

Goodman High

CLASS OF
1974
YEARBOOK

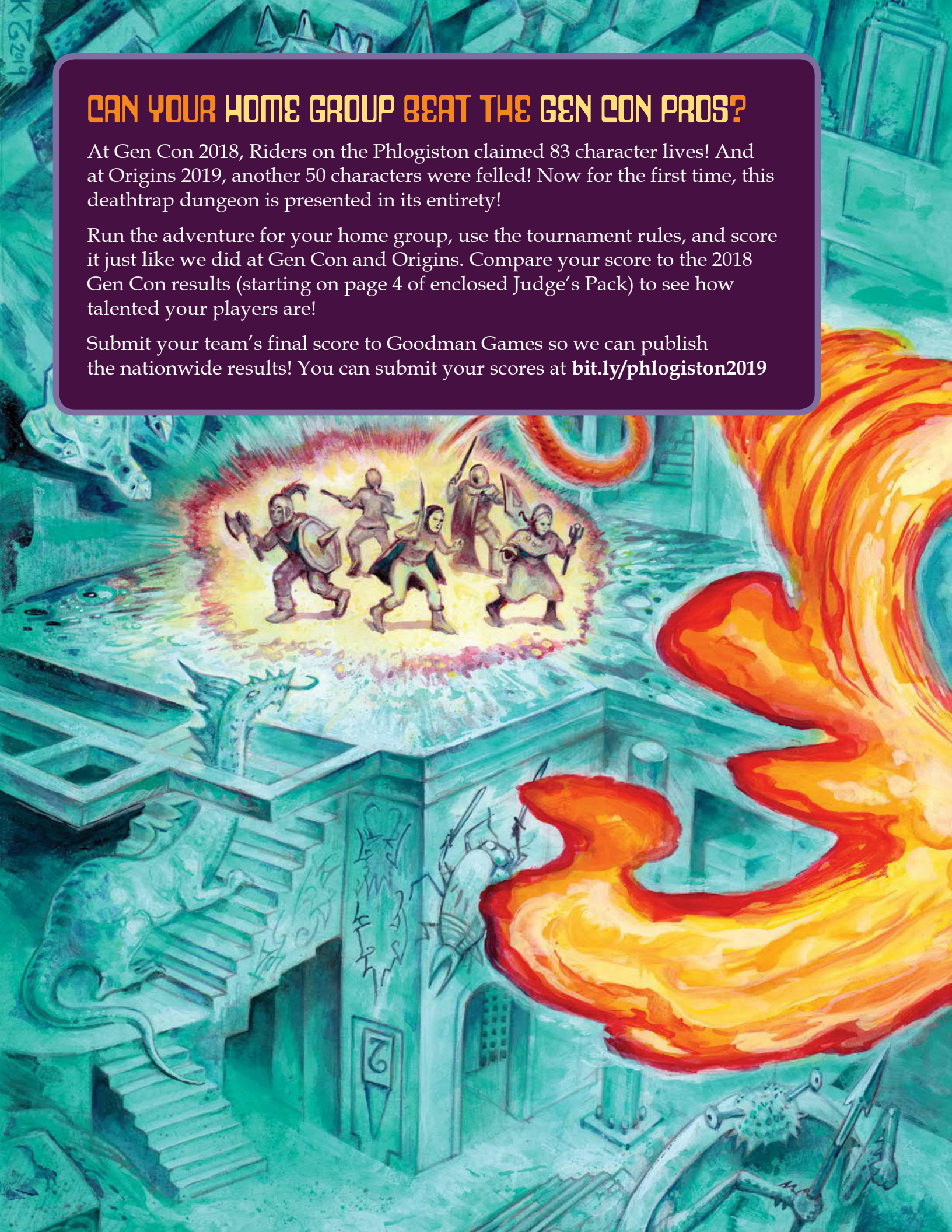


CAN YOUR HOME GROUP BEAT THE GEN CON PROS?

At Gen Con 2018, Riders on the Phlogiston claimed 83 character lives! And at Origins 2019, another 50 characters were felled! Now for the first time, this deathtrap dungeon is presented in its entirety!

Run the adventure for your home group, use the tournament rules, and score it just like we did at Gen Con and Origins. Compare your score to the 2018 Gen Con results (starting on page 4 of enclosed Judge's Pack) to see how talented your players are!

Submit your team's final score to Goodman Games so we can publish the nationwide results! You can submit your scores at bit.ly/phlogiston2019







Welcome to Goodman High.

**For those about to crit,
we salute you.**



Joseph Goodman

PUBLISHER & ART DIRECTION

Doug Kovacs (wraparound)

Stefan Poag (this book)

COVER ART

Matt Hildebrand

GRAPHIC DESIGN & LAYOUT

www.goodman-games.com

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Has another year passed already? Joseph Goodman here and it's hard to believe Gen Con 2019 is upon us so soon. That picture of me to the left is from 2013 and it's starting to look a little dated! I think we'll have to update that. Maybe next year.

This yearbook always comes together at the very last minute, and it's always a labor of love. More than anything else, the Yearbook is "the heart of Goodman Games." The content here is as much about *you* — the community — as it is about us.

The format this year iterates on last year, where the majority of the page count has become the DCC tournament module. This year's adventure, *Riders on the Phlogiston*, was used to run tournaments at **two** cons — both Gen Con and Origins! That's a first for us, and it really goes to show how important Origins is becoming. Thus we have removed "Gen Con" from the title of this volume, and it is now simply the Goodman Games 2019 Yearbook.

Yearbook...for all of us, that term brings back memories, doesn't it? Usually we're a little embarrassed by out-of-date hair styles or puppy-love silliness. We have taken the liberty of pulling together our own yearbook — a real, live yearbook — featuring vintage photos of our staff, contributors, tournament judges, and assorted crew members. You'll find that in the pages to come, and I hope you find it as entertaining as we did!

The content of this work is now split into separate booklets. The four tournament booklets should make it even easier for you to run *Riders on the Phlogiston*. Make sure to post your team's scores at <http://bit.ly/phlogiston2019>. We're looking forward to hearing how your home group does!

The fifth and final volume, which you hold in your hands, is a great "year in review" for both us and you, our fans. It's fun. I hope you enjoy it. And if you have ideas for next year, let us know!

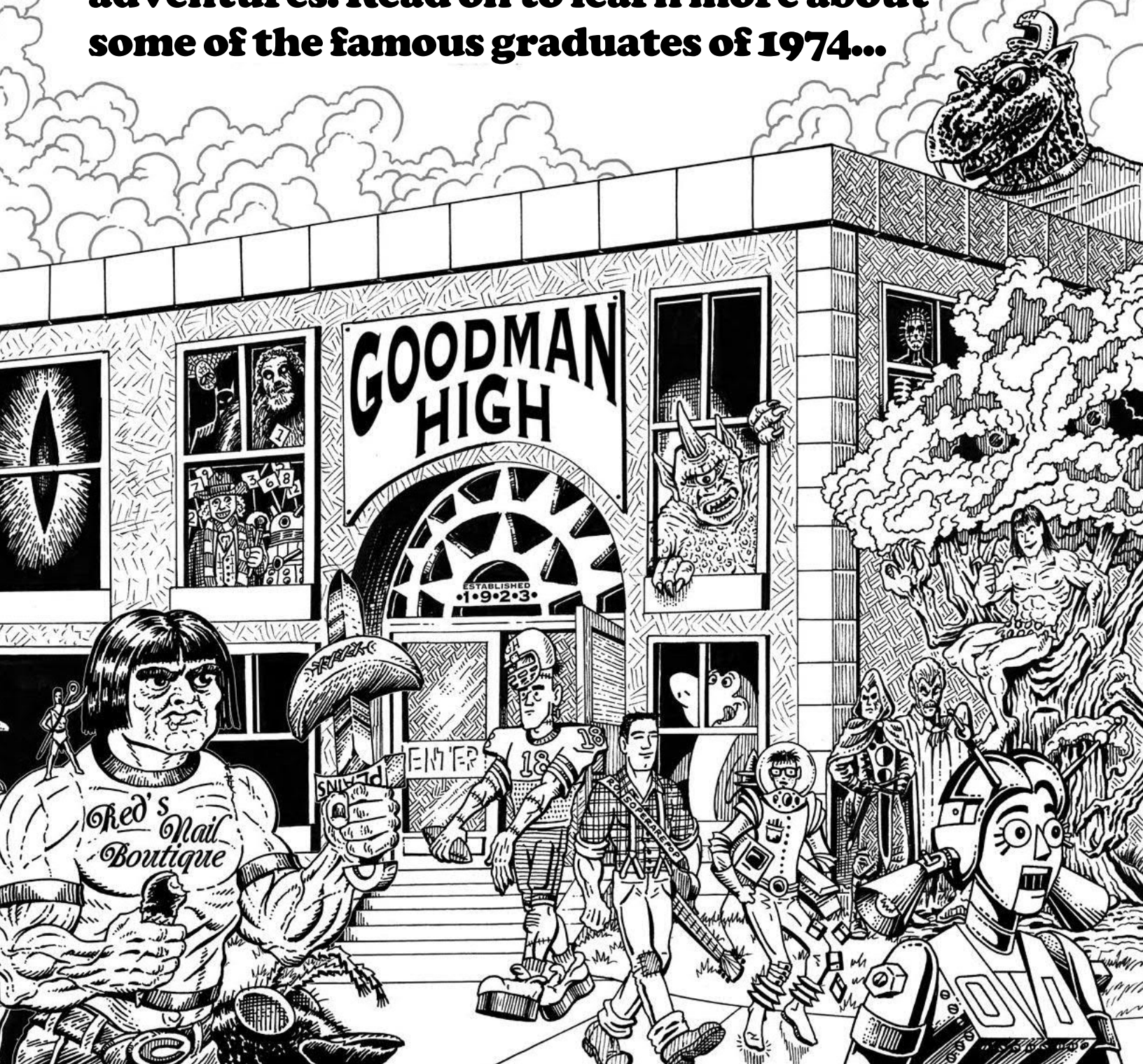
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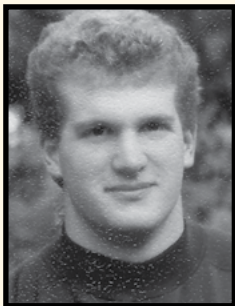
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GOODMAN HIGH '74



Goodman High School is located on a pocket dimension deep in galaxy APP-N. This is where young men and women go to grow and mature into the scoundrels and cutthroats who will design your adventures. Read on to learn more about some of the famous graduates of 1974...





AARON KOELMAN • "Doug's Art Museum Curator"

Tournament judge. "I'm on your side. Trust me." **Advice:** When you can't change everything you want to in your life, change your attitude. **Ambition:** Raise my son and teach him to successfully avoid traps. **Memory:** Striking up a conversation with Doug at my first Gen Con in '08 about orcs, Fafhrd, and other unmentionables. **Future:** Let's roll the dice and see.



ALDO GHIOZZI • "Wingnut"

Wholesale demigod. "Play more games." **Advice:** Play more games. **Ambition:** One day I hope to play even more games than I do now. **Memory:** One time...at band camp...I played a game...Wait, wrong memory. I will never forget what got me into this hobby — I was watching *Monty Python and the Quest for the Holy Grail* when the scene of the cow being shot over the castle walls came on. One friend said, "We should make a game like Car Wars, but with Cows..." Thus, Battle Cattle was born. That started my old publishing days as Wingnut Games. Good times. **Future:** Um...uh...I want to play more games...duh...



ALLYSON BROOKS • "The Defiant Nerd"

Booth mistress. "This time I didn't forget the gravy..." **Advice:** Don't get any on you. **Ambition:** To be an author/editor/psychologist...who has more money than sense. **Memory:** Remember that time you fell in love with my barbarian/bard who looked like Henry Rollins? **Future:** To die happy knowing that I've pet and fed every cat on the planet.



BOB BRINKMAN • "The Voice"

Writer, loudmouth. "Let's get ready to raffle!" **Advice:** Be certain that you can be heard in the back row. **Ambition:** To write something for every extant Goodman Games line. **Memory:** Running Catastrophe Island II at Gen Con and using a d60 for damage against a 0-level character. I gave the player a choice of hands, each holding a die. He chose... poorly, and failed to pick my d0. **Future:** Deadlines...so many wonderful deadlines.



BRADLEY J. McDEVITT • "The Art Nerd"

Artist, writer. "Yes, I drew that, no, I'm not a serial killer in training..." **Advice:** Don't listen to others when they tell you what you NEED to do with your life. Find what will make you happy, and follow that path. **Ambition:** To keep drawing until the funeral director has to pull the pen out of my hand. **Memory:** The first day at Gen Con '89 when I realized Late Show was going to be a big seller, and continued to sell hot all weekend. **Future:** To continue to create art until I physically and mentally can no longer.



BRENDAN J LASALLE • "Beast Mode"

Writer, convention rep, Road Crew coordinator. "You see a creature the likes of which you have never seen before..." **Advice:** Moderation in all things, including moderation. **Ambition:** To give something back to the FRPG hobby I love as great as what it has given me. **Memory:** My first game of Xcrawl. I surprised my players with it but they took to the concept very easily. During a break Jason Jenkins leaned over to me and whispered "This is rad!" It lit me up like Broadway. **Future:** Running the DCC campaign at the Home for Aging Game Designers?



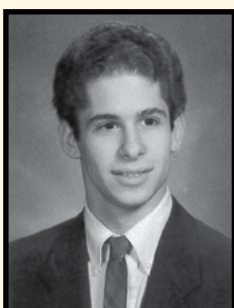
BRETT BROOKS • "The 'Stache"

Web and convention guy. "There was no one at the mutant hamster races, and we only had one entry into the Madame Curie look-alike contest and he was disqualified later. Why do I bother?" **Advice:** Try again. **Ambition:** To be ambitious. **Memory:** Is a false flag. **Future:** Isn't what it used to be.



CHRIS ARNESON • "Almost Done"

Artist/procrastinator. "What we do in life echoes in etern. . . wait, I mean, That which does not kill us makes us stronger, and in some cases more dependent on pizza, Netflix, and raises our blood pressure." **Advice:** Being self-employed is generally only appreciated by friends and onlookers, not potential girlfriends. Get a real job. **Ambition:** Paint more, do a cover for Goodman Games. **Memory:** Gen Con 1997, buying my first piece of original art by Alan Pollack. **Future Past:** What Doug said.



CHRISTOPHER J DOYLE • "Arbiter of the Rules, Exceeder of Word Counts"

Writer, developer, teacher of all things D&D. "A bad day at the game table is better than a good day at work!" **Advice:** It is easier to exceed a word count and beg forgiveness than to seek permission to exceed that word count. **Ambition:** To convert Castle White Rock to 5E. **Memory:** (#1) Receiving my first copy of the Moldvay Basic D&D set on February 2, 1981. (#2) Traveling to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin for an interview at TSR (and then turning down the job offer). (#3) Running the final table of the 1st annual Dungeon Crawl Classics Team Tournament at Gen Con in 2004. **Future:** To submit a draft without exceeding a word count.



DANIEL J BISHOP • "Northern Exposure"

Writer, general hack. "So, did I hear you just say that you picked up the magic sword?" **Advice:** The scenario belongs to you. The game belongs to the players. Finding out what they do with it is where the real fun is. **Ambition:** Find the Fountain of Youth so I can keep doing this stuff forever. **Memory:** Running my first game of Holmes Basic, Christmas day 1979, for my younger brother. **Future:** Lichdom, if the whole Fountain of Youth thing doesn't pan out.



DAVID BAITY • "The Bacon Wizard"

Writer, publisher, lover of all things feline. "If it purrs, pet it." **Advice:** Never bring live animals to the gaming table as props. Stick with rubber chickens to avoid stitches. **Ambition:** To drop the world in a Weird West filled with tentacles and watered-down whiskey. **Memory:** Making a little girl cry in a Gamma World game run by Michael Curtis. **Future:** Become wealthy enough to bathe daily in diet Cheerwine and clone Sadie.



DIETER ZIMMERMAN • "Who?"

Booth babe, writer, jack-of-all-trades. "You look familiar. Have we met before?" **Advice:** Take your medication. **Ambition:** Convincing the Dark Master to bring back DragonMech. **Memory:** Walking around outside barefoot with Mike Curtis in March in Wisconsin. **Future:** Time is irrelevant to one such as I. I exist in all times at once, and outside of time.



DOUG KOVACS • "The Darkest Chaos Shadow Master"

Artist, misanthrope, malcontent. "All your questions trying to determine what my politics are assume I actually want what is best for humanity." **Advice:** (#1) Idleness and dissipation breed apathy. (#2) Beware of number one. See all the damage it has done. There are so few of them. **Ambition:** To avoid most humans every day while drawing and painting monsters, mysterious locations and naked women. **Memory:** Getting ratted out by Lance Stalberg for gambling on *Illuminati* in Adventure Games Club & vowing to avoid playing D&D with anyone who doesn't do drugs. **Future:** I will work for TSR as a staff artist.



EDGAR JOHNSON • "The Reverend Doctor"

Writer, Metal God. "The puns will continue without regard to your morale." **Advice:** Show the world what inspires you. **Ambition:** To make it to Wayne Con every year. **Memory:** Every member of the Metal Gods of Ur-Hadad crew attended Gen Con 2014, the same year that *Peril on the Purple Planet* was published. Got to meet all the Goodman Games crew, and ran two games. It was the very first gaming convention I ever attended, and the biggest I've ever been to. **Future:** I will buy more dice. Everyone needs more dice.



ELEKTRA FULGORA • "Static Elektra"

Mistress of lightning and living static electricity generator. "It's shocking, I know!" **Advice:** "Everyone should travel because there's so much to the world than just what's inside the walls of high school, you know? But if you go to Europe, be careful because they have different electrical sockets and you can blow out your hair dryer like *snap* that!" **Ambition:** To keep getting a charge out of life and having hair-raising adventures. **Memory:** That time Brendan LaSalle challenged me to a "hair-off." **Future:** Teach those lightning gods a thing or two about what a real lightning goddess can do.



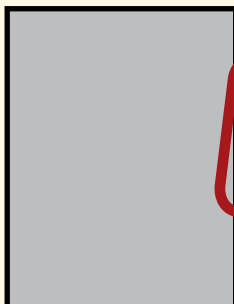
ERIC DAUM • "Barbarian Sophisticate"

Tourney judge/writer, Audio/Visual, sapper/henchman. "I have too many ideas to finish one."
Advice: Speak softly and carry a big stick. Unless you can ride a dinosaur, then do that instead. **Ambition:** I'd like to entertain others as much as I entertain myself. **Memory:** That day I had a major paradigm shift and realized I was surrounded by humans, not fish people. **Future:** I'd like to avoid being eaten alive if I can help it, unless it's by a T-Rex 'cause then I'd get to see one before I die.



EROL OTUS • "The Dunwich Horror"

Artist, game designer. "I'm not sure why Tom Wham called me 'The Dunwich Horror,' but okay..." **Advice:** Eat fruit. **Ambition:** Make a good painting, make a good drawing, run a good D&D game, and try to remember my dreams. **Memory:** There is one lucid dream I remember: I'm leading Eskimos across a ragged ice field, and we come upon a dark bottomless crevice. I slip, fall in, and am gone from the scene. They are crowded around peering down into the hole when I push forward from the back. "Don't worry," I say, "this is a dream, jump in, it's fun!" Everyone starts jumping in the bottomless pit and reappearing from "offstage". **Future:** It would be nice if they started making high quality rubber monsters again.



HALEY SKACH • "Nickname"

Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis. "Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus." **Advice:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus. **Ambition:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus. **Memory:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus. **Future:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re ditia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus.

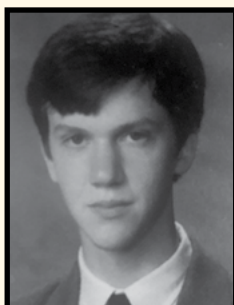
ABSENT ON PHOTO DAY

REPORT TO MR. ROD'S OFFICE FOR DETENTION DETAILS



HARLEY STROH • "One More Week"

Writer & reason why Goodman Games can't afford health insurance. "No, really, I'm going to need one more week." **Advice:** If you want to make friends with Doug, get bit by a dog. **Ambition:** Write an adventure module worthy of a DK cover. **Memory:** Running *Legacy of the Savage Kings* at my first Gen Con, without ever having DM'd third edition. **Future:** Hitting the road to run games out of the Wizard Van.



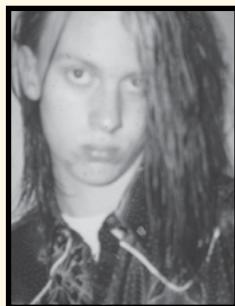
HOWARD ANDREW JONES • "The Skull Wrangler"

Writer, editor, sword-and-sorcery guru. "I shall find a way or make one." **Advice:** Fight starting reluctance, read outside the genre, keep learning and striving to be a better writer. **Ambition:** To see dozens of issues of *Tales from the Magician's Skull* upon my shelf, right next to a huge, illustrated hardback collecting my Hanuvar stories. **Memory:** Signed that first book deal with a pen my friend Eric had given me a year before, promising me it would happen soon. **Future:** Editing *Tales from the Magician's Skull* for decades to come!



JAMES A WALLS • “Norwin Game Knight”

Apocalyptic podcaster, nepotistic vlogger. “Die Rodney!” **Advice:** Despite current popular opinion, don’t be afraid to tell your players “NO.” **Ambition:** To pass the torch of tabletop role-playing to my children and watch them make the hobby better. **Memory:** Watching my daughter, Judge Evie, at 11 years old, running *Inferno Road* at Doug Kon. **Future:** To start a dystopian game commune.



JEFF GOAD • “The Fairy Godfather”

Co-host of three podcasts: the ENnie Award-winning Spellburn, the Appendix N Book Club, and Cleave Land. “Are you happy with that roll?” **Advice:** Read Gardner F. Fox’s *Kothar: Barbarian Swordsman*, listen to Current 93’s “The Bloodbells Chime,” and watch the subtitled version of Amando de Ossorio’s *Tombs of the Blind Dead*. **Ambition:** To read all 290 books on the Appendix N Book Club reading list. **Memory:** Being a total fanboy when I met Jen Brinkman at my first Gen Con. **Future:** Running my rules-lite take on DCC RPG at a bath house in outer space.



JEN BRINKMAN • “Quill of Doom”

Editor, gaming activist/enabler. “Welcome to Spellburn.” **Advice:** Being a perfectionist in this world can be frustrating. Don’t lower your own standards. Persevere. Some causes (and publications) are worth standing your ground. **Ambition:** Curate my typo collection for display, expand the Order of Shanna and get matching leather jackets, and read a book for fun. **Memory:** After I ran my first convention sandbox game at Gary Con, Bjorn Nelson exclaimed, “I wish every game could be this fun!” **Future:** Tattling on Dan Steeby for cheating at Rat-Snake in Brendan’s Home for Aging Game Designers.



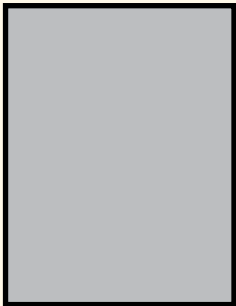
JESSE MOHN • “Jester”

Artist, designer. “It is what it is.” **Advice:** Don’t let other people tell you how to live your life, they don’t pay your internet bill. **Ambition:** To sell the world to our inevitable alien dominators. **Memory:** Selling my first professional fantasy art pieces to Shadis magazine. **Future:** Get older. Draw more. Be the best “me” I can be.



JESSICA A MCDEVITT • “Princess Grace”

Customer service mistress, layout guru. “Really. You just had to go there, didn’t you?” **Advice:** Today, take a look at just how far you have come. You have gone through so much, and are headed in the right direction... Leave your fears behind and keep going. **Ambition:** To keep working on my craft business and build it to a point that someday I will own my own storefront! **Memory:** The first time I went to Origins and John Rhys-Davies was on the steps and put his hand on my shoulder to stabilize himself from falling. Needless to say, my day and year were made at that moment. **Future:** To always work my hardest to make the world a better and happier place.



JIM SKACH • "Nickname"

Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis. "Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus." **Advice:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re difia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus. **Ambition:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re difia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus. **Memory:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re difia susci idelignis. **Future:** Rersperia sa qui cus aliciis et unt et eveles coreribus et re difia susci idelignis ma sam harum volupti oreictor sime nimossi tibus.

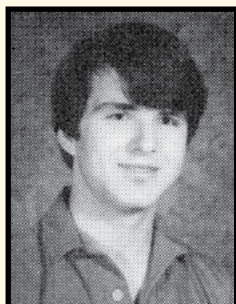
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JON HERSHBERGER • "Taco Jon"

Booth magician, master indexer. "Never stick anything sharper than your elbow into your ear." (My 5th-grade science teacher repeated that weekly.) **Advice:** Don't be afraid to challenge yourself, to be successful! Seek to fulfill your potential. **Ambition:** I wanted to work in business, get a job and live in a big city. Now I want to leave the big city and move to the country... **Memory:** I worked on the yearbook staff; I took black & white pictures and learned how to develop them in the high school dark room. **Future:** I wanted to 'go away to college' and get a fresh start for myself, away from the farm, away from the small town I grew up in and all the small-town minds. At Baker University, I met some great guys who became my life-long brothers.



JON WILSON • "Who's He Again?"

Box o' books schlepmeister, mostly harmless. "I think I thought I thought I was overthinking, but I've been thinking it over again..." **Advice:** Never underestimate pie. **Ambition:** To keep rolling weird dice until I'm 6 feet under (and maybe keep going past that point). **Memory:** My friend David opening his new game, the Holmes D&D box, and my noticing that there was no board. Haven't been bored since. **Future:** More of the same, only moreso.



JONATHAN E PERKEL • "Grandpa"

Judge, amateur DCC publicist, fanboy. "Get off my lawn!" **Advice:** Always... no, wait. Never... fire into melee. **Ambition:** To someday have only a fraction of the free time I had to game as a kid. **Memory:** Walking into my first old school con, meeting legends whose names I had only seen in books, and befriending them. **Future:** Same as the present, but slower and more achy.



JOSEPH E GOODMAN • "The Dark Master"

Publisher, writer, layout. "You're not the boss of me." **Advice:** When what you see around you isn't something you can connect with, reveal your true self, no matter how hard it seems. Then all the others like you will feel safe revealing themselves. You will find you have more comrades than you knew. **Ambition:** To keep having fun while sharing a vision of things I love. **Memory:** The early days of DCC RPG, before it had a name, when it was just an idea. **Future:** When enough true selves are revealed, the summoning ritual shall be complete!



JULIAN BERNICK • “Juicy”

Writer, poet, judge. “Um, no idea, make a Luck check please.” **Advice:** Don’t look back, don’t look down, and f*** the haters. **Ambition:** Write a DCC megadungeon and a sequel to Tegel Manor. **Memory:** Sharing a cab with Brendan at my first ever Gen Con and finding out that one of the coolest people I would ever know is also one of the nicest. **Future:** Earn gold and slay bad guys in a rapidly deteriorating dystopia while writing games about earning gold and slaying bad guys in a rapidly deteriorating dystopia...



KEITH LABAW • “The Desert Yeti”

Warehouse manager. “What am I supposed to do with 6 pallets of the DCC RPG 7th printing?!?” **Advice:** Get a dog. They’re much less expensive and much more loyal than children or spouses. **Ambition:** Stay alive long enough to retire. **Memory:** Most of my fondest memories involve a table full of dice surrounded by friends. And beer. **Future:** When society falls, I hope it’s less *The Road* and more *The Road Warrior*.



