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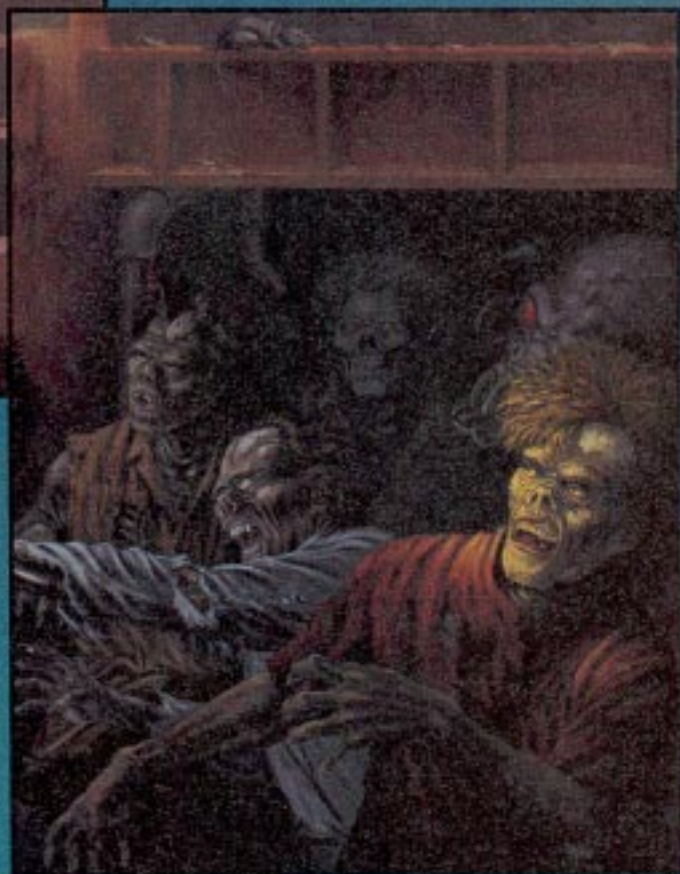
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COVER

Gnolls, goblins, and leucrotta hurl themselves across the last barricade in an elven mansion, as the defenders wield spells and steel against them. The final moments of a doomed elven house are recorded in our cover painting by Lissanne Lake.

LETTERS

What did you think of this issue? Do you have a question about an article or have an idea for a new feature you'd like to see? In the United States and Canada, write to: Letters, DRAGON® Magazine, P.O. Box 111, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A. In Europe, write to: Letters, DRAGON Magazine, TSR Ltd., 120 Church End, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge CB1 3LB, United Kingdom.

No Africa?

Dear Dragon,

Does TSR have plans to develop an African game world for the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® or DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game? The reason I ask this is because African-like scenarios seem to be the least discussed. Almost all references to an African-like area on any game map in any game world are to a small, poorly described jungle area. Every three or four years, an article in DRAGON Magazine or module in DUNGEON® Adventures is written, but nothing collective appears.

I had hoped that the 2nd Edition *Legends & Lore* would include an African pantheon. Not only were there no new mythologies introduced from the 1st Edition, but Egypt was the only African culture included, and even that choice had artwork that would suggest that Egypt was northern European instead of northern African.

I see Africa as a rich heritage of vast deserts, broad savannahs grasslands, and rain forests (the jungle is a part of the whole, not the whole, continent). It would make the perfect tropical/subtropical adventure world. You could combine the ancient empires like Kush, Nok, Nubia, Ghana, and Ethiopia. You would have an ancient world that could complement an ancient Egypt. Later kingdoms present during the Middle Ages—Mossi, Kanem Borneo, Mali, Songhai, Fulani, and the Tuaregs in the savannahs; Yoruban, Ashanti, Fon, Benin, and the Luba in the rain forest; and the Zulu and Xhosa in the south—would add all the political intrigue of a medieval England or Japan.

I'm not saying that all of these ideas should be used, but after volumes of folklore and mythologies on written on each of these cultures, surely something can be found. After all, 11 million square miles of continent and 6,000 years of recorded history should be hard to ignore.

I love your magazine. I have been an RPGA™ Network member and a steady subscriber to both DRAGON Magazine and DUNGEON Adventures since 1985. This letter is in no way a criticism. I am an American of African descent who has many friends who are attracted to the game's principle, yet put off by its apparent Eurocentric point of view.

In the past year, there have been books on Vikings, Aztecs, and Orientals in the AD&D game, and on Native Americans and the Middle East for the D&D game. It became necessary to bring the topic up and be heard.

Brady English
Beckley WV

Yours is not the first letter on this problem that I've seen cross my desk. John K. Green (Newark, N.J.) wrote to us with a similar complaint about the Legends & Lore illustration (on page 86) that you mentioned; I checked on the matter and found that the art happened to be available for second-rights use when something "Egyptian" was wanted, so it was used. (TSR, Inc. cannot commission new art all the time, as it is too expensive.) I believe no harm was intended, though one of the authors of the volume agreed that the picture did not reflect the physical characteristics of most, if any, of the pharaohs. Egypt was a "melting pot" for every culture in the area, from black African (Nubia) to white European (Greece) to Arabic. Sculptures from the dynastic periods show a wide variety of racial features.

DRAGON Magazine has had very few articles on African-derived fantasy gaming elements. The demand is there, but we simply haven't gotten them. Issue #27 had an article on the African myths for an early version of the D&D game. Issue #122 had an excellent article by Charles R. Saunders, the author of the Imaro series, that described many new monsters derived from African folklore ("Out of Africa"), with a companion piece giving those creatures AD&D game statistics ("Gaming the Dark Continent"). Issue #159 had "Rhythm Warriors," which derailed an AD&D 1st Edition martial-arts character class based on the ways of capoeira; this was a fighting style created by escaped black slaves in Brazil. In issue #170, "The Voyage of the Princess Ark" took a look at the Divinarchy of Yavdrom, a black kingdom in the D&D® game's Known World with a unique social system. As a side note, issue #86 features "Mzee," a short story by Charles Saunders about the early years of Imaro, a champion from a fantasy African culture.

DUNGEON® Adventures has featured two adventures based in pseudo-African settings: "The Elephants' Graveyard," in issue #15, and "The Leopard Men," from issue #22. These are suggested for use in the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® setting in the Amedio Jungle or Hepmonaland, or Chult in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting. These areas are not particularly civilized. The random-encounter tables would prove useful in other, similar campaigns.

HWR2 Kingdom of Nithia details a HOLLOW WORLD® culture based on ancient Egypt, with some mention of a neighboring area called the Tanagoro Kingdoms, modeled on ancient black kingdoms in the real world. At the moment, no AD&D or D&D sets are in progress detailing African-like cultures, but this possibility is being discussed now in the Games Division for both the FORGOTTEN REALMS and HOLLOW WORLD settings.

It's our opinion that problems are there to be fixed, and you, the readers, can do something to help fix them. Let's hear from you on this topic.

Do you want to see an African-based campaign set and adventures? If you do, then write

Continued on page 15

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EDITORIAL

And he is us

Visit faraway places, meet interesting people, and kill them.

T-shirt slogan, U.S. Army

We have met the enemy, and he is us.
Pogo, Walt Kelly



Surely you must have thought about it at some point. Perhaps you were playing FASA's SHADOWRUN* game or TSR's AD&D® system, or using Games Workshop's WARHAMMER 40,000* or GDW's MEGATRAVELLER* rules. Perhaps you were reading Larry Niven's *Ringworld* or Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, or watching *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Surely you must have wondered what it would be like to live in a world where humans were not alone, where other races and minds and cultures walked among us and shared with us their own visions of life, the universe, and destiny.

Humanity does seem kind of boring after you've played a number of role-playing games or read fantasy and SF novels set in worlds harboring every imaginable sort of intelligent species. You might yearn to meet someone different from everyone else you know, secretly wishing that a family of centaurs had a hidden sanctuary near your farm, or that your best friend was a gruff, hard-bitten dwarf who told you tales of his underground home. Maybe you dream about meeting and befriending Vulcans, kender, wookies, ents, Aslan, or even orcs or Klingons. What would you learn about life if your best friend was an orc, eh?

Of course, in the same way that the Society for Creative Anachronism deliberately discards all the negative aspects of the Middle Ages (such as the plague, religious warfare, serfdom, and crushing

poverty) in its events, you probably discard some of the negative aspects of having a multiracial universe when you are daydreaming. All role-playing gamers are familiar with tales of interracial and interspecies wars. You know how a dwarf sneers when he sees a half-orc, or how everyone tenses when a kzin walks into the room. Maybe you imagine that we could do a little better than that in real life. Would we really have rampant interracial warfare just because humans, dwarves, orcs, and elves look and think differently from each other?

You know the answer to that.

If you yearn to meet intelligent life with a strikingly different outlook from yours, you have your wish. You live on a planet of five billion strikingly different individuals, no two of whom look or think alike. We are part of a single species divided into possibly five distinct geographic races, with many hundreds of cultures and systems of beliefs spread among us. We have conquered space and the depths of the sea, harnessed nature to serve our ends, fought disease, built cities, and enriched our lives with art and literature. And we have exhibited the worst traits that any fantasy/SF game designer or novelist has ever imagined in a multispecies setting.

Of the five geographic races of humanity, two—australoids (Australian aborigines) and Khoisanics (African Bushmen)—have been nearly annihilated in conflicts with Europeans and Bantus, respectively. The native Ainus of Japan, whose origins are still uncertain, have suffered terribly from local persecution. A possible sixth race of humanity, the Tasmanians, was completely destroyed over a 72-year period by disease, warfare, and atrocities inflicted by European settlers in the 1800s. Another race of humanity—the muscular, thick-browed Neanderthals of “cave man” fame—vanished from the Earth only 32,000 years ago, an eye blink in the sum of human existence. Anthropologists have long suspected that Cro-Magnon humans gave their Neanderthal kin a not-so-gentle push into extinction; the swiftness with which the Neanderthals died out once the Cro-Magnons moved in (one estimate says the complete process took only 3,000 years) certainly makes you wonder. Yet another branch of the human tree, a little-known Asian/Indonesian people, vanished at the same time, as Cro-Magnon folk with modern features swept out of Africa and across the world.

But why bother picking on separate races? Whole cultures of humanity have been nearly or completely wiped out in quite recent times. Where are the Native American peoples today, who once ranged freely from the white wastes of the Arctic to the green jungles of South America?

There are no living survivors of the Natchez, Yahi, Haush, Chono, Yaghan, and Gabriellino peoples, destroyed by warfare and disease just in the last few hundred years during the European settlement of the Americas. The entire Arawak tribe of Hispaniola, one million strong, was exterminated less than 100 years after Christopher Columbus found them. I lack the references to name African, European, Asian, and Pacific peoples whose names and cultures now exist only on the pages of old, unread history texts.

The story goes on, of course. It was in your grandparents' time when merely being Jewish was sufficient to have you jammed into a boxcar with your entire family to be taken to a concentration camp. It was in your parents' time when being a Biafran in Nigeria was a sentence to death by starvation. It is in your own time now when atrocities are being committed against peoples around the world, detailed every day in your newspaper and on television and radio. It will be in your children's time when poisonous fruit will ripen, grown from seeds being sown today by earnest people, young and old, who urge intolerance against anyone who does not look or think or pray as they do. Who will be the next to go?

Curious, isn't it, how well fantasy stories and games reflect the real world.

What can you do about it?

The next time you daydream about centaurs near your farm or a Klingon student in your school, think about your real neighbors, the real people you see every day who would like to see a new and friendly face. Open your mind and your imagination and your life to those who are different. See things from their perspectives. Grant others the respect and aid and friendship that you would want them to grant you.

Maybe someday your descendants will live in a world where being different is not a crime. If you like fantasy, a world of peace certainly fits that definition.

Maybe it's time we brought that fantasy to life.

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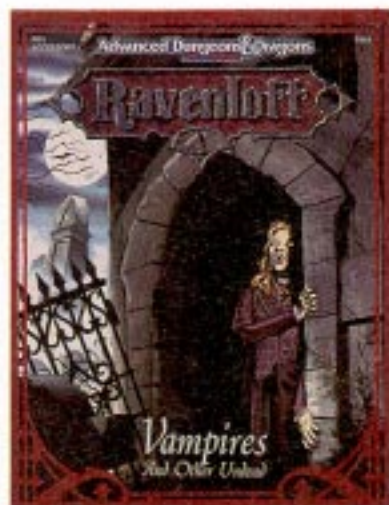
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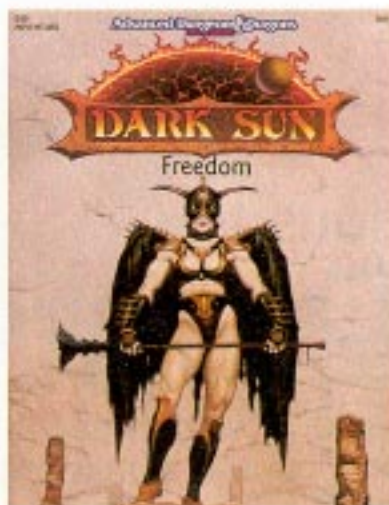
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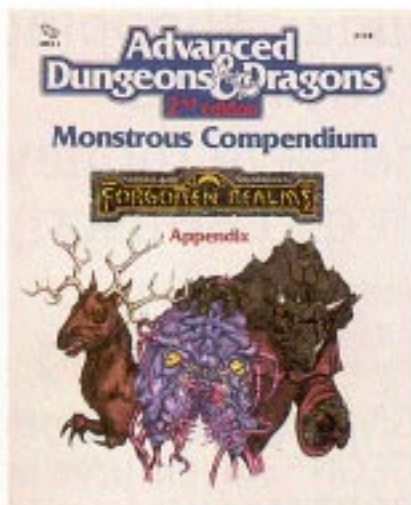
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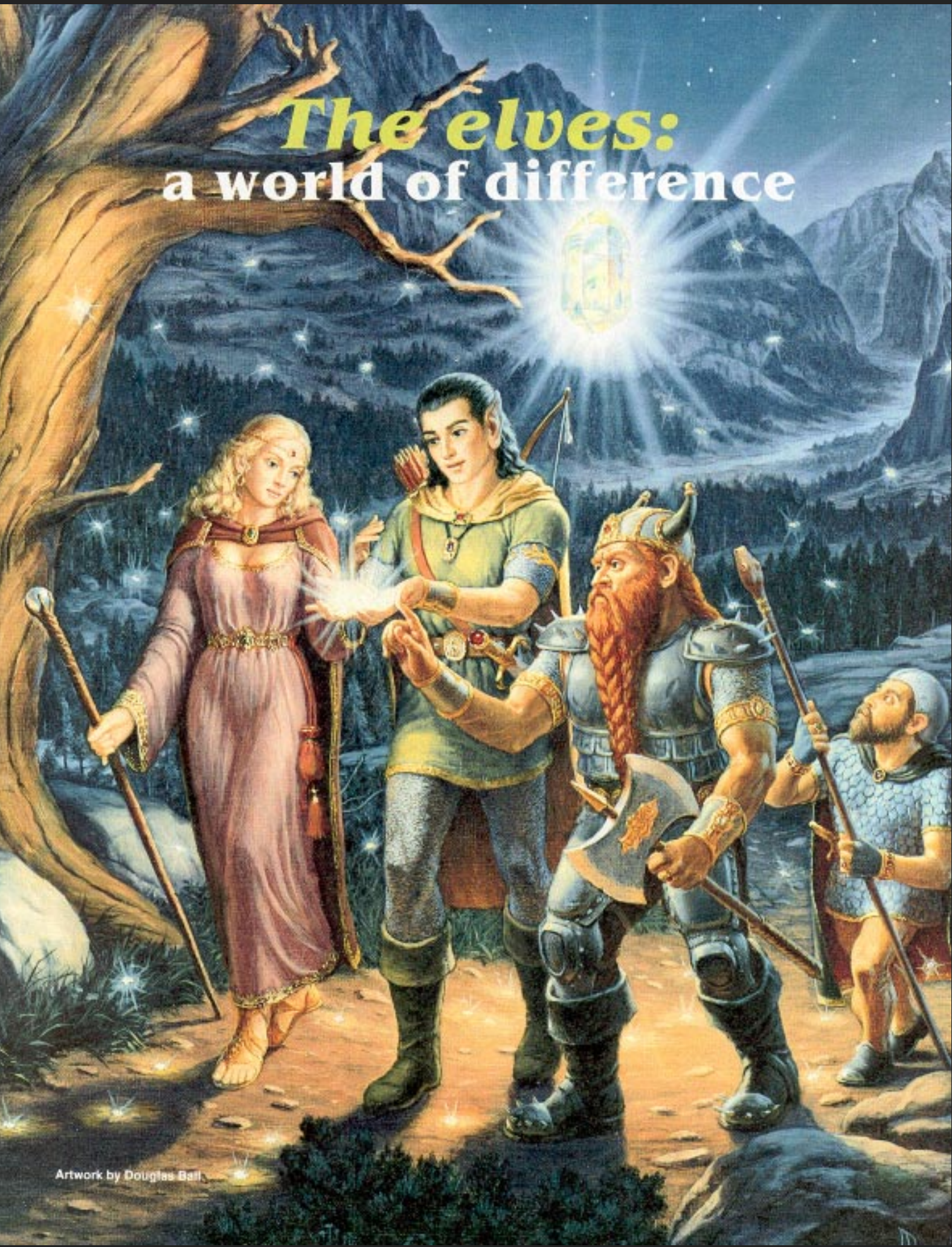
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GDR

The elves: a world of difference





Artwork by Terry Dykstra

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Servants of the Seldarine

by Chris Perry

Since the emergence of the AD&D® 2nd Edition game, the concept of specialty and mythos-specific priests has grown in popularity. From the **FORGOTTEN REALMS®** *Adventures* book to *The Complete Priest's Handbook*, there are many kinds of priests and clerics you can use to color your world. However, no sources have dealt specifically with the demihuman deities found in the AD&D 1st Edition game's *Legends & Lore* or *Unearthed Arcana*. With this in mind, I have researched and designed specialty priests for one such pantheon, the elven Seldarine (from *Unearthed Arcana*, pages 112-114).

Specialty priests are an elite order within a priesthood, usually in the minority but wielding powers that normal clerics lack. Considering that elven priests cannot be multiclassed (2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*, page 44), the specialty priests found here are well balanced.

The Seldarine is composed of many deities, of whom few are lawful and none are evil. While all are powerful, none compare to Corellon Larethian, the one greater power among them. Lolth was once part of the Seldarine, long ago, but she turned to evil and was cast out by Corellon and the others. Her priests are also described here, and DMs will find that Lolth's specialty priests make interesting NPCs and formidable opponents.

With the exception of Lolth's cult, all elven religions are tolerant of each other and get along very well as a group. This doesn't mean that conflicts between them never occur, but most of the time such problems are settled fairly and peacefully. The only known case of a holy war within the Seldarine occurred many thousands of years ago, when Lolth was banished and her temples razed in the fighting that followed.

The descriptions of the priesthoods are generally self-explanatory. When reading about a non-elven priesthood, you will see an abbreviation next to the gods name indicating whether the god and its minions in question are native to the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® (WG) setting or the FORGOTTEN REALMS® (FR) campaign world. There is little mention of the hatred between Lolth and the Seldarine, as that is well known to all.

Elven worship tends to be bright and joyous in comparison to other religions. During their ceremonies, elves often pray for knowledge about themselves and others, giving thanks to the gods for such insight. Magical weapons and items are often crafted on holy days, in the belief that the gods allow magic to flow more strongly and freely during such times.

Those wanting to know more about elves and their gods should read the AD&D 1st Edition *Legends & Lore* chapter on nonhuman deities, *Unearthed Arcana's* Appendix S, or the original articles on demihuman deities from *The Best of DRAGON® Magazine* anthology, volume 3.

Those seeking to expand the elven pantheon should check out DRAGON issue #155 ("The Elfin Gods" or "The Folk of the Faerie Kingdom") for some ideas. Note that while some elvish deities have overlapping spheres of control, Corellon is the master of magic and no other member of the Seldarine comes close to matching his powers.

Bonus spells are granted in addition to all normally gained spells, and do not replace them. The casting level of such spells equals the current level of the caster unless otherwise stated.

Aerdrie Faenya

Lesser power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Cloud with a birds silhouette

Portfolio: Air, birds, weather

Worshiper's alignment: Any nonevil and nonlawful (elves)



Elven specialty priests in AD&D® 2nd Edition games

Pries t's alignment: CG

Requirements: Wisdom 13, dexterity 13

Weapons allowed: Bows (all), dagger/dirk, dart, javelin, knife, mace, spear, staff
Armor allowed: Chain mail (maximum), no shield

Required nonweapon proficiencies: animal lore, animal training, weather sense

Major spheres: All, Animal, Creation, Divination, Elemental (air), Healing, Protection, Sun, Weather

Minor spheres: Charm, Combat

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Aerdrie may speak with birds at will, and he gains a +2 on reaction rolls when dealing with avian and semiavian creatures like pegasi and giant eagles.

2. At 3rd level, a specialty priest of Aerdrie may cast a *feather fall* spell once per day. For every four additional experience levels, the priest may cast another *feather fall* spell.

3. At 5th level, a specialty priest of Aerdrie may cast a version of the *fly* spell that allows the affected creature to levitate (hover) as well. The spell may be cast once per day for every five experience levels the priest has.

4. At 12th level, a specialty priest of Aerdrie has the ability to summon an air elemental (as per the *conjure elemental* spell). He may do so once per week for every level he has over the 12th.

Restrictions/Taboos

1. Due to their strong ties with nature, specialty priests of Aerdrie cannot turn undead.

2. Specialty priests of Aerdrie have a strong fear of being confined or trapped, bordering on claustrophobia. They suffer a -1 penalty on initiative, attack rolls, and saving throws under such conditions (this includes nearly all underground areas). They must sleep outdoors except during winter or times of bad weather.

3. Birds are sacred to Aerdrie and her priests. Priests are forbidden from eating them or causing them harm.

Notes

Aerdrie's temples are located on high hilltops having a good view of the land around them and the open sky. It is there that the priests raise various birds and more exotic creatures like griffons and hippogriffs. Aerdrie is popular with those concerned with weather but also has a large following among elves who have flying steeds. Specialty priests make up only 20% of the priesthood, but they occupy many of the high positions within the church.

Ceremonial garb for priests of Aerdrie consists of sky-blue robes, with those of high rank wearing the darkest shades. Feathers are used in decorating their clothing and armor, and at least one feather is worn in their hair. Celebrations are

held each spring and fall in honor of Aerdrie and the changing seasons.

Corellon Larethian

Greater power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Quarter moon

Portfolio: All elves

Worshiper's alignment: Any good or neutral (elves)

Pries t's alignment: CG

Requirements: Wisdom 13, intelligence 12, charisma 13

Weapons allowed: Bows (all but crossbows), dagger/dirk, knife, lance, mace, quarterstaff, spear, sword (long/short)

Armor allowed: Plate mail and shield, maximum

Required nonweapon proficiencies: Ancient history, reading/writing

Major spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Combat, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Summoning

Minor spheres: Creation, Sun, Thought

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Corellon may turn undead as a cleric. He is treated as a cleric with four additional levels when attempting to turn creatures native to the Outer Planes.

2. A specialty priest of Corellon is immune to the paralyzing touch of ghosts as well as ghouls. He gains a +1 on saving throws versus other forms of paralysis, like the touch of a lich.

3. A specialty priest of Corellon may immediately receive either the singing or musical instrument proficiency. Choosing one does not occupy an initial proficiency slot. Taking both requires a single proficiency slot.

4. At 7th level, a specialty priest of Corellon may cast a powerful version of the *abjure* spell. The priest casts this spell as if he were four levels higher than his actual level. The spell may be cast once per day.

Restrictions/Taboos: None.

Notes

Ceremonial garb for priests of Corellon consists of sky-blue robes made of gossamer and silver circlets worn on the head, quarter moons engraved on the circlets and embroidered on the robes. The circlets and robes are often worn in normal situations, but this by choice and not required.

Specialty priests make up about 30% of the priesthood. They have more status than normal priests, but relations between specialty priests and clerics are excellent. The priests of Corellon are on good terms with the other elfen priests, but they are deadly enemies of the drow goddess Lolth and her priestesses. It was Corellon who drove Lolth from the lands under the sun, and she plots endlessly against the upper-world elves. They are also enemies of Iuz (WG) and his minions, for Iuz is attempting

to drive the elves out of the Vesve Forest.

Corellon is worshiped by the vast majority of the elves, except the drow. His temples are found in rocky areas of natural beauty, always with a special place for viewing the moon and stars. Such temples are rare, however, since the elves are individualistic when it comes to worship. Shrines are more common, but are little more than clearings with a good view of the sky. Corellon is especially popular with mages, musicians, and poets, for he is patron of the arts as well as magic.

Deep Sashelas

Intermediate power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Dolphin

Portfolio: Oceans, sea elves

Worshiper's alignment: NG, CG (sea elves) and sailors (land elves)

Priest's alignment: CG

Requirements: Constitution 12, wisdom 14

Weapons allowed: Dagger/dirk, harpoon, javelin, knife, net, spear, short sword, trident

Armor allowed: None

Required non weapon proficiencies: Swimming

Major spheres: All, Animal, Combat, Divination, Elemental (water), Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Wards

Minor spheres: Guardian, Plant, Weather

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Sashelas may turn undead if the latter are aquatic in nature (lacedons, etc.).

2. A specialty priest of Sashelas can communicate with dolphins, who are trusted friends of the elves.

3. At 5th level, a specialty priest of Sashelas may cast *shark charm*, a variant of the *snake charm* spell that affects up to twice the priest's hit points in sharks. This spell may be cast once per day and may be cast once more for every three additional experience levels of the caster.

4. At 7th level, a specialty priest of Sashelas has the ability to *shape change*, like a druid. The priest may change only into a dolphin up to three times a day, becoming a dolphin in all ways except for his mind.

5. At 12th level, a specialty priest of Sashelas may summon a water elemental, as per the *conjure elemental* spell. He may do so once per week for every level he has over 12th.

Restrictions/Taboos

1. Only water-based spells of the elemental sphere may be used, though priests of sufficient level may use the *transmute* rock to mud spell.

2. Insect-based spells cannot function underwater. *Creeping doom* and *summon swarm* are the exceptions, as the priests have developed variant spells that rely on crustaceans instead of insects.

[Alternatively, see “Undersea Priests” in DRAGON® issue #165 for revised sea-priest spell lists.]

Notes

Deep Sashelas is the primary god of the sea elves and is known as “The Knowledgeable One,” for he provides advice as to where food can be found or where enemies are hidden. Specialty priests and clerics are known as the Ideri, and they hold ceremonies during especially high or low tides. They wear ceremonial armor made of shells and wear Sashelas’s symbol, a dolphin.

Deep Sashelas has many temples among the sea elves and has an organized clerical hierarchy. The temples provide each other with information about the movements of the sahuagin and other enemies. The priests have prevented many sahuagin incursions from succeeding, gaining the latter’s undying hatred. Sashelas’s priests also conduct ritual shark hunts and attack sahuagin communities.

Erevan Ilesere

Lesser power of Olympus/Arvandor, CN
Symbol: A nova star with asymmetrical rays

Portfolio: Change, mischief, thieves

Worshiper’s alignment: Any chaotic and thieves (elves)

Priest’s alignment: CN

Requirements: Wisdom 12, intelligence 12, dexterity 14

Weapons allowed: Blowgun, bows (all), dagger/dirk, dart, knife, lasso, quarter-staff, sling, sword (broad/long/short)

Armor allowed: Leather armor, no shield

Required non weapon proficiencies:

Disguise

Major spheres: All, Astral, Chaos, Charm, Creation, Healing, Protection, Travelers

Minor spheres: Divination, Elemental, Sun

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics plus items usable by thieves

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Erevan has some thieving ability. He starts with the thieving base scores set out on page 29 of the *Player’s Handbook*, with 20 discretionary points to distribute among them. Each time he gains an experience level, another 20 points can be added. A priest of Erevan does not gain other thief-related abilities, such as the backstabbing bonus or scroll use.

2. At 7th level, a specialty priest of Erevan may cast a *chaos spell* (as per the wizard spell) once per day. A specialty priest of Erevan is allowed a saving throw vs. spells when struck by a *chaos spell*.

3. At 14th level, a specialty priest of Erevan may cast a *polymorph any object spell* (as per the wizard spell) once per day.

Restrictions/Taboos

1. A specialty priest of Erevan cannot turn undead, nor can he command them.

2. Specialty priests of Erevan are forbidden to pray in the same place twice, so they commonly pray everywhere except their temple, which is reserved for meetings and the like. Those who break this taboo will lose their spells for a day.

Notes

Priests of Erevan are wild and mischievous, playing tricks on others for the sheer joy of it. Specialty priests are called Tricksters, and they make up about 40% of the priesthood. They wear black leather armor and black caps, though the armor is often concealed by clothing or cloaks.

Erevan’s followers have a number of rivalries, notably with Mask (FR) and Beshaba (FR). They are despised by the followers of Pholtus (WG), who have been embarrassed one too many times by these mischief makers.

Erevan’s followers are a mix of adventurers, priests, and thieves. His temples are few and carefully hidden. There is a loose clerical hierarchy in which each branch is loosely connected to others.

Hanali Celanil

Intermediate power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Heart of gold

Portfolio: Beauty, romantic love

Worshiper’s alignment: Good and neutral alignments: those who enjoy beauty or are in love (elves)

Priest’s alignment: CG

Requirements: Wisdom 12, charisma 16

Weapons allowed: Bow/short, club, dart, flail, lasso, mace, net, sling, staff

Armor allowed: Chain mail (maximum), any shield

Required nonweapon proficiencies: Dancing, herbalism

Major spheres: All, Astral, Charm, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun

Minor spheres: Necromantic, Summoning

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Hanali may turn undead as a cleric.

2. A specialty priest of Hanali may attempt to *charm* (as per the *charm person* spell) individuals of the same race and opposite sex. The priest may attempt this once per day, but if it fails (the victim is allowed a saving throw versus spells) the priest cannot use the *charm* again until the proper offerings and meditations have been made (usually taking two days). The victim is penalized one point on his saving throw for every point of charisma the priest has above 16 (-1 at 17, -2 at 18).

3. An elven worshiper of Hanali who has earned a great gift from her, usually by completing some great quest in Hanali’s name, may be granted an increase of two charisma points with respect to members

of the opposite sex (an elven female with a charisma of 16 would thus have a charisma of 18 with respect to elven males). The increase is permanent and is only granted once during the recipient’s lifetime.

Restrictions/Taboos

Should a specialty priest of Hanali drop below 16 charisma, he must go on a quest in order to keep her favor. If the priest fails, he is cast out of the faith until he regains a charisma of 16 or higher.

Notes

Hanali’s priests are flighty and somewhat vain, given to dancing and wild celebrations. Specialty priests and clerics (who make up 30% of the total number of priests) are known simply as priests, and temple leaders are called high priests. The hierarchy is loosely organized, and priests are free to join or leave the church as they wish.

Priests of Hanali have a preference for things of gold, especially jewelry and statues. They wear robes of gold and wear necklaces with gold hearts on them. Temples of Hanali are bright and beautiful, with fountains and springs all about.

There is an intense rivalry between Hanali’s followers and those of Sune (FR). This is because some elves have chosen to follow Sune instead of Hanali, and this has incurred Hanali’s wrath.

Labelas Enoreth

Intermediate power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Setting sun

Portfolio: Longevity, time

Worshiper’s alignment: N, NG, CG (elves)

Priest’s alignment: CG

Requirements: Wisdom 14, intelligence 14

Weapons allowed: All bludgeoning weapons

Armor allowed: Plate mail and shield, maximum

Required nonweapon proficiencies: Ancient history, reading/writing

Major spheres: All, Astral, Divination, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Sun, Thought, Time

Minor spheres: Charm, Guardian

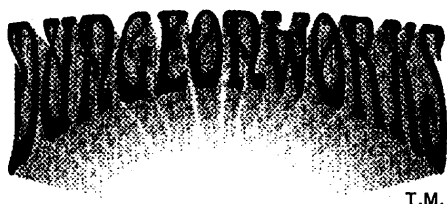
Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

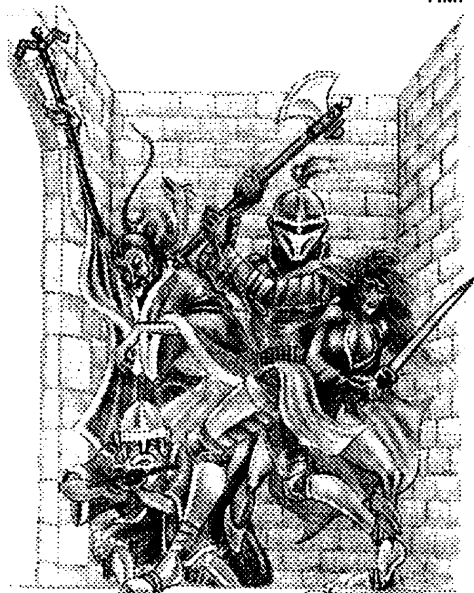
1. A specialty priest of Labelas can accurately determine the time of day, within the hour, and will know exactly what day of the year it is, regardless of the priest’s circumstances.

2. A specialty priest of Labelas receives a saving throw vs. spells against spells or attacks that affect age or time (for example, a *slow spell* or the aging attack of a ghost).

3. At 6th level, a specialty priest of Labelas may cast a *slow spell* once per day. He may cast another *slow spell* for every five experience levels he has.



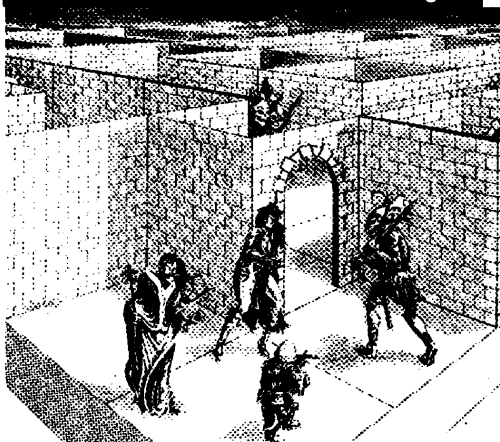
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4. At 8th level, a specialty priest of Labelas may cast a haste spell once per day. An additional haste spell is granted for every four experience levels of the caster.

5. A specialty priest of Labelas may turn undead as a cleric.

Restrictions/Taboos

1. A specialty priest of Labelas must pray every day at sunset. If he does not do so, he loses 1-4 of his spells, selected at random, the following day.

2. Priests of Labelas are the keepers of elven history and lore, and are charged with searching for hidden facts of the past. They must compile and protect such sacred knowledge.

Notes

Only about 20% of Labelas' priests are specialists, but there is little rivalry since they are considered equals. Both specialists and clerics are called Lorists, for most of them are historians who gather knowledge about elvenkind's past. Historians or not, all who follow Labelas are lovers of history, and his temples always have libraries for elves and others to peruse.

Lorists wear robes of light gray and worship in small groves by their main temple. Such worship occurs at sunset every day. When in battle, priests wear the setting sun symbol of Labelas on their armor and shields.

Lolth

Intermediate power of the Abyss, CE

Symbol: Spider

Portfolio: Drow

Worshiper's alignment: Any evil alignment (drow)

Priest's alignment: CE

Requirements: Wisdom 14

Weapons allowed: Dagger/dirk, hand crossbow, javelin, mace, short sword

Armor allowed: Chain mail and buckler

Required non weapon proficiencies:

Reading/writing, religion

Major spheres: All, Astral, Chaos, Combat, Divination, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning

Minor spheres: Creation, Sun (reverse only), Wards

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Lolth may command undead as a cleric.

2. A specialty priest of Lolth can communicate with spiders of all kinds, and spiders will never harm her in any way.

3. At 5th level, a specialty priest of Lolth may cast a *web* (as per the wizard spell) once per day.

4. At 7th level, a specialty priest of Lolth may cast a *summon shadow* spell (as per the wizard spell) once per day.

5. At 10th level, a specialty priest of Lolth can summon 2-8 giant spiders once per day. They will appear in 1-3 rounds and will obey the priest fully.

Restrictions/Taboos: None.

Notes

Lolth is a dark goddess worshipped by the majority of drow. Temples dedicated to her can be found in every drow city. Her influence is strong, and her temples are one of the few organized parts of drow society. The church is matriarchal in nature, so few male drow achieve positions of authority within the hierarchy. About 85% of Lolth's priests are specialists, and 90% of all her priests are female. Relations are strained between the specialists and clerics, and isolated clashes occur between them.

The priests of Lolth hate all upper-world elves and plot against them continually.

They particularly despise those elves who are priests of Corellon. Corellon defeated Lolth and drove her from the upper-world, and her priests have not forgotten it.

Priests of Lolth wear tunics of red and black and wear helms. Jewelry worn by the priests consists of spider medallions and other spider designs, all made of platinum. Her temples are always underground, usually made of marble. The architecture is spiderlike in design and is both beautiful and horrifying.

Rillifane Rallathil

Intermediate power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG

Symbol: Oak tree

Portfolio: Nature, wood elves

Worshiper's alignment: N, NG, CN, CG (wood elves)

Priest's alignment: CG

Requirements: Wisdom 14, charisma 14

Weapons allowed: Bows (all), dagger/dirk, knife, mace, spear, sword (long/short)

Armor allowed: Scale mail and shield, maximum

Required nonweapon proficiencies: Animal lore, herbalism

Major spheres: All, Animal, Combat, Creation, Elemental, Healing, Plant, Sun

Minor spheres: Charm, Divination, Protection

Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Rillifane may identify animals, plants, and pure water with perfect accuracy.

2. A specialty priest of Rillifane may *speak with forest animals* at will.

3. At 3rd level, a specialty priest of Rillifane may *pass without trace* at will. Furthermore, he may pass through overgrown areas at his normal movement rate.

4. At 7th level, a specialty priest of Rillifane may *shape change* into a bird, mammal, or reptile up to three times a day. Each animal form can be used once per day (see the druid class for details).

Restrictions/Taboos

1. A specialty priest of Rillifane cannot have a permanent residence within the walls of a city.
2. A specialty priest of Rillifane cannot turn undead.
3. A specialty priest of Rillifane cannot *shape change* while wearing metal armor, though leather armor can be worn (it will magically be discarded whole).

Notes

Specialty priests and normal clerics of Rillifane are known simply as priests, and in ceremonies wear armor made of bark and laurel wreaths. Dark green dyes are rubbed into the armor to show rank within the church (the darkest is for the high priests). Rillifane's temples are actually huge oak trees with platforms built in the branches. The hierarchy is organized regionally, generally keeping to itself and helping its fellow elves. In times of war, however, the leaders of each region unite the tribes into a single force. Specialist priests make up 30% of the clerical hierarchy.

All priests of Rillifane have great hatred for the priests of Malar (FR), for Malar's followers sometimes make elves the object of their hunts. They clash often with the forces of Iuz (WG), for Iuz seeks to destroy the wood elves of the Vesve Forest.

Solonor Thelandira

Lesser power of Olympus/Arvandor, CG
Symbol: Silver arrow with green fletching
Portfolio: Archery, hunting
Worshiper's alignment: Any good or neutral alignment (elves)
Priest's alignment: CG
Requirements: Wisdom 12, dexterity 14
Weapons allowed: Bows (all), dagger/dirk, hand axe, knife, sling, spear
Armor allowed: Chain mail (maximum), no shield
Required nonweapon proficiencies:
 Bowyer/fletcher, hunting, tracking
Major spheres: All, Animal, Combat, Healing, Protection, Summoning
Minor spheres: Divination, Elemental, Necromantic, Plant
Magical items allowed: Same as clerics

Granted powers

1. A specialty priest of Solonor gains a +2 bonus when using the bowyer/fletcher and hunting nonweapon proficiencies. In addition, he has the tracking ability of a ranger (no penalty, +1 modifier for every three levels).
2. A specialty priest of Solonor gains a +2 attack bonus when using any bow.
3. A specialty priest of Solonor has the ability to move silently and hide in shadows as a ranger (*PHB*, page 29). He can move silently even while wearing elven chain mail (no penalty modifier). He is also hard to track (-3 penalty to find the priest's tracks).
4. A worshiper of Solonor who distin-

guishes himself in some extraordinary way may be given an *arrow of slaying* of the normal sort, designed to slay the type of creature -that is the recipient's greatest enemy at that particular time. This gift can be received only once in each elf's lifetime.

Restrictions/Taboos

A specialty priest of Solonor cannot turn undead.

Notes

Temples of Solonor can be found deep in the forest, carefully hidden with guarded paths. In ceremonies, priests of Solonor wear elven chain mail with cloaks of silver and hoods of green, though in normal situations green cloaks are worn instead of silver. Specialty priests of Solonor are known as Hunters, and they wear silver medallions with a stag's head on them (stags are sacred to Solonor). Rangers are part of the church hierarchy, as Solonor is the patron of elven rangers and hunters. The church makes use of clerics, rangers, and hunters in a ratio of 40/30/30 (specialty priests make up 40% of all of Solonor's clerics). Relations between these groups are excellent, and Solonor's priests are on good terms with those of Rillifane.

Priests of Solonor are deadly enemies of those who worship Malar (FR), as the latter sometimes hunt elves and the sacred stags. Often the priests of Solonor join

forces with the priests of Rillifane and even with druids in order to wipe out Malar's followers.

Ω

Letters

Continued from page 5

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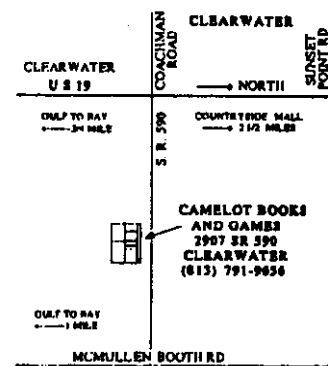
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If You Need Help— Ask the Drow!

by Ed Greenwood and Steven E. Schend

"Good eve, gentlemen. Thy workspace, Steven, appears to have taken on shades of Elminster's."

The silky-soft voice startled us from our reverie. No matter how much you prepare for the nocturnal entrances of archmages, they nearly always surprise you. Another late night found us buried in the lore of the deepest dungeon of them all, examining a worn copy of the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set, with scribbles and notes of our own, and a copy of the FORGOTTEN REALMS® source book FOR2 *The Draw of the Underdark*, with notes on that which applies to Undermountain. Our hauntingly beautiful guide, Laeral, appeared unexpectedly (as usual), settled into the best chair in our office, and took up a small glass of cola.

Twirling her drink, Laeral smiled faintly. "'Twould seem that thy writings on Undermountain are powerful indeed; at least, they are not slow to attract more

adventurers to plumb the depths and secrets of the place. Alas, many are simply fresh prey, falling before the ever-hungry monsters of the Underhalls or to Halaster's cruel humor. Though I am loathe to reveal all of the secrets of the Dark Halls, thou and thy readers need to be aided by news of beneficial places within this dungeon's sanguinary confines."

Something seemed amiss with Laeral. Not that we minded hearing her lovely voice, but she was being direct and clear, which a Northern mage of power rarely is, in her telling of Undermountain's legends. In any case, Laeral spun a tale of a burgeoning force for good near Skullport from a most unexpected quarter—a drow temple! We hereby present the secrets of Eilistraee's temple, often known to her faithful—the Chosen—as the Promenade of the Dark Maiden.

The Promenade

The temple complex, also known as Eilistraee's Promenade, occupies the large ruined city east and north of Skullport (and to the west and south of the Eye's lair). Its appearance has changed slightly from the Level Three South map included in the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set, the interior caverns altered by Eilistraee's worshipers to suit the dark-elven goddess of goodness, beauty, and delight. Eilistraee is the patron goddess of those drow who yearn for a return to the surface world and peaceful coexistence with others, not a life of intrigues, endless feuds, and wars with all non-drow. (For more information on her, see FOR2 *Drow of the Underdark*.)

The drow females who have dedicated themselves to the worship of Eilistraee typically establish her temples in the mouths of dark caverns and in dim forests on the surface world, venturing forth at night to brave the moonlight. It is rare for clergy of Eilistraee to found a temple below the surface, even one so close to the world above. The history of the temple, which follows, tells something of why the

Promenade was founded in Undermountain, near the infamous lawlessness of Skullport.

Drow who raid or trade with the surface world have always found their way to near-surface trading settlements throughout the Realms, and Skullport is no exception. Among these drow are always a few misfits, both outcasts and those who secretly long for a life of peace and richness in the vast, fabled lands of light. These are the drow who, if they hear her song or the haunting call of her hunting horn, often turn to Eilistraee, also called the Dark Maiden, Lady of the Dance, and Lady Silverhair.

