

The Adventurers and the 1001 Things



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Introduction

These brief scenes were created as intros to the **1001 Things** products. It turned out that they, like the 1001 Things collections themselves, had fans of their own. Therefore, they are here collected into a single compilation for your entertainment.

A little bit of history and background:

In the beginning, when these scenes were never expected to be used more than two or three times, the characters did not even have names. Even after they were given names, there was some inconsistency in the spelling. And the party leader, whoever he or she may be, has never been named. Phryd and a nameless ranger were mentioned once and never again, and Jarmak seems to have had some instability of class.

I considered leaving them exactly as they were in the originals, but to make for a more coherent story, the spelling, classes, etc. were made consistent; when time permits, the originals will be updated to bring them in line as well.

For those who are interested, this is the cast of characters who have appeared in these stories:

The GM - Has a definite sadistic streak, like any good GM, and is of course a buyer of *1001 Things*.

Party Leader - Class and race unknown, though a class that can use bows; may be the otherwise unnamed *Ranger*. He or she tries to be practical, and is probably more optimistic than warranted, given the nature of the other party members.

Kalthras - Wizard, human. Rather cynical and pessimistic, but then again, with friends like these....

Lyry - Cleric, race unknown. She's of good alignment and extremely, perhaps overly, fond of fishing.

Jarmak - Rogue, human. Either of good alignment or his deity has an issue with scorpions. Extremely impulsive, and tends to get frogged a lot.

Garin - Warrior, dwarf. He sometimes wonders why he puts up with the others.

Phryd - Wizard, race unknown. Only mentioned in *Awkward Art Objects*.

unnamed - Ranger, race unknown. Only mentioned specifically in *Flowing Fountains*. May be the *Party Leader*.

Trivia:

The Special Stones: The author once worked briefly as a runner (the person who carries purchases to buyers) at estate auctions.

The Intriguing Item Histories: This is the only *101 Things* collection to date. Results that complex take a *lot* of effort on the back end.

TableMaster:

All of the 1001 Things and 101 Things collections were created by **TableMaster**, Wintertree Software's flagship program. The precise table which created each is listed in that file; check the preview to see. If your friendly local game store does not carry it and you cannot persuade them to special-order it, TableMaster will soon be available on DriveThruRPG; until then, it can be purchased from the [Wintertree Software website](#).

TableMaster is the Spare Time Generator. It allows you to roll up anything you want, from any table you can dream up. (it cannot, however, write the further adventures of Kalthras, Jarmak, et. al.)

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The Stories

The Adventurers and the Awkward Art Objects

The would-be ogre king, leader of the marauding ogres that have been plaguing the local merchant caravans, has finally been slain. The characters are patching up their many wounds, checking their weapons for damage, and, most important, gathering the loot.

GM: Besides the ogre king's head, which you remember Kironas the merchant wanted as proof of his death, you have found treasure worth 5,000 gold.

Warrior: Is that all in gold coins, or is some of it gems?

Cleric: Gems? If two of them match, I'd like them for eyes in the statue in the new shrine.

Thief **passes note to the GM**: I'll palm two or three of the gems when nobody's looking.

GM: Hold on, guys, you're getting ahead of yourselves. Only about 500 gold worth of the treasure is actually in coins, and most of that is silver. Mostly, it's things the ogres looted from merchant caravans over the past two years and haven't broken yet. There's a very nice silver figurine of a dancing maiden, two tapestries that have seen better days (partly due to that fireball, Phryd), a rather large red-and-blue carpet that was draped over the ogre king's "throne" that, well, has had an ogre sitting on it, but it was worth a lot new, and maybe it'll clean up, then there's a nice crystal bowl, such a shame it's chipped, then a brass candlestick decorated with onyx....

Players, collectively: **groan**

The Adventurers and the Perplexing Potions

It has been a hard-fought battle, and the adventurers are out of spells and considerably the worse for wear when they are finally able to examine their loot. There are some coins, an enormous tapestry, and a small locked chest. The rogue sets to work on it.

GM: When you finally open the chest, you find five potions.

Players, collectively: Oh, good!

Fighter: Does one of them look like a healing potion?

GM: Well, they all look different, and none of them look like any others you've seen before.