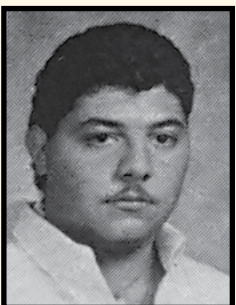
LESTER B PORTLY • “Paste-Up”

Graphics, layout. “It’s kinda like D&D – but better.” **Advice:** If you make something for yourself you should aim to be selfish, but if you make anything for anyone else you should try to be generous. **Ambition:** Finish the current stack of unread paperbacks with lurid covers. **Memory:** How weird and trippy my first game of D&D seemed to me when I played module B1: *In Search of the Unknown*. **Future:** I might finally learn how to drive, but why bother now?



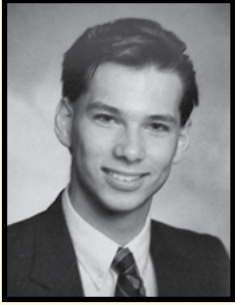
MARC A BRUNER • “The Other Tall One”

Writer, tournament wrangler, wayfarer, Elder of the Hub. “Marc who?” **Advice:** The universe evinces no true stability, so take a moment each day to reflect with gratitude on what you are. **Ambition:** Measure in my own craft one ten-millionth of the talent I see around me from other Goodman writers and artists. **Memory:** Playing Dungeons and Dragons for the first time with my older cousins. **Future:** Sharing my hobby with the next generation, including my own kids.



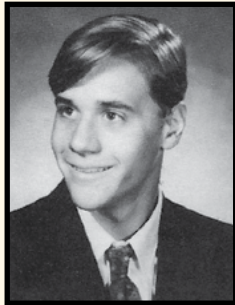
MARZIO MUSCEDERE • “Wait...who’s this guy?”

Writer, Rodney winner, cleverly disguised sycophant. “Close...but it’s pronounced ‘moo-shed-dray’.” **Advice:** Stop thinking about being a writer and start writing. Then finish what you start. **Ambition:** To become George RR Martin, only without the silly hat and suspenders...ok maybe even with the hat. **Memory:** My friends and I riding our bikes to Windsor Hobbies and staring slack-jawed at all the marvelous D&D books, while wondering what magnificent mansions these authors must live in now. **Future:** Being whisked away on the Dark Master’s private jet and given the junior executive office (aka The LaSalle) high atop Goodman Towers...or...possibly being asked to write another adventure. Whatever comes first, I guess.



MATT HILDEBRAND • “Big Bald Matt”

Graphic designer, layout artist, doughnut connoisseur. “Mmmm. I love that fresh ink smell.” **Advice:** Stolen from animator Chuck Jones: “Take your work, but never yourself, seriously.” **Ambition:** Draw more. Design more. Play more games. **Memory:** Best part of Gen Con 2018: A warm hello in the form of a manly (and somewhat moist) bearhug from Harley. **Future:** To continue to enjoy the contact high from the creative juices generated by the gorgeous brains in this amazing community.



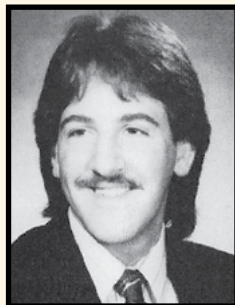
MICHAEL CURTIS • “Manly Judge Lankhmar Shudder Alphabet”

Writer, in-house Appendix N scholar, test pilot. “It rhymes with ‘SHY-burr.” **Advice:** Writing, whether you’re creating fiction or role-playing games, is like being lost in the wilderness. If you keep yelling and trying to attract attention, eventually you might be found...or devoured by wolves. Nobody said the act of creation was easy. **Ambition:** To finally, for once and for all, to get everything that’s in my head down on the page. **Memory:** Walking into Gen Con for the first time, not only as an attendee but a professional game designer. **Future:** Creating shamanic-cyberpunk myths to appease our AI overlords after the Singularity.



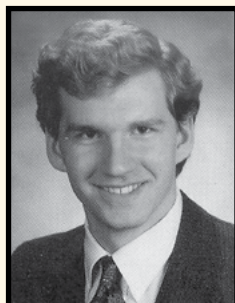
MIKE BOLAM • “Mr. Bolam”

Tournament judge, Road Crew, playtester. “We got 48 hours before it has to go to the printer? Sure, I’ll playtest that for you!” **Advice:** There is more to life than punk rock, horror movies, games, and pro wrestling, but not much. **Ambition:** Ensure my teenage self continues to be impressed by my actions. **Memory:** Attending Gary Con V by myself, not knowing anyone there, and becoming fast friends with a bunch of the DCC crew. **Future:** Publishing something of my own design.



NOSSEL K GOLD-CLENCHE • “Hard Cash”

Procurer of esoteric items and questionable services. “I can get that for you and, boy, do I have a deal on it!” **Advice:** Never pay retail, especially when it’s cheaper to hire some down-on-their-luck adventurers to steal it for you. **Ambition:** To build a “business” empire catering to discriminating customers from the Howling Mountains to the Twice-Boiled Sea. **Memory:** When Goodman Games announced the Lankhmar license, I said, “Finally! A version of DCC that speaks my language—Thieves’ Cant!” **Future:** Voted Most Likely to be Found Dead in an Alley with a Dagger in His Back.



PETER MULLEN • “The Phantom”

Artist. “Does that Mullen guy even exist?” (attributed to Gen Con attendee; possibly Stefan Poag) **Advice:** Sketching something out with Crayola crayons then liking it enough to try painting over it in acrylics just doesn’t work without a lot of headaches. Trust me. **Ambition:** To paint all year with only the colors of Mulberry and Chartreuse. **Memory:** Seeing the crowd in the foyer at Gen Con 50 and realizing there aren’t that many people in my whole hometown! **Future:** Winning the Powerball lottery so I can just paint and draw all day — everyday!



SHAMBALLAH THULLESS • "High Priestess of Set"

Queen of the serpentine underworld. "Ye that drag his belly 'cross the dirt, shall you rule o'er all earth!" **Advice:** Keep your relationship with your parents strong, so it lasts beyond high school and the final reckoning of the Snake God. **Ambition:** To rule from the scaled throne. **Memory:** When Goodman Games first published an Emerald Cobra module, and brought our cult one step closer to its public unveiling. **Future:** Assume my rightful place as bearer of Set's kukri.



STEFAN POAG • "Doom Cult Leader"

Artist, walker of big black dogs, troglodyte. "If at first you don't succeed, roll up a new character." **Advice:** What you did and what you plan to do are probably less important than what you are doing right now. **Ambition:** "This is a public service announcement... WITH GUITAR!" **Memory:** "Notice this rent in my garment; I am at a loss to explain its presence! I am even more puzzled by the existence of the universe." **Future:** "Two hours of loose philosophizing will never tilt the scale against the worth of one sound belch."



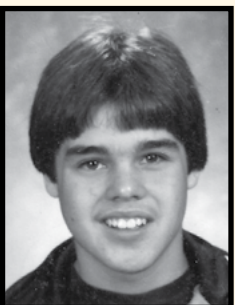
STEPHEN NEWTON • "Snake"

Writer, publisher, Renaissance man. "I'm pretty sure I read about that rule somewhere." **Advice:** Don't be afraid to shame your dice. Bookmark that online thesaurus. **Ambition:** Being listed as a "special guest" at an RPG convention someday. **Memory:** Getting asked to sign someone's copy of one of my adventures at my first Gary Con. **Future:** Expanding one of my adventures into a full-length novel, and then selling TENS OF COPIES of it.



STEVE BEAN • "Appendix 'N(ext)' Apologist"

Writer, PC resurrectionist, modernist contrarian. "With narrativism we have MUCH worse things to do PCs than kill them..." **Advice:** If you want to keep your manuscript to a strict word count, just write a piece as short as Terry, Harley, and Doug are tall. **Ambition:** Write the licensed DCC RPG product for *Chronicles of Amber*, including domain play rules for Shadow walking. **Memory:** Discussing existentialism and nihilism with Doug and James MacGeorge at a bar at 2am at Gen Con XLVII. **Future:** A third career as producer of the "Drawing with Doug" children's show on Illinois public access TV.

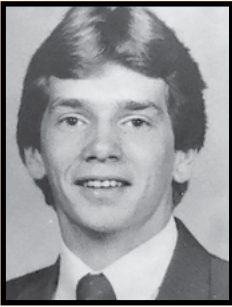


TERRY OLSON • "Statblock"

Writer, proofreader, tournament encounter addict. "And suddenly..." **Advice:** Always look up! Also, remember that sometimes a piece of junk is just a piece of junk. **Ambition:** Doing the next one better than the last one. **Memory:** "What do you mean, 'Save or Die?'" **Future:** Happily statting *Tales from the Magician's Skull* No. 100 as it becomes sword and sorcery's dominant incarnation.

**TIM DESCHANE • “Yankee David Baity”**

DCC judge, head acolyte. “Never trust a Skach when death is on the line.” **Advice:** Live. Laugh. Love. **Ambition:** To actually finish writing an adventure before I hate it and set it on fire. **Memory:** The cruel death of Aleena the Cleric. **Future:** Older, fatter and more tattooed.

**TIM WADZINSKI • “The Judge”**

Editor, project coordinator. “Wow do my dice suck today!” **Advice:** When you’re deciding between doing something that’s practical and something that’s fun, do the fun thing! Even if you fail, you’ll have a great story to tell. **Ambition:** To keep meeting and working with the cool people in our hobby. **Memory:** Buying the B/X boxed sets at the local Ben Franklin and sharing them with my older brother. **Future:** Continuing to share my love for RPGs and gaming with my daughter, our family, and whoever wants to join us at the table.

**WAYNE R SNYDER • “The Van Man”**

Prop builder, after-hours game judge, DCC zine author/artist, thought criminal. “Y’all wanna play DCC in a shack?” **Advice:** Be grateful. Help others. **Ambition:** To park a wizard van in the Goodman Games booth at Gen Con. **Memory:** Being Daniel Kovacs at my first Gen Con. **Future:** To craft an entire life-size Goodman Games necropolis theme park, and/or drive the Road Crew wizard van coast to coast.

WANTED

FOR LEAVING SCHOOL PREMISES DURING LUNCH HOUR

Rick “No Hall Pass” Hull

Drives Chevy Blazer with plates “DCC RPG.”

Known delinquent and malcontent. Hangs around with dangerous-looking types sporting beards and satanic-looking books. If you spot this student off-campus during lunch hour, report him immediately to Mr. Rod!

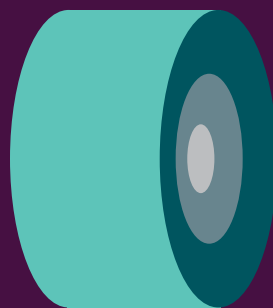


PORTAL BUILDERS

REMINDER

Auditions will be held in the fall for the 1975 school Musical, “John the Balladeer”.

THE A/V CLUB
IS SEEKING VOLUNTEERS
FOR AUDIO EDITING.
MEET US IN THE HUB THE
FIRST FRIDAY OF EACH MONTH.



LOST ONE SKATEBOARD WHEEL

IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO H. STROH.

IF FOUND WITH BLOOD ON IT,
PLEASE RETURN TO D. KOVACS.

FINAL PAYMENTS FOR THE
SENIOR CLASS TRIP TO LANKHMAR
ARE DUE BY JUNE 5TH.

Congratulations to the
graduating class of '74 from
Elzemon Bros. Funeral Home.

Funnel special: buy three caskets,
get the fourth FREE!

PUBLISHER

Code Name: The Dark Master



File Name: Goodman, Joseph E.
Primary Responsibility: DCC RPG, polyhedron obsession
Secondary Responsibility: DragonMech, BroncoSaurus Rex, WH40K ('87 ed.)
Birthplace: Atlanta, GA Grade: Level 6 publisher

The Dark Master directs a crew of highly specialized operators via short-burst transmissions issued from a Citadel atop Mount Tantalus. His broadcast site has been traced to the vicinity of a government-designated Nike missile launch site known as SP-88, but beyond that all tracking attempts have failed. The Dark Master is believed to have a civilian alias which he uses to infiltrate the magazine and game underground to various safe houses worldwide. Through study of his gifted creators, blends them with fragmentary remnants of hypnosis, and where magpies and poets with unknown intelligence. The Dark Master takes the literary and artistic fourth glorious twisted things that feel as if they are old despite their fresh copyright. Games from a long line of publishers and rabble-rousers who conceal chaotic tendencies beneath useful outcomes. Specialized education: game publishing boot camps in Rockland, Sweden, and Pennsylvania. Qualified expert: publishing software (all), offset printing techniques, select categories of pulp literature and art, business biographies of obscure game publishers. Known associates: n/a. Refers to the internet as "what?" and laptop technicians. Refers to the internet as "what?"

"The Dark Master is trying to build something great, some edifice to classic games. He needs to locate enough like-minded souls to do it. Their numbers are growing. He needs to be enough for The Great Ritual to begin."

WRITER

Code Name: One More Week



File Name: Stroth, Harley
Primary Responsibility: Vanilla fantasy
Secondary Responsibility: Breaking bones (self)
Birthplace: Yosemite National Park Grade: AC -2

One More Week cut his teeth in the Caves of Chaos at the age of eight and has been running games ever since. He has a deathly fear of social interactions, which runs counter to his rabid appreciation of the Joe team. Qualified Expert: Epic Funnels, Spell Duels, Team DCC Tournaments, pulling Kovacs off of limousines before the cops arrive.

"If you go back to DCC 17 you'll find magic items and monsters that make no sense according to 3.5. His 4e adventures were even worse. Some say that the Dark Master wrote DCC so that Harley wouldn't have to keep breaking the rules to D&D. Sometimes the Mountain comes to Mohammed."

ARTIST

Code Name: Ambassador
from North Kovacistan



File Name: Kovacs, Doug
Primary Responsibility: After-hours DCC RPG
Secondary Responsibility: DCC Online
Birthplace: Northwest Chicagoland Grade: Extra Low

A known associate of the Breadboks, the Ambassador from North Kovacistan specializes in exploring the unknown roads of gaming and art. He allows unaware civilians to blissfully enjoy the rewards without exposing themselves to the soul-crushing risks of going toe-to-toe with the unstoppable forces of mediocrity. Certified expert: traditional physical media of art creation, including watercolor, acrylic, and pen-and-ink illustration. Graduated 9th degree black belt in illuminated cartography. Currently pursuing certification in airbrush techniques.

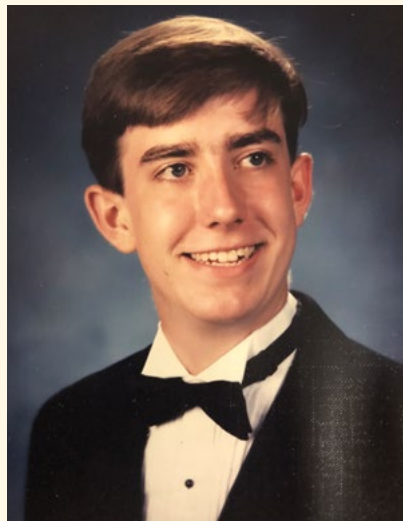
"They say the Ambassador from North Kovacistan is the living embodiment of DCC. He's been heard to say that winning DCC is in the process of playing DCC - and the authority of the rules ends when you evolve your game into something more fun. Many people have visited Kovacistan, but it seems like only one man can truly live there. So when the Ambassador visits us, people listen. And not just because he makes us feel smart and cool."



CATCH THE CONTINUING
ADVENTURES of G.G. JOE
EACH WEEKDAY AT 3:00 PM ON GG-TV

Doug, I always
knew you would fly
like an eagle!

—❖❖❖—
Love Mom



Joey, we're so
proud of our
little graduate!

—❖❖❖—
*Love, Grandpa Bob
and Gram*



GO GONGFARMERS!

Goodman High Basketball Team

**TRYOUTS THIS
WEDNESDAY
IN THE GYM.**

***Can you make
the team?***

COMPLIMENTARY ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT TACOS
IMMEDIATELY AFTER TRYOUTS CONCLUDE

GO GONGFARMERS!



**Looking for students with
great nunchuk skills. If this
is you, please see page 76.**

**(also interested in bowhunting skills
and computer hacking skills and
boyfriends with other great skills)**

REAL LIFE ADVENTURES: QUEST FOR THE WIZARD VAN

By Dieter Zimmerman

As many fans know, Goodman Games has quested for many years in search of a wizard van. Nothing would make us more happy than rolling up to the game store in a 1970's-style van with bubble windows and a wizard mural painted on the side. And of course we'd run games out of the back at Gen Con! Our 2015 Gen Con Program Guide even featured a digital mockup of our dream van on the cover.

When we got a hot tip that the 47th Van Nationals (check out van-nationals.com) were being held near Indianapolis the week before Gen Con, a plot hatched to rent a wizard van! Since I'm only a few hours from there and was traveling that direction anyway on the week in question, I was chosen for the mission. Musk Goblin reporting for duty!

I really had no idea what to expect when I reached the town of Rensselaer, Indiana. It's a town of just over 5,000 people off Interstate 65 in northwest Indiana, so there's not a whole lot nearby of great interest. Why did these van people choose that location for their gathering place? I still don't know.

As I arrived at the grounds where the Van Nationals were being held, I drove my non-van vehicle up to the person in charge of letting people in. A sign read "NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT A VAN," but I cleverly chose to pretend I didn't see it. I asked the woman if I could just come in for a bit, talk to some people, and maybe take some pictures. She referred me to a man nearby, who took me into a nearby building and referred me to a young woman named Kristen.

Kristen and I immediately engaged in some tense negotiations involving me mentioning that I'm from Louisville, KY, and she replying that she also once lived in Louisville! Normally no one without a van is allowed in, she explained, but she'd take me around for a bit if I'd be willing to give a \$20 entry fee (which would be donated to a charity) and help her



carry a cooler. My persuasive skills and irresistible charm had won the day!

It turned out, however, that before I was allowed to see any vans there was another test to pass: the beer tasting. We took the cooler I was carrying to a pop-up tent where a bunch of other vanners had congregated with beers of their own. Van National tradition is apparently that participants bring beers from wherever they're from, and then they have a huge beer tasting. A strange custom, indeed, but since I was trying to blend in I was forced to participate. I'm willing to go to any length to achieve success in my missions.

The people at the Van Nationals were mostly older than me, in their 50's and 60's probably, but there was a subset of late 20's and early 30's people too. Kristen was one of the latter, and she told me that this was the first year that the younger crowd was in charge of running the event. Everyone was super friendly and seemed like decent folk even if most of them did prefer IPAs over stouts and porters.

An hour and about 50 ounces of beer later I was feeling pretty good and I began to scout out the vans. It turns out the Van Nationals are not what we expected them to be...we were expecting a van show, but this was more just a gathering of people who love camping and partying in vans. Nothing wrong with that, obviously, it just didn't fulfill our needs very well. I later heard it described as "Burning Man for vanners," and that's probably not too far from the truth.

Most of the vans were nothing too fancy, and I only saw two that were all painted up. No wizards, but there were pirates and dinosaurs! Though we did not end up with a van at Gen Con this year, I got some good leads about places to look and people to talk to next year.

The quest continues!



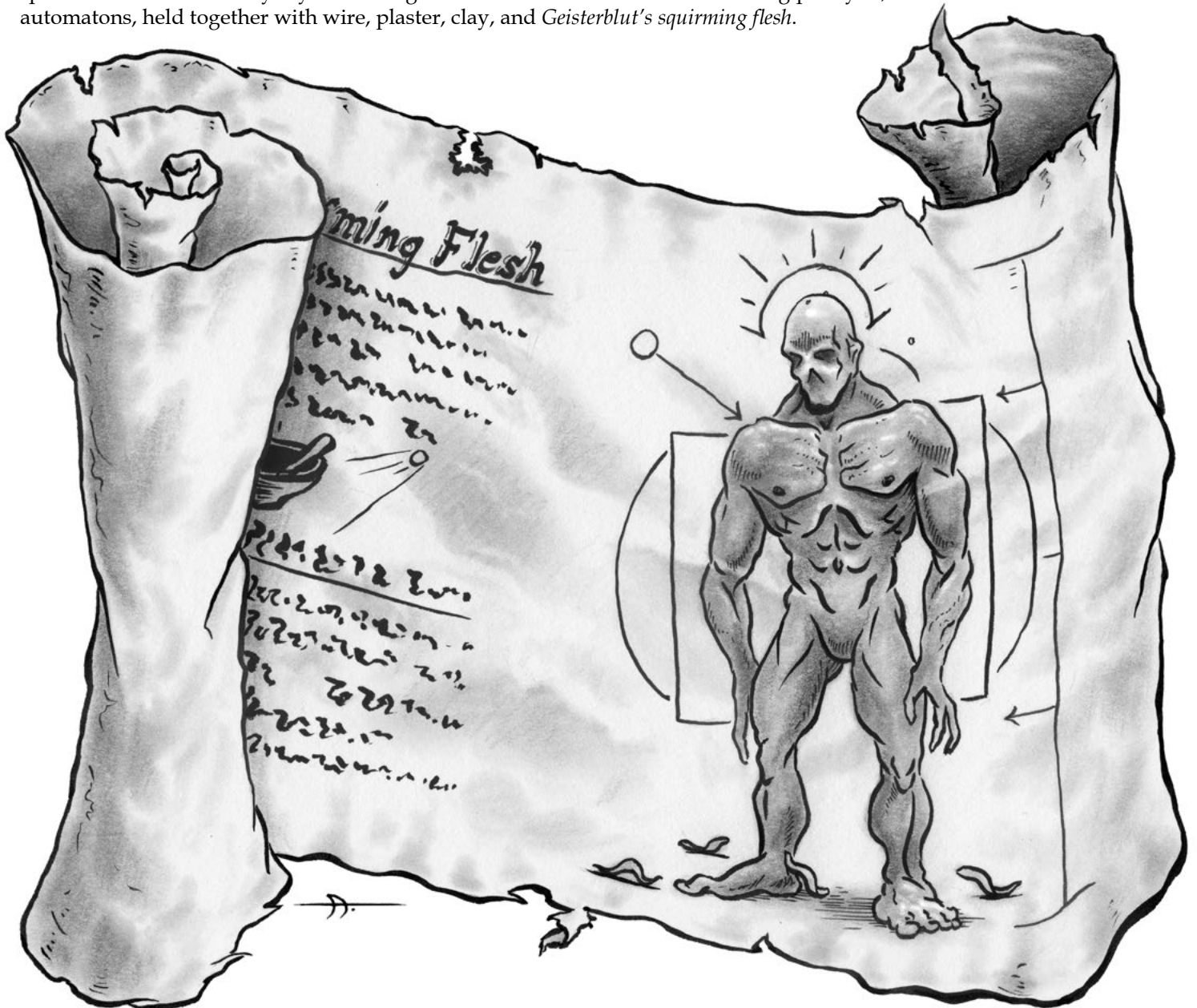
THE PARTIAL SPELLBOOK OF DR. LOTRIN VON WEISSGRAS- GEISTERBLUT

by Stephen Newton



he madness of the Weißgras elves (or “Whitegrass” elves as most humans refer to them) is well known. Their tyrannical and rapacious influence over the town of Portnelle has been documented in ancient scrolls such as *They Served Brandolyn Red* and *The Corpse That Love Built*. In those tomes, it is related that the patriarch of the Weißgras clan, Dr. Lotrin von Geisterblut, became so distraught over the death of his betrothed that he went to extreme lengths to try to return her from the dead after her untimely demise. The following spell was salvaged from the wreckage of Dr. von Geisterblut’s lab after crusaders—following the direction of Portnelle’s Father Giralt—stormed Weißgras Tower.

Geisterblut’s squirming flesh (Cleric, Level 2): During his early experiments with the properties of the flesh, Dr. von Geisterblut experimented with permutations of spells that would control the living physical body (*sleep, charm person, paralysis*) as well as the dead or inanimate (*animate dead, breathe life*). He quickly learned what ancient priests and wizards have known for millennia: that true resurrection is beyond the reach of mortal man. But that doesn’t mean that useful tools cannot be spawned from lifeless clay! By combining elements of *animate dead* and reversing paralysis, Geisterblut was able to create automatons, held together with wire, plaster, clay, and Geisterblut’s squirming flesh.



GEISTERBLUT'S SQUIRMING FLESH

Level: 2 Range: Special Duration: Varies Casting time: 1 round Save: N/A

General The cleric infuses strips of lifeless flesh harvested from a fresh corpse with necrotic energy, transforming them into items which can serve the cleric in a variety of ways. At its most basic levels, the squirming flesh can be instructed to perform menial tasks of service. At its most powerful, the squirming flesh can be used as the muscles powering sophisticated, golem-like contraptions.

Manifestation The flesh starts peeling off the corpse in strips (akin to bacon), then as slabs of meat. The squirming flesh then inches its way, much like a caterpillar, to the cleric to await instructions.

1-13 Failure.

14-15 The cleric's spell peels strips of flesh from a fresh corpse, which animate for 1d3+CL turns. The squirming flesh strips move toward the cleric to await their bidding. The flesh can perform menial tasks such as move, crawl, sit up, climb, etc. These rudimentary strips can also wrap themselves around one small, dead animal – dog, goat, kobold, or similarly-sized creature (1 HD and smaller). The squirming flesh forces the dead animal's structure to move, reanimating it to attack again as if it were restored to full hit points.

16-19 Same as above, but now with a single corpse, the cleric creates enough strips to animate 2d3 small (1 HD or lower) animals.

20-21 At this level, the cleric can animate 2d6 small animals as above. Alternatively, the harvested flesh can now be ordered to perform more complex commands. Examples include: "Follow person," "Get in the box," "Crawl under that door," etc.

22-25 The cleric has harnessed enough necrotic energy to create complex contraptions powered by the squirming flesh. When attached to structural material – typically wire and hardened clay – the caster can create a single "fleshy contraption": a vaguely human-looking device which can be used as a guard or minion. A single corpse can create up to 2 contraptions, which persist for 2d6+CL days before the deteriorating.

Fleshy contraption, Crude: Init +2; Atk weapon +3 melee (weapon damage +2); AC 13; HD 2d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will -2; AL N.

26-29 As above, but now, assuming the cleric has access to enough corpses, the caster can create up to 2d4 fleshy contraptions, which persist for 3d8+CL days before deteriorating.

30-31 Given enough corpses and material – wood, leather, bone – the cleric can now create objects as large as a horse or owlbear. The large creatures persist for 2d6 days before deteriorating. A bull-like contraption usually take 3 corpses to construct, but the results may vary depending on the sizes of the bodies.

Fleshy Contraption, Bull-Sized: Init +2; Atk protrusion or weapon +4 melee (1d8+4); AC 14; HD 3d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will -2; AL N.

32-33 As above, but now the cleric can raise up to 2d4 bull-sized contraptions.

34+ The power and complexity necessary to create giant foes is now within the spellcaster's grasp! The cleric may reproduce any of the items below, or animate a hill giant-sized contraption from wood, clay, or stone. The giant-sized contraption persists for 2d6+CL days before the deteriorating.

Fleshy Contraption, Giant: Init +2; Atk club +6 melee (1d6+6); AC 15; HD 4d8; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will -2; AL N.



