constant stream of monsters is likely to become tedious, but the odd smallish crocodile or juvenile plesiosaur can keep combat-loving players entertained.

It is better to use the GURPS Bestiary “alligator” details for any river-dwellers encountered in Howondaland, rather than the bigger crocodiles detailed in that book. This means ST 18-24, DX 12, IQ 3, HT 12/20-26, Move/Dodge 7/6 in water (slower on land), PD 3, DR 4 on top, PD 1, DR 2 underneath, with a 1d+1 cutting bite at close quarters. Such creatures weigh 700 pounds or more. This is still fairly dangerous; a smaller version might make for an amusing fight scene without wiping out any travellers who, say, insist on going for a swim. Note also that an alligator only has a quarter of its ST to open its jaws when they are being held shut.

### Heading Inland

Travel is not too arduous, if a bit muddy and hot. The trail is about one person wide for much of the way, so the players can amuse themselves worrying about marching order.

Near the end of the first day, they will even find a nice, comfortable, convenient clearing where they can pitch camp. It’s visible from the river if they’re travelling by boat, and just far enough from the water to feel almost safe. Survival skill will confirm that it is a good choice. The GM should try to discourage them from silly ideas like night travel, and enjoy watching them decide who stands watch – and start rolling dice meaningfully if no-one does.

### Local Wildlife

Shortly after the party settles down to sleep, so does another group of wanderers. Anyone keeping watch should roll appropriate perception tests – however good their senses, it is dark, and there are trees in the way. If everyone is asleep, they make hearing rolls at penalties. If no-one succeeds, they may just wake at dawn and see things then.

There is Something Out There Among The Trees. Something large, that wasn’t there before. Something that doesn’t seem to be moving much. Closer inspection shows the Something to be, apparently, a small native village.

A herd of Hermit Elephants (see p. DI169) has settled down here for the night. Investigating the huts can be mildly surreal. (“I look through the window” – “You see something large and grey” – “What’s through the other window?” – “A large eye, looking back at you.”) The huts occasionally shift – just enough that those investigating the “village” must sometimes make DX rolls or be knocked off their feet by a wall that wasn’t there before. Those who rashly open doors have a good chance of being confronted by the back end of an elephant – which, according to the law of comic inevitability, has an equally good chance of concluding the digestion of a particularly unpleasant meal at the same time, either naturally or through a mixture of fright and surprise.

No-one should be seriously gored or trampled, though some adventurers might find themselves pursued through the trees by enraged huts. In the midst of the herd is a modest but unmistakable two-storey, whitewashed, wood-and-plaster tower. On an IQ roll, wizards may find it strangely appealing (being naturally drawn to towers). Other adventurers may investigate it purely on principle.

The tower contains the herd’s dominant bull, with characteristics at the high end of the species range. He occupies almost all of the ground floor, but the remains of a staircase still lead to the intact-seeming upper storey, and the outside walls are climbable.

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1 And yes, the local insects are annoying. Bzzzz-slap! Bzzzz-slap! Bzzzz-slap!