The ruined city housing the temple complex has revealed few of its secrets to those currently dwelling there, nor have the settlers been inclined to delve deeply into its past, being too preoccupied with their present work. The number of races living in harmony within the temple is



Undermountain revisited: the Promenade of Eilistraee

representative of the surface Realms. Many of the temple's faithful are escaped slaves who braved the River Sargauth's terrors rather than the lash of a Calishite slave driver, and they fled here to the protection of Eilistraee's worshipers. Some of the higher-placed guards and skilled craftsmen are former adventurers who chose to remain here rather than explore the depths of Undermountain.

Cavern A (see the map) is the current area under development, with the temple workers busy clearing away the rubble of the centuries as well as the excavated material from Cavern B. In general, the buildings on the western side of the cavern serve as quarters for many of the workers. Being two to three stories tall each, with stone stairs carved into the southern or eastern walls for access to the upper stories, these buildings can house four to six families or groups of workers each. The exits leading west out of Cavern A have been temporarily been sealed with rubble and protection spells, preventing any dangers from entering from Skullport or the other caverns.

After six months, the workers have cleared away the rubble in the streets of Cavern A and demolished the buildings adjacent to Eilistraee's Mound (A1). The mound itself has been painstakingly tended by several of the dwarven workers, its slopes smoothed and its jagged peak carved into a beautiful representation of Eilistraee (the statue is actually a likeness of Qilue Veladorn, the high priestess of the temple, the most beautiful of all her worshipers). The mound now rises 30' above the floor of the cavern at its peak; the statue's head comes within 40' of the cavern ceiling and faces east over Cavern B, the Cavern of Song.

Cavern B is totally devoid of its former architecture. Using powerful magicks and a legion of summoned earth and water elementals, the temple elders destroyed any lasting remnants of the former city. The rubble from the buildings was then either removed, *disintegrated*, or ground into tiny pebbles and rock dust to cover the cavern floor. New tunnels were carved to provide easier access to Caverns C, D, and the Hall of Healing. A variety of spores and fungi have been cultivated on the floor of this cavern, creating a soft, slightly luminous covering. The southern leg of the cavern slopes down and ends in a magically generated spring that supplies the temple with fresh water.

The cavern's ceiling rises to a height of 100' and causes a peculiar phenomenon. In the other caverns, there is a standard background echo of sound; in this cavern, there is never an echo at all, save when the congregation raises its voices in song and a ringing comes from the upper walls and ceiling in harmony with the song. The dwarves claim the cause might be a unique crystal that reverberates with the pitch of the song, but they cannot explain the existence of such crystals.

Cavern C is the priestesses' ward of the Promenade. This cavern was the first to be restored into living quarters. The four-story building carved into the cavern's eastern wall is the domicile of the high priestess, her consort, and her family. Its stepped terraces are kept well illuminated by glowing lichens and softly lit *glow-globes* of green and blue hues. The two-story central building constitutes the temple's house for honored guests; the larder is well stocked with foods from all across the Realms, and its halfling cook, Meryl Vyrmoth, can prepare nearly any dish imaginable (Laeral particularly recommended the roast cockatrice in mushroom sauce). The other domiciles are occupied by the other Dark Ladies (priestesses), Maids (acolytes and aspirants to the clergy who wish to join the temple or who have not yet attained full priesthood), and the temple's lay servants. Visitors who want to keep a low profile are usually taken to rooms deep in this warren of caves, buildings, and winding passages. More than one curious visitor has discovered that the Maids sometimes spy on visitors from many secret passages that entwine about the quarters.

Cavern D has been fully restored. Its southern and western buildings serving as guards' barracks, and its remaining buildings are storehouses and armories with living quarters on the upper levels.

To the north of the caverns is the Hall of Healing. This long-sealed place was once dedicated to the evil god Moander, but the heavily armed Chosen who broke into it found only dust, the ashes of burnt tapestries, and a smashed altar in the form of a huge cupped hand. The hand was black with many years of sacrifice, and it appeared that the shield-sized eye in its palm had once been living—but on its riven, twisted remains had been lain a golden symbol of Tyr, Lord of Justice. Some unknown band of adventurers had laid low the power of Moander the Undying, when Qilue Veladorn was yet young and the defeat of Ghaunadaur still a fresh and terrible thing (Ghaunadaur is detailed in FOR2 *The Drow of the Underdark*).

The Chosen cleansed the hall with the most powerful magic they could muster, destroying all traces of Moander. The symbol of Tyr they kept in honor, with Eilistraee's full approval, and it now hangs above the stricken who are brought here. The hall was chosen to serve as a sick-nursery, for the care and tending of the temple's wounded as well as those unfortunates who suffered from the dangers of the Under Halls and were rescued by the Dark Ladies. A fixed one-way *teleport* spot from level six delivers adventurers and an infrequent monster to the northwestern corner passage north of the Hall itself. The temple will heal any who come here, offering the hand of friendship oft denied to those of the Shunned Races.

The hall is tended at all times by a lesser priestess (C3-5) and two acolytes (C1). The

western end of the hall has been altered to function as a bath; the lower length of the hall is occupied by 12 beds along the walls. The priestesses occupy the rooms to the east just outside the hall; despite any reaction they receive, outside of violence, the priestesses will be kind and courteous to any who are brought to them. After the patient is well, he is taken to the priestesses' ward and housed in a guest house of his station. The price for these services can be simple, like one new song for the worshipers to sing in praise of their deity, or one day's work for each day spent in the hall and at the temple. Supplies or gems are also readily accepted, though frowned upon as helpful only for the followers and doing little to "benefit the Lady."

Eilistraee's worship

The day-to-day worship of Eilistraee, as practiced by the faithful of the Promenade, is a mixture of practical works and devotions. The pragmatic work consists of food-growing and temple-building chores, patrolling the temple caverns and passages, and practicing diplomacy designed to influence events beyond the immediate temple area. This diplomacy includes dealings with those of Waterdeep and Skullport, and face-to-face negotiations with worshipers of Eilistraee, merchants, adventurers, and representatives of other drow communities. The Chosen of Eilistraee work tirelessly to further the Lady's aims toward the peaceful co-existence of drow with other races of the Realms, and the return of the dark elves in strength to dwell in the surface Realms—and to fulfill her commandments about preventing the return of Ghaunadaur. Unlike many other temples, this practical work takes precedence over rituals.

The Promenade does observe "cycles" (days measured by the light of the moon, not the sun). A cycle begins with an informal gathering of all ranks and races within the temple for bathing and chatter. At length, Qilue or the ranking priestess present will conjure *moonfire* (see the following) and begin the Charge, the opening recitation for many rituals of the Promenade clergy; all full priestesses join in. The Charge is heard by many in Skullport, if only as a rising and falling murmur echoing eerily from afar to the river barge or dark passage where they happen to be.

Councils, among the Chosen of Eilistraee, are always secular and free-speaking meetings: Secular and business affairs are discussed plainly, all priestesses having an equal voice regardless of rank. The Council is chaired by Qilue or the senior priestess present, but informality and candor are the order of the day.

The Council is closed by a prayer to Eilistraee made by the chair-priestess, and the Chosen then disperse to begin their daily work. After four hours of work, all priestesses and aspirants not engaged in essential work gather in the Cavern of

Song for the Grand Chorus.

This is the central, grandest daily ritual of worship to the Lady: an ongoing celebration of vocal music. A senior priestess always leads the Chorus with an overriding theme or melody.

The Chorus always brings into being shafts of sparkling moonlight in the underground passages and caverns of the Promenade, as well as in various locations elsewhere in Undermountain. These flow spontaneously into view, sparkling and glowing brighter as they reflect the fervor and emotion of the worshipers and the

favor of Eilistraee. Their locations vary but, if they stretch far enough to meet with natural moonlight filtering down from the surface world (through the Seacaves, for instance), Eilistraee's power allows her priestesses and all beings or items they are touching, wearing, or carrying to gain a special power. If these priestesses so wish, they can be instantly transported along the webs of moonlight to any place that the moonlight reaches. If the moonlight is broken or ends, travel stops at that point. Such travel is otherwise entirely safe and requires no magic

to be cast.

The Chorus is followed by a brief rest period, then the priestesses practice dance and song until a senior priestess wanders about the Promenade, singing "The Call to Eilistraee," a haunting melody that draws all the Faithful back to the Cavern of Song (Cavern B). There, the priestess launches into the Charge to open another, shorter Council. Afterward, the priestesses disperse to take their evening meals in small, informal, ever-changing "tables" (eating groups that don't necessarily involve a table) about the temple area.

This is followed by a play-and-work period in which all of the faithful do repair work, storage, food preparation, and the like until they end the cycle by taking to their beds. During this time, the Chosen make their most important prayers of the day: the personal, solitary Flame Songs.

A priestess performs a Flame Song when moved to do so, dancing around a candle or other flame. The song to the goddess is personal, taking any form desired, and ends when the flame dies. It is the height of rudeness for a priestess to deliberately interrupt the Flame Song of another; outsiders and nonbelievers are usually forgiven for their ignorance. Priestesses often try to find an alcove or passage where they can be alone to make a Flame Song. A visitor to the Promenade at this time can hear the eerily beautiful echoes of half-a-dozen or more of these solos at once, drifting down various passages and in side caverns and rooms.

Moonfire

All full priestesses of Eilistraee gain the power to conjure *moonfire* by a silent act of will, once per day for every experience level they possess. In rare circumstances, males who worship Eilistraee—or beings without any priestly powers who work to further Eilistraee's aims and need her visible blessing and support (or just some light)—will temporarily manifest *moonfire*. Such manifestations are at the will of the goddess; the lucky recipient has no control over the duration, intensity, and location of the radiance.

Priestesses can conjure controlled *moonfire*. It can range from a faint glow to a clear, bright (but not blinding) light, and it varies in hue as desired, including blue-white, soft green, white, and silver. It cannot equal or exceed full sunlight ("daylight") for purposes of fighting undead, but it serves as a source of light for reading, finding one's way, and attracting others to a desired location. *Moonfire* does equal the strongest moonlight for natural and magical purposes. Each manifestation of *moonfire* can last for one round per level of the priestess. Concentration is not required to maintain it, but it can be ended at any time by the summoner or by any application of *dispel magic* or darkness (which the *moonfire* negates during its own destruction).

Moonfire always appears to emanate



Artwork by Bob Giadrosich

from some part of the body of the priestess manifesting it, but it can move about as the user wills. Priestesses of 4th level or higher can cause *moonfire* to move away from their bodies altogether, drifting about in the manner akin to *dancing lights*. *Moonfire* moves about the manifest-er's body as rapidly as desired, but when no longer in contact with the manifest-er it can drift in any direction (and through the tiniest openings) at a rate of up to 40' per round. *Moonfire* can fill as large or small an area as the manifest-er desires, up to the volume limits of one cubic foot per level.

Elminster reports that he and many other wizards, in the days when Myth Drannor was hearty and proud, re-searched a *moonfire* spell. It was a second-level spell and produced only a single manifestation of radiance. In all other respects, the spell's results were identical to the powers of the priestesses of Eilistraee.

The great mission

Contrary to the norm, the Chosen worship Eilistraee from Undermountain, rarely coming to the surface world to worship as do standard clergy of the Dark Maiden. The priestesses of the Promenade do all the work for good that regular clergy of Eilistraee do (including healing and protecting injured adventurers of all races) and encourage trade and drow travel between the surface and deep Realms. Still, they keep their temple beneath the surface, allowing themselves only brief missions and pilgrimages "to the moon" (the moonlit surface lands). They remain in one spot, altering it to their needs (also unusual for clergy of Eilistraee, who tend to live in harmony with their surroundings, leaving few traces of their passage or habitation) because of the great mission.

Priestesses of the Promenade tell the tale of the mission like this (Laeral assures us that the priestesses cleave close to the truth but leave some important things unsaid): Nigh a thousand winters ago, Eilistraee herself—a 9'-tall drow maiden of wild and dazzling beauty—appeared to Qilue Veladorn, then only a child. She commanded Qilue to gather her fellow children from their play, take weapons that the goddess would provide, and aid drow who were in dire need nearby. Eilistraee provided *singing swords* to those who responded to Qilue's call, these weapons being magical *bastard swords* + 3 (fully detailed in FR4 *The Magister*) that remain precious relics of the temple today.

Qilue obeyed and rallied her playmates, moving about while clad in a shifting and flickering silver radiance, the power of her goddess. She gathered her friends from part of the now-vanished drow settlement of Buiyrandyn, a small, poor gathering of drow families too small to be considered a city. Qilue led the ragtag band of children in an attack on an unholy temple where all manner of slithering,

oozing, and creeping creatures were worshipping a great and loathsome tentacled thing.

Qilue went while shining with her goddess's silver light like a bright beacon, and the bravest drow younglings stayed with her. Where their swords touched the oozing, shifting masses, the creatures shuddered and drew back. For long, weary hours, the young drow cut their way through the undulating masses until Qilue reached the central pit where the gigantic thing quivered and hissed.

There, she flung aside her sword like a blazing torch, and her body burst forth with roaring silver flames. She flung herself upon the massive thing and embraced it—and its flesh melted away, burning with horrible roiling smoke. Frantically, it howled and gestured until a swirling iris of shimmering force coalesced in the air above it. It quickly drew what remained of its blackened, scorched bulk into this opening—and was gone.

As Qilue stood triumphant in that awful place, all the remaining creatures burrowed frantically down into the earth beneath that foul pit. With them went glowing, many-tentacled symbols and black blades of gigantic, inhuman design, among other arcane devices. Qilue went to every hole and slime trail they left behind, and fire blazed forth from her that melted rock to seal off the ways down. When she was done, the light faded from her and she fell as if dead—and the voice of Eilistraee was heard by the other drow, telling them that they had defeated the abomination of Ghaunadaur that day.

"One defeat was simply that," Eilistraee continued, saying Ghaunadaur would attempt to take swift and terrible revenge if they allowed it to return to its place of greatest power. Eilistraee's words are still remembered: "You must take a stand here close to the surface world, for a mighty city of humans shall rise above, and you must be ever vigilant against the return of Ghaunadaur. If you are to make peace with humankind and your surface elven kin, this place is best suited for you."

The Chosen's first act was to seal off this unholy place, eventually triggering the rockfall that almost completely filled the former place of Ghaunadaur. Qilue, when she recovered, had lost the special fires of the Lady but was marked with a wisdom and a grasp of magic from that day forth. She quickly became the first—and thus far only—high priestess of the Chosen. At first, the drow dwelt in wandering bands in the area, resisting permanent habitations and contact with others. Their armed, vigilant tours in the caverns around the sealed Pit of Ghaunadaur were mockingly called "promenades" by other dark elves, but they proudly took that term for their own.

Change has slowly been forced upon Eilistraee's Chosen. Over the years, those of the Promenade have endured many skirmishes with hostile drow, other races

of the Underdark (including illithids and orcs), and adventurers who always seem to assume that they are evil menaces. The infrequent raiding bands of all races coming from Waterdeep or Skullport kept the Chosen alert, and the increasing battles with oozes, jellies, and slithering monsters of unusual size and power made it clear that a strong, permanent presence was essential. The Chosen knew they would often need the guidance and aid of Eilistraee to prevail. Two years ago, the faithful of the Promenade began to construct their temple complex, much to the concern of some neighbors in nearby Skullport.

The Dark Ladies of the temple are all masters of both combat and negotiation, defending their complex against many forces and outside influences, and gathering whatever aid possible from kindred spirits. They particularly need adventurers who can help them keep in contact with fellow worshipers of Eilistraee on the surface world, and they are willing to pay well for such services in fine gems. Adventurers who blunder into or deliberately approach the Promenade will not be attacked outright unless they attack the Chosen; the priestesses are always looking for new worshipers of the Lady. Adventurers who are willing to act for the temple for hire are also needed, even if such people worship other gods. Those who "consort with the Dark Ladies" are not well received or well liked in Skullport, though the Lords of Waterdeep, at least, understand and approve.

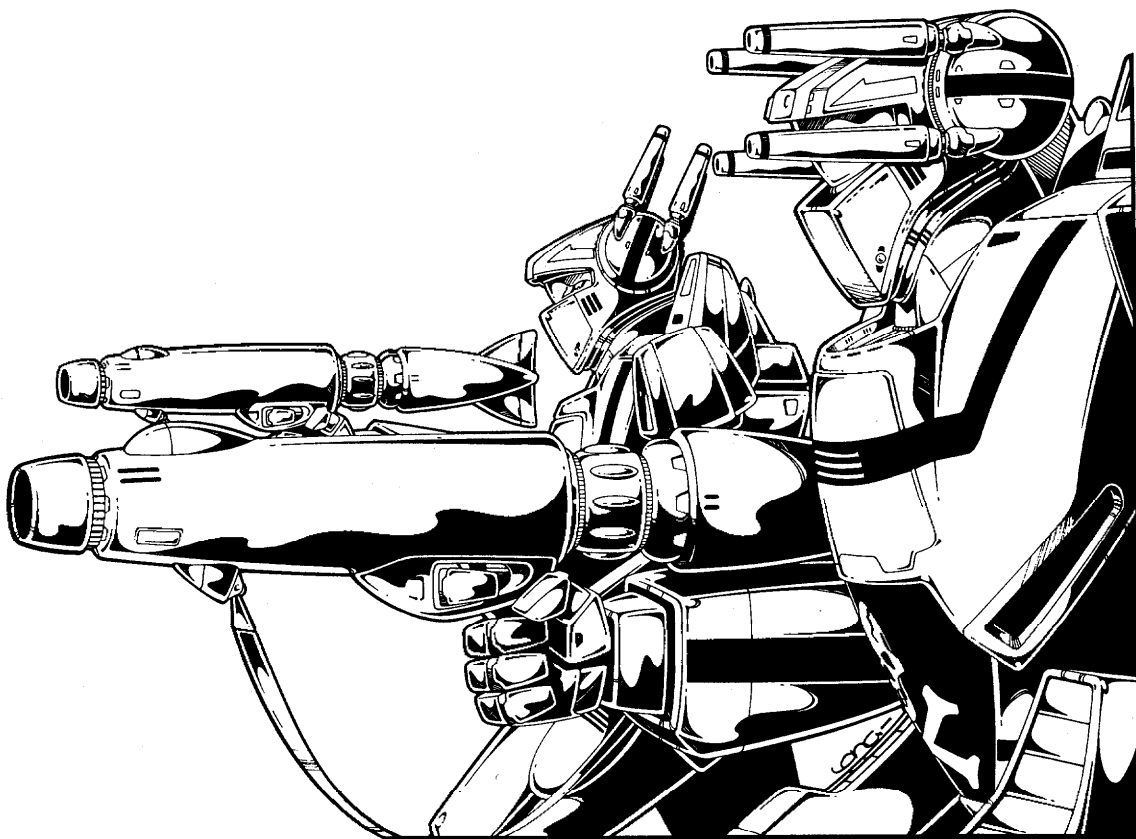
Protectors of the song

Over the past two years of the temple's existence, there has been an increasing need for guardians to keep back both the monsters of the deep and beings no less dangerous emigrating from Skullport. The current garrison of temple guards consists of 24 drow (nine females), nine dwarves, 27 humans (12 females), and four halflings. Commanding these varied troops are the consort of the high priestess and his lieutenant, each described later.

The forces are split into four guard shifts of six hours each, with 16 guards on duty at all times. Guard posts are marked on the map with circled numbers that indicate the number of guards during a normal shift. Posts seemingly out in the open along the river are usually held by drow guards, who can easily hide in shadows to avoid detection. The guards are generally 2nd-level fighters, though there are some special guards (10 of the drow, eight of the humans, and three dwarves have 1d6 + 2 experience levels), including two halfling psionics of 3rd and 5th level. The guards are generally garbed in chain mail or leather armor with shields, and they wield long swords, short bows, and hand and battle axes as weapons of choice.

The greatest relics of the temple are the *singing swords* granted to the temple

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faithful by Eilistraee. In very rare and unusual circumstances, priestesses will loan—but never give—one of the *singing swords* to someone who will aid them in a crucial and dangerous mission. If something befalls a swordbearer beyond the reach of the temple clergy, adventurers are typically hired to retrieve the relic. It is said that the Lady keeps watch over anyone carrying one of her blades, and if the bearer is not faithful or at least sympathetic to her, she directs her followers by sending both the bearer's appearance and warning dreams to them.

The faithful

Abbreviated character entries for some of the most important characters of the Promenade are given here for the DM's convenience. Specialized powers and restrictions of priestesses of Eilistraee can be found in FOR2 *The Drow of the Underdark*. Details on the inhabitants of Skullport may be found in the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set and in "Seeing the Sights in Skullport," in DRAGON® issue #172.

The faithful of the Promenade have strained relations (i.e., armed hostility) with most of the more-traveled inhabitants of Skullport (Gildar Blackthrone, for example). A notable exception is Ithlyn of the Five Fingers, who acts as their go-between and surface contact without charging fees.

Qilue Veladorn, High Priestess of the Promenade, Chosen of the Chosen: AL CG; AC 6; MV 12; drow female P16; hp 92; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type (dagger, long sword, or *singing sword*); S 14, D 18, C 16, I 17, W 17, Ch 18.

Qilue is strikingly beautiful. She stands 6' tall, has silver hair that reaches almost to her ankles, and customarily wears a robe (powers, if any, unknown) that flickers with a shifting, silvery glow. She customarily carries a blast *septer* (detailed in the Campaign Guide to Undermountain, page 113, in the *Ruins of Undermountain* boxed set) and can summon an unsheathed *singing sword* into her hand at will. Qilue has a firm, commanding, yet warm manner and is usually gentle and encouraging in her speech and dealings. She has a mischievous streak, however (often betrayed by an uplifted eyebrow), and there are persistent rumors that she is linked to the Harpers.

Elkantar Iluim, Right Hand of the Lady: AL NG; AC -2 (7); MV 12; drow male F11; hp 89; THAC0 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (dagger, long sword, or *singing sword*); S 17, D 17, C 16, I 15, W 15, Ch 15; wears black, drowlike (but of surface elven make) *elven chain mail* +4.

Qilues consort commands the Protectors of the Song, the Promenade's temple guards. He is a proud, graceful, sleek drow who exults in acrobatic combat, the love of Qilue, and the growth of the Promenade. He hates to look foolish and dislikes

using missile weapons, preferring to close hand-to-hand with a foe.

Elkantar is devoted to Qilue and will do anything—even die—for her. He is a careful, masterful tactician and a crafty guard commander. Many are the adventurers who thought they'd won past a temple guard undetected, only to find themselves in an ambush. Elkantar isn't eager to attack intruders without first finding out who or what they are, and why they've come, but he can be considered fearless if encountered within the temple. The Protectors revere and obey him unhesitatingly (a Protector *charmed* and ordered to attack or confine Elkantar, for example, should be awarded an immediate saving throw to throw off the *charm*). He holds grudges and never forgets a face but is also a staunch ally who won't hesitate to plunge into danger to aid a friend or a stranger who has aided him or fellow drow of the temple.

Arrikett Uruth, Hand of the Protectors: AL CG; AC 9 (10); MV 12 (6); halfling male F9; hp 51; THAC0 12; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (dagger, short sword, or drow hand crossbow); S 16, D 15, C 14, I 14, W 14, Ch 14.

This bristling, brawling, snarling subcommander of the temple guard behaves more like a dwarf than the halfling he is, probably because he has dwarven blood in his recent ancestry (infravision and direction-sensing abilities mark his halfling descent as Stoutish). Arrikett is belligerent, brawny, and a head taller than most halflings. He customarily wears tattered, battered clothes, a *girdle of storm giant strength*, and *boots of striding and springing*. He scorns armor. If convinced of the need, Arrikett will grudgingly don a halfling-sized suit of *chain mail* + 1, but nothing will make him use any sort of helm or shield.

In battle, Arrikett wields a *short sword of quickness* and daggers (he has at least five hidden about his person at all times). He has adopted the drow "handbow" hand crossbow, with which he fires non-poisoned bolts (1-3 hp damage each, range 60 yards) but is just as happy hurling rocks (with which he gains the standard halfling + 1 attack bonus).

Arrikett is often moved to tears by the beauty of the temple songs, but he is really more at home in a rollicking good fight. He is the guard commander most likely to be met on "wide patrols," scouting the passages and caverns of Undermountain farthest from the Promenade, at the head of 6-8 drow and human soldiers (equally divided among sexes).

Iljrene Ahhruyn, Hand of the Protectors: AL NG; AC 1 (8); MV 12; drow female F7/P7; hp 44; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type (long sword); S 16, D 16, C 15, I 15, W 17, Ch 16; *elven chain mail* +2 (surface-elf make)

The only powerful priestess of the

Promenade to also be a subcommander in the Protectors, Iljrene is a drow of deceptively soft, cuddly looks. She customarily conceals her armor beneath high-fashion gowns and sometimes goes into Skullport with a basket over one slim arm to buy sundries (with backup guards shadowing her from behind, in case she needs aid). Few in Skullport bother her these days, since she became known as the slayer of a Hired Horror who presumed too much apparent weakness in her.

Iljrene collects stuffed toys and dolls, has been known to squeal with delight at a gift, joke, or flowery compliment, and can be embarrassingly affectionate. Those who mistake this "little girl" act for weakness often don't live long enough to regret it. In battle, she seems immune to pain, her wits lighting-fast and her icy calm unshakable. Piergeiron, Lord of Waterdeep, once called her "the most dangerous battlemaster I have ever laid eyes on in all Toril."

The latest news

Some in Skullport, who know nothing of the Chant of the Chosen, whisper that the odd noise often heard shows that there must be some sinister powers active nearby, perhaps seeking to rise up and overwhelm intruders in its dark domain. This theory derives from the steadily growing numbers of jellies, oozes, gelatinous cubes, and similar creatures in the caverns around Skullport. Skullport has begun the quarterly chore of arranging concerted "burn hunts" to eradicate the disgusting horrors.

Molheeruae, a mid-level priestess of the Promenade, has been disturbing many supplicants by telling them of a hidden cult of Ghaunadaur in Waterdeep. Qilue dismisses this rumor, but Molheeruae insists on its existence, swearing she'll get proof—by destroying the cult in the near future.

Arrikett and a handful of his guards recently raided the Lair of the Eye, freeing 12 captive adventurers and returning with them to the temple. All 12 are being tended in the Hall of Healing. The Eye has sworn to get revenge on the halfling and the temple; temple guard details have increased in anticipation of an attack.

Three horribly wounded adventurers made their way into the Promenade, seeking shelter and healing. After two days of healing and rest, they gave their names as Shasslan Timtrane (F12, CG human female), Crommlar Muirel (C10 of Tempus, CN human male), and Tanagost Arletoll (M8 CG human male), and claimed to be members of the Hunt, a company formerly based out of Selgaunt. They were separated from their comrades in Myth Drannor two months ago when they were *teleported* to deep within Undermountain. They currently plan a return to the surface world, needing only a safe boat to get them through the Seacaves.

Various sources who travel the Sargauth report that a lone dwarf sometimes ap-

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pears in a cleft in the rock wall along the western shore, just north of the Eye's lair. It is impossible to stop at the area due to the swift currents, but those traveling south and east never report seeing him. Those who've seen the dwarf describe him as standing alone with the bright glint of gold aplenty shining through a crack in the rock behind him.

There is an unidentified male human making numerous inquiries about Iljrene around Skullport since he arrived three weeks ago. He has recently purchased five "claws" of zombies (20 zombies with five juju zombie controllers); their use to him is unknown.

Adventurers are being hired in Skullport and in the Dock Ward of Waterdeep to serve as caravan guards to protect the goods of the Pasha Kyel of Calimshan. The goods arrive on ship into Skullport and must be taken through the Seacaves, loaded onto wagons, and escorted to Luskan. Rumors abound of the cargo, and it has sparked the attentions and interests of even the most reserved illithid in Skullport.

There is a recent unexplained influx of heavily armed drow patrols into the Port of Shadows. The priestesses and soldiers are notoriously close-mouthed about their intentions but seem to be planning on staying awhile.

A lone poleman from a river barge survived a swim in the Sargauth, paddling his way back to Skullport. His barge was set aflame when one of the polemen prodded a large, bobbing sphere of metal in the water. The sphere spun around and trained riveted, hinged eyestalks on the boat. The central eye spewed a blast of fire, the smaller eyes emitting various rays of lighting and cold. The blasts set the barge aflame and killed all aboard save the one. He escaped while the "artificial beholder" fed on the remains of his comrades.

A waitress of the Deepfires returned to her rooms recently, hysterically screaming about something she saw in the river. She had gone downstream to bathe in relative peace; as she lay in the water, a body rose out of it near her. It was man-sized, with black-scaled skin, enormous milky-white eyes like a cave fish, and a silver dorsal fin from its head to the small of its back. When she screamed, it quickly returned to the river, leaving only a necklace of what was described as dragon-turtle shell chips.

Many inhabitants of Skullport are buzzing over a rumor that one of the senior priestesses of Eilistraee's temple has been made a Lord of Waterdeep. The Skullportians feel that Waterdeep may be taking a more active interest in their affairs and are arming themselves against a raid by the Waterdeep Guard.

* * *

When our companion finished speaking, it was late indeed. The lady smiled at us, set down her now-empty glass, and rose in a graceful shifting of skirts.

"It's been a pleasure, gentlemen. Laeral was right; thou art a 'delightful bunch of crazy folk.' Fare thee well, until next we meet." As a gentle silver radiance grew about her, she turned away.

"Laeral was right?" we asked in astonishment. "Then who, good lady, are you?"

The lady turned back to us. In the silvery light, she seemed somehow taller, her hair as silver as the moonlight in her hand, and her skin darker.

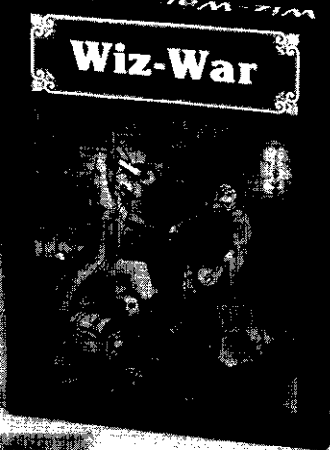
"Names are not things to be lightly given. I am the Seventh, if thou must place me; Laeral is but one of my sisters. I used to get into trouble, when we were young, for taking her likeness and working mischief. Thou may have noticed, as in thine own lives, that old habits die hard."

The moonlight dwindled, and she was gone, leaving us staring at each other. The Realms still hold secrets to dumbfound us, and there will always be mysteries. Life, as Elminster reminds us gently from time to time, is like that. Ω

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I would like to compliment Cory S. Kammer on a job well done in writing "Maneuvering for Victory," in issue #165. I have been looking for something like this since the first time I rolled the 1d20. Combat has always been unrealistic and, in most of our campaigns, the downfall of the game. At times I've even dreaded it. It always seemed to take the creativity out of the game. You go from describing the evil grin on the anti-paladin's face to "He rolls a seventeen! He hits you for eight hit points!" Boring, boring, boring!

The glory ground for the fighter is the field of combat. But the glory was always lost in a jumble of die rolls and random numbers. Now, instead of hearing, "It's a good thing I hit him with a twenty!" we will hear boasts something like, "so I did the unexpected and fainted to one side, came up on the other side, and caught him with his pants down!"

This is definitely a blessing to the AD&D® 1st Edition game fighters. The only question I have is when each maneuver needs to be announced. What I have below is the best I could come up with. Your corrections or suggestions are much needed. Keep up the good work.

Announced before initiative: Drive, Speed, Slam.

Announced after initiative: Feint, Parting Blow, Parry, Weapon's Length, Riposte, Weapon Catch, Dodge, Evasion, Clinch, Stun, Weapon Breaker, Hit Location.

Terry C. Parlett
Pueblo CO

I am writing in response to Andrew Curtis's letter in DRAGON issue #172. It seems to me that Mr. Curtis has lost control of his players, and they see any NPC as just another monster that must be slain and its treasure taken. It has been my experience in the 10 years I've been a DM that players are much like children and should be treated as such. With that harsh statement, let me explain:

If you set boundaries for a child, telling him, "If you cross this line, you're going to get it!", then let the child cross that line while you do nothing, you have reinforced bad behavior. You can bet that the child will continue to push his boundaries as far as you'll let him. The object lesson? You must punish bad behavior and reward good behavior. So it is with players, too.

I would handle Mr. Curtis's problem in one of several ways:

First of all, if your PCs are of any consequential levels (4th level or higher) and your NPC is of equal footing, the NPC should have some renown. What happens when he disappears, never to be heard from again? Didn't someone notice him making arrangements with the PCs the previous day? Maybe one or two unfortunate mishaps in the dungeon (or wherever) will go unnoticed. But if the PCs keep going off adventuring and always return minus one NPC, someone is bound to notice, especially when the PCs always show up with the NPC's stuff. It's definitely time for the law-enforcement people to ask the PCs some tough questions. Perhaps on the PCs' next outing, the town militia will covertly send one of their number with them to see what happens. If he doesn't return, the militia recovers the body, casts a *speak with dead* spell to find out what happened, and the PCs are really in for it!

A squad is sent to arrest them. The PCs can run, fight, or spend most of their lives in the lord's dungeons. Don't make this squad too powerful; if the PCs kill a couple guardsmen in the escape so much the better. I've always been one to let the PCs hang themselves (of course, I'm usually there feeding them plenty of rope). Now, the town militia pulls out all the stops, sending their highest-level guards (include some spell-casters with some nasty spells and magical items) to bring back the PCs, dead or alive.

From this point on, when the PCs least expect it and at the most inconvenient times, this squad will show up to harass them, causing them to use up valuable spells, potions, and magical items. When your PCs complain, be quick to remind them that they brought this on themselves. One thing to remember when using this tactic is to do things by the book. Have your NPC mage's spells written down beforehand. Know what spells each spell-caster will cast in the first three or four rounds of combat. Plan the NPCs' tactics before play. You know what the PCs' weaknesses are—exploit them!

When the PCs go into a new town, this NPC group follows close behind, informing this town's militia of the PCs' past deeds and requesting help. Always keep in mind that your NPC squad is working within the law, but your PCs are not.

What if a PC dies from all this? Too bad! Remember, they did this to themselves, and you gave them plenty of warning. One other thing: The *resurrection* of PCs should also be impossible, no matter what the PCs offer in return. Even if the cleric is willing, the deity will be uncharacteristically uncooperative.

Does this sound harsh? It is! But in a medieval-world mind-set (and this DM's mind-set, too), just actions deserve just rewards!

Dave Wile
Dover DE

I would like to offer some advice and opinions on the dilemma brought up by Mr. Curtis in his "Forum" letter in issue #172.

I have played the AD&D game for eight years, the better part of which has been spent as a DM. I was very glad to see his letter; I have had similar problems with a couple of my players (until now, I believed these two were psychopathic), and I was glad to see that it is not as unusual or serious as all that.

When my players started doing this, I wanted to kill their characters. I agree that killing helpful NPCs is very disruptive, and after a few such episodes I took steps to prevent these abuses. I came up with several possible options. All involved setting the characters up a bit, but I felt the situation warranted it.

I agree with Andrew that NPCs should not be overly powerful in comparison with the PCs, but that concerns only levels and magical items. The best parts of role-playing games are a character's personality and background. NPCs have these things, too.

First, the DM can make an NPC someone of importance, but keep this fact from the players. Maybe the NPC is a member of some powerful noble house who is traveling incognito. He might be an agent for the government of a large city or kingdom. He might even be a member of a secret society of some sort. There are numerous reasons why he might not reveal this to the party. If the characters kill him, they are in trouble. They might not even know what they have done. The NPC's family, liege, or comrades could hire adventurers or assassins to come after the group with a vengeance. Either the characters get away after learning a needed lesson, or they die because of their irresponsible actions. I hope the latter won't be necessary.

Second, what about the NPC himself? I've seen several adventures containing NPCs who were there just to help the characters. The characters have goals and motivations that make them go adventuring, and so should NPCs. What I'm saying is simply this: Reverse the situation. Put in an NPC whose true goal is either to kill one of the PCs or steal a specific item from him. Obviously, the NPC can't just come up and hack the PC to pieces; the others would destroy him. His plan would have to involve cunning and the ability to escape (*teleport* is a wonderful spell). Good times for such actions are during combat or when the party is split up. The players may not get the point right off the bat, but this worked well in one of my campaigns.

A third possible remedy involves a bit of rule manipulation. Say that the next time characters decide to go after an NPC, he somehow gets away. The DM might have to fake a saving throw if needed, or maybe a wandering-monster encounter occurs. Once the NPC gets out of danger, the characters have had it. The NPC could easily let everyone know what scum the characters are. The PCs will be lucky if they

ever see a helpful NPC again, especially when they really need one.

I know from experience that players can be broken of annoying and disruptive habits like this with a little creativity. I would just like to say that I do not normally support DMs playing against their players' characters. However, this situation does require it. Good luck, Andrew.

Michael Kellam
Mesquite TX

In responding to Andrew M. Curtis's plea for help in DRAGON #172, I have several ideas that should go a long way toward curing his players of their PCs' yen for killing NPCs simply to get their valuable items. It looks as though they have no fear whatsoever of any kind of retribution for committing (let's call it what it is) murder. Nothing could be further from the truth.

To begin with, paladins would lose their status immediately and irrevocably, and any priest of good alignment would be in instant disfavor with his god. The AD&D® 2nd Edition game's Player's Handbook (page 85) states that "it behooves the priest to maintain himself in good standing with this power, through word and deed." What should a deity's response be when his faithful believer commits (or does nothing to prevent) murder (and murder for material gain, at that)? For starters, the deity should deny all spells to the guilty party; in addition, the sinner should be forced to do penance before being taken back into the fold. This could include anything from making a huge monetary gift to the deceased's family, friends, or loved ones (making the sum beyond the PC's current means of paying, of course) or taking a quest of some kind (such as clearing out the assassins' guild), or even doing both.

Speaking of the assassins' guild (if one doesn't exist in your campaign, perhaps now is the time to introduce one), it would not be idle. First, it might take the blame for deaths in which it had no part; and second, it might begin to fear that someone was taking over its territory. It might not be long before it took some kind of retaliatory action.

By far, the most obvious consequence of doing away with an NPC is that sooner or later someone is going to notice that he's missing. The authorities will eventually be notified and, after sufficient questioning and backtracking, will discover that the deceased was last seen alive in the company of the PCs. (Surprise! It's just what usually happens in real life!) If the PCs have murdered enough NPCs, the law will have amassed sufficient information to not only brand the PCs as "armed and dangerous" but put a price on their heads as well. Encounters with bounty hunters or law-enforcement officials should become more common until the PCs' only safe option might be to flee the kingdom altogether.

If these dire consequences are not enough to deter PCs from murder, even sterner measures can be taken. Who's to say that some of the equipment taken from the dead NPC is not cursed? A ring of delusion, amulet of inescapable location, jewel of attacks, robe of powerlessness, or flask of curses can be particularly damaging, especially if the PCs find themselves battling the assassins' guild.

Finally, if after all of that the PCs still continue to waylay innocent NPCs, don't despair. This is fantasy, right? Who says death has to stop the NPCs from exacting their revenge? The unfortunate victim could return as a ghost, spectre, revenant, or some other undead to wreak havoc

on the PCs (it's just a shame that the priests' gods have taken away all their abilities, isn't it?). If ghosts or spectres aren't to your liking, why not afflict the NPC with lycanthropy and really start some sparks?

I hope these ideas might make players think twice next time before their PCs kill off that NPC simply to get his treasure. Let's hear more.

Tony Quirk
San Diego CA

This is a reply to the inquiry Andrew Curtis made about handling players whose PCs kill the NPCs they meet. What Mr. Curtis must do is make his players' PCs afraid to kill these people. There are a few ways that this can be done.

One thing to remember involves monsters and deities. Some monsters enjoy disguising themselves as human beings. What would happen to the PCs when that seemingly easy target turns out to be an ancient gold dragon who doesn't appreciate the social etiquette displayed by the PCs? What if that NPC turns out to be a minion of a deity, or a deity in person? Is there a cleric in your party? Good! Make that NPC a minion of that cleric's deity, and bring on the divine wrath. Make that cleric perform monumental quests to appease the deity, meanwhile not being granted spells by the deity or getting the reverse of what is prayed for.

Mare Blanchard
Manchester NH

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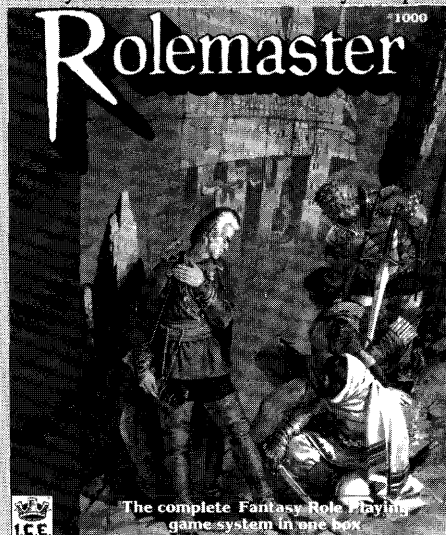


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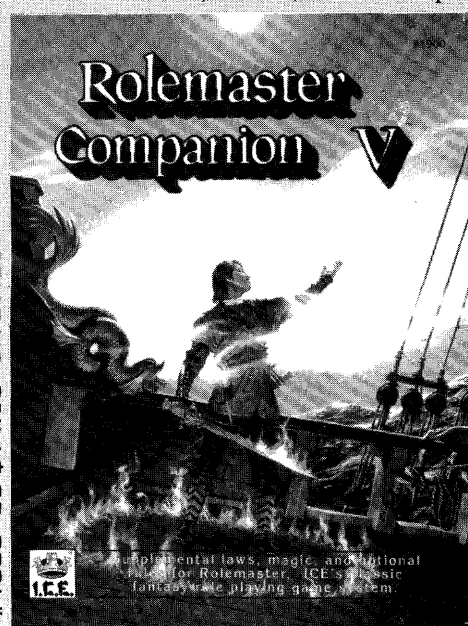
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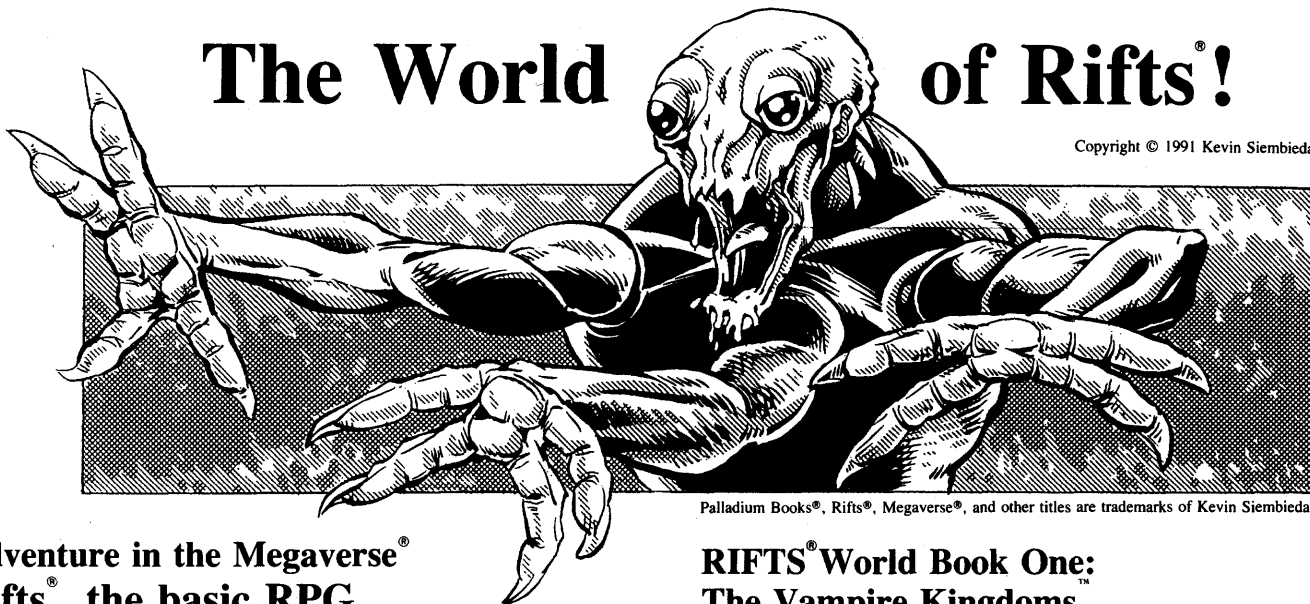
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The VOYAGE of the PRINCESS ARK

Part 23: Shootout at South Gulch

by **Bruce A. Heard**

This series chronicles the adventures of an Alphatian explorer and his crew as they journey across the D&D® Known World in their skyship. The information herein may be used to expand D&D campaigns using the Gazetteer series.

