The Monsterous Civilizations OF Delos



Stk # 82-012

ISBN 0-949918-49-8

ORAGON TREE PRESS



Che Monsterous Civilizations of Delos

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First Edition - December 1986 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 ISBN 0-949918-49-8 Stk # 82-012

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Intoxication and Its Insidious, Orbitating Offerts

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Excerpted from Against The Deamon Rum by the Upton Temperance Society

"Away, away with rum, by gum . . ." the Song of the Temperance Union

A great deal has been written on the strange and various alcoholic beverages which can be found in various worlds and, given such variety and ready availability, most player-characters tend to consume such beverages . . . and, more often than not, do so in quite excessive quantities.

Little consideration, however, has been paid to the effects of such regular and immoderate consumption but, before we offer provisions for judging such circumstances, we must also take into consideration racial variations as well as the fact that an experienced drinker can, often, function with greater facility than those unaccustomed to such beverages (usually by spacing their drinks and using certain prophylactic measures to limit the absorption of alcohol). Therefore, the following "adjustments" should be applied as appropriate (and subject to DMO for circumstances and other variables).

> Rocial Adjustments For Interication Effects (add to character's body weight for judging intoxication)

			Experie	nce Level			
	1st-4th	5th-8th	0th-12th	13th-18th	19th-25th	261h-50th	50th+
Dwarves	+50	+150	+150	+200	+250	+260	+300
Elves	-50	0	+50	+50	+75	+100	+125
Clasts	-600	-400	-300	-200	-100	0	+100
Bobbits	+25	+75	+75	+75	+100	+100	+100
HERRAR	0	+50	+60	+100	+150	+150	+200
Kobolda	-60	-50	-25	-25	-25	0	+25
0gra	+100	+150	+200	+260	+300	+350	+400
Ores	+100	+100	+150	+150	+150	+150	+160
Wampyr	-100	-75	-50	-60	-25	0	+50

For calmed race (such as half-human/half-elf) individuals, average the adjustments for pure racial effects. As noted, Dwarves, Ogres and Orcs (and, to a lesser degree, Hobbits) have inherent abilities to withstand greater quantities of alcohol than Humans or Elves while some races — such as Giants, Kobolds and Wampyr — are "cheap drumhs". Other races, such as the Kizinti, are effectively immune to alcohol and an excess acts like poison but they do not become "intoxicated" (for Kizinti, 'catnip', however, does have information officers) and still others such as Pixies and the Fairie-folk are very susceptable to intoxication but do not suffer ill effects from over indulgence (but do become quite "prankish" when drinking).

A "drink" is defined as one ounce (shot glass) of 100 proof or better distilled liquor, one mut of beer or one glass (four ounces) of wine. In some cultures, however, such as an Ogre barroom, the standard measures served might be equal to two to eight standard

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drinks and the Game Master should keep such considerations in mind ..., as well as the effects of any special "flavorings" or other active adulterants.

The figures and effects noted below are essentially the same as noted for any mundane human of equivalent body weight (and reasonable health and nourishment). In the case of poor nutrition (not having eaten recently), ill health or other indulgences and/or debilities, the effects will be correspondingly more pronounced.

Adventurers Us Alcohol

							D	H	ł	С	1	11		a (W	ith	in	T	00	H	781	F	en	00)		
											1	1	1	1	1	2	2	3	3	4	4	б	6	7	8	9	9
Body \	Weight	1	1	2	3	4	6	6	7	8	0	2	4	6	8	0	6	0	б	•	б	۲	U	0	0	0	9+
- L i 1	-	1 H		-		_			_																		-
- ada	r 50	1	Μ	I	S	Е	D	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:
51-	100	1	Μ	I	S	S	E	Ε	D	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	æ	:	\$	1	:	:	:	:
101-	150	1	Μ	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	1	1	:	:	:	:
151-	200	1	-	Μ	I	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	E	D	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:
201-	250	1	-	-	Μ	I	I	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	E	D	:	:	:	:	:	:	:		:	:	2	:
251-	300	i	\overline{a}	-	-	Μ	1	1	I	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	Е	D	:	:	:	:	:	-	:	:	:	:
301-	400	1	-	-	-	-	Μ	Ι	I	I	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	:	¢	:	:	12	2	4	:	
401-	500	Ť.	-	-	-	-	Μ	Μ	I	I	Ι	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	:	1	:	3	:	:	:	:
501-	600	1	-	-	-	-	-	Μ	Μ	1	I	I	I	I	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	5	:	:	:	:	:	:
601-	700	i	2	-	23	-	-	Μ	Μ	Μ	I	I	I	I	Ι	S	S	S	Ε	E	D	:	1	:	;	1	:
701-	800	i	-	-	-	•	•	-	Μ	Μ	Μ	I	I	Ι	Ι	I	S	S	S	Ε	E	D	:	:	:	:	:
801-	000	i	-	-	-	-	-	-	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	Ι	I	I	I	I	S	S	S	E	Ε	D	;	2	24	
901-	1000	i	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	I	1	I	I	ſ	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	:		:
1001-	1200	i	-	-	-	-		-	-	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	Ι	I	I	1	I	S	S	S	Ε	Ε	D	4	1
1201-	1400	i	\mathbb{Z}	-	22	2	-		1	2	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	Μ	I	I	I	I	ſ	S	S	s	E	E	D	:
1401-	1600	i			-	•	•		-	-	M	M	Μ	M	M	M	I	i	ſ	I	ſ	S	S	S	E	E	D

Effects and Stat Adjustments

- M Mild intexication, -1 to coordination, no other notable effects.
- I --- Intoximated, loss of coordination (-2 all stats), may be happy, and, beligerant or sleepy, voice slurred, -1 on all saves. Save VS Poison at -2 for hangover (-1 all stats for 12 hours after 6+166 hours sleep).
- S Severely intoxicated, extreme loss of coordination (-5 coordination, -3 all other state), speech badly slurred, tend to be sizepy, -2 on all saves. Save VS Poisson at -4 for hangover (-2 all state for 18 hours after 6+148 hours steep).
- E- Extreme intexication, total loss of coordination (-8 coordination, -5 all other stats), incapable of coherent speech or activity of any kind, -4 on all saves. Save VS Poison at -6 for hanguyer (-3 all state for 24 hours after 6+1d10 hours sleep).
- D Dead Drunk! 30% base chase + 7% per column beyond this point for fatal alcohol misming (no sove) else elses for 18 hours, extreme hangover for 48 hours following (-5 all state first 24 hours, -3 second 24 hours).

Preventions, Eures and Other Notions The best cure for dipsomania is religiomania . . . — Wm James

Naturally, given general excessive intoxication and the debilitating effects resulting from this, opportunistic (and some sympathetic) alchemists and churigions have developed a variety of "cures" and prophylactic preventives. Widely available from alchemist's shops (and some better taverns), some of the most popular of these are:

Garter's Little Livelier Pills

Domage: One-three pills per 200 lbs body weight — sold individually or by packages of 12. Cost: 2 CP/each or 2 SP/dozen. **Daration**: 20+1d10 minutes. **Special Notes**: Effervescent in presence of alcohol (*may cause hiccups* — 5% chance) resulting in burps or belches of highly alcoholic breath. Side effect are a mild to strong fishy odor. Commonly found in cheaper establishments.

Ivarian's Anti-Alk

Dowage: pale green tablets. **Cost:** 5 SP/ea. **Duration:** each tablet counteracts 4+1d4 standard drinks, lasting 2-3 hours. **Special Notes:** neutralizes alcohol by producing simple sugars in the stomach, mild mint flavor/scent, no known side-effects but must be ingested <u>prior</u> to consumption of alcoholic beverages. Available in most better establishments, popular.

Norala's Crinis de Canis

Domage: Dark brown liquid sold in 4 oz bottles, one bottle per 200 lbe body weight (without adjustments). Cart: 3-6 SP/bottle. Duration: 2+1d4 hours. Special Notes: Bitter flavor, does not actually counteract alcoholic consumption but does prevent drowsiness, lessens hangover effect. Excessive use produces 'a wide-awake drunk', popular as 'hangover cure' but only marginally effective. Widely available.

Olive's Oil

Dosage: One-five capsules per 200 lbe body weight — sold in packages of ten only. **Cost:** 5 SP/package. **Duration:** 4+1d4 hours. **Special Notes:** Oily texture, costs stomach to slow absorption, may cause mild nausea (10%). General effects reduce absorption of alcohol by 50%.

Pantole

Docage: One capsule per 200 lbs body weight (*no adjustments*). Cost: 15-25 SP/capsule. Duration: 6+1d6 hours. Special Notes: Reduces absorption of alcohol by 50-75%. Available at most expensive taverns, better alchemists. Caution: may cause excessive hangover effects.

Rovarian's Emetic

Dosage: One ounce. **Cont**: 10-15 SP/dose. **Duration**: Immediate! **Special Notes**: Rovarian's Emetic produces immediate regurgitation and voiding the stomach of all alcoholic (and all other) contents. This does not counteract absorbed alcohol but does lessen subsequent effects and reduce hangovers in extreme cases. Available from better alchemists. The taste will not be described here.

Smoothest's Syrup

Doage: One ounce/200 lbs body weight — sold in 6 ounce bottles. Cost: 2 GP/bottle. **Duration:** 3+1d6 hours. Special Notes: Prevents absorption of alcohol (75% effective) by 'coating' the stomach and intestines. Strong, lingering taste of violets and honey, distinctive odor on breath. Available in most 'fancy' houses and better taveras, popular with the ladies.

Hangever Eures

Arcia's Palative

Dasage: One. Appearance: A small scroll inscribed "Use With Caution" (universally applicable). Cont: 10 GP/scroll. Effects: Instantly and completely cures all ill effects of over- indulgence. Special Notes: Use With Caution — each use has 10% chance of addiction requiring daily and continuing use (cure requires "Remove Curse" or "Cure Insanity").

Dromor's Specific

Doange: One ounce / 100 lbs body weight. **Cost:** 5 SP/ounce. Appearance: Deep sed liquid with 'hot' taste. **Effects:** Produces deep sleep for 2+1d6 hours. Special Notes: On awakening, the user is revived and vigorous but <u>very</u> hungry. Must eat immediately and heavily or suffer full hangover effects within one hour. Popular, widely available.

Framu's Accellerator

Doange: One only! Appearance: Small, red tablet. Cost: 10 SP/each. Effects: Doubles effects of hangover, thus lessening duration. Special Notes: Overdosage can be critical!!!

The Leminn Potion

Doags: Three ounces per 200 lbs body weight. Appearance: Green liquid with gold overtones, no discervable flavor. **Cost**: 5 SP/ounce. **Effects**: Invigorating, all hangover effects cured within 1d10 minutes. **Special Notes**: For 20+1d20 hours after use, the taste or smell of alcohol (any kind) is totally and completely abhorrent (available through most Temperance Societies).

Mogro's Diner

Datage: One ounce per individual. Appearance: Silvery/grey liquid, harsh taste. **Cost:** 1 GP/ounce. Effects: Initially feels like the top of one's head is coming off, spurts of steam appear from ears, nose and mouth, eyes turn red and blink. Lasts 1d3 minutes, then ceases, leaving the user feeling fine. Special Notes: Difficult to find but very effective.

Borgan's Restorative Donage: One ounce per 200 lbs body weight. Appearance: Clear liquid, bitter taste. ast: 10 SP/ounce. Diffects: Reduces effects of hangover by one stage (*i.e. from*

Coart: 10 SP/ounce. Diffects: Reduces effects of hangover by one stage (i.e. from Extreme to Severe — see effects charts preceeding). Special Notes: Excessive dosage increases hangover effects by one stage — can be fatal!

Zarat's Special

Doarge: One capsule per 10+1d10 hours. Appearance: Small grey capsule. Cart: 5 SP/capsule. Effects: Delays all hangover effects for effective period. Special Notes: Drinking during delay period adds to final effects.

Failing resort to one of these preparation, a Clerical "Blessing" will mitigate the effects of a hangover by one stage of severity as will a cure or healing for a minimum of six points.

And, last but not least . . .

Amalet of Displaced Misfortane

This amulet has one very useful property — if the Wearer gets drunk, someone else gets the hangover!

It has to be used properly, however. To do this, white you are drunk, you "choose your victim". You buy them a drink, dip the amulet into it and put your arm around them and, all the time, they're drinking it, you say things like "Ol' buddy, I like you so much, I just really wanna give you something, right from my own heart ... etc. etc.

If you can keep that up till the drink is finished — the whole drink — then, next morning, you feel great and they have the hangover!

We would caution you, however: do not — ever — try this on anyone who is accompanied by a large white rabbit . . .



Cherarter Eastory

The following tables have been extracted from actuarial records maintained by Amazon Mutual Life Assurance to whom we offer our thanks for their cooperation and assistance.

	Character's Family							
Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Hobbit	Human	Ogre 00	Orc	Siblings noble born ¹	
00	00	n/a	n/a	00		n/a		
01-03	01-02	00-04	00-02	01-03	01-02	00-05	orphan ²	
04-09	03.15	05-20	03-09	04-10	03-04	06-10	0	
10-14	16-30	21-33	1-17	11-25	05-07	11-20	I	
15-28	31-45	34-50	18-27	28-45	08-12	21-30	2	
29.39	46-60	51-65	28-39	46-59	13-20	31-40	3	
40.59	61-75	66-75	40.59	60-79	21-29	41-50	4	
60-79	76-90	78-85	60-72	80.89	30-39	51-65	5	
80-92	91-96	86-94	73-84	90-94	40.59	66-80	6	
93-97	97-98	95-98	85-95	95-98	60.90	81-95	7	
1d6	1d3	143	1d8	143	1d12	1d8	plus 7	
	¹ roll agai	n for siblin	rea	2 see Orp	han Adop	tion Tabl	e	

Birth of Noble Parentage

Throughout the Delian Commonwealth and most other regions, the title is inherited by the oldest son or daughter on the death of the titled parent, younger siblings receiving the title Esquire or Lady (the equivalent of "Wellborn" or "Gentleborn") but all offspring of a Lady or Esquire acquire the same title. If there are no surviving offspring, the title dies until revived by the King by appointment for bravery or services to the Crown. For exceptions, see Background on the Crown Princes of Bohemia (in a forthcoming volume). Knighthood may be earned for services to the Crown or Commonwealth (i.e. bestowed for bravery in balle, etc) while the title of Knight Baronet is earned (or purchased) by subsequent services. For reasons which should be obvious, the various Royal Families are not included here.

Dwarf	EH	Human	Ogre 1	Tille of Parent(s)
00-40	00-35	00.45	00-43 Eequ	ire or Lady (minor nobility) ²
41-64	36-66	46-65		ht (either sex) ²
65-81	67-84	66-82	70-86 Knig	ht Baronet or Knight Baroness ²
82-91	85-92	83-90		n or Baroness
92-93	93.94	91-92	94-95 Duk	e or Duchess
94-99	95.99	93-99	96-99 Impo	overished, acquires title but no wealth nor
			land	s, roll again for rank.

1 subject to survival of the Wild Time - see Ogre Cultures.

² does not necessarily include lands, holdings nor general wealth

For all "noble born", roli on <u>General Enviromental Table</u> and on <u>Educational</u> <u>Background Table</u> but not on <u>Enviromental Influence Tables</u> unless "impoverished" Nobility.

				,			
Dwarf	EH	Halfing	Hobbit	Human	Ogre	Ore	Adoption by
00-06	00-09	00-05	00.04	00-10	00.07	00-12	·DODe1-
07-78	10.11	06-12	06-20	11-14	08	13	Dwarf
79	12-75	13-20	21-22	15-25	09-11	14-15	Elf
80-83	76-84	21-86	23-26	26-30	12-14	16-17	Halfling
84-85	85	86	27-88	31-33	15	18	Hobbit
86-97	86.96	87-96	89-96	34-93	16-23	19.23	Human
98	96-98	97-98	97-98	94.97	30-95	24-30	Ogre
99	99	99	99	98-99	96-99	31-99	Orc
		1 866	Orphans	Not Adopt	ed table		

Onphan Adoption Jable

Orphans Not Adopted

Dwarf or	Elf or		,		,
Hobbit	Halffing	Human	Ogre	Orc	Childhood
00-15	00.25	00-35	00-10	00.07	City kid's gang
15-40	26-45	36-53	11-25	08-20	Forest/hunter gang
41-75	46-70	64-76	26.60	21-30	Urban apprenticeship
76·97	71-95	76.90	61-88	31-68	Rural apprenticeship
98-99	96-99	91-99	89-99	69.99	- other -
	roll als	o on Envir	omental In	fluence t	ables as appropriate
	or roll t	o determine	e General	Envirome	ent on following table

General Environment

Dwarf	DH	Halfling	Hobbit	Human	Ogre	Ore	Cevinencot
00-03	00-09	00-08	00-02	00-14	00-06	00	City (Inland)
04-09	10-17	09-18	03-04	15-29	07-13	01-02	City (Port)
10-23	18-23	19-24	05-11	30-45	14-27	03-12	Town (Inland)
24-30	24-27	26-30	12-18	46-58	28-41	13-24	Town (Port)
31-48	28-36	31-42	19-35	59-67	42-50	25-43	Village (Inland)
49-54	36-39	43.52	38.44	68-73	61-59	44-52	Village (Coastal)
55-85	40-87	53-83	45-81	74-86	60-79	53-80	Rural (Inland)
86.99	88-99	84.99	82-99	87-99	80-99	81-99	Rural (Coastal)

Depending on your general enviroment, one or more of the following Enviromental Influence tables will be applicable - roll on each table which applies to your background.

Enciromental Influences - All Urban Areas

00-03 Joined large street gang - elgible for entry in Thieves Guild 04-65 Roll once on Urban Apprenticeship Table 65-70 Schooled - go to Educational Background Table (Orcs excluded) 80-84 Roll twice on Urban Apprenticeship Table 85-89 No applicable influences on this table 90-99 Roll twice on this table - if 80 or higher, refoll

Quar 10

Environmental Influences - All Ports

00-65 No maritime experience

- 66-72 Apprenticeship as Ship Builder, +1 Strength, general knowledge of ships
- 73-78 Apprenticeship as Ship's Chandler, general knowledge of sea
- 78-84 Apprenticeship as Merchant/Trader, general knowledge of trade routes plus two foreign languages
- 85-09 Apprenticeship as Merchant Seaman, 1d3 voyages, all preceeding knowledge plus weather-sense (30% — coastal/maritime only)
- 94-99 Apprenticeship as Merchant Seaman, 3+1d6 voyages, all preceeding knowledge plus weather-sense (70% — coastal/maritime only) plus one foreign language

- 00-35 Farmer -+ 1 Constitution, no special skills
- 86-55 Herdsman +2 with projectile weapons (sling or bow)
- 56.64 Forester identify all common and (30%) uncommon animals/tracks/spoor
- 65-74 Schooled Go to Educational Background Table
- 75-03 Roll once on Rural Apprenticeship Table
- 94-99 Roll twice on Rural Apprenticeship Table

- 00-48 No special influences/background
- 40-80 Fisherman +1 Constitution, handle all small craft
- 81-99 Sailor/Smuggler contacts with Thieves Guild, handle all small craft

Educational Background Jable

- 00-50 Elementary only able to read common tongue, simple math
- 51-75 Moderate scholar read/speak two languages, good at math, +1 Intelligence
- 76-88 Good scholar add two more languages, astrology, +1 Intelligence
- 80-06 Advanced scholar basic alchemy (25% identify common potions, etc), one ancient or rare tongue (read 30%), history (know 75%)
- 97-99 Scholastic add two ancient or rare languages (read 40%), identify rare or mythological beasts, know folk-lore or legends (60%)

Runal Apprenticeship Jable

- 00-05 Hedgewitch +2 all Saves vs Spell, +1 all Saves vs Illusion
- 06-13 Herbalist identify natural poisons (45%), find herbs and prepare potions/poisons (80%)
- 14-54 Hosler -- fine horseman, +3 with all riding beasts
- 55-75 Lumberjack 75% tracking skills, 60% identify common animals
- 76.99 Riverman excellent swimmer, +1 to Strength, +1 to Constitution

Urban Apprenticeship Jeble

- 00-04 Actor able to disguise self (80%), +1 to Charisma
- 05-09 Alchemist able to identify (not create) alchemical preparations (35%)
- 10-14 Apothecary able to identify drugs/poisons (70%)
- 15-19 Artificer 25% pick locks, 40% repair damaged mechanisms (non-techno)
- 20-24 Blacksmith +1 to Strength, repair weapons and armour (25%)
- 25-29 Cabinetmaker +1 to Strength, find secret panels (30%)
- 30-34 Cobbler no special skills
- 35-39 Cook able to prepare foods, identify most common edible plants (80%)
- 40-44 Gladiator +1 with one weapon (choice), elgible to join Guild (see <u>Dark Dreams</u>, <u>Arduin Grimoire V</u>).
- 45.49 Jeweler able to evaluate stones (85%) (non-magickal only)
- 50-54 Jurist legal backgound, +15% to win arguements
- 55-59 Locksmith 75% chance to pick locks
- 60.64 Mage +1 to Wisdom, roll equivalent on Educational Background
- 65-69 Merchant/Trader add two additional languages, +15% to haggle
- 70.74 Musician +1 to Charisma, play four musical instruments
- 75-79 Physician/Healer able to bind wounds for doubled healing effects
- 84-84 Potter no special skills
- 85-89 Tailor able to disguise self or others (45%) or pass as Noble (90%)
- 90-94 Tanner +2 all Saves vs Poison, +1 to Constitution
- 95-99 Weapons Master +1 with any three weapons (choice), repair/restore weapons (25%)



Qage 11

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Che Open Dorket

The Open Market(s) is a uniquely Delian concept though, of late, similar markets have been established in other worlds as well. Simple in principle, an Open Market is — like a Free Port — a place where <u>anyone</u> may offer for sale or trade <u>anything</u> from <u>anywhere</u> ... and do so without let or hinderance by local or regional law or custom.

Thus, in all major cities in Delos (and most smaller cities and larger towns), the Open Market is a general meeting place, "hiring hall" for mercenaries and adventurers, a mecca for bargais hunters and peddlers alike and the central focus for all manner of casual commerce.

The Open Markets, however, are not restricted to merchandise. All manner of services and special arrangements may also be purchased within the confines of the Open Market.

Within each Market, one will find posters advertising gods, goods and services; rewards for run-away apprentices, various miscreants or stolen goods; opportunities for out-of-work adventurers; posted injunctions to repent oneself of various sins (and. occasionally, sins which one did not know existed) and all the admonitions, offerings and overtures of civilized society and commerce.

Here one might hire mercenary soldiers, seek out a "rogue" assassin, sell one's mother-in-law (or wife or husband, etc), visit a "temple" to a god or religion forbidden elsewbere, purchase a slave or conduct any type of business which, outside the Open Market, would result in legal or other repercussions. (Of course, simply "purchasing" a slave within the Open Market does not mean that, after leaving the market, the slave will remain your "property".)

In general, however, most "services" offered within Open Markets are not actually illegal outside. Some may prefer to do business here because their activities are not subject to the same restrictions as elsewhere, because business is less expensive here, because of freedom from taxes or revenue restrictions... or simply because the customers are here. Thus the Open Markets are equally popular both with weapons mongers and artificers as well as alchemists, dressmakers, hedge witches, jewelers, tailors, vintners and a hundred other occupations.

At the heart of the Open Market, however, are dozens (or, in larger cites, hundreds) of travelling merchants, peddlers, sutlers and jobbers who follow circuitous routes from city to city (and nation to nation) buying (but olways "at rainous expense") and selling ("for a mere pittance, of course") all manner of wares and cargo for the ("discerning and knowledgable") patrons of the unparalleled ("exempliary and nonpriet") Open Markets of the Commonwealth. Such merchants range from peddlers hawking two-pence ent-whistles and children's toys to vintners offering rare beverages from other lands to hucksters with strange magical artifices to caravan owners trading only in wholesale goods.

In addition to merchants of all types, a wide varity of services can be obtained in the Open Market, these ranging from small food and beverage stands to elaborate (and costly) dining establishments whose savory odours mix with democratic indifference to their surroundings. In similar fashion, all types of sporting establishments (ranging from "dice and fate" to the very "intimale") may be found as will religious (and political) zealots, wandering entertainers, jongulars, bards, performers and storytellers.

