



STEAM HIGHWAYMAN

TESTPLAY
SAMPLE

PRINCES OF THE WEST
MARTIN BARNABUS NOUTCH

Copyright © Martin Barnabus Noutch 2025

First published 2025 by Sharpword Studios, London

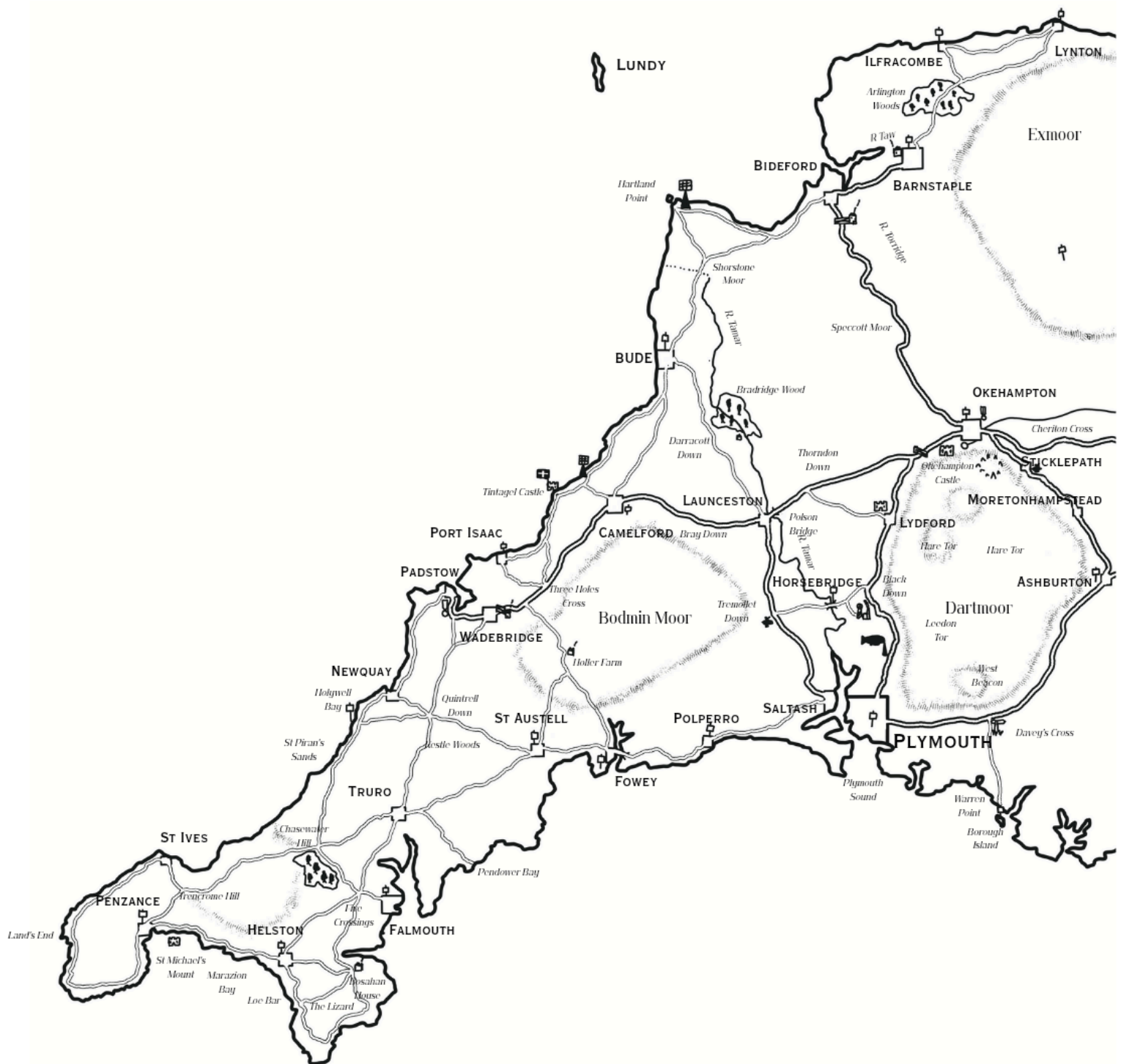
The right of Martin Barnabus Noutch to be identified as the Author of the Work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No reproduction, copy, adaptation or transmission of this work may be made in any form without the written permission of the publisher.

Typeset in Georgia by Sharpword Studios, London

Illustrations by Ben May

Please note that the extract has been edited for brevity: many options available in the full version are not presented in this testplay sample.



Devon and Cornwall
as featured in

Princes of the West

□ Introduction □

Who is the Steam Highwayman?

You are the Steam Highwayman. Whatever brought you here, you now stand on the verge of an exciting adventure. Within this book you can explore a world of different choices and consequences, puzzles, mysteries and quests, discovering your own story as you turn from passage to passage. You will need a pencil and eraser to mark your adventure sheet to track your progress and two dice to help calculate the effects of chance in your tale. Your decisions will be matters of life and death, not just for yourself, but for many others too.

Options

From the very first passage in this book you are presented with choices: where to travel; how to answer a challenge; to kill or to spare a villain. Choices presented beneath a passage's main text are optional; instructions within a passage must be followed to maintain the narrative: this allows you the freedom to make choices but also means you are subject to their consequences. To make a choice, simply turn to the passage indicated and continue to read from there...

Conditional Options

Options followed by a price, item or codeword are conditional: you can only choose these if you possess the **money** in your purse, **item** noted on your Adventure Sheet or have ticked the relevant *codeword* (shown in *italics*). You should remove **money** spent in this way immediately, but you will be told when to remove **items** or *codewords*.

Buy a drink (**1s**)...

Talk to the dark stranger... (*Dreaded*)

Priced option: remove **1s** to make this choice

Codeword option: only available if you possess the codeword

Codewords

As you travel throughout the realm you will learn many secrets, hear many rumours and experience strange and wonderful adventures: *codewords* allow the book to track this. When you gain a *codeword*, tick that *codeword* in the back of the book. When you are asked if you have a particular codeword, check to see if it is ticked in your codeword list.

When travelling to another book in the series, retain your codewords, but if you restart your adventure you will need to erase all the codewords you have collected.

Your Adventure Sheet

Abilities

Your adventure will require you to use a diverse set of skills, which the following list represents:

RUTHLESSNESS

ENGINEERING

MOTORING

INGENUITY

NIMBLENESS

GALLANTRY

How threatening you seem, both in appearance and reputation

Your skill with pneumo-mechanics and steam machinery

The knowledge of road lore and the art of handling an engine

Your ability to solve problems

Your physical quickness and agility

The appeal of your manners, words and deeds

To make an ability roll you must roll two dice and add the total to the appropriate ability score, plus any modifiers. If the total score is greater than the difficulty, you have succeeded.