**From the Journals of
prince haldemar of haaken
Lord admiral of the Mightiest Empire
Captain of the Ever-Victorious
princess ark
Imperial Explorer, etc, etc.**

Eimir 24, AY 2000: Two days after leaving Ciudad Matacán, I changed heading and veered toward a curious place called Smokestone City. According to ga-

zetteers I had gotten in Saragón, Smokestone City was the capital of a country—or “county,” as the locals called it—that seemed very different from the baronies we had seen in the past weeks. One of the gazetteers also alluded to a source of cinnabryl somewhere south of the capital. I was hoping to acquire a small quantity for study and magical experiments.

Raman returned from a quick visit to the place. He described the capital as a place somewhat more rugged than the Guardian baronies but otherwise industrious and peaceful to foreigners. So confident was he that he even made reservations for four rooms at a hostel on the main street. The price seemed right, and it included hot bath for each room. Why not?

With relief, Raman received my thanks and authorization to return to his books. I left Talasar in command of the *Princess* as the landing party and I quietly went down to Smokestone City.

We found the place Raman had described, the Red Steel Saloon. However, this place was totally unlike anything I had seen before. A dozen tables occupied the main hall opposite a long bar, hosting people playing cards, drinking, and smoking. A charming lady was standing in a corner before a curious spinning wheel, enjoining people to try their luck and bet their money on a random number; judging from the vast possibilities offered, this seemed like a losing proposition. Nonetheless, half a dozen men were tossing small ivory chips on the numbered carpet, wishing for instant wealth. Some things never change.

I faced an utterly shocking vision as I turned away from the glitzy, spinning wheel. Five ladies were dancing and singing in a scandalous manner before dozens of hooting ruffians. To the rhythm of a tortured harpsichord, the wenches suddenly lifted their dresses to reveal their legs, petticoats, and other frou-frou. Lady Abovombe fumed; “I’d better have a talk with Raman!” she muttered. Utterly embarrassed, our party quickly retreated to the front desk.

The party broke up into four rooms: Ramissur and Leo, Xerdon and Nyanga, Myojo and myself, and finally Lady Abovombe. As we prepared to climb the stairs to our rooms, a thunderstorm rocked the night. Talasar would have to leave the area and head for calmer skies. I had total confidence in the man and knew I needed not worry further about the *Princess’s* safety.

Escaping from the heavy rain, a dozen cattle drovers stepped into the main hall. They looked like trouble. By the time we reached the mezzanine overlooking the main hall, a brawl had started. One of the



Artwork by Thomas Baxa



visitors had impulsively bet and lost his salary at the spinning wheel, which quickly ended up around the saloon owner's head. We paused, taken in by the spectacle and thinking ourselves safe above the fight.

While the fight raged on, the wenches and the insane harpsichord minstrel continued their outrageous show as if nothing was happening. The barman dove behind the counter as a bottle crashed into a large mirror behind him. Things were getting bad until one man entered.

Cool and quiet, with eyes of steel, he stared down one of the rowdier fellows. The leader of the cattle drovers walked up and stood rather arrogantly before him; he pulled back the side of his jacket to reveal a tiny crossbow. "Well, what have we here? Another yellow-bellied lawman." Silence overtook the place as everyone carefully stepped out of the way. The steely-eyed man calmly answered, "You have ten minutes to leave Smokestone City, Baraboo Jack."

Suddenly the ruffian pulled out his crossbow, but the other man was even faster. Seemingly quicker than his own shadow, he had drawn his weapon and shot the ruffian dead, hitting him between the eyes. Several troublemakers drew their crossbows out and started shooting. Amazingly, the lawman rolled behind a large potted plant, while shooting another five times with incredible accuracy! By the time he stood up again, five more men were on the floor, wounded or dead. This was no ordinary fellow. Theirs was no ordinary weapon. This was no ordinary place at all.

Eimir 24, Talasar—from a later

account: The watch spotted large black clouds rising on the horizon a few hours after the admiral left with the landing party. I ordered a routine maneuver to climb above the storm. Unfortunately, we would have to remain out of touch with the admiral for some time, but the risk was too great to remain.

Eimir 25, Haldemar: After some investigating at the LB Trading Co., I managed to deduce the whereabouts of Cimarion County's cinnabryl. It was a place called South Gulch. I got only blank stares from the LB Trading Co.'s clerks when I asked about acquiring some of that red metal. Someone must have called their lawman—Sheriff "Wild Tex" Mokum, as I recall. "Pardner," said he with a slow drawl, "some questions are best not asked. The next coach out of town leaves at high noon." The point of this visit wasn't to stir up trouble, so I agreed to follow his advice: "Much obliged, pardner," he said.

Unfortunately, there was no coach departing for South Gulch. The heavy rain had turned the Wrangler's Trail in the south into a muddy mire. The coach official from Zachariah & Peabody Co. pointed out that the rainy season just had started in that region. Judging from the rumblings in the sky, more rain was obvi-

ously on the way. The coach would have to take the longer route off the trails, west of Cougar's Bluff, through Little Big Rock, Bushwack Prairie, Buffalo Run, and then to South Gulch. That was a four- or five-day ride. Unexcited at this prospect, the seven of us climbed into the coach and off we went on a long, uncomfortable ride. Rain began to fall again even as the driver whipped the six-horse team.

Eimir 25, Talasar—from a later

account: An alarm was sounded in the morning. Five skyships had been spotted in a break in the seemingly endless clouds beneath the *Princess*. Judging from the reports, these ships were not of Alphatian designs, but more likely fast Heldannic Warbirds. It would seem the Hulean Master and his lackeys had not given up on us yet—and these people knew how to defeat the *Princess's* invisibility.

I needed to learn more about their forces before engaging them. Damn this weather! The admiral and Xerdon were sorely needed. Routine maneuvering of the *Princess* was one thing, but engaging in combat was another. I had no way of knowing how the ship would respond to my orders in the admiral's absence. Perhaps this ordeal was put on my path by Razud to test my faith. So be it. I had the skyship dive into the cover of the thick, billowing clouds. Navigator Ashari was at her post as usual, listening for approaching vessels. This dangerous game of hide and seek could prove deadly for all with a mid-air collision; lightning and fire were yet another concern. I could sense the *Princess's* reluctance to enter the storm clouds. All was quiet aboard as the hunt began in the eerie twilight of the clouds.

Eimir 28, Haldemar: We had been riding in the wilderness since yesterday when the coach turned off Bugle Trail. We were following a bumpy path toward the south when I heard the driver exhorting his horses frantically, whipping them on.

"Them desperados are a-ridin' for us agin!" he shouted. "Better get yore shooters out quick an' start a-firin'!" Brigands were riding down the hills, trying to get ahead of us. Judging from their size, our attackers were goblins on ponies.

Nyanga winked at me and said, "Yo, goblins!" Ramissur responded with a sinister grin, whispering, "No sweat." In a single move, all seven of us pulled out blades, wands, and other implements of war, ready to jump out of the coach.

Already, one of the goblins had jumped on the lead horse, and the coach came to a halt in a cloud of dust. The rest of the badlanders formed two groups, one on each side of the coach. One of them pointed a large crossbow at the driver, a weapon so large that the goblin could barely handle it. "Put 'em up! Hey, you in there! Y'all get out with yer hands up!"

Armed to the teeth, our party leaped out of the coach on both sides, howling in our savage attack. I must say, it did surprise the badlanders. Half of their ponies either

fell to lightning bolts or galloped away, dumping their riders in the process. Those goblins who fought us died. The surviving badlanders were rounded up with their hands high above their heads and rather contrite and fearful expressions on their faces.

"We better get a-goin' now!" said the driver. "Them badlanders normally ride by the hundreds." We could already hear the distant rumbling of hooves on the prairie, so we grabbed our prisoners' weapons and climbed back into the coach. As the driver whipped the horses, over 80 badlanders came charging around a hill. A wild chase began, the coach skidding and bouncing down the dirt path. Xerdon and Myojo hung out on the coach's footboards, having a grand time shooting the tiny crossbows we had taken from the badlanders—but not with much effect, I would say. Occasionally, when a couple of badlanders got too close to the coach, I would let go with a *fireball*, prompting a round of "Ooh!" and "Aah!" from Lady Abovombe and Leo.

There were far too many of these goblins to handle. Nyanga soon climbed out and sat next to the driver, who was wounded. Ramissur got on top of the coach, firing his newly acquired dart-shooter.

Another wave of badlanders appeared ahead of us, clearly blocking the way. We thought our last battle had come, but the sound of a bugle tore through the clamor of the chase. It was the cavalry! A column of regular horsemen appeared behind the goblins and bravely charged ahead, lances and sabres forward. Soon the decimated badlanders rode back into the hills.

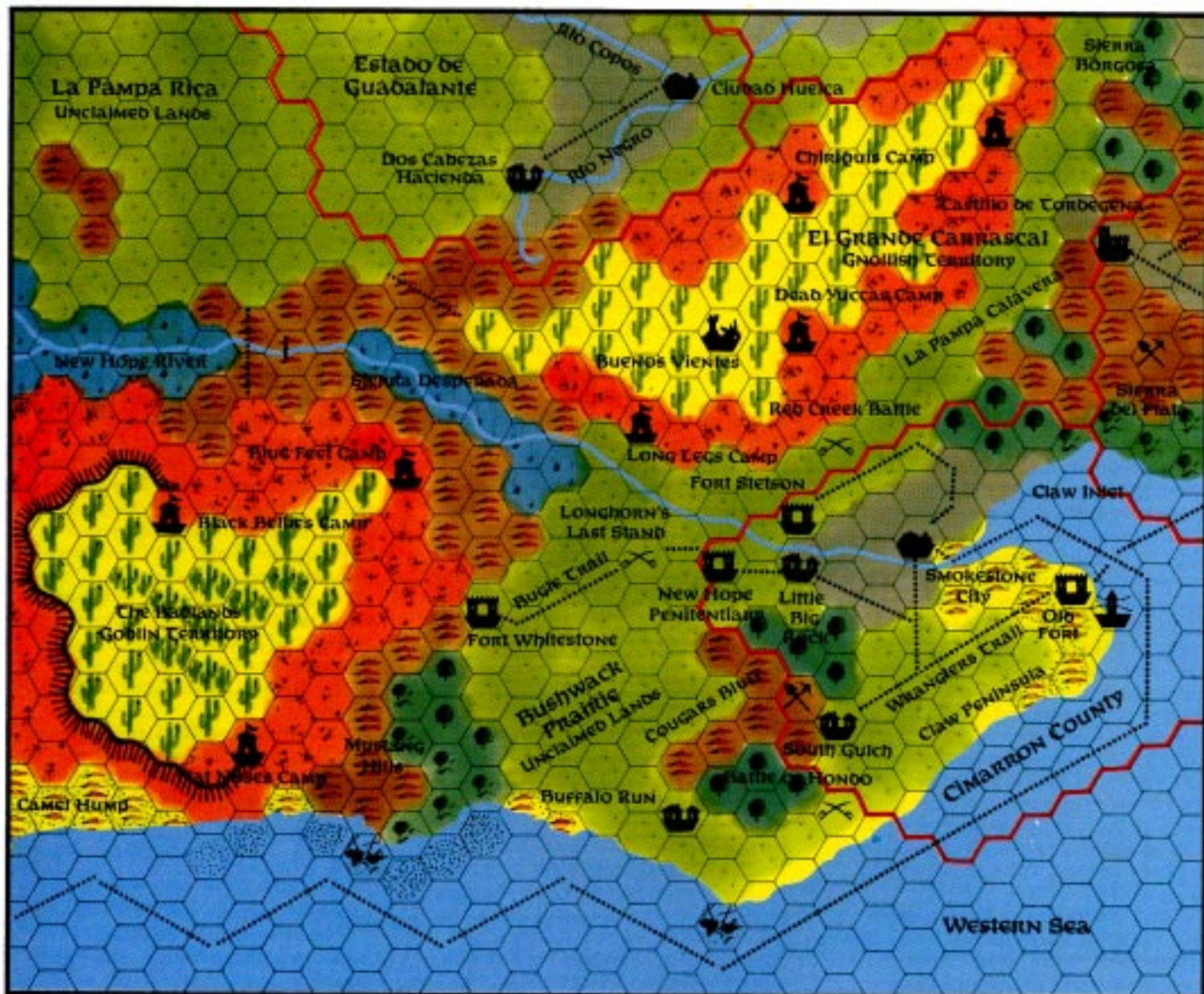
"Well done, captain!" said Lady Abovombe. The handsome officer in charge saluted briefly and responded, "Seventh Cavalry at your service, ma'am!"

Burymir 1, Talasar—from a later

account: The thick clouds made it impossible to chart our position. For all I knew, we were hundreds of miles away from the admiral. I dared not climb above the clouds to sight on the stars, exposing the *Princess* to our pursuers.

We had been playing hide and seek with the five Heldannic Warbirds over four days and nights. These ships seemed to have guessed my moves, at least quickly enough to catch up with the *Princess* before she could effectively break away. I suspected they were using some magical device. Our encounters had been at closer ranges each time; I could sense their grip getting tighter every day.

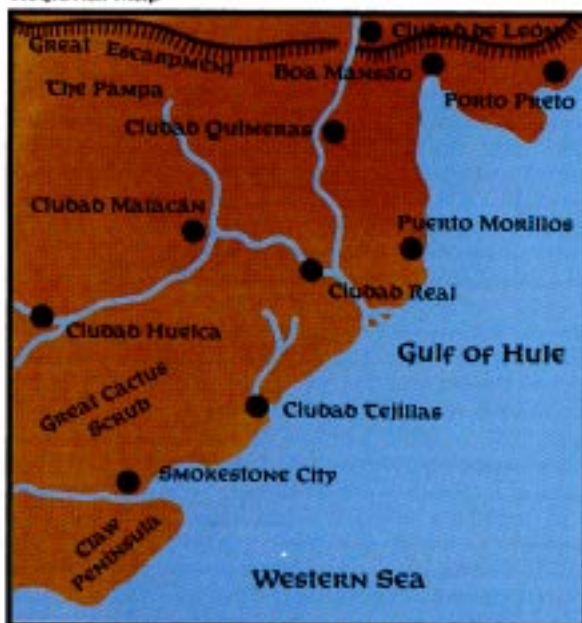
I decided to somehow get aboard one of the Warbirds. Perhaps I could discover what their secret was and destroy it. I knew I might not survive the attempt, but the *Princess* would then stand a better chance to break loose. I would have to put Chief Engineer Raman in command, however. The man had never had the charge of a ship, and certainly not in an uneven combat situation. I had to meditate. Per-



Scale: one hex equals 8 miles



Regional Map



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haps Razud would brighten my path through this darkness.

Burymir 3, Haldemar: At last, South Gulch. This mean little village had all the callousness of those greedy places built during a gold rush, except no gold was to be found here—just the deadly red ore, cinnabryl.

From what I could gather, South Gulch was a native turtle's village, overrun by red-ore miners a decade earlier. Turtles are strange turtle-like people, rather Guardian in style as an ethnic group. Peaceful and quiet, the turtles offered little resistance to the rowdy miners. Fortunately, most of the miners moved on years ago to the mine itself, eight miles northwest. Food shortages are a constant problem here, as bands of miners regularly come down from the hills and pillage whatever supplies might be in the village.

When the word got around that we weren't miners, an old turtle came up to seek our help against the miners. He must have been a sage or a shaman, for he knew what had brought us here. (Of course, perhaps only those seeking the red ore would ever come here.) He said we would never get what we sought, as the mine was too well defended for this. The miners were notorious for not trading their ore to anyone but an LB Trading Co. representative. This was the law in this county. Red-ore trade was heavily regu-

lated, and the marshals were prompt to send out bounty hunters after those who had acquired red ore illegally.

The old turtle candidly offered us his blessing, his house, and his food if we decided to help him. How could I refuse? I sensed there was more to this old chelonian than his knobby shell, though I had never dealt with his kind before. I could always find red ore some other time. I accepted his kind offer, which provoked a raised eyebrow from Xerdon.

Burymir 3, Talasar—from a later account: The dampness of the heavy darkness chilled me to my bones. Ashari quietly stood at the prow of the lifeboat while the Princess disappeared into the night behind us.

Upon deciding to put my plan into action, I ordered the small skiff painted black and covered with a black canvas. When Ashari heard a ship approaching astern of the *Princess*, she courageously volunteered to come with me. I would indeed need her help to maneuver in the dark around our pursuer and board it.

Indeed, the massive hull of a Warbird passed just above our lifeboat. As Ashari silently fastened our skiff to the ship's claws, I climbed aboard. The deck was busy. The knights had removed their clunky armor and put out all lanterns to avoid attracting the Princess's attention. This darkness would be their undoing,

though, for it allowed me to get below-decks without being seen.

All hands were on the main deck for what seemed an imminent assault. There was no time to waste. I reached the stern of the ship unhindered, where I found a small chapel with an altar. From the icons, I could tell the chapel was devoted to Vanya, a warlike being.

Fastened to the deck was a large censer. Among the silver wisps of smoke I could see five golden sparks surrounding a red flicker. Each spark seemed linked to the other with a thin golden thread of light. It must have been their scrying device. Perhaps if I broke the link, all the enemy ships would lose their guidance. Pouring the contents of my flask on the burning incense seemed to do quite well in that respect.

I would have left then had it not been for a slight glow under the drapes covering the altar. There, I discovered a crystal urn; inside it was a hovering gem that pulsed and hummed as if a power radiated from it. I could feel my skin crawl and a slight tingle run through my hair, an ominous sensation that great magic was at hand. It was a great magic that only high clerics understood, and it tapped directly into the power of the Immortals. With a quick prayer to Razud, I slipped a glove on and moved toward the gem.

"Stop, you fool!" The warning came from



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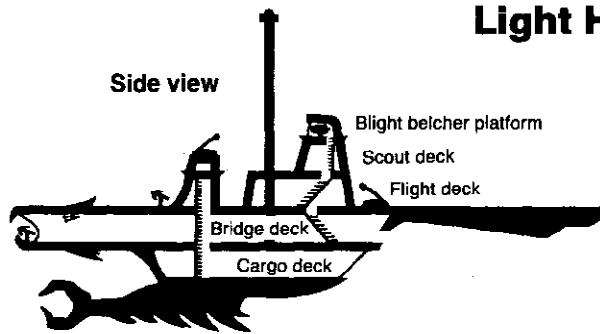
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Light Heldannic Warbird

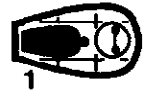
One square = 5'

Artwork by Andrew Allen

Side view

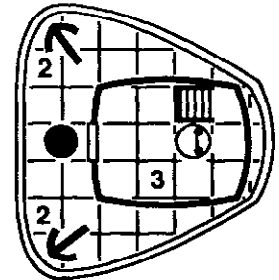


Blight belcher platform



Statistics: 90 hull points, AC 8, 9 sailors, 23 templars (including 6 knight overseers, a 1st officer, and a captain), 100,000 cn capacity; flies 160 miles/day within the skyshield. Wood, leather, and canvas hull.

Scout deck



Blight belcher platform

1 Enclosed blight belcher turret (treat as a one-shot, long-range (300') *disintegrate* spell)

Scout deck

1 Light catapult
2 Heavy ballista
3 Mess room

Flight deck

1 Forward lookout
2 Heavy ballista
3 Armory
4 Main deck
5 Light ballista
6 Sailors quarters
7 Repair bay
8 Storage and latrines
9 Heavy catapult

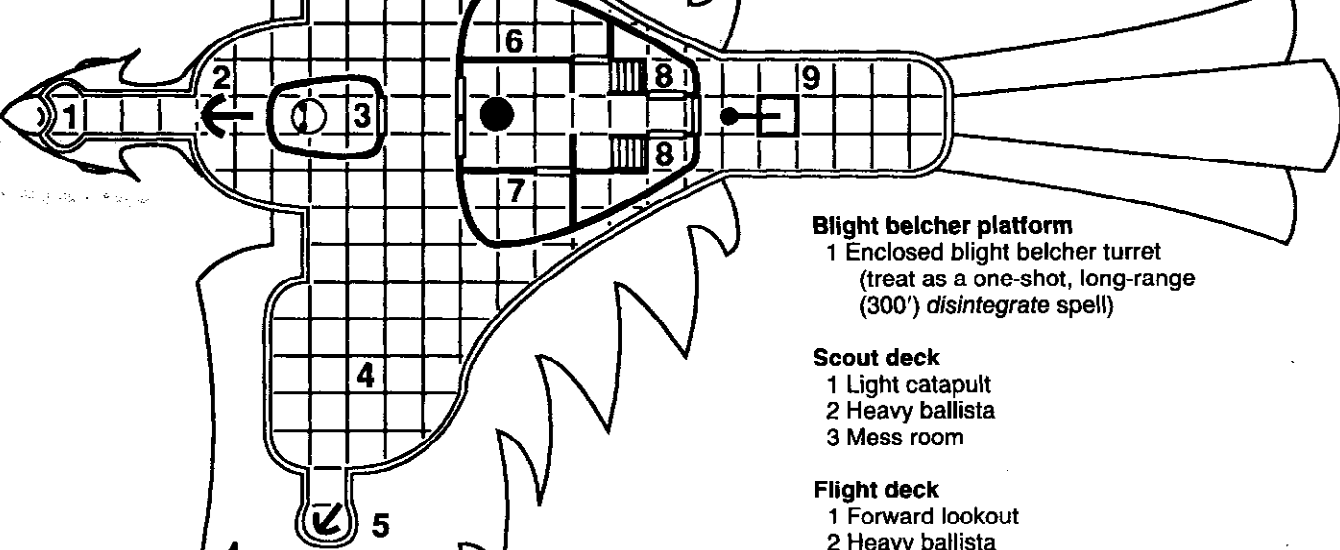
Bridge deck

1 Light ballista
2 Bridge & helm
3 Brig
4 Chart room
5 1st officer's quarters
6 Captain's quarters
7 Sick bay
8 Galleys
9 Overseers quarters
10 Chapel & altar

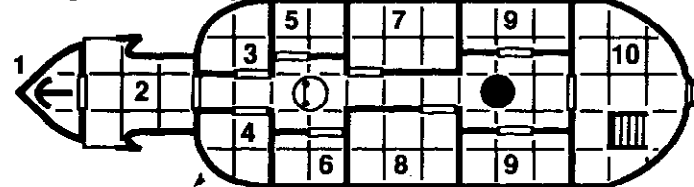
Cargo deck

1 Lower crew quarters
2 Cargo hold
3 Cargo bay doors

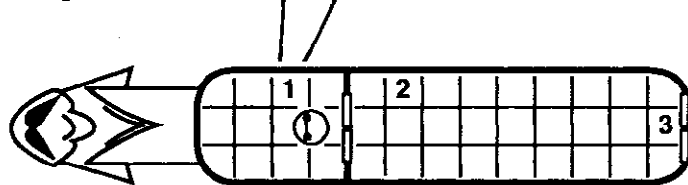
Flight deck



Bridge deck



Cargo deck



another door; a knight had walked in, sword unsheathed. "You will destroy us all, and you with it!"

There was only one way to ensure this ship would not repair its scrying device. I grabbed the stone as the knight lunged at me. Suddenly, we were weightless; the Warbird rolled on its side and began a frightening dive. The knight and I fell tumbling across the room, each shouting in fear. In seconds, the vessel broke apart. The room itself split open, and I was hurled into the black, endless sky.

Burymir 4, Haldemar: It wasn't long before a new mob of miners came down from the hills. There were 50 of them, screaming and galloping through the village on horseback. One of them managed to catch a slow-moving turtle with his lasso, dragging the poor thing behind his horse. That was enough!

One by one, the miners fell prey to Xerdon's well-choreographed defense, in which we all had parts. Nyanga skillfully unhorsed a number of miners, casually striking them aside with the flat of his giant sword. Meanwhile, several young turtles knocked Nyanga's victims out and tied them up in neat piles. Leo had devised several traps to immobilize the miners. His best consisted of a series of four spears mounted on a ballista; when shot, the spears spread apart, deploying a large net. Lady Abovombe's bolas worked beautifully against the miners' horses.

Myojo then led a fine charge against a massive group of miners; behind him came a mob of turtles armed with pots, pans, pitchforks, and other bric-a-brac. As for Ramissur, he became an ace at shooting the tiny crossbows. I thought he overdid it when he walked across the main street, spinning the crossbows on his fingers each time he hit a target. How he learned to do that is beyond me.

Eventually, the whole fight came down to the miners' leader and myself. "Come out of yer rat hole and face me if yer a real man, wizard!" he roared. He stood in the middle of the street, waiting for me. I couldn't disappoint him. He had his dart-shooter, and I had my *wand of lightning bolts*. Fair enough.

It was high noon. I could barely see his eyes under the brim of his hat. No one moved. A tumbleweed blew across the street. A puff of dust twisted up in the air. His mouth twitched. Suddenly, the man reached for his weapon.

I was faster.

His charred remains were buried on Boot Hill by sundown. The turtles paid their respects to his grave, then quietly returned to their chores. The surviving miners left. They knew the turtles would fight them from then on, and they had no stomach for the battle.

Burymir 4, Talasar—from a later account: I fell through the blasting wind and thought that Razud had finally severed the thread of my life. But such was not my fate.

The gem I had captured from the Heldannic Warbird was what had kept it flying across the sky. The crystal urn enabled the gem's power to shoot forth in all directions. I had surmised that a number of receptacles to receive this magic had been spread out in the ship, solidly anchored in its hull. Once removed from the urn, the gem kept its magic to itself—and the ship fell.

Of course, this did keep me hanging in the air, desperately holding onto the gem as the Warbird's remains vanished into the cloudy depths below. Under my weight, the gem slowly dug into my leather glove. I was in agony and called out for Ashari. At last, she showed up, amazed at seeing me hanging there in the sunlit morning clouds. Exhausted from the pain in my hand and arm, I finally let go and fell into the lifeboat. Free, the gem shot up into the sky like a rising star. There was no telling where it went. Perhaps it returned to the celestial vault, to twinkle forever among the stars and the Immortals.

Burymir 5, Raman—from a later account: I was afraid to think the worst. Commander Talasar had not returned from his mission against the Heldannic Knights. I was the last officer left on board. I could maneuver the *Princess Ark*, but my attempts at communicating with her spirit yielded only sluggish responses. Nonetheless, I was fortunate enough to have pulled a few useful tomes from my library. I located a few pages in the *Imperial Airman's Manual* that provided me with tactical hints that came in handy later on.

At this point, either Commander Talasar had succeeded in his mission or he was dead. Judging from Ashari's absence, I believed the latter to be true. If the Warbirds could still find us here—and they would, sooner or later—we would probably be better off fighting in the open,

where the boltmen could see their targets. I managed to get the *Princess* to climb above the clouds. According to the manual, I would at least have the advantage of altitude.

There were no Warbirds there. Suddenly, the spirit of Berylith spotted something. Her spectral head turned down to starboard, allowing me to see what she was looking at. Far below, barely visible in the swirling clouds, was the tip of a mast emerging ever so slightly from the clouds. That could only be one of them.

I must have thought very "loudly" then, for Berylith reacted swiftly. She roared at the target, causing a hail of blue bolts and fiery death to pour over the Warbird's deck. We could hear the horrified screams of her crew. Their ship quickly performed an evasive maneuver and ducked deeper into the clouds. We had become the hunters, and they the hunted. Long live the Empire!

Soon after our attack came another surprise. Somehow, the Warbirds did not seem as coordinated as they had previously. Had Talasar indeed succeeded? Had the Warbirds been deprived of their cunning? The answer to this came from the thick clouds, as the diving Warbird collided with another vessel with an explosive bang. Both went down in flames. The *Princess* followed their flight down and emerged beneath the clouds, into a pouring rain. There, we watched the two Warbirds tumble down and crash into the dark, stormy sea below. In the distance, two other Warbirds dove out of the clouds and retreated, full speed astern. I knew we had won.

Hours later, we recovered Commander Talasar and First Class Navigator Ashari, drifting in the wind and frantically scooping water out of their lifeboat. At long last, it was time to retrieve the admiral.

Cimarron Six-Shooter Table

	Mastery	Ranges	Damage	Defense	Special
P = H	Basic	50/100/150	1d4	-	-
	Skilled	60/100/150	1d6	M: + 1AC/1	Stun (s)
	Expert	70/110/150	2d4	M: + 1AC/2	Stun (s)
	Master	80/110/150	P:2d6	M: + 2AC/3	Stun (s)
			S:1d6 + 2	M: + 2AC/3	Stun (s)
	Grand Master	90/120/150	P:3d6	M: + 3AC/4	Stun (s)
			S:2d6 + 2	M: + 3AC/4	Stun (s)

P=H – Primary target uses either a hand-held or a hand-thrown weapon.

P: – Primary target.

S: – Secondary target (with missile weapons or natural weaponry).

M: – Armor-class bonus to the six-shooter's user against attacks from opponents using missile weapons or natural weaponry.

AC/# – Number of attacks affected by the armor-class bonus each round.

Note: Don't forget to apply the Hit Roll bonuses from the table on page 76 of the D&D® game *Rules Cyclopedia*. Stunning is explained on page 81 of the same book; (s) indicates that only beings smaller than the attacker are affected. Two six-shooters can be fired at the same time, one in each hand, provided they are both armed at the end of the previous round. Apply a - 2 penalty to hit on both shots.

Burymir 8, Haldemar: It would have been another week before the coach returned to South Gulch. The turtles kindly led us back to Smokestone City by taking a shortcut through the forest. Before we finally parted, the old chelonian came to me again. He thanked me for our help—and our martial training to his people—and handed me a small gift, a token of his friendship.

Later that day, Talasar greeted us back on the *Princess*. Raman was standing by with a broad smile on his face and a small ribbon on his chest: a red stripe with a golden bolt, the ribbon normally awarded after a commanding officer's first combat mission. Raman? Commanding officer? Combat? I then noticed a small bandage around Talasar's right hand. I would have to ask him about that, but first I wanted to check that gift.

It was a skillfully painted turtle egg. Judging from the weight, it felt almost empty. The bottom easily came off, with a simple twist of the hand. Inside, wrapped in velvet, was a small rock. A small red rock. Cinnabryl.

To be continued . . .

The Claw Peninsula

Cimarron—Capital: Smokestone City (Pop.: 14,500—humans, halflings, and dwarves); **Ruler:** Sir John of the Wain, Earl of Cimarron; typical NPC: cool, unwaver-

ing, six-shooter-toting duelist.

The first traders to set up on the Claw Peninsula were the Lawful Brotherhood (see D&D module X9 *The Savage Coast*, and DUNGEON® Adventures issues #6 and #7, *Turtles of the Purple Sage*, parts 1 and 2). They were soon followed by shiploads of adventurers from many different areas of the Known World. The first Lawful Brotherhood outpost was located at the present site of the Old Fort, at the tip of the peninsula. It is still used as a military port and local garrison. As a clerical body, the Lawful Brotherhood is now defunct. It did survive as the LB Trading Co., however, now a powerful commercial enterprise behind many endeavors in Cimarron County. Based in Smokestone City, its traditional concerns include exploration, mining, hand-crossbow manufacturing, ale production, and general trading of merchandise in the Gulf of Hule.

During the time of the Lawful Brotherhood, many of the early colonists were Guardianos. Facing the undesirable arrival of the many *gringos* from the eastern states, the old Barony of Almarron sent troops to formally claim the land. Several decades later, however, the increasingly alien population rebelled. Many insurgents lost their lives during a disastrous battle at the Old Fort, after refusing to yield before the baron's vastly superior forces. Rallying his last troops with the famous call "Re-

member the Old Fort!", the self-appointed General Cimarron finally defeated the baronial troops at the Battle of Hondo. His supporters promptly "dubbed" him Earl of Cimarron, and his lands became today's free-styled county.

Earl John rules the county today. This larger-than-life character hardly fits his role as a head of state. He is extremely active, prompt to lead a posse against gnoll desperados to the north or goblin badlanders to the west. Ever since his father's death at Longhorn's Last Stand, he's shown a particular hatred of goblins. To avert further incursions, he had Bushwack Prairie garrisoned at a strategic point. Fort Whitestone is a desolate cavalry outpost at the end of Bugle Trail, constantly on the lookout for goblin drifters and humanoid horse thieves.

Cimarron six-shooter

The six-shooter is a weapon unique to the Cimarron folk. This little wonder was originally created by Smithy, a clever watchmaker from Rockhome, and Westron, a crossbow expert from the Five Shires. They came up with the idea of a very light crossbow that could shoot darts. The true innovation lay, however, in the use of a spring mechanism that rearmed the weapon after each shot. A S&W hand crossbow could hold up to six small darts. Recocking the crossbow required only a

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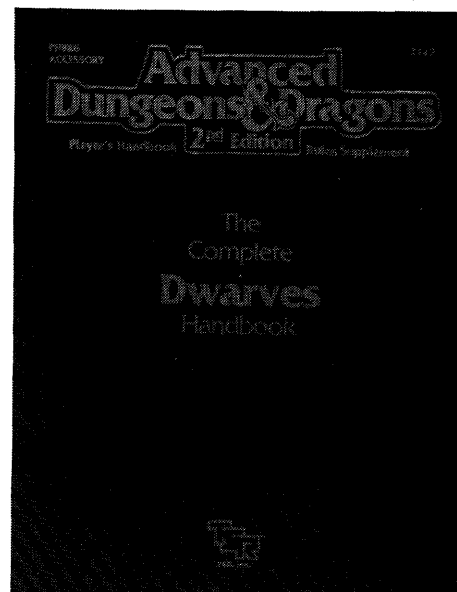
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quick motion of the hand, which could be done in the same round the weapon was fired. It takes a full turn to load another six darts into the weapon's handle.

Unfortunately, the six-shooter has always been a fragile weapon that easily jams. A to-hit roll of 1 or lower, after modifiers are applied, causes the dart to jam inside the weapon, requiring one round to clear and rearm the device.

Nowadays, a Cimarron six-shooter costs 80 gp (including a leather holster, the hand-crossbow itself, and 18 darts). The hand crossbow has an encumbrance of 25 cn. An extra supply of 18 darts costs 5 gp. Some notorious sharpshooters use depleted cinnabryl darts, which add a flat 10' to all ranges and cause an extra hit point of damage. These special darts cost 20 gp each.

At Skilled level or better, the user may acquire special skills related to the six-shooter's use. General skills in the D&D game are explained in the new *Rules Cyclopedia*, pages 81-86. These special skills are as follows:

Cool (Cha): This allows the user to stare down an opponent in a duel and gain a psychological advantage. On a successful Charisma check by the user, the opponent suffers a -2 penalty to his next to-hit roll (and to his next Dexterity check if using the Fast Draw skill below). This skill requires two rounds of concentration to take

effect. Cool can also be used to negate someone else's attempt to use Cool or to spin one or two six-shooters on one's fingers without dropping them.

Fan Shooting (Dex): The user attempts to shoot as many darts as possible within one round. The extent of success on the user's Dexterity check indicates the number of darts that can be fired a given combat round. A successful Dexterity check allows at least two shots during the same round; if the Dexterity score was beaten by 3-5 points, at least three shots in a round; 6-8, up to four shots; 9-11; five shots; and 12 or more, all six shots. Each successive shot suffers a cumulative -1 penalty to hit (-1 for the first shot, -2 for the second, etc.).

The first shot occurs when the user should normally be allowed to fire a missile weapon during the combat round. Each successive shot then alternates with other missile-weapon users in the user's group. If there are none of the latter, all remaining shots take place at the end of the user's Missile Weapon phase. Fast Draw and Fan Shooting skills can be used simultaneously.

Fast Draw (Dex): Upon making a successful Dexterity check, a user can shoot before anyone else during a combat round, regardless of the original Initiative result. If two opponents fight a duel and both use the Fast Draw skill, the one who

beats his Dexterity score by the highest amount gains the initiative.

Hip Shooting (Dex): The user has the ability to shoot from the hip. This skill allows the user to shoot faster, adding a +2 bonus to Dexterity Checks made for Fast Draw or Fan Shooting attempts. Unfortunately, it is less accurate and causes a -2 penalty to hit in both cases.

Repair Hand Crossbow (Int): On a successful Intelligence check, the user can repair a jammed weapon. Each attempt takes a full hour. He may try as many times as needed to repair the weapon. An unmodified score of 20 causes the weapon to break permanently.

Sharpshooting (Dex): On any to-hit roll of 20 or better after modifications, the user may make an extra Dexterity check. If successful, the user designates a particular spot on a target to be hit by the dart. This can be used to automatically disarm an opponent, stun a man-sized opponent, or inflict maximum damage. Sharpshooting cannot be used with the Hip Shooting or Fan-Shooting skills. Ω

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CONVENTION CALENDAR

Convention Calendar Policies

This column is a service to our readers worldwide. Anyone may place a free listing for a game convention here, but the following guidelines must be observed.

In order to ensure that all convention listings contain accurate and timely information, all material should be either typed double-spaced or printed legibly on standard manuscript paper. The contents of each listing must be short and succinct.

The information given in the listing must include the following, in this order:

1. Convention title and dates held;
2. Site and location;
3. Guests of honor (if applicable);
4. Special events offered;
5. Registration fees or attendance requirements; and,
6. Address(es) and telephone number(s) where additional information and confirmation can be obtained.

Convention flyers, newsletters, and other mass-mailed announcements will not be considered for use in this column; we prefer to see a cover letter with the announcement as well. No call-in listings are accepted. Unless stated otherwise, all dollar values given for U.S. and Canadian conventions are in U.S. currency.

WARNING: We are not responsible for incorrect information sent to us by convention staff members. Please check your convention listing carefully! Our wide circulation ensures that over a quarter of a million readers worldwide see each issue. Accurate information is your responsibility.

Copy deadlines are the last Monday of each month, two months prior to the on-sale date of an issue. Thus, the copy deadline for the December issue is the last Monday of October. Announcements for North American and Pacific conventions must be mailed to: Convention Calendar, DRAGON® Magazine, PO. Box 111, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A. Announcements for Europe must be posted an additional month before the deadline to: Convention Calendar, DRAGON® Magazine, TSR Limited, 120 Church End, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge CB1 3LB, United Kingdom.

If a convention listing must be changed because the convention has been cancelled, the dates have changed, or incorrect information has been printed, please contact us immediately. Most questions or changes should be directed to the magazine editors at TSR, Inc., (414) 248-3625 (U.S.A.). Questions or changes concerning European conventions should be directed to TSR Limited, (0223) 212517 (U.K.).

- ♦ indicates an Australian convention.
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MACQUARIECON '91, Dec. 13-15 ♦

This gaming convention will be held at Macquarie University, North Ryde, in Sydney, Australia. Events include a wide range of role-playing games. Write to: Macquarie Univ. Role-playing Society, Box 83, c/o Macquarie Univ. Students' Council, Macquarie Univ., North Ryde, NSW 2109, Sydney, AUSTRALIA; or call Patrick at: (024) 983639.

JANCON II, Jan. 17-19, 1992 CT

This RPGA™ Network club-sponsored convention will be held at the Quality Inn in New Haven, Conn. Events include Network tournaments, a benefit for the Literacy Volunteers of America, and AD&D®, BATTLETECH®, CALL OF CTHULHU®, DIPLOMACY®, WARHAMMER®, and STAR FLEET BATTLES® games. Other activities include a costume party, a miniatures-painting contest, a movie room, and an expanded dealers' area. Send an SASE to: JANCON II, c/o TimeWarpers, P.O. Box 55552, Bridgeport CT 06610; or call: (203) 371-4330.

PANDEMONIUM IX, Jan. 18-19 *

This convention will be held at the Ryerson Hub Cafeteria, Jorgenson Hall, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, Ontario. Events include two game auctions, over 60 games, a miniatures contest, and many local dealers. Prizes will be awarded to tournament winners. Registration: \$20 (Canadian)/weekend, or \$15/Saturday and \$10/Sunday. Write to: PANDEMONIUM IX, c/o 17B Wales Ave., Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5T 1J2; or call: (416) 597-1934.

WRIGHT STATE U. GAME FAIR

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OH

This convention will be held on the main campus of Wright State University in Fairborn, Ohio. Events include introductory sessions on role-playing by Shield Games, a parents' session on role-playing games, and RPGA™ Network events. Registration fees have not yet been set, but there will be discounts for attending both days, for RPGA™ Network members and qualifying GMs. Write to: Scott Hala, Game Fair Director, WSU Adventurers' Guild, PO. Box 31016, Dayton OH 45431-0016.

SWANCON 17, Jan. 24-27 ♦

This three-in-one convention will be held at the Ascot Convention Center in Perth, Western Australia. Events include SF/F panels, an anime festival, and numerous role-playing and board games with the PARSEC game convention. Guests include Terry Dowling, Nick Stathopoulos, and Philippa Madden. Accommodations will be available. Registration: write for costs. Write to: SWANCON 17, P.O. Box 227, North Perth, Western Australia 6006, AUSTRALIA; or call Jeremy: (09)340 8901 during working hours.

CANCON 14, Jan. 25-27 ♦

This convention will be held at the University of Canberra in Bruce, ACT, Australia. Events include Australian ancients titles, DIPLOMACY® games, and 20 role-playing tournaments, including several RPGA™ Network events. Write to: CANCON, c/o Wes Nicholson, GPO Box 1016, Canberra, ACT, AUSTRALIA 2601; or call: (06) 254-9926 days.

FANTASY WORLD '92, Jan. 25-26 ●

This convention will be held at the Handelsbeurs in Antwerp, Belgium. Events include a celebration of J. R. R. Tolkien's 100th birthday. The special guest is Dave (Darth Vader) Prowse. Other activities include a parade, swordfighting and martial-arts demos, board and role-playing games, graffiti art, a castle-model auction, music, films, and miniatures and paintings exhibitions. Write to: Palantir vzw, P.O. Box 461, 2000 Antwerp 1, BELGIUM.

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This convention will be held at the Student Center on the campus of Southern Ill. Univ. in Carbondale, Ill. Events include RPGA™ Network AD&D® and MARVEL SUPER HEROES™ tournaments, plus WARHAMMER 40,000®, SHADOWRUN®, and CHAMPIONS® games. There will also be a game auction and a miniatures contest. Registration: \$8/weekend preregistered; \$10/weekend or \$3-\$5/day at the door. Single-day passes will be available. Send an SASE to: SIU Strategic Games Society, Office of Student Development, Southern Ill. Univ., Carbondale IL 62901-4425; or call: (618) 549-1869.

WARCON '92, Feb. 7-9 TX

This convention will be held at the Memorial Student Center on the campus of Texas A&M University in College Station, Tex. Events include AD&D® CHAMPIONS®, CAR WARS®, STAR FLEET BATTLES®, AXIS & ALLIES®, WAR AT SEA®, SIXTH FLEET®, CYBERPUNK®, GURPS®, SPACE HULK®, TORG®, and SHADOWRUN® games. Other activities include numerous WWII war games, naval miniatures, microarmor, and computer games. Registration: \$10/weekend preregistered, or \$12/weekend at the door. Write to: MSC NOVA, Box J1, College Station TX 77840-9081; or call: (409) 845-1515.

CLUB CON I, Feb. 8-9 OH

This RPG-only convention, sponsored by an RPGA™ Network club, will be held at the Holiday Inn Hudson in Hudson, Ohio. Events include over a dozen RPG tournaments, featuring AD&D®, PARANOIA®, TORG®, CALL OF CTHULHU®, CHAMPIONS®, SHADOWRUN®, RAVENLOFT™ and STAR WARS® games. Other

activities include a miniatures-painting contest and a dealers' room. Registration: \$11.50/weekend preregistered; \$13.50/weekend or \$8.50/day at the door. Write to: CLUB CON I, PO. Box 142, Kent OH 44240-0003; or call: (216) 673-2117.

CHIMERA CON VIII, Feb. 14-16 NC

This SF/fantasy convention will be held at the University of North Carolina Student Union in Chapel Hill, N.C. Events include panels, workshops, games, and an auction. Registration: \$12 until Jan. 1; \$15 thereafter. Write to: CHIMERA CON VIII, 6H Kingswood Apts., Chapel Hill NC 27516.

DUNDRACON XVI, Feb. 14-17 CA

This convention will be held at the San Ramon Marriott, in San Ramon, Calif. (Mention DUNDRACON for special room rates.) Events include over 120 games using virtually every system now in print. Other activities include seminars, board games, miniatures games, a flea market, a miniatures-painting contest, a dealers' room, and open gaming. Registration: \$25/weekend until Feb. 1; \$30/weekend or \$15/day at the door. Write to: DUNDRACON, 386 Alcatraz Ave., Oakland CA 94618.

