

GOREAN Adventures 07 IN THE TARN'S EYE



TALES OF
GOR
COREAN ROLEPLAYING



POSTMORTEM
STUDIOS



Tales of Gor

GOREAN ROLEPLAYING

FANTASTICAL ADVENTURES ON THE COUNTER-EARTH

Authorised and based on the Gorean books of John Norman
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In the Tarn's Eye

Games Master Note: *This adventure is a lot less hand-holdy than most, you will need to read the whole module through a couple of times to follow everything. Don't be afraid to improvise, alter or add.*

Before the Nest War of the 1960s (Earth measure of time, detailed in the novel, Priest-Kings of Gor), the Priest-Kings of the Sardar were the undisputed masters of Gor. In the aftermath of a bloody civil war in the Nest, their strength and global resources were significantly depleted. The battle for control almost tore the world apart, as the gravity technology of the Priest-Kings ran out of contro. For decades the Priest-Kings hid their weakness from their implacable enemies – the Steel Worlds of the Kurii that lurk in the asteroid belts around Jupiter (Hesius, in the Gorean tongue) – and methodically set about rebuilding their power base under the oversight of a new Nest queen. Now more than fifty years after the Nest War, the Priest-Kings are extending their power back into the more remote areas of the planet.

Tarnburg is a vast mountain city located deep within the Voltai mountain range. The birthplace of the most brilliant military strategist in living memory, Dietrich of Tarnburg. The city ranks highly on a list of Priest-King objectives, to monitor and observe the races living on the surface of Gor. To this end, the Priest-Kings plan to introduce several surgically altered slave girls to high ranking families within Tarnburg.

These slaves will have implants enabling the Priest-Kings in the Sardar mountains to see and listen through the eyes and ears of the slaves, providing much-needed information to the vast data banks of the Nest.

The characters are known to the Sardar as having been useful in the past, and are considered trustworthy. They will be charged with assembling a chain coffle of beautiful slaves, into which implants will be placed, escorting them through the Voltai mountains and then into Tarnburg itself, where they will be given out or sold to targeted individuals. The eyes and ears of the Sardar will then be in place to monitor the intrigues and ambitions of that mountain enclave.

The scenario is in three parts.

1. In Act one the player characters frequent the seasonal slave markets in the foothills of the Voltai to procure some slaves to form their coffle.
2. In Act Two, they make the dangerous journey through the steep mountain passes of the Voltai, travelling to Tarnburg.
3. In Act Three, they seek to distribute the kajirae within the city. As chance would have it; their original plans take an interesting turn when an unexpected opportunity presents itself to advance the Priest-King cause even further, and to strike a powerful blow against the Kur.

TALES OF GOR

Tales of Gor is based on the world of Gor, the Counter-Earth of the novels of John Norman. This is a science-fantasy, 'planetary romance' setting, with some key differences. It is a world of raw sexuality, of extreme gender differences, of slavery and bondage. This is not for the faint-hearted, and not for everyone, but it is a fantasy world. It is simply a fantasy world where the fantastical elements are social, psychological and philosophical rather than magic or dragons. Go in with your eyes, and mind, open.

ATIUS THE WHITE

Atius is the man who makes the initial offer of the mission to the player characters. A paga tavern, or a temple or way-house of the Initiates make good places to meet him and to be entrusted with their 'quest'.

By appearance, he is a shaven-headed Initiate, loyal to the Sardar. Still, as will become apparent during the adventure, his attitude to the strict laws of his caste can be flexible.

Many years ago, before taking the vows of the 'whites', he was a somewhat flamboyant conjurer and sideshow 'magician' called Malvolo the Magnificent. At some point, he was recruited by the Sardar to work for them as a low ranking agent. Since then he has risen in the ranks to a middle position. He has even adopted the caste of the Initiates as his own. He is no stranger, however to the comforts of women, despite the strict Initiate caste laws that preclude them from associating with the female sex. When the eyes of the Sardar are not focussed exclusively on him, he has been known to frequent paga taverns in rather more plain-looking garments.

As Atius will say:

"I do not truly believe the mighty Priest-Kings care if I dally a while with a luscious, firm breasted girl. Why should they? They are divine beings who control all of time and space. Glory be to the Priest-Kings! My dalliances with sleek collared beauties are but the chatterings of an ant to them. I am hardly worthy of their contempt on the matter."

Atius is a likeable, easy-going fellow, and should be played as such by the GM. He will take warmly to the characters, provided they are not dour and miserable types.

Even if they are, he will try to cheer them up with amusing anecdotes during the journey, often involving various paga taverns he has frequented during his life. He may also try to loosen them up with drink and slaves, paying from his own pocket.

Atius is a tool by which the GM can gently steer the player characters through the scenario and offer helpful advice and hints if they get stuck at any point. He should not, however, dominate play in any significant manner.

This adventure is for the player characters to complete, and they should be the heroic protagonists from start to finish.

He does have a plan, at the end of the scenario, which is the standard solution to the problem the characters are presented with. You do not, however, have to keep to that scenario if the players have their own plans.

POSTMORTEM STUDIOS

Postmortem Studios is an independent, small scale publisher of role-playing games, tabletop games, fiction and more. It is the personal imprint of James 'Grim' Desborough, a 20+ year veteran of the role-playing industry with experience across the spectrum from other independent micro-publishers, to Wizards of the Coast and Dungeons & Dragons.

Postmortem Studios specialises in 'controversial' games and topics, which tend to be more interesting and challenging in both design, and play. Tales of Gor is no exception to this, being based on the novels of John Norman.

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Act One

THE VOLTAI MARKET

After having been met by Atius, the characters are pressed into service to execute the plan, with Atius travelling with them.

Travel on the roads will be largely uneventful, but if the characters are starting out at the opposite end of the world, Atius will find a ship – or a tarn-basket – to carry them as far as the Voltai markets.

It is suggested that you avoid a lot of this, by simply starting ‘in media res’, at the market, and then fill in some of the back-story.

You have been contacted by an agent of the Priest-Kings, one Atius the White. He has been charged, with your assistance, with acquiring and then infiltrating several slave girls into the fortress city of Tarnburg. Atius has been an amiable and fun companion, unlike most Initiates, and now – while he attends to other business – you find yourself in one of the markets of the Voltai, Atius’ coinpurse heavy in your pocket as you wait for the next auction to start.

Atius will have agreed, on the part of the Priest Kings, to pay each of them a single gold tarn for their trouble, and has also told them that they can keep any remaining money from his purse, that they don’t spend in the auction.

That purse contains 250 copper tarsks, which should – gods willing – be more than enough to buy a coffle of beauties. Four slaves he told you, at least, that might appeal to the great and the powerful.

Act One is a mini-game in itself, where the characters will be given some money and told to attend an auction to procure some slaves to transport in a chain coffle to Tarnburg.

Shopping for slaves is an enjoyable endeavour for most Gorean men, and the characters should be only too happy to spend someone else’s money on attractive girls. Even free women enjoy exerting their power over their lessers.

The market place resides in the foothills of the Voltai and, like many itinerant markets in central Gor, moves from place to place during the main slaving seasons. While primarily established to buy and sell slaves, the market also accommodates many other stalls, tents and booths of other businesses that support the market.

Here characters can enjoy good street food, sample a range of pagas and kala-nas served in hospitality tents, watch sideshow entertainments, and listen to performances by talented musicians. Of course, they can also avail themselves of various pleasure slaves dressed in shimmering wisps of silk, belled and perfumed, for a variety of prices ranging from the reasonable to the truly extravagant. Spending time in one of the silken pleasure slave tents will give a character an Honour point due to his relaxed good mood afterwards, and his (or her) indulging in the expected Gorean lifestyle.

The GM should enquire whether any player characters throw coins to the various performers on the small stages dotted around the market place.

Performers and players rely on the generosity of crowds to make ends meet, and they pass collection pans around after each performance.

After players have said yes or no to donating coins, the ones who said yes will each earn an Honour point. Entertainers may be low caste, but generosity is an important Gorean virtue.

Metalsmiths are also working their trade, hammering collars, burning brands, and sharpening swords.

A character who gives his weapons to one of these artisans to sharpen will enjoy an extra +2 pips of damage as a bonus to any fighting, during their first battle afterwards, +1 pip on their second battle, and then their swords will be dulled to their normal level.

Clothing can also be purchased for characters wishing to disguise themselves during the journey. On Gor, clothes often represent the choice of different castes, and if a character wants to pretend he is an intrepid Hillman of the Voltai, for example, he should have clothes to match.

The right garments for a character's disguise will give him a bonus of +2 pips on tests of social skills when interrogated by suspicious guardsmen and other locals of the Voltai area.

There are also kaissa tables. Kaissa is the Gorean form of chess, adding more squares to the board and different playing pieces.

Goreans love and admire kaissa to the degree that Earthmen love football, and for a copper tarsk or two, characters can compete against travelling kaissa players who make a living at markets such as this.

A character who tries a game will be rolling his kaissa skill versus a difficulty of either 15, 20, 25 or 30, depending on how good a player he wishes to compete against. Winning a game against an opponent ranked difficulty 25 or 30 will gain the character an Honour point. Wagers may also be placed, directly with the players, or with merchants willing to consider the odds and take the bets.

Any character who chooses to dine well and sample the finer pagas and ka-la-nas on offer will also earn an Honour point. The GM should not mention this in advance, but simply reward the ones who do so after the event.

These awards, early on, are to encourage the Gorean mindset in further roleplay, later in the adventure.

The main auction takes place when the sun goes down. Torches are lit around the main auction block, vendors assemble with small booths and tables to cook food and serve paga, and an expectant crowd soon builds up, comprising both causal observers and men seriously intent on bidding for a girl or two.

Jugglers will mingle with the crowds, as will men selling 'magic potions' to improve everything from virility to curing wounds. None of these potions amounts to much, but many Goreans believe in their effectiveness.

There are few free women present, and those that are, are in the company of their free companions, and mostly look bitterly, with resentment and scorn, at the various slave girls chained inside booths or displayed on platforms.

A seasonal slave market in the Voltai foothills is not a place that free women would venture to on their own. Female player characters will be acutely aware of how in the minority they are, and the discouraging looks they receive from passing men.

Some men may even ‘tut’ at the thought of free women getting in the way of their pleasures. As long as they stay in the vicinity of the male characters, they will be fine, but they will sense they probably shouldn’t wander off on their own, particularly as it gets dark.

THE SLAVE AUCTION

The GM should play out the auction as a lively and somewhat comedic event.

Several girls are listed below, with sample descriptive dialogue by the auctioneer that the GM can act out in a larger than life fashion. The auctioneer is flamboyant in his turn of phrase, and the GM should reflect this.

Player characters can choose to bid on some or all of them. The aim here is for them to build up a sufficient coffle of slaves that they can escort through the Voltai mountain passes for their mission.

AUCTION RULES

Each girl has a starting bid price listed. Allow the characters to make this first bid if they wish, or if they do not, have an NPC make the bid.

If player characters choose not to bid on a girl at all, then the GM should make a show of rolling some dice and upping the bid a few times before announcing that girl sold.

When the characters do decide to bid on a girl, the following rules apply:

Each round of the auction is a series of two actions.

1. A bid from the characters and...
2. A possible a counter-bid from the crowd. Incremental bids go up 5 copper tarsks a time, though this amount may change at the GM’s discretion, especially if the coin type goes up.

After the characters have agreed to bid, the GM rolls a single D6+1.

The number required for someone in the crowd to bid against the players starts at ‘2’.

The difficulty number then rises by ‘1’ for each subsequent round until either the players drop out, or the difficulty number is missed.

If the players up the ante by bidding a much higher amount, or shifting to silver or gold, bump the difficulty number up before rolling.

Double the amount +1, raise from copper to silver +2, raise from silver to gold +3.

You can retain this system if you want to run slave auctions in other games.

A natural roll of a '6' on the die is always a success, however, no matter how high the difficulty number may be. There is no need for the GM to explain the numbers involved.

Let the players work out the system for themselves if they're observing the dice.

If the players do not bid, and you roll a '1' in determining who else bids, drop the girl's starting price by 5 and keep trying to get bids, either from the players or the crowd, after which normal rules apply again.

If this drops her price below 1 copper tarsk, drop it to tarsk-bits, starting at 5 and dropping (or increasing) by 1 at a time, no lower than one tarsk-bit, or unsold.

