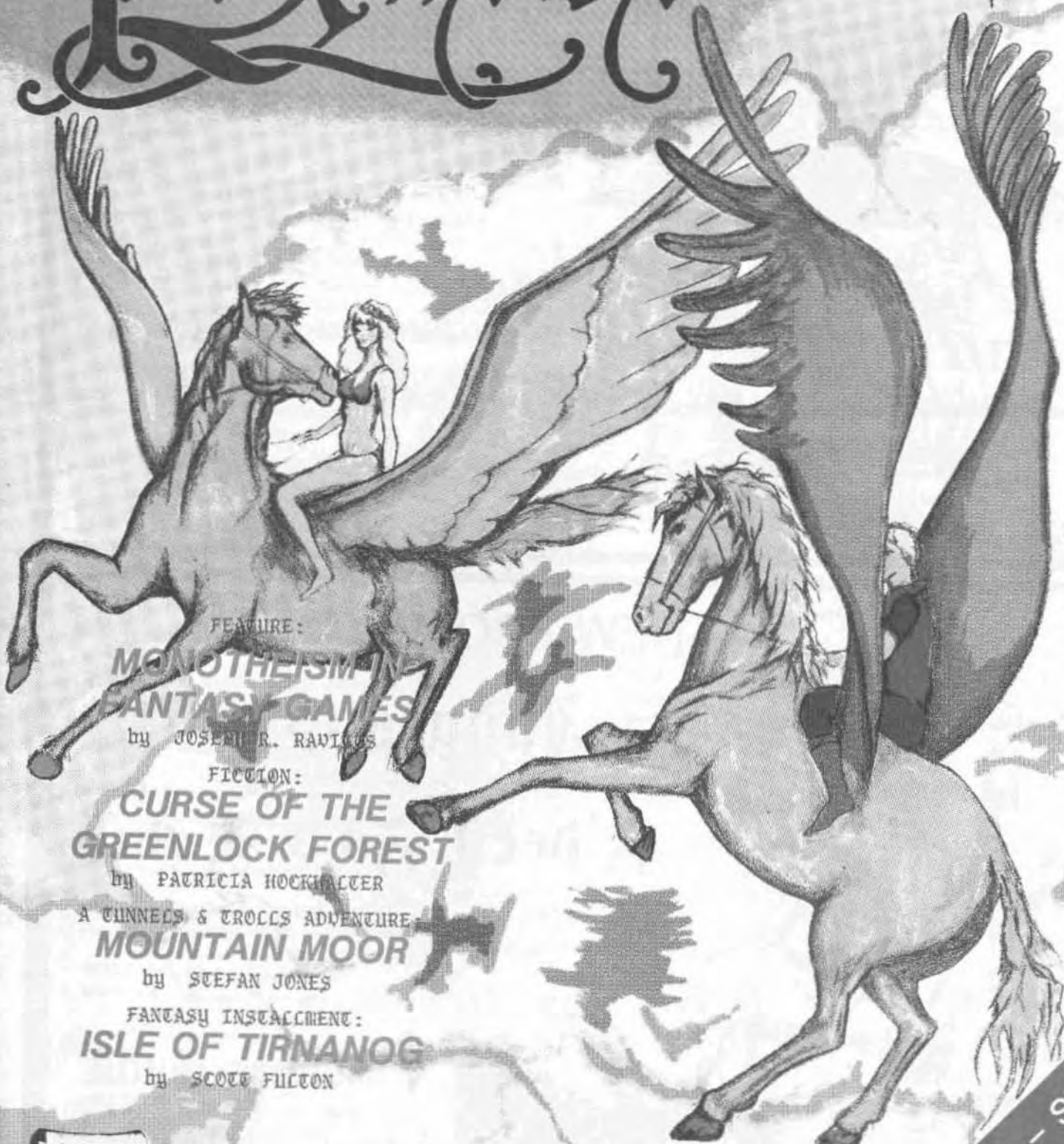


DEUSUS

#4



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by JOSEPH R. RAVIUS

FICTION:

CURSE OF THE GREENLOCK FOREST

by PATRICIA HOCKEY

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* * *

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HORSE FEATHERS

EDITORIAL
by Chuck Anshell

Time Compression! A marvelous tool which allows space travelers to travel, spelunkers to go dungeoneering, gamers to game, and editors to sleep. While Pegasus has undergone a two-month time span between the last issue and this, and you have undergone approximately the same two months in, perhaps, 4 - 5 weeks (the time between receiving both issues), your fearless editor has undergone the same two months in two weeks and (as editorials go) a few hours. Therefore, gamers and fan alike should be getting this issue only slightly late, and, with issue No. 5, we should be totally back on schedule (and we intend to stay there)!

All of the typesetters, layout people artists, editors, and publishers deserve a hearty applause and a rotund "Thank you!" for this feat of derring-do. Now, I get to enjoy all the holidays twice each year; once when they actually occur and once when I put together the issue about them months ahead of time. That brings me to a special point. If you are planning to send us a special holiday-theme adventure or article, such as a haunted house for Halloween, we need to have it in our hot little hands at least 6 months prior to the holiday. That means that I am looking for May Day, Solstice, July 4th, etc. adventures NOW (hint, hint) and that I will want Halloween and Thanksgiving adventures in by March 1, etc. It would be helpful if you indicated such special items on the envelop: Pegasus (Halloween Issue), 1221 N. Sunnyside Rd., Decatur, IL 62522-9709 (please note new ZIP).

On to more topical things: a reminder to all you Guildmembers (subscribers), don't forget to watch the ads for the proper issue logo for added values. Also, due to some major changes which are still being worked out at the time of this writing, we would prefer to receive game modules or scenarios in a non-TSR format (articles are ok, though). There is some question as to whether these can be published without TSR's approval, and we wish to keep our good relationship with them. More on this when more is learned.

*There is a new book which will be hitting the bookshelves soon, called **Monsters and Mazes** (I think I have the M's in the right order). It was showcased, with its author, on a Pete Rose show, recently. I will be commenting on the show in the next **Horsefeathers** column. I will, also, review the book when I can get my hands on a copy. The book is a novel about gamers and gaming - particularly FRP gaming - and does not show us in our best light, I suspect, from the way the television interview went. See you soon,*

SAMURAI EDITOR

Hi! My name is Edward R. G. Mortimer, and I am going to be your new editor. My sincere thanks to Chuck Anshell (The Samurai Editor) for his help in "breaking me in," without him it would have been much harder (I probably would have broken into millions of pieces instead of the three or four I am currently in). Chuck will be staying with us as Associate/Contributing Editor, but I'll let him explain it in our next issue.

Here at Pegasus, we try to give our readers what they want, but, in order to do this, we need input from you, the readers. So send in those letters; we really like to hear from you.

There will be a few changes in format (to be expected when new people take over), and a couple of in-house columns will be added. We hope to cover all of the gaming business or, at least, all that we possibly can cover in 576 pages a year!

*The "in-house" columns will include **Hanging Out in the City-State**, which will be detailing life in our City-State of the Invincible Overlord. **Hanging Out** will be done by me. The **Gateway Quadrant** will be appearing in issue No. 5 and will be a vast help to you **Traveller**™ adventurers. The **Gateway Quadrant** will be done by Dave Sering. Hopefully, we will have others in the near future.*

So, until next issue, Keep the Peace.

ED, THE EDITOR





A Realistic System For Handling Missile Weapon Combat

by Perry T. Cooper



I happen to be a very avid participant in the game of Advanced Dungeons and Dragons, and I find it very exciting and enjoyable. Like all games, the original rules have a few debatable points, but a large number of well-intentioned gamer/authors have rushed in to provide alternate systems and ideas, with generally commendable results.

But in the area of missile weapon combat, no one has ever come up with a realistic and truly workable system for AD&D. A system which changes its percentage chance for a hit for every three feet of a target creature's height is not what I consider workable; it's enough to drive a Dungeon Master crazy, and I was already going to the asylum quickly enough, as I watched my players ignore the opportunity, time and time again, to employ missile weapons at their disposal because they didn't feel it was worth the effort.

The players didn't let dust gather on their missile weapons because of foolishness or a lack of skill in using them; they simply didn't feel that it was worth taking the time to get the weapons out when, under official AD&D rules, these weapons could only score a measly 1-6 points of damage per hit.

The more I thought about it, the more I agreed with my players. It especially disturbed me to realize that, under these rules, no one with seven or more hit points could be slain with a single Crossbow Bolt or Arrow, even though, realistically, anyone could be killed in such a way. As anyone who has ever seen a John Wayne movie knows, even the sturdiest trooper can suffer immediate death if an arrow suddenly slams into a vital organ, unless, of course, the trooper is The Duke himself.

Eventually I decided that a system which allowed a character with seven or more hit points to be immune to sudden death like this was not realistic. I don't care how high-level your character may be; if he finds himself suffering the sort of migraine that can be caused by a Crossbow Bolt lodged in his grey matter, he's going to keel over. So I set out to reform the system.

As is fairly typical in the hotly-discussed field of fantasy gaming, I discovered that someone was already somewhat ahead of me. For part of the solution to the nagging problem of creatures and characters immune to sudden death had already been dealt with in the form of the "Critical Hit Chart."

Such charts, I understand, have been around quite a while, and they are even mentioned (just barely) in the *Dungeon Master's Guide*. The idea behind any such chart is that any particularly solid blow can damage an opponent in a manner that goes beyond measurement by a mere number of points; there is a chance the blow may temporarily, or even permanently, incapacitate the opponent. I employ such a chart because I find the idea reasonable, but in good conscience I can't reproduce a critical hit chart here, because it isn't my idea, and anyway, any good DM can easily devise one with percentages that are to his own liking.

I find the critical hit chart adds an extra dimension of authenticity to close melee combat. But I submit that the chart can't be designed for realism in both close melee and missile weapon combat, because these two modes of combat have some large differences.

In close melee, it's fairly rare for a swordsman to put a creature with more than, say, 10 hit points down with a single blow. After all, any creature with more than one or two dice has got to have something going for it, whether it be size, speed, smarts or just plain tough hide, and that means a one-punch knockout is going to be difficult to come by. Knockout blows will be dodged, blocked, or otherwise spoiled more often than they will succeed. If nothing else, the fact that the creature is so close it is capable of counterattacking will make it difficult for any character to be too precise with his sword surgery.

Missile weapon combat should produce quick kills much more often. Why? Well, missiles are harder to detect in approaching their targets than swords or clubs are; missiles move swiftly and silently through the air, and approach from a much greater distance than close melee weapons. This means it is often impossible for the target creature to dodge or block the missile in time, and of course the attacker

isn't having to rush his attack for fear his opponent may get him first. Frequently, missiles may not even be noticed by the target creature until the missiles have lodged themselves into the creature, and by then it's a bit late.

In short, no matter how easily Urgo the Hill Giant King may dodge, block, or slip away from blows aimed at his heart by raging swordsmen, ol' Urgo could have a little trouble with a silent Arrow travelling toward his left ventricle at more than 100 miles per hour. He'd need the dexterity of Hermes to do anything about it.

Since there aren't many creatures of any sort with the agility of Hermes, I've devised a "quick kill possibility roll," which I feel accurately reflects the damage a missile can do when it hits.

The idea is simple: every time a creature is struck by a missile weapon, the DM rolls his percentile dice. If the unfortunate creature is listed in the *Monster Manual* as large (bigger than human), it dies on rolls of 01-05. If it is medium-sized, it dies on rolls of 01-20. If it is small, it dies on rolls of 01-35.

The reason for the different percentages is that an Arrow lodging in the tiny body of a rat has a much better chance of piercing a vital organ, and, thus, of causing sudden death, than does an Arrow which comes to rest in the huge body of a dragon.

These odds are not so great as to make missile weapons any sort of "ultimate" weapons, but they make it worthwhile for such weapons to be employed.

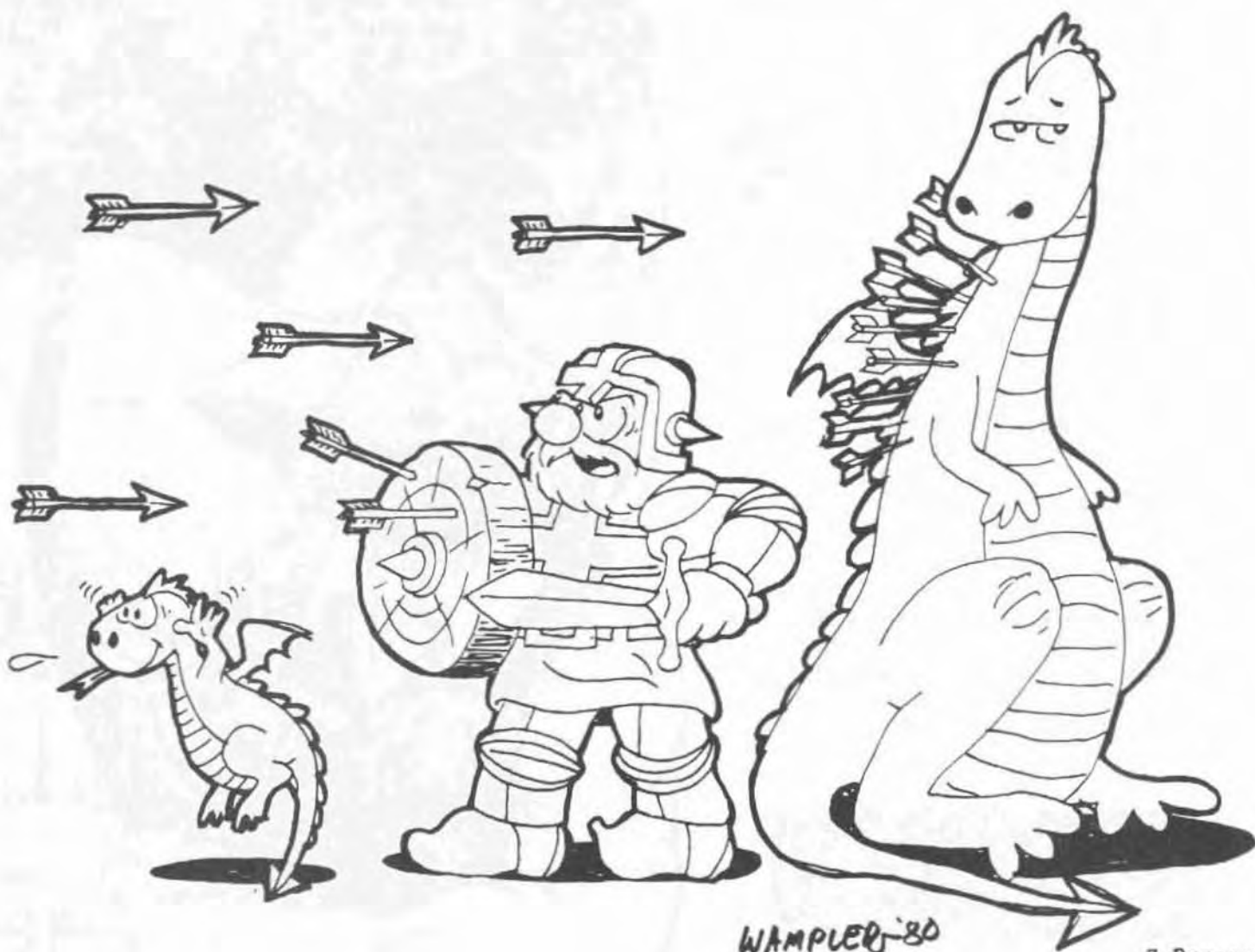
Note that the quick kill possibility roll is not designed merely for the benefit of player characters; it should be employed for monsters which use missile weapons as well. That will not comfort any player who has come across a mantichore, which can rain spikes, and thus death, from above, but it is only fair that, occasionally, a spike should find its way into a player character's heart.

Similarly, it isn't right for a giant to be restricted to a damage total of 2-16 (or 3-18) points each time he scores a hit with a thrown rock. You have to figure that giants do not exactly throw pebbles, and even Mongo the Invincible with a magic Helmet on his head is going to be bothered by a forty-pound fastball smashing against it. The fact is that his brains are going to be scattered to the four winds, and it's going to be time to haul out the High Priest for a *Raise Dead* spell. Sorry, fellows, but these things work both ways.

Now that we've made it worthwhile for both players and monsters to dust off their missile weapons, let's take up the matter of successfully scoring a hit with a missile weapon.

The AD&D system calls for subtraction of an attacker's chances to score a hit with a missile at both "long" and "medium" range, with the odds left alone at "short" range. I find that very reasonable. But I do not find it reasonable that the size of the target creature is not figured in.

Why do I feel size is important? Well, let's say your character has his Crossbow ready, and is firing at three opponents, all of them 100 feet away. The creatures are a pseudo-dragon, a man in plate armor with a shield, and a Green Dragon. The pseudo-dragon is 18 inches long, the man is six feet tall, and the Dragon is 36 feet long. Which one do you think will be the toughest to hit? I think the discrepancy here is obvious.



WAMPLER '80

Some may try to justify the AD&D system by pointing to the fact that the dragon's hide is very tough, but this doesn't wash in my opinion because the man in plate armor isn't exactly thin-skinned either. Anyway, my remedy to this problem is simple. I merely give my missile weapon attackers a +5 "to hit" when they are firing at large creatures, and a -5 when they are firing at small creatures. For medium-sized creatures, the odds are left alone.

All of this may seem complicated, but when you've gone over it a time or two you find it's quite workable. All the DM has to remember is that any missile has a chance of causing sudden death because of the peculiar nature of missile combat, and also that large creatures are generally easier to strike with a missile than small ones. These are simple, logical concepts which any good DM can remember with no trouble.

There will be a temptation for many DMs to make certain creatures exempt from the quick kill possibility roll. It has been suggested to me, for example, that Undead, such as Skeletons, have no heart or brain, and thus cannot be instantly killed with a well-placed arrow. Also, it may not seem right that some incredibly lucky urchin with a Bow could conceivably slay a major demon or godling due to the quick kill possibility. I see the logic in these arguments, but I think these matters are best left to the discretion of individual DMs.

Anyway, I think the system is simple enough to be used by any DM, and realistic enough to add zest to missile weapon combat. Prior to introducing the system, my players were letting spiders spin webs on their Bows. A longtime Ranger like myself couldn't let that go on!





CLERICAL SPELL ATTACK

by Paul Andrew Denisowski



A growing problem in my campaign is the use of spells by hostile Spell Casters. Several Tables have been devised for Magic Users, but I have not seen one for Clerics. Below are the Spell Levels and the Spells. A good rule of thumb is that a Cleric will use Spells over Attack for 5% per level. Thus a 6th level Cleric would use Spells 30% of the time. This may sound low, but the greater number of physical attacks per Spell can be used to balance the figures.

First Level

01-15 Bless
16-29 Command
30-37 Cure Light Wounds
38-44 Detect Evil
45-53 Detect Magic
54-67 Protection from Evil
68-75 Remove Fear
76-84 Resist Cold
85-00 Sanctuary

Second Level

01-11 Augury
12-23 Chant
24-36 Detect Charm
37-45 Hold Person
46-57 Know Alignment
58-64 Resist Fire
65-72 Silence, 15' radius
73-79 Slow Poison
80-00 Spiritual Hammer

Third Level

01-19 Animate Dead
20-39 Continual Light
40-49 Create Food and Water
50-57 Cure Disease
58-67 Dispel Magic
68-79 Feign Death
80-85 Locate Object
86-91 Prayer
92-00 Remove Curse

Fourth Level

- 01-28 Cure Serious Wounds
- 29-38 Divination
- 39-47 Exorcise
- 48-59 Neutralize Poison
- 60-77 Protection from Evil, 10' radius
- 78-89 Sticks to Snakes
- 90-00 Tongues

Fifth Level

- 01-16 Atonement
- 17-24 Commune
- 25-46 Cure Critical Wounds
- 47-52 Dispel Evil
- 53-67 Flamestrike
- 68-74 Insect Plague
- 75-80 Plane Shift
- 81-86 Quest
- 87-96 Raise Dead
- 97-00 True Seeing

Sixth Level

- 01-16 Aerial Servant
- 17-26 Animate Object
- 27-41 Blade Barrier
- 42-50 Conjure Animals
- 51-62 Heal
- 63-73 Speak with Monsters
- 74-86 Stone Tell
- 87-00 Word of Recall

Seventh Level

- 01-14 Astral Spell
- 15-24 Control Weather
- 25-34 Earthquake
- 35-40 Gate
- 41-52 Holy Word
- 53-60 Regenerate
- 61-70 Restoration
- 71-83 Ressurrection
- 84-96 Symbol
- 97-00 Wind Walk



Also, there is a chance a Cleric may have a magical attack item. There is a 3% chance per level of having one. If one is indicated, roll below.

- 01-03 Rod of Absorbtion
- 04-05 Rod of Beguiling
- 06-09 Rod of Smiting
- 10-11 Staff of Command
- 12-15 Staff of the Serpent
- 16-22 Staff of Striking
- 23-25 Staff of Withering
- 26-30 Wand of Fear
- 31-33 Wand of Magic Missiles
- 34 Mace of Disruption
- 35-36 Ring of Djinni Summoning
- 37-40 Ring of Elemental Command
- 41-46 Ring of Human Influence
- 47-53 Ring of Mammel Control
- 54-55 Ring of Wishes
- 56-65 Ring of Shooting Stars
- 66-80 Ring of Spell Storing
- 81-87 Ring of Telekinesis
- 88-94 Figurine of Wonderous Power
- 95-00 Horn of Valhalla

Note that I left off magic weapons save for the Mace of Disruption. Optionally, 40% of all magic items are weapons.

I hope these tables help resolve any Clerical Combat problems and simplify Spell Combat. May your diety always hear you!



A Trip To The Underworld

Fifth of a six part series

By Bill Paley

This time we weren't underground when the whole business happened. See, the group of us... you do remember us, don't you? I'm Deg an' I'm the sword-slinger of this bunch. Then there's Taklin the Dwarf, Evberin the Elf, the Clerical Brothers Frigate 'n' Spigot, Sister Penny (I think she likes me), Melissa (who I wished she'd like me) and Tyrone our Wizard. Oh, an' Finny, the dam' Halfling. There's days I wish he'd... but that's got nothin' to do wit' this story.

See, the King's Messenger (nicknamed the Pegasus Express) dropped some signs off in town. The mayor tacked 'em up in the Inns wheres we could see 'em. Tyrone had to read it to me.

"Deg, this says that the village of Gooding in the south peninsula, *what's a peninsula, I wonder?*, of the Kingdom is being raided by wild wolves or jackals on full moon nights. They are offering a heck of a large reward to anyone who can stop the raids."

"Lots of money, hmm?" says Finney. "Sounds fine to me."

Everybody agreed an' so the next day we're on our way South. Nodbody'd told me yet what a peninsula was... just said not to worry about it. Is it some kinda monster?

It took us 'bout a week or so to get to Gooding, but it seemed to be a pretty rich an' happy place when we got there. Even wit' raids a couple nights a month, they weren't so bad off.

We stayed at the Cooked Goose Inn, even 'though Finney wanted to stay at the Hot Cross Buns. He's strange like that. When the innkeeper heard how we was gonna take care 'o the dogs or wolves or what have you,

he insisted we pay in full, in cash, up front. Taklin grumbled about the guy bein' a trustin' sort, but Evberin disagreed, sayin' "He's no fool, bearded pipsqueak." That led to a chase aroun' the courtyard, Evberin keepin' 'bout six steps ahead o' the Dwarf, and the little guy gettin' madder 'n' madder, his cheeks goin' from pink to red to purple. Tyrone finally broke it up when Taklin got his beard caught in a windmill, and we all laughed ourselves hoarse.

Well, after a night's carousin', we all packed up fer our search o' these wild jackals or whatever. We managed to pick out a trail o' 'bout fifteen or more, but it led to a creek, 'n' there weren't no tracks on the other side, nor anyplace upstream. We gave up near supper an' went back to Gooding.

That night was a full moon, so's I only had three or four ales, to settle my stomach, y'know. Tyrone got mad that I was drinkin', 'n' so he has Frigate throw Neutralize Poison on me. REALLY! Ale, a poison! I can't imagine...

'Bout midnight we hears the barkin' 'n' howlin'. Melissa says "Wolves." I didn't understand, so I says back "outside silly!" which got me doused with ale. I kinda missed the rest, cuz I was suckin' it all outa my beard.

Seems the gang chased outside an' started pounded 'em wit' the magic stuff we all collected under the castle. Well, pretty soon, those canine critters figger they can't handle these folks an' they turn tail 'n' run. By then, I'm outside, swingin' my sword, 'n' Melissa tells me "Watch, you big ape, before you kill sombody!"

Even though they can outrun us, we start trackin' 'em. Like all pack

animals, they stuck together instead a splittin' up. so it's easier fer us. We hiked up hills 'n' through trees... well, I bumped into one anyway... until we find this cave. Dawn's breakin', and we see 'bout forty men an' women, all naked 'n' mad.

"Why do you track us as if we were common animals," shouts the biggest one.

Tyrone, bein' the brightest of us, answered the guy. "You have terrorized the town of Gooding and our aid was requested to eliminate the danger. If you stop your raids, we will leave you in peace."

The fellow got real angry, an' cussed a while in some language. Then he glares down at Tyrone 'n' says, "Once, these people and I were citizens of that town. We slew an evil were-wolf who led his band around about our town, slaying Serfs and Farmers. In destroying this evil, we brought the curse on ourselves. In sorrow, we left the town, returning on moonlit nights to view our beloved homes. But our greedy and vile neighbors have taken our riches to themselves. Tell them this. They must leave us one gem each day from the coffers of Grishla the Jeweler for our expenses in feeding and clothing. Else we will rise up in our wrath and destroy them all!"

Well, this sounded agreeable to us, and by-the-by, to the town leaders. They agreed to it, but refused us the reward "For the threat was not eliminated, but bribed." Oh well, easy come, easy go.

'Course Finney had to wise-crack that night at the inn. The little twerp grins at me when I grumbled 'bout losin' all that treasure, 'n' he says, "Deg, an opal a day keeps the dog pack away."



CONVENTION



COMPENDIUM

VOLCON II (G)

Oct. 31 - Nov. 1 Yakima, WA.

Ken Peterson
P. O. Box 1647
Yakima, WA. 98908

ALPHA CON III (SF)

Nov. 14 - 15 Ithaca, N.Y.

c/o Bill Freebairn
310 N. Sunset Dr.
Ithaca, N.Y. 14850

CONFUSION II (SF)

Jan. 29 - 31, 1982 Plymouth, MI.

Ann Arbor SF Association
P. O. Box 1821
Ann Arbor, MI. 48106

ARMAGEDDON 81 (G)

Nov. 6 - 8 Houston, TX.

Richard McLeod
Program Council,
U of C Houston Central Campus
University Center N-23
Houston, TX 77004
(713) 749-1435

DETROIT GAME FEST (G)

Nov. 20 - 22 Detroit, MI.

(Tentative)

MANNHEIMERCON 82 (G)

(International War Game Convention)

Feb 12 - 15, 1982 Mannheim, West Germany

Grenadierstrasse Kriegspiel Society
181 Trans Bn
APO, NY 09166

WARGAMERS WEEKEND (G)

Nov. 6 - 8 Newburyport, MA

Toy Soldier
20 Unicorn
Newburyport, MA 01950

WINTERCON 10 (G)

Nov. 20 - 22 Detroit, MI.

Metro Detroit Gamers, W10 Info
P. O. Box 787
Troy, MI. 48099

CHICON IV (World SF Convention)

Sept. 2 - 6, 1982 Chicago, IL.

Chicon IV
P.O. Box A3120
Chicago, IL. 60690

RICON

Nov. 14 - 15 Lincoln, RI

Ricon
P. O. Box 171
Lincoln, RI 02865

AGUA CON 81

Nov. 27 - 29 San Mateo, CA

AguaCon 81
P. O. Box 485
Campbell, CA 95008

MICHICON GAMEFEST

June 11 - 13, 1982 Detroit, MI

Metro Detroit Gamers
P. O. Box 787
Troy, MI 48099

SON OF GENGHIS CON

Jan. 16 - 17, 1982 Littleton, CO

Mark P. Simmons
Denver Gamers Association
P. O. Box 2945
Littleton, CO 80161
(303) 798-7201



The Convention Compendium is a free listing of Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Gaming Conventions. Convention planners are invited to send us the information on your Conventions so we can print it for you here. Write to: Convention Compendium, c/o Judges Guild, Inc., R. R. 8, Box 9, 1221 N. Sunnyside Road, Decatur, IL. 62522, or Call: (217) 422-1930.

Convention Type abbreviations are: G - Gaming; SF - Science Fiction & Fantasy; C - Comics; M - Media. Any more specialized Conventions are noted as such.



What follows is a playing aid I made to help run my City-State campaign. It made things a bit easier for me, and I hope it will be of help to you. It is a compilation of public establishments where certain types of people can always be found. In other words, it is a list of "partyng places" and the people who hang out there.

Note that a couple of places did not specify what type of clientel frequented the establishment, so I took the liberty of inserting the most logical type from those groups not already represented or having very little representation.

AMAZONS: She-Devil Tavern (Regal St.).

ANYBODY AND EVERYBODY: The Balor's Eye (Barter St.), Kick's Tavern (Beggar Street), Grocery (Murky St.), Open Market (Old South Road), Delphia's Delight (Ox-Cart Road), Royal Court (Prefect St.), Low Court (Prefect St.), Tax Collector (Royal St.), Ship Builder (Water Rat Road).

ARTISANS: The Wild Surf Tavern (Beggars St.).

ARTISTS: Potter (Sea Brigands St.).

BANDITS: Boot and Strap (Barter St.), Gaming House (Beggars St.), Starfish Tavern (Caravan St.), Bonnie Black Bear Inn (Alley south of Caravan St.), Wayfarer Inn (Street of Crafts), Silver Eel Inn (Cutpurse Row), Bellowdeck's Inn (Dead Broke St.), Naughty Nannies (Festival St.), Gouge Eye Inn (Guardsman's Rd.), Root Hog Tavern (Guardsman's Rd.), Seahawk Tavern (Regal St.), The Drunken Reveler (Regal St.), Dewy Dryad (Street of Shadows), Wild Boar Tavern (Street of Shadows), Barbarian Shop (Silver St.), Mindwarp Ale House (Temple St.), Crummy Crab Inn (Twilight Rd.), Sailmaker (Water Rat Rd.), Sail Bar (Water Rat Rd.).

BARBARIANS: Green Goblin Inn (Regal St.), Sword-Rat Rest House (Street of Shadows), Wild Boar Tavern (Street of Shadows).

BEGGARS: Candle Maker (Wailing St.).

BERSERKERS: Cut-Throat Inn (Dead Broke St.), Last Ale Inn (Guardsman's Rd.), Wild Boar Tavern (Street of Shadows).

BOWMEN: Root Hog Tavern (Guardsman's Rd.).

BRIGANDS: Tripping Trident Tavern (Beggars St.), Prancing Ki-Rin Saloon (Cutpurse Row), Tanglebones Tavern (Dead Broke St.), Cut-Throat Inn (Dead Broke St.), Pig and Whistle (Old South Rd.), Seahawk Tavern (Regal St.), Wanderers Inn (Tempest St.).

BUCCANEERS: Tripping Trident Tavern (Beggars St.), Messy Massage (Beggars St.), Flipping Frog Tavern (By-Water Rd.), Guided Abyss (Caravan St.), Cut-Throat Inn (Dead Broke St.), Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.), Seahawk Tavern (Regal St.), Water Dog Flop House (Regal St.), Pirates Cove Inn (Sea Brigands St.), Sea Rover Tavern (Water Rat Rd.), Red Pearl Inn (Water Rat Road), Morkoth Saloon (Water Rat Rd.).

CARAVAN DRIVERS: Wanderer's Inn (Tempest St.).

CAVALRYMEN: Lancers Club (Constable St.), Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.).

CLERICS: Exotic Food Shop (Street of Crafts), First Born Inn (Water Rat Rd.).

CONSTABLES: Cook (Beggar St.), The Wild Surf Tavern (Beggars St.), Happy Harpy (Festival St.), Hot House (Street of Malestroms).

DEPUTIES: Dewy Dryad (Street of Shadows).

DWARVES: Ale Shop (Beggars St.), Werelord Tavern (Old South Rd.), Masher's Gaming House (Sea Brigands St.), Mindwarp Ale House (Temple St.).

ELVES: Baker (By-Water Road), Green Goblin Inn (Regal St.), Stronsa Saloon (Water Rat Rd.), Wine Shop (Caravan St.).

FIGHTERS: Wine (Street of Crafts), Pleasure Dome (Beggars St.).

FIGHTER TYPES (FTR, PAL, RGR, & MULTI-CLASS): Bloody Tusk Banquet Hall (Belfry St.).

FISHERMEN: Singing Squid Tavern (By-Water Road), Stronsa Saloon (Water Rat Rd.).

FREEMEN: Blue Dolphin Inn (By-Water Rd.).

FUGITIVE GOBLINS: Prancing Ki-Rin Saloon (Cutpurse Row).

GUILDSMEN: Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.), Mover Bath (Murky St.).

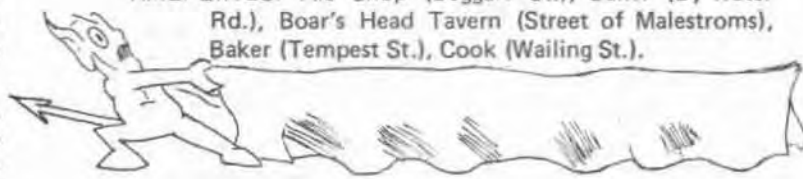
GENTLEMEN: Crystal Flagon Banquet Hall (Damp St.), Patrician Theater (Festival St.), Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.), Hot House (Street of Malestroms), Fur Shop (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), Velvet Bed or Table (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), Masher's Gaming House (Sea Brigands St.), Jeweler (Twilight Rd.).