ECLECTICON VI, Feb. 15-17 CA

This SF/F convention will be held at the Sacramento Hilton Inn in Sacramento, Calif. Guests include George R. R. Martin and Delight Prescott; the dead guest of honor is Mary Shelley. Activities include panels, seminars, workshops, and a blood drive on Feb. 16. Registration: \$40. Write to: ECLECTICON VI, #176 P.O. Box 19040, Sacramento CA 95814.

TOTAL CONFUSION VI, Feb. 21-23 MA

This convention will be held at the Best Western Royal Plaza Hotel in Marlborough, Mass. Events include AD&D®, GURPS®, BATTLE-TECH®, SPACE HULK®, DIPLOMACY®, CHAMPIONS®, CALL OF CTHULHU®, CAR WARS®, and AXIS & ALLIES® games. Other activities include RPGA™ Network events, a miniatures-painting contest, and a costume competition. Registration: \$22/weekend or \$8.50/day preregistered; \$10/day at the door. Write to: TOTAL CONFUSION, PO. Box 1463, Worcester MA 01607; or call: (508) 987-1530.

JAXCON '92, Feb. 28-March 1 FL

This gaming convention will be held at the Radisson Inn at the Jacksonville International Airport in Jacksonville, Fla. Events include role-playing, board, and war games. Write to: JAXCON '92, P.O. Box 4423, Jacksonville FL 32201; or call Kathy at: (904) 778-1730.

TOURNAMENT IN SHADOW**Feb. 28-March 1 ***

This convention, sponsored by the Univ. of Alberta Fantasy Gamers' Club will be held at the Student Union on the Univ. of Alberta campus in Edmonton, Alberta. Events include AD&D®, CYBERPUNK®, WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE®, and TALISMAN® games. Other activities include a video room and a miniatures painting workshop. Admission to the event is "a single loonie" [*whatever that is*]; admission to tournaments is about \$10 (Canadian) each. Write to: UAPGC, Box 46, Students Union Bldg., Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, CANADA T6G 2J7.

WESCON II, Feb. 28-March 1 CT

This gaming convention will be held at the Holiday Inn in Cromwell, Conn. Events include RPGA™ Network tournaments, with MIGHTY EMPIRES®, BLOODBOWL®, TALISMAN®, GURPS®, and AD&D® games. Other activities include board games, war games, SCA demos, a human chess game, a miniatures-painting contest, dealers, an art exhibit, and an auction. Guest artist is Batton "Wolff & Byrd" Lash. Registration: \$15/weekend before Jan. 31, or \$20 thereafter. Send an SASE to: Games & Stuff, 501 Main St., Middletown CT 06457; or call: (203) 344-8895 during business hours.

How effective was your convention listing? If you are a convention organizer, please write to the editors and let us know if our "Convention Calendar" sewed your needs. Your comments are always welcome.

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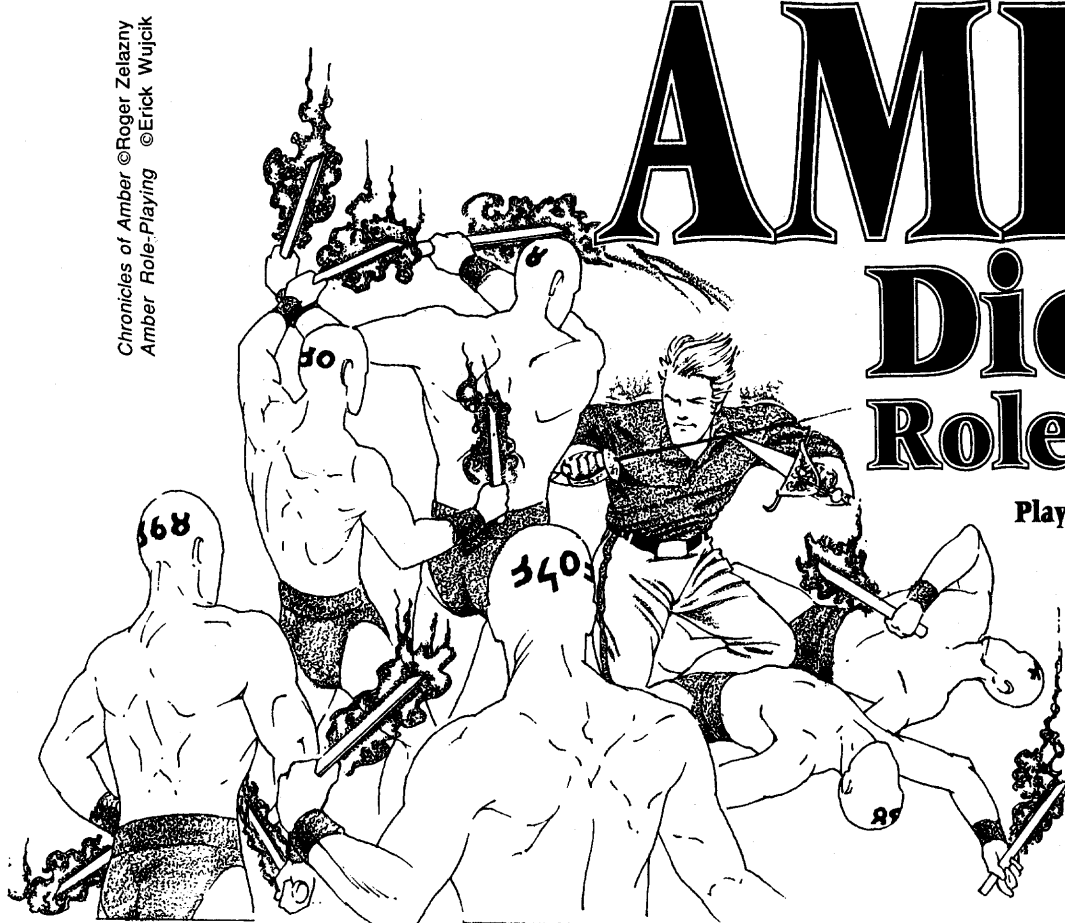
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Propping Up Your Campaign

Dress up your modern-era RPG with props

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Role-playing games are, for the most part, games of the imagination. At no point during an espionage-style game does an actual KGB agent leap onto the gaming table to terrorize the players. However, certain things can be done to add to the effect of a paper-and-pencil RPG, especially in modern or near-future game settings where usable props can be picked up in places as close as the local convenience store. Knowing first-hand the budget of the average game master, the best ideas are often the most affordable ones.

Corporate image

Many encounters, both good and bad, in modern-era games are with corporate executives, organizational leaders, or other powerful men that can be classed together as "Suits." As the GM, you not only play the roles of all the Suits in the game, you are also the most powerful of

them all. This being the case, you might as well look the role.

To do this, all GM screens, dice, rule books, and other gaming equipment should be removed from the view of your players (perhaps they can be laid flat on the table before you with your notes). You, the GM, should dress in executive camouflage, with gray and black being the choice colors for the suits of Suits. Place appropriate Suit toys (e.g., a telephone, a Rolodex, a desk calendar and pen-set, etc.) on the desk or table in front of you, and act, not as the GM, but as the Chief Executive Officer of Game Master, Inc.

If the players ask a question that requires you to make a dice roll or to check the rules, you should make some excuse, such as having to "look the data up" or "find the appropriate file," to look into a drawer or filing cabinet where the dice can be rolled out of sight. If you happen to

have a computer on your gaming desk, you can make things even more "real" by actually accessing files and printing out information for the players right before their eyes.

If the group has to deal with more than one Suit over the course of an adventure, you should attempt to schedule the shift from one Suit to another during a lunch or dinner break, so that you can rearrange the desk and possibly change your suit in order to present a different image to the players when the game resumes. If there isn't time to make an involved Suit-change, just moving desk items around and taking off the jacket or tie (clip-ons are useful in this situation) can be enough of a change to tell the players that they're dealing with a different Suit for the moment.

The number you dialed . . .

Telephones are a major part of the life of



Artwork by David Miller

most gamers, and they can play as big a role in the games. The easiest way is to use the phone as a route to the NPCs. Not all of the encounters that characters in a modern-era game have are in person; some of them involve emergency phone calls to headquarters, delicate investigations conducted over long distances, or even just tedious minutes trying to get past the operator to make one of the more interesting calls. As a bit of window dressing, you can actually hold a (dead) phone receiver in your hand when playing out these parts, instead of just miming it with your thumb and pinkie.

Better yet, actually have the conversation over the phone. Some GMs have discovered that one way to reduce the strain on their voices and minds during a session is to farm out NPC roles to other players. With the help of the telephone, these "farmed-out" players don't even have to be at the game. You have only to write out a briefing sheet describing the NPC and listing things that the NPC knows that would be of interest to the players calling in. When the other players do phone, the "off-stage" player can react as if he were the actual receptionist, executive, or operator on the other end of the line. (You should listen in on an extension, just to check what the NPC ends up saying to the players.)

In recent years, telephone-answering machines have become almost as common as phones themselves; whether you're annoyed by them or thankful for them, you can't avoid them. In a modern-era RPG, the characters' boss is not always sitting around his office waiting for his agents to call and be rescued. He's got other important things to do, and he'll have to handle the characters' requests as they come in.

Before a game session starts, you can ask around and see if you have a friend who won't be coming to the game. If so, ask if this friend would be willing to change his machine's message to fit your evening's plot (e.g., "We're sorry, but all of our 'Double Zero' agents are on assignments right now. If you'll leave a name, number and mission, we'll send an agent out to you as soon as possible."). Finally, the players should be informed of the "emergency number" to call in case they need assistance. Once this prop has been used for the evening, the person with the answering machine can restore his old message.

If the answering-machine's owner isn't worried about missing messages from other callers coming in (or puzzling his callers), another sort of recording might be used to use to start an adventure. In old *Mission: Impossible* TV episodes, an adventure always started with some convoluted dealings in order to get a tape recorder with the mission briefing on a tape that "will self-destruct in 10 seconds."

You can do the same thing by first putting a mission briefing on the answering machine's tape, then spending the first

few minutes of the game running the player characters through a mini-adventure, all geared to giving them a scrap of paper with the answering machine's phone number on it. It's always more fun to have the adventure described to the players in some way other than just being told by the GM. Note: Avoid putting anything on the tape that might cause unwanted problems or misunderstandings if someone's wife, mother, or other friends calls in unexpectedly. Good judgment should always be used.

If you are pretty sure that the players will be through with the message after a certain fixed time (such as a half hour into the game), then arrange in advance with the friend to change the tape after that time to a boring "We are sorry, but the number you have dialed is not in service" message, so that the mission briefing will have "self-destructed" (just in case the players forget their mission and try to phone the number again).

Sounds good to me

While you are fooling around with a tape recorder to make these answering-machine tapes, you might also think of making a taped collection of sound effects, like the sounds of a busy office (clicking computer keyboards, snippets of conversation, background Muzak), a park (children laughing, wind in the leaves), or a busy street (cars and trucks, jackhammers and construction work, people walking and talking) to be played as an introduction to a scene shift in the game scenario. The tape player should have a counting mechanism on it that can be used to locate the place on a tape where a certain sound effect has been placed. You can then write down where on the tape each sound effect is to be found, so that you can fast-forward to the desired effect in seconds without having to interrupt the game for too long.

For a more immediate effect, you can have an assortment of bells, horns, whistles, buzzers, kazoos, harmonicas, and the like in a drawer where you can pull them out whenever one seems appropriate. These can be used as fire alarms, doorbells, ringing phones, or the sound made when The Computer fries a character in West End Games' *PARANOIA** game. You don't have to use every one of your "toys" in every game (and shouldn't), but the wise use of an incidental noise can take the players off guard (like having a phone ring just when one player is describing the way his agent is breaking into a rival spy-organization's offices).

Topping it off

Another readily available role-playing aid is the hat. Most people own a couple, and it's surprising how much this one article of clothing can do to help create an image. A cowboy stetson is a great inspiration for a northerner trying to role-play a Texan, while a woolen toque helps those

southerners get into the swing of characters from Canada.

A baseball cap, with an appropriate logo, can help "place" a character in a specific city or job. An "Andy Capp" hat makes it easier to play a New York cabbie, while a fedora sets the scene for a game taking place between the World Wars. More exotic headpieces like a fez or turban can be used to let players "see" a Middle-Eastern contact, and the basic elements of a turban (a towel with the possible addition of a feather or fake jewel) can be found in any home.

If your hat collection isn't that extensive, other articles of clothing will serve. Long evening gloves can be used to play a "high society" lady (this assumes that you are a woman), while a well-soiled pair of work or garden gloves show the other end of the spectrum. Costume jewelry, suit jackets, an apron, glasses (prescription or sun), or any other piece of clothing can be thrown on by a player or GM at a moment's notice to change a scenario's mood.

The keys to imagination

In fantasy RPGs, most characters ride horses, sail in ships, or ride exotic conveyances like magic carpets and floating clouds. In the modern era, things are much more mundane and standardized; just about every adult gamer has access to a car of some kind, and so do most of their modern-era characters.

While it would be as difficult to give each player a car as it would be to give him a horse or broom of flying, you can still give them all car keys. These are not, of course, keys to any specific car (particularly not your *own* car!), but extra keys that don't open anything at all, like a bicycle lock that has long ago rusted solid. Parents are a good source of useless keys, as some people can't seem to throw out the junk that they accumulate over the course of the years. Stores that make keys sometimes have uncut keys (blanks) or keys that were improperly cut, and these can be gotten for very little (improperly cut keys in a variety of colors can often be gotten free for the asking).

Take your collection of excess keys, carefully label and record each one, then give them to players to represent their characters' cars. The players can then personalize the keys by buying key chains and fobs that typify the style of their characters. If you are being particularly sneaky, wait until the day the players forget to bring their keys to the game, then use that as an excuse to say that their characters' cars were stolen.

Larger than life

Even at prices of less than a dollar per figure, buying and painting a full array of lead miniatures for a campaign can bankrupt any GM. Worse yet, for modern-period games, the selection of figures is not yet as wide as that for the orcs, fighters, and wizards of fantasy campaigns—

but there are a great number of figure sets available for the other genres that combine advantages like being larger than 25 mm, pre-painted, poseable, accurate without need of modification, and probably already somewhere in your little brother's toy collection.

Action figures for *G.I. Joe*, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, and *Transformers* (or one of the many rip-off versions of each) make perfectly usable character figures for any of those genres. They can be modified with a little paint or an exchange of weaponry to fit other characters or other games. They're a little expensive to use for building an enemy army, but pooling the collections of an entire gaming group can produce a large and highly varied assortment of heroes and villains to choose from. You don't have to worry if a few of the figures are out of scale with the others; in the heat of battle, people's impressions of size are governed more by threat level than by literal height. On a less realistic level, there are Lego spacemen, construction workers, knights, and "normal people" of all sorts, along with all of their props and the materials to make more. If the figure works and the players don't mind, then any sort of figure will do.

Set phasers on stun

While you are busy raiding your brother's toy box (with his permission, I hope), you might also grab up his Captain Power or Laser Tag guns. Having a toy gun in hand makes it a lot easier for a player or GM to demonstrate how a character is holding or pointing a weapon. Even an empty squirt gun can be used for this sort of effect. Note the word "toy," please. Only toys should be used for weapon props, and all toys should be unloaded—no water, darts, rubber bullets, plastic disks, etc.

In a PARANOIA game campaign, different-colored plastic guns make for an easy way to identify character levels. This can cause problems for a player armed with a red squirt rifle when his character is promoted up to Orange or higher level and is stuck with an inferior weapon. Nerf-ball shooters can become grenade launchers. Besides, it's a lot of harmless fun in a stressful moment to start tossing Nerf balls around for no reason at all (one disadvantage of lead miniatures here is that the painter gets very upset when the foam rubber starts to fly and accidentally knocks over his figures).

One special warning has to be made about the use of toy guns. Many people don't like having guns pointed at them, even toy guns, and the more real the gun looks, the less pleased they'll be. If you are gaming with someone who asks not to have a toy pointed at him, respect his preference. *Never* use toy guns in a situation where someone could mistake them for the real things; not everyone knows that everyone else is only playing a game, and the police have no sense of humor on this topic. The game should be kept in-

doors, and everyone nearby who is not involved in the game should be told what's going on.

Having a blast

Some people solve the problem of buying masses of expensive miniatures by going in the other direction: lowering costs by using cardboard or plastic playing pieces. While this makes for a potential disaster when a stray foam-rubber ball hits the table, it does give you a new way of determining damage done by an attack. Merely assign each weapon used a "Nerf Rating," then select an appropriately soft object (from Nerf ball to pillow) to bounce off the battle board; whatever's left standing obviously took no damage from the attack (this is great for humorous games and scenarios).

Other methods of producing the same effect involve the use of hair dryers aimed at cardboard figures (the "high" setting equals a tactical nuclear blast or hurricane) or properly scaled racing cars run across the table to demonstrate the effects of plastic figures caught crossing a busy highway.

Games within games

While they make up the bulk of it, RPGs aren't the only games I play. I also have an Intellivision, and I spend as much time playing games on my computer as I do writing articles on it. Those video and computer games can be used as part of a role-playing game, too. A car-racing game can simulate a chase scene, horse racing or blackjack games can serve as background when the PCs meet a contact at the racetrack or in a casino, and any sort of game as a distraction for the other players while a particular player is in conference with you. More detailed computer games could even be used as substitute rules systems, if the group is playing a game that gets bogged down by an overly complex combat or movement system.

More than just money

Many things besides money can be found in the average player's wallet or purse. There are identification cards (both with and without photographs), credit cards, photographs of family and friends, bus tickets, phone numbers on scraps of paper, driver's licenses, library cards, miscellaneous sales receipts, and other junk.

Unless a character doesn't have a civilian identity or occupation, he's going to have a similar collection of odds and ends in his own wallet. Some of it will be useful only to himself (like banking machine statements), some will be of general use (like his ID) and some will be of no earthly use at all (like ads for book sales long gone by).

Players can make up "wallets" for their characters, putting the contents in file folders or discarded real wallets. A character's wallet can start with the discards from the player's own wallet, adding

things that would be of interest to the character (like business cards from contacts he'd be likely to make) or periodically cleaning it out as his interests change. Play money can be added as desired. For a character's ID, a player can use an expired ID of his own. For a touch more realism, the player could visit stores that sell joke ID cards, such as "CIA Covert Agent" identity cards. Few things make a character more realistic than being able to pull out a snapshot of a superhero's wife and children, if someone should happen to ask after them. If the character's wallet is stolen in the game, what would the thief learn about his victim? This could lead to interesting adventures later on.

Cheap thrills

In games set in the far future, photographic ID is often not used for character identification. Instead, computer-encoded ID bracelets (such as in TSR's GAMMA WORLD® game) or other solid identifiers are used. One particularly handy place to buy these "ID bracelets" is in the nearest supermarket. Often, the cereal and candy aisle or the check-out counter will have displays of cheap plastic costume jewelry. For just a little money, less than that spent on a new module or box of lead miniatures, you can quickly build up a useful assortment of plastic circlets and baubles to be doled out wherever applicable. (Gum machines and cereal boxes are also good sources of such trinkets, but I don't recommend them as you might have to eat a lot of cereal or chew a lot of gum to get the particular prop you want.)

For the same sort of money, one can go to an electronic-parts clearance store and pick up interesting props such as television remote controls without the "guts," assorted circuit boards and transistor collections, or "black boxes" with all sorts of wires going in and out to no end. While none of these really do anything, they all do look like they could do something, which is almost as important. Having the players use these as if they were real can prove quite entertaining.

Pretty as a picture

One common feature of superspies and other movie characters is that they are good looking—as handsome as movie stars, to be more precise. So, why bother laboriously drawing a picture of a player character or NPC that never quite looks the way he was imagined to look? Just find a picture of that character in a magazine.

Careful searching through a stack of magazines will turn up photos of almost any reasonably human character (in a number of poses and costumes), his wife and family, a few friends, and maybe even his boss or enemies. A GM or player doesn't have to be particularly skillful with scissors and glue to combine a costume found in one picture with the face of another to perfectly customize a character's image.

These family photos make a character's wallet look that much more like a living person's. You might be grateful to a helpful player who presents you with visual aids depicting a number of your major NPCs. A particularly foresighted GM will even get into the habit of clipping photos in advance, so that he'll have a file of mean, helpful, trustworthy, or smart-looking characters whenever he needs an NPC on a moment's notice.

For pictures of characters who aren't supposed to look like movie stars, just change the magazine selection. *National Geographic* has photos of "average" people from every area of the world, while news magazines and newspapers do the same thing closer to home.

The story the pictures come with may also give you a scenario idea or information that you can give to the players in the form of a clipping. Real news articles on a foreign country or city can give the characters much-needed information for an espionage or super-hero mission they must complete—and they have real-life (if unintentional) educational benefits, too.

Back-to-front

In ICE/Hero Games' CHAMPIONS* game, character sheets include partially drawn figure templates—the outlines of male and female bodies in various heroic poses—which any player can customize by drawing his PC's costume and features over them. A player competent with pencil, pen, and Liquid Paper can create wonderful character portraits with the aid of these portrait starter kits.

To go a step beyond this, the player can make a few photocopies of his character sketch; then, on the back of one copy, he can trace the outline of the costume from behind. With only a little more effort than it took to draw the front of the costume, the player can now fill in the back side. After cutting out one front and one rear picture, the two sides can be mounted on the two sides of a piece of stiff cardboard to get a "three-dimensional" portrait of the character. Another piece of cardboard can be taped to the bottom of the portrait to make a base for it. Optionally, the two pictures can be glued to a long card in head-to-head positions, so that the whole can be folded to make an A-frame stand-up. If these stand-up portraits are the right scale to go along with the action-figure toys mentioned before, they can double as inexpensive figures. (Just because the character templates come with the CHAMPIONS game doesn't mean that you can't use them with any other system.)

Map-o-mania

Maps are fascinating things. They are useful conveyers of important information, they're colorful and even decorative, and they're sometimes a hassle to fold. Most importantly, they can be had cheaply for RPGs.

My first source of maps is *National Geo-*

graphic. The maps arrive every couple of months, and they are usually quite up to date. Along with specific political and physical features, they also often have short notes sprinkled across them giving historical details of certain areas. Usually, the back side of a *National Geographic* map tell the story behind the region mapped, and there are often inset pictures showing changes that have occurred over time in the area. The best thing about them is that most people in the United States (and much of the rest of the world) know someone with a subscription who would be willing to donate some maps to a needy gamer.

Vacations and business trips have introduced me to another great and cheap map source. Many American states and Canadian provinces have tourist information pavilions strung along their main highways. These often provide racks of pamphlets and flyers describing tourist attractions in the area that are all free for the taking. In many cases, these freebies include a detailed regional map. By way of my travels, and with the help of friends in faraway places, I have amassed a large collection of road maps that I can use to give players a good grasp of the geography of a city or country that they've never been to in real life. Don't be tricked into searching for certain maps only in certain states; I got my free map of New Hampshire in a motel lobby in Maryland!

For players whose characters will be spending a lot of time in one specific setting (like super heroes in New York City), bus- and subway-route maps would probably give an in-depth feel for the places their characters are likely to visit. If the characters are only passing through, a more basic sight-seeing map, with tourist attractions highlighted, is something they'd be likely to get hold of (a well-done tourist map could even be used by an invading army, depending on its targets). Some real-estate agents have similar freebies to give out. You can also call or write to large tourist attractions and state parks in other areas, requesting information for planned vacations with a good chance of getting free maps in the mail. The foresighted GM from a previous section with his file of NPC photos can also assemble a large folder of assorted maps and tourist handouts for a number of cities, just in case he ever runs an adventure set in those areas.

Another source of reliable maps is the U.S. Geological Survey, although these maps generally cost a few dollars each. You can get a free copy of the USGS's catalog of maps by writing to: U.S. Geological Survey, Earth Science Information Center, 507 National Center, Reston VA 22092, U.S.A. (or call: 703-860-6045; you will get a recording giving you ordering information).

Old but not forgotten

For games set earlier in this century, maps are an even more useful resource

that helps rid players of misconceptions about what-was-there-then based on what-is-there-now. Despite what you may think, vintage maps are easy to come by.

The first place to look for old maps is in the glove compartment of your parents' car. Along with current maps of the city and state you live in, possible treasures to be found include outdated maps of the city spanning 20 years, a map of Cleveland from your vacation of 1970 (if you're from Cleveland, this map will probably be of Miami), and innumerable hand-drawn sets of directions to parties and places long forgotten.

For those willing to invest a little money, antique stores (especially in small towns and villages, not in big city "antique boutiques") often have boxes of worn-out maps for which the owners don't really expect to get as much as a quarter each. Most of these won't be impressive, but Detroit probably looked a little different in maps from the 1950s, and at 25 cents a shot, it's worth a peek (even the gasoline advertizing on the back of the map adds "period flavor").

Used bookstores sell world atlases for \$5 to \$10 if they're out of date or in bad condition. My own collection (costing a total of \$10 Canadian) includes a world atlas from 1950, a copy of my father's grade-school atlas from the 1940s, and a pocket dictionary, dated 1911, that includes a "Gazetteer of the World" with maps of the Russian, Japanese, German, and Austro-Hungarian Empires, American possessions like Alaska, Hawaii, Cuba, "Porto Rico" and the Philippines, and white expanses around the North and South Poles, each marked "Unexplored Region."

Not only do these atlases provide visual information, they also list many statistical and other facts. Did you know that the population of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was 374,000 in 1910, compared to New York City's 4,767,000, and that these figures had gone up to 587,000 and 7,454,000 by 1940? That "growing sentiment" was leading the U.S.A. of 1910 to adopt goldenrod as its national flower? That American first-class postage was once two cents an ounce? The back pages of these books are as filled with useful "period" information as are the maps themselves!

Over and above

In the other direction, high-tech mapping is not necessarily as expensive as it sounds. The highest tech readily available is the home computer, and there are many commercial mapping programs around—but most of these are either complex, expensive, or extremely limited in the areas that they can map. (There are some good freeware and shareware programs out there, but they make up for low costs by being less flexible when it comes to gaming uses; a few might also have computer viruses.)

At a more down-to-earth price, there's



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aerial photography. No, don't hire a helicopter and go up for a few snapshots; someone's probably already done that for you. Most cities have urban-planning departments in their city halls, each with a complete collection of aerial photos as a major tool. In order to use this resource, you must first choose the sites for which you'd like to have photos. While a full overhead picture of your home town might be interesting, a regular map could serve that purpose almost as well. What you must do is to decide what sort of place you wish you had a photo of—for example, a nuclear weapons plant in the Soviet Union—then scout around for places that remind you of a nuclear facility: a large factory, a train station, or an actual nuclear power station, if there's one nearby.

After making a list of the appropriate addresses, take it to city hall and ask if you could buy aerial photos of those areas (the prices are more reasonable if you know exactly what you want). With the prints in hand, make some photocopies and begin cutting up the copies. Shuffle the pieces around, rearrange them, and, after gluing them together in the new arrangement, make more copies to hand out to the players (a photocopier is one of the most useful behind-the-scenes props you will ever use). What you get then is not just a picture of some local factories that the players are likely to recognize; instead, you have a full-fledged spy-satellite photograph of the Sverdlovsk Nuclear Weapons Facility (remember to label the photo in Cyrillic if it is supposed to be from a Soviet, instead of an American, source).

Cards and letters

The mail offers lots of opportunities for game props. To begin with, you can begin an adventure with a letter. Instead of telling a player that his character has received a mysterious letter, you could actually mail a letter to the character (in care of the player), detailing the mission and scheduling a rendezvous at a secluded location that, coincidentally, happens to be the address of the GM. You then name a time when everyone had expected to have the game anyway.

One of the advantages of doing a lot of letter writing is that I make contacts with people all over the world who are willing to do me small favors for free. Taking advantage of their generosity, I can mail those invitation letters from locations besides my home town. I can have cryptic postcards mailed from Australia or Thailand, or a friend in Detroit can mail a letter from a character's school buddies.

The quick draw

That same antique store that sold you old road maps a few paragraphs ago is also likely to have used and faded postcards that can be bought in bundles for a couple of bucks. While the messages written on them might be banal, the pictures can be used as backdrops for campaigns

set in a lot of time periods. I've seen postcards almost a century old, on sale at pennies apiece, which would have been great scene-setters for Chaosium's CTHULHU BY GASLIGHT* campaign. Big events like the 1939 Worlds Fair have wide coverage in the stock of junk stores.

Beyond merely showing the cards to players to let them see the same things as their characters, for the price you paid you can also afford to make alterations to the cards. Simple stick figures drawn directly onto the postcard can show the exact position of the giant ape scaling the Washington Monument, while a truly talented artist could either combine pictures from different postcards into one scene, or actually draw miniature character sketches that can be cut out and glued to the card. Clipping photos of UFOs and Bigfoot from supermarket tabloids will give you other things to glue onto the backdrop of the Atlantic City boardwalk.

These quick sketches needn't all be done in advance, although it helps if you do much of your preparation beforehand. If the players fall into discussion among themselves, you can use the break to update your sketches or draw new ones, instead of interrupting the players and telling them to get back on track. As everyone knows, a picture is worth a thousand words from an overworked GM.

If you're going to make quick sketches to illustrate your descriptions, another useful tool is an easel with a big pad of paper on it, along with an assortment of colored markers. An imaginative artist can make a passable picture to describe a scene in only a few seconds. With lots of paper, you can just flip the page over when you're finished with a particular scene.

Film at eleven

Have you ever said "I wish I had a picture of that!" as you walked or drove by something interesting or unique? Well, why *didn't* you get a picture of it?

The pocket camera is an inexpensive and commonplace piece of hardware that few people associate with gaming. If you keep a fully loaded camera with you wherever you go, you can snap shots of scenery, street scenes, buildings, or cars that catch your eye. At the right time, these pictures can be whisked out to detail a game scene in living color.

For those of you who use a camera system more complex than the one-button type, there are certain special effects that can be easily applied towards gaming photos. Using black-and-white film makes a photo look older (for games set in the 1920s through the 1950s) or more primitive (usable in a post-holocaust game). A few ravines, garbage dumps, abandoned buildings, or derelict cars can be extrapolated into an entire war-torn landscape (I'd recommend using a telephoto lens for shooting toxic waste dumps, though). Special color filters or "soft focus" lenses can give a desired nightmarish effect to a

picture. Double exposures can be used to produce "ghosts" for a horror game. No matter what the picture really is, the players rely on you to tell them what they're supposed to see. Even if the picture isn't exactly what you had in mind, you still have an opportunity to correct photographic mistakes with a proper description.

One more potential target of your photographic attentions should be people. Lots of faces you see instantly scream out "secret agent," "half-ogre," or "Doctor Phantasm," and you could snap and put them in your NPC files if only you had a camera.

When shooting real people, however, there are a few things you have to remember. Unlike landscapes, people are sometimes not happy to have their pictures taken, and they have certain legal rights in that respect. In addition, while photos taken in public places are usually legal, to take pictures on private property you need the permission of the owner (subway platforms, malls, and other people-places are usually private, not public, property). Whenever a legal question comes up about your photo-taking, be polite, know your rights, and be willing to compromise. It's only a picture for a game, after all.

Conclusion

Although I listed more than a few possible props for modern gaming, this article is by no means exhaustive. The key to coming up with your own props is to take everything out of context. ("When is a book not just a book? When the GM has dog-eared one page that has an underlined clue on it for the players to find.") You have to change your perspective from looking at things around you as they are to looking at things as they could become. Most importantly, you have to keep your eyes open at all times, being constantly on the lookout for ideas and objects that might have some future use, not just for things needed now or which could have been useful in a game gone by. It would be ridiculous to expect any GM to employ every one of these props, but just a few, or even one, can change the entire flavor of a campaign for the better.

(An earlier version of this article appeared in *The Wild Hunt* #150, and I am thankful to the readership of that APA for comments and suggestions.) Ω

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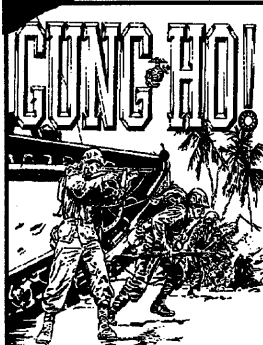


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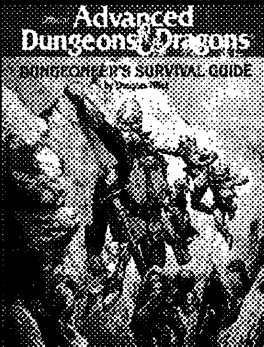
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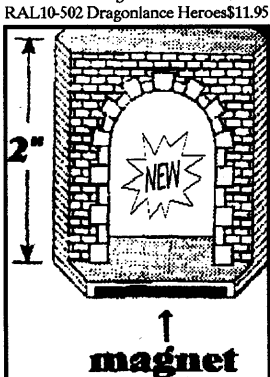
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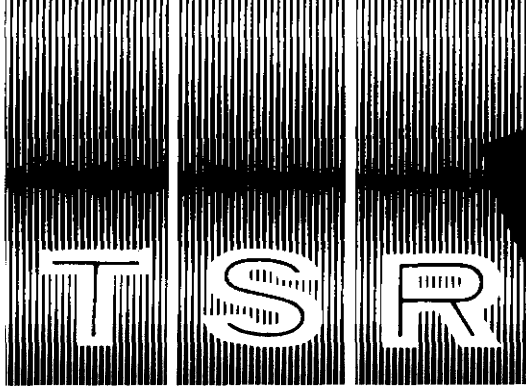
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THE ROLE OF Computers

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Heart of China
(Dynamix)

Adventure through the *Heart of China*

Some readers have wondered why their clues haven't yet appeared in this column. There are many possible reasons for this.

First, we have a four-month lead from the time when we write our column to its publication date. This issue's column was written in August, so a hint received in August wouldn't appear until now.

Second, we receive 15-30 pieces of mail a week from readers who supply us with hints and other information. Due to space limitations, we try our best to publish as many different clues as possible in each column.

Third, a hint you sent may have already been submitted by another reader, and the latter submission has either been published in an earlier column or will be published later.

[Also, if we need to trim this column so

that it will fit the space in the magazine set

them.—*The Editors*]

On another topic, be certain to read the system requirements needed for a particular software entertainment, especially if you are a PC/MS-DOS gamer. With the inclusion of state-of-the-art animation,

graphics, and a variety of other memory intensive features in new game releases, older IBMs and clones may not run these offerings correctly. You'll see many PC/MS-DOS games now advising, somewhere on the package cover, that a player needs at least 80286 performance as a base requirement. The game may even advise that you need a processor running at 20 MHz or better. If we hadn't upgraded our computer's CPU to 33 MHz, our enjoyment of the game featured in our lead review would have been tempered by slow animation, screen refreshing, and sound.

KnightLine

Sir-Tech Software has announced the title of its sequel to *Wizardry: Bane of the Cosmic Forge*. It is called *Wizardry: Crusaders of the Dark Savant*. It will be ini-

Computer games' ratings

X	Not recommended
*	Poor
**	Fair
***	Good
****	Excellent
*****	Superb

tially released for PC/MS-DOS machines in 256 VGA color and contains several new technological advances.

In the last issue, we reviewed *Castles*, from Interplay. The company now informs us that *Castles Campaigning Disk #1: The Northern Campaign* will soon be released. In it, you'll confront the Picts, an even more formidable foe than the Celts. Bigger plot lines, new graphics and messengers, and economics are now included. You can also buy and sell grain as well as other items. Look for enemy archers and wave attacks, reserve forces, and even Vikings. To counter the opposition, you can train your troops to increase your military efficiency and also upgrade your weapons. The price is \$29.95 retail, but if you order through Interplay, the cost for the new disk is \$19.95. Orders must be called in to: (800) 969-GAME.

By the way, Roger Wilco fans, Sierra has licensed its Space Quest hero to Malibu Graphics for a comic-book series.

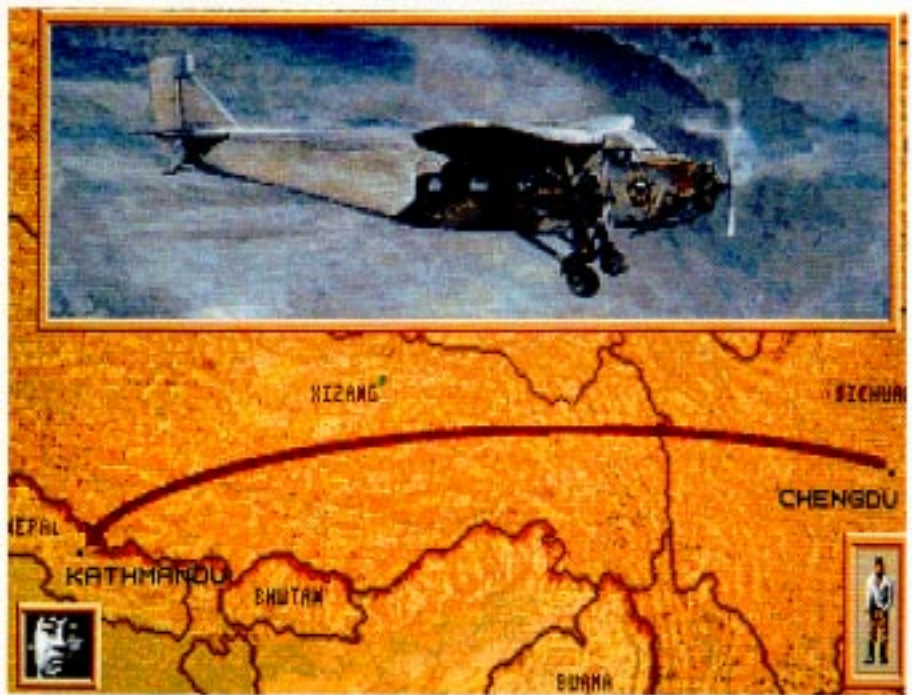
H.E.L.P.

James Lee of Spring Lake, NC., answered Eric Korman's question in issue #172 regarding *Might and Magic II*: "In order to get past the barrier, go to area 13,3—the area west of the barrier in the same room. You cannot have anyone else there help you, unless he is either a thief or a cleric."

Doug Parsons had this suggestion: "If you go to 13,3 in Corak's Cavern with your party of clerics, an old man will lower the barrier for you." Doug also wrote about a way to receive many hit points. "Go to the Dragon's Dominion, Area D1-12,14. Once inside, head toward 15,15. You will have to kill an ancient dragon (which is nearly impossible to do) or get past it by hiding. Once past it, go to 7,14 and break the glass, rest, and you will find yourself 1,000 hit points richer."

Wesley Lin of Phoenix, Ariz., was able to answer J. David Glaes' question in issue #172 about the Shard of Cowardice in *Ultima V* (and add other advice as well): "The Shard of Cowardice lies on L'A," L'I" in the underworld. Gardner, the keeper of the Flame of Courage, tells you this. Hythloth is a dungeon containing the Codex, on the southeast tip of the isle. To have a character talk to a merchant, you must select the character as an active player; if none is selected, the character in the lead will talk. Sin'Vrall, the daemon, tells you about Astaroth, the Shadowlord of Hatred, and the Shard of Hatred."

Mike Edwards of Erie, Pa., also answered Mr. Glaes' question about *Ultima V*, but his letter included a way to reach Dungeon Doom. "Complete the sacred quests for all of the Shrines. When you travel to the Codex of Ultimate Wisdom for the last time, it will tell you how to get to Doom and what you must do to get in. Before you go to Doom, I recommend that you kill all of the Shadow Lords. You should also possess the Magic Carpet, plus



Heart of China (Dynamix)

the Scepter, Crown, and Amulet of Lord British."

We wish to thank Luca Christian Boris Gentile of Varese, Italy, for his highly technical examination of BUCK ROGERS®: *Countdown to Doomsday*. Luca sent a method for editing your characters, using a PC/MS-DOS program called PC Tools. If you are a *Countdown to Doomsday* player, are technically competent in PC/MS-DOS, and wish a copy of Luca's editing hints, send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and we'll send you the information.

For those working on *Wasteland's* problem of finding the Blackstar Key, Yehuda Bresler of Far Rockaway, N.Y., has the same problem with the PC/MS-DOS version of the game. He had heard that the key could be obtained from the Cyborg Commandos in Las Vegas, but, when he killed them, all he received was another Sonic Key. He wrote to the company but has received no answer.

Joe Jankowski of Conshohocken, Pa., asks for hints regarding the use of the gray reagent in *Journey* from Infocom. "I am in the city just after obtaining the gray reagent and have no clue how to open the Emporium or jail cell with it. Any help would be greatly appreciated!"

Next is a *Bard's Tale* problem from Jonathan Corathers of New York. "I've been playing *The Bard's Tale* for about six months, but I can't answer the riddle I've run across in Kylearan's Tower. 'Name the one of cold, foretold, twofold.' The hint book claims the answer to the riddle is in the sewers, but I can't find it. I've written to the company, but no one has responded. Please help!"



Heart of China (Dynamix)

Reviews

Heart of China

Dynamix/Sierra (209-683-4468)

PC/MS-DOS version

\$59.95

There is nothing better than reviewing a nearly perfect software entertainment. This graphic adventure has been expertly assembled to give the look and feel of a truly interactive environment, with sound and graphics of the highest quality available with today's PC/MS-DOS technology. Despite minor flaws in the story line itself, *Heart of China* (HOC) embroils your heroes in a global adventure filled with exciting puzzles, thrilling arcade sequences, and movielike screen presentation. The sound track that accompanies the game is one of the best we've heard through our Roland MIDI board. Note that 20 MHz CPU or better is required to run this game properly. The game uses only VGA graphics and requires a mouse or joy stick.

The lead character of this adventure is a World War I ace, "Lucky" Jake Masters, who operates a tour service in the Far East. He is also, unfortunately, indebted to a rather unpleasant gentleman named E. A. Lomax, who forces Masters to rescue his beautiful daughter, Kate. Kate is a

"World War III Eliminated The Weak... Now The Real Fight Begins."

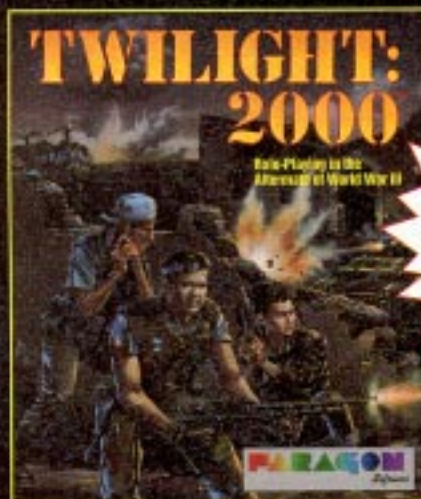


Actual screen shown.

In the wake of nuclear holocaust not even the strong are guaranteed survival. Staying alive requires resourcefulness as well as might.

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Actual screens may vary.



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dedicated nurse practicing her profession in China near a village called Chengdu.

The fortress at Chengdu is owned by Li Deng, whose collection of Oriental arts and artifacts is said to be most impressive. Li Deng wants to add Kate Lomax to his collection and has kidnapped her. Naturally, her father wants her back; he has promised \$200,000 to Jake to return his daughter to him unharmed. However, Jake loses \$20,000 for each day it takes him to accomplish this rescue.

There is a unique buddy system in *HOC*, and interaction between game characters is quite realistic. Character icons appear in the lower portion of your monitor. The full-color icon in the lower right of the screen represents your current primary character; this is the inventory icon. The black-and-white icon in the lower left section of the screen is the secondary character icon. To make the secondary character the primary, all you do is click once on the black-and-white portrait and it becomes the primary character. The primary character leads the adventure, and all discussions with nonplayer characters on-screen take place through him.