Example:

Cornyn is bidding on a raven-haired wench in a Harfax auction-house. He is planning a trip north and needs a girl to warm his bed, help carry his gear and one that has spent time in the north – as this girl has.

Her starting price is 10 copper tarsks. Cornyn has no time to mess around and she's exactly the girl he needs, so he opens the bidding with a silver coin. This is more than double, several times over (100 copper tarsks to 1 silver) and raises the coinage type from copper to silver. This boosts the difficulty of the roll by five (double, double, double, double and copper to silver).

The GM rolls for the other bidders, and rolls 5+1, making 6. Bizarrely, another bidder – perhaps with some personal relationship to the girl – bids it up to 2 silver tarsks.

Cornyn frowns and ups the bid to 3 silver tarsks. The difficulty is now 7.

The other bidder rolls a 6, which automatically succeeds, regardless of the difficulty. He bids up to 4 silver tarsks.

Cornyn growls, and raises the price to 5 silver tarsks. The difficulty is now 8.

The other bidder backs down, there is a great deal of cheering and the slave girl faints, never having imagined she would fetch such a price.

A nice touch will be if the GM has some poker chips. The players are likely to feel more involved with the auction sequence if they can touch and feel their coins in front of them (the poker chips could each represent 5 copper tarsk pieces). The GM should have his own supply too. As each bid is made, the players and GMs slide forward their upping bid until a girl is won. The tactile feel of using poker chips will add to the experience. Obviously, the players get their chips back for each auction they lose.

A GM who is good at improvising should role-play the auctioneer as a cheerful and flattering individual who commends the excellent taste of the characters each time they make a bid. Where they falter in making further bids, he should speak to them, pointing out various exceptional qualities of the girl on display, encouraging them to continue with bold bids.

"Will you seriously lose the lovely Tupa for the sake of another paltry five copper tarsks?"

He may enquire where they are from and obviously praise their beautiful city, remarking perhaps that men of city x know an attractive wench when they see one.

Play up the showmanship to make the auction more than just dice rolling.

Players may, of course, dip into their own character funds to purchase a girl, if they want. After all, they know they will be getting a gold tarn at the end of all this.

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF SLAVES

As each girl ascends the block, ask each player to make a roll against her beauty score as a difficulty target using their Slave Handling skill (the theory being the higher the slave handling skill, the more blasé they are about yet another slave girl).

A fail means the GM tells the player in question that he feels his blood run hot at the sight of that girl, and if he happened to buy that one, well, the pleasure he would receive from her from here to Tarnburg would be worth an award of two Honour points to spend in the game.

Sasuna, however, is worth four Honour points as she is really spectacular.

In other words, certain player characters suddenly have a vested interest in buying particular girls, whereas other players who made their dice rolls are not as easily impressed. This might make for some fun in-character exchanges along the lines of:

PC1: "I want Mina. Keep bidding!"

PC2: "But we're already up to 45 copper tarsks for her! She's not worth much more!"

PC1: "Keep bidding, I say. Ho! Auctioneer! I offer 55! 55 tarsks for the fine rumped girl!"

PC2: "That's OUR money!"

The girls on offer are:



Mina (Beauty Score 20)

The girl who takes the stage seems timid and reticent, stumbling, fresh to the collar perhaps. Her skin is soft and pale, her hands supple, her attitude bashful, blushing and reluctant. She is a little slim for Gorean taste, with small breasts and slim hips, though she lacks the harder muscle cheap work-slaves might develop. When she dares a glance from under her shelter of dark hair you catch sight of her chief selling point, her amber, almost orange or pink, eyes.

“Alas, fine masters, I see you clench your fists in frustration as the lovely Amita, once a proud Lady of Ti, resplendent in her gowns and brocades, but now a hot little thing, skipping and leaping with aplomb to the tender kiss of the slave whip, is sold to that fine master from Talmont. Oh lucky day, Sir, that you have a beauty such as Amita, hurrying now to your feet and presenting her supple wrists ready for chaining in strong Talmont steel. But despair not, fine masters, for behold the beauty now ascending the slave block!

Do my eyes deceive me or is this hot wench not a soft butter skinned delight with coral eyes, breasts like peaches, and a mane of black silken hair that begs a master to run his fingers through it?

Oh, ho! Once a barbarian woman from the city of Coven-tree on Earth, Mina dined in fine establishments and looked down upon men! Yes! Looked down upon men! Now, look at her, noble masters, as she turns to display her ample charms for your delectation.

Behold those limbs, bred purely for dancing! Now, may we start the bidding at twenty copper tarsks?”

Shanna (Beauty Score 15)

This girls stalks onto the stage like a prancing goat, head high and defiant, her hair a tangled nest and her lips thinned and narrowed in contempt. Her bare skin is covered in welts and scratches, tell tale signs of cage discipline and fights with other slaves. She has broad hips, to suit the Gorean palate for women, but is lean and muscled, with barely an ounce of fat on her.

“But let us now pause with these formerly pampered wenches who parade their ample charms before you, for it is said that deep in his heart what a man desires is to truly master a woman with fire and spirit in her soul!

Behold then, the dark tresses and sweetly rounded hips of Shanna, recently captured from the borders of the Northern Forests where, with her snarling sisters, she skipped and pranced between the trees in skimpy furs, playing at manly games with her toy hunting spear!

Now look at her, a former Panther girl, caught and bound by the firm hands of men. Perhaps she will hiss? Perhaps she will scratch? But not for long once she is squirming under the lash of her true master.

Send her crawling to your furs, desperate for your touch, fine masters, and turn this spirited forest cat into the most delicious of slave girls.

Do I hear a starting bid of ten copper tarsks for this sleek, slender beauty?”

Kana (Beauty Score 25)

This next girl seems to know her collar well. When she takes to the stage it is with the enticing shimmy of a girl who knows the furs well. Her piercing blue eyes alternately scan the crowd, seeking the man she desires for her next Master and hoping he seeks her.

She looks a little odd, here, white-blond, bleached by the sun, against deeply tanned flesh.

"Many girls ascend this platform. It is easy for a man to become jaded with slave flesh, but every once in a while, a woman such as Kana falls into my hands.

My friends, feast your eyes on the lips and breasts of this ripe slave from the summer grasslands south of Vonda. See the way she glides across the stage! See the way she tilts her head enticingly, gazing out with limpid eyes of aquamarine in search of her true master!

Could it be you, noble Sir, from Ar? Or perhaps it is only a Cosian man who can truly open her legs with just a click of his fingers?

One thing I know, a girl such as Kana only comes along once in maybe a season.

To know her is to want her, and to want her is beyond reproach.

I must start the bidding at, at least 30 copper tarsks, for a beauty such as Kanya. Strike hard and fast now with your bids while you can!"

Tupa (Beauty Score 20)

Curvaceous and heavy-breasted, this slave takes to the stage with a wiggle and a jiggle, before turning this way and that, well displaying her voluptuous charms.

Her hair is a little short, starting to develop a natural wave, and she has ruddy cheeks, matched upon the roundness of her other curves. She seems to know what she is, but lacks refinement, perhaps a paga girl?

"It is said by the white-clad Initiates, that on the sixth day of creation the Priest-Kings deigned to create woman. On the seventh day they rested, and no wonder they required rest when they crafted a woman as exquisite, as perfect, as voluptuous as our next kajira, Tupa!

Just look at her, masters! Have you ever seen such perfect skin, such an enticing smile and the hint of deeply sensual pleasures to come when she lies in your arms? I confess in this case I am actually loath to sell her. But times are hard, and I must forgo my own personal pleasures in the arms of Tupa and offer her here today, though my heart will surely desert me when I see her go to the chains of a master with such exquisite taste in slave flesh.

If ever a woman was born to slavery, it is surely Tupa. Hailing from the eastern shore near Brundisium, she is not only nectar from the Priest-Kings but a sound investment whose price can only rise with training.

Invest now for the security of your leaner years! We shall start the bidding at 25 copper tarsks."

Slave #326 and #336, Sold as a Single Lot (Beauty Score 15)

A strange pair these two, chained together at their collars and having to be all but dragged onto the stage.

It's hard to gauge their beauty, dressed as they are in torn tatters of some barbaric cloth, snot-faced and teary-eyed, clinging to each other in fear.

One is as pale as the other is dark. They make an interesting contrast with each other, red hair and black, white skin and brown, tall and short, slender and curvaceous.

Still, an ignorant pair of barbarians is a lot of work...

"Now, I know some of you are loath to purchase ignorant barbarians... I know, I know, they are often clumsy and skittish, not even comprehending the sound logic of a society based on slavery.

Trust me, kind masters, they appreciate in value faster than any other slaves you might buy here today. We have two lovely barbarians this afternoon, brought to Gor in the very same shipment.

One, a stunning redbead with some of the finest legs to grace this auction block, while the other is a dusky beauty from some Tabari like region of Earth, and see how her eyes smoulder with simmering sensuality.

They are so new to the market that they haven't even been named yet! Could you be the man to name them?

Untrained, they may be, but Earth barbarians always blossom into treasures of unparalleled desire!

It is a wise man who pays the modest sum required to buy a barbarian girl, for he knows that the strict discipline he can offer will soon have that girl begging to please him in ways he never knew existed!

Oh yes, trust me, my friends, Earth girls are very versatile and imaginative, for only the most intelligent and insightful are harvested by our brothers of the slaver caste.

These two we are selling as a matched pair, for they have spent time together in the pens and would suit a man with, shall we say, an adventurous appetite! Bid now, my good friends, from the generous starting price of 15 coppers for the pair!"



Sufi (Beauty Score 25)

Sensual, moving with a dancer's grace, the next girl to take the stage trembles not with fear, but with need. She dare not look up, hiding beneath long, straight, dark hair, but her flushed skin and stiff nipples betray an aroused and needy slave, biting her lip to keep from whimpering. "Slut!" Hisses the next slave in line, until a slaver switches her across the calves.

"But enough of barbarians. I see your appetite is wetted now for more sophisticated fare, and as it happens our next slut hails from the glorious city of Ar.

Once she gazed down from her golden tower, consulting on important caste matters and saving her breath-taking beauty for the lucky gaze of her wall mirror, but no more, for now, her beauty is laid bare for all to see! Gaze in wonderment at the sensual, raven-haired temptress that is Sufi. Watch her glide effortlessly through her slave paces like the trained girl she is. Thus, with a crack of my leather whip on the roughly bewn boards, she springs into fluid movements that surely please the eye. Such grace! Such charms! Such hunger for the touch of a man! Yes, poor Sufi has been deprived of the touch of a man for many weeks now, and at night she claws piteously at her bars, her eyes burning with need. See how she dances, displaying herself to the men in the front row who applaud as she passes by.

More than any slave I have seen this season, Sufi will crawl and do anything to please her master. Perhaps that master will be you? Let us open with a bid for 35 copper tarsks!"

Timita (Beauty Score 15)

Auctioneers sometimes dress slaves in costumes to enhance their beauty, or to appeal to certain kinds of buyer.

This slave girl has been dressed in a land-lubbers parody of some sort of sea sprite.

Finely meshed nets drape her body, offering tantalising glimpses of the flesh beneath, divided into little squares. In place of bells, shells dangle from her bracelets and anklets, and her hair has been styled into a great wash of waves.

"Do we have any bold mariners present here today? We do?! Well then, men of the sea will know the thrill of the catch! The joy to be found in hauling aboard fishing nets laden with wriggling white-bellied grunt fish.

We do not have any white-bellied grunts here at the Voltai market of course, but lo! Behold! The graceful curves of our very own catch – Timita, a maid of the salty brine, dressed scandalously it seems in nothing more than artfully wrapped fishing nets about her tender body.

Yes, present yourself, Timita, and let these fine men feast their eyes on your exquisite charms. Perhaps soon one of them may feast in other ways! I think we would all take to the high seas if slave girls such as Timita could be pulled freely from the Thassa!

Bid please, from a not inconsequential 20 copper tarsks."

Kaska (BeautyScore 20)

A giant of a woman takes the stage, a full hand taller than even the milk-carrying wenches of the frozen north.

Despite her height, and her scowl, she is undeniably feminine. Dark hair, braided into long, thin braids, dangles like a cafe curtain about her blue-black face, wild eyes narrow and arrogant beneath.

She carries herself like a panther girl, but her proportions betray a softer upbringing, despite her height.

"Next up, fine masters, we have an ebony-skinned beauty from the jungles of Schendi where it is said the women of certain tribes dance sensually together, worshipping ancient stone monoliths deep within the rain forest.