In like fashion, beggars, panhandlers and mendicants of all kinds mingle with both peddler's wagon and merchant's tent. (Thus a dealer in fine gems may find that charity demands offering a generous contribution to an impoverished beggars together with a well worded suggestion that another location -- possibily a competitor's - might prove more profitable.)

. . . And, of course, the Open Markets are also well attended by cut-purses, scam-players, thimble-riggers and various other light-fingered or smooth-talking entrepeneurs . . . These latter individuals of course, if allowed free rein, would seriously deplete profits for the more honest merchants . . .

Whether in Orus (South Orcian); Upton (on the Watling River) or Karrome (along the Smyrian Gulf), all local law and authority stop once one enters the Open Market. Here Orcian Constables, Armsmen of the Commonwealth and Karromian Gendarmes may enter but, once within, have no more rights or priviledges than any other citizen.

In most areas, the Open Markets are patrolled by Guardsmen hired by the local Merchants' Guild but their authority is limited to the Market itself and their concern is only with offenses against merchants and, of course, patrons visiting the Market. For this reason, a variety of countermeasures are used: free-lance soldiers are often hired by the Merchants' Guild, various market gangs (mostly juveniles) act as unofficial Armsmen and, in extreme cases, the local Thieves Guild (who are usually kept on retainer) may called on to "exercise" a steadying influence.

The results are, within the "laissez faire" attitudes of the Market, that these are often the antest places in many cities.

Even within relatively "repressive" regions, the Open Markets are too well established and too important for interference by local or regional authorities. Thus, traders and merchants, on entering areas plagued by custom and import restrictions, may be required to have their merchandise "sealed and bonded" and warned of conditions imposed on such asks but, once within the Open Market, the only limitation is a simple "caveat emptor".

¹ caveat emptor — let the buyer beware

The Open Markels of the Emmonusally

By custom and established usage, permanent structures are forbidden in most Open Markets and all merchants or tradesmen conduct business from open stalls, wagons, peddler's vans and tents of all sizes, thus all attending, rich merchant or poor peddler, are brought to a common level... in theory, if not in fact.

In actual practice, in the larger Open Markets, the wealthy merchants tend to congregate, their silk tents sprouting like a bed of bright flowers while lesser merchants establish themselves in rings or clumps around the wealthier center and, in similar fashion, the travelling peddlers, usually travelling in caravans of drop-sided wagons, form a third ring. Scattered amongst these, without regard to rank or status, will be the food sellers and wine merchants (though the prices for food and beverage — and the quality offered — often increase towards market's central regions).

In smaller centers, the Open Market may be no more than an open field or wooded commons, deserted much of the time and only occasionally active during festivals with entertainers appearing in droves, travelling peddlers setting up wagons and local farmers atriving with produce and livestock. Between times, the field or commons will be largely deserted except for casual passers and, on warm evenings, picnickers and courting couples.

In the larger towns and cities, however, the Open Market is active year round and all hours... and, in some cases, may feature some permanent buildings or other structures as shelters in case of inclement weather. Universal castom, however, dictates that these be used only when necessary and that space be allocated on a first-come basis (a limitation applying as well to temples and other "non-commercial" organizations).

However, the Open Markets in various cities differ as greatly as do the local climates

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and cities themselves.

For example, in Upton, the Open Market is a region along the shores of Lake Amberin on the Watling River and many merchants moor barges or smaller boats along a net work of floating dockways while a few prestigious resturants are semi-permanently established on "flower boats" moored in deeper waters.

In Holly Oak, the Open Market is located in the Grove of Ages, among the oaks for which the region is named. Here the central grove is dedicated as a druidic temple and a "tithe" is levied for the upkeep and preservation of the region.

Moving south to Tremonde (or north to Usher), where heavy rains would otherwise interfere much of the year, the Open Market alternates cobble-paved plazas with wide grassy expanses and scattered, broad-roofed shelters for the too-frequent rainy days.

Still further south, along the Smyrian Gulf at Karrome, the Open Market surrounds a deep-water harbour and is conducted both on land and in and <u>under</u> the waters.

And, further west, in the wooded regions of the Ogre Nations, the Open Markets are scattered, constantly-shifting assemblages established in grassy, sunlit glens in good weather and sheltered forrest regions in bad.

Popular Diversions and Unusual Services

In addition to merchants and trademen, a wide variety of diversions and services are available at the larger Open Markets. These can be as variable as the weather and range from the commonplace to the extremely outre'.

In the latter catagory, if desired, one might visit the Open Market in search of the professional syncophants (toadies or fauming underlings) so desirable to enhance one's status in the rigorously formal social intercourses of Tremonde.

In similar fashion, were one tiring of one's present incarnation, both the Y'Mali D'Naor and the Solipsism of the Hive-Mother maintain "recruiting" stations at many Open Markets. In lessor extremity, the Cenobites of Solitude maintain information and enlistment facilities (manned by simulacra, of course).

Less exotic services, ranging from auguries by oracles, hedge-witches and a variety of divinators and astrologers to custom alchemical concoctions and other arcane specialties, are also available as are representative of most prominent local religions and guilds but one of the most popular diversions, in all Open Markets, are the myriads of travelling jongulers and storytellers. These wandering newsmongers circulate from city to town to hamlet supplying gossip, rumors, news and all variety of entertainment...

More important, these travelling "journalists" also serve as encyclopedic sources of lore, legend and history (see also <u>The Amanuenses of Clio</u>). In this latter aspect, the storymongers are especially popular with adventurers seeking background information, historical references and other leads to events, places and persons.

Unfortunately, however, the information available from such sources is not always totally reliable. We might cite as example the case of a paladin who, being too cagey (and too penjurous) to purchase his information directly, extracted a long and complex account of the Battle of Dranger's Crossing by plying his informant with copious quantities of Dragon's Breath.

While the resulting account was colorful . . . and fascinating . . . and beautifully and theatricly declaimed . . . it was also . . . quite totally . . . and fatally . . . incorrect!

Which simply upholds the truth of the age-old adage which maintains you get what you pay for . . . if you're careful . . .

On the other hand, you can also pay for some things which are very intangible . . . and still get what you've paid for. At the Open Market in Karrome, you will find:

Eulpepper's Onnerry of Astrological Vooloo

Created by joint efforts of the Arch-Mage Culpepper¹ and Tonio the Techno², this large orrery³ is magically powered to "follow the true path of the heavens" — usually! In this case, however, the various planets and orbs are hollowed chambers . . . and are used for a very special purpose.

For a fee (negociable but <u>not</u> unreasonable), the Orrery provides astrological forecasts of the success or failure of various endeavors. For example: prior to a dangerous undertaking, a group of adventurers visit the Orrery and supply Culpepper with tokens (bits of hair, fingernail clippings, etc) representing the participants which are placed within the appropriate segments of the Orrery.

When these "influences" are added, the resulting motions depart from "the true path" to indicate patterns of success and danger . . .

In a similar fashion, other tokens used to "adjust" these motions might indicate greater success if the party included a Druid (the "weight" suggesting a 4th level or greater).

¹ Arch-Mage Culpepper is, of course, guite mad — see note 2

² see Mad Minor Craftsmen of Delos

⁸ a mechanical device imitating of the movements of the stars and planets

see also Objects of Uncertain Values





Cer Objects of Concertain Values

The following are examples of a variety of unusual wares which might be found at the Open Markete. No prices have been given — such are entirely open to barter and a shrewd purchaser might profit greatly . . . but, keep well in mind, the sellers are honed and whetted traders, sharpened by years of commerce in the ultimate arenas: the Open Markets of Delos.

High Slygian Censor

A popular item on most trade circuits, these Censors can bequently be rebought and resold. In use, however, the owner must write down their wish, place it in the censer and barn it. (The player must, in fact, give the written wish to the DM who keeps it on the to tater prove to the -- usually outraged -- player that "Yes, you did wish for just that, here it is!")

This is like a limited wish spell except results are not immediate but are delayed by two factors:

The first delay factor is that the result of the "wish" can't "just simply appear". It has to be brought about by some semblence of "natural coincidence". For instance, if the User wishes for "1000 GP", the gold will not just "appear". Rather, some situation will arise — such as winning a lottery or being given a very easy, well-paying job — which results in "soon having 1,000 GP" . . . but without "blatantly outraging the natural order".

The other delay factor is "karmic poetic justice". The User will always get the "letter" of his wish -- the exactly-worded fact but, whether the result will in fact be good or bad for him — depends on his own alignment. For example, an Evil thief — having stolen a High Stygian Censor — once wished for "an easy 1,000 GP". Three days later, he "found" his desired money (while "visiting" a mansion in the city) . . . but also overstepped the bounds of greed (taking several other items as well) . . . and became the object of an intensive manhunt with a posted reward of 10,000 GP for his body.

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: A wise trader will confine himself to profit from selling High Stygian Censors . . . and buying them back again at the appropriate time and price. A ver' popular item most anywhere.

Uncer's Gemstones

These gems are usually set in rings or, sometimes, in earrings or tuskrings and are sold as "auguries of warning" — usually for whatever the traffic will bear --- sometimes high, sometimes low. The gems produce (at random times and circumstances) true augaries/pieces of information.

Unfortunately, these warning appear, even to the weaver, to be suspect because they are "wrapped in such neurotic emotions".

A true premonition of some trap or ambush — becomes a "paranoid fit" that "there's a trap on that door, right there (correct), Moriarity designed it, he's put out a contract on me, every monster in this dungson is looking for me, he's brided the rest of my Party too, omygod shall I tell them or let them set off the trap, serves them right"

A true intuition or judgment of hazard likewise becomes: "That bridge is too weak, we'd better take the long way around (correct) . . . Oh, why should/did I say that, the

bridge is probably okay, I'm just trying to get attention and make everybody suffer"

Once the Wearer catches on that real intuitions are happening and tries to use them deliberately (ie by asking the DM "Do I get any intuition about this?") it will always "read out" as "great anxiety, fear, bad luck will come from (whatever it is)".

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: The auguries are valid enough. If the wearer is upeet by the excessive emotional content — well, the world is full of those whose hearts rule their minds . . . in a fashion. Still, these do well to help create a nice secondary market for armour, weaponry and other stock in trade. Good business to let them go not too dearly.

Inosis Earring

This earring has the unique property of warning the wearer when <u>anyone</u> within range (1d10 miles) is talking about them. This can be a reference by name; by specific description ("That guy with the one funny earring . . ."); as part of a group ("When those five elves get here, then we'll . . .") or even, in some worlds, more generally still ("The next damned asinine interfering Paladin who clanks by here . . .").

Useful device, right? Lets you know about ambushes, plots brewing, etc.

The only trouble is . . . well, normally it sort of "whispers" the voice it picks up so that only the Wearer can hear it.

However, under certain circumstances (often when the "speaker" is nearby), the volume "jumps" to where it BOOOOOMMMMS . . . Loudly!

The earring also responds to the Wearer's *emotional* state and, if what is said about him is, in any way, flattering, embarrasing, sexy, etc — such as to "make strong men blush" — the Wearer must Save vs Wisdom. If failed — he toses his cool, blushes, and the volume goes up for the world to hear just exactly why!

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: Popular item with paranoids, good market with the Assaasin's Guild, politicians and others ... Of course, the results can also be quite noisy . . . specially if you're well known, unpopular or otherwise noteworthy ...

Aund Ida's Eune for Anything!

This is a hellaciously useful item — if you can stand the embarrassment. Legend says it was invented by a little old lady who came by a Gate from Terra and decided to "put her Terran scientific enlightenemt at the service of Delian healing magick" . . . and this was a little lady who didn't mess around!

Whether the Cure came out just as she intended or whether it resulted from two 'Cures' joined by a fumble — Aunt Ida will never admit... but, in appearance, it's a big, crockery, clawfooted Terran bathtub. When either spigot is turned, it immediately fills itself with a hot liquid which smells like a combination of Epsom saits and homemade chicken soup!

As for the taste — no one will tell because anyone who sampling it immediately falls into a "nice long nap" and wakes up 3d4 hours later with all internal damage or problems healed: whether stomach ache, disease, parasites, poison, ulcer or whatever! Anything! (But, while asleep, they've forgotten how the stuff tasted. "But I did have the nicest dreams, all about potato pancakes and knishes and")

Structural damages (wounds, broken bones, sprains etc) require soaking in the tub for a

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similar period.

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes. Popular item in many spas and waterholes but a bit difficult to carry around. Course, it'll cure its own hernias...

Hernandeez' Codpiece

While these Codpieces really do have a very useful power they also have two inconveniences.

One is: the wearer is totally convinced that, if anyone else sees the garment, the "whole world will come to an end". (Still, he *must* wear it instead of hiding it away, because "its power demands to be used, it is my *fate*".)

The other inconvenience is — the garment is made from a weave of Scorgian wool and fibers of the Delian medusa-palm — anyone who does look at it (except the Wearer) is immediately turned to stone! No save!

However, the 'stoned' condition is temporary (1d10 minutes) and the victim spontaneously returns to normal. There is no system shock damage — only total amnesia as to what happened. ("The last thing I remember is seeing this codpiece — then, well, it's like the whole world came to an end")

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: Difficult to market, few are able to resist keeping these for themselves . . . and selling one is even harder since you really can't explain why they're valuable . . . somehow customers just don't understand . . .

Botichelli's Shells

This natural-magickal breed of delicate small shell has a shimmering shape variously described as "a blushing virgin ear", "a spirit-small hand", "a soft, beautiful Botticelli sea-nude." Its color(s) are an ever-changing blend "of all the pinks of moonrise over the Eastern sea" and, listening to the shell, one hears "sighs and whisperings of all the parted lovers the world over"

Further, this rare natural shell has the property of being in two places at once! If a person holding it thinks longingly of her absent lover, suddenly she 'feels' the shell become very lightweight and only a trembling, iridescent 'hologram' of the shell remains in her hand! The 'real' shell has dropped through her hand to fall softly on the sand.

If the 'real' shell is then delivered to her lover, she and he can whisper back and forth to each other through their respective shells.

There is no limit to how many times this can be used or how many miles it can reach. The only limit is . . . exactly what can be said!

As long as the conversation is loving and gentle, all can be spoken but, should bad news or angry words be used — then the delicate shell trembles and stammers and will scarcely repeat it, sobbing with grief or blushing with shame. (It has 15% each usage to even "censor or change" such bad news to "something nicer?")

Each time the Shell is forced to relay such 'upsetting' news, the trembling and sobbing grow worse and there is a 10% chance (cumulative) that the Shell will shatter under the strain and its broken shards fall about the user's feet "like shattered ice-rose petals", forever unrepairable.

Moster Trader Grumbinder's Notes. These shards, however, bring a high price (600-700 GP per ownce) among the Courtesan-Alchemists of Shannanzzara — but

Gray Fog of the Warland

Resembling coarse salt, these crystals sublime (i.e. evaporate) when exposed to air into a heavy, dirty-white, ammonia-smelling fog which lies close to the ground (10' deep). One pint of crystals produces 1000 cubic feet of fog (ie $10^{\circ} \times 10^{\circ} \times 10^{\circ}$), requiring one M/R to form and 3d20 minutes to dissipate (less 1 minute per MPH of wind speed).

Within the Fog, all vision beyond the stretch of one's arms is obscured and, even within the small area you can see, no colours are visible — only shades of white, black and "hundreds of dirty grays between" . . . which makes it a little hard to see uniforms and tell who's on whose side, doesn't it . . . ?

But the most confusing thing about the Fog is what it does to sounds. Normal sounds and voices are muffled, indistinguishable — even from someone close enough to see/touch! The only sounds it will let through — are shouts of anger! Growls, curses, tirades, tantrums, invective, sarcasm — all these come through loud and clear!

So the only way to get your message through — is to make it as angry and nasty as possible. "Get your (bleeping) ass over here, soldier..! Pass the (bleeping) butter..!"

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes. This is said to have been developed for the Warlord Yamal and intended to break up the alliance of twelve combined Foreign Legions of Bohemia when (defying <u>all</u> precedent) a dozen of the Pretenders to the Throne united their forces at the Citadel of Walmirke. The Pretenders, however, well-practiced at rapier-sacasm, totally disregarded both fog and effects, only remarking afterward on the "peaceful absence of any echo of the ceremonious drumming of the hum-drum" and offering a generous reward for the alchemical formula for this "most excellent and beneficient concoction".

Plotinus' State-Tray

This thin ulgar-wood tray, covered with sand, is surrounded by decorative engravings of "millions of human faces overlapping each other", all wearing expressions of "rapt archetypal ecstasy".

The sand covering appears loose, just spread on the tray. You can push it around, make marks in it, move it aside to see the surface of the tray underneath. Although you can move the sand around, what you can't do — is pick it up. A spoon "just sort of goes through it" and, even if you turn the tray upside down, the sand won't fall off. Instead, it clings "like it was magnetized".

This cunning device, however, acts to "enhance and purify" any letter or figure drawn on it. Draw a lopsided, crooked circle — the sand shifts itself to make it a pure, perfect circle. And so on.

Game Masters Note: Users should <u>only gradually</u> discover the <u>following</u> additional powers of the Slate. It's much more frustrating if someone has "been carrying the thing around for <u>months</u> and didn't know it could do that!"

The slate also corrects the spelling and grammar of anything written in the sand.

It corrects facts too — and can thus be used as a sort of limited augary. Write on it: "The treasure vault is directly West of here" and, if in fact the treasure vault is to the East, the sands will correct the sentence to say so!

It even corrects pictures! Label a sketch "Lord Avidya" — and it will change the sketch to match the man's real appearance. And it corrects maps too . . .

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But remember, this is **anad**, so you can't write or draw anything long or detailed! About four words fills it up . . . (If you dampen the sand — well, it can't shift, so it can't correct anything at all!)

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notex By the Laws of Delian Magick, of course, such a potentially useful device must have some limits or drawbacks. These vary with different Slates (or in different worlds, as passage between Shadows distorts the Magick somewhat).

In some worlds, the Slate has only 60% to give a "correct correction". However, these are always very sure of themselves and will *always* make some correction and there is no way to tell when they are right and when not (except by sad experience . . .)!

Otherworlds, the Spirit inhabiting the Slate has only limited or local knowledge to draw on. Or may be of some strange, doctrinaire beliefs, and correct every possible statement to match them! For example, a Slate inhabited by the Soul of a disceased devotee of St. Fallwell, was in the habit of "correcting" the name of <u>any</u> other god... which, too often, had <u>very</u> interesting results...

This magnifying lens has a "techno" appearance: very smooth, rectangular lens, black "plastick" handle while the glass seems to have rather a rosy tint . . .

The lens is not techno, however. It will detect as Magick (Lawful Good) and has the power to automatically translate any book or scroll or writing seen through it into Common Tongue.

Unfortunately, whatever book this is used with, the user absolutely believes every word in it! Forevermore! "It's got to be true, it says so Right Here!" and, even after having the Glass and/or "book" taken away (usually forceably), the Victim still remains convinced that "This Book" (whatever it is!) "tells the whole and only truth of the Universe".

The only certain cure known for this minor delusion is a "Remove Blessing" cast by a Neutral Cleric three levels higher than the victim.

By the way, the Glass is absolutely unbreakable

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: A useful-seeming item — but not really! And most parties find it causes more confusion than it is worth ...

There are a few other drawbacks. First, the user cannot identify the original language of any book examined — the material appears simply to be in Common in the first place. Second, the translation is sometimes less than precise: when the original contains a word or fact that has no real equivalent in Common, the Glass just substitutes something "simple and common-sense" . . . which makes it very wareliable in translating magick spells, recipies, directions etc.

Last, we sometimes suspect that an incompetent merchant with few ethics might find rather original uses for such an item . . .

These increase the wearer's strength, endurance, stamina etc (ie, $\pm 15\%$ on anything regarding physical strength) whenever they are doing anything regarded as a "harsh, unpleasant duty!" (At this time they also reduce intelligence and dexterity by $\pm 15\%$.)

They have the minor drawback of decreasing (by -15%) those same strength-related

attributes whenever the wearer is engaged in any "plesant, frivolous activity" — or anything that any Cheric of St. Fallwell has ever told them is a "sin". But who come they should n't be doing that stuff anyword.

But, who cares, they shouldn't be doing that stuff anyway!

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes. The market for religious artifacts is chancy but sometimes profitable in the right locations...

Korzilsky's Genie

These genies, resident in bottles (or portable computers), have no knowledge of the outside world except what people have told them. All knowledge comes from words.

While these are very useful for answering questions (assuming someone has previously supplied the necessary information), these also have high egoes and intelligence and will not function unless the request is phrased to their 'logical' satisfaction.

The genies refuse to understand that, in the real world, the same word must be used for many different things or that the same thing may be called by different names or that different people use words differently. They expect words and things to match, one for one, exactly, always.

These have no understanding whatever of outside situations, changes of location or the passage of time and love to nit-pick and try to catch people 'contradicting themselves'. When one does, it will refuse to talk to that person for 4d4 turns.

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: No comment! Wouldn't touch the (DELETED) things.



The Augury of The Outer Worlds.

This device is, in fact, a mobile antenna which picks up signals from various orbiting satellites. Whatever robots or dumb people or computers operate these satellites, the satellite is not choosy about what questions it will answer. Such are good at answering questions about movement of armies they can see below them, of weather clouds, etc. They also have access to a lot of techno knowledge banks and some some literary and historical knowledge as well — though this may not always be current (as for their knowledge of the history of Delos, of Delos, of Delos literature or magich, etc. — quite unreliable indeed).

This "antenna station" is very cumbersome and 'heavy-labour-intensive' to use. ("Mobile" means it is mounted on caterpillar treads. designed to be pulled behind a caterpillar tank.) It was fitted with powered devices to adjust the aim but their power supplies have long since run out and it must be aimed by muscle-power toward the desired satellite by moving the tread platform and all.

The parts which actually tune and broadcast information are solar-powered, no problem (except that volume is uncertain and you are likely to broacast the weather report over a 10 mile area). Also it locks on' to a good signal and fine-tunes itself once you have it aimed somewhere near a strong source ..., which can mean you sometimes 'lock-on' to a source you don't want.

The "locking" also activates safeties to keep the platform steady while signals continue strong so, sometimes, you just have to wait while the 'wrong' satellite fails below the horizon or completes its report.

But, once you do get it aimed light, there is no limit to the amount of information that can pour through. For hours and hours, depending on the satelite's orbit. Of course, in many cases, it's 'pouring through' too fast to write down . . .

GROUND TO AIR: "Slow down! My scribes can't make runes that fast!"

AIR TO GROUND: "What's the matter, Landbase? Put a new battery in your recorder!"

GROUND TO AIR: "What's a battery? What's a recorder?"

Master Trader Grumbiader's Notes: Wore out two caravansaries hauling one of these to the Temple of Ynos . . . never again . . . Still, if you're willing to take delivery where-is/as-is . . .

Potion of Special Memory

This drug produces "selective amnesia". The user can only remember as much of the past as matches his present surroundings. Ic. if given to a thief in jail, all he can remember is other jails. He lowes all memory of the times of freedom in between and thinks he has "spent his whole life being transferred from one jail to another".

The effects last till the user is removed from the setting where the drug was taken.

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes Pretty good market in the better brothels, especially those catering to "older" customers. Nostalgia can have powerful attractions.

Langke's Eyedrops

Available in a variety of colors, whichever color is put in someone's eyes, they will only be able to see objects which are that color. For example, if the drops are blue, the user will see only the sky, distant mountains, the lake and someone's blue shirt. *Everything* else is "just a swirling gray fog". This "normal" effect lasts for 3d4 hours.

However, each time these drops are used, there is a chance (10%) that, instead of "unseen" objects appearing as grey fog, they may simply be invisible! You see right through them! X-Ray vision! (*Range: 4d20 feet*) For this reason, the gold eyedrops are much prized by thieves (and many adventurers) — simply for the 10% chance to "see right through" walls, earth and treasure chests to the gold inside . . .

Of course, the lucky user won't be able to see anything else, has to be led around by his comrades ... but, you can't have everything ..!

This latter effect lasts until the victim is someplace where where there is normal lighting but *nothing whatsoever* of the relevant color to be seen (whatever color of eyedrops were taken). This causes the eyes to "snap back to normal".

Therefore, users wishing to preserve their "X-Ray Vision" are always careful to wear some gold bracelet or ring ... for obvious reasons!

Master Trader Grumbinder Notes: Popular commodity . . . but I've a feeling that an awful lot of people have been using these . . . the gold type, that is.