Players, collectively: Oh, God!

The Adventurers and the Hopeful Hirelings

The adventurers, having paid the town crier to advertise that they were hiring some men-at-arms, look over the collection of would-be hirelings who have come to the inn to seek employment.

GM: Five people have come looking for work in response to your call.

Party leader: Which one is highest level? And has the best loyalty rating? That's the one we want.

GM: Well, that's not so easy to figure out. There's a man who keeps whistling off-key. There's a woman with a limp and a very hostile expression. There's a man who seems to have some sort of ... creature ... that keeps popping in and out of the hood of his cloak. There's another man who, frankly, smells. Worse than usual, that is. And there's a girl who can't be more than 15 half hiding behind the door.

Party leader: So ... interviews?

The Adventurers and the Perilous Places

The adventurers have been researching the whereabouts of an ancient artifact. After some time consulting their separate sources, libraries, and experts, they gather in their patron's stronghold to share information and plan their next move.

GM: An ancient book has indicated that the artifact you seek is hidden in the Caverns of Despair.

Mage: I'm not sure I like the sound of that.

Party leader: Okay, so it's in a cave? We've got this. Where do we go?

GM: Whispered rumors say that the Caverns of Despair are near the Forest of Madness.

Warrior: Um, I'm not so sure I like the sound of that either.

Party leader: Relax, it's just a name. Where's this forest?

GM: The Forest of Madness is between the Glacier of Creeping Bone and the Gulf of Desolation.

Party members (in unison): I *definitely* don't like the sound of that!

The Adventurers and the Battered Books

The party, having fought their way through perils uncounted, has finally reached the innermost sanctum of Varek the Mad. There, in his library, they know the book with the secret ritual to banish Yzrg'zak will be found.

GM: You see around you shelves holding hundreds of books of all shapes and sizes. The mysterious seer told you the book you seek is one of them.

Party leader: How many books do we see?

GM: More than you have ever seen in one place before; more than all of you combined have seen in one place before. At a quick estimate, you figure there are about 500 of them.

Party leader: Okay, everyone take a bookcase. This is going to be easy: the one we want will be the only one that has a good description; the rest are just books.

GM: You really think it's going to be that easy? **cackles evilly**

The Adventurers and the Interesting Islands

The adventurers, relaxing at last after weeks of hard and dangerous work, are enjoying their current task. In the sloop Swallow, they have been cruising around through numerous small tropical islands, looking for the brother of their patron, who was last seen heading for this area with what he believed was a treasure map.

GM: You're coming up on the largest island you've visited to date. It looks to be ten or twelve miles in diameter, with a volcanic peak at the center from which a faint trickle of smoke is rising. As you pass the north end, you see a jutting outcrop of rock that resembles a skull.

Party Leader: This may be the place. (after consulting with other players) We'll continue sailing around the island and see if there's a protected cove on the west side; that's what was supposedly on Jorgen's map.

Cleric: If there is a cove, maybe I can find some time to do some more fishing. A fish fry on the beach would be delicious.

Warrior: You and your fishing. We could be facing down a giant crocodile and you'd want to know if the fishing was any good in its pond. **grumbles**

GM: Yes, after a little while you see the cove you're expecting on the western side of the island.

Party Leader: This definitely looks like the place. We're going to drop anchor, go ashore, and start searching for signs of Jorgen and his companions.

GM: I think the pirates who have a small base there may have something to say about that...

Players (*grabbing weapons*): To arms!

The Adventurers and the Flowing Fountains

The adventurers, hot and weary, straggle into the lush, green glade. At the center of the sunny clearing, surrounded by flowers, is a beautiful fountain, with a nymph pouring silvery water out of a pitcher. Near the fountain, ethereal music can be heard.

GM: You seem to have left your pursuers behind, but now you're lost, and Jarmak can't go any further.

Ranger: This isn't a good place to camp; where there's a fountain, there are people. Or ... things.

Jarmak: That looks like it might be a healing fountain. I need it.

Ranger: Looks can be deceiving. It looks *too* good.

Mage: This looks like a good time to use my magical coin for today.

The mage finds a small pouch in his many pockets and brings out an odd, shimmering coin.

