

THE DUNGEONEER

THE NUMBER ONE GM FANZINE

November/December 1979

14

Special Runequest Issue



NEW RUNEQUEST MONSTERS
by Greg Stafford

THE CULT OF ULERIA &
THE CULT OF THE SPEAR
by Steve Marsh

AARDVARKS IN
FANTASY GAMING
by Paul Jaquays

THE CULT
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by Rudy Kraft

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Judges Guild



the Lab' Oratory

The recent unfortunate incident at Michigan State University, in which a *Dungeons & Dragons*(tm) player, James Dallas Egbert, apparently vanished into the campus heating duct system in order to play a "realistic" game, sent a tremor through the entire role-playing community. He could have been very realistically killed.

It is the official policy of the Judges Guild and this magazine to discourage such "one-to-one scale" playing of games that were meant to be played on paper, or perhaps with lead miniatures. It is only a game, people, not a way of life.

Naturally there are going to be some people out there who will refuse to heed this warning, so we will commence to outline the safest way in which to go about such nonsense.

First of all, as MSU has amply demonstrated, large institutions generally take a rather dim view of people cavorting around in their heating and ventilation systems. The MSU heating ducts carry live steam, generating temperatures in excess of 140° F. as well as a very high humidity factor. This can cause death by dehydration; most other large heating systems are built the same way and can have the same effect. Always get permission from owners or administrators, or be prepared to face charges for trespassing.

It isn't a good idea to do this in a heating network anyway, in case that hasn't already become clear. Outdoor-type adventures are far safer. Join the Society for Creative Anachronism and attend their weekend jousts; I'm not a member, so I can't speak from experience, but they look like they know what they're doing.

National (or state) parks (and forests) are available and have excellent maps, usually free. If you don't litter, deface trees, or molest the bears and other little animals too much, the rangers probably won't mind your antics.

Second, carry water, a working flashlight, and a first aid kit. If the temperature is predicted to go below 60° F. or if there is any chance of rain, wear appropriate protective clothing. You will need something to eat about every three or four hours you are gone; bring munchies accordingly. Any Boy Scout could tell you these things are required.

Third, and most important, let a responsible person know where you are going and when you will be back. Leave a map with him if possible, showing your planned route. When you give him the estimated time of return, give yourself a little leeway; for example, if you're leaving at one o'clock and you think it will take three hours, give yourself an extra hour and say you'll be back at five. He will want to *see your face* at the appointed hour, so if you don't give yourself a safety margin and something delays you he will be worried.

Fourth, while on your excursion, if you become even slightly confused, *sit down and relax*. Old-timer mountain men occasionally got "confused" too when out in the woods; if they did, they sat and built a fire. It occupied their morbid imaginations and provided a signal for searchers.

People have been known to do strange and irrational things when they get lost, if they don't make a special effort to relax and sort out their thoughts. The most common reaction is to panic and run wildly in a random direction! They have even run across highways --- obvious paths to getting un-lost --- and kept going. This is where the term "blind panic" comes from. When people come out to look for you it can give them real problems.

A sad story from several years ago is told in Air Force survival training. A pilot from a large Eastern city, who had never been out in the wilderness, developed engine trouble one day. He bailed out and landed safely, but the woods he had landed in terrified him so much that, in the few hours it took searchers to locate him, he shot himself.

If you get lost and are not 100% positively sure of the direction to travel to get un-lost, sit there and wait for the search parties to find you. (I'm serious!)

Well, the Egbert saga had a happy if somewhat vague ending. At least we know that he is alive and well... but he sure gave us all one heck of a scare.

The mass media seized it quickly, using their peculiar logic. Since this hobby has devoted followers that only number in the thousands rather than millions, and almost all of the rest of the world has never heard of it, FRP is a "secret cult" by their definition. We supposedly pervert young minds.

Unfortunately, the professional and amateur presses of the hobby cannot do much to stop this kind of bad press, except try to keep such incidents as this disappearance from ever happening in the first place.

* * * * *

Boy, am I glad that's over with.

Hey, we're in this business to make people happy. This is morbid. I don't even want to think about it.

The cover of the magazine is now printed on heavier stock, so it will hold up in your briefcases and loose-leaf notebooks. To do this we've had to cut back down to one interior color, on only eight pages. I sure don't like it --- if you do not, please write and say so. The mail bag was kind of empty this month.

But the subscribers' list sure wasn't empty. Subs to *The Judges Guild Journal* are up 15% since September 1, and the subs to *The Dungeoneer* are up 5%. We hear that most of the new subscribers have been recruited by our regular subscribers. Word of a good thing gets around, I guess. So a big "Thank you!" is in order, as well as a "Keep up the good work!"

This issue features several articles on the fascinating new *Runequest* FRP system, including a "Monster Matrix" of new RQ monsters by Greg Stafford, articles by Rudy Kraft and Steve Marsh, and a mini-dungeon by Bob Bingham. Enjoy, enjoy.

Well, this is the November-December issue after all, so Happy Turkey Day, Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, Happy New Year, Bah Humbug, an' all that other good stuff. See you at Wintercon in Detroit and Winter War in Urbana.

--- Bryan Hinnen

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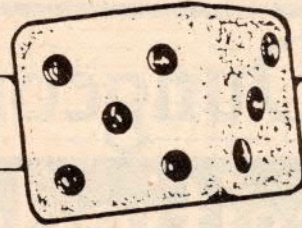
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THE DIE IS CAST



Review: Snakepipe Hollow

By Paul Jaquays

Snakepipe Hollow is the 6th in **CHAOSium's** series of source, scenario and specialty packs for their Fantasy Role Playing game, **Runequest**. The cover is attractively done in artist William Church's cartoony style; but don't let the cover fool you. This one is mean, a real challenge.

Every (at least almost every) company seems to be coming out with playing aids for their own or somebody else's FRP game. But, with **Snakepipe Hollow**, the **CHAOSium** seems to have hit upon a formula that their competition should take notice of. The game is modularized along several directions. First, it provides a large selection of non-player characters (NPC's) that can be used in the presented scenarios or elsewhere in the campaign. Second, a variety of adventure possibilities are presented, both above and below ground. A great deal of stress is placed on interaction with personalities rather than following the "trash for cash" syndrome. Third (and the sweetest portion of the rules as far as the Judge is concerned), is the modularization within the individual room descriptions. Each room is broken down into the following categories: An *initial die roll* to determine any random room occupants or occurrences; the situation in the room as seen at a *first glance*; items that may only be revealed by *closer looks*, the *exits* available in the area, items that may only be found by *hidden spots*, *traps*, *treasures* and *miscellaneous* notes concerning descriptions, room occupants, histories, religions and special magic.

Although I am personally not overly crazy about the map styles (I come from a tradition of meticulous mapping), the ideas and situations presented are equal to or better than those prepared for other games. The underground area is not merely an "apartment complex" for the monsters. Like everything in Glorontha, the **CHAOSium's** fantasy world, the netherworld inhabitants have a reason for occupying their space. Even the intermonster political struggles are delineated, allowing for possibilities of strange alliances. Even if the Judge is not running a strict "Gloronthan" campaign, the scenarios presented can easily be plugged into an existing game.

In spite of being well written and thought out, **Snakepipe Hollow** seems to be aimed at more powerful characters. This makes it difficult for a novice Judge to run his novice (or at least low ability) players and characters in the adventure without an exorbitant casualty rate. However, the opportunity of allying with one or more outside NPC factions is provided and that may allow penetration of the Hollow's caverns by characters of lower experience.

Snakepipe Hollow seems to be one of the best all-around gaming aids that this writer has seen, for any game. I would recommend it highly to Judges of all levels of experience.

Snakepipe Hollow is available from Judges Guild, 1165 N. University Avenue, Decatur, IL. 62526 for \$5.00 (add \$1.00 per order of any size for shipping and handling).

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**These are the last issues which would be delivered before Christmas. Issues are usually mailed out during the first full week of the first month in the cover date. Rates for ads are as follows. Rates do NOT include bleed and are for B&W only. Color rate applies only if color separations are provided. If you need help with layout or color separations, call us for additional rate, subject to our time availability. Ad copy will be returned if requested. Commercial charges are due within 30 days of invoice. There is a 2% off net for payment within 10 days and 5% off net for prepayment on commercial ads.

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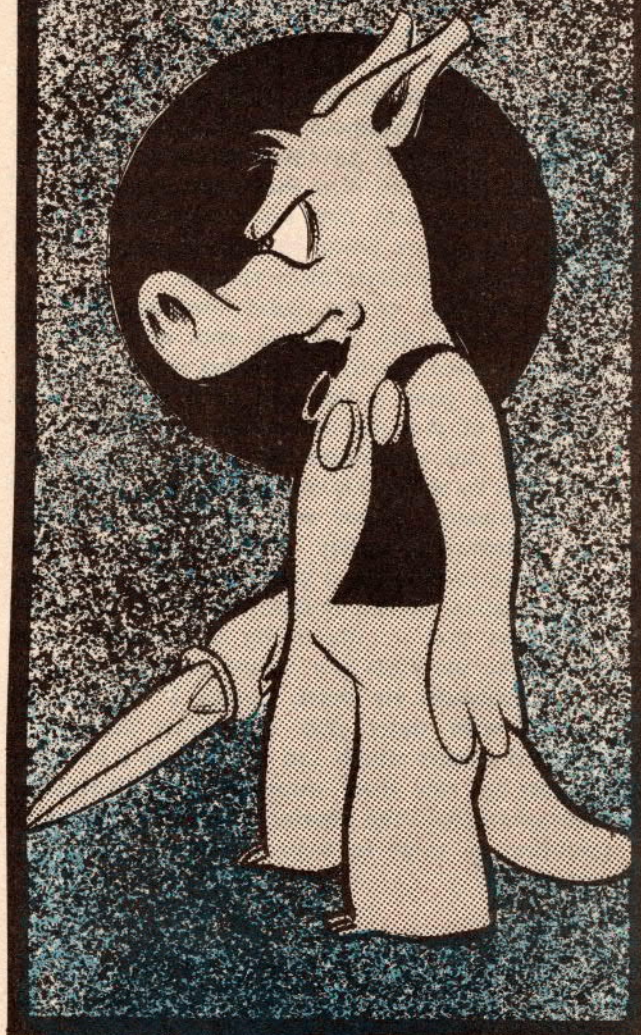


By Paul Jaquays

For those of you not familiar with Cerebus the Aardvark, let us go back almost two years ago to late 1977. Deni Loubert and Dave Sim published the first edition of *Cerebus the Aardvark*, a sword-and-sorcery tale poking light, satirical fun at everyone's favorite barbarian hero and the whole genre of Howardian heroism (that is S&S à la the late Robert E. Howard). And now, ten issues later, the furred one is still growing in popularity. However, even if you are a comic book aficionado, the chances that you have not encountered *Cerebus* may still be high, since *Cerebus* is published as a "ground level" (not quite riské enough to be considered "underground", yet unapproved by the comic code) and as such, is not carried by many news dealers, drug stores or book sellers. *Cerebus* also has the distinction of being Canada's only bimonthly comic book (and having one of the few heroes to come out of Canada without red and white long underwear with maple leaf garnishments). Even at a time when the thrilling (yawn) comic book adventures of Conan have begun to become less and less interesting, *Cerebus's* tales of swords, sorcery, satire and silliness have more than filled the gap.

Since discovering the battling aardvark, I have always wanted to draw him (and of course get the drawings published). So I thought to myself, "Wouldn't an issue dealing with comic book role playing be a great way to develop a cross-over between my favorite comic book S&S hero and my favorite form of recreation (not to mention avocation)? It could provide judges with an off beat monster or NPC. It could be done up for D&D and AD&D and...and...maybe even for Runequest. NAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

Later, after fortifying myself with a couple



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of stiff yogurts, I finally decided to do it. After all, a game that has ducks as possible characters could easily stand to have an aardvark or two wandering around, and sometimes I think players take D&D altogether too seriously. So, here it is: AARDVARKS IN FANTASY GAMING, including Cerebus the Aardvark and an NPC for both D&D and AD&D and **Runequest**.

No one knows where the aardvarks came from. Perchance they were once halflings or dwarves who mutated or orcs who evolved into a higher life form. Either conjecture is as good as the other. In essence, the only thing that is known about the aardvarks is that nothing is known about the aardvarks. They are just there.

Normally, a man may go through his entire lifespan and never meet an aardvark or even hear of one existing. They are that rare. Even so, once encountered, they may be passed off as some crazy kid in a bunny suit. (This tends to irritate the aardvarks, though.) In most cases, only a single aardvark will be encountered. In those situations where more than one are met, the aardvarks will usually be a masterless mercenary company, since the short furred race tends to be neutral in nature, preferring to work for pay in all situations. Aardvarks have no allegiances outside their own race, except to gold (and anything which may be sold for gold). Although they may take the names of many deities in vain, they serve no gods and often tend to be rather brutal iconoclasts even though they are not considered to be vandals.

Aardvarks make good mercenaries and hirelings. They will be loyal, even unto death if there is a good chance of making a profit. However, if not given a fair split or if unduly taken advantage of, it is not uncommon for an aardvark to turkey his employers by taking all the loot himself or by selling his companions into the hands of the enemy. Either way he makes a profit.

Aardvarks merely tolerate humans (and other humanoids) as a necessary evil. However, there exists a certain hostility between aardvarks and ducks that no one really understands, each referring to the other as a "funny animal".

Aardvarks are short, usually 3' - 5' tall and covered with short gray fur. They have long, powerful snouts which can be used as a brawling weapon as can their muscular tails. Normally, aardvarks disdain the wearing of armor and apparel, preferring at most to wear a helmet, shield and swordbelt.

Aardvarks in D&D and AD&D

Frequency.....	Very Rare
Number Appearing	1 - 20
..... (80% chance of only 1 appearing)	
Armor Class.....	7 (see below)
Movement.....	9"
Hit Dice.....	2 - 9 (see below)
% in Lair.....	0%
Treasure Type	Individuals - K, M, and Q
Number of Attacks.....	1
Damage/Attack.....	By weapon type
Special Attacks.....	See below
Special Defenses.....	Standard
Magical Resistance.....	Standard
Intelligence.....	Average to Exceptional
Alignment.....	Neutral
Size.....	Small
Psionic Ability.....	Nil

Most aardvarks have a high dexterity and will have their dexterity pluses added onto their armor class, giving them at least an AC of 5. This may be augmented by use of shields and other armor. The hit dice of the aardvark is a d8 if using D&D rules. If using AD&D the dice are 10-sided. The rare aardvark magic user will have 6-sided hit dice. If encountered en masse, there will be one magic using aardvark for every 20 encountered. The type of magic used will be 50% magic user, 30% illusionist or 20% druidical. The level of the characters encountered will usually be 2nd, but for each 5, there will be one aardvark of the 4th level and for each 10 there will be one aardvark of the 6th level and for each 20 there will be one aardvark of the 9th level. If a single aardvark is encountered, then roll 1d8+1 for level.

The standard weapon of the aardvarks is the short sword.

Aardvarks in Runequest

Characteristics	Average
STR 3d6+4	14 - 15
INT 3d6	10 - 11
POW 3d6	10 - 11
CON 3d6+2	12 - 13
DEX 3d6+2	12 - 13
CHA 2d6	7
SIZ 1d4+2	4 - 5
Move	8
Hit Points	11 - 12
Treasure Factor	8
Defense	5%

Weapon	Strike	Attack	Damage	Parry	Points
Short Sword	9	20%	1d6+1	20%	20
Dagger	10	30%	1d6	30%	10
Fist	10	30%	1d3	30%	-
Kick	10	30%	1d6	30%	-
Tail	10	30%	1d4	30%	-
Snout Punch	10	30%	1d3	30%	-
Small Shield				25%	8

Armor: 1 point of fur; 3 points of cuirboilli on body; Composite helm on head for 3 points.

Other abilities: Treat all other abilities as per normal, human capabilities. Non-player aardvarks should use the humanoid monster development table on page 114 of the **Runequest** rules. In addition, they may use the previous experience charts for Runequest characters as given on page 106.

Aardvark Background

01 - 05	Peasant 1d100 Lunars + starting equipment.
06 - 20	Townsmen 2d100 Lunars + starting equipment.
21 - 95	Barbarian 1d100 Lunars + starting equipment (only a 50% chance of having a horse though).
96 - 99	Poor noble 5d100 Lunars per year + starting equipment.
00	Rich noble d100 x 20 Lunars per game month + starting equipment.

Although Aardvarks do not like to use magic that often, they do have furstiff which adds 1 point of armor protection per point of power put into the spell.

Cerebus the Aardvark NPC for D&D, AD&D and Runequest

Cerebus is a typical member of the aardvark race. He is short-tempered, testy and violent. He thinks that most humans are crazy and treats them as such. He will not intervene to save the helpless unless there may be a profit involved. He has a tendency to use people and also to make fools of them on occasion. He substitutes his name instead of the personal pronoun "I" when speaking. He has a great deal of patience at times and can put up with a lot of asininity before finally hauling off and belting someone. He knows when to admit defeat and how to convince people that what he wants to do is what they really would like to do themselves. Cerebus is no fool.

Cerebus in D&D and AD&D

Strength	17
Intelligence	15
Wisdom	13
Dexterity	17
Constitution	17
Charisma	8
Hit Dice	7
Hit Points	(D&D) 52, (AD&D) 66
Armor	3 (fur + Dexterity bonus + shield)
Weapon	Short Sword
Alignment	Neutral

Cerebus in Runequest

For convenience, the character of Cerebus has been delineated on John T. Sapienza, Jr.'s Mark 4 character sheet.



This Character sheet is ©1979, by The CHAOSium. It is available from WYRM'S FOOTNOTES #6 and APPLE LANE, both from The CHAOSium.

WORDS & WHIPS

Hm. It seems as though, every time I type this column, I get moved to a different machine.

Once again, we have a letter to Paul Jaquays, which he has answered, and two to me, which I have answered.

Dear Paul,

I am interested in four-color processing and also about this "Fake Color Process" you wrote about in your July-August edition. The color charts in my magazine have a slight moire pattern (I think), and I don't think it's giving me the true color. My question is: is there any book you know of that has this kind of color charts? I have done much art, and have the facilities to work in.

Tom Atwell
Palm Springs, CA

Dear Tim,

Thanks for the letter. I wasn't sure that my color-sep article would generate anything more than a few grumbles about wasted space in a gaming magazine. From your mis- sive, it seems otherwise.

The book that I found and originally used is called The CA Color Guide. It is available for \$32.50 from Communication Arts Magazine, POB 10300, Palo Alto, CA 94303. The book will be shipped postpaid, but all payment must be made in advance. The book is expensive, but well worth it. It gives no instructions on doing separations, but it does have all the process color mixtures along with dozens of regular printing ink and black mixtures.

If you have access to and know how to use a process camera (for making PMTs and half-tones), some interesting results can be obtained by doing overlay paintings on acetate in photo-retouch grays. Make sure that when you halftone the overlays, that you make a line shot of your original art also to match any distortions the camera may make. You may also want to make a "gray scale" of the various shades of photo retouch paint, and

then experiment with a "camera formula" to get the proper dot pattern. If doing painting overlays, make sure that the art is just as camera-ready as if doing the art with Zip-a-Tone or Formatt. If you have any other specific questions, just ask.

Sincerely yours,
Paul Jaquays

Dear Bryan,

I was very pleased to see my article on Anti-Paladins... However, my pleasure was diminished when I did not... get a check for the article. Now I am not screaming accusations because you guys give the best darn service in the US. But even the best slip up every now and then, right? If there is some reason for my not getting paid because of a new policy, just let me know and I'll stop complaining.

I also appreciate your thoughtful commentary on my article, and you even have a very good point. But I will try to explain why I put so much emphasis on the killing of fellow party members. In my campaign, "The World Of Atuar," the players are the elite and they make the most waves. So I felt the Anti-Paladin's god would want him to destroy the biggest menace to LE (all of my characters are CG!), especially any Paladins he met. Although the god would understand if the Anti-Paladin ran like hell from a 7th-level Paladin if he was only 4th!

In summary, I go to Gary Gygax's statement that no two DMs will ever have the same view on everything, but every DM can "do his own thing" with his own world. I think your view is good and I have incorporated it into my campaign, but I still have a player Anti-Paladin rip and tear into the party occasionally to keep them on their toes.

Tom Cooper, Jr.
Barksdale AFB, LA

Dear Tom,

I'm apologizing to you and all the other contributors who have had to wait for payment for art and articles. I keep planning to get the contributions measured and send out the checks, but there's always some big high-priority project around here that Has To Be Done Right Now. Just as soon as I'm done typing this I'll get on it (unless something else comes up....).

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I wasn't cutting down your rip-and-tear policy with the Anti-Paladins, merely pointing out a possible drawback. By the way, my characters' experience levels were a great mystery, usually closely-guarded secrets unless the individual is trying to amass some kind of holding. They don't go around with their levels painted in Day-Glo Orange on their breastplates --- otherwise low-level players would get bullied as easy marks, and high-level types would consistently be bothered by young bucks out trying to make names for themselves. That's why the old gunfighters preferred to remain anonymous.

A particular character's level would remain a mystery until the observer has a chance to see him in action --- even then it may not be too obvious. And, in the case of the 4th-level Anti-Paladin and many others, the revelation usually comes too late. ---Ed.

