

Whit Publications Presents:

MONTAGAR

A Source Book for the Wizards Basic Adventure Game



Montagar

by **Jonatha Ariadne Caspian**

a sourcebook for:

Ralph Bakshi's
WIZARDS
The Role-Playing Game

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P. O. Box 1397, Murray, KY 42071

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Should you happen to locate the land of Montagar, do not touch. You are, after all, human, and therefore a slave to the technological ways.

Use of Gender

In all generic examples in this book, we have chosen to use the pronoun *he*. We find this pronoun to be easier to read than *his/her*, *his/her*, or, heaven forbid, *its*. This usage should in no way be construed as a bias on the part of the designers, for we favor the attitude that role-playing should be done with diverse groups. Whoever your friends are, invite them.

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Introduction

Welcome, and thank you for your purchase of the *Montagar Sourcebook*, a supplement for Ralph Bakshi's *Wizards* role-playing game. Within these covers you will find the fair land of Montagar, home of most of your player's characters, described in exquisite detail.

Montagar is a gentle upright nation, home of freedom, peace, and equality, and counterpart to Scotch, the darkened radioactive wasteland ruled by the fascist wizard Blackwolf. Here in Montagar, characters can find, peace, comfort, aid—and more than a few challenges.

The primary purpose of this book is to describe the homeland of Avatar, Elinore, Weehawk, and many of the characters your players will create. We do this to keep your players from fading into a primordial mist every time they finish an adventure. After all, a character without a home is but a wanderer, and

without a fair land to fight for, why would most Faeries risk their lives?

The detail provided here is intended to make every character more real, more fully-fleshed. Now, instead of playing a generic red elf, players will role-play the part of an aggressive red elf of the Ross clan, friend of centaurs and self-confident tactician, fighting with selfless determination for the preservation of the weaker Faerie creatures.

Similarly, with descriptions of places like Rana Bottom, no longer will adventures have to start with the words, "You're sitting in some bar somewhere, when..." Instead, characters can visit their favorite haunts, talk with their friends and contacts, and get personally involved and emotionally engaged when Sayriah (one character's Close Personal Tie) suddenly turns up missing in Blossom. She was last seen near Faun's Shoulder...

Finally, this book provides other venues for adventures. Games can get monotonous when every adventure involves tromping off into The Desert or Scorch. "Get your hiking boots and canteens, folks, here we go again..." Don't forget, evil can seem much more sinister when it's invading a beautiful place!

How To Use This Book

The first thing you ought to do is skim through the entire book, taking note of the sort of information we provide for you here. There are descriptions of the land, detailed studies of the races and creatures found in Montagar, and profiles of many important or interesting people. Leaf through the book, page by page, and familiarize yourself with it.

Read whatever sections most intrigue you. (Take special note of the section on red elves when one of your players decides to play one.) Anything you read will provide a little extra background for you and your *Wizards* game, and if you read what most interests you, it will whet your appetite for the rest of the book.

Eventually, you should read the book cover to cover. There is a lot of rich material in here, both for detailing the land and its inhabitants, and for developing characters into three-dimensional personalities with cultural likes and habits.

There's a full-length adventure in the back of the book: *Sleep of the Lava Dragon*. Go ahead and use it all you want; that's what it's there for!

Finally, there are a lot of adventure hooks and plot ideas scattered through here, both explicit and implicit. If you like an area, read through its description again, and think of what you could do to start an adventure.

For example, we mention in the description of Breedling Wye that unscrupulous merchants are smuggling smelted metals to Scorch. What kind of adventure can you make of that? Or, reading through the description of Whisper Falls, you note that there's a shrine to Respa the fairy martyr hovering over the waters. What if that were somehow to be stolen?

Why?

In order to better suspend disbelief, your players (no, not the characters, the *players*) must be personally engaged in the conflict. While a certain amount of this is given by the fact that the players are risking their own characters, personas they have carefully designed, people often react more to protect their friends than to protect themselves. What noble adventurer could resist the forlorn cry of an elf child whose mother has been kidnapped? Who wouldn't rescue a personal friend, even if not compelled to by a Close Personal Tie?

Use this book to weave your characters into the world. Give them a home, a family, friends, contacts, enemies, and the like. Show them the places they're familiar with, and then have Mutant raiders or Faerie brigands put the place to the torch.

If your players (again, not characters) feel personally affronted by the depravations of evil, so much the better. You can bet they'll get the job done at all costs!

In short, there's a lot that you can do with this book and the land of Montagar. Let your imagination run wild!



New World

Montagar: the Bastion of Freedom in a World Benighted by the Return of Naziism

"For Montagar, forever!"
- rallying cry

In the northwest corner of Halcionia lies the land known as Montagar. Some claim it is named after the enormous and solitary volcano that rises from the hills in the southern region. Some contend that both volcano and country were named for the first fairy hero who reclaimed the broken and burning land from its radioactive decay. The oldest Faerie folk smile, and counter that Montagar was once a word of Power, whose use drew out their peoples from the long sleep brought on by the dark advent

of technology. The word has no meaning any more, they sigh. Here, at least, it has spent its promise.

Whichever origin one chooses to believe, the name Montagar now applies to three distinct concepts: the land, the capitol city, and the volcano. (This is somewhat analogous to the ancient city, county, and state that were all known as New York.) Normally, the exact item referred to by the name Montagar is gleaned from context, although in an effort to avoid confusion, some Faeries refer to the nation's capitol as "the City of Montagar" and the

volcano as "Mount Montagar." Faeries always name the land itself without any kind of clarifying phrase; only in Scorch does one hear folks speak of "the Land of Montagar."

In this book, we will always refer explicitly to the volcano and the capitol. General references to 'Montagar' always denote the nation itself.

A Little History

"All right, all right.
I'll tell you.
If you think you can handle it."
- Avatar

Faerie scholars agree, almost unanimously, that the magical races began reappearing in the vicinity of Mount Montagar. There are many theories for this; some believe it was mere coincidence, some that the heat of the volcano provided a warmth and comfort unavailable elsewhere on the planet, and others believe the fire and lava cast forth by the volcano's dragon had a cauterizing and purifying effect on the blighted land, thereby allowing the magic to return to the radioactive surface world.

From their humble beginnings on or near Mount Montagar, faeries (and, later, the other races) spread outward, cleansing the lands of radiation and decay. It was a slow, difficult process. They spread north for the most part, both because the Salamander River was a natural barrier, and because the Toothache Mountains had shielded Montagar from the worst of the nuclear apocalypse, making these lands better and easier to settle than the lands on the far side of the river.

Lingering radiation still sickened a few Faeries, making tempers unnaturally short. This led to some interracial struggles, fueled by misunderstandings and thoughts of vengeance long after the causes of the original altercations were forgotten. The mountain faeries suffered much during this time, fighting bitterly with the red elves for many long years, both sides too prideful to negotiate. The meadow faeries also battled the mountain faeries at times, although this conflict was distinct and separate from that of the elves.

The gnomes were also much maligned during this period, for they were considered too surface-bound

by the dwarves and too subterranean for the elves' tastes. Unlike the mountain faeries, however, the gnomes immediately resorted to diplomacy and appeasement and made peace with both their antagonists, which set the precedent for the gnomes' typically relaxed and intellectual lifestyle.

During this period of strife, many Faeries sought to escape from the fighting. They packed their belongings and left Montagar, heading into the great wilderness to found new kingdoms. The Faerie races spread into what is now known as East Elfland, the Western Highlands, and even across The Desert to the far side of Scorch. In this way the magic races spread across the continent, raising the land as though from the dead. Unfortunately, they also packed their emotional baggage when they left, and racial rivalries continue to thrive outside of Montagar where the Faeries do not live in such intimate proximity with each other.

Within Montagar, an elfling named Marlea emerged as the advocate of peace. Offspring of two lovers from warring tribes, Marlea was insightful, kind, and charismatic. Her ability to keep people at ease was only exceeded by her ability to cut straight to the heart of matters. She forged a peace between the peoples of her parents, sealing the treaty with a new celebration: the Feast of Plenty. A driven woman, Marlea later acted as go-between for other tribes, bringing peace to their lives as well.

Under the guidance of Marlea, Montagar itself eventually found its way out of the interracial struggles, becoming the first land in the world to freely embrace each race without prejudice. Marlea was unanimously chosen to be Montagar's first Queen. Not desiring absolute authority, she later proposed the Montagari system of government, which was viewed as a wonderful compromise and immediately accepted.

The news of Montagar's renaissance of equality has slowly filtered through the world, and as a result many other animosities have faded in strength. Nevertheless, some ancient rivalries still exist, causing the egalitarian Montagari to bill their land as the "New World" of Halcionia. Only in the last hundred years or so have other lands joined Montagar in celebrating the traditional Feast of Plenty in observance of peace.

A Tour of Montagar

The thick forests and rolling contours of Montagar are a balm to the soul. The climate is temperate and moist, the foliage thick and more often than not festooned with vines. The Faerie folk are careful to develop their settlements in harmony with nature, so that the casual glance almost never reveals the perturbations of habitation to which humans were once so prone.

To the north, the hills roll ever more softly, until they reach the seaside bluffs of the **Fog Dragon Downs**. **North Bight's** shallow waters are ideal for fishing and seaweed harvesting, although the marshy coastline prevents less adventuresome Faeries from exploiting this. The **Footprints** are a naturally linked series of lakes that run from **Wendl** village to the edge of Montagar, where they reflect the jagged contours of the **Toothache Mountains**—the range that marks the easternmost boundaries of the land.

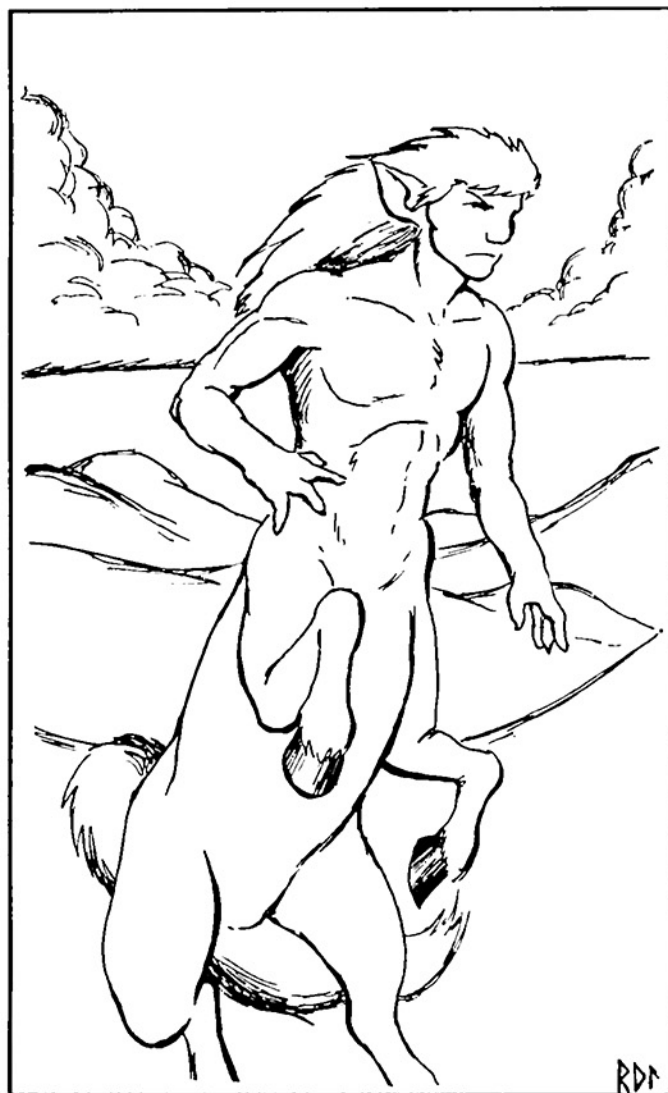
In the center of Montagar's eastern border, **Mirror's Eye** glares up from the cone of a large volcano. **Mirror's Eye** is the headwater of the **River Salamander**. The Salamander is considered to be one river, with north and south forks each pouring away from opposite ends of **Mirror's Eye**. Although young scholars dispute the designation of the Salamander as a single river as nonsensical, tradition and pragmatism hold sway in Montagar. It's nice to have one single river define the border from coast to coast.

On the southeast edge of Montagar, **No Return** overlooks the stinking yellow sands of the wastelands known as **The Desert**. This escarpment runs along the shore of the **River Salamander** for many miles, and erosion and the hot Desert winds have caused the cliff to move slowly towards Montagar. From the cliff's edge one can see the glittering glass bowls of the ancient craters, and, on a crystal-clear day, a hint of the pall of smog which hangs over the land of **Scotch**.

The rivers **Ariath** and **Novay Onwi** dissect the **Lostwoods** with a tracery of greater and lesser canyons before they empty into a body of water known simply as **The Bay**. Hanging valleys and hidden pools abound along these rivers' lengths, and few of the Faerie folk found here are well-versed in the geography beyond their immediate settlements.

Sand dunes and never-ending winds make **The Thrust** inhospitable to most non-feathered creatures. For those with wings, however, the wind provides excellent lift, the fishing is good, and the few large outcroppings of sea-worn rock provide excellent sites for homes, be they birds' nests or mountain fairies' tunnels. Where the water pounds against the shore at **Thunder Hole**, it is often too noisy to hear oneself think.

The coast turns quite rocky at **Faun's Shoulder**. Volcanic plugs stand sentinel off-shore, and a tricky tide abounds with undertows and swift currents. Many a sea chantey details the danger of sailing in the northwest waters.



RDA

The Cities of Montagar

There are many settlements in Montagar, but most of them are small communities made up of but a few families. The Faeries of Montagar prefer to live simply and in harmony with the land, and thus they avoid creating large settlements, which they view as disruptive.

The few large towns in Montagar have been carefully built to blend in with the countryside. The next few pages hold descriptions of some of the more interesting settlements of the land.

The City of Montagar

Montagar, the capitol of the country, encircles the base of Mount Montagar, the volcano. The city is the Queen's seat and the base for most of the larger trading houses in Halcionia. Montagari merchants are renowned across the continent for their abilities as collectors and procurers of rare and beautiful crafts from the far corners of the continent. The shops that line the boulevards of the market districts overflow with goods of every nation and ethnicity in Halcionia, from pan pipes to spider gauze to rare volumes of poetry and rarer gustatory delicacies.

In terms of organization, Montagar's streets and quarters are purposefully random. With the volcano in the middle of things, there is no one main street, and there is no better or worse section of town. The meandering route one must take from one district to another is almost a matter of pride to city natives. Nothing is done in a hurry. In fact, messengers, usually junior family members or cousins to the proprietor, are encouraged to stop in at a bakery or tove shop on the way back from their errands, to pick up refreshments for the other shop employees.

The city districts are also filled with little public gardens, children's play areas, and entertainment venues. On one street, one might hear the trilling notes of a fairy chorale, while in the park across the way, a traveling repertory theater might be enacting "A Satyr's Tale." Players looking for a minstrel are advised to prowl the streets, for all minstrels come to Montagar at one point or another, either to make their fortune or to bask in the glow of their fame.

Blossom

Blossom, nestled in the bend of the Sweetness just south of Whisper Falls, is primarily a meadow fairy town. Most dwellings are sprawling gardens, with an abundance of bellflowers, sunrays, and nodding susans to house the extended family units in which meadow fairies live. Along the outskirts near the falls, a cluster of mountain fairies has taken up residence in a grove of sweetsop trees (the abundance of these fruits gives the river its name). The bank overlooking the bathing pool is home to several gnomes who have tunneled into the soft stone.

The casual visitor might never suspect a settlement in Blossom at all, but for the laughter ringing through the late afternoon and the splash and dive of fairies in the falls. But Blossom is a thriving center of fairy society, and a training ground for several respected fairy fighting units.

Breedling Wye

Tucked in the middle of the Toothache Mountains, Breedling Wye was originally a dwarf settlement. It is most reminiscent of a Welsh coal-mining town. A good 80% of the residents are dwarves, and most of the rest are a smattering of red and brown elves who like nothing better than soaking in their saunas and then diving headlong into one of the frigid Toothache streams.

The majority of a typical dwarven house is underground, built back into the slope of the mountain, and the front is faced with the stone that was removed to make the interior rooms. So carefully fitted are the stones that very few structures even use mortar, and drafts are never felt during the cold winter months.

The narrow streets and dark rock of a dwarven town may seem depressing to forest dwellers, but inside, dwarven homes have a simplicity and warmth that is genuinely comforting. Plush lingerskin rugs adorn the floors, and a central hearth provides light and warmth to every room in the dwelling. Dwarven ingenuity is also evident in the complexly-woven, delicately-colored curtains and linens which each child makes for his or her trousseau.



The major export of Breedling Wye is minerals—potash and phosphorus, liver of sulphur, alum, and other mineral salts—for alchemists, brewers, cooks, and healers. There are several ore mines, as well. Gold, silver, and tin are refined and smelted into ingots to support the jewelers and smithies of Montagar, and for trade to other nations. Unbeknownst to the dwarves, certain unscrupulous traders have been shipping their iron ore to Scotch to fuel Blackwolf's war machine.

Perthswale

A small trading town on the far side of the Salamander from the rest of Montagar, Perthswale is described in *Desert Wind*, the adventure included with the *Wizards* gamemaster's screen.

Rana Bottom

Outside of the city of Montagar, Rana Bottom is the most cosmopolitan of all the towns, for the Tower (the leading college of practitioners in the land) accepts students of all the races. There are groves in the park where the wood fairies live, a cluster of underground homes around the base of the Tower for the dwarves, ample pasture for centaurs, even a dwarven-constructed moat with a waterwheel and fountain to make a glade for the satyrs. Like most college towns, Rana Bottom is filled with young folk trying out their wings—both literally and figuratively—in society. The most radical opinions can be overheard in *The Champing Ross*, a little pub on the west side of town. The most avant garde art forms can be found in *Sunlight, Only Sunlight*, a gallery/trove shop. And the most advanced "science"—artifacts that fuse natural principles and practical applications—can be examined in *Greenwall*, the outlet lab of the Tower.

The Tower at Rana Bottom is the gnome-run college of magic and learning. It houses some of the best and most-learned minds on the continent. It is run by Felsing the Wise, an aged and apparently befuddled old gnome. Felsing himself is described on page 44.

Inside the Tower compound one can get instruction in any of the intellectual arts. (In game terms, this means almost all skills based on charisma, intelligence, perception, and will power. Exceptions are concealment, gambling, survival, technomancy, torture, and the less ethical charisma skills.)

Although all of the tenured scholars are gnomes, there are associates of other races. For example, the skills of tracking and herbalism are taught by an experienced satyr ranger, while jewelling and sapper techniques are traditionally taught by dwarves (they draw lots and the loser has to teach for a year).

Seaport

This coastal town occupies the island at the mouth of the south fork of the Salamander. From here, fishing ships range as far north as the North Bight. Merchant galleys and other vessels also push south, swinging around the horn of the Western Highlands to the southern coast of The Desert (or even the cliffs of Scotch). Merchant barges ply the Salamander itself, bringing trade goods closer to the city of Montagar before they get loaded onto caravans.

Summer Home

A quiet name for a quiet location, Summer Home is not so much a settlement as the retreat of one of the most important people in the world.

Avatar himself has made his home along the Novay Onwi for the last hundred years or so, building a lop-sided tower on one of the bluffs overlooking the placid river. This locale places him conveniently close to the college at Rana Bottom, and enough distant from the capitol that he has idle hopes of getting Elinore far enough away from her father that she might try something with him.

Although the tower's visibility makes it easy to find, the local geography makes getting to the door anything but simple. Some suspect that Avatar has cast a few spells to make the going rougher for any new visitors. He maintains that he likes the area just as it is.

To accommodate those few he would like to see, yet still maintain his privacy, Avatar has built several guest residences in the area. None of these guest houses stand out as does the tower, and it takes a practiced eye to find them. Most of the time these house Elinore, who's currently his only student of magic; and Weehawk, who has tacitly taken the role of leader of Avatar's unofficial resistance and espionage network. Other important personages stay in the area for extended visits, also. These include Elinore's father, the President of Montagar; and Prince Bayard, one of Elinore's suitors.



Some of the Montagari officials have become rather concerned with the recent rash of assassinations. Although so far these deaths have all occurred in other Faerie lands, some wonder whether this violence may return to Montagari. If it does, most agree that Summer Home would be the only safe place to be.

Wendl

A red elf hunting/trapping community at the edge of the Lostwoods in the center of Montagari, Wendl is a busy place. Although it has only a few dozen inhabitants, it is always active, with hunters, trappers, and other traders coming here from as far as a hundred miles away.

Caravans pass through here too, stocking up on a variety of woodland goods in exchange for items manufactured in urban settlements.

Places of Interest

Although Montagari is far too large to be covered in any kind of detail in but a single 80-page book, a sampling of some of the more interesting locales follows here.

Ariath River

The Ariath winds through deep forest from the central Toothache Mountains westward to The Bay, twisting and turning so much that its total length is almost three times the distance as the raven flies. The river has cut down into its bed so much that canyons have formed along most of its length, with

walls from 10 to 40 feet high. Forest animals have worn precarious trails down to the water's edge, but most travelers completely bypass the natural routes, taking one of the three bridges which cross the river.

Faun's Shoulder

A smooth, bald granite dome overlooking the Aurora Sea, Faun's Shoulder is a landmark for sailors and the subject of countless works of art. Every year, the young satyrs who are coming of age must climb, without ropes or tools, to the summit of Faun's Shoulder, light a huge bonfire, and spend the night exposed on its crown. Needless to say, with a bunch of young satyrs unchaperoned on the dome, this tradition involves quite a party, although when the fire dies, they end up huddled together for security and warmth.

Fog Dragon Downs

Smoothly rolling fields covered with flowering scrub grass, the Fog Dragon Downs are idyllic places for Faeries of all types. Fog Dragons frequent this area, and strangers should beware when walking through the mist, lest they wander off the bluffs along the northern edge.

The bluffs at the seaward edge of the downs stand 20 to 60 feet high, overlooking the Aurora Sea. They are not sheer vertical walls, but steep, eroded cliffs of fine purplish clay combed with sun-lizard paths, ledges and crevices. The clay can be fired to make pottery (when fired, the color deepens to blood red).

Local meadow fairies use a slurry of raw clay to paint their bodies for their festivals. In their opinion, mud beats clothing any day.

Footprint Lakes

Thes six lakes are chained together by the Dracque and fed by springs and snowmelt. The Dracque is a stream that seemingly flows nowhere, for it runs from one lake to the next, until it ends in the last. From here, the stream apparently runs underground to the sea.

The lakes are all calm and clear, and when the weather is at all nice, they reflect the dazzling spires of the Toothache Mountains. The tranquil scene makes the Footprints a favorite spot among the red elves for a honeymoon canoe trip. The fingerling fish that flourish here in the summer months are considered a delicacy by the satyr aristocracy.

Lostwoods

The Lostwoods are so named because, due to the way the rivers and animal trails cut and wind through the thick foliage, it's easy to get lost. The Lostwoods contain a very wide range of thick growth, ranging from dry evergreen stands on the slopes of the Toothache Mountains, through fertile temperate woodlands near Summer Home and Wendl, to lush rain forests and swamps towards the western coast where the rain dragons sweep in from the sea.

There are a few well-traveled trails cutting through the Lostwoods, supported by bridges over the Ariath and Novay Onwi rivers, by most of the Lostwoods remains wild. Apparently some of Blackwolf's early experiments in dark sorcery found there way here, and tales persist of strange and fierce monsters in the deepest woods preying on the adventurous or the unlucky.

No Return

The escarpment in the southeast corner of Montagar overlooks the blasted edges of The Desert. Criminals and sociopaths (of which there are but a few) are not put to death in Montagar; they are given a pack with one week's rations and lowered over the edge of the cliff, never to return. Although there is nothing preventing the outcast from cutting westward and back into Montagar, they know that as soon as they do so, they'll be cast out again, without addi-

tional rations. Common sense (and a bit of pride) thus ensures that the felon never returns.

Novay Onwi River

Like the Ariath, the Novay Onwi has cut canyons in the forest floor from 10 to 40 feet deep. Fog dragons frequent the bottoms of both rivers in the region between Rana Bottom and Breedling Wye, making it the densest, lushest rain forest in Montagar. Lower on the Novay Onwi, the river has isolated the twin islands of Upper Trews and Lower Trews, which the local centaurs claim are haunted.

Toothache Mountains

Folklore has it that the Toothache Mountains were so named because those who attempt to cross them must climb so high their teeth ache in the cold, thin air. Sheer cliffs and talus-covered slopes add to the reputation for dangerous travel. Fortunately, the dwarves have carved out tunnels for traders to use between Montagar and East Elfland—for a fee, of course.

Mirror Mountain, in the center of the range, has lately become a favorite pilgrimage spot to which priests send their devoted followers as a trial of spirit. The disciple must spend three days gazing into the Mirror's Eye. The local dwarven alpine rescue squads are not amused by this practice. So far, none of the pilgrims have died—quite. None have fulfilled the pilgrimage, either. And, to add to the dwarves' annoyance, the priests claim that, thanks to their vows of poverty, they cannot pay the fees the alpine rescue teams attempt to levy.

Whisper Falls

A favorite fairy gathering place, Whisper Falls is also the birthplace of Respa, the greatest fairy martyr in Halcionia. Thousands of years ago, Respa duelled the young Blackwolf for the lives of his tribe when the budding young wizard had decided to torch a meadow as an experiment. Respa won the challenge, but Blackwolf, irked at his failure, broke the agreement of the duel and shot the fairy through the back with a pistol. Respa was killed instantly, but Blackwolf, frustrated and humiliated, sulked off without destroying the meadow. A tiny golden monument magically hovers above the falls the fairy hero protected.

Moving Around

Montagar has a variety of terrain types not mentioned in the initial *Wizards* game set. The table below lists the full range of Montagari terrain, and the penalties associated with each.

Terrain Type	Walk	Run	Sprint
Bog/estuary	1/4	1/4	n/a
Boulders/river rock	1/4*	n/a	n/a
Cliffside path	3/4	1/2*	n/a
Creek or river ford	2/3	1/2*	1/4*
Dense fog	1/2	1/4*	n/a
Downpour	2/3*	1/2*	1/4*
Grass, high (plains)	norm	norm	3/4
Grass, low (pasture)	norm	norm	norm
Jungle/rain forest	1/3	1/4	n/a
Marshland	1/2	1/2	1/2
Mountain slopes	3/4	2/3	n/a
Snow, waist-deep	1/4	n/a	n/a
Steep slope (down)	3/4	+1/2	2*
Steep slope (up)	1/2	1/3	1/4
Street, crowded	2/3	1/4	n/a
Surf (shallow)	2/3	2/3	2/3
Talus/sand	3/4	1/2	1/4*
Woods, dense	1/2	1/3	1/4
Woods, light	norm	3/4	2/3

*Certain terrain, marked with an asterisk, is inherently more hazardous, especially at high speeds. At these speeds, the moving character must make a tumbling, dexterity or perception check (game-master's discretion) to keep from losing his footing or slamming into an object unaware. The exact penalty for failure depends on the situation, degree of failure, and the gamemaster's decision. Running through a barnyard in a fog might cause a character to stumble and maybe fall in the mud, but slipping while sprinting down a mountain slope is sure to have more dire ramifications. As a general rule, when a character misses a roll, the points by which the roll failed convert to dice of damage. For extremely treacherous areas (found only in Scotch), two points translates to a die, and for nice areas (ross pastures) every six points translates to a die.

Dexter, sprinting down a talus slope, misses his tumbling roll by seven points. The size and number of rocks gives it a danger ratio of three points per die. He takes 2D+1 damage (six points go to two dice, the extra adds to SP).

Government

"No, no, dear ones,

you misunderstand me.

A mountain fairy doesn't have the *right* to be as strong as a centaur, or even to be considered as strong as one, just as a centaur doesn't have the right to fly.

Rights have nothing to do with *abilities*.

What all Faeries have the *right* to is freedom, respect, equality.

Yes, even the males."

- Marlea, Queen of Montagar

Montagar is the most enlightened of the nations, and is generally recognized as the land which actually lives in line with its ideals, instead of just paying lip service to the idea of peace and equality. (Those in Scotch, of course, view this as a weakness to be exploited.) Montagar has achieved the current flowering inter-cultural respect and tolerance through a ban on all technology and a sincere appreciation of the exquisite differences between the races (and sexes) of the world.



Although now a constitutional monarchy, Montagar originally traced both lineage and royal privilege through the mothers' bloodlines. Current thought allows that males can be as valuable and as fit to hold office as females, however most older Faerie folk still hold to the idea of a matriarchy, and queens remain far more likely to be elected.

Unlike most governmental systems of the late great 20th-Century Earth, Montagari society is not hierarchical, but cooperative. To understand their political system, it helps to picture the orbits of the planets. The monarch is the center of the system, and other political units describe widening rings around her. Some of these have satellites of their own.

One major tenet of Montagari political life is *consensus*. Instead of allowing one group to out-vote and overpower another, the political field is divided into small segments based on population centers, each of which must come to a consensus (that is, they must all agree to live with the solutions they create). Needless to say, with laws set only by unanimous consent, there is very little government influence on most of Montagari life, a situation with which everyone is enormously pleased.

The Monarchy

The center of Montagari government is, of course, the Queen (or, on rare occasion, King). The first job of the monarchy is that of Final Arbiter: the person who keeps all parties negotiating in difficult quarrels, the person who decides whether an agreement can be or has been reached.

Secondary to that, the Queen has the power of Authority. This is best described as a combination of noblesse oblige and executive privilege: during times of crisis, the Queen can act as absolute dictator for the good of the realm, imposing special taxes, drafts, or what have you. As the Queen is elected by the aforementioned unanimous consensus, this action is never received with ill will by the populace, and as each monarch is well-schooled in the responsibilities of power, it has yet to be abused.