Some tribes of snarling savage beautiful women, I am told, have never even felt the touch of a man before! How is this so? Do not ask me, for I do not know, but Kaska here is a wild-eyed beauty, barely tamed, still haughty enough to think herself better than the other girls in my pen.

How she taunts them for being the slaves they are! How she scolds them for their wicked ways! How she holds herself as superior, knowing in her heart, or so she thinks, that a man can never tame her! Any true man would rise to that challenge, I am sure!

Twenty copper tarsks allows you to teach her the truth!"

Alyssa (Beauty Score 30)

A brown-skinned girl, with smouldering eyes, dances up onto the stage, and strikes the first pose from the Dance of the Tamed Serpent, drawing gasps of pleasure from the crowd. She raises her arms above her head, lifting the line of her perfect breasts, fingers imitating the ophidian and deadly grace of an oxt as she shimmyes her rounded hips to the jingle of imaginary bells. This time there is a smattering of shoulder-slapping applause from some of the men.

"Oh, ho! What have we here! From the burning sands of the Djinn haunted desert sands comes Alyssa, with her smoky kohl-rimmed eyes, sun burnished skin, and the body of a lithe dancer.

Have you ever seen such perfect measurements on a girl's hips, breasts and belly before, kind masters? No, nor I.

The manifold pleasures of the warm desert nights will be yours a thousand-and-one fold as Alyssa teaches you just what Tabarian men the world over have known for millennia. That a sleek girl of the desert, kept under suitable discipline, can offer pleasures unparalleled.

You have not truly tasted the fruits of a slave until you have tasted Alyssa of the mystic south. Her skin has the heady scent of spices, and her lovemaking is like nothing else known to man. Tabarian girls always sell well, and this one will be no different.

I must open with a bid of 55 copper tarsks. No less!"

Sasuna (Beauty Score 40)

This lot appears to be the prize.

When she takes the stage she hits your libido like a runaway tharlarion.

She must be a bred slave, only that could account for the perfection, the subtlety, the sensuality oozing from every pore, every wink, every breath. She needs no adornment, no costume, no hyperbolic salesmanship from the auctioneer.

The Priest-Kings themselves must have made her for the purpose of driving men to madness.

The crowd collectively jangles, like countless bells, as everyone checks what they have left in their purses.

“And now, let a solemn hush descend upon this auction block, for we come to the final girl on offer today, and in all honesty, words are inadequate to describe her loveliness.

I would not end this auction today with anything less than a woman who could drive Ubars to distraction.

She is sensuality personified, with gold blonde hair like the shining of the sun, and breasts so perfect that my eyes may never gaze upon their like again.

I shall live my final days dreaming of the splendour of the kajira called Sasuna, and no matter which girls I take to my bed from now on, I shall always know, to my despair, that they are not Sasuna.

But, lo, here she comes now, and yes, now you are all silent in the front row, and now you are all quiet in the second row, and you understand just how lovely she really is.

This girl would be the jewel in the coffle of any great man, and that she is here today is your most fortunate moment, for you in years to come will dine with your friends and talk of the day you could have bid upon Sasuna of the city of Corcyrus.

This is a woman who could be sold at the Curulean in Ar.

It is only a mark of my respect and gratitude to you wonderful masters that I permit her to be sold in the shadows of the Voltai mountains.

Sasuna! See her dance, see her kneel, see her beg to wear your collar.

Bidding must start at 80 copper tarsks!”



SLAVE ARCHETYPES

By the close of the auction, the characters will have a chain's worth of girls. Unless the dice have been very bad for the player characters, they should have bought at least four girls, hopefully, more. The GM will assign specific archetypes to four of the purchased girls to personalise them further.

If they messed up really badly, Atius may offer to buy their personal slaves (should they have any) to round out the numbers, at a reasonable price. Player Character slaves may well end up being suggested to be offered. Alternatively they could wait for another auction, or pick up unsold girls (typically barbarians) for an absurdly inflated price (20 copper each) after the auctions shut for the day.

The Kur Agent

She knows she shouldn't be a slave. In fact, this is a terrible mistake! She had been brought to Gor or had been recruited from Gor, to serve the Kurii cause.

She had been trained in the arts of subterfuge and deceit, and only a bad stroke of luck meant she was in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong men.

Her captors didn't even know she served the Kur!

Now she has been branded, collared and sold to these men who are taking her to Tarnburg – some Gods-forsaken mountain city from which she will never return. She, of course, thinks herself far superior to the other girls in the coffle and looks down at them.

She will shirk duties if she can, in an Eleanor Brinton (Captive of Gor) kind of way, and will desperately think of some way to free herself. An opportunity must inevitably arise soon, before that dreadful city is reached.

Whatever happens, she can't be sold there. She will be proud, arrogant and bossy to the other girls, and will swiftly become unpopular with them.

(+1 Body +1 Escapology, +1 Stealth, +2 Bluff, +2D Useless Earth Skill).

The Virgin

She, of all the girls in the coffle, has never known the touch of a man and she will ensure that the characters are well aware of that, pointing out to them how valuable she will be on the auction block if she isn't touched or molested.

She fears the thought of sex and will jump at the slightest touch. Gradually, as the scenario progresses, she will begin to fall in love with one of the party members – possibly whichever one shows her any attention that borders on kindness.

At some point in the game, the GM should manipulate events so that she gets to save or aid the player character in some way, at risk to her own life.

It is possible then that by the end of the scenario, one or more of the characters views the girl with sympathy and feels disturbed by the idea of selling her to an uncertain fate in Tarnburg.

It's all about messing with the emotions of the players.

The Rebel

One of the girls has not yet had her spirit crushed, and she will resist the characters quite openly at first.

If she is punished, her resistance may reduce to passive-aggressiveness, but it will still be there.

If the players are lax with their security at any point, she will make an attempt to flee and escape, leading to the escape scene that is described in Act Two.

A gradual series of good results on the slave handling skill will gradually wear away at her resistance until she finally gives in.

(+2D Will, +1 Endurance)

The First Girl

One girl will show the aptitude for being a first girl, in that she will be smart, intuitive and resourceful at times of crisis.

The GM will play her as an asset to the party. She can offer helpful suggestions and clues from the GM when the players get stuck, and aid in various crisis situations to the best of her ability.

Again, by the conclusion of the scenario, the players may be torn by the idea of selling her.

(+1D Confidence, +1D Command, +1 Slave Handling)

The GM could intersperse the various auctions with a few set pieces typical to the Gor books.

This could include such things as a loud, outspoken free woman (guarded by one or two men, who are possibly a bit embarrassed by her behaviour and their association to her), making a nuisance of herself.

She struts around criticising each slave for having fat ankles and insulting the players for their poor taste in slaves.

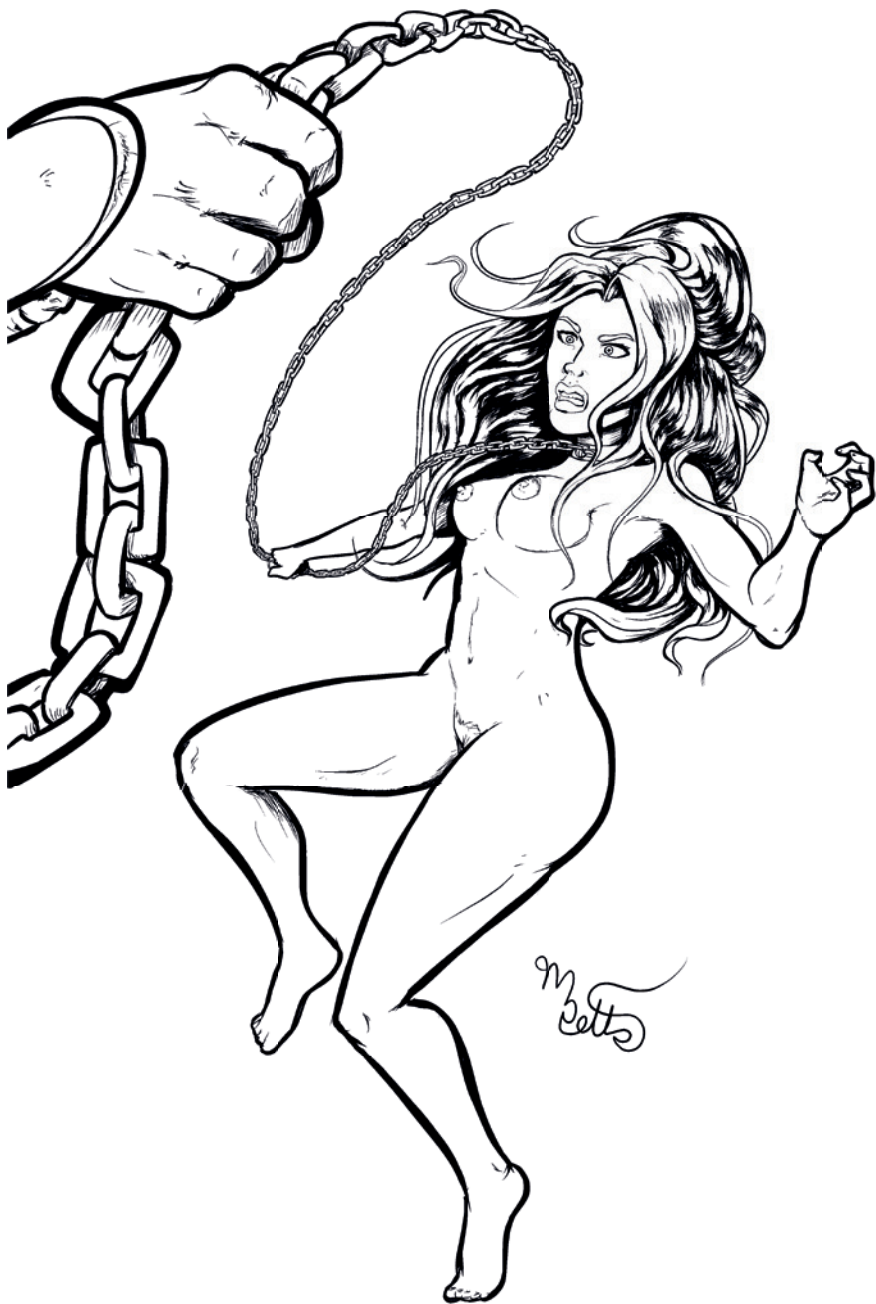
Or you could include an irate warrior who just lost out on a girl he really wanted when the player characters bought her, who then threatens trouble.

The entertainers (and pickpockets and other borderline ne'er-do-wells) make an excellent foil for annoying player characters or giving them something a little extra to do.

Chasing down a pickpocket who has made off with your coinpurse, hoping to get back before the auction is over, can make for a rather engaging and time-sensitive scenario. Especially if they resort to violence and the guards are called.

Atius will take charge of the purchased girls after the close of the auction, promising to return them to the characters once the wire implants have been arranged, perhaps a couple of days hence.

This leaves the characters with some downtime to enjoy themselves.



Act Two

Act Two begins with the slaves being returned, now with shaven heads following the surgery.

This, of course, lowers their value somewhat, but is unavoidable due to the surgery.

The surgery itself leaves no scar and the girls have no idea what happened to them, having been sedated before boarding a silver ship, and having whatever vague memories they might have had wiped after the fact.

The girls are in shock that they have lost their hair and are not taking the situation well at all. Many of them are crying, and they actually seem more traumatised by their hair being shaved than by being auctioned.

The characters will have to calm them down either with the use of appropriate social skills such as Intimidation or Slave Handling. Even pure role-play. Otherwise, they appear unmanageable as they are and will get worse as time goes by.

Atius explains that by the time the girls reach Tarnburg, there will be a decent fuzz of growth so they won't actually be bald. He even has a salve of Priest-King origin to promote this.

The girls will all be secured in coffle chains and depending on whether the characters bothered to calm them down, may be very nervous and scared as the expedition gets underway. A flatbed wagon with a central bar for chaining their ankles to will be provided, along with a draft tharlarian to pull it.

THE VOLTAI MOUNTAINS

The Voltai is a vast mountain range that borders the eastern side of the known Gorean continent, descending southwards from the eastern edge of the Northern Forests. It is arguably the most massive mountain range on Gor.

Major cities from the north downwards include Tarnwald, Thentis, the secretive Treve, and then much further south, Tarnburg itself.

