

A Stitch in Time

A DUNGEONS & DRAGONS ADVENTURE FOR WARP CON 2007

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Introuction

Chronomancy

Chronomancy is the study of time magic. This is a dangerous field of study, with most of it's spells being very high level... though such spells as "Haste" and "slow" dabble in it.

Time is shattered

Time in this scenario has been shattered, and so chunks of time have been uprooted and displaced. A castle that was once thriving is now a crumbling ruin, apparently abandoned for centuries. A verdant forest is now farmland. Here the road is rude dirt rutted with wagon wheels... then for 100 feet it is 6 lanes of asphalt. People too have been displaced, and found themselves in a time not their own.

This phenomenon is spreading. Soon reality itself will cease to be as time will have no meaning. All will be now and all pasts presents and future will coexist. Obviously this is Not A Good Thing.

All this is the fault of a Chronomancer, a time wizard. Delving where man should not, he has shattered time in an attempt to undo the past. His beloved wife was slain by orks, and so this magician sought to stop this even before it even happened. He studied for long years in order to achieve this, decades after the event itself. In the tower that once belonged to his master, he created a great device, to manipulate the flows of time. Powering power into it he activated it.

To his horror he found that he could not undo the event that lead to his wife's death. So he tried again. And again. Each time he did so, time shattered all the more, in a web of fractures that spread outwards from his tower. If he is not stopped, he will destroy the world.

Here comes the twist: This rogue mage is none other than one of the PCs, Lergin. Lergin the PC is a young man who studied chronomancy for a while but has since abandoned it and plans to marry a local girl. In the future, she dies, and he spends the rest of his life working on a way to undo her death. When the PCs confront him, Lergin the NPC will be a withered old man (As well as a powerful magic user).

The Land

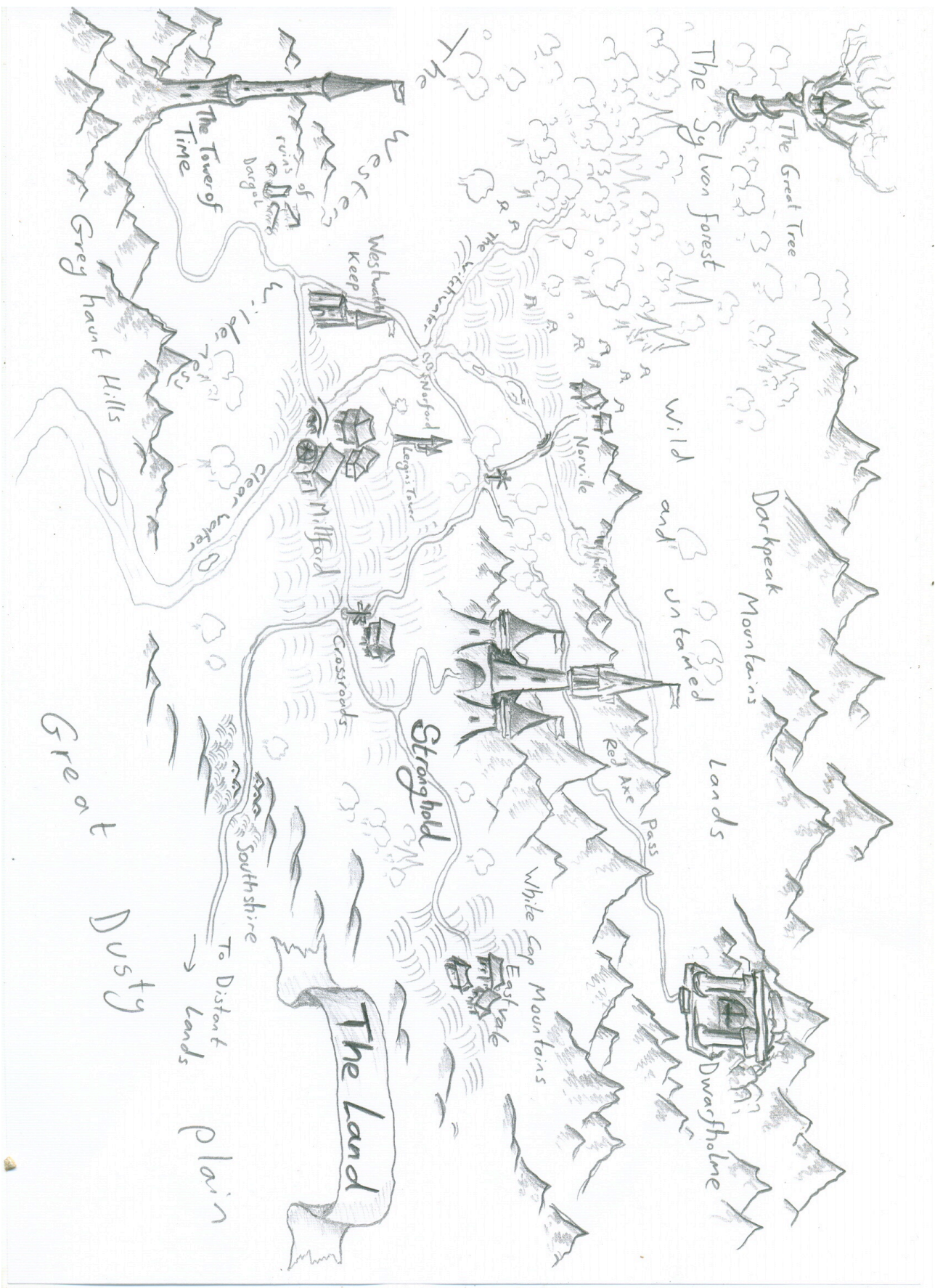
See map provided.