Finally, the role of Queen as national figurehead can never be understated. The Queen acts as gracious as possible at all times, the better to be a role model for her loyal subjects, especially the children. It is also no coincidence that Montagari queens tend to be very attractive, which most Faeries look on as symbolic of the beauty of their land.

The Ruling Council

At the next level out from the monarchy, the Ruling Council of consensus-nominated officials sets the law of the land, negotiates trade and state agreements with other nations, and advises the Queen on matters with which she is unfamiliar. Although the number of officials remains more or less constant, there are no strict guidelines in this matter. If a new official is needed to fulfill a particular function, one is appointed. One example of this is Chanbear, the red elf who has served as Scorch Response Counselor for the last forty years or so.

The Guildmasters

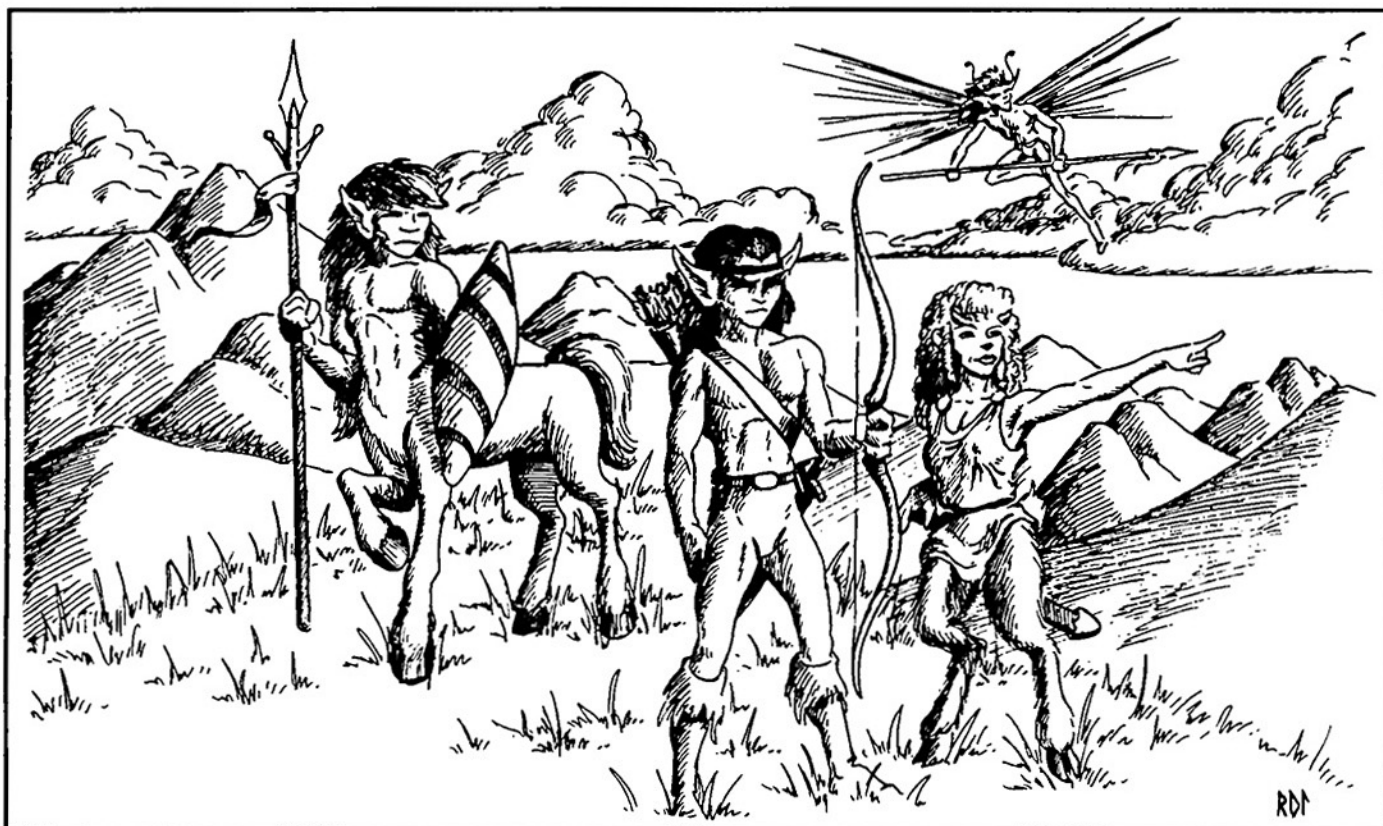
The next satellites outside the Ruling Council are the Guildmasters, each of whom has his or her own sphere of influence. Guildmasters arbitrate quarrels and standards within their guilds. In Montagar, most trades are learned through the apprenticeship system, where a youth is sent to the guild hall from the age of 9 until at least 20 or so, to learn her or his craft.

Other Officials

Some regions (like the vicinity of Rana Bottom) have elected governors to oversee the local area. Finally, most towns have mayors to do the typically mayorly things. Although the appointment of governors and mayors is technically subject to consensus approval, such nominees are typically rubber-stamped by the government without a second thought.

Each ring of government has, of course, lower officials to enforce its policies (duty collectors, policefaeries, lamplighters, etc.). These are appointed and paid by the area or municipality which requires their services.

Over all, the government functions smoothly and effectively, with local officials acting with sincere desire for the general betterment of their area. As locals, these officials are treated with respect and deference by the populace at large, making them the envy of every other Faerie government. Then again, Montagar doesn't have a bureaucracy, so what else would you expect?



Races

**“Then, in the good lands they came back,
arising from their long sleep:
fairies, elves, dwarves; the true ancestors of man.
They lived happily in the good areas.”**

In the land of Montagar, one can find almost every intelligent Faerie race; every color of elf, several species of fairies, gnomes, dwarves, satyrs, centaurs, and a few other, lesser-known breeds.

The noble centaurs and spry satyrs, as you may have already noted, are new to this volume. Centaurs especially are quite unlike the other Faerie races. We trust you will find both centaurs and satyrs interesting to read about and enjoyable to play.

Of the elves, red elves are dominant, and it is their culture that will be explored in these pages. Blue elf society will be covered in the *Scotch Sourcebook*, and other elf races will be included in future books.

Fairies are the most physically diverse of all the races in the world. There are blithe, silly meadow fairies; fierce, independent mountain fairies; quiet, mystical wood fairies; and practical, alchemical swamp fairies. There are other fairy types as well, but these four sub-species are the most common in Montagar, and will be described here. Meadow fairies and swamp fairies are also new to this book.

Dwarves and gnomes are more subterranean than the run-of-the-mill Faerie, and further exploration of their cultures will be done later. Elflings do not have an independent culture in Montagar, adhering instead to the culture of their preferred parent.

Centaurs

"It's hard not to look down
on other Faeries
when I always see
the tops of their heads."

- *Horek the Giant,
famed centaur warrior*

"What do you get when you cross
a ross with an elf? A dumb ross?
No, worse: a centaur."

- *old fairy joke*

The largest and most powerful of the civilized Faerie races, centaurs are also renowned as the wisest and gentlest people in all of Halcionia. But there is more to them than stereotype suggests...

Physique

Centaurs look like a magical grafting of an elf's torso (from the hips up) to a horse's body (from the shoulders down). They have six limbs (two elven arms and four horse legs) as well as an elven head and a horse-like tail. They weight up to 500 pounds and they stand, from the tops of their pointed ears to the bottoms of their front hooves, up to 7 feet high, truly a ponderous dimension for most Faeries.

Their hide color ranges from palomino gold to appaloosa spots to lavender grey, and their skin tones run from ruddy red to navy black. By elven standards, their features are large: most centaurs are somewhat heavy-browed and roman-nosed, with square or dimpled chins. Hair is curly to kinky in texture, and glossy brown or black in color. Centaurs have large, widely-spaced eyes in brown or hazel hues. Occasionally a green-eyed child is born, but the color usually fades with maturity.

Strangers may read the typical centaur expression as morose, because their wide mouths turn down a little at the corners, but this is a misapprehension. They are just as cheerful as the next race (as long as the next race isn't Mutant).

Most centaurs have lithe, tightly-muscled torsos, even well into old age. When they put on weight, they tend to carry it in the barrel area. The more telling sign of advancing years is the sway of their backs. While centaurs stay mentally alert all of their lives, their joints often succumb to arthritis, making

it painful for older centaurs to move around. According to experts' best guesses, centaurs have a natural lifespan of about 150 years or so.

Being large and powerful, centaurs are overly-cautious when dealing with other Faeries. This has given them the reputation of being very gentle, which, by nature, they are. This reputation is enhanced by a common misconception among other Faeries, which is that centaurs are 'as strong as a bull ross.' Faeries expect centaurs to have a crushing grip, for example, and are amazed when their touch is light. The source of this misconception is that although they are large and well-muscled, the arms of a centaur are only as strong as those of a powerful brown elf. The majority of a centaur's strength lies in its horsequarters, and that power is not reflected in the centaur's handshake.

Psychology

Centaurs are by far the most physical of the Faerie races (with the possible exception of the trolls), and this is reflected in their world outlook. They trust in their power, and are therefore willing to take long, slow looks at the shape of things before they make a decision. Other Faeries consider centaurs to be ponderous of thought or even downright phlegmatic, but from the centaur's point of view, they are simply not at all capricious. Wiser Faeries use this to their advantage, for if a centaur counsellor can be swayed to a certain course of action, one can be sure that the action is well-founded, and not the result of hot tempers or arbitrary reaction.

By the same token, once a centaur has set his mind to a certain task, almost nothing can put him off the track. Even worse is when a centaur gets angered; a mad centaur cannot be stopped with anything short of an industrial-grade tranquilizer. This makes centaurs fearsome foes in battle, for their determination and will to win surpass almost everyone else's in Halcionia.

Centaurs are very sensual creatures, though not in the fashion of, say, the satyrs. While satyrs will drink and caper and indulge themselves, centaurs find their satisfaction in simpler pleasures; the rush of the breeze during a gallop, the sight of morning dew, the sensations of hard physical labor, or the play of a romp through the surf. Theirs is a quiet and placid *joie de vivre*. The most visible 'fun' that centaurs can be seen having is dancing.



Finally, centaurs feel that to exist without power or strength isn't really existence at all. There is nothing worse than a crippled centaur. The natural lifespan of a centaur has never been verified, because when a centaur feels too old, he launches a solo crusade against the Mutants, trotting off across The Desert to wreak havoc among the evil creatures until he is slain in battle. The fact that most Mutants have only battled single, aging centaurs has led to a persistent Scorch rumor that centaurs are incapable of serious warfare. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Lifestyle

The majority of centaurs live on the southern plains of Montagar, from the hills to the sea coast. However, centaurs are a nomadic race, and small tribes can be found in many places throughout Halcionia. Centaurs prefer wide open places like prairies and meadows, and will only pass through hills, passes or forests to get to such areas. They avoid swamps and mountainous areas at all costs.

Centaurs are hunters, herders and gatherers by nature, enjoying a nomadic lifestyle which allows them to follow their flocks and wild crops. They live in migrating tent cities, which they can relocate when the grazing gets low or the game gets too scarce. Typically, tribes run their herds communally, grazing flocks of a hundred or so mohairs (goats), alpaca (llama) or both.

Centaurs only own as much as they can carry on their backs. No centaur would ever allow himself to pull a cart (that's what a ross is for), and they'd never entrust any of their important possessions to a ross. A few rosses carry the tribe's dull or burdensome equipment: spinning wheels, looms, etc. Thus a centaur's load will generally be restricted to a tent, a bedroll, a lute or other lightweight musical instrument, a few weapons, and a couple small precious items. It is a source of pride to centaurs to be able to change from fully-settled with pitched tent, bedroll, and food in the fire to ready-to-migrate in less than a half hour.

Since centaurs have no permanent home, they have developed a complex and ritualized set of customs and formalities (-2 to social skill for non-centaurs) for interactions. This is most strictly structured in courtship rituals. Outsiders feel that romance among centaurs is too stiff, but centaurs take it very seriously. The rituals, though formalized, are very enjoyable—and a little titillating—and young centaurs are expected to practice with as many potential mates as possible before they choose the one with whom they'll spend the rest of their life. Like all centaur activities, selecting a mate is done with careful deliberation and thorough investigation of alternatives.

Centaurs also believe that "maturity is as maturity does," so there is no official ceremony for reaching adulthood. Such regimentation of life would go against centaurs' free lifestyle, and with individuals coming and going as they please, it's often hard to keep track of ages anyway. When asked how old they are, most centaurs respond with, "Oh, I guess I'm about..."

Joust

Feuds are settled as quickly as possible with a peculiarly centaur version of the medieval joust. The opposing parties line up at opposite ends of a

designated area and run towards each other at full gallop. As they pass, they swing at each other with their bare hands. The first centaur to concede or (most often) fall unconscious must abide by the desires of the victor.

With such a system for mediating disputes, one would think that centaur society would quickly be ruled by the most powerful. Such is not the case, however, for if a single centaur has two or more simultaneous disputes, these are resolved one after another. It is a rare centaur who can knock out two opponents back to back, let alone three.

Tribes

Although centaurs mate for life, they do not have a strict tribal structure beyond the nuclear family. A centaur 'tribe' is no more than a loose and free association of individuals, numbering anywhere from four to a hundred, moving about together for companionship and protection. Individual centaurs are free to come and go as they please. Some even join elven society for a while, to make new friends, learn new information, and do a little trading.

When two centaur tribes encounter each other on the plains, they will move together for anywhere from a week to a month. After that time, the combined group will usually split again into two or more tribes, and each centaur will go with whichever tribe their whim decrees. In this fashion, centaur tribes intermingle and interbreed, and as a result, no racial schisms have developed among the centaurs as they have among the elves and fairies. It's not uncommon for a centaur to belong to as many as six different tribes in a year. After all, as the parable has it, "your tribe is where your hooves are."

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Centaurians do not ride other creatures, being themselves uniquely suited to rapid travel with large load capacity. They have been known to ride on barges or ships, but as they can do less work and require more food than satyrs, such voyages are generally for pleasure only.

Centaurians use weapons that are large and heavy. Their favorite melee weapons are those of long reach, like spears and quarterstaves, although some use flails with excellent facility. Because of the length

of their hindquarters, centaurs are vulnerable to flank and rear attacks. (They cannot use their weapons or shields to parry such attacks, and may only dodge these attacks if performing no other actions that combat turn.) A common strategy centaur soldiers use to overcome this handicap is to fight flank to flank, facing opposite directions, but all else being equal, they try to avoid stand-up fights. A dressage-trained centaur can kick with his hindquarters during combat instead of either attacking or parrying with his hand-held melee weapon.

Centaurians are generally strong enough to use even the heaviest long bows and crossbows. They cannot use standard foot bows, both because the stamp is not designed for hooves, and because the shape of their bodies won't permit them to hold the bows horizontally (they simply can't clear the ground).

On the other hoof, most centaurs are strong enough (and have callous enough hands) to draw a crossbow without resorting to the crank that other races must use to lever the bowstring back. As a result, they can fire crossbows faster than others, requiring one less combat turn to reload (thus an arbalest would fire once every three combat turns).

More recently, some fletchers have made foot bows without the foot stamps, being useful then as oversized compound bows. Strong centaurs (might 17 or better) can draw these bows without much difficulty and use them as if they were compound bows. Given their superior rate of fire as compared to crossbows, these bows are fast becoming popular, and fletchers have been unable to keep up with the demand (due to short supply, they cost 80 gp).

Religious Beliefs

Centaurians worship Crazy Horse, an ancient human god whose effigy (a half-melted cavalry statue) they found in some ancient ruins outside Montagar. They believe that Crazy Horse will come again to lead his chosen people into the great plains of Heaven. The Crazy Horse religion reinforces the centaur conviction that rosses are stupid beasts of burden.

Other various tidbits of history have trickled down through the millennia to be incorporated into the centaur religion. Some items which are small (stills from Dances with Wolves, a Triple Crown trophy) are carried around by centaur priests. Other items,

which are too big to be carried, are incorporated into a shrine, which the centaurs will visit whenever they're in the area. Tribal mixing ensures that most centaurs know the locations of most shrines.

Youngsters are brought up on myths that explain the weather and natural happenings. For instance, foals are told that thunder is the centaurs in heaven charging across the plains—which they believe until they are old enough to know that storm dragons actually cause the noise.

The centaur religion, like their lifestyle, is simple, straightforward, and free. Whether or not they actually go to heaven is not as important to them as whether or not they do what is right.

Economics

Centaurs, because of their nomadic nature, are not accumulators, but they do revere precious items in the form of jewelry and richly-decorated rugs, blankets, and tent wrappings. They sell their mohair and alpaca wool in raw fleeces at the great Quarter Day trade fairs in Montagar, and they spin, knit and weave the fibers themselves, too.

On important occasions such as birthdays, marriages, and victories of valor against the Mutant hordes, centaurs go into a gift-giving frenzy. Somewhat akin to the ancient human potlatch, the celebrant here gives most of his livelihood and all of his personal possessions away in a huge three- or four-day festival. He retains only the barest necessities: ten head of livestock, a soup kettle, and his tentwrap. Everything else, down to the very tentpoles, is distributed among friends and passersby.

Centaurs feel this periodic restarting keeps their business instincts competitive, their emotions free from pointless baggage, and their spirits reminded of the transience of earthly possessions. Sooshma, as the ceremonial practise is called, also helps keep all centaurs on an even economic footing, with no one desperately poor, and none too rich.

Centaur guards are much sought-after caravan escorts across the jungles and hills of Montagar, and even into East Elfland. Some centaurs also hire themselves out as mounts for important people in the city of Montagar, or as crowd control when the local police aren't up to the task.

Magic

Centaurs do not practice much magic, as they are generally more concerned with physical pursuits. Learning magic involves too much time stuck in a tower struggling with rote memorization, and not enough time running amok in the fields and plains. That magic that centaurs do learn is learned through the school of hard knocks (after some initial tutoring), and has directly practical application.

Allies and Enemies

The centaurs have traditionally been close to the red elves, for they understand each other's lifestyle very well. Together with some elves of the Ross tribe, certain centaurs have formed the elite Cataphract Regiment, one of the finest military units in Halcionia. The centaurs have no real enemies, but they also have no other real friends besides the elves—for a long time they ignored the smaller Faerie races, and now this disinterest has come back to roost, with some in the smaller races thinking the centaurs are too big to hassle with.

Racial Norms

STR 13	INT 9	DEX 8	CHA 9
PER 9	CON 12	SIZ 12	WP 10
MGT 13*	DB +1**	SPI 10	MR 11~
RS 9	REC 11	SP 35	HP 13

Hoof (N) 4D (4D+2 for kicking with rear feet)

*Centaurs' size attribute reflects primarily their elf torso build, and neglects their horse chassis (giving a centaur the size of a ross would make for unrealistic melee). To compensate for this, centaurs get a +4 bonus to their Might when they use their full body. For example, a centaur trying to pull open the door to a wall safe would use his normal might, but a centaur kicking in a door would get the +4 bonus.

**Centaurs do not use their damage bonus when charging with a lance. Basically, a lance is a glorified spear. When a centaur uses a spear in standing melee, the spear does the normal 4D plus damage bonus. When the centaur charges, he can use the lance (charging) damage rating: 6D. This compensates for the momentum of a charging centaur.

~When in sprint movement, centaurs use the quadruped movement rate multiplier.

Meadow Fairies

"Barbarians!"

- Weehawk

"Gee, they're adorable!"

- Elinore

Meadow fairies are the satyrs of the little fairy world. They live for the moment, seeking to extract as much pleasure as they can from their short life. They are the happiest, calmest, and most charismatic of the Faerie races. Few are the meadow fairies who will deliberately go somewhere to face a Mutant threat, though when danger comes near, they are quick to act.

Physique

All fairies have a few physical characteristics in common: they all have two pairs of wings sprouting from their upper backs, and they all have antennae waving from their temples. Meadow fairies can fly much faster than they can walk or even run, and

their balance shifts slightly forward while on the ground, to compensate for their wings. This makes them look like they're leaning forward, a tendency which makes them seem sweeter and more earnest to the larger Faerie races.

Meadow fairies are the cutest of the wee folk, blond or red-haired with big blue eyes and fair skin. Theirs is the Valley Girl-like emphasis on pleasure and appearance. They prefer nudity, but may dress in clan colors: cherry red, gentian blue, daylily orange. Most meadow fairy clothing (of which there is little) is made of bold, bright solid colors.

Meadow fairies are practically as small as the mountain fairies, but are heavier of build. They have a fair amount of subcutaneous fat, which at once gives them insulation for their preferred nudity and makes them appear a little chubby to most others. Despite their stout appearance, they are acrobatic and flexible, squeezing into tight corners and cartwheeling through the air in exuberance. They live at most 50 years, and more often about 35.

Psychology

Fairies are mobile creatures, and in the earliest days the divergent fairies segregated themselves into groups of like-minded individuals, leading to the varying races of today. With the rise of Montagar, there has been some talk of reunification, but the outlooks of the various fairy societies are wildly different.

The Meadow fairies are the most carefree of the diminutive species. They prefer to have no home, and to keep at most three outfits. When food is aplenty, life is good, and the meadow fairies frolic in the sun all day long. When snow comes, the meadow fairies scrape along as best they can, and often others, moved by their plight, will give them a helping hand. Of course, when this happens, it gives the meadow fairies even less reason to plan ahead.

Meadow fairies are non-materialistic. They have little to do with enduring goods, for to them the greatest beauty is that which is fleeting. In other words, a rock may look nice, but a tree looks better, and while a bloom is dazzling, a sunset is the most gorgeous of all. In fact, the only meadow fairies who will bother to 'own' anything beyond a frock or two are the Knights of Stardust, described on page 22.



Lifestyle

Meadow fairies are the ultimate party animals (with the possible exception of satyrs), believing in pleasure and beauty as the highest attainable goals. They live in the most impermanent dwellings of all the Faerie folk, choosing to curl up at night in the temporary shelter of nodding susans, bellflowers, and sunray blossoms. Each flower lasts at most a week before the fairy must move on to another bud, but the fragrance and softness of the petals make an incredible place to sleep, and the immediate presence of a little nectar for a breakfast in bed is an added bonus. Meadow fairies are aware that they could build more permanent homes, but building smacks of technology and dependence, and meadow fairies simply ignore those concepts.

Mothers often stay with their young children for only a year. Once the youngsters are weaned, they are handed off to any of the many relatives in the garden, and in fact, are shifted from one relation to another on purpose, to cure shyness and develop their independence as soon as possible. This open sharing also helps build a sense of generosity in the young one.

To maintain their energies, these tiny folk eat almost continuously, and nectar is one of their primary foods. They harvest nectar from their gardens and from wildflowers. A suitable portion is diverted into brewing ambrosia (their only non-mobile industry, and one of the few things they do that could actually be called 'work'), and another fraction is reserved for proofing the yeast used for baking. The rest is eaten raw or refined into sweet bricks for nibbling. Meadow fairies also make large (for them) drops of seasoned nectar, known as nectar-gems, which they trade to elves for more refined delicacies like chocolate.

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Meadow fairies use dragonflies and moths for mounts. These insects are not considered pets, but more as playmates. Meadow fairies do not domesticate insects so much as teach them tolerance. There is no 'breaking' the mount to a saddle; a meadow fairy simply grabs on to the bug and holds on for as long as he can. (This, by the way, is why meadow fairies do not ride stinging insects.)



Why do the insects tolerate this? The meadow fairies tempt them. The fairies place large, sweet-smelling pools of nectar in easily-accessible places surrounded by fairies. When the insects approach, they can eat as much as they want, but only if they tolerate the touch of the fairies. Soon, the insect gets used to the fairies' non-threatening presence.

At this point, it is 'suitable for mounting', and meadow fairies hold contests to see who can hang on the longest. This of course bothers the insects, but soon the lure of the free food makes them tolerate it.

Religious Beliefs

To the meadow fairies, the single tenet of their faith is that all is good. They do not believe in violence, and will only fight if directly threatened. Mutants, of course, have proved themselves worthy of a notable exception to this rule, for they are destructive on a scale beyond the fairies' comprehension.

Meadow fairies treat all animals kindly (beyond their typical teasing). They are vegetarians. If they



offend someone, their conscience will not allow them to rest until they have made amends.

Knights of Stardust

The Knights of Stardust are a semi-religious group which volunteers to sacrifice some of their own pleasure for the protection of the majority of the meadow fairies. They are sentries, rescuers, and, when necessary, warriors. They do their best not to let the occasional grimness of their job overshadow their happy nature.

Some meadow fairy communities have different names for this organization; the Sentinels, the Eyes of the Meadow, et cetera, but the principles remain the same.

Economics

Meadow fairies do not use coinage at all, insisting that all transactions be bartered. Money has no value to them. Coinage to the meadow fairy indicates stasis, a tie to something (specifically a precious metal) that does not grow or change. Even better than barter, though, in the eyes of the meadow fairies, is giving.

Of course, most items they give are transient, blossom garlands, perfumes, and nectar-gems and the like, but they are incredibly beautiful. They are also interested only in transient products.

Basically, what we're saying is that they have no economy. No one's rich, no one's poor, and no one's unhappy because they all have what they want.

Gee, that's too bad.

Magic

Meadow fairies practice a lot of magic, for the simple fact that it's fun. They are master magicians, and that magic may be all that keeps them from getting overrun in this world.

Meadow fairy magic tends towards the illusory, the tricky, and the flashy. They have a strange sense of humor which relies primarily on teasing others' short tempers. Once the tempers flare up, though, meadow fairies are willing to apologize and make amends. They simply can't resist pushing their jokes just one more little bit...

Allies and Enemies

Fairies are so prone to quarrel among themselves that they rarely need outside enemies. Bad blood does exist between the meadow fairies and a few of the red elf tribes, as Weehawk pointed out, although this enmity is not as severe as it is for the elves and mountain fairies.

Meadow fairies are also estranged from their mountain fairy cousins.

Racial Norms

STR	3	INT	10	DEX	14	CHA	12
PER	11	CON	10	SIZ	1	WP	12
MGT	2	DB	-2	SPI	11	MR	8
RS	13	REC	11	SP	23	HP	6

Meadow fairies get a +6 to their dodge skill due to their small size and remarkable maneuverability.

Mountain Fairies

"No one's ever been
to the fairy sanctuary before.
It's forbidden to all."

- *Avatar*

"It's hard enough
controlling them as it is."
- *unknown royal guard*

Mountain fairies are the most reclusive of the wee folk, lairing deep within the bowels of the earth in great caverns. Whether this isolationism is the result of the wars they fought with the red elves, or of their fear of creatures larger than they, no one knows. What is known is that the mountain fairies are proud, confident, and secure in their domain.

Physique

Like all other fairy races, the mountain fairies have two pairs of wings sprouting from their upper backs. When not in use, these are normally kept folded behind the fairy's back. There is a certain art to reading mountain fairy body language, for at times, a mountain fairy will display his wings. This action can indicate, among other things, pride, anger, and extreme pleasure. It is often used by officials to lend an imperious air to their statements. Mountain fairies never show their wings when they are afraid. Some experts think this is a mechanism to protect their fragile wings from damage.

Mountain fairies are the smallest fairy race, standing an average of 5" tall. Like their kin, they have antennae sprouting from their heads. Thanks to their underground habitat, they are the fairy race most comfortable with walking.

Mountain fairies have tawny gold to grey skin. Brown or silver hair is most common, but occasional fairies have hair of other dark tones, even green. Their eyes are almond-shaped, with orange sclera and dark pupils, giving them a fierce appearance. They dress in sun-lizard skins and mouse pelts, preferring the muted greens and earth-tones of the forest understory and the alpine glades they frequent. Physical fitness is their mania, and they are very competitive in sports and contests of daring. Like meadow fairies, they live at most 50 years.

Psychology

Skepticism (or is it paranoia?) is the watchword of the mountain fairy psyche, and security is their prime consideration. They are hot-tempered, quick to react, and very watchful. Fierce and determined, they rarely release a grudge until they consider the affront repaid in full.

They are also cautious, for raised in such a defensive society, they implicitly believe that others will react to misunderstandings in the fashion that they do. The fiery eyes of the mountain fairies view the world not in black and white, but in something more like black and grey. That which is not best fought and destroyed is best left alone.

To be happy, the mountain fairy must have security. The cultural desire for safety and impregnability is graphically demonstrated by their lairs: dark, stone caverns, suitable for fliers but fraught with danger for the large biped. Mountain fairies deliberately choose the most hazardous of locations to prevent others from creeping in. Pit roach lairs are especially popular. Even the name of a mountain fairy lair belies the racial desire for security. They call their homes 'sanctuaries.'

Lifestyle

Mountain fairies have a well-ordered and logical society, based on the principle of the Golden Circle. The circle is the symbol of the connectedness of all things. As mountain fairies frequently say, what goes around comes around. Thus, the best way to ensure that it doesn't come around is to avoid interfering in the first place.

Where meadow fairies ignore technology, mountain fairies are firmly entrenched against it. They deliberately restrict the use of technology in mining their underground caverns and tree-trunk hidey holes, forcing themselves to follow natural contours as much as possible. Technology, mountain fairies believe, is the death of magic, and they prefer magic.

Mountain fairies are very secretive, too. Their old feud with the elves was threaded through with treachery and betrayal, and several mountain fairy settlements were destroyed thanks to thoughtlessness of elves, who had given away their locations. Now, mountain fairies zealously guard the locations of their underground strongholds, preferring to teleport all guests and hostages rather than let

them get a glimpse of the actual entrances and exits. Of those few foolish enough to enter a mountain fairy sanctuary uninvited (i.e., anyone), none have yet returned.

