

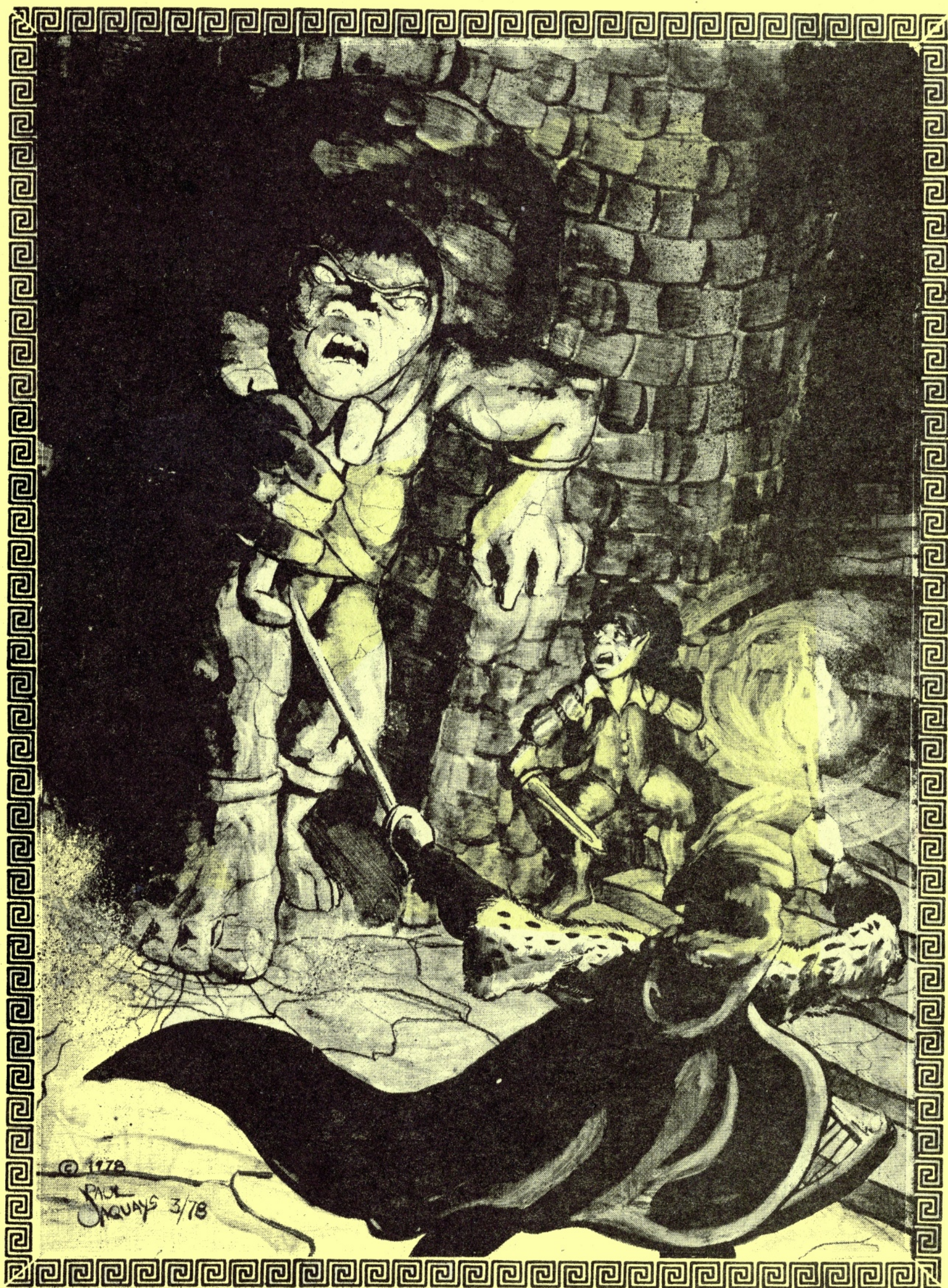
May-June, 1978

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THE DUNGEONEER

The Bi-monthly DungeonMasters' Magazine



THE LAB'ORATORY

Well, Once again the Big hand is on the shoulder and the little hand is on typewriter and its time to start another editor's column. This time there are several things that need to be discussed.

First: I am, almost OUT OF COPY—that is stories and articles for inclusion. Please refer to the schedule sent to you and get your copy in. Remember: this is a fanzine. Written and put together by fans. I NEED YOUR INPUT!!! The magazine can only be as good as YOU make it. By the way, do not feel limited by the due dates for material and ads. If you can't get a story in before the due date, send it anyway. Even if I can't fit it in that particular issue, I can still use it in a later one. The sooner I have your copy, the easier I can plan ahead. If copy does not arrive before the due date I can do only one of three things: delay publication until enough copy arrives OR put out a smaller issue OR sit down and start writing (if I have the time). Keeping up with the due dates, especially from now through late Fall is even more important because of the extra time tie-ups caused by my hectic convention schedule throughout the con season.

Secondly: Some old business. I have been unable to locate an address for Dave MARBRY. If you have one, please advise me as soon as possible, or have him contact me. ALSO will my friends at A&E and TWH please advise me how many copies I still owe you and how you want it spread out from issue 7 on. I know that you were owed several copies of issue 6, which is currently out-of-print, and wish to make this deficit up in any way that pleases you.

Thirdly: **ADDRESS CHANGES:** please, when sending in address changes give your old address as well as your new one. In order to speed mailing, I have the files set up by ZIPCODE order and when your old address isn't given I must go through the whole thing to find you. If you are renewing and your address changed since your last issue, please be sure to indicate both addresses. If you are, or were, in

school and your summer address is different from your school-year one, don't forget to let me know.

Fourthly: Back to articles and artwork and due dates: I am trying to set up a system of reply so that when you submit something to me, I can let you know 1) I got it, 2) If I am not going to use it (and, if possible, why—also if you want it returned to you, used or not, enclose a SASE), 3) if I am going to use it if it will be in the next issue or what future issue I expect to put it in, once I schedule it. Unless I specifically request it, please make all artwork in the form of line drawings or glossy photos, as they have been in the past. While I do expect to be handling full-tone art in the future (as was this month's cover) it will be a big time saver (from the printer's end) to use only line-art for now. Once we get ourselves back on a schedule we can keep this will no longer present a problem. Please be sure that artwork and charts are in black or red ink, whenever possible. Blue ink and blue-lined chart paper does NOT show up in the photo-offset print. When this cannot be done, I will have to redo the chart, thus delaying possible inclusion in some cases. I will accept charts of other types, but I just can't guarantee that in such cases I could get the article into the next issue. Which brings me to the last point concerning due dates: even if your article arrives before the due date, that does not mean that it will necessarily be included in that issue. Inclusion will depend on several things: date of arrival, how much has to be rewritten and/or redrawn, how much other material was received, how pertinent or timely is the material compared to other copy/art for that issue or that issue's dates, and some other, less important, things.

Fifthly: If you hear of any conventions or other events of interest to D&D, EPT, T&T, Trek, SF, Gaming, S&S, Comics, etc. please send me a copy of the pertinent information for inclusion in our column. The same goes for fanzines. Also, write-ups

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

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The Lab 'Oratory' from page 2

of what will be happening or what did happen at the cons would be appreciated and would be considered for publication should space permit. The same goes for reviews of pertinent books or games, etc.

Sixthlyopolopolous: corrections and comments on last month's mini-dungeon: *hotel kaliphornia*. A typo: last paragraph, 5th line: should read double-handed not double-hened. (And, yes, I am aware of the other typos in the issue. We will try to improve.) Some comments were received concerning the chart. Due to certain difficulties, I had to redo this chart at the last minute and I appologize that the graph lines were as dark as the drawing. I hope to have this situation corrected in the future. There, also, seemed to be some confusion about items 1-6. This is due to the charting and the descriptions not being clear as to pointing out that 1-5 are on a countertop, not another room, and the bookcases (6) are shown as follows: 

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Finally: Something New, Something New! A new serial is being started in this issue: Under Sky King's Light (Yes, Penny,

we do remember!). This serial is based on William Paley's (the author) campaign and has several features we hope you will like. For one thing, it starts right off with a hero AND a heroine! More characters will be added as time trips along in its merry, magnificent manner. It is, also, written from the standpoint of the novice player, whose learning, mistakes and all, are shown. Now some of you experienced DMs might think that 'no one would do that' as our hero and heroine try out their wings, but remember when you had never played D&D? Maybe you never even heard of a Troll before. These adventures are taken directly from Bill's extensive notes on the happenings in his world, so there may be some surprizes for all of us. I am further pleased (personally) because Bill has incorporated into his world many of the locations and NPCs that our good friends at JUDGES GUILD have made available. This will make this serial even more interesting to those readers who are relatively new to the game or DMing and wish to see how to incorporate such fantastic players aids into their games or campaigns. I am a charter subscriber to their products and have felt since the beginning that many (especially some of the more experienced DMs) do not give these fine people the credit they are due.

We also have the first section of a novellette written by Brian Hinnen. In his story, Four Green Berets—during the Viet Nam War—suddenly find themselves in a fantasy realm. We have two endings for this story which will be serialized in 3 or 4 parts. One ending will allow us to continue their fantasy adventures (for those who survive) in the serial form and the other will end the story at the same point as the original novelette. Which we use will be up to you. Feedback on this before issue 9 is very important in making the decision, so lets hear from you. The first chapter, in this ish, covers the background of the characters and their transport to the fantasy realm. As it does not include a vast amount of fantasy, you must consider it on writing style, your assessment of Brian (if you know him) and the idea that Brian has been gaming for a goodly amount of time and is as experienced in the fantasy aspects as he is in the modern military aspects.

AND I, also, need the current whereabouts of the following people: David Marbry, Mark Metson (formerly of Halifax), Cecil Nurse (formerly of Don Mills, Ont.),

continued on page 40



by Bill Paley (and based on true, conjectured facts and real, simulated events)



I
he elves of the town of Elf-burn were a proud lot. And why not?! Hadn't ten of their oldest and most respected citizens fought bravely in the battle to drive forth the Balrog horde long before mankind was born? And hadn't Elladan, Elf-mage, himself, stopped two whole days to rest in the town before continuing his endless search for the elven princess? They, indeed, had much to be proud of. But one fiery lass was dissatisfied with the peaceful life in the market town. She refused to learn the lessons the elders taught, for she was bored with the lore of herbs and spells. Early in her life she chose the path of bow and sword.

The slim, blonde lass drew back swiftly and smoothly on her bowstring and let fly at the target. The arrow thunked into place a hairsbreadth from the shaft of her mentor. "Well shot, little one!" cried the elder elf. "Now, Lilly, you must practice your fire and move drill."

The girl grimaced, but responded with three shots, each fired after a flurry of steps. Again, Lilly had placed her arrows well within the bullseye.

"Good," the instructor grunted, "and now you, Ellafen." The elvish lad stepped forward as Lilly retrieved her arrows and strode off to her home.

As she passed through the marketplace with her bow slung, she could feel the everpresent disapproval of the elders. She could hear their whispers: "She-wolf," "Orc-blood," and worse. She shrugged, but the guilt was yet a load on her shoulders.

Once past her fortieth year, she had left the home of her family, the place where her mother's disapproval leadened every step, and, though her request was unusual, especially in one so young, the town elders agreed and had allowed her to build a small hut, by hand, alone. Now, entering her home, she carefully hung her bow and arrows and swiftly prepared a meal for herself. As the evening stars blinked above, she took down her sword and, lovingly, polished it.

She could hear, here and there among the houses, voices singing. Lovesongs, Herb Lore, Songs of Tress and Flowers—spring

was here, after a mild winter. All three moons had risen: Howla, the delicate; Vanis, the dim; Sky King, the bright and supposed home of Man's gods. Lilly, shaking her head, hummed a lay of Rash'l, one of the human gods of soldiers, and dreamed.

Her dreams were full of the glorious days of the past when wars between races were common and when mankind had not yet filled-up the world. She dreamed of slaying evil lords and proving to all that she could be a warrior worth bardic song.

Suddenly she heard the scuff of a footstep. Silently she raised her sword and tiptoed to the door. Outside she could hear the whispered consultations of three younger elf lads who were, also, in training and who still confused shield for sword. "Who comes?" she shouted, knowing the answer, but at the same time lifting her heavy shield.

She heard the sounds of footsteps running full tilt towards her door. She took a defensive stance just as the youths crashed through her door. Each wore his suit of leather and, though two carried clubs, one lifted his hands and chanted a spell at the armed lass. Before he half-began, she slashed through his throat.

The two remaining elves stood stock still in surprise, as their companion's life bubbled out on the dirt floor. "We . . . we didn't mean to . . . I mean . . . we weren't going to kill you," stuttered one.

"Leave my house," she ordered, and the two shocked boys raced out the door.

"My first blood," thought the girl, "but why was it fated to be elvish!?" She sighed and immediately began packing.

II

Gof the Old, Hetman of Tenoch, leaned over the counter of the leatherwork stall. "Marisha, your son will come to no good working as a woman in the market. I know of a raid planned all the way north to the lands of the Invincible Overlord. If I drop a hint or two, they'll take Sombo along. It would be a good experience for him. Battle scars make the man."

Marisha Leathercrafter lifted her awl and pointed it at the elderly warrior,

"You're nosing into my family's business again, you old goat. By Hevel's beard, I'd swear you want to get my son out of the way so's you could 'court' me again. Out, out of my sight! Have respect for an aging widow!"

The old man roared with laughter and wandered off, but Marisha frowned. As soon as the sun dipped to the west she closed her shop and hurried home. Inside she found a youth asleep over a bound, parchment book. The yellowed pages were filled with scrawled markings of cursive script. "Sombo!" The young man started. "Tend the fire, if you can't do your studies." "Yes, mother."

As he rose, his mother studied him. "No," she thought, "I was right. The followers of Pash shall not have him. He is not as Gor once was, with rippling muscles and hardy. He is not weak, but his mind is stronger. A mage he shall be if I can but linger on this earth longer."

"Momma," he spoke, "I did it, finally. I threw my voice across the room! That makes eight spells I have mastered!"

The old woman smiled at his eager face, and ignored her worries of discovery. Rumors of why the bright, young leather-crafter's son had not yet chosen his weapon had passed around the marketplace, yet no one yet suspected that he had chosen the ways of Mastack and not the warring of Pash. What the superstitious members of the warband would do when the thought occurred to them was not yet a problem, and might never be, if Sombo's progress continued.

"Wonderful, son, wonderful. Imagine, Sombo, Magus of Altania, perhaps even Magus Supreme of the Eastern Lands!" Beaming, she pattered about the kitchen. "Oh, I forgot to draw water this morning. Sombo, we need two jugs." She returned to cooking the meal. Sombo grinned, and trotted out the back to the small well in the common road. As always, he was dressed in sandals, loincloth, dagger and pouch. He jingled as he walked, for his mother felt that he was a safer place to keep their money than a hole in the floor—especially after he had put the cat to sleep with a wave of his hand. He smiled as he walked, smelling the cooking of dinners as he passed others' homes. With half his mind he reviewed his new spell, while with the other half he dreamed.

"Magus Supreme of the Eastern Lands. Ha! No, not I," he thought, "but Magus of Altania isn't hard—no other boys study

magic here and the women only wear charms." He filled his jugs and, turning back to home, he hummed a tune to Mastack, god of the free-willed, white mages.

He entered quietly through the back-door of his home and was surprised to hear voices. He was even more surprised to hear the angry shout of the Hetman, Gor. He stopped cold and set down the jugs, listening silently.

"This is a book on MAGIC!" roared the old man. "This is why Sombo hasn't chosen weapon! He has chosen the vile paths where no *real* man treads! The sentence for that is clear. Death to the teacher and death to the pupil!"

"No!" wailed Marisha, "This is not his book! It is mine! He has refused to learn it, though I tried to force him. He has decided to choose weapon, though I know not which. Slay me, if you must, for I have brought the sentence on myself!"

"Carry out the sentence," growled the old man. A piercing howl shattered the night. "Find the boy and slay him, but beware his crafty spells. And flame the book. Good. The house as well."

Sombo slipped quietly out of the house, tears stinging his eyes. He ran to the edge of town, where he sat down and cried. He silently wept until he felt his strength had gone.

Well past midnight, from the shadows, a searcher stepped. "Sombo," he cried, "I carry out sentence." He drew forth his battle axe and stepped towards the boy. Suddenly Sombo gestured and muttered, He replied to the soldier, "Obey me!"

"Yes, Sombo," the man answered, axe still held aloft.

"Slay Gor the Old, Hetman of Tenoch."

"Yes, Sombo." The man strode off into the night, brandishing his weapon.

Sombo shook his head, stood and walked off to the East.

Whip your Dungen into
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LUTE



RALPH



VALMOUS

The Arcane Elders



RÖHCYL

"In Valmous's Tower" by Paul Jaquays and Mark Hendricks

CHAPTER VIII



As the clouds parted the four comrades gazed about the disarray around them in disbelief. The barbarians that had, moments before, been intent on disembowelling them were suddenly engaged in collecting the bodies of their fallen arms-brothers and piling them into the center of the clearing. Several went from tent to tent, bringing forth small bundles that were the worldly goods of the freed vassals. Within minutes, all of the dead lay in a great heap not far from the sacrificial altar. An older man who seemed to be organizing the work strode to where Röhcyl stood with Lute the bard, Ralph the Hobbit and the big barbarian, Théoran, who had joined them by this time to watch the spectacle. The barbarian bowed as he approached the youthfull necromancer, steel-gray braids hiding his face.

"Young Master, we are under your bonding. You have brought about the destruction of he who blinds the eyes of the wise and enslaves the souls of the innocent. We are hereby sworn to do your bidding for a year and a day, as is the custom of our people."

Röhcyl stared in amazement, then shook his head and made a gentle passing motion with his hand. "No, my friend," he said, "You are free to go about as you please. You and your tribe have just been released from servitude, why should you wish to return to that state?"

Théoran stepped from behind and whispered a few words in the young magician's ear. As Röhcyl listened he saw the old barbarian's hand move slowly in the direction of his scimitar.

"Röhcyl," Théoran spoke urgently, "It is the custom among my people to serve the one who saves their lives, which is what you have done here. To refuse service is an insult that could mean death."

"But I did not do it, Valmous did!" Röhcyl shot out of his mouth. The barbarian's hand clasped his curved blade, trembling slightly. Röhcyl sensed a hesitancy in the old man's eyes. A hesitancy that said he knew his tribal duty and, yet, still felt a sense of respect and awe for one so young who had such power at his command. The image of the thunder-

ing cloud-face must have loomed lingeringly in the forefront of the savage's mind for he remained undecided. Tribal instinct was stronger as the honed blade swept out of its bearhide scabbard to cut a glittering arc only to be aborted in mid-swing by powerfull, yet non-magical words.

"I command you to loose your weapon," said the youth, trying to sound effectively stern. "On your knees, barbarian!" He continued. Apparently Röhcyl sounded as convincing as he had hoped, for the half naked chieftan dropped to his knees and prostrated himself before the magic-user.

"This is my judgement upon you and your men. From this day forth you shall serve me by returning to your tribes and clans, remaining in constant readiness for the day I will summon you. Each of you shall return to his own home and go about providing for himself and his family as before the days of the coming of the evil one, whose name I forbid to be spoken." Röhcyl paused to think of some weighty curse to invoke of disobeyed, but his memory of curses was rather hazy at the moment. He continued. "You must all keep your spears and swords sharp, for I will not have you coming unto battle for me unprepared. Lay aside sack for your provisions, that you may pack and leave to come to my side on the same day as you hear of my need." Röhcyl realized that he was rambling.

"You're dyin' on stage, kid" he heard Lute's voice behind him. He began to feel foolish and fought to keep from blushing. He had to finish quickly.

"Furthermore, if I should learn of your disobedience, know that you face the same fate as the evil one whose life force has been separated from his body. Go now! Finish your tasks here. I, Röhcyl, son of Valmous, have spoken." He folded his arms and set his jaw in another attempt to appear stern. Turning he slowly walked away. The barbarian rose, never lifting his face and bowed three times. He then turned and went off to tell the others.

Ralph and Lute stared at each other as Röhcyl strode past them. Théoran watched as the young magician went towards the edge of the clearing where the horses had been hidden before, to disappear in the foliage.

"Ralph, tell me he was kidding. Ralph?"

Ralph, please tell me! Ralph!??” The Hobbit stared blankly at his companion. He did not nor could not speak.

