Defenders, and the two can often be found of an evening sharing stories over a bottle of wine in one of Quayside's better establishments. Arrago is a familiar site in the district, hopping about the streets with his peg leg and a crutch.

Provided that the adventurers present a reasonable story, the Harbour Master can quickly look up the

information they need. He can tell them that only four of the ships that docked this morning sailed directly to Old Hrolmar from the Purple Towns (he happily provides the party with these vessels' names). After quickly consulting his records, he will also say that he's certain that no passenger by the name of Calisander Trammel was aboard any of them – well officially at least.

Insight rolls from the adventurers will notice a flicker of concern cross Arrago's face as he mentions Calisander's name. If asked, he explains that the name is familiar to him. Should they beg his indulgence, it takes the Harbour Master only another few minutes to find the record he needs among the passenger manifests from last year. This document records that one Calisander Trammel, aged five, was swept overboard during a storm nine months ago. The captain of the ship noted in his report that this unfortunate incident occurred just a day out from port here at Old Hrolmar.

"If this is the same girl, she has apparently aged remarkably, not to mention had a stunning recovery from her drowning," Arrago says flatly. "I'd best speak to the Grey Defenders about this."

He will not be persuaded otherwise and will arrange to meet with his friend Captain Satigo shortly thereafter.

If the adventurers return at some later stage to inquire about Eodwulf of Ramasaz, they can learn that he arrived in Old Hrolmar exactly one week ago, aboard The Black Falcon, a disreputable vessel manned by Dharijorians and others, *"the scum of the Young Kingdoms"* growls Arrago. Its home port is listed as Dhoz-Kam, while the Lormyrian's occupation is listed as a Tanner. No other details are provided for him.

VENTURING TO NEW HROLMAR

Several leads point the adventurers in the direction of New Hrolmar, the portion of Old Hrolmar that extends to the north, outside of the city's great walls. The merchant Fodric Helforth named the district's Pawnbroker's Street, while Dimoun Bakra of the Sarangli mentioned New Hrolmar's many caravans in conjunction with the mysterious Lormyrian. Further, industrious characters might also enquire at the northern gate (the Jadmar Gate) for any further sightings of their target.

MISTRESS SALAZAR'S PAWN SHOP

Pawnbrokers' Street is a narrow but busy dirt-paved street within a block of the stockyards. It is lined with

THE MELNIBONÉAN DRESS

A lustrous and shimmering long-sleeved dress of the finest Melnibonéan sea-green silk, cut in the Jharkorian fashion and designed to be wrapped around the wearer and tied at the waist with a broad sash. Sadly the dress shows signs of being twisted or wrung out while wet, which has damaged the fabric. It is also water-spotted. New this dress would be worth 1000 bronze (as a successful **Evaluate** roll reveals). In its current state, the asking price of 200 bronze is slightly excessive. Adventurers possessing or casting **Witch Sight** who examine the dress will detect a faint magical aura about it, a lingering trace of its supernatural owner.

The adventurers will not be the only potential customers interested in the dress (see *Meeting the Baron* on page 8 – although if appropriate the Gamemaster can present this scene at Master Zagosa the jewellers).

small shops and stalls doing a busy trade in second-hand items. The desperate pawn their goods for coins in the hope of redeeming them in some prosperous future, while those departing on caravans often sell their unwanted and unnecessary goods here to lighten their loads.

Mistress Salazar's Pawnshop is operated out of the front room of Fausta Salazar's humble abode. The horizontal shutters of her front window swing open to form an awning and a counter, behind which the plump and smiling shopkeeper, her hair tied up in a daringly colourful headscarf, trades. Fausta specialises in second-hand clothing and sells everything from shoes to wedding dresses at a reasonable price. A worshipper of Goldar, Mistress Fausta thinks the changes the Duke has wrought in the city are good for trade although she expresses some concern about the influx of foreigners in recent years and their strange ways.

Only a few hours have passed since a poor Lormyrian sold her a dress of sea-green silk. *"It was his mother's... the poor lamb. He said she died on the voyage over, and while it broke his heart to sell it to me, a man has to eat, doesn't he?"* The dress fits the description of the one stolen from Calisander, and it is indeed hers. Mistress Fausta is asking 200 bronze for the dress, although a successful Bargain can fight her down to 100 bronze. As she only paid 50 bronze for it, this still represents a tidy profit for her.

If asked for details of the seller, Fausta describes him as an unwashed and slightly unsavoury young Lormyrian, aged about 20. He had fine blonde hair and a wispy blonde beard, and walked with a distinct limp, favouring his right leg. He gave his name as Eodwulf and mentioned that he was living in the Foreign Quarter, although not exactly where. He struck her as nervous and highly strung.

After she purchased the dress from him, the Lormyrian then tried to sell her a beautiful ring ‘two coral dolphins, each with a pearl in their mouths.’ As she could not offer him a fair price for it, she recommended he try a friend of hers in the Merchants’ Quarter, Rogelio Zagosa the jeweller, at which point he thanked her and left. If the adventurers ask for directions to Zagosa’s establishment Mistress Fausta is happy to provide them.

Insight rolls will suggest that the shopkeeper suspects she has purchased stolen goods; if the Grey Defenders are present, or if the adventurers are in any way connected with the Vilmirian authorities or the duke, Fausta will not mention the ring, although additional **Insight** rolls will suggest that she is withholding information.

THE CARAVANS OF NEW HROLMAR

All manner of trade goods are transported from Old Hrolmar across Vilmir by caravan. These include spices of various kinds and great value; gold and silver; cloaks of silk; variously ornamented apparel; arms and weapons of all types; coats of mail; costly cushions, pavilions, tents, biscuits, bread, barley, grain, meal, and a large number of preserves and medicines; basins, bladders, chessboards; silver dishes and candlesticks; pepper, cinnamon, sugar, and wax; and other valuables of choice and kind.

Some caravans consist of heavily laden horses, others of ox-drawn wagons. In the Sighing Desert caravans of camels are common, although these humped beasts are largely unknown beyond the desert’s fringes. Adventurers can easily find employment as guards on these caravans as upon arriving in cities such as Old Hrolmar, most of these ‘strong arms’ are dismissed.

The adventurers may wish to ask after their thief among the many caravans preparing to leave Old Hrolmar in the coming days. Sadly there is no central place from where these caravans are coordinated, instead, these expeditions often spring up over hurried discussions in taverns or by merchants preparing to move stock across the country. Therefore, the adventurers’ best bet is to inquire around the saleyards where horses, cattle, oxen, and donkeys are bought and sold, or to make themselves known at New Hrolmar’s array of inns and taverns.

