

**FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE GAMES!**

3.50<sup>4</sup>

# RED GIANT

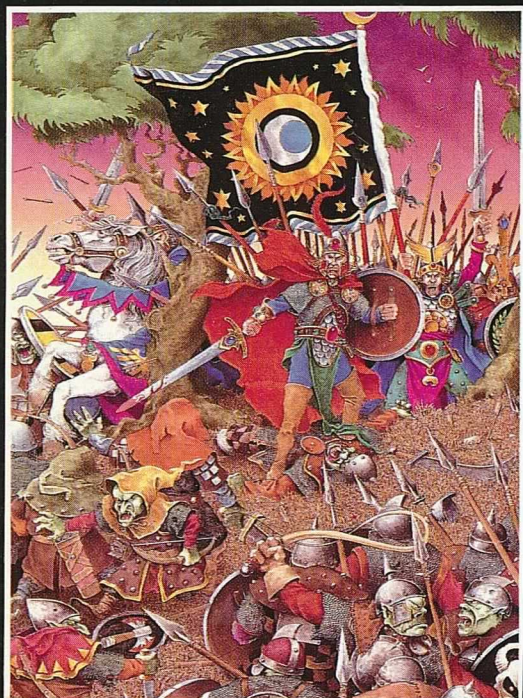
**Vol. 1  
No. 1**



**Brymstone a complete fantasy city • Medieval campaign setting •  
Cthulhu background • Fantasy fiction • Dreams & role-playing •  
Table-top Champions • The Silver Moon fantasy scenario •  
Sunstroke SF scenario**



# FANTASY WARLORD



**At last! A set of fantasy combat rules that let you re-create the clash of fantastic armies in a fast moving game that is fun to play!**

Developed by Gary Chalk and Ian Bailey, Fantasy Warlord™ gives you a system that rewards good generalship and works equally well with armies from fifty to over a thousand figures on each side. Fantasy Warlord™ is set in the world of Vortimax and comes with full background details plus two colour maps. So you can have a reason as well as a realistic setting for every battle or campaign!

## **This is what Fantasy Warlord™ gives you:**

- Combat and firing are resolved with a D100 so there is no need to roll thousands of six sided dice!
- A carefully structured morale system, that enables goblins, orcs, elves and drawfs to act like their true fantasy prototypes.
- A magic system that works without destroying the game. The rules feature over one hundred spells and fifty magical weapons and artifacts you can arm your heroes with.
- Clear and concise rules as well as quick reference playsheets for each race, so there is no need to keep thumbing through the rulebook.
- A unique system of order counters—so commands do not have to be written down!
- Fog of War rules—so troops will not always obey their orders!

Fantasy Warlord™ is a trademark owned by Folio Works Limited. If you have any difficulty finding the Fantasy Warlord™ rulebook, please contact Folio Works at P.O. Box 22, Belper, Derby, DE6 4HY. Trade enquiries should call our sales office on: 0773-715784.

Available at all good game shops

**£13.95**



# RED GIANT

## Red Giant Volume 1 Number 1

### Red Giant is published by Folio Works Ltd.

EDITOR: Clive Bailey  
 ART EDITOR: Gary Chalk  
 ILLUSTRATION: Gary Chalk & Katy Finch  
 ADVERTISING: John Marshall  
 PUBLISHER: Ian Bailey  
 TYPESETTING & DESIGN: Mobilize Design  
 Eee, it's turned out nice again.

Publisher's address: Folio Works Ltd.,  
 7 Hazel Grove, Duffield, Derby DE6 4GP

Display advertising rates may be obtained and trade enquiries answered by telephoning John Marshall 0773 715784

Editorial address: 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley BR2 0XW, UK

The editor will be pleased to receive contributions and letters pertaining to articles in this magazine. Articles submitted should be in the form of hard copy, typed double spaced or as computer media with hard copy dump. Material submitted at the author's risk. Contributor's rates available on request.

The opinions expressed in the articles in this magazine are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the publisher. Commercially published rules systems may be required to fully utilize certain of the articles appearing in this publication.

Red Giant™ is a trademark owned by Folio Works Ltd.

Articles appearing are either copyright of the publisher or the author. All rights on the contents of this publication are reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or part without the prior permission of the publisher.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons™, AD&D™ and Dungeons & Dragons™ are trademarks owned by TSR Inc.

Runequest™ and Call of Cthulhu™ are trademarks owned by Chaosium Inc.  
 Traveller™ and Mega Traveller™ are trademarks owned by Games Designers' Workshop Inc.  
 Warhammer™, Warhammer 40000™ and Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay™ are trademarks owned by Games Workshop Ltd.

Product names given in this publication are trademarks owned by or copyright to the companies publishing those products. Use of the name of any product without mention of trademark or copyright status should not be construed as a challenge to such status.

### In this issue...

- |     |   |    |
|-----|---|----|
| [1] | <b>Words of Wisdom</b><br><i>Editorial</i> by Tom Sage  | 2  |
| [2] | <b>Brymstone</b><br>A role-playing city-setting imagined by Robert Dale with David Grice, plus stats for AD&D and RUNEQUEST                                 | 5  |
| [3] | <b>Mummerset Revisited</b><br>Background for CALL OF CTHULHU by Marcus L. Rowland   | 18 |
| [4] | <b>Dreams &amp; Role-playing</b><br>John Treadaway proposes new dimensions for role-playing adventure   | 24 |
| [5] | <b>A Game of Chess</b><br><i>Fantasy Fiction</i> by D.C. Pedgrift   | 29 |
| [6] | <b>Escape to Arnesdon</b><br>A table-top or role-playing campaign by Gary Chalk   | 30 |
| [7] | <b>The Silver Moon</b><br>A tavern tussle for AD&D and WARHAMMER<br><i>Fantasy Role-play</i> by Harold Cheese with photographs from Gary Chalk's collection | 39 |
| [8] | <b>Clash of Champions</b><br>Heroic single combat for FANTASY WARLORD and other table-top rules by Ian Bailey   | 47 |
| [9] | <b>Sunstroke</b><br>SF skirmish scenario with stats for WARHAMMER 40000 and LASERBURN by Rowena Dell  | 51 |



# WORDS OF WISDOM?



**Tom Sage offers the following thoughts on Red Giant's role**

'Don't cast pearls before swine' and 'Never wake a sleeping man'.

These are two wise sayings from the west and east, nevertheless, on this occasion, I'm going to cast wisdom aside.

Let's start by being controversial. If what follows pokes you in the eye, makes you sit up and take note or really irritates you, so be it. I hope you do something about it. If it gets you off your backside and puts your writing hand in gear that's good. We'll look forward to reading your article or playing your scenario. For those who think they can't write, Red Giant has some mean sub-editing talent.

Of course, I know you won't do anything. You're too lazy, preferring to swallow, perhaps sullenly, everything the manufacturers knock up, publishers cobble together and retailers slap on their shelves.

Enough of insults, to business. 'Why don't you write some editorial' they said. 'Say what you like, we don't have to agree with it'. Now isn't that refreshing?

Let's start with this publication. Up to now, you in the United States and you in the UK have been catered to be powerful manufacturers, able to publish magazines exclusive to their product range. Yes, you've been catered to, not catered for. They've said: 'you can have anything you want, so long as it is related to us'.

What does this attitude produce? Only an unhealthy reverence, 'rigged' reviews and no daring in the articles, i.e. 'you can't say that because it contradicts some product we've published'.

Red Giant should be different. Let's hope that it gives us articles which enhance our hobby and widen our experience. Do you agree?

Actually, the common run of arti-

cles, dished up in the hobby magazines are just write for my pet-hate character types.

First, there is the maladjusted-socially-type whose life revolves around an encyclopaedic knowledge of a rules set. 'You can't do that' they say 'it isn't in the rules'. Boring, boring, boring.

Red Giant ought to publish the people who say, 'have you thought of doing this?' or 'here is a good idea I've proved with my friends' or 'what about this idea bolted onto your favourite rules?' Shouldn't it?

Second pet-hate, are those feeble-minded types who just won't improvise. 'I can't paint my figures, except with brand X paint' or 'I couldn't possibly look at that scenario, I don't play SF games'. The former probably never paints anything and the latter are dullards.

Red Giant ought to cater for these people.

Most of us are never going to paint our figures to competition standard. Are we? Of course, we would like to know how paint wizards create stunning effects, but what we want to know is how to paint well enough for gaming.

Red Giant articles should be both informative and practical. Instead of showing us how Mr Obscure Paint-Wizard creates shield or banner designs, why can't Red giant print some for us to use? Don't you agree?

There is nothing worse than a half-hearted attempt at a scenario. You know the sort, a couple of ill-formed ideas slung together with hardly any characterisation or plot.

Red Giant scenarios should be well-written or well sub-edited. They should be good enough to actually read, appreciate and lift ideas from – especially for people without the relevant rules system. And those of us

with the relevant rules should be inspired to play.

Shall I be one of those boring people who tell you, 'I was one of the first people to play Dungeons & Dragons, blah, blah, blah...' No, I won't. What I will do is observe that since role-playing began I've noticed some developments.

Once there were only historical wargamers or role-players. On the one hand middle-aged men in nylon shirts and open-toed sandals, billing and cooing about their 'napoleonics', and on the other, spotty teenagers frothing about 'gelatinous cubes'.

Now there seems to be a 'broad church' of historical wargamers, fantasy wargamers, role-players, play by mailers, computer gamers and live role-players. A good thing too.

Red Giant should cover all these areas, when it has something relevant and practical to say. What do you think?

Probably, you don't think. 'I'm a role-player' you say, 'I look down on wargaming' or 'I'm a role-player, live role-playing is so childish'.

All this is ignorant 'tosh'. Red giant can help overcome this ignorance by demonstrating how the practices of one 'school' can be adapted to another. After all D&D apparently grew out of wargaming.

There is one last item to remember, a little thing called fun. Red Giant shouldn't be too serious nor too silly. Fun is somewhere in between, isn't it?

I rest my case.

*If you agree or disagree with some of the things Tom Sage says, please tell us. There is a reader survey elsewhere in this issue, or send us a postcard with your views. We look forward to hearing from you. The Editor.*



# FANTASY WARLORD



Every game needs a good setting. Fantasy Warlord™ 25mm resin scenery\* has some of the best detail ever produced. The first release includes: **Runestones, Wooden Fencing, Stone Walling, Shrine and Barrels and Boxes.**

Available in blister packs at all good game shops at £2.95 a pack.

Fantasy Warlord™ scenery is fully compatible with the Fantasy Warlord™ mass combat rules.

\*All Fantasy Warlord™ scenery is supplied unpainted. Fantasy Warlord™ is a trademark owned by Folio Works Ltd. If you have any difficulty finding the Fantasy Warlord™ scenery, please contact Folio Works, P O Box 22, Belper, Derby DE6 4HY. Trade enquiries should call our sales office on: 0773-715784.

# ORCS NEST



THEY SEEK HIM HERE, THEY SEEK HIM THERE,  
THEY SEEK THAT ORKIE EVERYWHERE...

BUT YOU'LL ONLY FIND AN ORCS NEST AT...

IN-SHOPS, THE MALTINGS **St. ALBANS, HERTS.**

AND AT

**6 EARLHAM STREET LONDON WC2**



OPEN TILL 7PM. MON-FRI DURING SUMMER, 6PM SAT. NEAREST TUBE - LEICESTER SQ.: MAIL ORDER - 071-379 4254  
OH YES, WE ARE FANTASY GAMES SHOPPER...



# Alternative Armies



ALTERNATIVE ARMIES,  
Unit 6, Parkway Court,  
Glaidsdale Parkway,  
Nottingham NG8 4GN  
Tel: (0602) 287809  
Fax: (0602) 287480



CM5-01



CM4-02

## FOMORIAN SEA DEMONS

The Fomorians are an ancient, evil race, extremely powerful and steeped in magic lore. They are the greatest and oldest foes of the western Celtic lands, but tales of raiding Sea Ogres and Majical Ice Trolls from around the north of the world can be attributed to the Fomorians.



PUCCI

CM7-01



CM7-02

## CELTIC MYTH

CM1	Sidhe (Celtic Elves)	x 5	£2.75
CM2	Sidhe Heroes	x 5	£2.75
CM3	Sidhe Clan Warriors	x 5	£2.75
CM4	Fomorian Sea Demons	x 2	£2.75
CM5	Fomorian Lord (+Pucci)		£2.75
CM6	Fomorian Shaman (+Pucci)		£2.75
CM7	Fomorian Storm Warriors	x 2	£2.75

## MAIL ORDER

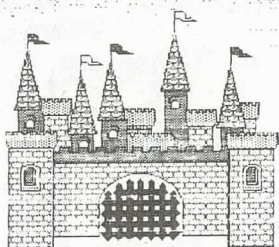
Send to: ALTERNATIVE ARMIES  
UNIT 6, PARKWAY COURT  
GLAIDSDALE PARKWAY  
NOTTINGHAM NG8 4GN

UK P&P: 80p. Orders over £10 Post Free

USA P&P: 30% of order cost

Europe P&P: 25% of order cost

Other P&P: 50% of order cost



## The Games Castle

2 CASTLE STREET  
KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES  
SURREY  
KT1 1SS  
TEL: (081) 549-6486  
(MAIL ORDER WELCOME)

ONE OF  
THE THE BIGGEST SELECTIONS  
OF BOARD GAMES &  
ROLE-PLAYING GAMES  
IN SURREY

*Axle says:*  
**WHY NOT  
VISIT THE  
GUARDROOM...**



*for Fantasy Armies,  
Figures and Games.*

Send 2x20p stamps for  
NEW MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE  
*"The Friendly Games Shop"*

## The Guardroom

DEPARTMENT 601  
38 WEST ST., DUNSTABLE  
BEDFORDSHIRE LU6 1TA  
Tel: (0582) 606041

2 miles from Junction 11 on the M1





# BRYMSTONE

## A city-setting for AD&D and Runequest:

Imagined by Robert Dale with additions by David Grice.

### 1. Brymstone for players

#### Introduction

"Bound for Brymstone are you?" the inn-keeper enquires, "the townsfolk are as twisty as elves. Watch out, they'll have your money and the clothes off your back—if you let them!"

The lone inn is soon lost in a fold of the wild, rolling heathlands. The city road descends into a country of neat farmsteads and rich meadows. Yet soon there are signs of the city. Tumble down shacks huddle round smithies, loom houses and dyer's vats. Grimy children and scrawny chickens run in the road.

Brymstone is smelt before it is seen. A curious taint of rotting fish and seaweed, of stale tar and urine. There it is, at last, a great sprawl of a place, like a sleeping dragon. Strong walls are its flanks, tight packed rooftops its scales and the haze of wood smoke its breath.

Many others are on the road now: Red cheeked country lads herding cows to market, grizzled trappers with their pack ponies and overladen carts, swaying down the ruts.

At the city gate, two guards eye you warily. One is tall and surly looking, the other stout and balding. Each wears a leather cuirass and holds a staff, surmounted by a coat of arms. Short swords hang at their belts.

"Have you lawful business in Brymstone?" the surly guard demands, while his mate scuttles away to the gatehouse. An officer appears dressed in a fine coat of mail.

"I am Gothwin, Captain of the watch. All law-abiding strangers are welcome in Brymstone."

"However, the law of this place demands that no man shall go armed through the streets, save for his dagger. Further, no man may openly practice magics or illusions, save in his own home. I order you then, in the name of guild council, surrender your weapons and talismans into my charge, or else turnabout and return whence you came."

#### Players key to map

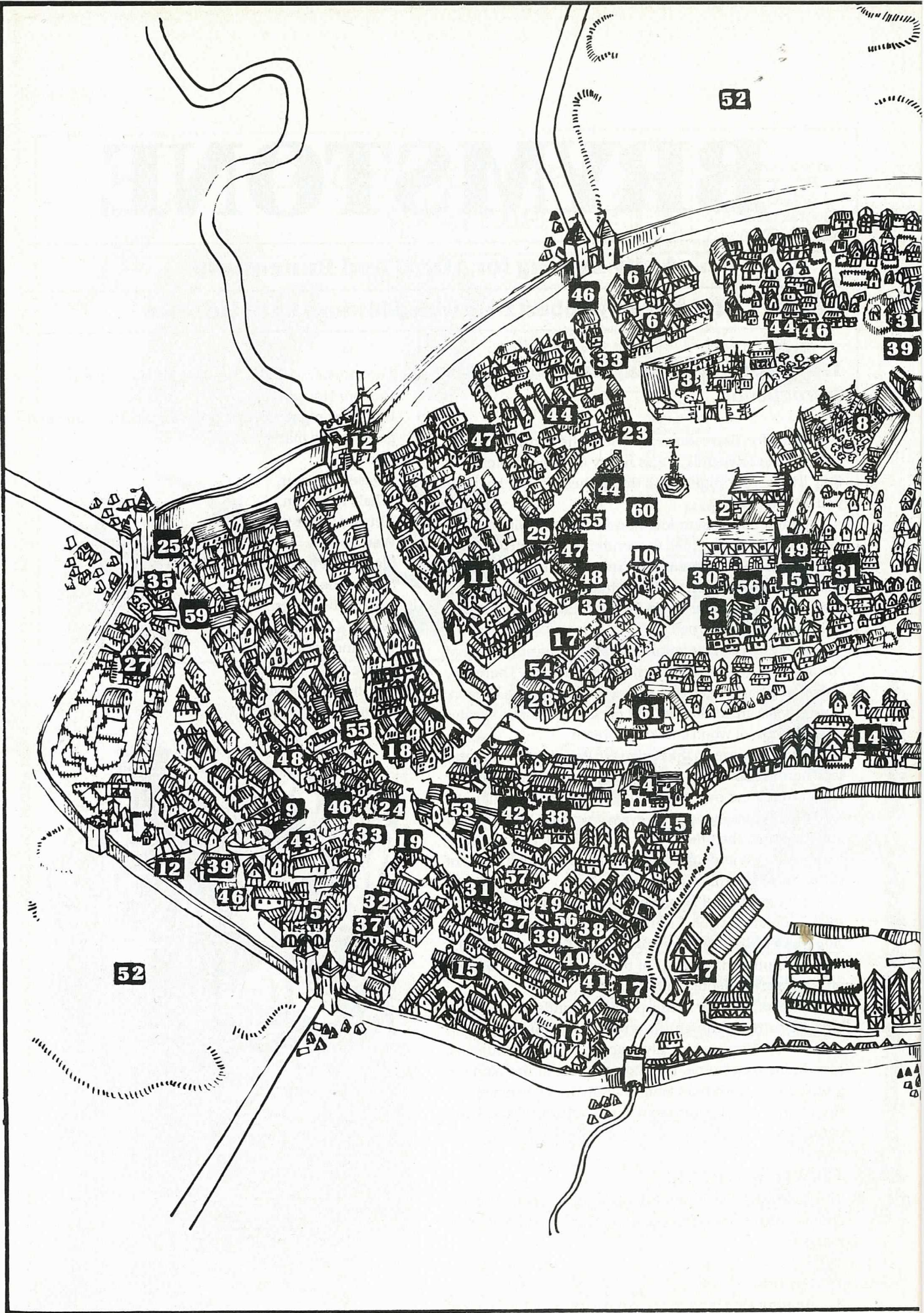
The following list is intentionally incomplete. Players should consult the referee at a location for which there is no entry.

- 1 Fortress.
- 2 An imposing building bearing a great gilded coat of arms.

- 3 The Minster (*AD&D*). The Temple (*Runequest*).
- 4 Custom House.
- 5 By day or night, liveried riders constantly come and go from this place.
- 9 The Pit.
- 10 House of Vigour.
- 11 Whale Road inn.
- 13 Net and Oar tavern.
- 14 Warehouses.
- 15 Sign of the loaf.
- 17 Sign of the anvil.
- 18 Sign of the scales.
- 19 Wotan's Eye inn.
- 20 First and Last inn.
- 21 Cause is Altered inn.
- 22 Northern Cog tavern.
- 23 Flying Horse tavern.













## RED GIANT

- 24 Painted Toenail tavern.
- 25 Friend in Need tavern.
- 26 Silver Net tavern.
- 29 Old City Arms tavern.
- 31 Sign of the saw or wheel.
- 32 The sound of music issues from this place.
- 33 The interior is filled with Rolled charts, wood-block images and bound manuscripts.
- 35 The sound of laughter and carousing issues from a window on the first floor.
- 36 Sign of the book.
- 37 Sign of the golden ingot.
- 38 Sign of the bolt of cloth.
- 39 Sign of the boot.
- 41 The interior of this place is a jumble of dusty curios.
- 42 Sign of the wine butt.
- 43 Sign of the pelt.
- 44 Betch houses.
- 45 Sign of the nutmeg and rose.
- 46 Sign of the ship.
- 48 Sign of the horse.
- 49 Sign of the fatted calf.
- 51 Sign of the golden arrow.
- 52 Wagon parks.
- 53 The Guildhall.
- 55 Sign of the saddle.
- 56 Sign of the fish.
- 57 Sign of the green flask.
- 58 Sign of the mortar and pestle.
- 60 Market Square

## 2. Brymstone for the referee

### *Background*

The city is built about the lowest bridging point on the river Scaldis. It is imagined as a major port and trading centre. The original trading settlement lies south of the river, while the new town, with its civic buildings, is on the north bank.

Close by the city walls, the land supports both cattle and crops. Further out, sheep flocks roam the wild heath, beyond which is forest and the mountains.

Brymstone, is an outpost of Thuland and hosts a small Thulandic garrison and naval flotilla. The overlord of the district is Ereka Draakan, known as 'the Longsword'. The house of Draakan, nominally rules both the countryside and city. In practice the guild council manages Brymstone, while Lord Ereka is concerned with the land beyond a bowshot of the city walls. This situation arose from a past rebellion, when the city merchants backed Draak, Ereka's grandfather, in return for legislative independence. (See *Politics*).

The guild council employs a corps of guardsmen, 'the Ironshirts', to enforce its laws. These men have power within the city as far as the Delf stream. No armed soldiers are allowed to cross the stream and Lord Ereka cannot bring retinue men within the city walls.

### *Politics*

There are twelve council members. Ten are elected by the merchants and two are appointed by Lord Ereka. In practice the council is packed in Ereka's favour as follows:

#### *For Lord Ereka and the city*

Harbour Master Keir.\*  
Master Iolo of Dragor for the Minster/Temple.\*  
Guilder Connla the Mason.  
Guilder Jherontian the Shipwright.  
Guilder Ranald the Butcher.  
Guilder Edred the Baker.  
Guilder Alfric the Joiner.

#### *For the merchants and trade*

Guilder Morfran the Merchant Venturer.  
Guilder Cennacaradh for the Brewers, Vintners and Victuallers.  
Guilder Curtal the Leatherworker.

#### *For seafarers and shipping*

Guilder Petros for the Fisher and Lightermen.  
Guilder Aron for the Chandlers and Ropemakers.

\* The non-elected posts.

### *Religion*

Apart from the guild council and Lord Ereka, the city has another, growing, source of power in its Minster/Temple. (AD&D) The Minster was founded when the city converted to the True Faith (Lawful Good). (*Runequest*) The Temple is dedicated to the Lightbringers.

However, the people have not entirely abandoned the old ways and their outlandish gods, like Loge and Wotan. Most households retain a family shrine, while merchants and ships captains praise or curse the old gods as they see fit.

The city walls encompass at least one ancient shrine, the White Tree. This is found in the poor area of The Backs (near location 16). It consists of a small circle of greystones, set about a gnarled tree, which is said to blossom once every ten years.

Folklore claims marvellous restorative qualities for the flowers, including a cure for madness, and strange experiences for anyone sleeping inside the circle. There is also a story about a cleric/priest of the True Faith/Lightbringers who tried to cut down the tree and was turned to stone. Locals will point to a great boulder set in the city wall as his petrified body.

Outside the walls, to the south, is Nine Barrows Down where lie Albar and his brothers, ancient saviours of the city. They perished when Brymstone was young, defending the town from a faerie host. It is said the tombs contain fabulous treasure and that Albar will rise again if the city is ever in peril. On Albar's day, each autumn, city and country folk leave offerings before the barrows and prey for spring to follow winter.



## Referee's key to map and description of buildings

The majority of buildings in Brymstone are of two types:

- a) One-floored hovels, constructed from a wicker-work 'wattle' daubed with mud and roofed with thatch or possibly wooden shingles. They have beaten earth floors with a fire pit in the centre or possibly a stone chimney and fireplace. The interiors will be gloomy and smoke filled.
- b) Single or multi-floored houses, constructed with a wooden frame-work filled with wattle and daub or plaster work or faced with wooden slats. Their roofs will be covered with wooden shingles or perhaps slates. Such houses will probably have wooden floors and stone or brick built fireplaces in one or more rooms.

There are however many principle locations within the city with flagged walkways and buildings constructed from dressed stone. These are noted in the following descriptions.

Most public road-ways are narrow and smelly. Alleyways will tend to be very slimy and stinking, the lanes simply mud tracks. The wider roads, like Bridge Street and The Crossway are paved with logs, laid side by side. The marketplace is paved with cobbles and flagstones, as are the dock areas and Military Way.

### 1 Penda's Fort

The stone-built citadel commands the estuary and the entrance to the southern basin. Outside a sprawl of official buildings line Military Way. Here are barracks for soldiers and sailors, storehouses, workshops and administrative buildings. The most important are built of stone, but most are wattle and daub structures. Soldiers control Penda's Gate and the bridge across the Delf Stream.

### 2 Courthouse

This imposing building is the city's administrative centre. It houses the civic archives and library, a cellar strong room, a small lock-up to house prisoners and the office of the town clerk. The Guild council meets here twice a month. Assizes are held once a month, to adjudge civil disputes and criminal cases.

Should adventurers fall foul of the city authorities the following persons may be encountered: Master Senda the officious town clerk (who also regulates the affairs of the marketplace); Olvolio Cramp an advocate or lawyer, always on the lookout for briefs; Justice Wrathsay, known as 'the hanging judge' (there is a convenient gibbet on the road outside Carters Gate) and Odious Nunge the gaoler.

### 3 The Minster/Temple

This stone-built complex includes a walled garden, a

school, accommodation for guests, stabling and a library. The Minster/Temple was founded just over one hundred years ago, it is thus servicable but still undergoing construction.

It is the home and place of work for Bishop (*AD&D*) or High Priest (*Runequest*) Gothi, his secretary Markun, six priests, four chaplains/servitors attached to the garrison or court, four monks, sixteen choristers, eight clerks, sixteen scholars, twelve servants, a band of stonemasons, carpenters and artists.

Note: *AD&D*—The Minster was founded when Brymstone converted to The True Faith (Lawful Good). *Runequest*—The Temple is dedicated to the Lightbringers with shrines to Orlanth, Chalana Arroy, Lankhor Mhy and Issaries.

The priests or monks will be prepared to teach the following kinds of skills to adventurers: Bargaining, Evaluate Treasure, General Knowledge, Herbalism, Languages, Map Making and Medicine. Payment takes the form of a donation to the Minster/Temple, but most of the clerics have a propensity to skillfully bargain on their own behalf.





## RED GIANT

### 4 Custom House

The official residence of the Comptroller of Customs and Dues, Master Checkal. His town house, the customs offices and bond warehouse are built of stone with slate roofs. Duty is mostly imposed on luxury goods like silks and spices.

The Comptroller's men collect harbour dues and also monitor the entry of shipborn strangers into the city.