Dear Bryan,

I was glad to see your serial back in *td*. A break from the usual Robert E. Howard blood and gore, into blood and gore achieved by teamwork and technology, is a nice change of pace even if I can't reconcile the amount of violence. The McGuffin, the item around which the story revolves --- modern warriors trapped in a medieval-fantasy setting --- is also refreshing.

The title for your "Dungeons Depths" was perhaps the most out-of-place and stupid pun I have yet encountered. Who is responsible for that thing?

Bob Bingham seems very skilled in layout (if indeed he did do the whole mag), although his two articles hark back to adolescent overenthusiasm. The color pages turned out very handsomely --- keep up the good work.

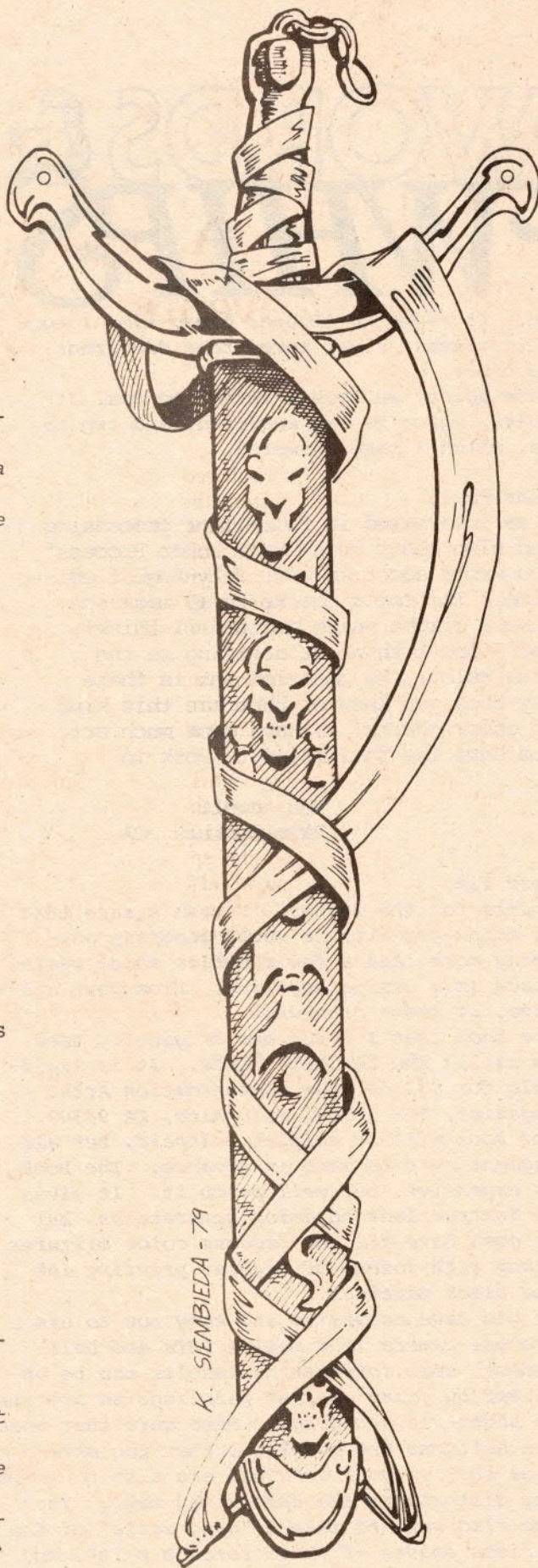
Steve Langstrom
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Steve,

Thanks for the good words. If you're interested in the story line and McGuffin I used, try *The Doomfarers Of Coremonde*, which I ran across after finishing "PH" (why doesn't anybody believe me when I say that?).

As for "Wight On!" (the "Dungeons Depths" title)... well, I'm not naming any names, but that one wasn't my idea!

And, yes, Bob does seem a bit bubbly. So are we all. This is FUN. And by the way, don't think for a minute that the cutback of interior color is permanent. ---Ed.



Cult of the Spear

A Subcult of Orlanth (Adventurous and Thunderous)

by Steve Marsh

This cult is based around the spirit of the spear that Orlanth carried into hell when he freed Yelm from the grasp of death and provided the salvation of the world from the grasping maw of chaos. It is a small-to-medium sized cult and is allied to and usually subservient to the cult of Orlanth. Where the worship of Orlanth is strong and very organized, this cult will usually be found as a part of it (like the worship of Joseph or Mary in the Roman Church). In areas where such is not the case Orlanth is often worshipped through the manifestation of his power in lightning. The cult is served by both shaman and priests.

Lay members gain a 5% bonus to their rolls on experience with the one-handed or thrown spear. In return they sacrifice a point of power in worship on the first wild day of each month. They also tend to paint their spears yellow or red and carve runes upon them.

Becoming a novice member requires a permanent sacrifice of 1 point of power. Such members are trained in the spear, stormtongue, and the spells of multimissile (used on thrown spear) and fireblade at 3/4 cost. Their spears require twice the points to break as would a normal spear and are often made of finegrained hardwoods that the cult raises (the same wood that the best bojo sticks are made of). They usually wear a bracer on the right forearm (if right handed) upon which is written the name of the spear. Each of the runes/letters of the name will eventually become the focus for the cult spells.

Rune priests must have a power of 18 or higher, have been noviciates for at least 6 months or convince the cult examiners at -5%. Oratory is encouraged as is a knowledge of stormtongue (a language of great power). They have the following rune spells:

All one point spells—may be stacked.

Small Air and Water Elementals (often brought down in the form of rain).

Small and Medium Fire Elementals.

Lightning Bolt: A 1 point spell that can be stacked. Each point is 1d6 of energy that strikes all in a line to its 80 meters range. Priest must make a Dexterity x 5% roll to have it center where he wants it with each 5% missed by a 1 meter miss (the bolt is 80 meters by 1 meter). If the target resists (Power vs Power) then it takes minimum damage. It is as reusable as Black Fang's shatter.

Blasting Spear: This spell when cast on the spear causes it to do 3d6 points of damage direct to the constitution of any chaos/dark creature it hits that doesn't resist. Resistance lowers damage to 1d6. It also cancels any chaos power the target may have for 1 melee round per point of damage done. This is a 2 point reusable spell.

Rune Lords are expected to be 90% with both thrown and thrust spear. Knowledge of stormtongue past 90% will give a 5% bonus when applying. They gain iron/livesilver alloy spearheads on the finest of close grain wood spears as well as access to allied spirits (50% chance of having 1 fire spell). They tend to wear dark cloaks and have bright head bands (yellow or gold). In combat their spears will glow.

The cult's resources are limited to their libraries, isolated mountain temples, special woods and alloys, and the ability to enchant spears for rune lords that are not lost when they impale (costs the rune lord and the priest enchanting a total of 3 points of power). They have been known to raid vigorously to rescue captured ones.

As for as heroquest patterns go, this cult offers none due to the nature of the bound diety that centers it. Most go on the heroquest as a follower of Orlanth since to go on it for/in this cult is as difficult as the independent quest. It is rumored that a heroquester might receive subvert approval going independent as this would work in harmony with secret desires of freedom hinted at by the

spear.

The cult is hostile to chaos and dark powers. It is friendly with the mist cult (for the rain follows the lightning), the harp of Flovare (for beauty is what the trip to hell preserved), Lodril the Low Fire (for the freedom of spears), and the Storm Bull who strives against chaos. It has friendly competition/co-operation with Humakt who is similar in some respects (combat for life).

Cult colors are the yellow and saffron of lightning, the blues and greys of the storm with a touch of red for the pure flame of fire that remains. Members often are expert with the small shield and varied missile weapons. They do not shun the Telmori.

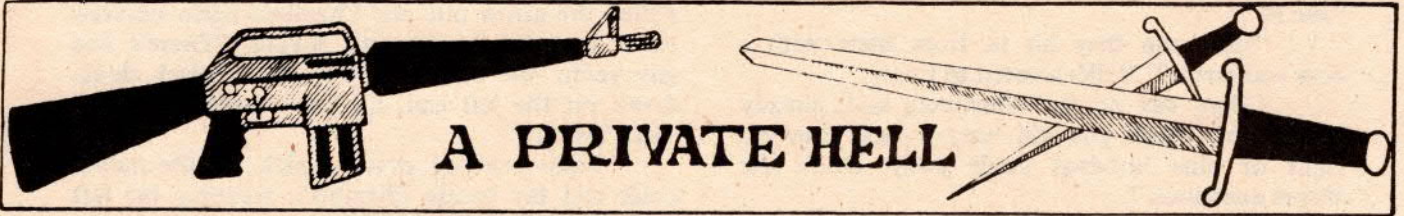
RUNEQUIRKS:

Spirit Summoning

LET'S TRY FOR TWO
OUT OF THREE ...
OKAY? ...



JAGUARY



By Bryan Hinnen

CHAPTER FOUR



he survivors were moving at four miles per hour, Chambers attempting to time the length of the day. He knew from bitter experience that the night was twelve hours long.

Though there was no sun in the brilliant blood-red sky, the heat was searing. The orcs did not impede their movements for the first hour or so; not even a sign of them, or any other life, was seen by the three men. A businesslike silence lay over them.

As the terrain gradually shifted from a jumbled nightmare of strewn boulders and wierd rock formations to grassy steppes, boulders ceased to impede their view of walls of fire several hundred yards away on either side, parallel to their line of march. The flames danced upon the entire face of what seemed to be black rock, at least a mile high; the entire canyon, if it could be called that, appeared about half a mile in width. Ahead, they could tell it turned slightly to the left.

After an hour and forty minutes, the Green Berets noticed a vague line of movement, shimmering in the heat far ahead. They kept moving towards it, but warily, with even greater vigilance than before. Ten minutes later it became clear that it was a line of mounted figures, spaced apart and nearly spanning the entire canyon. In another five minutes, glints of metal became visible on the figures, which were now beginning to compress, accordion-like, into a more compact formation.

When the two groups were about half a mile apart they both stopped. Big Ben pulled out the monocular and observed their encounter: "Look lahk gooks packin' speahs t'me." He handed the monocular to Chambers. "Mongols," the smaller man said upon peering through it. "Or Tartars. Maybe even Huns. Either way, about a hundred of 'em, which means we got problems." He studied them for a few more moments. "Those are Mongols, and this ain't the twentieth century so we'd better get used to it. If it's before Genghis Khan this could be just a bunch of bucks out running around.

But Genghis Khan united the Mongol tribes and conquered China. Between the Mongols' natural ferocity and ruthlessness, and the scientific approach of the Chinese, Genghis Khan built a war machine, the likes of which was not seen again until Adolf Hitler.

"In the thirteenth century they started coming east. Nothing could stop them. The Russians, the Poles, the Magyars, and anything else that got in their way was wiped off. If something moved, they killed it; if it didn't move, they burned it. The only reason they didn't overrun Europe is that Genghis Khan died and they had to go home to elect a new leader. They don't take prisoners. . . . Here they come."

Ten or twelve of the horsemen cantered their mounts forward, stopping about four hundred yards away. Even Willis and Big Ben, without the aid of the monocular, could tell they were moving around in the saddle. "They're stringing up their bows," Chambers said. "Get prone, we'll make worse targets. They can hit us with arrows from there."

Willis looked up at Big Ben with mock concern. "Think we can hit 'em from here, Ben?"

The broad ebony face broke into a cocky grin. "No-oooo problem," he replied, as he dropped to his stomach.

Each of the Green Berets, now prone, took careful aim and squeezed off a shot. Three of the horsemen sagged and dropped out of the saddle. One of the others launched his arrow, but the others turned to stare at the saddles that had been magically emptied. The arrow fell to one side, about four yards from Chambers.

The remaining members of the small group appeared to debate for a moment, until three more were killed. Their course of action had been chosen for them; they cantered back in the direction of their comrades, but on a shout from someone in the main body they stopped, now six hundred yards away. The six riderless horses had followed them.

Chambers had the monocular to his eye. "They're nocking up again," he warned. "Let 'em

have it."

"How can they hit us from there with a bow and arrow?" Willis wanted to know.

"They can do it," Chambers said, already taking aim, "until you kill 'em, or until they get eight or nine hundred yards away. Don't ask stupid questions."

The three fired. One horseman fell; one dropped his bow but stayed in the saddle; one had his aim thrown off as his horse buckled and dropped under him. Two arrows landed near them: one about five yards in front of them, one about the same distance to one side, nearest to Willis.

There came another shout from the main body of cavalymen, and the survivors galloped back to rejoin them. The man whose horse was killed mounted one of the riderless animals that had been emptied earlier. Now a third command brought forward, from widely separated points on the line, three solitary figures. Each came forward about ten yards and dismounted.

Chambers was again using the monocular, noting the tremendous development of the arms of these men, the rippling cables of muscle as they drew unstrung bows. These were about two inches thick at the center, and recurved so much that their tips almost touched. "Ooooo...damn," he exclaimed. "Those must have about a hundred-'n'-fifty pound pull."

His suspicions proved justified as even these squat, powerful archers strained terribly to bend and string the bows. "These guys are hot shots, man. We better take 'em out."

Willis and Big Ben looked at each other, wide-eyed; then Willis shrugged and thumbed his selector switch to automatic fire. "Ain't no way we're gonna be able to hit using single shots."

"Raght," Benyon agreed, and he also switched. "You take thuh one on th' lef", Willeh, an' Ralphie take thuh one on th' raght."

With four-round bursts Willis and Big Ben killed the archers at left and center, their stray shots killing men and horses behind the targets. Chambers, with one arm in a sling, was a bit slow to put away the monocular, pick up the M-16 and fire; as a result his target was able to launch an arrow before it went down.

Four seconds later the arrow dropped out of the sky, almost vertically, and pinned Chambers' thigh to the ground. His eyes popped wide with the sudden pain and surprise, and he wheezed, "Son. . . of. . .a. . .bitch!"

Big Ben, after overcoming his initial shock, broke the arrow between Chambers' leg and the ground so that he wouldn't have to drag the arrowhead back through the muscle. Then he

pulled the arrow out, and Chambers again administered first aid to himself, saying, "There's one guy yellin' the orders. He's wearin' a black cloak, down on the left end, his hair's startin' to gray. Take 'im out."

Willis scuttled over to pick up the monocular and lay beside Chambers, scanning the left end of the line. There were three men there who fit that description, obviously holding some kind of conference. He lay down the monocular and hosed them down with a long burst. Upon picking up the monocular again, he was in time to get a close-up of the surviving headman waving his sword and bellowing an order. The entire line charged towards them.

Big Ben calmly gave his own order. "Con-suhv yo' ammo, switch tuh semah-auto 'n' pick yo' tahgits." The M-16s gave a high, hard clapping sound as the thunder of hooves grew louder: **Tak Tak Ta-Tak Tak**. Wisely, the Green Berets cleared an alley in the line at the point where it would sweep over them. Riders were pitched off the backs of their mounts; the empty horses slowed and dropped out of line, but other riders swerved into the gap, only to be cut down as well. All three men ran out of ammunition at about the same time, and cursed as they hurried to reload.

As the cavalymen drew nearer they began to bunch up, and the Green Berets could see how badly they were outnumbered. The men who fell into their sights now were more than dark figures. Shields and spears could be discerned. The bobbing glints of metal were helmets and great bunches of pendants. Soon they could tell that these horsemen used no stirrups. Shoulder straps and reins became visible; then long moustaches. . .

The Green Berets grew more and more tense as their fire had no appreciable effect on the dark horde. Finally Willis opened up with full auto, and the entire front rank was mown down. The others went over to automatic fire as well, venting a tight cone of lead to clear an alley again. But the riders kept wanting to squeeze back into the hole, into certain death.

So, when the line passed, there was one rider in the hole. His horse drove straight for Big Ben, but the giant demonstrated his surprising agility and rolled out of the way of the flying hooves. The short spear stabbed down but missed as the target continued to roll away. Disappointed but determined, the rider drew up his horse to slow it prior to wheeling around for another attack, but bullets stabbed into his back and he was wrenched off. The horse kept going.

Now there was great confusion as the ob-

viously Oriental horsemen milled around, trying to find an adversary. Benyon and Willis swung around to form a triangle, facing out; the three men killed anything that looked like it was coming towards them. Eventually dead men and horses formed a ring around them and they instinctively crawled towards it to take advantage of the cover. Clouds of dust were being raised by the whirling horses, obscuring everyone's view; eventually, from the Green Beret's point of view, mounted men ceased to come plunging out of the dust. They stopped firing and, hearing no hoofbeats, waited for the dust to settle.

After a time, small groups of horsemen were visible, scattered in all directions about fifty yards away. They were simply standing, watching for movement. When Chambers raised his rifle they all moved as one, racing off in the direction the Green Berets had come. The groups swung together into one band; only about twenty were left.

Chambers narrated in a quiet, detached voice, "If this is after the Khan, those men will be put to the sword if they go back to their own people. They ran from an enemy. . . . But what do you want? They weren't supermen. They were just very, very good. They ran across something that was completely alien to them, and they didn't know how to handle it."

The three of them stood up, and now they saw how small each of their adversaries had been. Each horseman had been about five feet tall. Living in the saddle, without stirrups, had given them thighs like tree trunks, set atop comically thin spindles of calves and peculiarly arched feet. Their mounts were mere ponies: had Big Ben tried to ride one his feet would have dragged on the ground.

Chambers pulled an unstrung bow from a quiver on a dead horse, and looked back at his two comrades with an embarrassed grin before closely scrutinizing it. Willis went to one of the corpses and rolled it over with his toe. "So this is the scourge of all Europe, eh?" he asked, dripping with sarcasm. "Very formidable. Looks like he'd

give my Bassett hound a real good scrap."

"Awright, Sergeant Rock," Chambers exclaimed, "Here!" He threw the bow at Willis. "You got yer archery merit badge when you were in the Boy Scouts, didn't ya? String that mother up, you so big and strong."

Willis gave the other two an I'll-show-you posture as he took a good look at the bow. It was bent counter to the direction he would have to bend it to get it strung. Remembering the way he'd done it ten years before with a dinky fifteen-pound plastic bow, he stepped into it, one arm pressed against his calf, the string coming up from behind his heel and held in one hand. He put the unstrung end against his other shoulder, bracing it there with the hand, and squeezed with his entire body.

Getting it straight required very little exertion, but bending it back started to get difficult. Its bending slowed greatly. He strained, teeth gritted, eyes wincing, neck bulging, skin flushing. His knuckles turned white.

Chambers began taunting him. "Aw, c'mon! I thought you were a big football star, liftin' weights an' all! Where's those California beach-bum muscles?"

Finally he slipped the loop of bowstring over the end, and instantly went limp and panting, stumbling awkwardly as he pulled his leg out of it. He held it up defiantly.

Chambers grinned. "Now fire an arrow with it."

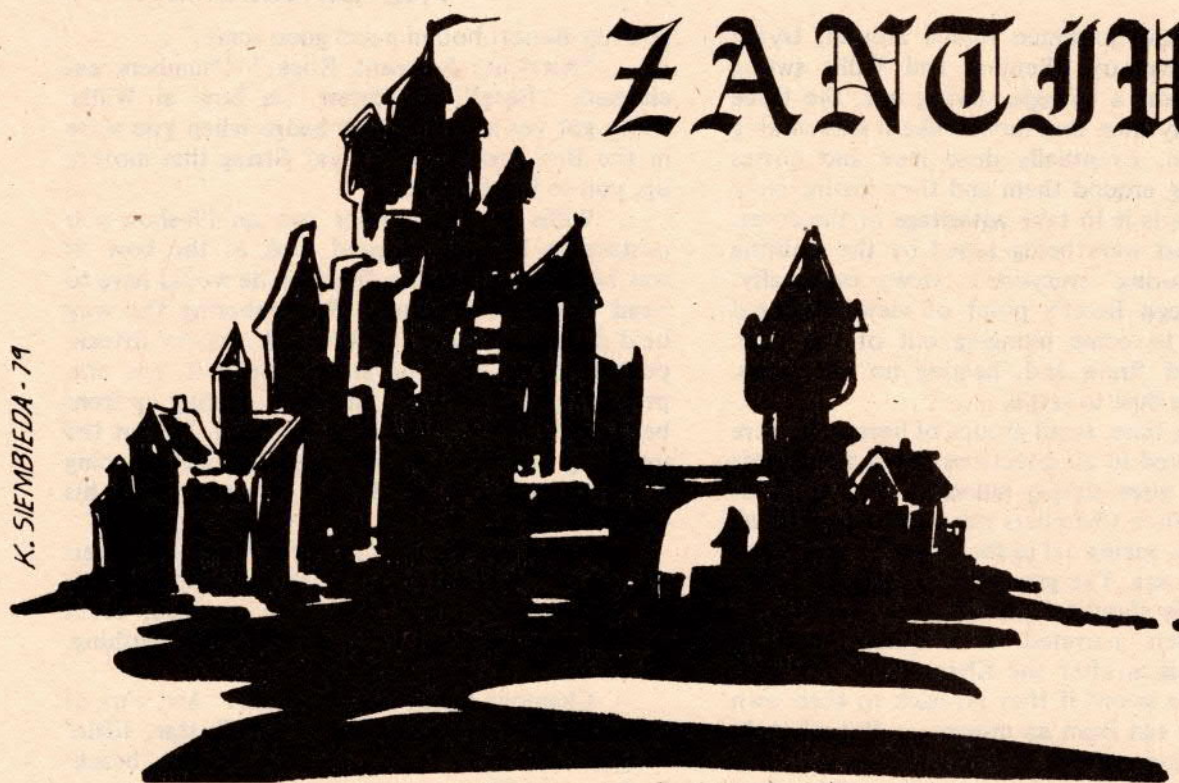
Willis smirked skeptically, then shook his head. He knew he wouldn't be able to draw it back half of what it could be drawn.