Any questions about the limping Lormyrian thief increase the possibility that the adventurers will attract the attention of Old Hrolmar’s beggars, who are also searching for Eodwulf (see the Strange Happenings section below). **Luck** rolls, or the goodwill of the Gamemaster, mean that the adventurers will not have to look long before they encounter someone with information about the Lormyrian.

Mariano Arrieta Barandiarán is a bold and flamboyant caravan master. When a merchant needs to transport their goods they come to Mariano, and he coordinates the hiring of trustworthy guards, the purchase of suitable transport and supplies, and so forth. He always asks for a set fee and unlike some of his peers who prefer to take a percentage of the sales from the caravan after it has reached its destination, he would rather take a definite fee as opposed to an uncertain figure. As a result, while he is not rich, he is successful and well-respected. Having just overseen a caravan’s journey from Bakshaan in Ilmiora to Old Hrolmar, he is now relaxing and drinking in any one of several inns in New Hrolmar.

Yesterday Mariano was approached by a thin and frightened-seeming Lormyrian youth who sought passage out of Old Hrolmar on the first available caravan. His description of the youth tallies with the composite description of the thief compiled by the adventurers so far. As the youth could not afford passage, he was hoping to sign on as a guard, but Mariano was not impressed by his character. *“He looked like the sort who would either run at the first sign of trouble or who would be stealing the merchandise instead of guarding it. I sent him away with a flea in his ear although judging by his apparel I suspect that it will not want for company.”*

ENQUIRIES AT THE JADMAR GATE

Another company of Grey Defenders guards the Jadmar Gate, led by Captain Artimio Guerrero, a minor Vilmirian noble. Guerrero is a tall, thin man in his early 30’s with light brown hair, brown eyes, and cruel, thin lips. Both his mustachio and his beard are waxed. An old-fashioned Old Hrolmarian, he considers the liberal changes introduced since Duke Avan took the throne a sign of decadence, and he does not welcome foreigners. He is always perfectly turned out, with his armour burnished to a mirror-like sheen.

Captain Artimio has his work cut out for him monitoring the flow of foreigners through the Jadmar Gate, but he has trained his men to record the movements and details of anyone they consider

suspicious. Their constant interrogation, in some cases, borders on harassment.

Artimio will only consult his records with good reason. A successful **Insight** roll from the adventurers will suggest that their best course of action might be to lie to Captain Artimio about their reasons for wanting to track down the Lormyrian. If the adventurers explain that they are seeking the suspect in a crime, the captain insists that this is a matter for the Grey Defenders and tersely informs the adventurers that they should leave the matter in his hands. As the alleged robbery took place in Quayside it is out of his jurisdiction, but he will inform his fellow officer, Captain Satigo, about the affair.

If the adventurers are successful in asking the Vilmirian to look at his records, they will learn that a Lormyrian fitting the thief's description and going by the name of Eodwulf of Stagasaz has been recorded entering and exiting the city through the Jadmar Gate several times a day for the last week. He is recorded as being *"an unemployed tanner of no fixed abode."* Captain Artimio proposes that he is a resident of the Foreign Quarter, which lies just within the gates, and warns the adventurers if they are thinking of looking for the Lormyrian there. *"It is as wretched a hive of villainy as exists in Vilmir,"* he snarls. *"Had I my way I would drive every last one of them out of that warren, but apparently our foreign visitors contribute much which is good to the city, or so our masters now say."*

Should the adventurers appear to have their hearts set on exploring the Foreign Quarter, the captain will resignedly suggest that they start their search at The Champion's Arms, a small tavern that is the focus of Old Hrolmar's Lormyrian expatriates. 'It is one of the less vile establishments in the Foreign Quarter,' he acknowledges with some distaste.

ENTERING OLD HROLMAR

By the time the adventurers enter Old Hrolmar proper, they are likely to have several leads to follow: from the Merchant's Quarter believing the young Lormyrian may have attempted to sell Calisander's coral ring; through to questioning of the Tanners of the Industrial Quarter; and even into the lawless Foreign Quarter in an attempt to locate the youth where he resides.

THE MERCHANTS' QUARTER

By day the narrow streets of the Merchants' Quarter resound with the din of hawkers and peddlers. Heavily

THE CORAL RING

Carved of sea-pink coral into the form of two intertwined dolphins, each bearing a lustrous pearl in their mouths. One pearl is white, the other black. Successful **Evaluate** rolls will price the white pearl at 1000 bronze, and the rare black pearl at 2000 bronze. In combination with the delicate carving of the ring, its overall worth is at least 4000 bronzes, although given its unique nature, it might be worth twice that much to the right collector. **Witch Sight** will reveal that a faint magical aura clings to the ring, though it is not in itself enchanted, suggesting that it has been in close contact with some powerful enchantment or magical creature for a considerable length of time.

laden carts rumble across the cobblestones and pickpockets ply their subtle trade among the crowds of harried servants and idle nobles. After sunset, the empty streets are patrolled by the watchful Grey Defenders, who will stop and question anyone they deem suspicious. Those merchants who do not live in or above their shops are known to hire private guards to ensure the safety of their businesses overnight and after hours.

ROGELIO ZAGOSA, MASTER JEWELLER

The shop of Rogelio Zagosa is located on the corner of the Street of Gems and Silversmith's Street. To outsiders, the tall, plump, and pale Zagosa is a successful merchant who specialises in fine jewellery and precious stones, however, to those in the know he is seen as one of the less reputable merchants in Old Hrolmar, known among the city's criminal element for turning a blind eye to stolen goods. The most likely reason the adventurers will come to Zagosa's shop is if they have been sent there by Fausta Salazar, (who suspects that the jeweller may have purchased Calisander's stolen ring) although they might also find it through trial and error (via **Luck** rolls).

As is usual in the Young Kingdoms, the only gems in the establishment to have been cut are of Melnibonéan origin, as all others they are simply polished and mounted. If the adventurers have not already crossed paths with Baron Vadriral in New Hrolmar they may encounter him here (see **Meeting the Baron** on page 8). Other visitors might include a well-dressed noblewoman accompanied by her bodyguard and maidservant, or a scruffy, suspicious-looking character who Zagosa quickly ushers into his private rooms behind the shop, before returning a short time later with a new ring or golden

bracelet which he fussily arranges in a display case. If the adventurers have not already made this connection, an **Insight** roll will suggest that Zagosa is trading in stolen goods.