Mage: Coin of Wisdom, answer me now: Will this fountain make Jarmak healthy and well?

He flips the coin in the air and catches it: Heads.

Jarmak, the wounded thief, staggers to the fountain, scoops up water in his helmet, and quaffs it.

GM: The coin was accurate. Jarmak is now healthy and well.

Mage: Yeah, he's a very healthy ... um, *Rana pipiens*, I think.

Jarmak: Ribbit!

The Adventurers and the Ancient Altars

The adventurers have entered a large chamber deep in the dungeon. It appears to be empty aside from a few vermin, but there is a large altar on a low dais at the far end. They gather around it.

GM: The altar is made of black marble. It's rectangular, and is carved with images of monsters devouring humans. There is something that looks like it might be dried blood on the top. Jarmak, you and Lyry feel extremely uncomfortable just being near it.

Party Leader: An altar ... maybe there's a clue to Torkan's treasure here. Yash knows there hasn't been one anywhere *else* in this forsaken pit.

Lyry: Being a priestess, do I recognize anything about this?

GM: Yes, you spot some distinctive symbols among the carvings; this was used by worshipers of Gul-Zon, Lord of Scorpions.

Party Leader: That's not good. We'll spread out and check the area around for traps.

GM: You don't find anything out of the ordinary, just a lot of dust. It looks like this place hasn't been used much lately.

Jarmak: I'm going to check out that altar. Can I tell why it's making me uncomfortable? And is there any sign of a secret compartment?

GM: When you touch it ... well, zzzzap.

Jarmak: Ribbit!

Mage: Not again....

The Adventurers and the Fantastic Fungi

The trek through the caverns of the deep darkness has been long and arduous. The adventurers' guide, Squag, a wizened little creature who seems to be half gnome and half goblin and only communicates with hisses and growls, has been indefatigable, urging them on across difficult terrain, through mazes of twisty little passages, across bottomless gorges, and even along a subterranean river. Somewhere ahead of them is the means to restore their comrade to human form.

GM: On the far side of this cavern, Squag has scampered to a dark opening. He is waving you forward, and seems to be very excited.

Party leader: We'll move up carefully, looking for any signs of an ambush.

Warrior: When I look away from the lantern light, do I see anything in what is dark to these humans?

GM: You see nothing; all seems to be quiet.

Mage: Too quiet. We're supposed to be going somewhere we can get a potion for Jarmak. That has to be some kind of underground trading post, or even city. Fellows, I don't like this.

Party leader: We follow Squag, very carefully.

GM: You see light ahead of you. Beyond where Squag is crouching, you see a cavern lit by a faint glow that appears to be from phosphorescent fungi coating the walls. It is clear this is where that mushroom-like smell you've detected a few times is coming from. Squag is jumping up and down and pointing into the room.

Party leader: Creeping up to where Squag is, what do I see?

GM: Mushrooms. Lots of mushrooms. Mushrooms in every imaginable size, shape, and color. They are anywhere from knee high to twice your height. Some are in clumps, some are solitary, and there look to be hundreds of them.

Squag: *(hissing, for the first time producing almost human speech)* Yousssss ffriend eeeeeetsss musssshhhrooommmsssss
From within a bucket carried by the mage comes a despairing "ribbit!"

The Adventurers and the Dangerous Doors

The adventurers have been exploring the catacombs under the ruins of Castle Eltsac-Deniur. After fighting innumerable vermin and nuisance monsters, and one very determined band of goblins, they are clearing away fallen timbers and stones blocking one of the deeper passages.

GM: You have cleared enough of the debris so you can see through to the other side.

Party leader: Garin will look before we go through. Besides his darksight, his sturdiness will come in handy if there's something waiting to leap through at us.

GM: The passageway continues beyond the debris. It seems to contain nothing but dust and cobwebs, plenty of both. After about ten feet, it ends in a door.

Warrior: A door, eh? This may be the way to the deep levels rumor spoke of. What's it look like?

GM: It's made of rusty iron, decorated with a pattern made of rivets. The hinges are on the left, and there is a doorknob on the right. There are traces of gray paint on it, but most of that flaked off long ago. Oh, and there's a door knocker right in the center.

