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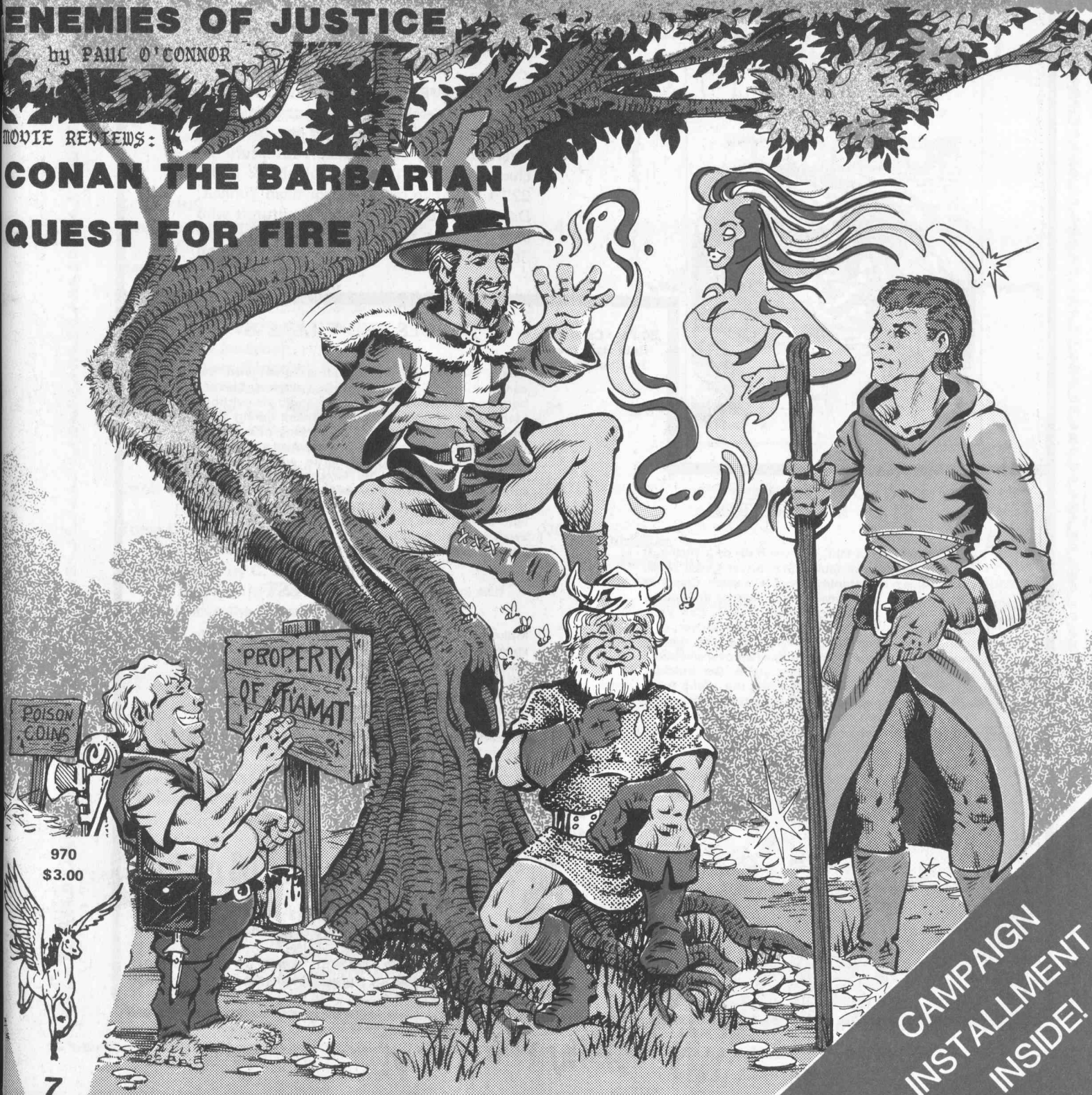
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by PAUL O'CONNOR

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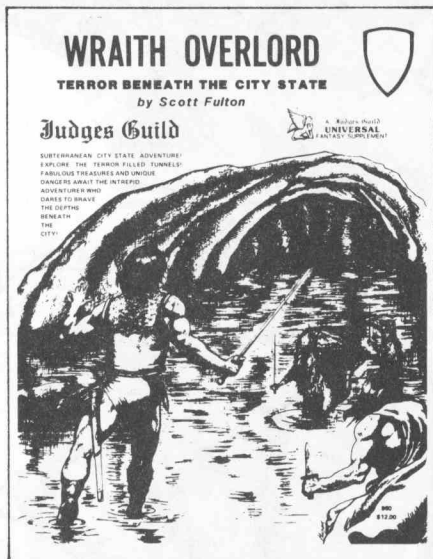
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Bill Pixley hard at work
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 a DragonQuest adventure.

IMPERIAL

Pegasus

ISSUE SEVEN

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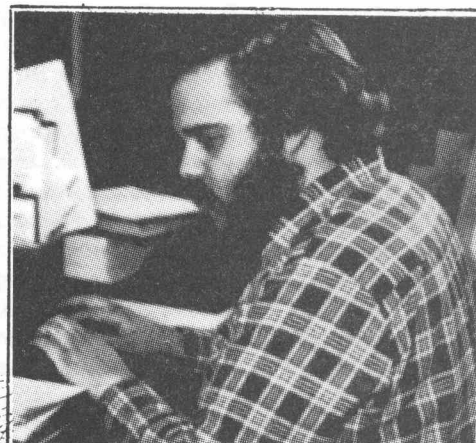
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HORSE FEATHERS

EDITORIAL

by Edward R. G. Mortimer

We wish to thank the following readers for their prompt comments to our Readers Survey. Mr. Howland, Raytown, MD; John T. Jones, Portland, OR; Mr. Spigener, Wethersfield, CT; Glenn Johnson, Lawrenceville, NJ; Danny Krystyam, Trenton, MI; B. Speer, Houston, TX; Bill Hoyer, Lake Geneva, WI.

"Chief"

Greetings, fellow adventurers. We have another fine issue here for you which I'm sure you will find interesting, thought-provoking, and enjoyable.

One of the highlights of this issue is the first of a two-part fantasy story by C. J. Henderson, *To the Beast*. Among its more remarkable features is the fact that we actually have **both** parts of this fine piece of fiction, and the other part will be presented in another issue, I promise. Illustrated by Russ Steffens, this tale will rivet your attention and have you waiting by your mailboxes for the issue containing the second and final part.

The continuing debate on Christianity in FRP rages on as evidenced by two fine letters and my replies in *The Town Crier*. I hope everybody understands that we are **not** trying to convert anybody or to change anyone's beliefs; we are just presenting a variety of viewpoints on one of the many interesting areas in FRP, religion. If you have something to say about this subject or about any other aspect of FRP, don't hesitate to drop us a few lines. At the very least, your viewpoint will be read by many of us here at Judges Guild, and it probably will find its way into the magazine sooner or later.

While on the subject, in an obtuse sort of way, I'd just like to inform those of you out there that have sent in many articles, adventures, or what-have-you that, if you don't see it in print immediately, don't despair. While it may seem that there is plenty of space within this magazine to fit all of your stuff, please remember that other people also contribute to this magazine. I can't always fit all of the material I would like to fit into every issue; some things have to be put aside until some other time. An excellent example of this is Ken St. Andre's mystery, *Murder at the Ruptured Troll* which will appear in the next issue but which I originally wanted to put in issue number 5; it had to be put off until issue number 8 because it is such a fine piece of fiction that I felt it merited special attention, and, therefore, I held off printing it until it could be properly presented in the way it deserved. Several other good materials have been delayed for similar reasons.

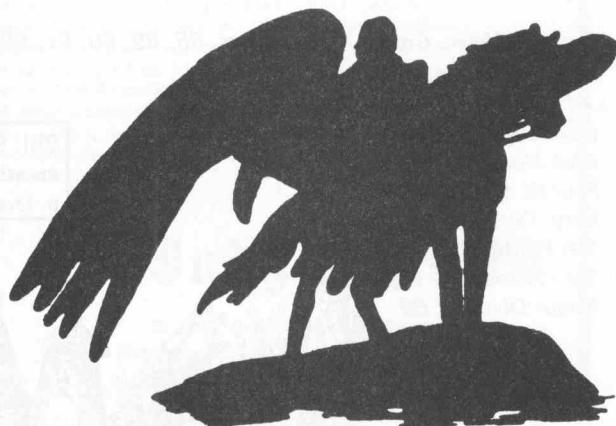
Sometimes, an article has to be delayed because the upcoming issue or issues already have enough material on that particular subject. As editor, I try to present a diversity of subjects, as well as to preserve balance between authors and length of articles, in order to make each issue as interesting and meaningful to as many people as possible.

While I'm on the subject of editorial policy, I would also like to say that very rarely do I edit a magazine submission. The +5 Samurai Scissors left to me by the former editor are gathering dust and rust at the bottom of one of my desk drawers. I feel that my job is to present **your** view of a subject. My opinions are expressed in my columns and not in your articles and at your expense. If anything is changed, there is definitely a good reason for it, such as correcting any spelling, punctuation or grammatical errors or changing small design errors to conform to the rest of the material.

Well, enough of that; let's get back to fantasyland. As I mentioned in issue number 5, there will be a science-fiction issue of the *Imperial Pegasus* within a few months. So, if you have any ideas or commentary on science-fiction role-playing, please send them in to us. I am especially interested in material for *Aftermath*, *Space Opera*, *Starships and Spacemen*, *Flash Gordon and the Warriors of Mongo*, *Villains and Vigilantes (FGU)*, *Universe (SPI)*, *Star Rovers (Archive)*, *Worlds of Wonder (Chaosium)*, *Space Marines (FanTac Games)*, *The Mechanoid Invasion (Palladium Books)*, *Champions (Hero Games)*, *Superhero 2044*, *Star Fleet Battle Manual*, *Alien Space (Gamescience Corp.)*, *Star Fleet Battles (Task Force Games)*, *The Morrow Project (Timeline, Inc.)*, *Outpost Gamma (Dwarfstar Games)* and others which I have not the space to mention. So, let's hear from you. I'm not hard to please.

In closing, I would like to remind you to use the *Reader Survey* that was printed in issue number 6. If that issue is not readily available to you, you can order it from us, or just drop us a few lines on any handy piece of paper. Your comments will be carefully scrutinized and acted upon; you will not be wasting your time and postage.

Ed



STANDARDIZATION IN FANTASY ROLE PLAYING

By Bob Bledsaw

My background in gaming has made me respectful of the overworked word, "playability". . . usually found next to the copy on boxes stating, "For 8 Years and UP." Standardization makes for ease of play. . . generally. There are many areas in fantasy campaign designing where standardization makes little or no contribution to playability, however. When a Judge begins the designing of social structures for an active campaign, he is immediately faced with several problems resulting from rule systems which introduce standardization of fighting ability, intelligence, alignment, size, dexterity, and other concepts on the races of fantastic creatures with which he is attempting to populate his "fantasy" universe. I have found it very expeditious (and more fun) to consider these limitations as representative of the particular creature type or race. . . in other words, the prevalent mode. This allows the Judge to have unusually intelligent members of an otherwise low intelligent type of fantastic creature to interact with player-characters, lead organized lives of benefit to themselves, create organizations, formulate diabolically clever plans, and gives a more realistic feel to negotiations and other actions so common in an active campaign. I'm not suggesting that the Judge should fit a normal curve to all characteristics ascribed to these creature types. Something far simpler suffices quite well. . . like permitting plus or minus one for forty percent, plus or minus two for twenty percent, and plus or minus three for five percent to the average characteristics for that type. A further refinement would be to create multi-modal adders to allow some simulance of racial characteristics, tribal influences, or environmental skewing of certain characteristics such as a history of contact with creatures of a higher intelligence might introduce. Thus, the player can be fairly certain that the "wandering monster" is the standard type to be expected and yet allow some interesting and unique encounters for those adventures struc-

tured in more depth by the Judge.

Further applications of this approach would easily apply to technology, religion (mythos), and languages. Let's tackle the toughest one first. . . technology. My explanation for the difference in technology from one area in a fantastic campaign to another would run something like this: The rapid spread of technology throughout mankind's history is peculiar to man himself and much abetted by the natural, inherent ability of mankind to adjust to new situations or environmental adaptability. In a world replete with more competitors for the highest rung on the predator ladder, this ability is hampered by warfare (one of the best, if not the best, catalysts for technological advancement) with these other creatures instead of other men. Warfare with creatures of higher intelligence will cause more technological advancement; warfare with creatures of lower intelligence will introduce stagnation and complacency. Many of the creatures themselves, while a viable political force at this stage of mankind's technological development, may not possess the same environmental adaptability as mankind. . . i.e. a Stone Age technology might well be the prevalent technological level of most Goblin tribes. Of course, this logic is predicated on the basis that there exist creatures almost or more populous than mankind of high enough intelligence to represent a real political threat while low enough in intelligence to inspire complacency. . . mankind is gradually winning the climb up the ladder. The use of a working, everyday magic system also retards "real" research to increase technology. . . although I would consider high-technology items to be magical devices for all practical purposes in any fantasy campaign where knowledge of these devices is not commonplace. The spread of technology through trade is also severely restricted because trade itself is severely restricted to items of very high value of a highly portable nature. Anarchy prevails beyond the gates, and only the most stalwart of merchants will venture forth in the best of times. Warfare may bring out the animal cunning, but it wrecks the prospect of an adequate return on investment.

The limits of technological levels attainable by any civilizations, creature types, or sage individuals should be determined by the Judge when he develops his campaign. Most opt to exclude the prospect of explosives, and I heartily concur that this seriously affects the Swords and sorcery flavor preferred by most fantasy role playing enthusiasts. The unique prospect of obtaining a phaser with its power supply very low or a .38 revolver with four shots left is almost too much temptation for many campaign players and should not affect the campaign overmuch unless it falls into the hands of a super-genius with the motivation and resources necessary to exploit the hap- penstance without personal hazard. I like the most advanced areas in my campaign to possess inventions such as telescopes (simple spyglasses), sextants, rudimentary alchemy, and higher mathematics (inspired, no doubt, by the esoteric pursuit of high magic and the symmetrical balance necessary to achieve "safe" magical results). I tend to ascribe a technological level attainable in any certain area by villages and city-states. The general population is assumed to be completely self-sufficient in lower technological levels with "specialization" becoming prominent as the technological level rises to the "medieval" level. Thus, the populace has small inducement to risk the hazards of travel and live out their lives within short distances of their birthplaces. . . excepting nomads and hunting parties. This further restricts the propagation of technology. Technological breakthroughs are generally regarded as the closely guarded secrets of Priests, Guildmasters, and rulers and disseminated to the average citizen or tribesman only when it serves the purpose of the possessor of same. One can easily imagine that "magic Swords" were, indeed, wielded in days of yore. . . being more flexible, staying sharp longer, of lighter weight and, therefore, faster, and constructed with hand guards able to withstand stout, direct blows. Ask any metallurgist about the ritual tempering of steel in living blood to produce the fabled blades of the Middle East. The raw materials were available elsewhere, but no ruler could glean the secret of Damascus steel from the privileged few.

The areas wherein technology has developed beyond the normal weal should be located at some point conducive to the dissemination of knowledge. Rivers are the super highways of the ancient and medieval civilizations, and real advantage accrues to trade centers located thereon. This should not exclude the possibility of a "lost" civilization of advanced technology "cut off" by some catastrophe of major dimension or purposely kept secret by powerful magics or technology in some fantasy campaigns. But they are the exception, not the general case. Nor are established trade routes to be excluded from a non-standard technology campaign. . . . they must involve much peril, however. Areas with higher technology must be located near areas with the agrarian capacity to support the increased specialization mentioned earlier. A favorable climate is also desirable for your favored technological areas. Creature comforts must be obtained with reasonable ease to permit the more energetic to achieve higher goals. Periods of peace enforced by a strong military presence would permit a relaxing of some of the barriers of trade, thereby increasing the stimuli of foreign ideas. A resource to attract these traders and increase specialization would also encourage technology. Some interesting benefits accrue in a non-standard technology campaign, although it must be considered early in the design stage or the range of technology might not fit the mythos desired. It is quite rewarding to observe the distraction of a player-character far from home attempting to purchase a light horse with worthless soft metal disks in an area where barter is the only trade medium technologically available. As with characteristics for types of creatures, I would recommend a mode of something akin to medieval technology with a spread, on the lower end, back to the Bronze or Stone Age and, at the upper end, early Renaissance or Late Medieval technology. One last caution: the highest technology extant in an area may be common knowledge but will also command the highest prices and may be rare or uniquely controlled to retain its use in that area for the obvious advantage of the controller.

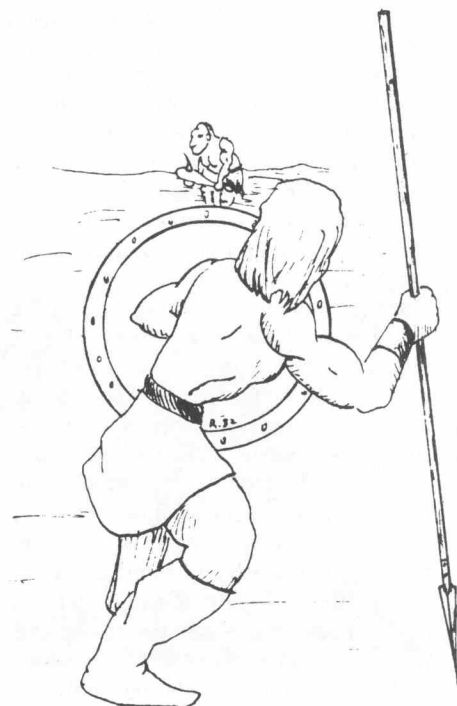
Religion is a fertile source of cults, political factions, sub-cultures, mores, and social structure. It is the well-spring of a whole character class. It has inspired warfare from the beginning of mankind's history. For those

Judges that prefer a one-mythos campaign, I recommend that you skip this section. . . . it has little to offer you. Most fantasy literature presupposes a multitudinous approach to religion. The introduction of many pantheons in a campaign will generally enrich it. While some societies may be based solely on a "state" religion, the interesting variety of religions in densely populated areas is obvious. In fantasy role playing, it makes the non-player characters more believable inasmuch as they are split into factions and yet practice some tolerance to live together. I dislike sending the player-character to any or every village populated by humans to visit the temple of his choice as much as I dislike sending one to Elfland to hire Elves. Any civilized or barbaric group will have more than one religion even if the one that isn't predominant is a branch of the main one (mode). I like to have no fixed method of determining how many religions will be practiced in an area but recommend that the number rise geometrically with the population. . . . resplendent with false gods, minor gods, household gods, and class gods. The Judge need not enumerate or "flesh out" any more than necessary at any point in his campaign. Leave it up to the player-character Clerics to determine rituals, hierarchy titles, and the less important details of the minor religions unless it is important to the action in your campaign. While it leaves few decisions for your Clerics to make if you have few religions, the introduction of many religions will put political and social limits on the sway of the religions in your campaign, making it more competitive for the Clerics and a ready source of quests, conflicts, and conversions. Not every religion needs a temple, but every Judge needs controls and motivators in a large campaign.

Languages have been frequently glossed over in many campaigns because of the need to encourage, not discourage, interaction between the player and the non-played characters which add spice to play. All intelligent creature types will develop unique dialects if separated by any real geographic barrier (distance, mountains, oceans) from their fellow creatures. The common tongue should pose a real danger of misinterpretation every time it is used to communicate with creatures of less than average intelligence and even highly intelligent creatures if the player-characters have traveled far from their original stamping grounds.

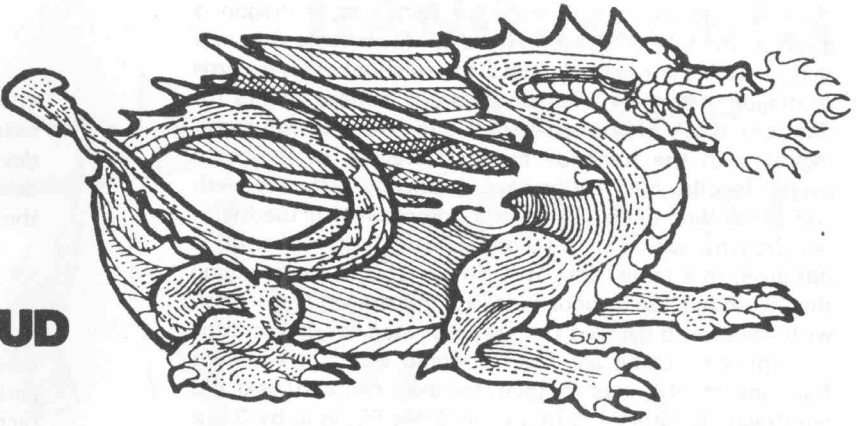
In other words, the common tongue should develop dialects as the player-characters move further away from the place where they learned it. The introduction of some dialectic differences and different languages for the same type of creatures will not increase playability for action at the inception of a campaign but will tend to restrict the movement of player-characters to fairly familiar territory (unless at the head of an army or the shoulder of an interpreter) until later in the campaign when the Judge will be better prepared for such expeditions (or invasions). This may, at first, seem like a less important control for a large campaign, but it does have impact and will limit the wanderlust until you are able to cope.

Thus ends my diatribe against mothers, apple pie, and standardization. Although I abhor complication for the sake of miniscule tweaks which have little impact or importance on outcome in a game because it sacrifices playability, the net effect of a few design considerations when setting up a campaign will do nothing to harm play and will spark the imagination, aid in the controlled growth of player-characters, and add much to the pleasure to be had by all.



HOW TO RAISE PET DRAGONS

by **THOMAS A. McCLOUD**



In the kingdom of Meng, for which I am Judge, adventuring characters formerly went to the Dragon's Nursery to slay dragons and take their treasures. Now, however, the wizard, Acorn (whose description is in **Under the Storm Giant's Castle**), has returned, and the Dragon's Nursery has become a place from which adventures start. Acorn is a dragon breeder, and so the characters are sent out to find dragon eggs or breeding stock.

Acorn bargains with each group as to their reward. The usual request has been a pet dragon. This produces the problem of guidelines for handling dragons as pets, and this article is to document the strictures to be used in the games I run. For other Judges, especially those running open campaigns into which players might take these pet dragons, the ideas set forth here are **suggestions only**, to be followed, considered, or ignored as the Judge pleases. Furthermore, I reserve the right to change these guidelines in my own campaigns. Please note that these guidelines produce a variant of the standard **D&D** tm game.

Hatchlings

A **D&D** tm dragon, to be a proper pet, must be acquired while it is still a hatchling less than one year old. At this tender age it has only 1 HP, is less than 2' long, and its bite can inflict only 1 point of damage. A hatchling does not yet have any Alignment, and may be considered Neutral. (Dragons adopted as pets when hatchlings, will take on the alignment of their owner, regardless of the usual alignment of the type.) If a hatchling has a damage-inflicting breath weapon, that breath is capable of inflicting no more than one point of damage; this is standard, since the hatchling has only one hit point. But, for a hatchling, a Roll to Hit must be made before breath effects are considered, since the range of a hatchling's breath is deemed less than one foot. A hatchling has no treasure, knows no magic spells, and fights as a "less than one hit die" monster. Hatchlings make Saving Throws as first level magic-users.

The preceding statements on hatchling dragons apply only in the first year of the dragon's life, which, in the "Age of Pet Dragons" section, to be given later, means only on the adventure in which the hatchling is obtained. By the next adventure, the dragon is one year old, and no longer a hatchling.

Dragon size, sex, characteristics, and so forth are established when the egg is fertilized, so the Judge for the adventure on which the hatchling is found needs to decide these things. For sex, roll any die: odd = male, even = fe-

male. For size, roll 1D10: 1 - 2 = small, 3 - 8 = average, 9 - 10 = very large. For characteristics, roll 3D6 as usual for Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, and so forth. The results should be interpreted as "... among dragons of this kind." Thus, a Strength of 10 for an adult red dragon is very much greater than a Strength of 10 for an adult human. The "Monsters Attacking" combat table is used for pet dragons, therefore, they do not get Strength or Dexterity bonuses. (By the rulebooks, monsters do not have "characteristics" as do characters. However, many Judges, including myself, run variants which need those numbers.)

Some dragon descriptions list percentage chances for a dragon to talk and for a dragon to use magic. Every pet dragon, unless the type description indicates Low or lower Intelligence, will learn to speak the primary languages of its master (Common, the Alignment tongue, and, for such as elves and dwarves, the Racial language). Dragon pets with high Intelligence may learn extra languages under the same rules used for characters. Magic use by dragons is here deemed an inborn trait, so where a dragon type description gives a percentage chance that such dragons are magic-using, the Judge for the adventure on which such a dragon is found should roll to see if the dragon will develop magic use. Spell-learning then follows the increase in spells by age group as given in the type description. (Some Judges may prefer to treat magic-using pet dragons as if they were character Magic-Users with level as Magic-User assumed the same as the dragon's age level.)

Growth of Pet Dragons

Pet dragons do not advance in levels by accumulating experience, they grow year by year through various age groups. The rulebooks indicate that monster dragons have increasing hit points and increasing numbers of magic spells as they get older, and this will be imitated for pet dragons. The rulebooks do not indicate any change in the body size, damage done, or volume of breath, of dragons as they grow. These will be covered here.

The table, "Dragon Age Groups," shows the correspondence between years and age level. (Note that it extends the table given in the **AD&D** tm **Monster Manual**.) The table, "Dragon Growth," shows how size increases with age level for different adult sizes. The size in a dragon type description is here assumed to be the full adult size, reached when the dragon is 101 years old. The "Dragon Growth" table is given by full adult size, rather than type, since Acorn breeds many types not in the rulebooks. Suggested

claw damage and bite damage for each size of dragon is given in the table, "Dragon Attacks." (This table does not quite match the rulebook, since the rulebook goes by type of dragon, and sometimes has different damage listings for different types of the same adult size. There is nothing illogical with the rulebook method; dragons of the same overall length could easily have drastically different teeth and claws, but it would get too complicated if used with pet dragons, which grow.) The size of a dragon's breath is not given in a table, since it is simpler to handle by saying that it should be proportional to the dragon's age level, with age level 6 deemed the age level used for dragon type descriptions. (Using age level 5 would result in awkward fractions.) If this is used, then, for example, a 20-year old red dragon breathes fire in a cone $3/6 \times 90'$ long by $3/6 \times 30'$ wide, which is simply 45' long by 15' wide.

Age of Pet Dragons

In my games, a pet dragon adds one year of age for each genuine adventure in which the dragon is played. (Closed campaign Judges with their own time scales will probably prefer to use those time scales.) **The character owning the dragon ages the same amount.** What "genuine" means is up to the Judge, the word is put there so players will realize that it's really cheating to run a pet dragon through a lot of quick, short, safe "adventures" just to pump up the age.

Care and Feeding of Pet Dragons

Growing dragons need to be fed. The between-games cost of feeding them in the kingdom of Meng is a simple 100 GP per hit point on the adventure, payable at the beginning of the adventure, which represents the cost of food since the end of the last adventure. The bank of Kemble will make loans to those who need to go into debt to feed their dragons. Those venturing in other lands will have to ask the appropriate Judge for their food prices and loan availability. On the adventure itself, the dragon starts well fed, and this is sufficient for short adventures. For long adventures, the dragon must be fed after 2D4 days, then again after another 2D4 days, and so forth. A full meal is the equivalent of a cow, or a half-dozen pigs, for every thirty of the dragon's own hit points, rounded up. Failure to feed a pet dragon has obvious consequences.

Those who play that Gold Dragons really live on a diet of jewels and pearls may adjust the foregoing accordingly. I prefer to say that the jewels and pearls they eat are simply mineral supplements analogous to vitamin pills, so feeding a Gold Dragon between adventures is only 1000 GP more expensive than feeding a more normal dragon.

Pet dragons need very little care beyond feeding. They will enjoy baths appropriate to their kind (red dragons like fire baths), but will do just as well without. They should always be given toys to play with -- diamonds, piles of gold, magic crystal balls, things like that -- or else their inborn greed may get to be a problem. They need love and kindness, and attention, and **hate** to be left at home when their masters go adventuring. If a dragon is left home, I will give it a 5% chance of running away, and variable percentage chances of it finding its master, or vice versa, on the adventure.

Other Differences Between Pet and Monster Dragons

Pet dragons, because of their prolonged close association with people, have no "aura of fear" as do the dragons described in the **Monster Manual**. In all other ways, they are described for their type. Anything not covered in the type description and not covered here is left to the discretion of the Judge.

Obtaining Pets

While certain other types of pets, such as dogs and cats, might, within reason, be considered as a kind of original equipment, and, therefore, simply attached to a character by the player before or between adventures, a pet dragon is more like a magic device, and it is **improper** for a player to have a character acquire a pet dragon by any other means except that of the events in a genuine adventure.

Dragon Age Groups

Level	Descriptive Term	Age In Years
0	Hatchling	Less than 1
1	Very Young	1 - 5
2	Young	6 - 15
3	Sub-Adult	16 - 25
4	Young Adult	26 - 50
5	Adult	51 - 100
6	Old (Full Adult)	101 - 200
7	Very Old	201 - 400
8	Ancient	401 - 1000
9	Legendary	1001 and over

Dragon Growth (Length in feet at various stages of growth)

		Age Level									
Full Adult Size	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
6'	1/2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
12'	1	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	
18'	2	3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	
24'	2	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	
30'	2	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	
36'	2	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	
42'	2	7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	
48'	2	8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	
54'	2	9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	91	
60'	2	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	
66'	2	11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	
72'	2	12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	
78'	2	13	26	39	52	65	78	91	104	117	
84'	2	14	28	42	56	70	84	98	112	126	
90'	2	15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120	135	





HANGING OUT IN THE CITY STATE

by
EDWARD
R.G.
MORTIMER

Hanging out in the City State can be very dangerous if one doesn't have the right contacts. Many of the non-player characters detailed in the **City State of the Invincible Overlord** booklet qualify as important contacts. Perhaps the easiest contacts to make are those with tavern owners because almost all characters frequent taverns sooner or later (at least, in my experience, they do). Innkeepers are also prime candidates for friendship; in fact, a character should not stay at an inn if the innkeeper doesn't like that character for any reason, be it race, sex, religion, eye color, or fang length. One is never more vulnerable than when one is asleep.

Both tavern owners and innkeepers are excellent sources of rumor and aid. All such people tend to have many contacts throughout the city and in the countryside as well. Some of these contacts will usually be of the strong-arm variety. These can be useful to the player-character as protection or, possibly, as henchmen. They are also useful to the innkeeper or tavern owner as protection or to get revenge against player-characters for wrongs done them, be they real, imagined, or trumped-up. One should not make unnecessary enemies of those who have extensive contacts with Assassins, Brigands, Ruffians, Berserkers, or Fighters.

Another type of contact that an innkeeper or tavern owner usually has is the information source. Information

sources can take many forms, and you may be one of them. Sources of information may be Thieves, Spys, Beggars, urchins, constables, bureaucrats, adventurers, or little birdies. Innkeepers and tavern owners do not usually restrict themselves to one type of source, and they frequently employ a wide variety of contacts to keep their lines of information flowing. Information is, after all, good business.

Other information sources available to the innkeepers and tavern owners include other innkeepers or tavern owners as well as the local constabulary. Both of these sources tend to exchange more information about rowdies than they do about the quiet individual. It is never a good idea to cause any trouble in any establishment the owner of which might be a friend of the innkeeper or tavern owner with whom you are attempting to strike up a friendship. (Of course, it almost goes without saying that spending money is a good way to warm the cockles of any innkeeper's or tavern owner's heart and, thus, worm your way into his good graces.)

Another contact that could be invaluable for your player-character is the guard of the city gates. You never know when you might need a quick entry or exit, or when you would like to have a pursuer detained while you make good your escape. The gate guard can perform both of these tasks as well

as provide valuable information about who passed by recently, and he is backed by the whole of the city's military might.

Perhaps the most powerful contact an innkeeper or tavern owner can have is the regular customer that wields considerable power (i.e. high-level types). These people are usually not conspicuous to the casual observer because they do not wish to be bothered by every bum off the street. However, they will come to the aid of their friends if the situation demands it. This type of contact is also a good source of adventure for the player-characters because high-level types are usually always seeking to expand and enhance their powers by acquiring more magic items and greater monetary treasures. To acquire these treasures, however, they will undoubtedly need the help of lower level persons, and so may be persuaded to hire the player-characters to accompany them on a quest or an adventure if the innkeeper or tavern owner in which they repose trust advises them to do so.

Still another valuable contact is the Beggar. Nobody ever pays much attention to a Beggar, except to flip him a Copper or kick him in the shins. Because of this, Beggars sometimes overhear conversations meant only for select individuals. Nobody knows the

lay of the land within a city better than a Beggar. A Beggar must fight for his Coppers in order to survive. Beggars know of safe places to hide and secret exits out of town. They know who is generous and kind-hearted and who is evil, rotten, mean, and nasty.

Courtesans and Houris are other excellent contacts if you can make them. They can cause the tightest of lips to loose, the most steadfast to waver, and the most persistent of pursuers to be distracted. They are privy to the private quarters of man and are often present when he is most vulnerable.



There are those who might not seem to have much importance as contacts within a city, such as hunters, trappers, and fishermen. While it is true that they normally aren't much help **within** the city, they can be of immense help just **outside** the city walls. They know all the footpaths leading away from the city and all the little hiding places within a few miles of it. This knowledge can be helpful to the hunter as well as to the hunted.



And then, there is the type of person the player-characters are: fool-hardy adventurers (Let's face it; who else would venture into an unfamiliar, dark cave known to be inhabited by death-dealing monsters and fraught with dangerous traps?). These people are always on the road and can be a fount of information about far away places as well as the best (and worst) routes to get there. Of course, they are inclined to want reciprocal information from the player-character!

Common food merchants can make excellent contacts for those characters that prefer to take revenge slyly (read: cowardly) if the shopkeeper is of the same ilk as the evildoer. Poisoned food can be sold to the intended victim quite easily, so, the next time your character patronizes the butcher, the baker, or the green noodle maker, watch out; he or she might be in for a nasty surprise when meal time rolls around!

In somewhat the same way, stable hands can be useful. For a few gold coins, someone of evil intent could have an enemy's mount poisoned, steal the beast, or have a poisonous spider or viper slipped surreptitiously into the saddlebags. Perhaps the stable hand could even sell the steed to an innocent (and gullible) third party. This sort of behavior, of course, presupposes that the character is not of a chivalrous background.

In addition, the armorer, weaponsmith, and bowyer can also be useful, both as sources of information and as accomplices in dirty deeds. These craftsmen can inform you of the condition or strength of your opponent's armor and weaponry, or, if he is so inclined and the price is right, he can sabotage these same items. For the more honorable, these people can also sell you the best of their stock if you are a friend, even allowing you the use of any special equipment that they may have stashed away for special occasions. They may also be able to inform you of any rumors or legends concerning the whereabouts of magical armor or weapons.

Another important contact in any port city is the sailor. Whether he is a lowly deckhand or the captain of the ship, the sailor is able to procure relatively safe passage out of the city. This is especially useful if you are en-

deavoring to avoid the minions of the law or other revengeful persons or if you just want to journey to a far-off land in search of adventure and treasure. In the same way, the caravan worker can perform the same function as the sailor in regards to passage out of the city.

Finally, there are those who are among the most important of contacts but who are the most difficult to cultivate - the influential citizens. Influential citizens can pull strings when nobody else can help to get you out of all kinds of tight spots with government or law enforcement officials. They have the ability to cut through red tape quickly. They know whom to ask for favors and whom to stay away from. They do not, however, readily make friends of strangers. The quickest way to get on the good side of an influential citizen would be to rescue him or her from a robbery or some other such inconvenience. Since that type of thing doesn't happen every day, you might have to engineer something, but don't get caught at it or it'll be the dungeons for sure!



What all this amounts to is that nearly anybody can be an ace-in-the-hole for the player-character. Don't overlook the obvious (e.g. commoners), and don't be picky. Above all, don't mistreat your contacts, or you'll never be able to put complete trust in them. Assemble a close circle of contacts (and protection), and walk the streets of the City-State as a citizen instead of a stranger.



Gateway

By
Dave Sering

Quadrant

One of the most fascinating drawing points of Science Fiction Rolegaming is the encounters with "Others," the Aliens. "Golden cities far and peoples wonderous strange" make up the stage and the characters upon which and among which the most fascinating games take place. The very meaning of the word "alien" is "other." This column deals with the theory and practice of representing aliens in science fiction campaigns.

Intelligent aliens or sapient beings may be considered from two major approaches, the physical and the behavioral. The movies and television have tried to emphasize the behavioral while printed science fiction has emphasized the physical. Both have had their problems. As the visual arts have often demonstrated, dressing an actor or actress up (or down) in an outlandish costume and tinting the skin green does not an effective alien make. The character must **behave** differently to seem effectively alien. However, at this point, the first snag occurs. The play, movie, or program is aimed at a **human** audience which, in order to enjoy it, must understand it. The most successful aliens of the **Star Trek** television series were the Vulcans, of which the most popular example, Mr. Spock, was most decidedly not a typical member. The character straddled the difficult line of being sufficiently logical to be "other" and sufficiently emotional to be identifiable to the "human" audience. Recent advances in the visual arts have made it much easier to get a believable, physically different alien as George Lucas and **Star Wars** have demonstrated. Still, most of the aliens are only human actors with fancy rubber or plastic costumes behaving in recognizably human fashion.

Practioners of the written *genre* have no such restrictions of the physical shapes of their characters. Yet, they also run into the problem of human comprehension. In order to entertain or instruct, the message must be understood. If not understood, the author's story does not sell. Still, there is an active interest among science-fiction authors in the creation of a believable alien being and society. The major challenge of a noted science fiction magazine editor was "write me a story about an alien who thinks just as well but differently from we humans." Writers are still trying, and their attempts still fascinate us. Some of the more prominent contemporary authors whose efforts will be of use to gamers are Poul Anderson, Piers Anthony, Jack L. Chalker, C. J. Cherryh, Hal Clement, and Gordon R. Dickson, just to mention a few at the start of the alphabet.

One of the most often utilized techniques is to take a basic human, clothed in fur or scales, and set it in an historic human culture with a couple of components twisted or exaggerated. Thus, we come up with the reptilian Meresians of Poul Anderson or the A'ann of Alan Dean Foster who exhibit a feudalistic, imperial culture. Consequently, we also come up with popular gameing systems which have T'ranna, Hiss, Rainai, and Lizardeen. For peculiarly western cultural reasons, the gaming reptiles and insects seem to be uniformly hostile, while warm-blooded gaming sapients seem to be uniformly friendly or, at least, neutral. The science fiction community has no such prejudices; M. Z. Bradley's Proto-Saurians and Alan Dean Foster's insectoid Thranx are eminently compatible with human types. Even Anderson's Meresians were far more reasonable,

upon occasion, than gaming's reptilian aliens are. Perhaps this is a consequence of the prevailing climate in English-speaking cultures and its effect upon the types of life-forms conveniently available as pets. Warm-blooded furry or feathery critters make up the vast majority of pets encountered by members of our culture.

Characters, in gaming terms, divide into those which are controlled by the players and those which are controlled by the Judge. Gaming styles also tend to divide into those games which encourage identification with the character and those which do not. Aliens also divide logically into those which are understandable by humans and those which are not. Thus, those games that encourage identification with the character must have alien characters which are understandable by (and, therefore, are playable by) humans. Such aliens will probably be hydro-carbon life forms which reproduce sexually, inhabit an environment similar to Earth in terms of temperature, pressure, and presence of water, and are members of a society capable of time-binding thought (memory) and communication by modulated sound waves (speech). Such aliens will have the same basic life requirements as humans. These needs will then place such aliens in a cooperative or a competitive relationship with humans. Fortunately, in game terms, the players will be most likely to portray independent units of a species engaging in explorative or exploitive behavior and will be most likely to encounter other units performing similar functions for their own species. Game characters will be scouts and explorers who form a fairly small percentage of any species. Such characters would be

most likely to have significant interactions with other scouts or explorers rather than with the bulk of the population. Like characters respond to like characters in a spectrum of behavior that can range from cooperation to competition.

