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**In The Shadow of Isandlwana:
The Battle For Rorke's Drift**

**AN ENTRY IN THE 2015 WINDHAMMER PRIZE FOR
SHORT GAMEBOOK FICTION**

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In the Shadow of Isandlwana: The Battle for Rorke's Drift

An Adventure Game Book

You are the hero of this Adventure. You play the character of Private William Adams of B Company, 2nd Battalion, 24th Regiment of Foot of the British Army. Stationed in the heat soaked Natal Province of Southern Africa, you are the personal aide to Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead. The British have commenced a full invasion of Zululand, which lies on the border of Natal, and you are just another average soldier in the conflict that is to be known as the Anglo-Zulu War. The reasons for this campaign are complex, and embedded in politics, financial gain, imperialism and the whim of high-ranking officials. As a result they concern you little; you are here simply to do your duty as a soldier of the British Empire.

Currently you are holed up in the small encampment of Rorke's Drift- a small trading post next to the Buffalo River that lies on the border between Natal Province and the Zulu Kingdom. It is currently serving as a makeshift hospital and supply depot for British forces, and was adapted for this use from the small mission that was originally here. The main column of the British Army has marched eastwards to Isandlwana Hill, in order to engage the Zulu Army. This will mark the first conflict of the War, and you are currently waiting to hear of any news from them.

Your equipment is not much, but is sufficient; you are clothed in the scarlet tunic of the British Army, a typical uniform that displays your station and rank to others. The woolen clothing does not offer much protection, and can sometimes be a burden in the sweltering heat of the African plains. The main advantage of your uniform is your peak helmet, dyed a deep tan colour, and which can provide limited protection from attacks.

In addition to your uniform, you are also armed with a Mk. 2 Martini-Henry rifle. This state of the art weapon is the mainstay of the British forces, a breech loading, single shot rifle that boasts high accuracy, quick and easy reloading times, and is simple to service and maintain (although it is long in size and sometimes cumbersome). You also have a Pattern 1876 spike bayonet, which can be attached to the muzzle, to allow for Melee attacks. The Martini-Henry rifle when used in Ranged Combat, has a special set of rules that govern how it is used (covered in the Combat Section). In addition, as Rorke's Drift is a supply outpost and has a large ammunition reserve, cartridge supply is not an issue; you are covered in cloth bandoliers containing several rounds of .577/450 Martini-Henry cartridges, and can easily obtain more from ammunition boxes scattered around the compound.

Other than your rifle and uniform, you are also equipped with 3 Medical Kits. These are small packs containing gauze bandages, sterile alcohol, and other basic medical supplies to help clean and dress wounds from battle. You can use one at any time except during combat, and it will increase your health by 4 STAMINA Points. You initially only carry 3 to save space, but more can be acquired. At some points in your Adventure, you may have to use a Medical Kit to aid an ally, or help to dress a particularly grievous injury; as a result no STAMINA points are to be gained in its use, and you will be reminded of this in the text. You also carry a small Journal to record Notes and orders (you sometimes tend to be somewhat scatterbrained) so feel free to notate any useful information you may discover throughout your Adventure.

This Adventure will play out similarly to anyone familiar with the *Fighting Fantasy* series. You will have a SKILL and STAMINA value as you may be familiar with, but LUCK has now been replaced by

RESOLVE- this is a measure of your determination to continue and fight against the odds, your courage in the face of danger, and how unwavering you are in situations where you may be killed or injured. You will be required to test your RESOLVE (just as you would test your Luck) in certain situations, but unlike LUCK it cannot be used in battle to inflict more injury- your Martini-Henry is already a master of that task!

More About Your Attributes

Skill

Roll 1 die. Add 6 to this number. This is your Skill score.

Skill is a measure of your battle prowess and overall combat readiness; the higher the better. It covers your skill at using both Ranged and Melee weapons, and your expertise at fighting in general. Your SKILL score will not change much during the course of your Adventure. Occasionally a paragraph may give you instructions to increase or decrease your SKILL score, but it may not exceed its *Initial* value.

Testing your Skill

At various times during your Adventure, you will be told to *Test your Skill*. The procedure for this is the same as that for *Testing your Resolve*: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current SKILL score, you have succeeded in your test and the result will go in your favor. If the number rolled is higher than your current SKILL score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. However, unlike *Testing your Resolve*, do not subtract 1 point from your SKILL each time you *Test your Skill*.

Stamina

Roll 2 dice. Add 12 to this number. This is your Stamina score.

Stamina is a measure of your strength and general health; as with Skill, the higher the better. A high Stamina score means you will be able to endure more injuries and wounds from battle, as well as being a fitter and stronger soldier.

Your STAMINA score will change a lot during your Adventure. It will drop because of injuries received through combat, or by falling foul of traps and attacks; and it will drop after you perform any particularly arduous task. If your STAMINA score ever falls to zero or below, you have been killed and should stop reading immediately. Brave adventurers who wish to pursue their quest must roll up a new character and start again.

You can restore lost STAMINA by using Medical Kits. Eating and drinking can also replenish STAMINA, and more details regarding this will be given in the appropriate paragraph during your Adventure.

Resolve

Roll 1 die. Add 6 to the number. This is your Resolve score.

RESOLVE is the main other attribute in this Adventure, and works similarly to Luck in typical *Fighting Fantasy* gamebooks. It is a measure of your determination to continue, fight, and stand your ground,

despite the fear of the situation you are in, especially if you may be killed or injured. It can be considered similar to courage, or determination. A high RESOLVE score means you are willing to hold out and fight against insurmountable odds, while a low score means you would be ready to run away at the mere sight of a dangerous encounter!

Additions to your RESOLVE score may be awarded when you have been particularly courageous or had a significant boost in confidence by some other event. The reverse is also true- acting cowardly or experiencing a disturbing or fearful event will cause your RESOLVE to diminish. Details are given, where appropriate, in the paragraphs of the text. Remember that, as with SKILL and STAMINA, your RESOLVE score may never exceed its *Initial* value.

Testing your Resolve

At various times during your Adventure, you will be told to *Test your Resolve*. The procedure for this is simple: roll two dice. If the number rolled is less than or equal to your current RESOLVE score, you have succeeded, and the result will go in your favor. If the number rolled is higher than your current RESOLVE score, you have failed the test and will have to suffer the consequences. Every time you *Test your Resolve*, you must subtract 1 from your RESOLVE score. You can replenish your RESOLVE score in different ways throughout your Adventure, but acting courageously certainly seems to help!

Battles

During your Adventure, you will often come across pages in the book which instruct you to fight a creature or opponent of some sort. You must resolve the battle as described below.

This Adventure features two types of combat- either Ranged or Melee combat (these are discussed in the next section, and you will always be instructed as to what type of battle you are engaging in).

Fighting a Battle

First, record the opponent's SKILL and STAMINA score. The scores for each opponent are given each time you have an encounter. You should also make a note of any special abilities or instructions which are unique to that particular opponent.

The sequence of combat is then:

1. Roll two dice for your opponent. Add its SKILL score. This total is the opponent's Attack Strength.
2. Roll two dice for yourself. Add the number rolled to your current SKILL score. This total is your Attack Strength.
3. If your Attack Strength is higher than your opponent's is, you have wounded it. Proceed to step 4. If your opponent's Attack Strength is higher than yours is, it has wounded you. Proceed to step 5. If both Attack Strength totals are the same, you have avoided each other's blows – start the next Attack Round from steps 1 above.
4. You have wounded your opponent; so subtract 2 points from its STAMINA score. (If in Ranged Combat, refer to the *Martini-Henry Special Rules* to see how much damage has been dealt) Proceed to step 6.
5. Your opponent has wounded you; so subtract 2 points from your STAMINA score. (If in Ranged Combat, you receive no injury due to the distance of the attacker). Proceed to step 6.
6. Make the appropriate adjustments to either your opponents or your own STAMINA scores.
7. Begin the next Attack Round, starting again at step 1 with your current SKILL score. This sequence

continues until the STAMINA score of either you or your opponent reaches zero (death). If your opponent dies, you are free to continue with your Adventure. If you die, your Adventure ends and you must start again by creating a new character.

Ranged Combat

Ranged combat involves using your rifle to attack a faraway opponent, and due to the distance, you do not receive an injury if you lose an Attack Round (it is also assumed that your shot missed the opponent, and did not injure them). As you utilize the powerful and devastating Martini-Henry rifle, when injuring an opponent upon a successful Attack Round, you will need to refer to *Martini-Henry Special Rules* below:

Martini-Henry Special Rules

Upon winning an Attack Round and injuring an enemy in Ranged Combat while using your Martini-Henry rifle, roll 1 die.

Roll 1-2: You have inflicted a non-fatal injury to the enemy, most likely a flesh wound that is still severe enough to cause damage. Subtract the usual 2 STAMINA points from the enemy.

Roll 3-4: You have aimed a devastating blow to the enemy's limbs or abdomen, and injured them considerably. Subtract 4 STAMINA points instead of the usual 2.

Roll 5-6: You have aimed a precise, fatal shot at the enemy's head, torso or vital areas, and the opponent is instantly killed. You can target a new opponent (if there are multiple attackers) or if all are dead, you can move forward with your Adventure.

Melee Combat

Melee combat is close-range, and involves you using your bayonet or rifle stock as a club. Melee Combat acts as a traditional combat encounter (ie. Both you and your opponent deal 2 STAMINA points of damage at a successful hit, and no damage is dealt in the case of you having an equal Attack Strength).

Glossary of Important Terms, Places and People

Assegai- a long javelin-type spear brandished by the Zulus, mainly to be used as a thrown weapon.

Cetshwayo kaMpande- The King of Zululand, he rules over the powerful and independent Zulu state. The British have been continually attempting to provoke Cetshwayo, eager for an excuse to attack and claim the riches of this land for themselves; now they have decided to launch a full-fledged invasion into Zululand. A dignified ruler with a calm demeanor, he and his men are ready to take up arms to defend their homeland.

Dabulamanzi kaMpande- half-brother of the Zulu King, Cetshwayo kaMpande. Known to be rash and aggressive, he commands a sizeable group of Zulu Warriors during this time period.

Helpmekaar - A tiny hamlet atop a hill 15 miles from Rorke's Drift, used by the British as their advance base for the invasion of Zululand.

Iklwa- a traditional short, stabbing spear used by Zulu warriors. Its large, broad iron blade is used for melee attacks, and it is not intended for throwing. Was introduced by King Shaka who united the Zulu tribes, and named after the sucking sound it made when it is withdrawn from an enemy's body.

Impi- in the Zulu language, refers to an armed body of men; often used by British in reference to an entire Zulu regiment of soldiers.

NNC (Native Natal Contingent)- these are native African fighters employed by the British Army, being led by white officers. Many use native tribal weaponry but some carry firearms; most are from tribes who are enemies of the Zulus, and they are excellent scouts.

Kraal- originating from Dutch settlers, an enclosure for cattle or other livestock that is roughly circular in shape and surrounded by low stone walls, or thorn bush fencing.

NOTES ON PLAY

Before you embark on your Adventure, know that there are several ways to succeed, although it will likely take you numerous attempts to reach a successful ending. The goal is not only to survive your Adventure, but to do your duty as a British soldier with valor and courage. As you play, make notes and maps that will aid you on future playthroughs, and to help make more rapid progress.

No matter how weak your Initial dice rolls, any character can survive this Adventure with minimum of risk, and making informed and prudent decisions. Remember- your greatest assets are what you have on your person- your Martini-Henry with some guts behind it, your wits, and whatever else is between your ears!

BACKGROUND

It has been nearly one hundred years since Britain lost its colonies in America, yet the British Empire is still the largest the world has ever known, sprawled across every corner of the globe. Now its sights are set firmly on the physical and logistical importance of Southern Africa. The politicians and rich gentlemen of Great Britain see the land and location itself as nothing more than a ripe, rich piece of fruit for the taking; another pawn in the battle for power and financial gain. The lands are abundant with mineral wealth, and the Cape of Good Hope offers a perfect location to act as a pro-British outpost on the route to India, and as a strategic naval base. In other words, it was not if Britain would try to take over South Africa; it was just a matter of when.

Yet much of this means little to you. You grew up hearing tales of Africa- vast riches ripe for the plucking from the fertile land, and tales of the ruins of lost and forgotten relics hidden in the age old earth. It was these stories that fueled your thirst for adventure, and motivated you to join the British Army as soon as you came of age. You managed to survive training, although not a spectacular soldier by any means, and soon found yourself shipped to South Africa as soon as you were fit for service. Assigned to the 24th Regiment of Foot, you had immense pride and confidence in what wearing the scarlet uniform represented, and were happy to play your small part in garnering further glory for your country. It has been said that "the Sun never sets on the British Empire". Strong, dominant, and undefeated, you had truly believed that the British Empire would never be beaten.

Until today.

The day is 22nd January 1879, and you have been assigned to a post at Rorke's Drift, a small makeshift camp that had previously been a mission supervised by the good reverend Otto Witt. A small British garrison now remains here, as the mainstay of the British forces left previously to locate the Zulu enemy, and made their way east to the base of the hill known as Isandlwana. Although in a foreign land, what harm could simple farmers armed with spears and shields do the superior, determined soldiers of the British Army?

The British had sent an ultimatum to the Zulus over a month previously, forcing them to lay down their arms, disband their warriors and be subjugated to British rule. Unsurprisingly, the Zulus did not seem too eager to let their ancestral home become Britain's next new asset. As a result, forces have been mobilized, rifles cocked and loaded, carts loaded up with supplies, and the politicians back home left to twiddle their thumbs until the next report from the front.

Of course, these details do not mean much to you; you are simply a Private in Her Majesty's Armed Forces, and the aide to Lieutenant Bromhead. Your duties include odd jobs, such as patrolling the camp, and guarding the front of Lieutenant Bromhead's makeshift quarters (which coincidentally happens to be a blank stone wall which you watch all day). Yes, it is a simple assignment, and downright boring at times, but there's no point crying over spilt milk. As the heat of the morning sunlight beams down on you, you ponder on what it would be like to be involved in a real adventure. Letting out a deep yawn, you continue to stare intently at the stone wall you are guarding.