Party leader: Okay, we'll all squeeze through the gap in the debris and move into the passage where the door is.

Jarmak: A knocker? I'll....

Party, collectively: Noooo!

Jarmak: ...knock with it.

GM: *(after rolling dice ominously behind screen)* It produces only a faint knocking sound, much quieter than you might expect.

Party leader: *(looks at Jarmak and sighs)* But nothing attacked us? The floor didn't open up or anything? I guess we dodged the arrow on that one.

In the remote reaches of the dungeon, something chuckles evilly.

The Adventurers and the Mystical Magic Item Names

The adventurers, deep in a dungeon once again, have slain a fearsome troll and gained its treasure. Much of the troll hoard consists of random detritus, with a scattering of coins that no smarter and sneakier denizen of the dungeon has yet snatched from it, but buried under the pile of debris they find a dagger.

GM: The dagger looks fairly ordinary, though surprisingly clean considering where you found it.

Party Leader: Clean, under that garbage heap? That looks like it might be magical. Kalthras, what do you make of it?

Kalthras: I'm almost out of spells by now, but I can try a simple detection spell on it.

GM: It's definitely magical, though not strongly; it should give a small bonus to combat skill.

Party Leader: Sounds like an ordinary +1 dagger. Well, better than nothing.

Jarmak: One of my daggers is stuck in that winged thing that got away. Can I have this one?

Party Leader: Anyone else? Kalthras? Okay, Jarmak, it's yours. Don't lose this one.

(the next day)

Party Leader: That's the third time today we've fought a ghost-thing, whatever they are. Something just isn't right here. What's changed?

Jarmak: Well, I lost my lucky dagger.

Kalthras: And got a new one. Now that I've had a night's rest, I can do some more magical examinations. Jarmak, let me have a look at that dagger.

GM: You don't pick up a lot about it, aside from confirming its combat bonus. That, and one other thing: The name its last owner, the guy the troll ate, gave it.

Kalthras: And? What is that?

GM: The Haunted Dagger.

At that point, a ghostly apparition begins materializing out of thin air yet again, and the group has more things to worry about than the rogue's problematic dagger. Haunted indeed.

The Adventurers and the Special Stones

It is the event of the century, at least for the small town of Wainford: Ariandar, a former adventurer who retired there, has died of old age, and his estate is being auctioned off by his heirs. The adventurers are in the crowd, hoping to get a great deal on a piece of special gear, or even a magical item. They are sadly disappointed, though, when it turns out that the valuable and interesting items were already sold privately, and the items being auctioned are mostly furniture, pots and pans, and similar mundane goods. Finally an interesting lot comes up.

Auctioneer: And here we have something really special, folks. It's a book written by hand by Ariandar his own self. Yes, folks, every word of it in his own handwriting. Those of you who can read, you'll want to bid on this one; who knows what spells and secrets it holds? What am I bid for this handwritten adventurer's book, starting real low at a hundred gold, gimme a hunnerd, hunnerd, hunnerd, how about fifty, who'll give me fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty, that's great, fifty, now senty-five, who'll make it senty-five, a hunnerd, hunnerd-fifty, two hunnerd, two-fifty, three hunnerd, three hunnerd, you there in the back, now four hunnerd, four hunnerd, four hunnerd, you don't want to miss this one, folks, four hunnerd, now five hunnerd, six hunnerd, who'll give me six hunnerd, six, anyone give me six? Sold to the man in the black cloak for five hundred gold, and a good deal he's gotten.

Auctioneer: Now we've got, well, it's a lot of boxes of rocks, mostly all separated and everything. I'm sure there's something real mystical in there, folks. Ariandar must have collected those in his adventures.

Audience member: Looks like he collected them in his back forty!

Auctioneer (*scowling*): From his adventures, folks. Who'll give me a hundred gold for these rocks? Hunnerd, hunnerd, how 'bout fifty, fifty, fifty, who'll start at ten, come on, folks, ten gold, gimme ten, ten, ten, gimme five, isn't anyone gonna start the bidding at five gold? One? One gold to open the bidding? One gold! Now two, two, two.... Okay, sold to the wizard in the front row for one gold.

As the auctioneer moves on to a pile of ceramic dishes, the adventurers huddle together.