### 5 Post House

Liveried messengers carry important despatches to and from this imposing building of stone and wood. Accommodation is provided for visiting officials or dignitaries. There is also stabling for post horses and sheds housing official carts and wagons. Reputable adventurers can be hired on as guards, etc, by Stampo Munf the Post Master, or his clerk Wiken.

### 6 Granaries and Corn Exchange

The city maintains stores of corn to feed the people in the event of seige or bad harvest. These granaries also provide a market for grain.

### 7 Boatyard

Maintained for the navy the boatyard also provides resources for merchant shipping. There are two slipways, a sailmaker's loft, rope walk and timber store.

### 8 Lord Ereke's Townhouse

The home of the city's liege lord, Ereke Longsword. Within its walls are a formal garden, guest quarters, stables and servants accommodation. The building is deliberately sited between the city's religious and administrative centres.

### 9 The Pit (Theatre)

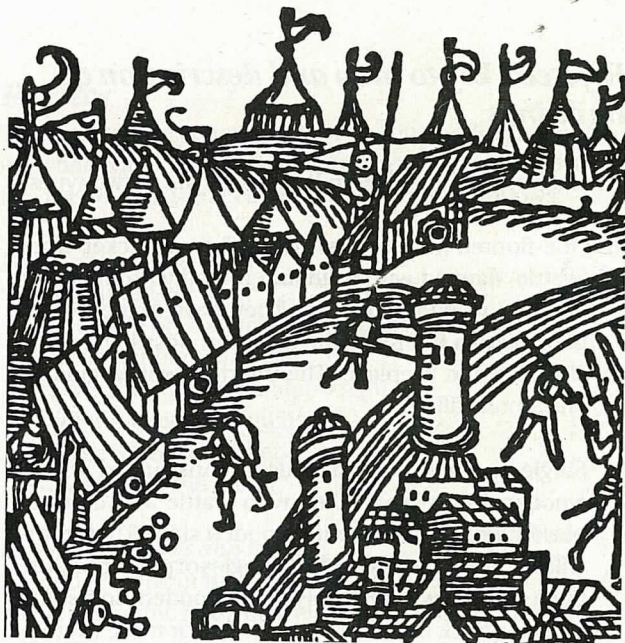
An open air structure with seating and balconies around a semicircular stage. Up to two hundred people can be accommodated in varying degrees of comfort.

It is the scene of plays and musical events, often with a religious theme. A band of journeymen-actors are retained to perform here and stage annual religious mystery plays in Market Square. Sonorous Joi is the foppish chief of the actors and always on the look out for cheap, but intelligent labour.

The theatre is a focus for plots and stratagems, for here the interests of church, state and guilds compete. The buildings are owned by the Minster/Temple, while the actors are under the patronage of Lady Alyne, Ereke Longsword's consort, and the Guilds sponsor events. The actor's compound the situation by their irreverence to the merchants, elements of religious satire in certain of their plays and their hospitality to wandering players and other rogues.

### 10 House of Vigour (Gymnasium/Baths)

The House of Vigour was originally a bath house, built over a natural hot spring. Over the years a series of courts,



for weapons practice, have been added. The senior instructor, Torvald Woodcleaver, is a skillful teacher. However, his classes are renowned for injuries and his hot-temper. There is a 1:6 or 16% chance that a player character will suffer injury during every training session with Torvald.

This is also a meeting place for the more wealthy merchants and city or state officials.

NOTE: AD&D – The baths are a magnet for invalids, but shunned by the healthy. Runequest – The baths will be used by those who have finished their training sessions. Torvald Woodcleaver, gives training in one and two-handed axe and sword, and the medium shield. He charges 50% more than the standard costs, but only takes half the usual time to train a character up each 5%.

### 11 The Whale Road (Inn)

The city's best inn and hostelry, built around a central courtyard. It is frequented by wealthy traders, recently enriched adventurers, or others who are not resident in Brymstone. Rooms cost 25 silvers a night. The Innkeepers are Master and Mistress Godwick.

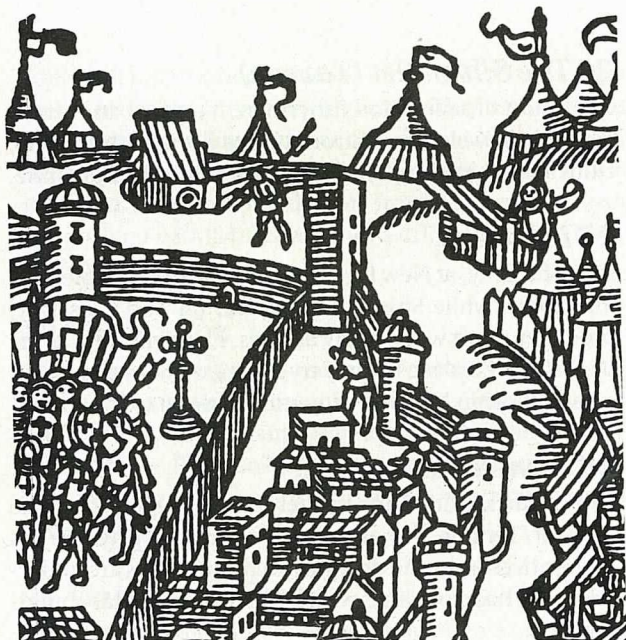
### 12 Civic Watermill and Windmills

This curious construction, spanning the river Scaldis, has both a military and civic use. It forms a link in the city wall, houses a water driven saw mill and has a windmill built on its roof. The saw mill provides wood for the naval boatyard (7), the mill flour for military and civil use. Another windmill is located close to The Backs.

### 13 Lighterman's Wharf and Net and Oar Tavern

This ramshackle collection of clap board storehouses, wattle and daub sheds and a dilapidated many tiered wooden tavern, belongs to the Fishermen and Lightermen's Guild. The Guildsmen meet in an upstairs room of the Net and Oar. Downstairs, is a chandlers and provision shop. In the basement is a tap room. The keeper is a wily old fellow, Peg-leg Jack.





It is said that, from time to time, strangers have disappeared after visiting the tap room during the hours of darkness. They may have been assaulted and dumped in the water or perhaps been impressed into a ships crew.

### 14 Warehouses

There are seven major warehouses owned by the city, the guilds or groups of individual merchants in company. Most have a lower story of stone and upper stories clad with boards. They contain all kinds of trade goods, dockside equipment and ships' stores. Needless to say, opportunities for petty crime and other forms of skulduggery abound.

### 15 Bakeries

There is one bakery in Lord's Walk and another in Bakery Lane. These provide bread for the Citadel, biscuit for shipping, white bread for the wealthy and rye bread for the not-so-wealthy.

### 16 Brewer's Guild

Most taverns in the city brew their own ales and small beer, but they need supplies. The Guild supply hops, malt, yeast and barrels. It also acts as an exchange for the import and export of strong beer, wines and spirits.

### 17 Smiths/Armourers

Three smithies cater to the needs of an urban clientele, the merchants and the military. Thus horseshoes, cooking pots, tools, marine equipment, military weapons, shield bosses and armour are their stock in trade. These jobs take priority, so adventurers must wait for vital repairs or accept badly balanced weapons and ill-fitting armour. For swifter service, the forge-masters will direct characters to Master Drenck, just off Black Horse Street or Trinton the Armourer in Cheapstreet.

When faced with an adventurer's request, Drenck will shake his head, puff out his cheeks and let out a long weary sigh. He will, however, agree to undertake bespoke work

for a 20% premium over the usual cost of a given job, which he, of course, won't reveal unless pressed. He won't mention the alternative of Armourer Trinton either.

Better-quality weapons and armour can be obtained from Master Armourer Trinton in Cheapstreet. He also sells crossbows, but doesn't make them.

### 18 The Financier

Guidon of Ashdown is a former Crusader (Runequest: An Issaries Rune priest) of impeccable honesty. He is elderly, but retains the powerful stature of his youth. He has a cellar strong room in which quantities of gold and silver coin are kept. He issues letters of credit in the form of wax sigils in return for coin. Such credits are honoured at a later date, less a percentage for his services. Adventurers' coin and other valuables may be left in the strong room for a charge of 3–10% of the value, calculated on the year.

Guidon can evaluate objects, magical or otherwise, if requested. He is rumoured to be adept in powerful magic, learned from the Marijah assassins. Whether true or not thieves never trouble him.

### 19 Wotan's Eye (Inn)

A reasonable hostelry. It has ten rooms for hire at 5 silvers a night. Its food is standard fare complimented by home-brewed ales and imported wines. Well to do youths tend to congregate here in the evenings. They will, possibly, find adventurers amusingly rustic and, after drink takes their minds, find fault with strangers. The best will be skillful with weapons (they often duel with patrons of the Painted Toenail, 24), but few are good brawlers. Needless to say, the wounding or death of such NPCs will be viewed with serious displeasure by their families, friends and, of course, the authorities. Master and Mistress Ruke are landlords here.

### 20 The First and Last (Inn)

This place has seven rooms and stabling for hire, and all for 5 silvers a night. The food is excellent. Its clientele are farmers, drovers and associated tradesmen. The landlord is Alaan Silverfist.

### 21 The Cause is Altered (Inn)

The ten rooms on offer are of low standard, but only cost 3 silvers a night or 5 silvers with stabling. This inn is frequented by carters and drovers bringing cattle to the slaughterhouse. Food is cheap and cheerful, and the customers friendly. The landlord is Makrof, a stooped fellow with a pot-belly. He enjoys a drink with the customers and will bend adventurers' ears with tall tales, including this apochryphal story about the inn's name:

"The drovers bring their herds through Cowgate, see, and the beasts usually bunch up and come to a halt outside the inn. The drovers see our sign and declare 'The Cows' 'altered — so we may as well!' That's how the inn came by its name — 'the cows' 'altered' became 'the cause is altered'.

He also claims to collect 'things' and is a adept at evaluat-



## RED GIANT

ing objects.

All is not as it seems, however, as Makrof merely affects the stoop. He is, in fact, an assassin hired by a clan (Runequest: Thanatar cult) to eliminate Cenncaradh, the Painted Man (see *Politics*).

### 22 The Northern Cog (Tavern)

Aquayside drinking-house used by fishermen and sailors. The landlord is Tivvy Cutter, a former sea captain. He can take his ale and is inclined to challenge strangers to drinking contests. If his patrons are roused to anger they will be adept at brawling or fighting with daggers and clubs.

### 23 The Flying Horse (Tavern)

Provides food on market days, when it is crowded with out of towners and stall holders. Rumbo Flummox and his wife Maesie run this place.

### 24 The Painted Toenail (Tavern)

A place viewed with suspicion by the authorities. It is the meeting place for the journeymen artists employed by the Minster, actors, the sons of rich merchants chafing at their dull commercial life, sea captains and military officers. Its patrons have a reputation for duelling with the customers of Wotan's Eye (19). Note: The seamen and military will be adept with both weapons and at brawling, the 'gentry' more inclined to duel. Schyld the Skewer is the landlord (and true to his name, if need be).

### 25 The Friend in Need (Tavern)

An expensive and refined drinking house linked with the House of Pleasant Accomplishments across the road (35). It is the haunt of both the sons and daughters of guildsmen and nobility. Its owner is Fastalio Gunbratti of Ferromaine.

### 26 The Silver Net (Tavern)

The haunt of sailors and fishermen. It's seedy and strangers are not welcome. Patrons will be adept with daggers, clubs and at brawling. The landlord here is Dult of Lagunne.

### 27 Potteries

Ifran the Grey, at New Row, manufactures fine tableware for export, while Shimbek Wisphair, on The Crossway, produces more work-a-day articles. If adventurers come by Wisphair's place he may try to hire them as guards for a pack caravan he wishes to send overland to the south.

### 28 Stonemason

Drusin Rocksmith is the master mason employed on the Minster/Temple. He also keeps a workshop where his apprentices train and decorative commissions are undertaken. He has close links with Lord Erek for military building.

### 29 Old City Arms (Tavern)

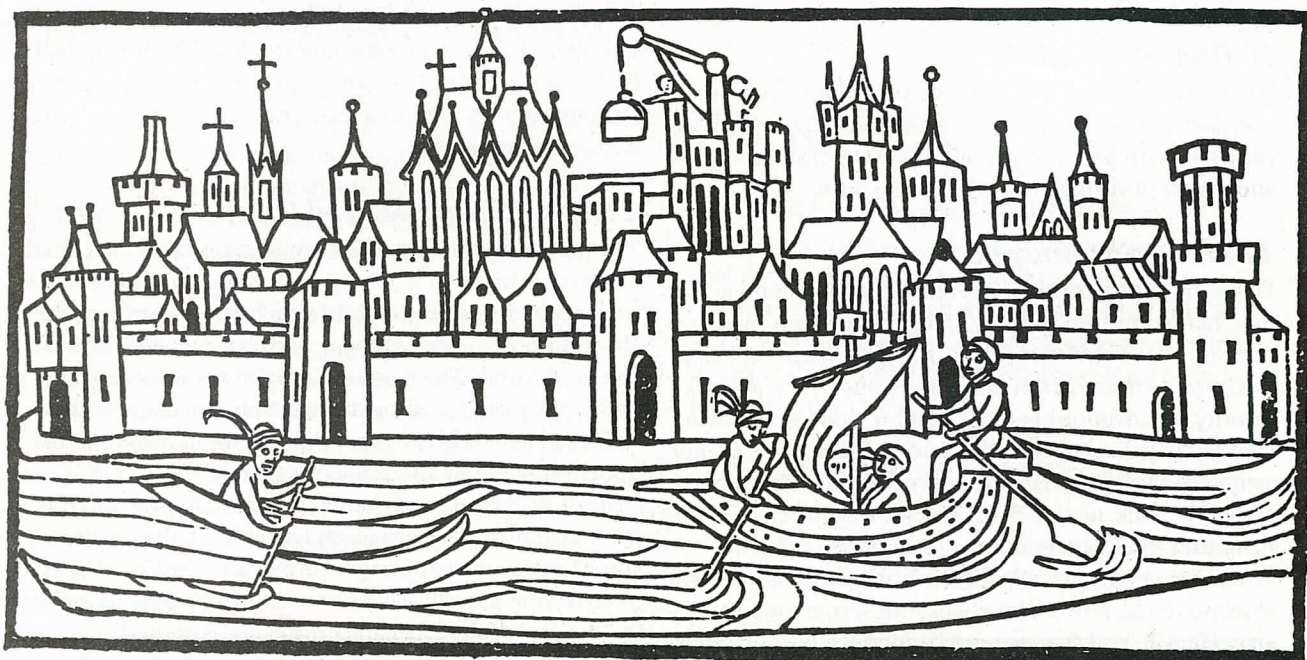
Another popular market tavern. The landlord Thomas Sendrup is a keen musician and allows wandering minstrels to play for their supper.

### 30 Ships' Chandlers

The two chandlers in the city are Kaltrak of Glissom at Black Horse Street and Borvul Shortbeard on the corner of Lord's Walk. They sell goods in bulk, not one's and twos, directing adventurers to the marketplace.

### 31 Carpenters and Wheelwrights

Within the walls there are three carpenters not associated with the Shipbuilder's Guild. They provide fittings and furniture for domestic use. Rospian the Red, in Lord's





Walk, will repair wheels. Fachor Birnath, in the New Cut, makes furniture of the very highest quality. His style has the heavy practicality demanded by city and military tastes. He frequents the Wotan's Eye tavern (19). Show him a sketch of some bizarre demon from Marazid or Cosh Goyope and he will buy its owner a drink and ask to copy it to embellish his designs.

### 32 Music Shop

Katani Goldentongue a handsome woman, but a widow, sells and repairs musical instruments. Her clients are usually clerics, merchants or military officers and call by appointment. She also buys instruments, especially curious ones, but will be suspicious of the usual class of adventurer.

### 33 Manuscript Shops

As with the music shop, these establishments operate on an appointment only basis. Their main trade is in nautical charts, maps and wood-block images. There is 20% literacy within the city walls and thus some demand for illuminated manuscripts and bound books. Master Fusti runs the shop opposite the granaries and Carolys of Crescentium runs the other.

### 34 Slaughterhouse

The slaughterhouse is run on a co-operative basis by the Butchers, Candle-makers, Dyers, Leatherworkers and Woolmakers Guilds. Its main purpose is to supply the garrison, merchant shipping and the navy with meat and the guilds with materials for their trade.

### 35 House of Pleasant Accomplishments

A private establishment closely associated with The Friend

in Need tavern (25). It provides, for a price, all the pleasures of civilisation: conversation, music, wine and good food. There is also opportunity for more sensual pursuits in the upstairs rooms. Entry is at the discretion of the housekeeper, Meg Armtwist, or an introduction from Gunbratti of The Friend in Need.

### 36 Printer

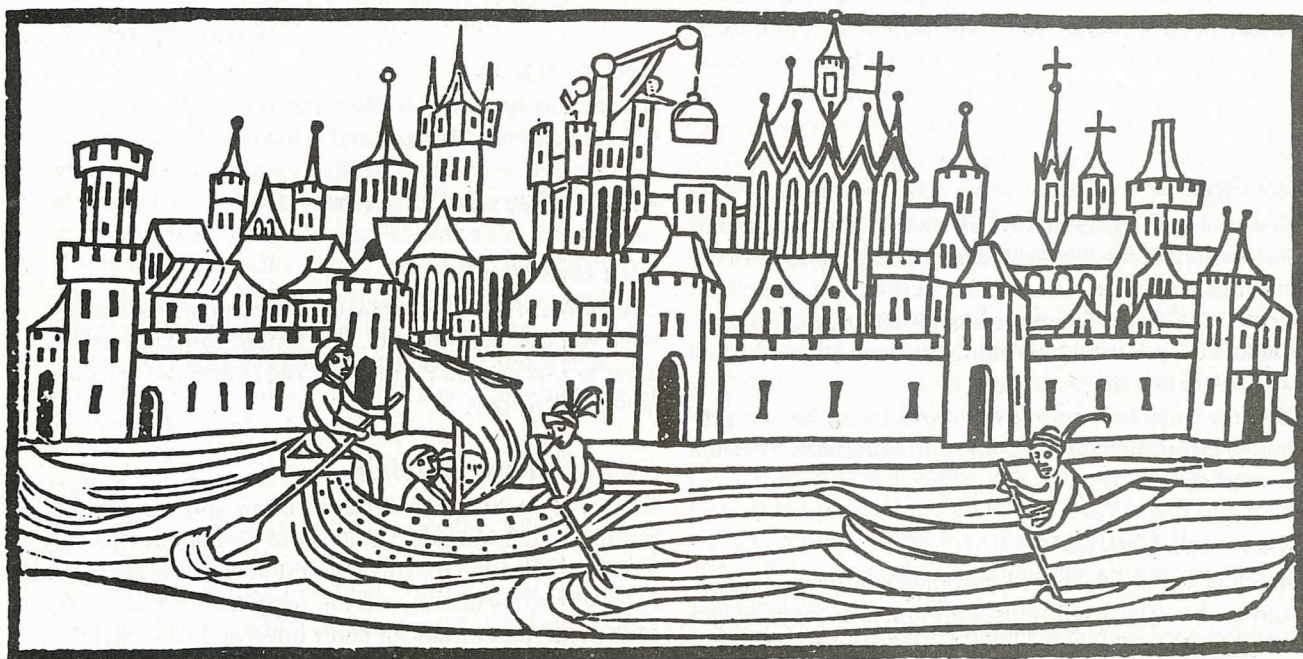
Kodo, a representative of the Abbey at Bisley, uses woodblocks to produce marine charts, maps, sensual images and religious icons. He also employs skills learned in Bisley's Scriptorium to copy manuscripts. A manuscript copy may cost between 100 and 300 silvers, but illuminated work costs up to ten times more.

### 37 Goldsmiths

There are two: Iandor Longtooth on the New Cut, and Pangus Deepdraught on Bridge Street near the gate. They work on a commission basis, but also produce inexpensive decorative items for trade. Gold is mined about twenty miles west of the city, so it is possible that they might require guards to bring ore to their workshops.

### 38 Clothmakers and Tailors

The workshop on Strand Street, owned by Master Tengael, deals in high quality garments of silk brocades, velvet and fur. He produces batches of made up goods, but the Brymstone trade is for made-to-measure only. Tracmanius Gloo, has two outlets—in The New Cut and The Crossway—and deals in more workaday garments. Characters are likely to go to him for their fustian robes, cloth hats, woollen breeks and cloaks and linen shirts. The alternative is to make enquiries and locate a seamstress, of whom there are many.





## RED GIANT

### **39 Shoemakers**

Strong boots, light shoes and impractical fashion slippers are made to measure. Stout, one size clogs are available for immediate sale. The shoemakers also act as cobblers repairing shoes. Their leather comes from the tannery (61). The shop most favoured by the wealthier merchants and gentry is situated on The Backs, close to Post House. Master Spittack is the owner.

### **40 Glassware**

Lugald of Bisley is a specialist importer, dealing exclusively with richer merchants, the Minster/Temple, the military and Lord Ereik. Glassware, is as highly prized as silver.

### **41 Antiquary**

Magnus of Chorazin, buys and sells all manner of antique curios: ancient spearheads, glassware and pottery, stone idols and jewellery depicting forgotten gods, old belt buckles and rings. Citizens come to Magnus to collect curiosities, adventurers come to seek magical items.

Magnus, despite his dowdy appearance is an accomplished mage and unlikely to let choice artefacts slip through his fingers. He can be persuaded to buy things characters bring back from their expeditions. He has buyers abroad who would snap up anything taken from the burial mounds on Nine Barrows Down, south of the city. Of course, this would be a serious crime and one for which he seeks suitable fools to beguile.

### **42 Vintner**

Although the owner, Sefrassit of Lagunne, would prefer to restrict his shop to the merchants and officers, it is patronized by all classes. He has particular distaste for adventurers and will treat them to an oily mix of good service and sarcastic wit. He stocks fine imported wines and some locally distilled spirits and liqueurs. He deals in bulk as well as by the bottle, supplying Lord Ereik's cellar on the one hand and strong spirits for carousing sailors on the other.

### **43 Furrier**

Kraftthal Axelugger employs his own trappers to hunt in the foothills of the Pagan Mountains. Many furs go to the southern trade route, where demand is high, but Brymstone's harsh winters make local trade no less profitable. Furs are valuable commodities and a good cloak will sell for 600 silvers or more.

Kraftthal may be a source of employment, he often requires escorts for his pack ponies, bringing batches of furs to market.

### **44 Betch Houses**

Betch is a sharp flavoured beverage made from berries and herbs. The Betch houses are open during daylight hours and combine a place of leisure with a place to strike



trade deals. Their clients are thus merchants, sea-captains and adventurers. Each is known by the name of its proprietor: Oslaf, Weoxtan or Ursula. The last is the most popular. Ursula is known as Ursula Major and lives up to her name in every way.

### **45 Spice Merchant and Fragrance House**

Master Sallow runs a luxury import house, dealing in spices, essences and valuable perfumed oils.

### **46 Shipping Agents**

These agents represent ship owners (guilds or merchants in company) and act as brokers, hiring merchant ships or freight space to traders who do not own their own vessels. They can also arrange passage for adventurers, but at a price. Individual sea captains, who may own their own vessel, are a better option.

### **47 Doctors**

The two doctors of medicine are skilled at setting fractures and performing very simple operations. Otherwise they rely upon ointments and potions of the most dubious worth. They are also adept with the medical leech. Dr Aether of Market Square is Lord Ereik's personal physician, while Dr Macrobius attends the Minster/Temple.

### **48 Horses**

Horses can be hired, stabled and bought at the livery stables. They can also be hired at the Post House (5).

### **49 Butchers & Poulterers**

### **50 Timberyard**

The source of seasoned wood used in carpentry and small scale woodwork in the city. The timber comes from the great forests around Brymstone. Tag Logsplitter will hire labour by the day.

### **51 Bowyer & Fletcher**

One-eyed Archos manufactures bows and arrows, for hunting or martial uses. Until he lost his right eye he was a renowned bowman. This reputation enables him to be fussy about his clients and the weapons he makes. He won't entertain orders for short bows and will refuse to trade with anyone whom he considers unworthy of his



craft. He gives free archery instruction to a few devoted pupils twice a week and will be prepared to take paying adventurers too.

### 52 Wagon Parks

Large waggons are not allowed in the city during daylight, so parks are provided where carts are marshalled for nightfall. These places are convenient inspection points for officials and thieves. At the perimeters are collections of rude dwellings and tents, home to the doxies and pedlars who cater for the wagondrovers needs.

### 53 The Guildhall

Where the guildsmen meet and plot. The building houses many records of trade and civic improvements. Its cellar contains a strong room in which is stored the civic treasury. Clerk to the Guilds is Harold Dipspen, the Treasurer is Aeothor Draken and his guards are Lug and Tybalt the Tripper.

### 54 Architect

A tall, broad-shouldered man with a bluff demenaour, Bosel of Erincetser is a business associate of Drusin the stonemason, above whose workshops he has his rooms and office.

### 55 Saddler

Pacto the Cornumbrian, at Market Square, will make saddles, leather bags, purses, halters, bridles and many other items. He also has a selection, ready made up, for sale.

### 56 Fishmongers

Three thriving fishmongers, no surprise in a seaport like Brymstone. Fish is considerably cheaper than meat and a substantial item of the poorer city-folk's diet.

### 57 Apothecary

An illuminated sign outside this shop declares (but only to those who can read): 'Fantasticles sold at the purchaser's risk.' Lugdor the Stammerer is a wealthy merchant purveying an astonishing array of brightly coloured and noxious smelling potions. Most are useless, yet the citizens and their country cousins flock to purchase love potions, hair restorer, cure-alls, cough linctus and the like.

The apothecary is actually quite skilled but completely taken with the commercial side of his business. He is shady, too, supplying knock-out powders and poisons, no questions asked, to those who will pay. (Runequest: Treat as an ordinary alchemist).

### 58 Herbalist

Magnor Thumb is as honest and capable as the day is long. By obeying his instructions, the effusions, powders and salts he supplies may, over time, cure most internal disorders and heal wounds. He knows about poisons but is more interested in antidotes. Once Odo the Tanner prevailed on Magnor to provide a potion to 'quell my wife's

nagging tongue for good', but the good herbalist gave him a sleeping draught instead.

### 59 'Thieves Guild'

Snorri Staveson and his twin sons, Jark and Karl run Brymstone's equivalent of a Thieves Guild. They have their fingers in all manner of stratagems to acquire coin and kind from other citizens. They take a share of the beggars and doxies loot, 'knock off' goods from the docks and take bets at animal fights. Some merchants and guildsmen have murky pasts. If Snorri comes by these guilty secrets he 'persuades' them to 'cough up' an occasional 'consideration'.

The Stavesons never carry out crimes within the city walls, that would be dirtying their nest; instead they employ foolish intermediaries who can be sacrificed at need. They will organise crimes outside the city walls, like the highway robbery of dignitaries, stock stealing, raiding merchant caravans, kidnapping, piracy and marine fraud. These undertakings are always on a once only basis.

### 60 Market Square

Three kinds of market are held on different days: Live-stock, produce and household goods (including candles, torches, etc).

### 61 The Tannery

#### Law & order

Entrance to the city (and exit) is under the control of a corps of guardsmen. They have jurisdiction within the city walls and for a bowshot outside. The only exception is the Military Way and Penda's Gate. Although only officers wear mail, the corps has been nick-named 'the Ironshirts'. Each gatehouse is headquarters to a company of twenty-five men: Two captains from the merchant class, three warrant officers from the city's artisans and twenty guardsmen 'of good standing and honesty'. Ironshirts are armed with a bronze-shod staff, surmounted with the city's arms (treat as quarter-staff) and short swords.