Other Times and other places

Not just the PCs, but various unsavoury elements will have been transplanted not just in time but in space (space... time... all connected... hey the planet rotates... don't look at me...)

Rough sequence of events

- The king has called for a quest to solve this terrible problem with time. One of the PCs, Lergin, thinks he knows who is behind it.
- PCs set out to find The Master of Time
- Encounter at crossroads: Crossroads is a much smaller town than expected, and the PCs are surprised to meet there The Master of Time... as a young man just beginning to dabble in magic. The town is under attack... by Dinosaurs! PCs must help defend the town.
- Encounter at Millford: Millford is burning! The town is as is during the present day, but orcs and goblins came over the river and raided the town. Caitlin has been captured.
- Encounter at westwatch keep: The once mighty keep is now a crumbling ruin! Not only that, but it is occupied by orcs and goblins. They have taken human prisoners and are planning on cooking them. Oh noes!
- Encounter at Dargol: What was once crumbling ruins is now a great city! It is a very Aztec looking city, with stepped zigarruts etc. The natives are aggressive and heavily armed with obsidian weapons, but if Angus or Penelope wave their firearms around, they will be treated as Gods. They will be brought to meet their fellow gods: The outlaw gang that Angus is tracking, living in luxury and opulence!
- Encounter at the Tower of Time: The tower is defended by clockwork automatons.



Lergin won't remember the clockwork automatons being there... they are of course advanced versions of Gears. Inside the tower will be the Machinery of the Time crystal, and the older Lergin of course.

Act One: The scale of the trouble

Scene One: The court of the king.

The king has charged the PCs with finding out why time has been shattered. The scenario will start in the hall of the king, in Stronghold keep, as he gives this announcement. He apologises to those who came here seeking answers, as he has no answers to give. Instead he asks that they go and seek the answers. The king charges the PCs with investigating every instance of this temporal warp they encounter, in the hope of uncovering its secrets. Lergin is attached to the quest as an arcane expert and as an expert in time magics. The king will offer each PC 2 potions of healing to aid them on their quest, as well as a map of the land (see map).

Scene Two: Crossroads

It takes about a day to travel to crossroads. The village of crossroads is little more than a coaching inn and some farms, but when the PCs arrive there is no coaching inn! Lergin or Karatha could tell them that the inn was built about 40 years ago.

The village has set up a barricade around it, as it has for the last few nights been the subject of attack... by Terrible Lizards! These are dinosaurs, of course, but probably only Penelope could identify them as such.

Of interest to Lergin will be: His old mentor! The Master of Time Gerdil, here as a young man just beginning to dabble in magic. Killing Gerdil BTW, will not stop the crisis.

The town is being menaced by a pack of 4 Deinonychus (think slightly larger Velociraptor). There will also be tracks of a Triceratops nearby, though it is harmless (unless attacked). The Deinos are cunning predators, fond of ambush. They can jump 60 feet.

Scene Three: Millford

About a day out from crossroads is the village of millford, overlooked by the tower of Lergil. The

village of Millford has been recently attacked by Goblins... and several prisoners taken... including Caitlin!

Act Two: Past and Future

Scene One: Westwatch keep

The goblins from act 1 scene 3 are holed up in Westwatch keep. The keep is long ruined... in fact, it was up until now underwater! It is surrounded by aquatic type terrain, and pools of salt water. Near the keep is the wreck of a pirate ship! They have made contact with the cultists from Dargol, and are planning on selling their newly acquired slaves to them.