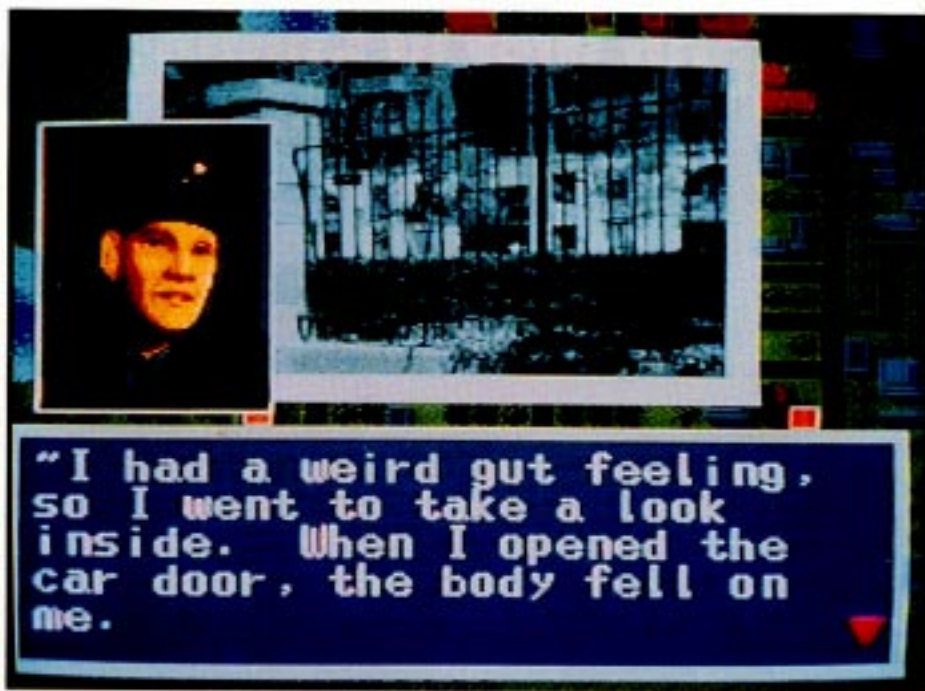
Your cursor serves multiple purposes in *HOC*. The marvelously created screens produce rich color and lifelike animation in VGA. When you move your cursor atop an NPC, a conversation bubble appears. Click on the left (mouse or joy stick) button, and interaction is initiated. Sometimes, you will be presented with three answers to an NPC's question. Think carefully about how you reply, for your answer affects how that character reacts to your words. This can be a difficult decision, especially when your primary character is Jake, as he is rather prone to act with his ego and not his brain.

For example, a key interaction in the game is a conversation with a peasant after you arrive at Chengdu. To talk with a peasant while playing Jake as the primary character is not a good move. Hopefully, you have acquired the companionship of Zhao Chi, a ninja, who is a much better conversationalist with the local people and can play a major role in your successes. By making Zhao Chi the lead character, you stand a good chance, if you remain honest, of moving onward successfully.

When a new screen appears, move your cursor about the screen to see if the icon changes to meet any game needs. You



Heart of China (Dynamix)



J. B. Harold Murder Club (NEC Technologies)

could see it change into one of two exit icons that reveal adjoining rooms or locations to which you can move. Or, it could become a magnifying glass that invites you to zoom in for a closer look at whatever it is pointing at. When your cursor turns into a hand icon, you enter the hand-to-hand combat mode and can use any weapon in your inventory that was previously placed in your primary character's hand.

HOC includes some extremely thoughtful player features. You can save or reload a saved game at any point in the game except for the arcade sequences. In the latter, should you fail at the sequence, a dialog box appears that allows you to retry the arcade without having to reload a sequence or restart the game; this is a great addition to the game!

The graphic detail is astounding. In some scenes, small spiders can be seen scrambling down webs. When you come across an item that can be retrieved, the cursor turns into a pointing arrow. Once an item is located, it can be dragged onto the primary character icon and is immediately placed in that character's inventory.

Plot branches appear throughout *HOC*, and there is more than one way to win the game. Plot-branch signposts pop up when you have taken one pathway and another route exists. The appearance of a plot-branch icon does not mean you have made an incorrect choice; it simply means that another choice exists. For those who enjoy multiple-plot branches, you can always go back to the adventure and play it using different methods simply to see the extent to which Dynamix has constructed this fine adventure.

The manuals are extremely well written. The control documentation not only shows how to use your I/O device correctly, but at the back of the booklet is a walk-

through to help new players with the first stages of the adventure. If you are inclined to try and work things out for yourself, don't even look at pages 35 through 42. Just keep in mind that a Chinese individual is best used to speak the native tongue with NPCs.

Combine superbly crafted animation and graphics with a somewhat appealing lead character, and you've got one heck of a great adventure from Dynamix. State-of-the-art software coding now requires the gamer to pack a computer with some punch. No level beneath VGA is supported, and, as we mentioned at the start of this column, you must possess a CPU with at least 20 MHz clock speed. If you have a computer capable of handling the load, this is a definite "keeper."

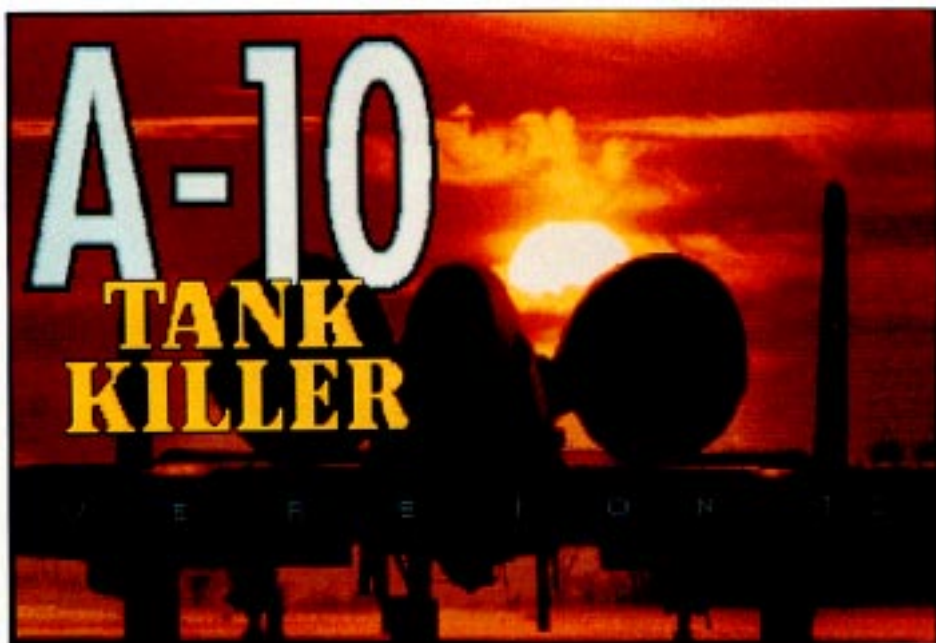
J. B. Harold Murder Club

NEC Technologies, Inc. (708-860-9500)
Turbographx-16 version (CD-ROM) \$61.99

Since the release of *Sherlock Holmes*, NEC has wasted no time in releasing its second mystery/suspense CD game, *J. B. Harold Murder Club*. As a famed investigator, J. B. Harold, you must uncover the mysterious circumstances surrounding the death of Bill Robbins.

This case is definitely not easy. You must go to locations and question witnesses, suspects, and other people you meet. Evidence must be found, analyzed, and used for your case. People might not be willing to talk at first, but may have valuable information as the case becomes more involved.

Talking is exactly what the people do. Question one of them about his alibi, and you can hear their response over your speakers. There is no digitized video in this game, but people and evidence are represented by digitized still photos. The



A-10 Tank Killer (Dynamix)

jazz soundtrack is very catchy as well.

The questioning is limited to menu choices, but choices grow large very quickly. You might solve another case in the meantime and, with a warrant, be able to arrest someone. Down at the station, you can interrogate the suspect further. This game allows players to solve "mini-cases" along the way, giving the player a sense of accomplishment.

You can save the game at any time and can find out how well the investigation is going. The status is represented by four categories: evidence, interview, interrogation, and information. Graphics fill each line; the more complete the line is, the further along you are in the investigation.

There is plenty of information on the CD, with over 20 people to investigate—more than enough to keep any mystery fan busy for a long time. Each person has a detailed record that includes occupation, hobbies, native places, blood type, special licenses, martial status, and family. Combine that with the way the people hold back information or lie, and you will have to visit places and people several times before the case is solved.

This is a great game for mystery fans, though the audio tracks used when talking to people take a few seconds to load and can become tedious. Thankfully, this feature can be turned off so only text is viewed instead. Another problem with this game is that an unsolved case in the police records includes a rape. There are no specific details, but this case has no bearing on the outcome of the game. The programmers should have deleted that case, or at least put a warning on the box about the mature subject matter in this game. Otherwise, *J. B. Harold Murder Club* is a thinking game that is well worth the money.

Phantasy Star III

Sega of America, Inc. (415-508-2800)

Sega Genesis version

\$81.75

Today you are to marry Maia, a mysterious woman you found on the shores of your father's kingdom. But, as happens in all video-game universes, something goes wrong: A winged demon grabs your bride from your arms and disappears. Thus begins the third and largest of the Phantasy Star sagas. Before the journey is over, you will have explored seven worlds and lived through three generations.

In *Phantasy Star III*, you are either Rhys or—later—his offspring, and must search for Maia. (Depending on whom you marry later on, you could eventually become one of a variety of people who will determine which one of four different endings will be your destiny.) Along your travels, you will meet people who might want to join your cause. You can have up to five characters in your party at once. Travelling is seen from an overhead point of view, and the graphics are crisp and very detailed, though the dungeons are from an overhead view, as in *Phantasy Star II*.

In a town or village, you can visit one of many shops. The inn allows you to save the game in progress to one of the two battery-back-up save games. The technique shop is a place where you can buy rare and highly valued powers. Only certain characters can use these techniques, which include healing, melee, time, and order.

When combat occurs, the scene shifts from a first-person perspective to one where enemies can be seen directly. Icon controls allow players to attack specific foes, use techniques, use items, defend, or run away. In addition to these options, you can choose to go one round in combat before choosing new options, or you can

have characters continually use the same actions until the combat is over or you press "B" to break out of that mode. This is where we found ourselves a bit disappointed. In *Phantasy Star II*, animations of characters swinging swords or using techniques were shown. Here, however, slashes of weapons or various techniques are shown without the character. It seemed like a vast amount of memory from the combat portion of the game went into making this game a larger quest.

Though we didn't like it as much as *Phantasy Star II*, *Phantasy Star III* is creative in many ways. First, you have the ability to marry a person and then become the offspring of that union to continue the quest. The various endings in this game are a definite plus as well. The graphics are excellent, except for the combat (*Phantasy Star II* is better here). A hint book is not included with the game but is available separately. Overall, this game will definitely keep you fixed to the television for weeks. Even after finishing one of the endings, you can go back and try to find the other three, making for an even longer play life.

Game conversions

A-10 Tank Killer

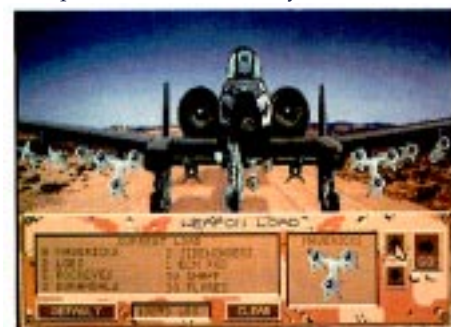
Dynamix (209-683-4468)

PC/MS-DOS version (updated)

\$59.95

With troops still returning from the Persian Gulf, software companies are introducing combat simulators dealing with Middle East campaigns. One such offering is actually an updated version of *A-10 Tank Killer*. This version includes a Middle East campaign, boasts better VGA graphics, new flight models, full sound-board support, and user-definable weapon loads. Also enclosed with this update is new documentation, plus a section dealing with the history of the A-10 (including how it was used during the Desert Storm confrontation). Users of the Maxx Yoke and Maxx Rudders will be pleased, as the new version supports both joy sticks.

The animation is fast and clean. The VCR menu, new to this version, allows full access to repeated viewing of your missions. Multiple camera views available include victim and engagement, plus a floating camera view that gives you a viewpoint around and away from the





A-10 Tank Killer (Dynamix)

aircraft. The floating camera reminds us of Lucasfilm's *Battlehawks* and *Battle of Britain* views, except that the A-10 view is in real-time mode. You can watch yourself fire on unfriendly aircraft and ground targets from almost any angle you desire.

The most enjoyable feature is the new Middle East missions. You can see how difficult it was for pilots to destroy Scud launchers and other Iraqi targets. We quickly found ourselves engrossed in the simulation, trying to avoid anti-aircraft fire and surface-to-air missiles while trying to provide cover for rescue planes or hitting a primary target. *A-10 Tank Killer* demonstrates the hazards pilots face in completing their missions. It is mind boggling to think of the thousands of related missions that were flown every day during the confrontation!

A-10 Tank Killer, version 1.5, cleans up most of the flaws of the original release and includes many more features that will keep flight simulator fans extremely happy. This is definitely a recommended Christmas gift for any flight simulator fanatic.

Thexder

Space Quest III

Sierra On-Line (209-683-4468)

Macintosh & PC/MS-DOS versions

Prices n/a

Don't have a clue as to what entertainment software you should purchase for your Macintosh? Afraid Santa Claus will leave another boring application? Fret no longer, for Sierra On-Line has converted two computer hits to the Macintosh: *Thexder* and *Space Quest III*.

Thexder, an arcade smash in Japan and in the U.S., is now an addicting side-view arcade game for Macintosh gamers. The action is simple and quick, but strategy is needed if you want to complete all 16 levels.

As a pilot of super assault vehicles, you must destroy dozens of different types of enemies. The key is that you must avoid contact with them while on your mission. Touching an enemy results in loss of energy, revealed by a bar at the bottom of the screen. However, destroying enemy units replenishes some of your lost energy. Completing a level not only replenishes but increases your energy capacity.

The enemies can be destroyed by using your guns. Your shield, which saps some



Space Quest III (Sierra On-Line)

of your energy, can also save your skin when facing dozens of enemies simultaneously. Your ultimate capability is to change from a robot to a fighter jet. The jet limits your field of fire but allows you to fly to places that are far higher in altitude than your robot can jump. The jet also allows you to enter areas that are too cramped for robotic maneuvering.

Thexder is on two 800K disks, hardly a space problem for those who wish to install it on their hard drive. The only flaw we have to report about *Thexder* is the lack of color. The game is a direct port from the IBM CGA version, which means Macintosh users who have color capabilities can play the game in only two or four colors. This is not bad, as the game's playability makes up for the lack of color, but Sierra could have enhanced the game when converting it to the Macintosh. Otherwise, this is a great arcade treat that starts to fill the large gap in the Macintosh arcade game software.

The second offering from Sierra is *Space Quest III*. It was a big seller for the IBM PC, and now Macintosh users can experience the humorous adventures of a janitor turned hero for themselves.

Roger Wilco, at the end of *Space Quest II*, had escaped from Sludge Vohaul's asteroid fortress. He entered an escape pod and hibernated sleep to save his dwindling oxygen supply. Little does the sleeping character know that his snooze will be all too short, as he will awaken in an alien vessel.

Action can be controlled by the mouse or keyboard (we recommend the latter). Users must look closely at their surroundings, examining everything as thoroughly as possible. Otherwise, an object not picked up now can come back to haunt the player later on during the game.

The Macintosh version utilizes black-and-white or 16-color video mode. Again, we thought that *Space Quest III* should definitely be enhanced to take advantage of the Macintosh's powerful color capabilities. However, like *Thexder*, it is still a classic game that any Macintosh adventure gamer should have.

Clue corner

Bane of the Cosmic Forge (Sir-Tech)

1. Wait until your priest, monk, or bishop receives Dispel Undead before fighting the zombie in the castle spire.
2. The apples restore spell points, and the rutabagas restore hit points.
3. For a good fight and treasure, wave the rotten cheese in front of the mouse hole.

Danny Thompson
Cologne MN

That's it for this month. Please don't forget to mail or fax your vote for the best game of the year for the Beastie Award. Our fax number is (209) 832-5742 (please, fax only between 9:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M., Pacific time, weekdays). Our address is: The Lessers, 521 Czerny Street, Racy CA 95376, U.S.A. Please include not only the game's title but also the computer system under which you played it, and your name and address in case vote verification is required. We appreciate your interest. Until next month, game on!



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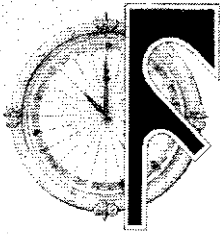
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airday One: They came from all over vast Worldcastle with their poles and their tents on the first day of Spring-rise to erect the Pavilion Fair. The muddy snows were still on the ground, but the mood was festive as canvases were pulled tight and tables

bearing an assortment of sale goods were established all across the north-central district called Valicarn.

Valicarn was usually a down-trodden region reserved for the poor, the lower castes, or the unwanted, and its residents liked it that way. There was privacy in anonymity. Even the Laram-Soldat, the singular military body in Worldcastle, left Valicarn to its own devices, choosing to send smaller patrols to the district at irregular intervals. Any crime that someone could commit in such a weak and vulnerable region could not be a crime worthy of Soldat intervention.

Throck Gundmundur kept the five red-armored Soldat conscripts in his peripheral vision as he considered embarking on a life of crime. He fidgeted with the folds of his robes, stamped his foot angrily, and wondered if they'd catch him should he decide to grab the watch and run for it. Probably. And *that* would certainly put an unpleasant end to his dreams of becoming a truly powerful wizard.

Gundmundur leaned forward on the table before him, ignoring the shouts and pounding around him as more tents were raised to begin the Pavilion Fair Celebration. He didn't give a dead rat's rotted tail about the Pavilion Fair; he hated it. It was an infringement on his privacy as a citizen of Worldcastle in general and Valicarn District in particular. Every year they came and every year they gawked, as if he were one of the freaks in the sideshow. They pointed and they stared, and one year a fat nobleman and his fat noblelady and their fat noblebrats had been rude enough to ask Gundmundur to sit for a street portrait.

"You see," the fat nobleman had said, "we've never seen a real dirt elf."

"Then," Gundmundur had answered softly, "you've probably never seen a real dirt elf do this." He then proceeded to make obscenely rude gestures with his hands, and the fat noblefamily had beat a hasty retreat.

Gundmundur knew he was unique, perhaps one of only eighty of his kind living in all of vast Worldcastle. Dirt elf. It was a typically human translation of *paligru*, the elven word meaning subterranean. Underground meant dirt to humans, and thus did the rare race of elves who chose to live beneath the surface of Worldcastle come to be known as dirt elves. It offended all of Gundmundur's sensibilities. He was a curiosity when he chose to come to the surface. An anomaly because he was not tan like his many elven cousins who lived aboveground. An aberration because his flesh was mottled during the wet or cold seasons. A monstrosity because his slender hands were not delicate like others of his race—his were spadelike from his years of excavating his home in the soil. A freak, once a year to suffer the repulsed, wide-eyed stares of insufferable humans because he needed to come to the Pavilion Fair.

There was nowhere else he could obtain the material components for his magic spells. Without the Fair, he

Time for an Experiment

by Michael G. Ryan

Illustrations by Robert Klasnich

would have to travel into other districts outside of Valicarn, districts where word about his activities and purchases could lead him into confrontation with Lord-General Indigo Mole or others in the militocracy of Worldcastle. Gundmundur did not want that. If anyone else knew of his experiments, he would become nothing more than a tool for the Lord-General and his underlings.

Stare all you want, Gundmundur thought as the first of the Fair-goers began to mill about him. He looked again at the five Soldat warriors nearby, but their interests were drawn elsewhere. Gundmundur sighed thoughtfully. *I must have the watch!*

The watch was contained in a glass box, propped up so that it might be viewed by potential buyers. Its face was as big around as the surface of a dinner plate, and both hands were pointed straight up at the number twenty-four, which would indicate the middle of the night. Gundmundur surmised that the watch's current owner did not bother using the watch for timekeeping, as it was midday at this moment.

Each of the twenty-four hour numbers was highlighted by the placement of a precious stone on the watch's face, from an amethyst at number one to a topaz at number twenty-four. This, Gundmundur reasoned, must be the reason for the watch's outrageous price of twenty thousand standard gold pieces. The current owner—whom Gundmundur had tried to negotiate with—was too stupid to know if he was scratching the watch or winding his butt, so Gundmundur remained confident that the watch's history was still unknown.

But Gundmundur knew.

The watch had belonged to an ancient wizard, Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish, who had lived more than two hundred years ago during the Gap-Closing Wars. Direbrand Gordark was the only wizard in Worldcastle's history to have ever successfully achieved time travel. And the watch had been the most vital component in working the powerful spell, a spell that Throck Gundmundur had spent six decades attempting to duplicate. He had nearly succeeded once before, but with disastrous results—it had cost him his only assistant. He had needed the watch of Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish to make the spell operate correctly, but it would take eight more years of research to realize his mistake. Records of the Gap-Closing Wars were difficult to come by, and Gundmundur was even more restricted by genetics—it was difficult for a dirt elf to gain access to dated scrolls in obscure libraries.

But he had done it. He had knowledge no human would ever have the patience to seek out, knowledge most other wizards would not waste time looking for; there were many other more lucrative areas of study for the profit-minded magic-user than the iffy field of time travel. But it was what Gundmundur wanted. He wanted fame. He wanted to rise above the stares that went with being a dirt elf, and he wanted to raise his eighty brothers and sisters from obscurity into acceptance. He wanted to be known and maybe even liked. He wanted to be Throck Gundmundur, an elf of Worldcastle, and not the dirt elf of the Pavilion Fair.

Gundmundur grimaced as two tower elves, those of the clan who directly served Lord General Mole in the

Fieldhall, slowed down in passing to whisper about him. He couldn't stand there much longer, on display for the early arrivals to the Pavilion Fair. But twenty thousand standard gold! He had perhaps half that amount in all of his savings, including his valuable spell components. He could raise a quick five thousand by selling a jade circlet used for his powerful shape-change spell, but there had to be some other way. Yet the merchant wouldn't let the watch go for less than the asking price. Gundmundur gnashed his teeth.

He knew what he would have to do if he wanted to raise such a large amount, and the thought sent shudders through his thin frame. The Soldat would swoop down on him if he broke the law, and there was only one legitimate means by which he could make ten thousand gold pieces before the Fair closed in six weeks. He would have to go to work. He would have to sell himself.

Fairday Three: It took a day to find a merchant with rental space available, and another day to bring some cheap equipment from his home before Gundmundur was ready to put on his show.

He used some of his personal savings to buy advertising in the Fair. He pushed hard for the correct wording on his posters and his single billboard, and it cost him extra—the Fair's administrators did not enjoy dealing with a dirt elf, and they made it difficult for him to join the ranks of merchants. But he persisted, never allowing the image of the watch of Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish to slip from his mind. The administrators gave him a tent, a small stage, and ten battered wooden benches. He was in business.

He hired a boy to take admissions, and thus did the so-billed dirt elf Phantasmatist open his tent for curiosity seekers. He put on a show that consisted of an unveiling of his elven features under eerie magical lighting, a few simple parlor tricks from his early days as a magic-user, and, for the finale, the summoning of a soil elemental—a giant humanoid formed from the very ground at the stage's edge.

The audience was pleased during the first three shows. The soil elemental sprang from the dirt at Gundmundur's command, towering above the audience until it seemed that the creature must burst through the tent's canvas ceiling. And then, as it turned angrily toward its summoner, Gundmundur dispatched it and the audience cheered. It was an easy trick; while humans might have a difficult time calling forth the soil elementals, dirt elves were able to do it without even straining their magical resources. Gundmundur could do it fifty times in an afternoon and not be tired. Bored, perhaps, but never tired.

During the first three shows, Gundmundur was able to raise only seventy gold pieces total. He quickly did the math, figuring that he would do ten shows every day until the Fair left Valicarn. The figures discouraged him. A little less than the ten thousand gold he needed, and that was if business stayed constant. After accounting for his spendings on space rental, advertising, and paying the boy who took admissions, Gundmundur would still be short over three thousand gold.

He would not cry, though it tore at his heart to see his dream of becoming the most accomplished wizard in

Worldcastle slipping away with time. He thought it bitterly ironic that time was his enemy right now, though it would be his savior if he could just purchase the watch. *I'll be no one forever*, he thought sadly. *A repulsive dirt elf doing parlor tricks for haughty humans.*

He was ascending the stage in preparation for his fourth show when there was a commotion at the tent's entrance, and his admissions boy cried out in surprise.

Gundmundur cringed expectantly as he hurried to the boy, fearful that perhaps some drunken Fair-goers had taken it upon themselves to have some sport with the dirt elf. It had happened in years past, and Gundmundur had learned to accept violence as a human nature, one he did not entirely understand. He could kill if it meant survival. But doing it for fun, as humans did, disgusted him.

"I think he's dead," the boy whispered as Gundmundur reached him. The child cowered before the dirt elf, fearful of the touch of those spade-hands, but Gundmundur was too preoccupied with the bleeding human on the ground to notice.

The human was old, wrinkled like a poorly made bed, and he still clenched a walking stick in one gnarled hand. He wouldn't be walking anymore, Gundmundur knew. He was definitely dead. The back of his head was collapsed like an egg, splintered with bone and brain. There was blood all over his skull and shoulders, running down his arms to the ground.

At his waist was a thick pouch, bulging with the unmistakable outlines of standard gold pieces.

Gundmundur's tongue dried up in his head. He looked around, wary of Soldat conscripts, but they had not yet arrived. A few Fair-goers clustered about, for all of Worldcastle resembling cattle, and there was the admissions boy. He could do it. He could take it. It was like a gift from his god Rapoudflax. The Blind Toad offered his worshipper a future with a dead man's pouch. He had to do it. He had to.

"Help me roll him over," Gundmundur hissed to the admissions boy. "Take his other arm."

From somewhere nearby came a shrill whistle. Soldat men would be coming. He had to hurry.

As they turned the corpse, Gundmundur slipped one hand into his thick robes, searching for and finding his slim dagger. He drew it from its sheath. The admission boy's eyes were on the dead man's face; Gundmundur's body blocked the view of the Fair-goers gathered near. He moved.

The cords to the pouch cut easily, and his palm moved like sleight-of-hand to catch it as it fell. It was heavy. The dirt elf felt a weight lift from his head as he slipped the pouch into his robes, returned the dagger to its place, and rose from the body. Success.

The arriving Soldat conscripts never suspected a thing, only speaking to the dirt elf if it was absolutely required. They spent the bulk of their time taking a description from the boy—a female assassin who clubbed the old man from behind. Gundmundur excused himself to close up the tent. Ten minutes later, he was hurrying deeper into the Fair, his eyes lit with fever and anticipation. The future. All of time. Dignity. The watch was nearly in his grasp.

But when he reached the merchant's table, his fingers

fumbling with the drawstrings of his own pouch as well as his newly acquired wealth, his heart snapped in his chest. He felt for a moment as if glass were exploding all around him, glass that cut him without external pain but shredded his insides like confetti paper!

The watch of Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish was gone.

Fairday Four: Gundmundur sat on the raised wooden patio at the Growling Owl Tavern and felt sorry for himself. He sat in a corner by the railing and looked down over Feast Street at the revelers gorging themselves at the Pavilion Fair. The air was cloudy with pleasant smells of baked goods, sweets and meats, candies and wines. Gundmundur did not sniff them. He swallowed deeply from his chalice, soaking up the alcohol into his thin elven blood, and wept openly. The other patrons, mostly human with a few dwarves, stayed well away from the grieving dirt elf.

Gone. Purchased yesterday by a tall blonde woman who had more than enough gold to snatch the watch right out from under Throck Gundmundur. The dirt elf moaned. His future was over. The watch had been the vital component in completing the time travel spell, and without it, Gundmundur was just another abnormality in Worldcastle. He would stay hidden in his hole in the ground, coming out for the Pavilion Fair, and practice spells that any adequate magic-user could master, given enough diligence and time.

Time! The word appalled him now. He would never use the word again, if he could help it. The world was an infinity for him now; no beginning and no ending. Time meant nothing.

"I hate to interrupt you, but this is not the time for me to be tactful," someone said.

Gundmundur looked up, dismay carving his elven features. Another gawker, no doubt. He saw ringlets of yellow falling from the human's head as she sat down, her face a sharp contrast to Gundmundur's—hers was devoid of emotion. She smiled quickly, placing a large leather backpack on the table between them.

"Go away," Gundmundur growled, glaring at the woman. "There's no show today, she-dog."

The woman's smile remained. "I don't know about that, wizard. But I won't waste your valuable time."

Gundmundur could not tell if the woman was being sarcastic or sincere, but either way, the dirt elf was eager to be rid of her. He began to consider a nasty combination of jeering and a banishment spell that would recover his privacy.

"This is for you, mentor," the woman said abruptly, pushing the backpack across the table, nearly upsetting Gundmundur's chalice. "As is my trustword. Cardinalia."

Gundmundur choked at the sound of his mother's name. It wasn't possible for any human to know it. Yet the woman across from him offered it as some sort of link. "What do you know of Cardinalia?"

"Your mother." The woman rose quickly. "I have to go. I can't stay any longer. Do you trust me? I learned your mother's name from a friend, someone who assured me that you would trust me if I spoke it to you."

Gundmundur's heart, already strained, ached for his long-dead mother. He nodded tiredly to the blonde wom-

an. "I trust you, though I know nothing about you."

"You will," she answered. "I want you to remember two things: First, you need an assistant, and you owe me for the backpack. Make me your assistant. Second, when the time is right, send me for the watch."

Gundmundur felt the curl returning to his lip. "You're too late, child. The watch is gone. I won't be sending you for anything. And as for an assistant, without the watch I don't have much use for—"

"Remember," the woman cut him off. She turned then, hurried across the patio and down the stairs, and pushed her way into the crowds on Feast Street. Within a minute, the masses of the Pavilion Fair had swallowed her up.

"Insane," Gundmundur breathed, watching her go. He took the backpack she had left behind. "Another insane human, as if there weren't enough of them."

He opened the pack, and his hands suddenly went cold, the blood washing from his blotched face, his heart surging with new life.

"Thank you, Rapoudflax," he whispered to his god as he reached in and carefully drew out the watch of Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish. "Thank you, God of Wisdom, God of Wanderlust. Thank you for my future."

There was no time to waste. Gundmundur fumbled with the backpack, handling the watch as if it were made of fragile glass, and hastened from the Growling Owl Tavern. The staring faces of the ignorant humans in Feast Street did not affect him now, not now that he possessed the final ingredient that would establish him as a celebrity in Worldcastle. Soon their looks would be filled with admiration and a desire to be his friend. Despite the years of hatred and loneliness, Gundmundur would take them all in. He would befriend all who sought his company, because though he might be master of time, he would never be master of life. There was time enough to travel, but not time enough to spend in isolation. He would never be without friends again. And people would finally say good things about him, Throck Gundmundur, the Time Wizard.

His feet could not carry him fast enough through the crowds, bound for the northern edge of Valicarn District and his home, a hole in the ground dropping into his chambers. He would travel time today, tomorrow at the latest. He would achieve his dreams.

And there she was again, the woman who had delivered the watch to him at the Growling Owl Tavern. She sat on the street corner nearest his hole's entrance, her attention shifting about as if she were waiting for someone. Gundmundur had the suspicion that she was waiting for him, but for what reason he could not imagine. She had mentioned being his assistant. Was that why she was here?

He was approaching her, pushing his way through the crowd, when he saw the drunken centaur behind her. The half-man half-horse weaved, his hooves striking sparks on the concrete walkway, but the woman did not react. She turned her head, intent on her surveillance of the crowd, and spotted Gundmundur as the centaur rose on his hind legs.

"Gare-ah Maite!" the centaur bellowed angrily, its voice thunder in the crowd.

"Beware!" Gundmundur shouted hoarsely, shoving

aside the men and women before him. He did not understand the centaur's language but recognized the tone of voice—the centaur hated the woman and was prepared to kill her. The lightning came to Gundmundur's fingertips, streaking out over the heads of the people about him, the ancient words hissing under his breath. It was the least he owed her for the watch. The least.

The lightning crackled, and the woman's hair stood on end as she expertly rolled away from the thrashing centaur. A nauseating smell wafted from the half-man as the electricity burned his horsehair, blackened his skin, fried his eyes. He wailed miserably, and its echo was not yet gone when all that remained of the creature was a shapeless pile of charred bones.

The woman rose painfully to her feet, her eyes wide. She had drawn her sword but seemed to have forgotten how to use it in the presence of Gundmundur's magic.

"You're the dirt elf," she said softly as he approached.

Gundmundur tried to smile comfortingly, but the years of living alone, unwanted, made such a gesture impossible. He settled for taking her arm and steering her away from the muttering crowd. "As if you don't recognize me," he said. "Come along. We can talk more securely in my home, if you don't mind descending into the soil."

The woman's composure was coming back quickly. "My name is Renetta Kasset. I want—"

"I know what you want," Gundmundur murmured as he led her around the stone wall he had erected to give his home privacy. "And I am willing to grant it. You can consider yourself my assistant, Renetta Kasset. And, as difficult as it may be for me to say, you have my thanks for the watch. You've made me very happy."

Renetta Kasset said nothing. She followed in silence as the dirt elf led her to the steel door in the ground, and beyond, down into the blackness of the soil.

Fairday Five: Gundmundur had not believed her last night when Renetta had said she'd never seen him before in her life. She had no memory of delivering the watch, not even a memory of having bought it in the first place. Gundmundur bit his lower lip and said nothing harsh—he at least had company, someone not repulsed by his presence.

"Then why were you waiting for me?" he had demanded. "Why were you sitting there on the street corner?"

"I was waiting for a couple of friends," she had said.

"Not you. I don't know anything about watches, and I've never even heard of the Growling Owl Tavern. I swear to you that I've never done these things you say I did."

Gundmundur let the subject drop, but it did not leave his mind. He fumbled with it over and over during the night, over breakfast, and as he led his new assistant to the chamber where he would cast his time-travel spell, the room he called his Dweamer Room. Renetta followed quietly, soaking in the dirt elf's aura of power. Gundmundur was almost able to be pleased; whether she remembered their conversation at the Growling Owl Tavern or not, she was a good choice for an assistant. Silent, observant, and respectful. Dutifully impressed by talk of time travel. Gundmundur found himself actually liking her and enjoying her company, despite her human blood.

"And this is where I will cast the spell," he said as he led her into the Dweamer Room. He held the watch of Direbrand Gordark the Fiendish in both hands.

The magical pattern on the floor glowed a rainbow of colors, providing the only means of illumination for the chamber. Runes leapt into the air, forming words before Gundmundur's eyes—greetings from the sentient pattern.

"Good morning," he said aloud, approaching. "Today's the day, my child."

The pattern shimmered excitedly.

"It understands you!" Renetta said with amazement.

"It responds with a thought process of its own!"

Gundmundur nodded. "I told you, Renetta Kasset, that I was the most powerful wizard you could ever hope to work for."

"I believe you," Renetta breathed.

"It's a shame," Gundmundur said gently, "that the feeling isn't mutual."

Renetta whirled, her blonde hair flying, and was about to denounce the wizard when the dirt elf's spell drowned her emotions in a sea of compliance. The truth and charm spells descended around her like friendly clouds, cushioning her anger and stripping her clean of her hidden revulsion to the dirt elf. She was pleased, of a sudden, to be in his presence.

"I'm sorry," Gundmundur said, "but this is the only way I can learn the truth of you, Renetta Kasset. That is your name, isn't it?"

Renetta nodded, unable to lie even if she wished to do so. The spell motivated her to answer quickly and honestly.

"All right, then. Now that we've established that, perhaps you can tell me what you know of the watch of Direbrand Gordark?"

"Nothing," Renetta brushed her hair from her eyes. "I've never seen it before."

Gundmundur thought feverishly. *What did this mean?*

"Did you come to meet me at the Growling Owl yesterday?"

"No."

An imposter? Gundmundur wondered. *Doubtful. An imposter to what end? What was it that the centaur had called her? Gare-ah Maite. What did that mean?* Renetta came with many mysteries, but Gundmundur didn't have the patience to figure all of them out. When the time was right . . .

And then it came to him. Her words on the patio of the Growling Owl Tavern: "When the time is right, send me for the watch."

I understand! he wanted to shout. *It all makes sense! But there are still a few other things I need to know, like the meaning of the centaur's words. But I can look those up in my own time. I have important work to do now.*

"I am wondering," he said to Renetta, "if you are working for someone besides myself right now, and if you are, then why are—?"

The spell's magical duration ran out. Renetta shook her head as if to clear her thoughts, though Gundmundur knew she had no recollection of their conversation. The spell left her with the feeling that she had swooned for a moment, and nothing more.

"Are you all right?" Gundmundur asked patiently. His

suspensions about his new assistant were not entirely dispelled, but he could always learn more about her later. He could even go back in time and watch her movements in the past if he so desired. Perhaps he would do so. In fact, he promised himself he would. "You look ill."

Renetta looked around in confusion, then straightened authoritatively. "I'm fine, mentor. I guess the magic of the pattern overwhelmed me for a moment."

"I see." Gundmundur held up the watch and looked expectantly at Renetta. "Well, then, we should get on with our work, I think."

Renetta nodded and came forward.

"I have figured out," Gundmundur said casually, "why you have no recollection of buying the watch, why you do not remember our conversation at the Growling Owl."

"And why is that, mentor?"

"Simply, Renetta Kasset, because you haven't done so yet. You see, it was my original intention to go back in time myself, to explore the past and establish a sufficient name for myself that I would be famous by this time. I still intend to do just that—but first, I have to send you back to buy the watch."

Renetta looked horrified for a moment before finding her voice sufficiently to protest. "You told me yesterday that your last assistant died trying to travel through time. I don't think, mentor, that sending me first sits well in my mind. I don't want to die yet."

Gundmundur stepped closer. "I didn't have the watch then, but I do now. There may be other explanations, Renetta, but none that make as much sense. There could be an impersonator of you. A doppelganger. A twin. A clone. But all of those explanations pale logically next to the likelihood that I sent you back first, to insure I would have what I needed by the time *this* moment came."

The wheels of his mind began to turn faster. "I didn't have enough gold, Renetta, to buy the watch. But a rich old man conveniently died literally at my door, and I suddenly had enough gold to buy the watch twice over. That was your doing as well. The boy who worked for me, my admissions boy, told the Soldat conscripts that he saw a woman commit the murder. He saw you. As did the merchant who owned the watch in the first place."

Renetta took a deep breath, calming herself. "What do you propose to do, mentor? I am listening."

The dirt elf fairly shook with excitement. He already had proof that his spell would work—he would be able to travel through time, as the past already proved. He had but to finish the circle, arrange for the watch to be his, and he could then begin his own travels. "I'll send you back to Fairday Two—the day before the old man died in front of my tent. That was the day the merchant said he sold the watch to a tall blonde woman. Here." He handed Renetta the bag of standard gold pieces he had stolen from the old man's corpse. "Use this to buy the watch."

Renetta accepted it.

"Now then, the next day, Fairday Three, you need to be outside my tent. There's a sign proclaiming the Dirt Elf Phantasmist. An old man with many wrinkles and a walking stick will approach before the fourth show. Strike him on the back of the head as hard as you can with the pommel of your sword."

Renetta raised an eyebrow, nearly shivering. "You're sending me to my own arrest and execution, aren't you?"

"Not at all," Gundmundur scowled. "I saw you the next day. They didn't catch you."

"Very well." The blonde woman looked skeptical but had seen enough of the dirt elf's magic to believe in his skills. "What next?"

"On Fairday Four, the day after you kill the old man, go to Feast Street, where they sell all the baked goods. You know the place? Good. There you'll find the Growling Owl Tavern. Shortly after the shifting of daywatch, I'll be sitting in one of the corners of the patio, drinking. Take the watch to me there, in a pack. I won't know you yet, but we'll get around that. You speak my mother's name—Cardinalia—and I'll trust you enough to listen. No one alive but myself knows that name.

"Then, ask me to take you on as my assistant, and tell me this: 'When the time is right, send me for the watch.' Verbatim. Understand?"

Renetta agreed. "But then, mentor, how do I get back?"

The dirt elf laughed aloud, an unpleasant sound to his ears but one he hoped to hear more in the future, as he became someone important, someone with friends. "That, my assistant, is the wonder of only sending you back a few days. By the time you've passed the watch on to me, it will be yesterday—Fairday Four. There's no means for me to give you transportation back to today, but you'll be only a day away. Hang about the Fair for a day and a night. It's an hour after midday now. If I send you back in the next fifteen minutes, you can simply show up here at my home within a few minutes after you left. I'll hardly even know you were gone."

Renetta hefted the pouch of standard gold pieces and looked doubtful. "I'm trusting you, mentor. I don't understand all of this, but you sound certain."

The dirt elf lowered his eyes. "I have never been more certain."

"Let's do what must be done, then."

It took Gundmundur less than ten minutes to make certain that all the other components were in readiness. The living pattern pulsed merrily as Renetta, the pouch clenched in both hands, stepped into its center.

"A good trip to you, assistant," Gundmundur said dramatically to the woman. "I'll see you back here in ten minutes or less."

"Four days, if the truth be told, mentor," Renetta said tensely.

Gundmundur nodded, and lifted the watch of Dire-brand Gordark the Fiendish. When all this was done, Gundmundur would travel back to the Gap-Closing Ways and chat with the only other man ever to master time travel. They could compare notes.

"We begin," the dirt elf whispered, and began to wind the hands of the watch backward. He held it out over the pattern, so that the magical shape could feel the watch's presence.

He wound slowly at first, muttering the words that would ultimately bring the pattern to a cone of power to propel the woman back through time. As he neared the

completion of his incantation, he spun the hands more quickly, back over the last seventy-two hours. Each hour that he wound backward was an hour that Renetta would skip over when the magic worked.

The watch was set. She would arrive on Fairday Two, the day she bought the watch and fulfilled his dream.

"Tejart!" He bellowed the final word of the spell and plucked one of the watch's stones—the jade—from the watch's face, casting it into the center of the pattern. He mentally noted the jade, vowing to replace it later—when he was famous and could afford to do so.

The pattern screeched with pleasure, and whirl-winded about the Dweamer Room. The roaring faded as quickly as it began, and the magic simmered down to a calm surface on the floor.

Renetta was gone.

Gundmundur hugged the watch to his chest, his laughing almost hysterical, his joy brightening the pattern as it shared in his pleasure. She was gone! There was no mess on the floor, as there had been with his other assistant! She was gone! The spell had worked!

He allowed his excitement to boil for a moment more before grasping control of himself once more. He shivered with anticipation. Things were about to change. He was about to have a real life, with real friends, with real power. He had achieved the impossible and it would bring him everything a shunned dirt elf could ask of life. The blotches on his face would be lovingly recreated in the make-up of women. Perhaps even the Fieldhall of the Lord-General would be replaced by a subterranean palace from which the Lord-General and his court wizard, Throck Gundmundur, would rule Worldcastle.

He stifled himself. That would never happen. He could not let the Lord-General or any of the hierarchy have access to his spell. Oh, they could know all about the other spells—any mage could perform those. But time-travel would remain the sole and exclusive property of the *paligru* elf Gundmundur.

He took a breath and reviewed his plans. First, unanswered questions. Were there any? No, he had solved it all.

Then he remembered the centaur's words. "Gare-ah Maite," he had said.

The watch needed to be reset so that Gundmundur could plan his own voyage. He wound the hands carefully back to their original position (though it didn't matter much where they rested, so long as he could remember how many hours he had turned them backward or forward), and moved to his desk, looking for one book atop it in particular.

"Gare-ah Maite," he mumbled, opening the tome on languages. It was too large to be lifted from the desk. "Centaur. Gare-ah Maite. Ah. Meaning 'woman soldier, particularly one associated with the Laram-Soldat. Mear-ah Maite can also be used, though this applies more to a mercenary or freelance warrior.'"

He closed the book slowly, his face drawn in horror. She was Laram-Soldat! She was military!

There was a sound in the other room, in the entrance hall. "Mentor," she called, her voice hollow in the underground chambers. "I'm here. All is done. All."

Gundmundur felt his head swell and his knees threaten to give. He began the chant again, hurrying through the words and winding the clock back slowly. Escape. He wound past the twelfth hour. The magic in the room jumped and crackled as the pattern awoke, eager to please its master.

"Mentor." She was close. Outside the door to the Dweamer Room.

The door swung gently open as she pressed upon it with the tip of her sword, her eyes burning with satisfaction. Behind her stood five red-armored Soldat conscripts, more than willing to kill for their commander, Lady-Captain Renetta Kasset. She stepped into the room.

"It's no good, dirt elf," she called over his chanting and the sparking magical pattern. "You can run, but you can't hide, not even in time."

Gundmundur did not stop winding. Past the twentieth hour now.

"We'll have all of your records," Renetta called, gesturing to the Dweamer Room. "And I had the watch in my possession for over forty-eight hours while waiting to deliver it to you. I can describe it in great detail to Lord-General Mole and his wizards. They can duplicate it based on my testimony."

Gundmundur stopped winding, staring at his assistant, his betrayer. His shatterer of dreams.

Renetta smiled the smile of a conqueror. "You lose, dirt elf. Give up and join us. We'll be gentle. I promise."