If the adventurers inquire about it, Zagosa is quick to display the pearl and coral ring he purchased this morning for 1000 bronzes from ‘a foreign gentleman’. His asking price is 4000 bronzes, and he will not haggle. If the adventurers inquire about the seller, the merchant explains that he was a nervous young Lormyrian who went by the name of Eodwulf of Ramasaz. Zagosa knows little about him, save that the youth let slip that he was a resident of the Foreign Quarter, although not for much longer.

If the adventurers can prove that the ring is stolen, or threaten to call in the Grey Defenders, Zagosa will be only too quick to hand over Calisander’s property, as he is loath to attract the attention of the authorities, although he will first attempt to sell the adventurers’ the ring at a reduced rate. Use the merchant’s statistics from the Stormbringer Young Kingdom’s Digest if statistics are needed for Rogelio Zagosa.

THE STREET OF SCRIBES

As well as being home to an array of learned men and women who write letters and other documents for their illiterate customers (as well as translate texts for a small fee), the Street of Scribes also houses many merchants who specialise in selling parchments (animal skins which have been washed, limed, stretched and scraped, then smoothed with pumice and whitened with chalk) and vellum (the finest quality parchment available, made from the skins of calves and kids). The best parchments and vellum from the Young Kingdoms are manufactured in Ilmiora, although the finest in the world are manufactured in Melniboné. Queries in the Street of Scribes will be generally unproductive, although one helpful merchant can suggest that the adventurers try their luck in the Street of Leatherworkers, a few blocks over.

THE STREET OF LEATHERWORKERS

While the manufacturing of leather is done elsewhere, this crowded street houses those merchants and artisans who work with the end product. All manner of leather goods can be found here, from belts and boots to cloaks and tents.

Luck rolls, or the Gamemaster’s discretion, will allow the adventurers to speak with one Gaspar Bernardino, who remembers a young Lormyrian claiming to be a skilled tanner asking about the possibility of temporary

employment only a few days ago. Bernardino sent him to his brother-in-law, Vil Vilchez, who owns a tannery in the industrial quarter and is only too happy to provide the adventurers with directions.

As with other businesses, queries here about the Lormyrian thief run the risk of alerting Old Hrolmar’s beggars that the adventurers are also seeking Eodwulf.

THE INDUSTRIAL QUARTER

It is possible that the adventurers may seek for the thief among those businesses trading in leather and hides, given that Calisander described him smelling strongly of urine and urine is commonly used in manufacturing leather. Due to the stench involved in the manufacturing process, Old Hrolmar’s tanneries are located in the Industrial Quarter, where the prevailing sea breezes usually carry the stink away, but there are several businesses in the merchants’ quarter associated with the tanning trade where curious adventurers may seek to advance their inquiries.

Comprised of slaughter yards, dyeworks, mills and tanneries, as well as the homes of the industrious poor, the Industrial Quarter is a polluted and filthy district into which few residents of the city venture without good cause. The adventurers may have been sent here by Gaspar Bernardino, or they may have come here of their own volition in search of clues to the identity of the stinking thief among the district’s many businesses. If they are seeking the mill owned by Baron Vadrigal, see *The Dark Chaotic Mill* on page 22.

VILCHEZ TANNERIES

Standing on the southern shore of the Hrol, within earshot of the falls, is a tannery owned by Vil Vilchez. He is a grim and religious man, and dresses at all times in dark and severe clothing. If asked about the Lormyrian, he says that a young foreigner named Eodwulf of Ramasaz did indeed come looking for employment only a few days ago. Vilchez put the youth to work, but as soon as he had received his first two days’ pay, he disappeared and has not been sighted since. *“Damn lazy Lormyrians,”* snorts Vilchez. *“I should never have trusted him.”* The pay office’s records show that Eodwulf is listed as living in By-The-Wall Street in the Foreign Quarter.

THE FOREIGN QUARTER

The adventurers should not enter Old Hrolmar’s Foreign Quarter without preparation, for it is a dangerous place for the unwary. **Search** and **Insight** rolls

can suggest the unsavoury and menacing nature of many of its residents, and violence is never far away. The better class of new arrivals to the Foreign Quarter quickly attempt to find the money with which to move to better homes elsewhere in the city: only the desperate or the depraved stay in this district for long.

THE CHAMPION'S ARMS

This tavern is one of several businesses in the Foreign Quarter serving a specific nationality, in this case expatriate Lormyrians. It is located on the outer fringes of the district, and so is one of the better establishments hereabouts. Its swinging sign depicts the Champion of Humanity, Earl Aubec of Malador. Its patrons are mostly ruddy-featured men with huge moustaches wearing the embroidered smocks and high boots of their homeland, as well as broad-hipped and buxom women with red cheeks and long plaits, and the occasional Vilmirian or foreigner from other lands. Its walls are painted in detailed frescoes depicting the broad rivers and peaceful lands its patrons have left behind, and a potent cider is served from the central bar.

Beggars are discouraged from drinking here, and consequently, the adventurers can safely ask after Eodwulf of Ramasaz. It may take several rounds of drinks before one or more patrons recall a new arrival by that name, whose bad habit of begging for drinks but never repaying the favour has quickly earned him the enmity of most of the tavern's regulars. The adventurers can easily learn that he lives somewhere on Behind-The-Wall Street, which true to its name flanks the northern wall of the city.

BEHIND-THE-WALL STREET

This narrow street is in almost permanent shadow. The great sandstone wall of the city rises on one side while on the other stands row after row of crumbling houses, most with their windows gaping open and doors ajar. Few of the residents of Behind-The-Wall Street will welcome questions from nosy strangers, and although a coin might gain an answer, flashing money around in these parts might also earn the adventurers' attention of a different sort. Nonetheless, they should be able to determine the location of the house in which Eodwulf resides with time and persistence.

Eodwulf's home is a ramshackle and decayed tenement building, once the home of a wealthy family but which has long since been divided up into numerous residences. Its inhabitants include a deaf old crone on the ground floor who will mistake visitors for the children she has not seen in 40 years; a nervous gang of forgers on the first floor who are suspicious of any visitors; and a friendly

Ilmioran assassin whose fourth-floor residence is filled with canvas dummies leaking sawdust from an array of ingeniously inflicted wounds. Any of these characters can tell the adventurers about the shy Lormyrian resident who lives in the attic apartment, although obtaining this information might be an adventure in itself.