He looked down at the corpse again, and for the first time saw the fearsome calluses on the first three fingers of the right hand. "Doan' y'all put 'em down," Big Ben admonished with great seriousness. "If we'd had no ammo, one of 'em coulda whupped all ouah asses."

The giant waved at the bow. "Y'all might wanna hang on t' that. Might come in handeh when y'all run outta ammo."



ZANTIUS



K. SIEMBIEDA - 79

Welcome to the country of Zantius, where knights try to gain power through economic and military actions. They earn titles and hold court offices, develop their spy networks, and if their morals permit, assassinate their rivals as they search for power in the Island Kingdom.

Zantius is to be a very complex simulation of a medieval society. No magic is used in this campaign. The weapons and armor are almost the same as that used in southern Europe around 1200 - 1250 AD. This was the transitional period from chain mail to plate armor in medieval Europe.

It is a campaign taking place on a large island kingdom. The King is weak, politically and militarily, which allows the dukes, earls and lesser lords to quarrel among themselves in the struggle for power. Most of the knights are pledged to one lord or another; the result is that they are continually being called upon to help their liege lord in one of the petty wars with his rivals. The knights can get out of this service by paying a fee to their lord so that he may hire mercenaries in their stead. Each player in the game starts as a knight, but may advance to a higher level of power such as baron, duke or earl. He may even become King if very skillful. If a player "dies" he starts fresh as a new knight.

Each player starts with a small holding, each different from the rest, and tries to advance through economic, military and political means. Economically, by concentrating his work force in the area most profitable for his terrain, areas such as farming, fishing, herding, forestry or mining, he may increase the income from his holding. With the taxes he collects, he may upgrade the quality of his holding, improving the castle, building roads, town walls, gate houses, armories, and shipyards. Treating the serfs kindly and providing for them increases the chance of other serfs asking to enter one's service.

Militarily, the knight may advance by conquering other holdings and by earning favors in fighting for his lord. He may gain more rapidly, but he risks his life more.

Politically the knight may advance by bribery, or presenting gifts. This is a good way to gain a title or an office in court. The favor of the King or a duke can be powerful. He may give you more land, or the use of some of his troops for a campaign. Your spies can help you learn who to bribe and what for. Another way to advance is by assassination: in eliminating your superiors you leave positions open to your own advancement.

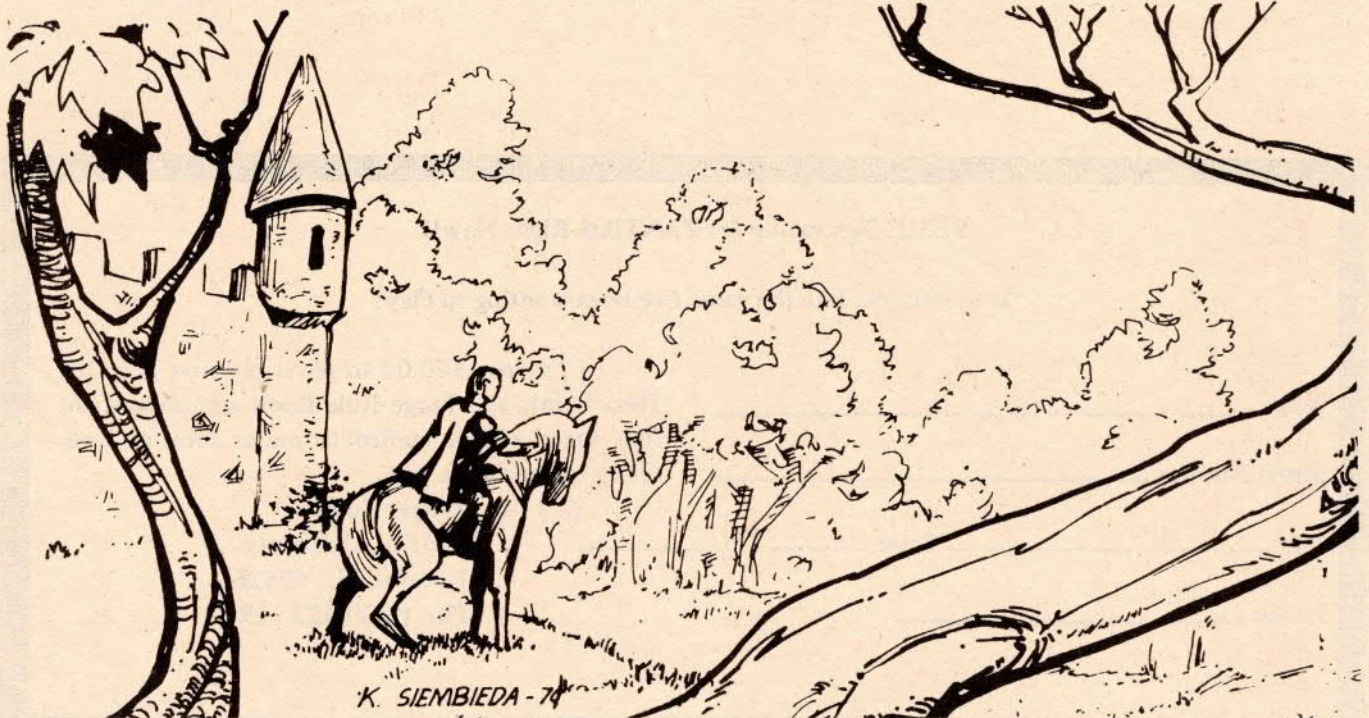
This campaign is a computerized play-by-mail game, with one turn taking place every two weeks. Each turn consists of a three-month time span in Zantius. One orders sheet is sent in by each player every two weeks. An orders sheet has room for five individual orders for that turn. Each complete order is a ten-position number. There are more than 600,000 different valid orders that a player may enter. Each order is classified as one of ten different types of orders. This is the first digits of the order:

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1) Mount a military campaign | 6) Payment of scutage |
| 2) Alter economic controls | 7) Placement of spies |
| 3) Train troops | 8) Bribery attempts |
| 4) Alter taxes | 9) Assassination attempts |
| 5) Construction orders | 10) Initiating a revolt |

The succeeding digits give the players the ability to specify exactly what he wants done in an easy to read layout.

To go into more detail about how these orders work, here are the capabilities of the spy orders:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| I. Designate Target Type | V. Designate Area of Espionage |
| 1) Knight | 1) Mapping |
| 2) Holding | 2) Troops Position |
| 3) Terrain Hex | 3) Troop Type |
| 4) Dutchy | 4) Troop Morale |
| | 5) Morale of Peasants |
| II. Designate 4 Position Target #
(ie., the identity code of the Knight, Holding,
Terrain Hex or Dutchy) | 6) Income of Target |
| | 7) Fortification Type |
| III. Designate # of Spies Involved | 8) Fortification Upkeep |
| | 9) Treasury of Target |
| IV. Designate Skill Level of Spies
(This also determines cost of the mission) | A) Target is Liege Man of #### |
| | B) Economic Resources |



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We also have listed here the Capabilities of the Campaign Orders:

- I. Designate if your Troops are Initiating an Attack or if they are to Support another Lord when he Attacks.
 - 1) Attack (if Attack, II will be location)
 - 2) Support (if Support, II will be leader)
- II. Designate Location or Leader Followed
- III. Designate Unit Involved, if left blank or zero, all Units Assumed.
- IV. Designate Battle Orders
 - 1) Skirmish
 - 2) Skirmish and Raid
 - 3) Skirmish and Scout Terrain
 - 4) Moderate Battle
 - 5) Moderate Battle and Raid
 - 6) Moderate Battle and Scout
 - 7) Heavy Battle

- 8) Heavy Battle and Raid
- 9) Heavy Battle and Scout

Skirmish: Max casualties of 10% before breaking off engagement.
Moderate Battle: Max casualties of 35% before breaking off engagement.
Heavy Battle: Will not break off engagement unless routed.

- V. Designate Disposition after Battle
 - 1) Return to previous position
 - 2) Remain if in control, else return to previous position
 - 3) As 2 but at least one quarter of forces will return to previous position
 - 4) As 2 but at least one half of forces will return to previous position
 - 5) As 2 but at least three fourths of forces will return to previous position

These types of orders make this one of the most complex play-by-mail game available.

This then is the world of Zantius. There are openings for 1000 players; the initial sign-up fee is \$20. This gets you the rule book and ten "turn points". Every turn you send in orders it costs two turn points. Your orders are processed and you get the results mailed to you. If you send no orders for a turn, you will get the results of what happened to your holding that turn, at a cost of one turn point. The ten turn points can thus be used as five turns with orders sent in, or as ten turns sending no orders in, or any combination in between. Renewal costs only \$1.50 per turn point.

YES!!! Sign me up for ZANTIUS Right Now!!

It sounds just like the game I've been wanting to Play!

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

I Enclose \$20.00 to cover my first Ten (10) Turn Points and Large Rule Book and understand that these will be mailed to me as soon as I am set up in the Game.

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Our contests are run with easy rules in big type:

1) Dungeons can be submitted using any FRP-type rules set currently available and well known. This includes all versions of "Dungeons and Dragons", "Chivalry and Sorcery", "Tunnels and Trolls", "The Fantasy Trip", "Runequest", and even "Bunnies and Burrows". Dungeons **MUST** be complete, all levels included, along with all pertinent materials.

2) Dungeons will be categorized and judged by us within each division, as described in tJGJ No. 16. The judges may be different, however, they will still be Guildmembers and accomplished Dungeonmasters.

3) Entries should conform to our normal contribution guidelines (manuscript format, etc.), but entries which do not conform may still be accepted.

4) All entries, whether winners or not, become the property of the Judges Guild, and may be used by them as or in any retail product or magazine they produce, and may be used in whole or in part, with credit being given to the author(s). The Judges Guild retains the right to edit all contest entries prior to publishing. Contestants whose entries are published in any form, who were not winners, will be reimbursed in the manner according to the current reimbursement schedules at the time of publication.

5) Should it prove that a prizewinner would have received more recompense had s/he been reimbursed in accordance to such schedules than was received as a prize, s/he will be reimbursed for the difference at the time of publication.

6) Prizes shall be awarded as follows:

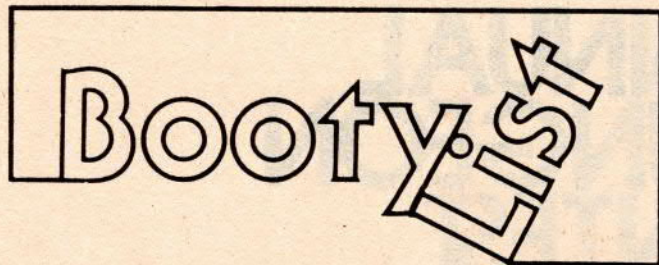
	Large Dungeons	Medium Dungeons	Mini-Dungeons
1st Prize	\$100	\$70	\$40
2nd Prize	\$80	\$55	\$30
3rd Prize	\$60	\$40	\$20
Hon. Mention	\$40	\$25	\$10

Prizes must be taken as cash or in the form of Judges Guild products.

7) Entries for this contest must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1980.

8) Every entry must be accompanied by a statement as to whether the entrant wishes any possible prize in the form of cash or Judges Guild products, and by the following signed statement:

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The Cult of Magma, the Volcano God

By Rudy Kraft

Introduction

This cult is a large and widespread one found throughout the world wherever there are people living near volcanoes.

In general the cult has few enemies (excepting the usual fire cult enemies of darkness and water) and will treat strangers quite well if treated so in return.

Cult Organization

This cult is a fire, stasis, truth, harmony and spirit rune cult.

Each of the cult's temples are completely independent. Thus no one High Priest claims superiority over the others. When in another priest's temple, however, it is traditional to obey any reasonable requests.

Within each temple the High Priest is the absolute boss. There are only a couple of areas into which his/her authority does not extend. Any priest who has qualified to be a High Priest had the right to leave the temple in search of a site for a new temple (and anyone wishing to go with that priest must be permitted to do so).

Also Runelords are permitted to leave the temple whenever they wish (but while remaining at the temple they must obey orders). The traditional reason for allowing Runelords to come and go as they please is to permit them to search for volcanoes. This tradition has degenerated. Now Runelords are able to declare that they are conducting a search when in reality no such search is being made. Should they stumble over a volcano they are required to report it, however.

Lay Membership

Anyone of any race can be accepted into this cult, as long as they are not also members of a cult which is hostile.

Trolls and Mer-people must roll less than Charisma x 5% in order to be accepted. Creatures

of Chaos can be accepted but they must first renounce their chaotic heritage. They are then tested for sincerity in a complicated ritual which ends with them in the midst of a hot bonfire. If they survive, the ritual will burn out their chaotic essence. Unfortunately few survive the ritual and most of those who do survive do so because of some special chaotic feature. Surviving via a chaotic feature is, of course, taken as a sign of insincerity and results in an immediate execution.

Anyone who joins and attends services regularly is considered to belong.

The chief mundane benefit for most members is that their local volcano will not erupt unexpectedly and destroy their homes.

Members will be taught all spear skills at ½ price.

All battlemagic is available at the normal price except for Bludgeon and Darkwall. However, members who can arrange to learn either of these spells elsewhere are permitted to do so.

Initiate Membership

There are no special requirements for initiation above and beyond those for lay membership, except that potential initiates must roll less than (Power + Charisma)/2 to be accepted. If a long time initiate fails this roll she/he is eligible to try again after a month. All initiates must be willing to live on the slopes of a volcano (unless given permission by a priest to go elsewhere).

Initiates get free room and board at all temples rich enough to afford them. Within reason initiates can get any battlemagic spell (such as healing) cast for them. The temple will pay up to 10 Guilders times % with a spear ransom for them (this is above and beyond whatever ransom they can raise themselves).

In addition to the benefits available to lay members initiates are able to purchase training in climbing and map making at ½ normal cost.

Ignite, Fireblade, and Fire Arrow are available to all initiates at ½ price.

Initiates are able to purchase fire elementals on a one use only basis, by permanently sacrificing the necessary power. The Firewalk spell is likewise available.

At a permanent cost of one power point initiates are able to obtain from their High Priest a piece of magical black obsidian which will upon command from its owner produce as much heat as a small campfire (it does not produce any light though). The obsidian will only function for its owner. If it is stolen or lost it must be recovered at any cost.

Runelord Membership

Runelords of this cult are primarily considered explorers. They seek out unknown volcanoes and potential sites for future volcanoes. Their fighting ability is only needed because it is dangerous to go on long treks through the wilderness.

Requirements for Acceptance: 90% in at least one type of spear attack and in the map-making ability. Also required is a 90% ability in at least one of the following combat skills: self bow, javelin, or any other spear skill (including the parry). The potential Runelord must only have a 90% ability in any two of the following skills: sailing, navigation, boating climbing, riding, tracking and sense ambush.

Application for Runelord status is done according to the procedure in the Runequest Rules (Charisma + Power + 10's of Guilders)/3 times 5%.

There are few restrictions on a Magma Runelord but in addition to the normal benefits available to Runelords they gain a couple of special benefits.

They are permitted by their god to enter a volcano and remove from it some magical black obsidian which they can make into the head of a spear. This spear functions in all ways as an Iron spear with the added bonus that it will act as a Fireblade matrix (actually the matrix differs slightly from a Fireblade because there is no actual flaming material, instead the obsidian glows red hot but will still do 3d6 damage. Also using the obsidian the spell becomes passive).

The Runelord of Magma is filled with an inner warmth. He will never be cold (this can come in very handy if he is trapped in a snow storm).

Rune Priesthood

The Rune priests of this cult are allowed considerable less freedom than the Runelords. For the most part they remain in their temple

assisting their High Priest. On occasion they accompany Runelords on their exploratory missions.

Requirements for Acceptance: 1) Power of 18 or higher; 2) Read and write native tongue or tradetalk; 3) Convince the examiners (same die roll as for Runelords).

Magma Priests suffer the same restrictions as most Rune priests. However, they have all the normal Rune Magic Spells available to them as well as all three sizes of Fire Elementals. They also have the following special Rune Spells:

Melt Rock (One point spell): This spell melts all the rock in a 3 meter by 3 meter by 3 meter area. The melting takes place over the course of a minute (5 melee turns). If anyone is standing in the melted area they will notice nothing the first melee turn. During the second and third turns their feet will feel hot and for each round thereafter they will suffer 1d6 damage to each foot/leg (armor will absorb this damage but is destroyed in doing so). Note that as each leg takes damage separately it is possible for one leg to be burned off while the other remains partially intact. The rock remains molten for the 15 minute duration of the spell. After that the rock begins to cool normally. This spell is stackable with each additional point of power adding 3 meters to one of the volume of effect's dimensions. The spell is reusable.

Firewalk (Two point spell): This spell provides total immunity to all forms of fire and heat damage, both to the person and to all items being carried. The spell is frequently used by priests to wander around inside a volcano. The duration is 15 minutes and the spell is reusable.

The Torch of Truth (Three point spell): This spell is a rather elaborate ritual spell, usually only used in temple ceremonies such as trials and interrogations. It can also be used to provide a bright light.

When the spell is sacrificed for a spirit is provided by the God (Intelligence 3d6; Power 3d6+6). This spirit is the one which will always occupy the torch and if the spirit is destroyed somehow the spell is lost.

In order to cast the spell the following procedure must be followed: Everyone present must be asked if they plan to tell the truth while in the presence of the torch (in temple ceremonies anyone who says no or fails to answer is assumed to be planning to lie). After all the answers are given the torch is lit and the spell is cast. If any of the people who agreed not to lie attempts to lie they will be unable to speak (however, the spell does not prevent someone from being evasive or

ignoring questions—although such tactics will probably be readily apparent). Anyone who did not agree to tell the truth (or who enters the presence of the torch later) is attacked by the spirit of the torch (on a Power vs. Power basis). If the attack is successful, the person involved is also unable to lie. If the attack fails the person is able to lie at will. The die roll should be made secretly by the referee.

The spell is also used simply for its advantages as a torch. The ritual for casting it is the same (as is its effects on liars) but it sheds a light (even in total darkness) which lights up a 30 meter radius. Any non-rune magic darkness spells (such as Dark-wall) within the radius are dispelled and any such spells cast later will fail. Rune Magic Spells of a darkness cult are cast normally except that the Rune Mage must overcome the power of the torch's spirit or the spell will not function. The torch may also be used as a weapon against shades (use club or mace attack chance) doing 3d6 damage. During the one hour duration of the spell the torch may not be put out except by a 7 point Dispel Magic or some exotic water type Rune Magic. If the torch is held underwater the flame will disappear, leaving only a glowing ember; but when it is removed from water it will burst into flame again. The spell is reusable.

The requirements for High Priesthood are unusual enough to require special mention. Normally a High Priest must have at least 20 points of sacrificed power in Rune Magic including at least one fire elemental, the Firewalk spell, five points of divination, the Torch of Truth, and the 3 point Volcano spell (see below). Having these spells, the priest must journey to an untempled volcano. Upon his/her arrival the priest must cast the volcano spell and build a temple.

The Volcano Spell (Three point spell): This spell is available only to prospective High Priests on a one time and one use only basis. It puts the priest in tune with his/her volcano allowing accurate predictions of and some control over the volcano's eruptions. The spell is particularly useful in making the determination of the temple's site as it is very important to build a temple away from the path of future lava flows. In an emergency Magma will, through this spell, allow the High Priest to erupt the volcano onto enemies of the temple. The spell has no duration but instead lasts until the death of the casting High Priest. At this time another High Priest must be selected quickly before the volcano can get out of control and erupt.

THROWING IN D&D

BY JON-PIERRE PAZEVIC

When the situation arises where someone wishes to throw an object of a certain weight, the Judge usually has to wing it, judging on the players Strength and the roll of a dice. A more precise and accurate system can be used as follows. Generally, a one pound (10 gold weight) object can usually be thrown by Strength of the thrower times ten feet. The following formula can be used:

$$\frac{\text{Strength of the Thrower} \times 10}{\text{Weight of Object}} = \text{Distance in feet Object can be thrown}$$

Those players with strength of 18+ use the chart below:

Exceptional Strengths

18 (01 - 50) = 20	Hill Giant = 100
18 (51 - 75) = 40	Stone Giant = 130
18 (76 - 90) = 60	Frost Giant = 180

18 (91 - 99) = 80	Fire Giant = 250
18 (00) = 100	Cloud Giant = 300
Ogre = 80	Storm Giant = 500

Using a 20-sided dice, a 20 would be right on target.

If using Hit probability, an example would be a fighter with +4 hit probability would need a 16 to hit (20 - 4 = 16). If a one was rolled, it would be considered a fumble. If a 20 was not rolled, adjust accordingly or use exact hit location. Ten pounds of impact (100 gold weight) would do 1d6 of damage. Also adjust for objects easier or harder to hit, by adding or subtracting from the number rolled on the 20-sided dice. This system makes it easier for giants and strong men to throw great objects and boulders they are so well known for. A note of warning: Anyone engaged with a non-missile weapon throwing boulders must be wary of being open to many attacks.