THE CUSTOMER CREATURE CATALOGUE

New DCC RPG Monsters — One Of Which May Be You

Written by Steve Bean, Julian Bernick, Daniel Bishop, Bob Brinkman, Marc Bruner, Michael Curtis, Jon Hook, Brendan LaSalle, Stephen Newton, and Terry Olson • Illustrations by Chuck Whelon



In the 2018 Goodman Games Gen Con Program Guide, entry #11 on the Luck Token Redemption Table read: *Fame and Fortune! Well, fame, anyway...* The winners had their photographs taken with the promise of having their likenesses converted into a DCC RPG product. The result: 37 DCC fans have been illustrated by the indefatigable Chuck Whelon—and 37 fantastical, horrific, and bizarre creatures have been brought to life by some of our top authors.



BEARDED NROX Name Unknown B

The bearded nrox is what remains of a now-forgotten warlock who misfired a *polymorph* spell near a certain creature from the elemental plane of earth. The creature is ferocious and perpetually hungry; sages posit that an interdimensional gate may lie in the creature's innards. Despite its aggressive nature, the nrox can be pacified with lullabies (DC 15 Personality check).

Bearded Nrox: Init +3; Atk claw +4 melee (1d3) and cranial maw +4 melee (2d6); AC 14; HD 6d8; hp 33; MV 40'; Act 4d16 (claws) + 1d24 (maw); SP mangle limb, hexapodic cartwheel, death throes (behemoth beard); SV Fort +10, Ref +3, Will +2; AL N.

Mangle limb: If the nrox hits a target with all 4 attacks, one of the target's limbs is chewed down through the cranial maw

until its end emerges from the nrox's bearded mouth. Then the limb is chewed "up" until it re-emerges from the maw. The mangled limb is useless and suffers 3d7 damage.

Hexapodic cartwheel: The nrox can spend all of its action dice to become a cartwheeling dervish of claws and teeth. Any target within a 20' radius takes 1d10 damage unless a DC 15 Reflex save is made.

Behemoth beard: The slayer of a bearded nrox must pass a DC 18 Will save or be cursed with a behemoth beard. The beard grows 1 foot per week; if cut, its growth rate permanently doubles. This is considered a moderate curse for clerics who cast *remove curse*.



BEHOLDUDE Michael Everett

The beholdude is a hovering hypnotic head reminiscent of a deadly dungeon denizen, but is similar only in appearance. The beholdude's various eyestalks are simply eyes, rather than instruments of arcane death. The beholdude itself, however, is a large infrasonic emitter of sounds heard subconsciously and felt as a concussive wave. Those "beholden" who fall victim to the sonic attack stand mesmerized, wishing only to behold the beholdude. Its large central eye is a decoy which moves like an eye, but does not provide sight; instead, it is a bladder filled with deadly gas (DC 22 Find Trap check).

Beholdude: Init +4; Atk infrasonic wave +6 missile fire (special, range 100'); AC 13; HD 10d12; hp 65; MV fly 20'; Act 4d20; SP infrasonic wave, anti-magic defense, gas bladder, command beholden; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +10; AL C.

Infrasonic wave: Target succeeds on a Will save (DC equal to the beholdude's modified attack roll) or is mesmerized for 2d4 rounds and is a beholden (see below). Afterwards, target makes a DC 10 Will save to be immune to similar attacks for 24 hours; if failed, she is permanently a beholden (until the beholdude is destroyed).

Anti-magic defense: If attacked with magic, the beholdude rolls 2d20. If the result is greater than the attacker's spell check, the spell's effects are negated regardless of whether a saving throw is allowed.

Gas bladder: If the false central eye takes 10 points of damage, it releases a poison gas. All within melee range (except the beholdude) must make a DC 15 Fort save. Those who succeed take 1d10 damage; otherwise they die.

Command beholden: Any creature that has succumbed to the infrasonic wave is a beholden. The beholdude may manipulate its beholden as it sees fit; typically it commands them to defend it.



BOGADIL Name Unknown D

Bogadils are hulking, half-man, half-reptile creatures that dwell in marshes and swamps, using the cover of night to stalk prey on the periphery of nearby human habitations. Bogadils are large, standing over 7' tall, and are encased in a lumpy outer sheath of skin resembling a bark-like substance that covers their upper torso and head. This husk acts as a protective layer, and has the unusual property of rapid regrowth as it is actually a type of hardened membrane that the bogadil sheds when wounded instead of blood. During combat, each strike that wounds a bogadil causes a sap-like substance to cover more of the bogadil's frame, granting a +1 AC bonus after each such blow. After combat, the bogadil will molt its new layer of skin over a period of 24 hours, returning to its base AC. Bogadils are particularly vulnerable during this period of time, leaving them with a reduced AC of 10 until the new mantle hardens over their exposed soft flesh. Bogadil hide is particularly prized for its resilient qualities, and many a tanner offers a substantial bounty for a good supply of such leather.

In combat, bogadils strike at targets with their massive claws; as a secondary attack, they lash out with their forked tails at the same or a different target within melee range. Accustomed to the dark, bogadils avoid hunting parties protected by strong sources of light such as campfires, and are -1 to all rolls in any light stronger than that of a torch.

Bogadil: Init +2; Atk claw +6 melee (1d6+3) and tail lash +3 melee (1d4); AC 15 or special; HD 4d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20 + 1d16 tail lash; SP infravision 60', regenerative bark, light sensitivity; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.



BUGBEALLY

Joel Beally

The bugbeally is a slightly less hirsute descendent of the common bugbear. The bugbeally seeks prey by attempting to infiltrate human populations by disguising itself with short pants, eyewear, and other jewelry. While the creature's glasses do occasionally provide a modest element of surprise, more often than not the creature's prominent bull-like horns give its presence away. The bugbeally is usually found with 3d6 sp worth of silver jewelry—typically chair broaches, arm bracers, and glass eye guards which enhance the creature's eyesight such that it is immune to critical hits.

Bugbeally: Init +3; Atk stone axe +4 melee (1d6+4) or gore +3 melee (1d8 +2); AC 14; HD 4d8+4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP camouflage, immune to critical hits; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +2; AL L.



CEPHALOSLIME

Patti Craig

Said to be a failed experiment by the mad wizard Sezrekan, cephaloslimes are highly intelligent, amorphous creatures of great cunning and evil disposition. Capable of changing their form at will, these fiends may be encountered walking down an alleyway as an old friend moments before becoming a gelatinous column with writhing tentacles.

Cephaloslime: Init +6; Atk tentacle +3 melee (1d3) or grasp +7 melee (special); AC 11; HD 6d6; MV 20', climb 20', or by form; Act 8d20; SP amorphic, grasp, blood drain (automatic loss of 1 Stamina per round after grasp), mimicry; SV Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +4; AL C.

Amorphic: Cephaloslimes have no internal structure and can work their way through the smallest of openings—even those too tiny for slimes and oozes—and are capable of extruding themselves through several openings at once and coalescing on the other side with no ill effect.

Grasp: A cephaloslime may attack a single target with four tentacles, attempting to snare and feed on the victim. On a successful attack, the victim is held as the creature manifests mouths along the tentacles and drains the blood of its victim. It requires a DC 22 Strength check to break oneself free, although a warrior's "precision shot" mighty deed targeting the tentacles and inflicting 10 or more damage will cause the cephaloslime to release its victim.

Mimicry: Cephaloslimes can take on the features of any being they have encountered and hold that shape for 1d6+2 rounds. This allows the creature to infiltrate and get close to a chosen victim prior to striking.



CITADEL MUMMY

Steve Semprario

The Crowned Heads of Gynos Arachnos once sought to learn secrets both occult and divine. They created an institution for youths with a bent toward the ecclesiastical and arcane. Upon death, the garlanded devotees of the Citadel of the Hidden Sciences were mummified and interred within the crypts below their cloister. The great priests and warlocks reached too far, and through their enchantments summoned Those Beings who laid the kingdom to waste. While the archmages are no more, it is said that their lesser secrets can still be found in the tunnels and crypts beneath the fallen Citadel. Some of those secrets, though lesser to the necromancers of Gynos Arachnos, are mighty indeed to those who dwell in these lesser days.

Citadel mummies still lumber through those darkened halls. Each knows a single random 1st-level spell (30% cleric, 70% wizard). When a citadel mummy strikes an opponent, that creature is the target of this spell, rolled with a +4 bonus to the spell check. This may aid or hinder the target, but regardless of the spell check result, only the target is directly affected. These mummies take twice normal damage from fire attacks.

Citadel mummy: Init -2; Atk claw +0 melee (1d3 plus spell); AC 9; HD 3d12; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, random spell, fire vulnerability; SV Fort +3, Ref -2, Will +5; AL C.



CONKEESTACOUATL

Samantha Hudson

The conkeestacouatl is a mestizo creature created by the gods of the equatorial jungle from a combination of northern honor and southern shamanism. Half humanoid, half feathered serpent, conkeestacouatl venture out into "civilized" lands, driven by a lifelong geas to counter the imperial aspirations of the northern kingdoms.

Conkeestacouatl sword skills are legendary. Competent with any blade, they prefer to dual-wield a pair of smallswords—advanced weapons evolved from (and superior to) the hand weapons of the conkeestacouatl's hereditary northern opponents. A conkeestacouatl can aim its weapons' thrusts with such precision that any opponent wearing metal armor and/or bearing a shield automatically suffers a -2 penalty to armor class. If a conkeestacouatl successfully strikes an opponent, she can choose to forego inflicting damage and instead attempt to disarm that opponent. The opponent must make a DC 15 Ref save or have his weapon struck from his hand. Such is the speed and tactical prowess of a conkeestacouatl in dueling that an opponent's success invariably provides an opening she can exploit—any time a conkeestacouatl is hit by an enemy, she can riposte, gaining a free attack at a -2 penalty.

Imbued with the spirit of elemental air, the conkeestacouatl can make graceful leaps up to 15' high and spanning up to 40' of horizontal distance. A conkeestacouatl ignores the first 40' of distance when determining the effects of falling.

Conkeestacouatl: Init +4; Atk smallsword +4 (1d6+2); AC 15; HD 3d10+3; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP precision point work, disarm, riposte, feather-light leaps; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +3; AL L.



ELASTISPHYNX

Erika Branstetter

Well known to the magicians and priests of the ancient world are the Great Sphinxes of Old, whose riddles confounded the wisest, and whose wisdom is still sought by those who would unearth the secrets of forgotten magic. Less famous are the wingless minor sphinxes, such as the elastisphynx. These creatures are about the size of a snow leopard when at rest, but can stretch limbs, torso, neck, or tail to a total length of 15' beyond their normal reach. Where some sphinxes challenge the intrepid with difficult riddles (and dire consequences should they fail to answer), the elastisphynx amuses itself by asking annoyingly personal questions.

Elastisphynx: Init +3; Atk claw +2 melee (1d4+1); AC 12; HD 3d8; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP half damage from bludgeoning weapons, elasticity; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +3; AL N.



FIRE ADLERMENTAL

Marc Adler

Considered the common worker on their native elemental plane of fire, the fire adlermental can frequently be found on the prime material plane, performing menial errands for their efreet overlords. Mocked by arrogant sages as the "gas spore of the plane of fire," the fire adlermental is notorious for toying with mortals who mistake them for efreet by making the false promise to grant wishes in exchange for treasure. Once the PCs get close enough to hand over the treasure, the fire adlermental delivers its flaming hug attack.

Fire Adlermental: Init +2; Atk burning touch +6 melee (2d6 +3); AC 14; HD 4d8+4; MV fly 30'; Act 1d20; SP false wish, flaming hug, immune to fire-based attacks; SV Fort +4, Ref -1, Will +2; AL C.

False Wish: The fire adlermental is able to create visual and auditory illusions similar to the 1st-level wizard spell *cantrip* for the purposes of convincing adventurers it has the actual ability to grant wishes.

Flaming Hug: The fire adlermental attempts to draw in victims via promises of delivering a wish, and then embracing them in a flaming hug. If the adlermental lands a successful burning touch attack, its opponent must succeed in an opposed Strength check against the adlermental (+3). Failure means the victim is engulfed in a flaming hug. Each round thereafter, the hug automatically inflicts another 2d6+6 damage. The victim can attempt to escape each round with another opposed Strength check on their action.



FRO-BRO **Daniel Moller**

Fro-bros are frozen elemental creatures comprised of slush and snow. They live only in the most remote arctic zones. Due to their elemental nature, fro-bros are only active during the seasons when the sun is below the arctic horizon. It is during the Season of Night that fro-bros hunt. Fro-bros are solitary hunters; each claiming a stretch of the tundra as their own. During the Season of Day, fro-bros seep into the earth and form themselves into an underground pond, where they hibernate away the season. The pond of protein-rich slushy water is a delicacy sought by the mammalian creatures that thrive during the Season of Day.

Fro-Bro: Init +2; Atk pounce +4 melee (1d6+1 plus smothering) or slush blast +4 missile fire (1d8+1); AC 18; HD 3d8+2; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP vulnerable to heat (double damage), smothering, immune to non-magical weapons; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will -2; AL N.

Smothering: On a successful pounce attack, the target must make a DC 12 Ref save or be smothered. Once a fro-bro smothers an opponent, the fro-bro makes no other attacks against any other target, as it is focused on maintaining the smothering effect on its current victim. A smothering victim can free itself with a successful opposed Strength roll against the fro-bro (+2).



FUNKY DROOG **Jason Bliss**

Droogs are the hybrid descendants of dwarves and orcs, renowned for their pungent body odor. A large tribe of funky droogs are known to inhabit a system of caves running throughout the Bliss Ridge Mountains. Individual droogs are difficult to discern due to their identical facial features. Male droogs have been known to decorate their shaggy beard with animal teeth or chunks of bark, or he may adorn himself with a helm or shield collected from one of his kills. Female droogs are larger than the males, with longer and shaggier beards. A hunting pack of funky droogs usually consists of 2d5 males, while a war party typically consists of 3d12 males and 2d7 females with at least one war-chief and one war-wiz.

All droogs possess glands that weep an oily residue that repels cave mites; the residue also emits a strong odor. Any non-droog within 10' of a droog must make a DC 12 Fort save, or suffer a -1 penalty on all melee attacks.

Funky Droog: Init +2; Atk primitive axe +1 melee (1d6+1) or stone dagger +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 11; HD 1d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP infravision 60', funky odor 10' radius; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL L.

Variations: Female droogs have +1 hit points. War-chief droogs have +2 hit points, and gain +1 to all attacks. War-wiz droogs only use stone daggers, but they possess a spell ability called *stonefall*: similar to *magic missile*, the war-wiz creates a volley of mana-stones that pummel their intended target. *Stonefall* attacks at +3 (1d10+2 damage).



GASTROSEEKER

Sean O'Connor

A gastroseeker is a wizard-mollusk hybrid that is able to find almost anything. It prefers to eat stomachs from freshly-dead prey, and such cuisine is often used to bribe it. Although a gastroseeker can locate objects, it moves at one-tenth the rate of an unarmored human; hiring one is often a test of patience. Gastroseekers are fierce negotiators and prefer stomachs of dangerous and rare creatures as their price for employment.

Gastroseeker: Init -5; Atk eyeray +3 missile fire (1d8 cold damage, range 60') or breath weapon; AC 20 (shell) or 10 (body); HD 4d8; hp 18; MV 3'; Act 2d20; SP breath weapon, sees all, *locate object*, death throes (love dart), climb any surface; SV Fort +3, Ref -3, Will +5; AL N.

Breath weapon: Three times per day, the gastroseeker can spend both action dice to breathe a cloud of corrosive gas in a 30'x30' area in front of it. Those enveloped take 4d8 points of damage (DC 14 Fort save for half). Those killed by the breath weapon die with their stomachs intact and exposed.

Sees all: The gastroseeker has infravision 100' and x-ray vision 30', detects invisibility, detects illusion, and uses d100 for tracking checks.

Locate object: Once per day, the gastroseeker can cast *locate object* (spell check 2d8+20).

Love dart: The slayer of a gastroseeker is stuck with a projectile attempting to insert a baby gastroseeker; DC 15 Fort save or become immediately ill followed by a gastroseeker erupting in 1d8 hours for 4d6 damage.

Climb any surface: Gastroseekers can climb anything; if dice must be rolled, their climb sheer surfaces chance is 2d10+20.



GLEFT

Moya Swanson

According to the casebook of the mad wizard Follinense, the gleft is an unusual combination of tadpole, dragon, and ocular bat. These nocturnal, imp-like wizardly creations feed by stealing into demesnes and absconding with dreams and memories of those within. Unimpeded, they will return nightly to these sources of mental sustenance and thrive on the lost anguish of others.

Glefts are perfectly adept in the dark, and similar to bats, are able to rely on senses other than vision to navigate their environment. Using this blindsense, glefts can detect even invisible creatures within 60', with only those truly incorporeal beings escaping their observation, such as ghosts or true astral projections.

In combat, glefts can spit a tongue of flame at targets up to 5' away up to three times per day, dealing 1d6 damage and igniting any nearby flammable items. Victims of a gleft's breath weapon must make a DC 10 Reflex save or catch fire, incurring an additional 1d6 damage in each subsequent round until taking a full round to put out the flames.

The primary sources of food for glefts are memories. As an action, a gleft can attempt to drain the memories of a target with 15'. Victims receive a DC 15 Will save; failure means the target loses its memory of the last 1d6 rounds. Sleeping or unconscious victims receive no save. To the creature, events in this time period never happened, and anything learned or memorized in this time period is also forgotten. This effect automatically disrupts concentration and typically disrupts any ongoing spells or magical rituals. The forgotten memories never return.

As a result of their stolen memories, glefts understand and speak a variety of tongues, often using their acquired knowledge to place potential victims in a state of unsuspecting ease. Even caged glefts should not be approached by the unwary, as they will attempt to lure victims through illusory talk of wealth and desires until they are close enough to digest their minds.

Gleft: Init +3; Atk claw +2 melee (1d4+1) or breath weapon; AC 15; HD 2d8+1; MV 30', fly 30', swim 30'; Act 1d20; SP blindsense, tongue of flame 3/day, mental enervation (can steal the memories of targets up to 15' away); SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +4; AL N.



GRINKLE, LORD OF THE LOST

Name Unknown F

Grinkle is the supreme ruler of Mantebes, the demonic plane of The Lost and Forgotten. Since time immemorial, Grinkle has sat upon the Discarded Throne as his legion of trickster imps invaded the prime material plane. Grinkle's tiny invisible imps have perfected the art of stealing themselves into bags and satchels so that they may abscond with palm-sized trinkets and keepsakes. Once an imp has found something to steal, it opens a tiny portal to Mantebes that is just large enough to allow the imp to escape undetected with his prize. The horizons on Mantebes are mountains of articles stolen by Grinkle's imps.

But on occasion, Grinkle himself opens a portal so that he may stride across the face of the prime material plane. Compared to the natives of the prime material plane, Grinkle is colossal; towering over tree, hill, and home. Grinkle carries with him a large satchel; the satchel holds an open portal to Mantebes. Anything that Grinkle puts into the satchel is unceremoniously dumped into the Refuse Plains of Mantebes.

Grinkle can only put captured items into his satchel. Anyone grabbed may attempt a DC 12 Ref save to catch the edge of the satchel and prevent being transported. Anyone who falls into the bag is instantly transported to Mantebes, where they fall 80' onto the piles of rubbish that litter the Refuse Plains. The fall inflicts 6d6 damage (DC 10 Ref save for half).

Grinkle, Lord of the Lost: Init +2; Atk stomp +2 melee (2d12) or swat +2 melee (2d8 plus DC 10 Ref save or flung 1d10+5 feet) or grab +1 melee (1d6 plus DC 16 Ref save or captured); AC 15; HD 6d8+2; MV 60'; Act 2d20; SP Mantebes satchel; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +2; AL L.



HENLOW'S THIRD BODYGUARD

Larry Clay III

In ancient times, the runemaster Henlow the Scribbler created three bodyguards: one of air, one of iron, and one of clay. Two were destroyed in the aeons since Henlow transcended, but the third still wanders the mountains about the wizard's stronghold, perpetually confused by his inability to locate his former charge. The bodyguard is not usually violent—he seeks word of Henlow's current location, and might even latch onto to a PC mistaken for the missing mage (1 in 7 chance, or as determined by the judge). If this occurs, the clay bodyguard's eternal misunderstanding causes him to act inappropriately a full 25% of the time...at least, when it really counts! The bodyguard remains with his new charge for 2d14 days before wandering off again.

After a successful grasp, the bodyguard gains a free rend attack which, if successful, does 2d4+4 damage. Piercing weapons inflict no damage, although arrows, javelins, and the like might remain stuck in the creature's vat-born frame. The bodyguard regenerates 3 hit points per round even after reduced to 0 hp, unless certain alchemical reagents are used to prevent this.

Clay Bodyguard: Init +0; Atk grasp +3 melee (1d4+4 plus rend); AC 15; HD 4d12; hp 25; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP rend, immune to piercing weapons, regenerate 3 hp/round; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N.



LARVOID

Brian Piorowski

With only their facial features to signal that they had ever been human, these loathsome beasts dwell in only the loneliest of dungeons. Larvoids are the twisted remains of once-powerful, overly-bold wizards, given renewed and twisted life by the Lords of Chaos. While not inherently hostile, these creatures are deeply envious of the unwarped forms of living adventurers and, if treated unkindly, will gladly lead the unwary into traps and ambushes and are unafraid to use their remaining magical abilities to strike down any that would attack them.

Larvoid: Init +2; Atk claw +2 melee (1d4-1); AC 11; HD 6d5; MV 30'; Act 1d20+1d16; SP corrosive ooze, harmless, spell-casting, double damage from slashing weapons; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +8; AL C.

Known spells (+8 check): (Level 1) *choking cloud*, *detect magic*, *flaming hands*, *magic missile*, *ward portal*; (Level 2) *fire resistance*, *glorious mire*, *scorching ray*; (Level 3) *dispel magic*, *haste*.

Corrosive spray: Larvoids are in a constant state of transmutation as their internal workings dissolve, relocate, and reform. As a result, most of their turgid form is made up of phlogiston juices under pressure. When their flesh is slashed or pierced, the result is a spray of these foul magical plasms splashing the attacker for 2d7 damage (DC 12 Ref save for half).

Harmless: The appearance of a larvoid is so off-putting in its fleshy softness that it appears harmless and near helpless. While nothing could be farther from the truth, initiating combat against one requires a DC 13 Will save. Note: If the larvoid initiates combat, this ability is nullified.



MARKEYPUS, GIANT

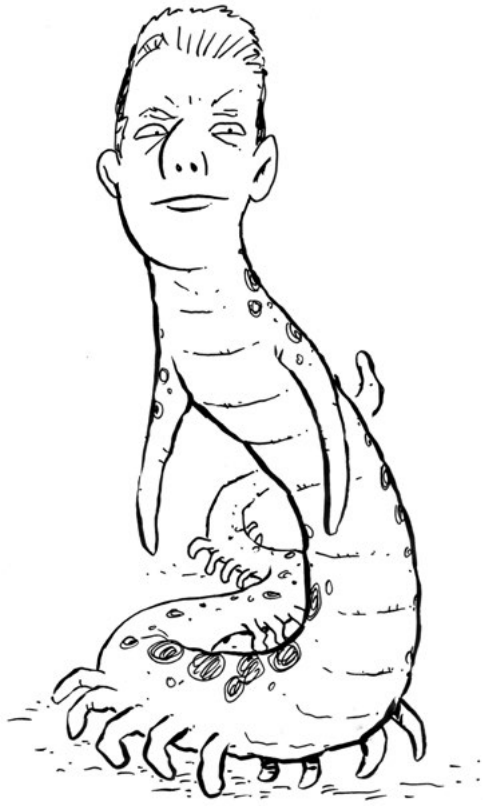
Michael Markey

The giant markeypus is an air-breathing abomination of a giant octopus' body topped with an enormous human head. The markeypus stalks dungeons by floating through dark corridors, wreaking havoc with its clamorous influence. Each of the markeypus' arms contain a unique power of influence. By waving the appropriate arm in front of its maw and then leveling a victim with its hypnotic stare, the markeypus is able to disrupt the harmony of dungeon-dwelling adventuring parties. Once a victim is isolated, the markeypus closes in to grasp the victim and deliver a gnawing bite. Given that its arms are controlled by a humanoid head, the markeypus has half as many attacks as its related cousin, the cave octopus.

The markeypus' arms can be individually disabled by inflicting 4 points of damage to each. If the body is slain, however, all arms cease to function.

Markeypus, giant: Init +2; Atk tentacle +3 melee (1d8) and bite +2 melee (1d6); AC 13; HD 3d6 (body), 4 hp each arm; MV fly 30'; Act 4d20; SP clamorous influence, immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SV Fort +3, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C.

Clamorous influence: Twice per day, the markeypus can wave one of its eight unique arms to influence a victim, similar to a *charm* spell (DC 14 Will save to avoid). The influenced PC will feel the emotions of the influence, and will be able to do nothing but act upon those influences for 2d4 rounds. The eight influencing arms are: Glee, Fear, Pain, Love, Jealousy, Greed, Fatigue, and Arousal.



NAGAPEDE **Jason Riddell**

Native to the elemental plane of mold, nagapedes can be summoned as guardians to ancient and eldritch portals. Nagapedes are formidable sentries; they challenge each visitor with three riddles. Each riddle must be answered correctly if the visitor wishes to gain access to that which the nagapede defends. Sample riddles include, *"I have a head, yet cannot think. I have a tail, yet cannot wag. I cannot crawl, fly, or swim, yet my worth is unmistakable. In legion, I am almighty. What am I?"* Answer: a coin. And, *"The more you take, the more you leave behind. What am I?"* Answer: footsteps. And, *"You heard me before, and you'll hear me again. Then I die, 'till you call me again. What am I?"* Answer: an echo.

Nagapede: Init +4; Atk claw +4 melee (1d7+3), tail stinger +3 melee (1d6 + poison DC 16 Fort or 1d6 Stamina); AC 16; HD 5d8+4; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP regeneration (1d5 per round), acid breath weapon; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +6; AL L.

Acid breath: Once per day. Cone shape, 1d3+1 x10' wide, 1d4 x10' long. 2d12+2 (DC 14 Fort save for half damage).



NISTU-SHUB-SHUB **Justin Bush**

The poets and philosophers of the sea are said to have a romantic affection for the waves. If such a dreamer expresses too great a love for the seas, the gods may punish him by transforming him into the dreaded Nistu-Shub-Shub.

Though not technically immortal, there may be only one Nistu-Shub-Shub in existence at any one time; if the current one is slain, the gods will curse someone else as their hubris demands. Wander not by the sea, singing songs of love for the Blue Mistress, lest the gods find you culpable!

This creature roams the waves and engages sailors and other water-goers in poetic challenges or late-night pontifications in order to approach at close range. Then the dreaded being seeks to hold its prey and attacks with its forehead-pincers. If both pincers are attached to the target for more than one round, the subject must make a DC 15 Will save or lose their will to fight back and become unable to go anywhere from which they cannot see the endless ocean.

Nistu-Shub-Shub: Init +5; Atk hold +5 melee (1d4) and pincers +5 melee (1); AC 14; HD 5d8; MV 5', swim 60'; Act 3d20; SP sea-love pincer attack; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +8; AL C.



