

Volume 01 Issue 05 June 2009

This issue's theme has to do with tavern & drinks in Calabria.

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A word of warning: I'm not an editor. Authors are doing their best to keep their articles and story error free. But we do apology if we miss something. I want to thank Arlene Medder for some of editing works and Sean Fitzgerald for some of layout works :)

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Bite Mark FAQs

•What to we want to see in Bite Mark

Core Contents

- Ironclaw article (rule, NPC stat or background info)
- Jadeclaw article (rule, NPC stat or background info)
- Short fiction (can be IC, JC, UY, AI)
- Adventure (can be IC, JC, UY, AI)
- 4 - 8 illustrations

Optional Contents

- Mondeville (sp?) article (rule, NPC stat or background info)
- Usagi Yojimbo article (rule, NPC stat or background info)
- Albedo (rule, NPC stat or background info)
- Other setting

•How long does it need to be or do you want it to be?

It can be as long as you like. Generally, I reserve 6 - 8 pages (12 pt, 2 column) per article, unless it is an adventure, then we will try to squeeze it in. But if your page count is more than that, we can always break it down into sections to be printed in future issues.

•Can it also be in multiple parts?

Yes.

•Am I under a contract with you all?

No. You are the copyright owner of your article. Since BiteMark is a freezine, each author retains the ownership of their works. However, later on, if we want to use your articles in future Sanguine supplements, we will negotiate a contract per article.

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Schedule for Bite Mark 6

9/12/09 – Article submission
deadline

10/3/09 – Bite Mark 6 release
date

THE SLEEPING LADY

By Matt Trepal

THE STORY SO FAR:

After finding their prize within Triskellian's necropolis, the resurrectionists Bert (a Badger) and Tom (a Skunk) are nearly caught, along with their patron Rudolf (a Red Fox), by the cemetery's guards. If captured in the act of robbing a grave, death would be the only punishment. Knowing this, Rudolf directs his hirelings to a safe house near the necropolis, and then distracts the guards by dashing past them, allowing Bert and Tom to escape with the body they'd sought.

The two find the safe house and wait for Rudolf, fretting about whether he would return, and whether they might be tracked by the authorities. When their patron does arrive, at daybreak, he insists examining the body, a middle-aged she-Bear of imperious and statuesque appearance, in a thorough and, to Bert, disturbing manner.

Instead of paying the two grave-robbers Rudolf attempts to kill them, using some form of magic to inflict excruciating pain and torment, weaving a spell that tears at their spirits even as it leaves their bodies unharmed. He releases Tom, whether intentionally or not, and the Skunk manages to use a stout piece of firewood to attack and kill the wizard. This frees Bert, and as the two discuss the trouble they find themselves in, a woman's voice interrupts, noting that they've got even more trouble

PART THREE

As I turned to face the speaker, my mind raced to work out who it might be. A partner of Rudolf's? The Constabulary? Then that scent, that indescribable smell I'd caught all night, filled my nose and I knew *exactly* who'd spoke. A ball of ice grew in my guts, heavy and cold, as I stood from where I'd been slumped against the wall and turned towards the voice. As I knew she would be, the she-Bear stood in the



open doorway between the rooms, still draped in the tatters of her funerary gown, hands on her hips and such a look upon her face that the ice crept out from my guts and into my limbs. It weren't so much that it made me believe she'd do us violence, but that this was a woman who'd *ruled*, who expected to get what she wanted, who'd directed her full attention at me, and who fully

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expected me to fail whatever tests she'd put up to judge me.

"Beggin your pardon, ma'am," Tom managed to mutter. "We don't *need* us no more trouble."

That comment drew a quick smile to the lady's lips, though it didn't quite seem to reach her eyes. She stepped into the room and held her hand out towards Tom, palm up. We stared at her for a long moment, until I caught her mood darkening, and realized what she wanted. "Your cloak!" I told Tom. "Give her your cloak." He snapped out of his trance and whirled off his cloak, offering it to the Bear.

"So you aren't *completely* stupid," she said, looking down her snout at us. Her voice was silken and smooth, but forceful. Silk wrapped around a core of tempered steel.

"No, ma'am, we ain't. Leastwise, we don't aim to be." I didn't know how she could be up and around but she surely was, and I reckoned that anyone who could after being in a grave as old as hers weren't no-one to sass. "But truth be told, we're mighty surprised. On top of a lot of other things, tonight, we wasn't expecting to... meet you like this."

"You weren't?" She took the cloak and flung it artfully about her shoulders, altering it from the coarse cloak of a resurrectionist to the courtly mantel of a Mar-

quisse. She stood more than a head taller than either of us, so where Tom's cloak had fallen to his knees, it barely fell below her waist. As she fixed the clasp, she also fixed us both with her skewering gaze once again. "If you speak true, then just what purpose do you serve?"

"We was only getting paid to dig." Tom said pointed at Rudolf's body. "There's the one what was to do the paying."

She seemed to see the Fox for the first time, and entered the room to kneel beside the corpse. She rolled Rudolf onto his back, his head rocking hideously on his broken neck, but she paid no mind. She was most curious about his rings, one on each hand, and spent some time carefully inspecting them. "I recognize these sigils on his rings," she said, though whether to us or to herself I couldn't say. "He used them all wrong." She stood and faced us.

"You both look far too dingy and unkempt to be magickers of any sort," she told us. "Still and all, that can yet be a fine disguise. I must know what you know." For the second time that night, we was held by powers I can't rightly explain.

She put a hand before each of us, and sure there weren't no pain this time, but it were just as full a violation as what Rudolf had done to torture us. My whole mind was laid bare to her, and intense eyes read everything kept within it. As

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my memories was examined and noted they was also brought up before me.

...pulling weeds as a babe... rolling in the hay-loft with that scullery maid... hefting my pike in the mud and rain... biting on the wooden block as the Regimental surgeon carried out the sentence and pulled out one claw after the other... stumbling back from the reek coiling up from my first opened grave....

“You do not lie,” the Bear said to us as we was in the present once again. “You have no knowledge of any arcana, nor any desire to learn. As you say, you were only hired to dig, and were betrayed for all your work.

“You did well,” she told Tom. “Even if the Fox knew far less than he thought.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” Tom replied, touching his forehead in a sort of salute. “I guess. But, again begging your pardon, ain’t you supposed to be *dead*?”

“Oh, but I *am*,” she replied, like we was discussing the weather, or the layout of a garden she was planning. “I was dead for twenty years before I was trapped.”

“That can’t be!” I exclaimed. “That ain’t no way for real!” All my mam’s stories about tortured souls doomed to wander was filling my mind. The lady here didn’t seem to fit any of them, but the plain truth was we’d pulled this woman from a casket buried well in the earth less than six hours ago.

“It’s real, Bertholde,” she said. For a moment I were more surprised that she knew my name than anything, but then it struck me she must have pulled it out when she rummaged through my memories. “There is much you can do to counteract nature if you know how.” She turned back to look at Rudolf’s body.

“Neither of you are guilty of anything more than being deceived by a would-be warlock.” She stood regarding the body as a vermin-catcher regards the critters caught in his traps. “He’s paid for his trespasses, but I think he bears a debt to me.”

“Why would he want you dug up? Just who are you?”

“You’re a witch,” Tom suddenly declared. “Leastways, you *was*.”

The dead woman -- I took note that she didn’t breathe, except to speak -- gave us a look that wasn’t quite friendly but also didn’t carry nearly the fire nor the ice that it had earlier. “An excellent conjecture, Tomkin, although a practitioner of my skills and erudition would never bother tormenting rustics by suffocating crops and poisoning livestock. I am the Lady Tatiana Fronsgero, a sorceress, and I am a seeker of knowledge.”

“Is that how you ended up in that box? Seeking knowledge?” The fire blazed up

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in her gaze then, and the ice in my guts hardened as she stared me down.

Then it were gone. “In a manner of speaking,” she said with a shrug. “My family held substantial estates east of Triskellian, which I brought to the trading house of my husband’s family upon our marriage. We lived well, mostly in the New Town near Dunwasser College, but we also had a fine villa on my family lands.” She raised her chin and her imperious manners returned. “I was a member of the elite.

“My husband fathered no child by me. At first this bothered me greatly. For what reason would he not share my bed? Why marry me, then? In the beginning I thought I displeased him, then I thought he had other vices, but I ultimately realized that trade and commerce were his true loves, and I could hardly compete with them.” She paused. Was she calling up a memory of her husband? Or rather of how she’d felt when she realized that it were business, and not another lover, who’d replaced her? I didn’t dare to ask.

“But my embarrassing family history is of little importance now,” she continued.

“You desire to know how I came to be buried in that.... Was it an oaken casket?”

“Aye,” Tom said. “Bound with iron straps.”

“And the straps had a symbol stamped upon them? Yes, that would be the only way to hold me....

“In any event, I found my own substitutes. At first, it was a young clerk at Dunwasser, over flattered by the attention I gave him, and it was he who first took me to the College’s libraries. Soon we were spending the nights there, instead of in my chambers, and eventually I was spending the nights there alone. I learned what I could of every subject I came across, including how a person might move the world in ways it didn’t move on its own. When I’d learned all I could from the library, I searched elsewhere, and gained new knowledge on my own, based on that which I’d already found. It was during these searches that I met another seeker, one who’d been treading a path similar to my own, and who could offer me even more efficacious lore. Among this were secrets over life and, most importantly, death.”

“I’ve heard tales,” I muttered.

“The undead are not all shambling corpses, Bertholde,” Lady Tatiana said with a chuckle smooth as brandy but cutting as venom. “And you’ve been in graveyards enough that I should think you would never believe such stories.”

“I didn’t, until last night. Then I met you.” She laughed, then, a clear, ringing laugh that was beautiful in only the way

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that evil is beautiful, tempting even as you know that destruction would follow, and for the first time in my life I truly feared for my soul. I silently offered a prayer to both Helloise and S'allumer that I'd get through this with it whole.

"Well put," she said. "Well put.

"My husband's family revealed themselves as unimaginative dullards, scandalized both by my time at Dunwasser and by my later studies. I rarely put my knowledge into practice, but a library laden with alien books, antique folios, and the occasional proscribed grimoire terrified them so. They insisted that commerce and machines would determine the future, and the study of magic was not only embarrassing, but obsolete as well. They were economically progressive, I suppose, but the blockheads had no concept of how deep my knowledge ran or of what I was capable, if I so chose. When my husband died -- no doing of mine, despite my brother-in-law's claims -- they strove to oust me from their rolls. On the night their assassins finally succeeded, my own successes in conquering death were unveiled."