Gundmundur relaxed for a moment, all his thin elfen muscles collapsing in resignation, and then he plucked the bloodstone from the watch's face.

"Tejart!" he screamed loudly, and threw the bloodstone at his feet.

The magic swirled for many moments, and as Lady-Captain Renetta Kasset watched, the elfen wizard vanished within his own spell.

She sighed, stretching with mild frustration. "As he wishes," she said. She turned to the Soldat conscripts. "Gather his notes."

Fairday Four: She descended the steps leading to the patio of the Growling Owl Tavern, her burden delivered. Now all she had to do was be ready tomorrow.

She hated to fool the silly little elf, but after all, this was in the best interests of the hierarchy. Lord-General Mole would promote her when she brought the dirt elf in tomorrow, and even if she had to kill the elf and bring just his notes, there would still be honor in that. She had served as first-hand witness to time-travel; she had doubted up until the last minute, but now she knew. She had even seen herself once, the other Renetta hovering around the dirt elf's home in hopes of picking up his trail.

She slipped into Feast Street, excited by the success of her mission, and hurried out of sight of the Growling Owl Tavern. She didn't want the dirt elf to follow *her*, the Renetta from the future, when Renetta from the past was waiting to be saved from a vengeful centaur with a hatred for the military.

She rounded the corner of Feast Street and Baker's Row, pleased with her day, when he was there.

"How did you—?" she began, but Gundmundur was

not interested in conversation. His slim dagger was already drawn, and he moved in with lightning speed. He would have used magic, but it was too flashy for such close quarters. He struck angrily, spending his frustration on her pretty blonde head.

It was over in less time than it had taken for him to travel back to this time.

"I hope I'm able to duplicate your selfless smile as easily as I'm able to duplicate your pretty form," Gundmundur snarled to the dead Lady-Captain as he withdrew his bloody dagger. In his other hand he held the jade circlet that would allow him to shape change into Renetta Kasset; for a time, he would be Renetta Kasset. "My betrayed former self awaits the arrival of you and your Soldat conscripts to complete the time-circle. He requires you to motivate this time jump, and since you won't be around to inspire him, my dear assistant, I suppose I'll have to do it myself."

Turning, Gundmundur fled Baker's Row into Feast Street, bound for a dark hiding place where his precious watch was stowed, and where he could concentrate on his spells—his shape change, his phantasmal projection that would create illusionary Soldat conscripts for tomorrow. And when it was all over, when the betrayed Gundmundur leaped into the past, then Gundmundur the Time Wizard could begin to plan for his glorious future. Ω



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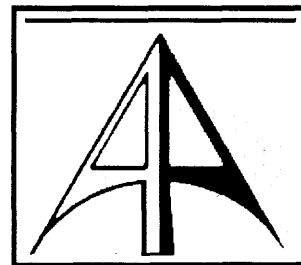
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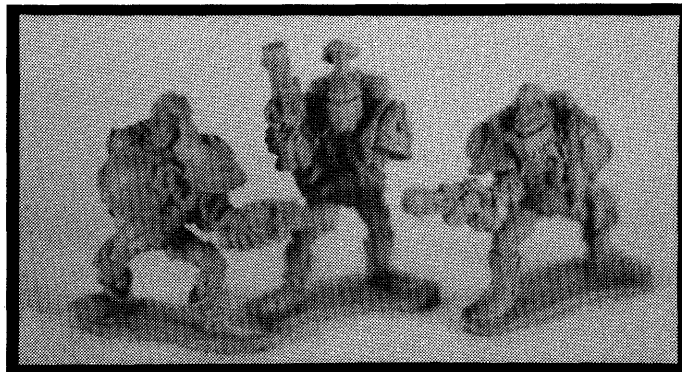


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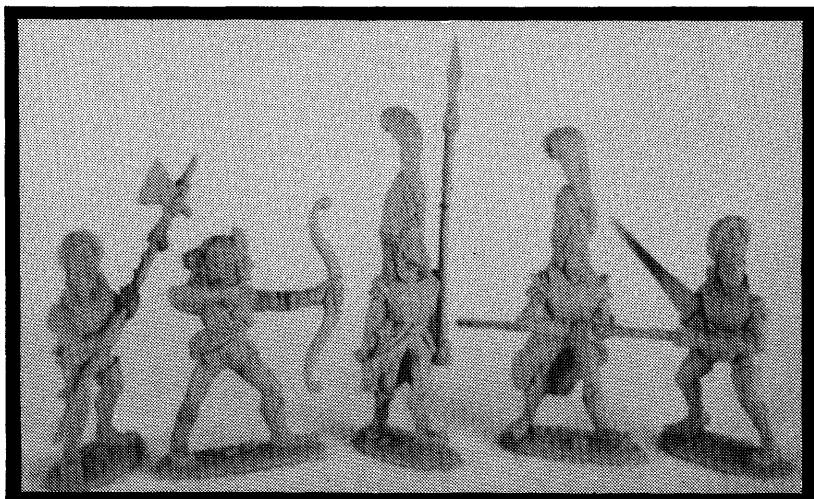
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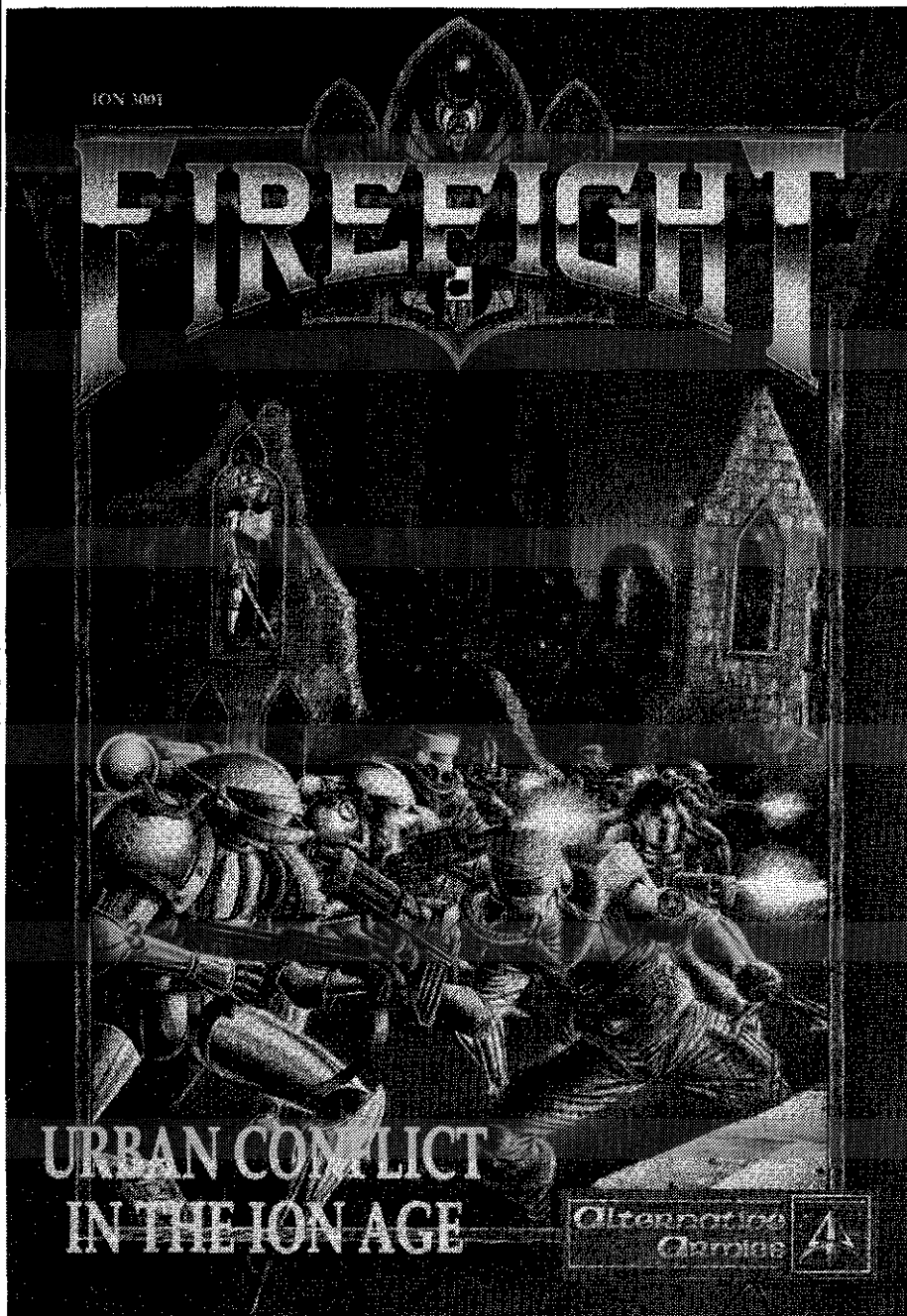


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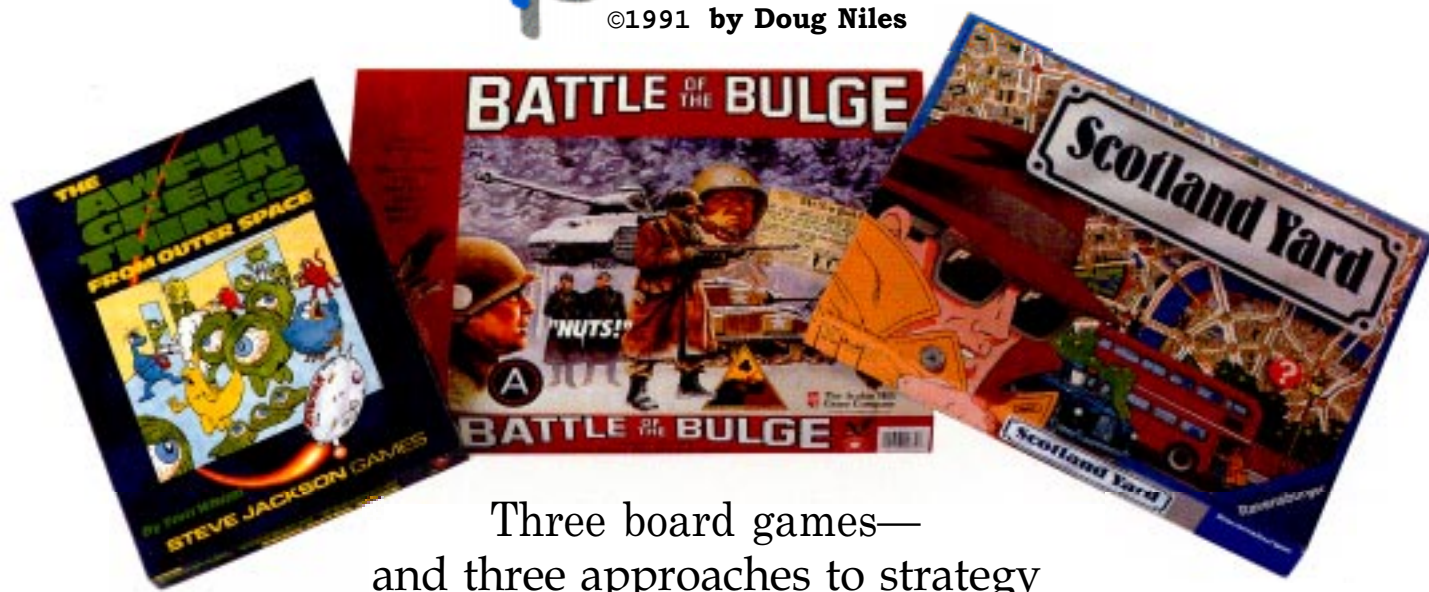
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Role-playing

reviews

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Three board games— and three approaches to strategy

One of the most fascinating aspects of gaming is the opportunity to try various approaches to problem solving, experimenting with different ways to achieve a goal with no real risk except to the player's ego. Different approaches to game play, from rash and impetuous to careful or even ponderous, mark individual styles of play. Choices made during a game—and the success of those choices measured in game terms—provide the player with much of the enjoyment of the experience.

Strategy in this context, is the making of those choices. A variety of meaningful choices is the hallmark of any good game, though naturally the outcomes of those decisions are usually influenced by luck as well as the player's acuity.

These points apply well to role-playing games, but they also apply to board games, which role-players may wish to try as an evening's change of pace. The three board games discussed here all reward careful strategy, yet the approach to strategy taken by each is dramatically different from the others. All three can be easily learned and offer elements that will appeal to role-players and board gamers alike.

In other respects, the three games could hardly be more different. Now in its fourth incarnation since 1979 (three of them under TSR, Inc.), the first is a classic of the adventure-gaming hobby; the second is an obscure title that is slowly gaining notice in the United States; and the third is a revitalized version of one of the early war games from The Avalon Hill

Game Company. Each of these products opens up enjoyable possibilities—and involves only the investment of a few hours for two or more people.

THE AWFUL GREEN THINGS FROM OUTER SPACE game

Steve Jackson Games \$19.95

Components: One "tastefully illustrated" box, 16-page rule book, 151 counters, five little green dice, one zip-lock bag, one 11½" X 21" game board

This is hardly a new game, having made the rounds of the hobby since it appeared in DRAGON® Magazine (issue #28) in 1979. In the past decade, it has become something of a classic. If you haven't played it yet, it's well worth the effort. The version published by SJG in 1990 is an amusing package, complete with a short comic strip that sets the stage for the invasion of the spaceship *Znutar* by the Awful Green Things.

This game is Tom Wham at his gory best. From the racial makeup of the "good guys" (the crew of the spaceship *Znutar* includes Snudalians, Frathms, Smbalites, and Redundians) to the perpetually breeding and growing Awful Green Things, the game is an exercise in whimsy that nonetheless provokes a tense and well-balanced battle for survival. Throughout, the rules retain a storytelling air that makes for enjoyable reading and wild, unpredictable game effects.

The premise is simple (but was not,

Wham swears in the designer notes, inspired by the movie *Alien*). The good ship *Znutar* is sailing through space, manned by a happy crew, when Awful Green Things suddenly sprout from a souvenir rock brought onto the ship by a Frathm (or was that a Redundian?) spacefarer. The monsters show up as eggs, babies, and a few ravenous adults.

Game play is fast and easy to learn. During a turn, the monster (Awful Green Things) player performs four steps: Grow; Move, Attack, Wake Up. Next, the crew player can: Grab Weapons, Move, Attack, Wake Up; then it's the monster's turn again, and so on. The game develops into a battle for control of the *Znutar*, with monsters reproducing, spreading, and devouring, while the brave crew struggles to beat back the green tide.

The growth of the Awful Green Things is fun to see, in addition to being a unique game mechanic. The monster player can take any one age group of Awful Green Things (eggs, babies, or adults) and increase them all by one category (adults, naturally, lay eggs). The decision as to which group of monsters is allowed to grow each turn is an important one. Accumulating eggs, hatching them to babies, and keeping babies alive to become horrific adults is an important strategy that develops over the course of many turns.

Movement is limited, with babies allowed to move one space and adults two. Attacks are simple; the monsters can gang up on individual crew members, or spread

out and go for many victims. Attack dice for all attacks against a single victim are rolled, and pips are counted. If the pip count equals or exceeds the target's constitution score, the poor Frathm (or whatever) dies. Adult monsters are stronger than babies, getting four attack dice to the babies' two. "Waking up" is performed by Awful Green Things stunned by weapons.

The crew of the ship rallies in defense of the *Znutar*, battling the aliens with knives, communication beamers, pool sticks, fire extinguishers, and many other weapons, all of which are placed around the ship at the start of the game. The crew members usually move faster than adult monsters, but they are not as good at hand-to-hand combat.

The crew's only chance to survive comes from the use of the various weapons. The problem is that no one knows what a weapon will do until it is tried on a monster. These effects are determined by another nifty game mechanic, one insuring that each game will require different strategies for that playing of the game. The first time a weapon is used, its effects are determined by a blind chit draw. Results include killing and stunning monsters, but also can cause Awful Green Things to shrink or grow, or even to break into fragments which can themselves grow into babies! The workings of the various weapons are cross-referenced with the effects, so it's possible to get an area effect, like an explosion of rocket fuel, that fills a corridor and turns six baby monsters into 6d6 fragments!

The strategies of play vary considerably, beginning with the many possibilities present for the placement of the monsters. Battles develop as the crew struggles to contain the Awful Green Things, often through the control of two or three choke points in the network of ship corridors and compartments. Weapon after weapon is discarded, often amid floors spattered with growing Awful Green Thing fragments.

Dice rolling determines the results of all combats, but so many dice are rolled that the effects of luck should, theoretically, balance out. Of course, we all know how that goes. Luck also controls the effects of weapons. Sometimes it takes a while to find the weapon that is really effective against the monsters—but, by then, its source might be cut off by the advancing Awful Green Things. Rocket fuel, for example, can only be found in the fuel pods. If the monsters control the stern of the *Znutar*, that line of defense is unavailable.

The components of the game, unfortunately, don't live up to the system. The board is light and flimsy, and the counters need to be cut out with a scissors. Still, the SJG version has added rules for movement and battle outside the *Znutar*, together with counters for a bunch of jet suits and cargo movers that the crew can use for space combat.

THE AWFUL GREEN THINGS FROM

OUTER SPACE game is a wild and woolly game that moves quickly and promises to be different each time it is played. Despite its silliness, it is a game that rewards a careful and consistent strategy worked out over a period of turns.

SCOTLAND YARD game

Ravensburger \$27

Components: 125 tickets (bus, taxi, underground), 20" X 26" game board, rule book, Mr. X movement record (plastic frame and pad of paper), Mr. X visor, six plastic playing tokens, 18 starting-location tiles

This 3-6 player game is an interesting puzzle of movement and guesswork from a German company, Ravensburger. The game is easy to play and makes an attractive package of components.

One of the players is Mr. X, whose object is to avoid capture. The rest are detectives for Scotland Yard who are trying to catch Mr. X. Movement occurs by using tickets for taxi, bus, or underground rides.

The board is a map of London's center. Every intersection is a numbered space and is always at least a taxi stop, sometimes with a bus stop and (more rarely) a subway stop as well. A network of taxi, bus, and underground routes is shown on the maze of streets. These are color coded; green lines, for example, are bus routes, and green semicircles mark the bus stops.

Each SCOTLAND YARD player starts with 10 taxi tickets, eight bus tickets, and four subway tickets. Mr. X starts with one black ticket for each detective player, and two double-turn tickets, both of which allow him special movement powers (explained later). Each player randomly draws a starting-location tile. The detective pieces are placed on the board, but the Mr. X player keeps his own piece's starting position a secret. The Mr. X player must also don his cardboard visor, which is surprisingly useful for making sure that the other players don't see where he's looking on the board.

Mr. X moves first, followed in turn by

each detective. Movement occurs by playing a ticket and using the appropriate type of transportation. A player must move every turn. You have to be on a bus or subway stop to use a bus or subway ticket (you're always on at least a taxi stop). A ticket buys passage in any direction along the appropriate route, on to the next stop in that direction of the taxi, bus, or subway. The detectives start with a finite supply of tickets; Mr. X can use any type of ticket as often as he desires.

A plastic tray is smoothly designed for Mr. X to record his moves and to serve as a record of the (maximum) 24-turn game. The Mr. X player writes, on a circlet of paper framed by a plastic hole in the tray, the number of the space where he ends his move. He then places one of the appropriate ticket types (bus, etc.) over the number.

Turns #3, #8, #13, #18, and #24 are framed by oval holes. On these turns, after making his move; Mr. X must reveal his position and place his token on the board. When he next moves, he removes the playing piece and goes back to recording his move secretly—though each turn he must still reveal what mode of transport he uses.

Two types of special tickets enhance Mr. X's chances: black tickets and double-turn tickets. Black tickets allow him to move without revealing the type of transportation, and are played in the plastic tray in lieu of a regular ticket. They are also the only way any player can use the ferry routes shown in black on the Thames—a quick and sneaky way for Mr. X to slip across town when he feels the dragnet closing in. The double-turn tickets are returned to the game box when used. A double-torn ticket can be played right after Mr. X's regular move, and it allows him to immediately move again.

Mr. X is captured if a detective lands on his space or if he is forced to move onto a detective's space (remember, a player must move every turn). Otherwise, the game ends when the detectives run out of tickets, with a victory for Mr. X.

The strategy for Mr. X involves the



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guessing of his opponent's upcoming moves and a selection of routes and modes allowing him to quickly disappear after each of the turns when his position must be revealed. Double-turn and black tickets are precious and are generally used when the detectives are just a space away, gathering in a threatening circle. Do you take the ubiquitous taxi, thus only moving a block (but it could be any block in the game), or do you go farther by bus or subway, thus revealing yourself to be on one of a significantly smaller group of spaces?

The detectives must cooperate with each other and use their tickets wisely, pouncing on Mr. X every time he shows himself. Diligent strategy is usually rewarded. It is a very slippery Mr. X indeed who makes it to the end of a game!

This is a diceless game where luck is still a big factor, but it's the luck of a guessing game. Mr. X is the most fun to play, and because the Mr. X visor rotates from player to player after each 30-60 minute game, everyone gets a chance at him. It's a game that's worth looking for.

BATTLE OF THE BULGE game

The Avalon Hill Game Company \$19

Design: S. Craig Taylor, Jr.

Components: One 14" X 22" game board,
one rules sheet, two 10-sided dice, 194
die-cut counters, one Battle Manual,
two Order of Appearance Cards

This war game has a number of things to recommend it to the casual gamer. In its approach to strategy, it offers a very different outlook from the two preceding games.

The game system is easily accessible; indeed, the basic rules are included on the front and back of a single sheet of paper! Objectives are clear for each player. The German player needs to make ground, and the Allies need to slow down the pace of the German advance. Both players want to inflict losses on the opponent to the greatest extent possible.

The map is attractive, mounted on a hard board and crossed by enough forests, rivers, and rough terrain to give a player the feel for the dense Ardennes, but in a readable-enough fashion that strong defensive positions become obvious, as do the most promising routes of German attack.

In this game, unlike the two previously discussed, the designer and the player have a historical model for comparison. We know about the progress made by the Germans in the initial stages of the battle and about the gradual shift of momentum that ultimately—and inevitably—doomed the German offensive to failure. That history, and the fact that the initial setup is the same every time the game is played, allow for a great deal of planning, most especially in the opening series of moves.

The sequence of each turn is simple: The Germans move and attack, then the Allies

move and attack. However, the types of movement provide some significant choices for a player. Units can move farther if they do not attack, so the balance between advance and battle must be carefully maintained.

The game has an easily resolved but moderately detailed combat system. Each battle involves die rolls by both players. The rolls are compared to determine both a winner and the result suffered by the loser. It is a more interactive system than rolling on a combat table, one that serves to keep both players interested. Modifiers for terrain, supply, entrenchments, and types of attacking and defending units can all influence the roll.

Sometimes, after a battle, armor units can advance and make an additional attack against a retreating unit. This feature adds a nice, fluid touch to the combat system. As for balance, I found consistent German victories in the shorter scenarios and a better balance in the long game.

The Battle Manual booklet is an interesting addition to the game rules. It includes a number of optional rules (air units, weather, movement options, German fuel supplies, and others) that, in general, add good details to play without a great deal of additional playing time. An assortment of historical reference articles and a good bibliography round out the book.

The Battle of the Bulge was the largest battle ever fought by the U.S. Army. It had the perfect villain: hordes of attacking Nazi SS Panzer divisions. It occurred among places that even the casual reader of military history will know: Bastogne, St. Vith, the Ardennes Forest.

This is a great game for someone who wants to try a war game for a change of pace. However, the optional rules and lively game system make for a lot of replay enjoyment, even for experienced war gamers.

The player strategy in this game remains consistent from game to game. Successful tactics of attack and defense, the right balance between movement and attacking, and the correct amount of daring and risk taking all become apparent in a few playings. The course of battle can vary widely as attacks, counterattacks, and skillful retreats change the shape of the front. Still, a player must try not to lose sight of his overall plan. The game lends itself well to replay because the varying levels of success or failure can offer differ radically between games.

The BATTLE OF THE BULGE game is in The Avalon Hill Game Company's American History series, authenticated by the Smithsonian Institution. It does a good job of covering its topic in an interesting and easily playable fashion. Ω

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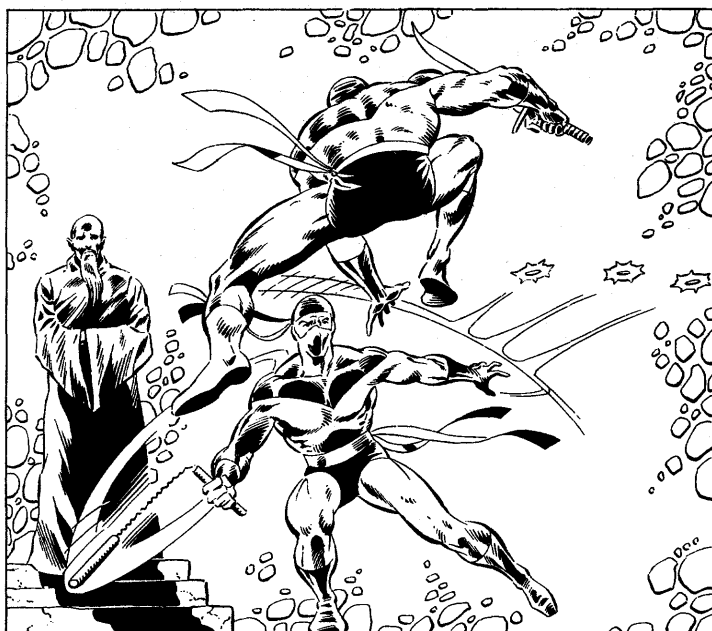
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by Scott Davis and Steven E. Schend

THE MARVEL®-PHILE

Castaways I: Rookies of the MARVEL UNIVERSE™

The "castaways" columns may yet become an annual event for readers of "The MARVEL®Phile," as we present characters who were written up for MU7 *The Gamer's Handbook to the MARVEL UNIVERSE™*, 1991 *Character Updates*, but who just couldn't be shoe-horned into that 128-page product. These characters were set adrift in an editorial life boat, and they just washed up outside our offices at DRAGON® Magazine. We hereby introduce them to you now that they've dried off and cleaned themselves up a bit (more characters will appear in later columns). Also, MU7 should be in stores now, so hurry to get your hands on the newest update sheets for your MARVEL SUPER HEROES™ game, including some of the hottest characters of 1990 and 1991 (Cable, Calypso, the Mutant Liberation Front, and the new Ghost Rider) and some of Marvel's greatest classic characters (Thor, Mr. Hyde, all the Spider-Slayers, and Odin).

This month, we have Bandera (from *Wolverine* #19-21) and Windshear and Witchfire (from recent issues of *Alpha Flight*), all of them fledgling heroes. Their inexperience makes them unpredictable and daring against their foes, but it also gets them into trouble that might be more than they can handle! Will these rookies survive to gain the experience to become major heroes of the 21st century? Pick up the dice and find out!

LA BANDERA™ Real name unrevealed Revolutionary

F EX(20) Health: 80
A EX(20)
S GD(10) Karma: 36
E RM(30)
R Ty (6) Resources: TY (6)
I GD(10)
P EX(20) Popularity: 20 (see text)

POWERS:

Leadership: La Bandera has the remarkable-rank mutant ability of leadership. She harnesses peoples' beliefs and unites them in a common cause, while she gains power from their beliefs. She can

influence and draw power from all people within a two-area radius of her body. These targets must be willing to support her on some level and cannot be hostile toward her in any way. With this popular support, she can perform the following power stunts:

—**Rally:** She can rally the group she is with to fight alongside her for her cause, but never simply for her benefit.

—**Energy Conversion:** Bandera can fire a bolt of energy from her staff, inflicting force or energy damage equal to the number of her supporters (e.g., 26 supporters = 26 points of damage), to a maximum of Amazing (50) intensity.

—La Bandera's supporters treat her as if she has a Popularity of 100. Of course, popularity doesn't preclude common sense; if the supporters meet some threat beyond their ability to fight, they will leave.

WEAPONS: Bandera wields a staff, both as a blunt weapon and as the focus of her power blasts. Made of Incredible strength materials, the staff inflicts Good (10) blunt damage when used as a weapon.

TALENTS: Bandera is a Weapons Specialist with her staff. Bandera is also an excellent speaker, able to arouse strong emotions from her intended audience.

ROLE-PLAYING NOTES: Bandera is a young heroine, prone to exuberance and the mistakes that come with youth. She is highly dedicated to a cause once committed to it, and she possesses a strong desire to accomplish the goals she sets for herself. With her determined sense of right and wrong, this young woman will be quite a heroine after gaining some needed experience.

In MARVEL SUPER HEROES campaigns, your heroes might be called in by an unscrupulous city official who wants you to stop this young lady from inciting riots among his dock workers or other employees. This problem of not knowing who to trust is a standard in comic books, and works quite well in game situations. Play upon the heroes' doubts over who is right and wrong in this case; this can always

extend into longer campaign goals of uncovering the city official's illegal activities (e.g., the real reason Bandera is after him).

Perhaps the heroes themselves, whether in civilian identities or in costume, get swept up by Bandera's power and find themselves fighting alongside her against a common evil. As stated before, Bandera is highly enthusiastic and doesn't always pay heed to how much danger she is in; the heroes may find themselves saving La Bandera from overwhelming foes.



HISTORY: Bandera's early history has not been revealed yet. It is known that her father was a "big deal" in Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba, but he became disillusioned soon after Fidel gained power. He fled to Florida, became hooked on drugs, and eventually died a junkie. It can be assumed that Bandera's vehemence and determination while fighting the corrupt ruler of the country of Tierra Verde can be traced back to her father's tragic life.

Bandera began her public super-hero career by taking on the powerful villain Tiger Shark in the city of Puerto Verde. With the timely assistance of Wolverine, Tiger Shark was driven off. Bandera then led a short-lived revolution against Caridad, the corrupt ruler of Tierra Verde. During this attempt, she crossed paths with Wolverine again. They lost a battle against the villains Geist and Tiger Shark, but managed to escape in a helicopter with Sister Salvation (Caridad's wife, who

has a healing touch) and a reformed villain, Roughhouse. Again, Bandera split with the group to gather factions of her people together to continue the battle against Caridad.

Wolverine and his group were captured when Sister Salvation betrayed them to the forces of Caridad. Her son was still with the army, and to protect him she turned in her companions. Bandera, with her new allies, attacked the complex in which Wolverine was being held captive. This time, her revolution succeeded, but it forced a creature created by the Deviant race, Spore, to reveal itself. It had been hiding in the body of Caridad. Wolverine and Bandera fought the Deviant-created creature but it was ultimately defeated by the healing touch of Sister Salvation.

When last seen, Bandera was in meetings with her rebel partners, trying to iron out the new government—a task that she's not sure she's capable of.



WINDSHEAR™

Colin Ashworth Hume
Alpha Flight operative

F EX(20) Health 70
A EX(20)
S EX(20) Karma: 22
E GD(10)
R GD(10) Resources: EX(20) w/Alpha Flight

I TY (6)
P TY (6) Popularity: 0

POWERS:

"Hard Air" Generation and Control:

Windshear can manipulate the properties of the air molecules around him, giving him the following powers.

—**Flight:** By propelling "hard" (compressed) air molecules behind him at a fast rate, Windshear can fly up to eight areas per round (Remarkable air speed).

—**Explosions:** Windshear can compress large amounts of air within his area, then forcibly release all of it at once, causing an explosion of Remarkable (30) force that affects all targets except Windshear within the area.

—**Force Field:** Windshear can erect a hard-air screen that grants him Amazing (50) rank protection against physical attacks, and Remarkable (30) protection against energy attacks. This screen can be generated only within two areas of Windshear's position. Windshear can also change the shape of his air screen to form simple geometric shapes like cones, cubes, and globes.

EQUIPMENT:

Battle Armor: Windshear still wears a suit of battle armor designed for him while he was a Roxxon "Para-Operative." The suit provides Excellent (20) protection against physical attacks for Windshear alone.

TALENTS: None known.

ROLE-PLAYING NOTES: Windshear is an amateur hero and has had some doubts about his ability to make the grade in the world of costumed heroes. He often acts impulsively due to his inexperience. When he gets nervous or put under stress, his British accent becomes more apparent.

Windshear is not easily cowed or frightened into inaction, but he is still uncomfortable in his role as a hero. He constantly looks to others for confirmation that he is doing well at his job, even though he commits himself fully in his heroics. He thought he did his work only for money when he was with Roxxon. Now, as a member of Alpha Flight, Windshear is realizing that he is a hero, despite his lack of experience and confidence.

In your campaigns, Windshear might still be a confused and naive Roxxon operative, possibly taking orders to hunt down and

capture one of your players' heroes. Another option might be for Windshear to turn to other heroes for help, if Roxxon wants his armor back and has deployed the Serpent Society or some other villains to return the armor—his body not included.

Alternately, Windshear could appear in your campaign city on a mission for Alpha Flight. He could seek out your heroes for information or assistance, or he could accidentally walk into the middle of a battle between your heroes and their arch-foes. If you have any British heroes, they might know or even be related to Windshear.

HISTORY: Alpha Flight's newest member, Windshear, was born in Canada. His mother is black, and his father is a white career diplomat from England. When Colin was young, his family moved from Toronto to England against the wishes of his mother's father.

Colin was first seen in action when Roxxon's Denver facility borrowed Windshear from the Super Human Division, U.K. Branch of Roxxon to help against a mechanical growth in the lower levels of the site. Box and Diamond Lil of Alpha Flight were also called in to combat the ever-growing machine, which had hooked into all electronic networks and had taken control of all the systems in the building, including security. The security weaponry pulled Madison "Box" Jeffries out of his armor, though Madison did discover that there was a man in the middle of the security machine.

Forge of the X-Men was also called in, given his intuitive knowledge and skill with electronics, but the site blew up as Forge arrived to aid them. The explosion was a result of Roxxon trying to "unplug" the machine by cutting off all power to the facility.

With Forge aiding Box, the heroes tapped into the machine and found that the man at the center of it all, the one was causing all the mayhem, was James McDonald Hudson—also known as Guardian or Victor, the former leader of Alpha Flight. Box phased into the mechanical portion of Hudson and brought out his human consciousness by focusing on Heather, Hudson's wife.

At the beginning of his first chronicled adventure, Windshear worked solely for money. During this time, he met and worked with Forge and other heroes who did these dangerous things because they need to be done. Windshear thus began thinking seriously about his motivations and how he was using his powers. When he found out that an explosion that killed many civilians was caused by a Roxxon employee, Samuel Higgins, Windshear quit Roxxon and flew to Canada with Hudson, Diamond Lil, and Box. Higgins vowed to himself that Windshear's armor would somehow be recovered by Roxxon.

Consequently, Windshear unofficially

joined Alpha Flight and fought alongside the group against Headlok. Despite his inexperience, Windshear carried himself well and was eventually officially named a member of the team.

WITCHFIRE™

**Anonym (last name unknown)
Adventurer**

F GD(10) Health: 56
A GD(10)
S TY (6) Karma: 76
E RM(30)
R TY (6) Resources: GD(10) as member of Beta Flight
I RM(30)
P IN(40) Popularity: 5

POWERS:

Nature Magic: Witchfire is a wielder of Nature Magic, a form of magic attuned to the order of the natural world. A key to this magic is the belief that all of nature is part of a whole, so that everything has a tangential relationship to everything else. (For more information on this and other forms of magic, see MHAC9 *Realms of Magic*.)

Witchfire is young and still learning her full powers, and she currently uses magic at the Disciple level. Limitations are usually associated with Nature Magic, but Witchfire hasn't exhibited any of these yet. Her use of wands as a focus for her spells might be a necessity rather than a choice. When Witchfire casts spells, magical fire dances around her body, a unique manifestation of her magical potential.

The following are the powers that Witchfire has exhibited so far, though she probably can use spells other than these. Unless stated otherwise, Witchfire's spells (and their effects) are cast at Remarkable rank.

Personal Energy:

Flight: Witchfire can fly at up to eight areas per round (Remarkable-rank air speed)

Sensing Evil: Witchfire can sense evil up to a Remarkable range (eight areas). This is not automatic, as is usual with this spell; she has to concentrate for this power to work.

Universal Energy:

Eldritch Bolt: She can cast a bolt of mystical energy that causes Excellent force or energy damage.

Miscellaneous Spells:

Spell of Attunement: This spell causes materials within one area to adhere to other materials of similar composition. The spell affects inorganic materials only. For example, when a part of a skyscraper under construction fell, Witchfire cast this spell and the falling metal sought other metal, thus adhering to the building.

Spell of Interference: This spell interferes with another spellcaster at a distance. If successful, it immediately stops her opponent's spell from working. She is able to cast this spell at Remarkable range and level.

EQUIPMENT:

Wands: Witchfire has used three different wands during her short career—a red cane, a white wand, and a gnarled, wooden wand. Any information on the wands is pure speculation, as magicians don't reveal their secrets easily. These wands may be the source of her powers, or they may augment existing magical powers.

TALENTS: None known.

ROLE-PLAYING NOTES: Witchfire is just a novice adventurer, but that hasn't stopped her from letting people know her opinions. She is a forthright character



with a strong will.

In your campaigns, Witchfire might seek out any magic-users to learn more magic. Alternatively, she could seek the aid of the heroes to help her regain her wands from the Sorcerer or some other magical or Alpha Flight foe (perhaps one who has encountered your players' heroes in the past). Witchfire could also investigate any magic-wielding hero, gathering information for Department H, since she and Shaman are consultants for the Supernatural Sciences Division there.

HISTORY: Witchfire first appeared as a member of Gamma Flight when they were called in by the military to investigate a killing spree in a neighborhood of Montreal. Gamma Flight had been appointed Canada's official superteam, since the government was having a difficult time controlling Alpha Flight. An evil demon, sent by the Sorcerer, was beaten back by the combined group of Alphans and Gammies. During this battle, Witchfire used a red cane as a focus of her magic and first exhibited the mystical fire that surrounds her when she uses her magic, hence her "professional" name.

When Alpha Flight and Gamma Flight next met, they were at odds with each other. Alpha Flight's heroes had been

warned by the Canadian government not to use their powers in public, but Vindicator and Diamond Lil were forced to battle Nekra and the Scorpion in Winnipeg, in order to combat the plans of Llan, the Sorcerer. Gamma Flight was duty-bound to stop them, but first the villains had to be stopped. Witchfire used a spell to cut Llan's controlling strings to the villains. Gamma Flight then arrested those members of Alpha Flight who were present, and the latter went along peacefully. However, the members of Alpha Flight who were captured quickly escaped jail to continue the fight against Llan. Gamma Flight found out and went after Alpha. After a short battle, Talisman sent a mental picture of Llan's amassing army to anyone near Alpha Flight. This convinced the Gamma Flight members that the Alphans weren't the real enemy, so the two teams joined together to defeat Llan.

In the wake of defeating Llan, the Canadian government both rescinded the ban that it had placed on Alpha Flight and recommended that the current version of Gamma Flight be disbanded. Wild Child went berserk, thinking that disbanding Gamma would result in throwing the members back onto the street, but she was later captured by Vindicator and

Wolverine after a long and bloody chase. Gamma Flight stuck together, though, and broke Wild Child out of a maximum-security cell. Wolverine tracked the members of Gamma Flight to a factory, where he and Vindicator beat the whole team. At the end of the fight, the heroes Auric and Silver left, heading for their homeland, China; Nemesis and Wild Child were either disintegrated or teleported in a flash of light; and Witchfire asked to join Alpha Flight as a trainee.

At this time, Witchfire started using a short, white wand with which to focus her magic. Most recently, she wields a gnarled wooden wand in battle. It's unknown whether these items focus her magic or whether they are actually a source of some of her magical might. Witchfire shared one adventure with Alpha Flight, the battle against Headlok, before being assigned primarily to Beta Flight for further training. She has also been assigned to Gamma Flight as an advisor on supernatural sciences.

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Playing in the

The evolution revolution: Survive it, if you're fit!

by Gregory W. Detwiler

This article details the Paleozoic era, the most neglected of the three prehistoric eras in popular study, fiction, and AD&D® games. Only a handful of its denizens are well known: the fin-back pelycosaurs *Dimetrodon* and *Edaphosaurus*, the trilobites, the giant dragonflies and cockroaches, the 30' armored fish *Dinichthys*, the mammal-like reptiles like *Cynognathus*, and the giant amphibian *Eryops*. Not for this era do we have the vast profusion of glamorous dinosaurs such as the Mesozoic era has, nor even the large and weird mammals and flightless birds of the Cenozoic era (to say nothing of primitive man). However, the Paleozoic is fascinating in its own right and has many creatures that can make an adventure very interesting.

The relative dearth of powerful monsters in the Paleozoic makes this an ideal time period for introducing new, low-level player characters to exotic worlds and lands. Paleozoic terrain is quite different from its modern counterpart, thereby conveying the glamor of foreign lands while not subjecting relatively weak new PCs to powerful beasts. Indeed, unless the PCs engage in underwater adventure, a party could do quite well in a Paleozoic adventure without any magical weapons or items at all. Of course, in an age before any intelligent life, there's virtually no chance of *finding* any magical items or even "mundane" treasure: coins, gems, jewelry, silks, etc. Thus, DMs can give the PCs some fancy thrills early in the campaign without the slightest risk of disrupting game balance. If a powerful party wishes to go this far back in time (up to 600 million years in our world's history), you will have to use fantasy monsters to beef up the opposition.

Because of the relative weakness and scarcity of many monsters, a Paleozoic campaign can be used for adventures even by 1st- to 3rd-level PCs. Some of the monsters listed later are too powerful for such a party in a stand-up fight, but the PCs might still be able to beat them if the PCs use their wits. With ordinary animals as the monsters, of course, there's no fear of the foe pulling out an unnatural or magical tactic at the last moment to spoil a clever PC trick. Most of the monsters are more the PCs' speed, so you can arrange encounters with a clear conscience. Take out one of the old beginners' dungeon modules, leave it where the players can see (and draw false conclusions from) it, put a time warp in the dungeon near the entrance, and get ready for the fun.

There are two standard scenarios for Paleozoic adventuring: a time-travel adventure or the exploration of a "lost world." The PCs could be lost, seeking a specific item or being, exploring on their own, or in the employ of a sage seeking information or a ruler planning to expand his territories. Clever PCs might use the body parts of Paleozoic animals as treasure (imagine using the ink of primitive nautiloids as scroll ink, or one of their tentacles for *Evard's black tentacles*). In any event, the adventure will be dull without a supporting cast—hence, the new monsters in the next section.

The monsters

The monster listings are for those Paleozoic animals that have not been mentioned before, either in the various hardcover books or in Stephen Inniss's article on Mesozoic life in DRAGON® #112 ("Dinosaurs"). Unless otherwise noted, all the creatures listed in this article conform to the following statistics:

ACTIVITY CYCLE: Day
ORGANIZATION: Solitary
INTELLIGENCE: Animal
TREASURE: Nil
ALIGNMENT! Neutral
MAGIC RESISTANCE: Nil

The categories of "Combat," "Habitat/Society," and "Ecology" have been dropped, as the creature descriptions are fairly short.

Most of these creatures are real, but a few are partially of my own invention and are noted as such, in particular the giant opabinia and some enlarged therapsids. *Erythrosuchus* really belongs in the Triassic, but its kind may have first appeared in the Permian and it has not yet been covered in the game, so it's here for good measure. Although the Paleozoic is mainly for low-level adventurers (assuming no fantasy monster additions), we ought to have at least a few big creatures to supplement *Dinichthys* and *Dimetrodon*.

Opabinia, giant

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Shallow sea floor*
FREQUENCY: *Rare*
DIET: *Carnivore*
NO. APPEARING: *1d4*
ARMOR CLASS: *8*
MOVEMENT: *2*
HIT DICE: *3*
THACO: *17*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *2*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1d6*

SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Camouflage*
SIZE: *M (5' long)*
MORALE: *Unsteady (7)*
XP VALUE: *120*

The opabinia is a bizarre creature that as far as we know first appeared in the Cambrian period, 600-500 million years ago. In a fantasy world, it might be a distant relative of the guluthra clan (otyugh and neo-otyugh). In appearance, it has a long body composed of segmented ridges with lateral flaps protruding, enabling the thing to crawl on the floor of the shallow sea. In front, it has five eyes mounted on short stalks and a single long, tentacle-like arm. This arm ends in a crablike claw or pincer that is used by the opabinia to catch prey. Since it could not move swiftly, it was probably a passive hunter, camouflaged in the color of the sea bottom and lying in wait for prey to approach.