Many of the mountains have red coloured cliffs, which derive from the heavy concentration of iron oxide within the stone, prime mining territory for metal workers, though it lacks the glamour of gold or silver.

The mountains are home to various forms of wildlife, including rock panthers, verr and larls.

Passage through the mountains, assuming you do not have tarns, which would attract undue attention from the hostile tarnsmen of Treve and Tarnburg, is through a series of valley roads and mountain passes.

These are similar in style to the rugged terrain of Afghanistan and wind endlessly through terrain that is perfect for an ambush.

The hills surrounding the passes are home to many hill tribes who nominally bow to the superior air power and military might of the fortress cities located in the mountains.

The chieftains of the Voltai hill tribes are said to receive regular bribes of gold, women and fine goods in return for not preying on the caravans that travel to and from Tarnburg. In many ways, this resembles early 19th century Afghanistan when the British occupied the valleys and foothills and bought off the warlike tribes either side in the mountains.

The hill chieftains of the Voltai aren't always trustworthy and dependable of course, and frequently they go raiding and plundering anyway until Tarnburg is forced to teach them a lesson by darkening the skies with their tarn cavalry and raiding their villages in return.

The men of the Voltai do not have tarns of their own and are at a disadvantage there. Preying on trade that doesn't originate within Tarnburg is another way of staving off the inevitable, after all, the words for 'stranger' and 'enemy' are the same in Gorean.

With tarn travel being impossible (they would be attacked on sight) the characters can only reach Tarnburg the slow way, by caravan through the mountain passes. Allow the players to formulate their cover stories, arrange their transport and supplies (Atius has already provided the flatbed wagon to transport the girls in) and possibly even employ some guides.

Those guides may or may not be entirely trustworthy, depending on how well they are paid, and how wisely the players have selected their guides. The Culture skill will help players separate honest guides from bandits if they make a dice roll versus difficulty 15.

Bandit-guides aren't stupid, nor are most bandits. They won't fight to the death, rather they will steal by stealth if they can, or take to their heels if resistance seems too stiff.

Act Two is essentially the journey to Tarnburg, and there are several set pieces that the GM can employ here.

FIRST NIGHT CAMPING

If the characters are conversational types, they can get to know the girls they have bought.

The girls will take it, in turn, to relate their backgrounds and tell how they came to be enslaved. Depending on circumstances they may begin to pair off and try and win the favour of certain men in the party, hoping to be protected from what might happen to them otherwise.

The GM will deliberately ensure that girls who are worth free honour points to individual players are instead personally attracted to one of the other players and will try and serve him instead, causing a possible source of conflict within the party, though, in true Gorean fashion, love will triumph in the end.

The scene will culminate with a sleen snuffing around the outside of the campsite which will need to be dealt with one way or another. If only to stop the slaves screaming when it shows its snout.

It is a minor combat scene (insomuch as any battle with a sleen can be considered minor), but it allows the player characters to have a go with the combat rules at relatively low risk.

The character who deals the killing blow to the sleen will earn an Honour point.

Player characters can choose to pair off with a girl for the night or sleep alone, as they wish. Those sleeping with a favoured slave gain the two Honour points for doing so.

Where more than one player character failed the slave handling rolls previously during the auction, and more than one player character is attracted to a particular slave, the GM tells them that only the first character to sleep with the girl will gain the honour points.

CATFIGHT

By the third evening, the characters will wake in alarm to the sounds of heavy fighting and screaming. I

t's dark, and so the GM will play this to make it seem that the camp has been attacked by outlaws.

Once the characters get their bearings, they discover that it is a full-blown catfight between two of the screaming and hissing slaves who are going at each other with teeth, nails and insults. A bit like the Gypsy girl fight in *From Russia With Love*.

The characters will have to break the fight up (harder than it might seem at first), and they will discover that the girls got into an argument and are fighting over one of the player characters they both like, warning each other to keep away from him.

The player characters can deal with that revelation as they wish.

CHECKPOINTS

Once the party enters the valley pass, they will be watched by swooping tarn patrols from the city of Tarnburg.

A routine sweep of tarnsmen will trail the group for a while, noting the coffle of slaves in the wagon and the apparent lack of a marching troop of warriors.

They will satisfy themselves by sending a lone tarnsman down to the valley floor to stop and speak to the player characters as a routine stop and search procedure.

At the same time, his two companions keep watch, hovering in the sky with crossbows locked and loaded.

This will be an encounter to test the Bluff skill and cover stories of the group.

If the players pass with good answers and good dice rolls, the encounter ends there. If they arouse suspicion the tarnsmen will order them to leave. Any resistance will end in a fight scene.

THE HILL TRIBES

Further into the mountain pass, but still some distance from Tarnburg itself, the party will be ordered to stop by a band of Voltai hill folk lurking in the rocks either side of the passage.

It is random bad luck that the party has been stopped.

The Hillmen will seek payment of tribute to allow the party to proceed, but when they see the coffle of girls in the wagon, they will take an interest and ask for their use.

"It has been a week since any of us have had a woman," says the grizzled and craggy leader.

They are asking out of politeness, rather than merely taking the girls, but the girls will be terrified at the prospect of being dragged behind the boulders and used by such crude and unsophisticated men.

At least one girl will beg her Masters not to do this (possibly the virgin or the Kur agent), pleading that she loves him (to her favourite) and that she only longs for his touch, specifically.

The pleading by the girls angers the hill men, and one of them draws a heavy whip and moves to lash the girl in question. The lash is a bullwhip, and it will seriously injure or even possibly kill the girl if the player characters allow it.

Fast talk and similar skills combined with the presentation of gifts to placate the hill men may soothe the mounting tension. Still, if not, and if the characters do not wish one of their girls to be possibly whipped to death, the confrontation will grow uglier again as the Hill chief spits at a player character and orders him out of the way.

This might lead inevitably to another fight.



THE TOWERS OF TARNBURG

As the sky towers of Tarnburg become visible in the distance, perched above the stepped city that straddles the mountainside and burrows into it, the girls will grow restless, worried, scared what their future might be.

Girls who have spent the nights with the characters will beg not to be sold. They will promise to be superb slaves and will turn on one another, knowing that individually they might be spared if their sisters in bondage aren't.

More, minor, fights in the coffle chain will break out as the girls become desperate to be the exception to the upcoming sales in Tarnburg.

The characters will have to use Skills like Slave Handling more and more, or devote more roleplay time, to keep order as each girl tries to persuade the players that the other girls should be sold, but not her.

Where player characters are fond of individual girls, there may be conflicts between the characters as they take the sides of their favoured girls.

The girls all fear being sold in Tarnburg, which to them is the edge of the known world.

Whatever the case, at least four must be solid, though Atius will be sympathetic to those that desire to keep their girls.

THE HILL VILLAGE

The mountain pass climbs in altitude and eventually passes through a sprawling hill settlement (Twostone Village) where the passage of the group is met with caution by the locals.

They are used to strangers passing through to Tarnburg, and this place is therefore somewhere that characters can rest up safely for a night, re-provision and in fact, make a little money on the side if they wish to take coins for their slaves' service.

Girls can be made to dance and serve in alcove booths for a profit. Doing so will ensure a friendlier welcome amongst the hill men, though the free hill women will hiss at the slaves and try and strike them with sticks. It will be up to the characters to protect their valuable cargo.

The hillmen will not interfere too much if the characters drive away the hill women, so long as they do not go too far and for example, draw steel. In fact, they will find it quite amusing.

The Voltai slaves of the hill village are interesting – dark-haired, kohl like eyes, and sun-kissed and wind-blasted skin. They wear simple woollen tunics and lack the exquisite graces of the central Gorean slaves that the party own, but they have a fire and vitality that adds to their own allure, as well as being nimble on their feet amongst the steep rocks.

Characters can haggle to buy a few if they wish, as it will be obvious (the GM can tell them) that cleaned up and trained a little by the group's existing knowledgeable girls, a tidy profit could be made in Tarnburg or back in the cities of central Gor.

Similarly, offers will be made by the hill folk for one or more of the girls that the party own, but what is offered will be trade goods and animals in barter.

Turning down all offers for all of the girls will be viewed as rude, and the mood in the village will grow tense and ugly, in a The Man Who Would Be King kind of way, requiring more placatory social skills to calm things down.

Failing to do so will see some of the younger, hot-blooded Voltai men follow the group as they leave in the morning, stalking them across the ledges of the cliffs to launch a night-time raid that evening to steal a girl or two.

OPTIONAL SCENE -AT ANY TIME-

It will be the responsibility of the characters to decide what security they have in place to ensure the girls don't try to escape.

If the security is lax (i.e. they aren't chained during the night), then the rebel girl will make an escape attempt at some point. The characters will have to use relevant skills to track and find her, and when they do, she will have fallen into the hands of a couple of hill brigands with an inevitable confrontation scene.

If the players do not try to pursue the escaped girl, then the shame of losing a slave will give them all a -1 modifier on all dice rolls for the duration of the scenario, or they can sacrifice a point of Honour.

THE APPEAL - FINAL SCENE OF ACT TWO

As the towers of Tarnburg come into view, the Kur agent slave will grow more desperate. The weight of her chains feels inescapable now and, having somehow picked up that the player characters serve Priest-Kings, she is desperate enough to reveal her past and try to make a deal with them.

One evening when the group is camping, she will arrange to speak with them before she is likely chained with the other girls for the night.

"I know who you are," she will say, "I know you serve Priest-Kings. If I am sold in Tarnburg, my slavery will be absolute. Spare me, and I will identify one of the Kurii's high ranking agents within that city. One that has been working for years against your masters. I will trade my knowledge for my freedom."

She will have an asking price of her freedom for the information she possesses, though perhaps starting with an even more expensive claim, at something ludicrous like a hundred silver pieces. Still, she is so desperate not to be sold in Tarnburg that she can be negotiated downwards to more preferable slavery, sold to a rich man in a central city.

Particularly cruel characters may twig that promises to slaves don't have to be kept, or similar wicked examples of Gorean humour and 'rules lawyering'. This is all entirely in keeping with the game.

What she knows is the identity of a powerful woman in Tarnburg who has valuable information that could crack multiple Kur spy rings in the Voltai region.

Atius will be very excited to hear this and will suggest to the group after the girl is taken away and chained with the other girls, that they should consider the offer seriously. This is an unexpected bonus of the mission and one that Atius feels they should add to their objectives.

"I want this high ranking woman in Tarnburg," be will say. "Whoever she is. And if she can be identified, I suspect I know how to acquire her... with your assistance, of course."

His plan to acquire her will ultimately involve him masquerading as a Boots Tarsk Bit style travelling magician (the Marvellous Malvolò the Magnificent) and will inevitably lead to the well-laid plans of the party descending into chaos and the dangerous escape from Tarnburg in Act Three.

Atius is ambivalent as to the fate of the Kur agent slave girl, but he will advise against freeing her until her information can be confirmed.

Some Additional Notes on the Kur Spy

As a slave and, to the Gorean mind a traitress, the spy doesn't have a lot of negotiating strength here.

Gorean honour in this circumstance can be hard to navigate, so I want to offer a few interpretations here to help out, though your interpretation may vary.

- **Torture:** Torture is completely legal and it is fair to torture a slave for any reason, or no reason. However the social censure results in a violation of the spirit of honour, if not the letter. Torturing her for the information, save as a last resort, should cost the torturer a point of Honour.
- **Reneging on a Promise:** Slaves have no rights and a Gorean free man is under no obligation to honour any promise of freedom he makes. Indeed, Goreans may well treat this as a funny joke. Even so, dishonesty, even to a slave, is frowned upon and can result in the loss of an Honour point.
- **Instant Re-Enslavement:** Having Atius or someone else re-enslave her, immediately after she's freed, is very much a Gorean joke and the basis of many humorous stories. There is no penalty for doing this.
- **Freeing Her:** Freeing her is dubious, her being a traitress, but if people never kept their promises to people like her, no traitor would ever offer up information. It is one of the right ways to handle this. Atius knows the Priest-Kings will observe her and keep her on the straight and narrow.

Act Three

Tarnburg sits high in the Voltai mountains; a stronghold that is as much a fortress as it is a living, breathing city.

It has taken men twenty generations or more to construct this vast stepped city, built around the sides of neighbouring mountains within the Voltai range.