The Mouse-King's Ring

This dull grey ring is covered with a tracery of many small mice, each one looking apprehensively around. The ring keeps watch around the wearer for any circumstances where it thinks it might be better for the wearer to "shrink" down to "a more reasonable size" — ie. to dedge a blow or an arrow . . . or if he is hungry and there isn't enough food . . . or he is falling (to minimize impact) . . . etc. This is not, however, under the control of the wearer!

Usually, shrinking does have some immediate, short-range, useful effect but it can also be <u>very inconvenient</u> when this happens without warning and without regard to any larger context.

Returning to normal size is also not within the wearer's control — when the ring believes the danger is past, the wearer is returned to normal... but not before!

Master Trader Grumbinder Notes: these are usually billed as a "universal cure or panacea for danger, hunger, etc". But the problem is, you have to put the ring on to find out exactly what the 'cure' is . . . and they don't come off easily.

How do you get one off?

Well, friend, just to show you my heart's in the right place, that bit of information is yours for only ...

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Fenchelchen's Binding Twine

Similar to Fencheichen's Yarns (see <u>Beyond The Sacred Table</u>), the Twine is much more powerful! Like the Yarns, this Twine is wrapped into a round ball and is cast down in the path of some pursuer or enemy.

When cast down, this causes an entire Manor or Village or tribal settlement — as appropriate to the terrain and local civilization — to spring up . . . complete with the appropriate citizenry (except that they are all of quite quite low level (1-3) and low intelligence (3-6).

But the first High-level (10+) who stumbles into the borders of this area is hailed by the "natives" as their "long-lost hereditary Prince". They have honors waiting for him. they have disputes that "only He" can settle — all very flattering. This crossing also produces instant and total amnesia in the high-level "Prince" and his real friends and cohorts (Save vs Charm at -8.).

"No memory of the real past . . . flattering honors offered . . ." Experienced role-players can take it from there!

For the less experienced, the DM may assign percentages for the Victim to believe that they really are "the long-lost Duke of Nonesuch" (or wherever!) and that their "duty requires them to stay here, on family territory, defending their family lands..."

By the way, this is most annoying to whatever tribes really do have heredity claim to the lands where these "mushroom upstarts" have appeared . . . (Thus the Twine brings high prices as contraband in most of Delos!)

The only way to "break the spell" is to "wind all of the Twine back up into one neat, clean ball" again. (Which can be kind of a problem if it has gotten broken or damaged — as is entirely likely lying around in the middle of a busy village street during a "Welcome Parade" for a "long-lest Duke!")

All in all, a very effective way to keep your *High-level* enemy out of your bair for a few months . . . or years!

Master Trader Grumbinder's Notes: There was a case where the Twine was pieced together and rewound but, since several pieces were missing, it left a number of the "villagers" still roaming about. Their stories have given rise to the interesting cult of the Lost City of Geron (see also <u>Master Devarian's Medals</u>).



The Venereal Diseases of the Succubi and Incubi

It has come to our attention (*indirectly*, of course) that many adventurers have been dallying in Pleasure Houses featuring Succubi and Incubi among their attractions... and that certain attendant consequences have, in some areas, reached near epidemic proportions.

For this reason, we have consulted the noted cleric and healer, the Graf Posvalski, for advice on methods of curing the more common varieties of disease which may be contracted under such circumstances. While the treatments perscribed may, in some cases, seem complex and laborous, we are assured by numerous consultants that such regimes are effacious if correctly followed.

Reinfection, of course, may be avoided by the obvious means . . .

Vanishing Grenkon

Among the more common 'Ethereal Venereal Diseases', Vanishing Grankor is commonly contracted through the Succubi of the Forgotten Quarters in Upton, Karrome and Usher. Produced by a mold of etherial origins, Vanishing Grankor progress *slowly* over and through the body, usually along the parmic meridians, causing each affected part to, first, glow a "dull, cold indigo" in normal darkness (but a "brilliant indigo-rose" in ultra-light from the sun Verga). After 1d3 days, however, the affected part becomes totally ethereal.

Vanishing Grankor continues to spread until all of the victim's flesh and soft organs have progressed to the etherial stage (but slowly — one by one) with only the skeleton and ligaments remaining material.

Naturally, while the disease is in progess, the victim's appearance is quite shocking: a partial body, partial skeleton with miscellaneous organs exposed but still functioning. Yeeechhh!

While victims may find temporary employment as churgical models, they are generally shunned by society as a whole.

Oddly enough, aside from the ridiculous appearance and some miscellaneous inconvences⁴, the victims find the whole thing *totally pleasurable*! According to reports, the early, blue-glow stage feels like "swollen and fizzing with little carbon bubbles — pleasant tickling" but, when the part has actually gone ethereal: "it feels indescribably pleasant, like melted swirling ethereal caramel where the flesh used to be ..."

When the transformation is complete (requires 1d4 months), the victim remains healthy except for the slow loss loss of Constitution points (1d6 each year until reaching zero when the victim dies).

* The 'inconveniences' naturally include the fact that (as each appropriate part becomes ethereal) speech, sight, hearing, taste, touch, etc. become ethereal too. Only strength, locomotion, etc. remain material...

The Graf Posvalski comments: In ancient days, Vanishing Grankor was actively cultivated by the jaded and these seeking "unusual" sexual sensations ... with the "end results" confining the habitue' to indulgence with other "etherial" partners (and the often-unfortunate side effect of being mistaken for an "undead"). For those not inclined to pursue this course to its ultimate end, the disease may be cured by bathing the affected parts in distilled (dry) essence of Dreamer's Poppy (see The Delian Book of the Dead) until all characteristic sensations have ceased

Donsterous Civili Jutions

(approximately 10+1d30 days). If treatment is discontinued prior to a complete cure, the arrested affliction will resume its normal course.

Escoffier's Complaint

This unusual affliction causes the victim's extremities to slowly begin to cook. This occurs without pain (though there is a complete loss of movement, sensations, etc). When first noticed (following an incubation period of 1d3 days), Escoffier's Complaint appears to be a mild sunburn; after a further 1d3 days, a violent sunburn. After 1d6 days, the victim is done "very rare"; 1d6 days later, "medium rare"; 1d8 days to "medium well" and 1d10 days to "well done". After a further 1d10 days, the flesh will have fallen off of the bones in the form of long strips similar to jerky.

The resulting odor is strong and delicious! Very attractive to monsters and quite noticable to anyone encountered . . .

The Graf Porvalati comments: Historically known to the Ogre Nations as an unusual method of preparing the entre' for a banquet, the primary difficulty lay in scheduling the feast. Curing Escoffier's Complaint, is best accomplished by a complete revivication beginning with a "Petrification" and then reversed by a "Cure Disease", "Remove Curse" and "Disenchant" (see <u>The Dragon Tree Spell</u> <u>Book</u>). If the Complaint has progressed beyond the "medium well" state, however, we can only recommend an ointment of herbe and garlic (applied at hourly intervals) and arrangements with a resturant specializing in unusual cusine.

Idnarbmer's Blindness

This fatal disease affecting the brains/nerves is often mistaken for insanity but is symptomatic of a selective deterioration of the nervous system manifesting itself as a selective blindness.

The first warning of Tdnarbmer's Blindness is that the "stars go out". This is a loss of distance vision. Where the image of a distant object impinges on the visual nervous system, only a "blob of empty blackness" is seen and begins with the furthest objects — first, the more distant stars, then nearer stars, then planets and moons.

Finally, distant mountains are lost and the horizon begins to shrink

Tdnarbmer's Blindness developes over a period of months and in an "uneven pattern" but, after incubation (1d10 days), the world looks (to the victim) normal "except for black blotches/holes when you look in certain directions".

Progress/remission of the disease is irregular: if mountains surround your town, well, now you see them, now you don't . . . Of a range of mountains all at roughly the same distance, first one, then another will "take turns disappearing" as you blink or move. Similarly, the horizon is "eaten away in irregular chunks", progressing to affect closer distances.

In advanced stages, the world you can see becomes no larger than a city block and begins to look like "a small, jagged-shaped raft of land floating in a sea of darkness, under an empty, starless sky". Victims report that, from this point on, the remaining portion of the world "looks more and more beautiful, the colors become more concentrated and glow ruddy-warm, like a painting by Rembrandt". (Evidently an early victim! — T. von Lippanova)

In the advanced stages, the progress of the disease is irregular with visibility decreasing to a range of 8 to 18 feet (6+2d6 feet) at which time "the raft begins to pitch and bob" (ie

- visual sensations of horizontal and vertical become erratic) and each day there is 10% cumulative probability of sudden death which victims have described (postmortum) as "a sudden rushing in of dark water from all sides".

The Graf Posvalski comments: Conventional methods are generally effective in halting the progress of Tdnarbmer's Blindness but no effective methods, short of Resurrection, have been found to restore the victim's lost vision. There are, however, a variety of compensatory prosthetic aides possible, ranging from "Wizard's Eyes" to "Eye of the Camera Obscura"... an artificer, rather than a cleric or healer, however, should be consulted.

Amor's Insight

This affliction causes the vicitm's eyeballs to randomly rotate in their sockets, exposing the "bloody, veinous backsides" to view (often with nauseating effects on onlookers -10% chance of 'rotation' at any time). While effectively blinding the victims at these times, the victims also get 'glimpses' of what really is behind them, above their head, etc. True glimpses (approximately 50% chance, when eyes are rotated, of 'seeing' something!).

This 'vision' is not hampered by intervening opaque materials (after all, the victim's *skull* is also in between!) and may extend up to 1d300 feet through walls. hillsides or anything . . . This secondary effect puts victims in great demand by thieves as "poor man's wizard eyes".

As the disease progresses, however, the victim's eyes become increasingly rotated (+5% per day) but, in the advanced stage (all percentages over 75%), the victims begin to see what <u>isn't</u> there (50%+5% per 'vision' <u>cumulative</u>)...a condition which can be fatal.

The Graf Posvalski comments: Attempts have been made by various individuals to develop a controlable and reliable form of c'Amor's Insight, thus far unsuccessfully. In the early stages, c'Amor's Insight may be corrected by bathing the affected orbs with an infusion of fresh Beggar's Penny (a flowering ground wort usually found at high altitudes in dry climates — favored by Assassins). After repeating the treatment for three days, the resulting blindness may be cured by conventional means.

In the advanced stages (<u>after</u> hallucinations first commence), more extreme measures are required. In the past, the best results have been obtained petrifying the victims (basilisks are preferred) and subsequently reviving the corpus. We suggest, of course, that preparations for resurrection be made prior to petrification.

Dankura's Rainbow

This unusual infection causes the victim's sexual organs to glow in the dark (the affected organs glow brilliantly in bright neon/phosphorescence). As the infection progresses (slow — spreading at approximately 2" per day) the intensity also increases, eventually becoming so bright (after 4d10 days) as to be dazzling even through heavy clothing. When the infection reaches the eyes (requiring 10+1d10 days), the intensity is also strong enough to produce permanent blindness.

The Graf Posvalski comments: While some consider victims of Dankura's Rainbow to be unusual and desirable sexual partners, the infection rate is extreme (approximately 50%) and treatment is virtually impossible. For adventurers, having a permanent source of light might seem desirable as well as "colorful" but it can also make concealment very difficult. We have, however, no preferable treatment to suggest aside from that recommended for advanced cases of c'Amor's Insight.

Miser's Carbuncle

Authorities disagree whether this rare affliction should be classified as a disease or as a parasite. Occurrence, however, has become common to many of the port brothels, presumably brought by sailors from some yet unspecified part of the world. Apparently, however, conditions in the civilized part of Delos is inhospitable to Miser's Carbuncle because such infections seldom spread far.

Initially, the victims srout excressences like 'galls' or 'tumors' — growths of a fleshy material which, when 'ripe', fall off, acting as carriers to spread the disease further. Like many plants and insects (in both Delos and Terra), these growths have a remarkable natural (non-magical) camouflage, commonly appearing like rather heavy, baroque jewelry! Massive, ornate bracelets grow from the wrists; gaudy, dangling earrings dangle from the ears; necklaces of colorful stones encircle the neck, etc.

Naturally, these tend to mimic garnets, rubies, agate, and other reddish or pink stones.

These 'parasites' spread when other potential victims wear the 'jewelry' (requiring a minimum three hours contact). During this time, the "bracelet" (or whatever) merges into the victim's skin, leaving them next morning with nothing except a "bracelet-shaped welt". After an incubation period of 4d3 days, new "bracelets, earrings, etc" form (at appropriate places) on the new victim's body, requiring 3d4 days to "ripen" and detach.

Little harm would result from these except that, 3d10 days after infection, the "rate" of new growth accelerates, producing 5% of the victim's body weight in jewelry <u>each day</u>... and increasing at 5% per day thereafter.

Given this rate of loss of body tissue, a healthy victim may survive (by eating heavily) for two weeks or so but most will expire of exhaustion within six to eight days.

The Graf Posvalaki comments: As a disease, we have always found this affliction difficult to diagnose . . . though it does become fairly obvious in the advanced stages. Treatment is not difficult (but may be profitable in cases of confusion) requiring the victims to submit to <u>complete</u> exposure to the rays of Voyan for twelve to sixteen hours. Any area of the body which remains covered, however, may prove to be a locus for subsequent reinfection.

Editor's Note

The frequently mentioned "Dire Scourge of Gandersauce" which is so often contracted by sailors visitng the Temple Brothels of Racundra is not discussed here for theological reasons. The Priestesses of Racundra inform us that this is a perfectly healthy and normal blessing granted by the Goddess on certain occasions and pregnancy is not a disease...

Asked about this, the Graf Posvalski declined comment, saying only: "We have no interest in treating this affliction . . ."

¹ "Male Pregnancy" — see also The Immaculate Jehad — page 45



In travelling through the multiverse, many gates and pathways are possible (and, some, impossible): to reach the world of Arduin, we have entered through the Ebon Gates in the Mountains of Madness; Fairie is found beneath a hill; and Delos is best reached by walking shadows beyond Amber but, in all the worlds, both beyond, above and below, the strands of the Aeolean Web extend and thus we are able to communicate between and beyond the spaces (and "nol"-spaces) which separate the many worlds of the multiverse.

The Acolean Web

In appearance, the Web is a complexity of strands of etheral "non-matter" and, in many respects, resembles a spider's web . . . in the same sense that the Acoleans resemble conventional arachnids. In Delos, a major anchorage for the Web is found along the western coast in the region named, quite naturally, the Acolean Coast but minor "message" strands extend to most important centers of population.

Physical (and quasi-physical) access to the Web is, however, limited to the Aeoleans themselves and thus physical travel via this means is not possible.

Communication and Messages

Communications via the Aeolean Web are, sometimes, difficult — both because of the Servants of the Web (see separate entry) and because of confusion and "translation" errors occasioned by the Aeoleans themselves. In addition to being a matrix for communication between worlds, the Web is inhabited by the Aeoleans themselves who, via the various "Servants of the Web" (and other organizations or methods in other worlds — your Terran editors preferring to use computer interfaces) are the principal mediums of information.

Messages of a personal nature are relatively inexpensive for brief communications (delivery is guarenteed but comprehension is not although translations services are included without additional charges) and only moderately exorbitant for longer accounts and these expenses are independent of distance — whether across a city, between continents or from one part of the multiverse to another. Indeed, the Aeoleans seem to have little comprehension of distances, considering all regions of all worlds to be equally remote and, when the intended recipient of a message is in a remote or inaccessable location, the Aeoleans establish a web."node" in their immediate spacio-temporal vicinity from which "verbal" delivery is made.

More extensive services or transmission, however, must be made through extablished "nodes" and via the Servants of the Web or their equivalent in other regions.

Communication Rates

Personal and business messages (the Acoleans do not distinguish between these) are transmitted at the rate of one silver penny (silver piece, silver ounce or equivalent) per five words or portion thereof.

Time Displaced Delivery

There is also some evidence to suggest that "time" (as well as distance) appears equally insignificant to the Acoleans though requesting delivery of a message at a "later" or "earlier" time seems to fall within an area of ambiguous uncertainty... such "special" requests may be accomodated... but specifying the proper "time" is only rarely possible with any accuracy (see Temporal Displacement Table).

No additional "charges" are made for such "temporal-displaced" deliveries.

Temporal Displacement Table

00%	Delivery 1d20 centuries earlier than specified
01-05%	Delivery 1d20 years corlier than specified!
06.14%	Delivery 1d20 weeks carlier than specified!
15-27%	Delivery 1d20 days corlier than specified!
28-44%	Delivery 1d20 hours earlier than specified!
45-54%	Delivery time accurate as specified!
65-71%	Delivery 1d20 hours later than specified!
72-84%	Delivery 1d20 days later than specified!
85-93%	Delivery 1d20 weeks later than specified!
94-98%	Delivery 1d20 years later than specified!
99%	Delivery 1d20 centuries later than specified!

Information Brokerage

In addition to "transmitting" information, the Aeoleans act as information brokers; charging for answers to questions on a sliding scale determined both by the compexity of the answer and the sophistication of the inquirer . . . and tailoring their responses on a similar basis. The Aeolean's, believing in the relativity of truth and citing one Mage Korzibskian, price the information supplied on a relative scale . . . although the "value" and relative truth may or may not be apparent to the inquirer.

Having some degree of telepathic ability, the Aeoleans can pick up a questioner's language and answer them in their own terms. Thus, simple answers in terms applicable to local, immediate application come cheap while more complex answers, relevant to broader situations or a wider range of observers, become more expensive.

They are very ethical about sale of information, pricing it very carefully by gradations of universality and complexity and always give the exact degree of explanation paid for no more, no less. Also, they assume their clients know what degree is wanted and have ordered accordingly, and will never "waste time" or "confuse them" by offering anything which wasn't "ordered"... which, obviously, can make their answers rather dangerous at times — particularly if "resold" to someone with a language different from the original client.

For instance, once two clients got together and compared the answers they had received from the Web-Weavers. Both had asked "Is it true that you are giant bugs?" but one had received the answer "Yes," the other "No".

In fact, both questioners had been told the truth — in their own languages.

One questioner, a Human Barbarian, used the word "bug" to include spiders, phraints and virtually any creature with an exo-skeleton and antennae — thus, for him, "Yes" was a true answer.

The other belonged to a six-legged race of Giant Ants who classify all species as either

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"bugs" (meaning creatures like themselves, with siz legs, hive mentlity and technological intelligence) — or "non-bugs" (meaning everything else — including everything with 8 legs). For her, since the Aeolians have eight legs, the proper answer was "No" (eight on the Prime Material Plane, that is!).

Since both clients had paid only for a "cheap and simple" answer, both had received the simplest answer in their own language.

Thus, on a higher level of "truth", the answer might be that the Aeoleans "resemble" spiders while, higher yet, a more sophisticated inquiry might learn they are "quasi-etberal beings outwardly resembling Terrestrial or Delian arachnidae" (just as "humans" resemble "simians") and the charges for both responses scaled according to the sophistication of the inquirer. The Mage Jamala, paying for a more expensive answer to the same question, received an extensive treatise on different methods of classification of insectoids and arachnids and where the Aeolians would fit into the different classification schemes in 8 different planets.

It would be well to note, however, that "personal" inquiries into the Aeolean nature, psychology, physiology, etc, are priced on an exponential logorythic scale . . . and detailed information concerning this "species" becomes prohibitively expensive.

The Aeoleans will "trade" or "buy" information — from any source and paying according to the extent and detail offered . . . assuming that the information is "accurate" and that they are not already in possession of the detail. The Aeoleans never haggle over the price offered (but may increase payment if unexpected information is included).

They will, however, never "explain" their pricing . . . except for a price . . . which — being personal — can be exorbitant. "The answer to that question will cost . . ."

Information Rates

Among regular clients, there exists a system of conventions which let the Aeolians know what "kind" of answer is desired according to what "kind" of price is "offered" (if the price is too low for the information, the offer will be refused, if too high, a balance will be refunded ... but the Aeoleans will never haggle). A round price suggests that a short answer is desired while one with a lot of "small change" means a "nit-picking answer" is desired. Further, other variations have other meanings which we ourselves do not yet understand: first and last digit the same, two digits in a row the same, prime numbers mean something different, etc.

Thus, for anyone <u>not</u> familiar with the conventions, the type of answer received can be effectively random . . . There is, however, one method for non-mathematicians to receive a "discount" and also get more useful information: by verbally specifying a desire for an answer which is practical, theoretical, etc . . . however, exact Aeolean terminology must be used.

Game Master's Note: No table for precise valuations for "information" can be offered as too many variables affect the "truth" relative to a specific question and the myriad possible answers . . . thus this area is left entirely to the GM's discretion . . . but, remember, the Acoleans are always "fair" and never exorbitant . . . except when inquiries are "personal" (the general question of the Acolean's physical classification, while "personal" is only relatively so and not so "intimate" as to be totally prohibitive). Also, if no "answer" — or none of any "relevant" value — is available, no payment is accepted.

Ded Qinor Craftsmen of Delos

Master DeVarian's Medals

Master DeVarian is renown'd for his medals commemorating non-existent battles . . . each so so beautifully crafted and designed that anyone seeing (or wearing) one must Save vs Charm or believe implicitly that the battle really did occur . . . and believe the wearer really did fight heroically in said battle — even if they are the wearer!

Only one save is allowed vs such a medal. If failed — you forever believe in the truth of the Battle of Yiki Ford (or wherever).

Many of these metals appear to have been cast individually or in only limited numbers while others (see Association of Ylkian Veterans) were minted in sizable quantities and have created their own charming histories.

am Velker's Notes:

Master DeVarian's medals are only known "antidote" to the Hero's Weave (see Beyond The Sacred Table) which makes the wearer too vain to fight. Anyone wearing one of these medals on such a uniform will feel like a very valiant soldier indeed — quite gung ho! They just can't wait to get to the front lines and start fighting!

Who cares about the uniform? Who cares about the plan of battle? Who CARES about the General's orders? I don't have time for all this — I must go and "smite the enemy . . . just like I did at the Battle of Trilby Pass. What . .? Oh, you don't know about Trilby Pass? Welt then, I must tell you all about it . . ."

Moster Thrun Woblan's Ships

Master c'Voblor is well renown'd for his "ship-seeds" which are created in two sorts, both sealed in bottles, like model ships. To activate (ie, start them growing), the bottle is simply broken (as normal glass) and these 'miniature' ships begin growing to full-sized, usable boats (approximately 1d3 hours are required for the models to reach usable size).

One of Master c'Voblor's more elaborate models resembles a full-rigged sailing ship — a 80-foot, three-masted sloop — when full sized. However, once reaching full-size, growth slows but does not stop! Each day thereafter, the ship will increase in size by one-fourth (ie, on the second day, the sloop will reach 75 feet; on the third day, 94 feet; on the fourth day, 117 feet; on the tenth day, 660 feet; on the twentieth day, nearly a mile in length; and, at the end of a month, over nine miles in length) until they become quite useless and, in fact, may be hazardous to other navigation.

This effect will continue until the ship is somehow destroyed — ie, burnt, dusintegrated, chopped into splinters etc — and most civilized regions hold responsible the person or persons releasing such a ship.

in response to complaints of the hazards posed by such ships, Master c'Voblor created a second variety which, while in the bottle, resembles a very primative raft — two logs lashed together with raw leather! While miniature, it doesn't even look much like a raft — just like some twigs floating on dirty water full of mosquito larvae and often the bottle and all are discarded. (But later when the bottle accidentally gets crushed in the trash pile, the "twigs" start growing ... and growing ... of growing ...)

A day after the log raft has reached full normal size, however, it undergoes a

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"melamorphose" and the outer "bark" splits (like an insect's crysalis) to reveal a burnt-hollowed outrigger cance (only slightly smaller than the normal-sized logs) which, again, grows to full size.

Another day later, the out-rigger metamorphoses to become a small, single-masted sailing ship . . . and thus the process continues, each change resulting in a larger, more advanced craft.

The problem of "disposal" of an oversized ship, however, is most though the precise details remain unclear. According to hazy accounts (mostly retrieved via uncertain mediums from the Planes Beyond — see The Delian Book of the Dead), final metamorphoses involve a strange, stubby- winged craft which departs the ocean's surface for more aerial realms. Whether the process ceases at this point remains uncertain, suitable witness being unavailable for consultation.

am Velker's Notes:

c'Voblor is said to have been a student of Jolain who made the famous ring which Don Juan presented to his paramour, Rosie, of the now-ruined village of Melonemangiatta (see "Don Juan's Ring" in The Book Of Plots).