"How?" Tom asked. He leaned forward, as if to a master storyteller.

"Oh, he stabbed me five or six times. The poison alone would have sufficed, but he also managed to nick my heart." My stomach was flip-flopping at her story,

and though I hadn't eaten in hours I weren't sure I could keep down what I had left. "Quite fatal, for sure. I stitched the wounds back together myself after immobilizing my assailant.

"My villa in the countryside provided a welcome retreat, the better to attend to my own needs away from the meddling of my family. The attempted assassination of a family member -- for almost no one knew it actually succeeded -- dealt a grave blow to their reputations. They desperately searched for some greater revenge. I grew complacent, I admit, and nearly two decades after they'd succeeded in killing me, they perpetrated a perfidious scheme that imprisoned me in that casket. I'm sure the mage they engaged for the task plucked nearly all that remained of the family fortune. This was no simple scrying." She laughed again, and my soul trembled at the sound. I feared this were a woman who could make me do whatever she wanted.

"So that is why I was buried. As to why I was dug up, I'll have to ask your erstwhile friend."

"You can do that?" Tom's voice was small and fragile. The Lady filled me with a fear the likes of which I'd never felt before. I could smell it rising from me, but couldn't catch anything like it from Tom, just his familiar Skunk scent. Even his spray-smell was low. Whatever

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he felt at hearing the Lady could speak with the dead, it weren't fear.

"Oh, I can," Lady Tatiana said. "And I will."

Something in Tom's face caused the Lady to cock her head in thought. "But you don't need to be around for it," she said softly. "It's not something you probably want to watch."

"No," I snapped. "It *ain't*." Lady Tatiana fixed her vermin-catcher stare upon me once again, and I felt my knees buckle beneath it.

"Oh?" Her voice were more steel than silk, now. Then of a sudden she knelt again by the corpse and pulled Rudolf's purse free from his belt. It was the same green leather pouch he'd had back in the Old Town, and she chuckled as she read the gold script that wrapped its way around the bag. "He really only had half an idea about what he was getting involved in." She handed the pouch to Tom.

"Take this fool's money and clean and feed yourselves, then buy me an outfit suitable for action. Trousers, I should think, not a dress or skirt. When you return we will make our plans."

"You have lost your patron," Lady Tatiana told us as we left the two-room house. "But he was unfaithful to you. You have now gained a better one." There were so much unspoken in her

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parting words, assumptions about what we would do, and what we wouldn't. We made our way along the road with them echoing in my ears and as I was going along with Tom into the city, I didn't seem to be fighting them much. We'd had our lots thrown for us, in many ways, though Tom didn't seem to feel as troubled about it as me.

The house were only about a league from the North Gate of Triskellian. The weather had shifted from the night before, and a cold wind out of the north had blown away the clouds but promised an overnight frost. I bundled my coat tight and counted ourselves lucky that the gale was to our backs. Tom didn't think quite the same as me, as his cloak still rested around Lady Tatiana's shoulders, and he muttered to himself as he kept his tail raised to block the worst of the wind. I don't reckon it worked as well as my coat. The hike back weren't so rough, along the road, but the Constabulary were out in some force. We saw two large foot patrols, ducking behind a hedgerow and a silo to avoid these, but a pair of outriders came upon us from behind, out of a barnyard.

"Hold!" one of the riders called out as they saw us, causing me to nearly jump out of my hide. I could smell Tom's Skunk-scent rise quickly, then fall as he calmed himself. The rider who spoke, a

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Raccoon with a tattered ear, pushed his jennet ahead of us, while his partner, a scrawny Wolf, stayed to our rear. The Constables held their lances at the ready, and wide sabers rode at their hips.

“What are you two doing out on the road today?”

“We’re heading to the city, guv’ner,” I said. We’re just out to look for day-work. Ain’t we allowed on the road?”

The Raccoon sniffed us and turned his head in disgust after catching a whiff. I hoped neither he nor his partner didn’t have as sharp a nose as I did, as I could still catch some of the strange smell of the Lady, but even after a quick dip in a



roadside stream to clean off the worst of the filth our clothes were still fouled. The graveyard scent seemed to be hidden by the reek, though.

“The necropolis was violated last night,” the trooper told us. “The remains of a personage of some standing were taken, and we’re searching for the barbarians who would do such a desecration. The Don and the Pontiff can’t allow such deviance to continue.”

“Cor!” Tom exclaimed. “Why’d anyone do that?”

The trooper shrugged. “Ghouls. No decent purpose, for sure. We’re searching for a young, slim Fox in fancy clothes. If you see such a man, alert a Constable. That’s one of our grave-robbers.” We told him we would, he and his partner trotted off ahead of us, and they were soon out of sight.

“We need to take stock of our coin,” I told Tom as we approached the Gate.



“Better to know how much we got before we run out.”

“Aye,” the Skunk said, and opened the purse. His lone eye grew big and bright as he looked inside.

“What?” He poured the coins into my cupped paws, and I gulped in awe at all

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what tumbled out. After counting, it turned out that Rudolf's purse held nearly forty denarii, and five aureals as well. This were more money in one place than I'd seen in a long time, and more than Tom had ever seen.

We spent some of it getting ourselves and our clothes fully clean at a guest-house outside the city walls, and some more on breakfast. Munching on the bread and cheese we'd bought, we entered the New Town just before noontime, passing in seemingly unnoticed along with plenty of other travelers. Here, the Constabulary seemed much more keen on their regular gate-keeping duties than in searching out any grave-robbers, and they didn't twitch a whisker as we passed the gatehouse.

The North Gate is near the Market Square, and the Square was crowded this time of day, even in the bluster. Tom and I are used to losing ourselves in crowds, and we strolled about until I figured we weren't paid no mind. It weren't much trouble to find shops where we might get Lady Tatiana her new clothes, though it were much trickier to work out what to get, as we had no idea what would fit her. In the Old Town, you take what clothes you can get hold of and work to make them fit. In the New Town, the shopkeepers wanted measurements, and styles, and colors. Tom and I was both flummoxed, doing no better than using hand gestures to figure height and

waist and such, and we stayed simple. We left with a pair of brown leathern workman's trousers, a white linen blouse, a long green cloak, and a long belt. Along with some other necessities, it cost us twelve denarii, and we was back outside the walls by mid-day. We picked ourselves up some pot-stickers for the walk back, and some cold meat pies, cheese, some apples, and a clay jug of ale for later. I toted the food in a satchel over my shoulder, and Tom carried the Lady's clothes bundled into a parcel.

As we walked north from the city I brought up my fears to Tom. "We ain't got much room to move," I told him. He just shrugged and pulled at the meat on its skewer, narrow muzzle and small teeth working at his food.

"We don't know what we're getting into! Wizards, dead ladies, the Constabulary, and who knows what else! We don't know what Rudolf wanted Lady Tatiana for, or who he might be consorting with!"

"You think he's got partners?" Tom asked around a mouthful of pot-sticker. His brow creased in concern as he thought that over.

"He surely talked like he would take the prize to some others. D'you think he was really working alone?"

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Tom shrugged again. “The Lady will sort it out.” He were much too calm about this, for my taste.

“But she’s taking us along!” I protested, waving my empty skewers in consternation. “And the way she looked into our memories, she could probably *make* us do whatever she wanted us to!”

Tom tossed his bare sticks to the side of the road. “I don’t feel like she’s making me do naught.”

“Could we tell?”

Tom shrugged a third time and picked up his pace, walking ahead of me. “Then it don’t matter much one way or the other, do it?”

It were getting on to mid-afternoon when we returned to the house, and Lady Tatiana was sitting on the stool in the doorway between the rooms, facing the back room. She didn’t even turn when we entered. “Did you do it?” Tom asked as he handed her the parcel with her new clothes.

“I certainly did. I drew from young master Rudolf all that it was possible to draw from him.” Looking over her shoulder into the room, I could see that Rudolf’s corpse had been moved.

“Why’d you sit him in the corner?” I asked. She turned her head just far enough to catch me with one of her

large, green, long-lashed eyes. Her terrifying smile reappeared.

“I did no such thing,” she answered. “He sat *himself* there.”

The thought of what she’d just told me only made me want to scream, and I backed away a step.

She turned on her stool and accepted the parcel from Tom. “If you two will excuse me, I need to change.” We turned our backs, and as she dressed, Lady Tatiana described what Rudolf, however she’d gotten him to do it, had told her.

“Obviously, this fool was a fledgling sorcerer,” she told us.

“He’d taught himself some little bit of Necromancy, what common people such as yourselves would regard as Black Magic.” Her voice became disapproving. “This entire escapade was his attempt to become a member of a secret society in Triskellian that called itself the Society of the Golden Light, mostly a group of idle rich youths with money and free time far in excess of their good sense or restraint. They spend much of both engaging in scandalous acts around the city, and they dabble in Black Magic, which is what drew Rudolf to them.”

“There’s nobles involved?” Tom asked, though he didn’t sound or smell frightened. His tail twitched in what looked to me like excitement, even. The more I

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was hearing, though, the more I knew we was in well over our heads.

“Third and fourth sons, mostly,” Lady Tatiana replied. “Those who sprawl too far down the family lineage to inherit much besides the name. Useless extra daughters and such. They drift into Triskellian from the other Demesnes, find each other, and drink and fornicate and fight. These sorts of wastrels cavorted in this manner when I was alive, and more will continue to do so long after you both are dead. It appears to be one of the great universal truths. You may turn around, gentlemen.”

As we did, she strode through the doorway into the front room. We had guessed her size well, and she appeared to me as a forest warden hunting poachers. I reckon that it wouldn't matter how the Lady were dressed, she would have an air of command, as even in her ruined gown she'd appeared as the proud mistress of a forgotten manor.

“This Society is headed by a third-son Av-oirdupois lordling named Virgile du Paturage,” Lady Tatiana commented. “He listened to Rudolf, made him grovel for an opportunity to join his club, then told him my august personage was the price of admission. The Fox was so excited he didn't even think to consider inquiring as to what use it would be put. All he did know was that he was competing against

another hopeful, someone named Cherenlev.”