THE THIEF IS CORNERED

The Lormyrian dwells in a single garret room on the topmost floor of his ramshackle, six-storey sandstone building. The building lists dramatically in the storm, the wind blowing through the cracks in the walls and its rotten floorboards. Ideally, the unnatural storm sent by the Sealkin is raging as the adventurers ascend to Eodwulf's room, in which case the whole building trembles and a fine drift of mortar showers from the walls with every clap of thunder.

From Eodwulf's low-ceilinged room, a single window loosely covered by an oiled cloth looks out over the city wall and across New Hrolmar to the northern lands. The room is furnished with a straw-stuffed mattress, a moth-eaten blanket, a bedpan, and a chipped clay jug. Here Eodwulf has hidden his coins, saving for the day when he will have enough money to pay for his passage to Ilmar. Once in Ilmar, he intends to take a ship to the Western Continent in the hope of getting as far as he can from Nadsokor and the long arm of Urish Seven-Fingers.

Now, having sold Calisander's ring and dress, Eodwulf has more than enough to pay his way, and if all goes well he will leave Old Hrolmar on the morrow.

Unfortunately for Eodwulf, Fate has other plans in store for him.

THE HISTORY OF EODWULF THE THIEF

Eodwulf was abandoned as a child by a mother whom he never knew and raised as a foundling in a Lormyrian orphanage. He began work as an apprentice tanner at the age of 15, but after his right leg was crushed by an ox-cart two years later, he lost his livelihood first, and then his home once he could no longer afford the rent. Taking to the streets the miserable youth was 'adopted' by the beggars of Ramasaz, who taught him their trade and their code.

Having been embittered by his hard life Eodwulf always looks after himself first, a trait that was to be his undoing. Several months ago he began to conceal a portion of his earnings each week, intent on scraping together enough money so that he could leave the begging life behind him. Sadly for Eodwulf he was

discovered and sentenced to death for breaking the rules of King Urish, which states that the concealing of money from Nadsokor is high treason.

Unsurprisingly, Eodwulf fled on the first available ship out of Ramasaz, arriving in Old Hrolmar exactly one week ago. To pay for his passage north he first sought work as a tanner, but after years of begging he found the work too demanding, and once more took to the streets. He spent most of his meagre two days' pay from Vilchez Tanneries on the rent for a small room in the Foreign Quarter and the next day started begging again. This was, however, his undoing, as he was spotted by the Hands of Ramirez, who reported him to the local beggar lord. Ramirez had been warned by Nadsokor that the Lormyrian was thought to have made his way to Vilmir, and keen to demonstrate his loyalty to King Urish, has ordered Eodwulf's death. A sentence which will be swiftly carried out once the beggars find the Lormyrian again.

Since his discovery, Eodwulf has been too terrified to leave his room, but eventually, hunger and desperation forced him out under the cloak of darkness. He spent much of the night prowling the streets of New Hrolmar and the Quayside district, where he encountered Calisander walking on the beach before dawn. He stuck her down with a rock and once he was sure she was unconscious, stole her cloak, dress, ring, and bag. The dress and ring he has sold, the leather satchel (which contains the Sealkin's mirror and hairbrush, in addition to the money he has raised so far) are hidden inside his mattress, and her cloak he now wears about his narrow shoulders.

CONFRONTING EODWULF

The door to Eodwulf's room is not locked, and if the adventurers wish they can burst straight in. Caught by surprise, all Eodwulf can do is leap to his feet, his back to the flapping oilcloth that covers the window. A flash of lightning from outside throws him into sharp silhouette as he reaches for his dagger, his eyes wide and his teeth barred.

If the adventurers are accompanied by the beggar horde, or perhaps by the Grey Defenders, Eodwulf looks terrified. He will threaten to throw himself out the window rather than let the beggars take him, although secretly he plans to try and climb to the roof and hide there until his enemies have left.

If the adventurers have come alone Eodwulf will try and parley with them. Once he learns that they are working at the behest of his victim he looks ashamed. An **Insight** roll will reveal his guilt and remorse over his actions, suggesting that Eodwulf is not an evil man,

THE SATCHEL

Made of fine and supple leather, this satchel is hidden inside Eodwulf's straw mattress. It contains a small mirror of burnished silver, the back of which is engraved with fluid depictions of sea life, and a matching hairbrush, as well as 1500 bronze coins. Judging from their diminutive size both the mirror and the hairbrush are clearly fashioned for a child's hand.

Search rolls reveal the initials 'C.T.' worked into the engravings of each. These originally belonged to the real Calisander Trammel, who drowned at sea many months ago. Should the adventurers somehow manage to return them to the girl's grieving parents in Menii they will receive a check to both their Law and Balance allegiances, as well as the gratitude of the powerful Kelgan Trammel, a prince among merchants throughout the Young Kingdoms.

merely a desperate one. It is at this point, if they are not already present, that the beggars burst into the room behind the adventurers, creating a standoff.

TERROR FROM THE SKIES

Just as it seems things cannot get any worse for Eodwulf, an event occurs which catches everyone by surprise. The entire side of the room is suddenly ripped away, exposing the room and everyone in it to the full fury of the storm. Seconds later, as sandstone bricks tumble down to the street below and rain and wind lash at the startled adventurers, a shrieking demon, spined, winged, and hideous swoops down upon the hapless thief from the raging storm. It lunges for Eodwulf and tears the cloak off his shoulders. Much of his back comes away with it in a red explosion of blood and bone. Clutching the cloak in one talon the demon flaps away into the storm squawking triumphantly.

Assume that all parties are surprised for two combat rounds by the ferocity and destructiveness of this sudden and unexpected attack. Only if an adventurer succeeds at a roll of **POW** x1 they will be able to react after the first round has elapsed, by which stage the demon has already completed its attack upon Eodwulf. For their part, the beggars flee at the sight of the demon and, indeed, will be more hindrance than help as the party tries to engage the intruder.

Adventurers whose DEX is higher than the demon's DEX 20 can attempt to prevent its escape in the second

round, although only adventurers whose weapons are already drawn or readied can attack in this round. Drawing or preparing a weapon takes a full combat round; adventurers readying weapons in the second round will not be able to attack until the third round, by which time the demon will have begun to fly away. It will be within missile range in the third round only and thereafter will be out of range.