Possessions

You will collect, find and buy many items as you travel the land. You may carry up to 12 possessions in your inventory (representing your saddlebags) at any time. In addition, you may carry 12 small items in your jewellery pouch. These may only be small objects that would fit within the hand, such as keys, rings, coiled necklaces or similar. Flat objects, such as punchcards, tickets, notebooks or posters may be carried in your satchel, which can hold 12 paper or card items. If in doubt, act like a Steam Highwayman. Remember - this is intended to be a fun adventure, not a lesson in inventory management!

Many items modify your Ability scores. These modifiers are cumulative as long as the items are unique. For example, your **ENGINEERING** score of 4 could be improved by possession of a **pneumatic manual (ENG+3)** and an **adjustable wrench (ENG+1)** to total 8, but could not be improved by two **adjustable wrenches**. Some options are only available to you if you possess a certain item, indicated by a bracketed item (**grappling iron**). If these do not indicate that you should discard or use up the item, you may retain that item for later. Limited use objects have a number of tickboxes beside them which you should tick on each use: bonuses conferred by these objects to Ability scores are temporary and will revert after a single fight or skill check. After the final tick, erase the object from your Adventure Sheet. You may also be asked for your unmodified ability score (ie your Ability unchanged by **possessions**)

Money

The realm uses the Imperial monetary system - pounds (£), shillings (s) and pence (d). You will normally deal only in shillings (eg **8s**) or pounds (eg **£4 2s**), but when making deposits at the bank or expensive purchases you will need to do a little maths: there are 20 shillings to the pound or sovereign, and 21 shillings to the guinea. Paper money is normally only used by the wealthiest and is not always easy to exchange. A bundle of notes such as **thirty guineas in notes** may not be spent as normal - you will need to find someone to accept it as a deposit or exchange it for hard coin (sometimes at a discount). Paper money does not take up a possession slot in your inventory.

Weapons

Fighting Enemies

Combat proceeds in rounds, and in each you have an opportunity to wound your opponent before they have a chance to hurt you. When the number of wounds you have inflicted is equal to your opponent's **TOUGHNESS**, or when you have five wounds, the fight is over. To calculate whether you wound your enemy, roll two dice and add the score to your **NIMBLENESS**, together with any modifiers. If the total is greater than your opponent's **PARRY**, you will succeed in wounding them.

Your opponent then has the same chance: the roll of two dice is added to their **NIMBLENESS** and if the total is greater than your **PARRY** then you gain a **wound**. Your **PARRY** score is the total of your **NIMBLENESS** plus the **PAR** value of your weapon. Note that if your opponent has a weapon with modifiers, these have already been added to the **NIMBLENESS**, **PARRY** and **TOUGHNESS** scores printed. You make take your opponent's weapon if you win.

Wounds

A highwayman's life is a dangerous one: you may be wounded in single combat, shot at by angry Constables or hurt in a road accident. Keep track of each **wound** on your Adventure Sheet, as normally your fifth **wound** will incapacitate you and may hasten the end of your adventure. You are able to treat your **wounds** in a safe location either through rest or paying for medical treatment, which will normally result in your wounds converting to **scars**.

Scars

The normal process when a wound is healed is to erase the wound from your Adventure Sheet and add a scar to your scar tally. Sometimes you will be prompted to roll two dice and a score of 11 or 12 will result in an **intimidating scar (RUTH+1)**, which should be noted in your Other Modifiers.

Velosteam

Fighting Enemies

Your velosteam is your most prized possession: a finely-tuned and carefully engineered two-wheeled road engine of unsurpassed mechanical beauty, it runs on readily-available coal-gas and can achieve considerable speed. However, it can be damaged by accidents or risk-taking. Keep track of any **damage points** on your Adventure Sheet, along with any customisations that you manage to fit. You must take care! Your velosteam can sustain three **damage points**, but should you suffer the fourth your machine will be **beyond repair**. At this point you will be forced to abandon your adventure on the road - so ensure you know a trustworthy mechanic who can help you repair your velosteam before that stage.

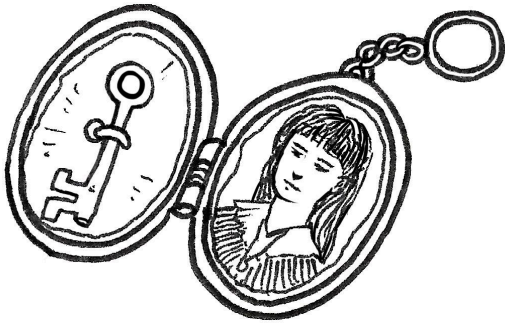
These rules are only the essentials needed to play and enjoy this Testplay Sample of Princes of the West.

□ 1 □

The West lies spread before you. It has been a long ride. The horizon glitters with the promise of hidden coves, clifftop chases and midnight adventure. The very rock shines in this part of the land, rich with seams of tin, copper and gold. But whom will you find to trust? The Guilds fight among themselves, the Defenders of Free Cornwall have kept the Imperial forces at bay for years and local gang-leaders and mobsters call themselves Princes while oppressing the common folk. Yes, you may rob the rich and privileged to help the poor here - but at what risk? The gallows lining the cliffs are strung with the skeletons of outlaws...

What brought you here? What path in life left you so desperate for adventure and revenge?

"I swam ashore from a transportation ship." 357
 "My life has been one machine after another." 489



□ 13 □

As soon as they have you in their power, the Constables begin to strip you of your carefully-gathered belongings. Remove any **tools, weapons, coins** and **food** and write them into the box in passage 14. You may keep any **badges, ribbons, clothing, paper items** and other objects that you have.

If you do not have the codeword *Deliberate*, turn to 1160 immediately.

□ 59 □

A liveried carriage-driver sups his strong ale and scoffs at the folk he is driving up to Exeter. "In that parlour there drinking thin for'n wine and castin' around fer pleasure. Don't appreciate 'onest beer nor good Cornish livin'. They's 'eadin' up to London! Pah. I won't be a-drivin' them so far."

"Just up the Exeter road, then?"

"That's right. Sooner shot of 'em the better. Laughin' and pawin' at each other like they ain't got nowhere to hide their shame. An' all this baggage! I think they's leavin' fer good."

"Setting off soon?"

"I don't know, and that's the truth. Could be tonight, could be some time. But I'm paid fer me 'ours."

Head directly up the Exeter road and
 prepare to ambush the travellers... 73

Tamper with their engine so it stops
 on the journey... 114

Have another drink... 220

Leave the Viscount Porr... 250

□ 73 □

You head out from Okehampton in the falling dusk and scout for some place to ambush the coach. A short way along the Exeter road, you find an isolated stretch where you can wait: turn to 1329.

□ 114 □

In the yard outside the Viscount Porr, the rich travellers' steam-cabriolet is awaiting their onward journey. It is a fine piece of work, modern, swift and expensive - but you must damage it, and damage it carefully if you are to get it to stop exactly where you mean to ambush it. If you have any kind of **wrench** (for example, an **adjustable wrench** or a **heavy wrench**), turn to 130 immediately. Otherwise, you must make an ENGINEERING roll of difficulty 11 to puncture the water-pipe exactly.