“He'd said that name in the necropolis,” Tom told her. “He said he'd beat this Cherenlev, and that the Society would have to admit him, now.”

“Did he? Well, Cherenlev should thank S'allumer, Septagus, and his Birth Star that Rudolf won this particularly ridiculous race. This Society of the Golden Light hasn't the least inkling of what they've brought upon themselves.”

I'd heard more than enough, and had to speak my piece. “With all due respect, m'lady, what you're talking about ain't something I got much interest in.” She stared at me through half-lidded eyes, and my fur bristled and my tail twitched, even though it weren't the fire and ice she'd shown before. This was much more thoughtful, like.

“No?” She jerked her thumb at Rudolf's body. “You have been used and betrayed by this man and his cohorts,” she said.

“Perhaps even more than me. Do you not feel like taking some revenge upon them?” Her smile, like her laugh, was beautiful and terrifying, mesmerizing and tempting in what it promised.

“I do,” Tom said, fierce and hot. “I reckon I like the idea of paying them back in the same coin they tried to pass on to us.” Lady Tatiana smiled at him in a way

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that was both affectionate and calculating, and appalled me.

“Follow my advice,” she told him, “and you’ll be able to do that and more.”

“Revenge is a dangerous path,” I said. “It don’t always lead you where you reckon it will.”

“I know what came out at the court-martial, Bert,” the Lady said. “But would you really prefer to let this all go?” I shrugged, turning away so neither she nor Tom could see my embarrassment. While I hadn’t been thinking of revenge, I wasn’t sure I could stand against her much longer.

“You got a sort of power more than anything I ever seen or felt,” I muttered. “You looked through our memories. You did... that.” I waved at Rudolf’s corpse, still propped in the corner. “You could likely make us go along with you whatever we *really* wanted. You might even make us think it were our idea.”

“Ah, Bertholde,” she said softly, almost a whisper. “I could do all you say and more, but I have not. Nor will I. If I’d ever wanted power over others, I would have seized it long before now.”

“I don’t feel like I got much choice in this.”

“Of course you have choices! They may be circumscribed, but they are there! You might have chosen to hide in the city

rather than return here to me. Yet you did not, and why not?”

I didn’t answer, staring at the floor instead.

“Cause any other choice we got may lead to worse places,” Tom spoke for me.

“We’re being hunted by the Constabulary, and maybe by powers stronger than that. You give us the best chance of getting out of this with our pelts whole, Lady Tatiana.”

The Lady opened the house’s door, and there weren’t no question about where she was heading, and that she didn’t expect to travel alone. Tom stepped out behind her, and I felt the last of my resistance crumbling. For all her talk of choices I couldn’t see that any of them were real. Tom had struck true, though, and I couldn’t stand up to her no longer. With a sigh, I followed my partner out into the blustery afternoon. “Don’t worry, Bertholde,” she said with a smile I was learning to hate. “This Society is no threat to *me*, and I protect *you*. You are perfectly safe.”

If that were true, it sure didn’t feel so at the time.

“A third verse was attached to that amateurish rhyme of Rudolf’s,” the Lady told us as we walked south. Tom had regained his cloak, and all three of us was wrapped against the wind and cold. “He

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believed that if he'd recited it you might have sniffed out his purpose and balked at completing the job.

“Under the sign no goodly man to know,
Under the rough-hewn bloody pillow-stone,
Here the deathless lady lies.”

“There were a red stone set in the ground over your casket,” I said. “With the same sign as was on the iron bands.” I showed her Rudolf's purse. “In a script like this.”

“Yes, I suspected as much. The final component of a complex enchantment, including the oaken casket and the iron bands.” She didn't explain any further, and we didn't ask.

She held out an sinister, oddly-styled dagger, with more of that strange script etched into the blade and the tooled leather of the hilt. “The Fox had this tucked into his belt,” she explained. Tom took it from her without a word, and it disappeared into the folds of his cloak.

“Bertholde, you may not want to carry that purse any longer. It's not made out of dray-leather, and you would hardly like to hear the story it might tell. Not that it lived long enough to learn to speak.”

I left the empty purse there on the road. The nightmares what came from thinking about how it had been made weren't so easily dropped, though.

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THE Great Milk Debate

A Source Is Found

(with thanks to the American Wildlife Refuge of Rolesville, NC)

By Arlene Medder

For some time, players and game hosts have debated and wondered about the source of milk. Do the caprine, equine and bovine races sell their milk like humans used to sell their hair? Is there some vegetable source? Both are possible, but there is another alternative. First of all though, why do we want milk in our game?

There are two common types of milk substitutes; grain and plant¹. One example of plant milk, almond milk, was common in the kitchens of real life medieval cooks.

So it is possible to have cuisine without animal milk but having milk does make dishes like cheese, curds, and butter possible. In addition, it is a marvelously

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complete source of nutrition in and of itself. Butter and cheese both take longer to spoil than milk; for example coconut milk spoils very quickly unless kept cool. Plus, cheese is a very portable and durable food.

What is milk? It is water, protein, fat, sugar, and minerals. Cheese relies on an important protein called casein, which is not found in the plant and grain milks.

We either need to invent a new plant, one that does have casein or find an animal source. Since the primary purpose for casein proteins in milk is to provide more nutrition for young animals, an animal source would be preferred. I suggest bird or, as seen in Jadeclaw, feathered dinosaurs.

Birds preen themselves, spreading oil over their feathers to provide protection from dirt and water. That oil comes from a gland, the uropygial gland, at the base of the bird's tail. With that minor facet of bird biology, and with a little tweaking, that oil can become a milk substitute.

The oil does come from a nipple-like nub, so one tweak is to have a species of ar-

chaeopteryx²-like, or any theropoda³-type, species that actually feeds its young from that gland. Since animals like platypus already feed their young that way, it is not even that much of a tweak.⁴ As a side note, an aquatic species would be best as they usually have the most developed glands.



Another bit of tweaking would be the oil's chemistry, to better fit milk's niche. The oil needs to have casein, the key protein for cheese, and short chain fatty acids, to make butter.

Frankly, most gamers are not interested enough in

the details of a milk source to enquire about the chemistry; most of us are just happy to have a source. However, for those who are interested, this option provides an answer that does not cause more social questions than it answers.

1- some plant and grain sources for milk substitutes include almonds, barley, cashews, coconut, hazelnuts, hemp, lupins, oats, peanuts,

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peas, quinoa, rice, sesame, soy, and sunflowers.

2 – first bird, the feathered dinosaur, commonly considered the link between dinosaurs and birds

3 – any feathered dinosaur species

4- yes, I know that platypus is a monotreme not a bird or feathered dinosaur; work with me here.

完

Tai Shan's:

Guide to Calabria-Three Spears Inn

By Michael J. Simmons

Near the North gate of the Great city of Triskellian sits probably one of the most expensive inns in all of the city, The Three Spears. While its prices are high (some say too high) it is well worth the cost. It is here that the nouveau riche and the nobility (or extremely wealthy) come to relax and play. This is the only Inn with indoor plumbing and indoor baths in all of Triskellian.

The Inn is run by a Lioness named Shelia Corleon. She runs the Three Spears with an eye for profit. Shelia is average size for her kind. Her main duty is to the Inn itself and staying profitable. Part of that is maintaining the status of being the only Inn with indoor plumbing and working indoor baths. This was done during her Grandfather's time, when he struck a deal with one of the "Masters of

the Baths" and the Three Spears had grown some to include the second building which was a Bathhouse. The Inn underwent construction to add some more rooms and reconfigure the baths to more personal use.

Since then The Three Spears has maintained its monopoly with the Baths. By dint of hook or crook; as the Corleon family has used its influence to keep other inns from achieving their own baths. There has been rumors as of late of other prosperous Inns now trying to get the local Artificers to set up runs from the Aqueducts to their establishments. But this has been met with delays in either Artificers not wanting to take the jobs or if they do mysterious accidents occurring that stop the work. Ru-

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mor abounds as to how or why these accidents occur from the outlandish that it is a curse from the original builders on the Aqueducts themselves to not be remodeled. To even the darker rumors that there are forces at work in the City who do not want any work done on the Aqueducts themselves, whether this is related to the mysterious thieves guild who (rumor says) uses the 'ducts as a way to move goods or the Corleon family trying to hold their monopoly.

The local Constabulary is well aware of some of what is going on, but has not brought any of its power to bear on the matter. The Guilds themselves are watching the current run of power, as are some of the more prominent

citizens. The current contender in trying to get a working bath in their establishment is Razamon Art, a Bear who runs an inn called The Golden Sun. Razamon has seen the kind of profit a house bath can bring and wants to cash in on the idea. However, between work delays, such as

accidents, and workers being scared off he cannot get the job done and it is costing him money which is slowly bleeding his Inn dry.

The Three Spears Inn.

It is a multi-level structure near the North gate of Triskellian. It is comprised of two stone buildings made out of the multi hued stones from the nearby stone quarry's. The Inn stands approximately three stories tall and houses multiple rooms for guests to stay in. Each of these rooms is a small suite in and of it-

self, large enough to house actual beds and not straw mats. Also each room has its own bath and plumbing facilities making the Three Spears Inn the envy of City.

The main common room of the inn is spacious for such an

establishment. On the perimeter of the common room are alcoves where in each is a table/booth set up also there are curtains that can be drawn around each separate table to allow for a private setting. The alcoves also hold a separate

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**COST OF DRINK, FOOD
AND LODGING:**

- Drink- Beer/Wine: 4 to 6 denarii
- Food- Grub to Dining : 2 to 6 denarii
- Lodging- No common/ bunk room sleeping.
- Private Rooms (up to three (3)): 12 denarii
- Private Room w/ bath: 1 aureal.
- Private Alcove/Room: 6 denarii per candle mark used. (for private meetings)

(Continued from page 17)

function which allows Ms. Corlion to hold her place in society. In each alcove is a booth, the booths are made out of what seems to be solid oak. Each booth though has a grill like lattice work which acts as a private listening device. The lattice is set up to funnel any noise from the booth to the basement where there sits a special room, in this room there are small cups attached to each booth either Ms. Corleon or Mrs. Cherise Dulouke or any of her daughters are able to listen in to whatever conversation is going on at that specific table. Listening Trap (Soft- difficulty 2d12) [pg 144] IC*, to detect this requires a Spot test (2d12) [pg 150]IC*. Each alcove is set with cork in the walls except at the paintings and also a Heavy curtain to draw around the alcove to ensure privacy. The main floor is set up to allow for a large number of tables to be laid out for casual dining or holding meetings against the North-West wall and caddy cornered into it is a modest sized stage for performers to sign or play and also for occasional meetings.