These Goblins are sophisticated, being from about the renaissance era. They have muskets and rapiers, cutlasses etc. They are in fact, Pirate Goblins!

Scene Two: Dargol

As the PCs approach the "ruins" of Dargol, they will see a bustling city state! They will be met by soldiers from Dargol. They will be hostile, and will try to capture the PCs and bring them to their King. If the PCs resist with firearms, the soldiers will immediately fall before them and worship them. Then they will still insist on bringing them before their king... but far more politely.

Their King, and high priest however is not running the show... apparently in pride of place is none other than Edward Pickle, wanted outlaw! He and his gang are being worshipped as a pantheon of Gods.

Pickle will treat the PCs as honoured guests. At any time, he can snap his fingers and have the natives descend upon them. However, he is far more interested in waving his new found godhood in Angus's face. He will explain to Angus that he could have him killed... and maybe he will. He will goad Angus, saying that this is God's work, and god has seen fit to grant he and his this bounty.

Scene Three: Escape!

After a sumptuous feast, the Edward will denounce the PCs as false gods. They will be surrounded by angry natives and escorted to holding cells. Of course Edwards won't count on the PCs magic or other abilities to escape.

If the PCs hang around long enough, they will see Edwards Sacrificed... which is the role of Gods in this culture!

Act Three: The Tower of Time

Act One: Guards at the door

The doors to the Tower of Time are guarded by great armoured clockwork automatons, larger than a man. Lergin will never have seen them before, but they look very similar in operation to Gears, his own clockwork familiar!

Gears, BTW, will be able to pass unchallenged into the tower should Lergin send him. After all, Gears is still NPC Lergin's Familiar.

The guards will of course allow no admittance to the tower, and will try to stop anyone from entering.

Scene Two: Confrontation!

On gaining the tower, the PCs will be able to climb unchallenged to the top. As they do so, they can see from the bottom of the hollow tower that there is a huge machine, sparkling with raw power, occupying the top of the tower. It moves like a huge clockwork Orrary, with massive shards of lightning arcing all around it. They can carefully make their way past it on the stairs... it occupies about 10 stories worth of space.

At the top of the tower is a vast chamber, where Future Lergin is hard at work trying to unravel time so that his wife Caitlin is not killed. He has all sorts of magical defenses in place. There are four options the PCs have here:

1. Kill Future Lergin, thus stopping any further rips in time. Lergin will call on clockwork guards to defend him, as well as his own arsenal of magic.
2. Try to destroy the machine. This will take several rounds of attacking it, and Lergin will call on clockwork guards to stop them.
3. Try to reason with him. After all, Present Caitlin is alive... if Future Lergin undoes what he did, perhaps present Lergin can save her. This won't work... he's tried warning his past self.
4. Kill Present Lergin. This will work.

Scene Three: Aftermath

Once the problem is solved, it won't just immediately make everything as it was. People will start to notice things slowly fade. This will give the PCs time to say their good byes... or what have you. I'm thinking shimmery portals opening up in front of the past and future people... thus giving them the opportunity to stay in the "present" if they wish not to step through them. This gives Karatha the chance to make her choice about Eltheren.

Random Encounters

Random cool stuff to throw in while traveling.

Encounter One: Sands of War

The road disappears under desert sands, and the PCs can see a great bank of sand a mile or two across blocking their path. In the middle of it is a strange "house". This is actually a holed Iraqi tank. The crew of Iraqi Kobolds survived... they are angry and armed with AK-47s. They will mostly want to scare the PCs off... they might be Americans!

Encounter Two: Meltwater

The road disappears into the side of a huge block of melting ice! This ice has been transported from the Ice Age. A herd of woolly mammoths are trundling away from it, trampling farmers fields and eating their crops.

Encounter Three: Nuke the site from orbit.

The PCs discover huge fields of... glass. This is the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust. Eltheren will have heard of this in his people's most ancient tales... they call it burning glass, and it is cursed. It brings those that linger there sickness, and death.

NPC Stats

Deinonychus

Hits: 34

Init: +2

AC: 16

Attacks: Rake +6, 2D6+6

Or 2 claws +1 1D3+2 and bite +1 2D4+2

Pirate Goblins

Hits: 4
Init: +1
AC: 15
Attacks: Cutlass +1 1D4, or may attack once with pistol +3 2D4. Not all goblins will waste their pistol shots at once.

