



LIVING ROOM GAMES



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## PATH OF DECEPTION STAFF

### Creative Staff

#### *Concept*

Joe Chan, Gary McBride, Mike Williams

#### *Writing*

Joe Chan, Damon Earley, Gary McBride,  
Bert Sanders, Mike Williams

#### *Earthdawn Line Developer*

Mike "Woodchuck" Williams

### Editorial Staff

#### *Senior Editor*

Aaron "Ebony" Johnson

#### *Associate Editors*

Joe Chan, Damon "However" Earley,  
Scott Ferguson, Ryan Kelley, Rylee  
Lightfoot, Gary "But" McBride, Jason  
"Tico" Penick, Marco Soto, Shirley Soto,  
Mike Williams

### Production Staff

#### *Visual Director*

Shirley "Crip" Soto

#### *Cover Art*

Wai Chu Yu, Mark Mandolia

#### *Illustrations*

Janet Aulisio, Tom Baxa, Peter Bergting,  
Joel Biske, Steve Bryant, Kent Burles,  
Storn Cook, Liz Danforth, Jon Dollar,  
Damon Earley, Earl Geier, Jeff  
Laubenstein, Larry MacDougal, Craig  
Maher, Darrell Midgette, Ian Miller, Jim  
Nelson, Robert Nelson, Mike Nielsen,  
R. K. Post, Shirley Soto, Mike Williams

#### *Layout*

Joe Chan, Shirley Soto

### Playtesters

Brian Exelbierd, Jason Fisher, Tyler Lund,  
Jeff Smith, Jennifer Thompson, Matthew  
Thompson

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Kent Raymond, Andre Germain, Chris Palomares, Ryan Kelley, Bill Nicholson, Austin Mills and to everyone at FASA.

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or you can reach us via email at [info@lrgames.com](mailto:info@lrgames.com)





# HURLG AND TREACHERY:

## A Prologue



**B**elstraum tapped his fingers anxiously on the hard oak of the inn's table. His guest was late - considerably late. It must have been at least half an hour since the town crier had announced it as being ten of the clock. Belstraum had been insistent, meet at ten sharp. He found this inn distasteful, and dangerous if he was seen here by the wrong person.

His thoughts were interrupted by a gruff hand on his shoulder from behind him. He almost started and quickly turned to look at a grinning Ork in black and dirty leathers giving him a toothy smile.

"You're late," said Belstraum.

"You're lucky I came at all, Elfie-boy," snapped the Ork, Toeth, taking a seat across from the noble.

"You would have missed a great opportunity. That would have been foolish."

"Yeah? Whazzat?"

Belstraum reached into a fine silk pouch dangling from his leather belt, previously hidden under a thick velvet cloak. From it, he took out a glittering Air coin, which he placed onto the table, sliding it towards the center.

He addressed the Ork across from him with a voice as smooth as the silk he wore. "I have a favor to ask of you."

Intrigued, the Ork raised a brow and folded his hands atop the table to refrain from reaching for the coin right away. Despite his disdain for nobles, money always won out over any prejudices.

"Alright, ya got my attention. Go on..." Toeth grumbled.

Belstraum took out another Air coin, sliding it over next to the first. "There is a noblewoman, a Swordmaster, that would truly like to join your ragged, little band."

The Ork's curiosity switched to suspicion. He leaned forward, casting an ominous shadow over the coins and much of the elven nobleman. He hissed, "Get to the point, Elf. I have little patience for the likes of you."

The elf smiled calmly as he slid a third, fourth and fifth coin across the table in succession. "I would like you to personally see to it that she is invited into the Far Striders and accepted. I do not care how you do it."

Toeth narrowed his eyes at the smug nobleman, baring his fangs slightly. "That's a pretty big sum of money there just to let some prissy, noble girl join our party. What are you really getting at, Elf?"

A smirk flashed across the Elf's face as he reached behind his back for another object. "A perceptive one, aren't you?" He brought out a finely crafted dagger and placed it on top of the five coins already resting on the table. "This dagger is designed with a special reservoir perfect for blade poison. What I want of you, Toeth, and what I am paying so handsomely for, is for you to kill her in Parlainth. And I want you to return this dagger to me, coated in her blood, as proof that the deed has been done."

Grinning widely, the Ork finally reached over and dragged the pile of coins towards himself. Such an impressive sum just to get rid of one of those snobbish nobles. He would have been willing to do that for free. After pocketing the money and secreting the dagger into a sheath under his shirt, he spat into his hand and held it out towards the disgusted elf.

"It's a deal, Elfie!"



## INTRODUCTION: Chapter One



*"Rules! Rules! Rules! You might as well beat me with the tomes! That'll be a more exciting death than the one I'll get from boredom studying these books. I can't skewer an opponent with a quill, or slash a Horror with these pages. Give me my sword and a pair of good boots, and let me return to my true calling! Adventure beckons!"*

*- Yuriel*