We also note, however, that partially destroying one of c'Voblor's ships will not stop the remainder from continuing growth ... though often at a slower rate. Such "splintered ruins" have often been used as a source of endless firewood — or occasionally, of endless well-shaped, well-seasoned shiptimbers and the desert-forest of Baron Lando is held to be of such origins (though no satisfactory explanation is offered for how such a ship came to be located in such a dry and barren region).

Also, several of the reefs found south of the Spencerian Group admit of a similar genesis, a sunken ship of c'Voblor's construction having grown into an island or coral reef. Such masses are unstable, however, due to the slowed but continuing growth of the ship-substructure.

Master Heimd's Star-Seeds

Apprentice to Master c'Voblor — later a Master-Craftsman in his own right — Master Heimd is noted for his rare but unusual "star-seeds" constructed during his apprenticeship. These are easily recognized as miniature (4"- tall) bottles similar to the ship-bottles but all clearly labelled: "Master Heimd's Star-Seed." A very small star floats in the middle of the bottle, giving off about as much light as a small candle (but of a beautiful cool blue-white, "like condensed moonlight" or "the milk from a thousand short-horned cows").

When the bottle is uncorked, a beam of light shines out through the opening reaching 10' away and illuminating (at 10' distance) a 3'-diameter area. (Technos are really fond of these things — for some unknown reason — and these bring high prices — as much as 100,000 GP — in the "crashed Techno" civilizations of the Sea of Flotsam and Jetsam — see Beyond The Sacred Table.)

These bottles are sturdily-blown from diamond glass and, to date, only one bottle has ever been known to break. (Experts calculate that these bottles "save vs breakage" as stone.) But, the one that did break... well, the "star" started growing ...

am Velker's Notes:

Balgor Stone-Crusher recounted the circumstances: "Wul, I din't meant' break t' ting, it just kinda come apart is me hand, yuh know. Felt kinda cool as' hot a' t'

Donsterous Civili potions

same time, it did, like brandy. Made a lif cool blue flame, it did, burnt all me callouses but ne'er get hot. An it kep' a-growin', so I put it in a bucket to light me whole honse, yoh know. But when I come back, had a-grown and a-burnt t' whole honse an' t'ere was a-still a-burnin' an' still a-cool as yoh please . . . but' still a-growin . . ."

Hardgrav speculates that this was the cause of the destruction of the Shoreworn Mountain "in a slow-growing ball of eternal cold blue flame, shining brighter than a thousand moons" — an event which was for many years attributed to the Technos of Ramcpu. However, the whole phenomenou suddeuly ceased after a visit to the area by the Graf Posvalsky. The Graf would never (following the family motto -"Numquan excusare, numquam exponere"*) give details of the incident but, on one occasion (after consuming a number of goblets of vintage Mendacian Invertices), he did say something about "my trusty Staff of Delian Law" and "somebody had to, you know"

* Never apologize, never explain.

Master Figismurul del Purio's Solems

This cosmolpolitan scholar, while Professor of Alchemic Psychology at the University of Delos at Heidelberg, was seduced by a travelling bard (one Lili Nimue) who persuaded him to leave his University post to travel with her troupe.

The experiment was most unsuccessful (del Sarlo remaining reticent concerning details) but, in revenge, del Sarto constructed the first of his Golems: a replica of a refined, elderly scholar equipped with a extremelly powerful charisma (based on alchemical love-charms).

The golem (under the nom-de-guerre Homer Thrace) eventually succeeded in seducing Lili and persuading her that he could never return her love unless she gave up her bardic career. took a degree in German philosophy, and acquired born-rimmed spectacles and straightened and darkened her hair!

Lili is now (at last report) a dark, dumpy scholar on the back row of Professor del Sarto's classroom, and he has just had the pleasure of issuing her *fourth* failing grade in Philosophy 101.

an Velker's Notes:

del Sarto's golem later advanced (using its charisma) to found the Chair of Hydraulic Psyche-Engineering at the University of Delos in Vienna, but this is another story ...

Del Sarto, however, was later given a grant from Prince Nicolas to construct a large number of similar golenis, which were turned loose in the kingdoms of his neighboring enemies and are known as:

del Sarto's Blue Angel Golems

These marvelously-made flesh-golems are clockwork inside, flesh outside and appear to be normal, beautiful humans of either sex. Their function is to cause disruption of enemy towns and civilizations by spreading instanty among the more valuable personeil (royally, guild-masters, other "high-level" persons . . .).

This aim is accomplished by seduction (using powerful love-charms) of a victim who is his/her "opposite". For example, a "young blonde athletic female" golem will seduce au old, dark-skinued, scholarly male, encourage him to fall in love with her but will keep
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putting him off by saying he is "too old, too dark, too scholarly, etc" to satisfy her.

If the seduction is successful, the victim must Save vs Charm or become obsessed with "improving himself to win this wonderful creature" — ie, they totally and completely drop their own work to concentrate on "making themself over" with youth spells, changing their skin-texture, taking up athletics, etc.

Should the victim Save vs Charm, they will still contract a mild "philia" for "being well-rounded" — ie, at any time they are supposed to be doing their own job, they must save on wisdom or spend their time doing something quite unrelated . . . such as swimming or playing boeche . . . or learning to play the harpsichord . . .





Excerpted from Mighty Tales Of The Broken Lands by Sir Quinquat J. V. S. Dolmbey, A.C., F.R.S., D.D.Lit. published by Dolmbey Press, Dolmbey House St. Dolmby's, Ridelstone, Hengishire

Those seriously interested in researching the Broken Lands might better rely on personal experience than Sir Quinquat Dolmbey's rather labored recounting of childhood myths Assuming personal survival, the former is likely to be much more accurate. — the Graf D. Z. G. N. D. Posvalski

Far to the west, happily removed from the civilized regions of Delos, beyond the hated Grey Lands and beyond the Coast of Cormandel, lies the region now known only as the **Broken Lands**.

Legends say this was once a green and fertile land, a pleasant region where the sun shown on peaceful fields, where many races, Man, Orc, Elf and Ogre, tilled the soil, practiced trades, bartered with their neighbors and lived in quiet comfort. Known then as Avalon, this emerald isle was home to song and culture, arts and architecture, crafts and wonders of all manner and form.

From here, voyagers traveled to all coasts of Delos, carrying crafts and silks and spices and trading with all — even, it is said, with Dragons of the archipelago to the south and east and with the Dark Elves of the icy regions far to the North and the Giants of the Lands Beyond Suns' Rest.

But there came an age — now dimly remembered as the Time of the Dark — when powerful forces of evil ranged southward across the great oceans and overran the western lands . . . and mightily did both warrior and mage contend againet these dark and evil forces as all who held to the light and good did join together to repell this monsterous invasion and to defeat the Powers of Evil which ranged without restraint across the woods, hills, coasts and mountaine of the western realms.

But, we are told in words shrouded by legend and dim memory, a final battle sent the armies of the Dark Elves and their demon cohorts — such as survived defeat on the Day The Sky Fell — fleeing northward in such abject terror and disarray that mere handfuls of defenders did chase and harry entire armies, each accounting for untold numbers.

Indeed, so great was the retreat was that ships of all lands did mass to give chase and further harry the fleeing fleets. And further, we are told, great beasts from the waters' depths did rise up to consume those ships which fled while flights of dragons scorched their sails and turned tall masts to flaming torches and much is said of the wonders which did follow the Day The Sky Fell, much sung of the Heros of that dim time and many the strange events recounted of the War Against The Time Of Dark.

Aud yet, beyond these accounts of song and legend, little remained of the Day Of The Dark and few enough were those who lived to remember. It was only later, when voyagers from the east again ventured forth to seek the old trade routes, they found a dark and broken land, a place where waters rolled where cities once had stood with towers proud and only rock and shadow rose above the waves. And to the east, where once did valleys run to beach and coast, now rose tall and gaunt the shattered cliffs which men do call the Coast of Cormandel.

And yet, below the sentinels of rock and stone, the sun, once again, did shine but not on

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green and verdant soil. Here, even in brightest light of day, shadow walked the vacant, barren lands and many a chill wind did blow where neither cloud nor breath of air was seen to move and, of those few who ventured there, fewer still returned.

Still, there were those more brave than wise who did venture forth to these ruined lands and, of their number, some few did return but, of these few, many told tales of great wealth, mightly artifacts, wonderous gems and other treasures which were left behind being beyond their capabilities to carry hence and, indeed, no less might be thought of such a once-wonderous land.

But other stories, told by a few brave souls, are still remembered and, late at night, when the fires burn low, when cool breezes eastward blow and lacy clouds obscure the sky, those great of heart do softly speak of matters which even summer's suns would not warm. But soft — for, as is known, those who speak too freely of such shadow-dimmed affairs may find their knowledge supplemented . . . and all too oft to their dismay.

The Walers Of The Grey

A spring is said to flow — deep within the Broken Lands — which men do call The Waters Of The Grey and say great knowledge here be found. Here, as ancient words inform, the waters flow but not as crystal clear yet grey and clouded, issuing forth from fractured stone to fall in slow and stately form into a chasm deep below from whence they vanish once again. Yet those who dare to drink the silvered spring, great wonders will behold, seeing past to days of old from whence the spring was born and much thus learn . . . and yet, of those who dare to drink, such knowledge gained is not without a price for even as they look to past and ancient days, they, too, are carried forth to do and dare and thus contend to earn their fate and matters learned. And only, so our legends tell, those brave of heart and strong of arm from ancient days return at battle's end.

Lady Quinquat Notes: A variant but possibily related legend tells bow, late in the War of the Dark, the great mage Harondel did part the veils of time and summon forth, from ages past and yet to come, all manner of hero brave and bold to join in battle against the dark and evil forces of the day.

Often reported by exploring mariners along the shattered coasts of the Broken Lands, this tall black figure is described as a weeping ghost whose moaning voice has often warned a voyager of treacherous rocks or reefs and yet, despite timely warning, this is not an omen of favor for, of those who have heard this hollow trembling moan, at least one of their number has died within the following span of rising sun and falling dusk ...

Donsterous Civilizations

The Web Of The Noa

Again, said to be found within the Broken Lands, some accounts holding upon a mountain top, others upon a blasted plain and yet a few within some cavern hidden deep, the Web of the Noa is a vast and complex net of strands of colors shifting ceaselessly. Said to be woven from the complex pasts of men and ogres, elves and orcs, the strands taken from the Parcae (the Fates) after each length was spun and measured and cut to its allotted span, the Web of the Noa was plucked and sounded like a harp, each separate note calling forth a hundred harmonies to free the ancient shades of those whose death and past were thus disturbed such that each among them stood forth to offer battle, life beyond the grave returning corporeal to valiantly contend.

Such was the power here imbued, or so would legends say, that even now, if any sound the web, for thus it will remain until the end of time, its clarion note will spectral armies raise and, should greatest hero seek it out and sound it in good cause, then such a host for war as never world has seen would issue forth and follow, valiant, brave and loyal to the end. And yet, should lesser mortal sound the call to summon heroes from well-earned rest or call for base or lesser cause, then curst be he who first cries "Hold, enough" for heroes' anger be not less but rather more for being past and slain.

The Wierdling

Said by some to resemble the howl of a banshee and, by others, like the anguished scream of a body beyond pain, the howl of the wierdling is unmistakable and (quite literally) will cause a body to freeze in their tracks (95% chance to "freeze in fear"). The wierdling has never been seen nor has any origin for this chilling call ever been determined but, in the Broken Lands, the wierdling's call has, more than once, offered warning saving an adventurer from certain death.

The Silence

Among those who have studied the area known as the Broken Lands, there exists considerable disagreement concerning the area known as the *Silence*. It is not our purpose here to take sides in the arguments and speculations concerning the purpose, origins or 'true' nature of the Silence.

Suffice to note, the Silence is a large area within the Broken Lands where <u>ne</u> sound of any kind, source or nature can be heard or sensed by any being. Explorers are warned, however, that, in addition to the Silence, there appears to a critical period (*estimated to be 10+1d10 hours*) after which any who have remained within the Silence are trapped and remain forever — visible only as apparations without sound or substance.

200° 40

The Minyagor

These ghostly wraiths wander the Broken Lands in sizable numbers (groups may vary from 20-100) but only by Dae light and are never seen or heard by night, vanishing quietly with Dae's setting. Their origin is not known but legends hold that these tortured wraiths can only be fought with enchanted (i.e. +1 magick) or etherial weapons.

Chagragor

Said by some accounte to be an ancient and forgotten god, others hold Chagragor demonic in origin but, regardless, this entity is a powerful force across the Broken Lands. Some legends suggest that Chagragor was summoned during the War of the Dark to battle against the invading forces while other legends hold him/it to have been a deity and ally of the darkling elves (total neutral alignment).

When encountered, Chagragor appears as a multi-tentacled darkness (3d10 tentacles / 200 HP) where shadow produces great pain and psychic damage (5d20 damage by touch) and is immune to all normal weapons.

Fortunately, Chagragor has only been encountered in the Broken Lands and the waters in their immediate vicinity, appearing to be constrained to that vicinity.



In Delos, as everywhere, people are always trying to broaden their knowledge and skills ... thus Technos experiment with magic ... and mages with technology.

And it happens . . .

... even though they're at minuses to something so alien to their regular skills (-5% for each level in their regular skill when they first start dabbling) and, each time one successfully dabbles in some alien skill, (and we do mean each time they use it to successfully do anything!) — there is a 5% chance that the mental strain of adopting such a conflicting world-view will bring about permanent insanity. Of one sort or another!

Thus, character classes such as Techno-Elusionist do occur — but these individuals also tend to suffer from half a dozen simultaneous insanities within months . . . (see insanity charts and notes on playing insanities in <u>The Handbook Of Traps And Tricks</u>).

One of the few such "Schitzopbrenic-Dual-Class" characters in Delos to manage to continue functioning is Tonio the Techno . . . who is even able to make a handsome profit at "adapting" certain techno items for use in a magickal world . . . or using magicks to *augment* their workings.

However even she bas picked up a few insanities . . . such as several simulataneous amnesias which make her forget what she bas invented, where it is being manufactured, what it does, how it works . . . and even forgets the fact that she has amnesia . . .

Some of her inventions — though officially contraband in Delos — can occassionly be found floating around the Open Markets and include the following:

Jonio's Geiger Counter

Based on a standard Geiger Counter (device for detecting harmful radiation) — rather a big, old, clumsy one — Tonio has added the useful feature whereby it *converts* radiation into sound (ie. "clicks"). All radiation in the immediate area (6' radius) is converted into sound instead of producing damage . . . The noise, however, can be (literally) deafening . . . but, it's better than dying . . .

Jonio's Camera Obscura

Constructed around a comfortable inner chamber, pleasantly fitted with red velvet banging, etc. Tonio has induced a minor (very minor) daemon to live in each of these to handle focussing. This automatically changes many factors of "setting and focus" to whatever the deamon who lives inside it thinks is the "appropriate" focus for whatever it is pointed at.

For instance, if pointed at a flower in a vase, it will produce a picture in full, bright colors, with lots of details of light and shadow. However, if pointed at some prosaic item, it will make a picture in black and white. Pointed at some creature the Daemon considers "ugly", it will show the background in glowing colors and the creature in muddy, dull tones.

Quasterous Civili zations

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Eye of The Cornera Obscura

This miniature version is used as an artificial eye. But, again, the focus settings are up to the Daemon. So — whatever the Daemon approves/disapproves of — the User's eyesight shifts focus to match.

These items were once manufactured in several 'custom' versions and attempts were made to match the Daemon to the User, therefore some in circulation are inhabited by Fallwellian Daemons. Essentially — for items in "second-hand circulation" — there's no telling what kind you're going to get (see also <u>Tdnarbmer's Blindness</u>).

Hailed throughout Delos as "the most eclectic, inter-disciplinary amalgam of bastardiation known in History", these have, none the less, attracted a certain amount of interest.

What Tonio has (somehow) managed to do, is combine a regular Techno motor and sensing/homing device . . . with an ASTRAL "pad" or "disk".

In operation, this forms a circular shield which "floats on the aura like a contact lens on the eye". Its function is simple: a shield against missiles. An automatic, "Look sergeant, no hands!" shield. That's all.

Granted, it also dazzles opponents by reflections from its speed of movement (assuming there is some strong light shining on it or a conitnual light spell etc is cast on it, etc) but, basically, that's all. All that fantastic genius of combining unlike technologies — and all it makes is a +3 shield!

Well, we told you all Techno-Mages were insane ...

Actually there are quite a few of these things floating around (excuse the pun!) in Delos

But, no, they're not mass-produced. No one else could make them without becoming totally catatonic from the mind-shock of understanding how it works! Even people who "try to figure out how it works" invariably — ie, no save! — either become confused [01-50%] or develop some temporary insanity [51-00%, lasting 1d4 days] just from trying!

One common form of such insanity manifests itself in the inability to say anything except "Ob, my God, I think I'm beginning to understand this!" ... which can cause other interesting situations ... but that's another story ...

Where do all these Wheels come from — well. Tonio herself keeps forgetting she has already invented this and "re-invents" another new version every so often — and of course, the mental shock is such (even for her!) that she immediately forgets how it works, too . . .

Donsterous Civili polions

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In some respects, the Delian Commonwealth, like the early United States, is an amalgamation of cultures (and races) bound together for their common benefit and, like many other amalgamated cultures, Delos has a wide variety of social and fraternal organizations... some of which are covert, some secret or quasi-secret (such as the Honorable Guild of Assassins) while others are quite public.

And some manage to be both . . .

Not to be confused with the Confidants of the Blantant Beast, the Amanuenses of Clio (headed by the renown'd Baron Karl Fredrich Hieronymus Munchausen) are devoted to the preparation of a complete and unexpurgated history of Delos. Their published efforts currently extend to the 1283 volume Delian Chronology (incomplete) and the Amanuenses frequently sponsor research expeditions to delve into obscure facets of regional history.

The Americk Solidarily

Nothing is known of this organization and many hold its existance to be apocryphal.

Ancient and Konorable Order of Herelics

Membership is open to all who have been expelled, defrocked or otherwise ejected from any official religious or philosophical affiliation. Bylaws forbid dueling during formal meetings.

The Association of Ylkian Veterans, as commemorated by Master DeVarian (see Mad Craftsmen of Delos), is composed primarily of wealthy elder retired merchants (who can afford to purchase such medals) who gather to reminisce about their youth and their heroic exploits in the Battle of Ylki Ford.

There appears, however, to be a conspiracy among generals and historians (neither group having <u>any</u> knowledge of such a battle) to suppress all official mention of Yiki Ford and the great battle fought there, is a constant irritant to these retired heroes and, frequently, they finance expeditions of adventurers to search for evidence or documents relating to the battle (or other memorabilia) as well as having published, to date, 127 separate "personal" accounts of the Battle (all mutually contradictory as to both details and the "location" of Yiki Ford).

The Association also maintains a sizable library of records concerning the event (most of which, personal accounts aside, are perpherial to the "actual" battle). As searchers have had little success in uncovering directly related material, the Association has been quite generous in rewarding even partial successes such as recovery of weapons, armour or other relics of the Battle and, when particularly pleased, have presented searchers with medals (they possess a large stock — this being one of Master DeVarian's more popular medallions) as "honorary" members of the Ylkian Veterans.

A fast growing organization on the whole

Quar 44

This loosely organized association of social arbiters meets regularly at banquets, balls and dances to decry the impropriety of contemporary fashions, the morals of the younger generation and other elements of modern progress. Membership is open but difficult.

Devoted to the premise that each man is an island, the Cenobites hold no formal meetings nor congregation of members. Application may be made via the Aeolean Web but prospective members should first arrange proper accomdations (sealed caves, deserted islands and solitary pillars are all acceptable).

Clan Duski

Outlawed in most civilized regions of Delos, the Clan D'uski is a secret society/religion whose avowed aims are the total and complete destruction of the multiverse! Various factions within the Clan D'uski have or are working toward this end by attempting to 1) awaken Brahma from his thousands of "kalpas" of sleep; 2) finding (and sounding) the Horn of Gabriel; 3) hastening the ultimate entropy; 4) precipitating Ragnarock; 5) reawakening the "Old Ones"; 6) summoning the Apocalypse; 7) hatching the Cosmic egg; or 8) discovery of the Universal Solvent.

The Time of the Dark is believed, by many scholars, to have been an unsuccessful attempt by the Clan D'uski toward one (or several) of these ends.

The Condan's of the Blatant Beast

The Confidants will be discussed only briefly — not for lack of information concerning this voluble group but due to limitations of space and the inability (and disinclination) of the editors to separate the voluminous heresay, rumors, gossip, speculations, reports, innuendoes and other accounts promogulated by this association of chatterers, busybodies, talebearers and mendacian scandal-mongers. Membership is open.

Jughlers of Durinian Evolution

The Daughters of Darwinian Evolution are, possibily, the ultimate in social snobbery and loudly proclaim being able to trace their ancestry back "to the first primordial globule" and emphasize that their families "took the time to evolve by <u>high-quality</u> natural selection".

Of course, they are much opposed to the United Daughters of Lysenko, who also admit families who have indulged in the transmission of acquired characteristics. Membership is open to all (non-magickal) evolved beings of native Delian development.

Quite naturally, neither group recognizes any genologoical society which cannot trace its ancestry back further than 4004 BC (Before Creation).

Der Gehar am Kevel

Little or nothing is known or suspected concerning the aims, membership or organization.

Donsterous Civilizations

The Dischardale Society

This is a highly-respectable group of aliens who lack spines or endeskeletions and meet regularly to promote interstellar trade and industry, and to help their members with various biological adaptaions needed for visiting dry land.

Extremely cultured and respectable — and, perhaps, a bit stuffy. The Dischordates tend to be dryly annoyed with anyone so illiterate as to confuse them with the Dischordian Society or the Cult of the Blue Moon-Flower.

Membership and purposes of this highly secret organization remain well concealed but their aims are popularly believed to be the subversion of other organizations of all types for the purpose of exercising covert control over Delian society . . . If such accounts are correct or accurate, however, the anarchistic nature of Delian society is such that control or subversion is considerably less easily accomplished than intended . . .

Fraternal Order of Dragons

The ancient and honorable Fraternal Order of Dragons has met in solemn conclave, at irregular intervals, for untold centuries on such occasions as the requisite piece d'resistance for the formal banquet can be obtained. The original purposes of this organization and their connection with their unusual menu is lost in the mists of antiquity but these gatherings are centered around the serving of a main course consisting of white shrouded humaniods (commonly served in a white, spiced dough wrapping) toasted 'a kabab' by the diners.

The Hierarchy of Threes is an association devoted to holding the "menage a trois" as the highest development of social and familial structure. Each menage is ranked by its position within the infrastructure of menages and interrelated with others by a complexity of rules which, among other elements, forbid any close looping (i.e. no two members of one menage may comprise a portion of another menage . . . unless one or both are members of the Solecism of the Fauz Pas). Rankings within the Hierarchy are also determined by hetero and homo relationships, the status of the menages below and the status of each member in the linking relationship and other variables too complex to mention here.

Hon of the Never Mountains

An informal association of (previous) residents of the Never Mountains of Avalon, the Hon meets for mutual support and to recreate lost festivals and celebrations such as the Volly-fruit Festival or the Lunar Solstice Dances. Corporate and discorporate alike are welcome.

The Immaculate Jehad

Devoted to the extinction of the birth trauma, the requirements for membership state that the applicant must be "no man of woman born"

see also Dire Scourge of Gandersauce - page 29

The Intra-Delian Frothblowers' Concord

Also known as The Sons of Suction. ostensibly, the Frothblowers' Concord is a quite public (and frequently rauctions) social organization devoted to the excessive and convivial consumption of the products of the brewers' arts ... but only overtly! The name (as you have penetrated by reading to this point) and outward appearances, however, are quite deliberately and purposefully misleading ...

Originally founded by Lord Siones d'Vara during the Decades of Dusk following the War of The Dark (cf <u>The Broken Lands</u>), the Sons of Suction might better be called The Delian Secret Service and its real purpose is the preservation of the Delian Commonwealth and the individual cultures thereof.