Officer:

Hits: 12
Init: +1
AC: 16
Attacks: Rapier +4 1D4+1, brace of pistols +6 2D4

Captain:

Hits: 24
Init: +4
AC: 18
Attack : Rapier +6 1D4+4, brace of pistols +8 2D4

Dargol Sodier

Hits: 5
Init: +0
AC: 16
Attacks: Spear +1 1D8

Officer

Hits: 15
Init: +1
AC: 18
Attacks: Obsidian club +3 1D8

Edward Pickle

Hits: 45
Init: +8
AC: 19
Attacks: Pistol +10 2D6
Note: Has point blank shot, precision shot, rapid shot.

The Gang

Hits: 10
Init: +2
AC: 12
Attacks: Pistol +2 2D6

Thrug the Ogre

Hits: 30
Init: -1
AC: 16
Attacks: Club +8 2D6+7 or Winchester +1 2D10

Clockwork Guard

Hits: 60
Init: -2
AC: 20
Attacks: +11/+6/+1 slam 1D8

Lergin the Master of Time

Lergin is a 10th lvl wizard.
Hits: 24
Init: +1
AC: 18 (with weird time dilation stuff)
Attack: Bah he won't be attacking.

Spells:

Magic missiles: 5D4+5!
Mirror image: 1D4+4

Tactics: He'll be busy fussing with his device, too busy to fight the PCs. He'll have a one round timestop thing to give him one round's grace to get mirror image working, then he'll be busy fracturing time while his guardians pwn the PCs. If the fight goes badly, he'll get all Emperor on their ass with his magic missiles. Remember: He can't kill his younger self!

Lergin the Chronomancer

5th level chaotic neutral transmuter

STR	10	+0	HP	17
DEX	12	+1	AC	15
CON	12	+1	Touch	15
INT	18	+4	Flat.	14
WIS	15	+2	Init.	1
CHA	11	+0		

Fortitude	1
Reflex	2
Will	5

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	2			
Staff	2	1D6	x2	
Dagger	2	1D4	19-20	

Skill	Bonus
Knowledge arcane	15
Knowledge history	12
Decipher script	12
Spellcraft	12
Concentration	9
Craft (clockworks)	8
Profession (scribe)	10

Feats

Combat casting
Spell focus: Transmutation
Greater spell focus: Transmutation
Skill focus: Knowledge arcana

Special Abilities

Spells.
Difficulty to resist Lergin's spells:
19 for normal spells
21 for Transmutation spells
Familiar: Clockwork automaton

Spells

Cantrips:
Mage Hand (T) x 2 (telekinesis up to 5lbs)
Daze (4HD creature loses next action)
Prestidigitation x 2 (minor tricks)

Level 1

Feather Fall (T) (fall slowly)
Sleep (4HD of creatures fall asleep)
Magic Missile x3 (3 missiles, 1D4+1 each)

Level 2

Alter Self (T) (another similar creature)
Mirror Image x 2 (creates 1D4 + 2 images)
Invisibility (invisible!)

Level 3

Slow (T) (Target loses 1 action, -2 ac, -2 to hit)
Haste (T) (5 creatures, +1 ac, to hit, reflex)
Blink (T) (5 rounds, appear and disappear)

Stuff

Quarterstaff, dagger
Black robes with gears and clock faces
Pocket watch of Temporal Displacement (gives +4 AC)
Gears, the clockwork automaton. This is a little fellow about the size and shape of an old fashioned alarm clock, that can sprout arms and legs (but not a head). He must be wound up every few hours. He has ticking gears and can communicate R2D2 like by ringing bells and striking chimes. He acts as a familiar.

The World

You live in the great human kingdom, premier power of the world, ruled by the good king Merter from his seat at Stronghold. Elves and Dwarves are the allies of the humans against such threats as orcs and trolls.

Your Story

You were apprenticed to the mighty Gerdil the Chronomancer for several years, where you began to learn the secrets of Time Magic. Your master grew increasingly erratic and unstable, and banished you from his tower, saying that Chronomancy was not an art that man was meant to know, warning of the dire consequences of its use, and repenting of all the secrets that he had uncovered.

Dispondant and disillusioned, you wandered the lands for a time in search of a new master, for you still thirsted for knowledge of magic. You began to study Chronomancy on your own, pouring through ancient and dusty texts in great libraries, but your progress was very slow. Eventually you settled down in a small tower of your own, studying more mundane magics, and enjoying a slower pace to life. You have caught the eye of a local lass, Caitlin the miller's daughter, and you soon plan to wed.