“By the gods of Garth, it must be true!! The young one has done a feat that I could never match: To shut you up!”

Ralph began to utter inaudible noises. Slowly his speech returned to him.

“Son of Valmous, Son of Valmous, Son of Valmous, Son of Valmous . . .” the short one repeated over and over. Ralph paused and shuddered. “Lute,” he continued with renewed vigor, “We could be in big trouble, BIG TROUBLE! You know how we razed him. Remember that old saying: Do not interfere with the temperament of wizards, for they are subtle and easily moved to vengeance.”

“Simultaneously, both the bard and the thief looked at the disappearing figure of Röhcyl, then at each other, suddenly bursting into gales of laughter.

“Impossible!” they said and dragged Théoran off with them in the direction of the horses.

As they left the glade, the barbarians set alight the great bier of their fallen tribesmen and the tents that had housed them during their captivity. As the four comrades rode off, they could see the ominous wafts of smoke drifting above the forest. Tales were later told and retold in taverns across the country of that great fire. Whether magic or not, it is said that the burning lasted for nine whole days.

Over the years, Lute would come to curse the speed at which he and his friends left those woods.

“What a great ballad I could have given the world.” He would reminisce. “Now someone else sings the tale that should have been mine. To think of the fame that I passed up to accompany these two.” He would say and lay quite for a time.

The only fell part of the trip was the dream which reoccurred to Röhcyl each night as he slept. Out of the blackness of dream-night a grey stone hand would issue forth and crush the startled images of Ralph and Lute.

As each day passed on the road, the young necromancer scrutinized his memory of the tower he had once lived in and would soon call home again. Nothing stirred from the deepest recesses of his mind that even hinted of the danger foreboded by his dreams.

Four days out, the comrades ascended the mountains that separated them from their destination. The Tower of Valmous lay but three day’s journey from the mountain pass a mile’s height above them. 8

As they rode ever nearer, Röhcyl thought more and more on the tasks and chores thrust upon him as an apprentice. How he had detested them. Yet now, as master magician in his own keep, they would be thrust upon him again out of necessity.

“Is there no justice?” he occasionally said to himself.

Finally, he decided to divide the chores between the four of them. Yet with all of this to occupy his mind, Röhcyl’s dreams continued to haunt him nightly.

The next days passed swiftly and before the last day he told his companions of their coming tasks.

“First of all, we must clean the stables inside the keep and provide for our horses. Next the halls must be cleared of vermin, intelligent or otherwise.”

At the last sentence Ralph and Lute looked despairingly at each other.

“I knew this trip was going too well to last.” muttered the hobbit.

Röhcyl sensed their uneasiness. “What is it, my friends? Afraid of a few cockroaches and rats?” he asked.

“No!” emphasized both Lute and Ralph. “Afraid of warlocks and wizards who occupy abandoned spires of sorcery?” queried Lute. “Yes!” they answered in unison.

Lute opened his mouth to continue, but the hobbit cut him off. “You see, Röhcyl, from experience, Lute and I have time and time again proven the old adage from the Books of the Wise.” At this point Ralph assumed an air of sagacity. “where wizards go . . . trouble follows.”

“I do not recall reading that!” Röhcyl replied.

“Must not have frequented the same public houses as us.” muttered Lute.

Ignoring the bard, Röhcyl continued. “The fact remains that we shall need all four of us to make an initial search of the tower, dungeon and caves.”

“THE WHAT?!?” spurted out the duo. “You said nothing about delving beneath the ground!”

“And the crypts.” Röhcyl added softly, with a wry smile, “Do not forget the crypts.”

Lute stood open-mouthed staring with disbelief at his magician friend. Ralph fainted dead away. Théoran sat by the fire, unflinching, slowly stirring the ashes. Lute managed to close his mouth long enough to swallow hard and speak.

“Did I ever tell you the tale of Ralph and the Liche?” The bard retorted glibly but palely. “He has a very healthy respect for things that are not quite dead, but

ought to be, and even more respect for things that are quite dead, but still get around; if you catch my meaning."

Röhcyl sat silent for a moment. "Will you at least agree to search the keep with me? I do need your help."

Théoran raised his massive bulk to a standing position. "We all agreed to this much," he said, giving a scolding, serious eye to the bard and his unconscious companion, "that we would see the young master safely to his hold and see him established. Tomorrow we enter the keep of Röhcyl, search it and stay until he has need of us no further. Now we sleep!" With that word Théoran lumbered over, picked up Lute and set him down amidst harp and pack on his bedroll. "Sleep, singer," he said gruffly.

Röhcyl lowered his head and smiled, trying not to laugh. Lute shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Can't he take a jest?" he murmured to no one in particular, then tossed a blanket over the still form of the hobbit. "Hair-toe," he muttered, "You missed your calling. Someday your theatrics are going to be the death of me." At that, the hobbit snickered, was silent and began to snore.

The foursome broke camp early the next morning, eager to begin the last leg of their journey. As the sun neared the zenith, Ralph wiped the sweat from his forehead and suggested a nice shady spot to eat the midday meal, but Röhcyl shook his head and pressed them on.

"The keep lies but three hills yonder," he said, pointing sunward. Shadows were not yet long. "It is not more than an hour's ride, there we shall find a cold, clear stream running but a furlong from the castle walls."

"Let us ride quickly then," rumbled Théoran, "For I wish to see the young master's tower ere the sun god rests in the far hills."

With that he let loose a savage yell that bounced off the knolls about them and sent the horses galloping at frenzied speed, barely controlled by their riders. They arrived at the keep in little more than a quarter-hour's time.

Even as Röhcyl had remembered it, a small brook meandered, but a little ways off from the keep. There they dismounted, watered their horses and ate. Feeling refreshed, they led their mounts to the great iron doors that were the fortress's only apparent entrance . . . or exit. Röhcyl motioned his comrades to stay behind while he went and gestered, speaking words they could not hear. Ponderously the heavy doors opened inward. The young

mage turned back to his friends.

"Welcome to Röhcyl's Keep. Enter and find refuge."

The large, gaping doorway loomed blackly behind him. Lute leaned over to Ralph and whispered, "I'm not so sure about that."

"Me neither."

And so the company entered the keep.

Soon, the four men had cleansed a portion of the stable and supplied their horses with what grain and hay they could find, commenting upon what good condition the stables were in and how remarkably well preserved the fodder was.

"Tomorrow I will need the remainder of the stables to be cleaned, or at least two more stalls," said Röhcyl to Théoran. The barbarian nodded in recognition of his master's order.

"Expecting guests so soon?" asked the begrimed bard in amazement.

"Yes," replied Röhcyl, matter-of-factly, "I am."

Lute shook his puzzled head. There were times when he could not fathom the ways of this young man. Ralph looked up and smiled at Lute.

"Well you know what they say about . . ."

"Yes, I know," answered the bard.

Just then Röhcyl called them over to the door of the tower itself. The tower was constructed of hand hewn granite blocks, about three feet tall and six feet long and, as they were soon to discover, about four feet thick. Unmortared, the structure reached up seventy feet into the air and spanned almost thirty feet across.

The door here was the same wrought iron as the main entrance, except a golden face of an old man had been embossed in the middle at eye level. All three of the magic-user's friends were quick to notice that the door lacked one thing, a latch with which to open it. Röhcyl addressed the face.

"Friends shall follow after me, let no one pass except these three."

Suddenly, the face seemed to change from gold to flesh.

"As the master has spoken, so shall it be."

With those words, the face resumed its golden form and the door slowly swung open.

"By the gods of Garth, I like this less and less," shot the hobbit to Lute.

"You and yours have never been much for the things of the wizardly realm," returned Lute. "But right now I really can't blame you."

The four companions entered into a dimly lit room, illumed only by shafts of

fading sunlight filtering in through narrow slit openings around the walls. They had not seen the slits from the outside. Röhcyl called for a torch and advised them to each light one for themselves. Thus girded, they entered the tower.

"This is the entry hall," spoke Röhcyl. "The tapestries in here are ancient beyond belief. That one there, by the firepit, is from the sunken land. And the red one once graced the dining hall of one of the centurion kings, or so Valmous told me."

Lute swallowed a lump in his throat. The sunken land was a children's fable, but the centurion kings were a dark, evil legend that only the boldest of minstrels would sing of, ere they brought down some unknown curse upon themselves. He gave that and the other wall hangings a wide berth.

"Make yourselves at home here," spoke Röhcyl. "For int his house you are more than guests." He then motioned for Théoran to follow him to the leftmost stair.

"I go to prepare quarters for you. Théoran will assist me. Ralph, Lute . . . eat if you will, for there is food; but be mindful of what you touch or where you go. Yon glass vase may seem fragile, but it has teeth like a viper."

Lute needed no warning.

The hobbit had already begun to devour the full meal set upon the table. Lute thought it odd that the table, alone, showed no sign of the dust that clouded the tiled floor.

"Methinks the victuals are sorcerous."

"If so, it is good-tasting, edible sorcery." garbled back the hobbit through a mouthful of gravy and biscuit. "Barn cleaning is hungry work."

"Sitting is hungry work for you, ye fur-footed travelling stomach!" slapped back the bard as he began eating, narrowly dodging the fowl leg flung at him.

"I feel like exploring," burped Ralph as he pushed himself away from the decimated feast.

"Good for you." Lute yawned back as he gave a stuffed chair a few tentative pokes and kicks before settling down into it and pulling his cap down over his eyes.

The bard yawned and stretched. Darkness had crept into the keep for its nightly visit, held at bay by only the flickering of a single torch that threatened to give way at any moment to the onslaught. Above him, he heard the hearty rumble of Théoran's laughter, a rare thing, and the sharp tenor of Röhcyl's voice; but nowhere in this room did he see his comrade of several years. Nor did he hear the nasal

itches of the hobbit's voice above, and it was not like Ralph to stay out of mirth-making when he was present.

"Gods of Grath damn his furry hide," he cursed. "The hobbit's gone off exploring."

Lute grabbed up fresh torch, sword, harp and hat and took off at a run up the second set of stairs to his right. He had a hunch where these stairs went and that was no place for a magic-fearing hobbit to be. The stairs curved upward and he passed several doors whose locks bore the mark of the thief's passing. They had all been picked. Somewhere, far away, Lute still heard laughter, muffled through walls of stone. But ahead he heard a scream.

Lute could see but a few yards ahead but he redoubled his pace, hastily mouth-ing a prayer for assistance. Up he went. It seemed that from the inside this tower was at least twice the height it was outside. He rounded another landing and saw before him the diminutive figure of the hobbit, almost rooted to the stair. Above him loomed a giant stone statue, and it was moving.

The hulking stone automaton lurched heavily forward, mammoth stone hand flexing and clutching as it bent over to grasp and crush Ralph.

"Die, son of a rock pit," screamed the bard as he lunged at the monster from behind, his sword clanging against magiked stone and sliding off ineffectively.

Swifter than he'd imagined it could, the stone behemoth swung a massive arm around and flung the bothersome gnat of a man to the far wall, then pivoted to meet his second attack.

Carved like a man, it was, but a hobbit standing on a man's shoulders would not see over it. Blank stone eyes stared and stone teeth gnashed like stone mason's hammers as it advanced on the hapless minstrel. The stone floor cracked beneath its ponderous bulk.

A plan in mind, Lute backed toward the stair behind him. The monster lunged with stoney fist, but this time Lute ducked and it was overballanced.. Lute dodged and the monster went tumbling down the stair into the darkness below.

"That should settle his rocks," remarked the bard with a gasp, plopping himself down on the stair beside the standing hobbit. "Like all creatures of stone, I knew that it wasn't as quick as I." He said, "So with a clever dodge I sent it sprawling down the stairs to shatter with every impact."

continued on page 17

PELLIC QUEST[©]

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IKONS

by L. Kevin Slimak

Any campaign that runs lots of demons or an orthochristian system should include saints (who are much better for opposing demons than angels or demons of law) with varied personalities and specialties. Those saints will generate IKONS. An ikon is a two-dimensional representation of a saint, sometimes with bas-relief, and, in some worlds, the term is stretched to cover statues. The following tables are for generating ikons. Ikons are at least demi-artifacts and should be treated as such.

SIZE

- 1) 1 ft. x 3" x 1"
- 2) 2' x 6" x 2"
- 3) 3' x 1' x 3"
- 4) 6" x 9" x 4"
- 5) 3' x 6" x 6"
- 6) 4' x 1' x 2"
- 7) 5' x 2' x 1'
- 8) 7' x 3' x 1'
- 9) 1' x 6" x ½"
- 10) 3' x 2" x ¼"
- 11) cylinder 1' h x 2" diam.
- 12–18) two pieces: roll again
- 19) statue: roll %dice for % life-size
- 20) Unusual/special or roll again

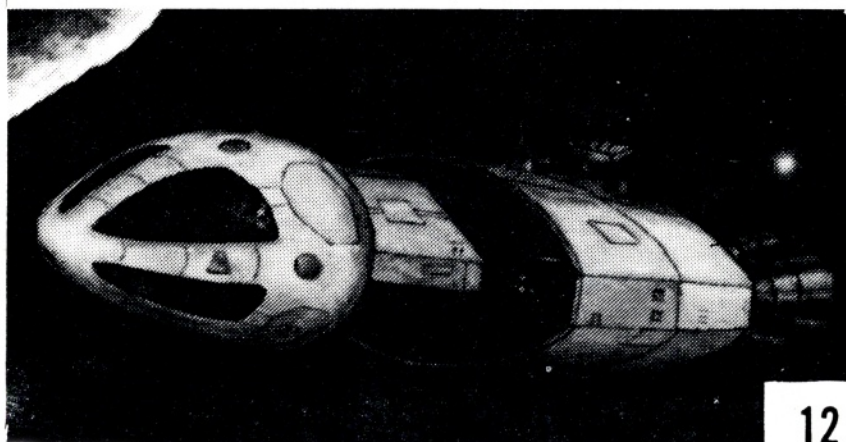
CONTAINER

- 1) Box/portable closet (wood)
- 2) glass paneled box
- 3) metal box
- 4) Mounted on a wood plaque
- 5) no container
- 6) unusual (bejeweled, trap-protected, animated container, etc.)

SPECIFIC SPECIES ACTION SPECIFIER

- 1) vs demons (lessor)
- 2) vs demon royalty
- 3) vs dragons
- 4) vs evil men
- 5) vs magic
- 6) vs monsters

Artwork by Art Flores



GENERAL POWERS

- 1) removes cureses
- 2) cures 2 diseases
- 3) cures 3 diseases
- 4) auto-set of broken bones
- 5) restores lost limbs
- 6) restores sight
- 7) restores hearing/smell
- 8) adds to damage vs specific species
- 9) barrier to specific species
- 10) barrier to evil/enchanted (1–6th level)
- 11) barrier to e/e (5–8th level)
- 12) barrier to evil [only] (2–7th level)
- 13) disrupts undead 1–4th level
- 14) lays vampires to rest
- 15) resurects ghouls
- 16) time stops spectres
- 17) restores 1 life-energy level
- 18) heals 1–6 pts/day
- 19) heals 3–24 pts/day (owner & retainers)
- 20) cures leprosy
- 21) gives leprosy to all chaotics
- 22) +1 to all clerical functions
- 23) +2 to wisdom and holiness of owner
- 24) barrier to specific species levels 1–12
- 25) barrier to s.s. (20 of them)
- 26) barrier to s.s. levels 2–40
- 27) adds to damage given s.s.
- 28) destroys s.s.
- 29) protects from s.s. damage
- 30) +1 to +4 to AC
- 31) -1 to -4 to AC
- 32) As ring spell of turning: incl. staves, etc.
- 33) as no. 32 but +25% chance
- 34) cures damage by poisons
- 35) death spell vs poisoners
- 36) Finger-of-death vs traitors
- 37) reflects anti-cleric spells
- 38) dispells elementals
- 39) grants limited wishes for great treasure (up to 1KKGP)
- 40) creates holy water

SIDE EFFECTS

- 1) Causes damage to user
- 2) damages magic-users in party
- 3) weakens fighters in group
- 4) feebleminds clerics
- 5) blanks psychics 1–10 days
- 6) deafens 1–20 members of party
- 7) blinds for 1–6 turns
- 8) causes earthquakes
- 9) attracts evil clerics
- 10) turns gold to lead
- 11) reduces magic items
- 12) doubles time to heal

STARTS ACTION WHEN

- 1) placed in castle worship area
- 2) player prostrated before it
- 3) pointed at target
- 4) held skyward
- 5) 4 or more lay hands on ikon
- 6) carried into combat
- 7) placed in/over throne
- 8) activated by cleric
- 9) within 6'' of a paladin
- 0) owner is slain

If you look carefully at the above, it does not give you everything you need to generate an ikon, but takes you most of the way and gives you ideas. To make one, pick a saint and give him or her a personality (as George the Dragon Fighter or St. Helene —see examples below) and then fit the appropriate characteristics or roll them up. Most ikons I've seen were at least 14 levels into a dungeon and guarded by very paranoid types (often demi-gods assigned to see that the ikon wasn't available to provide the saint a locus to get back into play from). Now for examples:

SAINT GEORGE'S IKON

A stately fellow. St. George only helps lawful characters and nobles (of any alignment). The ikon works as soon as it is placed in the sacristy or chapel of the player. Verses dragons it activates, throwing a golden haze about the character. It will even fight a lawful dragon (St. George would rather take a shot at a dragon than worry about little technicalities). It is useless against any demons except those that look like dragons, when it doubles the values in the chart below. It is a 12' x 6' x 2' granite bas-relief of St. George and it is contained in a very richly appointed crystal and diamond case. Playing around with the jewels in the case brings on good St. George who is an easy match for any 6 or so Balrogs and their brothers.

Owner	Protects	to AC	Hits	Dmg.
noble lawful	12	+6	+5	1D20
paladin	10	+5	+6	1D20
lawful	8	+4	+4	1D10
noble neutral	6	+3	+3	1D8
chaotic noble	4	+2	+2	1D6
c.nob.vs.lw. drgn.	2	+1	+1	1D4

SPECIAL POWERS

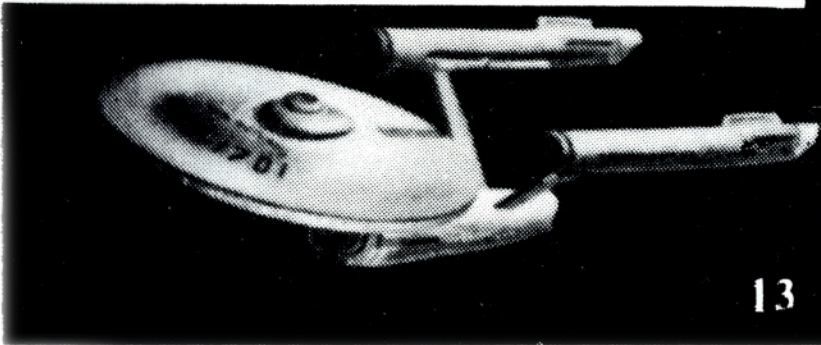
- 1) ressurects
- 2) commune
- 3) +/- onresurrection
- 4) +/- on reincarnation
- 5) grants info wishes
- 6) legend lore on base (1/month)
- 7) attracts clerics for half pay
- 8) prevents life drain
- 9) aids non-lawfuls in one catagory
- 0) portal/gate for saint!

IKON OF ST. HELENE

6'' x 2'' x 2'' encased in a champagne colored crystal rod, it can only be used by very victorian virgins. Employed, it acts like a Finger-of-death vs demons but it, also, functions like a death spell for anyone who has been acting randy recently (range is 50'). It protects for 12' from demons for humans but it doesn't protect any elves in the party and it protects from only 4th level demons for dwarves. Korlinth, phoenix and others had ought to find themselves another saint. St. Helene is a very victorian lady who has little control over whom she gets with her wonders. The more energy she expends against a demon, the more she uses it as an excuse to nail people she doesn't like.

F-o-d vs

lvl of demon	side effects
1	death spell 5'' for all randies
2	also light wounds for elves
3	also light wounds for dwarves
4	change light to serious for elves and dwarves and give all men light wounds
5	also light wounds to any in the party who are married
6	also light wounds to anyone who venerates a saint
7	change all wounds to 1-6 pts and double dmg to magic-users
8	death spell to all males
9	death spl to all but ikon wieldr
10	also light wounds to ikon-wldr





by Bryan D. Hinnen

PROLOGUE

Deep in the recesses of most men's minds, there lies a private little hell. There, things live . . . things that he creates, nurses and cultivates, though consciously he wants nothing of them and will often deny they exist. But these things do live. And they grow, and feed, and all the denials man can heatedly produce will not change it.