The Fairies' Only Hope

The meadow and mountain fairies (and probably other fairy races) were once one species, but a long-ago quarrel (thousands of years; before recorded history) between two royal brothers led to the separation of their followers, and the subsequent evolution of two very different races. With the recent developments in Scortch, the two are once again banding together under a common banner. In fact, in the wilderness just across the Salamander River from Montagar, the heir-apparent to both meadow and mountain fairy thrones is Sean, eldest grandson of both Neeral the meadow fairy queen, and King Granger of the Dohan mountain fairies.

Like Elinore, Sean is a halfbreed. He is the hope of both his lineages, for a reconciliation between the two fairy groups has been long overdue. His father, Prince Wilderth, died of plague soon after Sean was born, and he was raised by his mother's meadow fairy family in Montagar. Periodic visits to the Dohan mountain fairy sanctuary allowed Sean to see both sides of his heritage and learn the courtly behaviors of the mountain fairy court.

This year, King Granger, satisfied with the boy's progress, if a little put out by his meadow tendencies to gaiety and practical jokes, has declared that if Sean marries, he, Granger, will step down and allow the younger fairy to take the throne. Sean still has not chosen his bride-to-be, but he seems to have his eye on a young maiden from one of the mountain fairies' highest noble lines. Everything looks rosy for the future of the two fairy kingdoms.

Already Prince Sean has assumed the hereditary meadow fairy title Leader of the Knights of Stardust, and the mountain fairy honorific Protector of Dohan, which is similar to a knight of the realm. He spreads his honor among both his organizations, referring to both meadow and mountain fairy guardians by both titles. He hopes soon to have united the two kingdoms for the first time since The Sundering, which he hopes will set a precedent for a general camaraderie between all of his kind.

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Like meadow fairies, mountain fairies use dragonflies and moths for riding. Occasionally, a regiment of yellow-jacket-riding mountain fairies forms up, but the wasps are unreliable about stinging only the enemy, and not many other Faerie troops will work with them. These tiniest fairies shoot fairy bows as their weapon of choice. Swords and daggers are all very well among opponents of your own size, but the scale differential makes them all but useless against mutants and other monsters. Of necessity and by choice, most mountain fairies keep their distance with missiles and magic.

Of course, mountain fairies being who they are, most carry a sword or spear—just in case they do have to use it against someone their own size.

Religious Beliefs

Mountain fairy beliefs are centered on the so-called Golden Circle. This is the belief that all is interconnected, sort of a combination of instant karma and 'as ye sow, so shall ye reap'. The mountain fairies have a proverb known as the Golden Rule, which, by coincidence, is the same as it was in the old United States.

This way of life is offset by the mountain fairies' natural caution, which dictates that "when the door is open, anyone can come in." This nameless unknown lurking outside is what mountain fairies fear and avoid.

The Golden Circle, aside from being a way of life for the mountain fairies, is also the name of a ritual wherein the mountain fairies agree to shelve their aggressiveness and paranoia in the quest for peace. Essentially, it's a religiously-backed truce. Needless to say, any violation of the sanctity of the Ritual of the Golden Circle is dealt with most severely.

Economics

The mountain fairies do very little trading, mostly because they don't much trust outsiders. Occasionally they will sell intricate items of fairy make for necessities or large objects like a sanctuary gate.

Magic

Mountain fairies practice magic that is exceptionally practical for their needs, especially teleportation.

Other common security spells include their Stone Shackles spell, and Teasing Lights, which leads unwanted explorers astray to the roach pit. The exact details of the mountain fairy spells will be delineated in the forthcoming *Magic* supplement.

Allies and Enemies

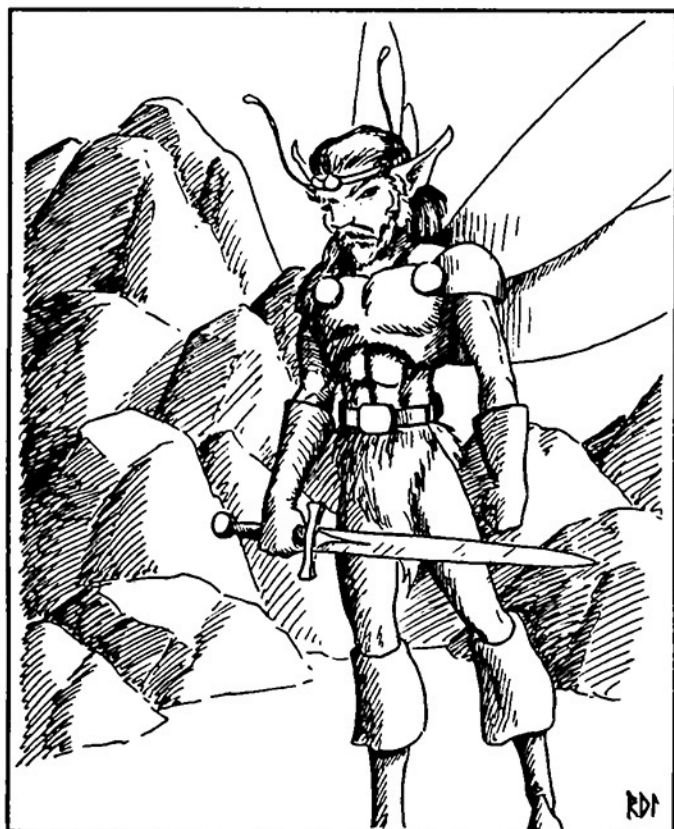
Hostile, proud, blunt, and able to hold a grudge for many long generations, the mountain fairies have managed to alienate just about everyone. This even includes the dwarves, for there have been some underground battles when dwarf and fairy excavations blundered into each other.

Racial Norms

Reprinted here for convenience, from the *Wizards* role-playing game, page 93.

STR 3	INT 10	DEX 15	CHA 11
PER 12	CON 10	SIZ 1	WP 11
MGT 2	DB -2	SPI 10	MR 8
RS 14	REC 10	SP 21	HP 6

Mountain fairies get a +6 to their dodge skill.



Red Elves

"I can't stand them.
They're stodgy, humorless, and arrogant.
But there's no one I'd rather have
fighting at my side."
- Sayriah

Elves are the biggest plurality in the multi-species nation of Montagar. The native elf tribes of the region are all red of skin, although elves of every other color, even a few blue elves, have emigrated here and incorporated themselves into the 'melting pot of Montagar'. Most of the foreign elves reside in the capitol city, where they live as they please, but a few have actually joined red elf tribes.

Physique

Red elves have ruddy red skin with black or dark brown hair. Their almond-shaped eyes have black, brown, or blue irises surrounded by yellow to cream-colored sclera (the so-called 'whites' of the eye). They tend to the tall and slender end of the size 9 scale, usually attaining heights of 5'1" to 5'5" and weighing 90-120 pounds. Red elves have an easy, graceful walk and upright bearing; they seem like they could walk forever. As a race, red elves are good dancers, with an innate sense of rhythm and balance that makes them tend toward martial arts, dancing and tumbling pursuits. Most elves have good singing voices as well.

Adolescent elves, like adolescents of any species, are most conscious of physical looks and fashions. It is considered a lucky omen to have a small birthmark on the face or right forearm, and some youngsters have taken to painting such marks on their skin with berry dyes. Youngsters also wear their hair in elaborately-curled, crimped and braided styles, resplendent with shell beads and feathers.

As they get older, red elves become less attracted to the gaudy extravagances, but most older elves still have one intricate, prized ornament related to their tribe or guild affiliation. Unlike most species, elves rarely grow paunchy with old age. Many remain active and spry well into their hundreds, and most red elves' hair doesn't go fully white until they reach the age of 120.

Psychology

Although their society is the oldest elven society on the planet, red elves are less cosmopolitan than any others, save only the nomadic yellow elves. Red elves hold to a simple, utilitarian world view which most others find needlessly Spartan. They themselves prefer not to let emotions or nostalgia rule their judgement. As the oldest elf species, red elves also tend to consider themselves the guardians of the Faerie lands, an eldest-sibling attitude that many others find condescending.

Loyal to their kin (which is to say, blood relatives and those few others with whom they feel a strong bond of friendship), red elves can be doggedly determined when facing any perceived foe to themselves, their tribe, or their beliefs. This dedication

also applies to lifestyle, and has caused the urbanization of Montagar to result in inconspicuous suburban cities instead of dense, walled metropolises.

Although normally calm, red elves are known for a temper and rash judgement when faced with combat or treachery (which is essentially a form of combat). As a race, they are not proud of this characteristic, for it occasionally causes them to act first and think later. On the other hand, this quick inclination to fight has saved many red elves' lives, so even if they could change that tendency, the society at large seems disinclined to do so.

Lifestyle

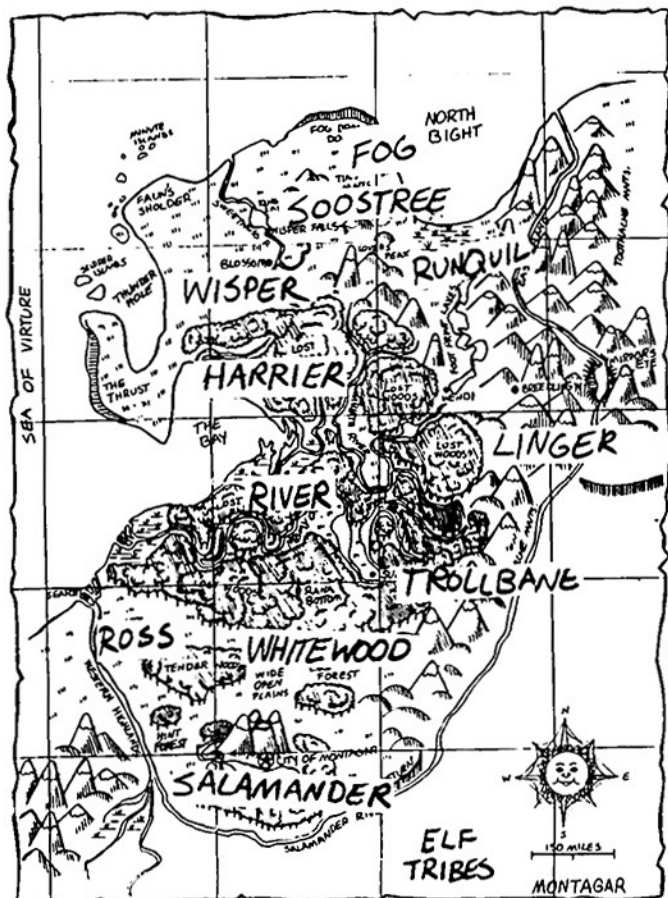
Red elves live in all regions of Montagar, from the swamps that border the North Bight to the plains along the Salamander south of Mount Montagar. Lifestyles, customs and practices vary over the land due to the influence of geography, weather, and vocation, but not so much so as to remove any feelings of kinship between the tribes.

Originally, red elves built their communities in the trees, with trunk-hugging platforms and rope-and-vine causeways. Although times have changed in the last few thousand years, many villages keep to the old style. Even in cosmopolitan Montagar, red elf houses reflect the former standards. Most modern dwellings feature 2nd floor balconies, wrap-around porches, and commanding vistas. They have a multitude of entrance points and escape routes. (This architecture gives spies a -3 to their surveillance skill while watching a red elf dwelling. Also, red elves inside a Montagari building get a +3 to appropriate evasion skills if the character knows the place, or a +1 if it's an unfamiliar building.)

Construction materials vary from thatch to wattle-and-daub to unpeeled logs. In the capitol, and in a very few wealthy houses elsewhere, stone and lumber is used for construction. Most elven homes have a master bedroom suite for the parents' privacy, a family room and a dining room. Two larger, dormitory-style bedrooms, one for each sex, contain the passel of children common in elven extended households. Meditation chambers are frequent additions. At any given time, there's better than a 75% chance that someone is home.

All elves are raised with a great sensitivity to the beauty and naturalness of the environment, and have a strong distaste for refuse and the out-of-





place. Neatness and harmony of sight are such habits with red elves that a stranger must make a roll against perception when first entering an elven village area. Only if the characters succeeds in this roll will the evidence of habitation be apparent. If the visitor fails the roll, any elves encountered will be assumed to be away from their village.

At 24, red elves are considered adult. The ritual coming-of-age ceremony for both male and female involves choosing a private name. Typically a private name has three to five nonsense syllables, as compared to a public name, which is usually the compound of two natural objects, or an ancient human name. Those privileged to know an elf's private name can usually be counted on the fingers of one hand, with digits left over. They may include parents and intimates, and sometimes siblings. If an enemy finds out an elf's private name, he can add +2 to his spirit when casting a spell against the elf.

Also at 24, red elves gain the ability to contract marriage covenants, to accept a seat on the Ruling Council or guild membership, and to serve in the army in its battles against Blackwolf.

Tribes

It is an old, still-followed red elf custom to adorn the roof-tree at the front of the house with the tribe-totem of the matriarch (mother) of the household. Many tribal totems are named after creatures indigenous to Montagar. There are 11 tribal totems in all: Fog, Harrier, Linger, River, Ross, Runquil, Salamander, Soostree, Trollbane, Whisper, and Whitewood. Villages may contain family groups from three or four different tribes, and, of course, representative members of each of the tribes live in the city of Montagar.

There are only a very few elves who do not claim membership in any tribe. Some of these are proud and aloof elves who are trying to start their own tribe, but no new tribes have been recognized in about 7000 years. The rest are orphans who did not know their mother; those who had a falling out with their family; or urbanites whose heritage is so cross-bred that they can claim relation to almost everyone, and thus see no point in placing themselves on one side of what they view as an arbitrary line.

While the tribes used to be separate and distinct, recent centuries have seen red elves intermingle to a great degree. Each tribe still maintains a dominance in their ancestral homelands, however. These are shown in the map to the left.

Although most elves are herders, farmers, hunters and traders by inclination, the Soostree and Whitewood tribes have produced famous dynasties of minstrels, and a north-eastern clan of the Runquil has a history of great fishermen.

Kinship is fairly complex among the red elves. Totemic affiliation comes through the mother's tribe, and restricts an elf to marrying someone from any other tribe besides her mother's or grandmothers' totems. To this end, children are fostered out for a years' time each at the ages of 12, 15, 18 and 21. They live on distant homesteads of their tribes and learn those clans' customs and lifestyles. (Elves of the same tribe but in different geographic locations are termed to be in different clans, thus the Blossom clan of the Soostree tribe of the red elves. It gets complicated at family reunions, listening to the aunts sort out who's who.) The youngsters also have the opportunity to meet other children of different tribes. It is a matter of some pride to marry far from your own clan.

Fog

The Fog tribe is a small one which lives in the Fog Dragon Downs. Of all red elves, they are most friendly with the fairies, for there are plenty of fairies which live in the area with them. The Fog tribe cultivates wildflowers in the area— not in neat rows, but in naturally random patterns. These flowers are commonly used by the fairies for homes, so in return the fairies help harvest nectar and spider silk for the elves. Almost every Fog tribe household has a pet sun lizard or two. Their culture is so inundated with the animals that beginning Fog tribe characters get a +2 to their husbandry skill.

Harrier

The Harrier tribe occupies the central woods north of the Ariath River, extending north somewhat into the plains. They are an average-sized tribe, hunting and gathering in the woods and growing a few crops just outside the wood margins. They are hospitable people, which has made Harrier territory a common wayside for caravans traveling across the Lostwoods. This, of course, helps the Harriers who can then trade for whatever goods they might need. Due to their woodland lifestyle, beginning Harrier player characters get a +2 bonus to their trapping skill.

Linger

A small tribe which lives in the more hospitable areas of the Toothache Mountains, the Linger tribesfaeries are as aggressive as their namesake. They take pride in their harsh yet beautiful environment, and build saunas for themselves. Visitors are encouraged to soak up the steam in one of the cedar huts, then plunge headlong into one of the Toothache range's icy streams. Linger tribesfaeries derive great entertainment from the reactions of those adventuresome few who do so. Thanks to the vertical nature of most of their environment, beginning Linger characters get a +2 added to their climbing skill.

River

Although the River tribe is nowhere near the smallest of the red elf tribes, it is easily the most isolated. Living in the deepest parts of the lush Lostwoods rain forest, the River red elves keep to themselves, and few venture beyond a few miles

from their homesteads. It is possible that there are isolated families of River red elves who aren't even aware that they're in a larger kingdom. Like backwoods Cajuns, they're not primitive, they just don't know. Most River tribesfaeries grow up living a hand-to-mouth existence, hence beginning River characters get a +2 bonus to their survival skill.

Ross

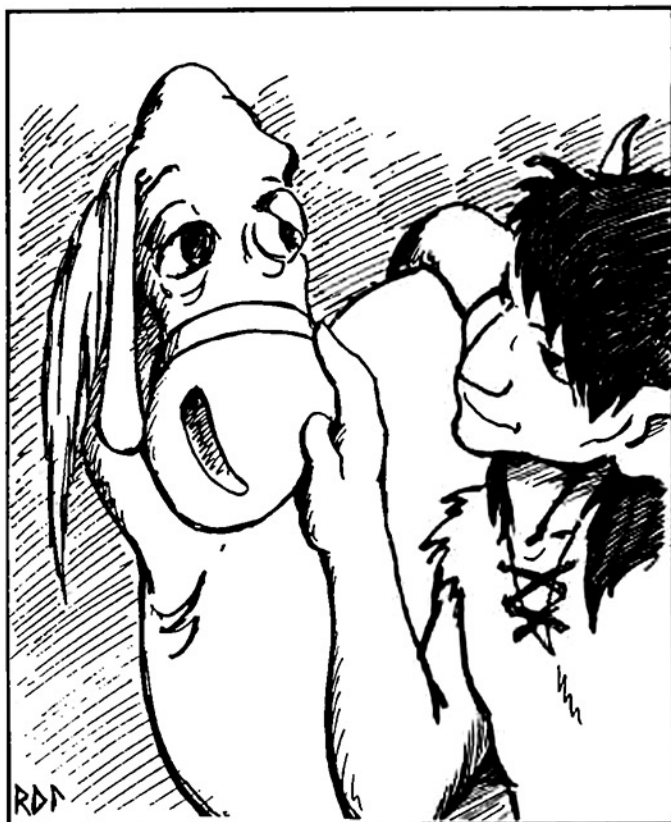
The largest elf tribe in Montagar, the Ross red elves take their position at the top very seriously. They have forged an effective alliance with the centaurs, leading to the formation of the elite Cataphract Regiment; a group of heavy elf cavalry mounted on centaurs. Other elves form archery or light infantry units. There are no serious heavy infantry units among the Ross tribe, for they value speed and maneuverability above raw power. Even the Cataphracts will not choose a stand-up fight, preferring instead to charge the enemy and shatter their ranks. Living on the open prairie west of the capitol, the Ross tribe is well-placed to defend Montagar from Mutant assaults. Thanks to the martial air which permeates their lifestyle, all beginning Ross tribe characters get a +2 bonus to their tactics skill level.

Runquill

The Runquill live on the plains surrounding the North Bight. These plains are marshy in many places, but the Runquill deal with this inconvenience with an excess of patience and good nature. As a tribe, they fish the Bight, gather seaweed, and dive for pearls, trading these seaborne delicacies with inland tribes in exchange for more advanced products. Traditionally, Runquill children are born in the water. Every Runquill child grows up in the surf, thus beginning Runquill-tribe characters receive an increase of +2 to their swimming skill.

Salamander

The Salamander tribe is one of the very oldest tribes in Montagar, and dominates the area around the capitol city. They are very advanced and urban for red elves, and very social as well. Although many of them still follow the old ways, a large portion of the tribe is urban. A good 60% of the population of the city of Montagar is Salamander by



birth. Because the city of Montagar is a mercantile center as well as the jumping-off point for most Montagari caravans, beginning Salamander tribesfaeries receive a +2 added to their trade skill.

Soostree

The largest of the northern tribes, the Soostree red elves live in the hills along the Sweetness River. Traditional Soostree tribal lands border the Fog tribe areas near the Fog Dragon Downs, and extend past Blossom to the Whisper tribe's region. They also abut the Runquill's territory and reach almost as far south as the Lostwoods before they run into Harrier lands. Soostree tribesfaeries are primarily herders. They depend as much on sound as on sight, because the rolling hills often block vision, but are not so tall as to keep shepherd cries from carrying a long way. This vocal lifestyle has led to a tribe-wide tradition of ritual song and chant. The *Shepherd's Prayer* is an especially popular traditional tune, and is often sung by fairy choirs during holidays in the city of Montagar. This musical heritage gives beginning Soostree characters +2 to their Bard skill.

Trollbane

The tribe known as the Trollbane lives in the southern part of the Toothache mountains. Here the mountains are neither so high nor so harsh, but these lands used to be the breeding grounds for countless trolls. Constant battling with these giants has forged the Trollbane tribe into one of the tougher red elf factions. It is a great source of pride to them to be able to deal with more adversity than anyone else. This mental determination is endemic in the tribe, so new Trollbane characters get a +2 to their stamina skill.

Whisper

The Whisper tribe is a small collection of red elves living in the wind-swept plains west of the Sweetness River. Here they hunt small game in the tall grass and practice a bit of agriculture. The omnipresent tall grass provides ample cover for Whisper hunters, but simultaneously makes it difficult for them to surprise their prey for the noise. As a result, the Whisper tribe has excelled at moving like a linger through the grass, and beginning Whisper characters get a +2 skill bonus added to silence.

Whitewood

The southern edge of the Lostwoods south of the Novay Onwi is the territory of the Whitewood tribe. Rana Bottom, home of the famed college, is in the center of Whitewood lands, and other, smaller schools have cropped up elsewhere in the area. This has had the effect of making the Whitewoods rather scholarly for red elves, since everyone is exposed, directly or indirectly, to ambitious students debating their latest theories and discoveries of ancient matters. Nearly every Whitewood tribesfaerie will be glad to discuss the nature of human reality, and most can hold their own in discussions with all but the eldest of students. Whitewood tribal characters get a +2 to their ancient lore skill.

Tribal Demographics

This table gives a breakdown of the size of each of the tribes, as well as a chart for determining to which tribe a given character belongs. This chart is used for player characters and for important non-player characters who would have reason to travel. Local encounters will tend to be from the dominant tribe

in the area or one of its neighbors. The chart is biased towards those tribes which are more worldly; although the River tribe has a large population, members typically do not go more than twenty miles away from their birthplace during the course of their lives.

In addition to rolling their tribal affiliation, players should roll to see whether they're from the main tribe or from a different clan. On an even die roll, they're from the main portion of the tribe. On an odd die roll, they're from a distant clan of the tribe. Players from a distant clan should roll again to see to which clan they belong. Characters then receive half of the skill bonus from their tribe and half from their clan. (If the player rolled the same tribe both times, then the character belongs to the main group, and wasn't a part of a different clan after all.)

Example: Lisa chooses to play Dashielle, a red elf. She rolls for her tribe, getting a 17. This means she's a member of the Trollbane tribe. She rolls again to see if she's from a different clan. She roll an odd number, so yes, she did not grow up in the Toothache Mountains. She rolls for her clan affiliation, getting an 11: Salamander. Lisa decides that Dashielle is a Trollbane tribeswoman who grew up in the city of Montagar (the city being largely populated by the Salamander tribe), where her father was a junior official. Looking at the descriptions, she notes that Trollbane members get a +2 to stamina and Salamander elves get a +2 to their trade skill. Therefore Dashielle gets a +1 to trade and a +1 to stamina. Lisa notes these additions on Dashielle's character sheet.

Tribes	Size	Die Roll
Fog	3%	1
Harrier	10%	2-3
Linger	3%	4, even*
River	6%	4, odd*
Ross	18%	5-8
Runquill	10%	9-10
Salamander	13%	11-13
Soostree	12%	14-15
Trollbane	10%	16-17
Whisper	6%	18
Whitewood	8%	19-20
Unknown	1%	-

*If you roll this result, roll again. On an even die roll, the character belongs to the Linger tribe or clan; on an odd die roll, to the River.

Preferred Mounts and Weapon

Almost unanimously, elves prefer to ride rosses. On the southern plains where centaurs live, friendships have resulted in a few centaurs consenting to take up their smaller friends. It takes the centaurs a while to get used to having riders, and the elves have to learn to allow their mount to do as it wishes, but once these small hurdles are overcome, elf/centaur teams make effective hunters and warriors.

Aside from these few centaurs, those elves that hunt usually go on ross-back with trained wood harriers (see Critters, page 51). A well-trained harrier, capable of refraining from mauling the kill or engendering heart failure in those animals it is keeping an eye on, is worth its weight in gold pieces. Elf hunters (and in fact all hunters in Montagar) thin herds of wild game by selecting the old, the infirm, and the injured for their stocks of meat and hides. Elf hunters do not keep trophies of their kills (see also Religious Beliefs, below).

Elves are renowned in myth and legend for their skill as archers, and even today, the longbow remains the weapon of choice. It is simple to maintain, has a superior rate of fire to crossbows or primitive firearms, and boasts an excellent range. Ammunition is easy to carry and readily available (as long as there's some wood handy for fletching). Best of all, a skilled rider can fire from rossback at nearly the same rate as he can standing still. Many elves belong to the Flint Society, a warrior group who train to become as one with their weapons.

This is not to say that elves don't use melee weapons. Weehawk is, after all, as skilled with his bastard sword as he is with his bow. However, it is a prejudice in red elf society that fighters who handle themselves with grace and dexterity are more revered than those who bull through on brute strength, so swords and spears are more common elvish arms than, say, clubs, axes or mauls.

Religious Beliefs

Red elves are a proud race who believe in the cycles of the world and the wholeness of all good things. They are polytheistic in name, but believe that all the gods and goddesses are inextricably interwoven, in the same way that a body has a head and a hand, and neither could survive without the other. They work to make the world more harmoni-

ous than when they entered it, and they follow a spiritual path similar to the Navajo concept of the Beauty Way. Living in the moment is the highest spiritual achievement a red elf can attain, and many spend a great deal of effort in their attempts. Formal religious practices include both group meditation and individual worship.

One aspect of the red elf belief in wholeness is illustrated in their treatment of pets and animals; they are treated as friends and roommates instead of slaves or tools. Similarly, as mentioned before, red elves do not keep trophies of their hunting kills, but give thanks in a ceremonious manner for the sacrifice of the prey for the continued health of the hunter's family. (In the movie, Weehawk is seen praying in this manner over the body of Westwind.)

The roots of tribal totems come from mythology as well, and there are several fables surrounding each totem. These are not considered to be legends based on indisputable fact, but are viewed more along the lines of Aesop's fables or Kipling's Just-So stories.

Red elves also believe that dragons of all types are the servants of the gods. If one were to pray to a dragon hard enough, the god might choose to offer instant enlightenment. At the same time, naughty young children are threatened with tales of funnel dragons sucking them up and spinning them until they're silly when they misbehave.

Finally, light is equated with goodness, and candles and flames are frequent focuses of power in ceremonial situations. Crystals and prisms which can focus the sunlight are likewise precious to red elves.

The Legend of Sunlight

One of the myths the red elves tell their children is the legend of the goddess Sunlight. Long ago, Sunlight was hidden from the world, and the world was miserable. Seeing the misery below her, the goddess was moved to become mortal and go among the people. Sunlight walked the forest paths of Montagar, but the fairies did not recognize her. Neither did the centaurs did not recognize her, nor the dwarves, deep underground. Even the elves did not recognize the goddess as she walked among them, until she came upon a small child.

"Look," said the child, tugging on his mother's sleeve. "Look at her shadow."

The mother looked down, because there were not yet shadows in the world without sunlight.

"Look, her shadow is round," exclaimed the child, and it was.

The goddess touched the child on the head, and sunlight burst forth around them. Instantly the child grew, tall and strong, to full manhood.

"Keep the circle," Sunlight admonished him, and the goddess vanished. But the sunlight stayed.

Economics

Montagar officially mints coinage in gold, silver, and bronze, following the tradition of the ancient elves (red elves dominate Montagari economics). The gold "ross" is large, and in times of instability, many merchants will not take gold pieces minted elsewhere. In coinage, ross is never plural: one ross, ten ross, 53 ross. The silver runquil, colloquially known as a "runny," is worth one-third of a gold ross. Finally, there's the bronze "piprin", which is worth one-eighth of a runny. In Elvan, *piprin* means fraction; the populace uses the terms "pip" or "seed" just as frequently. Sometimes independent farmers actually prefer the physicality of goods. As one red elf geezer said, "I can't eat runnies when I'm hungry. I can't feed a child on gold."



Many red elves make or grow all of the goods they need, with just a small surplus for trade, as theirs is a lifestyle which eschews conspicuous consumption. Their goods are simple but beautifully made, often without decoration or embellishment. They are similar in reputation to Amish quilts, Shaker furniture and Japanese pottery. Elven crops are grown year-round according to the annual migratory whims of the rain and wind dragons. On average, a field one acre square yields six gold ross' worth of crop per month. An adult craftsfaerie (leatherworker, weaver, etc.) can craft about the same income: 6 ross worth of goods per month. (Working characters earn 1/2 ross per point of skill in the craft their selling; soldiers earn 1 runny per point, but get free food.)

For the benefit of traders, Montagar city holds Quarter Days—harvest and durable goods festivals—four times a year. Those who are not within several days' ride of the capitol go Blossom, Breeding Wye, or other population centers for Quarter Days; prices are 10% to 20% lower in the boonies than in the capitol city. Most of the goods and services to be had at Quarter Day can be had for barter.

Magic

Red elves are relatively handy with magic, and a fair number of households count a practitioner among their members. Elves use magic mostly as a tool of communication, as entertainment, and as a back-up system in case of an emergency. They do not constantly use magic in the fashion of many fairies, believing such an approach to be vain and disrespectful. The fairies, of course, counter that the proud red elves don't use magic because they can't stand to be second-best at anything.

When used in moderation, elves consider magic an unalterable fact of life. When used excessively, magic distorts the circle. Red elf philosophy finds that a little adversity can be a fine learning tool, but too much all at once can be crippling, hence the use of magic to attenuate difficulties.