Suggested Player Cult Outline

By Steve Marsh

A player cult has three ways to go: Illusion, Mobility, Harmony. What I would do is have two cults—one for Puppeteers and one for Harpers. The puppeteers would have in it, Illusion and Mobility since these are the two features they show in **White Bear & Red Moon**. The Harp cult would have a music/emotion based appearance.

Puppeteer Troupe Equivalent

Novitiate status would come from running away from home to join the puppeteers. It would usually come at the ages of 15 - 16 when youths are allowed freedom and are treated like adults. The responsibilities that would come with the status would be such things as feeding the animals, setting up the stages, and other manual and menial labor such as is found around travelling troupes.

Benefits from this status would be the training in dexterity based skills that one would derive from the 5 years prior training/experience tables. Let the youth have the equivalent amount of training as an alchemist (junior novice of flintnail) would get.

Initiate members would be the adults that play the puppets, collect money, act as outriders for the cult, and provide the body of the members of a troop. They would have access to shimmer, co-ordination, mobility, glamour and befuddle at 3/4ths price (not counting the labor they would also have to give).

Rune priests who officiate at the massive outdoor worship services the cult holds (or what do you think the shows really are?—That is how the god continues to generate power and keeps his place, changing and amusing the gods and men as he did before) would need to have good oratory skills and a knowledge of at least two languages. They would be friendly to Issaries (god of roads) and perhaps Grace (the healing lightbringer). Clothing that they would favor would be grey with brightly colored lining and pleats.



The spells that such priests would have would seem to be:

- 1 point Speed: This spell would allow an entire wagon to move as if under mobility. Useful for avoiding/outrunning ambushes since it lasts 15 minutes. Reusable.
- 1 point Illusion of life: This gives the puppets an illusion of being alive. It can cover about one stage area. Reusable.

(Continued on p. 32)

The Question Of Armor Class

BY RUSTY LAMONT

While attending MichiCon VIII, I was asked to write a couple of articles based on the Seminar I gave there entitled **Combat in Modern FRP Games: The State of the Art**. I was asked to give much information without being negative about any certain system or game; I hope that this article will not seem totally negative nor totally positive.

To be certain, this article deals mainly with the question, "Should Armor Class be phased out of FRP Gaming?" I suggest the following answer: "Maybe yes, it's all up to you."

With the advent of FRP (Fantasy Role-Playing) games in the form of **Dungeons and Dragons** came the core-idea that combat is easily simulated with dice. Rather than don home-made armor and beat each other into pulps, most FRPers prefer only to simulate. The whole basis of FRP lies in this fact; combat seems to be the most appealing aspect of FRP Gaming and, because it is, continues to be the most changed aspect with magic coming in a close second. In fact, a friend, who bought and began to play D&D without any rule translations by experienced gamers, came to me and stated that he was displeased with the combat system; he had gone so far as to draw up a rudimentary system that eliminated Armor Class. It is for such open-minded people that I write this article.

To set down rules means that they should be followed to maintain a constant reference source without playing favorites towards certain characters (also known as realism); a set of rules should be fairly well adapted to all possible situations resulting from their use. Armor Class has fallen down in this respect. First, the idea that a character's armor construction and amount of it denotes his basic chance of being hit is an outdated method of combat procedures. For example, a man in plate mail should be hit many more times during melee than an unarmored figure

simply because he moves slower! His hit probability should also be reduced because the plate mail reduces his agility considerably! Why then does a man in Armor Class 2 (Plate Mail + Shield) have less of a chance to be hit than a man in Armor Class 7 (Leather Armor) by a factor of four times less often? The current explanation is also the definition of Armor Class.

Armor Class, according to those who work with and design the systems based on it, is simply a determining factor (determines the basic chance to escape receiving damage from a weapon being used in melee) based on a "monster's" relative speed, armor resiliency, cleverness, dexterity, etc. All this means is that a relatively quick monster should be harder to score damage on as well as a heavily armored monster; sound pretty logical, right?

A relatively quick monster (i.e. an Elemental-AC: 2) has less chance to be hit to the point of scoring damage in a melee round. In this case, a common house fly would wind up to have approximately -27 AC which would mean that a character would need a +20 fly-swatter to even hit the thing (these magical contraptions can be bought for as little as 15 cents). If the fly were sitting still on a window, asleep, you poor folks couldn't hit him, because the most bonuses you'd wind up with for sleep might reduce his AC to 21 in which case you'd need a two-handed Bec-de-fly-swatter that was enchanted to +20 to even attempt a strike! If all this sounds really silly, believe me, it is. After the poor fly were dead (natural causes only), a character may be able to hit him because his Armor Class, formerly based on his mobility, would be next to nothing. Does this sound logical; let's go one step further!

For a monster who relies strictly on heavy armor to determine his armor class (i.e. Dragons with negative armor classes or slow Bulettes with

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AC of -2), the chance of his receiving damage is relatively small during melee which seems to accomplish the goals of Armor Class, but I'd like to see a character try to hit that Bulette after he's dead (his armor is still thick) to chop him up into little pieces! You'd need an enchanted weapon to even get through the soft spots between his shells! Next time you play, ask the Judge to let you hit a -7 AC wall with your sword; unless it's enchanted, you have no chance to hit it which means that you stand no chance to damage your blade (even if it were made of glass) because you did no damage to either article! Excuse me while I laugh.

I shall only cover one more fallacy on the subject of Armor Class, because I could fill this magazine with incredible contradictions on this subject; my final point is the fact that Armor Class doesn't allow a single hit to be scored without damage. Think about a Mage with a Staff of Striking (inflicts damage on a successful hit)

trying to hit (touch for damage) a man of Armor Class 2. Remember that it will strike with such force on contact, but the Mage hasn't much of a chance to hit his opponent, no matter how slow or how stupid his opponent is, because he has only a 3/20 chance to hit such, which would probably be reduced by strength. That lethal touch could never be made; how realistic is this? And think about the man with his loaded bow, pointed at a man's chest who is not more than 3' away, standing still, having to roll a D20 to see if he misses! How absurd! For a final clincher, try to kill a man in AC 2 while he's asleep. Unless you're incredibly lucky with die rolls, you will not even be able to slash at his throat with a dagger (-3 vs. AC: 2) because you'll need to kill this guy by rolling a 20 on a d20! You will not even be able to place the dagger against his throat; you see, he's protected by a magical aura of invincibility called Armor Class.



Suggested Player Cult Outline

(Continued from p. 30)

1 point Sacred Ground: This would be used like warding is but over an area used for a show. If any were moved to violence or contrary to the spirit of the place, it would act like a befuddle spell. Same dimensions, etc. as warding but would-be trouble makers are covered in a grey cloud visible only to the priest rather than noise.

1 point Dream Warrior: This creates a warrior who has 3/4ths the attack percentages and the armor/protection of the person it is fighting. It has the same weapons and hit points. The Illusion elemental Type I. When stacked to two points, it has the same attack percentages and armor as the person attacked. Maximum stacking of two points.

1 point Dream Dragon: This is the other type of illusion elemental; stackable. One Point: STR: 6, INT: 1d4, POW: 4, HP: 1d6+6, Claw for 1d6, Armor: 4 points, Breath: 4 points. Two Points: STR: 12, INT: 1d4, POW: 8, HP: 2d2+12, Claw for 2d6, Armor: 4 points, Breath: 8 points. Three Points: STR: 18, INT: 1d4, POW: 16, HP: 3d6+18, Claw for

3d6, Armor: 4 points, Breath: 6 points. To hit percentage is 40% at each level.

2 points Telekinesis: As Orlanth's but it has much more control for fine detail work.

2 points Transfer: This has an 80 mile range. It allows the priest to trade places with any of the illusions under his control.

The above spells, stacked with divine intervention, can easily explain the combat and such actions of the full cult in war/combat.

Rune lords would need the traditional two weapons and three dexterity based skills. It would seem appropriate to allow substitution of Oratory or a second language at 95% for some of the skills or perhaps even one of the weapons.

The wearing of white (the color of all colors, the illusion of color) might also go well with this cult for its rune lords who would also wear grey with flashy lining.

The allied harp cult of the wandering players would have emotion spells similar to demoralize but with a wider range (1 - 6 points demoralize, love, peace, hate, etc.). Rune spells would bring about effects either faster or to more people. A variation of the harmonize spell would also seem appropriate.



By Bill Paley

XXI

Standing by their mounts in the pre-dawn darkness, the adventurers howled curses at the elvish guards.

"Open this gate, you orc-spawn!"
 "We've ridden all night and it's to bed with us!"
 "You son of a minotaur, stop this bull-headedness!"

"SILENCE, you highwaymen, or we'll feather your hats with arrows!" The gatemen shook their bows at them. "Dawn is but two hours away, and you'll be welcomed then."

Delirious glared angrily about the town walls, looking for cover. Once chosen, she hobbled her pony, and hunkered down behind her place.

Soon the cursing, muttering party found themselves hiding places, as well. Visson, though exhausted, forced himself to stay awake. He soon could hear the snoring from all the other riders, but Lilly. Soon, she slipped out of the darkness to join him, and they snuggled together to watch the sunrise.

Just past dawn, a patrol rode out of the gate, and toured the circumference of the town. Once back, they were seen to be unstringing their bows, and, as the party rose unsteadily to their feet, they approached smiling broadly.

"Hallo, what have we here? The Night-Riders, walkers in the dark, would it be? Are these those braves who demanded entry to find a cozy bed? Have I these aright, or do I dream, gentles?"

Another elf answered, "And amongst them our brethren! Milady and milord, welcome be you to Onhir! Are you friends of these lads and lass? How came you here?"

Lilly stepped forward, drawing her sword, saying, "We come as one force to rid you of the monsters who would cause you such fear. We now need rest, however. Lead us to your inn milord, if it pleases you."

At her declaration the elvish horsemen clapped and cheered merrily, and they led the group into the town of Onhir.

The adventuring band rode their tired mounts

into the town, and were led to the Bluebird Inn. There they collapsed into a deep slumber.

Upon awakening they began to formulate their plans. Lilly recruited a young elf to guide them through the Fogbound Forest to the creatures' lair. Again, none bothered to ask what kind of monster they might be preparing to face. Delirious thought to herself that she would keep far to the rear in any battle with monsters, being a city girl at heart.

The morning after their arrival, they set out afoot for the lair, as the Fogbound Forest was a mass of tangles, impassable for a well-mannered horse. Near noon, their guide stopped and pointed at a large mound upwind from them. A strangely familiar scent blew in the country-raised members' nostrils, "Skunks!"

"No, milord... Giant Skunks!" With that, their guide scurried silently off into the forest.

"Giant Skunks!" cried Lilly, "This shouldn't be too difficult." She then drew her sword and charged the mound.

There was one entrance visible on the downwind side of the mound, towards which Lilly raced. As she approached, sword lifted high, a large white-on-black head poked out. Sighting the approaching elf, the beast exited the mound, and, lifting its tail, squirted the lass. Splashed from head to foot with foul, stinking slime, Lilly fell retching to the ground.

Close behind her, Simon the Paladin slashed at the creature with his sword, forcing it to defend itself with tooth and claw. As they fought, another, and yet one more beast exited the mound. These two were both felled with magical waves by Sombo and Visson, as was one left in the tunnel. While Simon fought the male, Delirious and the mercenaries chased around the mound, finding a back entry. As they arrived, they noted, and slew, a large female as she climbed out the back. There they stayed, guarding the rear.

Simon, meanwhile, gave what he thought would be the death blow to the great male. Scratched and bleeding slightly, he stepped back panting,

when suddenly the dying beast lifted its tail once more. Squirted yet more of its disgusting perfume, it expired. Soon Simon, too, was vomiting on the ground.

Once certain that their battle was over, the clerics carried the sick warriors to a stream to be cleansed. In the meantime, the mercenaries took the hides of the game they had taken. That night they "feasted" on skunk meat and rested from their exertions. Morning found Simon and Lilly free of nausea, and so the party returned to Onhir. Once there, they were marched through the streets and given a hero's welcome. They left the pelts to be prepared into heavy winter cloaks, one each for every member of the party but the clerics and paladin. Once again they took residence at the Bluebird Inn.

That night, the party was feasting on elvish delicacies and Altanian favorites, when they were approached by a merchant begging their pardon, and asking for a word with them. Sombo nodded away waved for quiet from the noisy table.

"Good lords and ladies," he began, smiling at Lilly, "I am Ragcull the Trader. I lead a caravan of some twenty men with twice that many pack beasts. A short time back, we lost our escorting warriors due to a contract dispute. This bothered us a little while we moved in this area, but we now must cross the mountains to Anatal. We offer you one silver per day, cash on delivery in Anatal, for each surviving guardian. I beg of you to consider our offer well." He bowed.

Visson eyed the nodding group and answered, "Of course, sire. Would three days hence meet your pleasure?"

XXII

The mountains rose about the party as they rode towards the mountain trail. Since leaving Onhir the previous day they had seen no one but a few shepherds tending their flocks. Though the party seemed at ease, the merchants they had agreed to defend, gazed fearfully about them at each pile of rock, or each stand of trees.

"Fear not!", Robert the Bold had boasted to them, "Your wares will reach Anatal safely!" In reply one of the traders had muttered a prayer to his god that he might survive a free man to sell them, but generally, while in Onhir, the merchants had seemed relieved at the adventurers acceptance of employ.

But now, faced with very mountains from which raiders were known to travel, fear once again colored their faces a pale shade. Even so, they took heart enough to follow Visson's lead as

they led their packmules along the rocky mountain trail.

Upwards they travelled to heights where the thin, cold air made their heads swim with dizziness. That night they halted in a high alpine meadow, and the guards posted remained alert as the encampment slept. Lilly and Visson, struck by the pastel beauty of the sight of the moons light striking the mountains, wandered off for some hours, hand-in-hand.

The night passed peacefully, and all members of the caravan rose refreshed in body and spirit. From the high field, the group rode downwards once again, and in the blue distances in the morning's sunlight they could see the town, perhaps a day's ride away.

The merchants brightened visibly at the sight, and soon the whole group burst merrily into song. The ride downhill was of easy grades, and clear in both directions off-road. No one was seen pacing them or hiding, and soon their vigilance wavered.

Nearly at the bottom of the mountain, the trail dipped down into a sloped ravine whose sides were dotted with heavy brush and boulders. The adventurers rode into this gash through the earth still singing and joking. Visson, Lilly and Simon led the line down into the cut, and once the whole group had started down it a 'whoosh' was heard.

A few hundred feet overhead flew a man, seemingly unsupported by anything. In his hand was a wand, and a sudden burst of magical energy crackled from it towards the head of the column. Lilly, Simon and their mounts collapsed as a high-pitched voice cried, "Stand and deliver!"

XXIII

As Lilly and Simon fell paralyzed to the ground, a score of warriors rose from behind the rocks and bushes of the slope. Visson recognized immediately that the man gesturing in the sky above them was definitely the most dangerous of their opponents, and he launched a magical web against him.

As it swam skyward, the force of warriors raced down the slope to melee the adventurers, waving their swords and spears. Six of them fell many yards short, as Sombo used a sleep incantation. The web struck the flying wizard at the same instant that his men struck into the line of horsemen.

The mage struggled a moment, shaking something loose from a leather bag he carried, which fell to the ground below. Snarling, he flew off to

the north, leaving his mercenaries behind.

Sombo managed to ensnare another half-dozen, while fighting raged in the middle of the line. Some three merchants were slain by the time Robert, Ev, and the clerics reinforced them, but once joined in the swirling battle, it was quickly ended. Robert the Bold slew the last two enemy warriors by lifting each one by the neck and beating them to death with each other.

"Delirious," called Visson, "Collect the sleeping men's weapons, but slay them not!" Grumbling, she left to do so, smiling to herself as she also frilled her money belt with the contents of their pockets. In the meantime Sombo investigated the area in which the item had fallen from the flyer out of the sky.

Delirious had been stacking weapons from the sleeping and the slain when she lifted a sword from one corpse. A thrill raced up her arm and a buzzing sounded in her mind as a steely voice said to her, "You are now mine, lass. Though forged for a warrior, I will lead you properly, thief though you are. Know me for what I am, lass. I am Prince Charming, famous sword of mighty ability, and brave knights tremble when I am unsheathed. Kings fall to their knees before my onslaught, and monsters by the hundreds have bled at my feet. It is well, now, for me to learn the ways of the dark, of the curmudgeon and thief. And will I lead you, back to your home, the City State. In but a few months time, you will lead the Guild itself, and I it through you!"

A cry from one of the mercenaries caused the girl to straighten, and, though her mind struggled in a vise of mental iron, she called in a strange humming voice, "I claim this sword!"

"Very well," replied Visson, "But hurry up and finish collecting the remainder."

Sombo, in the meantime, had found the item which the wizard had dropped from the sky. In a tuft of grass lay an ancient leather-bound tome. Thirsting for knowledge, the barbarian boy grabbed it to him, pulling open the cover and reading the first page of some score.

The lad felt a shock as he began reading words which to him seemed as nonsense syllables. When he made to stop, his eyes continued to scan the words unbidden. When he tried to ignore the cryptic sentences, he felt them forced into his mind. Panic seized him, and he tried to heave the offending book away, but his muscles seemed bound only to the duty of reading.

Once finished, the old book crumbled to dust in his hands. Suddenly, Sombo felt a pulse of magical energy, and the lad's mind cleaved to a deeper understanding of the ether he manipulated

in his use of the arts thaumaturgic. He recognized that he could now make use of powers taught him by Visson, and with a happy leap he returned to join his friends, pride swelling in his breast.

Visson noted the changed demeanor of both Sombo and Delirious, but while Sombo informed him of his increased capability in the realm of magic, Visson could not understand what had come over Delirious. There was a look about her eyes. . . . a glint as of steel. . . . "Where have I seen such before? I must recall." thought the elf. But try as he might, his mind would not divulge the secret for which he searched.

Soon the caravan arrived in Anatal, cargo intact, though short some members of its complement. The leader of the surviving merchants paid the required wages grudgingly, and the adventurous band took their leave, lodging for the time being in the Green Tree Inn.

Bathed and rested, the companions gathered to sup in the common room, joining in song and merriment until well into the night. Just before Visson bid the assemblage a good night, Allaan, chief of the clerics spoke.

"Good warriors, mages and other companions, I must inform you that I have been called. My lord Krist, in his mysterious way, has bade me to return to the fortress of the Invincible Overlord. It is with sad heart that I therefore bid you farewell for I shall leave on the morrow."

Robert the Bold toasted the good cleric's health and good fortune, when the paladin, completely recovered from his earlier paralysis begged leave to offer his arm to guard the cleric on his journey. The man of the cloth agreed, relieved.

Then a strange voice of sharpened iron rang from the throat of the lady thief. "I would go to the City State myself. I am tired of running from my enemies. I will stand and defeat them!" A cheer rang out, yet Visson was puzzled. Still, he wished the trio luck as the group parted to bed.

XXIV

Early the next morning found the remaining seven waving farewell to their companion-in-arms. Returning again to the inn, Visson and Lilly entered the commons, discussing the wisdom of employing additional aid to augment the losses to their little band. While speaking, they were approached at their table by a heavy-set man, with a grim set to his jaw, and a woman with skin of ebony so black that the light seemed to penetrate into her and glare forth from her fiery eyes. Visson sensed immediately upon her approach latent magical power, while the man was visibly a power-

ful warrior.

"Good elven twain, give me leave to speak," asked the lady. At a nod from Lilly she curtsied and proceeded. "My fine elf kin, I am known as Louise, a minor practioner of magic, and this is my man Kerk. We have wandered about the world some way, and we seek employment. We've heard tell that your ranks are short a lass and two men. . . and though we cannot fill their places, we might be of some use."

Visson and Lilly exchanged glances, and nodded to each other. Lilly turned to the dark lady and said, "It would be a pleasure to join your powers to our small band. You will receive an equal share in glory, treasure and doom, of course. Shall we drink to our bountiful future?"

A toast was raised and the new twosome were brought round to meet the rest of the adventurers. Most made merry with the dour Kerk and flattered the ebony Louise, but the clerics, Chowl and Sallah, both left their company with furrowed brows of mistrust.

Still, the day and night passed quickly and restfully, and the team met at dawn as Howla on the opposite horizon paled rapidly at the sun's approach. Mounting their various animals, they rode out from the town of Anatal.

They picked their way carefully northwards through hilly country. Once again on their guard,

they moved on with bows strung and eyes scanning in all directions. As the day passed into late afternoon they reached a small river known as the Rillcut Stream, some thirty yards crossing in deep water.

The mercenaries crossed first and prepared to fire on any attackers. Slowly, in ones and twos, the adventuring band made their crossing. There was no sign of observation, but at the same time, there were no normal forest sounds. The group watched carefully in all directions, but they could not see any indications of enemy action.

A large meadow stretched along the stream, and Visson ordered the group to make camp in its grassy expanse. The horses were hobbled and immediately set to, feeding happily on the tender green shoots. Soon their camp was set up, and the guards began their patrol just as the sun set. A merry bonfire was lit and the dancing shadows on the nearest trees distracted Robert the Bold and Kerk as they moved about on their rounds. Still, there were no night sounds, and the group remained in armor as they prepared to sleep.

Just before the guard change, a cry was heard from the treeline. Six naked humans were seen gesturing there. Quickly the team rose from their bedrolls, grabbing weapons, just in time to see the creatures change shape.