NOSFERANTHRO

Name Unknown E

The creatures known as nosferanthros are born of science and magic, manufactured in the grim laboratories of the vampire-scientists of the Pranathrian Mountains. Captured victims—those who survive the vampires' dire thirsts—are exposed to cruel surgical procedures and transformed into something more than beast, but less than man. These nosferanthros are then conditioned by the vampire-scientists' mesmeric powers and forced to do their bidding.

Nosferanthros are humanoid in appearance, but their arms have been transformed into great black bat wings and sharp demonic horns crown their heads. A barbed tail is used as both a weapon and as a rudder to guide their flights through the storm ravaged skies over the Pranathrian Mountains. They often carry ampules and vials containing alchemical substances manufactured by their vampire masters. Most nosferanthros are loyal to the death to their un-dead overlords, but it is said that a few rare specimens have broken their mental conditioning and either fled the Pranathrians or carry out a guerilla war against their former masters and mind-controlled brethren.

Nosferanthro: Init +2; Atk horns +3 melee (1d6+2) or talons +4 melee (1d4 plus grapple) or tail slam +1 melee (1d8); AC 14; HD 3d8; MV 20', fly 60'; Act 1d20; SP infravision 60', alchemical bombs, servant species (-2 penalty to Will saves vs. mental control); SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +1; AL C.

A nosferanthro that strikes a victim with its talons grapples its foe unless the victim succeeds in an opposed Strength or Agility check (+3 to nosferanthro's check). A single nosferanthro can carry off a small grappled creature, bringing it to its vampire masters to feast upon, while two nosferanthros

can carry away a medium sized creature.

The vampire-scientists equip their servants with 1d4+2 alchemical mixtures stored in glass vials and carried in bandoliers. These mixtures come in five types. The judge can determine what type of vials a given nosferanthro carries randomly, or choose as needed.

1. Super Glue: The vial explodes, covering a 15'-diameter area with thick adhesive. All in the blast radius must succeed on a DC 10 Reflex save or become entangled and unable to move. A trapped creature can escape with a DC 15 Strength check. The adhesive turns to gas after 10 minutes, automatically freeing anyone stuck within it.
2. Fire Bomb: The ampule explodes, causing 2d6 damage to all creatures within a 20' diameter. A DC 10 Reflex save reduces the damage by half.
3. Essence of the Prey: A single creature failing a DC 14 Reflex save is splattered with a rank, musky liquid that attracts the attention of predators. These hunters arrive within 10 minutes (or faster, at the judge's discretion) and attack the soaked individual. The liquid can be nullified with distilled spirits; otherwise it fades after 1 hour. In the Pranathrians, the liquid usually attracts either wolves or werewolves.
4. Healing Elixir: The drinker heals one die of damage.
5. Unholy Water: A single target must succeed on a DC 14 Reflex save or be struck by a vial of vile water. If the creature is lawful, it suffers 1d8 damage for two rounds. Neutral and chaotic creatures are unaffected.



OCCUSOLAR PHO-XENGU

Mark McCullough

Believed to be eldritch kin to the Eastern oni-bird tengu, the occusolar pho-xengu is a hybrid avian-fey humanoid that hails from the middle desert. Raised in a secretive society of mechanics and mages, occusolar pho-xengu employ both spells and devices in acting upon the world. Occusolar pho-xengu possess the spellcasting abilities of 3rd-level wizards, but can only cast spells related to light or fire, such as *scorching ray* and *color spray*.

Pho-xengu always wear a pair of magnifying crystal lenses across their eyes. These lenses are mounted in armatures fashioned from ivory, wood or metal. Paired with these lenses, a pho-xengu carries a crystal sphere; it can use the two items in concert to produce a concentrated, searing beam of solar light. If there is any sunlight available, the pho-xengu can draw it to—and through—the sphere and focus it on the eye lenses, generating the beam with which to blast its opponents.

If an occusolar pho-xengu senses defeat, it has the power to generate flame from its body that will cause it to self-immolate in three rounds. Any creature within 6' of the pho-xengu when it self-immolates must roll a DC 12 Fort save or take 1d6 damage from the intense heat. The self-immolation reduces the occusolar pho-xengu to a pile of ash, but the next time the rays of the rising sun touch the spot where the pho-xengu last stood, it will re-materialize from the ashes.

Occusolar Pho-Xengu: Init +2; Atk solar ray +3 missile fire (40/90/150', 3d8) or by weapon; AC 13; HD 4d6; MV 35'; Act 1d20; SP spellcasting, spontaneous ressurective combustion; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N.



ONYXGILT BEHEMOTH

John Dietzel

The onyxgilt behemoth is a stout creature with the shell of a tortoise, a scorpion-like segmented tail, and thick reptilian legs. The behemoth's shell is comprised of obsidian-like plates with inlaid gold joints. Its legs are covered in downy feathers also made of pure gold. It has a helm-like crest of cupped iron plates with a rear bill extending out over and protecting its neck.

The onyxgilt behemoth is a territorial creature, claiming and constantly patrolling its 120-yard-long by 53 1/3-yard-wide habitat called a "grydhyron." To defend its territory the behemoth has the power to "hunker down," centering its weight and digging in its claws. This makes it extremely difficult to move the behemoth out of position, requiring a DC 30 Strength check.

The behemoth's go-to attack is to ram opponents at full speed. In addition, up to 3 times per encounter, in lieu of moving, the onyxgilt behemoth can project a liquid spray from a small aperture at the tip of its tail. The spray forms a cone 18' long and 6' in diameter at its furthest point. The biological or eldritch origins of this spray remain unknown, but whatever its original purpose, it has the effect of causing hyper-rapid oxidation of iron and steel. Any creature targeted by the spray must make a DC 13 Reflex save. If the save is failed and the creature has any non-magical iron or steel objects exposed, those objects will quickly oxidize, losing their structural integrity in 2d3 rounds.

Onyxgilt Behemoth: Init 0; Atk ramming charge +3 melee (4d6); AC 18; HD 10d5; MV 20'; Act 1d20; SP immovable, oxidation spray; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +2; AL L.



OSSAFUREM

Name Unknown C

An ossafurem is a terrifying un-dead creature that is created from the skeleton of a monster with the full-fleshed head of a wizard. The wizard's head is mounted on the headless skeleton, a profane ritual is enacted, and the creature arises with no memory of its past life but retaining the ability to cast the wizard's spells. These creatures are used as assassins and temple guardians by an apocalypse cult known as The Brightshadow Order, and the secret of their creation is one of the Order's seventeen sacraments. The ossafurem can speak, and are occasionally made to fly to deliver dark proclamations or threats from the Order.

The pictured ossafurem is made from the skeleton of a gargoyle and the head of a mysterious time-traveling wizard known only as Mayhem.

Gargoyle-Mayhem Ossafurem: Init +0; Atk bone claw +3 melee (1d3+1); AC 13; HD 5d8; hp 33; MV 20', fly 45'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, spellcasting, special corruption, half damage from piercing/slashing weapons: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will+1; AL N

Known spells (+7 check): (Level 1) *choking cloud*, *comprehend languages*, *Ekim's mystical mask*, *magic missile*, *runic alphabet (mortal)*, *ward portal*; (Level 2) *magic mouth*, *phantasm*; (Level 3) *demon summoning*.

The gargoyle-Mayhem ossafurem still casts spells as it did when Mayhem was alive, but on any corruption result, instead of corruption the creature briefly remembers who it was in life, screams in horror, and if possible attacks its creator or any members of The Brightshadow Order for 1d3 rounds. If its creators are not proximate, the gargoyle-Mayhem may flee, or try to bargain with its foes for succor—or even for an end to its nightmare existence.

The gargoyle-Mayhem ossafurem cannot spellburn, nor can it accept voluntary corruption to power its magic.

All ossafurem are un-dead, and can be turned by clerics. They do not eat, drink, or breathe, and are immune to critical hits, disease, and poison. As un-dead, they are immune to *sleep*, *charm*, and *paralysis* spells, as well as other mental effects and cold damage. They take half damage from slashing and piercing attacks. They retain the natural movement powers of the skeleton's base creatures, and thus may be able to fly, walk on walls, swim, etc. They all regain their spells overnight with no need to consult a spell book.



PANGOLIAN

Jonathan Peterson

Living in familial communities of 4 to 5 individuals, pangolians (or roly-poly goblins) are a race of normally gentle, burrowing humanoids. Despite their fearsome appearance with their body sheathed in large, overlapping, plate-like scales and powerfully-clawed limbs, Pangolians are slow to anger. The near-blind creatures are much beloved by farmers for the devouring of underground pests and turning of the earth.

The presence of pangolians is often kept secret by those locals aware of their presence, so as to avoid their being hunted for their flesh (considered a delicacy by some dwarven communities). Pangolian meat fetches 2 gp per pound.

Pangolian: Init -2; Atk claws +3 melee (1d7+2) or tail +5 melee (1d12+2); AC 17; HD 3d8+3; MV 30' or burrow 10'; Act 1d20; SP defensive curl, nocturnal, poor vision; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -1; AL N.

Defensive curl: When threatened, these goblinoids may curl upon themselves, sacrificing mobility (and partial AC) in a last-ditch effort at survival. Curled pangolians have an AC of 12 but gain 50 hit points (representing the toughness of breaking through their scales). The pangolian's normal AC permanently drops by 1 for every 10 points of damage done to its defensive curl.

Nocturnal: As creatures that dwell in darkness and hunt by night, pangolians are greatly disadvantaged in daylight. When in bright light, their attack rolls are made at -1d and the penalty increases to -2d in full daylight.

Poor vision: Pangolians suffer from greatly reduced visual acuity, with a clear range of a mere 20'. Beyond that, they only perceive rough shapes and colors.



PONDEROCRA

Matt Free

Ponderocras are miniature avian humanoids devoted to contemplation. They are non-violent by nature and eschew "law vs. chaos" morality for a philosophy of secular humanism. Their spectacles allow them to see into various directions along the timestream, and they are often found on tree limbs contemplating cosmic peace. However, ponderocras are provoked if confronted with bigotry, outright stupidity, crude humor, or out-of-tune singing.

Ponderocras enjoy eating seeds from carnivorous hallucinogenic plants; planting and maintaining a large crop of such flora might gain a wizard a ponderocra familiar.

Ponderocra: Init +0; Atk mental fist +6 missile fire (2d6 subdual); AC 18; HD 5d3; hp 10; MV fly 30'; Act 1d20; SP philosophic riposte, immune to mind-affecting spells; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +20; AL N.

Philosophic riposte: Whenever the ponderocra is damaged, it calmly presents a brief axiom to its attacker, who must make a DC 14 Will save or take 1d8 temporary Intelligence damage.



PRAIRIE SAVANT
John Senz

The sound of thundering hooves across the dry prairies heralds the arrival of their wise guardians, the prairie savants. This centaur species possess a deep connection with their home plains and are capable of calling upon secret natural reservoirs of power to punish those who despoil their lands and herds. Prairie savants are distinguishable from their centaur kin by the curled horns that adorn their mannish heads.

Prairie savants can “speak” with the surrounding plains, allowing them to know what creatures have crossed the land, where water can be found, what might lurk beneath its soil, and other aspects related to their prairie home. They can perform this ability once per day and prairie savants are often sought by sages and treasure seekers looking for answers to long unsolved mysteries. The prairie savants rarely assist such petitioners, but have been known to provide guidance if the seeker performs a great service to their herd.

A single prairie savant can stomp on bare earth (not including stone) to create a minor tremor radiating out around it in a 15’ radius. All enemies in the area of effect must succeed on a DC 10 Reflex save or be knocked prone. Five prairie savants working in concert can cast *transmute earth* with a +10 spell check modifier. A small herd of 10 or more prairie savants can cause an earthquake with effects identical to the 4th-level cleric spell *cause earthquake* as if cast with a spell check result of 25. Both these abilities can be attempted once per day.

The leader of a prairie savant herd can summon an 8 HD earth elemental once per week by performing a complex dance that takes two rounds to complete. If interrupted before this time elapses, there is a 50% chance the elemental appears anyway, but in an uncontrolled state.

Prairie Savant: Init +2; Atk hoof +6 melee (1d6+3) or spear +3 melee or missile fire (1d8+3) or headbutt +3 melee (1d5+1); AC 14; HD 4d8+2; MV 60’; Act 1d20; SP create tremor (DC 10 Ref save or knocked prone), prairie connection, earth elemental control; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +4; AL N.



ROAMING ENTRANT
Paul Romer

The roaming entrant is a unique nomadic creature with an insatiable hunger to best any and all competitors in every sphere of mortal endeavor. Driven to win, the roamer comes to a city, bellows a challenge that can be heard for miles, and proceeds to accept any and all competitors in any arena: wrestling, ballad-singing, foot races, ballroom dancing, and so on. It is gracious in defeat, but in victory it performs an obnoxious celebration ritual, normally involving a cartwheeling tumble-dance and finger-wagging raspberry display before racing off to find the next competition. The entrant loves to wrestle and fight bare-knuckled, but if faced with actual combat to the death, it goes berserk, as it finds gloating over the corpses of those ultra-horn-slammed into the ground hollow and unsatisfying.

The roaming entrant can instantly manifest whatever sort of skills it needs to be competitive in any arena through an act of will. With one round to prepare mentally, the entrant gets an automatic d20 check (as if trained) in all skills related to traditional contests (log rolling, sausage eating, snooker). The judge may rule that it may only roll a d16 for rare or esoteric competition skills (air guitar, sudden death needlepoint), or even a d14 for bizarre contests that few truly understand (e.g., curling). If the competition requires a team, partner, or mount (three-legged race, underground dance competition, steeplechase), then the entrant can pass the skill on to its allies with a rousing speech that takes a full minute and requires higher ground. Once the competition is over, these acquired skills fade unless the allies succeed at a Luck check.

The roaming entrant always chooses non-lethal competitive combatives whenever possible, and is a superlative wrestler and bare-knuckle fighter. If forced into actual combat, the creature goes berserk and attacks with its ultra-horn slam. On a successful strike, the victim must make a Fort save (DC = 5 + damage dealt) or be stunned for one round. While

berserk, the entrant is immune to *fear*, *charm*, and *sleep* effects, as well as any critical results that involve pain.

Roaming Entrant: Init +0; Atk bare-knuckle strike + 4 melee (1d6+2 subdual) or grapple (special) or ultra-horn slam +4 melee (1d8+2); AC 14; HD 4d8+16; hp 37; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP increased grapple (+6 to contested rolls), competition skills, competitive immortality, sense superlative, berserking; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will+6; AL L.

The roaming entrant is a potentially immortal being. If spoken of by name after its death in context of any sort of competition ("Well, she's good at juggling, but I'm sure that the roaming entrant could have bested her..."), there is a 1% cumulative chance per instance that the creature will return to full life and health in order to compete once more.



ROSTGOBLER **Joshua Elliot**

Rostgoblers are spindle-limbed goblin-kin, consisting primarily of an overlarge head with little or no torso. Dwelling in overgrown dells and gulches, rostgoblers range at twilight in small hunting parties consisting of up to a dozen individual warriors. Unlike their more craven cousins, the hydrocephalic rostgoblers are disciplined fighters, using their keen nocturnal senses and superior numbers to track and overcome those unfortunates passing through their territory. In combat, rostgoblers prefer to overwhelm their enemies with swarms of small darting forms, fighting with both dagger and sword, and encasing their extremities in flexible light mail fitted to their unique body structure.

The sworn enemy of the rostgobler is the tree-dwarf, an arboreal cousin of their more well-known mountainous kin. Rostgoblers will often form large war-bands armed with hatchets to cut out the roots of the trees where their hated foes reside, using their decorated steel helmets to protect them from the flaming brands and pinecones tossed at them from above.

Rostgobler: Init +3; Atk bite -1 melee (1d3) or by weapon -1 melee; AC 16; HD 1d6; MV 20'; Act 2d16; SP infravision 60'; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will +2; AL L.



SAVAGE BARBER **John Barber**

Centuries ago, a distant tribe of cave-dwellers rejected humanity and began worshipping dark gods in unlit caves. Only recently have lost delvers stumbled across their underground lairs, where the semi-human creatures navigate by means of sonar, affected by their elongated ears.

Adventurers have dubbed them the Savage Barbers, as these lost tribes treasure the hair of their enemies above all other trophies. Creative adventurers might bargain their own hair or let themselves be shaved as means of placating or even acquiring services (or limited goods) from the decrepit cave-dwellers. Dwarven beards are especially valued and are used as clothing and home decorations.

Their organization is simple and tribal, with a war-chief (3 HD) and a shaman (2 HD, can cast three 1st-level spells) guiding loose tribes of 30 to 120 members, of which 50% are fighting adults. In combat, they target light-bearers first with javelins and slings, and then attack with bone blades in the dark, where their cave-sonar gives them an advantage.

Savage Barber: Init +3; Atk sling +3 melee (1d4), stone blade +3 melee (1d7); AC 12; HD 1d8; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP cave-sonar (+1d to initiative and action dice in complete darkness); SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +1; AL N.



SHAMBLING MOORBEAR

Robert Moorhead

The shambling moorbear was thought to be only a legend until recently discovered by a group of wood elves hunting a shrewdness of brain-eating apes high on a snowy mountain peak. Suspected to be created in a dark druidic ceremony gone awry, this mutation of yeti and owlbear is able use its claws to viciously shred victims who dare to get too close. With its thick pelt and dapper vest, the shambling moorbear is able to withstand brutally cold temperatures and can frequently be found mingling with frost giants and dire wolves. The shambling moorbear's pelt is coveted for its cold resistance, and is considered a prized possession sought by only the bravest hunters.

Shambling Moorbear: Init +1; Atk claws +3 melee (1d6+2) and bite +4 melee (1d6); AC 17; HD 3d8; MV 20' or climb 15'; Act 2d20; SP foul musk, immune to cold, double damage from fire-based attacks; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +5; AL C.

Foul musk: The shambling moorbear's waterproof pelt is covered in thick oil which can be smelled up to 100 yards away. Any PC who is successfully hit by a melee attack from the shambling moorbear must make a DC 10 Fort save or be covered by the foul-smelling musk, making it impossible to gain surprise and incurs an -3 penalty to initiative rolls for 2 days.



SHEPHERD OF THE WASTES

Phil Shepherd

These enigmatic beings scramble out of the desert wastes in small numbers (1d4). The shepherds approach while clacking their fearsome pincers and drooling and babbling maniacally. If this strange behavior is tolerated or reciprocated, the shepherds become more affable and may even engage in short, rasping discourse with travelers, directing them to nearby oases or other landmarks of note. PCs who make a DC 10 Will save during the first round of interaction may make a Luck check to have an unsolicited location of an ancient ruin, treasure, or monster revealed to them.

Those unfortunate travelers who respond with violence find the shepherds warlike in turn. In addition to two brutal pincer attacks, the shepherds attack psionically. If targets are stunned and helpless, the shepherds taunt them mercilessly but generally withdraw to gloat over their victory.

Shepherd of the Waste: Init +5; Atk pincers +5 melee (2d6); AC 18; HD 5d12; MV 40'; Act 2d20; SP psionic attack; SV Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +8; AL L.

Psionic attack: Each shepherd may blast up to 1d5 targets within 20' with a mental blast. Targets failing a DC 15 Will save are stunned for 1d14 rounds.



SLEIGHT ANGEL

Name Unknown A

These 4'-tall whimsical creatures flit about showily and are often mistaken for the servants of a lawful and benevolent god. However, they are actually phlogiston-born miscreants who steal from those who travel between dimensions and walk the planar byways.

If encountering travelers in these remote locations, a pack of sleight angels (5d3) will offer to sell star-charts, phlogiston compasses, or other semi-useful knickknacks. During this time, about a third of the group will try to steal a shiny or obviously valuable object from each party member: using their first pair of hands to gesticulate wildly, their second pair relieves adventurers of their hard-won items.

Sleight angels will target items smaller than themselves to steal. PCs must make a DC 15 Will save to avoid being relieved of their items unawares. If successful, the PC must make a Luck check; if successful, the sleight angel is caught in the act. If the Luck check is failed, the PC only notices when the sleight angel has already pocketed their treasure and moved 10'-30' away. If discovered and challenged, the sleight angels immediately turn invisible and rush away, but then will lurk invisibly and make a second attempt to steal from the party within 1-3 hours. (Will saves vs. invisible sleight angels are at -1d).

The sleight angels have no stomach for combat and if one or more of their bunch is slain, they will all retreat for softer targets elsewhere. If captured, they are generally helpful if promised their freedom in exchange for information or simple tasks.

Sleight Angel: Init +3; Atk none; AC 14; HD 1d4; MV fly 50'; Act 1d20; SP invisibility, pick pockets; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +3; AL C.



SQUIDFREETI

Matthew Turner

A type III demon of the elder god Nurret, the Ammonite of the Desert Flame, the squidfreeti haunts ruins and oases in barren lands. It is able to create a dusty simoom once per day, in a cone 60' long with a 30' base. All caught in this area take 2d6 damage from heat, abrasion, and dehydration (DC 15 Fort save for half) and must succeed in a DC 10 Strength check or be knocked prone and blown back 1d3x5'.

The demon's mucous-laden tentacles force those struck by them to succeed in a DC 20 Fort save or suffer an additional 1d6 damage as the water within their bodies is consumed. Anyone taking maximum damage from this water consumption is too parched to speak for a full round.

Finally, the squidfreeti can launch globules of liquid fire with any action; the target of such an attack must succeed in a DC 20 Reflex save or be ignited, suffering continuous damage until a DC 10 Reflex save succeeds.

Squidfreeti (type III demon, Nurret): Init +4; Atk tentacles +8 melee (1d6+3 plus water consumption) or liquid fire +10 missile fire (1d6 plus ongoing); AC 20; HD 8d12; MV fly 40'; Act 2d20; SP demon traits, simoom 1/day, water consumption, ongoing fire damage; SV Fort +10, Ref +12, Will +12; AL C.



STRETCH **Ryan Browning**

Originating in dark caves steeped in weird subterranean radiation, stretches are animate fungi that have evolved into humanoid form. Their spongy "flesh" is immensely malleable and resilient, capable of elongating up to 300% or compressing down to 20% its normal size. This curious talent has earned them their names among underground races and adventuring bands.

Stretches are opportunity predators, preferring to lay in ambush or to slither in among unsuspecting prey, snatching unwitting victims and dragging them off to be consumed. Stretches swallow their prey whole, widening their mouth orifices to an extent that they can consume human-sized prey in a single, slow gulp, a process taking 10 minutes.

Stretches reproduce asexually, budding to form 1d4+1 smaller (2d10 HD) versions of themselves after consuming 25 HD of creatures.

Stretch: Init +3; Atk slam +5 melee (1d8+1) or bite +3 melee (1d3+1); AC 15; HD 4d10+4; MV 30' or slither 20'; Act 2d20; SP infravision 120', slither (+10 bonus to stealth checks and can climb sheer surfaces including ceilings without the need to make climb checks), elongation (can attack targets up to 15' away), amorphous (can slither through gaps 3" by 1" or greater); half damage from bludgeoning attacks; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +0; AL N.



SUREK **John Surek**

Sureks dwell in the jungle-covered foothills of savage mountain ranges, feared by natives and explorers alike. These hairy beasts stand upright on two legs and are covered in alternating bands of black and red fur. A sinuous tail provides balance as they leap from treetop to treetop in search of prey.

Sureks are cunning beasts and have been known to utilize rocks, sticks, rancid fruit, and other debris as ranged weapons against their foes, but their most feared means of offense is their howl. Sureks can emit a high-pitched screech that momentarily freezes listeners in terror. It is at this moment the sureks attack, usually leaping down upon their victims from above.

Sureks exist in prides of 2d4+2 creatures, usually led by a larger specimen of either sex (increase HD to 5d8 and raise attack modifier by +2). Legend holds that surek prides choose places of mystery for their dens, and have been encountered in ancient ruins, elephant graveyards, weird meteorite crash sites, and other curious locales.

Surek: Init +4; Atk claws +4 melee (1d6+2) or bite +3 melee (1d4+2) or thrown object +4 missile fire (1d3+2); AC 13; HD 3d8; MV 40', climb 20', jump 20'; Act 2d20; SP howl (all non-sureks within 30' must succeed on a DC 14 Will save or lose their next action from fright), infravision 60', keen nose (+4 bonus to checks to detect hidden foes or track prey by scent); SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +1; AL N.





VERMINION Terrance Walsh

Standing a mere two feet tall, verminions form the front lines of the demonic horde belonging to the entity known only as "The Dark Master." Zealously devoted to their infernal lord, these diminutive demons are known to charge headlong into battle against forces outnumbering them by as much as ten-to-one. No matter the odds, no matter the challenge, verminions are utterly without fear—or planning (which is perhaps why they have not yet conquered the Nine Hells).

Verminion (type I demon, The Dark Master): Init +1; Atk bite +6 melee (1d6) or by weapon +4 melee; AC 15; HD 3d8; MV 20', fly 10'; Act 1d20; SP demon traits, gluttonous regeneration, gnat-bite, immune to fear; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +2; AL C.

Gluttonous regeneration: Once per day, the verminion may unhinge its jaw and devour the corpse of a fallen foe (or ally). Swallowing the corpse distends the demon's body in a horrific fashion and requires 1 round per HD of the cadaverous foe. Once fully bloated, the demon's body rapidly returns to its normal dimensions and shape as its infernal gastric system dissolves the remains. The verminion recovers 1d4 hit points per HD of the creature devoured.

Gnat-bite: Upon a successful bite, in place of inflicting normal damage, a verminion may unleash a streaming swarm of biting gnats that covers their victim from head to toe. The bites of the swarm, even in such numbers, inflict no damage but are so distracting as to cause a -1d penalty to all checks, attacks, and saving throws. Upon the death of the host verminion, the swarm disperses.



VERIFOLNIR Eric Smith

Verifolnir are small, winged humanoids that resemble miniature birds of prey outfitted in habiliments of moderate quality. A type of intelligent magical familiar, these swift messengers serve as couriers for wizards, shuttling arcane tomes and manuscripts between sorcerous manses, often entering into compacts in return for a regular supply of salted annelids and pickled murids (the latter considered a particular delicacy).

In their role as wizardly message-bearers, a verifolnir can turn invisible up to three times a day for the duration of 1 turn. The invisibility vanishes immediately if the verifolnir attacks. Verifolnir use their invisibility to avoid attacks and those predators who would attempt to abscond with the magical adjuncts they are charged to deliver.

Verifolnir are intelligent and can speak the common tongue. They particularly enjoy playing tricks on unsuspecting creatures, using their magical concealment to provoke their victims with verbal jabs and barbs while remaining unseen, and are susceptible to being sidetracked from their thaumaturgical errands if there is an opportunity to engender an especially good practical joke. Trained in the use of magic by their masters, verifolnir can cast *color spray* at will (never lost) with a +4 spell check. When encountered, there is a 50% chance that the verifolnir is carrying a scroll with a random 1st-level spell in its satchel.

Verifolnir: Init +2; Atk claw +3 melee (1d4) or bite +4 melee (1d3); AC 14; HD 2d8+1; MV fly 80'; Act 1d20; SP *invisibility* 3/day, *color spray* (+4 spell check); SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3; AL N.

Doctor Allen White, AKA ...