With no evidence to the contrary, we will make an assumption, convenient, in game terms, that most species will range between one-quarter to four times the body mass of a human and will perceive the universe with similar senses at a similar rate. Such beings will probably not strain any of the game mechanisms for resolution of physical situations. Judging by the wide variety of philosophies, cultures, and lifestyles exhibited by the human species on one planet, aliens will, potentially, vary wildly from planet to planet. Since our own human imaginations are limited to the experiences of just one planet, anything we can imagine can be only a small portion of what is possible. Anything we can imagine as being resolvable in game terms is available for use in a game scenario. Let us consider two separate species as depicted by the same science fiction author and how they are adaptable to rolegaming. The author is C. J. Cherryh, and the two books involved are **The Pride of Chanur** and **Serpent's Reach**, both available in paperback from DAW = SF Books.

The first book, although it never mentions the model by name, features a race of intelligent beings patterned after cats. Providing a behavior model familiar to all folk who are aware of cats is very common in science fiction. Gaming rule sets accommodate this with Aslani, Mik-Pur, Shatharra, and Felixi. The Hani are a fairly new species to spacefaring habits. They were introduced to interstellar travel technology only recently by another sapient race. While the Hani travel freely in the near vicinity of their home planet system and have commercial contact with six other sapient species, they have established only a small colony on one of the other planets of their home system besides that on the home planet. The race is reasonably technical; its members are good mathematicians and fair tool-users.

Individual Hani have a great deal of pride in personal physical appearance; they take great pains in selecting clothing and ornaments. Though carefully selected, clothing is limited to breeches and jewelry to

armlets and earrings. Greatest pride is taken in the grooming and appearance of the fur. Some individual awareness of the predator heritage is evidenced in the care paid to the claws of both hands and feet. These claws are retractable and remain formidable weapons. They are the major reason that the Hani will not wear shoes. The Hani are fastidious and bathe as frequently as possible.

The basis of Hani society is the Pride, a clan-like organization based upon an extended family of females and young males centered around a single adult male. While based originally upon a hunting pack, the pride has become a merging of family unit and business enterprise. Each pride specializes in providing certain goods or services. The adult females provide both direction and physical labor because the males are less intelligent and less emotionally stable. The physical property of the pride and the composition of its female members tend to remain relatively intact. Succession to the position of pride head is by challenge and physical combat among the males. Maturing males must leave the pride, and, unless they can attract some of their sisters to form a new pride, they must defeat the current head of an established pride to obtain breeding rights. The pride is the major social unit; second in importance is the race as a whole, but there is little attachment to national units.

As individuals, Hani are very combative but not very aggressive. They do not initiate offensive action, but they will counter-attack with enthusiasm. They are independent and self-reliant but totally cooperative within the pride. The Hani may have combat, but they don't wage war. Most Hani are adept with both natural and mechanical weapons, but they don't form armies. All Hani starships are armed, but the Hani don't have military ships or form navies. Pride may oppose pride, but prides do not fight with other prides. A Hani will individually contest with Hani of another pride but only to the point of victory in a debate or a physical victory, seldom to the death. The race is seldom unanimous on a course of action; at least some prides will usually end up espousing opposing courses on any question. It takes a really strong outside threat to make all Hani cooperate.

The Hani would be most likely to be encountered in small groups, all of a single pride. A pride might num-

ber up to several hundred Hani, most of whom will be young or adolescents. Normally, a pride would number below fifty. Hani starship crews would tend to number between four to ten individuals. Groups of Hani would most often tend to be all females. Occasionally, a single adult male will be present. Seldom will two or more adult males be present together. A single, young, adult male might sometimes be encountered. Hani are perfectly capable of independent action but feel most comfortable with their own pride members. A solitary Hani might be able to adapt to existence alone by adopting a small group of aliens such as a ship's crew, a company, or a military unit as a "substitute pride."

Hani have a strong sense of physical separateness; they do not like to have their bodies touched. Body contact or touch among themselves or among other species is avoided. Individual Hani have a great feel of propriety or personal dignity. They do not enjoy being the object of amusement. Each Hani highly regards his or her own personal dignity in a manner much like the Oriental regard for "face." A single Hani can act undignified and be very blunt and to the point when required but will prefer to act civilized, urbane, and dignified. The Hani most strongly resemble the human Samurai philosophically, with a good dose of commercial business common sense thrown in.

In physical game terms, the Hani will have statistical values about the same as humans. The normal population will have a minimum of one and a maximum of twenty possible. Where humans have an average of 10 for the vast majority of the population, Hani will have the average of the population displaced slightly from the 10 value in some statistics to reflect their slightly different body structure. As with humans, the Hani adventurer characters are likely to be above average in their statistics. Values for Hani adventurer characters may be generated by throwing 3D6 and modifying the results as follows: Strength (STR): +1, Intelligence (INT): +0, Wisdom (WIS): -1, Constitution (CON): +1, Dexterity (DEX): -1, Charisma (CHA): -1, Endurance (END): -1, Agility (AGL): +2, Leadership (LED): +0, Luck (LCK): +0. Psyonics (PSY): +1. Hani are traditionally trained in close combat and are all considered to have an ability to hit one skill level above the rated one of each individual. Their natural claws

give a constant bonus of 2 to the damage done by a bare-handed strike. The above statistics would apply to a female Hani; an immature male would be the same except for a -1 in INT. A mature male would have an additional INT: -1 with an AGL: +1 and STR: +1. Hani will be able to use most human tools with no penalties. Some very small or precise items with hand-grips will not fit their hands and will bring an additional penalty to tasks attempted with them. Almost all hand-weapons have grips or controls sufficiently generalized that Hani will suffer no penalties using human weapons or vice versa.

The Hani will require little attention or instruction upon the part of the Judge to a prospective player. In fact, anyone familiar with cats can play a Hani with ease. As a society, the Hani are unlikely to unbalance any campaign. Their advantages cancel out any disadvantages and make them a useful addition to any universe.

The second book, *Serpent's Reach*, features a race of beings, the Majat, who are patterned after communal insects. The Majat, when the humans first encounter them, are divided into four hives distinguished by the color of the external body shell, blue, red, green, and gold. Each hive has a common mind link though individual units are capable of some independent action. Majat have four different physical types, each of which serves a different function within the group. Workers are the most numerous type and do all construction work, food cultivation, and brood-tending. Warriors are less numerous and do the exploring and fighting. Drones are even fewer, serving the function of memory banks, and Queens are the least numerous; there is only one mature Queen to each hive. The Queen provides reproduction of the species and synthesis of information for all hive members. The mind link primarily conveys mood, such as differing states of alarm or other emotions. The individual Majat are capable of some distant communication by means of modulated sound waves: speech. More precise communication is achieved by chemical means. In addition to encoding memories into RNA molecule chains (Ribo-Nucleic Acid) in the brain tissues as do humans, the Majat secrete these chemical memory messages in the body fluids, particularly the saliva. Thus, by exchanging "tastes" with each other in a physical action which

resembles kissing, Majat can exchange detailed memories. To some extent, one Majat can read the body fluids of a recently killed member of its species and comprehend its strongest and latest memories. Each Majat of a hive knows anything that any other unit of the hive knew at its last "taste." Consequently, every immature Majat, as soon as it is hatched from its egg and receives its first "taste," becomes instantly a full adult member of its society. Workers as a whole could be considered one particular mindset of the total hive *gestalt* with only a moderate intelligence and a short attention span. The mindset could be considered to be one facet of the single, slightly schizophrenic, individual hive mind and could be called a "Worker." The mindset called "Warrior" would be of moderate intelligence with a long attention span and capable of limited independent action. The mindset called "Drone" would be of fairly high intelligence, a long attention span, and capable of little independent action. The Queen would be highly intelligent, have a long attention span, and be completely independent.

The Majat are not, strictly speaking, insects. Though the body temperature varies with the external temperature, they have an internal skeleton as well as an external hard shell. This hard shell of chitin-like substance makes them resistant to external impact damage and forms formidable natural weaponry. The body fluids are in a semi-open circulatory system which, once punctured, does not seal itself as readily as the human type of closed circulatory system. They do not breathe through noses or mouths, which are a single opening, but have many openings called spiracles on either side of their after-bodies which open into many, small, lung-like cavities. Breathing is accomplished by muscular expansion and contraction of the rear body. Though C. J. Cherryh never specifies a precise number, we may assume at least six limbs. Each limb is long and thin, has a pair of grasping claws at the tip, and has a number of spines along its length. The forward pair of limbs has somewhat enlarged grasping claws that are specialized for manipulation. The forward portion of the slender body is enlarged into a head which is capable of some movement upon a slim neck. The head has a pair of large, compound eyes which are specialized for vision into the infra-red end of the visual spectrum

and, while capable of detection of motion, do not see much fine detail. On the top of the head is located a pair of sensory antennae, and at the bottom is located a pair of chellae or jaws which work from side to side. At the base of the chellae are a pair of palps which are fine but stubby manipulative members. Each of the varieties of Majat has different physical modifications to suit its specialized functions. Workers have smaller heads, short, stubby jaws, and thick, sturdy legs. Drones have large heads, small jaws, and small bodies. Warriors have sturdy bodies and heads with an extra-thick, armored shell. The heads are large with long, sabre-like jaws, and the mouth parts are modified to produce a spike which can inject a deadly venom. The forelimbs have grasping claws enlarged into weapons, sharp, serrated pinchers. Queens are much larger in overall size with jaws somewhat reduced in an enlarged head. The rear body is greatly distended with the enlarged, egg-producing organs.

When first contacted, there were only four individual personalities of the Majat species, one for each hive. Each personality was, in effect, immortal because the collective memories extended back millions of years. The hive personality was not concerned with the loss of the individual Majat unit as long as the survival of the hive memory was insured. Comprehension of the mortality of humans and other such species was considerably delayed. Majat tended to treat with humans by recognizing a company as a hive entity with its employees as ephemeral and expendable as individual Workers or Warriors. An individual human had no significance to a hive mind except as that individual human related to its own hive equivalent. The major plot of the novel *Serpent's Reach* is dependent upon the dawning comprehension of the true status of humans and the presence of billions of personalities, each of which exists for but a brief instant of a century or so. This comprehension is aided by the use of human starships to colonize new planets. The hive mind can only maintain contact over a planetary distance. Separations of more than tens of thousands of miles or kilometers causes the mental link to snap and individual Majat units to go insane and die. A group containing a Queen, however, upon separation, achieves an independent personality. Majat philosophy and outlook is beginning to enter an expansionist phase.

Majat do not have a very high machine-oriented tech level. At time of discovery, Majat technology barely encompassed separation and working of metals with the beginning knowledge of fire. However, bio-chemical technology was extremely high. Majat are able to manipulate genetic material to produce any life form desired, but the Majat concept of time may mean that an ordered task may take several centuries to complete. They can develop short-term biological memory programming of great complexity and sophistication once the comprehension of the end result is made. Majat hives trade biological material of great complexity for raw materials, transport of Majat units and communications, and information of certain types.

In physical game terms, the Majat will not have value ranges. Each type has had its physical attributes carefully adjusted to the optimum values over many millenia of selective breeding. These values are given in a table at the end of this column. The normal resistance to impact damage of Majat outer shell material may be taken to be equivalent to a light flack jacket for the Queen, Drones, and Workers. The Warrior would have protection equivalent to a heavy flack jacket. The Drones would be capable of causing damage equivalent to an untrained bare-hand strike in close melee combat, but they would avoid combat. The Worker jaws or manipulative pinchers could cause damage equivalent to a short-sword. The Warrior jaws could cause damage equivalent to that of a halberd, and the forelimbs would each cause damage equivalent to a broadsword. The Queen could only cause damage with her jaws, but, because of her larger size, this would also be equivalent to that of a halberd. The ability of the Majat body to absorb damage is different because of the semi-open cir-

culatory system. As long as the outer shell is not actually pierced, only minimal shock damage is done. However, should the shell be pierced, a loss of one-half the damage of the impacting blow is taken each succeeding turn due to continued loss of body fluids. The Judge might decide, for purposes of game balance, to have the Majat be particularly vulnerable to some other form of attack such as ultrasonics or microwave radiation and take double or triple the normal amount of damage. Majat will be unable to use human precision tools and will take serious dexterity penalties with regular artifacts.

Majat are not suitable for gaming use as player-characters. The individual units do not correspond to human personalities and relationships. Majat are best played by the Judge with each hive being a distinct personality, and the individual units encountered by the players being low-independence biological robots. The implications of Majat manipulative ability should be considered before introducing them into a campaign. Once the Majat become familiar with the biology of the human species, they can affect it in drastic fashion. In *Serpent's Reach*, the members of the company that made initial contact with the Majat were given greatly extended natural lifespans in excess of five centuries' duration. This was done as an off-hand gesture for the convenience of the hive personality so that it would not have to keep re-educating the humans with whom it dealt. Majat also assisted in the production of cloned worker forms of humans and the neuro-educational programing which made them function. This would drastically alter the forms of human society and political interaction. What was altering the overall situation even more was the Majat incorporation of these clones into the

hive structure as a new type capable of remembering, fighting, and working. Humans in the hives functioned as multi-purpose units which were usable at all tasks although not as efficient as the specialized types at any one task. However, because of the greater manipulative ability of the human hand and the greater detail discrimination of the human visual system, the Majat hive gained immensely in its ability to construct mechanical devices. With the ability to plan millenia-long programs and the perserverance to carry them through, the Majat pose an extremely strong unbalancing force in any game campaign based primarily upon present human relationships. It is strongly recommended that the game Judge use Majat only as a "spice." A small admixture of Majat can really enhance the alien flavor of a campaign, but widespread use can only damage an essentially human-centered game system.

Summarized in the following table are the average statistics of the various forms of alien discussed in this column as compared with the average human adventurer. Their statistics were generated using the 1D20 scale. The Human statistics represent the average adventurer, not the common person.

The following Statistical Comparison Graph will permit any game Judge to adapt these values to the number base he or she uses in a campaign.

The next **Gateway Quadrant** will cover the implications of the latest inter-planetary probes of the gas giants Jupiter and Saturn to science fiction rolegaming systems and suggestions for the use of the data in creating exciting game scenarios.

	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY
Human	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Hani Female	13	12	11	13	11	11	11	14	12	12	13
Hani Male, Immature	13	11	11	13	11	11	11	14	12	12	13
Hani Male, Mature	14	10	11	13	11	11	11	15	12	12	13
Majat Queen	20	24	16	18	4	10	10	3	25	12	19
Majat Drone	14	23	18	12	6	11	6	6	0	12	10
Majat Worker	20	6	8	14	10	10	8	15	0	12	10
Majat Warrior	24	8	10	18	8	12	10	20	0	12	10

Probability Comparison Chart

2D6	2	2	3	3	4	5	6	7	7	8	9	10	11	11	12	12
3D6	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
1D20	1	1	1	2	3	4-5	6-7	8-10	11-13	14-15	16-17	18	19	20	20	20
%D	1	2	3-5	6-10	11-17	18-27	28-38	39-50	51-62	63-73	74-83	84-90	91-95	96-98	99	100

NOTES ON HENCHMAN

by ANDREW RUTENBERG

Henchmen are people with the ability, need, and motivation to adventure. They seek employment with higher level 'mentors' for a variety of reasons, reflecting a variety of basic personalities. The three basic types of Henchmen are:

1) **Experience:** This is the most typical Henchman. He joins up to gain experience from older and 'wiser' adventurers. This type generally learns from mistakes and will become very wary if forced into frequent dangerous situations.

This general type of Henchman will quit once they are 1 - 2 levels above the average for NPC's (about 5th - 7th). However, these will stay around if they have fanatical loyalty.

2) **Greed:** This type of Henchman has two categories: the stupid type, who actually expects to become rich and powerful from his association; or the gambler who knows the inherent risks involved in being a Henchman and is willing to play the odds. Both types will demand fair or better shares of the treasure and loyalty will be lacking if they don't receive a good cut.

Henchmen motivated by greed tend to stay with players until a certain monetary goal is reached, at which time they will quit. In some circumstances (101%+ Loyalty) the Henchman will stay around even once his goal is obtained. This type of Henchman also tends to quit if the lack of financial opportunities is realized.

3) **Hero Worship:** This type should be kept in the minority. This type of Henchman joins up with a mentor because the Player Character is idolized (for one of a variety of reasons). Loyalty with this type of Henchman tends to be either absolute (100%) or non-existent. The latter case applies if the Player Character sways significantly from the Henchman's idol image. This Henchman tends to lack a prominent personality.

Hero worshipping Henchmen tend to stay with characters until one or the other dies (and perhaps beyond, then).

While personalities and goals in Henchmen are wanting in most campaigns, it is a good idea to not bring them into active play (however, plans can be made or vengeance set) until they reach about 25% of the level of their mentors. This reflects the innate aweing power of high level characters and also prevents hard work going into an NPC who will die the first time a Giant Rat bites him (although a NPC will almost never go into near certain death).

A Henchman will always stay with a character (if the Player Character wants him to) if a friendship has developed. This will only happen if particular friendly attention is paid to the Henchman (and he has a very good loyalty).

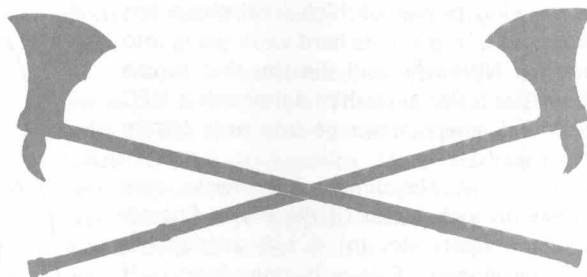
Type of Henchman (Percentile Dice)

- | | |
|---------|---|
| 01 - 70 | Experience |
| 71 - 95 | Greed |
| 96 - 00 | Hero Worship (only if the character has done things of note reflecting his alignment) |



MORROW PROJECT REPORT

By Bill Pixley



Mortars

Since Mortars are very useful in the brush fights typified in the Morrow Project, a Mortar that is not in the Morrow Project but due to the large number in reserve storage around the U.S., the M19 60mm Mortar would probably be found in hidden reserve stocks or in the hands of the various groups out in the world.

M19 60mm Obsolescent U.S. Army Mortar:

Weight. 21.03kg
Rate of Fire 8 RPM

Ammo Types

M49A4 60mm HE Shell:

Weight. 1.46kg
Minimum Range 45m
Maximum Range 1,814m
Burst Radius. 9m

M302E2 60mm WP Shell:

Weight. 2.26kg
Minimum Range 40m
Maximum Range 1,465m
Burst Radius. 10m

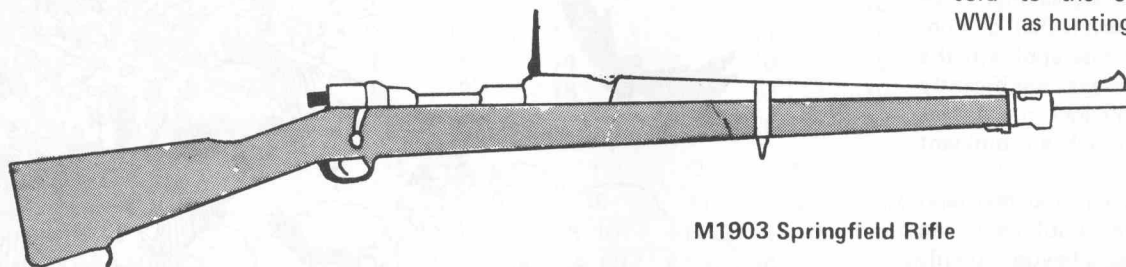
M83A3 60mm Illuminating Shell:

Weight. 2.27kg
Minimum Range 375m
Maximum Range 1,000m
Illuminated Area 600m diameter
Burning Time 25 seconds

M1903 Springfield Rifle 7.62 x 63mm:

E-factor. 18
Weight. 3.64kg
Effective Range. 800m
Maximum Range 3,155m
Rate of Fire 15 RPM
Feed Device 5 Rd Clip

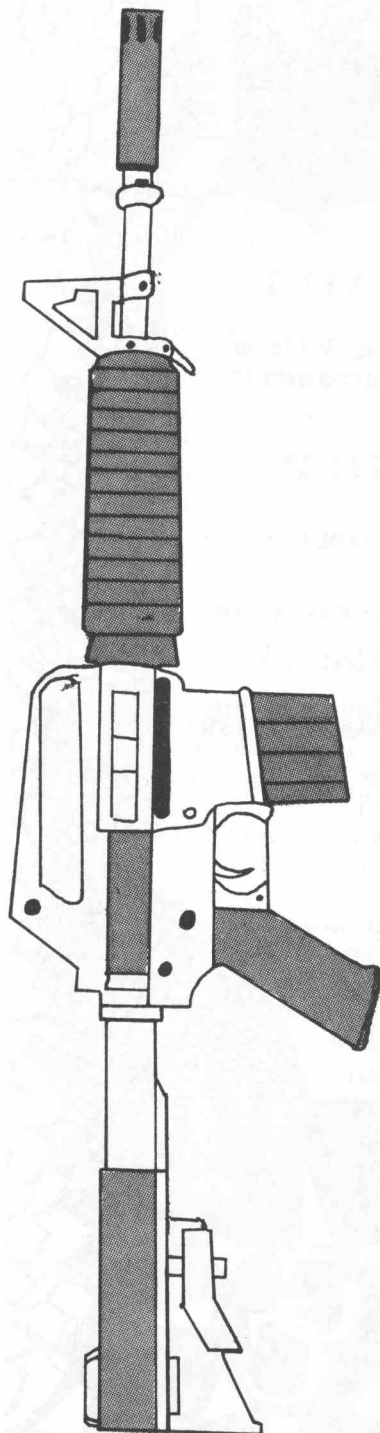
The M1903 was the standard infantry rifle of WWI for the U.S. Army. The rifle (like most pre-WWII weapons) is rugged and very dependable. It should be a very common weapon in the hands of the survivors because large quantities of the rifles were sold to the civilian populace after WWII as hunting rifles.



M1903 Springfield Rifle

**The Colt Commando Assault Rifle
5.56 x 45mm:**

E-factor 14
Weight 2.78kg
Effective Range 200m
Maximum Range 2,600m
Rate of Fire 45/700 RPM
Feed Device as per M-16



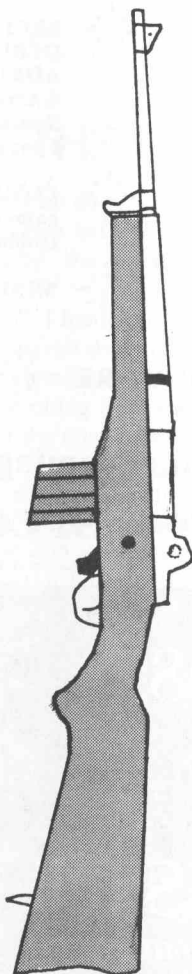
The Colt Commando Assault Rifle

The Colt Commando is a much lightened M-16, so lightened in fact, that despite it being called an assault rifle, it is really a submachinegun. The weapon's lightness makes it rather flimsy and therefore rather rare to have survived the time since the war, unless it is in the hands of those who would take good care of it (the Rich Five and the Snake-Eaters).

Ruger Mini-14 Rifle 5.56 x 45mm:

E-factor 14
Weight 2.9kg
Effective Range 300m
Maximum Range 2,650m
Rate of Fire 40 RPM
Feed Device . . . 20 or 30 Rd Magazine
Device Weight . . 20 Rd Magazine: .2kg
30 Rd Magazine: .35kg

The Mini-14 is a civilian rifle that because of its relatively low price, has been highly touted as a survival arm. Folding stock versions also exist.



Ruger Mini-14 Rifle

Ruger AC-556 Select Fire Weapons:

Rate of Fire 40/750 RPM

The Ruger AC-556 is the select fire version of the Mini-14. The AC-556 has been sold to some police departments.

Markov SL Pistol 9 x 18mm:

E-factor 9
Weight 0.9kg
Effective Range 50m
Rate of Fire 35 RPM
Feed Device 8 Rd Magazine
Device Weight 0.1kg

The Markov is the standard sidearm of the Soviet Army and therefore it can be found in the hands of the Soviets. Note the round used in the pistol is not 9mm Parabellum and cannot use 9 x 19mm ammo.

RPK Light-Machinegun 7.62 x 39mm:

E-factor 15
Weight 5kg
Effective Range 800m
Maximum Range 2,200m
Rate of Fire 660 RPM
Feed Device 40 Rd Magazine
or 75 Rd Drum
(May use 30 Rd Magazine from AK-47)
Device Weight . . 40 Rd Magazine: 1.13kg
75 Rd Drum: 2.1kg

The RPK is the Light-Machinegun version of the AK-47 and is used by the Soviet Army (and therefore would be in the hands of the Soviets). The RPK shares with the AK-47 many parts and like the AK-47 is very rugged and dependable.



Next issue, I have a special adventure scenario planned for you. It is an assault on a Krell base complete with light armored vehicles and varied weapons. In the future, I will have other scenarios involving Soviets, Canadians, Mexicans, and Brazilians.

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ENEMIES OF JUSTICE

A TRILOGY OF VILLAINS AND VIGILANTES™ SCENARIOS

by PAUL RYAN O'CONNOR

AUTHORS FORWARD AND INTRODUCTION

This trilogy of scenarios is designed for use with **Fantasy Games Unlimited's** Superhero role-playing game, **Villains and Vigilantes™**. Each of the scenarios presented herein are separate, independent adventures designed to be run individually. Each is gauged for characters of different experience levels--guidelines for determining appropriate player-character levels are provided in the introduction to each scenario. With a bit of work, individual Judges can weave these three situations together into a continuing campaign, with the same characters facing each situation in turn, or the separate scenarios can simply be inserted into the Judge's world with a minimum of effort.

Villains and Vigilantes™ is, by its very nature, an extremely open-ended game. As such, it is impossible to fully present every possible detail within the scenarios provided. If a situation should arise requiring information not presented herein, then the Judge will have to fill in the details as best he or she can. As with any role-playing supplement, **Enemies of Justice** can provide but a skeleton--it is ultimately the Judge's responsibility to bring life to the villains and heroes described within through the agency of his own imagination.

It is important to remember that this scenario is now yours, as the Judge, to use as you please. Feel free to adjust the characters and situations I've presented to best fit your needs. For better or for worse, these are now **your** adventures--do with them as you will.

Enjoy.

CONVENTION: THE POWER ROLL

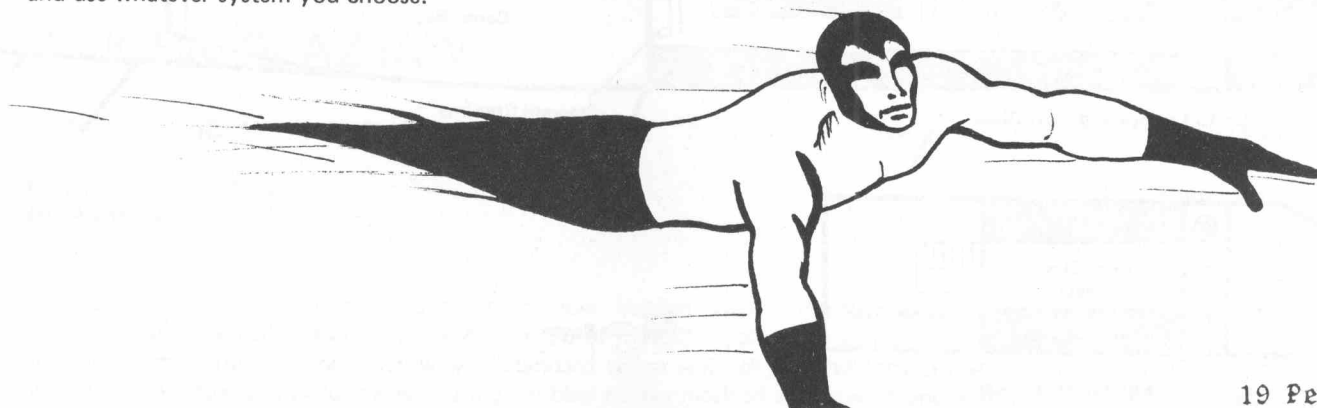
In the course of running **Villains and Vigilantes™** adventures, I have found that I've often needed to determine whether or not a character has been caught by a trap, survived a fall from a great height, noticed some hidden item, or otherwise been successful in performing one task or another. Sadly, the **Villains and Vigilantes™** lack guidelines for adjudicating such situations.

To this end, I have developed the "Power Roll". I include it here as you might find it useful in adjudicating the scenarios included herein. The "Power Roll" is a catch-all saving roll that a character must make to succeed in a particularly difficult task.

To successfully make a basic "Power Roll", a character must roll his or her current Power rating or less on D100. A roll equal to or less than the character's current Power rating indicates that the character has successfully accomplished the task in question. Failure to make this roll indicates that the character has failed in the task. The consequences of success or failure in a given task are left to the Judge to adjudicate.

Especially difficult tasks might require that the player roll some fraction of his Power, such as $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$. Especially easy feats might be accomplished by rolling as much as twice a character's current Power rating. In any event, a Power Roll result of 01 - 05 always indicates success, while a roll of 96 - 00 always indicates failure, irregardless of the number actually required.

This system is presented purely as a tool for the Judge's convenience. If it feels good, use it. Otherwise, ignore the rule and use whatever system you choose.



SCENARIO 1: AN HOUR FOR TERROR , A MOMENT TO DIE

Introduction To The Scenario

This scenario deals with the ticklish situation of a terrorist hijacking. While the villains of this piece are simple thugs, weak in and of themselves, they deal from a position of power by virtue of the fact that they are threatening the lives of innocent people. Thus, while the terrorists would prove to be push-overs for even a first level Superhero, the situation presented might very well demand a more experienced character to avoid a tragedy. This scenario probably will work best when used either by a large number of low-level Superheroes (so superior team tactics can win the day), or by a small number of more experience Heroes (so finely honed powers can enter the contest).

The scenario begins with the Heroes being informed that a hostage drama is unfolding at a local airport. You may introduce this information in whatever way will best suit your campaign--a newsflash over T.V. or radio, an official alert on the group's security monitor, a chance encounter along the characters daily patrol route. . .suit yourself.

The characters will arrive at the airport to find a stand-off situation. The terrorists, representing a group called "The People's Liberation Army", have taken control of an international flight while it was still on the ground at the airport. The terrorists are demanding the release of five political prisoners from a local penitentiary, and safe passage out of the country. The terrorists are armed and have threatened to kill one hostage every hour beginning at midnight if their demands are not met. It is unknown how the group managed to smuggle their weapons onto the flight.

The police have thrown up a cordon around the plane, and are attempting to negotiate with the terrorists. Approximately half the passengers on board the airplane have been released, and by piecing together the information they could relate, the police have determined that there are at least five terrorists on board. The remaining passengers are being held in the coach section of the aircraft. It is known that at least one of the terrorists is in the cabin of the aircraft, while two others have been sighted moving around in the coach section.

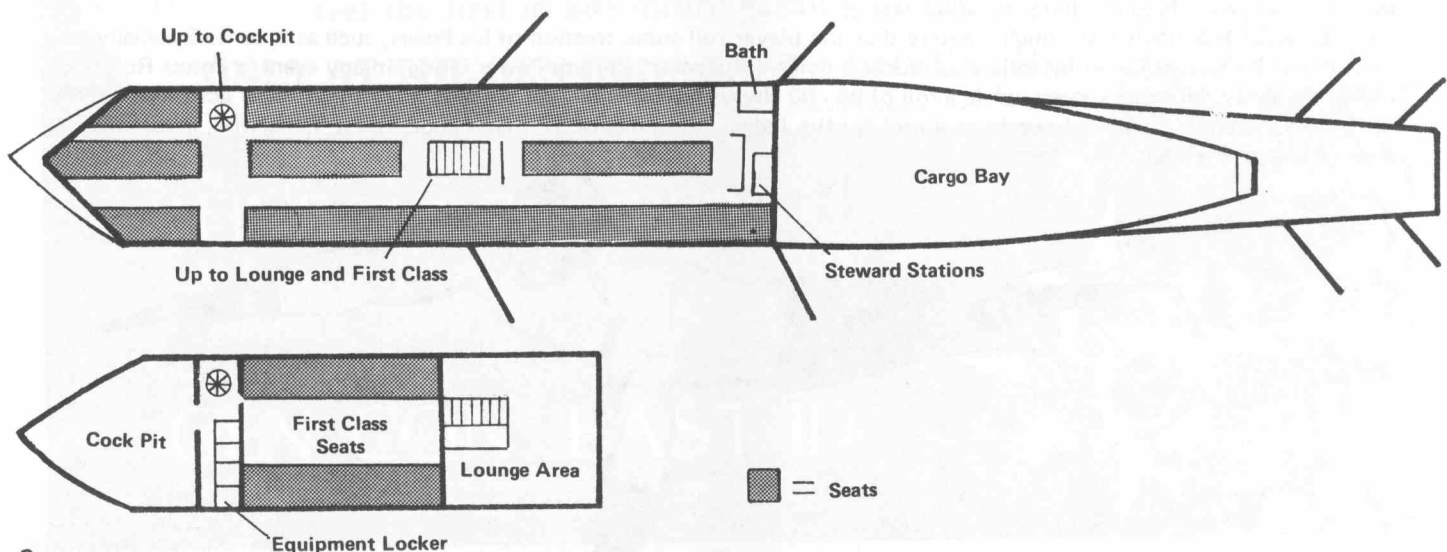
The police are in a jam. The Governor has already stated that the release of the prisoners in question is impossible, although this has not been revealed to the terrorists. The police have the aircraft completely surrounded, so the terrorists can't escape, and police sharpshooters are positioned so as to be able to pick off the terrorists that expose themselves through the windows of the airplane. Still, the police are loathe to open fire, as this would almost certainly precipitate a major disaster with the remaining terrorists on board. Still, the negotiations with the terrorists are making no headway, and the hour of midnight is fast approaching. Something will have to be done soon. It is at this point that the characters arrive.

The police will gladly accept whatever aid the Heroes can offer. Present the characters with the information above, and let them decide what steps to take.

THE MAP

The map shows a schematic representation of the situation on board the aircraft. Windows are assumed to line the cabin walls thorough all sections of the airplane.

The jet is parked in a shadowy section of the airport, providing the characters with a chance to approach the plane with a good chance of doing so unseen.



THE TERRORISTS

There are six different members of "The People's Liberation Army" on board the plane. They are detailed below.

1 ALLEN COOPER (leader)

STR: 15 IQ: 15 CON: 14 DEX: 15 CHA: 17 Level 4 Age: 28 Power Potential: 59

Offensive Bonus: 0
Hit Points: 8
Direct Damage: +3
Other Damage: +2

Defensive Bonus: 0
Hit With Devices: +10%
Detect Entrances: 4%
Detect Traps: 15%

Allen Cooper is the leader of this band of terrorists. He is very suspicious of attempted trickery on behalf of the police. He is more than slightly mad, and would not hesitate to give his life for his "cause". It is with Allen Cooper that the police have been carrying on negotiations via radio. He is beginning to suspect that he'll have to kill some of the passengers to get his way, and is prepared to do so.

Allen Cooper is wearing a cap, dark glasses, and a phoney moustache to hide his identity. He is armed with a pistol.

2 WILLIE SMITH

STR: 8 IQ: 10 CON: 14 DEX: 6 CHA: 9 Level 4 Age: 21 Power Potential: 38

Offensive Bonus: -10%
Hit Points: 2
Direct Damage: -1

Defensive Bonus: +5%
Detect Entrances: 1%
Detect Traps: 5%

Willie Smith is a trigger-happy psychopath with a barely-controlled lust to kill. He is a nervous sort, and is likely to start at anything unexpected. Willie Smith is wearing a stocking mask and is armed with a pump-action shotgun. The shotgun fires with the same modifiers as a rifle, and does 1D12 damage if it hits. Willie Smith's Dexterity is low enough that it effects his accuracy with the shotgun, causing a base 10% chance that Willie will hit some other target than the one intended when he fires it.

3 BOBBY THOMAS (lookout)

STR: 11 IQ: 13 CON: 7 DEX: 10 CHA: 10 Level 3 Age: 28 Power Potential: 41

Offensive Bonus: -5%
Hit Points: 6

Defensive Bonus: 0
Detect Entrances: 1%
Detect Traps: 5%

Bobby Thomas is entrusted with the job of guarding the only open door to the aircraft. He has a keen eye and is very observant, and glances periodically through the open door of the aircraft to see if anyone is approaching. Bobby Thomas wears a hat and a hankerchief over his features and is armed with a .45 automatic.

4 JOHN GLAZJAW

STR: 11 IQ: 11 CON: 10 DEX: 10 CHA: 10 Level 2 Age: 23 Power Potential: 42

Offensive Bonus: -10%
Hit Points: 2

Defensive Bonus: +5%
Detect Entrances: 1%
Detect Traps: 5%

John Glazjaw is the terrorist's ace in the hole. Hidden away in the furthest back section of the aircraft, his presence should be unknown until someone is right on top of him. The police are unaware of his existence. Any Superheroes looking into the aircraft through the window with standard vision will not spot his location. As a result, he could possibly make a very dangerous foe. John Glazjaw is wearing a rubber horror mask of a Werewolf, and is armed with a .45 automatic.

5 ONE-EYED NICK

STR: 14 IQ: 17 CON: 10 DEX: 10 CHA: 14 Level 4 Age: 23 Power Potential: 51

Offensive Bonus: 0
Hit Points: 3
Direct Damage: +2
Other Damage: +1

Defensive Bonus: 0
Hit with Devices: +10%
Detect Entrances: 4%
Detect Traps: 15%

One-Eyed Nick is Allen Cooper's second-in-command, and is every bit as committed to "The People's Liberation Army" as Cooper. Acting as the mediating influence with the terrorists in the main body of the plane, it is his responsibility to see to it that no needless shooting breaks out. Ultimately, the responsibility will fall to him should Allen Cooper decide the time has come to begin executing hostages. One-Eyed Nick wears a rubber horror mask to hide his distinct features. He is armed with a .45 automatic.

6 RICK TOOLE

STR: 9 IQ: 4 CON: 9 DEX: 9 CHA: 3 Level 1 Age: 23 Power Potential: 31

Offensive Bonus: -15%
Hit Points: 5
Direct Damage: -1

Defensive Bonus: +10%
Hit With Devices: -20%
Other Damage: -1

Rick Toole is a congenital idiot, barely aware of what he is doing. He believes the other terrorists to be his "friends", and will do whatever they tell him to do.

The terrorists are anything but friends to Rick Toole. They've transformed him into a living bomb by strapping several sticks of dynamite to his torso and wiring the detonator to a deadman switch. If Rick Toole releases his hold of the deadman switch (which would happen if he were to be killed, or loose consciousness, for instance), then the dynamite would detonate, causing 5D20 worth of damage to anyone within his immediate vicinity. This would almost certainly kill Toole and anyone in his section of the plane. The dynamite is clearly visible on Toole's body.

The Heroes could possibly negotiate with Toole if they used the right approach, but Toole will blow himself up if any member of the terrorist group tells him to. The terrorists would probably rather not detonate Rick, instead preferring to use Toole as a last-ditch bargaining tool.

TACTICS OF THE SITUATION

The terrorists will more or less remain in place until midnight, or until shooting breaks out, whichever occurs first. All the terrorists periodically glance out the windows of the aircraft. Still, they are not the most observant people on the whole. They probably wouldn't notice a Hero clad in black approaching the plane if he stuck to the shadows, but a Human figure in a gaudy costume glowing with light and flying through the air would be a dead give away.