"Wereboars!" cried Sombo.

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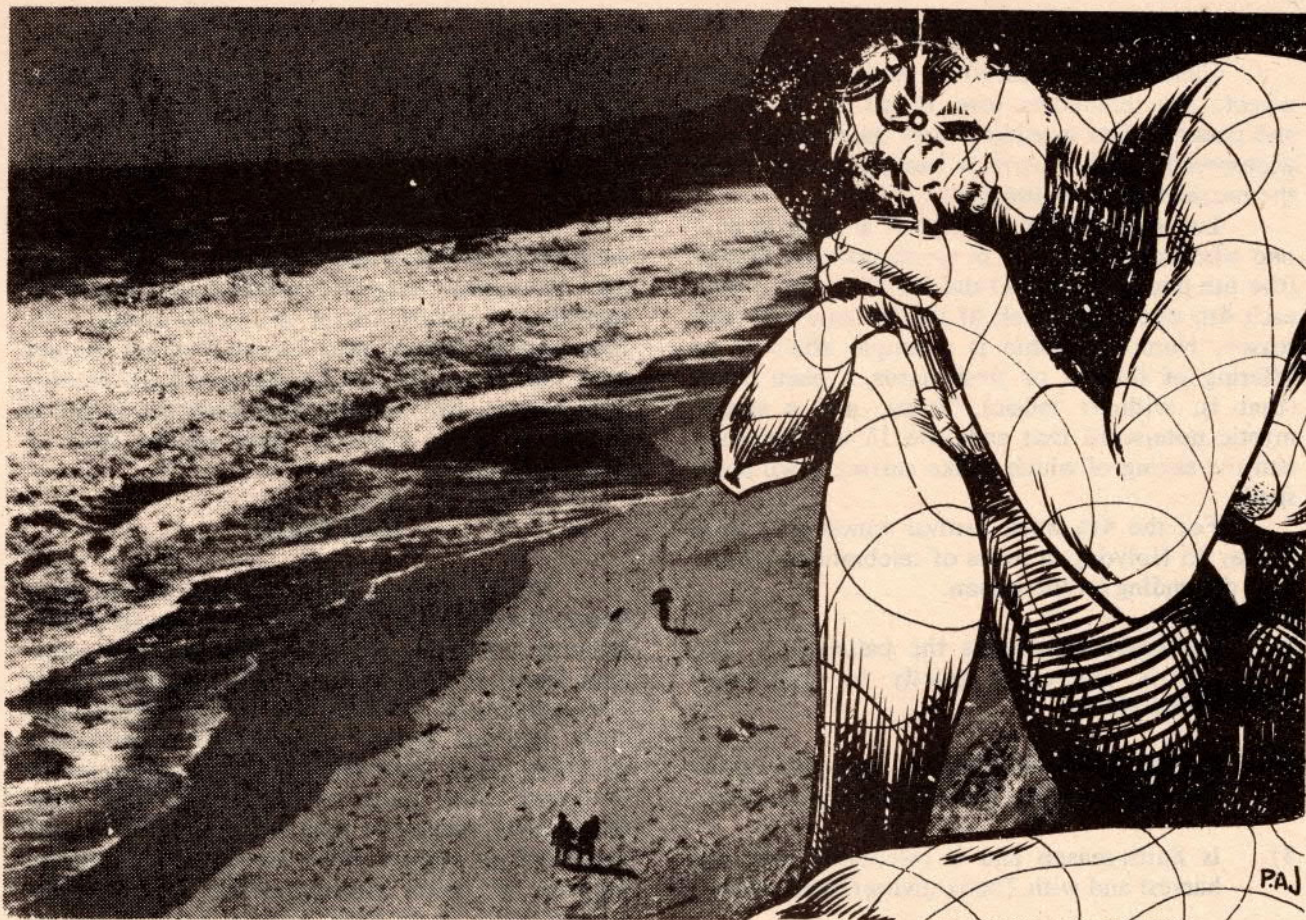
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The Cult of Uleria

by Steve Marsh

I asked Chuck Anshell what goddess he'd like to see a cult on and he decided on Aphrodite. This one is going to be hard, folks. Anyway, thought you might like to know why I'm doing this cult instead of a different one (like expanding one of the write-ups included or doing one that is easier and would seem to attract more members).

This is my own interpretation of the material. I take all blame for it failing to fit exactly with the "official" **Runequest** ½ cycle. The names are the same and most of the incidents tho...also, in the Godtime, time was nonsequential which means that most myths don't add up. . . .

Uleria is the secret heart who dwells in a hidden place without walls, or roof, or ceiling or floor and yet is found spread throughout the world. She was the first to exhibit the fertility/life rune in her actions and she is indeed fertile, giving

birth to living thoughts and bodies. So great is the extent of her blessing upon the face of the world that every element is twined with it.

She was the lover of Mostal and loves his people (the Mostali or Dwarves). She gave birth to the parents of the Aldryami and yet remembers those children. When the five fathers created man (one for each element) she was manifest in each of them. When the disorder rune came forth in its many manifestations, only she could stop it by offering it herself and binding them with her net (of course disorder tells it differently, with the first change being how disorder separated reality from chaos, but that not need bother us here) and forming the boggles into a guard for her love. Even now, times of disorder and confusion bring forth great loves from them. Thus her worship endures even to the present day.

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Uleria is the fertility/life rune in its clearest aspect. She embodies love in all of its forms and passions. Her worship is very ancient and very widespread and her work is healing and love and the reconciliation of disorder.

Lay membership in her cult is open to anyone who has loved. She is worshipped on Wilday (the 6th day of the week) and for a two day period each 4th week (the week of the life rune) of each season. Normal worship is a simple affair of an offering of flowers or fresh herbs, a plain chant (that is, without music), litany, and a simple mystic note/word that ends the 15 minute chant and the saying of which is like casting a two point spell.

For the 4th week festival which goes from Wilday to Holyday, a series of celebrations is held, each depending on the season.

- 1) Sea-season represents the patience of love and is celebrated quietly by individuals (Friend-love).
- 2) Occurs in Fire-season and is a wild affair that celebrates the fires of passion (Eros-love).
- 3) Is Earth-season and is celebrated with the harvest and with Thanksgiving (Mother-love).
- 4) Is Dark-season and is celebrated as a community with a deepening of spirit and with individual couples taking time to review the depths of their relationships and to (Mate-love) re-affirm their commitments.
- 5) Is Storm-season and a time of lawlessness and the battles of the gods. This celebration is wild and stormy and forgotten each sacred time (Unlawful-love).

Her two week celebration of sacred time (the two week new year of Glorantha) includes a ritual enactment of the creation of the world by her and Mostal and a sacred marriage ceremony of the ruler to the goddess ensuring the prosperity and fertility in the year to come. Both the entrance of disorder and a recreation of the invasion of Glorantha by the devil and the death of Flammal are all three combined to end the first week. The ritual of the Light-Bringer's journey is seen as a recreation of Uleria's victory over disorder and the rebirth of Flammal (god of plants). It stresses the importance and necessity of Love as a force in the world and the emptiness without it. (For a calendar of Glorantha see *Wyrms' Footnotes*, No. 4.)

Lay members may choose to conceive upon

any Wilday or not to at any time. They are also taught heal spells at $\frac{3}{4}$ the normal costs and xenohealing at half price. They are -5% on their chances of learning from experience with weapons other than the net.

Net: Fighting with a net requires a Dexterity of 13 or better and Strength of 12. A net can take 10 points. Using a net doubles your chance of fumbling. A successful hit with a net casues your opponent to fumble next round. You get the net back that round (so you hit this round and recover next round). Net fighting takes both hands and is similar in many ways to three section staff or chain fighting.

Rune Priests

Uleria requires that all her priests have borne young as she herself has, or that they have fathered young as did Mostal her lover. In practical terms it means that female applicants must have had at least one child and that male applicants must have had at least one child by a worshipper of Uleria. They must also have 18 or more points of Power. They must be able to read and write their native tongue or have oratory at 80% (read/write 80% or oratory 80%). Having been a faithful follower of Uleria (making all the holy days for a year) adds 5% to your chances. Oratory can be exchanged for read/writing because of the renown of Uleria in the convincing of her lovers.

Note, priests (male) may only join as associate members linked to a priestess as this is most definitely a cult centered around the female principle.

Standard battle magic spells taught to members at low (half) price are: Healing (life/fertility goddess), xenohealing, vigor, befuddle, fanaticism and lust (fills with lust, a variable power spell similar to fanaticism).

Rune spells: Normal ones: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22.

Vitality (One point): When Uleria's lovers went forth to battle Chaos, she devised this spell to nurture and prosper them. It adds 3d6 to Constitution for 15 minutes. Any points of damage are taken against the added Constitution first. When it fades, the damage it absorbed goes with it.

Boggle (One point, stackable): When Uleria was faced by Chaos she sent forth the boggles (disruption rune creatures) she had seduced, and they protected her. This spell creates a shimmery creature that looks like a malformed man. For each point (it is stackable) used the boggle summoned will have a Strength of 1d6+6, 1d6+6 Hit Points, and two points of regeneration/round. It

does 1d6 + bonus at 90% Damage per point invested. It has the size of 6 and will have Power equal to the summoner's and an Intelligence of 1d4. A boggle is like an elemental. The boggle gained will always be the same one who responded the first time. A person may have many boggles serving them. Boggles only respond to fight against creatures of Chaos.

Fertility (Two points): This spell will double the output of the field of a faithful worshipper of Uleria to the range of 2 acres. It is a reflection of the blessings that Uleria gave to the earth. It requires that the farmer meditate upon Uleria (one point of power spell equivalent to battlemagic) before work each morning, at lunch, and at dusk each night.

Elementals (One and Two points): Because of Uleria's entwining with the universe, the elements come to the call of her worshippers.

Life (Three points): This is the spell used to restore Flammel and to refresh the world. It is also linked to the creation. The priest must have the body and the spirit must not have decided to go on to the next world. The spell is cast and spirit battle ensues. When the priestess is successful, the spirit is rebound into the body. If the priestess drops below 15 points of Power she fails and must make an Intelligence roll to regain her body. If the dead person's power drops below 15 the rune ceases to hold them and they go on. Any power that the restored person loses in the battle is lost permanently. In this form the spell is reusable.

The spell can also be used to bring one back to life without the risk. In this mode it will not be used by non-played characters. The spell becomes a three point attempt at divine intervention with tripled chances of success. If 01 - 90 comes up the person is reborn/restored to their body. If 91 - 95 comes up they are restored with their Constitution halved. If 96 - 00 comes up nothing happened. In this mode it is not reusable.

Heal (One - Three points): This spell heals damage done by disease and Chaos-linked things. For each point it heals 1d6 points. Thus if you had lost five points from having the shakes two points of this spell would restore 2d6 points with a maximum of five points. If the spell overcomes the resistance of the disease (points lost x 3 = Power of the disease) it also cures it. Otherwise it just cures the damage.

Rejoin Limb (Two points): This spell will join a limb back to a body if the limb is joined to the body by the wilday after severing.

Both of these spells were learned as Uleria did heal Mostal of the damage done him when the

spike exploded.

Allied spirits of Rune Priests have a 10% chance of controlling a one point boggle, and if they don't, will know the cult battlemagic spells.

Runelords of Uleria

These are her sons and daughters and seek to serve their mother. Note that male Runelords have a different status than that of Rune priests who are subsidiary servants/lovers.

They must be 90% with the net and have healing six as well as four other skills at 90%. Knowing healing six counts as 600 lunars donated to the cult. Oratory at 90% is divided by 5% to the examiners (they like it).

They are expected to succor and heal those in distress. They tend to allow others to fight for them and are experts in seduction and trickery.

The Cult

The cult is not overly formal in layout. It consists mostly of priestesses and shamen here and there, tending shrines and blessing the countryside. Large cities in the Lunar Empire and in the Holy Country have temples of Uleria where she is worshipped in all her forms (somewhat like Diana at Antioch). Since Uleria is a goddess whose strengths lie in peace she is liked and blessed in many countries. Her worship is often affiliated with the local goddess who is probably a reincarnation of Uleria.

The cult hates Chaos for the pain it caused their mother. But it prefers to allow others to do it's fighting for it. Kidnapping a priestess of Uleria will usually result in enraged farmers, angry elementals, and bad luck (a particular manifestation of disorder. . -1d6 x 5% to all skills) dogging the kidnapper as long as the priestess lives. The farmers will probably get very uptight if she is killed (since she will not be around to bless the crops).

As befits a cult that is ancient and respected, a Runelord or Rune priest can expect that the first set of armor, weapon, etc. to be given as a gift from someone who is a debtor/lover of Uleria. In travel they can expect free lodging and general friendship (though not much trust since Uleria is known for accepting gifts, taking them from those she has seduced).

Normal worship area is any natural area (a hillside or valley) that has been expanded a little (seats and an altar added) with a grove of trees adjacent to it. The priestess will often have a house with several rooms for private religious

dialogue between worshippers and her acolytes, a large, one room second-story for storm-season worship and larger private religious activities and private quarters on the ground floor.

Hope that does it. This is basically your healing and crop cult found in every little village. Members of it will make you pay through the nose for help though. . .

Small Town/Village
|
One Priestess
|
2 - 7 (1d6+1) Acolytes
|
All Female

City
|
One Priestess /Thousand
|
2d6 Acolytes/Thousand
|
City Population includes normal Trade/Tourist
and Garrison Population
|
Perhaps a Male Associate Priest

Ungunning Monsters? Bah, Humbug!

By Bill Paley

With all respect to the *Dungeoneer's* Monster Matrix; to the new creatures in the *Monster Manual*; and to the multitudes of monsters created throughout the fantasy-gaming world (including some which I had once invented for amusement), I find that these creatures are unnecessary. Before you howl, "But what about. . . ." (vorpal blades, spheres of annihilation, etc.), I must expound upon some philosophy.

The world of fantasy is filled with tales of adventurers becoming kings and other powerful (politically) beings. The monsters of a world **should** have many deadly, dangerous creatures, but as a character rises in power, the powers-that-be will begin to notice him. If he is lucky, he will be groomed for succession (if he continues to rise) or for assassination (if the lord fears a revolt). Soon these manoeuvrings will engage a player's full attention, and the lowly Kobolds (or Red Dragons) will have only lower level characters to contend with.

However, even if no amount of prodding (or no amount of attempted murder) will pry a character from the adventuring life (unrealistic!). There is **no need** for some of the super-powerful horrors invented. The argument that they are variations to surprise the party holds no water with me as I have yet to use all of the monsters in *Dungeons and Dragons Volume Two* after three years of play.

Instead, careful, intelligent planning by the monsters who are intelligent is needed. A cavern of Orcs should have guards powted in case of attack, who will raise an alarm, and even a thenth-level warrior will fall before one hundred or more Orcs. Wandering monsters should be drawn from those living on the level. When they find a party, one or more should go for help. . . from the rear, if possible.

With such tactics I have seen "gross" characters, equipped by "Monty Haul" referees, armed and armored with more magic than many dungeons I know, fall in surprise.

One trick that the bad guys can use, too, is striking to subdue if they feel outnumbered. This tactic used by intelligent monsters leads to the chance of ransom and retaliation. . . and further defeats at the hands of the monsters.

In many ways, parties have the advantage in this game. Ungunning the monsters does not add to the challenge of the game, it is merely a coping mechanism for early mistakes.

Ordained Charisma

**BY ROBBIE LANGHORNE
AND DAVID MACKENZIE**

This article is aimed at all of those Judges who would like to cause a little friction between the members of a group of adventurers, but who could not quite justify it to the members of that group. Well, Ordained Charisma has come to your rescue! Ordained Charisma is the effect that one individual has on another individual, or will that Dwarf in a group of Half-Elves mind very much if he is cheated out of a few gold pieces?

The mathematical tongue teaser that follows is the method of figuring a character's ordained charisma:

$$(X - RT) + (OS + CS + GA) + (Q - DA + M) = OC$$

No, that is not the secret formula for alphabet soup, but it certainly is confusing unless you know what each of the symbols stand for. So without further ado let's meet them.

- X** Is the Base Charisma Score of the first individual. This number usually falls between 3 and 18.
- RT** Is the Racial Tolerance or how the two races in question get along with each other: If **PREFERRED** the RT = 0; If **GOODWILL** then RT = 2; If **TOLERANCE** then RT = 4; If **NEUTRAL** then RT = 6; If **ANTIPATHY** then RT = 9; If **HATRED** then RT = 12.
- OS** Is Occupational Sharing. This +3 bonus is added if the two characters were employed in the same line of work before they turned adventurers.
- CS** Is Class Sharing. This +1 bonus is added if the two characters are of the same class. I.E. Two fighters, two clerics, two thieves, etc.
- GA** Is the Gender Addition. This +2 bonus is added if the two characters are of the opposite sexes.
- Q** Is the Quest Bonus. This +10 bonus is added if the two characters are on a quest together. This does not mean that they must have had a quest or geas spell cast upon them, though it would come into play under that circumstance. It simply means that the two have joined together to search out something of importance, or have banded together for mutual benefit.
- DA** Is the Difference in Alignment between the two characters. This number is figured as follows with the aid of the chart below:

L	G
N	N
C	E

Alignments are composed of two terms. The combined difference between the first terms of each character and the second terms of each Character is the difference in alignment between the two characters. Example: a L/G and a C/N are together. The difference between the first terms is 2 (C is 2 places below L). The difference between the second terms is 1 (N is 1 place below G). Therefore, the difference in alignment here is 3 (2 + 1 = 3).

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M Is the Mood of the second individual. This bonus of between 0 and 3 points (1d4 - 1) is checked each day, thus giving the ordained charisma a four points spread. 0 = Bad Mood; 1 = Fair Mood; 2 = Good Mood; 3 = Excellent Mood.

OC Is the Ordained Charisma.

Now that you have gone through the complicated process of figuring the ordained charisma number - what does it mean? The following table should help explain.

Ordained Charisma Score	Relationship Rating
Between -13 and +5	This is a terrible relationship, in fact the slightest provocation could result in bloodshed. Five points should be subtracted from all reaction rolls (reaction roll table follows this table).
Between +6 and +10	This is a poor relationship though not as volatile as the previous one. Three points should be subtracted from each reaction roll.
Between +11 and +15	This is a neutral relationship. I. E. it is just as likely that no violence will occur as it is that it will. Reaction rolls are left unchanged.
Between +16 and +20	This is a good relationship and it is probable that no violence will be instigated by the character in question. Three points should be added to all reaction rolls.
Between +21 and +37	This is an excellent relationship. It is physically impossible for the second character to harm the first, this does not however preclude magical intervention (neither do any of the other four relationships). Five points should be added to all reaction rolls.

Reaction rolls are made on 2d6. They should be made by the Judge and at his/her discretion. Some key times are when important decisions are being made and there is more than one plausible choice; When treasure is being divided and unequal shares are being given out; When shady references are made about one's breeding or race in general ("Your mother was a green slime." or "Dwarves is so-o-o-o dumb!").

Adjusted Reaction Roll	Reaction
Between -3 and 0	Draws weapon on offender and attacks.
Between +1 and +3	Draws weapon on offender but gives him/her a chance to retract the offending statement or decision. If not taken back, he/she will attack.
Between +4 and +6	Threatens to attack offender if offending statement or decision is not taken back. If it is not taken back he/she will attack the offender.
Between +7 and +9	Will lodge a protest, saying that if it happens again action may have to be taken.
Between +10 and +12	Will simply ask the offending character to not do it again.
Between +13 and +15	Will laugh at the statement or not make any objection to the decision.
Between +16 and +17	The character who was offended is too busy admiring the offender to do anything other than worship him/her.

To help you make sense of this confusing mass of numbers and to find out whose ordained charisma is affecting whom the following two examples were prepared.

Example One

A male Elf and a male Dwarf are together on a search for the Holy Grail. The Elf's charisma score is 13. Elves are antipathic towards Dwarves. The Elf was a scribe before he turned Magic User. His alignment is C/G. He is in a fair (1) mood.

The Dwarf's charisma score is 8. Dwarves are antipathic towards Elves. The Dwarf was an armorer before he turned Fighter. His alignment is L/G. He is in a good (2) mood.

The Elf's affect on the Dwarf is as follows:

$$(13 - 9) + (0 + 0 + 0) + (10 - 2 + 2) = 14$$

$$(X - RT) + (OS + CS + GA) + (Q - DA + M) = OC$$

14 is a neutral relationship. This means that the Dwarf could just as easily slit the Elf's throat as not.

The Dwarf's affect on the Elf is as follows:

$$(8 - 9) + (0 + 0 + 0) + (10 - 2 + 1) = 8$$

$$(X - RT) + (OS + CS + GA) + (Q - DA + M) = OC$$

8 is a poor relationship. This means that the Elf is not impressed by the Dwarf, in fact he rubs him the wrong way. Three points should be subtracted from the Elf's reaction roll.

Example Two

A male Gnome and a female Halfling are working together to rid the countryside of a bothersome Troll. The Gnome's charisma score is 10. Gnomes exhibit goodwill towards Halflings. The Gnome was a weaver before he turned Fighter. His alignment is N/G. He is in a fair (1) mood.

The Halfling's charisma score is 12. Halflings exhibit goodwill towards Gnomes. The Halfling was an astrologer before she turned Thief. Her alignment is L/N. She is in a bad (0) mood.