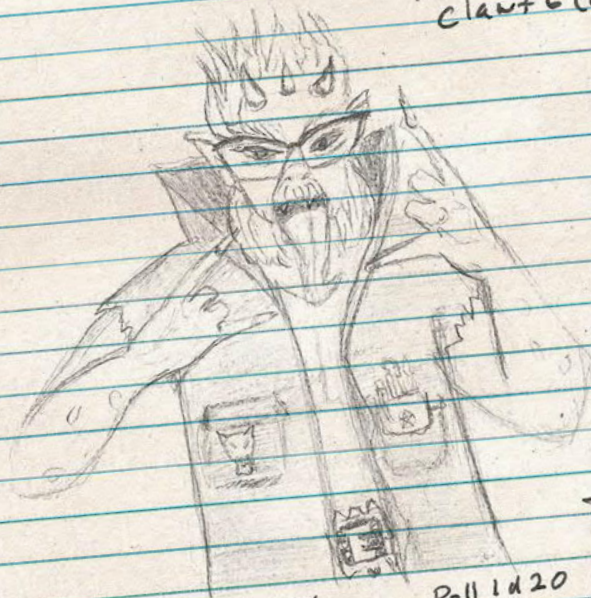
The Engineer of Evil

Init + 2, Attack create trap or
Satanic Screw Gun + 4 (1d14+2,
30' range)

AC 17, hd 7d8+14, hp 66, mv 30'

ACT 1d20, SV F+4 R+3 W+7 AL: L

Also
claw + 6 (1d8+2)



Create Trap! 60' range: Roll 1d20
Instant trap - Pit under opponent,
Bear Trap out of nowhere, Poison mist, etc.
He chooses Fort + Int, Reflex or Will save.

TRAP
DC
Roll
1-3 - DC10
4-8 - DC13
9-11 - DC15
12-16 - DC18
17-19 - DC23
20 - DC25

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HARLEY'S ANGELS

DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS





PAINTING THE FROGHEMOTH

by Erol Otus

Goodman Games also publishes a line of D&D adventure modules called *Original Adventures Reincarnated*. In these books, we re-publish original TSR adventures, and update them to 5E. For volume 3, which reprints *Expedition to the Barrier Peaks*, we were fortunate to have Erol Otus contribute an original painting. When he was a TSR employee several decades ago, he illustrated the original edition of the adventure. Now he has returned with a new image inspired by the original material. His Froghemoth painting will be featured in the endsheets of OAR #3: *Expedition to the Barrier Peaks*.

We asked Erol if he could describe his artistic process for our readers. Unlike many modern artists, Erol still works in physical media. His art involves actual pencil and paper, and real paints and brushes! We hope you enjoy this behind-the-scenes outline of his process, which gives insights into how the finished painting came about.

You can see the finished painting on the preceding spread of this book.

First, a small sketch planning the content and composition:



The sketch is scanned and printed out at the size of the final painting, then transferred to the illustration board by tracing over it with graphite paper underneath:



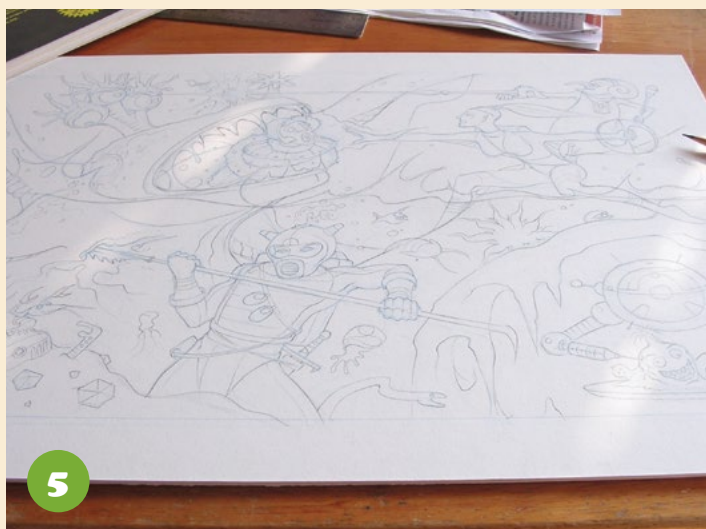
All that for this? But it does maintain the composition from the thumbnail. I find that using the thumbnail just for reference, and recreating the drawing without the tracing, I always end up liking the composition of the little sketch better:



Blue pencil helps work out details, getting to the final drawing with less mess:



Final drawing with graphite over the blue pencil:



Painting in progress, in various stages:



Erol Otus is a legendary artist whose credits trace back to the earliest days of TSR and Dungeons & Dragons. Among other things, he illustrated the front cover of *Deities & Demigods*, and the 1981 edition of the *Dungeons & Dragons* boxed sets. He also created the Remorhaz.

EROL AND THE RUBBER MONSTERS

Erol Otus collects rubber monsters. He has a large acrylic shelving system filled with them. These are the squishy, soft rubbery monsters that have not been manufactured for many decades. Modern monsters are hard plastic. Erol's are rubber, with a pleasing give to their flesh, exhibiting wriggly movement. At times they seem alive. They don't make 'em like this anymore.



Erol Otus has collected these rubber monsters for many years. At Gen Con XIII, he was a TSR employee. He and his co-workers Lawrence Schick and Paul Reiche made a display of the rubber monsters. They used glass cases that were available in the University, and held a rubber monster competition.

They created categories to judge the rubber monsters by, and placed cards containing those ratings next to the creatures. "Man, I wish I had photos of that," Erol recalls wistfully.



The rubber monsters were judged according to very important categories. “Boing” was a critical rating. So too was “squidge.” “Squidge is very important,” says Erol. “The tactile qualities of the rubber monsters put them leagues ahead of mere hard plastic creatures.”



Erol made a rubber stamp to mark official documents of *The Societe de Monstres Rubres*. You can see a photograph here. If you ever receive a document with this stamp, do not read it until you are in the presence of a rubber monster. Then see what happens.



To this day, Erol breaks out the rubber monsters during his D&D games. They have names, stats, and personalities. Here are a few of his favorites.



Lava Snout

Part of a series based on Basil Wolverton's monster cards from the 60s. As you can see, the coloration is quite beautiful, with hints of blue blending into the reddish orange browns.



Mud Men

Part of a boxed set called "Mother's Pets." It contained 10 different monsters, each in several colors. The scale of these creatures makes them perfect workhorses for D&D games.



Shorg

A custom creature. I melted several together using fire. It recently served as the climactic challenge in my D&D campaign.

GOODMAN GAMES WORLDS TOUR

Here's the Current List of Shows for 2019!

CONVENTION	DATES	LOCATION	CONVENTION	DATES	LOCATION
SCARAB	Jan 18-21	Columbia, SC	NTRPG	June 6-9	Dallas, TX
Total Con	Feb 21-24	Marlborough, MA	Origins	June 12-16	Columbus, OH
OwlCon	Feb 22-24	Houston, TX	RageCon	June 28-30	Reno, NV
Con Nooga	Feb 22-24	Chattanooga, TN	Gen Con	August 1-4	Indianapolis, IN
Gary Con	March 7-10	Lake Geneva, WI	Dragonflight	Aug 18-19	Seattle, WA
GAMA Trade Show	March 11-15	Reno, NV	Strategicon	Aug 30 - Sept 2	Los Angeles, CA
Whosyercon	March 22-24	Indianapolis, IN	Alliance Open House	Sept 13-15	Fort Wayne, IN
GameStorm	March 28-31	Portland, OR	Con on the Cob	Oct 3-6	Richfield, OH
MepaCon Spring	April 12-14	Scranton, PA	Save Against Fear	Oct 11-13	Harrisburg, PA
Tupelo Con	May 4-5	Tupelo, MS	Gamehole Con	Oct 31 - Nov 3	Madison, WI
Furry Weekend Atlanta	May 9-12	Atlanta, GA	Gauntlet Con	October	Houston, TX
ACD Games Day	May 22-24	Madison, WI	U-Con	Nov. 21-25	Ypsilanti, MI
Momocon	May 23-26	Atlanta, GA	PAX Unplugged	Dec 6-8	Philadelphia, PA
GameX	May 25-28	LA, CA	RinCon	TBD	Tucson, AZ
UK Games Expo	May 31-June 2	Birmingham, UK			



ACD GAMES DAY



ALLIANCE OPEN HOUSE



CORN ON THE CON



CON NOOGA



FREE RPG DAY



FURRY WEEKEND ATLANTA



GAMA TRADE SHOW



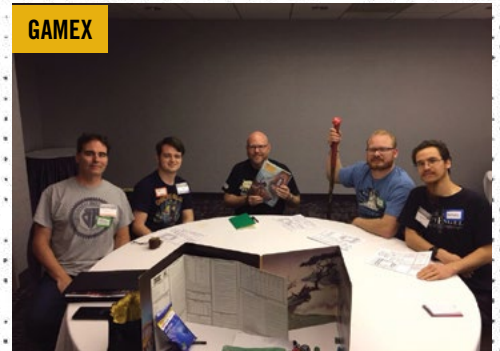
GAMEHOLE CON



GAMESTORM



GAMEX



GARY CON



GEN CON



GEN CON (CONT.)



GEN CON (CONT.)



RAGECON



DOUG KON



NAME:		OCCUPATION:	
HIT POINTS:		3-3-4-5-2	
STR		6-8-7-1	
AGI		9-12-10	
STA		13-15-11-16-17-12	
PER		18-13	
INT		REF	
LUCK		FORT	
		WILL	

ESCAPE FROM
PLANET PUNJAR
MUTATIONS • ABILITIES • STUFF



THE GOODMAN GAMES CREW
 IN FRONT OF OUR BOOTH AT GEN CON 2018

MEET THE RIDERS ON THE PHLOGISTON

WINNERS OF THE 2018 GEN CON DCC TOURNAMENT



Winners, contenders, and judges from the 2018 Gen Con DCC Open Tournament, Riders on the Phlogiston! Will you be there for next year's tournament? Left to right, including team designations for winning team Hammertoos (H) and runners-up Lords of Sarcasm (LoS): Michael Bolam (judge), Nate Garth (LoS), Patrick Biddix (LoS), Fred Daily (LoS), Jason Riddell (LoS), David York (LoS), Ken Burnette (LoS), Martin Bruinicki (H), Will Bruinicki (H), Rob Swanson (H), Hayden Hodge (H), Lance Hodge (H), Tim Deschene (judge), Jack Bruinicki (H).

GOODMAN GAMES GOODIES

**Announcing the Winners of the First Ever Goodman Games medals,
as Announced at Gen Con 2018!**

CATEGORY	MEDAL	WINNER	WINNING CRITERIA
Iron Judge	Bronze	Marc Bruner	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 13 games
Iron Judge	Bronze	Michael Bolam	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 13 games
Iron Judge	Bronze	Julian Bernick	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 13 games
Iron Judge	Bronze	Tim Deschene	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 14 games
Iron Judge	Bronze	Dieter Zimmerman	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 16 games
Iron Judge	Silver	Michael Curtis	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 21 games
Iron Judge	Silver	Harley Stroh	Iron Judge, most events since 2013 - 22 games
Iron Judge	Gold	Brendan LaSalle	Iron Judge, most events at one con and since 2013 - 36 games (on-book)
Roadworthy	Silver	Diogo Nogueira	Road Crew Iron Judge - 6 events - 3-way tie!
Roadworthy	Silver	Zach Lane	Road Crew Iron Judge - 6 events - 3-way tie!
Roadworthy	Silver	Joan Troyer	Road Crew Iron Judge - 6 events - 3-way tie!
Roadworthy	Gold	Chris Lauricella	Road Crew Iron Judge - 8 events at Gen Con
Tournament	Gold	David Baity	Most PCs slain in tournament (judge) - 24 killed
Tournament	Gold	Terry Olson	Most PCs slain in tournament (writer) - 69% of PCs killed in his room
Publishing	Gold	Brad McDevitt	600 published credits as artist
Operations	Gold	Jon Hershberger	Backbone of the Operation Award



LOUISVILLE SUPERCON



MEPA CON SPRING



MOMOCON 2019



NERDLOUVIA



NTRPG



ORIGINS



OWLCON



PAX UNPLUGGED



RIN CON



SAVE AGAINST FEAR



SCARAB



SCOUTCON



SODA CITY COMIC CON



SOLDIERY EVENT 2019



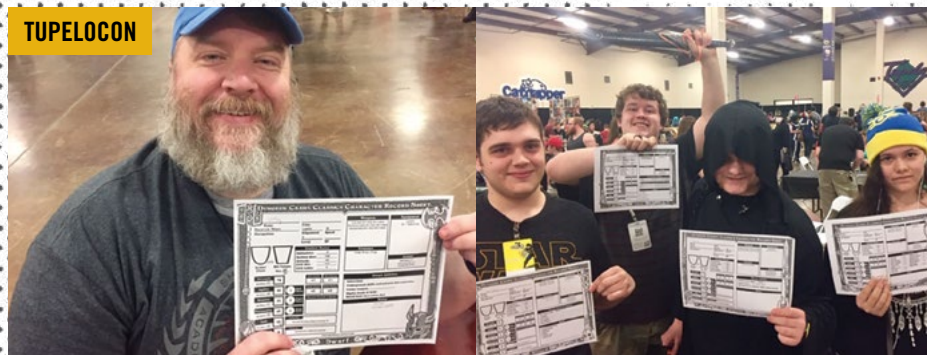
SPACON



TOTALCON



TUPELOCON



U-CON



UK GAMES EXPO



UK TOUR



WHOSYERCON





NEWS FLASH! ORIGINS TOURNAMENT UPDATE!

Riders on the Phlogiston was the DCC tournament for Gen Con 2018 – and for the first time, we also ran the tournament at Origins! Origins 2019 saw its first official DCC RPG tournament. Pictured above are tournament winners from the cleverly named Team Three. Left to Right: Nema Bezak, Tom Gintner, Dan Kennedy, Jeff Goad (judge), Ivan Thomas, Matt Snodgrass, and Michael Bolam (judge). And here is a late-breaking recap of the Origins tournament!



udge Jeff here, with a recap of the 2019 Dungeon Crawl Classics RPG Tournament at Origins!

After two successful runs of the tournament at Gen Con, we decided it was time to bring it to Origins. These players brought their A-game and made this an unforgettable event!

Over three days, we ran eleven sessions, ten of which ended in TPKs! The tournament proved even more brutal and bloody than at Gen Con. The tables that fared the best were often the ones that included folks who had gamed together before and signed up as teams. But many solo players showed up, joining existing teams or having one formed for them on the fly.

Thursday - Day 1: We had five teams playing. I ran two of them (Team Don't Knock It and Team Funnel Fodder), Judge Mike ran two as well (the Band of the Silver Moose and the Midnight Marauders), and there was one team under Judge Dieter (Team Three).

Of those five teams, four qualified to move on to the next round. The Band of the Silver Moose was the only team to survive the first adventure and escape the dungeon, so they quickly became the team to beat!

Day 1 Advancing Scores:

1. Band of the Silver Moose (Judge Mike): +3127
2. Team Three (Judge Dieter): +950
3. Team Funnel Fodder (Judge Jeff): -250
4. Midnight Marauders (Judge Mike): -300

Team Don't Knock It (Judge Jeff) scored -400 and did not move on to the second round.

Friday - Day 2: This day played out as one might have expected, looking at the previous day's scores. Except this time, Team Three took the lead over the Band of the Silver Moose!

Day 2 Advancing Scores:

1. Team Three (Judge Mike): +5400
2. Band of the Silver Moose (Judge Jeff): +4150

The Midnight Marauders (Judge Jeff) scored +2450 and Team Funnel Fodder (Judge Mike) scored +500 but neither team advanced into the final round.

Saturday - Day 3: Remaining were two teams fighting head-to-head! The only two teams to get positive scores in the first



round were the teams competing against one another in the final round. The Band of the Silver Moose had won the first day and Team Three had won the second day. It was anybody's game!

Both teams were nervous but especially Team Three, since the Band of the Silver Moose were still the only team to have completed a dungeon (in Round 1, and without any deaths!). If we added up the scores of days 1+2, the Band of the Silver Moose was in the lead! Thankfully for Team Three, the scores were reset each round.

For the final dungeon, Judge Mike was running the Band of the Silver Moose, and I was running Team Three. There was a moment of hope for Team Three when we realized that the Band of the Silver Moose had TPK'ed and Team Three was still going, even though they were almost out of hit points, and luck, and the Cleric had been completely cut off from his god through mounting disapproval.

In the end, they died in the same room as the earlier team, so yet again... it was anybody's game. Mike and I tallied up the points and there were only 100 points dividing the winning team from the runners up. And we were announcing the winner the following day at the Goodman Games booth.

Sunday - Day 4: We had run into various members of the teams at the food court and in the exhibition hall. Mike and I gave them the spoiler that there only 100 points divided the two teams. The poor players were questioning their every move, including a moment when the Band of the Silver Moose cast Divine Aid (which results in a -100 penalty).

We all gathered at noon at the Goodman Games booth and revealed that ... (drumroll please) ... Team Three earned 850 points and the Band of the Silver Moose earned 750 points...

Team Three were the winners of the 2019 Origins tournament! Congrats to Nema Bezak, Tom Gintner, Dan Kennedy, Matt Snodgrass, and Ivan Thomas for being such awesome players!

A little bit about Team Three: Their name came from their Cleric rolling almost exclusively 3s and failing to cast almost every spell attempted. Despite this, they managed to take down the Band of the Silver Moose, who appeared to be the team to beat from the very beginning.

Both teams were awesome and could teach a master class on good roleplaying: a great combo of clever and daring gameplay. Careful yet quick. Thoughtful yet decisive. They communicated well with each other, listened to each other, and let each character shine in the right moment.

A funny side note is that one player from Team Three and one player from the Band of the Silver Moose have a DCC home group together in Columbus. So Team Three was comprised of four friends who play together plus one from the Columbus DCC group, and the Band of the Silver Moose were five folks who play together plus another Columbus DCC home group add-on.

If the winners had been selected by highest total score of all three days then the Band of the Silver Moose would have won. If the winners were selected by who won the most number of days, Team Three still would have won. However, the winners were chosen solely based on their performance in the final round, and with that Team Three won by a narrow margin. All of that is to say, it was a close game by any metric!

Mike and I ran five sessions each and we were exhausted by the end. But let's look at the numbers and see who was the "nice" judge and who was the "mean" judge:

In Round 1, both of Mike's teams moved forward but only one of mine. (Mike 2, Jeff 1)

In Round 2, we each had one team move forward. (Mike 3, Jeff 2)

In Round 3, the team I ran won. (Mike 3, Jeff 3)

So by that metric, we were tied!

However, I had 100% TPK rate and Mike only had an 80% TPK rate, so I guess in the end that makes me the "mean" judge and Mike the "nice" one. But I can live with that!

A special thanks to Judge Dieter who stepped in at the last minute to run a session on Day 1... and the team he ran for was Team Three! Perhaps Dieter was their lucky rabbit's foot?

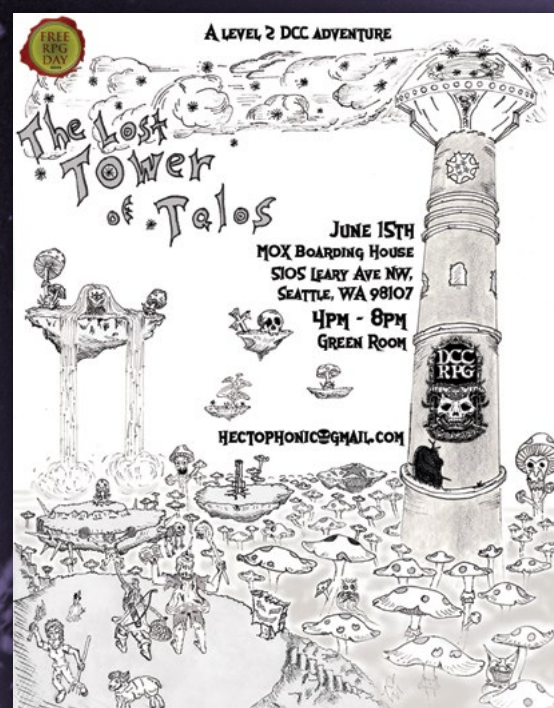
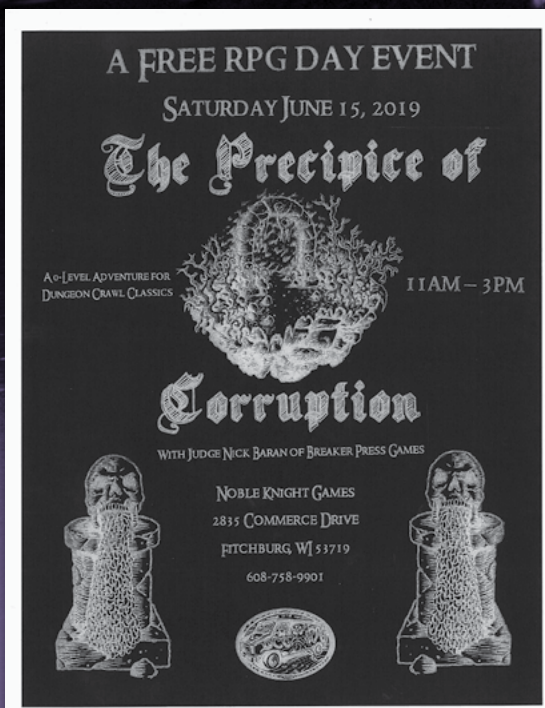
Hope to see y'all at the 2020 Origins tournament next year!

ROAD CREW FLYER DESIGN CONTEST 2019

In 2019, Goodman Games ran a contest for members of the Road Crew to design flyers to advertise their sessions. We got some great submissions! Fans all around the USA sent in their creative ideas for pulling players into their games. Here are some of the most inspiring submissions. Feel free to use one of these designs to advertise your games!



We liked this one so much we are adapting it to a Road Crew poster, which you to see on facing page!





DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

Played Here

DAY/TIME:

LOCATION:

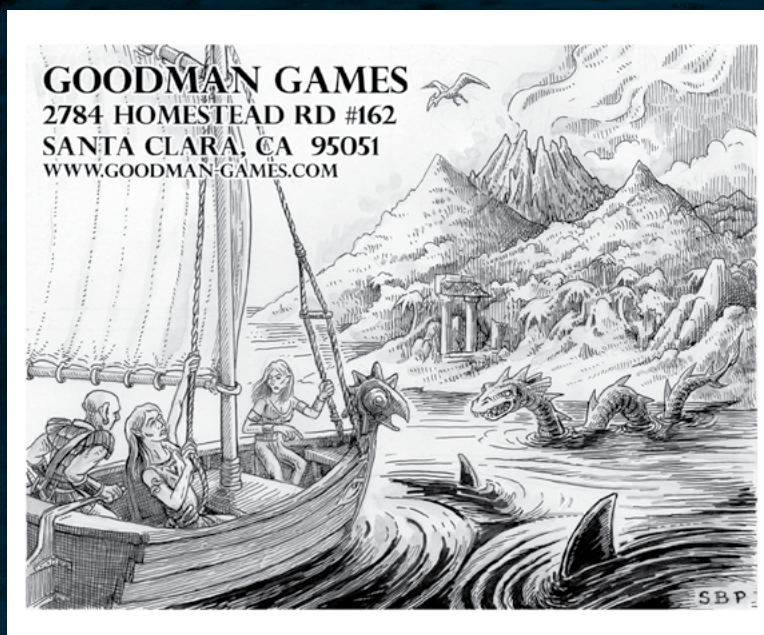
CONTACT:

2018 - 2019 MAILING LABEL ARTWORK

With artwork this good, it almost doesn't matter what's in the box. Luckily, however, our beautiful boxes are jam-packed with the best gaming products available by law.



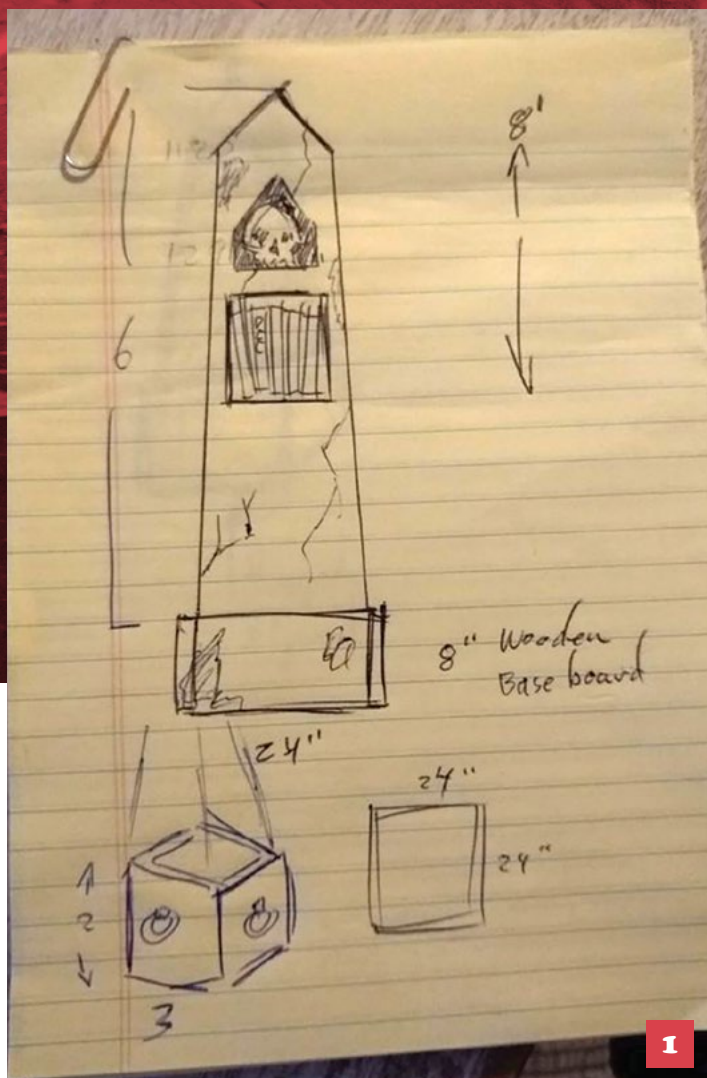
The shipping carton art for the DCC Lankhmar Kickstarter shipments (front and back)



The shipping carton art for the Isle of Dread release

building the obelisks

BY WAYNE SNYDER



I drew a terrible mock-up drawing (see picture 1) with a shelf of books and a skull nook. Joe gave the thumbs up. So, I immediately did nothing for the next five months. Because that's how I roll.

...but not really. I thought about the project every day and truly lost a good bit of sleep over it. But an unprecedented amount of day job-related work—and the fact that I no longer had a workshop space—left me struggling to get a foothold on the project. Much like the Doom Gong project, I waited 'til it was almost too late and then immersed myself in it. My wife was away at school in Europe again and I was a single dad through June, so nothing got done.

So, the weekend after the 4th of July, I had three weeks until we'd need to leave for Gen Con. I put on my wizard hat and a selection of my best amulets. It was time to build some obelisks. I threw up a portable canopy in the yard (2) and went to work. There was no live metal band this time to provide a proper doom soundtrack, so I set up some old Dell computer speakers with a subwoofer, plugged in my phone, and turned up the Black Sabbath.

I drew out a template for the obelisk sides right onto the plywood I was using for a table and started cutting (3).