They have lived there since the Serpent first spoke to Adam, for they are the Serpent. Clones of the Serpent's flesh, quotes of the Serpent's words, they twist and shriek and claw, louder and more viciously at some times than at others, and men know they exist.

Sometimes, men get a glimpse of these things and the way they live. A man is asleep, and the, supposedly, resting retinas of his eyes will turn red from the night creatures' claws and wicked fangs. There are some who cannot bear these brief shows of the demon-worlds in their skulls; these people wander the city streets and country highways, letting the demons use their bodies as tools to vent their evil works. The authorities of men, such as they are, restrain these unwilling tools of inner darkness, when they can.

A few of these walking tools, with an uncommon strength of will, find and tap from another inner reservoir the cunning and means to become a partner, rather than a tool, of these dark forces. These men are truly formidable. They have the madness of the human tool, but they direct the madness for what they think are their own gains. We have witnessed two major romps by the latter type of men in the middle third of this century; countless millions have died so that the demons within could feed and grow stronger. These are the public ones—the ones who had the means to let the demons burst out and envelop entire nations, continents, for brief orgies of blood and atrocity.

There are many more of these cunning madmen who never surface to the light of the world, who never know the realizations of their lust for power. They are, in some cases, even more dangerous . . .

For some leaders, cunningly demonic or innocently stupid, will try to bring a number of these professional madmen together to form some 'elite fighting unit' for the purpose of throwing fear into the enemy. The Persian Immortals, the French Foreign Legion, the Death's Head SS and the Yugoslav Ustashi are a few of the more publicized of these units, really marching asylums.

The latest example of such a killing machine is the U.S. Special Forces. This corps of murderers was turned loose recently upon a relatively backwards people in Indochina to 'clear up' a rather messy situation that had arisen there.

And so, herein we find eleven men on their way back from a patrol for the enemy Viet Cong. Three of them, soon to be joined by a fourth, are of the elite unit of Green Berets. The other eight are of a slightly more acceptable parent organization, the United States Army.

The fact that they are on patrol into hostile territory is strange, for they are barely a mile from the outskirts of Saigon, their home city and strongest concentration. But the wiley Viet Cong had engineered a network of tunnels that stretched almost all the way around the city.

The existence of these tunnels was concealed from the general public, both in Viet Nam and in the United States. But they were there, and they were very, very useful to the Cong. So the Americans sent men down in, secretly and in small numbers, to deny the tunnels' usefulness to the enemy . . .

CHAPTER I

A small beam of light flickered past in the dark corridor. Soon the source came into view: a military flashlight, painted (lahk evreh uthuh Gawdamn thang in this man's Awmeh, thought its owner) a dull olive drab, with a singularly useless right-angle bend at the business end and a weak belt clip in back.

The owner was a black man, Master Sergeant Jonathan Benyon. Because he was seven feet two and weighed four hundred and ninety pounds (of which about ten were fat), his companions called him Big Ben. He gripped the flashlight in his left hand and held an M-1911-A1 .45 caliber pistol in the other meaty paw.

He was followed by ten other men, close and in single file. These men were of about the same proportions as Big Ben, but not quite the same massive dimensions. The seven whites among wore a form of black grease on exposed skin so that their whiteness would not shine out like a neon bull's-eye in the darkness of the subterranean passage.

All eleven men wore what the United States Army, in its infinite wisdom, called 'field kit full, combat issue, summer' with additions, deletions and other modifications to suit the individual. All were armed with M-16 5.56mm automatic rifles, new to them and designated the AR-15. Most, also, carried the very heavy, but often useful, .45 caliber pistol. One man's M-16 bore an M-79 40mm grenade launcher mounted under the barrel, in the style of an over-and-under shotgun. He was the third in the line that Big Ben was leading and his name was Sergeant First Class Ralph Chambers.

Between these two men was a long, thin blond-haired soldier whose California suntan was fading away under the pallor of the jungle fighter, and whose beefy, well-fed muscles were leaning out into more efficient whipcords. His name was Sergeant First Class Charles Willis.

The equipment of the three men in the lead, including short, wiry Chambers with the M-16/M-79 "Thump Gun," included one item that was a direct contradiction, rather than a supplement, to the ubiquitous 'field kit full, combat issue, summer.' Instead of the iron bucket helmet that each of the other men wore, Benyon Chambers and Willis each wore the floppy headgear that was the trademark of the U.S. Army Special Forces, popularly known as the Green Berets.

"Man, man, man, Ah sho' doan lahk usin' this heah thang," whispered Big Ben, as he swung the flashlight down to check his footing. Anything as big as he was had to have some solid ground to stand on. "Iss jus' lahk paintin' uh tawgit on mah fo'haid."

Chambers checked for the fifteenth time in the past ten minutes to see if the Thump Gun was loaded, then said, "Think of it this way, pal. It may be small comfort, but we'll catch anything that misses you."

"Yo' raght. Iss damn smawl cumfuht." Big Ben was muttering, as he often did in tense situations, assuring himself that he was still alive and kicking through the sound of a gravelly whisper. "Ah mean, Ah'm so damn big, how could thuh bastuhds miss me? Wouldn't be much comin' past tuh hit y'all. Guess ol' Big Ben save yo' asses that tahm, thuh HAWD way, fo' shaw."

The dim flashlight beam picked out an area on the left wall ahead, even blacker than the blackness. The giant man, wise to the ways of the tunnels and able to interpret such things, whispered, "Ceh'ful, boahs, they's a bend in thuh road."

The light, of such low intensity that it would not be detected around the bend, was shut off and clipped by its fragile clip to his belt. The pistol was silently holstered and the M-16—a toy in his ample paws—was unlimbered from his shoulder. He held the gun with the muzzle almost scraping the low ceiling, close against his barrel chest, and he reached his left arm far out, fingertips running along the left-hand wall.

Slowly, silently, the three Green Berets pressed on. The eight GIs behind, exhausted from what was now the better part of a week in the catacombs, stopped and let them do the work. The Berets were far better trained and, besides, the corridor was too narrow; they couldn't get past Big Ben even if they wanted to.

When Big Ben's fingertips sensed a sharp inward curving of the left-hand wall, he stopped abruptly. The two other Berets, sensing his halt, stopped, also.

Exactly three seconds later, Master Sergeant Jonathon Benyon burst around the corner, body crouched and M-16 leveled. Sergeant First Class Charles Willis thrust head, shoulders and M-16 around the corner, also. Sergeant First Class Ralph Chambers stood back, ready to supplement their fire with the Thump Gun.

In the final action of this well-rehearsed method of going around a corner, Big Ben's thumb flipped the switch of the light on his belt as he swung the gun down. The spotlight illuminated, at center stage, four little men in black pajamas and sandals. They were in the process of passing through a heavy wooden door, set in the passageway some thirty feet away, and they carried an odd assortment of weapons, from a Soviet AK-47 automatic rifle to a homemade blunderbuss.

A swarm of 5.56mm lead bees, pouring out of each of the two M-16s at the rate of twelve per second, turned the four little men into sieves, writing an abrupt 'finis' to their little scene. They didn't even have time to raise their weapons before they were cut down.

Big Ben leaped out of the crouch and sprinted for the door—he saw it start to swing shut—he knew they'd have something heavy to bar it . . .

The heavy door was ripped off its hinges as nearly a quarter-ton of hard-packed muscle and bone burst through. Three little men were on the other side and were thrown down the corridor as Big Ben came barrelling through. His M-16 spat fire and they were dead before they hit the ground. Now Willis was leaping through the ruined doorway, spotting what Big Ben had missed: a doorway on the right. He burst into the room, catching two Cong rising from a table and two more rolling out of bed. None made it to their weapons.

Chambers vaulted through the breach and followed Ben down the corridor. The two men came upon another room to the right, killing the awakening sentry as he raised a French submachine gun. Again Chambers jumped through the doorway, spotting at least a half-dozen men grabbing weapons from a makeshift gun rack. He squeezed the trigger, the grenade launcher thumped and he quickly spun back behind the doorway.

In that enclosed space, the blast of the 40mm grenade was concentrated to horrifying effectiveness. Arms, legs and pieces of unidentifiable red meat came flying through the passage, tumbling past Chambers and Benyon. After a few seconds' wait to allow the force of the explosion to die, Benyon leaned back inside to hose down the human charnel with M-16 fire, making sure that all was still within. He ran out of ammunition, spat out an obscenity, dropped the M-16 and pulled out the pistol.

Another heavy door was set in the corridor about ten feet ahead, and a pair of surprised little guys came running through it. Big Ben's first shot with the .45 slammed into the chest of one of them, picking him up and throwing him into the wall. The second shot drilled the other one through the head. Big Ben was about to turn towards the wooden door, when another flash of movement, caught in the corner of his eye, stopped him.

In his mad, bull-like rush, he had missed another doorway, set between a pair of narrowly spaced beams to the left. Big Ben watched the little man step out from behind the pillars, as if by magic, and aim a revolver.

The enemy looked small and mean. Big Ben would have preferred an enemy with great mass and height and strength, a true match for him, and even with the gift of death, dignity. Not this little meanness, this unwashed peon like a bad-tempered little feisty dog.

It was a small revolver, ultimately worthy of the term 'Saturday Night Special.' The pistol was short-barrelled, small-caliber and, like its owner, of little stature. It was shoddily made and badly put together. The parts didn't fit together properly and the slots



and threads of the screws were burred and badly stripped by carelessness, so they couldn't hold together well. There were even rusty spots on it, and Big Ben doubted if it would work with the creamy smoothness of his own .45 automatic. It had none of the power or authority of the .45, none of its bone-jarring slam.

But it could kill a man, this little gun. And it was going to kill him.

Big Ben started to swing around the .45, a gun specifically designed to stop any enemy from completing an action. But he knew he wouldn't get it there in time. Chambers turned, and Willis rushed back out into the corridor. Bursts of fire from both their guns nearly sawed the little man in two. But above the angry chatter of the M-16s, just before the little man felt the first sting, the revolver made a disagreeable little yelp as it fired.

The Arcane Elders from page 10

Lute was suddenly interrupted by the thunderous plodding of stone feet as they climbed mechanically up the stairs. Flickering torchlight revealed a totally undamaged stone giant. Ralph and Lute ran like all hell was at their heels. And, indeed, it was.

Their ascent was stopped by a third pair of wrought iron doors that Lute knew must lead to old Valmous's laboratory. The pair turned to face their doom. Slowly, ponderously, it hove into view.

"Well, Ralph," quipped the bard, "It's been a fun life."

The hobbit said nothing, but stood with short sword quivering.

Granite Death reached out for them.

From down the staircase the words, "Impasseum, narcos e veritiam e vertosor, macCliau Kanute" rang hollowly, and with a quiver the stone flesh became unmoving stone once more. [Our cover, entitled: In Valmous's Tower: The Golem by Paul Jaquays. Next ish: Chapter IX "In the Crypts"—ed.]

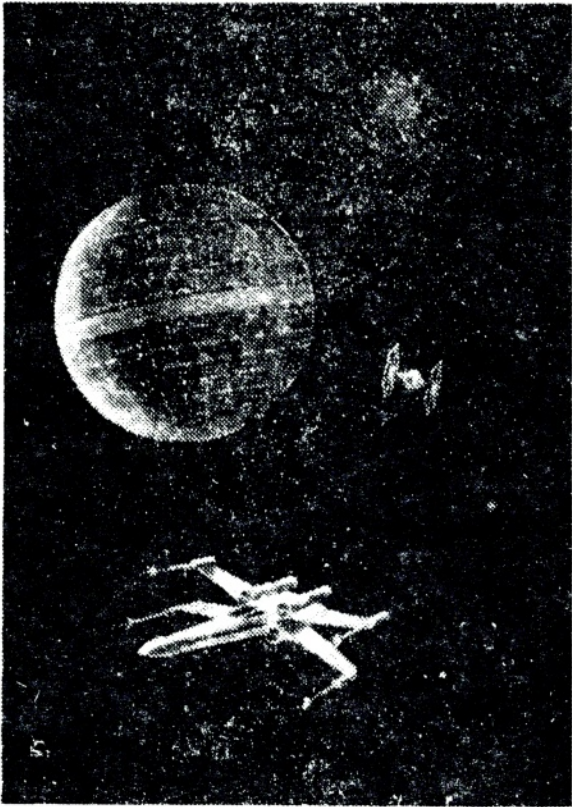
OUR MAGICAL STAFF



Staff Artist : Aaron Nehemias Arocho

Aaron first took art as a hobby, then, realizing that art was his talent, decided that he should do illustrating for a living. He has had many displays of his work, including the Festival in Grand Rapids which occurs during the summer. Though he is a student from the Kendall, School of Design, he does free-lance his work as well.

The DUNGEONEER is proud and happy to have him as a staff artist with US!

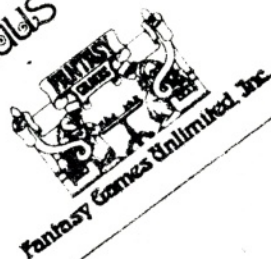


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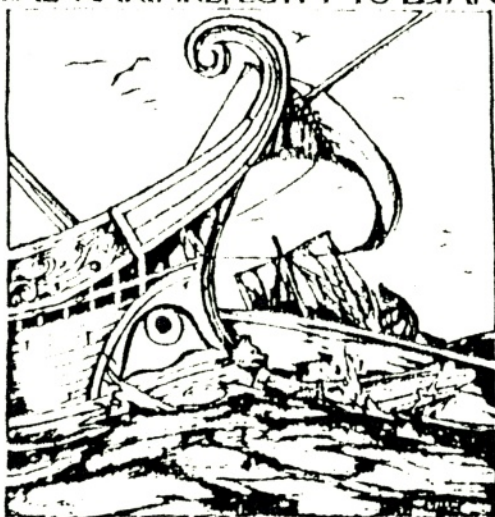
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Words & Whips

This being the first letters column, I am taking it upon myself to write an open letter to you all. Thanks for your support and generous adulations! I am pleased to say that there were only two negative comments I received about issue 7. One concerned the mini-dungeon 'hotel kaliphornia'. First, please see some corrections listed in 'The Lab'Oratory' column this ish. Second I wish to appologize for the graphics. They looked great on the paste-up, but didn't come out so good due to the graph lines and the charted lines being almost the same width. I hope to avoid this problem from now on. Also, I must take full responsibility for the title, it apparently offended someone, I hope not more than one of you, although the reason for the offense was not stated. Lastly I wish to make some generalizations about what will appear in this column and what won't. If your entire letter is not printed in whole it may be because many letters were received stating basically the same thing and only a representative sample was taken OR it may be that part of your letter did not concern the contents of the zine. I do intend to print constructive criticisms. I do not wish for this column to become a serialized rap session or debate between two or more reader/writers. First, we do not have the space. Second, I do not have the time to do all the typesetting that would be required. Third, there are other fanzines that are set up for this sort of thing already. If any author wishes to debate with any criticisms I will be glad to give him a copy of the letter and the address of the person to write to. On the other hand, I, also, will not print in this section criticisms of any game or comparisons of two games by different manufacturers. First, it is my intension to start some review columns. Second, I do not feel that it is in the place of this magazine to print value judgements based on one manufacturer over another. Games reviewed will be considered only against themselves or other games of the same manufacturer. Any game system has its good points and its

bad points. Yes, we do wish to expand our horizons past the TSR game of D&D, but I have never heard Mr. Gyga claim that his game is perfect (orally or in writing) only that it is a great game and it is. So are other games which compete with his, such as T&T or C&S. Each has its own advantages and disadvantages but that does not make one game better than the other in general—only that one may be more suited to a specific individual's wants and needs. (I have used these three games as examples because I have received such commentaries—pro and con on each of them—already.) While I will rejoice in getting articles about these other games, either as reviews or as player input, I will not put up with tearing down one manufacturer's product to build up another's. Also, I will not take letters and print them as articles nor articles and print them as letters. Individuals who manufacture items (or their representatives) will find that I will, also, delete comparisons between the game an article was written about and their game (if a different manufacturer) from their letters. This is hitting below the belts guys and is really hidden advertising. Send us a review of your game and we'll be glad to print it (after editing with your knowledge, if required) or take out an ad. (We would prefer that reviews be done by a 'disinterested third party' of our choice.) (See other item in this zine.) So now that I've spouted off, again, and laid down the ground rules for this column you probably won't see another letter from me here. If you readers don't agree with me on these rules, let me know. Now lets get on with it! Chuck Anshell, Ed.

[The following letter was actually sent to Ye ex-editor, but included some points we thought to be of interest to readers so are publishing those points here.—Ed.]
Greetings!

The "Arcane Elders" gets more intriguing every issue. I like your concepts of how magicians get their magic—its not often touched upon in local campaigns.

My initial reaction to the Harvestmen was 'Yech!' and a shudder. They give me the creeps. This is not intended as a put-down, just that they're worse than any of my nightmares. Tell Aaron [and Paul] to

keep up the good work.

You said Aquazombies are not true undead, but do clerics have any effect on them? [Paul?]

I do use prechosen clerical spells because some awefully weird things happen when I roll during a game. In one dungeon (a roll-your-own) a fighter was facing an EHP [Evil High Priest] and I decided that the EHP would throw a spell first as an offensive tactic. The spell came out: 'Create Food' . . . I finally concluded that the fighter got bopped on the head with a turkey leg. I do pre-roll spells and only interfere if they're all useless.

On Harvestmen: what if the victim cannot be hit on less than a 17+? Is every hit a crush? Seems unfair! [Paul? Readers?]

Ree Moorhead

Dear Chuck,

Hello again. Thanks for issue 7. I enjoyed it very much.

I was immensely interested in Bill Seligman's article ['A New Magic System'] of course! I guess a friend of mine had caught a rumor of this article and that was why I had called you before. I have enclosed a copy of AUTHENTIC THAUMATURGY here for you.

I sent one copy of The DUNGEONEER to Issac. He was flattered about the recognition and pleased about the synchronistic publication of his and Bill's versions and looks forward to further investigating the article.

Greg Stafford

Chuck:

I really enjoyed the zine. It looked professional. I can't wait to see the next one. Jim Hendricks is getting married [the knot is tied by now—ed.]. Also, I suppose you will be at ORIGINS so I will most likely see you there. If you need anything, just yell.

Paul Jaquays

Yes, I will be at ORIGINS and GENCON as well as many of the other cons in the midwest listed in 'Under Toe'. Hope to see ya there!

Chuck

[and now to break another rule I just set:]

DEB,

If'n I dasn't seaya at ORIGINS eyes gonna hold muh bredth til YOUSE toins blue! Also, Merlin and Guinevere send their love and say that they'll try to be there, too.

Chuck

Chuck:

The following is in response to Bill Seligman's article [see above]. This article proposed a new magic system in D&D type games whit the intention of adding realism. Though the sources discussed are excellent, the author seems to have missed the real problem with the D&D approach to magic and magic-users.

Magic is not something that should be bought and sold for gold and spells and magic levels of proficiency have really little to do with the wealth of the character. The very practice of magic is time-consuming and requires discipline that makes money-grubbing expeditions of little interest to the magic-user. A ggod one can certainly make or create the illusion of gold while the reverse is not the case. How could a magic-user go around buying spells when his rivals would consider their magical recipes as closely guarded secrets that would not be sold for the gold they could make for themselves. [Please note that Bill's article states that it would be highly unusual for a magic-user to sell a spell or buy one. His system allows for each magic-user to create the spell(s) he/she feels they need, based on their level of competency and knowledge—Ed.] This erroneous view of a magic-user and what his goals and needs are is only a simplistic and sophomoric approach that is used in most fantasy campaigns. While D&D began the idea of fantasy-role-playing in games, the systems in use are for the beginner and are too simplistic for the more ardent wargamer, because they are meant to be made more playable than realistic in terms of what is believed to have been 'real magic'. [Scott goes on in more detail in his letter. We do not wish to leave the impression that he is saying that D&D is a bad game, he is not. He only tried to state that he feels *that* the way it handles magic is too simplistic for most gamers beyond the beginner level—Ed.]

A good magic system should allow students of magic to create such devices [implements, talismans, spells, etc.] in a logical fashion, as there are laws of magic which are in operation, as Bill points out. Which laws are in effect and what the exact laws are must be determined by each individual's fantasy world.