Now Turn to Paragraph 1.

1

You try to open your eyes in the bright sunlight, an endeavor as difficult to achieve as it is to stop the constant buzzing of flies around your head. The heat radiates downwards from the lazy sun, and you continue to sweat under the coarsen wool of your bright red tunic. You gaze around the outpost. They said Rorke's Drift was named after the Irish merchant who first established the trading post here- what a place to call camp indeed! All around the desolate land is covered in patchy undergrowth and scrub bushes, the only colour standing out being the red coats of your contemporaries as they walk to and fro

through the camp.

Oskarberg Hill looks downward on to the Drift, and provides at least some shade from the harsh African sun. You pull out your dirty handkerchief and wipe the sweat from your brow; despite all your internal complaining, you realize that your post as Lieutenant Bromhead's aide lends itself to much more benefits than you would admit. It is a mostly safe and unexciting post, a stark contrast to the ever present danger of being in Zululand that most soldiers in the field experience. Yet you are still eager to see the real Africa- you came here under the lure of foreign and exotic lands, the attraction of seeing peoples and places the likes of most men can never dream of- yet here you are staring at scrubland while guarding a half empty building.

Dozing off, and severely at the mercy of the extreme dry heat, you barely notice as Lieutenant Bromhead walks by; quick as a fox you snap to attention.

"Adams! What exactly are you doing at this time of the day?"

"Sir, guarding your quarters, Sir!"

"From what exactly?"

"I am not exactly sure Sir. Zulus I expect."

"Trust me Adams, if we knew where the Zulus were we wouldn't have a whole column of the British Army waddling around the African plains looking for them- and even if a Zulu did show up, I don't think you would be of much use."

He lets out a deep frown, as you continue to perspire, both from the heat and from the intensity of the Lieutenant.

"Major Spalding is off and left Lieutenant Chard in temporary command. Not like there is anything to do in this blasted place anyway. How about you go patrol around the camp and find something useful to occupy yourself with. I think you've probably had enough of guarding that wall" he says with a short smirk.

"Yes Sir! Is there anywhere I should patrol Sir?"

"No, just try to make yourself useful and try to keep out of trouble. I'm not entirely comfortable with Chard being the sole person in charge, but from what the Major told him 'Nothing will happen'. Off you go Private Adams."

Well, Lieutenant Bromhead has made it very clear that he wants you to start pulling your weight around camp, and it also sounds much more engaging than guard duty. You quickly head off to the center of the Drift before deciding what to do next. Will you:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Patrol the Hospital? | Turn to 16 |
| Patrol the stone kraal? | Turn to 55 |
| Visit the Cook? | Turn to 8 |

2

As the waves of black skin and coloured ox hide shields pour in, you finally muster enough courage to stand and fight- God knows even if you can't win this battle it certainly won't be from lack of trying. You ready your rifle, butt outwards to use as a club, to smash your enemies into submission.

The room is small enough so that they Zulus won't all be able to converge on you at once, but with the black acrid smoke continuing to pour in, and the heat steadily increasing, this is less than an ideal place to be. Within seconds, the Zulus are upon you- due to the confines of the room, only four Zulus can attack at once- Hook engages the nearest two, and you ready yourself for the coming attacks from the next pair. For this Melee combat, you will have to fight the two enemies simultaneously, but on a successful Attack Round, can only injure one of them (Since you only have one attack). If you win both Attack Rounds against both enemies, it is assumed that the enemy you didn't attack failed to wound you, but instead of injuring him, you merely blocked his attack. Both enemies can attack you, and will

deal the usual 2 points of damage as normal.

ZULU WARRIOR (PAIR)	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
ZULU WARRIOR (PAIR)	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win Turn to **56**.

3

You run towards the defences, and as you do, a stray rifle shot embeds yourself into you thigh. You quickly drag yourself out of the line of fire, but it is a painful gouging wound- lose 4 STAMINA points. You will need to use a Medical Kit to dress the wound, but do not gain any STAMINA from using it. If you have no Medical kit, lose a further 1 STAMINA point due to blood loss. You eventually stop the bleeding, and see it is a flesh wound and not fatal, although extremely painful. Turn to **93**.

4

You slowly seem the colour from Chard's face leave, and even in the heat you see his face is a pale sickly gray, although his demeanor never changes.

Ardendorff continues to take huge gulps of air between talking and manages to continue-

"The Zulus- they came, a huge army- couldn't see, too many of them! Dead-all dead!"

He stumbles to the ground, as Lieutenant Bromhead motions to you to help him up. Grabbing Ardendorff under the arm, you manage to hoist him up, and he begins inhaling at a slower pace.

"Lieutenant Ardendorff, I am sure you may have got your facts exaggerated. I cannot believe that a whole company of Her Majesty's soldiers have been decimated by a bunch of spear wielding Zulus. Most likely a flank was routed, or perhaps you were confused in the commotion of battle. Whatever the case, I think it is best you rest until we receive some news from the front".

All of a sudden, the man breaks from your grasp, and begins gesticulating wildly in front of the steadfast Lieutenant.

"No Chard, you don't understand! They killed every last British soldier, and now they're coming this way- they are coming straight for Rorke's Drift!"

Turn to **77**.

5

A loud *Yelp!* soon followed by a harsh *Bang!* and even more thunderous *Crash!* erupts in the small makeshift operating room, as you are unable to stop yourself tripping over the small dog. Several of the chloroform bottles erupt into shards of glass on the wooden floorboards. You lie on the floor in a daze, with Dick admonishing your reckless behavior with a series of angry barks, and with several glass shards stuck in your arms and wrists- lose 3 STAMINA points.

Even more worrisome though, is the mustachioed glare of Surgeon Reynolds now beaming down on you from your new position on the floor. Even at this odd angle, his face looks like a bright red tomato with facial hair.

"You imbecile! You destroyed nearly my entire stock of chloroform! You must be the most stupid soldier they ever let into the Army! Get out! Out!"

Ouch! That hurt, but not to the extent that you will lose any additional STAMINA points. You grab your rifle, and whatever remains of your pride, and quickly leave the hospital. Lose 1 RESOLVE point for this less than helpful ego boost.

You decide to turn tail and leave the Hospital. Turn to **14**.

6

Sporadic gunfire continues, but the main force does not engage you again. Shaking like a leaf, you collapse on the ground. It feels odd at this time, but you think that being this close to death may be the closest time to being completely honest with yourself as you ever will be. Pulling out your old, battered, leather-bound journal, you skim through the pages with dirty fingers. In the early dawn, you can barely make out the rough scribbles and hastily jotted notes. Turn to **12**.

7

Walking alongside the bunks and cots, you see several soldiers in varying states of sickness or injury. One patient continues to scratch away on a scrap of paper, his leg bandaged and with crutches nearby. A group of men, one with his arm in a sling, are playing some type of card game on a low wooden table. You look around for someone with authority in this ghastly place.

A medical corps private sits near another man sick with fever, and dabs at his head with a rag dipped in cold water.

"Excuse me, is there any way I can be of help here?"

The private pauses; "Not really-'alf these men need a priest, and the other 'alf needs a bloody whipping, but I reckon' ye wouldn't be able to deliver neither."

With that, he turns back to his task of making the fever-stricken man comfortable during his little time left on earth. A tiny bit flustered, you head towards the exit, but a hand falls on your shoulder.

It is one of the men from the table card game. His eye is bandaged up, and his teeth are in bad shape, but otherwise he seems fit as a fiddle.

"Alright there mate, how are ya today?"

"Not bad my good man, how can I help you?" you say with more than a little trepidation.

"Very well mate, and even better now I see you 'ere" he replies, a big grin on his face. His compatriots have also stopped their game to gaze at the conversation.

"Well very good. Carry on-"

"Yeah, but there's a problem mate, and from the sound of it, you like helpin' out blokes in need. So I tell ya what, how about ya hand over your bayonet and I'll giv ya somethink worth ya while?"

He continues to grin at you through black and yellow teeth, as you try not to smell the foul aroma of his breath.

So in a nutshell, it seems like this charming individual wants you to hand over your bayonet for something else he has on his person that so far remains nameless. Keep in mind that trading in your bayonet will result in a melee combat penalty, which may or may not outweigh the benefits of this mystery item. Will you:

Trade your bayonet (if you have one) for the item?

Turn to **96**

Decide you would rather not make the trade and politely decline?

Turn to **88**

8

You wander over nearby to the center of the camp; there you see the Cook- he is a kindly older man, and right now is stirring a large pot of boiling soup. It may not be exactly be the right weather for something that hot, but you are glad that lunch will be ready soon. As he continues to stir the thick broth, you greet him and decide to ask if he needs any help.

"Hmm, well now that you mentioned it, I was looking at the nearby soil and thought it might be good for growing a small herb garden, maybe a little something to help out with the cooking. Maybe you can dig up the ground to see if I can plant anything?"

An odd proposal perhaps, but you've heard stranger.

Will you:

- Decide to help the Cook, and try to dig up the soil for the herb garden? Turn to **52**
 Decide even you have better things to do than this, and visit:
 The Kraal? (Only if you have not done so already)? Turn to **55**
 The Hospital? Turn to **16**

9

The only tool you have at your disposal that may break through the wooden wall is your spike bayonet. Although designed for stabbing people, you should be able to use it to chisel through the flimsy timbers, although it may take a while.

Unfortunately, time is a luxury you don't have; you have barely made a hole the size of your torso before the rickety desk barricade is smashed down, and a wave of Zulus storms in! You tell Scheiss to take over breaking down the wall, since you have made enough headway. He should be able to use his hands to break it, since you have a feeling you will be needing your bayonet for its originally intended use very soon.

As the screaming Zulus run towards you, Hook begins to ready himself to your side, but you can see the worry etched in his face. The room is small enough so that they Zulus won't all be able to converge on you at once, but with the smoke, and the heat steadily increasing, this is a less than an ideal place to be. Within seconds, the Zulus are upon you- due to the confines of the room, only four Zulus can attack at once- Hook engages the nearest two, and you ready yourself for the coming attacks from the next pair. For this Melee combat, you will have to fight the two enemies simultaneously, but on a successful Attack Round, can only injure only one of them (Since you only have one attack). If you win both Attack Rounds against both enemies, it is assumed that the enemy you didn't attack failed to wound you, but instead of injuring him, you merely blocked his attack. Both enemies can attack you, and will deal the usual 2 points of damage.

ZULU WARRIOR (PAIR)	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
ZULU WARRIOR (PAIR)	SKILL 6	STAMINA 5

If you win, Turn to **73**.

10

You don't have too much time to gather yourself - the man who shot at you is right before you, and is certainly a sight to behold. He is an *Inyang*a, or Herbalist, and is the personal attendant to Dabulamanzhi himself. Not only a master in his knowledge of the land, flora and fauna of Zululand, he is also a deadly adversary, and is dressed head to toe in gourds and medicine horns. Aggravated beyond belief at the arrogance of the white man, and at the failure of his men to win the battle, he has decided to enter into the fray as a last ditch effort to take over the Drift. Throwing away his battered old flintlock musket, he withdraws his iron axe and menacingly marches towards you. Within seconds you are on your feet, desperately holding on to your unloaded rifle and bayonet, the only thing standing between you and certain death. Fight this Melee encounter with the *Inyang*a to the death!

INYANGA	SKILL 10	STAMINA 12
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If at any time the *Inyang*a has an Attack Strength of 12, make a note of this paragraph and Turn to **25**.

If at any time the *Inyang*a has an Attack Strength of 22, and wins the Attack Round, make a note of this paragraph and Turn to **75**.

If you win, Turn to **36**.

11

You manage to make it to the defences, dodging as best you can while attempting to make yourself as difficult a target as possible. Darting back and forth, you finally make it to the wall unscathed. Perhaps it was your evasive action, or the poor aim of the Zulus; either way, you are safe and have made it through unhurt and in one piece.

Having made it to your comrades, you find a gap in the mealie bag wall, and try to figure out what to do next. Turn to **93**.

12

Do you have either the words SAVIOR or COURAGE written in your Journal?

If you have one of these words, Turn to **98**

If you have neither, Turn to **97**

If you have both, Turn to **99**

13

The last things you see are the blinding flash of the musket, and a deafening boom in your ears. You were too exhausted to even attempt to dodge the line of fire, and at this range even the untrained Zulu with the smoothbore musket has no problem hitting you. An agonizing pain overwhelms you as the musket-ball slams into your chest, and this is an injury you will not recover from. Your Zulu adversaries will praise your battle prowess, and will even bestow the title of "abakwa" or "hero" on you, but this matters little for Your Adventure Ends Here.

14

Deciding you have done enough patrolling for now, you decide to sluggishly return to your post. It is now deep into the afternoon, and the sun is at its apex, a burning orange orb in the sky. You go back to staring at the stone wall you were so feverishly guarding earlier, but something catches your eye.

Far on the tops of the far away hills, you see two riders approaching speedily. They don't look like Zulus, you think to yourself, and the two men continue to race towards the base camp.

You decide it may be prudent to inform Lieutenant Bromhead. Gruffly looking up from his paperwork, he contemplates you with a mixture of irritation and satisfaction- on one hand he does enjoy having an aide, but on the other hand he often wishes it wasn't you.

"Messengers you say? Well I'll get Lieutenant Chard informed, since he's running this little show. Come on Adams, let see who this group is. Besides, I would rather have a Zulu shoot at me than spend another minute writing these damned reports" he states with a small chuckle. Attentively following the Lieutenant, you make your way outside. Turn to **39**.

15

Although many of the Zulus snipers are now six feet under, their brethren are less than thrilled at seeing their friends and family members decimated by gunfire. Unknown to you, a few Zulu gunmen have sauntered around the flank during the retreat, and now have an excellent vantage point that allows them to easily pick off any British soldiers with their heads or arms sticking over the wall.

You only realize this after the British soldier closest to you suddenly drops down, a bright crimson splash emitting from his cheek. Soon another collapses, and you too feel a sudden jolt of pain in your left hand. Having been supporting the barrel of your weapon, and slightly sticking out from the defences, your appendage had been an easy target for the marksmen.