The bar is set against the west wall and runs almost the full length of the wall. The barkeeper, one D'mas (a monkey type), mans the counter through the evening times while his apprentices man it during the day. D'mas and his crew were hired on by Shelia because they dazzled her with their bizarre style of mixing drinks which they make into a

show with wild demonstrations of juggling and acrobatics as they mix and make the drinks for the patrons of the bar. D'mas and his crew have been offered many offers by some of the noble lords of Triskellian but they have declined the offers seeming to like the set up they have with Shelia.

The bar and its counter space are set in a manner that will allow two of the four monkeys to work behind there at any time. The only access to behind the bar, other than being tossed over the counter itself, is by a set of stairs which lead down into the wine cellar style basement where the liquor is kept and stored. The wall behind the bar is also lined with shelves of liquor along with glasses and other implements, in case of a brawl a partition can be brought down over the bottles and glasses to prevent them from being broken or stolen. Not that such a thing has happened as of yet.

The Kitchen lies behind the North wall and is accessed through a set of swinging doors where a steady stream of good and wholesome smells of food issue forth, various appetizing meals come from the kitchen, from plain fare to food fit to be served to a King (should one ever grace Calabria). The cost of drinking, dining and staying at The Three Spears Inn is exorbitant to say the least (listed here is the basic costs).

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The kitchen staff is comprised of a head cook and her eight (8) daughters all which are rabbits. She and her brood came to Triskellian one day through the North Gate and she went directly to the Three Spears Inn to negotiate with the Ms. Corleon and was hired right on the spot. No one knows what happened or why as the Inn still had a proper kitchen staff but to a person they were all let go and the Rabbit and her Daughters were hired as cook, cooks helpers and serving girls; among other services..

The stalls are kept in good order by the Inn's Ostler, Joral, a Coyote type whom Ms. Corlion picked up some time ago. He is usually very quiet and competent with the drays and other beasts that are kept at the Three Spears Inn.

The stables are large enough to accommodate several dozen beasts of burden comfortably. Joral usually has several assistants, who come and go, as no one stays around for long. Part of the stables is an exercise ring where he runs the beasts for a bit to exercise them should it be needed.

Most of the Inn's staff lives in housing that is away from the inn proper.

Though the girls have a room for changing outfits and the like, should they stay the night with a customer. Only three members of the Inn staff stay at the Inn; that is Shelia, Joral and Cherise; as they hold the three most important positions of the inn itself. D'mas and his crew reside in a small house about a block away, along with the Rabbit's daughters. The rooms for Shelia and Cherise are on the top most level of the inn and next door to one another. Whereas Joral's room is out in the stables.

The staff does gather for a communal breakfast and lunch, but Dinner is usually a busy time so it is a hit or miss affair. For the most part the staff of the Three Spears Inn gets along with one another without too many issues, as they all are loyal to Shelia Corleon and specifically to the Inn itself. Shelia has started to conduct interviews for Bouncers. While she feels that they are unnecessary, she is being encouraged by Cherise that it would be a wise precaution given the fame of the Inn that some folks may wish to sabotage the inn or harm any of the staff.

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Correspondence to His Imperial

Majesty:

To his most illustrious Majesty the Jade Emperor, Jewel of the Zhongguo, and voice of the Heavens. I, your humble servant Tai Shan, hereby my own hand chronicle what I hope will be the first of many things that I see in this strange and new world called by its inhabitants Calabria. These people are truly Barbarians their culture is unlike anything I have seen. Take the Inn in which I stayed in, it amazes me that they spend so much money on such immaterial things. I thought that the spying on my conversations with various folks who come to the Inn to be a bit much. So I always made sure that the individual listening in, was comfortable, they usually fell asleep. I must say they found me to be something of an oddity as they had never truly seen a Dragon before or so I am led to believe.

Truly these people are a wonder, I think while I stay here in this City of Triskellian my next correspondence will be on their Great School of Learning called Dunwasser College. It is hoped that you find this lowly servant's information beneficial to you, though I consider these people to be Barbarians I think their Island would become a beneficial asset to the Five Kingdoms.

Yours

Tai Shan

Scribe of the Noble House of Tai.

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NPC Stats

Shelia Corleon,

Race-Cat[Lion](d12), Stats: Body- d6, Speed- d4, Mind-d8, Will-d8, Career- Innkeeper (d10)* / Bawd (d6) {*Innkeeper is a class I created as there seemed to be no real equivalent that I could find}, Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pts), Night Vision (1pts), Teeth (1pt). Personal Gifts- Extra Trait (7pts) [Bawd/d6], Guild Membership(3pts) (Innkeepers Guild). Flaws- Duty (Three Spears Inn) [-3], Rivalry (Other Innkeepers) [-2], Curious [-3], Agnostic [-1] and Stubborn [-1]. Skills: Racial- Flight (d12), Night Speech (d12). Career & Personal- Innkeeper (*) Area Knowledge [Triskellian] (d10), Hagglng (d10/d8), Observation (d10/d6), Streetwise (d10/d6/d6) {Bawd} Bribery (d6), Carousing (d6), Fast Talk (d6/d8). Initiative: d4&d8, Resolve:d8. Height- 12hands (48”), Size/Weight- 6 stones (80lbs) , Dash- 4 paces, Stride- 1pace, Lift Bonus +2, Strength Dice- d6. Soak- d6. Max Encum: -6. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Burgundy Brown, Eyes: Emerald green, She wears a bodice of deep green the Bodice and several others like it are cut low on her back, she also wears a Skirt to finish her wardrobe. She barefoot most of the time]

Razamon Art,

Race-Bear(d10), Stats: Body- D8 , Speed- d4, Mind- d8, Will-d6, Career- Innkeeper (d12)* {*Innkeeper is a class I created as there seemed to be no real equivalent that I could find}, Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws

(1pt), Strength +2 (5pts), Teeth (1pt). Personal Gifts-Guild Membership (3pt) . Flaws- Rival: (Shelia Corlion) Common -2, Duty: (Golden Sun Inn) -3, Proud (-3pts), Coarse (-2) . Skills: Racial- Climbing (d10), Fishing (d10), Wrestling (d10). Career & Personal- Area Knowledge [Triskellian] (d12), Hagglng (d12), Observation (d12), Streetwise (d12), Sword (d8), Bribery (d12), Language [Magniloquentia] (d6), Trade {Brewing} (d8). Initiative: d4 & d8, Resolve: d6. Height- 15hands (1.5 meters), Size/Weight- 9stones (56kg), Dash- 4 paces, Stride-1 pace, Lift Bonus +5, Strength Dice- d12. Soak- D8. Max Encum: -12. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Black, Eyes: Storm Grey, He wears a Peasant smock with trousers both of Neutral colors, also wears slippers.]

D'mas,

Race-Monkey(d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d10, Mind-d6, Will-d4, Career- Laborer [Barkeep (d12)], Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Prehensile Feet (1pt)/ Prehensile tail (1pt). Personal Gifts- Extra Trait (Dexterity) 7pts, Extra move (1pt),Multi dexterity (1pt), Keen Eyes (1pt) . Flaws- Corpulent (-3pts), Rivalry (Common:-3pts), Lustful (-3pts), Pacifist (-1pt) . Skills: Racial- Acrobatics (d8), Climbing (d8), Contortionist (d8), Wrestling (d8). Career & Personal- Trade [Drink Mixing](d12), Brawling (d12), Carousing (d12), Hiking (d12), Observation (d8), Thrown Sword (d8), Psychology (d8), Crossbow (d6), Ciphering [Mathematics] (d6), Acting (d6), Area Knowledge (Wildenlands) (d12) . Initiative: d10/d6, Resolve: d4 . Height-14 hands ,

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Size/Weight- 11 stone/ 70kg, Dash- 11 paces, Stride- 2 3/4space, Lift Bonus: +4 , Strength Dice- d10 . Soak- d10 . Max Encum: -10. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Russet Brown Eyes: Forest Green. D'mas is a monkey of ample frame and girth, he wears a peasants smock that is kept clean along with an Apron and pants. He and his apprentices are always barefoot.]

(Apprentices) Kris,

Race-Monkey(d8), Stats: Body- d6, Speed- d12, Mind-d10, Will-d4, Career- Laborer (d8) , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Prehensile feet (1pt), Prehensile tail (1pt). Personal Gifts- Extra Trait (Dexterity (d4) 3pts, Extra move (1pt), Multi Dexterity (1pnt), Extra Trait [Boldness] (d4) . Flaws- Poor hearing (-2pts), Busy Hands (-4pts), Garrulous (-1pt), Overconfident (-3pts) . Skills: Racial- Acrobatics (d8), Climbing (d8), Contortionist (d8), Wrestling (d8), Career & Personal- Brawling (d8), Carousing (d8), Hiking (d8), Trade skill- Bartender (d8), Initiative: d12/d4 , Resolve: d4 . Height- 12hands , Size/Weight- 6stones , Dash- 13 paces, Stride- 3 1/4pace, Lift Bonus:2, Strength Dice- d6. Soak- d6. Max Encum: -6 . Appearance- Hair/Fur: Deep brown, Eyes: Sky Blue. Wears multi-colored shirts and pants, no apron.]