Successful ENGINEERING roll! 130

Failed ENGINEERING roll! 146

□ 130 □

You know exactly which pipe to loosen so that the water tank, pressurised by the warmth of the fire, will run dry long before Exeter. Gain the codeword *Dripping*.

Will you steam out and await the travellers now, or continue your preparations here in Okehampton?

Head up the Exeter road immediately... 73

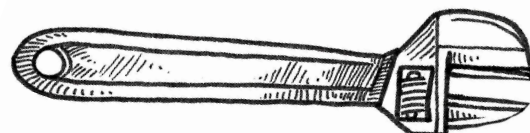
Remain in Okehampton... 250

□ 146 □

The workings of the machine are baffling: there is no way of being sure that any damage you do will stop the steam-cabriolet in a mile or a yard. Perhaps you will have to rely on terror in the dusk, shouting threats from behind bright headlamps?

Head up the Exeter road immediately... 73

Remain in Okehampton... 250



□ 160 □

To get away from your pursuers, you must leave the highway and the high ground. You turn down a track, racing for the salt marshes that line the twisting riverbanks. On, on, on, through the night, with the regulator as open as you dare, the mighty wheels of your Ferguson churning the mud and your brake-blocks smouldering. Yet a glance over your shoulder tells you that the Constables are drawing near.

As a last, desperate attempt to lose their scent, you turn through an open gate and bound over a field. You come alongside the wall of a tiny marshside cottage and peer about for a way forward. You must make an INGENUITY roll of difficulty 11 to pick a way through the marshes that does not result in you sinking up to your vents in mud. You may add 1 to your roll for each of the following you possess: a **double headlamp**, **off-road tyres**, **muffled exhaust** and **winch**.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Successful INGENUITY roll! | 185 |
| Failed INGENUITY roll! | 199 |

□ 185 □

It takes courage to venture out among the reed mace and woundwort, but picking your ground carefully, you reach a firm bank of shingle hidden from the road. Dousing your light and stilling your engine, you wait until the Constables are long gone before emerging from the marsh.

You steam a short distance to a cow byre and bed down in warm straw for the night. There are worse places to rest. In the morning, you are once again astride your trusted velosteam, now splashed with tidal mud, and heading for Okehampton. Turn to **250**.

□ 199 □

You get only so far among the reeds and soft ground, but, riding slower and slower, you are unable to escape when the Constables appear. They were closer than you realised and you were too hesitant in heading onto the marsh. Turn to **13**.

□ 205 □

The man at the door of the parlour opens up, nodding deferentially at your demeanour and dress, however grubbied by travel. You are clearly of the better sort.

Inside, several gentle-folk are eating at a table, regaled by the story-telling of a fashionably-dressed traveller at the head of the table. Beside him sits a woman in a great French wig, flushed with wine and only half-resisting the urge to fondle him.

"Then we set off from Brest, you see, with our people, and came up to Falmouth. But what a dreary place that was! The house we had taken was

far, far below the standards we expected and apart from a few," and he pauses to look lasciviously beside him, "Happy moments, we had very little pleasure there."

"Although there was the cliff-top," blurts the woman. "And the beach. And the cottage."

"Do hist, Myrtle, my darling," continues the traveller. "I'm trying to tell these folk about our journey." He catches sight of you. "Oh, welcome, stranger! Come, eat and drink with us. Pray, what is your name?"

You reply with some nonsensical upper-class moniker, which he clearly has no intention of remembering anyway, and take a seat at the table. There is excellent wine already poured, a tray of baked grouse, several puddings, a ham pie, some fruit, smoked mackerel and much more. As you eat, the conversation - or rather, the boasting and fawning - continues.

"So where next for you?" asks a plump banker. "Surely not the north coast? It is as dull and provincial as the south."

"Back to London for us, my man. Exeter first, in a rather fine steam-cabriolet I've chartered. Quite the thing!"

"The one in the yard?"

"Exactly so. Ten pounds a day, with driver."

The others around the table raise their eyebrows at the extravagance, the wealth and the delightful carefree way in which the traveller talks of spending his gold. They continue to flatter him and drink up his wine.

And as for you, what will you do? If you were to ride out on the Exeter Road, it would only be a matter of time before these rich folks came past... Then again, with a little know-how, they might be forced to stop on the road by problems with their much-vaunted steam-cabriolet...

| | |
|---|------------|
| Head directly up the Exeter road and prepare to ambush the travellers... | 73 |
| Tamper with their engine so it stops on the journey... | 114 |
| Return to the bar... | 220 |
| Leave the Viscount Porr... | 250 |

□ 208 □

You ride until you reach the outskirts of Okehampton. A pair of constables posted at the town wall swing the gates open for you, but peer as you pass.

On you go over the cobbled streets until you park in the yard behind the Viscount Porr. Your shillings pay for a hot meal, a mug of beer and a place near the fire with the other late-night travellers. In the morning, you head out into the town: turn to **250**.

□ 220 □

The girl at the bar pulls you a pint of Viscount's Best and places it beside a dish of toasted bread ends. The ale has a rich ruby colour and a sweet opening but a surprisingly dry finish. Roll two dice to see what you hear.

| | | |
|-------|----------------------------|-------------|
| 2-5 | Rich travellers... | 59 |
| 6-7 | The Brotherhood of Four... | 913 |
| 8-9 | A dreadful thirst... | 1402 |
| 10-12 | Molten metal... | 911 |

□ 250 □

You are not long in Okehampton when you are surprised, turning a corner, by a posse of Constables. There are more than half-a-dozen of them and they are clearly waiting for you: a sharp blow on the head, a bag and a pair of manacles are enough to bring you to helpless submission. At least if they are going to this trouble, they clearly want you for something.

But to find out what, you will have to purchase the full version of...

Steam Highwayman: Princes of the West

□ 259 □

The Viscount Porr is a great blocky mass of an inn, smartly dressed on the side that faces Fore Street, but tumbled behind with yards, workshops, stables, brewhouses, gardens and sheds. All the road traffic out of the west passes through here and the drivers and passengers need a reputable, reliable house to feed and warm them on their journey. In the private parlour, high-class travellers sit apart from the common folk, laughing at their own amusements.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Buy a glass of beer... | 220 |
| Enter the private parlour... | 205 |
| Leave the inn and explore Okehampton... | 250 |
| Head to the rendezvous at Morte Point... (Diatribes) | 922 |

□ 282 □

Dark hedgerows flash past as you steam off the highway and through the lanes, attempting to circle around Okehampton and navigate north-west to the Bideford road. If you know these lanes, then you may be able to pick out your route, but otherwise, you will have to read the road and trust to luck. You must make a MOTORING roll of difficulty 10 to find your route and stay ahead of the Constables.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Successful MOTORING roll! | 307 |
| Failed MOTORING roll! | 1396 |

□ 307 □

You rush through a tiny hamlet and climb the hill beyond, then turn west towards the highway. An owl screeches overhead, but all you do is cling onto the gutta-percha handles even more tightly and lean lower in the saddle.