Membership is open to all races (Man, Elf, Ogre, <u>etc</u>) but the processes of selection are convoluted (and few candidates are aware of either elgibility or consideration for admission) and the rites of initiation can (too frequently) be fatal. For many, membership may be awarded postumously.

But this is not quite so strenuous as appearances might first suggest — many members-iu-good-standing of this elite Concord have applied for admission only in the course of accepting and successfully undertaking (usually in total ignorance and sometimes originally discovering the threat in question) some mission of vital importance to the peace and security of the Commonwealth . . . but only success — not survival — is requisite for acceptance.

Membership excepted, the Sons of Suction have no elective offices nor officers, pay no dues (except mission expenses — which can casily exceed a King's fortune) and hold only irregular meetings . . , which are invariably informal and without announced schedule.

Further, members of the Frothblowers' Concord never interfere in the internal affairs of the sovereign nations comprising the Delian Commonwealth and, in the case of internal disagreements, never take part in such "family" arguments . . . officially, that is. Unofficially, however, members of the Frothblowers' have, on several occasions, undertaken to chastise these profiting (or seeking to profit) by such disruptions.

The Journality

In many respects, the Joviality is a typical example of Delian societies. The Joviality's membership and aims are (publicly) held to be clandestinely secret but, according to common rumor, this well-named organization is a sodality of jesters and pranksters who meet for mutual amusement and support. Also, the Joviality is believed, frequently, to be an instrument of the Delian, its members sworu to accomplish tasks set by the Delian and to do so in the finest traditions as set forth by Tam O'Bedlant.

The organization and offices of the Joviality are not publicly known but it is popularly believed the prime requisite for office is that the candidate must have obtained membership fraudulently.

This quasi-religious organization is dedicated to maintaining the smooth and coherent transmission of information via the Acolean Web (see separate entry). Unfortunately, internal political disruptions (varying factions within the Keepers of the Web indulge in extensive infighting over control of the Web and the revenues generated thereby) sometimes result in censorship or other centrictions on information transmission (see also

Donsterous Civili pations

Delian Cosmology in Beyond The Sacred Table).

Le Ceour de Lion

Membership in this social fraternity/sorority is limited to those who have died in acts of heroism or who have performed heroicly after death. Regular meetings are held at the lnn of the Discorporate Hero. Prospective members are invited.

The Legion of Chaos is a fraternal organization of individuals (open to all sexes) with a common interest in chaos, adventure, chaos, wealth, chaos, drinking, and, in that order, chaos. Devoted to mutual support and assistance, this social organization is wide-spread but membership is by invitation only. Members may be identified (should they so desire) by the small, double-edged, black-handled daggers carried, each of which bears the symbol of the Legion (arrows, in red, pointing in four directions) on the sheath.

On initiation (a simple ceremony involving downing a tankard of beer and presentation of the badge — or dagger — by another member), each member takes the name of a totem animal and is then known, within the Legioo, as Brother Elk, Sister Bear, etc.

The Legion, while informal and chaotic in some respects, in other aspects can be quite conservatively conventional and its members are drawn from many worlds and many walks (the Legion is also well-represented in Live-Action as well as Table-Top gaming circles and our own persona as Guru Swamigi Harum Rashna is "spiritual advisor" to one such branch — see The Templars of the Unknown Gods).

Membership . . . vacant.

Followers of des Freres Marques, members of the Solecism believe that balance is the first principle of the Multiverse, that what goes up must come down, that good must balance with bad, that the sum total of all polar opposites in the Multiverse remains constant and can only be redistributed, not increased. Thus, they believe, for perfection and elegance to florish in some areas of the Multiverse, it is necessary for their opposites to equally florish in other areas.

Acting toward this illustrious end, these dedicated social philanthrophists deliberately play the part of the fool in order to draw the absurdity of the Multiverse to florish in their immediate vicinity rather than in regions or realms where it would disturb others. Thus, the Solecists perform — with great relish and style — all manner and mode of social blunders, solecisms, faux pas, improprieties and incongruities such that others are not required to lapse into social buffconery.

The principles for such social misbehavior have become, in themselves, quite formalized and extensive books of rules for anti-etiquette are available containing such cautions as "a malapropism must always be followed by a 'droit rigour' unless preceeded by a 'droit de signeur' ". Needless to say, members of the Solecism are in great demand by all properly fashionable hostesses.

The Solipsism of the Hive-Mother

Also known as The Allinger of One and unusual even for Delos, the so- called

Solipsism is a coglomeration of individuals who have subsummed themselves into a "universal" being. For many, this appears to have been chosen as an escape from the demands of individuality requiring less definition of purpose than suicide. Membership is open.

Templans # The Unknown Gods.

This benevolent organization of clerics (and occasional paladins) is devoted to discovering otherwise forgotten and "unknown" Gods. Originally founded by a group of clerics who found the service of conventional deities to be overly stullifying or otherwise unsatisfactory, members of the Templars spend much of their time travelling in search of minor (or major) deities who have been forgotten, whose followers have died or vanished or who are otherwise in need of revival.

Naturally, individual members are quite as variable in alignment as any other group but there is also a certain bias toward neutral or chaotic alignments: those of strong lawful alignments tending naturally to hold to their original associations while those in service to evil deities can not lightly nor easily change their alligences . . . and these resulting personal preferences tend to carry forward in the unconscious selection of "unknown" deities to he "rescued" (i.e. they tend to exercise little effort in the "rescue" of evil or others of personally conflicting atignments).

Those who are disposed to the service or revival of such "lost" powers, however, often gain great powers thereby.

Unusual in origin (as is usual for many Delian socielies), the Thousand Sons (current membership estimated at 14,000+) are reputedly the male offspring of one Simon D'Hal whose sole claims to fame lie in the extent of his connubial assocations and in his having fathered only sons (though an equal fascination might be found in the variety of exotic genotypes present among his "reputed" offspring). The chief objective of this fraternal alliance appears to be the "attempted" emulation of their paternal ancestor's reproductive prophensities.

Open to all who exist by symbiotic relationship (*parasites ezcluded*), this organization is devoted to providing mutual support and to erasing public preconceptions and prejudices concerning symbiotic relationships. A match-making service is also maintained for those temporarily without partners.

This renegade association of militant Druidists are devoted to the destruction all buildings, roads, palaces, acqueducts and other structures of any kind or purpose. Their avowed mission is "to teave no wall standing, no stone unturned".

The Y'Mali D'Naor claims itself to be a "benevolent organization devoted to assisting those unhappy or dissatisfied with their present incarnations to transition to a future state of existance". Temperate inquiries, however, suggest that the means employed for such "transitious" are virtually guarenteed to render anyone "unhappy or dissatisfied" with their present incarnations.



Powers and Sods of Delos

Throughout most of Delos (certainly in all civilized regions), religious freedom is an unstated fact and, as mentioned briefly in Delian Cosmology, the God and Goddesses of all of the major (and many minor — see also Templars of the Unknown Gods) pantheons are known in Delos . . . and worshiped in various forms in various regions. In Delos, however, are found certain other powers which are absent or relatively unknown in other parts of the multiverse.

Editor's Note: The following descriptions include several beings which, in other circumstances or worlds, might be considered minor gods or godlings. However, no stats are given for any of these beings (or Powers as they are more properly known) for, within their specific realms and concerns, they can not be fought, killed, circumvented, defeated or avoided!

In some systems, these Powers would be considered Neutral or True Neutral ... but Neutral is not applicable to these Powers any more than Good or Evil. If the truth be known, these Powers have no alignment what-so-ever . . . they are neither Law nor Chaos, Good nor Evil nor. in any other fashion, subject to mortal nor deific motivations or concerns.

These Powers are forces to which even the Gods must bend and their aspects govern the proper functions of the multiverse. As such, they can not be neither influenced nor disuaded and neither force of arms nor magical arcana sway their operations in any fashion.

Some few individuals have found grounds to co-operate with these Powers and, at times, may seem to weild great forces as a result but the forces weilded are illusory as their users are tools of the Powers as much or more so than employeers of these forces.

> The following is excerpted from How The World Began by Sir Quinquat J. V. S. Dolmbey, A.C., F.R.S., D.D.Lit. published by Dolmbey Press, Dolmbey House St. Dolmby's, Ridelstone, Henglishire

It is said, in the dim and distant days when the world which came to be Delos was still without form or existance, the Gods met to create a place unto themselves - a place away from those who worshipped them, a place where Gods might meet as equals apart from mere mortal worlds. Thus, legends speak, was the world of Delos created.

And yet, when the world came to be, the Gods and Godesses found, apart from their followers, they were diminished thereby and became less than deities though still greater than mortal beings. Thus these beings, for all their pride and powers, found isolation less than gratifying and, first bringing only a select few, then in greater numbers, transported Mee and Elves, Dwarves and Ogres, Orcs and Hobbits and all manner of races as would do them honor, homage and service.

But, these Gods and Goddenses, as is their nature and in order to show their powers before their followers, did contend amongst themselves in all manner and fashion. And thus the world of Delos, as with other worlds, was torn between the several pantheons and deities but, so great and numerous were these dissents, at times it seemed as if the world itself. so newly and cunningly created, might be swept aside, returning to the vaporous ethers from whence it had coalesced.

Qage 50

And yet, whenever one or another of these mystic powers seemed to gain the greater hand, in some manner or fashion, their works did go astray ... but, by what agency or chance, for long ages, none could discover.

Thus did strife and ages pass and yet, despite the hard contentions twixt the many powers, Man. Elf, Dwarf and Ogre and, yea, even the world itself remained in large untouched and undisturbed by these several many mystik powers who to peace could not forbear... but still by which or what came this quiet surcease remained unknown.

And, only of later years, did man and deity come to know what powers governed over all disputes, to know by which a balance did maintain and thus did come to know:

The Delian Apollo

Commonly known merely as the Delian, the Delian Apollo is not worshipped nor is he (she?) a God in the usual sense. No temples are built to the Delian, neither do priests nor priestess dedicate themselves to his service, nor are sacrifices made to this power above powers and yet the Delian is an omnipresent force in Delos, known to all, both mortals and Gods alike . . . for even the Gods must bow to the Delian's balance.

The Delian is invoked not by prayer or praise, responds not to sacrifice nor supplication, nor can the Delian be constrained by any act or power known to Gods nor Man . . . though there are circumstances, devices and acts by which the Delian's attentions may be gained but never, in any circumstances, can the results of his attentions be governed, directed nor, in any fashion, bent toward any personal desire.

Always, in every way and without exception, the Delian acts according to the balances, redressing — not rights or wrongs — but only imbalances in powers, actions or results. Neither may any, mortal nor deity, appeal the actions of the Delian . . . for such actions are irrevocable in their finality.

It would be an error, however, to see the actions of the Delian as direct for they are always subtle and only rarely apparent in any obvious form. Neither does the Delian act by exertion of force in any notable manner, for the Delian, in all outward appearance, lacks such powers . . . and yet, without dispute, the Delian acts and his aims are never thwarted nor diverted by even the width of a hair for the agents of the Delian are many (cf: The Jouislity) and only rarely known . . . often even to themselves.

Among the known agents of the Delian, however, are the several Powers which maintain Nature's (and the Delian's) balance. Among these are:

The Hounds) of Justice

One of the more overt agents of Delian Balance, the Hound (or Hounds — a distinction not certain) appears as a gigantic grey hound of no distinguishable breed. The Hound never attacks nor in any other fashion interferes with its quarry but neither will the Hound ever cease to follow, releatlessly, unswerving but never hurrying. In precisely what manner or fashion the Hound of Justice serves to redress an imbalance, is a matter subject to much speculation by philosophers but still (and possibily forever) unresolved.

Obilius

Also known as Death, the Grim Reaper or, sometimes, the Lord of Night. Obitius is a major power in Delos as in all other worlds as well. His guise, according to various reports, changes according to circumstances but, for most mortals, meeting or speaking

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Obitius comes to all in their time but, for those whose concern is the souls and beings of others (*principally clerics*), Obitius may be encountered when coming to call for another. Obitius, like the other Powers, is neither good nor evil and, within his particular domain. can not be baulked, countered nor turned from bis task . . . which is, quite simply, to release the dying soul from its mortal shell.

In truth, there have been those who, either foolishly or stupidly brave, have sought to counter this Power in his appointed tasks. Obitius, however, while quite invulnerable to mystik, magick or mortal attacks, will usually respond without rancor... but not always without a perverse humor. On one such occasion, or so we were informed, Obitius' answer to such an attack was a calmly chilling "You are mine — I will call for you ... later." Of course, "later" was indeterminate ... but sobering.

The Parcae

Sometimes known as the Fates or the Weavers of Fate, Clotho, Lacheis and Atropes are also called the Cruel Fates because they pay no regard to the wishes of anyone — mortal or deity. Of the three, Clotho appears as the eternal youth and spins the threads of life, drawing forth at birth a thread for each mortal being. Lacheis, in turn, measures the length of each thread, weaving it together with others in the intricate pattern of life and, finally, Atropos, the eldest, severs each tread at its appointed length and death.

In Deles, the Parcae are believe to reside on the Heights of Jenos and to have taught the creation of the wondrous Fenchelchen yarns (see <u>Beyond The Sacred Table</u>).

de Mode

Little is known of these strange and capricious Powers (see also the <u>Bon Ton</u>) though many continually attempt, in various forms, to invoke these "gods of good taste". Still, they are believed to be agents of the Delian and act, when required, in their own fashions. As a case in point, when a now-forgotten Fallwellian city decided to enact a ban against all "wan-ton sex", it is said that the de Mode destroyed the city "with flames of purient desire". (A discenting opinion holds that this incident might more properly be atributed to another Power: Jocus.)

Jocus

Whether Jocus is or is not an agent of the Delian will, likely, never be known for certain but this Power is notable both for its varied aspects — sometimes appearing as a large white rabbit or Pukka, othertimes as various forms of sprite or, occasionally, as a downy-faced youth — and for its activites which may vary from gentle pranks to the elaborate and complex. Jocus is the merry prankster of the Delian, acting to prick and deflate the pompous, to unsettle the satisfied and to discomfit the comfortable.

Among those who are students (or afficinados) of the Delian, Jocus is considered to be the finest of the Delian's agents and his activities are followed with great interest and no little amusement. Jocus' hand may often be seen in the smallest matters of redress but may yet be present in even the most momentus. Jocus' afficinados are not limited to mortals for more than one deity — and notably Loki and Hermes (Mercury) — are among this select company and, according to our corresponding authority on Jocus, one Graf Posvalski, Jecus' followers are always more than willing to assist this Power in its services (see also <u>The Jouiality</u> and <u>The Solecism of the Faux Pas</u>).

Other Gods of Delos

The Nine Forgollen Ones

This ancient pantheon, due to the disappearance of their followers — through causes not presently known — had reached near-extinction prior to their rediscovery in a remote and barren region by searchers from the Temple of the Unknown Gods (see separate listing). Thanks to efforts by Temple members, they have now relocated and are enjoying a modest but significant revival, principally in the rural regions along the Southeastern coast.

Editor's Note: Due to the recent revival of this pantheon, few statistical details concerning these deities are available (which is not to imply they lack strengths or powers).

Prismas

The typical "father-figure" common to most primitive pantheons. Prismas commonly appears as a hirsute, massive and decidedly male elephantoid figure bearing a huge sword in his right-most trunk, a flask of ever-flowing waters in the center and a cornucopia of fruits in his left: thus signifying his powers of death, life and sustenance. His tusks are curved upwards and are rainbowed in hue, his fur is heavy and silver in color and, it is said, he speaks with three voices: the first being the trumpet of time passing; the second, the bells of life beginning; and the third, the rumble of the rains which bring life.

Kalma

"Wife" of Prismas and similar in appearance, Kalma is distinctively an "earth-mother" and governs all planting and harvests. It is said she causes the sun to shine and warm the soil and, when she "trumpets", the clouds roll and the rains fail. The doubled rainbows which form after a storm are said to be a symbol of Kalma and Primas united to cause the earth to bring forth all manner of life. A very popular goddess among the rural peoples of the region.

Palike

The "war god" of this pantheon, Palike is described as a truly massive elephantoid of a dark bronze appearance, his tusks and hooves shod in silver, his triple-trunks bearing the frosted mace, flaming spear and lightning bolts of war. Palike has few staunch followers in this relatively peaceful region but is occasionally invoked by hunters and, more often, as a symbol of male virility.

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Tynbal

Alone among this pantheon, Tynbal remains physically undescribed and is not represented in the temples but is the embodiment of misfortune, illness and sorrow. Tynbal's worship remains primarly a matter of propitiation but his (?) intercession is sometimes sought as a curse against an enemy. Not a popular deity.

Pro'lix

In many respects, Pro'lix is the equivalent of Hermes or Loki or the Coyote in the Amerindian mythos — the prankster or trickster. Pro'lix is chaotic in nature and is often invoked by gamblers.

Pro'lix is, however, a capricious deity and, assuming a variety of forms, is said to often appear where games of chance are in progress, either to make wagers which may be much more than they appear or to trap any "cheating" at dice or cards.

Editor's Note: Regardless of aspect or appearance, Pro'lix never becomes involved in combat but, at will, exercises his special ability to cause any opponent or opponents to "fumble" or otherwise trip over their own feet.

Jolondi

Also "elephantoid" in appearance, Jolondi is decisively feminine in appearance (even to humanoids — especially males of all species) and wonderfully seductive in all aspects. Described as having flowing locks of amber hair (fur), her worshippers are enjoined to provide her with lovers in the form of "virgin"-sacrifices (young males prefered). Her worship is limited but, within her group of followers, quite fanatical.

Da'

A popular rural deity, Da' is often invoked for the care and wellbeing of farm animals as well as success in the hunt. He is represented as a elephantoid being bearing a bow and arrows in his triple-trunks.

Ma-gruk

Often invoked in opposition to Tynbal, Ma-gruk is responsible for healing and all matters of well-being. He is represented holding a candle in his center trunk, a flask in his right and a branch of nettles in his left.

Inros

Popularly associated with the Harvest Festival, Inroa is responsible for the ripening of fruit and grains but also governs all forms of fermentation. In this latter aspect, Inroa is popular at all festivals and is much worshiped.



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Brastly Drities of Delos

While little attention is paid, in most worlds, to the Deities served by the various "animals" who share these worlds, research by Fellows of the Temple of the Unknown Gods (see separate tisting for this organization) has brought to light much of interest concerning some few of these Deific entities. Please note: these deities are not gods and god-mentalities in animal form ... precisely the opposite! These are animal archetypes with deific powers and aspects!

In thought, behavior and action, they are animals — not strangely shaped humans or elves or dwarves but animal archetypes with the same concerns, instincts and interests as their species . . . except that they are also gods and, in this aspect, have available such "true intelligence" as they may desire and can understand/speak both humanoid and godly languages — should they bother to do so!

Thus canine and feline deities will, according to their archetypical enmity, bark and hiss when they meet and Dounh, the Dog God may chase the Cat God and Tybalt may run, all in perfect accord with the behavior of their canine and feline worshipers rather than indulging in convoluted intrigues or "godly politics" or attacking the other's worshippers.

Should either become interested, for whatever reasons of their own, in such "anthropomorphic" or "intelligent" situations as politics or other affairs of the hairless primates, they then 'turn on' a 'monkey-manipulating" mode of thinking rather like one might speak a foreign language. Also, under such circumstances, these otherwise enemies might well ally with each other *against* all "monkey" creatures.

Their main interest is in 'normal' animals of their respective races. 'Bastardly' creatures such as Centaurs come in for a little help and sympathy (with a lot of pity/revulsion) — as long as they are *not* in conflict with '*real* horses', etc. In any such conflict, the Gods *always* take the side of the 'normal, "unintelligent" animals'.

For example, should Caballus be pleased with a Centaur, he might well choose to "heal this devious devision"... by turning him into a normal horse.

These deities will accept worship and homage by other races — including those bastardly' such as Centaurs, etc — but such beings are definitely considered to be second-class subjects. Generally, when humans or elves worship a Beastly God, it is in the hope/expectation of reincarnation as such a Beast . . . or, sometimes, as a reward for some special service, of being permanently and divinely polymorphed into such a creature . . . (Thus such worshippers can be of any alignment and can pursue their goal/sympathy by any means, whether good or evil, lawful or chaotic.) Such worshippers, however, "orthodoxly" disapprove of normal magical polymorphs and will not accept such substitutes for the "true being" they desire.

As for those (humanoids and others) who do polymorph into forms not their own, both deities and worshippers are suspicious in the extreme of such and can easily "smell" such beings a mile away! ("Smell" is not guite the proper term but a polymorph, while providing the outward form, does not provide one with the instinctive social signals and behavior which play such crucial roles in intra-species conduct . . . and much less those rites and rituals with which the each species honors its gods.)

Note: the true rites of the true animals are protected by these very deities, therefore we have no knowledge of them at this time. When we refer to "worshippers", "cult members", etc. in the following, we mean Humanoid and Bastardly cults only.

Also, and particularly in Delos, these Animal Deities are under the direct

protection of the Delian himself ... and some scholars suggest these are creations of the Delian while others (cf <u>The Ancient and Honorable Order of Heretics</u>) hold the Delian to emanate from the collective powers and natures of all Deities.

Regardless of which school you might agree with, however, one rule holds: no animal deity may be harmed by those who walk upright! Any attempt — whatsoever — to offer harm or injury recoils immediately upon the source. If a weapon is used, this become obvious: a sword would either break or strike the attacker; missiles rebound and other, more devious, attempts simply have no effect or fumble in some harmless manner.

This does not, however, mean that the Animal Deities will always succeed in their endeavors... they may be discouraged in their attempts or lose interest or be driven off by something which they find unpleasant. (Tybalt can not drown — but, with enough water, he will get disgusted and forget what his intentions were and run away.)

Beline Deities

Tybalt

This Feline Lord, or — in a sense — wargod, bas pink, fan-like ears and a rat-like tail being otherwise a golden brindle color overall.

When some male cat (lion, tabby or whatever) is in danger of uot properly "Standing Up for his Honor" — or for the Honor of Cats in general — Tybalt appears and encourages the little cat to "remember the standards of courage and honor" traditional to cat-dom, on no account to "become Docile" (particularly in dealings with "monkey-people" — i.e. humanoids)..., which means, to fight! To fight anything that has dishonored him.

For example, a Kzinti (a distant member of the species) encountered a "mimic" in the form of a treasure chest . . . and thereafter, with the blessings of Tybalt, upheld his "Honor" by attacking, without question, all such chests subsequently encountered . . . until cunningly waylaid (possibily by Jockus, himself) by destroying a chest quite liberally filled with Nepeta Cataria (commonly called "catnip") . . . at which time, Tybalt became quite disgusted and departed.

In general, however, Tybalt will imbue his subjects, when necessary, with all manner of "plusses" to fight, to morale, etc. — the equivalent of a berserker state. This is had a fixed amount of help — it varies dependent on the opponents faced and Tybalt is only interested in a *fair fight*, providing whatever is necessary for his subject to "have a fighting chance".

Tybalt could provide even greater power but he never does! Considering "one cat is a match for six 'animals' " (meaning any non-cat), Tybalt provides an unexpected bonus but rarely, if ever, enough. Tybalt is not concerned with the <u>survial</u> of his subject, only his ability to uphold <u>Feline Honor</u>... and dying in the attempt is perfectly Hunorable...

However, Tybalt incites battle only in cases where some real (or probable) dishonor has occured . . . and by some real opponent (even a mimicked treasure chest) and his desire is solely for the Feline Honor. If he can be shown that there is a mistake or that Honor has been satisfied (by sincere apology, etc), Tybalt would consider it dishonorable to continue.

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The same does not hold true for:

9 mbalkis

This Cat-Demon incites battle on any excuse and lacks any real sense of houor in any respect. Imbalkis is interested only in fighting and will even incite mortal feliues to attack illusory or imaginary opponents or even abstractions such as "The last Gatekeeper in this tollgate insulted you, therefore you must avenge yourself on the new gatekeeper"... etc.

Imbalkis fights tooth and claw and also by "spraying" — ie "leaving his mark". His favorite tactic is to spray his scent on a fire or hot surface, taunt opponents to throw fireballs or otherwise tempt opponents to create their own irritations...

Merov - The Mother Cat-Goddess

Merov is quite the opposite of Tybalt and cares for nothing except getting "her charge" (who may be a true cat or kitten or a Bastardly or any worshipper who has attracted her sympathy/attention) out of a dangerous area and "safely into her Nest". Merov acts through direct means, stalking into the middle of whatever is going on (atl in 30 feet must save vs motherhood¹ or stand frozen in fear), picking them up by the back of the neck and stalking out again.