The Gnome's affect on the Halfling is as follows:

$$(10 - 2) + (0 + 0 + 2) + (10 - 2 + 0) = 18$$

$$(X - RT) + (OS + CS + GA) + (Q - DA + M) = OC$$

18 is a good relationship. This means that the Halfling really likes the Gnome and will probably not do a lot of complaining. Three points should be added to all of the Halflings reaction rolls.

The Halfling's affect on the Gnome is as follows:

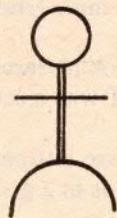
$$(12 - 2) + (0 + 0 + 2) + (10 - 2 + 1) = 21$$

$$(X - RT) + (OS + CS + GA) + (Q - DA + M) = OC$$

21 is an excellent relationship. This means that the Gnome is almost in love with the Halfling and if both survive the adventure there could be wedding bells. Five points should be added to all of the Gnome's reaction rolls.

In the above case if a wedding were to occur - think carefully now - would marriage be considered a quest? If not then their scores would fall to 8 and 11, not exactly the best grounds for a marriage. To save your mind from too much contemplation I will answer the question for you. KIND OF!!! To elaborate - in any case where two characters are obviously going to be spending a great deal of time together (marriage, prison, extended quests, etc.) average their two ordained charisma scores together, treating both as if they had a mood score of one. This new number is their ordained charisma scores for an extended period of togetherness. In the above situation the new score would be 20, a good relationship. It is not recommended that characters be married unless they have at least a good relationship when averaged together.

Symbols, Runes, Wards and Bans



By Steve Marsh

In Andre Norton's *Witch World* series there are ancient runes set into places of power. Against these runes the creatures of darkness cannot stand. In other places, old and warped glyphs are convoluted in grotesque patterns, and against these the live children of the light know only fear. Both of these have been simulated in *Greyhawk* by symbols.

That quote will start my essay on symbols and their use (the quote is from myself and has no authority by the way).

The concept of symbols, runes, wards, and other bans is very old. The cross and the ankh for barring undead; the yarrow wood and rowan and oak against witches; iron and myrth and holy wafers against spirits; wolvesbane, silver and the broken cross vs. shapechangers; all have been used as minor barriers against specific creatures.

While minor barriers are nice, they are creature specific and require tuning with natural forces (such as the cross against the vampire). Invariably, great mages seek to construct major barriers—that is bars against all those who would do them harm. . . .

Some barriers only repulse, others slay, and many deviously alter the minds and souls of those who interact with them. Physically they have several constraints:

- 1) To interact one must either perceive the symbol or come within its radius of effect. Radius of effect can be compared to a nuclear pile operating without external shielding. Dangerous, but limited in rage of kill. Perception means to see the symbol rather than its peripheral effects. Much like seeing the reactor rather than the glow. . . .
- 2) Most have a physical locus. This is usually a rune or glyph of power. The material this is set into can vary but stone is very common as it endures the elements well.
- 3) The effects reach beyond the plane of gross matter and maximum power usually is upon a magical plane (or the magical plane in

some mythos—thus in aryan magics symbols are usually upon the astral plane)—and they bar action (teleport, projection, etc.) across their presence.

- 4) Such items of power are usually 1st or 2nd order magic—often the later. Those forged by gods and those embodying powers may even be of the 3rd order. Since normal magic and tools are of the 0 order and strong magics of the 1st and artifacts of the second, rarely is it that such can be bypassed easily.

So what we have is a solid focus for a destroying power of some type that is targeted against all having a certain quality. The usual safety resides in not having that quality (having no taint of the dark, etc.). Of course such are not very portable. . .

Well, what do you do for portable blasting (similar to what some Judges allow—Symbol of Death on the arrowhead)? Aside from normal spells I'd suggest runes of blasting. Quite common in the old days, these are runes a druid or magician (one who reads/writes) places upon arrows, weapons, etc. The power curve suggested by *Greyhawk* can be drawn from **exploding runes**. I would suggest it as a sub-field of druidic magic (druids of the storm, druids of the flame, druids of the forest and druids of the ancient runes. There would also be rare and probably NPCs for a while).

In other words, I'm suggesting specialty druid rules. One can also adapt the cabalist from *Chivalry & Sorcery*, but that is really a different sort of magic, more appropriate for building symbols (static) than war runes. One would have three types of raging (or battle) druids and two types of covering (or peace) druids.

This was to show that I haven't forsaken *D&D* entirely within the pages of my personal 'zine. It is still the most common, widely spread of the FRP games. Hopefully the comments here will apply to other games as well. I would really like to see a *Witch World* campaign that played and felt like Andre Norton's *Witch World* though.

From Whence Cometh Magic?

By Russ Thomas

It is hard to imagine a fantasy campaign going very long before someone asks the question, "Where does the magic come from?" Is it generated by the gods, or perhaps pulled from the air by the mystical re-arrangements of molecules? Is it real or illusion? And why can only Magic Users use magic (with a few exceptions)? One can devise lots of fanciful answers, and, indeed, the more explanations, the merrier for the course of the campaign. But the Judge must know exactly where the magic in HIS game is going to come from, or else he is liable to be caught in embarrassing contradictions, which hurt the game (and occasionally hurt the flesh of the Judge!). With this in mind, one proposes a philosophical/scientific approach to the origin and nature of magic, based, with some grand exceptions, on Greek thought from the golden ages of Plato and Aristotle. To wit: Magic occurs when a person speaks or thinks of certain magical words which link the user with the essence of a thing in the universe beyond. When the link is established (and here we differ radically from the ancient thinkers), that something can be recreated and directed with some accuracy.

Greeks would agree that, somewhere, everything has a perfect form, that exists, to make it rather simple, as a "thought". But in fantasy gaming, we make it possible to learn that perfect thought's name, call upon it, and use it for our benefit. For example, the perfect name of "light" might be "light", and thus by saying "light" just right, light would appear, hence, a light spell. Similarly, to conjure a perfect lock, one might need to know the name of such a lock, resulting in a hold portal. To direct a spell, one must know the words of direction as well (for distance and space are as real as gold or light), then add those words to the appropriate spell. For example, to cast a fireball twenty feet straight ahead, one must know the name of that kind of fire, and the word representing twenty feet, right ahead. Since there is virtually no limit to the number of things in the universe, there is a similar lack of limitations on magic.

But why, then, the limitations on spells? Chiefly, there are two reasons. The first is practical. Since there are such a number of spells in the universe possible, there must be a most complex way of pronouncing/identifying them, and this is so. Literally thousands (we use 14,444 as our number) of phonetic symbols to indicate sounds, some of which take years to learn to make. Some are musical, making the language of magic a rather tuneful language, while some seems to require physical motions, to simulate the sound of the movement of air. Of course, most spells do not require such complex usages. Simple spells might only require the knowledge of a few hundred symbols, while powerful spells, such as a wish spell, might require all! Thus, part of the progression in magical levels is the increasing ability to learn spells. Further, since spells must be spoken (or thought, but this is difficult to do) experience is the only real way to perfect the craft, hence the more powerful spells can only be used when sufficient experience is gained. Also, note the most powerful spells can only be used with exceptional intelligence, so difficult are the sounds and spells to learn. Of course, only one who dedicates their life to this practice can ever achieve any degree of certainty with magic, which explains why only Magic Users can use magic.

But, how then you ask, can monsters use magic? First, most unintelligent monsters who use magic do not use magic per se, but rather have certain physical abilities that allow them to appear to be magical, much as a chameleon changes color. Intelligent monsters, such as dragons, can learn magical spells and know them as a part of their heritage. Thus this presents no real problem. More difficult is to explain how certain other classes (notably Thieves) can learn magic. The reason is that a thief, by nature is wise to the ways of the street, and knows that some spells will really enhance his thieving ways. He thus learns just enough to get by, and occasionally gets burned (see *Greyhawk* for more details on this).

With the liberal use of imagination, this

covers most of the questions about magic that occur during the game. Items are enchanted by making the objects magical by directing to them the proper spells. Scrolls, potions and all types of miscellaneous magic fit into this category. But we said there were two reasons for the **limitations** of magic, the second being the limited number of spells allowed by a given level during a given day. This can be a real problem for some players, especially since it seems the Magic User expends very little effort in performing his spell. But, in reality, just the opposite is true, for each spell a Magic User uses "takes something out of him."

Remember Gandalf's battle with the Balrog? He explains the battle in magical terms, noting in particular that the "word of Command" seemed to take a lot out of him. It took him some time to recover from the fight, which though it was in part physical through the damage he took, must have been magical as well. With this in mind, we note that each time a link is established by a Magic User to create magic, it does a kind of "perfect thought shock" to him. Understand it this way, when the link with perfection is made, it affects the Magic User's own perfection, doing "damage" to it. Magic Users can get used to it through experience, but any person can take just so much. If you want to experiment with how this can affect the user if he over extends himself, allow the Magic User to do an extra spell, taking 1 - 6 points

damage plus the level of the spell, and make the damage irreparable except by, say, one month total rest (or longer if the campaign needs it). Even then, I recommend lowering the Magic User's Constitution by 2 points for each spell he tries to use over his stated maximum, two points which can never be restored. This seems to give perspective to the internal effort a Magic User must make to make spells work.

Does this give you some ideas of how your campaign can be made a little more exciting? Perhaps you will require your magicians to find someone to teach them new spells, rather than just giving them spells upon "graduation" to a new level via experience points. Maybe you'll want to include a "random error" factor, for those times when the magicians accidentally say the wrong thing perhaps making the direction of a fireball wrong, or just getting the wrong spell by accident. I don't really recommend the second idea, unless you don't like Magic Users, but the first idea can provide some exciting journeys into the wilderness. And the other possibilities are endless. But, really, the variant possibilities are secondary to the real reason for establishing a sound base for the understanding of the nature of magic. Henceforth, you, the Judge, can always know just how the spells your group is using are working, and it should give you a firmer grip on the vast world of fantasy you have created.



MISCELLANEOUS MAGIC ITEMS:

DWARVEN RIPPLE--Brewed by a secret dwarven process, dwarven ripple has been analyzed by astounded alchemists and found to contain an alcoholic content of 210 proof! All non-dwarf humanoids quaffing a good slug of this brew must save-vs-constitution at -4 on a d20 or fall into a drunken stupor; a save of anything but a natural 20 leaves the character drunk (IQ and HP -3; WIS -6), a save of a natural 20 means no effect. Dwarves save at +2, with a missed save meaning drunkenness and a save meaning no effect save a burp and a warm inner glow.

DWARVEN RAINBOW RIPPLE--As above, but more potent. Normally a rather virulent purple in color, when poured into a (preferably dwarven-made and heavily enchanted to resist fire) mug, the brew separates into the prism-like coloration that gives the liquor its name. Humanoids (except dwarves) get no saving throw-vs-falling into a deep drunken stupor, and even dwarves save at -2-vs-their constitution. Demigods and other extraordinaries save normally.

Dungeoneer Depths

Stand and Hold

BY ROBERT K. BINGHAM

You are hired as a mercenary group (or members there of) to occupy one of the frontier forts on the proposed line of march of a large mercenary army. You are directed to take it as quickly as possible and with as few men as possible. Only men of proven merit in combat will be considered for this real task. Pay will not be allowed for more than ten and is contingent on the success of the operation.

Because the fort has fairly rapid communication via carrier pigeon and dispatch riders, it is vital that it be taken prior to the point when warning can be given. Failing that, the destruction of the dovecote and pigeons is of highest priority, as is the neutralization of all dispatch riders who are on missions at the time of capture. Failure will result in the invasion being cancelled, and the players disowned as bandits.

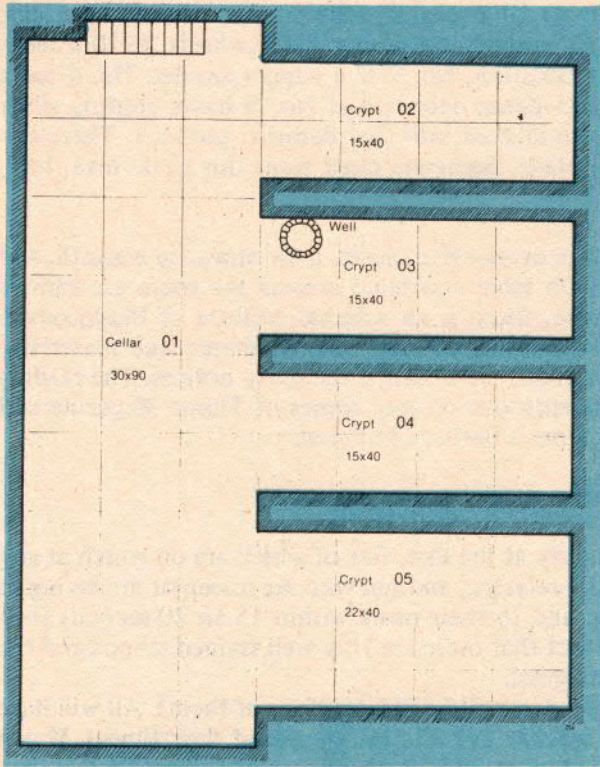
The fort has magical defense, and the party will be given an item that will partially defeat its effects, a rope that will permit the climbing of its otherwise unscaleable walls.

The fort is manned at all times by **at least** 20 infantry men, armed with crossbows, battleaxes, and shortwords and shields when necessary. They are mostly armored with courbolli, except for the noted exceptions.

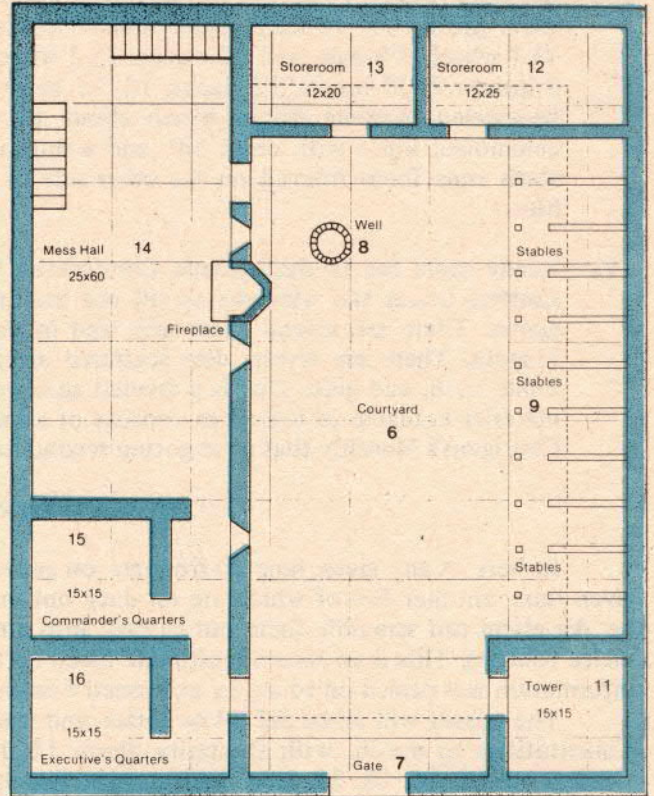
- 1) Cellar: The south and east walls are stacked high with boxes and bales of provisions—chiefly grain, but there are also dried and cured meats, and at least a ton of beans. There are also stacked along the south wall 20 various kegs. 15 contain ale, four are decent wine and one some unknown but very potent beverage. (Drunkenness—roll under Constitution for each helmet sized container or become drunk and incapable.) Actually, it's a not particularly good brandy.
- 2) Crypt: Contains 8 foot spears, leather shields, leather caps, and woolen cloaks sufficient to outfit 100 men (for raising a local peasant force).
- 3) Several skin buckets beside the well. Players will notice rope coming from opening in the roof of the crypt through which they can see the sky and a winch mechanism. Stored deeper inside the crypt are six crates which contain 10 ingots each of bronze. Also there are 5 boxes which contain 5 blankets each, and 10 trunks which contain various civilian articles of clothing. Among the effects are an inlaid jeweled dagger, probably worth one and a half wheels, and a cloak-pin worth about 5 lunars.
- 4) Used as a holding cell. Ulrick the Pretender is chained to the east wall. He is quietly mad and firmly believes he is the legitimate King of Jrustela (or where ever convenient to the Judge). His madness has not affected his very real leadership ability and until quite recently he led the most rapacious gang of brigands in the area. He is being held for trial in the capital. Ulrick: STR: 16, INT: 12, POW: 9, CON: 14, DEX: 14, CHAR: 18, SIZ: 5, HP: 13. Spells: Befuddle, Binding, Detect Gems, Gold, Silver. He will attempt to convince party he is legal King and should be freed and aided in regaining his throne. Note his Charisma—he will be very convincing.
- 5) Floor is covered with sawdust. There is a sleeping gargoyle in the southeast corner. It is chained to the wall, but the chains not obvious. This gargoyle appears to be a winged jackass with a dragon's tail, and a semi human head and face, jackass ears though. STR: 17, INT: 3, POW: 10, CON: 11, DEX: 11, SIZ: 19, HP: 13, Move: 5/9. No treasure.

48 THE DUNGEONEER

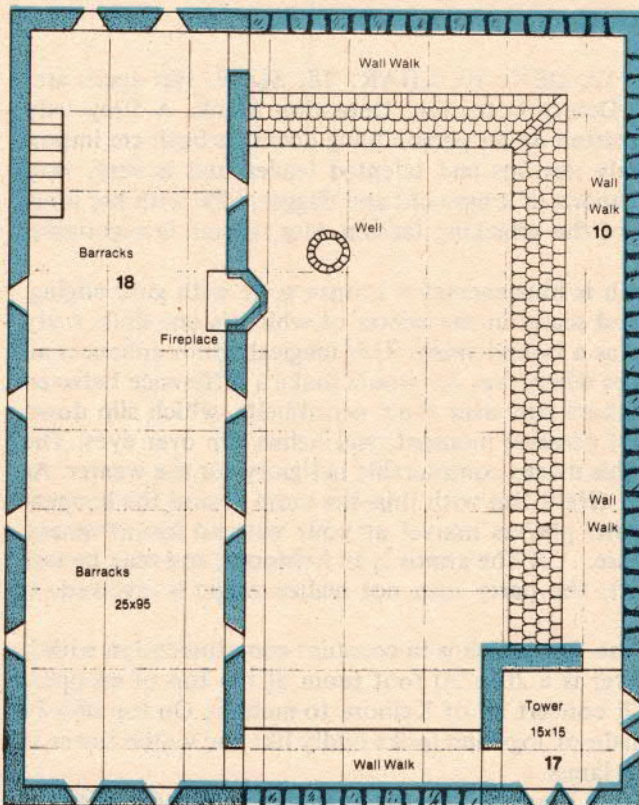
- 6) Courtyard: There is a manure pile 25 feet in from the gate. Otherwise unremarkable. Mounted on the south wall of the main building, facing into the courtyard, is an iron plaque containing a bound spirit. This item makes the walls very slippery--therefore unclimbable--and grappling hooks will not engage, nor will ladders be very safe, as they have an 80% chance per melee round of slipping off. The plaque may be destroyed by may not be removed.
- 7) Gate: Standard double door, bronze-bound oak, riveted and cross-laminated with two layers of 5 cm x 15 cm planks. The hinge-pins are iron, 3 cm thick and 20 cm long, set into the lintel and threshold, which are granite blocks. The door bar is bronze, 3.5 meters long, and 10 cm square, ringed with iron. Enchanted into the iron is a spirit which, when the bar is parallel to the ground, conveys the strength of a section of unbroken stone wall to the door. It may be removed, and will perform this service for any door it is placed across. The bar may be cut down to fit, as it is the one 2 cm ring which does the trick.
- 8) Well: May be used as access to crypt, No. 3, and the cellar area.
- 9) Stables: This contains 5 good looking horses and two beautiful Arabians. Trapping, tack and saddles for all of them are arranged in lockers in the various stalls. The trappings for the Arabians is five times as valuable as the normal gear. So are the Arabians.
- 10) Wall Walk.
- 11) Room in the base of the tower. This room, with it's one massively bound and locked door, is the dispatch office of the base. Inside is a desk and chair, covered with papers and dispatches, most of dubious importance. The really important papers are contained within the several locked chests. Many of these have to do with the disposition of troops. In a secret drawer of the desk are 15 clacks, 123 lunars, and 14 wheels, as well as a small drawstring pouch which contains two or three grams of some dried herbal material (Judge's choice) and an incredibly grungy, awful tarry pipe (will increase shiphandling ability by 10%).
- 12) Hay: To the door, hay.
- 13) Blacksmith: Usual tools, and one ingot--2kg--of iron in a locked and poisoned trapped chest.
- 14) Mess Hall: Large spit and cauldren in fireplace. The cauldren will be filled during daylight hours with a seething mass of beans, salt pork, and grain. Tables and chairs scattered around, with truly medieval touches, like well-used rushes on the floor, bones scattered around, a couple of diseased-looking hounds lolling under the tables or before the fire, and tarred leather flagons and mugs scattered around. In summer, flies.
- 15-16) Have been converted into one large room by knocking out the dividing wall and closing off the southernmost door. This is the Field-Marshall's Headquarters office. Large desk scattered with papers, a gold inkstand, worth about 25 wheels, 10 laquered pith-centered pens (felt-tipped) worth 2 clacks each, and a golden pen worth about 50 lunars. A chest under the four-poster bed in the southeast corner has spirit bound into it which shocks anyone besides the Marshall who touches it. It can be battered to pieces--all 24 iron-bound oaked kilograms of it--but that will take at least an hour and the spirit will scream loudly during the process, while busily destroying the contents. It's small, 30 cm x 40 cm x 30 cm, and it has a handle on one side. May be opened by some form of Rune Magic.
- 17) Guardpost for the wall. There is one chair and a table upon which a hibachi burns merrily. On the hibachi is a bubbling pot of (what else) coffee. There are several overflowing ashtrays filled with cigar butts and pipe dottle. Roaches crunch underfoot. The walls are covered with crude grafitti and salacious drawings. There are five shields stacked in the southwest corner. 25 racked crossbows and 50 bolts are racked on the north wall above the table.