GNOLLS: Prancing Ki-Rin Saloon (Cutpurse Row), Bellowdeck's Inn (Dead Broke St.), Mindwarp Ale House (Temple St.), Beat-A-Slave (Hedonist St.).

GUARDSMEN: Gaming House (Beggars St.), Messy Massage (Beggars St.), Naughty Nannies (Festival St.), Gouge Eye Inn (Guardsman's St.), Mover Bath (Murky St.), Red Axe Inn (Old South Rd.), Werelord Tavern (Old South Rd.), Cup and Dragon (Street of Shadows), Firedrake Mead Hall (Silver St.).

HALF-ELVES: Wine Shop (Caravan St.).

HALFLINGS: Ale Shop (Beggars St.), Baker (By-Water Rd.), Boar's Head Tavern (Street of Malestroms), Baker (Tempest St.), Cook (Wailing St.).



HOURIS: Park of Obscene Statues (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures).

HUNTERS: Boar's Head Tavern (Street of Malestroms), Red Axe Inn (Old South Rd.), Light Gale Inn (Sea Brigands St.).

INFANTRYMEN: Foot Soldiers Club (Street of Malestroms).

KOBOLDS: Gouge Eye Inn (Guardsman's St.).

KNIGHTS: Concubines (Constable's St.), Oarlocks Up (Cross Rd.), The Drunken Reveler (Regal St.), Masher's Gaming House (Sea Brigands St.).

MAGIC USERS & ILLUSIONISTS: Boar's Head Tavern (Street of Malestroms), First Born Inn (Water Rat Rd.), Pleasure Dome (Beggars St.).

MARINES: Stronsa Saloon (Water Rat Rd.), Sea Nymph Inn (Water Rat Rd.), Sea Food Hearth (Water Rat Rd.).



MERCENARIES: Wayfarer Inn (Street of Crafts), Silver Eel Inn (Cutpurse Row), Naughty Nannies (Festival St.), Green Goblin Inn (Regal St.), Sword-Rat Rest House (Street of Shadows), Barbarian Shop (Silver St.), Firedrake Mead Hall (Silver St.).

MILITARY TYPES (CATAPULTISTS, SAPPERS, CROSS-BOWMEN, et. al.): Mead Hall (Twilight Rd.).

MILITIA: Last Ale Inn (Guardsman's Rd.), Root Hog Tavern (Guardsman's Rd.), Light Gale Inn (Sea Brigands St.), Bloody Foam (Temple St.).

MINSTRELS AND BARDS: Bazaar (Slave Market Plaza), Patrician Theater (Festival St.), Noble Playhouse (Festival St.).

MERCHANTS: Exotic Food Shop (Street of Crafts), Oarlocks Up (Cross Rd.), Pig and Whistle (Old South Rd.), Light Gale Inn (Sea Brigands St.), Grub and Grunt (Slash St.), Courtesan (Tasso Garnet) (Twilight Rd.).

MONKS: Guided Abyss (Caravan St.).



NOBLES: The Silver Goblet (Beggars St.), Blue Dolphin Inn (By-Water Rd.), Exotic Food Shop (Street of Crafts), Oarlocks Up (Cross Rd.), Crystal Flagon Banquet Hall (Damp St.), Patrician Theater (Festival St.), Wigs (Haggle St.), Hot House (Street of Malestroms), Fur Shop (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), Velvet Bed or Table (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), The Drunken Reveler (Regal St.), Guest Manor (Twilight Rd.), Jeweler (Twilight Rd.), Courtesan (Tasso Garnet) (Twilight Rd.), Perfumer (Twilight Rd.).

NOMADS: Firedrake Mead Hall (Silver St.).

OGRES: Boot and Strap (Barter St.), White Wake Inn (Caravan St.).

PASSENGERS IN PORT: Sea Nymph Inn (Water Rat Rd.).

PILGRIMS: Pig and Whistle (Old South Rd.).

PIRATES: Tripping Trident Tavern (Beggars St.), White Wake Inn (Caravan St.), Bonnie Black Bear Inn (Alley south of Caravan St.), Wayfarer Inn (Street of Crafts), Bellowdeck's Inn (Dead Broke Street), Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.), Pirates Cove Inn (Sea Brigands St.), Sea Rover Tavern (Water Rat Rd.), Red Pearl Inn (Water Rat Rd.), Morkoth Saloon (Water Rat Rd.), Sail Bar (Water Rat Rd.), Sea Food Hearth (Water Rat Rd.).

POETS: Potter (Sea Brigands St.), Noble Playhouse (Festival St.).

ROYALTY: Mover Bath (Murky St.), Velvet Bed or Table (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures).

RUFFIANS AND DRUNKEN ROGUES: Park of Obscene Statues (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures).



SAILORS: Messy Massage (Beggars St.), The Wild Surf Tavern (Beggars St.), Blue Dolphin Inn (By-Water Rd.), Flipping Frog Tavern (By-Water Rd.), Singing Squid Tavern (By-Water Rd.), Starfish Tavern (Caravan St.), Mermaid Tavern (Fog St.), Water Dog Flop House (Regal St.), Pirates Cove Inn (Sea Brigands St.), Barbarian Shop (Silver St.), Bloody Foam (Temple St.), Sea Rover Tavern (Water Rat Rd.), Red Pearl Inn (Water Rat Rd.), Morkoth Saloon (Water Rat Rd.), Sea Nymph Inn (Water Rat Rd.), Sea Food Hearth (Water Rat Rd.).

SAGES: First Born Inn (Water Rat Rd.).

SLAVERS: Starfish Tavern (Caravan St.), Guided Abyss (Caravan St.).

STUDENTS: White Wake Inn (Caravan St.), Scholar's Inn (Street of Malestroms), Water Dog Flop House (Regal St.).

THIEVES: Boot and Strap (Barter St.), Silver Eel Inn (Cutpurse Row), Tanglebones Tavern (Dead Broke St.), Orator (End Gate St.), Wigs (Haggle St.), Scholar's Inn (Street of Malestroms), Park of Obscene Statues (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), Cup and Dragon (Street of Shadows), Dewy Dryad (Street of Shadows), Sail Bar (Water Rat Rd.).

TRADERS: Last Ale Inn (Guardsman's Rd.), Scholar's Inn (Street of Malestroms), Werelord Tavern (Old South Rd.), Grub and Grunt (Slash St.), Wanderer's Inn (Tempest St.), Bloody Foam (Temple St.).

TRADESMEN: The Silver Goblet (Beggars St.).

TRAPPERS: The Silver Goblet (Beggars St.), Singing Squid Tavern (By-Water Rd.), Red Axe Inn (Old South Rd.).

TROLLS: Prancing Ki-Rin Saloon (Cutpurse Row), Tangle-bones Tavern (Dead Broke St.), Park of Obscene Statues (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures), Beat-A-Slave (Hedonist St.).

URCHINS: Lantern Shop (Alley south of Caravan St.).

VIXENS: Park of Obscene Statues (Plaza of Profuse Pleasures).

WAYFARERS: Cup and Dragon (Street of Shadows).



The preceding listings are, more or less, open to the public. In addition to "hanging out" in public establishments, many people also "hang around" in the streets of the City-State. Following is a compilation of these "street people."

BEGGARS: Beggar St.

CARAVAN WORKERS: Caravan St.

CONSTABLES: Constables St., End Gate Rd.

GUARDSMEN: Guardsman's Rd., End Gate Rd.

HOURIS: Hedonist St.

HUCKSTERS: Brazier St.

LITIGATION TRICKSTERS: Shady St.

NOBLES: Festival St.

PAGES: By-Water Rd.

PEASANTS: Muggy St., Scud St., Silver St.

PIRATES: Sea Brigands St.

THIEVES: Cutpurse Row, Street of Shadows.

URCHINS: Barter St.

VENDORS: Brazier St., Silk Merchant St.

WERE-WOLVES: Damp St.

Also within the City-State are a number of private establishments which cater strictly to members. Those without a membership card (or its equivalent) are refused entry. Following is a listing of these establishments, excluding military and political installations.



ACROBATS, JUGGLERS, MINSTRELS, PRESAGERS, etc.: Minstrels' Guild (Slave Market Plaza).

ASSASSINS: Assassins' Guild (Dead Broke St.).

BANDITS: Rackateer (By-Water Rd.).

BARDS: School of Bards (Festival St.), Minstrels' Guild (Slave Market Plaza).

BEGGARS: Beggars' Guild (Beggars St.).

CAVALRY: Cavalry Club (Twilight Rd.).

CLERICS: Clerics Club (Twilight Rd.).

ELITE (SOCIAL LEVEL 12 AND UP): Bannarets Club (Twilight Rd.).

KNIGHTS: Bachelors Club (Twilight Rd.), Knights of the Realm (Twilight Rd.).

LITIGATION TRICKSTERS: Litigation Tricksters' Guild (Shady St.).

MERCENARIES: Mercenary Guild (Silver St.).

MERCHANTS: Merchants' Guild (Silk Merchant St.).

MONKS: School of Ancient Knowledge (Caravan St.).

NOBLES: Bachelors Club (Twilight Rd.).

SLAVERS: Slave Masters' Guild (Wailing Rd.).

THIEVES: Thieves' Guild (Cutpurse Row).

WITCHES: (the back rooms of the) Seal Maker (Beggars St.).



This information is available from the Thieves' and the Assassins' Guilds, for a slight charge. A random listing will cost only 2 GP; a specific listing costs 10 GP, and, if all the listings are desired, it will cost 800 GP.

Please note that I do not mean to imply that certain types of people can **only** be encountered in certain areas. Any type of person can be encountered just about anywhere in the City State, but, in certain areas, the population is mostly composed of 3 or 4 certain types, with other types of people composing a small minority. Next issue, I will detail one of the above establishments ("...the suspense builds..."), complete with floorplans, inhabitants, a mini-scenario, and whatever else can be fit in.

So, until then, arrivederci!



P.S. While rereading these compilations, I noticed a Gremlin running away with one of the listings. After a wild and crazy chase, I managed to retrieve it. It belongs with the list of public "partying places," and reads thusly:

HOBGOBLINS: Beat-A-Slave (Hedonist St.).



Monotheism In Fantasy Games

by Joseph R. Ravitts

When medieval fantasy characters get used to finding pay telephones, pool tables, and automatic elevators inside "Ancient" catacombs; when Cheryl Ladd emerges from a Mirror of Life trapping which a gallant paladin has shattered with his .45 automatic, and her Evil Wizard-Captor turns out to be Richard Nixon; when the novelty of unjustified, Monty-Pythesque illogic wears off-- the Judge has to make up his/her mind whether the campaign is to be played for laughs or as an exercise in that art which J.R.R. Tolkien called "secondary creation." If it's for laughs, then anything goes (including an item I contemplate writing in the future establishing the characteristics of Popeye the Sailor as a member of the Demigods- and -Heroes Class). But if you want the kind of game the develops fantasy concepts suitable for a serious book (like M.A.R. Barker's projected novelization of E.P.T.), you've got to have consistent internal logic!

Supplying internal logic to your fantasy universe requires, among other things, a philosophical examination of the nature and origins of good and evil. If it seems too demanding to apply serious metaphysics to recreational fantasy, you should realize that all creators of fantasy--including inexperienced Judges--do just that all the time, though often unconsciously.

Consider horror movies. In the old days of Karloff and Lugosi, good almost always gave evil a thorough beating. But in the 1960's, movies with sick endings, like "Rosemary's Baby," "Night of the Living Dead," and "Count Yorga, Vampire," gained popularity. Each of these films, though produced for mere entertainment, was an implied statement about the scriptwriter's opinion of ultimate reality. It was no coincidence that the decade of the "God Is Dead" movement saw the acceptance of horror movies in which the Monsters Won. Nowadays- ever since the TV series "Night Gallery" ran its course - this has become a routine film plot: the characters come to the haunted house, the forbidden jungle, or whatever; they find out

gradually about the Monster, Ghost, or Demon, without ever being able to do anything about it; just before the end, they realize that they were hopelessly doomed from the start; the Monster, Ghost, or Demon then kills or enslaves them, and that's it. No give-and-take; no dramatic conflict. Just how dull and trite this approach is may be seen by reversing it. If a fantasy film were made in which good overpowered evil as easily and one-sidedly as evil destroys good in modern films, wouldn't everyone call it childish and unimaginative? But the "Omnipotent Evil" Theme, no matter how many dreary times it gets re-rehashed, continues to flatter itself for being clever and sophisticated.

A similar bias characterizes much modern literary fantasy. Michael Moorcock's Elric series is a good example: Moorcock, a savagely anti-Christian author, drags his dubious hero from tragedy to failure to atrocity, till at last Elric's own Sword, the accursed Stormbringer, turns on him and consumes his corrupt soul. (To anyone who's just beginning to read the Elric stories, I do not apologize for giving away the outcome; your time would be better spent reading the Earthsea Trilogy or Watership Down.) Likewise- to return to my real topic-many fantasy gamers see nothing wrong with a game-universe ruled by evil forces, or by a callous "Neutrality" barely distinguishable from evil, but let anyone suggest having an omnipotent good power, and they'll scream, "Blasphemy! That spoils the GAME BALANCE!!!!"

It is my thesis that a D&D Campaign can assume the existence of an omnipotent God-in fact, the God of the Bible-Without losing the quality of suspense, just as, in reality, the existence of that same God does not make life predictable or unchallenging on our "Prime Material Plane."



Why does "omnipotent evil" exert such a fascination? One reason is obvious: human nature. All of us have had private fantasies--at least in childhood--of doing selfish, lawless and violent deeds with impunity. This is a major factor in the popularity of Conan, or Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser: they do whatever they wish, and get away with it (all the while patting themselves on the back for "not being civilized hypocrites"). But the obsession with evil has another, subtler cause--also rooted in human nature--which requires some exposition.

In the fantasy classic The Worm Ouroboros, when the valiant Lord Juss

climbs the haunted mountain Zora Rach Nam Psarrion to rescue his captive brother Goldry, he encounters a series of menacing illusions (Phantasmal Forces, if you will). None of these succeeds in frightening him, until a disembodied voice, persuasive as Saruman's begins telling him, "Thou art nothing...for all is nothing!" --meaning that life and the whole universe are futile and senseless. That almost breaks the hero's courage; and the same idea, widespread in our modern world, is the cause of countless suicides. All of us, whether we think about it consciously or not, want the universe to be rational and meaningful; the idea of an impersonal, absurd, meaningless universe appalls us as it did Lord Juss. Yet, at the same time, we find it hard to let ourselves accept such an ultimately optimistic world-view as the Bible offers; it sounds too good to be true, and we fear to be disappointed if we venture to believe it. So, in our quest for something personal in the universe, we find ways to settle for less. A morbid interest in the occult, ghosts, witchcraft and the like is one way of settling for less. A cosmos ruled by devils, while not raising many positive hopes, is at least personal, and so is less horrible than that blank nothingness we all secretly dread.

Yet, if only one will think the matter through, an evil omnipotence is not really more plausible than a good one. C.S. Lewis, a topnotch fantasy author and philosopher, did think the matter through, and, in his book Mere Christianity, logically demolished the idea that evil could be stronger than, or even equal to, good. The following passage, aimed at the concept of Dualism, is applicable to the standard Law-vs. Chaos conflict in works of fantasy:

"Now what do we mean when we call one of them the Good Power and the other the Bad Power? . . . if we mean merely that we happen to prefer the first, then we must give up talking about good and evil at all. For good means what you ought to prefer, quite regardless of what you happen to like at any given moment. So we must mean that one of the two Powers is actually wrong, and the other actually right.

"But the moment you say that, you are putting into the universe a third thing in addition to the two Powers: some law or standard or rule of good which one of the Powers conforms to and the other fails to conform to. But since the two Powers are judged by this standard, then this standard, or the Being who made this standard is farther back and higher up than either of them and He will be the real GOD.

"The same point can be made in a different way. If dualism is true, then the bad Power must be a being who likes badness for its own sake. But in reality, we have no experience of anyone liking badness just because it is bad..wickedness, when you examine it, turns out to be the pursuit of some good in the wrong way. You can do a kind action when it gives you no pleasure, simply because kindness is right; but no one ever did a cruel action simply because cruelty is wrong - only because cruelty was pleasant or useful to him. In other words, badness cannot succeed even in being bad in the same way in which goodness is good. Goodness is, so to speak, itself; badness is only spoiled goodness. And there must be something good first before it can be spoiled... evil is a parasite, not an original thing. The powers which enable evil to carry on are powers given it by goodness."

In the real world, therefore, good is ultimately greater than evil. I submit that this is a principle too basic to be discarded in designing even the most far-out of fantasy worlds - if you want a campaign with internal logic instead of a farce-- just as you would not set up a game in which arithmetic was rejected and two plus two equaled five. In The Two Towers, Tolkien advises us that good and evil are not "one thing among men and another among elves and dwarves." In the remaining installments of this series, I will describe how a Christian viewpoint, recognizing the superiority of good over evil, can be applied in D&D with excellent results.

I began this series by demonstrating philosophically that good is greater than evil, since good can stand by itself (regardless of yin and yang concepts to the contrary), while evil is derivative and parasitical, having no power

that it did not steal from good. It remains to show that the embodiment of supreme good in a specific, personal God is just as healthy and logical for the fantasy worlds created by us as it is for the real world created by Him.

At the close of Michael Moorcock's "The King of the Swords," interdimensional rover Jhary-a-Conel takes leave of a world whose Gods have been destroyed by personifications of blind fate, explaining to protagonist Corum that he prefers to live in a personal universe (which, as I discussed in the previous installment, is really a universal human desire). Bidding him farewell, Corum replies, "Do not despair of this world, Jhary; new Gods can always be created."

The notion that "Man creates God in his image" is not original with Moorcock. It is at least as old as the ancient Romans, who made a god out of any dead man they revered sufficiently; later, their emperors took the logical next step and declared themselves to be Gods (as the Pharaohs of Egypt had long done without bothering about the preliminary stage of writing novels in which men create Gods). There is neither logic nor evidence demonstrating that the ultimate intelligence in the universe owes its existence to a puny primate species on one small planet of one small star in one ordinary galaxy; the idea's survival is entirely due to the collective egotism of that primate species. But it's a convenient idea for ecumenical movements. After all, if every God is an animated cartoon projected from people's brains, one can truly say that all religions amount to the same thing. The Romans, who at heart were atheists like Moorcock, thus had an easy time reconciling the religions of the countries they conquered - all were interchangeable.

Except One.

The Caesars might not have been so baffled by the "narrow-mindedness" of the Judeo-Christian faith if they had only remembered Aristotle's principle that two mutually contradictory statements cannot both be true at the same time. The Biblical belief-system and any other belief-system at all are mutually contradictory. The Bible says that a God with definite characteristics did particular things at particular times in recorded history. He is not a "principle" equally present in all religions; He is a Person, and either you believe in Him on His terms to the extent of the knowledge you possess, or you aren't believing in Him at all (Exodus 20:2-3, Luke 11:23, John 14:6-11, Acts 4:12, Hebrews 1:1-4, Revelation 22:8-9). Burns has told us the Jesus, Buddha, and John Denver are all equally sons of God; and the typical D&D player, believing all religions to be equal because equally false, sees nothing wrong with ranking Crom, Set, Cthulhu and Krishna right alongside Yahweh God and His Son Jesus Christ.

But it won't work, except by an outrageous suspension of logic. Jesus cannot be changed at a Judge's whim into a resident of Melnibone or Barsroom. A truly mythical figure like Odin can, without detriment, be used apart from his historical background (though I appreciated Paul K. Johnstone's excellent pieces in the Dragon about the origins of Odin!); but if you try to take Jesus, the Son of God, out of His Biblical context, you just aren't talking about Jesus anymore. It was at a specific point in space and time that He died to pay the penalty for your sins and mine. You must either accept that fact, or deny it; don't cop out by saying, "It's true for you, but not for everybody."

If you really want internal logic in your game-universe, don't try to make everybody happy by an impossible theological compromise. No universe is big enough for two or more competing omnipotences. If Jesus Christ is going to play any kind of part in your games, you must allow Him to be what He said He was: supreme and without equal. If you don't want the Biblical God and His Son to be absolutely on top of the cosmic heap, you must completely exclude Christianity in all forms from your campaign-and invent some new religious symbol to be used in place of the Cross for turning back vampires. Either way, be sure to let your players know your choice of cosmology. Non-Christian D&D fans entering a Christian Campaign must not be allowed to think that a fighter can maintain paladin status while worshipping Brahma; likewise, if Christians enter a campaign whose premises definitely exclude Christianity, they must, in fairness,

reserve their theological insights for real-life discussions, regarding the game as a recreational exercise in artificial myth (just as one may enjoy "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey" without believing there actually is such a person as Zeus).

It is not my object in this series to prove that Christianity is true in real life; I do, nonetheless, believe it to be true, and on much firmer ground than tradition (I was raised an agnostic) or emotional wish- fulfillment (I became a Christian largely through the study of history at Rockford College). Anyone interested in learning just how great a weight of logic and evidence Christianity has in its favor may read the works of C.S. Lewis and Josh McDowell - or obtain my address from this publication and mail me any questions he or she cares to ask.

If anyone reading this series has been disappointed at how little I have so far said about D&D itself, please don't check morale just yet. I will deal with gaming this time; but it was necessary to establish my philosophical ground first. If we overlook the Biblical God's claim to absolute supremacy, we can't begin to apply Christianity to D&D because we're not yet discussing Christianity at all - only Unitarianism.

An evangelical Christian who takes up fantasy games has to deal with a "stumbling block", namely the whole concept of "Magic." In the real world, all attempts at occult experimentation are regarded by God as rebellion against Him (Leviticus 19:31, Isaiah 8:19, I Corinthians 10:21). We are meant to use the natural abilities God has given us, but to depend on Him in all supernatural matters; to try to take mystic powers into our own hands is to insult God, as if a little boy riding in a car were to try to snatch the steering wheel away from his father. One may reply, "Oh, but I'm not intruding on God's department; magic is a form of science, not a religion," but that is not so. Only the gulf of time between us and the pagan era enables us to make that false dichotomy. Historically, all forms of sorcery or witchcraft have their origin in some kind of religion. The Pharaoh's "Magicians" who opposed Moses in Exodus were really priests; similarly, to day's so-called "Science" of Transcendental Meditation is nothing more or less than Hinduism.

How, then, can a born-again Christian play D&D without seeming to himself or others to be expressing a wish to stray from his faith? The way I do it is to conceive all campaigns as happening in parallel worlds. (By "parallel world," I don't mean an alternate Earth - "Earth as it would have been if Carthage had conquered Rome" - but something more like C.S. Lewis' Narnia; an other-dimensional planet that is not thought of as replacing our Earth.) The Fall of Man and the consequent subjection of our Earth to Satanic powers (I John 5:19) is the main reason why no occult research, even if not consciously intended as rebellion against God, can free itself from association with spiritual evil. But we can always imagine another world in which, although evil exists, the powers of evil have not been able so thoroughly to contaminate the "Metaphysical Environment" as in the case of our world. In such a parallel world, there could be such a thing as good magic- a psychic science, rather than a false religion competing with the true God. On this premise my own D&D Campaign is built.

I imagine my game-world to be Tolkien's Middle-Earth, at at time centuries after the events in "Lord of the Rings." The above theory of parallel worlds helps to reconcile Elvish and other Magic with the worship of the one true God (called by the Elves "Eru Iluvatar"); it also helps to fill in a blank in Tolkien's anthropology. In "The Silmarillion," the First Men, or Edain, simply appear from nowhere, and the Elves never seem to find out their origin. My idea is that these men were natives of our own Earth in its primitive era, and that Yahweh/Eru "plane-shifted" them to Middle-Earth to start a colony of humanity in that world (just as, in the Chronicles of Narnia, C.S. Lewis had Aslan/Christ supply Narnia with human beings from our Earth, instead of creating a separate human race.) The final destruction of Sauron, in my conception, occurred around 100 B.C. by the time-scale of our Earth. Two or three hundred years later, then, I imagine that God arranged for Christians from our world to be transplanted to Middle-Earth

to preach the gospel of Christ to Elves, Dwarves and Halflings as well as to their fellow humans.

Subsequent crossovers from our Earth brought in the English language- and whatever other elements of the real world I wanted to have appear in my game-world. (That's how you can get anachronistic items in your dungeon without spoiling the internal logic!)

Some will object that a Christian D&D campaign, in which good characters are guaranteed to attain everlasting happiness in the end, destroys the suspense of adventure. Not so! There's plenty of room left for uncertainty in what happens before that eternal bliss; Jesus Christ had to warn His followers, "In this world you will have tribulation." Sam Gamgee, in "The Return of the King," had a vision of "light and high beauty forever beyond (Sauron's) reach," but this did not relieve him of the responsibility to fight against the immediate threat to his world.

Others will object that the stern moral authority of the Christian God puts too many limits on a character's freedom. But have you considered the restrictiveness of other cosmologies? The Eastern religions view man as the prisoner of Karma; in Greek mythology, gods and men were subject to Fate, and often brought on a predestined doom in the very act of trying to avoid it; and in Norse mythology, everything that a hero achieved or enjoyed was overshadowed by the inevitability of Ragnarok. The Judeo-Christian view, in contrast, dignifies mankind by asserting that our will is truly free, and our free choices crucial to our eternal destiny (Genesis 4:7, Deuteronomy 30:11-14, Joshua 24:15, Mathew 23:37, James 1:13-14).

My final installment will deal with handling a player character in a Christian D&D campaign; until then, consider some of the advantages for Judge's in such a campaign. If somebody's 20th-Level lord is getting too arrogant, you can have God assign him humiliating tasks; if he refuses the tasks, you can punish him with divine wrath against which there is no saving throw! On the other hand, the Biblical God is also a God of Forgiveness (Ezekiel 18:21-22); this would give you the option of restoring Paladinship to an ex-Paladin if he is truly penitent. Above all, you can go right on making your dungeon frightfully dangerous-and if players complain at the deaths of their characters, you reply, "Well, was your character born-again? If so, he's happy now in the presence of God; I just hope that the same will be true of you when you die!"

How is a player character to be handled in a fantasy campaign which has a universe ruled by the Judeo-Christian God? The crucial difference from the usual polytheistic D&D setup is, of course, in the moral/theological realm, and all pragmatic differences hinge on that.

First, a word on character alignments. T.S.R. did us all a favor by subdividing the original three alignments of Law, Neutrality and Chaos, for, as they have borne out, the conflict between good and evil is not strictly identical to that between regulation and individuality. As long as there were only three alignments, it was correct to associate the Lawful with goodness (for any person who aims to do good will, knowingly or not, be following eternal moral principles which might as well be called "laws"); but in reality, of course, goodness has some room for diversity. Thus, a Lawful Good lammasu, a Neutral Good pseudodragon, and a Chaotic Good storm giant could easily associate with each other, their common moral alignment counting for more than their differences in philosophical alignment. But none of the aforesaid creatures would make an alliance with beings of any evil alignment; they would consider a compromise with evil to be treason against their own alignment. And this brings me to a disagreement with T.S.R. They hold that intelligent beings can be morally Neutral: I, and the Bible (Luke 11:23), hold otherwise. The only grounds for neutrality in any moral issue is ignorance of where the right resides; once known, that right must be obeyed, or else, even by apathy, one is helping the side of evil. Accordingly, I allow only seven alignments in my campaign: Lawful Good, Lawful Evil, Neutral Good, Neutral Evil,

Chaotic (or "Individualistic") Good, Chaotic Evil- and an "absolute Neutrality" available only to dumb animals, the retarded, or beings otherwise incapable of making moral choices.

The following changes in play are not all used in my campaign; but that's only because my campaign grew out of the polytheistic one in which I was first initiated as a wargamer. If I ever get around to starting clean over, my new campaign will be run by these ideas. The core idea is that all Christian characters have advantages and balancing restrictions similar to those affecting Paladins in conventional D&D.

The advantages I would bestow on Christian characters, especially clerics, mostly involve the preservation of free will and mental/spiritual integrity. Christian characters should be immune, or at least extremely resistant, to such spells as *Charm*, *Fear*, *Geas*, *Quest*, and *Beguiling*, as well as to externally forced alignment changes. Psionic control might be allowed but only under such limitations as exist already for Suggestion, i.e. not being able to make the victim knowingly do something contrary to his true nature. Clerics should be immune to being transformed into werebeasts or undead monsters; other Christian characters, if subject to such transformations, should at least be able to restrain their monster-nature (as does the good-guy vampire, Hannibal King, in Marvel Comics' "Tomb of Dracula" series). The Cross should have some hindering effect on all undead types when wielded by any character of good alignment. A Christian magic user should be free of the danger of insanity when using a *Contact Other Plane*.

A character coming from a culture that has not heard of Jesus Christ can be counted as good in alignment if, and only if, his heart is so oriented toward goodness as to make him willing to believe in Jesus once the truth of the gospel is revealed to him (compare the character of Emeth in C.S. Lewis' "The Last Battle"). A character in this state of innocent ignorance would, unlike the Christians, be vulnerable to demonic possession and similar misfortunes, but any Christian Cleric or Paladin, coming upon such a victim, should be able to free him by exorcism. (I hold that "exorcism" should not be an exhaustible *Clerical Spell*, but a reusable power like the power of turning back the undead.)

Christian Clerics (and Christian magic users with a *Wish*) should be the only ones able to restore the dead to life. Evil High Priests should be allowed to do no more than produce higher-level undead types: liches, vampires, or mummies. (Regeneration, however, would still work as in regular campaigns on the scientific ground that a dead person's bodily processes do not shut off instantly upon the technical moment of death.)

Now, before you say, "There goes the Game Balance," I assure that these privileges for Christian characters are contingent upon a stern code of conduct. Most of the restrictions involve respecting in other beings the same liberty and integrity of mind and spirit that God is safeguarding for the Christian character. The Christian cleric, magic user, or psionic would be forbidden to exercise any power that over-rides another being's freedom of choice, except perhaps in the most extreme of emergencies. This restriction might even apply to the conjuring of djinni, elementals, invisible stalkers and so on, though it would not affect the "ordering away" of the undead by clerics. An *Animate Dead Spell* would be permitted to Christian spell-casters only as a means of preserving someone's body for eventual resurrection. Such magic items as Rings of Human Control would be considered inherently evil objects, like Tolkien's One Ring of Sauron, automatically corrupting the user.

Moreover, Christian characters would have to give up the elitism so common in the mutual-admiration societies of long-time D&D buffs, a fault of which I myself have been guilty. The high-level fighters could no longer routinely send low-level hirelings ahead to be slaughtered by vastly superior foes. Patriarchs could no longer "save up" all of their *Raise Dead Spells* just to keep on re-reviving someone's favorite 20th level wizard; the dead infant daughter of an N.P.C. peasant could have equal claim to resurrection.

AD&D campaign played by the above rules should be the more enjoyable for Christians who love fantasy; and a non-Christian who enters such a campaign should, hopefully, be able to see examples of the beauty of unselfish, charitable behavior in the conduct of the Christian characters. (Of course, the flesh-and-blood Christians operating those characters also ought to furnish such examples of goodness; remember your alignment, brethren!)

If wargaming veterans desiring new approaches would like to take a step beyond the variations I have proposed, a radical change could be made very simply by declaring all magic to be incompatible with Christianity (as is the case in the real world). All magic users, illusionists, and Druids would be relegated to evil alignment - Druids being so treated because it is a sin to worship Creation instead of the Creator (Romans 1:22-25). Christians, on the other hand, would be the only ones able to use *Clerical Spells*, and some *Druidic Spells*, such as *Call Lightning*, would be available to Christian clerics. All magic items except Holy Swords, saintly relics, etc. would be inherently evil and corrupting, but, by way of compensation, Christian characters would occasionally be miraculously enabled to do impossible things (as R.E. Howard's Solomon Kane was once able to fight an immaterial ghost successfully without the aid of any magic weapon). Christian characters would accrue experience points by helping innocent people in distress and by persuading evildoers to repent of their sins - not by killing enemies (except when this is unavoidably necessary for the protection of the innocent). of the innocent).

If you want to go still farther, you'll have to take leave of fantasy altogether (temporarily, anyway), and start reading the Bible, where you'll find plenty of adventure in the true stories of people who faced the real world's monsters, armed only with truth, and faith in the God who was rolling the dice for them.



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RUNELETTERS

This edition of **Runeletters** presents an addition to the recently released Source Pack from **Chaosium, Inc., Griffin Mountain**. It provides extra detail on the clan structure of Balazar. Also, there is an expansion to the cult of Votanki, one of the area's indigent religions.

Runequest tm players, please note that there are two projects currently in the works that can use your contributions. John Sapienza and I are each working on projects that desperately need contributors. **Gateway Bestiary Two** and **The Runequest Supplement** are both collective works and need your input. I am editing the **Bestiary** and John the **Supplement**.

For **Runequest Gateway Bestiary Two**, I want original monsters, creatures of chaos, natural animals, mythological creatures, vegetable monsters and sea creatures. For a set of writer's guidelines, send a Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope (SASE) to: **Runequest Gateway Bestiary Two**, c/o Paul Jaquays, 343 Oakland St. Apt. 31, Manchester CT 06040.

For **The Runequest Supplement**, John wants new spells, rules, cults, and nearly anything pertinent to **Runequest** tm. Anything you feel is appropriate may be sent to: John Sapienza, Jr., 2440 Virginia Ave. NW, Apt. D-203, Washington, DC 20037.

