

I was running a game a while back for a group of extremely experienced players. Grizzled veterans of the Edition Wars from waayyyy back, plus one precocious young man recently out of high school. He was not broadly experienced, but he had a natural talent for role-playing and a great imagination when it came to character creation. He could build a fully fleshed-out character around a single personality quirk, and could sell it like Donald Trump pushing his mother's good silverware.

This party is running through a classic AD&D campaign in which they invade the living quarters of three different groups of giants who are working together in an uncharacteristically organized manner. However, having successfully disposed of the Hill Giant Chief, they had gathered a rather substantial pile of weapons, armor, gemstones, jewels, and pelts, as well as a good number of scrolls and other magical items. Before heading out to the frozen tundra to confront the Frost Giant Jarl, they decided that they need to obtain a Bag of Holding to keep from having to leave any future loot behind. So they take a side trip to find a place to procure one.

After a relatively uneventful jaunt through the woods they come to a large village. Once they have made the obligatory stop at the local tavern and obtained shelter for themselves and their mounts, they down the local Burgermeister. He advises them that there is an evil villain down the road a ways who has been causing trouble and that if they can address this matter the town would gladly chip in to get them the item they need. Because they, like most adventurers, were cheap and don't want to buy

this relatively common magic item, they agreed to risk their lives.

The Evil Villain turns out to be a powerful Illusionist. Most people consider this a contradiction in terms, but this guy gave them plenty of challenge. Through the use of his illusionist capabilities, he was able to recruit several assistants to keep his Keep. The outside was guarded by an Ent. There was a nice maze, complete with Minotaur that they had to traverse. The maze was an illusion. The Minotaur was not. There were a few other denizens with mind-controlling capabilities, so eventually they caught on to the theme and deduced with whom they were dealing.

Eventually they arrive at the climactic confrontation. He turns party members against each other. He summons powerful beasts seemingly out of thin air. He turns the ground beneath them to mud and hardens it again. Once they have freed themselves, he plunges the area into darkness. The party is utterly blind and surrounded by the sounds of growling and shuffling of many nasty things. The veterans quietly feel their way to the walls and take up a defensive stance in the corners while they devise a plan. The young fellow has a more proactive approach.

He isn't a thief or rogue, but he wants to be stealthy, so he sheds his armor and his gear so that he will make as little noise as possible. He wants to make sure he is using some form of magical weapon, but because of earlier mishaps he doesn't have any that he is proficient with, but he does happen to be carrying a quiver of magic arrows in the party gear. So he takes one in each hand. He wants to minimize his chance of stumbling on

something, so he is crawling on his belly. And when the lights come back on, that is how the party finds him; half naked, crawling on his belly, poking the air in front of him with an arrow in each hand. They never let him live that moment down.

The illusionist would have gotten away, hiding in an invisible space after casting a rope trick spell, but he saw the whole thing and gave away his hiding place with his uncontrolled fits of laughter.