You fall back from the barricade in agony, clutching your hand- it is a grievous wound but thankfully all your digits and bones are still intact. Lose 4 STAMINA points, and 1 SKILL point, for now being unable to hold your rifle properly.

Thankfully, a nearby soldier tends your wound while the active members take out the cunning Zulu snipers. If it's any consolation, the wound was likely from a musket with a weak powder charge, as your hand would have likely been blown clean off if a captured Martini-Henry had been used. Turn to 60.

16

You begin walking towards the large military hospital, easily the largest structure in the small mission station. It had previously been the home of the good Reverend Otto Witt, but had been transformed into a makeshift military Hospital by the British Army. Surgeon James Reynolds is the man in charge; it may be worth checking in to see if you can help him in any way.

You open the large wooden door to the hospital, and quickly scan through the rooms. Many are filled with injured soldiers, and men sick with fever or with broken appendages.

Moving into a room, a sharp bark welcomes you, and Dick, Surgeon Reynolds's fox terrier, bounds forward to greet you. He licks your hand as you pet the small beast, and seems overjoyed when you start scratching behind his ears, rolling over on his belly in happiness. Surgeon Reynolds is here too, but seems preoccupied arranging medical supplies on an operating table. Eyes never leaving his work, he gruffly remarks,

"Bloody Zulus, and this bloody place. If it's not stab wounds and broken bones, its fever. How am I supposed to keep up with these injuries? Be a good chap and pass the chloroform bottles, won't you? Small bottles to the left, I need all of them."

Eyes still downwards on his work, he points behind him to an old wooden shelf that is rampant with supplies, and other medicinal paraphernalia. You manage to locate the small bottles, but there are many here- you start to place them in the pockets of your tunic, and clasp the rest to your chest. Making your way back to the operating table, you try to carefully meander back to the good surgeon.

Staring intently at the small white-labeled bottles hoping to keep them all from falling, you fail to notice Dick playing around your feet- and trip up on the poor little fellow!

Test your SKILL- it is hardly a life or death situation, yet you will still need some fancy footwork to get out of this debacle! If you are Successful, Turn to 95. If not, 5.

17

The bite of the dreaded Black Mamba is too much for your body to handle, and you soon find yourself losing consciousness as the toxins circulate in your bloodstream. You are soon just another body on the pile of corpses, and this is truly a case of curiosity killing the cat. Your Adventure Ends Here.

18

There is a muttering of agreement among the men, and it is clear there is no choice. A column of retreating wounded wouldn't stand a chance in open terrain, and the fast Zulu soldiers are well suited to traversing the harsh African plains very quickly. Even if they left now, they would quickly be caught up to and massacred. All of a sudden, Lieutenant Bromhead barges out of the room and barks for you immediately,

"Adams! I need you to gather some men and prepare the Drift for defence- we need loopholes in the hospital to shoot from, and a defensive perimeter- use whatever the hell you can get your hands on, boxes, sacks, carts anything!"

"Yes Sir right away!" Jumping to action, you immediately start to sprint to the center of the camp, knowing time is of the essence.

"-and tell the Surgeon we need every bloody man we can get to help!" shouts Chard behind you as

you race off.

Within minutes, the camp is a frenzy of activity, as soldiers throw together whatever they can muster to build a defensive perimeter. Loopholes are stabbed into the walls of the Hospital to operate as makeshift gun holes- the idea being you can shoot out but the enemy can't shoot back in. Surgeon Reynolds is also running around like a madman, prepping medical supplies and having the injured men ready to disperse water, food and ammunition as needed. Every able bodied man, and every not-so abled bodied man will be playing their part. You realize that having enough ammunition will be of no issue; thousands of cartridges are removed from the storeroom and distributed to the men.

Despite the frenzy, you are desperate for information, and have a good idea of how to get it. Darting through the Hospital, you find the NNC trooper who rode in with Ardendorff, resting on a cot due to a particularly grievous *assegai* wound. As he rests, you ask him if he knows of anything else about the approaching Zulus. His English is decent, and he slowly begins to describe what he knows;

"It is Dabulamanzi kaMpande, not Cetshwayo who is coming. Cetshwayo still desires peace, but Dabulamanzi desires only for the blood of the red coated men".

He gives a spluttering cough, and you let him recuperate. What he says makes sense- Dabulamanzi is the half-brother of the Zulu King Cetshwayo. Whereas Cetshwayo is known for being a careful and pragmatic leader, his half-brother is known for his aggressive and irrational behavior. The man continues,

"He was not at Isandlwana, but he is not going to let others take all the glory and praise for the battle. His men are eager to fight and will be ruthless- they thirst for all of our blood, and won't stop until the ground is littered with red-coated men". The man gives another rough cough- it is clear he needs to conserve what little energy he has left.

Well, that was somewhat insightful if not unsettling. With a known Zulu warlord around the corner, swearing to cover the African plains in the blood of British soldiers, the situation seems all the more worrisome.

You continue to prep the defences and help wherever you can. Lookouts are sent out by Chard, who seems like he will still be the commanding officer for this defence. You also hear that a detachment of NNH cavalry has arrived from Isandlwana, increasing the amount of troops to around 450 in total. The situation starts to look all the more promising, and you desperately hope it will be enough to defend your position. You wait in anticipation for the next order.

Turn to 54.

19

As the waves of black skin and coloured ox hide shields pour in, you find yourself barely able to move. Feeling frozen to the spot, the utter hopelessness of your position becomes crystal clear. Even if you could hold back the Zulus with nothing more than the butt of your rifle, the furious flames above and the acrid smoke will be impossible to stop. You feel empty and hollow, as your stomach begins to fall, as if this is just delaying the inevitable. As two Zulu warriors leap towards you, you begin a half-hearted attack, and it is less than a minute before an *assegai* blade finds a gap in your defence, and painfully lodges itself in your chest. Without the will to fight back against such insurmountable odds, the battle is lost, not just for you and your comrades, but for every British soldier in Rorke's Drift. Your Adventure Ends Here.

20

Fingers fumbling over the breech of the Martini-Henry, you pull another spent cartridge from the chamber, and quickly shove another one in, while readying the lever of the solid, hot, rifle. The noise is deafening as rifle blasts echo into the afternoon air, and the smell of gunpowder and cordite ignites your nostrils, so that you can almost taste the sulphur smell burning into your sinuses. Sweat droplets

drip into your eyes, and you try to rub away the blurry, stinging sensation from them. Yet you manage to hold back the onslaught, at least for now, and the Zulu lines start to thin out. Turn to 70.

21

Convulsing violently, you struggle to control yourself, but it is to no avail. The poison continues to flow throughout your veins, and the pain in your abdomen burns even more. Soon your vision deteriorates into blurry colours and misshapen outlines. As the poison of the Boophane bulb takes over your body completely, your last memories are of red, hazy figures rushing to your aid, although they cannot help you now, as you slowly slip into a coma that you will never wake from. Your Adventure Ends Here

22

Quickly rummaging through the shelves of toppled bottles, and unrolled gauze, you find one unopened and unused Medical Kit, which you take. Other useful objects may possibly be buried here, but you don't wish to linger in this windowless room anymore- you run after Hook and Scheiss, who are already opening the door to the left room, each man helping to support an injured soldier. As the flames continue to bellow stronger, you follow. Turn to 50.

23

You try to control yourself, try to take hold of your body and stay in position but it is no use. Those small black men on the crest of the hills might as well be Angels of Death, and you convince yourself this is a suicide mission. All of a sudden, a nearby young soldier screams "This is madness! There are thousands and we are a handful of wounded men! We will all be slaughtered!" Another wounded soldier then bellows "The Zulus will massacre us, and mutilate the bodies! There is no way I am staying for this funeral!"

Colour Sergeant Bourne is now livid, shouting commands at the men for them to remain in position, but rank and file continues to break apart- within moments several men start to break away from the wall towards the town of Helpmekaar. Adrenaline pumping through your body, and without thinking your actions out clearly, you soon join them. In all the commotion, you barely hear the command given by the Sergeant to "Fire at Will", and simply see his red, fuming face barking the order; but you certainly feel the bullet as it enters your back. Your fellow soldiers were less than thrilled by your actions, and your inability to stand your ground in the face of imminent danger. Whether they will win or lose the battle remains to be seen, but as you slowly bleed to death under the African sun, this mean very little to you, as Your Adventure Ends Here.

24

The next moments are a blur- you remember looking into the *Inyanga's* eyes, then Colour Sergeant Bourne shouting at you to fall back. Lastly someone grabbing you by the scruff of the neck and dragging you to safety. You are soon propped up against another mountain of biscuit boxes, but there is little need to defend. The Zulus take a few potshots here and there, but for the most part it is merely random firing. You feel dawn approaching, and not a moment too soon- the hospital is a mere shell of its former self, nearly burnt to ashes. You wait desperately for daybreak. Turn to 6.

25

Quickly backing away, the *Inyanga* whips out a small hollowed out Gourd and takes a deep swig of liquid from it- this concoction is actually a mixture of honey and healing herbs, and serves to revitalize the *Inyanga*, adding 1 point of STAMINA to him. He still has a full gourd left, and isn't going to finish anytime soon. Now return to the page you left and continue the battle!

26

Weighing out the pro and cons, you finally decide to bit out a chunk of the bulb. It is a bitter taste, but you continue to eat it. Thoughtfully masticating the tough plant material, you wonder if it will have any effects, or if it is just an edible root. Unfortunately the results are a little more complicated than expected.

The Boophane bulb you have just eaten has extreme hallucinogenic and pain killing abilities- it is taken by the Zulu warriors to induce a state of mental invincibility. With this in mind though, it is also known as "The Bushman Poison Bulb"- containing several alkaloids that act similar to morphine, despite the pain-killing too large a dose can cause irreversible death due to the toxic poisons.

You quickly realize that this may have been a mistake, and fall to your knees in wild convulsions. Your stomach starts to feel like it is on fire, and there is a strong pain in your mouth. Your vision starts to blur again, and you can barely keep yourself upright from dizziness. You struggle to fight your own body. Test your RESOLVE. If you are successful, Turn 28, if not 21.

27

Taking a large gulp of the tepid air, you manage to steady your nerves, as deep breaths slowly fill your lungs. You feel sick to your stomach, but are ready to face whatever the Zulus plan to throw at you. You soon find out what exactly that is, as suddenly swarms of Zulu warriors begin charging down the hill rallying around a battle cry. The assortment of blacks and whites of the cowhide shields mix with the light gleaming from their spears and mostly naked bodies, and it is a truly a sight to behold.

These troops are the *ibutho*-the younger, unmarried soldiers of the Impi regiment. What they lack in experience they more than make up with in sheer stamina, youth and resilience. Most likely Dabulamanzu is holding back his more experienced troops for later; yet these men aren't mere cannon fodder- you know that if they get within striking distance they will be a tough opponent to deal with, so it would be best to keep as much range between you and them as possible. They continue to pour towards you through the rifts and unbalanced terrain in front of the wall, and the Colour Sergeant gives the call to ready arms.

You hold yourself, poised for attack, your finger wrapped around the trigger of the Martini-Henry. You can see them more clearly now, black outlines, screaming, ready to deliver the killing blow from their *iklwas*. Then at 100 yards, there comes the much awaited order.

Fire! The Colour Sergeant bellows, and a hail of gunfire and smoke erupts into the air. Within seconds the order to reload comes, and another devastating *Fire!* Continuous volleys continue to ensue, and the rapid rattle of the rifles deliver blow upon blow of bullets into the enemy.

But there are still too many! As they begin to close in, the Colour Sergeant gives the order *Fire at Will!* and you are more than eager to comply.

For your first combat there is still a good deal of ground between you and your enemy; they are only armed with melee weapons, and incapable of Ranged combat. As a result, any Attack Round where you lose or draw equal to your opponent, will result in no STAMINA being deducted from you (it is assumed you were unable to hurt your opponent, but they were unable to strike at you, despite having a higher attack strength). Fight each enemy one at a time as you switch targets, and remember that Ranged rules with the Martini-Henry apply.

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8

After seven attack rounds, if you have killed all enemies, Turn to 20. If you have not killed all enemies Turn to 49.

28

Your body continues to convulse violently, but your will is strong. Gripping your hands tightly into balled fists, you manage to fight the pain of the poison flooding through your veins, even as the ache in your abdomen grows more and more. More time passes as you lay on your knees in the hot African heat, and your brow is soon covered in a feverish cold sweat, which continues to drip down your face. Heart racing, you soon start to feel yourself recovering, yet this has been quite an ordeal. Lose 4 STAMINA points from the detrimental effects of the poisonous Boophane Bulb.

Taking deep breaths, you begin to feel much more confident in your fighting prowess, despite the suffering of consuming the bitter bulb. You now are able to benefit from the positive mental state that it causes- for your next two Melee fight encounters, increase your Attack Strength by +1 for the entire fight. Physically weakened, but mentally feeling somewhat better, you start to stand up, and decide where to go next before the Colour Sergeant starts to berate you. Will you:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Head to the North Wall? | Turn to 63 |
| Head to the North-West Wall? | Turn to 31 |

29

As you scale the perimeter of the compound, you are shocked to see a very desperate battle- an injured British soldier is attempting to keep a lone Zulu warrior at bay, armed with only a bayonet attached to the broken barrel of his rifle. The Zulu is tired, but healthy, uninjured and persistent; it seems only a matter of time before his blade finds an opening in the poor soldier's defence. Behind him are two more injured men, but both are dressed as civilians- they must have been non-combatants from the Drift who had been swept up in this desperate struggle.

The soldier continues to try to keep the Zulu at bay with his makeshift spear, while trying to place pressure on a deep gash in his leg. It doesn't look like he will last much longer. You realize that is of the utmost concern that you help any possible survivors, but from the look of it the men are not going to last much longer, and aiding them may put yourself in jeopardy. Yet you cannot turn away from the hopeless situation your countrymen are in.

If you decide to leave them to their fate, no matter how grisly it may be, Turn to **94**. If you think you may be able to help them, Turn to **40**.