Any questions concerning **Runequest** tm, **Griffin Mountain**, etc. may be sent to me, care of **Pegasus**. All questions will be answered briefly in this column. If a longer or personal response is required, please enclose a Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope.

Griffin Mountain Supplement: The Clans of Balazar

The social structure of the Balazaring peoples in **Griffin Mountain** is divided into a basic social unit of 416 people called a clan. The clans were founded by the ten sons of the legendary Votanki. However, many of the original clans have disappeared, while others have split several times. The clans are now chiefly known by their totem or patron animal spirit.

Historically, each clan belongs to one of the three Tribes established by Trilus, Elkoi, and Dykene, the three offspring of the founder hero, Balazar. In practice, the clans may declare the tribe relationship as a point of pedigree, but most Balazarings pay fealty only to their clan. A clan's loyalty to its Tribe is either purchased or earned, not owed.

The citadels all have larger than average clans. These clans are presided over by a King, instead of the usual chieftain. When a clan is listed as being a "Citadel clan" of one of the citadels, it refers to the clan of the reigning King. Not all residents of the citadels are members of the citadel clan. There are usually members of allied clans present, along with tolerated remnants of previous citadel clans.

Table one below and the following descriptions list the clans of Balazar. The clan's Tribal affiliation is shown in parentheses. Also listed are current alliances and enemies. The number following the enemy clan's name shows the degree of animosity for that enemy. Table two defines these degrees of hatred.

The clan table is usable when starting a Balazaring character or when Balazaring hunters are encountered. Differences in clan affiliation can lead to interesting encounters.

Table One: Clans of Balazar

To use the table, roll 1D20

D20	Clan
1	Sable (Trilus) Enemy - Great Bison Clan (5)
2	Great Bison (Dykene) Enemy - Sable Clan (3) Ally - Thunder Lizard Clan
3	Red Sable (Trilus) Enemy - Black Lion Clan (3)
4	Impala (Citadel Clan of Trilus)
5	Great Sable (Elkoi) Enemy - Crocodile Clan (4)
6	Barking Deer (Trilus) Enemy - Griffin Clan (3) Allies - Grey Wolf, Brown Boar and Cave Bear Clans, Citadel of Trilus
7	Thunder Lizard* (Trilus) Allies - Great Bison Clan, Citadel of Trilus
8	Tiger (Elkoi) Ally - River Snake Clan
9	Silver Hawk (Trilus) Enemy - Black Dog Clan (3) Ally - Citadel of Trilus
10	Grey Wolf (Elkoi) Allies - Barking Deer Clan, Citadel of Elkoi
11	Griffin (Dykene) Enemies - Cave Bear (6), Barking Deer (3), all Citadel Dwellers (3)
12	Crocodile (Trilus) Enemy - Great Sable (4) Ally - Citadel of Trilus
13	Black Dog (Citadel Clan of Elkoi) Enemy - Silver Hawk Clan (3)
14	White Goat (Dykene) Ally - Citadel of Dykene
15	Blue Bear (Elkoi) Enemy - This clan is known as the Eubuck hunters and is shunned (Hatred intensity 2) by all other clans.
16	River Snake (Elkoi) Ally - Tiger Clan
17	Tree Ghost (Citadel Clan of Dykene)
18	Black Lion (Dykene) Enemy - Red Sable Clan (3)
19	Brown Boar (Trilus) Enemy - Hatred intensity 1 toward all Citadel Clans Ally - Barking Deer Clan
20	Cave Bear (Elkoi) Enemy - Griffin Clan (5) Allies - Barking Deer Clan, Citadel of Elkoi

*The Thunder Lizard is also known as a Brontosaurus.



Table Two: Intensity of Clan Animosity
To use, roll 1D6

D6	Attitude	Action
1	Dislike	Avoid prolonged contact with enemy.
2	Repugnance	Avoid contact with enemy.
3	Scorn	Taunt enemy from a distance, often hurl stones, offal, and insults.
4	Hostility	Attack enemy from a position of strength (ambush, mobs, on attacker's home ground.)
5	Hatred	Attack enemy on sight (situation may prevent attack).
6	Unreasoning Rancor	Attack enemy on sight, regardless of situation. Attackers fight as if they had <i>Fanaticism</i> cast on them. Combat lasts until one side is destroyed.

The Cult of Votanki

As described on page 15 of *Griffin Mountain*, the cult of Votanki is a minor Hero/ancestor religion; a variant of the Daka Fal cult. Although legend declared him to be the true father of the Balazaring peoples, the Hero/god is not as popular as the later Hero, Balazar. Even so, most clans will usually have a Priest or Shaman who devotes part of his time to the mysteries of Votanki. The limited nature of this cult allows only the following Rune spells: *Discorporation*, *Divination*, *Extension 1 - 3*, *Mind Link*, *Warding*, and the cult special Rune Spell, *Summon Son of Votanki*.

Three Point Spell

Summon Son of Votanki: Duration - combat or 15 min.; Range 160 m of caster; Reusable.

This spell summons a powerful cult spirit, said to be that of the Votanki-son who founded the caster's clan. The caster must be a blood member of the clan or the summoned spirit will immediately attack him or her. The spirit is Friendly, has a POW of 5D6+6, and INT of 3D6, 2D4 Rune spells, and 2D4+6 Battle Magic Spells. The spirit appears in the guise of the clan's beast totem, taking on a semi-solid form. Its attack is equal to its POW x 5 and does 2D10+2 damage. It has Hit Points equal to its POW. The spirit may speak in the tongues of men in this form, using any language known by the caster. If the spirit's physical form is destroyed, it returns to the Spirit Plane. This spell may also be used in the same fashion as the Daka Fal spell, *Summon Spirit Teacher*.

Since the last *Runeletters* column was written, several *Runequest*™ projects have been released by the Chaosium, Inc.

Wyrms' Footnotes, the Chaosium's "other" magazine, has published a pair of issues and gone from being a "House" newsletter for all Chaosium games to devoting itself strictly to the world of Glorantha. Now edited by Charlie Krank, the magazine is beginning to lose the fanzine look that marked earlier issues. Much of the magazine is of

interest to *Runequest*™ players. If anyone is interested in keeping up on what is going on in Glorantha, *Wyrms' Footnotes* is the place to find out. A single issue of *Wyrms' Footnotes* is \$2.25.

Cults of Terror is to the bad guys and monsters what *Cults of Prax* is to the player characters. Nine dangerous dieties for Glorantha are discussed in terrifying detail. Any one of these cults alone can terrorize a campaign. The book gives much insight into the history and cosmology of Glorantha, along with detailed views of brood and scorpion man societies. Use the cults with care. *Cults of Terror* is \$9.95 from Chaosium Inc.

Griffin Mountain is the largest game adventure ever published (Mr. Guinness, are you listening?). It is a complete depiction of a Balazar, a section of Glorantha just north of Dragon Pass and northwest of Prax. Unlike many sourcebooks which offer worlds, *Griffin Mountain* goes into detail about the inhabitants (not just how many people live in what village), giving in depth views of their leaders, their lives, and their land. This is not a dungeon adventure. The book is aimed at holistic, above-ground campaign. Most all of the material can be adapted to the Judge's own campaign, including weather charts, personalized encounters, found encounters, a merchant caravan, barbaric citadels, and two new cults, Foundchild and the Cacodemon. *Griffin Mountain* is \$15.95 from Chaosium.

The previous message should probably be listed as a plug, not as a review, since I am responsible for much of *Griffin Mountain* and some of *Cults of Terror*. (I will bear the burden of all the loathsome deaths attributable to Thanatar.)

The opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of Judges Guild or The Chaosium, nor are they approved for the Chaosium's world of Glorantha.



A STROLL THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE

In my first stroll through the marketplace, a wealth of new releases was discovered. So, being the heroic (?) adventurer that I am, I braved many perils to bring you these important news items.

Judges Guild has released ten new play aids for your role playing campaigns. **The Tower of Indomitable Circumstance**, by Corey Cole, is a 32-page adventure detailing the attempt by Math (the demi-god Wizard of the Celtic mythos) to reach godhood. To do so, he needs worshipers, and you are his neophytes. Can you survive the "Initiation Test of the Old Order" and prove your worth to this aspiring demi-god? Play this scenario and find out for only \$4.98. **Masters of Mind**, by Charles Wilson, is an excellent 96-page treatise on psionic powers and their usage. Usable by all role playing games, this is a must for all Judges who have incorporated psionics into their campaign. **Marooned on Ghosting**, by Walter and Dorothy Bledsaw, a 32-page **Traveller** **tm** adventure selling for \$5.98, details an adventure in the Midormega Subsector of the Maranatha - Alkahest Sector. A new alien race is featured, as well as many new, indigenous life forms. Explore the world of Ghosting (on a 22" x 34" world map) in the fantastic far reaches of science fiction. **House on Hangman's Hill**, by Jon Mattson, lets you explore an **AD&D** **tm** haunted house. This is an adventure for a stormy night, with all the flavor of the old monster movies. Selling for \$3.95, I suggest you don't miss this 32-page "nightmare." **Trial By Fire**, by Mike Wilson, is a 32-page introductory adventure for **AD&D** **tm**. Explore the ruins of a once-secret military fortress, using the characters provided or your own. This is an excellent adventure for beginners and masters alike. **Amycus Probe**, (\$5.98) by Dave Sering, is the first of a series entitled The Border Prowler Series. Look for **Rogue Moon** and **Darkling Ship** in the near future. A **Traveller** **tm** adventure, **Amycus Probe** comes complete with rules for tournament play and campaign play, important terrain and ship maps, complete personnel and equipment stats, and new space craft (a 40-ton armoured Assault Shuttle and a 1,000-ton Border Prowler Class Ship). This series is designed to be played with the same set of characters, introduced in this scenario, and promises to be possibly the best **Traveller** **tm** adventure on the market. **Port O' Call: Tarlkin's Landing**, also by Dave Sering, is a 48-page adventure for all science fiction role playing games. It comes complete with 22" x 34" map, as well as numerous building maps. Opportunities abound for legal and illegal

enterprises. A must for beginning spacemen, this first in the Port O' Call series sells for \$6.98. **Restormel**, by Scott Fulton, is a 32-page adventure usable for all fantasy role playing games. Terror stalks the night in the lonely village of Restormel. Can you help save the inhabitants from the Deep Lurkers? Explore the ruined fortress on a 22" x 36" map, and test your skills and bravery. An excellent scenario for beginning characters. **The Illhiedrin Book**, by Dan Hauffe, is a 32-page **AD&D** **tm** scenario detailing the search for a fabulous book by a beautiful Wizardess. Can you defeat the guardian of the Book, recover the Book intact, and return alive? Play this adventure and find out. It sells for only \$3.95. **Zienteck**, by Mark Harmon and Janet Kirby, is an **AD&D** **tm** adventure detailing a wilderness trek to gain a forgotten Wizard's treasure. New monsters are featured that were created by the aforementioned Wizard. Many suspense-filled hours are provided in this scenario, which sells for only \$3.50.

Other companies' releases include **Timeline Limited's Game Master's Shield and Reference Tables** (\$5.00) for their game, **The Morrow Project**. Also for **The Morrow Project** are the **Restricted Identity Package** (\$.95), **Vehicular Blueprints** (\$9.95), **Vehicular Basic Loads** (\$5.95), and **Personal Basic Loads** (\$7.95). Then there are **FASA's** various **Traveller** **tm** ship designs for use with **Martian Metals: I.S.P.M.V.: Tethys** (\$5.00, Para-Military), **I.S.P.M.V.: Fenris** (\$7.50, Para-Military, also includes the **S.F.V.: Valkyrie** - a fighting ship), **I.S.C.V.: Leander** (\$5.00, commercial vessel), and **Z.I.S.M.V.: Vlezhdatl** (\$7.50, Zhodani military); and **GDW's Double Adventure 4: Marooned** (\$4.98), **Traveller Supplement 9: Fighting Ships** (\$3.98), and their **Traveller's Aid Society Journal No. 9** (\$4.00) featuring information on the Zhodani race. There is also **Chaosium Inc.'s Stormbringer** game (\$20.00) which, of course, deals with the famous soul-stealing Sword of the infamous Elric of Melniboné, and **Simulations Canada's Divine Wind** (\$15.00), a war game for you Kamikazes out there, and **Jahid** (\$15.00) a game of the rise of Islam. Then there's **Task Force Games' Heroes of Olympus** (\$17.95), and **Starfire III Empires** (\$3.95); from ancient Greece to Interstellar space - gee, I wonder if I could combine them. . . ? **Flying Buffalo, Inc.** offers two new scenarios, **Blue Frog Tavern** (\$4.98), a solitaire, and **Catacombs of the Bear Cult** (\$3.95), and, in the realm of miniatures, there are **Heritage's Galacta 25** series which now features three Planetary Policemen and a Grav Scooter (\$3.95), and a very fine set of miniatures by **Saxon** featuring Dragon Eggs, baby Dragons, and Large Spiders feasting on Dragon Eggs (from \$.98 to \$4.98). Lastly, in the magazine end of the business, **Adventure Gaming No. 3** is on the news stands; it has a very interesting article concerning magic kisses (excuse me while I do some homework. . .)

Well, that's all for now, so, until next time -
Keep the Peace!

By

13

Attention, Warriors and Wizards:

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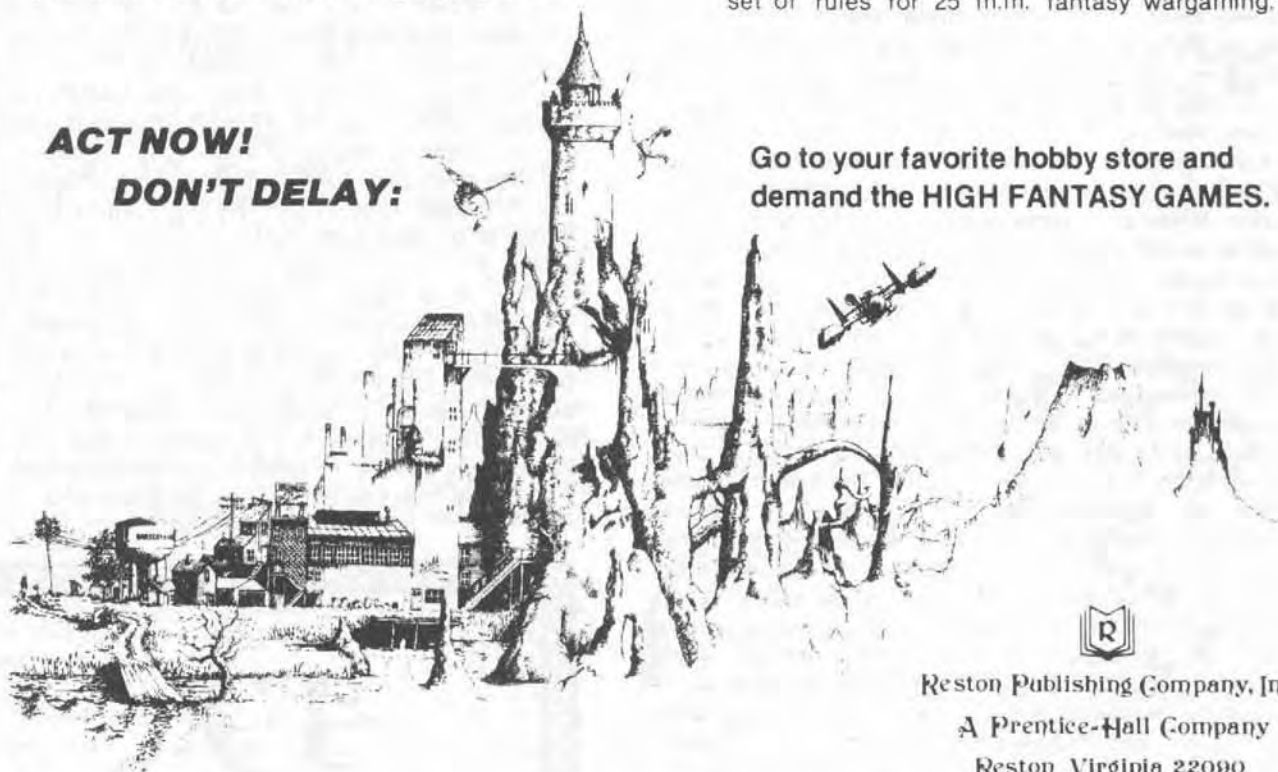
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Cold Reacher
by Tim Grice

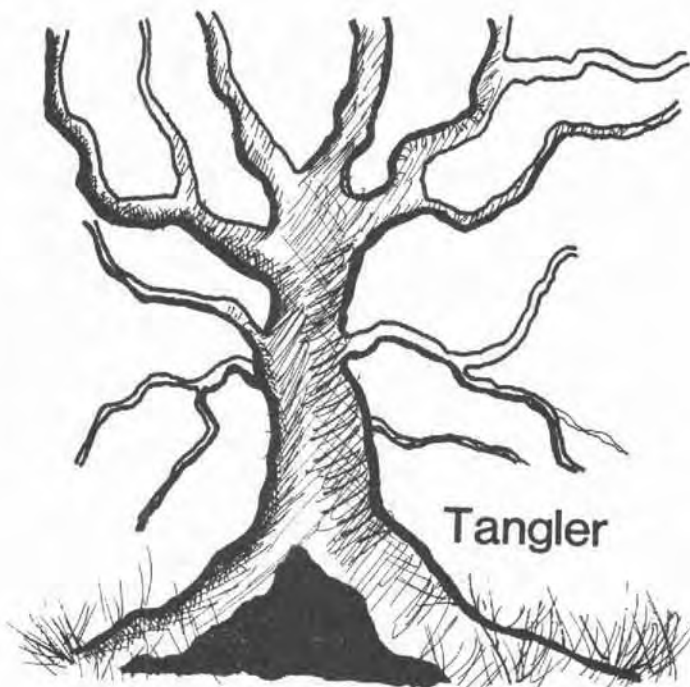
Frequency	Very Rare	Cold Reachers dwell in sheet ice, where they lie in wait for the first passerby. When prey approaches, the Cold Reacher will lash out with its 9 tentacles. Each tentacle that hits will do 2-8 points of damage. When a tentacle hits, it entwines around and may incapacitate one or more of the victim's arms.
No. Appearing	1	
Armor Class	7	
Move.	3" (1")	
Hit Dice.	10	
% in Lair	90	
Treasure Type.	G	
No. of Attacks	9	
Damage/Attack.	2-8	
Special Attacks.	Constriction	
Special Defenses	Surprises on a 1-4	
	Body under 10' of ice	
Magic Resistance.	Standard	
Intelligence	Animal	
Alignment	Neutral	
Size	M	
Psionic Ability	Nil	
Attack/Defense Modes	Nil	
Level/Experience.	7/2850	
Hit Points	14	

When an arm is caught, it can no longer act. If a Shield arm is caught, the Shield no longer helps Armor Class. If the Sword arm is caught, the Sword may no longer be used.

Each tentacle of the Cold Reacher has 9 HP, in addition to the 10 Hit Dice of the body. When 10 or more points of damage has been done to a single tentacle, the tentacle has been severed.

The body of the Cold Reacher is hidden underneath 10' of ice, and is invulnerable to any attack that cannot pierce 10' of ice. Swords, *Fireballs*, and *Magic Missiles* will not harm the main body, but *Lightning Bolts* will. If a *Passwall* or similar spell is used, the body of the Cold Reacher will be exposed. The body is size large, AC 5, and can bit for 3-18 points damage.

After the Cold Reacher loses six or more tentacles, it will retract the remaining tentacles. If attempts to reach the main body are made, the Cold Reacher will burrow away, taking its treasure with it.



Tangler
by Tim Grice

Frequency	Very Rare	Tanglers are a form of carnivorous tree. As such, they are found only in forests, and do not move.
No. Appearing	1	
Armor Class	10	
Move.	0	
Hit Dice.	10 - 200 (10D20)	
% in Lair	100	
Treasure Type.	A, O, S	
No. of Attacks	10 - 200, (same as HD)	
Damage/Attack.	1	
Special Attacks.	Constriction	
Special Defenses	Nil	
Magic Resistance.	Standard	
Intelligence	None	
Alignment	Neutral	
Size	L	
Psionic Ability	Nil	
Attack/Defense Modes	Nil	
Experience Points	3000	
HP	3	

The roots of a tangler extend far around the tree. The roots will warp the ground so as to form paths, each of which will lead straight to the tangler. The area immediately surrounding the tangler will be grassy and smooth with a pleasant air, suggesting a perfect campsite. Woe betides the unwary party of adventurers that venture close, however, for the tangler will attack when everyone is within reach.

The attack of a tangler is quite simple. Each of the myriad branches of the tree has a full Hit Die, and will attack unceasingly until prey is totally defeated. As the tree has slow vegetable synapsis, each branch attacks as a 1 HD monster, and no more than 30 branches may attack a single medium-sized target. Opponents of AC 7 or less will be hit on two consecutive rolls of 20. When the tangler hits, the branch does one point of constriction damage, and will remain on the victim until chopped off, doing 1 HP damage each round. As the branches entwine around the person hit, each tentacle causes a -1 to hit on the victim's part, to a maximum of -4.

Due to the makeup of the tangler, spells do as little damage to the tree as possible. For instance, a *Fireball* would do 6 - 36 points of damage to the entire tree, not to each branch, or an *Ice Storm* would do 3 - 30 points to the tree, enough to kill four or five branches. *Flesh to Stone*, however, would petrify the entire tangler.

Coldwyrn by Tim Grice

Frequency Very Rare
No. Appearing 1-3
Armor Class -1
Move. 24"
Hit Dice. 12-14
% in Lair 30
Treasure Type. H, S,
T, Q (x10), R
No. of Attacks 3
Damage/Attack. . . 1-12/1-12/
4-48
Special Attacks. Breath
Weapon
Special Defenses . . Impervious
to Cold;
Regenerates Fire Damage
Magic Resistance . . . Standard
Intelligence Average
Alignment Neutral Evil
Size L (60' long)
Psionic Ability Nil
Attack/Defense Modes . . . Nil

The Coldwyrn is a land-bound relation of the Ice Dragon. Coldwyrms share the Ice Dragon's ability to regenerate fire damage Fire damage at the rate of 1 HP per round per -10 degrees centigrade. Ice Dragons are found only in arctic regions. Ice Dragons vary in Hit Dice and Hit Points per die in the same fashion as do Dragons. Coldwyrms have a 40% chance of speaking, and a 35% chance of magic use. The spells a Coldwyrn can use are one first level spell per age, until the Coldwyrn has 4 HP per die, then one second level spell per age. Ancient Coldwyrms can use 4 first and 4 second level spells per day. Coldwyrms cannot use any Fire spells.

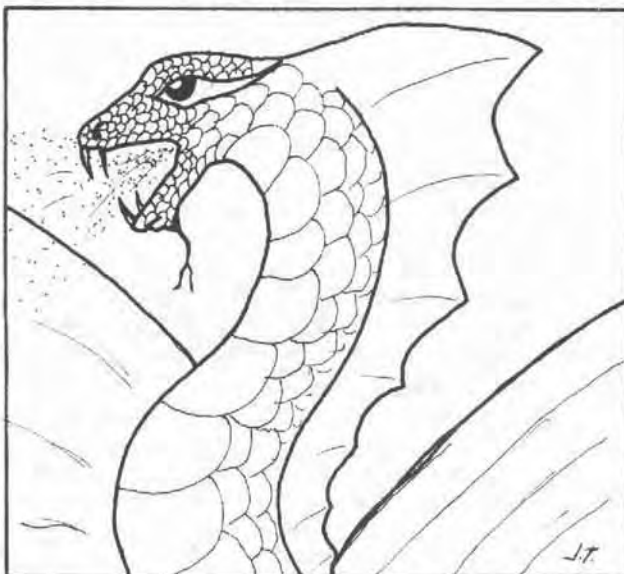
Coldwyrms breathe a cone of frost with a ½" origin, a base of 6", and a length of 9".

As Coldwyrms do not fly, they have much heavier armor than do Ice Dragons, and the claws of a Coldwyrn are much larger than those of an Ice Dragon. The legs of a Coldwyrn are very long, which allows Coldwyrms to run fast enough to run down a horse.

Coldwyrms melt in temperatures above freezing.

Coldwyrms in lair will be asleep no less than 50% of the time.

The lair of a Coldwyrn will be a cave hollowed out of solid ice. Coldwyrms will typically have some monster live in the lair so as to guard the treasure while the Coldwyrn hunts. Typical monsters are polar bears, winter wolves, ice toads, or yeti.



Ice Dragon by Tim Grice

Frequency Very Rare
Number Appearing 1-2
Armor Class 1
Move. 10"/30"
Hit Dice. 12-14
% in Lair 40
Treasure Type. H, S,
T, Q (x10)
No. of Attacks 3
Damage/Attack. . . 1-10/1-10/
4-48
Special Attacks. Breath
Weapon
Special Defenses . . Impervious
to Cold;
Regenerates Fire Damage
Magic Resistance . . . Standard
Intelligence Genius
Alignment Neutral
Size L (60' long)
Psionic Ability Nil
Attack/Defense Modes . . . Nil

Ice Dragons are found only in the coldest of regions. This is because Ice Dragons are truly made of ice, and tend to melt in more temperate areas. Ice Dragons sometimes will fly south and terrorize a kingdom during the coldest part of winter. For an Ice Dragon to live the temperature must never rise above freezing. Thus, some snowy peaks of ice-bound mountains will harbor an Ice Dragon all year long, but only if a cave that will be snow-bound all year round is available. During the summer months, the Ice Dragon will estivate.

Ice Dragons are immune to any Cold-based Attack. Also, if the temperature is below zero degrees centigrade, the Ice Dragon will regenerate all Hit Points lost to Fire Attacks at a rate of one Hit Point per round per -10 degrees. Between 0 and -9 degrees, Ice Dragons regenerate 1 HP each round. Between -10 and -19, they regenerate 2 HP a round. Fire damage includes Fireballs, Burning Oil, and Flaming Swords. Note that Ice Dragons will only be found in areas below freezing.

Ice Dragons resemble true dragons in age levels and Hit Points per die. Further, Ice Dragons have a 70% chance of speaking the Common tongue. Ice Dragons also have a 60% chance of using magic. Each age level of the Ice Dragon is equivalent to a level of magic use, so a very young Ice Dragon could use but a single first level spell, while an ancient one could use two fourth level spells, three third level spells, three second level spells, and four first level spells. See the chart of "Spells Usable by Class and Level -- Magic Users" on page 26 of the **Players Handbook** for further details. The spells an Ice Dragon can use will be selected randomly, but no Ice Dragon can ever use any Fire-based spell such as *Burning Hands*, *Pyrotechnics*, or *Fireball*.

Ice Dragons in lair will be asleep 20% of the time. The Breath Weapon of an Ice Dragon is a cone of frost, with a ½" origin, a base of 6", and a length of 9". If killed in an area above freezing, Ice Dragons will melt into a pool of water.

When alive, Ice Dragons are translucent ice blue with many sharp edges.

Ice Dragon



WITH NATIONS UNDERFOOT

by Michael S. Quesenberry

Melshorn's husky frame scurried through the jungle nearly doubled over with the burden of a full-grown male antelope carcass. The path he followed was slippery just like always, except for the nature of the poor footing. Instead of the customary mud and muck, the trail was frozen and covered with snow. The usually profuse flowers were gone, along with most of the animals. Testimony to the fear engendered by the alien weather, was the village of lizardmen two miles to the west of Melshorn's present destination. All were either the victim of suicide or cannibalism. Earlier, Melshorn had considered this source of food as a means of fulfilling his position as hunter for one of the Emperor's special task forces. Luckily, he had found one of the larger animals that had frozen to death.

Greeted by cries of "It's about time, Mell!" and, "We thought we'd have to eat your horse!" Melshorn stumbled into his party's camp just off the path. After placing the meat in the competent hands of the cleric Shane Nostargoth, Melshorn dropped his accoutrements and loped over to the tent which sheltered the leader of the expedition. Inside, Del Thorber leaned over an object which he cradled in his lap. The eerie glow that emanated from the thing, casting ghoully shadows on the kind and fatherly face of Del, brought Melshorn up short. His obstinate and self-assertive nature gave way to the more powerful aura which pervaded the tent. His expressive brown eyes locked with the cold grey eyes of the older man, their previous fire subdued.

"I trust you were able to replenish our food supply. Tell the others that we will leave at dawn. Dismissed."

Melshorn was not chagrined due to the curt manner of his superior. That was Del's nature: stern, fatherly, thoughtful. They all depended on him. Mel sat next to Valentino Pleiadaederle in order to restore some warmth to his body at the fire. The bard's usually sunny attitude was suppressed by the continuous bad weather. Despite his best precautions, the mandolin awarded to him for excellence in ballad delive-

rance had warped and could not be properly tuned. The day before his discovery of the damage to his instrument, Val had gashed his leg fleeing from an angry ogre. Melshorn could sympathize with Val only after a bad rash discomforted the bard enough to cause a dent in his good nature. Even so, he did not sit too near the disgruntled troubador.

"Here, you two, have some soup. It will warm you faster," offered the practical cleric.

Colorless, but useful, Shane was a necessary part of the group. Not given to flowery speech, he could be described in many ways. He called himself practical, though, and left it at that. He was used to being unnoticed, and actually thought of himself as bland. Unknowing, Val and Melshorn enjoyed their soup and left Shane Nostargoth unthanked.

At the approach of twilight, Melshorn looked at the faces gathered in a circle around the fire. Val's curly golden locks rested on the cold hard ground as he tried to catch forty winks. The firelight danced across Shane's square, ruddy face and straight brown hair as he and Del Thorber considered the fine points of hand-to-hand combat. Del's receding hairline contrasted sharply with his fine silver hair and mutton chops. His long thin fingers cradled the crystal ball he had employed earlier. Simon Solezaar was the only one missing, and it was very pleasant not to see the halfling's dark, scowling face. Where could he be?

"Uh, Del..." Melshorn was interrupted by a sharp snapping sound as the halfling in question came down from the trees, as if on cue, to land on the sleeping form of the bard. "Where have you been, you sneaking thief?"

Val brought a hard fist down on the stout little halfling, while cursing and moaning. The grubby halfling showed no indication that he had even felt the blow that might have bowled over a berserker in a tavern brawl. Simon sauntered over and helped himself to the antelope, leaving questions and curses unanswered. When the bard began to rise in order to punish the rogue, Simon merely flicked a knife in

his direction to pin his cloak to a nearby tree. Of course, Val pocketed the finely-balanced throwing knife as payment for the damaged clothing. He cast a meaningful look in Simon's direction, which was understood to indicate that Val would deliver a good solid thrashing to any halfling who stole the knife. Precautions were necessary even against a thief who was a traveling companion.

Del took the first watch, and the night was uneventful until a shaft tipped with poison flew from the jungle. Judging from the angle of the crossbow bolt, Del sent a *Fireball* into the surrounding growth. Simon tore through the growth and killed the would-be assassin in the light of another *Fireball*. A search of the body did not reveal anything, and the lack of valuables prompted the magic user to question Simon.

"Gosh, Del, you know I'd never take anything important," he sneered.

"Well, anyway. . . tomorrow is none too soon to leave this spot. Wake us at daybreak, okay, Shane?" commented Thorber, ignoring the halfling's insubordination for the nonce. He made a mental note, though, intending to bring swift punishment to bear on Simon in the case of a more stressful situation.

The vulnerability of five men strung out in single file along a path weighed heavily on Del's mind during the trek the next day. Melshorn led the group, Shane followed, then came Simon, Del, and Val. Despite the best protective measures, a tragedy was in the making. The arcane powers at Del's disposal were truly feeble at best, so he must rely on his intelligence to guide him. (Luckily, it was great.) The group was well-prepared and cautious, but Del was the only one who had any feelings of apprehension. Those he kept to himself.

As the heavily-laden beasts of burden struggled to maintain their footing, Melshorn looked to the ongoing trail for signs of mischief. They wound their way down into the valley at a conservative pace. Shane occupied himself by looking for possible means of feeding the sorely abused animals.

He felt unhappy because he had not brought a sufficient supply of feed for them. It was difficult for the cleric to endure the rough singing of the halfling behind him. It was nice that the halfling could be joyful for a change, even if he were the only one in the group that felt good and optimistic, but must he try to burn the ears of the cleric with songs of bawdy houses and drunken revelry? Val, the most miserable of the lot, was strangely quiet for a bard.

When the group was able to hear the Needle Falls of the Moorgyor River which ran parallel to the trail they followed, Del announced that the first part of the journey was nearly complete. If they successfully made their way to the foot of the falls, then they could purchase a riverboat capable of withstanding the punishment of the rapids, known locally for the lives lost on the way downriver. The town at which to buy the craft was reportedly only a few miles downstream from the falls. Unfortunately, Del had told them, the group must rapel down the cliff beside the falls because of the urgency of their mission. The questions which followed that statement forced Del to admit that the Emperor had assigned them a key part in correcting the cold and snow which now occupied the jungle in the southern part of the kingdom.

"Shane, I'm afraid we'll have to leave the animals," Del spoke as he dismounted on the edge of the cliff. Simon was already securing the lines. He would be the first to descend.

Melshorn was the first to note something was wrong with Val. "Val, what's wrong? Get down; we're here!" Val did not answer because he was the victim of a poison dart.

Shane's response was immediate. Simon took one glance and continued working, his uncaring attitude broadcasting itself to the two griefstricken warriors, Del Thorber and Melshorn. Shane looked up after a moment.

"The monastery at Gol Dirn is the nearest place we can take him, but it has to be within the next twelve hours. If we can get him down the cliff and build a raft quickly enough, we may make it in time by paddling. We surely could not carry him to the town in time."