Jarmak: What's in my book? Spells? Clues to a treasure?

GM: Well, um ... recipes.

Jarmak: Oh, alchemy! Anything for potions?

GM: No, I mean recipes. Like for roasted turnips, and frog stew....

Jarmak: (*cringing*) Frog...stew....

Kalthras: You just spent five hundred gold on a *cookbook*?

Jarmak: You're one to talk, you bought a box of rocks.

Kalthras: Hey, it's for my nephew. There are some crystal-looking ones in here he'll like for his rock collection

Kalthras starts looking through his box of rocks. Down at the bottom there are some loose chunks and chips of dull stone. He tosses them over his shoulder without really looking. Suddenly one of them, instead of falling behind Kalthras as expected, starts orbiting around his head, glittering green.

Players collectively:!!!

The Adventurers and the Curious Coins

The adventurers have spent days exploring the rugged lands on the far side of Deggur Pass, following clues on a half-burned map they found in an earlier treasure. Somewhere there, according to the map, is where the long-ago bandit chieftain Crannok hid the loot from a huge merchant caravan before he fell off a cliff escaping the Duke's soldiers. For over two hundred years, Crannok's lost treasure has been the stuff of tavern tales. So they search.

GM: Those goblins you that ambushed you, to their regret, didn't have much treasure. Some rusty weapons, mostly, and a handful of copper coins, pretty pebbles, and bits of junk.

Garin: I'm starting to think that Crannok was never real.

Kalthras: I'm starting to think that *I'm* not real. Let's look through this stuff and get moving.

Party Leader: We'll check the pretty rocks for magic while Garin is checks out the coins.

GM: There's nothing special about them. And aside from the coins, everything else is junk.

Garin: What do those coins look like?

GM: They're medium-sized, round copper coins. There's a crown on the front and a dragon on the back. Around the circumference on front is the name Tamatac the Great.

Lyry: The Great? Didn't everyone call him Tamatac the Fat?

Kalthras: Wait ... Tamatac? I know that name. *(closes his eyes for a moment, thinking)* He was king when Crannok hid the treasure. Those goblins had to have found the coins somewhere nearby.

Jarmak: We must be getting close! And hey, can I have one of those coins? They must be lucky!

The Adventurers and the Awesome Adventure Titles

The adventurers, restive after weeks of enforced inactivity (and finals), have gathered, eager to begin their next quest. In the past weeks, they have studied the legends that they might follow up on and the tales of lost treasure whose truth they might investigate.

Garin: I'm thinking we're going to go Into Ormin's Keep. It is famous, or perhaps notorious might be the best word. **and the adventure just came out last month**

Kalthras: No, too obvious. It will be something we don't expect. Perhaps investigating the Mysteries of Blood Tower. **That's an oldie but a goodie**

Lyry: We've been poking around castles and towers too much lately. I think our next adventure will involve the Secrets of the Twisted Swamp. **also, I saw our GM looking at that one in the store last week.**

Jarmak: I don't like swamps. They're for frogs.

There is a smothered giggle. Jarmak glares around the table, but his companions all look grim and serious.

GM: Sorry I'm late. It's been one of those days. I couldn't help overhearing your speculation. For the next few sessions, we'll be doing *In Search of the Bronze Orc*.

There is confusion and muttering around the table. What's with bronze orcs? Where does this even happen? And particularly, why couldn't anyone read up on this one in advance?

GM: Everybody ready? Pass me some of that pizza, would you, and let's get started.

The Adventurers and the Slithering Slimes

The adventurers are investigating the catacombs beneath a nameless, ruined keep. Their venture so far has been unproductive, with little more than a few rodents and nuisance monsters, and no treasure at all.

GM: You see something on the ground ahead of you. It looks like some kind of debris.

Party Leader: Can we see what type?

GM: It might be a body, or just a pile of rags.

Party Leader: Jarmak will poke it with a pole, and be ready to jump back if it's alive or trapped; I'll be ready with an arrow nocked.

GM: It's definitely a body, or what's left of one. Now it's only bones with some bits of cloth and leather, and the remains of a sword.

Garin: Remains? I will examine this.