Two guardsmen will always be present at any city gate, with another two and a warrant officer inside the gatehouse. A further 10 men, including an officer, will be available from the surrounding streets, either on patrol or off-duty.

The Ironshirts are charged with apprehending thieves and murderers, discouraging public brawling, the display of weapons and the open practice of magic. Malfactors will be taken to the lock-up at the Courthouse.

To help enforce the law a sign is displayed at each gate, for those who can read, explaining the prohibitions against the display of weapons and magic. Guardsmen will draw the adventurers attention to the law, possibly poke about in their belongings and encourage them to lodge weapons and magical items at the gatehouse.

If the players are foolish enough to deposit their belongings they will receive a wax sigil by way of receipt. There is



## RED GIANT

a 40% chance that one in every four items deposited will be 'lost' when they try to redeem. The alternatives are the Courthouse, very safe but official, or the Financier. These alternatives will require an escort of two ironshirts for each adventurer to ensure compliance.

The captains, warrant officers and most of the guardsmen take their role seriously, but some guardsmen will be open to bribery, but never in the case of weapons openly displayed. (See *Brymstone Non-Player Characters*).

## Taxes and customs dues

If characters bring things into the city to sell, the goods will be taxed. Items brought in by sea will be impounded in a customs bond warehouse, ie they will be held until someone pays the customs due. Items brought in by land will attract the attention of city officials who may want to tax them at the waggon park, city gate or marketplace.

The tax/customs rates are 5% for produce and manufacture, 10% for 'luxury' goods and weaponry and 30% on magical items.

## Rumours and things overheard

Typical Brymstone rumours and remarks overheard:

1. 'There's plague in Tumbledown' (the neighbourhood about the Silver Net inn, 26).
2. 'Watch out, the navy's impressing men for its ships.'
3. 'Lady Alyne is said to be with child.'
4. 'The bravos from the Painted Toenail (24) are going to fight the Wotan's Eye crowd (19).' (or vice versa).
5. 'There's a new play at the Pit.'
6. 'Guidon the banker practices dark crafts — that's why he's never been robbed.'
7. 'We'll bring the stuff in tonight, right under their noses!'
8. 'He walks the same route every night. You can't miss him.'
9. 'So you bring the goods to market cross, a day hence and I'll bring the gold.'
10. 'Look at that lot. A fine bunch of bumpkins dressed up for adventure!'

## Brymstone non-player characters

NOTE: No hit points are given for AD&D, use Constitution or Constitution + Strength as the number of HP in combat.

### Master Pensa Ironshirt Warrant Officer

A minor merchant, Pensa is honest and unswerving in the fair enforcement of the city law.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def Pry Dam  
AD&D

11 12 — 11 — 12 14 9 — — — —  
Lawful good Staff 1D6 Short sword 1D6 Ringmail AC6

#### Runequest

11 12 12 11 9 12 14 — — — — —  
Staff 1D8 SRO Short sword 1D6+1 SR3 Mail Shirt

### Ironshirt constables Limner and Coupar

Limner and Coupar are always open to the possibility of

extra income. If asked to ignore an infringement of city law there is a 50% chance they will turn a blind eye. If they seem willing they will require some kind of inducement which must be equivalent to ten silvers or more. They will haggle too, if necessary.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def Pry Dam  
AD&D

10 10 — 9 — 12 10 8 — — — —  
Neutral evil or plain neutral Staff 1D6 Short sword 1D6  
Leather armour AC8

#### Runequest

10 10 10 9 8 12 10 — — — — —  
Staff 1D8 SR0 Short sword 1D6+1 SR3 Leather cuirass

### Porqua Hubart a merchant

Master Hubart always carries a purse containing 2D20 gold pieces. After dark he is likely to hire a torch-bearer to light his way home.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def Pry Dam  
AD&D

9 9 — 14 — 9 15 7 — — — —  
Lawful evil Dagger 1D4 AC10

#### Runequest

9 9 13 14 7 9 15 — +5%+5% — —  
Dagger 1D4+2 SR4

### Young Master Hendrek a swaggart

A patron of Wotan's Eye or the Painted Toenail. To him, country-folk and adventurers are sources of amusement and he will find offence in some of their more outlandish behaviour. He may look a fop, but like his compatriots, he carries a three foot long rapier, concealed in an elaborate walking cane.

If pressed he will challenge a player-character to a duel. These are held, at dawn, in a courtyard off *The Backs* or in a quiet corner of the waggon park at Southgate. For honour, players will be expected to employ a rapier, of good quality, made available by Hendrek's seconds. The player should be penalised in some way for using this unusual weapon. Honour is satisfied when either party draws blood, however trivial the wound.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def Pry Dam  
AD&D

10 15 — 13 — 16 15 10 — -2 — —  
Lawful neutral Rapier 104 + 1 AC10.

#### Runequest

10 15 11 13 10 16 15 — +10%+5%+5%+1D4  
Rapier 1D4+1 SR2

### Little Rucas a tough

Boozing and brawling are his idea of a good night out.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def Pry Dam  
AD&D

15 10 — 9 — 10 9 8 — — — —  
Chaotic evil club 1D6 Dagger D4 AC10

#### Runequest

15 10 11 9 8 10 9 — — — — +1D4  
Club 1D6 SR4 Dagger 1D4+2 SR4



## Slike a thief or tough

Slike is always on the lookout for country-folk new to the city. While they are gawping, Slike cuts their purse and makes off. Maybe he will select an adventurer, in which case he may make a run for the Staveson house (59), if close by.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def PryDam  
AD&D

10 11 — 13 — 15 14 8 — -1 — —  
Neutral evil Dagger 1D4 AC10

### Runequest

10 11 9 13 8 15 14 — +10%+5%+5% —  
Dagger 1D4+2 SR4

## Jarsh a sailor

An old salt full of tales of terrible shipwrecks, piracy and sea monsters. He may also be a leader of an impress gang with 1D4 men more than an adventurer who becomes separated from the party.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def PryDam  
AD&D

10 9 — 11 — 11 9 7 — — — —  
Club 1D4 Dagger 1D4 AC10

### Runequest

10 9 9 11 7 11 9 — — — — —  
Club 1D6 SR4 Dagger 1D4+2 SR4

## Jakes a town-crier, old codger or beggar

The usual mouthpiece for rumours. As a beggar he is very persuasive. He is also inclined to report his observations to the Stavesons (59).

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def PryDam  
AD&D

7 9 — 11 — 13 12 8 — — — —  
Importune 75%

### Runequest

7 9 8 11 8 13 12 — +5% — — —  
Importune 75%

## Inn-Keeper

Keeps a cudgel behind the bar and the pot-boy ready to run for the Ironshirts in the event of trouble.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def PryDam  
AD&D

11 12 — 11 — 12 14 9 — — — —  
Club 1D4

### Runequest

11 12 12 11 9 12 14 — — — — —  
Club 1D4 SR4

## Inn-Keeper's Wife

Expert with the soup ladle (applied to bare pates liberally) and running drunk adventurers out of the tap room by the seat of their hose.

StrCon Siz Int Pow Dex Cha Wis Att Def PryDam  
AD&D

8 9 — 12 — 15 13 8 — -1 — —  
Soup ladle 104

### Runequest

8 9 8 12 8 15 13 — +5% — — —  
Soup ladle 1D4 SR4

# RED GIANT CLASSIFIEDS

**The chaotic person** (you know who), who knocked off the cheerful old fellow in the red robes has ruined Christmas. Killjoy!

**Spitting from the battlements?** Fanzines? Are there still such things? Are they better or worse? You tell me. Zine editors in the UK or USA please forward examples and publisher's statement for future Red Giant review. Send to The Editor, Red Giant, 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley, Kent BR2 OXW.

**Bob.** I'm still in the library. Havn't found anything useful. Is this an rpg or just my imagination? Yours bored barbarian — I can't even read.

### Den of orcs

A nest of nasties seek opponents to run amuck with (and on). Meet most Sundays, the village hall, Darwin, Kent. Contact Marcus. No elves and other time wasters please.

### Whatever happened to Land of Maign?

Play by Mail? Who does? Where and how much? If you run a PBM campaign in the UK or USA please forward details for future review in Red Giant. Send to The Editor, Red Giant, 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley, Kent BR2 OXW.

**Would Uggie please return my arm?** Ted.

**Able to write** something interesting about your hobby? Contributors' rates available on request. See caution on contents page. Send offerings to The Editor, Red Giant, 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley, Kent BR2 OXW.

**Who** scurilously scuppers sandwich makers and subscribers for specious scribbling and simple spelling.

**Cartoonist?** Can you draw a strip cartoon, suitable for publication in this magazine? Think you can, then send samples (not original artwork — copies will do) to The Editor, Red Giant, 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley, BR2 OXW. We'll send details of contributors' rates by return.

**Jamie** have you got out of bed yet?

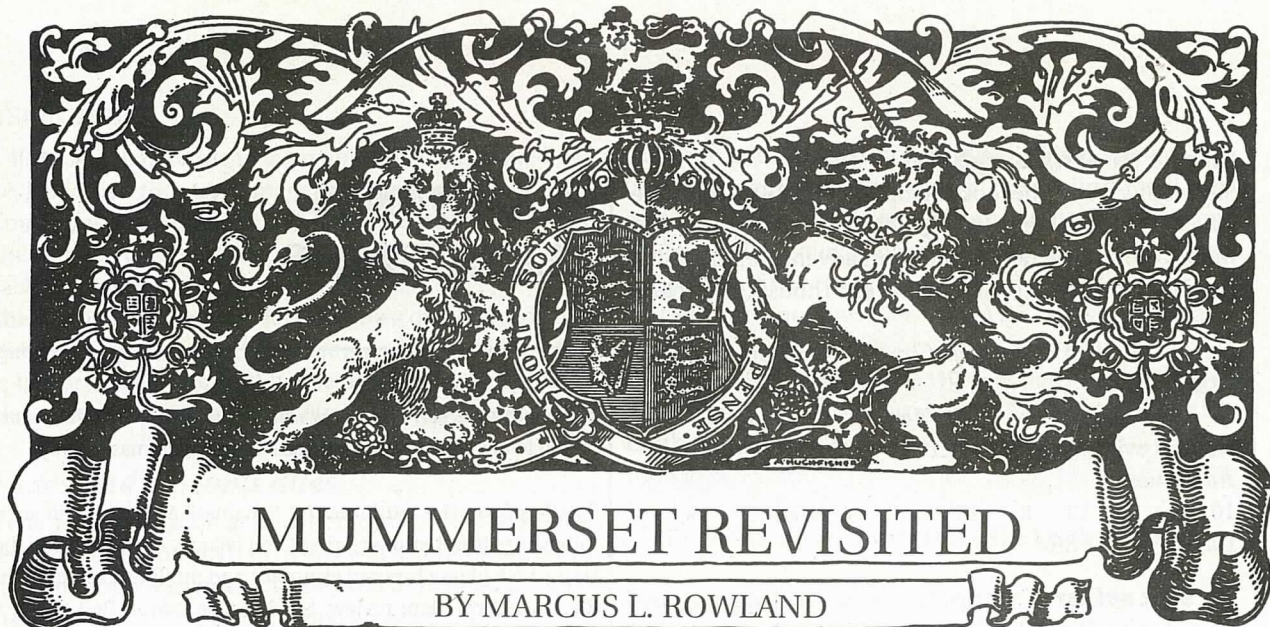
### Whatever happened to?

Ingles Hornblower, lover of Orcs? Did he meet his doom at the hands of faithless, but hunky, Silo Hammerfist?

### Hunky Halfling

Ol' Cosy Toes Humberdink seeks cultured female company for mutual skulduggery (and stuff). Reply to Liam Sanderstead, 43 Leapale Road, London NW3 6PG.





## Background for Call of Cthulhu scenarios

Open any novel of the 1920s and 1930's and you'll probably find examples of the slang popularized by the flappers and "bright young things" of the period. Although it's possible to run games in a British setting without such period flavour, a lot of fun comes from re-creation of the era. A small vocabulary for the period was published as *Green and Pleasant Language in White Dwarf 90*, but was greatly abridged from the article originally written for *Green and Pleasant Land*. Since writing it I've come across some more useful words and phrases, and a lot more examples of the Mummerstet vocabulary introduced in my original article.

The list which follows includes several standard English words and examples of slang that may still be in limited use, but are likely to be unfamiliar to foreign and younger readers, and some period names for common chemicals and money. Exact conversions into modern currency are shown for all examples of money; the smallest coin in use today is the new penny, £0.01, which is worth more than twice as much as its predecessor.

Several symbols are used to indicate origin and/or date:

### Abbreviations

*	=	Cockney Rhyming Slang
@	=	Criminal Slang
+	=	Probable Military Origin
\$	=	Probable U.S. Origin
[year-]	=	Earliest date if not used throughout period
[-year]	=	Latest date of common usage, if not used throughout period.
WWI	=	World War I
%	=	Still in use

### Vocabulary

#### A

**A.B.C.** Aerated Bread Company, a chain of tea shops e.g., "I saw you at the A.B.C. "

**Adam and Eve.** Believe \* % e.g., "Don't you Adam and Eve it"

**Afters.** Pudding, dessert + % e.g., "Any afters?"

**All my eye (and Betty Martin).** % Nonsense e.g., "That's all my eye, he's the one that did it"

**Aqua Fortis.** Nitric acid

#### B

**Bilge.** Nonsense, rubbish e.g., "That's total bilge, Algy!"

**Bird-man.** Aircraft pilot [-1918]

**Blister.** Unpleasant person, e.g., "He's a bit of a blister"

**Blister.** Sister ( from "skin and blister" ) \*%

**Blue Vitriol.** Copper sulphate

**Bogy.** Policeman ( especially detective), abusive @

**Boots.** Boot-boy, servant who cleans shoes

**Bottle.** Courage %, e.g., "Don't lose your bottle"

**Bottle (of water).** Daughter \*

**Broads.** Playing cards, usually associated with cheating @

**Brothel creepers.** Suede shoes + [1939-]

**Browned off.** Depressed + [1920-] e.g., "He's a bit browned off"

**Bubbly.** Champagne

**Buttons.** Page boy, e.g., "We'll send the buttons out for a cab"

#### C

**Cat.** Vomit e.g., "He's done a cat"



**Cat's Whisker.** Tuning wire used in crystal radio sets [1920]

**Cat's Whiskers.** Wonderful, marvellous, especially a person e.g., "You're the cat's whiskers"

**Coal and coke.** Broke (penniless) \*

**Coffin-nail.** Cigarette

**College.** Prison @ %

**Come the acid.** Make oneself unpleasant, e.g., "Don't you come the acid with me"

**Cosh.** Short heavy truncheon e.g., "they coshed him"

**Crown.** Five shilling coin (Modern = £0.25)

## D

**Darbies.** Handcuffs, e.g., "Slip the darbies on him, constable"

**Dickey Dirt.** Shirt \*

**Dinah.** Sweetheart e.g., "She's my Dinah"; usually lower class

**Doxy.** Mistress, prostitute

**The drop.** The gallows

**Dutch.** Wife, e.g., "my old Dutch"

## F

**Fist.** Handwriting, e.g., "make a good fist of it"

**Fizz.** Champagne (occasionally ginger beer and lemonade)

**Flivver.** Cheap or small motor car [1920-] \$

**Florin.** Two shilling piece (Modern = £0.10)

**Fourpenny one.** Blow to ear (derivation; fourpenny bit = hit) @

**Frozen limit.** Utterly horrible or obnoxious, e.g., "Well, that's about the frozen limit, old boy!"

## G

**Gammon.** Nonsense

**Gamp.** Umbrella

**Gig-lamps.** Spectacles (possibly 19th rather than 20th century)

**Gob.** Mouth (vulgar), e.g., "Shut your gob" %

**Gob-Stopper.** Large slowly-dissolving sweet

**Grampus.** A fat man

**Grass.** Inform, informant @ [1930-] e.g., "he's grassed on us"

**The Great Smoke.** London (also The Smoke, which is still in use)

**Guff.** Nonsense

## H

**Half a bar.** Ten shillings (Modern = £0.50)

**Halfcrown.** Two shillings and six pence (Modern = £0.125)

**Ha'p'orth.** half-penny-worth, goods worth 1/2d (Modern = £0.00208)

**Hash.** Spoil, e.g., "He's made a bit of a hash of it."

**Hike off.** Lift off, remove e.g., "I'll hike off the original picture from the passport, And put yours in its place"

**Hokey-pokey.** Ice cream sold in the street, especially by Italian vendors riding tricycles.

**Hot stuff.** Promiscuous e.g., "She's hot stuff, old boy!"

**Hypo.** Sodium Thiosulphate (photographic chemical)

## I

**Ikey.** Jew, especially a receiver of stolen goods @

## J

**Jelly.** Gelignite



*'There goes the jelly', cackled Otto.*

**Jerry.** German (mildly abusive) +

**Jew.** Drive a hard bargain, e.g., "Don't you Jew me!"

**Joey.** Three-penny piece (Modern = £0.0125)

## L

**The Labour.** Unemployment relief [1921-]

**The late unpleasantness.** World War I 1914-1918. [1919-1939].

**Learn.** Teach e.g., "That'll learn you!"

**Leg-show.** Cabaret etc., usually lewd, e.g., "Gosh, Algy, this is a bit of a leg-show"





*The Birdman cocked the Lewis as he dived towards his target.*

- Lewis.** Lewis gun (machine gun for aircraft etc.) \$
- Life-preserver.** Weighted stick or cosh \$(?)
- Loopy.** Slightly mad (often a rural nickname)
- Lounge-lizard.** Gigolo [1925-] \$ e.g., "My oath, I'm sure the bounder's a lounge-lizard"
- Lubricate.** Offer drink.
- Lunger.** Person with damaged lungs (especially after use of poison gas in WWI)

## M

- Mangle.** Pair of rollers used to dry clothing by squeezing out water. Medico. Doctor Mill. Fight, especially without a referee.
- Mother's ruin.** Gin

## N

- Nippy.** Waitress in a Lyons restaurant [1924-]; a trade mark of the Lyons restaurant chain
- Nuts on.** In love with, e.g., "He's nuts on her"

## O

- Obbo.** Observation work (by police etc)
- Omnibus.** Motor bus
- Out-and-outer.** Determined and unscrupulous, e.g., "He's a real out-and-outer"

## P

- Pash.** Infatuation, especially amongst schoolgirls
- Peg.** A drink, especially brandy and soda
- Pew.** Seat, e.g., "Take a pew"
- Pineapple.** Hand grenade
- The Pink 'Un.** The Sporting Times newspaper (printed on pink paper)
- Plates.** Feet (from "plates of meat") \*
- Pom-Pom.** Quick-firing gun (e.g., Maxim anti-aircraft gun)
- +
- Pop.**
- Pawn.** (also Pop-Shop for pawnbrokers shop)
- Pop off.** Die
- Potty.** Silly, insane (often a nickname)
- Power.** Lots, e.g., "The medicine's done him a power of good"
- Pug.** Boxer
- Purler.** Headlong fall or knockout blow

## Q

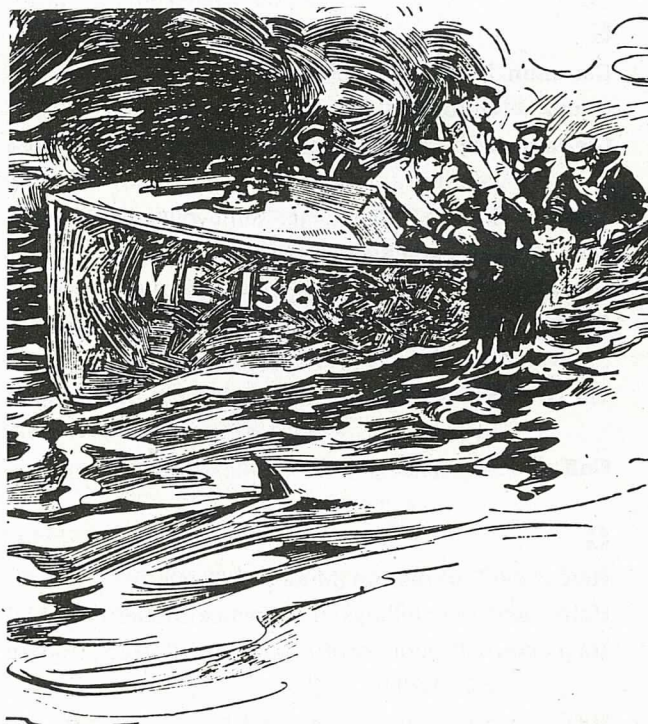
- Quod.** Prison+

## R

- Rhino.** Money
- Rosy Lee.** Tea \*
- Rot-gut.** Cheap or inferior wine, spirits, or beer
- Round the bend.** Insane
- Rozzer.** Policeman

## S

- Salt.** Sailor, e.g., "He's an old salt"





- Scoot.** Run away  
**The Scrubs.** Wormwood Scrubs prison @  
**Sheeney (or Sheenie).** A Jew, abusive  
**Spooning.** Courting e.g., "They're spooning"  
**Spirits of Salts.** Hydrochloric acid  
**Squiffy.** Drunk e.g., "You're squiffy, old boy"  
**Stand the racket.** Pay the bill  
**Strike a light!** Expression of surprise, e.g., "Cor! Strike a light"

**T**

- Tabby.** An old maid  
**Tanner.** Sixpence, especially 6d piece (Modern ~ £0.025)  
**Tiffin.** Lunch (especially an Anglo-Indian phrase)  
**Tin.** Money, e.g., "His old man's rolling in tin"  
**Tipple.** Liquor  
**Titfer.** Hat (from "tit for tat") \* e.g., "That's a nice titfer"  
**Toff.** A gentleman  
**Tomfoolery.** Jewellery \* @ e.g., "He's nicked a nice bit of tomfoolery"  
**Tosh.** Rubbish

**U**

- Uncle.** A pawnbroker e.g., "I've left them with uncle"  
**Undergraduate.** A female undergraduate (student)  
**Up to snuff.** Alert

**V**

- Vitriol.** Sulphuric acid; vitriol attacks, in which acid was thrown at a rival's face, were an occasional occurrence in the late 19th and early 20th century. Usually both attacker and victim were women.

**W**

- Warning.** Notice e.g., "I'd like to give my week's warning"  
**Wipers.** Ypres (WWI battlefield)  
**Woods.** Woodbine cigarette +

**Y**

- Young lady.** Fiancee, e.g., "She's his young lady"

**Z**

- Zep (or Zepp).** Zeppelin airship

**Professional Mummerset**

British literature is full of characters who can be played effectively without much knowledge of the period. Most speak the Mummerset dialect, a sort of pidgin English that is most prominent in films of the thirties and forties, early BBC radio serials, and many popular books and magazines of the era. Green And Pleasant Language in White Dwarf 90 gave some examples of Basic Mummerset, as used by country folk (always use the word folk, not people) in their day to day lives.

Professional Mummerset assumes that there is a pattern of language and behaviour associated with every career. Adventurers are most likely to encounter a few basic types. The examples that follow are somewhat exaggerated, and it may be advisable to tone them down slightly. Words in italics should be given extra emphasis.

**The Shopkeeper**

He (or she) probably runs a shop in a sleepy village, or on a quiet back street, which sees four or five pounds worth of business a week. If anyone actually enters and wants to spend a banknote, the first step is a lengthy examination of the feel and smell of the paper, the signature, and every other indication of a possible forgery. All silver and gold coins are tapped on the counter, or in extreme cases bitten. Since there is rarely any reason to hurry, trade is continually interrupted by small children who want to buy half-penny gob-stoppers, old ladies who drop in to gossip, and other friends and acquaintances. The shopkeeper will always put old customers first, even if an adventurer is eager to spend several hundred pounds and the old customer owes money on unpaid grocery bills.



*'An elephant, Sir? I think there's one in the stockroom...'*



## RED GIANT

Shopkeepers use several stock phrases, all easy to learn:

Phrase	Meaning
<b>We don't get much call for that</b>	I can't be bothered to order it
<b>Can you come back tomorrow?</b>	We're closed tomorrow
<b>That's really you, madam</b>	You are a deformed dwarf
<b>It's a real bargain, sir</b>	No one will buy it
<b>It's a little baggy, sir</b>	It would be baggy on an ox
<b>We don't see many of these</b>	No one trusts us to repair them

There are two other possible models for this character. One is the Monty Python cheese shop mode, in which nothing the adventurers want is ever in stock; unfortunately this requires a GM who is good at improvising wildly improbable excuses. "I think I sold the last one just half an hour ago" is an easy cop-out, "It was stolen by crazed Monks who wanted to worship it" is a little more enterprising (as well as providing an easy route into an adventure). The other role model is the hyper-efficient entrepreneur who can always find exactly what is wanted; "An elephant, Sir? I think there's one in the stock-room somewhere". Both types should be played with upper-class accents.

## Lovable Crooks & English Bobbys

There are many types of criminal, but the most common is the lovable Cockney rogue; nimble but rarely violent, he is usually found burgling a stately home, forging sovereigns, or running a game of "find the lady". He is named Bill, Bert, or Fred, wears a striped jersey and a domino mask when working, and carries a sack labelled "Swag" or "loot". He uses Cockney and criminal slang, and will use them to excess. He also uses several specialized phrases:

Phrase	Meaning
<b>It's a fair cop</b>	I have been caught fairly and admit my guilt*
<b>Scarper!</b>	Run for it!
<b>The old Bill</b>	The Police
<b>We've bin rumbled</b>	We've been detected

\*This phrase was so notoriously part of fiction that evidence of its use was automatically suspect in British courts from the 1920s onwards. It's assumed that no real criminal will talk this way!

The village policeman is another stock figure of 1920s fiction. Riding an almost silent bicycle, he knows everything and everyone in his area, and is a fount of obscure knowledge, though he may not have much formal education. Waging a perpetual war against poachers and Colorado beetles, he appears without warning, notebook and pencil in hand, to take down details of the latest atrocity. Policemen usually speak with the local accent, and live in small cottages (which double as police stations) on the edge of the village. They are six feet tall, fit, and clean-shaven. Typical (self-explanatory) phrases include:

"What seems to be the trouble, sir?"

"I must ask you to accompany me to the station..."

"Have you got a license for that gun/airship/bomb, sir?"

"Now then, wot's all this?"

## Sinister Butlers & Aged Retainers

The typical butler is a paragon of efficiency and good service, but the Sinister Butler can be very different; he exudes contempt, tends to linger in shadowy corners, and speaks with an indeterminate Middle-European accent, or suspiciously perfect upper-class tones. Extreme cases don't talk at all. He clicks his heels together when he addresses his master, if the master happens to be equally sinister. Sinister butlers have foreign names (e.g., Otto, Kurt) or unusual surnames (Moriarty, Boucher, Langford, Oddjob), and rarely discuss their past.

Sinister butlers don't have a special vocabulary; if they talk at all, they speak with barely suppressed contempt, hesitate before saying "Sir" or using any title of respect, and pause interminably before acknowledging an order. Dramatic pauses may also be used to add an air of mystery. For example:

"You rang" [pause 2 seconds] "sir?"

[Pause 3 seconds] "Very good,"

[pause 2-3 seconds] "sir."