Striking first from ambush, the fictional giant opabinia is a threat to low-level adventurers; it can pull a wading man off his feet and hold him under until he drowns (roll a strength check on 1d20 each round to escape). The creature's arm is fairly flexible, and in murky water it will be difficult to pinpoint the attacker's location.

Agnath, electric

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Shallow ocean bottoms*
FREQUENCY: *Common*
DIET: *Omnivore*
NO. APPEARING: *1d4*
ARMOR CLASS: *5*
MOVEMENT! *4*
HIT DICE: *1/2 (1d4 hp)*
THACO: *20*
NO. OF ATTACKS: *None*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *None*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Electrical discharge*
SIZE: *S (1' long)*
MORALE: *Unreliable (3)*
XP VALUE: *15*

Agnaths are the first fish of any type to appear in the oceans of the world. These creatures are small bottom dwellers, slowly gliding over the sea bed while grubbing up whatever organic matter they can find in the mud. They have no regular jaws or biting teeth, relying solely on a passive defense. All agnaths, even those without special powers, have heavy armor for protection.

Paleozoic

Artwork by Thomas Baxa



Electric agnath

Some agnaths in fantasy universes have developed a special defense mechanism. If an enemy grabs (or in the case of adventurers, steps on) the fish, it generates an electrical shock. This should be considerable, as it was meant to be used against the man-sized eurypterids described next. The electrical jolt does 1-4 hp damage in a 5' radius underwater, double that if the target (presumably human or humanoid) is clad in metal armor. The agnath will not actively seek combat, but the existence of this creature should at least make characters watch where they put their hands and feet when in murky water.

Eurypterid (water scorpion)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Ocean bottoms*
 FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*
 ACTIVITY CYCLE: *Any*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: 1-2
 ARMOR CLASS: 3
 MOVEMENT: 6
 HIT DICE: 3
 THACO: 17
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: *2d4/2d4*
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*

SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *M (6' long)*
 MORALE: *Steady (11)*
 XP VALUE: 65

The eurypterids (the above statistics are for the best-known one, *Pterygotus*) were the supreme marine predators of the Silurian period (425-405 million years ago). They are also the first natural predators in time that would actively go after human adventurers if they encountered them, as opposed to merely ambushing them or striking out in self defense.

Water scorpions attack with their clawed forearms, each of which does 2-8 hp damage (they have no poisonous tail stinger). Like the giant opabinia, a eurypterid in shallow water might drag a wading man down and hold him under until he drowns; a strength check on 3d6 is allowed for escape each round. Remember that these creatures naturally breathe water, while a man will have to come up for air sometime (a potion of *water breathing* won't last forever, even assuming the victim drank it right before going under). They can also detect prey within 60' through sensing the water vibrations or moving animals, and can thus hunt in murky water or at night with only a -2 to hit, giving them a further advantage.

Armored predatory fish

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Oceans*
 FREQUENCY: *Common*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 ORGANIZATION: *School*
 NO. APPEARING: *5d10*
 ARMOR CLASS: 5
 MOVEMENT: 8
 HIT DICE: *1/2 (1d4 hp)*
 THACO: 20
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 2
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1-2*
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *S (1' long)*
 MORALE: *Unsteady (5)*
 XP VALUE: 7

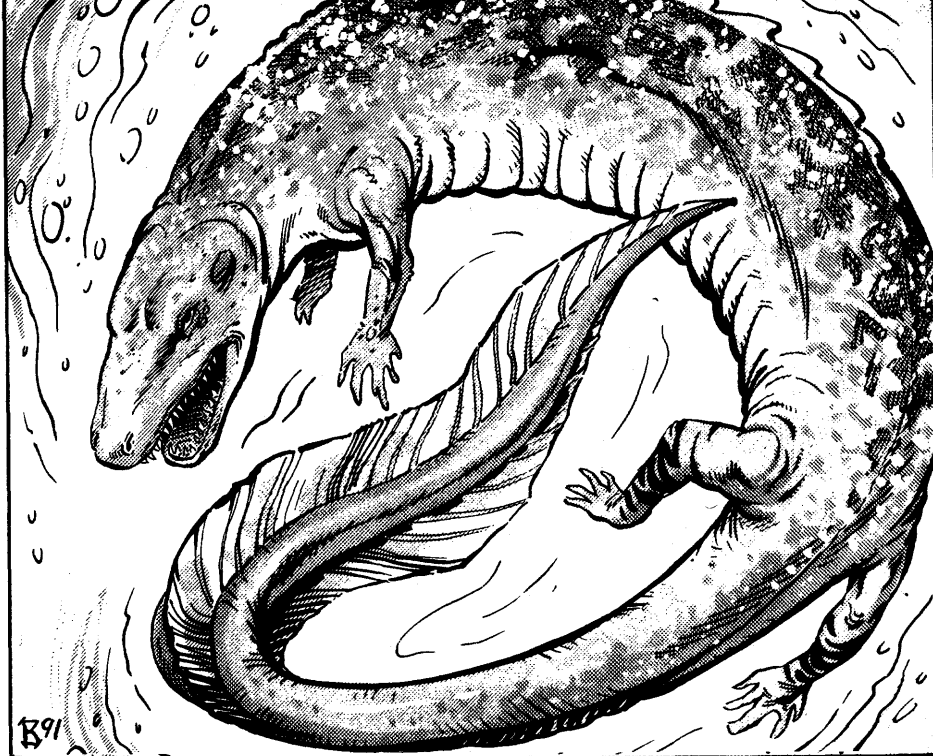
This category covers all the small predatory fish that appeared during the Devonian period (405-345 million years ago). These creatures are assumed to have hunted larger prey in schools and may have "ganged up" on the eurypterids before larger predatory fish drove them into extinction. Their bite does little damage, hence the large number of fish attacking. They do not swim as well as their modern counterparts, but their armor class is considerably better due to their heavy bone armor.

Characters only partially armored had best be careful when fighting these things. Although these fish are not intelligent, millions of years spent getting at eurypterids and other armored foes have caused them to evolve very thorough attack plans designed for finding every weak spot in an opponent's armor. Several dozen fish may attack a lone victim at once, biting everywhere to find the weak spots (use a lower armor class for the victim if part of his body is unarmored), and you may be sure that leather belts, pouches, pack straps, etc. will be severed. Even for high-level adventures, these fish are useful in nuisance encounters.

Eogyrinus

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Swamps, marshes*
 FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: *2d6*
 ARMOR CLASS: 8
 MOVEMENT: 2, *Sw 6*
 HIT DICE: 4
 THACO: 17
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: *2d4*
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Surprise bonus*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *L (15' long)*
 MORALE: *Steady (11)*
 XP VALUE: 120

Eogyrinus is typical of the largest amphibian predators of the Carboniferous period (345-280 million years ago), a time of tremendous forestation on the swampy



Eogyrinus

land. A swamp dweller, this monster's length is due to the long, slender shape of its body, with short legs and a crocodile-like skull. It will attack anything that steps in front of it (lying in ambush is its preferred hunting technique). In swampy terrain, give it a +1 bonus to surprise opponents because of its skill at hiding.

Eryops

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Swamps, marshes*
 FREQUENCY: *Common*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: 2d8
 ARMOR CLASS: 7
 MOVEMENT: 2, Sw 2
 HIT DICE: 4
 THACO: 17
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d10
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *M (5' long)*
 MORALE: *Steady (11)*
 XP VALUE: 120

Eryops is the most famous of the large amphibians of the early Permian period (280-230 million years ago). It spent a bit more time out on dry land than its fellows did, and it adapted to meet the challenge, as is reflected in its slightly better armor class. It is thick bodied, weighing at least as much as *Eogyrinus* although it is only a third as long. Its mouth is large and heavily studded with teeth. In areas where the reptiles haven't totally taken over yet, *Eryops* will be one of the most-common predators.

Cyclotosaurus

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Swamps, marshes, rivers*
 FREQUENCY: *Common*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: 3d8
 ARMOR CLASS: 8
 MOVEMENT: 2, Sw 10
 HIT DICE: 5
 THACO: 15
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d12
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: +1 to surprise foes in swampy terrain
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *L (14' long)*
 MORALE: *Steady (11)*
 XP VALUE: 175

Cyclotosaurus is something of a successor to *Eogyrinus* in the "amphibian-crocodile" line. Possibly appearing in the mid-to-late Permian period, it is found most often in the Triassic period in the Mesozoic era. Unlike the eel-like *Eogyrinus*, *Cyclotosaurus* is built like a conventional crocodile with about the same body proportions. Only the lack of scales on its smooth skin betrays its real ancestry, and a character caught in its jaws might not appreciate such subtleties.

Cyclotosaurus hunts in the same manner as a crocodile, lurking near riverbanks and ambushing anything that comes by to drink. Its great jaws do enough damage to kill the toughest 1st-level character with a single snap. The creature's durability is testimony to its efficient hunting methods; it did not become extinct until real reptilian crocodiles evolved from a branch of the archosaurs.

Cacops

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Swamps, rivers*
 FREQUENCY: *Common*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: 2d4
 ARMOR CLASS: 7/3 (back)
 MOVEMENT: 4, Sw 6
 HIT DICE: 2
 THACO: 19
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1d6
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *S (3' long)*
 MORALE: *Steady (11)*
 XP VALUE: 35

Cacops is another amphibian of the Permian period that spent more time than usual out on land. It is best known for its heavily armored backbone; this gives its back a better armor class than the rest of its body (since it is so small, attacking characters will hack down at it). Its mouth is full of sharp teeth.

Platyhystrix, giant

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Swamps, rivers*
 FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*
 DIET: *Carnivore*
 NO. APPEARING: 1-2
 ARMOR CLASS: 3/7 (belly)
 MOVEMENT: 2, Sw 6
 HIT DICE: 4
 THACO: 17
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2d8
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
 SIZE: *L (10' long)*
 MORALE: *Elite (13)*
 XP VALUE: 120

Platyhystrix is a relative and contemporary of *Cacops* in the Permian period. The original version was only 3' long, but it's so weird that I've included a giant version for AD&D game play. The creature looks like an amphibian version of *Dimetrodon*, having the same sail-like fin on its back. This fin is a further development of the back armor of *Cacops*, and the ribs of *Platyhystrix* have also broadened out to protect the creature, so it is AC 3 when attacked from both flanks as well as on the back. A vicious predator, it can be found on land far more often than any other amphibian, even *Eryops*. If your players haven't heard of *Platyhystrix*, they might mistake it for a *Dimetrodon* at a distance and waste an arrow of reptile slaying on it.

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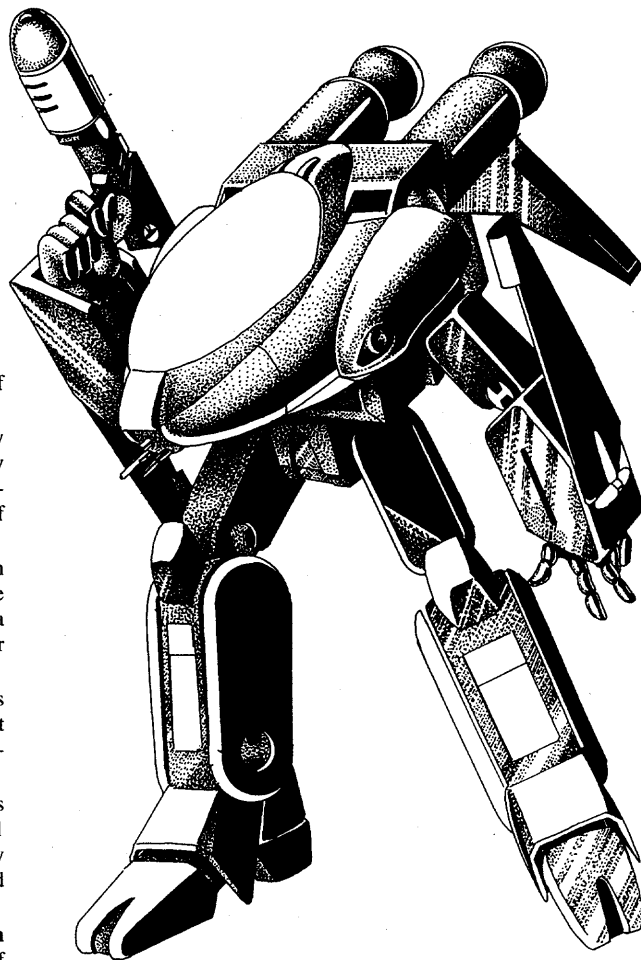
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Volume Four: Episodes **46: Star Dust**, **47: Outsiders**, **48: Deja vu**. Dana continues to exhibit a bit of empathy and psychic hunches and can not shake certain feelings about the captive bioroid pilot (Zor). **Available late February, 1992.**

Volume Five: Presents episodes **49: A New Recruit**, **50: Triumvirate**, **51: Clone Chamber**. It is decided to induct Zor into the Army of the Southern Cross. A full scale assault is launched against the Masters. Zor, Dana and Bowie get closer to the secret of the Robotech Masters and protoculture. Plus epic space battles! **Available late March, 1992.**

Volume Six: Contains episodes **52: Love Song**, **53: The Hunters**, **54: Mind Game**. Louie Nichols creates the Pupil Pistol, Dana is involved in more intrigue, while the savage space battle continues, with exciting fight sequences involving the Veritech Copter. **Available late April, 1992.**

Volume Seven: Presents episodes **55: Dana in Wonderland**, **56: Crisis Point**, and **57: Day Dreamer**. The continues to escalate, with terrible consequences. Zor seems to be going mad, Dana is becoming more rebellious, Bowie finds love and the mystery continues. **Available late May, 1992.**

Volume Eight: The Conclusion of the Southern Cross series! This is it, the final showdown with the Robotech Masters, the decimation of Earth, death and sacrifice, hard decisions and a terrible glimpse of the thing to come. Includes episodes **58: Final Nightmare**, **59: The Invid Connection**, and **60: Catastrophe**. **Available June or July 1992!**

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Estemennosuchus

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Forests*
FREQUENCY: *Common*
DIET: *Herbivore*
ORGANIZATION: *Herd*
NO. APPEARING: *5d10*
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVEMENT: 6
HIT DICE: 4
THAC0: 17
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *1d6 (head butt) or 2d4 (bite)*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
SIZE: *L (10' long, weighs 1 ton)*
MORALE: *Average (10)*
XP VALUE: 175

Estemennosuchus is one of the *Dinocephalia*, or "horrible-headed" mammal-like reptiles. These creatures of the Permian period are herbivorous, but sport large fangs and a prominent bony boss or outgrowth on their heads (hence the name) for protection. They travel in sizable herds and may cooperate in the common defense in case of attack. The males will range themselves around the rest of the herd; as they each weigh a ton, it will be hard for any ground creature to get past them. They fight either with head butts or their great fangs.

Therapsids, early

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Forests*
FREQUENCY: *Common*
DIET: *Carnivore*
ORGANIZATION: *Hunting pack*
NO. APPEARING: *2d4*
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVEMENT: 10
HIT DICE: 4
THAC0: 17
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1

Early therapsid (Dicynodon)

DAMAGE/ATTACK: *2d4 (bite), or 1d4 (butting)*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None (some have poison)*
SIZE: *S to L (up to 10' long)*
MORALE: *Unsteady (7)*
XP VALUE: 120 (270 for poisonous ones)

These are the mammal-like reptiles of the Permian period, somewhat different from the cynodont and dicynodont that appeared in the Mesozoic era (described in "Dinosaurs," DRAGON issue #112). These early therapsids are a varied group: anteosaurs, titanosaurs, gorgonopsians, and therocephalians. All members of this catchall group have some things in common. They are still more reptilian than mammalian, meaning they are slower and less efficient than later models. They also have tough reptilian hides instead of the softer skin of mammals; hence their superior armor class. They may have been intelligent enough to hunt in packs; no one knows for sure.

Two of these therapsids are equipped with special attack forms. Anteosaurs have prominent bony eyebrows, giving them a butting attack for 1-4 hp damage that was used for social combat. The gorgonopsians may have been equipped with a poisonous bite (save at +2; the first land-vertebrate poison shouldn't be all that strong). From the outside, these therapsids mostly look alike. They fill up all predator roles where they are dominant, being as varied as lions, tigers, and bears today.

Therapsid, giant

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *Forests*
FREQUENCY: *Uncommon*
DIET: *Carnivore*
NO. APPEARING: 1-2
ARMOR CLASS: 7
MOVEMENT: 14

HIT DICE: 8 + 8
THAC0: 13
NO. OF ATTACKS: 3
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *3d6/1d4/1d4*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
SIZE: *L (10'-12' long)*
MORALE: *Elite (13)*
XP VALUE: 975

This creature didn't really exist, but I thought we ought to have a couple really big natural animals in the Paleozoic even if this one would be more at home in the early Triassic period. Think of this fellow as the culmination of therapsid development: a giant cynodont with fangs and clawed feet. Such a creature would still be driven into extinction by the dinosaurs, either by "wolf packs" of coelurosaurs or by more efficient stalking *Teratosauruses*. Another competitor is the last creature in this collection.

Erythrosuchus

CLIMATE/TERRAIN: *swamps, rivers*
FREQUENCY: *Rare*
DIET: *Carnivore*
NO. APPEARING: 1-2
ARMOR CLASS: 4
MOVEMENT: 15
HIT DICE: 10
THAC0: 11
NO. OF ATTACKS: 1
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *7d4*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *None*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *None*
SIZE: *L (15'-20' long, 1,000 lbs.)*
MORALE: *Elite (14)*
XP VALUE: 2,000

Erythrosuchus, the "red crocodile" (so-called because the rock formation in which it was found had stained its bones red) is the largest of the predatory thecodonts that stayed on all fours. The creature's skull alone was at least 3' long! Given its great size and weight, I felt justified in giving it a really nasty bite. Until the dinosaurs get properly established, *Erythrosuchus* and its kin are the kings of beasts.

The campaign setting

A generic campaign setting of a Paleozoic world would have all terrain features possible, though mountains, hills, and deserts appeared only during the last period (the Permian) in real life. The climate in general would be very dry, with few open sources of fresh water such as rivers and streams. Any characters who try to quench their thirst at a lake will be in for a nasty shock the first great lakes were created from pockets of sea water left behind as the oceans retreated from the drying climate. Since mountains and hills are so new, no specialized life forms will be living among them. If uplands are near the coast or a body of water,



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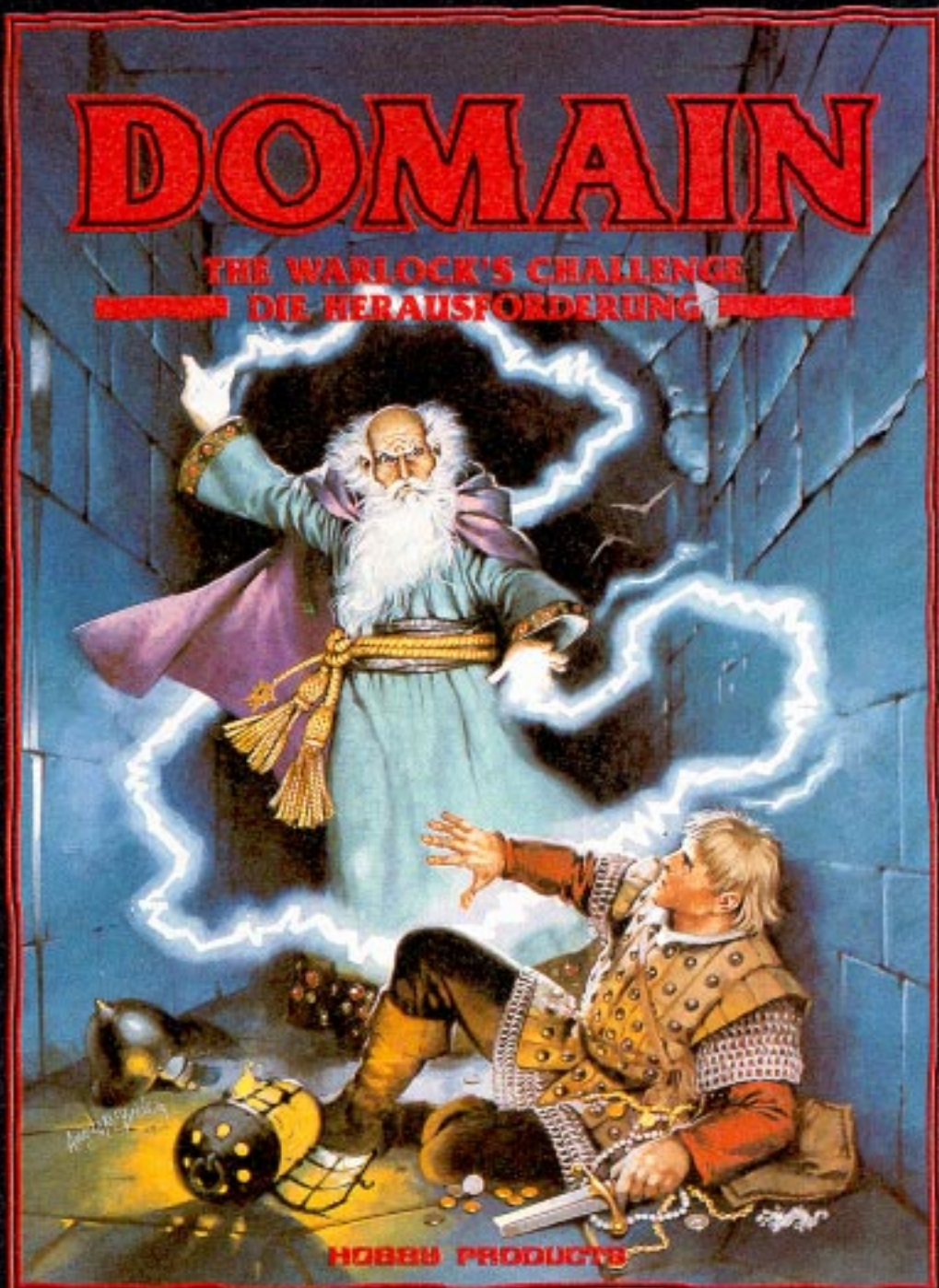
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Table 1
Paleozoic Water Encounters

1d20	Encounter
1	Portuguese man o'war
2	Urchin (roll for type encountered)
3	Giant leech
4	Muckdweller
5	Giant aquatic slug
6	Mottled worm
7	Dinichthys
8	Armored predatory fish
9	Shark
10	Giant octopus (really eight-armed nautiloid, AC 3 for body, AC 10 for arms)
11	Giant squid (really ten-armed nautiloid, AC 3 for body, AC 10 for arms)
12	Kraken (really intelligent nautiloid, AC 3 for body, AC 10 for arms)
13	Giant lamprey
14	Giant gar
15	Giant pike
16	Giant water spider
17	Giant opabinia
18	Agnath
19	<i>Eurypterid</i>
20	Strangle weed

treat them as forested terrain in the encounter tables; if not, they are mostly lifeless and barren and should be treated as desert terrain.

Trees will be cycads and primitive conifers (predecessors to today's evergreens), with a large number of giant ferns and horsetails supplementing them. Smaller versions of these latter plants will take the place of bushes; no grass is present. In the animal line, all arthropods are present, and many insects (beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, bugs, dragonflies, cockroaches, etc.). There are many small lizards and turtles about, as well as small mammal-like reptiles and salamander-like amphibians (frogs and toads haven't appeared yet). The seas will be full of the full spectrum of invertebrate marine life, as well as seaweed and a great variety of primitive fish. PCs hunting for natural spell components will find the going difficult (druids take note: no mistletoe is in existence yet). Aesthetic characters may feel oppressed; there are no flowers to provide color, merely endless rich green.

In general, when planning creature encounters, the DM should note that the fish are in the water, the amphibians are in the swamps, and the regular and mammal-like reptiles are on dry land, though there is some interpenetration of these habitats. On dry land, the reptiles should be most numerous in the desert and other open areas where there is little water and plenty of sunlight. In shaded forests, where water is more abundant, the mammal-like reptiles should hold sway, with more amphibians than in any

Table 2
Paleozoic Swamp Encounters

1d24 *	Encounter
1	Bloodworm
2	Muckdweller
3	Giant aquatic slug
4	<i>Eogyrinus</i>
5	Violet fungi
6	<i>Eryops</i>
7	<i>Dimetrodon</i>
8	<i>Cacops</i>
9	<i>Cyclotossaurus</i>
10	Giant <i>Platyhystrix</i>
11	Otyugh (60%) or neo-otyugh (40%)
12	Giant leech
13	Pudding, brown
14	Crystal ooze
15	Slime, olive
16	Will-o-(the)-wispy
17	Mottled worm
18	Vodyanoi
19	Shrieker
20	Shambling mound
21	Kelpie (no <i>charm</i> ability, but can change shape)
22	Giant water spider
23	Armored predatory fish
24	Land lamprey

* Roll 1d12 and 1d6. On a score of 1-3 on 1d6, use the 1d12 roll as is; on a score of 4-6 on 1d6, add 12 to the 1d12 roll.

other environment save the swamps.

The four encounter tables given here are for a generic Paleozoic setting in which historical accuracy has been sacrificed for playability. -Creatures from all Paleozoic periods are present, as well as those regular AD&D game monsters I thought were suitable additions. If you're running this adventure for low-level PCs, feel free to ignore the high-level AD&D game monsters such as the otyugh, neo-otyugh, and shambling mound.

The Paleozoic era is greatly underrated in prehistoric-world articles and stories for the public. Lacking dinosaurs and cave men as it does, it still has a wealth of bizarre creatures that can frighten and delight readers and adventurers alike. Give it a try; you won't regret it.

Bibliography

Most general prehistoric-life books have decent, if not overly detailed, accounts of life in the Paleozoic. Most of the spectacular animals of this time period live in the Permian. The best book on the evolution of mammals is John C. McLoughlin's *Synapsida*, which concentrates on the various mammal-like reptiles of the Permian and Lower Triassic. Chapter 20 of Robert T. Bakker's book, *The Dinosaur Heresies* also covers the rise and fall of the mammal-like reptiles. *Synapsida* alone will give you all the information on mammal-like reptiles a DM could desire.

Table 3
Paleozoic Forest Encounters

1d30*	Encounter
1	<i>Dimetrodon</i>
2	<i>Cacops</i>
3	<i>Eryops</i>
4	Giant <i>Platyhystrix</i>
5	Herbivorous reptiles (pareiasaurs or rhynchosaurs)
6	Early therapsids
7	<i>Estemmenosuchus</i>
8	Large spider
9	Huge spider
10	Giant spider
11	Large pedipalp
12	Huge pedipalp
13	Giant pedipalp
14	Miner
15	Pudding, black
16	Beetle, rhinoceros
17	Beetle, giant stag
18	Beetle, death watch
19	Beetle, giant slicer
20	Vegepygmy
21	Huge centipede
22	Giant centipede
23	Stegocentipede
24	Giant dragonfly
25	Violet fungi
26	Purple worm
27	Bloodthorn
28	Cynodont (optional)
29	Giant therapsid (optional)
30	<i>Erythrosuchus</i> (optional)

* If a 1d30 die is not available, roll 1d10 and 1d6. On a roll of 1-2 on 1d6, use the 1d10 roll as is; on a roll of 3-4 on 1d6, add 10 to the 1d10 roll; on a roll of 5-6 on 1d6, add 20 to the 1d10 roll.

Table 4
Paleozoic Desert Encounters

1d20	Encounter
1	<i>Dimetrodon</i>
2	Early therapsids
3	<i>Estemmenosuchus</i>
4	Scorpion, large
5	Scorpion, huge
6	Scorpion, giant
7	Solifugid, large
8	Solifugid, huge
9	Solifugid, giant
10	Pudding, dun
11	Sandling
12	Herbivorous reptiles (pareiasaurs or rhynchosaurs)
13	Dustdigger
14	Purple worm
15	Whipweed
16	Witherweed
17	Pernicon
18	Cynodont (optional)
19	Giant therapsid (optional)
20	<i>Erythrosuchus</i> (optional)

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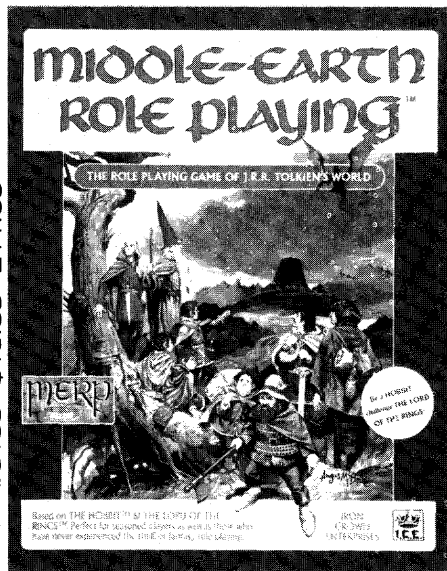
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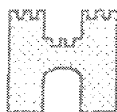
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SAGE advice

by Skip Williams

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Join the sage as he takes a quick look at psionics in the AD&D® 2nd Edition game, considers some hard facts about illusions, and splits a few magical hairs.

Will an anti-magic shell stop psionic powers or attacks? Why?

According to page 110 of The Complete Psionics Handbook, an *anti-magic shell* has no effect at all on psionics. The game logic behind this rule is that magic—which includes such special attacks such as breath and gaze weapons—and psionics are two different things. In terms of game balance, it is desirable to draw a firm line between magic use and psionics use. Psionics, the reasoning goes, is a type of power completely different from magic in all its various forms.

However, my colleagues at TSR, Inc. have made it clear to me that *all* the rules in the various handbooks are optional. Considering that *anti-magic shells* can stop things like gaze attacks, sonic attacks, and breath weapons—all of which ignore magic resistance—I don't think you'd be stretching things too far if you assumed the field created by an *anti-magic shell* stopped all preternatural effects of non-divine, nonartifact origin. Both magic and psionics involve the transfer and manipulation of some kind of power, and an *anti-magic shell* can be assumed to prevent the passage of such power.

Nevertheless, I suggest you tread carefully when mixing magic and psionics. Psionic powers are potent and must be adjudicated carefully even if you follow all the rules scrupulously. For example, if you blur the line between magic and psionics by introducing magical items that augment or bestow psionic powers, characters who

accumulate a few of them can quickly become psionic juggernauts.

A hasted spell-caster cannot cast two spells each round because *haste* cannot speed up magic, but can a hasted psionicist or possessor of a wild psionic talent use psionics twice each round? After all psionics aren't magic.

Both magical and psionic power "flows" through and around characters at fixed rates. A *hasted* psionicist or wild talent wielder cannot use psionic powers any faster than can a character who is not *hasted*.

If the second-level wizard spell *invisibility* uses light to create an illusion that makes the user invisible ("Sage Advice," issue # 168), does the spell work at night? How can the user see? Will infravision detect the user?

The *invisibility* spell actually makes the user invisible—that is, impervious to visual detection. The effect is classed as an illusion because the viewer's perception of the spell-user is changed. The spell works in any light condition, though it's usually redundant in total darkness. The spell defeats most types of vision, including infravision, as the spell description plainly states (*Player's Handbook*, page 142). Exactly how the user is rendered invisible is left up to the DM. In any case, however,

the spell-user can see normally, perhaps through "gaps" in whatever effect the spell uses to conceal the user, which might explain why the user can occasionally be detected by creatures with superior perception (see spell description).

Can creatures viewing a *mirror image* spell disbelieve the effect? If they can, it seems to me that it's a lousy spell; on the other hand, it's an illusion. Can an *invisibility* spell be disbelieved?

Far too many players and DMs try to overextend certain character abilities and game rules. For example, take the fellow in issue #175 who wondered if druids were immune to all enchantment/charm spells. Not all illusion/phantasm spells can be disbelieved; *mirror image* and *invisibility* are just two examples.

The rules for disbelieving illusions in the PHB, (pages 82-84 and 130) apply only to those illusion/phantasms in which the caster creates an image with details supplied from his own mind. Spells that have fixed effects, such as *invisibility*, *mirror image*, *hypnotic pattern*, *phantasmal killer*, et al. are not illusions in the sense of the term used in those rules. If you're feeling obstinate on this point, consider single-purpose illusion/phantasms (such as *invisibility*) to fall into the "automatic belief" category.

There are many cases where illusion/phantasm spells don't use the standard

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disbelief rules. *Phantasmal killer*, for example, requires victims to use an intelligence check to disbelieve it. Whenever the rules give such rules for determining resistance to or detection of an illusion/phantasm, use them—not the disbelief rules. Finally, note that some illusion/phantasm spells have normal saving throws (fear, for example); victims need not make disbelief attempts vs. any spell whose save is listed as “Neg.” In such cases, the saving-throw rules apply, not the disbelief rules. Note also that several illusion/phantasms, such as *mirror image* have no save at all. Such spells work automatically—disbelief not withstanding—unless the victim is immune to them (perhaps because of a high Wisdom score or other ability).

If a *polymorph any object* spell is used to transform a magical weapon into another kind of weapon—say, a long sword + 3 into a katana—will the weapon lose its magical bonus?

This is up to the DM, but I see no reason why something as simple as a general enchantment should be lost in this case. Abilities that might depend on the weapon’s size and weight probably *should* be lost. The spell description (PHB, page 191) uses a *vorpall sword*, *polymorphed* into a dagger, as an example; since daggers are not really suited to chopping and severing, the sword loses its *vorpall* ability. On the other hand, a *vorpall sword* that has been *polymorphed* into a bardiche probably

would keep its ability to sever necks. Very intelligent magical weapons changed into any form probably should lose some of their abilities when in *polymorphed* form even if these abilities have nothing to do with the weapon’s size or configuration. Such weapons are the result of a long and intricate process, and even subtle changes in the weapon’s form can disrupt the enchantment. DMs must decide what happens on a case-by-case basis, but the more abilities the weapons has, the more likely that even a small change in form will cause one or more of the abilities to become inactive; of course, large changes will disrupt even more of the weapon’s powers.

If a wizard wants to create a *wand of magic missiles* with 80 charges, does he have to cast 80 *magic missile* spells into it? As it takes 2-8 hours to cast each spell level into the item, it would take 160-640 hours, or 20-80 days at just eight hours a day; if the item had to make a saving throw for each spell the process would take a lot longer. Is a saving throw required for each charge?

In healthy campaigns, magical-item creation is a long and arduous process; if it were not so, player characters wouldn’t have much reason to risk life and limb on adventures. However, a little common sense and a careful rereading of the rules

should shorten the time to create the *wand of magic missiles* in your example. First, the item’s creator must gather the proper materials. This could take days, weeks, or months of game time, depending on how rare the DM decides to make the materials and how intelligently the character goes about gathering them. Since the quest for materials helps move the campaign along, the actual time required here really is irrelevant.

Once the character has gathered and prepared the materials (*Dungeon Master’s Guide*, pages 87-88), he must cast *enchant an item*, which takes 1d8 + 2 days (at eight hours a day). Then the item makes a saving throw, and the initial spell is cast on it, which takes 2-8 hours per spell level. A *permanency* spell is then required to fix the enchantment and prepare the item to receive charges. Once this is done, I suggest you use the rules for recharging magical items (*DMG*, pages 88-89). Each charge requires a separate spell with the normal casting time. As suggested in issue #172, the item needn’t make a saving throw each time a charge is added, but the item does need to make a saving throw when “recharging” starts, and the creator is still limited to eight hours of work a day (or a full “load” of spells dumped into the item, whichever is less). During the whole time, the caster must stringently follow the requirements of the *enchant an item* spell (PHB, page 176).

Ω

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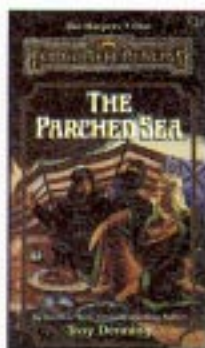
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C. E. HEWES



NOVEL

I • D • E • A • S

R. A. Salvatore, whose books have repeatedly made the *New York Times* best-seller lists, is one of the most prolific and best known of the authors who currently write for TSR, Inc. His new series, the Cleric Quintet, begins in the long-forgotten cellars of a monastic library high in the Snowflake Mountains. Though the underground location may at first remind readers of the dark tunnels of Menzober-ranzan, the home of the series' protagonist bears little resemblance to the Underdark world of the drow Drizzt Do'Urden, who has been so popular with Salvatore's fans over the past several years.

Cadderly is a young scholar-priest in *Canticle*, volume one of the Cleric Quintet, which is being released in November. Seemingly lighthearted and innocent, Cadderly has lived at the renowned Edificant Library since the age of five. Life seems idyllic for him, and he spends his time inventing unique and ingenious weapons, studying (albeit half-heartedly) for the priesthood, and generally driving his superiors crazy. Cadderly is clearly a youth who has yet to find a reason to grow up.

Things soon change, however, when the wizard Aballister and his imp, Druzil, choose the library as their first step in the conquest of the Shining Plains. Dark powers are put to work, and the library, a place of enlightenment and research, is besieged by forces no one understands. Only Cadderly, his friend Danica (a young woman who studies the ancient martial arts of Penpahg D'Ahn), and Newander, a druid, are able to resist the mysterious essence that turns the well-ordered library into a place of chaos. Aided only by a rare white squirrel and two dwarven brothers, the three allies battle foes both living and dead in an attempt to defeat the strange force that has taken control of the library and its inhabitants.

Unknown to Cadderly, however, the evil he fights is not so easily defeated. Throughout the Cleric Quintet series, he finds that a mysterious, unknown foe is more than eager to do battle with him. The second book in the series will be available in April 1992. In *Sylvan Shadows* shows the young cleric fighting in an elven forest, Shilmista, where a new opponent leads an army of vile monsters. As the battles move to other lands, they grow ever more personal to the scholar-priest, who wonders where his destiny lies. To see into the future, Cadderly must look far into the past, to a time when a different

young man reached a crossroads, and the path of evil was chosen.

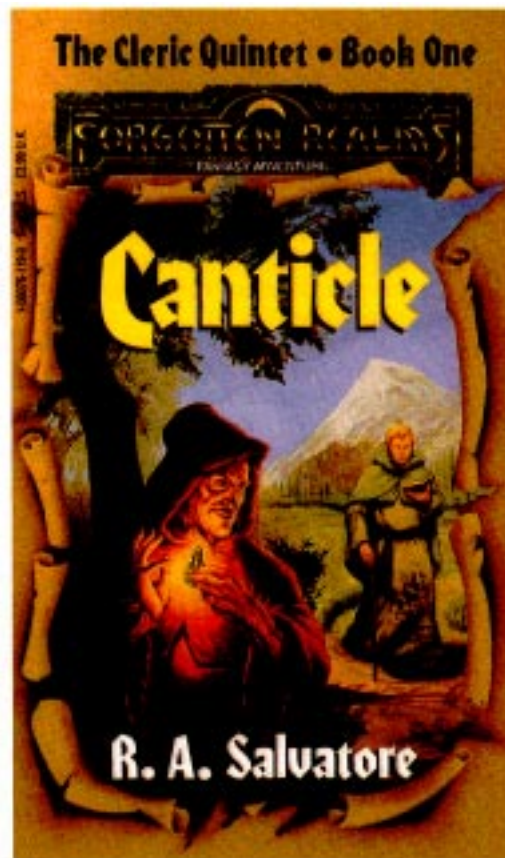
There will undoubtedly be many comparisons made between Drizzt Do'Urden and Cadderly. One is dark, the other light, in both character and mood. Fans who like the dark elf and feel an empathy with him may at first find Cadderly a bit flippant. But the two youths are both products of their environments and parentage. Each must grow to maturity under duress, as they face both their own souls and the reality of their worlds. Decisions must be made; paths must be picked. Readers of the Dark Elf and Icewind Dale Trilogies already know Drizzt's choice, but what will Cadderly's decision be when he is faced with the ultimate revelation about his own existence?

"Drizzt Do'Urden is both my blessing and my curse," said Salvatore when asked about Drizzt and Cadderly. "My blessing because the character has been so enormously popular, and because he has developed into exactly the type of fantasy hero that I always wanted to write about. But Drizzt may be my curse as well, because I fear that, in the eyes of some of those who have come to care for the dark elf, I may never be able to match him.

"My task, then, in the Cleric Quintet and in all of my other books, is not to replace Drizzt, but to create equally satisfying characters. Cadderly is a lot like Drizzt regarding his moral code, if not in temperament and certainly not in method. The characters might be friends, but probably not rivals.

"While Drizzt clearly recognizes right from wrong, and has the ability to set things straight, Cadderly sometimes feels helpless against the onslaught of the world's violent realities. Because of his unparalleled fighting skills and understanding of battle, Drizzt inevitably rises to become the leader of his party. Cadderly, on the other hand, has a more difficult road to that spot—in the beginning of the Cleric series, he has to struggle even to be included when the trouble, particularly the fighting, begins.

"In terms of how they view right and wrong, a philosophy of tolerance and preference for peace, readers will see great similarities between Cadderly and Drizzt, though their methods are different. Drizzt, when all else fails, can fall back on his fighting abilities. Cadderly has to rely on his intelligence and on the many inventions he carries around with him. "Drizzt is an outcast dark elf, misunder-



Some choose to be heroes; others have no choice

by Marlys Heeszel

stood and burdened by a past he did not in any way deserve and which he cannot seem to leave behind. Cadderly has been sheltered all his life, then is thrust into the middle of a situation he does not understand. They face similar moral dilemmas, similar feelings of guilt and resignation toward those things they cannot change."

Salvatore assures us that lighthearted does not mean camp. "If I kept writing the grim stuff of Drizzt's past, I would have fallen into a severe depression! One of the things I wanted to capture in the Cleric Quintet was the rollicking, high-spirited adventure tone seen more in the Icewind Dale series than in the Dark Elf books, like when Bruenor, in *The Crystal Shard*, tied a rope to himself and secured it against a rock, then barrelled into a couple of ogres, launching the whole group over the side of a cliff. Or the dwarf's out-of-control, flaming chariot ride in *The Halfling's Gem*. That's rollicking fun.


"For tools, I've utilized not one but two dwarves in the Cleric Quintet, the brothers Bouldersoulder. Ivan, the more serious of the pair, is a lot like Bruenor, if a bit more earthy. Pikel Bouldersoulder, on the other hand, is a bit different from any dwarf I've ever read about in serious fantasy. Easygoing and always smiling, he's almost the antithesis of the stereotypical gruff-and-spitting dwarven hero. A critic who read the manuscript of *Canticle* pro-

claimed Pikel Bouldersoulder to be among my best developed, most likeable, and most unusual characters ever. I was forced to point out that in the entire manuscript the lovable Pikel speaks a total of about three or four words!

"Buoyed by the Bouldersoulder brothers, the supporting cast of the Cleric Quintet is every bit as strong as in my other books. I remember getting a letter from one reader who insisted that Drizzt should be given the magical bow the companions found in Mithril Hall since 'Catti-brie is a wimp.' A wimp? I thought Catti-brie was among the most sensitive and strong characters in all of my books. In answer to that reader, I have created Danica, Cadderly's love, a fighting monk who can, quite literally, kick the road apples out of a buffalo nickel. Danica is Catti-brie with punch. She's cute, sensitive, feminine when she wants to be, and can leap tall buildings in a single bound.

"Make no mistake about it, I put my heroes through the proverbial wringer in the Cleric Quintet, hitting them with ancient curses, evil wizards, brutish monsters, undead horrors, and even several kitchen utensils.

"Rollicking fun. And just what my emotional state needed after the grim Dark Elf series, a short reprieve before we go again — and yes, we certainly will go — out on the road with Drizzt Do'Urden!"

October 1992 will see the publication of TSR's first hardcover volume by Salvatore. *The Legacy* will pick up where *The Halfling's Gem* left off. Life is good for Drizzt, better than it ever has been. His dearest friend, the dwarf, Bruenor, has reclaimed his throne, and Wulfgar and Catti-brie are to be wed. Even the halfling, Regis, has returned to join his friends in the safety and prosperity of Mithril Hall. But Drizzt has left powerful enemies in his wake, and one will stop at nothing to ensnare Drizzt once again in a web of evil. Will they succeed? Only Salvatore knows. 