Soon you reach the Bideford road. Lights and bells on the road promise that, if you stay where you are, the Constables will soon have you. You must make a quick decision.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Head north and into the valley... | 160 |
| Steer westwards... | 1396 |

□ 322 □

The road is level and firm beneath your wheels and it is not long before you see the lights of Ashburton ahead of you. You bump over a bridge and turn into the yard at the Old Devon Inn, drawing to a stop beside a steamer in Telegraph Guild green and a farmer's horse-cart.

Inside, your shillings are spent on a plate of warm stew and a hunk of bread. You settle yourself into a chair beneath the window and slip into a delicious sleep. The staff leave you be and mop around you, waking you only in the morning with the sound of pails and the streaming beams of the early sun. Turn to **331**.

□ 331 □

The Old Devon Inn is a place of infamy, for here it was that the privateer, poet and courtier Sir Walter Raleigh, was arrested in 1603. The old building could tell many a tale and the drinkers tell their own too.

There is a cheery company here, with the common folk drinking in the bar and their betters in the parlour, and all are fond of a song. However, you are not long entered when you are seized by the shoulders and a bag thrust over your head. The Constables have you! But to discover exactly what they want with one of your ilk, you must purchase the full version of...

Steam Highwayman: Princes of the West

□ 346 □

Even without pursuers, the wisest thing to do now, with night falling, is to find an out-of-the-way haven in which to rest. Which way will you turn?

| | |
|---|-------------|
| Make for the Viscount Porr at Okehampton... | 208 |
| Turn south-east to the Old Devon Inn at Ashburton... | 322 |
| Rest under a hedgerow.... | 1309 |

□ 347 □

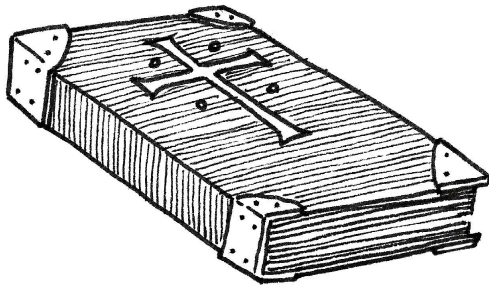
You gain some distance from your pursuers before shutting off your lantern, closing the regulator, turning a sharp right downhill and coasting into a farmyard. Tucking your velosteam behind a barn, you leap off and pull down some bundles of straw to hide yourself and your machine.

The trick works. The Imperials can be heard clanging past and then, much later, returning slowly down the lane. One even steams into the farmyard, but nothing is seen in the dusk.

You settle down to sleep in the straw beside your machine, tired but victorious. All is well until the early hours of the morning when you are awoken by the barking of dogs. Several farm curs are loose in the yard: they leap and growl, building their courage as you shake yourself awake and climb onto your machine, and one leaps at you with a snarl. Its filthy teeth tear into your hand: gain a **wound** immediately. You kick the dog away and steam out of the farmyard as swiftly as you can.

But to discover where else you can travel, and where you can sell your stolen possessions, you must purchase the full version of...

Steam Highwayman: Princes of the West



□ 357 □

Your crimes of poverty had their consequence: arrest and a sentence of transportation. But once aboard a transport ship, heading down the channel to South Australia, you knew that you would rather drown than leave your land. So in desperation, after filing away your leg-irons, you leapt into the sea and swam for your life.

The rocky Devon shore met you and, by chance or divine favour, you were cast high on the strand to cough and survive. Since that day, only a few weeks ago, you have stolen, threatened and killed: the velosteam you straddle carried a Telegraph Guild despatch rider, but his body was cast off a cliff. The coins in your pocket had owners, some wealthy and some poor, but they all surrendered in the face of your angry, desperate ruthlessness.

Perhaps somewhere in the West you will find an employer for one as savage as yourself, or perhaps a way to soften a heart hardened by poverty, pain and blood. Your tale will tell.

Your ability scores are:

| | |
|--------------|---|
| RUTHLESSNESS | 6 |
| ENGINEERING | 2 |
| MOTORING | 2 |
| NIMBLENESS | 3 |
| INGENUITY | 4 |
| GALLANTRY | 3 |

You have in your possession **£3 2s**, a **blunderpistol (ACC 6)**, a **sabre (PAR 3)**, a **mask** and a **telescope**. Turn to **532**.

□ 363 □

Does it come as something of a surprise to hear the clang of the Constables' velosteam-mounted bells? It sounds as though several Imperial model engines are closing on you - fast - from both the west and east.

Speed south towards the Ashburton Road... **380**

Set off north-west towards the

Bideford road... **282**

□ 373 □

After such a pitiless attempt to rob the travellers on the Exeter road, it is likely that Constables from nearby Okehampton Castle will set out in pursuit. Not only does the Haulage Guild report any disruption on their highway, such as delayed road trains and missing vehicles, but the Constabulary airships are always hovering overhead. Roll two dice to see whether you have been observed, adding 1 for each **Wanted Status** that you possess.

Score

| | | |
|-----|--------------------------|------------|
| 2-8 | A chance to ride away... | 346 |
| 9+ | Constables in pursuit! | 363 |

□ 380 □

Night has fallen and your lantern cuts a bright beam of lime-light through the night, illuminating the skeletal trunks of ash and beech trees, spooking owls from their perches and reflecting off puddles. When you slow to climb a hill or pause at a turning, the lights of the following Constables glimmer on the hedges behind you, jumping about to accompany the clangour of their bells.

Try to lose your pursuers somewhere nearby... **394**

□ 394 □

Make a MOTORING roll of difficulty 12, adding 2 if you have a muffled exhaust and 1 if you have off-road tyres.

Successful MOTORING roll! **347**
Failed MOTORING roll! **1396**

□ 489 □

Life in a city factory, the child of an indentured engineer labouring night and day, you certainly learned how to work with machines. Steam valves and linkage rods were your earliest playthings, though there was precious little playtime.

But that life was harsh and unfair: when your father collapsed and died from overwork, his family were released - or sent away. Your mother took the younger children with her into the workhouse but you set out to seek your fortune, tinkering and mending where and what you could, working for coin or crust but never willing to sign a contract. Becoming more and more desperate, you took this velosteam that a Guildsman needed mending and rode away, westward, seeking something, anything, that might lead you to a different sort of life.

Your ability scores are:

| | |
|--------------|---|
| RUTHLESSNESS | 3 |
| ENGINEERING | 6 |
| MOTORING | 4 |
| NIMBLENESS | 4 |
| INGENUITY | 3 |
| GALLANTRY | 3 |

You have in your possession **£3 2s**, a **blunderpistol (ACC 6)**, a **sabre (PAR 3)**, a **mask** and some **welding tools**.

Turn to **532**.

□ 500 □

Your Feguson velosteam will never run again: the damage done to its finely-tuned engine is irreparable. With bent pistons and shattered valves, it is little more than a tragic heap of scrap iron and steel.

Without it, what future can there be for you? As a lonely footpad, without the means to escape the Constables and outrun your enemies, you will simply fade into insignificance. The days of your heroic exploits are over.