You have travelled to Stronghold to use their library to research a spell you've been working on in your spare time, planning on soon returning to your tower overlooking the village and to Caitlin. However, strange reports are flooding into the city, of whole towns vanishing and others appearing... and you can sense a great disturbance in time. Your veins run with ice water and dread... has your old master finally gone insane and worked magics so great as to shatter time itself?

Appearance

You are still a young man, and not unhandsome. Your skin is pale from many days spent indoors reading by candle light, and you have a slight hunch from many hours bent over a workbench, toiling on mechanical and clockwork devices. Though no longer on the path of chronomancy, you still wear the black robe of a time mage.

Personality

You thought the days of adventuring were behind you, but you can be grim and decisive when you want to be. If any evil was committed by your old master, you feel an obligation to fix it. Mostly you just want to get back to Caitlin, and make sure she is safe... you would move heaven and earth if she were in trouble.

Karatha Nightbreeze

5th level chaotic neutral rogue

STR	8	-1	HP	17
DEX	20	+5	AC	17
CON	10	+0	Touch	15
INT	18	+4	Flat.	12
WIS	14	+2	Init.	8
CHA	12	+1		

Fortitude	1
Reflex	9
Will	3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	2			
Short Sword	8	1D6-1	19-20	
Throwing knife	9	1D4-1	19-20	10

Skill	Bonus
Move Silently	15
Hide	15
Spot	12
Search	12
Disable device	10
Listen	10
Climb	7
Open lock	11
Sleight of hand	11
Bluff	7
Sense motive	8
Gather information	7
Diplomacy	7
Balance	9
Tumble	9
Knowledge: Poisons	12

Feats

Weapon Finesse (short sword)
Improved Initiative

Special Abilities

Sneak attack: +3D6

Stuff

Light leather armour
+1 magic throwing knives
Cloak of midnight: +2 to hide and move silently
Vials of deadly poisons
Ropes and grapples

The World

The time of the elves is over... now is the time of humanity. Though wars and skirmishes have been fought with the humans, elves and man have found that they have more in common with each other than they have differences. Man can be a powerful ally against threats to all peace loving peoples, such as orcs and trolls, and so the elves have established a permanent diplomatic mission at Stronghold, the seat of the human king.

Your story

You are part of the Elven embassy to the court of the human king. What exactly your official capacity is... is not

quite clear... some think you are the ambassador's daughter, some think an assistant... some even suspect you are a bodyguard. In fact you are a spy and an assassin.

You are a "wild elf", a nomadic people who live free amongst the trees, at one with nature. Or at least, that's how it was. For many years under the brutal king Eltheren, your people were persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, killed. It wasn't until that king was deposed in a bloody conflict that split the elven nation in half and speeded it's downfall from amongst the powers of the world that your people were made free once more, but a huge resentment still festers among the "civilized" elves... many blame your people for the loss of power and influence of the elven people.

The Ambassador however, is a good man who has shown you nothing but kindness. You have an unswerving loyalty to him and will do all that he bids.

Life in the court of the human king was fairly quiet up until quite recently... when reports came from far and wide that strange things were happening throughout the kingdom. Towns vanishing, new towns with strange folk appearing. Some of these strange folk have come to Stronghold seeking answers that the king does not have. To the great shock of both you and the Ambassador, one of these strangers was none other than Eltheren, the reviled king... but as a young elf only just come to manhood. It is clear that something to do with time is at the bottom of this. Whatever the cause, the ambassador has appointed you a task: Before he returns to his own time, Eltheren must Die. You must not reveal to him that you are a wild elf.

Appearance

Though you are a wild elf, you dress in the manner of "civilized" elves, as befits a delegate of the king's embassy. You are lithe and graceful with long dark hair, and would be considered a great beauty if you thought to reveal it.

Personality

You are the instrument of the Ambassador, and for a long time have had no will but his. Everything about you is a lie... from the way you carry yourself, slightly hunched and always to the shadows, to your quiet and unassuming voice, everything is dedicated to draw attention away from yourself, to go unnoticed, to be part of the scenery.

You look upon Eltheren, the man you must kill... and know you should hate him for what he did (will do?) to your people and the elven nation... and yet you cannot help but feel drawn to him, cannot help but be captivated in his fiery gaze. He is unlike any elf you ever met, more like the humans in his burning passion and intensity. Perhaps if the elven nation is not as great as it once was, it is for lack of men like this. For the first time you begin to question the orders of the ambassador... you do not know, when the time comes... whether you will act as ordered, or if you will stay your blade.