"Will that be all" [pause 2 seconds] "sir?"

"The master never drinks" [pause 1-2 seconds] "wine."

For best results, practice each phrase a few times, until the timing and contempt seem about right. A natural female alternative to the sinister butler is the sinister housekeeper or nanny; see Mrs. Danvers, in Daphne Du Maurier's *Rebecca*, for a prime example.

The Aged Retainer is another common type. Usually he's the man who gives visiting adventurers cryptic warnings, gets drunk when his help is most needed, and dies horribly in the second act. He limps, mumbles, speaks with an unintelligible regional accent, and is senile.



Aged retainers have obscure surnames like Hoobin, Heyhoe, and Gromett. The first name is never mentioned. Their vocabulary consists of sinister but strangely non-specific and incomplete prophecies of doom, eerie premonitions, plus occasional complaints about mysterious illnesses or war wounds:

"Arr...Go back to Lunnon [London], young master, go back, go back!"

"Strange things do happen in this house..."

"It's not been the same since the old master died..."

"What happened were not natural..."

"It always be cold in this part of the manor..."

"You're not sleeping in" [pause 2-3 seconds] "there, sir?"

"And me with all the shrapnel aching down my left side..."

The female equivalent of the aged retainer is usually the cook; however, cooks are even more superstitious, and tend to faint in moments of crisis.

## Old Salts

Any adventure set on or near the coast, or involving the sea, needs a few crusty sailors. Obviously a large ship needs a wide assortment of crew, but on smaller vessels the old salt predominates. Old salts are wise in the way of the sea, and full of strange proverbs about weather and tides. They generally have beards, slow Cornish accents, and pipes; a good percentage also have wooden legs. In most other respects they resemble the aged retainer above, but they tend to be less senile and more useful:

"Strange things do happen at sea/in these waters"

"I" were a dark and stormy night..."

"You don't want to sail" [pause 2-3 seconds] "there, sorr?"

"You don't know the sea/these waters, do ye sorr?"

See *Bad Moon Rising* (Chaosium, in *The Great Old Ones*) for an example of this character in action.

## Yokels

Our final type is the lovable farm-hand, a character imbued with an instinctive knowledge of the land and weather, an immense capacity for ale, and almost supernatural skill at poaching and other minor rural crime. Yokels have the most incomprehensible dialects, but their sturdy peasant loyalty amply repays any adventurer who buys a few rounds of drinks. Yokels speak pure Mummerset, a language which largely consists of misplaced vowels, the words "arr" and "they do say", and totally irrelevant digressions. They are usually close relatives of the Aged Retainer. Some typical phrases:

"Red sky at night do mean a hay stack be alight"

"Don't marry for money, but marry where money be"

"Strange things do happen up at the manor..."

"Warm for un' time of year, sorr" the last phrase, or any variation on it always means "I'd like a drink".



## Sources

Unending thanks to Mike Cule for reminding me of some of the best Mummerset phrases. The word "Mummerset" was probably coined by J. B. Priestley.

### Language

Partridge, Eric

A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English

Partridge, Eric

A Dictionary of the Underworld

O.U.P.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary

### Role Playing in a British Setting

Barton, Richard

Cthulhu By Gaslight

Lee, Mark

A Hard Act to Follow

De Tillo, Willis

Masks of Nyarlathotep

Rowland, Marcus

Green and Pleasant Language;

Bad Moon Rising

Tamlyn, Peter (ed.)

Green and Pleasant Land (Call of Cthulhu supplement)

### Books about Pre-War Crime Fiction

Butler, William V.

The Durable Desperadoes

Keating, H.R.F. (ed.)

Whodunit?

Watson, Colin

Snobbery With Violence

### Useful Novels

Allingham, Margery

The Gyrth Chalice Mystery, etc.

Charterlis, Leslie

Meet the Tiger, etc.

Innes, Michael

Appleby's End, etc.

"Sapper"

Bulldog Drummond, etc.



# DREAMS AND ROLE-PLAYING

---

**John Treadaway proposes Ezging, Fezging and Pezging.  
Confused? You won't be when you read on...**

---

Have you ever analysed your dreams? I don't mean on a psychological level, simply have you ever thought about the topics you dream about?

Chances are, most of you dream about yourselves in different situations. Your dreams might be quite mundane: visiting the bank manager; getting fired from your job—that sort of thing. The probability is though, if you are lucky enough to remember, some of your dreams will involve you in unusual, exciting and, perhaps, dangerous situations. Ignoring the dreams that revolve around fantasies of Linda Lusardi/Jason Donovan (depending on your gender), most of us have dreams, or rather nightmares, involving terrible (sometimes unseen) opponents.

If this type of dream is examined more closely, it is likely the major character is yourself. Obvious, you may

say, but what I am trying to point out is the dreamer is you, not you role-playing someone else. Occasionally, when dreaming, you acquire extraordinary powers: you may fly (a very common dream 'ability') or you may be filthy rich (almost as common and, for me at least, about as likely...). Whatever you do in the Land of Nod, you are still YOU. Its your personality living in your body.

You may be wondering where this long introduction is leading. I'll tell you. Basically, for me at least, Role Playing is not the usually stated aim of 'wish fulfilment'—'I wish I were Aragorn, or Conan, or Captain Kirk'—but one of 'dream fulfilment'. Call me unimaginative, if you like, but I've never dreamt of being an Orc or Arnold Schwarzenegger. What I have dreamt of, though, is running away from Orcs or having to deal with never-say-die





devices like, for example, the one Arnie portrays in 'The Terminator'.

Amongst my regular group of 'role-playing' friends, we now play games that deal with dream rather than wish fulfillment. Since we are not engaged in normal 'role-playing', we have developed a new name for what we do. As we are not playing the roles of other people or creatures in our games, but playing ourselves in imagined situations, we call the activity ESGs—Environment Swapping Games.

### How do Environment Swapping Games work?

With ESGing, the important thing to remember is the player character is you. When push comes to shove you haven't got Schwarzenegger's strength or Gandalf's magical talents. No, all you've got are the abilities that evolution/god (delete as appropriate) provided, plus education and the wisdom of experience. Of course, you might also have acquired a weapon and possibly something magical.

The problem is, if you are an exceptionally boring person, or you have a rather untalented GM, you have all the makings of a dull game. To counter this—and to make game plots easier for the GM to write—we've developed two versions of ESGing: Pure ESGing and Fudged ESGing.

### Pure Environment Swapping Games

In pure ESGing you possess only the skills, abilities and characteristics you have in the 'real' world. You keep the same name and age. If you can't type, ride a horse or play the clarinet in the real world, you can do none of these things in the imaginary game world. Of course you can learn new skills in either world. This may seem difficult to grasp, but it isn't.

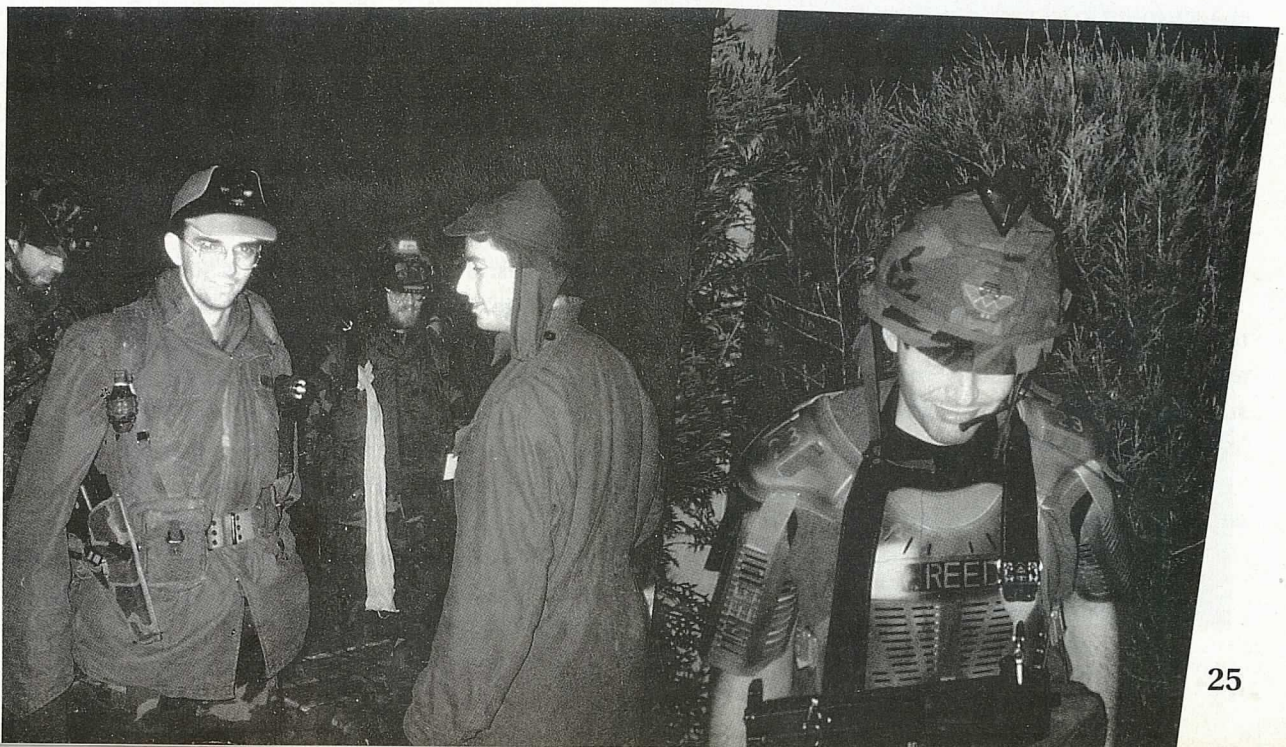
When you make the move from RPGing to ESGing you have a head start. Everybody (at least everybody I've ever met) ESG's, at least a bit, in the role-playing games they play. Not convinced? Think about how many male role-players choose to play female characters? Think of the last ten characters you 'rolled up'. How many of them were (through choice) of the opposite gender? Finally, how many players have you heard say "I play fighters or clerics because I can't handle magic users" or something similar?

Players modify their role-playing characters in tune with their own likes and dislikes. These desires and prejudices are the result of their own, real life, strengths and weaknesses. Look at some of people who play, say, *Cyberpunk*, then read the box synopsis—'Heavy metal heroes fighting for freedom with guitars...' See what I mean? 'Reality' and some of the gaming worlds are a lot closer than is often admitted.

### ESG scenarios and background

Pure ESGing can be very rewarding, but the games can be hard work for both the players and the GM. To make things easier, the players can work their way through situations from the real world, e.g., espionage or terrorist based games. A certain finesse is required, otherwise they could end up role-playing a trip to the supermarket. ESGing can go too far. So, if the GM wants to enable his players to enjoy ESGing, he needs to use the discipline of an existing rpg system to moderate events.

There are exceptions. I once ran a scenario based on Alan Garner's books 'The Wierdstone of Brisingamen' and 'The Moon of Gomrath'. These are fantasy adventures set in the real countryside outside Manchester. In the scenario (which had some 'semi-live' roleplay elements which I'll cover later) the three participants, dipped into





## RED GIANT

the magical (mostly celtic based) world of Garner's creation, armed only with their wits and a couple of "magical" items picked up along the way.

Other fantasy books that lend themselves to this sort of treatment are easily found: 'Elidor', also by Alan Garner, C.S. Lewis's 'Narnia' series and the works of Lovecraft, to name but a few. The list may not be endless, but there is enough source material to provide many an evening's gaming. Of course there are films, too, like 'Close Encounters' (good guys) or 'Invaders of the Body Snatchers' (bad guys).

The problem with playing in these 'super real' environments is that your players need 'an edge'. A little something to help them and the adventure develop. The alternative is too mundane—the first Orc/alien they meet chews them up.

For example, I played a game that involved being drawn, by magical means, into Tolkien's 'Middle Earth'. Four of us were sounded out by the GM as to whether we could invest time in an unspecified game. When we said yes, we made arrangements to meet at my home. On the night, without any preparation, we were flung headlong into an exciting campaign. We arrived in Middle Earth wearing the clothes on our backs, equipped only with our own 'natural' skills and the items in our pockets. A Swiss Army penknife may be a useful tool, but it's no match for a blackened iron scimitar wielded with great skill (great in comparison to our non-existent abilities) by an Uruk.

What we needed, just to stay alive, was 'an edge'. Fortunately, as the campaign progressed, we discovered we were not the only twentieth century humans to be drawn magically into Middle Earth. There was a fellow armed with a fully loaded AK47 assault rifle. Two clips of ammunition didn't go far, but they levelled the odds enough for us to survive some tight situations. True, this modern day, technological 'edge' might not appeal to all, but we could as easily have been befriended by a wizard. That would have mirrored the situation in 'Lord of the Rings'. Indeed, I think part of a reader's enjoyment of LOTR derives from the fact that Frodo and co are, like modern day people, totally unprepared for the adventure to come. They are ESGing for real!

To conclude, pure ESGing isn't necessarily restricted to the here and now. If you use a format like 'Dr Who' you are completely unrestricted. Finally, you need 'an edge' to survive. In 'Dr Who', for example, the Doctor's assistants' 'edge' is the Doctor himself.

There is an alternative to pure ESGing, as I mentioned earlier. Its called fudged ESGing.

## Fudged Environment Swapping Games

The essential difference between PESGing and FESGing is the treatment of player abilities. In PESGing a player's innate abilities are translated direct into the fantasy setting, with FESGing they are translated into equivalent skills for the game environment. My friends and I find this works best in an SF setting. Think about it—most of us have handled a firearm at some time, whether a cap gun, air gun or lethal weapon, few will have handled real edged weapons or long bows. And none of us have obvious magical skills. So, having said that, I'll use the SF genre for an example of fudged ESGing.

In the real world, a player is male, aged eighteen, with an 'ordinary' education. He holds a full driving licence but has little driving experience. He also has some knowledge of karate, knows how to point a pistol and gets motion sickness. All this data can be translated into the FESG world. The player is still eighteen with a 'regular' education. He can drive simple ground and grav vehicles, has some knowledge of unarmed combat, can handle simpler kinds of small arms and he gets space sick.

How do you 'translate' skills from the every day into the game environment? Personally I employ a very free and easy system, closest I guess to 'Traveller' (which I've played for many years) with some 'Mega Traveller' ideas, specifically the Universal Task Profile, bolted on. For me, the 'Traveller' system is an easy way to describe abilities and skills, you may prefer something different.

The 'Traveller' system generates abilities and skills using 2D6. The average is 7. Taking the player/character I mentioned earlier, he might be averagely strong for a person of his age, so he rates a 7. He's quite good at football and table tennis so rates an 8 for dexterity. He's also training to run in marathons, so his endurance is 9. He thinks he's bright and the GM can't be bothered to argue with him, so intelligence is estimated at 9. He's not outstanding academically, but he's still in education, so he rates 8. Finally, we consider his 'Social Standing', once again a subject for haggling, say 7 average. This player's profile looks like this:

**Str: 7 Dex: 8 End: 9 Int: 9? Ed: 8 Social Standing: 7**  
**7 = average. ? = GM to apply commonsense on this point.**

As in PESGing, this style of gaming requires honesty from both players and the GM. Its best suited to intense, atmospheric gaming sessions where the players and GM are known to each other. FESGing requires a bit of preparation, too. Players abilities have to be agreed, then quantified and translated in terms of the rules system employed by the GM. Inevitably, as the game progresses, things occur that neither players or GM expected. In one scenario



I played, I found myself in a physically restricting environment and remembered my claustrophobia. In consequence, the GM had to improvise die roll probabilities in order to moderate this novel situation. Like I said, you've got to play this sort of game with people you can trust.

The advantage of the FESG approach is players need no more 'edge' than beginning characters in regular RPGing. I play with a group of people who have a variety of interesting skills: One has a pilot's licence so can fly spacecraft. On the other hand he hasn't a driving licence, so another player drives ground vehicles. This seems reasonable, but we've drawn the line at beginning players with super computing skills when, in reality, the person only knows how to use a word processor.

Finally, Fudged Environment Swapping Games lend themselves to using published scenarios as the framework of the adventure.

## Live Role-Playing meets Environment Swapping

Of course, one way to determine the ability of a player is to test that ability. Here we stray into the world of live role-playing. First you can set up real world tests or observations. If you once witnessed a player picking up the front of an old car, taking the wheels clear of the ground, you might rate his strength 11 or 12. If you oblige the players to build houses of cards you can test dexterity. If you have an air rifle you can compare shooting abilities. With puzzles you can test intelligence, and so on.

The next, logical step, is to incorporate aspects of live roleplaying into the ESG. We did this in the scenario based on Alan Garner's books, which I mentioned above. My friends and I were going to visit the countryside setting of the books anyway, but in the week before our trip I converted an excursion into a scenario. Without informing my compatriots, I left mysterious parcels on their front doorsteps, in the dead of night, for them to discover in the morning. I envisaged these visitations as the work of some benign, non-player character. Remember, at this stage my friends weren't even aware of an impending 'mission'. One received a ring set in 'sandstone' (actually sand and PVA wood glue), another a scroll (with singed edges) and the last a small pottery bottle of 'elixir' (actually the liqueur Schnaps).

When we arrived at our hotel, we spent the first couple of days looking over the countryside. Then, on the second evening we played a game, employing the props the players had, sensibly, brought with them. Just for the fun of it, we wove the hotel manager into the plot. I'd decided the moment I met him, that he would make an excellent 'nasty piece of work' NPC!

As another example of LRPing meets FESGing, a friend

of mine ran a scenario based in a 'Star Wars' type environment. When the final, cataclysmic show down was due, he transferred the action from table-top to our local woods. We employed 'Laser Tag' equipment (safer than 'Paint Ball') and recruited other members of our club to act as storm troopers, dressed in white vac-formed masks and, where possible, white clothing.

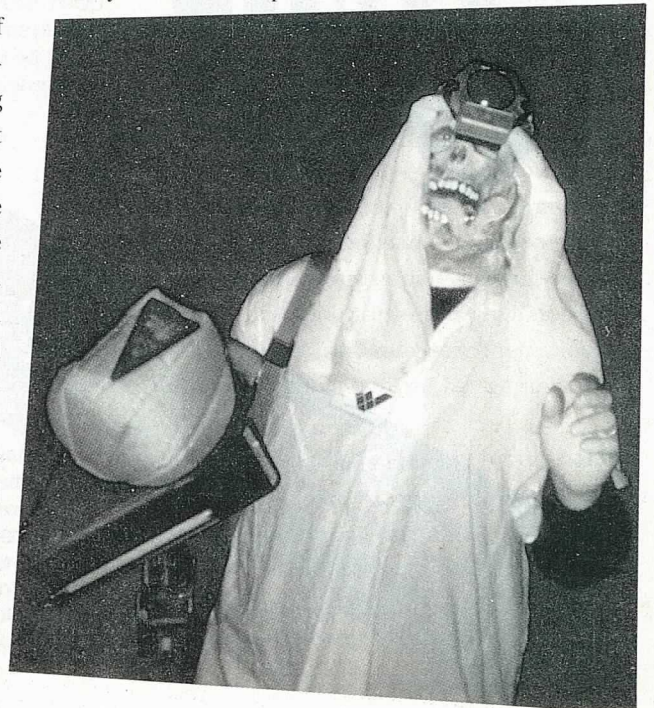
## Conclusions

Pure Environment Swapping and Fudged Environment Swapping games, add a new dimension to role-playing. They require both players and GMs to be honest, but then so do mainstream RPGs. Perhaps, they aren't quite suited to younger players though. After all most of the accomplishments employed in RPGs are acquired with age.

ESGing will never be a commercial proposition. What manufacturer is going to produce a rules system that basically allows a player to say (quoting a great twentieth century philosopher, Popeye) "I y'am what I y'am", because they aren't going to sell many game supplements, are they? (Point taken about supplements - but what about Steve Jackson Games' 'Killer', that verged on LRP/ESGing didn't it? Ed.)

However, for the older player who wants to add a new dimension to play; for the player who wants to react realistically or reasonably outside the bounds of a rules system, then ESGing should be tried. And you should try it, before you condemn it.

I mean who wants to play Orcs in Space anyway? (I do! Ed. Orc.) And more to the point, who the hell wants to actually be an Orc in space?









NORTH LONDON'S  
most completely stocked  
specialist  
Adult games shop

# LEISURE GAMES

AT

91 BALLARDS LANE  
FINCHLEY, N3

 081-346 2327 

OPEN 6 DAYS A WEEK 9.30am - 6pm (SAT - 5.30pm)  
MAIL ORDER WELCOME - SEND SAE FOR LIST  
ACCESS/VISA WELCOME




## A. Watts Games

*Northampton's largest Games Shop*

We stock Warlord, Games Workshop, TSR, Fasa, ICE, Palladium, Chaosium, GDW, Steve Jackson, Mayfair, R. Talsorian, Bard, West End and heaps more.

Figures by Warlord, Alternative Armies, Games Workshop, Marauder, Grenadier, Metal Magic, Ral Partha.

Mail order enquiries welcome.   
ACCESS/VISA accepted.  
Post and Packing: up to £15=60p, over £15=free.  
A. Watts and Sons Ltd, 80-82 Abington Street,  
Northampton. NN1 2BB.  
Tel. (0604) 21809.  
*Just ask for Uncle Tom or Worm.*



Some shops make outrageous claims.  
Some stock only a fraction of the range they advertise.  
Don't take our word for it—visit them, and us.  
You'll be amazed at the difference.

**OVER 50 DIFFERENT R.P.G.s. 750 MODULES, ADVENTURES ETC. 140 BOARD WARGAMES. 300 CLASSIC AND GENERAL GAMES. 20 DIFFERENT MAKES OF FANTASY & SCI-FI FIGURES. FULL RANGE OF OSPREY, W.R.G., AND ANSCHLUSS BOOKS.**

98 Station Street,  
**BURTON-ON-TRENT,**  
Staffs. Tel: 0283 511293  
Open Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5.

'Inshops' 68-74 Church Street,  
**CROYDON,** Surrey.  
Tel: 081-760 0078  
Open Mon-Sat 9-5.30  
(Late opening Tues + Thurs till Christmas)

Mail Order: Enquiries to the Burton shop, please. A phone call is best; ring just after 6pm for a cheap-rate call — we're usually still there. We can then post your goods straight away if you have an Access or Visa card, or reserve them for you pending the arrival of a cheque. If you prefer to write, please be specific about your area of interest. We can then give accurate details of relevant stocks. P+P is 10%, min 50p, max £2.50. Note that we do not put the price of our games up to subsidise the postage, neither do we advertise goods which are not held in stock.



# A GAME OF CHESS

**A Red Giant short story set in the world of Fantasy Warlord**

**by D.C. Pedgrift**

Thoric of Guithdyr is dead. I heard the news this morning from a traveller who lodged with us overnight. The manner of Thoric's passing recalled for me a story he once told, when, as a lowly scribe, I was entrusted to set down his saga for my predecessor. Michael, Abbot of Orchy.

One day, when I came to lord Thoric at the appointed hour, he was not sitting at the wide council table of the clan, but stood before the window gazing at the winter landscape. He remained, lost in thought, while I took up my customary place at the lectern, then bid me good day and told me to put away the manuscript of his saga and start afresh.

"Bartemas, set what I have to say in middle-tongue, not the high style of the saga. It will please me to make this record and will, no doubt, intrigue the good Abbot, your master".

He turned away from the window and I saw his noble warrior's brow was careworn, his eyes dark ringed. This was a new and brooding Thoric, not the commanding figure of our previous audiences. He waved impatiently for me to be ready, then began to pace the hall. Here is what he bid me write.

"Last night, at darkest hour, I had a seer's dream. A great beast sat on my chest, whether wolf or dog I cannot tell. It bore down on me, forcing the breath from my body. My hands clawed at a rough, matted coat as I tried to push the creature off. It was to no avail, for the thing merely stirred on its haunches, like a stubborn dog. In desperation I called for the servants, but no sound passed my lips. Panic, then gripped me, I a warrior used to comradeship in fear was alone and powerless. In that moment, I prayed, to the lord of the true faith, for deliverance.

My prayer was answered in its way, for the great burden suddenly left me, and a voice whispered in the dark close by, "Fear not Thoric Grimasson, for I am with you." Then the cock crowed and I knew the sun had returned.

It was not the lord of the true faith who spoke through the dark, but another. Many years ago, when I was the

young, new lord of the Eagle Clan, I first heard that voice. It was at the field of Cragmadon, where the free host scattered Shadreth the usurpers's goblin horde. You may know the saga of that day, but let me tell you what it was like for one who was there.

Lord Sigart manoeuvred Shadreth to Cragmadon moor, after the goblins had sacked fair Varnavon. His wily strategem placed the enemy against the marshes, atop a low ridge, with but one narrow way of escape to their left and right. Like a cornered wolf, Shadreth turned to face us boldly then.

On the eve of battle, Sigart bade us form our ranks into squares and build in the center bonfires of brushwood and any baggage we could spare. During the night, the goblin shamans sent phantasms against us, while Shadreth's convocation of magic-users plied us with whispers of alarms and treachery. Stubbold, their chief battle-wizard, conjured the north wind and sent it howling

through our ranks bearing sharp sleet. Yet we hunched resolute about our blazing fires, our battle magic fuelling the flames, while the monks of Bishop Yoris sang psalms.

At daybreak, under dark storm clouds, we rose to face the horde. Their lines, black, brown and yellow, spread over the ridge like a swarm of dung flies. Shadreth's retinue stood in the centre, as a bulwark, in shield wall.

Lord Sigart, rode out before us and gave this address:

"Look soldiers, before you are the scaly-skinned, night folk who have sullied your fair land. See in their midst the black banner of the goblin king and the cursed standard of Shadreth the usurper.

Clansmen, follow your lords and fight for the honour of your kin. Citizens, obey your guildmasters and do your duty. In after times the skalds will sing your feats of arms, done at Cragmadon Moor.

Now, let axes bite and arrows arch! Let spears strike hard! By the great god of the true faith, we will have victory



*Continued on p. 59*



# Escape To Arnesdon



A medieval table-top or role-playing campaign



by Gary Chalk

Escape to Arnesdon can be played by a small group role-playing, as a skirmish campaign or as a full blown battle campaign depending on the number of figures at your disposal.

The campaign was originally written for 'Retinue' medieval wargame rules, but, before you cast it aside with cries of 'never heard of Retinue!' read on. With just a little work you can alter things to suit the rules and figures available to you.