□ 532 □

Now you have found yourself on the verge of the wide Guild highway crossing Rowden Moor. Okehampton lies some miles west, and you should be there before nightfall. But a short distance down the road, you can see a massive Coal Board Brewsley road engine on its side in the ditch, and what looks like a crowd of villagers being whipped into setting it upright. And in the other direction, a private steam carriage approaches: if you ride on, you are sure to find a sheltered place from which to launch an ambush in the dusk, perhaps at the foot of the hill rising ahead.

Help the villagers... **575**
Ambush the steamer... **548**

□ 548 □

The mud at the foot of the hill is thick and viscous. Surely the passengers will climb out here to lighten the heavy engine? You wait and watch from among the dark branches, and the engine approaches, slows, and stops. "Here? Get out here?" you hear an angry voice protest. "Why do you think I paid for a carriage at all, man?"

Two figures step down from the compartment - one in a sweeping travelling skirt and the other unmistakably male. The engine begins again, surging steadily through the mud, and the passengers trudge beside it.

"Henry?" calls a woman's voice. "Henry, give me your arm?"

"Your legs are younger and stronger than mine, Mabel. Cease your whining and carry yourself up this dratted hill!"

"Stop right there, or I shoot," you call. Your voice doesn't have to be loud to cut through the night, and it has an immediate effect. The driver opens his regulator, spins his wheels and surges forward into the ditch with a crash. The walking couple fall back from the splashing mud and look about in terror.

"No further, then!" you demand. But the man wrestles with his travelling cloak and clumsily draws his sword.

"A roadside robber, eh? Preying on honest men! I'll teach you a lesson!" He seems determined to fight.

| | |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| Henry | Weapon: rapier (PAR 4) |
| Parry: | 7 |
| Nimbleness: | 3 |
| Toughness: | 3 |

Victory! **562**
Defeat! **585**

□ 562 □

He falls to the road with a gurgle, dropping his blade. The woman drops to her knees. "Leave me alone, I beg you! I've suffered enough."

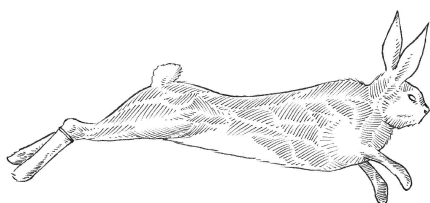
You may take the man's **rapier (PAR 4)**, his wallet from the the crashed coach, containing **£4 5s**, and the woman's **silver necklace** if you wish. Then, leaving her and the driver to collect themselves, you mount your velosteam again. Turn to **1453**.

□ 575 □

You steam quietly towards the commotion. No-one pays attention: they all have their own concerns. Half a dozen Coal Board engineers are herding a posse of villagers, including women and children. They are being forced to haul on lines and tackles rigged to the massive weight of a Brewsley engine that has slid off the road. Four wagons of coal, one of them on its side, wait to be hauled on to Okehampton.

"Put yer backs into it, you slugs!" yells the foreman. Then there is the crack of a whip and a cry - whether from a child or a surprised man, you cannot tell.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| Ride into their midst and cut the Coal Board | |
| men down... | 1395 |
| Shoot at their feet to scare them off... | 1412 |
| Leave them and attack the steamer instead... | 548 |



□ 585 □

"Take that, you blackguard!" calls your opponent, as he strikes you down.

"Take that, you monster," cries the woman, striking him heavily on the head with a fallen tree branch. He collapses beside you.

"This seems like my chance to escape him at last," she says. "The fiend. He will presume you stole me away with his wallet when he wakes. There's no-one to tell him any different." Then she grabs a bag, swirls her cloak about her and sets off down the road in the direction she came.

You struggle upright to discover that your final wound was not as deadly as it seemed - remove it from your **adventure sheet** - and look about you. The man's **rapier (PAR 4)** lies at hand - you may take it if you wish - and his wallet is in the crashed coach, containing **£4 5s**.

The driver is not badly hurt - he moans and looks about, but prefers not to get up. You, however, had better find a place to tend to your wounds and take rest. You mount your velosteam once more and head west: turn to **1453**.

□ 911 □

You hear chatter of the tin furnaces down in Ashburton. Apparently, there are stanneries where they not only smelt tin from freshly-mined ore, but places where, for a fee, stolen gold or silver can be melted down into valuable bars of pure metal.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Return to the bar... | 220 |
| Leave the Viscount Porr... | 250 |

□ 913 □

You and your machine have attracted some attention. A man in a salt-stained tricorne beckons you over.

"You have a fine velosteam," he says.

"Fast, I imagine?"

"The fastest thing that steams," you reply.

"Well, we could use a fast machine and its rider. Listen. I and several Ilfracombe merchants have sponsored a voyage. For several reasons, our ship will be unloading part of its cargo by boat in a place called Rockham Bay, just north of Morte Point, tonight."

"It's the sort of cargo you don't want attracting attention?"

"Exactly. There have been problems before. Now what if you collected part of it and brought it to a rendezvous near here - perhaps on Speccott Moor? We would pay you well."

"How much?"

"Two pound for a single night's ride."

"Three."

He thinks. "All right. But should anyone official - any of the Constabulary - stop you, you'll be on your own."

"What name do I give?"

"Oh, say that the Brotherhood of Four sent you."

And with that, the man slips away down an alley. Gain the codeword *Diatribes* and turn to **259**.

□ 922 □

It is a long ride up to Morte Point, and the moon is high by the time you come near. Heading west from Ilfracombe, you pass a cemetery and a cliff-side quarry, and then break out over uneven ground above a stony shore. The land rises, the path disappears, and you turn westward past a ruined Coastguard post. Then, suddenly, the beach of cove is beneath you. You close the regulator, douse your lantern, and settle down to wait.

It is several hours before you discern a shadow on the sea. Somewhere out there, a vessel is

heaving to. Then a lantern winks - once - twice - three times. You flash your headlamp in reply and settle to wait again.

Before long, a cutter approaches, creeping over the swell with long, well-handled oars. "Who sent yer?" calls a voice.

"The Brotherhood of Four," you reply.

"Very well." The boat crunches ashore, skilfully handled between the biting rocks. "These is fer you." Two **firkins of whisky** are rolled onto the little beach.

"Is this all?"

"All fer you, matey," comes the reply. Then you realise that there are others waiting in the shadowed shingle - folk from Ilfracombe and the hamlets nearby, each due their own packet or barrel. "Get a move on, will yer? Before we 'as trouble."

As you prepare to set off, a shout is heard.

"They's comin'! Shove off, the 'ole lot o'yer!"

The throb of a Constable airship begins to shake the air. Shouts and shots shatter the quiet of the night and a pair of searchlights snap on, probing the cliffside. You kick the friction starter and open up the regulator.

As you bounce over the tussocks, the bright beam of a searchlight passes over you, returns and focuses. Keeping your eyes down to avoid the glare, you begin to weave over the broken ground. This is not likely to end well. The thought arises - have you been hired as merely a decoy? Or was that mysterious merchant the real thing? In either case, you must get away.