30

You continue to move along the edge of the barricades, as quickly as possible. Just as you are nearing the storehouse, you spot a splotch of scarlet wool beneath several Zulu bodies- even in the darkness with only the moon and flames from the burning Hospital to light your way, you can tell that it definitely part of the traditional British uniform that is identical to your own, although with the multitude of corpses you cannot tell which body it belongs to. Will you:

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| Investigate the scarlet tunic, as it possibly may be a British soldier? | Turn to 67 |
| Decide to ignore it, and return to the storehouse? | Turn to 86 |

31

Running towards the North-West Wall, you see that only a thin line of men are protecting the barricades. The men are sticking close to the defences, firing into the undergrowth. Yet, to your confusion you don't see any Zulu warriors charging them, and can't figure out what they would be shooting at.

Then all of a sudden it hits you- well to be more precise it hits a spot on the ground about a meter to your right! The Zulus are taking potshots at you from the nearby Oskarberg Hill! You stand dead in

your tracks while trying desperately to figure out which way to run! Will you:

Decide that you would rather not like to be used as target practice by Zulu snipers, and run back to the North Wall? Turn to **63**

Continue to run to the North-West Wall to support the defences anyway? Turn to **76**

32

Even with such a strong will and determination to survive, it is a fierce injury; your vision starts to blur, and breathing becomes difficult, but after a while you begin to regain consciousness. Lose 6 STAMINA points for this close brush with death. Perhaps your strength and determination to survive helped to pull you through, but this was still a disturbing attack. You continue to make a bee-line to the storehouse. Turn to **79**.

33

"White man, this fight not good" he says gravely, referring to the men who set out this morning to find, engage and fight the Zulus. He seems to be agitated and distraught at the thought of meeting the Zulus in combat.

"Zulu warrior, good fighter. Zulu warrior not hurt from bullets. Have powerful magic."

You give a slight chuckle at the superstitious young man, but he seems to be very serious. Using hand gestures, and your rudimentary knowledge of the native tongue, you try to explain how the Zulus are like any other man, and flesh and bone is no match for gunpowder and metal bullets, but he does not seem convinced.

"Zulu use powerful plant, make them no hurt, and very strong."

This piques your interest, but the man refuses to say anymore; magic and nature are strong in his culture, but you have heard tales of warriors consuming native roots and herbs to aid them in battle. If the Zulus use a similar strategy it might be worth keeping this in mind. You thank the man for his time, and decide what to do next: Will you:

Patrol the Hospital?

Turn to **16**

Visit the Cook (If you have not done so already)? Turn to **8**

34

You run towards the defences, and as you do, a shot grazes off your helmet- it must have been an older style flintlock or musket with a fouled barrel and a weak powder load- even that type of inaccurate type of shot from a Martini-Henry would have left you picking up pieces of gray matter of the dirt. Still, you are somewhat shocked by the minor blow to the head- lose 3 STAMINA points. Turn to **93**.

35

Lodging your boots in the ground, and gritting your teeth, you grip your hands around the handle, and prepare to try to remove the bayonet. With an almighty tug, you manage to put all your strength behind pulling out the blade, and you finally manage to pull it out.

Or you manage to pull out what's left of it! The spike was badly lodged in the clay-like earth, and is now mangled and bent. There's no use putting this at the end of your rifle, and even by itself it is useless- unless you can somehow bend the metal into a coat hanger. Letting out a long sigh, you dispose of the useless bayonet- hopefully you will be able to acquire a new one from the armorer without too much hassle (For the time being, any Melee battle you encounter will allow you to inflict only 1 point of damage instead of the usual 2, as your hand to hand combat ability has been severely

diminished).

With a definite feeling of defeat, you return to the Cook and explain what happened.

"Oh goodness! Well thanks for trying laddie, I guess it's lucky enough that they have grass growing in this forsaken place. Well I hope I didn't trouble you too much, let me at least give you some something for your trouble..."

With that, he hands over a flask of hot soup poured straight from the boiling pot. You can consume the warm broth at any time, and it will restore 4 points of STAMINA. Thanking him, you graciously accept the item. Deciding that your brief foray into the world of horticulture has been quite enough for today, you say goodbye to the Cook, and wander back to the center of camp to plan your next move. So Private "Green Fingers" Adams, what would you like to do next?

Visit the Kraal (If you have not done so already)?	Turn to 55
Visit the Hospital?	Turn to 16

36

As the *Inyangga* raises his axe high for a deadly blow, you see your opportunity- arm raised, you thrust your bayonet into the side of his torso. The Herbalist screams in agony and collapses, his axe and many gourds and medicines falling in a tangled mess. The light from his eyes slowly leaving, he finds a last bit of energy to reach out and grab your tunic- you ready yourself to give the final blow and put him out of his misery, but to your astonishment, the *Inyangga* begins to speak to you in English!

He lets out a cough and splutter of blood, before starting; "You white man, are a plague on this earth- you have no honor and no respect. You say we are barbarians, but who are you to judge? Look and see what you have done to the land of my ancestors..."

His grip slowly loosens, as his eyes slink into the distance darkness. Even glazed over they seem to see a world that existed many lifetimes before you, or any other soldier in the British Army became another pawn in a struggle for wealth and power.

The last words of the *Inyangga* haunt your mind, and you search your soul to see if this war really is a worthy endeavor, or if you are just an arrogant conqueror taking advantage of the weak. Turn to 24.

37

"Men! We need to fall back, we cannot hold this position any longer, there are far too many!"

The yelling voice of Scheiss is absolutely right- despite the gallant defence, Zulus have managed to overrun the walls of the Hospital. Moving fluidly, they are even jumping on top of one another in the determined assault to take over the building. This is clearly a losing battle.

"We need to retreat, but try to slow their progress! Fall back!"

Following his order more out of common sense than by authority, you help the remaining defenders escape the room. The majority of them are the injured previous tenants of the recovery room, so you help them to hobble out first. Scheiss, and another soldier you recognize, Private Hook, also continue to help out the wounded and sick. You are so engrossed in helping evacuate the patients, that you barely hear the fearsome cries outside, or the scrambling above you on the thatch roof of the Hospital.

As the last injured man is evacuated out of the recovery room, and almighty *crash!* bellows above your head; a hail of thatch, roofing timbers and wooden splinters then collapses down upon you, and you fall headfirst on to the hard wooden floor. Lose 1 STAMINA point.

However this is just the beginning of your problems- standing in front of you stands a Zulu warrior- they must be jumping in through the roof! The agile young man appears to have broken his leg, but is holding his *assegai* and shield with vicious ferocity. His injury will only hamper his onslaught slightly, and you will have to dispatch him quickly before more Zulus decide to jump through the newly made hole in the roof. As he stands between you and the only exit, you will have to fight this Melee battle to

the death.

ZULU WARRIOR (INJURED)

SKILL 6

STAMINA 6

If you win Turn to 47.

38

A mighty *roar!* escapes the muzzle of the Martini-Henry, and the smoke clears in time for you to see a crumpled Zulu now laying over the bush he had been using for cover. Your shot had landed on his shoulder, but even this was enough for the powerful .455 cartridge to nearly blow his arm clean off. You reload and pick a new target. After carefully taking aim, you again deliver the deadly shot, and another sharpshooter falls to his death.

It seems the Zulus are getting agitated now, and are appearing to be on the retreat. Still this is no time for celebration, as they may just be moving further away to make themselves less of a target. A senior officer then gives the order to shoot any remaining Zulus as they scatter back up the Oskarberg. Treat this engagement as a Ranged battle and target each enemy individually.

ZULU SHARPSHOOTER

SKILL 8

STAMINA 7

ZULU SHARPSHOOTER

SKILL 7

STAMINA 6

ZULU SHARPSHOOTER

SKILL 9

STAMINA 7

After seven Attack Rounds, if all enemies are dead, Turn to 64. If not, 15.

39

Moving forward, you see that quite a large group has already started to gather around the encroaching riders. Lieutenant Chard, a tall striking young officer, is already walking towards the fray, perhaps also curious at these visitors.

As the horses stampede into the camp, you see one of the men nearly throw himself off- he is dressed in the uniform of an NNC trooper. The other man, an NNC officer, look a little more composed, but still on edge. He jumps from his horse and graciously accepts a drink from a bucket of water brought to him.

The officer on closer inspection, looks exhausted, as if he had been riding for his life. Lieutenant Bromhead also seems intrigued, and you move forward with him as he easily makes his way through the bustling soldiers. Lieutenant Chard flicks a glance to his men, and then makes his way to the NNC Officer.

"I am Lieutenant Chard of the Royal Engineers, and I'm assuming you bring news from Isandlwana.

The NNC soldier is red in the face and struggling for breath, but manages to spit out,

"Lieutenant Ardendorff, 1st/3rd NNC- and you're right I am bringing news from Isandlwana!"

"Ah, finally my good man, we were hoping to hear of something. How are the good fellows in the field doing?"

The man stares directly back at Lieutenant Chard, bloodshot eyes full of anger, desperation, and most of all, fear. A deep, anxious disbelief emanates from his piercing red-tinged blue eyes.

"Well to start with, there aren't any of them left- they've all been slaughtered!"

Turn to 4.

40

You decide that to help them, you will have to try to take out the Zulu warrior as fast and as discreetly as possible. Firing off a shot from your rifle is definitely not an option- even amidst the chaos, the smoke and sound may attract other enemies, and you are already in a vulnerable situation. Attacking him within melee range remains the only viable option, yet you try to focus on a way to make this as quick and painless as possible. Do you have a Bottle of Chloroform? If so Turn to 66.

If not, you will have to engage the Zulu in Melee combat, the only way to dispatch him without giving away too much attention. Turn to 48.

41

Heading back into the room, which seems as though it may be suicidal, you hoist up the unconscious soldier as the fire continues to blaze around you. You realize that going through the hole made earlier would be futile- that wing of the Hospital is ablaze, and has no means of escape.

Then you notice it- a small window near the top of the wall! Using all your strength, you pull a heavy wooden desk under the window, and begin the arduous task of dragging both yourself and the patient through the small opening. This is a difficult process, and you have to push your body to its extremes while combating the filthy smoke corrupting your lungs- Lose 2 STAMINA points. Finally, you manage to first move the man through the narrow opening, and quickly wiggle through yourself.

Your fall is broken by the soft ground littered with ripped out thatch and abandoned ox-hide shields, and you are safe from the inferno. Thanking your lucky stars for a danger averted, you hoist the man up before heading back to the barricades. Turn to 61.

42

Scurrying over to the remaining men, you see that biscuit boxes and corn sacks have been thrown together for another makeshift defence. Once again, it may be ugly, but it also may be the only thing that will save your life in the coming conflict. Being near the storehouse supplies are abundant, and if you are missing your bayonet you are able to pick up another one without any issue.

You are quickly ushered to a slightly elevated rampart- this higher view should be an advantage in the upcoming battle, and you need every benefit you can get at this point. The wounded have been pulled back further into the makeshift complex, to allow you and the remaining soldiers an unobstructed view of the battlefield.

The moon is full, and only it, the stars, and the burning Hospital provide any sort of light. It is the sight of the burning building you are gazing at, when you suddenly realize that you see the silhouettes of more and more Zulu warriors! You ready your rifle, and prepare to take aim from the barricades. Within seconds, the blessed "*Fire at Will!*" command is shouted by Lt. Chard, and you begin to send as much lead downrange as possible!

Treat this attack as a Ranged Battle and target each enemy individually:

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win within five Attack Rounds, Turn to 59. If not, Turn to 53.

43

Grinning to yourself, you remember the Entrenching Tool the Cook gave you, and quickly whip it out. Black, acrid smoke continues to percolate inside the room and the fire on the roof is starting to encroach to nearly over your heads. You begin to smash down the wooden wall with the Entrenching Tool, and to your satisfaction it makes short work of the flimsy timber. Within a minute you have made a hole big enough for everyone to crawl out of, including the two injured soldiers. You help everyone out, and as you turn to escape yourself, the doorway of the room is smashed open as dozens of Zulus pour in. However, with your useful Tool you manage to escape unscathed. You swear to yourself that if you manage to survive this ordeal, to help the Cook not only plant whatever herbs he likes, but even help him plant a damn vegetable farm if he wants to! Turn to 57.

44

You continue to try to hold on to your rifle, but the firm grip manages to pull you outside the relative safety of the window you were defending; refusing to let go, and despite the shock, you manage to reload a new cartridge. Locking the breech, you pull the trigger and another almighty *bang!* rocks the small window ledge. Whether from surprise, or from the sudden blast of heat and smoke, the hand lets go of your rifle, and you quickly retreat back into the protection of the Hospital. Men continue to shoot from the loopholes, but as they do, Scheiss begins to address them. Turn to 37.

45

Quickly assembling at the front of the makeshift redoubt, Lieutenant Chard decides to lead the forward charge himself, and you and your fellow soldiers are soon tucked into neat ranks, ready to deliver volleys of devastating fire. He gives the call to march as soon as the Zulus start to amass again for another full frontal assault. Even with your body exhausted and shoulders bruised beyond belief, your rank delivers a devastating hail of concentrated bullets, knocking numerous Zulus dead. As you reload the men behind you take their turn to shoot, with all three ranks moving forward slowly, each column delivering their attack consecutively.

As if by a concentrated firepower based miracle, you and the men are soon by the Water Cart- gain 1 point of RESOLVE for this small triumph. Immediately the third column begins to grab the Cart to take back to the improvised base, and you stand ready to guard. You don't have to wait long though, as soon another group of Zulus move in to attack!

Your men deliver shots, but they are soon within stabbing range, and you have no choice but to rely on your bayonet. You turn to face the nearest enemy warrior.

The sight you see is one that fills you with rage- these Zulus are all clearly the older, married men, known for their years of experience in battle- but many carry the remnants of British uniforms around their bodies. The ripped scarlet tunics and dirty epaulettes can be clearly seen from the light of the perpetually burning Hospital, and whether they are war trophies or simply stolen as a disrespectful gesture are unknown. All you know is that seeing the uniforms of your countrymen being defiled in such a way fills you with rage.