It has fortified walls at the base, and resplendent towers at the summit, climbing high up the slopes with the wealthiest citizens living at the topmost levels, and the poorest down below. Many of the oldest dwelling places are literally hollowed out into the mountainside itself, forming a maze of chambers and passageways through the granite rock.

There is a sense of Tarnburg being a proud military city, as befits the home of one of the most famous mercenary commanders of known Gor. Dietrich's innovations in tactics have been applied as much to Tarnburg's defence, as to his own victories in battle.

Access to the city, other than by tarn, and landing on sky platforms, involves making the final approach along narrow mountain trails, routinely fortified at advantageous checkpoints by military keeps overlooking the well-trodden paths. The warriors of Tarnburg stare down from these fortified positions, and as the city draws ever closer, they begin to stop and search wagons and pack beasts that make their final approach.

If there is any sign that warriors of a foreign city are trying to sneak their way into Tarnburg, those men will be attacked and put to death, and alarms will be sounded to summon patrols of tarnsmen.

Unless the player characters have the overconfidence of Tarl Cabot, and combat skills to match, they will be best advised to convince the guardsmen close to the city that they are what they appear to be. Whether that's slavers, merchants, travellers, entertainers, or whatever their chosen disguises are.

Again, the GM can introduce a scene where the characters have their goods and property searched, and they, in turn, are questioned. This is an opportunity for social interaction skills to be used, and for the men of Tarnburg to be placated.

ENTERING TARNBURG

Entrance to the city won't be too tricky as it turns out that Atius is already a resident with a safe house of considerable luxury that will be their base of operations. Although he can vouch for the characters, they will be subject to routine bureaucratic checks by resident scribes, dipping quills in ink wells and tutting when they hear the names of the characters' home stones.

"Vonda, you say?" A slight scowling of an upper lip as the scribe scratches that name onto parchment.

Characters will be issued with temporary residence papers that they are to carry at all times and offer up to suspicious guardsmen who don't like the look of their foreign manners, different ways, international hair, and general alien nature.

Guardsmen in Tarnburg have a nose for sniffing out foreigners, and the characters will be warned by Atius to expect frequent checks on their movements by paranoid and under-stimulated guardsmen.



Atius owns or rather has the use of, an elegant looking townhouse complete with garden and high walls built onto one of the sides of the mountain.

Like most Gorean dwellings that are not housed in towers, the windows are generally small and barred, but numerous. One side of the building overlooks the steep fall to the valley floor below, and the characters will notice that there is a private tarn cote on the roof of a side building that juts out onto the side of the mountain.

*"In case we need to leave in a hurry,"
Atius will say, tapping his nose for effect.*

He has been trained in flying a tarn. This is in case none of the player characters can do so, though ideally at least one of them should have that skill as there will be an exciting tarn battle when they have to flee towards the end of the scenario.

INSIDE TARNBURG

Tarnburg has all the available amenities characters might expect to find in a Gorean city, so they will be able to resupply, purchase new weapons, and enjoy some downtime in paga taverns and bath houses once more.

Allow them to refresh some Honour points ahead of the final 'heist' scenes through wenching and carousing, as they wish.

Getting around Tarnburg takes more time as space is at a premium. Therefore the streets that connect the stepped areas of the city are narrow, often crowded, and very busy. They wind around the mountainside, from the necessity of design, instead of following the path of main roads and thoroughfares.

Characters will soon learn that many of the city's warriors are away, raiding settlements close to Hochburg (a rival of Tarnburg).

If the characters happened to purchase any of the slave girls belonging to the hill tribes, now is an opportunity to sell them at a tidy profit to slavers within the city. The GM can play out some haggling scenes with a slaver offering a low price, the characters countering with an extremely high price and then the two settling eventually for somewhere sensibly in-between.

Characters should be able to get up to three times what they actually paid for the slaves.

Roleplay settling into the house supplied by Atius, securing the girls inside the basement cellar, and perhaps touring around the nearby district of the city.

There could be light-hearted brawls inside paga taverns and encounters with suspicious guardsmen to lead into the final part of this module.

Now the scenario switches to the style of a 'heist' movie, as Atius explains that they need to do more than just distribute their lovely slaves. The prospect of seizing a knowledgeable Kur agent is too good to pass up and had the Sardar known of this possibility it would definitely have been considered a significant objective for the team to pursue. He says capturing this agent of the Kurii should now be their highest priority.

The identity of this Kur agent can be obtained from the former Kur agent amongst their slave. This can be done either by striking a deal or by whipping the information out of her. A somewhat more brutal approach, but this is Gor.

Either way, the name should be forthcoming.

Lady Elisha of Tarnburg

Lady Elisha is a highly respected woman in Tarnburg due to having been the former free companion of Dietrich of Tarnburg in the 1990s (Earth date). Sadly for her, the free companionship wasn't renewed by Dietrich beyond 1995, and her fall from grace was abrupt when he spurned her appeal to keep her as his companion.

Free women always take the blame when a free companionship isn't renewed, and they are generally shamed in public when that happens. Their peers delight in their misfortune and gossip about what the woman might possibly have done for her man to grow tired of her nagging ways and look for companionship elsewhere.

"No doubt she is a bitter shrew. One wonders what the handsome Dietrich saw in her in the first place!" etc.

Free women released from free companionship to important men never attain those heights again, for they are forever tainted by being cast aside. The best they can do is search for companionships with lesser men, and be grateful if anyone will have them.

This doesn't apply to wealthy women of course, for whom the dowries are tempting enough to most suitors.

Resentful, as you might expect, Elisha was swiftly recruited by the Kurii to scheme on their behalf in Tarnburg and thereby replenish her fortune and enjoy secret revenge against the people who had mocked her downfall.

Her Kur-attributed wealth has been enough to return her to polite society, but she has never truly forgiven the way she had been treated when Dietrich had spurned her. She is indeed very senior in the Voltai mountains and will be a source of considerable intelligence for the Priest-Kings once shipped to the Sardar in tight binding fibre.

Atius Reveals his Past

As it happens, and as he now reveals in full to the player characters, Atius was once a stage magician of impressive skill before he was recruited by the Sardar. He suggests a plan to both distribute the slaves and procure the Lady Elisha at the same time by hosting a lavish party at the house, inviting important Ladies, giving out the slaves to suitable targets, and kidnapping the Lady Elisha under cover of the party itself.

Many of the women's menfolk are currently away fighting the forces of Hochburg, leaving the high born women restless, bored, and protected only by their small retinues of guardsmen. If Lady Elisha is to be plucked like a dina flower from the security of Tarnburg, there is no better time than now.

THE HEIST

The basic plan outlined by Atius is as follows, though the GM should encourage the player characters to customise it or change it completely, as they see fit.

This is their game, and they are free to approach the kidnap of Lady Elisha in whatever manner they want.

In case they don't know where to begin, Atius has a complete plan he can present to them for their approval:

In his plan, the characters will play the part of genial hosts opening up their house and gardens to the wealthy women of Tarnburg, with fine wine, food and entertainment on offer.

The entertainment will include a breathtaking display of prestidigitation by none other than the Marvellous Malvolio – Atius, of course, resurrecting his old magic act. The critical point of the magic act will be transforming a free woman in a cabinet into a slave girl and then bringing her back again! How amazing! For this, he will have a unique cabinet and apparatus constructed to his designs.

Many fine ladies will turn up, with their finely dressed guardsmen of course. The players will get to roleplay and mingle and swap witty banter with the ladies, flattering them, and offering gifts of slave girls from their coffle to place them in Tarnburg as the eyes and ears of the Sardar nest. This part is the distribution of girls and the original plan - if they haven't managed to place them already.

The free women of Tarnburg have been without male company for over a month now, and they are growing restless and bored. They no doubt relish the appearance of these suitably dashing, heroic player characters with their chiselled jaws, firm muscles and handsome features.

The women may even get mildly flirtatious as they subtly compete with one another for attention, talking to the characters and asking all manner of questions. Knowing that the characters are semi-slavers, a few of the women may even steer the conversations to prompt the characters to remark on scandalous anecdotes about slavery!

While the women will pretend to be dismayed at all of these stories, they seem eager to hear more, amidst frequent blushing at the bondage elements.

"What did you do when the Lady of Ti resisted? Oh do tell!" etc.

The characters will, in particular, wish to ensure that Lady Elisha is made to feel at ease and those with excellent social skills will be expected to flatter and charm her. She is quite susceptible to this after her previous fall from grace.

The Marvellous Malvolio will walk around the party performing sleight of hand magic – everything from card sharp tricks to appearing to pull a free woman's silken under-slip from under her gown to the amusement of all.

The climax of his act will see a cabinet brought into the party and placed on a small stage. He will ask for a volunteer and will pick out the Lady Elisha and ask her to step into his cabinet of wonders. Having been flattered, charmed and plied with wine, and spurred on by the 'bravos' and cheers of the player characters who will state there is no finer Lady in all of Tarnburg for such an important display of magic, she will acquiesce.

Once she steps into the cabinet, it is sealed, and a cloth draped over it. The cabinet has a trap door, which allows her to be dropped through the makeshift stage and through a hole in the floor into the wine cellar. Her muffled shriek will be drowned out by a loud crashing of cymbals above from one of the characters.

The characters will have to select a slave girl from their coffle to assist with the kidnapping, in return for which Atius has reluctantly agreed she will not be sold with the others.

As to which girl, this is where the characters can argue amongst themselves as to who they should keep.

Inform each character that if their own preferred girl is retained, then they will be given 2 bonus XP to spend on skill upgrades at the end of the adventure to reflect their good fortune.

The slave who is assisting will climb into the cabinet from the cellar below, while one of the player characters waiting in the basement quickly gags, strips and binds the Lady Elisha.

When the cloth is removed, and the cabinet is opened, behold, a laughing, curvaceous slave girl in a wisp of silk in place of the Lady! What larks! What cheeky fun!

The women at the party will find this very funny at the expense of Lady Elisha. Malvolo will appear surprised and will wait as the audience calls for the Lady to be returned. Her guards, in particular, may now be looking a little on edge. They wonder what has happened to her, not liking the fact that she is out of their sight. Malvolo though, will calm his audience and promise to return her. The slave goes back into the box, and the cover goes back on.

As soon as that happens, the slave drops back down, and the player character quickly dresses her in the Lady's outer robe and veil. Malvolo speaks enough theatrical mumbo jumbo to build up tension and give the girl time to dress and then behold, the cloth is removed once more, the door opens, and out steps a robed and veiled woman who everyone assumes is Lady Elisha.

She will appear to laugh and applaud and turn to talk to one of the player characters whom she has been seen talking to previously.

Her guards, therefore, relax, especially when she seems to shoo them away with a wave of her hands and a single word, 'fie', as if she doesn't want to be interrupted while innocently flirting with the handsome and strong player character.

The real Lady Elisha is now dressed in a slave tunic with a collar locked around her neck and hands clasped behind her back in slave steel. She is brought up into the party where her muffled protests attract nothing more than tuts and insults from the other free women who naturally enough assume she is a disobedient slave who has to be punished soon for something. A few of the women will probably strike the unruly gagged slave with their belt switches, just for the fun of it.

She, of course, tries desperately to identify herself and reach her guards, but if the characters keep her on a short leash, she has little chance of doing so.

The basic plan then is to simply walk out to the tarn cote with the woman, where a quick escape can be made to fly her to the Sardar. Unfortunately, as with all heist movies, something goes wrong at a crucial moment.

Leaving the building in the company of the characters, the slave masquerading as the free woman is approached by guards waiting outside in the gardens. Alarmed that their mistress is leaving in the company of strange men, they insist on talking to her. Speaking will give away her true identity, and so a skirmish is likely to break out with the alarm being raised.

A wily GM has several possible ways for the guards to suspect the Lady Elisha is an imposter. The slave might, for example, be seen favouring her right hand when, in actual fact, the Lady is left-handed. Perhaps a wisp of the wrong colour hair is seen peeking out from beneath the elaborate hood, or maybe the Lady forgets herself and walks in the manner that a slave might walk.

Whatever it is, the guards are alarmed and will not let the characters pass unmolested.

A brisk running sword fight will then ensue to reach the tarn cot on the side of the mountain. The tarn has already been fitted with two tarn baskets and will be able to carry everyone for a reasonable distance before needing to rest. Crossbows have been placed in both baskets along with an ample supply of quarrels.

Ideally, a player character controls the tarn, but Atius is there in case none of them have the necessary skill. Other characters can grab the crossbows and fire from the security of the baskets during flight.

