

# ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS



KEN PICK  
'76

No. 16. November



DEADLINE FOR #17: December 8, 1976...or 160 pages.

Copy count has been raised to 250. Printing rates remain the same. If demand keeps growing, we may have to go photo-reduced offset. This will mean contributors will be asked to type up photo-ready copy (not stencils) or send zines to Lee Gold to be typed, same procedure as now. It will also mean we can get more words on less paper, thus maybe even shrinking postage costs and making stapling easier. In the meantime, I am holding A&E to 160 pages maximum and limiting individual contributors to 22 pages maximum. Excess pages will be held over till the next issue.

Cover this issue: artist Ken Pick writes that "the cover illustrates an incident on the first expedition into Greeg Howard's wilderness. The party was ambushed while entering an abandoned city and forced into a ruined palace. During this, two of the party happened to drop through a trapdoor: Tyeller Wargsbane (left--4th level Dwarf Fighter operated by Rollin Baker) and of course Chee Lan. The cover shows them coming to a T in the passage as they searched for a way out. Undecided on which way to go, Chee is spinning Tyeller's sword to decide.

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WINTERCON - December 3-5, \$4 for all three days, Oakland, University, Rochester, Michigan (near Detroit). For further information, write Bill Somers, 1654 Chandler, Lincoln Park, MI 48146. Lodging available at \$6/night/person with double occupancy. Write to Dennis Daughtetee, 22608 West Rd., #204, Woodhaven, MI 48183

ORCCON - January 7-9, \$2 to pre-register or \$3 at the door (checks to Mark Snowdon c/o The Armchair Strategists Club, University Activities Center, California State University, Fullerton, Fullerton, CA 92634.

WINTER FANTASY - January 8-9, \$2 pre-registered, \$1.50/day at the door. Lake Geneva, WI at the American Legion Hall. For further information, write Robert Kuntz, 334 Madison St., Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Type lines 5-64 - or expect to have some of your copy lost off the top or bottom - or one of your paragraphs omitted.

Unless you are feeling generous, do not mail us the film or the carbon cushion. Both can be re-used by you, and both add to your postage.

Do mail stencils unmaimed by cutting and with backing sheet intact. It is not necessary to mail stencils in an outside envelope. They can be folded into an ordinary manila envelope for 8 1/2 x 11 paper. They can also be rolled up inside the cylinder that comes inside a roll of paper towels, etc. Fold above & below typed area, not inside.

Deadline for contributions always appears at the top of the TOC page.

Wargamers among the readership might be interested in a new zine received from England. LEVIATHAN, obtainable from Clive Wardley, 30 Blagdon Rd., Lewisham, London, SE 13 7HH, England. Price is 1/2 pence (.75¢) per page plus postage. The issue sent me was 28 pages. It included reviews of many wargames currently available in England and write-ups of on-going and planned games of En Garde, Kingmaker, Soccerboss, and...Dungeons and Diplomacy. This last is supposedly an amalgamation of D&D with the old standard game of Diplomacy. "Some of the first level spells would be 'Hold' to prevent a unit moving, 'Invisibility' which speaks for itself. The spells progress up to sixth level when you can 'Time-slip' the world into Autumn instead of Spring. Fighters could lend their strength to units."

We also got a copy of FANTASIA TODAY, a journal of postal fantasy gaming. It is a chronicle of the goings-on in the world of FANTASIA. Published six-weekly by Ron Lowe, 1376 Northmount Dr., Calgary, Alberta, T2L 0G1. Rate is 1¢/page plus postage. Issues run around 30 pages. Of dubious interest to those not playing in Fantasia.

TANTIVY

by Lee Gold (in response to Sean Cleary, (213) 450-2278, 34 years old)

Recently I've been thinking about characters' ages. Some sort of rigorous treatment of it seems necessary for Staffs of Withering, etc. to work properly. Also, of course, age as a dimension of characterization adds to realism and makes possible a new class of monsters, traps and treasure.

Let's start out by establishing the age of most human characters as initially somewhere between 13 and 31. You can roll for this at 11 + 2D10 or you can establish it yourself. Characters age in game years. Age's also affected by various magical artifacts, potions, etc. The average human lifespan is 70 years plus 5 years for each constitution point over 12 (e.g. 16 Const has a lifespan of 90) and minus five years for each constitution point under 9 (e.g. Const 5 has a lifespan of 50).

Mankind falls naturally into ten ages.

Age		Wisdom	Dexterity	Strength	IQ	% Senility
1-5	baby	-8	-5	-8	-6	none
6-12	child	-4	+3	-4	-3	none
13-18	adolescent	-2	+3	-2	same	none
19-24	youth	same	same	same	same	none
25-30	young adult	same	same	same	same	none
31-40	mature adult	+1	same	same	same	3%
41-50	middle-aged	+1	-1	same	same	5%
51-60	elder	+2	-1	-1	-1	8%
61-70	old	+3	-2	-2	-1	12%
71+	ancient	+4	-2	-2	-1	15%

roll chance of senility each time you go up an age bracket. The effect of senility is to halve IQ, Wisdom and Charisma.

I haven't had time to go into this for all D&D creatures, but it seems to me that lycanthropes would have the same lifespan as humans. For animals, refer to your handy encyclopedia but assume that most of them (not counting elephants, turtles, parrots and sea-life) will have a lifespan of no more than 20 years (divided into the same ten stages). Kobolds, goblins, orcs and the rest of the shorter-than-human humanoids have lifespans of 50 years. Dwarves and gnomes are an exception to this, having lifespans of 500 years. Ogres, trolls, and taller than human humanoids have lifespans of 500 years also. Elves have lifespans of 3500 years. Hobbits have an average lifespan of 100 yers. Any comments?

I have some comments myself....

Mark Kramer: I put Anti-Psi and Anti-Science higher than Anti-Magic because it seemed easier to use magic against magic than against an alien force.

Shaw: Elven cloaks don't make you invisible, BUT I generally assume that if an unintelligent being or an intelligent one with mind clouded by rage has to pick between several targets, he will probably notice the non-Elven Cloaked characters first and be more likely to attack them.

Swanson: I like allowing Undead to save vs. clerical aura in the presence of a Chaotic cleric.//Hmm, how about making strength potions & artifacts & spells give you berserker strength so you aren't aware you've been hit badly until you keel over dead? The DM would have to keep track of the hit points damage and cures done on such players. Characters would only know they've been hit or cured, but given no further data until 15" game time after the strength wore off.

Gygax: I suppose I've been running my Thieves more like Bandits. I'll halve their experience points and run them as Fighter-Thieves (= Bandits) from now on. Bandits must be in Armor 7 to gain any thieflly experience points. They can use all weapons, though they are fond of silent, easily portable ones.

It occurs to me that Tolkien in THE HOBBIT left the way open for a Lawful Thief. *"I assure you there is a mark on this door--the usual one in the trade or used to be. Burglar wants a good job, plenty of Excitement and reasonable Reward, that's how it is usually read. You can say Expert Treasure-Hunter instead of Burglar if you like. Some of them do. It's all the same to us."*

The speaker, Gloin, is plainly by his words and actions a Lawful-sympathizing Neutral. Bilbo who functions as Burglar/Treasure-Hunter grows in the book from Neutral to Lawful as he finds himself forced to make moral decisions.

My own parameters for Treasure-Hunters/Thieves are as follows:

Lawful: may only steal from Chaotics; must give all loot to the party--or is turned Neutral. Exception: may contract in advance with party leader to be awarded a particular item or percentage of the loot, which he may then keep to himself when he gets it. (See Bilbo's behavior for details.)

Neutral: Steals from anyone but friends, comrades, and those stronger & craftier than himself. Prefers to stipulate he has a right to forgo share of party treasure in return for right to search bodies of those he himself kills and keep all their possessions. Likes to open chests, etc. while party members are busy elsewhere and may highgrade booty by stripping off most interesting treasure items. Will not go on expedition with any group that reserves right to strip him or otherwise cross-examine him. Will abide by pledged word to forgo some or all of above practices, but must be compensated for it by party in some way.

Chaotic: Steals whenever he can get away from it, including from own party. Will give word not to do so, but need not keep it. Usually has plan for leaving party and making own way back to town in case happens on particularly valuable item.

In mid-October I attended the LOSCON, a local relaxicon and had a chance to explore Jerry Jacks' dungeon of Portola. It's a modular dungeon; rooms are clustered in six room units and you must deal with all the rooms before you can leave the module. You can then opt to leave the dungeon complex, to go to another module of the same level, of higher level, or of lower level. We had quite a lot of fun there, used our wits and lived and emerged with all members still alive (tho we nearly lost one in a tapestry).

I WOULD HAVE MADE A GREAT PLATINUM DRAGON #1  
Bill Seligman, 2417 University Halls #2, Ithaca, NY 14855  
typed by Lee Gold

Well, in addition to the wealth of opinions expressed already in A&E, here is mine. At this point I am not entirely unknown in the wargaming world. Those in LASFS or the UCLA Computer Club may remember me as the guy who dropped in for a D&D game every week last summer, those in New York may remember me as the guy who wrote the article "The Value of Building FStp(nc)" in the Exponent; those in the late PBM game Geu-Ramysh may remember me as the Neutral Elvish sorcerer Thelep K'aarna. Which brings me to the title of this zine.

In that PBM game, I was a 9th level Elf Mage employed by the King of Sukaloyo, played by Scott Rich. During his upcoming coronation, we were going to have a bit of fun: I was to polymorph myself into a Platinum Dragon, which the King would ride to and from his palace, thus illustrating the might and goodness of Sukaloyo. However, the GM (Brad Stock) had to go off to college just before the coronation and abruptly ended the game just as things were getting interesting. Thus every once in a while you can hear me muttering, while I am thinking of Geu-Ramysh, "I would have made a great Platinum Dragon."

Right now I'm trapped up here at Cornell University, trying to get out by being an astronomy major. To alleviate the pain somewhat, I have become president of the first science fantasy Re creations Club in Cornell in 100 years. In addition to promoting the playing of F&SF games, I have started my own campaign (by the name of L'fa). (This is not the name of the dungeon but of the country the players start out in.) It is somewhat unusual in several ways: 1) I use the Eldritch Wizardry combat system, 2) I also use the EW psionic system, 3) and the Blackmoor hit location system (for creatures over 25 HP), 4) and the complete Greyhawk combat system, including the bonuses given to certain weapons to certain armor classes, and 5) I allow all the Gygaxian character types. While individually these methods for GMing are not spectacular, I have never heard of anyone besides myself using them all and still having a balanced game. (One of the things I pride myself on is that I can handle characters that are ultra-unbalancing, like 16th level Monks or Paladins with Holy Swords +10, not that there are any in L'fa, without killing them off out of hand and without upsetting the balance among the less powerful players.) How do I do all this and remain sane? That is what this and subsequent issues of IWHMAGPD will be about. I shall also voice my opinions about D&D, wargaming and life in general.

I use the Blackmoor hit location system on a limited basis for the following reasons: If you use the system on a 1st leveler, his head hit points will be less than one. Even if you are generous and give his head 1 HP, the first blow to the head will kill him. At 25 HP, the head hit point is 3.75, 4 if you round up, which gives a character a decent chance of surviving a blow to the head which is the weakest part of the body in the BM Hit Location system. Thus the system is only good for the higher level creatures. Since the system gives a character more penalties than the Critical Hit system I saw in California, it does not make creatures any harder to kill. (In fact it does the opposite.) Since after playtesting my dungeon, I discovered that high level characters have a practically zero kill rate, the use of the system in this manner balances combat in my universe.)

And now, a bit of whimsy. In the Exponent, a dipzine by Fred Brenner, I have been writing Star Trek/D&D/Diplomacy/Anything satires, which have been favorably received by most. So I am going to continue the saga of the daring men of the TSR INCORPORATED, as they boldly explore the gaming universe and play with rules no GM has played before. Before I start this issue's episode, perhaps I had better add a disclaimer to protect both myself and Lee Gold from prosecution: while the names used herein are real, they are not really meant to characterize any person living, dead or otherwise. The stories and satire that I write is for humorous purposes only and is not meant to offend anyone (although if you are offend'd, so much the better. So here is the next exciting episode of STARGUARD:

#### WHO MOURNS FOR ARNESON?

"Captain's Log, Stardate 24718.8. The Gamesmaster has recently made available a series of games not played since ancient antiquity. The INCORPORATED has been assigned to test these games for playability. We have just found the game of Alpha Rho Sigma, code-named "Greyhawk" in ancient records to be satisfactory for playing; we are now moving on to the next game, Alpha Rho Epsilon, for which a code-name has not yet been found."

Captain Cast closed the Book of Ellis and sat back in his command chair, observing that all was going well on the bridge. Mr. Scruby sat at his crystal ball, glowing blue as he examined the rules of the game below them. Dr. McEwen was on the bridge as well, there being no Cure Light Wounds needed at the present time. Hinchcliffe was monitoring the teleportation spells and the flying spells that were the feet of the INCORPORATED; Cherekkov was powering up the lightning bolts; one might even say he was brushing the teeth of the INCORPORATED; and Solo was watching the defensive screens, which were the Shield +2 of the INCORPORATED.

Suddenly Solo looked up and cried, "Captain, I'm getting something very strange on my screens. It looks like...like...a giant mouth!" Sure enough, the people of the INCORPORATED stared in fascination as the mouth approached them, opening up to reveal a giant tongue and a giant throat.

"Mr. Scruby, can you analyse what that is? Is it some strange new phantasmal force?" the brave captain quivered.

"Negative, Captain; it is some form of strange force. Despite its resemblance to a human ingestive apparatus, which is unanalysable at this time by my Lore spells. Captain, unless I am mistaken, the Mouth is about to clamp us within its teeth." The ship quivered slightly as the teeth clenched. "And the field has absorbed so many life energy levels from us that we cannot get away from it."

Dr. McEwen was half-way through an irritated, "Well, what do you think we should do, Scrubby?" when a face appeared on the INCORPORATED's clairvoyance spells. It looks like a typical god that one runs into on the street every day. The traditional gamesmaster's evil smile appeared on its face as it said, "Welcome to my world. Won't you come on in? You really have no choice, Captain Cast."

The Captain who was famous throughout the gaming universe for his fantastic playing ability, was surprised to notice that the face knew his name. "And what if we don't come down," the Captain said.

"Then this."

Tremendous amounts of hot air came forth from the mouth. The hull of the INCORPORATED started to heat past the point of healing with a Cold Wand. Cast shouted, "All right, we'll come. Who do you want to see?"

"Yourself will do, Cast, as well as McEwen, Hinchcliffe, and Cherenkov. But leave out Scrubby, the one with the intelligent look on his face. He reminds me of Blacow, and Blacow never agreed with me. You may bring anyone else down you like. Be here before tea time, which on Alpha Rho Epsilon is in about 45 seconds." The face disappeared.

Cast pondered, "Why don't we bring down that expert on 20th century games, what's-her-name...."

"Parish Leslie," Scrubby's memory astounded them all.

"Scrubby, your remarkable memory astounds us all."

"No need to repeat the author, doctor."

The members of the INCORPORATED teleported down in an instant to find the god just finishing the tea cups in the saucers. They were not a moment too late. They were in a square of concrete surrounded by a light forest. There were two tables in the square in full view of a throne which looked like a Throne of the Gods; the god was sitting on it. Otherwise the furniture was either lacking or in bad taste.

Cast introduced the various members of his party, forgetting the god knew who they were already. The god said, "Good. And now I shall astound you. I see by the silly looks on your face that you already know that I am a god. But I am in reality more powerful than that. I am a GM. My name is...Arneson!"

Parrish said, "Impossible! Arneson never existed. He is known today to be only a myth. Are you trying to tell us that you are Jim Arneson, who according to legend developed the Codex of Dampers and D but was later cursed for the writing of Blackmoor?"

"Yes. Not did only I write Blackmoor, but I created it too, despite my rotten grammar. You are standing on that game now."

"Ha! I remember Clarke's Law: 'Any sufficiently researched spell can make someone seem like a GM to a lowly twit,'" said Cherenkov.

"Oh, you do not believe me? Then I will have you give you a demonstration." The GM got up from the throne, gesture grandly and started to increase to giant size without using psionic ability, holograms, growth potions or a girdle of giant strength.

"How...how did you do that," Hinchcliffe gulped.

"Simple for a GM. Do you see that table over there?" Arneson pointed. Cast who was standing nearest to it perceived the table to be a Weapon/Height Adjustment Matrix Table. "I simply let you be the attackers, myself the defender, and adjust the values of that table so it is as if I was a giant and you were less than Hobbit-sized. Thus I shall return to normal size." They all watched as the values on the table shifted to normal as did the size of Arneson.

"So what do you want with us," McEwen growled.

"No one has bothered to play my game in untold ages. I want all 340 people in the ship overhead to teleport down to play my game. You may have some time to pack up your dice and character sheets. Then I shall bite off more than any mortal could chew and destroy your vessel." The GM disappeared.

The people from the INCORPORATED sat down and drank some tea, unaware that it was phantasmal, and pondered their unhappy fate. Cherenkov suggested that perhaps if they destroyed the source of his power they might get away. The others agreed but felt it would be difficult, particularly since they did not know what that power source was nor where it was. They had finished the tea and were just starting on the crumpets when Arneson reappeared. "I see you have enjoyed my phantasmal food. Now, one of you contact your ship to bring all the others down here while I shall take the prettiest one in your group and show that one my back issues of obscure gameszines."

"All right," said Cast. "I'll go with you, while McEwen makes the arrangements."

"Jack, I think Arneson means me," Parrish remonstrated.

"Quite so," said Arneson, as he waved his hands to Polymorph her normal ship's uniform into a samite dress with mithril and adamantine. "That dress is worth more than anything you could desire," he said. "Now come." She went.

Arriving at a small cabin after walking some distance in the woods, Arneson opening the cupboard said, "I'm sure you can appreciate what I have here." She could easily appreciate the complete set of A&E, TWH, SR and other letters of the alphabet. "But there are other things I wish to speak to you about," he said, moving closer to her.

as we CUT TO an angle of the INCORPORATED CREW, while Cast is saying, "I", glad the author had sense to cut that scene out in a family magazine."

"However, I'm sure some readers did not agree. Have you figured a way to get out of here yet," asked McEwen.

"NO," said Cast. "I sure wish I had the aid of Mr. Scruby."

"Right here, Captain. Just in the nick of time. I researched the reverse of the Contact Higher Planes spell. What can I do you for?" said Scruby.

"Find the source of the GM's power."

"Right away, Captain."

In the meantime, Arneson was saying, "Perhaps we could try that again?" Again he moved towards her.

COMMERCIAL

"What was that?"

Parrish replied, "A commercial. Invented in the 20th century. We learned to control them in the 23rd. We use them to avoid nasty incidents."

"OH," said Arneson. He started to move toward her.

COMMERCIAL

He started to move toward her

COMMERCIAL

He moved towards her

COMMERCIAL

He moved

COMMERCIAL

"What is this," he roared.

"It was an interesting experience trying out those old rules," Parrish said. "She held up an issue of FTA. "But I've tired of the experiment now."

"You should not tempt the wrath of a GM!"

Parrish suddenly got up and ran back to the INCORPORATED crew, pursued by lightning bolts, illusion, balrogs and things that go bump in the day.

"Captain, this is Scruby. The source of power is that throne you are sitting in. It is a Throne of Having Been Among Those Who Published First, easily destroyed."

"Then do so."

The lightning bolts from the INCORPORATED fell upon the throne. Arneson hurled bolt after bolt back at the ship, but Solo increased the shields to Save vs. Everything. Glenn Glenn sound effects roared, animation flashed and the throne lay rubble upon the concrete.

"Arneson, we have defeated you. The time is not right for your kind of GMing," Cast gloated.

"Yes, I see it now. I saw it happen first to Gygax. First he discontinued going to Gencons, then he stopped writing for the Dragon, then he ceased to write or GM altogether until his influence was blown away by the winds of time. Now it is my turn. The only column left on my magnificent table is that of giant height. Behold," he said, growing to giant size. "I know that you were right. Gygax, Kuntz, Perrin, Ward, take meeeee."

Cast mused. Perhaps we could have rolled hit location for a short while. Oh well, back to the ship. This game will be declared playable, now that the old GM can make way for the new."

And we

CUT TO

a shot of the INCORPORATED whooshing off into the sunset.

Yes, I know it is bad, infantile, insulting and so on. Do you like it?

Bill Seligman

~~~~~

Jeremy S. Paulson of 63-60 98th St., Rego Park, NY 11374 writes, "Lately I've had an idea sort of like Jacks' 'Crocker Denizens,' only on a much larger scale: a universal spell-bank (where researchers could sell their wares) and magic item auction system. The basic problem in getting it started is figuring out a way to equalize the varying currencies in different worlds (one man's copper piece is another man's gold piece, if you catch my meaning) and getting enough publicity to attract other DMs to join in.

~~~~~

from NEWS FROM BREE, edited by Hartley Patterson HANDS

The present procedure is to roll a 12-side and a 6-side die when rolling for a character. 12 side higher = right-handed; 6-side higher = left-handed; doubles = either-handed (can swop weapon and shield without any loss in fighting ability), double Six = ambidextrous (can use two weapons at once). A right-handed man vs. left-handed means that both count as without shields. And a wounded character using a spiral staircase that twists the wrong way would be penalized perhaps -2 on hit probability.

WFO 071-002400 07 Leto's Corner #2  
written by Bill Blevel, Dungeon Master of Serpentfang  
1128 19th St. #3, Santa Monica, CA 90403

Corrections to last month's zine:

Headless Horseman: "Indecipherable" was Displacement (as Cloak). The HH does 2-20 with pumpkin head and 2D8 of flame damage. The HH is usually found in cemeteries and other such places; he usually cannot pass or go beyond a certain sacred or ancient place without being dispelled. He cannot be turned by clerics. His horse gets 1 bite-A 1-10 and two hooves @ 1-12.

Laming Sword: once grasped, it may not be let go unless a Remove Curse and a Dispel Magic are thrown by an vU 8+.

New Monsters:

DHAMPIRS

# appearing: 80% - one appears, 20% two appear

AC 9 but may wear armor

Move: 12/36

HD: 9

% in lair: 10%

Any weapon: +1, +4 vs vampires

Alignment: Lawful, Good

A Dhampir is one of the rarest creatures on earth. They are only brought into existence when a pregnant woman is visited by a vampire and blood drained to half or more damage. The vampire must be killed and the baby Blessed (as in the spell).

A Dhampir is a good vampire on a mission of God. They can change from man to eagle, regenerate and disintegrate a vampire by TOUCH. NO saving throw. Ooh! I can hear the vampires screaming from here. (Dhampire appeared originally in Vampirella #22, a Warren publication).

Dhampirs can only be hit with silver or magic weapons or magical attack. They can only be killed by silver. If brought to zero hit points in any other manner, they turn to mist. They cannot command as vampires; they can charm but only use it as a last resort.

Their main mission in life is the destruction of vampires. They are usually on vampire hunts or may be found residing with the cleric that blessed them.

Wandering Thoughts:

in regard to vampires: vampires are only affected by one type of wood: OAK. The reason is that oak is a living wood and vampires are dead alive. In the Dead Sea Scrolls, it says that Jesus was crucified on a tree stump. Therefore the sign of the cross should not affect vampires in any way, since it is not a sign of God.

When you refer to things in previous issues when commenting, please give a write-up on it and explain it. It gets very confusing to newcomers.

That's all for now. Next month, hopefully, Fakes by Bert Enderton.

## SEARCHLIGHT #2

a spear of light thrown out from the San Fernando Valley by  
Bill Paley, 5301 Amestoy Avenue, Encino, CA 91316 (213) 789-0878

While pawing through some old papers from an ancient library that was transferred from Warlon I, found a history of a world. Some of it follows in the dry format of the gent who wrote it. (Thanks again to the GOLDen typist).

first entry:

The kingdom is largely plains which have had several invasions from the north, twenty-three to be exact. Each one caused many survivors to flee into the eastern mountains which have 18 tribes. Each feels that they should rule the kingdom and each is a foe of the others.

The last King, Sellah the Weak, after making diplomatic contact with Telodon, the great port city of the north, decided to invade the territory of the northern pirates. He prepared and then sent word to his lords. Several revolted and had Sallah assassinated, though they too were killed in turn.

In the upheaval that followed, many members of the higher strata of society were killed. Abdulliauder was taken over by the Lord of the Marines (when his marines and the naval and merchant fleets fled to Talodoa, most destroyed on the way by pirates) and became a dukedom, controlling Fort #2. Ilmarteni became a dukedom under the ranger Boris Denisovitch until his assassination, when Timothy Luck I, head of the city's thieves guild took over. Fort #4 and #6 pledged allegiance to Cassandra (10th Cleric) at Turnholm Abbey under the Shadow of Khazad-Dum where Durin and his Dwarf-folk ignored the outer world and continued to clear the city-under-the-mountain. Fort #3 was abandoned to a Chaotic Wizard. Fort #1 was absorbed by the Holy Order of Camel Drivers for additional Northern protection. Fort #5 unsupported by magic users had the entire garrison suicide under the siege of the pirates who took advantage of the confusion to invade, sweeping south to the River of Vigilance and Watchton.

Even with this enormous increase in Chaos, Law was getting in some licks. The Evil High Priest of the Temple of Phystys was eradicated after long years of battle.

The elf kingdom in the woodland west of Khazad-Dum was unchanged. Also the remnants of the great empire of the Northwest slumbered on. And nothing was known of the southwest or rumors of another continent to the east.

The prince of the elf kingdom was Glaive. Rumors that Ganef Ogresbane as 10th Thief has joined the Ilmarteni guild have swelled the ranks of that group. Ilmarteni's rioting during the revolt was followed by food riots and presently an outbreak of smallpox. Abdulliauder is under control.

As summer turned to fall, an 8000 creature army of chaotics led by the Pirate King arrive to assault Fort #4. The envoy begging the fort's surrender was shot through the heart in the rage of the Lord commanding.

The first wave of orcs with ladders ran into a 3 burst magic trap of Ice Storm pre-set, wiping out the entire force. Similar assaults set off other traps killing over five hundred. Changing plans, ten Hill Giants began throwing stones at the wall, hasted. They knocked down one tower and formed a twenty foot breach. They received some damage from skirmishers with light crossbows, losing five of their number before squashing them with stones.

The next assault force charged behind a screen of insects. The insects found themselves fighting a swarm of phantasmal predators until they were blown away. Fireballs and Ice Storms, Phantasms and Sleep dropped many orcs at longer range; short range found Wand of Cold added plus terrific volleys of quarrels from crossbows. They panicked as half of their number collapsed.

Standing forward again, the remaining hill giants managed to cause the collapse of a second tower and the formation of a 70' breach in the wall. The surviving skirmishers finished off the giants but were wiped out by the fire of 4000 heavy crossbowmen off the pirate fleet.

To insure that repairs would not be effected, the army conjured an earth elemental, hasted. Realizing the coming danger, the fort commander read a scroll of protection from Elementals and assaulted the creature. Including magical damage from Ice Storm, the creature fell but he sent the tenth level Lord of the Fort to Valhalla as well.

Another assault force of orcs, well supported by ogres, bugbears and ogre magi as well as five devils, charged towards the huge breach. A Wall of Fire appeared, filling all but five feet at each side. One end was defended by a powerful neutral troll, one by a "Scotsman," a 5th level fighter named Skeep.

The first two ranks of orcs were wiped out by passing through the flames. A group of ogre magi flew through and were cut down by crossbow fire. The troll and fighter were hit by Brimstone and then fought against ogres. The gathering ogres were wiped out by Ice Storm and the orcs began to panic. The devils stepped through the Wall of Fire, finding the rubble and buildings crawling with crossbowmen who massacred them but not before many fell to Brimstone.

As the brave pair covering the gaps felled the last ogres, they absorbed the impact of a bugbear assault but again magic stymied the chaotics. Suddenly, the remaining ogre magi disappeared and flew over the flames. The loss of their leaders panicked the orcs, and parting blasts of flame and cold left additional bodies behind.

Suddenly screams from frostbitten men rang out in the fort. The Ogre Magi had used their magic tools and reappeared. Half of them died in a fireball and excellent crossbow fire shot down the remainder.

A lull followed during which a second envoy offered excellent terms. The troops inside jeered and turned down the offer, while their magic user feverishly prepared a trap in the 20' breach. He had over an hour to prepare it, so he managed to work major enchantments over it.

Additional skirmishers were able to move up close enough to fire at the command council before being driven off. Finally, all the orcs remaining charged, while an entire wing of human troops led by five lords on wyverns were turned invisible and charged as well. The orcs headed for the wall of fire, while the humans for the smaller breach.

The orcs were being cut to pieces in their charge, but the invisible humans felt that they would leave the fort a place of death and charged on with good heart. As the orcs attempted to break into the fort via the two five-foot paths, the humans charged into the gap. The first ranks of troops (including lords and beasts) were wiped out by a pre-set Ice Storm and a Fire Ball. The sight of the corpses caused both human and orc forces to fall back in disorder. The Pirates left the field and retreated to Fort #5.

Counted later: nearly 2100 dead creatures, mainly orcs. Out of some 2000 defenders of the fort, 750 dead, with the northeast wall and two towers destroyed.

second entry:

In January a variety of news spread. Strange floating objects were seen over all the major cities. The Pirates' army was in winter quarters north of Watchton. The Duke of Adullander gave a 9th Fighter, Fuls, the title of Earl of the Northern Marches and ordered him to build a fortress to the north of the city. Fuls was joined by Tuck, an 8th cleric, and the two built their stronghold together.

The Wild Tribes of the Mountains increased their raids and two tribes joined together to raid the villages near Turnholm Abbey. There were also vague rumors of dragons returning to their haunts in the north.

The smallpox epidemic in Ilmarteni ran its course. 59% of the populace died; 10% ran off before the epidemic. The remainder were forced to remain within the city walls by Timothy Luck I who refused to let refugees out, desiring to rule all he could. An assassination attempt against him failed. Ganef Ogresbane fled ("took a vacation") and when most of the other officers of the Guild died, he was ordered to return. At the same time he was ordered to go to John the Stag, a 12th MU who previously advised the King. John was dying from a curse which only took effect when the seven moons aligned in a certain pattern. He ordered Ganef to bring him some of the clay of Prometheus from the Mountain of the Moon. At the same time, Cassandra sought advice from her God at the Mountain.

comments:

Defiance: which Valley dungeons did you see?

Gygax: It's too late to fix things now. Perhaps checking the proof copies would have saved the frustration of seeing all those people playing it wrong.

KSTC 3: Barbarians do remember favors; it's just they don't pay up until the one who did the favor is subservient.//I don't think I have an artifact style piece in any of my dungeons. I don't trust 'em.

Fang: Where're you? I will not disagree at all about Cheryl. By the way, is she still running centaur-unicorns?

Ken Pick: You've got my number if you and Wayne are that interested.

Hilda Hannifen: I hope to talk to you when I get to the Bay Area for the UCLA-Cal football game.

The Lost Mask #4: Wait till you fight a +3 Pen.

Billy Balrog, etc: I think that in tactical terms magic = artillery, and World War I proved that infantry assault is a bloody undertaking against prepared defenses with artillery support. What happens is very similar to the charges early in the War. Answer: neutralize the artillery. In this case, it is a point of good tactics rather than a weak point in the game. If an army is unsupported or weakly supported by magic, ...well, I'm sure you read my zine.

By the way for those of you who are interested, I am twenty years old, a senior in Biology at UCLA, and I have nothing to do with UCLA's computer club. As far as I can tell, there are over 16 different groups of D&Ders within 150 miles of L.A...and each group plays it differently. Vive le difference!

Searchlight Off!

As far as I know, people believe in the Smokey Dragon, without exactly knowing what it is, or does. Even before I heard of the term, "Smokey Dragon", I had an encounter with one. I took the basic concept of a non-corporeal god's dragon, and expanded that into the new Smokey class.

All 'dragons' of this class are the creations of gods. They do not exist unless called out of the nothingness of the plane of that god. Being nothing, when appearing on earth, they have no hit points, or for that matter, nothing to hit. Weapons and blasts disrupt the form, but give only time to the party as the cloud reforms into Dragon shape. (As I play it, gods have no hit points, it is merely their EARTHLY FORM that Gods, Demi-gods, & Heroes describes.)

A true Smokey Dragon is the creation of either a lawful or chaotic god (Mitra and Set for example). The god can bring his dragon down only once in every six month period. Though they are brought down for a specific purpose, they can do nothing except touch their breath weapon once and then leave. Their breath weapon is Moulton Gold, in a 100K G. P. equalization. The gold is real. IT REMAINS. Such power and wealth can be abused by Monty Hall and Monty Python DMS----never seem to have control of their gods! The lawful's smoke is silver-white, the chaotic's smoke is red-grey.

Now for the god-gift dragons that can be used only once in a year. They are dragon forms of gas. The chaotic, or Ultra-violet Dragon, looks black with a hellish purple glow, the lawful, Gold-green Dragon, looks like gleaming emerald. These dragons have no breath weapon. Ah, but in their presence, no form of teleportation works, period. And then it will try to envelop the character that they have been called down for. ANYTHING non-living is eaten by them: hair, nails, teeth to the roots, and a layer of skin. And ALL weapons, magic or not--with the one exception of those of the same alignment as that of the dragon. If the character was not so, he now becomes the alignment of the dragon. And on many worlds, things happen if you change all the way over past neutral in one step.

Why would a Gold-green dragon be sent as a gift to a god, you might ask. Well after the eating, IT'S +1 STRAIGHT ACROSS, with +2 TO (ONE ONLY) THE PRIME REQUISITE. And to rechange his alignment, he needs a FULL WISH WITH A MUFFED SAVING THROW. This can be a good trade, what you have is a more powerful bald naked paladin on a now bald horse. Funny looking for a time--but worth it.

As one can see, what is great for one will be a curse for another. On my world, Set has made the summoning power a chain. Each person that becomes on of Set by the dragon, receives a figure which in the next year he can use against the most powerful neutral he comes into contact with. Remember, Set loves to spread evil and chaos. There is one last nice thing about these two dragons. If one is called to affect one character only, which should be all of the time, then IT WILL HAVE NO EFFECT ON OTHER PARTY MEMBERS.

It would be totally gross if a character could just keep rolling until he got one of these, so figure out how you would want to first let a character call forth one of these before using them at all!

And if nothing else, remember that A&E is only a great reference book--never a bible.

## THE WORD FROM 5000 FEET

by Eric Baines, 1485 Benton #24, Idaho Falls, ID 83401

### Swords of Ran

The swords of Ran are a collection of anti-magic swords. They have one or more of five modes of operation, but there is only one sword with all five powers. All swords are identical and look like ordinary swords except for the runes carved in the hilt which read: "A Sword of Ran - return all spell casters to the ground from which they came." There are five swords for each of the five modes of operation that have only that one power; ten swords with two powers; five with three powers; and two with four powers.

**History:** The great god OM created your world of Lieb. This all men know. It is believed that his servant, Ran, was Head Architect of the Creation. Ran was a being which believed that all power should come from understanding nature and using the laws of nature as they were available for all to use.

Om ordered the use of magic to be a part of Lieb. Ran was furious since he considered magic to be the greatest affront to his belief. In secret Ran created the Swords of Ran that the men of Lieb would be able to destroy the "blight" that had been cast upon their world. The swords were hidden in various caverns and dungeons so they would not be detected by Om but men might eventually find them. Most of the swords have not been found, and all but one of those that have have been destroyed. The surviving sword is believed to be in the possession of Con, King of the Frost Giants, who uses it as a dagger.

#### Modes of Operation:

- 1) Sword acts as a sword of cold - but is not magical.
- 2) Sword is +5 on hit probability and damage on any creature requiring above normal weapons to hit. On any spell caster, sword is +3. On all others it is a normal sword.
- 3) Sword can fire anti-magic ray three times a day. The ray will hit the closest spell caster of any group it is aimed at. If the spell caster does not make his saving throw (as against magic), he will be unable to cast any spell for 24 hours. Each ray will affect only one person.
- 4) Spell Fighting Power I: the wielder of the sword can fight spells cast at him as if they were creatures. To hit, throw (on D20) 11 + level of spell-caster - level of sword wielder. A hit breaks the spell but the wielder takes 2 points damage/spell level. A hit of 19 causes the spell to be broken with no damage, and a hit of 20 causes the spell to be reflected back to the caster. If the hit number is 19, a 20 will then break the spell with no damage. If the hit number is 20, the spell can only be broken with damage.
- 5) Spell Fighting Power II: if the wielder can guess the spell that is being thrown at him, he can reflect it back at the caster.

If the sword has more than one mode of operation, the wielder can change from melee round to melee round. If 10% of the wielder's hit points are gone, there is a one melee round delay in change. If 25% HP are gone, there is a 5 melee round delay. If 50%, 10 round delay.

The swords are intelligent but unaligned. Roll the intelligence and powers as any other magic sword. The swords do not take control of an individual but will try to get the wielder to destroy spell-

casters. The sword will act as a Rod of Cancellation on any magic item it comes in contact with.

### Rings of Power

This series of rings were obtained by ERic of the Towers to help control his kingdom. It consists of one Ring of King, three Rings of Regents, 30 Rings of Judges and 150 Rings of Controllers. Each regent has 10 judges; each judge has 5 controllers.

Ring of King: worn by ERic of the Towers. This ring is the base of the "Power of Judgment" that is possessed by the King, regent and judge rings. Any judgment made by these rings will come true unless contradicted by a ring of higher authority. If equal authorities contradict each other, there is no magic power backing the judgment. The Ring of the King gives the wearer ogre strength (like gauntlets of Ogre Strength), invisibility at will and flying three times a day.

Rings of Regents: these are possessed by the heads of the three families descended from ERic's brothers. They are second in authority in the "Power of Judgment." The 10 judges under each regent report to him on matters they cannot cope with properly. The Rings of Regent have the power of teleportation into the castle keep of ERic's castle in emergencies.

Rings of Judges: judges are appointed by regents and must accept the ring of their free will. A judge can quit by returning the ring to his regent. A judge is required to make a fair judgment on all cases brought based on the facts put before him. Any judge who does not will suffer ten days of "unbearable pain" and then death. A judge as the lowest authority of the "Power of Judgment."

Rings of Controllers: controllers are the head enforcers of the law in the Northland. They are appointed by judges as judges are appointed by regents. They are required to make a fair attempt to enforce the laws and bring criminals before the judge. If a controller does not do his job properly, he is under the same penalty as judges. The Rings of Controllers have the powers of ogre strength (as gauntlets), fly five times a day, invisibility for 15" in 24 hours, use Sleep 3/day and stun 5/day.

### Comments:

Stewart Levin: I thought copying was the sincerest form of flattery. I would not like to do battle with Stormgate. The last time I was half-killed by an Iron Golem before I got the door closed.

Margaret Gemignai: Cyril decided that having Wilfred casting spells was more important than using the fire ball wand. (Cyril also has a personal interest in improving ERic's attitude towards him.) ERic of the Towers is a successful man in his world; as such he has a natural instinct for obtaining money. Also ERic of the Towers knew Nicolai as he was getting his doctorate in chemical engineering while Nicolai was doing his undergraduate work.

Nicolai Shapero: I've heard of a new SF author named Nicolai Sheriro. Is this you? The misspelling is pretty bad if it is, but I'd like to know before I spend good money on a book. Hope you liked the story. Death return rings rent for 1000 GP/day with a 50,000 GP deposit but non-monetary arrangements can be made.

## Defiance Dungeon

By sean Cleary, 11 Vancouver St. Boston Mass 4278774

Lee-- send this line via Ups to me c/o Dialog Systems Inc,  
639 Mass ave Cambridge 02139 Via UPS and simutainously  
send me a post card so I know to go to them and collect.

More Comments on #14 and other stuff

Mark Swanson; Thanks for your Crit dicing system. Tts excellent.  
As to your comment to Laury Schoen... made me think of what I had wanted  
to say to him (and now to Glen upon reading of The orcs who push  
broons taking away treasure from some overly successfull monsters...  
Who seemingly did not protest...) The Idea is to repopulate. Sucessfull  
monsters attract others of their... who are usually greated warmly  
as replacements and reinforcements that aree unlikely to backstab.  
They may take up as a whole the idea of moving to a better defended and  
bigger room, say deaper, But Give up treasure? This Idea can be used  
for what to do with a big gold pile with noone attending it. Roll a  
wandering monster. Assume a minimum of one such per day. Among the  
monsters options are to take some of the gold to its present lair  
and/or move in with family and friends. If the monster moves in keep  
rolling. Assume that a monster that is heavily overwhelmed will move out.  
Assume that a overly gross monster will take some of the gold and  
keep looking for a better furnished lair. Assume no net dammage to the  
new owner (except in the case of an even match). Any successful  
Gause to even battle will be considered a victory, and a signal for  
more friends and relatives to move in to such a defensiveable  
and beautiful hole. The monsters there may find themselves paying some  
tribute or protection money to one of the monsters who distained the  
gold in the room. But a an association of their equals could stop this  
practice... besides thats politics. Thus Kobalids who gaurd super  
treasure will have left evidence of their success... at least to stop  
pests from plaguing them with twit attacks ... such attacks durn ones  
beauty sleep tend to annoy... and are occasionally dangerous. Such  
a kobald (or other monster) may have the hide of an distinguished enemy  
(say a Balrog) nailed to the door, Golden Dragon teeth hair brushes,  
and some convincing set of powers to aquire these things. I do not  
go through such a procedure, other to mentally check if the monster  
in question could stand up to it. Nor do the furnishing of my rooms  
extend as of now beyond the treasure and a few props. As far as making  
the room safer for the inhabitants, I have done this only for those who  
can afford the Dwarf Construction Company's rates. Some of these extras  
have included a bunker with arrow slits so that there is a place to  
retire to in an emergency, Chambers that let only one piece of food to  
attack at a time, And half walls that conceal additional forces.  
While most monsters would be comfortable with hidden escape doors known  
and operated only by themselves, these havent been constructed in  
Defiance Dungeon. I suspect that a lack of reasurch, or f of reasurch  
in blind allys of knowledge is the cause. However as the monsters are  
fighting for their lives as well as their home and wealth makes them  
braver. Also this pressured form of natural selection has left the  
brightest alive. Thus "dumb animals", unless panicked, are likely to  
have knowledge of at least some survivorship tactics.

Wow! 2 lines to Mark, 44 to the rest of the world.

Dan Pierson (((may your desendant discover a strange race of  
three legged sapients))) I fully agree that the present costs of  
items is wedged. But I disagree on the sword, I think, Getting  
an edge on a hunk of iron is hard. A sword should cost about 50 gp.  
And Plate should be 2 to 3 times what it is, and standard shields should  
be higher in costs. There should be a lower costing set of items of  
a corresponding lower value. But I feel that getting a more sensible  
table in general use would be hard. Of course I have seen a combat  
table ignored by players while I was busy with other game mechanics  
so maybe I'm just pessimistic.

I have neglected to say which dungeon I liked the best in LA. Godholm was the best, with Franks and Jason Rays tied for second. Mickeys was very well done for someone with her experience in running a dungeon. Automatic raised are a bit surprising tho. They're not typical of LA. UCLA I cantrate as they didnt show on the night that I said I was coming. Grrrrr! The second game that I GMed was quite. I got a few complaints that my system was slow and there wasnt enough gold or ep's. And that the ep system was wedged against fighters. Taking 2/3rds of the advice I have revised alot of the system. In doing so I also cut down the amount of magic, also kutting down the Klutz factor. If I could eliminate it and still run a open ended spell system ( infinite spell points) I would.

An aside -- In Gary G's world MU's get to use only one spell per time taken. He has written up several monsters that get only one use of a spell per day. Of course those with different magic systems should allow both sides to benifit. Also the spells that he says that they have should be those what would be picked by a majority of the population of that monster. Also I'd suggest that the creature be rated as the lowest level MU that could proform those spells. For instance an Ogre Mage should have the capacitys of an 8th level MU. The other spells not listed would be non offensive like magic mouth or would be detects. An Ogre Mage (for the LA people ) may have a better constitution and better intellegence than a average human MU. More Spells

Second aside: unless I'm feeling very random I'm not going to allow zombie ping pong to work. Thanks for the criticism tho.

I am going to list the characters that came out of LA. I want comments from as many DM's as to wherther you would allow these in your dungeon, and weather (independent of the awnser to the first, maybe) you would consider them above or below or within the normal range of his/her dungeon. In otherwords -- with slightly better than average luck could these have come out of your dungeon?

Lee Rome. 9 8 13 12 10 6 -1 to hit, +2 on saving vs clerical spells, good night vision (last two from swanson table), God of Fun's contribution; fuzzy and pink. No magic weapons. 60267 gp 9 hit points, Went on four expeditions and has maximum ep for such. Expeditions were: Mickeys, Jason's, Sam's and a another session that I dont rember too well, but I do remember being played (details wanted). Did not go on the godholm expedition. Lawfull. (CRAZY)

For expeditions see last isshue. I think the other was something like Jasons and Sam's. Intimidating & deadly monsters well run, 1/8 to 1/4 of the party dead, some beyond all hope, automatic forced as high as you can go experience. (for the survivors) (Jason's was not like this. He gave out the fewest eps. But that didn't make much difference, the next dungeon more than made up for its 800,000 eps/expedition anyone?)( if your lucky)(this was the experiment that blew up so I suspect that I'm taking unfair advantage).

Teläse 6 12 9 15 9 8 comliness 31, Minstril, chrisma +1, God of Fun's contribution, Diffraction Grating skin at AC8 in bare skin. 8 hit points. hits at -1, Elf female, (if I got this right it may be a bit more or less but not more than by 10%) 47170 gp. Highest possible rnk attainable in 5 expeditions. Magic; 9 uses of normal healing, staff of healing, dagger of continual darkness, harp of dancing, 50 charge cold wand. Silver religious Symbol (Dianista- Crescent moon). Went on all five expeditions.

Decote Dwarf male fighter. 11 6 10 14 (presebt) 12 9 went on three expeditions. Mickeys, Franks (Godholm) and I forgot were else. He was the unlucky one of my characters. He got killed on two out of the three expeditions. He has no magic weapons and is in dept to my other two characters for about 400 gp He has 3192 ep. Special abilitys; Keen sight, sees 20' farther in dungeon. God of Fun's now dispelled contribution: Purple finned flying saucer - flight and shape but not weapontry. This character is neutral.

Comments cont:

The Voice of Dariomore--Mark Kramer -- That paper that your zine (#14 A&E) was printed on always saves vs xerox. The machine thinks that its color is black. Not your fault. But that Dragon damage table that I thought was so wonderful is. Upon retyping it I did a little checking. It seems that you have matched up the wrong dragons. The White has an average bite of 9 points, the Brass one of 10, the Black 10.5, the Green 11 the Copper 12.5, the Blue 13, the Bronze 13.5, the Red 16.5, the Silver 16.5, the Gold 19.5. These seem to be for one level of age, say Adult. Your table does not reflect this. However it can with some slight modifications. White stays as is. Brass damage = that for white plus 1. Black stays the same, Copper = Black+2, Bronze = Black+3, Green stays the same, Blue = Green + 2, Red stays the same, Silver uses the same table as red. Gold = red + 3. Also, one must account for the lower bite of an adult red dragon. What other dragons get at Adult, your table gives red Dragons at old age. The difference is 3 points. This should be added on to the Red dragon and all those dragons that depend on the red dragon's combat table. Of course dice variations that average out to the new averages can be substituted. I did this to keep the minimum damage down to a reasonable number. I still like your idea that dragons aren't quick and easy kills.

End Comments on 14

Restart Comments on 15 with the usual assorted ideas tucked away as they arise.

Unusual cover. well drawn. The staples didn't quite make it, and the back fell off within an hour's reading time.

**\*\*SIGH\*\*** I just read the typing instructions. to save my words I must reprint what I said on the bottom of pg 1 & 2.

pg 1 .... ~~so maybe~~ so maybe I'm just pessimistic.

pg 2 .... to my other two characters for about 400gp. He has 3192 ep. Special ability: Keen sight sees 20' farther in dungeon. God of fun's special ( and now dispelled contribution: shape and flight abilities of a purple flying saucer... no combat abilities. this character is neutral.

ON the Gigax essay; pg 1 has the most needed corrections ever. Pg 2 he accuses Glen of running a giveaway dungeon ????! a mistake I hope. The stuff about copyrights shows that he doesn't know fandom well, and he might have simply misread this fanzine.

Bill Paley.. there is a difference between intolerance and some one giving criticism. the first usually tries to give the DM in question a bad reputation and suppress his game, and the second tries to give advice. I agree that some people have come close to stepping over the line, but I suspect that the intent was nicer than the action turned out to be.

Glen: I have heard you experimented with a tech only dungeon. How did it turn out? Since you are safe from its effects (NO Tech in edwyr) I'm not sure I'd let them into mine. How is the dragon research coming? In connection with what I learned in Gorree I feel that I must warn the rest that the write up for Fenerists is crocked by the standards of its authors -- it hopefully will be replaced. by them) The Dianists and the Lowenbrauist write ups have not appeared. It has been at least 3 issues of both magazines since I started to bug people for them. ((Dragon research was directed to getting me a table of levels per ep per abilities. )) No Cortannus write up, tho it was expected, (to be written up this zine)

Ken Pick -- Good luck on finding california dungeons.  
The oppsite trouble is happening arround here. Too many people are getting into DMing and competing for players. From what I saw of the D&d scene ont there there should be at least one game /week to get into. Nothing like the oppertunitys that happened this last holloday here where one person ran thru 6 dungeons from friday to sunday -- he was still going when I left -- I didn't attend monday.

Wayne Shaw -- glad that you liked the monster. The bole may have been incomplete in its weapon systems as someone else said but its pretty maen as is.

Robert Sacks -- a vatch is a creature from the book The Witches of Karres. The reference was to your title "Am I drea ming". I initiated it.

Monster Ralley -- But these arnt seen much anymore in Edvyr Self-- Must improve spelling & write ups. Not so good that time.

Peggy -- Yes you do know as much as or more about Mltd thant glen. But you know far less than him as to what I was thinking and planning and what difultys were being encountered in Boston. However Glen does not seem enthusiastic over doing the write up so go ahead. I resurve sniping priviliges tho. I think that the hassles sturred up by poor communication hase not been explained to other parties.

Mark Swanson -- When you revise your table are you going to expand or to make entriees more clear or simply try to make things less or more gross? Undead feature -- maybe I started something??

On gross magic -- I heard tha t Kevin S ha s some ideas, I have forgotten most of them and would rather he told them any howay. (hint hint)

Peter Cerrato-- I use Kultz factored magic (there is a percentage of the spell coming back in the magicians face) maching gun varaint, (one spell per melay round, no prep of spells needed) single battery exhaustion (Taking two spells that are the same wont help. -- you still lose chances of getting off the spell with every spell thrown), the spell system has factors to account for the armor class of the Mu throwing the spell and the prime requisite of the caster C or MU, The formula is a variant of a formula that Mark Swanson pub\_bed as being considered. He now uses another one that I am unfamiliar with. he klutz factored magic system allows infinite amounts of spells -- But few MUs will try when therè is a 50% chance of failure and a 25% chance of backfire. (backfire happens if the spell fails not if it succeeds.) See The Wild Hunt, a Boston based APA for details of other spell systems. The zine in advertised in this one.

Lee -- give potent table somewhere -- atleast in your suppliment.

John Kinsbury -- very admusing variant table. I would not want to rull on it though. No abilitys that any one would want and many disabilities.

With a paragraph to go back to my new system. The formula used (printed on computer paper as a table) is  $P = FF \times a / (100 - FF \times a)$  where P is probability, FF is formula factors (like spell points sort of) and a is a factor dependant on the I of a MU or the W of a Cleric. Armor class change of +2 gives a free spell, armor class of -2 makes like a spell has already been burned. Yes you can spell cast in Plate ... loads of fun trying. A standatd MU (leather, no shield, 14-15 I) can get off about 6 spells of his highest class ( if he has only one top spell, double this for those with two top spells) before he spops from a fat too high factor. Most stop Before this out of fear, and the Mu can burn himself to uselessness with low class spells.

Using a decimal all the way system I now suggest some sensible prices for equipment. Im interested in how close I come to the estimates of others.

Dagger	10	-2 if	Leather armor	5
Throwing dagger	25	/thrown	Chainmail	50
Hand ax	10	ditto	Plate	125
Mace	15		helm	15
Battle ax	50		Shield, std.	50
Sword	75		shield, body	100
Morning star	35		Shield, buckler	15
Flail	30		Barding	250
Spear	15		50' rope	.1
Pole arm	40		10' pole	.01
Halberd	40		12 iron spikes	2
Pike	25		small sack	.01
Two handed sword	125		large sack	.02
hand & 1/2 sword	100	D8+1, 2D6	water bladder	.1
Lance	35		6 torches	.1
Sling	1		lantern	1
War hammer	20	D6, D4	flask of oil	.2 D4 if burning
Hv War Hammer	30	D6+1, D4+1	3 stakes + mallet	.05
Whip, barbed	10	D6, D4	steel mirror	.1
Whip	5	D4, D3	silver mirror, sm.	5
Short Bow	25		wooden cross	.1 (carved)
Long Bow	40		silver mirror	10 size=steel m.
Composite bow	50		fire bomb	20 3D6 if shattered
Light cross bow	20		Silver cross	10 / larger splash
Hv Xbow	50		Holy water consent of church + 1gp	
Quiver/case, std	2		Wolfs bane, dried	.1
arrow/quarrel	.25		Belladonna, dried	.1
Mule	15	(demand of	Garlic, bud	.01
Cow	15	adventurers)	Iron rations	1
Ox	20		std rations	.1
Draft horse	10			
Light horse	.50	D8+8 hp points		
war horse medium	100			
War Horse Hv.	200			
saddle	25			
Saddle bags	10			
Cart	20			
Lt. Wagon	50			
Hv wagon	100			
raft	10			
small boat	100			

Now we wont fine pesants with swords but can they survive? \*The quality of the items listed above is not like that of damicles (spelling?) swords, but it is the standard best. cut above in half for next step down and in half again for poor quality stuff.

\*survive ws starvation I mean.

A / mark seperates mutually illrelvent wordage.

Silver plated stuff is 4x standard cost, solid silver stuff is 12x standard. This should be designed better but I tire. I admit that it produces crocks, but its a good average I think. Again silver plating that is cheeper (and wont last) costs less.

I may try to send a computer generated chart of my magic system thru to Barry to test the computer-stencil system.

Oh, yes -- cheep goods are -1 to hit per lowered standard also they have a 5% chance per difference of breaking in combat vs a higher standard weapon.