At midnight, Allen Cooper will give the order to kill a hostage. One-Eyed Nick will then pick a passenger at random, drag him or her forward to the stairs, and shoot the hostage. This would almost certainly cause the police sharpshooters to open fire. The results will probably prove disastrous.

You'll probably want to start your scenario around 11:00 or 11:30 p.m. to put the pressure on the characters to formulate a plan and act on it. Running this scenario in real time can add a touch of excitement.



REWARDS AND PUNISHMENT

Successfully capturing the terrorists without loss of life will earn the Heroes \$2000 in accumulated Rewards, the Charisma Bonuses outlined in the rules, and Experience equal to three times their rate of gain each. The mission, however, probably won't prove so successful.

If the characters really botch up the mission, they should get nothing in the way of Rewards or Experience, and should probably suffer a Charisma loss. If the mission is only partially successful, then the Judge should decide what mix of Reward money, Charisma modification and Experience awards are appropriate.

In any event, the situation on the plane will have been covered live by all the major news networks, so the Heroes will probably be in for some (possibly unwanted) publicity. An event like this can make or break a Superhero's public image.

NOTES

The nature of this scenario should prove interesting and challenging to the players. Characters that are used to solving problems with their muscle are liable to make some big mistakes in this one. In the end, the successful Hero in this adventure will be the one who keeps a cool head and can manage to think on his feet.

SCENARIO 2: IN DARKNESS LURKS THE SLIME DEVIL

Introduction To The Scenario

This scenario concerns a series of gruesome murders in the city's sewer system. The scenario requires that the Heroes enter the sewers and stalk a monster to its lair, where they will face the final confrontation. This scenario works best when run with two or three mid-level Heroes.

The scenario begins when one of the Heroes is approached by a young child while conducting his daily patrol. The child will say that he has a serious problem, and will offer the sum total of his allowance for the rest of the year if the Heroes will help him.

The child says his name is Bobby Norton. He says that his father went to work three days ago, and hasn't been seen since. Bobby's mother is of the opinion that her husband has simply walked out on his family, but Bobby won't believe this. His father had promised to take him to a baseball game the day before, and, when he didn't show up, Bobby became convinced that his father was in trouble.

It can be learned from the boy's mother that the father, Arthur Norton, worked with a repair crew in the city's sewer system. Bobby's mother will tell the characters that she and her husband have been going through marital problems for several years, and that her husband has walked out on her before. She could care less where he is, and hasn't bothered to call work looking for him.

If the Heroes pursue the investigation to the Sewer Department, they will run into a wall of red tape. The Sewer Director has recently resigned his post, and the department is in an uproar. The ex-Director is staying at a vacation resort and is impossible to reach. The Acting Director is an overworked secretary with little time for meddling Superheroes.

If the Heroes persist in their investigation, they will eventually gain access to the company's work records. The records show that Arthur Norton punched in at the correct time on his time clock the night of his disappearance, but never punched out. The Sewer Department pays little heed to this, as workers forget to punch themselves out on the clock as they go home. Nevertheless, Norton has failed to return to work. After repeated attempts to reach Norton at his home failed, the department decided to fire him. Norton's discharge papers were issued a week ago, and still await his pickup in the repair crew foreman's office.

It is at this point that the characters must take matters into their own hands if they wish to solve the mystery. This will necessitate investigating the area where Norton was last seen: the sewers themselves.

There is more going on here than meets the eye. A series of gruesome murders have occurred in the sewers over the last month, but the Sewer Director was ordered by higher-ups at City Hall to hush up the incidents. This is because one of the higher-ups is affiliated with a major chemical company located in town, which has been illegally dumping radioactive compounds into the sewer. News of the murders would undoubtedly spark an investigation, which would reveal the illegal dumpings. This would be very bad for the company. Hence, the cover-up. The Sewer Director quit his job because he could no longer stand the burden of so many deaths on his conscience, but was in too deep to go to the authorities. The Acting Director knows nothing of the deaths or the cover-up.

IN THE SEWER

The sewers can be entered through most any convenient man hole or storm drain. The sewers themselves consist of miles of sprawling pipeline. Most of the sewer is devoid of interest. Rather than map out miles of boring sewer tunnels, use the following procedure to determine what happens when the characters search through the sewers.

For each game hour that the Heroes spend searching through the sewers, each of the characters may attempt his or her Detect Entrance roll. If made, then the characters have located the secret entrance to the Slime Devil's Lair. If none of the Heroes manage to make this roll, then roll 1D10 and consult the following chart:

- 1 - 5 Nothing happens. The characters may either continue to search or give up.
- 6 The Heroes find a patch of green, radioactive slime (see the section on the Slime Devil for an explanation of the slime).
- 7 The characters find a partially dismembered corpse. The corpse is too badly disfigured to identify. This may be Arthur Norton, or it may be one of three other workers murdered in these sewers.
- 8 The characters find the sewer area where the chemical company is illegally dumping radioactive materials.
- 9 The characters are attacked by a Serpent.
- 10 The characters are attacked by the Slime Devil.

THE SLIME DEVIL

STR: 16	IQ: 18	CON: 20	DEX: 17	CHA: 16	Level 10	Accidental Scientific	Power Potential: 71
Offensive Bonus: +20%							Defensive Bonus: -15%
Hit Points: 44							Hit With Devices: +20%
Direct Damage: +7							Detect Entrances: 16%
Other Damage: +3							Detect Traps: 20%
Powers:							
Emotion Control							Lower Level Companions
Water Breathing							Spiked Tail
Revivication							

The Slime Devil is an unholy Humanoid-snake creature, created by a freak reaction between the water of the city's sewers and the radioactive waste dumped therein. The creature stands 6 feet tall in a semi-crouch, and is covered in dripping, green slime. It has one, glowing yellow eye in the center of it's head, and sports a row of wicked spines that run down the length of its back and onto its spiked tail. It has two deceptively spindly, multi-clawed arms and walks upright upon powerful, almost Human legs. His body excretes slime, which is vaguely radioactive in nature, and can be found in patches all throughout the sewer system.

The Slime Devil is highly intelligent, but that intelligence is alien in nature, and incomprehensible to Humans. The Slime Devil views the sewers as his home and breeding ground, and will slay any who enter it.

In combat, the Slime Devil will attempt to use his Emotion Control first before entering into hand-to-claw combat. Emotions it commonly attempts to instill include Fear, Claustrophobia, Panic, and Demoralization.

SERPENTS

Serpents are evolving versions of the Slime Devil. The creatures are hatched as small Serpents and grow to sizes in excess of 12 feet long, before going into crysalis and emerging as full-grown, adult Slime Devils. While in Serpent form, the creatures attack on the hand-to-hand column with a +10% bonus. They have 10 Hit Points each, and no Power Potential. They have no special defenses. Their Bite does 1D6 in damage if it hits, and carries with it a chance of radiation poisoning.

LOCATING THE SLIME DEVILS LAIR

The Slime Devil's Lair is hidden behind a loose stone in a walled-up sewage tank located near the radioactive waste dump sight. If the characters locate the Lair, the Slime Devil will automatically be within, unless the characters have already encountered and destroyed it.

Within the Lair will be found the corpse of at least one of the missing sewer workers. The walls, floor and ceiling of the Lair are lined with a multitude of slimy, semi-transparent eggs. Within a number of the eggs small Serpent-like creatures can be seen to be moving and rustling.

This is the Slime Devil's Lair, and while here the Devil will fight to the death to protect the eggs. The eggs themselves can be destroyed by smashing or fire--several cans of gasoline and a match is probably the safest and most efficient way to clean out the nest.

Note that a number of the eggs are ripe for hatching, and that smashing them will simply release the Serpent within. Note also that if some of the Serpents escape the Lair into the sewers they will eventually grow into full-size Slime Devils--unless hunted down and destroyed in detail (their radioactive nature should make it relatively easy to locate them, given the proper equipment).



Slime Devil

AFTERMATH: REWARDS AND PUNISHMENT

Hunting down and destroying the Slime Devil is worth a Hero's rate of gain times 10 in Experience points. Successfully destroying the Lair and the young is worth an additional bonus of 5 times the Hero's rate of gain. No Charisma bonuses are awarded for defeating the Slime Devils because the action takes place out of the public eye, and thus does not improve the Hero's status within the community.

Revealing the illegal dumpings and bringing the chemical company to trial is worth one Charisma point. Revealing the cover-up operation and bringing the guilty parties to justice is worth the Hero's rate of gain times 10 in Experience points and is worth a further +1 Charisma bonus. The details of the steps necessary to uncover the cover-up are left to the Judge to determine.

NOTES

This is not a tidy scenario. The Heroes are going to get a little dirty before they can resolve the situation.

It is important, in running this scenario, to avoid pushing the characters into actions they don't initiate for themselves. If the characters should choose to believe Bobby's mother when she says that her husband has simply walked out on her, then let them. The menace in the sewer will continue to grow until such time as it simply can't be kept secret any longer, or until armies of Slime Devils begin to invade the city from the tunnels below. It will be the character's loss for having not investigated earlier.

Furthermore, there is a good chance that the characters will simply destroy the Slime Devil and leave the Lair undestroyed (or even undiscovered). If this is the case, then the young Serpents will mature into full size Slime Devils within six months, and the problems will begin anew. This time, however, there will almost certainly be more than just one Slime Devil. Each Devil will have a Lair of its own, complete with its own stash of eggs.

As you can see, unless the Heroes act quickly, this one can quickly get out of hand. No one ever said a Superhero's job was easy.

Still, in the end, the hardest job is likely going to be explaining to Bobby Norton that his father won't be coming home any more.

SCENARIO 3 : FEMMES FATALE

Introduction To The Scenario

This scenario is a straight-forward hero-villain slugfest. The scenario concerns an attempted robbery of a local bank by a pair of notorious super-villainesses. As such, this scenario affords a rare opportunity for the Judge to inject a bit of realism into his or her campaign.

Draw up a mental picture of what your local bank looks like. It will prove especially helpful if your players are familiar with the bank in question. Use this bank as the setting for your adventure. You may draw up a rough sketch outline of the bank you intend to use if you think it will help you run the scenario, but most Judges will find that they can run this encounter entirely from their head.

Alert the Heroes that a robbery is in progress at the local bank by whatever means suits you best. The Heroes will arrive on the scene to find Sonic Doom and the Amazon busy stuffing bank cash into a number of sacks. Sonic Doom will have already cracked the bank's safe wide open with a sonic blast. The bank personnel are huddled in terror against one wall, guarded by the Amazon's menacing pet, Ubaz the Tiger.

SONIC DOOM

STR: 13 IQ: 11 CON: 24 DEX: 18 CHA: 12 Level 4 Sponsored Power Potential: 66

Offensive Bonus: 0

Hit Points: 17

Direct Damage: +3

Other Damage: +1

Powers:

Heightened Constitution

Radio Reception Device

Sonic Abilities/Flight Device

Defensive Bonus: 0

Detect Entrances: 1%

Detect Traps: 5%

Laura Foater, "Sonic Doom", is equipped and supplied by a mysterious industrial interest. She wears an outfit of black and red, along with an elaborate head set/helmet and backpack device. Without this gear, Sonic Doom loses all her abilities and 5 Hit Points. When not being used for raids on rival industrial firms, Sonic Doom is free to engage in whatever pastimes she wishes--such as robbing banks.

Sonic Doom and the Amazon want to do little more than simply rob the bank and escape with the loot. They work as a team, however, and won't lightly abandon one another in a tight spot. If the villainesses can get clear of the bank with the cash, they'll probably try to escape via the flight setting on Sonic Doom's sonic device. In short, while these two will give most any Hero or Heroes a good fight, they won't hesitate to flee if the situation dictates it.

THE AMAZON

STR: 13 IQ: 25 CON: 22 DEX: 10 CHA: 18 Level 6 Accidental Scientific Power Potential: 70

Offensive Bonus: +5%

Hit Points: 26

Direct Damage: +5

Other Damage: +3

Powers:

Heightened Constitution

Power Weapon

Pet or Lower Level Companion

Defensive Bonus: -5%

Hit With Devices: +40%

Detect Entrances: 32%

Detect Traps: 25%

Veronica Samms was a simple lab room technician before a freak chemical accident gave her the powers of a legendary amazon warrior. Turning to a life of crime, the Amazon uses her abilities as the ultimate huntress to track down and destroy Superheroes for pay. Still, she isn't above doing a bank job now and then. . .

The Amazon's power weapon takes the form of a bow, which fires energized arrows. Her Pet is Ubaz, an enormous Tiger. Ubaz attacks at +30% on the hand-to-hand line of the combat chart, and does 2D12 damage if he hits. He has 30 Hit Points and no Power Potential. Ubaz is extremely intelligent, as well as being unswervingly loyal to the Amazon.



REWARDS AND SUCH

Capture of either Sonic Doom or the Amazon is worth the villain's level number times the Hero's rate of gain in Experience. Charisma bonuses are explained in the **Villains and Vigilantes**™ rules. The bank may offer the Heroes a reward of up to \$1000, depending upon the circumstances of the engagement. There are no rewards available for the capture of either Sonic Doom or the Amazon--most of their activities have been private ones, and thus they don't have prices on their heads.

NOTES

This scenario provides some straight-forward action for fight-minded players. This scenario works especially well if used as a warm-up for a more developed scenario of another type--people will sometimes do a better job at complicated, puzzle-solving role-playing if they have a chance to get the fighting urge out of their blood early.

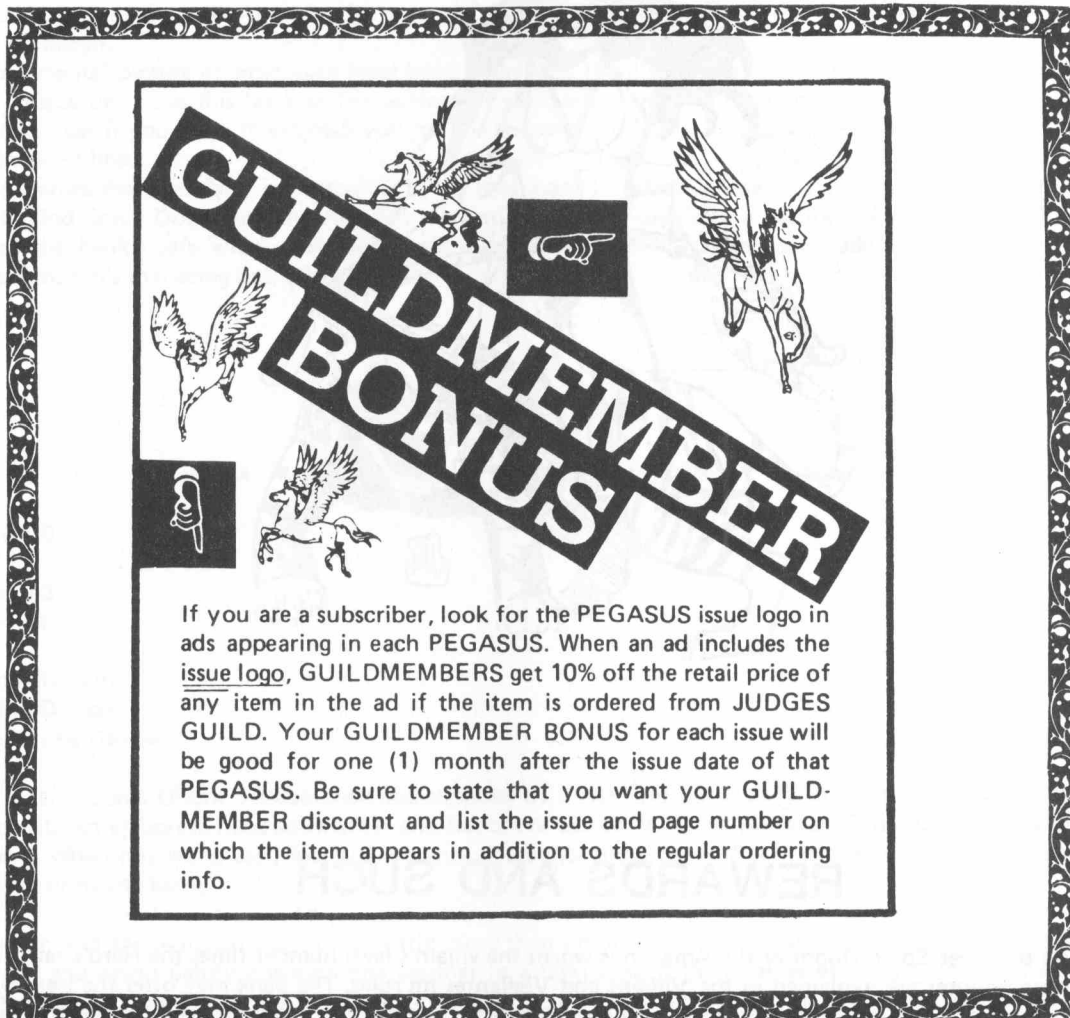
Still, feel free to further develop this scenario. You might wish to experiment with the idea of having Sonic Doom on a raid for her industrial concern for an item of some importance hidden in a safe deposit box in the bank.

AFTERWORD

Villains and Vigilantes tm is a simulation on comic books, and as such, is larger than life. In running scenarios for this game, the Judge must take care that he doesn't become too rooted in reality. The world of the comics is, in many ways, a simpler one than the world we live in, and it should be played as such. Remember that in the comics anything is possible.

For this reason, it is not recommended that you allow characters or villains to be killed. Toy with the dice a bit to ensure that the characters merely fall unconscious. Death really isn't part of a comic book world. If you feel you simply must kill a character off, then see to it that there's some chance of the character undergoing a miracle resurrection sometime in the future. Villains bounce back from supposed death in the comics all the time.

In the end, try to simulate the **feel** of comic books, rather than the letter. Let your characters be Heroes and save the world. You'll find you can't go wrong.



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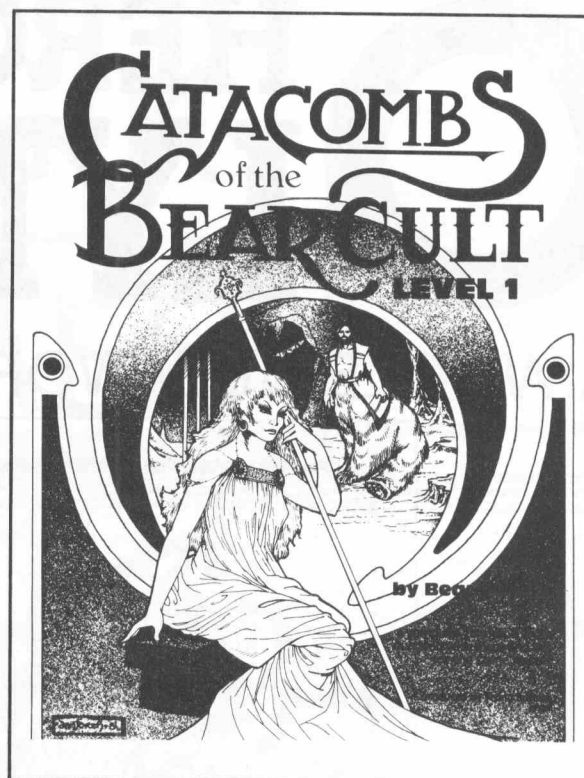
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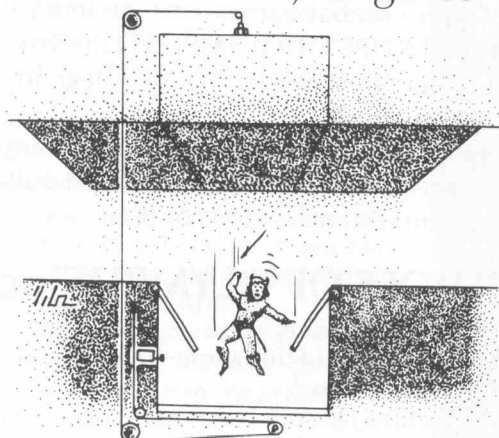
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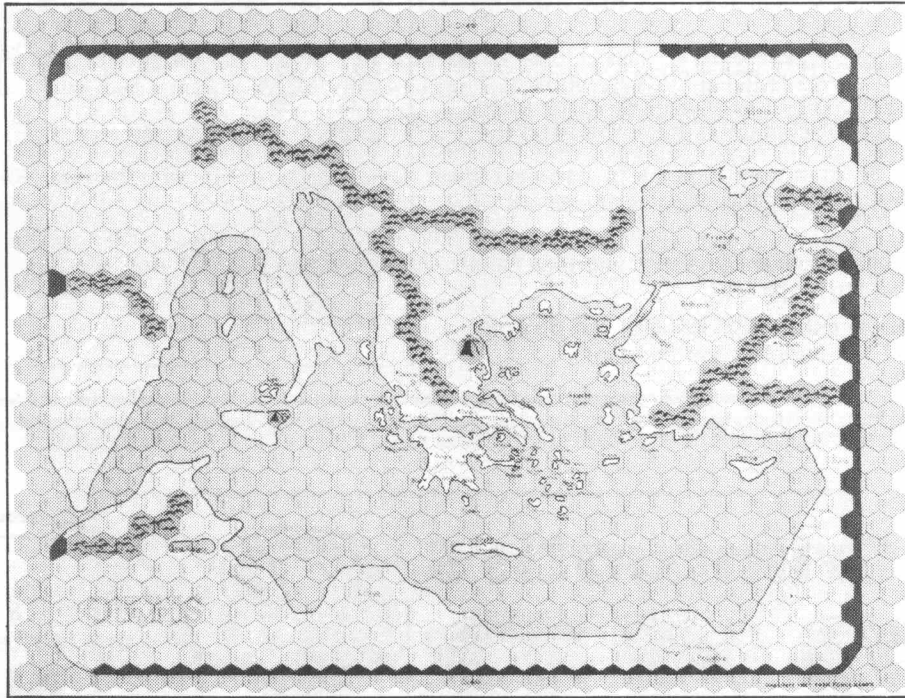
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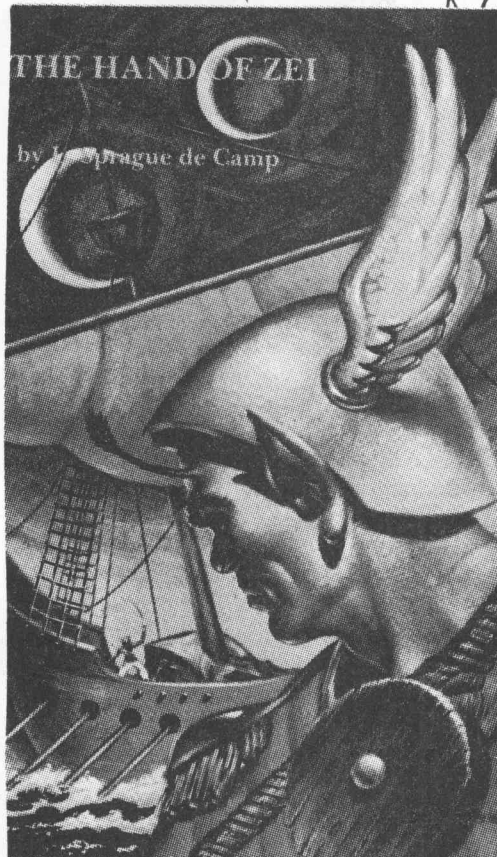
The Hand of Zei
by L. Sprague de Camp

Released by Owlswick Press
Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

For those who like collectables, Owlswick Press is offering a real beaut these days. Thirty years ago, L. Sprague de Camp knocked out a sizeable (this printing comes to almost 300 pages) novel entitled **The Hand of Zei**. One of his Viagens Interplanetarias series books, it is packed with great fun, covering nearly every fantasy precept created by E. R. Burroughs, weaving them all together in a fast-moving, often hilarious, novel.

The action takes place on the distant planet of Krishna. Writer Dirk Barnevelt and xenologist George Tangaloo are sent there by their firm, Igor Shtain, Ltd., to finish shooting the film footage the company is under contract to shoot and to rescue their boss, Igor Shtain, if possible. Tangaloo looks upon the enterprise as somewhat of a vacation; Barnevelt approaches the assignment with dread. Leaving the Earth, something he has wanted to do for most of his life, means leaving his mother behind, something he is loath to do - mainly because the woman has brow-beaten him into submission since childhood to the point where he is terrified of her. But, Tangaloo gets him aboard their space ship, away from his mother, and off to Krishna.

With thoughts of his mother haunting him all the way, Barnevelt launches himself into the problems at hand - mainly, getting into Krishna unrecognized, getting his footage and his boss, and getting back out again in one piece. He knows it won't be easy; most of the planet is suspicious of Earthmen, and, since the Viagens Interplanetarias



has a non-interference directive (15 years before **Star Trek** - there are no new ideas) he will have to go it with sword and wits alone.

The story that follows is a panic; it is filled with dinosaur con-men, pirates, sword fights, naval battles, political in-fighting, and Alvandi of Qirib, Queen-ruler of a land defended and dominated by women.

Even as a prediction of things to come, **The Hand of Zei** makes good reading as we watch poor mama's boy Barnevelt tackle an entire society which is his worst nightmare come true.

De Camp has called upon many of the things he knows best, sailing in particular, to make this novel both powerful and interesting. All of the characters are strongly drawn. The action is not only good, but it is fairly non-stop. The pace is rapid as Barnevelt and Tangaloo escape from one mess after another, trying to do their job and stay alive.

The author can be excused for his broad parody of R. E. Howard in the form of Barnevelt. Howard was not the recognized figure when the novel was

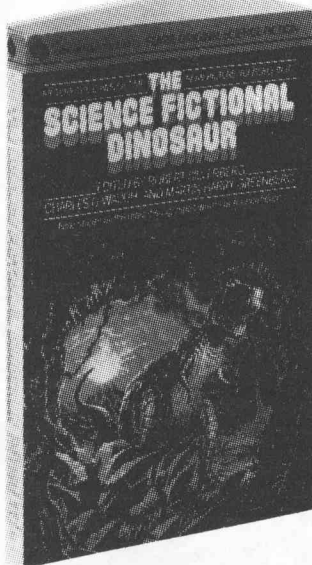


written that he is today. Taking the characterization in the spirit it was meant actually helps to make the book more enjoyable.

Another one of the things which makes it enjoyable is the artwork. Besides the full-cover color (by Kelly Freas and Edd Cartier), the interior is filled with black and white illustrations by Edd Cartier, one of the great illustrators of science fiction's golden age. They are the original illustrations from the novel's first printing and have lost none of their charm or distinction over the past three decades.

All in all, *The Hand of Zei* is a grand adventure and good fun woven together at a rapid pace. Like most of de Camp's work, it is well worth the effort of tracking it down.

To order this Owlswick book or merely to get their catalogue, write to: Owlswick Press, Box 8242, Philadelphia, PA. 19101, or check with your local fantasy book shop.



Dinosaur, there should be no exceptions. The editors have taken nine, top-notch science fiction dinosaur stories and gathered them together under one roof to the delight of readers across the country.

It is a broad collection. There has never been a funnier dinosaur story than Isaac Asimov's "A Statue for Father." Paul Ash's "The Wings of a Bat" is a good, grumpy tale with an undramatic yet satisfactory ending. Asimov's second entry, "Day of the Hunters," is humorous in its telling but not in its message. A story that compares the mysterious end of the dinosaurs with modern-day life, it is all the more chilling now, 30 years after it was written.

After that, however, humor vanishes, for the most part. Harry Harrison's "The Ever-Branching Tree" is a classic tale of childhood and its indifference to the past. Brian Aldiss writes

a much harsher story in his short-short "Poor Little Warrior!" Many tales have been written about men traveling time to hunt dinosaurs, but never has one been so hard on its subjects as this one. With his usual flair, Aldiss has ground his central character down under the pressures of an uncaring world, destroying his dreams with a cruel snapping of truths.

Also dealing in harsh realities is Poul Anderson's "Wildcat," a tale of ecological rapists and political madmen. Written in '58, after McCarthy and during the opening paranoid years of the cold war, it is a bitter, grey, hopeless story of irrational hatreds and fears. Its grim premise and telling practically negate its pitifully absurd "happy" ending. Written more recently and yet just as harsh in their judgments of mankind are F. D. Gottfried's "Hermes to the Ages," and Bob Silverberg's "Our Lady of the Sauropods." Both are harsh tales indicating that not only might the dinosaurs have been more intelligent than we usually give them credit for, but they might have been more intelligent than we.

Worth the price of the book all by itself, however, is Robert F. Young's "When Time Was New." Like most of Young's work, it is basically a love story, but that is not meant to demean the tale. "When Time Was New" is a touching and clever piece of modern fiction. Although it bends the laws of probability slightly to achieve its conclusion, since that is one of the hidden points of the story, it does not matter much.

Continued on page 93

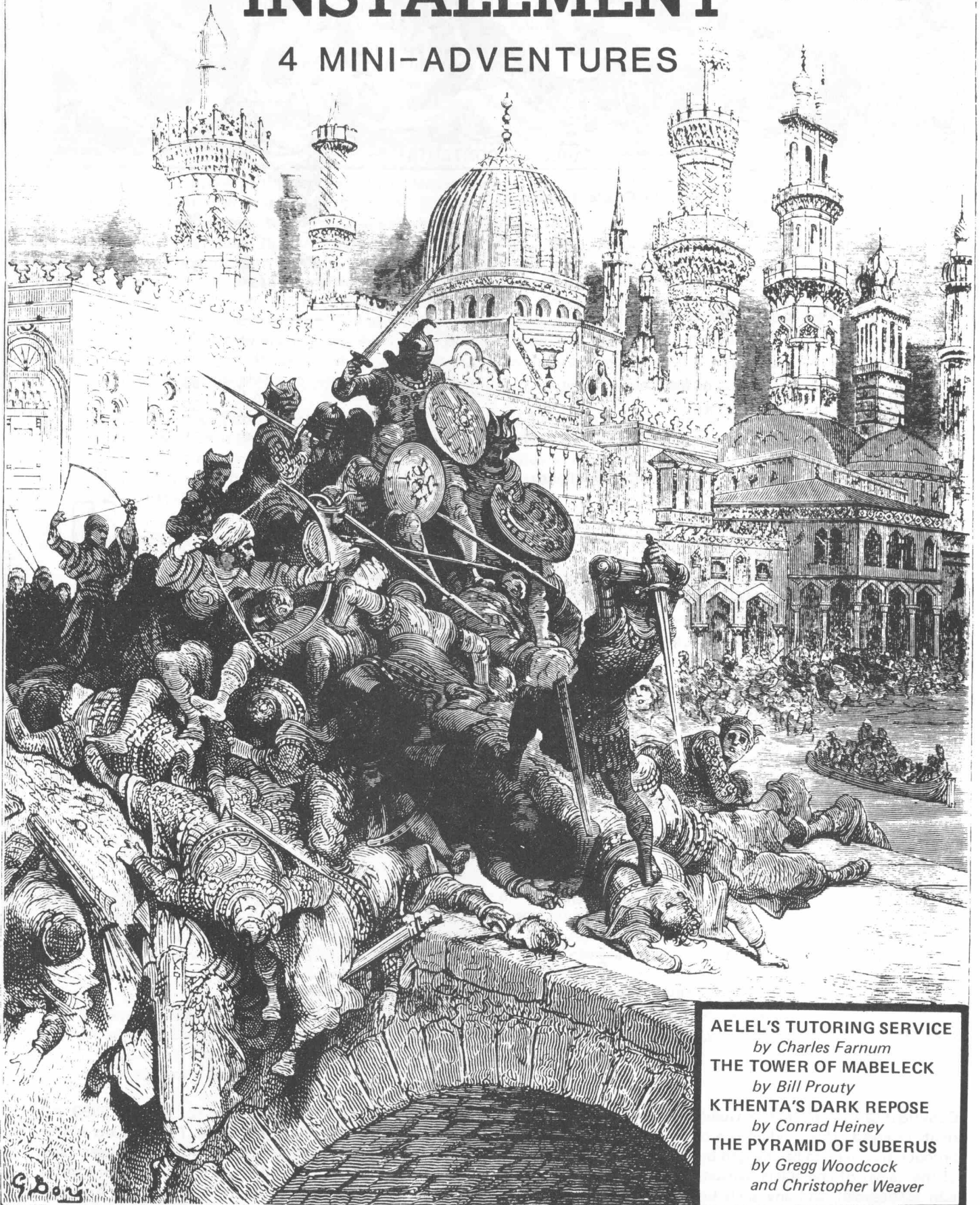
The Science Fictional Dinosaur
Edited by R. Silverberg, C. G. Waugh,
and M. H. Greenberg

Released by Avon/Flare Books
Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

As it has often been said, everybody loves dinosaurs. Science fiction and fantasy are filled with them. For some reason, a gigantic lizard on the cover of a paperback will always help sales. And, in the case of Tom Hildebrant's cover for *The Science Fictional Pegasus* 32

CITY STATE CAMPAIGN INSTALLMENT

4 MINI-ADVENTURES



AEL'S TUTORING SERVICE

by Charles Farnum

THE TOWER OF MABECK

by Bill Prouty

KTHENTA'S DARK REPOSE

by Conrad Heiney

THE PYRAMID OF SUBERUS

*by Gregg Woodcock
and Christopher Weaver*



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AELELS TUTORING SERVICE

The above sign hangs outside of a small building on Water-Rat Road in the City State of the Invincible Overlord. The house has one room where currently seated is Aeel. He gives the following speech:

"I run a small tutoring service. For the small sum of 1,000 GP, I can advance you as far as 6th Level, depending on your line of work and ability. This price includes one year of totally safe lessons. Of course, if I let in just anyone, people would be knocking down my doors. Therefore, there is a little entrance exam. The folks who do the best get the most of my attention, and a few flunk out. The test is totally safe and requires 100 GP to enter. If any of you want to take it, give me your money, and I'll tell you more."

If anyone agrees, he takes the first one and tells the rest to come back tomorrow. He leads the person through a door, which he casts a *Lock* spell upon, and then down the stairs.

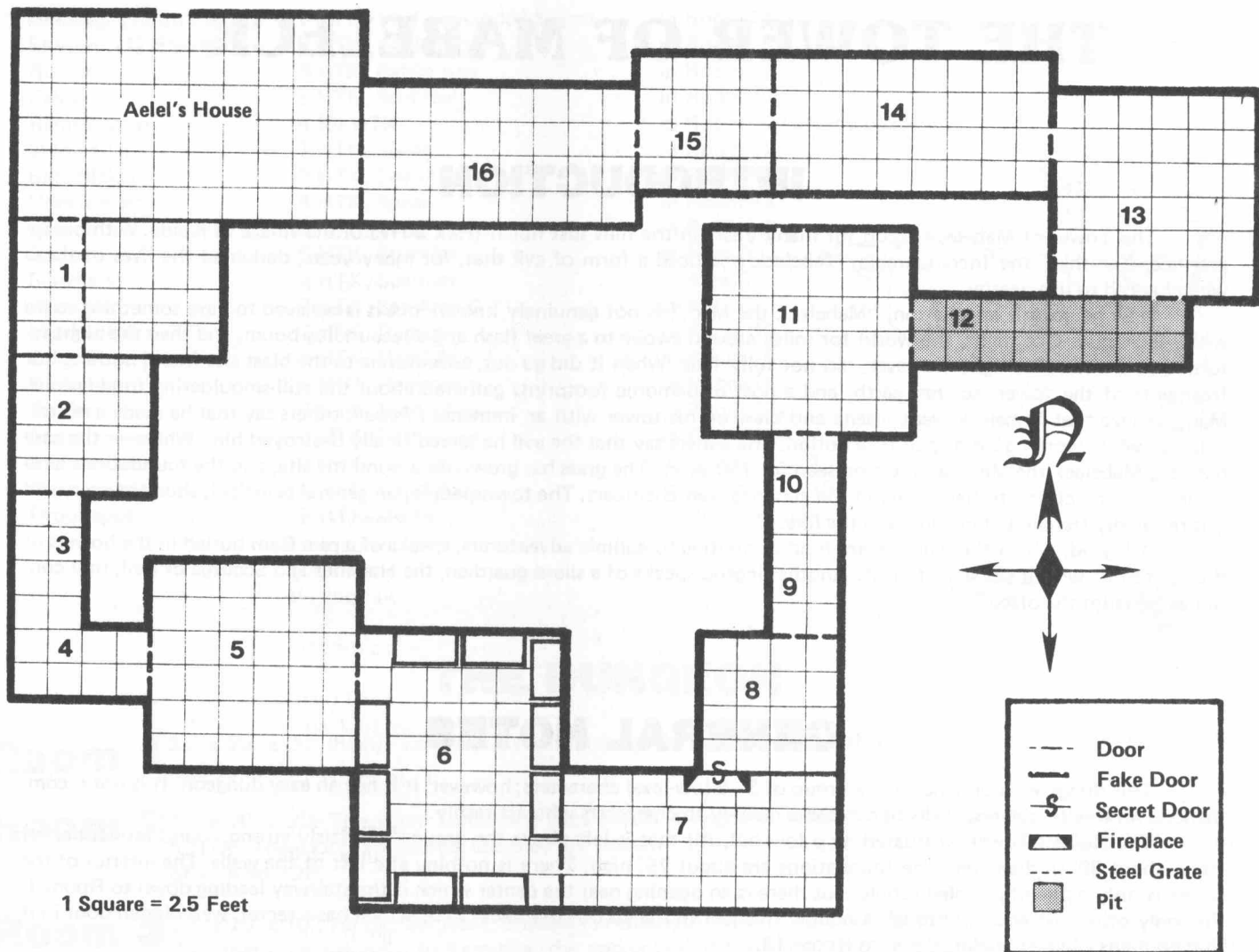
"The main purpose of this service is to get leaders for my little group, although joining my group is not required," he explains. "If you ever wish to give up, call for me. Whenever I hear my name, whatever is attacking you will stop, and I will take you out of the Dungeon. When you call, you are giving up and, thus, flunking the test. Creatures are expensive, so don't kill anything if you can help it. Your mission is to safely get through the Dungeon. On the way, try to remember what you see, and take anything of value. I will be testing your memory, care, agility, and common sense. Above all, remember that there is a way out of any situation in which you may find yourself if you have made all the right decisions. Finally, try to be fast. Slow folks are boring." With that, he disappears, and the player finds himself at the entrance to Room 1.

Aeel is a Human, 10th Level FTR and 5th Level Magic User. As he will only accept 1st Level characters, that should indicate what happens if they try to fight. Aeel has a Bracelet of Invisibility and Elven Boots, and he will follow the player through the entire Dungeon. If the player fails the test or refuses to be a student, Aeel will place a spell of *Forgetfulness* on the player which causes the player to forget the past day's events.