The most important idea is that the magic-user should not go up in experience levels by simply gaining treasure. When

the raise in a character's level enables him to gain new spells from a random list by, simply, having gained wealth, the system is not operating by any logical system of laws. The entire tradition of fantasy tells us that wizards hire barbarian heroes like Conan or thieves like the Grey Mouser to find items and magical implements for them. Their own time is spent in study or the actual practice of magic. It is true that Gandolf, for instance, joins the Fellowship in their quest, but this is not a mere 'expedition' but, rather, a quest to save civilization.

A magic-user should gain experience for practicing magic and learning spells and new spells should be learned with the aid from a possible teacher or master. New spells can be created if they are in the field(s) of expertise of the magic-user, and they should not be motivated by a mad desire for treasure or need to 'prove their manhood' as this is the role of the hero who would be hired by the magic-user (see such books as Conan, Fafhrd & the Grey Mouser, Thongor, Earthsea, etc.) The magic-user must learn to use his art and this learning and practicing of spells can be and usually is dangerous.

[It appears from the remainder of Scott's letter that his main complaint is not with the article itself but with all articles of this gender: that is he feels it is a waste of time to try to 'improve' or 'tack on' to a system which he feels is useless to an advanced player, to start with, and that when the system becomes outmoded in this way it is better to start all over from scratch with a different, more complicated but more realistic approach.]

Scott Bizar

Scott: While we do feel that you have certain valid ideas which you expressed, we must, in fairness to our readers, point out that at no time have you ever said, to me, anyway, that your more realistic system is for beginners. In fact, I think we agree that it would not be suitable for anyone who is not an advanced player, due to its general complexity. Further, Mr. Gyax has never purported that his game is perfect and has stated that in several cases it was necessary to give up reality for playability for the beginner and intermediate player. I feel that it is possible to improve upon an existing system. Whether it is the right thing to do would depend upon the individual's needs, desires, abilities and economics. For those of you who feel

a need for a more realistic system than even Bill's article would allow for, I heartily recommend C&S, but for most beginners in FRP games, I just as heartily recommend D&D. If you find, upon investigation that D&D systems are too complicated for your tastes, then perhaps you should take a look at T&T which has a simpler combat system. Chuck

Hi, Chuck,

I have heard about you because I am Paul Jaquays roommate at Spring Arbor College. He introduced me to D&D when I came here last year and now I am a DM with my own 5 level dungeon.

I have read through Paul's copy of your first issue (7). I am impressed. The part that got to me was on the first page where you said you want us to write. Well here it is.

First of all, in regards to the 8½ x 11 format. Please for get this idea. The size it is now is very handy to use behind a notebook during a game. An 8½ x 11 format would be more cumbersome for the DM.

Secondly, the use of articles not related to D&D should be left out. "The DUNGEONEER" is a magazine for DMs and adding articles not related to D&D will make your zine like any other fanatasy publication. Keep your magazine full of dungeons, monsters and anything new in playing ideas. In summary, keep your zine just like you're doing it. I think the only way to improve on what you are doing is to add pages instead of making it bigger. Also, a slick front cover, like the old SPACE GAMER would add to its attraction.

With better art and more pages and everything else the same I wouldn't mind paying \$1 an issue.

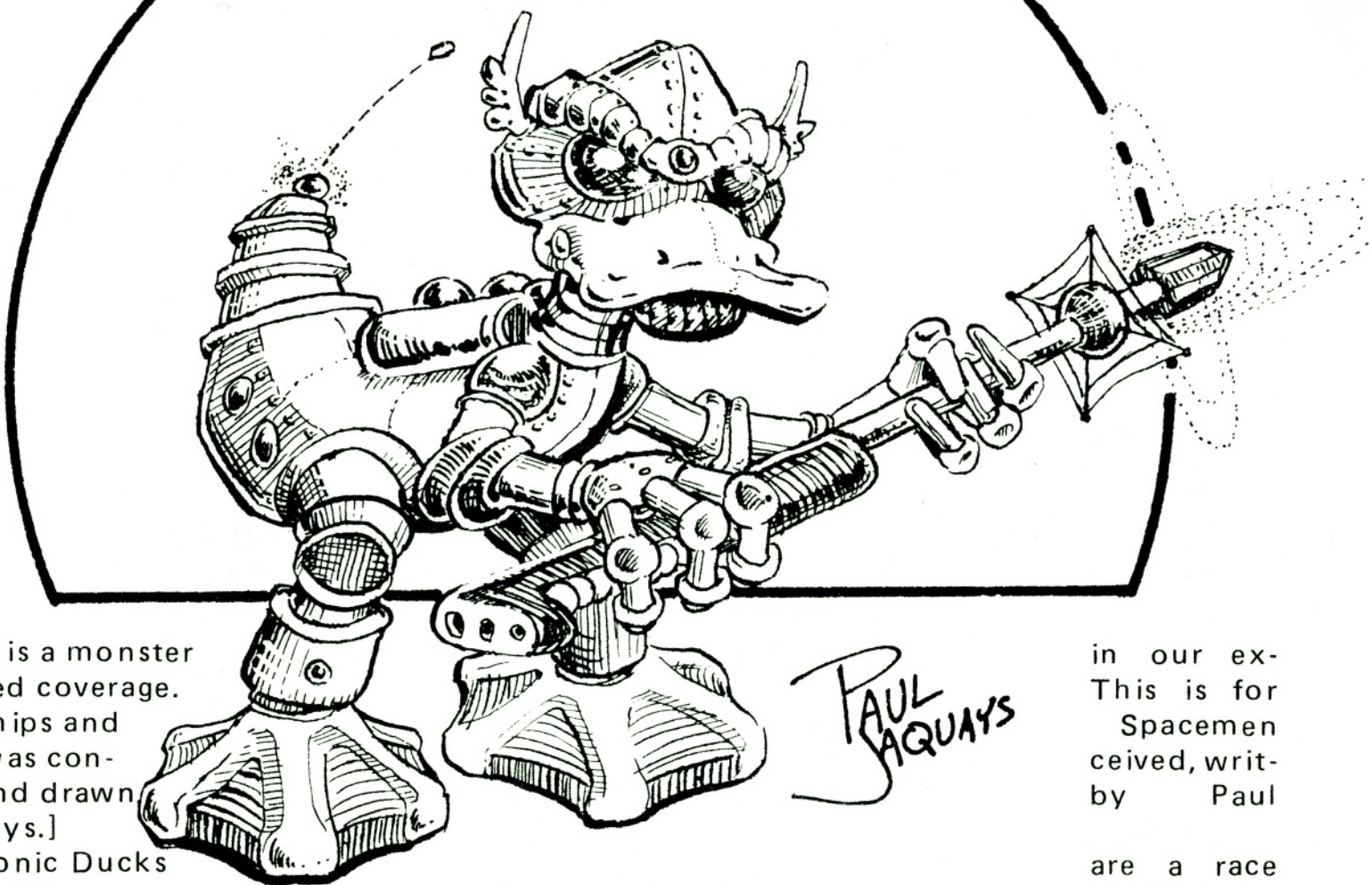
Well I have exercised my writing hand enough for this time. I have some dungeon room ideas I will be sending in in the future as well as D&D stories. Thanks for your time. Yours till the kitchen sinks,

Dan Stevens

Dan: Many letters and calls were received about the size of the zine. As you can see from this issue it will be kept in the same size for as long as possible, the next couple of years, anyway, unless we end up expanding it so much that we just can't get everything in with the small pages. In regards to other articles: I feel that DMing doesn't involve just D&D but many games. Much of the articles are

continued on page 40

BIONIC DUCKS



[This is a monster
expanded coverage.
Starships and
and was con-
ten and drawn
Jaquays.]

Bionic Ducks
of intelligent
resemble anthropomorphic Terran Ducks. Their home world is a low gravity world with an insidious atmosphere. Humanoids would require a radiation suit to survive. The original atmosphere of the planet was breathable but dense however industrialization on the duck world turned the atmosphere unbreathable. At the time, they had not developed swift, interstellar travel and had some small colonies on other planets in their system, but none with a favorable atmosphere like theirs had been. The technologists developed cyborg bodies for them, because of this, and these eliminated the need to breath and eat. The flesh portions of the body were cloned from cell banks. After a time, the ducks developed star travel and hopped from star to star. They found worlds which were similar in nature to their home world as it used to be, but by that time they had either lost the ability or the desire to return to what they had been. Oh, some did, or must have, for small colonies of non-bionic ducks have been found, having a technology equivalent to either Early Modern Man or Late Modern Man.

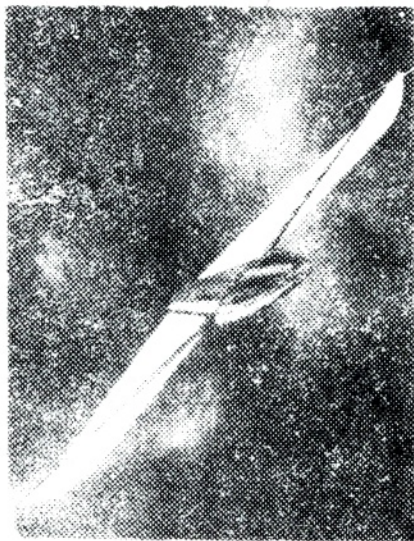
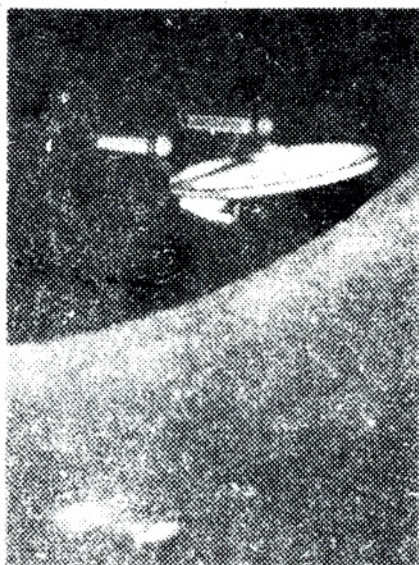
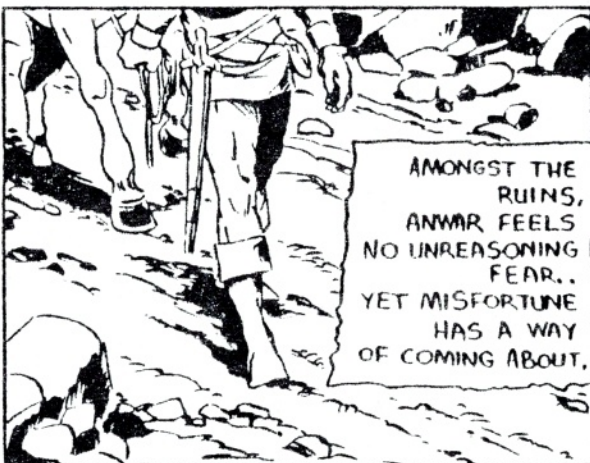
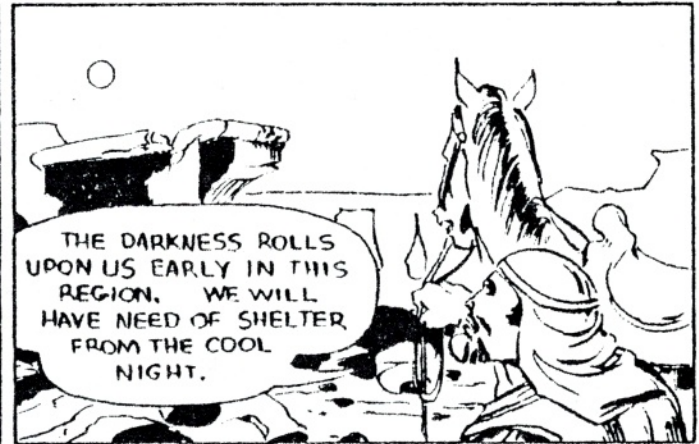
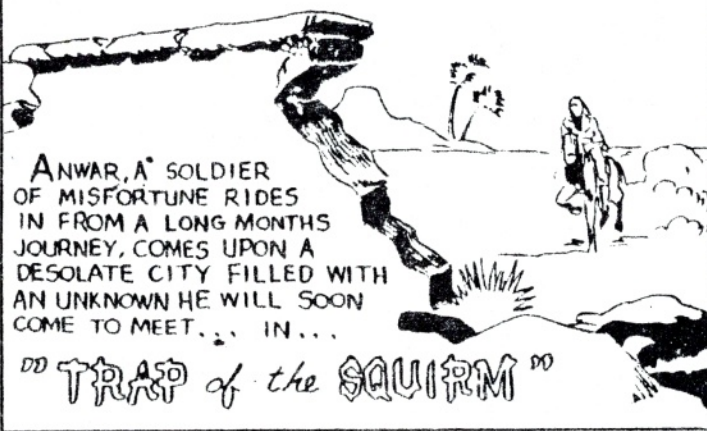
Bionic ducks are usually found as mercenaries, especially for non-human races. They will have nothing to do with the Videni. They will have distinctive starships in Destroyer through Dreadnaught classes and will have up to twice the crew compliment in "cold storage" for use as shock troops. They are armed in the same manner as the Terran starships.

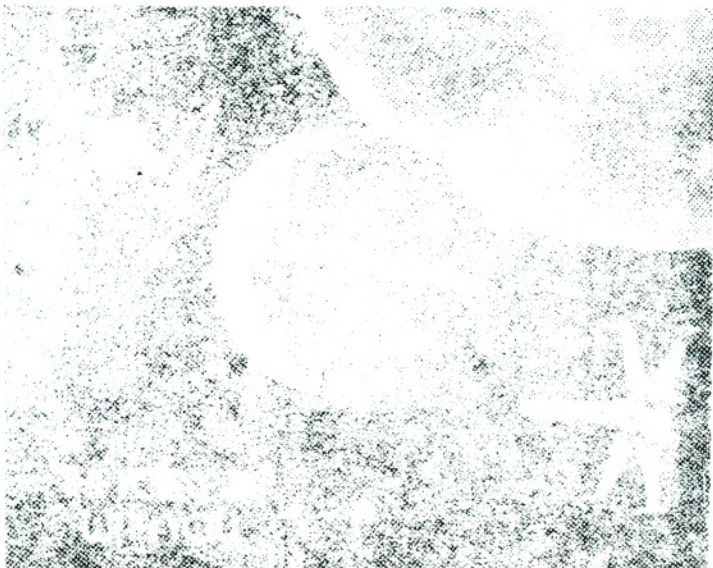
They are armed with laser rifle and the equivalent of radiation suits, constitutions of 14-17. Radiation suits are the equivalent of half-screens, in this case. One in every 10 will be armed with a nerve disruptor. The armor of the ducks is, also, equivalent to an energy screen.

Bionic ducks have a close attack strength (CAS) of 4 dice and take 3 dice damage. Their statistics are as follows: Strength 4 dice, Intelligence 3 dice, Marksmanship 3 dice+2, Technical skill 3 dice, Contact skill 3 dice, Charisma 2 dice, Psionic potential nil, loyalty 3 dice -2.

Regular, non-bionic ducks are 3 dice in all abilities except strength: 2 dice and psionic potential: 2 dice.

in our ex-
This is for
Spacemen
ceived, writ-
by Paul







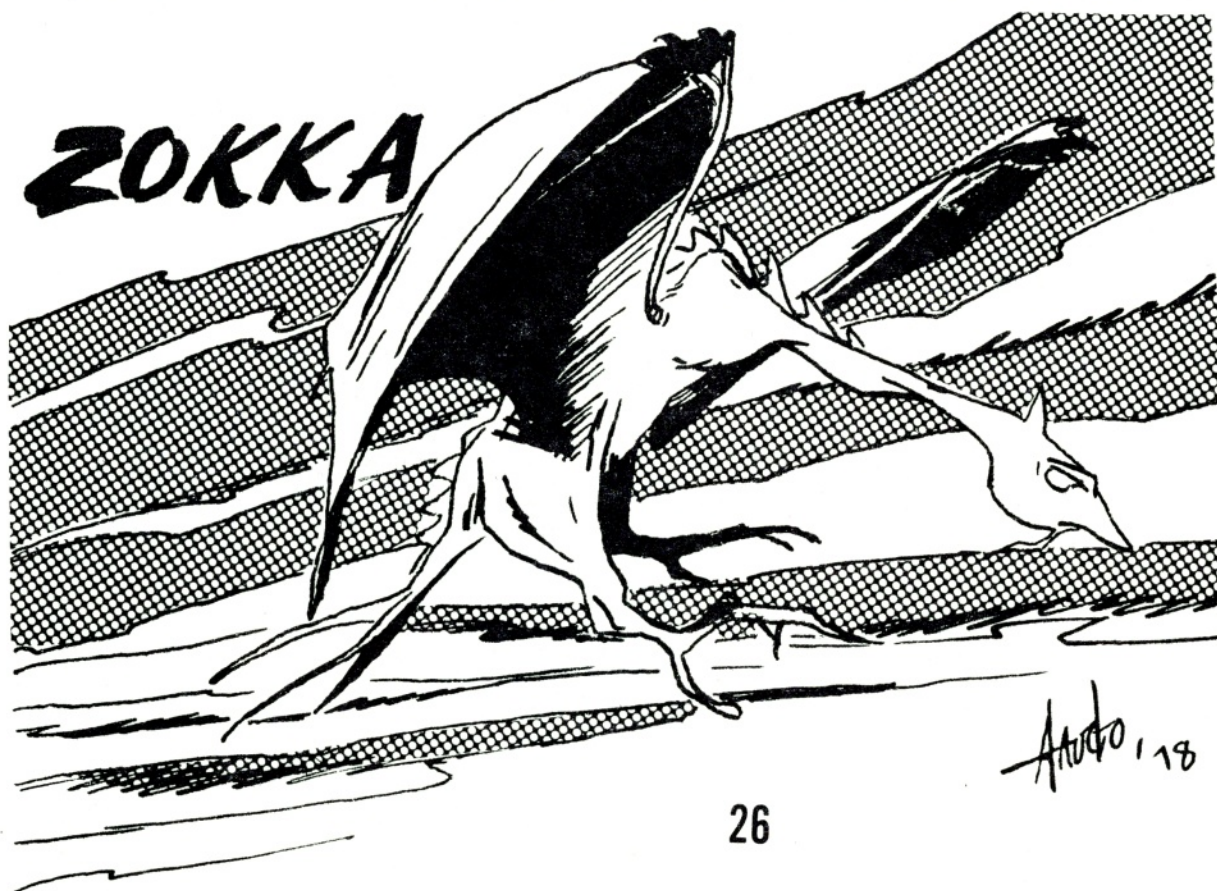
by Paul Jauquays
Art by Aaron Arocho

[This article is designed as an experiment. If it is successful, we will try to do this with as many monsters as we can, in the future. Contained herein is a monster description in general terms, followed by specific variations, additions, deletions, etc. required by several FRP games. Further, a chart has been provided which contains most of the information needed

for any given game. We have tried to include as many FRP games as possible and will expand the chart to include any FRP game which applies to a given monster provided that we can get copies of the game (2) as review copies. (We will be adding reviews, shortly). Games currently included on the chart are *Dungeons & Dragons (D&D)*, *Tunnels & Trolls (T&T)*, *Monsters! Monsters! (M! M!)*, *The Fantasy Trip (TFT)*=*Melee and Wizard*, *Chivalry & Sorcery (C&S)*, *Starships & Spacemen (S&S)*, *Traveler (TRVLR)*, and *Metamorphosis Alpha (MA)*. Due to differences in the game systems the backgrounds may vary slightly. The powers that the beast may have in one system may not be duplicable in another, e.g. D&D-type magic abilities may be missing or expressed as psionic abilities in TRVLR, S&S, etc. but may be a mutation in MA. Damage capabilities and hit points will be approximately equal in all game stats.]

THE ZOKKA is a primitive, lizard-like hawk, approximately the size of a Terran eagle. Many times it is found in the proximity of dinosaur-like animals. They are omniverous, but prefer meat and will swoop down out of the sky onto their prey. They can create illusions, but they are not bright enough on their own to use it for anything more than concealing their whereabouts. However, if serving a master who is telepathically endowed, the creature will permit that master to utilize its power. Also, possessing the Zokka (implies friendly, master/pet relationship) will increase that owner's mental powers. The Zokka inhabit only swampland areas and will often be found in groups of 2-5. The adult Zokka are innately wary of men and will seek to avoid them, but the young are attracted to the presence of psionic or mental powers in humans and can be easily captured. A mated pair of Zokka will have from 3-5 eggs or 2-3 young. The average lifespan of a Zokka is 20-30 years.