Due to the ferocious winds all missile weapons are employed at –50%, although a critical hit can still wound the demon badly. All perception skills are at –20% due to the driving rain and the gloom caused by the storm, although the demon is occasionally silhouetted by the flickering sheets of lighting that periodically light up the entire sky. Successful **Search** rolls allow the adventurers to see that the demon appears to alight upon the roof of a particular mill perched on the edge of the Hrol Falls, on the north shore of the river. If the adventurers do not succeed at this roll, they will only be able to judge that the demon has landed somewhere in the vicinity of the falls; the exact location of its destination will remain unknown.

If the adventurers take the time to inspect the still (and now soaking wet) form of Eodwulf, they are surprised to find him still barely alive. Lying in an ever-increasing pool of his own blood, Eodwulf looks little more than the pitiful and helpless youth he is. Examining his tattered and ruined body, it is immediately obvious that there is little first aid or even magic can do to save the poor boy's life, his back split open and his bent and broken spine exposed.

Moments after the adventurers come to his aid, he looks up at them with dying eyes and mumbles something, which is lost in the wind and rain, before expiring with a grimace of agony. If the Gamemaster so desires, adventurers succeeding a **Listen** roll can make out Eodwulf's dying words – *"I never...meant... to hurt anyone..."*

THE DARK CHAOTIC MILL

With darker forces obviously afoot in Old Hrolmar, and Calisander's cloak stolen from in front of them, the characters will likely look to track down the winged demon and its chaos-worshipping master.

FOLLOWING THE DEMON

Perched on the edge of the Hrol Falls (where they plunge 40 feet to the river below), this cavernous cotton mill is where Baron Zamoro works his magic safe from

prying eyes. If the adventurers were previously successful in noting where the winged demon alighted, or if they have earlier followed Baron Zamoro to the mill, they will have little trouble in finding the building. Any trip across the city from the Foreign Quarter to the Industrial Quarter takes place while the Sealkin-summoned storm is at its peak, as described above, with all the attendant hazards thereto entailed.

If the adventurers are unsure of the demon's destination, save that it alighted somewhere near the Hrol Falls, a search of the area will be necessary. Due to the ferocity of the storm only a handful of buildings in the vicinity of the falls have their lights burning, as many of the businesses in the area have sent their workers home and sensible folk are cowering in their beds. Those buildings where lights shine out into the stormy night are a dyeworks, where several toiling workers are desperately trying to finish a late order, a humble workers' cottage in an unlit row of single-storey terrace houses, and Baron Zamoro's cotton mill.

THE DYEWORKS

None here have witnessed anything untoward tonight save for the ferocious storm that howls around the factory's eaves and threatens to tear the shutters from their hinges. **Search** rolls will uncover nothing untoward here, nor will **Witch Sight**.

THE COTTAGE

The adventurers must knock persistently to raise anyone here. Successful **Listen** rolls will hear the sound of prayers coming from within rising over the scream of the storm. Eventually, the door opens a crack, and a terrified woman peers out, frightened children clustered about her skirts. Enna Esholta is a respectable charwoman, and her husband Leen works in the nearby dyehouse. She is praying to the White Lords for protection, for less than an hour past something came scratching and sniffing at the windows, and when she opened the shutters to look out, a monstrous creature was grinning back in at her, its insect eyes fixed firmly upon her children. Her screams must have startled it, she says, because it flapped away on great leathery wings. If asked in what direction the creature flew, she points with a trembling hand across the narrow street to a factory opposite, where a single light burns balefully in an upper-storey window.

VADRIGAL COTTON MILL

Heavy chains lock its wrought-iron front gate, through which can be seen a bare courtyard in which only lichen

grows. A sign bearing the name 'Vadrigal Cotton Co.' is emblazoned on a brick archway above the gate. The surrounding brick walls are 10 feet high. Both the gate and the walls can be easily climbed, although **DEX**x5 rolls must be made to avoid the vicious iron spikes atop the walls that snag clothing and inflict 1 point of damage upon the clumsy. **Search** rolls reveal no sign of the guards who the adventurers may have seen earlier today (the baron has dismissed them to practise his sorcery without interruption).

The mill is constructed of closely fitted blocks of sandstone, with walls 60 feet high. In the centre of the building, opposite the gate, is a set of double doors fashioned from heavy oak. The doorway is 10 feet high and 15 feet wide. The doors are closed, but upon inspection are not locked. Dusty windows of thinly sliced semi-opaque horn set within a leaden frame admit light on each floor; these windows are securely fastened from within.

- * Anyone attempting to climb the wall of the mill to the roof or one of the windows would normally do so at -10%, so closely set are the sandstone blocks. The foul weather renders the climb doubly dangerous, with the wind and rain subtracting an additional -10% from the adventurer's **Climb** skill. Three successful **Climb** rolls are needed to ascend to the roof. 1D6 damage is incurred for every 10 feet fallen (halved with a successful **Jump** roll or **Craft (Tumbling)** roll).
- * The roof is tiled, but not steep, although any sudden actions upon the tiles in this weather calls for a roll of **DEX**x5 to avoid slipping. If this roll is failed the adventurer falls 60 feet to the courtyard for a maximum of 6D6 damage, although they may attempt a **DEX**x3 roll to grasp at the guttering before they fall. If successful an additional **STR**x5 roll will be needed to drag themselves back up onto the roof. Falling damage can be reduced with successful **Jump** or **Tumbling** rolls as above.

Skylights of oiled canvas which flap wildly in the storm are set at intervals within the roof. While these admit light to the third floor, they are only semi-translucent and cannot be seen through. The skylights do not open, although they can easily be sliced open with a sword or dagger should the adventurers wish to gain entry this way.

INSIDE THE MILL

Once the adventurers gain entry to the mill proper, they will find themselves in a dark and cavernous space occupied by silent looms and machines for the spinning

APPROACHING FROM THE RIVER

Particularly brave or foolhardy adventurers might attempt to approach the mill from the river. In normal conditions this could be easily achieved, as a narrow path runs along the riverbank behind the mill, skirting the millrace and the ponderous millwheels that power the machines within. A door opening out onto this path via a short flight of stone steps provides a rear entrance and exit directly into the mill, but with the storm raging the river is flooded, and the path is submerged in a foot of turbulent water. The door is still accessible, but to gain entry through it the adventures must either climb over the mill (60 feet up one side and then 60 feet down the other) roof, or successfully navigate a boat downstream alongside the churning mill wheels, and perilously close to the roaring Hrol Falls. Failed **Sailing** rolls in these circumstances could be catastrophic, with a chance of any boat spiralling the 40 feet down the falls!

and weaving of cotton. The mill is a cathedral of industry and a harbinger of the impending industrial revolution that will transform the Young Kingdoms in the coming decades should the World's Doom somehow be avoided. Water from the river turns the three mill wheels, which, through a complex series of gears, belts, and pulleys, drive the overhead line shafts on each floor, and in turn the individual looms. There are three floors within the mill, each full of silent machines, as well as storage space for bales of raw cotton and the resulting thread and cloth. The baron's private chambers are found on the third floor, at the northern end of the building.