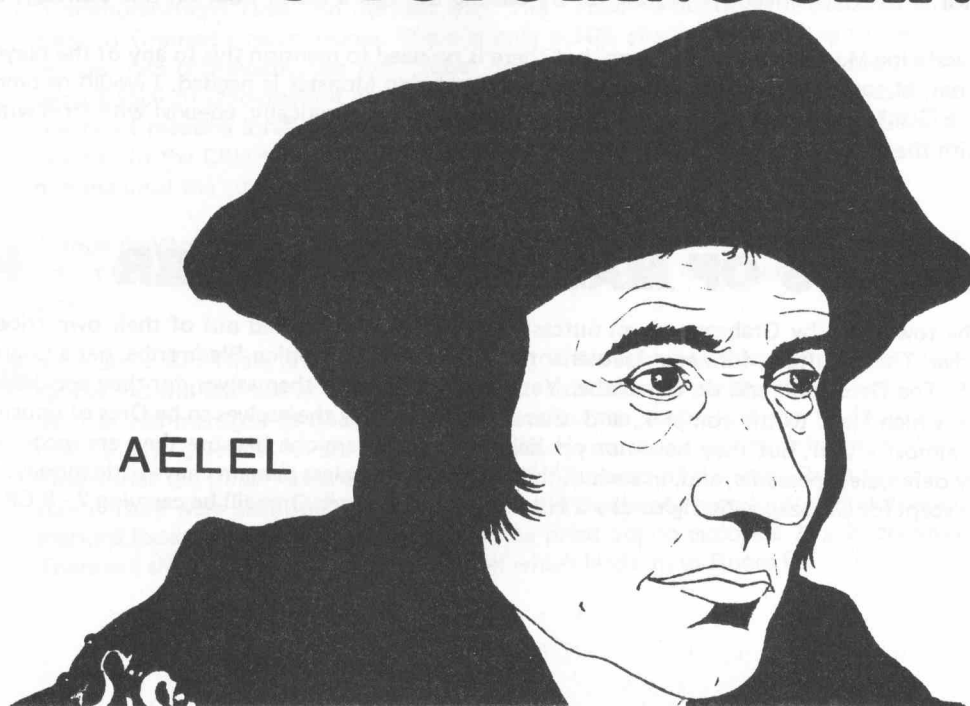
- 1** **Player:** The door into this room is yellow. To your left is a 10' by 15' chamber. In front of you is a green door. There is a grating which is slowly rising between you and the chamber. In the chamber is a very hungry-looking Lion.
Judge: If the player decides to run to the door within five seconds after hearing the description, he will make it. Otherwise, he will have to fight the Lion. The Lion is ARM: as Leather, Hit: 4; HTK: 15; Damage: Claws (1 - 4/1 - 4) and Bite (1 - 10).
- 2** **Player:** This 10' by 10' room is well lit by torches. There is a large pile of Copper Pieces in the far left corner. There is an opening opposite you.
Judge: Under the pile of 500 CP are several items. They are a Sword, a scroll, a Light Crossbow with 200 Bolts, a pair of glasses, a Cloak, and a key. The scroll reads "You may take three items, but leave the rest alone." The glasses act as a *Magical Sight* spell which enables the wearer to see through all magics that hide the true nature of things. The key will open any lock in this Dungeon. If the player tries to leave with more than three items, Aeel will throw a *Sleep* spell on him and cart him out of the Dungeon. Note that a torch may be taken as one of the three items, and all items not described above are normal and not magical.
- 3** **Player:** This corridor is very bright; the light is almost blinding.
Judge: This is simply to keep the Orcs in their place. They will not venture here.
- 4** **Player:** There is an Orc with a Broadsword here. He is blinking in your direction.
Judge: If the player walks around the corner, the Orc will smile and hold out his hand. If he is given 5 CP or more, he will allow the player to pass by him. Otherwise, he will call the guards from Room 5 and attack. Any character may try to sneak by at +50% Normal Probability because of the Orc's blindness. Orc: ARM: None; Hit: 1; HTK: 4; Weapon: Broadsword.
- 5** **Player:** The 15' by 15' room is barely lit by a candle on a table in the near right corner of the room. Five Orcs are deeply engrossed by a card game at the table. There is an opening opposite you.
Judge: Any player can sneak through by rolling less than their Agility on 1D12. Thieves may attempt to steal one of the bags where the Orcs keep their stakes, 540 CP. The loss will be discovered in one round. 5 Orcs: ARM: None, Hit: 1; HTK: 4, 8, 3, 2, 7; Weapon: Scimitars.
- 6** **Player:** There is a 15' wide, unlit corridor leading to your right. There are bunks along the walls.
Judge: There are a total of 20 bunks. Each has 3 - 18 CP under the pillow. The players may attempt to "pickpocket" the sleeping Orcs, but failure indicates that the Orc woke up. 10 Orcs: ARM: None; Hit: 1; HTK: 7, 5, 9, 4, 4, 7, 7, 7, 6, 4; Weapons: Stiletos.

- 7** **Player:** The door into this room is orange. The room is 10' by 20' and lit by the fireplace on your left. There is a table with ten chairs in the middle of the room. Three are occupied by loudly snoring Orcs with mugs in their hands. A large keg is on the table. Above the mantel is a painting of a very ugly Orc which is lit by 2 candles in golden candlesticks. There is a golden skull on the mantel.
Judge: The skull is worth 100 GP and weighs 5 lbs. The left candlestick, if rotated clockwise, causes the interior of the fireplace to silently move downward, revealing a passage. Both candlesticks are firmly attached to the wall. 3 Orcs:
ARM: None; **Hit:** 1; **HTK:** 6, 7, 6; **Weapons:** Scimitar.
- 8** **Player:** This room is completely dark. It is 10' by 10', and you hear a sleeping creature.
Judge: The sleeping creature is the Orc in the painting. He will wake up if a light source is brought into the room and will jump out of the painting to attack. Next to the Orc is a large chest. It is unlocked but trapped. A Thief or a Dwarf can detect the trap easily and remove it. Others may detect it only. The trap is a large siren which goes off when the chest is opened. The chest is filled with clothes, and, in the false bottom, is a +1 Rapier and a 500 GP ring. Orc:
ARM: None; **Hit:** 2; **HTK:** 13; **Weapon:** Whip.
- 9** See Room 4. The Orc is facing away from the player.
- 10** See Room 3.
- 11** **Player:** This room is dimly lit by torches. It is 15' by 15'. There is a blue door on your left, an orange door opposite, and a yellow door on your right. In the center of the room is a pedestal with some paper on it.
Judge: The paper states, "Go through the door that is the same color as the one through which you first entered." The blue and orange doors are fakes. If the player tries to open them, Ael el will put him to sleep and cart him out.
- 12** **Player:** In front of you is a pit, 20' across. You can't see the bottom. There is a rope going across. At the end of the corridor is a golden-colored door.
Judge: If the player crosses by the rope, he gets 10', and the rope dissolves. He will then fall for up to 1 minute. This whole set up is an Illusion. If he doesn't figure it out in a minute, Ael el puts him to sleep and carts him out.
- 13** **Player:** This room is lit by torches. There is 1' of fur covering the floor of the 15' by 15' room. There are two doors on your left. The first is copper-colored; the second is brown.
Judge: The copper door is a fake and is well-grounded. Anyone touching it receives 3 points of damage from static electricity. If this results in death, the player instead is reduced to 1 HTK and is unconscious. Ael el will then take him out.
- 14** **Player:** This area is filled with stalagmites and stalactites. The walls are very rough. It is unlit.
Judge: Every 10', there is a 25% chance that the players will be attacked by a Mobile Stalagmite. If the player is looking for strange things, the Stalagmite's chance to hit is reduced by 4. The walls are very easy to climb: 95% for Thieves, Acrobats, and the like, and 80% for others. Mobile Stalagmites: **ARM:** as RCD; **Hit:** 2; **Damage:** 1 - 4.
- 15** **Player:** This 10' by 10' room is well lit by torches. A large, totally silent Ogre is sleeping in the opening opposite you.
Judge: The Ogre is a Minor Illusion. It makes no movement or noise. If it is touched, it disappears. The chest is locked and trapped. The trap can be detected by anyone with a Dexterity of 9 or higher. It can be removed by any Thief. On the lock is a small inscription, "State my master's name, and I open." If the player says, "Ael el," that individual will remove the player as promised at the beginning of the adventure. The trap fills the room with Sleeping Gas when the chest is opened, and Ael el will take the player out. Inside is a Scroll with a *Slumber* spell upon it.
- 16** In this room, Ael el collects all that the player has taken, giving points as follows:
- | | |
|--|-------|
| Each GP or equivalent | + 1 |
| <i>Slumber</i> Scroll | +500 |
| Each point of Damage taken | - 100 |
| Each Orc killed | - 10 |
| Lion killed | - 50 |
| Every second falling down Illusory pit | - 1 |
| Each room character can describe as to contents, doors, and dimensions (within 5') | + 50 |

The resultant total is multiplied times 10. Ael el will tutor the player for one year for 1,000 GP. The player must spend all his time at his studies but will receive the above number in Experience Points at the end of the year, danger free. If Ael el had to rescue the player or put him to sleep, he will not be tutored, but will receive the number of points he accumulated before rescue as Experience Points, although they will not be multiplied by ten.



AELEL'S TUTORING SERVICE



THE TOWER OF MABELECK

INTRODUCTION

The Tower of Mabeleck stood for many years in the hills just north (Hex 3017) of the village of Kolda. With his apprentice, Kamshka, the Incomparable, Mabeleck practiced a form of evil that, for many years, darkened the lives of those who chanced to live nearby.

How he got his appellation, "Mabeleck the Mad," is not genuinely known, but it is believed to have something to do with his demise. One night, the world for miles around awoke to a great flash and a resounding boom, and then the night returned to silence. The light, however, did not fully fade. When it did go out, adventurers to the blast site found nothing but fragments of the tower, scarred earth, and a host of demonic footprints gathered about the still-smouldering foundations. Many believe that Mabeleck went insane and blew up his tower with an immense *Fireball*; others say that he made a miscalculation while working on a spell or a potion. Still others say that the evil he served finally destroyed him. Whatever the case may be, Mabeleck the Mad has not been seen for 150 years. The grass has grown up around the site, and the foundations have cooled; no one claims to have entered the subterranean chambers. The townspeople, on general principal, shun the area, and it is reputedly frequented by Orcs and the like.

A legend, which the villagers are fond of quoting to gullible adventurers, speaks of a rare Gem buried in the bowels of the tower but with a Curse laid on it. Another legend speaks of a silent guardian, the Hammer and Scourge of Evil, that continues to haunt the place.

GENERAL NOTES

This dungeon is designed for a group of 3 - 6 low-level characters; however, it is **not** an easy dungeon. It is not recommended for novice players, as death can come quickly to characters who act rashly.

The Ruined Tower is situated on a low hill. All that is left above the ground is a fairly strong, round foundation of stone about 60' in diameter. The foundations are about 25' high. There is nothing else left of the walls. The interior of the tower is only a pile of jumbled rubble, but there is an opening near the center which is the stairway leading down to Room 1. The only other entrance is through a hollow tree just to the east of the tower base, which has a secret, well-hidden door in it that contains a ladder leading down to Room 13.

The dungeon floors are of smooth rock, but the walls and ceilings are constructed of stone blocks, 2' high by 3' long by 1' deep. The dungeon consists of three levels. Access to Level B can be gained by passing through the secret door and down the stairs just past Room 8. This will put the party at Area B on Level B. Access to Level C can be gained by going down the stairs just past Area D. This leads to Room 18. By passing through a secret door on this stairway, access can be gained to Room 19.

There are no Wandering Monsters in this dungeon, but there is no need to mention this to any of the player-characters. If, however, you feel that, at some time during the adventure, a Wandering Monster is needed, I would recommend a Giant Spider or, perhaps, some Giant Centipedes, these being creatures that could, theoretically, co-exist with Orcs without directly coming into conflict with them.

THE ORCS OF MABELECKS TOWER

The Orcs of the tower, led by Grabzag, are an outcast band. They were kicked out of their own tribe because they were unusually offensive. The Chieftain, formerly Lieutenant Grabzag of the Dripping Blade tribe, has a Charisma of 6. The rest range from 3 to 5. The Orcs stink and do not bathe. Yet, they are proud of themselves, for they accidentally found the secret door in the tree which leads to the complex, and, therefore, they fancy themselves to be Orcs of unusual merit. They have been living here almost a year, but they have not yet been noticed by anyone because they are incompetent Thieves. They tend to raid only defenseless peasants, and, in such outlying areas, defenseless peasants have little money. The Orcs fight as 1 Hit Die monsters except for Grabzag, who fights as a 2 Hit Dice monster. Each Orc will be carrying 2 - 8 CP. The Orcs are:

Grabzag: (18 Strength)	11 HTK, +1 Two-handed Sword	in Room 14
Enacset: (17 Strength)	8 HTK, +1 Scimitar	in Room 3
Rotcod:	8 HTK, Battle Axe	in Room 2
Kakuk:	5 HTK, Scimitar	in Room 2
Ramsnatcher:	4 (0) HTK	in Room 6 (already dead)
Skinrender:	7 HTK, Spear	in Room 12
Bloodlicker:	3 HTK, Scimitar	in Room 12
Horktorker:	4 HTK, Spear	in Room 12
Pheces:	5 HTK, Mace	in Room 2
Boozo:	5 HTK, Scimitar	at Area D
Slimelips:	6 HTK, Scimitar	at Area D
Aristotle:	7 HTK, See Area C	at Area C
Mungburger:	2 HTK, Dagger	in Room 16
Robolik:	4 HTK, Hand Axe	in Room 16
Dribgnik:	6 HTK, Hammer	in Room 16
Torder:	7 HTK, Battle Axe	in Room 15
Boor:	6 HTK, Battle Axe	in Room 15
Elfstomper:	3 HTK, Hammer	in Room 12 or 16
Gutsucker:	4 HTK, Hand Axe	in Room 12 or 16
Droollapper:	2 HTK, Dagger	in Room 12 or 16



THE DUNGEON

Room 1 30' x 20' x 20' (high): Twigs and leaves lie scattered about the floor of this empty room. The stairs to the west lead up to the surface.

Room 2 40' x 20' x 20': This room contains 3 Orcs (ARM: Ringmail): Rotcod - 8 HTK, Kakuk - 5 HTK, and Pheces - 5 HTK. These Orcs are guards, but they are presently involved in a game of dice. They will be surprised on a roll of 1 - 4 on 1D6.

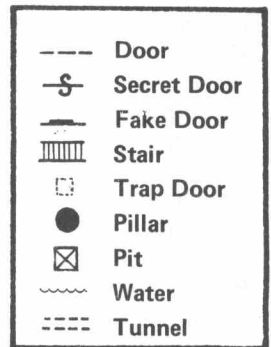
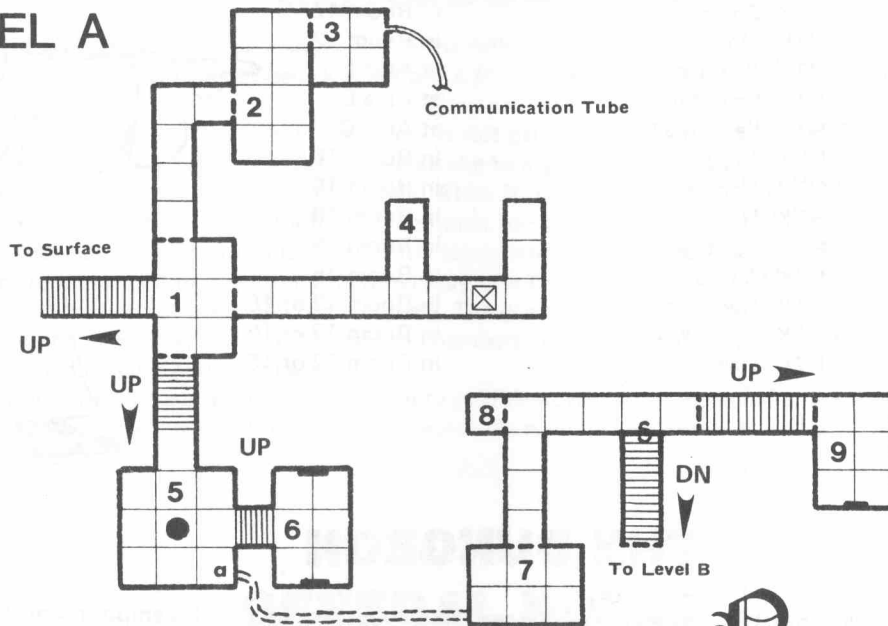
Room 3 20' x 20' x 10': An Orc Sergeant, Enacset (17 Strength; ARM: Chainmail; 8 HTK), is stationed here. He sits at a desk that once belonged to Kamshka, the apprentice of Mabeleck, whose study this once was. There is a Scroll in the desk with three spells on it. They are spells of *Illusory Noise*, *Minor Illusion*, and *Illusion*. The Orcs have not touched the Scroll because they believe it to be worthless. The desk is made of heavy oak and is worth 15 GP. A matching chair is worth 3 GP. If a battle occurs in Room 2, Enacset will shout a warning through the "Communications Tube" on the east wall. The "Tube" is about 6" in diameter and about 5' from the floor. It leads to Grabzag's room below. There is only a 10% chance for Grabzag to hear Enacset's warning, however, because rats continually use the "Tube" for their own purposes and frequently block it temporarily. Persons using a spell of *Diminuation* or some other similar magic to enter and descend through the "Tube" have a 50% chance of meeting a rat each turn (treat as Giant Rat) due to character's reduced size). It will take 3 turns to descend to the Chieftain's room. Items rolled down the "Tube" will anger the Chieftain below, but he will do nothing until the guards get off duty.

Area 4 A rope dangles from a 3' diameter hole in the ceiling, 20' above. If the rope is pulled, it will tip over a cauldron full of hot oil (3 - 8 points of damage) totally inundating a 10' square area including all characters within that area.

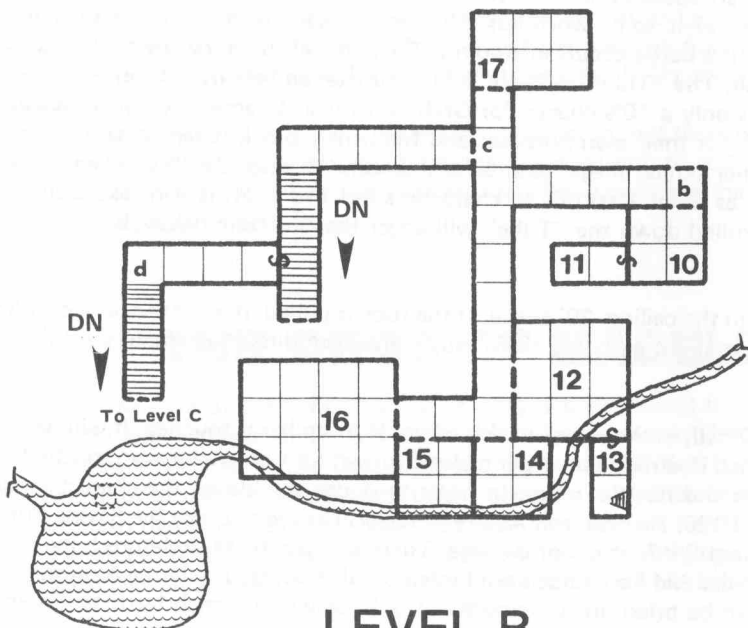
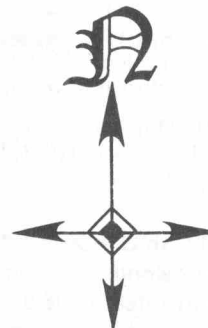
Room 5 30' x 30' x 30': There is a stone pillar, 20' tall, in the center of this room. If this pillar is touched, it will become supple and will lash out at whoever touched it, striking once per melee turn until the character who touched it is dead or has managed to dodge the blows and flee the room. In order to dodge the blows, the character must make a Saving Throw vs. his Agility on 1D20. He must roll Agility or lower. Failure to make the Saving Throw means that the pillar has struck and caused 2 - 7 points of damage. There are also three skeletons lying in the room. They were slain long ago by the pillar and have since been looted of all treasure. The letter A on the map marks a loose stone in the wall which can be pried out to expose a 2' x 2' crawlway which leads to Room 7. There is a short stairway along the east wall which leads up to Room 6.

THE RUINED TOWER OF MABELECK

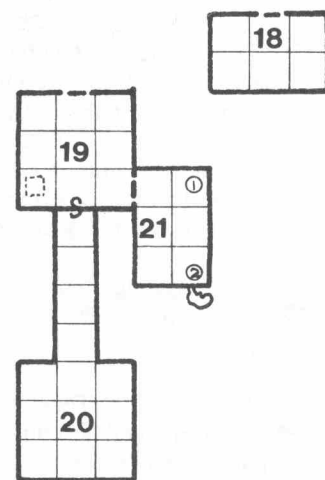
LEVEL A



1 Square = 10 Feet



LEVEL B



LEVEL C

Room 6 30' x 20' x 20': This room contains the body of a dead Orc, crushed and lying in a pool of dried blood, if the party chooses to look carefully, called Ramsnatcher, who wandered up from the tribe below to meet a horrible end. There are two false doors in the room and on the ceiling above the dead Orc is a very noticeable blood smear, should the party look up to see it. Any character stepping into the room will be crushed as the floor hurtles upward to smash against the ceiling unless the character makes his Saving Throw vs Agility and, thereby, manages to jump safely back to the stairway.

Room 7 20' x 30' x 10': The crawlway beginning at Area A from Room 5 ends at a similar loose stone in the west wall of Room 7. The most notable feature of this room is a large, stone throne, covered with leather and with a heavy fringe along the arms. If a character sits on the throne and rests his arms on the arms of the throne, the many 12" long strands of leather fringe will become magically animated and will hold him fast by the arms. Only those with Strength of 12 or over have a chance of breaking free. Each point of Strength over 12 gives the character a 10% chance to break free. Once seizing a victim, the chair will teleport through the floor to Room 12. It will teleport back after 24 hours. Any character not being held by the throne has no chance of teleporting with it. The throne will radiate magic if detection of magic is attempted.

Room 8 Room 8 is just north of the door leading out of Room 7. It is 10' square and is crypt-like. A skeleton, non-animated, in a robe lies on a rough, wooden couch along the west wall. Besides the valueless robe, it wears a pair of Magical Bracers. They are apparently Defense Bracers, but they are cursed. When the wearer first faces an enemy while wearing these Bracers, they will slap together behind the character's back, holding him like handcuffs. A *Remove Curse* spell is necessary to remove them, and all combat and spell casting will be impossible until that time.

Room 9 30' x 20' x 20': This room contains a flesh Golem with 30 HTK which will only fight if the party attempts to enter the room. If the party flees, the Golem will lose interest in them and will not pursue. There is a false door in the south wall.

Area B Access to Area B is gained by passing through a secret door in the hallway down from Room 8 and going down a stairway. There are two drunk Orcs here, guarding this entrance into the complex of Orc rooms. They are only moderately drunk, so they only get a -1 on their attack dice, and the Judge has the option of giving each an added HTK to reflect the extra damage they can withstand while drunk. The Orcs are Booze (ARM: Ringmail; 5 HTK) and Slimelips (ARM: Ringmail; 6 HTK).

Area C An insane Orc guard has posted himself at this door. As he is a Berserker-type fanatically devoted to guarding the route to the sewer (via the trap door in Room 19), he swallowed the key to this door several hours ago. This key is the only way through the door because it is solid metal, 1' thick. An *Opening* spell or a character with Hill Giant Strength or greater would be able to get it open, however. The Orc, Aristotle (ARM: Ringmail, HTK: 7) will never stray more than 10 feet from this door. He carries a Longbow, 5 Arrows, and a Longsword.

Area D There is a 100 GP gem lying on the stairs about 10 feet past this point. If it is disturbed, the steps will suddenly change into a chute, causing any players on the stairway to slide down through the door at the bottom and end up in a heap in Room 18. The gem will go back to its position on the stairway, the stairs will reform, and the entire process will be ready to go again. Thirty feet down the stairway, on the west wall, is a secret door. This door gives access to a passageway and then to a stairway leading to Level C. Room 18 is also on Level C.

Room 10 20' x 20' x 20': This room contains a battered but still padlocked, heavy trunk. It is rooted to the floor in the southeast corner of the room. The only way that it can be opened is by an *Open* spell or by saying, "Open," in Elvish. This will cause the padlock to unlock and drop off. If the trunk is opened, the players will find it empty, but, as they lift the lid, a secret door, previously undetectable except by magical means and unopenable in any case, will slide open along the west wall. The entire room is defiled by Orc droppings and stinks. The walls are covered with various curses in Orcish.

Room 11 10' x 20' x 10': This room can be entered only by means of the secret door from Room 10 and contains 3 suits of Elf-sized Scale armor, a pair of boots, and a leather pouch. The boots are Elven Boots, but there is a large Spider hidden in the left boot which will attack any foot which enters the boot. Any character remembering to check inside the boots before putting them on will easily see the Spider. The Spider takes 4 HTK, does 1 damage point per melee round, and is not poisonous. The suits of armor are along the south wall, and the one in the middle is +1. The pouch contains 20 SP, 7 GP, and 3 base 10 GP gems.

Room 12 30' x 30' x 20': This is the torture chamber. There are always 3 - 6 Orcs present here (1D4 + 2). They will be torturing any player teleported down via the throne from Room 7. The Orcs will knock the character in the throne unconscious, speak the word, "Ziffra," which unlocks the hold of the leather fringe, remove the player from the throne, and strap him to the rack in the northeast corner of the room. They will wait five minutes for the character to revive and then start torturing him. The torture does 1 damage point every fifteen minutes, so it is possible for the player to be rescued before the Orcs kill him. It is recommended that you don't tell the party what has happened to their lost comrade, however. If no players are teleported to this room by the throne, the Orcs will be torturing a Kobold with 2 HTK. He will be slain by one of the Orcs if the party attempts to rescue him. If a character does teleport in by throne, the Kobold will be slain and his body tossed into the small stream which cuts through the southern part of the room. There is a secret door along the southern part of the room. There is a secret door along the south wall which leads to Room 13. The Orcs in this room are Skinrender (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 7), Bloodlicker (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 3), and Horktorker (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 4). One or more of the following Orcs may also be here. If they are not here, then they will be in Room 16: Elf-stomper (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 3), Gutsucker (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 4), and Droollapper (ARM: Ringmail; HTK: 2).

Room 13 20' x 10' x 10': This room contains a ladder going up to the surface. It ends at the secret door in the hollow tree in the General Notes.

Room 14 20' x 20' x 10': Grabzag, the Orc Chieftain (ARM: Chainmail; HTK: 11), makes his home here. He will be sitting at his desk, examining a map of the region, and planning future raids. He carries 30 SP and 7 CP in a purse at his belt. He also carries a Healing Potion which he will quaff if damaged in combat (restores 2 - 9 points of damage). There is a hole in the east wall beside the desk, about 5' from the floor and 6" in diameter, which is the end of the "Communications Tube" mentioned in Room 3. The stream from Room 12 passes through this room as well. Grabzag uses it for drinking and for body wastes disposal. In a locked chest under Grabzag's bed is the Orc's treasure. It consists of 300 CP, 150 SP, 37 GP, and a jeweled bracelet worth 50 GP.

Room 15 20' x 20' x 10': This is the room of Grabzag's officers. Torder (ARM: Chainmail; HTK: 7), an Orc Sergeant, and Boor (ARM: Chainmail; HTK: 6), an Orc Lieutenant, are here. There is a 25% chance that Torder will not be here but will, instead, be in Room 16 taking roll call. Under the three mattresses of the three beds in this room are purses containing 18, 21, and 27 SP. The stream passing through this room is also used for drinking and for waste disposal.

Room 16 This is the barracks. There are beds here for 14 Orcs. Three unarmored Orcs, Mungburker (HTK: 2), Rabolik (HTK: 4), and Dribgnik (HTK: 6) are always in this room. Three Orcs from Room 12 and one from Room 15 may also be here. See those rooms for details. The stream also cuts through this room and is, again, used for drinking and for disposal of body wastes. In addition, the southwest corner of the room is a virtual dunghheap. There is no treasure in this room except for the meager fortune of 2 - 8 CP that each Orc carries with him.

Room 17 20' x 30' x 15': There are two Gnolls in this room. They are Crollworthy (ARM: Chainmail; HTK: 12) and Snildiddler (ARM: Chainmail; HTK: 9). They are advisors to Grabzag, though he would gladly get rid of them if he could because they demand more pay than he is willing to give them. They have 32 SP and 7 GP each; they divide their money equally between them. Crollworthy carries a +1 Spear. There are two beds in this room, and the room is kept neater than most of the Orcs' rooms.

Room 18 Any characters sliding down the chute into this room (see Area D for details) will strike the far wall away from the door, taking no damage. There are 4 Zombies in the room, one in each corner, which will move to attack. They cannot, however, leave the room under any condition. The Zombies take 8, 7, 5, and 4 HTK. The room is 20' x 30' x 15' and reeks of death and rotting. There is no treasure here.

Room 19 30' x 30' x 20': This room is different from all the others in that it has plaster walls covered with a harmless, green mold. Water will be dripping from several random points on the ceiling. The secret door in the south wall can be detected only by magical means. The trap door in the ceiling is obvious; there is a rope hanging from it, also covered in the damp, green mold. If the rope is pulled, the trap door will burst open, and the room will rapidly flood, for, just above, is the sewage pool of the Orcs. When the room is half full (just 10 minutes), the secret door in the south wall will open, draining the entire contents of the room, including the party, down a chute to Room 20. Players must make a Save vs Endurance to avoid taking 2 - 12 points of damage from choking in the foul waters. In the southern end of the west wall of this room, there is a door hidden under the plaster. The hidden door leads to Room 21. It can be found only by tapping, which will reveal a hollow sound, or by tearing away the plaster which covers it.

Room 20 30' x 30' x 20': There are two Ghouls in this damp, filthy room. They are 3 Hit Dice and take 6 and 5 HTK.

Room 21 30' x 20' x 20': The walls of the room are solid stone painted white and very dusty. Along the west wall is a gold pedestal holding a large gem. The pedestal is flanked by metal barrels about 3' high. In the wall, at floor level, in the southeast corner, is a small hole 3" in diameter and only 3" deep, where it is blocked by a stout, brass plate. The gem appears to be quite valuable but is actually worthless. The pedestal is only stone covered with gold paint. There are two barrels in the room. The lid on the one in the northeast corner (Barrel Number 1) will not come off unless the lid on Barrel Number 2, in the southeast corner, is off. If the lid of Barrel Number 2 is removed, Sleep Gas will be released from the Barrel, covering a 10' diameter circle. A Saving Throw vs Endurance is needed, or the characters within the cloud will fall asleep for 2 - 8 melee turns. At the same time, the cover on the 3" diameter hole will rise, and there is a 20% chance each melee turn that a Poisonous Snake (Hit: 1; HTK: 6) will appear from the hole. The brass plate will drop again after 8 melee turns. The Snake or Snakes will attack the sleeping characters before any others if this is possible for them. The poison of the Snakes causes 1 - 3 points of damage for 1 - 6 melee turns. The lid of Barrel Number 1 can now be removed easily. If the players look in, they will see that the Barrel has no bottom; they can see the stone floor on which they are standing. Suspended in the air, in the middle of the Barrel, is a large gem which is obviously quite valuable. If grasped, however, the gem will not come free. Any attempt to pull on the gem will result in the elongation of whatever is doing the pulling. A character pulling on the gem will suddenly find that his arm has stretched a foot or so (no pun intended), and the gem has not moved at all. The character may remove his hand by releasing the gem, but the stretching is permanent until a *Remove Curse* is laid upon the stretched part. The stretched sections contain no bone, so that part of the character's anatomy becomes useless. The way to get around the curse is to **push** the gem clear of the Barrel through either one of the open ends. This will destroy the curse and cancel the effects already inflicted. The gem is an Opal with a base value of 1,500 GP.



This is a ghastly adventure for 4th through 10th Level characters.

KTHENTAS DARK REPOSE

Many centuries ago, in the now-vacated woods around the City State, a lone Elf set up his Woodland Court. His name was Lord Kthenta, and he was no ordinary Elf. He was said to have something different and evil about him, something dark that chilled those that met him. He wore nothing but grey and black clothing, walked with a measured, machine-like pace, and never, never laughed. He ruled over a small and unproductive patch of forest with no rivers through it and little at all to recommend it for agriculture, magic, or anything else worthwhile. His subjects were mostly like him, grim and unsmiling, but one was different. This one, whose name is forgotten, was sort of a Jester to Lord Kthenta's Court. He was mostly unsuccessful in his attempts to make his Lordship laugh unless he made some joke about death, at which Kthenta would smile wryly. One day, as it always has been told, this Jester was making the Lord smile by dancing about and playing a funeral dirge on his Pipes of Pan. As he played, Kthenta turned and walked up a flight of spiral stairs in his tree-home and was never seen again. Three days later, a great army of Orcs overwhelmed the little fief, and nobody survived except the Jester. Rumors have circulated that the Jester has surfaced recently and is offering a reward to anyone who will help him search for Kthenta. In fact, he and his strange, hairy friend contact our heroes as they are walking in the street one day. . . .

They want the characters to come with them to the huge, petrified tree that was Lord Kthenta's home four hundred years ago. The nameless Jester, a merry Elf in a red silk cloak and tunic, says that he knows exactly where it is.

"Elves live for a long time and know many things," he laughs. His friend, who is six feet tall, burly, very hairy, and sullen, says not a word. The Jester explains that his friend's name is Whump. He is, says the Elf, a deaf-mute and an excellent warrior, if a bit simple.

JUDGES NOTES

The true story of Kthenta's fief is somewhat different from what the players know or what the Jester tells them. As a matter of fact, he is lying through his teeth. This "Jester" is no Jester at all but a formerly human servant of the Laughing One and a one-time neighbor and blood enemy of Lord Kthenta named Duke Tisirato. Kthenta and Tisirato had fought for years, and this was due mainly to the fact that Kthenta served the four Demons of Despair, who were violently opposed to the almost happy Chaos of the Laughing One. One day, about twenty years ago, Kthenta was interrupted in his prayers to Moratha of Blood and Tears by Tisirato's arrival with a troupe of dancing bears and tricksters. Kthenta, enraged, tried to throw a spell of *Darkness and Fear*, but Tisirato, who had been praying to his Master, laughed it off and departed on his merry way, leaving Kthenta fuming in his little Obsidian chapel. Some weeks later, however, ten thousand Orcish Pikemen came tearing through the woods and overwhelmed Kthenta's Dark Elves. (You may have guessed that anyone who worshiped someone named Moratha of Blood and Tears was not an ordinary Elf.) Kthenta did not, himself, lead his forces in defense of his fief, and, after the battle, he could not be found anywhere, much to Tisirato's chagrin. The only place not searched was the palace itself, a huge, black Huorn oak which Kthenta had somehow petrified. None of Tisirato's servants would enter the place for fear of death, and it had been prophesied by Kthenta's fortune-teller that his greatest enemy would die trying to kill him unless that enemy had a band of faithful followers with him. This was what Tisirato has been searching for all these years. Nobody will go in with him when they see the tree and hear the sounds emanating from it. Most of them he had to get rid of anyway; they weren't truly faithful, and he has grown too poor to pay for servants.

Tisirato will try to convince the characters to come with him using tales of easy conquest and much gold, jewelry, and gems. He will mention an Obsidian chalice bound in silver and studded with Diamonds, a golden Longsword with a huge Ruby in its hilt, and chests full of double-sized Elvish gold pieces. If the party looks stupid enough to him, he will explain in a conspiratorial tone that there are really no Undead or cursed objects in the place and that he just needs people to help him in carrying the stuff out. This tactic is only for the congenitally incapable, however, and, if the party looks smart, he will mention in an offhand way that he can't take any of the stuff out without faithful friends around because of a curse of the Orcs. It should be imperative to the Judge that no Elves be included in this expedition because they will see that Tisirato's behavior is un-Elvish in the extreme, and wonder why an obviously Chaotic Human in a bad Elf disguise is teaming up with an even more obvious (to an Elf) Were-Buffalo. Yes, Whump is a Were Buffalo. Hit: 5/5; HTK: 35/35; Damage: (1 - 8) plus Charge (Butt: 3 - 18, Trample: 1 - 6). He is wearing Chainmail and carries a Shield. He says nothing because he has been placed under a nasty, evil spell that ensures that he will be in excruciating pain if he says anything or disobeys Tisirato's commands. Tisirato considers this to be faith, not realizing that the Were-Buffalo is just yearning for a chance to rip his guts out if the spell is removed. Whump is, otherwise, Neutral. His INT is 8, STR: 18, and AGIL: 12. He has no ambition beyond destroying Tisirato, but Tisirato doesn't know this and would permit a *Remove Curse* Spell to be put upon him in an emergency or if someone in the party finds out and objects vigorously. This could make this a very short adventure, so try to avoid it.

Tisirato is a 10th Level Mage (Human), and he is incorrigibly Chaotic. He dominates the Were-Buffalo through his doubly superior level as well as his Master's *Hold* spell and is a Master of Deceit, Concealment, and Treachery. His INT has been artificially raised to 18 (19 at night), and his CHAR is 17. His DEX and WIS are both 15. He is not armored, has 35 HTK, carries no weapons, and has the following spells memorized: Level 1: *Fiery Fingers* - 20 pts.; *Charm* - for 2 days if successful; *Comradery* - 20 minutes at 10' radius; *Comradery* - 20 minutes at 10' radius. Level 2: *Auditory Illusion* - range 16", time 15 minutes; *Fool's Gold* - time 60 minutes, amount 20 cubic ft.; *Invisibility*; *Multiple Images* - time 30 minutes. Level 3: *Suggestion* - time 60 minutes; *Minor Illusion* - range 20", area 18 sq. ft.; *Dispel Magic*. Level 4: *Illusory Terrain* - range 200 ft, 100 ft. x 100 ft. square; *Magic Bolt* - Damage = 11 - 30 pts. Level 5: *Cold Ray* - 50 ft. range, damage = 10 - 40; *Teleport* - 300 pounds plus self.

As evidenced here, Tisirato is a worthy foe indeed, and, although his syrupy tongue and smooth manner will convince many characters to be faithful to him, he can be nasty beyond nastiness when unmasked. If anyone in the party has been around Elves for some time, he or she will feel something is "funny" about Tisirato and will have a 15% chance plus 20%/Intelligence Point over 13 to recognize him as an Evil Human under magical disguise. *Detect Magic Aura* spells will register most heavily, and Clerics will instinctively dislike him unless they are of Chaotic alignment themselves. Tisirato is immune to all spells that detect alignment, however; they will show a well-meaning Neutral Good.

Try to assemble a balanced party of total levels 20 - 50 numbering 4 to 8 characters. As mentioned before, Elves will be wet blankets on the adventure. Avoid them. At least two Clerics, preferably Good (Tisirato will try his best to find Lawful Clerics and Neutral Good types for the rest), a couple of the Thieves if a large party is assembled, and the rest divided equally between Warriors and Mages should make a good expedition. Lycanthropes might liven up the adventure a bit as they will immediately realize that something is terribly wrong with poor Whump.

The best way I can think of to start this thing is to have all the characters separately receive messages telling them to be in the Slave Market Plaza at midnight after reception of the messages. Tisirato and Whump will meet them there and, perhaps, take them to a tavern that disobeys curfew. If you aren't using the City State, any open market will do, as will any wood for the Dungeon itself.

Tisirato will explain that he can teleport the party to the place with a spell he has prepared and will take them to the Third Underground Level of the School of Ancient Knowledge (from *Wraith Overlord*, Judges Guild product number JG 0860) where he has been posing as a student and has an assigned room. Here, a pentagram of chalk with a small break in it awaits them. This, by the way, can be postponed for days or weeks while the characters equip themselves. When all have entered, he will finish the magic line with his chalk, and we're off to see the Dungeon!

Our heroes will appear in a dark, dank, and smelly part of the swampiest jungle you ever saw (Hex 3022, Judges Guild Campaign Map 2). They will be at the edge of a clearing, and, in front of them. . .

OUTSIDE

A huge, black petrified oak tree some 85' in diameter at the roots stands in a rotting marsh of clearing in the jungle. It presents a forbidding appearance. It has greyish moss and fungus growing on its roots; there are strange and disgusting growths on its shattered and broken limbs, and the huge stone gateway, 22' up on its trunk, presents a toothless grimace to the world. There are numerous cracks in the trunk, from which protrude brown streams of what appears to be dried blood. This is old sap. Getting up to the entrance should be fairly easy.

LEVEL ONE

A Entrance: This large, spacious chamber is mostly full of soggy leaves. Some nasty, nasty person has placed a wooden frame over a pit in the middle that will give way to a weight over 45 pounds. The pit underneath is 13 feet deep, and it should make a lot of noise falling in. There is no damage; the pit is full of leaves. Roll for encounters on the table provided.

B Two large, brass-bound oaken doors lead into this room, and they are wedged shut from the inside. Players could spend a goodly amount of time throwing themselves against the door unless some bright person notices the tips of the wedges and knocks them out with a Dagger or something. Inside, it is totally dark. Torch and lantern time! The floor is slimy.