Shane and Melshorn looked at Del Thorber for his decision, while Del thought. The life of his friend and companion could be saved without jeopardizing the mission, since Gol Dirn lay en route to their destination. Un-

consciously, Del clutched at the orders which must remain sealed until he passed the Nirmaneon Horn. Any raft they could build would not pass through the rapids whole. Would this delay their mission? Even more important at the moment, would they then be too late to save Val? Or was it already too late? Should he abandon Val? No, but if they did attempt to save him, they might all perish.

"Is there no way that we can get a vessel at the town? Perhaps Melshorn could run ahead with the money and have it ready when the rest of us came down the river in our raft."

"That might work, Del. We must start now," Shane answered.

Del Thorber looked at his stricken companion and gave the necessary orders. His thoughts dwelled on a previous experience. The same apprehensive feeling had overtaken him early in the day. It was as if a tragedy could not be avoided. When it happened, there was the same effort to save the fallen ally, which later proved the undoing of the entire party. As he began similar preparations to aid Val, he knew that there was a greater chance of failure and injury to more of the group than there was of success, but there was no way to avoid the attempt.



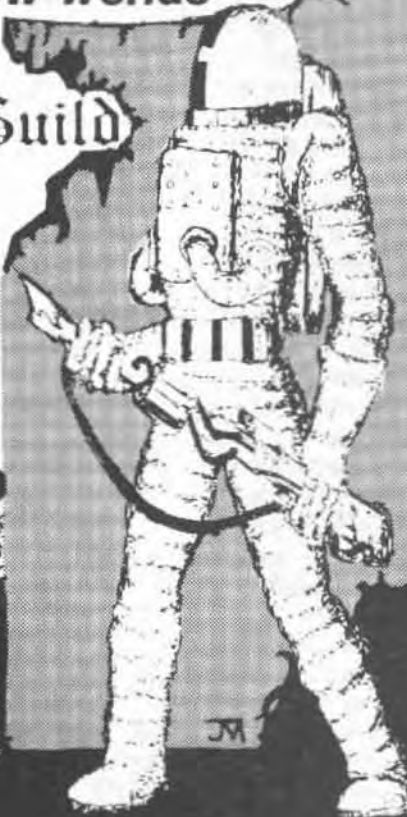
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ISLE OF TIRNANOG

by SCOTT FULTON



CITY STATE CAMPAIGN INSTALLMENT

Tirnanog Isle

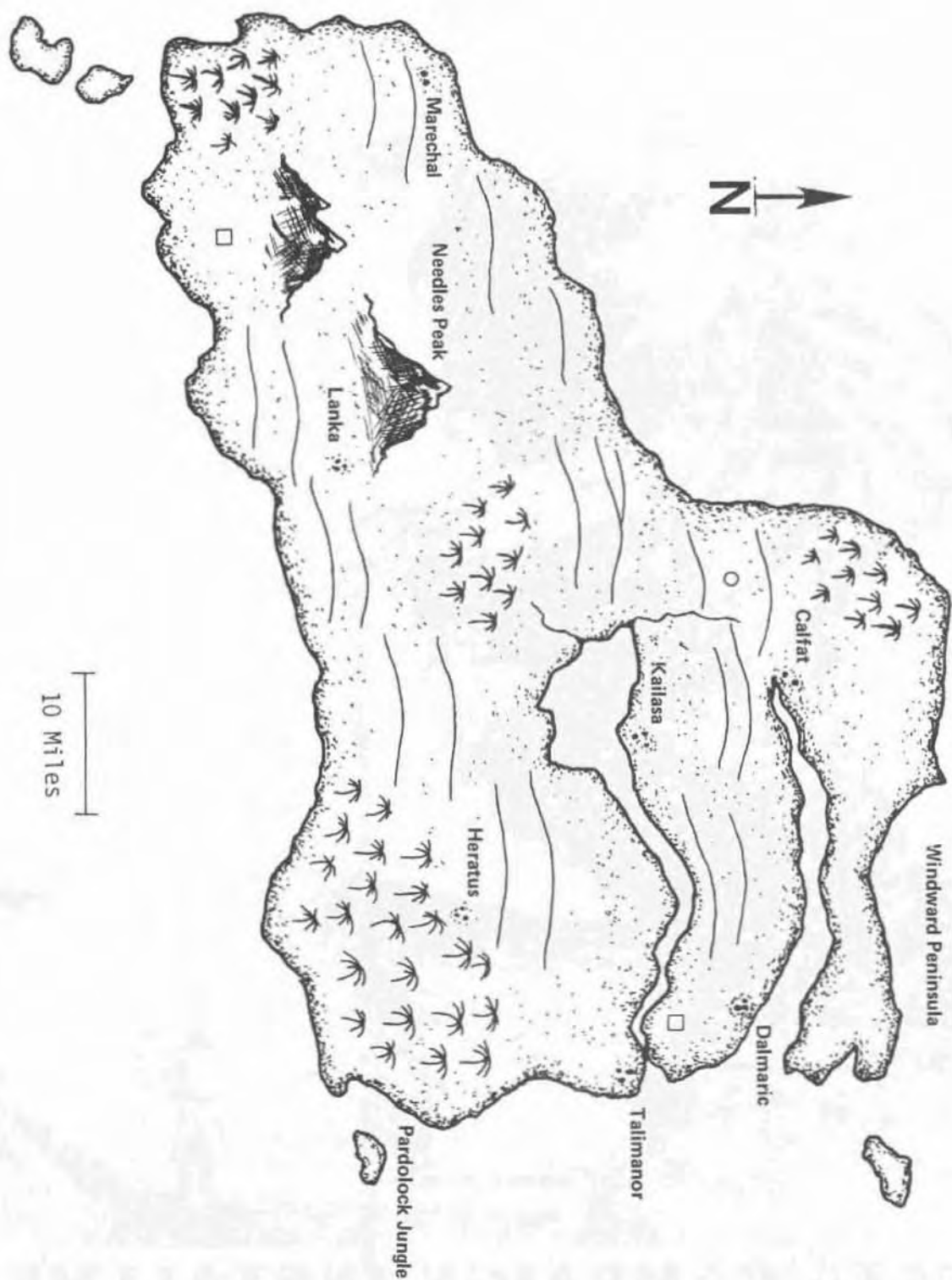


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Written by Scott Fulton

Cover by Rick Houser

Interior Art by Kevin Siembeida, Gustave Dore, and John Mortimer

Graphics Design by Bart Hughes and Rick Houser

Layout by Bart Hughes, Jerry Taylor, and Rick Houser

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This Adventure is the Property of:

Tirnanog Isle

The history of this Island goes back to ancient times, and, throughout that history, it has been a peaceful and slightly blase' place. There are no stories of monsters or heroes of great empires and battles. There are few stories of great storms or earthquakes, although minor quakes are not uncommon.

When humans first came to Tirnanog, centuries ago, they found a halfling culture which was already ancient. The halflings only sparsely inhabited the island, and there was plenty of room for human immigrants. In fact, even to this day the island is largely uninhabited. The halflings have only vague and contradictory stories of how and why they came to Tirnanog, but there is general agreement that they first landed on the east side of the island. The humans, according to legend, also landed on the east coast and built the town of Talimanor, named after their first leader, Lord Tali. At various times, groups migrated to various other places on the island but were still nominally under the control of the Lord of Talimanor. Eventually, the Lords of Talimanor died out, and each village went its separate way. Since the initial human migration, visitors have been rare. The only other major addition to the population of the island was a colonization attempt by the folk of the Isle of the Blest. The colony survived, but it soon lost contact with the homeland. The people of Tirnanog are generally tolerant of strangers, as long as they are not bothered. The rich soil, favorable weather, and lack of predators make the island seem a paradise and encourage its inhabitants to ignore the outside world. Thus, they may be slightly resentful, but never hostile toward strangers.

Villages

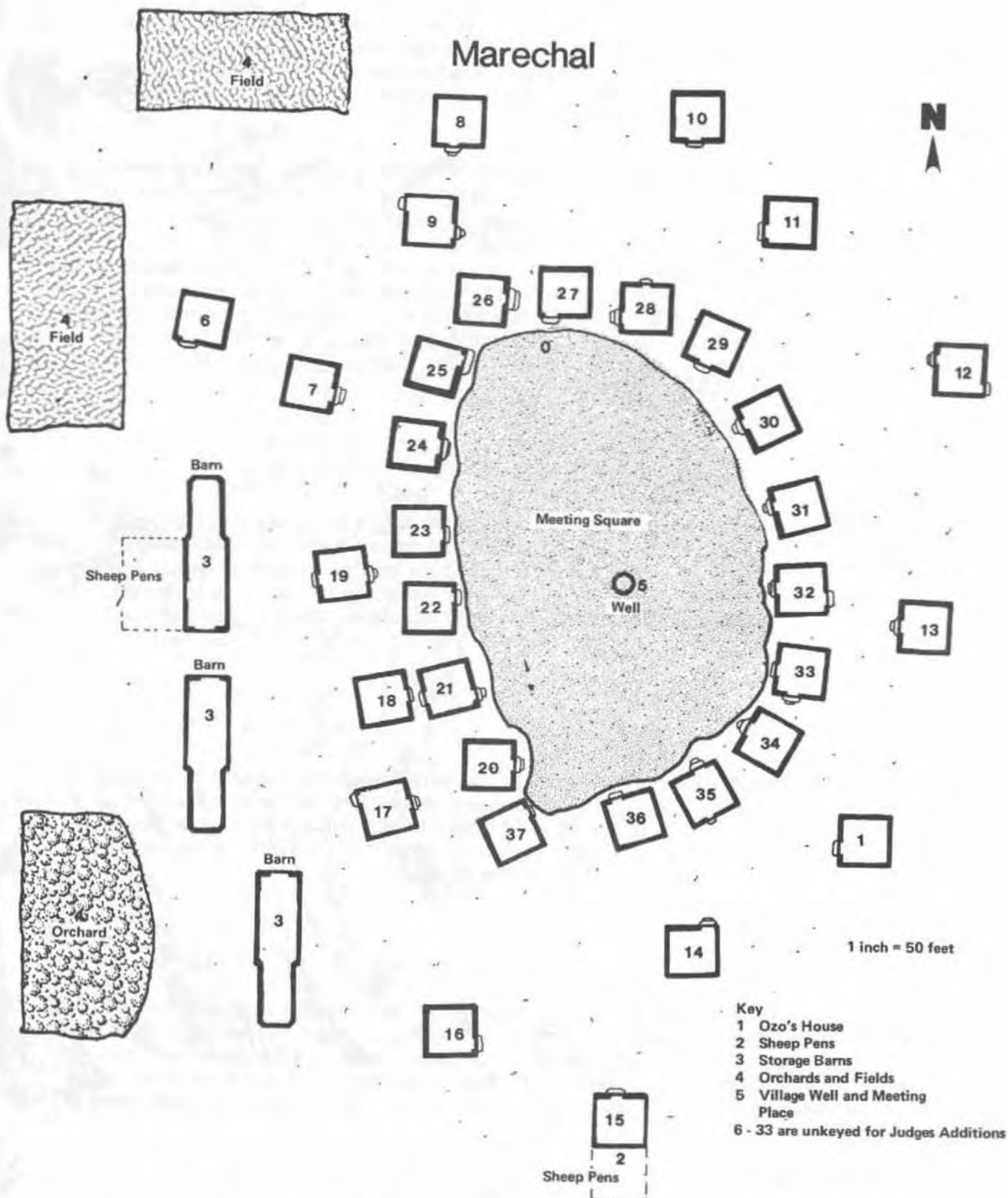
<u>NAME</u>	<u>POP.</u>	<u>TYPE</u>	<u>CIV.</u> <u>LEVEL</u>	<u>ALIGN</u>	<u>RESOURCES</u>
Marechal	91	Halflings	2	Lawful Good	Spices
Heratus	82	Men	6	Chaotic Evil	Market
Lanka	107	Men	3	Neutral	Quartz
Calfat	74	Men	3	Neutral	Lobsters
Dalmaric	126	Halflings	3	Neutral	Market
Talimanor	102	Men	3	Neutral	Fish

- 1) Marechal: This village is a perfect example of the desire of the islanders not to upset the status quo. Although they have their own chief and are capable of running their own government, they accept the claim of overlordship made by a human Magic User. In all fairness, they realize that he does provide valuable services and demands little in return. The Halflings are in the business of growing and selling spices of various kinds, most of which are fairly rare. Merchants have always enjoyed dealing with the people of Marechal because they asked relatively little in return for expensive spices. In fact, even since Dewey Ditol, the "Overlord," took over the spice dealing and raised the prices, the Halflings have received as much as ever, he has had all of his needs supplied, and the merchants have still made a good profit.

Doho: Teamster (Halfling)

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	LG	1	6	10	13	7	14	13	11	11	11	12	12	13	14	15	None

This guy is small, even for a Halfling. He is only 2'7" and weighs 55 lbs. He drives a cart pulled by two ponies, in which he goes once a month to the market in Heratus to trade with the big folks for local goods and crops. It is quite comical to see him sitting like a small child perched on the seat of the full-sized wagon. Doho is



30 years old, has blonde hair and moustache, is right-handed, and has blue eyes.

Daver: Shepherd (Halfling)

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	LG	1	4	10	11	8	7	11	11	13	11	10	12	11	9	11	Dagger

The responsibility for the entire village's flock of sheep falls on Daver's shoulders. He spends his days tending them, along with his dog, which he has imaginatively

named Barky. Actually, he spends most of the day drowsing, as there are only 13 sheep, and Barky can easily take care of them. In the event of an attack, Barky would fight as a 1 HD creature, having 2 Hit Points, while the sheep will simply bleat and run away. They also have one Hit Die. Daver is 39 years old with a bronzed complexion, short black hair, and a black beard to the waist. He is 3'6½", weighs 83 lbs., is right-handed, and has green eyes.

Dewey Ditol: Overlord of Marechal

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
MU	N	4	4	10	6	17	9	6	6	4	13	15	15	10	12	8	Dagger

Ditol is not a dictator. In fact, he really doesn't give orders at all. He has made a few suggestions that improved the crop yield, but that's about all. The reason for his takeover was simple. He needed money and saw a way to get it without causing anyone harm. In return for their accession to his unilateral takeover, he stands ready to use his magic to assist them at any time, and even helps with harvesting, when his assistance is of any value. All things considered, this odd situation works fairly well. Ditol is 35 years old, with a light complexion, blond hair, and brown eyes. He is 5'10½" tall, weighs 201 lbs., and is Ambidextrous.

Gakl: Chieftan of Marechal (Halfling)

FTR	LG	2	14	7	16	9	11	8	12	11	15	16	17	13	16	12	Shortsword
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Here is the real power in Marechal, although he does not press the matter. The people come to him, and he makes decisions. On the other hand, if something big comes up, he does consult with Ditol, both to pick his brain and to preserve peace by pretending to find out his master's will. The two leaders have always come to an agreement, so it is difficult to say which would prevail in a clash of wills. Gakl is 34 years old and bald, with a ruddy complexion and green eyes. He is right handed, 2'6" tall, and weighs 61 lbs.

Ia: Farmer

FTR	LG	1	6	10	10	10	16	9	12	8	8	10	10	8	7	9	Dagger
-----	----	---	---	----	----	----	----	---	----	---	---	----	----	---	---	---	--------

Ia is the chief farmer of Marechal. He is the most experienced and is an expert on the various spices grown. If a problem arises, it usually takes him about five minutes to decide what to do about it. He is 70 years old, bald with a grey-black beard, 2'7" tall, weighs 53 lbs., is left-handed, and blue-eyed. He usually wears a broad, floppy straw hat to protect his head from the sun.

Tri: Trapper (Halfling)

T	N	1	5	8	13	14	12	10	11	14	18	18	18	12	14	14	Dagger
---	---	---	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	--------

Very few of the folk of Marechal are not involved in growing spices. Tri is one who is not. He is a Trapper, and often rides with Doho to the market and does business on his own. He relies on cunning and carefully-set traps to catch his prey and goes about in a homemade Leather suit, both for camouflage and for protection. He is 25 years old, with short black hair and a moustache. He is right-handed, green-eyed, 3'10" tall, and weighs 99 lbs.

Olmax: Tailor (Halfling)

FTR	N	1	6	10	6	10	12	15	13	13	7	7	7	16	17	15	Scissors
-----	---	---	---	----	---	----	----	----	----	----	---	---	---	----	----	----	----------

There is little cloth made on the island, and people outside don't make Halfling sized clothing. Thus, the people of Marechal have to make their own clothing with imported cloth. This is Olmax's job. He is an excellent designer of clothing, and, as a result, the people of Marechal always look their best. He is 39 years old with long, dark brown hair, and a reddish moustache. He is left handed, green eyed, weighs 68 lbs. and is 2'10" tall.



KEVIN SIEMBIEDA-1980

Rolb and prospective Husband

Let: Carpenter (Halfling)

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	NG	0	4	10	16	8	12	9	15	11	7	5	5	9	11	10	Hammer

As with almost everyone else in the village, Let is involved in the spice trade, although only secondarily. He makes the boxes in which the spices are shipped. He is also, of course able to do most any other carpentry work needed. His sideline is carved boxes and pieces of furniture which he sells at fairly reasonable prices. He is proud of his work, and would rather see other people enjoying it than to get a high price for it. Let is 27 years old, 2'10" tall, and weighs 69 lbs. He has a pale complexion, short red hair with a red beard to his waist, he is right handed and has black eyes.

Pubef: Waggoner (Halfling)

FTR	LG	2	12	4	13	9	10	11	10	13	15	10	16	14	13	18	Shortsword
-----	----	---	----	---	----	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	------------

Pubef contributes to the spice trade by driving a wagon to market in Dalmaric and selling spices or trading them for local goods. The trip is a rather long one, requiring him to be on the road about four days a week, plus a day at the market. He nearly lives in Chainmail, and his Shield lays in the seat beside him. This, coupled with his fighting experience has rendered him able to handle anything he has run across, so far. Pubef is an Albino, a rather rare condition for a Halfling. He wears his thin, white hair long, hanging down to his waist. He is ambidextrous, 2' 9½" tall, weighs 54 lbs., and is 25 years old.

Mek: Fisherman (Halfling)

MU	NG	1	3	10	11	14	10	10	11	9	12	11	14	9	12	7	Dagger
----	----	---	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	---	----	----	----	---	----	---	--------

Most Halfling don't like water, but Mek is an exception. He loves the water and is thought of as queer because of it. Nonetheless, the villagers enjoy the fish he brings in and accept him. His boat is a dinghy which is quite roomy for him. However, the size of his boat and the fact that he must work his net alone, keep his daily catch fairly small. Since he has a lot of free time in the afternoons, due to the limiting factors stated above, he has become an assistant to Ditol and as a result, has learned a bit of magic himself.

Loagi: Freight Hauler

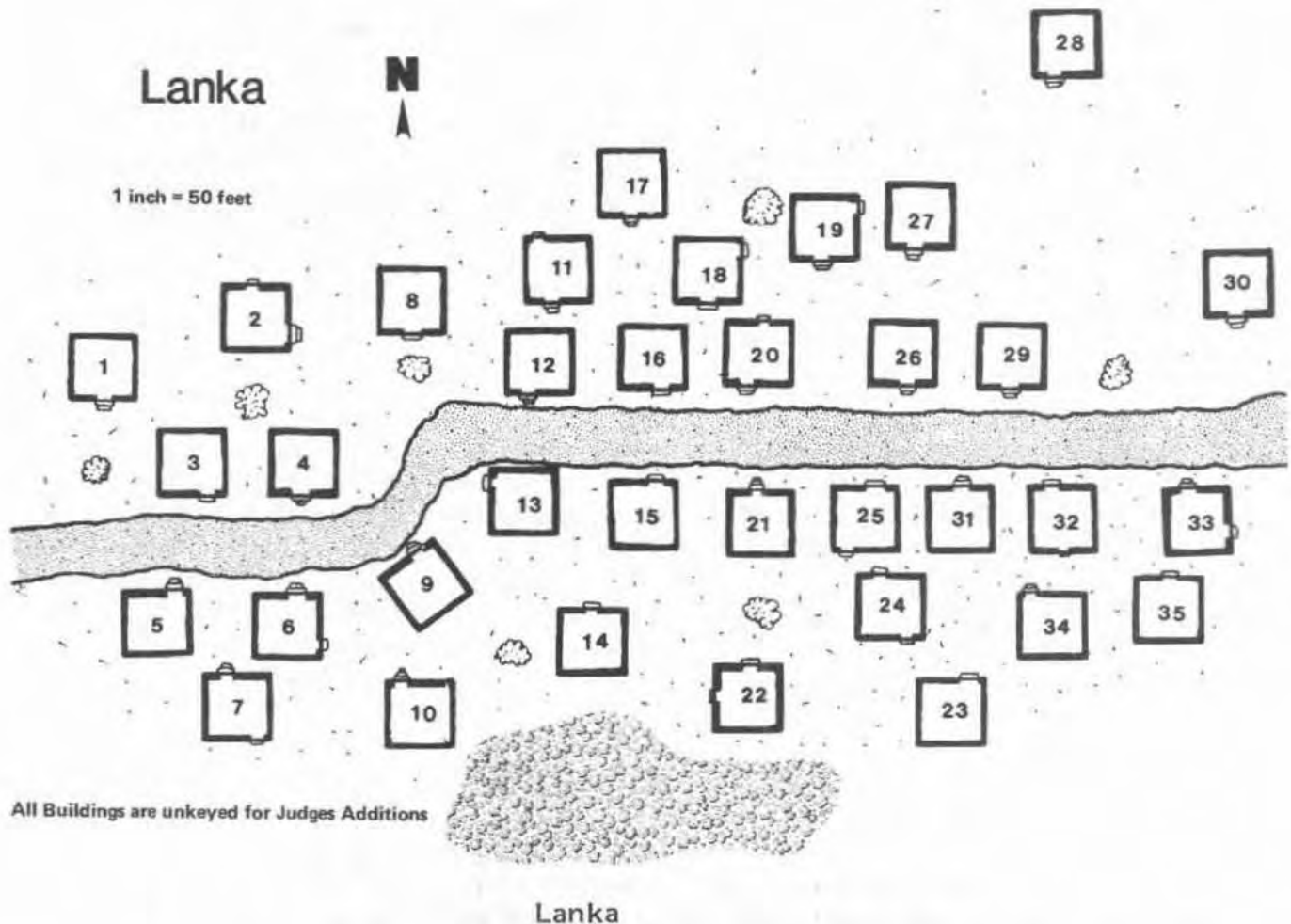
FTR	N	2	6	10	10	16	6	9	7	13	10	12	12	13	16	13	Dagger
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Along with his son, Zephil, this gentleman hauls the stone quarried by the Lankans to Dalmaric where it is sold to merchants. He is 47 years old with white hair and a white beard hanging to his knees. He is 5'5" tall, weighs 178 lbs. has brown eyes and is right handed. His face is bronzed.

Zephil Lackhair: Son of Loagi

FTR	N	1	3	10	9	13	10	12	10	9	11	12	12	15	13	16	None
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Zephil has a lot to learn. Note, for instance, that he goes about unarmed. He is just learning the job, having taken over on the death of his uncle four weeks ago. Due to his relative youth (22 years of age), he still has a very light complexion. As he gets older, he will attain his father's bronzed skin. He is called Lackhair because, despite his age, he is rapidly losing his hair. He is already fairly shiny on top. He wears a stupid-looking little hat to protect him from the sun. He and his father are always on the move, and see each other once a day. One will drive to Talimanor one day and drive home the next while the other drives to Talimanor. Thus, they meet about noon and have lunch together. Zephil is 5' 8" tall with green eyes. He is left-handed and weighs 184 lbs.



This village grew because of the demand for the Quartz from the quarry nearby, and most of its men work there. Rock quarrying is hard work, and as a result, Lanka is very quiet, even for the Isle of Tirnanog.

Sacerdot Two Horse: Mayor of Lanka

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	N	4	21	6	17	9	8	12	13	15	9	11	10	17	18	16	Broadsword

The nickname "Two Horse" came from the fact that Sacerdot can supposedly do the work of Two Horses. As is the case in many such villages, Sacerdot is the Mayor because he can beat anybody in town. Fortunately, he also has the knack of leadership, and keeps things running smoothly. He is 5'6½" tall, with brown hair. He has a brown beard to his waist, is right handed, has black eyes, and weighs 170 lbs. He is 29 years old.

Eerode: Quarry Foreman

FTR	LN	6	23	6	15	9	13	14	14	12	7	10	8	13	13	13	Bastard Sword
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Experience is the reason Eerode is foreman. He has been working in the quarry for five years longer than anyone else. He is very exacting and demands that his orders be followed to the letter. He is backed up on this by Sacerdot because he does know what he's doing, and more than one person has been hurt by disobeying his orders. Eerode is 49 years old and has black hair streaked with grey. His beard is also this salt-and-pepper color and hangs to his waist. His eyes vary from blue to green with his mood. He is right handed, 5'6" tall, and weighs 168 lbs.

Ocpema: Hunter

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	NG	2	5	8	14	15	14	11	14	14	8	7	10	12	10	13	Bastard Sword and Longbow

Since most of the men work in the quarry, someone has to supply the food. Ocpema is one person responsible for providing meat. There are a total of seven hunters. Ocpema is the oldest, and the unofficial leader of the group. He is 42 years old, bald, and bronzed. He is 5'9" tall, weighs 195 lbs., Ambidextrous, and has black eyes.

Uhozh: Farmer

FTR	LG	1	4	10	7	10	10	14	11	9	11	11	9	7	7	9	None
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Most of the food the Lankans eat is purchased with the proceeds of their quarry sales, but they do have their own token farmer. Uhozh is considered just as much a part of the community as any quarry worker. He places his food at the disposal of the village, and in return receives a share of the profits. There is an unspoken feeling that he is the village's hedge against starvation should the quarry fail. As a result, all the villagers will fight to protect him. He is 4'8" tall, and weighs 134 lbs. He is light skinned with red hair, right handed, and has blue eyes. He is 46 years old.

Ijetua: Trapper

FTR	CN	1	3	10	11	6	12	10	12	10	10	13	11	14	15	15	None
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This is another individual who provides food for Lanka, in this case, mainly small game. He is a small fellow of 4'8" tall, and pale almost to the point of looking sickly. The fact is, he was quite sickly as a child, and has never gotten over it. He is not really fit enough to work in the quarry nor clever enough to actively hunt animals, so he sets traps for them instead, an activity which only requires careful planning beforehand. Ijetua's sickly childhood also has caused him to go prematurely bald, although he does retain a large blond moustache. He is 39 years old, left handed, green eyed, and weighs 138 lbs.

Pomerka: Female

FTR	LN	1	6	10	8	8	14	9	8	6	8	8	8	13	12	13	Dagger
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Inasmuch as most of the men are gone all day, someone must be left in charge of the village, and it almost has to be a woman. Pomerka is not an appointed leader but sort of fell into the job. She has a healthy pink complexion, black hair and dark brown eyes. She is right handed, 31 years old, 5'7" tall, and weighs 121 lbs.

Rolb: Female - Midwife

FTR	NE	1	6	10	9	8	8	11	9	11	7	9	5	11	12	13	Dagger
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The Midwife is always an important member of the village, and Rolb is more so than ever, because she is the only person in Lanka who has any real medical skills. She learned them from her mother, who died four years ago. Fittingly enough, she died of an illness she picked up by nursing a sick child. Rolb is very unsure of her skills. She knows that there were many things her mother did not have time to teach her, so while she does her best, she always has the feeling there is something more she should do. She is healthy looking and good sized, at 6'1½" tall and 158 lbs. She is 20 years old, with short, red hair and eyes that vary from hazel to dark brown with her mood, and is left-handed. She has a pet Draconette (blue, 5 HTK) and is looking for a minstrel to fall in love with.

Zedovito: Learning Mistress

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	N	1	5	10	12	14	13	8	9	9	10	12	12	16	16	18	Dagger

Because of her native intelligence and great store of knowledge, Sacerdot has appointed Zedovito as Learning Mistress in charge of teaching the children. The kids love her and learn quickly and well. She is very good with children although she has none of her own. She is being courted by two knights that have come to Lanka, and it will soon become a fight to see who wins her. Both knights are described at the end of this scenario.

Zedovito is 21 years old with black hair hanging to her waist in two braids. She has sparkling black eyes, and her skin is a healthy shade of copper. She is 5' 6" tall, right-handed, and weighs 125 lbs.

Heratus

About 80 years ago, a group of people from the Isle of the Blest landed here and began to build a life for themselves. This was a colony sent by the Lord of Rallu, who hoped to gain control of the island in this way. A market was set up in direct competition to the one in Dalmaric but did not really hurt it. Heratus gets the trade from the west end of the island while the east end still goes to Dalmaric. All in all, the colony was rather a failure. It consists only of this one small village, and even that has taken a native Mayor. While nominally under control of the Lord of Rallu, Heratus no longer pays taxes or tribute, and is rarely visited by expeditions from Rallu.

"Cobra" Nila Nimi: Mayor of Heratus

MU	N	4	10	10	13	18	12	8	12	8	15	18	15	18	18	18	Dagger
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Nila Nimi is called "Cobra" because when he strikes, his vengeance is quick, sure, and deadly, and because those who look him in the eye find it hard to resist his will. As a result, the villagers will look down or turn away in his presence and make signs against the evil eye behind his back. He is the type of leader the people are used to, however, and they will almost certainly do what he says without hesitation. "Cobra" is 45 years old with white hair and a short, white beard. He has brown eyes, is right handed 5'4" tall, and weighs 174 lbs.

Buny: Shepherd

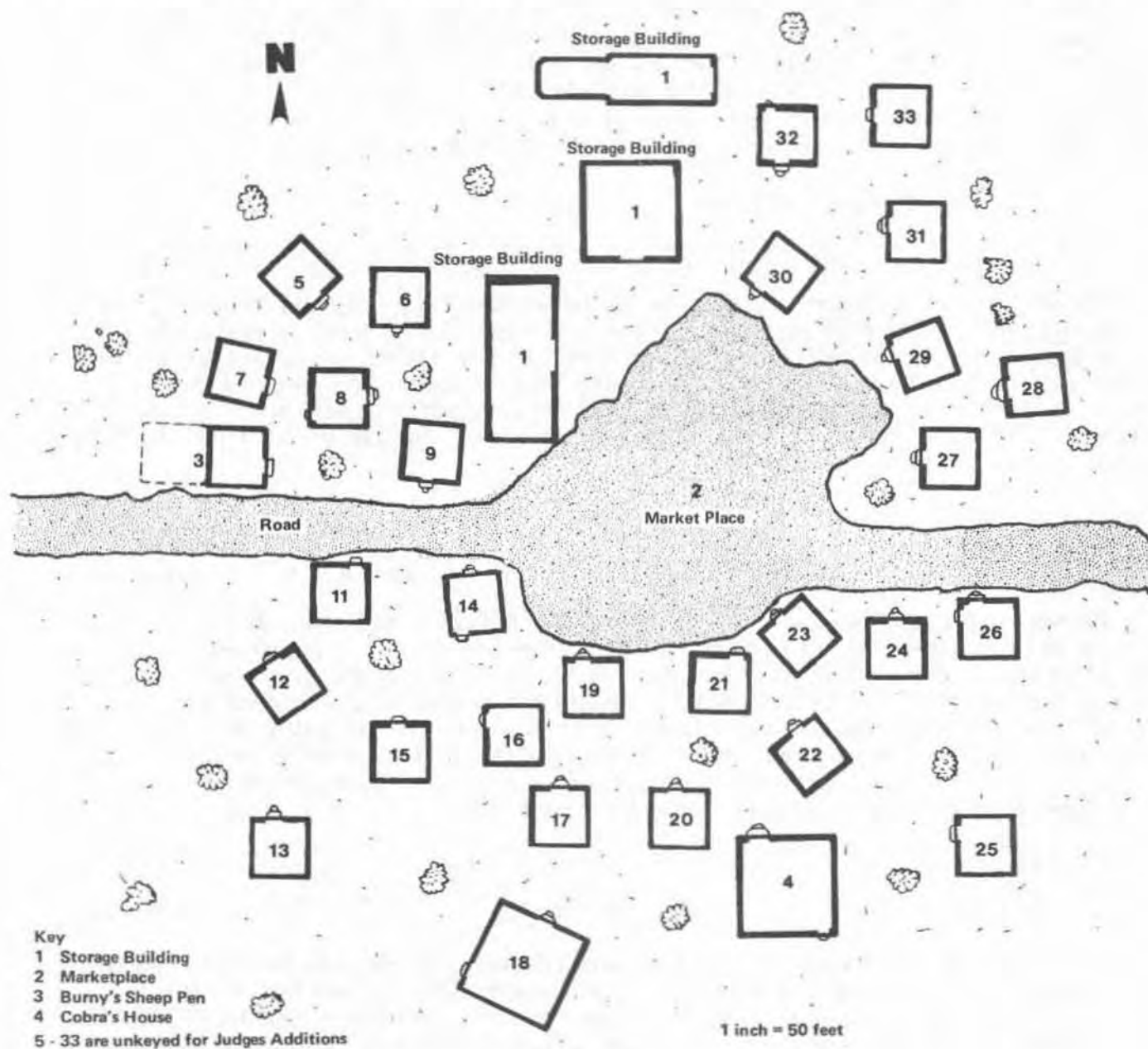
FTR	CE	1	7	8	12	8	14	9	14	9	10	11	13	8	9	7	Longsword
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Between jet black hair, a jet black beard and a dark complexion, Buny tends to be a very sinister looking person. This sinister aspect is not improved by his height of 6'2" and weight of 212 lbs., nor by his possession of the traditionally suspicious trait of left handedness. All this makes his sparkling green eyes seem very out of place. Actually this sinister look is largely false. He probably would be sinister if he were able to, but he is also mentally in the dark. This probably explains why he has happily tended sheep all his life rather than going off adventuring and is, therefore, probably also responsible for his being alive at 47 years of age.