Lady Elisha will be tied to a slave ring on the saddle, still squirming, with the slave masquerading as her tied to the opposite ring for balance.

As the group take off, alarms are sounded, and a couple of tarn riders on patrol nearby give pursuit.

CLOSING OPTION FOR THE GM

It is possible (once the GM tells the players that they will receive a 2 XP bonus if they manage to keep their favoured slave) that they will put forward arguments to Atius to let them keep one or more of the other kajirae.

Atius will be understandably exasperated by all of this, for the original mission was to plant all the girls in prestigious halls. Still, Bluff skills may persuade the agent to make an exception for a particular girl on the basis that they are coming home with a sumptuous prize for the Sardar over and above the original mission.

It is even possible that a character may circumvent asking the agent for permission and instead stash away a bound, compliant and grateful girl under some blankets in one of the tarn baskets, only for her to be discovered after they have taken flight.

The GM should be open to any such possibilities if they make the adventure more fun. Provided the characters haven't been brutal or sadistic (and let's hope they're not that kind of party) then all the girls will prefer to be whisked away in those heroic arms than face a life of uncertain bondage in the lofty halls of Tarnburg.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE AND BEASTS

ATIUS THE WHITE

A morally flexible, jovial agent of the Priest-Kings with a convoluted life-story. A balding man in white robes, with a round belly that shakes when he laughs.

Agility 3D

Acrobatics 3D+1
Blades 3D+1
Escapology 3D+2
Evade 3D+1
Fistfight 3D+2
Stealth 4D
Tarn Riding 4D
Throwing 3D+1

Arts 3D

Music 4D
Poetry 4D
Singing 4D

Body 3D+2

Fitness 4D
Endurance 4D

Dexterity 3D

Draft Beast 3D+1
Rope Work 3D+1
Sleight of Hand 5D+2

Charm 5D

Confidence 6D+1
Animal Handling 5D+1
Bluff 7D+1
Charisma 6D+2
Convince 7D
Intimidation 6D+1
Slave Handling 5D+1
Speaking 6D+1
Will 6D

Reason 4D

Philosophy 5D
Culture 6D
Kaissa 4D+2
Navigation 4D+1
Scholar 4D+1
Senses 5D+1
Trading 4D+1

Traits: Agent of Priest-Kings, Keen Senses.

Health: 34/17

Movement: 9/13/27/45

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

Weapons: Concealed Sleeve Dagger +1D (3D)

Gear: Pack, rations, water, wine, blue metal hi-tech box containing gold, silver and ciphered letters).

ATIUS' DRAFT TARNS - ORVILLE AND DONAR

A pair of draft tarns, trained to follow each other and to Atius' needs. Tarns can carry 7-10 people, so you may only need one to carry the whole party.

Scale: 5

Agility 5D

Evade 8D

Fistfight 6D

Stealth 8D

Arts 1D

Body 6D+2

Fitness 7D

Endurance 7D+2

Fly 10D+1

Survival 6D

Dexterity 1D

Charm 2D

Confidence 3D

Intimidation 3D

Will 3D

Reason 2D

Initiative 3D

Senses 4D

Health: 50/25 (Orville), 44/22 (Donar)

Movement: 30/45/90/150

Power: 4D

Weapons: Metal Claws 6D, Beak 6D.

Armour: Leather Harness and hood
1D+5.

Gear: Tarn-basket, holds 7-10 people
and/or goods.

SLAVE AUCTION - MINA

"On my world, what a strange things to say, but yes, back on my world I was an econometrician. I helped, um, the merchants on my world using mathematics to model how people, cities and countries would spend and use their money. I'd not long graduated when strange men, hooded and armed, broke into my home and abducted me. I found myself here, trained in slave house in Vonda and then sold from house to house until I ended up here. I still find it hard to believe that it's all true."

Agility 2D

Coordination 2D+2

Evade 2D+2

Fistfight 2D+2

Pleasure 4D+1

Arts 4D

Aesthetics 5D

Art (Dance) 5D

Composition 5D+1

Poetry 4D+2

Body 2D+1

Fitness 2D+2

Endurance 3D

Run 3D

Swimming 3D

Dexterity 4D+1

Sleight of Hand 5D+2

Charm 2D+1

Charisma 3D

Speaking 3D Reason 4D

Philosophy 5D

Culture 5D+2

Earth: Econometrics 6D

Kaissa 5D

Language (Gorean) 5D

Navigation 4D+2

Scholar 6D

Senses 5D

Traits: Woman of Earth

Health: 30/15

Movement: 9/13/27/45

Power: 1D

Accuracy: 2D

SHANNA

"I ran with the panther girls of the northern forests. I was a huntress, I even slew a tharlarion that had eaten one of my sisters. We used to hunt men like these... masters... and use them for mates. If I am ever free again I will return to the forests and try to regain my trust there. Before that, I don't remember much, there was war, there were men, I ran."

Agility 4D

Athletics 4D+2

Blades 5D

Clubs 4D+2

Escapology 4D+1

Evade 6D

Fistfight 6D+2

Pleasure 5D

Riding 4D+1

Spears 4D+2

Stealth 6D

Throwing 4D+2

Arts 2D

Body 4D

Fitness 5D+1

Endurance 5D

Run 4D+1

Survival 4D+2

Swimming 4D+1

Dexterity 4D+1

Bow 5D+2

Burglary 4D+2

Draft Beast 5D

Rope Work 5D

Charm 3D+2

Confidence 4D

Animal Handling 4D+2

Bluff 4D

Slave Handling 4D

Will 4D+2

Reason 3D

Healing 3D+2

Initiative 3D+1

Senses 4D+1

Trading 3D+2

Health: 31/15

Movement: 12/18/36/60

Power: 3D

Accuracy: 2D

KANA

"My family helped raise racing tharlarion on one of the estates outside the cities. There was a fire in one of the barns and several eggs were lost. The Mistress of the house determined it to be my father's fault and to pay some of the debt was collared and sold. Perhaps I will even find an easier life as a slave, but I miss taking care of the beasts."

Agility 4D

Coordination 4D+2
Athletics 4D+1
Blades 4D+1
Clubs 4D+2
Evade 4D+1
Fistfight 4D+2
Pleasure 6D
Riding 4D+1
Stealth 4D+1
Throwing 4D+1
Whips 5D

Arts 2D

Aesthetics 2D+2
Singing 3D

Body 4D

Fitness 4D+2
Endurance 5D+1
Run 5D+2
Survival 4D+1
Swimming 5D

Dexterity 4D+1

Care 4D+2
Bow 5D
Draft Beast 5D
Rope Work 4D+1
Sleight of Hand 5D

Charm 2D+1

Animal Handling 4D+2
Charisma 3D
Slave Handling 3D+1
Will 2D+2

Reason 2D

Culture 2D+2
Healing 2D+1
Senses 4D
Trading 2D+1

Health: Fitness 41/20

Movement: 15/22/45/75

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

TUPA

"I grew up in a little fishing village near Brundisium. Raiders came ashore, disguised as sailors from that city and carried me off. I was supposed to be companioned to a boy from the next village, but he was as ugly as a tarsk and smelled of grunt-guts. As a slave I have seen far more of the world and known the touch of true men of Gor, warriors, pirates and sailors. I don't regret it."

Agility 4D

Coordination 5D
Acrobatics 4D+2
Athletics 4D+2
Blades 4D+2
Evade 5D
Fistfight 5D
Pleasure 6D+2
Throwing 4D+2

Arts 3D

Aesthetics 3D+2
Art (Dance) 4D+2

Body 3D

Fitness 4D
Endurance 4D
Run 4D
Survival 4D+1
Swimming 4D+2

Dexterity 4D+1

Rope Work 5D+1
Sailing 5D+2
Sleight of Hand 5D

Charm 4D+1

Charisma 5D+1

Reason 3D

Culture 3D+2
Healing 3D+1
Navigation 4D
Senses 4D+2

Health: 34/17

Movement: 12/18/36/60

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

SLAVE THREE-TWO-SIX AND THREE-THREE-SIX

Assuming that someone speaks Earth-English at least...

The redhead speaks:

"On Earth I was Margaret, Margaret Alexander. I was an engineer for a small aircraft firm, making engine parts. I did a bit of work as a piloting instructor as well. A strange man asked me for lessons, and one evening we were out flying when I saw a strange light in the sky. When I awoke again, I was here, on this world. This other place. I still think I'm dreaming."

The South-Asian girl then:

"I'm Vijaya, I worked in a power-plant near Delhi, maintaining many of the machines there that kept everything running. Here all anyone seems to want me to do is fetch drinks for them, clean or... you know. I never thought of myself the way they all look at me here, and I don't see many, or any, people like me. I feel so very alone."

#326 (Margaret)

Agility 2D

Athletics 2D+1

Fistfight 3D

Pilot Aircraft 4D

Pleasure 2D+1

Riding 2D+1

Stealth 2D+1

Arts 4D

Craft (Aeronautical Engineering) 7D

Body 3D+1

Fitness 4D+1

Endurance 3D+2

Swimming 3D+2

Dexterity 3D+1

Care 4D+1

Crossbow 3D+2

Draft Beast 3D+2

Rope Work 3D+2

Sleight of Hand 4D+1

Charm 2D+1

Animal Handling 3D

Slave Handling 3D+2

Will 3D+2

Reason 4D

Philosophy 4D+2

Kaissa 4D+1

Scholar 5D+2

Traits: Woman of Earth

Health: 41/20

Movement: 9/13/27/45

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

#336 (Vijaya)

Agility 2D

Athletics 2D+2

Fistfight 2D+1

Pleasure 2D+2

Arts 4D

Art (Dancing) 4D+2

Craft (Electrical Engineering) 8D

Body 3D+1

Fitness 4D+1

Endurance 3D+2

Run 4D+1

Swimming 3D+2

Dexterity 3D+1

Care 4D+1

Crossbow 3D+2

Draft Beast 3D+2

Rope Work 3D+2

Sleight of Hand 3D+2

Charm 2D+1

Animal Handling 3D

Slave Handling 3D

Will 2D+2

Reason 4D

Philosophy 5D

Healing 4D+1

Initiative 4D+1

Kaissa 4D+1

Scholar 4D+2

Senses 4D+2

Traits: Woman of Earth

Health: 35/17

Movement: 12/18/36/60

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

SUFI

"I held high station amongst the elite of Ar, administrating many of the needs of that caste and – discretely – taking care of certain health problems amongst the fine ladies of Ar. Alas, one of those women did not trust my discretion, but could not bring herself to kill me, so here I am. A slave of no consequence, whose word would never stand up to that of a free woman."

Agility 4D

Coordination 4D+3

Pleasure 7D+2

Arts 3D

Aesthetics 3D+2

Art (Dance) 6D

Body 3D

Fitness 4D

Endurance 4D

Run 4D

Swimming 4D

Dexterity 4D+1

Care 6D

Sleight of Hand 5D+1

Charm 4D+1

Confidence 4D+2

Charisma 5D

Reason 4D

Philosophy 5D+1

Culture 4D+2

Healing 7D

Scholar 5D+1

Senses 6D+1

Health: 40/20

Movement: 12/18/36/60

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 3D

TIMITA

"Ever since I was a child I would sneak aboard my father's fishing boat when he and his crew went out. When I was little, even though women are considered bad luck, I was seen as an exception. Things got a little more strained when I was of age and the men would mutter more, until one day we went out and we caught absolutely nothing. I was blamed, then, again, as bad luck and an ill-omen and they would have killed me had my father not talked them down to enslaving me and sending me away. I spit on that stupid village."

Agility 3D

Coordination 3D+2

Acrobatics 4D

Athletics 4D

Blades 4D

Evade 4D

Fistfight 4D

Pleasure 5D+1

Throwing 4D

Arts 2D

Body 3D

Fitness 3D+2

Endurance 3D+2

Survival 4D+1

Swimming 4D

Dexterity 4D+1

Care 4D+2

Rope Work 5D+2

Sailing 5D+2

Charm 3D+1

Reason 3D

Navigation 4D

Senses 3D+2

Health: Fitness 29/14

Movement: 9/13/27/45

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

KASKA

"I was the daughter of Captain Misbah of Schendi, a pirate, merchant and slaver. While he was at sea I would run the business in Schendi. Alas, his conflicts did not stop at the shore and I was kidnapped by his rival and sold on shore. A fine joke, but I am no longer his daughter and can expect no rescue. I know what is expected of slaves, I helped train enough of them."