C The passageway from B is ornamented with friezes of the Four Demons of Despair (Tisirato urges speed in a terrified voice) and seems much cleaner than anything else so far. This changes fast because the next room is full of the remains of a centuries-old mass sacrifice. Twelve ghastly human bodies, near to becoming Skeletons, lie on the irregular stone block in the center of the room. The block is 3' high and 15' long by approximately 10' wide. It is covered by a blue velvet cloth that has nearly rotted away and is thick with dried blood. Fifteen hearts, twelve of which seem to have been the hearts from the victims on the block, are nailed to the wall to the north. The clue to the whereabouts of the other three sacrifices is the pile of ashes in the south side of the room. All around, on the walls, are bas reliefs of Arawn of Cold and Death, another of the Four Demons of Despair. Tisirato will probably throw up in this room (85% chance). Whump doesn't care.

D The secret door from C is hidden behind some bloodstained velvet curtains, but it is easily observed when the curtain is removed. This room is deeper than the others by 2' and is filled to that depth with water that has been covered with sawdust. Unless something is thrown in, the "floor" will look just fine. The real floor is covered with spikes, and 1 - 4 points of damage per foot set in will be done. Movement is also halved for each fully-weighted step in this treacherous trap. The water is kept flowing through by means of a diverted spring and a drain, as will be noticed if anyone spills blood (or any other colored fluid) into the water. If a torch is dropped (55% chance if foot is spiked), there is a 15% chance that the top layer of sawdust, which is quite fresh and newly laid, will catch fire, making it nearly impossible to cross the room.

If the characters do manage to get across the room, the secret door must be found. Tisirato will be impatient because the walls are covered with bas reliefs in disgusting detail of One Day in the Unlife of Terhammak of Misfortune and Storm, Patron Demon of Reavers and Brigands and Bane of the Traveler. He likes to eat peoples' ankles. Someone might discover the catch underwater and beneath the door (use normal secret door roll), and it will allow the door to swing slowly open. It will also automatically stop up the drain in the SW corner of the room and open up all the way the spring in the NE, something the players are not likely to discover. The water will overflow at the rate of 4 gal./min., and the room will overflow in two minutes. The west door will break down within an hour if neither door has been artificially kept open (all the doors in this place close on their own due to a special, tilted hinge). If this does happen, a great rush of dirty, bloody water with repulsive things floating in it will go whooshing about the First Level and below in, quite possibly, an embarrassing moment for everyone concerned. The sawdust in this room will probably clue someone intelligent, at least Tisirato, that something or someone is running this place. He will keep quiet about it.

E This is a study, with an old, dusty desk and stool. The door leading in is solid iron and very hard to open. The handle on the inside has been removed and a perfectly useless piece of wood replaced in its socket. The wood closely resembles a door handle. The only way to get out of the room is to pull the small lever of the south wall under the picture of Moratha. This will unlatch the door. It will also ring a small bell on the wall beside (X). At (X), there is a Subterranean Lizard who is trained to come south down the passageway to the door by way of the ceiling and attack anyone there when the bell rings. The bell is too high-pitched to be heard by any but the Lizard. It is ARM: as Chainmail, Hit: 4; HTK: 22; Damage: 1 - 12. It can move on walls and ceilings very fast, and it will arrive at the door in 30 to 35 seconds after the lever is pulled. It will try to hide from the players on the ceiling, and, because of the darkness, only Dwarves or people who are checking the ceiling with a torch will be able to see it. If the players decide to go towards (F) by the passage, he will hide on the ceiling and follow them until they stop at the apparent dead-end (secret door); there, it will attack from the rear. If they come from F, it will attack them as they open the secret door, which must be crawled through to enter the next room.

F As the door to this room opens, the characters will be frightened terribly by a huge Giant Cobra. It is actually a golden statue with green gems for eyes and is worth 410 GP if carried away; it weighs 20 pounds. There is an altar in the west part of the room; it is tastefully (?) carved in black marble with red veins. The front depicts an unspeakably inhuman sacrifice of an old man to Arawn. There is rubble, mostly granite gravel and stones, strewn across the floor. The south passage leading out of this room is hung with canvas strips 4½' wide from wall to wall and ceiling to floor. Visibility is about zero, and, about 5' into the hall, there is a pit 4' deep and 4' square that has 2' of semi-dried tar at the bottom. If anyone over 125 pounds total weight steps in it, he or she will be stuck fast; total STR (including that of others helping) of 16 will be required to free the victim. The secret door is a normal door but hard to find in all those strips of canvas. If they are removed from the doorway opening, it will be easy to find.

The secret door to C is opened by placing pressure on the apparently doorless wall in which the secret door is set. No other way of detection is possible for anyone except Dwarves, who will see it immediately. The east-west passage here is ornamented with scenes of unbelievers having their toenails removed by joyous servants of Prennak of the Undying Evil, who watches malevolently from his throne. All this is in a wierd, black and white fresco.

G This is a palatial, marble-covered room of white, dressed stone containing thirteen heads on thirteen Pikes as indicated by the dots on the map. The heads are all Orcs and are considerably rotted. The Pikes are of Elvish work. Tisirato will probably say, "The Dark Elves probably did it. They must have come back with captives." He will be greatly shocked and disgusted, but will explain it as being due to the extreme fetidity.

H There is a tiny cubicle here with a rough, granite, spiral stair going up and down. Up leads to Level 2, a distance of thirty feet. Down leads to a 10 x 10 cubical room that has a 3' diameter well with winch and buckets nearby. There are ten Lampreys living at the bottom of the well, which is full of water. If water is drawn with winch and bucket, there is a 20% chance that there will be a Lamprey in the bucket. If so, it will leap out and attack the nearest person. It will be ARM: as Leather, Hit: 1 + 2; HTK: 4; Damage: 1 - 3, and will drain 2 points in blood per melee if it manages to attach itself to a victim and isn't removed. If anyone falls in the well, forget him. He will kick the bucket (so to speak) in no time flat.

LEVEL TWO

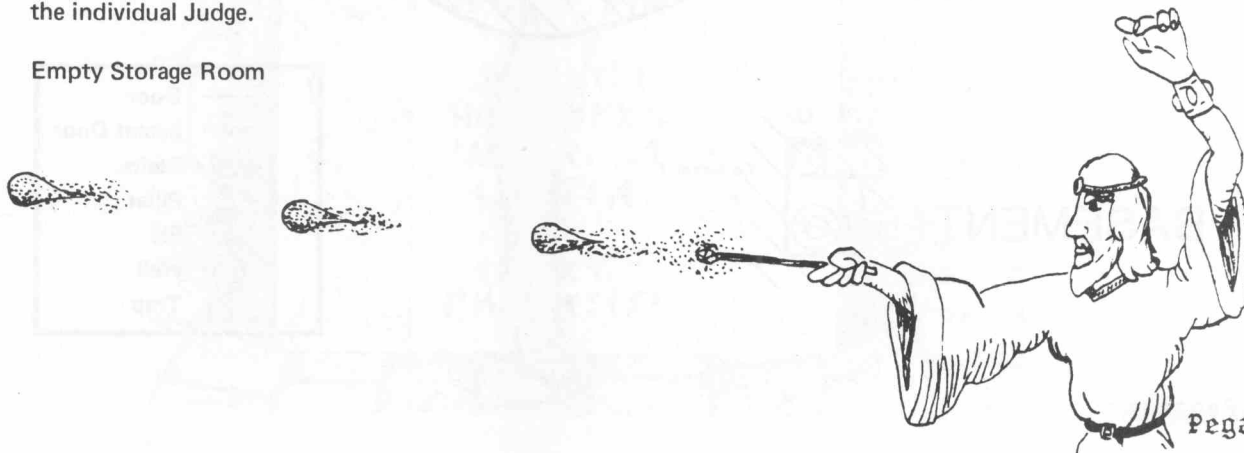
A The stairway accesses a small section of a passageway that reeks of a musty, camphor-like odor. The door is half-rotting in the humid, tropical atmosphere, and bugs of disgusting appearance are flying about. They are Giant Mosquitos: AT: None, Hit: 2; Damage: 1 - 3 + (1 - 3) blood drain each phase after a successful strike. On the door, inscribed in gold letter, is the following message: "Fall down or scream or rush about - there is no way of getting out." (Judge's Note: This message is meant to demoralize intruders and is not necessarily true.)

B There are 18 black marble pillars in this room, all 9" diameter and placed as indicated by the dots on the map. The huge, black hexagon in the center is a 12' tall obelisk. The room, as, indeed, this whole level, is 20' from floor to ceiling. There is a mysterious golden plaque on the west part of the obelisk which reads, "HERE ENTOMBED IN TERRIBLE GREATNESS IS THE LORD, KTHENTA OF THE DARK ELVES, LORD OF DARKNESS AND KEYSTONE OF THE ARCH OF EVIL." The plaque is 4' high and 4' wide and will open if touched. Inside the obelisk is a chair with an awful, awful thing in it. The thing is Kthenta, who has become a Spectre. How this happened may never be known, but the most likely explanation is that he arranged for it himself to prevent his own death at the hands of the Orcs or to be more fully attuned to his Demon-lords. However it happened, or for what reason, he is now ARM: as Chainmail, Hit: 9; HTK: 46; Damage: 1 - 8 + drain 2 END points. He can only be hit with magic weapons. A vial of Holy Water will do 2 - 16 points damage. If anyone is totally drained by him, he or she will become a half-strength Spectre under the control of Kthenta. The Spectre looks like a rotting Elf except that it is transparent. It will fight fiercely for three melee rounds, and then it will summon Ahexrou, a minor Demon from the pool in D. Above Kthenta's chair in the obelisk is a chest. It is resting on a metal frame. It is locked with a heavy padlock which may be broken off quite easily because it is already rusted nearly to pieces. The chest is of cedar and is 4' by 6' by 2' thick. It weighs 85 pounds. Inside is a +3 Bastard Sword wrapped in a Cloak of Invisibility, a jeweled Dagger worth 600 GP, 400 GP in a leather bag, and a Pearl of Wisdom (+3 to WIS) set in a ring with four Diamonds. If Whump picks up the Pearl of Wisdom, this bit of Good Magic, which Kthenta was guarding to prevent it from falling into the hands of anyone of Good alignment, will totally shatter the spell binding him to Tisirato. Since the rest of the party will probably be furious at Tisirato for deceiving them, they may not prevent Whump from attacking Tisirato furiously. If Whump does attack, Tisirato will probably *Teleport* back to the City State, taking with him as much treasure as possible, and leaving the player-characters stranded in the sinister tree-palace. If Whump does not get to pick up the Pearl of Wisdom, and the spell is not broken, Tisirato will try to demand a double share of the treasure found in the tree and will then *Teleport* back to the City State with as much loot as he can get. The player-characters will be totally lost when he leaves because he never told them where the tree was located. (Judge's Note: It is located in Barbarian Altanis.) If, and when, the player-characters return to the City State, they can find Tisirato living it up in Kick's Tavern on Beggars' Street.

C Empty Storage Room

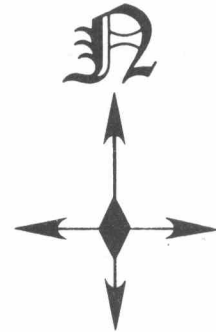
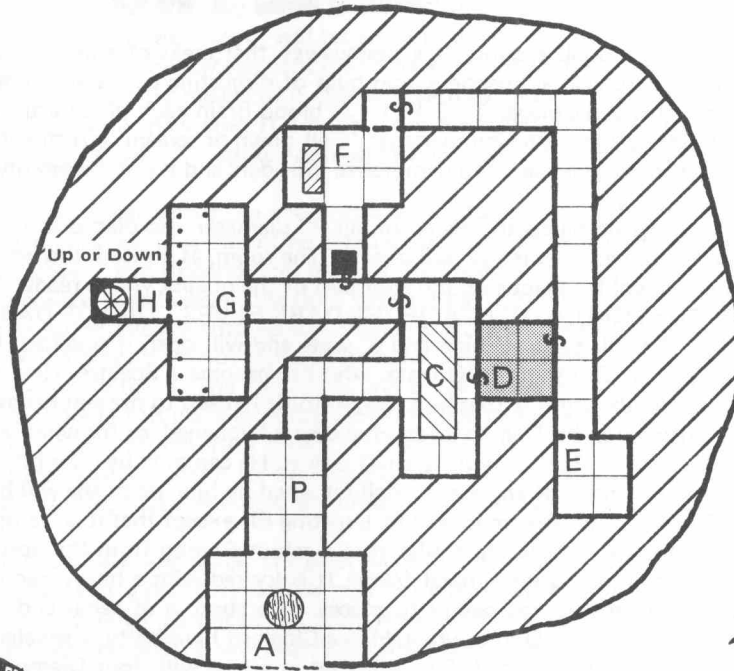
D It is this room that contains the pool from which Kthenta will summon Ahexrou, the minor Demon, to his aid. The black dots on the map indicate seven more Elven Pikes topped with rotting Orcs' heads. Near the center of the room is a pool of clear, fresh water, 15' in diameter. The pool is raised to a height of three feet above the floor and is 13 feet deep. It is constructed of blue Turquoise and is encircled by blocks of green Jade, each 3' square. The walls of the room are covered with murals depicting, in vivid color, the assorted atrocities favored by the Four Demons of Despair. A hollow, moaning sound reverberates through the room which requires a roll of WIS or less on 3D6 to avoid freezing in fear for 1D6 minutes. At the very bottom of the pool, in the center, is a 3' diameter hole which is the gate to the plane from which Kthenta summons Ahexrou. Ahexrou is ARM: as Plate, Hit: 7, does 3 attacks at 1 - 4/1 - 4/4 - 16 (Claw/Claw/Bite), HTK: 45. Scattered around the hole at the bottom of the pool are 4,000 GP. To recover this, the players may find it necessary to dive into the pool. (Let's hope they have defeated the Demon first!) Should they attempt to descend into the hole, they will probably drown in the attempt (96% chance). If they should survive, they will enter the plane from which Ahexrou comes, but that is a whole other adventure, the details of which are left to the individual Judge.

E Empty Storage Room

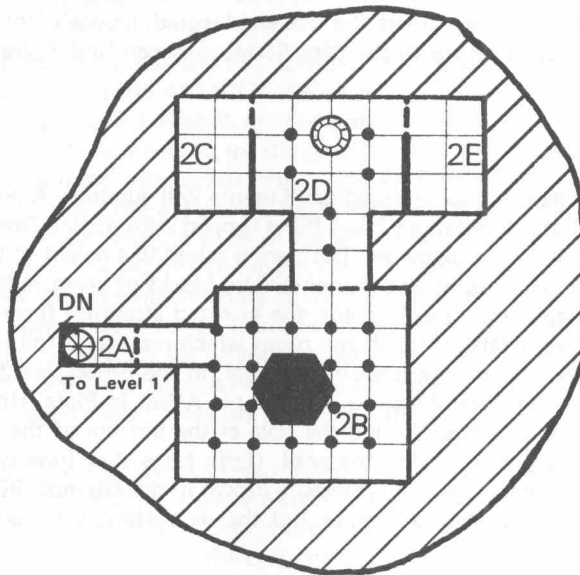


KTHENTA'S DARK REPOSE

LEVEL 1

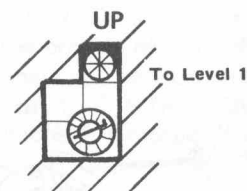


LEVEL 2



1 Square = 5 Feet

BASEMENT



---	Door
---	Secret Door
⊙	Stairs
•	Pillar
⊙	Pit
⊙	Well
■	Trap

ENCOUNTERS

(Roll alternate turns unless otherwise specified)

- 1 The Lizard (if not already dead)
- 2 2 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 3 3 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 4 4 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 5 5 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 6 6 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 7 7 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 8 8 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 9 9 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)
- 10 10 Giant Mosquitos (see Level Two, Room A)

Have fun with this one!



THE PYRAMID OF SUBERUS

Thousands of years ago, the ancient lord Suberus came to power in the desert empire of Adelux. He was sympathetic to the needs of his people at first, but, as his power grew, he began to delve into the dark secrets of black magic. He started to worship the gods of the underworld and, through them, gained great and terrible power. But, as is the case so often, power corrupted his mind. Some say that he actually died and his body was appropriated by the demons of the underworld. Others insist that he strove to become one of them - like unto a god. At any rate, he mustered forces of earthly and unearthly creatures and, with the aid of his dark power, fought for control of the known world. He became cruel and merciless, slaying or torturing all who opposed him or his gods. Throughout the land, he became known as the Death King. It was Rommol, the Archmage and crusader who finally killed him, although the valiant hero died in the encounter.

For thousands of years, all was well. It was assumed that Suberus was destroyed. But, recently, terrible things have happened in Adelux which are believed to be caused by a great evil. Dark creatures walk the night and multiply in number and strength. The source of the evil is believed to be the great pyramid of the Death King, a monument that Suberus had built for himself during his lifetime.

It is at that place that you now find yourself. There is an ancient taboo concerning the pyramid, and the people of the desert will allow no one near it. You, however, have come in the dead of the night, under the dark moon. Perhaps you wish to determine if Suberus still exists and, if so, to destroy him once and for all. Perhaps it is legends of tremendous wealth which lure you here. At any rate, you are poking around the pyramid when you find a secret passage. It slopes down into the darkness. With visions of untold wealth or the chance to destroy a great evil in mind, you descend cautiously.

You are grateful to get out of the heat of the desert. You gaze in fascination at the ancient walls when. . . **SLAM!!!** A giant, stone slab seals off your exit. The only way to go is ahead; you will try to find a way out, but, first, you feel compelled to explore the mystery before you.

JUDGES NOTES

The **Pyramid of Suberus** is a dungeon created for use with many fantasy role playing systems. It should be used with about five characters of approximately fourth or fifth level. These characters should be of differing classes; the recommendation is one Magic User, one Cleric, and the rest Fighters, including, perhaps, one Thief. It is also recommended that they bring with them a few minor magical items to help them in their quest.

The **Pyramid of Suberus** can fit easily as a side-adventure in an ongoing campaign or as an adventure itself. It can also be used as a tournament dungeon. In the latter case, groups of five should enter the pyramid. When they have finished the expedition, the Judge must then check a table of victory points provided with this dungeon. The party with the most points is declared the winner. The pyramid is set in Hex 1424 of Judges Guild Campaign Map 7 (Desertlands). We strongly suggest that the Judge read through the entire dungeon before attempting to referee an expedition. The **Pyramid of Suberus** has been designed as a complete and specifically-structured dungeon. Something encountered in one area of the pyramid may turn out to be of importance in another. It will help to be well-acquainted with the entire dungeon before you start.

For tournament purposes, the description of each room has been divided into two sections: the player notes and the Judge's notes. This is so that you don't slip up and tell the players something they shouldn't know. This should be a convenience in non-tournament situations as well.

Initiative is always determined by a die roll except for cases where there is surprise and in Rooms 26 and 27 (the Dragon and the Death King always gain initiative unless otherwise noted).

The premise of the **Pyramid of Suberus** is that Suberus, being the nasty that he is, has foreseen the possibility of looters and set a trap for them. All of the living creatures in the pyramid have been put under a *Temporal Stasis* spell which is terminated when the stone slab falls, trapping the players. They have precisely twenty-four hours until they run out of air. They should begin to weaken after about twenty-two hours. The Judge may wish to make some changes in the dungeon, including changing the values of treasure and altering the legend to fit the campaign. This should be done with an eye towards the whole but is generally encouraged. It is your dungeon. We've set it up in structure, but it is up to you to breathe life into it.

There will be no random monsters to be found in the pyramid, and it is completely dark throughout the pyramid unless otherwise noted.

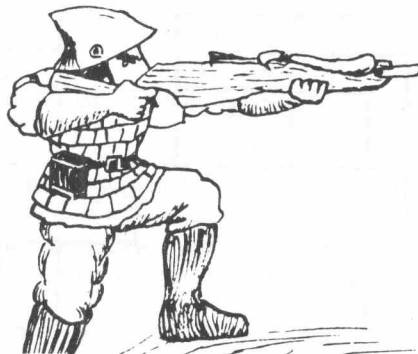
One final note: The **Pyramid of Suberus** is not a dungeon for inexperienced players. We think you will find that it takes a good deal of quick thinking, intelligence, and common sense to make it through. This is a true test of playing ability. Good Luck - and Happy Dungeoning.



- 1** **Players' Description:** It is noticeably cooler here than it is outside. You are now about ten feet below ground level. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and scenes depicting an Egyptian-type burial. The double doors on the south wall are carved with a shape of a Jackal on the east door and a Hound on the west. There is a stone slab leaning against the southwest corner. Otherwise, the area is bare.

Judge's Description: The temperature is about 55 degrees Fahrenheit. The doors can be pushed open, although it takes a bit of force. The stone slab has the following written in the local tongue (which the players know) upon it.

Ye who enter, Thieves and Knaves
Shall find the terror of my grave.
Dare ye enter, if ye will.
Beware! Your blood I seek to spill.
If ye seek my burial tomb
Where wealth untold pervades the gloom,
Up, up, up thrice past the Beast
Who waits alone, on you to feast.
Not much farther 'til you're free,
But first you'll have to deal with me.
Enter further, if you dare,
But, one day hence, you'll have no air!



- 1A** A simple slope (about a 25 degree angle) which ends at the dotted line on the map

- 2** **Players' Description:** This is a very dusty room filled with bones, broken pottery, and old Scimitars.

Judge's Description: In this room are broken pieces of pottery, bones, and Scimitars. When players step into the room itself, the bones (actually Skeletons) will rise up. The players will have 20 seconds to react. There are 12 Skeletons at the end of the 20 seconds bearing Scimitars in good condition. Each of these Skeletons have 4 HTK. Within the room are 4 gems under an old rag. They are Blue Zircon (50 GP).

- 2A** **Players' Description:** There is a skeleton here (unanimated) wearing rotted Leather armor and with a Dagger lying just under his left hand. It is pointing towards the archway. Something has been scratched on the wall next to him.

Judge's Description: The scratched message is in an ancient tongue and requires a *Comprehend Languages* spell or the equivalent to read. It reads:

No hope, no way out, insanity lies that way.

- 2B** This is an archway leading to the next room. There is no door.

- 3** **Players' Description:** This room contains a black stone statue of a beautiful woman. She is scantily clad and is holding out a bowl (**Judge:** empty). Her eyes are deep blue gems. An intricately-woven rug runs the length of the room to the statue, which is standing against the north wall. On either side of the statue are incense burners with faint curls of smoke rising from them.

Judge's Description: The gems are Sapphires. If a player tries to take them, he will be shocked and thrown down (5 points of damage). The gems will then project a holographic image of the woman (a goddess) in the middle of the floor. The image will say:

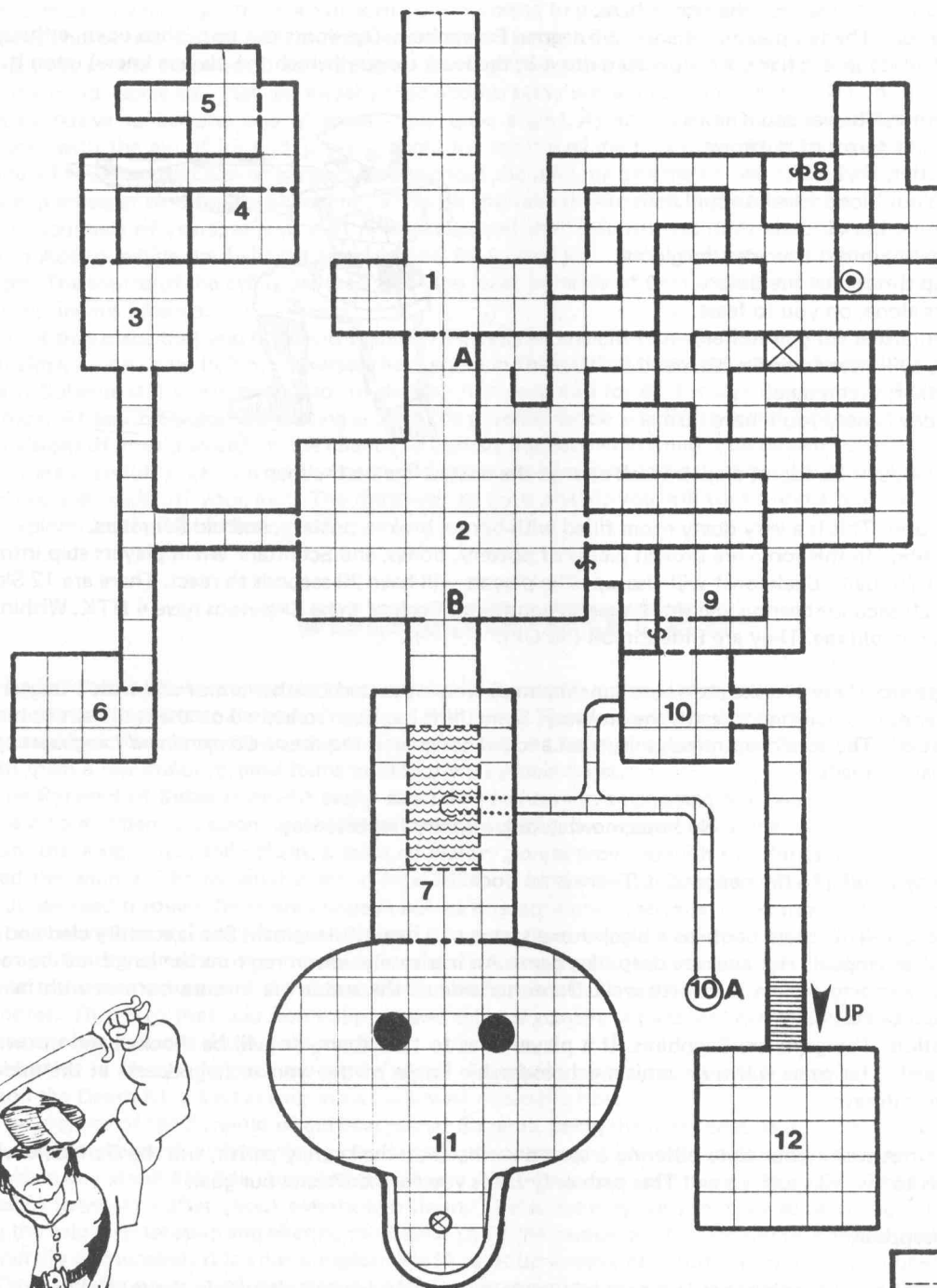
Fools! Do not waste your time pilfering a sacred shrine. You shall surely perish, and the Dark One will add yet more souls to his evil vault. Leave! This path only takes you further from your goal!

She will then disappear.

- 4** **Players' Description:** Inside this room is a pool of water which is 5' wide and circular in shape. The pool is located in the exact center of the room. The pool walls are made of green marble.

Judge's Description: When the players look into the pool, they will see an image of the Death King. It will be a shadowy form with piercing red eyes. This will hold their attention for 2 minutes (no Saving Throw), during which time a Water Elemental shall form. It lashes out as a 5 Hit Dice monster, doing no damage but dragging its victim into the water if it hits. If a victim is pulled into the water, he must roll Strength or under on 1D20 at a penalty of minus 8 or drown. If he makes his throw, this means he surfaces after taking 8 points of damage and is still vulnerable to attack by the Water Elemental. The Elemental can only be defeated by a spell of *Dispelling*, or it can be sent to another plane of existence. Note that the Elemental can only reach up to 5 feet from the pool.