Allies and Enemies

Red elves were "born" in Montagar, and unlike other species, have not migrated much from their ancestral home. But they are inveterate traders, and they are familiar with all the other races of Halcionia.

They are staunch friends with the centaurs, a companionship which extends back almost to the rebirth of Faerie. In contrast, their relationships with the mountain fairies have been fraught with tension. Although there is peace between the two species now, some red elves (Weehawk is an extreme example) find fairies' love of practical jokes far too frivolous and out of balance, and their over-indulgences barbarian.

Red elves have a mutual respect with dwarves, as they have an instinctive understanding of each other's Spartan lifestyle. Satyrs, on the other hand, are lumped in with mountain fairies as frivolous children.

What About Skin Color?

As we noted in the *Wizards* basic rules, elven skin color is the most convenient and straightforward means of identification of a particular elf's cultural group. But what if elven races interbreed? As with humans, elves don't marry simply to match skin color. There are many mixed-breed elves in Montagar and indeed, all over Halcionia. Unlike humans, however, elf skin-tones don't grade from one color to another. If a red elf marries a yellow elf, their children are not orange—nor, if a blue elf marries a brown elf, are their children grey.

Instead, in almost all cases the children (or second generation) of mixed elf marriages have white skin (as do the majority of elflings, who are the result of elf and fairy pairings). The grandchildren, or third generation, revert to the skin color of the majority race (red X yellow = white; white X yellow = yellow). If there is no majority skin color (i.e., white X white), the third generation is also white-skinned.

Genetically, mixed-race elves take after their mother's race more than their father's, but again, third-generation mixes take after the majority race.

Racial Norms

Reprinted here for convenience, from the *Wizards* role-playing game, page 91.

STR	10	INT	10	DEX	11	CHA	10
PER	10	CON	10	SIZ	9	WP	10
MGT	10	DB	+0	SPI	10	MR	10
RS	11	REC	10	SP	29	HP	10

Satyrs

"We were born last so that
the others could prepare our way."
- *Jephyr, the Faun King*

"Satyrs were born last because
they were sleeping off a hang-over."
- *Weehawk*

Although the other races call them satyrs, in their own language, the word for their species is "faun." The two words will be used interchangeably in this text. These diminutive Faerie folk were (by a long shot) the last race to awaken in the new world, and they seem, like youngest siblings, always to be making up for this perceived lack of status and respect. These attempts are hampered by their tendency towards carefree and sybaritic activities.

Physique

The bottom half of a satyr resembles a goat with silky thick fur and a spade-shaped, curly tail. The top half, from navel upward, is the torso and limbs of an elf. A satyr's head is finely shaped, covered with thick, wavy hair in auburn, red, or brown tones, and crowned at the temples with a pair of dainty horns. A faun's skin tones range from ebony to yellow to pale, freckled pink. Their ears are small and delicate, close-set to their skulls, and blunt-tipped.

Like goats, satyr's eyes have horizontal— not round—pupils, with irises of blue-green, olive and lime tones. Very little sclera (or 'white') shows. Other Faerie folk find a satyr's unwavering gaze a bit unnerving at first, and occasionally jokes about reptilian ancestors make the rounds in pubs with satyr regulars. However, the length and thickness of both sexes' eyelashes are the envy of Faerie maidens everywhere.

Nimble, with excellent senses of balance, fauns are better at quick dashes of speed and lightning changes of direction than at endurance runs. While some might assume they have a goats' stamina, remember satyrs have only cloven-hooved feet, which, without an easy heel-toe roll when walking, limits their distance capabilities. What they lack in horizontal movement, they make up in vertical agility, having superb climbing skills.



As they age, satyrs tend to gain weight, becoming mildly rotund to downright corpulent. Males also tend to baldness. They live about one hundred twenty years, often spending the last quarter century in sedentary pursuits such as instrument making or writing. And drinking a lot of wine.

Psychology

In the opinion of most Faeries, satyrs are not mature. As a race, they did not have to deal with reclaiming the lands from radioactive wastes, nor did they have to fight as much against the ever-present Mutants. As a result, their cultural heritage is not filled with the same martial ardor, nor does it have the same value on responsibility as those of other Faeries.

Fauns have an innate sense that the world is their playground, largely because, with their late return, it has been. They do not have a burning desire to overcome adversity, because, as a race, they have not really had to deal with it; arising late in the land of Montagar, the world has always seemed fair and peaceful.

As a result of these differences, many Faeries do not give them the deference they feel they deserve, which at once annoys the satyrs and makes them try harder for distinction. However, instead of trying for distinction by fighting the Mutants harder, or building a 'more responsible' culture, the satyrs attempt to excel at pleasurable pursuits: wine, food, dance, and music.

Gnomish wise men point out that the satyrs might live longer if they weren't so hard on their own bodies with all that feasting, and drinking, and pushing themselves to exhaustion. In response, satyrs reply, "What fun would that be?"

There is one new cultural trend which goes dramatically counter to this frivolity. The fauns in East Elfland have, in response to repeated Mutant incursions, developed a secret school of physical training. No non-fauns are allowed. This school teaches a system of martial arts and lifestyle which accents the satyrs' cloven hooves and unique build. These teachings have been brought back to Montagar, and are slowly gaining in popularity.

Lifestyle

Satyrs live largely in the northwest corner of Montagar, where they are renowned vintners, fishermen, and lutiers. A few satyrs have emigrated to East Elfland, but the vast majority still reside within Montagar's borders. All satyrs in Montagar visit Faun's Shoulder at least once in their life (see *Religious Beliefs*, page 35), as do many from East Elfland. Because of this tradition, the northwest corner of Montagar remains the faun cultural center, and faun society is uniform across the continent.

Satyr dwellings are always vertical in nature. Some are caves, others are built with stone and mud onto the face of cliff overhangs to produce housing complexes. Built to take advantage of the satyrs' agility and sense of balance, walkways and passages are often narrow and frequently wrap around the outside of the structure, with no railings to obstruct the view. Ladders and hand-and-footholds are the

primary means of travel to second and third stories. Old Anasazi cliff dwellings come close to approximating satyr homes.

Over time, satyr communities have grown, and additions and changes have not been made according to any master plan. The resulting labyrinth of caves and passages and cul-de-sacs is thoroughly bewildering (-8 to tracking or navigation) to a first-time guest. It even can be confusing (-3 to tracking) to the frequent visitor—indeed, many satyrs sleep it off at their friends' houses than try to negotiate their own way home! Though a host will apologize for the maze, secretly most satyrs take pride in their direction sense and perceptiveness, which allows them to keep track of the convoluted twisting passages. They consider the labyrinth a defensive asset rather than a mere visitor's liability.

Some satyrs live far from the cliff complexes, but they still prefer the permanence and impermeability of stone for their structures. Using the field stones and pebbles cleared from the vineyards, and with plenty of mortar, these outland satyrs build rubble houses, so named for the jumbled look of their outer walls. New construction may look like nothing more than a rock pile, with stones jutting out of the mortar every which way, but in a season or two, the vines and shrubbery each satyr plants around the home will have grown to mask the rock surface with a gentle mound of greenery. The bunker underneath has at least three exits, and usually several stash holes for valuables (-2 on search attempts).

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Satyrs don't ride much, but most can handle rosses reasonably well once they have some training. They find sitting on their tails uncomfortable for long periods of time. Sailing ships are much more their preferred locomotion, their agility and balance giving them excellent sea legs. Fauns also rarely fear heights. Sun lizards are frequent shipboard pets, used to keep down the vermin, and parrothead quail prove useful both as ship-to-ship messengers and as companions. A famous sea captain's quail was reputed to know over a hundred words.

Being small in stature, satyrs tend to prefer slings, blow darts and missile weapons, which allow them to take the offensive from a prudent distance. When proximity forces them into melee, they may use knives, but more frequently resort to martial arts to



turn their attackers' strength against them. Fauns also tend to be wild in combat, exhibiting a strong swashbuckling bent and pulling unexpected tricks quite often.

The Night Trial

The one ritual that still enjoys popularity is the Night Trial, a coming-of-age ceremony. The origins of this ceremony are shrouded in myth, but most believe it is representative of a faunkind's desire to enjoy themselves no matter what the situation.

Young fauns choose when they want to attempt the Night Trial, usually around their fourteenth year. Elders gather all applicants for preparatory training. When they feel their charges are ready, usually on a stormy evening, the Night Trial begins. Bonfires are lit all around the base of the Faun's Shoulder, and the youngsters dance frenziedly for several hours.

At moonrise, they are stripped of their clothing and possessions, and given a ritual pint flask of water. Their task is to climb to the top of the granite dome, separately or together it matters not, and cling there until morning. Those who do not freeze, fall, turn tail, or get blown off the crown of Faun's Shoulder are greeted in the morning by the tribal elders, wrapped in ross-hide blankets and tattooed with a wedge or a seven-pointed star on the right cheekbone.

Those who fail the test are always eligible to make the attempt the next year. Very few youngsters actually die as a result of the Night Trial, and there

is no shame attached to failing a few times, as long as eventually the candidate wins through. As fauns age, further deeds of valor may earn further tattoos.

In a tradition of deviousness and rule-breaking carried on by the youngsters, many fauns carry several pieces of wood to the summit, which are built into another bonfire. To do so shows the young satyr disdains stodgy rules and needless fear, and once the new bonfire gets going, the youngsters continue to dance on the summit. Of course, after a few hours, the wind and occasional rain will extinguish the fire, and the young fauns spend the rest of the evening huddled together as best they can.

Religious Beliefs

According to satyr belief, the God-King of the Vinyard made fauns in his own image, that they might enjoy the fruits of his creation. They are arrogantly sure that they are the chosen of all the Faerie races. Actual worship of the God-King has fallen away over the millenia, but his name is still used in oaths and the belief lingers. The current royal family still traces its lineage back to him, although the satyrs no longer believe the God-King to be a manifestation of the god in flesh.

One aspect of the satyr's religion is to have a lot of fun at all times. Satyrs believe that excessive behavior develops strength of character and allows the individual to fully experience the range of life's offerings. They are contemptuous of the elven ideal of moderation. As one popular saying has it, "Excess in all things. Including excess."

Economics

Satyr businesses all tithe approximately 10% of their annual income to the Faun King; tithe is due at the beginning of Harvest each year. Since the inclusion of the satyr kingdom into the nation of Montagar, satyrs have also paid Montagari taxes, but as these are light and business has been brisk even in these war-torn times, there is little complaint about double-dipping.

The wines of satyr vintage are the finest in the world, and much sought-after in Montagar and beyond. Despite their reputations as party animals, satyrs know how to drive a hard bargain and how to keep their eye on the bottom line. They are particularly fond of gemstones, and will happily trade for stones when coinage is in scarce supply.

Satyrs are rather materialistic, but restrict themselves by and large to items which 'won't tie them down.' The exact definition of this varies from satyr to satyr; some won't collect large furniture because it can't be brought to a party, while another will do so because to have comfortable furniture gives his mind free reign.

A number of satyrs who have retired in towns outside the northwest are wine merchants, but a good percentage are moneylenders, too. They fix interest rates in the guildhall, discuss bad debts and how to handle them, and keep an ear cocked for money-making opportunities. Player characters could hire on as messengers, escorts, or repo men if they are looking for a few quick runnies. Not all fauns are above skimping on paychecks, but for the most part they are prompt, reliable employers.

There's a satyr "underground" that offers protection from hoods and thieves for a price in Montagar city. The organization can be helpful to those merchants who keep up with their payments, but small catastrophes regularly befall those who get behind—storeroom floods, small fires, vermin, etc.

Harvest

Finally, although satyrs attend Quarter Day festivals with other Montagari to trade and sell their goods, they also have their own private Harvest celebration once a year, when the wine is racked after aging. Though the vinyard festivals have become secular, they are no less popular than they were centuries ago. Harvest is a three-day orgy of

food and wine, at which mate-swapping is allowed if both couples are willing. All children conceived at festival time are believed to be blessed by the God-King, and raised as full members of the mother's family, whoever their father may be. The concept of illegitimacy is unheard of in satyr society—a child cannot be born unless it was meant to be born.

Magic

Magic is most useful to satyrs for its ability to discreetly collect information (especially since many other Faeries won't entrust satyrs with important information). Nevertheless, a lot of satyrs ignore magic's potential benefits and instead practice entertaining spells with little or no real use. Many satyrs know a little magic, but few are great practitioners.

Allies and Enemies

Satyrs are most at ease with dwarves, with whom they share a fascination with gemstones. Dwarf and satyr attributes tend to complement one another, making them good partners. Satyrs also like having the patient and taciturn dwarves around for straight men. Meadow fairies think satyrs have a poor sense of humor and drink too much, and red elves disdain their overindulgent behavior. This doesn't mean that friendships don't spring up between the two groups, but they are not natural allies.

Satyrs shun blue elves, whom they revile as sell-outs. Sadly, they're wrong.

Racial Norms

STR	7	INT	10	DEX	12	CHA	11
PER	13	CON	10	SIZ	7	WP	10
MGT	7	DB	-1	SPI	10	MR	10
RS	13	REC	10	SP	27	HP	9

Battle-trained satyrs practice a special kind of martial arts which emphasizes thrusting kicks with their sharp hooves. This form of attack is just like martial arts, except that it does 3D damage, and, thanks to the faun's sharp cloven hooves, does a minimum of 1 HP damage. It has often been said of the few famous faun fighters that they go down kicking.

Swamp Fairies

"Curiosity kill'd the fairy
because he was excessive wary."
- old swamp fairy proverb

Swamp fairies are curious creatures who experiment with everything they can lay their tiny little hands on. They are the serious intellectual counterparts to wood fairies, who are their closest cousins. They are likened to the gnomes of the Lilliputian world. Some swamp fairies can be found in the marshes near the North Bight, but most of them reside in the Lostwoods river basin along The Bay.

Physique

Swamp fairies are lithe, twiggy creatures about a foot and a half tall. They have sharp, intelligent features and brown or black skin. They often freeze when scared, and observers can suddenly lose them in the tangle of dead trees, vines and scrub that marks their favorite ground.

Swamp fairies, like all their cousins, have two pairs of wings between their shoulder blades, but their wings are singular in that they are opaque; green, gold, tan, or black in color. They have long antennae which sprout from within their dark hair. Their hair itself is tangled in dreadlocks or braided in many tiny plaits. Due to the thickness of the flora in their native environment, swamp fairies fly much more directly than other fairy species, tending to flit about in short, straight bursts instead of cruising in long, weaving patterns. Even when on open ground, swamp fairies tend to move in a walk-flit-walk pattern.

Swamp fairies are tough and wirey, and live on average for 50 years, or perhaps a little more. The age of 60 has been reached, but not in many cases.

Psychology

Although the swamps of the Lostwoods are not a terribly hospitable place, swamp fairies are surprisingly unafraid. They have utter faith in their intellect, and rely on acute awareness, careful analysis and lightning reflexes to keep themselves out of trouble.

To them, the world is thick with meaning, and everything has uses unknown. This attitude is



synergistic with their appetite for alchemy, which they use to probe the fabric of nature.

Coincident with their lack of fear is an openness to all other races. Other people, like everything else in the world, are puzzles to be explored and enjoyed. Were the swamp fairies a more dominant force in Montagar (instead of squirreled away in a few reclusive pockets), it is probable the interracial wars would have come to an end much sooner.

Lifestyle

In the wetlands of the Ariath and Novay Onwi deltas and the shores of the North Bight, swamp fairies make their homes on stilted platforms. The woven twig platforms encircle tree trunks or tufts of bamboo, and provide a dry and solid floor over which gauzy but waterproof awnings of spidersilk and mohair are stretched. Swamp fairy dwellings are too fragile to support much larger races: even some wood fairies have been known to cause the twig floors to creak and sag. As a result, swamp fairies do all of their entertaining on shore, at designated gathering spaces.

Since many swamp fairies are alchemists, they have evolved a laboratory design for their buildings as well, which features twig-woven walls on three sides, and awnings on the roof and fourth wall to channel the force of any mishaps (i.e., explosions) outward. When such accidents do happen, new awnings can be hung and work can be resumed almost immediately.

Swamp fairies are independent creatures, and tend to group in nuclear families, not in the large clan gatherings of other fairy species. Swamp fairies alone of the races in Montagar use surnames to record their lineage, commonly naming the mother and grandmother, i.e. Hildra han Derry Lizrelskin, that is: Hildra, daughter of Derry, daughter of Lizrel. *Han* translates as daughter, and *hed* to son.

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Swamp fairies are comfortable riding water snakes and even runquill. The former are tolerant but unreliable, as they occasionally dive for food instead of staying on course and on the surface. The latter make nervous mounts, but they are swift and relatively easy to tame. Swamp fairies' favorite weapons are poison-tipped blow darts and bows. Swamp fairies generally use spears and other non-metal weapons to defend themselves from the omnipresent predators of their environment.

Religious Beliefs

Religious practices among the swamp fairies are as much a matter of family tradition as anything. Since each family has their own ways of expressing their gratitude for life, few explicit generalizations can be made about swamp fairy beliefs.

The common themes that can be found in almost all swamp fairy families include the belief that all is good in some manner or other, and that knowledge and understanding are the keys to a better life.

Economics

Unlike the reclusive mountain fairies or the lackadaisical meadow fairies, swamp fairies are active in trading. Were they not such a small minority, they, along with the wood fairies, might help to break elven domination of Montagar's mercantile sector.

Swamp fairies sell primarily chemicals of one form or another. Poisons, love potions, oils, salves, and other such preparations are bottled in fairy labs for use by elves and others. In return, they acquire spider-silk weavings from the wood fairies and advanced (and miniaturized) alchemical gear from the elves.

Swamp fairies are also very excellent cooks, which is one fringe benefit which attracts traders to their marshy haunts. Family recipes are carefully guarded secrets, although some swamp fairies will sell culinary recipes (which are every bit as good as the swamp fairies' alchemical preparations) to gourmet chefs in the city of Montagar.

Finally, swamp fairies grow many of the more exotic plants that are found in tea and tove shops throughout Montagar. These teas and smokes are only available in the best shops, for they are popular and rare. The swamp fairies simply can't (or perhaps won't) keep up with the demand, which drives the prices for these commodities higher than the average shop can meet.

Magic

Most swamp fairies do not follow the ways of magic, preferring instead to work with physical chemicals and the like. Because of this common experimentation, those swamp fairies who do go into magic end up practicing the healing arts.

Allies and Enemies

Despite intermittent wars with elves and wood fairies, swamp fairies are on good terms with just about everyone in Montagar. No one hates them any more. Not even the mountain fairies.

Racial Norms

STR	4	INT	13	DEX	13	CHA	10
PER	11	CON	10	SIZ	3	WP	11
MGT	4	DB	-2	SPI	13	MR	8
RS	12	REC	11	SP	24	HP	7

Swamp fairies get a +2 to their dodge skill, due to their size and maneuverability, and a +2 to their concealment skill due to their coloration and habit of freezing to avoid detection.

Wood Fairies

"Sure, red elves may be less attractive,
but they are clumsier."

-wood fairy teasing Weehawk

Wood fairies are perhaps the best-known fairies in Montagar. They are large enough to intermingle comfortably with elves, they are wide-spread, and their territory covers all the accessible forests and groves in the land. Almost every Montagari has spoken with a wood fairy at some point in their lives.

Physique

Wood fairies are the largest of the fairy kind, reaching up to three feet in height. They have curvaceous, sometimes chunky figures, and their skin ranges from pistachio green to almost luminescent white. Their eyes can be anything from turquoise to deep violet in color, and their hair fades from green through golden honey to soft periwinkle blue.

Compared with other fairies, their wings and antennae are proportionately small. Given their size, then, they are the slowest of their kind when it comes to full-sprint movement. They are cross-fertile with elves, a fortuitous circumstance for all Faeries (see *A Little History*, page 6) although only the largest of wood fairies would consider bearing a elfling child.

Wood fairies tend to move with a slow grace, their dexterity being one of fluid motion more than athletic agility. They also rarely fully extend their limbs, preferring to remain, as they say, 'poised'.

Of all fairykind, the wood fairies are the longest-lived, for they can reach the age of 70 in extreme cases. Most wood fairies average 55-60 years in longevity.

Psychology

Wood fairies are protectors of nature, and are the voice of conscience in all building in Montagar. They have made sure that all other races have a sincere appreciation for the beauty of the wild, and have been the primary motivation behind the Montagari tendency to build 'invisible' homes.

Also the laziest of their kind, most wood fairies rarely exert themselves physically, preferring to consider the fullness of time. For them, pain and

exhaustion are just not worth the bother. Nothing should be so important that you drain yourself to complete the task. The old human concept of *mañana*—tomorrow—is the wood fairies' credo.

Lifestyle

Wood fairies lead a slow, easy life. Although they are gregarious and socialize with anyone they encounter, they are jealous of their privacy. They build their nests in the highest reaches of the tree-tops. A single family will not have one huge, multi-room nest, but instead a collection of small, individual nests in close proximity (each wood fairy thus having its own privacy). The nests themselves are soft and cozy, well-insulated with down and leaves and covered with a waterproof awning.

Wood fairies are renowned for their musical abilities. They produce no instruments, however, preferring to buy or trade for satyr-made lutes and panpipes. Many a traveler in these woods has heard the ethereal harmonies and floating melodies of wood fairy songs, but though he follows the sound diligently, he never finds the singers. Wood fairies don't like to have people watch them practice.



Elinore, Queen of Montagar, is half wood fairy and half red elf. Her wood fairy roots reach back to the hills south of the Fog Dragon Downs. The wood fairies here gather berries in the understory and nuts from the groves of wood. They carry water from the clear brooklets and tiny falls that trickle through the forest. They weave the discarded clumps of harrier down and rabbit silk that those wild forest dwellers shed as the seasons change.

Preferred Mounts and Weapons

Wood fairies enjoy riding mounts, primarily because, when doing so, they don't have to exert themselves flying. They ride fallow deer and native mohair goats. They have fashioned cushioned saddles stuffed with runquill feathers to soften the sharp impact of vertebrae on their soft nether regions. Of course, these saddles are not the typical sit-up type; they are made to allow the fairy to recline in decadent comfort.

Their preferred weapons are slings and throwing spears, when retreat is not an option.

Religious Beliefs

The wood fairies consider themselves to be the first of the Faerie races to have returned to the planet. While all agree that fairies in general were the first, there is some debate as to which species most closely resembles the original fairy stock.

Wood fairies look on the world as a trust given them by the Creator, and they take this trust very seriously. The trust was ignored before, they say, and the destruction of the planet was the result. So, the wood fairies watch over the forests, healing trees, planting seeds, and lending their helping hand wherever there's a need.

Some find the wood fairies' beliefs hypocritical, because they don't see how such lazy creatures could consider themselves to be watching over the lands. Nevertheless, it is true. The wood fairies have managed to take their ethical responsibility and weave it seamlessly into their pleasurable lifestyle.

Economics

Wood fairies, like swamp fairies are productive creatures. Most wood fairy products, like spiderweb satin, are made for the species' own use, as fairy-woven fabric is too fragile for the average elf or

dwarf to even handle without tearing. The opposite is equally true: elven and other products are too coarse for the fairies' soft skin.

At times, though, wood fairies will weave large, thick, strong cloths of spiderweb satin. When finished, these can be sold to elves (who must still be careful when handling the delicate fabric), and are large enough to use as scarves, sashes, or shawls.

Wood fairies also make intricate toys and art from carved wood. Their small size and dextrous hands give their carvings a richness of detail unattainable by most elves. On Quarter Days, wood fairies show up in droves, charging high prices for their excellent crafts.

Magic

Wood fairies, like almost all their kin, practice a lot of magic. Their magic tends to be focused on nature, with spells to heal and strengthen the plants, clear passage for the fairies to fly through thickets, and build their nests quickly and easily.

Wood fairies will also cast useless spells for no particular reason. Unknown to anyone outside the race, this is done in a semi-superstitious belief that by doing so, they are further driving technology off the planet for good.

Allies and Enemies

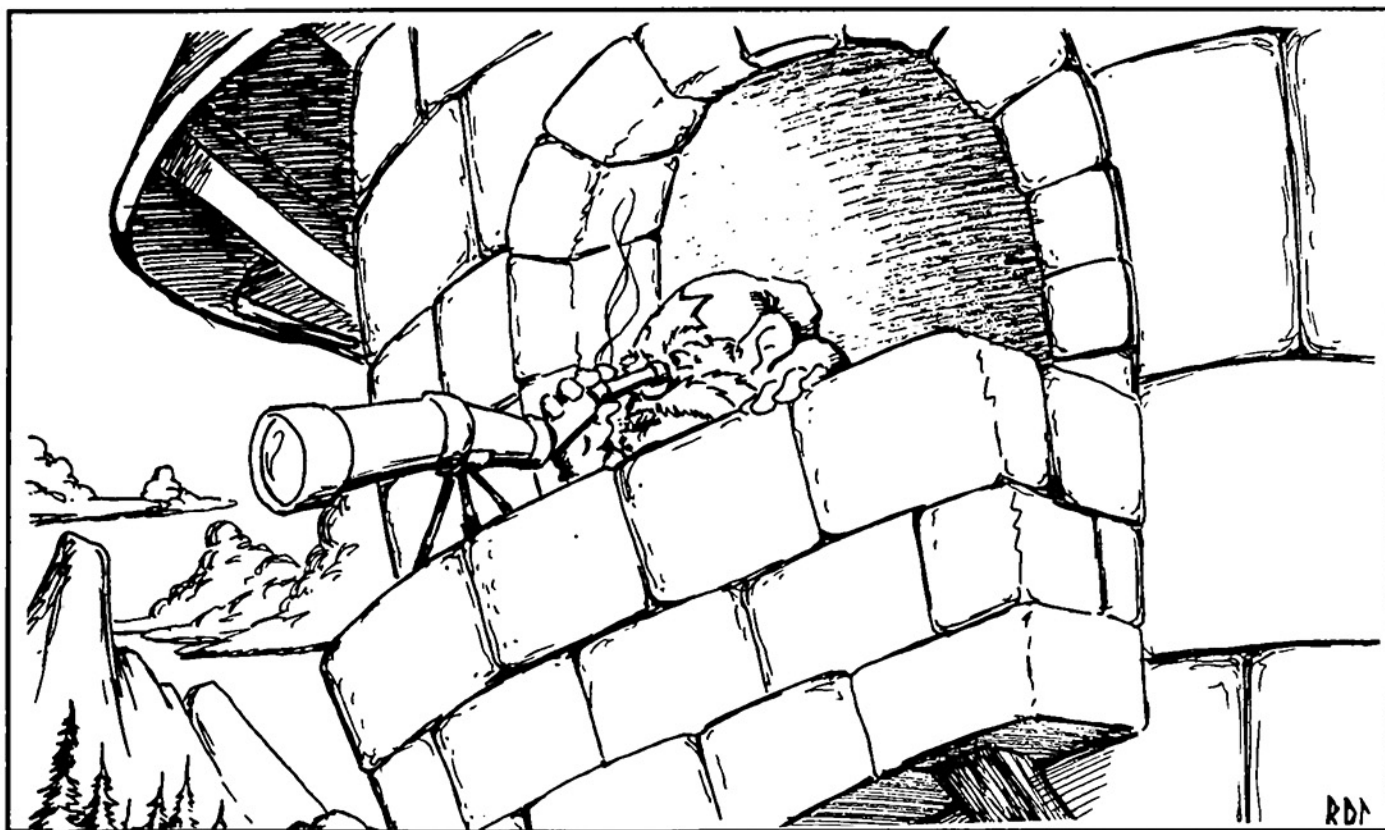
Wood fairies fought hard with some of the more technically-inclined Faerie races, including the dwarves and elves. When the fairies found, say, elves building big square houses in the forest, the little creatures lost their temper and would not cease waging war until an understanding was finally reached. In more recent years, swamp fairies, as close relatives and partner fairy merchants have become reliable allies.

Racial Norms

Reprinted here for convenience, from the *Wizards* role-playing game, page 93.

STR	5	INT	10	DEX	13	CHA	11
PER	11	CON	10	SIZ	5	WP	11
MGT	5	DB	-1	SPI	10	MR	9
RS	12	REC	10	SP	26	HP	8

Wood fairies get a +3 to their dodge skill.



Residents

"Montagar would never have achieved peace
without the steadfast devotion and faith of its peoples."
-Delia, Queen of Montagar

The wide and varied land of Montagar would seem truly empty were it not filled with interesting people. To that end, we have provided here for you a chapter highlighting some of Montagar's unique residents.

There are a lot of different people in Montagar, due in part to the wide variety of intelligent races which abound in the land. The characters presented here represent a cross-section of Montagar, both socially and racially, to better give you an idea of who lives there. Each person is important and interesting in their own way, from Bayard, Prince of Montagar and Chief of the Linger, to Sayriah, wood fairy fletcher who lives in Blossom. Each of these characters can be used as is, or pulled into your own

campaign under a different name. Furthermore, these individuals are useful to your player as Friends, Contacts, or even Close Personal Ties.

Of course, you should feel free to tweak the personalities presented here to better fit with the ambiance of your *Wizards* game, adjusting skill levels or personalities on response to the way your players have developed their characters. After all, it's your game, and you know best how to run it (your players' comments to the contrary notwithstanding).

Some of these people are seen, however briefly, in the movie. Others tie in to the characters we already know and love. We hope you find all of them enlightening.

Bayard

Prince of Montagar, Chief of the Linger Tribe

Prince Bayard is a 70-year-old red elf from the Toothache Mountains. Moderately attractive, with long wavy black hair and a medium build (5'1", 110 lb.), Bayard has often tried to grow a moustache, only to give up in disgust. Like most Linger tribeselves, he is well-developed physically, but as his tan and muscle definition have both faded since he moved to the capitol city thirty years earlier.