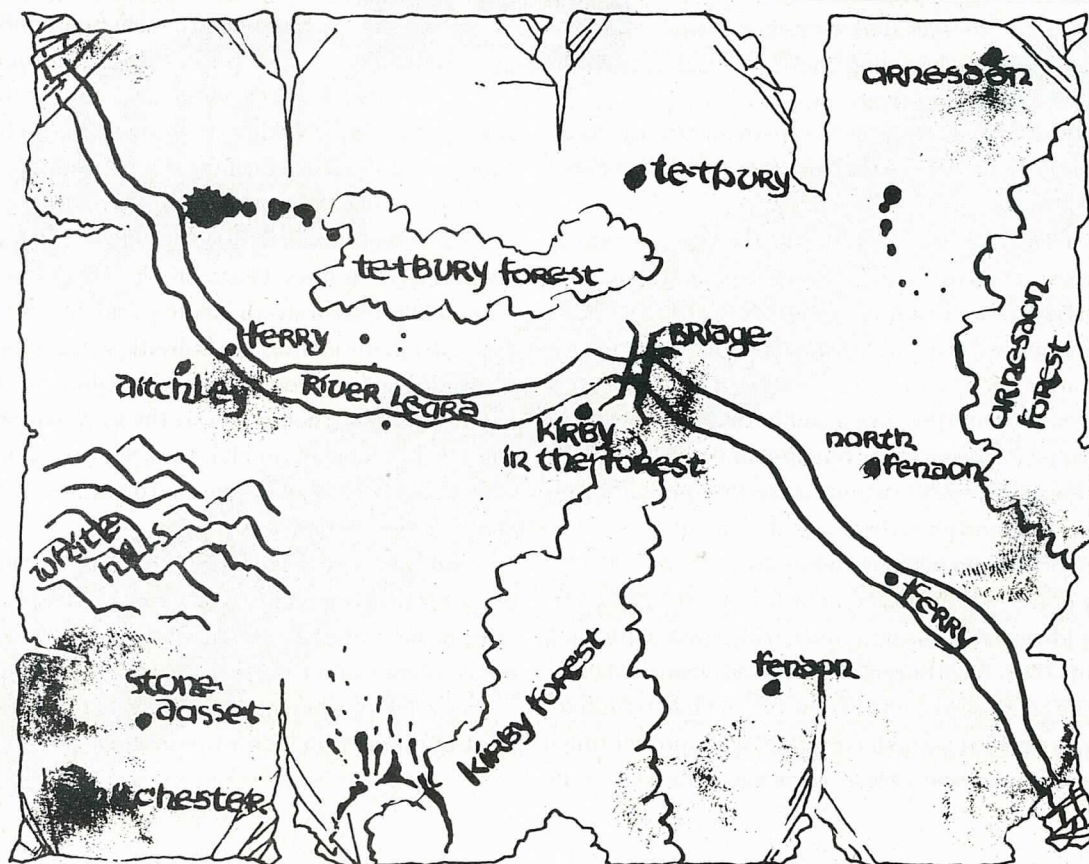
## An introduction for the players' ears

The year is 1247, the place old England. The barons, led by Geoffrey, Earl of Wessex, quarrelled with the King in March and returned to their lands to raise armies. During April and May, the rebel force campaigned through the King's lands. Crops were despoiled, villages burned and the forces of the King scattered. In June, the rebel's progress was blocked by the walled town of Whitcheater. A siege was begun, but ended quickly due to vile treachery. The Earl's men sacked Whitcheater on St Ninian's day.

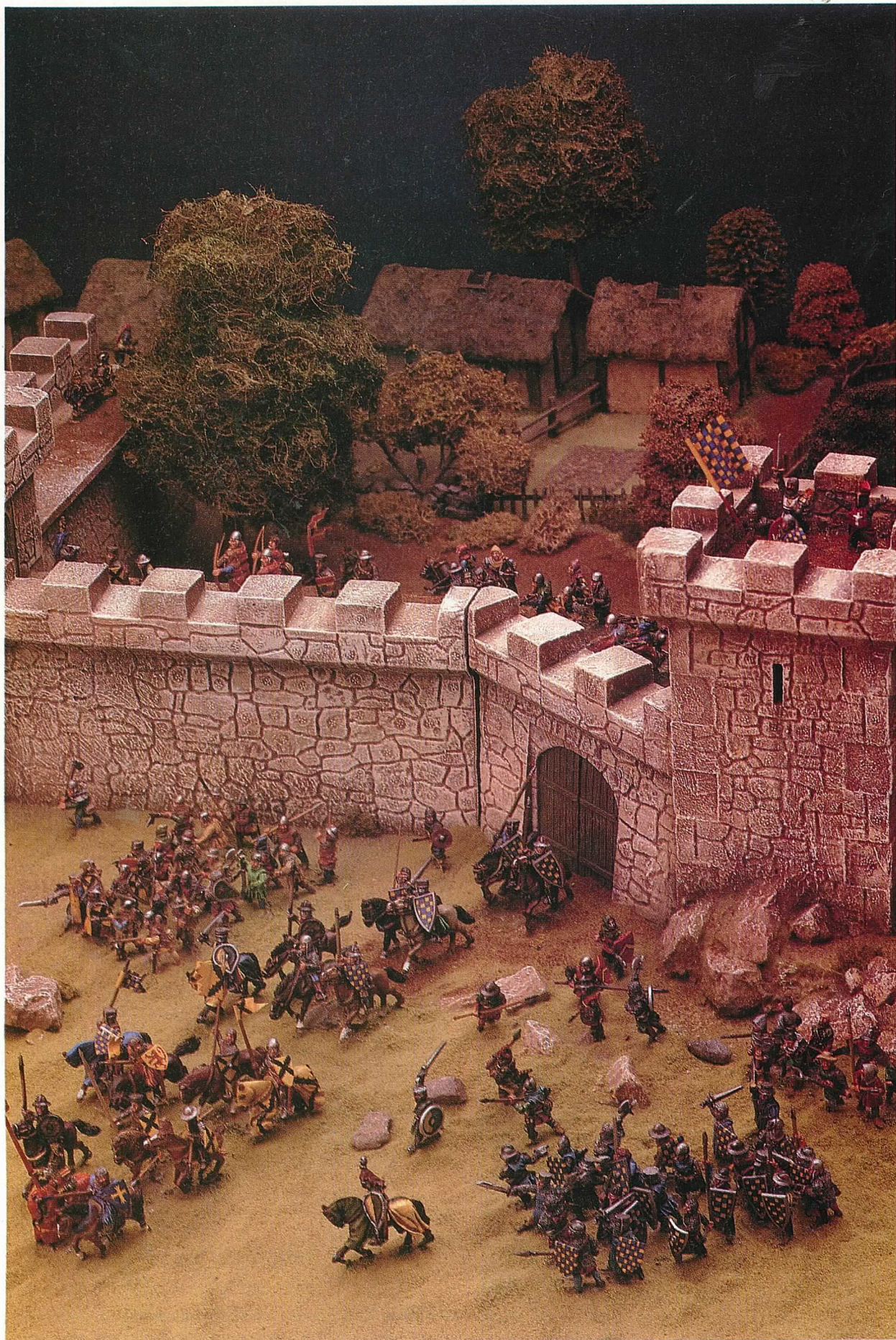
Having supported Earl Geoffrey, thus far, you have decided to quit his service, partly because you abhor the unchivalrous behaviour of the army, and partly because you have acquired some valuable booty. You have reliable information about an amnesty offered to knights deserting the barons' standard. There is also a strong rumour of the approaching King's army. It is said his force outnumbers the baron's and is some thirty miles away, to the north east, in the town of Arnesdon.

So, an hour before dawn, on June 15th, you, your retainers and a wagon quit Whitcheater. No-one sees you leave the place, for the Earl's guardsmen are drunk at their posts. The wagon contains, among other things, 500 gold talents, silverplate and costly ermine furs. Your guide, Thomas of Guisborough, has been to Arnesdon once before and has prepared a rough map of the area (See The Players' Map).

Players will also require a sheet of paper with a square grid for map-making. One square equals one English mile.









## ➤ For the Referee

### Numbers of troops

To enable you to alter encounters to suit the figures available, the following convention has been used: (4:1), etc. Where the first figure indicates the number of opponents in relation to the second figure which represents the player number. Thus (4:1) means the opponents have four figures for every one player figure.

The original 'Retinue' campaign involved three players, who took the parts of Lord Ferrers, Sir Guy de Harcourt and Sir Thomas Bullyn. Each possessed a retinue based on the following list:

- 1 x Lord in extra heavy armour (chain mail, helm, and plates for knees and elbows), armed with lance, sword and medium shield. Mounted on a warhorse (courser) with early horse barding.
- 1 x Knight in chain mail with helm, armed with lance, sword and large shield. Mounted on a courser.
- 2 x Sergeants in body chain mail or gambeson with open helmet, armed with a spear, sword and medium shield. Mounted on a horse (rounsey or nag).
- 1 x Mounted crossbowman in body chain mail or gambeson with open helmet, armed with crossbow, short sword and buckler. Mounted on a nag.
- 10 x Men-at-arms, in gambeson with open helmet, armed with polearms, short sword and large shield. Alternatively, substitute up to five troops armed with short bows or crossbows, short swords and bucklers.
- 5 x Peasants or servants, unarmoured, armed with cudgel or crude polearm.



Throughout the campaign, the players must decide which party leads, which follows and which is in the rear. They must also decide the wagon's position in the column.



**'The ferry at Ditchley be sunk.  
You won't cross there.'**

If you want to role-play the campaign, here are sample (1st level) AD&D stats:

#### Lord

Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
18	18	17	12	12	19	+3

Lawful neutral warrior. HP36. Plate mail AC2, medium shield. Hit prob. +1. Heavy horse lance (1D8+1). Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4 on foot). Dagger (1D4). Warhorse AC6, HP20.

#### Knight

Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
14	15	15	12	12	16	

Lawful neutral fighter. HP30. Chain mail AC4, medium shield. Heavy horse lance (1D8+1). Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4 on foot). Dagger (1D4). Warhorse, HP20.

#### Sergeant

Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
13	13	11	10	11	14	

Lawful neutral fighter. HP24. Gambeson AC6, medium shield. Light horse lance (1D6). Long sword (1D8). Dagger (1D4). Horse, HP



**Man-at-arms**

Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
12	13	11	9	9	9	

Lawful neutral warrior. HP24. Gambeson AC6. Bill-guisarme (2D4) or short bow (1D6) or heavy quarrel (1D4+1). Dagger (1D4).

**Peasant/Bandit**

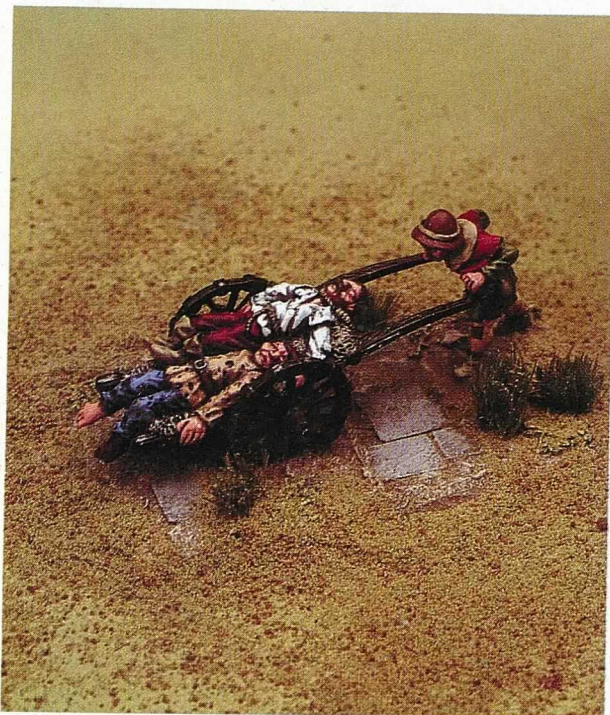
Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
10	12	9	9	9	7	

Lawful neutral or neutral warrior. HP21. AC10. Short bow (1D6) or pitch fork (1D6) or short sword (1D6) or club (1D6). Dagger (1D4). May also have a buckler.

**Bandit/Routier**

Dex	Str	Con	Int	Wis	Cha	Dam
12	13	10	10	9	9	

Evil 5th level warrior. HP23. Gambeson AC6. Broad sword (2D4) or short bow (1D6) or heavy quarrel (1D4+1). Dagger (1D4).



**Is there plague in Tetbury?**

**Time, speed and distance**

Inform the players of the following:

The party leaves Whitcheater at 3am. Sunrise is at 4pm. Sunset at 9pm. No-one travels at night or they will become hopelessly lost.

By road: A man on foot can travel at 6 miles per hour, a horseman at 8 miles per hour and a wagon at 4 miles per hour. Should the party decide to travel off the roads, all speeds are halved. map square is equivalent to 1 mile.

Wagons cannot be taken through forest or across hills, except by road. No-one can travel through marshes. Mounted men cannot travel through forest unless on a road.

**Rumours**

Use the following rumours as you see fit. These stories would have been circulating in the siege lines before Whitcheater or can be gleaned from peasants, etc, met on the road.

1. Its not worth deserting for there are bandits everywhere. Only yesterday a merchant caravan was ambushed and the pack ponies driven off.
2. The ferry at Ditchley has been sunk by the Earl's men.
3. There's a place round here called Fendon. Its not a place to tarry overnight. The inhabitants may pretend to be simple, but secretly they worship Old Nick and have strange powers.
4. Parties of the King's men have been seen foraging north of the river.
5. The plague has broken out in North Fendon.
6. Things will get worse before they get better.

Earl Geoffrey discovers the party has gone missing at 7am. He is furious, particularly since they've taken part of the Whitcheater civic treasury. A force is quickly organised to hunt the traitors down.

**Retinue 1** (1:1), led by Lord Baynard, travels north to Ditchley, where unless they contact the players, they become embroiled with revolting peasants and are out of the game.

**Retinue 2** (1:1), led by Sir James Cloveley, travels via Stone Dasset to Kirby in the Forest. It then goes north to Tetbury where, if no contact with the players is made, it retraces its steps to Whitcheater.

**Retinue 3** (1:1) led by Thomas, Lord Lovell, also travels via Stone Dasset to Kirby in the Forest. It then goes east along the north bank of the river to North Fendon, returning to Whitcheater via Tetbury and crossing the river at Kirby in the Forest.



## ➤ Campaign Encounters

### 1 Aged beggar

**For the players' ears:** There is an beggar leaning on a crutch by the roadside. As you come level, the fellow strokes his long white beard, bows low and grins toothlessly.

**For the referee:** This man is Lazarus, a spy/messenger for the bandits of Kirby Forest. If questioned by the players, he will inform them:

"The ferry at Ditchly be sunk, you won't cross there. Your best course is through Kirby forest. You can take either road, but I reckon the road to Kirby in the Forest is the right road. The village bridge is unguarded or was a few days past".

Whichever road the players choose, Lazarus informs the bandits accordingly. A nasty surprise awaits the players' party at encounter 2 or 3.

### 2 or 3 Ambush

**For the referee:** Regardless of the players caution they will not detect the ambush.

The road should be just wide enough for two men and the wagon abreast. The bandits have prepared a tree to fall across the road, after the players' party goes by. There is a 60% chance that it will fall, at right angles, straight across the road. If it fails to fall at right angles, roll 1D6. 1-3 means it falls to the left, 4-6 means it falls to the right. Roll 1D100, its result is the number of degrees of deviation from the correct line.

Set up the ambush force after the players have placed their forces. The Kirby bandits (1+4:1) have four more men than the players' party. They need not all be revealed at once. However, when you reveal a bandit's position, he will remain visible to the players' until he is either dead or





runs away into the forest. A bandit who runs away is out of the game. The bandits have surprise so are the only attackers in the first turn. The players' force can neither attack or defend during the first turn only.

Bandits should be peasants or low grade men-at-arms. To make them more of a challenge include four missile men (eg two with crossbow and two with short bows). The bandit leader is Guimar the bold. Their principle interest is the wagon. If your rules include morale, use it. If not the bandits melt away into the forest when they receive 30% casualties.

#### 4 Foraging party

**For the players' ears, if the foragers are travelling in the same direction:** Up ahead are three heavily laden wagons travelling in the same direction as you. There are four or five men-at-arms about the rear wagon. You can't see more.

**For the referee:** When the players get closer, tell them some of the other party look familiar.

**For the players' ears, if the foragers are moving towards them:** Up ahead you can see a mounted man, followed by a gang of men-at-arms. Behind the troops are three, apparently heavily laden wagons. You recognise the leader as Stephen the Sergeant. He's in the retinue of Earl Wessex.

**For the referee:** The foragers (1:3) are led by Stephen the Sergeant and five of them have short bows. They are loyal to the Earl of Wessex, but unaware of the players' desertion. If asked, they will offer the information that Ditchley ferry is destroyed. Of course, if the players attack this information won't be offered.

#### 5 Ditchley ferry

**For the players ears:** The village of Ditchley is at arms. Across the main track, the peasants have thrown a rough barricade. A group of ill-armed rustics gesticulate rudely as you advance.

**For the referee:** The ferry is beyond repair and much of Ditchley has been burnt in the recent fighting. The peasantry, recently suffered the depredations of the foraging party (4) and are in no mood to receive further strangers.

The Ditchley peasants (1:3) are led by John Ferryman. At least five peasants are armed with the short bow. Also present is Brother Gregory a wandering friar who will try to halt any conflict by parley.

If a parley succeeds, the peasants will tell the players the ferry is destroyed, they have no food or belongings and will fight to defend their village. The nearest river crossing is at Kirby in the Forest. This is all the information they have.

If the parley fails, the peasants will fight to keep the players out. If Brother Gregory is slain they will fight fanatically.

#### 6 Kirby in the Forest

**For the players ears:** The bridge is blocked by a cheval de friese (a movable obstacle consisting of a stout beam from which long, sharp spikes protrude to the level of a man's chest), and there is a stout palisade built across the street. A man you take for a sergeant waves you forward, but there seems to be furtive movement in the hovels to left and right.

**For the referee:** The Kirby garrison (1:3) is made up of men-at-arms, four of whom have crossbows. They are led by Richard the Sergeant. The Kirby peasants (1:3) are not allied to Richard, but will fight to defend their homes. Each hovel contains at least two peasants some of whom will be armed with the short bow. Roll 1D6. 5 or 6 indicates the presence of a short bow.

If the players try to bluff their way across the river, Richard will demand to see their pass. He may be illiterate, but he knows what the Earl's seal looks like.

#### 7 Fendon

**For the players' ears:** Before you is an ordinary village. It seems untouched by war. A pig roots beneath an apple tree and prosperous looking peasants are tending their crops. A thin man dressed in black approaches and says:

"Welcome to Fendon, good sirs, we've fine ales and good stabling, should you wish to stay the night."

**For the referee:** There is absolutely nothing mysterious about Fendon. The peasants (1:1) will be naturally cautious of the party. They know nothing about anything, except they are surprised the war has passed them by.

#### The Ferry

**For the players' ears:** The ferry barge is drawn up on the southern bank. There are a couple of men-at-arms seated outside the ferryman's cottage.

**For the referee:** The ferry guard (1:3) is led by Crispin the Sergeant. Four of his men have crossbows

Crispin, is pleased at this easy detail and unwilling to provoke conflict. If the players do nothing to rouse him he will let them pass unopposed.

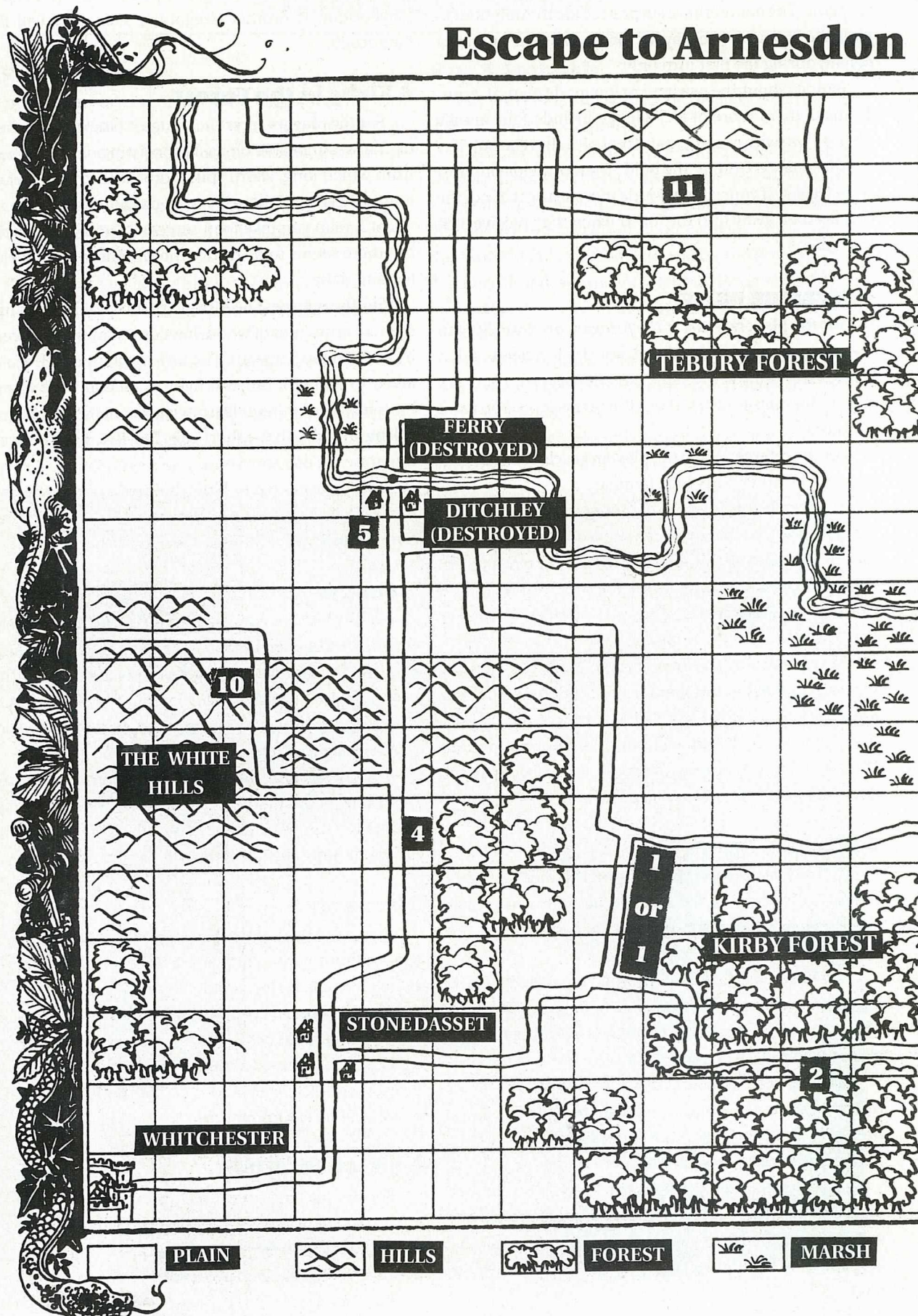
#### 9 Fellow fugitives

**For the players' ears:** Up ahead is a group of scruffy and weary looking fellows. They are gathered round a fire by the roadside next to a broken down wagon. As you approach the gang seem alarmed and stand to their arms.

**For the referee:** The fugitives (1:3) are led by Miller the

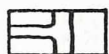
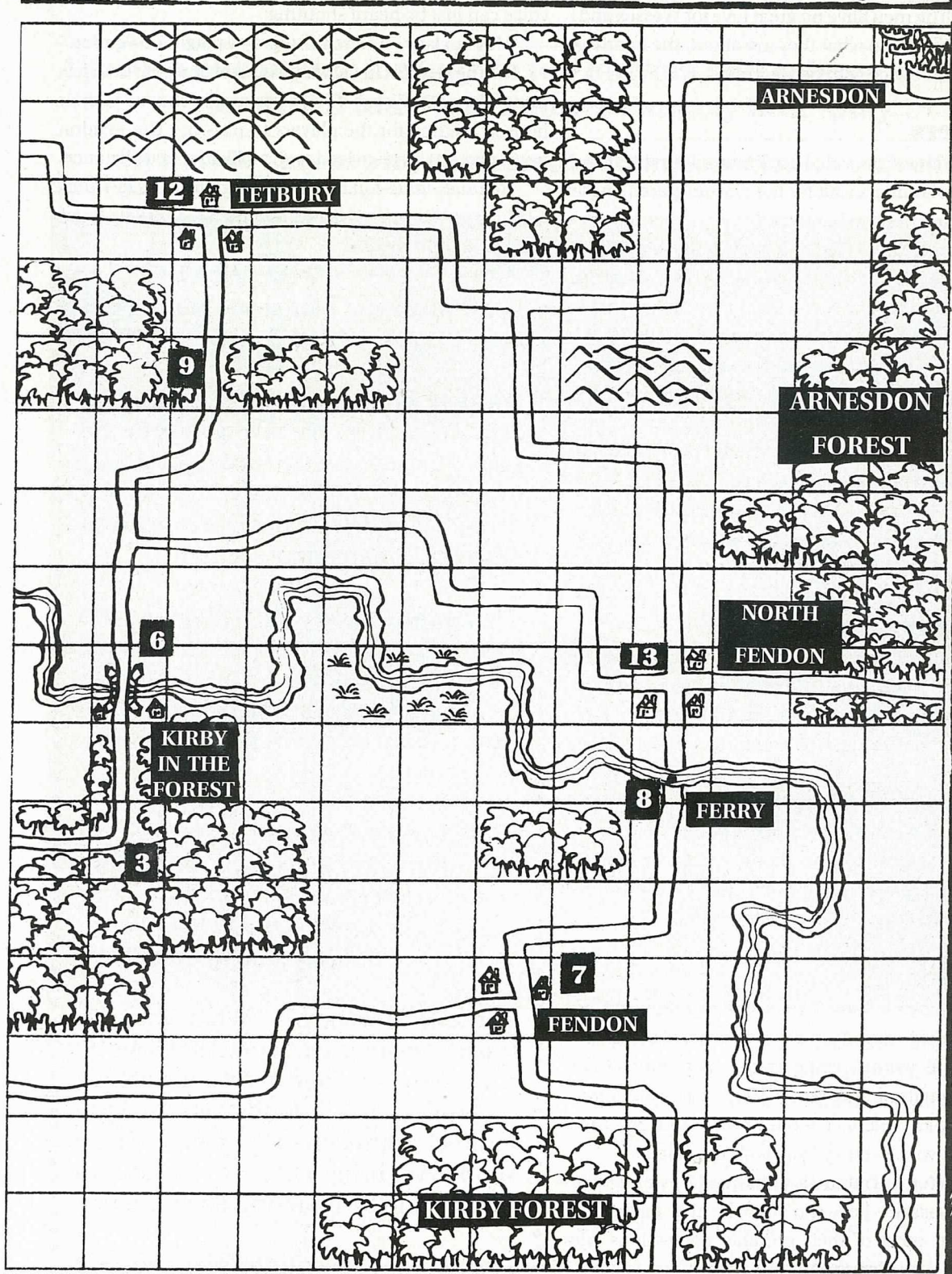


# Escape to Arnesdon





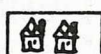
# Referee's Map



ROAD



RIVER



VILLAGE



WOOD



## RED GIANT

Sergeant. All are men-at-arms and two have crossbows. These men were in the service of de Harcourt's cousin, who was killed in a skirmish, three days ago. If de Harcourt is leading the players' party tell the player he recognises the fugitives. The men have no great love for Wessex and, if the players tell them what they are about, the fugitives will gladly take service with de Harcourt.

### 10 Routiers

**For the referee:** Concealed in rocks to either side of the road, a band of routiers wait for the players' party. These are ex-soldiers turned to banditry.

The routiers (2:3) are led by a man styling himself Sir William de Trie. His men are equivalent to men-at-arms, four have crossbows and one a short bow. Despite their strength, the routiers are most interested in seizing the wagon or taking knights prisoner for ransom. Nevertheless, if battle is joined they won't be discouraged until the fight goes against them.

As with the forest ambush, have the players lay out their force first. The routiers then set up, with all save ID6 men in view. The ambushers enjoy surprise. In the first round, only, the routiers attack. In the first round, only, the players' force can neither defend or attack.