Prince Eltheren

5th level lawful neutral ranger

STR	14	+2	HP	27
DEX	19	+4	AC	17
CON	13	+1	Touch	14
INT	14	+2	Flat.	13
WIS	12	+1	Init.	4
CHA	18	+4		

Fortitude	5
Reflex	8
Will	2

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	7			
Bow	10	1D8+3	x3	110 ft
Longsword	8	1D8+3	19-20	

Skill	Bonus
Survival	9
Spot	9
Knowledge (nature)	10
Diplomacy	8
Hide	10
Move Silently	10
Search	8
Swim	8
Listen	7
Climb	8

Feats

Point blank shot (+1 if within 30 feet)
Precise shot (can shoot into melee)
Rapid shot (2 shots at –2 to each)

Special Abilities

Track (can read tracks)
Wild Empathy (calm animals etc)
Favoured enemy (+2 damage, etc, vrs humans and elves)
Endurance (long running etc)
Animal Companion (Silthus the owl)
“Speak with animals” x1 daily

Stuff

Cunningly crafted leather armour
Mighty bow of the elves: +1 to hit and damage.
Blade of the forest: +1 to hit and damage.
Hunting horn.
Cloak of forest hues.
Rich clothing, many jewels and gems and the trappings of wealth.

The World

For thousands of years, your people have ruled these lands, beneath the mighty boughs of the trees. Your father, the king, is hailed by all as a wise and benevolent ruler.

However, in recent times, strange folk have been seen at the edge of the forests, cutting down the trees and scarring the soil with iron blades drawn by oxen and horses... they call themselves humans.

Your story

You are the youngest son, and therefore will never inherit the throne. Your elder brothers have been groomed for rulership since the day they were born, but you have left mostly to your own devices. Hunting is a favourite pastime of yours, and it gets you out of the palace and into the lands.

You have become quite popular amongst the common people, a public face of the royal family not content to sit upon tower tops and gaze at the stars. Therefore you know of the grievances and the troubles of your people far more than your father or brothers. The wild elves, savage tribes that live on the edge of the forest, have been raiding villages and isolated communities. You have gone to your father for aid, and yet he does nothing, saying our kin does not slay our own... a commandment the wild elves obviously have not heard. You have also sought his aid in stemming the tide of humans eating away at the forest at an alarming rate... and again he does nothing.

You have taken it upon yourself therefore to act in their stead, stealthily sabotaging the efforts of the humans, and rallying the defense of villages against the wild elves. Some folk say that the king has grown soft in his old age, and that your brothers have grown soft in the ivory towers of the palace. Some have said, while deep in their cups, that it would have been better if you had been the first born and might inherit the throne... maybe then action would be taken.

While out tracking a band of wild elves, you saw a blinding flash of light... the mighty forest you were in changed to become but a small copse of trees, surrounded on all sides by the tidy stone walled farms of humans. At first you thought this a vision of things to come if your father did not give in to your pleas for action, but it seems all too real. You seem amazed at the sophistication of these humans, with their buildings of stone and cunning iron tools. You have travelled to a great castle to investigate this strange event, and to find your way home.

Appearance

Tall and graceful, with finely chiseled features, long flaxen hair and piercing blue eyes, the blood of elven kings flows thickly in your veins.

Personality

While your father and brothers are patient, cautious, and ever mindful of tradition... in you a fire blazes like the great kings of old, a passion that can burn up a man... or whole kingdoms. This passion is infectious, spreading to others that hear your fiery words, that see it burn in your eyes. You want to do what is right for your people, but you believe that you are the one to do it. Perhaps those that have been drawn to you as moths to a flame have spoken too long in your ear, for you are beginning to believe their own words about you.

Vergotrix

5th level chaotic good barbarian

STR	18	+4	HP	55
DEX	12	+1	AC	16
CON	18	+4	Touch	11
INT	8	-1	Flat.	15
WIS	8	-1	Init.	1
CHA	12	+1		

Fortitude	8
Reflex	2
Will	0

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	9			
Sword	11	2D6+7	19-20	
Bow	6	1D8+4	x3	110 ft

Skill	Bonus
Survival	7
Climb	10
Jump	10
Craft (Blacksmith)	7

Feats

Weapon focus: 2 handed sword
Power Attack
Cleave

Special Abilities

Fast movement.
Rage (+2 to hit, +3 damage, +2 will, +10 hp, -2 ac)
x2 daily.
Downing an opponent gives an additional attack,
once per round.