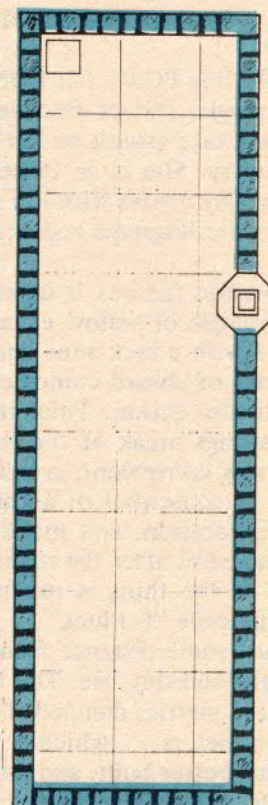
Basement Level



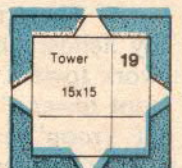
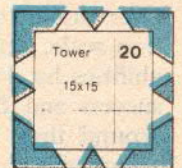
Ground Floor



First Floor



28 Tower Floors



- 18) Barracks Room: There are 50 beds here, and 23 chests containing personal effects. Most contain the usual dreck, but 10 have some valuable contents: 1) 10 clacks; 2) 1 lunar; 3) 14 lunars, 4 clacks; 4) 1 wheel, 3 lunars, and 10 clacks; 5) 2 wheels; 6) 1 wheel, 62 clacks; 7) 20 wheels; 8) 10 wheels, 5 lunars; 9) 17 lunars, 12 clacks; 10) 75 lunars. In addition, No. 9 as a copper amulet, No. 4 has a be-jeweled parrying dagger worth about 10 wheels—cheap stones—and No. 6 has a sterling silver ceremonial knife with onyx hilt, and a star-sapphire inlaid into the platinum pommel. There is a stasis rune focus inlaid on the other side of the blade. Someone must want this back; hint, hint, hint.
- 19) Ready room for off-duty guards. Comfortable leather overstuffed chairs, a tile stove for warmth, and shutters across the windows to cut out the draft. On tables scattered around the room are various games. There are several chess sets, and in one case, there is an original editions of Bludgeons & Flagons. There are several dice scattered around the table, of many varied shapes and materials—bone, horn, and glass. One is a faceted gem worth about 50 wheels if the party notices. The reading material available in the room consists of about twenty out of date copies of Thime Magazine and Churigion's Monthly that were gotten second hand from a Barber-Churigion.

Personnel

In here at any given time 20 troupers on garrison duty at the fort, five of which are on watch at any given time, another five of which are on duty but may be relaxing, and ten who are asleep or are trying to be. An alarm can scramble them out of bed, into armor, and to their posts within 15 to 20 seconds (two melee rounds). This is an accurate estimate based on the fact that these are very well trained troops and the information was passed on to me by ex-Armed Forces personnel.

The guards will all be SIZ 14 or better, and watch leaders will be SIZ 18 (four of them). All will have Constitutions to match, with Dexterity above 12. HP are 13, 14, 12, 16. (repeated four times). Watch Leaders are 16, 14, 18, 20. Men fight at 45%, Watch Leaders at 50%. Both parry and defend 5% less than attack ability.

Field Marshall

Gloriana apCulhaine: INT: 17, POW: 12, CON: 12, DEX: 10, CHAR: 18, SIZ 9. Her spells are: Demoralize, Darkwall, Countermagic, Detect Enemies, Detect Detection, Detection Blank. A fiery lady with copper hair, Gloriana will not take assault on her position or her person lying down, as both are important to the defense of her country. She is an extremely devious and talented leader—and is very, very valuable to her country. She is a 90% fighter with her weapons of longsword and dagger, 65% with her longbow, and she is 100% literate in her language and that of the attacking faction. Her ransom is negotiable, and very large.

Of interest is her armor—quite famous it is—which is blue-enameled bronze scale with gold edging. Over the left breast there is a triangle of yellow enameled scales in the center of which is one drab, rusty iron scale. This scale is engraved with a luck rune and has a bound spirit. This magical armor enhances all abilities by 3% by causing a series of absurd coincidences when that 3% would make a difference between success and failure in any particular action. Thus attackers trip over their sword-belts, which slip down around their knees, crossbow strings break at the worst possible moment, and helms slip over eyes. The armor will apply its 3% in any way convenient, even if this means considerable indignity for the wearer. As a result, Gloriana is thought to be somewhat of a klutz. (Have fun with this—the more absurd the happenstance, the better. Describe the occasion, and make your players marvel at your wit and inventiveness. You need not mention my name until after the adventure. . . .) The armor is an heirloom, and may be ransomed for up to 5000 wheels. If the thing is run right, the party may not realize magic is involved, as Glory will insist she just wears the scale “for luck”.

There is a tower on a bluff some distance from the fort which is in constant communication with it by heliograph—equipped for night and day use. The tower is a 20 x 20 foot room at the top of an open-work tower (I'm tired of thinking metric, damned if I'll convert all of Kelnore to meters). On top of a 30 foot tower. . . .think of it as ten meters. . . .which is made of logs and looks oddly like the watch tower in “F Troop”, except that it is much better built, and much larger.

The four guardsmen in the tower, HP: 15, 14, 17, 13, are in all respects similar to those guardsmen at the fort.

In addition to regular personnel at the fort, there are at any given time dispatch riders at the fort from 1 - 3 of them. They will do their best to escape, and if they do, the whole mission will be aborted, and the players denounced as outlaws. Therefore, it is imperative to capture them and in some way render them helpless to escape (...any means necessary...). They are 65% fighters with mounted lance and saber and have a 60% defense. In addition, there is a 10% chance that one will know some spell usable to help him elude pursuit.

There is a 1% chance per hour of the arrival of a dispatch rider from the capital or some other border fort. In order to prevent their returning with the news of the capture prematurely, they must in some way be neutralized. No dispatch rider has a Constitution less than 12, but they tend to be rather small. They all have Dexterity above 14, and are ferocious fighters with lance, saber, and occasionally horsebow.

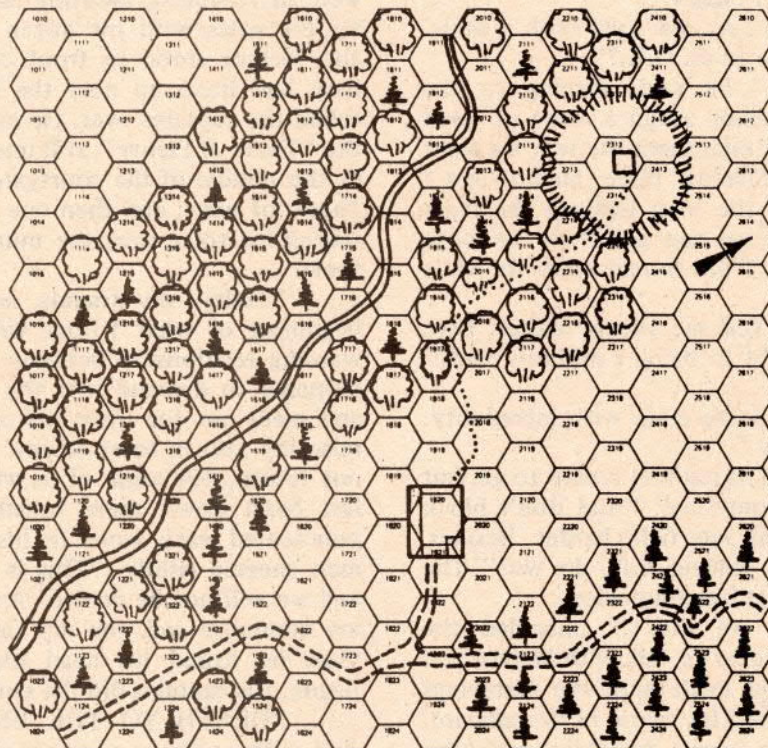
If one courier is lost, another will be sent, as dispatch riders often don't live through a mission through no fault of the enemy. Two in a row will cause some suspicion, though. A third will be sent, but will not figure in the game, as the main objective will be engaged by then, and "the balloon will be up". At this point, the players will be relieved if they wish to be, and in any case will be paid what is due them.

Suggestions for Play

Life might be more interesting if another gamer is assigned the defense of the fort, or even another group of players. If this is the case, remove all personnel but Gloriana, the Cook and Blacksmith, and the occasional dispatch rider, as it is assumed that there will be a sufficient force at the player's command to do just about any garrison duty.

Let the players hold the fort while NPCs try to take the fort.

Add weather effects.





The Arcane Elders



By J. Mark Hendricks

When the orders were given to prepare for battle, it took less than a quarter of an hour for Melkor to group his men together. As Rohcyl surveyed his troops he realized the truth in his friends' advice... the eyes of every man there overflowed with lust for the blood and destruction of their enemies below. He wondered how controllable they would be when the full fury of fighting filled their fiery veins. At least this way they would fight far harder, giving some of them a chance at surviving they might not otherwise have. He called his captains to him.

"Lute, have Melkor pick you twelve good fighters and take them to guard the forest entrance. Let none of the vermin escape."

"With pleasure," replied Lute with a smile. "But please leave a few to us, O.K.?"

"Done. Ralph," he said, turning to the halfling, "I'll have Melkor assign a score of good men to you. You will take them the way we went in searching for the Shadow Mage. Melkor and I will lead the rest of the men through the main hall. It may be that we can get them on both sides." Ralph smiled. "That should make for some good fighting."

"Aye, it will. Tell me young master, have you ever given thought to being a military man?" queried the halfling.

"Never!" replied the mage with incredulity.

"More's the pity."

"I think not." The halfling turned to go, but stopped as Rohcyl continued. "And don't block their escape. Cornered rats fight harder. Besides, we don't want Lute getting soft, do we?" The young wizard winked at his companion.

"No sir, that we don't," chuckled the halfling as he walked over to talk with Melkor and pick his men. Rohcyl made sure the fastenings of his robe and loosened his sword in its scabbard. He had not wanted to wear it, but Ralph and Lute both insisted. Perhaps they were right. If nothing else, it would impress the men. And it was a fine blade.

Strangely enough, Lute had refrained from drawing it forth for a closer examination when given the opportunity, mumbling something about his poor hands being too unworthy of such a fine piece of craftsmanship. He had also made a cryptic statement, warning the young mage against indiscriminate use of such a weapon. Exactly what the bard had meant, or intended to convey, Rohcyl was not sure. No more could be pried from between his lips.

It did not matter. Rohcyl had his robe and wizard's staff: The were protection enough. Indeed, if they wouldn't help him, then of small use the sword would be, or so he believed.

He looked out over the courtyard. The men were in readiness, awaiting his signal. Lute stood by the gates with his dozen picked men. Ralph and Melkor stood in front of their men, which they had lined up near the stable door. Rohcyl called the captains over. He moved to the head of the "Table of Plenty", still unmoved from its place in the middle of the courtyard. He poured each a flagon of wine, and then one for himself. Finally, raising his voice over the murmur of the men he spoke.

"Today, my friends, is the beginning. The beginning of what I hope will be a long and rewarding relationship between us. Now, as we are prepared to descend into the depths of the earth and meet our foe upon his own ground, I would raise my cup in toast of you all. Some of us may not return, but **none** of us **will** return until every last beast down there breathes no longer." He punctuated each word in his last sentence. The men cheered wildly. "This is our day of victory, and we will not be denied! And so I drink to you my comrades and you my captains." And saying thus, he tossed his head back and drained the flagon. His captains did the same.

"DEATH TO THE BEAST!" he shouted. And with a voice as of one man they all responded. "Death to the beasts! Death to the beasts! Death to the..." As the men shouted their battle chant, Rohcyl gave his captains their final orders. Having

clasped hands with the young mage, Lute proceeded to lead his men out the gate and to the forest entrance of the crypts below. Rohcyl raised his hands for silence. Once having quieted down the remaining men he gave them their last instructions.

"Surprise is essential. They are not expecting us. We must strike hard and strike quickly. Try to be as silent as possible. Melkor, Ralph, make sure your men with bows are in front when you sound the attack. Remember, not a man is to utter a sound until Melkor winds his battle horn. Ready? Draw weapons. Let's go."

The trek down was uneventful. Scouts reported nothing moving ahead or at the bottom of the stairs. Once into the crypts themselves, the two parties split up. Melkor to the left and the main hall; Ralph to the right and the narrower passage. This time, though they were taking far more men, far less noise was made. Ralph, and Melkor too, suspected Rohcyl of having a hand in the matter. Whether he had or not, it was a welcome silence, and one that lent itself to complete surprise.

Rohcyl had been hesitant to start so late in the afternoon, but it worked out to their advantage. The orcs, preferring nocturnal activities, were just getting up when Rohcyl's troops arrived. Only four guards were seen, and these were quickly disposed of. Then, once the men were positioned about the area (Ralph had not yet arrived), Melkor winded his horn in one long loud blast. Some thought it would bring in the crypts down upon them. It almost did.

It drove the orcs out of their holes in droves. They seemed to come from nowhere, but they were the ones surprised. The fighting did not take long. Even though outnumbered almost two to one, Melkor's seasoned men made short work of the orc band. Only a scant handful ever made it as far as the stairs. Even so, those that did get as far as the stairs never made it farther than a few feet into the forest.

Only moments after the horn sounded, Ralph and his men came in upon the scattered skirmishes in the hall. Minutes later the fighting was confined to one area, just before the door to the orc's main room. Melkor's men had surrounded six or seven large orcs and were quickly beating them back to the wall and killing them off one by one. Once the last orc had been disposed of they tried the door. It was locked and bolted from the inside, or so they guessed. The men backed off to let their leaders step forward and survey the situation. Melkor and Rohcyl looked over the door. It was made of heavy oak and bound with iron. Melkor spoke first.

"I have just the thing young wizard." Rohcyl looked at him but said nothing. Melkor continued. "Mongo. . . Mongo, come here. He's my sister's boy, the one I mentioned." The boy came up to them. Rohcyl's mouth almost dropped to the floor. Ralph, who was coming up from the rear of the party gasped. Mongo (a warrior who would later make quite a name for himself throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom), stood head and shoulders over everyone, even his uncle. He was dressed in plate mail with shield and wielded a six-foot double-handed blade in his right hand. The blade was, to say the least, very bloody.

"Mongo!" hissed his uncle angrily, "How many times have I told you. . . wipe your blade clean after every battle!" Then, turning to Rohcyl, he whispered, "Nice kid, but a bit dense between the ears." Rohcyl looked at him for a moment and then responded.

"Go ahead, see if he can break down the door."

"You heard the man, Mongo. The door. Break down the door."

So, handing his sword to two men nearby, Mongo proceeded to take his stance by the door.

"Wait," said Rohcyl. He raised his staff and pointed it at the door. "Just in case," he said smiling. "Now! Mongo, now!"

With that the simple goliath heaved the sole of his right foot squarely against the center of the door. It fell with a crash. Suddenly there was a bright flash, an explosion and the smell of burned wood, as smoke began to pour out of the room. Rohcyl had released a small fire ball a split second after Mongo kicked in the door. Inside five orc corpses smouldered in the corner across from the door. Three of them held cocked crossbows, each one still pointing to the door.

Melkor, Ralph and Rohcyl stepped into the room and surveyed the scene. The room had apparently been the headquarters of the orc leader and his henchmen. Ralph began to look around the room, some of the men began to follow their leaders and rummage through the debris. Melkor went over to the corner and looked at the corpses; Mongo followed him. Rohcyl stood in the center of the room looking around. After a few moments Melkor, head somewhat bent and shoulders a little stooped, came over to the young mage. Mongo still sheepishly followed at his uncle's heels.

Mongo worshipped his uncle and, like a little puppy, continually sought his approval and recognition. Nor was the affection directed all one way. Mongo, though dense and childlike, had become dear to Melkor, so much so that, for all his rough-

ness toward his nephew, he had a soft spot in his heart for the boy. Consequently, it was with a great sense of debt that he now approached the young mage and master of them all. In that sudden moment of decision after the door had been knocked down, Rohcyl had saved the life of the only thing dearer to Melkor than his treasures, his sister's son.

"M'lord Rohcyl. You have saved my nephew's life and I am in your debt. You shall have no trouble from me or any of my men throughout the duration of our...er...hurrumph...stay." Then turning away from the young wizard and facing Mongo he whispered sharply, "Thank him, dolt, thank him. He saved your life."

Mongo sheepishly approached Rohcyl. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. And thank you. I doubt we could have opened the door without you." Mongo grinned.

"I'll see to the men m'lord," ventured Melkor.

"Do that. And my name is Rohcyl."

"Yes, m'lo...Rohcyl. I'll see to it right away." So saying he proceeded to go back out into the hall, Mongo still at his heels. Ralph sided up to the young wizard.

"You did well, young master. Before you only had his fear, now you have both his gratitude and respect, far greater bonds in times of trouble."

"Not always, friend halfling," replied Rohcyl with a smile, "but decidedly safer."

Ralph bowed his head and conceded the point. With one fell swoop, Rohcyl had secured the loyalty of Melkor and his nephew. Certainly no small feat, and a very strategic one at that; for where the leader goes, the rest eventually follow. It would not be long before the young mage would win them all over to his side. And indeed, he already had a good start, what with giving them a victorious battle against the orcs and filling their bellies from his baqueting table. Rohcyl smiled to himself. A hide of armor might not be necessary after all. He turned to Ralph.

"Let us go check on the others."

Ralph nodded and fell into step behind the young mage as he headed back out the door. Almost as an afterthought, the youth turned to the other men in the room and ordered them to gather together anything of value, especially books, scrolls and parchments, and take it to the surface.

Out in the hall Melkor stood with one of the fighting men and one dressed in a drab white robe. *Religious sort*, thought Rohcyl. In fact, it was Tar-rân, Melkor's cleric. Even though he was not a religious man, Melkor was a practical one, and

saw quite well the advantages of retaining one with such skills as Tar-rân possessed. The other was Elebor, whose mother's mother had been a full blooded elf. These two were in charge of seeing to the wounded in times past, and now was no time for things to change. Rohcyl interrupted their discussion.

"What news do you have?"

"Tis not good, but it could be worse," replied Melkor.

"Say on."

"Four dead, but they were my poorest fighters. Eight wounded, two seriously." Melkor's voice was grave.

"I know that they are your men, Melkor, but that doesn't sound near as bad as it could be."

"That's not all. Seven other men are missing. Either they've taken off, or we mised a few of those whoresons." He shook his head. "Damn. They was good men, too."

"I take it these are your healers?" Melkor nodded. "Then have them see to the wounded, and when they think the men can be moved, have them taken up to the keep. Gather the rest of the men, we are going to search these crypts for the others."

"There will be no need for that," came a voice from down the hall. As they turned to face whoever had accosted them, they saw Lute and his men coming towards them. "They're dead. Jumped by orcs in hiding. They put up a good fight though, took more orcs with them than not. We cleaned up the rest. I'm sorry Melkor, I know what its like to lose good men."

"How many does that leave us?" asked Ralph.

"Eleven dead, eight wounded. Forty-two. Forty-five including yourselves," replied Melkor.

"It will do," said Rohcyl. "Send everyone back up to the keep except for a burial detail to gather our men, and pile the orcs in one corner, or rather one section of the main hall."

Melkor mumbled a low "yes sir" and went off to cary out his orders. Rohcyl, Lute and Ralph headed back for the keep. Once back above ground, Rohcyl saw to it that the wounded men were placed in the upstairs rooms and great hall, and that anything of value taken from the crypts was piled in the center of the courtyard.

By the time everything had been taken care of the sun was long down and the stars had already begun to come out. Rohcyl ordered great torches to be set about the battlements and upon tall poles amidst the courtyard, in order to spread light about the area as the men sat down to eat. As always, the meal spread before them could be described as nothing less than princely, and, though

they had lost eleven comrades-at-arms, their spirits were high. After the meal Rohcyl rose to address the men, an act which was swiftly becoming customary.

"My friends, today we have wrought a great victory." He paused in order to let the loud cheering die down. "Our hearts rejoice at the defeat of our enemies," more cheers, "and mourn at the loss of our brothers." The men fell silent. "On the morrow we will bury our dead as is proper, and afterwards I am going to seal off the crypts. . . . forever." He paused for a few moments and then continued. "I have my desire, Théoran is avenged and the orcs are dead. Melkor, you and your men may do what you will with all that was taken from them of value. Divide it among yourselves as you see fit." Again the men cheered. This was no small gift. In the midst of searching the crypts, besides the occasional odd coin or two on each orc's person, one of the men had found their misgotten hoarde. All tallied it exceeded three thousand in gold, five thousand in silver, two thousand in copper, a couple small sacks of gems, a scroll, three handsome blades, a number of daggers and various pieces of armor. Melkor quieted his men as he, too, stood to his feet.