GM: The leather wrapping on the hilt is intact, but the metal of the blade is pitted and corroded, and would break if you hit anything with it.

Kalthras: That's strange. We've found almost nothing down here. What would damage a blade like that and just leave it?

Jarmak: Hey, what's that weird humming noise coming from back there?

The Adventurers and the Instant Inns

The adventurers have spent a long and harrowing week on the road. They had left the kingdom of Modgnik in considerable haste after what Jarmak claimed was a simple misunderstanding, but which seemed to have somehow involved a spell that still made Kalthras itch every time it rained, three hunting hounds that seemed to be mostly noses and teeth, and a squad of the Modgnik Royal Guard. The adventurers were as exhausted as their horses as they rode into a small town just over the border of Emoh, barely making it before the town gates were closed for the night.

The party leader addressed the town guardsman who had just swung the gates shut.

Party Leader: Where would we find a good inn?

Guardsman: Ye'll be wanting th' Leaping Fox. Can't miss it, on yer right just before ye get to th' town square.

The party leader gave him their thanks and a silver farthing, and they set out for the Leaping Fox inn, their minds filled with visions of peace, comfort, and especially rest.

GM: The Leaping Fox is mostly well-lit, with space for several dozen people, now about half-full. Raucous laughter coming through a door indicates a private back room, and open stairs lead up to lodging on the second floor. The crowd seems a bit on the shabby side. The prices chalked on the menu slate are definitely on the high side. On the end of the room opposite the bar, a harpist was tuning up. The bartender is a swarthy, grim man who seems to be looking over his shoulder all the time.

Bartender: So what'll ye have?

Kalthras: Just some ale and stew for all of us.

GM: You get the feeling that you're being watched....

The Adventurers and the Strange Swords

Garin's hobnails clicked on the cobblestones as the party walked slowly but purposefully down the narrow street. The ancient, decrepit buildings divided by the street seemed to want to come together again, reaching upper stories together overhead. Many of the buildings contained small shops, and the party checked each sign. Finally they halted at one consisting of two gold-painted balls, and a dangling chain where a third once hung. After a brief pause, they entered.

GM: This definitely looks like the right place. You can't even see the walls, the place is so crowded with clutter. It seems that everything someone might want to pawn, from a lute missing a string to a pair of boots big enough for an ogre, is around here somewhere. Mostly, in your way.

Party Leader: Do we see the pawnbroker anywhere?

Jarmak: Do we see any magic swords?

GM: There's someone in the dimly-lit back of the shop; that's probably the pawnbroker. As for swords, one of the few lanterns in here is illuminating a rack of swords, axes, and miscellaneous other weapons.

Party Leader: We'll take a closer look. We know Yannerby pawned that sword here before he died, so it pretty much has to be one of those.

Jarmak: Kalthras, why don't you just do your magic finding spell?

Kalthras: You heard the constable at the gate: Spellcasting is prohibited in town, except for the Mage Guild. Which, by the way, I am hoping will not notice that I am here at all.

Party Leader: This shouldn't be that hard. A magic sword will look distinctive. Interesting. Not like the rest. **turns to GM** How many swords are there, and what do they look like?

GM: Well, you know the magic sword you're hunting was a longsword, so there are three that could be it. One has a gold hilt with a fluted rosewood grip, and the pommel is the head of an eagle with what look to be diamond eyes. The guard is its wings, and its body merges into the steel of the blade. The second has a plain steel hilt, with a grip wrapped in some bumpy gray hide and wound with copper wire. The pommel is a crystal cabochon. The guard is a partial basket and the blade is made of what looks like black crystal. The third has an odd-colored metal hilt that you think is what they call star-metal, with a fluted purplish crystal grip. The pommel is a lion's paw clutching a crystal sphere. The guard is two sharp flanges, and the blade is made of Damascus steel etched with words in an alphabet you don't recognize.

Jarmak: I wonder if any of them has "Property of Yannerby" scratched in it somewhere?

The Adventurers and the Typical Townsfolk

The adventurers, after days of hard riding in pursuit of the thief who stole the map to Ecalp, finally reach the gates of the city the thief was heading for. A brief chat with the sergeant of the gate guard (and a few silver coins passed unobserved) confirmed that the thief had entered the city only an hour ahead of them.