Everyone had so much fun with the Doom Gong at Gen Con 50. It signaled the death of hundreds of Dungeon Crawl Classics zero level adventurers in the DCC game room and made quite an impression as we paraded it through the halls of the convention center. Joe Goodman was stoked and he wanted more. Because the gong spends most of the convention in the game room, he wanted something big and impressive for the Goodman Games booth in the vendor's hall.

"Can you make some obelisks?" he wrote me in an email early in the year. "Sure," I replied. "Obelisks with integrated book shelves and banner poles to hold big DCC flags?" he added. "Sure... probably," I responded.



There's about a one-inch gap where the safety shield doesn't cover the saw blade. I immediately set the circular saw down with that one inch of exposed spinning blade on the cord to the music system (4). After twenty minutes of splicing tiny wires I [and the music] began again.

The angles for the pyramidal caps were really vexing me so I had to make cardboard models (5).

I cut the angles on an ancient table saw from the 70's for legit Dungeon Crawl Classics street cred (6).

I also made most of the several hundred (well, it felt like hundreds, but was probably six) trips to Lowe's in this 70's van for the same reason (7).

Work was progressing. There was a large amount of measuring, remeasuring, and T-bevel work, but I had the basic shapes together (8). I had glued all the pieces together and secured the joins with brads from an air gun. Pop. Pop. Pop. So many brads. I was feeling bad for my neighbors. I ordered some two-part epoxy resin from Amazon to be delivered in two days.



Designing the shelves on the fly took a bit of figuring out. When I put the shelves into the first obelisk, I made the opening square, but I didn't like the look. I mocked up some skin with card board (9) and it made up my mind. I chopped them out and remade them on the same angle as the obelisk sides. Lesson learned, the second set went a lot faster.

Once the framing was done for the shelves (10), I had to build a structure to hold the banner poles, which would pass down through the pyramidal caps. It is a 2" PVC tube glued into a hole drilled into a 2"x4" piece of pine (11). I wasn't sure how heavy the banners would be and I didn't want them pushing the bottom out of the holder if someone dropped them in too hard. I used screws here instead of brads for the same reason.

I secured the tops and the banner pole holders onto the obelisks. The skeletal forms were looking really arcane at this point. Definitely some wizard artifact vibe happening. I told my neighbors I was building Time Pylons and Etheric Antennas. I kind of hated to start skinning them with lauan and cover it all up (12). But it went quickly, laying the forms right on the material and tracing the sides, then using the jig saw to cut them out. I got to use my favorite tool, The Shaver



(13), when the edges didn't quite line up. A lot more brads were used. Pop. Pop. Pop.

These things needed to be big to even be seen in the tumult of the Gen Con vendor's hall. I had planned on making 2 ft. square bases for them from heavy plywood, both to weigh them down and to make them at least a bit impervious to the inevitable stroller and mobility scooter collisions. I made two big heavy plywood cubes with open ends. They weigh about 35 lbs each. All assembled, the obelisks with the banner poles are 12 ft. tall (14).

Next, I glued Styrofoam insulation board over the outside of the obelisks (15), so I could carve into it and make it look like ancient stone. Up until this point, you could always go back a step if you really messed up. But when you cover it in liquid nails construction adhesive, there's no going back after that—only starting from scratch if you botch it. I didn't put any in the shelves themselves for the same reason I didn't do the bases: I was worried wear and tear from people pulling books in and out wouldn't take long to damage the foam.

Since I didn't have 15 hours per side to wait for adhesive to dry, I popped some brads in the foam to hold it too.

Baba Yaga, my familiar black cat, stopped by (16) to make

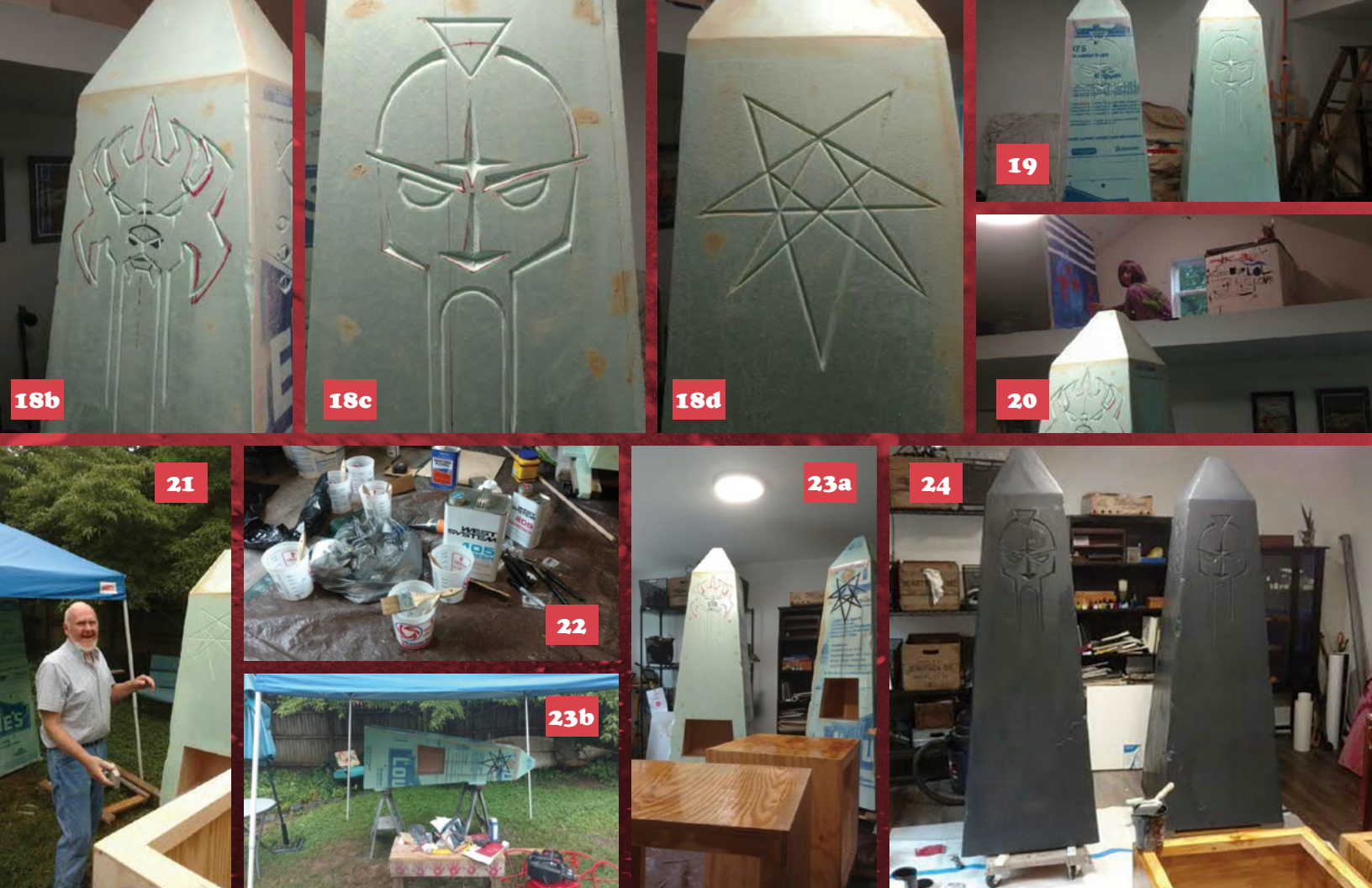
sure everything was progressing as planned. She told me I was most assuredly doing it wrong.

I sealed a few of the seams with body putty, but it always cups the foam a bit, so I quit using it and went over it all again with an acetone-based wood putty. I was about half way done at this point, but I only had a week left. The epoxy resin still hadn't shown up.

The weather was terrible, but not surprising. It was either 95+ degrees or pouring rain. I'm basically immune to that from landscaping, but I am usually not working with products that need to be kept dry or need low humidity to set up properly. We had built my wife an art studio in the back yard the previous winter and she graciously let me take it over for a few weeks, which, along with its dehumidifying air conditioner, really saved the day (17).



hassled Doug Kovacs and Harley Stroh to help me come up with ideas for sigils, runes, or other iconography to carve into the sides of the obelisks. They were both in Gen Con crunch time on their own contributions, but they did take the time to help me out and lend their ideas to the project.



I based most of the imagery on things I saw (or thought I saw) in the big *"The Black Heart of Thakulon the Undying"* painting Doug had finished for the 2018 DCC Gen Con Tournament. I had been using a high-resolution copy of it as the desktop on my computer, so it was never far from my mind.

I drew the images onto the foam and free hand cut them out with a razor knife. There's the Septus Ocularus of Sezrekan; Malkous, the Seven-Horned Cat of Sezrekan; The Death Mask of Sezrekan; and a Seven-Pointed Star of Sezrekan (18).

The obelisks sigils are mirror images of each other (19). I carved some random cracks into the panels and did some weathering on the edges to make them look ancient and time worn. Then sanded it all again.

I'm not sure I got the star right, because these sigils leak el-dritch energies and soon the studio was infested with a mischievous purple haired gnome (20).

Later a version of myself from the future appeared (21), so I put him to work helping me shuttle the obelisks in and out of the studio and sanding the seven-pointed stars of Sezrekan.

It was time for epoxy. But the epoxy I ordered hadn't shown up yet and the delivery company had no idea where it was.

So, I had to go to a local marine supply house and buy sail-boat epoxy (22).

The resin step is the worst. Coating everything in chemically-reacting epoxy resin without messing it up is always a challenge. You must mix it just right, so it sets up fast, but not too fast. If you mess it up, it may never set up and then it'll just be sticky trash and you'll have to start from scratch. I mixed up one of the pots wrong and it turned in to a smoking and hissing block of crackling plastic in less than a minute. I only messed up one pot, though.

When the resin is dry you sand it, forever and then do it again, as many times as time allows. I think we did three coats, but I wish it had been seven. I put extra thick applications on the corners and around the edges of the shelves to help protect them (23). It rained the entire week.

I tried to match the paint on the Doom Gong from pictures. I mixed it up from the same paint I used on the year before. But I wouldn't know if I got it right until they were in the same room together on the last day of Gen Con. I base coated it with a hand-mixed dark grey made with Killz shellac-based



paint (24) to help it stick to the epoxy and add some more strength. When that was dry I did two other applications of incrementally lighter gray (25) to give the faux appearance of eldritch stone, the sort of material ole Sezrekan would have had his sorcerous minions quarry from the roots of forbidden mountains to construct his phlogiston agitators.

I set them up to admire my handy work and make sure the fit was good (26). Then I clear coated them with six cans worth of matte varnish (27).

Luckily it had stopped raining and was back to being 98 degrees. The obelisks got so hot in the sun I could barely pick them up to move them.

It was down to the wire and I was really strung out. I had put in about 100 hours of labor in three weeks and continued to do my day job too (although I did hire some guys to cover me the last few days). I got all the parts wrapped up in an elaborate array of moving blankets and loaded them into a U-Haul, along with my wife and daughter (28)... and off we drove, 630 miles to Gen Con 2018!

The next morning, we got them set up at the Goodman booth, put the banners on top, and filled them up with books (29). They had looked so massive in my backyard, but they fit right into the background chaos of the Goodman booth with its visual feast of excellent art, and for Gen Con at large.

On Sunday we paraded the Doom Gong from the DCC room to the dealer's hall, scattering convention goers every time Tim Deschene struck the gong. We set it up on a table in between the obelisks. It looked impressive (30). Joe Goodman is slowly building a life-size DCC playset. The winners of the tournament got to sound the gong one final time in victory and another Gen Con was in the books.

After that night at dinner with the crew, there was talk of what's next. Ziggurats, sacrificial pits, braziers, sarcophagus, thrones on dais, transdimensional portals, hexagrammic demon traps, and a real dinosaur, are all things that were tossed around by the wild-minded writers of your favorite modules. What's going to appear at Gen Con 2019? It is hard to say this early on. But keep your toes crossed and your third eye on the blood of the scrying pool, and perhaps the shape of the future will be revealed to you.

GEN CON 2019 NEW RELEASES

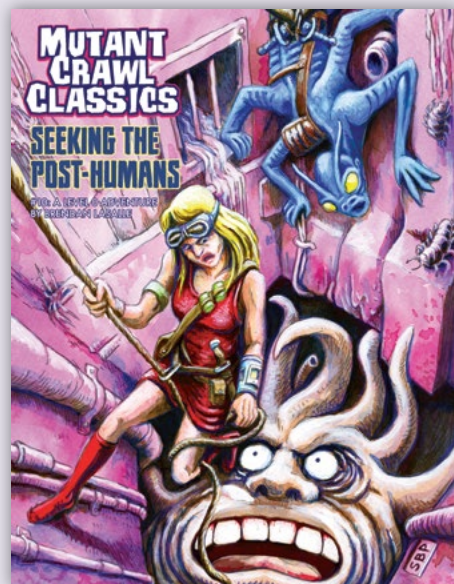
Get to booth #117 at any cost to find the newest gems in Goodman Games' unbeatable line-up. From mutant-infested ancient installations to cutting-edge fantasy adventure, from every gamer's obsession (*new dice!*) to classic DCC RPG adventures sporting Appendix N-inspired covers, you'll find something new that you never knew you needed — *until now!*



DCC Lankhmar #9: Grave Matters
by Michael Curtis



FEF #17: Secrets of Mistcutter Isle
by Rick Maffei



MCC #10: Seeking the Post-Humans
by Brendan LaSalle



Space Van Judges Screen

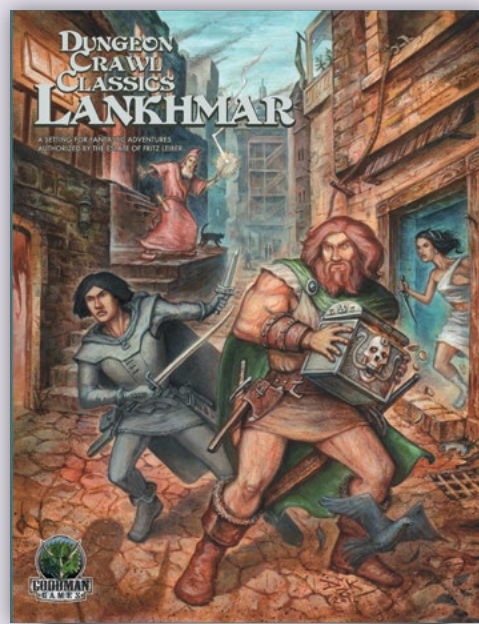
Kickstarter Debuts



DCC #67 hardcover

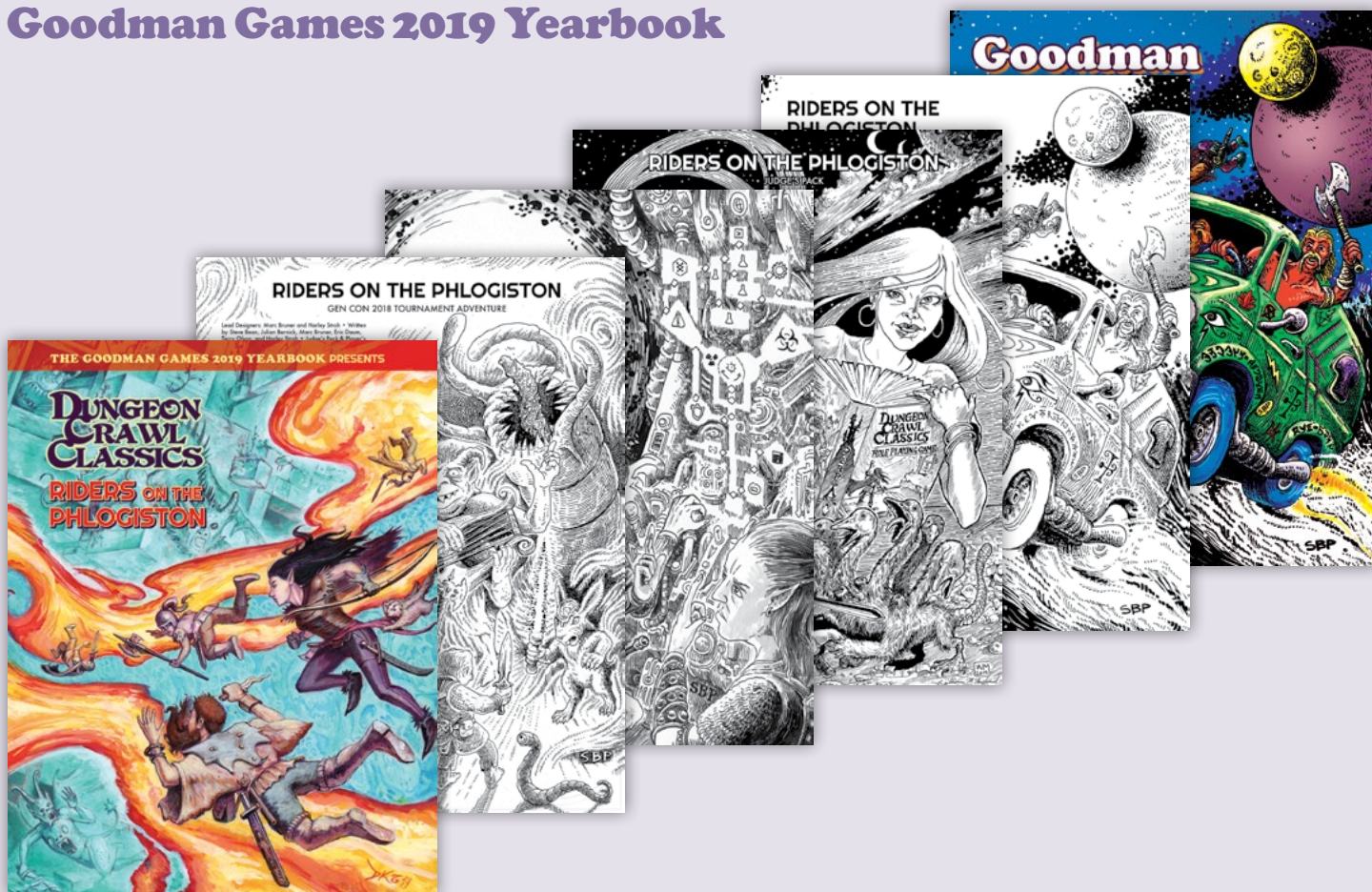


DCC Annual



DCC Lankhmar boxed set
+ print pack modules

Goodman Games 2019 Yearbook



Goodman Games 2019 Yearbook
Riders on the Phlogiston

Rat Snake!



DCC RPG Nunchuks (yes, for real!)



Luck Tokens



Gen Con T-Shirt Artwork



NUNCHAKU!

By Brendan LaSalle



he nunchaku is one of the quintessential martial weapons, popularized in America by the honored Bruce Lee himself. The origins of the nunchaku are murky, but many sources point to the common agricultural flail used in Okinawa. What we know for sure—nunchaku are deadly weapons, heavily associated with 1970s martial arts insanity, and people who can really work them look amazingly cool!

Obviously, DCC has to have stats for this little understood but awesome weapon.

Weapon	Damage	Range	Cost in GP
Nunchaku	1d4	-	6

Proficiency: None of the standard DCC RPG classes are proficient with the nunchaku, meaning they take a -1d penalty on attack rolls when fighting with them. This is obviously a problem, but not an insurmountable one: enter the Nunchaku Master!

New Class: Nunchaku Master

The nunchaku master is exactly like the warrior class in DCC, with this difference:

Weapon Training: A nunchaku master is trained in the use of these weapons: nunchaku, darts, dagger, club. In the hands of a nunchaku master, the nunchaku's damage is increased to 1d8. In addition, a nunchaku master can hurl their nunchaku as a ranged attack (range 10'/20'/30') with no penalties to the attack roll. All nunchaku masters are

trained in crafting nunchaku and can make an extremely decent pair in about an hour with the right materials. Nunchaku masters wear whatever armor they can afford.



NEW MIGHTY DEEDS

NUNCHAKU INTIMIDATION

The nunchaku master performs a heart-stoppingly devastating maneuver with their nunchaku that makes everyone on the battlefield clutch their pearls.

The mechanic for Mighty Deeds of Arms was designed to encourage exciting stunts by ambitious warriors in the tradition of literary heroes. The goal was to create a rules system that encouraged situation-specific freedom without creating a lot of cumbersome rules. The author's original expectation was that this system would be used for disarms, parries, and other traditional combat maneuvers, but in actual playtesting the Mighty Deeds of Arms have been exciting and unpredictable. It's clear now that the system encourages creative actions, and the author believes it works best with creative warriors who devise interesting attacks. Here is a selection of actual Mighty Deeds of Arms performed by real players in real games, all of them declared on the spot in the midst of a grand adventure. Refer to the Combat section for more information on executing Mighty Deeds in play.

- When fighting opponents on a staircase, the character used a sword to stab an opponent and then lever him over the edge of the staircase. Later, the same character tried attacking the foe's legs to knock him over the edge.
- When facing a carved image with eyes that shot laser beams, the character used a mace to smash out the carved eyes (and thus disable the laser beams). In another game, a different player tried a similar attack to stab out the eyes of a basilisk and disarm its hypnotic gaze.
- When fighting a flying skull that was out of melee reach, a character leaped from the back of an ally into a flying lunge that brought him within reach of a melee swing at the skull.
- When hurling flasks of burning oil at a giant toad, the warrior aimed for the toad's open mouth to throw the oil down its gullet.
- When fighting enemies arrayed in a single-file line, a character hurled a javelin and tried to spear both of the front two enemies. The warrior impaled the first enemy, then speared the second, in effect pinning the second enemy to his ally's corpse.
- When fighting a chaos beast with a scorpion tail, a character attempted to chop off the tail.

Deed Die Nunchaku Intimidation result

- 3 Nice moves. One opponent hesitates and may only take a single action this round.
- 4 Woah—how did he do that? 1 opponent per nunchaku master's CL may only take a single action this round and makes attack rolls at -1.
- 5 No way I'm fighting that! The closest 3 opponents to the nunchaku master may only take a single action, and all opponents in range are -1d on attack rolls and -1 on Willpower saves for a number of rounds equal to the nunchaku master's CL.
- 6 A demon or a god! As result 5, but all enemies make an immediate morale check.
- 7+ Master! As result 6, but all enemies roll their morale check at -1d and failure means they immediately withdraw from combat with the nunchaku master for 1d3 rounds.



NUNCHAKU COUNTERSTRIKE

The nunchaku master weaves a complicated line of defense around their person with the nunchaku, and beware to those who would cross the line. Note that the master never gets more than one counterstrike attempt against any given opponent, no matter how many times they attack.

Deed Die Nunchaku Counterstrike result

- 3 Gain a free d14 nunchaku attack against one opponent that attempts to strike you in melee before your next action.
- 4 Gain a free d16 nunchaku attack against one opponent that attempts to strike you in melee before your next action. If another opponent attempts a melee attack against you before your next action, you also get a free 1d14 attack against that opponent.
- 5 The first three opponents who attempt a melee attack against you before your next action may receive a counterstrike attempt with 1d20/ 1d16/ 1d14.
- 6 As result 5, but against four opponents, at 1d20/1d16/1d16/1d14. In addition, a critical success on a counterstrike against any attacker means they lose their attack action this round.
- 7+ As result 6 above, but you can counterstrike any number of attackers—the first with a d20 and the remainder with 1d16. A critical success on a counterstrike against any attacker means they lose their attack action this round.

Non-nunchaku masters who want to learn to fight with the nunchaku should do what any reasonable character would do: go off on a quest to find a nunchaku master on a lofty mountain who first beats them savagely, then makes them wait on the stoop for three days to learn patience and persistence, then inflicts a torturous training regimen upon them that ultimately teaches them respect*.

*Respect and the art of beating fools down with nunchaku, obviously.