Levan,

Race -Monkey (d12), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, -Will-d4, Career- Laborer (d10) , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Prehensile feet (1pt), Prehensile tail (1pt). Personal Gifts- Multi Dexterity (1pts), Extra Trait

(3pts) [Dexterity-d4], Extra Move (4pts). Flaws- Curious (-3pts), Capricious (-3 pts), Naive (-1pts), Soft Hearted (-3pts). Skills: Racial- Acrobatics (d12), Climbing (d12), Contortionist (d12), Wrestling (d12) Career & Personal- Bartender (d10), Brawling(d10), Carousing (d10), Hiking (d10) . Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d6 . Height- 14hands , Size/Weight- 8 stones , Dash- 11paces, Stride- 2 3/4 pace, Lift Bonus: 3 , Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8 . Max Encum: -8 . Appearance- Hair/Fur: Light brown , Eyes: Yellow. Wears loose and baggy clothes, colors are faded on both shirts and pants]

Astec,

Race-Monkey (d12), Stats: Body- d4, Speed- d6, Mind-d8, Will-d8, Career- Laborer (d10), Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Prehensile feet (1pt), Prehensile tail (1pt). Personal Gifts- Extra Trait (3pts) [Dexterity-d4], Extra Trait (3pts) [Magic Resistance-d4], Multi Dexterity (1pnt), Extra Move (1pnt). Flaws- Frail (-2pts), Weak (-2pts), Coarse (-2pts), Greedy (-3pts), Gregarious (-1pnt). Skills: Racial- Acrobatics (d12), Climbing (d12), Contortionist (d12), Wrestling (d12) Career & Personal- Barkeep (d10), Brawling (d10), Carousing (d10), Hiking (10). Initiative: d6 / d8, Resolve: d8. Height- 9 hands, Size/Weight- 2 stones, Dash- 6 paces, Stride- 1 1/2pace, Lift Bonus: 1, Strength Dice-d4. Soak- d4. Max Encum: -4. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Russet Brown, Eyes: Green. Wears clothing that is ill fitting in shape.]

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Cherise Duloutte

Race-Rabbit (d12), Stats: Body- d6, Speed- d4, Mind-d8, Will-d8, Career- Servant [Cook] (d10), Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) Personal Gifts- Extra Trait {Charisma} (d6) [7pts], Keen Nose (1pt), Robust (2pts) {+1 lvl soak.} . Flaws- Corpulent (-2pts)[2 stones Encumbrance added), Duty (-3) [Health and Welfare of Daughters], Proud (-3), Stubborn (-1), Foe (-1)[Former Manor Lord] . Skills: Racial- Digging (d12), Herbalism (d12), Jumping (d12), Stealth (d12). Careers & Personal: Etiquette (d10), Fast-Talk (d10), Lore: Heraldry (d10), Trade [Cooking] (d10), Medicine (d6), Street-wise (d8), Psychology(d8), First Aid (d8), Intimidation (d8), Leadership (d10). Initiative: d4/d8, Resolve: d8. Height- 12hands (48”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 2 paces, Stride- 1/2pace, Lift Bonus: 2, Strength Dice- d6, Soak- d6. Max Encum: -6. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Golden, Eyes: Ice Blue. The Matron of the Dulouke family she watches over her daughters and makes sure that not only does food go out and money come backs in. But that her daughters keep the customers entertained in most manners. She is also the one who will approve or disapprove of customers who wish for some 'companionship' for the night.]

(Daughters)

Clari ,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 (Servant), Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- None.

Flaws- Buzyhands, Skills: Racial- Digging (d8),Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8) Career- Etiquette (d8),Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), Pickpocket (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14hands (56”) , Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus-3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Hazel. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Denise,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8 , Career-d8 (Servant), Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- None. Flaws- Lustful. Skills: Racial- Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8), Career- Etiquette (d8), Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), First Aid (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14hands (56”) , Size/ Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8 . Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Orange. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Regina,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- Servant (d8), Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- None. Flaws- . Skills: Racial- Digging, Herbalism,

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Jumping, Stealth Career- Etiquette (d8), Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), Medicine (d8) . Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14hands (56”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs) , Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Blue. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Michelle ,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- . Flaws- . Skills: Racial-Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8). Career- Etiquette (d8), Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), Contortionist (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8 . Height- 14 hands (56”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Yellow-Green. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Stephi ,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- . Flaws- . Skills: Racial-Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8).Career- Etiquette (d8), Holdout (d8), Language (Be'rla Fe'ini) (d8)/ (Magniloquentia (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14 hands (56”) , Size/

Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d . Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Sea foam green. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Janice ,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- . Flaws- . Skills: Racial-Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8). Career- Etiquette (d8), Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), Observation (d8). Initiative: d8/d6 , Resolve: d8. Height- 14hands (56”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8 . Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8 . Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Deep Brown. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Rachel,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- . Flaws- . Skills: Racial-Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8). Career- Etiquette (d8), Fast Talk (d8), Seduction (d8), Pickpocket (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14 hands (56”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a

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(Continued from page 24)

Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes:Ice Blue. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

Wilima ,

Race-Rabbits (d8), Stats: Body- d8, Speed- d8, Mind-d6, Will-d8, Career- d8 , Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Keen Ears (1pt) . Personal Gifts- . Flaws- . Skills: Racial- Digging (d8), Herbalism (d8), Jumping (d8), Stealth (d8). Career- Etiquette (d8), Seduction (d8), Psychology (d8), Thrown Sword (d8). Initiative: d8/d6, Resolve: d8. Height- 14 hands (56”), Size/Weight- 8 stones (112lbs), Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum:-8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Like her mothers a Golden fur (golden brown), Eyes: Green. Wears low cut bodice and skirts meant to enhance appearances]

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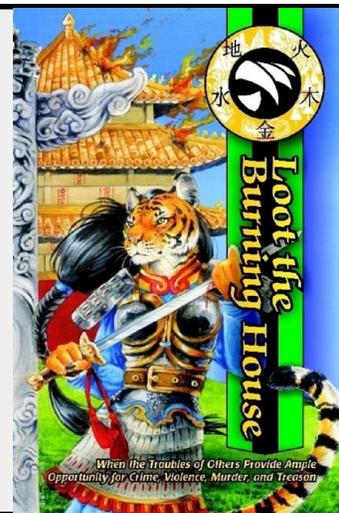
Joral ,

Race-Coyote/Wild dog (d8), Stats: Body-d8, Speed- d8, Mind- d8, Will- d8, Career- Ostler d8, Gifts and Flaws: Racial Gifts- Claws (1pt), Howl (1pt), Teeth (1pt). Personal Gifts - Belongings (1). Flaws- Ill Favored (-2) [facial scaring, burns], Poor Vision (-3) [One eye]. Skills: Racial- Hiking (d8), Tactics (d8), Tracking (d8). Career-Animal Handling (d8), Haggling (d8), Lore: Heraldry (d8), Riding (d8). Initiative: d8/d8, Resolve: d8. Height- 15 hands (60”), Size/Weight- 9 stones, Dash- 8 paces, Stride- 2 pace, Lift Bonus: 3, Strength Dice- d8. Soak- d8. Max Encum: -8. Appearance- Hair/Fur: Deep brown to Black, Eyes: Cobalt blue. Wears a smock and pants w/ riding boots, also a leather apron. Has massive scaring on left side of face missing left eye.]

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In all of the Kingdom of Earth, no secrets are more highly prized than the science Weidan Alchemy. The Ministers of Lu have preserved their mystery from spies for many years ... but as the fires of war blaze onwards, a gang of thieves attempts the unthinkable.

This supplement for *JADECLAW: Anthropomorphic Fantasy Role-Play game* features new events and stories from all the corners of the Middle Kingdom as war upsets the fragile piece in the land. This book presents new opportunities for adven-





Calabria is like any other land with its own long history filled with the noble goal of finding better, tastier ways to get drunk. But what opportunities are there for those with the Drunkard flaw? What kinds of drinks are there at the local alehouse? Presented herein are 13 different kinds of brews across the island of Calabria for player characters with a thirst.

Prices listed are for, in order, the smallest container of the specified alcohol at an establishment at a common price, then the price of a rundlet, and then for a drayhead, in that order. For wines and liqueur, the smallest sale unit is a Twinbottle, and for ales and beers the smallest unit is a gallon hand cask.

When encountering a roadside tavern or waystation rather than a city, the game master should make a determination of how well-to-do the locale is. An average inn along a road will have 2d10 strength for availability dice in regards to any particular alcohol, while poorer taverns should have 2d8, 3d6, or even 2d4 for the worst of dives. Never assume a tavern lacks alcohol, just that they might not have the brand a player specifically requests. Most taverns will have one to four drayheads of one or two alcohols with a long shelf life, making the 'house drink' slightly cheaper than listed, and depending on when purchased, possibly stale, stagnant, or turned. Other alcohols are bought in smaller quantities as opportunities present themselves.

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Twinbottle: The only truism regarding wine bottles are that there is no standard. Alcohols use whatever they can get cheapest to store their alcohol: wooden flasks, stomach bladders turned into pouches, or bottles from a glazier. However, common sales practice in Calabria is to sell two bottles together, totaling about a gallon of wine. These bottles are connected by rope tied to the necks of the bottles, with reed or wicker padding over the lower halves of the bottles to keep them from knocking together while the rope allows both bottles to be carried in one hand.

Hand Cask: Hand casks in Calabria vary slightly depending on their container used, but generally weigh in at about a gallon of volume. These are more standard, due to the cooper's guild in Triskellion producing them cheaply and spreading them across Calabria. They do not come with their own tap, but one can either break open one end of the rundlet, or buy a 2dn reusable tap.

Rundlet: A rundlet contains approximately twenty gallons of fluid and is mainly used for limited vintages and family-owned wines for sale in larger cities. Widely distributed wines are generally sold in drayheads.

Drayhead: A sixty-gallon barrel. Most roadside inns and taverns buy alcohol in this quantity, as deliveries can be few and far between in remote areas.

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Vanderlocken

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 4 ½ dn / 68dn/ 7au

Vanderlocken is made from dark blue grapes on the rocky slopes north of Bruges, and the vineyards are often subject to attacks by grape-seeking Chevernaise. The grapes are one of the earliest harvested in the region in late spring, despite the relatively high elevations they are well suited to cooler climates. These elevations make Vanderlocken grapes perfect for growth in the south rather than

North of the Rathos. The fragile nature of its vintage unfortunately means that the quality of this varietal varies greatly from year to year. The high acidity means it will keep almost forever, which means that some bottles can fetch a price of an aureal or more. The most expensive bottle of wine sold was not a Rocheaux, but a 740A.M. bottle of Vanderlocken at auction in Chalon Su Saldre for seventy-five aureals. Other favored vintages in recent years are 867, 871, and 882, prized for their less oaky flavor. The oak

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casks that ferment this wine are used to enhance the flavor, but occasionally overwhelm the lighter nuances.