There is a large difference in prices in the different dungeons this has lead to me trying to crock a cretain bank, and to the non acceptably of items bought else where in many cases. I have observed that the difference in rates is proportiojal in most cases to the

difference in prices for the lowest priced +1 sword. Thus I propose that the common unit of trade between dungeons is not the gold piece, but the +1 sword. Also I propose that anyone who offers something for sale note how it would work with in other well known systems, both phisical and magical. With this limitation I'm sure that Crocker Denizens will find more GM's willing to allow it into their game than nearly those with a "typical" LA pricing system. Also there should be some provision for bannning crocks like the availability (potentially) around here of bronze (nondegaussing) weapons and armor vs the relative scarcity of such around LA -- this because the degaussing theroy has never taken hold around here -- bronze armor would be nearly cheep (not poor) type armor. Yes because of our prices we're liable to be clobbered by CD, but so is everyone else if the rest exploit the loop holes in the others game. So I hope my proposal will give an out to this mess and albw sensible trade.

\*\*\*\*\*MONSTER\*\*\*\*\* Glass goblin -- 1 hit point, but can only take damage from critical hits. If it is hit it shatters compleatly. Fights like a 5 level monster. Has the strength to wield 2 handed swords. The swords are made of glass and have a 5% chance/actual hit chance of breaking. Carries 5 2 handed swords. Sometimse carries a glass bow. Very good at hiding in shadows. Resis thermal shock 10 timse better than pyrex. Breeds by having 4 of them chanting and firing 4 fireball wands into a pile of special type sand. Has a 20% chance that it will be carrng a fire ball wand. Since it ignores damage from such unless an 19 or 20 is rolled it is apt to throw fire balls in dungeons. (this is from a flat curve dungeon) (roll to see if strength is enough to get +'s to hit/ to dammage.)

Magic Device -- Crossbow of spells. Stores spells for 8 hours or 1/3 the recharge time of your magicaims, which ever is the smaller. Stores spells in a first in last out manner. A keyword is added whan the first spell is put in. Speaking the key word in the language that it was given in, causally or in combat, will set off the spell on top of the stack. Spells from this device can be thrown 4 times faster than normal, the device providing the the correct spacing if this is needed in your universe. Device is shaped like a Heavy cross bow. It is aimed like a cross bow to aim the spells. It can also be used like a cross bow. Can be used by anyone who can speak the Key word in its own language, or a reasonably similar sound. the partys enimys can key it off. If used near enough to armor in a degaussing type universe, the spells suffer the same problems as any spell cast that close. Price is 5 +1 swords of equivalent.

(( In Universed that have a possibility of a spell failing, the DM should roll for this. If a spell fails to 'take' the player should not know. The DM keeps a list of the spells in the order that they were stored into the device. At the DM's discrecion there may be a 5% chance that a spell wont take in nonspellfail type universes. Also the device does not give training in how to use a cross bow instantly to those who havent got such.))

The above was an example of an attempt to make a weapon for all universes. If similar consideration is used in the future many more devices can be traded accross with out picking up crocks that thier inventer never intended them to have.

To buy the above sent the 50K in my world ? in your world to Sunsparrow, wizzard/armorer of Langarm (Defiance Dungeon World):

There should be a progression of spells such that you work at low level with a low key version of high level spells... and all higher levle spells build on this specialist base.

SISTER CECILIA'S OWN MOCKTURTLE MUTTERINGS #68 by Hilda C. Hannifen, 1735 47th Ave., San Francisco, Ca. 94122, 415-564-2568 or JOGALOT.

Even though Blanche Starkenberg has not seen the true light, when she approached me to go onto an expedition into Donnygrail, the Christian thing to do was not to refuse the poor benighted woman. Since a competent and much beloved-of-God cleric was needed, I could not delegate this task to another within my order. Thus I had to come out of semiretirement, polish up the old +5 Orc plate I wear, brush out my Displacement Cloak, check my staves, and make sure my will was in order in accordance with the decrees of divine providence. Thus I made my peace with heaven before starting this adventure.

Blanche had located 7 other people and a cause for which the righteous could dare to go into the depths of the earth [Steve Perrin's dungeon]. The cause was embodied in Donald Forkbeard, a dwarf fighter of bulldogged ability. Several of his brother Forkbeard's now resided in Donnygrail as Vampires. Seeking to free their tortured souls to return to the cosmic wheel of life and death, he had approached the nearest high level mage he knew of. This happened to Blanche. (If he had had any real sense, he would have come to me, so that the Holy Mother Church could have embraced his cause and lightened his dark hour of need.) Along with the dwarf was as wierd a companion as any soulless being could hope to have for company, Bow, a Hobbit archer [Steve Henderson]. Though I did not request company in this venture, that sex-change pervert guy, now known as Alana, that guy whose sister has been putting on airs since becoming a Bronze Dragon, came along. He is a Necromancer [Owen Hannifen]. My brother cleric in this was a skinny, weakling runt of a ~~vampire~~ by the name of Kalf who does have a fine weapon, a Mace of Disruption, which unfortunately puts him into uncontrolled rages in the presence of that blight of this world, chaos [Dan Pierson]. That Dwarf also had another of his cronies along on this expedition, a fighter named Grapple the Dwarf. He was accompanied by a fellow who was a mage I think, a guy named Donegar [Clint Bigglestone]. Finally, there were two people who joined us for reasons I could not fathom. One was an Elf named Alarian (though not as nice as the young Elf lad I have working for me on research--Fornholt is a nice, bright lad who is almost human and seems likely to see the light of God before too much longer) who is a mage and fighter both. He was accompanied by a strange man wielding a flail named Alarg [Nicoli Shapiro].

Both Blanche and the Dwarf, Donald, had some knowledge of the dungeon from previous visits to the locale for the ordained purpose of ridding the world of chaos. Donald acted as our guide, leading us to the place where last the mortal forms of his brothers had graced the earth. All the while we descended into the depths I prayed as I knew what he could not, that Dwarves, having no souls, when released from Vampire form, would not go onto the great reward but rather evaporate, as does the morning mist, never to exist again. Such was the divine purpose that we were on that no monster obstructed or contested our path. As soon as we arrived, as if summoned by divine command, the 3 Vampire Dwarfs attacked us. Such was the justness of our cause that they never lay their unholy powers upon anyone. The power of my person, (Protection from Evil) trapped one in a corner where it could not move to escape the pityful flailings of the weak (strength of 5) but possessed cleric, Kalf. Much later I was finally able to leave my post once the Vampire was disrupted. Then I discovered that a second Vampire, in form of mist, lay paralyzed by the goodly power in one of my compatriot's weapons. The third was drifting in mist form away, but nobody was in pursuit. The party was under attack by 4 Manticore. As I looked up, Blanche, braving the worst that they had to offer, downed one with an ensorment. Fighters quickly dispatched the others while Kalf flailed ineffectually at mist until, with a prayer from me, it was dissolved completely. At long last, Kalf got to the third one, which had miraculously not made good its escape and with one blow terrible in its holy purpose to behold, scattered the atoms of the last Vampire to the cleansing winds of time. Doing my holy office, tending to the wounded, I heard that the room next to us contained a heathen aesthetic who did not communicate at all nor take notice of his presence. (All this battle took place on the third level of the dungeon.) Inspection of the Manticores showed them all to have collars which indicated their ownership by the supremely evil master of this dungeon, the Hierophant. As we watched, they flashed once, notifying him, then went dead.

Since we had alerted the Hierophant of our presence, we took measures to escape his minions. Blanche led the party down a convenient stairway to the fourth level since she expected that to be the last thing he would expect us to do. While I had doubts about the wisdom of such a maneuver for us, I also did not put it past the forces of evil to lead that man to realize what we would be likely to do and set a trap for us.

The Hierophant wasn't the only danger lurking in this place. As our front rank passed the door of a room, that door being cleverly disguised from being spotted by unfamiliar eyes, the portal opened to disgorge such a wierd and blasphemous monster as every was created by the powers of Anti-God. This thing was afterwards nicknamed the Crunchie from its propensities, despite the fact that it was quickly hewn down by our stalwart fighters. Behind the Crunchie were three more monsters, humanoid in form, which could go under no other names than Hacker, Slasher, and Masher. The Slasher soon was flying off, Polymorphed into the form of a Butterfly, rather than being destroyed outright as it should have been, by Alana. Blanche managed to web the Masher counteracting the effect of its four arms for long enough for us to destroy it. The Hacker was faced down by our fighters in hand-to-hand combat. When we had gained the victory, we found that the animation had left the body of the Dwarf, Donald. One of the party members produced a bottle of a clerical type elixer called Lida Pinkums. Pouring the entire contents of the bottle down the corpse's throat (12 doses worth) reanimated the soulless clay of his form so that he functioned as before. Additional doses of Lida Pinkums brought him back to fighting trim again. In the room which the creatures came from, we found the equipment of a previous victim. There were a set of goggles, a bandolier with a number of reusable dark bombs, and a wierd nonmagical Lightning wand. Kalf tried on the goggles and found he could see in the infrared but when he took them off, he found himself totally blind. We found the previous owner's name on the stuff: Doctor McNighter, it said. The wand we finally figured out was a cattle-prod, hopefully not the former property of that McNighter fellow, but if it was, he is certainly well off being dead. Such weapons can be used for torture.

Approaching a corner in the corridor we were in, our front people hear sounds of a party ahead of us around the corner. Suddenly, there were yells from our rearmost people as they were attacked by 2 fighters who had appeared out of nowhere. Our front fighters advanced to the corner where they engaged in battle with an Orc Black Paladin. The creature of the forces of darkness wielded a terrible weapon which did grievance hurt to the limbs of those it touched. Hearing the cries of the wounded and unmindful of my own wellbeing, I advanced towards that front knot of fighters to give what aid and succor I could (I have a Regenerate ability which lets me undo much of the damage which is done by such a weapon which gives such deadly blows). Above my head, Alana flew into the top corner of the corridor facing the rest of the attacking party. From her vantage point, she used a staff to throw a cool ball of fire (not very strong) at the foes beyond us. What happened next took everyone by surprise. A horrible flash of light followed by a wash of incredible heat filled the corridor (that was the final strike of a Staff of Striking with 78 charges which had just made a saving throw of 1 against destruction---it had failed). Only the dead magic area of the Black Paladin saved the front ranks of our people from being disintegrated by the terrible forces unleashed. The good God above watches over the works of the righteous. While we were blinded, we did not see that the force of the blast had also pushed the terribly charred remains of Alana into the dead magic zone also saving it from total annihilation. Two mages and two clerics and all their possessions were not so lucky. Nothing remained of the 4 attackers in front of us. When we recovered from the blast, battle started again until the foes remaining were conquered. From their remains we obtained numerous items of wondrous powers which would now be used for the benefit of aiding law against chaos. We also found that Donagar had died. More of the Lida Pinkums and much prayer brought back my mage companion, Alana no more, but, God Be Praised, Alan, his normal self released from the stigma of sex change. All his gear had been destroyed, so we loaned him normal clothes. Since many scrolls had been destroyed, Alan now only had his own abilities to help him to survive in a battle. Donagar was also brought back from the realm of death.

MOCKTURTLE TAKES NO FURTHER RESPONSIBILITY FOR SISTER CECILIA'S MUTTERINGS #69 by  
Hilda C. Hannifen, 1735 47th Ave., San Francisco, Ca. 94122, 415-564-2568 or JOGALOT.

Due to devotions in the Holy Mother Church for the deceased Reverend Bodeworthy of my order, ~~Best~~ <sup>Best</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> Soul, I have not had time to pick up the thread of my narrative and ~~continue chronicling~~ <sup>chronicling</sup> my adventures in Donnygrail for the last two weeks. Telling, however, of the demise of the fine, righteous man of God, Bodeworthy, and the setting up of the cowardly elf, Oridando [one of my husband's characters], as a false god will have to wait for another place and another opportunity.

Sure now that the Hierophant would come looking for us soon upon the location of our latest triumph over the forces of evil, Blanche lead our party down to the fifth and final level of the dungeon. Almost before we came off the stairway, we encountered a neutral elf whom I considered most suspect since he was by himself in this unholy place. Apparently, Alarg agreed with me, for he attempted to attack the elf as being a mage of doubtful character, all the while foaming at the mouth and reacting wildly. Others of the party did not see with the clarity of vision I do so they interferred with Alarg's attack and took away his weapon claiming that the tool had taken over the master. Since we would not traffic openly with this elf, he soon left us to our own devices, a fact for which I offered a silent prayer of thanks since none else could see the enemy within which he represented.

Hardly had one menace left us before another arrived. This one was a Will-o-wisp which I succeeded in Charming with my goodness. Blanche also stopped it with a Hold spell. For love of us, we sent the treasure hungry creature to guard our backtrail with the assurance it would obtain much wealth. I admit I felt a twinge for having misled the creature, but after all, it is not a creature of good, and thus must have been set in our paths for us to make use of.

Blanche decided it was time to start looking for another stairway up, something she really should have thought of earlier despite the opportunity we had had to destroy evil. I set myself to prayer, asking God's intervention that we might have opportunity yet before we left, to take on and conquer great evil and in the process do great harm to the forces of chaos which acknowledged the Hierophant as their fount of all things Blackly Chaotic and Evil. As he sits in his throneroom, dripping the gore of innocent victims, we would shake his empire to the foundations and bring the fear of the forces of Good into his rotted heart.

At first, however, it did not seem that my prayer was answered. Ahead of us, we could see 5 monstrous forms, wicked spikes waving hypnotically over chitanous pinchers. B&Cptions they were, and as black as the pit of hell and the eternal night of evil. Calling upon my faith in God, I combatted the effects of the virilant poison as they plunged their wicked, sharp spicks deep into the bodies of our stout-hearted fighters. Quickly, however, we spread their vile juices upon the cold stone floor, where it ran in parti-colored rivlets of slime into the dust by the walls. Would that it had the power to bring the walls of this unholy abode crashing down around the ears of its satanic master! From one tail, I managed to extract one dose of posion which I hope will give me a means of combating the effects of poison for those not directly in the care of the Holy Mother Church though devoted to her.

Since Hierophant's domain was crawling with monsters, we did not advance far before being attacked by Furies, sort of a super-Harpy. While their scream, reminding us of tortured souls, unsettled us mightly, we soon overcame them, and using a pootable hole, sent their remains direct to the nether regions.

Beyond the Furies we found a room containing six giant beetles. I was for destroying them, as a place which caters to death as does this pit of horror should have the results of their actions left to rot upon the very ground upon which they fell. Thus, I was for destroying eaters of death as they obviously were being scavengers. None other that I saw things this way: Brother Kalf, demeaning himself, chose rather to converse with them. ~~Wife~~ left them in their room, guarding their treasure without so much as a token of our holiness to show them the true way.

From there we advanced down the corridor until we entered a very large room. The room was very large because it held two mockeries of the pure form of man, Hill Giants. Those beings were quickly dispatched to the abode of their master, Satan. Before we could do anything, however, we were attacked from behind in a most cowardly manner by 4 large Black Dragons which came from a room behind us. Due to my having been carrying out my holy office to attend to the wounded, I was out of range of the beasts' foul, caustic breathe. Kalf was in the forefront of the attack on these graceless beings. The ferocity of his attack quickly swept away three of them before the corrosive breathe of the fourth struck him down. All his equipment except for his flail, Soulshadow, was destroyed. Without the goggles, he was completely blind, a fact which led Blanche to arrange for him to not again touch Soulshadow until the end of the expedition. Something to do with the weapons ability to fill Kalf with righteous wrath in the presence of chaos even when, as now, he could do nothing to aid our cause in battle. I thought of lending him my Staff of Withering to use as a cane to guide himself through the world of darkness, but was prevailed upon to loan him my Cruifix-Clerical Light staff instead. Despite having intimate contact with a device as holy as that Staff is, Kalf did not imbibe any of the beauty of Christian love and devotion. I shall have to remember him in my prayers, for one who has come in contact with a miracle of the order of that Staff, is in danger of suffering for all eternity in the pits of pitch for failing to see the light and grace of our savior.

Prayer is often answered, as in this adventure, with a crescendo of evil beings. As we headed for an upbound stairway, we were attacked by three Orcs, foul parasites of the form of our Lord. Quickly dispatched despite their obvious skill as fighters (for right was on our side) we did not take time to search their bodies but rather stuffed the still bleeding clay into Bags of Holding.

Pushing onward, we entered a room with a stairway, but also a door from which protruded a crone-like claw grasping a wand which was aimed and fired at us to our distress. That attack was quickly dealt with as the hand was pulped, smashed, and shredded in great gouts of blood by our intrepid fighters. Hardly had the possessor of that blasted hand withdrawn before a true soulless human advances upon us, a Flesh Golem. That creature was quickly followed by 5 Myrmidons, one of whom was a Black Paladin, plus a Necromancer and a Evil High Priest. With great difficulty we overcame them. Since the Paladin had successfully blocked the door so none of our fighters could get beyond them, I took it upon myself to advance into the next room to deal personally with the EHP and the Necromancer. Using my Displacement Cloak which puts me into such a divine state of grace that only those works of the Lord of true permanence such as the stones which grace our good world's bones remain. It is as if all of evil is washed away and only I tread the paths of enlightenment. Thus in this transcendental form, I easily passed the place where the Black Paladin had been and advanced to where I knew my foes must be. Then I appeared, behind my foes as I had planned. Though not a strong woman, I still managed with my enchanted maul (wrested in the past from the grips of a Giant of the Order of the Black Lotus) to do such damage as to discomfort my foes and prevent them from calling upon their dark lord for spells and powers with which to attack the people of our party. A feeling of urgency pushed us to the utmost limits as we were sure that the forces of Hierophant, in all their abyssal glory, were closing in on us. As soon as the fight was over, Kalf, despite his blindness, and I tended to the wounded while some of our people started up the stairs and others started to loot the bodies. Before they had a chance to get to the remains of the EHP I had wasted, for items which could have been turned to aid us against their former masters, another party attacked us by surprise. They were also lead by a Myrmidon Paladin, as like to the former in flesh as in spirit. Obviously, this was a brother, the second whelp of an unholy woman. With this man was two leaping, bounding creatures such as I had never seen before, but which I was later told were Deodans. Many of our fighters were still hurt due to the critical wounds dealt to them by this Paladin's brother. Also accompanying them were a terrible burning half-elf whose weapon shriveled my soul. In the room from which they entered remained the rest of the party, 2 mages and 2 clerics. Since it was obvious that no one else could get to them, I once again used my Cloak

to elude the half-elf and attack the condemned-to-burn chaotics. Using insight given me by my good Lord, and supported by the righteousness of our cause, I went among them as a wolf among sheep. The cloak made it possible for me to move around so that I could attack them from an unsuspected direction every other melee turn. Thus they could shift position while I was in the divine and purified state that the cloak bestowed upon me. The 2 obvious mages turned to their natural forms in the power of my presence and rooted and grunted and squealed helplessly while I destroyed this manifestation of their corporeal forms. Likewise, one of the two clerics, I succeeded in laying low for the misdeeds of his life. Before I could get the other, however, one of our party, summoned back from the next floor up by Alan's telepathy, came into the room and prevented me from destroying the other before he could escape. Perhaps the god of evil watched over and protected this one.

With this second party destroyed at last, Blanche expressed an urgency which gave us time to only cursorily search one body each before we would be teleported out. I unfortunately let curiosity get the better of me and checked out the half-elf remains instead of the evil cleric. Thus, I did not get anything of clerical worth for either myself or Kalf from either of these two parties which had attacked us. However, having shown the Hierophant what he had to fear from the power of good, I felt it was time we could with clear conscience leave this pit of evil. Thus Blanche, being a good leader, teleported the entire party out to the entrance one by one with herself the last to leave. Even so, Satan tried to tempt us once more by offering us treasure in return for opening a closed door to his Were-rat servitors. Blanche, true to her name, resisted the urge to put a blot upon her character, and finished her self-appointed task of our departure.

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This being Hilda now speaking, I take no personal responsibility for any pronouncements or statements made by Sister Cecilia. The fact that she is not well educated, that she is bigoted and blinded by her own worth, and that she is a Christian are not my fault. I have done no more than chronicle her adventure as she gave it to me, word for word accurate to her style.

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Fornholt has completed a new spell which is now for sale. It is Protection Shield which is a 6th level magical spell and can be purchased from Sister Cecilia for 64,500 gp, nontransferable from mage to mage. The spell is a 15 foot sphere which takes the very next spell cast either within it or upon it and converts the entire energy to a protection from that spell. Thus if a 10 die fireball is next to encounter this spell after put up, it turns the entire spell into a protection. If the next thing to hit it is a 12 die fireball, 2 die are all that get through. No damage was done by the spell which was converted to the protection. If the next spell was a Bless cast by one of your own party, tough, you've got a Protection from Bless spell now. The spell always last the number of melee turns equal to the caster's level minus 1-6 melee turns. The spell can also be cast up to 60 feet away figuring from caster to center of the sphere.

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GenCon West was held in San Jose Ca. over the Labor Day 3-day weekend. Representatives of many of the gaming companies as well as manufactureres of miniatures were present. Tournament gaming took place except for D&D which set up shop wherever it could. The regular gamers were not sure what to make of the D&D people except that we were the noisiest and seemed to be enjoying ourselves immensely. I ran my high level dungeon, Witch Hills, an adventure which I will detail another month. I got to meet many of the TSR people, though Gygax was unable to make the con. My husband won a shootout with the creator of Boothill. I entered ARnson's Blackmoor. (First to fourth level characters were used. My character was selected as leader. On the first level we wandered around without ever getting any doors. Down a level the first room we entered contained 6 11-die spiders with a 7th coming up the hall. My character stayed and died because being lawful and leader I had to play him that way. However, apparently, alignment had no value nor did game balance, so really the only way to survive would have been to abandon those already dead and dying and run like hell which is what the survivors did do.) All in all the convention was fun.

# TNWYNHSYS 1

TNWYNHSYS 1 is produced by Kevin Slimak (PO Box 3514, Edwards AFB, CA 93523) to A&E 16. TNWYNHSYS, by the way, means "Tactical Nuclear Weapons Mean You Never Have to Say You're Sorry." For those of you who doubt the relevance of this title to D&D, I offer THE WILD HUNT 1-3. It's been a long time since I last did one of these stencils, so please bear with me for this ish!!!!!! (Phone: 805-258-4745.)

INTRO....or.....SLIMAK, WHO DAT???????????????

I figure that this being my first appearance in A&E, it is not inappropriate for me to discuss my experience and philosophy as pertains to D&D. So, guess what follows.....

I first got into D&D in September 1974 when I visited the MFCA convention in Phillie and picked up a copy of the rules; I'd been in gaming, per se, for a long time before that, saw the name Gygax, had some club funds to spend, and did so. As a result of this purchase, the PITSGS (for whom Mark Swanson has been the most regular spokesman in A&E) was hooked. By Thanksgiving, I was deep in designing my own dungeon (still active); I started runnin HELLSGATE (of which there has been some mention in A&E) just after the Christmas break at MIT (I'd refused to start until I had something like 8 levels completely done). My dungeon was quite a lot more popular than I would have wished (it became hard to go out into other's cuz I was so busy running HELLSGATE).

I consider myself to be primarily a game mechanic, rather than a designer of worlds. I view D&D as a game, something not to be taken all that seriously; I both DM and play it that way. I take the view that D&D is not Gary Gygax's game when I'm running my dungeon/world; one of my favorite expressions is, "Rules? Was ist das roolz?" I try to keep the natural laws of the universe constant during any adventure, but I do believe that minor changes between adventures are perfectly Kosher; tho I do believe in telling folks what changes have occurred since last time before I pull any switches.

Many people have referred to HELLSGATE as a killer dungeon. This I most strongly do deny. I firmly believe that Underworlds are dangerous places and designed my own accordingly, but I didn't make it a killer. All that any dungeon takes is a bit of time....mostly to learn how the DM thinks. This is one of the reasons that I generally tend to take down one of my non-identified characters the first time I go into a dungeon...and why I advise those going into HELLSGATE not to use pet characters the first few times. I've become especially sensitive to this because of: 1. The number of dungeons run in the Boston area; 2. The number of dungeons run in St. Louis; 3. Zines like TWH and A&E; 4. Dungeons I've seen at the cons I've been to.

I think that I may tend to be somewhat unusual in that I tend not to be all that enthralled with the multitudinous monster types that seem popular with most other DMs. I tend to prefer playing games with the standard monsters: things like Kobolds bred with poisoned fangs. Different strokes, I guess, but I prefer to see creative energy go into world design (as in TALES OF THE UKRAINE by Chilenskas) than into new monster types?

Well, having made my token provocative statement for this issue, I'll try to fit in a description of my current spell system. Check out the Gygax spells available table from D&D. Each first level spell gives you one spell point, 2nd gives two, 3rd gives three, etc. (An Enchanter is 4/3/2/1 giving 20 spell points.) There are three classes of spells: I. Offensive spells (1 spell point per level of spell); II. Informational spells (Detects, ESP, etc., 1/3 spell point per level of spell); III. Other spells (1/2 spell point per level). (I really don't think that the spell classes need explanation! An MU can throw any spell he knows (using the GG tables mentioned above to give the maximum # of spells known and the Greyhawk table to see which spells are known). Spells can be thrown with no danger til one goes negative: then, you can misfire and backfire. But that we'll discuss next time. (Note, some folks don't like fractions; if you are one of these, multiply spell point total and spell costs by 6. Then, you don't have any fractions!)

## LEGENDARY CONFLAGRATION #2

by Sean Summers and Nameless Others  
3019 Charles St., Bacliff, TX 77518

Having left my A&Es up in Austin, I will not comment on the last few issues but simply type up what rules I happen to have lying about.

### The Furious Elemental Forces--or RASHAKAS

The Rashaka are related to the demons just as we are to the English or Algeria is to France. Some, but not in their eyes. They treat being called demons as Canadians take being called US citizens. Their King lives in the fearsome desert wastelands high in lonely mountains surrounded by dragons and the hosts of the Rashaka. All of this is on an island in the far south seas (i.e. very distant).

They have some psychic attack/defense abilities but not many have Yoga powers (2%). Those that do gain them at steps (such as 2.0, 2.1, 2.2, etc.) rather than at levels. They replace special abilities at a rate of three to one.

The Rashakas have a roughly humanoid trunk and body. Their limbs and heads may vary greatly, with the Rashaka King having 20 heads, 20 arms and 20 legs. When playing Rashakas, the amount of heads, arms and legs may be chosen by the player, but for each extra limb and each extra head, the experience points needed to go up a level also go up. The heads and limbs may be of any type (two human and one wolf head, one humanoid arm and two octopoid tentacles, for example) but don't try to milk them for more abilities.

Level	Name	EP	HD (D10)	AC	Spells/head	Special Abilities
1.0	LESSER Jann	0	1	9	0	0
1.1	Jann	1K	2	9	1	0
1.2	Greater Jann	3K	3	8	1	1
2.0	Minor Djinn	5K	3+3	8	1	2
2.1	Djinn	10K	4	8	2	2
2.2	Major Djinn	15K	4+3	7	2	3
3.0	Embryo Sheytan	25K	5	7	2	3
3.1	Sheytan	40K	5+3	6	2	4
3.2	Sheytan of Power	60K	6	6	3	4
4.0	Afreet	90K	6+3	5	3	4
4.1	Arist Afreet	120K	7	4	3	5
4.2	Astral Afreet	160K	7+3	4	4	5
5.0	Marid	200K	8	3	4	6
5.1	Master Marid	260K	9	3	4	7
5.2	Majestic Marid	360K	9+3	2	4	8
6.0	Mara (King)	500K	10	1	5	10

Hassles & Benefits: Angels and Ultra Lawfuls (paladins, etc.) will be hostile towards Rakashakas. Demons will also always attack them on sight. They are subject to Charm and Hold Person spells and cannot save against these spells. Rakshakas have only five life energy levels at Maximum. Thus the undead and energy draining swords, etc. are very effective against them. They do not get sick and are immune to disease of all sorts; they will not age or wither. They can carry any weapon of any alignment if they have three or more heads of different alignments. Each head can learn different languages, etc. They do not need spell books and do not use them. They allot their spells for the day during daily meditation period of 5-50 turns per day. They are cannibalistic but have no other need to eat.

## Rakshaka Special Abilities

- 1 Shape Change: to whirlwind. It has a base 1", height = hit dice. Strength and damage = level.
- 2 Giant Strength: double strength.
- 3 Fly-Lightning: flies 24"/turn (grows wings to do this)
- 4 Heat Butt: additional attacks with heads (they grow 2' horns) damage as dagger or gargoyle
- 5 Stamp: earthquake: 3/day
- 6 Wall of Fire: creates wall of fire at will
- 7 Flame: acts as incendiary (see Balrog)
- 8 Consume: if one eats another Rakshaka live, one gains triple exp
- 9 Betray: shape change (appearance only) to the looks of the victim's best friend.
- 10 Shield: -3 to hit vs. magic weapons
- 11 Screen: +3 vs. magic
- 12 Control Weather (as druid)
- 13 Iron Skin: +2 to armor class
- 14 Create Soft Goods: like a D&D Djinn except no metals
- 15-16 Roll again for two when next level is reached
- 17-19 Invisibility: good for 20 melee rounds/day
- 20 Through Bind: like rope of binding but done with pure thought. One head must concentrate to keep it going.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 leg: hop along 5'/turn                                | 1 arm: strike w/ twice normal force, doing 1.5 normal dmg. |
| 2 legs: Move 10"/turn                                   | 2 arms: normal   |
| 3 legs: 15"/turn  | 3 arms: 1.5 attacks  |
| 4 legs: above and walk on water                         | 4 arms: above and +1 for added shield                      |
| 5 legs: above & walk up perpendicular surfaces          | 5 arms: above and two attacks                              |
| 6 legs: above and walk on mist, cloud                   | 6 arms: above and +2 AC                                    |
| 7 legs: above and walk on air                           | 7 arms: above and 2.5 attacks                              |
| 8 legs: above and walk thru space                       | 8 arms: above and +3 AC                                    |
| 1 head: normal  | 6 heads: co-ordinate out-of-phase attacks; +2 Intelligence |
| 2 heads: 180° vision                                    | 7 heads: sees invisible & concealed                        |
| 3 heads: 360° vision                                    | 8 heads: above and +2 accuracy, +3 Intelligence            |
| 4 heads: +1 accuracy; sees in dark                      |  |
| 5 heads: co-ordinate ethereal attacks & +1 intelligence |  |

Each head has a different intelligence and wisdom. The average of all is the indicator of actual IQ and Wisdom for bonuses, etc.

One chooses how many heads, legs and arms one wishes. For each one above base (normal) multiple the # of E.P. needed/level by that number to get the experience points needed to go up one level. E.G. Tieng has 4 heads, 3 arms and 2 legs: 3 extra heads, 2 extra arms, and 1 extra leg = 6 extra, so he needs 6K e.p. to go from a Lesser Jann to a Jann (6 x 1000).

Spells: Level of Character = highest spell knowable, then two of the next level down, three of the next, etc. A Sheytan would thus know one third level spell, two second and three first. Rakshakas cast MU spells, but cast them like a cleric. They cast spells at the rate of one/head/round. In Combat Rakshakas get one attack/level. Thus Janns attack once, Djinn twice and Marids five times.

PRIME REQUISITE: strength. No retainers allowed, but Rakshakas can serve others.

I hope this was not too incoherent. Rakshakas are enjoyable to play.

#### Additional Mental Attacks and Defenses

##### Attacks

ID Impotence: results in all attacks with PSI at half power expended

Ego Slash: result: lose will to fight; defensive moves only

Super Ego Bind: result: as if tied up with bonds, released upon the moment of physical bonds application

Psyche Shatter: reduces wisdom and IQ to 0 for 1-12 rounds

Destrudo Flow: you lose the will to live and become unconscious

Libido Lash: destroys concentration. No longer able to attack/defend psychically

Castration Complex: immediate loss of trust between all those hit - and a fight to the death between them (leaders only)

Envy Surge: works only on followers. Same as above

PRIMAL Phase: reduces opponent to 1st level status for the duration of the combat

Link Exchange: a desperate gambit: causes all mental attacks on either to affect both

Do-destrudo Demand: must attempt suicide twice

Libido Leash: Like charm person but lasts 1-3 rounds or until the leashed person is commanded to attack someone

Primal Pattern: only one attack and one defense mode (the two basic ones) if fail to save.

##### Defenses

Jellō: absorbs. (Like PSI Strength in any subtle attack but doesn't shield vs. Mind crush and such)

Parrabella: reflects all force attacks (whips, flails, crush, shatters) back at the sender.

Empathy: open channel, transmit attack to another sensitive, both being willing.

Calm Flow: 3" barrier. Protects at 1/3 strength at 3", 2/3 at 2", and full strength at 1", and double at the nodal points

Funnel: sucks in all mental attacks to the Iron barrier of the user's mind. It allows a greater psi to defend against many lesser ones.

Cyclic Discharge: radiates the energy off at right angles. This does not protect vs. attacks to the conscious mind.

IRON Shield: protects preconscious from perversion

Black Barrier: blocks off the unconscious from attack (ego, id, or superego manipulation). Prevents use of Yoga while being used. a minimal strength defense.

Silver Sky: like mind blank, but makes one like a nonsensitive with +3 saving throw

Zone: hides all behind it from psychic powers, but doesn't protect from attack.

Web: distributes the power of the attack so the burden is shared by several psis. Each take 1/x-1 parts of the attack.

Network: like WEB but includes the attacker who catches it back again. With 6 people, each would need to handle 1/5 of the energy to turn it back on the unwilling 7th.

What Trap Charts? #5 Robert Sacks/4861 Broadway, 5-V/NY NY 10034  
(age: 25) tel: 212 WI2-3572 (work: 212 489-9200 x215)  
(for Alarums & Excursions #16)

Hm, looking at my calendar, I don't think I'm going to get around to writing up Part II of My Attempts to Run EPT before the deadline. I'll try for next time.

Lee: Nice to have met you. Call me again next time you get to NYC./ Aren't Balrogs magic resistant by definition?

Blacow: Rape/molestation/seduction of an engaged minor birgin should bring the full retribution of all lawful authorities, not to mention her friends, relatives, and fiancée, and his friends and relatives; somehow it doesn't seem worth it for the would-be seducer./ If I might demure on the libertarian's view in D&D, there are other interpretations possible. When do clerics suspend their judgements to that of the Church? A cleric agrees with his Church and knows in advance what the Church stands for. And a paladin has to be one of the most ego-centric entities in D&D. Ego involves more than self-gratification - it can entail satisfaction in a job well done to the specification of the doer, and the job can be the care of souls, the preservation of right, or the protection of the weak. It is when the doer pretends to himself or others that what he does is for their "good" rather than because he chooses to do it that you have "altruism", and then the potential for evil begins (like baptizing children and immediately slaughtering them, as the missionaries who accompanied the Conquistadores did). As for plunder, once upon a time there were these three Libertarian Paladins who were as brothers - one was an outlaw pirate who seized relief shipments, one a profligate confidence man who bankrupted entire countries, and the third a wizard who destroyed the entire society of the world they lived in - of course they had a different view of the proper interpretation to that, than you might.

Echo: Cohort, not consort./ I am thinking (when I draw up my universe) to limit Raise Dead to Saints, Angels, and God - Patriarchs are not holy enough./ Give my regards to Simmons./ Lawful Demons are Angels./ The stronger a character is, the more likely others of approximately the same power will search him out to fight him - youngsters trying to make a name and old-timers trying to keep the territory.

Used Sword Dealer: Fenris according to Blacow is not identical to Fenris according to TSR or the Norse. Next.

Ken Pick: Didn't a low-level male hobbit strike a blow on the Witch-King?

Lost Mask: What happens when the citizens who activated the Home Stone die? Therefore one places the Home Stone in some immovable location?

Margaret: Thank you -- I know what noblesse oblige is, but I wasn't sure what you were referring to. There was a more probable interpretation that rather shocked me, which I will not mention./ Who/what sounds like me? Those I have met chose to follow paths of sanity, rather than D&D, Diplomacy, & hobby/school politics./ Merlin demon born? I suppose the Saxons thought so, but he and his cousin Arthur were of solid Roman-Celtic stock.

Any Mistake: You mean as DM you believe a player who has just shown up with 5 additional levels, and 15 very good magical items including a Ring exempting him from the rules? Do you also collect title deeds to the Brooklyn Bridge?

In RYTH CHRONICLE #VII (available perhaps from John Van De Graaf, 37343 Glenbrook, Mt Clemens Mi 48043) there is a rather amusing justification for opposition to Evil out of boredom by Len Scensy, writing as BENELUX Patriarch and Fifth Champion of the Order of the Flaming Wheel.

## BURGESS PORK PIE I

This is for A&E 15 maybe and comes from Hartley Patterson of 7 Cambridge Rd., Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 1HW, UK.

### Intro

I'm a SF fan of about ten years standing around in room parties, though most of my activity has been in fringe areas like Tolkien, postal Diplomacy and the like. In about 1970 I started MIDGARD, which ran through a few turns in 72-3 and then folded; the US and Aussie games still running are derivatives of this. In May '75 I swiped a D&D review copy from John Mansfield of SIGNAL newszine, played through that summer locally, then found at an SF con in Birmingham that other SF fans had discovered it as the UK importers had connections with SF. There are now I'd guess about 20 'SF fan' dungeons here, about the same number connected with postal gamers, and some more not in the mainstream. More all the time of course!

How it's played here: I have the impression that the styles of play aren't too different either side of the Atlantic, despite the (up to now) separate development:

From what I've seen 'wargaming' dungeons rather resemble yours, with eps given on a Greyhawk x2-x5 scale and plenty of high level types running around. 'SF' dungeons are firmly based on Greyhawk EPs and so have mostly low level characters: my highest is 5th and the highest I've ever met was 8th. We stick to Greyhawk so that the same characters can go down all the dungeons. Hirelings were abandoned early, and all players have 10-20 characters from which they select a few to go down. I don't know of any full scale wilderness campaigns yet, though several dungeons have villages outside ready.

That said, what follows is more likely to be my own than British in general: mostly I'm influenced by Chris Bursey, who specialises in monster invention; Nick Slope, my regular wargame opponent whose dungeon is run by Italian dwarves; and SF/Fantasy.

Title: Brian Burgess is an SF fan who wanders around conventions at 5 in the morning selling pork pies. Along with other SF fans he became a monster:

The BURGESS is a man in raincoat and hat with a cardboard suitcase. Armour class 8; 8 hits; Neutral; unarmed; 2nd level. His Charm Person affects 20 levels worth of people. Having caught the party, he sells each one a Pork Pie for 100 GP if he can get it, less if necessary, only one per person. If attacked, his suitcase is Adamantite lined and moves by ESP to parry, +6.

Burgess pies are irresistible to monsters which will stop to eat them unless being attacked. The best use I've seen was when a Minotaur Lizard trapped a party who threw a pie into an adjacent door; the Lizard dived in after it--and the room had 20' of quicksand.

### Rooms

'Put in the room matrix,' says Lee. OK: this is a quick way of prompting inspiration for room design.

<u>Die Roll</u>	<u>Walls</u>	<u>Ceiling</u>	<u>Floor</u>	<u>Doors</u>
1	Paint	None	Sand	Paint
2	Tapestry	Paint	Mosaic	Paint
3	Brick	Colour	Colour	Colour
4	Paint	Hanging	Sand	Picture
5	Colour	Moving	Earth	Hook
6	Strange	Strange	Strange	Strange

None means the ceiling is out of sight--very often with Giant Spiders waiting to drop, or see Phil Farmer's 'Wind Whales of Ishmael' and the dungeon trip in the final chapters. (I've got that in my dungeon copied entire; it took a 1st level Balrog and some orcs hours to get through it, eventually emerging at a secret door in one of the chief temples in the capital city of my country. The Balrog stole the idol and vanished down into the dungeon again, to become a nine day wonder in the City...).

Hooks on the back of the door have bags with money. Novices never look behind doors. Ghod knows what strange is: start with 1-4 solid/5 liquid/6 gas then roll a D10 for color.

I have a whole area of rooms rolled using the I Ching and populated by Chinese types: magic oracle tortoises, Chinese foxes (pyro-technic and were), and a Buddhist cleric with a pet dragon. The last also wanders the corridors, just as a party has decided to bop him the Dragon comes round the corner....

I had a party on my fourth level capture a wandering 3rd level MU; being Lawful they couldn't kill him so they pushed him out the room, and as he left Bumptious the hobbit thief slipped a pebble of Monster Following in his pocket (Bumptious has a lot of these--in a lead-lined box so they don't work on him!). As the party sat down for a bite to eat, I rolled to see what happened to the MU--and he ran into Buddhist and Dragon, told him his woes and next thing the startled party knew the Dragon knocked on the door (it fell flat) and the old fellow was giving them a telling off for duffing up his friend.

STEEL BAT. Arm=4, move=12, 1-1 die. 1st level. usually several. Destroy weapon in one hit, armor in four hits. 1-4 bite if cornered but usually only interested in your metal! Their bigger cousins are MITHRIL BATS, Arm=2, move = 9, 1 dice; 3rd level, eat magical metal up to +3 as well.

POLYMORPH TO NEWT SWORD. Hit any living thing with it, and it becomes a newt, but you don't get any EPs for stomping the newt. It can be turned back by hitting it again (the current owner has a backpack full of newts labelled 'troll,' 'ogre,' etc.). Catch is that unless you're wearing the helmet supplied with it, you become a newt on picking it up....

Rory, who devised that one, once gated a party onto the London-Birmingham motorway, where they proceeded to stop cars and rob the occupants.

JIMKIRK. No prizes for correct description! This is one of Chris Bursey's. Poor Jim has a defective phaser which only fires 10% chance (as death ray), and can "beam up" 25% chance if attacked. He can't kill humans unless they attack him, usually stuns 1-12 turns. Naturally he speaks all known languages.

#### COMMENTS ON A&E 13

Tantivy: My spec for Balrogs allows immolating at 4th level and immolating safely at 8th. Before 8th they burn themselves! I rule that a Balrog with a Cleric at least three levels higher to keep it in order can go down with a party; otherwise it's just too egoistic for anyone to trust it.

I think I'll give the Astrologer down my dungeon the Louis d'or tables (he's a Terran marooned in Midgard so uses Terran astrology) and have him oblige characters to roll on the table.

Realm Fantastic: I've now got a 'who hits first' system based on dexterity/armor that seems to work as it only needs one calculation at the start. After looking at Tunnels & Trolls I've started on a system for giving hit dice to armor rather than armor class, which may work if I can cut down the complexities that keep creeping in; it'll certainly put up the expenses of dungeoneering drastically with armour and shields needing replacement every time.

Egoistic Rosenberg: Yes, I'm glad Balrogs were upped. I've only one in my dungeon; he's a proper Balrog and one of the three powers that run things. He doesn't bother with low-level characters though, except for Paladins. A party once went down with an Assassin disguised as a well-known very high level magic-user (Evil). Raiding the Black Orc HQ, they found the treasure and were trekking out when the Orcs hit them but lost the melee. In desperation the Orc King read a Scroll of Summoning and the Balrog appeared! The apparent presence of this evil MU made him somewhat wary though (the Orc King also rolled for this and saw through the disguise), so he started going through the party swiping all their magic stuff while they quaked, just to see if the supposed MU would do anything. The party prayed like mad, St. Peter arrived and the Balrog beat a retreat, but not before he'd made Bump-tious drink a Potion of Sex Change he had with him....

Horros from Hollander: We went overboard on Gods a while ago to the extent where some people banned them altogether. I still use them as well as insisting that characters stick to their professed alignment in behavior. Most players still don't worry about this kind of thing, though a recent outbreak of evil characters going down with parties and wiping them out at the exit has gone some people rattled. The first time innocents have this done to them they get so mad!

Chaotic/Good should be possible....Oberon? Yama?

It's true few DMs treat religion seriously. My best character is a Catholic cleric with a hatred of gambling and technology and a terror of Kobolds (his two predecessors were killed by them). Fortunately for him his FTR friends usually manage to stop him from charging into rooms on seeing what might be technological devices...

Worlds of Gemignani: I'm not sure about Medieval groups. I only know about the Civil War people, three armies who meet to re-enact battles and sieges, usually at the original site. SCA isn't in the UK at all.

Spinward McIntosh: Yes, I like those Androids. There were some Golotypes down Fred Hemming's dungeon; these being reject Golems that go round muttering 'I am a failure.' Two Rangers owned some. They used to go round questioning parties as to their alignment, being convinced they could tell Good from Evil (and so they could--usually) they were the bane of mixed parties. I have a sword somewhat like yours; it's golden plastic and +10, no less. However, I'm assured it will bhatte on a throw of 12 on a die-12. Only used once, against a cockatrice. Clerics: I allow Evil/Lawful clerics to cure people of their religion only, cause wounds on any others. Same would apply to Neutral Clerics, I suppose.

Ilmarinen: Yes, I seem to be agreeing with you again, Lew. What the heck's a revived character anyway--dead's dead, isn't it? My idea of balance is a dungeon that doesn't kill everyone without warning, that doesn't give away goodies, that when you die it's your fault or at least your bad dice throw. For instance, one local dungeon is often

very entertaining, the DM having plenty of imagination but you can be killed quick, like falling into pits. Once we found a room unguarded, piled high with magical items (it was down a corridor with lots of iron spikes on the floor, that's all). Fortunately for my sense of fairness, I had my evil characters along. They just couldn't resist the loot and tried to wipe out the goodies--but they lost, leaving two survivors. Right now one DM is considering subjecting characters who come down his dungeon loaded with magic taken from an 'easy' dungeon to 'trial by combat' to see if they got the stuff by fair means.

The Portal to Shaw: Eldritch is for high levels mostly, so I can't use it (my dungeon is only down to 4th). Artifacts look OK. I'm going to keep them below the 4th though.... How about a Chinese 10-shot repeating crossbow? Not very accurate and poor armour piercing, but in a narrow corridor against charging monsters most upsetting.

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### Contests

I'm in the process of setting up a mini-dungeon for a contest at a Games Convention. 2-3 players at a time with a time limit. Has anyone tried this kind of thing? I've heard of wilderness contests such as one with characters landed on an island and trying to find a number of hidden rings, ambushing each other and avoiding the monsters. The dungeon contains bits swiped from several locals. In some future issue, I'll describe what went on.

PANTHER. Not the zoological one but that found in medieval bestiaries, usually as an analogy for Christ. Appears as a long-legged lion, white with black spots. ARM = 5, move = 9, 5 dice. 3rd level. 2 claws 1-3, 1 bite 1-8. Its beauty and sweet breath cause those of Int + Char less than 25 to think it's a 'nice pussy' and be unwilling to attack. Terrible stare causes throw vs. magic or panic.

POTION OF SEX CHANGE: There are two, Orange and Black. Effect is 50% loss hit points for (120 - (Con x 5)) minutes. During change Neutralize Poison will reverse. Afterwards the other color is the only antidote! Note problems for Paladins, Clerics and men with tight-fitting armour....

WHISTLE OF POLICEMAN SUMMONING. Mind brings a London bobby (hello, hello, what's all this then?) but suit yourself.

MAGIC BICYCLE. Looks like exercise bike, enables rider to become ethereal. Four gears = up, down, forward, back. Note snag: no turning ability...and don't stop pedalling inside a wall! Someone just rode right across my first level on one of these, to the alarm of assorted Gnolls, Goblins, etc., escaping thereby with a Staff of Power belonging to the Guardian of the Lower Levels. He got the sack.

TRAMONTANE  
October, 1976

THE TESTAMENT OF DZEY IZ by Lee Burwasser and John Boardman

This strange adventure befell me in a place not usual for adventures--when I was healing of my wounds at a monastery near Castle Gwruch. The wounds befell me on an evil day in the castle, when I slew an Ogre and saw a good comrade fall beside me, while others fled. It was only by the aid of the Magician Moran, who alone among the living remained faithful that I was brought to this place of comfort and healing.

One day when I was so far recovered that I could sit on a chair at a window and muse about travel beyond the green hills in the distance Brother Iodocus came to me and said three visitors wished to speak with me. One was a woman, but since I was not then in the inner precincts of the monastery she would be allowed entrance. Curious and no little bored by my inactivity, I asked him to bid them enter.

These visitors were a stalwart man in armor of good plate well given to use, a stout mannikin in leather armor who looked as if he would cheerfully challenge Lucifer at arms for the mastery of Hell, and an Elf-may also in leather. At this last I misdoubted me that anything good was afoot, for an elf-may had been of our party in Castle Gwruch and had fled invisible when I was in peril of my life. The elf may bowed as a warrior rather than making a woman's courtsey. I am Vardis, a magic user, she said. Radu is a fighter, Eikinsjaudi a thief. They also bowed, and I inclined my head in reply, pleading my wounds as an excuse for no greater ceremony. By his name the mannikin was no gnome but a dwarf out of the North, for such names have they. Eikin, if I remember aright, means oaken, and it befit him well. I would as lief have hacked at an oak-root with a misericorde as at him with a claymore.

We are travelers in the multiverse, quoth Vardis, currently based in Carnelian tho that is not our home. We came to the monastery in search of a copyist, not daring to hope to find one Galeot, companion of Dzeymz.

In sooth had I such a companion, said I. And I am indeed that Galeot. When all other fighters fled, he alone stood by me against the ogre of Castle Gwruch, though he got his death thereby. I honor him as a faithful friend, and I have from the riches I won ordered masses to be said for his valiant soul, without which I would this day be neither alive nor possessed of gold. Sit, strangers, and tell me aught you have to say of James. A novice fetched them chairs and drink, then retired. Vardis went on with her tale. As she spoke, I warmed somewhat toward the elfen-kind, though they ever had a good address.

We came to this universe hoping to find an expedition. Instead, we find that your countrymen will not permit outlanders to go down with them. We put up at an inn near Castle Gwruch, hoping at least to hear tales of the place. For you must know our mission is to bring home knowledge of the multiverse.

After making sure the stableboys heard me speaking to Boss, our mule, in Equine, so they knew he could identify any of them who misbehaved, we went in to dinner and beer and talk. That we learned was astonishing to us, for the universes we know are unlike this one. But you know your own homeland, so that part of our tale cannot astonish you. All that matters is this: we were concerned enough about the differences in magical practice that we all slept in one room, and while we did not keep formal watches, we were none the less on guard.

Thus Eikinskjaudi and I heard Radu speak in his sleep. And he

spoke the name Galeot."

Radu took up the tale. "I dreamed of a sword that flashed red and gold. In the dream, I knew that sword, it was my companion. And there was a man who stood beside while others fled. I woke myself with the name: Galeot. I told my comrades of the dream. Vardis thought, perhaps, this was a message from a murdered or enchanted fighter, whose mind, being no longer quite on the same plane as his countrymen, linked with an alien's. Me, rather than my teammates, because I too am a fighter.

Thus in the morning we traveled as near to the castle as the folk would allow. There we rested, and I strove to make my mind inviting to the thoughts of that other fighter. The next thing I remember is Vardis calling my name, telling me to wake."

The elf-may took up the story. "He called again the name of Galeot. I answered that Galeot had gone on and asked who called him. And Radu said 'Dzeymz.' I was able to question Dzeymz and learn his Story. Eikinskjaudi wrote it down. I woke Radu, and we thought what to do. It was Radu who thought of searching for a monastery to find copyings who would record the tale once it was translated for them."

Dzeymz was a Neutral, Radu broke in, and spoke Neutral. I don't know that language, yet he used--well, you'll see.

"And then we remembered, Vardis resumed, that by the tale Dzeymz told, his companion had been wounded and asked to go to a place of safety. This could very well be a monastery or some other religious house of healing. And surely the tale of his appearance would be reported throughout the religious community.

We dared hope only for a clue to this companion. Yet, behold, we find the companion himself. With this, the elf-may Vardis gave into my hand two scrolls. Here is the tale of Dzeymz, writ in Neutral and in Lawful.

I looked at the heading of the Lawful scroll. My visitors had rendered the name of James in their own fashion as Dzeymz, and I bethought me of a scribe who had rendered my own name as Galahault. 'Tis a long tale, quoth I, and I am no scholar to read it while you wait.

"Then will we leave it with you as a memorial of a brave man," said Radu.

"And a speedy recovery from your wounds," said Vardis.

"I thank you," said I, for there is a certain caitiff against whose sword I will measure mine in James' memory.

The dwarf spoke for the first time. "Strength to your arm, Galeot."

They rose to go, and I also stood up to bid them farewell, though I perforce leaned against the back of my chair. I remained standing as best I could until they were out of sight and then settled myself in the chair with the scrolls. The task was long and oft re-awakened my hatred against our betrayers, but I rejoiced to hear once more, through Radu's words, the voice of my faithful friend James.

Thus spake he:

Dzeymz, I am Dzeymz, freelance fighter. NO hero but a reliable swordsman.

By the Three Angels! Are these truly my thoughts, cloaked in words as fine as a harlot's gown? Well, so be it, though I could never speak thus while I lived. None dared tell me to my face, Dzeymz, you are a lackwit, after I had my strength. They are the lackwits, if they think a child does not hear and understand and remember.... Even a lackwit child.

But while I have your pretty words, I would speak of my last campaign. Of my companions and of three cravens.

We marched into Gwruch. Our hobbit thief, Loki, went ahead to spy the path. I marched behind him with my sword. To my left marched Galeot, ever at my side in battle. To my right marched our cleric, Zarko, damn Zarko! Moran marched behind Galeot, Moran the magic-user, the hireling. I should not be hard on him. Behind me marched Neala, half-elf, magic-user and fighter both, who had lost a leg in some past battle. Behind Zarko marched Driga, a druid, good luck to his quest. Our rearguard was Dzem, another hireling, peace to his shade.

We entered Castle Gwruch and followed Zarko's map. We came to a room of skeletons chained to a wall and a whip that seemed to be cracking itself. When Zarko entered, the skeletons all crumbled to dust. My sword was angry; it shone red and

gold as I ran toward that whip and struck at where its wielder would be if someone was indeed wielding it. Galeot was beside me, and together we struck at the invisible whip-wielder. One or the other of us struck off its arm, it became visible as arm and whip fell to the floor....What? No, not the monster, the arm. Someone said it was a dragon gut whip. Loki put it in his pack.

There were nine doors that looked to be closet doors. We started opening them. Was it the second or the third? No matter. One closet held a huge wooden club, big enough for a giant. My sword clattered in its sheath. I took it out and struck at the club. The wood bled. I slashed it to bleeding tinder.

Then the copper slab that stood in the center of the room, the copper slab with doors appearing, began to grow. As though to accommodate a giant, someone said. We left the room by the door we entered.

Galeot and I stood to either side of the door with swords drawn while Loki listened. He reported noise of something moving around and then silence. We went back in. The room was empty. Galeot and I kept watch on the slab. The others once more began opening closet doors. In the one where I had killed the club was a sword slashing creature whose remaining arm matched the arm that Loki had had to cut off the dragon gut whip. In another was a solid silver wheel, spinning in a void. While we were doing this, there came noises at the south door, as of battle. One side spoke orkish; the other some unknown tongue. We went on with our work.