THE PYRAMID OF SUBERUS



1 Square = 10 Feet



LEVEL 1

---	Door
⌘	Secret Door
	Stair
●	Pillar
⊗	Pit
~~~~	Pool
---	Tunnel
⊙	Teleportation Area
==	Shelf
⊗	Table



**5** **Players' Description:** There are more hieroglyphics on the walls here. Scenes depict a ceremony resembling Knight-hood (a young Warrior is kneeling while a king or nobleman lays a Sword on his shoulder). At the west end of the room is a large, stone platform, about 4' high, built into the west wall. It has a sheathed Longsword on top of it.

**Judge's Description:** As soon as the players enter the corridor-like part of the room, there will be a faintly-audible click (20% chance of hearing it; 40% chance for an Elf). Give the players **two seconds only** after telling them this. If, in that time, they do not say they are dodging or ducking, they must roll their Dexterity or under at a penalty of minus 4 to avoid the darts. If they dodge or duck, the darts will miss them. Three darts will fire from a hidden hole in the platform. They hit as if fired from the bow of a 7th Level Archer. Each has a chance to hit doing 5 points of damage apiece. The Sword is Chiaups, a +4 Longsword.

**6** **Players' Description:** Inside this room are 5 dead, human bodies which are richly clothed. There are gold pieces scattered around the room.

**Judge's Description:** When the room is entered, a Wight will come from the south wall and attack anyone. Each round it is "alive," one of the bodies will turn into a minor Wight. The Wight has 20 HTK; ARM: as Chainmail; Hit: 5; Damage: 1 - 3 + drain 2 points of END (when 0 is reached, the character becomes a minor Wight); need silver or magic weapons to hit it. The minor Wights have 10 HTK each. They are 3 hit dice, ARM: as Leather, Damage: 1 - 2 + drain 1 point of Endurance, and regular weapons will hit them effectively. On the floor, there is a total of 500 GP.

**7** **Players' Description:** A pool of crystal-clear water (shown by the dashed area on the map) has a small Shark in it (ARM: as Leather; Hit: 3; HTK: 12; Dam: 2 - 7). There are 6 torches on each of the east and west walls. Also in the pool is a silver bracelet worth 750 GP. There is a large (6' tall) stone skull (human-type) at the end of the pool from which water issues into the pool. There are also skulls carved on the doors.

**Judge's Description:** If the players look into the pool, they can see that, in several places, there are drains to let the water out. The Shark will attack anyone trying to enter the pool, but, if a hidden knob on the skull is turned (find as if it were a secret door), it will stop issuing water and the pool will drain in 1 hour. The Shark will then, of course, die. The bracelet bears the symbol of the rotting skull. This is the bracelet to be used in area 18A. The pool is 15' deep. Note, also, the passage from Room 10. The water is recycled by flowing out through the drains and then back through the skull.

**8** **Players' Description:** A small table covered with blue velvet holds a silver wand with a red tip. It bears the sign of a rotting skull.

**Judge's Description:** The wand is a Wand of Magic Bolts; the red end fires the shots. It has 10 Bolts, and each Bolt does 1 - 6 points of damage. The last one detonates the wand. It will dematerialize, trying to take its user with it. This will disrupt the player's biological system, causing 2 - 16 points of damage and leaving the person quite mindless for about one minute. After this, he will recover slowly, attacking and defending at a -2 for another two minutes.

**9** **Players' Description:** In this room is a stone statue of a Jackal-headed man with a wooden chest at its feet.

**Judge's Description:** The chest contains a +2 Dagger and 50 mithral pieces. If one of the players should happen to gaze into the eyes of the Jackal, he will fall into a comatose sleep lasting for 3 hours.

**10** **Players' Description:** In this room, against the south wall, is a rectangular table. On it are several glass containers, most of them broken. One of the containers which is not broken contains a dark, murky liquid. There is a similar table near the west wall except that this table has only two legs; the other side is attached to the wall. It has several unbroken glass containers on top of it.

**Judge's Description:** The black liquid on the table is oil. There are about 5 ounces of it. The glass containers on the table attached to the west wall are actually attached to the table. If this table is lifted up, there will be a hidden door visible underneath it on the west wall. It is only about 2' x 2'. The tunnel it conceals is of like dimensions and, thus, must be crawled through, one at a time. One section of it leads underneath the pool in Room 7. If this door is opened before the water is drained, the water will come down, killing in 4 minutes whoever is beneath. The first player has no chance for escape. The second player has a percentage chance of living equal to the sum of his Constitution and his Agility. The third player has twice this chance. If, for any reason, the door or doors in Room 10 are open, the water will flow out there and escape.

**10A** **Players' Description:** The tunnel empties into this room which is cylindrical. The ceiling is 40' from the floor, and there is a ladder attached to the south side. It stops at a trap door at the top.

**Judge's Description:** The trap door opens into the floor of Room 13 on Level 2.

# 11

**Players' Description:** This is a large, impressive room. The ceiling is a good 25' high, and anything said in here has a tendency to echo. There are two pillars in the middle of the upper portion of the room; otherwise, this part is empty. The walls here show huge murals of the Death King and his army mercilessly slaughtering their enemies. In the lower part of the room, there is a small, round table with a glass cover over it. Underneath the cover is a skull. In addition, there is a narrow shelf about 4' from the floor attached to the walls and encircling the room. Upon this shelf are some eighty skulls, all facing the skull under the glass.

**Judge's Description:** In this room are kept the skulls of the Death King's enemies. They have been here for thousands of years, suffering under his spell. The one on the table is the skull of Rommol, the valiant warrior who died trying to slay the Death King. The first person to come within 10' of the table will be frozen in his tracks (paralyzed, with no Saving Throw). He will be held there until someone breaks the glass casing containing Rommol's skull. Note that there is no way to lift the casing; it must be broken. Once someone is paralyzed, anyone else is free to enter the area around the skull. When the player is paralyzed, the eyes of the eighty skulls will glow red. The character will feel their torment and will slowly be drained of Life Energy. As soon as the character is paralyzed, the Judge should start counting to himself. Every second until the glass casing is broken, the paralyzed character will lose hit points at the rate of 1 a second. The skull of Rommol can be used as a detector of the Death King because it glows when brought near to the him, and it can be hurled at him for 15 points of damage if it hits (+2 to hit).

# 12

**Players' Description:** The stairs which lead up to this room rise 15' above the level of the corridor. In the center of the room, there is a truncated pyramid. It is 30' x 30' at the base. It rises to 18' high at the level of truncation. There are stairs set into the pyramid, ascending the north side. The ceiling of this room is 30' high. There is a 10' x 10' section missing from the middle of the ceiling.

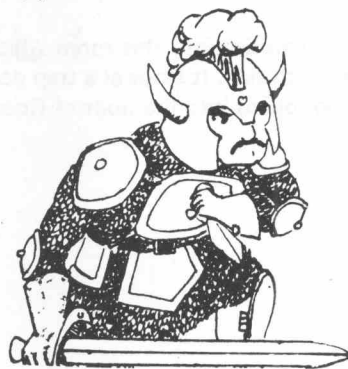
**Judge's Description:** If players examine the pyramid, they will find that there is a colorless lubricant covering the north face including the stairs. When a player steps on the 14th step, the stairs will instantly flatten, becoming a chute in the side of the pyramid. The sides are too slippery to grip. When this happens, a 5' x 5' pit will open at the base of the chute; barring spells, special abilities, or magical devices, there will be no way for those on the chute to avoid falling in the pit. Note, also, that anyone standing at the base of the chute (stairway) will also fall in the pit. There is one, large Spike at the bottom of the pit. There is only a 5' drop to the pit floor, but the Spike is quite large (10" in diameter at the base) and quite sharp. It is 24" long. Consult the following table to determine if a player lands on the Spike and, thus, is run through. Note that only one player can land on the Spike although others can land on this hapless character. Anyone falling in the pit but not on the Spike will take 1 - 4 points of damage from the fall. Check the table, starting with the lowest person on the stairs, to see who lands on the Spike.

Race	Chance of Impalement
Halflings	20% chance
Gnomes	25% chance
Dwarves	40% chance
Elves	50% chance
Half Elves	60% chance
Half Orcs	70% chance
Humans	70% chance

## Agility Modifiers

3 - 6	+10%
7 - 9	+ 5%
10 - 12	0%
13 - 15	- 5%
16 - 18	- 10%

Exactly one minute after the trap has sprung, it will reset itself. The hole in the ceiling leads to Room 16 on the Second Level. Note that it is 12' from the top of the pyramid to the Second Level. Also, keep in mind the presence of the Bats in Room 16.



**13** **Players' Description:** This room looks something like a laboratory. There are several tables and shelves arranged around it. On the largest table is a strange apparatus, a combination of metal rods of different sizes and shapes and twisted wires. There is a handle attached to a small metal box on the device. On the shelves are containers of glass and pottery. There are several beakers filled with many different-colored liquids on the three tables, and a few scrolls are also on the tables.

**Judge's Description:** The liquids on the tables are all harmless and without effect except for two vials of potions which are kept in holders. These are closed with cork stoppers and sealed with wax. They both contain cloudy, red liquids. They are deadly, but short-lived, bacteria. Anyone opening either of these vials must Save vs. Endurance at a minus 8 on their die roll or die instantly. Note that this is due to enzyme contact with the skin. The victim's skin will shrivel in places, and dark red splotches will appear on the body. The bacteria dies after only 3 seconds when exposed to oxygenated air. There are a total of four scrolls. Two of them contain designs for strange devices; one of them is for the device on the table, and the other is a non-existent device. The first scroll indicates that, if the handle is cranked on the machine, it will be activated. If the handle is cranked, it will send a narrow field of electrical power from one wire to another (about 1'). Anything that comes in contact with the field for more than 2 seconds will become charged, begin to glow, and explode in ten seconds, doing 2 - 16 points of damage to whatever is within 6 feet of it. The impact at 3' proximity is enough to blow open a door. This effect works on flesh as well as on anything, and, if a Sword is put in the electrical field, the charge will spread throughout the blade. Of the other scrolls, one is a cursed scroll which will Teleport its reader to Room 20 on the Third Level, where instant death awaits, and the last scroll contains a *Heal Major Wounds* spell. Note, also, the passage up from Room 10.

**14A** **Players' Description:** In this room, against the south wall, is a coffin. There are small, round tables, one at either end, with large, ornate, silver lamps upon them worth 200 GP each. The walls are covered with murals showing different stages of a man's life. Among those stages is the ascension to a position of royalty. There are baskets of gold and silver near the coffin.

**Judge's Description:** This is the tomb of one of the nobles of the Death King's empire. There are 1,000 SP and 400 GP in the baskets. Inside the coffin is a powerful Zombie (Hit: 3; Damage: 3 - 8; HTK: 22; ARM: as Chainmail). He will not be brought to life unless the coffin lid is opened. Then, he will leap out with surprising speed (unlike a normal Zombie, he attacks twice every round), surprising the opener on a 1 - 4 on 1D6 (1 - 3 for Elves) and attacking at a +4 to hit for the first round. He wears a necklace of electrum (100 GP value) and gems in the coffin are worth a total of 500 GP.

**14B** **Players' Description:** This room is very much like 14A except that the coffin is against the east wall and there are no treasure baskets. The murals are slightly different, but the theme is basically the same. There is a Skeleton climbing out of the coffin.

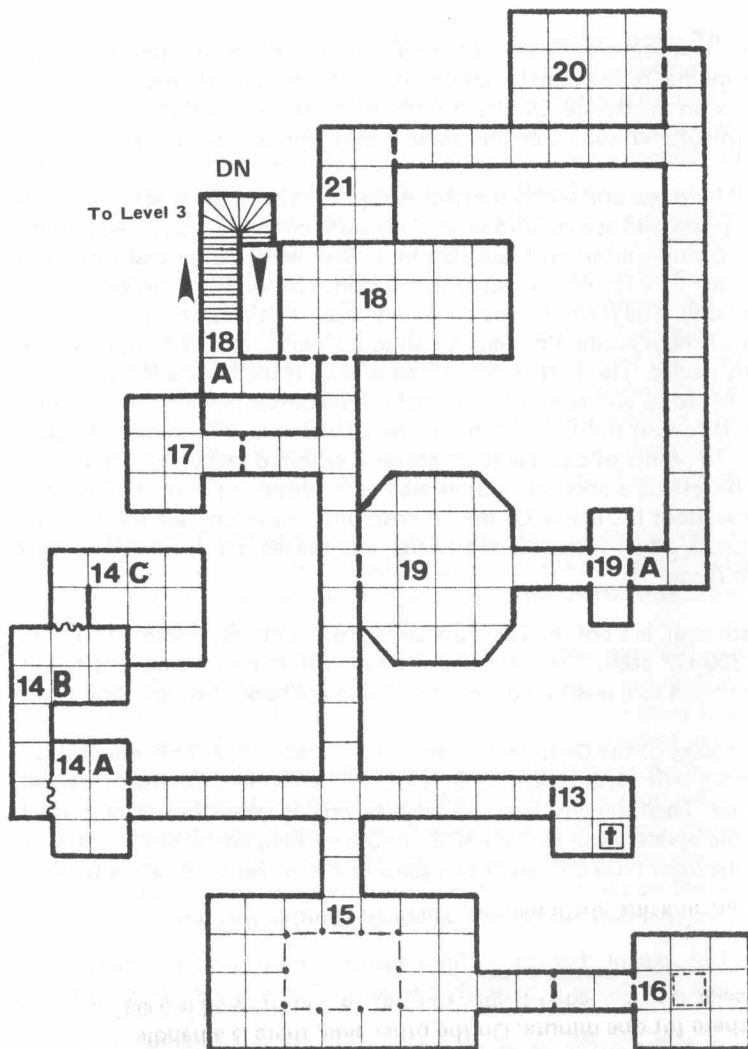
**Judge's Description:** The Skeleton starts getting out of the coffin as soon as the tapestry in 14A, which covers the doorway, is pulled aside. It, too, is extraordinary for its monster type. It is Hit: 3; HTK: 20; Damage: 2 - 7; ARM: as Leather. It can attack by propelling the middle 3 fingers on its left hand through the air. They are razor-sharp at the ends. They fire at a 30' range and do 2 - 7 points of damage (+1 to hit; treat as a thrown Dagger). It will fire its fingers when it first sees the party and then use its right hand in melee. In the coffin are gems worth 200 GP and a +2 Longsword.

**14C** **Players' Description:** This room is similar to A and B but slightly more extravagant. The murals show clearly that the occupant of this room was very important. There is a skeleton lying on a platform next to the south wall. Lying on the rib cage are two, crossed Broadwords. All around the platform are silver coins, gems, and jewelry. Among this loot is a gold ring which shines magically.

**Judge's Description:** If anyone enters this room, the Swords will rise into the air to a "guard" position. If anyone comes within 15' of the platform, they will throw a *Flamebolt* at him or her (2 - 16 points of damage). They will do this only once. Afterwards, if anyone advances, they attack as 1 Hit monsters, doing 1 - 8 points of damage and taking 4 HTK each. The loot is worth 1,700 GP. The ring is a +1 Ring of Defense.

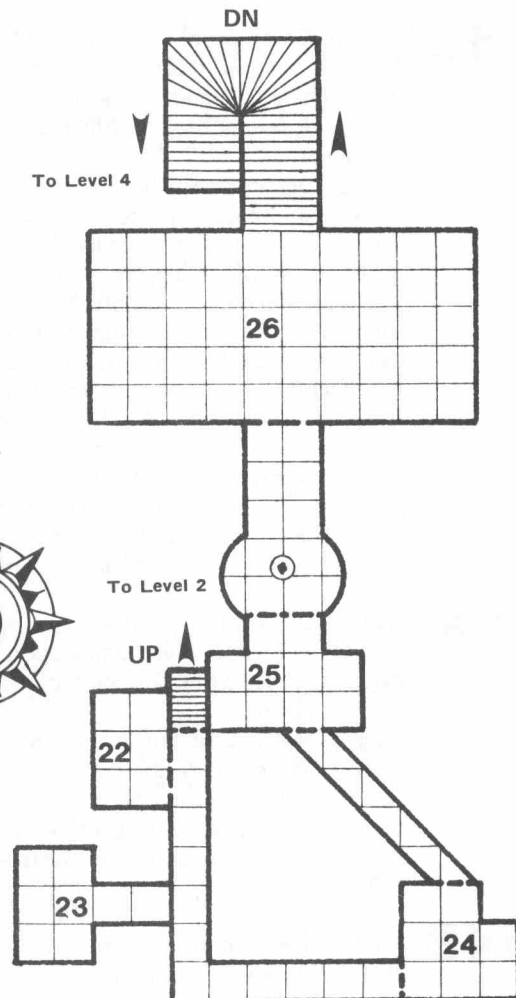
**15** **Players' Description:** The floor of this room is made of large (5' x 5') tiles. There are many cracks through them and between them. There are vines growing up through the cracks. Dominating the room is a small, stone structure resembling a small building. There are steps leading up to it. The ceiling of the building is held up by 10 pillars. Inside the building is an old man sitting on a throne. He wears a white robe, stained with green and brown.

**Judge's Description:** If the players approach the building, they will see that some of the stairs and all of the floor are covered with moss. The old man is an Illusion. He will watch the players and even blink now and then. Occasionally, but not often, his head may turn just a little bit. He will not do anything else. If a player steps up to the floor of the building, the old man and the moss (also part of the Illusion) will disappear. The players will see 5 large Snakes slithering toward them (ARM: as Leather; Hit: 1; HTK: 3; Dam: 1 - 3 + poison (3 - 8 points of poison damage). The room is 20' from floor to ceiling, and the building within is 10' tall.

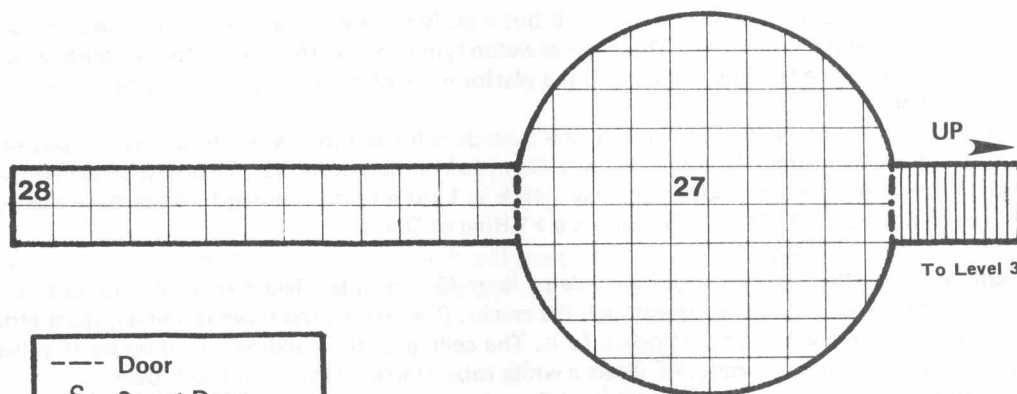


LEVEL 2

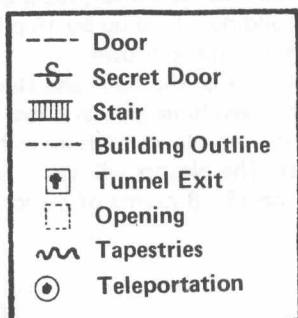
1 Square = 10 Feet



LEVEL 3



LEVEL 4





**16** **Players' Description:** This is a rather plain room occupied by 20 Bats.  
**Judge's Description:** The bats fly about in a frenzy, never leaving the room or going down to Room 12. There is a 30% chance per turn that 1 - 4 Bats will swoop down at the players in the room or those climbing up from Room 12, doing 1 - 2 points of damage. The Bats are ARM: as Leather and have 1 HTK each.

**17** **Players' Description:** This room is bathed in shifting, yellow light. The source of this is readily apparent. On the far side of the room is a 2' diameter glass tube extending from the top of the room to the bottom. Inside this tube is something that resembles a Ghost - a twisting, writhing spirit, its features distorted, its face twisted in agony. Muffled, but audible, moans are coming from the tube. About 5' in front of the tube is a ladder reaching up to something akin to a man-hole cover in the ceiling. There is a stone box next to the ladder with a crank on one side.  
**Judge's Description:** If the players even look closely at the box, the spirit will begin to scream, "No, no!" If the crank on the box is turned, the man-hole cover will slide back into the ceiling. The same will happen to a similar cover at the top of the tube. When this happens, the Ghost will be violently sucked out of the tube but not before uttering a blood-curdling scream that will drain each member of the party of 3 HTK. The ladder leads up to Room 22 on the Third Level after going up a cylinder for 50'.

**18** **Players' Description:** This room is absolutely bare and colorless except for a huge, red hand painted on the east wall. There is an inscription around it in the ancient tongue (**Judge:** *Comprehend Languages* or the equivalent is required).  
**Judge's Description:** The inscription above the hand says, "HAND OF FATE," and the inscription below it says, "KNEEL AND BE JUDGED." If a character kneels before it, a white beam of light will come from the hand, curing him for 5 HTK of damage. There is only one exception to this. If the character's name is a very ordinary one, such as Mark, Fred, Joe, etc., regardless of anything else about the character, a red beam will hit him and disintegrate him. This may, at first, seem unfair, stupid, and out of place, but the Judge is asked to consider that the character is judged on fate - something totally incomprehensible to him and known only to the gods. Besides, when the player finds out why he got zapped, you'll barely be able to control yourself.

**18A** **Players' Description:** This is a dead end.  
**Judge's Description:** This only seems to be a dead end. If the wall is searched, a panel cover can be flipped, under which is a small slit shaped like an indentation of the rotting skull emblem. If the bracelet from Room 7 is inserted here, the north wall will slide back into the west wall and stay there for one minute. On the other side, there is a handle which can be used to push the wall open. Note that the bracelet is not needed from this side. Behind the wall is a stairway leading up to Level 3 between Rooms 22 and 25.

**19** **Players' Description:** This large room is bare except for an amazing phenomenon. There are hundreds of rocks whirling through the air in a circular formation which has its center at the middle of the room. The largest rocks are on the outside of the circle. These rocks are about 6' long. The smallest ones, in the middle, are mere pebbles, and in the center is a cloud of dust. The rocks near the middle are hardly moving at all.  
**Judge's Description:** The Judge may notice that this is a scene taken from Roger Zelazney's book 3 of the *Amber* series. If players try to run through, there is an 80% chance that they will be hit by a rock every five seconds they are in the circle. For game purposes, let's suppose that there are three concentric circles. Since the player will be attempting to bisect the circles, he will have to go through six "layers" of rocks. It will take him 30 seconds to do so. When a rock hits a person, it shatters into 100 fragments. The rock material is lighter than one would expect but does 1 - 10 points of damage for the large stones located in the outer circle, 1 - 6 points of damage for the second circle, and no damage for the inner circle. This makes a player subject to 4 effective attacks. Note that a player may try to jump on and ride one of the rocks in the outer circle. To do this, he must make his Agility score or lower on a 1D20 twice - once for getting on and once for getting off. If he misses, he falls, taking 1 - 6 points of damage.

**19A** **Players' Description:** There seems to be nothing out of the ordinary in this room. The doorway to the west leads to a tunnel, but the entrance seems to be distorted, as though one was looking through a warped lense. The floor of this room is made of small (6" x 6") beige tiles with a black rectangle of tiles just in front of the doorway.  
**Judge's Description:** We emphasize that this is a doorway, not a door. If a player tries to walk through it, he will find that he cannot; it will seem to be simply a part of the wall to the touch. If a player stands on the black rectangle for a second, a small console will rise out of the floor to his right. It will rise to about 4' and then stop. On the top of this console are three tiles, 3' square. They are colored, from left to right, black, beige, and red. If they are pushed in the correct order (beige, black, red) within two seconds of each other, the entranceway will shimmer and sparkle with white flashes of electricity. This will last for ten seconds; during that time, the entranceway will be passable. If they are pressed in the order black, beige, red, the entranceway will shimmer and give off yellow sparks. If anyone tries to enter it for a ten second period after that, they will be shocked for 1 - 6 points of damage. If a red, beige, black combination is pushed, the entranceway will sparkle blue and teleport anyone trying to enter to the marked spot on the Labyrinth in level One. Any other combination will have no effect. Note that the entranceway is passable from the other side at any time.

**20** **Players' Description:** There is a 2' wide carpet leading from the door to an altar on the other side of the room. The carpet contains different patterns of black, beige, and red. On top of the altar is a Longsword. In the back of the altar, set into the west wall, is a 3' diameter figure of the Death King himself, wearing his famed death mask. There are several unlit candelabras on either side of the carpet.

**Judge's Description:** If the Sword is tapped 3 times on the altar, the tapper will be instantly teleported to Room 25 on the Third Level. The Sword will remain. There are 10 candelabras, each worth 5 GP.

**21** **Players' Description:** This room is bare except for a low (2' tall) table covered with dark blue velvet. On it rests a crystal ball.

**Judge's Description:** This is actually a crystal hypnosis ball. Attempts to use it will fail, but the Magic-User trying to use it will experience a mind-fusion with the mind of the Death King and himself. He will be held in it for a brief moment, petrified by fear, and then he will break away. There will seem to be no ill effects, but, when, and if, the Magic-User comes face to face with the Death King (even if the Death King is unconscious), the Death King will take over his mind, double his Strength, and have him turn against the party at a critical moment. An exorcism will restore the Magic-User. After the Death King is destroyed, the crystal ball will become usable.

**22** **Players' Description** (if the room is entered from the door): There are murals on the walls of this room much like those of Rooms 14A, 14B, and 14C except that they depict the life of a woman. There is also a coffin in this room. All around the coffin are fine silks and jewelry, totaling 1,500 GP worth of goods.

**Judge's Description:** Inside the coffin is the mummified corpse of the Death King's bride. The first person to look at it must Save vs Wisdom (throw Wisdom or lower on 1D20) or be maniacally insane for 1 - 4 hours. Note that the ladder from Room 17 exits into the coffin. Any one climbing through this must make his Saving Throw at -4 on his die roll.

**23A** **Judge's Description:** There are a few cracks here in the wall, and players will feel a draft coming through. This is, of course, impossible; it is an Illusion. The wall is aging, and it will not take too much effort to tear it down. Beyond it, they will see room 23, which is actually a room filled with a sleep gas that will put them out for 3 hours. Read them the description for Room 23 for what they think they see.

**23** **Players' Description:** Greeting you is a sight for sore eyes. Several feet in front of you is a platform, a sort of balcony built into the pyramid. Fresh air greets your grateful lungs in place of the stale stuff you've been breathing. As you look over the desert, the sun is just setting below the horizon (**Judge:** At this point, try to keep from giggling.)

**24** **Players' Description:** On the floor of this room lies the skeleton of a dog. Scattered around it are bones of other sorts. **Judge's Description:** When the room is entered, a spirit will arise from the dead dog and form into a Hell Hound (ARM: as Chainmail; Hit: 4; HTK: 19; Dam: 2 - 7 + breathes fire on the first round for 3 - 8 points of damage). Note that, if someone picks up one of the loose bones and throws it, the Hound will fetch, giving the player a few seconds to get to the door.

**25** **Players' Description:** There is nothing here except a large table on which lie small dolls. **Judge's Description:** These "voodoo dolls" depict party characters. If any members of the party have died, the dolls will be in the condition the characters were in immediately after death (i.e. impaled on a stake, waterlogged, etc.). If any player was disintegrated, there will be a pile of ashes in his place. All the dolls of the still-living characters have red Xs on their chests.

**26** **Players' Description:** Occupying this room is a small Dragon. There is treasure in this room, but it is minor, not a full-sized Dragon hoard. The Dragon is looking at the party and inhaling.

**Judge's Description:** The Dragon is 4 Hit; 24 HTK; ARM: as Chainmail; Damage: 1 - 6/1 - 6/2 - 12 and breathes lightning (4 - 24 points of damage) in a straight line 5' wide and 50' long; no possibility of subdual. The treasure consists of 5,000 CP, 2,000 SP, 1,000 EP, 500 GP, 100 PP, gems worth a total of 600 GP, a +2 Stiletto, and a +2 Rapier. The stairs ascend for 30' before turning at a 45 degree angle and doubling over themselves for another 30'. See map. These stairs lead to the final resting place of the Death King.



**27** **Players' Description:** The doors to this room are impressed with the sign of the skull. Above the skull, in ancient script, is the signature of the Death King himself! Inside is a huge, vaulted room. At the zenith of the ceiling is an opening covered by a convex lens. Some 100' below it, lying on a platform, is a body which is unmistakably that of the Death King. Around the room, a fabulous treasure has been collected.

**Judge's Description:** The Death King's body rests here. Meanwhile, his consciousness roams the earth, seeking and organizing evil. Every day, at sunset, the light of the sun is reflected by a mirror through the lens at the top of the truncated pyramid. All of this is hidden by an Illusion so that it looks like a normal pyramid. The light is focused so that it comes down as a concentrated beam and illuminates the body of the Death King. The energy from the dying sun spreads throughout his body, giving it the power of life for 12 hours. During this time, the Death King can go forth to prey upon his victims. This mechanism was arranged by the Death King long before his actual death in an effort to insure for himself eternal life. It is here that all your timekeeping is crucial. The Death King will sense the party entering the room. When the party entered the pyramid, it was midnight. If, when they enter the chamber of the Death King, it is between 5 o'clock and 8 o'clock p.m., the beam of energy will be hitting the Death King. In this case, he will rise to combat the party. The beam will continue, at any rate, until 8 o'clock p.m. If the party arrives before that, the Death King will be in a non-conscious state. If they arrive afterwards, he will be gone on a foray to terrorize the countryside. In this case, the party may leave by the other door. If, however, they touch any of the treasure, he will immediately materialize. If a player touches the beam of energy, he'll take 2 - 20 points of damage.

The Death King's body is one of rotting flesh held together by some mysterious energy. He is ARM: as Plate armor; Hit: 6; HTK: 38; magic weapons are needed to hit. The following spell-types affect him: *Bless* (1 - 4 points of damage); *Remove Curse* (1 - 6 points of damage and stuns for 1 minute); *Exorcise* (4 - 16 points of damage); *Dispel Evil* (stuns for 1 minute); *Bolt of Lightning* (gives him 10 additional hits to kill). He has Strength: 18; he gets a physical attack at 1 - 10 points of damage. He may opt to use spells. He can use a spell as many times as he likes each day but may only use one spell a minute. He may not use spells when in melee. His spells are: *Cold Ray* (100' range) for 1 - 10 points of damage and *Doubt*, which will affect 1 - 4 players. If a victim fails his Saving Throw of Wisdom or lower on 1D20, he will stand immobilized and riddled with self-doubt.. How, he will wonder, can an insignificant mortal hope to stand against the Death King? If two players are affected, they each Save at -1 on the roll; if three players are affected, they each Save at -2 on the roll, and, if four players are affected, they each Save at -3 on the roll. The Death King can direct the spell at whomever he wishes. However, if the player makes his Saving Throw, this means that he overcomes his doubts and realizes that it is a trick. Thereafter, he is impervious to the *Doubt* spell and, furthermore, will gain a +1 to hit on his attacks because of his confidence. Note that, if this dungeon is used as a tournament, the Death King will use his *Doubt* spell first, when the party begins combat. He will use it on one person, with preference going to Fighters, Clerics, Thieves, Magic-Users and others, in that order. The next round, if he is not in melee, he will use his *Cold Ray* with the same preferences. If, and when, the Death King is killed, he will scream, and his body will crumble into dust because the life energy within it has been destroyed. The mirror and lens at the top of the pyramid will explode because their stored energy is released by the death of the Death King. This will start a chain reaction of explosions in the pyramid. It is obvious that the Death King had made preparations to "take it all with him." The whole pyramid will be rubble in five minutes. The party will have time to stuff their packs with treasure, but they will not have time for each individual to take very much. The chamber will begin collapsing in 30 seconds. If they try to stay longer, they will be killed. They will be able to grab 1,000 GP each plus some choice magic item(s). The magic items don't really matter unless you are running this dungeon as part of a campaign. If this is so, roll on the following chart:

Magic Item Chart			
01 - 07	+1 Longsword	01 - 20	1 Magic Item
08 - 14	+2 Longsword	21 - 40	2 Magic Items
15 - 21	+3 Longsword	41 - 60	3 Magic Items
22 - 28	+2/+4 vs Undead Longsword	61 - 80	4 Magic Items
29 - 35	+3 Stiletto	81 - 00	5 Magic Items
36 - 42	+2 Scimitar		
43 - 51	Potion of Doubt		
52 - 60	Potion of Herculean Strength		
61 - 69	Love Potion		
70 - 76	Ring of Insubstantiality		
77 - 83	Cloak of Darkness		
84 - 90	Candle of Demon Conjuraton		
91 - 95	Shield of Magic Dispelling		
96 - 98	Djinni Lamp		
99 - 00	Amulet of Sobriety		



**28** **Players' Description:** This is a dead end.  
**Judge's Description:** This wall (south) is a Teleporter. If any player touches this, his hand will pass through the wall. If he walks through, he will be sent to a spot about 100' from the pyramid, where, if the Death King has been destroyed, he can watch its final collapse. This concludes your expedition into the **Pyramid of Suberus**. We hope that you have enjoyed it.

# VICTORY TABLE

Condition	Points
Every GP brought out	1
Destruction of the Death King, Suberus	3,000
Each character surviving	1,000
Each level of character surviving (i.e. Fifth level character: 500 pts.)	100
Every hour under twenty-four spent in the pyramid	250

## Supplies Suggested*

20 - 24 Torches  
 Waterskin  
 Rope and Grapple  
 Iron Spikes  
 Various Sacks  
 Tinder Box  
 Any other items the Judge desires

The Judge is free to vary these items as he or she sees fit, but, remember that, for tournament puposes, they must remain constant.



*Mel. White*





**KTHENTA'S DARK REPOSE**

**THE TOWER OF MABELECK**

62 Pegasus

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	(4 sections)	\$ 4.50	JGP0066 B01A	Sea Steeds and Wave Riders Guidebook	\$ 3.50
JGP0009 J01C	City State Judge's Map: 17" x 22"	\$ 2.00	JGP0066 M01E	Sea Steeds and Wave Riders Deck Plans	\$ 2.00
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JGP0028 K02A	Shield Section: Monster Compendium/			Animal Reaction Table	\$ 1.00
	Men Attacking		JGP0075 K03A	Shield Section: Weapons and Damage/	
JGP0028 K03A	Shield Section: Men Attacking/			Weapons and Damage	\$ 1.00
	Phantasmal Forces		JGP0075 K04A	Shield Section: Computer Software/	
JG 0034	Modron	\$ 3.50		Random Person Encounters	\$ 1.00
JGP0034 B01A	Modron Guidebook	\$ 2.50	JG 0076	Dragon Crown	\$ 1.75
JGP0034 J01B	Modron Judges Map: 11" x 17"	\$ 1.00	JG 0078	Traveller Log Book	\$ 3.00
JGP0034 P01A	Modron Players' Map: 8 1/2" x 11"	\$ .50	JG 0080	Of Skulls and Scrapfaggot Green	\$ 4.50
JG 0036	Character Chronicle Cards	\$ 1.98	JG 0087	Character Codex	\$ 4.50
JG 0037	First Fantasy Campaign	\$ 5.00	JG 0088	Park Tower	\$ 5.50
JGP0037 B01A	First Fantasy Campaign Guide	\$ 2.00	JG 0089	Starships and Spacecraft	\$ 5.50
JGP0037 J01C	17" x 22" First Fantasy Campaign	\$ 2.00	JGP0089 S01D	Sheet 1: Cover and Specifications	\$ 2.00
	Judge's Map	\$ 2.00	JGP0089 S02D	Sheet 2: Titles and Graphs	\$ 2.00
JGP0037 P01C	17" x 22" First Fantasy Campaign	\$ 2.00	JGP0089 S03D	Sheet 3: Plans and Specifications	\$ 2.00
	Players' Map	\$ 3.75	JG 0092	Wilderlands of the Magic Realm	\$ 8.50
JG 0040	Judges Guild T-Shirt:		JGP0092 B01A	Wilderlands of the Magic Realm	
	(Adult Sizes) S, M, L, XL	\$ 3.25		Guidebook	\$ 4.50
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	(Children's Sizes) S, M, L, XL	\$ .25	JGP0092 P01C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map	\$ 2.00
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JG 0048	Wilderlands of High Fantasy	\$ 4.00	JG 0093	Under the Storm Giant's Castle	\$ 3.00
JGP0048 B01A	Wilderlands of High Fantasy Guidebook	\$ 3.00	JG 0095	Survival of the Fittest	\$ 3.50
JGP0048 J01C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map 1	\$ 2.00	JG 0096	Treasury of Archaic Names	\$ 4.95
	Judge's	\$ 2.00	JG 0100	Trek - 80	\$14.95
JGP0048 P01C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map 1	\$ 2.00	JG 0102	Caverns of Thracia	\$ 6.50
	Players'	\$ 2.00	JG 0104	Village Book II	\$ 3.00
JGP0048 J02C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map	\$ 2.00	JG 0105	Dra'k'ne Station	\$ 4.95
	2/3 Judge's	\$ 2.00	JG 0107	Broken Tree Inn	\$ 4.00
JGP0048 P02C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map	\$ 2.00	JG 0108	Verboosh	\$ 6.50
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JGP0048 P04C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map	\$ 2.00	JG 0111	Mines of Custalcon	\$ 3.95
	4/5 Judge's	\$ 2.00	JG 0113	Book of Treasure Maps	\$ 4.00
JGP0048 J04C	17" x 22" Wilderlands Campaign Map	\$ 3.00	JG 0114	The Maltese Clue	\$ 3.00
	4/5 Players'	\$ 2.75	JG 0116	Helphits of Night Fang	\$ 2.00
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JG 0059	Village Book I	\$ 2.75	JG 0119	Tower of Ullition	\$ 2.00
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JGP0062 P01E	28 1/2" x 22 1/2" City State Players' Map	\$ .50		Players'	\$ 2.00
JGP0062 J02B	11" x 17" Thunderhold Judge's Map	\$ .50	JGP0150 M01D	22" x 34" City Map	\$ 3.50
JGP0062 P02A	8 1/2" x 11" Thunderhold Players' Map	\$ .50	JGP0150 B01A	Guidebook to Map 6	\$ 3.50
JGP0068 M01A	Dungeon Level Maps 'I': Levels 1-5	\$ .50	JGP0150 B02A	Shops Book	\$ 6.00
JGP0015 M01A	Dungeon Level Maps 'J': Levels 1-4	\$ .50			
JG 0063	Citadel of Fire	\$ 3.00			

JGP0150 B03A	City Book	\$ 6.00
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JGP0500 M04D	Doom of the Singing Star Deck Plans: M, Q, R, N, O, P	\$ 2.00
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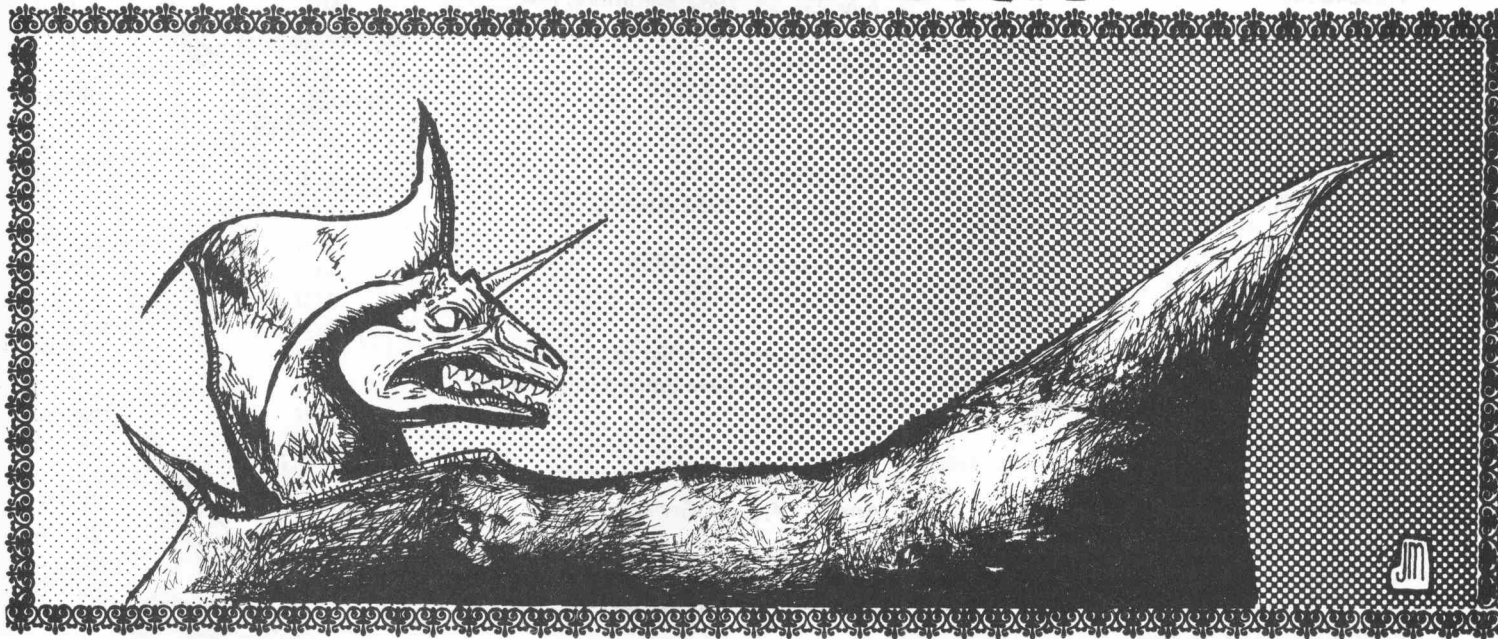
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JG 0057	Installment 'Q' - Gen Con IX Dungeon	\$ 4.00
JG 0064	Judges Guild Journal 'S' (10)	\$ .80
JG 0068	Installment 'S' - Citadel of Fire	\$ 3.00
JG 0070	Judges Guild Journal 'T' (11)	\$ .80
JG 0072	Installment 'T' - Frontier Forts of Kelnore	\$ 3.50
JG 0082	Judges Guild Journal 13 (V)	\$ 1.00
JG 0083	Installment 'V' - Wilderness of the Magic Realm Part 1	\$ 5.75
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# CONVENTION COMPENDIUM



## MAVCON '82

*April 2 - 4, 1982, University of Texas,  
Arlington Station, TX*

MavCon '82  
Box 19348-50  
University of Texas,  
Arlington Station, TX 76019

## JERUCON '82 (SF)

**First International Integrative Congress  
on Science Fiction, Fantasy, and  
Speculative Science**

Organizing Secretariat  
Jerucon '82  
P.O. Box 394  
Tel Aviv, 61003  
Israel

## LEXICON 1

*May 1, 1982, Penfield, NY*  
Bishop Kearney Gaming Association  
24 Leonard Crescent  
Penfield, NY 14526

## GAMEFEST

*May 7 - 9, 1982, St. Catherines,  
Ontario, CAN*  
Niagara Gamers Association  
POB 457  
St. Catherines, Ontario  
Canada, L2R-6V9

## DONNYBROOK

*May 8 - 9, 1982, Portland, OR*  
Robyn Edwards  
925 S.W. Tropicana,  
Beaverton, OR 97005

## 4th ANNUAL WARGAMERS' WEEKEND

*May 21 - 23, 1982, Newburyport, MA*  
The Toy Soldier  
20 Unicorn Street  
Newburyport, MA

## CWA CON '82

*May 21 - 23, 1982 Chicago, IL*  
Chicago Wargamers' Association  
POB 10397  
Chicago, IL 60612

## CANGAMES

*May 21 - 24, 1982*  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada  
Bruce Knight  
2011 B Saint Laurent Blvd.  
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1G 1A2

## GRIMCON IV

*May 28 - 31, 1982 Oakland, CA*  
Grimcon IV  
P. O. Box 4153  
Berkely, CA 94704

## CONQUEST III (SF)

*May 28 - 30, 1982 Kansas City, MO*  
Conquest III  
P. O. Box 32055  
Kansas City, MO 64111

## M. I. G. S. III

*May 30, 1982*  
Kitchener, Ontario, Canada  
Les Scanlon  
473 Upper Wentworth St.  
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

## GENGHIS CON

*June 5 - 6, 1982 Denver CO*  
Denver Gamers Association  
Box 2945  
Littleton, CO 80161

## MICHICON GAMEFEST

*June 11 - 13, 1982 Detroit, MI*  
Metro Detroit Gamers  
P. O. Box 787  
Troy, MI 48099

## STRATACON III

*June 12 - 13, 1982,*  
Vancouver, British Columbia, CAN  
Allan Wotherspoon  
Dept. G  
326 Greensboro Place  
Vancouver, British Columbia  
V5X 4M4, Canada

**HEXAICON**

June 25 - 27, 1982

University of Toronto, Toronto,  
Ontario, CAN

Hexacon

42 Rogers Road,  
Toronto, Ontario  
M6E 1N7, Canada

**GENCON EAST**

July 17 - 20, Chester PA

Kim Eastland

Grenadier Models

POB 305

Springfield, PA 19064

(Phone: 1 - 215 - 544 - 9030)

**GRIFFCON 4**

July 17, South Bend, IN

Griffen Books

121A S. Michigan

South Bend, IN 46601

**EMPIRE GAMES' SYMPOSIUM  
ON MILITARY HISTORY**

August 6 - 8, 1982, Arlington, TX

Scotty Bowden

Empire Games, Inc.

P.O. Box 5462

Arlington, TX 76011

**GENCON 15**

August 19 - 22, 1982 Kenosha, WI

GenCon

POB 756

Lake Geneva, WI 53147

**PACIFICON 82**

September 3 - 5, 1982 San Mateo, CA

Pacificon

POB 5548

San Jose, CA 95150

**CHICON IV (World SF Convention)**

September 2 - 6, 1982 Chicago, IL

Chicon IV

Box A3120

Chicago, IL 60690

**WINTER GAME FEST**

November 12 - 14, 1982 Detroit, MI

Metro Detroit Gamers

POB 787

Troy, MI 48099

**ORIGINS '82**

July 23 - 25, 1982 Baltimore, MD

Origins '82

POB 15405

Baltimore, MD 21220

**TEXCON '82**

August 6 - 8, 1982 Austin, TX

Texcon

8028 Gessner No. 1805

Austin, TX 78753

The following is a list of Conventions  
for which we have limited information  
at this time.

**SPRING REVEL**

April 3 - 4, Lake Geneva, WI

**TEXARKON (SF)**

May 14 - 16, 1982, Texarkana, AR

**DEEP SOUTH CON 20 (SF)**

June 11 - 13, 1982, Atlanta, GA

**CONSTELLATION (SF)**

June 18 - 20, 1982, Huntsville, AL

**SF CON 5 (SF)**

June 18 - 20, 1982, Syracuse, NY

**GENCON EAST '82**

June 24 - 27, 1982 Cherry Hill, NJ

GenCon East

POB 139

Middletown, NJ 07748

**AMBERCON 4 (SF)**

June 25 - 27, 1982, Wichita, KS

**INCONJUNCTION 2 (SF)**

July 2 - 4, 1982, Indianapolis, IN

**WESTERCON 35 (SF)**

July 2 - 5, 1982, Phoenix, AZ

**OKON '82 (SF)**

July 16 - 18, 1982, Tulsa, OK

**KCCON (SF)**

August 6 - 8, 1982, Kansas City, MO

**CON (SF)**

August 13 - 15, 1982, Portland, OR

**WINTERCON II (RP)**

November 12 - 14, 1982, Detroit, MI

**JUST RECEIVED!****6th ANNUAL BANGOR AREA  
WARGAMER'S CONVENTION**

August 7 - 8, 1982 Oron, ME

Edward F. Stevens, Jr.

32 Masonic St.

Rockland, ME 04841

PH: 1 (207) 596-0338

**SUNCON '82**

May 14 - 16, 1982 Coral Gables, FL

SunCon HQ

c/o Army ROTC, University of Miami

POB 248166

Coral Gables, FL 33124



## Dragon Attacks

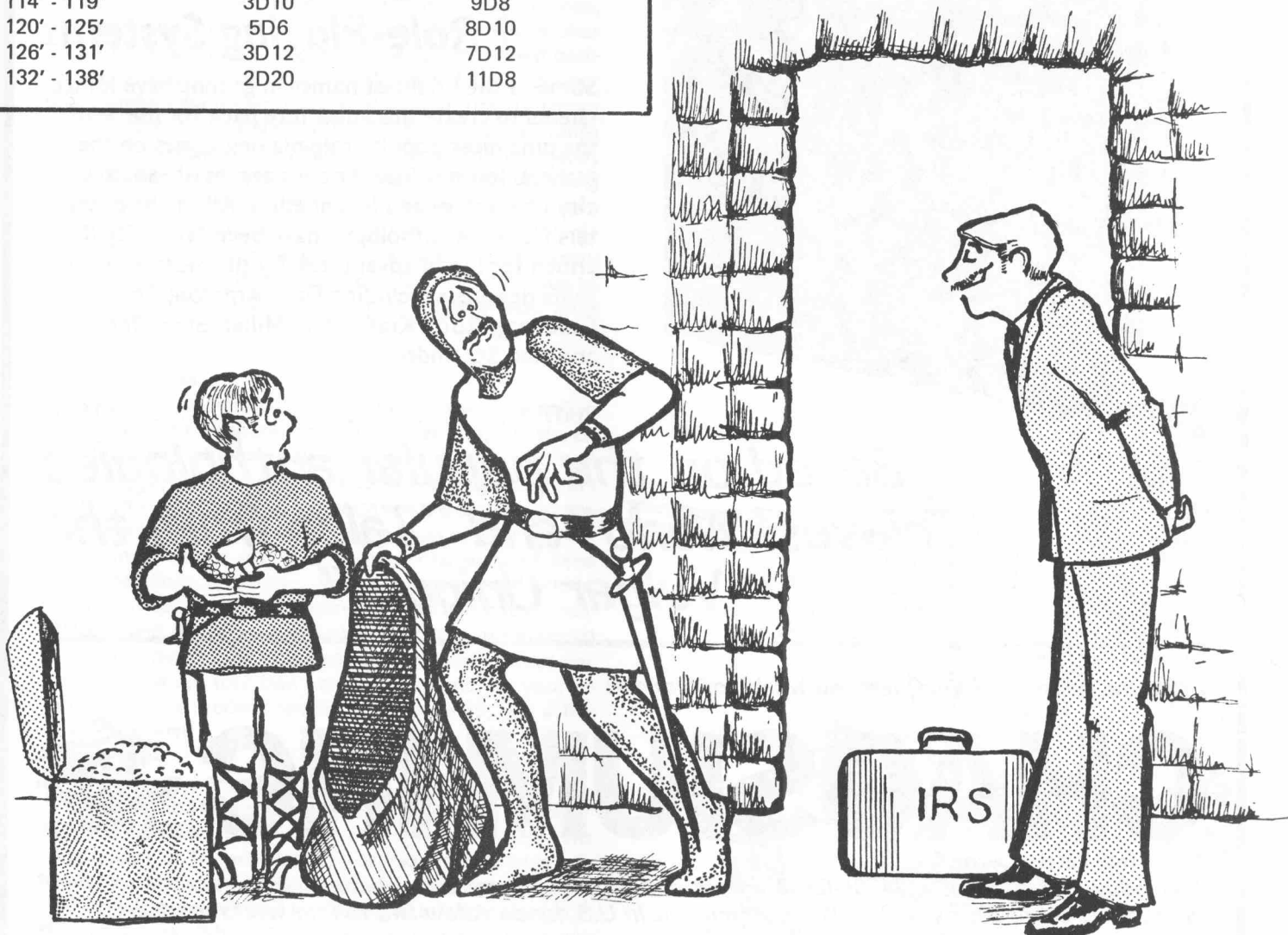
Length	Claw Damage	Bite Damage
0' - 2'	0	1
3' - 5'	1	1D6
6' - 11'	1D4	1D8
12' - 17'	1D4	1D10
18' - 23'	1D4	2D6
24' - 29'	1D4	2D8
30' - 35'	1D4	3D6
36' - 41'	1D4	5D4
42' - 47'	1D6	3D8
48' - 53'	1D6	5D6
54' - 59'	1D8	6D6
60' - 65'	1D10	4D10
66' - 71'	1D12	4D12
72' - 77'	2D6	6D8
78' - 83'	2D8	5D10
84' - 89'	4D4	7D8
90' - 95'	2D10	6D10
96' - 101'	2D12	8D8
102' - 107'	4D6	7D10
108' - 113'	6D4	6D12
114' - 119'	3D10	9D8
120' - 125'	5D6	8D10
126' - 131'	3D12	7D12
132' - 138'	2D20	11D8

In addition to the tales listed above (each one introduced by the editors), the book also contains four small sections at the end which take up the last twenty pages. The Geologic Time Scale, Glossary, and Selected Mesozoic Reptiles sections are all useful for any gamer who likes to be accurate in his monster descriptions. The Further Reading selection is a good listing of the remaining top dinosaur stories. Good luck in finding them.

## Future Reviews

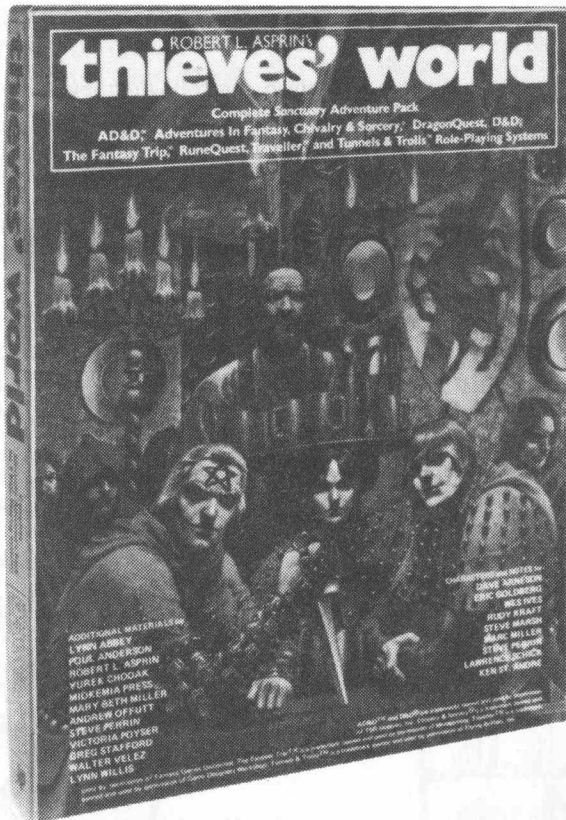
We have received the following review copies:

Man, Myth and Magic - Yaquinto Games  
 Pirates and Plunder - Yaquinto Games  
 Moon Base Clavius - Task Force Games



Mel White Pegasus 67

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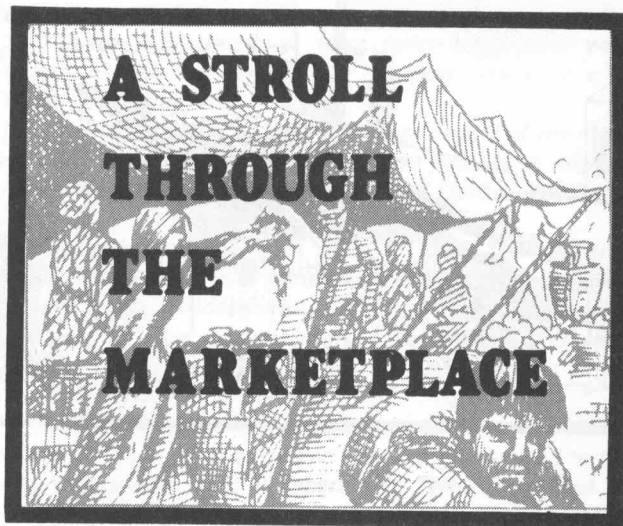
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Also new from Judges Guild is a marvellous collection of fantastic, majestic, incredible, beautiful, archaic, astounding - boy! this could go on for days! Really, the items inside this book are something else. Everything you always wanted for your fantasy campaign, both to spice up the treasure troves and to bring awe to the faces of your players, not to mention the challenge of mastering some of these wonderful finds. Furniture, jewelry, weapons and armor, pouches, rings, skulls and fingernails, veils and statues, candelabras, and special dust and clay have all been enchanted to provide the utmost in dungeoneering delight. What else could anyone ask for? Don't answer that, and, for your information, this product retails for only \$3.98, just a few measly coppers!