As the nearest Zulu warrior stride towards you, you find yourself ready to engage and kill these opponents. For this battle gain 1 point to your Attack Strength- fight both enemies together, but you will only be able to injure one enemy per attack round, although you can receive injuries from both. Fight this Melee battle to the death!

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 6
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 9	STAMINA 5

If you win Turn to 65.

46

A mighty *roar!* escapes the muzzle of the Martini-Henry, but you appear not to have hit anything but the empty sky. In frustration, you reload and pick a new target. Once again, it's a wide shot and the smoke clears in time for you to see a dazzling miss. Maybe you should have spent more time practicing in basic training?

Regardless, it seems the Zulus are getting agitated now, and are appearing to be on the retreat. Still this is no time for celebration, as they may just be moving further away to make themselves less of a target. A senior officer then gives the order to shoot any remaining Zulus as they scatter back up the Oskarberg. Treat this engagement as a Ranged battle and target each enemy individually.

ZULU SHARPSHOOTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
ZULU SHARPSHOOTER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
ZULU SHARPSHOOTER	SKILL 8	STAMINA 7
ZULU SHARPSHOOTER	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
ZULU SHARPSHOOTER	SKILL 9	STAMINA 7

After seven Attack Rounds, if all enemies are dead, Turn to **64**, if not **15**.

47

With a final blow, the warrior collapses, his spear and ox-hide shield falling at his side. Wasting no more time, and seeing the Zulus continue to prepare to jump down, you leap back through the double doors, and lock them firmly behind you.

Back in the main corridor of the Hospital, Scheiss and Private Hook continue to try and help the patients outside to the relative safety of the courtyard. It is late evening now, and the last rays of sunlight are starting to disappear from view. The double doors of the recovery room thrash as the Zulus attempt to break through them, but they should at least buy you some time before they burst through.

Carrying the limping and sick patients, you and Hook manage to get the majority of the men out of the Hospital. Yet you can't help but notice, despite it nearly being nighttime that the light outside seems to be glowing bright, with a sickly orange hue. Adding to that, a harsh burning smell is wafting through the building- perhaps more rifle-fire smoke from outside drifting in.

You suddenly realize this is not the case, as the orange light is from the roof of the Hospital going up in flames! The Zulus must be trying to smoke you all out, or burn you all to death! Two patients, both soldiers, lie in the halls, too sick to move without aid, and neither you nor Private Hook or Scheiss are planning to leave any man behind. This proves to be a difficult thing to do though, as without warning, a whole section of the roof timbers collapse into the middle of the hallway blocking your exit! There's no other direct route out of the Hospital, and the double doors of the recovery room won't hold for much longer. Although the corridor leading to the exit is blocked by the flaming timbers, there is a door to the left and to the right of you- directly behind you are the double doors, and if the noise of the Zulus behind it indicates anything, you need to get out of here as soon as possible! Will You:

Open the Left Door?	Turn to 50
Open the Right Door?	Turn to 84

48

You approach the Zulu, hoping to gain some sort of surprise attack on him, but the fierce fighter sees you instantly. Turning to face you, your fellow soldier collapses in exhaustion. He may now be safe from the Zulu's attention, but he will be of no use in this battle.

The Zulu is a chieftain from one of the smaller tribes, and is ostentatiously covered in an elaborate headdress, feathers, animal furs, and jewelry made from the teeth and bones of wild animals. It is not simply his looks that intimidate you- he is an experienced warrior, and carries a stout *iwisa*- a thick wooden club, capable of bashing a man's skull open with ease. Even in his weakened state he is a worthy adversary for this Melee battle.

ZULU CHIEFTAIN SKILL 9 STAMINA 6

If you win, you tend to the injured men. Turn to 58.

49

You scramble to quickly load another cartridge into your rifle, but your hands are shaking violently, and sweat seems to make it slip out of your damp hands. Despite your best efforts, the Zulu onslaught appears relentless. Within moments, they have amassed around the makeshift wall.

You pull away from your loophole in the barricade, but suddenly hands start emerging in, tenaciously looking for a way in through the defences. You shove your rifle back into the gap, and without aiming, let out a thunderous shot, with a shrill *shriek!* coming soon after it from the other side of the wall.

Around you, you see the wall is holding fast, but may not be for much longer- several of the higher up bags and boxes are being toppled over, as the enemy ram themselves head first into the crude barrier. Then all of a sudden, you rush around to see a ZULU WARRIOR, come jumping down from the top of the wall! The agile attacker must have been able to clamber over his fellow warriors in order to get over the top. Clutching the side of his stomach, it appears he has been wounded, but uses his one free hand to brandish his *iklwa*. Due to the close proximity of the warrior, you are unable to shoot at him (he is simply able to knock away the long barreled rifle whenever you try to take aim) so you must rely on your bayonet (or rifle butt if you no longer have a bayonet) to attack him (Remember you will only inflict 1 point of damage if you no longer have a bayonet). This will be a Melee fight to the death.

ZULU WARRIOR (WOUNDED) SKILL 7 STAMINA 4

If you win Turn to 70.

50

Running into the left room, you slam the door behind your group, but there is no lock- you find a large wooden desk nearby and prop this up behind the door, to at least provide some sort of barricade. This room looks like an office, as desks and chairs are scattered around. All of the patients who were originally here have escaped already, but to your shock you suddenly realize that the door you came in through is the only entrance or exit out of the room!

"Adams, how the hell are we supposed to get out of here?!" Yells Scheiss, vocalizing the obvious dilemma you are all in. Hook lays down the injured soldier he was hoisting up before interjecting;

"Although the outside walls are solid stone, the interior walls are just thin sheets of wood- if we had some tools we could smash into the next room- I know for sure it leads right out to the exit. What do you think?"

As he looks to both you and Scheiss, you realize this is probably the best idea you can come up with. The flames on the roof are starting to burn even more now, and smoke is starting to seep into the doorway you came in from- it is imperative you get out of here immediately.

Hurrying to the other side of the room, Hook shows you which wall connects to the room he was talking about. You knock on the wooden panels, and a hollow noise reverberates back; as he said, it seems thin enough. Now the only question is do you have the right tool to break it down?

Do you have an Entrenching Tool? If so Turn to **43**.

If you don't have an Entrenching Tool, but have a bayonet, Turn to **9**.

If you have neither, say a quick prayer, then Turn to **81**.

51

Another *blast!* erupts from the barrel of your rifle, the ensuing smoke and deafening roar rising above the cacophony of the attackers. They are a determined force, and despite your efforts, are now next to the Hospital walls!

As you open the breech of your rifle to extract the spent round, you are shocked to see a hand grab on to the exposed end of your rifle- the tenacious grip refuses to budge, and you try desperately to hang on to your only means of self-preservation. Test your SKILL. If successful, Turn to **44**. If not, **83**.

52

Deciding it is as good a job to do as any, you make your way to where the Cook says he wanted to check the soil. You roll up your sleeves and start digging to see if the soil is suitable for planting. Using your long spike bayonet, you start to poke through the harsh ground. You manage to jab the end of your bayonet into the earth, but it lodges into a rocky part of the soil, and refuses to budge. You mutter curse words under your breath, as the oblivious Cook continues to whistle and stir his soup pots.

Looks like another fine mess you've gotten yourself into Private! You struggle to pull out the bayonet from the unforgiving clay, which proves quite difficult.

So difficult actually, that you will have to Test your SKILL. If you are successful, Turn to **90**. If not, **35**.

53

Rifle blazing, you soon find yourself firing, reloading, and firing again at a very intense speed- so much so, that your very own weapon seems to be responding back at you in agony as the extremes you are pushing it too. Your hands start to burn as any exposed metal you are in contact with turns burning hot, and your shoulder is bruised beyond measure from the constant recoil of the powerful .455 cartridges. Lose 1 STAMINA point.

Despite this you continue to soldier on, and you soon realize that the Zulus will soon be within very close range- anticipating this, the call to prepare bayonets is given.

They are soon on your position like a pack of wild dogs- there will be no way to escape this fight! Ready your bayonet you prepare to engage the nearest aggressors in Melee combat:

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 6
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 4
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5

Due to the close confines of the barricades, fight each enemy one at a time. If you win Turn to **59**.

54

You do not have to wait long.

"Men, man your stations!" the booming voice of Colour Sergeant Bourne echoes through the camp. More fearsome than a combination of Bromhead and Chard together, he was the youngest of his rank in the entire British Army. He is a strong willed natural leader, and garners nothing but respect amongst the men. You are no exception, and you dread to think of the consequences of not following his orders to the letter.

Running towards the north-west wall, you assemble with your fellow soldiers, and find a place amongst the hastily thrown together makeshift wall. It a ragtaggle mix of mealie sacks, sand bags,

biscuit boxes, and a few wagons thrown on their sides to provide cover. It may not be the prettiest defensive perimeter, but it does look strong enough to resist a full frontal assault; not that there is any choice at this point.

You quickly arrange your small loophole inside the wall- a narrow slit allows you to rest and accurately aim your rifle, while making yourself a smaller target, safe behind the improvised barrier. To your right, you spy Colour Sergeant Bourne out of the corner of your eye, just as he cries you all to attention.

The men, yourself included, are now at upright attention, erect and ready for orders. The Colour Sergeant then barks the next command: "Fix bayonets!"

In a quick succession of rehearsed movements, you withdraw the blade of your spike bayonet and attach it to the muzzle of the Martini-Henry (unless you already lost, broke or bartered away your bayonet, in which case you simply stand awkwardly, much to the chagrin of the Colour Sergeant).

You are next ordered to prepare your firing position- knelt down by the crude emplacements, you feel somewhat confident, yet apprehensive. This will be your first battle against an enemy, and along with your trepidation is all the adrenaline that comes with it. You steady your breathing and try to focus on your looking down the sights of your rifle. There is a heightened sense of everything around you; the faint warm breeze along the African plains, the soft rushing of water along the Buffalo River. The men are silent as the grave, and you imagine many are feeling the same as you, being mostly fresh recruits. The heat from the relentless sun continues to beat down on you as you scour the horizon of the nearby hills, which seems so far away.

Then, as if a train was pulling into King's Cross station, you hear it. It faint at first but definitely there- the gradual thumping of the ground, vibrations in the very earth underneath you, and the unmistakably noise of shouting men, ready and eager for battle. Then, as you gaze at the top of the hills surrounding Rorke's Drift you see them.

There are not many at first, then you see more. Then more continue to raise their bodies and soon the crest of the hill is adorned with Zulu warriors, at least several thousand strong from what you can make out. All you can see ahead is cowhide shields and spears intermingled with black bodies, but it's more than enough to send an icy worry down your spine despite the warmth of midday. Many of the British soldiers are starting to look around, worry very evident in their eyes. You can certainly include yourself in that group. Heart beating a mile a minute, and anxiety high for the inevitable battle to come, you must now Test your RESOLVE to see if you have the determination to stand your ground. If you are successful, Turn to 27. If not, 23.

55

As the intense heat continues to beat down on you, you make your way towards the stone kraal, where several NNC soldiers are currently waiting nearby. The kraal is surrounded by short, stone walls, and numerous NNC troops talk amongst themselves, or are otherwise busy readying their equipment or weapons. The NNC can easily be distinguished by the red bandanas wrapped around their heads, but otherwise mostly wear tribal apparel.

The bright sunlight and intense heat makes moving in your coarse woolen uniform stifling, and you gravitate towards the side of the kraal that is shaded by the large storehouse. A muscular, well-built NNC soldier sits against the wall, sharpening the tip of his spearhead. You give a greeting, and the man responds back with a wave and few words of English; although hardly fluent he seems to know enough to the point where you may be able to converse with him. Will you:

Decide to speak to the man?

Turn to **33**

Patrol the Hospital instead?

Turn to **16**

Visit the Cook instead (If you have not done so already)?

Turn to **8**

56

You are unable to get a good look at the man the tunic belongs to, but as you try to scramble over the pile and crane your head over the bodies, you notice the small silver locket around your neck fall out from under your shirt, and dangle outwards.

You notice it catch the light of the moon, and then you start to realize- you don't even remember putting it on your neck! You last remember placing it in your pocket for safe keeping but that's it. You are almost embarrassed to be wearing the keepsake- which had belonged to another man and was a gift from his wife- around your neck in such an intimate way. However, then you recall how the Zulus plundered the British supplies from Isandlwana, and that the scarlet tunic may be just another trophy taken from a dead British soldier by a Zulu.

Your suspicion is soon proven correct, and as you use your rifle to poke at the body you see that it is simply another dead Zulu with the remnants of a British greatcoat around his waist, more than likely taken from a defeated soldier. Also, you notice under the body is a coiled snake. It gazes at you with small beady eyes but makes no movement.

Leaving the snake and body where they are, you have a feeling that the strange silver locket almost had guided you to the realization that the coat was likely just another war trophy, like the locket had been. Had you not have realized this, you would have pulled the body out and likely been bitten by the snake underneath!

It is almost a spiritual feeling, but you can't help but feel that the woman in the locket photo may have been protecting you in some strange way. Unplausible as that may be, it is as bizarre as it is comforting- gain 1 RESOLVE point. Turn to 79.

57

Being the last person through the hole, you finally make it into the next room. As you slip through, Scheiss pushes a large cupboard in front of it, blocking the newly made exit to the chagrin of the Zulus behind you. This new room is a simple study, with a few desks, chairs and bookshelves, and an open door leading right to the corridor and main exit. Hook starts to cheer in joy, as he and Scheiss begin to bound out of the hospital.

Never so happy to see the courtyard of Rorke's Drift, you immediately start to make for the exit, before you realize in your ecstasy you forgot to help the two injured soldiers! Turning around, you rush back into the room.

The smoke is coarse now, the voluminous vapors of soot entering your nostrils; it is so bad that you can even taste the bitter ash, and your lungs start to burn considerably. The two men lay nearly motionless, and the fierce flames continue to envelop the thatch roof above you. One of the men looks at you, his lips curled in a desperate plea for help; you swing him on your shoulder, and aid him out of the room, before gently resting him outside. As you lay him down, you see Surgeon Reynolds running towards you.