The looms rise from the floor of each level into the gloom; great beams support each floor above, and eventually the ceiling. The windows admit only the faintest light by night, and shadows cluster thickly among the rafters. At the north end of the mill, a narrow flight of stairs gives access to the floor above, and eventually to the baron's chambers. Although its fury is muffled, the storm rages outside without showing any signs of abating. Unless the adventurers have a light source, the mill is in almost impenetrable darkness.

Adventurers employing **Witch Sight** will see the Weizlarn demon perched in the rafters of the ground floor, gnawing on the heart of a small child whose body is draped over a nearby beam. Without **Witch Sight**, the first they know of it will be when the pitifully small corpse drops to the floor at their feet, its chest torn open, followed by the demon swooping down upon them a

moment later. It will attempt to carry off the smallest adventurer present, flapping up to the roof before dropping them 20 feet to the floor below for 2D6 damage. With its STR of 20 the demon can carry anyone of SIZ 10 or less, although to succeed it must first make a successful claw attack, and then overcome the adventurer's STR with its own. Should an adventurer fall into the machinery, at the Gamemaster's discretion the impact will be enough to jar the looms into cacophonous operation.

Swift in flight and a dangerous opponent, the Weizlarn demon will prefer to harry the adventurers from the shadows, swooping down and clawing at them in passing and then retreating into the gloom, rather than attacking them openly. Although it has been commanded to slay any trespassers who try to interrupt the baron's next summoning, the demon is not seeking a swift death. Among its tactics, the Weizlarn demon will also hide in the shadows beneath the stairs and claw at the legs of the last adventurer as they pass overhead and attempt to crush the adventurers beneath beams and machinery which it wrenches free and drops upon them.

Sounds of combat from the ground floor will alert Baron Zamoro, who is engaged in summoning a major demon of Slortar. He intends to present it with the Sealkin cloak in return for certain favours intended to increase his standing within the local cult. Unless the adventurers enter the building silently and stealthily, and either eliminate the Weizlarn demon swiftly or bypass it altogether, the baron will be aware of their presence and awaiting their arrival, weapons drawn and spells at the ready. If the Gamemaster wishes it, he might even take the fight to the adventurers rather than wait passively for them in his rooms.

SHOWDOWN WITH THE BARON

The baron's private chambers consist of two rooms on the top floor of the mill. The outer room is a darkened waiting room, in which stands a desk for the baron's secretary and several high-backed and uncomfortable wooden chairs. A portrait of King Naclon of Vilmir glowers down from one wall. During the day the secretary works here, ensuring that the mill's accounts balance and the books are up to date. As the adventurers enter they may hear low, frantic chanting from the inner chamber, and will smell the incense that smoulders within. A flickering light shines under the inner door.

The inner room is where Baron Zamoro carries out his business, and also where he conducts his secret rituals in homage to Slortar the Old. A solid door bars the way. Locked (STR 15) and must be forced upon before the

THE CLOAK

This beautiful, hooded cloak appears to be made of the finest doeskin. It is soft and supple to the touch, lightly furred on the outside, and is light brown in colour and dappled with darker spots. Witch Sight reveals that it shimmers with a powerful magical aura, although it bears no obvious binding signs. A full day's study will reveal that the cloak is somehow inherently magical rather than enchanted or containing a bound spirit or demon.

adventurers can pass through into the baron's sanctum. By day the room is formal and severe, with the only evidence of wealth a rich woollen carpet on the floor and the wooden panelling on the walls. Tonight the carpet has been rolled back to reveal sorcerous runes and an eight-pointed star painted on the wooden floor. Black and red candles burn at alternating points of the star, while rich incense of frankincense and sandalwood burns in a brazier at the star's centre. A secret panel in the wall behind the baron's desk (which has been pushed to one side) has been opened to reveal an alabaster bust of Slortar, his inhuman face impossibly wise, grave and beautiful and his lips curled in a mocking smile. The baron's grimoires are also stored here, along with various apparatus required for sorcery.

The eight-pointed star painted upon the floor has been enchanted with the spell **Brazier of Power** (and contains 130 Magic Points that Baron Zamoro can draw upon). As he has already used some of these points to summon the Weizlarn demon, he only has 90 additional points remaining to him. If the baron is defeated or flees, Calisander's cloak, stained with the blood of Eodwulf the thief, can be found neatly folded at the centre of the enchanted octogram.

TACTICS & PLANS

The baron is intent on summoning Thyntar, a unique demon of Slortar, and offering it the Sealkin's magical cloak in return for its assistance. With such a powerful demon at his beck and call, Baron Zamoro will quickly rise through the ranks of the cult of Slortar, or so he believes. To succeed at the summoning he needs 100 magic points and currently he has 20 of his own and 90 stored in the enchanted star.

The adventurer's interference will ensure that his summoning is unsuccessful, although exactly how it goes

awry should be determined by the individual Gamemaster.

If the baron abandons his summoning, he will have had time to cast **Hell's Armour** and **Cloak of Cran Liret** upon himself, giving him an additional four points of armour and increasing his **Hide** skill by 80%. This will result in the adventurers trapped between the baron stalking the halls of the mill with his demon broadsword, and the prowling Weizlarn demon.

Alternatively, the baron may persevere with his summoning up until the moment the adventurers burst through the locked door of his chamber. In this instance, he will only have access to his demon broadsword and will not have had time to cast any additional spells.

Particularly malicious Gamemasters might decide that with the attempted summoning suddenly being broken off, some manner of supernatural disaster or accident occurs, such as:

- * A gateway to another plane opening within the octogram and Baron Zamoro being dragged screaming into a neighbouring hell.
- * A random demon appears instead of the desired greater demon and will immediately attack the nearest adventurer until it is killed or bound.
- * The greater demon Thyntar capriciously decides to appear, having heard its name called even though the summoning was not completed.

Should any of these events occur some form of supernatural warning should be provided, such as **Search** rolls allowing the adventurers to notice the painted lines of the octogram beginning to flicker and glow, hairs on their arms standing on end, or a faint scent or unearthly music slowly manifesting.