As chief of the Linger, a smallish but intense tribe of red elves, Bayard is ever-eager to play up his importance in Montagari politics. At official functions, he likes to list the beneficent acts his tribe has completed, including reforestation after a lightning storm touched off fires in the Lostwoods pine stands, and disaster relief for plague victims in Blossom and Rana Bottom. He is also a social climber, mixing with other important people to boost the general impression of his importance and popularity.

Bayard claims a distaff descent from the late Queen of Montagar (his ancestor was Queen Delia's first cousin on her mother's side). Bayard believes that his royal bloodline makes him worthy of Elinore's hand in marriage, and he resents the general assumption that Weehawk, Chief of the large and powerful Ross tribe (Whitewood clan), is the favored contender.

Bayard was disturbed when Elinore's father, Genarian (page 45), was appointed steward to serve in her place under the title of President until such time as Elinore learned her fairy magic. He feels that Genarian is too old to hold such responsibility, and often voices his concern for the future of Montagar. Similarly, he's not above hinting that Elinore could abdicate her responsibilities, should the lessons of fairy magic become too much of a burden.

Despite his occasional pomposity, Bayard is good with animals and small children. He's always happy to look at a ross, train a wood harrier for hunting, or a sun lizard to fetch. If the players need to acquire or evaluate an animal, Bayard should be able to help. He's attached to the idea once called *noblesse oblige*, and if approached in the correct way, he finds it impossible to turn down a request for assistance. He's not a bad guy, he just pursues his own career advancement harder than he perhaps should.



One of Bayard's weaknesses, however, is his fondness for old weapons. His tribe's sprawling summer complex in a picturesque valley of the Toothaches houses an extensive armory of antique flails, mauls, flechettes, halberds and the like. Bayard is not interested in mutant or ancient weapons, but only in the flowering of Faerie-crafted arms from the dawn of the new era to the present. He is likely to pay substantial sums for a rare item, and, like a linger fresh on the scent of its prey, he is not above any means of acquiring his desires, including guile and thievery.

Character Attributes

STR 13	INT 15	DEX 14	CHA 12
PER 14	CON 11	SIZ 9	WP 15
MGT 11	DB +0	SPI 15	MR 12
RS 14	REC 13	SP 35	HP 10

Skills: Area Lore: Montagar 9, Dodge 8, Empathy 7, Fast Talk 6, Guile 9, Leadership 13, Oratory 12, Social 11, Stall 9

Traits: Animal Empathy, Contacts, Covetous, Direction Sense, Honor

Cylesteri

Comedienne

Cylesteri is a meadow fairy, with flowing blond hair and gauzy, sea-green wings. Her wingspan of 5.5 inches is taller than her 3.5 inch height, making her look vulnerable and frail. A sneeze can indeed rack her fairy frame.

In keeping with the "Valley Girl" personalities of most meadow fairies, Cylesteri is most likely to be found nattering about the latest gossip. But as a traveling minstrel of some repute in Montagar, Cylesteri's natterings often turn into bitingly funny send-ups of the principles in question, set to memorable hooks and bracketed in couplets suitable for singing.

Her refreshing ability to jump to the core of a problem, and skewer the fallacies in which each side tries to dress its image, has made her a favorite of Elinore, Felsing the Wise, and even Dimont herself, whose sense of humor is as keen as it is dry. President Genarian doesn't appreciate her talents, because he is all too often at the wrong end of her jibes.

Despite her allergies, the minstrel travels almost constantly, in search of an audience in search of a song. Her double jointedness and gift for mimicry allow her to do startlingly accurate impressions—if the players are looking for someone important they've never met, chances are Cylesteri knows him or her, and can be almost as useful as a videotape in "describing" the stranger.

Character Attributes

STR	5	INT	13	DEX	17	CHA	13
PER	15	CON	11	SIZ	2	WP	15
MGT	4	DB	-2	SPI	14	MR	10
RS	16	REC	13	SP	28	HP	7

Skills: Archery: Fairy Bow 12, Bard 15, Dodge 16, Empathy 14, Escape 10, Gambling 10, Linguist: Elvan 10, Lore: Montagar Area 13, Mimicry 9, Oratory 13, Resist 10, Social 13, Tumbling 15

Traits: Allergies (Hay Fever), Double Jointed, Friends (Felsing the Wise, Dimont, Elinore), Winning Appearance

Dimont

Barkeep

Once a blacksmith in East Elfland, Dimont was drafted to help repel a Wolfmarch assault. She served as a hoplite until her unit was ambushed by a salamander-cavalry group. Holed up in the cave of a sootree root, Dimont defeated her attackers, but suffered a crippling injury to her knee. She mustered out and made her way to Breedling Wye, where her father's people still lived. There, with help from her family, she opened a tavern, *Salamander Strangling*.

At 4'6" and 85 pounds, Dimont is still a lithe, muscular woman (Linda Hamilton in T-2, with a goatee beard and Valkyrie braids). She is considered by dwarves to be extremely attractive. Her limp becomes most pronounced at the end of the day or in rainy weather, but at times it is hardly noticeable.

Taciturn in the way of many dwarves (and barkeeps), Dimont is nonetheless a good listener and a keen observer. On Quarter Days she presides over the big silvertwist table in the back room, acting as the bank for any number of side wagers and games of chance. On slow days, she's willing to instruct passersby in the rules of silvertwist (a 21-type dwarf card game), dragon's bones, puddler, over-under, and many other games.

Dimont's *Salamander Strangling* serves up a dark house brew that patrons praise all across Montagar, and the likelihood that players could trade bottles of it in distant areas is very high. Also, with the varied traffic she serves, Dimont is well-connected to hear the latest "news" of the land.

On the rare occasions when a patron gets out of hand, Dimont herself is the bouncer. Sometimes a good ear is all it takes. But rumor has it the horn imprint across the path was an overly familiar satyr who sailed out the door headfirst at pitching height.

Character Attributes

STR	18	INT	11	DEX	9	CHA	11
PER	15	CON	18	SIZ	8	WP	13
MGT	13	DB	+1	SPI	12	MR	9
RS	12	REC	16	SP	39	HP	13

Skills: Brewing 13, City Lore: Breedling Wye 10, Empathy 13, Gambling 11, Strength Feat 12

Traits: Crippled (severe limp, left leg), Double-jointed

Felsing the Wise

Regent of the Tower at Rana Bottom

When Elinore is stumped, she asks Avatar for instruction. When Rana Bottom is stumped, they turn to Felsing the Wise, an elderly gnome scholar who's seen and studied just about everything. Felsing is 168 years old with hair changing slowly from grey to white. He is about three and a half feet tall and weighs around 80 pounds. His scraggly beard reaches the floor, where it collects dust and a few small insects. His short, rotund body is normally covered by a flowing blue robe, although on signal occasions, he wears the Tower colors of royal purple and red. He is never seen without his spectacles, which are rumored to be of human make.



Felsing is Regent of the Tower of Rana Bottom, a gnomish center of learning and the premier college of magic in Montagar. Within its walls, he has access to dozens of Pre-Historic manuscripts, everything from laundry lists to time capsules. And the gnomes have themselves created thousands of volumes about Faerie concerns, arts, discoveries, explorers, crops and inventions. Of course, it may take him a while to find whatever it is he is seeking...

Felsing speaks with slow deliberation, enunciating each word precisely. He is one of those prodding professors who, when asked for an answer they think is within the stretch of the askers' scholarship, is likely to reply, "But that would be one of Chaffinch's specialties I think, in perhaps his notable essay *Ritual in Magic*. I do believe the library carries that volume," or something along those lines. He points the way, but does not provide the answer.

Very often, students have noticed that when Felsing is uncomfortable in a situation, or unsure how he should reply, he takes off the thick spectacles he wears for near-sightedness, and polishes the lenses. Although many attempts have been made to separate the great gnome scholar from his eyeglasses, so far they have come to nothing. Felsing is a very light sleeper, and he seems almost to have a sixth sense about when a raid attempt might be made. Every attempt thus far has resulted in unusual flashes and noises coming from within Felsing's room. This proves that Felsing knows a little magic, though he claims he does not. The pranksters themselves are unwilling to talk about the episodes.

Puttering in the herbal gardens is Felsing's favorite pastime, and many's the time he's been found among the plants instead of keeping up on his appointments.

Character Attributes

STR	7	INT	19	DEX	12	CHA	14
PER	14	CON	8	SIZ	7	WP	15
MGT	7	DB	-1	SPI	17	MR	10
RS	13	REC	12	SP	30	HP	8

Skills: Alchemy 14, City Lore: Montagar 15, E. Elfland Lore 12, Deduction 10, Herbalism 12, Instruction 18, Linguist 11, Magic 10, Secret Spell 5, Trade 9

Traits: Close Personal Tie, Light Sleeper, Memory (Photographic), Vision Problems (Near-Sighted)

Genarian

President of Montagar

Genarian is Elinore's father, a red elf of the White-wood tribe. He is very old, approaching 140 years, and thanks to his reclusive lifestyle he has gone very pale in the last half century. He has shaved his head in mourning over the passing of Elinore's mother, Janis, the late Queen of Montagar. He is never seen without the traditional mask and uniform of his office.

He is the President of Montagar, ruling as steward until Elinore is ready to ascend the throne. When his daughter learns enough fairy magic, she will become Queen.

Genarian married very late in life, and somehow managed to avoid discovering that the wood fairy he loved was the Queen-elect of Montagar. Genarian is rather tall, and his bride was rather short, and when she ascended the throne, many jokes were made about their relative sizes. These jokes became bawdier when Janis turned up pregnant. These jokes perhaps explain some of Genarian's poor disposition.

The birth of Elinore was hard on Janis, and Genarian blames himself for that. Then, when Janis died and Elinore became Queen-elect, he was suddenly thrust into power. He is nervous and lacks confidence in his own abilities, especially since for the first months of his rule, he couldn't seem to do anything right. Most Montagari understood that he was inexperienced and grieving over his mate's death, but he himself took his shortcomings quite hard.

With recent developments in Scotch, Genarian has been befuddled. He wants to keep a low profile, hoping that Montagar won't be noticed. At the same time, his desire to be a dynamic and popular leader leads him to want to fight fire with fire, and arm all Montagar with Mutant-style firearms.

Many believe that he is further befuddled by his romantic entanglements. He has again married, this time an innocent young red elf named Chelsea who's even younger than his daughter. No one can figure out exactly what he's up to; he hasn't quit mourning his wife (his head is still shaved), and he certainly hasn't consummated their marriage (many doubt it is still possible). Some think that he married Chelsea simply to have an attractive young elf maiden



around the house to cook and so forth while Elinore is off learning magic with Avatar.

Surprisingly, Elinore and Chelsea get along famously. Elinore was tired of being an only child, and Chelsea is simply too kind not to be friendly.

Character Attributes

STR	8	INT	7	DEX	10	CHA	12
PER	11	CON	9	SIZ	10	WP	13
MGT	9	DB	+0	SPI	10	MR	10
RS	11	REC	11	SP	32	HP	10

Skills: Area Lore: Montagar: 14, City Lore: Montagar 15, Social 18

Traits: Bad Temper, Close Personal Tie (Elinore), Inattentive ('Ditz'), Philia (wood fairies), Status

Hartmoon

Envoy

Hartmoon is a 47-year-old elf of the Ross clan of the Whisper tribe. Although not notable for any particular features, he is a little above average in many respects. He is somewhat stronger, smarter, and faster than many elves, and most of these differences are the direct result of the difficult lifestyle and profession he has chosen: that of a Montagari envoy collecting information in the horrid land of Scortch.

Hartmoon is a distant relative by marriage of Weehawk. Although he is not as dynamic or heroic as his kin, he still seeks to emulate him. This low-grade hero worship has driven Hartmoon from being an uninspiring, unambitious elf to a fledgling Montagari hero. He has been Weehawk's partner in several envoy missions into Scortch, and the two of them have been through some rough times together.

In many ways, Hartmoon is Weehawk's antithesis. He is slower to react, quicker to calm down. Where Weehawk urges immediate action, Hartmoon prefers deliberation. Weehawk would have quit working with Hartmoon, but his dedication to his job outweighs the difficulty his laziness presents.

Those familiar with the movie of *Wizards* will recognize that Hartmoon is fated to die at the hands of Necron 99 the same day the President of Montagar meets his maker. That's life in wartime, folks. Using Hartmoon in an adventure will add that little bit of poignancy to your campaign.

Character Attributes

STR 11	INT 13	DEX 14	CHA 12
PER 10	CON 8	SIZ 9	WP 7
MGT 10	DB +0	SPI 10	MR 12
RS 12	REC 8	SP 24	HP 9

Skills: Alertness 7, Archery: Cavalry 14, Area Lore: Montagar 15, Area Lore: Scortch 10, City Lore: Scortch-1 13, Fast Talk 9, Lock Pick 7, Melee: Sword 15, Riding 14, Silence 10

Traits: Close Personal Tie, Direction Sense, Laziness, Memory (excellent), Overconfident

Jephyr

Faun King

His older brother having been killed in the Toothache Mountains by Blackwolf's assassins just months ago, Jephyr suddenly finds himself the king-elect of the satyrs of Montagar. He has been recalled from his position as envoy to the Western Highlands, given a crash course in the privy affairs of the species, and sent off to Montagar city to introduce himself to Avatar, Elinore, and President Genarian.

Although he is gorgeously attractive, Jephyr still needs to get a handle on the old maxim "handsome is as handsome does." He is greedy for power and glory, elated at this unlooked-for chance to build his status in the nation, impatient to be proving himself a hero. His training as an envoy perhaps over-emphasized the covert methods of gaining influence and information—it was assumed his beloved brother would reign for several decades more, and Jephyr's service would therefore be of a diplomatic turn, not as the heart of a species. As a result, Jephyr has a tendency to conduct operations, such as information gathering, on his own terms, and not in the more open manner of his predecessor.

Jephyr likes gambling for both the skill of bluffing and the thrill of risk, but he also likes raking in the dough. He won't play long if the cards aren't falling his way. But he also finds it hard to resist a long shot with a big payoff.

Character Attributes

STR 9	INT 15	DEX 17	CHA 12
PER 15	CON 11	SIZ 7	WP 14
MGT 8	DB +0	SPI 15	MR 12
RS 16	REC 13	SP 32	HP 9

Skills: Alertness 10, Concealment 12, Deduction 9, Fast Talk 7, Gambling 10, Leadership 10, Linguist 15, Lock Pick 11, Riding 10, Silence 14, Social 12, Throwing 14

Traits: Greedy, Recognition, Status, Winning Appearance

Pense

Healer

Pense is a smallish satyr, a little shorter than average and a whole lot lighter. He has a habit of slouching, which adds to their air of weakness of this small frame. His fur and air are curly red, and his skin is tan enough that the two seem to blend together. Unlike many satyrs, he is very serious. He is slow to smile, and tends to look at people from under his brows which gives him an unintentional air of sullen hostility.

Pense grew up a misfit in a family of fisherman who plied the Thunder Hole coast. He learned to sail as a young faun. It was on a ship that he finally convinced his people of his true calling. One of the drawfish nets caught in the winch one day, and an elfen apprentice shimmied up the rigging to free it. The wind changed suddenly, and the elf's arm was yanked back by the twisting net and broken. Pense managed to work both apprentice and arm free of the flapping net without further injury, and then set the bone so that it healed without a lump. In the investigation that followed, Pense managed at last to fast-talk the fishing guildmaster to sponsor him to the Healer's Hall in Montagar city.

He brought to that institution a knowledge of northern and coastal herbs in which the Hall was somewhat deficient, as well as great humility and concentration. Kense's slight form and curly forelock became a familiar sight in the Queen's Herbarium. It seems that once he has seen a procedure done, Pense knows how to do it, and which are the most critical steps to its success. He has a sense of discipline and precision that make him a promising alchemist, for he takes the time to repeat his trials and confirm minor nuances of results.

Pense is always ready to tackle a new problem, and difficulties inspire him to roll back his sleeves and get to work. He is rarely sick or under the weather, and his sea training makes him impervious to all varieties of motion sickness. Kense's only physical challenge is his fear of enclosed areas. The tiny cell he was granted in the student dormitory grated all the years he was in school, to the point that Pense took midnight walks in the courtyard so that he might fully fill his lungs and breathe, and slept on the roof in the summer months. If he must be

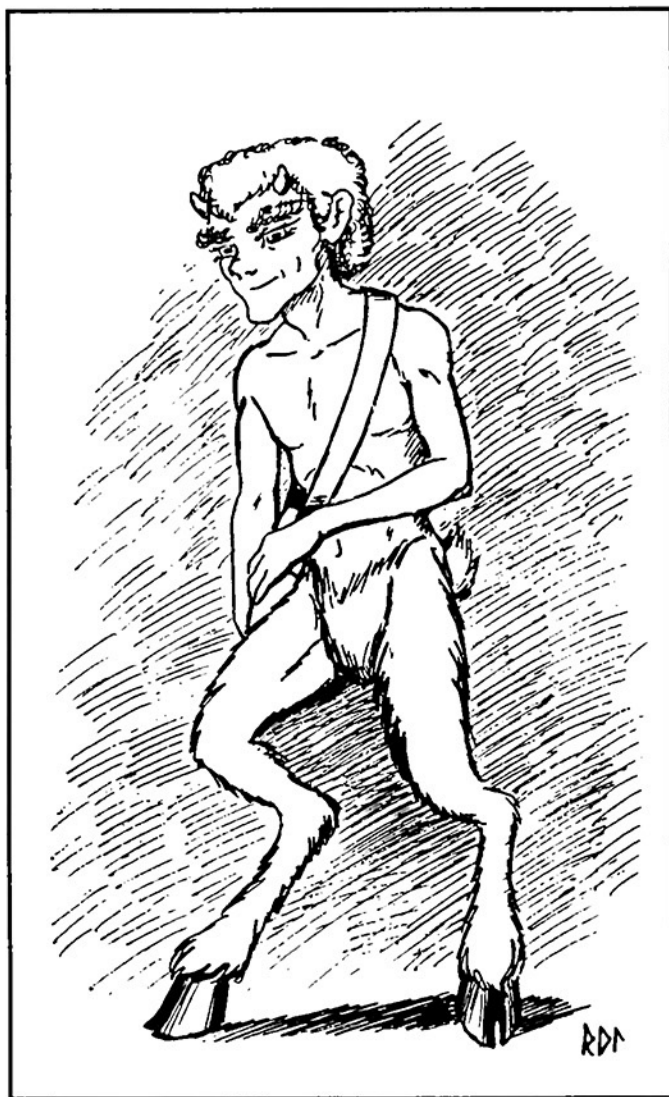
confined in such a limited space, he paces incessantly, scratches his horns reflexively, and snaps at those who question his decisions or judgement in any way.

Character Attributes

STR	7	INT	12	DEX	16	CHA	9
PER	18	CON	14	SIZ	7	WP	13
MGT	7	DB	-1	SPI	13	MR	12
RS	17	REC	14	SP	34	HP	11

Skills: Alchemy 10, Alertness 11, Chirurgy 17, Empathy 13, Fast Talk 11, First Aid 14, Herbalism 13, Navigation 11

Traits: Energetic, Immunity, Phobia (Enclosed Areas), Quick Learner (Intelligence, Perception)



Reenah

Wizard Wannabe

Wizards are a breed apart from mortal Faeries... but that doesn't make mortal Faeries immune to the desire to try to become wizards. Reenah, a middle-aged gnome who once taught at the Tower of Rana Bottom, is such a case. He is an intense gnome of 120 years, with prematurely white hair. He is agitable and judgmental, but has a keen mind driven by fierce desires. Due to some alchemical experimentation, Reenah is immune to all varieties of mushroom, from the psychedelic to the neurologic toxins.

Once a professor of ancient lore, he has become warped by his immersion in things human. Reenah believes that humans were simply deluded (by the power of Technology) into destroying themselves. If they had instead clung to the power of Magic...

Reenah took a leave of absence to pursue his magical theories, which have stretched on for decades. His initial studies were with Avatar, but he became impatient with what he termed parlor tricks. Reenah taught himself to read the propaganda generated in deepest Scorch, and has made a study of the internal documents of Blackwolf's war machine, looking for any clues to magical discoveries. He is not without his skills in magic—in fact, he is a clever practitioner—but Reenah drives himself to learn ever more, to try ever more, to create ever more. He has no fear of what unjudicial use of his talents will cost him, because he believes that wizards can be made, and are not just born.

Avatar considers Reenah to be unpredictable, and although there is no reason to consider the gnome to be a criminal, Avatar hints that they day may soon come. He is not innately evil, just badly misguided.

Character Attributes

STR 7	INT 16	DEX 13	CHA 14
PER 17	CON 8	SIZ 7	WP 15
MGT 7	DB -1	SPI 16	MR 10
RS 15	REC 12	SP 30	HP 8

Skills: Ancient Lore 18, Dragon Call 3, Fireball 8, Instruction 10, Light 3, Linguist: Rad 15, Magic 13, Minor Healing 6, Resistance 10, Homemade Spell 5

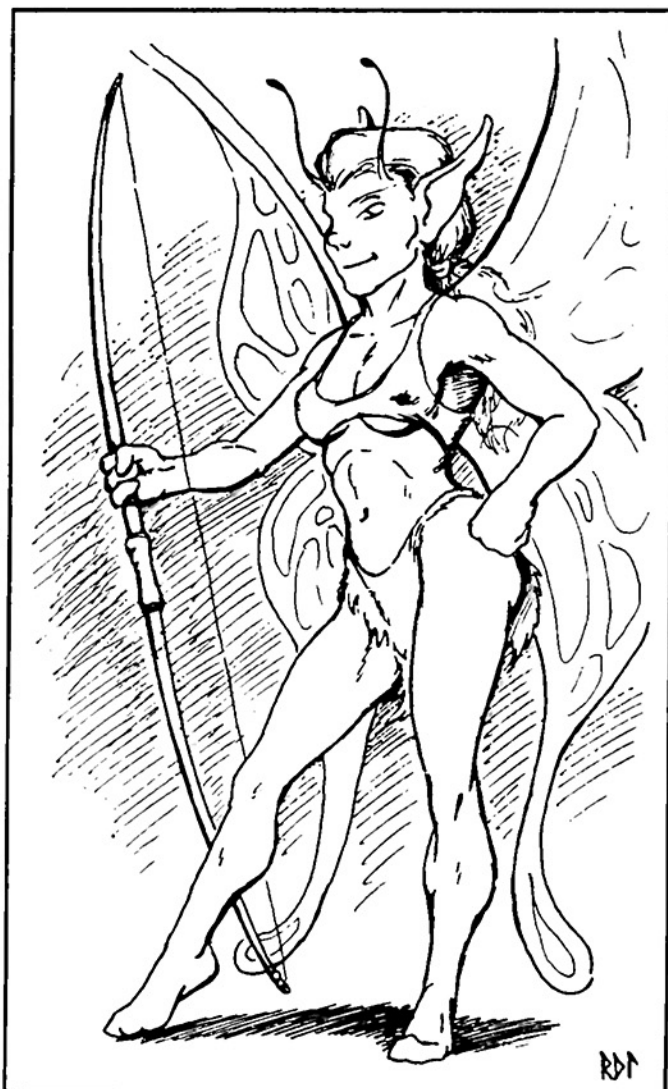
Traits: Bad Temper, Delusions, Fearless, Focused, Immunity (All Fungus)

Sayriah

Fletcher, Archery Guildmistress

Sayriah, a veteran wood fairy archer, and hero of several small battles, came to Blossom on a whim and has never left. When her unit was due for some R&R, Sayriah decided to visit the almost-legendary garden town. She was taken by the beauty and pleased with the society of other fairies after shooting back-up for the elven army units for so long. Like any tourist, she splashed in the falls and got silly on ambrosia.

One day, while skimming through the woods along the banks of the Sweetness, she came upon a grove of pudwillows. Their straight, slim branches were perfect for bow wood. Sayriah measured the



grove and settled right down, sure that, with careful management, she could keep herself in bows and arrows indefinitely.

She did not particularly like the military life, so during her leave, she carefully crafted a few excellent bows. Her unit commander, impressed with the quality of the weapon she made for him, got her transferred permanently to the town.

After settling in, Sayriah rose rapidly in the Blossom archery guild, as recognition of her craftsmanship rose as well. She is now guildmistress for Blossom and the northern reaches. Her guild makes all manner of archery weapons from fairy bows to arbalests. With the help of some of her mightier aides, Sayriah developed unstamped footbows for centaurs' use (see page 18). She has provided custom bows for both Wind-Catcher and Prince Bayard (who is one of her best clients).

In Blossom, Sayriah is a distinctive figure with her pistachio green skin and olive hair. She has a turquoise arrow tattooed the length of her right forearm (to help her remember left from right, she claims, although the fashion is catching on among the younger fairies).

Like most wood fairy females, Sayriah is happy to show off her curvaceous, 2'8" frame with sheer spiderweb satin and jewels for her throat and ankles. But players shouldn't be fooled by her pleasure-seeking appearance. Sayriah is a clever inventor, a tough taskmaster, and a perfectionist about her craft.

Character Attributes

STR 10	INT 14	DEX 16	CHA 11
PER 13	CON 14	SIZ 5	WP 16
MGT 7	DB +0	SPI 15	MR 11
RS 15	REC 15	SP 35	HP 15

Skills: Alertness 14, Archery 17, Carpentry 17, Concealment 12, Interrogation 9, Leadership 15, Melee 14, Parry: Shield 15, Riding 9, Stamina 10, Tactics 11, Trade 10

Traits: Ambidextrous, Distinctive Looks (tattoo), Tough

Swift-As-Sound

Scout and Guide

Swift-As-Sound, a centaur with lavender-grey snowflake appaloosa hide topped by navy black skin and kinky hair, looks like a shadow of the blackest night. He moves in near-absolute silence through grass, underbrush or even across the shale talus that litters the base of the sheer cliffs in the Toothache Mountains. Swift-As-Sound is most at home in the deep canyons of the Lostwoods rain forest where the Ariath and Novay Onwi twist around one another in a serpentine dance.

Not content to herd mohair and canter across the plains, Swift-As-Sound began at an early age to explore the woods on the edges of the great plain where his tribe ran. He was fascinated by the minutiae of life at the water's edge, and determined to school his coltish body in silence, so that he could watch the progress of the world unnoticed.

Swift-As-Sound is a vegetarian and a pacifist. He has taken up the trade as guide only to earn enough money to supply his simple wants, and to protect the forest from the rash trappings of ignorant travelers. If he suspects his clients are engaging in a mission he himself would abhor, he will not take their business. Players may have to justify their needs to him if they want to hire him as their guide.

His sense of animal empathy allows Swift-As-Sound to get very close to shy or vicious animals without provoking their fight-or-flight responses. He uses his archery skills not to shoot animals, but to anchor ropes to trees, to reach high into the canopy after sweetsop or breadfruit, and to span small canyons and chasms. All of his arrows have a special line attachment hook that allows Swift-As-Sound to fit them with a variety of ropes and cords, depending upon his particular need at the time.

Character Attributes

STR 14	INT 12	DEX 10	CHA 8
PER 13	CON 17	SIZ 14	WP 10
MGT 14	DB +1	SPI 11	MR 12
RS 11	REC 14	SP 41	HP 16

Skills: Alertness 12, Archery 12, Area Lore: Montagar 8, Herbalism 9, Mimicry 13, Silence 13, Stamina 12, Survival 16, Throwing 10, Tracking 18

Traits: Animal Empathy, Balance, Pacifism

Thornstuck

Blacksmith Guildmaster

Thornstuck is an immigrant from East Elfland who came to Montagar to study at the Tower of Rana Bottom. The brown elf is burlier and darker-skinned than most Montagari natives, but it's hard for strangers to say whether those differences are racial, or the result of spending all of his time in the smithy, hammering iron hooks and forging swords. He has a peculiarly round head, and those emotions that actually show on his face are always understated.

It didn't take the young immigrant long to discover that his talents were in craft and not in book learning—Thornstuck has been working in the smithy now for nigh 80 years. Over that time, he's worked his way up from apprentice to blacksmith guildmaster. He's also watched the students come into Rana Bottom for nearly that length of time. He's drunk with each new class at the Champing Ross, and helped Felsing weed out those whose talents are not for the books with some gruff advice and fatherly concern.

Thornstuck has an ability to remember faces that is as uncanny as it is accurate. He's slow to warm up to strangers, but he can always identify them. The deliberateness of his craft echoes the deliberateness of his personality. He doesn't take to fads, but good, solid effort always impresses him.

Character Attributes

STR 16	INT 12	DEX 15	CHA 10
PER 13	CON 13	SIZ 11	WP 14
MGT 14	DB +1	SPI 13	MR 13
RS 14	REC 14	SP 38	HP 16

Skills: Blacksmith 15, City Lore: Rana Bottom 10, Empathy 8, Instruction 10, Leadership 9, Melee 9, Parry 10, Resistance 8, Riding 10, Strength Feat 13, Swimming 7, Tactics 7, Throwing 8, Trade 12, Tumbling 7

Traits: Fearless, Recognition, Slow

Wind-Catcher

Cavalry Captain

She's an attractive centaur, with a palomino hide and lustrous honey-brown hair. Though almost sixty years old, she looks much younger, due in part to her athletic build. Wind-Catcher was the fastest centaur on the plains when she was growing up—the swiftest on her feet, the most agile at capture-the-fleece, the quickest to take up a cause or trumpet an opinion. It seemed natural to her to join the cavalry when Blackwolf's invaders threatened to advance on Montagar. She's been a soldier ever since.

She has both the good and the bad traits that army regimes seem to encourage in their ranks. Wind-Catcher is prompt, neat, close-mouthed, and quick to understand the gist of an argument. She can also be rowdy when drunk, quick to take offense on behalf of her unit, blindly obedient to her superiors, and condescending to "plebes" (those not fortunate, skilled, or dedicated enough to serve in the army).