Rettus: Freight

FTR	CN	3	11	5	13	9	6	15	16	17	10	8	12	7	7	10	Broadsword
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Rettus owns a wagon and, for a price, will transport purchases from the market to anywhere on the island. Once there, he will seek to find a load for the ride back and will charge much less for the return trip. He is a careful man and habitually wears a Mail shirt under his tunic. He is 5'4" tall, weighing 172 lbs., and is 34 years old. He has a black moustache, black hair to his shoulders and blue eyes. He is right handed.



Heratus

Ajev: Mason

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
MU	NE	2	3	10	10	12	9	10	13	8	8	7	8	13	11	11	Dagger

Ajev is the grandson of the original Stonemason who came from Rallu. The secrets of the trade have been handed down from father to son. Also handed down was the hobby of dabbling in magic. Ajev has payed attention to "Cobra" and does better than his forefather at the magical hobby. He is 6' 3" tall and 33 years old. He has long, brown hair and a small mustache. He weighs 228 lbs. and is right-handed.

Eofto: Carpenter

FTR	NE	2	4	7	16	9	5	13	14	15	9	7	7	9	12	8	Hammer
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Unlike Ajev, Eofto's trade is not hereditary. Instead, it is something he learned on his own. He is an expert at guesstimating the length of wood needed for a particular purpose. He will look at where the wood needs to go, pick up a piece of wood, and cut it to the size needed. When he finishes a job, he never has a scrap left over that is more than six inches long. He is 5'4½" tall, weighs 175 lbs. and is 31 years old. He has short brown hair cut close to his head and a walrus moustache. He has black eyes, and a dark complexion and is right handed.

Iardo: Furrier

None	CE	0	5	10	10	7	4	11	10	11	10	12	12	11	11	10	None
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Iardo buys furs at the market from traders and makes luxury items from them which he sells. He is not a good bargainer but states the price he wants, and, if he doesn't get it, he acts insulted. This tends to upset his customers because they generally love to haggle. This, coupled with the mild climate which makes furs unnecessary, makes business rather scarce for Iardo. He blames his lack of wealth on his customers who, he considers, have no taste. He is right-handed with black hair and eyes.

Zygti: Trader

MU	N	1	2	10	13	14	12	16	13	18	12	11	14	8	10	9	Dagger
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By acting as a broker, and finding two people who want to trade and taking a percentage from both sides, Zygti has become quite wealthy. Magic is his hobby, and he is always interested in buying, but seldom in trading, magical items. His offers for these items will be good and sometimes even excellent. Zygti is 39 years old, with short brown hair and a moustache. He is right handed, green eyed, 5'7" tall, and weighs 169 lbs.

Jukid: Beggar

FTR	CN	1	1	10	6	8	9	5	6	7	10	13	11	10	13	13	None
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Until three years ago, Jukid was tanner. Then he was in an accident which broke his back and his right arm. He was paralyzed from the waist down, and his arm failed to set properly. As a result, he was unable to work and was forced to become a Beggar. His health was never good and got worse after the accident. His situation is not helped by the fact that the villagers are not interested in helping the helpless. He is 49 years old, with white hair and a very pale complexion. He has green eyes, is 5'1½" tall weighs 145 lbs. and formerly was right handed.

Dwer: Gambler

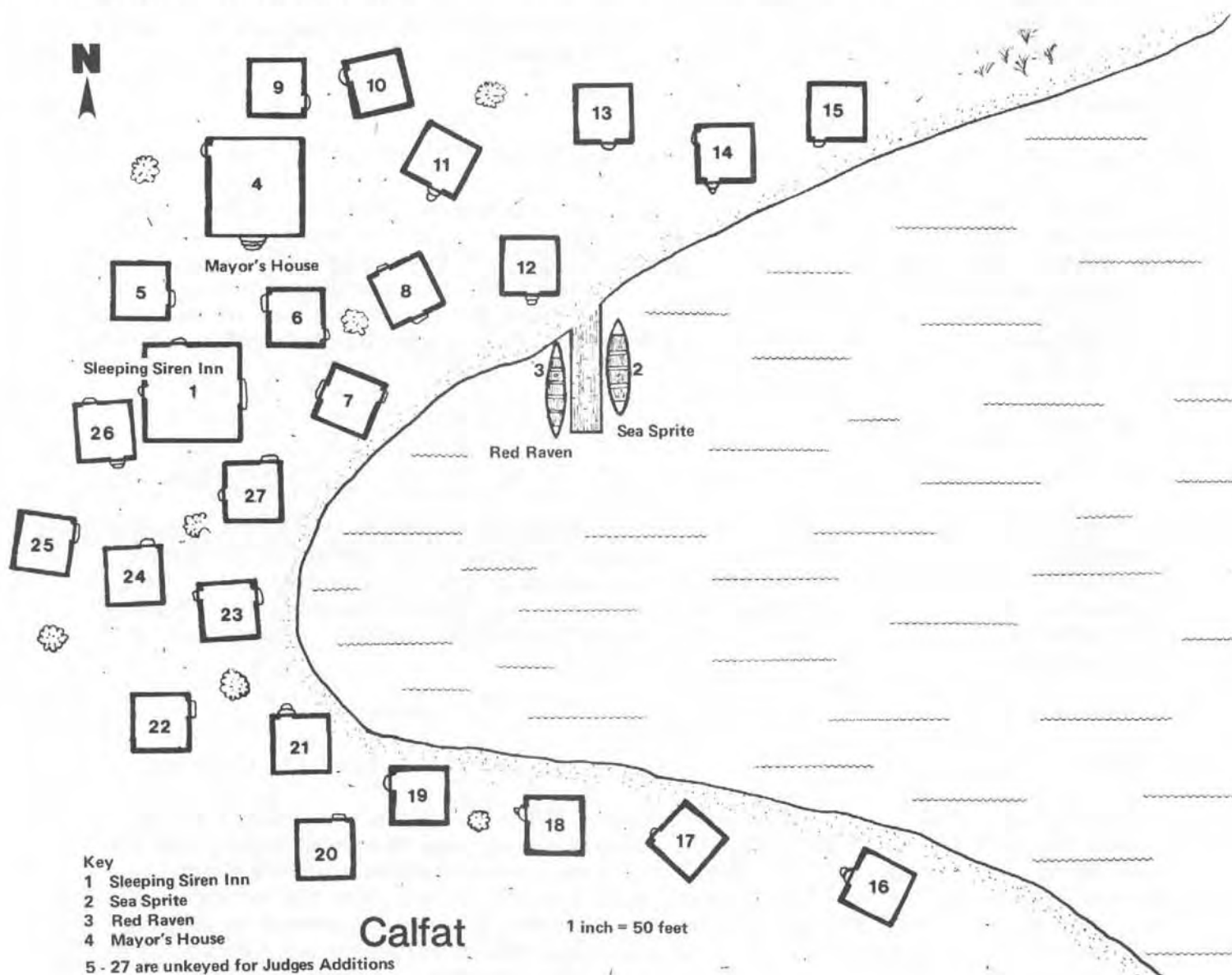
T	CN	2	7	8	12	13	13	9	14	9	12	13	14	15	16	17	Shortsword
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When people come to market, they bring money, and where there is money, there will be gambling available. Dwer will play whatever his customers want, but prefers dice games. He knows the odds, and never risks cheating unless faced by a run of bad luck. On the other hand, he will gladly divest a customer of his money as he leaves, taking care, lest he be caught doing so. He is 38 years old, with black hair hanging to his shoulders and brown eyes. He is right handed, 6'½" tall, and weighs 196 lbs.

Ashyng: Master of the Swinging Satyr

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	CN	1	4	10	6	11	8	7	8	11	8	8	10	15	15	14	Cleaver

The sign above this Inn features a Satyr on a Gallows. This indicates the type of humor Ashnyg indulges in. He is a crude sort of fellow. His prices are not cheap because this is the only Inn for miles around. Ashyng tends to keep the peace by burying a Cleaver in the forehead of any troublemaker. His crudeness and roughness are a front, however, as he is really weak and frail. If stood up to, he will fall apart and begin to cringe and whine.



Calfat

Calfat is a quiet little fishing village whose occupants are very reserved around

outsiders. The men take their boats out to the mouth of the windward fjord each day to empty their lobster pots. The lobsters are then taken to be sold at the market in Dalmaric. The money is then used to buy what the village needs and cannot make.

Jacinth Chanak: Mayor of Calfat

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
MU	N	3	6	10	12	15	12	12	12	11	14	14	12	13	11	15	Dagger

Perhaps it is only in comparison to the rest of the villagers, but Jacinth seems very pale. This is mainly because he spends his time inside all day, and most every one else is outside all day. He has short, brown hair and black eyes. He is 33 years old, right-handed, 4' 7" tall, and weighs 122 lbs.

Dimlako: Captain of the Seasprite

Bard	N	2	13	7	13	9	13	8	9	7	14	15	13	16	16	16	Bastard Sword
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The Seasprite is one of the two large boats in the village fleet. Large is a relative term, though: the rest are about 8' long while the Seasprite measures 20' from stem to stern. Dimlako is prosperous and employs 3 crewmen. He has, on occasion, taken his boat on trips away from the island and has learned a lot about the world. He is 33 years old, with short blond hair and blue eyes. He has a sunburned face, is right handed, 4'9" tall, and weighs 133 lbs.

Mopuk: Mate of the Seasprite

CL	N	3	11	8	11	8	9	10	8	11	11	14	9	13	15	12	Club
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Besides being second in command on the Seasprite, Mopuk is also the religious leader of the village, being the Cleric of a Sea God. He says a prayer over the fleet before it goes out, and accidents are extremely rare. He has made himself a lead lined trunchion to use in case of trouble. He uses this equally well with both hands, being ambidextrous. He is 5' 10" tall, 32 years old, and weighs 188 lbs. He has blond hair and brown eyes.





Nafmigy: Master of the Red Raven

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
T	CE	1	4	7	12	9	8	10	14	13	14	16	13	14	14	16	Dagger

The Red Raven is smaller than the Seasprite, only 14 feet long, and at 48, Nefmigy is not as well off as Dimlako. He is upset and jealous and would probably do Dimlako harm if he could get away with it. Instead, he is friendly, almost to the point of fawning, and looks for a way to enrich himself at Dimlako's expense. He has a dark complexion and black eyes with shoulder-length, red hair. He is right-handed, 6' 2½" tall, and weighs 207 lbs.

Mawok: Owner of the Sleeping Siren Tavern

FTR	LN	1	3	10	8	11	14	14	13	11	15	17	13	12	10	11	Dagger
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As the only Tavern in the village, the Sleeping Siren is the logical place for the fishermen to meet in the evening after a day at the lobster traps. It is ran by Mowak, Mopuk's brother. It is not very large, and does not have rooms for hire. The food and ale are both good, however, as is the conversation, for a villager. If an outsider comes in, the place will get very quiet until he leaves, even Mawok replying to questions with grunts or one word answers. If a local customer is spoken to, he will turn his back. If further molested, he will leave.

Zinkol: Lobersterman

FTR	NE	1	1	10	8	14	11	6	8	6	14	16	15	11	14	12	Dagger
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Zinkol is an albino, with very white skin, white hair and pink eyes. He calls his boat the White Shark, and has it painted with shark teeth, pink eyes and an over all white color. He is not bothered by his lack of pigmentation, and neither is anyone else. He is forced to wear gloves and a hat, as his skin burns very easily. He also smears charcoal under his eyes and has developed an extreme squint, as the sun hurts his eyes. His eyes water heavily, and this combined with the near sightedness caused by his unusual deformity, renders him unable to see beyond the end of the boat. As a result, his younger brother steers the boat while he tends the lobster traps. Zinkol is 29 years old, right-handed, 6' 5½" tall, and weighs 217 lbs.

Camenlaf: Jeweler (Female)

T	CN	1	4	10	14	9	6	5	3	7	16	14	14	12	14	10	None
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This may seem like an odd place for a Jeweler, but Camenlaf is not healthy enough to do normal work, so she passes the time making jewelry out of gold and silver wire, seashells, semi-precious stones, and the like. About once a month, she sends her work (1 - 20 pieces) to market with Dimlako, who is able to sell them fairly quickly. Thus, she keeps herself alive and adds beauty to the world. She is 45 years old with short, red hair and blue eyes. She is left-handed, 5' 1" tall, and weighs 112 lbs.

Ozo: Lumberman

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	CG	1	4	10	15	11	8	11	14	14	11	13	9	12	10	12	Axe

West of Calfat, along the coast, is a forest, and several men from the village work there cutting down trees. Ozo is the leader of this group, and the person who chooses which trees to cut. He takes this job seriously, working hard to make sure that the cutting does not damage the forest and, hopefully, makes it healthier. He wants to be sure that the forest will always be there to provide food and timber. Ozo is 43 years old with grey-blond hair and brown eyes. He is right-handed, weighs 180 lbs., and is 5' 9" tall.

Jensnap: Sailor

FTR	CN	2	12	8	13	10	9	13	11	11	15	17	15	7	7	7	Broadsword
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About half the time Jensnap is not around. He comes back from a voyage, and spends about six months working on the fishing boats. Then the wanderlust comes on him again, and he signs on to a ship for another voyage, returning several months later. When he first returns from a voyage, he is glad to be back and always cheerful. As time goes by, he begins to get bored and surly. Then, one day, he simply disappears, and everyone knows he has gone off sailing. Jesnap is 31 years old with light brown hair hanging to his shoulders and a small mustache. He is right-handed, has green eyes, is 6' ½" tall, and weighs 193 lbs.

Retso: Leather Worker

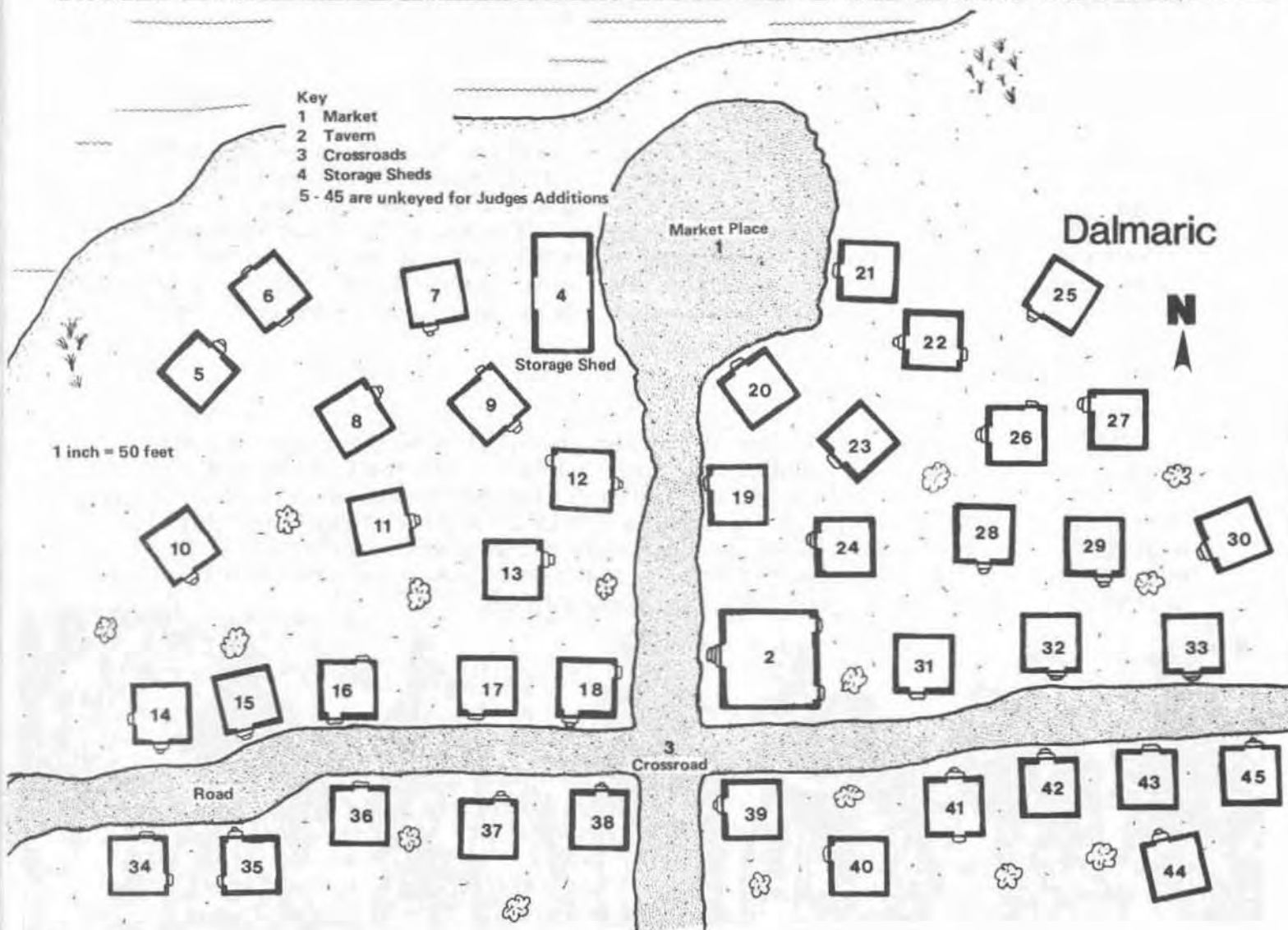
T	CE	3	12	8	12	7	10	12	15	12	15	13	17	8	7	11	Shortsword
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When out working with the lobster traps, the ment of the village go through gloves and other leather clothing quite quickly. Thus Retso is kept very busy. All of his time is taken up with making work clothing and such like. He has no time for fancy dying or tooling, or to make leather armor. If asked to do either of those things, he will refuse, unless offered at least three times the value of the desired object. He always acts in his own best interest, no matter what the cost to others. He is 31 years old, with blond hair and a beard to his waist. He is right handed and green eyed, weighing 163 lbs, and being 6'5" tall.

Dalmaric

This village is located at a very opportune place. It is on the coast near the opening of a fjord-like inlet, and at the junction of a road to the interior and a coastal road. Over the years it became the marketing center for the island, and still retains its position despite the challenge by Heratus. It is an ancient village, possibly the first Halfling village on the island, and certainly the largest concentration of that folk. At any rate, it was important enough that people came clear across the island to trade here until Heratus was built, and some still do.





Malignant Bomgal: Mayor of Dalmaric

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	LE	7	35	4	14	12	12	15	15	15	15	15	15	12	15	13	+1 Shortsword

After an absence of 20 years, Bomgal returned to Dalmaric years ago and was made Mayor. His attitudes are not subscribed to by most of the villagers, but he gets the job done, so no one complains. Bomgal believes in following the letter of the law, whatever the cost, and has doubled the number of village laws since he came to power. Many of the new laws, incidentally, increase his power or are tailored to his personal likes and dislikes. This is why he is known as Malignant, although the adjective is never used to his face. Bomgal is 3'8" tall, and weighs 70 lbs. He has brown hair and a brown beard that hangs to his waist. His eyes are also brown. He is right-handed and 49 years old. If the players are rich, he will jail them on false charges and confiscate their money.

Snisy: Fisherman (Halfling)

Bard	N	4	8	8	13	8	16	13	11	16	17	18	16	13	11	12	Broadsword
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Before the return of Bomgal, Snisy was the Mayor, but gladly gave up the job. Bomgal has always watched him closely as a possible rival. Snisy does not want the job back, and is not bothered by the scrutiny. Part of the reason Bomgal is jealous of him is that the people gather to hear him sing several times a week, while Bomgal's public meetings are sparsely attended. Snisy is 32 years old with short, red hair and a dark complexion. He is 3' 6" tall, weighs 93 lbs. and is right-handed, and he has green eyes.

Cob; Farmer (Halfling)

FTR	LG	1	5	10	14	14	11	12	13	15	7	8	10	9	8	10	Pitchfork
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Cob is quite typical of the folk of Dalmaric. He is hard working and industrious, and plays hard when he takes a break. He does not like Bomgal personally, but feels the Mayor is doing the best he can. Cob is 33 years old, with hair that is prematurely white. His face is bronzed, and his eyes are green. He is 3'1" tall, weighs 57 lbs. and is right handed.

Hinka: Miner (Halfling)

FTR	LE	1	4	10	12	12	10	8	12	9	10	8	10	14	17	17	Pick
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Hinka is convinced that there is gold in a nearby hill and spends each day digging underground. As a result, his skin is very pale. No one has yet seen any sign of the gold, but he is sure he will find it any day. He is always happy to talk about his mine and what he will do with all that gold.



On the other hand should anyone seem to be trying to find out about it, he will get suspicious, and sometimes even belligerent. Bomgal has already quietly enacted a law which will let him confiscate the mine if gold is discovered. Hinka is 30 years old, with red hair and blue eyes. He is right handed, 3'7½" tall, and weighs 86 lbs.

Kikm: Tanner (Halfling)

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	NE	0	3	10	17	3	8	9	15	13	9	9	10	8	10	7	Mallet

Nature often compensates for lack of intelligence with great strength, and Kikm is such a case. He is barely able to take care of himself, and is only able to operate as a tanner because his father patiently taught him over the years. He has no concept of money and his wife handles all financial matters. Kikm has blond hair to his shoulders and green eyes. He is right handed 3' tall, and weighs 90 lbs.

Brik: Carpenter (Halfling)

CL	LG	1	8	10	9	9	18	15	15	15	11	10	10	18	18	18	Flail
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Although taught by his father to be a carpenter, Brik has always had the urge to enter the priesthood. He has always followed Clerical precepts and been devout and has been rewarded by the ability to cast minor Clerical spells. Now he is seriously considering the idea of going to a temple for further study. Brik is 30 years old, with a fair complexion and clear blue eyes. He has brown hair hanging to his shoulders and a short, brown beard. He is 3' 2½" tall, weighs 100 lbs. and is ambidextrous.

Name	Class	Align	Lvl	HP	AC	Str	Int	Wis	Con	Dex	CH	Weapon	Age
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Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
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Glystaf	CN	1	6	10	14	11	11	7	12	13	8	9	13	11	9	14	None
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Haigwi	CN	1	6	10	15	8	11	9	10	11	10	8	9	14	12	8	Dirk
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Aefkiki	CN	1	6	10	14	10	12	10	11	9	10	10	11	12	9	7	Dirk
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Drulril	TH	N	5	14	10	14	8	9	12	14	13	11	13	12	11	12	15	Sabre
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These brothers run a freight service, which will carry goods by wagon all over the island. They are most commonly hired by folk who have bought big at the market.

Impfef: Goat Herd

FTR	NG	1	3	10	10	13	10	12	13	11	11	9	14	10	12	12	Staff
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Being a Herder is thought of as a peaceful job, but it isn't when you have to watch 81 goats with only a dog to help you. Impfef has been looking for someone to help him, but has yet to find someone he trusts who is willing to work for him. He has a suspicious nature and won't trust most folk with his precious goats. Those he does trust generally prefer to avoid the awful smell. Impfef finds this hard to understand, as he enjoys the smell of goats. He is 3'10½" tall, and weighs 88 lbs. He has one black eye, and one green one. His hair is short and blond and his beard is brown. He is right handed, dark featured and 39 years old.



DEED FOR THE LADY ZEDONJTO



Hok: Master of the Leaping Lizard Tavern

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
TH	CG	1	5	10	12	16	15	7	9	11	10	11	10	6	6	8	Dagger

Hok became Master of the Lizard when his father became too old to run it. The Tavern is very old and the ceilings are only 5' tall, making it uncomfortable for humans. Hok is intelligent and possessed of startling insights. He is also quite frustrated because he has great trouble getting his messages across. People usually ask for a beer just before he makes his point. Nonetheless, people always feel that there is more to Hok than meets the eye. Hok is 3' 1" tall, weights 68 lbs., and has a bronzed complexion. His blond hair hangs to his shoulders, but his attempt at growing a beard has only resulted in peachfuzz. He is right-handed, brown eyed, and 28 years old.

Lhusis: Fisherman (Halfling)

FTR	NE	1	4	10	10	15	10	10	12	8	11	11	9	11	11	13	Dagger
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Competition with the fishing fleet at Talimanor has hurt Lhusis, but he still makes a living. He makes the rather doubtful claim that his fish are fresher. He uses a hook and line because it is easier than trying to work a net alone. He has to work alone because no one else in the village will go out on the water. Lhusis is quite tall for a Halfling. He is 3' 10½" tall and weighs 91 lbs. He has brown hair, a brown beard that hangs to his waist, and blue eyes. He is right-handed and 25 years old. He dabbles in poisons and is fond of trying them out on strangers.

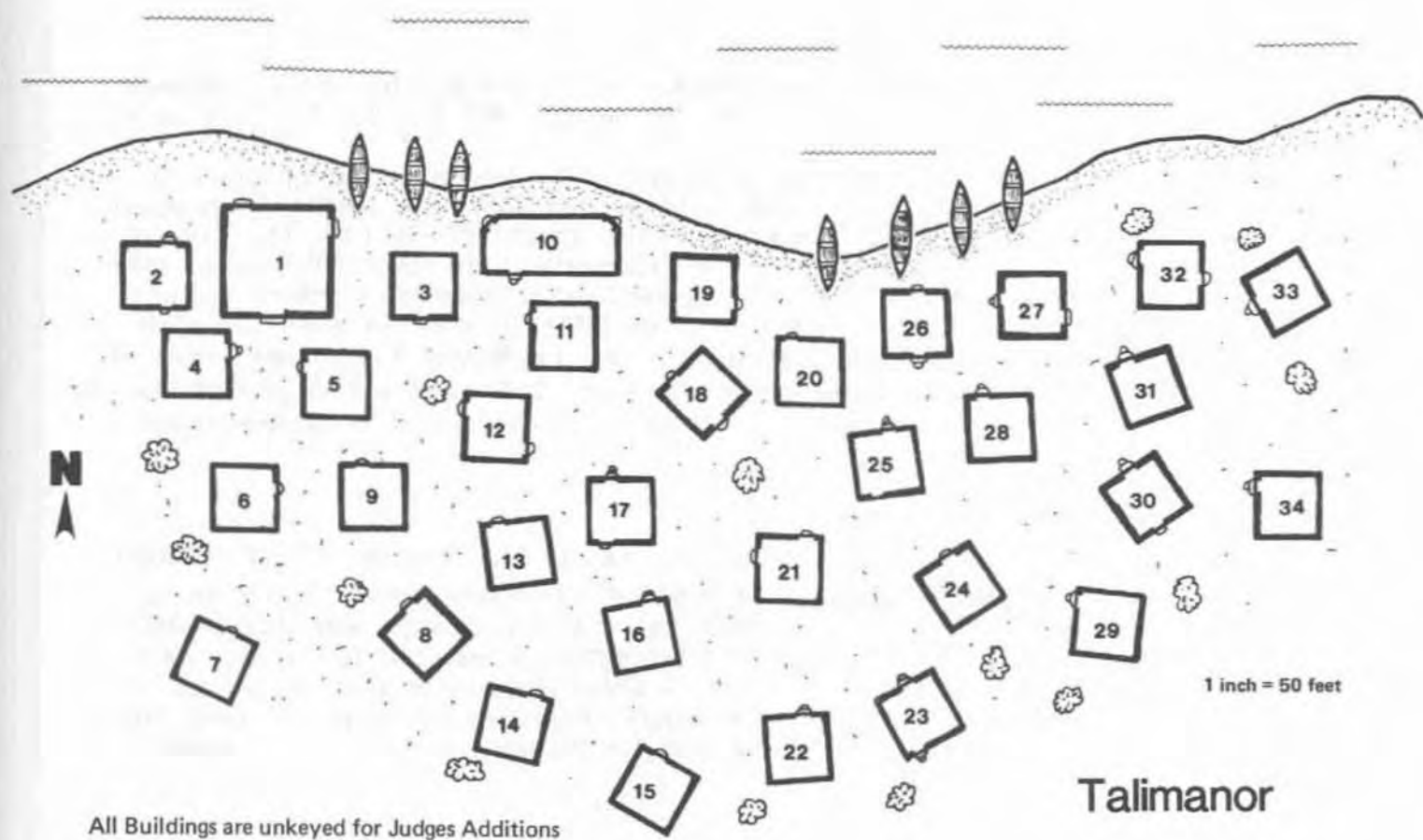
Talimanor

This little fishing village is known to be where humans first landed on Tirnanog, and is proud of it. At that time, a castle was built nearby by the leader of the band of settlers, a Nobleman named Tali. The house of Tali died out, and, for many years, the castle lay abandoned. In the meantime, the Mayor of Talimanor became the leader of the settlers, the Mayors still traditionally claim this leadership role, but everyone knows that they have the title only.

Gand the Nymph: Mayor of Talimanor and Regent of Tirnanog

MU	N	4	9	10	8	14	10	8	8	10	10	12	8	10	11	11	Dagger
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The office of Mayor of Talimanor is hereditary, and, traditionally, the Mayor's firstborn son is named Gand. The present Mayor is the ninth of that name. He is called the Nymph because he has trouble speaking when excited. This gives him a 20% chance of spell failure in stress situations. Gand is quite glad that the title of Regent is not official because he has enough trouble running just one village. Nonetheless, the claim is valid, and Gand will back it up under any circumstances. One should not make the mistake of considering Gand inept. The blood of great leaders and heros runs in his veins, and he is likely to show great courage in adversity. He is 27 years old, with brown hair and a brown beard hanging to his waist. He has a light complexion and jet black eyes. He is 5'8" tall, weighs 176 lbs. and is right handed.



All Buildings are unkeyed for Judges Additions



UKKHON RIDING ON THE SOUTH BEACH

Yewor: Master of the Voyagers Rest

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	GL	1	6	10	12	10	9	8	8	9	7	8	6	8	6	8	Club

The Voyagers Rest is an old building, one of the few in the village made of stone. It is built like a fortress, with stout wooden doors and shutters. It boasts a tower where Yewor lives with his wife and two daughters. In fact, the Tavern was built as a strong point into which the community could retreat in time of danger. Yewor is a conscientious host and serves good food at reasonable prices. He is a known and respected member of the community although some consider him a bit goody-goody. Yewor is 38 years old with a short, black beard and black, braided hair hanging below his knees. He is right-handed, 5' 8" tall, and weighs 182 lbs. He has green eyes. It is rumored (and is a fact) that the ghost of an ancient traveler haunts one of the rooms.

Micum: Weaver

FTR	N	1	3	10	12	11	11	17	14	13	13	14	14	13	14	15	Dagger
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Micum is one of the few people on the island who makes cloth. The cloth he makes never gets out of the village. Although it is often rough and always plain, it is also cheaper than imported cloth and the villagers immediately buy it. As a result, Micum is concerned whenever any villagers clothing is harmed, because it is his cloth. Micum is 29 years old, with short blond hair and a blond beard. He is right handed, green eyed, and 6'1" tall, weighs 203 lbs., and has a pale complexion.

Futhorc: Retired Ship's Captain

FTR	NE	3	29	8	16	13	9	15	13	13	14	14	16	15	18	18	Longsword
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Futhorc is rumored to have retired from the sea after a disastrous wreck. The rumor is supported by his taciturnity and by the way his dark blue eyes seem to focus on something far away. He refuses to go out in the boats and never seems to do any work, yet he always has a bag of coins when he comes to the Voyager's Rest each night. There, he drinks heavily and gets quietly drunk; then he goes home. The villagers have also noticed that he is never seen before noon and never suffers any ill effects (or any other kind of effects) from his drinking. The villagers see in him a tortured man and, thoughtfully, leave him alone. Futhorc is 52 years old with leathery skin and brown hair hanging to his shoulders. He is right-handed, 5' 5½" tall, and weighs 164 lbs.

Nasic: Gardener

FTR	LE	1	1	10	12	15	12	6	9	8	11	11	13	10	11	11	Hoe
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Futhorc hired Nasic to plant a flower garden the day after he came to town. Thus, Nasic is as likely to know the truth about Futhorc as anyone, but he's not talking. Nasic had formerly been a farmer, but he had been working on the boats since his farm failed. He has never been in Futhorc's house but has, at least, spoken to him, which is more than most people can say. Nasic is 43 years old with brown hair and hazel green eyes. He is 5' 7" tall, weighs 167 lbs., and is left-handed.

Mugvoh: Tailor

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	CG	3	19	8	12	9	17	9	14	14	12	13	12	12	12	15	Two-handed Sword

Most of Micum's cloth goes to Mugvoh, who makes it into shirts, dresses, and breeches. These are immediately bought by the villagers. Mugvoh has been discussing with Micum the idea of finding a supplier of good dyes to make some brighter cloth and of getting someone to raise some new types of plants to provide material for better cloth. Micum is interested, of course, but neither party knows how to get the projects started. Mugvoh is 38 years old, with blond hair and black eyes. He is 5'3½" tall, weighs 161 lbs. is left handed and has a bronzed complexion.

Eldmaac: Blacksmith

FTR	LN	3	15	5	15	14	12	16	14	14	14	12	17	13	13	15	Two-handed Sword
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Normally, Eldmaac works on common things, like horse shoes and shingle nails, but, whenever he can, he works on armor or weapons. He enjoys making Chainmail, and he has at least one set which he will sell. It might tend to be too big because he used himself as the model. He will also have a couple of Daggers and several Arrowheads, but there is only a 20% chance of any larger weapon being completed. Eldmaac is big at 6' 3" tall and 200 lbs. He has brown hair and a brown cavalryman's moustache. His eyes are black; he is right-handed, and he is 32 years old.