However, if it comes to a fight — Merov can always beat the Wargod, Tybalt! Or \underline{ANY} other creature or personage of Delos or neighboring Space — WHATSOEVER!!!! One biss or swipe with her paw is all it takes — any opponent flees immediately!

or Save VS Charm . . .

Cleric Rashns Notes:

Once an attempt was made to get Merov to regard all the Sanctuaries of the Order of Greymone as extensions of Her Nest in hopes that She would return Her devotees there, and/or stand or provide guards for the Sanctuaries. Their efforts, however, were was only partially successful. She regarded all the devotees living in the Saucutaries as her kittens — and immediately took them all to her True Nest (on the Astral Plane), leaving the Sanctuaries as hollow shells. And, for long ages, any cats or sympathetic persons who wandered into such Sanctuaries were also never seen again . . .

Merov is more welcoming/tolerant toward non-cat devotees than most of the Beastly Gods, tending to "adopt" anyone who wants to become part of her family.

She has even adopted one whole refugee/tribe from Terra: those Americans who have such strong understanding/sympathy for animal nature that they refuse to 'neuter, spay or castrate' their Terran pets. These are the Americans who want birth control for their pets but tell their veternarians: "Spay but leave the ovaries, we want her to keep her sormal hormone balance and continue to go in heat and enjoy mating."

It is said that Merov goes in search of 'strayed' Delians who may have reincarnated in the Techno worlds, prowling those worlds in the shape of a 'stray' cat to attract those of Delian sympathies. Finding such, she lives with him till a proper rapport has been established, then leads him to some Gate to Delos...

Equine Deities

Caballus

Caballus, deity of horses, is usually invisible — his opponents are trampled by invisible booves. The city of Grac which — having massively offended Caballus by means not known — was totally levelled as if by "a vast stampede" of invisible hooves.

In other cases, Cabailus has been known to produce earthquakes by stamping on the ground and he is especially sensitive to the imprisonment of horses or similar creatures. Tends to knock down the walls or cause earthquakes to make them fall.

Sbrymon

Strymon is a minor Demon sometimes known as the False Horse-God but, in actuality, is really an invisible monkey-god who likes to impersonate Caballus. Strymon is said to do this by wearing half-coconut shells on his feet to imitate the sound of pounding hoeves.

The sound of Strymon's "hooves" has the power to cause horses to revolt but it is also a signal for any monkeys in the area to 'do their thing' as well — whether that be to escape confinement, break in and steal something, etc.

Poseidon's Sea-Horses

These steeds, notable for their white, foaming manes, live in the sea-breakers and are often seen dashing across the sand in waves and knocking down anything in their paths.

Poseidon's Sea-Horses protect sea-creatures (especially those of the coastal/tidal pool areas), taking revenge on those who torment or exploit such creatures or who build on the coast or pollute the sea.

They are kindly to people who worship them or demonstrate good-will to their charges — as by putting stranded creatures back in the sea, protecting them or simply picking up land-originated trash from the tideline, etc (they are especially fond of beach combers.). Those who have pleased the Sea-Horses report such favors as being miraculously thrown to safety from drowning, having dolphins summoned to aid them or their boats 'lucking out' during storms — and having valuable floatsam and jetsam washed 'right up at their feet' while walking on the beach!

The Sea-Horses seldom respond to anything (whether offense or prayer) immediately because they adhere to a strict tide-schedule but — whatever draws their attention — they take care of at the next high tide¹

Also called "The Herders of the Storm", they can guide a hurricane or sea-storm to bit or miss some coastal settlement and aid its power to knock down buildings.

¹ If the person who attracted their attention has withdrawn from the coast by high-tide . . . well . . . there are also tides in the affairs of men . . .

Cleric Rashna Notes:

Poseidon's Sea-Horses are also sympathetic to land horses and to those who treat them well and Legends say they will *never* drown a horse! However, when Baron Avidya took advantage of this by cancelling his AMLA policies against shipwreck and started carrying a horse on each ship 'for luck', every single ship was wrecked, releasing their captives safely and comfortably on the sands... Donsterous (livilizations

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EN Superior Inns and Caverns of Delos

excerpted from Wanamaker's Guide

The following list includes the better inns, roadhouses and taverns of Delos. All meet certain minimum standards for accomodations (1), vituals (11) and beverages in (a few "temperance" establishments are excepted from this last requirement) and are rated on a scale from one to five in each respect.

Joe's Grill 图图图 前面的 前面 Akron Fine food and accomodations despite the pretentiously downplayed decor. Signed only in common, plain script.

Akron

Akron

Barcour

The Hammer and Scythe AA (D() Stat

Signed by a crossed Hammer and Scythe on a red field, the establishment is run by an emigre-refugee claiming to be the last of the proletariat. Prices vary according to the customer's dress and wealth. Vodka and borsht a speciality.

Akton Merlin's Cave A (n) (n) (n) ATATAT

Signed by a wizard and cave entrance, the interior decor continues the theme with staff and management appropriately clad. Features unusual beverages, many magickly enhanced — an interesting experience.

The Moving Finger 🔄 (m)(m)(m)(m) br Akron

Illusory sign of moving finger spelling name in ornate script. Bread and wine excellent, little else needed for a meal. However, they refuse to correct any errors in the bill!

The Babbit and Hat 🛛 🖓 à thù

Signed as described, white rabbit wearing "top hat" - unusual for show.

Akton The Tortoise and the Hare 图图图图图 mmmm mbriting

Signed as sleeping hare and plodding tortoise, the service reflects this theme but the food is well worth waiting.

The Cloak and Dagger 图图图图 (前 前的)

Signed as dark cloak pierced by bleeding dagger in gloved hand, the establishment is said to be popular with Assassin's Guild. Features spacious and interesting decor but it may be advisable to ask directions once inside — the novice visitor may easily become lest.

Barcour The Mermaid in the Zodiac PARE (MMMM) Artrition

An out-of-sky branch, gathering place of the illustrious incognito, popular with Le Ceour de Lion. Illusory decor on motif of starlit ocean. Seafoods and sushi a specialty.

The Bell Savage ABA (MMMM) arinin Bunbury

Aka Lo Belle Souvage - sign denotes a Juncesque figure wearing a feathered beaddress - origin not known - presumptious but excellent service, excellent table d'hotel, high prices.

Bunbury The Golden Dustman BEREA (D(M) And Signed as man surrounded by golden haze — excellent — best night's sleep ever!

The Well-Tempered Clavichord 2 (mmm) h Bunbury

A favorite with Bards, popular meeting place of The Joviality.

Qagr 60

Signed as cat depicted	Pog and Cat's Feet 国国国 (前 句 walking on cloud — noted for discreet service (and other rith The Heirarchy of Threes.
Signed as two foresters	Green Man & Still 图图图 ① 都部的 tending a still — very fine wines, well recommended — ouse for Der Geher am Kevel.
	Red Sky at Night EEEE (M) frendred et, clouds and colors suggestive of the offering of this finest blacklisted by the Bon Ton but popular with The Thousand
Signed by heart motif	e Thonsand Hearts 译画 ① 計句 carried over entire building, repeated inside but with some o rise above its station — may succeed.
	ne Orcadian Arms EEEEE (DO) 9797 th clasped hands — unusual cuisine, interesting locality, heavy
Signed by lyre heavily h	The Bloomin' Lyre ARA (MMM) bitti ung with flowering ivy — management much given to puns — ian traveller, popular meeting place for The Intra-Delian
	he Man Bites Dog 邕 ⑪⑪⑪ 節帖 Sion of man on all fours chasing erect dog — unpretentious but
Holly Oak Signed by a tall staff bu Popular with The Soleci	The Ragged Staff EEE (DODO) bidydydydy ng with colorful pendants — notable for its cellar and kitchen! sm of the Faux Pas.
-	The Riding Beggar 🗟 (ሹ(ሹ(ሹ) ይናትፕ d tattered horseman, your every wish accomodated at a
	Ivory and Peacock 图图图 ① from he holding ivory tusk aloft, surmounted by peacock — features o everyone's tastes.
	e Goat & Compass EEEEE () drytrytrytr d encircled (encompassed), this is a favorite with mariners, ed beverages.
	ne Hat on the Bed 国 (①①) 台记记 res interesting early-techno accomodations rumored to be scordian Society.
	ibort-Horaed Cows 图图 (D(D(D(D)) by attle over most of facade —rough but generous hospitality, teaks.

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The Wave and Moor A mmmmmmmmm Karrome Signed by coastal landscape, notably barren - temperance hostel - good foods. The Discorporate Hero E E . . . Lamron Signed as spectral hero - catering principly to ghosts and others discorporate, food and beverages are still available for those requiring physical sustenance - regular meetings of the Y'Mali D'Naor. Hearts of ●ak ▲图图图 (m)(m) m Lamron Signed as three foresters with acorn crests on jerkins --excellent veuison and acceptable ale. Lamron La Belle Dame Sans Merci 🖾 🖾 (mm) 🔐 Unsigned but well-known — inquire locally — no tipping please! Lamron The Seven Stars AAA (MM) byby Signed as stars in circle — good food, drink and accomodations reasonably priced. The Bag O' Nails BB MMMM Htererer Marlyebone Aka Bacchanials — signed as a table spread with foods and bottles -- outstanding cellars, unusual but interesting service available. The Blue Cross BEBER (MMM) Marluebone Signed as named - temperance inn but excellent foods. The Oak, Ash and Yew EBEES (D) by Marlyebone Sign depicting three leaves of oak, ash and yew — beds inhanced magically — note: closed on Midsummer's Night. The Rose Red City. A (M) Arai Marlyebone Signed as skyline of red towers -- well rated for wines and cheese, not so good for milk and bread. The Singing Sands 🖾 🕅 ArAr Topstoh Signed as bard on sand dune — scones have too much soda, rooms too smail otherwise good. The Bull And Gate BBBBB (D. D. D. D. dyeybrey Orcadia Signed as named (red bull behind closed gate) — the best of country inns, the black ale (house speciality) is well recommended. Orcadia The Cock & Bottle 四回图图 前面 如紅 Signed as rooster pecking at overturned bottle - good country bospitality. Orcadiu The Last Rose of Summer a (M(M(M)(fill) byerbrer Signed as single rese amid autumn leaves - fine foods - unusual gardens surround this establishment. The Angry Ogre EE mmmmm dybrig OTHA Signed as ogre rampant ou field of battle — excellent regional dishes and Olde Ogre wines, well recommended. The Bell, Book and Grindle ABAAA (MMMM) tr One Denoted by broken sign featuring bell and book — nature of Grindle not clear established by the arch-cleric Garamond following his retirement, the Bell, Book and

Grindle is noted for its lavish hespitality and food.

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Donsterous Civili pations

OTHE Hengist & Horsa A (M) (M) Hybrar Not signed --- inquire locally --- suggest the ice wines be sampled but only in moderation. The Snows of Yesteryear AA (M) diality OTUR Signed as snow-covered mountain peak — ogre cuisine, ice wines a speciality. OTHE Tempest and Teapot EE (M)(M) Signed as teapot surmounted by thunder clouds - interesting temperance inn, unusual brewed beverages. Rio de Varlian Noab's Ark ARABA (M) (M) BIBIBIB Unsigned but unmistakable — a fine old example of the sumptuous riverboat style of earlier decades. The Ivory Tower AAA (MM) ererter Tremonde Unsigned except for building itself -- excellent cellar, unusual decor and an excellent library open to guests. The Queen of Romania BEBERE (mm Arbith Tremonde Signed as crown and scepter — excellent hospitality but rather heavy on the sauces. Tremonde The Water in the Wine 🖾 🖓 Signed as wine bottle being filled from bucket — a temperance pub — otherwise good! The White Griffin AAA (DO) breiterer Tremonde Signed as named - after extinct family crest - argent on azure field - old castle fortress converted to spa, often filled during season. The Black Enamel Bose ARA () bi Tur Signed as named — unusual decor. not for everybody — annual meetings of the Order of Heretics held here. The Fox & Goose AR (MMM) horiter Tur Signed as goose pursuing fleeing fox - plain foods well prepared, excellent ales. The Hand in the Clove BEB (MM) brerbrert Tur Signed as ragged glove with flagers protruding - game and fowl specialties, well recommended. Tur The Lime And Ale AAAAA (M) drerdrer Signed as lime in mug - favored by mariners, this waterfront tavern is noted for its extensive cellars as well as its accomodations for all races (and sezes). The Swan & Harp AA (1) brertin: Tur Signed as swan playing harp — excellent cellar but rather a heavy band with the spice rack. Tur The Swan With Two Necks 国民怪怪 的的 折的的 Signed as named, two necks entertwined - has seen better days but still a must for the discriminating. Uplon King Lud AAAAA (MMMM) brereyer Signed as robes and scepter surmounted by crown but without supporting figure (King Lud was mythical ruler of Avalon) - outstanding in all respects, priced accordingly - popular with Association of Ylkian Veterans.

Consterous Civilizations

Usher The Cat & The Fiddle 图图图 (例(例)(例) 出的的情况 Signed as a cat wearing hipboots and playing a base fiddle — noted especially for their unusual mixed beverages, both hot and cold.

Usher Char D' Labrum 🗟 (D)(D)(D) didiging did Signed as a burning vat — best known for their pastry, the cellars are worth extensive study.

Usher Priest Who Threw Soup At The Wall E E (f) (f) by Signed as clerical figure throwing large pot — noted for sauces and continental hospitality.

Usher Sir John Falstaff 🗐 🗐 🕅 ÉTÉTETÉTET Signed as a myriad of bottles surrounding a single loaf — services in keeping with tradition — "Such a great deal of sack to so little bread".

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Ynos The Chicken and the Egg A (1)(1) ATAT Signed as named — slow service, otherwise acceptable.

- Ynos The Fox, the Goose and the Corn AAA (1976) for Signed as goose chasing fox carrying ear of corn — tending toward plain foods, heavy emphasis on starches, otherwise very fine.
- Ynos The Goose & Gridiron A A The Goose & Gridiron A A The Goose A speciality served in a variety of unusual sauces.
- Ynos The Pig & Tinderbox Paralle (P) (P) ATA Signed as pig lighting fire — graced with spacious accomodations, the food and drink are well above average.
- Zuleiak The Golden Apples of the Sun 🔄 🕅 🕅 🗄 🖓 🗄 Apples Sign bearing golden apples fine fruits in any season, good wines.
- Zuleiak Snow White and Rose Red 百百百百 ① 新知道 Signed as red roses blooming in spowfield — services excellent!

The following inns are "off the beaten planes" but are worthy of attention should one be "in the neighborhood".

Ches Ethereal AAA (1) ATAY

Unsigned — vacuously pretentious and over-priced but unusual accomodations for the jaded.

The Etheral Arms 🖾 🖄 🕅 🕅 🏦

Unsigned - unusual, eerie but excellent service.

Ghastly Manor' ABABA

An unusual guesthaus staffed and inhabited entirely by phantoms, this out of the way inn is noted for its hospitality if lacking in mortal provisions. Reviewers have nated, however, that the house wine (elderberry) is quite unique . . . but is not recommended for mortals.

Nole la Terran Edilian Gbastly Manor is available on computer disk (double-side, double-density, DOS 2.0 or later) for MSDOS or IBM-PC and compatible computers To order, please specify computer system (MSDOS or IBM-PC) and send \$7.50 to: Sharlly Liason, c. a Iragon Tree Press

Che Borests of Dight

Located in the northwestern regions of the continent, the Forests of Night are luxuriant rain-forests in which the trees grow to heights of several hundred feet forming a permanent canopy shading the ground to such an extent that, even at noon, the lower regions are held in a permanent twilight.

Conditions are permanently damp and, below the leafy canopy, the rainfall never ceases but, even during the heavyiest storms, never becomes more than a gentle drizzle at ground level. Lush with bromileads, swamp-grasses and a variety of colorful flowers, insects and birds, the rain forest is a lush if darkened region and is the current home of:

The Wampyr Tribes of Delos

Originally, the Noraque Pennisula was the home of peaceful nomadic tribesmen (human-olven stock) contentedly herding their blood-stock across the grassy plains and hills of an otherwise undesired region. These quiet tribesmen made their homes in wheeled wagons, each ornately carved and decorated in intricate patterns identifying tribe and family.

Wampyr weapons were limited to slings and stones — used to chass wolves away from the herds — and the tribesmen had little knowledge nor interest in warfare or weaponry. Strongly tribe and family oriented, the Wampyr depended on oral traditions (lacking written language) and used elaborate dance rituals and colorful costumes to supplement epic ballads of their bistory.

Like many nomadic tribes, the Wampyr did not slaughter their beasts for food but used their wool for clothing, milked them to produce Kvass (a fermented beverage) and bled their stock for food (in obedience to a religious injunction against taking life).

Thus the Wampyr remained quiet herdsmen until the Time of the Dark when the northern regions (the Noraque Pennisula, being undefended, bore the brunt of the invasion) were overrun by armies of Dark Elves aided by powerful forces of Evil.

Landings were spread along the Gulf of Near, the northern Noraque coast and the Gulf of Sion to establish a broad claw-hold from which forces could sweep through the gap between the Great Barrier Ring and the Double Entendre Mountains to invade the Orcan Nations and up the Lampoco and Green Rivers to attack the Orrible Downs from the south.

In the process, the Wampyr tribesmen and their herds were very nearly wiped out of existance . . . except for the presence of those few individuals who had inherited the ability to assume gaseous form and thus avoided the onelaught of the Dark Elves and their demonic allies.

Socially, this ability had previously been held in strong disrepute and those who did not hide such abilities were outcasts, exiled from tribal lands and, in more civilized regions, giving birth to legends of undead beings with strange powers who lived on the blood of their victims.

Those who successfully fied from the Dark Elven invasion found refuge in the dark rain-forests to the west across the Gulf of Near but did so without homes, possessions or livestock. In the ensuing years, while the War of the Dark caged across much of the continent, the surviving Wampyr established themselves and began adapting to their new bomes in the Forests Of Night.

Today's Wampyr are distinguised by their light builds, sallow skins, reddish eyes (the

latter two choracteristics an adaptation to the dim light and use of ultravision) and pronounced (and very sharp) incisors (necessitated by their dietary habits). Their saliva is naturally antiseptic and causes all cuts to heal with extreme rapidity — a trait preventing infection or permanent damage to their blood-stock.

The Wool-O-The-Wisp

Lacking their original herd-beasts but using their now-acceptable ability to assume gaseous form, the Wampyr were able to domesticate a beast of the forests with similar abilities. Known as Wool-O-The-Wisps for their luxuriant wool-like hair and their natural capacity for astral travel, these are tall-shouldered animals recembing curly mastodons, with tusks spiralling into almost circular curves. The younger Vampyrs ride upon the beast's great head, using the tusks for footrests. The animals are warm-natured, intelligent, protective of their masters — and are much given to practical jokes such as butting and tripping them!

Legends say the Wool-O-the-Wisps, having been driven by the Time of the Dark from their own — colder — native regions, sought out Vampyr company long ago. Retaining the appetite and metabolism needed to survive in the tundra, they found themselves "over-heating" in the warm and humid forests. Finding "servants and ministrant leeches" to "relieve them of excess blood" was (so Wampyr legends say) the great animals' solution.

In any case, the animals have now adapted and thrive under the Wampyrs' care and, if for any reason one is *not* "blood-milked" at least once a week (for 1 pint per 100 pounds of body weight), he falls into a "panting fever" and may begin a confused and bereerk search for any source of coolness...

Modern Wampyr Culture

Recreating lost and dimly remembered customs, the Wampyr again live in elaborately decorated wagons (or wains) and follow their herds of Woll-O-The-Wispe through the Forests of Night, pausing to permit the herds to graze in open pastures but rarely venturing far from the safety and shelter of the dark woods.

Wampyr wains (wagons), to conventional sight, appear to be elaborately decorated in dark patterns which, on closer examination, are inlays of small stones. To those using ultravision, however, the patterns are riotous with color and complexity under the ultralight of Verga (which <u>does</u> penetrate through the conopy of foilage — see Delian Composition of the Sacred Table).

While the Wampyr tribes tend to remain insular, seeking little contact with outsiders (possibility due to racial memories from the Time of Dark), fabrics and yaras from their Wool-O-The-Wisp are traded widely and outside visitors are usually welcomed with generous hospitality.

Wampyr hospitality, however, can be somewhat overwhelming and, on occasion, frightening. Merchants trading with the Wampyr are usually noted for their size and obesity — both of which are quite helpful when one is honored with an invitation to a Wampyr banquet... as the piece d' resistance, of course.

While such an invitation may leave the honored guest temporarily weak — for obvious reasons — there is no real physical danger involved, the Wampyr being able to judge with great nicety the amount of blood which can be safely lost without harm. And they reward their guests handsomely for their contribution. (the Wampyr also pay handsomely for rare blood-types and for unusual livestock for such feasts).

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Cantions

A word of caution, however, the Wampyr are quite susceptable to alcohol . . . and particularly to blood alcohol . . . and we advise guests invited to such banquets not to imbibe prior to such festivities.

Like their masters, the Wool-O-The-Wisp are not adapted to alcohol. However, they can smell it from 500-feet and seek it with great eagerness, even munching the bottle as well (with no apparent harm).





excerpted from Wanamaker's Guide to the Mulliverse

While Ogres, in much of the multiverse, are considered as mere "monsters" of subhuman intellect and imposing odor and appearance, this "homo-centric" attitude is both chauvanistic and inaccurate . . . as any truly cosmopolitian traveller can attest. Particularly among the Ogre Nations north of the Old Ogre Mountains and along the Moor Eeffoc coast, the visiting tourist will be fascinated by the variety of Ogre customs and the intelligent epicure will find many interesting and unusual dishes to delight their palate.

For the discerning traveller, we would suggest such locations as the pleasure port of Lamron, the spa at West Ogreville (*in season*) or Gwine (*on the Varlian Sea*)... which is not to discriminate against many other locations but simply to mention a few of special interest.

Also, for the adventurous epicurian, a variety of popular Ogre dishes such as Pickled Elves Ears (now commonly derived from porcine sources), Dragon's Tongue Flambé (both the hot and spicy and the ice-flame varities) and roast Mikel-Stuffed Blanc-Worm are experiences to be tried and treasured.

But, if the pleasures of the table fail to arouse your interests, there are also the liquid treasures of the palate and Ogre vine-culture, while to some an acquired taste, have their own special interests. Your editors would suggest sampling (carefully) the mountain ice-wines, the sparkling applejack prepared along the orcan river bottoms and the flavored 'brandiwijns' common to the Moor Eeffoc coasts (for details, see Ogre Beverages following).

Oare Brurrages

The wise traveller should keep in mind certain pecularities of Ogre physiology, most specificly that Ogres become only mildly intoxicated through the consumption of alcholic beverages (although they are easily susceptable to certain other intoxicants, notably the active factor in marijuana — quite legal in Delos — which are derived from certain varieties of hemp and other plants and added as extracts and flavoring to many forms of beverage as well as being extensively used as opices). For this reason, most such beverages vary from 70-80 proof for wines to 180 proof for the flavored 'braniwijns' and the incautious imbiber may easily find himself heavily intoxicated with little warping.

Also, as occasioned by ogre physignomy, the conventional tankaid or cup is virtually unknown as the tusks of a grown ogre interfere with such drinking vessels. The traveller would do well to become familiar with the variety of ogre drinking vessels which all feature some form of spout easily passing between the upthrust tusks.

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Grown in a variety of forms in the upper regions of both the Old and New Ogre Mountains, ice-grapes thrive only on the glacial slopes above 14,000 feet. We would particular recommend:

Blanc Au Glace (white -70 proof - 5.30 SP/bottle): These light, sparkling ice-wines are noted both for their bouquet and full-bodied flavor. Note however: elven-kind and others with elven-blood often (65%) suffer a peculiar allergic reaction to all varities of Blanc Au Glace in the form of paranoid delusions which usually take the form of believing themselves followed by shadowy figures of malign intent (effects last 1d4 hours per glass - cumulative).