This wine is a favorite of the Doloreaux and Avoirdupois both, though they would never admit a commonality in taste. During particularly stressful years, trade of Vanderlocken is often forbidden by one side or the other, driving the prices up to ruinous levels from requiring the use of intermediaries in Triskellion or Bisclavret.

Polierte

Availability: 2d8

Cost: 7dn / 4au 12dn / 12au

Polierte is a more commoner's wine, and the grapes are grown within the few fertile valleys of the northeast along the eastern fork of the Grandvert River in Doloreaux territory. As a result of the proximity to the border, there are some Avoirdupois vintages that make use of the same grapes and thus very similar derivative wines brewed by Horses instead of Pigs.

Polierte has a powerful flavor as a red wine, and with slightly higher alcoholic content than average, as the grapes it comes from have higher sugar levels than the norm. In lean times production often goes down when the price of grapes in the market square rises high enough that it becomes more profitable to sell the grapes there instead of making them into wine. A staple of

almost all taverns east of Three Corners, this wine sells well no matter where it travels, *because of its reputation as being a commoner's wine.* Regardless of the proclivities of the imbiber, Polierte has a solid, strong taste that goes well with red meat.

Rumors have begun to circulate that less than three generations ago Lutarists of the path of Vine 'enhanced' this wine's flavor by treating the base vineyards with rituals and incantations of Blessed nature over the course of six years. In Doloreaux this is considered to be great luck, and those with the Superstitious flaw may consider a quaff of Polierte to ameliorate bad luck. Non-Lutarist superstitious people consider this reputation to be bad, and it is considered bad luck to drink or even be offered Polierte.

Nightfall

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 3dn / 2au / 5au

In 900 Avant le Miracle, a Heliodromancer chieftain of the Casque named Duskdeath founded this vintage through much trial and error of her clan. Her name is ascribed to this vintage whether the current imbibers realize its origins or not. The poorer soil along the eastern coast of Avoirdupois territory are the best fields for this grape, which is just as well since the main fields are best used for regular crops. The vineyards are more than a thousand years old now, and

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while residents have come and gone, the flavor of the wine remains constant.

This full bodied semi-sweet white wine is fermented in its traditional, labor intensive way. Twelve barrels are laid side by side in the depths of a cave, so that the temperature is constant all year round. One quarter of each giant barrel is carefully transferred from one barrel to the next with as little exposure to air as possible, with the quarter volume of the last barrel in the line being removed for bottling. This process ensures any changes to the flavor from one year to the next, and even the next decade, are incredibly minute as the barrels never lose their original bacteria that create the wine.

Continuity of flavor makes Nightfall a favorite amongst the old guard of the Avoirdupois and those trying to impress them. As of 899A.M., the price has been going up as the Esclage and Blaireu have decided to champion this wine, and far more caravans than normal are now making their way cross-continent both by ship and caravan. Speculators in Triskellion expect the Repense and local low-nobility to start taking an interest, further throwing fuel on the fires of commerce, as it also goes particularly well with the bottom-dwelling Deepfish caught off the south tip of the Auvrich Islands, making a previously unremarkable fish into haute cuisine.

Dramphar

Availability: 2d10

Cost: 10dn / 6au, 15dn / 17au, 10dn

One of the best wines the Bisclavret call their own, the Dramphar wine is a light white with such a dry nature to it those not fans of the brew occasionally say they had a sip and afterwards were absolutely parched. The fact that the wine's origins are from just west of Port Spar means that it does come from slightly more dangerous territory than the average grape, but all attempts to transplant it to the fields around Harrowgate or down to Skirfane Greens have resulted in the wine acquiring a particularly bad turnip-like flavor. The wine stays upon its ancestral fields, tended by the skilled hands of the Dageurre clan, a family who's fortunes rise and fall with the popularity of their wine.

At this point in time Dramphar is quite popular amongst high society, so while fewer people own any Dramphar, the wine still makes quite a tidy profit for the family and the Duke of Bisclavret through taxation. Despite its increasing rarity as the upper class snatches up great barrels of the stuff, quite commonly there may be a half-full drayhead untapped in an out-of-the-way tavern or two, and it's definitely worth inquiring whether the proprietor has some available. Another varietal that hardly ever goes bad, Dramphar is an acquired taste. The rich,

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heady, and dry taste is often flavored with herbs or woods that vary from year to year, but are never strong enough to approach the massive, powerful aroma and flavor central to this wine.

Since this wine stays good longer than the standard white, much of what remains in inns is often heavily watered down prior to being served in the taprooms and taverns as proprietors attempt to 'extend' their supplies.

Rocheaux

Availability: 3d12, and at least 1pt Noble

Cost: Only sold in 1au bottles

Rocheaux is expensive. Many who have never had it presume the reason to be its fantastic flavor, alcoholic content, or how it makes flavors in food blossom. Nobles who have had Rocheaux would agree. Connoisseurs of wine would say that it is simply the limited supply that makes this absolutely wretched brand as popular as it is.

Rocheaux is a deep burgundy-colored Pomace wine, grown on the rocky, windswept fields of the Auvrich Islands, making it one of the few wines that the noble Foxes of Triskellion can call their own. Crushed and fermented from olives and fermented in the small caves high on the island side and deep underground, the cool fermentation process means that there is low alcoholic content, a strong lingering over-ripe olive flavor, and a

murderously oily texture to the wine itself. The Portilini family jealously guards their secret process, so it is unknown whether it is poor technique or incompetence that creates this wine, but doubtless it could be vastly improved under the care of a creative and masterful brewer. Until that day, those who drink Rocheaux will continue to do so in spite of the flavor.

It is nearly impossible to find this wine outside of the company of Barons and higher class individuals. Dramphar is an acquired taste, and Rocheaux even more so. The thing that makes this wine so sweet is not its actual flavor but its exclusivity. If one should ever acquire a bottle, the bottle's use as a bribe to any low or higher ranking functionary would be well served. If the bribed person has never had a bottle, the contrast of reputation versus taste might make them think they'd been duped.

Premier Navire

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 7dn / 4au 12dn / 12au

For those wishing stronger fare than just a wine, the Avoirdupois make a stiff brandy. Premier Navire is a burnt orange in color and made from the apples grown around the monastery of Helloise's Dawn between Avec Bonté and Ghent. The apples themselves are fermented with a yeast, that while producing an absolutely rancid initial wine, mellows

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into a fantastically smooth brandy after secondary fermentation. Premier Navire is best when served neat, rather than watered down. This makes Premier Navire considered to be a 'drinker's drink', as there's no better or stylish way to get drunk than with a hand cask of Premier Navire and a group of friends.

The monastery itself sees quite a tidy profit from sales of the brandy, and uses this to pay for missionaries to distant locales, overseas plants, and refurbishment of churches that have seen better times. There seems to be quite a brisk trade in donating to the monastery, as the monastery might send an appropriate supply of brandy in response, tax free, as no purchase was made or recorded. This 'Church understanding' allows Premier Navire to slip under the eyes of even the Doloreaux tax assessors and avoid import and export taxes, meaning draysheads of Premier Navire are found even overseas at missions, and the far sides of Calabria.

Lightning Jack

Availability: 2d4

Cost: 1dn / 16dn / 42 dn

Elementalists can produce alcohol using their magic, though it is universally of poor quality and low alcoholic content. Many inns offered the swill that was raw wine created through the use of Apprentice Water Magic: Create Water, but never had there been a

mass-marketed elemental wine. Obviating the need for overhead, owning or leasing farmland, distilleries, and employment costs for laborers are all extremely attractive factors for mass production of Elementally produced wine, save for one factor: the wine produced was so disgustingly weak and bland to the point of insipidness and unpalatability. Jack Livermoor, a capitalistic and charismatic entrepreneurial Rat from Triskelion created a worthwhile 'vintage' by adding a slight walnut flavor using herbs. What started a hundred years ago as a small operation blossomed into a passably acceptable drink, despite guild pressure to quash the magically created wine's production.

Lightning Jack wine, having no need to be made in barrels, can be sold in any container to order. This wine also offers a novelty that other alcohols do not; Lightning Jack is frequently sold in seamless rectangular bottles with neither cork nor aperture from which to pour forth the contents. The alcohol is created from thin air within the container. The drinker 'breaks' the container along a pre-scored pyramid upon a corner and decants the wine from there. Such specialty bottles run 2 dn apiece, mostly to pay for the glass. How the creators manage to imbue the nutty flavor after creation of the wine in the pre-sealed bottles is a trade secret.

The scare of the creation of Elemental Wine for the first quarter century of its promi-

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nence was finally quelled after Triskellion was finally swayed into acting. What has now become a well-enforced and only occasionally infringed upon convention is that all Elemental Wines must not be a natural color. Lightning Jack is a pale, unnaturally bright blue, and is generally purchased because it will never spoil, rather than for its actual alcoholic content or flavor.

Tempest

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 2dn / 32dn / 3au 9dn

Essentially a distilled version of the commonly available Lightning Jack, Tempest sports both a pretentious name along with the highest alcoholic content for the lowest cost of any beverage. This is apparent as it appears in low class establishments and is a favorite for the dregs of society just looking to get themselves as drunk as possible while being easy on coin. Tempest also smells extremely bad, giving anyone careless enough to be splashed an extra one bonus to be tracked, and a bonus to disguise underlying scents upon their person. Anyone with the money to purchase a different kind of alcohol should probably come up with an excuse if a bottle of Tempest should ever be discovered in their possession, or alternately already be too drunk to care what other people think. While Lightning Jack is translucent

and light blue, Tempest is a crystal clear strong fluorescent blue.

Morrigna's Breath

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 6dn / 4au / 10au

This mead is a heady drink brewed in the Eastern Clan's territory of Phelan. The fertile, damp valleys have a few apiarist wolves amongst the loamy, rich hills and plains. From these valued master bee keepers are procured the purest honey distilled and fermented through a painstakingly exact process within the caves across the Ruther River to the northeast. The Phelan are powerful warriors, and so take their drink seriously. As a result, Morrigna's Breath packs a deceptively heavy kick despite the light, bitter-sweet flavor. Morrigna's Breath is often spiced with cloves, hops, or other herbs.