### 11 Foragers

**For the players' ears:** Two overladen carts are swaying down the road towards you, escorted by men-at-arms.

Wait a moment, then tell them: The strangers have seen you and pulled the carts across the road, blocking your advance.

**For the referee:** The foragers (1:3) are in the King's service. Two of the men have crossbows and their leader is Gerald the Sergeant. If the players attack the foragers will fight. If the players parley and state their business, Gerald will offer to guide them to Arnesdon.

### 12 Tetbury

**For the players' ears:** Tetbury village appears deserted. There is no sign of people or livestock. As you come closer, an old woman staggers out of a cottage and mumbles something, before tottering back inside. Someone in your party claims the old woman is drunk, while another believes she cursed you with the plague.

**For the referee:** Tetbury is unharmed by war, but deserted. The peasants have run off to the hills, taking their livestock and most of their portable possessions with them. There is no plague here.

### 13 North Fendon

**For the players' ears:** As you enter North Fendon, a

peasant comes to the door of one of the hovels. He sways as if drunk, his eyes stare wildly and his face is covered with vile yellow pustules. A woman appears beside the man, drags him back inside and slams the door. A muffled voice can just be heard shouting:

'May our lady be merciful, there's a plague on Fendon.'

**For the referee:** In fact there is no plague, the man has Impetigo, a skin disease. The peasants are shut up in their houses, waiting for the players to pass by. The Fendon peasants (1:3) have no leader and will offer no resistance.

*'Retinue', table-top medieval wargame rules by David Cliff, are published by Tabletop Games, 53 Mansfield Road, Daybrook, Nottingham.*

## Look what you can read and play in future issues of Red Giant!

***Soldiers of Fortune***—Mercenaries in Science Fiction: We take a look at the role of mercenary forces and the motivations of the individuals concerned. Plus ***The Grand Order of Froth Blowers***, a mercenary scenario.

***The Rough Guide to Role-Playing***—We show you how to stay ahead of the game. How to be a better DM. How to surprise those players who seem to 'know it all'. How to stay awake in the boring bits. And more...

***Pillaging the Archives***—How to derive adventure situations from book, film and TV sources. Plus, we show you just how in ***The Case of the Yellow Veil***, a sinister scenario for ***Call of Cthulhu***.

***Tactical Strategems***—What you can learn from the great captains of history. How to surprise and overcome tedious table-top rules hounds. Master 'the indirect approach'. Campaigns made simple. We bring a host of new ideas to fantasy and SF table-top encounters.

**Plus** as many adventures, scenarios and stuff as we can cram in each throbbing issue of the big red one!



# THE SILVER MOON

**A tavern encounter for four to ten players and referee, with stats for AD&D and Warhammer Fantasy Role-play.**

**By Harold Cheese with photographs from Gary Chalk's collection**



## To the referee

This scenario requires a minimum of four players and a maximum of eleven figures. In order to open play according to the instructions for each character you should do the following:

1. All player characters start inside the inn. Allocate one figure to each player.
2. Do not provide a verbal description of which figure represents which character. Give each player a secret, written description of the figure that represents their character.
3. In the case of the characters Kretchmeir, Joachim Himpfel, Plumphole and Frau Himpfel, you must also write down a description of the figures they recognise:
  - Kretchmeir recognises Krankl.
  - Joachim Himpfel recognises von Nuln.
  - Plumphole recognises von Nuln.
  - Frau Himpfel recognises Plumphole and Lumilion.
4. If you have ten players, each can run one character. With only four players and a referee, these are the options:



## RED GIANT

- Players Control or  
von Nuln Von Nuln & Frau Himpfel  
Krankl Krankl & Ori  
Lumilion Lumilion  
Plumphole Plumphole & Runedim
- Referee Controls • Optionally Discard  
Frau Himpfel Joachim Himpfel  
Bemelmann Runedim  
Ori Kretchmeir  
Chaotic Imp

### Georg von Nuln: a mercenary captain

At last, after months of inactivity you've received a call for your services. A messenger of the Duke of Heroldsholm, called at your lodgings today and left this message:

'To von Nuln, esq.

Sir, your exploits are known to us. We are prepared to negotiate a valuable reward, in return for your services. Our agent, will bring a contract to the Silver Moon tavern, on the Altdorf road, this evening. At that time your duties will be described, together with the nature of the task we desire completed. Bring this letter with you as a means of identification.

Heroldsholm.'

You had better act with discretion until the agent is known to you. Naturally, you are curious to learn what task you will discharge. Press the agent for details.

#### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	68	35	5	4	6	29	2	38	32	35	31	24	30

Neutral human warrior. AP:1 body (leather jerkin). Bastard sword, initiative -10, damage +1. Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20, Pistol, 8/16/50, ES3, two rounds to load, one round to fire.

#### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
13	16	17	13	13	16

Neutral human warrior. (DA+2). AC8. Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4). Dagger (1D4). Pistol (MAA+1) (1D8) ROF 1/3, range S/M.

**Skills** — dodge blow, strike to stun, ride, read/write, consume alcohol. Speaks Old Worlder.

**Equipment** — powder flask, fifteen bullets and ten gold pieces on person. Horse. Saddle bags contain: 'Tellio's Complete Strategy' (book), map of the area with inn's location ringed in red.

### Kedzil Runedim a dwarf pedlar

Its been a lousy day. Fancy being cheated by an elf! Never mind, just ahead are the welcoming lights of an inn. The Silver Moon. Might as well have a decent meal and a flagon or two? Woe betide any elf who crosses your path tonight, he'll feel the rough edge of your tongue for sure.

Still after a good night's sleep you'll probably feel much better, besides you could always sell something to the innkeeper. Better make sure your packs are stored securely for the night.

#### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	48	21	2	4	8	16	1	21	53	30	53	47	39

Neutral dwarf rogue. AP:1 body (leather jerkin). Bastard sword, initiative -10, damage +1. Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20.

#### AD&D:

Str	Cex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	9	17	11	9	12

Neutral dwarf rogue. AC8. Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4). Dagger (1D4).

**Skills** — night vision to thirty yards, animal care, haggle, street fighting, secret signs of pedlars. Speaks Dwarf and Old Worlder.

**Equipment** — wears a golden talisman of Grungni (a





miniature pick on a neck chain), carries a pipe and pipeweed, and fourteen gold pieces. The pack ponies carry three saucepans, a frying pan, two pewter jugs, four hundred pins, eight small knives, six reels of ribbon and three bales of cloth. Also Runedim's personal possessions — a tinder-box, blankets, food and cooking utensils. Note: You hate goblins and are subject to animosity towards elves.

### Klaus Bemelmann a road warden

Recently, you were appointed warden for the Altdorf road. The Silver Moon is in your area, so, now you're off duty, you can call in and get to know the locals.

Nevertheless, road wardens are never really 'off duty', are they? Perhaps you will spot rogues up to no good, after all they won't know who you are. Better keep your eyes open and arrest anyone who looks suspicious. By acting decisively now you could save yourself a lot of trouble later.

As the Chief Warden told you, 'Without our tireless work the highways would soon be impassable to honest folk'.

#### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	45	38	3	4	5	27	1	36	37	35	27	34	29

Lawful human ranger. AP:1 body (breast plate). Rapier, initiative +20, damage -1. Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20. Pistol, 8/16/50, ES3, two rounds to load, one round to fire.

#### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
11	12	14	10	9	14



Lawful human ranger. AC6. Rapier (1D6). Dagger (1D4). Pistol (1D8) ROF 1/3, range S/M.

**Skills** — ride horse, read/write, move silent (rural). Speaks Old Worlde. Carries official warrant with seal and four gold pieces. Horse. Saddle bags contain: powder flask and twelve bullets, thirty feet of rope, bottle of brandy, blanket roll, tinder-box and three days supply of food. Note: You are a little too suspicious and do everything 'by the book'.

### Ori son of Malin a librarian and relic keeper

What joy! You've just managed to negotiate the purchase of a curious bottle from a drunken sailor. The fellow told you he found the bottle sticking out of a mudbank in some insect-haunted port of the new coast. Your master, Lord Ruri, will, no doubt, be very pleased to add it to his cabinet of curiosities at Horndim Hold.

Isn't it strange how the bottle's contents keep shifting? It looks like ink or something, beneath the thick green glass. Never mind, the bottle can wait, what you really want is a clean room, some decent food and good wine.

The Silver Moon seems to be a decent sort of inn, but you never know what could happen, do you? Its a long time before the Altdorf coach arrives tomorrow morning. Better keep the bottle with you at all times, just in case.

#### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
3	41	25	3	4	7	20	1	24	66	36	66	70	35

Neutral dwarf academic. Dagger.

#### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	8	16	14	10	10

AC10. Dagger (1D4).

**Skills** — write/read, dwarf heraldry, cryptography, etiquette. Speaks Dwarf, Arcane Dwarf and Old Worlde. Carries a curious antique bottle (very fragile) and eight gold pieces. Valise (in room) contains a boring book on dwarf heraldry and geneology, a writing case with pen, ink and parchment, and fresh clothes. Note: You hate goblins and are subject to animosity towards elves.

### Dieter Kretchmeir a bounty hunter

A short while ago, you were riding down the Altdorf road, when you spotted a fellow who seemed familiar. He



## RED GIANT

slipped into the Silver Moon inn.

You cannot be sure, but you think the man is a smuggler. His name is Krenkl or Gengel and he dropped out of sight a few years back. Perhaps he's up to his old tricks?

Now, if you go into the Silver Moon, you could keep an eye on the suspect. If he acts suspiciously you can arrest him. Better make sure you take him alive though! It would be embarrassing to arrest the wrong man, besides which, the fugitive you recall was worth more alive than dead.

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	45	38	3	4	5	27	1	36	36	37	32	24	30

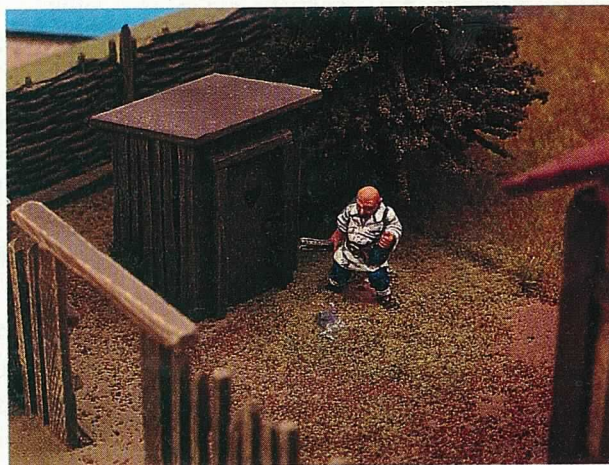
Neutral human ranger. AP:1 body (mail shirt). Bastard sword, initiative -10, damage +1. Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20. Small crossbow, 32/64/300, ES4, one round to load and one round to fire.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	14	14	12	18	16

Neutral lawful ranger. AC7. Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4) Crossbow (1D4) ROF 1/1. Dagger (1D4).

**Skills** — read/write, silent move (rural), lasso, follow trail. Speaks Old Worlde and Common Tongue. Carries six gold pieces. Horse. Saddle bags contain: ten crossbow bolts, thirty feet of rope, a net, three pairs of manacles, blanket roll, bundle of wanted posters and tinder-box.



## Walter Krankl – a spy

Earlier today the Master Inquisitor informed you:

'Agent Krankl,

The Duke of Herroldsholm intends to secede from the Imperium! He seeks foreign alliances and, using the wealth of the Duchy's lead mines, he plans to raise an army of mercenaries.

This night, the Duke's agent will consort with a mercenary captain, at the Silver Moon inn, on the Altdorf road. Little is known of the Duke's agent, save the person is not of human kind.

You seem a resourceful fellow and your former career, smuggling I believe, made you both ruthless and resolute. I will have the mercenary captain's contract of employment — I care not by what means it is acquired. It will prove the Duke's treachery. Get the document for me."

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	32	33	4	4	6	60	1	37	27	29	35	30	29

Neutral human rogue. AP:1 body (mail shirt). Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20. Three throwing knives, 4/8/20, ES6. Load and fire one round.

N.B.: One knife is inscribed with a rune of return.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
11	16	12	14	12	10

Neutral human rogue. AC7 (DA-2). Dagger (1D4). Three throwing knives (MAA+1), (1D3), ROF 2/1.

**Skills** — drive cart, row, silent move (urban), cryptography, pick lock, flee and read/write. Speaks Old Worlde. Mail shirt is under waistcoat. Carries twenty gold pieces and one dose of potion of flight.



## Chaotic Imp

If the relic keeper's bottle is broken or opened an imp will be released. The creature will expand in size to the same, apparent, mass as a dwarf adult.

For six hundred and seventy-four years, the imp has been imprisoned in the bottle. The creature is very angry. It will do anything to annoy. A favourite tactic is to get up high and hurl abuse down on the heads of those below. It will also throw any loose objects to hand.

There is only one way to tempt an imp into a bottle: By someone informing it they don't believe it could possibly fit into such a small space. The imp will desire to prove it can, which gives the person an opportunity to stopper the bottle.

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
6	25	40	2	3	10	69	2	36	15	20	24	20	0

Chaotic reptiloid imp. Moves: Cautious 12, standard 24, run 96. One claw and one tail lash.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
12	18	—	8	—	—

Chaotic. AC10 (DA-4). Claw (1D6). Tail lash (1D4). Throw object @ +2.

**Skills** — dodge blow, scale sheer surface, night vision (8 ins). Speaks Old Worlde, Dwarf and Elf.

## Joachim Himpfel an inn-keeper

You've built a good life for yourself at the Silver Moon: Good custom, law abiding regulars and a tidy sum in your strong box. It all makes a pleasant change from the rigours of a mercenary's life. Nevertheless, even though ale and good food have taken their toll, you practice with the bow. There's also a 'persuader' behind the bar for anyone who gets too rowdy.

Its quite a good night, tonight; an elf's come in who can play the lute and sing. They may be a shifty folk, but a good sing along in return for a meal is bound to be good for business.

Hello, here is someone who seems familiar. Wasn't he a mercenary too? Of course its Georgi. What's he doing here? Do you really want mercenaries as customers?

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	30	39	5	5	6	33	1	26	29	35	37	31	29

Neutral human inn-keeper. Dagger, initiative +10, dam-

age -2, parry -20. Club (under bar), initiative -10, damage -2, parry +10. Repeating crossbow (under centre of bar), 32/100, ES1, one round to fire two shots, ten shot magazine, eight rounds to refill.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
11	12	14	10	10	14

Neutral human. AC10. Dagger (1D4). Club (1D6). Repeating crossbow (1D4), ROF 2/1, ten shot magazine, eight rounds to reload.

**Skills** — strike to stun, disarm, dodge blow and consume alcohol. Speaks Old Worlde. Money box under bar contains ten gold pieces. Note: You are easy going, but firm when necessary.

## Frau Himpfel a cook

The Silver Moon is successful through your hard work. If everything was left to your husband, Joachim, the place would be a mess. No, success depends on the lash of your tongue and, when necessary, the back of your hand.

The regulars are a good lot, but you'll stand no nonsense. Having said that, there's Plumphole the halfling. He's bound to get drunk and rowdy. Oh dear, that elf, Joachim invited to play, has started picking his lute. If there is one thing you can't abide its elves and lute music.

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	30	29	5	4	5	37	1	27	35	35	32	29	33

Neutral human cook. Kitchen knife, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
9	15	10	12	12	12

Neutral human. AC10 (DA-1). Dagger (1D4). Soup ladle (1D3).

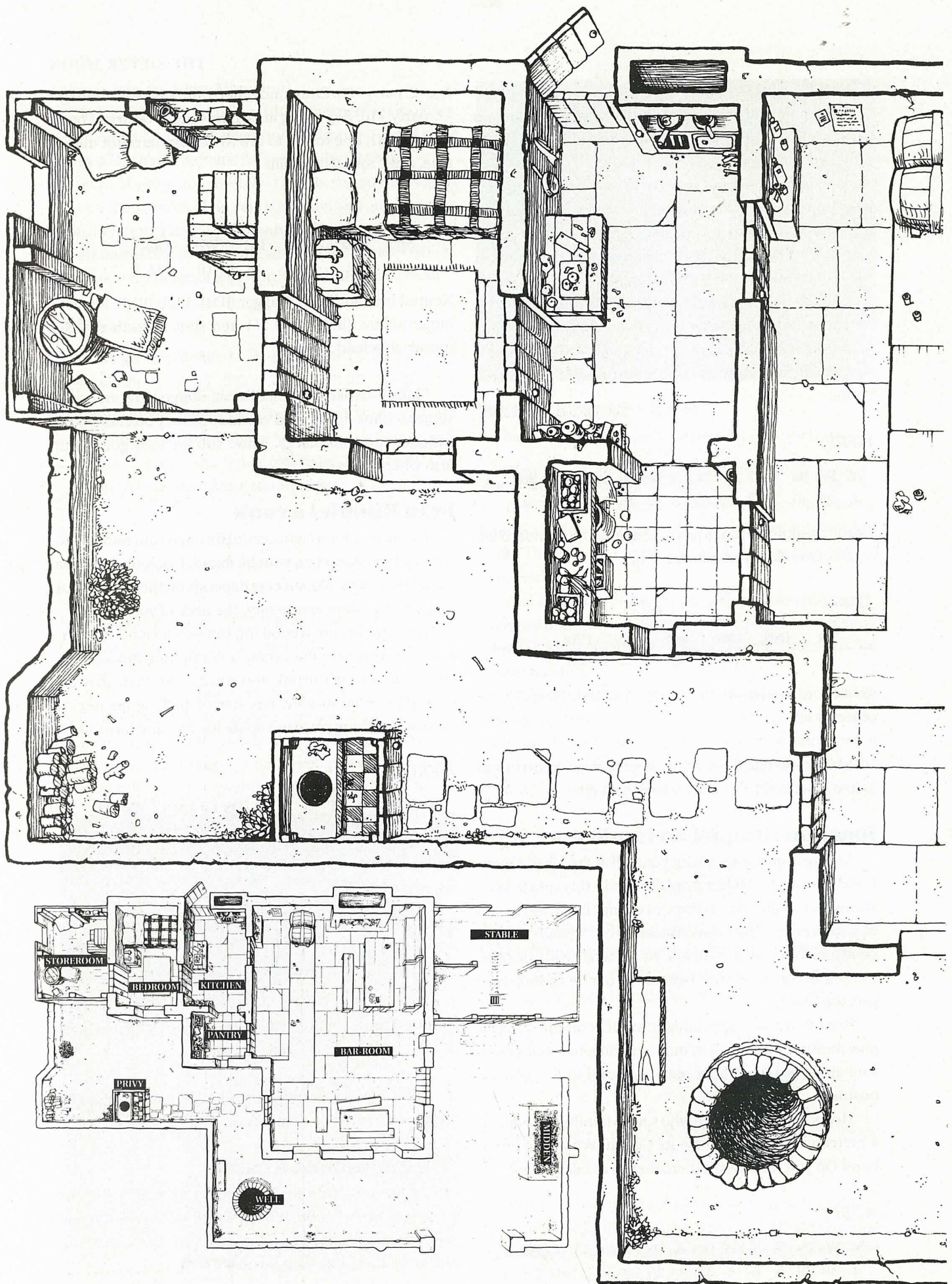
**Skills** — cook, strike to stun, dodge blow. Speaks Old Worlde. Carries two gold pieces.

## Stig Plumphole a carter

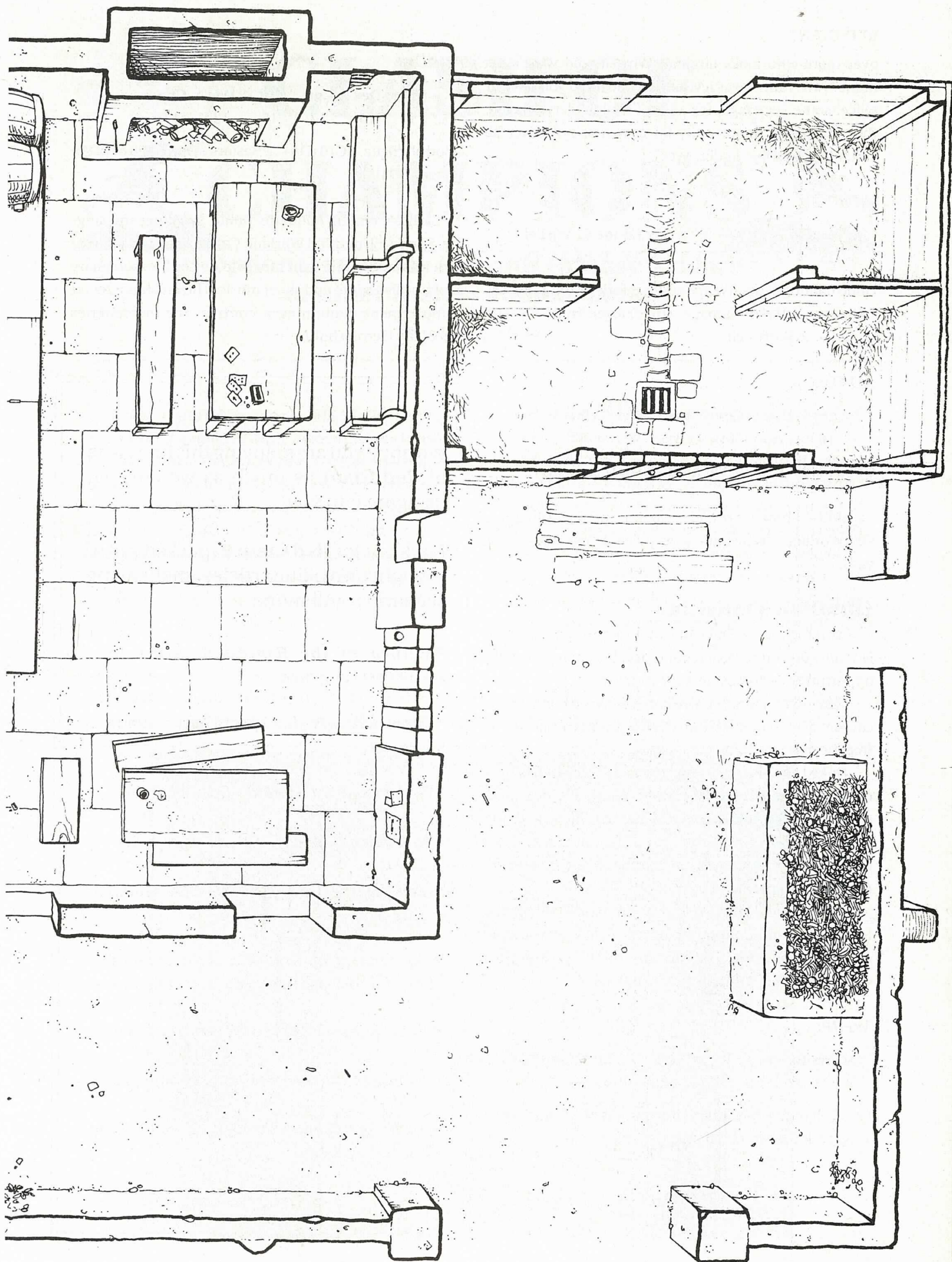
It's been a hard day. Time to let off steam in your 'local', the Silver Moon. What's this then? You've opened the door to find a fat dwarf sitting in your favourite chair and an elf throttling your favourite song.

Hello. Its a strange old night, tonight. There's a fellow











## RED GIANT

over there who looks familiar. Why, its old what's his name? von Num or was it von Nuln? He hired you once or twice, some years ago, for a bit of skulduggery. Maybe, there's another opportunity for easy money? Better be careful, he may be 'undercover'.

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
3	25	34	2	2	9	50	1	29	24	29	24	43	43

Good halfling ostler. Weapons: Pitchfork (count as spear), initiative +10/+20, damage +10; Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, Parry -20.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
10	11	14	8	8	8

Good halfling. AC10. Pitchfork (1D4). Dagger (1D4).

**Skill**—animal care and drive cart. Speaks Halfling and Old Worlder. Carries one gold piece. Horse and cart in yard.

## Lumilion a musician

Working for the Duke of Heroldsholm is an easy life. Not only do you receive regular pay, but there is also the opportunity to do business for yourself.

Take this evening, you've got to deliver a contract to a captain of mercenaries, but while you wait you can earn a free meal in return for a few songs.

Duke Heroldsholm wants to raise a force of five hundred mercenaries. Tucked inside your shirt is a purse containing fifty gold pieces. The money will be an initial payment to the mercenary captain, in return for his mark on a contract of employment. The document is safe inside a hidden compartment in your lute.

Now, if only you knew what the mercenary captain looked like, you could enjoy your meal. At least you know his name, von Nuln. The captain couldn't possibly be a dwarf, could he? You can't stand dwarfs.

### WFRP:

M	Ws	Bs	S	T	W	I	A	Dx	Ld	Int	Cl	Wp	Fel
4	34	39	2	3	5	67	1	39	38	46	51	42	40

Good elf rogue. Bastard sword, initiative -10, damage +1, Dagger, initiative +10, damage -2, parry -20.

### AD&D:

Str	Dex	Con	Int	Wis	Cha
11	16	14	15	12	17

Good elf rogue. AC10 (DA-2). Bastard sword (1D8 or 2D4). Dagger (1D4).

**Skills**—charm, etiquette, public speaking and singing. Speaks Elf and Old Worlder. Carries one gold piece of own money and purse of fifty gold pieces for mercenary captain, also a lute and sheet music. The lute has a secret compartment containing a contract for mercenaries signed by Heroldsholm.

We hope you are enjoying this first issue of **Red Giant** as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you!

Look out for **Red Giant 2**, packed full of thought provoking articles, challenging scenarios, and more:

- **Return of the Repressed**—AD&D and Runequest campaign
- **Brymstonebits**—floor plans, background and adventure
- **Serb Cravatte Cosmic-I**—Solo scenario
- **Forbidden Gateway**—Cthuloid scenario
- **Bring me the Head of Diego G-CYA**—Paranoia scenario
- **Mercenary Captains**—Background and situations for role-play and table-top encounters
- **Metal Shop**—Figure conversion made simple
- **Naming Names**—For characters and places
- **Scabrous Sconti's Stronghold**—Fantasy table-top skirmish



# CLASH OF CHAMPIONS

Optional rules for use with Fantasy Warlord  
or other fantasy combat games

By Ian Bailey

*"In their rapid advance across the plain, the elven cavalry raised a cloud of dust, as dense as the heaviest mists which shroud the high peaks of Dol-Vallendur; a mist which brings joy to the thief and fear to the heart of all shepherds. As the elven troops neared the still lines of the army of Ambork, they drew to a halt and silence descended. As the billowing dust began to settle, first the battle flags of the elven lords appeared, then a sea of spear points, then the serried ranks of armoured soldiers.*

*Suddenly a great cry leapt from the elven host, as the mighty Elberon rode forward. His blue cloak streaming behind him and his gem encrusted armour glittering through the dust. A long sword hung from his saddle and in his hand he held a mighty spear, tipped with a glowing serpent blade. As he reached the mid-point between the armies, his horse reared into the air, and brandishing his spear, he shouted a challenge to the champions of Ambork, defaming their character, deriding their ancestors and daring them to step forward and meet him in single combat."*

**In the no-man's land between the armies, the heroes pair off. Some are already engaged in combat, while others hurl insults.**





## RED GIANT

Heroes are generally braver than the average person and their followers expect them to prove it from time to time. It is on the Field of Honour, before a battle starts, that heroes have their best chance to show-off their strength and skill. They do this by advancing in front of the army and challenging the enemy heroes to single combat. Should the foe refuse the challenge, they are immediately marked down as miserable cowards and the challenger's reputation is enhanced. Should they accept, then a single combat will take place between at least two champions, to decide the question of honour between the sides. The outcome of that fight, will embolden the minds of the winning side and strike fear into the hearts of the losers.