The dragon gut whip passed through the wheel without seeming to affect wheel or whip. The same with a sword. In another closet was a mirror that turned out to reflect the wheel when it was fitted into the void. It didn't reflect anything else. In another closet was half a suit of bloties. Left glove, left sandal, left sleeve, left side of pantaloons. We took these along, meaning to do Detect Magic on them later.

In the next room were nine kobolds. Seven of them our magic-users slept, two fled. Loki charged after them, getting cut the whip. Galeot and I ran after Loki, lest they turn on him. Thanks to that accursed whip, they escaped, Loki turned on his own party. I slashed the lash off the whip--while Zarko cried out against me for destroying loot!--and Galeot leaped upon Loki and pinned him. Loki dropped the bleeding whip, looking horrified at what it had made him do. Galeot released him then with apologies for ahnaling him so roughly.

Touching the whip to a sleeping kobold woke it up, and we had to dispatch it. Then we disposed of the other six. Each kobold was wearing green ring, these we took for loot. They put that accursed whip together again, it joined, but when they tried snapping it, it came apart. So they rejoined it, put it away, and we went on.

Down a corridor we came to a door that Zarko said led to a room where ogres used to lurk. When we got the door open and saw there were indeed two ogres, Neala threw a fireball. One was scarred but still on his feet, the other was unhurt. Galeot and I charged the uninjured one. It hurt me, but we killed it. The others had killed the burned one by the time we turned to aid them. I forget whether Zarko or Driga healed me, but one of them did. Then we searched the room.

In a chest we found five blocks of silver, two of gold, a white coin, a gold dagger and a flask. Each block of metal weighed about as much as 500 coins. In a closet we found ogre garb. In a desk we found a rattling snake. Driga charmed it, spoke to it and closed the desk. A high cabinet turned out to be the lower end of a chute. We closed and spiked it.

Loki carried the flask, Zarko the dagger and coin. I carried a block of gold and a block of silver, so did Galeot. Driga carried two blocks of silver. Ozem carried one.

By now it was time to sleep. Galeot took the first watch. I was to take the second, and Ozem the third. By then the spellcasters would be rested enough that Zarko would relieve Ozem and Neala relieve Zarko. When Galeot woke me for my watch, things had happened. Zarko, Driga and Loki were having nightmares, and Zarko had

wakened and taken the loot out of his pack. The left half-clothes had begun to creep toward a door, but only begun, Galeot ties them to a rope and tied the rope to the furniture.

Zarko and I doubled up for the next watch. Then we woke Dzem and Driga, telling them to wake Moran and Galeot for the fourth. Galeot woke me to take the last watch with Neala. Nothing else stirred in the night. In the morning, we put the whip and the half clothes into the chest and locked it. I was glad to see the last of the whip. Even the snake in the desk hadn't liked it. We went on.

Once again we entered a room with two ogres. These had seven orcs with them. Sleep took care of the orcs, but not the ogres. Neala threw a fireball, and once more got only one. And once more Galeot and I charged the undamaged ogre. This time Galeot was wounded, but we killed the ogre. Then I helped kill the second one, which had dealt out wounds generously to Zarko and Driga. We killed the second ogre, and Zarko and Driga healed themselves and Galeot. Then we killed the orcs. Then we searched.

The orcs had one gold piece each. The ogres had strange tokens; someone said they might be anti-charm or anti-sleep. Galeot got one. There was a chest here too. It had four blocks of gold, two of silver, eight of copper and a leather pouch with a blue gem and a green gem.

There was a goose in a cage. Driga spoke to it, and it answered, but its words were as the words of an oracle. Except that it said there were two more ogres that left the room through a trapdoor in the center of the floor. I stood on guard over that trapdoor, while Driga went on with the goose.

One of the two chairs evaded Loki when he approached it. It evaded everyone except Galeot and Moran. Galeot sat in it, and the table glowed blue. Then the chair moved to the table, and Galeot said he had thought of pulling it up to the table. Someone took out that mirror from the other room that reflected only the silver wheel even after it was taken away; now it showed a blue wheel.

Galeot asked for food. A banquet for 13 appeared on the table. Since there was only one other chair, Galeot called for six more; six chairs appeared. We sat and ate.

Loki thought of opening one of the chests that Galeot thought were meant to contain spices--though no spices ever smell like that--but decided it would be too close to his nightmare of last night that had the hair of his feet standing on end.

Zarko too remembered his nightmare last night. He dreamed, he said, of crying out that there was a traitor among us. Now as we ate, he cried that there was a traitor among us. I drew my sword and bade him sit. Galeot bade his chair tell the chair under the traitor to collapse, if traitor there was, the chairs all trembled, but none fell. Loki started whining to Zarko, a snivelling hobbit, can there be worse? I bade Zarko a second time to sit down.

We determined them to depart, for we had no wish to be forced to kill our cleric to keep him from killing one of the party. Zarko carried the gems, Neala and Galeot and Zarko took gold blocks, Dzem the silver block that Driga had been carrying and Driga the fourth gold block. Moran took the two silver blocks.

The goose turned out to have been making a spell. I thought he was only making a mess. The spell showed a series of scenes that seemed to make sense to Driga, because when the goose went to one of the doors--not the one we came in by--Driga decided to follow. The rest of us decided to go back while Zarko was still in command of himself. Driga said he should have the white coin as well as the block of gold, and Zarko gave it to him. Driga followed the goose. Good luck to him. We began backtracking.

We met an ogre. Galeot and I went for it. It dealt Galeot such a blow that his leg would not bear him and spurted blood in a jet as red as the red glow of my sword. I strove to reach him and stand over him, but he was on the other side of the ogre. Always he stood so as to have our foe between us. Zarko was hit twice.

Four orcs came in. The ogre began to fall back toward them. Moran slept the orcs. Four more came in. The ogre laid upon my sword arm with a blow that sent me staggering back from the battle. The ogre was regenerating like a troll.

Neala had shifted to Fighter mode and was---why does this astonish you? Can't elves do bot' where yuh come frum? Hey! Whar'ja go?....Neala was trying to shift back from Fighter mode to Magic User. That takes time. Zarko threw Finger of Death--- Shit, man, can'cha unnerstan? C'mon....The ogre threw off Zarko's spell.

There died Dzem, loyal to his given word. The ogre dealt him a blow that reached and tore his lung. He fell. I shook the shield off my arm and took my sword in my left hand to return to battle. Neala disappeared, gone invisible. Loki took out the flask he had carried, smeared himself with the ointment therein and ran, he ran thru an orc and thru a wall. Moran also ran, without magical ointment, I should not be hardon a hireling for running, yet Dzem stayed and died. No, I do not think hardly of Moran. Not now.

Zarko. Zarko, the highest-level member of the party. Zerk0, the only one who could heal our wounds. With Dzem dead, Galeot dying, myself and my sword taking on the ogre alone--Zarko fled. Disappeared with a bolt of blue. Damn Zarko!

I struck at the ogre, missed and struck down an orc. Again I struck and again hit an orc. The ogre struck my right shoulder. Twice more I scored with my left hand, but I was weakening. Then my sword flashed red and gold. The ogre struck me again, and I knew I could not take another blow and stay on my feet. I wondered why Neala had not taken the ogre from the other side, as Galeot was wont to do....Galeot, lying in blood.

I struck at the ogre and again killed an orc. The ogre struck at me, and my sword flashed red and gold as it struck the ogre. The ogre's blow drove into my chest and I saw a huge fountain of blood--and then nothing.

Strange was my awakening. I did not hear. I did not see. Yet I knew.

I knew that my sword had slain the ogre. I knew that the ogre had slain me. I knew that Moran had not run clean away but hidden in the next room until the battle was over. I knew he returned and saved Galeot, binding up his bleeding leg. I knew he put Galeot on the traveling chair and put my sword in his hands and also a bag with a human head that the ogre had and three gold blocks. I knew he took the green ring from my pack and a bracelet from the ogre.

Neala had told me the ring was probably a water-breathing ring. Neala probably told Loki the ointment was ointment of etherealness. Any fool--even a fool such as Dzeymz--would figure that the bracelet was what made the ogre regenerate like a troll. Moran did not use it to regenerate Galeot's leg. When all was ready, Moran stood beside Galeot in the traveling chair. Galeot told the chair to get them out by the safest route. The chair and Galeot disappeared leaving Moran alone.

No way, you crumb! Galeot did' desert nobody. It wuz duh chair. No, nor me neither. What good hauling my meat back to town? No good, that's what. Don't gimme that Raise Dead crock....Hey! Come back here--!

Moran walked ba&k on his own. Through the room where we met the kobolds, through the room with the copper slab with doors on it. Through the corridors. He found a body in the corridor, bent to help and got a bolt of blue for it. He went on out.

I knew that Loki had stopped running maybe two miles away from the castle. I knew he had with him a golden goblet he stole from the banquet table. I knew that Neala had gone too. Turned invisible to flee, not to fight. I had thought better of Elves. I knew that Zarko too escaped, with gold and silver and gems. And the golden dagger and the magic mirror. But I could not find Drica on his quest. And I could not find Galeot. And not speak to anyone. Until you.

Now I charge you to make my tale known to the guild. And let this be called from the towers, that Galeot might hear, my thoughts are with him, and my sword, and I hope that it serves him as well as it did me. And now I must go.

As I set aside the scroll, my muscles were tense from reading James' account of his death and the flight of our erstwhile companions. I drained the last of a cup of good wine, which stood at my elbow and mused. It would be a long day, I bethought me, ere I again went adventuring with an elf or a hobbit--although this Vardis had seemed a far more trustworthy companion than the fugitive Neala.

Still, if one was as charitable as Brother Iodocus, excuses could be found for Loki and Neala. Neala was not sound of body, and it is no disgrace for the stateliest to flee a pack of wolves, or a hobbit to take fright at an ogre.

It was at Zarco, the self-cleped fighting cleric, that my rage was aimed. Once I have my strength again, I vowed, I would send him a defiance to single combat to the death for his perfidy. It would be a pleasure, whatever the monks may say about revenge, to flesh James' sword in the man whose flight left James to die. And if Zarco should stand upon his privileges as a cleric and refuse my challenge, then also shall James' sword see use--in beating his backside raw with its flat.

And if I get my death thereby, it will be in the cause of honor. If I be told truly by Radu, in the words that he has lent to James for his tale, I shall rejoice to see James and drink with him again. And with Jem too, for whom I have also lit candles.

Peace be to your soul, James, if you are where you can hear me and know that in the world of shadows you shall soon have either Galeot as your companion or the false Zarko as your slave!

#### THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE DUNGEON

Depth Perception (Eney): On your comments about who is the dominant figure in the D&D universe, I found an interesting division of labor once while traversing the distaff side of Carnelian at Don Sobwick's place. The marching order of the party and the decision as to where we go next, gang, were directed by Lee Burwasser, but as fighting started we fought as directed by Don--the only player present who had any military background.

Galeot couldn't use that Amulet against Chaotic Dungeon Masters.

Isn't Stryx taxonomical Greek for screech-owl? And the plural would be Stryges.

WELL, NOW (Comerford): Tolkien says that female dwarves do not appear distinctly different from males--ergo they also have beards. De gustibus....

As usual, I start off with my comments on the last issue (14):

LEE: I don't know you, or the people who play D&D in your area, except through this zine, but you don't seem to play the game for the same reason I do (I refer to your comment to Charles McGrew). There are many games in which I could be a cardboard counter with Attack, Defense, and Movement. I play and enjoy these games, but with D&D you have the opportunity to actually play the part of a flesh-and-blood character, as defined by the die rolls and the part you add to it. I enjoy readings, but the opportunity to be in a play is special. Why take that away from the persons who enter your dungeon? How can you be more focused on the character than being the character? Admittedly, it means the the death of your character hits you harder, but it's worth the element that makes D&D an experience instead of just a game. Another thing is the Gross vs. Gress idea of balance. It doesn't seem consistent to be in a situation in which you are better off with a +2 weapon or armor than with a +5, and that's what you seem to be saying. If an item, person, or combination goes byond what you were set up to handle, the old impenetrable force field (i.e., "I'm sorry, but that's too powerful") is quite sufficent protection.

SEAN CLEARY: Naga were in The Strategic Review #3 (Autumn 1975), which version is much better than the shorter and altered stats given in G,D,&H. As for the dragons: Who out there has the McEwan (and/or other) minerature dragons? What size do they scale to?

MARK KRAMER: Your variable bite tables look much like mine, but I left the standard claw at 1-4 on the grounds that the claw might be a weapon as an afterthought (as a dog's would be), and only the dragon's great strength makes it worth 1-4 at all.

RICHARD SCHWALL: I'd like to put your name-generator on a computer-- to generate 250 names and pick the best 50. The pocket dictionary idea is great, though; I kicked myself twice for not having thought of it. When running melee I use grease pencil on a plastic sheet for small (less that a dozen combatants) melees, counters cut to scale for larger; I can't afford mineratures, but the counters are a workable substitute.

GLEEN BLACOW: You mean you don't try to fool your enemies into thinking you're a lower level than you are? Do all your people wear signs saying "Hi! I'm 7th (or whatever) level!"? Some of us poor folks who only have IQ's of 160 can't predict in advance what tactics a player might use, including flying up with a MLT. (Of course, some DM's reaction to an unexpected but effective tactic is "It doesn't work"--reason or no.) Who needs a Cold Wand on Level 2? Depends on whose level two it is. Some DM's level twos would be others level five. The Mage who klutzed himself out zapped his rings? Were those rings magic? Disintegrate cannot disintegrate magical material! (gobble, gobble) 12 Books? In one treasure? With no crocks? (You didn't mention any) Reading a book first as a FM and then as an MU? HELLLPP!! "Deaf as a post I am about some things" --Yes, I've noticed. Blind as a bat too.

FANG: Security Blankets--yes, yes. Now how about the stats on a magical Sopwith Camel?

KEN SCHER: I had set the buying power of a gold piece at \$2.50, but the SCA people tell me that the value of plate is around \$250, and a good sword \$35-\$40. Maybe a \$5 royal is the answer (of course, at \$125/oz .11bm of gold would be worth \$200 to us).

NICOLAI: Let's see: a 3rd level thief has to make his Move Silently, Remove Lock, and Pickpocket rolls in succession to filch the Golem's bag; hadn't you best cut that %age of Damned Lucky down an order of magnitude or so?

STEVE PERRIN: Aligning cursed swords can be interesting. Once after we had gotten a cursed (& ego'd) sword which was Lawful and a Cleric Removed Curse on it; I pointed out that we had just killed a Lawful being. The others agreed, so we Reincarnated it. (The sword was overjoyed).

CHUCK ULRICH: Down here we play that a Wisdom 15 or better werebear can become a cleric (this applies to were form only, since experience for the two forms is kept separately as for any alternating character).

STEVE MCINTOSH: In GREYHAWK, it states that no Chaotic can have a Charisma above 15. Given that, how do you get an Anti-Palidin? (I have been playing a 15 as sufficient). The way to make weres less powerful as Mages is to make them less powerful--not impossible. Who said that the advancement tables were the same?

Having said my say, this month's new stuff starts off with

DRAGONS: Those of you who read my Neutral Dragon tables may have noticed that I had dragons ranging from 5-7 to 11-13 Hit Dice. As a firm believer in equality, I have added Lawful and Chaotic parallels. I now present-- 4 additional dragons!

NAME	BREATH WEAPON	HIT DICE	CHANCE OF TALKING/ SLEEPING/ SPELL USE / SPELL LEVEL
Lawfuls:			
Zinc	Confusion (5"x4" cloud)* or Silence (8"x3" cone)*	5-7	25%/60%/ 5%/1st
Mithril	Fire (9"x3" cone) or Dispell Evil (6"x1/2" line)	11-13	100%/ 5%/100%/7th
Chaotics:			
Yellow	Sandblast (9"x3" cone)	10-12	90%/10%/ 50%/6th
Violet	Boiling Oil (8"x1/2" line)	11-13	95%/ 5%/ 75%/7th

Mithril Dragons may Polymorph Self freely, or Shape Change to any of the lesser Lawful Dragons (and thus could end up with 21 Breath Weapons). Breath Weapons marked with a \* save as vs. spells; the Dispell Evil breath works as the spell of a cleric of the same level as the Dragon's Hit Dice; It may be inhaled to protect the dragon. Habitats: Zincs like old mines, quarrys, canyons and valleys; Mithrils prefer rocky islands, atolls, and cliffs; Yellows are found at secluded lakes and rivers, and occasionally inlets. Violets are not found in fields of flowers, but near salt lakes and seacoasts. Note: For the chance of spell use, it should be noted that I modified the Spell Use/Level for Chaotics as follows: White-5%/1st; Black-10%/2nd; Green-20%/3rd; Blue-30%/4th; Red-40%/5th. Oh yes; and of course the Chromatic gains the Yellow and Violet heads.

New Magical Item for Ken Pick and other people who play Healing Dr. Pepper--Energy Level Restoring Coca-Cola! (Coke adds life)

Book Review Dept.: Swords & Spells may be the best thing to come out of TSR since Greyhawk (or perhaps, for Warlock players, the 3 original books). Described as third-generation Chainmail, for D&D purposes it leaves the former book in the dust, as well as making clear for the first time things from the original rules (such as movement in various armor types, and what a charge move means). The explanations are well done, the typos seem to have been kept to a minimum, and the charts are adaptable for those who want to use their own style while cleaning up their combat system. If you run a wilderness, or any battle with lots of participants, this volume is helpful; if you have armies of hundreds fighting the book is invaluable. 43 pages, \$5.00 from TSR Rules (by Gary Gygax).

Correction Dept.: To the Centaur charts I published in A&E 13: Centaurs may become Magic-Users with an Intelligence of 14, Illusionists with Int. and Dexterity of 14, Cleric if Wisdom is 14, and Poet if Charisma is 15. Also, don't forget that Spell-Using Centaurs drop from D8 to D6 Hit Dice, and attack at one column lower (if using a level system, two levels lower); they are also restricted in weapon use as are the human users of the same spell type. However, do not forget that saving throw becomes either Fighter or Spell User equivalent, whichever is better.

Speaking of that; is anyone interested in the charts? I don't want to waste space on something that nobody cares about; so if you want to see a monster, please ask for it. As I said in #13, given a D&D type description I can usually come up with a chart, and I have 36 of them on hand. Your replies are greatly appreciated (In fact, Glenn, I'll even do charts on Sherman Tanks if you want them).

Half-thought-out Ideas Dept.: Sean Cleary got me thinking about the question of weapon skill; then The Dragon #2 came out with a chart for mastering weapons and doing additional damage. Now, how about this idea: Characters start out with some minus on the To-Hit # (maybe -4 for FM, -5 for Clerics & Thieves, -6 for MU's & Poets) except with their chosen weapon, which they are 2 better with. Then, record how many EP's are gained with each weapon (only when actually using the weapon). Then, proficiency could be gained something like this:

POINTS	SKILL GAINED (FM/CLERIC/M-U)
500	-3/-4/-5 with weapon
1000	-2/-3/-4 with weapon (Favorite weapon starts here)
2000	-1/-2/-3 with weapon
4000	Normal/-1/-2 with weapon
10,000	+1/Normal/-1
20,000	+1 and increased damage a la Dragon/+1/Normal
50,000	+2 and extra damage (From here Poets get +1 and all
100,000	+2, xtra damage, and others have topped out except gain 1 speed factor for Thieves, who are 1 category behind Fighters)

Above 100,000, the Fighter (or thief) has reached maximum skill, but there is no limit to the number of weapons he can advance in, and the level restrictions on certain Humanoids have no effect on points in the skill category. Of course, skill can be gained only with a weapon usable by your player class. Training courses might also be set up, at perhaps 1 week and 1000GP per 200 points gained with a weapon.

Comments, anyone? I haven't tried this, and it is extra bookkeeping, but it does seem to add a note of realism to the fighting arts.

My next idea is only the start of an idea, but I toss it out for any of you who might want to do some development work on it. I have read the complaints of those who dislike the unrealism of the hit point system. Critical Hits or Blackmoor notwithstanding, a Hero or better can have an arrow fired into him at point-blank range and still come charging at you, fighting at full capability. Now the way I see the problem, it is to put together this more realistic system in such a way as to make it compatible with general D&D and the characters derived from it. Here's the way I see it working: A character's Hit Points and Armor Class are combined into his Defensive Rating. The level of his opponent and the effectiveness of his weapon (in both to-hit and damage), are combined into an Attack Rating (naturally, any bonus due to magic or characteristic is figured into the ratings). The Defense and Attack ratings are then compared in some way to get a %ile chart similar to a critical hit type of chart, with categories like No effect, slight cut/bruise, and the like. Of course, separate figuring of things like Breath Weapons would have to be figured (which would replace the saving throw, or include it in the Defense Rating). This type of system would be compatible with the D&D rules and creatures without having to modify wholesale the rules to achieve the realism. What do the rest of you think of the idea? Anyone using something similar?

Dungeon Denizens Dept.: Two additional monsters in the throng.

ALACORNS: Fliers; Lawful; 3+2 HD; AC 4; Move 24/48; Found mainly in forested, perhaps hilly regions; IQ 3D6, Dexterity 3D6+1; No lair or treasure; 1-6 appear; Attacks 2 Hooves/1 Horn; Damage 1-8/Hoof, 2-16/Horn. The mane means "wing-horn", and these creatures are a cross between Pegasus and Unicorns (with some magical aid). They have similar powers to Unicorns, but detect enemies at a range of only 12", do not teleport, and resist magic only as a 6th level mage. Virginity is not necessary in a rider, but chastity and Lawful behavior at all times is. Alacorns are somewhat shy.

PANTHERS: Misc. Monsters; L/N/C; 8 HD, AC 0, Move 18, Found in terrain varying from grassy plains to snowy mountains to jungles; IQ 3D6 (or equivalent to Dragons); Dexterity 3D6+1; In lair 20%; 3D4 in lair; Treasure type D; Attacks 2 claws/1 bite; Damage 1-4/claw, 2-12 Bite; Panthers also have a breath weapon (see below). The mythological Panther looked similar to a leopard, but was the size of a large tiger. The enemies of Dragons, Panthers and Dragons not of the same alignment or both Chaotic will attack each other, and even both Lawful or Neutral will not get along and will not go in the same party unless it is large enough to keep them away from each other. The alignment of a Panther can be told from its fur color: White, Tawny, and Tawny with spots are Lawful; Orange, Brown, and Red-Brown are Neutral; and Grey and Black are Chaotic. Panthers always have Infravision. Panthers are also found in 8 age groups, although 6th (very old) to 8th (very ancient) are rare. Panther Breath is a 3" x 3" cloud usable once per age level per day; the effect depends on the level of creature affected: 3rd & below are Held for 24 hours (this affects only up to eight levels at a time--if more than eight levels fail to save roll randomly until eight levels are held), 4th-6th Sleep for 8 hours (no limit on # from this point), 7th-9th are stunned for 1-6 full turns, 10th-15th are Confused for 2-8 melee rounds, 16th and up are confused for 1 to 4 melee rounds. Saving throws are as for Dragon Breath, with no effect if save is made. Dragons are immune to Panther Breath; and Panthers are immune to Dragon Breath which does not do points damage

(including such breaths as Disintegrate, Death Ray, and Thionite); they take half damage from damaging weapons, none if save is made (and the saving throw vs. Dragon Breath is 10 minus age level). Panthers talk 75% of the time and use magic (up to 6th level spells) 15% of the time.

New Spells Dept: The following spells are for sale (one copy only; no scrolls or extra copies may be made):

RECHARGE: MU spell, 5th level. This spell, usable once/month, is able to replace charges in magical items which are rechargeable. The spell will not work on an item with no charges left, nor will it charge an item which is fully charged. The number of charges which are restored is equal to 1% per level of MU, 1 charge minimum. Range is 1". Cost 25,000 GP

IMPROVE: MU spell, 6th level. A spell which adds (for all purposes) 2-6 points (2  $\frac{1}{2}$  D6) to one characteristic of a character. This spell can only be used on one characteristic at a time, and will not act on anyone using another spell to improve any characteristic (such as Strength or Dexterity), nor on anyone who is using any item (excluding potions) which augments the characteristic being Improved. Duration: 8 hours; Range 3". Cost 36,000 GP

Speaking of new spells; I think it was from Nicolai that I first heard about the analysis of magic with Detect Magic (thrown at a magical area or item, roll %ile dice and add level to get amount of information you receive--no additions for items). Now, while I like the idea, it seems a bit too good to be first level, (the system we used while in Stormgate happily told us all about artifacts) but I like the basic approach. So, if there were, say, three spells, one for analyzing spells, one for most items (and spells), and one which would analyze anything magical including artifacts, using the same type of system, where would you put them? My estimation would be 3rd, 6th, and 9th levels respectively; does that seem right?

Random Questions Dept:

1) Do any of the Anne McCaffery fans think that full sized Perneese Dragons would fit well in the D&Dverse?

2) Seeing that Clerics are not supposed to draw blood, do you allow Blade Barrier? Have you altered it to Mace Barrier or some such?

3) Do you allow characters to learn different alignment tongues? How about swords; can they come with more than one alignment tongue? Can swords learn new languages? Do you allow talking to animals by learning their language without a spell? If not, where do you draw the line at what has a language and what doesn't? Who can learn which languages? (P.S. Lec; I saw Dragon #1, so I think most of us know how you feel on the subject)

4) Am I boring you people?

Having caused enough eyestrain for today, and in case you are bored, I think it's time to fly into the typeset. Till #15, this is Heilborn wishing all dungeoneers Good Hunting.

# NOTES FOR THE UNDERGROUND#10

A semi-regular publication of StormGate Enterprises

by Nicolai Shapero 225 Creekside Drive Palo Alto, Ca. 94306

Those of you out there in cloud cuckoo land who bother to read this screwball column might note the change of address above. The mad mind of Berkeley is heading for Stanford country and the great mass of crazies there. Basically, it's LET'S FIND A JOB TIME!

Anyhoo, mailing comments are being held to an absolute minimum in this column. I found that my preliminary draft ran to two pages of comments to Glenn Blacow alone. So Glenn got a letter, and the feud stays OUT of A&E. Hopefully.

If others kept their comments down to a page or so in similar fashion, poor Lee wouldn't be swamped with the MONSTER that A&E is becoming (One hundred and sixty-six pages!? MY GOD!)

So here goes with my ONE page of mailing comments:

LEE: Re YOU BET YOUR BOB. Ook, Ook, and yet again, Ook! Also, Re people with potions/devices of giant strength...see my class II magic absorbers.

TO ALL: At Dundracon I, Frank Gospherik mentioned the idea of a monster similar in intent to my Magic Absorbers (the first set that appeared a few issues back). I forgot his comment, and then whipped up my own set--so original inspiration probably due to Frank.

ERIC: Interesting. But what will you do for D&D now that Jeffrey has flown the coop for LA?

M. GEMIGNANI: In StormGate (and Robber's Roost) there is no chance to run for it unless you either (1) get surprise, or (2) leave a rearguard behind to get eaten. No third method. So running away in either dungeon tends to be merely a good way to get killed.

DAN: But with that experience system, a 9th FM who kills 20 9th FM goes up a level--equivalent to earning 120,000 ep--and yet this kill would only give him 18,000 ep by Grayhawk. Isn't it a bit gross to increase the advancement rate by a factor of over SIX?

SEAN CLEARY: A Bolo? My GOD! Isn't that a bit large to fit into a dungeon?

MARK KRAMER: POETS ARE NOT MY CREATION!! Only one sheem spider appears. Same number of death demons.

Stewart Levin: The flails are chaotic, and a wish in StormGate will not change the alignment of a weapon. Also: 1 attack/flail, 1 attack/eye per melee round. Men get one attack per melee round. And dexterity determines who will strike first in StormGate--that is why the dexterity is important (to me, at any rate). Also, one class V death demon has been blown away--and one of the people on the run is going to write the adventure up for A&E--DO YOU HEAR THAT, SCOTT NORTON, OR FRIENDLY SCRIBE????????????

SCOTT NORTON: I KNOW YOU ARE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE! FINISH THE STORY!

CHARLIE: Around here, you don't recover from critical hits. Chak, 6th FM, lost his left ear in Alabastor Mountain (Clint Bigglestone's dungeon) when he was second level. He is still missing the ear.

This humble (?) individual has just finished moving down to Palo Alto (it is the evening of the 20th of September) and virtually all of my notes for this issue's column are buried somewhere in the chaos. (Grammatically, that last sentence was a true horror--but it is 10:30 PM, and if I want to get this thing in for A&E-15,..It's the old story, "I don't care if it's good, I want it by Thursday...")

So, to deal with those insane people with implements of giant strength...

### MAGIC ABSORBERS...CLASS II

Versus magical weapons, or normal weapons propelled by ogre or giant strength, these creatures are armor class SEVEN. ~~XXXX~~ Damage done by such weapons adds to the number of hit points ~~xxxxxxx~~ available to the creature, rather than subtracting from the number of hit points ~~xx~~ remaining to the creature.

(SORRY ABOUT THE TYPOS--I'M WORKING ON A NEW ELECTRIC--AND MY CORRECTION FLUID IS HIDING FROM ME, SOMEWHERE.)

Normal weapons, driven by normal strength, will do regular damage. But against such weapons the MAII is armor class TWO...

Normal~~x~~ missiles have no effect on MAII's, and magical arrows add to hit points, as for other magical weapons.

If a spell 'caster casts a spell (or attempts to cast a spell) against an MAII, he/she must save as vs magic, or lose 50-100% of his/her spell points  $(40+(1D6)\times 10)$ . If he/she saves, percentage lose of spell points is halved. In either case, the spell caster is knocked cold for 1-4 melee rounds. In straight-Gygax, or limited spell use games, save as vs magic or lose all spell use for that day.

At the end of any melee round, if an MAII has over 200 hit points, it will explode. If it explodes, its total number of hit points is distributed ~~xx~~ evenly among all characters as damage (range=30 feet). Damage taken in this fashion WILL NOT REGENERATE. (No regular, troll-like, vampire-like, or other regeneration device or potion will restore).

If an MAII has 100 or more hit points at the beginning of a melee round, it will split into two ~~xxx~~ smaller MAII's (each with half the number of hit points of the original). These offspring may fight in the same melee round. (With no loss of initiative).

All MAII's appear as silvery gray balls of light, roughly three and a half feet in diameter.

<u>Hit Points</u>	<u>MonsterHitDice (for attack)</u>	<u>Attacks</u>	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Dexterity</u>
1-8	1	1	1D4	5
9-15	2	2	1D6	10
16---20	3	2	1D8	16
21-30	4	3	1D10	21
31-40	6	3	1D20	24

(cont. next page)

<u>Hit Points</u>	<u>Hit Dice</u>	<u>Attacks</u>	<u>Damage</u>	<u>Dexterity</u>
41-70	10	4	2D20*	32
71-120	15	5	3D20*	45
121-200	20	6	3D20*	60

\*-target must save as follows: 5% chance of save per point of constitution. If target fails to save, it will be knocked out for 30 to 60 minutes (roll D4, multiply by ten, and add twenty to determine number of minutes). If target saves, reduce time spent unconscious by a factor of two.

A Class II Magic Absorber of more than 30 hit points requires some magical item in order to survive for more than an hour. Thus any MAII of more than 30 hit points will either carry a magical item, or will be in the company of another MAII that is carrying a random magical item.

For each hit die equivalent in attack, the MAII is capable of carrying one magical item. MAII's will NOT, however, remain in the 121-200 hit point range--they will choose to divide into smaller MAII's instead.

MAII's are fond of artifacts that give the possessor ogre or giant strength. They are also very fond of wands and staves of great power (staves of wizardry and the like). And they are able to detect and locate such items at great range (99% accuracy at 5km, 100% accuracy at 1km). They will attempt to steal such items from dungeon and wilderness goers at every opportunity.

It requires an MAII approximately one minute to ~~xxxx~~ search and strip a body of ALL magical items (and MAII's have the special ability to determine the precise magical properties of any item 99% of the time--even with non-standard magical items). MAII's will hoard magical items, but as they are able to become ethereal (and carry magical items with them in this state) the lairs are ALWAYS in locations inaccessible by men.

Movement speed is 96 (960 feet per movement turn underground, 960 yards per movement turn above ground). These creatures are HIGHLY intelligent, Neutral, communicative (telepathic), and willing to trade for the magic they want (always trading magic for magic--and almost ALWAYS giving crock items for what they want (say 90% of the time)).

Very frequently found at the entrances and exits to dungeons, awaiting parties with magical treasure.

MAII's do not generally attack to kill--they will gladly do their way without harming anyone. But, if there is a device that will give giant strength, or a truly powerful wand or staff, no MAII will leave the area until either (1) he has the item in question or (2) he is dead. If an MAII receives the item in a trade, or off a dead body--it is all the same to him...but have it he will, or die in the attempt.

MAII's are not evil, and they have the power to raise the dead fully (no constitution check), and to cure all damage that they have inflicted. After looting a party, they will generally (though not always, by any means) raise all those party members killed in the battle, and cure all wounds they have inflicted. Any person raised by an MAII forfeits ALL of his magical equipment of course. Any individual who refuses to hand over his goods to the MAII can be killed by that MAII, if that MAII used its power to raise him. The party member does not get a saving throw--he just dies. And after being put upon in such fashion, and MAII will generally disintegrate the body, so that no future raise is possible.

THE TUESDAY MORNING REPORT #4, a D&D apazine from Steve (that's short for Stephen, Glenn) Perrin, 3901 Canon Ave., Oakland, CA 94602.

#### WHAT DOES IT MEAN, WEDGED?

If it means wedged open, as in my approach to D&D as having an open mind, I guess it is a compliment. If it means wedged shut, as any number of minds seem to be about the possibilities in the game, I don't think it applies.

#### BARBARIANS

Read with interest Stewart Levin's epistle on the Barbarians in the last issue. It fits in with a concept I've been working on, although he is both too stringent in his requirements and perhaps too generous in his abilities. Herewith are my thoughts:

1. Hit points and level as a regular fighter
2. Strength, Dexterity and Constitution must be 12+.
3. Can go berserker (perhaps involuntarily at the failure of a Wisdom roll when a low level) and up attack by +2, throwing away any shields or other protective gear save armor, rings or such. Base 50% chance Barbarian will continue to be berserk after melee is over -5% for every melee round under ten it lasted, +5% for every one past ten. (7 melee rounds = 35% chance Barbarian will continue berserk; 12 rounds = 60%.) This trait can be modified by intelligence, wisdom, and/or level as a DM sees fit.
4. Will disdain any better protection than chain mail. Distrusts magical items of almost any nature, though not to the point of phobia. Any magic items which fit into his/her culture, however, are welcomed and considered gifts of the Gods. (E.g. a "horse barbarian" will distrust and disdain a magical broadsword, but a magical scimitar would be just his thing.) A Barbarian's parent culture should be carefully thought out before attempting to play the character: Norse, Irish, African, Amerind, Mongol, what?
5. Barbarians are by nature Lawful but only within the context of their tribe. It is easy for them to be seduced away from their traditions by big city life and take on almost any alignment.
6. A Barbarian has a +1 chance of detecting traps in the outdoors (snare, pits, and the like) and a basic (does not improve with level) thief's chance of moving silently, hiding in cover or shadows, climbing, etc. Picking pockets is not one of your standard Barbarian abilities, however. They also track like Rangers.
7. Naturally they are also keen of scent, hearing and sight, though they may not comprehend what they sense.
8. Many so-called Barbarians did not have the Berserker trait mentioned above. It can be discarded in such cases, being a mixed blessing at best.
9. Barbarians may become "civilized." Too much exposure to non-barbarian people can persuade him that he does want to wear plate, bedeck himself with magical items, worship the local deities, etc. This will cause him to slowly lose his extra abilities as civilization dulls his senses. People who can be trusted to play their characters can do this themselves. Others will have to be controlled by the DM of their campaign.
10. Most Barbarian Mages would tend to be Neutral or Chaotic as anything but personal magic is usually looked upon with fear and distrust by the general barbaric populace. Spells chosen should be the gross, unsubtle ones, with few detects and lots of offensive spells. Dice are as any Mage, with the above characteristics necessary.

11. Barbarian Clerics are at least semi-Druidic, thereby having access to some Druid spells. Their chances of Handling Undead are probably less than a civilized Cleric's, but again, that may depend on the cultural background.

12. Witch Hunters are your Lawful Barbarian Mages. Mostly out of African magic lore, they are also Balkan and, I'm sure, most other cultures. They are a Mage-Cleric who progresses like Mages and have most Magical and Clerical detects and protects, plus capture spells and maybe individual target attack spells. Their jobs are to find Evil Magic and destroy it, so they tend to be on the fanatical side, though not to the Cotton Mather extreme. They tend to be good vs. Demons too, or at the very least steeped in Demon Lore.

Witch Hunters may use any Magical, Clerical, Illusionist (if they have the Dexterity/Intelligence) or Druid spells which fit the type. They also have either 1) the ability to use when possible a Poly Self spell or 2) a natural shape-change ability to become small hunting animals, capable of sniffing out evil magic. That's always Poly-Self, never Poly Others.

Witch Hunters affect Undead as a Cleric two levels under theirs.

13. Barbarians can also be Thieves, Bards, and, possible, Paladins. They cannot be Monks or Rangers. Of course the civilizing influence of being a Thief (think about it) would dull their extra abilities quickly.

14. Anyone wishing to take this rough outline and flesh it out, feel free.

#### BANDITS

Bandits are really very simple: they are Fighter-Thieves. Alternately they could be called Highwaymen or Outlaws or Merry Men or something like that. They would progress as both fighters and thieves, splitting experience points. Armor and weaponry is as thieves, save for the use of longbow. A Bandit may adopt mail or other weaponry for a special reason, at which time he only accumulates experience as a fighter, but it is still halved as if he were accumulating thief points too, though he is not.

Bandits are neutral or Chaotic, just as it says in the book. It is conceivable that a band of bandits could be Lawful as part of an elaborate scenario for a campaign, but not as a rule.

Basic characteristics are the same as for a Barbarian. Those DMs who insist on penalizing players (beyond having to split experience points which is hassle enough) can perhaps insist on strength and dexterity being above 15, each, but I'm not uptight about these things.

Oh yes, picking pockets again is not a basic occupation of your outdoorsy type bandits. I, for one, am entirely in agreement with Glenn Blacow (surprise, surprise) about Thieves using bows. They don't. Slings though....

#### THE CHURCH MILITANT:

Something that is missing from D&D is the concept of the fighting Brotherhood of Churchmen-Fighters. Two different people have attempted to fill this lack. The first attempt came to me from my friend in Phoenix: Chuck Cady, 5120 No. 42nd Ave., AZ 85019. He did not devise the character type; someone else in his game did, but it is a type which seems to have gained popularity there.

This then is the TEMPLAR

Alignment: Lawful or Chaotic. (on the Gygax 4-way it would be Lawful-Good and Lawful-Evil).

Necessary Characteristics: Strength and Wisdom must be 15+ each.

Restrictions: 1) clerical abilities and spells are half as effective as those of regular clerics. (I have not had an explanation of this, so we shall leave it up to the DM to interpret. or write Chuck.)

2) No hit point bonus for constitution (but look at the hit dice).

3) Clerical weapons only, when fighting others of the same alignment.

Benefits: 1) +2 saving throw from hostile clerical spells

2) Templars heal at +1. (No, I don't know how this is supposed to square with half effect of clerical spells. Then again perhaps it's their wounds that heal at +1.)

3) Grand Masters acquire followers (1-12) as in Ranger tables.

Other Items: Templars have a chance of talking human opponents into joining their order. (Does not apply to Paladins, Thieves or other Templars). The formula for the chance is:  $\frac{\text{Templar Level} \times 10\%}{\text{Opponent's Level}}$

Thus an eighth level Templar (master) has an 8% chance of persuading a hostile 10th level Lord that he wants to become a Templar.

Statistics				Spell Levels							
Level	Rank	Exp. Pts.	HD (D6)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
1	Brother	nil	1 +4	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
2	Companion	2500	2 +4	1	-	-	-	-	-	-	
3	Squire	5000	3 +4	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	
4	Knight	10 K	4 +4	2	1	-	-	-	-	-	
5	Preceptor	20 K	5 +4	2	1	1	-	-	-	-	
6	Chancellor	40 K	6 +4	2	2	1	1	-	-	-	
7	Commander	80 K	7 +4	2	2	1	1	1	-	-	
8	Master	160 K	8 +4	3	2	2	1	1	-	-	
9	Grant Master 9th	320 K	10	3	3	2	2	2	-	-	
10	Grand Master 10th	480 K	10 +2	3	3	3	2	2	1	-	
11	Grant Master 11th	640 K	10 +4	3	3	3	3	3	1	-	
12	Grand Master 12th	800 K	10 +6	4	4	3	3	3	2	-	
13	Grand Master 13th	960 K	10 +8	5	5	4	3	3	2	-	
14	Grand Master 14th	1220 K	10 +10	6	6	5	5	4	3	1	

I can see problems with this character, but it is one approach to the situation.

The other attempt at this sort of character is the CRUCIFER, devised by Richard Barnhart (known in the Society for Creative Anachronism as Duke Richard the Short), my landlord. The basic restriction for this Organization is that of having to build an order. Before anyone can be promoted to a higher clerical level, there must be a sufficient number of underlings. It goes this way:

Experience points are split between fighting and cleric on a 50-50 basis. Those aspiring to rise to a level above Curate must never use edged weapons. Armor must be leather or mail, unadorned, never plate or adorned mail. All money gained must be tithed to Mother Church and the rest invested in the Order. All Crucifers have a vow of poverty.

No small town will have more than a Bishop with 5-12 followers. Each Bishop will use monies gained to build a fortified chapter house (plans available from Richard the Short; just write to me and I'll pass it along.) A town Bishop must have at least average Charisma.

A Lama (Charisma 14+) will oversee 2-5 Bishops (5 towns) and have two unattached Bishops (any charisma) and up to ten other Crucifers, plus two lay-member fighters and two lay-member mages. Note that this means that there must be at least five Crucifer Bishops (or perhaps 3 Bishops and 2 Curates) in a campaign before one can become a Lama.

A Patriarch (charisma 16+) will oversee 2-5 Lamas (25 towns, 29 Bishops) and have 2 unattached Lamas (any charisma) and 6 unattached Bishops (any charisma) in his retinue as well as 100 fighters and 100 lower level Crucifers, plus up to 12 lay-member Mages.

(NOTE: These are the organizational limitations for Clerical advancement. The Fighting advancement has no restrictions. It is conceivable that a Crucifer could be a 10th level Lord - Curate, while his boss is a Swashbuckler-Bishop. No matter where along the Clerical trail a member tops out, he must continue to split points, taking only half for his fighting advancement.

Dice are D8 to the 8th fighting level, then +1 per level.

Dungeon Masters liking the above concept but not liking their players to amass great numbers of characters might take a page from the En Garde rules and establish a ready-made hierarchy for players to advance in.

Note by the way that Crucifers are a Christian order, though far more tolerant than their prototypes. As dungeon monsters, I have the Order of the Reversed Cross, an Evil Equivalent.

#### CHAIN DORSAI:

The proliferation of SF types in A&E and elsewhere brings the following character type to mind.

Necessary Characteristics: Strength 13+, Intelligence 12+, Wisdom 12+, Constitution 15+, Dexterity 13+, Charisma anything.

Alignment: Neutral as a rule.

Victims of a strange gate, the Dorsai have set up training camps and are carving out a niche for themselves in the Multiverse.

1. Dice and Experience Points are as Rangers. They have none of the other Ranger attributes.

2. They advance in Monkly attributes on a 2:1 basis: i.e. a 1st level Dorsai has the combat abilities of a 1st level Monk; a Dorsai 3 matches a Monk 2, a Dorsai 5 a Monk 3, etc. This goes on until the 11th level Dorsai is the same as a Grand Master (6th level). Dorsai advance no further.

3. Dorsai disdain armor and have an affinity for technological weapons and other gadgets.

4. Dorsai will hire out to anyone, but anyone breaking a contract earns the enmity of Dorsai everywhere. Lots of Luck.

5. Dorsai are weapons competent, trained in spear, sword, crossbow, battleaxe, mace and throwing and fighting daggers, as well as field medicine techniques. They also train with mockups of technological weaponry, so they will know how to use it, if found.

6. Their ranks (remember, dice and points like Rangers) are 1--Recruit, 2--Trainee, 3--Cadet, 4--Mercenary, 5--Groupman, 6--Group Leader, 7--Force Leader, 8--Captain, 9--Colonel, 10--Commandant, 11--War Chief, 12--Marshall, 13--Lord Protector. There is no rank beyond Lord Protector, and there is only one in existence. There are two Marshalls, four War Chiefs, 8 Commandants, and 16 Colonels. Most of these ranks have come down from the first Dorsai to appear and have lost much meaning, save as marks of honor and position.

7. To make Group Leader and above, a Dorsai must have a combined Intelligence/Wisdom/Charisma of 40, with at least 11 Charisma.

#### HOW TO GET THESE TYPES....

Yes, I did intend for the percentage/ 3D6 table I put into A&E #12 to be used to get the kind of characters you want. There is no use in having exotic character types if it takes forever to get one. The idea, good people, is to have fun. Playing duds can have its own joys, but I prefer for them to balance out.

I have a number of high-strength, low intelligence/wisdom types. I like playing them; they're fun. Likewise my 4-4-4-7-10-15-11 Human/Elf/Dwark/Hobbit Thief (it's a long story) Bok the Bowman, has been a joy to play. But if the rules say a character type has to have high Wisdom and you want to play Kung-Fu, then by God roll it on the percentage table. You'll get what you are looking for, likely a minimal one, because the proportions are still good within the range, but you'll then get to play what you want.

And NO ONE has the right to say my way of playing with these "guidelines" is verboten.

#### Coming Attractions:

Perhaps the grossest Character-type I've run across, the "mystic" -- a Chinese Swordsman based on the Chinese Sword Movies from Dave Yepp of Oakland, plus my own suggestions on how to tone it down to playability. Perhaps my rewrite of Siemon's Bards will show up next time too, along with the long-awaited Catalog Code Sheet.

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#### MONSTER RALLY by Glenn Blacow

Valerians: source: E. E. Smith's Lensman series. Valerians are from a heavy-gravity planet; though of basically human stock, they have adapted to it, becoming immensely strong and dextrous. Original ethnic origin was Dutch. A Valerian-manned pirate cruiser and a Space Patrol scoutship crashed on Edwyr; the survivors continued to exist. Valerian armor is roughly the equal of +2 (but weighs 4000 GP and cannot be worn by anyone except a Valerian) and contains a Mind Screen that protects the occupant from all spells directed at the intellect (CHARM, HOLD, PHANTASMAL FORCES, SUGGESTION, ESP, CLAIRVOYANCE under certain interpretations, CLAIRAUDIENCE (the same), DETECT EVIL, MIRROR IMAGE, PROJECTED IMAGE, CONFUSION, FEAR, HALLUCINATORY TERRAIN, MAGIC JAR, GEAS, QUEST and LOCATE PERSON). The screen is inseparable from the armor. The main weapon is the space axe, a weapon capable of being wielded only by a Valerian, who does 9-16 points of damage per blow with it.

There are two basic types of Valerians: BOOZE-CRAZED (always Chaotic) and SOBER (50% of either Chaotic or Lawful). Lawful Valerians wear black-and-silver armor. Type A = Booze-crazed; type B = Sober.

|   | # appearing | Armor | Move | Hit Dice | % in Lair | Treasure |
|---|-------------|-------|------|----------|-----------|----------|
| A | 1-6         | 0     | 9"   | 8        | 20%       | C        |
| B | 1-6         | 0     | 12"  | 8        | 30%       | A        |

Booze-crazed Valerians strike on the 7-9 hit dice Man Attacking Vs Monsters Table. Sober ones are +5 to hit. Type A will try to capture women.

Yookooohos: Yookooohos (courtesy of the Oz stories) are a different type of MU, one that uses only Polymorph-type spells. (They are NOT to be player characters). The youngest and most unskilled of them come equipped with Polymorph Self spell. To this a 2nd level adds a Polymorph Other spell that is +3 against others. Third level acquires a Shape Change spell, 4th level a Master Polymorph spell, unique to Yookooohos. The object of such a spell literally becomes whatever the caster desires (and saving throws are -3). Neither Dispel Magic nor Remove Curse work; only Wish. 1-4 appear, AC 7, Move 12". 50% in lair; type F Treasure. 11th level acquires Polymorph Any Object spell that is double-strength. They are always Neutral FEmales.

#### FOUR WINDS

by Kenneth Scher, 1030-29 North Valley Stream, NY 11580

though all the real work is done by Lee Gold 9/26/76

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#### Mailing Comments on A&E #14

Sean Summers: I think your Alternate Action table is off for class 3 armor. Although plate would protect against bullwhip damage, it would slow down any attempt to dodge and make it easier for the whip to catch a limb. The shield, of course, would make class 2 that much more difficult to catch. // I don't know your usual level of prices, but 20 Royals (GP) sounds quite expensive for what is basically just a piece of braided leather.

Stewart Levin: While I basically agree with your reasoning on Clerical weapons the fact is a mace is likely to if not actually draw blood, at least cause bleeding. In any head-hit that is not immediately fatal, there will be bleeding from the nose, ears, mouth or even eyes. In any case there will be internal bleeding, so the prohibition cannot be against shedding blood but against using weapons that caused the spilt blood to show. // Pellet-firing devices are all borderline cases for Clerical use. A sling ball probably does not penetrate the skin but both bows and crossbows that fired pellets rather than arrows were once common and, at short range at least, it seems likely that these would penetrate the skin.

I gather from some of the mailing comments in A&E #14 that someone has done an article on distance weapons for Clerics fairly recently, but I also gather that it did not include some of the items in this piece, which is why I'm sending this through.

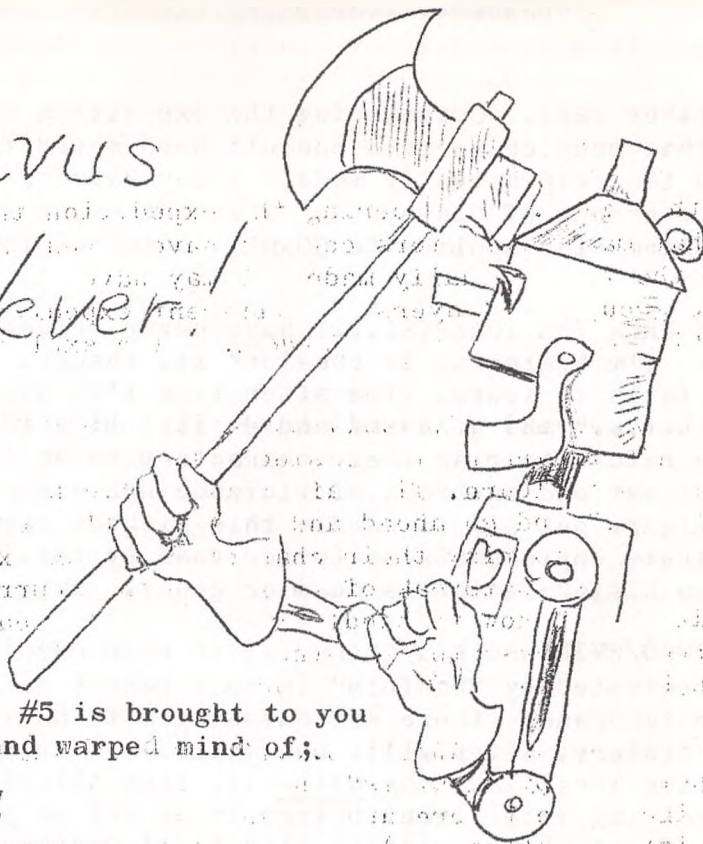
Throwing Sticks: The throwing stick is basically an outdoor weapon, whose most familiar example is the boomerang. At its simplest a throwing stick is a piece of wood (though a similar item from India called the Singa was made from steel) with a portion at a shallow angle to the rest, that spins as it flies. Most such items were for hunting small game such as rabbits and game-birds but at least one type, the "beaked" or war-boomerang is an excellent weapon. The "beaked" boomerang has a short projection along one edge and is thrown so the projection catches the edge of a shield or side of the body. Having caught something, the boomerang continues to revolve and flips around to hit the back of the person or the person behind the shield with a considerable force. It would not be suitable for a cleric, of course, but for anyone else using this, the striking edge could be sharpened.

Another throwing weapon, this one suitable for use underground, is the Chakram: a quoit of steel worn on a conical turban by the Sikhs. In normal use, the outer edge is razor-sharp but, once again, a cleric would have to use it blunt.

For shooting opponents, fowling arrows and quarrels have been mentioned previously, but there is one type of quarrel, the Matras, that was used for hunting larger animals like the chamois. Like many fowling arrows it had an unpointed head, but the Matras went even farther and had a flat disc head that didn't penetrate at all.

As I mentioned earlier, both bows and crossbows for shooting sling-type ammunition were once common as hunting weapons. Lacking penetrating power against armor, they were rarely used in wartime, but at any but close range they should be OK for clerics. Since clerics should avoid shedding blood, for a cleric to specialize in fire-type weapons is reasonable: a belt-full of oil flasks with wicks would be effective, and an arrow whose head is a lump of burning tar or pitch doesn't have to pierce armor to be effective.

Kill Slavus  
the Clever!



KILL SLAVUS THE CLEVER! #5 is brought to you  
by the nimble fingers and warped mind of;

Glenn F. Blacow  
13 Grove St. #7  
Boston, Mass. 02114

And should be accompanied by the second edition of TALES FROM THE RED WOLF INN. Much has been going on in the local universes, including the appearance of a third dungeon comparable to EDWYR/GORREE. It was built by Paul (The Dwarf) Bean, and lacking a proper name as yet, is known as "Dwarfhole". It has already managed to kill Layrachs and incapacitate Amtorg in my first two trips into it. Definitely a promising beginning.

ON BARLUKS?..An addendum; if a person is hit and fails save, then a Raise Dead, immediately applied, will prevent immediate rotting away. It must be followed by a Cure Disease within a movement round, however.

HELLO, GARY...hm, doesn't look like you've read recent contributions of mine. Yes, 75% of all rooms have occupants. No, not many of them have much magic, as a glance at my treasure distribution system will show... it's about the most modest I can think of. I don't really have much of any traps, either. As for enchanted swords...well, after 13+ months of running Edwyr, I can name most of them and give their histories. Not a single Vorpal Blade, Sword of Sharpness, Holy Sword +5, Dancing Sword, Sword +4, Wish Sword, Nine-step Life-draining Sword, or Charm Sword exists in player character hands. The best sword in the local worlds is Ironfang, +3, +5 vs. Balrogs (a limited Sword of Cold). Second best is Gideon's +3 dedicated sword (it's in GORREE, and an import to boot), and a stupid +3 sword in the hands of an elf MU/FM comes after that. Two of the highest-level local fighters are still running around with +1, +2 swords, others with +1, +3 vs. Troll swords. Of course, one recent immigrant did haul in an obscenity - a 2-handed Sword of Cold with Fly and Teleport powers, but I'm not responsible for its existence.