GOODMAN GAMES GEN CON 2019 EVENT SCHEDULE

	Thursday (August 1)	Friday (August 2)	Saturday (August 3)	Sunday (August 4)
8:00 - 12:00 noon	Assault on the Sky High Tower - MCC RPG - Marc Plourde			
9:00 - 12:00 noon	Imperial Invasion: Escape into the Firmament - DCC RPG - Chance Phillips	Imperial Invasion: Escape into the Firmament - DCC RPG - Chance Phillips - ICC Room 125-126	Imperial Invasion: Escape into the Firmament - DCC RPG - Chance Phillips - ICC Room 125-126	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		The Greatest Thieves in Lankmar - 2019 DCC Open - Round 1	The Greatest Thieves in Lankmar - 2019 DCC Open - Round 1	The Greatest Thieves in Lankmar - 2019 DCC Open - Round 3
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - David Bush	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - David Bush - ICC Room 125-126	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - David Bush - ICC Room 125-126	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - David Bush
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Xcrawl - Dungeonbattle Delco - DCC RPG - James Walls		The Castle in the Sky - D&D 5E - Gary Fortuin	Outlive, Outlast, Outkill - DCC RPG - Ryan Whelan
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The Jeweler Who Dealt In Stardust - DCC RPG - Zac Lane	The Floating Oasis of the Ascended God - DCC RPG - Zac Lane	Doom of the Savage Kings - DCC RPG - Zac Lane	Quarmall is All! - DCC Lankmar - Michael Curtis
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The One Who Watches from Below - DCC RPG - Matt Eaton	Bride of the Black Manse - DCC RPG - Matt Eaton - ICC Room 125-126	The One Who Watches from Below - DCC RPG - Matt Eaton	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The Jeweler that Dealt in Stardust - DCC RPG - Jonathan Garrison	Hubris- It Came From... OUTER SPACE!! - DCC RPG - Mike Evans	Hubris- Orcs: A High Octane Adventure! - DCC RPG - Mike Evans	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	In Search of the Unknown Character Funnel - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella	Dungeon, Fire, Knight and Sword - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella	Dungeon, Fire, Knight and Sword - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella	In Search of the Unknown Character Funnel - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		The Cavern of the Sub-Train - :MCC RPG - Ryan Whelan	Tower out of Time - DCC RPG - Daniel Dimitroff	The Well of the Worm - DCC RPG - Daniel Dimitroff
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Bob-Dar, and the Quest for the Golden Treat - MCC RPG - Erica King	Rats of G.I.M. - MCC RPG - Erica King	Bob-Dar, and the Quest for the Golden Treat - MCC RPG - Erica King	Queering the Dungeon - DCC RPG - Jeff Goad
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Bob-Dar, and the Quest for the Golden Treat - MCC RPG - Andy Barlow	Rats of G.I.M. - MCC RPG - Andy Barlow	Bob-Dar, and the Quest for the Golden Treat - MCC RPG - Andy Barlow	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Sanctum of the Snail - DCC RPG - Jon Carnes	Short Sets Volume 1 - DCC RPG - John Compton		
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		Quarmall is All! - DCC Lankmar - Michael Curtis	The Four Phantasmagorias - DCC RPG - Michael Curtis	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		The Ibis and the Jackal - DCC RPG - Troy Tucker	The Lost Pyramid of Aethering the Mad - DCC RPG - Troy Tucker	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Escape from the Purple Planet - DCC RPG - John Salyer	Escape from the Purple Planet - DCC RPG - John Salyer - ICC Room 125-126		
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		Hole in the Sky - DCC RPG - Wesley Slover - ICC Room 125-126		
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Revenge of the Shadow Council - DCC RPG - David Coppoletti	Gulag Games Circuit Season III - DCC RPG - David Coppoletti	Mutants in the Moons Ruins - DCC RPG - David Coppoletti	K.E.S.T.U.S. Devastator Division - DCC RPG - David Coppoletti
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		The Seige of Durgan-Lok - DragonMech RPG - Dieter Zimmerman	Elf Thumping Day - DCC RPG - Dieter Zimmerman	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM		Tower of the Black Pearl - DCC RPG - Tim Loughrist - ICC Room 125-126	Imprisoned in the God Skull - DCC RPG - Tim Loughrist	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Beyond the Black Gate - DCC RPG - Tim Deschene	The 13th Skull - DCC RPG - Stephen Harmon - ICC Room 143	The 13th Skull - DCC RPG - Stephen Harmon	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The Endless Chasm of Zaxyn - DCC RPG - Tom Fritchman	Glipkerio's Gambit - DCC RPG - Jacob Harmon - ICC Room 143	Glipkerio's Gambit - DCC RPG - Jacob Harmon	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Epsilon City Blues - MCC RPG - Matt Towle	Blood Diamons of the Chaos Cult - DCC RPG - Matt Towle	Blood in the Whiskey - DCC Dark Trails - David Baity	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Shadow Under Devil's Reef - DCC RPG - Ethan Hammersmith	A Gathering of the Marked - DCC RPG - Ethan Hammersmith - ICC Room 143		
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	The Lost Tomb of Princess Al'Sameen - DCC RPG - Sean Nicol	Sailors on the Starless Sea - DCC RPG - Tom Fritchman (Joel Coblentz) - ICC Room 143	Neon Knights - DCC RPG - Matt Towle (Joel Coblentz) - ICC Room 143	
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Imprisoned in the God-Skull - DCC RPG - John Fiala	Assault on the Sky High Tower - MCC RPG - Marc Plourde		
9:00 AM - 1:00 PM	Sword in the Jungle Deep (0 Level Funnel Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small	Sword in the Jungle Deep (0 Level Funnel Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small	Sword in the Jungle Deep (Clerics of South Ers Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small	

	Thursday (August 1)	Friday (August 2)	Saturday (August 3)	Sunday (August 4)
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM				Frozen in Time as a zero level funnel - DCC RPG - Zac Lane
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM			Warlords of ATOZ - MCC RPG - Marc Plourde	Dino Defenders! - DCC RPG - Carl Mandy
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM				Extradition from Castle Baconloft - DCC RPG - Julian Bernick
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM				Warlords of ATOZ - MCC RPG - Marc Plourde
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM				
10:00 AM - 2:00 PM				
11:00 AM - 3:00 PM				The Key is Regular Upkeep - MCC RPG - Sarah Swarms
11:00 AM - 3:00 PM				
11:00 AM - 3:00 PM				
11:00 AM - 3:00 PM				In The Wake of the Zorkul - DCC RPG - Ed Maudlin
12:00 noon - 4:00 PM				The Apoclaypse Ark - MCC RPG - Kara Baker
12:00 noon - 4:00 PM				The Castle in the Sky - D&D 5E - Gary Fortuin
1:00 - 2:00 PM	LUNCH BREAK	LUNCH BREAK	LUNCH BREAK	LUNCH BREAK
2:00 - 6:00 PM	The Greatest Thieves in Lankmar - 2019 DCC Open - Round 1			
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The House of the Red Doors - DCC RPG Tournament - James Pozenel	The House of the Red Doors - DCC RPG Tournament - James Pozenel	The House of the Red Doors - DCC RPG Tournament - James Pozenel	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM		Xcrawl - Dungeonbattle Delco - DCC RPG - James Walls		
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Tower of the Black Pearl - DCC RPG - Louis Daniel - ICC Room 240-241	The Floating Oasis of the Ascended God - DCC RPG - Zac Lane	Doom of the Savage Kings - DCC RPG - Zac Lane	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM		To Master the Blade! - DCC RPG - Terry Olson	To Master the Blade! - DCC RPG - Terry Olson	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Tomb of Horrors Character Funnel - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella	Tomb of Horrors Character Funnel - DCC RPG - Chris Lauricella	Geas of the Star-Chons - DCC RPG - Julian Bernick	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	No Small Crimes in Lankmar - DCC Lankmar - Jon Carnes	Beyond the Black Gate - DCC RPG - Kane Cathain	Ghostlike Crime - DCC RPG - Kane Cathain	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Seekers ov the Other Worlds (Playtest) - DCC RPG - Thorin Thompson - ICC Room 240-241	No Small Crimes in Lankmar - DCC Lankmar RPG - Thorin Thompson	Against the Half-Giant! - DCC RPG - Ryan Whelan	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The Halls of the Minotaur - DCC RPG - Ryan Whelan	Bob-Dar, and the Quest for the Golden Treat - MCC RPG - Erica King		
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - Xcrawl - Erica King	The Balance Blade - DCC RPG - Stephen Harmon	The Balance Blade - DCC RPG - Stephen Harmon	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Deer Lord - DCC RPG - John Compton - ICC Room 240-241	Deer Lord - DCC RPG - John Compton	Short Sets Volume 1 - DCC RPG - John Compton	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The Well of the Worm - DCC RPG - Daniel Dimitroff	Tower out of Time - DCC RPG - Daniel Dimitroff	Frozen in Time - DCC RPG - Michael Bolam	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The Four Phantasmagorias - DCC RPG - Michael Curtis	Hive of the Overmind - MCC RPG - Jon Carnes		
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Escape from the Purple Planet - DCC RPG - John Salyer	Escape from the Purple Planet - DCC RPG - John Salyer		
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	Swack-Iron Murder Queen - DCC RPG - Brendan LaSalle	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The Fey Sisters' Fate - D&D 5E RPG - Gary Fortuin - ICC Room 240-241	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - Jacob Harmon	The Queen of Elfland's Son - DCC RPG - Jacob Harmon	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	A Fallen Star for All - MCC RPG - Kara Baker	Warlords of Atoz - MCC RPG - Kara Baker	Blessings of the Vile Brotherhood - MCC RPG - Kara Baker	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	The Seige of Durgan-Lok - DragonMech RPG - Dieter Zimmerman	The One Who Watches from Below - DCC RPG - Matt Rayburn (Joel Coblentz) - ICC Room 143	Old God's Return - DCC RPG - Kevin Swartz	
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	In The Wake of the Zorkul - DCC RPG - Ed Maudlin - ICC Room 240-241	In The Wake of the Zorkul - DCC RPG - Ed Maudlin	In The Wake of the Zorkul - DCC RPG - Ed Maudlin	

	Thursday (August 1)	Friday (August 2)	Saturday (August 3)
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM	Old Manimal and the C-Deck - MCC RPG - Matt Towle	Beyond the Diamond Veil - DCC RPG - Matt Towle	The Temple of Tlalocha's Eye - DCC RPG - Sean Nicol
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM		Portal Under the Stars - DCC RPG - Jonathan Garrison	The Mall Maul - DCC RPG - Evie Walls
2:00 PM - 6:00 PM		Hole in the Sky - DCC RPG - Kevin Swartz	
5:00 PM - 9:00 PM	A Gathering of the Marked - DCC RPG - Ethan Hammersmith	Shadow Under Devil's Reef - DCC RPG - Ethan Hammersmith	
6:00 PM - 7:00 PM	Soul for the Ocean Dark (0 Level Funnel Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small - ICC Room 240-241	Blood in the Whiskey - DCC Dark Trails - David Baity	
6:00 PM - 7:00 PM	Soul for the Ocean Dark (0 Level Funnel Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small - ICC Room 240-241	Soul for the Ocean Dark (0 Level Funnel Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small	Sword in the Jungle Deep (Clerics of South Ers Edition) - DCC RPG - Ian Small
6:00 PM - 7:00 PM	DINNER BREAK	DINNER BREAK	DINNER BREAK
7:00 PM - 8:00 PM	Dino Defenders! - DCC RPG - Carl Mandy	Dino Defenders! - DCC RPG - Carl Mandy	Dino Defenders! - DCC RPG - Carl Mandy
6:00 PM - 7:00 PM			Gaming Appendix N: Robert E Howard and the Sword and Sorcery Genre (seminar) - Goodman Games
7:00 PM - 9:00 PM		DCC College (seminar) - Harley Stroh, Jen Brinkman, et al	
7:00 PM - 8:00 PM		What's New with Goodman Games (seminar) - Joseph Goodman, et al	How to Write Adventure Modules That Don't Suck (seminar) - Goodman Games
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Thieve's Run - DCC Lankhmar - Tim Loughrist		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	The Jeweler Who Dealt In Stardust - DCC RPG - Zac Lane		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	The One Who Watches from Below - DCC RPG - Matt Eaton		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Tower of the Black Pearl - DCC RPG - Louis Daniel		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Hive of the Overmind - MCC RPG - Jon Carnes		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	The Ibis and the Jackal - DCC RPG - Troy Tucker		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	The Fey Sisters' Fate - D&D 5E RPG - Gary Fortuin		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Installation 665 - MCC RPG - Julian Bernick		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	The Key is Regular Upkeep - MCC RPG - Sarah Swarms		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Revolt of the Ancestors - DCC RPG - Scott McKinley		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Hole in the Sky - DCC RPG - Kevin Swartz		
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Doom of the Savage Kings - DCC RPG - Matt Rayburn	Abbot of the Woods - DCC RPG - Matt Rayburn	
7:00 PM - 11:00 PM	Imprisoned in the God-Skull - DCC RPG - John Fiala	Imprisoned in the God-Skull - DCC RPG - John Fiala	Imprisoned in the God-Skull - DCC RPG - John Fiala
7:00 PM - 12:00 AM	Ardun Vul: Name Level Doom - AD&D 1E - Jon Hershberger		Ardun Vul: Name Level Doom - AD&D 1E - Jon Hershberger
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM	Seekers ov the Other Worlds (Playtest) - DCC RPG - Thorin Thompson		
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM	The Lost Tomb of Princess Al'Sameen - DCC RPG - Sean Nicol	Bride of the Black Manse - DCC RPG - Matt Eaton	Frozen in Time as a zero level funnel - DCC RPG - Zac Lane
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Tower of the Black Pearl - DCC RPG - Louis Daniel	Tower of the Black Pearl - DCC RPG - Louis Daniel
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Sky ov Crimson Flame - DCC RPG - Thorin Thompson	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		The Lost Pyramid of Aethering the Mad - DCC RPG - Troy Tucker	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Frozen in Time - DCC RPG - Michael Bolam	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		The Cunning Crown of Majliskar - AD&D 1st Edition - Julian Bernick	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Sailors on the Starless Sea - DCC RPG - Tim Loughrist	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		The Key is Regular Upkeep - MCC RPG - Sarah Swarms	The Key is Regular Upkeep - MCC RPG - Sarah Swarms
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Fate's Fell Hand - DCC RPG - Aaron Koelman (Joel Coblentz)	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		Old God's Return - DCC RPG - Kevin Swartz	
8:00 PM - 12:01 AM		The Temple of Tlalocha's Eye - DCC RPG - Sean Nicol	
8:00 PM - 12:00 PM	OPTIONAL: OPEN GAMING (IE, DOUG KON)	OPTIONAL: OPEN GAMING (IE, DOUG KON)	OPTIONAL: OPEN GAMING (IE, DOUG KON)



COMICS IN D&D

By James Maliszewski

After years of closer examination, I think it's pretty widely known that *Original Dungeons & Dragons* artist, Greg Bell "borrowed" a lot of his illustrations from Marvel comics from the late '60s and early '70s. While I understand that the practice of "swiping" (as it is known) is controversial in comics circles, I'm not much bothered by it in the case of Bell's OD&D pieces, in part because it only further emphasizes just how amateurish the 1974 game and its initial supplements were. Rather than finding these swipes worthy of condemnation, I find them strangely charming.

Perhaps Bell's most famous swipe is the "Fight On!" image that appears almost at the very end of *The Underworld & Wilderness Adventures*, the third and final volume of OD&D.

Nick Fury and Doctor Strange. Unsurprisingly, panels from Doctor Strange also figure in Greg Bell's artwork. The most obvious one is the box cover of the first through third printings of *Dungeons & Dragons* (which also served as the cover to Volume 1 in those same printings).



Issue #167 features a mounted Viking warrior (above) that looks nearly identical.

Early printings of *Monsters & Treasure*, the second volume of OD&D, includes the following piece of art, depicting a sorcerer in his lair:



Compare this illustration to this panel from issue #167 (April 1968) of Marvel's *Strange Tales*, featuring Nick Fury, as drawn by Jim Steranko (above).

As we'll see, this issue was the inspiration for quite a few illustrations that appear in *Original Dungeons & Dragons* and its early supplements. Take, for example, this barbarian who appears in *Men & Magic*.



Elsewhere in the aforementioned issue of *Strange Tales*, we find another panel featuring Nick Fury (above), whose pose is almost identical to that of the barbarian.

Strange Tales was an anthology comic that featured a variety of different characters and stories over the course of its seventeen-year existence. In its later years, its mainstays were

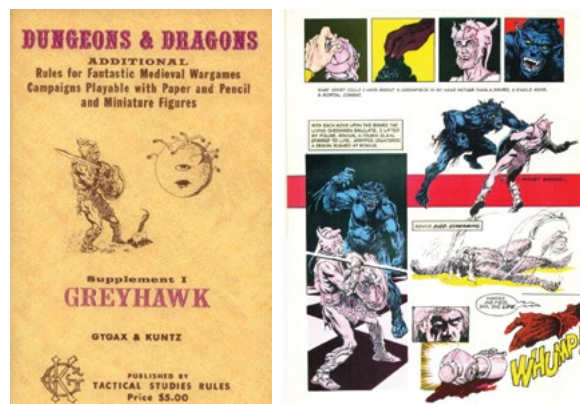
Take a look at this panel from the Doctor Strange story (drawn by Dan Adkins, above) in the same issue of *Strange Tales*.

Interestingly, both of the pieces inspired by Doctor Strange were removed and replaced in later printings of OD&D. Why this happened is anyone's guess at this point, but I think it unlikely that it was done because anyone at TSR was uncomfortable with Bell's having swiped artwork. If that were the case, several other pieces would also have disappeared from subsequent printings.

Lest anyone think all the art swipes in OD&D came from a single issue of *Strange Tales*, there's the case of Esteban Maroto's *Dax the Warrior*. This fantasy series unfolded over about a dozen issues in the pages of *Eerie* magazine, beginning in 1972. Maroto, a Spaniard, worked extensively in the American comics industry for over a decade, starting in the early '70s. He is perhaps best known for his work on *Vampirella* and having created Red Sonja's chainmail bikini for *Savage Sword of Conan*.



It is not at all surprising then that OD&D's first supplement, *Greyhawk*, should feature an homage to Maroto. Here is Supplement I's cover. Take note of the warrior on the left side facing off against a beholder.



Compare him to the warrior on the bottom left of these panels (above) from Maroto's story "Chess." The similarities are quite striking.

There is another swipe from Maroto in *Blackmoor*, featuring a magician, also from the story "Chess." Here is the illustration from Supplement II:



The model for the magician can be seen in the middle bottom of this page by Maroto (above).

There are undoubtedly other examples of swipes in the early history of not just *Dungeons & Dragons* but other roleplaying games. To my mind, this is to be expected, since these initial publications were essentially the works of fans with limited resources. Greg Bell, for example, was a very young man at the time OD&D was being put together and it is not at all unusual for inexperienced artists to seek inspiration in the works of their elders. Moreover, *D&D* itself contains numerous swipes from literature and cinema, particularly when one looks closely at the monsters, treasures, and spells of the game. Bell's illustrations are thus very much in keeping with the nature of the game in which they appeared and are another example of the curious alchemy that led to the success of *Dungeons & Dragons*.

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ADVENTURES IN FICTION: BALLANTINE ADULT FANTASY

By Michael Curtis



More than a decade before Gary Gygax assembled his list of influential fantasy authors and titles—the famed “Appendix N” which appeared in the *Dungeon Masters Guide* published in 1979—another author was hard at work compiling a list of fantasy stories to introduce to the reading public. Both catalogues would include some of the same authors on their rolls, and it is safe to say that without the first list, Gary Gygax may never have discovered some of the names that helped influence fantasy role-playing. In the spirit of Goodman Games’ ongoing efforts to return to the roots of the hobby, we now go one step further to explore the fertile landscape from which those roots drew nourishment.

This earlier catalog was the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series. Edited by Lin Carter, an esteemed author of science fiction and fantasy in his own right, this literary series was comprised of more than sixty titles released between 1969 and 1974 by Ballantine Books. It brought to light both new authors and revived older works from the dustbin of history, exposing fantasy fiction to new audiences in both the United States and abroad. But before examining the works comprising the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series, a little background history must be explored.

In the mid-1960s, J.R.R. Tolkien’s *The Lord of the Rings* appeared in paperback form in the United States, thanks to the somewhat dubious business practices of Ace Books. Tolkien had long resisted seeing his masterpiece printed in softcover, feeling it cheapened its literary importance. However, a loophole in US copyright law ostensibly meant the book was in the public domain in America and Ace Books produced an unauthorized paperback run of the trilogy. Tolkien was obviously upset and appealed to the fans of the story, whose efforts eventually forced Ace Books to cease publication of the books. However, the demand for Tolkien’s work in paperback was clearly there and he acquiesced to the desires of the marketplace, authorizing Ballantine Books to publish *The Lord of the Rings* in the US.

This introduction of an inexpensive paperback version revealed a hitherto untapped market for fantasy fiction and Ballantine Books immediately sought to cater to that market. Having already dipped their toes into the science fiction market by publishing such authors as Jack Vance, Author C. Clarke, and Theodore Sturgeon, the jump to fantasy fiction wasn’t much of a leap. Ballantine began printing other fantasy novels in 1967, starting with E.R. Eddison’s *The Worm*

Ouroboros. Over the next two years, Ballantine produced a number of novels including *Gormenghast*, *The Last Unicorn*, *Farmer Giles of Ham*, and Tolkien: *A Look Behind “The Lord of the Rings,”* written by Lin Carter. Many of these early works were reprints of older novels, with exceptions to the works of Tolkien, Peter S. Beagle and Lin Carter.

Sales were brisk and clearly warranted printing more fantasy works, but Ballantine Books was uncertain as to which authors were likely to be profitable. Luckily, their recent association with Lin Carter and his book on Tolkien, introduced them to someone with both a broad knowledge of the fantasy genre and an interest in growing it. An agreement was struck with Carter, making him editor of the publishing company’s new line, the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series. According to Carter’s contract, he would choose works to be included in the line with Betty Ballantine, co-owner of Ballantine Books, having final say as to which novels went to print.

The first official Ballantine Adult Fantasy title was *The Blue Star* by Fletcher Pratt, first released in 1952, but debuting under the new line in May of 1969. To differentiate the series, the familiar Ballantine Books back-to-back “B” logo on the cover was replaced by a unicorn’s head, a colophon that is still looked for by collectors even today. Astute gamers will have already noticed that this novel is mentioned by name on Appendix N, making it the first shared author between the two lists.

Carter writes in his introduction to *The Blue Star* that the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series was intended to bring back out-of-print works and introduce them to a new audience of readers with mature tastes. It was a mission statement that the line admirably pursued during its entire run, helping to rescue fantasy fiction from being dismissed as work suitable only for children and by making it more—albeit not entirely—acceptable to adult readers.

The Blue Star was followed by sixty-four other books over the next five years, consisting of works written by almost thirty different authors. Carter also edited a number of short story anthologies for the line featuring works by other authors, further introducing talents both newly forged and long forgotten to an expanding audience. While a complete list of Adult Fantasy Series titles would stretch this supposedly short article well past its word count, you can find the entire run of titles collected over at Wikipedia.



The authors included in the Adult Fantasy Series list is impressive and many are familiar today thanks to Carter and Ballantine's efforts. Names like Lord Dunsany, H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Poul Anderson, William Morris, L. Sprague de Camp, H. Rider Haggard, Arthur Machen, and William Hope Hodgson were all selected by Carter as worthy authors whose work needed to be revived. All totaled, six authors (seven if we count Tolkien who predated the Ballantine Series) from Adult Fantasy made their way onto Gyga's Appendix N. This may seem like a small percentage given Appendix N is comprised of twenty-nine authors, but considering many of those authors were either still in print (Leiber and Moorcock, for example) or known predominantly for their science fiction work (Weinbaum, Lanier, Brown, Brackett, and even Vance) and not likely candidates for the Ballantine series, the overlap can't be dismissed as trivial.

The books themselves are physical objects that warrant mentioning. Not only were the stories entertaining forays into the fantastic, but Ballantine's publishing efforts were top notch. One can still find copies of the series' titles in second-hand stores in fantastic condition considering their paperback nature. The line's covers are just as enthralling as the stories: most of the cover art was the work of Gervasio Gallardo, but Bob LoGrippe also contributed to the line, his work adorning the covers of titles by Arthur Machen and William Hope Hodgson.

Many of the titles appearing in the Adult Fantasy Series are now readily available to fans of genre fiction. Even the shelves of Barnes & Noble, which carry largely popular, mainstream titles, are now home to Lovecraft, for example, and the works of Lord Dunsany, Arthur Machen, William Hope Hodgson, Clark Ashton Smith, and Poul Anderson have been anthologized and reprinted ad infinitum. Yet there are still books from the Ballantine series worth tracking down.

Fans of Appendix N will find hidden gems in the Ballantine series' anthologies, titles such as *Dragons, Elves, and Heroes*; *Golden Cities, Far; New Worlds for Old*; and *Discoveries in Fantasy*. Each of these short story collections features either works which serve as the foundations for modern fantasy, such as excerpts from *Beowulf*, *the Kalevala*, *Le Morte d'Arthur*,

and *The Faerie Queen* or stories by undiscovered authors like Donald Corley and Richard Garnett. Consider them the textbook for a master's degree in fantasy literature or the secret key to acquiring hipster knowledge of the genre, depending how insufferable you feel like being.

The Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series came to an end in 1974, publishing *Over the Hills and Far Away* by Lord Dunsany as its final official title bearing the series' unicorn head logo. However, two later titles were unofficial releases lacking the unicorn head colophon: *Merlin's Ring*, by Howard Munn, and *Prince of Annwn* by Evangeline Walton. *Prince of Annwn* brings to a close a four-part series begun under Carter's stewardship.

The exact reason for the Adult Fantasy Series' end might never be known, but we can speculate. Declining sales for some titles probably played a role despite the high popularity and the multiple reprinting of other works in the series. Ballantine Books was also purchased by Random House in 1973 and corporate business plans under the new ownership likely helped spell the line's demise.

The Adult Fantasy Series titles remain popular with collectors—this author included—but the relatively large print runs mean that many of the books remain available at modest prices on the secondary market. The more popular titles, such as those by Clark Ashton Smith and H.P. Lovecraft demand high prices, however, so completists should be take that into account before embarking on their collection efforts.

While gamers young and old know of Appendix N, far fewer are aware of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy Series and its role in bringing some of the Appendix N authors' works to prominence during the fantasy boom of the 1960s and 1970s. Without the Adult Fantasy Series, we might have never had an Appendix N to base fantasy role-playing on and the line should not be overlooked. Once you've completed your Appendix N reading assignments, it's time to hit the online auction sites and brick-and-mortar second-hand bookstores and seek some Adult Fantasy titles. Your fantasy education—and your role-playing games—will be vastly improved by doing so.

APPENDIX N ARCHAEOLOGY

In the now-famed Appendix N, Gary Gygax lists roughly thirty authors whose works inspired the creation of *Dungeons & Dragons*. Many luminaries from the fields of both pulp sword & sorcery and horror fiction, as well as some then-current authors, fill that list. However, as with any catalogue of inspirational sources, Appendix N is merely representative of what the cataloguer was immediately aware of. Each of the names appearing in Appendix N were in turn inspired by other authors, who were influenced by yet older writers. This long chain stretches far back into antiquity, terminating somewhere in the past when humanity still huddled around the fire and told stories of monsters lurking beyond the firelight.

The purpose of this series is to further excavate the Appendix N list, removing a layer or two to examine the writers who inspired Gygax's picks. This exercise will hopefully not only give us greater insight into the central and nearly universal themes that thread their way through the "weird fiction" genre (the original name for works of fantasy and science fiction), but also expand the field with new authors aspiring judges and other game masters can draw upon for ideas or simple reading enjoyment.

HAROLD LAMB

by Howard Andrew Jones



uch as I'd like to hope that Gary Gygax read Harold Lamb, he's unlikely to have found his way to any of Lamb's most influential work. It's not that Lamb wasn't in print. From the 1940s on, his histories and biographies were a mainstay on library shelves, and many modern libraries retain his books to this day. But as fine as they are – and some of them are very fine indeed – Lamb's histories and biographies weren't the texts that were important to Appendix N. Those are his earlier fiction works, crafted for the pulp magazine *Adventure* (one of the finest and most respected of the pulp magazines). Unfortunately most of those tales were out of print for eighty or ninety years.

In the early decades of the last century, the pulps were an entertainment mainstay, and vast numbers of periodicals were to be found on the corner newsstands. They were the television of their day, and readers could stop in for the newest collection of whatever genre they most enjoyed, be it detective stories, or romance, or air ace tales, or westerns, or even that *Weird Tales* thing. Most of the pulp magazines came out at least once a month. *Adventure*, which usually featured a couple of short novels and a bevy of shorter work, sometimes appeared three times every single month.

Any writer who encountered *Adventure* magazine between 1917 and the early 1930s would have had Lamb's work readily at hand, because he was one of the magazine's most popular writers and appeared there with great frequency. Probably the most important of those who saw him, though, was a Texan named Robert E. Howard, who counted Harold Lamb as one of his favorite authors. Howard used the same depictions of some Mongolian historical characters as Lamb in one of his own stories, and used Lamb's Cossack fiction as a research tool for drafting his own. Through Howard, Lamb cast a very long shadow across the entire sword-and-sorcery genre.



The two writers share a number of overlapping interests. Both wrote of barbarians and outcasts and border regions, and civilization that was usually corrupt. Their prose style is fairly different, for Lamb's work tends to be more spare, but much of their intent and focus is similar. Unlike either the tales of Conan or Lankhmar, however, Lamb's Cossack adventures are written in sequence. They can be enjoyed out of order, but they're even more fun to absorb as they were published, chronologically both for the characters and by date of composition. Some co-stars return for second appearances, and events in one story might build tangentially off of something mentioned in a previous tale.

Lamb died in 1962, just before the big Conan and Burroughs reprinting boom that might have reignited interest in his own stories, had he been alive to shepherd them back into print. While a few of Lamb's Cossack stories had been collected by the late 1960s, all Gygax was likely to have seen from him were ranks of biographies. Lamb's influence upon gaming was, therefore, indirect, although anyone who's enjoyed the exploits of Conan or Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser will find much to love in the fiction of Harold Lamb.

Lamb was born into a family of artists and artisans in 1892, in Alpine New Jersey. Among close relatives were a famous architect, a presidential portrait painter, and several who designed stunning glassworks. He once described himself as having been born with damaged eyes, ears, and speech, adding that by later adulthood these problems had mostly righted themselves. Whatever ailments Lamb struggled with, they weren't enough to keep him from serving in World War I, although he was lucky to have been drafted into service only a few months before the conflict drew to an end.

He hated school, and while he took refuge on the tennis court, he also took refuge in libraries, both his grandfather's and the library of Columbia, where he first discovered the histories of eastern civilizations that fascinated him for the rest of his life. While Lamb was drawn to accounts of ancient Mongolia and Persia, nearly any border region of Asia intrigued him. It was only natural that when he turned to writing he set his stories in these lands.