Adams! Thank God you were there to help him, the Hospital is nearly about to collapse!"

He is correct, as you turn behind you the once sturdy building has turned into nothing more than a misshapen, charred mess on the southern wall; fairly soon the rooms which you had entered will also crumble into nothing but warped timbers and cracked stone. Adding to the problem, you see that the Zulus who had pursued you earlier had managed to escape from the hospital's rear windows, and are staring to converge on you and the rescued patients!

"Surgeon, we need the Colour Sergeant and whatever men he has here immediately! I'm not going to let these men we saved end up being gutted to death!"

"You're absolutely right boy, it's out of the frying pan and into the bloody fire!"

He shouts behind him to a group of soldiers who are defending the barricades nearby, and soon the men are trotting over to provide covering fire. You ready yourself and your rifle too; you will have to

get through the Zulus if you want to save the last injured patient left in the Hospital.

Forming a rough line of fire in front of the injured, the men load their rifles, and begin to Fire at Will. Clouds of gunpowder begin to mix with the smoke from the fires, and soon you can barely see anything. Holding your rifle forward until you can gain some visibility, suddenly you hear an ominous growling.

A second later, you find yourself launched on to the ground, a fierce Wild Dog snapping at your face! Some Zulus will bring these into battle, but whether it is a trained pet or just an animal that has accompanied the warriors, you do not know- and with a maw gnashing at your face, you have no time to think about it! Fight this Melee battle to the death.

WILD DOG SKILL 5 STAMINA 4

If you win Turn to **69**.

58

"Thank God you showed up, I thought we were done for! That bloody chief got me in the leg, and Jeffrey and Howard aren't in a good state either."

You quickly try to place direct pressure on the man gaping leg wound, and struggle to stop the bleeding. If you have any Medical Kits, you can use the gauze to help make a field dressing for the wound and halt the bleeding (Deduct 1 Medical Kit from your Supplies); otherwise lose 1 RESOLVE point for seeing the bloody laceration, which is enough to make even you sick to your stomach in this barbaric conflict you are in.

You manage to drag each of the men over the mealie bag wall, and into safety. The soldier seems strong enough to get help now. He thanks you numerous times for saving him, as he was sure he would be doomed if you had not intervened. Add the word COURAGE to your Journal. Turn to **30**.

59

Killing the last enemy, you let out a sign of relief. You are exhausted once again, breathing heavily, your throat dry and parched. The Zulus are on the retreat, but you are sure it will only be minutes before another attack. Chard then calls you and your comrades to attention.

"Men, with a bit of courage we can beat the Zulus, but we can't beat the heat of Africa; the Water Cart was abandoned when we retreated to the storehouse, but we will need to retrieve it if we are to make it through the night."

He is absolutely correct- all the bullets in the world won't stop the heat of the African savannah. You are already feeling the effects of severe dehydration, and you can only imagine how the injured men must feel.

Chard decides to take the initiative during the brief pause in battle and assembles a team of three lines of men to deliver volley after volley of fire at the enemy. You soon find yourself in the frontmost rank, and ready your bayonet; it will certainly be bloody after this attack. Turn to **45**.

60

There is finally a brief lull in the battle. Zulus are still everywhere, but many are laying low in the underbrush until ready to launch another assault. For what seems the first time in ages, you step back from the defences and take a deep drink from a nearby water bucket. The cool liquid is a godsend in the heat- add 2 STAMINA points. Your brief respite is soon broken by the image of the Colour Sergeant, disheveled, but very much in charge. You stand at attention as he comes by. Flustered and sweating, he barks out to you and the remaining men,

"The Zulus have been pinned down, but I know this type of feint too well- it's just a matter of time

before they attack again. Hold the line and fire at any damn Zulu who gets within 100 feet!"

The resulting "*Sir, Yes Sir!*" sounds exhausted, but determined. The men return their attention to the field, and just as you are about to do the same, the Colour Sergeant's brawny hand slaps down on your shoulder.

"Adams, you've been doing a damn fine job out there, make no mistake. I need men like you, who aren't afraid to get their hands dirty. The Hospital is right on the edge of the Zulu line of attack, and I think that's what they will target next. I need you to help the soldiers in there, things are going to get hairy, mark my words, so I need someone who's not afraid to get up close and personal."

You nod, and tell the Colour Sergeant you will do your best to defend the Hospital. He cracks a brief grin, and sends you on your way. If you have lost or misplaced your Bayonet, he provides another one to you (Your Melee attacks will resume inflicting 2 STAMINA points of damage now), while letting you know that you will probably be needing it. Defending the Hospital it seems, will likely be a difficult endeavor, but you are ready for the challenge. Turn to **80**.

61

As you return back to the main defences, the man slowly begins to regain consciousness- you offer him a drink from your canteen, which he gratefully accepts. He is weakened by the ordeal, and clutches the grievous wound in his abdomen, but seems alert enough that he should pull through with proper treatment. Speaking weakly, he mumbles,

"God bless you, you saved my life. You truly are my Savior". You are humbled by the man's words, but know you are not out of the woods yet- having escaped out of the window, you are officially on the enemy's side of the defences. There is a high chance that another wave of attacking Zulus would be able to pick you off, not to mention that in the night sky you may be shot at by your own side, your dark outlines easily being mistaken for an enemy. Hobbling to the makeshift mealie bag wall, you manage to prop up the man long enough so that he can climb over the tall barricade- with it being so high, there is no chance of getting over without some sort of leg-up. As you push him up, he rolls over the top and lands on the other side with a dull thud. You hear another fellow soldier on the other side of the wall call out in your direction, and you know that he will take the man back to the relative safety of the main camp.

The injured soldier now safely on the other side of the barricade wall, you start to climb it yourself, but it is impossible to traverse. Realizing it is no use, you decide to run back around the perimeter of the Drift, and see if there is another way to get back inside the encampment. Add the word SAVIOR to your Journal for helping save the man and lead him to safety. Turn to **29**.

62

You rendezvous with Scheiss and Hook who are still overjoyed over their close escape; this is short-lived however, when you explain how you were unable to save the injured patient. Their demeanor now disheartened, you know how they must feel. This has truly been a day of small victories in a tide of what feels like insurmountable loss. Nevertheless, there is still time to clutch victory from the gaping maw of defeat.

You then see Colour Sergeant Bourne, and snap to attention. His demeanor is also brooding, his face lined by the physical, mental and emotional turmoil of the day. He approaches your group, and sends Scheiss away to help clear the dead- casualties from both sides of the wall.

"Adams, Hook" he continues. "It's been rough alright, but with the sun about down, the Zulus have fallen back again, most likely to attack in the cover of darkness. You two have proven your worth and are both quick on your feet- I need you both to do a quick perimeter check. Nice, quick and easy."

You take a gulp of the tepid dusk air. Checking the perimeter would mean hopping on the other side of the barricades, which sounds about as appealing as a bayonet through the foot right about now. If

you have any worry it must seem apparent, as the Colour Sergeant continues,

"I wouldn't ask you to do this if it wasn't vital. The Zulus managed to get through some of the barricades, and when we pushed back, the fighting spilled to outside of the Drift. We're missing some soldiers, and the Surgeon hasn't identified their bodies. Unless they went out for a night time stroll to the Buffalo River, it's possible they may be stuck on the other side of the barricade. We just need a quick body check to see if there is anyone still out there, dead or alive. With the cover of dusk it's likely you won't even be shot at."

You feel like the Colour Sergeant is trying to give you some encouragement with that last sentence, but it isn't quite hitting the mark. "Likely" isn't quite the same as "Won't be" or "Definitely will not". In either case, there doesn't seem much point in arguing the matter- like he said, you plan to make this jaunt nice, quick and easy. He gives you both another rough pat on the shoulder, and you and Hook part ways, with him to check one side of the Drift, and you the other. A fellow soldier helps hoist a large mealie bag out of the wall, and this allows you to crawl through, to outside into the scrubland that surrounds Rorke's Drift.

Heart pounding in your chest, you prepare to skirt the perimeter. You decide the best route would be to scour the north wall barricades, and then turn back towards the storehouse. As you make your way along the edge of the wall, the battle for the Hospital intensifies once more- the commotion from a new Zulu attack is unmistakable, and soon more shots are pouring into the night air. You continue to advance along the perimeter away from the attack. Turn to **29**.

63

Running to the North Wall, you see that the men are readying for another attack. Even from the distance you can see that the Zulus have regrouped, and it looks like they will soon strike again. The Makeshift barricades are holding fast for now. Another fierce, determined attack then starts to unfold as Colour Sergeant Bourne gives the same booming commands, and soon the godsend of "*Fire at Will!*" thunders through the air.

The Zulus are still a good distance away, and you shoot several down, but they are numerous and aggressive - you even have rough hands try to grab your rifle from the other side of the wall! The Zulus are scrambling over each other, and you realize that you will have to fall back away from the defences. Ready your rifle, you prepare to shoot any man that so more than sticks his head above the high improvised wall. In this fight, treat it as a Ranged combat, as you still have enough distance to use your rifle, but upon losing an Attack Round, the Zulu warriors will inflict the usual 2 points of damage (as they are in such close proximity to you). Fight each one individually.

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 8	STAMINA 8
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 8
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7

If you win Turn to **71**.

64

The retreating Zulu snipers collapse dead, and just as you begin to relax, you spy another two men sauntering around the flank- it appears that they had been banking on the retreat as a distraction to get a few shots in at you and your fellow soldiers.

"To the left!" You bellow, and soon the other soldiers take notice- after that all it takes is a volley of gunfire to render the threat neutralized. The last Zulu marksmen take-off up the Oskarberg, likely until they can regroup and renew their attack. Gain 1 point of RESOLVE for this small victory. Turn to **60**.

65

Gutting the last warrior you turn to see that the Water Cart has nearly made a full retreat back to the storehouse redoubt. You and the remaining guarding men fall back to the last bastion of defence.

Hurriedly, a long hose is unwrapped from the Water Cart, and soon everyone is being doused in the sweet cool water; you take handful after handful of the refreshing liquid, barely stopping to breathe. Gain 2 STAMINA points. Refreshed, you and the front columns continue the fierce defence to cover the full retreat of the Water Cart. Turn to 85.

66

Your fingers fumble inside the leather pouch on your belt, and you suddenly feel the smooth, cold glass of the small chloroform bottle. Having replaced ether as the primary anesthesia for use with medical operations, chloroform is often used on the battlefield for surgeries, impromptu or not. It is a potent chemical, and would surely help to render the Zulu unconscious. You quickly plan what to do, and decide to try and subdue him and break his neck as he loses consciousness. He is breathing heavily, and seems to be weary, which should lend itself to making easy prey of him. Turn to 72.

67

Do you have a small silver locket? If so Turn to 56. If not, 74.

68

Quick as a fox, your right hand launches about the body of the Zulu warrior, wrapping his arms in place, while your left clamps the chloroform-soaked rag around his mouth and nose. He violently thrashes, but his is weak from the ardors of battle, and you are able to control him despite his muscular strength, and your own fatigue. Within a few minutes, his convulsions start to lose energy, and eventually stop altogether; you reach around his neck with your forearm, and in a jerking motion, snap his vertebrae. Not the most British way to kill a man, but clean and quick nonetheless. You let the body slip to the ground before turning your attention to the injured men. Turn to 58.

69

Knocking away the fetid corpse of the Wild Dog, you see that the remaining Zulus have been reduced to a last desperate few, and have succumbed to the continuous volleys of gunfire. Another Zulu turns to face you, but he is soon dispatched by an unlikely ally- Surgeon Reynolds's dog! Dick growls angrily, before locking his jaw into the man's thigh while the warrior howls in pain. Good Boy! You think to yourself, before turning to the task at hand.

Looking back at the Hospital, you see it continues to burn ferociously, and is the only source of light in the now darkening sky. You waste no more time, and rush back into the inferno.

Sprinting back to the room with the injured soldier, you see is he is still where he had been left-thankfully having been lying on the floor he has been able to breathe the less pungent smoke, which continues to hover around the building, making it nearly impossible to see. You throw the man on your shoulders, and turn back to the exit, when an almighty *crash!* rocks you to the very bone- the entry way to the hospital has collapsed in a mass of broken timbers and burning embers, blocking your only way out!

Apart from a narrow opening, large enough for maybe one man, there may be a way to crawl out relatively unhurt before the rest of the building crashes down. You have seconds to decide, but you know that if you choose to crawl into the opening, there is no way to save the injured patient. The only other choice is to head back into the smoke filled building and try to find another way to escape. This may be the most difficult choice you have ever had to make, but you must make it quickly. Will you:

Decide that going back would be suicide, leave the man, and crawl out of the exit? Turn to **82**.
 Return to the Hospital with the injured man to see if there is another means of escape? Turn to **41**.

70

Another glance over the battlefield reveals that the Zulus have taken several casualties, and several men lay wounded or dying on the harsh dirt of the Drift. There are a few wounded men on your side of the wall, but fortunately not too many. It appears a few Zulus had traversed the barricade and landed a few blows before succumbing to gunfire.

In the glaring sunlight you have difficulty seeing what's before you, even the bright red tunics of your comrades. It appears the Zulus have started retreating, although you are sure it must just be a temporary pause in the battle. You are having difficulty adjusting your sight and focusing on this surreal situation, your first encounter with an armed enemy. A bellowing voice soon breaks the all-consuming spell.

"Adams!" shouts the thunderous voice of Colour Sergeant Bourne.

"Get up! We need all the men we can muster- The Natal Horses and NNC have deserted! That's over 300 hundred men gone! Either get to one of the walls, or help the wounded!"

You barely comprehend the loss of the NNC troops, but with them having deserted you have lost a major portion of the defending forces. Lose 1 point of RESOLVE for this disheartening news, a poor reward for such a hard fought first engagement.