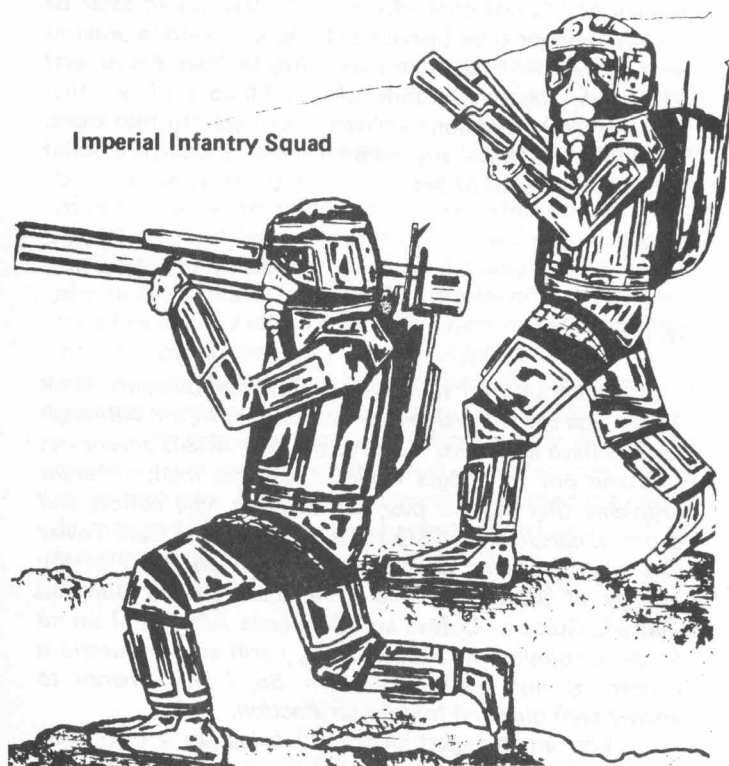
### Imperial Infantry Squad

Soon to be released by Judges Guild is **Imperial Infantry Squad** which is our first boxed, counter game. The components of **Imperial Infantry Squad** are a 32-page rule book, over 400 counters, and 3 full-color geomorphic maps. The game is a tactical-level simulation of infantry combat in the far future. While the game is self-contained, it was designed for use with sci-fi campaign and the resolving of

battles in them. The easy-to-learn rules cover the basics of any wargame such as movement and fire, flight, night combat, dropping powered infantry from starships, and much more. Also included are rules covering the raising and maintaining of units in a campaign along with 11 scenarios. **Imperial Infantry Squad** will retail for \$15.00.



Fieldguide to Encounters



Imperial Infantry Squad



Dear Paul,

Recently I bought your module, **Dark Tower**, an excellent module with many good ideas. However, I still have a lot of questions about some unclear things.

First of all, what is the scale of the Village Map? Also, where do the tunnels of the old Priest of Mitra lead to? I can't find them on the Map of the First Level.

Also, there are no Egos listed for the Soul Gems to use for determining Alignment Shock. In 1-1, Holomir is given a Social Level. What is this, **Traveller** or something? Also, on Level One in 1-24, a "Quest 24" is mentioned. What is it? Is there a list of all the entrances to Level One? If not, what are they?

In 3-21, a Flash Gem is mentioned. It's a good idea, but is it a treasure lying in the room, contained in the Globe Trap, or what?

In Room 4-10, what do you mean by "for those dice as a Fighter (HD x 10)". What is the Stone Man's level and how do I determine his Hit Points?

Finally, a few questions about the Sons of Set. Does Manahath's Constriction do 3 - 36 every round after he has hit once, or does he have to hit every round in order to do damage? In 1-22, how many attacks does Balaar get? Where are the descriptions of the Minions of Set that Manahath can summon? I haven't been able to find them. Also, do you have any recommended Experience Point values for the Sons of Set?

Sincerely,  
Wolfgang Baur

Wolfgang,

Thank you for the letter and the compliments. **Dark Tower** was my first large-scale adventure project. Although reviews have acclaimed it one of the best **AD&D** adventures to come out of **Judges Guild**, it still has many inherent problems that slipped past the designer, the editors and approval personnel at **TSR**. Please be aware that **Dark Tower** was first published almost three years ago, back in the infancy of **AD&D**. At that time, there was no **Dungeon Master's Guide** or **Deities and Demigods**. Although I am no longer employed by **Judges Guild**, I still answer questions concerning my designs for them. So, I will attempt to answer each question to your satisfaction.

You are the first person to bring up a map scale problem for the Village Map. I checked it with a ruler and

found that the wrong scale had been used. The gray grid shows 5 squares to the inch. It should be 4 squares to the inch. However, for current purposes, assume that 1 square equals 10 feet.

As mentioned before, the **Dungeon Master's Guide** and all its sundry rules did not exist when this book was written. **Dark Tower** is designed using a bastardization of original **Collectors Set D&D** and **AD&D**. The original damage was 2 six-sided dice of damage for a Law/Chaos Alignment difference and 1 six-sided dice of damage for an Alignment difference between Neutrality and Law or Chaos. As far as I can determine from the **Dungeon Master's Guide**, the Heart of Law has an Ego of 23. The Soul of Chaos has an Ego of 14, and the Mind of Ballance has an Ego of 17. The Alignment Shock Modifiers show what the Gem will do to characters of a particular alignment.

Social Level is taken from **Judges Guild's City State Campaign**. It is a relative measure of a character's social status in society. For more information, I would check the **City State of the Invincible Overlord** by **Judges Guild**. Otherwise, it may be ignored.

Quest 24 is an editorial oversight. It should be deleted.

There are many entrances to Level One. They are in the following places:

V-5 (Cellar) to 1-18. This is the cellar to Avvakris's house.

V-7 (Cellar) to 1-21. This is the cellar of Overlord's Inn.

V-2 To 1-1. This is a Secret Trap Door in the Temple.

V-10 To 1-46. This is through the Constabulary.

V-11 To 1-45. This is through the Tower.

The Flash Gem in Room 3-21 is inside the Globe. It is the spark that ignites the volatile liquid.

The Warrior who appears in the arena to fight the players' Champion has Hit Dice equal to the number possessed by the Champion. Each of those Hit Dice will have the maximum possible points for a Fighting Man, that is 10 points each.

Based on the rules for a Constrictor Snake, Manahath would do 3 - 36 points of damage every round once he had hit. If this seems too powerful, you have my permission (al-

though entirely unnecessary and unofficial) to change it.

Balaar may attack at least twice per round with Constriction and either Bite or Weapon attack or with Fireball/Lightning.

The Minions of Set are taken from page 2 of the original D&D book, *Gods, Demi-Gods and Heroes*. A slightly different version appears on page 54 of *Deities and Demi-gods*.

Rather than give a set value for each Son of Set, I suggest that you use the table on page 85 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* to determine the Experience Point values for these monsters. Assume that a Chosen Son has at least a value of 8500 Experience Points plus adjustments for his special and exceptional abilities.

A final question that you may not have asked. Where is Area 1-41 on the map? When you exit Room 1-39 to the east, turn south. That is where the Teleporting Mist is.

If you have further questions about *Dark Tower* or any other game adventure (regardless of publisher), please feel free to contact me.

Without wax,  
Paul Jaquays

Gentlemen,

I've heard many disparate ideas promulgated in the name of fantasy role playing, but your article on monotheism had me checking to see if, maybe, this was the April Fool's issue. Never have I read a treatise espousing internal logic that was so shot full of logical holes!

As does Mr. Ravitts, I must first state my own prejudices. I was born and raised a Catholic, and it was only through exposure to history and logic courses taught by Catholics that I became an agnostic.

I agree with Mr. Ravitts that a campaign should contain an internal logic, but I have great difficulty defining that logic. In a world where magic is in common usage, who can say that Popeye is less logical than Aragorn, son of Arathorn? They both seem durned unlikely to me.

We all seek, in some way or other, to lessen the awesome blow delivered to our egos by the theory that the universe is governed by the laws of chance. Good and evil are nothing more than high and low throws on the dice. If the world is treating us well, we are under the benevolent protection of a good and personal god. If, on the other hand, we are being royally screwed, it's the fault of the devil, or some force of evil, or even our own free will. That last is bunk, along with the idea of an absolute good and an absolute evil. The only standard that is universally recognized is that, "Good is that which, in some manner, enhances me."

This does not make the decision easy, by any means. In some cases, we are confronted with the choice between the immediate gratification of a desire and what we perceive to be a long-term good. Practicing with a Longbow may cause muscle ache, but it may someday save us from a close encounter with an Ogre!

Mr. Ravitts is right, again, in stating that magic is an attempt at religion. Of course it is! It is equally obvious to me that religion is an attempt to influence our destinies in areas where we have no power by being buddies with someone or something who does have power. Fantasy games merely infer that the something is a force of nature which

is not necessarily self-aware.

It is not necessary to posit, or even to speculate, on the ultimate source of the universe in a campaign. To paraphrase, any being sufficiently more powerful than ourselves as to be indistinguishable from a god, is a god. Those beings are the ones who, for reasons of their own, dabble in Human and Elvish affairs. Whom or whether they worship is more rightly a subject of speculation for the high priests, who seldom have time for a campaign in the first place.

After reading the monotheism article, I passed it around to some of the best DMs I know, and their one, united response was total amazement. The most telling comment I heard was about the inconceivable ego of a person deciding that they could adequately represent the thinking of the postulated one god, creator of the universe, and primal cause. We all deliberately use anthropomorphic, limited, multiple gods, mostly from known literature, just so we can have a fighting chance at displaying some internal logic in their decisions!

Michael Joseph Cuba

Mike,

First, let me state my position on Mr. Ravitts' article. As Editor of the *Imperial Pegasus*, it is my duty to present to the readers the views and opinions of other gamers. Mr. Ravitts is a gamer, and he sent to us his opinion of how religion can be used in FRP. Whether or not I agree with him on any or all points is immaterial. I feel it is my duty to present the views of others as well as my own views, restricted as they are to the columns which it is my responsibility to write (*Horsefeathers*, *Hanging Out in the City State*, and *The Town Crier*).

Secondly, I, too, was born and raised a Roman Catholic. I went to Saint Ann's Grammar School in Milford, Connecticut, and I have since decided that I do not believe in the sanctity of the Church but still believe in the teachings of Christ (as well as certain other avatars).

In my own campaign, I do not include Christianity, Hinduism, or any other prevalent, modern religion. However, I do imply in my campaign that there is one supreme God that watches over everything and, sometimes, gets involved in order to smooth things out (though very, very rarely). I do not feel that it is my place, as Judge, to impress my beliefs on the players. After all, it's only a game, and we play to have fun and to forget the troubles of real life if only for a few hours. I see no need to interject religious problems into my campaign, but I do not object if another Judge does as long as everyone has fun, and the game does not degenerate into arguments on religious viewpoints.

One last comment: Mr. Ravitts' article did evoke a response from you and your friends, as well as from others, so, in that way, I view it as a success. I printed it to see if anyone out there was going to respond, to see if we are reaching you or not. Evidently, we are!

Ed





Dear Editor,

Thank you very much for printing Joseph Ravitts' "Monotheism in Fantasy Games" in issue number 4. It contained a good argument for internal game logic and many seminal ideas on how to handle religious concepts in a D&D tm setting. I am sure that many other Christians have also been troubled over how to reconcile our faith with the polytheistic, pagan setting often associated with D&D tm. This concern is reflected in the letters of Randall Keiser in issue number 2, Thomas McCloud's reply in issue number 4, and in comments by Joseph Rast and Fred Weining in issue number 5.

Each Christian DM must come to terms with himself on how he handles his faith in the context of a game that is essentially a secular absorber of much time and energy. There seem to be 2 basic approaches to doing this, although there is a range of variety within each approach.

One approach is not to use the beings or objects of Christianity at all. Mr. Ravitts refers to this on the bottom of page 19, and Mr. Keiser seems to argue for it in his letter. In this way, you can avoid having to handle "demons" in any manner (which can make discerning Christians very uncomfortable), and you avoid the risk of profaning the truly sacred.

The second approach (per Mr. Ravitts and Mr. McCloud) is to take a situation laden with evilly aligned creatures and a secular outlook and try, however imperfectly, to counterbalance that by interjecting our faith and precepts into it. This can be difficult and always runs the risk of offending those who prefer the first approach.

Whichever approach one takes, we should all respect the rights of those who take the other approach and be sensitive to their concerns. We should address those concerns with understanding and compassion and not stoop to denunciation and invective.

Which brings me to the article of Robert Price on "The Crusade Against Fantasy Role Playing." I do not know either Mr. Price or Mr. North or the works cited, but I cannot let the article pass without comment as it touches upon some very important issues. Unfortunately, rather than address the legitimate concerns of people who wish to protect their families and communities from what they believe to be potentially dangerous practices, he holds them up to ridicule and denounces them through guilt by association.

While we may believe that such fears are unfounded, it is easy to see how they can arise; all you need to do is to listen to a bunch of players tell how they cast magic spells, conjured servants, battled demons, and, in general, wreaked mayhem to see how such things send shock waves throughout a Christian community. As Mr. Ravitts pointed out, any dabbling with magic is anathema to Christians, and such talk is like waving red flags before them. Those who believe that "all religious doctrines are built upon myths" or that "Man creates God in his image" may not understand people who believe in the true God and in the absolute truth of His word. But we believe, with Paul the Apostle that "we are not fighting against human beings but against the wicked, spiritual forces in the heavenly world, the rulers, authorities, and cosmic powers of this dark age" (Ephesians 6:12). So, all this semi-occult kind of talk is very provocative. To make matters worse, some post-D&D tm games go further and further into the magical-demonic realm, making D&D itself more vulnerable to the charges of Mr. North.

72 Pegasus

In a similar fashion, first century Romans thought Christians sacrificed babies, ate human flesh, and drank human blood. In both cases, we have misconceptions based on false or incomplete information and hearsay. This should be dealt with through rational dialogue, not scorn.

For several years, TSR has faced such situations by meeting with the concerned parties, explaining D&D tm to them, and letting them see the game in action. Often, but not always, this is enough to alleviate the concerns. In any event, the kind of emotional hyperbole employed by Mr. Price does not help the situation at all.

Sincerely,  
Warren W. Wright

Dear Warren,

Thank you for your letter. As I have already responded to comments on Mr. Ravitts' article in the prior letter, I will address myself to your comments concerning Mr. Price's article.

I can see how FRP can lead to "potentially dangerous practices," but I **cannot** believe that the incidence of this is even as great as 1% of all gamers. Stating that FRP leads to demon worship/conjuration or other such despicable acts is, in my opinion, the same as saying that, if a wargamer plays the Germans in a World War II campaign game, he will become a Nazi.

It is also my opinion that just about anything **can** lead to unacceptable practices, but, if we were to ban everything that **could** lead us astray, what would we be left with? Should we ban politics because it may corrupt politicians?

I should also point out the fact that acceptability and unacceptability hinge entirely upon certain standards that differ from continent to continent, country to country, region to region, and person to person. In short, what I think is acceptable may be unacceptable to others, and vice versa. But, as long as I don't force anyone to believe as I do and am not harming myself or others, nobody should be alarmed or attempt to stop me from believing as I do simply as a matter of principle.

You are correct in saying that we should respect the rights of others even if they don't believe as we do. But that does not include, in my opinion, respecting the right (?) of others to change, by any means, the way people who think differently from themselves think to the way they believe everyone should think.

The Earth is populated by individuals, not by clones.

Ed

WANTED: Dungeoneer No. 7 and  
Dragon Vol 1, 2 - 6. Originals or copies.  
D. L. Porter  
808 South Greenhorn Ave.  
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# THE OLD DWARF MINE

## A SOLITAIRE ADVENTURE FOR TUNNELS & TROLLStm

by ROY CRAM

### *Background*

A small group of adventurers has been asked by the inhabitants of an outlying village to help them get rid of a group of marauding Goblins. The villagers have managed to track the pesky monsters to an ancient, abandoned Dwarf Mine in the hills near their town. In addition to any treasure they recover, the party has been promised a bounty of ten Gold Pieces for each Goblin head they bring back from the expedition.

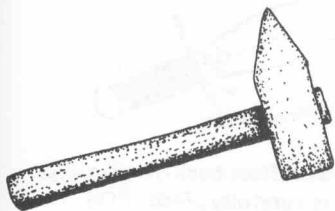
This module is designed for a group of six to eight characters of first or second level, but the total number of levels in the entire party should not exceed ten. The party should not, at this level of experience, possess a lot of magic weapons, armor or other devices; they ought to be able to survive the perils of this adventure without a lot of such equipment anyway.

A well-balanced party has the best chance to succeed here; of course, this is true of any adventure. If at all possible, the party should take along a Dwarf or Gnome.

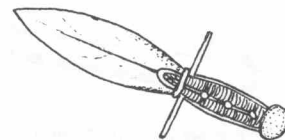
This adventure is somewhat loosely structured. It is expected that the person playing it is fully familiar with the rules and the play of the game. He must take both the role of his characters, and that of the Judge. The dice should be used to settle any question of random choice. The decisions of the person playing the module must be absolutely fair and neutral, or it invalidates the results, and makes a travesty of the spirit of the game. In spite of the lack of detailed instructions, I think that anyone who has played, and is familiar with the rules and play of **Tunnels & Trolls**, can use logic to set all the situations his characters will encounter in this module up fairly and squarely.

If you have never played a solitaire adventure before, they are simple to use. Each paragraph directs you to make certain decisions, and/or perform certain actions. Always, they refer you to other paragraphs. Under no circumstances should you ever read any paragraph that you are not specifically referred to by the one you are currently involved with.

The villagers have led your group into the hills near their town. It is early morning. Ahead of you, in the side of a towering cliff, you see the entrance to a Mine. Go to Paragraph 3-A and begin. Good Luck!



### *Adventure Begins Here*



**3A** You approach the entrance of the ancient mine. You see no sign of guards in or about the narrow opening. Cautiously, you approach with weapons ready, alert for any attempt to ambush your group. Roll a D6. If you roll a one, go to 5-A. If you roll any other number, go to 4-A.

**3B** If you want to take the left fork of the tunnel, go to 6-B. If you want to take the right branch, go to 7-B.

**3C** In the bottom of the pit, covered with a shroud of spider webs, is the skeleton of a Dwarf. If you want to climb down for a closer look, go to 10-C. Or, you can try the door in the far wall, go to 5-C. Or, if you wish, retreat to 8-A.

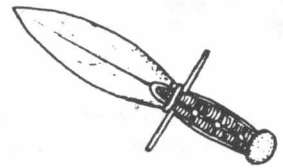
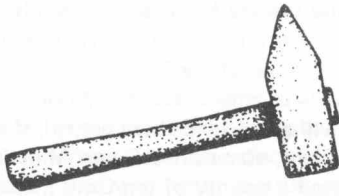
**3D** Before you can enter the room, you are suddenly set upon by the Goblin's Guardian, a Giant Weasel (MR: 36, gets 3 extra dice per roll for speed). Due to the monster's quickness, it is impossible to attack it from behind. If you manage to kill it, its pelt is worth 100 - 600 GP. While the Fighters skin their kill and watch the door, someone must examine the chest. Have one character roll the dice (Level 3 Saving Roll on IQ, Level 2 for Rogues) to Detect Traps; if they make the roll, go to 11-D. If they miss it, go to 12-D.

**4A** From the mine's entrance, a flight of steps lead down about 20 feet to a stone passageway about eight feet wide. The ceiling is only about six feet high; tall characters will have to stoop. The tunnel is damp, and smells musty. There does not appear to be any traps. Your party descends. Write down your marching order, and go to 6-A.

**4B** In the dim light of your torches, you see a door ahead. Closer inspection reveals that someone has taken great pains to seal it up, using a large wooden cross to bar it. It appears to be untrapped. You can let whatever is imprisoned in the room lie in peace, and go back to 8-A, or you can unseal the door, and look inside, go to 8-B.

**4C** Your approach has stirred up the pit's occupants, and they suddenly scurry out to protest the invasion of their privacy. The party must defend themselves from the attack of four Large Spiders (MR: 10 each, Poison Bite does double damage). If you survive, go to 3-C.

**4D** Check for secret doors (it takes a Level 2 Saving Roll on IQ to find the secret door). If the dice indicate that you have found one, go to 13-D. If not, all you found was the Hobgoblin's filthy gear, and a lot of stinking garbage. You may go to 7-B, and explore the other branch of the tunnel, or return to 8-A.

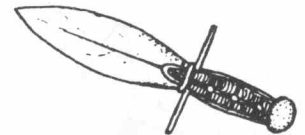


**5A** Suddenly, a salvo of four Javelins (2 dice) is hurled from the dark entrance. Half are aimed at the point person; choose random targets, by die roll, for the two remaining. Five Goblins (MR: 16) rush out and attack you. If you survive, you will find one to six Copper Pieces on each of the scaly little varmints. Go to 4-A.

**5B** Decide how you will open the doors (which appear to be barred from the inside). Roll the dice (it takes a Level 3 Saving Roll on Strength to force the door) to see if your effort has been successful. If it has failed, you can retreat rapidly, go to 9-B. If you have broken the portals open, go to 10-B. If you failed to open the doors on your first effort and want to try again, go to 11-B.

**5C** Cautiously, you open the door only to see a heavy cloth hung across the entrance. Choose a brave soul to tear down the cloth, and go to 11-C. Or retreat back to 8-A.

**5D** Seeing you charge, he fires off an 18 point Take That You Fiend spell at the closest target; then, retreating along the wall, uses the same spell on his closest pursuer. Then, seeing that you have him surrounded, he throws up his hands, and cries, "Stop! I surrender!" If you accept his surrender, go to 7-D. If you want to bash him anyway, go to 8-D.



**6A** The passageway proceeds on about 100 feet. The stone walls are wet and slimy; tiny red eyes reflect back your torch lights from small crannies in the rock. Then, ahead, you see an intersection. You approach it carefully. Roll a D6. If you roll a one, go to 7-A. If you roll any other number, go to 8-A.

**6B** The tunnel here is 10 - 12 feet wide, and the ceiling is 8 - 10 feet high. The passageway ends abruptly in a door after about 100 feet. The door appears untrapped, and naught is heard upon listening. You may retreat, and explore the other branch of the tunnel, go to 7-B; or retreat clear back to 8-A; or you can open the door and take a look inside, go to 12-B.

**6C** You look in on a room filled with all kinds of odd equipment. Several bookshelves line the walls, and a table, covered with alchemical apparatus, stands in the middle of the floor. In the corner stands a big, stuffed Black Bear. The far wall of the chamber is covered with tapestries. If you want to retreat quietly, return to 3-B, or 8-A. If you want to enter the room, go to 12-C.

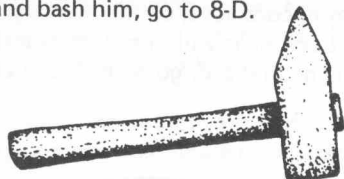
**6D** Alas, he is a poor conversationalist, and really resents the fact that you snuck in without knocking. Go to 7-C, and ignore the first sentence.

**7A** The intersection goes right, left, and straight ahead. Just as you reach it, six Goblins (MR: 16) charge, yelling, around the corner, and attack you. Roll for surprise. If the party is surprised, they cannot use missiles or magic in the first melee round. Only two party members can fight side by side in the narrow tunnel; three Goblins can crowd in to attack the pair. Each Goblin has 1 - 6 Copper Pieces. If you survive, and wish to go on, go to 8-A.

**7B** The tunnel ends after about 90 feet in a door. Make a Level 3 Saving Roll on IQ (Level 2 for Rogues) for Traps. If he makes his roll, go to 13-B. If he misses it, choose someone to check the door, and go to 14-B.

**7C** You break open the door, and find yourselves face-to-face with a very thin, tall man in a Wizard's Robe. His eyes flashing, he cries out a command in a strange language; the stuffed Bear in the corner, suddenly animated, attacks you! MR: 50, the Bear does not lose dice or adds until killed outright. If you survive the Bear, go to 13-C.

**7D** "If you will go away, and swear not to return, I will give the chest of treasure standing by yonder wall," says the trembling Mage. If you want to accept his terms and leave him in peace, go to 14-D. If you don't trust him and want to go ahead and bash him, go to 8-D.

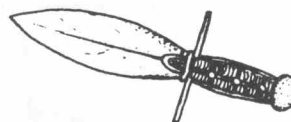
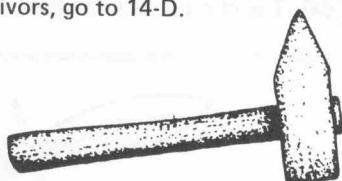


**8A** The intersection goes right, left, and continues straight. If you want to go right, go to 9-A. If you want to go left, go to 10-A. If you want to go on straight, go to 11-A. If you merely want to go home, no problem. Close the book, your adventure is over.

**8B** In the center of the room is a large stone coffin on a raised dias. There are six bricked-up alcoves at regular intervals along the walls. The air in the room is icy cold, and there is a strong charnel odor in the air. Another large cross lies on top of the coffin lid. You can still take it on the lam; reseal the door, and retreat to 8-A. Or you can go on in and try to open the coffin, go to 15-B.

**8C** Cautiously, once again you approach the stone sarcophagus. Ready for anything, you throw off the lid--! In the coffin is a skeleton with a silver stake thrust through the ribs, just over the location of the heart. On the bony finger of the left hand is a ring set with a ruby carved in the shape of a devil's head. There appears to be a box of some kind underneath the bones. If you want to remove the silver stake, go to 14-C. If you want to take the ruby ring, go to 15-C. If you would like a closer look at the mysterious box, go to 16-C. If you want no part of any of this stuff, go back to 8-A.

**8D** As you smite him, he cries out in a loud voice and says, "Let it be on your head then!" He seizes a Staff standing against the wall, and breaks it in half. There is a blinding flash, and a deafening explosion. Anyone standing next to the Wizard is blown to bits, as, incidentally, is the old Magus. Everyone else in the room takes two D6 of damage. If there are any survivors, go to 14-D.



**9A** This tunnel proceeds about 50 feet. It seems darker and colder than normal. The sensitive members of the party sense the growing presence of something very evil and very malicious ahead. Roll a die. If your group has a Dwarf or Gnome up front on point duty, and you rolled a 1 - 3, go to 12-A. If you rolled a 4 - 6, or there is not a Dwarf or Gnome leading your group, go to 13-A.

**9B** Just as you reach the turn leading back to 8-A, a heavy iron portcullis falls closing the tunnel in front of you! The door behind you flies open, and ten Goblins (MR: 16) charge your group. The hall here is wide enough for a general melee. Each party member will have to fight at least one, assign extra Goblins to party members at random. Since you were fleeing, you don't get to use missile weapons, or spells in the first melee round. If you survive, go to 16-B.

**9C** This door has been used, and recently; there are fresh scratch marks on the dirt in front of it. You push it open, and a pungent, animal smell comes out. In the far corner of the room is a chest bound with chains. If you would like a closer look at the chest, go to 3-D. If not, retreat back to 8-A. Don't forget to close the door!

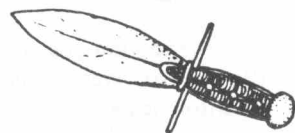
**9D** The ring is worth 300 GP. The character is advised to sell it quickly and be rid of it. It is not a good or healthy thing to have around. Go to 8-C and choose another of the alternatives.

**10A** The dank, dripping tunnel proceeds about 80 feet, and then turns left. You proceed about 40 more feet when the point person stops you. There is a door ahead! Send someone to check the door for Traps. Roll a Level 3 Saving Roll on IQ (Level 2 for Rogues). If the checker makes their roll, go to 14-A. If they miss it, go to 15-A.

**10B** Ten totally surprised, startled Goblins stare at you. They are MR: 16. You get one round of missile and spell fire before they can react; survivors will attack immediately. If you kill them all, you will find 2 - 12 Copper Pieces on each body; the leader has a Dagger with a 50 GP Gem in the hilt. Go to 16-B.

**10C** In the rotting remnants of the Dwarf's Leather Purse, you find 56 GP and 7 Gems worth 3 - 18 GP each. There is also a Battle Axe underneath the body. The Battle Axe is magical. It gets eight dice in Combat, and can be used with one hand, allowing the wielder to carry a shield or other weapon in his free hand. Nothing else of value here; climb out and go to 3-C; ignore the first two sentences.

**10D** The ring's taker is unable to resist the urge to put on the ring. When he does, he is siezed with another irresistible compulsion; to remove the silver stake! His comrades will have to render him unconscious, or kill him to prevent this act. If anyone else touches the ring, they also must make a Saving Roll on Luck or it will affect them also, in the same sinister manner. If the silver stake is removed, go to 14-C. If the threat is neutralized, go to 8-C, and choose another alternative.

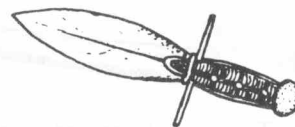


**11A** The passageway proceeds another 60 feet, then branches diagonally right and left. Roll a D6. If you rolled a one, go to 16-A. If you rolled any other number, go to 3-B.

**11B** As the character(s) make their attempt to open the door, it suddenly flies open, sending them sprawling on the floor inside the room. Instantly, they and the rest of the party are attacked by ten Goblins (MR: 16 each). The door openers get no counter-attack in the first melee round; the rest of the party cannot use spells or missile weapons in the first melee round due to surprise. Go to 16-B if you survive.

**11C** Bad move, brave one! The cloth remover is target for two Heavy Cross Bows wielded by two large Hobgoblins inside the 30 x 40 feet room. As soon as they have let fly their Bolts (5 dice), they will charge and attack the party with their Axes (4 dice). Their statistics are: MR: 26 each, wear Armor taking 5 hits per turn. If you survive this attack, go to 4-D.

**11D** The Contact Poison on the chest's padlock was easily detected and washed off. The chest contained 3487 CP, 1248 SP, and 34 Gems worth 3 - 18 GP each. Return to 8-A.



**12A** Lucky for you all, the wily point person has been on the ball. He halts you abruptly; then proceeds to point out a carefully concealed Pit Trap in the floor ahead. After he has rendered this diabolical device inoperable, you can go ahead safely. Go to 4-B.

**12B** The room is about 40 feet square with a 10 feet ceiling. There is a door in the middle of the far wall, and a foul-smelling, 5 feet diameter pit near the left wall. If you want to inspect the pit, go to 4-C. If you want to look at the door, go to 5-C.

**12C** Just as all of you have entered, a tall, thin Wizard enters from the other side of the room through an opening in the tapestries. He looks quite surprised to see you. If you want to attack him, go to 5-D. If you want to try and talk to him first, go to 6-D.

**12D** The unfortunate fellow fooling with the chest has just found the trap on it--the hard way. His hands are covered with a sticky substance that is making him feel very ill. He must roll a Level 1 Saving Roll on Constitution or take 2 - 12 points damage from the potent toxin; if he saves, he will take only 1 - 6 points. Go to 11-D.



**13A** As you proceed down the tunnel, the point man suddenly disappears, with a loud yell, into a Pit Trap. The next person in line must roll a Level 1 Saving Roll on Dexterity or fall in also. Each character falling in will suffer 1 - 6 points of damage. You quickly pull the victim(s) out, and render whatever aid is in your power to help them. Meanwhile, other members of the party render the trap harmless. You can retreat, go to 8-A, or you can go on, go to 4-B.

**13B** The person examining the door has fortunately noticed the poisoned needle in the door handle, and the party will be able to avoid it. The door is locked. If the person examining the door wants to try and pick it, fine. It takes a Level 4 Saving Roll on Dexterity to pick the lock (Level 3 for a Rogue). If he fails, the party will have to break the door down. It requires a Level 4 Saving Roll on Strength to break down the door. If the person examining the door picked the lock, and you want to open the door, go to 6-C. If you have to break down the door, go to 7-C. Or you can go back to 3-B, and try another branch, or retreat clear back to 8-A, if you want.

**13C** The Wizard shoots an 18 point Take That You Fiend at the character closest to him. Then, as he sees he won't have time for any more complicated spells, he uses the same spell on the next closest target. Now you have him cornered, and he throws up his arms, crying, "Stop! I surrender!" If you want to accept his surrender, go to 7-D. If you want to bash him anyway, go to 8-D.

**13D** Inside a small secret compartment is a box. In the box is a Ring of One Wish. You may not use the wish in this dungeon except to restore a comrade to life. Go to 3-B or 8-A.



**14A** There is no traps on this door. Go to 15-A.

**14B** The door checker suddenly cries out in pain. As he inspected the handle of the door, a powerful spring drove a needle into his hand for one point of damage. The victim must now roll a Level 2 Saving Roll on Luck. If he makes it, fine. If he misses it, the poison will do him 1D6 of additional damage. Go to 13-B and ignore the first sentence.

**14C** You pull out the stake. Suddenly, an icy wind blows through the tomb; the door slams shut. "At last!" cries an awful voice from the thing in the coffin, and you see a dreadful figure, with skin as white as ivory, rise up before you. Its red eyes are like coals of fire, long needle-like fangs protrude from its scarlet lips, its breath is like the vapor from an opened grave. In a very short time, you will all be half-strength Vampires controlled by the evil monster that you have foolishly released. That's all she wrote, guys. Close the book.

**14D** The Wizard's treasure chest contains a Jar of No-See-Me Grease, which acts as a Hidey-Hole spell when rubbed on the character and his equipment, and 3 Potions of Healing that will repair up to six points of Constitution damage each. Return to 8-A.

**15A** The door is not trapped. Listening at the door reveals the sound of guttural voices inside. The room is obviously occupied! You can quietly retreat back to 8-A, or prepare to break down the door and attack who or whatever is on the other side, go to 5-B.

**15B** You approach the coffin, Holy Symbols in hand, ready with Holy Water (if you have any) and a sharp wooden stake. But, as you lay hands on the lid, the brick facades of the six alcoves crumble with a roar, releasing six skeletons to attack you! MR: 24 each, Skeletons are not affected by cold, poison, or mind magic; cutting and piercing weapons do only half damage. If you survive this onslaught, go to 8-C.

**15C** As you pull the ring off the skeletal hand, the wickedly-fanged jaws of the horrid skull gnash together in frustration. The character who removed the ring must now make a Level 3 Saving Roll on Luck. If he makes it, go to 9-D. If he misses it, go to 10-D.

**16A** Your group is suddenly attacked by five Goblins (MR: 16, each Goblin carries 2 - 12 CP). If you survive, you may retreat to 8-A, or go on, go to 3-B.

**16B** Each Goblin has 2 - 12 CP on his body. In addition, the leader has a Dagger with a 50 GP Gem in the hilt. A search of the 50 feet square chamber finds a lot of nasty smelling rubbish and a door hidden behind a pile of garbage in the far wall. You can go back to 8-A, or, you can break down the door in the far wall to see what is behind it, go to 9-C.

**16C** With an effort, you are able to get the box out of the coffin without disturbing the bones. To your delight, the box contains 275 GP, 14 Gems worth 20 - 120 GP each, and three Healing Potions (Heals 6 points each). You carefully reseal the coffin and the door to the tomb, and return to 8-A.



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QUEST FOR FIRE: A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX RELEASE



mine." The director was drawn to the project by the novel by J. H. Rosny on which the film is based. "The book has an essential respect for those early, insignificant creatures," recalls Annaud, "and, of course, its central theme was immensely exciting - man's discovery of the means of making and controlling fire, which anthropologists now agree was a giant step forward in mankind's evolution."

The film is more than exciting, however. There is a strong feeling of *de javu*; a sense of racial memory permeates the production, strongly enhanced by the scientific accuracy of the film. One of the main pieces of craft which helps to lend such believability is the language of the Ulam tribe. Created by Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris, the verbal and non-verbal communication presented in the film is stunning in its seeming authenticity.

Beyond the language, however, beyond the realistic creatures and landscapes, the gut-level battles and confrontations, beyond the carefully-sculpted look of the make-up, the costumes, and the sense of the dawn of time which permeates the movie, there is a further aspect of the film which draws the audience in without their being aware of it.

By studiously avoiding the standard clichés of the *genre*, Annaud has hidden within his film the very message so many other moviemakers have failed to deliver although they tried hard. Too often in the past, we have been asked to identify with antic cave-types who fought with a sense of duty, protected the weak, braved untold dangers for little reward, and, on the whole, acted like knights in shining bear skins most of the time. As it should have been expected, most people have trouble identifying with someone who acts better than they do.

In *Quest For Fire*, however, the heroes are a believable bunch. They steal what they need. They run in wild-eyed terror from what they know they cannot beat. They go to the bathroom, play silly tricks on each other, and worry about where their next meal is coming from, just like "regular" people. By delving deeply into what makes people act the way they do, by sticking honestly to the true facets of human nature which dwell within us, Annaud has made a truly universal film, one which speaks to every man and woman on the face of the planet. His characters are much easier to iden-

tify with than the pompous, self-absorbed families in such "real-life" pictures as *Shoot the Moon*, *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, or *Ordinary People*. I've never known anyone like the people in those films. On the other hand, everyone knows the characters from *Quest For Fire*. They are the forefathers of mankind, and, if we look around at the world and the way its inhabitants treat each other today, we can see that we are not all that removed from them.

There is true excitement as the Ulam try their hand at making fire. Everyone in the audience wants them to succeed. The reason goes beyond cinema involvement, though. By the end of the picture, there is a primal need on the part of the audience to see the Ulam triumph. It is not like waiting for Han Solo to rescue Luke from Darth Vader or like counting off the minutes until Jamie Lee Curtis can escape her newest would-be murderer. There is a tension in the theater borne of desperation; if the Ulam fail to master fire, it would be more than a let-down to the viewer; it would be a death sentence.

Sighs of honest relief sound from every corner at the first wisps of smoke produced.

The Ulam's victory is the audience's justification. After having viewed everything that is wrong with mankind on the screen, there has to be at least some small amount of hope given as a balance. Maybe it takes giving the Ulam mastery of the world to balance all of their faults. After having been a witness to the atrocities of man daily on the news, the end of the picture, with the young "cave couple" gazing upward at the stars in wonder, is as powerful a release from despair as any other ever filmed.

*Quest For Fire* is, possibly, the best science-fact film ever made. Although it may draw considerable flack from blind and fearful organizations such as the Moral Majority or the Catholic Church, it should be able to weather any attack. Simplistic and yet brilliant, it is the most optimistic film released so far in the '80s. Considering the way things are, it wasn't a bad decade during which to release it.

#### QUEST FOR FIRE:



A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX RELEASE



*Here, we present the language used in the movie, Quest For Fire as well as a history of its invention by Desmond Morris and Anthony Burgess. It is included because it can lend an air of "realism" to FRP or SFRP games when "cavemen" are encountered. Also provided is a short description of each of the four tribes that appear in the movie which can, again, be of use in your FRP or SFRP gaming sessions.*

-Ed.

### Words and Gestures

To build the story of **Quest For Fire** on a firm, scientific foundation, a credible communications system had to be devised for characters who lived tens-of-thousands of years before the invention of the first alphabet.