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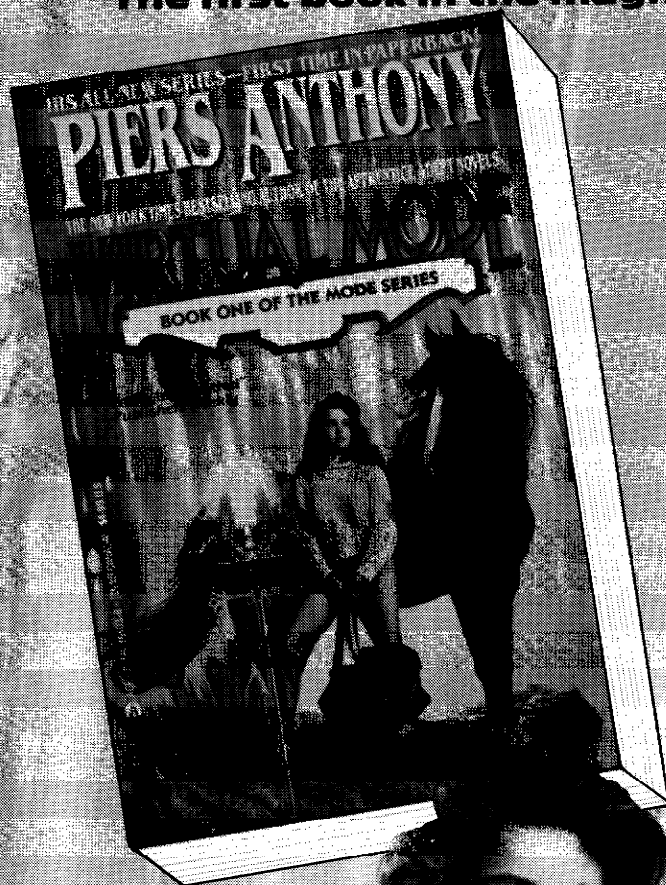
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The Game Wizards

Wading-card fever: We're turning up the heat!

by David Wise

Trading-card enthusiasts who have discovered AD&D® Collector Cards will, no doubt, have also discovered the 750-card 1991 1st Edition Factory Set by now. This, the first complete boxed set of TSR trading cards, is bound to be a valuable investment down the road. Taking home a boxed set is a great way to fill out your collection and maybe double up on a few of those cards that will be popular trade-ables in years to come.

As Jim Ward mentioned in "The Game Wizards" in DRAGON® issue #174, we've made a subtle change in the coloring of the cards to differentiate between the original sets of cards and the factory set. Most of the original cards have a gold border around the art, while the factory set's borders are silver. In order to ensure the trading value of the original cards, this will be the format for all sets to come.

We must admit that we're thrilled as a dragon with his own gold mine, to make a subtle analogy, because AD&D Collector Cards have been a smash success. So, with the '91 set under our belts, we've lost no time in putting together *next* year's collection. In the '92 set, you'll find 120 monsters, 90 magical items, a special group of

mini-series cards, and some 400 brand-new character cards to collect and enhance your role-playing.

We should mention that cards 721-750 will not be made available for sale in the 16-card packs; those last 30 will comprise a particularly rare set. We will package them in original-edition colors and send them to distributors all over the country, to be made available to a lucky few. (Cards #721-737 are also slated to appear in DRAGON issue #178.)

As the editor of this "monstrous" 1992 project, I've really spread out the character cards between the classes, making sure to include plenty of specialists in each class. I've leaned heavily upon the kits in each of the Complete Handbooks, so you're going to see cat burglars, amazons, transmuters, monks, samurai, psionics—the gamut of player and nonplayer characters of all levels. Not only that, but I've divided the card-designing responsibilities among some of the TSR creative staff, so you're going to see original creations from the likes of Jeff Grubb, Zeb Cook, Jim Ward, and the rest of us. Coordinating the efforts of these maniacs posed a real challenge for me ("Hey, Dave, what's with this

cross-dressing elf you ordered?" "Dave, I'm still not clear on the swashbuckler format; could you write us another memo and explain it all again?"). The end result will be a bunch of great personalities created by a great bunch of *personalities*.

Another new element in the '92 cards will be the aforementioned mini-series, in 13 sets of nine cards. You can collect Mordekainen and the Circle of Eight, the vampires of the RAVENLOFT™ campaign world, a set of famous artifacts (like the Hand and Eye of Vecna, the Dragonlance, and the Crown of Souls), and a set specially chosen from our new DARK SUN™ campaign world. I've also put together a set of portals to be used in conjunction with game play: It contains all manner of magical doors, such as an "express ladder" that climbs to the ceiling and then *dimension doors* you to the roof, and a "fire exit" (my favorite) that *teleports* you to the nearest edge of that dragon breath you were just caught in. There's a mini-series of nasty traps for you to "spring" on your gaming group, and even a set of city cards from the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ adventure setting. It took a lot of brainstorming to come up with 13 sets of nine ("No, Dave," said Jim, "you can't do nine TSR editors and designers. Nobody wants to look at a bunch of burned-out husks sitting in front of computer screens."). Still, I think you'll be pleased with what you get.

Another new feature in the '92 cards is the addition of cards that were designed by members of the RPGA™ Network. At the 1991 GEN CON® game fair, we circulated forms to the attending members and invited them to immortalize their favorite characters by describing them in detail, with all their equipment, physical traits, and personal histories. I've received some pretty interesting submissions, too, and have managed to work almost all of them into the project. (Sorry, the kender cavalier had to go.)

Now that you've had a chance to collect



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Card Numbers 001-100

001	002	003	004	005	006	007	008	009	010
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021	022	023	024	025	026	027	028	029	030
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061	062	063	064	065	066	067	068	069	070
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091	092	093	094	095	096	097	098	099	100

Card Numbers 301-400

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Card Numbers 101-200

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591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600

Note: Rare card numbers are in **bold face** for ease of reference.

some AD&D Collector Cards and have heard about some of the things to come, I'm curious about your reactions to the product and what's on your trading-card wish list. Although I've put together next year's set with your interests in mind, I'm sure that you can think of a zillion ideas that I haven't. No problem! 1993 is just around the corner (at least it is if you work at TSR), and you have just enough time to help us make the '93 set a tailor-made gem. Write me, David Wise, c/o TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 756, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A.

By the way, for those of you who haven't managed to snag the collector-card check-lists, the complete list for the '91 set is on the next page. And get yourself in good standing with your local trading-card dealer now, for the special sets (cards #721-750) of 1992 collector cards to come!

Ω

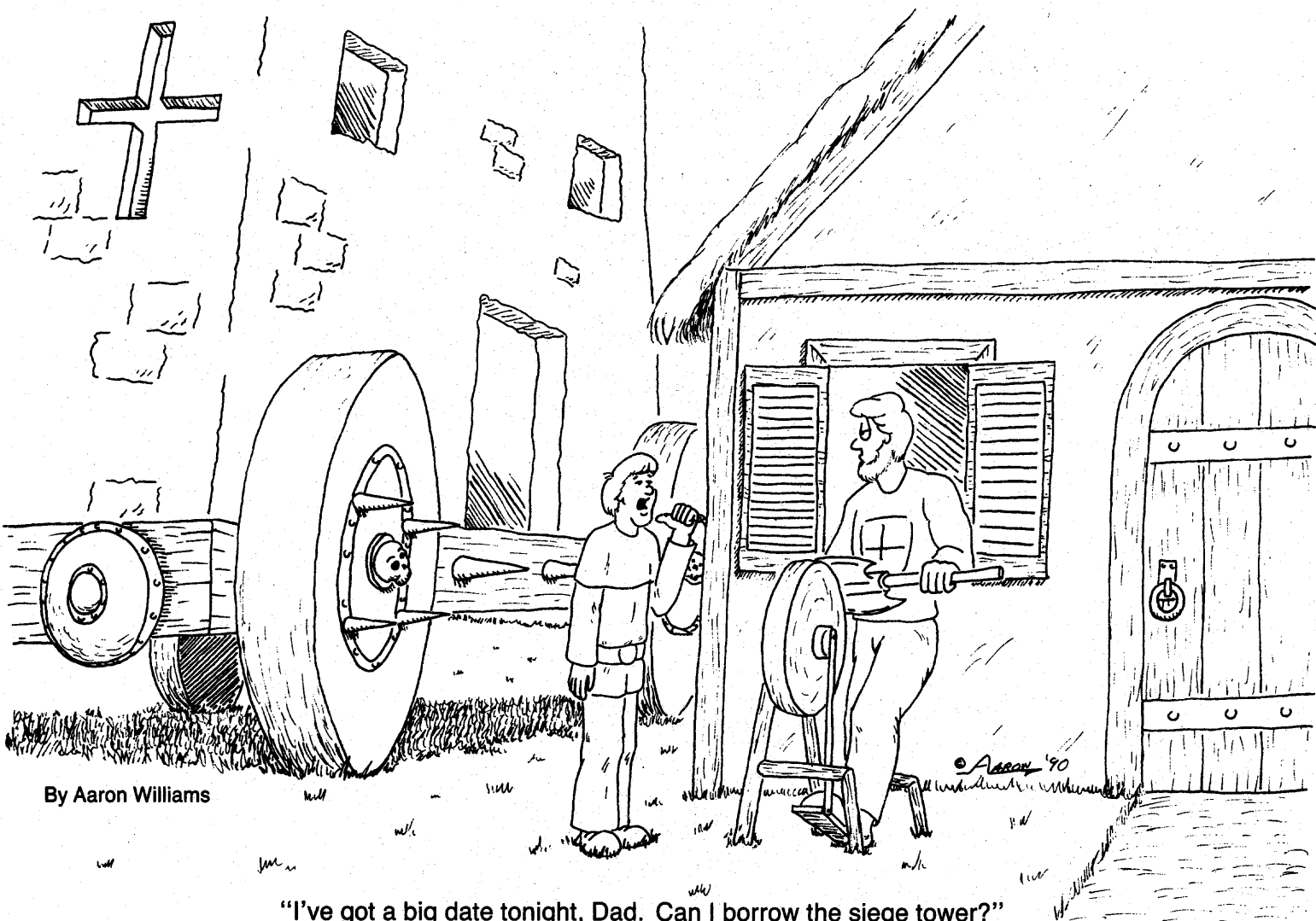
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Card Numbers 701-750

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741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750

DRAGONMIRTH



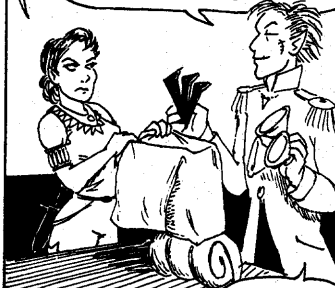
By Aaron Williams

"I've got a big date tonight, Dad. Can I borrow the siege tower?"

YAMARA

IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU'RE COMING ALONG ON THIS DUNGEON, OGREK. I DON'T NEED YOU PACKING FOR ME.

BUT WHY CARRY THESE HEAVY IRON SPIKES AROUND?



THESE HIGH-TENSION SUCTION CLIPS ARE LIGHTER AND MORE VERSATILE.

HEY, LEAVE THE HOLY WATER! WE'RE AFTER A VAMPIRE!

TRY A TUBE OF NEW VAMPYR-GO™. IT'S SUNLIGHT IN A PASTE!



WATERSKIN? TAKE A DOWSING ROD INSTEAD. ROPE? EXTRA-LONG ELASTIC CORDS ARE BETTER. AND FORGET ALL THESE IRON RATIONS. I'LL TAKE YOU TO A NICE RESTAURANT. YOU'LL NEED SOME SPRINGS, A WHOOPEE CUSHION, A SONGBIRD, AND AN INFLATABLE RAFT—JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.



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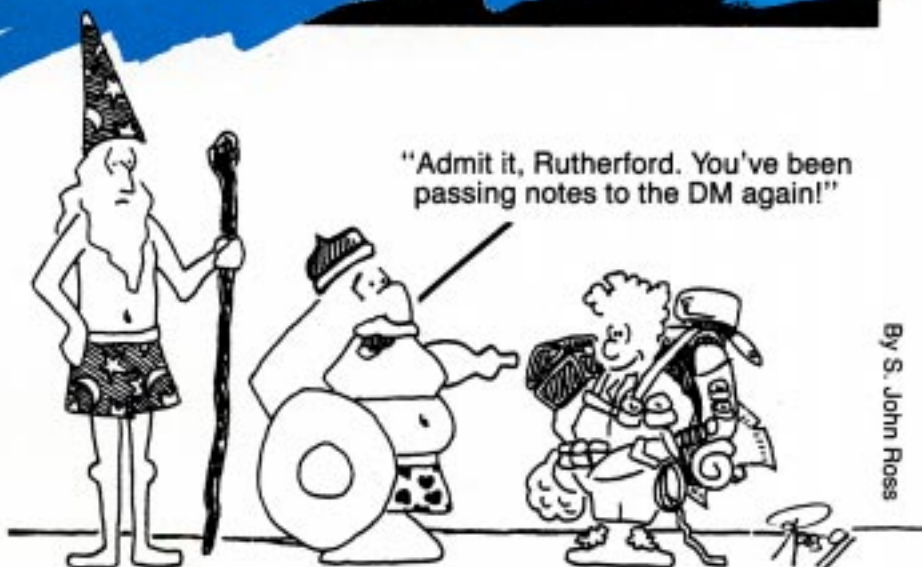
By Dwain Meyer



THE WEAPONS SHOPPE



"Hmmm . . . these runes are unfamiliar to me."



"Admit it, Rutherford. You've been passing notes to the DM again!"

By S. John Ross



"...THIS SEEMED LIKE SUCH A GOOD IDEA A MINUTE AGO..."

By Joseph Pillsbury

THE TWILIGHT EMPIRE™

THE WIZARD, MALIK MAGNUS,
PROMISED TO HELP ROB
RECOVER HIS MEMORY...

I REMEMBER...

MY NAME IS ROBINSON S. EDGAR.
I'M A WRITER — A ROMANTIC
FANTASY NOVELIST. I LIVE IN
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I WAS AN EAGLE
SCOUT. I STUDIED
MARTIAL ARTS.

I FENCED IN
COLLEGE —
MOSTLY AS
A THESPIAN.

FINAL DECREE
OF
DIVORCE

I WAS MARRIED,
BUT I DIVORCED.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHY.

I HAVE A TEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER.



THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER,
BUT I'M SURE THERE'S MORE...

DIVORCED, EH....

COULD I BE IMAGINING
ALL OF THIS?

HMMM....

HA HA. NO.
THIS IS ALL VERY REAL.
I ASSURE YOU.

YOU SHOULD RETURN TO
YOUR WORLD WITH ALL DUE SPEED.
THIS I CANNOT DO FOR YOU,
BUT I KNOW OF ONE WHO CAN...

THE GREAT DRAGON WORLIK KNOWS THE
SECRETS OF DIMENSIONAL TRAVEL. I'LL
GIVE YOU A MAP TO HIS LAIR, IN THE
EASTERN GREY LORDS.*

THE BEST WAY
TO GAIN HIS HELP
IS TO COMPEL IT.

* A NEARBY MOUNTAIN RANGE

"THERE IS A CRYSTAL —
THE EYE OF ESTAL —
IN THE SUNKEN CITY
OF VALDOR
THAT CAN DO THIS."



"I'LL DIRECT YOU THERE
AS BEST I CAN,
AND ALSO WRITE OUT
INSTRUCTIONS FOR
THE CRYSTAL'S USE."

IT IS A DANGEROUS COURSE OF ACTION,
BUT THE MOST PROMISING ONE I CAN SEE.

I SHOULD ALSO TELL YOU —
I SENSED THERE IS MORE YOU MUST DO
BEFORE RETURNING HOME.

I FEEL THAT, TOO.
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING...
BUT WHAT?

**WRITING &
COLORING**

Stephen D.
Sullivan

ART

John M. Hebert

LETTERING

Paul Hook

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ROBINSON'S WAR

PART 21

AND
SOON...

I'M GETTING PRETTY
TIRED OF THIS
"WAIT OUTSIDE THE
CITY" STUFF!

WELL, THEN JUST
CHANGE YOURSELF BACK
INTO A PRINCE AND COME
IN WITH US NEXT TIME.

HEY, THIS IS A CURSE,
REMEMBER? YOU THINK
I CAN JUST TURN IT ON AND
OFF LIKE A FOUNTAIN?

ROBIN AND I WILL GATHER
THE SUPPLIES WE NEED
FOR THE TRIP.

I'LL GO SEE IF QUILLIAN WANTS
TO TAG ALONG. MEET ME AT
ENROD THE ARMORER'S SHOP
AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

LET'S HURRY. I WANT TO GET
BACK HOME. MY LITTLE GIRL MUST
BE WONDERING WHERE
HER DADDY IS.

HOW'S THE ARMOR FEEL?

HEAVY.
AND A LITTLE AWKWARD.
BUT I'M SURE I'LL GET USED TO IT.

SORRY QUILLIAN
COULDN'T MAKE IT.

ME TOO.
WE MAY NEED
ANOTHER WARRIOR.

THE GREY LORDS, DEAD AHEAD.

AND WITH ANY LUCK, YOUR WAY HOME.

YEAH, I JUST WISH
I COULD REMEMBER
THE LAST MONTH OR SO
OF MY FORMER LIFE.

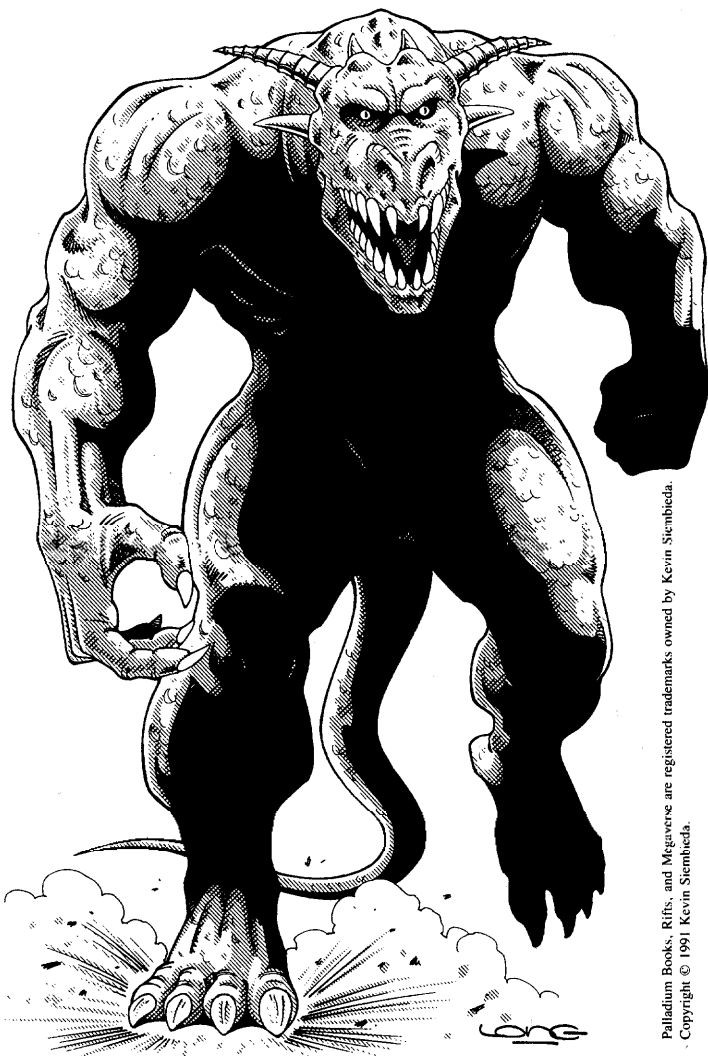
I'M SURE THE
ANSWER TO WHAT
I'M SEARCHING FOR IS
IN THAT LOST TIME.

BUT,
BACK IN WESTON.

YEAH, AN ELF KINDA
MATCHING THAT DESCRIPTION'S
BEEN IN THE BAR MOST OF THE DAY.

AT LAST! REYNARD WON'T ESCAPE
LAIRD RANDALL'S JUSTICE
THIS TIME!

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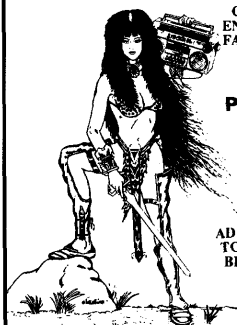
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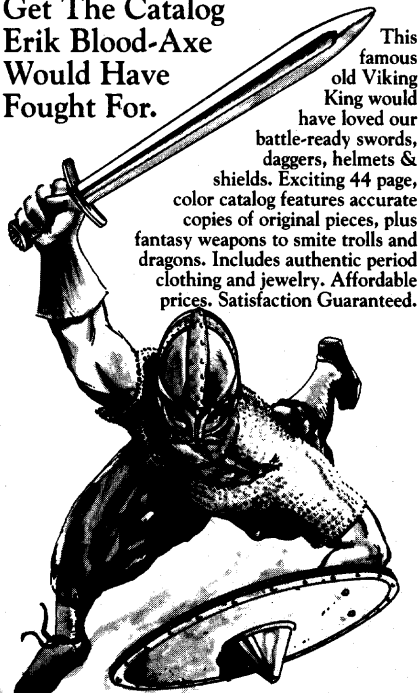
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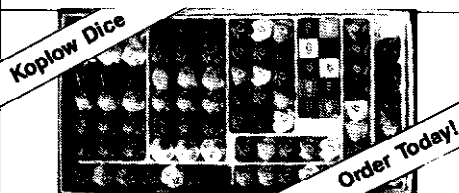
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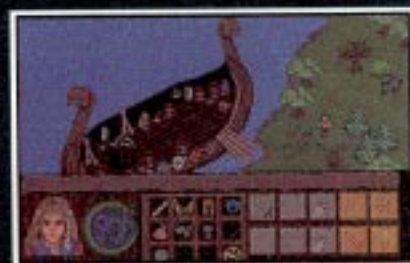
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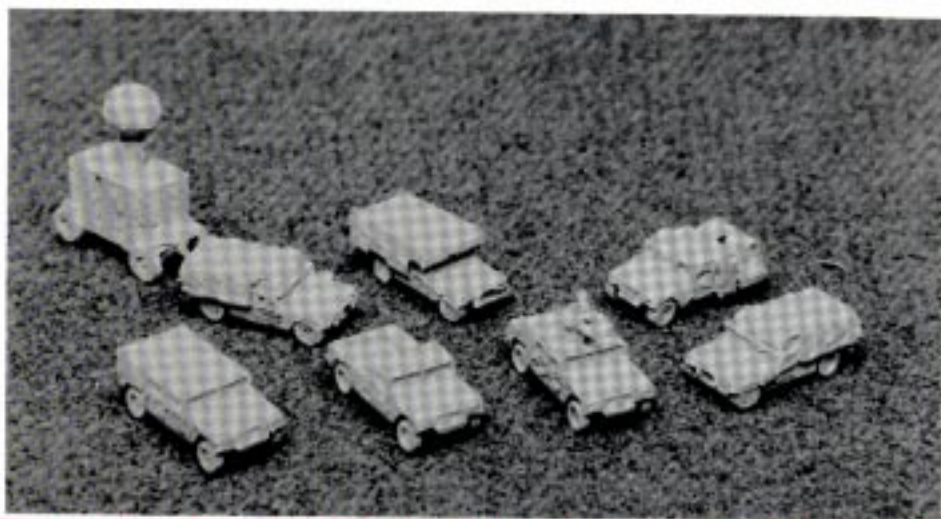
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Through the LOOKING Glass

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Clockwise from upper left: HMMWV cargo with air defense, HMMWV C31 command, HMMWV special cargo truck, HMMWV cargo truck with canvas (Inservice), HMMWV with TOW launcher, HMMWV 2-man Stinger air-defense vehicle, HMMWV ambulance (C-In-C)

“’Tis the season to buy miniatures....”

December is a month of dark, cold days for us poor folk in the northern zones—but it’s a prime time for painting and gaming with the figures that we’ve been collecting all year. Early December should be spent checking out the status of your miniatures supplies and troops, and lists of needed items should be written up and given to those who love us so that they will have time to find the difficult items as holiday gifts. Early dispersing of this list may save you from unwanted gifts of shirts and so on, though I refuse to guarantee results.

It’s hard to believe that last year every one was waiting for the start of a major war involving many of the world’s armies. The British and French units were in place in Saudi Arabia, ready to respond to any action by the Iraqis. Scores of small vehicles patrolled the border on the Coalition side, and Iraqi vehicles prowled Kuwait as part of Iraq’s pacification program and patrol pattern. The Coalition braced for possible gas attacks, and each side tried to

make the other blink and back off. Neither did, and the stage was set for the Persian Gulf war.

I’ve been asked to recommend miniatures rules that will allow people to play out the war’s power imbalances without having to make any statistical changes to play. The rules set I recommend for Iraq-vs.-Coalition scenarios is the PANZERTRUPPEN 1990 game, available through many different hobby shops. This rules set was created by five individuals who played microarmor on a regular basis; the rules slant toward NATO but give a perfect play balance when their statistics for Soviet equipment are applied to

Miniatures’ product ratings

*	Poor
**	Below average
***	Average
****	Above average
*****	Excellent

Iraqi combat equipment. Using these rules, the players in a Persian Gulf war miniatures campaign should alternate playing Coalition or Iraqi forces. The Iraqis should try to slow or stop invading Coalition forces (as they did in reality), while the Coalition forces forge ahead as quickly as possible. This rules set usually costs about \$6.95 to \$8.95, and it is for 1/285th- or 1/300th-scale armor (one miniature vehicle represents one vehicle).

Reviews

Black Dragon Pewter

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#9680 “More Than He Bargained For”

**** ½

Here is a figure that reminds us that being a wizard is not always easy. “More Than He Bargained For” is an off-scale pewter piece that provides humor and heavy detail in a well-done diorama. The base is a half oval, 28 mm from back to front, representing a rough dungeon floor. On the floor are a spell book and a crystal ball that has fallen off its stand. The stand has bas-relief figures, and a bookmark lies across the pages of the book. The back of the base consists of a large wooden door with stout metal hinges and a large key lock. The top of the door is decorated with a grinning skull with “jewels” in each of the eye sockets.

The door appears to be tough, but right now all that secures it is a disheveled and terrified 34-mm wizard. He is dressed from shoulders to floor in traditional fur-trimmed wizard’s robes; a thin braided belt, with scroll tubes and spell components in the back, cinches the waist. The wizard’s beard appears to have hair-by-hair detail. The detailed look of panic on his face is evident; his hat is askew, and his mouth is open in a silent scream in his effort to contain the creature trying to fight its way past the door. The creature or creatures he summoned reveal four appendages: two octopus-like tentacles; a giant armored eyestalk with a red-gem iris; and a mournful face on a pseudopod, complete with jeweled eyes (of which one was missing on my set). All are eagerly reaching out for a taste of our world.

This miniatures set is a good buy at \$50. As a gift, it will bring a chuckle, and it is highly recommended.

Fantascenes

Box P
Pine Plains NY 12567

002 Wizard’s Tower

Every wizard needs a good tower to hide in. It provides him with solitude, storage room, solid cover if spells go awry, and a daunting structure to discourage visitors. Now, you can provide your wizard with a suitable hiding place, too.

This polyurethane plastic foam castle is scaled for 25 mm; it is 217 mm wide on the ramp side, 184 mm wide, and 245 mm tall.

The castle consists of four major parts: the keep, keep roof, tower, and tower roof. The wide base tapers up to the walls. A ramp leads to molded double doors, complete with hinges. You may wish to widen the crack in the middle of the doors to show a separation. The walls appear to be of randomly sized cut stone with smooth outward faces. The building has many rough spots, deliberately molded, that give texture to the walls and ramp and provide a base for drybrushing plant growth onto them.

Four pilasters in front and five on each of the other three sides support an upper battlement. The inside of the lower keep is 109 mm X 104 mm X 50 mm deep, which allows lots of figures to fit inside. A large grate is on the floor, and stairs lead to the roof. Unfortunately, the stairs do not line up correctly with the well-done trapdoor on the roof. The area under the floor on the lower section is solid on my model, but will be hollow on later models to allow you to cut out the grate and replace it with mesh that can be made from cross-stitch material, giving you an entrance to a lower keep level or dungeon. The merlons on the battlements are tall enough to provide good protection for archers, and there is ample room for figures. The interior walls of the lower keep are finished in black.

The wizards tower sits atop the lower keep. It is 81 mm X 78 mm X 100 mm tall without the upper merlons. About 52 mm up is a hollow room (the study) with a trapdoor in the floor and four windows, one per side. The tower has a trapdoor on its roof and a door at its base; the latter is reached from the roof of the lower keep. The roof fits loosely onto the tower top.

This building is highly recommended for anyone who uses miniatures in combat or adventuring. Since the building can be taken apart, it increases the number of scenarios possible with it. At \$39.95, it is a good value; a painted version is available at \$64.95. This building can be painted with oil-based or water-based paints.

001 Castle Craggy

Castle Craggy is the flagship release of the new Fantascenes Scenery company and a product that the company is rightfully proud of. This large fortified castle is scaled to 25 mm, being roughly 680 mm long X 485 mm wide X 210 mm high at the manor house or keep. The castle comes in 10 different pieces that share many of the same features. The walls and buildings are molded to represent a variety of shapes and sizes of stones, placed together and molded to represent finished block walls. On the outer base of these walls, rock formations were molded to making it appear that this castle was built on top of a hill.

The castle's two side walls each include two end towers with removable roofs. These walls each have a stair section, wide walkways, narrow crenels, and thick, flat-topped

merlons. These wall sections allow plenty of room to set up troops and resolve combat. The walkways lead to the towers or keep sections by way of well-molded entryways shaped to fit the classic 25-mm figures, less so the new 28-mm and larger figures. The top tower sections are hollow and thick walled, with slits to allow the defenders clear fields of fire. The floor is rough planked.

Unfortunately, the tower roofs (which are complete with battle grids) should probably have their bottoms hollowed out, as there is over an inch between the bottoms of these pieces and their tops; this could make it hard to put the roofs on if tall figures are inside the tower rooms. I suggest that you leave a 1/4" -1/2" lip around the roof base when you begin to carve, to insure that the roof piece will join with the tower correctly. Be careful not to cut through the floor or trapdoor of the roofs. The pieces are easy to tell apart, and the tower roofs are interchangeable.

The front wall consists of two half-wall sections and a gatehouse entrance. The walls are 91 mm high, with the gate structure rising above the other walls by 85 mm; the gate includes a protected walkway and barbican. This building can be entered only by a door at ground level. My review copy does not have any gate or door for the gatehouse, but company spokesmen tell me that a cylindrical door piece will be present when this gets to hobby shops.

The rear wall contains the living quarters for the inhabitants. The building is two stories high, with a detailed and hollow top floor. A trapdoor is in the room's floor, and arrow slits in the wall double as windows. The roof is stone edged and shingled in slate tiles to avoid fire hazards. The roof and bottom story are solid in my model, but they will be hollow in models released later. This building is the weakest point of this fortress, as it has defensive blind spots and the roof is pitched rather than flat, so no one can fight on it. A well-planned defense can overcome these problems.

This castle is made of a polyurethane plastic foam that is light and fairly durable. It can be painted and detailed using almost any type of paint. As these castles are made of foam, no two will be exactly the same. I failed to find any pitting in my castle, and the parts generally fit together well, but some did fit loosely. I plan on carving out my buildings and adding much more detail to them.

Although this castle is slightly smaller on the long side than the Mighty Fortress by Games Workshop, it packs better-quality detail and has more uses in both fantasy and historical gaming than the latter. It's well worth the \$139.95 price tag or the painted-version price of \$199.95, even if the main building doesn't have fireplaces.



"More Than He Bargained For"
(Black Dragon Pewter)



Wizard's Tower (Fantascenes)

Lance and Laser Models, Inc.

P.O. Box 14491
Columbus OH 43214

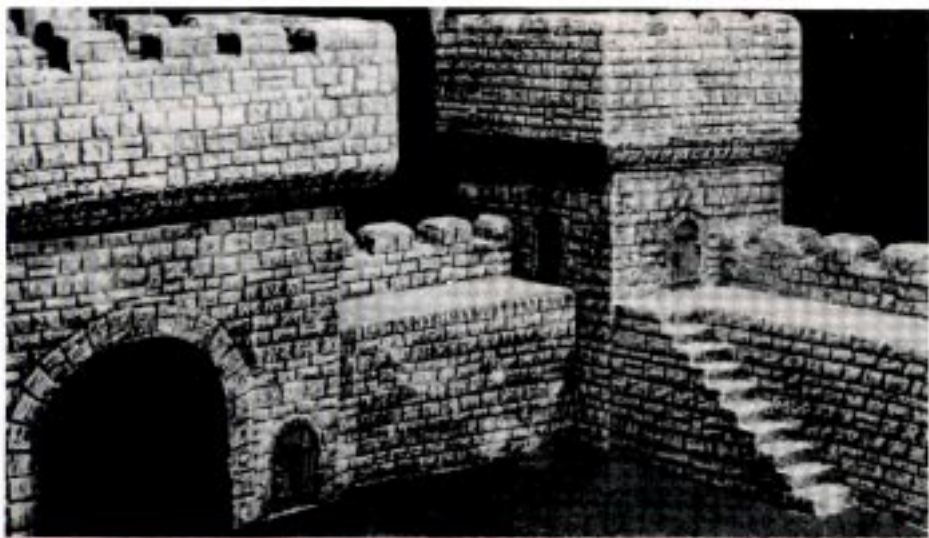
Pendragon P-001 Knight and Lady

**** 1/2

Pendragon P-002 Knight and Lady

**** 1/2

Having talked about castles, we now need to stock them. Many castles such as Castle Craggy would be occupied by a baron, his family, and several knights and their ladies. They would use the castle as a defensive



Castle Craggy (Fantascenes)



Knight and Lady (Lance and Laser Models)

point to patrol and protect their liege's lands. These troops and knights would spend long periods on these patrols, but when they returned, it would be a time of festive parties.

Each of these 25-mm sets is made of lead, and the figures have thick, circular bases with what looks like straw or stone across the tops. Both sets show the nobility in their finery.

P-001 presents a knight with a chalice raised in toast. He wears no weapons and shows no rank or insignia. The figure is 25½ mm tall and stands proudly. His head is covered, exposing a grim, sharp-featured face. His hair flows from under his skull cap and over the top of a long cape. He wears a surcoat and low boots. His lady stands with her hand out and raised; her pillbox hat and hair covering join a high-necked bibbed dress that stretches to the floor, hiding dainty shoes. She, too, wears a long cloak that stretches from shoulder to floor.

P-002 has a lady with her hair braided and wrapped in circles along both sides of her

head. Her face is young and serious. Her dress has a low bodice and is cinched by an ornate belt. A cape is secured around her throat by a well-done chain clasp. One hand is out as if she is asking for something, while her right hand holds the hem of her dress off the floor. Tiny buttons adorn the front of her blouse. The knight of this set wears tights tucked into knee-high, sharp-pointed boots. His jerkin has wedge-cut trim at the hips and shoulders, and his buttoned shirt has sleeves that reach to the tops of his boots. He is armed with a knife in a sheath, and his slightly pudgy, middle-aged face is clearly seen. His hair is cut in a page-boy bob.

Both of these sets are recommended in spite of some small flash problems. These figures are usable as minor nobility, and they could also be used as generals in either fantasy or historical campaigns. They are good values at \$3.00 per set.

Thunderbolt Mountain Miniatures

656 E. McMillan
Cincinnati OH 45206-1991

Kings of the North

Tom Meier has introduced another set of Limited Edition figures, these being superlative leaders for human troops. This set of three mounted and standing kings is molded of lead and scaled for use with 25-mm figures and scenery. The figures, including horses, share a common-sized set of hexagonal bases that are the same size as earlier hex bases in this series; each horse is mounted on a group of hex bases that are joined together. All figures are separate castings, with cast-in tabs running across their feet that will require side cutters, careful attention to detail, and a set of files to remove.

First, we have a barbarian king. The standing figure is dressed from head to thigh in an excellently sculptured set of chain mail; the gaps are deep, and individual links are clearly visible. His baggy trousers have carved wolfs-head and plate protectors from knee to ankle, with clearly visible cinching straps. The belt is made of interlocking disks and supports a knife. His rigid right hand is raised high with an axe grasped tightly; his left arm supports an ornate round shield. A skin cape covers his shoulders and drops almost to his knees, with a single clasp that is dwarfed by the ornate chest plates. His helmet is crowned by a set of horns joined by a jewel.

The rider figure is identical, except that his right hand is extended upward to hold a totem capped with a bear and exhibiting two heads on the cross arms. In the center of the bar is a hand on a disk and a set of braided tassels. The horse is a large, 12-14 hand stallion with its mane and tail fluffed out. Its reins are made of interlocking circles with a camouflaged bit and a normal halter (except for some disks protecting its forehead). The saddle is simple tooled leather with circles engraved on it, and the chest protector has another series of interlocking circles. There is some flash on the figure.

The second king is standing and is dressed in a combination of plate and chain mail. All plate joints are hinged, and clasps are evident throughout. A thin belt supports the sword and scabbard at his waist. His face is well done, with an angry stare and mouth open in a war greeting. His left arm holds a triangular shield, and his breastplate and shield share an eagle standard in bas-relief. The king is using a goupillon (three-ball mace), swinging it back. Minute flash appears on his right arm and the back of his head and crown.

I assume the king's horse is barded with plate or chain under its cloth covering it is a large horse with a padded saddle and an eagle emblem on the cloth. The reins have elaborate decoration, and the horse has a protector plate on its face, complete with a

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RAL PARTHA



Kings of the North (Thunderbolt Mountain)



Female Ranger (Grenadier)



Female Paladin (Grenadier)

spike on his forehead and a plume. The rider is identical to the standing figure except that his right hand is out to hold his standard: a large pole topped by a two-headed eagle, with a dovetailed banner (with eagle emblem) on the crosspiece. One peculiarity I noticed was that the rider and horse bear a single-headed eagle as an emblem, but the banner and pole sport a double-headed eagle. Is this possibly a captured enemy's flag, or an oversight on the part of the sculptor?

The third king is Byzantine in appearance. The figure is dressed in scale mail covered by a long surcoat that drops to his ankles and is cinched by a chain-link belt. The surcoat bears the design of a dragon on the chest. The hands are covered by gauntlets; the right hand clasps a long sword, while the left hand supports a huge kite shield bearing a dragon emblem. An embroidered cloak falls from his shoulders and is held by an engraved disk. His head is protected by a nasal helm that leaves his face open but includes an intricate crown. A beard and mustache stick out from under the helm.

The riding figure's right hand is molded to grasp a standard consisting of a straight pole topped by a dragon with two long banners rippling behind. The horse is completely covered by scale mail except for its head, which is covered by plates. The reins are elaborate but functional, and the saddle is almost English in style, resting over padding.

These figures are highly recommended for both game usage or miniatures collections. Unfortunately, while most people could use two sets—one for use and one for display—the \$30 cost per set will be prohibitive. That's almost too bad.

Grenadier Models, Inc.

P.O. Box 305
Springfield PA 19064

Grenadier Models UK Ltd.

19 Babbage Road
Deeside, Clwyd, Wales
UNITED KINGDOM CH5 2QB

Julie Guthrie has produced a lot of individual characters in her Fantasy Personality series for Grenadier. We're going to cover three of these figures individually, all of which share some common traits. These figures are made of lead and have oval bases with dimensions of about 17 mm X 10 mm. All figures are scaled for 25 mm and are within 1 mm of scale. Almost all bases need filing to stand level, and clean-up of a light mold line in the middle of the stand running lengthwise. Each single figure costs \$1.50.

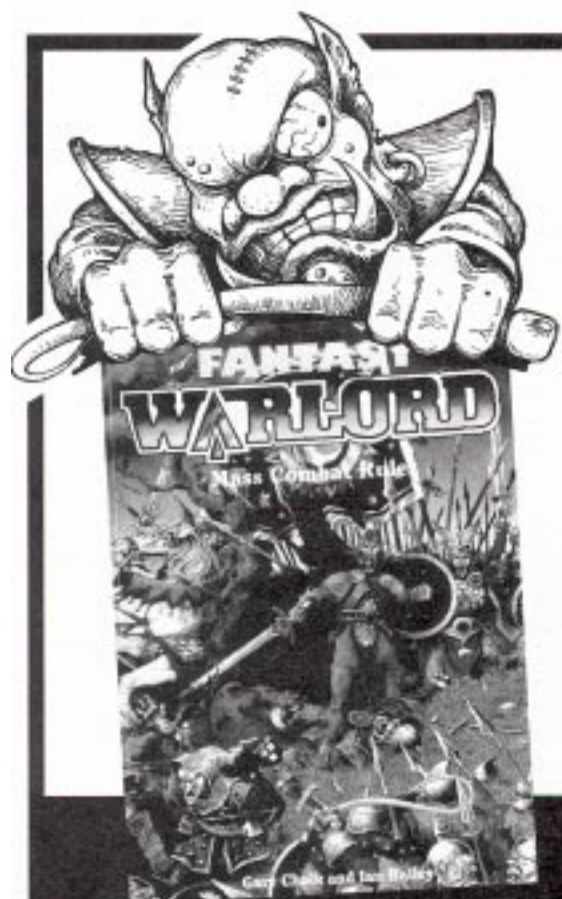
8125 Female Ranger

**** 1/2

The female ranger strides forth into the unknown armed to the teeth. In her right hand is a raised long sword; in her left is a short sword, pointed down. A knife is on her right hip and a quiver of arrows on her back. She is dressed in leather armor or buckskins, with the lacing detail clearly visible. Her boots appear to be leather. She wears a jerkin, slightly open at the throat and with a flared collar. A mold line runs up from the right collar to her hair, but it should be easy to trim. The facial and hair detail is very good, but it has shallow spots that should be looked for when you paint or prime. There are belts, sashes, and lines for the quiver, all present, clear, and separate.

This figure is well done. My one complaint is that there are no scabbards for the swords, nor does she have a bow. With a

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High Elf Fighter (Grenadier)

little work, the short sword could be removed and a bow put in that hand. This piece is highly recommended.

8106 Female Paladin

****½

The female paladin is wearing armored, flexible boots and jointed plate-mail armor. Armored gauntlets and a long sword in her right hand complete her armament. Her head is bare, and her plain but well-done face stares off to the horizon. Her hair falls in waves between her shoulder blades. A cape with a brooch in front falls from her shoulders to the ground, and a sack hangs from her belt. This female figure is definitely not displaying a chain-mail bikini. This figure, too, is highly recommended.

8123 High Elf Fighter

Elves and half-elves inhabit almost every party. Invariably, at least one is a fighter with the legendary elven chain mail and much fighting prowess. This character represents just such a figure.

The figure wears boots with lacing on the inside of each boot. The chain mail starts at the boots and covers the elf's body, except her head and hair. A wide belt with an ornate buckle circles her waist and supports a sheathed dagger. Her left hand holds a shield with well-done riveted hand loops. A mold line is visible on the front of the shield, but it is easily filed to match the rest of the shield. Her right hand holds a long sword up as if to strike. There is some flash around

the hand and between shield and body, but that is easily removed, too.

The chief detractor from the figure is the mold line that goes across the shoulders and head. My figure's front and back are slightly off. This distorted the face detail, which was good otherwise; the mold line put a "curl" in her hair. Close checking of the stock in my hobby store showed no problems with the other figures of this type, so all you need to do is check the figure before you purchase it. This is a simple fighter but worth its price.



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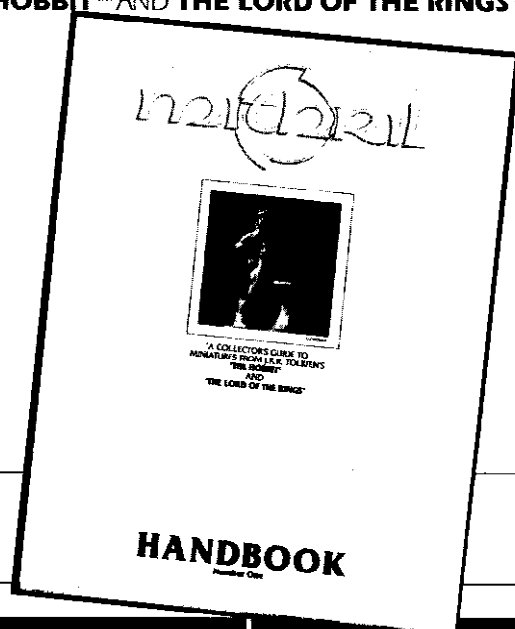
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A black and white illustration of Ghost Rider, a skeletal figure with a flaming skull, wearing a leather jacket and riding a motorcycle. He is holding a chain in his right hand. The motorcycle is also shown in a dynamic, slightly tilted position. The background is a bright yellow and orange flame pattern.

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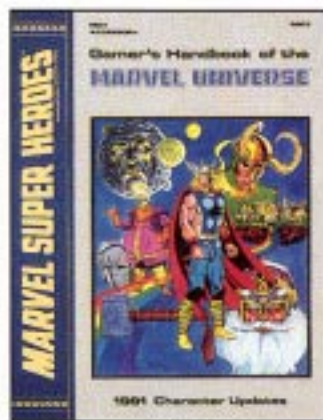
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