Steer for the beach to ride faster... **949**

Stay on the clifftops... **958**

□ 949 □

Risking the firmness of the sand and the rush of the tide, you steer down onto the beach and twist the gutta-percha handle even further. If the ground is good, you can out-pace the airship above. Make a MOTORING roll of difficulty 13, adding 2 for each of the following you possess: **improved burner** and **gas pressuriser**.

Successful MOTORING roll! **964**

Failed MOTORING roll! **971**

□ 958 □

You would be a fool to head down onto the treacherous sands. Instead, you turn inland, and begin to weave between the high hedges, taking advantage of over-shadowing hawthorn and rowan trees. The airship keeps pace, and you skirt around Barnstaple and begin to head south-west for your rendezvous. How to lose your pursuers?

The answer comes in the form of a small wood of beech and hazel. You can glimpse open ground beneath the branches, but you must ride well to keep your velosteam upright - particularly with the added weight of the two barrels mounted above your rear wheel. Enough thinking - you wrench the handlebars and bump over the wood-ditch, crashing into the undergrowth. Make a MOTORING roll of difficulty 13, adding 2 for each of the following you possess: **improved brakes** and **ramming beak**.

Successful MOTORING roll! **981**

Failed MOTORING roll! **991**

□ 964 □

The sand is firm. With your Ferguson at its top speed, you begin to make gains on the airship above. Ahead, the rocks of Bull Point protrude into the surf. The tide is low enough - it is time to take a risk. You steer into the edge of the waves, sending a great spray up either side, and round the point, bumping over hidden rocks, sliding on seaweed, and bursting out onto Bennet's Mouth Beach.

You douse your lime lantern and steam for Ilfracombe. The crew of the airship, surprised by your manoeuvre, allow their searchlight to lose its aim, and although they climb higher to cross the headlamp, they have lost you in the dark. Then up the launching ramp beside the gasworks, through the tight streets of the town, and out onto the eastern road... It looks like you have escaped the Constables for now.

And in the dark of the night, as the hedgerows whizz past, you have the leisure to think again. You have two barrels of contraband spirit aboard, worth far more than the meagre three pound bounty you were promised for delivering them. If you were simply to ride away and find your own purchasers, you could certainly make more than that in profit. And who was the shady merchant anyway? Just how dangerous might he - and the others of the Brotherhood of Four - be? Is the immediate gain worth the risk of making an enemy?

Make the delivery... **1009**

Steal the barrels... **1002**

□ 971 □

Your desperate choice seems foolish now: the sand is firm, but you cannot coax the speed you need from your machine. The airship above keeps pace, and bullets whizz ever closer, kicking up sand about you. Then you find yourself at the edge of the sea and your velosteam slows, suddenly in water to the axles. You have only one choice: you lean backwards and release the two **firkins of whisky** from their retaining brackets to lighten your

machine. Even then, you only just manage to get the Ferguson back onto the hard sand, but the changing sound of the airship's rotors tell you that they have chosen to hover and grapple the contraband rather than continue the chase.

Will the Brotherhood of Four hear of this? Perhaps there will be another opportunity to meet the rendezvous and carry spirits again. For now, though, you must find somewhere to rest.

Head for the Viscount Porr Inn... **208**
Sleep beneath a hedgerow... **1309**

□ **981** □

Your stratagem works. Snapping branches and ducking under leaves, you use the cover of the trees to lose your pursuers. Leaving the wood in a direction almost equal to that by which you entered it, you steam away and ride a wide loop around. Then, at last, you are on your way to the Penhale Inn.

And it is only then, unpursued and in the cool of night, that you begin to wonder about this task. If you were intended to decoy the Constables away from other smugglers, will there in fact be anyone to greet you at your rendezvous? Did the shady merchant and the so-called Brotherhood of Four expect you to succeed, or to be captured by the Constables? Do you in fact owe them their barrels of liquor, or should you rather keep them for yourself as danger pay? Just what do you risk?

Make the delivery... **1009**
Steal the barrels for yourself... **1002**

□ **991** □

You crash into the undergrowth and quickly lose control of your heavy machine. It tumbles to one side, throwing you down with a heavy thud. Gain a **wound** and a **damage point**. If your velosteam is now **beyond repair**, turn to **500** immediately. If not, but you have **five wounds**, turn to **1313**. Otherwise, read on.

The two **firkins of whisky** are damaged from the crash: liquor pours from between split staves and fills the air with heady vapour. You must cut them free and abandon them, before they catch light! Then you cautiously right your machine and make your out from under the branches. The airship has disappeared, and you had better disappear too.

Sleep beneath a hedgerow... **1309**

□ **1002** □

No. You owe the smugglers nothing. To the right purchaser, the barrels behind you are worth twenty pounds apiece - maybe more. You were clearly intended to be a sacrifice to the Constables, and if

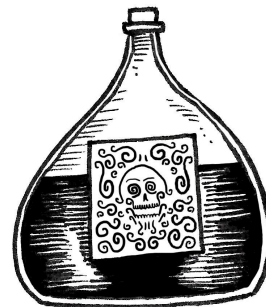
the merchants could afford to lose these barrels authorities, they can afford to lose them to you.

The two **firkins of whisky** on your panniers are now yours to do with as you wish. Gain the codeword *Dissert* and lower **Bad Percy's favour** by **2**. You should then find somewhere to rest for remainder of the night: turn to **1309**.

□ **1009** □

However you reason it, the barrels will be delivered. You relight your lime lantern and settle down to enjoy the night's steam up to the Speccott Moor. It is cool and dry, and soon the clouds pass on, giving you a fine view of the stars. Sure, money has its uses, and the adventurous life of a highwayman may suit you, but is there no value in a clear view of the sky on a starry night?

When you reach signpost rendezvous, there is no sign of anyone expecting to collect two barrels of contraband. However, as dawn breaks, a lad in a pony-cart piled with hay clops up the hill. After mention of the Brotherhood of Four, he helps you bury the contraband beneath the sweet grass, solemnly hands you a pouch containing **£3**, and chuckles his pony onward. Remove the two **firkins of whisky** from your **barrel panniers** and gain the codeword *Discriminate*. It is time to return to Okehampton: turn to **250**.



□ **1160** □

To your great surprise, the Constables are uninterested in investigating your crimes. "One more for Hacklett's quota," says an officer and you are taken away in chains. A short ride through the night in a rattling gaol-wagon brings you to Barnstaple quay, where you are marched aboard a shabby-looking ocean steamer.

"Where am I going?" you ask.

But to find out where, you will have to purchase the full version of...

Steam Highwayman: Princes of the West

□ 1309 □

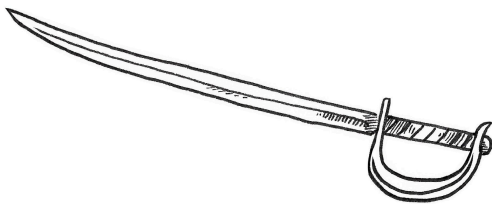
You turn your velosteam to the north and ride off into the dark lanes, searching for a dry nook.