"Admiral" Kneipkil: Leader of the Talimanor Fishing Fleet

FTR	CG	1	4	10	12	10	7	10	13	14	9	10	11	7	7	7	Dagger
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Kneipkil is unanimously called "Admiral" because he commands the fishing fleet. Most anyone in the fleet could navigate it to the fishing grounds; as a matter of fact, no one consciously navigates anymore. All the boats just follow each other to the fishing grounds. Kneipkil's real task is weather prediction, and it is nerve-wracking. Weather on the seas is very changeable; Kneipkil must make what amounts to an educated guess, knowing that a wrong guess could result in the destruction of the fleet. On the other hand, if he plays it safe too often, the village will starve. It is no wonder that Kneipkil looks ten years older than his age of 43. His brown hair is streaked with grey, and his face is deeply lined. When at sea, his green eyes continually scan the horizon. He is left-handed, 5' 7" tall, and weighs 167 lbs.



Ukkhon: Ranger

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
RGR	NG	1	4	5	15	10	9	15	16	13	16	16	17	13	13	16	Broadsword Longbow

Ukkhon actually lives in the forest to the south of Talimanor, but comes to town about once a month. His visits are welcome, as he brings game, which is a rare treat for a fishing village. He will spend the night at the Voyagers Rest, buy supplies the next day, and then stride off again. No one in the village really knows who he is or where he came from, but he has been around long enough to be accepted. He is 33 years old, with short brown hair and a brown beard. He is Ambidextrous, black eyed, 6'2" tall, and weighs 212 lbs.

Jynjerzo's Tower

About 150 years ago, there lived a wizard named Jynjerzo who was very upset. Every time he reached a crucial point in his experiments, some official or adventurer would call and disturb his concentrations, and destroy the experiment by causing psychic disturbance, or physical vibrations, or sometimes by physically bumping into it. Finally, he was forced to flee the city he was living in when he changed an important official into a mouse. After that, he traveled about, looking for a secluded spot to do his work. Eventually, he found it on Tirnanog Island, the place where nothing happens. As added security, he built his tower on a sheer pillar of rock and provided not method of entry except for a door on the roof. Then, at long last, he was able to do his experiments in peace. In the course of time, he died, but the people of Tirnanog did not realize it. Indeed, many did not even know he existed. By now, however, the "Tower in the Sky" is known all over the island, as well as various hair-raising tales about it that are completely fictional. The pillar is 120' high and 30' wide. The Tower extends up another 50'.

Level 1: Living Area. This is the upper area of the tower, which is described first because the only outside door in the Tower is on its East side. The room is 15' in diameter, and has a bed on its north side. At the head of the bed, which is to the east, is a small triangular table. On it is an oil lamp and a scroll. The scroll is written in an archaic form of the Common tongue, but any character with an Intelligence of 12 or more, who can read, will be able to understand it. It is a sleazy romance story. Five others are stored under the table. All are still in good shape, as are most of the things in the Tower, due to its height above the ground, and the benevolent climate of the area. At the foot of the bed is a small chest which contains 5 handkerchiefs and 3 robes, 1 yellow and 1 red and 1 blue. On the south side of the room is a 4' square trap door which gives access to level two.

Level 2: Main Lab. The outside of this, and all other levels, save the first are taken up by a circular stairway which is open and gives access to all levels. In the center of the room is a stone table which is a part of the floor and built up as a solid column 4' in diameter and 3½" tall. The entire Tower is built of stone by the way, with the walls and floor being about 2' thick. There are also several wooden tables around the edges of the room. These are covered with oddly shaped glassware, filled with various solids and a few liquids here and there, and one or two stoppered flasks which seem to contain gasses. These will be of multiple colors, and can be a lot of fun for the Judge, if the players sample them, or open sealed containers. Many of the containers will be empty, as their contents will have evaporated or leaked out. There will also be a load of utensils such as measuring

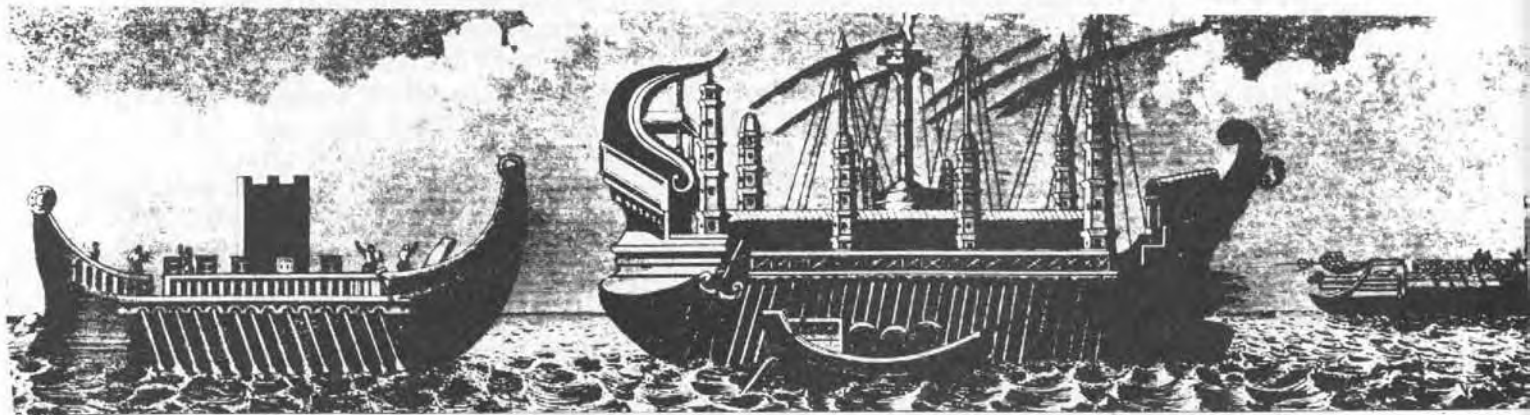


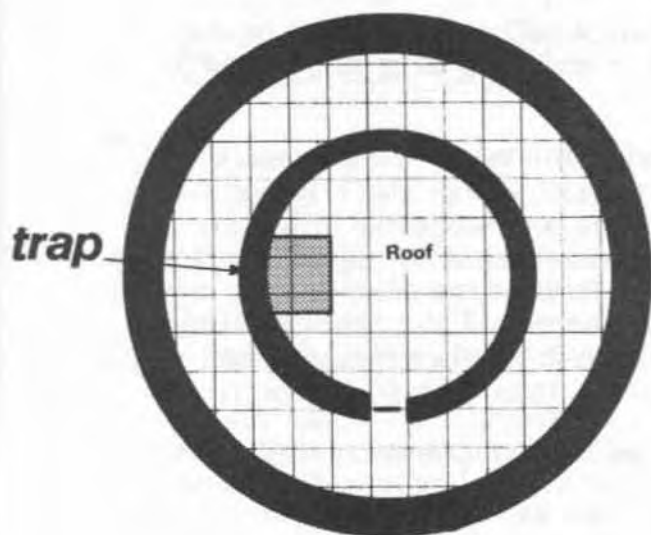
spoons, stirring rods, spatulas, and tongs designed to hold and carry the flasks. Approximately in the center of the table is an alcohol lamp, which still contains a wick with a charred end. Around and above it is a complicated chemical apparatus, which seemed to send gas bubbling through several flask, and then condensed it into a final flask. The flask above the lamp has its bottom covered with a black encrustation, and the final flask has red crystals in it. On the east wall is a 20'-wide window. It looks out on the slopes of Needles Peak.

Level 3. Storage room. Lying in the center of the room is a body in a green robe. Yes, it is Jynerso, and yes he is dead. The same effect that preserved everything else in the tower also preserved the body. It seems to be completely dried out, but has not rotted. Lying beside the body is a smashed vial which contained a blue powder, which is now spread over the floor. More of the blue powder is on a dish in the pan of a set of scales nearby, and a fine dusting of it is on the spoon in the corpse's hand. The pan with the powder is in the air, and the other pan of the scales rests on the table top, being held down by several weights of various sizes. The room is 15' in diameter, in fact all of the rooms are that size, and has a 2' wide table around most of its circumference. The table, and the shelves above it are made of stone, and are built into the wall. On the shelves, and to a lesser extent, the table are hundreds of vials and jars and flasks, most containing some strange looking solid, and almost all labeled. Most of these labels will be quite incomprehensible to most folk, as they are ancient or scientific names. Those which can be figured out will be things like "Coal Tar" or "Gnats Brains". The contents of the other flasks will be guessable just by looking. A few of the containers will seem to be empty, and actually might be. Most of the containers are of a size that they can be comfortably held in one hand, but three notable containers on the west wall are larger, each being about eight inches in diameter and a foot tall. One is full and two are half full. All contain clear liquids. The full bottle, and one of the half full ones contain distilled water, which has no taste. If anyone drinks from the other bottle, determine whether they are sipping or swallowing. If they just sip, tell them that the liquid burns their mouth, although it does no damage (a fake saving throw is optional). If they drink any liquid, they must make a saving throw of less than constitution on 3D6 plus 5 or immediately regurgitate. If the save is made, the character will be very drunk for 24 hours, minus one per constitution point. The third jar contains pure ethyl alcohol. There is a window on the north side of this room. As stated on Level 2, the Judge can have a lot of fun if the characters start sampling the various items. It is suggested, however, that the effects be simple and temporary, with perhaps a 2% chance of death. Each jar would be worth 10-100 GP to a Wizard.

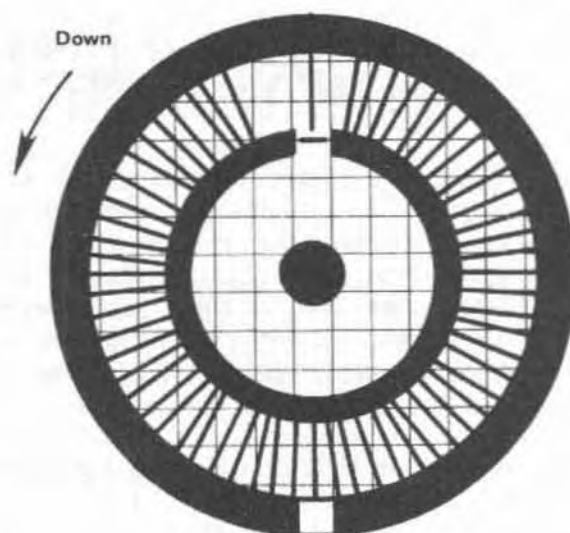
Level 4. Library. A few of the writings stored here will be Magical Books, but most are simply books about magic. There are a couple of Spell Books, and 38 Magical Scrolls, of which 4 are cursed. Most of the rest of the books and scrolls, are simply obscure and esoteric writings, which contain knowledge Jynjerzo needed about his business. The most mundane of the books would be worth 1D6 x 500 GP to a Sage or Wizard, and the rarer or magical ones might be worth 2 or 3 times as much. The window in this room faces west.

Level 5. Magic room. This room is magically booby trapped. When anyone sets foot on its floor, a fireball will explode for 8D6 of damage. A successful Save vs Magic will result in the victim realizing that the fireball is phantasmal and taking no damage. If a person fails his Save and survives, he will see that everything in the room has been destroyed. If anyone makes the Save, that person will realize that nothing in the room has been harmed and will allow another Save at -4 for those who failed the first one. This means that they realize that the room is unharmed, but it does not affect the damage they have taken. The wall is filled with wooden shelves except for a space on the south side where the window is. On the shelves are 95 Wands, 28 Rings, and 130 Potions. None of these are marked as to use, and, in fact, only 5 Wands and 3 Rings have had magic placed on them. All of the potions are viable, but 48 of them are poisons of various kinds. Six of these are poisons that kill instantly upon the slightest taste. Also, two of the Rings are cursed. If the stone in the exact center of the floor is pressed, a secret trap door will spring open when the pressure is removed. Within will be revealed an 8' wide and 12' deep pit. Around the outside edge are two rows of 8' tall and 5' wide glass jars and part of a third row of jars. Altogether, there are 132 of these jars. When examined, each will be seen to contain a perfectly formed doll complete with clothing and accessories in great detail. Each of the jars has been sealed with wax and, if opened, will release a vile smelling gas and cause the "doll" to come to life. The dolls are actually the inhabitants of the village of Tailasa. Jynjerzo became enraged and bottled the entire village when one of its members climbed the pillar and wrecked an experiment. The villagers are now only about 6" tall and are 150 years behind the times but, otherwise, are quite normal. Incidentally, one of the jars is filled with tiny Gold Pieces. They have been magically shrunk. If returned to normal size, they would be worth the regular price. Otherwise, they are worth one SP each as a novelty.

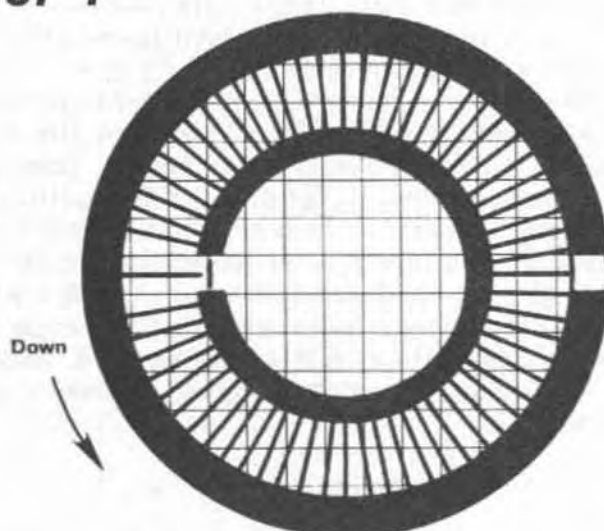




Level 1



Level 2



Level 3



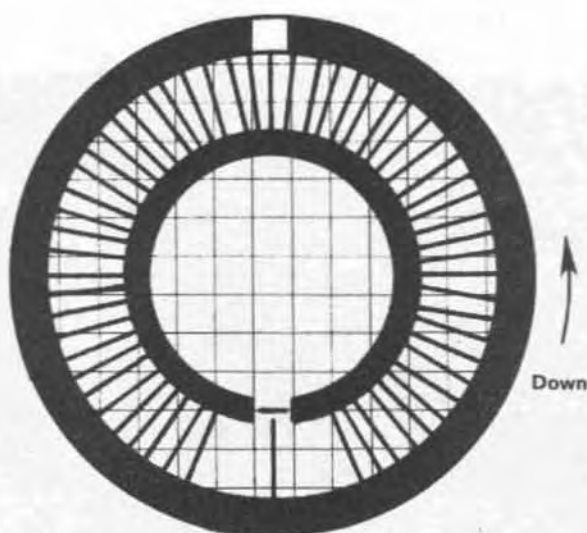
1 inch = 50 feet

1 square = 10 feet

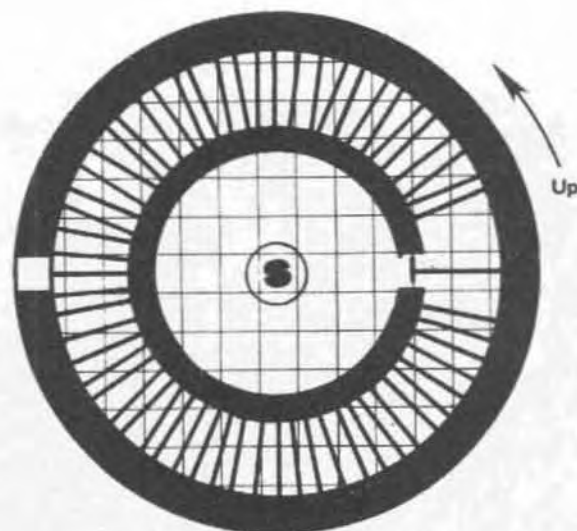
—■ = door

S = secret door

□ = window



Level 4



Level 5

- F The jungle to the southeast is infested with Giant Ticks. A total of 14 of these Thingies lurk about in the trees waiting to drop on animals or men and suck them dry of blood. There is also a cache of eggs somewhere in the jungle, which are almost ready to hatch.
- G Along the beach at the south east extremity of the island is a broad, stonepaved, roadway, which is raised about a foot above the level of the sand. It runs for nearly a jile, abruptly starting and stopping with a jagged edge. Along both sides of the road and spaced about 20' apart are statues. There are 400 of them, each representing a different type of creature, some intelligent, some unintelligent, some no longer known. They are life-sized, or at least the identifiable ones are, and finely detailed, even bearing close examination.
- H Just east of the windward peninsula is a small barren island, surrounded by a huge coral reef. It is covered by Gas Jets and Geysers which spew out powdered pumice and keep the island covered by clouds of the stuff. The only life on the island is a species of very hardy lichen and a colony of Giant Slugs which nest on its north side and live off the lichen. The Giant Slugs are hard to detect due to the pumice clouds which have settled on them and turned them to an uniform grey like the rocks everywhere. The trail of a recently-passed Slug can be seen, however, as a line free from pumice dust.
- I On an island off the south east coast of Tirnanog are the ruins of an ancient temple. Every 12-18 minutes a Geyser shoots from the center of the temple, lasting for about 2 minutes. The water is boiling hot, and anyone hit by it will receive 1 point of damage. The island has sparse vegetation but no animal life of any kind, as indicated by the absolute silence. The only sounds to be heard are the wind and the sounds of the Geyser. On the east side of the island, on a jutting rock formation, sits a man, staring out to sea. He is a Nobleman exiled from Viridistan. He has set adrift in a boat, and by fortune landed here. The boat he came in is beached below.

General Notes

As previously stated, the Isle of Tirnanog is a peaceful place. The only danger to the party, other than Men or Halflings, will come from a few Jungle Cats and Wild Dogs. The climate is favorable for the growth of banana trees, which are wild. They are a staple food of the people, and also feed the hordes of Monkeys which infest the island. The Marshy Region on the west end of the lake in the center of the island is a winter nesting place for Ducks who arrive about a week after the Autumnal Equinox, and leave again about six weeks before the Spring Equinox.





Damliz

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
Ftr.	LG	6	37	2	15	13	9	14	14	12	10	8	9	13	14	15	+1 Mace

Until recently, the Castle south of Talimanor (the one built by Tali) was deserted. Then Damliz moved in, and rebuilt the place. He now protects the area, including offering aid at need to Talimanor. He has 72 men with Leather Armor, Shields, and Broadwords, 21 men with Chainmail, Shields, and Broadwords, and 10 men with Leather Armor, Short Bow, and Longsword. He, himself, wears Platemail and carries a Shield. He is 4' 8" tall, weighs 141 lbs., has blond hair and beard, is right-handed, has blue eyes, and is 38 years old.

Minor Adventures

- A About 5 miles northwest of Marechal, lives a Sea Monster, according to rumor. Exactly what it is supposed to be is not sure, but it is said to have sunk ships and swallowed small boats whole. At different times, the following features have been claimed for it: wings, claws, a giant fish tail, a long neck, the ability to breathe fire, a shark's head, a lizard's head, a snake's body, a squid's body, and horns like a bull. Obviously, all these claims cannot be true, but it seems fairly certain that something is out there.
- B Just south from the western tip of Tirnanog is a group of islands known as the Andaman Isles. Tehy are covered by lush vegetation and inhabited by a band of Chaotic Pygmys. Decades ago, an insane Wizard won their loyalty with an immense fireworks display. He then commanded them to slay all intruders. Now, they sacrifice all captives at the entrance to his tomb. The island closest to Tirnanog also holds 10 deformed Dwarves who are hiding from the Pygmys. The deformities are the result of an encounter with some powerful magic force, which they will not speak of. In fact, the very thought of it panics them. They all suffer from mild forms of insanity. The southern most island holds the wreckage of a beached merchant ship, including 312 barrels of whiskey guarded by 3 Ogres (5HD, 28,24,27 HTK, WEAPONS= Club).
- C The slopes of Needles Peak provide a home for a herd of 42 Deer, including 10 Stags. These Deer are good-sized and healthy since there are few predators on the island.
- D The northern most stretch of beach on the island is infested with Crocodiles. Favorable conditions have allowed these creatures to grow quite large, 12'-20' long, and they will not hesitate to attack almost anything. Due to their size, give these creatures an extra Hit Die.
- E On the north shore of the lake, in the center of the island, is a village. It is deserted, and fallen apart. It is obviously not a recent event and there is no clue as to why it was deserted. It is in fact, the village whose inhabitants Jynjerzo bottled up. For more information, see the section on Jynjerzo's Tower. The name of the village was Kailasa.



The Courting Knights

As mentioned before, there are two knights courting Zedovito the Learning Mistress of the village of Lanka. They both met her on a previous adventure, and the thoughts of her beauty have haunted their memories ever since. Both knights have decided to make her their wife, and, to deepen the rivalry, they are half-brothers who never really liked each other.

Zedovito cannot make up her mind as to who she wants, so the half-brothers, Sir Jonton the Vengeful and Sir Vaxton the Victorious, have decided to duel for her hand, something that Zedovito doesn't want but can't stop now that it is set in motion.

Sir Jonton and Sir Vaxton came to Tirnanog on an Elven trading ship and were dropped off to be picked up when the ship came back. They brought their sturdy war horses, their best Plate Armor and Shields, and their best Bastard Swords. Their rivalry is intense, and they both expected this duel to take place; neither cares if the other dies.

Zedovito will seek to persuade the players to stop the duel, promising anything if both Sir Jonton and Sir Vaxton can be reasoned with and, somehow, stopped. Note that both knights are very gullible, but, when they realize they have been tricked or otherwise made fools of (in their own eyes), they will join together (for a short time) to rectify the wrong that was done to them. If, perchance, Zedovito has to promise to marry one of the players (or the equivalent of marriage), the courting knights will follow that player wherever he goes in order to challenge him to a duel to the death for Zedovito's honor to be upheld. Note that, as soon as this is over with, Zedovito will choose one of the players as her lover. (She is very fickle).

The statistics for these knights are as follows:

Sir Jonton the Vengeful

Class	ALN	LVL	HTK	AT	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	AGL	END	STA	SPD	CHA	LED	LCK	WEAPON
FTR	NE	7	49	1	17	10	8	15	12	15	17	16	13	15	14	9	+1 Bastard Sword

Sir Jonton is an extremely vengeful person, hence his name. He has hated his half-brother since they were little kids because Sir Vaxton always beat him in anything at which they competed. He is now dead-set against losing this time and intends to make sure Sir Vaxton never beats him again. Due to his intense emotion, he will fight Sir Vaxton with a +2 to hit.

Sir Jonton is 34 years old, with short, black hair and neatly trimmed goatee. He is 6' 1" tall, right-handed, and weights 195 lbs.

He wears Plate Armor (+1), and carries a Shield. His horse, Revenge, has 29 HTK.

Sir Vaxton the Victorious

FTR	LE	8	55	0	17	11	10	15	11	13	16	17	14	16	16	12	+2 Bastard Sword
-----	----	---	----	---	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	----	------------------

Sir Vaxton, as noted before, has always beaten Sir Jonton at anything they have attempted. Because of this, Sir Vaxton has grown to expect to beat Sir Jonton all of the time. Thus, when they duel, Sir Vaxton will not put his "all" into it (since he expects to win), and will fight at a -2 to hit until he has been wounded twice; then he will realize he has to fight for his life and will attack normally.

Sir Vaxton is the stereo-type of the haughty, snobbish aristocrat.

Physically, he is 33 years old, with medium length brown hair and full beard (neatly trimmed). He is 6' 2" tall, right-handed, and weighs 200 lbs.

He wears Plate Armor (+2) and carries a Shield. His horse, Victory, has 31 HTK.

THE HIT LOCATION CHART

By Ross E. Mosteller

Combat in D&D is a very controversial subject. The rules do not provide a hit location chart or state how much damage a part of one's body can take before being functionally incapacitated. In my own campaign I have had numerous instances where a player character wanted to knock a vial out of a Wizard's hand, or cripple someone without killing them, etc. So I have whipped up the following charts and tables in hopes that will solve the problems mentioned above.

When a monster scores a hit, consult the below table.

Die Roll	Part of Body	Hits*	Unmodified AC
1-2	Left foot	7	8
3-4	Right foot	7	8
5-6	Left leg	9	9
7-8	Right leg	9	9
9-10	Abdomen	11	9
11-14	Chest	12	9
15	Neck	5	9
16	Left arm	6	9
17	Right arm	6	9
18	Left hand	4	8
19	Right hand	4	8
20	Head	6	9

* This indicates the amount of damage the member can sustain from a single blow from a physical weapon, not a fireball for instance, without having Special Damage done to it (see charts here after). The number indicated will go up one (1) point for every 7 total HTK that the player has; Example: Hron, a fighter with 27 HTK will get a bonus of 3 points added to each specific part indicated above; therefore, his right hand would be able to sustain 7 points of damage without having Special Damage done to it.

Clothing has effects on the AC of the parts listed above. The armor listed in the Players Handbook covers the Abdomen, Chest and each body parts individual AC.

Part of Body	Type of Clothing Worn	Adjusted AC
Left foot	Boots; High Hard; High Soft; Sandals	5; 7; 0;
Right foot	Same as above	Same as above
Left leg	Leather breeches; Cotton breeches	6; 7
Right leg	Same as above	Same as above
Neck	Scarf	8
Left arm	Shirt sleeves; Leather shirt sleeves	8; 7
Right arm	Same as above	Same as above
Left hand	Leather gloves; cestus; heavy; light	7; 2; 4
Right hand	Same as above	Same as above
Head	Cap; Hat; Hood; any helmet	8; 8; 7; 3

Note: Full plate armor covers the entire body, this making it all AC 2.

Special Damage

When a part of the body exceeds its hit point limitation from a single blow, roll on a 6-sided die and consult the below chart.

1-2 Heavy bleeding, must be stopped in 1 turn or unconsciousness will result. Then it must be stopped within 1/2 hour or death results.

- 3 Critical bleeding, must be stopped in 6 rounds or the victim bleeds to death.
- 4 Limb is useless, anything held by it is dropped, a roll of 19-20 on a 20-sided die means the limb is severed.
- 5 An 17-20 on a 20-sided die means the limb is severed and victim is unconscious, otherwise the victim is unconscious and will bleed to death in 1-4 turns.
- 6 Victim is unconscious, a roll of 15-20 on a 20-sided die means limb is severed, 19-20 means victim is dead, otherwise is unconscious and will bleed to death in 1-4 turns.

Neck: When the die roll indicates the neck has been hit, roll a 4-sided die and consult the following table.

- 1 Bleeding, must be stopped within 5 rounds or victim bleeds to death.
- 2 Serious bleeding, must be stopped within 5 rounds or victim bleeds to death, victim is unconscious.
- 3 A roll of over 15 on a 20-sided die means victim has lost power of speech, and number 2 is in effect, otherwise 2 is in effect.
- 4 A roll of 18-20 on a 20-sided die means death, otherwise number 2 is in effect.

Head: When the die roll indicates the head has been hit, roll a 3-sided die and consult the following chart.

- 1 Heavy bleeding, must be stopped within 8 rounds or unconsciousness results, then must be treated in a 1/2 an hour or victim bleeds to death.
- 2 Victim is unconscious and bleeding must be stopped in 5 rounds or victim bleeds to death.
- 3 A roll of 15-20 on a 20-sided die means the victim is dead, otherwise number 2 is in effect.

The above charts are only for humanoid subjects, you may want to modify these charts for different animals and monsters. I hope this article brings life to your campaign as it did to mine.

BUT MR. DM, IT WOULDN'T TAKE SOMEONE WITH TWO BROKEN ARMS 60 SECONDS TO DRAW A DAGGER By Emil Parker

Being that I have actually used some of the weapons listed in the AD&D tm Players Handbook, I simply cannot agree with the generalization that it takes a round, which is 60 seconds, to draw a new weapon in AD&D tm. The amount of time needed to draw a weapon, the armor, or lack thereof being worn by the user, the additional encumbrance, as well as the position of the weapon on the user's body. In light of this, I have designed a brief table for use in any Judges campaign who wishes it, with the segment as the base unit.

Weapon	Base Time Required
Dagger	2 Segments
Long Sword	4 Segments
Short Sword	3 Segments
Broadsword	4 Segments
Bastard Sword	4 Segments
Two-Handed Sword	5 Segments
Axe, Battle	5 Segments
Axe, Hand	3 Segments
Mace	4 Segments
Flail	4 Segments
Scimitar	4 Segments
Spear, Stabbing	5 Segments
Club	3 Segments
Bo/Jo Stick	4 Segments
Javelin	4 Segments
Sling	5 Segments
Halberd	6 Segments
Short Bow	6 Segments
Long Bow	7 Segments
Composite Bow	8 Segments
Dart	1 Segment

The above table assumes that the weapons are in belt sheaths excepting Bows, Spears, Javelins and Halberds, which are assumed to be worn in shoulder sheaths or on the side of a backpack. This table only covers the major weapons of AD&D tm. From the above table, a Judge can draw the general idea, and can compare to see the speed of any non-listed weapon, or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof. This table is not meant to give the characters 2 Attacks/Melee round instead of one, or anything of the sort. Generally the resheathing time for a weapon is the same for the drawing time, and is not included above. If the drawing time is 5 or less segments, I suggest you permit the players to draw and attack with the weapon in the same round, but not to draw one weapon, attack with it, resheath it, then repeat the procedure in the same round. A number of other factors can influence the drawing time of a weapon. The above table assumes a combat situation, i.e. requiring a character to jump back out of combat to get a chance to draw a new weapon and this factor is taken into account on the table, but factors such as encumbrance and armor have not been. Thus, the below table.

Condition	Bonus/Minus
Leather Armor	None
Padded Armor	None
Splint Mail	+2 Segments
Studded Leather	+1 Segments
Scale Mail	+2 Segments
Chainmail	+2 Segments
Plate Mail	+3 Segments
Field Plate	+4 Segments
80-100 pounds Encumbrance (modified by Strength)	+1 Segments
101-140 pounds Encumbrance	+2 Segments
141-180 pounds Encumbrance	+3 Segments
181+ pounds Encumbrance	+4 Segments
15 Dexterity	-1 Segment
16 Dexterity	-2 Segments
17 Dexterity	-2 Segments
18+ Dexterity	-3 Segments
3 Dexterity	+3 Segments
4 Dexterity	+2 Segments
5 Dexterity	+2 Segments

The Dexterity adjustments show the speed and fluidity the character is able to muster in dodging his opponent long enough to draw his weapon smoothly. The above tables are designed for Judges who wish to have a faster, more (dare I say it?) realistic combat weapon drawing system, to avoid a one round lapse between the sheathing of one weapon and the drawing of another. Oh, and one final thing, it is suggested that one segment be the minimum possible time for drawing a weapon and one round the maximum time, regardless of Bonuses/Minuses.

Hear Ye

Hear Ye

IF YOU HAVE MOVED TO A NEW CASTLE, PLEASE CONTACT US AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE
SO YOU WILL NOT MISS ANY ISSUES OF YOUR FAVORITE FANTASY MAGAZINE, THE PEGASUS
P.S. DON'T LOOK IN THE DUNGEON



OHMYGAWD!

I CAN'T SEE!

By Tim Grice

The causes of blindness are legion, from the eighth level *Power Word, Blind* spell to simply dousing the torches, from clouds of blinding smoke to having closed eyes. But what are the effects of being blind? Blindness has effect on movement, melee, saving throws and spell casting.

Movement

The speed of a blind person is 1/2 the normal rate. Moving at this speed will necessitate a saving throw less than or equal to dexterity on a D20 to avoid falling. The condition of the floor will modify the resulting roll.

No obstacles	+1
Bodies and/or rubble	-2
Melee in progress	-4

Moving full speed will cause falls 100% of the time. Moving 1/4 speed will insure sure footing.

Melee

Being unable to see means being unable to dodge, so dexterity bonuses do not apply to blind characters. Further, all attacks on a blind person are at +4 to hit, but no additional bonuses for attacking from behind apply.

Under most conditions, attacks from blind characters are at -4 to hit. This allows the selection of which foe is hit by the attack. If the sightless man does not care who he hits, he can attack wildly, with a -2 penalty against a random foe. In this case the character will have NO influence on who is

hit, and his blows will score on friend as often as foe. (When the character no longer has any friends left alive is a good time to swing wildly.)

Saving Throws

As with melee, blind characters gain no dexterity bonus.

While a blind person cannot see to dodge, he can still feel, hear, and think. Thus, saving throws can be made, but at a penalty of -4 versus most attacks.

Against poisons and death magic, which are resisted, rather than dodged, saving throws are normal.

Gaze weapons normally have no effect on blind creatures. Note, however, that the gaze of the catoblepas kills the sighted and blind alike.

A digression into the ways of gaze weapons is in order here. Monsters with gaze weapons have hypnotic and compelling eyes. Even the slightest glimpse out of the corner of the eye is often enough to ensure looking directly into the deadly eyes. If the owner of those eyes happens to be looking back, well, too bad. More experienced characters have a better chance of avoiding that first, deadly glimpse (a better saving throw). Gazing takes next to no effort at all, so monsters with gaze weapons can gaze and attack physically. Most gaze and weapons affect only a single opponent, and the monster usually will attack and gaze at the same foe. If mirrors are used against, say a Basilisk, the sequence goes thus: The Basilisk gazes at somebody. That person must make his save or be petrified. If he does survive, then he has interposed

his mirror between him and the Basilisk. The Basilisk must then make its save or turn to stone. If the party fighting the Basilisk wishes, it can close its eyes and become immune, and blind.

Spell Casting

Area effect spells (such as *Fireball*, *Lightening*, *Cone of Cold*) can be cast by blind casters, but as the caster cannot see, the directions will be such as "50 feet in front of me" rather than "at that bunch of orcs over by the grey stone". Casting these blind gives a good chance of hitting friends and missing foes, but they can be cast.