Agility 3D

Coordination 3D+1

Athletics 3D+1

Blades 4D

Clubs 3D+2

Evade 4D

Fistfight 4D+1

Pleasure 5D+2

Stealth 3D+2

Throwing 3D+1

Whips 4D

Arts 4D

Aesthetics 4D+1

Art (Painting) 4D+1

Composition 4D+1

Music (Flute) 4D+2

Poetry 4D+2

Singing 4D+2

Body 4D

Endurance 4D+1

Run 4D+1

Swimming 3D+2

Dexterity 3D+1

Care 3D+2

Bow 3D+3

Draft Beast 4D

Rope Work 4D+2

Sleight of Hand 3D+2

Charm 4D+1

Animal Handling 5D

Charisma 5D

Command 4D+2

Intimidation 5D

Slave Handling 7D+1

Will 4D+2

Reason 3D

Culture 3D+1

Healing 3D+1

Initiative 4D

Senses 3D+2

Trading 3D+2

Traits: Giantess

Health: 31/15

Movement: 12/18/36/60

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 2D

ALYSSA

"I was orphaned by raiders when I was young, and placed into the seraglio of a slaver to learn the ways of pleasure and service, even before I was old enough to serve a man's pleasure. My original Master boasts that his girls are as good as any bred slave, and I owe him my very life, so I will prove him right and other girls, more girls, may be spared and raised in his house as a result."

Agility 4D

Coordination 5D+1

Pleasure 8D

Arts 4D

Aesthetics 5D+1

Art (Dance) 8D

Body 3D

Fitness 3D+2

Endurance 3D+2

Run 3D+2

Swimming 3D+2

Dexterity 2D+1

Care 2D+2

Sleight of Hand 3D+1

Charm 4D+1

Reason 3D

Philosophy

Culture 4D

Healing 3D+1

Senses 4D

Health: 32/16

Movement: 9/13/27/45

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 1D

SASUNA

"I was bred for slavery from a bloodline more than fifty generations deep, on an island fortress of the slaver's of Cos. Slavery is in my blood, passion in my every thought. I cannot help be what I am, and I glory in it."

Agility 4D

Coordination 7D

Pleasure 8D

Arts 2D

Aesthetics 4D

Art (Dancing) 4D

Body 2D

Fitness 4D

Endurance 4D

Run 3D+2

Swimming 3D+2

Dexterity 1D+1

Care 2D+2

Sleight of Hand 2D+2

Charm 3D+1

Charisma 6D+1

Reason 3D

Traits: Bred slave.

Health: 36/18

Movement: 9/14/27/45

Power: 2D

Accuracy: 1D

RED-BELLIED SLEEN

A lean and hungry looking beast, red-belly low to the ground, its six-legs spread around it, allowing it to scuttle with blinding, deadly speed while remaining low. It is perhaps the size of a man, small for some sleen, big enough to worry about for non.

Agility 4D

Athletics 5D

Evade 6D

Fistfight 6D

Stealth 7D

Arts 1D

Body 4D

Fitness 6D

Endurance 7D

Run 7D

Swimming 4D

Dexterity 1D

Charm 2D

Reason 2D

Senses 8D

Health: 38/14

Movement: Run, remove bonuses multiply by 3, jog +50%, Run x3, Sprint x5

Power: 4D+2 Claws and Teeth

Armour: Thick Skin 1D+1

TARNSMEN OF TARNBURG

Experienced and fierce tarn-riders from the city of Tarnburg – which is well named. The tarn-riders who guard the city tend to be of a lesser quality, not fit to raid other cities, but competent enough to guard the mountain.

Agility 3D

Athletics 3D+1

Blades 5D

Clubs 3D+1

Evade 3D+1

Fistfight 3D+1

Riding 3D+1

Spears 3D+2

Stealth 3D+1

Tarn Riding 5D

Throwing 3D+1

Arts 2D

Body 4D+2

Fitness 5D

Endurance 5D

Run 5D

Survival 5D

Swimming 5D

Dexterity 4D

Crossbow 6D

Draft Beast 4D+1

Rope Work 4D+1

Charm 2D

Animal Handling 2D+1

Command 2D+1

Intimidation 4D

Slave Handling 2D+1

Will 2D+1

Reason 3D

Healing 3D+1

Initiative 3D+1

Kaissa 3D+1

Navigation 3D+1

Scholar 3D+1

Senses 4D

Health: 37/18

Movement: Run, remove bonuses multiply by 3, jog +50%, Run x3, Sprint x5

Power: 3D

Accuracy: 2D

Weapons: Light Crossbow 100 ft, 4D+2

damage, two saddle cases (40 bolts)

Short Sword 4D+2

Gear: Helmet, furs and leathers (1D Armour)

TARNS OF TARNBURG

The war-tarns ridden by the patrols of Tarnberg are a little smaller, and shorter-winged than their raiding tarns, and do not wear armour. They are, however, better equipped to twist and turn through the canyons, bridges and towers of the mountain city.

Scale: 5

Agility 7D

Evade 11D

Fistfight 11D

Arts 1D

Body 5D+2

Fitness 6D+2

Endurance 6D

Fly 11D+1

Survival 6D+2

Dexterity 2D

Charm 2D

Confidence 3D

Intimidation 4D

Will 4D

Reason 2D

Initiative 4D

Senses 4D+1

Health: 46/23

Movement: 33/49/99/165

Power: 3D

Weapons: Claws 4D, Beak 5D

Gear: Armour +5 (size)

HILL TRIBE

A band of only partly-civilised bandit tribesmen, from the foothills of the Voltai. Hairy, dirty and vicious looking.

The leader carries a heavy whip and has an additional dice when making whip attacks, as well as an extra point of armour.

Agility 4D

Athletics 5D
Blades 5D
Clubs 4D+1
Evade 4D+1
Fistfight 5D
Riding 4D+2
Spears 5D
Stealth 4D+1
Throwing 5D
Whips 5D

Arts 2D

Body 4D+2

Fitness 5D+2
Endurance 5D+2
Run 5D+2
Survival 5D

Dexterity 3D

Bow 4D
Draft Beast 3D+1
Rope Work 3D+1

Charm 3D

Animal Handling 3D+1
Command 3D+1
Intimidation 3D+1
Slave Handling 3D+1
Will 3D+1

Reason 2D

Healing 2D+1
Initiative 3D
Navigation 2D+1
Senses 3D

Health: 40/20

Movement: 15/22/45/75

Power: 3D

Accuracy: 2D

Weapons: Short Spear: Throw 20 ft, 5D damage.

Dagger: 4D damage.

Shortbow: Range 70 ft, Damage 3D+2 (five arrows in a cloth carrier)

Snake Whip: +2 bonus to Slave Handling, can entangle and disarm at a distance, 4D damage.

Gear: Fur and leathers (+2 Armour)

Notes: A raiding party normally consists of eight men. The leader and two spearmen will approach by stealth, if possible, and confront the target while two more men on the flanks, with bows, cover the confrontation. Two more men with bows, concealed further back will join the fray if it goes badly.

LADY ELISHA OF TARNBURG

A former lover of Dietrich of Tarnburg and a high-caste woman within Tarnburg society, Elisha is – nonetheless – a traitress in the service of the Kurii and every inch the spiteful and vindictive picture of Gorean free womanhood. Elisha winds the plots of her alien masters with her own vindictiveness and hatred, all behind a smile. She has striking blue eyes and long, straight, sandy-blond hair. Her figure – were it visible – could almost be described as ‘boyish’, which raises questions as to why Dietrich companioned her.

Agility 2D

Stealth 4D

Arts 4D

Aesthetics 4D+1

Composition 5D+1

Poetry 4D+2

Body 2D

Dexterity 4D+1

Care 5D

Sleight of Hand 6D+1

Charm 2D+1

Bluff 4D+1

Convince 3D+1

Speaking 3D

Reason 4D

Philosophy 5D

Culture 5D

Kaissa 5D

Navigation 4D+2

Scholar 6D

Trading 4D+1

Health: 30/15

Movement: 6/9/18/30

Power: 1D

Accuracy: 3D

Weapons: Poison Needle concealed in her veil 1D (if it does one point of damage, then the ost venom takes to the blood, causing 6D more damage).

Gear: Robes of Concealment.

BODY GUARDS

With so many warriors employed by Tarnburg in raiding and border patrol, watchman like duties and body-guarding fall to former peasants who have served in the levy and gotten a taste for soldiering. Not enough of a taste that they wish to become mercenaries, but there's always work for a stout, intimidating fellow.

Agility 4D

Athletics 4D+2

Blades 4D+2

Clubs 6D

Evade 4D+2

Fistfight 5D

Riding 4D+1

Stealth 4D+1

Throwing 4D+1

Arts 1D

Body 4D+2

Fitness 5D+2

Endurance 5D+1

Run 5D+2

Survival 5D

Swimming 5D

Dexterity 4D

Bow 4D+2

Draft Beast 4D+2

Rope Work 5D

Charm 3D

Animal Handling 4D

Intimidation 5D

Slave Handling 3D+1

Will 3D+1

Reason 2D

Healing 2D+1

Senses 3D+1

Trading 2D+1

Health: 45/22

Movement: 15/22/45/75

Power: 3D

Accuracy: 2D

Weapons: Iron-Bound Club: 4D+2 damage.

Dagger: 4D

Gear: Helmet and Small Shield (2D+1 Armour)

Aerial Combat Rules

Aerial combat might be rare, at least in the Tales of Gor RPG, but it is an exciting and important element in Gor, and the turning point of many battles.

Tarnsmen wheeling and darting, great tarns slamming together in tangles and tumbling towards the ground. Crossbow bolts flying as they jockey for position or dive out of the sun.

This all rather demands some special rules for the ‘dogfighting’, so if you feel that you want or need such rules, here you go.

Notes: It can be very useful to have miniatures, cards or some other device in order to show the relative positions of the various tarns and their riders. Otherwise scratch-paper or a Notepad document works fine.

Range is named in the following way:

1. Close Combat – The tarns are in the same piece of airspace.
2. Close Range – Out to the range of a light crossbow, 100 ft.
3. Long Range – Out to the maximum range of a light crossbow, 200 ft.
4. Visual Range – Seen, but not able to be attacked, 300 ft.
5. Distant 1, 2, 3, etc – Still in pursuit, but with an ever greater chance of getting away.

AERIAL COMBAT TURNS

Surprise

You should check to see if either side (designated pursued and pursuer) has the advantage of surprise. This is usually taken in the form of a Senses roll by the pursued (or his tarn), against a Stealth roll of the pursuer’s tarns, rolling for each of them and taking the lowest roll.

- Approaching out of the sun provides a +5 bonus to the pursuer’s roll.
- Approaching out of the clouds provides a +5 bonus to the pursuer’s roll.

Success means the pursuer gets a free surprise turn of combat, and that the initial distance for the fight is set at close range. Failure means no surprise and starting the combat at long range.

Initiative

Initiative is rolled by the rider, not the tarn. Riderless tarns roll their own initiative and act independently, according to the rulings of the Games Master. You keep the same Initiative score throughout the combat. Should a rider somehow manage to mount a tarn, he and the tarn act on his Initiative.

Actions

Both tarn and rider act on the player’s turn, but the tarn has some of its own actions, leaving the rider free to do other things. The riders all make their actions first, and note what they’re doing.

A rider may do two of the following each turn, one action is always used up in riding.:

- Fire his crossbow
- Reload his crossbow
- Drop something
- Make a melee attack
- Pilot his tarn
- Order his Tarn

At the end of the turn, all tarns roll for range and advantage.

Fire his Crossbow

Crossbow attacks made against a tarn are made with a +5 bonus due to its size. Attempting to hit the rider is made against the tarn's evade, but without this bonus. Crossbow attacks between wheeling tarns are either made at -10 (long range) or without penalty (short and close range).

Reload his Crossbow

Tarn riders typically use light, easy to reload crossbows that can be cocked using a hook on the tarn saddle.

Drop Something

A tarn rider can cut things loose from the tarn and allow them to drop. Dropping a slave or captive, and placing them in peril, may well make a pursuer break off to rescue them. Dropping fire-jars and similar objects onto targets on the ground is done at a -5 penalty. To drop something onto another tarn you must have advantage, be at close range and make the roll at -10.

Make a Melee Attack

If you are at close range you may make an attack, and your tarn may also make an attack with either its claws or beak.