Behind the lines is still a confusing mess of men running and shouting, and soldiers seem to be in short supply for all roles. However, this brief lull in the fighting has brought a rare occurrence for one in the British Army- the ability to actually make a choice instead of following a direct order. Soldiers seem to be amassing near the north, and north-west walls. Will you:

Move towards the North Wall?	Turn to 63
Move towards the North-West Wall?	Turn to 31
Tend to the wounded soldiers?	Turn to 91

71

Rather than continue to traverse the barricades, the Zulus have decided to retreat and not a moment too soon- you instantly collapse to the ground and try to recover your breath. You are exhausted, both physically and mentally- once again you try to push the idea of how close you had been to death out of your mind.

The men begin to rest, or take a well-deserved drink from the Water Cart. You calm yourself and bring yourself to rest your eyes on the dead Zulu warriors whose corpses litter the ground. Gazing at the blank eyes of one young man, you realize that despite their numbers they are still just made of blood, bone, sinew and muscle, like any other human being.

Gazing into the blank stare of the dead man, you notice a flamboyant pendant around his neck- upon looking closer you realize it is not a usual tribal decoration, but an ornate silver locket, with intricate engravings. It is definitely not of Zulu origin, and was most likely taken from a British soldier in Isandlwana. You feel obligated to open it, and inside the small oval locket is a small photograph of a woman, and on the other side an engraving:

"To my dearest George- Come back with your shield. Or on it."

You recognize the quote; it was a saying the Spartan warriors would use and dictated their way of war- either win the battle, or come home dead from fighting. There was no retreat. There was no surrender.

For a few more minutes, thoughts of the brave soldier the pendant once belonged to fill your mind. Yet rather than dwell on the sadness of the now dead man, you are filled with determination and the

desire of vengeance to fight for those who died in Isandlwana, and make it home alive and victorious. Add 1 to your RESOLVE for this renewed vigor. You drop the small silver locket in your pocket and enjoy this brief moment of peace before you wait for new orders. Turn to **60**.

72

Ripping a rag from a discarded piece of material nearby, you quickly fashion your weapon- carefully pouring out the chloroform into the rag, it should be enough to knock out the Zulu if used correctly. Turn to **68**.

73

Dealing a deadly blow to the nearest Zulu, his lifeless body topples back into his fellow fighters. Hook also seems to have successfully held back his attackers, although for how much longer you cannot tell. Fortunately, Scheiss has managed to smash open the wall just large enough for a single person at a time to escape, and you hold the line as he and the two injured men slip into the next room.

As the Zulus continue to try and strike at you, the thick smoke causes you to struggle for breath- Lose 1 STAMINA point due the harsh effect on your lungs. The pungent smoke is also agitating the Zulus- many are starting to panic, not used to being in such small confines, and also realizing that there were no discernable exits. Considering that they had all entered though jumping into a hole in the roof, getting out would be a problem.

Ferociously kicking back the next wave of attackers, you use the confusion to your advantage, as you and Hook swiftly dive through the newly made hole into the next room. Despite a few spear nips to your boots, you manage to make it through unscathed. Turn to **57**.

74

You are unable to get a good look at the body of the man the tunic belongs to, so you start to start moving the corpses off the small pile. Finally reaching the body of the man, you realize to your dismay that is simply a Zulu warrior, with the remnants of a torn scarlet greatcoat about his waist. The Zulus prized the woolen British uniforms for their warmth, and this one is likely a war trophy taken from a poor British soul from Isandlwana.

You don't have much time to ponder this thought however, as your disruption of the bodies has awoken one of the new denizens of the corpse pile- a large and very deadly snake! The long reptile is dark grey in colour and now begins to rise upwards, making a very audible hissing sound. You are too close to escape, and any movement will likely cause the snake to strike. Fight this Melee battle to the death!

BLACK MAMBA

SKILL 8

STAMINA 3

If you kill the Black Mamba without it winning a single Attack Round, Turn to **79**.

If you kill the Black Mamba with it winning an Attack Round, Turn to **92**.

75

The Inyanga delivers a wound using the spiked tip of his axe- unfortunately this has been dipped into a foul poison that also acts as an anti-coagulant- although not fatal, it will serve to cause additional blood loss from the wound, so lose 1 additional STAMINA point. Ouch! Now go back to the paragraph you left and continue the battle!

76

From where you stand, you see that Oskarberg Hill appears covered with Zulus- and they all have firearms! You have heard that the Zulus are not avid fans of rifles, yet it will be an ordeal to avoid the sniping gunfire from the men on the hilltop. You will need a lot of luck, and nerves of steel to transverse the open area in full view of the Zulu sharpshooters unscathed. You start running like a madman- Roll 1 die to see how you fare:

If you Roll 1-2: Turn to **3**
 If you Roll 3-4: Turn to **34**
 If you Roll 5-6: Turn to **11**

77

The next ten minutes are a disconcerted blur- it becomes clear that Ardendorff's words are correct, as he reports in detail the decimation of the entire British regiment at the base of the Hill named Isandlwana. Words of crashed defences, unopened locked ammunition boxes and general confusion are bounced around, but the implications are clear- the main British force has been destroyed and now the Zulus have turned their attention to launch a full-scale attack on Rorke's Drift. Chard has decided to hold an impromptu meeting with his officers including Bromhead, and another officer, Commissary Dalton, to figure out the best course of action. Bromhead offers his makeshift office to discuss their plans, and you have a fairly good idea of where you will be guarding.

You now find yourself standing outside your bland stone wall as usual, but this time it is abuzz with voices. Lieutenant Chard is talking rapidly with Bromhead and Dalton, with Ardendorff voicing his opinion when needed. As you stand watch you are able to hear snippets of what is being said. You move as close as you can for a better spot to hear;

"-imperative we leave at once, Lieutenant. We need to load all the sick and wounded, and retreat to Helpmekarr at once. Every second is time we need to separates us from the Zulus!"

"And then what Ardendorff?" You immediately recognize the familiar sharp young voice of Bromhead intervening, a man with a long family history embedded in the British military.

"Just what then? You're talking about a mass movement of men and supplies with barely any time to prepare".

Commissary Dalton is the next person to speak:

"We will be snaking down the road lined up in our wagons. We'll be sitting ducks out there, there's no possible way we could defend from a determined attack with the kind of numbers of Zulus that you're telling us Ardendorff. Why don't we just roll out the bloody red carpet, and put targets on our soldiers for them instead?"

The retort is angry and frustrated. Clearly there is a divide between if the company should retreat to the nearby town of Helpmekarr or stay and fight. With several thousand Zulus on the warpath, you are fairly confident in thinking that retreat would be a nice option right about now. You hear Chard let out a large sign and reply,

"You're absolutely right Dalton. This small a column, travelling in open country and hauling wounded and sick men would be overtaken in an instant. We need to stay. We need to fight".

Turn to **18**.

78

You are not able to dodge the line of fire, and there is no doubt you are going to be hit by the oncoming projectile. The real question is do you have the strength to endure a blow that would kill an average man? Test your RESOLVE. If you are successful Turn to **87**. If not, **13**.

79

Moving away from the body pile through the dense undergrowth in the crepuscular darkness, you see the first stars come out above you; the outline of Orion the Hunter is vivid in the twilight, his glorious belt shining down upon you. Lighting your way, along with the flames from the burning hospital, you are able to find a low area in the barricades and wave out to a British soldier. He recognizes your red tunic right away, and helps you to climb over the wall and into the compound.

Once back in friendly territory, the soldier fills you in on the latest developments- with the lull in the fighting the wounded have been all moved to safety, since the Hospital has nearly burned to the ground. However, the Zulus had renewed their attack with ferocity, and they had no choice but to abandon the Hospital and retreat, shortening the perimeter. Chard has given the order to defend the storehouse, which is the only actual building still in British hands. Large oblong redoubts have been prepared, and the wounded men left inside in relative safety. The barricaded area is slightly elevated, and should provide a decent vantage point to fight the Zulus in the ensuing attacks. Suddenly the man grows silent and you see his face grows a deathly pale colour.

"After that, there no turning back, no running away- there is nowhere else to go. Make no mistake this will be our last stand. We will have to beat back those damned Zulus, or the military will be shipping what's left of our bodies back to Britain."

His words weigh deep on your mind, as you try to prepare yourself for your last stand- which may be the last battle of your life.

Turn to 42.

80

As you run towards the stone building, you can see that the Hospital is a frenzy of activity. All around the building wounded men are being treated. The cries of pain echo around the Drift, and the sickly smell of death and chloroform lingers in the air.

Bursting through the set of double doors, there is even more commotion as soldiers move to defend the walls and distribute supplies. As you pass a large room, you spy Surgeon Reynolds at the head of an operating table. Red splotches cover his apron, as he desperately tries to stop his patient from bleeding to death. With your orders in mind, you hurry down the corridor to the rooms which face outward on to the encroaching Zulus.

You quickly storm into a large oblong room, lined with cots- before the battle, this must have been the recovery room for the sick and wounded. As you had been told, the North-Easterly wall looks like it would be the next focus of attack by Dabulamanzi- poking your head out of a small broken window, you see regiments of warriors readying themselves for attack. Fortunately, it looks like the defenders holed up here since the start of battle have sufficiently readied themselves.

Suddenly, a thick European accent cuts into your train of thought;

"I thought we were getting reinforcements, not one extra man!" exclaims the fatigued foreigner. He is dressed as a NNC officer, and appears to have a grievous injury to his leg.

"Well, I'm all you've got old boy, so make sure to point me in the right direction when I start shooting."

The NNC trooper breaks into a slight grin before replying,

"I'm Corporal Scheiss, and trust me, we need all the men we can get, even if it is only one. Most of the men here were already injured before the battle, including myself."

You notice now that his wounded leg looks like it has been properly bandaged, and the injury does not appear to be from today's attack.

"Well I have two arms and two working legs, at least for now. Where do you want me?"

Scheiss points to a small window perched near a far corner. It is slightly high up, and a box has been perched beneath it to allow a man to stand and shoot. Although it does not give you the same cover as

the loopholes, it will allow a larger field of vision, and more reliable aiming. You clamber up and start to ready your rifle.

Just in time, you hear a ferocious war cry- the Zulus have amassed and are attacking in force. As there is no commanding officer present, you are free to Fire at Will. As the Zulus rush towards the Hospital wall, you line up your sights, and pray your shots fly true. Treat this engagement as a Ranged battle as you target your enemies one at a time:

ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 8
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 7
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 5
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 7	STAMINA 7
ZULU WARRIOR	SKILL 6	STAMINA 6

If you kill all the attackers in ten attack rounds or less, Turn to **37**. If not, **51**.

81

Lacking even a rudimentary tool to smash the wall down, you realize that the plan that Hook had come up with may not even be possible. Neither Hook nor Scheiss has a bayonet, and the only way to break down the wall seems to be with good old fashioned elbow grease. Using your shoulder and fists, you manage to begin smashing down the wooden wall, which turns out to be both a painful and time consuming process- lose 2 STAMINA points from cuts and bruises.

You have barely made a hole the size of your torso, before the rickety desk barricade is smashed down, and a wave of Zulus storms in! You tell Scheiss to take over breaking down the wall, since you have made enough headway. He is able to use his hands to continue ripping through the flimsy wood.

As the screaming Zulus run down the hallway, Hook begins to ready himself to your side, but you can see the worry etched in his face. The room is small enough so that they Zulus won't all be able to converge on you at once, but with the smoke and the heat steadily increasing, this is a less than an ideal place to be. Not only that, but the thought of having to hold off these fearsome opponents without so much as a bayonet fills you with dread. Test your RESOLVE to see if you have the determination to stand your ground in this unforgiving battle. If successful Turn to **2**, if not **19**.

82

Knowing there is no other way, you gently lay the man down on the floor- you notice he is not even conscious the smoke perhaps having made him lose awareness. Thankfully, at least he will not be responsive of the quick death that is sure to envelop him. You quickly crawl through the narrow opening between the burning timbers, and are soon outside. As you rush back to Surgeon Reynolds, the Hospital begins to cave in, the conflagration burning powerfully. You wonder if the fires of Hell are as vibrant as the ones you see before you. Trying not to think of the poor man you could not save despite your most valiant efforts, you turn back to your company. Turn to **62**.

83

You continue to try to hold on to your rifle, but the firm grip manages to pull you outside the relative safety of the window; refusing to let go, soon your whole upper body is jutting outside the broken window, an easy target for the rancorous enemy. Swarms of black warriors undulate beneath you, grabbing at you from the ground. Yanking back your beloved rifle you desperately try to move back to cover, but not before an *assegai* lands a deep gash in your right arm. You collapse back into the Hospital recovery room, the deep laceration throbbing in pain. Lose 3 STAMINA points and also 1 SKILL point, as your right arm will not be able to hold, aim, or shoot your weapon as easily as before. To add insult

to injury, somehow your bayonet has been wrenched from its socket by one of the marauding hands that assaulted you, so you must remove this from your list of possessions.

As you try to stop the bleeding, Corporal Scheiss is soon by your side, and applies a rough tourniquet. Adding another scar to your list of wounds, you groggily start to stand. A bad wound but it could have been much worse. Men continue to shoot from the loopholes, but as they do, Scheiss begins to address them. Turn to **37**.

84

You wrench open the right door, but you quickly realize it is just a small supply room- the stone walls are thick, and there isn't even a window you could possibly use to escape out of. Although Surgeon Reynolds usually keeps all equipment immaculately organized, with the constant flow of wounded, all the supplies have been thrown around haphazardly. The thought of quickly inspecting the debris for something useable crosses your mind, but with the Zulus ready to smash down the doors at any moment, you also think that you should probably leave. Nevertheless, will you:

Check the room for anything useable? Turn to **22**
Decide to leave, and head for the Left Door? Turn to **50**

85

As another Zulu feels the business end of your bayonet, you withdraw the bloody blade and begin to catch your breath. However it is only a moment before Lieutenant Chard yells at you,

"Adams! Get down!"

Spinning around violently, you are just in time to see a richly adorned Zulu warrior with a musket aimed right at you! You have mere seconds to dodge out of the way, as he has a clear shot. Test your SKILL. If successful Turn to **89**. If not, **78**.

86

You are responsible for identifying any British soldier outside of the barricades, alive or dead. Ignoring evidence of a possible British soldier who may have been killed is not a very fine way of carrying out your duty.