D&D: The Zokka may use phantasmal forces at will, but naturally only use them for concealment. When in telepathic mindlink with its master, it will allow him/her to use its power. An added bonus to this creature is its improvement of its master's psionic and mental powers, increasing all ranges by 50%. It will add its 100 points



of psionic strength to its master's psionic abilities. The Zokka does not use psionic attacks or defenses on its own when linked with its master, however, in combat, it will suffer equal damage with its master — NOT split, but equal. What the master receives, so does the Zok-

ka. Being mindlocked with a Zokka when it dies may cause damage to the master. Unconsciousness and 1–10 points of damage will be suffered. The master will, also, lose 1-100 psionic strength points, permanently. It has no special attacks. Special defenses are as stated above. No. of attacks: 2/claw=1–3, and bite=1-4.

T&T, M! M!: The Zokka will use the Hidey Hole spell at will to disguise itself when being hunted or attacked. It will reduce, by 50%, the strength cost of an ESP spell being cast by its master. Its hide is equivalent to leather armor.

TFT: The Zokka has the use of Blur spell and Image spell at will, without strength costs. The possession of this creature by a wizard will subtract 1 strength point from the cost of each spell cast. A spell with a cost of 1 strength point may be maintained for two rounds at the cost of only one round. The Zokka can do the following damage: beak=1-2 and claw=1-1.

C&S, S&S: (see chart for close attack strength-CAS). The Zokka makes use of tele-illusion to disguise itself and defend itself. Possession of it will raise its master's psionic ability score by 4 points, but only to an upper limit of 20. His range is increased by 50%. The Zokka will, also, receive the effects of a psionic attack or

	D&D	T&T M! M!	TFT (M & W)	C&S S&S	TRVLR	MA
Type					Omnivore	
Frequency	11%					
% in Lair	20%					
No. appearing	2–5					2–5
Treasure	J+K+M+Q					
Height/size	2 ft.	1/3				
Weight		1/10			6 kg	
Intelligence	4	½–3D6	4			
Strength/CAS		3D6	6	10+1D6		
Constitution		3D6				
Dexterity		3D6	14			
Charisma		+				
Psionic Abil./Potential	100*			*		
Luck		2 x 3D6				
Marksmanship						
Technical						
Contact Skill						
Loyalty				*		*
Wisdom						
Alignment	Neutral					
Armor/A. class	6	*	2 hits		mesh	4
Movement/Speed	3"/24"	F	4/6			4/18 yds
Hit Dice	1D8				1D/2D	2
Damage/Wounds			*	*	-1D	
No. attacks/weapons	*				claw/teeth	
Radiation Resistance						18
Mental Resistance						4
Magic Resistance	Normal					
Special Defenses/pwrs	*	*	*	*	*	*

* see game write-up

rebound against its master. It will be attracted, immediately, to Andromedans (+5 contact score) and will be repulsed, usually, by Taurans (-5 contact score) in S&S. They have a cobalt-based metabolism and are slightly blue in color in S&S.

TRVLR: The presence of a Zokka raises his master's psionic rating score and strength by 1-6 points (rol 1D6). Death of the creature will cause loss of rating equal to 2 times the points gained.

MA: This creature is not a mutation, but was picked up by an exploatory probe and accidentally released. It will eliminate 1-2 mental defects from its master, while owned and if within a range of 100 yards from him/her.

The Booty Bag

THE MAGICAL GEMS OF RECHAUN by Ree Moorhead

Many precious and semi-precious gems have a special power or powers, known today as 'symbolic meanings', that lie dormant within the stone, unless brought forth by powerful enchantments. The effects of the gem only affect the owner as long as he/she has it on his/her person. Destruction of any gem while it is affecting a person (fire, lightning and dispel magic are all effective) causes 2D8 of damage to the user of the stone per stone destroyed. Carrying more than two of the gems simultaneously causes destruction of all the gems with the resultant damage to the owner.

Die Roll	Stone	Effect on Owner
1-10	Agate	Adds +2 to reaction rolls
11-15	Amber	Adds four levels to poison saving throws
15-20	Beryl	Ability to charm one member of the oposite sex once per day—saving throws as per Charm Person
20-30	Coral	Adds +1 to wisdom unless it's black coral (10% chance). Black coral adds 1 HP PER DIE plus +1 to wisdom.
31-35	Diamond	Promotes peace and serenity so owner becomes more pacifistic and adds +1 to charisma and wisdom. He/she also becomes -2 on Hit probability and -1 on damage due to new, non-violent attitude.
36-40	Emerald	Adds +1 to strength, constitution and charisma.
41-50	Garnet	Owner treats treasure as paladins and monks do.
51-55	Jade	If owner is killed while wearing, it will resurrect him/her as though a Raise Dead Fully, one time. Character must still make the resurrection saving throw.
56-65	Jet	Adds +1 to saving throws vs illusion and fear.
65-70	Onyx	Charisma is lowered by -2; reaction throws are -4.
71-75	Opal	+2 to charisma & owner can become invisible once per day
76-80	Pearl	same as diamond.
81-85	Ruby	Adds +2 to charisma UNLESS discolored (10% chance). If discolored it acts as a loadstone.
86-95	Sapphire	Owner can sense when someone is lying (90% chance).
96-97	Topaz	Adds +2 to defense; also gleams brightly when within 50 feet of gold and/or 20 feet of other treasure.
98-99	Turquoise	Adds +2 to defense.
100 (00)	Zircon	Acts as a luckstone.

Any 'Magical Gem of Rechaun' is worth 10,000 GP if sold, due to the quality of the stone. There is a 10% chance that a given stone will be slightly flawed; although it will not affect the gem's worth by more than 1,000 GP, the flaw (which is invisible except to dwarves trained as jewelers) will crock magic, making the gems powers exactly the opposite of its normal one.

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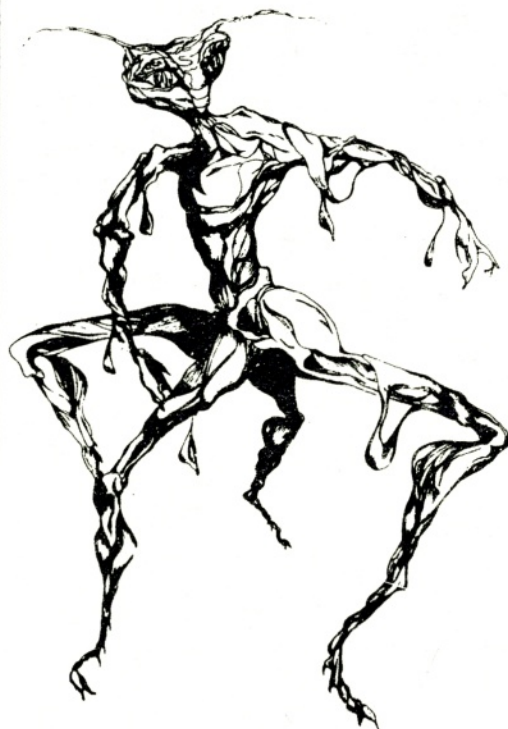
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We try to give as much information as we have as to dates, costs, guests and who to contact. Any additional info is included if space permits. WG=wargames, SF=science-fiction & fantasy, ST=Star Trek, SW=Star Wars, SP=SPACE:1999, CE3K=Close Encounters of the Third Kind, C=comics or other description if not obvious from the name of the con. Gamers will find gaming going on at most of these types of cons and wargame dealers usually try to get to these cons. I hope to be at as many of the cons in the midwest as possible. See you there!

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\$8.50 Guest: Theo. Sturgeon

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membership \$8, \$10 at door
guests of honor: Kate Wilhelm,
Jan Howard Finder

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604/263-9969
\$8 Guest: Van Vogt

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Forest Park, GA, 30050

X-CON (SF) JUNE 2-4
at: Holiday Inn Central
Milwaukee, WI
X-Con
2739 North Booth St.
Milwaukee, WI, 53212
\$8 Guest: Anne McCaffrey

TROISIEME FESTIVAL JUNE 5-11
INTERNATIONAL DE LA
SCIENCE-FICTION (SF)
at: Hotel de Ville
57000 Metz
Phillippe R. Hupp
7 Rue Franchet d'Esperey
57000 Montigny les Metz
FRANCE
Guest: Frank Herbert

WARWEST (WG) JUNE 9-11
Wargaming Society
P.O. Box 261
Kingsburg, CA, 93631
(Fresno)

VEGA CON '78 (SF & WG) JUNE 16-18
Vagacon '78
4689 Sandhill Rd
Las Vegas, NV, 89121

WRITING Science- JUNE 19-JULY 5
Fiction WORKSHOP
Director of Summer Session
Clarke College
1550 Clarke Drive
Dubuque, IA, 52001
319/588-6354
\$10 registration + \$55/credit (one week)
Director: George R. R. Martin
Guests: Gene Wolfe, Gardner Dozois

HOUSTON CON (SF & C) JUNE 22-25
Houston Con
P.O. Box 12613
Houston, TX, 77087

PENNCON '78 (WG) JUNE 23-25
at: Widener College
Chester, PA
Strategy & Fantasy World
Valley Forge Shopping Center
King of Prussia, PA, 19406

- MIDWESTCON (SF)** **JUNE 23-25**
 at: Holiday Inn North
 Cincinnati, OH
 Lou Tabakow
 3953 St. John's Terrace
 Cincinnati, OH, 45236
 513/791-4670
 membership \$4
- SECOND WORLD SF WRITERS' CONFERENCE** **JUNE 23-25**
 at: Royal Marine Hotel
 Dublin, IRELAND
 SF Horizons
 10 Fitzwilliam Square
 Dublin, 2, IRELAND
 \$6 registration
 founding meeting of the
 World SF Organization
- ODYSSEY ONE (SF & ST)** **JUNE 24**
 at: State Fair Park
 South Exhibit Hall, Bldg. 411
 Milwaukee, WI
 write: Odyssey One
 checks to:
 Infinite Star Productions
 S. 2421 Morningside Dr.
 Waukesha, WI, 53138
 \$3.75 for 9am-3pm show
 \$4.75 for 5pm-Midnight show
 \$5.75 for both shows
 other events all day
 Guests: George Takei, Walter Koenig,
 Scott Squires (CE3K Spec. Effects)
- MIDWEST MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY (WG)** **JUNE 24-25**
 at: Elmhurst College Campus
 Elmhurst, IL
 MMHS
 Tony Adams
 3605 Bobolink Lane
 Rolling Meadows, IL, 60008
 OR 312/394-5618
 \$1.50/day
- GLASC III (WG)** **JUNE 30-JULY 2**
 (not sure of this address)
 Jim Blancher
 19536 Minnehaha St
 Northridge, CA, 91326
- CINCICON VIII (WG)** **JUN-JUL???**
 Boardwalk Hobby Shop
 1032 Delta Ave.
 Cincinnati, OH, 45208
- STAR TREK ATLANTA** **JUNE 30-JULY 2**
 at: Atlanta, Georgia
 Star Trek Atlanta
 88 New Dorp Plaza
 Staten Island, NY, 10306
- UNICON IV (SF)** **JULY 7-9**
 at: Silver Springs, MD
 (Washington, D.C.)
 Unicon
 P.O. Box 263
 College Park, MD, 20740
 301/794-7374
- ORIGINS IV (WG)** **JULY 13-16**
 at: Ann Arbor, MI
 Al Slisinger
 19941 Joan
 Detroit, MI, 48205
- ARCHON II (C)** **July 14-16**
 at: Stan Musial & Biggie's Hilton Inn
 St. Louis, MO
 Archon II
 P.O. Box 15852
 Overland, MO, 63114
 registration \$5 to July 1, \$8 after
 Sunday brunch \$4.85 to July 1, \$6.50 after
 guests: C. J. Cherryh, Rusty Hevelin
- EMPIRICON (SF)** **JULY 14-16**
 at: Hotel Taft
 7th Ave. and 51st St.
 New York, NY, 10019
 \$25 single, \$31 double
 Susan Rothman
 35 Seacoast Terrace
 Brooklyn, NY, 11235
 registration: \$7 at door
 guests: Alfred Bester (confirmed);
 (tentative:) Isaac Asimov, Hal Clement
 Samuel Delany, Lin Carter
- CHICAGO COMICON** **JULY 14-16**
 at: Pick-Congress Hotel
 520 S. Michigan
 Chicago, IL
 Chicago Comicon
 1219-A W. Devon
 Chicago, IL, 60660
 Rooms avail. at spec. rates at time of
 membership request only. Membership
 \$6 after July 1 OR (at door:) \$3/day
 or all three days \$17.50. Spec. rm. rates:
 \$26/single/night, \$34/dbl. or 2 twin/night

- EMPIRICON (SF)** July 14-16
at: Hotel Taft
New York, NY
Susan Rothman
35 Seacost Terrace
Brooklyn, NY, 11235
registration \$5 to June 30, \$7 after
guest: Alfred Bester
- SPACE: 1978 (ST & SF)** JULY 15-16
Solar Enterprises
P.O. Box 1304
Eureka, CA, 95501
- AUTOCLAVE 3 (SF)** JULY 21-23
at: Sheraton Southfield
17017 W. Nine Mile Road
Southfield, MI, 48075
313/557-4800
single \$24, double \$32
Leah Zeldes
1110 Prospect Ave. No. 5
Ann Arbor, MI, 48104
313/994-0670
registration: \$6, \$7 at door
guests: Terry Hughes & Derek Carter
Ben Zuhl, toastmaster
make checks payable to: Metro Detroit
Science Fiction Society, Inc. and send to
Diane Drutowski
Autoclave 3 Registration
2412 Galpin
Royal Oak, MI, 48073
Huckster tables: \$10 write to:
Howard DeVore
4705 Weddel St.
Dearborn Heights, MI, 48125
313/565-4157
art show exhibitors write:
John Benson
11719 Beaconsfield
Detroit, MI, 48224
313/527-2389
banquet (sit-down!!!) \$10, wine
ordered in advance only \$4.75/liter
write to Diane Drutowski (above)
- BROOKCON '78 (ST & SF)** JULY 21-23
Mark Beherd
707 Sixth St.
Brookings, SD, 57006
- OKCON '78 (ST & SF)** JULY 22-23
at: Mayo Hotel
5th & Cheyenne
Tulsa, OK
OKCON '78
P.O. Box 4229
Tulsa, OK, 74104
\$3/day at door, \$5 both days in advance
(advance price through July 15)
guests: Joe Haldeman, C.J. Cherryh,
R.A. Lafferty, Wilson "Bob" Tucker,
Pat & Lee Killough, Russell Bates
- The ANDROMEDA CON (SF) JULY 28-30**
at: Arlington, TX
The Andromeda Con
1905 Lanewood Dr.
Ft. Worth, TX, 76112
- RIVERCON (SF)** JULY 28-30
at: Executive Inn West
Louisville, KY
Rivercon
P.O. Box 8251
Louisville, KY, 40208
502/636-5340
registration: \$6 to July 20, \$10 after
hucksters: Steve Francis
5503 Matterhorn Dr.
Louisville, KY, 40208
Huckster tables \$10 for first, \$15 for
second and third—no more than 3
- PARACON (SF)** JULY 28-30
at: State College, PA
814/238-3642
- SPACE: 1999 CON '78** JULY 28-30
at: Sheraton Hotel
Columbus, OH
National SAVE: 1999 Alliance
P.O. Box 20185
Columbus, OH, 43220
1,500 tickets only; \$15
NO TICKETS SOLD AT DOOR
Banquet is sold out
guests (confirmed): Gerry Anderson
Nick Tate, Tony Anholt, David Prowse
(not yet confirmed:) Martin Landau,
Barbara Bain, Barry Morse, Brian Johnson,
Catherine Schell, Zenia Merton, Carl Sagan
- WORLDS AT WAR (WG)** JULY 28-30
James Brown Advertising
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9223 Andover Rd.
Philadelphia, PA, 19114
- AUGUST PARTY FOUR (ST)** AUG 4-6
at: Silver Springs, MD
Maryland Star Trek Association
P.O. Box 924
College Park, MD, 20740
- GAHANNA X (WG)** AUG 4-6
Van Siegling
222 Andalus Dr.
Gahanna, OH, 43230
- STELLAR CON '78** AUG 11-13
(SF, ST & WG)
at: Ramada Inn
Joplin, MO
1-800-228-2828
Stellar Con '78
P.O. Box 824
Joplin, MO, 64801
membership \$12, \$15 at door
guests: Walter Koenig, Grace Lee Whitney
all profits donated to Amer. Cancer Soc.

OCT ???

OCT 6-8

AUG 25-28

AUG 30-SEPT 4

\$7 supporting registration (Hugo Votes & get copies of reports) OR \$20 all privileges registration. Guest of Honor: Harlan Ellison Fan G.O.H.: Bill Bowers, Toastmaster: F.M. Busby. Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer will be selected, voted on and presented.

SEPT 2-4

SEPT 22-24

SEP 29- OCT 1

OCT 7-9

OCT 13-15

OCT 21-23

NOV 3-5

all checks: Waldo and Magic, Inc.
registrations: \$7 at door
\$5 till Oct. 1
Mary Mueller
c/o EMU SF Society
117 Goodison
Ypsilanti, MI, 48197
Art show info: Mike Privett
4124 Diamond
Ypsilanti, MI, 48197
huckster tbls: \$8 each
Howard Devore
4705 Weddel
Dearborn Hts., MI, 48126

program ads: \$5/½ page
\$3/¼ page
M.S. Weeks
c/o EMU SF Society
117 Goodison
Ypsilanti, MI, 48197
guests: Theodore Sturgeon, Elizabeth Pearse

COULEECON (SF) NOV 17-19

at: Ramada Inn
 2325 Bainbridge St.
 La Crosse, WI, 54601
 CouleeCon
 P.O. Box 932
 LaCrosse, WI, 54601
 membership: \$8 to Nov. 1, \$10 after
 artists write for info on art show & auction
 room rates \$19 single, \$21 double
 guests: Frederick Pohl, "Madman" Riley
 toastmaster: Michael Glickson
 Sunday Brunch with GoH speeches included
 with registration fee

WINTERCON VII (WG) DEC 2-4

at: Detroit-Oakland U. (?)
 Al Slisinger
 19941 Joan
 Detroit, MI, 48205

THE FOLLOWING CONS ARE IN 1979**CHATTACON 4 (SF) JAN 5-7**

Chattacon 4
 P.O. Box 21173
 Chattanooga, TN, 37421
 registration: \$7 to Dec. 18, \$9 after
 guests: Alan Dean Foster, Bob Tucker
 mc: cliff Amos

E/C² CONFUSION (SF) JAN 19-21

at: West Bank Holiday Inn
 2900 Jackson Ave.
 Ann Arbor, MI, 48103
 313/665-4444
 single \$23, double \$25 (1 bed)
 \$29 double (2 bed)
 Karen Persello
 617 S. Forest No. 4
 Ann Arbor, MI, 48104
 registration: \$6 to Jan 1, \$8 after
 guests: Spider & Jeanne Robinson
 Scott Imes, MC: Ro Lutz-Nagey
 hucksters \$10 first table \$7 each addl.
 write to: Howard DeVore
 4705 Weddel St.
 Dearborn, MI, 48125
 Art show: Tim Seefield
 330 W. Davis
 Ann Arbor, MI, 48104

LUNACON '79 (SF) MAR 30-APR 1

at: Sheraton Inn, LaGuardia
 New York, NY
 LunaCon '79
 Walter Cole
 1171 E. 8th Street
 Brooklyn, NY, 11230

registration: \$7.50 to Mar 15, \$9.50 after
 guests: Ron Goulart, Gahan Wilson
 Art show: Cynthia Levine
 140 Broadway, Apt C-6
 Lynbrook, NY, 11563
 Dlr room: Steve Rosenstein
 P.O. Box 149
 Parkville Station
 Brooklyn, NY, 11204

WESTERCON 31 (SF) JULY 1-4

at: Marriott Hotel
 Los Angeles, CA
 Westercon XXXI
 Box 5785
 Mission Hills, CA, 91345
 213/838-0297
 \$10 registration
 guests: Poul Anderson, Don C. Thompson
 toastmaster: Jerry Pournelle

CONEBULUS 2 (SF) JULY 7-9

at: Syracuse Hilton
 Syracuse, NY
 Carol Gobeyn
 619 Stolp Ave.
 Syracuse, NY, 13207
 315/471-7003
 registration \$6
 guests: Ben Bova, Tony & Suford Lewis

SEACON (37th World SF) AUG 23-27

at: Brighton, ENGLAND
 SeaCon
 Pussywillows, Off Wheeler Lane,
 Natick, MA, 01760
 \$7.50 registration
 [Personally, I am confused as to how the
 37th World SF Con comes before the 36th]

NORTHAMERICAN (SF) SEPT 1-4

at: Louisville, KY
 502/636-5340
 features a River Cruise
 interim con while the World Con is abroad

NOVACON 9 (West) (SF) NOV 2-4

at: The Turf Inn
 Albany, NY
 Novacon 9
 P.O. Box 428
 Latham, NY, 12110
 registration: \$5 to Nov 5, '78, \$7.50 to
 Apr 16 '79, \$10 to Oct 15 '79 and
 \$15 after
 Banquet \$7, \$10.50 after 15 Oct '79
 Rooms: 1 person \$28, 2-\$32, 3-\$36
 4-\$40. Huckster tables: 1-\$10, 2-\$30
 3-\$60, 4-\$100
 registration free to UK or EIRE passport
 holders, memebms of SFWA and other
 recognized professionals

TorchLight

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Apazine

The AMERICAN WARGAMER

Rod Burr, Editor
71 Beacon Street
Arlington, MA, 02174
produced by the AWA, \$.75/issue or
\$5/year AWA membership which, also,
gets you the HWQ (see below).

