



INTERACTIVE

PROPHECY OF THE
UNLIVING KING - PART 1

Solo Hero

Interactive

Prophecy of the Unliving King: Part 1

I'm playing around with Adobe 6. I have some really cool ideas for a "Solo Hero - Interactive" ... There are a lot of things you can do in a pdf, including javascript, zoom, music, movies, buttons, notes, split screens, forms, popups, etc. I bet I could write a programmable SH PDF that uses the values in your character sheet at the top and performs random effects and all that as well as automatically jumping you between paragraphs or popup/zoom messages for a map... This is a tech demo of that...

Character's Name:	
--------------------------	--

Strength:	
Intelligence:	
Dexterity:	
Wisdom:	
Constitution:	
Charisma:	



For three days you lead your brave company of rangers across the lush plains of southern Sommerlund on the first stage of your urgent mission. The flat, treeless fields surround you with a seemingly endless expanse of wheat, so high that even though you are in the saddle it reaches well above your knees. Your horses seem to be swimming through a vast yellow sea of corn that is only interrupted by an occasional track, or group of isolated farmhouses.

The southerners welcome your sudden appearance, but you only make the briefest stops for food and rest, neither wishing to risk becoming a burden, nor alarm these good people with your mission.

By noon on the fourth day, you reach the pass of Moytura. Here the plains give way to the broken foothills of the Durncrag mountains. You soon reach a highway, the surface cracked and full of potholes, heading off towards the south. This is the notorious Ruanon Pike. South of the pass, the Ruanon Pike crosses a hundred miles of open territory known as 'Raider's Road'. Bandit tribes from the Wildlands and Giak war-bands from the mountains of the west frequently ambush those who travel along the Pike, and the regular shipment of gold and gems from the mines at Ruanon have sometimes yielded rich pickings to these merciless robbers.

'Point and flankers,' you shout, and immediately three groups of rangers peel away from the column and spur their horses to a gallop. You watch with pride as the expert horsemen take up their scouting positions to the front and side of the company.

It is late afternoon when a ranger scout approaches the company from the west. He points towards a craggy outcrop where a thin spiral of wood smoke betrays a hut hidden beneath the overhanging rock.

If you wish to investigate the hut, **turn to 160**.

If you wish to ignore the hut and continue on your ride along the Ruanon Pike, **turn to 273**.

An escort of five rangers accompanies you along the twisting narrow track that leads to the hut. The rough stone walls are covered with a damp moss into which is set a curious oval door. There are no windows. You have dismounted and are approaching the door when suddenly a man's voice calls from inside the hut: 'Come in, Lone Wolf, I've been expecting you.'

If you wish to open the door and enter, **turn to 84**.

If you wish to draw your weapon and kick open the door, **turn to 205**.

If you wish to send your rangers into the hut, **turn to 306**.

In the dim light of the interior you see an old man seated at a table. The flicker of a log fire is all that illuminates this foul-smelling hovel, yet it sheds enough light for you to see the clutter of charts and strange instruments that crowd the hut. The man slowly raises his gaze from a large crystal sphere and bids you sit opposite him.

'You know my name - how?' you ask warily.

'The stars foretold our meeting long ago, Lone Wolf,' he replies, slowly passing his withered old hands around the sphere. 'Be not alarmed by my knowledge for I wish only to aid you.' He produces a small scroll of parchment from within his robe, and he hands it to you. Upon the scroll is written the following verse:

When the full moon shines o'er the temple deep,
A sacrifice will stir from sleep
The legions of a long forgotten lord.
When a fair royal maid on the altar dies,
The dead of Maakengorge shall rise
To claim their long-awaited reward.

You ask the meaning of the strange verse, but the old man does not answer you. He seems to have fallen into a deep trance. You lean across the cluttered table to awaken him and are shocked to see your hand pass straight through his body. Gradually his image begins to fade. Within seconds he has disappeared completely.

You place the Scroll in your pocket. (Mark this as a Special Item on your Action Chart.) You quickly leave the hut, pausing only to wipe the cold sweat from your brow.

Turn to 273.

The oval door crashes inwards, and a cloud of dust billows out of the hut.

'I am alone,' says a voice. 'You have nothing to fear from me.'

Tightening your grip on your weapon, you cautiously enter the stone hut.

Turn to 84.

Your men push open the door with their swords and quickly enter. You hear a muffled voice, and a ranger soon reappears at the door. 'It is safe, my Lord,' he says, and stands aside to allow you to enter.

Turn to 84.

You have ridden less than five miles when you see a group of wagons on the highway ahead. They are painted in a gaudy mix of bright colours and drawn by teams of oxen. A huge tasselled banner flies above the leading wagon, which bears the following proclamation:

The Famous Asajir Players - Troubadours to the Imperial Courts of
Magnamund

If you wish to stop to question these travelling minstrels, **turn to 37**.

If you wish to ignore them and let them pass, **turn to 126**.

You signal to the driver to stop. The wagons halt and a small, moon-faced man in a bright pink tunic throws open the rear door of the leading carriage. He shouts and curses the driver as he descends the ladder, pausing only to adjust the cummerbund that barely covers his huge stomach. Seeing your men, he lets out a strangled shriek and fumbles for a short sword hanging at his side. 'Bandits! Robbers!' he cries, and wrestles to free his sword from its ornate scabbard. A row of anxious faces appears at the wagon windows, but the expressions soon change to a smile when they recognize your Sommlending uniforms.

'Calm yourself, Yesu,' shouts an elderly woman. 'They are Sommlending rangers. They will not steal your gold.' Laughter ripples along the carriages as the little fat man suddenly unsheathes his sword with such force that he spins around and tumbles to the ground.

'You must forgive Yesu,' says the old woman. 'He means you no harm. "Raider's Road" has made him a nervous wreck.'

You question the old woman, asking her where they have come from and their destination. You learn that they are a troupe of players and have journeyed many miles from their native land of Cloeasia in the east. They last played for the people of Eshnar, but it was a disappointing show. It seems that the town was as quiet as the grave; those who did come to see them were a sad and sorry crowd. They are now bound for Holmgard, and hopefully a more appreciative audience.

'Light is fading,' remarks the old woman. 'Perhaps you and your men will camp with us tonight? We would deem it an honour, and would be happy to entertain you all with songs and dancing. You notice a hopeful look in the eyes of your men as they await your decision.'

If you wish to set up camp with the troubadours, **turn to 182**.

If you decide to press on to Ruanon, **turn to 247**.

Darkness soon engulfs the Ruanon Pike, and you are forced to stop and pitch camp. A large fire is blazing and a perimeter guard is posted to prevent any risk of a surprise attack during the night. You must now eat a Meal or lose 3 ENDURANCE points.

The night passes without incident and at dawn you break camp, continuing your ride along 'Raider's Road'.

Pick a number from the Random Number Table.

If the number that you have picked is 0-4, **turn to 25**.

If it is 5-9, **turn to 171**.