Clash of Champions is an optional set of rules, for use with *Fantasy Warlord*, that allow your characters to behave like real heroes (or cowards). It may also be used with other games such as *Bladestorm*.

When troops are deployed on the wargames table and ready for battle, any Warrior Heroes, Warrior Priests, Thieves or Discipline Masters who are not designated as a general, may challenge characters in a similar position on the opposing side to single combat.

Magic-users, Priests and characters designated as generals cannot be challenged or make a challenge. Brigade commanders who make a challenge, or accept one may temporarily leave their brigade for the Field of Honour without breaking the brigade structure. Armies defending fortified positions cannot be challenged but are free to make a challenge!



## Making and Accepting Challenges

A hero who wishes to challenge the enemy, announces his intention once all the soldiers have been placed on the battlefield. He does this by saying "I challenge your heroes to meet me on the Field of Honour!" and then adding as many insults, slurs and incitements as he can imagine. As many heroes from each side can make challenges as the players wish, but always subject to the provisos listed above.

Should the opponent decline all challenges, then the morale of the challenger's army soars, and it gains a +2 morale modifier for the entire length of the following battle.

If the opponent accepts one, some or all of the challenges, then both sides advance those heroes they possess who wish to enter the Field of Honour, into the no-mans land between the armies. The heroes may use Double movement until they are within 50 cms of the nearest enemy unit and from then on must use Normal movement. The antagonists will remain at least 10 cms apart near the imaginary mid-line between the opposing forces. While the heroes are waiting for all those characters who wish to participate to reach the midline, they may vie for position, in an attempt to gain an advantage from the terrain etcetera.



## The Rules of Engagement

During the Challenge of the Champions there is a temporary truce between the armies. This means troops armed with missile weapons do not seize the opportunity to use the opposing heroes for target practice. It also means that all units remain stationary during the fight(s).

Each hero will fight one of the champions who has advanced on the opposing side. Heroes are paired off one at a time in the following way. The player who initiated the challenge, must offer one of his heroes first and then the other player may choose which of his heroes, within 30 cms of the challenger, he intends to accept the challenge. While he has heroes free and within range, the commander who has been challenged, must allocate one of his heroes, or his side is deemed to have lost the challenge immediately and his opponents army will gain a +2 morale modifier for the rest of the battle. If the challenged party has no hero within 30 cms of the challenger, that particular hero's challenge may be ignored and the challenger must present his next hero. This process continues until one side has no more heroes to allocate, and at that point all further challenging stops. In the case of heroes who have no opponents within range of the enemy—they are deemed to have missed the fight and must watch from the sidelines. If one side has more heroes than the other, the extra characters must move at least 10 cms away from the nearest fight and watch with the rest of their army.

All fights are on a one to one basis and other characters are not allowed to interfere, unless their hero is seriously wounded (the definition of what is and is not a serious wound, is of course mentioned on the character hit tables). In which case a second hero can charge into the fray to rescue him and the victor who caused the wound is free to retire with his honour intact. The rescuing hero, is not allowed to pursue or attack the winning champion if he chooses to retire. If there is no rescuing hero the survival of the victim is in the hands of his conqueror. Suffice to say the result is usually terminal for the victim.

During the challenge no magic spells can be used, though magic weapons and their powers are permitted.

When each fight has been fought to a conclusion, the survivors have three consecutive turns of movement to return to their troops; before any other units can move and the normal battle can commence. Any heroes who are brigade commanders who fail to return to the correct brigade structure (i.e. to be within 5 cms of at least one unit in their brigade) within the three moves, automatically lose control of the brigade. From that point on the character will only be able to use direct control. The brigade structure will also collapse if the brigade commander has been killed on the Field of Honour.



**"Step forward so that I might spill your guts and let you read your fortune in them..."**



## RED GIANT

### Assessing the results

When all the fights have been fought to a conclusion, add together the number of heroes on each side who have been slain or seriously wounded. The side with the greatest number is deemed to have lost the challenge. If both sides losses are equal, then they are both free to quit the field with honour and have three turns to return to their troops before the main battle commences.

If one side is declared the winner, then the margin he has won by becomes a minus morale modifier that will afflict all the enemy's troops for the rest of the battle!

### Dark Treachery

Heroes who owe their allegiance to the Light or the Equilibrium will not even dream of breaking the rules of engagement, but those who follow the Dark may consider such a move, if they can see some advantage in it. However, those who choose the path of treachery, should be warned that as soon as the truce or any of its rules are broken, the armies on each side are no longer bound and may immediately advance into the fray.

Dark treachery must always involve a character. For instance, a character who has held back may command his unit of archers to fire on one of the enemy heroes. A Magic-user or priest may cast a spell, or heroes standing on the sidelines may decide to add their weight to a fight that is not going as well as expected.

However, treachery has its price. The side that breaks the treaty will incite its foe and as a result, every one of the enemy's units, characters and monsters will gain a +2 combat modifier, in the first round of combat each one is involved in.

### Sample Insults

- Is that your face or a boil? Step forward and I will lance it with my trusty spear.
- Your teeth are like stars they come out at night—and even faster when I shove my hammer down your throat.
- Is this the slime from my nose I see before me? Can this dribbling mass of filth really be an army? Is there one among you who can walk in a straight line and think, or are you all just vegetables ready for the harvest?
- Your soldiers are like a stream of piss as they flee before our swords. We spit on you!

- By the gods you look a cowardly skulking lot, unfit for a hero to meet in battle. Is this all your misbegotten nation can field? Snivelling, spotted, bandy legged curs?
- I've seen more muscle on one of my green bogies.
- Step forward so that I might spill your guts and let you read your fortune in them.
- Yarrgrhh! Here is the head of one of your race, and here is an eye I pluck from the skull! Eat this and it may see you through the day. Step forward and I will drench you in your own blood.
- If any of you have a brain come forth, so that I might examine it and then show it to your friends.
- What is this I see before me? Its armour is dull, its clothing ragged and its weapons scullion's tools. What misbegotten filth are you? Could slugs have really grown legs' that you now walk instead of crawling? Kneel before your masters and cry for mercy, lest I ride among thee and cut you down to the slime from which you grew!
- 'Eee, it's turned out nice again...'
- I see there are no trees here, elven scum. Still they made good toothpicks, while they lasted. I am of the fighting Uruck Kar! Step forward so that I might have something to relieve my bladder against.
- You came for land and here you will find it! To each of you I offer six feet of good soil that you can lie in!
- Who dares stand against the brave, the bold, the magnificent Champion! Before me are only whelps and curs.
- I shine like the moon and dazzle like the sun! Who among you dare challenge a demi-god such as I?
- Engraved upon my breastplate are the names of those champions I have vanquished. Step forward and be added to the roll!



# SUNSTROKE

---

A scenario for a small unit of Space Marines, opponents and referee,  
with stats for Laserburn and Warhammer 40,000

---

By Rowena Bell

---

Lukaas (population 3.2 billion) has an eccentric orbit, but its sun is a slow variable. As the planet approaches, the star dims; as it moves out again, the star flares up with renewed energy. Seasonal variations are extreme but survivable.

This situation isn't natural. Five thousand years ago the rhythm of pulsation changed, and the climate became much more variable. Tech-Priest astronomers were brought in to advise if the planet should be evacuated; a year later they detected strange force field energies surrounding the star. After a few months the star was back in its old rhythm. These events have recurred four times over the intervening millennia. Archaeologists have found evidence that the Ancient Slann had a small colony on Lukaas, a scientific outpost conducting an experiment too dangerous for any inhabited systems. It was abandoned when the Slann withdrew from the galactic scene.

Putting these facts together, the Adeptus Mechanicus have guessed that the Slann were experimenting with control of solar reactions and modified the star in some unknown fashion.

Five weeks ago an unidentified spacecraft landed in the woods west of Speelburg, a minor equatorial city. By the time marines and local militia arrived, it had taken off, leaving an impenetrable force field covering the woods. Ten days later the sun suddenly flared, doubling its normal seasonal brightness. Temperatures are already much higher than in any previous cycle, with no sign of relief.

Last week the force field cracked under bombardment, revealing a burnt-out generator (type unknown) and a huge crater. A tunnel burrows deep down below the woods. At the bottom of the shaft is an Ancient Slannish teleporter with features that imply extraordinary range and power. The only control seems to be a preset timer. It transmits once every 27 days at noon. It is about to transmit again.

If the star doesn't stabilize, Lukaas will be uninhabitable within 100 days. The oceans will boil, forests will burn, and the atmosphere will become a searing mix of

unbreathable gas. There won't be time to evacuate any significant proportion of the population.

## The Little Sisters of Purification

The Sisters are one of several female Chapters of Imperial Space Marines. They trace their lineage back to the dawn of the Empire. The whole Order is steeped in ancient ritual, though not to the extent of the Adepta Sororitas; members adopt new names and swear vows of chastity and obedience to the Emperor, but they are primarily Marines, not priestesses.

The Order's insignia is a mailed fist upholding a short sword, superimposed on the circle and cross of femininity. Armor is black with white insignia. The Order's motto is: "Castitas, Humilitas, et Honour" (Chastity, Humility and Honour).

Since Lukaas isn't near any danger zones, the marine contingent is extremely small. There are 20 troops, currently led by Sister-Lieutenant Elektra. Their main duty is guarding the Adeptus Mechanicus monastery, though they occasionally help the local militia.

## GameMaster's Data

The teleporter outside Speelburg leads to the Slann experimental station, floating within a bubble of protective force fields deep inside the atmosphere of the sun.

The Jokaeros are aliens with a particular knack of gadgeteering; they can convert junk into weapons and other equipment. When a Jokaero ship gets crowded, excess adults are dumped on a habitable world and left to build a new ship or die. Naturally the Jokaeros pick a location with useful "junk" and have detection equipment that makes it easy to find interesting artifacts. The Jokaero left on Speelburg dug down to the teleporter and found it was still usable. They have teleported to the slann installation—a force field-shielded asteroid, bearing equipment built to control the sun. They intend to rig it for warp-space. There is one oddity about the Jokaero expe-



## RED GIANT

dition: It's led by the Vampire Shk'leen, who is currently in Jokaero form.

### Objectives: Human

Save Lukaas.

The Marines will escort Tech-Priest Spaak and his assistant, Novice-Technician Igor. To prevent any possibility of a recurrence, whatever caused the problem must also be destroyed. Survival is unimportant.

In fact, the repairs are relatively easy; if either Spaak or Igor survives the battle, the station can be repaired in time to save Lukaas. If Spaak survives, he will be able to work out how to move the station around the sun and return to Lukaas before supplies run out. Later the Tech-Priests will be able to learn quite a lot about Ancient Slann technology.

### Objectives: Jokaeros

Convert the station into a starship and warp out.

They will achieve this goal if at least four Jokaeros survive, including at least one Jokaero personality, and the Humans are defeated. If less than this number survive, they will die before completing the work; that won't save Lukaas.

If the Jokaeros seem destined to lose, Shk'leen will try to kill one of the Humans and take his or her place.

The Jokaeros outnumber the Humans, have had several weeks to study the station, and know the purpose of the structures. The Humans have no information but are disciplined troops and have elements of surprise on their side. See the briefings for the sides.

### The Station

The Slann installation is a small asteroid, floating in a force-field bubble inside the star. It has a breathable atmosphere (the Marines must not be given this information in advance), and temperatures vary between 15 and 20 centigrade on a 32-hour cycle. The field lets in a miniscule proportion of the light, enough to allow observation of the surrounding stellar inferno. Gravity is just over 0.9 G, compared to the 15 G or so that the station should theoretically experience. Sixteen huge field generators maintain attitude, internal gravity and the force field; one has been damaged by the Jokaeros.

### Setup (see plan)

You'll need a large playing area, preferably at least six foot by four foot, but bigger is better. Exact shapes and dimension (apart from the number of stories in multi-story structures) are not important.

### Figure Modelling

Use Citadel Space Marines (or other SF/military figures) for the Little Sisters of Purification. Although this is a female Chapter, there are no differences in external armor design. All Marines wear full armour, including helmets. Paint armor matt black with white insignia. There are fifteen troops, including three personality figures.

The two Tech-Priests wear lightly armed Marine armour, but the normal helmet is replaced by an armoured sphere. Both are heavily laden with instruments, Grimoires of the Technologic Arts, and other paraphernalia. Their armour is gray with black insignia.

There are twenty Jokaeros, including four personality figures.

### Special Rules

You may find it helpful to use the optional rules on Hidden Movement.

Each building in the station is rated for several factors; Toughness and Damage are rated normally. Importance and Technical Difficulty are special factors for this scenario:

**Importance (IMP):** If equipment in a building is destroyed, this number should be subtracted from a starting rating of 100. If the total drops below 50, the asteroid can't be used as a star-ship or to control the star; both sides have lost. If the total drops below 0, the asteroid is instantly destroyed. Some structures have IMP 0; this means that they are irrelevant to the continued operation of the asteroid.

**Technical Difficulty (TD):** Technical Difficulty is a modifier to attempts to understand or use the Ancient Slann technology, added to, or subtracted from, the 2D6 roll against Intelligence used to understand such equipment. For example, Spaak need to make a 2D6 roll under 9 to understand any item. If the item has TD 2, the roll is modified to 2D6 + 2.

TD is also a modifier on Jokaero attempts to rebuild equipment. This rule was misprinted in the Warhammer 40,000 rules, and should read:

Rebuilding is worked out as follows: In addition to the personality, at least two other Jokaero are needed. At the end of each turn spent stationary and working, roll a D6, adding the number of Jokaeros working on the project, and the number of turns spent working, to the roll. If the result is equal to or exceeds 6 + the number of components needed for the conversion (e.g., 6 + 10 for a defense laser), the modification is achieved successfully.

For this adventure TD is added to the number required



for success; for example, using parts with TD 4, the roll needed for defense laser construction would be 20+. Most of the Ancient Slann equipment isn't usable for conversion; suitable items are noted in building descriptions. Inform the Jokaero player wherever Jokaero personalities enter an area containing such items.

## Terrain

Most of the upper surface of the asteroid is smooth, with a texture like weathered concrete.

The hole southwest of the plateau has near-vertical sides. Anything falling through ends up in the sun! See the rules on falling off, below.

The plateau sides and hollow sides (southeast of plateau) are difficult ground.

The rough terrain around the edges of the asteroid and inside the holes is very difficult ground; not only is it steep, but gravity fields continually vary in response to fluctuations of the force field around the asteroid.

Anything falling off the asteroid accelerates downward, passing through a field interface which exposes them to the full gravity of the sun and the heat of its atmosphere. The field interface begins about a meter below the bottom of the asteroid; it looks like a shimmering curtain of bright yellow flame. It's possible to climb under the asteroid, if the climber can cling to the underside; any slip is instantly fatal, and movement will be extremely slow (no more than 1" per turn). To the sides, the field is 6" from the asteroid edges, curving up and out, then in again, as a flattened sphere (like a doughnut) 18" high. Anything penetrating the field interface is vaporized instantly.

## Structures

The descriptions list the number of sections and rough details of layout for each building. These suggestions may be modified if you can't find suitable materials for the buildings as described. All doors are normal sized unless other sizes are specified.

The Jokaeros know the main features of each structure; if you use building plans and detailed movement, the Jokaeros must be given an idea of every structure before play commences. It's also a good idea to give the Jokaero player a copy of the map.

## Force Field "Ribs"

The ribs are a powerful field generator, powered by the energy they deflect. Anything approaching within one inch is struck by a bolt of lightning with the following statistics:

Strength: 10	Damage: D 10	Save Modifier: -5
--------------	--------------	-------------------

This attack will be repeated in any round in which any figure is within one inch of any rib; if two or more figures are in range of a rib, only the closest is struck.

## Buildings 1 and 4: Laboratories

Two sections, entrances at north and south ends and between sections, spiral ramps from south sections up to towers 2 and 5, spiral ramps from north sections to structure 3. Roof height 4 metres.

These buildings are equipped with many interesting devices. A close examination reveals that they don't do much; they monitor the star and aren't part of the control equipment. There is high-tech junk equivalent to three weapon components in building 5.

If Spaak or Igor fail Intelligence rolls in either laboratory, they will decide that the equipment is absolutely vital and must be safeguarded at all costs.

## Buildings 2 and 5: Residential

There are two sections (levels) per tower. There is a catwalk from the upper level of tower 2 to the plateau:

Toughness: 6	Damage: 6	Roof Height: 13 metres
--------------	-----------	------------------------

The levels are bare, unless the Jokaeros have left equipment.

## Building 3: Canteen

One section per 4-inch length. Ramps down into buildings 1 and 4 at east and west ends. Roof height 8 metres.

This is an enclosed horizontal bridge between buildings 1 and 4, containing a restaurant. There are huge glasslike windows on either side of the bridge, and the area is littered with tables, chairs, and other junk, all of Slann design. There's plenty of material for improvised weapons, such as clubs and spears. Jokaero will find scrap equivalent to one weapon component.

## Building 6: Wallow

Single sections, entrance on south side. Roof 3 metres. This building covers a metre-deep mud wallow, the Slann equivalent of a swimming pool. There is a two-metre paved rim.

Anyone venturing into the mud will find it very difficult ground, as a bog.

## Building 7: Control Room

Single section, entrance on east side. Roof height 3 metres. This is the main control center. If equipment



## RED GIANT

inside is destroyed the temperature inside the force field will rise to 60 degrees centigrade, and the entire asteroid will lurch and float at a 20-degree tilt, with the north end uphill.

If the Tech-Priests fail Intelligence rolls in this room, they will become fascinated by the equipment and flatly refuse to leave for 2D3 turns. They will attack anyone who tries to drag them out.

### Building 8: Warehouse

Two sections, very large doors at north and south end of west side. Roof height 5 metres.

This holds spare parts, components, and other junk. The Jokaero have unpacked some of the material, equivalent to four weapon components. The Tech-Priests may find these items interesting, but it's obvious that they are spare parts, not vital installations.

### Buildings 9 and 10: Life Support

Single section, entrances at north and south ends. Roof heights 4 metres.

The equipment in these buildings keeps the station's air circulating and clean. If both are destroyed, the air will become unbreathable after 10 days; not an immediate threat, but inconvenient for future activity. If the equipment is damaged, other systems will become more unstable.

If Tech-Priests fail their Intelligence rolls in these buildings, then they will be able to recognize the equipment, but they won't realize that damaging it harms other functions of the station.

### Building 11: Storage Tank

This is a featureless metal tank, height 12 metres. A ladder on the west side leads from the ground to the top. It's full of vile, sticky liquid resembling tar. If this is spilled, it will spread out in a sticky pool with a diameter large enough to reach the hole in the asteroid surface and the edge of the asteroid and then run off into the star. Troops entering the spill area can only move into the star. Troops entering the spill area can only move at half speed or less. It's Slann food concentrate and isn't toxic or flammable.

### Building 12: Teleporter

Single section, entrance at south end, roof height 5 metres.

The other end of the link from Lukaas. There are several cryptic controls. If the Tech-Priests study the equipment successfully, they'll realize that it can be used at any time, overriding the timer on Lukaas. However, the asteroid must be moved around the sun to a line of sight with

Lukaas.

The Jokaeros have rigged a trip wire across the door, linked to *multi-melta* fixed about the entrance.

### Buildings 13 and 14: Extremely Esoteric Devices

One huge section per building, entrances in north and south ends, roof height 8 metres.

Each of these buildings houses a huge crystalline machine which flickers with odd moiré light patterns. There are gigantic banks of cryptic controls, most dark. This is the equipment that actually keeps the star under control; no one other than a Tech-Priest or a Jokaero personality has any hope of understanding it.

The equipment is extremely fragile, disintegrating on a 1D6 roll of 6 if it takes any damage! If both machines are destroyed, there is no hope of saving Lukaas or building a spaceship.

If the Tech-Priests fail their Intelligence rolls in these chambers they'll assume that the equipment isn't terribly important; after all, most of it seems to be inactive.

If anyone other than a Jokaero scientist or a Tech-priest tries to tamper with the controls, there's a 5% chance that the star will go nova, and no chance of putting things right!

### Building 15: Drive Room

Single section, entrances on east and west sides, roof height 4 metres. This building houses a large mechanism which is used to move the asteroid around inside the star.

If the Tech-Priests fail to identify the drive, they'll assume that the machinery is part of the teleporter and won't realize that it's possible to move the entire station.

There are five Jokaero here, as in buildings 1 and 4.

### End Game

When combat ends you should evaluate the situation. Check how much damage has been done, and if it will be possible to repair the station.

If the Humans have won, did either Tech-Priest survive? If so, and if there isn't too much damage, Lukaas can be saved. If Spaak has survived, the Humans may even be able to escape. However, repairs will take a day per five IMP points of damage. The Marines must go on short rations if the Tech-Priests are to survive to complete the work; in fact, it may be necessary to resort to eating the bodies of Jokaero if there are a large number of Marine survivors.

Has Shk'leen infiltrated the Humans? If so, do the Marines have reason to suspect that there might be a Vampire in their midst? Dedicated Marines won't want to



risk letting a Vampire live.

If the Humans win, the station may be irreparable, but the Tech-Priests may still fix the teleporter. Do the Marines return to Lukaas, to die with their comrades or warn of the impending doom?

If the Humans win but neither Tech-Priest survives, it isn't possible to "persuade" any Jokaero prisoners to do the repair work; they'll turn on the Humans and fight until killed. The Human briefing suggests mass suicide as an expiation for failure; unfortunately suicide is futile. The only alternative is random tampering with controls, which will either achieve nothing or make the star go nova. In either event Lukaas dies.

If the Jokaeros have won, did any of their personalities survive? Without them, and a few ordinary Jokaeros to hold the tools, the asteroid can't be converted to a starship. A kind GM may let them somehow produce another personality to lead them, but you aren't kind, are you? If the Jokaeros win, but can't modify the asteroid, they must decide what they will do. Random tampering may again lead to a nova, whether accidental or a deliberate act of revenge.

## Future Scenarios

If Lukaas is saved, the Empire probably gains some well-preserved specimens of Slann technology. The information must be taken back to Earth and added to the libraries of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Someone may try to hijack it during the journey.

The teleporter link to the station is vulnerable and might be important if Lukaas is ever invaded. It's possible that someone else may make a bid to hijack such a valuable resource. Terrorists might take over the teleporter on Lukaas and threaten to send a few really old-fashioned atomic weapons through to the asteroid if their demands aren't met.

Sooner or later the word of this discovery will get back to the Slann. Suppose they decide to reclaim their ancestors' property?

If Shk'leen escaped with the Marines, it'll try to hide and start a new life amongst the Humans. What if something goes wrong, and its identity is revealed?

If Lukaas is doomed, but the Marines escape, there's a short time before the planet becomes uninhabitable. What happens in those last weeks? What if there's one starship in the port, with a few passenger spaces left, and several million rioting civilians trying to get on board. Who decides who will live and die? What if Shk'leen is one of the survivors?

If the Jokaeros win, they'll have a uniquely powerful weapon. Perhaps some Marines will be sent on a commando raid to recover it. A starship equipped to control stellar reactions could be a formidable weapon; other

alien races may covet it and decide to recover it from such undesirable occupants. Perhaps Shk'leen will decide to eliminate the Jokaeros and take up a new career as the ultimate terrorist, detonating the suns of worlds that don't accede to his demands.

## Player's Brief: The Little Sisters of Purification

You are Sister-Lieutenant Elektra. The Tech-Priests tell you that Lukaas is doomed unless whatever made the sun flare up can be reversed. You and Sister-Troops from your unit are to escort two Tech-Priests through the teleporter and help them however you can. Their survival, and the salvation of Lukaas, are your only objectives; everything else is of secondary importance. You do not expect to survive this mission.

## The Battlefield

You have no idea where you are going or what you will be up against. Your unit and the Tech-Priests are crammed into the teleporter, barely able to move, waiting to transmit to an unknown destination. Two Sister-Troops are making bets on the probability that you will materialize in the heart of the sun; as you rebuke them and lead the chorus of your unit's battle hymn, you wonder how they would collect if a disaster did occur. The GM will inform you when the teleporter has operated and only then may you see the battlefield.

## Objectives and Special Rules

You do not expect to return. The teleporter operates once every 27 days, and there's no way that you could carry supplies for such an extended period. If necessary, Sister-Troops will be sacrificed to keep the Tech-Priests alive. Since this is a suicide mission, you and your Sister-Troops are almost beyond fear. There is a -2 modifier on all Rout rolls.

Spaak and Igor know much about the technology of the Ancient Slann; they may guess the function of any device or installation (e.g., the timer in the teleporter) after a turn's undisturbed study and a 2D6 roll under Intelligence. The GM may secretly impose modifiers on this roll and will determine the results of success or failure. The other Humans don't have the theoretical background needed to solve such puzzles; in any case, strange magics are no concern of a warrior. If Spaak and Igor are together, only Spaak should make the Intelligence roll; if they are apart, both may roll under the appropriate circumstances.

If the mission fails and the Tech-Priests are killed, you must hope that you can find some way to save Lukaas. If all else fails, you intend to atone by ritual suicide.



## RED GIANT

### Tactics

You have no idea where you're going or what you'll find when you get there. Tactics must be generated in response to events.

### Troops

Your command consists of yourself, Sister-Sergeant Modesty, Sister-Sergeant Chastity, and 12 Troopers, plus the Tech-Priests. All are equipped with standard Marine powered armor including communicator, full life support, and autosenses. You are immune to vacuum, toxic atmospheres, gas weapons, and flash effects; if you materialize inside the sun without any other protection, forget it! Each suit has concentrated rations, water, and air for 48 hours.

Elektra, Modesty, and Chastity are personalities; the other Sister-Troops are normal troops. The Tech-Priests may only fight in self-defense if they are caught in close combat; they can move independently if you wish. Under no circumstances may they initiate combat or take command of troops. Under certain circumstances the GM may make the Tech-Priests act independently.

All officers, NCOs, and Sister-Troops carry bolt pistols, knives, and four frag grenades. Five of the Sister-Troops have launchers, each carrying two plasma missiles and six frag missiles; remember that missiles probably can't be replaced once used. All the rest have bolt rifles and six frag grenades. Spaak has a power sword; Igor, a bolt pistol.

### Victory

This is a fight to the finish. The GM will determine whether the situation allows the salvation of Lukaas, using special rules in the scenario.

Lukaas Saved	+25 points
Tech-Priest Spaak Killed	-10 points
Tech-Priest Igor Killed	-5 points
Sister-Lieutenant Elektra Killed	-3 points
Sister-Sergeant Killed	-2 points
Per Marine Killed	-1 point

### Player's Brief: Jokaeros

You are Shk'leen, a Vampire who has lived as a Jokaero for many years. Unfortunately you have never been a popular Jokaero and were thrown off your ship when it got overcrowded.

Instruments showed that an ancient Slann device was buried on Lukaas, and the Jokaero used the teleporter they found to take you to a strange asteroid base which floats inside a star's atmosphere. They intend to convert the base into a starship; you have no objection.