He sold early and he sold quickly. By his mid twenties he had cracked the prestigious *Adventure*. After penning a first few forgettable South Seas adventures, while still in the army in 1917 Lamb turned his eye towards the border between Russia and Mongolia and began to craft on one of the finest heroic fiction cycles in English.

Lamb's work was direct and fast-paced, in stark contrast to that of many of his contemporaries. There was nothing slow or plodding about a Lamb tale, which drove forward with the impatience of a freight train at full steam. His stories were impeccably researched, often introducing real historical characters with whom his protagonists interacted. To most of his western readers, these adventures were set in places so unfamiliar and exotic they might as well have been science fiction.

He wasn't so much politically correct as he was even-handed, because villains and heroes could come from any land.

He avoided the simplistic depiction of foreign or unfamiliar cultures as evil and many of his heroes were Mongolian, Indian, Russian, or Muslim. Almost all of them were outsiders or outcasts. True supernatural events were very rare within his work, and his settings were real, if uncommon, places, but his fiction otherwise reads very much like the sword-and-sorcery adventure that came after him.

In company with the aforementioned strengths of his prose, his style was clean and direct, although Lamb was perfectly capable of lovely poetic metaphors, and he was never a formula plotter. His stories often turned upon surprising developments that rose from character conflict.

In 1927 Lamb wrote a biography of Genghis Khan that was very well received and has seldom been out of print, and from there on, he wrote for the pulps less and less. By the time the magazines had dried up he had transitioned to writing histories and biographies full-time, along with the occasional script for Cecille B. Demille. By the 1950s his expertise in his field of study had been acknowledged by the state department, who used him as an informal advisor, and who had employed him overseas as an OSS operative in World War II.

In order to research his interests he learned to speak French, Latin, Persian, Arabic, and, as he himself wrote, "a smattering of Manchu-Tartar." Apparently he also spoke some ancient Persian, because L. Sprague de Camp once bumped into him on an elevator (they shared a publisher) and addressed him in that language. Lamb easily replied in kind.

His most sustained cycle of stories is centered upon Cossacks, primarily the Odyssean Khlit of the Curved Saber, who's a central player in eighteen short stories, novellas, and the occasional novel (he makes a brief appearance in a nineteenth and is mentioned in a twentieth). He's no youngster, but a graybearded veteran who chooses to ride off into the wilds of Asia rather than face forced retirement into a Russian monastery.

It's grand stuff. Lamb quickly got his feet under him, and by the second or third Khlit story he was drafting fiction that can stand shoulder to shoulder with later classics like Howard's "The Tower of the Elephant" or Leiber's "Bazaar of the Bizarre." By the eighth adventure Khlit had already infiltrated the hidden fortress of assassins, tracked down the tomb of Genghis Khan, been framed for the murder of a Chinese emperor, and been besieged by hordes of his enemies in a fortress in the middle of a frozen lake. Over the course of his journeys he faces countless skilled bladesmen and scheming priests and reputed wizards, ever journeying into stunning and haunted lands. He bears with him a magnificent curved blade with a secret history, which is gradually unveiled to him as he journeys ever further east.

Sometimes he's paired with his grandson Kirby, sometimes he joins forces with the swashbuckling Muslim swordsman Abdul Dost (who co-stars in four stories and a novel of his own) and sometimes he's teamed up with the Herculean Ayub and the wily Demid, who have their own small cycle of adventures.

Lamb also wrote several shorter adventure cycles that feature Crusaders, including a trilogy of novellas about a knight who finds and wields the sword Durandal, and the splendid exploits of far-wandering Niall O’Gordon, the last two adventures he ever penned for *Adventure* magazine.

Most of Lamb’s best fiction is now readily available in eight volumes, four of which collect his Cossack stories, with the rest of his work loosely organized by theme.

Lamb had less influence upon speculative fiction writers drafting in the seventies and eighties, who would not have been exposed to his fiction. However, at about the time Appendix N appeared in print, a small selection of his work began to trickle out, reintroducing him to a wider audience. As a result, while a generation or two had encountered him only indirectly via his influence upon other authors, writers like James Enge and yours truly found him an inspiration that directly impacts the way we approach our writing. In my case his tales are one of my most important touchstones.

If you’ve never read outside the fantasy genre, he’s just one or two steps sideways, and well worth the short trip. For those who enjoy tales of grand adventure, he left a gleaming hoard of treasures.

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

by Michael Curtis



amers often point to Appendix N and decry the absence of a particular author (or three, or seven, or...), declaring Gygas’s omission of them to be a literary crime of some sort. Putting aside the unbelievable idea that gamers may complain about things for the moment, we must realize that Appendix N is not a list one can argue with. It is a catalogue of all the literary influences Gygas chose to recognize as wellsprings from which *Dungeons & Dragons* flowed. Since it is representative of one man’s work, we can’t claim he made the error of excluding a particular author, even if we believe we can see their influence in the final product. Game design, like art, is a subjective process and one tends to see what one is inclined to see.

While we cannot fault Gygas for not including certain names, we can, however, dig deeper into the authors he does list and examine where they drew their influences from. In the process, we discover that some of the names that people grumble about over their absence, are in fact representative in the works of those that are present. One of these influencers of the influencers is the third name from “the big three of *Weird Tales*” — Clark Ashton Smith.

Clark Ashton Smith is a name that has only recently begun to creep back into the consciousness of the fans of genre fiction. Despite his amazing productivity in such a short period—he wrote more than a hundred short stories in the “weird fiction” vein in only about five years—circumstance precluded him from enjoying the prolonged popularity and public recognition that his colleagues and constant correspondents Lovecraft and Robert E. Howard enjoyed.



Unlike Lovecraft, Smith lacked the cadre of devoted fans and writers dedicated to keeping his work in print or expanding on the concepts he created. And whereas Howard's signature character of Conan the Cimmerian would captivate imaginations and be raised back into the public eye by the efforts of a devoted curator of his literary estate, Smith's massive body of work focused more on creating unique worlds where stories unfolded rather than reoccurring characters who adventured there. By the time Smith's work began to re-emerge thanks to the efforts of Lin Carter's editorship of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series line of paperbacks (Carter edited four anthologies of Smith's stories for that series between 1970 and 1973), the foundations of Gygas literary influences on *Dungeons & Dragons* were likely already set, their intellectual concrete cured. We can speculate this might be the reason for Smith's absence from Appendix N.

Clark Ashton Smith was born in California on January 13, 1893 and would remain a lifelong resident of the Golden State. He spent the majority of his life in Auburn, California, dwelling in a small cabin his parents erected. Smith lacked a complete public education, finishing only eight years of grammar school before pursuing his education at home, largely self-taught. This lack of formal education wouldn't hamper his literary career in the slightest, however.

Smith attempted fiction writing in his youth, inspired by Poe and the Arabian Nights stories he read at home, but it wasn't until he turned his attention to poetry that he began to flourish as a writer. Smith met and became friends and a protégé to George Sterling, the noted California poet who was at the forefront of a Romantic revival at the time. Sterling encouraged Smith and the young poet enjoyed critical success with his first volume of verse, *The Star-Treader and Other Poems*. In 1920, Smith composed the long blank verse poem *The Hashish Eater, or the Apocalypse of Evil*. The poem was read by H.P. Lovecraft who, in typical Lovecraftian epistolary proclivity, wrote the poet a fan letter. This missive began a correspondence that lasted until Lovecraft's death.

Smith might have gone on to world-wide renown as a poet had not economic forces intervened. In 1929, the stock market crashed, plunging the United States into the Great Depression. Smith, facing both widespread economic hardship and the need to support his aging and ailing parents, turned to fiction writing, a field only slightly more profitable than poetry. Many of these tales saw publication in the pulp magazine, *Weird Tales*, which introduced his work to Robert E. Howard. Soon, Smith and Howard were enjoying a correspondence as well. The "big three of *Weird Tales*" exchanged letters constantly between 1933 and 1936, their ideas influencing on another and finding fertile ground in each other's imaginations. The god Tsathoggua, a creation of Smith's, was borrowed by Lovecraft in the story "The Whisperer in Darkness," for example, and he in turn included references to the high priest "Klarkash-Ton" in another story.

Smith's work was distinct from his compatriots, however. Whereas Lovecraft's work celebrated certain themes like cosmic horror and inhuman contamination and Howard was

known for his memorable characters, Smith built worlds, weaving baroque word tapestries to describe places such as prehistoric Hyperborea, the far-flung realm of Zothique, a land at the end of Earth's prolonged death rattle, or the fictional French province of medieval Averroigne. He set many of his tales in these realms, places J.R.R. Tolkien would later describe as "secondary worlds"—coherent imaginary lands that would be the predecessors of the campaign worlds gamers later become intimately familiar with.

Smith's weird fiction writing ceased almost as quickly as it began. The mid-1930s took a heavy toll on Smith. His mother died in 1935 and Robert E. Howard committed suicide in 1936, ending the exchange of letters between the *Weird Tales* triumvirate for good. Both Lovecraft and Smith's father died in 1937, and with their passing, Smith's literary fire cooled to embers. For the remainder of his life, Smith's creative efforts were focused on poetry and the visual arts; he became an accomplished sculptor and artist. He died at the age of 68 on August 14, 1961, his ashes buried beneath a boulder not far from the small cabin his parents had built.

Smith's roots in poetry are evident in his prose. He is a "writer's writer," one with a deft command of vocabulary and no hesitation to use it. He employs language to describe his imaginary worlds in a method that is more akin to prose poetry than to the lines of the average pulp writer. To appreciate Smith, you have to give yourself over entirely to the sorcery of his sentences, willingly submit to his evocations of language. His writings are works of dense beauty, which might also account for his lack of overall popularity among genre fans. Smith's stories are not the blood and thunder of Howard's, and, while Lovecraft demonstrates a love for antiquated word play, his use of old words and British spelling is far and away different from the language mastery that Smith commands.

Smith's work inspired a number of authors working contemporaneously and subsequently to the "poet of Auburn's" prolific period. In addition to his shared encouragements with Lovecraft and Howard, Smith's writing has been credited as influential by such esteemed genre writers as Harlan Ellison (who despite being a fan once described Smith's writing as "prose so purple it sloshes over into ultraviolet. A writing style that would make Hemingway break out in hives."), Ray Bradbury, Jack Vance, Michael Moorcock, and Fritz Leiber (who not only paid a visit to Smith at his home but also incorporated the *Weird Tales* luminary into his novel, *Our Lady of Darkness*). Of the aforementioned authors, it's Smith's influence on Vance which leads us directly into the origins of *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Among Smith's many literary worlds was that of Zothique. This setting for sixteen of his stories was the last inhabited continent on a far-future Earth. Zothique is, as Smith describes it, a world where "The science and machinery of our present civilization have long been forgotten, together with our present religions. But many gods are worshipped; and sorcery and demonism prevail again as in ancient days." The Earth upon which Zothique lies is a weary one, and the Zothique cycle of stories are all in the Dying Earth genre. At

least one writer and critic has claimed that Zothique owes its inspiration to William Hope Hodgson, another name from our Appendix N Archeology, specifically Hodgson's novel, *The Night Lands*.

Smith's Zothique stories had a direct influence on Vance's *The Dying Earth* tales, stories which likewise occur as Earth is fading and "sorcery and demonism" have returned. Without Smith's creation, we might never have seen "The Eyes of the Overworld" and Vance's other Dying Earth tales. And without those, we have no "Vancian magic" to serve as the basis from spellcasting in *Dungeons & Dragons*. Smith's vision of a magical Earth at the end of time is therefore essential to the creation of the original fantasy role-playing game, regardless of whether Gygax was aware of Smith's work or not. (As an aside, I'll note that given Gary Gygax's love of florid writing and his own occasionally purple prose, I find it surprising that Gygax never spoke more exuberantly about Smith in later years).

Of course, D&D fans from a long ways back are already aware of a more direct intersection between the role-playing game and the work of Clark Ashton Smith. This conflux of ideas owes its being to Tom Moldvay, a designer whose own list of inspirational authors is not only larger than Gygax's (it can be found at the back of the *Dungeons & Dragons* Basic Rulebook edited by him in 1981), but specifically mentions Smith. Moldvay also wrote the adventure, X2: *Castle Amber* (*Château d'Amberville*), further linking the *Weird Tales* author and the game.

Castle Amber, despite what one might think, has no connections to the work of Roger Zelazny, but does owe a debt to Smith's stories. The entire second half of the adventure is set in the realm of Averroigne, Smith's fictional French province. The party must contend with antagonists ripped directly from the pages of Smith's short stories (with permission of his literary estate), including "The Colossus of Ylourgne," "The Beast of Averroigne," and "The Enchantress of Sylaire." This marks *Castle Amber* as one of the few early licensed adaptations of genre fiction into role-playing game material, putting it in good company with Fritz Leiber's *Nehwon*, Robert Asprin's city of Sanctuary, and Michael Moorcock's *Melniboné*.

Castle Amber is a "funhouse" dungeon of the old school, filled with numerous oddities, anachronisms, and random events, and one's opinion of it depends largely on the reader's own attitudes regarding those things. However, regardless of whether an entire generation of role-players enjoyed the module or not, for many it was the first time they ever heard the name "Clark Ashton Smith." Much as *Deities & Demigods* served to introduce gamers to the works of Fritz Leiber and Michael Moorcock, *Castle Amber* brought Smith's name into the awareness of a new, albeit smaller audience—myself included. Returning to the adventure and rereading it after becoming familiar with the stories Moldvay incorporates into the module is a fun experience. It might even change opinions about X2 in some cases.

While Smith has enjoyed something of a resurgence over the past decade, partly due to Night Shade Book's wonderful

anthology series of all Smith's weird fiction stories, it's unlikely that he'll ever gain the popularity of Lovecraft or Howard. His fellow *Weird Tales* colleagues are both more accessible to the average reader (Howard more so than Lovecraft) and both have benefited from adaptations of their work into other media forms, notably motion pictures which serve to introduce the authors' concepts and characters to a non-literary audience. Smith's work remains overlooked, which is a crime committed by popular culture on one hand, but which also makes those of us already familiar Clark Ashton Smith's stories feel fortunate we know what others don't. If you've never experienced Smith, consider this my invitation to join our close circle of privileged readers.

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON

by Michael Curtis



We begin with a name that might not be familiar to all weird fiction fans, but was certainly known by Gary Gygax—William Hope Hodgson. Hodgson was critically praised during his lifetime, but his works fell out of the public eye in the years following his death. Even today, Hodgson remains a peripheral figure to genre fans with few being familiar with his work.

William Hope Hodgson was born on November 15th, 1877 in Blackmore End in Essex, England, the son of an Anglican priest. Even at a young age, adventure called to Hodgson, and he ran away from boarding school in the hopes of becoming a sailor. Although this attempt was unsuccessful, Hodgson eventually received permission from his father to be apprenticed as a cabin boy in 1891, beginning his long career and association with the sea.

After several years as a sailor, during which he once saved a fellow sailor from shark-infested waters off the coast of New Zealand, Hodgson retired from the waves and opened an exercise school in 1899. Hodgson had developed an interest in body-building while at sea, where his small stature and boyish looks made him a target for bullying. Despite its popularity with the members of the local police force, Hodgson couldn't earn a living from the school and cast about for new sources of income.

Inspired by the success of such contemporary authors as Edgar Allan Poe, H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, and Arthur Conan Doyle, Hodgson turned his attention to writing fiction and soon discovered he had a knack for it. His experiences at sea gave him a rich background of personal adventures to draw upon and his imagination embellished these events into enthralling tales.

Hodgson's first accepted story, "The Goddess of Death," published in 1904, was the tale of a stolen Hindu statue that comes to life and delivers revenge upon an English town. From the beginning, it was clear that Hodgson was at home in the "weird fiction" genre, although his works would ultimately include more prosaic subject matters and even poetry.



In 1906, an American magazine published "From a Tideless Sea," the first story in what would become Hodgson's "Sargasso Sea Stories." This series of tales are all set around the Sargasso Sea, a seaweed-choked expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, where, in Hodgson's fiction at least, ships become entrapped and their crews menaced by any manner of unnatural beasts that dwell in the morass of kelp. His first novel, *The Boats of "Glen Carrig,"* expands this theme to a picaresque story where the survivors of the shipwrecked Glen Carrig fight for survival in the Sargasso Sea, battling everything from giant crabs to humanoid monsters to giant octopi.

Hodgson wrote a number of other nautical-themed stories set outside of the Sargasso Sea. Some are in the weird fiction vein, such as "The Voice in the Night," which was adapted into the gloriously colorful and outré Japanese film, *Matango*, but others were more humorous, like his stories of Captain Gault, a notorious smuggler who always manages to get one over on the custom agents opposing him.

But Hodgson was more than just an ex-sailor recounting fanciful, fictionalized accounts of his at-sea life: his tastes ran toward the occult and to science fiction as well. Among the most influential of Hodgson's characters is Thomas Carnacki, also known as "Carnacki the Ghost-Finder." Car-

nacki is an occult detective inspired by Sherlock Holmes and Sheridan Le Fanu's Dr. Hesselius. Armed with his "electric pentacle," Carnacki investigates cases with a supernatural bent, exorcizing ghosts and tangling with the occasional non-supernatural agents behind these mysteries. As one of the earliest example of the "occult detective" in fiction, Carnacki would help inspire a long litany of similar characters including Seabury Quinn's Jules de Grandin, Manly Wade Wellman's John Thunstone (and, to a lesser degree, John the Balladeer), Robert E. Howard's Steve Harrison, Brian Lumley's Titus Crow, Alan Moore's John Constantine, and Jim Butcher's Harry Dresden—to name just a few!

Hodgson wrote two novels after *The Boats of "Glen Carrig"* that delved into cosmic horror and science fiction themes. His second novel, *The House on the Borderlands*, begins in the Gothic vein but quickly exceeds the confines of that genre. It is the story of The Recluse, the owner of the aforementioned house, a domicile that exists as a portal between dimensions such as "the Plain of Silence" and the "Sea of Sleep," home to horrific and bestial things. H.P. Lovecraft praised *The House on the Borderlands* as being "perhaps the greatest of all Mr. Hodgson's works." This is no small praise coming from the master of cosmic horror, himself.

His final novel, *The Night Lands*, details a far-distant future Earth where the Sun has gone out and the world is lit only by dying volcanoes. The sole survivors of humanity dwell in a gargantuan metal pyramid and telepathy is a means of communication. The novel, a far cry from slimy sea monsters, impressed Clark Ashton Smith tremendously. Smith, known for his own prose poetry-like weird stories commented on *The Night Lands* that "Only a great poet could have conceived and written this story." Many have theorized that *The Night Lands* was responsible for Smith's own foray into the "Dying Earth" science fiction genre, inspiring his Zothique cycle of stories.

Tragically, Hodgson's life and career were cut short at the age of 40. When World War I erupted, he and his wife, then living in France, fled back to England where Hodgson would eventually enlist for military service. Long disillusioned with the naval life, Hodgson became a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. In 1918, Hodgson suffered an injury while on horseback and was discharged from service. However, after recovering from his injuries, he re-enlisted. This decision, albeit a patriotic one, was fatal: Hodgson was killed in an artillery barrage at the Fourth Battle of Ypres in 1918.

After Hodgson's death, his widow continued to sell some of his completed works posthumously, but eventually his remaining works were depleted and, without new stories forthcoming, his name fell into obscurity. Hodgson might have remained forgotten had not the pulps of the 1930s enjoyed the popularity they experienced. A number of anthologies were published during this period to meet that popularity, works that collected other "weird fiction" to sell to the fans of the pulps. Two of these included Hodgson's stories, bringing him to the attention of authors such as Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith for the first time. In later years, August Derleth's Arkham House printed a Carnacki omnibus that included never-before published tales of the occult detective.

Hodgson's stories would never exert the inspirational gravitational force that some of his predecessors or contemporaries had upon the Appendix N authors, but they did have the occasional tidal pull that affected the course of another author's writings. By the time his stories were anthologized in the 1930s, Lovecraft was approaching the end of his own career, his own untimely death gestating in his body. However, Lovecraft was so impressed by Hodgson's stories that he wrote an essay on the man and his stories. This essay, "The Weird Work of William Hope Hodgson" was completed after Lovecraft's in-depth exploration of weird fiction, "Supernatural Horror in Literature," was finished, but the Providence-based writer later incorporated that essay into subsequent publications of "Supernatural Horror." In his essay on Hodgson, Lovecraft calls him "second only to Algernon Blackwood," and considering Lovecraft held the opinion that Blackwood's "The Willows" was the greatest horror tale ever written, that's no slight praise. Given Lovecraft's abhorrence of the sea and sea life, it's no wonder that the English author's tales could send a shiver down old Uncle Theobald's spine.

In a similar piece entitled "In Appreciation of William Hope Hodgson," Clark Ashton Smith sung the praises of Hodgson's work. Like Lovecraft, he ranked him up alongside Blackwood, stating that in works like *The Night Lands*, Hodgson exceeds the talent of "The Willows" author.

As noted earlier, Hodgson's character of Carnacki would inspire other occult detectives, including those of Robert E. Howard (making him one of the few authors to inspire all of the "Big Three" of *Weird Tales*) and Manly Wade Wellman, whose own influence on *Dungeons & Dragons* has been noted in earlier essays by this author.

I will also argue that Hodgson's work was known to Gary Gygax and that while it might have lacked the vast impact that the writings of Howard, Leiber, Vance, Lovecraft, and Merritt did on the game, his tales nevertheless affected Gygax's own creative process. One need not look further than *The World of Greyhawk* boxed set, published in 1983 and written by Gygax.

In the *Glossography* booklet of that set, on pp. 28-29, we're treated to the sample adventure idea "The Jungle of Lost Ships." This synopsis described a potential adventure that is set in "a place where there was a great mass of incredibly dense and tangled seaweed. Some of the seaweed had seemingly formed in great floating mounds." These mounds would be revealed as "derelict ships, trapped and overgrown by the weed." When the adventurers arrive at this seaweed-tangled stretch of sea, they are confronted by all manner of hostile sea life including giant octopi and squids, but nothing as dangerous as the "strange society of half-mad humans, a mongrel group of remnants from centuries of shipwrecks."

This entire adventure plot is ripped entirely from Hodgson's Sargasso Sea Stories with the serial numbers only half-heartedly filed off. There's no argument that Gygax had read at least one or two of Hodgson's tales (I'm willing to bet he gave *The Boats of the "Glen Carrigg"* a read-through at least once) and, like all great artists, stole a good idea when he saw one.

Hodgson continues to inspire writers today. Respected fantasy and science fiction authors including Greg Bear, China Miéville, Gene Wolfe, and Brian Keene have commented on the influence Hodgson's stories had upon their own work. His stories are now in the public domain in the United States, and anthologies of Hodgson's fiction are readily available to the curious. Judges looking to add a nautical flair to their *Dungeon Crawl Classics* campaign or captivated by the idea of adding an "electric pentacle" to their *Age of Cthulhu* games have unprecedented access to his overlooked talent.

This accessibility is one that all weird fiction fans should take advantage of at the first opportunity if Hodgson's stories are not already familiar to them. His work remains entertaining and evocative even more than a century after his death. Whether you're in the mood for slithering monsters creeping across the foredeck of a weed-mired schooner or dreading the gibbering shrieks of a ghost at midnight, William Hope Hodgson is ready to send shivers down your spine.





LUCK TOKEN REDEMPTION TABLE

LUCK TOKEN
Redeem for one
roll on luck table

Thank you for playing in a Goodman Games event at Gen Con 2019! If you acquired one of our wooden-nickel style Luck tokens (not to be confused with the DCC Lankmar Luck tokens) during your game session, you can spend it for a roll on this table. This roll must be made at the booth in the presence of an official Goodman Games Booth Monkey.

1d24 Result

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | Fleeting luck! Your luck left you before you got to the booth. No benefit! |
| 2 | Free tote bag with purchase! (<i>This is a fumble. You get that free anyway.</i>) |
| 3 | Save \$3 on your next purchase from the Goodman Games booth! (<i>Minimum purchase \$10</i>) |
| 4 | Praise the Skull! You may offer praise and benediction to the Magician's Skull. |
| 5 | High-five someone in the Goodman Games booth, and maybe we'll give you something in return. |
| 6 | Save \$2 on any purchase of vintage novels in the booth (<i>Minimum purchase \$4.74.</i>) |
| 7 | Save \$2 on any purchase of a DCC product in the booth (<i>Minimum purchase \$7.67.</i>) |
| 8 | Save \$2 on any purchase of a 5E product in the booth (<i>Minimum purchase \$8.42.</i>) |
| 9 | +1 to your next Road Crew swag! You get a "bonus game" and swag as appropriate. Just mention this result when you order the swag. (What - you're not playing Road Crew games? Shame on you! In that case, submit a Game 1 order and we'll get you that swag.) |
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| 11 | Get this page autographed by at least 5 Goodman Games contributors, and save \$1 off your next purchase for every autograph. (<i>Valid on only one purchase; minimum purchase \$10; maximum discount \$10.</i>) |
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| 13 | Save \$100 on your next purchase at the Troll Lord Games booth! *Note: offer not endorsed by Troll Lord Games. And they're not even at Gen Con, though they do attend Gary Con. Tell Steve that Joe says hi! |
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| 15 | Save \$5 on any print or original art at Brad's booth. (<i>Minimum purchase \$3.1415</i>) |
| 16 | Save \$5 on any print or original art at Peter's booth. (<i>Minimum purchase \$10</i>) |
| 17 | Save \$5 on any purchase from the Goodman Games booth! (<i>Minimum purchase \$10</i>) |
| 18 | Drawmij's Fame: Leave your name with the booth Harley will place an anagram of your name in his next module, which will likely be released as DCC #217 |
| 19 | You get a \$5 discount on your next purchase if your name starts with a vowel, and \$4 if your name starts with a consonant. Bonus \$5 discount if your name starts with the letter X (<i>Minimum purchase \$10</i>) |
| 20 | Free "regular" DCC module! (<i>Any module that costs \$9.99.</i>) |
| 21 | Picture time with weird uncle Brendan. Find Brendan (hint: he will be running a game) and bring back a selfie of yourself with him for \$5 off your next purchase. \$10 if Brendan is asleep in the photo. |
| 22 | Help make this table cooler. E-mail us at info@goodman-games.com with your suggestion for a cooler entry on this table, and if we like it we will make it #22 on next year's table! |
| 23 | Extra Luck! Turn your wooden luck token into any judge running a non-tournament Goodman Game to add 1d3 points of Luck to any roll. |
| 24 | Mystery lunch with the Goodman Games crew. Come back during lunchtime and experience the unique culinary experience of booth food. |

GOODMAN
GAMES
Booth #117
Gen Con 2018

CAN YOUR HOME GROUP BEAT THE GEN CON PROS?

At Gen Con 2018, Riders on the Phlogiston claimed 83 character lives! And at Origins 2019, another 50 characters were felled! Now for the first time, this deathtrap dungeon is presented in its entirety!

Run the adventure for your home group, use the tournament rules, and score it just like we did at Gen Con and Origins. Compare your score to the 2018 Gen Con results (starting on page 4 of enclosed Judge's Pack) to see how talented your players are!

Submit your team's final score to Goodman Games so we can publish the nationwide results! You can submit your scores at bit.ly/phlogiston2019



Goodman High Class of 1974

Autograph Page

Remember your Gen Con classmates forever!