THINGS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND DEPT...This last weekend I settled down to run my dungeon, and got a rude shock. There were twenty would-be players. Twenty in a single expedition??? Egad! I've gotten to the point where I can run up to a dozen without much trouble, but twenty??? I had to prevail on about eight of them with only medium-level characters to go

play in another game. Considering the expedition that was run, it's just as well - that many characters couldn't have moved fast enough to escape disaster on the trip actually made. I may have to change over to running two separate groups of players on different expeditions. Mumble. This sort of problem also applies to GORREE, which explains why Paul built Dwarfhole.

GOD SAVE US FROM THE TURKEYS!...I have never refused to run people in my dungeon. I'm beginning to consider it, though. There is one person who simply fails to learn. Time after time I've heard him say, "I know this is stupid, but..." and go ahead and do it. It's gotten to the point where some people refuse to risk their characters on an expedition with him on it, and at least one outbreak of violence has occurred. I'm at present trying to figure out how to handle this without breaking my own rules or causing extreme unpleasantness (other than by telling the offender to shut up when his character is dead or gone). Suggestions?

A NOTE ON GOOD/EVIL and LAW/CHAOS...I've been mildly distressed by some actions perpetrated by "Lawfuls" in some recent A&E zines. One of them was done in ignorance (there are advantages to having been a graduate student in history, after all), but still. I would like to point out that while the local laws may allow it, thus allowing one to call it "Lawful", selling intelligent beings is an act of profound Evil.///Next, I would point out that a certain 11th-level Ranger-Lord of Chaos, in marching forth to challenge the approaching Lawful party, was acting as Herald. Now, it was admittedly stupid of him to do so, but under the laws of medieval chivalry, attacking a Herald is blackest treachery, and the offenders in such a case should be the object of detestation by all law-abiding men (and even any Chaotics who observe Warrior's Code). Had the party been in Edwyr, I would have definitely given them a "warning from heaven."

Enough for the moment; I may not have all that large a contribution for KSTC this month, due to Lee's new limits on contribution size, so on to;

#### COLLATION COMMENTS

(A&E 14)

Lee Gold...Generally speaking, I object to most of the new detects because they remove too much danger from expeditions. "You find a potion? Just Detect Poison on it. A scroll? Detect Curse or something similar. Gleh. On t'other hand, I do like Detect Lies. Detect Undead? Fine, but that's all it should do. You should get nothing about level (or if you do, it should be a 3rd-level spell).///One of the "turkey traps" in Edwyr are the Toadstool People; they have 3 hit dice, move at 9", and have Type C treasure (in lair 15%; live in dark, damp holes & die if exposed to direct sunlight. Armor class 9. They do not attack (being complete pacifists), but if hit, give off clouds of spores; save vs. dragon breath or get completely stoned (and incapable of self-defense) for one hour. Totally harmless, except for turkeys who insist on attacking everything they meet.

Sean Cleary...You'll get the price list at MIT.///No, you're getting a 1 hit die baby, not long out of the shell. You have no wings, you can't use magic until 2nd level, you can't wear armor, use weapons, or use most magical items. You're greedy (see Joel Davis in A&E 2 for details), and instead of going up levels, it'll take you normal dragon-growing time (i.e. one game year to grow wings & get breath weapon) to grow up. (Or special experience tables; you need 6000 EPs to reach second level to begin

with, and it gets worse fast.)///Got too much to do right now to be able to talk about Midgard.///We had another and higher cleric, who was so disgusted that she left the party because of the incident. Had you tried to stop the trial, you would have had to make at least one saving throw.///Wormface description was last published in The AMERICAN GAMER. See Rod Burr for a copy.///Use archghouls or wormfaces for crunchi predators. They'll eat anything.

Wes Ives...Interesting way of handling the problem of more than one character per player. Edwyr allows several characters per player; this isn't a bad idea, since last week one player had three of his four high-levels out of action by the finish of the weekend./// Good system for reincarnation; locally there's considerable "inertia". Men tend to remain men, and so on. There is also inertia as to occupational type and level.///Personality items are so much fun to run. Gideon and his sword are finally coming to terms, but a certain Patriarch has a mace that doesn't even deign to speak to him (it's old Orthodox, he's True Catholic---but it's not fanatic on the subject). And poor Hrolfa the Unwise...she'd developed an extremely close relationship with Ironfang (there are strange rumors about it, too. Hrolfa is a simply lovely lass; the rumors speak of a certain Wish gotten from Slavus the Clever, and of how she disappeared for a week thereafter, and of how Ironfang purred for two weeks after that). It suddenly deteriorated after Hrolfa got married, and stories about the bad feeling between her husband and her sword are prevalent these days.///Couldn't they use dragon logic to explain it to the dragons ("After all, we have to get our hoards, too!")?

Mark A. Kramer...If a local dungeon party met 73 6th-level fighters, three 18th-level vampires, and 6 ERPs, they'd consign their souls to God and go down fighting. Even a wish wouldn't help much.///How did it happen, purely from curiosity? Outdoors, dungeon?///Comments on Nazgul after this section of comments.///I agree with you as to dragons being much more intelligent than humans. They are also greedy and arrogant, and VERY dangerous --- don't forget that Smaug destroyed an entire dwarf-kingdom and a lake village single-handed. But - move silently? Why would something as dangerous as a dragon (which is almost impossible to fight in single combat, or to escape from by flight) know how to move silently? Considering the sort of things dragons breathe, I doubt that they're all that keen-scented (I suspect dragons, like most flying creatures, hunt by sight); keen hearing, yes; make it 1-4 on D6 and I'll accept it. The GREYHAWK damage figures for claw and bite should be for run-of-the-mill dragons. Claws are tertiary weapons, and probably aren't all that effective.

Sean Summers & co....Greetings from Lycanthir.///The Old Kitchen is an excellent way of diversifying magic; a constant run of ordinary magic is downright dull.

Richard J. Scwall...Local dungeons use 25mm. fantasy figurines, usually painted to be easily distinguishable. A chessboard or specially made-up board with staggered rows of squares acts as the base for measuring movement, each square representing 3' or 5' squares, depending on taste. Rooms are usually outlined with paper strips. It works, and the use of figurines enhances player identification with their characters.

Stewart Levin...Perhaps Peggy thought your adventure was somewhat random?///Ariel got her joke book in a treasure-room in a Minneapolis dungeon; the ring was a gift from a dwarf after the party she was in rescued him from a lynching bee.///Skull Warriors differ from high-level skeletons in being much better armor class (without wearing any armor to enrich the

parties that schmuck them. They don't turn very easily, and they're intelligent - whereas skeletons in most games aren't.

Self...People seem to have found your charts useful. Probably should publish more of the stupid things, huh?///There is now one (1) +4 weapon in Edwyr...a +4 mace. The character got it from the corpse of a Great Balrog in an expedition where half the party bought the farm. ///Ariel offered to break the engagement with Dworkin if he wanted her to, since the Kosark prince who had inspired it was out of power. He refused (he was in Dralm's kingdom at the time, and suspected that if he weren't engaged, he'd probably end up married to one of Dralm's endless granddaughters. The elf felt much better after that, but still hasn't figured out what's really going on between the two of them...

John Boardman...A pleasure to hear from you, sir! Do you remember one John Kusske? he regaled me with many tales about you, much of which I suspect was somewhat exaggerated.///Sexual orientation rolls? Gleh. Let the players decide, I say.///There are elves and there are elves; the New York breed seems an inferior type. Local elves (especially those from a certain family) are quite different.

Hilda Hannifen...Rolling saving throws for people without their knowing it is sometimes necessary, especially if the party is under attack without knowing it. I've seen too many people who, upon being told to roll saving throws, suddenly got remarkably alert. If someone makes a really good save, however, they get notified that they noticed something going on.

Cary Martin...Yeah! Off the bloody Chaotics!

Fang...A 16th-level Thief in THREE WEEKS??? Our highest-level thief is 11th, and its been running for over a year now.///There are a couple of people in Edwyr I suspect of using that trick with the dice. My dice don't seem to like them (and I don't crock the dice, either).

Lee Gold...Comments on gross strengths, etc. later.///I've been using something like your whips of torment as a weapon for Slavers and for members of the Torturer's Guild. They make fascinating weapons. They don't go away when owner is killed, but are Aligned.

Peggy Gemignani...High-level orcs aren't necessarily bigger than low-level ones, but are usually better armed and armored. There are, however, visible differences between ordinary (snaga) orcs and the great uruk-hai.///Parties that don't pay attention, make lots of noise, and squabble amongst themselves tend to attract monsters by the carload locally.///Anything happen to Manlu & Leau recently?

Robert Sacks...Yes, there are players who like to attack everything. Edwyr is a great place to learn not to do this, one John (sometimes called The Turkey") lost six characters in six descents before he got the message, but learn he did.

Lew Wolkoff...Red Sonja obviously wears Bracers of Defense, AC 0 or better.///I regard my task as DM as being to provide a highly dangerous but reasonably rewarding environment. If the party shows skill and intelligence, they should get by. If they turkey around, they should die. I prefer the first type for some odd reason.

Eric Baines...A fireball wand and a snake staff? Lord Eric was far too helpful. The last person to ask one of the local authorities for magic equipment ended up whitewashing the True Catholic cathedral all by himself as penance for greed. And only 250 GP for replacing wand charges? Getting that done is almost impossible locally.///Why did

a single, unguarded MU of 1st-5th level use Magic Missile against an entire party? In my estimate, he would use either SLEEP or (if he had it) WEB, these being the only spells likely to help against a party that size. Another spell he should have used is a Wizard Lock on his door. I'm also surprised that he wasn't wearing the Djinn Summoning Ring; I think a djinn could probably have trashed the party described easily. (Although it's quite possible that you didn't roll the treasure until after the fight was over. This is a good example of why I like to pre-roll treasures). The centaur room, however, was an excellent setup. Good idea. (Oh, yes -- the MU should have also been wearing the Gauntlets of Ogre Power).///There is no "research" involved in making permanent magical items; the process seems quite well known. I doubt that level affects time spent at all; the making of magical items requires that certain rituals be done in a certain order at certain times, so I doubt that increased numbers of people would help. So, given the above, no magic-user below 11th level can manufacture anything; there are no records of research except for unorthodox items; there is no reduction in time involved. Additionally, local universe requires PERMANENT spell for making rings, wands, etc., so a 16th-level MU is needed. (Frankly, the impression I got of your idea is an attempt to allow a horde of low-level MUs to make neat things, an idea I disapprove of.)

Dick Eney...On the whole, your ideas on the subject are much better presented than the Perrin-universe ones (which, considering your writing talents, is only to be expected). The trouble is that beings with these powers are not elves and dwarves. Nowheres in Tolkien (or other reasonable-universe stories), do you find dwarves that can fly, levitate, troll back damage, use psionic abilities, (especially teleportation), or have X-Ray vision. Dwarves have certain talents. Anything having to do with construction I might believe; ability to assess non-magical treasure, yes; (though not to detect treasure they can't see); even the knowledge to recognize certain artifacts. But they can't See Invisible, Detect Magic, Detect Detects, or any of various other things. There are damn few things on the extraordinary table I'd even allow elves. High Elves, especially Lord/Wizard level, might have things like telepathy (see last chapters of LoTR), or be able to heal well, recognize magic, or have Truesight, but not low-levels. They certainly couldn't Levitate or Fly, Telekines, see through stone walls, or various other things. Except in some of the lesser fairy tales. This is fantasy, not comic books. Locally, indefinite advancement is allowed, but it's much slower than normal. I'll try to handle it this issue.

Sherina Comerford...Your dybbuks seem to serve roughly the same purpose as my ghosts, though dybbuks can't inflict bodily harm and can possess someone. Excellent for setting up scenarios, no?...///I agree about elves (see last issue). Yes, I call Ariel & co. "twits". They aren't silly, or stupid (though Liriel, at human equivalent age of 13/14 is sometimes a bit scatterbrained.) They're twits because their bravery far exceeds their physical ability to back it up; because however hurt they may be by other people, they'll try and help them; because they are full of enthusiasm about battle (even the MUs), and because they believe in things like honor, loyalty, and suchlike other obsolete notions. Ariel is approaching maturity. She's died twice, accepted heavy responsibilities, and learned that Terhalen family virtues are not enough. In a year or so, she will be grown up and no longer unwise (except as to puns). She's always been possessed of dignity (though it's tended to be forgotten in battle, and has seldom been taken seriously by others). She'll never be tall, and certainly never amoral or sex-hungry. Mystery? When have adolescents ever been mysterious? But give Ariel time; she has yet to be possessed of anything requiring such...

Lee Burwasser...Traditionally, one puts one's name on the logo; initial impression is that Dick Eney did your zine.///Since EDWYR is on Oskley and not Middle-Earth, there aren't any Dunaden present, hence no Rangers. ///Yes, rape is Unlawful (I, for one, don't follow the Fourfold Path). Even in the Balkans, rape of any sort was illegal. Of course, if you raped untermenschen like Gypsies, the authorities might tend to look the other way, but it was still illegal.

G.L. Howard...I personally believe that if players want to send characters down into a place as dangerous as a dungeon, then they take their own chances. I care not about how hard they work - if they want to get ahead by hard work, there are plenty of jobs in the city. Rewards are determined by how much danger you're willing to risk, and casualties by how intelligently you handle the danger. Treasures vary according to what's guarding them, and a lot of magic is minor magic or twit magic (I'm quite generous with the latter - Rings of Monster Summoning I on the 9th level, Rings of Arcishness, Cold Wands (achoo!), 1 hit-point Hit Point Rings, etc.)///Chessmen are interesting; I may adapt them if I can figure out a decent rationale.

Lee Gold...Fields of Power; an excellent idea.

Charles McGrew...An easy solution to clods with several million GP is to have 90% of their gold go away when transferred - it's obviously "fairy gold". ///I try to ensure that non-player characters have fun, too.///Comments on player-DM relations later (I hope).///

Wes Ives...Excellent essay on player types.///Ariel wasn't being her usual happy self at HELLSGATE. She was scared, having heard plenty of stories about it. But it was a challenge she felt she had to overcome. (I understand some West Coast players have already encountered HELLSGATE and taken severe casualties.)

Dan Pierson...The local universe is Type 2. The GORREE area is the splintered remains of a once-powerful state, which various contending factions are attempting to reunite. EDWYR is a city and province within the Kingdom of Oskley; the Wolf-Kings are warring with the Chaotics to the north, attempting to reunite the island. There are large areas uncontrolled by either side. In both regions, player characters are still relatively small fry...///There's always someone who loses in D&D - the monsters. I regard them as having the same basic needs and desires as the players. They win every so often, too.///I consider falsifying die rolls, not rolling characters honestly, and giving characters equipment not won in games to be cheating, and haven't the slightest hesitation in calling it that. It is possible to allow beings with special abilities if said abilities are overbalanced by additional crocks. (Local example is Toadzilla; has radioactive breath that does 1D6 damage per melee round if it hits; on the other hand, he can't wear armor (though hide is equal to chain) and is so clumsy he can't use any weapon other than a spear). Keying isn't cheating (though Edwyr is hard-keyed indeed).///I dislike intensely the habit of rolling infinite characters (of which the low-quality ones either die remarkably quickly or fade away into the sunset), or of saying "Gee, I want a Monk; give me the D20 and let me see how good he is". If you can't roll something honestly, tough! I bar dishonest characters from my game. If you have such, I ask you to leave them at home should you visit Edwyr. (There are two locals who get characters dishonestly; one has NO characters with dexterity lower than 17, and few non-vulnerable to Kryptonite. One of them keeps showing up with magic items that nobody remembers seeing before the expedition started. I don't have to do anything to them; the other players go out of their way to help said turkeys off themselves.)

Lee Gold...There is one group of extremely talented humanoid monsters called the Mu-Artans who specialize in intelligent, Aligned armor. There has been Armor of Absorption, armor that flies or levitates, etc.///There was one hack I once pulled; a party ran into four fighters that they had great difficulty in hitting. They finished off the Chaotics, and the fighters in the party put the armor on, then passed into the next room and found a group of Chaotic clerics. The Chaotics hit the party with remarkable ease. The armor was +2 vs. Edged weapons, -3 vs. blunt ones. (Snicker).///Good idea on tenderizing process.

Ken Scher...A more reasonable financial system is found in EMPIRE OF THE PETAL THRONE; J&D weight/price conversions give some odd results. Local currency is the gold Crown, the silver Lyre, and the copper Pence.

John Brennick...The rowers got 1½ GP each? Could Saron and Gandor spare it? If the rowers are free men, they're skilled labor, and damn well should quit if they're working for tightwads like that!

Nicolai Shapero...Bloodgrass and Hounds of Skaith quite usable; ramjet manta may see use beyond one of the miniworlds I put behind interdimensional nexii.///Your prices are among the most reasonable I've ever seen for armor. Locally, +1 armor goes somewhat cheaper, +2 would be more expensive (but can't be bought in any case). Your prices for mithril & adamantite seem quite the best I've seen.

Steve Perrin...Hmmm, Steve Henderson does seem to know how to kill, doesn't he? Some of his monsters seem to have the same taste in statues as mine. And fed to the Hellhounds (snicker) is a nice touch.///The local lith-level thief has a matrix sword; useful device with limited precog (11 or 12 on 2D6 for good information; on 9-10 will feel uneasy if danger is about.///It's possible to get very good things without casualties locally - IF you act with intelligence. If you don't act intelligently, you stand a damn good chance of getting wiped out without getting anything.

Chuck Ulrich...Where does one find the local branch of Avis Rent-a-Staff?///

Kay Jones...Two Hokus ("Lord Amra" and Red Sonja") recently showed up in Edwyr dungeon and helped take out some higher-type wormfaces. It was a damn even match; "Sonja" got killed, but was later Raised.

Charlie Luce...If a chopped-off limb can be held against the stump within a movement round and CSW applied, the limb will be re-grafted (but no curing will occur) locally. Otherwise, being must be returned to local church healers, who take about 2 weeks to cause Regeneration.///Lycanthropes in Edwyr are a separate race from humanity; I do not allow them as player characters.///Detects are area spells, unaffected by walls or doors unless said things are lead-lined. Also, you have to be paying attention to them. If you're in melee or running away from something, then you're unlikely to be actively employing them.

Steve McIntosh...Amusing adventure..

Nick Smith (Labyrinthine Lines #4, maybe a different # of A&E)...Tsk. I'd say a hellslew of gods were a lot more powerful than any 20th-level fighter. You go fight PTAH, YAMA, BALOR, or THOR; I like my characters better than that.///The trouble with GODS, DEMIGODS & SUCHLIKE TRASH is not that the gods portrayed are "just 20th-level fighters" (most aren't), but that a lot of games are so magic-rich that your ultra-level characters are so well-equipped that they outclass the gods in special abilities.///Two Wizards with GATE dueling is hardly a local nightmare; no MUs higher than 10th-level exist as player characters.///I'm sorry, but if

Warlock rules were "an attempt to define a coherent magic system", then it is not, by my standards, a success. Your spells are far too convenient. While there's an awful lot of stuff (psionics, monks, etc. that I don't like about D&D's later stuff (beginning with some of the magical items in GREY-HAWK), there's even more things I don't appreciate in Warlock.

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ON WHY I BITE PEOPLE...Sean Cleary has mentioned that I'm regarded as an ogre of some sort in California. There is a reason for it; harken to this tale --- Once upon a time, in the 19th century, a muleskinner was looking for work, and approached a local businessman who ran several teams. The owner showed him a magnificent mule, and explained that the beast was one of the most docile and intelligent ever found. There was no need for harsh words or physical abuse; just tell the mule what to do, and the creature would obey. Well, next day the skinner loaded the mule and ordered it to get going. The mule flicked an ear and ignored him. The skinner tried every trick he knew, from bad language on down - with no more result than before. Finally, in exasperation, he went over to the boss and bitched loudly. The boss nodded, walked over to the mule. He pulled out a sledgehammer and bashed the mule between the eyes. As soon as the mule stopped staggering, the boss gave a gentle order, and the mule trotted off. "But I thought you said that all he needed was an order!" screamed the hireling. "Yeah," said the bossman. "But first you've got to get his attention!" So; in earlier A&Es, I noted that certain people tried to remonstrate with some of the less sensible people politely, and were generally ignored. I've just been trying to get your attention. Now that I've got it...well, Mark said something about "unconstructive criticism." Fine, constructive criticism it is. More essays, less comments.

ON HIGHER LEVELS & FANCY DRESS...There are very few high-ego swords who will put up with cheap scabbards, I'm afraid. They also tend to get annoyed at owners who lounge around scruffily dressed. I'm afraid that medieval custom also dictated some sort of identifacatory dress (do you really want to get into a melee with people who are a group of people who you can't easily distinguish from your friends? Distinctive shields, armor, etc. are necessary. Pride dictates that one's station be noticeable. And sumptuary laws exist to prevent lower-class types from imitating their betters.

ON NAZGUL...The trouble with most of the attempts at defining Nazgul is that, while they produce nice gross monsters, what appears is not a Nazgul. I base my ideas of the Nine on the Ring Trilogy (though it's not really a trilogy, but ignore that). Remember that the master of Evil in Middle Earth was Morgoth, and that Sauron and Balrogs were servants of roughly equal status. The Nine, including the Witch-King, were servants of Sauron, and hence inferior to him or to Balrogs. The Nazgul did not drain energy-levels; their weapons were Fear and Shadow (certainly not Mass Charm). Darkness is another weapon useable by them, as is Cold, and Morgul-weapons. Beings that can drive forth low-levels in rout, drain strength and will from even the highest levels, paralyze by voice, and use weapons that steal souls (not energy levels) are bad enough. Adding on all sorts of extra abilities is not needful.

(And more Ring tables, Sword Power tables, and other things to depress me).  
\*\*\*Sigh\*\*\*

SPEAKING IN PERSONA...This is one way to get much more involved in your character. It also leads to some of the most interesting conversations... such as Cirta, the 7th-level Melnibonion MU, trying to explain to Ariel about Nimue making out with Karl Legbreaker. It didn't really get across, though! Ariel is still expecting Nimue to make a wedding announcement. Twit!

Ch, that reminds me. I promised to print Gideon and Ariel's list of equipment. Neither list is very long, so we have...

### ARIEL TERHALEN

. Wurmsmasher,	Bracers of Defense, AC2	Cold Wand (12 charge)
(Dragon-Slaying Sword +2)	Shortbow +1	Fireball Ring
I 5	11 +2 arrows	(+1 damage per die)
Lesser Koboldsbane	5 +1 arrows	/ Ring of Protection,
(Dagger +1,+2)	Potion of Human Control (2)	+2 vs. Elementals, only
Boots of Silence	Levitation Potion (1)	Ring of Protect.,
(Giant-size, can't be reduced in size)	Pen of Writing Elephant	+2 vs. Dirty Old Men
Scroll - Polymorph Others	Jokes	
	Books; "1001 Atrocious Funs"	
	"Elephant Joke Book"	

As can be seen, most of the equipment is either minor magic or twit magic. The two "Protection" rings are particularly annoying. All of this magic took about 16 months to collect, and involved things like single combat with giants, fights with red dragons, storming wizard towers, and other things hazardous to the health to acquire.

### GIDEON TERHALEN

Flashing Wing, +3 sword	Won by Neutral Dwarf Aeminius from a turkey Lawful; given to Gideon.
IQ 12, ego 12; Defeat Chaos	
See Invisible, DE	
Warhammer +3	Traded by Ariel for Bracers AC2; taken from 6th-level Chaotic dwarf in Edwyr.
	Traded for efreet bottle taken from Melnibonionian dungeon party.
	Shield from Minneapolis dungeon.
	Ogre Mage
Plate +2, shield +3	
Composite bow +1, +1 damage	
3 +1 arrows (purchased)	
Torc of Fire Resistance (Druidic)	Great Balrog & 4 Iron Demons
+3 saving throw, -1 damage	
Protection vs. Undead Scroll	Chaotic clerics & some wights

And that's it; again, collected over 16 months of time. Gideon has fought up to 7th level, getting killed three times in the process. Personally, I'd have been much happier if he didn't have the sword; the warhammer is a much better weapon for him.

SPELLS...There seems to be a general tendency for some DMs to allow spells to be researched at what is probably too low a level. COLD BLAST, for example, seems to be generally researched as 3rd-level on West Coast, and do level x D6 of damage. Out here, it's 4th level and does level x D4. SHEELD II is researched at 2nd level; around here, I'd estimate 4th level as probable minimum. Some degree of care should be taken to make sure that spells fit into the lists.

THE WILD HUNT has a number of features that DMs might find useful. #8, for example, had articles on how to handle transfers from magic-oriented to science oriented worlds, discussions of various character classes, a new magic system, an example of the local 3rd/4th-generation character sheet, with address for ordering, some unusual monsters, and lots of material on world-building. Number 7 had a long section on how to run parties, an excellent monster, an article on Gorree town government, an article on military tactics in a magic-using universe, my article on Home Stones (magic-suppression devices; Swanson wrote up his in #6); more

more discussion on alternate methods of running D&D, modified methods of rolling characteristics for certain types of nonhumans (other such showed in TWH #s 6 & 8), a discussion in length of klutz-factor spell-systems, and much general discussion of D&D magic and world backgrounds. #4 had a long and highly detailed article on weapons types, their effects, etc. by Mark Keller. And, of course, much more in the way of useful articles.

ON ELF/DWARF ADVANCEMENT...Instead of giving random powers to elves and dwarves, local DMS allow infinite advancement for them...but at heavy cost. Both races proceed at normal rates of advancement until they reach D&D/GREYHAWK limits (the elves counting double for FM/MU, of course). At that, one begins "delta doubling", delta being the number of EPs necessary to go up between levels. Example; standard dwarf (strength 15) reaches 6th level (Greyhawk limit). Needed for a human to hit next level is 32,000 (to reach 6th) + 32,000 = 64,000 for 7th level. The dwarf needs twice delta, or 32,000 + 2 x 32,000 = 96,000 EPs. Dwarf & elf tables are;

	<u>Dwarf fighter.</u>	<u>Elf FM</u>	<u>Elf MU</u>
1st	0	0	0
2nd	2000	2000	2500
3rd	4000	4000	5000
4th	8000	8000*	10000*
5th	16000	24000	20000
6th	32000*	56000	35000
7th	96000	120000	50,000
8th	208,000	232,000	75,000*
9th	448,000	472,000	125,000
10th	(+480,000 per level)	(+480,000 per level)	325,000
11th			525,000
			(+600,000 per level thereafter)

\* = Greyhawk limit.

So; progress is indefinite, but ohmigawd is it slow! Since level-raising books and Decks of Many Things no longer appear locally, you've got to earn it all. Much slower than going up levels by Wishes in magic-heavy universes. Different tables have to be figured for the more talented elf or dwarf, but you get the general idea. Don't forget that elves who double in brass have to earn 2 EPs for every one on the record. (We do, however, allow elves who have topped out in one field to put all of their experience into another. Ariel has just done this; it means she only has to earn 600,000 EPs between each Wizard level instead of 1,200,000.

That's it for now. On to a few random remarks on A&E #15 before we run out of space; got to catch up a little...

Lee Gold...I'd put Stone to Adamantite at 9th level, considering how gross the latter is.///I agree about FIREBALL being rather heavy. Kevin Slimak, in his rewriting of D&D, was making it a much higher level. One of the possibilities I'd considered (besides your earlier one of limiting full damage to near the center) was changing damage done to D4 instead of D6. But as an area spell, I do think everyone in the area should take full damage. However, you've now given me another idea to think over. Thanks. I can, however, hear lots of DMS screaming at us now...

Gary Gygax...Very glad to have an authoritative answer on armor for the different classes. I was unhappy with all of the MUs in plate reported from some areas. Locally, we've allowed leather armor for MUs, but rather balanced it by not allowing double-threat FM/MU to wear anything but leather, either.///What's caused the biggest difference in most games was the lack of description of how magic is used. There were at least a dozen

dungeons running around MIT before word of how it had been intended to be used arrived. None of them resembled the intended one.///Opinion about straight Gygax D&D locally is based on adventures at ORIGINS tournaments. The characteristics I mentioned earlier were based on reports of these. Sorry. Maybe you should run a straight GREYHAWK adventure instead of tournaments?

Pes Ives...I used the Ochizumae as the basis for a mini-world monster; proved quite entertaining.

Bill Paley...Tsk, such anger! No, I didn't say "You are all turkeys". I said one specific person was a turkey for coming up with an idea that totally unbalanced the game. There are, Bill old man, ideas that should be stomped on. hard. And that's what I did.///But a person used to playing in "loose"dungeons doesn't do at all well in skill-oriented ones (as I'm sure some people are finding out in HELLSGATE). And DMs who aren't used to skilled players often find themselves freaked out by what happens to their pet monsters when they have them in their games (there was one poor soul at ORIGINS II who was trying his hardest to take out three MIT players, and having no luck at all).///"this is a fantasy game. It is not meant to simulate the real world." Ah, but there's the rub. Both Swanson's game and mine are meant to simulate the real world. The great difference is that magic works, that's all.

Brian Lane...Ah, good ol' Steve, how's he doing? Unkillable player types? Who? I can state with perfect truth that not a single character of 6th+ level (at least that reached such level in Edwyr), has failed to be killed at least once. I will also point out that Steve's character Theseus, who was 9th level, with 18(00) strength, AC -2, 62 hit points, and other assorted grossities - definitely the grossest character in the game - got killed 8 or 9 times (I forget which), not counting times offed but trolled back. In GORREE, maybe Super-Dwarf hasn't been, due to trolling. Conventions? Probably only BOSKONE and ORIGINS III this year. Poverty. ///Lust-crazed trolls, Little Old Ladies, Flying Purple People Eaters and such are hack monsters, run just for the fun of it; most of them have vanished from Edwyr recently.

Mark Kramer...Thaug and Grimelda (two Huge and Very Ancient Red Dragons) disagree with you on the subject of dragons. If they didn't shake parties down, where would they get treasure?///A full dissertation on Fenrists & such will have to await next issue; no room. I'll just point out that Uncle Wolf has reached 7th level and Aunt Wolf 6th without either having been lack-brained enough to bother Fenris.///Wizards are intelligent. Of course, they had that much foresight. If Wizard hadn't seen Beholders before, he would have Polymorphed friend into something he had seen before - like a dragon. And why "vent your spleen" on someone who just saved your life. True, you might have harsh words afterwards, but then...///Groups that include people who gleam in the moonlight tend to have other people with neat spells, like Detect Evil, ESP, etc. Plus Cold Wands and other lethal implements. A few thieves have made attempts on local high-levels - with no successes worth speaking of. Daggers are -3 vs, plate, remember? And high-levels have lots of hit points.///Comments on technology etc. vs. magic probably next issue.///Hate to say this, but with regard to Decks of Many Things, you've missed the entire point. I know what GREYHAWK says about them; Lee was asking me how I would clobber them, so I gave her examples. ///You're wrong about Hokus; by the way. The original McIntosh specs say nothing about half-damage to humanoid, but mention that they'll try to capture. (though, since there is a note about looking below, and I'm missing that page, you might be right. Depressing). Secondly, anyone with 18 strength is +500 on weight carriable, which means that his armor counts for

leather weight only, which means he moves at light foot speed. HOKAS move at twice human speed.  $12" \times 2 = 24"$  movement, which is light horse speed. Obviously the weapon for HOKAS is the lance; they don't even need horses to charge home like cavalry.///Magic testing is fine, if all you have is standard magic. Too damn much unorthodox magic around here.

Ken Pick....A lot of comments will have to wait until next issue, sorry.///See previous remarks on Nazgul. Only struck by a weapon in female hands? Merry was a girl?///Another version of Telks, I see. They make good monsters.///See remarks about spells earlier; I can foresee SHIELD VI; a 6th-level spell which makes the MU -8 armor class vs. missiles and -6 in melee. Going up two armor classes in a single spell level is just a trifle lacking in foresight. I can see it now; a party composed entirely of 12th-level mages, all carrying SHIELD VI and MAGE'S SWORDS (the latter made PERMANENT, of course), so that all of them are in mithril-plate equivalent and (w/MAGE'S SWORD VI) carrying Vorpal Swords. Who needs fighters?///Considering the descriptions made of the uruk-hai in Tolkien, plus the fact that "champions" were major figures in either army, I would call 7th-level for uruks a bit high. Locally, uruks begin at two hit dice and work up. Nor do we allow any orc-types magic capability - doesn't seem to fit the Middle-Earth type at all.///Olog-hai seem remarkably close to what Mark and I call Mountain Trolls.///Your essay on thieves seems to bring us into agreement on most subjects concerning them. But a sling has the same range as a light crossbow (or better, according to TSR "the last"). Since a thief can't move silently with a crossbow rattling around on his back, I think they would much prefer the sling. Locally, the only dexterity bonus is simple +1 on missiles, no additional ones allowed.///I refuse to allow Oriental or technological weapons here, but your list of smallarms for dungeons that do is logical. No problem there. Sure, let Chee keep advancing.///The saga of Cyrano that appeared recently points out the difficulties involved. Been run quite a while, and never changed roles.///One reason for us to run magic shops is that they can defend themselves. vs. attempted player hijacks. I'm awaiting the publication of THE SILMARILLION before making decisions on what the Valar are and do.///Swanson did kzinti back in A&E 2 or thereabouts.

John Boardman...The Oz books are a veritable fountain of cool monsters and personality types. Far better suited than most SF monsters for a good fantasy game. I'll be running more of them later...

Wayne Shaw...Again, have to skip much; wait'll next issue./// Rolling characteristics is something I do for all high-levels (and, if I have the time, low-levels). (Otherwise, your player character (with his 18 strength and 18 dexterity, say) completely outclasses your average non-player.///I have yet to see any player or non-player MU who didn't carry at least one Magic Missile. After all, with 6 wizards present, a total of at least 24 1st-level spells were available. With that, each MU could carry a Sleep spell and a MU each, and still carry all the other 1st-level spells - and still have three to spare./// The one time local players got anywheres near the 13th level here, they all messed their pants and hit the first stairs upwards.///Crocking reasonable wishes is bad practice and rather Chaotic - unless they're so abundant there's no other way to handle them.///I wasn't complaining about your rudeness; feel free. You mistake my reasons for the statement. I was just explaining to others why I was being snide and sarcastic.///Re Beast Masters; I'd only allow them "natural" animals; avian or mammalian or equivalent. Anything too intelligent or too stupid (you can't get too much across to one, & the other is free-willed. Reptilians are too different, as are arthropods. Sphexes have homicidal mania, you want to link with THAT?///

BYE!

This, Gentlebeings, is I WAS A LEVEL NINE MAGIC USER FOR THE C.I.A. # 4, a zine of ideas (since I haven't finished my dungeon yet) by Lev Koloff; 630 Boas St.--apt 703; Harrisburg PA 17102.

psfretsavastiesuaogniatdiputssintdaerotdeirtyllautcauofoenonepohr.

Hello to everybody I didn't see a chance to see at Mid-America--and even to those I did. Especially Meg Genignani and Jason Ray. One of Meg's characters saved my Rob Outabert's hide after he'd been temporarily turned into a grune danish. Jason's Tyldarien was one of the better dungeons I've run thru, and the main reason for this is the degree of player interaction. He's got a set of highly differentiated personalities for his nonplayer characters so that interaction with them is as good as player-player interaction. His dungeon was also the most rewarding I've been in. Trebleth L-5/5 F/m.u. on a short term work parole from a Globberian jail lead the expedition. Before leaving the tomb, he bought an amulet that can detect evil or magic for himself and one for a L-3 cleric (in return for repayment in cash or first choice of one magic item). When the cleric's player left early, the ten character expedition had only 6 K g.p. payment for a charmed cleric. Trebleth charmed him, and asked him to watch his small orcish army to over a trap door. He cued the party's thief to activate the trap, threw in a fireball, and had the thief close the trapdoor. After the cleric-player left, the party followed the sound of chanting to discover a very stupid orc with a tape recorder. He had a disintegrator ray and was afraid, at first that the party wanted his machine. He convinced his otherwise, and Trebleth threw a protective invisibility spell over it. (Actually, a phantom force "the machine is invisible" spell, but he bought it. Unfortunately, the noise and a ray blast attracted three high level fighters from the next room. After a long pitched battle that cost us our remaining cleric, Meg's character, I think, (Now you see why I'm not giving the full story.) we stop/killed them. They had an eighty orc army, most of which attacked. Trebleth had a scroll with cloudkill. Exit the army. Only one L-4 fighter was left. He climbed into a 10x10x10 chest, got a bazooka, and began firing. Our fighters shot missile weapons. Trebleth shot fireball magic missile. We got him. There were some 420 K g.p. inside. Also a pair of gauntlets with built in repulsor beams and a cloak. Trebleth got the cloak and can now turn, three times a day, into a very ancient version of any dragon that he's seen. When that cleric left, he gave Trebleth his full share of treasure. Trebleth used his part of his 84 K g.p. double share (less 5000 as his share of paying for the raise dead spell on two killed characters) to visit a dragon zoo. He's now seen red, blue, green, black, white, silver, and bronze dragons, and he's gone up to L-6 in both classes. Not bad for first time as leader, eh? My main other memory of the game is a girl neoplayer, whose L-1 fighter was a chronic sexual polymorph. Once an hour, there was a fifty per cent chance that Harlan Ellison (she picked the name, folks) would change sex. Unfortunately, this meant

that every so often--usually in the middle of a melee--she cheerfully called out, "Isn't it time for Harlan to change sex again?" It generally wasn't time. My only excuses for allowing such a character are that, at first, we all thought it was a funny joke, and that "all" included the DM.

**PSIONICS.** I'm still playing around with Eldritch Witchery's psionics. As it stands now, anyone with 15 or better in IQ, wisdom, or charisma--any human, that is--can have psionic powers and has the option of being tested any time he/she goes up a level. If a power is found, that character must be tested every time thereafter. Any character class can have any of the basic powers. (Eliminate repetitions, reduction, and expansion) Selection of a particular power falls to the dice. Sum the three characteristics to get "psi" points with a charge for each time a power is used. The number of "psi" points doesn't increase with one's level, but, since "psi" cost is small, and the average player will have 36 points, this isn't much of a problem.

#### COMMENTS ON A&E 14

**LEE GOLD:** Ave is an interesting spell that I suspect is related to the M.U.'s L-4 Fear spell and to Charisma. There are any number of spells that affect one of the six characteristics. Are there any spells that are effected by them or are limited to characters with a particularly high or low score in one of the six?// Torment weapons are an interesting notion. Since they operate by somehow activating the brain's pleasure-pain center, there should be counterpart pleasure weapons. These could do only one h.p. damage when they hit, but put the victim into such a state of euphoric pleasure that he/she is as good as paralyzed for D4 rounds. For each round that a character is so affected, there is a 5% chance, cumulative, that he'll become addicted, standing still and inviting the wielder to hit; protecting the wielder with 1/5 loyalty; etc.// Nice monsters, fields, and traps. Lee, how about putting those Nice comments, together with your zine in one place--say, the last spot in the zine--rather than special them throughout.

**WES IVES:** Very good notion about "nonplayer" characters, but, if player controls these followers, they are played characters. One other point, if your first character has convinced a much better character to join him, why wouldn't the group choose that one as its leader, i.e., the player? Also, if it's a partnership, why would the others advance at half rate?// Thoroughly involved your reincarnation scenario. It makes at least as much sense as the soul materializing a new body in the M.U.'s chambers.// Maybe very old, very powerful dwarves reincarnate themselves as swords.// Thanks for data on dragon psychology. Nonhuman beings should be expected to have nonhuman psychologies--this applies to characters to some extent, too. See my comments on Jason Ray as DM.

**MARK KRAMER:** Your data on dragons, in light of my character's new polymorph-dragon cloak was most timely. Also, wouldn't breeds with a breath weapon do extra bite damage from chemical

residues on their teeth. For example, the chlorine breath of a green might form a metallic salt (from fragments of armor) or HCl, either of which are loads of fun in an open wound.

SEAN GUINNERS: Bull-whips are great weapons, though I can't picture a Druid with one. You've raised a good question, though. What can be used as an effective missile weapon by clerics? Edged weapons are out, and nonedged weapons like bull-whip or sling require a greater than usual amount of open space around the cleric. —I tried a slingshot one time and was told by a DM that vulcanized rubber was verboten. We ran into tryffids in his dungeon, so there must have been rubber trees. In a world with sages, magic users, and alchemists, the Firestone accident hasn't happened? Anyway, I'd like to propose one possibility, non-edged arrows. Available to high dexterity clerics, they operate and damage as normal arrows, but its because of mass, rather than cutting edge. Think of them as being dum-dum bullets mounted on an arrow shaft. // Forget is a great spell. I assume those "forgotten" get surprise, being remembered AS they attack. // Halo is an obvious clerical treasure--obvious, after you thought of it. Hazel tov.

RICHARD SCHWALL: At Prince Gen, last March, one way of rolling characters was that, if the six rolls didn't add up to a minimum of 63 (exactly average), the player had the option of rerolling. // The bureaucrat as dungeon monster. It would have Sleep, Invisibility, Hold, Slow, Web, Confusion, Feebleminded, and Maze spells, have a negative armor class, and high, if variable hit points.

EARL BAKER: Can a character use bought experience points to go up a level? My Paladin, Clovis, is only 300 e.p. from L-2.

STEWART LEVIN: The odds of rolling two 13's is  $6^6$ , 48,556.

GLENN BLAGOW: It strikes me that a spell enabling some form of fireball to be used in a dungeon. Two possibilities for researchers to investigate are Dragon's Breathe which simulates the flame weapon of a very old red dragon (6D6) and Fire Storm, the equivalent of Ice Storm (3-30 points). Dunab-or, L-29, nonplayer m.u. thinks that either spell would be either L-4 or L-5. // Thieves are notorious travellers and would need a distance weapon for hunting while wandering, if nothing else. Unless a thief was trained for that profession since birth, he'd have received whatever weapon training was in keeping with his intended trade. Finally, anyone going into a dungeon without a distance weapon is committing a wierd form of suicide. // Wouldn't the rituals used in making the magic item act as a Permanence spell of sorts? // There are always low levels given to conspicuous consumption and high levels in disguise. Level isn't obvious. // ILTSALTATOL, your abbreviation for FANG's zine sounds like an Aztec cleric. // Throwing Wizard Look on an M.U.'s mouth or learning the languages of other alignments isn't a crock. It's strategy, a different, but equally valid pair of solutions to logic puzzles, and THAT'S the idea of D&D. // Your basic chaotic traits, plus IQ, solve what seems to be everybody's gripe recently, unbelievably trite versions of supposedly sentient beings. // Atrocity? Whatever else you think about my Collectors, I'd like to point out that their e.p. progression is some what higher, especially at higher levels than Thief. L-10

takes 125 K e.p. for a Thief and 300 K for a Collector.//Your data on magic shops came as I was working on the shops at Hell Park's Silver Dog Inn. Thanks muchly.

FANG: Cheryl seems ripe for your highest level M.U. to cast Polymorph into nonplayer character.//Your armor hot dogs are great. How many can be gotten at a time? What do they cost? Do they keep so a bunch could be taken and one eaten every hour? And do they come with poison gas baked beans? (If you saw Blazing Saddles, you know how they work.// Security blankets are also great.

MEG GEMIGNANI: Your Holy Halbert is a great scenario builder and a very effective "anti-cannon-fodder" device. I assume that the fact that it is designed to humble very powerful Chaotics is linked by ritual or by custom to its use only by 10+ levels.

ERIC BAINES: Good thoughts on research techniques.

DICK ENBY: What can I say about your Dwarf/elf table that probably everybody else in this issue haven't. It's great!

SHERNA OOMERFORD: So that's how a dybbuk works. Thanks. That expedition was my first game, and now I'm really sorry I missed the rest of the adventure. Reb Cuthbert and David ben David said (?) to say Happy New Year to Duveed.

LEE BURVASSER: Thanks for the specs on Ranger. (Now if somebody would do the same for Illusionist.) Granted that the number of spells are too heavy, but I think you've gone overboard the other way. A powerful fighter listed to a small set of very passive spells seems somehow incoherent. Limit him/her to the full set of spells for one m.u./cleric level as you suggested with the character getting his/her choice. If you don't like that, how about a little more flexibility. Allow use of normal sleep with Ranger being honor bound to protect anyone slept from harm by other members of the party. Substitute short range Clairvoyance or Dispel Magic for Infravision (too many other ways to get it. Give the option of Neutralize Poison or Cure/Purify and uncrock Limited Wish--maybe allows wisher to pick one nonoffensive spell from lower level (1-1 to 1-12 m.u. or cleric).

G.L. HOWARD: Your Chessmen are great, especially the Knight's attack mode.//I like Phobic Projection. How about a slightly different version allowing the caster to target a selected phobia. (Imagine a fighter suddenly developing a fear of edged weapons.)

STEVE PERRIN: What do you do to get access to the Special Extraordinary table; you never said. Your "Cure Wounds" sword is too much. A nice notion, but how do you keep it from curing those hit in battle.//Amoral means Neutral:

CHARLIE LUCE: Impressed riders reincarnating as opposite sexed Pawns. Gack, but it seems logical some how. A question on Pern Dragons; how do you handle pern mating, its effect on the rider, and the relationship between the riders of the mated dragons?//A great assortment of dragons with the Mahogany/Diamond breed overly gross parties at low levels of the dungeon. If so used, substitute modified weakness (have prime requisite 3D4 rounds) for Blindness. Does your Cinnamon/Sapphire have control over that

the victims polymorph into.

NONFIGHTER PALADINS: (See Konkin & Steve McIntosh) I can see it for Magic Users and Clerics, but not Thieves (a super-Lawful Neutral?) I think a type of holy relic for each, akin to the Fighter's Holy Sword. Does it only add 10% to saving throws, Greyhawk says "virtually immune." Whatever the limits, I agree that Paladin-magic users should be more immune to magic and Paladin clerics better able to cure wounds.

STEVE MCINTOSH: "The edged weapon is sacred to human sacrifice...." That's a great justification for their nonuse, but only by Lawfuls and non-Chaotic-leaning Neutrals. Evil High Priests might almost be expected to have such a sacrificial reason.

MICHAEL GALLOP: Those illustrations are fantastic! More, please!

NICK SMITH: Characters much above 1-20 are demigods. As such, they'll seek the company of other demigods, i.e., ascend to heaven and nonplayer status. Such a nonplayer character might remain in a very limited interaction basis, as my Dunab-er, who's retired to a retreat near Voslet to meditate and study (occasionally publishing research results in Thaumaturgic American). Demigods that have ascended could be "call-able" by former comrades, and they might even become the basis of cults with their earthbound possessions elevated to the status of holy relics. (And this is the Holy Jockstrap of Ozabrie the Fiecre, which adds +2 to strength.)

Bye folks,

Lee Volkoff

(Sorry for what's probably awful reproof-fault, not Lee's.)

ABZ-OZA #1

by Larry Stehle, 1144 11th St., Santa Monica, CA 90403

Greetings one and all! If the name is familiar, I am part of the infamous group that gave you the Manual of Aurania, which, by the way, may be bought at Aero Hobbies, 1319 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90401 or ordered by mail from this address:

Hugh K. Singh

1342 19th Street

Santa Monica, CA 90404

costs \$2.00 plus 50¢ for postage and handling

There, I've got that out of the way. (You're welcome, Dan & Hugh.)

Department One--Lycanthropes & other things hittable by magic weapons only: At Aero Hobbies, during the last campaign of D&D, we all decided on a way to cure the difficulty of lycanthropes & other creatures that could only be hit by magic and/or silver, as a couple of characters had come back as were-bears. Characters reincarnated as a lycanthrope class are more like shape-changers (see Manual of Aurania for shape-changers) than true lycanthropes.

In Greyhawk, p 29, In "Monsters and Treasure," it states regarding Elementals, "They are impervious to attack by creatures which do not have magical abilities: i.e. Kobolds, Orcs, etc., unless the attacking creature is of 4 or more hit dice in strength." Now our group decided that any creature with 4+ hit dice could attack a monster that could be hit only by magic and/or silver. It cures a lot of difficulty with lycanthrope player characters. Feel free to comment.

Department Two--Demons from the Manual of Aurania: to improve on the Demons of the Nether Depths in the Manual of Aurania, I have the following additions to be used as the DM wishes:

Class C Demons: use D10 for HP. Class B: D12. Class A: D20. As per Eldritch Wizardry, all these demons have the power to teleport with no chance of failure, infravision, cause darkness and "gate" in other demons. All demons may: Read Magic - Detect Magic; Cause Fear (as Fear Wand); Cause pyrotechnics; See Invisible or "phased out" creatures/ characters/objects; affect "phased" or astral creatures/ characters; Be immune to age, disease and withering; use phantasmal forces; shape-change to humanoid form.

Demons of the Nether Depths have the power to act as a Rod of Beguiling and will use it in human form to fool characters into doing something for them.

Class C Demons: Telekinesce 8K GP weight and "gate" in other demons as follows: Type I (1-6) 60%, Type II (1-4) 50%, Type III (1-2) 40%, Type IV (1) 30%, Type V (1) 20%, Type VI (1) 10%.

Class B Demons: Telekinesce 10K GP weight and "gate" as follows: Type I (1-8) 70%, type II (1-6) 60%, Type III (1-4) 50%, Type IV (1-2) 40%, Type V (1) 30%, Type VI (1) 20%.

Class A Demon: Telekinesce 12K GP weight and "gate" as follows: Type I (1-10) 80%, Type II (1-8) 70%, Type III (1-6) 60%, Type IV (1-4) 50%, Type V (1-2) 40%, Type VI (1) 30%.

Named Demon: I leave it up to you.

PSIONIC ABILITIES	Attack Str.	Attack Modes	Defense Modes
Class C Demon	175	A,C,E	F,G,H
Class B Demon	275	A,B,C,E	F,G,H
Class A Demon	375	ALL	ALL
Named Demon	475+	ALL	ALL

All of the above powers are innate abilities that don't suffer from dexterity penalties; effects are immediate. All powers mentioned in the Manual of Aurania also do not suffer dexterity penalty, penalty due to level, etc.

#### Department Three: Comments (not many)

The Voice of Dariomere: Nazguls rode "loathesome beasts," not eagles. These beasts were a type of flying reptile. The 1976 Tolkien calendar by the brothers Hildebrandt has an excellent painting of what I mean. One thing that seems to have been forgotten about the Nazgul is that they were afraid of fire and the name Elbereth. Their strength at night was greater and they had an extremely loud, piercing, frightening cry. Another effect of the Nazgul was that anyone near them for any length of time was affected by the Black Breath, which resulted in despair, unconsciousness, bad dreams and, after prolonged exposure, death. Athelas (a plant) was an ineffective remedy *[in the hands of a King. I'd allow for an effect by a paladin, lawful full elf, or any king.--LG]*

Morgul knives vaporized when exposed to the sun.

As for the Black Captain, he was killed by Eowyn and Merry (both of whom were hardly 12th level) and so I believe a Nazgul could be hit by anyone, if they had the right weapon to do so.

All of the above was taken from the Guide to Middle Earth (so don't scream at me! Please?)

Not enough room or time for too much more, so....on to  
DEPARTMENT Four: Monsters and Magic Items

#### EBONY DRAGON:

HD: 13-15 AC: 2+1 Move: 9/24 Lair: 65% Treas: see below  
# app: 1-4 Alignment: Law (1)/Neutral (2-4)/Chaos (5-6)

Larger relative of the Black Dragon. Lives in swamps and marshes. Breathes a highly powerful acid in a line (8" x 1") or a cloud (6"x6"). The acid will eat away metal as well as flesh, so that normal armor will corrode and fall apart after one turn unless cleaned off starting the melee round after being hit, the cleaning taking four rounds. The acid is very powerful, so a cape or some other cloth is needed to wipe it off as the acid will destroy whatever is used to remove it. Magic armor will also be ruined by the acid unless cleaned off if it fails to make its saving throw (see D&D, Vol II). Magic armor that fails to save will corrode and be ruined in a number of turns equal to its adds plus one turn; e.g. a suit of plate +1 would be destroyed in two turns, +2 armor in three turns, etc. Armor destroyed by the acid is totally destroyed and unrepairable!

Ebony dragons talk 60% of the time and can use magic from 1st to 4th level 30% of the time. If an Ebony Dragon is Lawful, there is a 10% chance it can use clerical spells from 1st to 3rd. Very rare to find one like that though. Found asleep 30% of the time.

Bites for 4-40 points of damage, claws do 1-8 points damage and the tail does 1-10 points damage.

Treasure: Copper: 45% 2-24K Silver: 60% 3-18K Gold: 65% 2-24K  
Platinum: 40% 1-12 K Gems & Jewlery: 40% each, 2-20  
Magic: 30% 1-7 items possible  
or 4 + 1 Potion and 2 scrolls

PAINS

HD: 1-2. Treasure: nil. Lair: nil. Armor: 7

# app.: 4+

Alignment: Neutral.

There are four pains altogether: one big pain, one medium pain, and two small pains. Small pains (worth 1/2 hit die) will jump on a character's back doing 1/4 die of damage. The medium pain (worth one hit die) jumps on the back doing a half die of damage. The large pain (worth two hit dice) kicks a character from behind doing 1/4 die damage - so they do one die damage together. Nuisance monsters only. They are cowardly by nature and will usually run if hurt. (I hope you're happy now, Almee; I've written your Pains up. Painful they was.)

Magic Item Time:

SCARAB OF PROTECTION AGAINST LIFE LEVEL LOSS (LLL)

This appears to be a normal scarab of protection from Evil. High Priests, but it only has 1-8 legs on the scarab. For each life level that would have been lost, a leg falls off the scarab. It may be restored by a clerical spell of Restoration, but at the rate of one charge (leg) per spell and only a Patriarch may work on one.

Next issue: maybe more comments, my critical hit chart (maybe), Red-heads, and more.

FOUR WINDS by KENNETH SCHER, 1030-29 Franklin Ave, North Valley Stream, NY 11580, 10-24-76 Mailing comments on A&E #15

Glenn Blacow: Rape can be a non-chaotic act if the victim is a virgin who, the normally opposed, has been be-spelled into agreeing to become sacrificed to some god, and there is no other way to rescue her. Wesley lives: Nope, I don't have a table of labor or costs of raw materials for the reason that it's all relative. Take weapons, for example: is the iron ore virgin native ore, meteoric nickel-iron, or are you reworking some ancient metal that just needs re-shaping? Is the work done by hand, or do you have water-wheel-powered trip-hammers? Is the smith doing this item as a special order, or was it part of a bulk order? Etc.?