Bho Au Glace (blue — 80 proof — 740 SP/bottle): Aka Blue Peace, a clear, light-blue in color, these still ice-wines are distinguished by their startlingly cold flavors (cuen when stored at room temperature) and the surprisingly rapidity of intoxication. Especially popular accompanying Dragon's Tongue Flamble (hot), Bleu Au Glace is a wonderful beverage but should be avoided by all those of a tempermental nature (consumption includes tranguilizing side-effects — the imbiber is totally incapable of fighting or even raising his voice in anger for 266 hours after drinking one glass additional consumption does not add to effects — no save.).

Berte Au Glace (green — 75 proof — 10.55 SP/bottle): Aka Green Wonder, a soft green to chartruse in color, these sparkling ice-wines are known for their mild, minty flavor and are the favored accompanyment for Mikel-Stuffed Blanc-Worm. Caution: excessive consumption (more than two glasses per 100 lbs body weight per day) produces hallucinogenic effects lasting 2d4 days (continued excessive consumption incures a 5% chance of permanent addiction).

Boage Au Glace (red — 70 proof — 20-100 SP/bottle): Aka Fire Wines, these light to dark red wines glow with inner fires and have a smooth but fiery flavor which is said to blend exceptionally well with Oragon's Tongue Flambé (cold). Warning: excessive consumption (more than three glasses per 100 lbs body weight per day) may produce heart-burn or gastric inflammation (1d9 points damage per glass per round — Bleu Au Glace is the preferred remedy, counteracts further injury but does not heal!).

Note Au Glace (black — 50 proof — 5-15 <u>GP</u>/bottle): this rarest of ice-wines is characterized by its almost black color (faint suggestions of blue and red do appear in strong light), its flavor (said to be "as smooth as a succubus") and its potent intoxicant characteristics (treat as <u>triple strength</u>). Noir Au Glace is also prized because, no matter how drank the imbiber becomes, they will <u>never</u> suffer from hangover.

Ogre Life and Custom

Differences from conventional "human" cultures in both psychological and physiological behavior are responsible for the common image of ogres as "ugly-tempered and voracious", "brutish" or "unintelligent sub-humans" — all of which is quite as inaccurate as is their common presentation as "chaotic evil" in behavior.

In actual fact, ogres range in intelligence from stupid to normal (with occasional but rare genius levels) and vary in alignment quite as much as do humans or elves. Much of the bad publicity accorded this species stems in part from misunderstanding and, in part, from the usual (human) habit of describing one's enemies in the most unflattering terms possible . . . irrespective of the actual facts.

Ogre Physiology

Following a gestation period of 300 to 310 days, the young ogre is born weighing 10 to 15 lbs and, except for size, for the first six to eight years of life, an ogre cub does not greatly differ from a human child excepting, of course, the budding tusks (actually incisors) which appear shortly after the milk-teeth are lost and the permanent teeth appear — usually about age seven.

By age eight, however, the ogre cub will stand six to seven feet in height, weighing up to 300 lbs and have sufficient strength to hill small herbivores bare-handed. While still diminutive (compared to their parents), the young cub is ready to test its capacity for survival and, within the next year or so, will being to wander further and further afield until, sometime before reaching their tenth year, usually in early spring, the young ogress will depart civilized realms to assume a primitive existence.

Editor's Note: Age 10-12 for an ogre cub corresponds to early puberty in a human — ie, age 14-16.

At this time, both the young males and females abandon their civilized veneer, wearing, if anything, raw furs and armed with simple hand-weapons in the form of flint handaxes, throwing stones and chipped flint blades, etc. They become solitary rogues, inevitably fighting with any other ogres encountered. At this time, the young ogre's tuske are usually four to six inches in length and have begun to bend outward, away from the face (for combat purposes, treat as +1 daggers, 1d8 damage <u>each</u> for young ogres — 1d12 when mature).

Males surviving their first winter in the wilds (survival rates are high — approximately 85%) will begin their second spring clothed in tanned furs and armed with flint spears and shaped-flint axes. At this time, their initial aggressive behavior is somewhat moderated and the young males may group in pairs or occasional trices. These partnerships are unstable, however, and often dissolve in violent battles.

As with all ogree customs, honor plays a very strong role in their development and the young ogress will not use any weapons save those which they are able to construct — thus they will be limited to fint and wood weapons and, only during their later years in the wilds, will they progress to bows and other complex weapons ... but, in no case, will they use steel or metal weapons nor will they take weapons from fallen enemies.

Young ogresses, after their first year in the wilds, also tend to form groups but usually ranging in size from three to six individuals and tending to be more stable than those of their male counterparts. At this time, while the young males are concentrating on hunting and sharpening combat skills, the females begin constructing primitive shelters and

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shifting from foraging to rudimentary agricultural practices. Along the Eeffoc Moor coasts, this usually includes weaving fishing nets and some aquaculture.

At this time, the young ogress' tusks have usually reached six to eight inches in length — approximately the size they will remain at maturity — and the young ogresses will begin weaving decorative "tusk caps", decorating these with dyes made from roots and berries. Often, groups will adopt distinctive identifying patterns denoting there partnerships.

By their third spring, the young ogres have begun to collect in bands varying from four to ten individuals, often lead by a male one or two years older and sometimes including members from several age groups. This behavior will continue until maturity but attrition is high at this point, most individuals being lost in raids against other groups or (frequently) in raids against outlying (non-ogre) villages or passing caravans.

For the young males, their tusks have, by this time, reached a near mature size of eight to ten inches in length and the various gauge adopt colorful patterns with which they "paint" their tusks. Using earth pigments applied in a primitive enamel, these patterns serve to identify members of a group.

By this stage, most of the females (ogresses) have settled into groups of six to eight and alternate between practicing animal husbandry and agriculture (usually in loose association with several other groups) and trading visits among the roving male packs. At this time, the ogress "sororities" begin measuring the young males as prospective mates but extensive social interaction remains limited until later in their development.

By their twentieth spring, the roving males have begun to drift back toward the centers of ogre civilization, their numbers usually heavily reduced with up to 75% of the males having fallen in combat, died of starvation or disease or having gone permanently "rogue". At this time, the surviving males have reached their full growth (being nine fest or taller and weighing as much as 700 lbs) and, having reached sexual maturity, have begun to show heightened interest in the equally mature ogress "sororities".

While ogress are commonly polygamous (each ogre having several "wives"), there exist definite differences between ogre "marriage" customs and the more familiar human social standards. Among the ogress, it is the ogresses who first form sorority groupings and, only then, at maturity, select a "husband" for the group . . . and the choice is, very definitely, made by the females.

This last year of "freedom" is a period devoted largely to sexual experimentation (no "sorority" would consider choosing a male who was sterile or otherwise incapable of satisifying the growp) and developing skills in social intercourse which will be required before rejoining ogre civilization.

As winter approaches, the various groups will return to the cities or villages to find their place in ogre civilisation, usually apprenticing — as a group — to some established business and settling down to "married" life, often returning to the home of one of the members, frequently but not always that of the chosen male. Some, however, either lacking mates or not yet being ready to leave the wild life, will remain "outside" for another year or longer.

In many cases, single males (outnumbering the ogress sororities three to two) find their place in the Ogre Army while others, unwilling or unable to reenter ogre civilization as singles, choose to go "rogue"... and become the stereotypical ogres so dispised by other races.
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The Time Of Returning

Returning to society, the young ogress and ogresses abandon the adornments of youth, reappearing with clean scrubbed and polished tusks. At this time, many have formed "mated" cohorts and they will, in the months which follow, visit in turn the families of each of the members for an extended round of parties and celebrations. At this time, especially among the weathier families, each group of relatives presents their returning offspring with a filigreed tusk-covers, often gem inlaid or otherwise decorated in distinctive patterns, denoting their clan and lineage while the other members of the new cohort are presented with a tusk-ring signifying the bonds which have been thus formed.

The tusk cover is commonly worn on the left tusk, the rings on the right, the number of rings denoting the size of the cohort.

Returning singles, of course, may be easily identified by a single tusk-cover and absence of rings though, increasingly in modern days, older ogress and ogresses frequently wear matching or contrasting tusk covers and/or tusk-rings which denote civil or military honors or simply serve for decorative adornment.

There are exceptions, of course, to all of these preceeding rules. Some females, usually those with an interest in the arcane arts, rather than joining sororities become singletons practicing first as hedgewitches and later seeking positions as apprentices to alchemists and mages or, for some few, entering Sisterhoods associated with a temple or other religious organization . . . and some few of these choose to remain single, often becoming adverturers, throughout their lives.

In like fashion, older males, having fathered families and having been inflicted with generations of grandchildren, tire of being surrounded by wives, offspring and cubs and turn to travel and adventuring . . . sometimes accompanied by one or more wives with similar inclinations. Unlike the "rogue" individuals, these are civilized ogress and ogresses and are, in many cases, quite cosmopolitian, speaking many languages and skilled in various arts and crafts.

This is also true for those single males who have seen service in the Orge Army who, retiring (at age 50-60), seek bloader horizons. Such individuals are usually able fighters (mostly 3rd to 10th level but may be as high as 15th), trained with a variety of weapons and familiar with tactical and strategic skills.

Also, those individuals who do not find a place in a cohort (family group) are not necessarily disbarred from ogre society (nor from sexual contact). In many cases, males interested in the arcane arts have found the rigors associated with family life to interfere with such studies and have voluntarily remained singles without forgoing their place in ogre civilization. Sometimes such individuals later "marry" a widowed sorority or remain single while enjoying wide "sexual" acquaintances (ogres and ogresses, especially, are gregarious and tend to be active outside the formal family grouping).

Burial Customs Among the Ogre Nations

Their early development and maritial customs aside, there are many other facets of ogre society worthy of mention here and one of the more notable features of orge culture is their custom of preserving deceased family members as household furnishings (for of details burial practices in other cultures, see **The Delian Book Of The Dead**). Among barbarian ogre cultures, this practice is usually limited to War Chieftains and other prominent figures but elsewhere, particularly among the Ogre Nations, the custom is virtually universal in practice (see **The Gaoptic Chaffre** for examples).

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In the civilized ogre communities, the local taxidermist is the individual called to care for the deceased and, after mounting, the dead family member will be enshrined within the home, usually in a setting or tableau representative of their occupation (or preoccupation or avocation) during life. (Those dying in the "wilderness" are not considered worthy of joining such family gatherings — only those who have survived their "rites of passage" are so honored.)

When none of the surviving family members personally remember the deceased (and the homes become overcrowded with ancestors), they are removed to family tombs where they reside in company with other past ancestors. Such tombs are perpetually lit and are visited regularly to rearrange the occupants ("Aunt Olga has been gossiping with Grandmother Viana long enough, maybe she'd enjoy bending Great-Grandfather Herman's ear for a while").

More recently, "Singing Crystals" have become a popular adjuctant to ogre funeral customs. Using these (while alive), ogres record messages to their families and the crystals are mounted inside the throat when stuffed.

Ogre nature being what it is, such messages are not always universally enjoyed by the survivors and reports of a thriving "blackmarket" in crystal-silencers are well founded. Social conventions, however, are such that the trade remains covert and no ogre willing admits to purchasing these.



Donsterous Clivili jutions



Ohe Snoptir Chalire

reproduction courlesy of Lord Featherstone-Haugh Grophic Grophic Maron Balmorst-on-Walling

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The Clase Of the Snoptir Chalice

For the Game Master ONLY! This Adventure is intended for <u>thinking</u> players — not <u>hack & slay</u> artists! The object of this mission is to locate and recover an item which has been stolen and it may be accomplished by using intelligence and stealth — but any attempt to do so by force of arms should only result in the deaths of the players!

What AMLA does not know is that it would be well to have a cheric or a paladin in the party — see notes on the Demon Worm! The Game Master should try to encourage the inclusion of such in the party.

Low-level <u>thinking</u> Player Characters should be capable of managing this mission. Non-thinkers (i.e. hack & slay artists) should be medium to very high level but are unlikely to succeed.

Please Note: Rather than being killed, discovered intruders should be jailed and held for possible ransom (or dinner?). They will be stripped of their equipment (which will be stored in Room 5) and may also be inspected by the chef.

Introduction

Amazon Mutual Life Assurance is advertising for a team of recovery experts: thieves, illusionists and mages preferred! (See notes above.)

Those applying at the AMLA offices in Upton (on Watting River, north of Chyrian Sea — see maps in **Beyond The Sacred Table**) will be met by the manager, Goodman Hartooth, who is tall, elven with prematurely grey hair (a common ailment among AMLA managers). He is a shrewd bargainer and will attempt to hire a recovery team of three to six good adventurers, offering each adventurer a flat fee (about 200 GP per level) for successful recovery of the Gnoptic Chalice (but will go as high as 500 GP per level if necessary).

The Gnoptic Chalice

The first Sir Gnoptic, it is said, slept in most of the stately homes of the realm but all Gnoptics since have quite properly married their cousins. They have lived in the manor house at Balmorot (*near Upton on the Watling River*) for the last four generations, undisturbed through wars, turmoils and dragon attacks. It is said that the family talent is for vaguely muddling through anything ... always saved by some bit of luck at the last moment ...

AMLA has carried theft insurance for the Gnoptic family for several centuries but has no record of the Gnoptic Chalice except a valuation and description (Goodman Hartooth will not be specific about the amount, saying only that it is extremely valuable).

The Chalice is described as a very large drinking cup with handles in the shape of swans. The bodies of the swans are white gold, the cup gold and the sides bear emboased designs of firedrake-turtles with gemetone eyes, swimming in convoluted patterns. The stem is formed by three avian legs ending in three-clawed feet, each holding a large pearl. The Chalice is believed (by accessed value) to be magical but no properties or powers are

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recorded.

The current Lord Gnoptic is presently at the AMLA offices. He is elegant — if somewhat garish — in his dress and tries to be helpful but has no knowledge of the Chalice other than the description. He speaks with an affected lisp and mannerism and can only explain that "Gran'ser — the auld Lord, don't cha' know — set quite a store by thet cup. Seems as how he al'as called it the foundation of the family fortunes. Reely, quite ugly, don't cha' know?"

Other missing items include two jeweled daggers ("Teddibly ugly, don't cha' know?"), three gold plates and a sword embellished with a bas-relief snake spiraling around the blade ("Teddibly bad on the edge, don't cha' know?"). These were not insured and are not believed to be of any great value.

The daggers are worth approximately 10-15 GP each and are -1 to bit, -1 to damage (ornamental design). The gold plates are gold filled, value 3 GP each. The sword is a Caduceus Sword — see notes following.

AMLA, through its connections with the Thieves' Guild and other facilities, has determined that the Gnoptic Chalice is being taken to the Baron Ivor, an Ogre Mage residing at Castle Ognard near East Orcadia and West Ogreville, resort villages situated in a pass at the north end of the New Ogre Mountains.

East Orcadia and West Ogreville began as trade centers between the Orc and Ogre Empires lying respectively to the north and west of the New Orge Mountains (this is not an error — East Orcadia is on the western slope and West Ogreville lies to the east). An overland trade route extends eastward to the Rio de Varlian. The two villages are separated by a pasture once known as the Bloody Grounds but now referred to simply as the Commons. The local populations are mixed, primarily orc and ogre with a mix of kobolds, goblins and mountain dwarves.

Castle Ognard lies between the two towns, north of the Commons. Originally established to stop raids against cross-mountain trade caravans, the region has been relatively peaceful for several centuries and the present Baron of Ognard maintains a small detachment of soldiers (drawn from the Ogre Army) but this is considered a soft-duty post.

If any of the Characters have connections with the Thieves Guild <u>and check</u>, the following information will be found in the files:

Castle Ognard — Located near East Orcadia and West Ogreville. No known contents of especial value. Currently residence of Ivor, Baron of Ognard — a mage by training. Habits: variable, known to chase orgresses, rumored to have secret passage communicating with all guest rooms — purpose, nocturnal visitation. Raled: class B heist, high risk.

(DM Option) The file also contains a map of the castle.

Another folder is labled "Gnoptic Chalice" but the contents are missing except for a penciled note reading: "valued 20,000 ?".

Reference to" Who's Who In The Commonwealth" will reveal:

Ivor, 9th Baron of Ognard, Mage of the Golden Circle, single, ranked eligible bachelor — Astorian Matriarchy. Residence: Castle Ognard, New Ogre Mountains. Clubs: Der Gehar am Kevel, The Heiarchy of Threes (past presideot).

Consterous Civilizations

Beginnings

Since East Orcadia is three days distant by fast ship and horseback, AMLA will provide transportation by flying carpet to a small branch office in East Orcadia. Prior to departure, disguises will be provided, allowing the Player Characters to pass as locals (orcs or ogres, if possible, mountain dwarf if necessary).

The party will arrive in East Orcadia the day before Ivor's Birthday Ball. The local AMLA office manager (Gerund Hartour, a mountain dwarf) has reserved rooms for the party at the Orcadian Arms — a rather plush hostel locally famous for its cuisine. The hostel is currently rather crowded by large numbers of traders and merchants, many of whom are Ogres.

Game Master Please Note: This is a <u>civilized</u> region and any attempt by the players to act like marauders will bring swift retaliation by either ogre soldiers (several of whom are usually around town) or from the towns-people themselves... . and they are unlikely to remain alive or at liberty for long. Their "early" arrival — see The Day of the Party — offers an opportunity for the players to become accustomed to the area and to gather background and rumors (*i.e. clues*) to assist them in an intelligent attempt to recover the chalice.

East Oreadia / West Ogreville

During the trade season (late spring through early fall), East Orcadia and West Ogreville will be busy commercial centers for cross-mountain caravans. During the off season (early spring), the warehouses are closed and both villages are relatively quiet.

Presently, however, there are a large number of wealthy ogress and ogresses — most will be staying at The Gilded Tusk — arriving for Ivor's party.

Rumors & Local Information

- 1) (T) Ivor is hosting a birthday party tomorrow.
- 2) (T) Lord Movor (ogre noble) has planned a special surprise for lvor (the cake and belly dancer being arranged by Ingmart).
- 3) (7) The hotel is crowded because The Gilded Tusk, on the other side of the Commons, is booked solid with important ogre personages who have been arriving for a big party.
- 4) (T) A big ball is planned at Castle Ognard for tomorrow evening.
- 6) (F) Contessa de Verblain (ogreas) is seeking an expert thief for a special job (the position is fulled -- the job was stealing the Gnoptic Chalice).
- 6) (T) Additional servants will be needed at Castle Ognard tomorrow.
- 7) (T) Ingmart the Dwarf has advertised for an ogre belly-dancer (Ingmart is a talent scout but the position has been filled).
- 8) (F) An early caravan is coming to West Ogreville with a shipment of glacial ice wines from the winter vintage.
- 9) (T) The Contessa de Verblain is upset because one of her employees is overdue (the thief whom she hired).
- 10) (F) ivor the Mage has proposed marriage to the Contessa de Verblain (what he has proposed is not marriage).
- 11) (F) An army of Dark Elves have been gathering in the Darkling Plains region.

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Qonsterous Clivili jutions



Consterous Cive pations

East Orcadia

Businesses in East Orcadia which are open at this season (see map) are:

- 1) Livery & Stable (rumors 5,3,10).
- Ironmonger preparing for wagons and caravans arriving with trade season (rumors 1, 3, 7, 11).
- 2A) AMLA Office (above the Ironmonger's Shop rumor #10 only).
 - 3) General Mercantile dry goods and groceries (rumors 4,5,6).
 - 4) Orcadian Arms hotel & dining spot specializes in very spicy foods -- most rumors are available here.
 - 5) Tiberius' Weapons Works closed for vacation.
- 5A) The Ingular Agency (above Tiberiu.s's) talent and booking agency (can be bribed — hired ogre belly-dancer for cake being baked at Tea & Potion Shoppe — rumors 1,2,4,6).
 - 6) Annt Agatha's Tea & Potion Shop meals and various orcish potions run by sweet little old lady orc who likes to serve poison tea to any who annoys her usually not fatal generally very nice and talkative is baking cake for Ivor's birthday suprise (rumors 2,8,9,11).
 - 7) Cobbler (rumors 5,8,10).
 - 8) Tailor (rumors 9,3,7).
- 9) Warehouse (closed).
- 10) D'Lambert's Alchemy & Apothocary run by a 7th level Alchemist and three assistants, D'Lamberts boast a fine selection (usually overpriced) of alchemic aids, notions, medicinals and miscellaneous concoctions (rumors 4, 7, 9, 10, 11)
- 11) Empty.

West Ogreville

Businesses in West Ogreville which are open at this season (see map) are:

- 1) Saddler (rumors 1,6,10).
- 2) Livery & Stable (rumors 7,9,11).
- 3) Ogreville Mercantile dry goods and groceries (rumors $2, 8, \theta$).
- Drongar's jewelry (fine tusk caps a specialty), notions and high-priced curios (rumors 3,6,11).
- 5) The Gilded Tusk hotel & dining spot specializes in ogre delicacies (see notes on Ogre specializes) most of Ivor's guests are staying here and most rumors are available from the staff.
- 6) Madame Pareival's Dress Shop (rumors 1,2,5,11).
- 7) Ye Olde Body Shoppe -- closed for vacation (hot baths & exercise rooms).
- 8) Der Wagon Works wagon & carriage repair (rumors 4,6,7).
- 9) Warehouse (closed).
- 10) Thurgood's Gambling & Sporting Hall roulette, craps and cards reasonably honest tables big ogre bouncer (rumors 3,8,10, 11).
- Hungovor's Bar & Bawdy House the ogress belly dancer hired by Ingmart lives here (rumors 3,4,5).
- 12) Pension Jaffirs a residental hotel (largely empty at this season) run by a retired ogregladiator (most all rumors available here).

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Castle Ognand

The castle sits atop a high bluff and is surrounded by outer walls of stone about twenty feet thick and thirty feet high. The walls are covered with thick vines (snapdragon orchids — see note following). The broad front gate stands open during the day but is closed at sundown. The outer wall is patrolled but these duties are treated as routine and little attention is paid to possible intruders. (After dark, there is a 25% chance in early evening and a 75% chance after midnight that the guards will be asleep.)

Inside the walls, the older structures have been largely removed, leaving a large wooded area surrounding the castle proper. The structure to the north of the castle is the guardhouse (quarters for the guards) with a stable yard and stable to the northeast.

The castle itself is a a three-story structure. The lower walls are very thick with deep-set, narrow windows (glazed with patterned, colored glass) on three sides. The castle was originally built for defense but bas been extensively renovated by subsequent owners for comfort and convenience. Entry is offered by massive double doors at the front, two smaller doors on the east side and a single door on the west side. (Note: the "jakes" are located outside the southwest sidedoor and at the back between the castle and the barracks.) At the rear of the castle, a low stone "shed" (scullery — area 12) has one outside entrance which shows heavy traffic. Anyone calling at the front entrance who is not a guest or nobility will be directed to the service entry — the northeast side-door of the main building.



Donsterous Civili vations

Snap-Dragoa Orchida

Commonly found in both the Old and New Ogre Mountains, snap-dragon orchids were, it is commonly believed, originally developed as a protection against raiding dragons. Today, these semi-carnivorous plants are often cultivated along castle and fortress walls. Capable of "biting" (144 points damage each flower) through thick hide or leather, the orchids are normally active only during the day but, in times of emergency, may be aroused at night by use of certain druidic spells.

The Day Of The Party

About 3:00 PM, the thief hired by the Contessa de Verblain will appear in her bedroom. He will be unable to explain his presence but he does have both the Gnoptic Chalice (see notes under Gnoptic Chalice) and the Caduseus Sword whose recovery she had commissioned. After paying the thief, the Contessa will wrap the Chalice and the Caduseus Sword and have these added to the presents in the Banquet Room.

The thief will be leaving the Castle about 4:00 PM but does not know what has been done with the Chalice. He is carrying the gold plates and the ornamental daggers.

Harpard Lightfingers 5th Level Thief Orc AC 4 HTK 18 Armed with +2 stilletto and carrying 500 GP fee for robbery, Harpord is not talkative, lies well and convincingly but may be bribed.

Guests for the Banquet and Ball will be arriving from 5:00 PM to about 7:00 PM.

About 7:00 PM, a cart will arrive bearing a very large box. This contains the birthday cake prepared at Aunt Agatha's Tea & Potion Shop and, inside the cake, is an ogress belly-dancer as per Lord Movor's orders. Her name is Gwanda Glidwell (stage name, of course).

Gwanda Glidwell Belly-dancer Ogress AC 5 HTK 12 She is well armed — tooth and nail — (3 attacks / tusks — 1d4 damage / claws — 1d5 damage) but her main threat is that she will talk her attackers to death (or, possibly, seduce them)!