Eventually you find a place where a heavy swathe of holly overhangs a dry bed of leaves. It is hardly comfortable, but far from the worst place you have ever had to sleep. Roll a dice to see how you fare, adding 3 if you possess a **tarpaulin** to keep you dry, 1 if you have any **food** to eat and 1 if you have a bottle of liquor (for example, a **bottle of whisky** or even **champagne**), discarding both food and liquor to gain their bonuses. Note that if you already have a **cold** or **stiff back**, you cannot contract another!

Score

| | |
|-----------|--|
| 3 or less | Gain a cold (RUTH-1, ING-1) ... |
| 4-5 | Gain a stiff back (NIM-2) ... |
| 6 or more | A fair night's rest... |

As the dawn breaks, you stretch, arise, and curse the holly for scratching your face. Once on your velosteam, you head for Okehampton: turn to **250**.



□ 1329 □

A pillar of steam and the reflected glow of lime-lanterns on the hedges announce the approach of a steam-carriage. Low-slung, hooded and driven from a raised rear platform, it is the steam-cabriolet of the rich couple you saw outside the Viscount Porr. Remove the codeword *Dint* and if you have the codeword *Dripping*, turn to **1355** immediately.

You steam out of the shadows and block the road, crying "Halt your engine or I'll blow you apart!" Make a RUTHLESSNESS roll of difficulty 11, adding 4 if you have a **double headlamp**.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Successful RUTHLESSNESS roll! | 1355 |
| Failed RUTHLESSNESS roll! | 1381 |

□ 1309 □

You turn your velosteam to the north and ride off into the dark lanes, searching for a dry nook. If you have the codeword *Deluge*, turn to **1383** immediately. Otherwise, read on.

Eventually you find a place where a heavy swathe of holly overhangs a dry bed of leaves. It is hardly comfortable, but far from the worst place you

have ever had to sleep. Roll a dice to see how you fare, adding 3 if you possess a **tarpaulin** to keep you dry, 1 if you have any **food** to eat and 1 if you have a bottle of liquor (for example, a **bottle of whisky** or even **champagne**) which you should discard. Note that if you already have a **cold** or **stiff back**, you cannot contract another!

Score

| | |
|-----|--|
| 0-3 | Gain a cold (RUTH-1, ING-1) ... |
| 4-5 | Gain a stiff back (NIM-2) ... |
| 6 + | A fair night's rest... |

As the dawn breaks, you stretch, arise, and curse the holly for scratching your face. Once on your velosteam again, you head for the nearest town: turn to **250**.

□ 1313 □

You may be bleeding and near to death, but that will not stop the authorities from pursuing your punishment. They have your severest **wound** patched up (remove it and replace it with a **scar** immediately) and pass you on for processing. Turn to **13**.

□ 1329 □

A pillar of steam and the reflected glow of lime-lanterns on the hedges announce the approach of a steam-carriage. Low-slung, hooded and driven from a raised rear platform, it is the steam-cabriolet of the rich couple you saw outside the Viscount Porr. If you have the codeword *Dripping*, turn to **1355** immediately.

You steam out of the shadows and block the road, crying "Halt your engine or I'll blow you apart!" Make a RUTHLESSNESS roll of difficulty 11, adding 4 if you have a **double headlamp**.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Successful RUTHLESSNESS roll! | 1355 |
| Failed RUTHLESSNESS roll! | 1381 |

□ 1355 □

The steam-cabriolet comes to a hissing stop before you. Dismounting and dashing to the passenger compartment, you garner a strange half-smile from the driver. Perhaps he recognises you from the Viscount Porr?

Inside the cab, the man and woman from the private parlour are entangled in one another's clothes, and in no position to defend themselves. You can take a **gold necklace**, a **dinner jacket**, a **silk scarf**, a **bottle of champagne**, **ten guineas in banknotes** and **£4 17** in coins.

Having looted the passengers, you nod to the driver and remount your velosteam. Gain the password *Debauched* and turn to **373**.

□ 1361 □

A wild swing as you pass cuts right through the neck of the whip-wielding engineer. Glancing back, you see his body topple to the ground and the villagers rise up, emboldened by the bloodshed, and attack the remaining Coal Board crew with rocks and stones. Only one manages to get away over the fields to the south: note that you will now be **Wanted by the Coal Board**. Turn to **1424**.

□ 1377 □

You fail to hurt any of the Coal Board, but the savagery and suddenness of your appearance terrifies them and they take off over the fields to the south, with only a glance back in your direction. Turn to **1424**.

□ 1381 □

No-one aboard the steamer takes any notice at all, except the driver, who steers spitefully for your velosteam. Roll a dice to see how you fare:

Score

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Dive into the hedge: lose a random possession |
| 3-4 | Dodge the vehicle |
| 5-6 | Your velosteam is hit: gain a damage point |

If your velosteam is now **beyond repair**, turn to **500**. Otherwise you ride sadly back to Okehampton, ready to seek new prey. Turn to **250**.

□ 1395 □

You draw your sabre and whirl it around, ready to slash and cut at these oppressors. Then you open the regulator and increase your speed. Make a **MOTORING** roll of difficulty 10 to keep your balance and make your strike.

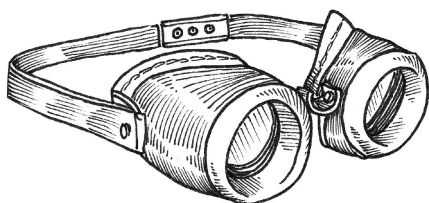
| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Successful MOTORING roll! | 1361 |
| Failed MOTORING roll! | 1377 |

□ 1396 □

Despite your efforts, your pursuers encircle and trap you. Outnumbered and cut off, there is no escape - for now. Turn to **13**.

□ 1399 □

Whatever your intention, your shots manage to wound two of the Coal Board men. One falls to the ground and that is enough for them: the others pick him up and dash off, abandoning their engine and their victims. Turn to **1424**.



□ 1402 □

The landlord of the Viscount Porr is Mr Crouch. He seems a solid, rule-abiding fellow on the surface, but he is ready to bend the rules. "Thing is," he says, "The dooty on spirits is killing me! Forty quid dooty on a forty quid barrel o' brandy, when I can even get it! An' customers like these," and he waves his hand towards the parlour, "Demand it."

"You don't have anyone who can get you, erm, spirits straight from the coast?"

He looks at you warily. "Not presently," he says at last. "If I 'ad, this is what I'd do. I'd arrange to meet 'em up by the circle on the moor - the maidens - at two in the mornin'. An' I'd bring a few others with me too, ter 'elp with the carriage, an' mebbe if they wanted ter invest as well. I'd pay well fer spirits from the coast."

"Bottled?"

"Bottled is 'ardly worth it, is it? A firkin or two is what I'm after."