Then again, what are the relative levels of workmanship in the areas where the item was made and that in which it was purchased. Even a poor iron sword would probably be invaluable if the purchaser normally can't get anything better than a flint-tipped spear. And there's the usual scale of prices, the state of the market, and the local inflation rate. In any case, my major point was that the prices were inconsistent and made no sense in relation to one another. John Kingsbury: Now that's an interesting table, but don't cleft palate and harelip usually go together?

I think the major effect of fire-arms was not against individual knights (the long-bow and cross-bow really sufficed for that; arrow-proof armor was so heavy, the knight was practically useless anyway), but against the castles of rebellious nobles. Much more than the earlier siege machinery, royal bombardments meant that it was no longer possible to defy the royal forces with impunity, which tended to lead to a strengthening of central authority.

## TALES OF GRAMARYE

the second in a series of articles concerned with the life and times of Morris the Marauder. Presented by Earl W. Baker, 245 Clark, Chillicothe, MO 64601. Telephone: (816) 646-5679. Age: 28. Married (I think that's all of the information requested in A&E #15)

When last we observed our intrepid adventurers, they were quietly licking their wounds after having attempted to defeat a Fire Giant and seven Hell Hounds.

Thoroughly disgusted with Morris and his "brilliant" ideas for reaping easy gain, Alaric, Sparrowhawk, Sean and Traff decamped and made their way back to Rizal. Morris, Peter, Patrick and Eric were not so easily daunted. Bringing the mast, sailcloth, rudder and sweeps from their wagon, they chopped the drawbridge loose from the castle, dropped it into the lake, cut stone steps into the causeway and into the castle wall opposite the causeway, and converted the drawbridge into a raft. These actions took five days, during which numerous orcs, fighting men, kobolds, a bugbear and two holy goblins were either killed or driven off.

Having accomplished this, they spent the night finalizing their plans. The next morning as they exited from the west outer tower, there sitting in the middle of the raft was a leather-looking individual in gray robes with a tall cone-shaped hat; he was gripping a weathered six-foot staff. Not desiring to anger one who was so obviously a high level magician, the group introduced themselves and requested the reason for his unexpected presence in their midst.

Introducing himself as Thandril the Mighty, he explained that he had been drawn from his arcane reveries by a "seeming" that he was sorely needed. Following the seeming had led him to the castle and the raft. Realizing that having a powerful magician in the party would greatly enhance their survival prospects, Morris offered him one third of any treasure found in return for assistance in their exploration of the castle. Much to Morris' relief, Thandril agreed to these terms.

Patrick rowed the raft to the handholds which Morris had cut in the wall of the castle next to the drawbridge, and from there the rest of the party climbed to the top of the castle wall.

With Morris in the lead, the group headed east on the 15' wide walkway which was along the top of the castle wall. They passed through the east tower which flanked the entryway and started out onto the next section of walkway when Morris suddenly stopped with a sulphurous curse. There, fifty feet out on the walkway, lay the body of a man. The group cautiously advanced and examined the body. It lay facing east with a sword on the walkway next to his outstretched hand. He was dressed in a suit of silvery ringmail. It had done him no good, however, since his head was cleft from crown to shoulders. Leading east along the walkway was a small line of bloodstains.

The group rapidly stripped the ringmail from the body, collected the sword, and headed back west. When they reached the point above the raft, the sword and armor were lowered to Patrick for safekeeping. The general feeling of the group at this time was that combat should be avoided, so they now headed west. They reached the southwest corner of the tower without incident.

Upon entering the corner tower, Thandrill made a few mystic passes and stated that in addition to the stairway down and the ladder to the roof of the tower, there was a hidden tunnel in the southwest corner with a ladder leading down.

Now Morris had learned from Traff, the hobbit thief, that there were a number of large birdlike creatures nesting on the roof of the large building at the north end of the castle. Morris had convinced himself that these same creatures must have removed the body and weapons of the Fire Giant which the group had killed (see Tales of Gramarye in A&E #14). Morris was certain that the giant's hammer was magical and, of course, giants always carry gold. For this reason, the group merely noted the position of the tunnel for future investigation and headed north.

They advanced fifty feet when out of the next tower came a large humanoid (ogre) with a rust-colored stone club. Morris and Peter advanced warily, and the three were soon engaged in mortal combat. The Ogre was dispatched with only minor wounds to Peter and Morris. The rusty color of his club was determined to be dried blood, and his pouch yielded 350 gold pieces.

The group continued north with Morris and Peter in the lead. Thandrill was called upon to examine each tower before anyone entered. He found nothing in the first tower. In the second tower another stairway going down was noted. Upon leaving the second tower, the caution of the group was increased by the fact that the entire section of walkway between the second and third towers was blackened and covered with a coating of ash. Thandrill examined the walkway and, muttering something about idiots and oil, headed toward the third tower.

At the third tower north, Morris caused his sword to flame and speedily destroyed the giant spider therein. A quick search resulted in the discovery of a pile of rusted weapons and armor. A more detailed search (curses!) resulted in the discovery that one axe, only lightly coated with rust, was otherwise sound, and that the rotted money pouches found in the armor contained 100 gold pieces and 180 silver pieces.

No sooner had the booty been pocketed, then a loud roar filled the room and a mighty blow knocked Peter to the floor. Turning rapidly, Morris caught the Owlbear's next blow on his shield. Eric drew his mace crying "Thandrill," but lo the magician had vanished. Morris, Eric and the Owlbear exchanged blows while Peter regained his footing. Morris took the brunt of the attack, receiving moderate damage and began cursing the missing magicker. Next as Peter and Eric struck, doing substantial damage, Morris received a hug. His sword and bones creaked but held, though he did sustain more damage. Suddenly, from the shadows behind the owlbear, came the figure of Thandrill, dagger flashing. The Owlbear dropped dead, and Morris gratefully rolled from its grasp.

While the others rested, Thandrill examined the body of the Owlbear and pronounced it totally lacking in items of value.

Even more cautiously, the group advanced toward the next tower. They reached the northwest corner tower without further incident and turned east. They went east 110 feet, passing another stairway down, and turned south onto the roof of the large building which Traff had

described. They walked forty feet south and saw that, except for a walkway west and a space about 110 feet by 240 feet, there was another level to the building. And that they were on the lower level!! They advanced another thirty feet south to what appeared to be a hexagonal well and, ten feet east of that, a sliding door in the roof.

Morris, brash as usual, dropped a torch down the well to try to determine its depth. Before the torch hit bottom, the air was filled with the sound of beating wings and singing. Morris called up a wall of flame one foot from his body and began to draw his sword. Over the edge of the roof from the west came four sword-wielding Harpies. All party members, except Morris, were unaffected by the Harpies' Charm. Peter and Thandrill were each attacked by a Harpy and poor Eric was beset by two. Thandrill and Peter each dispatched their attackers rapidly though neither escaped unscathed. Eric fought valiantly but he was badly wounded before anyone was free to come to his rescue. As Peter dispatched one of Eric's attackers from the rear, Eric killed the other and fell dead. With the Harpies dead, the charm on Morris was broken and he came to his senses to view the dead Harpies and the battered body of his friend Eric.

Taking the rope from his belt, he said, "Let's see if there are any more of those devils around." Quickly Thandrill climbed the fifteen feet to the roof from which the Harpies had come and secured Morris's rope. When the others too had climbed up, they saw that they were on a roof approximately 200 feet by 400 feet and that in the center of this area was a large ten foot square and a six foot high nest. They advanced warily, but there were no other Harpies in residence. A thorough search of the nest yielded 2000 silver pieces, two jewels (10 GP, 100 GPP) two bracelets (1,100 GP, 6,500 GP) a scroll and a potion. Morris muttered "damn cheap birds," the treasure was loaded and a quick conference was held.

It was decided that the most responsible course of action would be to take Eric's body back to Rizal for resurrection. The nest was put to the torch and the group then returned to the south end of the castle by the same route. They had to outrun a Black Pudding along the way, but no other monsters were encountered. They lowered Eric's body to the raft and climbed down to join Patrick.

They recovered their horses from the Ents but were required to leave the (mithril) ringmail and the axe (+1) which they had found.

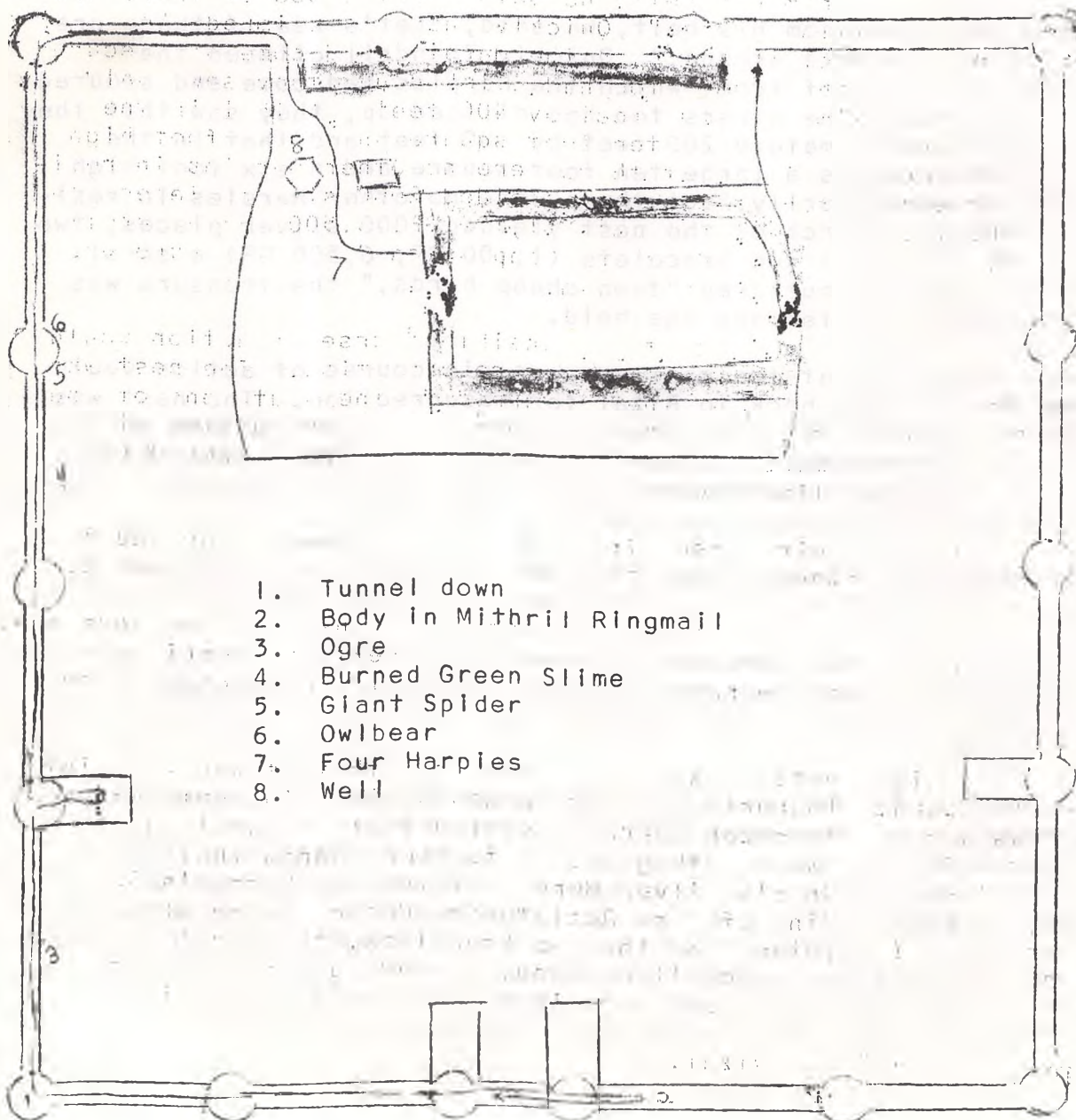
The group rode for five days and confrontations with the unfriendly creatures which they met were avoided. The next day Morris was going to begin a forced march so that Rizal could be reached in two more days travel.

Late that night Peter woke up and realized that it was well into his shift to guard. Thandrill had not awakened him! The camp was quickly roused and a thorough search revealed that Thandrill and the fastest horse in camp were both gone. A further search indicated a number of losses. Eric's silver Horn of Valhalla, Morris's Sword of Sharpness, Patrick's Ring of Fire Resistance, Peter's Ring of Water Walking and Bag of Holding, and the two bracelets, the scroll and the potion from the Harpies were all missing. Swearing a mighty oath against Thandrill, the group began their forced march to Rizal.

They came safely to Rizal.

Plans for further adventures are afoot.

MAP OF THE CASTLE -- AND ROUTE



Now some comments and answers on A&E #15:

Tantivy: your Church of Devout Cowardice sounds interesting. Perhaps you would consider opening a mission on Gramarye. [OK--LG]

Searchlight: I'm sorry to hear that the Blackmoor D&D adventure was so bad. I got in on the Blood Cup of Noth adventure which was offered as an alternative to Blackmoor. It started out frantic but improved as the game progressed. Though I may be prejudiced since I won it. I was disappointed at Gencon in that I couldn't get in on any of the open adventures. I don't know if it was clownishness or what, but every time I tried to get involved I was told that they didn't want any more players.

Kill Slavus the Clever: I agree that Sleep is powerful, but it works better with saving throws and limited effect.

Echoes from the Cavern: Death on Gramarye has been very permanent (100%) until recently. Now it is possible to be raised (if anyone survives to drag the bodies back to town).

I agree with your comments on Vampires. If properly played, a Vampire can be almost indestructable.

Mockturtle: A good story and an interesting way to get rid of a Slime Devil.

Kirel's Mirror: Morris came by his strength (20) rightfully. He started out at 18<sup>40</sup> and over six expeditions found three Manuals of Gainful Exercise. For nonhumans I use the modifications from Tunnels and Trolls. This does not throw the game off because, now, character type (human, elf, dwarf, etc.) is determined by roll of the dice with only a 20% chance of being non-human. Out of the last thirteen characters created, only one has been non-human (a hobbit). Most of the characters in the expedition above were created before I started requiring a roll for types but even they are not unbalancing the game.

Many Worlds: Good point on noblesse oblige. The Gramarye adventurers could have recovered the bodies but they didn't try. As to why they irritated the giant first, ask them. I was the DM, not one of the characters. They probably figured that he would come out when they started to take the drawbridge off the castle and wanted to meet him on ground of their own choosing. Good Dumb Monsters. Are Gygacks good/lawful or evil/lawful? Down with the Four Fold Way!!

Eney's Fault: Phlogiston eater is useful but what can destroy it?

Realm Fantastic: Missed seeing you at Gencon. I was in the morning session of the 100 man elimination, then stepped into a Wild Gygax adventure at the Legion Hall. Maybe next year....

Planerium's Pulse: Good monster listing, but your disability table must have some strange looking humans around. People are odd enough without those disabilities. How about special characteristics: epileptic: 5% cumulative chance per melee round of having grand mal seizure resulting in incapacity for one to six turns. Also with a 30% chance of acting as a fear spell on opponents?

Safe descent!

## SENILE SAGE

against my own best judgement and the advice of my friends, written by Robbert J. Clifford, 812 S. Arlington Mill Rd., #1, Arlington, VA 22204

This is my first and probably last appearance in any publication. I am imparting on this masochistic endeavor in order to present my views and experiences of D&D. I am even going to commit the unpardonable sin of offering new tables. Readers are encouraged to make ANY use of this article that they may find appropriate.

I have always found it unrealistic (unrealistic? In D&D? oh well) that players choose their race. I know no instance of this occurring in real life and would be interested in any information others may have of such an incident. So I have concocted a table. Each player rolls for race on a 20-sided die along with other characteristics:

01-10	human	17-18	half Elf
11-13	dwarf	19	hobbit
14-16	elf	20	exotic

Since, like everywhere else, there are people here who like to play non-standard races, I have an Exotic table; it's not yet complete, and I am open to suggestions as to additions. Before the screams start, I'd like to say I don't like some of the characters either, but I'm willing to give anyone one chance in 2,000 to be anything. Suitably limited, of course.

### EXOTIC TABLE

01-02	Half Orc	30-32	Leprechaun	55	Titan
03-04	Centaur	33	Werebear	56	Cyclops
05	Ent	34	Weretiger	57	Cythian
06	Giant, Cloud	35	Wereboar	58	Yeti
07	Giant, Fire	36	Wererat	59	Balrog
08	Giant, Storm	37-38	Werewolf	60	Cheshire Cat
09	Giant, Frost	39	Wereeagle	61	Blink Dog
10-11	Giant, Hill	40	Were Koala Bear	62	Sphinx
12-13	Giant, Stone	41	Werefox	63	Sword
14-18	Gnome	42-49	Orc	64	Troll
19-20	Goblin	50	Werewolverine	65	Thark
21	Griffon	51	Minotaur	66	Syntarian
22	Hippogriff	52	Pegasus	67	Pernese Dragon
23-24	Hobgoblin	53	Pixie	68	Hoka
25-29	Kobold	54	Unicorn	69	Telk

As stated above, the table is not finished. A similar table is being compiled for reincarnation, since this is also supposed to be randomly assigned. This table may appear in some later edition of this zine.

Speaking of reincarnation, we play that in reincarnation a character keeps his wisdom, intelligence and constitution. Other characteristics are rerolled with attention given to just which species he has just become: i.e. we modify the die roll. We use this system because we figure the mental attributes, intelligence and wisdom, are part of the personality or soul and would remain with the spirit. The other characteristics are dependant on the body inhabited. Constitution is translated as "vitality" or life force. Besides it makes constitution more important since you can't jump to a new body when it gets low and continue the same character.

This looks like a good place to offer my additions to the dungeon. First a new magic ring.

#### WERE RING

An alexandrite stone set in a platinum band (apparent value 250 GR). It is usable once per day, when activated. The bearer is randomly changed to one of the lycanthropes in the list below. All possessions, except those in the bearer's hands, vanish to reappear with the original body. This can be interesting if he is the only owner of a desperately needed piece of equipment. The bearer must remain in the lycanthropic form for one full hour and only one hour.

Ring table (roll on D12)

1	Werebear	5	Werefox	9	Werewalrus
2	Weretiger	6	Wereeagle	10	Werepigeon
3	Werewolf	7	Wererat	11	Werekoala bear
4	Wereboar	8	Werepenguin	12	Were duck-billed platypus

Werepigeon: 1 missile attack/round, must attack from overhead, treats all targets as AC 9, +4 to hit. A hit causes the receiver to be incapacitated for 1-10 rounds.

Were koala bear: all intelligent creatures must save vs. spell or become Charmed. Chaotics save +12. Nonintelligent creatures are not affected by the charm. Hit with weapon does 1 pt. damage.

Were duck-billed platypus: all creatures seeing it must save vs spell or go into convulsions of laughter for 1-3 movement rounds. Attack with spurs does 1 pt. damage. second move is in water.

Werewalrus: attack with tusk does 1-8 pts damage. Second movement figure is for water.

The figures in parantheses under hit dice are for characters using the were-ring. The magic item has proven very useful for low level groups; with the limitations of time and power of the lycanthropes, it is nicely limited. Don't laugh off these monsters until you have fought them; they can be quite formidable.

Kind of Were	Number	AC	Move	Hit Dice	Lair	Treasure
Were-pigeon	1-100	3	1/36	1(1pt/level)	75%	1-100*
Were Koala	1-10	8	3	2(1pt/level)	nil	nil
Were platypus	1	8	2/12	2(1pt/level)	nil	nil
Were-walrus	1-2	5	1/12	5(1/2 die/level)	nil	nil

\*Were-pigeons treasure is exclusively bright objects

Another monster/trap of interest is the BALOON aka MACY'S THANKS-GIVING PARADE. In the form of a giant or dragon, it can cause great consternation among low level characters and lead to some very interesting by-play among the players. For the more sadistic DM, the balloons can be filled with hydrogen which can be very nasty with any ignition source such as a torch or lantern. Even a spark from metal against stone would be enough. It has proven very effective against the high level professional dragon killer with his +5 armor, +5 sword, invisibility and haste who loves to knock off sleeping dragons. According to the size, the balloon of hydrogen can cause a fireball of 3-12 dice damage. Of course any other gas which hits your fancy or fits your dungeon can be substituted.

A final piece of treasure for those who like sea adventures is SKIDBLADNIR. According to Norse Mythology, this was a magic boat made for Freyr by the dwarves. It can be folded up small enough to be placed in a pouch and unfolded to the size of a ship.

So much for the news; now for the editorial. As I stated at the beginning, this may be a one shot or at best a highly erratic offering. I find writing hard work. I never can find the right word or phrase. I'm an abysmal typist and speller, so if this article is in the least coherent or legible, it will be the result of the editing done by Lee Gold. Add to this that I am naturally lazy and you will see that this is not a labor of love. But I do occasionally have ideas on the hobby and feel that others should have an opportunity to consider them for whatever their worth. I will gladly see any CONSTRUCTIVE criticism on anything I present.

I almost forgot one of my prikrme offerings: a new entry in the hit point controversy. In my dungeon, a character gets just those points that he would normally get from Greyhawk. At 0 hit points, he is comatose until he can regenerate, and at minus hit points he is dead. However, in between these points things are played slightly different than I have seen done elsewhere. What happens is that in any melee round in which a character takes damage equal to one-half of his remaining hit points, at that time he has a chance of losing consciousness as a result of shock, concussion, etc. This chance is equal to the percentage of the total number of hit points he is below his uninjured total divided by his uninjured total.

For example, a fighter with 20 hit points is whittled down in combat to 8 hit points left. He then takes 4 points of damage all in one melee round. There is now a possibility that he may lose consciousness, since he lost half his remaining hit points in this melee round. That chance is equal to 16 (the total he is below his uninjured stated) divided by 20 (his total hit points)...or 80%.

One of the first things noted is that when there is a possibility of unconsciousness, it is always at least 50%. This leads to some drastic changes in tactics and wounded and unwounded men are continually shifted in formation. No longer do players stay in the line until the last instant until withdrawing to be cured. It makes things far more realistic (that word again) with parties fighting to retrieve their unconscious comrades. It also adds a dimension common to mythology and fantasy literature but all but omitted from D&D: capture. How many times was Conan bashed on the head and captured only to escape later? In D&D most characters fight to the death.

Two final points: first, unconscious characters regain consciousness upon being bandaged and in other ways ministered to. It takes about one movement phase. Second, since this does weaken the characters, it is also applied to the appropriate monsters. I have seen it save lives where monsters ignored inert bodies of unconscious characters and concentrated on those idiots with swords.

FINIS

Martin Easterbrook writes FROM MERLIN'S ISLE

Number 1 of a D&D zine published from - Physics Dept, Royal Holloway College, Egham Hill, Egham, Surrey, England.

Greeting's. I hope you don't mind the addition of a 1'st level typist to you mad and merry party. Before I proceed perhaps I'd better point out that I'll usually be one ish behind the rest of you since I can't afford the flying spells needed to transport A&E across the Atlantic. Secondly the repro may be a bit strange if Lee's duper makes its save against European stencils.

I'll start with a general description of how the game is interpreted over here. Reading A&E some of your campaigns sound like ours and some have marked differences.

Firstly magic - Magic users may only memorise the number and levels of spells shown on the D&D volume 1 tables. They may use each of these spells once and once only per game day (this usually means once per expedition) and they must choose which spells to memorise before going on the expedition. They may however read magic writings or spells from scrolls without recourse to a 'read magic' spell. They may not use armor, shield or any weapons other than a dagger, or in some dungeons a steel tipped staff which acts as an unwieldy mace.

Clerics - These may usually use armor and shield, though some dungeons limit them to leather armor. They may use their spells once per full turn provided that they spend that turn in prayer rather than fighting, running or casting other spells.

Combat - This is usually as per GREYHAWK. I'm the last DM I know still persevering with BLACKMOOR. Just at the moment a lot of DM's are converting to modified Tunnels and Trolls combat systems but I haven't had a chance to play with them yet.

Characters - This seems to be the main area of difference. We live in a smaller country than the US and playing contact between DM's seems to be much greater, hence most of our play tends to be under a 'strange' DM rather than a familiar one. Despite my glossing over of differences between DM's they still exist and many will not accept powerfull characters/items from dungeons they are not familiar with, therefore the average player here will have about a dozen characters at any one time. The drawback of this is the production of giveaway/killer dungeons where most of your characters get killed and the survivors emerge wealthy. Even under this system the highest level British character I know of is 9'th level (the incredible Fronan run by Fred Hemmings) but he does possess about a dozen magic items.

Resurrections - what ? I have only come across one character who has been reurrected. In our dungeons death usually means just that. If you want to resurrect a character there are no non-player clerics around to help you.

Chautics - We have a lot more of these around as player characters. Our system just evolved rather than being designed but in this case I think it is more realistic. You often do not know your fellow players, or if you do not which of their characters they are running. This leads to chaotic characters being able to sneak along with lawfull parties in disguise, waiting for a suitable moment to grab, stab and run. My favourite fighter managed to

capture one of these unprintables some time ago, an illusionist who had combined with his neutral followers to wipe out half the party. Being Lawfull my fighter found that there was nothing suitable that he could do to the miscreant, not even his usual tactic of leaving surrendering chaotics safe but stark naked and helpless somewhere in the dungeon to give the next party a good laugh. While a course of action was being debated the wretch saved himself by prayer.

Prayer - This is a system I don't like, especially after it allowed the illusionist to escape. The system, together with an account of the above incident, is described in NEWS FROM BREE 17 and 19. Basically it means that characters may summon Gods to Earth (if that's where they are) purely by prayer. The Gods tend to be very unreliable and there is a 'fair' chance of summoning a God of the wrong alignment (usually fatal). Even so I believe that players should rely on their own efforts and Gods may only be summoned by gate spells in my dungeon.

Magic items - Every dungeon will have some inhabitant who, for a large fee, will tell you the nature of any magic items you may have found. This renders a lot of crocks useless but is necessary as you will probably be playing under a different DM next time.

Chaotic parties - I've only been on two of these but if you want to recapture the stark terror and uncertainty of your first expedition I can recommend them. You know that your fellows will only cooperate long enough to get some treasure and then the double-crossing will start. In the first game my fighter (Egdon) was the leader. Sadly he didn't have enough money to bribe the gatekeeper for the signs that indicated traps. His compatriots did but refused to tell him while still insisting that he lead the way (trying to lead from the back is often severely punished in chaotic parties). Result, one gibbering character terrified of his own shadow. The second expedition was even better, culminating in a 5 way battle at the end. Egdon tried to fool everyone by taking no part in the conspiracies within the group but instead allying against the party with some of the resident dungeon magicians. (I hold that this is a highly commendable act in chaotic terms). Sadly for him the pushover cleric who possessed the ring of human control which he coveted turned out to be the black hearted John Wesley Hardin, 5'th level chaotic cleric, posing as a relatively mild mannered and inoffensive 2'nd level.

Oil flasks - We allow use of these as fire bombs, with a 1 in 6 chance of smashing when being prepared and a 1 in 6 chance of going out when thrown. Despite these handicaps they proved exceptionally lethal and parties were simply saturating rooms with oil until we imposed a limit of five flasks per person. Other usefull deterrents included the placement of lots of inflammable treasure. This is still very much a problem though and we are still trying to produce a reasonable set of rules for oil.

Dungeons - These tend to be large but usually have no levels deeper than 4'th since we have few high level characters here as yet. First levels range from 200-2000 rooms. The best dungeons are of course those with backgrounds to them but some people have evolved quite complex methods for generating random rooms, one DM even managed to produce a 10 foot tall mushroom that

hummed purely by throwing dice.

At the moment we are trying to absorb GODS DEMI-GODS AND HEROES, SWORDS AND SPELLS and DRAGON 1&2 which all arrived here together. Most people are still wrestling with EW and probably won't have seen them yet.

GD&H seems ok but its scope is rather limited. I don't think that we will make too much use of it as our characters aren't up to facing the Gods yet but the material is interesting in its own right. The main thing missing is some indication of where each god lies on the alignment diagram.

S&S looks great but it will be some time before I have sufficient miniatures to try it properly. It also clears up some queries about D&D, stating that the 'sleep' spell lasts for 4-16 turns and that each member of a group takes full damage from dragon's breath (before this I've always thought that D&D dragons were too weak). A group of us, led by Hartley Patterson, intend to reactivate Midgard as a home for our dungeons. S&S should form the basis for our campaigns.

The S&S rules seem designed to emphasise skill rather than luck. I like the way that a unit's morale deteriorates with the situation rather than changing suddenly. However I think that to be realistic you should do a morale check for each situation so that a unit faced with (say) 3 situations challenging its morale could drop 3 morale levels. Otherwise you could have a situation where a unit is being attacked from the front by undead, from the rear by cavalry and from the air by a dragon but still has no chance of being routed. One personal complaint I have against S&S is its lack of rules for pike formations. I act as a pikeman in a group which re-creates English Civil War battles (somewhat similar to the SCA) and I have personally been involved in some engagements with cavalry. I don't believe that the rules reflect the fact that it is almost impossible for light or medium horse to attack pike bodies unless they have first been softened up by missile fire. The best suggestion I've seen for handling this is that the first round of melee involves no attacks by the cavalry so that they are simply taking casualties as they attempt to get past the 16-18 ft pikes. If their morale stands this then melee proceeds as normal. Personally I think that the pikemen should also get a charge bonus for the horses running onto set pikes but few people will share my personal enthusiasm for the pike as a weapon.

Some people saw DRAGON 1 some time ago as they subscribe to it directly from TSR. The general opinion of it was unfavourable. In particular players here felt that it had too much rather mediocre fiction which didn't justify the quality of production or the price and too little D&D content. Number 2 seems to be an improvement but I still think that it has further to go. So far coverage of SF games is minimal. It may be true that there must be a limit to the amount of D&D material (hence supplement IV being the last) but there is still a great shortage of material on playing D&D outside dungeons. There is a lot of work which could be done on campaigns, air, sea and wilderness situations while still giving the poor dungeon

designer a breathing space. There must be a potential family of games that can be made compatible with D&D. How about some variations on WAR OF THE WIZARDS to make it possible to play with your D&D characters. How about some even wilder ideas; like modifying FIGHT IN THE SKIES for flying carpets and dragons.

mailing comments -

Lee (Tantivy) - I was interested in your piece on SELF CORRECTING DUNGEONS. I don't believe in crocking a players powerfull magic items, even if they were gained by luck, but I have come across an alternative balancing system that I like. One of the college dungeons has a set of powerfull chaotics on the deeper levels who pay spies to tip them off about any valuable magic items being brought into the dungeon. Once they learn of any they will come out of the deep levels after them. Generally in our play possessing any heavy magic makes it more likely that the player-character chaotics will come after you. This is more logical and adds extra interest to the game.

Mark Kramer (Voice of Dariomore) How did the rings of power ever get left out of the original D&D rules? Your ideas are a good correction of this situation.

Fang (I'd like to slit a lawful's throat....) I suspect that we all know a Cheryl, or two. As for Cheryl the worst of these sometimes end up being added to the monster table.

Sherma Comerford (Write it up She said) I suspect that if you need to crock rangers that badly you are letting them get too high too easily. Once you've got high level rangers though I'd suggest using the characteristics of the class against them. They must spend a fair amount of time travelling solo in the wilderness. Try wandering-monstering them then.

Dan Pierson (Vultures Roost) - You crystallised a great many of my thoughts on D&D. I guess that my comments above, on DRAGON, boil down to a desire for more material for types 2-4 D&D. I hope that our proposed Midgard adaptation should be a type 2 game with each individual nation run by a different GM (or group of GM's) comprising a type 3 game.

I wonder if the type 4 D&D which you mention could have been a misunderstanding of SWORDS & SPELLS. Even if this is so I am considering setting up a dungeon for a type 4 game, where a Lawfull and a Chaotic party will race to reach some item in the centre (picking up coins and magic in order to help them on their way. I think that this will need two DM's so I don't want to use my regular dungeon.

Steve McIntosh (Spinward Ho!) - Swine. I wanted to suggest that our Midgard be placed on the Ringworld, instead of on the flat Earth where it is now. Curses, foiled again!

The ladies all - The number of girls involved in D&D in the States and writing to A&E is rather surprising to me. True I have found that women are more sympathetic to D&D than any other game the SF fans here have tried but few become enthousiasts. I only know of one female DM over here. (Please girls, I am not trailing my coat for a womenn's lib discussion but I do wonder why this should be.)

## CHRONICLES OF DIMWELT

by R. Steven Brown 113 State St. Lexington, Ky. 40503

Over 90% of my D&D time finds me as a DM, running a campaign now nearly two years old. The universe/dimension is named "Dimwelt," pronounced like a German word. Within this domain, spread out over hundreds of miles apart, are five, existing full-sized dungeons and about ten mini-dungeons=lairs, all produced within the last two years, while I was in graduate school and had more spare time on my hands. From what I gather in A&E, I must be a rather conservative DM, since my highest level player, a cleric, is only 11th level after all these games -- we average play once per week. Likewise, while there seems to me to be a copious amount of magic in my game, none of my players have ever accumulated the vast hordes I read about in some of the A&E write-ups. In fact, players are just about as likely to lose treasure as gain it on any given trip. Also, unlike many of the campaigns I hear and read about, we do as much overland travel as dungeon adventures. The characters have been mucking about for around 7+ game years. For those so interested, some of the current characters include:

Sentarius - Law - 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ L Cleric Currently with a hard-earned Mace +3, Plate +3, Helm of Brilliance, Amulet of Treasure Finding (usable once/day, Staff of Healing.

Elk-Frothi - Law - Half-elf, 6FM/8MU/4CL (thanks to 18 Intelligence and a 13 Wisdom) Needless to say he has risen as high as possible. Unfortunately, he is on his last leg as far as Raise from Deads go. Sw+1, Chain +2, various scrolls and potions, Lt. Bolt Wand, and Crystal Ball.

Landar - Neu. - 4L Illusionist Scroll of Blindness, Wand of Magic Detection.

Madoc - Neu. - 6L Bard Sw+3/+4 vs Lycan., with various abilities. A special Rope of Climbing that has a 20% chance of strangling a victim (with special conditions, of course).

Stanislaus - Neu. - 7L FM Plate +3, Sh +1

Thanatius - Law - 4L Monk Ring of Fire Resistance and the Bell of Lagoth, which when rung raises the holder's level, while draining 1-4 levels off other creatures/players. It's only been used once, surprise. surprise (Madoc was the one who got burned the time it was used.)

Träumen - Neu. - 4L Hobbit thief. No magic.

Amire - Neu. - 8L MU (pronounced: uh-meer-ay), with a wisdom so low that it causes him to cast the oddest spells at the oddest times. Ring of Djinn Summoning minus the Djinn, which he over-commanded in a recent (current) expedition, Bracers of Defence AC 4, and some potions.

Off in the wings are:

Trevesaine - Law - 7FM with a really nice sword, Baergardt. Until recently had been insane for over a game year. Still not fully recovered.

Artagerious - Neu. - 2L Weretiger-Druid (pronounced: ar-tazh-er-us) A test character with no magic and even less luck.

Thurin - Law - Dwarf 6FM/6Thief War Hammer +3. Has been charmed by a unicorn.

Welkin Peaseblossom II - Neu. - 6L Pixie (My pixies/air sprites are combination MU/TH with limited magical powers, but with invisibility and wind control powers). Also charmed by the unicorn.

Amret - Law - 8L Samurai (subclass of FM, see below). Lost a dexterity point and thus most of his benefits, and so went off on his own to regain his samuraihood.

This group is based in a barony known as Dracony. Dracony was named so in honor of the defeat of the blue dragon who used to terrorize the land, and whose lair was in a cavern under the present location of Caen Draco, the patriarch's castle. The cavern has been connected to the castle itself by a considerable amount of labor performed by dwarves hired into the service of Dracony. It has taken them over four game years to build a 40 x 40 keep, several wooden buildings, an inner wall of 100 x 100, an outer wall of 300 x 300 with nine towers and a gatehouse, a bridge (with a drawbridge section in it) across a strategic river to the south, and nearly a mile of heavy-duty, stone surfaced Roman Road, as well as rebuilding a 300-people

sized village, burnt during one of the Summer Campaigns against the Baerkirfians, Vikingitypes to the north. All of which brings me to my first point: how long does it take to build a castle, once someone has enough money and is high enough level to do so? After having fooled around with many complicated systems, I finally came up with the following:

Cost in GPs = # of man-days required to build

Suppose then, a Lord wants to build a building, as described on page 21, Vol. III of D&D. Cost = 2500GP. Therefore, one man could build it all by himself in 2500 days, according to my system. Since every seventh day has to be a rest day (or so I interpret page 7, Vol. III), it would take much longer than 2500 days to build the structure. Ten men, a more reasonable figure, would still require 250 work days. Of course, the weather does not always cooperate either, so that no work can be performed during a rainy day (actually some work probably could be done, but to account for other minor delays, I rule that none can), and during severe weather, work is slowed even more. In our example, given 4 rest days a month, and a yearly average of 10 bad weather days a month, it would take the men about 15 months to complete the building: 16 good days per month times 10 men divided into 2500 = about 15. Dwarves working with stone can accomplish twice as much in a day as a normal man. Work on a Patriarch's castle is done with Divine Help, I.E., at twice normal speed, or at regular speed, but half the cost, player's option. Since my crew has managed to get about 75 dwarves to do their stonework for them (they ceded them a piece of the Barony), and since the castle itself is run by the 11th level cleric, you can appreciate the enormous effort necessary in building under normal conditions. Rome wasn't built in a day, after all.

I have also been interested in A&E participant's views of the old problem with "lawful." Some guidelines for determining lawful acts that I use are:

(1) Would Aragorn or Gandalf do it? For some "strange" reason, this question, when put to an offending player, will almost always solve the problem. Concerning the recent debate over rape, I think that anyone would admit that neither of these characters would even associate with someone who would harbor such thoughts, much less stand by with only a 33% chance of intervening to prevent such an act.

(2) Creatures may not be summarily killed if captured or defeated in some way besides death (such as capture). I even wince when a player wants to tie up some baddie and leave him in a passageway. Chaotics/enemies may be killed after review of the situation by the proper legal authorities in the proper legal settings. An unintelligent creature may be executed if it presents a clear and present danger to the law of the land and its peaceful or lawful inhabitants. A slept cockatrice in a passageway in a dungeon 50 miles from the nearest village does not, in most cases, represent such a danger.

(3) Lawfuls may not lie. They do not have to tell all the truth, i.e., they can keep their mouth shut, but they may not out and out lie, UNLESS it is to preserve a greater good. I leave you to determine if the end justifies the means, while all the objectivists out there can moan their little hearts out.

(4) Lawfuls may not give the DM a lot of grief. (Boy, I wish I could enforce that one!)

Since Blackmoor's Critical Hit table has proven so unpopular (I can sure understand why), and since several other people have given their views on critical hits and mortal wounds, I'll present the system we use. Whenever half of a character's remaining hits, plus one, are taken as damage in one single blow, he is mortally wounded, and incapacitated. He will live for the number of turns equal to the number of hits remaining after the damage has been added on, losing one more point of damage each turn. For example, if a character can take 20 hits, but already has 5 on him, he has 15 remaining. Now if a monster were to deliver half of that ( $7\frac{1}{2}$ ) plus one more (=  $8\frac{1}{2}$ , or 9) in one blow (not from a claw hit and a bite hit off of a monster, but just the bite hit or claw hit considered independently), then the character would be mortally wounded, and would in this case have 6 turns, and 6 hits remaining before he bled to death. To be cured, half plus one of the hits on him must be cured, using any cure means available. Any number of cures may be made as long as half + one of the original number of hits are removed eventually.

The character then functions again, and no more hits will be accumulated from bleeding unless another monster or whatever grabs him.

Speaking of hits, what exactly do hits/points of damage, etc. that players and monsters can take represent? Everyone here seems to have a different opinion on this subject, and other DM's in the area have devised new ways to arrive at the number of hits a character can take. Basically, there are three versions concerning the meaning of hits. One is that hits should be reflective of or represent one's constitution. The reasoning being that the player characters with "tough" bodies are simply better able to withstand punishment/pain as well as loss of blood and internal damage. For this reason, the DM that uses this interpretation has a minimum number of hits possible, depending on one's constitution. The second interpretation is based on professional training. This DM asserts that a PM will always take more hits than any of the other classes, since he is more trained in combat. For this reason, all of his characters get the maximum number of hits allowed for their class. So do the monsters, though, except there is a chance that they have a certain percentage less than 100% due to damage sustained before monster encounters. My own interpretation is based on experience. A man may be trained in weapons, but if he has not been a very good student, he will take less hits. On the other hand, an astute MU who observes every move of enemies during one of his own, or even someone else's battles, might be able to take just as many hits. Granted, this may seem rather arbitrary since players are not allowed to work towards being a good student, but it is still the interpretation that I can live with best. By the way, constitution is accounted for via D&D rules Vol. I, by +1 to hits for high constitution.

I have also noticed that there seems to be several divergent attitudes towards the manner in which magic is "created" by characters. Gygax says that only wizards and above may create magic items for use or sale. However, I cannot see why lower levels may not attempt to create, at the same cost in time and money as for wizards, but with less chance of success (since they don't have as vast a background). Since wizards are 11th level, give them a base 100% chance of success under the optimum conditions, necromancers 90%, etc., all the way down to first level types, which have 0% (or, say, 1%) chance of success. I employ this system in Dimwelt, and it has been very infrequently used, since you are almost sure to find some magic item in an adventure much faster than creating your own. Besides, what player would want to sit around for a game year or so out of the action while he was working on some piece of magic? /// Another point about magic creation is who creates clerical items, or for that matter swords? Regarding swords at least, a MU could probably begin a sword at +1, but might have difficulty getting to +2 or higher if the sword was not able to "hold" the magic. For this reason, a +3 sword is almost certainly going to contain mithril, and a +4 sword might contain even rarer metals. Also, someone is going to have to be available to forge these bizarre metals, most likely an extremely recalcitrant dwarf. Regarding the clerical items, it looks to me as if a MU and a cleric might both be required to create a Staff of Healing, with the cleric providing the healing spell, while the MU casts spells of binding, etc. Creating in general can get pretty tricky. In a conversation once with some TSR people it came to light that casting a cold spell on a sword would not give you a sword of cold, but merely a cold sword. /// So, if a MU wanted to create a potion, you might use the straight D&D system of time and money required, or you might create your own requirements, such as:

- Invisibility: Essence of Undead, elf maiden hair, cast spell over ingredients while Pluto ascends (in, say, the latter part of June)
- Healing: Nails of Patriarch, Cithria (a rare plant) juice, blessing of cleric. (For extra-healing potion, expose all the above to the sun at midnight)
- Flying: Cast spell over ingredients of wings or pieces of wings from many different animals (the more different types, the better it works)
- Giant Strength: Roar of Stone Giant, teeth of Hill Giant, cast while Jupiter ascends (say, in January)

How the players get the ingredients, or even the ingredients' meanings are puzzles that must be solved by the characters. I once had a group spend a lot of time and money to find out that "a drop of stone" was the same as a drop of molten lava. Puzzles and riddles are one of the prime ingredients of the game itself.

#### NEW PLAYER CLASS: SAMURAI

This is actually a subclass of fighting men. Samurai are especially skilled swordsmen, who have the ability to use their special sword as if it were two-handed (they must actually hold it with two hands) in the space required for a one-handed sword, or use a regular sword normally in every respect except that they are able to inflict damage with it as if it were a 2-handed weapon. Additionally, the samurai carries seven special metal stars, with which he is so accurate that they are treated as dagger +5. He may throw these one at a time, or all at once, but if the latter option is chosen, they may only be thrown at one target. Also, when using a sword, a samurai may use two simultaneously, but only does 1-6 PD with each (roll for an attack with each sword). Samurai are also trained in the use of a longbow, so that they fire at +1. Samurai may not use other weapons unless in a life or death situation, and then at penalty.

To become a samurai a character must have at least a 15 strength, and at least a 13 dexterity and constitution. Samurai start with two hit dice. Samurai may be any alignment, but if they are lawful they have the ability to counter the spells of Ogre Magi. At first level a samurai can negate the spells for himself only; at second level he is able to negate the spells for one additional person, etc. However, if lawful a samurai must adhere to an extremely strict code of personal ethics, especially regarding honor. Particulars regarding this are left up to individual campaigns and DMs, but should include such things as being the last out of a room which contains monsters, performing solo missions, etc.

Samurai and the character class of monks are totally incompatible and must fight to the death if together. Samurai may not hire any followers until they are able to build a castle, but will always have two first level apprentices if desired. When an apprentice accumulates enough experience points to go to second level, he is dismissed from service. However, if the apprentice has the qualifications to become a samurai himself, he will always come to the aid of his master, provided that he may be found. If an apprentice is killed or dismissed from service he is replaced within a month, provided human habitation is nearby.

Samurai progress as normal fighting men with a 10% bonus for their strength. They may use any magic usable by fighting men.

Using samurai in melees is a blast because of the attack options available. With their special sword which is used as if it were two-handed (but requires only normal space to wield) they have a higher hit probability as well as causing more damage. They are somewhat weaker on defense, since they are not able to use a shield. That's also true when a samurai uses two regular swords simultaneously. Although there is less probability for a hit with a regular sword as compared to a 2-handed, and it does less damage, there is the matter of getting two attacks instead of one. When using a regular sword the hit probability is, again, less than with the two-handed option, however, more damage is done, and a shield can be used. Of course, only one attack may be made. The stars (=dagger+5) are also an effective weapon, especially against MU at a distance. They are incidentally irrecoverable if a 1 is rolled on D6 after a star is thrown.

Next time: A Plethora of new Holy Artifacts and Relics, A List of Mighty New Spells, a comment on the Tome of Lycanthropy, and perhaps some information on City Adventures, as well as a treatise on Equipment Damage.

(Credits: Thanks to the best 10th Level serving wench I know, Gayle B. Brown.)

## MANY WORLDS

by Margaret Gemignani, 3200 NE 36th St., #907, Ft. Lauderdale, FLA 33308

Lee, you are not going to believe this but what Nicolai described as StormGate and what you played in don't seem to be the same dungeon. It all started when Nicolai started with 60% killed at DunDraCon. Then he started letting in heavy magic (you need a golf cart for your swords, you're gross). Then he got Death Demons. After that he went all the way to permanent kill. Nobody knows what's really StormGate any more. Now the truth is known. The Death Demon is not the porter at the door of StormGate and Balrogs do not run the elevators. Nicolai got a little hut under the collar and gave us a tough picture of StormGate which wasn't really so. Lack of communication! And it wasn't fair to Nicolai (let him take offense from that) because it gave us a false picture of StormGate.

Wayne, you should help set the matter straight since you know StormGate. False pictures and macho trips give the old dungeon gang a picture of intolerance. Bill Paley made some good points on intolerance in various dungeons, but most stems from poor communications.

Searchlight: I agree. I have seen GygaX dungeons; most are boring because most people do not put effective backgrounds into their dungeons or enough imagination. A good technique in fighting does not mean you will be a good dungeon maker.//Nobody tried to get Tindall out? That Paladin is unbelievable. I have asked several people and nobody can figure out how he killed 17 orcs in one round. And any paladin who works freely with thieves and runs out on low levels leaving them to their fate is no paladin, great or not.

Glenn: I see E. Gary and friends are eserious about no more Monty Hall dungeons or Candyland.//I play my Elves as Tolkien-like as much as possible, but I know there are different types of Elves in Tolkien. I play a High Elf mainly. I think Ariel would like to skip the scenic route with Sauron and the Black Captain and the Balrog of Tolkien fame. A high Elf is generally working out his or her time until he or she can depart from Middle Earth for Elf haven. A high Elf who had reached his or her goal of being able to go home would, just before departing, be about as limited as a paladin in what he or she could do. You wouldn't like anything to happen to Ariel against her will sexually because she is like a paladin. You probably wouldn't mind something like that happening to an Elf Thief, and what is Nimue if she isn't a thief?//A courtesan used in a scenario can generally be kept out of mischief if she is a neutral. She can operate like a thief and fight to a degree. A neutral cleric is turned off by a lady of the evening while a chaotic might be turned on. Why not use a neutral cleric like a priest of Bacchus who would be turned on by courtesans?

I doubt I would have been so harsh with Juliebeth. Glenn, she is 11. I would have spoken to Friar Hob and asked him to explain to the little lady about good manners like keeping her hands off what doesn't belong to her and not shooting when there are friendly people in the way.

Glenn, think of it this way. There are some lawfuls and neutrals in dungeons for good reasons because they have a problem which needs an acceptable outlet: like liking to kill. Anyone trying to harm an eleven-year-old girl would get it from me because there are better people to take out your anger on: like chaotics.

It occurs to me that Neutral Elves might go all out to get good human breeding stock, because many of them suffer from sterility

The Fenris Glenn speaks of is not the Fenris of the Norse Myths nor the Fenris demon god of Midgard, but an elemental animal of high and powerful race, come down from the stars long ago, who earned his place by protecting a god at the beginning of the world. (I think that is right. Glenn?)

Glenn, how was Ariel jealous? I thought she didn't know about those things. I thought she thought of Dworkin more as a brother. I must compliment her on her taste in turning down the unwashed one, Korvack. Annexa did not want him either. Speaking about secret weapons, barbarian sweat should be one.

I have yet to see much progress in standardizing Sleep and Charm among the dungeons.

Great Spider is a fannish religion.//Blæ Petal is an assistant zoo-keeper in Minneapolis and a DM. Richard Targe is a good DM who runs Zigguraut Dungeons (so called because there is a zigguraut in the middle of the first level). This dungeon goes up as well as down.//Glenn how is the artwork you're supposed to be doing for me coming along?//Please keep me informed about Boskone.//Mark Swanson, what happened to The Wild Hunt. Did my stencils get lost?

We met a seventh level magic user with ground zero fireball in Jason Ray's Dungeon, Tyldarion, but the ninth level neutral cleric decided it wasn't show and tell time and we all felt the same way. He took this dancing sword as part of his bribe. (It dances with you as your partner. Cute, no?)

Bian Lane: I played in your dungeon at MidAmeriCon and liked it very much, stingy but interesting. I like sword canes for vampires. Werewolves come in many times, natural weres or true dogs (with their magical form being human), cursed weres and were-weres, wolfmen and man-wolves.

Lost Mask: Korvack's popularity is due to keeping his mask on all the time. (Imagine a Baron with 3 charisma). He opened a big trap in a Brad Stock game and nearly got Varo to kill him. Did you mention how he liked to take baths in fountains of blood. I think your dwarf was too greedy and stupid; no self-respecting chaotic would kill anyone for four gold pieces and a scroll they didn't know about.

Yes, you can use laser weapons. They're a combination of magic and primitive science. Leonardo Da Vinci would have loved D&D. YES, Elves can cure paralyzing. 1800 depends on your bonus.

John Boardman: I thought the hero in Cidental had to get all his pieces in the minute the monsters traps were sprung when the Talisman was found. It was because the biggest melee happened right after that.

Robert Sacks: you can come down my chimney in an Empire of the Petal Throne game. Your tale of the General and Barbarian would make Barker sick. Nobody in in Jakala who do not trust each other that much would trust a barian at all. No one would buy boats from more than one stranger.

Scott: people are aware of the shortcomings of John Boardman who is a match for Edi Birsan in pure meanness. (Dead men tell no tales.) Why does Edi let players get away with acting chaotic? The GM should stop them or nobody can trust anyone. It's exciting when your MU faints instead of getting a spell off; more uncertainty.

Sean Cleary: The nuts have no trouble finding our phone too. I would rather not give my phone number for such a large publication nor my age.

Glenn: if you allowed that dragon, would you allow a unicorn rider? Has Jason Ray told you about rent-an-orc?

Gary Gygax is technically perfect in D&D but lacks imagination and the ability to convince people to go his way. Many dungeons have charisma like Sherna's and Hilda's, some have macho like Perrin's and Nicolai's and some have noise like Stu Levin's and Boardman's and some have human like the New York Dungeons and some are like mine which depends on a theory which may work some places but not others. Did you hear the story of the Black Pudding in the NY dungeon which was offered by a cuik spoon and a small jar of whipped cream? I think Gary is getting tense because he's been criticized so much. He is very possessive of his game. Perhaps someday he will be bought out by a large manufacturer and all his troubles will be over.

Ken, did you say Temporalana is better known as the Bevil's Triangle? Keep quiet about that around the tourists. If you can get a tourist down there, you can run it as a monster: it eats and drinks everything, is +3 to black, wears few clothes and has awful charisma, spends money foolishly (may send you on a foolish errand for cash or just give you money right on the spot); it also blows cigar smoke in your face and might try to run you down in a car, push ahead of you in line, etc. How did the Aaron Brothers get that Staff of the Priest Kings; they wouldn't have anything to do with a magic user, so why should anyone sell it to them? Ken, good story, good characters, you did a fine job, but loaded chaotics should be a tough lot. You might have had more trouble in other dungeons with that crew.

We're sorry Steve Rose has left but he had problems and they were not Wayne Shaw.//In Crimson, the Jester is very kind. I know other dungeons where that might risk permanent death.

How about the carrion crawler who got sore at the player in Lord John's Den who threw up on him because of the color of the wall and nearly broke the player's jaw. Not so harmless a creature.

Wes, how do you know a character wants to remain dead? You ask the player. Have you heard a player insisting his character remain dead? But I like your stories. Most of the philosophy of Homlas is clear, but some looks a little cut and dried.

When the mage blows up the ammo on anti-MUs, does he blow himself up at the same time? That could explain how the apprentices get offed... and good helpers are hard to find. Does Astral Form work all the time? Check on some Space War incidents for teleport working and chances of failure, same as here.

Robert Sacks: Read Eldritch Wizardry for VATCH.

Kay Jones: How do you get a Lovecraftian monster or god to acknowledge defeat by a man? Most wouldn't. They just act as if it never happened. Most Lovecraftian creatures like it dark.

Nicolai: do you use a system to promote a demon. I've seen such systems and they're not too hard to use.

A Zen Archer is under a certain discipline that makes him like a monk. Many oriental philosophies are like that.//How intelligent do you run an orc? Elves and thieves hit better from behind, but you get only one chance to do that.

Richard Schwall: some DMs allow no transfer. Why not write up some of your tombs for Dungeoneer?

Lew: I enjoyed playing with you too and am glad to make up with Wayne Shaw and Charles McGrew. I don't like to get at folks; I just do it at times because I don't want them to learn some habits and have to unlearn them the hard way. Did you know some neos play D&D without resurrections. These kids are going to be terros when they grow up. One offed his own wife's character too. A bold fellow.