Considered to be the semiofficial clan drink of the Orithir, it was King Esras's father who perfected the oft-fatally-tested mead seasoned with Pipera harvested from the deep woods. Dried, powdered, and gently steeped into the Morrigna's Breath just prior to fermentation, the combination creates a greenish-yellow mead that is now the coveted prize of the Orithir. Imbibing a full jack of Breath causes temporary lethargy of thought, something very prized in combat by atavists. Individuals receive one penalty on their mind dice for the next hour after hav-

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ing at least one jack, but drinking more provides no further penalties. Unfortunately, this variant brew doesn't stay fresh for long, and turns sour and ineffective within two months after fermentation. The more common 'normal' Morrigna's Breath stays good for nearly a year, but sees little distribution outside Phelan and Western Doloreaux.

Granit Turmhohen

Availability: 2d6

Cost: 7dn / 4au 12dn / 12au

Granit Turmhohen Ale is an antique flavor and style of beverage. It starts with the first thaws in Epinian, the brewers eager to get started on the process as quickly as possible. Epinian sees only six or so months of the year unthawed, and the short growing season means an equally short time to let the ale ferment. Five times in the past hundred years Granit Turmhohen had a raw, wooden taste to its normally smooth, mellow flavor due to the fermentation season being cut short by two bad winters in a row.

Despite these setbacks, Granit Turmhohen is a well respected, beloved drink for those in the north, and those wishing for a cool drink in summer months down south. Because it's brewed at low temperatures, it also *drinks* colder as well, making storage in a basement until being served a necessary step to appreciate the full flavor. For a cool drink on a hot

day, there are few more refreshing beverages than Granit Turmhohen ale.

The Doloreaux make a pretty penny taxing the trade route south from Epinian just before the winter freeze, and more than a few casks of this ale go 'missing' prior to delivery in Bruges after being taxed. As a result of the ruinous taxes, almost as much money lost on the taxation of ale is blown every year on finding expert guides to sneak caravans past the keep at Elbestrasse.

Edzardüberwachungsgesetzbiere

(Wall, or Wall Beer)

Availability: 2d4

Cost: 2dn / 32dn / 84dn

Doloreaux make the best beer, even if they do come in odd flavors such as 'mushroom', 'acorn', and the expensive 'truffle'. The Doloreaux are also responsible for the first true *beer* in Calabria, having begun to add hops to ale some three hundred years ago. Fire-drying the hops gives almost every Doloreaux beer a dark, thick appearance even if the taste is light and lacking bitterness. Edzardüberwachungsgesetzbiere, colloquially called 'Wall Beer' or 'Wall' is simply one of the most prolific, cheap, and rather good.

Wall is named from its location, as the caves that store this beer are midway between Bruges and the joining of the Ruther and

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Grandvert rivers. Here the Walls of Calabria are only 600 paces high, and within the old lava-tube caves over the side of the cliff face are the massive cool storage caverns of the Edzardüberwachungsgesetz company. The Doloreaux make a lot of beer, and some might say they have begun to over saturate the market. No matter what people say, it seems even the staunchest critic gets thirsty after a day without liquid, and Edzardüberwachungsgesetz seeks to fill that desire. With beer. Having become the mainstay of alehouses up and down Calabria, Wall beer has become the yardstick by which all other beers and ales, Doloreaux, Phelan, Avoirdupois, or Rinalidi, are judged.

Vermella Garra

Availability: 2d8

Cost: 3dn / 2au / 5au

Vermella Garra is generally considered the best 'beer' outside Doloreaux territories despite actually being an ale. The Deasaich clan is proud of their Vermella Garra, and sell it to many. Cool temperatures make fermentation harder on yeast, but the Deasaich offset this shortcoming by fermenting vats in warmed huts, and keeping them a constant temperature is an art form and full time job. Also added are the dried, powdered sugars distilled from the thick tubers of the Chenodia plant which

gives the yeast enough sugar to make the strongest beer in Calabria.

In lean times, the Southern Clan occasionally tips its hand to the only two Bisclavret Barons they deal with fairly. In exchange for Chenodia, the nobles are allowed to purchase Vermella Garra in the only open alcohol sale ever made with Bisclavret in the past ten years. Other Bisclavret looking for this brew would be best advised to head to Doloreaux or Rinaldi territory to avoid paying an arm and a leg, as the Vermella Garra trade routes to Bisclavret bounce back from those cities, and the two nobles guard their purchase jealously, knowledgeable of the power of their near-monopoly in Bisclavret territory.

The Doloreaux on several occasions in generations past have attempted to steal the secrets of how this beer is made, and then attempted to destroy one of the three known fermentation huts. These acts have nearly doomed relations between the Deasaich and the boars.

Conglumè

Availability: 2d10

Cost: 10dn / 6au 14dn / 13 au

Whiskey is new, and its creation has been an explosion across the face of Calabria. The Convulsionaries who created the first viable whiskey drink half a century ago are finding their 5-year aging process taxed to the limit,

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and are unable to keep up with demand. Conglumè is a straight rye single malt whiskey, and while the original drink made the imbiber feel as if they had been kicked in the face by inebriation itself, more recent years has seen the development of a full, powerful flavor that is quickly becoming popular with the military and other men-at-arms. Unlike most other alcohols, Conglumè is created for the sole purpose of getting drunk. With more than seventy percent alcoholic content it does its job admirably.

Originally developed by the Convulsionaries as an experiment in fermentation, along with the giant copper vats that are now used to ferment and distill Conglumè whiskey, Conglumè's origins and viability as a drink are still up for grabs. The joint venture between the Casque family at Enclume and the local Convulsionary chapter is a story

that has many tellings, and is full of bad blood. In some tellings, the Convulsionaries had a vision of 'a new perfect drink', and sought out the Enclume to forge for them a fantastic device to make it. Others said it was the Enclumes who entrusted the secret to the Convulsionaries after Heliodromantic auguries said that the monastic order possessed a blessing the Casque needed to make *their* new idea for a powerful drink.

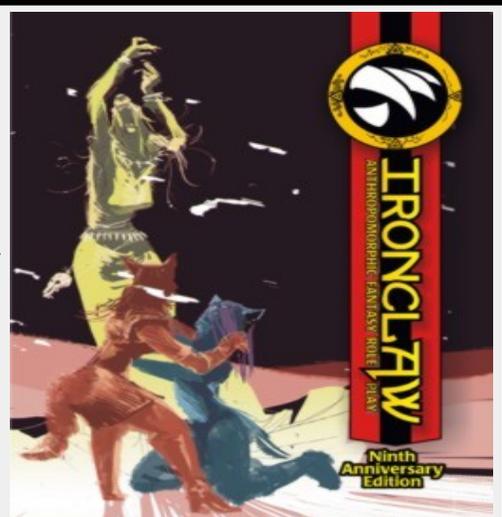
Either way the story is told there was a row between the two, and the Convulsionaries absconded with everything. Bad blood simmers between the two while the rest of Calabria enjoys the fruits of their labors at forts and alehouses Calabria-wide. Most respectable taverns make sure to keep a bottle of Conglumè visible for patrons, even if there is a ruinous markup for it being the 'last bottle in the tavern'.

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Les Fusiliers du Avoirdupois

By Bradley Clark

What has come to pass

To throw attention away from while Triskellian while he housecleans, the newly seated Rinaldi Don hatches the following plot. Spies, hand picked by a family member many times removed Lucretzia, are sent into Avoirdupois lands months in advance. The Don makes a generous offer to the Archduke of Avoirdupois consisting of a supply of guns, trainers, and quality cannon smelting ore to provide the Archduke with the means of creating a modernized personal guard and defenses for Chalon-sur-Sauldre.

Through church channels the Rinaldi play on Archbishop Alderic's desire to lead the people by revealing "a plan" to discredit the Archdukes power and request he "urge the Archduke accept the gift for his own security.

The **Fusiliers** are trained and organized in the Archdukes personal attendant troops. The Dukes are alarmed and discontent with this sudden shift from tradition on top of the further addition of troops under the archduke not culled from their

own vassals. They are further upset this happened with the backing of the church that possess more and more of their land as the Archduke donates and donates. While this hot bed simmers the trainers and more guns are secretly redirected to the Ardent. Select elements of Ardentine factionnaires are given the same training forming "Les Gardes du S'Allumer". Impressed with the lead rapier trainer, the panther Riso Darhtain, the Factionnaires convince him to stay on and lead a contingent. Riso is actually an agent skillfully maneuvering into position to use his charisma to bend those Guard under him to further the plan. Assured that all is in readiness the Archbishop awaits the ambiguous evens the Rinaldi promised.

A Bisclaveret baron with Rinaldi sympathies and Phelan mercenaries in pocket is brought in on a similar vague promise of chaos. He's sent a map of "an emissary's" route, a copy of Fusilier livery, and the place and time. Lucretzia's entourage, with her riding and some poor grey vixen

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in the coach, leave Triskellian. Knowing full well the plan she's well away when the entourage is slaughtered and the livery planted. Faking several wounds she awaits in the countryside for the Archduke to investigate her lateness.

The players

The grey fox, Lucretzia Rinaldi, finding espionage to her liking she's invested a portion of her wealth into the network of loyal spies she's cultivated through the years. A rather lustful creature she's more than willing to use her body to advantage. Indeed everyone in her network is a lover often seduced at the same time she offered them a deal they couldn't refuse. The only one who causes her worry is her former fencing trainer Riso, who has developed into something of a rival at the top of her network. Her only other drawback is her ambition which may reach further than she can safely grasp. For now, she enters the horselord demense fur dyed red requiring a false fear of deep running waters lest her true color be discovered. She will seek to use the Fusiliers, bring them to her side, or once no longer useful she will dispose of them.

The raccoon, Anton de Pardu, once a land toiling vassal of House Dublaine his life changed when the Vicomte Karolis Dublaine was called to war. His quick adaptation and promising skill helped him

escape the decimation of the contingent by the Doloraux. Singlehandedly he assisted the only other severely wounded survivor, Comte Raban Dequency, through the countryside back to the horses' lines. Impressed with the young coon and grateful, he uses his influence to provide a letter admitting Anton to the regular army. While pulling him away from his as yet unrequited romantic interest, Matilda Rosaine, the new profession frees him from the abusive ire of the Dublaine mares. Several years of exemplary service backed by the notoriety of his heroic deed place his name among those selected for the Fusiliers. To properly place him within their ranks he is knighted a Baron and accorded an acre of land one league from Moulin du Brasseur. His goals in life are to protect the King of the Avoidupois and somehow find a means of elevating Matilda to equal station so he can marry her...if she'll return his love. His only hindrances could be: his deathly fear of angry women, his secret agnostic beliefs, the nine shaped mark under his eye mask, or the grudge of the Dublaine family.