Depending on the Gamemaster's plans, a showdown with Baron Zamoro can now take place, at which point the adventurers can seize Calisander's cloak and return it to her after he is dead. Alternatively, the baron can flee to fight another day should an ongoing villain be required in the Gamemaster's campaign, in which case the cloak is left behind, together with at least one of Baron Zamoro's grimoires providing hints and clues as to the plans and identities of other members of the cult of Slortar.

If the baron escapes, the adventurers are likely to alert Old Hrolmar's authorities to his sorcerous goings-on, in which case the baron will likely be declared a heretic and a price will be placed upon his head. The resulting scandal will give the nobility of Old Hrolmar and greater Vilimir much to talk about for many weeks to come, while the adventurers may find themselves the targets of the baron's subtle and terrible revenge.

DEFENDING CALISANDER

Having recovered Calisander's cloak from the baron by one means or another, the adventurers must fight their way back through the flooded streets and the fury of the storm to Quayside, and to whichever tavern where they have left Calisander. Here they discover Calisander in the process of being arrested by the Grey Defenders and a gaunt priest of Law, who has accused her of being the source of the Chaos-led attack upon Old Hrolmar. **Oratory** rolls or passionate role-playing from the adventurers can convince the Grey Defenders that Calisander deserves the protection of the law rather than being arrested, as she is a victim of crime and not a perpetrator.

CONCLUSIONS

Once Calisander is safe, she begs the adventurers for the return of her property. She shows little interest in the dress, the ring, and the purse, but once the cloak is produced, she clutches it to her breast and weeps tears of joy. Thereafter she entreats them to walk out into the storm with her, and down to the spume and spray of the beach. Here she turns to the adventurers and smiles.

"For your service today, I am forever in your debt," Calisander says. "Take this ring, dress and satchel as a token of my esteem. Should ever you have need of me, return it to the waves from whence it came and call upon me, and I shall come to you."

Calisander quickly shimmies out of whatever clothing she has been given and stands naked upon the shore; her long hair whipped about by the gale-force winds. Three large seals swim up onto the beach behind her and gaze at the adventurers with wise brown eyes. As she swings the cloak around her pale shoulders she is transformed, and suddenly there are four seals on the beach instead of three. As they slide into the water the wind immediately drops away and a shaft of sunlight lances down from a rift in the clouds. One of the seals leaps for joy and the sunlight catches the splash and spray of the waves as it plunges back down into the sea. Thereafter the storm swiftly dies away as the Sealkin swim off into the bay.

Adventurers who assisted Calisander gain one point of **Balance** allegiance for their kindness towards one of the supernatural creatures of the world. They also gain an automatic 1D6 points to their **Natural World** and **Young Kingdoms** skills for learning of the existence of the Sealkin. If Baron Zamoro Vadrigal is arrested or killed because of their actions, they also gain an immediate point of **Law**

allegiance, as well as the undying enmity of the cult of Slortar.

FUTURE POSSIBILITIES

Numerous plot threads in this adventure can be developed into a campaign should the Gamemaster wish to base further adventures in and around Old Hrolmar. Additional background about the city and the fate in store for it after Duke Avan's death can be found in the Vilmir chapter of *The Northern Continent*, which may spark the Gamemaster's imagination. This section briefly describes some of the potential adventure threads in this adventure that present themselves to the inventive Gamemaster.

THE OLD GOD'S KISS

The most obvious plot which can be developed into further adventures concerns the local cult of Slortar, of which Duke Zamoro Vadrilal is a member. Who is the mysterious 'Dark Lady' who controls the cult, and where is she based? In the Street of Red Lanterns, the Foreign Quarter, or in one of the richest houses in the city? What are the cult's ultimate plans, and how can the adventurers foil them? A campaign against the cult of Slortar might include adventures that focus on combating the cult's control of the black market (including daring sea battles against villainous smugglers), false claims of corruption at the highest level designed to bring down Duke Avan, and perhaps even a journey to another plane ruled over by Slortar the Old.

RISE OF THE RAT GOD

Who is the mysterious Rat-Boy and where did he find the pendant he carries? Are his parents really dead or are they about to return from a distant plane, and bring with them a powerful rodent-spread plague that only the adventurers can halt?

THE BARON'S VENGEANCE

If Baron Zamoro escaped from the mill into the storm, his vengeance upon the adventurers can be played out over several adventures, but first, the adventurers must prove his guilt to the Grey Defenders, and whose word are they going to trust more: a rag-tag pack of adventurers or the son of a Vilmirian peer?

SERVANTS OF THE SEA KING

Having proved their worth by aiding Calisander, another adventure might see the adventurers contacted by worshippers of Straasha who are desirous of their aid. This could present an opportunity for the Gamemaster to

present the adventure *The Fang and the Fountain* in the Chaosium publication **PERILS OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS** or another adventure or adventures of their choosing, which might see the adventurers caught up in a struggle between Straasha and the Chaos-Lord Pyaray to control the upper deeps. A grateful Calisander and the Sealkin could play a pivotal role in such a campaign.

APPENDICES

Ironically, as Duke Avan has striven to reduce the stultifying influence of Law in Old Hrolmar, so have the forces of Chaos increased their footing in the city. Among the dark powers active in Old Hrolmar are counted the agents of Urish, the Beggar-King of Nadsokor, and several abominable Chaos cults

Stormbringer! GUIDE TO OLD HROLMAR CHAPTER THREE: PLOTS & POWERS

This scenario includes a diverse collection of adversaries and allies as well as strange new powers and spells.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

The following provides details of all the key Non-Player Characters encountered in **CALISANDER**. For other characters not listed here, Game Masters are encouraged to refer to **Stormbringer! GUIDE TO OLD HROLMAR**.

CALISANDER TRAMMEL SEALKIN IN HUMAN FORM, AGE LOOKS 19

See page 11 for more details on Calisander and her current plight in Old Hrolmar.

STR 13, CON 16, SIZ 08, INT 15, POW 21, DEX 16, APP 18
HIT POINTS: 12
ARMOUR: 1 POINT HIDE AND BLUBBER (SEAL FORM ONLY)
DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Bite (seal form)	65%	1D6+1+db
Brawl (human form)	40%	1D3+db
Crush (seal form)	50%	2D6+2+db

In human form, Calisander uses all weapons at 10% less than the normal base chance. Her Crush Attack is rarely used and involves her rearing up and body-slamming an opponent. A Crush Attack cannot be Parried, only Dodged.