Unfitted: "welcome. Good start." You might like to try Warlock.

[illegible]

by Chuck Ulrich

Treasure Type Q: 90% 2-50 K GP.

80% 1-10K Silver Pieces

70% 1-4: Miscellaneous Magic

Actually it's Tales from but let it pass. (Grumble.) Being done for A&E 16 and TWH #9. The first TfrW1 covered the early days of Oskley, ended by the Great Invasion, which resulted in the total destruction of the city of Edwyr by Set, the end of House Dumaroy (which had ruled Edwyr) and the establishment of Chaotic rule over the island. Some areas remained at least partly free (old Halen was never completely subdued, the great range of mountains known as Narond's Spine contained beings too fierce for even the hosts of Chaos to assail, and other parts of the island were too inaccessible to be reached).

Refugees fleeing the conquest brought news of it to lands friendly to the former rulers. Messages went back and forth, and it was agreed that Oskley could not be left in the grasp of Evil, so strength was gathered to reclaim it. From the lands ruled by the Au Dynasty came aid, and lords and wizards from Dilmun: the new-come Lords Spiritual of the True Catholic Church gathered an army of the faithful from Midgard came word of the hosting of the Grey Lords and the building of a fleet and from even further of the coming of the militant orders of the Fenrist Church.

Ten years after the Fall of Edwyr, the armadas of Law gathered near the Bashtrian Islands (terrifying the Corsair Princes) and assaulted the fortress of Haruk Tlas on the west coast. The garrison was quickly overcome, and the combined armies marched eastwards along the Horn Road, being joined by such tattered forces as the local lords could gather.

The commander of the forces of Darkness, Gayyos of Mu-arts, had been caught, with his forces too far afield for his own comfort. Taking counsel, he gathered his army at Tradetown or what was left of it, hoping that seaborne aid could most easily reach him there and that the Serpent could be Summoned there. His first hope did indeed prove well founded: six ships from Mu-arts and 30 from Ghulimar landed before the armies joined in combat, adding a dozen good MUs and 3000 archghouls to his forces. With these Gayyos had the confidence necessary to offer battle: the forces of Chaos marched out to Briorgan Heights.

On a cold, dark day of September, the Lawful forces came within sight of the Heights. Leader of the host was the Grey Lord Ordeth Ironfang who halted to put his forces in order. To his right, against the Mu-Artans he placed the greatest part of his MUs, guarded by the troops from the Au Valley and the natives. In the center the forces of the Churches Militant to face the enemy main force with its strong contingent of monsters and Undead. And to the left, facing the Melnibonians and the archghouls, he placed his own werewolf contingents and such elves as he had. Blowing the great warhorns and unfurling their banners, the two armies charged. The skies were lit with the shimmering auroras of dissipated spells or were darkened by clouds of missiles: the air was made hideous with the clang of steel on steel and the death-screams of the dying; the very fields became a reddened mire of blood and earth. After many hours of cruel slaughter Gayyos saw that while his center yet prevailed, both his wings were failing. Gandrou Tocksar and his guard had been overrun by a werewolf charge and lay dead on the field, while Melnibonian and Ghulmarian left trying to retreat in good order; on the other flank, a desperate charge by the

force from old Halen had broken the shield wall and terrified UUs were fleeing the field by all possible means.

Iron willed. Gayyos turned to the altar on which his last hope depended. Round to it were his three daughters and with his own hands were they sacrificed. From the hot blood dripping, there arose a dark smoke, and from that smoke a great scaled body materialized. Set had come. The spirits of the forces of Darkness rose anew, and they turned back and once more the initiative seemed to pass to Chaos.

As the great snake's head swayed over their ranks, terror spread through the Lawfuls, and many broke and fled then. One figure especially stood like a rock, rallying his own contingent. Ulfiah the Wise, ranking Patriarch of the Fenrists. He, in his turn, summoned his master, and even as Set wrought ruin through the shattered army of Law, a monstrous Wolf appeared, straddling the army he had been called to protect. Grim was the battle that ensued, but few stayed to watch only Gayyos and the Priests of Set on the one hand and Ulfiah's followers and the Grey Lords on the other. Mighty beyond the imaginings of man are the gods, but the end came at last. Fenris seized Set by the head, huge jaws crushing the flattened skull, and began bearing the writhing coils back against the black altar on the heights. So perished Gayyos, the blood from his mangled body spreading to mingle with that of his sacrificed daughters.

Thus ended the Battle of the Briorgan Heights, for what remained of Gayyos' forces fled in blind terror. Of those that had not died in battle, some reached the ships tied up in Tradetown, others fled deep within the great underground caverns beneath it, these mostly survived. Those that tried to flee north had ill luck indeed; they were hunted down by Ordeth Ironfang's army or slain by vengeful peasants. Less than a thousand came to safety that way.

The victory had not come easily though. Ordeth Ironfang, his brothers and both of his sons died on the field; thus perished his house and his great sword Ironfang was lost. Many other leaders and champions also passed beyond the Gates that day: Vardos the Tall; Her-ving TerAlesi; Kelios, Prince of Brionnath; Orviel the Fair, elven shield maiden of Old Halen; Gregory III who had led the True Catholics to name but a few. And this counts only those who were not brought back by the powers of the religious.

In the five years that followed, the reinforced host of Law, now strongly supported by the island Neutrals, gained the whole of the South and secured Old Halen. Having driven their foes north of the mountains, the decision was made that some time of resting, of establishing order and of reorganizing things was necessary, so a Great Council was called at Fenheth on the west coast. It was recognized that the restoration of the old order was impossible. Edwyr was naught but a great field of slag, and House Dumaroy (who might have served as a rallying point for all) was destroyed. Two other Families had been annihilated also, and worse: House Donstarr and House Talyran had bound themselves to Chaos. The land had been devastated, the population decimated and large areas still were prey to dark forces. It was also necessary that those who had brought help to the island be rewarded.

In the end, Gondrath the Quiet, who had taken command of the army after the battle at the Briorgan Heights and was of high blood (of the house of Elaskell) was crowned Gondrath I, King of Eskley, founding the line of Wolf Kings, the highest-ranking patriarchs of the Old Orthodox

and True Catholic Churches brought the new forged crown to the throne, but it was St. Ulfian who placed it on his head. Gondrath confirmed each of the Ten Old Families in their holdings (the Chaotic Houses no longer being counted) and an unsuccessful search was ordered for surviving members of the Lost Houses of Dumaroy, Alton and Oldmarc. Both the Fenrist and True Catholic Churches were granted the same rights and privileges as the older religions on the island. Most important, plans were devised for restoring some degree of prosperity to the ravaged lands.

During the next decade, the soldiers of the host who so desired took up the lands given them for their service, the younger sons and newly ennobled took up their lordships and tried to resettle them with immigrants and dispossessed refugees from the north. Gondrath, having fallen in love with the quiet beauty of the Bay of Gulls, demolished the ex Chaotic fortress of Haruk-Tlas and built instead the city of Ardene to be his capital on its site. And on the second year of his reign he came forth to the site of what had once been Edwyr and decreed that a new city should arise there, despite the decrees of Chaos, and that it should still be called Edwyr. But Tradetown's ruins were placed under the ban, for the great caverns underneath it were aswarming with gross evil, the remnants of at least two great Chaotic armies, and no man might dwell there in safety. So passed from the list of the dwelling places of civilization the names of Tradetown and the once great dwarvish city of Arghost.

What of those who led the warbands? Gondrath I died in the Battle of Arshul in the tenth year of his reign, and with him fell Ulfian and Felimar. Terjanek Yaro Bendreth was poisoned. Giogrios, who had led the Old Orthodox forces in the campaign, disappeared in Arghost while leading an expedition against a Temple of Satanists. (Ulfian was taken unto Fenris in his sixtieth year and was shortly thereafter named Saint, and a new military order founded in his name (that a man of his years could be so fierce in battle was a great marvel))).

Yet the death of the great leaders made little difference to the war. Gondrath was followed by his son Gilberth the White, Giorgios by Stavrosthe Pious, and Saint Ulfian by Arnulf II, who drove Kon Draku Vampire-King north of the Tarada Kai. No weaklings replaced the lost ones, and by the end of Gilberth's reign, Chaos had been driven far to the north, freeing the rich lands of Edwyr, Alesedan, Old Halen, Tel Arday, Menoy and Feressin.

After the death of Gilbreth, things went more slowly in the days of his two sons Gondrath II and Ordeth. (Gondrath II died childless) and by the time of Gilbreth II, the situation had become frozen. parts of South Janek had been freed in the east, and to the west Ardion had fallen to the reconquest.

Little has changed since those days, except that the former underground complex so long kept as a private hunting preserve and training ground by the Grey Lords and the Ten Old Families has been opened to all, in an attempt to bring new taxes to Edwyr city (which is still far smaller and poorer than it was in the days of its glory) and to recruit new blood for the wars.

To the north, Chaotic leadership has fallen increasingly to three anonymous figures known as the Triarchs. One of these is rumored to be the greatest Wizard of the Black Circle, another an Evil High Priest of Set and the third to be the leader of House Tlayran. Their armies are led by Pharos Donstarr, eldest of that lineage, and one of the greatest generals of the age. But there are many evil things that offer no allegiance to the Triarchs: Kon Draku and the other four Vampire Lords, the Archghoul Kings of House Tocksar, the Mother Queens of Wormfaces, the great In- Artan wizards of Darkhome Keep, and many others besides.

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Ariel was driven from Gorree because of a certain incident involving the death of Huge John, a 12th level wizard of GOLDEYE (one of the Chaotic MU guilds). She was told to stay out of town for two months until things cooled down.

Since the Thirteen of Gorree received a demand for the heads of those who had driven Dracar Redtongue from his hold at about the same time (transmitted through King Dralm, the original message from Dracar was written on a piece of dwarfhide taken from Dralm's grandson) Ariel, in company with little sister Liriel, the wit horde (two 1st level elves and a 2nd level dwarf-maiden), Lord Dworkin and assorted others, marched over to Dwarrowvale.

There they were told to stage a demonstration against Bluffberg to keep Dracar's attention, while the dwarvish main army assailed the wizard in his main hold. Ariel was given a command consisting of Dworkin's cousin Glaston (6th FM), her wit horde, and large numbers of half-trained yeomen, with orders to stage a feint.

The feint was eminently successful; it occupied the full attention of one of the two wizards and ten mountain trolls during the assault and was carried off with minimal casualties (as was true of the entire assault).

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pages 1-4 retyped for reprint of 116  
no text omitted, but two illustrations were  
left out of the reprint edition  
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In spite of getting back his fortresses and his grandson, and not having lost many men or dwarves in doing so, King Dralm seemed unable to pass up the chance to mock Ariel again; she was give a Ring of Protection +2--- but only against Elementals. As Ariel said to Dworkin, she doesn't mind risking her life for nothing. (this is something Lawfuls must recognize - the recurring need to fight battles without being rewarded for it), but she will not risk her life or the lives of those she loves for bad jokes. (Mark--- I think King Dralm blew any hope for willing, freely-given help from the elf again.) Liriel may have gained somewhat in health, that is yet to be determined.

Gideon has had a fair amount of fun recently---he added a second Balrog, two Death Elementals, 1½ wyverns, and a Jabberwock to the tally. He also got killed by poisoned water in a well while going after treasure. Getting killed doesn't bother him; the fact that it was by poison does...

Jack the Slasher, my second-level Chaotic FM, however, had an excellent weekend. He started 14,500 GP in hock to GOLDEYE for being Raised after trying to off a very large gargoyle with nothing but a dagger. Hearing of a Chaotic expedition starting over in CLAGHORN, he signed up for it. The truly winning part was an encounter at the elevator with a party of Lawfuls. There was an exchange of Cold Wand and Cold Blasts, then the Chaotics charged in, prevented the elevator from closing, and managed to wipe out the rest of the Lawful party, losing only a few low-levels. The real prize, in Jack's eye, was an incapacitated 6th-level female elvish fighter, with a comeliness of 34 and a shapeliness of 83. This he claimed as a part of his own booty. A somewhat later run-in with a True Catholic shrine had some additional fun---a Lawful female magic-user, 5th-level. Being nothing special, Jack made it a fast one, and left the cooling corpse behind. Having made himself highly useful to the party, he was allocated a set of chain +1 and the elf-maiden. He called over his cousin Dick the Bastard, and the two of them celebrated Jack's oncoming freedom from debt. At the end of this, the elf (no longer maiden) was sold, along with the armor, to pay of Jack's bills. He regrets parting with the elf---a tasty dish---but figures GOLDEYE will do something appropriate with her, and there are plenty more where it came from. Besides, he came up 225 GP ahead, picked up several hundred EPs---and had a very enjoyable weekend to boot. (Jack is a true Chaotic, really evil).

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#### THE GREAT DISASTER (being the second of two parts) (Part I appeared in A&E #9)

Tiryc had come down to the main room again to enjoy usual leafy breakfast and herb tea, and had been joined by Ariel, Uncle Wolf and Gideon, who pressed her to finish the tale she'd begun.

"Tsair," she said, "enough!" Pushing aside the empty plate and the still-steaming mug, she began tracing a map on the table with drops of moisture, explaining how they had retraced their path to the room that had teleported them to the 8th level.

"But when we opened the door, we found that we had been sent to a different room! How Lord Theseus cursed!"

"We began searching for the elevator, or for any other means up--- we knew not even the floor we were on. It was a short search, however, for we heard a sound it is always ill to hear, the slapping of long bare feet on stone and voices gibbering that signified the approach of archghouls! So we tried to flee, seeking shelter behind a door nearby because, in spite of the horrid sounds that issued forth, we detected no Evil. The inhabitants turned

out to be big men, dressed in oddly checked skirts, squeezing large bladders in order to play the many pipes attached to the bladders. There was also a small (very small) person with a black beard and a silver hammer. Upon hearing of the archghouls, they drew great swords and charged out into the corridor to attack the foe; we proceeded on through the room and headed south down a corridor, only to find that there was a Temple of Chaotics at its end. We were forced to flee back to the room, where we found the skirted men busily recovering from their battle with the archghouls. The little man, hearing the pounding of feet in the corridor, went to the door; at the very sight of him the Temple people turned and fled.

Once they were gone, he introduced himself as Kelly McGoldbagel, a "leprecohen" (whatever that is), and gave us directions on how to get to the room we wanted (we were on the eighth level). The way was somewhat roundabout (since we had no desire to go through a room containing three gorgons). We started out---and immediately fled back as a gorgon stuck his head out of the door. This minor problem was quickly settled by the leprecohen, so we proceeded on our way. Fortunately for us, we met nothing on the way, even though the rooms that lined the corridor were full of evil things; wormfaces, goyins, and other shuddersome things. The elephant-wolf was still there, and made no objections to our lading ourselves with gold.

As we were preparing to leave, however, a spitting cobra entered the room and attacked, missing Floriana by a mere inch. It was quickly killed, but Clairvoyance showed a large group of them in the corridor down which we had come, so we decided to find another way out.

It was here that things began going badly awry.

As the door opened, (it was the lead-lined one we had discovered on our first trip), we found a hideous creature awaiting us, which struck us with mental force, sleeping and stunning the front half of the party (the door blocked part of the blast, saving the others). Its tentacles then struck Theseus and began burrowing into his skull. The still-unhurt party members then rushed it; we barely managed to slay it before it sucked the brains of Theseus and Nimue from their heads.

After much rest and healing, we cautiously went forth again, turned west down the corridor, and came to a door. A quick check found that a large red dragon lay in ambush in the corridor beyond; not aware of us, but waiting in ambush. We hastily retreated, going to the 20' wide north-south corridor, and went north. The spitting cobras still blocked our way west, so we went east---and found that the Chaotic Temple lay that way, too.

Quickly retreating, we decided to try going South along the big corridor. We had barely gotten beyond Lord Amra's treasure room when we encountered this Tyrannosaur, which bellowed hungrily and charged. We fled, but with little hope (a quick glance showed that it was gaining), when Nimue suddenly stopped and hammered on the door of Lord Amra's treasury. He looked out; Nimue pointed at the giant beast, and Amra grinned with anticipation, threw a Javelin of Lightning, and charged. We went up a safe distance and applauded the combat (Amra won).

When it was over, we tried the corridor west briefly (the dragon was still there), then headed south past the corpse of the Tyrannosaur. Trying a door on the eastern wall of the corridor, we found it to be a courtroom of some sort. There were some books on the table, but these were all non-magical. Out of sheer curiosity, we sat down in the jurybox to see if anything would happen. It did indeed. This unsubstantial person appeared and began railing against the jury that had sentenced him, just for murdering a few cheap whores (and he began looking at the females in the party nastily and stroking his axe). Nimue hastily began handing

out Potions of Polymorph Self to the other members of party who were female, and the ghost's ranting decreased until he wandered off. (He would have attacked and killed female party members if Nimue hadn't done it. By ghosts are quite different from those of TSR---they are insane spirits who refuse to leave this plane until something specific has been accomplished to soothe their spirits, or unless they're destroyed. All ghosts are Armor Class --8; hit dice and hit table depend on that of the original beings. Can only be hit by magical weapons).

Zverdilia decided to check the door behind the judge's bench, and found that the room contained a sleeping Silver Dragon. The thief stepped in, moving silently - and the dragon opened its eyes and rumbled softly, "And what do you want, little girl?". "Why, just to admire your beauty, Great One," lied the thief. "Yes, I am indeed beautiful," said the dragon. "Is it not marvelous? But I charge all those who come to admire my beauty a fee. Doesn't 5000 gold pieces sound about right?" "Yes, Great One!" And Zverdilia returned to the party, 5000 GP poorer and muttering about dragons.

We left the courtroom and headed south again. The end of the corridor was soon reached. CV and ESP failed to pick up anything through the door on the west wall of the 20' corridor; the room behind the southern wall of the intersection was empty, but CV showed a Spirit Naga in the corridor beyond; to the east an empty corridor, 10' wide stretched. While we yet tried to decide what to do, there came a great braying of trumpets, and when we turned, we saw a cluster of men approaching, lead by a great elephant bearing a richly-dressed magic-user. With little hesitation, the lead fighters bashed the door in front of us open, and we charged in. Nimue threw KNOCK at the western door even as she pulled our door shut behind her - and three Rakshasa swaggered out, looked north - and charged the men clustered about the elephant.

We clustered fearfully in the room, watching the combat to the north through the CV spell, afraid to leave to the north because of the battle going on there, trying to work up enough courage to take on the naga to the south. We were rather startled when a number of low-levels suddenly appeared out of thin air - they had met a fate on the second level. /I had rolled a random encounter, determined that it wasn't a participant of the battle or the spirit naga. There being no other entrance to the room, I decided to pull a hack---Glenn/. The worst possible thing finally happened. Having routed the Rakshasa, the 18th-level MU appeared in the doorway - at exactly the same time the spirit naga opened its door. Both the original party and the low-level teleportees had withdrawn to the sides of the room and were holding up white flags; the Patriarch was on his knees praying loudly. Both the naga and the MU /the Master of the Black Circle - Glenn/ threw spells; a second later the parties were blind. /I'd failed to read Power Word-Blind well enough - Glenn/. Still, beyond that, nothing happened to us. With CV, we found that we weren't in the same room. (Later, we found that the Patriarch had gotten Divine Intervention; but instead of getting God, he had gotten The Goddess. She had been amused by our plight, but not enough to save us entirely; SHE had just lifted us out of the mess downstairs and dropped us off a level higher, still blind).

We managed to grope our way, with CV and luck, to stairways up. Nimue had to use a CV-aimed Lightning Bolt, I a Sleep spell, and finally a Phantasmal Forces spell, but we finally had the luck to encounter a band of Gnomes, who agreed to send one of their number to guide us to the elevator in exchange for much of our dwindling supply of gold.

The party finally made it to the elevator, to the surface, and

were headed home; the Gnome in the lead, followed by our party and the low-level party being led by rope, blindly stumbling and cursing. And that is when things went completely wrong.

We were forced to dodge a group of berserkers, and were finding our way out of the woods as a result, when we encountered a Chaotic 10th-level MU, who demanded our surrender. Nimue, having had to run Clairvoyance for so long, couldn't afford to even try another Lightning Bolt; my only offensive spells were Sleep and Magic Missile - neither of which I could see to use (nor would either have bothered him much); and the fighters in both parties were blind, while those of the necromancer were not. We surrendered.

Everything that we had was stripped from us, not just magic alone. The females of the party, myself included, suffered abuse at the hands of this person and his orcish and human followers, and the Patriarch was tortured to death, as was the low-level Lawful MU. Theseus and one of the low-level fighters were chained and taken away to be sold as slaves, and the Gnome driven off. The necromancer then left the rest; naked, unarmed, and blind, and lost in the woods.

Yet he knew not that Nimue still had some small time left on her CV spell; she managed to round us up and shepherd us back to the road before it gave out. There we were rescued by a patrol of the Castle Guard. Theseus and the other were ransomed before they were sold away, but it was one of the greatest disasters to occur--every item of magic gone.

Even though we had our vengeance on the mage who did it but a few weeks later, we still recovered but little of our magic."

Tirye's voice fell quiet, and her eyes stared blindly at the windows...

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More things have happened to my stable of characters. In a medium-level expedition in Gorree, Aunt Wolf went out in a party to get back a certain Old Orthodox relic. The party, alas had far more than its share of incompetents, and came within a hair of being wiped out. Lobita, at one point (having had all of the fastenings on her armor dissolved by an acid spray, found herself facing a 7th-level fighter (who had just taken two of the party's tough fighters and a magic-user) in her bare skin. So, while fighter was busy running one of the incapacitated female fighters through, Lobita drank a dose of Potion of Crocadmleness - and the poor Chaotic found himself being attacked by a crocodile. That's the last time she'll do that...she came within a hair of losing the child she was carrying due to the Polymorph. But she did make 8th-level cleric.

Zayra Ochs and Amtorg both sallied into Paul Bean's new dungeon (he's building one compatible with EDWYR/GORREE) in separate expeditions. Amtorg was carried out incapacitated; Zayra was dead, but made resurrection.

Little Liriel, with her twig Flaming Sword Jaggert, leather +2 (inherited), +1 shortbow, and 3 +1 arrows, was invited over to Edwyr by her half-elvish twig cousin Merimel (Lincoln Clark's character) to investigate a dimensional nexus discovered on a previous trip. It turned out to be a technological universe (Zarda); a spaceport-guarding fortress overrun by invaders from Edwyr dungeon. The poor Zardans only had two semi-portable disrupters (10 D6 damage, saving throw) and four sidearms (3D6, no saving throw) for internal defence; magic completely grossed them out. Since most of them slept, none of them had armor, and weaponry was mostly chairlegs, they'd been easily overrun by the 5th-level MU, the White Uruks, ghouls, and ogres. The Lawful party luckily included a Danish girl whose date of origin was in the 1940s and some people who knew a Trekkie; they still had a difficult time. One of them looked for a "talisman" that

would allow them to contact the "demigod" (computer) that ran the place. The Danish girl tried one of the ID bracelets, and found that it keyed her to the computer. As a result, they soon had a rundown (in half-understood terms) of what was going on - an MU, a fighter, five orcs, and three ghouls loose in the complex. The Chaotics were centered in the Control Center, with patrols wandering about; funny readings on the screen showed the MU trying to burn his way into the Survival Tank (where the last three Zandrans were huddled) with a captured sidearm.

After a brief, peaceful encounter with a cleaner robot, the party headed down towards the Control Center, only to find that the ID they had didn't allow them entrance (there was a way to do it, but they didn't know the procedure). They began checking the rooms off the corridor, finding other interesting things, until a cleric stepped outside - and took a sidearm blast. The offending FM had the door shut again before we could retaliate, but we couldn't stay there any longer...and in any case, the screens showed Chaotic reinforcements coming in.

(Oh. During the trip down to the Control Center, the party had offed the patrolling ghouls. Liriel's twit sword had tried to drag her into the fight with the first two, but other party members had sat upon her. Jaggert did manage to haul her into combat with the last one - and had killed it with one blow (7 points + 3 for the Flaming Sword bonus for Undead = 10 points; ghouls had 8), taking only 2 points of damage from the ghouls. They had also had to destroy the sole remaining repair robot in the complex (1 D3 of damage from welding laser, 1 D6 from drill it had mounted...it nearly offed Merimel.7).

One cleric went wandering, trying to find something useful, and was captured by one of the two remaining Security robots and thrown into the brig for the rest of the adventure.

The rest of the party finally managed to locate the Security subordinate CC, picking up a high-level ID in the process. With this, they were able to get far more detailed information, including the fact that one (overheated) sidearm was on the far side of the Control Center. The computer was prevailed upon to show them the route, which they followed (having a brush with an intruding Singing Web, disposed of by means of a cleaning robot). The blaster was gotten, and they found out from the computer that it had a 33% chance of not working, 33% chance of blowing up.

In the meantime, the Chaotic MU had used his Enemy Detection Wand and discovered their presence. Assuming that they were more random Zandrans, he sent three uruks and two ghouls to dispose of them; one half of his remaining force. The leader, a 4 hit die Uruk with two Javelins of Lightning and a +1 2-handed sword, encountered a Security robot on the way and wasted it with a Javelin, then detached a ghoul to hit the rear entrance of the room where the party was. The Chaotics burst in; the orc leader immediately realized that what was waiting was a lot more dangerous than the unarmed aliens he was expecting, and threw a Javelin of Lightning which caught two low-levels and fried them. (At the other door, ghoul burst in - and ran into Liriel-twit and Flaming Sword. Took 7-3 points of damage, doing three in return). The rest of the party closed with the three orcs and the ghoul (Liriel tried to get to the ghoul under Jaggert's influence, but had to settle for the big orc). The uruk leader killed an elvish fighter, then switched to Liriel (Sweat, sweat) - but the turkey orc failed to roll anything higher than an 8, hitting the twit for 4 points of damage. The uruks were finally killed, and the ghoul seized and carried off by a Security machine (who tossed it into the same cell with the lost cleric (Bash, bash! dead ghoul, paralyzed cleric)).

Having disposed of the enemy, we checked with Central Control and found out that blowup possibility could be reduced to only 10% by draining most of the power from it; this was done. The party leader then checked the computer for enemy location and got a nasty shock - one of the useable routes was covered by an uruk and an ogre with a disruptor, and the second by a similar pair with a saidearm.

By now, the party had thought of contacting the trapped Zardans in the Survival Tank, who were rather upset because the Chaotic MU was getting ready to use the other disruptor to blow down the shielding on the tank. The aliens were able to describe an emergency door that would allow the party to the corridor CC was located on, allowing us a flank attack on at least one of the parties.

(The Chaotics, by the way, were trying to work the weapons by sheer guesswork. The MU had, due to his intelligence, only a 10% chance of blowing himself up + 15% chance of failing to get device to work, improving 5% per category per use; the others had double that chance of fouling up, improving 5% every time successful, but doubling their chances if they were not.)

The party erupted into the corridor. Sigrid, the 20th-century Dane, had found out that her rifle worked here, and used it on the surprise round, while the 4th-level cleric threw Hold Person into the control room, taking out the fighter there (they had just fired the disruptor at the Survival Tank, destroying most of the shielding; this meant that they were offbalance, but had a much better chance of getting the next disruptor shot off). On the second melee round, Liriel jumped into the corridor and threw SLEEP at the ogre, while Sigrid and the orc both drew and fired blasters. The orc's shot did 7 points of damage on both Sigrid and Liriel, while it took the same in return (down to 1 point again! Poor twit!), while the cleric threw her third Hold of the day without prep at the MU, who was swiveling the disruptor around to fire down the corridor. Very luckily for the party, it got off and he failed to save. Third round; The uruk and Sigrid both fired again, while Liriel sidestepped and threw her third Sleep of the day without bothering to prepare it; Sigrid and the uruk both died, and the ogre went to sleep. The surviving party members were then able to hear the warning - the other set of uruk/ogre were doing something with their disruptor, and they all piled into the rooms again. (Nothing happened; the dumb ogre had pressed the trigger without putting off the safety. The power surge resulted caused all sorts of pretty lights to go on, scaring the hell out of the pair.) (Low roll on the percentile dice, almost low enough for a blowup!)

As Liriel hastily drank a Healing Potion, her cousin Merimel sidled up to her and whispered a suggestion that the two of them could win the whole fight by a flank attack. (Of course they could both have easily gotten wiped, too - Merimel had only 5 hit points, Liriel 8). Well, the two little twits caught the uruk and ogre by surprise (the amount of dice luck those two little idiots had was fantastic - the rest of the players were grossed out as Lincoln and I rolled seven hits out of 8 arrows fired, one of them critical). The uruk and the ogre managed to get a spear each off, both hitting, before the uruk died and the ogre surrendered. Lucky for the twit-elfs, too; both spears hit, leaving Merimel with 3 hit points and Liriel with 1.

To make a long story short, the party ~~xxx~~ recovered its lost cleric, had its dead raised by alien "magic", and left with packs full of gifts. (Of course, almost all of it was technological devices, which became inoperative on reaching Edwyr. That's it, out of space. Glenn

# THE LOST MASK #45

By Stewart Levin

1120 S. Mason Rd., St. Louis, MO 63131

"The sword is mightier than the pen!"

ON MAGIC SYSTEMS. After going through the D&D system and a few spell point systems I junked them all. I read up on the subject and found that in some books (Notably Robert E. Howard's Conan series & Fletcher Pratt's THE WELL OF THE UNICORN), magic spells are ~~exhausting~~ exhausting, if not physically dangerous to the caster. But instead of putting in a chance of death I combined Gygax's magic tables and used ideas, I came up with.....Levin's magic system! (catchy name huh?)

It is as follows, double the amount of spells per level in the gygaxian tables and add a 10% chance per spell level minus 1% for each level earned. The consequences are based on the physical strength of the MU: Above Average Strength-5 turns, Average strength-10 turns, BELOW AVERAGE STRENGTH-20 turns. What this means is that the mu who rolls the percentage or less faints and cannot be roused until the required time goes by, then he or she wakes up and is as strong as ever. (The spell that caused him to faint still goes off too.)

WARNING! If the mu is "fainted" (he or she), and the members of the group try to shake them awake ~~by~~ before the allotted fainted time is up entails a 10% chance of non-survival on the mu's part and if the mu is woken up will act groggy. (Whut? Huh? C'mon guys, let me sleeep?) The fainted mu may be picked up and carried away though with no danger to him or her. The whole ~~part~~ point of this is to stop the wholesale killing of dungeon creatures by spells and it tends to encourage fighting.

Now for comments:

WAYNE SHAW. Thanks for your courtesy, the curse is lifted. (Other people must be barbarish, but you have proved yourself a gentleman) As to your arguments to Beast Masters, I would say that to control chaotic creatures the BM would have to be chaotic. Now to the silver sword, I once ran it that silver swords cost 100 Au. apiece and soon I had characters going around with 5 or 6 silver swords apiece and soon it became ~~that~~ a matter of time before any and all undead were nothing but another monster. But, I have changed the 10,000 Au to 1,000 Au because I had one zero too much in last issue. What kind of guns do you have and how do you run them? (My specs for guns were highly simplified or generalized) ALSO WAYNE! re: last comment It says in Men & Magic page 26

"Protection from Normal missiles: The recipient of this charm becomes impervious to normal missiles. This implies only those missiles projected by normal (not above normal) men and weapons...." IT also says in Men and Magic, bottom of page 19, "Normal men equal 1st level fighters."

A typical armored brigade is going to have at least one officer of Major rank or higher (Major=5th level), at least two or three lieutenants and a hell of a lot of sergeants and non-coms (non-coms=2nd level) So if you had enough officers and non-coms manning the guns you could wipe out both mages and still be in good enough shape to take the castle.

PETER CERRATO-The adventure you refer to had a picture of the room we saw drawn in at the bottom, but unfortunately my stencils melted while shipping and Lee did not see the picture when she retyped them. LEE GOLD-Hope this thing gets in, there was no dud date on my A&E 15. Pharles Mic (Hic) Few (IWAESDFNI)-Your puny insults are as strong as moose-breath.

## The Lost mask-2

I am in somewhat of a quandary, for I have no material to give, so rather than quit now I will give you a essay on types of dungeons.

I have found that essentially there are two types of dungeons. the type of dungeon that gives treasure and magic and really UNUSUAL kinds of magic (such as permanent scrolls, Artifact type weapons and such). And then we have the "stingy" DM, he is the one who rarely has diffused a whole, hell of a lot of treasure and magic in the same general area. He spreads it around his world, and not concentrating it in all one place.

There is nothing wrong with either type of dungeon, for either DM may have special monsters that really require a ton of magic to kill (as for the first type of dungeon) OR he may have monsters that don't need a lot of magic to kill.

Now I am not criticizing anyone but such stuff as Lydia Pinkhams and Permanent scrolls really do not belong in a dungeon UNLESS THE MONSTERS IN THE DUNGEON HAVE JUST A GOOD CHANCE TO HAVE THEM TOO! Example: One player who had a fighter wanted to get a sword that could read magic so that he could tape a scroll to the back of his shield and read off spells at his enemies. I say fine so when I roll up my city, I find that I have rolled a sword with a Read Magic, the fighter (chaotic) also had a scroll with seven spells on it. One of them was a Power Word Stun on it. So he taped the scroll to the back of his shield and when he met this group challenged one of them to a life or death battle the winner takes treasure. The party indicated refused so the fighter read off his Word at them and got two then the party left fast. (The players party). Another one is where the party met a succubi (EW). the succubi had come up as the party had finished off some giant sharks and sufficiently convinced the party that she was a 1st level MU and wanted to join them. As a few of the people had died from the sharks she had charmed a person as she was coming up and he convinced the party that she was indeed a Lawful (the charmed person being the only Lawful in the party). Well, her charmee went diving for the shark's treasure as another party member did and he drowned the other party member. Meanwhile ~~the~~ the Succubi pertended to slip and the only remaining fighter caught her and she gave the fighter a kiss (the fighter was only first level) and he expired. Having nothing else to do she called in the charmee got the sharks treasure, the parties treasure, and left after giving her charmee a kiss goodbye. (A good way to run monsters eh?)

On running monsters, some people have the mistaken idea that monsters should sit on their arses waiting for the nearest player to come and kill them. My monsters have secret doors and such that prevent them from being trapped. One adventure had a party charge a roomful of trolls and proceed to burn the heck out of the trolls, the trolls having a secret door in their room expressly for that purpose came and struck the party from the flank and killed most of the parties' magic users and a cleric before expiring.

Back to the essay now, In Mr. Shapero's dungeon he has his death demons and such so when I here that he has 75mm Recoiless Rifles in his dungeon, I don't make a fuss for how else can you kill the death demons and ~~other~~ other kinds of monsters. (Although I would ~~not~~ let the party in my dungeon, word would spread fast and probaly a strong force of monsters that were not supposed to be on that level would want to rid the dungeon of that menace.

### LOST MASCK-3

I have just finished taking down a first level group into my newly redesigned Dungeon Bor-shann. I tossed out the computer idea I recently had and all sorts of good stuff.

First, the party of 6 after compiling their gold, figured that they would conceivably get more gold to live on, for they had only 14 ~~gns~~ ~~between~~ between them. (I have raised prices on equipment and lowered dungeon-treasure to encourage dungeonerring. So as the intrepid party of two human mus, 1 dwarf, and 3 fighters went to the entrance and though it, they passed by and though a silver colored ribbon, thereby signafin the first entrance in the dungeon.

Then they passed by a passageway that they heard the roar of ~~the~~ the surf. Heading downwards they came to a room where 4 striges lurked, despite the striges managing to attack themselves to several of the party members, the party escaped without a death, they went on and after definitely being door shv (shoot!) met 4 elves, they asked the elves if they want to go with them, only one elf agreed and then the other elves left. Then the party hesitated by a door (containing 5 Kolbolds!) And feverishly listened, the dwarf indentified it as Kolbold gibberish and rushed in to do battle, the party joined and soon the 7 people had wiped out the kolbolds taking only slight damage. After continueing on the party stopped beside one door and the dwarf stuck his soon-to-be-parted head in the door and..... The six bugbear that were inside saw a small, flatish, sort of head stick, ~~in~~ in their room, so they took a swat at it and missed. Shortly thereafter ~~the~~ the party was seen going down and out of the dungeons.

Speaking precisely about this adventure, have any of you when playing your first level characters for the first time or in succeeding times, noticed that 1st level creatures are no longer menacing as they once were, Hobgoblins are nothing from when you first encounter them. (Then there was the time when a group of 2nd levels numbering 5, took on a giant slug and killed it with only one player surviving(me))

Since a few players are busily trading dungeons and such, I recommend ~~a~~ a few percautions until you have gbt the whole thing. Like send your tradee one page at a time of your dungeon, keys or maps, until you know rthat he will trade his dungeon too and not just ~~that~~ keep your copies and not send you anything in returns. Unfortunately there are such people who are so low to do such a thing, and they should at least be chastized for it.

A7E is really a great thing for it gives you a chance to speak out on things and have your own ideas reviewed in front of a lot of ~~experienced~~ experienced DMs. I think that the Gold's work in producing, & editing this 'zine is highly compotent and organized, giving this periodical a respected place in D&D society. Personally, I wonder how they accomplish it for I run a play by mail campaign as noted in #15 with currantly 13-15 players and I really am stupified at the number 200 people, Holy Mariasa! I have trouble with time for my small campaign. (Which of ~~xxxxx~~ course is open for players. Write me!)

THE REST OF THIS 'ZINE IS AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. GARY GYGAX! - - - -

(In other words, the insignificant ant challenging the mighty eagle.0

Dear Mr. Gygax,

I have just finished reading your letter to Lee Gold that was published in A&E (as this will be). In reading it I found that you made several disparaging remarks about some of the rather well-known A&E contributors as to their method of play. You sir, seem to think that everyone can play your style of D&D with its limited and (in my own opinion of course) misrepresented magic system, and your 33% monster occupancy. Well, Luckily for the D&D game everyone has a different kind of playing, for as you said in your first books that those rules were supposed to be as guidelines, not restricting bonds! Most people cannot make that empty a dungeon to be dangerous so they improvise and innovate. (Scratch that word dangerous, say interesting instead)

To the GOD'S supplement, just what service did it have that made it a necessary supplement to D&D? I am bewildered at the fact that some of the ~~the~~ gods portrayed in it, CONAN'S god CROM for example, he was only 15th level!?! Also, most of the information in it could be found in any run-of-the-mill mythology book. (This material for the swords and whatnot magic powers could be deduced by any DM who had a smattering of mythology lore. Now, in no way am I putting down your style of playing or your way of interpreting ~~that~~ myths. I am merely asking why did you put the supplement on the market?

You have given the world a great game that has no end in sight of dying out, you have done well, so why try to reform everybody to your kind of playing. If I had a nickle for everytime a player was playing in my dungeon and he came up against a particular rule that I was running with the argument, "Gygax said this..." I would be rich. My usual answer is ~~so~~ for the unfortunate, argumentative player to go to Lake Geneva and play there.

Importantly though you in your own right are a magnificent DM and when players who become DM's find their own style of playing, they are good DMs. Please keep in mind that every one is not you.

Sincerely Yours,

*Stewart Levin*  
Stewart Levin

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Whew, am I glad that is done with!  
Some traps

An ordinary 10' square ~~pit~~ open pit that when fallen into on a roll of 1 on a D6 the bottom falls out and you are on another level, what is fun is having these placed in a series. (Bump, bump, bump, you are now on the fourth level)

Rooms that change the victims size, so that the unlucky one who was ~~6' 5"~~ 6' 5" is now 3ft tall. (Also the dwarf that is now 10ft, tall) note that no increase in strength is due

That is it for this issue, so see you later.

*Stu*

### SIX DAYS IN SEARCH OF A WEREBEAR CLERIC #3

the hopeless quest of Chuck Ulrich, Oldenburg 820, Pomona College, Claremont, CA 91711

Well, the unnamed wilderness around Minamornalomë has officially opened. It was entered on October 8, 1976 by an expedition consisting of the following people: Ethel de Strabs, Bard 1; Frogspittle Von Ghelt, Frogg (man-Frog) Illusionist 5; Illian Heck Vie Blasdine, Half-Elf F5; Shitbrix III, Orc Cyborg F5; (belonging to John Kingsburg); Albrecht, "D-warf" F4; Baldwin, MU 10; Montgomery of Ward, C8; Steinway, Elf F6 (belonging to Sean McCaw); Corum, Ranger 6; Fireclown, Illusionist 9; Peveril, Half-Elf Paladin 3; Aubec, Bard 5; (belonging to Rolin Baker); Scorn, Elf F1; Ivan Shuss, Illusionist 1; Chicatyr, Were-eagle Illusionist 1; Zounds, Bard 1 (belonging to Doug Hellinger).

Their first stop was, of course, the Tavern Complex, for drinks at the Demon's Arms and pizzas and the jukebox at the Round Table. Various characters were regendered and otherwise affected in ways too humorous to mention. Scorn became invisible for the duration of the expedition; Ivan Shuss gained an extra spell; Chicatyr lost one spell, leaving her rather useless, but at least she became invulnerable to life drain by Undead. After listening to the Kings' "Brainwashed," Ethel, Illian, Isa (formerly Ivan) Shuss, Chicatyr and Scorn were under a Quest to kill a Spectre or a Vampire. Finally, Frogspittle ate a pizza and turned Chaotic, i.e. Evil. He whipped out his laser pistol and fried Peveril's head. Fireclown then cast Continual DArkness at the Frogg to prevent him from using the last shot on his pistol. Baldwin Suggested that Frogspittle drop his weapon and stop fighting. (WE have switched Suggestion and Charm Person on the spell tables.) After a brief hesitation, Baldwin threw Charm Person at Frogspittle and told him to come on out of the darkness. The Frogg saved but came out anyway, picking up his pistol on the way. He missed with his final laser blast. But Corum was a better shot and blew Frogspittle's brains out with his .45. Montgomery Raised the Illusionist and threw Remove Curse to turn him Lawful again. Peveril's head grew back, thanks to the regenerative powers of his magic sword.

The party wandered down the road a piece with Frogspittle on a wagon, until they reached a large hall. A huge sign proclaimed "Monty Hall." Inside they found a large crowd of strangely-dressed people and their host, Leslie (Les) McKedil. Les picked Peveril, Chicatyr, and a person dressed as a carrot to participate in a contest consisting of guessing the suggested retail value of certain items. Peveril won a Scarab (of Protection), a sword (non-magical) and a coat of mail (+4), while Chicatyr obtained a Loadstone and a Brassiere (item of woman's underclothing) Commanding Fire Elementals. Barney, the carrot, was an outrageously poor estimator and won nothing. Shitbrix traded his staff for a box containing a dagger +1, +2 and 100 GP. Steinway refused to trade his +2 shield for an envelope. As the winner of the first contest, Peveril was entitled to trade one of his previous prizes for a chance at the Big Deal of the Day. He traded in his non-magical sword and chose Door #1. Behind Door #3 was a subdued baby Red Dragon. Behind Door #2 Les revealed a Denebian Slime Devil which attached itself to Peveril. But the Paladin had chosen Door #1, behind which lay a self-powered refrigerator full of frozen Hit Point Lemonade. As the credits came on, Illian bought a ring from a brown paper bag for 500 GP. She let Les keep the pickle. The party left the building, thinking that maybe E. Gary was right about Monty Hall dungeons after all.

On the road they met some Wholeflaffers (see this month's DUMB MONSTERS) who ran away when they saw the Denebian Slime Devil. Shitbrix asked his communing glass hand how Peveril could get rid of the little devil. The hand gave him directions to Mt. Fujiyama, so off they went.

Sweeping down from the skies came ten Marghoobs (see last month's DUMB MONSTERS). Shitbrix, always on his toes, whipped out his Rod of Lordly Might. The others threw Phantasmal Fireballs, Phantasmal Killers, and poison arrows. Peveril threw a Prismatic Wall around himself, a deed that spelled terrible death for the Marghoob flying at the Paladin. After two rounds, the field was filled with Marghoob corpses, which were skinned for their +4 leather skin.

The next day, the expedition was set upon by a quartet of standard Gargoyles. Shitbrix, ready for any occasion, whipped out his Rod of Lordly Might. The Illusionist threw a Phantasmal Meteor Swarm and a Phantasmal Killer. They didn't skin the Gargoyles.

At long last they reached a mountain range, the highest peak of which bore a distinctly oriental-looking snowcap. At the foot of the mountain was a concrete building with no windows or doors. Shitbrix's hand said it was Radio Prison, so they left it alone. The next morning, a few of them stayed with the carts and the recuperating Frogspittle, while the rest started their ascent of Mt. Fujiyama. *[I like the way you clearly distinguish between this peak and the one in Japan which is always called Fujisan, never Fujiyama.--LG]*

A third of the way up the mountain, they found an immense egg. The hand said the egg would hatch any day now. Zounds stayed at the egg, and the rest continued up the hill. What should they find but seven Japanese Ogres blocking their path? Shitbrix, ever alert, whipped out his Rod of Lordly Might. Two Phantasmal Meteor Swarms were thrown. The poor surprised Ogre Magi didn't even get a chance to fight back. Most were left dead or paralyzed in the mud, although a few ran away, scared by the size of Shitbrix's Rod. The only Ogre unhurt was the one Charmed by Baldwin.

At the peak they found a treasure that must have been imported from Hicksville: an Ebony Fly, a six-pack of Canned Music (each can containing five full turns of fifth level Bardish Charm) and the Leopold Bass, a non-standard bardic instrument. One of the songs on the Leopold Bass is "How Can I miss You When You Won't Go Away?" which gets rid of Denebian Slime Devils. Ethel played it for Peveril, freeing him from the little creep.

While descending the mountain, the adventurers once again surprised a party of Ogre Magi: In fact they were three of the same Ogre Magi, regenerated from death or paralysis. Undaunted, Shitbrix waved his wooden wonder, and the spell-throwers did their stuff. This time everyone made sure the Ogres were properly burned. Upon discovering the Ogre Magi were still out of their lair, someone got the bright idea of asking the charmed ogre to lead them there.

Before they reached the lair, Ethel played "O'Reilly at the Bar" on the Leopold Bass, raising Shitbrix's Strength to 18<sup>00</sup>, lowering his Wisdom, and ensuring any hits he scored would be to the face. This time the Ogre Magi were not surprised, so both sides wiped each other out. After a barrage of PF Meteor Swarms and Ice Storms from one side and Sleeps and Colds from the other, the only survivors were Montgomery and Fireclown, who had both gone ethereal, and Chicatyr who had been flying out of range. Peveril and Shitbrix regenerated from death. The five of them burned the Ogre bodies, collected their measley hoard of silver and gold, and started back down the hill.

At the egg, they found Zounds still hiding from a pair of Chimerae who had passed by the day before. Shitbrix asked his hand if it would be worthwhile waiting until the gg hatched. The hand said the egg would hatch Glutamato, so the party went racing down the slope, not wanting to mess around with any dream monsters.

At the foot of the hill, Frogspittle had just recovered from his resurrection two weeks before, leaving more room on the wagons for the new bodies currently being Raised by Montgomery. The next day they hailed the inhabitants of a Good castle. Sure enough, it was the home of a Patriarch. But do, he didn't have Raise Dead; didn't believe in messing with God's plans. So Montgomery continued to Raise one person a day, as they headed towards the nearest city likely to have a high-level Patriarch.

About this time, everyone but John's characters ran out of food. Montgomery created an Insect Plague and sent it into a pot of boiling oil. On the road, the expedition encountered Bard (Half Elf C6) wearing Elvish "Travelling Shoes." The Elven Bishop told them that the road led to the town of Straight and Narrow and then went on his way.

When they reached the Temple of the Saint in Straight and Narrow, they realized that they'd already Raised everyone who could be Raised. So they wandered about town, buying provisions and being reprimanded by the ever-present police patrols for their unlawful remarks. On Tappiwingo St., they found an Alchemist's shop, where Peveril traded a good portion of his Hit Point Lemonade for a sex-pack of Dr. Pepper. Upon leaving the shop, the party discovered they were at the end of a one-way dead-end street. They were ringing bells at the apartment house at the end of the street, trying to find an escape route, when they were attacked from the rear by a party of Spectres. Shitbrix listened to "O'Reilly at the Bar," getting the full +8 strength and -8 Wisdom. He rushed to get into the action, but like most of his comrades, arrived too late--the Spectres had all been PF Meteor Swarmed or really Turned. Their lair was down the manhole from which they had come, but they were very poor Spectres and had no treasures. At least the adventurers were freed from their quest.

The manhole provided a possible avenue of escape from the dead-end, but it would have been a tight fit for the mules and wagons. So the party just walked out the way they had come, backwards, hoping no one would notice. The inevitable police patrol showed up but didn't figure out what was going on. They escorted the expedition back to the dead-end, whence they were all teleported to the Police Headquarters on the main drag, Straight and Narrow Avenue.

The party left Straight and Narrow as quickly as they could. After a brief pause to destroy fifteen Striges, they arrived at the Demon's Arms and were sent home.

Afterword: Peveril's frozen lemonade was stored in a refrigerator, not a freezer, and hence was spoiled by the end of the expedition. Shows how dumb that Alchemist was! Chicaty sold her Brassiere for mere gold. Aubec bought the Leopold Bass and then decided it was too unwieldy to carry around. (It's a bass fiddle, not a guitar.) The new motto of the local D&Ders seems to be, "Who needs PF Beholders when you can throw PF Meteor Swarms?" [Out here we only allow PF of a spell one order higher than the MU can actually throw.--LG]

Glenn Blacow: My apologies. Charles Lutwidge did indeed refer to both Vorpai Swords and Vorpai Blades. Of course, Gygax calls the things Blades, but I wouldn't cite him as an authority.

Ken Pick: See A&E #1 for specs on Kzinti as monsters.

McGrew and Gold: Shelley wrote Frankenstein; Bram Stoker wrote Dracula.

John Boardman: I haven't seen it, but I believe that the version of "King Kong Meets Godzilla" shown in Japan had a different ending with Godzilla the victor. I like your idea about a new D&D supplement devoted solely to Oz stuff.

OK, now, everybody unrelax with warmest, personal, least scary part of show:

#### DUMB MONSTERS

QUARLIANS: 3-30 appear, AC 8, move 6", 2 HD, in lair 60%, type B treasure. Neutral, two weapons by type. As seen in recent issues of Ka-Zar, these beings are blue-skinned humanoids who appear to have had purple seaweed splatted against their faces. Their culture emphasizes battle skills and most Quarlians can fight with a weapon in each hand. They are found mounted on Moenchies 20% of the time.

MOENCHIES: 2-12 appear, AC 6, move 18", 3 HD, no treasure, unintelligent, bite @ 2-12. Everyone and his brother thought of these things, but Doug Moench was the first to publish them. As seen in Ka-Zar, Moenchies are the flying sharks commonly ridden by Quarlians. They do have wings. (Wayne Shaw had already mounted by Wind-Martyrs on someone else's flying mantas. John Kingsbury is developing umpteen different species of flying shark. I'll bet if I said that Cepeda ride horses, someone would put them on mules.)

GRIFFOPOTAMI: 2-16 appear, AC 4, move 12"/15", 5+2 HD, no treasure. Neutral, bite @ 3-18, 2 claws @ 1-6. Although the name would imply a cross between the river and the Griffon, the Griffopotamus is another kind of beast entirely. These fierce fighters resemble hippopotami with eagle's wings and claws.

ZENIAS: 1-4 appear, AC 5, 9", 2+1 HD, in lair 75%, type C treasure, Neutral, 1-8 pts/attack. As seen in E-Man #7, these creatures are transparent and bigger than Rog-2000. They can, however, take human form and wear clothes. Zenias are not affected by cold or lightning, but are subject to fire and hits by weapons. They are intelligent and can speak in human form. Any man-type killed by a Zenia becomes part of the Zenia, thus making resurrection impossible.

WHOLEFLAFFERS: 1-6 appear, AC 8, move 3", 3 HD, in lair 20%, type C treasure, Neutral, bite @ 1-6. These gross-looking little things have mollusk-like bodies vaguely marshmallow-like in shape. They are about three feet tall and have two eyes, a mouth and two two-feet-long arms with brush-like ends, which they use to whisk edible material (i.e. anything that fits) into their mouth.

In the remaining space, I may as well tell you of the destruction of Minamornalom. On October 23, Wayne Shaw, John Kingsbury, Sean McCaw, Steve Rose and Larry Somebody took a Chaotic expedition into Minasmornalom. A flock of Zamczyks provided the party with little information regarding the key to the destruction of Minasmornalom. But Tar-Minotaur found out for himself quite by accident. What he thought was a Necklace of Missiles was actually the Magic Jar of Bervolaid the Blue, last of the Istari, now a 150th level illusionist. When Tar-Minotaur broke the necklace, Bervolaid died. Minasmornalom was a Super-Duper Improved Programmed Illusion. It's not any more.

NEXT MONTH: Gurgles, Gruffybbs, and SumaRatrans.

Also, Chmyz as player characters.

For Chuck's write-up of Chmyz as monsters, see the bottom of the last page of MANY WORLDS, this sissue.--LG

# STAR GATE by Diana Myers

It has been suggested by various individuals that the saving-throw table is inadequate. That is, it should be more difficult to save vs. a high level magic-user, cleric, or technologist (his devices have better workmanship and are more efficient). I have based my chart on the original with the following considerations:

1) It is illogical that a magic-user, as an example, going from 15th to 16th level has his saving throw ~~drop~~ from 8 to 4.

2) The chart for spells and staves is the same. Staves are 3th level, therefore the spells are from an 8th level.

3) Wands are 6th level. There are some discrepancies here.

4) Everyone saves vs. their own level on a 12.

5) The fact that each classification has its own peculiar curve has necessitated drawing up three charts.

## MAGIC USERS, THIEVES, TECHNOLOGISTS

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17	18	18	18	19
2	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17	18	18	18
3	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17	18	18
4	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17	18
5	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17	17
6	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17	17
7	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16	17
8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16	16
9	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16	16
10	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15	16
11	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	15
12	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15
13	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	14	15	15
14	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	12	12	13	13	13	14	14	14
15	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14
16	3	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14
17	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13
18	3	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13
19	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12
20	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12

THE horizontal row of numbers indicates the level of the one throwing the spell, while the column down the side is the level of the one who is saving. The fighter and cleric charts are on the next page.

It would also be possible to use these charts for poison, stone, and dragonbreath:

	Magic-user	Cleric	Fighter
POISON, DEATHRAY	level <u>4</u>	level <u>1</u>	level <u>1</u>
STONE	level <u>4</u>	level <u>5</u>	level <u>5</u>
DRAGON BREATH	level <u>11</u>	level <u>9</u>	level <u>7</u>

IN all the above cases the saving throws are comparable to those in the book for the lower levels while the saving throws for high levels are a bit more difficult than those listed.