A very uncouth mountain lion, Rhys Desabre, is the third son of Marquis Devon Desabre. Usually in trouble for his perchance to liberally dispense low justice using his sword lessons his family yearned for the means to put him to constructive purpose. Using what influence they pos-

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sessed they secured him an official position in the king's troops. Removed from his family's worries and contented with the regimens of military life Rhys prospered. He only questioned in passing the means by which they gained him summons to the ranks of the Fusiliers. Perhaps he should be more concerned about what blackmail his family acquired on the queen and its origins. His overconfidence lends hardness to his stubborn streak coupled with his coarseness keeps him from achieving his true potential. He holds to many superstitions wandering through life tossing salt over his shoulder and knocking on wood.

Persons of equal interest.

The stalwart horse, Blaise Oeil-blanc, noble and veteran he's a model Avoidupois. His assignment to discover what has become of the Rinaldi emissary feels more like a quick holiday. Foreign nobles are too often ruled by whim and likely this fox has dallied about the countryside sightseeing, upsetting the local peasantry, or simply engaging in the idiotic practice of being "fashionably" late. He enjoys the company of Anton and hopes the young Baron will have fortune enough to one day build a family worthy of minor house status. It's his opinion that his true mission on this outing is to watch Rhys and find some means of developing him into a proper gentleman. The accusations Lucretzia will bring

against the Fusilier compounded by the declaration of these "Garde du S'Allume" that the king has disbanded them for investigation trouble him. He has growing suspicions about the red fox and worries that unfolding events bring bad tidings for his king and people. His uncovering the truth will seal his fate.

Rizo Darthtain, dark and mysterious the equally amorous panther is Lucretzia's roundabout teacher in controlling minions and learning secrets. Sowing chaos amid the horses tickles his fancy and provides him ample opportunity to play his game of rivaling Lucretzia's ability to do the same. He will lead his detachment of Garde du S'Allumer to intercept Lucretzia and the investigating Fusiliers even as the rumors of the attack are being spread by the network. He will use his charisma and the fanatic zeal of his detachment to warp their view of the situation and their actions. Merely a dark shadow and white smile the first the two sides meet he will slowly step in as attempt to arrest the "rouge" Fusiliers fail. While he has no deep attachment to his controlling mistress or her band of henchmen, he will inform her of danger when her agents begin falling into Avoidupois hands or turn up dead.

Joel Dublaine, heir to Karolis, he remembers Anton. He despises the loss of both his father and vassal, loading all the blame on the raccoon. He will do whatever he can to see Anton disgraced.

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Triskellian Grapevines

Adventure Seeds in Calabria

By Chuan Lin

Starting with this issue, I like to pool our adventure seeds with other Game Masters in an effort to make Calabria be more dynamic place to be. Though these will not be official canons, maybe within these Bite Marks, players' actions will have consequences and politics are alive and well. We are already given the facts House Rinaldi is in decline and other major Houses are on the rise. Where is Calabria heading toward, an empire, a confederation of lords, or just same old city-states.

This will be very similar to what I did in [the Loot the Burning House](#) where I have included adventure seeds for both regular and hidden agenda for each State. Starting next issue, I like to get feedbacks from Game Masters who had run the grand adventure in the Loot the Burning House to know what players did in the final act. Their actions will have impact with both Calabria and Zhongguo.

I will update this in every other issue in order to give some times for Game Masters to submit their updates.

Here are some adventures ideas...

Avoirdupois

1. Father Grendal has risen in the ranks of the Church of S'Allumer and now acts as the personal aide to Rabbold, Bishop of Granvert. The Bishop has heard that a set of bones purported to be those of St. Marguerette du Charbonneau were uncovered at Hexlingwick, a small village along the Harrowgate-Thanon road deep in Bisclavret territory. If the mission is religious in order, why does he travel with Bruin, the highwayman, who is still wanted in Bisclavret, despite being *pardon* by Bishop Rabbold of Granvert. And what is the relationship between Father Grendal and his other travelling companion, Lady Taillandier? Surely, there is nothing going on between the two. (Adventure seed submitted by Gareth Larter)
2. Once more, the talks of legitimacy of current ruler of Avoirdupois had

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spread. The topic of Sangreal is quite popular among Avoirdupois taverns where everyone has a theory of who that person can be. Naturally, the current ruler of Avoirdupois is quite interested in this topic as well and will invite anyone who has a theory of the whereabouts to his estate.

3. The Order of de l'Sol Dei has been granted the status **Holy Inquisitor** by the Holy Father of d'Sallumer. The order is charged to actively flush out heresies within Avoirdupois. Holy Father had issued:

Ad extirpanda

which grants Sol Dei as much as authority in regards to the subject of heresy.

Bisclavret

1. Lady McCartney of Bisclavret is returning from Zhongguo. From her previous letter, she showed great contempt from Zhongguo. Does she find some weakness about Zhongguo?
2. Pirates are rampant along the short of Bisclavret. And unlike previous attack, there are fewer and fewer survivors found after pirates attacked coastal villages.
3. Mausein Bisclavret is 15 years old this year. The rite of passage for

the young Bisclavret is fast approaching where Earl Franc de Granvert will renounce his regency and lets the true Bisclavret rule over the land. Lots of whispering of what will happen that day and many bets are placed for one of many possible outcomes.

Doloreaux

1. Conflicts with Bisclavret are getting serious along the Garnvert area. Hrodebert d'Doloreaux, eldest of Duke d'Doloreaux, had led his bodyguards (375 of them) to investigate the source of these conflicts.
2. Great Mother of Lutara, Selene DeLume has sequestered herself into the Great Catacomb. This began the talks of seeking the next Great Mother. The choice had reduced to two main candidates: Duchess Calendre d'Doloreaux and Marlene Feavela, the handmaiden of Great Mother and also a high priestess of Luthara.
3. Inspired by the tales of Lady McCartney of Biscalvet's travelled to Zhongguo, Duke d'Doloreaux had send Lady Christel Auriville and her entourage along with a caravan of merchants to Triskellian

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in order to book passage to Zhongguo.

Phelan

1. A name begin to whisper among Phelans with awe and respect, Rīgantonā, the name bestowed to Queen Morfessa of Tuath ná Cell by her lover, Myrddin Wylt, the arch-druid and arch-bard of Iargúl. The Queen has survived through hundred some battles without a scratch on her and her hold of Tuath ná Cell remains strong. The significance of that name has not lost to all Phelans. Many clanless Fianna are traveled north to pledge their loyalty to the Sacred Queen.

Rinaldi

1. Whatever happens to Fabrizio de Rinaldi? Has he been restored to the rightful owner as the lord of Rinaldi?
2. The Order of de l'Sol Dei had petitioned to the Guild Council in Triskellian to purchase a track of land around Dunwasser College within Triskellian. Father Maringarosa, the head of local branch, is unfazed by numerous and expensive fees, licenses, and compensations required for such large track of land. He will build a l'Sol Dei chapel by Dunwasser College.

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New Skill—Teaching (Knowledge)

The teaching skill requires that both teacher (PC or NPC) and student (PC or NPC) to stays close proximity of one another for the gaming session. At the end of game session, GM awards additional 1 xp to put in whatever skill/trait/gift that Teacher is proficient in onto player's sheet. Player can put his 4, 3, 2, 1, 0 xp into that same skill. So, a diligent student learns what teacher has offer within 1 game session; a lazy, good for nothing student learns what teacher has offer after 5 game sessions (you figure, constantly droning of same thing over and over and over has count for something, right :).

A character with Teaching skill can have up to # of pupils equal to his level in Mind. He can teach

pupils any of his skill equal to that skill level or Teaching level, whichever is the lesser of the two. He can teach pupils any of his trait equal to that of trait level or Teaching level, whichever is the lesser of the two. He can teach pupils any of his Gifts subject to the fact that Gift cost is equal or less than his Teaching level. A pupil can only learn 1 skill, gift, or trait per game session. A pupil must remain close to his teacher at least 70% of time during that game session in order to gain the free 1 xp subject to Game Master's decision.

New Rule—School

Each school focus on particular set of traits/skills/gift ladder. Student starts at the bottom of the rung, and has to meet the requirement rung be-

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fore moving onto next rung. Here, students can pump 2 of his 4 allots xps (4, 3, 2, 1) into that particular requirement.

E.g. [Fusiliers School](#)

- Gift: Fusilier Aim (once per combat, include Career trait as part of damage die, requires Focus)
- Fusilier d12
- Gift: Heroic Sparker (extra spark die, d8)
- Tactics (increase to next level)
- Guns (increase to next level)
- Speed d10
- Gift: Very Robust
- Spear (increase to next level)
- Resolve (increase to next level)
- Body d10
- Fusilier d10
- Gift: Expert Sparker (extra spark die, d6)
- Tactics (increase to next level)
- Guns (increase to next level)
- Speed d8
- Gift: Robust
- Spear (increase to next level)
- Resolve (increase to next level)
- Body d8

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Sanguine & Conventions

Or where you can find Ironclaw, Jadeclaw, Usagi, and Albedo games are run in conventions.

Here, readers will find with conventions will have Claws, Usagi, and Albedo demos / events and name of people who host them. They are usually on the newsgroup. Once I get their permission to post their email address, I will update it accordingly.

Colorado

Rocky Mountain Fur Con

— August 7th - 9th

<http://www.rockymountainfurcon.org/2009>

Denver— TBA

Note: Ithiaca Dreamweaver will run Ironclaw event. Contact him (ithiaca@gmail.com) for more information.

Illinois

Midwest Furfest

— November 20th - 22th

<http://www.furfest.org>

Wheeling — Westin Chicago North Shore

Note: Last year we saw Purrzah demo couple IC games. Hopefully, she will return this year for more.

Ohio

Origin Game Fair

— June 24 - 28th

<http://www.originsgamefair.co>

Columbus—Greater Columbus Convention Center

Note: Sean will run Ironclaw event

Pennsylvania

Anthrocon

— July 2 - 5th

<http://www.anthrocon.or>

Pittsburgh - David L. Lawrence Convention Center

Note: Jason will be there.

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