SKILLS: Dodge 60%, Insight 55%, Listen 90%, Natural World 65%, Own Language 65%, Other Language (Common) 55%, Scent/Taste 70%, Search 70%, Swim 100%, Witch Sight 75%.

SPELLS: Bounty Of Straasha (4), Breath Of Life (1), Chain Of Being (4), Heal (2), Summon Elemental (1).

LARGE TIGER SHARK, AQUATIC PREDATOR

Although it will expire after 1d6 rounds without the adventurers' interference, the shark will remain dangerous after it is dead. Its automatic nervous response to stimulus will mean that the shark can bite one last time the round after its hit points have been reduced to zero. Thereafter it will flap about one last time before finally lying still.

STR 27, CON 19, SIZ 28, INT 03, POW 12, DEX 12

HIT POINTS: 30 MOVE: NONE

ARMOUR: HARD SKIN (1D4)

DAMAGE BONUS: 3D6

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Bite	40%	1D6+db

SKILLS: Thrash About 50%, Lie Still 50%

EODWULF OF RAMASAZ, THIEF & BEGGAR, AGE 22

A gaunt young man, with greasy blonde hair tied back in a rough plait, and a straggling blonde beard. He is pale, and his blue eyes are large on his thin face. His right leg was once badly broken and poorly set, and he walks with a pronounced limp. Other than the ragged smock and treads

he wears, as well as a pair of tattered sandals, he owns nothing save that which he has stolen from Calisander.

CHAOS 12, BALANCE 08, LAW 02
STR 09, CON 11, SIZ 09, INT 14, POW 13, DEX 16, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 10

ARMOUR: NONE

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Dagger	45%	1D4+2+db

SKILLS: Beg 65%, Climb 50%, Conceal Object 75%, Craft (Tanning) 55%, Dodge 65%, Hide 80%, Insight 50%, Move Quietly 50%, Pick Lock 20%, Search 65%.

THE WINGED DEMON

HUMANOID DEMON, BREED WEIZLARN

This humanoid demon has a leathery hide, broad bat-like wings, and multi-faceted insect eyes glistening in its horned, angular head. Rows of savage spines protrude from its backbone and twitching, prehensile tail. Its hands and feet end in wicked claws, and its broad mouth is lined with three rows of needle-sharp fangs.

STR 20, CON 17, SIZ 18, INT 12, POW 14, DEX 20

HIT POINTS: 18 MOVE: RUN 7, FLY 12

ARMOUR: TOUGH, LEATHERY HIDE, 1D6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Bite	55%	1D6+db
Claw (x4)	55%	1D8+db

SKILLS: See 85%, Fly 80%, Search 95%, Screech 100%

NEED: To feast on the heart of a human child once per day.

ABILITIES:

* *Fly:* At 50mph, Carry up to half STR in SIZ

BARON ZAMORO VADRIGAL

SORCERER AND SLORTAR CULTIST, AGE 33

Although now reaching middle age, he is still cursed with the arrogance of noble youth. More information on the Baron and the Cult of Slortar in Old Hrolmar can be found on page 25 of *Stormbringers*. **GUIDE TO OLD HROLMAR**

CHAOS 37, BALANCE 5, LAW 11
STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 11, INT 15, POW 18, DEX 09, APP 09

HIT POINTS: 12

ARMOUR: LEATHER AND RINGS (1D6)

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Brawl	65%	1D3+db
Demon Broadsword	85%	1D8+2D10+db

SPELLS: Brazier Of Power (4), Chaos Warp (4), Cloak Of Cran Liret (1-4), Compulsion (3), Hell's Armour (4), Ignorance From Slortar (3), Pox (1), Rat Vision (1), Slortar's Grasp (10), Summon Demon (1), Wisdom Of Slortar (3), Witch Sight (3).

SKILLS: Art (Dancing) 60%, Art (Torture) 80%, Art (Wine Appreciation) 70%, Bargain 60%, Disguise 45%, Dodge 60%, Evaluate 65%, Hide 50%, Insight 45%, Natural World 35%, Oratory 50%, Potions 36%, Scribe 47%, Young Kingdoms 40%.

ZAMORO'S LESSER DEMON BROADSWORD

A minor demon of the Ratchangett breed. An egg-sized uncut ruby adorns the sword's pommel.

POW 10, INT 03

ABILITIES: Demon Weapon, adds 2D10 Damage.

NEED: To be cleaned with lavender oil after it has spilled blood.

THYNTAR

GREATER DEMON, BREED UNKNOWN

Thyntar appears as a slightly larger than normal human, with glowing indigo eyes and shimmering, crystalline, opalescent skin. It has neither male nor female sexual characteristics. Its body is slender and sinuous, its voice low and seductive. When angered or alarmed a network of small cracks open in its skin, like cracks in the crust of hardening lava, through which a bright white light shines. At all times Thyntar is surrounded by the scent of rose petals. Its coming is heralded by this scent, and by the faint sound of trumpets.

STR 30, CON 34, SIZ 14, INT 21, POW 22, DEX 20, APP 22

HIT POINTS: 24 MOVE: RUN 9

ARMOUR: TOUGH, CARAPACE, 2D6

DAMAGE BONUS: 2D6

WEAPON	SKILL	DAMAGE
Claw	60%	1D8+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 100%, Art (Seduce) 95%, Insight 85%, Listen 70%, Million Spheres 90%, Oratory 95%, Search 80%

NEED: To eat a gemstone daily

ABILITIES:

- * *Drain Intellect:* Transfers 10 percentiles of certain skills to the demon (See **THE BRONZE GRIMOIRE**)
- * *Inflame Mood:* Unnaturally stimulates moods and emotions (see below)
- * *Knowledge:* Answers reference questions
- * *Seer:* Views past (1 year per MP)
- * *Teleport:* Teleport self and passenger (each trip costs demon 1 CON)

NEW DEMON ABILITY: INFLAME MOOD

This ability is most common among demons of Slortar. By expending 5 Magic Points the demon can inflame the mood and emotions of humans within a 20-yard radius. Under its influence, hunger turns to gluttony, irritation to insane anger and so forth. Targets must succeed a **POW vs POW** roll or be overcome by their moods and emotions and abandon all other actions save satisfying that emotion; the melancholy fall to uncontrollable weeping, the lustful tear off their clothes and seek a partner willing or otherwise, and the angry become furious (as if affected by the spell Fury).



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