You suspect the Humans will arrive eventually, but can't destroy the teleporter because you know that it is linked to other systems, including the force fields that protect the asteroid. If Humans do arrive, and seem likely to defeat your unit, you have decided to take a Human's place and escape with them when they leave.

If you do defeat the Humans, you may have a grandstand view of the destruction of their planet. Won't that be fun!

You are strongly advised to read the Warhammer 40,000 sections concerning Vampires, Jokaeros, and Psionics before running this unit.

### The Battlefield

You have a good idea of the nature of and function of all the equipment in this base and have assessed the importance of the buildings as follows:

Force Field "Ribs": Vital. The ribs are electrically live; anything approaching within 1 inch is struck by a bolt of lightning!

Buildings 1 and 4: Laboratories, unimportant

Buildings 2 and 5: Residential, unimportant

Building 3: Canteen, unimportant

Building 6: Mud pool, unimportant

Building 7: Control room, vital

Building 8: Warehouse, unimportant

Buildings 9 and 10: Life support, vital

Building 11: Tank, full of rotten Slann food, unimportant

Building 12: Teleporter. This seems to be linked to other installations, so you can't destroy it, but you have booby-trapped it.

Buildings 13 and 14: Star control machines, vital

Building 15: Drives, vital

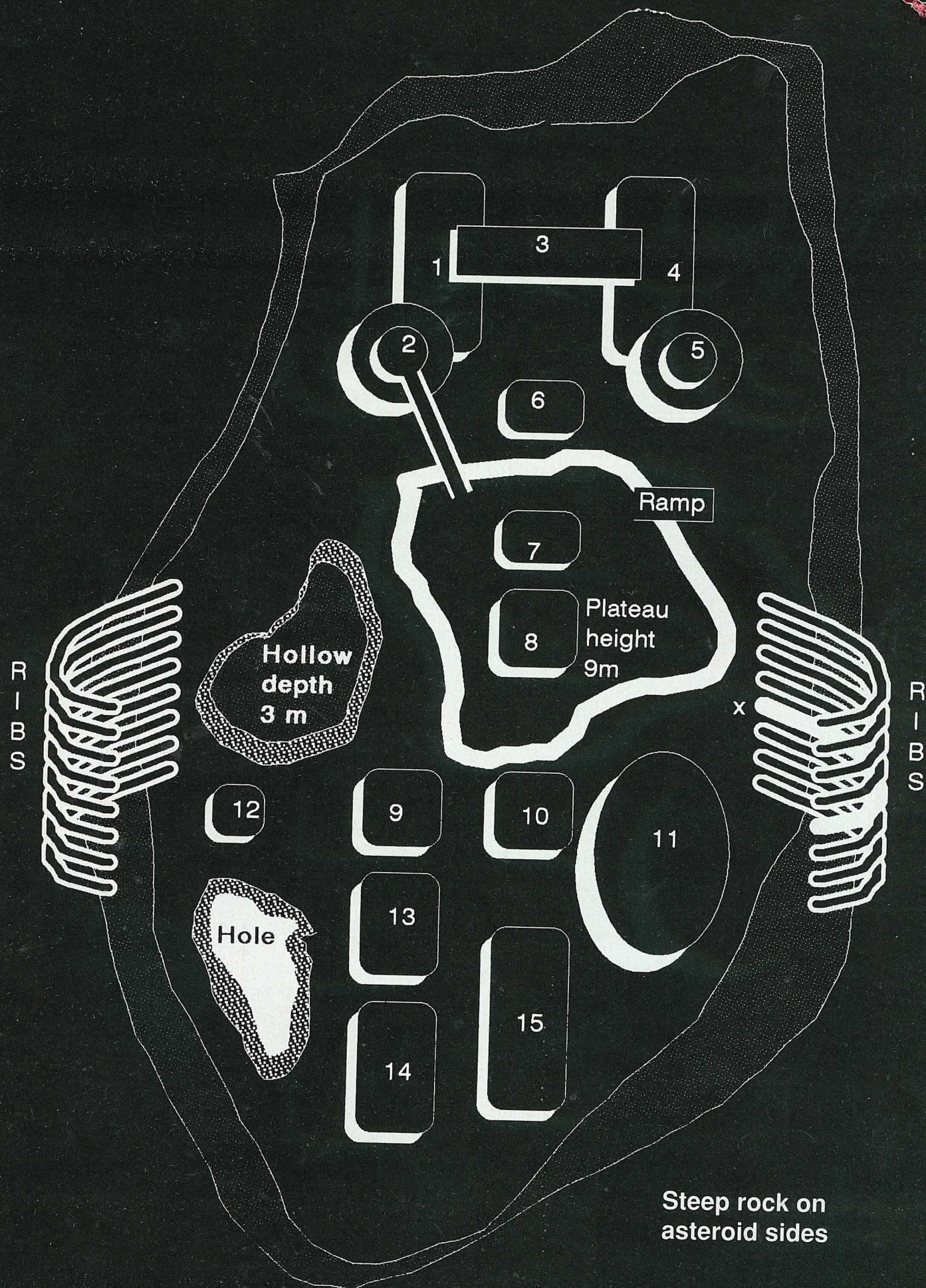
### Objectives and Special Rules

This will be a surprise attack; you don't know when the Humans will arrive, and you can't keep the Jokaeros ready to do battle indefinitely. If Humans invade, you want to drive them back or destroy them. You don't have enough control of the Jokaero to keep the teleporter under guard and don't want to risk destroying it. The booby trap you've left should warn of any attack. For the moment your forces are spread out over the surface of the asteroid.

None of the Jokaeros know that Shk'leen is a Vampire. Jokaeros learning this directly (by seeing him change form or use psionic powers) must immediately make a Rout test and will turn against him (although they will still fight Humans). Jokaeros don't talk but can pass the information by gesture and grunts; it spreads as troops meet.

The group as a whole has several items of equipment







## RED GIANT

which are too heavy to be continuously carried by any individual Jokaero and have been dumped until needed. You must choose locations for each of the following items before positioning Jokaeros: 1 Multi-Melta, 1 Power field generator (maximum field size 9"), 1 Phase field generator, 2 power boards, 1 bike (hoverer).

## Tactics

When the battle begins, three units of five Jokaeros are led by Shk'leen and two Jokaero personalities; the remaining Jokaeros (a personality and four troops) are in random locations. Roll 1D20 for each group or individual.

## Jokaero Locations

Die Roll	Result
1-10	In the building indicated
11-13	Building 13
14-16	Building 14
17-18	Near "ribs" to right
19-20	Near "ribs" to left

Lone Jokaero must move to group on the nearest Jokaero personality before taking any offensive action.

## Troops

Your command consists of a total of 20, including yourself, as well as three Jokaero champions (who are nameless), and 16 other Jokaeros.

## Victory

The game ends when all of one side is subdued. The GM will determine whether the situation then allows construction of a starship using special rules in the main scenario.

* Asteroid Converted to Starship	+25 points
* Shk'leen Infiltrates Humans and escapes to Lukaas	+15 points
Shk'leen Killed	-5 points
Per Jokaero Personality Killed	-3 points
Per Jokaero Killed	-2 points

\* Only one of these conditions may be claimed.

## STRUCTURE STATS

TYPE	Toughness	Damage	IMP	TD
Buildings 1 & 4	8	8	0	2
Buildings 2 & 5	8	8	0	0
Catwalk 2	6	6	0	0

Building 3	6	4	0	0
Building 6	7	8	0	0
Building 7	9	9	25	3
Building 8	8	6	5	1
Building 9	9	9	5	2
Building 10	9	9	5	2
Building 11	9	9	0	0
Building 12	9	9	15	1
Building 13	9	9	30	4
Building 14	9	9	30	4
Building 15	9	9	10	2
Force Field Ribs (each)	9	9	15	0

Sample stats for 'Laserburn' SF skirmish rules from Tabletop Games

	WS	CS	IL
<b>Space Marines</b>			
Leader	175	95	19
Veteran (NCO)	140	65	14
Trooper	110	50	9
Technician	150	60	19
<b>Jokaero</b>			
Leader	170	90	19
Veteran	130	60	14
Soldier	110	50	10

**Space Marine equipment:** Leaders – Power armour, Bolt rifle, 2 x HE + 2 x Vortex grenades & Leadership Skill. Veterans – Power armour, Bolt Rifle, 2 x HE + 2 x Smoke grenades. Troopers – Power armour, Heavy laser + micro grenade launcher & 1 x HE grenade. Technicians – Mesh armour & Laser pistol.

**Jokaero equipment:** Leaders – Mesh armour, Bolt pistol, Power glove, 2 x HE + 2 x Smoke grenades & Leadership skill. Veterans – Mesh armour, Converter beam projector & Laser pistol. Soldiers – Mesh armour, Heavy laser & 1 x HE grenade.

\* Building 12 is booby-trapped with a Vortex grenade. ⚡



*A Game of Chess**Continued from p. 29*

this day. Onward against the foe!"

With a great "hurrah!" our lines surged forward. In the centre were the brave battles of the clans, formed in battle wedges, on either flanks the stout-hearted guildsmen with their pikes, while behind stepped the archers and Lord Sigart's mounted host, ready for the pursuit. I led the Eagle clan, in the front rank of the vanguard. It was a signal honour for one so young, given, to mark the passing of my father at Shadreth's hand.

Our battle fell silent, save for the creak of battle harness and tramp of feet. My warriors bent forward, dark determined men, keen to face the enemy, but mindful of the arrow's sting. The north wind still beat down upon us, bringing with it the stench of goblin-kind.

At the base of the ridge, we splashed across a stream and made our way clear of its boggy margin. Midway up the slope we halted and dressed our lines, waiting for the supports to come up. We could see the enemy clearly now, not fifty paces off. The bow-legged goblins crouched in their lines and, before us, Shadreth's men stood in shield wall. My men chafed to come to grips, but I held them back, waiting Lord Sigart's command.

While we stood a dreary, humming sound blew to us on the wind. It was the death song of the goblin folk. Their crooning done, gongs and drums beat up a mad provocative tune, in which Shadreth's men joined beating upon their shields. Instinctively, we raised our own shields, and not a moment too soon, for a black swarm of arrows and sling shot arched through the sky driven down the wind. There we waited, crouched behind our shield-wall, until Sigart's messenger came through our lines. He was immediately cut down but, from his bloody lips, I learnt our archers were ready.

Bidding stout Redbeard unfurl our battle banner, I raised leg-biter, my sword, on high and shouted "Onward men of the Eagle, remember your father's honour". My shieldmen were at my side, the banner at my back, to left and right the clansmen strove up the slope. As we charged the sun came through the clouds and with it our arrow storm. We, of the Eagle clan, clashed with Shadreth's men. Rudigor, my shieldman, smashed aside the shield before me. I leapt through the gap and cut down the man behind. Next came a snivelling magic-user, muttering some obscenity, but his curse was still-born as I struck him down. There is no honour in knowing his name.

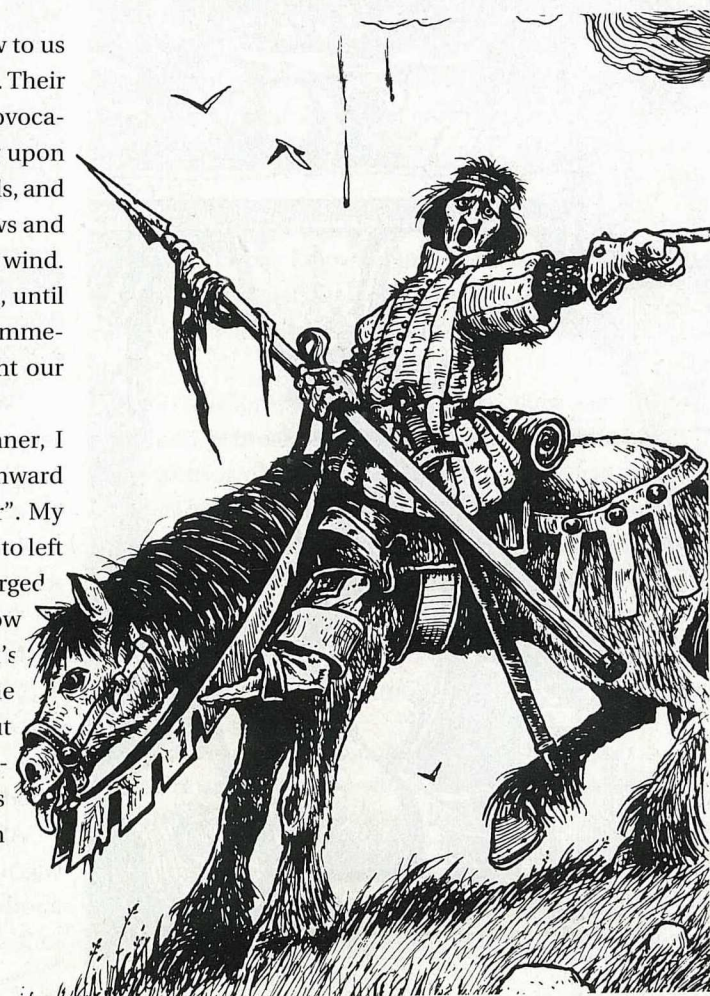
Our battle-wedge was now thrust through the enemy's line and the way lay clear to Shadreth's banners. I called upon the usurper to face me in fair fight. Norqueul the Unwise, was first to answer me. He stepped forward, announcing his prowess and took a slice from the top of my shield. We grappled and I caught him a lucky blow with leg-biter's pommel. He staggered, and true to its name, the blade drank deep. Norqueul fell backwards on the ground and begged quarter. I pledged none, skewered him where he lay and went on.

Vigbert, brother of Shadreth, came next. A grizzled warrior of renown. He questioned my prowess thus:

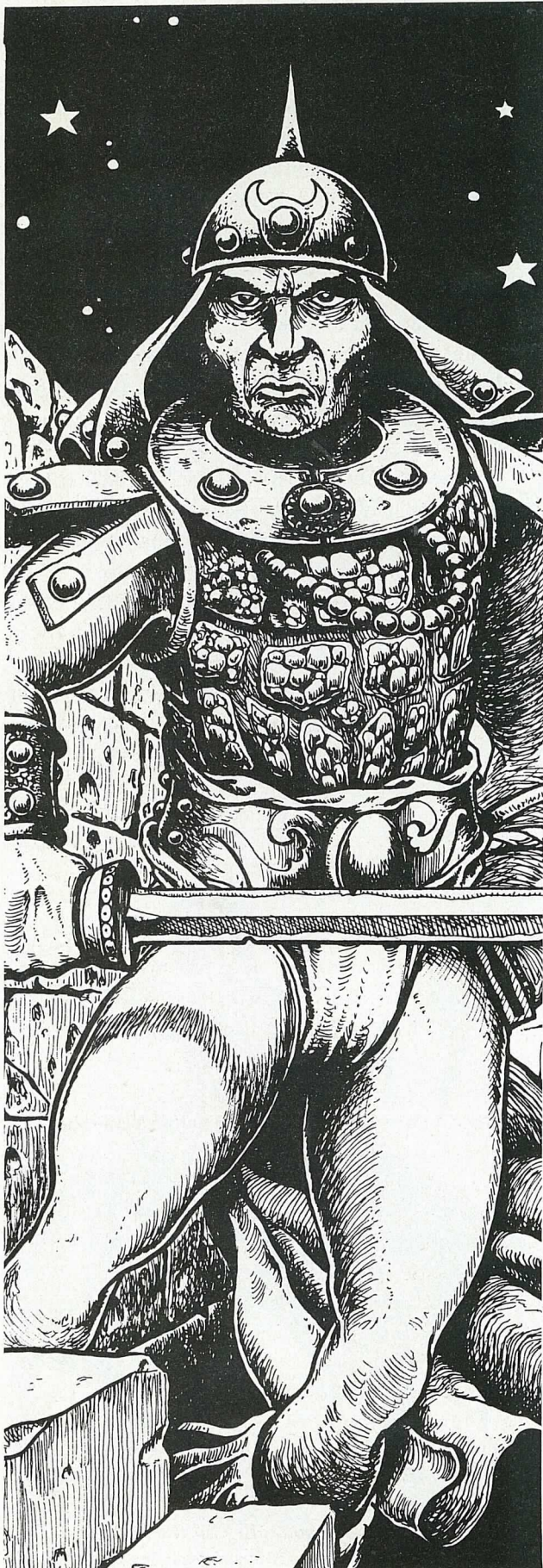
"What whelp is this who calls my lord to duel? Begone to your wet-nurse or with my blade I'll beat you back through Sigart's lines."

"Shadreth's lackey" I answered him, "do your master's work and I will pay your wages with your bloody head!"

We exchanged blows and came to the clinches. Through the visor of his helm, I saw him grin with the effort. Yet he had the guile of the seasoned warrior for, in a moment, he found an opening and tripped me backwards. I tried to roll out of his path, but his stroke found my shield, clove the wood and broke my forearm. It should have been a telling blow, but the effort over-balanced him,







and he fell, headlong, beside me. I seized the time, cast aside my sword, drew my dagger and took him in the neck. Rudigor and Sithbert, my shieldsmen, raised me up, but it was the end of the battle for me. Bidding them take our banner to my cousin, Joris of Culm, I quit the field.

As I descended the ridge, picking my way through the fallen and the lame, the north wind blew no more. Lord Vigart, rode up and announced the pursuit had begun, the goblins were scattered and only Shadreth and his retainers remained fighting to the last. Though I rejoiced to hear the news, the weariness of battle claimed me then. I stumbled down to the stream, thinking only of our camp and the opportunity to sleep. The cool water reminded me of my burning thirst, but it ran muddy so I went upstream.

The water's course took me away from the ridge into a green meadow. The sound of battle and the cries of the wounded gave way to birdsong and the gentle rush of water. This pastoral scene seemed to me another world. So I paused, to slake my thirst, letting the cold, refreshing water run over my head. Revived, I rose, but as I turned for camp, I spied a figure beneath a willow

Who was this fellow, who sat in contemplation while his brethren struggled? He seemed, to me, perhaps a monk who should be rebuked for deserting the wounded, or else a warrior meditating on his prowess in the fray. Wading the stream, I approached the lone figure and found him considering a game of chess.

"Greetings! Thoric Grimasson, slayer of Vigbert."

This person addressed me with assurance, and without turning round but, no doubt, he had seen me at the water's side.

"Sit down, drink some wine and play a move or two. You are weary after the battle."

I ducked beneath the willow's curtain and made my way to the opposite side of his chess board.

"Who names me and my deeds?" I asked "Reveal yourself, are you friend or Shadreth's kin?"

The fellow raised his hands and threw back his cowl. He revealed a balding pate and black eyes, set in a bony face. Thin lips smiled and rolled back, to frame a mouth too full of teeth.

"It is I, Death."

My hand sprang to leg-biter's pommel.

"Come, come" he toyed with me "Such a mortal blade can do no harm to Death, besides it is not your time to pass. Now, sit down and play awhile, this wine is good. Good mortal wine."

Afraid, yet curious, I sat down as bidden. Surely this was not the dark watcher, but some mad old monk from another lord's retinue? He seemed harmless enough and, indeed, the wine was not sour. So we played at chess,



quaffed wine and, in between our moves, the old man told me of his calling.

"My work is dull," he confided, "Or else I should not be here beneath this tree. On such a day as this, every warrior laments his passing and I must listen to their woes. No doubt, you can imagine how Vigbert felt at his ignominious passing, 'Let me back' he beseeched me 'and I will pluck that young worm in my stead'. Of course there was nothing I could do for him. What am I but a master of ceremonies, the chamberlain of the dead, who leads them through the shadows? Having listened to so many, I stole away to pass an hour at chess."



He gave a gentle sigh and took one of my pawns.

"But how" I asked "Can you personally lead so many into spirit land, if, on a day like today, they should be summoned in droves?"

He laughed at that, and it was as if the wind sighed through the willow tree.

"Death has many aspects and each his own death. I sit before you in temporal guise, but even as we speak a part of me guides those who pass. To warriors, human, I am the old wise man; to the meek I am the grey lady and to the powerful a prancing fool. To all that creeps, crawls and walks I do my duty."

He fell silent and I, through tiredness, spoke no more. We made our moves in turn and so passed the afternoon, until the old man made a foolish move. I seized the time and claimed check-mate with my white queen. For a moment his eyes narrowed and he let forth a gentle cough.

"It is done then? Thoric Grimasson, I congratulate you, had I won the game I would have invited you into Spirit Land, but since you have outwitted death, this day, tarry in the world awhile. Be not proud though, for you will meet your death as all men must."

Sometime later, it seemed, I awoke beneath the willow tree, stirred by someone calling my name. It was Rudigor, my shieldbearer. He reminded me of the taboo of sleeping beneath old father willow and helped me to my feet. Of the old man and his chessboard there was no sign. My shield arm, ached and throbbed and my mouth seemed dry and sour from wine. We walked back to our camp, towards the setting sun".

Thus, Lord Thoric spoke to me, on a winter's day long years ago. The day following he was his old commanding self, so we resumed our work upon his saga. Never more did he mention that day, nor I, a lowly monk, question him further.

The traveller who told me of his passing, said Thoric was found, at break of day, slumped before a chessboard. He, a warrior of renown, had stifled on a cushion. His retainers believe he died in his cups, for an empty wine jug and two horns stood upon the table. One horn was empty, the other half full and, they noted, the black queen had checked Thoric's white king.

***Well, what do you think?***

*We'd like to hear from you, after all Red Giant is about your hobby. So tell us what you think about issue 1 and tell us what you would like to read/see in future issues.*

*Write to the editor—you will find the address on the contents page, or complete the reader survey at the end of the magazine.*



# READER COMPETITION

**Spot the Piggy and win £25 + a copy of Fantasy Warlord!**

**First prize:** £25 + a signed copy of **Fantasy Warlord** table-top rules. Three runners-up each to receive **Fantasy Warlord Rules**.

Simply answer the two questions printed on the coupon below, then complete your name and address and return your entry to the address given before November 30th 1990.

## Rules & Conditions of entry.

1. Answer the two questions.
2. Complete the entry form.
3. Names & addresses of competition entrants will be held on computer and may be used, from time to time, to mail adventure game product information.
4. The closing date for entries is November 30th 1990.
5. The draw will take place on or before December 7th 1990.
6. The winner and three runners-up will be notified by post and their names published in a future issue.
7. The first correct entry drawn will receive a cheque for £25 plus a signed copy of **Fantasy Warlord**. The next three correct entries drawn will each receive a signed copy of **Fantasy Warlord**.

## Red Giant Competition Entry:

A. Answer both questions:

1. How many little piggies (of the pork variety) are present in the illustrations or photographs of **Red Giant** No. 1? (tick a box):

0 ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐

2. How often does the phrase 'Eee, it's turned out nice again' appear in this issue? (tick a box):

0 ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐

B. Complete the following information (block capitals only):

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

Postcode: .....

Mail to – **Red Giant Competition No. 1**, 5 Everglades, 43 Shortlands Road, Bromley BR2 OXW.



## Red Giant Reader Survey

Name: Mr, Ms .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

Post Town: .....

Post Code: .....

County: .....

The information recorded above will be stored on computer and used from time to time, to keep you informed of developments at Red Giant and in the hobby as a whole.

Tick box only if you do NOT wish to receive future communications ☐

The following information will not be stored on computer. Please help us to provide the magazine you would like to read. Simply answer the following questions, add your own comments and mail the survey back to us at the address overleaf.

Red Giant is a magazine devoted to the hobby of fantasy, science fantasy and science fiction role-playing games and table-top encounters. The results of this questionnaire will be published in a future edition, and will be adopted into the magazine's editorial policy.

1. How old are you? (tick one box)  
under 11 ☐ 11-15 ☐ 16-18 ☐ 18-22 ☐ 22+ ☐

2. We hope you enjoyed Red Giant. Please answer the following questions by ringing the number of the relevant article: (Note - The article number appears in brackets next to the article title on the contents page).

Which article did you  
most enjoy? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

least enjoy? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Which article did you  
find most useful? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

find least useful? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Which kind of article would you like to see more of?  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Did you like the  
cover illustration? Yes ☐ No ☐

3) In future, would you like to see scenarios for use with any of the following role-playing games?

Advanced Dungeons and Dragons ☐

Call of Cthulhu ☐

Cyberpunk ☐

Mega Traveller ☐

Middle Earth Role Playing ☐

Paranoia ☐

Runequest ☐

Shadowrun ☐

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles ☐

Warhammer Role Play ☐

4. Would you like to see template scenarios, i.e. ones you can convert to use in your favourite role-playing system? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. In future, would you like to see scenarios or campaigns for any of the following table-top or skirmish rules?

Blademaster Yes ☐ No ☐

Fantasy Warlord Yes ☐ No ☐

Warhammer Yes ☐ No ☐

Warhammer 40K Yes ☐ No ☐

6. Would you like to see template scenarios or campaigns you can convert to your favourite table top rules? Yes ☐ No ☐

7. If we've missed a role-playing or table-top system you would like covered tell us here:

8. In future, would you like to see general articles devoted to the following subjects?

How to be a better referee Yes ☐ No ☐

How to enjoy role-playing  
more as a player Yes ☐ No ☐

How to prepare and  
paint better figures Yes ☐ No ☐

How to prepare and build scenery Yes ☐ No ☐

How to prepare and  
make buildings Yes ☐ No ☐

How to make  
and prepare fortifications Yes ☐ No ☐

Articles about scenario design Yes ☐ No ☐

Articles about campaign design Yes ☐ No ☐

9. In future, would you like to read fiction of the following kinds (which may provide ideas or situations for games)?

Fantasy, i.e. heroes and magic Yes ☐ No ☐

Science Fiction, i.e. future times Yes ☐ No ☐



RED GIANT

2nd FOLD

2



FIRST FOLD

**Folio Works Ltd  
Freepost (DY 793)  
Belper  
Derby  
DE3 9BR**

3rd FOLD AND TUCK IN



# BLADESTORM

A TEMPEST OF  
SWORDS, SORCERY AND BATTLE

I.C.E. AND GRENADIER PRESENT  
A FANTASY MINIATURE GAME  
IN A DARK CHAOTIC WORLD



I.C.E.  
P.O. Box 1605  
Charlottesville, VA 22902

Grenadier Models, U.K., Ltd.  
19 Babbage Road  
Deeside, Clwyd, CH5 2QB

Grenadier Models, Inc.  
P.O. Box 305  
Springfield, PA 19064





# FANTASY WARLORD



## A totally new range of 25mm\* fantasy figures!

Created for Fantasy Warlord™ the mass combat game. Savage orcs, sly goblins, valiant heroes—all sculpted with the finest attention to detail! Heroes come singly. Battle troops come in multipacks of two to five figures with different heads and equipment. So you can build uniform regiments with individual character! All battle troops are cast with open hands and supplied with a variety of weapons—so you get to choose how to arm them!

There are sixty-four figures and five weapons packs in the first release—and lots more on the way!

So look out for the new releases at your local games store and get into the latest and best in fantasy gaming

**Single blisters £0.95    Multipacks £2.95    Weapon packs £1.50**

\*All figures are supplied unpainted and to a nominal 25mm scale. Fantasy Warlord™ is a trademark owned by Folio Works Limited. Fantasy Warlord™ miniatures are manufactured under licence by Alternative Armies. If you have any difficulty in finding the Fantasy Warlord™ miniatures or would like more information, please contact Folio Works at P.O. Box 22, Belper, Derby, DE6 4HY.

Trade enquiries should call our sales office on: 0773-715784