ANN ARBOR WARGAMER

1678 Murfin 24
Ann Arbor, MI, 48105
\$.35/issue. local zine abt games in area
but has major articles on gaming.

CONVERSATION

Bill Waldroop, Editor
P.O. Box 14084
Detroit, MI, 48214
\$1.10/issue + postage.

The COSMIC BALANCE

Scott Rosenberg
182-31 Radnor Rd.
Jamaica, NY, 11432

DARK FANTASY

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CANADA
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P.O. Box 756
Lake Geneva, WI, 53147
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Whonnock, BC, V0M 1S0
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see Dark Fantasy
about Charles Saunders

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OR
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New York, NY, 10003
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Santa Monica, CA, 90403

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New York, NY, 10024

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212/886-1359

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Mount Clemens, MI, 48043

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Ottawa, Ontario, K1G 1A3

CANADA

John Mansfield's gaming newsletter. \$1/5 issues or \$3/18 (surface); (air-foreign) = \$11/8 issues

The SPACE GAMER

Metagaming

Box 15346

Austin, TX, 78761

\$8/6 issues or \$15/12. Sorry, no foreign. Howard Thompson, Ed.; C. Ben Ostrander, Publisher. Prozine.

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Arnold, Nottingham,

ENGLAND

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Phill Alexander

113 Bruntseifld St.

Edinburgh

SCOTLAND

Make checks to: Cyclops Productions. 35 pence + post. (best to get an international postal M.O.) This zine also avail. from Bryan Ansell (above).

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TORCHLIGHT from page 29

The WILD HUNT

Mark Swanson
71 Beacon St.
Arlington, MA, 02174
OR

Glen Blacow
13 Grove St. No. 7
Boston, MA, 02114

APazine. Write for info.

WYRM'S FOOTNOTES

Greg Stafford
Chaosium

P.O. Box 6302
Albany, CA, 94706

\$1.50/issue or \$6/5 issues. Irregular, but
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WB&RM and NG. and NG.

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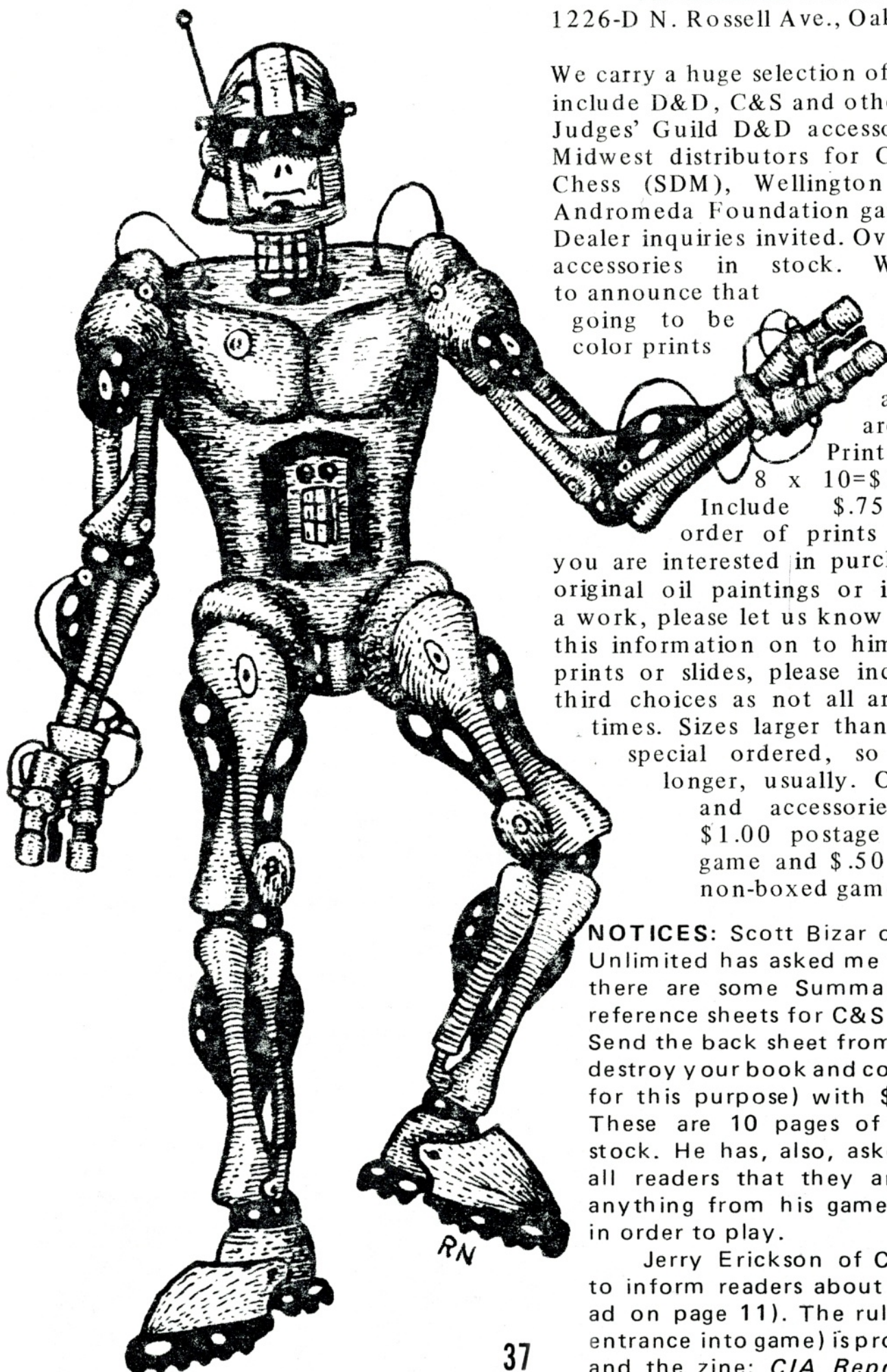
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you are interested in purchasing any of his original oil paintings or in commissioning a work, please let us know and we will pass this information on to him. When ordering prints or slides, please include second and third choices as not all are available at all times. Sizes larger than 5 x 7s must be special ordered, so they will take longer, usually. Orders for games and accessories must include \$1.00 postage for each boxed game and \$.50 postage for each non-boxed game.

NOTICES: Scott Bizar of Fantasy Games Unlimited has asked me to announce that there are some Summary and character reference sheets for C&S available for free. Send the back sheet from C&S (it will not destroy your book and copies not accepted for this purpose) with \$.50 for postage. These are 10 pages of 8½ x 11 Index stock. He has, also, asked me to inform all readers that they are free to xerox anything from his games that they need in order to play.

Jerry Erickson of CIA has asked me to inform readers about Pelic Quest. (see ad on page 11). The rulebook (free with entrance into game) is professional looking and the zine: *CIA Report* may soon become a sub-zine of our own TD!



SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN D&D

by Robert Dushay & Michael Weisberg

The following tables are intended to provide 'atmosphere' in otherwise boring areas. They, also, provide more of a 'horror movie' appearance. They are meant to be, simply, a guideline, not a definitive answer.

Every ½ hour there is a 25% chance that something out of the ordinary (if anything can be called ordinary in a dungeon) will happen or be seen. These apparitions, while quite physical, should not be taken as permanent features of an area, they should change, on occasion.

Die Roll	Results
1	Blasted and melted stone
2	Cracks in walls, floor, ceiling
3	Moss
4	Dark mist
5	White mist
6	Thick cobwebs
7	Bloodstains or pools
8	Damp patches
9	Bulging areas
10	Luminescent areas
11	Shadows that shouldn't be
12	Corpses shackled to wall

NOSE WET?— or NO SWEAT!

PHIALS OF MULTITUDINOUS GASES

by Warwick Frearson

This is a wooden casket containing two sets of phials, one set green, one set red, and each set numbered 1-6. Mixing the contents of one green bottle with another green bottle or a red bottle will result in a gas being given off. If two red bottles are mixed together, however, nothing happens. The gases spread to a radius of 10 feet, allowing for winds, etc. The type of gas given off is determined by adding the two numbers of the bottles together. Bottles may be numbered and/or there may be instructions in an unknown, ancient language (dragons could, probably, understand it, if you have one handy). If bottles are numbered in a known language, no instructions should be available.

Every ½ hour there is a 25% chance that a sound will be heard. At night the probability changes to 50%. Sounds will immediately cease if investigated. Sounds may occur in a nearby room or behind party or around a corner and may appear to follow them if not investigated.

Die Roll	Results
1	Moans
2	Groans
3	High-pitched scream
4	Bubbling scream
5	Rattling chains
6	Slow ticking
7	Random pattern footsteps
8	Battle sounds
9	Scratching
10	Scraping
11	Unintelligible mumbling
12	Sobbing
13	Low wind whistle
14	Dragging footsteps
15	Creaking
16	Dripping water
17	Orc drums
18	Dead silence—even party's noises are silenced!
19	Talking in alien tongues
20	Hoofbeats and armor rattles

SUM	GAS
2	Paralization (2-12 turns)
3	1D8 poison
4	Etherealness (2-12 turns)
5	Invisibility (2-12 turns)
6	Strength (as spell)
7	2D8 poison
8	Growth (as potion)
9	Flying (as potion)
10	Healing (as potion)
11	Heroism (as potion)
12	3D8 poison

The Booty Bag

CRYSTAL TRANSPORTABALL

by Warwick Frearson

This looks like an ordinary crystal ball except that it transports any living thing (MUST be living) that it is focused on by the user to the user. It has a 10% chance of missing the 'drop' and a 10% chance of not finding the object for transporting.



OUR MAGICAL



STAFF

The newest addition to our fine staff of artists is GIL. The art and comics on this page are her work. GIL has had art published in several magazines and has done logo and display ads, as well as portraiture, too. We are very happy that she has joined our family of excellent artists and authors.



help!

[If you are having somewhat of a problem and need some sticky wicket grease, let us know and we'll put it up to our readers for solution. This column will appear as required—ed.]

I'm running a campaign and had an unusual occurrence. One of my rather low level characters was in a party one night and through fantastic luck managed to be the one who finished off the ghost thieves (3 40th level wereghost-thieves). He got two rings guarded by curses which another player obligingly triggered off and was left with two unguarded rings of many wishes. Well, most of them were expended raising the player's requisites (I allow a wish to move a player's requisite ½D6—what do you allow?) but he still had two books of infinite spells and some dragon wire. Now that is ridiculous, so one dark and rainy night a hole gaped in his bedroom, a voice invited him in and he obliged. What he was in was my travelling pit—part of my demon series of which demons live in pits which

are 100 to 200 ft. deep, including flaming, iron and slime pits and with a lurker at the bottom.

Well, the player made it to the area of the lurker and found himself stuck. A lurker is equivalent to about 1 ether eater and 100 purple worms. It, also, takes little damage from the lightning or fire. What he did is throw lightening bolts and perm spell them (gratis the infinite spell book). This formed a grid that effectively fried most of the lurker. Then he used a phase door (his sword casts 4 spells a day including phase door) stepped into the side of the pit and teleported the lurker to the top of the pit. Slither, slither, screech and kasl-ammmm!!! Exit one lurker and enter one pit scraped clean of demons clinging to the sides. Since he survived I now need another DM to trade me artifacts (two) for whatever is being asked for artifact ideas these days. So if anyone out there can help I'd appreciate it. (EW modifications are acceptable if not carried too far) The player was promised something not of my construction.

L. Kevin Slimak

Desert Villa Bldg 5

Edwards AFB, CA, 93523

The Lab 'Oratory' from page 4

Paul King (formerly of Halifax), Glenn McQueen (formerly of Portland), Robert Richardson (formerly of Tampa), Peggy Gemignani (Formerly of Ft. Lauderdale), and Sean Summers (formerly of Bacliff, TX). Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these people please send me the address and/or phone number or have them contact me themselves. I owe them copies

of TD, but, apparently I don't have their correct addresses.

AND words of congratulations are due to both Paul Jaquays and Mark Hendricks. Paul for graduating from one institution: college and Mark for graduating into an institution: marriage. Best to ya, Paul! and Have a Long and Happy to Mark and his bride!

Chuck Anshell

Words & Whips from page 22

applicable to more than just D&D. I do not want to decrease D&D coverage, but, rather, expand our horizons to include the other FRP games to which our normal D&D coverage is suited in whole or in part. D&D will remain the thrust of the zine's contents. Many people have phoned to say they are glad that our coverage will be expanded. I hope that when you see this issue and keep it in mind as an example of what I want to do, that you will be pleased with the idea, too. Slick covers are probably going to be out of the question for a while due to economics. I would like to have them, though, as soon as possible. I will be looking forward to seeing your articles Chuck

Dear Dungeoneer,

Thanks for the copy of issue 7. I really enjoyed it. [He subscribed—ed.]

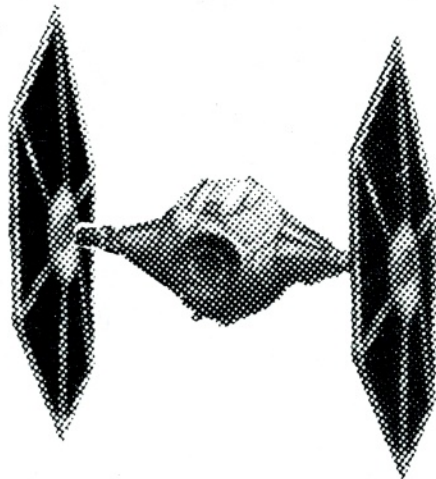
I favor keeping The Dungeoneer its present size. It fits right in with the other D&D booklets. I like the idea of having articles on other gaming areas, if not too many. about 1 or two articles per issue if they aren't too far afield.

I would rather see the Monster Matrix, Booty Bag and Nose Wet? Or No Sweat! columns expanded rather than another serial. May you always make your saving throw.

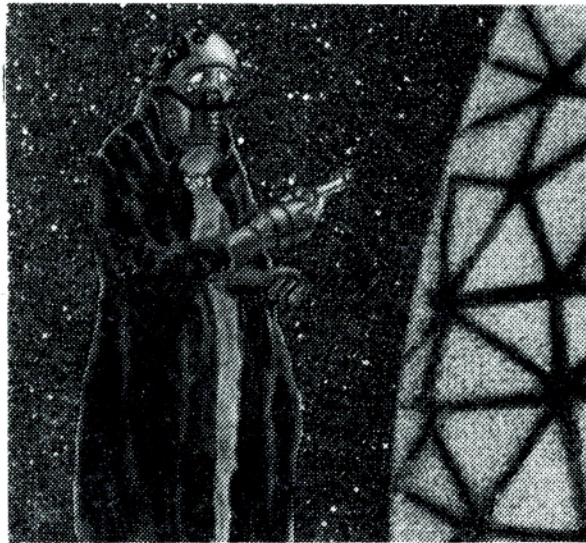
Douglas Ford

Doug: Thanks for the letter. Hope this issue shows you that you can have the best of two worlds: an expansion of the Monster Matrix and Booty Bag AND more articles on D&D and related games. Plus New Features and New Serials!

THE EDGE OF GALAXY



SPACE
ART
by
Art Flores

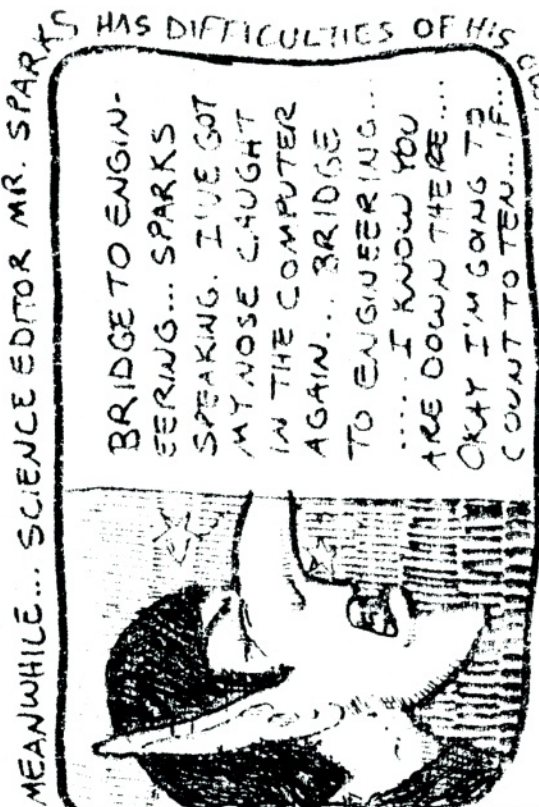


SYNOPSIS:

LAST WEEK, CAPT. BLAMES G. KURK OF THE STARSHIP "OLD GOREY" WAS FACED WITH A DILEMMA. SHOULD HE SAVE THE FREE GALAXY FROM IM-PENDING CLINGA- LONG INVASION, OR TRY TO CALM DOWN A SUICIDAL ENSIGN DOXY AND CONVINCE HER TO HAVE AN ABORTION...



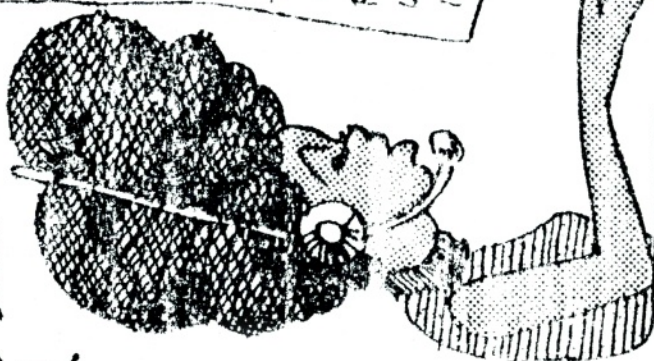
... SINCE THE CHILD PROBABLY WASN'T HIS ANYWAY...



BRIDGE TO ENGIN-
EERING... SPARKS
SPEAKING. I'VE GOT
MY NOSE CAUGHT
IN THE COMPUTER
AGAIN... BRIDGE
TO ENGINEERING...
.... I KNOW YOU
ARE DOWN THERE...
OKAY I'M GOING TO
COUNT TO TEN... IF...
... TEN...

WHAT NUMBER ARE
YOU DIALING?

AND WHAT ABOUT
NAOMI? WILL
THE SEX-CRAZED
STARSHIP
RECEPTIONIST
FIND TRUE HAP-
PINESS AMONG
THE STARS... OR
WILL SHE SETTLE
FOR A BLIND DATE
WITH ENGINEER-
ING AGAIN...



STAT TUNED
TOMORROW
FOR "THE
EDGE OF THE
GALAXY."

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SURPRISE!

SURPRISE!
by Ye Editor

SURPRISE!