All other spells must be cast with the range reduced to "touch." The caster must hit (at -4) the victim to ensure hitting the one he aims at.

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MAKING THE MOST OF A FIGHTER CHARACTER

By Mark Schumann

What's your favorite character class? Chances are, most D&Ders love to have a Magic-User or a Cleric. On rare occasions, one of those selfish neutrals will tell you he likes to be the Druid of the party, or the halfling sitting next to you enjoys playing Thief or Assassin. But who wants to be a **Fighter**? Oh, sure, the goody-goody Paladins are just fine, and Rangers are wonderful, but a Fighter? Who needs him? (Answer: Everybody.) Who wants to play him? (Answer: Nobody.) As a result, we get a party top-heavy with spellcasters and nobody to swing a Sword.

Most AD&D tm players dislike being a Fighter because it's so much more glamorous to cast spells or climb walls and pick pockets. Besides that, the humble warrior isn't even allowed to use most of the wands, scrolls, or miscellaneous magic items a dungeon party might turn up. Because Monty Haul magic refereeing is prevalent in many campaigns (mine included), the Fighter usually gets stuck sitting around and waiting for the MU's to run out of *Fireballs*.

But there are a few things in favor of the Fighter. Everyone knows that *someone* has to stand in front and defend the MU's. A Fighter can be of any alignment, which makes him useful in almost any situation. And, because the AD&D tm combat system is not all that complicated, especially when compared to the magic system, a Fighter persona is the best way to learn the basic mechanics of the game. Still, the Fighter role tends to get a little dull, after a while, because the other players gain new spells and abilities while the Fighter just adds Hit Dice.

Of course, the major idea of AD&D tm is role playing, and that's what can make the Fighter class interesting. A Fighter may be the "meat and potatoes" of any game, but his statistics and abilities don't exactly make for an exciting exercise in higher math. The Thieves have their backstabbing, hiding, and listening; the Clerics and Magic-Users get to cast spells. However, the Fighter doesn't have to be bothered with all that nonsense, so his player is free to use his/her imagination in creating a personality for that character. Here are a few ideas, selected from my formidable gallery of NPC's:

The **Blacksheep Wanderer** is the disinherited son of a noble, or an escaped criminal. He/she can be of any race, and can also be a Paladin or Ranger. Some are multi-classed. This one may or may not have much money to begin with, but rarely, if ever, has any recognized social status.

The **Footstep Follower** usually is the son of a hero of the latest big war, and now Dad is pushing him to do the same. This type of character is usually not very happy with his profession and is often depressed. Commonly, the Footstep Follower will be out to make his father happy or proud of him. Evil characters will sometimes try to do away with a pushy parent.

The **Kamikaze** has nothing to live for. This type will take all the crazy chances for the party because he wouldn't mind dying (and saves a lot on resurrection expenses). He could be a brokenhearted lover, a war fanatic, or a death-wisher.

The **Mid-Life Crisis** is usually stuck in some boring, dead-end job. He wants something more out of life than a few Copper Pieces and no future. So, he buys a Sword with the money he was able to save and ventures off into the wilderness with a crew of experienced old hands. The Judge should remember that this character would start his adventuring career at "middle age."

The **Musclebound Barbarian** encompasses everything from Fafhrd to Conan to Gardner Fox's Niall of the Far Travels. This type is normally anti-magic and will resent having to be accompanied by a spellcaster of any type, although Magic-Users and Illusionists are most objectionable. He also probably dislikes non-humans, regarding elves as less macho and the others as below him. These are very rarely found in the female gender.

The **Perpetual Drunk** is probably the least desirable of all these. He makes his living hacking monsters to pieces only because it pays enough money to buy some more booze. Often dipsomaniacs, Perpetual Drunks are always unreliable in a pinch.

The **Reluctant Warrior** is the kind who is attracted to adventuring because of the money and glamour but is a little repulsed by all the violence. He often tries to negotiate his way past obstacles rather than slugging it out and urges the Magic-Users and Clerics to use their *Charm*, *Hold*, and *Sleep* spells if at all possible.

The **Romantic Hero** has heard of the great heroes of the past (probably from the friendly neighborhood Bard) and wants the chance to become part of the legend. This type is likely to become a Bard himself if he has the ability. These are most often human and/or elvish, although dwarves sometimes tend toward this type also.

The **Royal Bastard** is self-explanatory. His parents probably don't acknowledge his existence, or even know of it ("But Aramethia, I thought you had gotten rid of him..."). Maybe he's been given over to a foster family and hasn't been told (yet!). It could keep this character busy a long time trying to find his real parents, providing he wants to find them.

These personalities are usually best developed outside the dungeon, where there is more of a chance to deal with NPC's. Remember that adventuring is not necessarily confined to dungeon or wilderness areas, either. There are fortresses to attack, ships to sail, armies to lead. You can try to get yourself appointed to political office, make some money in the caravan business, or serve as purveyor to an alchemist. Or, try impersonating the long-lost son of a far-away king. . . .

CHARACTER CODE

by **MICHAEL S. QUESENBERY**

When a player new to the game creates his first Dungeons and Dragons character, he discovers the necessity of recording certain randomly created numbers designated Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma. If the initiate does not record these properties, now being used in a new and unusual context requiring additional attention to nuances of each provided definition, in abbreviated form, then more time must be taken to call out spelling. This process is tedious at best, and if one stopped the hassling and writing long enough to consider the point, then it would be conceded as a tormentingly unnecessary waste of time. Advanced players should agree even more readily to this point than "rookies" because they have done this so many times. Actually it is also a waste of space that could be put to better use, like itemizing the weight and location of equipment, listing properties of magic items, recording saving throws, or making notes on the campaign.

The solution is a system of recording these numbers in one pattern so that the first number always represents the character's randomly determined strength followed by his/her Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma — in the same order each time to avoid confusion. Simple, easy, and efficient. However, this system works only for single digit figures. Naturally the letter A would take the place of the number ten, B must stand for eleven, and C takes the place of twelve. Thirteen is replaced by D, fourteen by E, fifteen by F, sixteen by G and H for seventeen. Eighteen is of course replaced by I, and if any higher numbers are needed the reader can only surmise what letter would be an appropriate substitute.

The system presented to this point has good merit in itself, but there is more. A dash separates the previous section from the Armor Class of the characteristics previously recorded. A slash in turn distinguishes between this and the Hit Points of the character. This middle section (yes, there is more) goes through the most changes, and is therefore more truncated.

The third entry contains the following, in order: the Race and Sex of the character and his/her Alignment, Class, and Level. Abbreviations should not be a great problem, but here are a few examples: Human, H; Eleven, E; Half-Elf, 1/2E. Half-Orc, 1/2O, and Halfling, 1/2. Class abbreviations are CL for Clerics, MU for Magic Users, FR for Fighters and TH for Thief. Most abbreviations are common knowledge. It is difficult to confuse Sex abbreviations with contractions for Alignment or Race. Likewise, others are naturally separable.

One more review should suffice before examples of the character code are given. Entries are made in the following order: Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, Charisma - Dash - Armor Class Class/Slash/Hit Points, - Dash - Race, Sex, Alignment, Class, and Level. For example:

Schmelly Goot: H9ABC6-2/30-HMCEFr4
Loromir Nellson: 4FCC98-10/12- EMLGMu5
Cleo Creoss: 9BDC9A-5/20-DFCNC13
Seth: FFFFGE-10/30-HMLEAs5
Ellharaderringer Von Nam: A9B8C7-
3/10-1/2 OMCNFr2

These simple low level characters show only a few possibilities of the new system I have proposed. Eighteen fifty-six Strength would be shown as follows: 1/56. This and other unusual circumstances are sometimes encountered. A little good judgment should suffice to iron out any problems.

QUESTING

AAL 979

The Wa' Kahn-doh tribe of Saliyana, Nepal. A primitive people which has a belief upon many Idols. The tribes people hold spiritual ceremonies, in an endeavor to appease judgement upon themselves, to their Gods. The religious zealot is chief to the tribe, in whom the villagers lay their rest upon his faith. This night they celebrate to the new moon... wearing costumes in sacrificial dance and worship.

Their zealot priest, interrupts the ceremony, standing before the sacrificial flames...

Aaron Arocho: writer/artist.

MY PEOPLE, HEED MY WORDS, THE SPIRITS OF THE GODS HAVE VISITED ME IN MY SLEEP.

THEY WISH A MEMBER TO ENTER INTO THEIR SANCTUM, ON THE MOUNT.

THEY WISH A WORTHY ONE, AND WANT THAT I SHOULD CHOOSE ONE AMONG OUR PEOPLE.



HOWEVER, IT SHALL BE I
WHO WILL TAKE THE REQUEST
OF THE GODS, I WHO AM
IN SAMENESS WITH OUR
HEAVENLY HOSTS,

The tribe members are disquieted among themselves
of their prigger's settlement in choice.

The next morning the prodigy sets
off in his determination...



with nary but a
bag of food and
a wrapping upon his back.



At the village, the people
hold a service of prayers
to their Idols, asking they
find their leader acceptable
to being recieved in their
Sanctum,



Attop the mountain DHULAGIRI, where the natives Gods are
to reside... the chief-priest is astounded at the sight
of a snow covered region, seemingly unlived in,



He takes witness to
a resplendent flow
of colors in the
distant peaks...
assuming this
a calling from his
wondrous Gods,

... He continues his trek down the slope
into the cold atmosphere...

A month has past and the villagers have carved an image of their former deity... assuming the Gods have accepted their zealot and have put him in a place of wonder.



The heir to the head of the tribe stands on a cliff over-looking the mount of his Gods. Standing awestruck and set astray from his peoples old belief.



Above, in the frigid climate of mount CHAULAGIRI, in a deep crevasse between the layers of ice and snow...



...lies the body of the zealot priest... where he rests in -

A PLACE with the GODS

CURSE OF THE GREEN LOCK FOREST

by Patricia Hockhalter

An icy wind was howling through the barren trees and small animals were scurrying for shelter; Lisa knew a storm must be approaching. She moved slowly, checking the latch on each window, stopping a moment to gaze out, hopeful that Karl would be in view. He had left the cabin two days earlier, rifle in hand, to search for food. Lisa, heavy with child, had remained behind. The meat from the cougar, shot six weeks ago, was completely gone, so no amount of pleading on Lisa's part could keep Karl home. Their money was almost gone; more food had to be obtained to sustain them through the harsh Montana winter.

Windows secure, another log placed on the fire, Lisa finally sat in the rocker and tenderly patted her stomach. She picked up a book, forgotten for weeks, and again tried to read. The book contained descriptions of the Indians who lived here, in "Green Lock Forest," over a hundred years before. Chapter Seven, "Superstitions," said, "Killing of cougars is forbidden; they are looked upon as carrying the spirits of many powerful gods."

An unfamiliar sound near the front window disrupted Lisa's concentration. Closing the book, she sat a moment, listening and watching. "It must have been the wind," she thought, for Karl would always use the door.

She thought of Karl, the tall, red-haired man she had married. How she loved him! She had given up everything for him. Because his desire to paint was overwhelming, he had quit his accounting job, sold all their possessions, built this one-room cabin, and moved Lisa out into the wilderness eight months ago.

"Only eight months," thought Lisa. "It seems like a lifetime."

She remembered that he had said, "I have to be with nature, to commune with the wilderness. That is the only way to become a great artist."

The kerosene lamp turned down, Lisa knew she would spend another night alone in the bed, but she hoped

Karl would be home tomorrow. She removed a pink and white comforter from the metal trunk and placed it on the bed, her only remaining luxury. Karl had made all the pieces of furniture in the cabin. He did the best he knew how, but Karl was not very handy with tools.

The bed was warm as Lisa gathered her thoughts and tried to sleep. A glow from the fire sent lights dancing through the room, illuminating her meager belongings: a bed, table, two chairs, chest, rocker, and an end table. This was all for her child or children to inherit. Sobbing softly, she finally went to sleep.

Deep in slumber, Lisa did not hear the muffled thud hit against the front door. Again and again, the thud continued, until the door could not stand the pressure. It flew open, and the icy wind entered before the intruder. Cautiously, the intruder moved to the sleeping Lisa. She awoke with a start, sensing impending danger.

"No!" she screamed.

She heard heavy breathing, and, from the right corner of the bed, she noted two red, glaring eyes. Terror completely consumed her; she could not move. Scream after scream burst from her throat, until a feeling of nothingness surrounded her.

"Lisa, Lisa, my love!" yelled Karl, as he approached the cabin.

Dropping his bulky burden outside, he entered his icy abode. The fire had gone out hours before, leaving the place as cold as a tomb. Lisa was cowering in the far corner of the bed, motionless. She did not even move as Karl placed his arms gently around her.

"Darling, what's wrong? Come see the deer I killed. We have enough meat for at least a month!"

He bent down, removing the comforter, and noticed the tiny pool of blood she was sitting in.

"Dear God, Lisa! What has happened?" he screamed.

Quickly he restarted the fire and removed her clothes, talking as

reassuringly as he knew how. She did not respond. Examination showed there were no wounds; his dear wife was just in the first stage of labor. Karl could see the pain and terror in her eyes, but no sound rose from her lips. Five hours later, Karl delivered his tiny daughter and wrapped her warmly in the pink and white comforter. Completely exhausted, Karl slept with his arms around his two loved ones.

As the weeks wore on, Lisa did not get any better. Karl cared for both Lisa and the baby with great tenderness, holding the baby to her mother's breast to receive nourishment. As winter moved in, Karl began to panic because he knew he needed help for Lisa and someone to care for his baby daughter, Kylie.

Spring finally arrived, and none too soon. Rations were down to a minimum. Karl felt it was time to leave. Putting Kylie in his knapsack, and kissing Lisa, who remained unmoving in the bed, he began the long journey.

However, after only an hour on the trail, Karl saw a jeep with six men in it heading into the wilderness, rifles in tow.

"Wait up!" he yelled, running after them as fast as he could.

After Karl poured out his story to the strangers, they walked back with him to his cabin, to see if they could help with Lisa.

The door was open, and Lisa was nowhere to be seen. Karl and the men searched for three days before giving up. The campers donated a can of milk to help Karl feed the baby, but it was soon gone. With a heavy heart, Karl again prepared to leave, determined to return later. He gazed around the cabin, spied the book Lisa had been reading, and placed it in his knapsack. Then he stepped out, closing the door on a very important part of his life. Kylie was now Karl's most important responsibility.

The years went by, and Kylie grew tall, graceful, and blond, resembling her mother in every way.

"Please, Kylie, won't you marry me?" pleaded Josh. "I know I could make you happy; my love for you is overwhelming."

"No, Josh," Kylie replied. "My dad needs me. He has raised me himself all these years. Now that he isn't well, I must take care of him."

Karl Martin had indeed aged over the past twenty years. Until five years ago, he spent every summer searching the wilderness for his beloved Lisa. Now, with arthritis consuming him, he just sat and rocked. Kylie was his only companion because no one ever visited him.

While cleaning one day, Kylie came across an old book in a green knapsack hidden in a back closet. The pages had yellowed with age, but were still readable. On the front page of the book, entitled "Green Lock Forest," were inscribed these words: "This book is given to Lisa by her loving husband, Karl." She caressed the book with love. It was something that had belonged to her mother, and she cherished it. Her dad had spoken of her mother so often that Kylie felt she had been with them all along.

In her spare time, Kylie read and reread the book. Chapter Seven was her favorite.

"The Indians loved the forest, and never hunted the cougars," it read. The book went on to say, "The spirit of Itosh, The Great One, was believed to take the form of these cats. They believed that whoever killed a cougar might accidentally harm Itosh, and that punishment would be given out."

Kylie became obsessed with the book, and she stopped dating. Finally, Josh ceased coming to the house.

Kylie tossed and turned every night after she found the book. Her sleep was never peaceful, but was troubled with pain and confusion. The days were no better. Food turned her stomach, and even Karl could not seem to help her. When he suggested a doctor, she became upset.

"Shut up, dad! I will not see a doctor. Just leave me alone! Why can't you leave me alone?" she shouted, as she stormed out of the room.

"Damn cat must have come down from the forest," said Sheriff Lund. "Been killing livestock every night for two weeks. First time a cougar has ever come into town. Tell the townspeople to arm themselves at night. A reward will be given for the remains of the cat."

That night, Josh was out late, his pistol swinging from his right hip. Like the other townsfolk, he was terrified of the cougar, and worried that the cat would try to go after people.

Suddenly he heard a scream, and then another. They were coming from the Martin house. Josh ran toward it, the sweat pouring profusely down his face.

"Kylie! Kylie!" he yelled.

He pushed open the door. There on the floor was Mr. Martin, who was being mauled by a huge cougar. The red, glaring eyes stared at Josh. Quickly, he removed his pistol from the holster, aimed, then pulled the trigger. A human cry

erupted from the cat as it leaped through the closed window, sending glass shattering through the entire room. Josh ran to Karl, but no help would be of use to him now. A single word rolled off the dying man's tongue.

"Lisa."

"Kylie!" Josh called.

He ran to her room, but she was not there. Then he ran to the back of the house, where he saw the cat stalking Kylie. But no, it was not stalking her! As Josh watched, the big cat crept up to Kylie and seemed to embrace her with its paws.

Kylie screamed as the animal fell to the ground, blood pouring from its gunshot wound. Josh gathered the now-trembling girl in his arms. Moments later, he noticed the body of the cougar had vanished.

"Kylie, my love, it's all over," he said, holding her even closer.

He turned her face to him, to kiss the quivering lips. A smile parted her lips as he stared into her red, glaring eyes.



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CRIME IN D&D

by ADAM GRIFFITH

Crime in D&D tm is a problem I have often had to deal with. Some character seem to consider themselves above the law, and they murder and steal without a second thought or a twinge of guilt. For this reason I have come up with a table of punishments for crimes that might occasionally occur.

<u>CRIME</u>	<u>PUNISHMENT *</u>
** Petty Theft.....	Whipping (1-6 pts), 2-4 weeks
Theft.....	Whipping (1-8 pts), 6-12 months
Grand Theft-	Whipping (1-12 pts), 1-4 years
Manslaughter.....	1-6 years
Murder.....	Beheading
Mass Murder.....	Disembowment
Rape.....	Castration, 1-4 years, 1000 Gp to victim
Assault and Battery.....	Whipping (1-6 pts), 1-4 months 500 GP to victim
Assault with Intent to Murder.....	Whipping (1-8 pts), 1-2 years, 750 GP to victim
Public Mayhem.....	1-8 days
Pickpocketing.....	As for theft, but after third conviction hand amputation
False Witness.....	1/2 sentence of the crime
Kidnapping.....	Blinding, 1-10 years 500 GP to victim
Adultery.....	Naked in stocks for 1-6 days
Piracy.....	Death by stoning
Robbery.....	10-20 years
Ensorcelment (To Bewitch).....	Depends on circumstance

* Punishment will increase after repeated convictions

** The amount of money that would be considered petty or grand would vary from world to world. I leave it up to you to decide.

ENFORCEMENT

In a world that abounds with magic, it can be alot easier to bring a criminal to justice than it might seem. Although the police might not waste time searching for a minor pickpocket, they would certainly look for a mass murderer. There are endless ways in which a criminal may be caught, ranging from a crystal ball to a ranger's tracking skill. Offering rewards is also a good means of catching a crook; it has been known to turn a criminal's friends against him!

THE TRIAL

There are many different ways to run a trial. The fairness of the legal system will vary according to the flavor of your world. Don't over look the use of magic in a trial, ESP, (although I consider it an invasion of privacy and don't use it) and detect lie spells can be a helpful aide in convicting a criminal. Roll an alignment for the judge, it can make all the difference.

PRISON

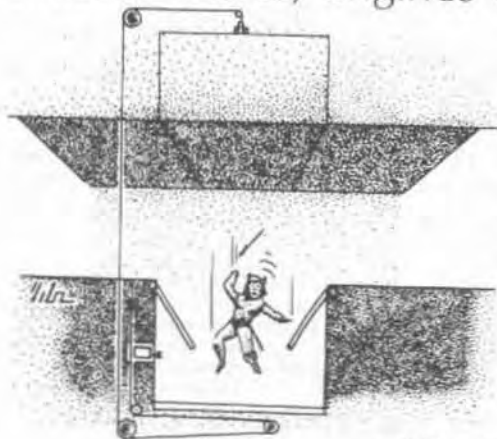
One of the biggest problems you will have will probably be keeping prisoners from escaping. In my world more often than not, a criminal (with a little help from his friends) would have escaped before the second day of his imprisonment. Recently though, a huge prison has been constructed that is nearly escape-proof, due to its thick steel doors, and its anti-magic field (to stop teleporting mages). Prisons of this nature are necessary to contain some more powerful people who would otherwise escape.



Grimtooth's TRAPS

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role-playing systems

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sinister snares, engines of evil, and deadly devices . . .*



Grimtooth's TRAPS have been presented without game mechanics of any kind; the nature, cause, and effect of each trap has been thoroughly described so that any GM may introduce these devices of deliver destruction into his or her games with ease. For example:

Between A Rock and A Hard Place is a clever variation on the common pit-in-the-corridor trap, and will ensure that characters keep on their toes at all times — or they will lose their toes! A standard pit in the floor is activated by whatever method you choose. When a character falls to the bottom of the pit, he will find that he is in too deep to climb out on his own.

When the trap door slams down against the side of the pit, it hits a button on the wall which causes a vial of acid to shatter. The acid rapidly dissolves a wire that runs up through the dungeon wall to secure in place the section of roof above the pit. As long as weight remains on the floor of the pit the pressure plate therein will insure that the block of ceiling remains in place. If all the weight is removed, then the ceiling (continued on page 18 of Grimtooth's TRAPS)

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MOUNTAIN MOOR

by Stefan Jones

In the Granite Mountains is the fabled alabaster city. A dwarven iron mine being dug nearby unearthed a network of monster-filled tunnels. Recently, an expedition into the city found an entrance into this underworld. Bold (and foolhardy...) adventurers flock from miles around to explore this mysterious pit, said to contain a vast treasure.

Others have been drawn here also. A sect of demon worshippers and a gang of raiding orcs are said to dwell within.

KEY: DOORS: These open in the direction indicated by the arrow. If there is no arrow, the door can open both ways.

SECRET DOORS: A level (2 s.r.) on luck is needed to spot one if a search is being made. Secret doors open either way.

SHADOW-ARCHES: These are ordinary archways, but a "curtain" of black nothingness has been put across them. They can be passed thru easily, but light, sound, and magic will be blocked.

Traps are marked with NUMBERS, rooms with LETTERS.

WANDERING MONSTERS:

For each full turn spent in hallways or empty rooms, there is a chance of a wandering monster. Roll a die; if a (1) comes up, a monster appears. Roll (2) dice to determine the monster(s) encountered, on the WM chart. WM's will have treasure on a roll of (1) or (2) on one die.

BERSERK MONSTERS:

If out numbered or enraged, some monsters go berserk. Berserk monsters do not lose dice and adds as there MR is reduced, and any ones (1) that it rolls are added up and rolled over. Only beast type lions and tigers and bears! and intelligent monsters go berserk.

WANDERING MONSTER CHART.

1. Die roll
2. The grateful undead. See room E, level two. The first six of the G.U. appear.
3. Cave lions, 1-3 appear. They have a MR of 40. No treasure.
4. Troll. This beast has a MR of 50, and tough hide that takes 4 hits.
5. & 6. Orcs. 1-6 app. They have a MR of 20, and wear battered armour that takes a total of 8 hits. (They are warriors).
7. & 8. Goblins 2-12 app. They have a MR of 10, and wear leather jerkins that take 2 hits.
9. Bats. These have a MR of 10. 1-3 attack each party member.
10. Giant rats. 3-18 attack party, with a MR of 4 per rat. No treasure
11. Zombies. 2-12 app. They have a MR of 18, and do not lose dice and adds as they lose MR. (They must be ground to a pulp before "dying").
12. The Monster Gang. See room 0, level one. Roll twice for treasure.

TRAPS (Level One)

1.(a) This is a section of stairs rigged to fall flat, forming a slide. Make a lvl. 2 s.r. on dx. to avoid falling down to the next landing.

1.(b) This is a 5' sq. iron grating. If a character tumbles down from above, he or she must make a lev. 3 s.r. on lk. or avoid flipping open the grate, releasing 6 blood bats (MR 10), and falling down the shaft to level two.

2. A tiny doorway. Behind it is the lair of Little Nuisance, a black hobbit. His attributes are: St. 7, IQ. 13, Lk. 13, Dx. 17, Cn. 22, Chr. 5. Lit' will follow party, picking off stragglers and making mischief. He is armed with ax, an sling, and wears leather armor. The door is locked, and Lit' will not open it unless party has their backs turned.

3. A pitfall. When anything with a weight of more than 100 lbs passes over this spot, the pit opens. The fall is 15', characters falling take one die of damage; armor doesn't help. The bottom of the pit is covered with bones and 3 dice worth of copper pieces. From 1-6 rats (MR 8) will also occupy the pit.

4. This section is a 10' wide corridor. The floor is sunken 6" deeper than the rest of this level. 600 small twigs litter the floor. Each twig has been enchanted into a make-shift staff, and may be used as such. But, any time a *Magic Fangs* spell is cast on this level, all the twigs turn into snakes! They then wander about the area, looking for food.

5. This 10' wide section of floor is a foot lower than the rest of the corridor. This depression is filled with dust, concealing rows and rows of rusty nails sticking upwards. Anybody walking barefoot will take 1 hit and run at half speed. He or she may also get tetanus.....

6. Leaning on the south wall is a huge concave mirror, 6' in front of the mirror is a smile face button, embedded in the floor. This button marks the focal point of the mirror, 3' off the floor. The light of the parties torches is concentrated on this spot. Anyone passing thru it takes one die of damage per torch lit. Armor will take damage in this case.

7. Two stone catwalks over a 10' deep pit. Anytime one (1) person is on the walk, the walk will pivot, tumbling the person into the pit. Allow level 2 s.r. on dx. to avoid a fall. The pit is padded with moss, so no damage is done, but if the victim misses the roll by more than 4 points, he KO-ed. If he is not KO-ed, he may climb out unhindered, but if the victim is unconscious, 1000 cave mice will run out of 100 cave mouse holes and strip the character of any possessions he has on. (Things weighting more than 200 g.p. are safe.) The mouse warrens contain 5 randomly rolled treasures, should they be broken into.

8. MORE MICE- The section of corridor that looks like swiss cheese. The cheese is worth one silver piece per 10wt. units are taken at one time, the guardian of the cheese will be summoned. It is a gigantic mouse, with a MR of 100.

TRAPS (level two)

1. This is a pitfall, identical to # 3 above.

2. Any one entering the secret door from the east is caught in this trap.

Victims must make a level 3 sr on luck or be hit with a anvil falling from above. Persons missing the roll take one point of damage per point the roll was flubbed by.

3. This is an alarm to warn the greatful undead of intruders. See room E, level two.

4. Another pitfall, but this time the pit is full of poisonous snakes. Each round, characters in the pit must make a Lve. (1) s.r. on Lk. or take one hit and be paralyzed one turn. Taking more than 6 hits is fatal. Monsters know the location of all traps, and know how to cross them unharmed.

LEVEL ONE ROOMS

A. A long time ago, the citizens of the Alabaster city used this dungeon to get rid of insane and simple minded folk. Though the city has long been ruins, the mad folk have prospered and lived. This room is their major living space. There are 12 raving maniacs here. Each has a MR of 12, one is crouched above the door, waiting to jump on the first character entering. The first time the maniacs take damage, they will go berserk.

In the corner is the maniac's treasure: 100 c.p., 170 g.p., a toe, two dry chicken livers and a small piece of orc hair.

B. In the center of the room is a statue of Venus, with arms missing, in each of the corners of the room is a stone arm; 2 of hairy mens' arms, two for a lady. If the ladies' arms are attached to the statue, it will come to life, thank party, and offer services for one fight. She has a MR of 30, and armor of 10, with the ladies arms on. If the mens' pair is put on, the statue will attack party with a MR of 40, armor 10. The hollow head of the statue contains 4 gems; 2 pearls worth 750 g.p. each, and 2 ivory worth 70 g.p. each.

C. Running along the east wall of this room is a 5' wide ledge. The rest of the room is a 10' deep pool, full of cold, glowing mist. One the bottom of the pool are 5 magick myrmidons. These enscorcelled fighters have a MR of 20, wear fancy but battered leather armor (takes 12 hits) and carry long pole weapons (add 2 dice to each warriors roll) too poke at people on ledge. The myrmidons regenerate 2 pts. of MR each round they are not damaged.

When the myrmidons have been defeated, the bodies evaporated, leaving only the armour (which has flash and glitter worth 20 g.p.) and their glowing, bronze helmets. If a character puts one on, he or she is turned into an magick myrmidon, and is teleported to the greatful undead room E, level 2.

D. Twelve goblins, they have a MR of 10, and wear steel caps and leather jerkins (total of 4 armor). A locked strong box contains 90 s.p., 110 g.p., and a potion which heals 4 pts. of constitution.

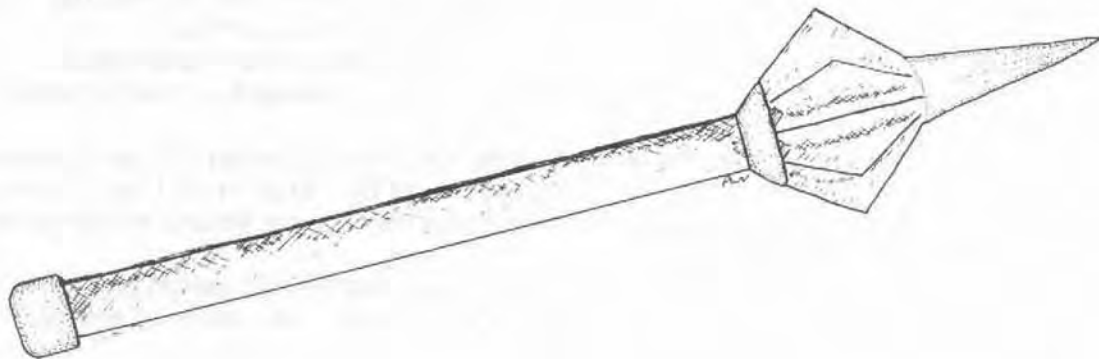
E.. Clones, 8 identical men, in identical leather armor and using bucklers, broadswords. They attack on sight, and can co-ordinate their attacks so precisely that 25% is added to their total. Each swordsman has identical characteristics: St. 12, IQ. 9, Lk. 12, Dx. 12 Cn. 12, Ch. 9, Broadswords do 3 dice +4, armor takes a total of 18 hits.....

When the party examines the bodies, they will find that the belts of the fighters are jeweled and magical. They are worth 300 g.p., if sold. If a character puts a belt on, his characteristics will change, 1 pt, per characteristic per turn, till he or she has the same characteristics as one of the fighters. That character than gets an irresistible urge to go to this room and fight anyone who enters. A level 4 " curses foiled" is needed to remove the belt once the character returns to the room.

F.. The north wall of this room is pitch black, like a shadow-arch. Stepping thru teleports the stepper to a tropical island, swarming with cannibals. This gateway is located in the treasure room of the chiefs' hut. It contains a wicker basket with a jeweled cup worth 1,750 g.p., a potion which adds 5 pts. to strength till fatigued or spelled away, and 150 s.p. The chief will come in (1) turn after the party enters, and will not be very happy. He has a MR of 30, and will call on his warriors to help if needed. There are 20 warriors, with a MR of 20, and carrying shields that takes 6 hits a round. They will persue intruders into the dungeon, up to 50' from the room where the gate is.

G... The Cult of OK-FRUIJ, this is the regional temple of a dread demon worshipping cult... There is a horrid altar on the north wall, with a statue of the cults diety, a 6-headed weasel. The room is guarded by 4 guards (MR 20, wearing leather armor), 5 acolytes (MR 10) and Zargo, the head priest. Zargo has a MR of 40, and wears ring-joined plate armor (takes 7 hits). He uses the magic mace, Ash maker, in combat.

There is one random treasure hidden in the altar; and another divided among the guards; the mace, Ash Maker, is a black, blood-stained weapon with a charred wood handle. A ST. of 14 and DX. of 10 is needed to yield it. Ash Maker gets 5 dice in combat, and doubles the adds of the user. If the IQ of the owner ever drops below 7, he or she has been possessed by the mace. IQ is raised to 16, LK drops to 9. The DM should instruct the player so possessed to do evil acts, leaving details up to him. Especially nasty acts should be rewarded with bonus adventure points.



H... More insane folk. This room is full of crazies believing one of there number to be a great military commander. They will attack anyone who enters, to capture and interrogate. They have a MR of 12 each, except for the leader, who has MR 8, he fights with one hand in his jerkin.. The loonies have a chest full of strange uniforms, a rack of wooden swords, and a ring that renders the wearer invisible for 12 turns a day. The leader carries this, but doesn't use it.

I.. The floor of this room is 20' deep, and covered with 4' long spikes. A fall on the spikes should be fatal.

J.. A little old man, MR 10, lives here, he cleans off the spikes in room I. The room is full of battered equipment, half-eaten bodies, and a scattering of coins; 120 c.p., 70 s.p., 130 g.p...

K.. In the middle of this room is a polished iron statue of a wolf. The statue is highly electrified; touchers receive one of damage, doubled if metal armour is worn! If any magic is used in this room the THUNDER-BUNNY will be summoned, a rain cloud, thundering and flashing; condenses over the statue. It gradually forms into a rabbit-shape. The Thunder-bunny will follow the party till it meets up with orcs; the bunny then attacks the orcs, and disappears after 2 rounds. It has a MR of 50...