NOTE: IN all cases a 20 or 00 saves. Also a 1, 2, or 1, 1 is a failure to save in all cases.

	FIGHTERS, RANGERS, ETC.																			(sailor)
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	20	20	20	20
2	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	20	20	20
3	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	20	20
4	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	20
5	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19
6	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19
7	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18
8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18
9	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17
10	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17
11	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16
12	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16
13	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15
14	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15
15	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14
16	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14
17	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13
18	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13
19	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12
20	3	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12

	CLERICS, ETC.																			
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
1	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	19	19	19	20
2	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19	19	19	19	19
3	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	18	19	19	19
4	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	18	19	19
5	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	18	19
6	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18	19
7	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18	18
8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	17	18
9	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17	18
10	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16	17
11	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	16
12	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15	16
13	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15	15
14	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14	15
15	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14	14
16	3	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13	14
17	3	3	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13	13
18	3	3	3	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12	13
19	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12
20	3	3	3	3	4	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12

I hope some of you may find these charts useful.

Here is another variation of character type. The SAILOR.

Sailor ratings:	ALL SAILORS SWIM!	They only wear leather and
1. Cabin boy	10. Captain	possibly an easily unbuckle metal
2. Oarsman	11. Commodore	breast plate (= shield). May use dirk
3. Deck Hand	12. Admiral	in "left" hand to parry blows (-1AC).
4. Seaman		+2 to hit aboard ship and -2 to AC.
5. Sailor	experience	15% per level chance of "Navigating"
6. Helmsman	as fighters	by sun and stars; find location, set
7. Navigator	Prime Reqs.	course, find way back, etc. at sea
8. Second Mate	strength and	or on overland. -2 to AC from learn-
9. First Mate	Dexterity.	ing to fight on heaving ships.

pub it...Lee Said...

Magical Research a la TSR with Notes on the Production of Magic Items

Having started the town of Crossroads which as its name implies, is situated at the intersection of about five trade routes--in the middle of a desert, I have a smallish trade city where anything (almost) may be purchased. I have laid out the entire town (every building within the walls), and am in the process of keying all the shops, taverns, inns, warehouses, etc. One of the main benefits of this is that one can have city adventures, especially as there's a dungeon below most of the city.

The problem that then confronted me was, that although you can find and buy both great bargains and great crocks at any and all prices, I needed to know just what a fair price on a magical item was! (I am sure you now see my dilemma). I could of course just write up an arbitrary price list, but since the most read (and played) rules for D&D are those in the TSR b-oks, I decided to use them for my guidelines in hopes that in this way my worlds would be compatible with other players characters and DMs' worlds (fat chance).

Thus I found myself getting out the TSR material, dusting it off and digging into my half completed manuscript A Semantic and Impartial Analysis of TSR's D&D Publications and extracted the relevant information. Since I have only completed the MS thru Greyhawk p. 51, I scanned Blackmoor, Eldrich Wizardry and Gods, Demigods and Heroes for any ~~backpeddling~~ changes or additions. I did not include any material out of the Strategic Review, the Dragon, or Swords & Spells, as I don't consider them sufficiently available as to be counted as part of the D&D rules set per se. Thus I came up with the following data:

Group One: What TSR asserts

- A1. Wizards (MUIs and above) can manufacture almost any magical item for sale or use (I, p6)
- A2. Any MU or cleric may research new spells provided:
  - A2.1 The DM sets the level of the new spell (I, p35)
  - A2.2 The character can use spells of an equivalent level (I, p35)
- A3. A research expenditure of 2L x 1000 GPs will give a 20% chance of success after L weeks of work (L = level of spell). For every multiple of this cost, the percent chance of success increases by 20% but the time period remains the same. (I, p35)
- A4. Player characters should pay 1.0% of their EPs in GPs each month unless they are in the control of a territory or in the wilderness. (III, p24)
- A5. Potions are one dose for those with limited effect duration is D6+6 turns. (III, p31)
- A6. Scrolls, for MUs only unless they are Protection Scrolls. Effect as a MU6 unless the spell is higher than a MU6 can handle then it's as the minimum level needed. (III, p32)
- A7. Rings, usable by any class, act as would spells or potions on an unlimited basis. (III, p33)
- A8. Wands have L6 effect, 100 charges maximum
- A9. Staves have L3 effect, 200 charges maximum
- A10. Wands and Staves which do not expend energy are unlimited use.

## Group 2--What TSR recommends

R. Costs and times to manufacture various magical items should be on the order of the following (l. p 7)

RI.1	Scrolls	100xL + weeks = L
RI.2	Potion of healing	250 GP + 1 week
RI.3	Potion of Giant Strength	1K GP + 4 weeks
RI.4	Enchanting 20 Arrows	1k GP + 4 weeks
RI.5	Armor to +1	2K GP + 2 months
RI.6	Cold Wand	10 K GP 6 months
RI.7	X-Ray Vision Ring	50K GP + 1 year

## Group 3--What TSR implies (subjective on my part)

- i1. Research and manufacture are two separate processes (wording l,p7)
- i2. Clerics can manufacture items (A2 & RI.2)
- i3. All research & manufacture to be under supervision of DM (wording throughout books, A2.1)
- i4. GPs spent researching a spell give you the probability of success per time period. If you don't make it within that time period, you gotta invest more GPs (wording l, p35)
- i5. You must be able to use a spell to enchant the spell into an object (A6) or if the spell is new, you must research it first (A2, i1)
- i6. Cost of manufacture is proportionate to spell complexity (A3, RI.2 & RI.3)

So....

Armed with the above assertions, recommendations and implications, I as any good computer programmer should, tried to get the simplest set of rules that would accomodate all the above statements. Thus:

Magical items seem to break down into the following catagories:

- C1. Change properties of small items (enchanting arrows, daggers, etc.)
- C2. Change properties of Large items (+1 armor, shields, spears, dumb swords)
- C3. One shot spell storage, usable by anybody (potions, protect scrolls)
- C4. One shot spell storage usable only by one class (most scrolls)
- C5. Multiple use spell storage (wands and staves)
- C6. Permanent spell storage and reuse (most rings, etc.)
- C7. Artifacts (another name for divine intervention, folks) and Intelligent weapons

Using the old formula-of-minimum-complexity theory and all of the above, we can get the following cost factors:

- F1. CHANGE PROPERTIES OF SMALL ITEMS (mass roughly 20 gps)  
1000 GPs and 4 weeks per spell level  
(example 20 +1 arrows are arrows with prot/good or evil)
- F2. CHANGE PROPERTIES OF LARGE ITEMS (up to about 1000 GPs)  
2000 GPs x spell level + 2 months/level  
(example +1 armor = prot/evil, +2 armor do it twice)  
(I suggest a limit of two enchantments maximum per object)  
\*Remember, this just changes the pro prties of the item it would not affect anything but that object. If you want a permanently invisible suit of armor: Invisibility = L2 spell so it's 4K GPs and 4 months. If you want invisible +1 armor, you make it +1 with a first enchantment, then invisible with a second, costing you a

total of GKGP + 6 months and the price of a suit of armor. Any body in such a suit would still be visible but nobody would see the armor, although they might notice he's sweating a lot.\*

- F3 ONE SHOT SPELL STORAGE: limited as to who can use it, such as most scrolls = 100 GPs and 1 week per level for each spell put into it. Thus a spell scroll with three Knocks and a Fireball would be 3 Knocks, level 2 = 100 GP x 2 + 2 weeks x 2 = 600 GP + 6 weeks and 1 Fireball, level 3 = 100 GP + 1 week/level = 300 GP + 3 weeks. TOTAL = 900 GP + 9 weeks. (You could either have 3 Knocks on the scroll or one good for three uses: this can be fun since a MU wouldn't necessarily know how many more times the spell would be good for.)
- f4 ONE SHOT SPELL USAGE - USABLE BY ANY CLASS: this is a bit more expensive, since you have to make up for somebody's inability to use magic by themselves.  
250 GP and 1 week/level of the spell/dose  
This includes most potions and Protection scrolls. (This might also include non-protection scrolls. Clerics would manufacture healing potions (1st level Cure Light once they're patriarchs) at 250 GP plus one week. Giant Strength is equivalent to the 4th level spell Polymorph Others and costs 1000 GP + 1 week PER DOSE.
- F5 LARGE NUMBER OF SPELLS STORAGE (This category includes mostly wands and staves.) To get a wand it would cost:  
(level + 1) x 5000 GP and (level x 2) months  
thus a Cold Wand (Cold roughly = Fireball = level 3) would cost 5000 x (3+1) = 10,000 GP plus 3x2 = 6 months work.  
Staves cost twice as much as wands do in time and money.
- F6 PERMANENT SPELL STORAGE AND USE (such things as rings, permanent use scrolls, and potions that permanently change a character's abilities, etc....cost:  
10,000 x (level+1) GP and level x 3 months  
X-ray Vision, 1 (and warlock) deem as a level 4 spell, giving a cost of 50,000 GP and 1 year. An Invisibility Ring would be a level 2 spell and would cost 10,000 x (2+1) = 30K GP + 6 months
- F7 Artifacts/Swords and such should be created by divine/demonic action, or perhaps call Create Artifact a 30th level spell, or perhaps it was just in the presence of A WHOLE LOT of power for a VERY long time--whatever the DM wishes. Characters, player or otherwise, should never be able to create them, and they should be beyond price. (How much is the Clarny Stone or the Wailing Wall worth?)

Swords and such: creating a +1 or +2 with rudimentary abilities is easy, but getting a +3 or more or Special Abilities would probably take a Limited Wish to get the basic 10 (roll it), then have the character start enchanting in abilities and teaching it languages - if you let players make them at all.

NOW (whew) before you start to scream ONLY 3000 GPs to make a Fireball scroll! let us take into account a bit of economics.

First of all living expenses of 1% of your EP each month means your average 11th level MU (the lowest that can enchant ANYTHING) will have to spend from 750 to 1000 GP per week of time and cannot enchant items with spell equivalents over 5th level. So, let's see. Say, he was going to make a Passwall Ring. His basic cost is  $10K \times (\text{level} - 1) = 60K \text{ GP}$  plus 15 months time, which would cost him 11.25-15K GP just for upkeep while he's at it. This sets the price for him to make himself one at 71-75,000 GP, ...and you can bet that if he was going to sell it on the ~~WIZARD~~ open market, he'd ask twice that! A retailer would ask three to four times that, setting the cost anywhere from 150-300,000 GP on the market.

Now, let's try a Ring of Three Wishes. Wish is a level nine Greyhawk spell, so basic cost would be three times that of a level nine potion (one shot spell storage, remember?) which is 6.75K GP + 27 weeks! Cheap, huh? Sure it is...Think again. To be able to use a 9th level spell, you've got to be 18th level. That's 1.1 million EP so upkeep alone is 2.5-2.75K GP each week, boosting the final price to 74.25-81K GP. If he sold it at all, he'd probably ask 1.6 million.

Using this logic, a staff of Resurrection would cost about  $5K \times (6) \text{ GP}$  and 10 months + 4.5K GP/month bringing the total to 75KGP (this assumes a level 11 Patriarch, who is half way to 12th level making it for himself) selling it, he could ask for all the way from cost +10% (a tithe) or up to 210% of the cost making it 165K GP...and if you could buy one in a shop...a cold half a million would probably be the norm, since these would be fairly rare.

These rules work out fine for me. Use them if you want. A few moments of thought will show that almost all magical items could be made by player characters of a high enough level, but it'll put them out of action. I'd love to get some constructive comments on the whole problem.

Final note I'd suggest that DMs only allow player characters to research and enchant, or give non-player characters a 50% klutz factor, or I'll bet someone will Charm a ton of Wizards and crank out gobs of stuff.

#### TABLE FOR QUICK REFERENCE

Change properties (20 GP weight)  $1000 \times \text{level GP} + 4 \times \text{level weeks}$

Change Properties (1000 gp weight)  
 $2000 \times \text{level GP} \text{ plus } 8 \times \text{level weeks}$

One shot spell storage - specific usage  
 $100 \times \text{level and } 1 \times \text{level weeks for each spell use}$

One shot, Usable by Anybody  
 $250 \text{ GP} \times \text{level and } 1 \times \text{level weeks}$

Large Number spell storage - per 100 charges  
 $5000 \times (\text{level} + 1) \text{ GP and } 8 \times \text{level weeks}$

Permanent Spell Storage and Usage  
 $10,000 \times (\text{level} + 1) \text{ GP and } 12 \times \text{level weeks}$

WANDERING MUTTERS / or miscellaneous maunderings of a mad magic user

Policy statement first of all: this zine is about how I play and feel about D&D, which is mostly playtesting. I don't give two copper pieces if anybody pays any attention to it, for good or ill, but I do appreciate comments and criticism and I try to give constructive comments to others. I appreciate the new ideas put forth by all and hope to give you a few myself.

CONAN RULE on the ringworld, a fighter who scorns the use of magic himself by neither using nor carrying any magical items at all saves at +4 levels.

POLYMORPHS since polymorph others gives the target the hit dice and abilities of whatever he/she/it is morphed into I limit the polymorph to creatures of a level equal to or less than the caster's. I also read abilities to mean non magical abilities.

INFRAVISION according to TSR (G/y p. 5) ALL elves and dwarves have 60' infravision (which needs no light source). This is another reason I limit elves and dwarves by requiring elves to have STR = 15+ and INT = 15+ and dwarves to 15+ on STR and CON.

RESURRECTS I run that a Resurrect requires over 50% of the head and torso to be present. For a Reincarnate, you need at least something that belonged to the character (or some of his cells) or the help of a brother/sister or lover. Bosom buddies on occasion will do.

On a Resurrect, you lose 0-90% of your EP (and corresponding levels and hit dice) and a Reincarnate starts you off at zero EP (these losses are non recoverable - you gotta get them back by earning them over again). I've been thinking of giving players a saving throw vs. Reincarnation at their old levels, so the higher levelers wouldn't come back.

SPELL POINTS I favor a spell point system for MUs because with a klutz system, a mage doesn't know how tight a situation he can get into and still get out of. Secondly, with spell points, you can use extra spell points to improve your chances by lowering your target's saving throw by burning more - gauge the relative strength of counter magic, and more which will be forthcoming.

G-CUBES When the average party comes into my dungeon and starts out by saying, Aha! A G-Cube! Let's get some easy EP! I know there is something wrong with my G-Cubes!

The normal procedure has become: spot it, then flame it (by standing back tossing Malitovs!). The next time I rolled a G-Cube, I hurriedly dug out Greyhawk and started digging. Now lessee...big gelatinous blob paralyzes on touch, does 2D4 damage per hit trying to digest you. Gee! Sounds like a Giant Amoeba!...Now let's check its stats. A C=3...leather and no shield equivalent, so its membrane is about as tough as leather...4 HD....It's pretty much gotta be slashed to shreds to die....Move = 6?!? That's f a s t...Somehow we always thought they were snail like.

Okay so on with the melee....Letsee, one of the party (who isn't starting the popcorn) is within striking distance (about three game ft) so it's fast envelopment time! (The old warlock melee system) POUNCE! Aha! Got her! Take 2D4!!

Next the party members wake up and toss a lil malatov....Letsee... If you tossed a coke bottle at a leather sack filled with water, what would happen....It'd bounce! So the malatov bounces back about D4 feet

and I'll give it a 30% chance of breaking.

It does, and since the G-Cube wouldn't go over it, it'll back off. (Can the trapped elf break away? Roll the dice....No! Take another 2D4, you elvish twit!) The party cannot pursue 'cause of the flaming oil, so they start to pump arrows into it. The G-Cube (alignment = dumb) says ouch! and backs off some more, and we check to see if the elf can break...oh, you're dead...well take 2D4 and let's try to make you unresurrectable). Well, eventually they kill off the poor lil G-Cube and get about 10K in junk out of the remains, and an unresurrectable Elf, but at least now they know that G-Cubes aren't reeble EPs. (Perhaps I'll change it to slow envelopment). (Would you believe a hasted G-Cube?)

Nextfish I'll run comments for #s 14-15, plus the Hoka update.

Since I have about 15-20 pages worth of material on an alternate Psionics system, Barsoom, believable statistics for horses, the full simultaneous eight phase movement/magic/counter magic melee and spell point system, and guidelines for playing D&D as a full individual action fighter/magic, etc. system, and about 15 pages in notes, I am going to reserve my A&E contributions for interactions with individual DMs and players and pub the general stuff in a fanzine titled the SIMULATIONIST which I'm starting to stencil and hope to have out early December. Inquiries/contributions wanted.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. GYGAX in response to his letter in A&E #15

I wish to publicly apologize for publicly sniping at you about your writing ability and such. (Like quite a few folks in A&E, I suffer from an occasional lapse of manners.) I wish to now put my few objections to you politely and directly.

D&D, as it was intended and what it came to be, is an excellent game which with minor changes by the DM can be used for any type of a fantasy wargame from a strict simulation (two first level fighters who are attacked by a large (not giant) wolves are in trouble!) to 'Let's Play Ragnarok' (by selecting various gods from GD&H as player characters.

However....while I'm sure that you had playtested Chainmail and D&D before you published them, I just cannot believe you playtested the rules you were going to publish. By this I mean taking a few people who had never heard of wargames out of a local high school, giving each a xerox copy of the first draft of the rules and having them go at it. When they find something ambiguous or confusing, you explain it to them and make notes on how to reword the fuzzy spots.

The rules you published in Chainmail and D&D may be painfully obvious to Miniature battle freaks, but to people who have no wargaming experience or grew up on Avalon Hill and SPI, it's as confusing as hell! I want to stress this point with an example. I bought Chainmail, D&D and the funny dice about ten months ago, and four of us (myself, a SPI wargamer; my wife Sandy, a Tolkien expert Andy Thornton, a WWII games freak; and Sam Konkin, a veteran Diplomacy and such player) went full at it. After a day or two, we were pretty sure about what was being said in Chainmail, although we thought the mechanics unnecessarily complex so went to try D&D.

To make a long and frustrating story short, until Lee Gold explained a few things to us a couple of months later, we were using a system in which you were dead if you took a number of hits equal to your constitution, because we just couldn't figure out a few key points. Of course, we can go back now and it mostly makes sense, but I have yet to come across anybody who, without help, could figure D&D out enough to start a campaign just from reading the rules, and I'm sure that you get at least a dozen letters a day asking for rules clarification.

I suppose what I'm trying to say is that I myself would much rather see TSR rewrite D&D and republish it so that we don't have to tell each new player what it all means, and why we don't do it that way, than see GD&H republished. If you were to do so, I'd suggest that you make "Swords and Spells" an integral supplement in place of Chainmail and be much more specific in such minor areas as time, movement, how magic and miracles work, etc. and then you suggest variant ways of playing.

Another point I wish to bring up is that TSR has a tremendous amount of power, whether you wish it or not, over a large percentage of the D&D playing populace in that anything you say or publish becomes gospel. This has and will happen with a large number of players, no matter how often you tell people to wing it. I myself feel that this is due mainly because of the confusion experienced by most new players trying to decipher the rules as written.

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this fanzine of SPINWARD HO! runs only seven pages in the reprint edition. The eighth page in the original edition was due to an illustration which is not being reprinted.

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I WAS AN ORC IN THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND #2

previously known as UNTITLED

by Peter Cerrato, 200 No. Village Ave. #2E, Rockyville Center, NY,  
11570. (516) 766-7519 15 years old

This zine will be divided into comments, ideas, and a short section on my world campaign and its rules. Now for the comments.

The Gestapo Interrogation (A&E #15)

Bill Paley: I think more people are seeing things as you do, re intolerance. See my essay on relativity.

John Boardman: Do you have a campaign/dungeon going? I'd be interested in trying it. As yet I haven't been in or run any expeditions and I'm dying to. Do you know Ira Goldberg? Are you free on weekends? Could you give me a call?

Wayne Shaw: Re Tech vs. Magic: how about air cover? How would a MU take care of a MIG or F15? Protection/Missiles won't stop a machine gun or A-bomb, just "missiles projected by normal (not above normal) men and/or weapons."//I loved reading about your characters. The story was great.

Robert Sacks: Do you live in Inwood Man? That was our old neighborhood. I'm looking to get into a campaign if you have one. I'd like to see if we could get together some weekend.//Your players really did believe that general they met!

Glenn Blacow: Little old Ladies in Tennis Shoes are great, if you are running that kind of campaign. How about mothers-in-law?

Scott Rosenberg: Do you live near the Jamaica station of the LIRR? I'd like to meet you to get some experience at playing. Are you a member of the Metro gamers? Maybe I'll see you at their con.

Dick Eney: That description of the expedition was really interesting and explained some things that weren't explained in Mockturtle.

Hitler Incides the Masses:

In my comments, I didn't say anything about expedition write-ups, new monsters, characters or character write-ups. Instead of writing comments to each person and saying "great monsters, expeditions and player characters," I will say it here to all of you at one time.

How about some of you writing up the systems you use in your DMing, especially if you have an original one. And when you create a new monster, more of a history should be given, not just its hit dice, treasure, etc. This also goes for unique magic items. This rounds out monsters/treasures and makes them more believable.

The Ideas of Nationalist Socialism

#### Relativity in D&D

If I had a Wish, I would Wish people would stop arguing and name-calling about relative things. For example, the prices of items in different worlds cannot be compared on a gold piece basis because the gold piece has a different value in each world. The value of a gold piece is equal to how hard one has to work to get it, and each DM has a different idea of how easy it should be to get gold. Each DM has to have a standard for the value of things in his world: how hard should one have to work to buy a sword or whatever. What can be compared is the relative values of each item to another. Should a lantern be as valuable as a sword? Even then, different people have different ideas of how much each thing should be worth relative to another.

The amount of magic in a world is also relative. So is how easy/hard it is to get magic. If a world is filled with huge and terrible

monsters which are often met by players, more magic may be needed to compensate.

Now if you want to argue about "balance" or "restraint," it is up to the DM and how he feels his players will get the most fun out of it. If he thinks they will have fun by gaining rich treasures and killing many monsters, fine. If he thinks only a few should survive to gain high levels, fine.

#### THE SUB-DEAD

History: While Beelzebub (now a minor devil) was still an angel, he was given the privilege of assuming corporeal form and performing a good deed or miracle. He began to build a powerful relic for beings to use to help them communicate with the angels. But while he was building it, the devil tempted him and he fell.

The Devil now told him to use the relic and alter it so he would be able to control the most powerful men in the world, the magic users. But before the plan could be started, Beelzebub's body was destroyed by God and his spirit sent to hell. This stopped him from taking control of all the MUs, but 13 magic users were affected.

In communication with these 13, Beelzebub tempted them with immortality. As long as they would obey him; the magic users greedily agreed. When each of them died, Beelzebub granted his wish and sent him back his spirit from hell to repossess their bodies. They each value their own part of the relic which Beelzebub built, as it is their contact with him. Beelzebub has commanded them to continue to build the relic in order to control all MUs. It will take them many years under his supervision to get all the necessary items and do it.

Info: The 13 sub-dead have one lair, but they are often found wandering, looking for items for their relic. Usually only one or two are found, but more may be found looking for a very important item. They were originally 13th-26th level MUs and still have these powers but now can use weapons as well. When they were reincarnated, they were made stronger.

Armor: 3 (their skin was made tougher)

Hit Dice: D8/level

Movement: 18" unencumbered, otherwise 12", 9" plus 17 strength.

Treasure: in lair: the relic parts plus Ref special (types G&H)  
on them: 30% item for relic plus ref special

(type A for mags and magic)

When they are killed, they regenerate in one day in a new body. If the old one was destroyed. The reincarnation process has made them so grotesque and ugly that a saving throw vs. Fear must be made. There are 3-13 in the lair at all times. Any other powers which you feel appropriate can be added.

#### THE BELT OF ZOOK

Zook was a leather worker who decided to become a magic user. He became the follower of Zarn, an Evil High PRIEST. After many years, Zook became a powerful Wizard and became jealous of Zarn's power. In his spare time, Zook used to make magical items of leather. Once he created a belt and enchanted it with many great powers. He also cursed it against Lawful/Good people with powers he had learned from Zarn.

Zook, envying Zarn, later created an invisible stalker to destroy Zarn. The IS succeeded in killing Zarn's body, but his spirit survived. Zarn cursed the IS with the task of stealing Zook's precious belt. When the IS returned to steal his belt, Zook fled, guessing what had happened. The IS brought the belt to Zarn's spirit, which then

instilled itself in the belt and ordered the IS to guard the belt until a truly Evil/Chaotic person came to take it.

The Invisible Stalker still guards the belt. If it is found by an Evil/Chaotic, the IS will give him the belt. Otherwise, it will fight him to the death. If the IS is defeated and a non-Evil/Chaotic puts the belt on, the belt constricts causing 2-200 points damage.

Its powers (from Eldritch Wizardry) are: I-E, L, P, Q, II-H, K, O, S, U.

When the belt is worn, the user is led (by Zarn's spirit) toward Zook. This takes place unknown to the wearer. When Zook is in sight, the spirit of Zarn takes over the wearer and attempts to kill Zook with its clerical powers. When Zook is killed, the belt is useless and Zarn's spirit passes away. You can alter to fit into your world.

#### MISCELLANY

I have been thinking of things to put in passages to make them more interesting: wanted posters, intercoms, sprinklers which react to smoke or flame, lockers like the ones at school, ventilation shafts, paintings (maybe with eyes that move), signs and arrows, huge seesaws, alarm boxes, fire hydrants, huge gongs.

Next, "The New You" polymorph parlor taken from Logan's Run. Sentries which patrol certain areas on specific routes. A dungeon based on the underground lab from Andromeda Strain. Wall sections that flip around taking people on the other side. Long sections of floor that slowly slide open, fast enough there isn't time to get off. A room that shakes violently, maybe with a slime monster that would be hard to fight because of the shaking. Glass barriers can be used for many things, like a round corridor which spins making movement or fighting hard; in the corridor behind unbreakable glass is a beholder, firing its rays through the glass. Halls which echo loudly, attracting monsters if anything is said.

Treasures: parts of an android servant spread around with dead bodies, thorn on a large bush which is a blade of a magic dagger, potion powders which become a potion when added to a liquid. "Muscle" as in Logan's Run. A giant typewriter which grants typed out wishes but may be inhabited by a typo. The Mist Maker: when illusions are formed out of this mist, they are solid and have substance, but are still dispelled normally. A milk shake stand that serves weird shakes with all sorts of ingredients.

Monster possibilities: superman AC -25, move: faster than a speeding bullet. 100 HD. Super-lawful. Here's another, the Twit; it curses you as being a Twit. The Chicken Heart that Ate NY from a Bill Cosby record.

Serious Monsters: the springer, a silicon based monster, about 5' long, 3' wide. Seen from the side, it's flat. Its favorite trick is to climb up walls and make a niche in them to hide using an acid it secretes. It's hard to spot because it's stone-based. Using its powerful legs, it propels itself off the wall into its victim. Metal weapons are useless against it. It is neutral. It does 1-20 damage. If one is attacked, many gather together to ambush the party. #: 1-10, 2-40 in lair. AC: 0. Move: 4". HD: 20. Treasure: type I. They are semi-intelligent, fond of gems which they sometimes mine for.

Another excellent monster is the Horta, from Star Trek. I also am working on a mirror monster. Any suggestions? A whole slew of monsters can be gotten from Bored of the Rings.

Some possible player classes: witches, hypnotists, voodoo, healers (not clerical cures but first aid). Some of these could also be skills instead of classes.

Has anyone worked out the specifications on Sauron?

One thing which bothers me in the D&D movement system is the walking/mapping speed. I figure that all humanoids, no matter how much they are carrying, would walk at the same speed. [As a 4'10" humanoid who has frequently been outpaced when trotting by a strolling 6'5" humanoid, I disagree from experience. Or perhaps you meant to discount the effects of encumbrance on speed? I have often wished to rule that items carried in bags encumber three times as much as those carried in a knapsack, but certainly weight does slow down even one's walking speed.--LG] When it comes to running, then speed do differ.

Next the distances and times per turn in D&D are way off. I figure walking without mapping, you can do about 200'/minute. With mapping, it could vary from 50'-100'/minute. Of course you have to account for choices being made and different mapping times for the kinds of corridors gone through. This reduces the turn to one minute instead of ten. It also makes melee time more reasonable by making each melee round six seconds, just about enough time to get in one or two blows. This doesn't affect my magic system much, but with the old system it does. Considering that it takes more time for a MU to do his spell, say about 10' for a third level spell, a fighter could run in and smash the MU before he could finish. The means MUs will need some protection if they are going to use high level spells other than power words.

I have an idea for a dungeon. There is a Neutral Castle. When someone is found trespassing, the neutrals put them into the dungeon under their castle and use it as a test to see what they should do with the trespasser. No weapons are allowed or armor and an anti-magic spell covers the whole dungeon. To make it through, you need brains, for there are many traps which can be figured out and the few monsters there can be destroyed/outwitted with what can be found in the dungeon. EARL BAKER, would my Neutral Dungeon idea be OK for trading?

There are so many versions of the Nazgul that I think we of A&E should have a general discussion and come up with a unified description of them.

Weapons breaking table anyone?

How about a table of actions for levels of intelligence, giving types of possible actions for each level?

Last week I got EPT and I was rather disappointed with it. I also got Swords & Spells, which seemed pretty good, even though the two kinds of combat tables are confusing and unnecessary.

How about a table of phobias: e.g. claustrophobia, etc.?

If AMUs are being used, how about modern first aid?

There should be several types of damage: internal, external, psychic, etc.

An idea for parties which have one of their members trapped or engulfed by a Purple Worm or Balrog or similar monster. Tie a light cord to an arrow, then shoot at trapped friend, pull on cord yanking out arrow which pulls part of the flesh with it. Then leave, taking flesh to MU who clones back your buddy. Better than wiping out the whole party.

#### AND NOW FOR MY WORLD

Magic System: In this world the powers of the mind are more advanced than such things as science. ESP and the like are common. The people who are experts in such matters are called in D&D terms Magic Users. They study and practice, and there are known men and women who can work powerful deeds with such powers. I think this is the same basis for magic Wayne Shaw uses. I am not sure yet whether



I recently spent what would have been an otherwise wasted Sunday putting together a version of the rules for Psionics. Since there's nobody here in the wilds of central Pa. to playtest it on (although a set of D&D rules is on order for the library of the U.S. Army War College in Carlisle), I've decided to turn them over to the "tender" mercies of the readers of A&E. All comments and suggestions above the level of "This stinks, Lew" are encouraged and welcome.

Psionic power is available to any HUMAN with IQ, Wisdom, or Charisma of 15 or better. Testing can be made anytime such a character goes up a level, but, if a power is found, that character must be tested every time thereafter. The probability of a power being found is

$$\text{prob}(\text{psi}) = (10 + \text{bonus points}) \times P_{ij}$$

Bonus points are determined by summing whichever two of the three psi-generating characteristics DIDN'T give the psionic potential being tested using the table below.

sum	6-9	10-13	14-18	19-23	24-28	29-32	33-36
psi bonus	-3	-2	-1	0	+1	+2	+3

E.g., Mandris, human m.u., 14-16-12-10-9-13, gets psi from his IQ, and the other two give him a plus 1 bonus. If two or all three characteristics are above 14, use the highest one(s) in summing.

That value  $P_{ij}$  relates to the probability of an  $i$ th level character having a  $j$ th level power. (More on the levels of psi powers later.) If Mandris has just become an L-6 m.u., for example, from the table at the right, one can see that he has a 22% chance of discovering a new 1st level psi power; a 22% chance for a 2nd level power; and an 11% chance for a 3rd level power. (If this table looks familiar, it's basically the table for clerical spells. These "probability values" may appear a bit low, but remember that the numbers in each column are, as of L-8, increasing by one for each two levels gained. Granted one must get to L-24 before new powers are automatic, but at L-14, for example, the cumulative probability of having a 1st level power is 370%; of having a 2nd level, 330%; a 3rd level, 290%; and a 4th level, 240%. The average character should have ten powers by that time.

character. level	power level			
	1	2	3	4
1	-	-	-	-
2	1	-	-	-
3	2	-	-	-
4	2	1	-	-
5	2	2	-	-
6	2	2	1	-
7	2	2	2	1
8	2	2	2	2
9	3	3	3	2
10	3	3	3	3

There are four levels of psionic power, each increasing over the last. As with spells, no character can have more of a higher level than he/she has of a lesser. No test will be made by any tester for a higher level power unless sufficient lower ones exist. To further complicate things, within these levels there are five disciplines, and a greater power (higher level) within one of these can't be taken (psis choose their powers) unless a lesser one in that same discipline is had on all lower levels. Where a discipline has more than one power on a given level, each is taken separately, but only one need be had to qualify for a higher level power in that discipline. A character can advance in as many disciplines as desired. The five are (a)communication; (b)command; (c)self-control; (d)aural detection; and (e)movement. The discipline of each power is indicated by the letter after it. A maximum of 25 powers is possible.

1st level psionics

- Empathy (a)
- Animal Telepathy (a)
- Dominate (b)
- Mind Over Body (c)
- Detect Good/Evil (d)
- Detect Magic (d)
- Detect Curse\* (d)

2nd level psionics

- Telepathy (a)
- Telepathic Projection (a)
- Hypnotize (b)
- Invisible\*\* (b)
- Suspend Animation (c)
- Levitate (e)

3rd level psionics

- Telepathic Projection (a)
- Clairvoyance (a)
- Clairaudience (a)
- Body Control (c)
- Cure (c)
- Telekinesis (e)
- Energy Turn (e)

4th level psionics

- Astral Projection (a)
- Mass Dominate (b)
- Body Weapon (c)
- Shape Alteration (c)
- Etherealness (c)
- Remove Curse (d)
- Molecular Agitation (e)
- Molecular Manipulation (e)

\* detect curse in any found object or detect trap set magically by a Chaotic m.u. or cleric. Chance of success is 25% plus 5% for each level since power acquired.

\*\* works by clouding minds, a la The Shadow. Ineffective on total nonsentients, e.g. plants, and only partially effective on semi-sentient beings. If psi is surprised, he/she is visible for one round.

There are five types of psionic attack and five of defense. A pair of these is gained each time a player gets his/her first power on a new level. Three levels after the first 4th level power is gained, the last pair of combat abilities is gained. This occurs whether or not a regular psi power is gained at that time.

- |                  |                     |     |   |
|------------------|---------------------|-----|---|
| 1st level power: | Id Insinuation (10) | and | Mind Blank (1)                            |
| 2nd              | "                   | "   | Ego Whip (10) and Thought Shield (2)      |
| 3rd              | "                   | "   | Mind Thrust (15) and Mental Barrier (4)   |
| 4th              | "                   | "   | Psionic Blast (20) and Intellect Fort (7) |
| 4th              | "                   | "   | Psychic Crush (25) and Tower of Will (10) |

The first three protect only the individual psi. Intellect Fortress

has a radius of 3feet and Tower of Iron Will, a radius of 10 feet.

Psionic combat is similar to weapon or magical attack. Unless a character is surprised, he/she is said to have put up his/her highest level of defense. When surprised, the next to highest level defense goes up. Surprised psis with only 1st level powers and nonpsis have a zeroth level defense. Level of defense and attack determine the saving throw (D20) needed.

$$\text{saving throw} = 10 + (L_{\text{attacker}} - L_{\text{defender}}) + 2(L_{\text{attack}} - L_{\text{defense}})$$

If the number generated is over 20, the attack automatically succeeds; if it is less than or equal to 1, the attack automatically fails. In either case the dice need not be thrown.

If the attack is successful, the attacker rolls percentile dice to find its effectiveness.

Id Insinuation	01-50 psi points lost	D6 x L <sub>attacker</sub>
	51-80 confuse	D6 turns
	81-00 feeblemind	D6 hours
Ego Whip	01-50 psi points lost	D6 x L <sub>attacker</sub>
	51-80 stun	D6 turns
	81-00 sleep	D6 hours
Mind Thrust	01-40 psi points lost	2D4 x L <sub>attacker</sub>
	41-70 confuse	2D4 turns
	71-90 feeblemind	2D4 hours
	91-00 short-term insane	D4 days
Psionic Blast	01-40 psi points lost	2D4 x L <sub>attacker</sub>
	41-70 stun	2D4 turns
	71-90 sleep	2D4 hours
	91-00 coma	D4 days
Psychic Crush	01-35 stun	D8 + 2 turns
	36-65 feeblemind	D8 + 2 turns
	66-90 long-term	3D20 days
	91-00 death	

In the case of psionic point loss, reduction to zero points means an immediate loss of all psionic powers until some points restored. A player with no psionic powers--for whatever reason--takes one D4 hit points per attacker's level when percentile indicate that a point loss occurs.

Every time somebody suggests a new point system, it opens up a can of worms. (20-200 appear; 1 h.p.; AC 9;  $\frac{1}{4}$ " move; no lair; no treasure.) Well, here goes again. I gave the point costs for the various attacks and defenses on the previous page. Cost of the regular powers are their level squared. A character's total psi points is the sum of IQ, Wisdom, and Charisma times one half the level of the highest power had. Remember Mandris? If his highest power was a 3rd level one, his psi point total would be  $(41 \times 1.5 = ) 62$ .

AND NOW-a new monster:

FIZZL (form Broomhilda) 1 appears; 10" movement; AC 9; 100 HD; no lair; no treasure.

Fizzls are foot tall fur balls--like tribbles--but sentient--with eyes, a very large nose, and a hidden mouth. Very rare, they will follow one character as a pet does (+3 loyalty), attracting trouble away from that character. There is a 100% - 5% x level that an attacker will be "forced" to aim at least the first attack at the fizzl. Thereafter, or, if attacker's level is too high, that character is #5 to hit with fizzl taking all unsuccessful hits. Fizzls, never attack. They are found alone because their bad luck, the thing that attracts attacks to them via a small antenna on the head (?) of each fizzl extends to their relationships with other fizzls. (Especially, sexual relationships which is why they're so rare.)

#### COMMENTS.

GLENN F. BLACOW: Digressions on the Sex Lives of Elves (or: Margaret Mead Visits Goree) Elf whores? victim of white slavers; aristocrat sold by conquerors of her country; half-elf Courtesan lying about status; victim of permanent Lust spell; addict working for drugs; victim of Chaotic Geas; or the occasional nymphomaniac even the bell curve of Elven behavior norms must turn up. Also, if Ariel is in that "backward age," isn't she at least a bit susceptible to the various crushes (especially for high Charisma Bards) of human adolescents?//Sleep I affects the nature of a character or monster's consciousness and leaves him/her/it totally open to attack. Consciously and unconsciously, the victim's mind will fight. Thus, both saving throws and a limit on the levels "sleepable" is justified. Charm person is simple hypnosis. M.u. is present giving and reinforcing commands, and the charmee will do nothing that violates its normal behavior patterns; fighters will not suicide; dragons (for Charm Monster) will give up only a fraction of their hoard. To ask a charmed person to act in such ways invites attack from an immediately UNCHARMED person. Suggestion is akin to posthypnotic suggestion. If you must run Charm as allowing m.u. to give contrary orders, sum to IQ and level of both characters involved and treat with rules for domination by one's sword.//Morals vary with cultures. Consider the different views on suicide between the West and Japan, and tell me how the willing virgin who expected a brief moment of discomfort before her marriage to the Sun God was leading her people to perform a Chaotic act.//Jihad means a holy war. Moslems in India have the same tolerated minority status as Catholics in Northern Ireland. The announcement of the assassination of Gandhi in 1949 was delayed for many hours out of fear that the killer might have been a Moslem--authorities feared a bloodbath in the neighborhood of ten million. Things have cooled, not stopped.//Lawful dungeons are for running Chaotic characters.//What are the player specs on Priestess of Diana?

MARK KRAMER: One m.u. polymorphing another into a beholder sounds like a good example of predetermined strategy. IQ is prime requisit for m.u.'s, I'd expect some degree of forethought from them.

KEN PICK: How about a set of specs for Samurai?//Collectors run the magic shops? Sure, but remember that a Collector working out of his specialty is only 65% accurate. Several could form a partnership or they could free lance. A large jewelry store, for example,

could have one on retainer.//Much enjoyed your Vařar, but they remind me of the angel/devil(=fallen angel) dicotomies of Christianity. Perhaps, in your universe, the great revolt of Satan is still going on. The various levels on both sides should/would be rare and en-  
vokable mainly by high level types. As a random--and probably stupid--thought, what, if any, is the demonology of the Neutral religions?

JOHN BOARDMAN: Balrog being a word of Hebrew origin is interesting, but is there any proof that Tolkein knew enough Hebrew to neologize in it? Most of his words and names came from Germanic sources.

WAYNE SHAW: "Technology above a certain level is indistinguishable from magic." (Arthur C. Clarke) "High level technology in a magic-oriented universe will be treated as magic." (Lew Wolkoff) Armies versus m.u.'s is a nice scenario. As far as settling the relative effectiveness of the two, forget it. It just degenerates into an arms/spells race. Bullets vs. Protection from Normal Weapons; Magic Missile vs. bazooka; Nerve gas vs. Cloudkill. In the medieval world of D&D, gunpowder may exist, but it is more likely to be used as medicine than as an explosive. Advanced technology exists as relics from before the time of Great Darkness or is from another time-space. If the first, they were either destroyed as possessed of demons (or angels, if found by a Chaotic) or placed in the shrine of high level clerics. If the second, they are likely to be very old and work only partially--as with Steve Levin's lasers, or be from a realm of time-space governed by a different set of natural laws. When a device arrives in your universe, it might well be destroyed--along with the user (remember the derilict in "City at the Edge of Forever" who found a phaser) or misapplied. (There's a story someplace about a tribe of savages that found a battery-powered radio. One of them accidentally dropped it in a tub of water and was electrocuted when he reached for it. It was turned over to the village ritual executioner.) Much modern technology and, probably, all future technology could expect such treatment in a D&D world. Get your traces and monsters from SF, but, except under very limited cases, leave the gadgetry alone.

GLENN BLAGOW: Your Little Old Ladies are great, thanks. And don't forget a similar species, Yentas. 1-8 appear; AC 7; move 4; 4 HD; 50% in lair; Treasure D. Yentas can be differentiated from LOLITS by their call, "OY-Vay." (deafens on roll of 1). They have three voice activated spells: (Yiddish accent)

Hold Person  
Fear  
Guilt

"Let me tell you about my operation."  
"Have I got a girl/fella for you."  
"Nu, why don't you write once?"

Guilt causes victim to attack at one level lower than actually is.

• Yentas carry a Magic Chicken Soup, which cures D6 hit points per dose or acts as Cure Disease, or Iron Rations Gefilte Fish. They will sell it for donations to their god, Uja.

KAY JONES: Mosquitoes? Okay!!

STEWART LEVIN: Sorry about "eco-freaks," but lightening is still too powerful a weapon for a character that refuses to kill.//Your stats

on lasers are great, especially, the probability of their blowing up. See my comments to Wayne Shaw on found technology.

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E.A. Thomas: Your home stone is an interesting notion, but shouldn't your citizenry have use of some defensive magic. Perhaps any m.u. or cleric who participates in the "activation" ritual is attuned to the stone so he/she can use magic within the protected area.

WES IVES: (1) The rings, like the Protection from Evil spell they're based on, is noncumulative; (2) a +5 ring goes up like plus armor--it costs roughly 20,000 g.p. and takes an L-13 Wizard two uninterrupted weeks to make; (3) the "slave" making the item is a Wizard of L-11 or better, a hard being to enslave; and (4) what started me figuring these equations was spending well over a half hour working with a DM to set up a suitable price range for magic armor. I happen to think that a simple, logical system for pricing objects--put in your own profit factor--is a bit more intelligent than character and DM shouting prices at each other ad nauseum. (Note: +5 ring takes the ability to cast five Prot. fm Evil spells; thus L-13.)

SEAN CLEARY: I'm 28 (going on 12).

MEG GEMIGNANI: I have to agree with your comments on dungeons and neos. I'm currently outfitting two mini-dungeons, Grolldric's House and the Temple of Teggis the Damned. There'll be something in just about every room, but it's as likely to be a sack with 5 g.p. as a sack with a staff of lordly might. Traps and/or guards will be as appropriate as I can get, and it's quite probable that, where a number of items are found, crooked or booby-trapped items will be mixed in with the good stuff. (End of hint.)//Meg, after I get these two done, you're more than welcome to run through them. I'm afraid you got my characters confused. Your character was charmed by Reb Cuthbert, who considers it slavery--and thus Chaotic. Consider her released (Magic Dispelled by an Enchanter at the Ferhas Yeshiva). It was my m.u., Trebleth, that lead the expedition into Jason's dungeon. Negotiations for his release are to be/were conducted during the World Fantasy Con in New York during the Erev All Saints' Day weekend.//I hope Dagobert enjoyed (?) that Chaotic cleric we sold him, but I wish he could've done something about the Ellison player-character.

CHUCK ULRICH: Men and Magic, p. 30 "If the Magic Jar is destroyed, the Magic-User is totally annihilated." Thus spake Gygax. Do it your own way, that's the way that counts.

DICK ENEY: Monster Summoning III\* and Percentile Detect Magic are great. What are the specs? I assume each is at least a level higher than the simpler version of the spell.//Brilliant Jade's new spell sounds like telepathic projection--could also be used to get strangers to react more cordially to a party.

RICHARD SCHWALL: Thanks muchly for your method of encounter tables.

MARK SWANSON: Chaotic clerics "unturning" undead? Great!

CHARLES MCGREW: "We're Frodo Baggins Magic Ring Club Band. A Fellowship that's on the go. We're Frodo Baggins Magic Ring Club Band. Who says that Sauron runs the show?" Your turn. Bye.

I WAS AN EIGHT-SIDED DIE FOR NAVAL INTELLIGENCE  
by Charles McGrew, 919 W. Johnson St., Raleigh, NC 27605

New Stuff: Darts: short range medium long  
0-2" 2"-4" 4"-6"  
fire as heavy crossbow, does D6 damage. Can be used immediately before melee, as the enemy closes. May not be used if surprised. Normally carried on back of shield. Easily handled by any fighters.

Potions

Great Madness: Increases level by two but must attack anything in sight (including caves/lairs).

Limb Growth: 01-75 = arm, 76-00 = leg. 1 dose/bottle. User grows complete new limb, which with lots of time and practice will become usable to full extent. But for a long time he will be very clumsy with his hands or will trip a lot with his legs.

Dagger of Parrying: strikes in conjunction with sword (2 strikes/turn, 1 sword, 1 dagger). Gives AC 3 for user. Two strikes/turn. Cannot be used when in plate armor.

Large Battles in D&D: So far the only rules I have seen for D&D for larger-than-a-few-people battles are those using Sword and Spear. In my search for knowledge, I have come upon a set of rules that will serve as a basis for large (5K+ creatures) battles: War Games Research Group's Wargame's Rules 1000 BC to 1000 AD (5th edition is 3000 BC to 1250 AD). WRG 4th edition has a section on fantasy gaming "for sword and sorcery fanatics." The rules are "hidden in the back so that sane, sensible wargamers can avoid continuous mental shocks while thumbing through the pages." Unfortunately, these rules have been omitted in the 5th edition. WRG is the best ancient/medieval set of rules I know of.

However, being a (slightly verbose) D&D gamer, the fantasy section wasn't enough for me. So, the following one modification should be added: The movement rate for WRG is a pace, which is equal to 2.5'. Thus 1 D&D inch equals 12 WRG paces. A hero is the equivalent of one figure in melee; a superhero is two, and a lord or higher rank is 3. (A figure is equal to 20 men; these are approximations.) 10 paces = 1" game scale with 25 mm figures. MU or Cleric figures are a single high level type with various acolytes, bodyguards and hangers-on. Time scale: D&D scale, 1 turn = 5"; WRG: 1 turn = approximately 20".

Combat is by the WRG system. But spells must also be taken into account. In D&D spells are effective usually on a low number of people. Magic missile affects only one man and so makes little difference to a 600-man unit. Web works on several people, but one must be about ten paces away, within easy javelin range.

D&D spells, for use with the WRG system:

1st level

Light: 35 paces diameter, lasts two turns.

Sleep: 300 pace range; puts one figure out of action for 2 turns.

Ventriloquism: 70 pace range, 1 turn. Can be used to misdirect units, but only if done correctly.

Shield: figure is TAC, Factor: 3 for missile attacks, 1 TAC factor when being meleed, one turn.

## 2nd level

Levitate: 20 paces up/turn, movement only by swimming 10 paces/turn or by other means (perhaps pulled by a rope like a kite). affects one figure.

Magic Mouth: can be used to 1) warn troops of approaching hidden enemy, 2) send orders quickly: cast it on an arrow, fire arrow at unit and hope it doesn't hit unit commander.

Detect Invisible: 10 paces/level range. lasts 2 turns.

Pyrotechnics: affects 20 paces/side square, 300 paces range, smoke or fireworks.

Invisibility: user is invisible but can be seen at over 300 paces like normal

Phantasmal Forces: range 300 paces. Creates vivid illusion of anything. 40 paces/side.

## 3rd level

Fly: move at up to 150 paces/turn, lasts  $2/3 \times$  level turns

Infravision: lasts 1 day, 25 pace range

Protection/Evil - 5 pace radius: same as Protection/Evil

Invisibility - 5 pace radius: same as invisibility

Clairvoyance/Clairaudience: 70 pace range. Only effective if one is lucky enough to glimpse a battle map seen by a commander or orders being given to a commander.

Suggestion: 70 paces range, can be used to get unit commanders to misdirect units, must get to commander. Tough to do.

Haste/Slow: 300 pace range. Zone of effect 70 paces x 150 paces. Affects 1 figure. For example, a messenger.

Fire Ball: range 300 paces. Blast radius 25 paces. Kills anyone hit.

Lightning Bolt: range 300 paces, length of bolt 70 paces. Width ten paces.

## 4th level

Polymorph Self: lasts 6 turns.

Polymorph Others: 65% chance of recipient surviving.

Dimension Door: 430 paces range

Wall of Fire/Ice: 70 paces range. 34,560 paces size. Must be at least ten paces wide. If unit paces through, a roll as caltrops is required. Tac Factor +9.

Ice Storm: range 150 paces, cube 40 paces on a side.

Charm Monster: Charms one figure. Use D&D saving throws.

Growth/Plants: range 150 paces, 360 paces square, effects growth time: 5 turns to full effect.

Confusion: 150 paces, effect has 40 pace diameter. Affects as per first levels in rules. lasts 3 turns.

Fear: 300 paces range, 50 paces diameter of effect.

Wizard Eye: 300 paces, moves 150 paces/turn

Massmorph: range 300 paces, area of effect 50 pace radius

Hallucinatory Terrain: 300 paces range, 150 square paces area

## 5th level

Wall of Stone: 70 pace range, 3 turns duration, 40 paces thick, 60 square paces area

Cloudkill: 10 paces range, 40 paces diameter. Moves 70 paces/turn.

Telekinesis: 150 paces, 2 turns, moves 70 paces/turn. Used to drop stones, etc. on enemy units, etc.

Rock/Mud: 150 paces, 360 square paces effect

Growth of Animals: 150 paces range, 50 paces diameter of effect. Creates 1 figure of large animal.

Conjure Elemental: 300 pace range.

Feeblemind: 300 pace range.

#### sixth level

Anti-Magic Shell: lasts 3 turns

Control Weather: range 1200 paces

Geas: range 40 paces

Disintegrate: 7 paces range, 10 cubic paces affected

Part Water: 150 paces range. Trough is 150 x 10 x 10 paces.

Lower Water: 300 paces range, 3 turns duration. 1200 square paces water affected

Repulsion: 150 paces range, 2 turns duration, 40 paces diameter

Move Earth: 300 paces range, 2 turns, 960 cubic paces.

Projected Image: 300 paces range, 2 turns duration.

Death Spell: 300 paces, 70 square paces affected.

MS IV: Creates 1 figure of creature conjured

#### seventh level

Delayed Blast Fireball: useful in covering "skirmish" orders.

300 pace range, delay 1/4 move

Reverse Gravity: range 100 paces, 40 cubic paces affected. Kills all normal creatures and magical creatures where 1 figure = 2 or 3 normal figures

Charm Plants: Range 150 paces

Mass Invisibility: range 300 paces, will keep 5 normal figures invisible, fewer magical creatures.

MS V: Creates one figure of creature conjured.

#### eighth level

Mass Charm: 150 paces range, 25 paces diameter of effect. Up to two figures affected

Symbols: 70 paces range of effect

Fear: as is

Discord: as is

Sleep: all normal figures as is, check for magical creatures

Stun: 7 figures affected

Insanity: 5 figures affected

Deafness: 4 figures affected

Polymorph Any Object: range 300 paces

MS VI: creates one figure of creature conjured

#### ninth level

Meteor Swarm: 300 paces range, distance twixt fireballs no more than 70 paces

Time Stop: lasts 1/10th turn, affects 40 cubic paces

Prismatic Wall: 10 paces in diameter, destroys all normal types

MS VII: creates 1 figure of creature conjured

Note: the low MSs are not particularly useful since one would have to cast for ten turns to get one figure.

Nextish: creature rules, clerical spells

WRG rules may be purchased at some hobby stores or from Heritage Models, 2916 Blystone Lane, Dallas, Texas, 75220. Cost is approximately \$5.00. Well worth it.

#### Comment Time! A&E #15

Brian Lane: What's that you said, "When (vampires are) not looking at it"? Believe it or not, I have read D&D and know about rats and bats. I have also been in a party attacked by over 150 rats; with skillful use of oil, we survived rather easily.

Errata: A&E #14: comment to Nick Smith: "woups!" is changed to "whoopee!"

John Boardman: En Garde as written isn't much more than a game of mathematics. However, any D&D ref can spice it up a lot. Witness a game I was in:

"The whole thing started over a woman naturally. I was courting a Marquis' daughter; Ed de Mohrmann, a private in my regiment, was doing the same. We were both invited to a party at the Marquis' estate. After about an hour of social chitchat, I noticed that the Marquis' daughter and de Mohrmann were missing. Asking about I discovered that they had both been seen going upstairs. Tearing a bauble off my coat, I dashed upstairs and bashed on her boudoir door. It opened to reveal the two of them in heavy conversation (it was a family game, folks).

"Shouting 'You low-life swine!' I dashed at de Mohrmann and we engaged in heavy conversation, aided by our rapiers. We were both pretty weak (de Mohrmann would have outlasted me) when the door opened again and the Marquis himself entered.

"After we both gave our stories (wherein we were each pictured as in the right; I lied of course since jealousy isn't what one would call a good reason; I said that he was too low a social status (he was a commoner) for her, and I was defending her honor).

"The decision went against me, and I was banished to the Frontier. On the way--by carriage--I was accompanied by the Marquis' other daughters and his wife. We were ambushed by a pack of thieves (led by a player-character!). I slew one with a horse-pistol and killed two more with fancy sword-play. I then dashed back to the carriage, where the thieves had gone to the other side of the carriage and made off with the Marquise. The thief later slew her. I collected a reward from the Marquis (for saving his daughters and general valor) and headed on to the frontier."