Wind-Catcher loves gambling, and frequently stakes her entire pay on some trivial bet—but she wins more often than she loses. She's also obsessed with the opposite sex, and uses her rank as a weapon to force her attentions on young centaur males. When drunk, Wind-Catcher might also make passes at attractive males of any species.

Her sense of direction is infallible, however, and her tenacity and strength of purpose are almost legendary in the cavalry. Wind-Catcher has won through mutant lines when any other captain would have been given up for lost. And she can inspire her troops to stand up to her level of stamina and will. She has been decorated twice for bravery. She has been offered a commission in the heavy Cataphract Regiment, but she has thus far declined, for she prefers speed to power.

Character Attributes

STR 13	INT 13	DEX 13	CHA 11
PER 12	CON 17	SIZ 14	WP 8
MGT 14	DB +1	SPI 11	MR 14
RS 13	REC 13	SP 39	HP 16

Skills: Archery 12, Dressage 18, Gambling 9, Leadership 10, Melee 13, Parry 8, Social 6, Stamina 9, Swimming 7, Tactics 9

Traits: Direction Sense, Lechery, Tough



Critters

There are very many species dwelling in Montagar, both sentient and unintelligent. The sentient beings were covered earlier in this book.

The animals range from small, domesticated wood harriers up to incredibly-powerful creatures like the lava dragon. Each has its own niche in the Montagari ecology.

Plant life is also widely varied, since Montagar is perhaps the lushest of all nations in Halcionia. Faeries have found ingenious uses for most of the flora in their happy country.

Wild life of all sorts is still quite common in Montagar, because the chosen lifestyles of the red elves and the wood fairies (as well as the rest of the Montagari natives) is in such harmony with the wilderness, that for a large part the creatures' natural habitat has not been disturbed.

The creatures themselves have been disturbed, though, thanks to the meddling of Blackwolf's dark sorcery. Chilling tales persist to this day of sinister monsters roaming the darkest portions of the Lostwoods, and the Whisper tribe is convinced that a horrid sea monster occasionally crawls onto land hunting Faerie meat whenever storm dragons sweep in from the sea.

In this chapter we will explore the dominant creatures that inhabit the fair land of Montagar. In a manner similar to that of the *Wizards* basic rule book, this chapter is divided into sections for Animals, Plants, and Special Creatures. There are effectively no Mutant creatures in Montagar, although some Faerie folks would like to classify Blackwolf's experiments' as Mutants.

Random Attributes

For those who wish to randomly determine a creature's attributes (for example, to quickly generate a random ross for a character who wishes to buy a mount, or even to generate a non-player character), here is a chart that determines the creature's attributes based on its racial norms:

Die	Attribute	Variance
2	Racial Norm -5	-25%
3	Racial Norm -4	-20%
4	Racial Norm -3	-15%
5	Racial Norm -2	-10%
6	Racial Norm -1	-5%
7	Racial Norm +0	+0%
8	Racial Norm +1	+5%
9	Racial Norm +2	+10%
10	Racial Norm +3	+15%
11	Racial Norm +4	+20%
12	Racial Norm +5	+25%

This gives variance to cover all possibilities, but weighs the spread towards the average for the species.

Also, since size cannot vary by more than 25%, we have included a different column to use when you are rolling for smaller things like flying frogs. To use this, simply multiply the normal size for the creature by the variance, and round fractions off (instead of rounding up as you normally do in *Wizards*). This will give you a random size for the critter which will still be weighted towards average.

Animals

As mentioned in the basic *Wizards* rules, no animals have ratings for Intelligence or Charisma. This does not mean that the animals are stupid, mindless machines. Au contraire. They have canny instinct and clever wit, and they will use these in combat. Just don't expect them to recite the opening soliloquy of *A Satyr's Tale* while they're at it.

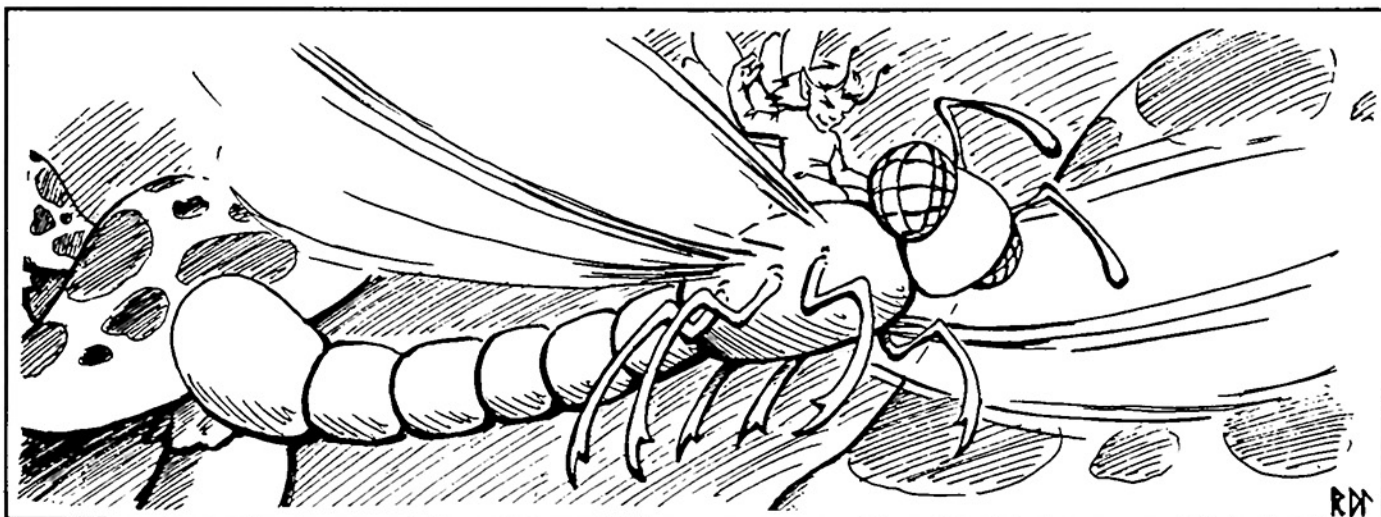
Dragonfly

A long time ago, the meadow fairies of Montagar began carefully breeding dragonflies for use as mounts. Selected for temperament and intelligence, this species soon drifted away from the wild creature and became a dependable mount for the diminutive fairy folk.

Wild dragonflies of course still exist, and they have the same attributes, but in temperament and action, wild and domestic dragonflies are as different as night and day. Fortunately, wild dragonflies almost never attack fairies.

After seeing how successful the dragonflies were as mounts, the mountain fairies purchased their own breeding stock, and now both races have their stables of steeds. Trained dragonflies can be purchased for 1/2 the cost of a comparable ross.

Dragonflies come in a variety of brilliant colors, and they are fast and acrobatic. Fairies have also developed specialized lancing tactics for use of dragonflies, based on elves' ross-mounted lancing tactics. When a fairy uses a flechette as a lance, it does 4D damage.



STR	4	DEX	15		
PER	11	CON	5	SIZ	3
MGT	4	DB	n/a	SPI	5
RS	13	REC	5	SP	13
				WP	5
				MR	9
				HP	4

Bite (N) 1D

Flying Frog

Deep in the jungle of the Ariath and Novay Onwi basins, flying frogs glide in the canopy. These brilliantly colored amphibians have webs of skin extending from their "wrists" to their "ankles" that allow them to sail on the slightest breath of wind, or dive from branch to branch. The bright skin tones warn predators of the flying frogs' poisonous secretions, or "sweat." Swamp fairies prize the frogs for their alchemical properties, and surgeons sometimes use minute quantities of the secretions to numb patients prior to operations.

Flying frogs are not a problem unless they are swarming. Like 20th-Century grasshoppers, they are individually harmless, and avoid conflict. On the other hand, should they become too crowded (as they often do during mating season), their psychology changes and they may attack without warning.

They attack by biting, but the real damage they do is with their secreted neurotoxic poison. A character hit by a flying frog must make an opposed constitution roll against the frog. If he makes the roll, he takes 1D of poison damage, applied at a rate of 1 point per combat turn. If he misses the roll, he takes 1D poison damage plus 1 point of poison damage per point by which he missed the roll, again applied 1 point per combat turn. The poison damage reduces the character's maximum SP temporarily. Poison damage is recovered as if it were HP damage.

STR	5	DEX	13		
PER	12	CON	7	SIZ	1
MGT	3	DB	n/a	SPI	2
RS	13	REC	6	SP	12
				WP	4
				MR	7
				HP	4

Touch (E) Special

Linger

This large, cat-like predator has a thick ruff of mane and dense, striped fur. It prefers the cold alpine forests of the Toothache Mountains, although

lingers have also been spotted in the jungle canyons of the upper Novay Onwi. Alpine lingers are typically smoky gray with black and fawn stripes, while rumors color the jungle cats slate blue, gold and cream. The linger hunts at twilight and dawn, using the soft light and long shadows to its advantage. Its large paws are silent on all but the hardest surfaces.

Satyr camp stories give the large predator a sadistic sense of play, with tales of two lingers running prey between them, batting each tasty morsel from one cruel paw to another. The creature's name, legend has it, comes from the predator's desire to let the prey linger on instead of killing it outright.

Lingers are opportunists, and prefer to ambush their prey. Once they have made a kill, they will try to drag it off, abandoning it if necessary and recovering it later. Remember, lingers don't kill except to eat, and they're used to herds of prey running off, leaving the linger to enjoy its kill.

STR	18	DEX	21		
PER	16	CON	12	SIZ	13
MGT	16	DB	n/a	SPI	6
RS	19	REC	12	SP	37
				WP	12
				MR	17
				HP	13

Bite (N) 6D
Claw (E) 4D+1

Runquill

A plump, flightless bird, the runquill is a common sight in the Montagari forest habitat, and a staple of the average Faerie diet. They have wide, splayed claws with curving spurs on the ankles, which they use mostly among themselves in their ritual mating dances.

Runquills run in flocks of 20 to 50 birds, pecking at bugs, berries and seeds in the forest floor. They are nervous birds, but generally quiet. A runquill often stands motionless until the predator is almost upon it, then dashes off in a swirl of feathers, its fellows in the flock darting every which way. They will only attack if there is no other choice.

STR	4	DEX	18		
PER	15	CON	5	SIZ	3
MGT	4	DB	n/a	SPI	3
RS	17	REC	5	SP	13
				WP	5
				MR	11
				HP	4

Claw (E) 1D from spurs (no minimum damage)

Sun Lizard

Along the north coast of Montagar, sun lizards are a common sight, basking in the warm golden rays, stretching their iridescent wings across the cliffs and bluffs on the shoreline. Like cats, they are particular about the company they keep, and fastidious about their grooming. They can be tamed as pets, although many Faerie folk don't consider it worth the bother.

Sun lizards are slow to anger, because their agility makes it easy to get away from anyone pestering them. But once annoyed, they bite, hanging on doggedly until their jaws are pried apart. It is possible to pinch a pet sun lizard's jaw open without hurting the animal, if that is the player's intention (roll against husbandry skill).



Sun lizards love to fly, and they naturally take to aerobatic displays. The leading edge of each wing bears a spine which the sun lizard can raise over its back in a similar fashion to a scorpion's tail. This spine has a gland in the base which secretes a rash-producing irritant. Some elves are highly allergic to sun lizard gland oil, and may even die from contact. A few Fog tribe veterinarians can remove this gland with no harmful effects.

STR	6	DEX	17		
PER	11	CON	8	SIZ	6
MGT	6	DB	n/a	SPI	6
RS	14	REC	10	SP	26
				WP	12
				MR	12
				HP	7

Bite (E) 2D+2; lizard hangs on to victim, chewing, until jaws are pried apart, inflicting another 1D (no minimum damage) each subsequent combat turn

Spine (N) 1D; irritant causes a rash for 1D+2 days

Wood Harrier

Looking something like a cross between a rat, a raccoon, and a badger, the wood harrier is a medium-sized, six-legged omnivore with a longish, hairless, prehensile tail. Wood harriers can be trained as hunting animals (they are a favorite of red elves), and make loyal house pets.

Wood harriers can sprint in short bursts of speed, and jog along at MRx2 indefinitely. They have humped back and a rolling gate that makes them unsuitable as mounts for the smaller Faerie folk, but they are willing to drag travois. They have sharp rodent-like teeth, and they bite when cranky or defensive. Like rats and raccoons, wood harriers use their small hand-like paws to hold their food and for personal grooming, but they lack opposable thumbs.

There are a few elven breeders who raise wood harriers for a living. These are offspring of proven animals, and fetch a handsome price. Non-pedigreed wood harriers can be had almost anywhere. Wild wood harriers, like most animals, cannot be trained unless captured very young.

STR	7	DEX	14		
PER	8	CON	11	SIZ	5
MGT	6	DB	-1	SPI	4
RS	11	REC	9	SP	23
				WP	7
				MR	10
				HP	8

Bite (N) 2D+2

Plants

There are, of course, incredible amounts of plants in Montagar. Many are simple flowering plants: bellflowers, nodding susans, sunrays, and the like. And, of course, there are many species of grass, but that would be of interest only to the budding centaur horticulturist. Here, then, are plants of some interest to adventurers, in one way or another.

Faerie Dust

This mushroom matures in rings on the forest floor. The spores glow when ripe, making the rings visible even on the blackest night. The glow lasts for about a month if the spores have been properly collected. A character using the phosphorescent spores as a light source will be able to find keyholes and crevices if the spore-dusted surface (back of the hand, piece of cloth, etc.) is held within a hands' breadth of the object in question. Faerie Dust does not give off enough light to read by.

One hazard of dusting the spores on skin is that Faerie folk absorb a component of the dust through their skin, and in a majority of cases, this compound has a soporific effect—it puts Faerie folk to sleep.

Podwillow

Faeries use this straight-growing, flexible, fine-grained wood for bows and arrow shafts. It grows along stream banks and fast-moving water. In prolonged wet weather, podwillow sends forth a blossom looking for all the sea like a dangling caterpillar.

Soostree

On the rolling hills south of the Fog Dragon Downs and east of Whisper Falls, scraggly, tufted shrubs spike the landscape with their weird, twisted contours and awkward foliage. This is the heart of Soostree country, where the trees grow thickest. Soostree can be found all over Montagar—the earliest Faerie folk spread it the same way Johnny Appleseed did apples, by planting seeds everywhere they went until the shrub could be found from East Elfland to the Western Highlands. But here in the north country are the oldest and biggest stands of soostree.



The shrub is universally renowned for a bark that can be pounded into fibers for rope, and for its leaves, which have a numbing effect on wounds. Soostree products are carefully harvested so as not to tax the trees' strength too much, as a young shrub may take up to 40 years to mature.

Sweetsop

A pretty, flowering tree common in lush areas, the sweetsop bears fist-sized, edible fruits. These fruits have been a staple of Montagari diet for thousands of years, and preserves continue to be a hot-selling export. The trees themselves, though thin, are buoyant and strong, and make for ideal wood fairy nesting sites.

Special Creatures

There are two kinds of special creatures in Halcionia: wizards and dragons. Both wizards were covered in the basic game book. Here, however, are two more species of dragons.

Lava Dragon

Lava Dragons are incredibly somnolent beasts, with thick, pocky black hides and glowing underbellies. They seem to be the most primitive of their kind. They are rarely encountered because they spend so much of their centuries sleeping. Some doze peacefully, while others twist in restless dreams, sending gurgles of lava and spumes of ash through the cracks in their volcano beds. However, these magnificent and awesome creatures are extremely sensitive to spiritual nuances in the populations around them. When their slumbers are disturbed by perturbations of the spiritual world, lava dragons may awaken—and they are almost unfailingly cranky.

Storm Dragon

Perhaps the most majestic of all dragonkind, the storm dragons can measure a wingspan of miles. They appear like long, serpentine dragons covered with a crawling layer of grey mist, and their wings are thin and long like a dragonfly's, although with talons that run the length of them. It appears that the weather that accompanies storm dragon's intensifies as it gets closer to the ground. Thus, as the regal storm dragons move ponderously through their aerial acrobatics, they may fly so low as to cause violent storms, or so high that they affect the planet not at all.

Surf Dragon

A smaller version of the dreaded whirlpool dragon, the surf dragons lurk in shallow coastal waters occasionally wreaking havoc with the tides. They are small and fast-moving, and generally avoid lingering in a small area, so although they can throw a ship off course, a good captain can keep his ship from being dashed against the rocks.

Buying a Trained Wood Harrier

Although it is easy to get a domesticated wood harrier for yourself, getting it trained for battle with Mutants is a different problem.

The most important skill for battle-trained animals is resistance. This is used to resist their instincts against attacking armed Mutants, especially at bad odds. Animals must make a resistance roll to enter combat. They must also make another resistance roll whenever they take HP damage. An animal which aces a resistance roll is in the battle for good, gone berserk.

The gamemaster should add appropriate bonuses and penalties to the animal's resistance skill. The animal should get bonuses for good odds, enemies showing fear, or if the owner is injured. Animals should get penalized for bad odds, gunfire, or if the owner is making tracks for the coast leaving the animal to play rearguard.

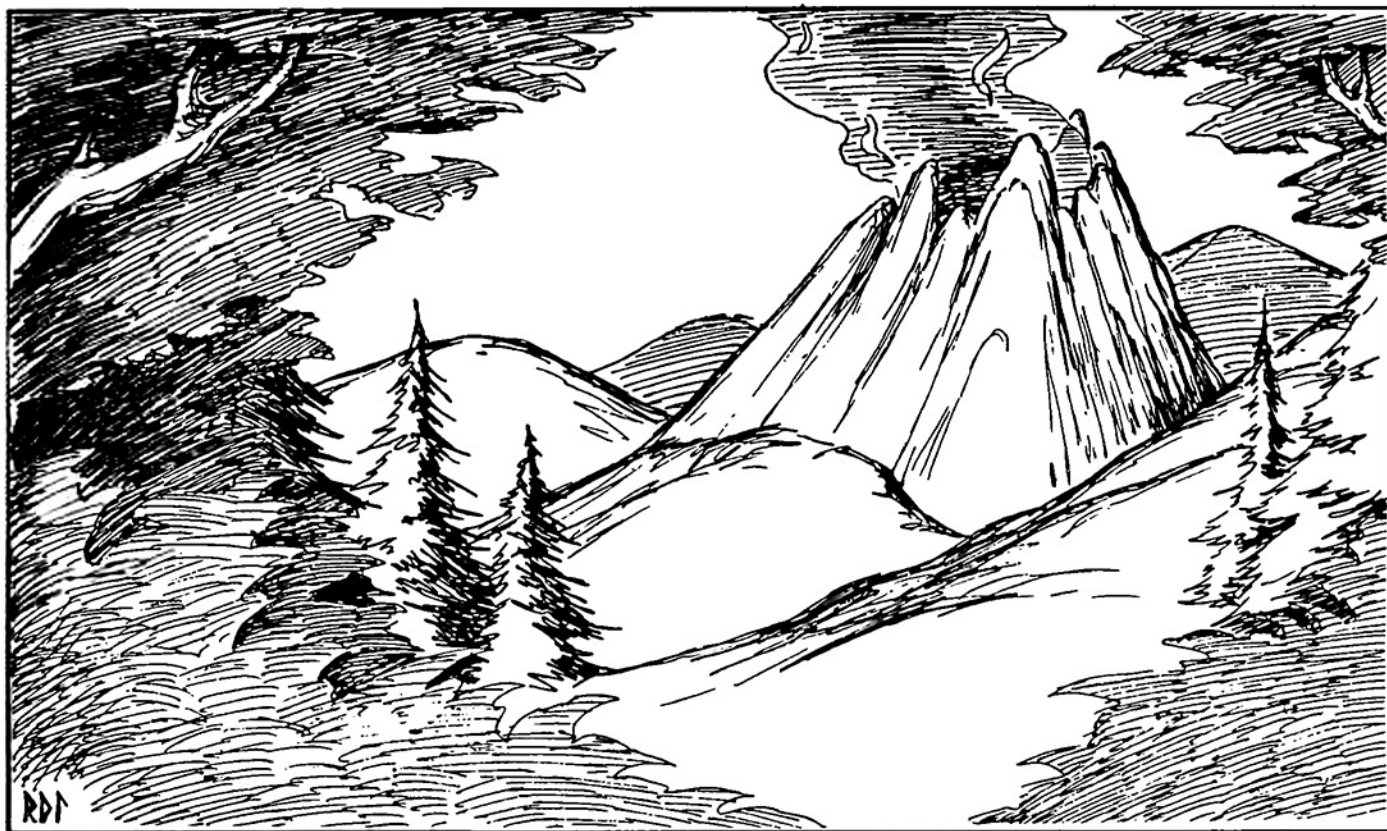
Trained wood harriers cost an average of ten gold pieces per point of resistance training.

Experience for Animals

Animals have fewer skills than Faerie characters do. In addition, a lot of what an animal does is done by instinct instead of training. Thus, when awarding IPs at the end of an adventure, each animal in the party should get one fifth of the normal IPs. This, of course, assumes that the animal was exposed to danger or did something worthy of note. A runquill that was caged for a trip to East Elfland and did nothing but sit and occasionally coot when fed would get no IPs.

What About Sun Lizards?

Sun lizards do not train nearly as well as wood harriers. Part of the problem may be that they can easily fly away whenever they get bored or threatened with discipline, and part of it is just that those Faeries who get sun lizards do so because they are most beautiful when they fly around being free, with their wings glistening in the sun. There have been a noted few sun lizards who have been trained, but each was personally trained by its owner. There are no ranchers in Montagar who train sun lizards.



Adventures

Sleep of the Lava Dragon

This is an intermediate adventure which allows you to begin enjoying *Montagar* immediately. The gamemaster should read through the entire adventure to become familiar with the plot line.

WARNING! Players should not read past this point! If you are a player and you read this adventure, you will be spoiling many of the surprises of the game, and therefore diminishing your own enjoyment. Consider yourself warned.

For Beginning Gamemasters

Once again, we are providing a complete game adventure for the *Wizards* adventure game. The next eighteen pages contain a series of situations

based in the region of Montagar. These situations and encounters can start off your campaign, or simply give you and your players a feel for what sort of things are happening in this corner of the world.

There are many kinds of possible adventures—from map-based random encounters in a pre-defined area, to tightly-controlled, sequential adventures where the goal can only be attained if the players complete the steps in the proper order, to branching plot lines that may or may not later intertwine with the mission on which the players set out. *Sleep of the Lava Dragon* has a linear base structure, but within each episode the plot branches out in several potential directions. Whichever one interests you most, or whichever one your players charge into headfirst, will be the one to follow. There are suggestions for nudging them one way or another, but in the end, it usually their say that wins through.

The encounters are divided into 'chapters,' each of which covers one major event. This event may be a single important encounter, or it may be comprised of several small but related events. You should be able to handle one to three chapters in a single session. Each chapter has an improvement point value associated with it; this is listed at the start of each chapter. Keep a running tab of what the players earn, and award their total IPs at the end of the adventure.

At various points in the adventure text, there are sections which appear in bold text, as shown here:

Text that looks like this should be read aloud to the players.

Everything else is intended for your eyes alone, for your information, and to help you run the game.

Adventure Background

For the last couple of centuries, Blackwolf has sent out countless excavation parties looking for ancient technological devices. While they have been scouring the radioactive sands unceasingly, much of what they find is junk, completely useless as a weapon or destructive device. But every so often, some small trigger or idea allows the great and evil wizard to use one of his finds in an unexpected way.

This is one such day.

Two months ago, Blackwolf found, or more accurately, re-found, an ancient video warehouse. When he first discovered it, naturally, he played through at least the first three minutes of most of the tapes, looking for subjects that might prove fruitful. Those tapes that looked interesting he placed in a pile for further investigation. Those that were clearly foolish he sequestered in one of his crypts, and those that remained after these severe edits Blackwolf gave to Larry to peruse at his leisure. Giving Larry something to occupy himself kept the energetic reptilian from interrupting Blackwolf's meditation.

Larry, ever eager to win praise from his master, carefully watched his tapes, looking for any ideas to present to Blackwolf. The tapes he had been given included a nature special on Mauna Loa, the Hawaiian volcano. Fascinated by the images of molten rock and spewing fire, he brought these images of destruction to Blackwolf's attention. Surely, there was more here than met the eye.

The Beginnings of a Plan

Blackwolf, in private, agreed. The power and pyrotechnics of the tape jolted the black wizard into realizing that the occasionally-smoking mountain in southern Montagar that he'd always discounted could in fact be the instrument of Avatar's downfall. If he could wake the dragon, he could enjoy the same pyrotechnics as he saw on the video, with the added bonus that the fireworks would be destroying the greatest blight on modern culture.

Blackwolf knew that he wouldn't have to do more than wake the sleeping dragon, because the very act of waking it up would be devastating to the elves and fairies living in the city of Montagar. Lava dragons are, after all, notoriously cranky.

Furthermore, the plan is advantageous to Blackwolf in that he won't have to commit huge troop masses and ordnance to a pitched battle, he won't have to worry about the pesky problem of troop morale or supplies, and he won't even necessarily be linked to the disaster at all. Lava dragons awaken from time to time, and who can tell why?

A Fly in the Ointment

But while humans were in their own time blind to the existence of lava dragons, Blackwolf discovers he has the opposite problem—the lava dragon is blind to him. Being a dragon, it has no interest in Faerie politics, and no greed to exploit. Being a dragon, it is the antithesis of technology, and no technological prods will touch it.

He must find a way of disturbing its slumber in a fashion that is wholly natural, and on a level the dragon can relate to. A difficult problem indeed. Blackwolf ponders the problem, unwilling to let any obstacle stand in his way.

Adventure Summary

Blackwolf conceives of three separate plans. These he will attempt one at a time, trying the easiest first, then the next difficult, etc.

The first plan is to open the lava dragon's eyes by focusing a concentrated ray of sunlight at the mountain. In theory, the light is wholly natural, even if its intensity is enhanced. The characters notice the light, and defeat it in some manner.

For the second plan, the evil wizard considers to get the dragon's attention with by disturbing its lava

bed with a huge, thunderous sound display. He sends a dirigible over the volcano with a bunch of bombs. The characters defeat the Mutants in some manner or other, probably by boarding the dirigible.

Determined, Blackwolf researches every scrap he can pull together about volcanoes, including silly twentieth century adventure movies. He discovers in the literature several references to volcano virgins. At last he has a lead. He airlifts a team of mutant thugs to capture a young Montagari girl and throw her down the throat of the volcano. As a back-up measure, he also sends a pre-historic drilling device with which his sappers can dig down into the mountainside, to get closer to the monster's resting spot. Mutant engineers begin drilling, and a strike team kidnaps a virgin.

The party starts out pursuing the engineers, but right before they leave they hear of the kidnapping. If the characters turn aside to pursue the kidnapers, they find themselves heading up the side of the volcano in pursuit of some mutants; if they stick with their investigations, they discover a mutant parachute drop of technology and personnel. The two paths converge, and the players race against time to prevent the mutants from fully waking the lava dragon below them.

Getting the Players Involved

This adventure is written assuming that the characters are heading home and/or into Montagar as the action starts. Perhaps they are returning from their last exploits, or perhaps they were summoned by Elinore, Weehawk, or Avatar for a consultation. If this is not the case, you may have to make minor adjustments to some of the dialogs.

If you have novice players you think might need a helping hand, Parla, a satyr visiting Elinore, can come along for the ride, and provide a bit of guidance for the other characters. If they don't need the help, have them meet Parla anyway, as a potential love interest and as an in to the President.

One excellent use for this adventure is an ongoing episodic story, interspersed with other activities. First run an adventure, like, say, *Tunnel of Hate* in the basic rulebook. Send the characters back to Montagar, and have them deal with the first attempt to wake the dragon. The characters win the day.

Then send the characters on another adventure, say into The Desert with *Desert Wind*, the adventure

included with the *Gamemaster Screen*. After they're done, send the Mutant dirigible with the noise bombs, and let the characters defeat that attempt.

Send the party off again, perhaps using *A Searing of the Soul* from the *Scorch* sourcebook. The party makes it home to Montagar, and then deals with Blackwolf's third attempt to awaken the lava dragon.

By having a problem (Blackwolf trying to blow the volcano) appear again and again, the world of Halcionia will appear to have a lot more coherence and consistency. It'll add a lot to your role-playing.

The Parts

Each attempt to awaken the dragon covers a few chapters. Chapters 1 - 2 cover the use of light. Chapter 3 deals with Blackwolf's bombing attempt. Chapters 4 - 7 deal with the drilling and sacrificial virgin. (This last attempt could actually be broken into two attempts, if you wanted to do so, one with the virgin and one with bombs to disturb the dragon's lava bed.)

If the characters ever fail to stop the Mutants from awakening the lava dragon, go to Chapter X, on page 72.



Chapter 1

Improvement Points: 10, +5 for good role-playing

Chapter Summary

The players encounter disturbances on the way home to Montagar. They can be good Samaritans among the victims and/or report on the action to the highest authorities. The characters also meet Parla, who accompanies them. Parla is especially useful if they need an experienced NPC to help them.

This encounter is designed to lead the players into the action in an unconventional way (none of that "you're sitting in a bar when a mysterious stranger approaches" stuff here). If the group of characters has just formed up, this encounter lets them get to know each other's responses a little, and cements their dynamics. If they've been together for a while, you can speed up the action a bit to punch them into the heart of the adventure.

Background

Blackwolf has figured out how to shine a light on the sleeping dragon. He has sent elite agents (treacherous and greedy yellow elves disguised as merchants) into Montagar. They slipped in undetected and placed a large mirror on the rim of the volcano's crater, angling it to reflect light from Scorch into the volcano.

Meanwhile, in Scorch-1, Blackwolf has used his considerable talents to develop a powerful searchlight. This light is almost powerful enough to be a laser, and, with some assistance from the dark wizard, it can reach across the continent in strength. Unfortunately, the light takes a lot of power and magical energy, so Blackwolf cannot operate it for very long. It also takes Blackwolf an attempt or two to get the light properly aligned.