L.. The Hyena Fountain. In the middle of this room is a pool, with a statue of a hyena acting as a fountain in the middle of it. In the south end of the room is a dome-shaped mound of mud and sticks. In this mound is a hole, about 6" wide.

If any characters drink from the fountain, they become beavers. Said rodents will head for the pile of twigs and mud, and pop down into the hole. (This leads to room G on level two, the beaver pond).

While the party is trying to catch the lost party members, the hyena statue will begin to laugh, insult and mock the party. If flattered and asked politely it will inform the party of the directions to the beaver pond and how to rehumanize the enchanted party member(s); a second dunking in the fountain water.

M.. Sword and Statue. In the middle of the room is a 20' high statue of a fighter, armed with spear and shielded, in roman armor. The eyes are large flame-gems, worth 500 g.p. On the pedestal of the statue is a velvet pillow, on which is a jewelled sword.

Persons touching the sword will realize that the statue is staring at them. If the sword is removed, the statue will follow the carrier with its eyes. If the carrying character heads for the door, the statues' eyes glow, and the characters clothes catch fire! A level 3 s.r. is needed to remove clothes. If this fails a lvl.2 s.r. is needed. If the burning character fails this one, he may try again, on the first level. For each point that each roll was missed by, take 1 hit damage.

The only safe way to remove the sword is to cover the eyes of the statue while the carrier runs out of the room. The sword is a flamberge, with jewels worth 650 g.p. The sword is magical in nature, so it can hit enchanted creatures. The hilt glows when undead creatures lurk nearby.

N.. This room is the lair of B flat, a shaggoth. It has a MR of 250, but the damage done is to subdue, not kill, the beasts opponents. When a characters constitution reaches zero, he or she is unconscious no dead. After the party is either routed or defeated, B flat will enslave the ones he has captured. They will be made to play silver piccolos' for as many years as their luck rating.

If B flat is defeated, the party may take the piccolos; these are worth 100 g.p. each, and weigh 5 wt. units. There will be one piccolo per person in party.

O.. The monster club. This is a social club for the high-class monsters on this level. They organize community affairs, such as raids on nearby villages, dwarf roasts, and neighborhood mess-up drives.

Present at the moment are: Adder Mane, lamias (MR 40); Slugbrain, goblin wizard (MR 14), he has the first level spells and an ordinary staff; Ergo and Forgo, orc twins (MR 20); Mac, ogre (MR 48); Ghastly Roof, werewolf (MR 30) ordinary weapons do no damage, but they help in defense.

A locked strong box contains 120 g.p., 140 s.p., a bottle of vanishing cream (turns user invisible for 3 turns when rubbed on skin) and a small cake labeled "eat me" (the eater shrinks; treat as a "Smaller is Smarter" spell).

P.. This room is full of old furniture, grotesque statues, and a cauldron of bubbling liquid. Waiting by the cauldron is a large black tomcat. If the cauldron is approached, the cat will attack. He has a MR of 5. After he is killed, the body will evaporate, and redondense to form another cat. This time the cat has a MR of 10. Each time the cat is killed, it will reform, with twice the MR of it's last life. The progression is; 5, 10, 20, 40, 80, 160, 320, 640, 1,280. After 9 lives the cat will not return. (Die roll, effect of cauldron brew on drinker.)

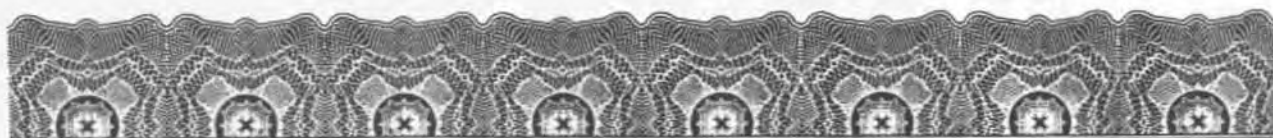
1. & 2. The brew cures any Con. damage.
3. & 4. The brew adds 20 to the strength of the drinker. This lasts til fatigued or spelled away, or the end of the expedition (which ever comes first).
5. The drinker falls to sleep till next sunday.
6. The drinker explodes, doing 2 dice of damage to all in the room.

Q.. The Guard House . This room has 5 prison cells. They may have non-player captives, or may contain player characters captured on previous expeditions.

The room is guarded by a half orc, MR 30, but he is using a giant orcish scimitar, adding 2 dice to his roll. He also wears leather armor, for 12 hits a round. His desk contains some provisions, a pack of cards, and 15 g.p.

R.. Six orcs make their home here. They have a MR of 20, and wear battered leather armor, for 8 hits. Their treasure consists of 80 s.p., 170 c.p. and a bag of marbles.

S.. This room is littered with hundreds of green glass bottles. The only way to get inside, is to break the bottles. Inside each bottle is an orc, who will attack the opener. The bottled orcs have a MR of 18. About one bottle in ten contains a human, who may be grateful for being released. (See room J on level two, to find out how things get in the bottles..)



LEVEL TWO, ROOMS

Add 5 to the MR of wandering monsters on level two.

A.. Fenris Bore. This room is baroquely decorated; fancy columns, murals, expensive furniture. The east wall has a wood framed glass door opening on a balcony. Nothing is visible but mist and fog.

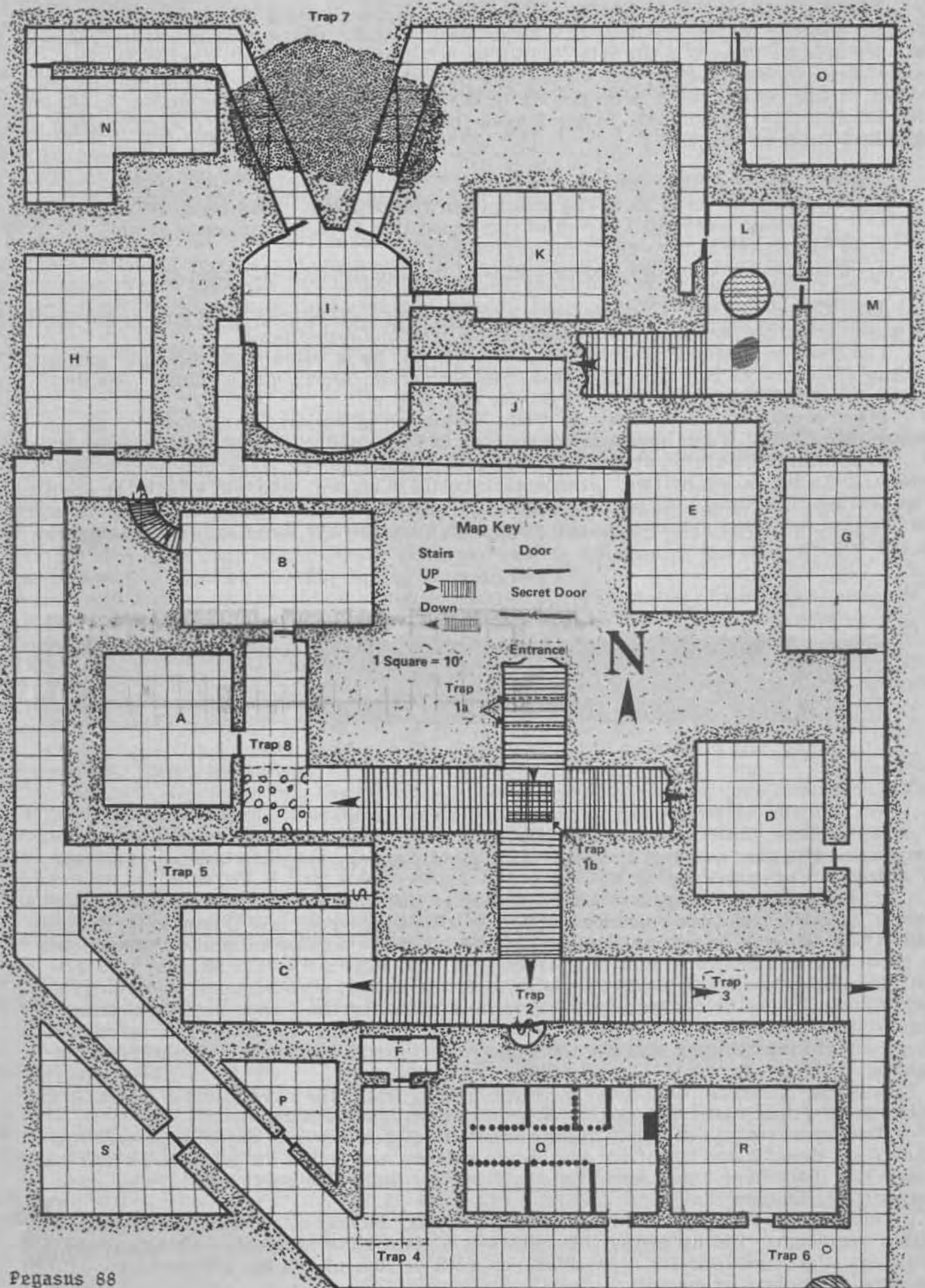
In the middle of the room is a rotting wooden chest. While the party is examining this, Fenris Bore will make his entrance. The door will swing open, and a floppishly dressed bandit will swing in on a rope. He will demand all of the parties valuables, threatening to shoot any who resist. His attributes are: ST. 20, IQ. 9, DX. 17, LK. 13, CN. 21, CH. 14. He is armed with a foil (2 dice plus 1), stiletto (2 dice minus 1) and two flintlock pistols. These do 5 dice plus 15 damage, and can be fired once before reloading. Fenris will not hesitate to swing back out if things turn sour for him. If defeated, the party will find nothing on him but the guns (3,000 g.p.) and pockets full of strange flowers.

B.. Renegade dwarves. 4 dwarves from the nearby iron mine have found a rich vein of gold ore near this room. (About 100 ft. north, through the north door.)

These dwarves are in a gold frenzy, and will attack any who enter to protect their find. Each dwarf has a MR of 20, and wears helmets and jerkin for a total of 4 hits armor. There is a pile of ore here, worth one c.p. per st. unit. The party can take as much ore as they can carry.

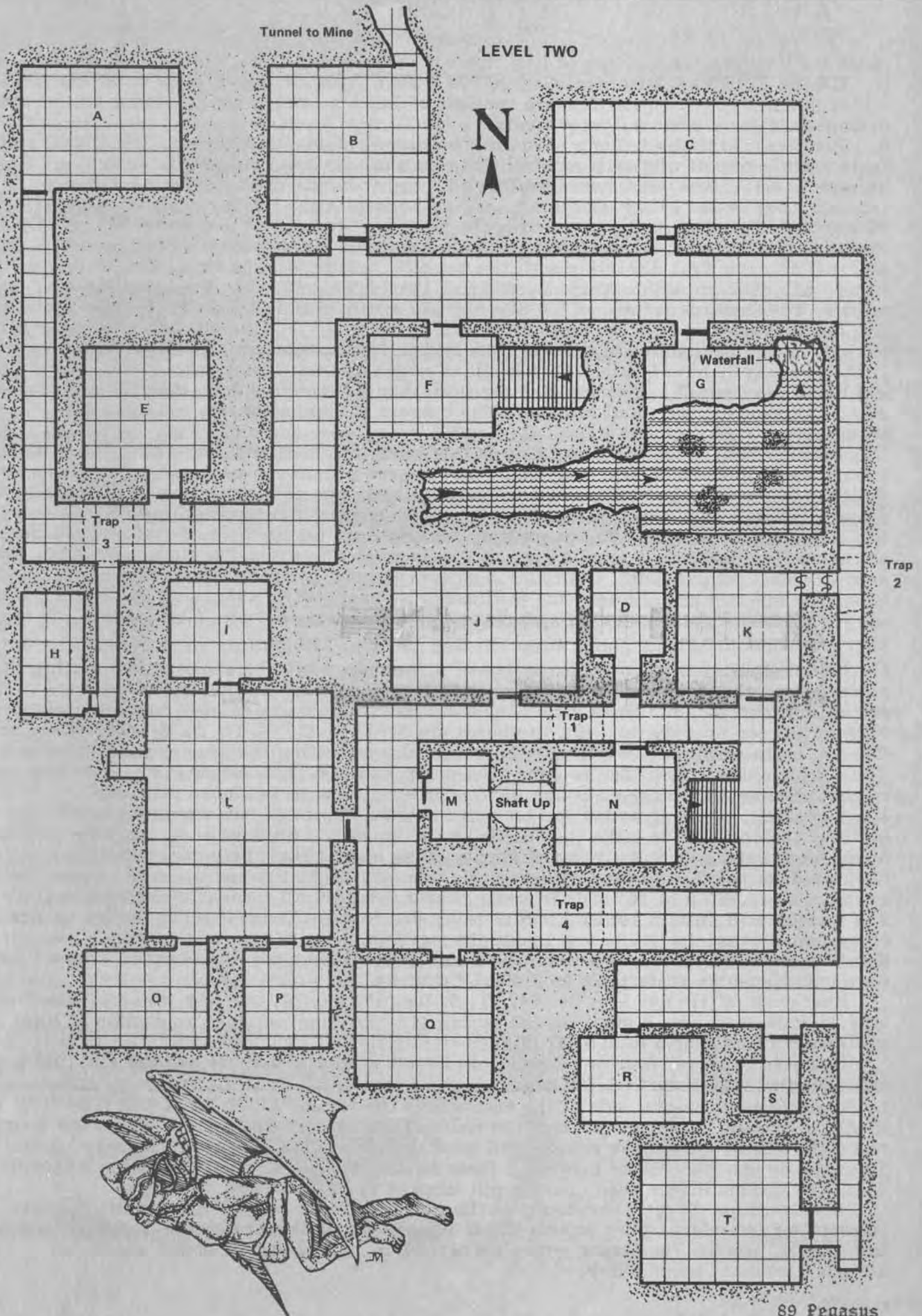
C.. This room is loaded with dusty furniture, empty boxes, a few bones and some rotten provisions. Hiding among this debris is a giant slime monster, waiting to feed upon any who stumble into it. The blob has a MR of 200, and is not affected by weapons nor poison or magic.

LEVEL ONE



Tunnel to Mine

LEVEL TWO



D.. George Gutsmeat, minotaur. George has a MR of 100. He has a giant club that adds 4 dice to his roll. George's treasure consists of 140 s.p. and 120 g.p., and a suit of armor custom made for a centaur, takes 6 hits.

E.. The Greatful Undead. Eerie music can be heard outside of this room. The inhabitants are a group of undead monsters. They occasionally send out patrols to find delvers to eat. There are: 5 zombies (MR 18, dice and adds don't decrease) 4 ghouls (MR 40). The wounds they deal don't heal unless magicked, 2 living skeletons (MR of 36 and 24). The weaker skeleton knows the level one spells, and a vampire (MR of 48). He can turn into a bat in emergencies. (Only magic will damage him). If the dead are met as WM's, the first 6 starting with the Zombies, will appear. If room, Con level one, cters turned any characters into Magic Myrmidons, they will be added to the list after the ghouls. The Undeads treasure? 130 SP, 220 GP, a ruby worth 1,500 GP, 3 spare myrmi-don helmets, and a box of strange clothing.

F.. A polished iron statue of a troll. The iron is from a meteorite; all magic in the room is absorbed by it, but if more than 5 levels of magic are cast in the same round, the statue will begin to overload. If overloaded for more than 3 turns in a row, the statue explodes doing 4 dice of damage to all in room. The current inhabitant of this room is a troll, MR of 60..

G.. Beaver Lake. A river flows through this room, to a dam and over the falls. A small tunnel leads up to room L on level one. Any beaver-people can be found here, along with 24 other beavers. The beavers will not attack unless one of there lodges is disturbed (there or fore). Beavers have a MR of 8, each lodge has one random treasure.

H.. When this door is opened, green leafy tendrils with sharp thorns burst out and grab at the nearest person. A level 2 s.r. on Dx. is needed to avoid the vines. If failed, the victim takes 1 hit per point the roll was missed by, and is dragged into the room. Inside is a killer kudzu-plant, hungry for fertilizer. It has a MR of 150. Anyone caught in the vine is helpless, and takes 1 hit a round as the life is squeezed out of him or her. If the party manages to kill the plant, they will find 150 s.p. 170 g.p.

I.. This room is very plain, but a statue of a young boy in nobles' clothing is leaning against the wall. Sticking to his bottom is a wooden paddle. If this is removed, the statue will come to life. He is little Lord-Nawtyboy, an obnoxious brat dumped down here by his fed up parents. His attributes are St.8, IQ 12, Lk 14, Dx 9, Con. 80, Chr. 2, he has had an enchantment thrown on him protecting him from normal weapons. The GM should use Nawtyboy to annoy the party and lead them astray. The only way besides magic to silence this nuisance is the paddle; if it hits him he is stoned instantly.

J.. A clicking, whirring sound can be heard outside this room. It contains a magic bottling machine used to make the "bottled orcs" in room S on level one. Any one stepping inside must make a level 2 s.r. on dexterity or be sucked into the innards, bottled, and teleported to room S. Anyone escaping this fate must fight the half orc who guards the machine. He has MR of 30, leather armor, and a great sword (add 2 dice to his roll). The machine will sustain 100 hits before being destroyed. There is a one in six chance of a trapped character still being inside the machine.

K.. Khargoid, the troll. He guards the secret door in his room Why, nobody knows. The room is outfitted in comfortable troll sized furniture.

Khargoids' attributes are; St. 54, IQ. 9, Dx. 15, Lk. 10, Con. 36, Chr. 14. He gets 45 adds, and uses a giant Bec-de corbin (18 dice) and wears a breastplate (5 hits) and helmet (1 hit) for a total of 12 hits.

Against the secret door is a heavy iron bound wooden chest. It has 520 s.p., 380 g.p., and a jeweled goblet worth 1,300 g.p..

L.. Inscribed on the east side of the east wall is the words "KEEP YOUR DESTINATION IN MIND" in orcish. If anyone crosses the room without a destination (I.E. one of the doors), he or she will be dazzled by random and constantly changing visions of far-away lands. Then, he or she find him or herself in these lands. If the character heads for a specific door, the visions will be seen, but he will arrive at his destination.

M.. Six Gremlins. These mischievous devils patrol the corridor the room is on, creating mischief for intruders. They have a MR of 10, and carry daggers coated in spider venom to backstab people. The leader wears leather armor, and wears an amulet which can absorb 6 levels of magic a day.

The room is locked while the gremlins are out, and is guarded by a trained rat pack (5 rats, MR of 13). The treasure is in a pile of dead leaves; 160 s.p., 210 c.p. N.. In the middle of the room is a column of red hot iron. The rooms current occupant is The Steamer, a oyster shell on legs. It has a MR of 88, and has armor that takes 12 hits each round. Once each round, the Steamer breathes a jet of plasma hot steam at one party member. This does 3 dice of damage and blinds character for 4 rounds.

Because of the unbearable heat, characters with armor on lose 1 St. point a round. The steamer has 280 s.p., 480 g.p., and a magic cake similar to the one in room O on level one.

O.. A Magic Myrmidon (MR 30, 12 hits armor) Stands by the door, guarding the room.

Against the west wall is a lectern, with a huge, leather bound book open on it. The table of contents is as so: "Winning friends and influencing people". " Raising hell for fun and profit". "Things man was not meant to know". (One person may read on chapter: the book then disappears.)

"Winning Friends"..... Allows the reader to automatically make the next 4 saving rolls made on his charisma. "Raising Hell"..... Let's the user call up one demon by sacrificing a human maiden. It serves for 2 weeks. "Things Man".... The user knows, but becomes a frog!FOREVER.

P.. Nine Orcs, MR is 25, they wear armor worth 8 hits. The head orc has a magic sword. It adds 2 dice to his roll (gets 5 dice when used by a character) takes 2 hits as though it were armor, and glows green near magic. The orcs treasure is 200 s.p. 240 g.p.

Q...Six Boogie Men..These foul creatures look like masses of rotting swampy vegetation. They have a monster rating of 30, and only take half damage from edged weapons due to their rotten nature. The floor of his room is covered with rotting leaves, making it very slippery. Hidden beneath is the boogie means treasure; 340 g.p., and a dagger that, when used by a wizard, can suck (IQ points) from the victim equal to the number of con. damage the victim took. These points are added to the wizards strength. There is also a jar of vanishing cream,(see room O on level one) and a ring that allows wearer to see in the dark for on hour each day.

R.. Five Giant Budgies... These are huge killer parakeets bred in the dungeons. They have a MR of 48, and smell so foully that characters failing a s.r. are stunned the first round. There treasure consists of 160 g.p. and a magic cookie that causes eater to grow 6 feet.

S.. This room is occupied by Zoo Manners, an insane midget who ran here after killing the tall man in the circus he worked at. He has sworn to himself to kill all he meets over 5'1". He has a MR of 40, wears a helmet (1 hit) and uses a dagger poisoned with curare le (double damage). He waits above the door to jump on the first tall person. His treasure:p. 240 gp and a huge ruby worth 7,500 gp.

T.. A level 5 Wizard and Twelve Orcs live here, occasionally raiding villages for fun and profit. The orcs have a MR of 25, wear leather armor, and have light selfbows. The wizards attributes: St. 31, IQ. 21, Dx. 13, Lk. 13, Con. 13, Ch. 15, he wears leather armor (6 hits) uses a sax (2 dice plus 5) and has a deluxe staff. He has all the spells up to 5th level. The treasure is 140 g.p., a potion which heals any damage on Con., a magic amulet which absobs 6 levels of magic a day, and a helmet which takes 6 hits, but gives weares such a headache his adds are halved. Only a "Curses Foiled" will remove the helmet.

THE END





Dear Sir,

"Never argue about religion, politics, or baseball." However, Randall Keiser's letter in *Pegasus* No. 2 clearly deserves a reply. In doing so, let me state one point quite early, so that readers may know my viewpoint. I am a Christian. So that there is no doubt as to what that means: I hold it to be true that Jesus of Nazareth was, in fact, Almighty God; I have accepted Him as my Savior, and I seek to obey Him as my Lord.

Often, of course, I fail Him. If I did so in including "Satan" and a "guardian angel" in *Under the Storm Giant's Castle*, it was not intended. Indeed, the opposite was intended.

Two aspects of *Dungeons & Dragons*™ which bother me are the system used for Clerics and the inclusion of devils and demons unbalanced by angels.

In the original *D&D*™, it is clear from such things as the no-edged-weapons restriction that Clerics are usually assumed to be Christians. Yet Christianity is never acknowledged, and Clerics perform by casting "spells," making them Magic-Users. This, to me, was quite wrong, and I answered it long ago by developing a system based on Faith and prayer. (Refer to "Faith" by Thomas A. McCloud, *The Dungeoneer* No. 11, May-June 1979, pp. 34-36.)

Demons surfaced in *Eldritch Wizardry*, followed by devils and devils in the *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons*™ *Monster Manual*. But, by traditional Judeo-Christian theology, devils are fallen angels. Here, in the game, were the fiends of Hell. Where were the angels of Heaven? To answer this, I deliberately put an angel into *Under the Storm Giant's Castle*.

There are two points of theology being illustrated, admittedly not nearly so clearly as I would have liked. The first is the interesting concept of the guardian angel which is based on Matthew 18:10. The second is that a single angel, doing God's will, is more than a match for Satan himself which is based on Revelations 20:1-2. (For those interested, I recommend *All About Angels*, by C. Leslie Miller; *Protected by Angels*, by Don Dickerman; and, most of all, the Bible itself, with the Apocrypha if you're looking for Raphael.)

Returning to Mr. Keiser's letter, it is interesting to consider the questions of drawing borderlines between the "real" and the "imaginary." To borrow from J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Two Towers* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1963, p. 37):

"But they [halflings] are only a little people in old songs and children's tales out of the North. Do we walk in legends or on the green earth in the daylight?"

"The green earth, say you? That is a mighty matter of legend, though you tread it under the light of day!"

In other words, things which appear in fantasies are often images of things from our own reality. If the Devil and angels are, indeed, real, then it is illogical to exclude them on that basis unless everything, from aardvark to zebra, is equally excluded.

Concerning misconceptions, I see two possibilities, but, for the first, I must (almost) disclaim responsibility, and the second required unwarranted presumption.

The first misconception can be stated in three sentences:

(1) "All characters, situations, and institutions portrayed herein (in *Under the Storm Giant's Castle*) are fictional, . . ."

(2) Satan and angels are portrayed in *Under the Storm Giant's Castle*.

(3) Therefore, Satan and angels are fictional.

I did not write the sentence that reads: "All characters, situations, and institutions portrayed herein are fictional, and any resemblance to any person or institution is purely coincidental." But, I would never have seen the flaw in it had not Mr. Keiser pointed it out, and it is a very standard legal-loophole statement that I might have anticipated.

Perhaps a better way to start the sentence would be, "All portrayals of characters, situations, and institutions herein is fictional, . . ."

The resemblance-is-coincidence clause is false. The "resemblance between the contents of the module and the institution of Christianity," to borrow Mr. Keiser's phrase, was not coincidence; it was very deliberate. Presumably, the purpose of the clause is to forestall lawsuits by, for example, someone named Louie de Cachot who claims that "he" was "used" without permission in room 2 of Level Six. Perhaps the JG could use: ". . . and any resemblance to any person or institution not in the public domain is purely coincidental."

The second possible misconception is a kind of reverse of the first:

- (1) Satan and angels are real.
- (2) Satan and angels are portrayed in **Under the Storm Giant's Castle**.
- (3) The portrayals of Satan and angels in **Under the Storm Giant's Castle** are portrayals of the real Satan and real angels.

But it is presumptuous to ever assume that descriptions in a fictional work are intended to describe reality. Sometimes they do. ("Clouds are white.") Sometimes they don't. ("All the world knows that the American Patriots lost their war for independence from England; [sic] that their army was shattered, [sic] that their leaders were either killed or driven into exile." [from H' Beam Piper's story, "He Walked Around the Horses."]) Sometimes they have no relevance. ("Dozens of dragons boiled out of the ground where the warrior's teeth had been sown.") That is simply the nature of fiction.

Concerning the question of taste, there seem to be those who feel that any use of the Holy Bible or any of its subjects outside of Church is sacrilegious. But there have been books, paintings, songs, stories, and

even comic books, T. V. shows, and movies made with angels and/or the devil and/or God in them. The recent George Burns movie, **Oh, God!**, is an excellent example. So is Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*. Inclusion of sacred subjects in a **D&D**™ module is something which I, obviously, simply do not consider to be disrespectful in and of itself.

Neither do I feel that my particular treatment of Satan and the guardian angel was offensive. I should warn that I have recently felt Called upon to go further, and I am now preparing **Josterlosk** for submission to the Judges Guild.

Josterlosk is a theme dungeon where the theme is the Holy Bible. All of the monsters are selected from the Bible or else related to Biblical questions. All of the puzzles are based on either Bible lore or basic Christian ideas. It is a dungeon where you literally need a Bible in front of you to play it.

It is possible that either the JG or TSR will balk, and **Josterlosk** might never be published. In any event, I advise all readers to avoid anything I write if finding borrowings from Christianity is going to offend them.

Yours truly,
Thomas A. McCloud



--- HEAR YE! --- HEAR YE! --- HEAR YE! ---

It has been brought to our attention that many of the fine Guildmembers of this fair City State have moved and not notified the Emperor or not notified him soon enough. Accordingly, at some later date, they file a writ of grievance against the Emperor's Runners for failure of delivery of their copies of "Pegasus". Be it known that while the Emperor has many Magicians, Seers and Soothsayers, they cannot oversee each individual all the time. Please notify the Emperor's Runners via Judges Guild, as soon as possible when moving. The Emperor's Runners will not, normally, forward your "Pegasus" to its new stable, and you won't want to miss an issue!

The Guild of Manufacturers of City State News and Publishers of Related Adventures (Judges Guild) has noted that many Guildmembers try to order products or inquire about orders at all hours of the day and night, including 3:30 a.m. Sunday mornings. Unfortunately, the Guild is not staffed in all departments 24 hours a day. Please limit all such calls to 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., City State Time (Central) and Monday thru Friday only.

Both "Pegasus" and Judges Guild are looking for more good Writers and Artists. If you would like to submit material for consideration for publication in or as a product or in our magazine, see page 94 for information and write for our "Writer and Artist Guide" - Free with a S.A.S.E. (Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope).



IN THE CRYSTAL BALL

The Morrow Project Report

Our very own weapons smith has decided to add new and different weapons and vehicles to enhance and bring new life to any **Morrow Project** campaign. This column is designed to be a part of any existing campaign or can be used in starting a whole new one.

Screen Scenes

by C. J. Henderson. Featuring **Time Bandits**, a review of a brand-new fantasy movie, here and now. Also by C. J. is a book column, **Magik Tomes**, of latest releases in the sci fi/fantasy genre. These two columns will be regular **Pegasus** occurrences.

Stunning Adventure Comix

Featuring two new color strips, "Interstellar Fantasies," which follows the intrepid crew of the I.S.S. Maralyn as they conquer (?) all adversities. Our other new comic, "The Vile File," explores the world of dungeon adventures. Follow Akron and Slickness on their hilarious trek through the underworld.

Gateway Quadrant

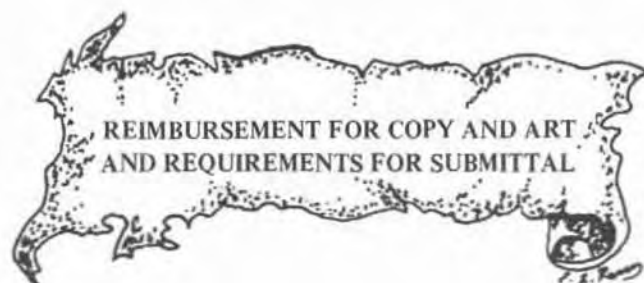
A new column by Dave Sering which will consist of explanations and use of Judges Guild **Traveller**™ products. It will also focus on specific problems encountered in typical **Traveller**™ campaigns and the solving of those problems using Judges Guild material.

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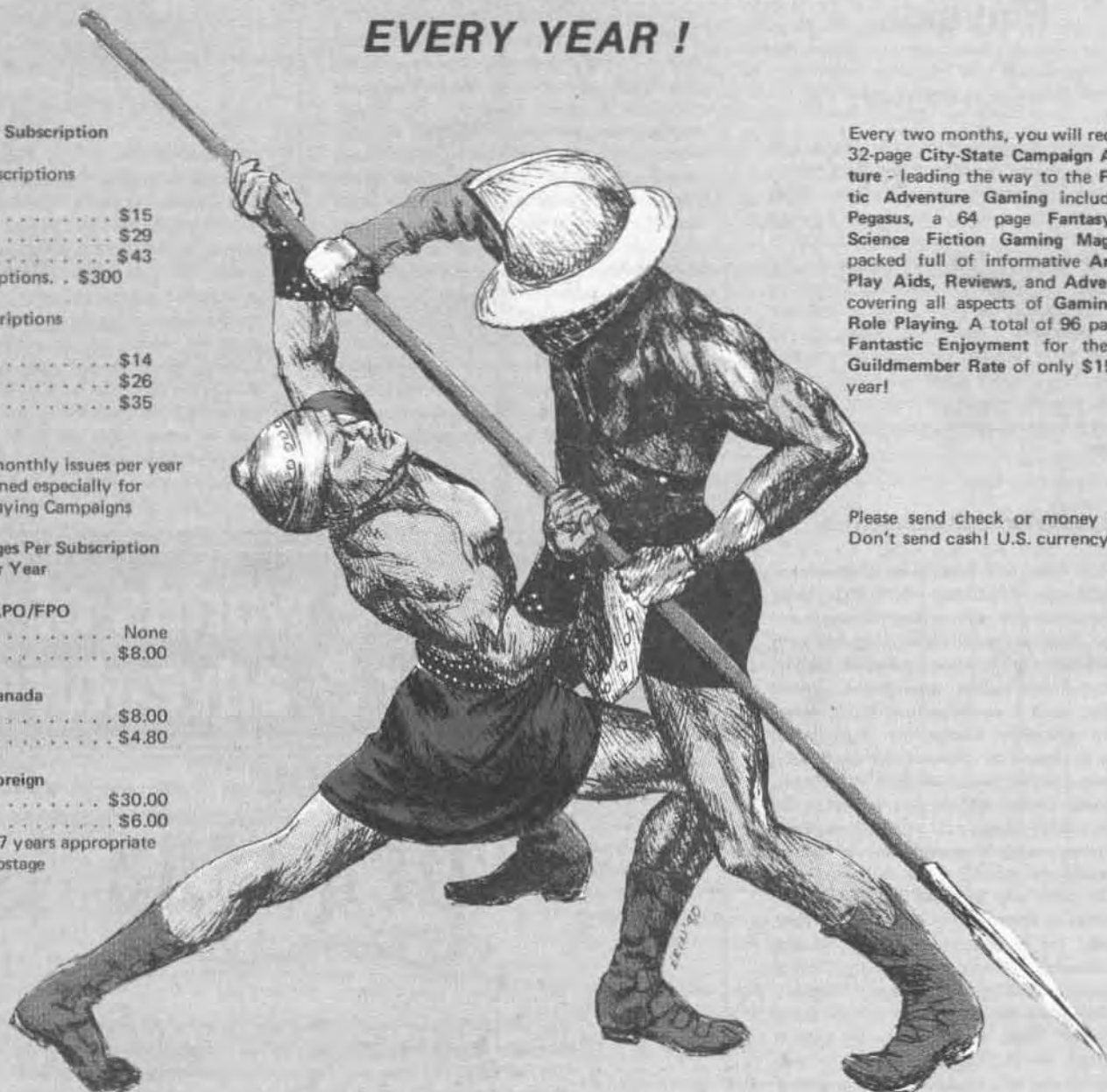
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