I think this is preferable to "week one: gamble; week two - court mistress, etc."

Lee Gold: Dracula is in the bookstore under Stoker, not Shelley. Have you read the original? In Dracula, crosses effect and so does light. By the way, the early Hammer series of films are close to the original, more so than the Lugosi series.

Peter Cerrato: Luck rolls are 3D6s, 3 = 0, 7, 11 = 19. It's a relative value of luck. Use a standard Ives roll system times luck = percent chance of the lucky thing happening.

#### NYOSA SPELLS -- by Lee Gold

researched by the Established Churches of Nyosa (see #14). Price is 1500 x level to Chaotics, 2000 x level to Neutrals and 3000 x level to Lawfuls.

fifth level clerical:

**SPEAK WITH UNDEAD:** only affects Undead commandable by Cleric.

Enables them to be interrogated as well as merely willed into battle.

**Control Elemental:** works as Dispel Magic, Cleric's level bs.

level of invoker of Elemental. If Elemental is naturally occurring, it gets a saving throw.

**Detect Fatal Poison:** 5% chance/Wisdom point of Cleric...and Cleric must consciously throw the spell to be able to do it.

**Create Food:** enough to feed 13 men. (quantity doubles for every level beyond 8th). (Priests of Morgoth and related religions may only create foul, rancid or putrid food.)

by  
Wayne Shaw

Well, greetings again. A little short this month, because of time limits.

First off this month, I want to make a last brief comment about the whole "restrained-unrestrained" business. People, at least in relation to my own game, I've explained it as best I can. There's a lot of magic loose in my place--on both sides. I happen to enjoy DMing a game where there are a lot of rasty monsters, and am particularly fond of undead and enchanted monsters. If the dungeon/wilderness is going to have these sorts of things running about in it, then I'm going to have to put more magic in, both as an incentive to people from less powerful games to take the chances inherent in it, and as an aid to future survival. If there are those of you who don't agree with this, I'm sorry. If you think this makes my players incompatible with other campaigns, again I'm sorry. But I have no intention of arguing the point until Ragnarok, which is apparently what some of you are quite prepared to do. In the future, if you have criticisms based with an understanding of my place's internal logic (a place of the "Elder Days" where magic still walks the land) feel free. But if you're just going to continue bitching about the general style--don't bother me.

E. GARY GYGAX

E. GARY GYGAX: Well, Gary, I hate to tell you, but you've stuck foot-in-mouth again. You make a comment aimed at me, with the apparent implication that it's to something I said in A&E #14. Only one problem. I wasn't in that A&E. You were apparently talking about something Mark Swanson said to me. Do you actually read these things, or just hunt around until you can find a paragraph to complain about.

BILL PALEY: Greetings, and welcome to the wonderful world of Annoyance and Enragement. From the few of them I've met, pure Gygax players seem particular offended by the idea of rule variations.

GLENN BLACOW: Who is it that you've been reading that said artifacts aren't rare in mine? (Part of the problem may be our definitions of artifact, of course)? I have a total, of perhaps 60 artifacts. In playing quite frequently as DM 2/3rds of the time for nearly 15 months, the following artifacts have been encountered: the Silver Key, Excaliber, Stormbringer, Narya, Vilya, one of the Nine (on Nazgul), the Sword of Kas, the Ax of Volt, Thor's Gauntlets, and the Arrows of Law. Of these, no one was able to pick up the Axe, Stormbringer, the Sword of Kas, and the Arrows of Law either have or soon will return to the dungeon, after generally taking their owners out of the game in one way or another. The Key, Excaliber, the Rings were returned voluntarily after using them for a while (most of these belonged to Gregg Howard; during the early days, he had a truly remarkable talent for finding things.) And it should be recalled that my attitude to artifacts is based on an early fondness for Black Swords, and it is always wise to consider if you really want that artifact that bad.// Thanks for your comments on the weapons. Have to disagree about the throwing dagger ~~however~~. Daggers happen to be the only weapon I really know anything about, and the sort of throwing dagger I am speaking of (which is not usable as a stabbing weapon) is definitely at least slightly more effective than a regular dagger. It is possible that I slightly overvalued it against the higher AC's however.

KEN PICK: Ken, the Greater Demons were developed by Joel. The Lessereones are my own.

STEWART LEVIN: I've usually been somewhat simpler on my

operation of lasers. My Laser Pistol(I generally don't give out rifles)have 1-3 charges, are +6 and do 6 dice of damage if they hit(targets take half damage if they sarve vs. magic.//You're making the experience for Barbarians just too much! They don't have enough bonuses to warrent triple experience. Even double is pushing it.//As you will observe by my monster listing later, you stepped on my act again.

After reading my write upm last issue, certain people(Ken Pick and Gregg Howard)have told me that they remember somewhat differently than I stated them. I'm not sure enough to make any absolute statements--that game took place some time around February or March of last year. All I can say for sure is that no less than half of the eighteen people in the attacking force (which probably was the heaviest concentration of power that has ever been in my place by the way)died, no more than thirteen of them. Ken remembers finding some things there that I don't remember. I think he likely got that game crossed with another.

Finally, it should be pointed out that the group was fantastically lucky. The number of anticlerical spells that poured out of that castle was simply phenomenal. So, likewise, were their saving throws. Oh, well, one of these days somebody'll go back and find out about the antibaladin who rebuilt and occupied the place. . .

I am now living in Fullerton, at a place called University Village, on 2000 Oxford Rd. Anybody who feels like dropping by will find me in Room 8, Building 2020.

But the important part is that I wasn't here two weeks, when what do I stumble on but a large and thriving D&E group. Their called Expeditions Lmted., and meet Saturday Nights at six on the third floor of Langsdorf Hall at CalStateFullerton. They play a considerably different game than the ones started by me, but the games aren't so totatally divergent as to be incompatable with Temporalana. Over all, they seem to be on a somewhat lower energy state than mine. However, virtually all of them seem to have at least one very high level character (12+)and they have been playing only about half as long. They use more of the things that Gygax & Co. put out than any other group I've been in(the Three Kindreds of Elves, the Four-Fold Alignment)and use a spell-failure system somewhat different than any other I've heard, and are considerably influenced by the fact that they used CalTech rules for a very brief time. Still, a rather interesting group to play with.

I have a small modification for beast masters: 1st level beast masters can only link with feline, canine, simian, and equine creatures, 2nd level ones with all mammals, 3rd levels also birds and other avians, 4th levels also reptiles, 5th levels also amphibians, and 6th levels also crustaceans. This is an addition to what linkage limits I gave last issue.

Well, as I said earlier in this column, Stew Levin managed too step on my column this issue(though considering the way Ken and Glenn dropped the Telks on each other's toes last issue, I ought to consider myself lucky.) What this is leading up to of course, is:

#### MONSTERS OF THE MONTH

The Glith: Number appearing, 1-8, armorclass 4, hit dice,

3  
6, move 10", Lair 60%, Treasure Type D.

Gliths have limited hypnotic powers. Check to see if they catch an opponents gaze the same way you do for basilisks and such things. Any sudden shock, such as a loud scream, a boot in the rear, or when the Glith wacks you as you stand staring into his eyes. However, if you stare into his eyes again, he can do it again next time. Gliths are very strong, and get +2 on hit probability, and +3 damage. They use all kinds of weapons, though they do have a leaning toward axes of various types. They also sometimes use shield.

The Id Monster: Number appearing; 1. Armor class: -5. 16 hit dice. Move 24". No lair or treasure.

Yes, friends, this is the goody from Forbidden Planet. There actually two kinds. The first kind is one that "belongs" to someone. It has twice his hit dice, and ordinarily follows him around (this is a great one to put on cursed scrolls). You check on a D6 each turn. On a 6, it does something. Roll a D20. 1-5 it attacks true enemies (those orcs, that annoying balrog, etc.) 6-7 it attacks non-friends of the person within the party (it doesn't necessarily have to be an enemy). 8-9, it attacks the person's friends. 0, it attacks him. They cannot be dispelled, but can be killed. The second kind, the more common, is the remnants of the Krell minds. Naturally, if they have more of a power source to draw on than just local energy leakage, they can be awfully difficult to deal with. They are invisible, and do 6-60 pts. of damage.

The Cyberscorp: Number appearing: 1-3. Armor Class -6. 10 hit dice. Move 10". Treasure Type D. In lair 20%.

These things were created by a local technology-using race, for the express purpose of fighting Sheem Battle Spiders. But as par usual, they made some programming errors, and now the damn things are running all over the place. They get 2 claw attacks per melee, at 2-16 per claw, and one "sting." The sting is a force lash, hits all non-dexterity based armor classes as 9. It does 4 dice of damage, but does get a saving throw, in which case you take half damage. (Take note that when fighting Sheem Battle Spiders, the lash shifts from producing electrons to producing positrons.)

The Daemon: 1-6 appear, armor class 4, 1 hit die, move 12", treasure type A, in lair 50%.

The Daemon is very loosely based on the idea of the dybbuk. They are the undead spirits of people who were unable to move on for some reason. They can be any alignment. Only magic will hit them. When they land a hit on someone they enter his body. Once in there, they grow one level a day. Their percentage of control is  $(\text{Daemon's level} / \text{person's level}) / 20 \times 100$ . Clerics can try to turn/dispell them once they get in a body, considering them as undead of the nearest level (a second level one would be considered as a ghoul, for example), but unlike other undead, they get a saving throw.

I promised an essay on magic this issue, and perhaps this is the time to give it.

I have played under several magic systems. First of all, there is the original Gyax "one-spell-a-day" thing, which was apparently based on Vancian magic, and works fairly well in wilderness games, where every turn is a day. The only time tends to run out of spells is in major assaults on castles

and such like buisness. The chief trouble it runs into is when one tries to use it in dungeons. With any kind of high occupancy rate at all, the IQ quickly becomes a useless liability. Second, there is the spell-point sytem. There are considerable variations on this--some that consider in constitution, some that consider in strength, some that consider in both, some that consider in neither. The majority of these charge one point per level of spell. (Some have special costs for things like sleep and offensive spells that do various dice of damage.) The main exceptions to this is the CalTech system, which figures spell points differently, and has different costs for each spell, and my own system, which I explained several months ago, and confused people enough then, so I'm not going to try it again. The chief complaint people generally have about spell points is that they give the mage too much power (under most a 1st level could throw between four and eight Charm Person's for example.) Finally, there is the spell failure/backfire method which is most typified, I beleive, by the Boston method. This is, I beleive, a percentage chance of a spell failing/and/or backfiring, modified by such things as spell level, the mage's level, the mage's intelligence, number of time the spell has been used, and so on. The faults in this system can't be typified with any simplicity, because of the number of variations. The chief ones I've heard of have been as follows: With spell backfire, you get things somewhat analogeus to the players who always open doors without listening. That is, people who always throw a spell when they have the slightest chance of it going off. Now if it backfires and it's a charm spell, its not too bad. But if it's a sleep spell, or a fireball--ouch! It also apparently makes a fair number of players nervous to play under--the tension of whether to take the chance of getting zapped by spell, or take the chance that the spell may be needed. There is also a tendency under ones that consider in IQ to breed selectively for high IQ (the Fullerton group, for example, has mighty few with intelligence below 15).

It has to be considered that all three of these systems have things to be said for them however. The original spell system probably works well for those who run mostly wilderness campaign with low occupancy rate dungeons. Spell points eliminate the problem of magi who blaze away at everything in sight, since if they do this early in the game, they find those spell points gone when they need them. (They also tend to make magic using monsters a little more effective, since they can generally afford to blow a lot of points off the obnoxious types kicking their doors down.) The spell failure/klutz system is easy to use, and ejects a little uncertainty into situations that otherwise sometimes turn into turkey shoots.

All in all, I rather suspect that people tend to evolve the system that works best for them.

Well, I think that's about it for this month. I didn't get the ad from the Temporalana Publicity Department together soon enough for this one, but it'll probably be ready by the next one. Also, I think next month, I'll publish my vampire varients; the Snow Vampire, the Golden Vampire, and the Vamplock. I may also do a review of Ken St. Andre's Starfaring, which is a game that tries to do for science fiction what D&D did for fantasy. Till then, may you all walk with the Bright Powers.

Echoes From the Cavern #2  
(Subtitled: It's Dark Down Here.)

Hello again, my last article was a day late for #14, so it got stuck in #15. Let's hope this one makes #16 on time. Well both GenCon and Mid-American were great. Thanks to all those people responsible.

I thought I might add a few things to the Beastmaster class printed last issue. A successful cast is more like befriending the animal than charming it. The animal is a friend of the Beastmaster but won't usually risk it's life for him/her. (You might check it's loyalty) I play that BMs have to be evil to affect evil animals (snakes for example) or visa versa. Other animals such as lions, bears, wolves, etc. may be added to the list of animals affected. I have also added to my list Pegasus, Roc, Unicorn, and other magical types though they are very hard to control. In my dungeon I play spiders, toads, and hogs as first level monsters, thus they are easy to control on my charts. BMs have a limited empathy with animals befriended but still needs a speak with animals spell to make them fully understand. BMs may and will not wear plate armor!!

Magic items related to BMs may be added, such as:

Helm of Animal Telepathy- Allows wearer to telepathically communicate with certain animals. Limited range.

Ring of Animal Friend- When worn, no unmagical animal will attack the wearer unless provoked.

Figure of Wondrous Power-Amber Owl- When called forth it will answer one question a week. Almost fully omniscient.

Rod of Transformation-24 charges- Allows user to shape change to the animal of his choice for 1-6 turns.

There are other items also. The BM has a disadvantage in the fact that it is hard for him to sleep inside the town/city since most forbid animals to sleep in the inns. Therefore most BMs will have to sleep outside with their animal friends.

Comments on A&E #14

Lee Gold- If TSR lets you, please go ahead with publication on an A&E supplement. You can put me down for a copy or two.

Stewart Levin- What can I say? Clerics using edged weapons is somewhat contraversial. Though I totally agree that Lawful clerics can't use edged weapons, I can see some reasons why some people allow evil clerics to carry edged weapons, mainly because they might not care if they spill blood or not. I haven't allowed anti-clerics this bonus because it's too much of a benefit. (Note that I allow Demon Worshipers to carry swords, but then again they're a special class.) Handguns really aren't an edged weapon, sure they blow the crap out of your flesh and bones, but so does a mace when it crushes your skull! For all of you people out there that don't believe a cleric can't employ edged weapons, what are we going to do about the blade barrier spell? Should it be changed to a mace barrier or perhaps a stone barrier which sends small stones around a cleric's body at high speeds doing the same damage? This may seem a little picky, but according to the laws of a cleric they shouldn't have that spell.

Lew Poloff- As far your question listed with your comments to Charles ~~McGrew~~ McGrew, I'd definitely say no! I really can't even see an intelligent sword being feeble minded. The mind of a sword is not like the mind of a human. If you allow it to be feeble minded, why can't a sword be slept or charmed? I think the answer is that the sword's mind is magical and

Brian Lane 4031 W.97th Terrace Overland Park, Kansas 66207 (913)648-5296

cannot be affected by the standard MU spells.

Eric Baines- Good adventure, how come the MU behind the secret door wasn't wearing the Djinn Summoning ring? He could have but up a better fight.

### Comments on AcE #15

Gary Gyax- I do hope TSR will allow Lee to print up another supplement. I know I, and other diehard D&Ders would greatly appreciate another supplement or perhaps two. I'd like to take this time to tell you that I think GenCon was run very well. I especially liked the D&D-EPT seminars and the question-answer periods you, Tim Kask, Rob Kuntz, and Jim Ward graciously provided throughout the con. You can count on my attendance next year.

Stewart Levin- The hunchback dwarf is at it again.

Peggy- Nice meeting you, Jack Harness, Sean Summers, Jason Ray, Lee, and others at MidAmericon. Thanks for the complement of a "stingy" dungeon in your comments to Glenn Blacow. Of course you can't judge a dungeon by one decent, but I agree that Dankcavern's stingier than most, but I've seen stingier. (Like Dale Maple and maybe Steve Simmons)

Les Ives- Good history; interesting reading.

### Creature Feature

	NA	Armor class	Move	Hit Dice	Lair	Treasure
Juggernauts	1-4	-2	12	15	30%	D

Juggernauts are treated as Stone Golems, however they are mounted on wheels, thus allowing them to move quickly. It is impossible for them to go up stairs. Juggernauts only strike with their arms in emergencies. They prefer to lower their heads, pointing them at enemies, and racing towards them trying to butt them with their bullet-shaped head doing 4 dice damage. They also use their head for busting down doors. With a little speed they may break down all wooden doors on 1-5 (using D6) and wizard locked doors on 1-4. With good speed they will go through stone doors in 2-8 melee rounds. Iron doors are 3 times as hard. Juggernauts are beserk and only believe in attacking. They love killing and smashing.

How about radioactive monsters? Standard monsters are exposed to radiation and go beserk. They glow and those they touch contract a quick acting rotting disease.

That's about it from here, I'll be back next issue to rave some more.

Kay Jones, 5103 Chesley Ave., LA, CA 90043

LEE GOLD: YOU DID IT TO ME AGAIN!!!! This is the second time in a row my first page was reversed. \*sigh\* Accidents will happen, I guess. /jux/don't/dp/iz/zzzzn//

BILL PALEY: Re intolerance (the One True Way Syndrome). Hear, hear!

MARGARET GEMIGNANI: The only Death Demon I've ever seen in Stormgate was on a very deep level and was summoned by accident when a gate spell went wrong. Really, I've noticed no tendency to "go for" neos, and I started out playing D&D in Stormgate.// re Perns. Actually, they don't travel in space as such, but in a sort of region outside both time and space. Otherwise, you are quite right, as there is no magic on Pern. These are a variant, scored for the D&D universe.// What are Snow Dwarves?

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PETER CERRATO: "Cute"? Nyarlathotep?!?!?// Azathoth will not be written up as he's too nasty for play. Besides, all he wants to do is listen to those demoniac pipers. He's quite mad, of course (that cacaphony would drive anyone nuts!).// I did put in a set of walkie-talkies once. Thanks to the effects of stone walls all about they were less than useful.// Welcome.

CHARLES MCGREW: That's OK. The size of this thing, I'm grateful you read my first zine at all... (Gee, there are PEOPLE out there...) // Swords of Power? Oh, my.

JOHN KINGSBURY: Weirdest looking electron I've heard postulated to date. Wonder what my old EE prof would say.// About that peculiarities chart. AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHH!!! I've quit allowing any special ability/disability/horoscope/whatever to operate in my dungeon. In self defense!// Like that song. Got any more?

KEN PICK: 2nd level? Isn't that a little low for Shield II? How long does it last?// The LASFS clubhouse (11360 Ventura Blvd., Studio City) is usually open Sunday afternoons for D&D for whatever help that is (~~Where is Monrovia, anyway?~~)

WAYNE SHAW: About time somebody gave the chaotic side of an adventure. Nice writeup.

ROBERT SACKS: I don't know who called you one, but a Vatch (Witches of Karres - James Schmitz) is a sort of pure energy (or magic) critter who thinks he is dreaming the universe and it's inhabitants and acts accordingly. They tend to put people in potentially lethal situations to see what they will do. Never having seen you DM.....

STEWART LEVIN: Laser.

DICK ENEY: Nice writeup. Interesting to see the same expedition from two points of view.

RICHARD SCHWALL: Considering their ability to fight with mace or flail, I wouldn't call 1st level clerics completely worthless. That sudden jump at bishop level is admittedly a bit much.

MARK SWANSON: Re Gross Magic. I've simply been feeding the same potions to the monsters proportional to the amount brought in...

JACK HARNESS: That's almost as bad as the dart throwing octopi!

MAX WOODBURY: Sounds like the time I went into Stormgate, and thanks to a certain werebear in the party (Wayne, are you listening?) came out with far less than I took in.

SEAN CLEARY: My number is (213) 294-7010. Being fairly new to the area, I run a dungeon somewhat different than everyone else and can be usually be found at the clubhouse on Sundays.

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# KEN'S CHARACTER CORNER #8

## WORMS FROM THE CLOISTER

A double bit of ego-boo by:

Ken Pickar

175 N. Poinsettia Ave.

Monrovia, CA 91016

A lot has happened around here since last month, and most of it has upset this ish's planned format and rendered last month's opening & closing comments invalid.

First, I have finally read The Worm Ouroboros and agree with Blacow that Gregg flexkeyed the Witchlanders' levels a bit too low.

Second, Wayne, me, and the rest of the Whittier-Pico Rivera-El Monte group are no longer starving for some outside Dungeons. We are now attached to a group in Fullerton named Expeditions, Ltd.

Expeditions, Ltd. is an on-campus club of Cal State Fullerton. Off-campus Dungeoneers may join. Meetings are held at 6:00 PM on Saturdays in room 306, Langsdorf Hall (the Administration Bldg. on Nutwood Ave), Cal State Fullerton.

The Fullerton style of D&D is different from the style I've been playing, with a "fizzle factor" spell system including many Cal Tech spells, Gygax-style density of Dungeon monsters, fewer nonstandard monsters, races, or character classes, experience points gained by spending loot instead of finding it, and a greater proportion of gold to magic. There has been quite a bit of cultural shock from the opening of Temporalana down there - Zed finally made 7th-level Fighter guiding a local party through its Third, and still wonders how they got out alive.

Associated with Expeditions, Ltd. is Bob Drayer, proprietor of Bob's Comics, a nearby comics/fantasy gaming/poster/miniatures store. Bob's Comics is located at 14032 Lake St. (right behind the Shell station on the corner of Lake & Westminster) in Garden Grove. Hours are 3-7 PM on weekdays and 11 AM-6 PM on weekends. There is usually a game in the back room from 12-6 on Saturdays.

When I mentioned to Bob about mentioning him in this 'zine, he was wildly enthusiastic about the publicity. So don't disappoint him. If you're in the vicinity, drop by Bob's Comics.

Finally, my planned subjects for this ish - scrolls, Morgoth, and the Hyborean goodies - has been pre-empted. Instead, to accompany this month's cover illo, I have an account of the first expedition into the lands around Crimson. But first, I have to get some comments out of the way. They may be a little hard to read -- I've been having a few false starts, so I'm typing through about three layers of correction fluid.

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COMMENTS

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LEE GOLD: I didn't know about size limitations on cover illos. This was the first artwork I've ever done for publication. It'll be 8 1/2 x 11 in the future. I was hoping to illustrate this 'zine, but my Fall Quarter proved to be much more time-consuming than I'd expected. I was able to find out that mimeo illustrating equipment is a bit rare in my area. I'll track some down when my workload eases up. Expect more covers from me.

BILL PALEY: Sorry I haven't phoned or written. I don't know when we could meet and game on some neutral ground -- definitely not before the holidays.

GLENN BLACOW: I see we read Earthman's Burden at about the same time. I suggest we combine both versions of Telks into a standardized version.

How do you feel about using my Number Appearing, Hit Dice, tennis balls, spoons, tiddlywinks, and beer bottles and using your Movement, eggbeaters, scissors, and pipes? Imagine the magic weapons we could have floating around -- +5 eggbeaters, Vorpall Scissors . . . . Also the face of somebody reading this who hasn't read A&E 14 and wondering what these nuts are talking about. I was surprised to find I agreed with you in a lot of areas.

BRIAN LANE: To me, Balrog is a generic term for a Chaotic Vala, and is often used in D&D to refer to a minor variety of same. / I think that werewolves who must make a Satanic pact are voluntary weres who enter the pact for the express purpose of going were. Involuntary werewolves, whether due to heredity or being bitten by one, could still be of any alignment. There is also a version of the legend that claims a werewolf becomes a vampire after death. This seems like a good addition to the Chaotic variety. /

KAY JONES: I thought you were from San Diego. Is the PFC Shari Kaifah you mention the one whose name I can't remember who did all that pen & ink work at DunDraCon?

STEWART LEVIN: Sorry, but I don't want to take you up on your offer. And just what made you sound so hostile to me in that? My comment on Eleveners' armor class & weapons? Listen, I'm no authority on Hiero's Journey — just a guy who read it. Both our ideas of a specific monster are equally valid, and with the distance between LA & St. Louis, I doubt if our universes will overlap. Incidentally, out here we have an independently developed Glith (write Wayne for details). The characteristics are a bit different, but the total effect is about equal to yours. We've assumed that Gliths look kind of like reptilian Orcs, so there have been some cases of mistaken identity that have led to disaster. Also, out here Eleveners are Armor Class 9, limited to dagger & staff.

SEAN CLEARY: My age is 20; 21 by Thanksgiving. All the Whittier-Pico group (and most of the Claremont) is within two years of me.

DICK ENEY: Lee mentioned in a letter that you do photostenciling. Would you be willing to take me on as a client? If so, contact me. I don't know your address. I'm dying to add interior artwork to this and the only price I've been able to find out here is \$3/page at Cal Poly. / I've experimented with your terrain generator and have adopted it for when I start my wilderness. For more detailed maps, I've found that terrain transitions come out better if an interface of one-mile hexes is rolled when the five-mile hexes are of different terrain classes — gives a more irregular, natural transition.

JOHN KINGSBURY: Cowboy, your Peculiarities Chart is sick. "Starting a character? Just roll a birth defect for him (or her, or him/her, or it)" — even if you're joking, it's a mighty bum joke. And if you're serious? Your 88-92 roll digs on me — I'm double-jointed. Take me as an example. What next, a chart about my personal appearance — nose, glasses, pimples? Or how about one to turn my hangups into something laughable, huh? You see, Cowboy? Your chart treats a guy as a joke just because he was born a bit different. I was born a bit different, not in the way of your chart, but in just being born me. Am I a joke, then?

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Some comments on the comments I forgot to include above:

Glenn Blacow, the Standard Telks regenerate as yours do.

Cowboy, your chart just happened to hit a raw nerve in me.

CORRECTION TO LAST MONTH'S 'ZINE: The Olog-Hai do not regenerate at 2 X Troll. Instead, they regenerate as Vampires.

Now for the main subject. Back in May, Gregg Howard opened his wilderness in the old Claremont group. For the maiden voyage, four players assembled 16 characters:

From Wayne Shaw: Steelvoice, 1st-level Crestcat Fighter; Kai 16, 1st-level Cynthian Illusionist (packing Arlan's Black Pearl); Wyvernstar, 6th-level Monk (with wings); and Lilith, 4th-level Bard with a Rod of Lordly Might. All Neutral except for Kai, who was Lawful (and timid).

From John "Cowboy" Kingsbury: Arradar, 5th-level Ranger with a stature-changing sword "Hilnoric" (acts to either grow or shrink him 1-6 times when drawn); Nigel Terhaven, 3rd-level Paladin with a Vorpall Blade and a modified Rod of Lordly Might; Dratarn, 2nd-level mage with a Wand of Cold; and Makuba, 2nd-level Cleric (looked like James Earl Jones). Dratarn was Neutral, the rest Lawful. They were carrying a large additional amount of gross magic, surprising for their levels.

From Rollin Baker: Sparrowhawk, 10th-level mage; Jack "the Giant Killer", 3rd-level Paladin; Shaleen, 8th-level Cleric; and Tyeller Wargsbane, 4th-level Dwarf Fighter/Thief. Tyeller Neutral, the rest Lawful. These four carried more gross magic than the rest of the party combined. Rollin, a local guy, was new to D&D at the time and was pretty unrestrained. His characters were the fastest-advancing in Claremont. I hope he's mellowed down since then.

Finally, from me: Chee Lan, 5th-level Cynthian Thief; Aaron Joabson A, 5th-level Cleric; Zed the Exterminator, 6th-level Fighter (with Rondon); and Hondo Harrelson, 4th-level Fighter with his two magic two-handers. Zed & Chee were Neutral, Aaron & Hondo Lawful.

Of the 16, Wyvernstar, Lilith, Shaleen, and Chee were women.

The Cloisterman who was in the best position to tell others about the expedition was none other than Chee Lan. Since she's one of my favorite characters, I'll let her tell portions of the tale. I wonder whether Maestro Anderson would recognize her after two game years in this universe.

Since I still feel that the Maestro's patience with me may be wearing thin, I will refrain from mentioning either Chee or Cynthians (other than announcing that she went up a level) for the next few months. But for now, On To Crimson!

#### THROUGH THE REALM OF THE CRIMSON KING

The Cloister stands just west of T-town, its sandstone walls and single tower rising from the desert. Chee's apartment is on the east side, second from the stable gate. It's one of the larger apartments, with a bed alcove at either end. The decor is unique — climbing bars forming a network on the ceiling, wall-to-wall floor cushions, and, on the entire back wall, a mural of a weird jungle.

"I wanted some planters, but water's so damn scarce out here," she remarks as she licks the dust out of her fur. "I'll put a few in my palace as soon as it's finished." She finishes the tongue-wash and moves to the dais-cushion next to the hookah. As she lights up, we ask her to fill in some details of the Crimson lands.

The reaction is immediate — a small smoke explosion and a shriek. "YOU CAME OVER AT THIS PI-KIA-DAMNED HOUR FOR THAT?" Then she calms a bit and settles down her hobbit-sized form, puffing incense-scented clouds toward the ceiling lamps. After a couple minutes, she starts.

"The time-portal screwed up. Every time before, it put us off by Crimson. This time, Surprise! There we were in the City of Victories, the Courts of the Crimson King."

Luckily there were ships bound for Crimson. After a bit of bargaining, the twelve that showed up together (all but Wayne's group — KP) managed to book passage on one that sailed that day. Their voyage northeast took them a day, passing the many coastal islands. So many adventurers have sailed

that route:

"Past Zabriski Point, where 'prisoned moon  
Waits for shatt'ring sun;  
Past the ebon walls of Darkstar  
With its keep like a gnarled tree trunk  
To where the Jester does not play  
But gently pulls the strings  
And laughs as the puppets dance  
In the Court of the Crimson King."

The trip was uneventful — and free. Chee won back their fares with a little poker sharpening before they docked at Crimson.

The dungeon itself lies a bit inland. Chee: "We unloaded the wagons and disembarked. As our ship started back, a freak wind (Control Weather — KP) drove this large galley into what passed for the port facilities. We were almost two klicks inland, but we could still see them put off a wagon and some sophonts. . . ."

The newcomers approached. Somebody said "Corsairs!" and one or two swords came out. The distance closed — two humanoids, one winged, on horseback, hands raised in a peace gesture; and one wagon with two strange shapes on the driver's bench. One was like a lion, but with a huge head-crest and fur that blended into the wagon like an Elven Cloak. The other, driving, was hobbit-sized and white-furred.

" . . . Another from Ta-chih-chien-pi! The first of my race I'd seen for two years! I damn near did backflips for joy right there in the wagon, But I kept my self-control, pulled my Elven Cloak around myself, and just studied my opposite number while the others parleyed. Dumb bastard yell of "Corsairs"! Who else could it have been but the group that we were to rendezvous with?

"Back to my opposite number, who kept looking at us fearfully. Male, obviously — only a male would be that scared. I thought 'Male — I must share a tent with him. He looks pretty young, but I was that young when I had my first mating.' You could call it lust at first sight — remember, I was alone among the autothcons for over a year. . . ."

They rolled over the plains to Crimson and a get-acquainted party in the Jester's magic bar. Naturally, Chee paired off with Kai, the other Cynthian.

"Dratarn, . . . had the most spectacular drink. It turned his face bi-colored — one half black, the other white. It also altered his vision. The eye on the white side was blindproof, the one on the black side, infravision. I have never seen a world before where magic was more than mere superstition. Obviously, here it's quite real; so now I believe it. . . . As for Kai, he was younger than I thought — no more than fourteen, barely an adult. We shared this very hookah; you no doubt observe that it has two mouthpieces and hoses. I had filled it with the local house brew (the hit-point stuff — KP) and that Longbottom Leaf — how can anyone stand smoking that crap? — which was the best available. Kai choked on every puff; that was my first indication of his age. While the others drank to 'Jester! We who are about to die salute thee!', Kai told me the latest news from home. I felt a bit sorry for him; only the week before he'd blinked over. One moment he was home, in the area the Terrans call 'The Cynthian Devil's Triangle', the next he was here. Just like me — I'm even beginning to miss Old Nick. . . ."

"But I wander over trivia. Now, as for the trip. . . ."

They spent that night by Crimson and left in the morning. They had a map, . . . a basic topographic, with points of interest indicated. . . . and followed its lead northwest over the grasslands to the King's Highway. Their march order was the usual — wagons up front, with a pack train trailing behind and a circle of escorting horsemen. Chee drove the Cloister wagon, crossbow laying cocked on the seat beside her.

"We reached the King's Highway in late afternoon, after thirty clicks of gazelle-filled grassland. In the City of Victories, I was told there was an enchantment upon the Highway — that no one could fight while upon the road surface. After some of the magic I've witnessed here, I believe it."

The King's Highway leads northeast, gradually approaching the coast. Near the evening of the second day, the expedition, following the road, came upon the ruins of a vast port city.

The city had been circular and 15 clicks across, with gates at each cardinal point except the south, which contained a narrow bay. The Highway ran up to what had been the West Gate and ended. The map showed other branches of the Highway exiting the other two gates; the East Gate branch paralleled the coast, while the northern one led north to the mountains. A dirt road skirted the tumbled city wall, connecting the three roads. The entire ruin was marked as a Point of Interest.

Setting up camp by the West Gate, the expedition posted guards and spent the night. Trouble came on the morning watch, with Kai, (Sir) Jack the Paladin, Hondo, and Arradar the Ranger on duty.

Arradar saw them first — two Manticores, the Crimson variety with a scorpion's tail, gliding in to attack. He pulled Hilnorik, hoping for the size & strength of a Hill Giant, and shrank to a foot tall. The Manticores took no notice of him and flew on to Hondo. Kai saw Hondo fall, then ran into his tent and hid under Steelvoice, who promptly awoke and lived up to his name.

Chee: "His shriek was what woke me. I thought 'Oh, shit; we have visitors!', grabbed my sword and crossbow and sprang out, in time to see one of the things pounce on Sir Jack. Both went down, then Sirannon (Sir Jack's sword of Sharpness) flashed and the thing's head went bouncing over the grass.

"In melee, my usual procedure is to go to four legs, run about fifty meters to one side, take cover and snipe with my crossbow. By the time I had gotten the fifty meters, the entire camp was up and pouring out of the tents. Wyvernstar, the flying Monk, hauled gravs off the ground and into an aerial battle with the beast as I unslung my crossbow — I couldn't fire for fear of hitting Wyv. They both dived, engaged, and the Manticore pulled out into a terrain-avoidance pass while Wyv's body smashed into the ground. When I caught sight of the beast again above the grass, Steelvoice was clinging to its throat, screaming and tearing. It stung him then, and he tumbled to ground like Wyvernstar had.

"The Manticore climbed after it killed Steelvoice, but two Fireballs exploded in its path like TacNukes and it fell burning.

"We spent the rest of the night finding the bodies. Sir Jack we found beneath the headless Manticore, its sting still buried in him. Hondo never had time to unsheath his swords.

Shaleen raised Sir Jack and Wyvernstar, but Steelvoice was too different for any Raise to work. However, the map showed some "Slime Pits of Glyve" far to the west, and Lilith recalled from her lore that those pits were supposed to Raise & regenerate any bodies cast into them. So, at dawn, Lilith set off on a flying carpet with Steelvoice's body.

The others set off on the dirt road around the ruins, stopping periodically to cast Detect inside. The heaviest concentration of all detecting seemed to be in the northeast quadrant, so this seemed the logical place to penetrate into. They halted outside the North Gate and planned their exploration of the city.

Aaron, Kai, and Makuba would remain outside with the wagons and their cargo of dead & newly Raised while the rest rode in. Then they were to make their way to the East Gate and wait for the others. After a couple cracks about how doing this maneuver at Thangorodrim led to the massacre of the same name, the city explorers rode through the wrecked gatehouse, Chee riding sidesaddle behind Zed, her feet stuck into one saddlebag and her tail stuck into the other.

Most of the downtown buildings were still standing. As the party rode

down an ancient processional way between two intact rows of structures, arrows began to rain from the windows. Ambush!

They spurred their mounts toward a mammoth plaza ahead. Arradar drew Hilnoric and once more got the shrinking side of the deal — Sparrowhawk fell with a shaft through his neck — Tyeller caught him and dragged the corpse into the plaza while Dratarn sprayed covering fire with his Coldwand. Then they were by the pedestal at the plaza's center and the arrows stopped. During the pause, Tyeller unpacked Sir Jack's spell-storing sword from his pony and used a stored Raise Dead Fully on Sparrowhawk.

Chee: "The plaza was 600 meters across. We were in the center. North and south of us were palaces, with a wall and obelisk to the west and the road we entered on to the east. Zed had the best eyesight, hadn't seen any activity from the North Palace when we rode in. So, we waited until Sparrowhawk was again ambulatory, then charged the North Palace.

"Zed and I were in the lead. He used Rondon on the door — the impact damn near threw me off his horse — and the other six followed us in. We dismounted in the cobwebby reception hall, tethered the horses, and started for the only visible exit at the far end.

"Tyeller and I were up front at that time; Tyeller for his strength and magic weapons (everything that Dwarf carried was magic — KP) and me for trap detection. We found one, or rather it found us.

"As we stepped through the archway, the floor gave way beneath us. My next conscious memory is lying in a spinning basement room and hearing the trapdoor slam above. . . ."

While Chee & Tyeller were picking themselves off the floor, the others upstairs were trying to open the trap. Nigel the Paladin tried the unique ability of his Rod of Lordly Might: a grapple-ended chain and power-winch function, in an attempt to pry it open, but only succeeded in pulling down a wall-column. Zed tried Rondon's shattering ability, only to find that the trapdoor was some kind of superhard wood and its hinges were hidden beneath. Reluctantly, they told the two in the basement that they were on their own.

Chee: "When I heard that, I pointed to the only door and ordered Tyeller to break it. It opened onto a prison corridor, with some torchlight flickering from one of the cells. . . ."

Upstairs, the other six were past the archway and easing down a hallway. From around a corner, Zed's ears picked up the guttural tones of Chaotic. He motioned. Dratarn sneaked up to the corner, poked his Coldwand around it and hit the firing stud. The expedition then kicked the frozen bodies out of the way and continued on, up a flight of stairs to a chamber.

Downstairs, Chee & Tyeller were having their problems: "I could hear breathing through the door — from the sound, some sort of large animal. Tyeller kicked the door open, then he was grabbed by the leg and pulled inside. I pounced on the doorway just in time to look into the arc of a Forcelash. When my eyes recovered, Tyeller was sitting in there with his leg broken and a dead giant ape beside him. The room stank of ozone.

"I splinted his leg as best I could. As he hobbled to his feet with his two-handed axe for a crutch, I leaped to the other door of the room, grabbed the bars in its window, and hung there looking out into empty corridor. The two of us shouldered open the door. . . ."

There were three doors leading out of the upstairs chamber. Zed put his ear to the center one on a hunch.

A voice came through, in Chaotic: "Listen at that door."

The sound of footsteps, then another voice, surprised. "There's somebody out there!"

Immediately Zed kicked the door open. "ZARDOZZZ!" A chainmail-clad figure flew against the opposite wall. His comrade fled, caught Zed's bolt in his back, spun and returned the favor with a bolt into Zed's shield arm. Shaleen tore down the room-corridor after him, while Zed drew Rondon and finished the other one. Shaleen maced her opponent's head and the fight

was over.

Sparrowhawk, using his Ring of Ethereality, reconnoitered the hall, following his Detect Evil. The trail led him through two sets of ornate doors to an audience hall, on the throne of which sat a man in dark robes. The evil emanated from him. Sparrowhawk rejoined the party and guided them to the hall with the throne.

The final door opened easily. "Come in," snarled the throne's occupant. Zed & Arradar answered him with two bolts in the torso. He sagged back, groped for one of the throne arms, and sprang another trapdoor under the entry door. Zed & Arradar fell to the basement.

Nigel pulled his special Rod of Lordly Might, cast its grapnel across the room — and into the throne-occupant's skull. He winched it in, repeated until it anchored securely in some stonework. Then, using it as a safety line, he crossed to the throne.

The Chaotic in it was dead. A quick search revealed chainmail under the robes, a two-handed sword within reach, and three buttons on the throne's right arm. The first button was depressed. Nigel pushed the center, and another pit opened halfway down the room. The third did likewise directly before the dais. He tried the first. Nothing. The others entered.

While Sparrowhawk checked the door behind the throne ethereally, the rest gathered around the trap and tried in vain to pry it open. A heavy pounding came from below, then a crash. The trapdoor heaved, then tilted as Zed's helm appeared. Using Rondon, he had cut steps in the wall and climbed to where he could shatter the hinges enough to force the door. As he and Arradar squeezed out, Sparrowhawk returned with a report of a back stairway, leading upward to what had probably been living quarters. They crossed over to the door.

Chae: "While that was happening upstairs, Tyeller and I were wandering through the basement. The architect who laid out these corridors must have been drunk. Or obsessed with forked corridors -- he had a turn or a side passage every few steps. Naturally, none of them showed any indication of leading out, so I decided superstition was as good a way as any to navigate — after all, magic does work here. Tyeller had previously handed me his shortsword (magic, of course, did 1-6 times normal damage - KP); every time we came to a fork I played spin-the-sword with it to choose the direction we would go. (One of these decisions is the subject of the cover illo - KP)

"After one of these sword-divinations, we were, were respectively slinking and hobbling through a series of zigzags when we turned a corner into five orcs -- those small ones, the 'snagas'. We immediately removed two of them; Tyeller splattered one with a thrown hammer that flew back into his hand while I put a bolt through another.

"Then they charged us. I threw my crossbow aside and drew my own sword. Tyeller hammered flat the two that attacked him; I dodged my opponent's sword-thrust, nudged his shield aside with my sword and rammed Tyeller's sword up beneath his breastbone. Then I smoothed my fur, wiped both blades, and remarked 'Shall we go on?' to Tyeller.

"Around the next corner was a stairway leading up. It led through a secret door into the reception hall we had used as a stable. We shopped for rations through everyone's saddlebags, then kicked back and waited for them to return."

The upstairs door opened onto intersecting corridors. The harsh snarls of orcs sounded from around one of the corners. "Move ass, you snagas! They're almost here!" Again Zed signaled; again Dratarn crept ahead with the Coldwand. At the instant he poked it around the corner, an orc hand shoved another wand's business end into his face. Both Dratarn and the orc mage fired simultaneously.

Nigel the Paladin was bringing up the rear. As a result, neither Zed nor Dratarn were protected by his Vorpal Blade. The orc wand was of the Fireball variety — and two pieces of well-done mansflesh lay on the floor.

Sparrowhawk leaped forward, scooped up the Coldwand and blasted the

surviving orc with it. Picking up the orc wand and shoving both in his belt, he checked the door the orcs had been guarding. When he detected Good behind it, he called Nigel up to open it.

At first, the room appeared to be empty. Then two columns became a man and a woman throwing back Robes of Blending at the sight of a Paladin. The two were survivors of a previous attempt to clear the city of Chaos. They had been ambushed, forced into the North Palace, and besieged. Nigel and Sparrowhawk escorted them down to the others, where they provided some intelligence of the city: A Chaotic Lord's headquarters was set up inside the South Palace, and the obelisk to the west possibly contained a Balrog.

After a search of the rooms came to naught, the expedition and rescues started back to the entry.

Chee: "They returned with two bodies and two extra humans they referred to as 'Victims of the Moria Syndrome'. We packed the corpses, mounted, and hauled graves out of that place. Sparrowhawk kept up covering fire through that boulevard-gauntlet, then we kept galloping until we reached the East Gate."

Aaron, Kai, and Makuba were already there with the wagons. They'd had only one incident on the way: two Ghouls jumped them out of a tree and had been dispelled by Aaron before they had even landed.

Chee: "Kai started telling me all about how these things like walking dead men had come down at them and Aaron had exposed himself (local term for a turn/dispel attempt - KP) and these things had turned to dust in mid-air. I just put my hand to my sword and told him to cram it. The next thing I knew he was hiding in a Bag of Holding inside his wagon."

"One of the two who came out with us removed his robe and gave it to us as thanks, then we gave them one of our extra horses and they disappeared down the East Road of the King's Highway. We withdrew a klick or so from the walls, put up a Fortress Shield, and stayed there until Lilith returned."

Lilith returned a little after noon on the next day. By then, Shaleen had raised Dratarn & Zed, and all three Clerics had healed most of the other wounded. As soon as the Bard landed, camp was being struck. By evening, the expedition encamped by the northern branch of the Highway, the city just a dark line on the southern horizon.

Chee: "The next morning, we left the Highway and traveled west, aiming for another point of interest shown on the map. Hondo had ripened considerably; I had to smoke that crap pipe-weed the whole way to keep from smelling him."

"About ten klicks from the Highway, the forest began. Forest . . . strange, but still forests like home. Ta-chih-chien-pi! Where I could cross a continent just by leaping from branch to branch. . . ."

The expedition halted a short ways inside the woods and sent out three scouts: Wyvernstar, newly recovered, for aerial reconnaissance; Arradar the Ranger, for ground-level search; and Chee, nude and with dagger & shurikens concealed in her fur, for treetop-level scouting.

Wyvernstar, in a high-altitude pass, saw something in the trees at the point indicated on the map. Progressively lower passes revealed the something as a cluster of tree-houses, the size of a large village or small town. On her final terrain-avoidance run, Wyv could see no sign of life, so she decided to land and investigate. She descended towards the clearing in the town's rough center.

Meanwhile, Chee was going through the trees: "It was like being home again -- alone, leaping through the maze of branches, letting the leaves rustle. . . . About a klick from the point indicated on the map, I finally recovered my sense of caution and descended to ground level in a small clearing, hoping to rest a bit before the actual scouting. Then I heard a whisper."

"It was barely audible, almost imaginary, and seemed to be saying 'See anything yet?' in my own tongue. I was sure it was my imagination, but as a precaution I 'played pussycat' -- pretended to be an animal so as not to draw attention. Then came a shout from the trees above: 'Up here, stupid!' I whirled about, going to two legs and drawing both dagger and shurikens."

It was such a swift action, I was in fighting position before I realized the voice was in my home tongue. In the crotch of one tree was a white-furred head and shoulders! Still another from home! I rejoiced inside -- then I realized she had a crossbow leveled on me . . . .

Wyvernstar had landed and started to explore when a voice snarled in an accent that sounded part cat, part Chinese: "Hands up! Now face down! Flat!" As Wyv spread-eagled on the ground, a squad of Cynthians materialized out of the brush, crossbows and a couple of obvious energy weapons at the ready. Wyv stayed motionless until her wrists & ankles were lassoed and she saw stakes being driven, then she sprang up in an attempt to get airborne.

After two bolts had penetrated her Monkish aikido defense and a near-miss of an energy weapon sent her sprawling, Wyv decided to play dead instead. She did, through the Cynthians' examination, then leaped into the air and got out of there. Fast.

Meanwhile, Chee & Mai Zé, the Cynthian sentry, were parleying: "By this time Mai was on the ground with me and we'd both cast our weapons aside. It wasn't a parley, it was a reunion; we were alternately crying on each others' shoulders and telling each other how we got into this universe. I'd tell Mai how I dropped from the Muddlin' Through into Big Tee and she'd give me sympathy for being alone so long amid aliens, then she'd tell me about how her ship's hyperdrive quantum-jumped it out of the Technic universe and into here, and how they'd settled down in this forest. Amid all this. . .

"I told her how I'd been dying for something smokeable from home, and Mai mentioned that they had some, plus seeds . . . ."

While Chee was building a friendship, a bleeding Wyvernstar landed at the expedition camp. "We have some nasty neighbors," she announced, then pointed at Kai. "Like him." As Kai hid in the Bag of Holding, Wyv staggered to the Clerics for healing.

Chee: "Mai promised to bring her clan Matriarch to this clearing in an hour to meet with me. I planned to secure permission for our party to stay awhile in Mai's village. We parted, and I started back -- an immediately ran into Arradar. He'd been watching Mai and me from the brush the entire time.

"When Arradar and I returned and heard about Wyvernstar's experience, I realized my meeting with the Matriarch would be a bit of a problem. But, this type of problem had been routine in my trade-pioneer days.

"I arrived early at the clearing, wearing my sword and Elven Cloak and with my fur groomed to perfection. At the appointed time, Mai came with the Matriarch -- actually, the Matriarch wasn't much older than I; she had been the Captainess of the lost ship -- and a security escort with pocket blasters.

"The Matriarch was a sharp negotiator, but I was sharper. She mentioned that her settlement had been invaded and was on alert. I concentrated on the harmlessness of our party and our desiring a site on which to camp. I did not think it appropriate to mention Wyvernstar. We concluded an agreement, sealed it, and parted.

"I anticipated trouble with Wyvernstar, so we had her ride in inside her group's wagon with the cover up. After we encamped, I broke the news to the Matriarch -- slowly."

The expedition stayed in the Cynthian settlement for eight days. Shaleen raised a badly disoriented Hondo, and Chee generally had a blast -- including enough male companionship to last her another year. Also, Kai lost his virginity.

On the last night there, Mai & Chee had a little farewell cry. Mai presented Chee with a going-away gift: a lid of Cynthian smoking drug (loose) and a bag of seeds of the same.

The expedition left in the morning, with two saddened Cynthians driving the wagons. Over the next three days they rejoined the King's Highway at the mountain pass to the north and descended onto the northern plains. Around noon on the third day, they spotted a Red Dragon in the

distance and decided to subdue it and pick up some pelf.

Chee: "This time Arradar drew beforehand to see which way he would size-change. I carried him to a vantage point to watch the subdual. How? With one hand."

Subduing a dragon is easy with the right equipment. The expedition speaked through the brush until they were in position. Then Lilith & Nigel charged out and shoved their Rods of Lordly Might in the dragon's face to paralyze it. After this, the most muscular of the party came out and started pounding until the dragon gave up. Lilith then asked it for its treasure. The dragon answered that it had been mugged by other adventurers the week before. Everybody started pounding again.

This time the dragon revealed its treasure as being far away and offered to fly everyone there. No deal. Finally the party did let it fly to its lair, under escort: Lilith (as interpreter), Wyvernstar (with a yubijitsu bonebreaker ready for its neck), and Dratarn (with the Coldwand). At the dragon's lair, it pointed to a single chest which Lilith accepted as ransom. After flying the three back, the dragon was released and flew off.

No one detected traps on the chest. Opened, it was found to contain only some silver, a +1 Protection Ring, and a +1 dagger. Obviously the dragon was holding out on them. Sir Jack used a Shapechange from his spell-storing sword to become a very old Golden Dragon, and in that form airlifted Nigel & Lilith back to the dragon lair.

The lair was empty. Sir Jack stood guard outside while the other two proceeded to tear the place apart. This time they found more: thousands in gold, a weird sword with a fleur-de-lis-shaped blade, an ivory-inlaid bow, and a Fire Resistance Ring. After making certain this was the entire treasure, they flew back with it on Sir Jack.

When they returned, the expedition made haste out of there, before the dragon could return home and discover the burglary. They steered west, where the map indicated another Point of Interest. Two days later, in the midst of a range of crystalline hills, they found it.

A large field, miles on a side and perfectly square, stretched between the crystal ridges. From its entire surface jutted a jungle of multicolored geometric shapes of varying sizes. On each shape was one button. The party split into three groups of five, spread out, and started pushing buttons.

The buttons were of the typical Dungeon variety, opening a door through which something would fall or emerge. In succession, the doors revealed: a shield, gold, a Lich (scared off Kai, Chee, Hondo, Lilith, & Tyeller before Aaron morningstared its head in), a carrioncrawler, a stairway leading down (which nobody wanted to go down), an Ogre Mage (charmed Aaron before Hondo & Zed killed it), etc.

Amid all this were two unusual (even for there) buttons. The group consisting of Sparrowhawk, Sir Jack, Shaleen, Tyeller, and Lilith found the first. One of them pressed it, and all five blinked out to parts unknown (teleported).

Nigel, accompanied by Wyvernstar, Arradar, Dratarn, and Makuba, pushed the other. A small box slid out. Nigel opened it, found a smaller box inside and the outer one stuck to his hands. Arradar tried the inner box, with the same result as Nigel. Using chopsticks, Wyvernstar opened three more concentric boxes without trouble. The final, smallest one contained a ring and instructions for its use: Dispel Magic, specialized to unstick boxes from hands, single use.

After a few more buttons (producing some +1 arrows, 15 electrum coins, and three Stirges that took one look at the party and flew away) they decided not to press their luck any further and return home.

The remaining ten set off south on the King's Highway the next morning. Over the next two days they continued south, passing the mountains and the forest with the Cynthian settlement. On the afternoon of the second, within view of the ruined city, Zed and Kai spotted a dark speck growing

in the northeast sky.

As it approached, the speck materialized into an airship -- a dirigible made of some dark grey metal, apparently kept aloft with Permanent Flying spells. It began to descend toward the expedition, who scattered off the Highway, dispersing. The airship stopped just above the road surface and hailed them, including hails in five familiar voices and a crestcat scream.

Chee: "The craft was named the Lead Zeppelin, and served as a ferry from Froghole (Dean McCaw's Dungeon - KP) to the City of Victories. The remainder of our party was aboard. . . the five that blinked out of the prism field had fought their way out of Froghole's Level II and hailed the Zeppelin to rejoin us. As they passed south of a place called the Rhiene Swamps, they had caught up with and taken aboard Steelvoice.

"We boarded the Zeppelin, had our wagons and horses hoisted on board, and flew back to the City of Victories.

"Captain Page of the Zeppelin charged us 24,000 in gold for the airlift. I could have gotten it back with a little card trick I know, but the others prevented me.

"There isn't much more to tell. We unloaded at the city, split the loot in an auction, and portaled back to our respective homes. Zed has the Fire Resistance Ring, and we never have settled just which of us here has a claim to the Fireball Wand -- Caselle, most likely, because of her later marriage to Hondo. But I wander. When we returned to here, both Hondo and I were advanced a level by our respective Guilds.

"That was the only time any of the Cloister walked the land of the Crimson King." Chee sighs, her tale finished.

Outside, it is past midnight and the night-chill is at its peak. Chee's hookah has long ago burned itself out. She coils the hose she has been smoking through on the storage hook below its bowl and points toward the curtained door to the courtyard. "Go," she snaps. "Antar will let you out; he never sleeps. You know where the gate is." She stretches herself, cat-fashion, and walks to her bed-alcove. "Lu-pi-kia-chu-ni," she says, and draws the curtain.

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The above has been the longest narrative I've attempted for A&E. As I type this, it is November 1st and I have been playing D&D for about a year. It was a blast typing this monster.

~ 400 pg

P.S.: I hate to waste a third of a page. I hope Lee has a filler ready.



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