

X CRAWL



EMPEROR'S CUP
4700



For Honor.

For Glory.

For Money.

For lots and lots of money...

There is only one championship in the world of Xcrawl: The Emperor's Cup. To win it is to become an instant champion and the idol of millions.

But winning isn't easy. In fact, *surviving* isn't easy. Your team has fought its way to the top of the ranks, and made a name for itself, but this is the final goal. The ultimate challenge.

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Do you have game?

Remember, this isn't some local crawl. This isn't even one of the big crawls on tour. This is The Final Crawl. The **biggest** crawl.

And if you die...you may never forgive yourself.

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**3RD
AGE**

Requires the use of the
Dungeons & Dragons® Player's Handbook,
published by Wizards of the Coast.
This product utilizes updated material
from 3.5 edition.



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Credits

Xcrawl: Emperor's Cup 4700

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And A Very Special Thanks to Our Tournament Champions for 2003!

OriginsCrawl Champions:

The Spaminators!

Eric Lucas, Travis "Mace" Bryant, George "Arturo The Bold" Aber, Peg "The Artful Dodger" Tucker, Andy "Ed, The Elven Sorcerer" Tucker, and Eric "Spider" Tucker

GenCrawl Co-Champions:

The Vermicious Knids!

Tim "Justinian" Bradrick, Jessica "Jaxina" Cramer, David Lewis, Jason "Aurum" LaDue, Dale Bailey, John "Spasticus Autisticus" McCaffery, and the double team of James "Ceylarn pt. one" Wilber and Scott "Ceylarn pt. two" Cramer

Critical Threat!

Tom "Barcode" Welliver, Steve Helt, Lee "Mavtek" Schneidwent, Allen "Mr. Handshake" Schneidwent, Patty "Rose" Craig, and Josh "Arden" Zacharko

A Bionic Frying Pan Conjoined Twin

Voulez-vous Crawlez Avec Moi C'est Soire?

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NOTICE

Xcrawl is a game. It isn't real. Real swords, real arrows, and real wounds are real dangerous. So, have fun, but DON'T keep it real; keep it fantasy.

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GAME DAY, 4700

Emperor Ronald I dreamt of invasion and love.

The dream came to him often; he is leading an army of tanks and cavalymen in bright red and brass through France. For some reason, the trees are full of blonde wigs, nestling in their crooks and branches like obscene bird's nests. He leads the assembled army wearing only laurels and a bright crimson cloak, carrying an impossibly huge broadsword, large enough to cut through three men at once. His body is young again; he is a strapping man of fifty or fifty-five, hair just beginning to silver. A scabbard hangs from his waist, despite the fact that he wears no belt.

The army marches unopposed through the picturesque French countryside. He spies a quaint cottage. White sheets and dresses flutter from a line tied between the back porch and a shimmering catalpa tree. Ronald waves his men to follow, and the entire column changes course, thousands of horses and tanks and marching men all make a gentle curve in one great game of follow the leader. The Emperor tosses the sword aside and it lands gracefully in the earth like a delicate rose. He raps on the door and a beautiful young woman in flowing gossamer answers. She favors her conqueror with a smile, closing her eyes as if dreaming. The Emperor leans to kiss her. He can smell the lavender of her cheek, and then behind her rises the dark draped figure of some infernal thing, with a cruel yellow smile, head wreathed in flaming laurels. The fiend tilts its head to take a bite from the maiden's neck, as he has done in a thousand other dreams. She opens her mouth to scream...

"Your highness?"

The Emperor opens his eyes. Several attendants surround his head, holding mugs and steaming face cloths and a copy of the *Washington Oracle*. From the frightened looks on their faces, the Emperor surmises that it must have been extremely difficult to rouse him. He sees two of his physicians, four bodyguards, and a few staffers crowded around his massive oak bed.

"What... what time is it?"

"Nearly seven, my Lord."

The Emperor shakes his head as if to clear it. He hasn't

had his spells yet, and is having a hard time focusing. "It can't be that early. Why on Earth would you wake me this early? Foster! Is Foster here? Bring him to me."

The attendant looks down, embarrassed. "Foster... my Lord? Foster is no longer in your employ."

The Emperor frowned. He remembered now—Foster had died the previous summer. "Will someone please tell me why in hell I am awakened this early?"

"You left orders, my Lord. It's Game Day. The Cup."

The emperor's eyes come alive. A touch of his old fire can be seen in them.

"Spells! Send in my templars. I will have my spells now!"

It takes nearly twenty minutes for his attendant physicians to enchant him with their daily battery of magic. It is time pleasantly spent; the Emperor reads the sports section, feeling his limbs grow stronger, his eyesight growing sharp, his mind regaining much of the cunning and control he has lost naturally over the years. He sips his steaming green tea. The attendant wizards and templars finish their arcane tasks with practiced ease, finally fitting an amulet over his head and a ring on each hand and tucking a few other magic trinkets onto his person. The Emperor rises, tall and majestic.

"When do we leave for the arena?"

"One hour, my Lord. Right after breakfast."

"We leave in fifteen minutes. Send in my dressers this instant. Wake my grandchildren and make them ready. I'll take a bacon and egg sandwich in the car. And more tea, right now."

Over the past year he spent as lead attendant, Smith has learned not to blanch at such requests. He had replaced Foster, who had grown decrepit and bent from a lifetime of such servility, and it was the old codger who had given him the most practical advice of his orientation—*just do whatever he says without thinking about it. Don't take anything personally.* He poured more tea. "Of course my lord."

Half an hour later the Emperor, in his favorite suit, makes his way up the steps to the office of DJ Herobane. He raps at