Party Leader: This is looking good. Now all we need to do is find that thief.

Lyry: There is a temple of my faith here. I'll ask for their aid.

Jarmak: I've got a few, um, friends here. I'll see what the word on the street is.

Party Leader: Let's the rest of us go to the town square and look around. Someone might have seen him.

GM: It's only a few minutes walk from the gate. There are several dozen people there.

Garin (aside to Party Leader): **the one with the information should be notable in some way**

Party Leader: What do the people look like?

GM: Well, the first one you notice is a young woman standing on a soapbox making an impassioned speech about something that makes no sense. Then there's a man who might be called tall, dark, and handsome except that he has a black eye and a split lip. There's an old man watching a city guard, who in turn is watching a tall man trying to pick a fight with a man who has been playing a flute for coins. There's an old man walking very slowly around the corner, about to collide with a woman whose looks and clothes show she's from the remote Tnatsid Islands, and who seems to be bumping into everyone. Then there's....

Party Leader: Wait, hold on.

Kalthros: This isn't going to be as easy as we thought.

Party Leader: I guess we're going to have to talk to everyone. Start with the old man watching the guard, Kalthros. Garin, you talk to the guy with the black eye. I'll see off the guy who wants to pick a fight and talk to the busker; they see everything. Then we just keep trying.

The Adventurers and the Intriguing Item Histories

The adventurers, once again triumphant over a great evil, or at least a band of marauding orcs, have returned to the castle of Baron Norab, who promised a reward to anyone who brought him the head of the orc chieftain.

Party leader: We've killed your orcs for you. 29 of them, to be exact. Here's the proof. We're here for the reward.

Baron Norab: Ack, get that thing out of my audience hall! It's dripping on the floor and starting to smell.

Kalthras: Not much different than when he was alive, then.

Party leader: **glares at Kalthras**

Baron Norab: I suppose if I questioned the identity of that one, you would bring me the heads of the other 28. It will suffice. You have the gratitude of the entire barony for ridding us of a grievous menace to trade. In more concrete thanks, here is the monetary reward of 2,000 coins, as promised, and a magical dagger.

Jarmak: A magic dagger?

Baron Norab: Aye. It is called the Dagger of Pain. Its former owner was a distant relative. It has been in our castle armory since he vanished and some ancestor of mine, I think the one whose portrait is fifth from the left, acquired it.

Jarmak: Wow! Guys, can I have it?

Party leader: Well, since your last dagger kept attracting ghost-things until we threw it into the river, unless anyone else wants it, sure.

Some time later, the players are sitting around a comfortable fire in a private room at the local inn, and Jarmak asks Kalthras the wizard what his research has uncovered.

Kalthras: Here's what I've found: The Dagger of Pain was made by the forces of evil for Prince Orphoosk the Terrible, the leader of a secret brotherhood. Orphoosk sold the Dagger to Rarathie the Magebane. Rarathie died in an ambush set by Taderec the Crosseyed. Taderec gave the Dagger to Anrina the Fearless. The Dagger went missing for several centuries, then was found in a wyvern's hoard by Arrosk the Fast, a member of the Silver Slayers, who used it when he explored the fabled Tombs of Rastomar. Following his adventures, Arrosk mysteriously vanished and the Dagger was sold by his daughter at an estate sale. Centuries later, the Dagger of Pain is remembered only in old storytellers' tales. Which is how I found out about it, from that old man who sits outside the inn all day.

Jarmak: Wow, the very same dagger that Arrosk used? Even I've heard of him!

Kalthras: Also, it's a +1 dagger.

Jarmak: So? Who cares, it was Arrosk's dagger! I wouldn't trade it for anything.

~ *The End* ~

Thus ends, for the moment, the tales of the Adventurers. As more 1001 Things and 101 Things collections are posted, this compilation will be expanded.

If you are interested in any of the collections of items whose intros are in this file, you can find them on DriveThruRPG by clicking on the name of the tale. In addition, there are three sampler collections containing examples (10 each) from all of the *1001 Things* collections, which can be downloaded here: [Sampler #1](#) - [Sampler #2](#) - [Sampler #3](#).