If you should be at the Nine Maidens with smuggled goods or liquor, reverse the digits of the passage number and turn to that passage to make your rendezvous.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------|
| Return to the parlour... | 220 |
| Leave the Viscount Porr... | 250 |

□ 1412 □

After dismounting at a good distance, you crouch behind a stone wall and steady your blunderpistol against a stone. Make an **ACCURACY** roll of difficulty 14 to scare them off without hurting anyone.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Successful ACCURACY roll! | 1377 |
| Failed ACCURACY roll! | 1399 |

□ 1424 □

The villagers are glad to be rid of the Coal Board men, but largely concerned for their own. Several have been badly lashed and the children are weeping. One woman nods to you in thanks.

"Those forsaken Boardsmen," she says. "The West'll ne'er be free while the Coal Board starves 'er fires."

"What do you mean?" you ask.

She looks you up and down. "You aren't from our end of the land, are you? Well there isn't no coal in Cornwall, nor this end of Devon neither. There's tin, and copper, and iron, and even gold, but there ain't no coal, and without no coal no engine can steam and no forge can fire and the West is still strangled by the Coal Board's monopoly. They's the only ones can sell it, by the law of King Charles' land."

"What about this?" you ask, gesturing to the lumpen treasure spilling from the tipped wagon.

She laughs. "By the time the next Board gang comes along, I fancy all this fine coal will 'ave been washed away by the wind and the rain." Even as she speaks, some of the villagers are beginning to gather what they can in aprons or shawls, and several have run off for baskets. "But that was a good deed done tonight," she says. "Few stop on this road to 'elp the likes of us."

Gain a **Solidarity Point** and the codeword *Downthrow* before turning to **1453**.

□ **1453** □

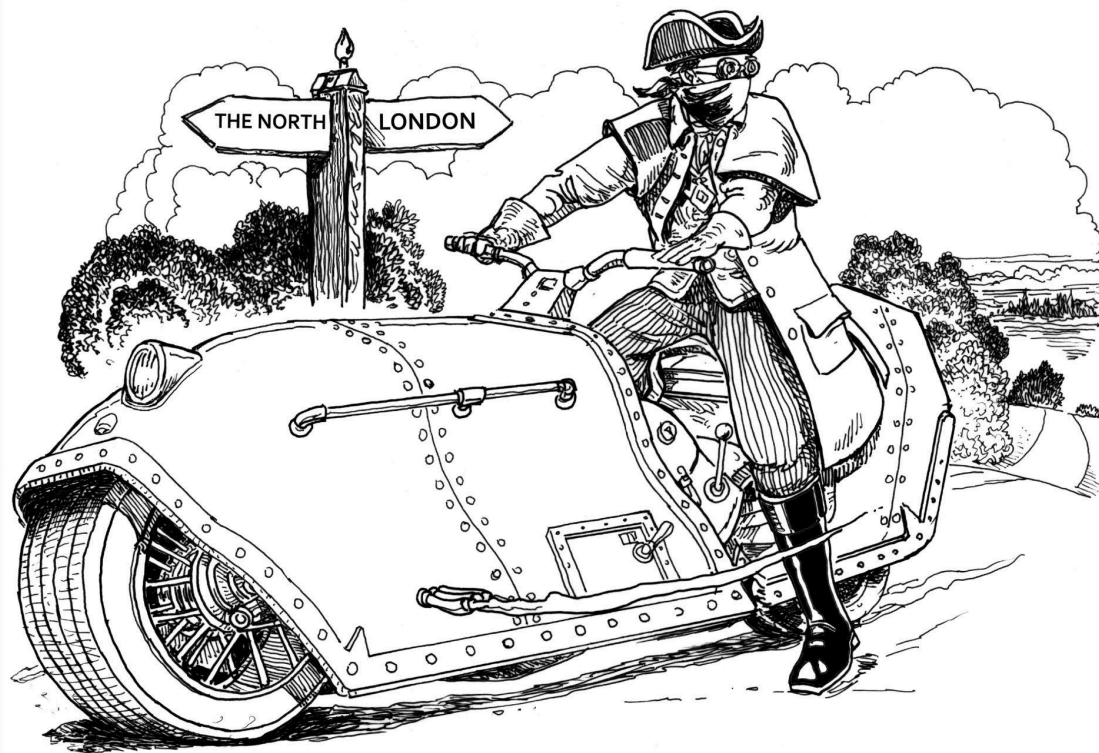
You are astride your velosteam again and chasing the setting sun. It is not far to the nearest town, where an inn surely waits, but the day has been long and the clouds above threaten to break. The steady

churning of the pistons and the warmth of the burner keep you awake, but the lights of the Viscount Porr Inn come as a relief when you roll over the bridge into Okehampton.

Your velosteam cools between two steam coaches in the yard as you stomp in, shaking the few drops of rain that fell off your shoulders. The landlord greets you cautiously.

"A good even to yer," he says. "Can see you've ridden far. There's 'ot food ready and good beer fresh-drawn."

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Enter the private parlour... | 205 |
| Buy a glass of beer... | 220 |
| Leave the Viscount Porr... | 250 |



Friend of ...

- Member of the Compact for Workers' Equality ☐
Bargee's badge ☐
Guildsman's Medallion ☐

Datchel

FOR BANKNOTES, NOTES, AFFIDAVITS, CERTIFICATES, TICKETS ETC

Titles, aliases and other names

AT 50 SOLIDARITY POINTS GAIN THE TITLE
PEOPLE'S CHAMPION

Coulter's Bank
Account

Guineas

DEPOSITS AND WITHDRAWALS IN
MULTIPLES OF 10 GUINEAS ONLY

Wanted by

- Constables ☐
Telegraph Guild ☐
Haulage Guild ☐
River Guild ☐
Atmospheric Union ☐
Coal Board ☐
Wallingford Town Guard ☐
Locobus Co-operative ☐

And...

Jewellery Pouch

FOR JEWELLERY, KEYS ETC

Extra Skills

Moored at: _____

Cargo:

Cargo:

Cargo:

Skiff ☐

Launch ☐

Barge ☐

Price:

Price:

Price:

Customisations:

Perkins Engine ☐

Enlarged cabin ☐

Butty Boat ☐

Strengthened screw ☐

Cargo crane ☐

MACAULEY MODEL

DAMAGE

MINOR
DAMAGE

SERIOUS
DAMAGE

CRITICAL
DAMAGE

BEYOND REPAIR

WOUNDS
SCARS

SCORE + MODIFIERS = TOTAL

RUTHLESSNESS:
ENGINEERING:
MOTORING:
INGENUITY:
NIMBLENESS:
GALLANTRY:

CUSTOMISATIONS.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| MUFFLED EXHAUST | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| OFF-ROAD TIRES | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| ENLARGED FUEL TANK | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| DOUBLE HEADLAMP | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| REINFORCED BOILER | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| PUMP AND FILTER | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| RAMMING DEAK | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| IMPROVED BRAKES | <input type="checkbox"/> |

\mathcal{L}

S

MONEY IN COIN

£1 = 20S

1 GUINEA = 21S

POSSESSIONS

FOR TOOLS, WEAPONS AND LARGE ITEMS