As you make your way back to safety, you are reminded of the poem by Alfred Lord Tennyson, "The Charge of the Light Brigade". One of your uncles had fought in the Crimean War, and you remember him reading you the poem about the brave cavalry charge during the Battle of Balaclava:

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do an die"

He had told you that even though the men had been given an order that was borderline suicidal and likely had been due to a miscommunication, they still obeyed it without question, many of them dying in the assault.

Disobeying an order or neglecting your duty, even without any higher authority to see you doing it, is a very poor way to show respect to your commanding officers and your fellow soldiers as well as your ancestors who fought and died for their country. Lose 1 point of RESOLVE. Turn to **79**.

87

Unable to dodge the firing line, the musket-ball slams into your body, and the pain is agonizing. The shot smashes into your right shoulder blade, and you find yourself hitting the ground. Your right arm is in excruciating pain, and you will barely be able to hold a rifle anymore- lose 6 STAMINA points, and 1 point of SKILL. Desperately hanging on to consciousness, you begin to ready yourself as best you can. Turn to 10.

88

"Well that sounds fantastic, but I don't think that's an offer I would be interested in."

The grin quickly dissolves into a grimace at this answer, and the man is clearly upset.

"Ya bloody pompous ass, I'll teach ya to turn down me offa!"

Before you can react, his bandaged fist makes contact with your jaw, leaving you suddenly in pain- lose 2 STAMINA points. Before you can defend yourself, the medical private is already on top of the man, and the patients begin jeering and shouting.

"You bloody fool, this is a hospital! What the hell do you think you're doing attacking people ya daft git?!"

On that note, you decide to make a quick departure. Turn to 14.

89

Seeing the raised musket, with a split second to spare you drop to the ground- the muzzle blast is powerful, and you can swear you almost feel the bullet passing over your head! Good thing you managed to keep your head in this encounter, both figuratively and literally- Turn to 10.

90

Lodging your boots in the ground, and gritting your teeth, you grip your hands around the handle and prepare to try to remove the bayonet. With an almighty tug, you finally manage to rip it free from the merciless soil, with a lump of clay attached to the end of it. Well, at least you can rest easy knowing for a fact that the mystery of "Can the Cook plant herbs in this Godforsaken place?" has finally been solved.

Walking back over to the Cook, you tell him the unfortunate news, and how you nearly ended up with a broken bayonet.

"Oh my goodness laddie, I never thought it would have been so much trouble to you! I feel terrible, here why don't you take this".

Rummaging around in his box of kitchen utensils, he then pulls out a small Entrenching Tool- basically a small shovel. It is used to dig holes, and for other menial tasks. He hands the implement to you before adding,

"Here, this way if you happen to find a good spot for growing, you can test it without snapping your bayonet in half!"

Although you don't plan on doing gardening in the near future, you graciously accept the item. Deciding that your brief foray into the world of horticulture has been quite enough for today, you say goodbye, and wander back to the center of camp to plan your next move. So Private "Green Fingers" Adams, what would you like to do next?

Visit the Kraal (If you have not done so already)? Turn to 55

Visit the Hospital? Turn to 16

91

The Colour Sergeant had not been exaggerating when he had said that they needed every man they could get. All around you previously wounded patients from the makeshift hospital provide food and water to the men, and one soldier with a broken leg disperses ammunition, throwing .455 cartridges to the soldiers while lugging the huge ammunition crate behind him. You see the Cook and other non-combatants also doing their share, helping pull the injured to the hospital, or throwing Zulu bodies back over the wall. Seeing a group of dead enemies nearby, you decide the latter would be the best thing to help with.

You gaze at the stabbed and shot body of the nearest Zulu warrior; spear and shield still by his side, he had fought to the death, his face still taut and locked into an eternal gaze of anger and determination. They is certainly a force to be reckoned with. You hoist up the body in order to throw him back over the barricade, but as you do so, a small pouch falls from his waist.

Using quite a bit of muscle to chuck the bugger back over the wall, you take a knee to inspect the pouch. Inside is a large plant bulb. You consider that this may be some kind of medicine or used for a tribal reasons. Yet, it may also be poisonous, or have some other detrimental trait. You continue to look at the bizarre bulb in your hand. Will you:

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| Leave the bulb where you found it, and head to the North Wall? | Turn to 63 |
| Leave the bulb where you found it, and head to the North-West Wall? | Turn to 31 |
| Decide to take the risk, and consume the bulb? | Turn to 26 |

92

The long reptile slumps to the ground in a heap, but it managed to land a bite on your forearm. Unfortunately, the Black Mamba is one of the most feared and deadly snakes in Africa, and the bite of a Black Mamba is known by the Zulus as the "Kiss of Death" and for very good reason- bites often cause paralysis, and death within hours. It will take nerves of steel to survive this lethal encounter. Test your RESOLVE. If you are successful, Turn to **32**. If not, **17**.

93

Gazing out at the Oskarberg Hill from your narrow gap in the barricade wall, you try to assess where to best strike at the enemy. From your relatively safe vantage point, you see puffs of gunpowder emanating from a clump of bushes close to the wall. You figure this would be a good target, and set your rifle sights on this. Carefully resting your rifle, you ease your forehead on the smooth wood of the forward grip, and flex your trigger finger. Success depends on an accurate shot, which is reliant on how good your marksmanship is. You stare down the front site of the rifle and take aim. Test your SKILL. If successful Turn to **38**, if not, **46**.

94

Turning away from the Zulu chieftain and his prey, you charge back to the Drift. As you sprint away, you hear a piercing scream- turning around you see that the Zulu had finally found an opening in the soldiers feeble defence, and is starting the kill. The bloody spectacle of your defenceless comrades being slaughtered shakes you to the core, and a deep, disturbing pang of regret and hopelessness stabs into your mind worse than any Zulu spear. Lose 1 RESOLVE point. Turn to **30**.

95

Lightly tripping over the small fox terrier, you quickly regain your footing, and manage to keep all the little bottles upright in your arms. Dick seems to have barely noticed, and returns back to a large cow femur bone he had been gnawing on.

Gently placing the bottles on the table, Surgeon Jones finally looks up from his work.

"Thanks a lot old boy, would have hated to see any of those fall and break! Anyway I'm still rather busy now keeping check of supplies, so I would have to ask you to be a good chap and leave- but if Lieutenant Bromhead has no use for you, I'm sure the wounded might need a hand in the back".

Motioning behind him further back from the entrance to where you came in, you decide that this might be a good way to keep busy, and saying goodbye, head out of the makeshift operating room. You give Dick a short ruffle on his head, but he is far too occupied in chewing on his femur to notice.

As you start walking to the back of the hospital, you notice a little heaviness in your tunic pocket- reaching in, you tug out a small glass Bottle of Chloroform; you must have not noticed it when you were unloading the rest of the bottles. You think to head back and return it, but would hate to bother the busy man with such a trivial thing. You tuck it away safely and make a mental note to hand it back when you next run into him.

There are several rooms in the hospital, and you peek into one to see several British soldiers lined along in cots- this must be where the majority of the wounded soldiers are resting. You decide to see if you can be of any help. Turn to 7.

96

The gap toothed grin on the man's face grows ever larger with your response.

"Wonderful to 'ear you got a brain between those ears mate- now hand it over!"

You withdraw your bayonet from its scabbard and give it to the man. Eyeing up the metal spike up and down, he then searches his pockets, and produces a silver flask.

"There ya go mate- this will put sum 'air on that chest of yours!". Shoving the flask at you with a cackle, the strange fellow goes back to join his friends at the wooden table. You sniff the open flask, and sip the contents- you recoil in disgust at the taste, but it is actually a Flask of Whiskey- as well as making you completely inebriated, you can drink a full gulp at any time, and it will restore 1 point to your RESOLVE (The Flask can be used only twice before it is empty- it seems most of it was already drunk). It seems that not even good old common sense can overcome the power of a harsh, intoxicating beverage.

On the negative side, being without a bayonet means your melee fights will suffer accordingly (you will only inflict 1 point of damage instead of the usual 2 in Melee fights) and you will be alerted to this in the designated paragraphs. In addition, you will not be able to participate in any fun bayonet-related activities while your fellow soldiers do. Oh well, no use crying now.

Gazing over at the table as you leave, you see that the men are now engaged in a game of stabscotch, and moving the blade in and out between their fingers. Well, at least they are in the right place for when someone inevitably loses a digit.

As you make to leave the Hospital, you neatly tuck away the flask, and return outside. Turn to 14.

97

As the first shimmers of daylight begin to appear over the battlefield, the Zulus finally begin to show signs of retreat. Occasionally a group will rally itself, and what remains of the garrison readies quickly; for the most part, it is an unnecessary endeavor.

The first sunbeams of dawn continue to rise steadily over the Drift, a blood red colour, as if reflecting the bloodshed of the British soldiers spilled during the dark night. The hospital lies in burnt ruins, blackened and smoky- a destroyed relic among the mass of dead bodies and smashed barricades. Many British soldiers lie dead or wounded, and of all the survivors, everyone is exhausted beyond measure.

Many of your friends and comrades lay deceased or injured. Lieutenant Chard and Colour Sergeant Bourne are hanging on to their last shred of life, and Lieutenant Bromhead is not faring much better. You have won the Battle for Rorke's Drift, but the mood is dark and solemn; this is hardly an outcome

worth celebrating.

Perhaps in another life you will have a better experience.

98

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Colour Sergeant Bourne then comes up to you, and offers you a hearty slap on the back.

"Good job lad, you didn't half pull your weight. We'll make a soldier out of you yet!"

You smile back and thank him, but is more of a façade. Numerous bodies lie around the last bastion of defence and it is hard to believe you were fighting for your life mere hours ago. Things could have been much worse, but a nagging feeling continues to haunt you. Maybe if you had been a little faster, just slightly stronger, or just more courageous, a better outcome could have been achieved on the hot plains of Rorke's Drift.

You will be lauded as a hero back in Britain, but you will always remember Rorke's Drift as the battle where you wish you could have taken just that extra step, to have helped a little bit more, and achieved greatness.

99

As the first shimmers of daylight begin to appear over the battlefield, the Zulus finally begin to show signs of retreat. Occasionally a group will rally itself, but what remains of the garrison readies quickly; for the most part, it is an unnecessary endeavor.

The first sunbeams of dawn continue to rise steadily over the Drift, a blood red sun sluggishly rising above the horizon; but it is for the Zulus that the most bloodshed occurred. The hospital lies in burnt ruins, blackened and smoky- but still it stands, proud and triumphant in the midst of the dead Zulu warriors. For you and your fellow soldiers, only a paltry sum have been wounded or are casualties, although all are exhausted beyond measure.

You turn to see the soldier you saved from the Zulu chieftain. He kneels down, grimacing as he moves with his bandaged injury. Face grimy, tunic worn and frayed, he is dirty, disheveled and drained- but he is alive. He catches your eye, and offers a weak smile together with a limp wave, and you are overjoyed to see he has survived the battle.

The hospital patient you helped save is also among the survivors. Surgeon Reynolds continues to dart between him and others, aiding each man with his wounds. With proper treatment you are confident he will pull through-how could they not after surviving this Hell on Earth? You continue to gaze at the aftermath of the battle until a friendly hand falls on your shoulder.

"Well done old boy" Says Lieutenant Bromhead- he also a bedraggled version of his usual pristine self. You thank him in return, and then realize how you must look! Immediately you start to tuck in your uniform and pat the dust from your clothing. Bromhead looks at you with his deep blue eyes, and lets out a hearty laugh at this sight.

"No need for that Adams- you look like you've been to Hell and back, as I'm sure we all do".

He lets out another chuckle, and then stares back out on to the African plains and ravaged remnants of Rorke's Drift. Soon enough, you allow yourself to do the same. Turn to 100.

100

For your service and undaunting courage above and beyond the field of duty, you are awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest accolade obtainable in the British Army. Eleven total Victoria Crosses were awarded to the men who fought at Rorke's Drift on that fateful day, many of whom were your friends and commanding officers. The British public soon hears word of the astounding defeat at Isandlwana, but the brave stand of the 139 British soldiers at the Drift brings renewed faith and vigor for Her Majesty's soldiers. Some say the fanfare regarding Rorke's Drift was a mere distraction from the astounding loss at Isandlwana; but you will always know better. Even so as always, politics and public opinion even if positive, matters little to you. You have found yourself questioning the role you played in Zululand, but know that it was never about the War, but only about the warrior. You are simply proud to have done your duty as a British soldier.

One day, many years later, you are invited to Oxford University as a honorary speaker for the graduating class of that year. The day is warm, and the speech you give outside on the green open grounds of the University is fairly generic- you have done this many times since that hot day in Africa back in 1879, and it has become almost rote. Yet, as you finish, a student in the audience raises their hand.

"-and how does it feel to be a hero, Mr. Adams?"

You pause for a short time, slightly surprised at this unexpected question. Thinking to yourself, you reply,

"I think a hero is just a normal person doing abnormal things at certain times. It's just that I don't consider myself a hero, or anything like that; I just did what I was expected to do. I was a normal soldier, scared and afraid- but I put those emotions away, and concentrated on preserving my life, and the lives of those around me. People may call me courageous, and a hero, but those are just words. I was just someone who got the job done in a difficult time. I am proud I had the courage to pull through, and I am proud of the men I served with."

As you finish, silence emanates along the pleasant lawns of the University. Then, a slow clap begins. Within seconds it becomes a standing ovation. People continue to stand, to clap and cheer; but you barely recognize the sound. In the distance the sun hangs high, beaming down on you as it did on that same day. You remember the waves of relentless attackers, the fierce chief, the glazed eyes of the *Inyanga* and the frantic escape from the hospital. And you remember Lieutenant Bromhead's grimy face in the dawn, those piercing blue eyes, and of course that wide grin and hearty laugh.

Then, as the crowd continues to clap, you yourself start to smile, as you come to the realization that you too survived that day, on the hot plains of Africa, so many years ago.

Congratulations, You Have Won the Battle for Rorke's Drift!