Stuff

Gharal'khor (heart of stone): A "+1" 2 handed sword
made by your father.
Armour that covers surprisingly little, plus a furry
loincloth, a wide belt, and stout boots.
Winged helm: +1 to Ac.

The World

The tribes of man are in ascendance, the old races
fading. With iron tools and weapons, with their great
courage and strength, the warriors of man are
triumphant over lesser foes such as orcs and
goblins. Though the strange and alien elves of the
forest have aided man against the bestial races, oft
times the two races have come to blows, as
humanity encroaches upon their territory.

Story

You are the son of a great and reknown smith, one
who guards a mighty secret... the secret of turning
iron into steel. Such a weapon does not bend or
grow dull like iron swords, and with cunning spells
can be made so as not to shatter upon the shields
of the enemy.

With your great sword Gharal'khor and your tall
winged helm, none can stand before the strength of
your arm of the fury of your gaze. You have fought
many battles with the bestial creatures of the
mountains, and have conquered all before you.

While hunting boar one morning, you became
separated from your companions. You chased the
boar into a ravine, and when you emerged the world
had changed. You saw many fields as though a
mighty multitude had settled the land, where before
all was open prairie. Great houses made of stone
were everywhere, and even the lowliest peasant
had iron tools and fat oxen. This was truly a land of
great riches.

You Travelled to the mightiest stone house of all, a
great fortress brooding on a hill before a mountain,
and there met the great king of this land. You
pledged your sword to him, for surely so great a
king is in need of mighty warriors.

Appearance

You are a giant of a man, with long blonde hair, a
beard, and rippling muscles. You wear little clothing
or armour.

Personality

Though you enjoy a good fight, you do not relish in
pain and bloodletting as some other men do. You
are a great hero, who protects the weak from those
that would seek to slay and enslave them. You are
distrustful of elven magics (though the magic of
steel is OK).

Sheriff Angus Clockspark

5th level lawful good dedicated hero

STR	13	+1	HP	37
DEX	16	+3	AC	19
CON	18	+4	Touch	19
INT	15	+2	Flat.	10
WIS	15	+2	Init.	3
CHA	9	-1		

Fortitude	7
Reflex	5
Will	5

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	4			
Winchester	6	2D10	x2	90 ft
Colt navy	6	2D6	x2	40 ft
Battle axe	4	1D10+1	x3	

Skill	Bonus
Sense motive	16
Spot	10
Listen	8
Survival	8
Knowledge (Theology)	10
Perform (sing)	3
Gamble	6
Knowledge (law)	9
Investigation	9

Feats

Personal firearms proficiency
Educated
Weapon focus (rifle)
Attentive

Special Abilities

Skill Emphasis: +3 to Sense motive
Faith: May add wisdom bonus to action dice
Action dice: 5 times, may add 1D6 + 2 to any roll
Empathy: +5 to interaction skills on a target studied for 1 minute

Stuff

Broad brimmed hat
Black leather duster
Shiny gold Sheriff's badge
Winchester 0.444 rifle (holds 6 shells)
Colt 0.357 revolver (holds 6 shells)
Gun belt (holster + 36 pistol shells)
12 rifle shells
Auto loader (for pistol)

The World

The year is 1870, the place: The American wild west. This is not our America of course, but an America populated by tribes of wild elves and

vicious ork clans, where Halfling homesteaders settle the new lands and dwarves rush to mine the new hills, in search of gold. Here a man might make his fortune, free of the constraints and the prejudices of the east.

Your story

Of course there are still those that would seek to take what is not rightfully theirs, who would seek power and influence but use might and bullying tactics to get it rather than honest toil. That's where you come in. You were once a soldier, from the distant dwarven halls of Georgia. You came out west after fighting in the great kinstrike, a war which your people lost.

You have been tracking a notorious villain, Edward Pickle and his gang of Ne'er do wells. At least you were, until you woke up one morning in the Last Chance Saloon and looked out your window to see that the desert had been replaced with verdant forest and distant snow capped mountains... the entire town of Tomb Stone had seemed to have been transported to some distant land.

You set off to find out why. You have ended up in a castle, like something out of the ancient stories. Here they have never heard of guns, but they do have magic... something some folk say the wild elves and orks have, but you never game much credit to until you saw it with your own eyes.

Appearance

You are tall for a Dwarf, with a hawk like nose and a fine moustache that falls in two great sweeps and gives your face a serious, even mournful impression. Your eyes are hard, and deeply shadowed beneath your dusty hat.