Light My Fire

The characters are returning from their last adventure to Montagar city. As they head down the road, they may be talking about their previous adventure, or anticipating some rest and relaxation. If your players have actually just finished another adventure, you should be able to simply interrupt their discussions with a casual request for a perception check. If you've just gotten together, outline the scenario of the party casually on the road, let the

players describe what they're doing—and then ask for a perception check. Read the following to your players:

The day is bright and warm, insects buzz contentedly, and your rosses amble cheerfully through a small valley without your guidance. Through the canopy of leaves, the sun shines very brightly, coloring the path with scattered patches of light and shadow...

Single out those who made their perception roll, and continue:

Then there's a break in the canopy, and you realize the light is far too bright to be normal. It looks like a concentrated beam. The tang of burning leaves assaults your nostrils as you see the top of a sootree, far ahead, burst into flame!

Most likely the players want to kick their rosses into a gallop and hurry forward. They're about ten minutes ride away from the area on which the beam is focused.

Alternatively, they may want to turn around and ride back toward the source of the beam. If anyone rolled an ace, that character notices from the angle of the beam and the receding perspective that its source is far away, most likely in—or perhaps beyond—The Desert. If no one rolled an ace, the characters can find a crest in the trail after about ten minutes which allows them to see this information for themselves. The beam fades off into the distant smog in the eastern sky. Once this is discovered, the characters will doubtless turn back towards Montagar. After twenty minutes' riding, they come across the fire.

Burning Down the House

Up ahead of the party on the trail, there is an elven farm, and the intensity of the light has ignited it. Some of the farmer's family is trapped inside... time for some good old-fashioned heroics! Read the following to the party:

After a short rise, you come upon the fire you saw erupt. The intense beam has disappeared, but its heat has ignited an elven farm, and several fires burn brightly. In the center of the farmyard you see

an older red elf. He turns at the sound of your approach, but the way he's squinting it appears he's been blinded by the beam.

"Hello?" he calls his head waving side to side, as though trying to search you out past his blindness. "Please help me!"

This is Tenrah, the owner of the farm. He managed to save his wife from being blinded by the beam, but his own eyes are too fatigued by the brightness to see anything. Although his vision will return in a half hour, his house is on fire right now, and his wife has plunged back into the inferno to save their child. She has not come back out, and he's getting frantic.

To save her, and, of course, the kid, the characters will have to go into the burning house themselves. Make it tough for them, but don't make it too difficult. Have them make navigation checks to move through smoke-filled rooms, resistance checks to get past hot flames, search checks to find the stairs beneath the collapsing roof, and stamina checks to keep carrying the victims in the sweltering heat. Carpentry could also be used to figure the best ways to get in and out without fanning the flames, or to bash a hole in the wall for a quick escape. Strength Feat is another useful skill in this type of situation. Sapper skill could be used to actually fight the fire, with a little help from the farm's well.

The fire should do no more than 1D damage per round. If the characters are having a rough time of it, give them some bonuses on their skills, or send in Tenrah's trained wood harrier to save the day, Lassie-style.

Once they've saved the victims, the characters will need to use first aid and surgery to stabilize the hapless elves. That being done, they can get a full description of the events: a bright flash, followed by rapidly-increasing light until the air itself felt like it was burning. Then, all of a sudden, the light faded rapidly away.

Alertness and deduction skill checks will show that only the most inflammable material caught fire. The dried-grass thatch roof of the house went up very quickly, but the peat moss and grasses nearby are merely warm. It appears that the beam is not intended to ignite fires, but that the fires were, shall we say, collateral damage.

A few minutes later, other farmers will show up, and corroborate the story, adding their own obser-

vations. They will promise to look after the family and help them rebuild. Time for the party to return to the capitol with the news.

Parla

Parla the satyr comes by after (or even during) the fire. Parla is a satyr and a friend of Elinore, and she was on her way to the capitol city when she saw the beam of light from afar. When the characters mention that they are heading to the capitol, she offers to join them, so that she will no longer have to travel by herself. If desired, she could make some romantic approaches on a character (and Elinore could later compete—it's nice to occasionally throw your players a curve ball). Oh yeah, Parla will not—repeat, *not*—actually sleep with anyone she flirts with. She's not that kind of faun.

Parla is a lot like Elinore; young, energetic, flirtatious. She is also very direct and practical, although if she does not see the immediate importance of something, she is likely to ignore it. On the other hand, if she recognizes something as important, she will not let it go until convinced otherwise, which is a formidable task indeed.

STR	6	INT	12	DEX	14	CHA	16
PER	16	CON	9	SIZ	6	WP	13
MGT	6	DB	-1	SPI	13	MR	10
RS	15	REC	11	SP	28	HP	8

Traits: Determination, Illiteracy, Overconfidence

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 2

Charisma Skills - Base: 4

Empathy: 8

Social: 10

Constitution Skills - Base: 3

Dexterity Skills - Base: 4

Intelligence Skills - Base: 3

Area Lore: Montagar: 12

City Lore: Montagar: 14

Deduction: 8

First Aid: 8

Perception Skills - Base: 4

Alertness: 10

Strength Skills - Base: 2

Will Power Skills - Base: 4

Chapter 2

Improvement Points: 15, +5 for inventive solution

Chapter Summary

Blackwolf adjusts the erroneous aim of his powerful light and tries to awaken the dragon. The characters are sent to the top of Mount Montagar to solve the problem. They probably also figure out what Blackwolf's sinister intentions are.

What Light To Yonder Mountain Breaks?

Once the characters reach Montagar, Parla can get them into the presidential palace. She tells the guards that the party members are friends of hers, and they'll let them pass. They meet with the President Genarian and perhaps his new bride, Chelsea, and relay their news. They receive official thanks, and if any of the party members are not natives, they receive honorary citizenship. Chelsea invites them to lunch the following day; it's going to be a large party.

Read the following to your players:

Later that evening, as you're getting ready for your lunch date, one of the palace guards leans in your room and says, "Excuse me, gentlefolks, but I'd heard of your little to-do the other day, and the strange events you spoke of. I was just wondering, is that what the beam of light looked like?" He gestures to the window.

Moving over to window, you look out, and yes, there it is. The light comes from some incredible distance and shoots past, over your heads.

The players will doubtless raise the alarm. Guards will stomp hither and yon, and the characters will eventually be hustled in to see the President. If they attempt to summon Avatar, the guards return with the news that Avatar is tutoring Elinore and refuses to be interrupted. Regardless, the scene in the President's chambers ends when Genarian throws a tantrum and orders the characters to scale Mount Montagar, find out what's going on, and fix it. Immediately. Or be banished.

Mirror, Mirror

If the characters need a little extra excitement on the climb up the mountain, have a linger pounce on

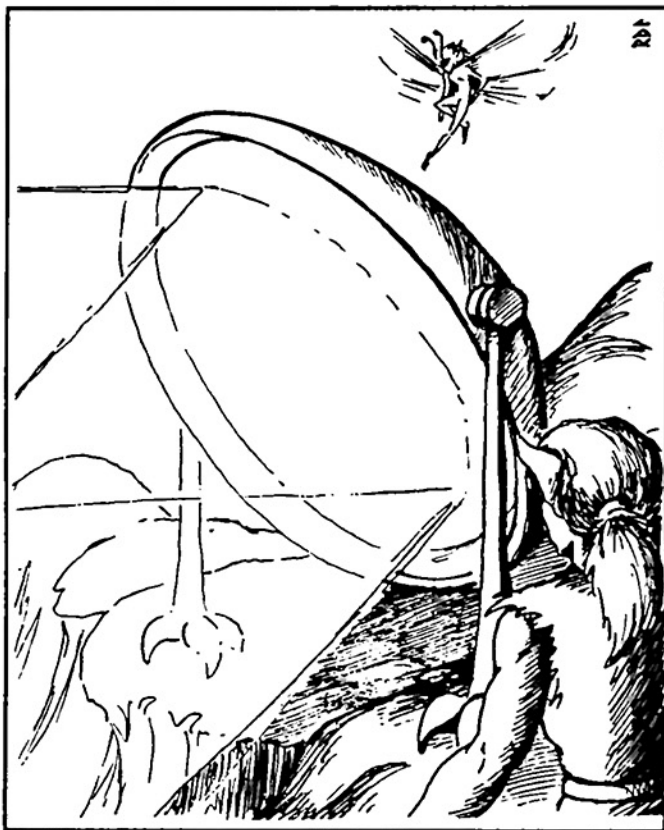
them on the way. Otherwise, they reach the rim of the crater of Mount Montagar without incident. Read the following out loud:

You reach the crater rim. The beam cuts right over the center of the crater, shooting a small gap between Mount Montagar's jutting teeth. It streaks across the gap, and suddenly bounces down into the crater.

Looking carefully, you can see what appears to be a mirror propped carefully on the far side of the crater rim, reflecting the powerful light. Looking down, the lava inside the crater glows with an unreal light, and as you watch, it begins slowly churning.

Now what will they do? If they do nothing, the lava will roil more and more, and eventually a dragon's claw will snake out briefly. If they just sit and watch, the dragon will awaken and Mount Montagar will erupt. There are several approaches they can take to obviate this circumstance.

They can break the mirror. Doing so scatters the beam, probably starting several fires in the immediate vicinity and maybe blasting a few characters.



The strength of the light heading into the crater, though, is diminished, and the lava settles back down. Eventually the broken mirror will melt.

They can push the mirror into the crater. This works also, but the characters had better not be behind the mirror when they push, else they'll take the full force of the beam.

They can change the deflection of the mirror. If they raise the mirror, the beam of light will sweep a path across Montagar, probably starting a few fires. Should the characters happen to aim it right back at Scorch, it will wink out.

They can start a smoky fire. If they do this in the path of the light, it will dissipate it enough that the light will have no effect, and the lava will settle once again. This is a temporary solution, however, unless they intend to burn a fire on the rim for a long, long time.

There are probably several other ways to take care of the problem. Each has its own risks, so play it as you see it.

The mirror itself is very hot, due to all the light it's reflecting. Thus, to touch it, a character must make a resistance roll. The mirror is also heavy, and the characters must make a strength feat roll to push it over. Each additional elf-sized character who pushes (beyond the first) gives a +2 bonus to the strength feat skill. Also, since the mirror is perched on the edge of the crater, a dexterity roll or climbing roll might be required to do certain things.

For damage purposes, the mirror has an armor rating of 18 and 10 SP. Finally, should a character get blasted by the light, he takes 6D damage.

Once the player have effected a permanent solution to the problem, Blackwolf will give up. If their solution is only temporary, he'll try again later.

Aftermath

After all is said and done, the characters can go back into town for a long-awaited luncheon. Everyone will be happy with their efforts, although few will realize the true danger of the incident. Most people will think that there is no way Blackwolf could awaken the dragon.

Chapter 3

Improvement Points: 25, +5 for creative swash-buckling

Chapter Summary

Blackwolf tries again to awaken the dragon by bombing it from a dirigible, in effect awakening the dragon with a loud bang. The characters, in classic swashbuckling style, defeat the attempt.

Background

Blackwolf, after having failed with his attempt to awaken the dragon with light, tries again, this time with noise. He tries again because, although the light approach failed, there were some positive effects; the dragon stirred. Blackwolf realizes that using lights and mirrors is far too difficult, and the mirror on the crater was far too vulnerable.

He sends a dirigible equipped with a large arsenal of loud bombs. The bombs make more noise than anything else. The dirigible is manned by several low mutants, and is captained by a pair of high mutants. Since Blackwolf didn't trust the mutants not to shoot holes in the dirigible accidentally, they are all equipped with melee weapons.

Would You Like to Fly...

Whenever appropriate, read the following to your players:

The next morning dawns bright and clear, but thunder rolls across the heavens. Confused, you step outside to see if you can spot the storm dragon, but the sky is empty. Others also mill in the street, looking skyward and trying to spot what might be causing the thunder.

Then, half a block away, you hear a young elf child say, "Look, mommy! It's a balloon!" Following the child's pointing finger, you suddenly see the source of the noise. It's a large balloon, floating in the air above Mount Montagar. On its side you can see the dreaded sign of the swastika. As you watch, you see a tiny speck drop from the floating craft and fall into the crater of the volcano. Moments later, another dull boom echoes across the town.

If the characters don't go running for the Presidential Palace, guards (sent by Parla) come and grab them. In a hurried briefing with military officials, the characters are advised that the Mutants probably snuck their craft in under cover of darkness. The military can't stop it, because it's in the air, and they can't reach it. The nearest fairy battle group is hours away. They need someone to bring the craft down, and the characters have a rep for getting problems solved (or at least so Parla told them).

Leave it up to the players how they'll get to the zeppelin. If they have even one fairy in the group, that character can tie a rope to the craft and the others can climb up. If the characters have a practitioner among them, he can levitate them (fudge the roll if necessary). If the characters have absolutely no other way up, Avatar can levitate them. Let the players make the suggestion, though, and Avatar will be upset at having his drinking interrupted.

Of course, the characters might think of other clever ways to bring the zeppelin down. But, as it is not filled with flammable gas, this may be difficult. Play it by ear. In the meantime, we'll assume the players choose the ram-and-board approach.

In My Beautiful Balloon

The zeppelin has, of course, a gondola on the bottom where most of the mutants are. There are also hatches into the gas bag interior and even out the top. If you don't know (or can't imagine) what we're talking about here, go see *The Rocketeer*; it's got some good airship dueling scenes.

The zeppelin is captained by Gunther and Dieter, two high mutants who are effectively identical. These two mutants are real swashbucklers. They are dedicated to their service, brave, even reckless. They will do anything to defeat the Faeries, even swing by rope outside the gondola on the bottom of the zeppelin or duel hand-to-hand on top of the craft.

The characters should get very nervous every time one of these two gets out of their sight, because they are skilled and cunning, and will ambush the Faeries at every opportunity.

The low mutants, on the other hand, are your typical walk-on cannon fodder. As they are a large distance above the ground, they are not very brave, either. But they are treacherous. Never trust a Mutant who's surrendering.

Anyone who falls from the zeppelin dies. It's far too long a drop. Player characters who have a luck point to spare will instead land in a large pond on Montagar's rocky slopes. Mutants who you really want to have die horribly fall into the lava.

Gunther and Dieter

STR	9	INT	13	DEX	15	CHA	13
PER	12	CON	8	SIZ	11	WP	14
MGT	10	DB	+0	SPI	14	MR	13
RS	14	REC	11	SP	33	HP	10

Traits: Delusions, Determination, Fearless, Honor, Sadism

Broadsword

Init: 20, Skill: 12, Damage 4D+1

Broadsword Parry: 9

Thrown Dagger (each has three of them)

Range, S: 4, M: 10, L: 20, E: 40

Init: 16, Skill: 10, Damage 3D-1

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 2

Charisma Skills - Base: 4

Guile: 15

Stall: 15

Constitution Skills - Base: 2

Dexterity Skills - Base: 4

Climbing: 11

Escape: 6

Silence: 10

Tumbling: 14

Intelligence Skills - Base: 4

Concealment: 18

First Aid: 8

Linguist (Elvan): 13

Tactics: 12

Technomancy: 5

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 12

Mimicry: 8

Strength Skills - Base: 3

Strength Feat: 4

Will Power Skills - Base: 4

Resistance: 18

Low Mutant Crew

STR 9	INT 8	DEX 11	CHA 8
PER 10	CON 7	SIZ 9	WP 8
MGT 9	DB +0	SPI 8	MR 10
RS 11	REC 8	SP 24	HP 8

Traits: Choose one or two each: Battle Rage, No Pain Tolerance, Hatred (anything with fur), Paranoia (another mutant), Phobia (Heights), Weak Stomach

Hatchet

Init: 12, Skill: 7, Damage 3D+1

Buckler Parry: 8

Absorbs: 8 SP, 0 HP

Thrown Axe (each has one extra to throw)

Range, S: 4, M: 9, L: 18, E: 36

Init: 11, Skill: 6, Damage 3D

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 0

Charisma Skills - Base: 2

Bribery: 8

Stall: 11

Constitution Skills - Base: 2

Dexterity Skills - Base: 3

Climbing: 8

Silence: 5

Tumbling: 7

Intelligence Skills - Base: 2

Concealment: 5

First Aid: 7

Linguist (Elvan): 7

Technomancy: 3

Torture: 6

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 9

Strength Skills - Base: 3

Will Power Skills - Base: 2

Resistance: 5

Coming Down

When the characters finally defeat the mutants, they notice that the lava is definitely roiling. As they watch, though, it settles down. Now they just have

to figure out how to get a lighter-than-air zeppelin back to the ground. Don't be too rough on them here; any reasonable plan should work.

When they get back to Montagar city, they are each given their choice of weapons and armor by the military in recognition of their service. Plus they're pretty popular and could probably score a few dates.

Chapter 4

Improvement Points: 0, +5 for good role-playing, +10 if they fight the pig mutant

Chapter Summary

Blackwolf tries once more, this time infiltrating Montagar with a sapper team and some daring Mutant commandos. The sappers drill into the side of the mountain with an archaic drilling rig, and the commandos kidnap Parla for a virgin sacrifice. The characters find out about both events (more or less) and make a choice to pursue one or the other.

Background

Again, Blackwolf's plan has failed. However, he has collected more useful data. The light and noise, both worked to disturb the dragon. (How did he collect this data, you ask? He was watching. He is, after all, a wizard.) This time, to ensure his success, he has a two-pronged attack lined up.

One group, a group of sappers, will drill into the side of the mountain to the lava core. This will get the Mutants very close to the dragon. From there, they can directly roil the lava bed by stirring it with a specially-adapted drill bit. Blackwolf hopes that this will have an effect similar to pulling the covers off a sleeping person.

The other group is an elite squad of Mutants who plan on kidnapping a virgin from Montagar (Blackwolf couldn't find any in Scorch). Since the characters have been such a problem for him, he intends on hurting them directly. His divination techniques tell him that Parla is close to the party and is a virgin. She's perfect for a volcanic sacrifice. The second squad's plan, then, is to grab Parla and toss her into the volcano while the other group roils the lava.

Here We Go Again

The characters are again relaxing in Montagar city, perhaps out on a second or third date with a local (they are, after all, small-time heroes... give them a little bit of fame), when they are yet again interrupted by the Mutants on the Mountain. Read the following (this text assumes they're out to dinner somewhere):

Everything has been fine for the last few days. Mount Montagar has been nicely quiet, and life is good. After watching a glorious sunset, you head to a favored establishment for a relaxing meal. But then, during dinner, you hear and feel a small rumbling. At first you dismiss it, but it happens again a few minutes later. The locals look concerned. The rumbling happens once more, after only another minute. It's small, but you can see the wine quivering in your glasses.

By now, the players should have an idea what's going on. After all, they defeated two attempts to awaken the dragon, so a third try shouldn't surprise them.

By the time the characters get their gear, etc., they are summoned as "volcano experts" to the Presidential Palace. When they arrive, read the following:

You are brought in to an office at one end of the Palace, where several Montagari military leaders are assembled. Without even an introduction, one grey-haired elven warrior says, "We've received a report from a wood fairy that there are Mutants on the slopes of Montagar, here." He points to a spot on a map spread before him.

"According to what she saw, they have some sort of technological item with them. She couldn't tell what they were doing with it. They also apparently have a few pickets out.

"We are assembling our troops, but it will be about an hour or so before we're ready to move out. Avatar's in Summer Home. We've sent a courier, but we don't expect to hear back from him for a couple hours. We're sending you up to reconnoiter and possibly impede the Mutants in whatever they're up to. Be careful to avoid detection. Rosses have been brought out front for your use. Good luck. Dismissed."

Double Trouble

As the characters are heading out the front of the Palace, one of the household staff comes running through the foyer, yelling, "They're in Elinore's room!"

This is Mitch, one of the servants on the Presidential staff. Mitch is totally useless for anything other than delivering summons and announcing such world-shattering news as "Dinner is served."

The characters may just leave on their mission, which may be viewed as more important than a kidnapping of a single citizen, no matter how important. There is no stigma attached to their leaving immediately to pursue the sappers. If they choose this course of action, jump to Chapter 5. If they choose this course, and you'd rather they didn't, have Mitch grab one by the arm and plead his case.

On the other hand, if the characters choose to go to help Elinore, or they are persuaded to do so, Mitch will lead them immediately to Elinore's wing of the Presidential Palace. When they arrive, read the following out loud to them:

The doors to Elinore's wing are closed. Several bullet holes pierce the fine wood, and a tray of hors d'oeuvres lies spilled on the floor.

As you open the door to Elinore's wing, smoke billows out past you, smelling of sulfur and blood. You are looking into a wide hallway, with windows on the left and doorways on the right. Three of the large windows, which face onto the arboretum, are broken, and several red elf guards lie on the floor of the hall, shot to death. Further down the hall, a pig mutant slumps in the corner, a short sword through his chest, still gripped by the dead hand of his attacker.

Bullet holes pockmark the walls, and several of the doors swing slightly in the breeze blowing through the window. And, at the end of the corridor, the door to Elinore's room lies ajar.

As the characters move through, they are ambushed by an injured pig mutant. This dedicated warrior was knocked unconscious during the fracas with the guards. By the time he recovered, his compatriots had all left.

Injured and desperate, the pig mutant will fire his gun in controlled bursts until he runs out of ammo. He will fire even if engaged in melee combat, be-

cause he knows his technological edge is the only hope he has of surviving.

Pig Mutant

STR 14	INT 8	DEX 9	CHA 4
PER 10	CON 15	SIZ 13	WP 16
MGT 14	DB +1	SPI 12	MR 11
RS 10	REC 16	SP 44	HP (6)

Traits: Determination, Fearless

Dagger

Init: 11, Skill: 10, Damage 3D+1

Light submachine gun (remaining ammo: 24)

Range, S: 10, M: 25, L: 50, E: 100

Init: 10, Skill: 10, Damage 3D-1

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 0

Charisma Skills - Base: 1

Oratory: 8

Constitution Skills - Base: 4

Dexterity Skills - Base: 3

Escape: 11

Silence: 8

Intelligence Skills - Base: 2

Concealment: 9

Technomancy: 4

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 13

Strength Skills - Base: 4

Strength Feat: 5

Will Power Skills - Base: 4

Resistance: 16

After the pig mutant has been slain, read the following:

You step cautiously into Elinore's chambers. Inside, all is a shambles. Elinore is sitting on the edge of her bed, exhausted, a bloody dagger held loosely in her hand. Her hair is dripping wet, and she's dressed in a bathrobe. Through the open door to her bath, you can see another mutant floating face-down in the red-stained water of her tub.

She looks up as you enter. "They weren't after me," she says. "They took Parla. I tried to stop them... but... there were too many..."

The dagger slips from her fingers and clunks to the floor. "I wish Avatar were here," she says as she hangs her head and weeps silently.

The Choice

The players face a hard choice; will they try to save Parla, or will they investigate the Mutants on the mountain? If they go after the mutant sappers, go to Chapter 5. If they chase Parla, go to Chapter 6.

Chapter 5

Improvement Points: 25

Chapter Summary

The characters head up the mountain to find the Mutant sappers and stop them.

Background

The sappers on Mount Montagar are a batch of goblins (who are seen as slightly more expendable than human mutants). They are not combat-trained, although their natural viciousness means they won't panic at the first sign of Faerie steel.

To cover their flanks, Blackwolf deployed a few squads of reptilions. These are the main threat to the characters. These squads are patrolling the slopes of the mountain, but are within earshot of the sappers.

Night has fallen, but there is a full moon out and the sky is clear.

Here We Come

To get to the sappers, the party must first evade the reptilions squads in the low brush and scrubby trees of Mount Montagar. They should meet at least one squad, but you can add more if you like.

Have each character make a roll against alertness. If they make the roll, they hear a squad of reptilions ambling around ahead of them. The reptilions are alert, but not cautious. The characters would be well-advised to get off their rosses at this point; the large bulk of rosses is hard to miss, even in the darkness. The rosses might also make an unfortunate noise.

If the characters miss their alertness rolls, the reptilions spot them and move in. Make an opposed roll using the reptilions' silence against the highest

character's alertness skill. If the characters fail again, they get hit by surprise.

To get past the pickets, the characters must make opposed rolls against the reptilians' alertness. First use the lowest silence roll among the party against one of the reptilians' alertness. If the characters lose, the reptilians are alerted, and begin searching the area. Then roll the lowest character's concealment against the reptilians' alertness. If the reptilians win, they open fire.

The characters can also split up, sending their best infiltrators separately to hit the reptilians by surprise.

Reptilian Pickets

STR	9	INT	9	DEX	14	CHA	9
PER	13	CON	10	SIZ	6	WP	10
MGT	8	DB	+0	SPI	10	MR	10
RS	14	REC	10	SP	26	HP	8

Traits: Greedy, Lechery

Brawling

Init: 14, Skill: 11, Damage: 2D-1

Bite (only used if hit scored in brawling)

Init: 14, Skill: 13, Damage: 3D

Light pistol (ammo: 2 clips of 10)

Range, S: 8, M: 20, L: 40, E: 80

Init: 14, Skill: 7, Damage 4D+2

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 1

Charisma Skills - Base: 3

Constitution Skills - Base: 3

Dexterity Skills - Base: 4

Climbing: 12

Dodge: 8

Silence: 11

Intelligence Skills - Base: 3

Concealment: 15

Tactics: 5

Technomancy: 2

Perception Skills - Base: 4

Alertness: 12

Search: 8

Tracking: 12

Strength Skills - Base: 3

Will Power Skills - Base: 3

You Know the Drill

When the players encounter the drilling team, which they can locate by following the noise, read the following out loud:

After homing in on the noise, at last you've found the mutant infiltrators. There's about ten goblins working with a large device that makes a lot of noise. A large bonfire burns nearby, illuminating the area. Nameless hunks of meat are burning on a spit hung over the fire.

A large probe or shaft extends from the device into the side of the mountain; apparently the gadget is creating a tunnel into the volcano. The goblins appear to be unarmed, and they are talking animatedly about their work. It's quite obvious that they're excited about their progress.

The goblins are making enough noise, and there's enough cover around, that unless the characters blunder their silence roll, they can catch the goblins by surprise. The goblins have only tools to fight with, but fight they will, because they want to see Montagar burn if it's the last thing they do (and it would have been, had they succeeded).

The drill itself is a large-scale version of a dentist's drill, with a little black magic and technomancy thrown in for good measure. The sound it makes is horrifying on an instinctive level to all good people, so every Faerie character must make a roll against his will power every combat turn. If he fails the roll, he suffers a -1 modifier to all skills for every point by which he missed the roll. If a character blunders the will power roll, he flees the area for one combat turn. If he aces the will power roll, the character need not roll again.

The characters have arrived in the nick of time; the drill has broken through the mountain wall and into the lava bed, and the goblins are, at this moment, extending the drill bit into the lava with the special stirrer attachment. In five combat turns, the bit reaches the lava, and the mountain starts heaving more and more. Fifteen combat turns after that, the dragon awakens.

The drill itself has an armor rating of 10 and 25 SP. A character trying to smash the drill while defending himself from goblin torque wrenches can parry one goblin attack and get one attack (automatic hit) on the drill.

Goblin sappers

STR 13 INT 12 DEX 10 CHA 7
 PER 10 CON 9 SIZ 9 WP 12
 MGT 11 DB +0 SPI 12 MR 10
 RS 10 REC 11 SP 30 HP 9

Traits: Battle Rage, Determination, Fearless, Hatred (all things Faerie)

Assorted tools

Init: 12, Skill: 6, Damage: 3D+2

Thrown Rock (ammo: infinite)

Range, S: 5, M: 11, L: 22, E: 44

Init: 10, Skill: 7, Damage 2D+2

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 1

Charisma Skills - Base: 2

Constitution Skills - Base: 3

Dexterity Skills - Base: 3

Dodge: 5

Intelligence Skills - Base: 3

Sapper: 13

Technomancy: 8

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 7

Strength Skills - Base: 4

Blacksmith: 17

Strength Feat: 9

Will Power Skills - Base: 3

The Party's Over

When the characters have (hopefully) defeated the drill team, the other reptilian squads start showing up. The characters had ought to bugger out. If they want to fight, though, you should oblige them. There are probably a half dozen or so patrols out there, and the more gunshots are heard in the vicinity of the drill, the faster the other reptilians will return.

If the characters have not yet pursued the mutant kidnappers, then as they leave the drilling area, they'll hear a high-pitched scream from near the crater: Parla! Go to Chapter 6, adapting the play as necessary.

Chapter 6

Improvement Points: 25

Chapter Summary

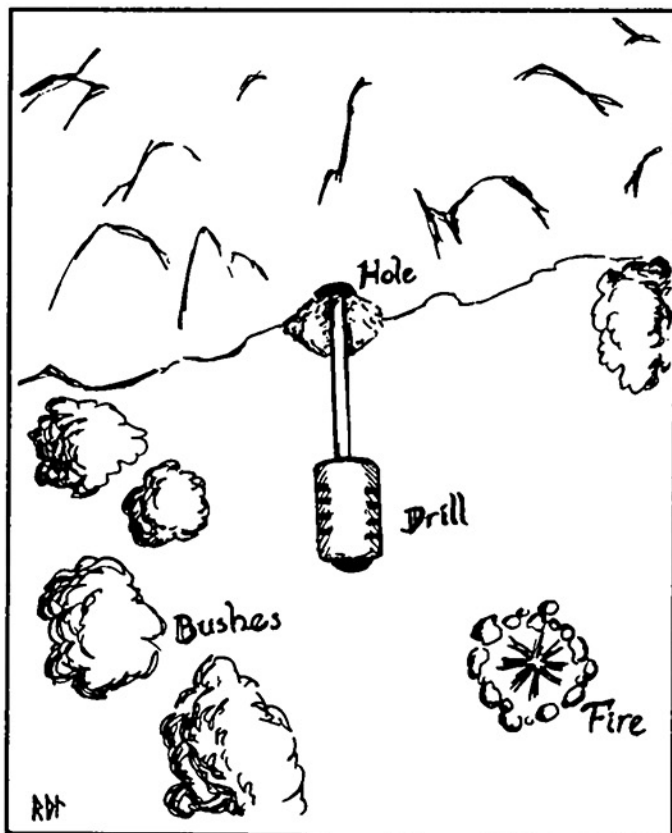
Mutants attempt to drop Parla into the crater, hoping the spiritual shock of her horrible death will jolt the dragon to consciousness. The characters follow them and (hopefully) defeat them.