Piloting His Tarn

Piloting your tarn allows you to make a Tarn-Riding roll. For every five you score, the tarn gets a +1 pip to its rolls to Evade or Fly until the beginning of your next turn.

Order his Tarn

Ordering your tarn creates a modifier to your tarn's rolls, until your next turn, where you can order your tarn again.

- *Order Speed:* You add +10 to your tarn's Fly roll for range, and take -10 to the roll for advantage. This lasts until your next order.
- *Order Advantage:* Your tarn tries to gain height and position on the other tarns. It gets +10 to the roll for advantage, but -10 to the roll for range until your next order.
- *Order Defensive Flying:* Your tarn gains +5 to Evade until your next order, but you take a -5 penalty to your attacks.
- *Order Beak Attack:* Your tarn may make an additional beak attack.
- *Order Claw Attack:* Your tarn may make an additional claw attack.
- *Order Dive Attack:* You must have advantage and be at close range to make a dive attack. Your tarn may not dodge this turn, moves to the same position as the target tarn and immediately makes a claw attack with +1D damage.

End of Turn Tarn Roll

Every tarn rolls its Fly skill and compares numbers. Divide the result by 5, rounding down to see how much range the tarn moves. The pursued moves his pursuers back by that amount, the pursuers reduce the range by their score (or as much as they want to).

If the pursued is five or more range away from the nearest pursuer they can attempt to lose them, making a Stealth roll for their tarn against the Senses of the nearest pursuer or their tarn, with a bonus of +1D for each increment of 'Distant' they have accomplished past the first.

The same number (perhaps modified) is compared to see what advantage is gained. If your score more than another rider, you have advantage and +1D on battle related actions until the next roll. If your score is give or more less, then you have disadvantage of -1D.

EXAMPLE AERIAL COMBAT

Corwyn is riding Jet, his black-feathered tarn, hell-for-leather away from a mercenary encampment. Strapped to his tarn are a pair of beauties, a Kurii agent who has been manipulating the mercenaries, and her torvaldslander handmaiden who refused to leave her mistress' side. What Corwyn doesn't know is that a pair of mercenary tarnsmen who were on patrol were waved on into pursuit of him, and are closing on his position, with the evening sun behind them.

Corwyn is the pursued. The mercenaries are the pursuers

The mercenaries are attempting to steal up on him, they have the sun at their back, so their tarns make stealth rolls with a bonus

of +5, getting 37 and 28 respectively. Corwyn only gets 16 on his Senses roll, and so is completely oblivious.

The two tarnsmen rapidly close the distance, and once at close distance, they launch their attack, taking their surprise turn.

Each pursuer fires their crossbows, aiming for Corwyn, so as not to a) hit the magnificent tarn or b) hit the women. Their difficulty is only five, due to Corwyn's obliviousness.

The first guard rolls 24 to hit, which means +1D+1 damage to the crossbow's 4D+1, making 5D+2 for 17 damage.

The second guard rolls 19 to hit, which means +1D damage, a total of 5D+1 for 16 damage.

The Games Master is feeling generous, and rules that Corwyn can count his shield against the damage, since it's slung on his back. With a helmet, small shield and thick leathers, Corwyn will be rolling 3D for armour.

Corwyn rolls 14 and 13 for armour, which drops the damage to a total of 6, taken from his health of 41/20, dropping it to 35/20.

The pursuer's also spur their tarns to speed, hoping to stay close. No roll is made this turn, as this was pure surprise.

Corwyn feels the heavy impact of the bolts in his back, the points digging through the shield into the flesh beneath. Desperately he pulls back on the tarn's control straps to get some bearings on the fight.

The combatants all roll initiative:

- Corwyn: 22
- Tarnsman 1: 11
- Tarnsman 2: 11

Corwyn lays eyes on one of the pursuers and readies his own heavier crossbow, lifting it from its straps and cradles. At the same time he hauls on the straps, urging his mount to gain height on his attackers.

The tarnsmen trust in their mounts as they reload their crossbows with a deft and practiced hand, urging them to keep up the pursuit.

The tarn Fly rolls are made.

The tarnsmen urged their beasts to speed, Corwyn urged his beast to gain advantage. This results in:

- Jet: 13D, Result 39, Range 29, Advantage 49.
- Tarn 1: 11D+1, Result 34, Range 44, Advantage 24.
- Tarn 2: 11D+1, Result 35, Range 45, Advantage 35.

Corwyn could extend the ranged between them from 2 to 7, but with their rolls they could close that by 8 and 8 respectively, and even get into close combat, but they want to keep their distance, so the range remains where it is.

Jet has, however, managed to get above and behind the other tarns.

Corwyn's half-wild war tarn is more than a match for these pampered birds. The huge black wings flap as he brings the bird around. "Dive Jet! Dive!" he hollers, ordering his tarn into a steep rush down on the first tarnsmen's bird, loosing the

bolt from his crossbow as they pick up blinding speed.

Corwyn rolls, trying to hit the tarn rider with his crossbow bolt. He has advantage, granting him +1D, but doesn't get +5 for attacking the big target, the tarn. He rolls 33 for his attack. The tarnsman has disadvantage, and uses his steed's Evade getting 39. The bolt goes wide, but Jet rolls 52 for his claw attack, and as the second attack on the tarnsman (and the tarn carrying him), this time it rolls its Evade at -2D getting 36.

Jet wears steel-shod claws for 6D damage and the dive and advantage, along with the hard strike bring that to 9D, 34 damage. The tarnsman wears a helmet and leathers, for 1D armour, which only reduces that damage to 32.

The tarnsman is ripped and torn by the claws as Jet flashes past him, ripped out of his saddle and hanging, writhing and insensible with pain, his tarn spiraling without orders, tugged by the straps that are still around him.

The second tarnsman, still in range, changes tactics and lets fly his bolt, ordering his tarn to gain height. He's only on 5D due to being at a disadvantage, but gets +5 to hit, due to the scale of Corwyn's tarn. He rolls 24, and Jet cannot evade this turn, meaning he gets +1D+1 to the damage, though he loses -1 due to disadvantage. This results in 5D damage for 25. Jet is armoured with leather barding, and his scale gives him an innate armour of 5 against the weapons of men, combined this reduces the damage by 7, to 18. Jet is now on 32/25 health, quite injured.

Corwyn hears the great bird shriek and looks to the horizon, wondering if their speed can carry them far enough away.

The tarns make their fly rolls, Corwyn's tarn is unmodified. The tarnsman makes his roll at -10 range, +10 advantage.

- Jet: 45, Range 45, Advantage 45
- Tarn 2: 37, Range 27, Advantage 47

The tarn now has the height on Corwyn and Jet, after their dive, but while Corwyn is able to pull out of the dive, adding 9 to the previous range of 1 (Close Combat) to get 10. The tarnsman is only able to pursue by 5. The gap between them is now 5 range bands, which is only Distant 1 range.

Pulling out of the hard dive, with black spots in front of his eyes, Corwyn pulls back on the straps, urging Jet to ever greater speed. "Fly brother! Fly!"

Corwyn is both ordering the tarn to fly for range, and rolling his Tarn-Riding skill to help.

The tarnsman desperately tries to match the speed with his his own, mirroring actions.

Corwyn rolls a paltry 13, giving Jet +2 pips. He elects to spend an honour point to roll again and add on, giving him a final total of 31, giving jet +2D.

The tarnsman rolls 12 on his Tarn Riding roll, giving his tarn +2 pips.

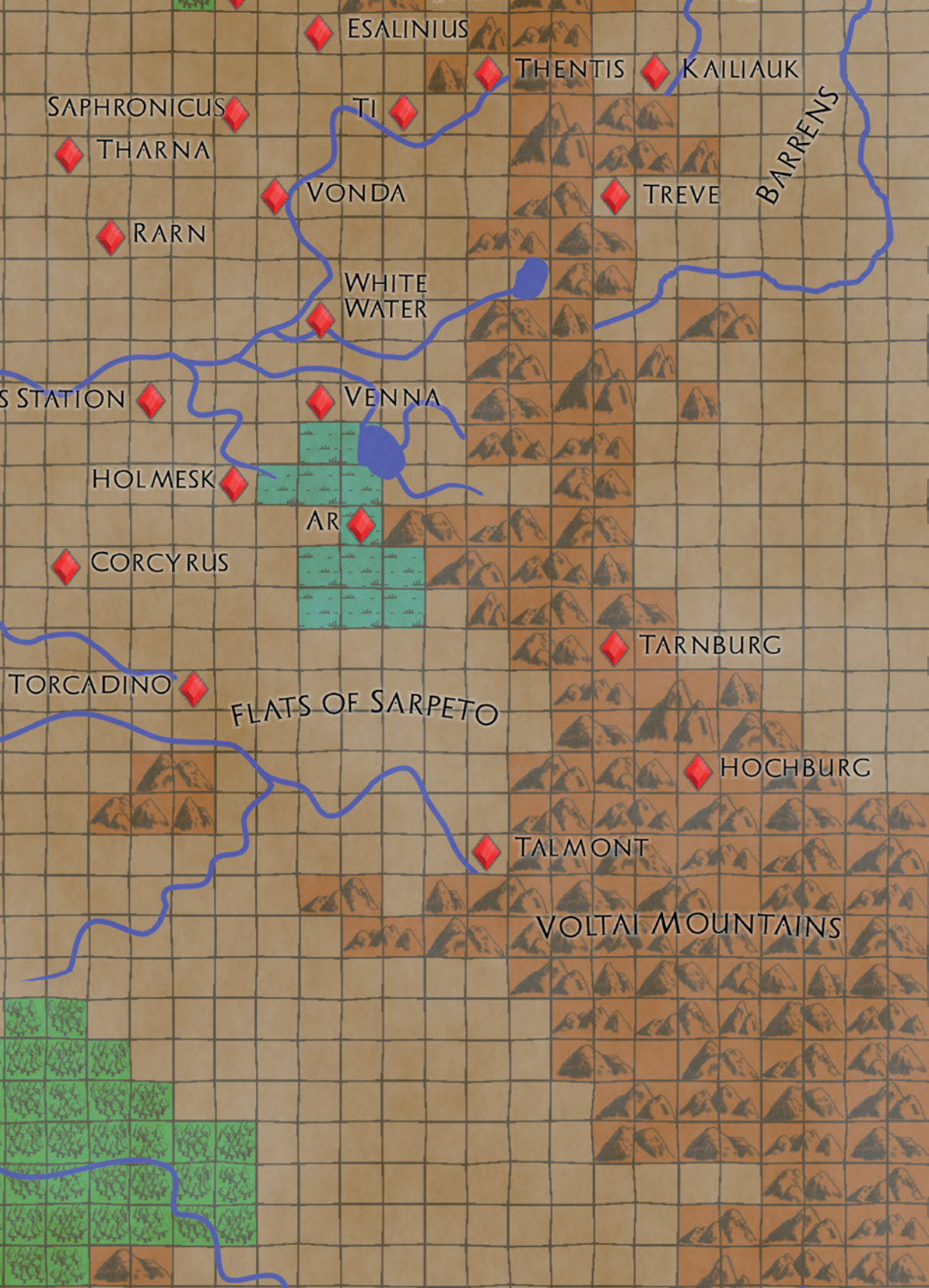
The Fly rolls are compared. The tarnsman's mount rolls 51, Jet rolls 66.

The distances are compared again.

Corwyn adds 13 to the current range of 4 to get 17 range. The tarnsman closes that gap by only 10, meaning they are now at range 7, which is Distant 3.

Being at Distant range seems like a good opportunity to try and shake off the remaining pursuer. Corwyn tells the Games Master that he's going to keep flying as fast as he can, and asks to be able to make a roll to shake off the pursuit. That's the tarn making a Stealth roll with +2D against the pursuing tarn's 4D+1 Senses. Jet rolls 30, while the pursuer rolls 11.

Corwyn has gotten away, though Jet will need that bolt removed and his wound tended to, and the women strapped to his saddle are hysterical and covered in sick.



ESALINIUS

THENTIS

KAILIAUK

SAPHRONICUS

TI

THARNA

VONDA

TREVE

BARRENS

RARN

WHITE WATER

S STATION

VENNA

HOLMESK

AR

CORCYRUS

TARNBURG

TORCADINO

FLATS OF SARPETO

HOCHBURG

TALMONT

VOLTAI MOUNTAINS