Personality

You are a stoic type, a Dwarf of few words, but what words you do say are said slowly and seriously considered. You have a rich "southern drawl", and a wide vocabulary that befits a Dwarf of your education. You are a deeply spiritual Dwarf... your papa was a preacher, and you studied for several years to be one yourself before the war broke out, and you put aside the bible for your axe and rifle. Though you walk a different path now, you still have an unshakeable faith, a trust that good will triumph over evil, and you are the instrument of good.

You are unswervingly polite, especially to women. Even with "enemies" however, there is no reason to get uncivil... something the war taught you. Also you have an uncanny ability to see into the hearts of men (and other humanoids), your gaze piercing all veils of lies and deception.

Penelope Goodloaf

5th level chaotic good charismatic hero

STR	9	-1	HP	17
DEX	19	+4	AC	17
CON	11	+0	Touch	17
INT	17	+3	Flat.	10
WIS	14	+2	Init.	4
CHA	19	+4		

Fortitude	3
Reflex	7
Will	3

Attack	Bonus	Dam.	Crit.	Range
Grapple	2			
Pistol	7	2D6	x2	30 ft
Stiletto	2	1D4-1	19-20	

Skill	Bonus
Bluff	14
Craft (writing)	13
Craft (photography)	13
Diplomacy	14
Disguise	14
Gather information	14
Knowledge (streetwise)	11
Move silently	8
Hide	8
Open locks	7

Feats

Personal firearms proficiency
Creative
Deceptive
Trustworthy

Special Abilities

Fast talk: +5 to any attempt to lie, cheat, confuse, etc.
Dazzle: Fascinate and bewitch with winsome smile and spurious logic. Roll +9, DC 15. Target must resist at DC 19.
Taunt: Confound with witty comeback, etc. Resist as for Dazzle.
Action Points: 5 times, add 1D6 to any 1D20 roll.

Stuff

Camera
10 reels of film
Lock pick kit
Browning high power 9mm automatic (magazine holds 17 rounds)
Handbag (with spare clip for the browning)
Cigarette case
Lighter
Stiletto

The World

The year is 1926, and the place is Chicago. Not a Chicago we would find familiar however... but one inhabited by Dwarven steel workers, Orkish bouncers, and wild elven tribesfolk who wander bewildered through the dark alleys of what was once their land. A decade ago, America had become involved in the Great War in

the old world, but had emerged stronger and with a booming economy. Cities like Chicago are the powerhouses of that economy, attracting folk from far and wide to taste from the font of this burgeoning wealth.

Your Story

You grew up amongst the quaint and peaceful farms and homesteads of New Hampshire, about as far from the hustle and bustle of Chicago as you can get. Here time has stood still and one could be forgiven for thinking they had wandered into the middle ages: your parents, respectable hobbits, live in a beautiful and much cherished hole... plough the land by horse, even ride into town on a pony and trap.

You however, felt stifled by this world. Staying there you could look forward to nothing but being some farmers fat housewife with a brood of mewling children playing amidst the chickens and ducks. Not for you! You want to see the world, find out what makes it tick! You left for Chicago and came to work for the Daily Globe. At first you worked as a typist and a secretary, but what you most wanted to be in all the world was a reporter. To write your own stories, to have everyone read your view on the world. So you turned freelance, selling your stories to anyone who would buy them, and having to work twice as hard to overcome the dual obstacles of being a woman in a job like this, and being perceived as some country hobbit just in off the train.

While investigating an illegal alcohol operation with possible mob connections, the impossible happened. There was a blinding flash of light... and while the surrounding woods and farms were the same, all the land beyond that was changed. All wilderness, woods, meadows, mountains. You decided to get out of the immediate area as the moonshiners you were spying on seemed most upset. Eventually you found some bit of civilization... farms and fields... which reminded you far too much of home. And looming over all was a great castle...

Appearance

Compared to most of your rustic and food loving kin, you seem thin, pale and wan, as city life never agrees with a hobbit no matter how hard she tries to deny it. You have tried your best to fit into this human world, wearing high heels to give you an extra few inches, waxing your normally furry feet, wearing human clothes. This does nothing however to dampen your cheery mood, and you have a winsome smile and a disarming twinkle in your eye.

Personality

Many are disarmed by your cheery nature, but they seriously underestimate this shrewd and canny hobbit. In your line of work honesty gets you nowhere, and you could win academy awards for your acting... not that there are many hobbits on the silver screen. You burn with a passion for The Story... at first this was a way of proving to yourself (and your family) that a hobbit can make it in the big city, but it's developed into a true calling. Despite your manipulative nature, deep down you have a big heart and a strong sense of justice.