

# Iridia

role-playing games and miniatures, old and new  
by Christian Walker

## On Point

I hope all is well with you and yours. I've been terribly busy trying to find a new job, with all the stress and anxiety that goes with that kind of endeavor. At times like these, I am happy to have a hobby that gets my mind off things, that allows me a way to escape. Enjoy the read!

Until next time, Christian

## This, That, and the Other Thing: Odd Followers

random tables for your game

In an ideal campaign world, the player characters would be heralded as great heroes wherever they went. Bards would sing their praises, maidens would scatter rose petals for them to walk upon and an army of servants would be at the party's beck and call. Sadly, most GMs are too sadistic to cater to the egos of their players. Besides, having a zombie follow the party around is much more fun to role-play. Odd Followers suggests some uncommon followers that might be attracted to the characters. Please note that the entries are designed to be more humorous than serious!

**1) Zombie:** One character in the party has been cursed. The last creature he kills rises as a zombie and follows him like an obedient lap dog. The zombie will wait patiently outside inns and taverns, shambling along behind the PC as he travels. If the zombie is slain, another will rise to replace it. Of course, most folks will be alarmed at the presence of the walking dead. Has the cursed character offended a deity, or is a necromancer at work?

**2) Widow and Orphan:** The wife and child of an adversary the party has recently killed arrives at the party's doorstep, angry and demanding support from the characters. The widow creates quite a scene. Imagine an episode of Cops or the Jerry Springer show to get a feel for the widow's anger and desperation. The widow demands lodging and coin to make up for lost wages earned by her former spouse.

**3) Campfire Rodents:** After an evening of sleeping in the wilderness, the characters find all sorts of furry critters stowed away in their gear. The party finds squirrels inside back packs, rabbits nestled within bed rolls and maybe a badger beneath a saddle.

**4) Travelers:** The roads can be very dangerous for merchants, farmers, pilgrims and what not. The next time the party prepares to leave town, a few travelers decide to follow the party for protection. The PCs end up escorting a rag-tag caravan of wagons, goats, snott-nosed kids and stubborn livestock. The hangers-on are, of course, broke and cannot afford to pay the party for their services.

**5) Ghouls:** It appears that the group has attracted a small pack of ghouls. The carrion eaters remain just out of sight, but their stench signifies their presence. Perhaps the ghouls travel at night, tracking the party instinctively. The ghouls follow the party, hoping to feed on slain foes. It's not unlike remoras clinging to the belly of a shark. The ghouls will never attack the party, not wanting to ruin their steady stream of food.

**6) Miserable Henchmen:** Instead of strapping warriors and loyal retainers, the party attracts a bewildering array of slovenly drunks and losers, who are hoping to be taken under the party's wing as henchmen. If turned away, the undesirables become resentful and may defame the PCs, spreading all sorts of horrible rumors to anyone who will listen.

## On My Bookshelf

reviews of things you need

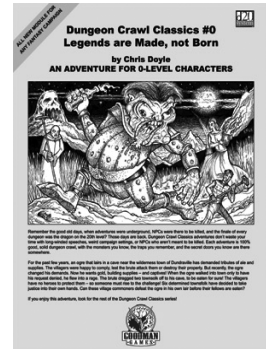
**Legends are Made, not Born** is the first module in the **Dungeon Crawl Classics** series from Goodman Games. Designed for a party of NPC classed player characters, this module is an excellent entry point into the hobby. Chris Doyle, the author, gets things started with an intriguing hook. An ogre, who lives in a nearby cave atop a rocky hill, has long demanded tribute in the form of ale and food. Recently, his demands have changed and now he's after captives (that he'll no doubt eat) and gold. Incensed, local villagers - the party members - have taken up arms to end the ogre's tyranny.

I think this adventure is excellent for new gamers. To begin with, there are pre-generated characters for players to choose from. Each character has a unique personality, with plenty of information to guide a new player. The adventure itself is site-based, with all the action taking place within the caves and tunnels of Skulltop Hillock. This would be helpful to new players, who won't get lost in a large, sprawling complex.

The module features plenty of back story and a decent plot twist. For example, the PCs will discover that the ogre recently changed his demands because he has been charmed by a wizard. The wizard in question, Suto Lore, is working deep within Skulltop Hillock, feverishly trying to summon a demon with the help of a quasit.

I also like how Chris Doyle altered some potentially lethal encounters to favor the party. For instance, the ogre that has been terrorizing the village is drunk and sleeping when the party raids his lair. (DMs will need to research sleeping rules before play. How long does it take a foe to wake up? Can Listen checks be made while sleeping? This wasn't mentioned in the module.) Furthermore, Suto Lore, a 5th level wizard, isn't much of a combat mage, so the party won't have to worry about a fireball!

All in all, **Legends are Made, Not Born** would be a fun module for any player, regardless of playing experience.



*Funky cover art by Erol Otus. Cool!*

## Iron Rations

basic d&d

After allowing poor Abel to recover from his fractured collar bone and bruised ribs, the trio set out to explore the abandoned tower. The dwarf prospector spoke of strange, dancing lights that appeared among the fallen stones after nightfall. Aithne was intrigued by the tale and hoped the dwarf's words were true. Devon and Abel were skeptical, however.

"You'd think that a creature so full of crap would be taller."

"I agree, Abel. Perhaps his being full of crap was the reason for his bad mood. That couldn't be comfortable."

Aithne rolled her eyes. "You're both idiots."

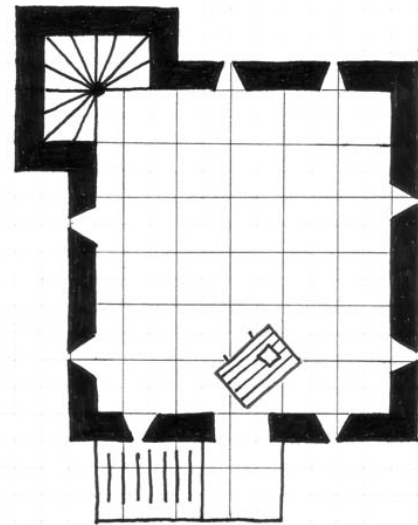
Walking quickly ahead, she exclaimed, "Look, we've arrived!"

Pointing to the east, the decaying, squat watchtower could be seen.

Abel scowled. "We're supposed to go inside that dump? It's barely standing!"

Aithne addressed Abel in her usual, condescending tone. "No, dear Abel, we merely have to watch and see what happens after nightfall."

The trio sat down on the grass, wondering what sunset would bring...



*preview of the abandoned watchtower*



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