To create this system, the filmmakers sought the assistance of two of the world's outstanding scholars in the field of linguistics and human behavior. Zoologist-behavioral theorist Desmond Morris (author of **The Naked Ape**, **The Human Zoo**, and **Intimate Behavior**) and novelist-linguist Anthony Burgess (**A Clockwork Orange**, **Nothing Like the Sun**, and **Honey for the Bears**) collaborated in the creation of a primitive language which combined word and gesture.

Morris, drawing on his knowledge of primate communication and his observations of the rich gestural language of modern man, devised a system of physical cues by which early man may have transmitted a variety of complex messages. Burgess, through his familiarity with ancient Indo-European word groupings, invented a spoken language that is both credible and comprehensible.

"Communicating with sound is nothing more than a specialized kind of body sign," states Burgess, explaining the most widely accepted theory on the origin of human speech. "Man, at his most primitive, communicated with signs. But the signs made with the organs of the mouth have the good fortune to be accompanied by a sound mechanism, the vocal chords.



QUEST FOR FIRE: A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX RELEASE

"We can't talk without moving our bodies, and I think this shows very clearly that our speech is tied up with bodily movements, bodily gestures, which were the basis of all communication. Speech is a very specialized kind of communication we developed very, very early - and probably quite by accident."

In developing a vocabulary and linguistic structure for early man, Burgess began with the theory of a common origin of modern European languages, tracing their roots to a language known as "Indo-European." There are various words in different languages which show that there was a common origin between them, but they can only be traced back as far as 50,000 years. The mother of English was called "Primitive Germanic." This mother had many offspring: English, German, the Scandinavian tongues, Dutch, et cetera. Latin is the mother of the so-called "Romance Languages" which include French, Portuguese, Romanian, and Spanish. These two mothers were, themselves, off-springs of a language which no longer exists, called "Indo-European." It is no longer with us because the people which spoke it could not write it, leaving scholars to guess at what it was like by comparing words in the various descendants. But Burgess' job involved more than simply inventing words by adapting primitive derivations. He had to invent a grammar since people can't speak a language with just what is found in the dictionary. Words must behave in the context-situation, and that means a grammar must be developed.

Morris, who devised a system of non-verbal cues which man has, throughout the ages, used with the spoken word, explains: "These early people would have had the same range of emotions and a comparatively simple language with, perhaps, only a few hundred words. They would have also had, almost certainly, a fairly rich gestural life in which, by hand movements and other gestures, they would be able to indicate to one another their changing moods and emotions, the presence or absence of certain kinds of animals, fruits, berries, and so on."

His task was to invent a body language and a gestural language that worked in complement with Burgess' invented verbal and vocal communication system. They were created without knowing those very early patterns of communication.

The primitive people in the film could not be too different from modern man, or the audience wouldn't understand them. But they could not be too similar without running the risk of appearing too modern. So, instead of having a nodding movement for "yes," they dipped their heads when saying, "yes" in a little bow. It is close to a nod, but it isn't one. For "no," they moved their heads to one side instead of shaking it from side to side as we do today.

A repertoire of more complex gestures running the gamut of human emotions was created by movements carrying messages of greater complexity with Morris drawing upon his studies of primate communication.

Using body language was difficult for the actors because it was easy for them to go overboard and become too involved with the gestures. They had to learn movements and then almost throw them away so that they were not over-emphasized. One of the problems of devising a gesture language for people who are not used to the gestures was getting them to feel more familiar with them.

## Quest For Fire's Language

The following chart lists type substitutes for phonetic symbols with descriptions of the sound each symbol represents and examples of the sound in familiar usage. The second chart contains the English equivalent of some common Ulam words (in their phonetic forms) and the appropriate body movements accompanying the sound.

Phonetic Symbol	Sound	Example
B	'b'/'v' sound rolled together	
a	short 'a'	man
ā	long 'a'	arc
E	'e' sound	egg
S	'ch' sound	chair
-nj	n-yer sound rolled together	tenure
(a)	sharp 'a' sound	actor
oo	'or' sound	board
?	'kh' sound	kick
--	'oi' sound	coil
-n	'n' sound	worn
n	'n'	
F	'f'	find
th	as it is written	the
(z)	'd'/'z' sound rolled together	
x	guttural 'ker'	Bach
g	Arabic gargling consonant	garlic
j	'y'	yes
e	short 'e'	cafe'
:	preceeding vowel lengthened	

English	Ulam (Phonetic)	Body Language
aggression	t'ka - t'ka - t'ka (very quickly)	Group sways from side to side. Least aggressive action, minimal body sway.
	d'ga - d'ga - d'ga	Adding vocal chord expression and resonance plus increasing body movement.
	arr	Most violent form of expression within this grouping.
	ang	Mouth open, teeth bared.
	arm	Resonant sound should be stressed from chest. Dominant gesture - lips forward. Fear gesture - lips pulled back.
reply to alarm	wa wa (wa wa)	Again head lifted on 'wa'
anger	smer (modified from smerdolor)	Violent scratching movement down opposite upper arm. Scrabbling scratch indicates frustration. A violent, short burst of irritable scratching.
	Also extends to long 'ssss' resembling spitting sound ('smerdolor).	This action should suddenly erupt and then stop as quickly. Activity not continuous, interspersed with apparent relaxation.
		Head scratching. Scratching hand violently thrown away from head to whom gesture is

directed.

Foot stamping. One foot stamping. Alternate leg stamping, lifting legs quickly up and down.

Violent smashing objects to ground and knuckle-biting. Self-aggression.

animal	tir (Ti:::r)	
bad	garsna (g'a:rsn(a))	Based on Spanish lice gesture, a belittling gesture. Both hands used. Hands are half-clenched, two thumbnails are pressed together, one on top of the other. Then thumbnails rotated.
bear	tirorSa (tir-'oo:rsa)	Standing position, arms raised, hands bent forward with flat fingers pointing down, akin to bear posture.
big	meg (me:g)	Arms raised above head, arms loose, hand and fingers pointing to each other. Straightening elbows a few times to emphasize height.
broken	vragda (vragda)	Grab left hand with right and pull down, making right angle with wrist.
cold	frika (fri.ka)	Hold body with arms to indicate shivering. Wagabous blow on hands and move from one foot to another.
to come	margiom (margiom)	Swing whole arm forward or across body to indicate direction.
to come back	ri-margiom (ri:margiom)	Swing forearm into body from elbow.
death	vragda (vrag'dat)	Cover eyes with half open hand.
to drink	essachaiaaga (Esta'tSai-aga)	Hand held near chest, in semi-cupped position, then lifted and half rotated towards open mouth.
enemy (non-friend)	nyimi (nji'mi) nyimizi (nji'mi:zi)	Hit face with fist.
fire	atra ('atra)	
fight	slackh ('slax)	Hold left forearm vertical and punch it with right fist.



food	estachai (esta'tSai)	
friend	yeemi (ji:mi)	Stroke face with back of hand.
fruit	buailt (buailt)	Grasping gesture, like plucking berries from tree, between forefinger and thumb, then twisting motion downwards.
good	otim ('otim)	Feel good: Tongue protruding, teeth just showing, tongue then moves from side to side of mouth. Look good (attraction to another human): Jaws moved up and down as in eating mime but not chewing.
give	dow ( 'd-o :e) (o sound through nose)	Gentle action, arm extended in front of chest, scooped back to body, and then slapped against back of other hand which is held in front of chest, palm inwards. Hug elbows in for emphasis.
greeting	khonia ( 'xonja)	Passionate but platonic greeting: Between two people. Back of hands touched together and rubbed. Big Greeting: Face to face rubbing, bodies slightly apart so faces touch and nothing else, avoid nose rubbing.
hunger (food want)	essachaivow (esa'tSaivau)	Clenched fist on stomach.
hunt	tirpreng ( 'tirpre-nj)	Tap head with weapon. Bang up and down on ground with spears.
joy	(eBai)	Cheek rubbing (see greeting). Let head rub over an imaginary face.
lion	tirgarsna (tir'garsna)	As for tiger but all fingers pointing down.
mam- moth	tirmeg (tirme::g)	Standing upright and swaying back and forth, arms resembling tusks.
man	vir (vir)	Two fingers point downwards on back of hand.
pain	smerdolor ( 'smerdolor)	
reindeer	tirdondr (tirdondr)	Thumbs interlocked, fingers splayed.

strong	kras (kras)	Pulling self more erect and hitting high shoulder with fist.
thirst	agavau (agavau)	
tiger	tirstria ( 'tirstria)	Two fingers point down, other hand grabs wrist. Then push hand down.
victory	vaiii (Bai)	Before battle: raise weapon above head. After battle: raise piece of enemy property above head.
war	slackht (slaxt)	Cross forearms vertical to ground and bang together.
warm	riarch (ri'a.rtS)	Wiping hands downwards over body (outside skins) and sinking slightly at the knees.
water	aga (aga)	
weapon	slakhataka ( 'slaxtaka)	Pump closed fist up and down above head.
wolf	wuftur ( 'lwu.ftur)	Hand sideways - little finger towards ground. Fingers are closed and slightly bent, thumb vertical.
woman	virku (virku)	Hands are slightly cupped; thumbs touching, fingertips of one hand overlap fingertips of other. Fingers low, thumbs high.
yes	siyeda (siyeda)	Bow head, not nodding

## The Tribes

### The Ulam

Primitive Homo Sapiens, the Ulam are a loosely knit group banded together for survival. They wear animal skins and use sharpened wooden poles as spears. The Ulam know how to utilize and maintain fire, but they are unable to create it. If they lose their fire, they must either steal it from others or find a bush or tree set afire by lightning. The Ulam eat almost anything, from insects and plants to animals, but they show a distaste for human flesh. Whenever possible, the Ulam find shelter in caves.

### The Kzamm

A cannibalistic tribe, the Kzamm fashion their club-like weapons from bones. They are hunters who wear animal skins for protection. Although they have the ability to use fire for cooking and other purposes, the Kzamm are not able to create it or use it to greater advantage.

### The Wagabou

Plundering Neanderthals, the Wagabou, like most other tribes, use fire but are unable to create it. They are protected from the elements by their natural covering of thick hair. More primitive than all the other tribes in the film, the Wagabou use very rudimentary weapons and practically no tools. They are semi-cannibalistic and prey on other, weaker tribes.

### The Ivaka

The Ivaka wear little clothing, preferring to paint their entire bodies. The warriors wear face-concealing head-gear and utilize a throwing stick which gives them greater accurate striking range than simple, hand-held spears. The Ivaka village consists of crudely-made huts of mud and straw. They fashion containers from animal skins for food storage and sometimes carry pouches with them. They have learned to create fire when needed through heat caused by friction and use it for comfort and convenience.



CONAN THE BARBARIAN: A UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS INC. RELEASE

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

Director . . . . . John Milius  
Producer . . . . . Dino De Laurentiis  
Screenplay . . . . . John Milius  
Photography . . . . . Gil Taylor  
Music . . . . . Basil Poledouris

Conan . . . . . Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Valeria . . . . . Sandahl Bergman  
Thulsa Doom . . . . . James Earl Jones  
King Osric . . . . . Max Von Sydow

Whenever a book or a continuing character becomes popular, the people who made the book or character popular in the first place usually start discussing what they hope to be the "inevitable" movie to come. They will outline the perfect script in their heads, cast it with their favorite stars, pick people to do the music, list the perfect locations for shooting around the world (or the universe, if need be) and generally have a grand time fantasizing about it until the inevitable movie is made or something else captures their attention. Such a movie is **Conan the Barbarian**. People have argued over how it should be handled for over twenty years, fighting grim battles which, for the most part, ended with the thought that "it doesn't matter who is right, 'cause they won't ever make it anyway."

As we know, however, the film literally **millions** of people have been waiting for has been made. Across the country, Conan fans have had the chance recently to test out their own vision of their favorite character against that of Hollywood, and, unfortunately, no matter how absurd, moronic or childish their images might be, they are guaranteed to be better than John Milius'. Please make no mistake about it, **Conan The Barbarian** is, beyond the slightest hint of a doubt, the worst, and most damaging fantasy film that has ever been made. Not only destructive and insulting to the precepts established by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, it is a murky, plodding, lifeless movie, overflowing with glaring editing mistakes, excessively poor transitions, and plot twists as enjoyable as finding half an insect in your salad.



To review **Conan** fairly, the criticisms of it have to be separated into two sections: how it was translated to the screen from the original books, and how well it will stand before those viewers who have never read one of the books, or even heard of the series before.

As to how faithful Milius has been to Howard's original stories, the answer is: not at all. Outside of some of the less specific physical characteristics, the people and the places do not resemble those in the stories in the least. Howard's Conan is an elemental, free spirit. He is unchained because it is impossible to enslave the whirlwind. He is a giant among men; he is highly skilled in weaponplay, pantherishly quick, steel willed and nerved; he is a born tactician, warrior, and leader of warriors. He is a fire-lit tower in a world of mud huts. Taking what he wants, following his own moral conscience, he is an unbeatable, fearsome reaver, bowing to no lord, slave to no woman, country, or anything else which preys on individuals in a society.

In comparison, Milius' Conan is a slightly dull-witted, cautious,

slow-to-understand strongman. Although the narrator tells us Conan is a master of weapons, we do not receive much evidence to the fact. Schwarzenegger moves well when dancing about in the film's many moments of "Conan-practicing-with-his-sword," but his movements in the combat scenes are less than exciting. Conan of the movies is a slave, chained for most of his life, with practically no interaction with the rest of the world. Howard's Conan moved about through dozens of societies, learning about the various lands of his world and the people that filled them; Milius' warrior has practically no understanding of anything he encounters. He knows nothing of women, power, the glory and horror of battle, food or drink outside of the most basic, or precious little else. He is a monstrosously muscled child, lumbering his way through impossibly easy adventures, seemingly barely aware of the fact that there is more to life than taking drugs and getting falling down drunk (two things Howard's Conan would never have done).

Milius' Cimmerians are farmers easily slain by the dozens. Howard's

were a mighty warrior race who pushed back armored civilization with almost casual ease whenever it encroached too far into what they considered their domain.

Milius has made Conan's first love Valeria; her name was Belit. In the books, it was Belit who came back from the dead to save Conan's life; in the film it is Valeria.

Film Conan fights Thulsa Doom. Howard's Conan was born thousands of years after Doom's bones had long mouldered and vanished. That Doom was a fantastically powerful wizard, capable of myriad dark and destructive feats of black magic. The movie Doom can turn himself into a snake, and turn snakes into arrows, but that's about all. The literary villain deposed monarchs and ruled hundreds through fear; the celluloid one tames them with a Revrend Moon philosophy, complete with the flowers, white robes and bells.

There is more, but the point is amply made. For some reason, Milius (who, along with production designer Ron Cobb has been quoted as saying that Howard's fans would be the ruin of the film if their ideas



on what should be done ever got to the screen) chose to ignore in every way the basic precepts of the character he was supposed to be translating to the screen.

This would not be the first time that a DeLarentiis film followed such a route. In his attempts to "improve" King Kong and Flash Gordon, the same kinds of liberties were taken, but here, somehow, they seem more brutal, as if the object of the film was not to make money, but, instead, for some reason, to destroy the subject matter. With a lesser subject, he might have succeeded.

All of these things might have been excused, however, if the film itself was a good one. Most of the Tarzan films that have been made have struck extremely wide of the mark as far as accuracy goes but have usually been at least fairly exciting. Not so, **Conan**.

During fight scenes, scars and bruises appear, disappear, and then reappear with every camera angle change. Modern stitching and metal work peeks out of the costuming. One scene, taking place in the desert, has a disturbing amount of shots of the ocean in it. Since Conan rode through the mountains to find the desert, we aren't sure where the ocean is supposed to be. The same treeless desert yields up a veritable mountain of wood when Conan and his friends need it for weapons, traps, funeral pyres, et cetera. Where does it come from? Who knows? How does Conan set fire to Thulsa Doom's carved stone palace with a small pot of burning oil? Who knows? Why does Doom's second henchman fight with a large wooden mallet? How does this mallet knock down the central support pillar of a gigantic chamber (especially without vibrating its wielder's arm out of its socket)? Why doesn't the roof cave

in when the pillar falls? Why doesn't the meat in the soup fall from the bones---human hands can't be boiled in broth and not fall apart. Who knows?

The mistakes go on and on. The audience is left with more questions than it can remember; why doesn't the were-woman die in the fire? Why doesn't she kill Conan? Why doesn't the monster snake Conan kills make any noise? Why is everyone in the film a better warrior than the hero? The answers to all the questions are withheld.

The mistakes continue throughout, raising question after question, none of them to be answered. The main problem, though, is that, if other things in the film were better, all of the aforementioned might not be so bad. Coupling these things with the film's other flaws, however, is what finally brings Conan to its knees.

Basil Poledouris' music is flat and uninspired. It is more a harvest of notes and strains from viking and dinosaur movies gone by than a cohesive score created for a new film. It is hard to fault him severely, though. Most movie music is written to revolve around the central theme of the film. If the picture has no central theme, it is hard for its score to have one.

Much of the acting is flat and static to the point of disaster. Schwarzenegger is a passing fair Conan, probably the best thing in the film; there is no doubt that he tried hard with what little he was given, but, sadly, he is not actor enough to transcend his material.

Sandahl Bergman, having most of the film's good lines and scenes, comes across much better, lighting up the screen with her presence. Moving with her Broadway-born dancer's grace, she is the perfect warrior-woman. Out of a cast which runs from cinema giants to unknowns, she is the film's brightest spot.

Von Sydow and Jones are wasted, however. Giving silly, broad, overplayed performances, both actors strut through their parts with a condescending oiliness which seems to project a distaste for their roles.

This may be justified if one considers the script in which they were mired. The plotting is unforgivably childish. Scenes exist only to take up time; they do not develop the characters further the plot, or entertain the audience. There is little in the way of



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tolerable dialogue, let alone any that is inspired. Transition between scenes, when it exists at all, consists of Conan and his Panchoian side-kick running across vast plains, forcing the kind of abandon into the film that is generally reserved for hypertension victims turned loose at the zoo on a field trip day.

Adding to all of this the garbled, heavily-accented narration which runs throughout the film and the pointlessness of most of the characters, one finally finds the place where the buck must stop - at the direction.

Milius' uninspired, flat, high school direction is the picture's death stroke. Nothing, literally nothing, in the film evokes a response. The fight scenes are ill-staged and clumsy. The orgy and Conan's several love scenes are unerotic, boring, and trite to the point that they would draw yawns from a Disney audience. It is weekend directing: static, gap-filled, motionless. The lack of imagination tied up in staging each shot we see could lead one to believe that the entire epic was filmed in a day and a half. Even half-hearted flops such as *Venom* and *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* were at least interesting to look at; not so *Conan*.

Originally, this article was scheduled to run to 3,500 words. This would have included background information on the cast and crew, interesting tidbits on the movie's locations and shooting, how the special effects were achieved, et cetera. As it stands, it only runs to 1,500 words. Even though that means it will earn less than half the cash it could have earned, there isn't much of a choice. After all, how many different ways are there to say "bad"?



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# TO THE BEAST



by C. J. HENDERSON

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Andra, She Who Would Be, Daughter to the Mother to All, held back a snuffle. Admitting she had made a mistake, she decided to correct it before any more time was lost. Stretching out in the nearby brush, she curled into a comfortable position and then whispered to the ground. At her command, vines untangled, grass grew quickly, and the sweeping plants above her lowered their leaves, all helping to hide her small form as she slept. She fell asleep without fear, knowing the plants would awaken her if the gargor came near.

Round one went to the beast.

The afternoon sun warmed Grakar's scales. He had been awake several hours now. Patiently, he sat cross-legged, waiting for something to stir. The witch would be expecting him to hunt for her.

"To the Shade with her," he thought. "Damn-to-frack Lomonians think they know us; they think to stop us - hold us back as they would the humans. Gargors are not so easily out-guessed, little princess. Nor are we easily killed."

The lizardman flexed his shoulder muscles slightly, stretching the skin

tight across his back. His mind raced back over his plan. He would let the witch come to him. He would not leave his ledge until he had spotted her. He would do no hunting, build no fires, make no sounds - these were things which could help the Lomonian.

He would not do them.

For over four hundred years, every gargor Klan had hoped to recover Hotor's Talisman. As a bauble, it was worthless, nothing but badly-worked lead and blue quartz. As a political totem, however, it had great power. The gargor nation had been splintered



thousands of years in the past by the Lomonians. One of the concessions given to the witches by the gargor king, Hotor, was his medallion of state. Over the centuries, many Klans had tried to regain the talisman. Thieves had been sent to Lomonian. Renegade witches had been bribed; Klans had gathered together into armies. None had ever returned.

Andra moved cautiously through the trees. Covered from head to toe by her cloak, she continued forward, shielding her pale, northland limbs from the sun. The cloak's hood hid her thick, blonde hair as well as shading her thinly angular face and blue eyes, other features which helped to mark her as a Lomonian and a witch.

Skirting through the endless brush, she watched and listened for any sign of the gargor. Their duel was well into its second day, but she had found no trace of him as of yet. Nearing a gradual incline of greying stone, she stopped to examine the ground. What could have been the remains of a footprint stared up at her from the edge of the gradually sloping shale.

Kneeling next to the rocks, Andra placed her hand on the track, closing her eyes, concentrating. She asked when the print had been made. Slowly, the past unfolded for her. The track was many days old. Even if it was the gargor's, if he had come to the valley early to scout out the land, it could not tell her where he was now. Frustrated, the young witch broke off her concentration. She lay wearily back against the rocks, giving up her search for the first time since the duel had begun. She needed rest. At midnight the day before, she had entered the northern end of the valley; the gargor had entered by the south. They had to remain until one of them surrendered to, or was killed by, the other.

Andra closed her eyes again, this time to rest and to think. She had gambled that the gargor would march straight to the interior, wanting to begin the fighting immediately. She had gone straight to meet him. She had lost.

"Filthy, rotten lizard," she grumbled. "Most likely still asleep, curled up in a tree a dozen miles away. Now he's fresh and ready for battle, and I'm exhausted. Out there laughing at me, aren't you? Dirty gargor."

But Grakar would not fail. Heskhar, his father, had planned too well. As the gargor thought of his father's manipulations, a fat dragonfly flitted past his eyes. Although his mouth

moistened instantly, betraying his hunger, he held his tongue back. Even so small a death cry as the insect's might be heard by a witch. The massive lizardman reached into the sack next to him, pulling forth a strip of dried beef.

"Chew it, Grakar," he ordered himself. "Chew it slowly; wet it with your own juices. Save the water; conserve. Conserve rations, conserve strength, conserve nerves. You have set your traps. You will lure the witch. She will come to you. She will die. Hotor's Talisman shall come to the Kar Klan."

The dragonfly landed on the gargor's snout. Yellow eyes stared at the insect until it satisfied itself that there was nothing for it there.

As it flew away, Grakar smiled. "You shall be proud of me, father."

Round two went to the beast.

* * *



Sleeping behind the protection of her plants, Andra dreamed of the last meeting between her mother and the head of the Kar Klan. She found herself back again in the massive meeting chamber of the Lomonian society. High in the frozen northlands, still mostly unexplored by gargor or human, her race dwelled quietly, ignoring the gelid cold and the winds which carried it.

Andra remembered Heskhar, his sneering address to her mother. It had bordered on insult, but only slightly. No comment had been made; it was not the time.

"Great Charri, Mother To All," he had mocked, "You Who Are; Charri of Lomonian, all Gargoria bids you long life."

"You are far from home, Heskhar. Why come you to the cold you do not enjoy?"

The gargor stood granite still, staring at the grand Queen Mother of the witches. Standing nearly seven feet tall, the lizardman bent his frame in an impossibly graceful bow. Andra shuddered slightly at the memory. Heskhar was nothing more to her than tight muscles and heavy bone covered in scales and bristles and menace. His pale green eyes stared out from under the hood he wore. Wrapped in animal skins, he stank of death; he was a towering pillar of living destruction waiting to be set off.

"I am here," he answered calmly, "for what is mine. Hotor's Talisman."

"It is not your's. It is Hotor's."

"Hotor is dead," smiled Heskhar.

"He gave it to us," countered Charri.

"He gave it to the dead. You, not any here, were born then. Lomonian has held our soul long enough. It shall be returned." The gargor's words curled slightly to a snarl. Andra stood by her mother taking in the political debate which followed.

Decades earlier, the gargor's demands would not have been taken seriously. Any one or two Klans attacking Lomonian would have posed little threat, but times had changed. Heskhar had been planning for a number of years. He had played on Gargoria's wounded national pride, manipulating Klan after Klan into joining the outcry for the talisman's return.

"We wish no quarrel with your people, Heskhar." *You are not so easily beaten now through direct combat. We would look for easier ways to maneuver you.*

"Nor we with you, Mother To All." *I am power now; I can mobilize all of Gargoria. Even if you can stop all of us, your losses would be staggering.* "Surely, there must be some way this matter can be resolved between us as civilized peoples. We are not humans, after all."

There was an almost imperceptible wince in the room. The human race was Lomonian's fault, an off-branching of the witches many thousands of years in the past. Magicks were almost unknown to them now. Heskhar had thrown them into the discussion without implying insult. Charri had smiled; the gargor had grinned. Andra had watched, fascinated.

The debating then continued for the rest of the day; planned approaches had been used, reviewed, and discarded. Tradition demanded it. It had become apparent to both Charri and Hes-



kar in the first hour of their debate to what they would agree. A duel was unavoidable. By the second hour, Andra had realized it also. She had listened impatiently, waiting for the combatants to be named.

It had come long after the princess's patience had run out. She had removed herself to a corner, annoyed at the lengthy court procedure. Finally, however, all was agreed: which valley, which day, and all of the rules. They could take in their own food and water or rely on the valley. It was a contest to the death or surrender.

"And who shall our combatants be, Hekar?"

"Two of equal rank, two with reason to fight, two bound to try their best. Two who have the most to lose." *I would name you and I, but that is what you want, isn't it? But maybe not; no clean advantage for you. We are both too good. I shall let you name them. We both know who shall be named.*

"There are many of equal ranks among our people," Charri started. *But only two will be named, won't they? It is the children. It is always the children.* "but, outside ourselves, who could we name to fit all of your qualities? I could suggest your Grakar and my Andra, but it would be so ridiculous. . ."

"I agree, Mother To All. My warrior son against your child? It is no fair contest. She is too young, too undisciplined, too arrogant. . . " *Agree, witch. Give me the girl.*

"Andra? My daughter. . . " *Do you mean it, Hekar? Are you trying to draw me in or truly exclude her? Do you know as much as I think you do or not? Or more?*

But suddenly, before she could dream further, Andra awoke. She did not move. She waited, clearing her senses first. Sending out, extending herself through the grass and shrubs all around her, she could feel no other presence. She rose slowly, disengaging herself with great care from the plants which had shielded her.

Satisfied that nothing large was moving in the area around her, the young witch proceeded forward south into the valley. It was night time. She had slept for many hours. Now that it was dark, cooler, the gargor would be seeking shelter. He would not stay out in the colder night air. She cast questions ahead of herself as she walked. Allowing herself to seep into the terrain around her, Andra joined with nature,

searching for her opponent. She had no luck. He had rested against none of the trees, trod on no grass, been seen by no beast.

She combed the air for death screams of victims. Hundreds had died in the valley that afternoon, but none of them at Grakar's hands.

A sudden thought changed Andra's direction. She drifted noiselessly through the brush, coming to the stream which fed the valley. She stepped into it, ignoring the freezing chill; it was nothing to a Lomonian. Again, she paused to reach out, hunting for miles down the silent water for those interruptions in its flow where something or someone had stolen from it that day. Fox, bird, trellig, bear, racker, mole, badger - animals of all sorts had dipped the river that day, but no gargors. At least, no gargors close enough to be her gargor.

Dismayed, Andra crossed the stream, swimming with strong, easy strokes. She grabbed playfully at a passing trout, remembering childhood games of the same sort. She stopped suddenly, however, scaring the fish with her abruptness.

"Undisciplines, am I? Arrogant? I'll show. . . " Andra forced herself to stop. Turning back to her original destination, she continued on for the shore. "I am undisciplined. The gargor is only a warrior, a killer of flesh, a destroyer. In many ways, he is no better than a human. And yet, he is out there, waiting for me, winning. I have been arrogant; I have. I assumed it to be impossible that a 'mere' gargor could ever give a Lomonian, let alone a princess of the line, the slightest trouble."

Sitting on the opposite shore, Andra began to put together the pieces she had missed. She began to realize that the gargors had planned everything long before they had come to Lomonian to argue with her mother.

"It was always to have been a duel. They knew it; mother knew it. Grakar knew he would be the one chosen. Did mother know I would be her choice? Did she know it would be Grakar against me? Did Hekar know?"

It did not add together. She could not believe that her mother could have been manipulated by the gargor. But, if she had not been maneuvered into sending Andra into the duel, if she had known, why had Andra not been prepared? Charri had known for months that Hekar was coming to debate the rightful ownership of Hotor's Talisman.

Either Queen Ruler of Lomonian

Charri, She Who Is, had been used, tricked by a gargor, or she had sent her own daughter into a fight for her life, unprepared. Neither thought brought Andra relief or contentment.

"Am I supposed to lose? Are the gargors supposed to recover their bloody totem? Doesn't anyone care what happens to me?"

There were no answers to her thoughts. If the gargors were to have their talisman, it could have been handed to them. Something was happening which Andra did not understand. She realized, however, that her present situation was no time to try to find her way through the past. Only the future held any validity for her. Her mother had instructed her to defeat the gargor - to kill him if necessary. With a dangerous enemy waiting for her to make any wrong move, she had no time for worrying about the past which had brought her to her present situation. All that mattered was the duel.

"I am sitting by a stream which can talk but which tells me nothing. I have sat long enough. My garment is dry; I am dry. My opponent is waiting. I must find him." With new resolve, Andra rose and began to make her way quietly through the forest which began a few yards from the bank.

Round three went to the witch.



Several hours before dawn, Andra found herself a resting place. She napped until the sun broke over the mountains to wake her. She awoke alert, smelling the air around her for a trace of her foe. Still, there was nothing. She contemplated taking animal form but decided against it. As

a bird, she might spot Grakar from the air, but he might also bring her down with an arrow. There was no animal to which she could change which the gargor could not beat in combat. No, better to use real birds as her eyes and scout for real beasts to use as her strength. She had been keeping track of several large animals in the valley. There was a racker, one of the great, northern cats, nearby; she had kept note of its whereabouts. She had also managed to herd a wolf pack and a bear in a southerly direction. If she needed them, they would come to her aid. The problem of keeping track of them and still searching for the gargor was a difficult one, but Andra felt more comfortable knowing she had allies.

What made her less comfortable were the growing clouds above. A storm would change the air. She would lose contact with her surroundings until she could readjust. Storms were difficult things for young witches to control. Nature's violent secrets were the last ones taught. Andra had little knowledge of the rhythms of rain or lightning, sleet or thunder.

"It's known that the gargor shamuns can predict the weather. Could they have picked this time as part of their plan? They might. Being able to control the weather, we have never cared if we could predict it. Did you plan this well, Hekar?"

Andra frowned, trying to unweave the pattern of political maneuvers which had brought her to the valley. Her major stumbling block lay in the question, to what use could Hekar put the talisman if he did receive it? Even if Hotor's trinket did enable him to unite all the gargor Klans, he still could not destroy Lomonía. True, there could be a great conflict, and many witches would die, but, in the end, Lomonía would continue, and Gargoria would not.

It made no sense.

Suddenly, however, Andra's attention was caught by something else. There was a bleating sound, the cry of a rabbit coming from somewhere ahead. She moved forward cautiously. It was a faint cry, accompanied by the small creature's terrified heartbeat. Calling to it, she received strange impressions. It was caught, but there was no foe. It was trapped, but no enemy knew of it.

"Trapped? A trap, a snare. Grakar."

Andra moved more cautiously. Parting the last brush between herself

and the clearing, she saw the rabbit dangling by one leg caught in a grass rope. The creature strained, jerking and kicking, tumbling itself back and forth through the air, swinging and gyrating, but not freeing itself. Andra bit her lip. She dared not free the rabbit; the gargor might come before she was finished. If he knew his trap had been sprung, he might come to investigate and find her nearby. She could not let the animal suffer, however.

She had to leave; there was no hope for the animal in the snare - it was doomed. But something had to be done.

From his ledge, Grakar watched his snare. "Scream, little hopper. Call the child out of the woods. Bring her to me. Patience is not my brightest cloak. I would see an end to all this waiting. Come, little witch. Hotor would join his people, and I would drink a frosted mug of. . . ." Grakar's thoughts broke off. As he watched, a wolf dove from the trees, clamping its jaws around the rabbit. The hunter swung for a moment then fell to the ground as the grass rope snapped. The already-dead bait was still tight in its jaws.

Grakar scanned the area. He spotted no trace of Andra. His eyes narrowed as his balled fist struck against the rock ledge upon which he perched. Other wolves approached the clearing, but the one Andra had called snarled them away, sharing his prize only with his mate.

Round four went to the witch.

* * *



Grakar looked upward into the darkening sky. The first drops of rain were beginning to fall. Extending his hand, he felt at the drizzle, determining what type of storm was to follow.

"Warm," he thought, "but it will not stay such. This one will grow cold. This one will mire the valley."

Thunder rumbled overhead, clapping through the premature darkness. Jagged tines of lightning pronged their way across the sky, some crashing through the taller trees out on the plain.

Grakar turned from the storm, retreating into the small recess in the cliff wall behind him. The cloak he wore was fast becoming drenched. He removed it quickly, trading it for a water-repellant wrap stored with his other supplies. Once again, the wisdom of his father's plan unfolded before him. It did not matter that he had brought several hundred pounds of supplies with him. He had not traveled long enough under his burden to really notice it.

"Luck that we gargors are a hearty race." Grakar chuckled with his own humor. The time had come to go hunting.

"The witch will confuse now. For the time of the storm, few of her powers will be a help to her."

The gargor buckled his sword to his side. Looking over his other weapons, he ignored the bow, knowing the limitations rain posed to arrows. Stooping, he picked up his daggers. The first blade he secured in his left boot, the second in his belt. Grakar found the rain's tapping comforting. He knew that, as long as it held, the witch's main powers of fire would be useless. Standing straight, the gargor took his pike from its place against the recessed wall and headed out into the storm.

"I know you are out there, little witch. You are close. If I am wrong, the storm will muddy my passing; you will not know if I have been about. If I am correct, this shall all soon be over."

Slowly, Grakar moved down the cliffside, working his way along the ledge with slow, sure motions. He was not worried over being spotted by his opponent. The sky had inked over completely; no moon showed, and the lightning had ceased to flash. Coming near the foot of the cliff, Grakar leaped forward, holding his pike over his head in both hands. He landed with a short thud. Instinctively, he headed for the forest. He knew Andra would seek



shelter in the fashion of the beasts.

"The witch will not be foolish. She will head for the pines. Never tall enough to draw lightning but fresh-smelling and dry underneath. If she's nearby, she'll be in the pine grove toward the slate fields."

Grinning, Grakar ignored the trickles inching their way beneath his collar and headed in toward the pines.

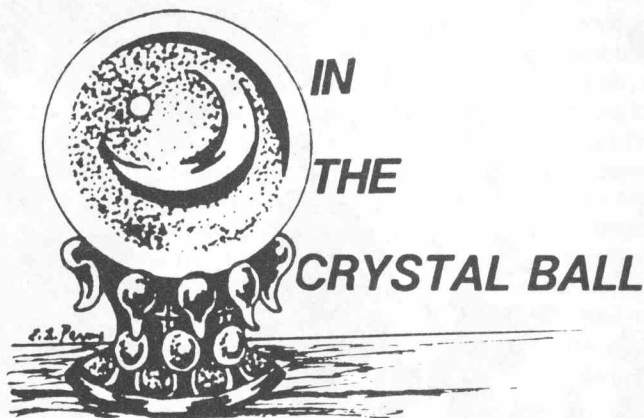
Round five went to the beast.

* * *



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**TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE ...**



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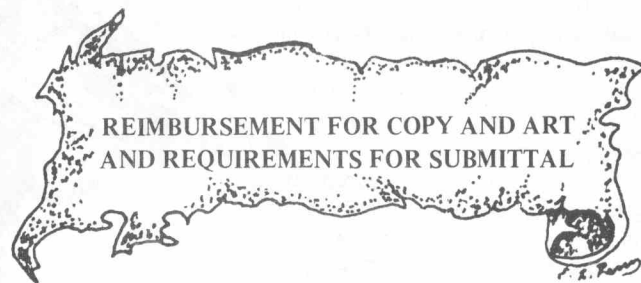


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