Well, you should have many surprises with this issue, not the least of which was one more increase in the cover price and subscription rates. Well, folks, there is a good reason! Another surprise is the new size—52 pages including covers!!! This is, basically, the reason for the new prices. Issue 7 sold more than 250% immediately than did issue 6 (that is subscriptions and standing orders to stores). That is why the ad rates went up. This will be the last price increase for a while. For one thing, I knew that with the planned expansion of the size of the zine that rates would have to go up, but I didn't think that the zine would be able to expand so fast, nor that you, gentle readers, would put up with a one-step increase from \$.60/copy to \$1.25 or \$1.50, with the appropriate increase in subscription rates. Boy was I wrong about the expansion! Hopefully, I was wrong about how you'll take the price increase. Subscriptions already in effect will not lose any copies because of the increase (that should help). The new rates will allow me to put out each issue in a 36, 44 or 52 page format (depending on amounts of material submitted) without losing my shirt. This is a fanzine, but it ain't a tax shelter. It will take at least two more issues before I break even with what I've spent putting it out so far. (Just thought you'd like to know). Please check out the new subscription and ad rates on page 3. Subscriptions and renewals at the old rates cannot be accepted any more.

Another surprise is the increased coverage I promised. This includes two new serials, a comic strip, cartoons and more artwork, in general. The mini-dungeons are getting too big, though, friends. I do want the larger adventures, so don't stop sending them, but WE NEED MINI-DUNGEONS. WE also NEED MORE ARTICLES, TRICKS & TRAPS, etc. The deadline for issue 9 is only days away as I type this and I still do not have enough material for it. DON'T HESITATE! SEND US YOUR COPY AND ART! We can only keep up this zine with your help. It IS a FANZINE, remember! Another new thing is that we will be incorporating the *CIA REPORT* into TD, probably starting with issue 9. This should prove to be an advantage to both TD and CIA, hope you agree after you see it.

PUBLISHING LATE: Yes, dear fens, this issue is late (though not as late as in the past, eh!?) because: copy was not received before the due date, but came all in one clump just afterwards. Unfortunately, some required features were even later and I had 1) an emergency (my brother Barry's lungs collapsed while he was in school in Tulsa and I had to fly down there in case a signature was required for surgery. Fortunately, surgery was avoided, but his career as a pilot was ended and I lost a week of time to work on this) and 2) I came down with the flu and lost another week. I CANNOT STRESS TOO MUCH HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT YOU DO NOT WAIT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE BEFORE THE DEADLINE TO SEND IN COPY! DO IT NOW!!!!!! If it all comes in in a bunch, I cannot plan the layout of the zine until I get a good portion of it typeset and I am not the best nor fastest typist around. Delays in getting sufficient amounts of each type of copy (short, medium and long—as well as items for our columns) means a late issue. Further, problems at the printer or collator make things worse. I cannot give the printer the pasteups 3 days before I need the final copy and expect to get it from him on time. Because of the delays on last issue and this issue, I suspect that issue 9 and, possibly, 10 will be late too. It will, really, depend on how much material you can submit and how fast you can submit it. Help me get this zine back onto a regular schedule! (Again:) **GET YOUR COPY IN NOW!**

Another surprise is that I hope to be starting reviews of conventions I went to and have several people reviewing games and figures. **MANUFACTURERS NOTE:** we have reviewers and would like to review your games. Please send review copies to me and I will relay them.

Finally, *The Adventuresome Compendium of Issues 1-6* should be available about the same time as this issue, or shortly afterwards as they are going to the printer at the same time. So if you ordered the Compendium or any back issues be looking for it soon. Hope any other surprises are good ones! Chuck

A Somewhat Unusual Quest

by Bill Seligman

Unlike the dungeon adventures previously published in *THE DUNGEONEER*, this is a quest, rather than a simple adventure, i.e. the party must actively look for something and find and identify it to succeed. The object of the quest is 'The Device' but the party is merely told to go and bring back "That which sings in both sight and sound best". You can set up circumstances for the quest in any manner you like, in my universe the party was sent on the quest by Harmony, Goddess of Music, whose altar the party had inadvertently desecrated on an earlier adventure.

The quest is designed mainly for a party of 6 4th-level individuals. However, rather than being a quest that one must solve by killing everything in sight, it is a quest that requires intellectual puzzles to be solved—how to go through rooms without being knocked unconscious, how to get treasure and how to use it and, of course, how to get 'The Device' out of the quest area. However, to make the quest the most enjoyable, the DM must give as few hints as possible. For example: the location of the quest is Sky Harbor, the Giant UFO from CE3K, but don't tell the party that. Let them map the quest and observe what they can, and let them make their own conclusions—they'll enjoy it more that way.

Before beginning to describe each room, there are some characteristics of the entire quest that must be described first, along with 'The Device' and magic items associated with it. You may notice that the room descriptions are rather long, too. This is due to none of the monsters being the standard D&D types, outlined in those rules. They are all either my creations or from some other source. At least in this quest you won't have to look in any of the monster descriptions in the D&D books right in the middle of the quest—it will all be right there in front of you.

172AE3-964BCD7-AB3255-RSQ are the spacio-temporal coordinates of the quest. The party must be teleported there by some means and if they have to give the location of where they want to go, these are the coordinates for them to use. To get back, all the party must stand within one hex from where they are teleported to and

request to return.

Throughout this level of Sky Harbor the force of gravity is 1.85 times that of the party's normal gravitational field. If the party steps on the disk in room 2 (see below) they they will each gain an individual G-field of their own gravity, and that applies to any other creatures, too. Until then, however, independent of their home gravity they are experiencing 2Gs.

In front of almost every room on the map is a symbol for a Gravity Adjusting Ring (GAR). In front of every room description below is an angle ranging from -90 to +90 degrees. The two pieces of information are closely related—each room has its own G-field which is, usually, rotated in relation to the ship. The angle given in the room description is the degree of slope in the room—if the angle is positive the left side of the room is higher and if negative the right side is higher. (This is in relation to the party as it enters the room)

The GAR is used to temporarily align the room's G-field with the outside corridor. If they do not coincide, when someone passes through each GAR for the first time they experience extreme disorientation and dizziness for two turns, and are unable to stand or defend themselves, assuming they do not make their saving throw. If they make the saving throw, they experience the dizziness for only one turn. If they try to pass through the GAR twice within one turn, they automatically fall unconscious for eight hours.

The party will be unable to use the GAR if they have not stepped on the disk in room 2 and are "registered" as visitors rather than as possible intruders. The GAR itself looks like a 10cm wide ring all around the corridor (which is cylindrical—see below). The GAR, in turn, is divided into 10cm by 10cm closely fitting squares (there are 95 of them). If a member of the party who has not stepped on the disk in room 2 touches one of the squares, it will glow a bright blue. When they cease to touch the square will cease to glow and that's it. But, if the person has stepped on the disk, the entire ring will glow a faint blue whenever the person approaches. When one of the

squares are touched it will then glow a bright blue and extrude itself 10cm from the corridor wall. The sides thus exposed glow purple. If that person then touches one of the two sides of the square which is perpendicular (horizontal edges) to the ring the room and corridor will appear to rotate (actually the ring and G-field are rotating). The party will be forced to walk along the inside of the corridor as if it were a fun-house barrel. When the room appears level the party member simply ceases to touch the side of the square. The room/corridor will remain in position for three turns, then rotate back to normal positions, however they may be readjusted again, as needed. The two sides of the square which are the edges of the ring (when it is in retracted position) are for pulling the square out or pushing it in. Doing this will alter the individual G-field which was assigned to the party member when he/she stepped on the disk in room 2. Gravity is increased when the square is pulled out and decreased when pushed in (when you are in a G-field too heavy for you it is easier to push down than pull up).

Corridor description: as alluded to earlier, the corridors are cylindrical about 3 meters in diameter. The party can only walk in a single file to move effectively through them, but since there are no wandering monsters to contend with this will not be much of a hindrance. The rooms in this quest are not actually rotated. What happens is that the party, while walking down a corridor experiences a slow rotation of the G-field to match the angles given. This rotation is so gradual though that it is unnoticable in the corridor's light to the party unless they are in a corridor of less than 1 hex (square) in length.

Except for sections 29-41 the walls of the ship emit light. It is so bright and blurring that the viewing radius is only three hexes (squares). Darkness and similar spells cannot function at all. It is impossible to blind or dazzle someone with Pyrotechnics or similar light-dependent spells either.

After a GAR has been manipulated by the party it will maintain its position for three turns and then rotate back to its normal setting. If a party member tries to go through a non-coordinated GAR, he/she will not only experience dizziness and disorientation, but will, also, slide down

the slope of the room as if its slope were 4 times the actual slope (due to the dizziness). After the dizziness passes the party member will have a personal G-field that seems normal, again, in regards to the floor of the room. If he/she tries to pass into the corridor again, where the rest of the party now appears to be standing—at an angle, the same effect will occur again. All of this is due to the uncoordinated adjustment of the person to the conflicting G-fields.

The effects of different gravities on the party are as follows: for every .1G difference between the party's normal gravity and the gravity they are experiencing, subtract 1 (or -5%) from their hit probability. If the gravity is heavier than they are used to, they will experience fatigue which forces them to rest one additional turn out of six for every .1G. If the gravity is less than they are used to they will be sick and nauseous, taking one point damage every 6 turns per .1G below normal. (Do not give parties any benefits for wierd gravities—after all, they are not used to it.) Keep in mind that they will have their own field most of the time, if they stepped on the disk in room 2—unless they lose it or change it (with the GAR squares) for some reason.






And now to 'The Device': This is a unit which is 1 hex (square) wide and 4 hexes long. Its southern, eastern and western surfaces (as portrayed on the map with North at top of page) are featureless walls of unidentifiable metal. Its northern face is a large keyboard with 88 buttons set flush in an 8 x 11 button matrix below a large panel. Each button is colored and the colors range across the matrix in spectral order. When a button is pressed it makes a musical note and the panel glows that color. If two or more buttons are pressed simultaneously the colors will intermix after a brief time. To get 'The Device' to teleport off the ship, the party needs only to push it forward three meters. Unfortunately, the unit weighs 200 metric tons (2,000,000 GPs weight) and, thus, the procedure is more difficult than it sounds. To move the unit the party needs the following items:

AGRAV— a small metal disk the size of a silver dollar which has a knob in the center of one face. When the flat side of the disk is placed on an object and turned counterclockwise the object will weigh less and less until, if desired, it can weigh noth-

ing at all. The Agrav can make any item up to 100 metric tons weightless, so it takes two to lift 'The Device'. There are three working Agravs on the quest in rooms 17, 22 and 36. ONCE AN AGRAV IS ATTACHED TO SOMETHING IT CANNOT BE REMOVED. Also, by the way, an Agrav is the only way to bring out the Emerald which is in room 19 for its full value (without breaking it).

INERTIA REMOVER—Even with the Agravs, the Device will possess the same inertia as without, this means that when the party has attached the Agravs and they push on the unit, it will take them about an hour to push it all the way over to the teleport point and another hour to stop it there, since there are no handholds on 'The Device'. However, with the Inertia Remover on the device, as well, it becomes effortless to move. The effects of the I.R. are to remove the tendency to stay at rest or at motion (whichever is applicable). For example: If a person attached an I.R. to a stone and threw it, the instant it left his/her hand it would fall immediately to the ground and when it hit the ground it would stop (no bouncing) without harm to itself. (That is because the stone has no tendency to move forward after it leaves the person's hand, but gravity pulls it down until it hits the ground where it stops immediately because it has no tendency to stay in motion. [Ed. note: the reason the stone falls due to gravity is that gravity is an acceleration or constantly applied force, thus maintaining the kinetic energy in the stone until it lands. When throwing the stone, however, the kinetic energy ceases to be applied to the stone at the moment it leaves your hand.]

ID BADGES—no one can take the device without the proper ID badge. The ID badges represent a means for demonstrating some authority, which is no longer used on Sky Harbor, but for which the Red Globes (see below) still respond. Each badge is represented by three digits between 1 and 5. The lower the number the higher the authority. Badge 111 is the best badge of all and badge 333 is in the middle with badge 555 being the worst. (The three digits are not always the same). These badges are small ovals about 3cm by 1cm with a handle projecting from one face and the other face slightly bulging. When a button on the handle is pressed the badge emits a flashing light and a clicking sound,

simultaneously, that corresponds to the number of the badge. For example: badge 135 would flash: On the handle of the badges is written in alien numerals the number. The numerals are: 1—, 2—, 3—, 4—, 5—. To use the badge, just point it at the item you wish clearance for and push the button. A badge will automatically respond with its number when it is facing another flashing badge. As it clicks at the same time, the party can use this to find other badges.

ENFORCER—to move 'The Device' requires a badge whose first digit is a one or less. The Enforcer is a unit that looks like a badgecover but it will increase the value of the badge by one (hundred) digit, i.e. it makes badge 333 into badge 233 or badge 112 onto 012 and so forth.

Magic Items In General—in this quest, finding and identifying magic items is more difficult than in other places for a Detect Magic spell will reveal that EVERYTHING is magic—the non-magic things are magic, the walls are magic, the air is magic, the magic items are magic, the creatures are magic and so forth. The only things which will not show up as magic are those non-magic items the party brought with them, including their own bodies.

ONWARDS TO THE ROOMS:

1—0⁰—Arrival room. The asterisk marks the spot that the party arrives. When the party requests to leave everything within one hex (square) (3 meters) of the asterisk will be teleported back. Due to light being emitted from the walls, the party may be blinded for a turn or two upon arrival, but their eyes will adjust. The northern wall of the room appears to be metal, of course, due to the fact that it is actually the back side of 'The Device'. Don't tell them that, though.

2—0⁰—Registration and Correction—In the center of the room is a disk one meter in diameter. The disk will register the party members as visitors so that they can use the GARs without side-effects. It will cure the insanity caused by the medusan in room 10. It can, also, relieve the unconsciousness caused by passing through an unaligned GAR. When the party enters the room, the disk will flash the number of members in the party who have not yet stood on the disk, pause one second and

repeat until all members have stood on the disk or party has left the room. If there were six party members it would flash 6 times, pause, flash again, etc. After one of them steps on the disk (and off) it will flash 5 times, pause, flash again, etc. Once everyone in the party has stepped on the disk it will glow bright orange for about 30 seconds then suffuse the entire room in an overpowering orange glow. When this stops the party has been registered as visitors and can use the GARs. The disk will not flash the number of party members anymore, but if anyone steps on the disk again and remains there for more than two minutes it will go through the orange glow bit again (this is for any other creature that the party may show to the disk or to cure the insanity or unconsciousness).

3-0⁰—The Giant Hydra of Donatue V—the hydra is a large, unintelligent animal/plant. It is some two meters tall and it is standing in a ½ meter in diameter circular vat which contains nutrient solution. The hydra has six tentacles which give it 6 attacks per round and which it can distribute amongst its attackers as it sees fit. Each hit is 1D8. When killed, the bodies of its attackers are dragged by the hydra to its 'mouth' which is located at the top of the creature inside its circle of tentacles. There the body is dissolved to form food to supplement the nutrient solution. The nutrient solution is 20 doses of 1 turn Growth/Plant Potion. When poured on a plant it causes it to increase 10-fold in size, speed and intelligence for 1 turn. The hydra has 8 Hit dice, 35 Hit points, AC5.

4-+5⁰—A Combat Suit from the Clone Wars—on the far wall of this room is a powered combat suit such as described in STARSHIP TROOPERS by Robert Heinlein. The person inside the suit is long dead and only his/her skeleton remains. However the battle computer of the suit is still active and will prevent any attempt at damaging or disturbing the suit. The suit has an opaque face plate, a 'back-pack' containing life support equipment which is long since dead, a belt containing 10 Dazzle Grenades (which stun for three combat rounds anybody within 1 meter of their striking the ground and each of which has a 45% chance of working, and, finally, instead of a right arm it has a power beam which is capable of doing 3D6 damage within a 4" x ½" range. This beam can only fire four times before the suit will

be out of power. Consider the suit to have 7 HD, 33HP, AC3, move 3". It can do 1D10 damage with its left hand and 3D6 damage with the power beam on its right.

5- -10⁰—Vermisious Knid from Knidine—it fills the entire West end of the room. It has ten tentacles in the center, each of which can do 2D10 damage and are 5 hexes (squares) long, and two very large mouths each of which can do 6D10 if anybody chooses to examine the creature closely. It has 100HP, AC-4, and can do all ten attacks per round distributed as it likes. It is, obviously, impossible for the party to fight this thing and they are stupid if they try. The solution is for the party to rotate the room until the eastern end of the room is lowest. The Knid is held to the western wall by its own G-field, and anyone who touches the East wall shares the same G-field as that outside the corridor to the south of the room. When the party rotates the room properly, they just walk down the depression and back up the other side to the next door. The tentacles cannot reach them if they do it this way.

6- -20⁰—Giant Bird-man from Alcatraz—(Bird-woman, actually as room 7 will reveal) It is some four meters tall, resembling an Emu, has 8HD, 42HP, AC 4, move=12", and has a beak that can do 2D8 damage per hit. It has a gizzard that is composed exclusively of gold—753GP worth.

7- -30⁰—Eggs of the Bird-woman—three giant eggs, each about 1½ meters long by ¾ meters wide. There is a 5% chance per turn that the Red Globes (see below) will temporarily release the Bird-woman in room 6 to let it check over the eggs. The eggshells, when broken, can be used to make a shield +1 if there are any pieces large enough left. The yolk and white of the egg will protect the embryo within it by attacking the breaker and those accompanying him/her as if it were a giant amoeba. 4HD, 20/27/18HP, AC 5, move=6". If the egg wins, it will pull together pieces of its shell and lay there peacefully.

8- +20⁰—Death Worshipers from the Planet Necron—These creatures look like small demons—pointed ears, hairy bodies, sharp fangs, long barbed tails—but they aren't. There are six of them with 3HD, 14/16/14/18/13/23 HP, AC 5. Their fangs are so mean that arrows tipped with them

do +1 damage. There are four useable fangs per creature for this purpose.

9— -40⁰—Altar of the Death Demons—The creatures in room 8 use this room for their religious observances. There is a long table used as a sacrificial altar (it has manacles on it to assure cooperation) with a statue in front of it of Helas, Goddess of Death (to them). The table is blood-stained. Attached to the statue is ID badge 431, which the creatures consider a holy relic. There is a 10% chance per turn that the Red Globes will allow the creatures to go from room 8 to room 9 to perform their religious rites. If they find a party there, they will try to get a new sacrificial victim. If the party enters room 8, the creatures will try to convince them to take them to room 9. If the party tries to take the badge from the statue the creatures will be extremely offended.

10— +35⁰—A Medusan—This is an energy being who is totally formless. It keeps itself in a small box in the center of the room, but if someone enters the room it will come out to take a look. If a non-medusan looks at it there is a 75% chance that that person will go insane. The insanity can be cured by the disk in room 2, by ESP or by telepathy. Inside the Medusan's box is ID badge 212. The Medusan cannot be hit with weapons, but it takes double damage from magic. It can be spoken to with a Universal Translator (rooms 12 & 19).

11— +10⁰—Gaseous Being from Remulac—This looks like a ball of fog in the center of the room. Should one enter the room, the being will emit a crystalline antibody (such as in FANTASTIC VOYAGE) which will cover a person and proceed to crush him/her, doing 1D8 damage per combat round. (Consider them as if they had 8HD). Destroying the gaseous cloud or leaving the room will destroy the antibodies. The cloud can be killed by hitting it with a strong blast spell (like Fireball, Lightning, etc.) When antibodies are destroyed, they crumble into a powder which when inhaled gives Truesight (see room 12). The Truesight Dust lasts 6 turns and the party can recover one dose of it per person attacked, up to a maximum of five doses.

12— -20⁰—Dopplewolves from the Planet Drusinda—There are two dopplewolves in the room, but they each can create five illusionary duplicates of themselves. The

illusions take damage, give damage and so forth just like the real thing, but the real two dopplewolves will always attack when all the duplicates are killed. They can create each duplicate twice, that is when one is killed another will take its place, until the dopplewolf has created a total of ten duplicates. It has then exhausted itself. They are 3HD and the real dopplewolves are 23/16 HP and the fakes are (for the 23 pt. wolf:) 13/12/12/13/19 HP and (for the 16 pt wolf): 16/16/18/18/14 HP, all have AC 5 and move=18". On the far wall of the room is a red hexagonal pillar which is one meter high. On top of it is a Universal Translator of Squootchenoi manufacture (see room 14). The Translator is a cylinder about 5cm long by 1 cm diameter. There is a small rotating ring near the end of the cylinder. All a person has to do is twist the ring until they understand the speech. The Translator has only a six hour charge after which it is only a conversation piece. The translator will not work with species whose mental patterns are different from those of the user, i.e. it will work with Orcs, Kobolds, Squootchenoi, etc. but will not work with gods, dragons, red globes, plants, etc.