Game Master Please Note!

A list of guards will be found under the heading **Barrachs**, all others — staff and guests — are listed below.

Household

Ivor. Baron of Ognard AC 3 / HTK 24 / 8th level Mage / Room # 41 Attack with Phantasmal Force (3) / Polymorph Self (4) / Magic Missile (1) / Web (2) / Fireball (3) / Charm Monster (4).

Staff (HD 4+1)

Butler	AC 5 / HTK 15 / +2/+2 dagger (1d6+2 damage)
Cook	AC 5 / HTK 13 / +1 all knives (1d6 damage)
Scallery Maids (2)	AC 5 / HTK 11, 12 / +1 all knives (1d6 damage)
Upstabre Maida (2)	AC 5 / HTK 12,15 / +1 brooms, etc (1d4 damage)

House Guesta

Geraad Yarl (Mage) AC 4 / HTK 27 / 4th Level Mage / Room # 32 Attack with spells: Sleep (1) / Levitate (2) Burning Hands (1) / Magic Missile (1) / Web (2)

Romar d'Blain (Mage) AC 3 / HTK 20 / 6th Level Mage / Room # 33 Attack with spells: Enlarge (1) / Forget (2) / Dispel Magic (3) Push (1) / Sleep (1) / Scare (2) / Fireball (3)

Due Law'pe (Mage) AC 3 / HTK 28 / 7th Level Mage / Room # 34Attack with spells: Shatter (2) / Slow (3) / Fire Trap (4) Unseen Servant (1) / Mirror Image (2) / Hold Person (3)

Countessa de Verblain AC 6 / HD 4-1 / HTK 16 / Room # 38 Attack (2) with hat pins and teeth: 1d5 / 1d6 (or whip if available: 1d10 damage).

Ogre Matrons (3) AC 6 / HD 4-1 / HTK 15, 12, 11 Room #8 40, 37, 35 Attack (2) with hat pins and teeth: 1d4 / 1d5 damage

Ogre Merchants (2) AC 5 / HD 4+1 / HTK 15, 13 / Room #s 39, 40 Wearing dress daggers: 1d6 damage.

> Guests (34 Ogres & Ogresses) attending Banquet & Ball (residing at The Gilded Tusk)

Ogre Mage #1 AC 4 / HTK 24 / 4th Level Mage Attack with spells: Magic Missile (1) / ESP (2) / Burning Hands (1) / Knock (2)

Ogre Mage #3 AC3 / HTK 31 / 5th Level Mage Attack with spells: Jump (1) / Mirror Image (2) / Blink (3) / Shield (1) / Shocking Grasp (1) / Forget (2)

Ogre Mage #3 AC 4 / HTK 21 / 4th Level Mage Attack with spells: Ventriloquism (1) / Invisibility (2) / Hold Portal (1) / Enlarge (1) / Levitate (2)

Ogre Generals (4) AC 4 / HD 5+1 / HTK 22, 24, 22, 18 Wearing dress swords: 1d8 damage, +2 to hit.

Ogre Nobles (5) AC 5 / HD 6+1 / HTK 16, 27, 23, 22, 15 Wearing dress swords: 1d8 damage, +1 to hit.

Ogre Merchants (6) AC 5 / HD 4+1 / HTK 18, 19, 16, 19, 18, 14 Wearing dress daggers: 1d6 damage.

Ogre Matroze (8) AC 6 / HD 4-1 / HTK 16, 9, 15, 16, 13, 18, 12, 16 Attack with hat pins and teeth: 1d4 / 1d5 damage.

Ogre Matrons (8) AC 6 / HD 4-1 / HTK 16, 5, 13, 19, 11, 15, 14, 7 Attack with nails and teeth: 1d3 / 1d5 damage.

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Ground Floor

All rooms (unless otherwise specified) are lit by globes of continual light.

Game Master Please Note!

Any disturbance on the Ground Floor has a 75% chance of alerting all persons on that floor and 30% to alert anyone on the Second Floor. Attempts to recover the Gnoptic Chalice by force should bring massive retaliation by the staff, guards and guests as well as Ivor the Mage.

Entry Hall

This 20x40 hall leads to the **Main Hall**. Two grotesque suits of armour stand on each side of the hall. These are very tall and each has four arms (*they are Ivor's joke and have never been used*).

When anyone enters the hall, the arms of the armour begin flailing the air. (They are not being controlled to "hil" and have only a 5% chance of striking anyone taller than 5 feet — a hit does 1d2 damage. Anyone shorter may — if they have the nerve walk past unmolested.)

Room 1) - Main Hall

This large hall (150270) is overlooked by a balcony from the Second Floor. Large numbers of tapestry-upholstered chairs and benches line the east and west walls. In preparation for the banquet, a bar and punch bowl are set up in the large alcove (NW, 60250). A fire will be in the fireplace during the evening. (During the evening, musicians will be sealed on the balcony and the main hall will be used for dancing, etc.)

Also lining the room are a number of ogres who appear to be engaged in various strange activities! These are all Ivor's deceased relatives and have been stuffed and mounted in poslures (tableaus) characteristic of of their occupations (or preoccupations). This is the normal custom among ogres of good family.

**** The following descriptions are optional ****

- *A* A male ogre is hanging by his neck from a rope looped over the chandelier, the taut end of the rope is held in bis left band, the extra is coiled in bis right hand — Occupation: Hangman.
- *B* Two ogresses are standing huddled in one corner, arms looped over each other's shoulders, apparently whispering together. Closer examination will reveal that each has stuck a dagger in the other's back Preoccupation: Gossip.
- *C* On the balcony, a very pompous dowager orgess is looking over the dance floor through a hand-held opera glass *Preoccupation: Snoop*.
- *D* Also on the balcony, a fancy-dreased ogre with drawn sword who is about to prick the dowager in the appropriate location — *Preoccupation: Duelist and Practical Joker.*
- *E* Near the bottom of the stairs a very formally dressed ogre who appears to be watching for someone to descend the stairs. In his pockets are small, very sharp knives, needles, thread and he is holding a measuring tape — Occupation: Undertaker/Taxidermist.

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- *F* Standing beside a window (neck craned to peer out) is a male ogre dressed in mottled green. He is holding a bow with a notched arrow — Preoccupation: Hunter.
- *G* Standing behind the hunter, a ogre figure holding a dark cloak to conceal his bands. Close examination will reveal the second figure is slitting the purse of the hunter — Occupation: Thief.
- *H* Around corner near entrance to Room 4, a rather overdressed femme fatale. Her right hand, behind her back, is holding a half-empty bottle of Berte Au Glace — Preoccupation: Lush/Tart.
- *J* Around corner, next to Tart an older ogre, very smooth dresser, his left hand is stroking a well polished tusk while his right arm is holding Tart (his hand is resting on her buttocks and applying a pinch) — Preoccupation: Rake.

Room 2) — Mage's Office / Laboratory

Contains numerous books and alchemic equipment. The tomes are written in archaic High Ogrish (10% chance to be read by other ogres, 1% by other races.) A "daybed" is next to the west wall.

K An older ogress stands near a worktable mixing a gooey substance in a shallow bowl (her skin has a faint violet tinge) — Preoccupation. Poisontr. (The mixture in the bowl does 1d4 points of damage on contact / id2 points per round until cured — Ivor makes it fresh every week — she'd have wanted it that way.)

Room 3) — Library

Empty shelves except for a few volumes of pornographic art (of interest only to ogres or students of comparative anatomy). The room is furnished with two tables and seven overstuffed chairs.

Four + 1d6 males ogres will gather here during the ball.

L A very old ogre is seated on a stool hunched over a table by a window. He appears to be writing on sheets of foolscap (the ink and quill are both dry . . . but so is his manuscript) — Preoccupation: Historian.

The manuscript is a very dry account of family history and ends in the middle of a word — he was preserved as he died. <u>However</u> — the third sheet down recounts how the Gnoptic Chalice was stolen several centuries earlier from Ivor's Great-great-great-grandfather — and includes an account of the theft of both the Chalice and the Caduceus Sword.

Discovery of this manuscript is one solution to recovery of the Chalice. With this proof (and references and details contained in the manuscript). AMLA will be no longer be liable for recovery of the Chalice as it is now in possession of its proper owner.

Room 4) — Butler's Pantry

This is the Butler's office (AC 9, HP 18). Dinnerware, silver, candles, candle sticks, etc are kept here as well as a large rack of wine. The Butler will be found here 25% of the time, otherwise he is tending to duties in other parts of the castle or in his room on the Third Floor. He carries a +2/+2 dagger concealed in his clothing.

Qonsterous Civilizations



Room 5) - Stare Room (derk)

Lots of miscellaneous items including two broken swords, a split scabbard, three chains in various states of disrepair, boxes of old shoes and clothing, an overlooked key labeled "pickled dwarves feet" (sciually pigs feet — vory old and spoiled).

Room 6) - Cloak Room

Normally empty except for two broken umbrellas (during the banguel and ball will be used for cloaks and weapons belonging to guests).

Room 7) -- Game Room

Two snooker tables, racks of cues, trays of ivory snooker balls, card tables, etc. (During the ball, 6+1d6 male ogres will be gathered here for drinks and ewapping stories.)

M An ogree and an ogreen are sested at a green baise table. The male is holding six cards in his hand (three kings and three emperore) while two accputers are tucked in his collar, a king is up his left sleeve and three knaves are in his right sleeve. The ogreen is holding five cards (all scepters) but she also has two kings, three scepters and an emperess concealed in her flowing hair. There is no card deck on the table but each figure has two or three decks concealed on their person -- Preoccupation: Obvious.

Room #) - Cook's Quarters

Contains a bed, twenty cookbooks on a shelf (ogre and orc cuisine) and a chifferobe with her clothing. Nothing of any great value in present here. The cook is normally in the kitchen.

Room 9) - Stairs Down (dark)

These stairs lead down to the Dungeon Area --- see Dasgeon and Underground.

Room 10) - Pantry / Store Room

Bine of dried vegetables line the walls while shelves hold preserves and jellies. Spices and herbs are tied in bundles hanging from the roof along with hams (dwarven), cheeses and sausages (composition unknown).

A locked cabinet in the SE corner holds keep of cooking sherry.

Room 11) - Kitchen

This area is normally very busy. The fireplace (NE corner) is large enough to hold an entire ox for coasting and is always busy. Doors exit to the scullery (12), the pantry (13), the banquet hall (13) and the main hallway.

The chef, a very large ogre, is always here during the day and is usually sided by two scullery maids. During preparations for the banquet, there will be four other orges (caterors from The Gilded Tush) in the kitchen (AC 5 / HP 16, 15, 17, 12). All will ess knives for weapons and are ± 1 to attack with these.

During preparations for the banquet, 1d10 of the ogre guards may be hanging around the kitchen — during the banquet and ball, they will be doubling as servants. Other servants may come and go.

Donsterous Civilizations

Room 12) - Scullery

Used for cleaning pots and pans and storing extra cooking vessels, this is also a major traffic route. Lighting is provided by globes of continual light.

Room 13) — Banquet Hall

The room is filled with trestle tables flanked by benches. A fire will be kept in the fireplace during the evening. Lighting is provided by globes of continual light.

This will be a busy location prior to the banquet as preparations are made. The presents for lvor will be stacked on a large table at the north end of the room the afternoon and evening of the party.

Note!

The Gnoptic Chalice will be among these presents <u>but will not arrive until 3 PM</u> the day of the ball! Other presents will include:

Seven sets of jeweled tusk caps One set of filligeed tusk caps The Caduceus Sword Three books of Ogreish pornography Two cases of Noir Au Giace Two case of Dragon's Breath Three lbs imported Pipeweed A box of hashish stogies (50)

The Gnoplic Chalice

The Chalice is a highly magical device <u>but</u> it is also crocked! The Chalice has a 95% chance to grant any wish which is *not deliberately* made! Anything which the person carrying the Chalice says, *unless they expect it to happen*, has at 95% chance of being true in some fashion! This applies to virtually anything said or suggested.

The thief who stole the Chalice had been delayed and was afraid that he couldn't deliver it to his employer on time and said "I wish I could get to Castle Ognard by midafternoon on Ivor's Birthday". As a result, he appeared at the Castle at 3:00 PM but does not remember how he arrived.

The Caduceus Sword

The Caduceus Sword is a magical device which does no damage but will <u>heal</u> 1d8 points of damage to anyone it strikes. Its value is estimated at 12,000 GP but it originally belonged to the Ognard estate and was stolen at the same time as the Gnoptic Chalice.

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Area 14) — Stables (dark)

Hay bakes are stacked in the NW section. During the ball, several carriages will be parked outside the stables with the mounts in the stable yard. The cabbies will be drinking in a group inside the stable.

Area 16) — Tackroom (exit from Secret Tunnel / dark)

Contains saddles and other gear as well as a bin of oats and two salt cakes. A hidden trapdoor is located at (X).

The Barrach

This structure is wood with a flagstone floor. The following personnel will be found here when sleeping or (as indicated) when on duty:

Armour classes on duty/off duty.	Guard Post	Castle	Barracka	Town
Guard Captain 23 HTK / AC 2/4				
Day Time	01-40%	41-60%	61-70%	71-00%
Night Time	01-20%	21-50%	41-80%	81-00%
Banquet & Ball	01-20%	21-89%	90-00%	
22 guards 4+1HD / AC 3/5				
Day Time	6 guarde	5 guarde	5 guards	6 guards
Night Time 6 guards 2 guards 10 guards 4 guards				
Banquet & Ball	10 guards	12 guards	*	*
Guards' HTK points	11, 21, 17,	11, 14, 16	, 16, 13, 19	, 17, 12
(* guards will be doubling as servants) 19, 22, 17,	12, 13, 15	, 10, 10, 17	. 22, 16

Each 20x20 room is shared by two og1e guards. There is a 30% chance that one guard will be asleep in any room (10% chance for two guards asleep). Any disturbance will arouse the other guards present in the barracks.

The rooms will otherwise contain spare uniforms, canvas bunks with straw mattreases (and fleas and ticks). There is a 10% chance in any room to find 1d10 silver pieces and 2d10 copper pieces. Off duty guards will be armed with short swords and daggers.

Room 20) - Capiain-of-the-Guarda' Quarters

Lighting is provided by globes of continual light. The Captain's quarters are larger and cleaner than the other rooms. Three sets of loaded dice and two packs of shaved cards are hidden along with 150 GP, 231 SP and small change. These are concealed in a cavity under a loase flagstone beneath the bed.

Room 32) — Armory (dark)

Contains four dozen swords, twenty pikes, two dozen maces, 10 crossbows and miscellaneous other weapons.

Donsterous Civilizations

Second Floor

Each room on this floor (unless otherwise specified) contains a bed and a chifferobe (free-standing closet) and is lit by continual light globes.

Game Master Please Notel

Any disturbance on the Second Floor has a 75% chance of alerting all persons on that floor and 30% to alert anyone on the First or Third Floors. Attempts to recover the Gnoptic Chalice by force should bring massive retaliation by the staff. guards and guests as well as Ivor the Mage.

A list of guards will be found under the beading Barvacks, all others are listed under Staff & Guests above.

The north wall, unbroken by any windows, conceals a secret passage which connects rooms 35, 36, 37, 38 and 40 (Ivor's bedroom). This part of the passage is well travelled and fairly free of dust.

On the east, the passage goes down a steep staircase which appears to dead-end in a stone wall. The wall will pivot, however, to connect to an underground passage (see **Dungeon and Underground**).

To the west, a second staircase leads down behind the fireplace in the **Banquet Hall** where a stone door will pivot to allow escape through the fireplace (and flooding passages with smoke if fire is burning).

Room 32) --- Guest Quarters

This room is occupied by a 4th level ogre mage (Gerund Yarl). His equipment is protected by "Sylvester's Sticky Surfaces". Any attempt to investigate will require a dispel magic before release is possible (a dispel mayic has 80% chance to release a bottle imp inside his carpet bag). The bottle imp is the only item of value (15 HP / allks 2 / 1d6 points each / AC 3)

Room 33) - Guest Quarters

This room is occupied by a 5th level ogre mage (Romar d'Blain). His equipment is protected with a "forget" symbol inside the opening (no save — lasts 1d4 hours). Another "forget" symbol is inside the chifferobe with his clothes. Purse contains 50 GP and a Ring of Disaster. (Anyone wearing the ring will always fumble everything.)

Boom 34) - Guest Quarters

This room is occupied by a 4th level ogre mage (*Duc Lav'pe*). His equipment is bidden in a small bag inside a larger one. The larger bag contains four scorpion gems wrapped in black velvet. These look and feel like rare carved gems until exposed to light for one minute. Then they become large scorpions (*HD* 1+1 7,5,6,4 / attk 1 / 1d5 / AC 4). The smaller bag contains herbs and powders as well as 23 GP.

Room \$5) --- Guest Quarters

This room is occupied by an ogress matron. The chifferobe is filled with fancy clothes and bats (mostly rust and orange). A square bag under the bed contains cosmetics. Fifteen GP are hidden in the coldcream.

Room 36) — Guest Quarters

This room is occupied by the Contessa de Verblain. The chifferobe is filled with dresses (black) and a large stack of hats (black). Under the bed is a large bag. The bag contains a black leather negligee, black leather hip boots and a black leather whip. She is expert with the whip.

Boom 37) — Guest Quarters

An ogress matron occupies this room. The chifferobe contains fancy clothing (all in pink) and stacks of hats (all in purple). Hidden at the foot of the bed is a purse with 27 GP and a poisoned dagger.

Room 38) — Guest Quarters

A matron ogress occupies this room. The chifferobe is filled with dresses in chartreuse and organdy with hats to match. Three bottles of wine are concealed in a case under the bed (these are liberally doused with a love potion).

Room 39) - Guest Quarters

The room is occupied by an ogre merchant. The chifferobe is filled with plain and dress clothes with a small leather case sitting in the bottom below two pairs of boots. The case contains samples of herbal mixes, sales literature and order forms — nothing of immediate value.

Room 40) - Guest Quarters

The room is occupied by an ogre merchant. The chifferobe is filled with plain and dress clothes with a large leather case slid beneath the bed. The leather case contains two dozen bottles of wine (*twelve vintages*) and four silver goblets set with amethysts. (Half of the wines are laced with very potent intozicants.)

Room 41) - Mage's Quarters

Ivor's bedroom is done in early baroque erotic. The ceiling is mirrored above a very large bed trimmed with black satin. Book shelves contain ogre erotic material and several ogreish-statues depict erotic postures.

Two chifferobes against the north (angled) wall contain clothing (a skeleton hangs behind the clothes in each closet). The lifesized statue standing by the door is not a statue (close examination will reveal taxidering work — the "statue" is Ivor's favorite aunt).

O Standing by the door (inside the room), is an ogress dressed in a flowing robe. She is holding a coiled whip in one hand, a set of broad leather straps in the other. (Under the robe, she is wearing high leather boots and little else — she was [vor's favorite aunt.) Preoccupation: Kinky. Donsterous Clivili jutions

Quor 91



2age 92

Third Floor

All rooms on this level (unless otherwise noted) contain a bed and a chifferobe (free-standing closet) and are lit by globes of continual light.

Game Master Please Notel

Any disturbance on the Third Floor has a 75% chance of alerting all persons on that floor and 30% to alert anyone on the Second Floor. Attempts to recover the Gnoptic Chalice by force should bring massive retaliation by the staff, guards and guests as well as Ivor the Mage.

A list of guards will be found under the heading **Barracks**, all others are listed under Staff & Guests above.

Boom 42) — Maid's Quarters

The clothes are obviously the maid's except for one robe which could only belong to Ivor.

Room 43) - Maid's Quarters

The clothes are obviously the maid's except for one coat which could only belong to the butter.

Room 44) — Butler's Quarters

The clothes are obviously the butler's except for one maid's outfit.

Boom 45) - Storeroom

Piled high with old furniture, trucks of old clothes and worn-out gear, this room is very cluttered and dusty. There is nothing of any great interest here.

Room 46) — Scullery Maid's Quarters

The clothes are obviously the maid's except for a tunic which could only belong to the Captain of the Guard.

Room 47) — Scullery Maid's Quarters The clothes are obviously the maid's except for a chef's hat.

Room 48) — Vacant

The room is vacant.

Consterous Civilizations

Dungeon and Undergraund

Built originally to hold prisoners, the dungeon area is fifteen feet below ground level and unlit. Anyone thrown in one of the cells will be stripped first (their possessions will be left in the storeroom — room #5). The barred cells are very rusty, the hinges squeak loudly and the locks are stiff and difficult to unlock (or lock) except for Cell F which is well-oiled. A secret passage exits at the south end between the two rows of cells.

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Cells A.D (dark)

These cells are each 10x10, heavily barred, with stone floors. These are unfurnished except for scattered straw for bedding.

Cell E (lit)

This cell is softly lit by a shaded globe of perpetual light and a variety of torture instruments litter the straw in the cell: thumb-screws, whips, branding irons, etc.

N A very old and skinny ogress is seated in the cell, she is "busy" with a strange "boot" on her foot. (She is seated on a stool of sharp spikes and the "boot" on her foot is a torture device with several screws which tighten and crush) — Occupation: Inquisitor.

Cell F (dark)

This cell is used as a wine cellar. Three hundred + 1d100 wine bottles are racked inside the cell. The butter has the only key.

Area G) - Secret Passage (dark)

This passage exits from the dungeon via a secret door between the two rows of cells. The passage is five feet wide and the ceiling is 7 feet high. Where the passage jogs east through the castle foundation, a secret door offers access to a staircase leading up to secret passages connecting several rooms on the second floor.

While in the underground portion of the passage, there is a 50% chance of encountering a Demon Worm (see notes following).

Boom H) — Chamber (trap / dark)

Passage ends in a 25×20 room with flagstone floor and stone walls. A heavy wood door, bound with iron straps, is opposite the passage. The door has no handle or obvious means of opening and no hinges are visible. <u>Close</u> examination will reveal a crevice in the stonework to the left of the door. There is a brass lever inside the crevice.

If the lever is pulled, the north half of the floor will drop, hinging from the center of the room. Below is a 27x22 pit, 23 feet deep. When no weight remains on the floor, it will slowly rise back to normal position and, with an audible click, becomes solid again.



Quar 93

2age 94

The door opens by pushing on the bottom section. Iron straps cover breaks in what appears to be a solid door but the bottom two-thirds of the door pivot horizontally about their center. The floor on the other side (Area I) is three feet lower.

Room I) - Chamber (trap / dark)

Passage ends in a 20x20 room with flagstone floor and stone walls. A heavy wood door bound with iron straps is opposite the passage. The door has no handle or obvious means of opening and no hinges are visible but examination will reveal a lever in the stonework on the right side of the door.

If the lever is palled, the south half of the floor will drop, binging from the center of the room. Below is a 27x22 pit, 20 feet deep. When no weight remains on the floor, it will slowly rise back to normal position and, with an audible click, become solid again.

The door opens by pushing on the top section. Iron straps cover breaks in what appears to be a solid door but the upper two-thirds pivot horizontally about the center. The floor on the other side (*Room H*) is three feet higher.

The Pit (dark)

The pit area is twenty (or twenty-three) feet below the floor surface, twenty-seven feet wide and twenty-two feet long. The walls are smooth, dressed stone and offer no hand- or foot-holds.

There is a 50% chance that the Demon Worm will be waiting here for someone to "drop in".

Demon Worm

Chaotic/Evil	Attacks: I (Touch)	Damage: 2d8
Intelligence: Low	Hit Points: 10d6	A/C: 9 (Special)

The Demon Worm appears similar to a "Purple Worm" except for the blue-white coloration (glowing a soft-white in darkness) but is a true demonic manifestation. This 'worm' is unaffected by normal weapons, takes only 1/2 damage from "magic" weapons (+2 or better) but takes double double damage from all Holy weapons or clerical attacks.

The Demon Worm attacks by touch and makes all attacks against Armour Class 10 (except for Holy armour or destenity bonuses). The Worm also has natural passwall abilities but will not leave the secret corridors, being constrained to patrol the passage and under geas not to attack Castle Ognard residents or employees a "watch-worm", if you prefer.

Room J) (Area 15 / dark)

A rusty metal ladder leads up to a $2x^2$ trap door. The door is covered with dirt and straw above. Indicated in the stable tackroom by (X).

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