Background

The mutants with Parla are no fools. They know that when she dies, the dragon will awaken, and when a lava dragon gets up on the wrong side of the bed, people die. Especially Mutant-type people at the crater rim. Not relishing the thought of a hot-stone bath, they tie Parla up so that she'll drop into the crater after a short while, giving the commandos time to make good their escape.

Cover Me

The tracks left in the arboretum by the Mutants are easy to follow. They head straight to the royal stables. As the characters approach, several gunshots ring out. Very shortly thereafter, the front gate



of the stables opens up and several mounted mutants (with an unconscious Parla) ride off into the night.

Assuming the characters sprint for the stables and grab a few rosses of their own, there is a chance they can intercept the mutants. Have each mounted character make a riding roll. Centaurs must simply make a dexterity roll (to sprint fast enough to catch the mutants), and fairies must simply roll anything but a 20.

Those characters who catch up to the mutants can engage them in battle. Every combat turn of combat, mounted characters must make a riding roll. If they succeed, they can attack normally. If they fail, all skills are at -5 that combat turn. If they blunder, they fall off their mount. The mutants must make similar rolls.

Riding rolls must also be made every time the character's ross gets hit, which, by the way, is exactly what the mutants will do to foil their pursuers. They will only target the characters if one of the mutants gets dismounted or if the character is a flier. Above all else, the mutants engaged in battle will fight a delaying action to give the ones with Parla more time to escape.

The characters don't know how many mutants there are, so if they chew up the rear guard, just add a few more to make sure the ones carrying Parla get away.

Pig mutant riders

STR	12	INT	9	DEX	10	CHA	6
PER	9	CON	12	SIZ	11	WP	12
MGT	12	DB	+0	SPI	11	MR	11
RS	10	REC	12	SP	35	HP	12

Traits: Determination, Fearless

Dagger

Init: 11, Skill: 8, Damage 3D

Heavy pistol (four clips of 8)

Range, S: 10, M: 25, L: 50, E: 100

Init: 10, Skill: 9, Damage 5D+1

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 0

Charisma Skills - Base: 2

Constitution Skills - Base: 3

Dexterity Skills - Base: 3

Riding: 12

Silence: 8

Tumbling: 9

Intelligence Skills - Base: 3

Concealment: 8

Linguist (Elvan): 7

Technomancy: 1

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 13

Tracking: 10

Strength Skills - Base: 3

Will Power Skills - Base: 3

Resistance: 10

Parla View

A successful tracking roll will let the characters follow the mutants right up to where they plan on dumping her in (give the tracker a bonus of a half dozen points or so for the numbers of the mutants). If they fail the tracking roll, they'll probably be able to figure out where they're taking her anyway; the riders left in the direction of the mountain. Once they arrive, they see a typical villain set-up:

You come across the mutants on a small flat area overhanging the lava bed below. The lava glows a hellish red, dimly illuminating the crest of the crater behind the small plateau. Four pig mutants are gathered in the area, and they have set several lanterns here and there, which illuminate the immediate area.

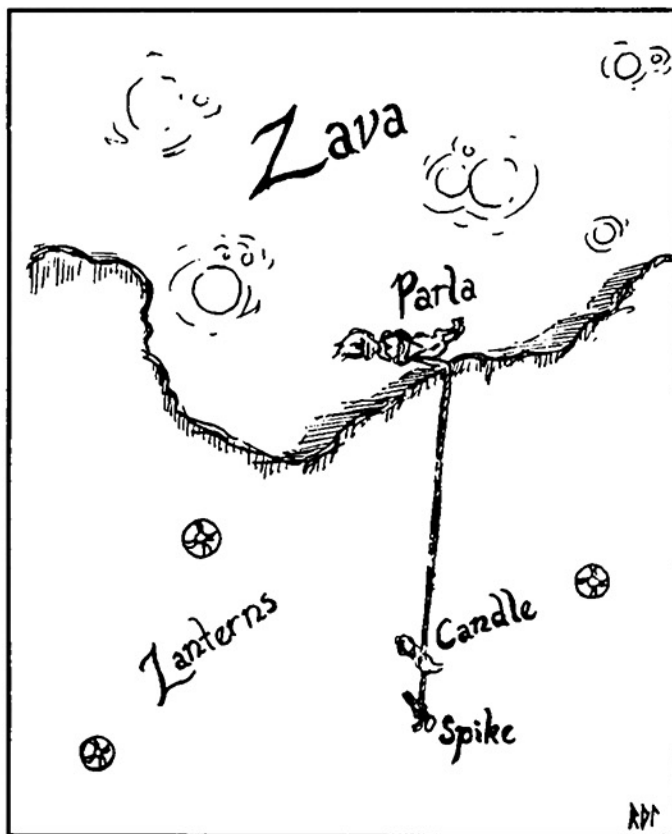
There is a thick steel spike pounded into the rock of the mountain, to which a rope is tied. The rope stretches tautly over the ledge and hangs down into the crater itself. Directly beneath the rope near where it's tied to the spike, one of the pig mutants has just ignited a candle. At the ledge, one of the pig mutants leans over, looking down. He spits something in Rad, and waves cheerfully.

Ooh. Here it is, a genuine cliff-hanger. That is, of course, Parla dangling at the end of the rope. She's recovered consciousness, and she'll start screaming whenever you feel like adding a little extra tension.

The rope will burn through in twelve combat turns (the pig mutants did not calculate very carefully). By that time, if the characters have not extin-

guished the candle, Parla's a goner. If the characters extinguish the candle after six combat turns, then triple the time remaining as the rope, though not burning, slowly unravels. Thus, if they extinguish the candle after eight combat turns, Parla has twelve CTs left to live (four CTs remaining, tripled). To extinguish the candle, a character must simply give up either an attack or a melee in a combat turn, instead blowing the candle out or kicking it over.

To add further problems, the pig mutants may resort to chopping the rope. To avoid the sudden and untimely demise of Parla, be sure that the pigs broadcast this intent. They may even threaten to chop the rope in an effort to negotiate for their own lives. The rope itself has an intrinsic armor of 3 (springiness) and an SP of 25 (well-made thick rope). For each combat turn that the candle burns, the rope's SP gets reduced by 2. The pigs will not chop at the rope as long as the candle's burning. A pig mutant trying to chop the rope while being attacked by rabid Faeries can parry one attack and make one chop (automatic hit) at the rope. If the rope gets chopped, each character within three feet of the rope may make a dexterity roll to see if they can grab the rope before it slips over the edge.



Pig mutant satymappers

STR 13	INT 10	DEX 8	CHA 6
PER 10	CON 13	SIZ 13	WP 13
MGT 13	DB +1	SPI 12	MR 11
RS 9	REC 13	SP 39	HP 13

Traits: Determination, Fearless, Sadism

Shortsword

Init: 12, Skill: 10, Damage 4D-1

Heavy pistol (one clip of 8)

Range, S: 10, M: 25, L: 50, E: 100

Init: 9, Skill: 5, Damage 5D+1

Armor: none

Dodge Bonus: 1

Charisma Skills - Base: 2

Constitution Skills - Base: 3

Dexterity Skills - Base: 2

Dodge: 6

Intelligence Skills - Base: 3

Concealment: 6

Linguist (Elvan): 8

Technomancy: 2

Perception Skills - Base: 3

Alertness: 10

Navigation: 14

Tracking: 8

Strength Skills - Base: 3

Will Power Skills - Base: 3

Resistance: 11

Is That All?

Well, if the characters have not yet stopped the mutantsappers, now's their chance. They'll hear, far below them, the unmistakable sound of technology as the drill fires up. Send them through Chapter 5, adjusting play as necessary.

Chapter 7

Improvement Points: 0, +5 for good role-playing

Chapter Summary

Happy ending. Denouement. Sun setting in the west. That sort of stuff.

Background

The characters have defeated several Mutant attempts to blow the volcano, and earned the eternal gratitude of Parla and her family, as well as the appreciation of the city of Montagar.

That's All, Folks

Really, there's not much to add here. Have the President of Montagar give a befuddled speech, Elinore give them a big kiss before she goes back to Summer Home to continue her training. Parla may get seriously romantically involved with one of the characters. And, as a token of gratitude, the characters each get a grant of 100 gold pieces from the national treasury and two bottles of fine satyr wine from Parla's relations.

By the way, if anyone is carrying around a gun (pilfered from a Mutant), the gun is confiscated and destroyed, and the miscreant is fined 100 gold.

Chapter X

Improvement Points: 100, +10 for great role-playing or quick thinking

Chapter Summary

If the characters fail, and the lava dragon wakes up, this is what happens.

Background

Hey, who's to say the course of your personal Wizards campaign has to follow the steps of the movie exactly? Sure, Blackwolf will be defeated in the end, and Avatar and Elinore will spend the rest of their lives together, but who's to say the city of Montagar can't get leveled by a volcanic eruption?

If your players fail one of the episodes, then having the entire town laid waste will demonstrate to them that their actions impact the world around them, for good or for ill.

Grim Choices

At some point along the way, the characters failed to stop the Mutants. The lava dragon awoke. What can they do about it?

They can negotiate. All dragons are difficult to deal with, and the lava dragon is no exception. Nevertheless, one character can try to talk it down and get it to go back to sleep. One player can make one roll against either bard, oratory, or social skill. Bard skill has a -10 modifier as the character sings a soothing lullaby. Oratory and social skills have a -14 modifier as the character apologizes in an incredibly sincere fashion. If the player fails the roll, the dragon pays no attention.

They can run and warn the city. Such quick action will save most of the populace from death as the mountain erupts. Most of what the characters have will be lost, including any rosses (remember, they took rosses from the stables, right?). Their status as heroes will be lost, and some may blame them for the catastrophe. Avatar will show up soon after the eruption, and will collapse the mountain in on the dragon. The eruption stops. Avatar doesn't say whether or not the dragon is dead. He also gets very depressed, for he's certain that Elinore will blame him for the loss of her home town. He goes back to Summer Home to sulk.

Someone can sacrifice their character. Blackwolf had one point wrong: sure, virgin volcano sacrifices were used in the old movies, but they were used to calm the volcano. What happens is that when someone gets killed in that fashion, the dragon notices them in the spirit world. Witnessing such a sacrifice, engendered merely by the its ill temper, gets the dragon very depressed and it chooses to go back to sleep so it doesn't have to think about it. So, if someone desperately chooses to throw themselves into the volcano like that (I'll bet you no one ever does), the lava settles again, for a long, long time.

Why All the IPs?

If the players fail, they get 100 IPs. This is as much or more than they get by succeeding. Why? We think the destruction of an entire city and scores of innocent deaths would be somewhat of a goad to our heroes. They'd steel themselves to make sure they never fail again.

Short Takes

Sleep of the Lava Dragon is but one of the many potential adventures one can have within the fair borders of Montagar. In the next two pages, we'll give you several other plot ideas for adventures.

What About Those Yellow Elves?

Remember, in Chapter 2 of *Sleep of the Lava Dragon*, how we mentioned that the mirror was smuggled in by yellow elves? The characters could pursue them.

Tracking rolls near the crater where the mirror was set up yield some important information (that they were elves, approximate number, etc.). A jewellery roll on the mirror itself shows it to be of yellow elf make (coming from the fringes of The Desert). Customs manifests provide needed information about comings and goings. Perhaps the yellow elves never declared themselves? They could be expert smugglers. Provide other clues as you see fit.

Armed with this information, the characters infiltrate the mercantile market, posing as unscrupulous traders, guards, or whatever.

During their stay, suspicious things happen, but nothing truly incriminating, until one day when Mutant guards approach the caravan and escort it to Scorch-1!

Eventually, the characters' cover gets blown (perhaps Blackwolf recognizes them). The characters must make good their escape and inform Montagar of the merchants' treachery.

Supply and Demand

Mutant thugs are preying on caravans going between Breeding Wye and Montagar City! The loss in shipments and increased cost for caravan security is starting to drive up the price of goods. The characters are hired to stop these bandits by the Caravan Association; their secondary assignment is to determine where these mutants are coming from. During the first attack on a caravan, the characters discover that the bandits are not Mutants, but Faeries. They might figure out the bandits have a hiding place in a nearby city. Most likely they'll try to track the miscreants down and make them squeal.



If the characters don't track down the bandits, other clues are available. Perhaps a caravan driver complains that he 'wasn't supposed to be hit.' Perhaps the players figure out that the attacks are not random; 65% of the goods that got through belong to one merchant, whereas another merchant has suffered 80% losses. The rest of the merchants in the area are suffering about 50% losses.

Eventually the characters discover that a rich merchant is trying to drive a rival out of business by attacking his own and his rival's caravans (and those of a few others for good measure). The mutant angle is to throw the blame and hysteria off the track, and generate sympathy for the rich merchant himself. The characters can expose the unscrupulous merchant or force him to make amends.

Perhaps, when all is said and done, the rich merchant gets exiled. As he stands on the edge of No return, he vows to make the characters pay for their actions!

Jungle Gem

The characters hear a rumor about (or find a vague library reference to) a lost city in the jungle portions of the Lostwoods, with a cool gem rumored to be waiting at its heart. The characters journey into the jungle and do the standard African Queen high-adventure stuff—lose food, run rapids, battle beasts with bearers deserting in terror.

When they find the lost city, they find the rumors are true! But there's a catch...

Perhaps the gem is gigantic, the size of a room and much too large to be carried anywhere. Avatar himself could transport the gem to the city of Montagar for public display, but the characters won't get much more than a token of gratitude for a job well done.

Perhaps the gem is cursed, or its made of a strange mineral that dissolves in water.

Perhaps the gem is gone, already stolen, or its permanently imbedded in something, but there are other worthy items around.

Or maybe the gem is there, right there in front of God and everybody, but the undiscovered native tribe of red elves (the Gem tribe?) doesn't want the party to take it away. Perhaps they can be inducted into the Montagari government.

Monster Mashing

The River tribe brings a complaint to the Montagari government: one of Blackwolf's mutant creatures has appeared, and is killing and eating people in the Novay Onwi canyons.

This is pretty much a typical blood-and-guts adventure. But after all is said and done, suppose the critter wasn't a native species? That would indicate that it wasn't one of Blackwolf's childhood experiments, but that it was brought here deliberately...

Assassin Assassin

One of Blackwolf's prime assassins has entered Montagar, and is intent on the President's life. The characters have to do a little counter-insurgency work and stop him. This is a cat-and-mouse (linger-and-run-quietly?) scenario with the characters and the assassin moving cautiously around each other. If the assassin gets wind that the party is pursuing him, he'll try to strike them first.

This scenario could also take on a sinister edge to it if the assassin were a blue elf and a master of disguise. The characters run about the city of Montagar trying to hunt him down, asking questions, making plans, only to find out that the barkeep they talked to was the assassin himself!

For an added twist, the blue elf assassin could be an underground resistance leader, his mind bent to serve Blackwolf when he failed in an assassination attempt on the dark wizard.

Mission of Mercy

For those of a less martial bent, the characters can be sent to quell an internal disturbance.

For the first time in thousands of years, Faerie folk within Montagar are fighting amongst themselves. It could be anyone: centaurs against Salamander tribeselves, meadow fairies against satyrs, who knows?

The characters are sent to arrange a truce and settle a peace.

Obviously, a situation like this within Montagar is indicative of external intervention, specifically some sort of evil scheme of Blackwolf's. Perhaps he has cast a spell on a Faerie leader. Perhaps he has bribed certain key Faeries to help him. Perhaps he has blackmailed someone, or managed to frame another Faerie for some Mutant wrongdoing.

Whatever it is, the characters have to figure it out.

Centaur Field

An aging centaur has decided to make his final attack on the Mutants, and has headed into The Desert to make his last charge. Unfortunately, he has something Montagar needs, perhaps a map, perhaps some information, perhaps a magical item.

The characters have to catch the centaur before he gets himself killed and whatever it is falls into the wrong hands.

This could take the characters to Vark's Noodge (described in the *Gamemaster Screen* adventure), where the centaur attacks and kills several mutant guards. After he dies, Faerie sympathizers snatch the desired item (or whatever) and hide it. Can the characters find the item and convince the townsfaeries of their sincerity before the Mutants catch up to them?



Appendix

In this appendix, we present new charts and tables, new skills, and new backgrounds which will help you full integrate the material in this sourcebook with your *Wizards* campaign.

Skills

There are a few skills that weren't covered in the basic *Wizards* rules set. Many of these are not essential to the play of the game, but are added to give a little extra bit of flair, especially for those all-important tone-setting non-player characters.

Other skills were not required at the time that we released the basic game, but have been made necessary by this supplement.

Dexterity Skills

Dressage

Horek: "Hey, you young filly, care to dance?"

Note: only four-footed creatures (like centaurs) can learn this skill!

Dressage is essentially a gymnastics/martial arts type of skill for the four-footed. It is a popular skill among centaurs. Characters (or creatures) with this skill can move like Lippizaner stallions: they can do cabriollets, floating steps, rearing and turning on a dime, etc. They are also better at jumping, especially when the overhead clearance is low.

Dressage has a lot of uses. It allows centaurs a good extra four feet of height when peering over

walls or such like. It allows a four-footed animal to promptly spin and face an assailant attacking its flanks. Characters can use dressage to leap gracefully through plate-glass windows.

Dressage can also be used to keep a rider in the saddle should the rider miss a riding roll. Here it is used to get the character back underneath the failing rider. In this aspect, dressage is a required skill for the Montagari Cataphract Regiment.

Complexity: normal

Modifiers

+1 if trying to save a rider, and a saddle is worn

-2 for leaping through an obstacle

Flight

Sean: "You'll never catch me, assassin!"

Note: only winged creatures (or practitioners who can fly) can learn this skill!

All characters with wings can fly, just as all characters with feet can walk. Yet, just as pedestrian characters must make rolls to perform acrobatics, so must fliers.

The skill of flight allows characters to perform aerial acrobatics; outside loops, Immelman turns, etc. It also allows the character to remain out of the field of vision of a searching opponent. It allows the character to zip between the outstretched arms of Mutant thugs. All of those World War I aerobatics you've been wanting to do are possible with this skill.

Complexity: normal (impossible for non-winged practitioners)

Modifiers

+3 if zipping from rooftop to rooftop

-7 if slipping between prison bars at sprint speed

Melee: Hoof

Note: only four-footed creatures (like centaurs) can learn this skill!

This is a new subtype of the melee skill. Centaurs use it all the time. Satyrs do not use this skill, as they thrust with their feet instead of club the way centaurs do.

Complexity: normal

Modifiers

per normal combat

Leatherworking

Hartmoon: "Listen, if we end up, uh, delivering some important papers, we have to be sure this pouch is waterproof."

Leatherworking is skill in crafting belts, bags, and other leather goods, as well as in repairing same. The most obvious uses of this skill apply to making or repairing leather armor. Other uses would involve making thick diplomatic pouches (see the solitaire adventure in the basic rules), good slings, rucksack gear, waterproof tents, and so forth.

Characters with leatherworking skill also know how to skin an animal and tan its hide for use. A good leatherworker can tan and use any kind of hide imaginable (think of the adventure hook when a twisted Mutant leatherworker starts making... no, we can't print that here).

A leatherworker can make an item for himself at 1/5 its retail cost.

Complexity: normal

Modifiers

+2 for simple items, like a strap

-6 for making an pouch waterproof

Perception Skills

Brewing

Avatar: "I don't know if this is really what they called scotch, but I'm not gonna go splittin' hairs."

A character skilled at brewing can control fermentation of chosen substances to produce good, even great wines, liqueurs, beers, and such. The better a character is at brewing the more of a connoisseur he is, and the more likely it is that he can determine a drink's vintage.

For the more active character, brewing can be used to determine whether there are any foreign substances in a drink. Likewise, this skill can be used to determine how drunk a person is and how much it will take to make a person inebriated, as well as to doctor drinks without being detected.

Complexity: normal

Modifiers

+2 if the character has brewed this recipe before

-4 for detecting substances in an unusual liqueur

Lutier

Bayard: "Only the finest of instruments for a voice of your beauty, Lady Elinore."

A lutier is an instrument maker. Defined tightly, a lutier makes only stringed instruments, but in Wizards we will choose the looser definition, and apply it to a maker of all instruments. A really good lutier can make instruments which haunt their auditors with the clarity and depth of their tones. They can also tell the worth of instruments. Exceptional instruments are themselves named, and expert lutiers know the names of all the best instruments.

Excellent (named) instruments can give a bonus to characters using their bard skill.

Complexity: difficult

Modifiers

+1 for simple instruments (percussion)

-5 for difficult instruments (viola)

Will Power Skills**Intimidation**

Larry: "Don't hurt Larry! Larry serve!"

Weehawk: "Beast of a thousand scales, I—"

This skill allows the character to bend another to his will without resorting to physical violence. It is essentially extortion, and involves a ruthless or cold-hearted display of power and/or authority. While it can be quite effective, it has the unfortunate side effect of turning the victim into an enemy. Let out of the intimidator's sight, the target might double-cross the character.

Since there are always threats (explicit or implied) associated with intimidation, props like large swords add a great deal of emphasis to the character's prose.

Since Mutants and Faeries are at war, intimidation does not work as well between the two sides. After all, when an elf is convinced he'll be killed anyway, why should he submit to a reptilian's demands?

Intimidation involves a battle of wills, so the use of intimidation mandates an opposed roll. The user rolls against his intimidation skill, and the target can roll against either intimidation or resistance.

Complexity: normal

Modifiers

+2 if target has no friends near for moral support

-5 if the target is a Mutant and the user is a Faerie

New Backgrounds**Cataphract Cuirassier**

This background is only available to red elves and centaurs.

The cataphract regiment is quite possibly the premier fighting unit in Halcionia. Made up almost exclusively of red elves from the ross tribe (as well as centaurs, of course), Cataphract Cuirassiers are heavily-armored and well-trained. Their favored mode of attack is to gain the high ground above an enemy and launch a stirrup-to-stirrup charge to break the enemy ranks. Since both the centaur and the elf rider can carry lances, a cataphract charge is fearsome indeed.

Skill	Pri	Sec	Ter
Melee: Lance	6	4	2
Riding or Dressage	6	4	2
Parry: Shield	5	4	2
Stamina or Strength Feat	4	2	1
Archery	3	2	1
Melee: Hoof or Sword	3	2	1
Resistance or Tumbling	3	2	1
Tactics	3	2	1

Faun Martial Artist

This background is only available to satyrs.

About a century ago or so, satyrs in East Elfland started a super-secret school for martial arts, developing a new fighting styl which emphasized thrusting kicks with their sharp hooves. The closest allegory to this school would be the old human ninja, although the satyrs place much higher demands on social and spiritual development, and they still view killing as something to be avoided.

Skill	Pri	Sec	Ter
Melee: Martial Arts	6	4	2
Dodge	5	4	2
Parry: Unarmed	5	3	2
Alertness	5	3	1
Concealment or Climbing	3	2	1
Escape or Tumbling	3	2	1
Resistance	3	2	1
Silence	3	2	1

Expanded Racial Norms List

Race Name	Str	Int	Dex	Cha	Per	Con	Siz	WP
Red Elf	10	10	11	10	10	10	9	10
Brown Elf	11	10	10	10	10	10	9	10
Yellow Elf	10	11	10	10	10	10	9	10
Blue Elf	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	11
Centaur	13	9	8	9	9	12	12	10
Satyr	7	10	12	11	13	10	7	10
Dwarf	15	9	8	9	10	13	8	10
Gnome	7	14	10	11	12	8	7	10
Mdw. Fairy*	3	10	14	12	11	10	1	12
Mtn. Fairy*	3	10	15	11	12	10	1	11
Swamp Fairy**	4	13	13	10	11	10	3	11
Wood Fairy***	5	10	13	11	11	10	5	11
M. Elfing	7	10	12	12	10	10	7	11
S. Elfing	6	10	13	12	10	10	7	11

* Meadow and mountain fairies get +6 to dodge skill

** Swamp fairies get +2 to dodge skill, +2 to concealment

*** Wood fairies get +3 to dodge skill

Red Elf Tribal Affiliation

Roll for the native tribe of each red elf character. Roll again to see if the character is a member of a different clan of the tribe; on an even die roll, they're from the main portion of the tribe. On an odd die roll, they're from a distant clan of the tribe. Players from a distant clan should roll again to see to which clan they belong. Such characters then receive half of the skill bonus from their native tribe and half from their clan. (If the player rolled the same tribe both times, then the character belongs to the main group, and wasn't a part of a different clan after all.)

Tribe	Die Roll	Bonus Skill
Fog	1	Husbandry
Harrier	2-3	Trapping
Linger	4, even*	Climbing
River	4, odd*	Survival
Ross	5-8	Tactics
Runquill	9-10	Swimming
Salamander	11-13	Trade
Soostree	14-15	Bard
Trollbane	16-17	Stamina
Whisper	18	Silence
Whitewood	19-20	Ancient Lore

*If you roll this result, roll again. On an even die roll, the character belongs to the Linger tribe or clan; on an odd die roll, to the River.

Expanded Movement Cost Chart

Terrain Type	Walk	Run	Sprint
Bog/estuary	1/4	1/4	n/a
Boulders/river rock	1/4*	n/a	n/a
Cliffside path	3/4	1/2*	n/a
Creek or river ford	2/3	1/2*	1/4*
Dense fog	1/2	1/4*	n/a
Downpour	2/3*	1/2*	1/4*
Grass, high (plains)	norm	norm	3/4
Grass, low (pasture)	norm	norm	norm
Jungle/rain forest	1/3	1/4	n/a
Marshland	1/2	1/2	1/2
Mountain slopes	3/4	2/3	n/a
Snow, waist-deep	1/4	n/a	n/a
Steep slope (down)	3/4	+1/2	2*
Steep slope (up)	1/2	1/3	1/4
Street, crowded	2/3	1/4	n/a
Surf (shallow)	2/3	2/3	2/3
Talus/sand	3/4	1/2	1/4*
Woods, dense	1/2	1/3	1/4
Woods, light	norm	3/4	2/3

*Certain terrain, marked with an asterisk, is inherently more hazardous, especially at high speeds. At these speeds, the moving character must make a tumbling, dexterity or perception check (game-master's discretion) to keep from losing his footing or slamming into an object unaware. The exact penalty for failure depends on the situation, degree of failure, and the gamemaster's decision. Running through a barnyard in a fog might cause a character to stumble and maybe fall in the mud, but slipping while sprinting down a mountain slope is sure to have more dire ramifications. As a general rule, when a character misses a roll, the points by which the roll failed convert to dice of damage. For extremely treacherous areas (found only in Scorch), two points translates to a die, and for nice areas (ross pastures) every six points translates to a die.

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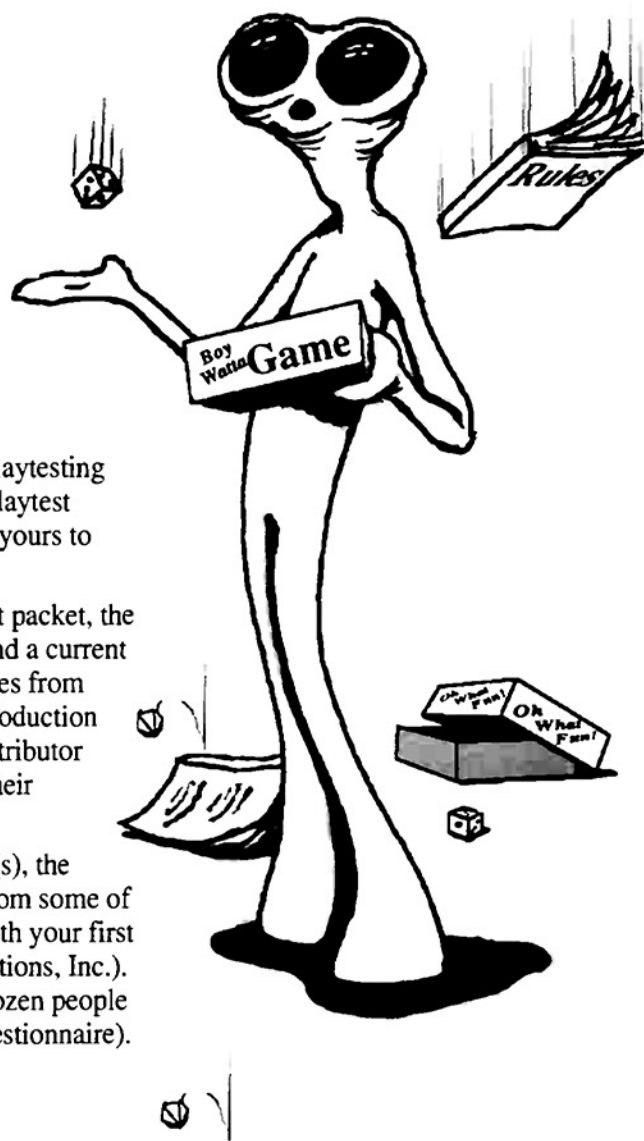
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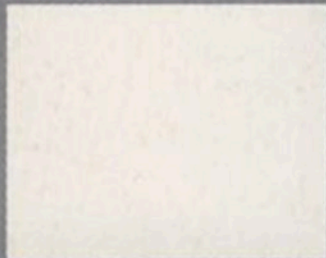
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