13—+30⁰—Squootchenoi Radiation Treatment Room—On the west wall of this room is a mirror which has the following properties: there is a 25% chance that a person looking into it will charm him/herself and will just continue to stare into the mirror. There is a 25% chance that the mirror will show a vision about some other room in the quest. Otherwise the mirror will show some exotic vision. Make something up for the player to see. Whether it is real or not is up to you. The purpose of the mirror (which occupies almost the entire West wall and cannot be removed) is to provide the Squootchenoi (see room 14) with the necessary radiation treatments due to the lack of a sun to supply it to them. They just take a small, flashlight-like device and point it at the mirror and bath in the reflected light. There is a 1% chance each turn that the Red Globes will allow the Squootchenoi to use this room.

14— -45⁰ — Three Squootchenoi — Their bodies are like horizontal slabs 2 meters long by ½ meter wide by 20cm thick with a slight bulge in the center where the brain is located. From the front, middle and end of the long side of the slab come pairs of tendrils, each about one meter in length

and 2 cm in diameter, which are the manipulative/walking organs. Now round off all the sharp corners. From the short front side of the body are two necks which come from the center of that side. Each neck is 10 cm in diameter. The heads are on the end of the necks and are about 40 cm in diameter. One head is semi-translucent and is capable of emitting pure musical notes and chords along with some slightly glowing colors. The other head is the talking head. Both heads have a mouth above which are two nostrils, there are no eyes, Squootchenoi are directly sensitive to light with their skin and they can use the singing head to emit an ultra-sonic frequency which they use like radar. The speaking head does most of the eating, the singing head does most of the drinking. It doesn't matter which head is which since they switch functions once every year to compensate for the possibility that one head may become damaged. The Squootchenoi are the most recent race to be contacted by Sky Harbor but these three were kidnapped before then and have been forgotten. They are occasionally allowed access to rooms 13, 15 and 16 (see those rooms) by the Red Globes. They may very well be grateful to anyone who sets them free. The Squootchenoi are equipped with various devices to aid them—medically, physically, entertainingly and so forth. These devices are of no use to humans whatsoever. The Squootchenoi have 15 HD, 78/77/79 HP, AC 0, 6 attacks per round, 1D8 per attack. They are highly intelligent, usually friendly unless attacked, technologically very advanced and are totally immune to magic (they don't believe in such nonsense). Humans cannot speak with them except with the Universal Translator but they can learn to speak any language due to their sophisticated vocal equipment. They, also, have 11 sexes, but that is neither here nor there.

15—-15⁰—Food for Squootchenoi—It is the form of some brown organic matter in various shapes such as cubes, blocks, tetrahedrons, etc., many with bites taken out of them. The food is fatal to humans. If they search through the food they will find ID badge 555 (35%chance per turn spent searching).

16—+45⁰—Medical Supplies for the Squootchenoi—There are all sorts of drugs and whatnot here, but they are all instantly fatal to humans. None of it can be used to poison an arrow, spear, etc. nor can it be

carried to use as a weapon.

17—+50⁰—A Hiroshii from Serendipity II—The Hiroshii is a huge creature weighing about 100 metric tons, about five meters tall, 10 meters long, 4 pairs of legs and a head that would look at home on an adult Green Dragon. It has 3HD, 17HP, AC 1 (easy to kill if you can hit it) and 3 attacks per round: 1D10 bite and 2 stomps at 1D4. The strange thing about the Hiroshii is that under such a high gravity that it doesn't collapse and die under its own weight and that its stomps don't do much damage. The reason is that there is an AGRV imbedded in its back, behind its head. When the creature is dead it can be hacked away (remember, the Agrav cannot be removed from an object it lightens. Skin may be hacked away, stone may be shattered, gold can be scraped away, but if it is attached to a wall of the ship, to 'The Device', etc. it is there permanently. The walls of the ship, by the way, are made of a glowing plastic substance which is impenetrable). The Squootchenoi know of the Hiroshii from their own spacefaring and can note the weight paradox, but they can't communicate with it nor can the party using the Universal Translator. The Squootchenoi do not know this particular Hiroshii.

18—-30⁰— Food for the Hiroshii—the Hiroshii love iron, so this room is filled with large pieces of scrap iron and sheet metal. There is a 5% chance per turn that the Red Globes will allow the Hiroshii to go to this room for a meal. If the party searches among the metal, they will find three powerless items: an Agrav and ID badges 112 & 332. The Hiroshii considers these a great delicacy. There is no way to repower these items.

19—+30⁰—An Exhibit—A Universal Translator of Gooch manufacture. Near the northern wall of the room is a hexagonal pillar like that of room 12. On top of the pillar is a Universal Translator which is different in construction, but essentially the same, as the one in room 12. On top of the pillar, as well, is a dome of solid emerald covering the translator. It weighs 1000 pounds and is worth 5000GP. If broken, as may be easily done with a good, solid blow, the pieces are worth a total of only 500GP. The Squootchenoi cannot move it, as their tentacles cannot get a good enough grip on it. The only way to move the emerald in one piece, effectively,

is to use an Agrav. (The emerald would have to be sold with the Agrav attached, but I doubt the jeweler would mind. Otherwise, a combined strength of 100 is the only way to lift it and carry it. It can be pushed off the pillar, of course, but this is certain to result in its breakage.

20— -10⁰—On a triangular pillar near the center of the room is a Telepphone. If you have ALARUMS & EXCURSIONS 13 you will know how to use it. If you do not, consider it a useless item of technology which neither the party nor the Squootchenoi can understand. Coiled around the pillar is a Giant Herpteroid (that's snake, for those of you not in the know). It has 7HD, 42HP, AC 4, move=12. You cannot remove the Telepphone without the snake knowing it and attempting to feed upon the remover. The Squootchenoi are afraid of snakes. [Anyone got a copy of A&E 13 lying around? Also need 10, 12, 14—Ed.]

21—+15⁰—Vicious Vine from the Planet Gerdorm—the vine is a huge plant that covers all the walls, ceiling and floor of the room, though it leaves the doorways alone [pun unintentional—I think—Ed.] If the party is not carrying the growth potion from the vat in room 3, nothing will happen, the vine will just lie there. If they do have some of the potion, however, the Vine will absorb its energy (making the potion useless) and start growing, itself. It will then start to generate fertilizer by using the bodies of the party. Consider it to have 8HD, 50HP, AC 3, move=12 in the room, 0 outside the room.

22—+20⁰—Small Creatures Exhibit—In the center of the room is a 5 x 5 x 5 array of 10cm diameter spheres, none of which can be moved by hand. Inside the spheres are various small animals and some small devices. You may preallocate the array or allocate it as the party requests a sphere. Here is the allocation table: there should be the following items on a D10:

1=Agrav

2=ID badge

3—4=Minidragon (5HD, AC 3, move 6/30, select type randomly, reduce breath size by 20)

5=Tribble

6—7=Earth Crab

8—9=Canary or similar bird

10=Make up something small, helpless and useless or roll again

RESTRICTIONS: There is only one Agrav,

after that is allotted, substitute as for a 10. There are only 3 ID badges: 135, 241, 421, after that substitute as for 10. If a Mini-dragon is charmed (see room 23) no further spheres may be summoned.

The only creature of significance to be summonable are the Minidragons. When summoned they will be uncontrollable. They will fly around the room for about three turns sniffing around and then fly away. If there is more than one Mini-dragon present they will battle to the death. The only way to control them is in room 23—by charming them.

The party summons a sphere by simply stating the plane, column and row of the sphere desired. Keep listening to the speech of the party carefully. If any of them states a number less than 6 that plane will begin to glow. If they, then, state a second number below six, only that column on the plane will continue to glow. If they, further, say a third number below six, that sphere only will continue to glow and will float magically through the array and float before the caller of the last number. When the sphere is touched [by anyone—Ed.] it will vanish and the contents will be free.

23— -60⁰—There is a 500GP ruby in the center of this room. If you force a Mini-dragon to look at it, he/she will be charmerd and will serve as the pet of the holder of the ruby until death due they part. Once the ruby is used for this purpose no more spheres can be summoned. The ruby has no effect on any other creature and may as well be sold after this adventure.

24—+50⁰—In this room are 4 partly bionic, partly cryonic, partly laconic and partly moronic Purple People from Planet Pang. They are 5HD, 32/32/26/19 HP, AC 4 move=42 (That's the bionic part). They shoot off cold rays 2" x ¼" doing 3D6 damage (that's the cryonic part). They may be found in the room, sitting in a circle, saying, "I dunno! Whadda you wanna do?" "I dunno! Whadda you wanna do?" "I dunno! Whadda you wanna do?" and "I dunno! Whadda you wanna do?" (that's the laconic part). They will believe anything within reason that the party tells them (that's the moronic part). They will not fight unless attacked. They look exactly like the Death Worshippers in room 8 except for their being purple and NOT hav-

ing fangs.

25— -20⁰—Flame Bird—In the center of the room is an apparently opaque hemisphere with something moving inside it. If the sphere is touched, that something will come out. It is the Flame Bird, 6HD, 35HP, breathes fire breath cone 3'' x 1'' at base, does 2D8 damage, no claw or bite damage. The hemisphere will automatically turn off when the Flame Bird leaves it. In the center of where the hemisphere was is a small cube with a button in the center of one face. When the button is pressed, a sphere with a radius just large enough to contain the presser is generated, but the sphere will be interrupted by a floor or ceiling. It is a darker field and polarizes the light sufficiently so the visual radius becomes 6 hexes (squares) when inside the field. It has 47 charges left. Each charge lasts until someone outside the sphere touches it.

26—0⁰—This room is apparently empty. If the DM wishes, he/she can make the room more interesting by suddenly paying a great deal of attention to all the minor actions performed by the party, e.g. "You're listening at the wall? With or without your helmet? Left ear or right? For how long?" They will be rewarded for their attention by the discovery of the Intertia Remover. It is in the northwest corner of the room and looks like an Agrav except it is smaller—about the size of a quarter. Like an Agrav, once attached to an object it cannot be removed by force.

27— -70⁰—The Source of the Red Globes—In this room is a Huge Red Globe. It is pale red in color, constantly increasing in its brightness towards its center until the very center where it takes a jump in brightness to a very bright, red core. It is three hexes (squares) in diameter.

About once every three turns a group of Red Globes (which look like the larger version only they are ½ meter in diameter) will rush into the large Globe, where they are absorbed. Five minutes later, an equal number of Red Globes will be emitted by the Large Globe and they will rush away.

The small Red Globes are exactly like the tiny UFO in CE3K. Here, though, they act as robot guardians and maintainers of the ship, of which this level is a common, combination zoo/museum [part of one,

that is—Ed.]. They will perform the functions indicated above and below and 1—6 of them may be found 10% of the time rushing around and past the party, on business of their own. When the 'status quo' is severely disturbed, the Red Globes can use their powers of mental paralysis. They do this by settling down on a person's brain and they take control of the person's mind. They will, then, probably lead the person back to room 25, remove the visitor status from the person and place them in the 'exhibit' status, which means the person can't use the GARs and cannot leave the room. The Red Globes will leave alone those persons with sufficient authority, that is those with low enough ID badge numbers. You must determine how low a number is needed based on your party's abilities and size. Keep in mind the available numbers. A low enough ID badge number will effectively allow the party to keep the Red Globes from bothering them especially if they have an Enforcer they can pass around. (or see room 43 details)

28—+80⁰—This room is entirely filled with an impenetrable force field. Only those with an ID badge of 399 or lower can pass through (or those close to that person). The field is here to keep the riff-raff and the immature out of the 'rides' section (rooms 29—41).

Sections 29—41 all: +90⁰ — the walls of this section do not glow. The light from the doorways is highly visible while in this section, but it does not light anything up. Now the party needs their torches. The normal ships lighting also appears in rooms 42 and 43 so the other doorway has the same effect.

29—Exactly ½way between the entrance and the exit of this section is a viewport which looks due "up" (in the direction of the glowing spires of Sky Harbor). The DM might make up some 'first contact' situation that they see, like the ship heading for a planet, coming close to some abandoned spot and turning over to present the domed side of the ship to the aliens.

30—exactly ½way between the entrance and exit to this section is another viewport showing the sights looking due "down" (towards the domed area of Sky Harbor). The DM may continue the story of section 29 or make up another.

31—About 1/3way in, from either end, there appears to be a dark screen occupying the entire passageway. Actually it is two mouths of a creature whose body occupies the remainder of the passage. Those walking into/through the screen will start to be digested. The creature has 10HD, 53HP, AC 5 (from the inside), move=0. If the party member(s) stuck inside can't get free in ten combat rounds (by killing the Tua beast) then consider them food.

32—there is nothing in this section (have to keep the players on there toes).

33—About 3/4way in there is a Killer Robot from Cerebrus. It will immediately attack anyone it sees until it or they are killed. It has 8HD, 43HP AC 3, move=12. On the chest of the robot is something resembling an insignia. If the party removes this insignia they will find the Enforcer (see above). It is not attached to the robot and may be removed. It has one attack, 1D8 damage.

34—Exactly as 33 except the robot has no Enforcer under its insignia, which is not removeable, anyway.

35—There is nothing in this section (gotta get the party relaxed).

36—A Rare, Two-Headed, Stunted Sandworm from Arrakis. This creature occupies about 1/3 of the section, but will not leave it. It has a mouth at both ends and, thus, will attack those who come at it from either way. It entirely fills the passageway so it cannot turn. Its mouth can do one attack, 1D10 damage. It has 9HD, 49HP, AC 4, move=6. The Gizzard of this worm contains the last available Agrav.

37—No matter which end you enter from, about 1/3 of the way in you are hit by a flash flood of water, which sweeps you out of this section. Save vs Poison or Drowning briefly (1D6 damage). The water, after flooding you out, will drain away in seconds, ready to flood again. This is a test of the party's persistence, since there is nothing of value in this section, even if they should get their timing down and run through it.

38—As you head toward the center of this section, it gets colder and colder. When you reach the center, you will be taking 1D8 in Cold damage per turn. Torches,

Fireballs, etc. will not help, though bundling up warmly could prevent a nasty cold. In the center of this section is a glass sphere resting on a small stand about 10cm in diameter. Inside it is a small wand. The glass may be broken by a combined strength of 20 or more. The wand's only function is as an opener of the Field Screen (see room 42).

39—There is nothing in this section (got to give the players a rest).

40—About 1/8th of the way in from the entrance is a small Invisibility and Silence Gun. It fires only once in a 3" x 2" cone from the ceiling. Those it hits are Silenced and turned invisible for 6 turns. The gun cannot be removed from the ceiling. If the party goes through this section first, they'll get some use out of it when fighting other creatures. If they go through it last, it won't do them much good, as the Red Globes are not fooled by the effects of the gun. (It does both Invisibility & Silence to hopefully create the impression, however brief, to the members of the party that it missed that it destroyed the party members it hit.)

41—A Flying Saucer—As long as the players don't get within one meter of this 4-hex diameter, 1 hex tall saucer, it will look like a black, saucer-shaped object floating 1/2 meter above the center of section 41. If they get close to it, it will burst into light and look like one of those saucers from CE3K. [For those of you who haven't seen the movie, any highly imaginative, brightly, multi-lighted saucer which, otherwise is as described herein will do.—Ed.] The saucer will not move from its spot unless necessary, although it may spin around and rotate a bit. It can shoot off a paralysis beam 6" x 1/2" diameter which does 3D8 damage and it can place telempathic images in peoples' minds, if necessary. It will only become active if the players activate it by starting to destroy walls, permanently damage something, etc. and it will try to stop them. It can summon from 1—10 Red Globes.

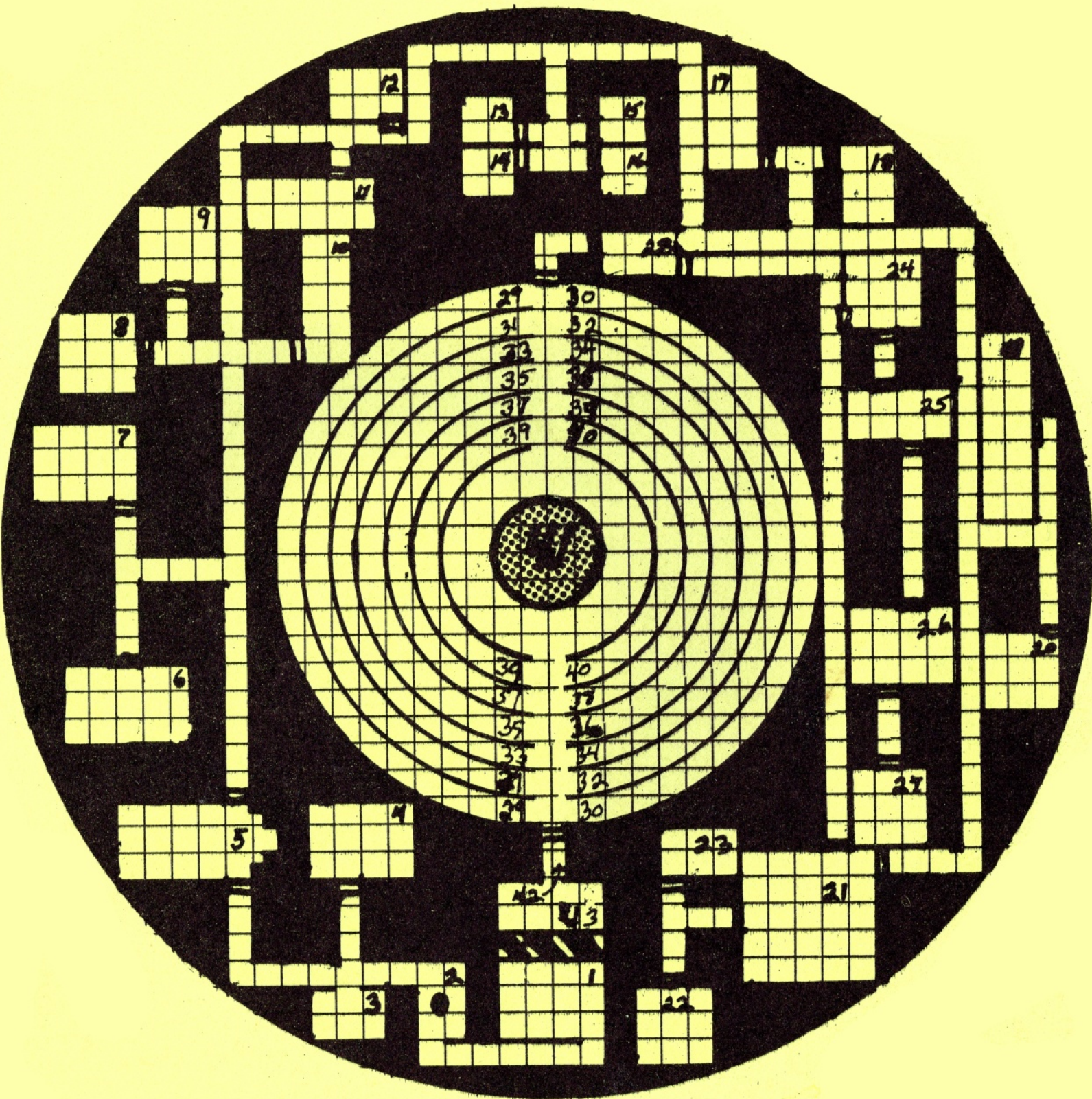
For rooms 42 and 43—0⁰—and the rooms are lit by the previously described normal ship's lighting.

42—The very last barrier to the device. It is a white, featureless force field screen. To get through, merely point the opener of

the screen (see section 38) at it or use a 199 or better ID badge.

43—The DEVICE!!!—The procedure for moving the device and its description has already been given, but the players must figure it out for themselves. When the device is moved, 1–10 Red Globes will come to investigate. If the players do not show them an ID badge of 199 or better,

they will stop the players from taking the Device by the methods outlined in room 27. The device is the communications method used when the aliens first contacted the Squootchenoi. The Squootchenoi on board may be able to identify it as being of Squootchenoi manufacture but they won't know what it is, nor will they have heard of a similar device, as they were captured long before its existence.



Each square is 3 meters along a side. GAVs are double lines crossing corridors (doors).