"Men!" he shouted, "A toast to the young wizard. May this generous youth have a long and happy life, and may we not wear out our welcome."

"Hear, hear!" and "aye," cried the men in respond. Lute sat dumbfounded.

"I thought he wanted to slit our. . ." he began to say to the halfling in a low tone of voice.

"Shhhh!!!" interrupted Ralph. "I'll explain it to you later." Lute just shook his head. Only hours before, Melkor would have just as soon split their skulls as look at them; now he was toasting Rohcyl. It didn't make sense. He could

understand the way the men felt. None of them ever really knew what went on that first night at the keep, much less the fact that they were virtually prisoners. At the time, they were all too full of food and ale. But Melkor, he had been stone, cold sober when Rohcyl meted out his judgment. Why the change?

Lute felt like dragging the short excuse for a person next to him off to one side of the keep and finding out what was going on. He finally decided to wait until later to question the halfling further. After a few more minutes, Rohcyl excused himself for the evening and told Ralph and Lute that he wanted to see them in the dining hall as soon as possible. They quietly got up and followed him into the house. Once inside he spoke quickly and in a low tone.

"I want you to come with me down into the crypt of Valmous tonight. I told them I would seal off the crypts, and I will, but first I want to copy all the writing on the walls."

"Why not delay the sealing and copy them at your leisure." Lute's voice betrayed his definite lack of desire to descend once again into the crypts below.

"No. The sooner I seal it off, the better off we'll all be."

"What's the rush?" pushed the bard. "There's nothing living down there now anyway." Rohcyl said nothing, but stared hard into the eyes of Lute. "Then again on the other hand, young master, no sense in putting off until tomorrow what you can do tonight," Lute added glumly.

"I'm glad you think so," replied Rohcyl. Ralph suppressed a laugh. "I'll get my copying tools and be right down."

"I'll get a few torches," added Ralph.

"I'll get another drink," said Lute solemnly.



RUNELETTERS

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Runeletters is a

new column/feature of **The Dungeoneer**. It is going to deal specifically with **Runequest** and **Runequest** related materials and ideas. The format of the column is intended to be APAish (Amatuer Press Association), a sort of question-and-answer column with both questions and answers being provided by you, the readers with commentary and some answers provided by myself. Where possible, questions will be answered out of the rules and from the available source, scenario and specialty packs along with reader commentary. Any truly difficult questions will be forwarded to Greg Stafford and Steve Perrin at the CHAOSIUM for possible "official" interpretation. As mentioned before, this column will be styled along the lines of an APA. However, the editor reserves the right to re-write, condense and edit submitted material as he deems necessary, for whatever reason. No personal attacks or character assassinations will be tolerated or see print. Leave that to others who seem to do it so well. Material published will be compensated for as per regular **Dungeoneer** submission rates. Unless otherwise requested, the individual author's home address will accompany each submission to facilitate inter-player contact and discussion. Address all comments, questions and article submissions to **Runeletters**, c/o Paul Jaquays, Judges Guild, 1165 N. University Ave., Decatur, IL. 62526. Any questions requesting a personal reply should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The material are some ideas that I have been kicking around and would like to see some comment on along with some ideas for possible article submissions and what-not.

I know that **Runequest** is designed to be used with the CHAOSium's Dragonpass series of games, that is on their world Glorontha; but what about those of us who like the rules, but would rather design our own worlds (Mark Swanson touched on this in his "My Life and Role-Playing" article in **Different Worlds** No. 1)? I am in the process of doing this myself and would like to hear some other reactions on this subject. This would include, hopefully, the basis for magic. I am cur-



baboon

rently planning on using a single deity concept with various arch angels, angels and saints subbing in for gods and spirits; something along the line of Katherine Kurtz's "Deryni" novels. My room mate, on the other hand, is designing a world system based on Steven Donaldson's "Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever" series using "Earth Power" as a magic base. The fun part is that both areas will be existing on the same planet. As I said before, I'd like to hear what else is being done in this area.

Here's a thought. How about using the Judges Guild campaign maps as a basis for a Runequest world? They are great maps and if one designs one's own information instead of using the D&D related Guild material, it almost becomes too easy. I have started by using map No. 2 and setting a scale of 1 hex equals 10 kilometers. Already I am locating the various scenario packs around the map.

How about some other short-cuts to setting up campaigns? I think that Runequest definitely lends itself to campaign and wilderness adventuring, rather than the "gilded hole" philosophy so popular in the D&D rules.

How about new monsters? In addition to these, a few pre-rolled individuals of the type presented might be helpful.

(Editor's Note: An article by Greg Stafford on new Runequest monsters is printed elsewhere in this issue.)

How about a page or two of pre-rolled characters for NPC's? These could be creatures from your campaigns or late-lamented player characters.

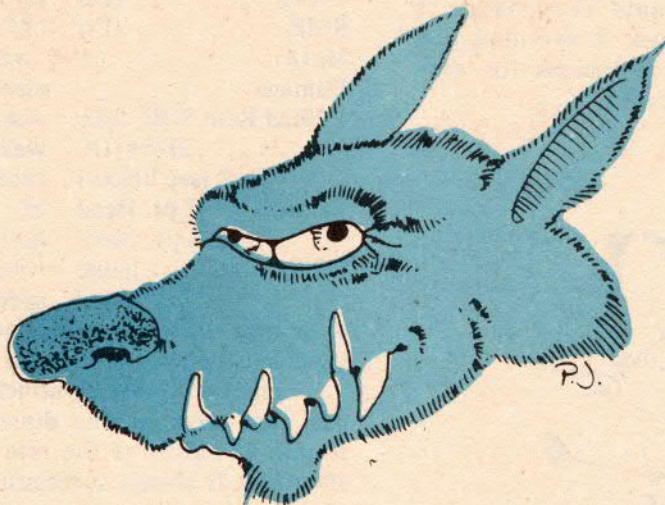
Some new battle magic and rune magic might be interesting.

There is always room for some short mini-scenarios that could be randomly placed on a map or used as a random encounter.

Or how about some great Runequest art, depicting the various Runequest critters?

The above are just a few ideas of what would make great material for this column, along with rules clarifications and variants. I am entirely open to suggestion and would rather read this column than be forced into writing it every two months. It's up to you. You can either listen to my biased commentary, which is no doubt bound to become repetitious, or you can put your mouth where the money is and be heard. I'm not looking for professional writers, just intelligent questions, responsible answers and interesting ideas.

Until next time (and I hope to see a few of you up here with me on this literary podium), I remain



monster matrix



Incubus/Succubus by Greg Stafford

STR..... 3D6 The Incubus/Succubus is
INT..... 2D6+6 an insubstantial creature
POW..... 2D6+6 capable of creating a
CON..... 3D6 temporary body for pur-
DEX..... 3D6 poses of carnal desire
CHAR..... 3D6+6 and ability to create
SIZE..... 3D6 trouble. They appear to
Weapon..... Special single people, such as
Magic..... Invisibility watchmen or night wan-
 Detection Blank derers, of either sex, and
 ... Spirit Shield they attempt to seduce
 and thereby destroy the
the victim through their wantonness. They are
capable of assuming a form of either gender, as
required for their work.

The special attack is done by using the incubus/succubus' Charisma versus the victim's Power to simulate the hypnotic powers of the demon. If the victim is overcome in an attack, then he will take 1D6 points of damage to his Hit Points. This damage is curable only by time, not by magical healing.

Once a victim has been successfully taken by an incubus/succubus he will be approached again each night thereafter until the creature is rebuffed or the victim is dead. A succubus gets an additional 10% chance of success for each previous success against a victim.



Golems by Greg Stafford

STR..... 6D6+12 The Golem of terrestrial
INT..... 1D6 mythos was a creature
POW..... 3D6 created by a alchemist
CON..... 1D4+14 in the ghetto of Warsaw's
DEX..... 2D6 Jewish quarter to protect
CHAR..... 1D6 and liberate his people.
SIZE..... 2D6+12 There was only one, but
Move..... 5 popular fantasy has pop-
Damage: ulated the world with
Right Hand S/R5 55% hundreds. The one here
 2D8+2D6 is suitable as one of a
Left Hand S/R10 45% race of the creatures,
 2D8+2D6 not the original one,
Armor..... 6 pt. skin which was indestructable.
Spells..... Ironhand,
 Protection

Rhinoceros Snake by Greg Stafford

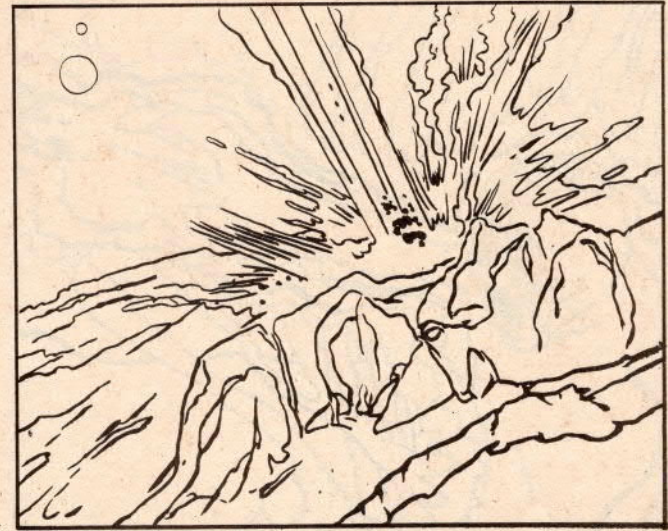
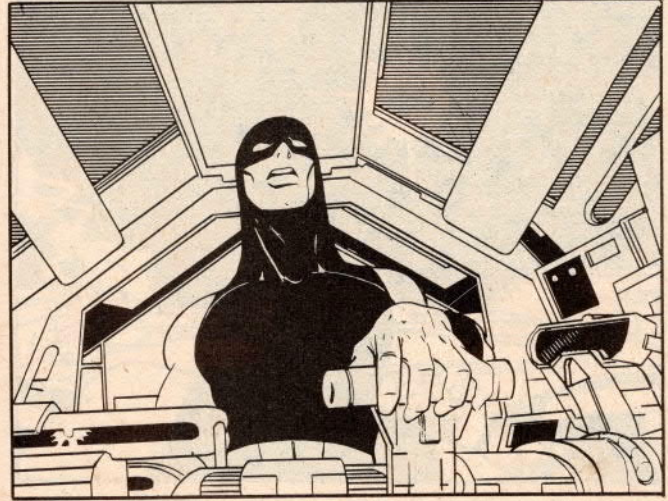
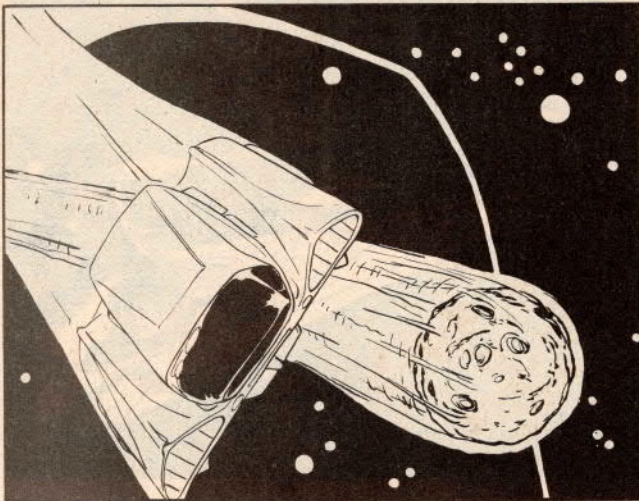
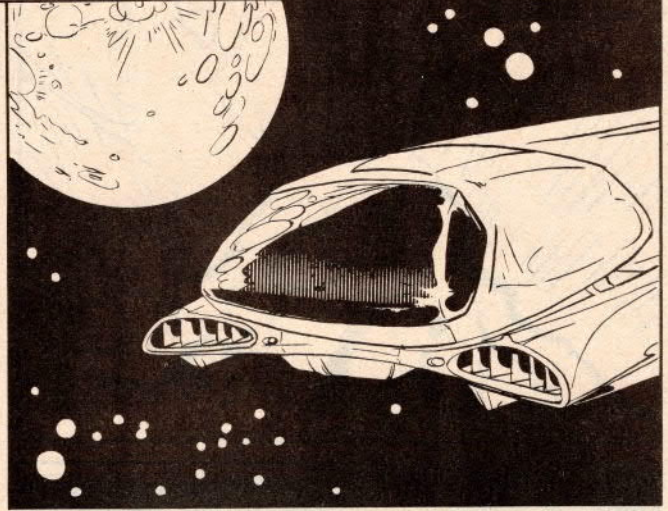
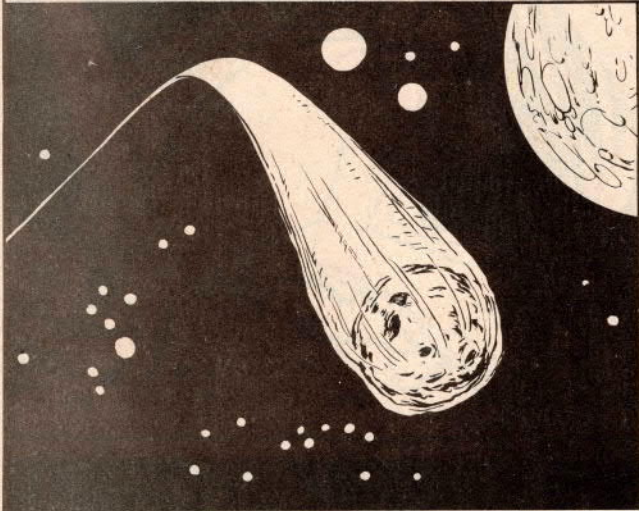
STR..... 4D6 The Rhino snake is a
POW..... 2D6 vegetarian but very ag-
CON 3D6 gressive snake which is
DEX..... 3D6 found in the underground
CHAR..... 1D6 tunnels, of many ruins,
SIZE..... 4D6 probably being leftover
Move..... 6 "watchdogs" from an an-
Damage: cient race which has since
Head Ram S/R6 50% disappeared. They are
 2D6+1D6 well suited for living in
 Roll (see below) tunnels, and are capable
Armor..... 7 pt. Head of squeezing through
 6 pt. Body holes as small as 2 meters
Spells..... None wide. In such a small
 space they can block
with only their heads in one direction. They are
capable of moving backwards too.

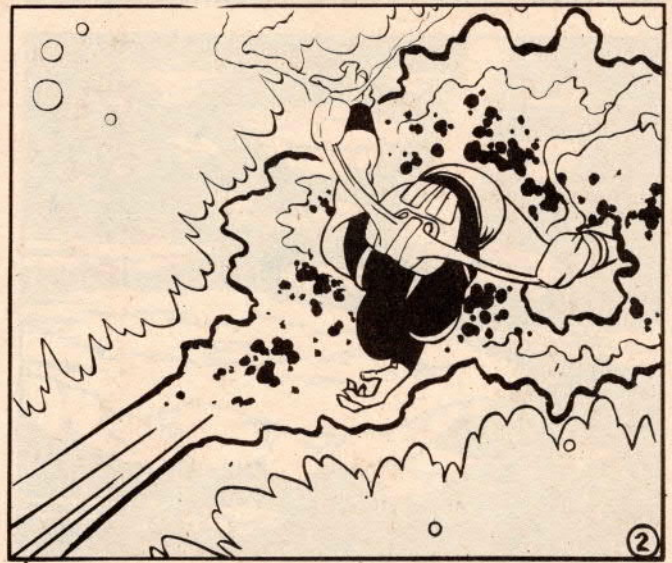
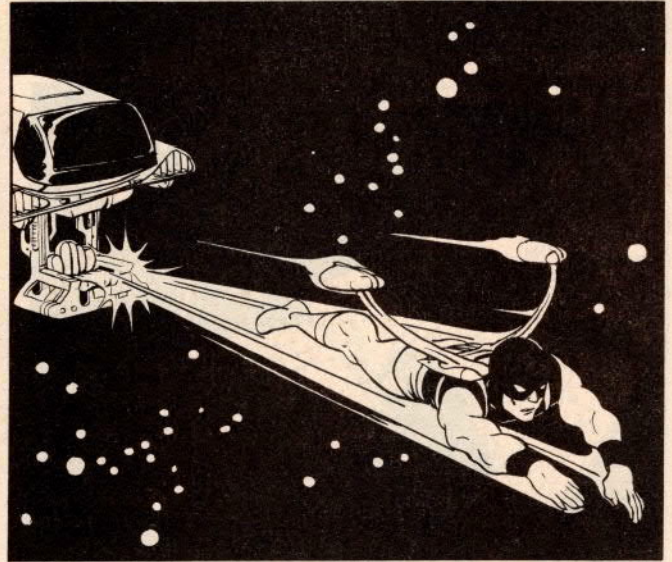
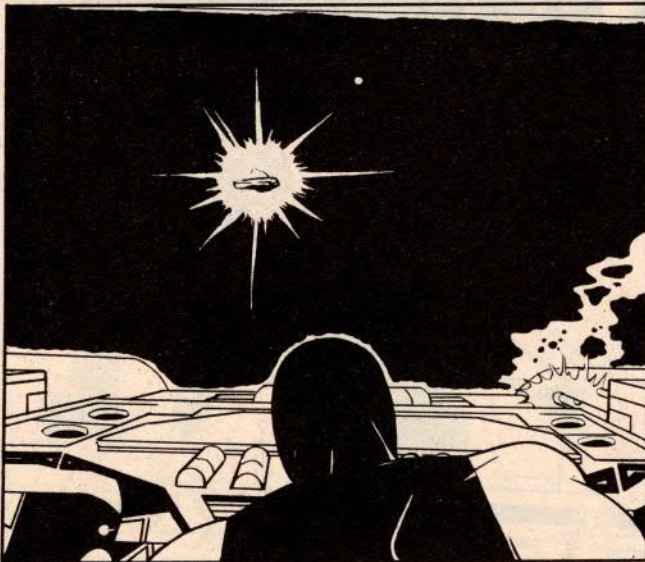
It has a special attack of Rolling Over. It can turn over in one direction one each melee round. It moves at the rate of 1 meter per S/R. Its attack is always successful unless the defending creatures make a successful Jumping Ability Roll to leap over it. If they do not make their roll they take damage equal to the damage bonus of the snake, to hit points, with armor absorbing damage as usual.

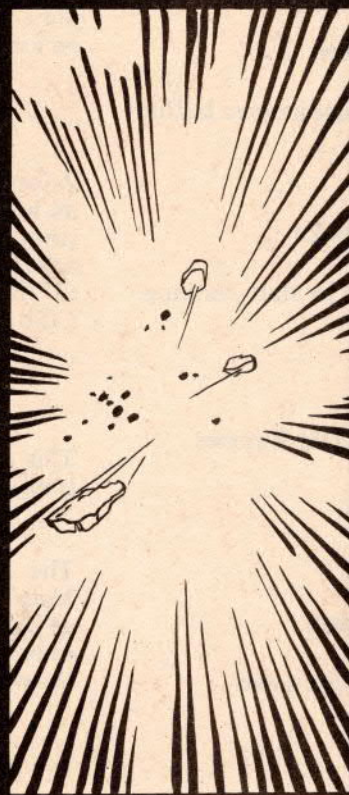
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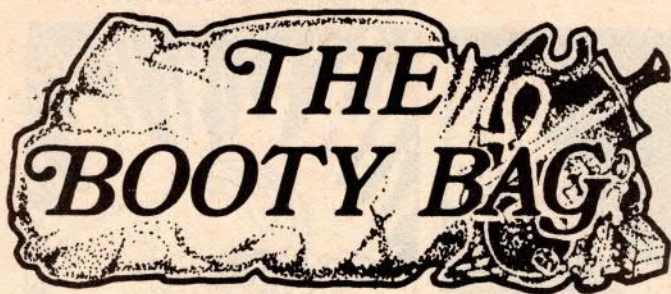
QUESTING

A-10679









Scrolls, Protection/Curses

by Scott Johnson

Teleportation to nearest water on land (not underground).

Wand of Storing

by Scott Johnson

This wand stores 1 - 5 spells and is used as scroll.

Staff of Storing

by Scott Johnson

This staff stores 1 - 10 spells and is used as scroll.

Pipeweed of Rainstorm

by Scott Johnson

This pipeweed causes a torrential downpour for 1 - 8 hours.

Pipeweed of Smokescreen

by Scott Johnson

This Pipeweed projects a very thick smokescreen lasting 1 - 4 turns.

Pipeweed of Choking Smoke

by Scott Johnson

This Pipeweed will cause the inhaler to start choking. It will last 1 - 6 turns.

Book of Beautiful Melodies and Old Rhymes

by Scott Johnson

This book raises Bards one Level.

Book of Gainful Forestry

by Scott Johnson

This book raises Rangers and Druids one Level.

Cornicupia

by Steve Marsh

A small horn, it provides enough food for 1D4 people per day.

Ring of Spell Point Storing

by Steve Marsh

Instead of storing spells it stores spell points, and has room for 2D6 levels of spells spell points. 50% come filled.

Sorrowfull Sword of Moonbeams

by Steve Marsh

This sword will not exist in daylight but it comes back in the dark. It is +2 to hit and +3 to damage as well as causing any hit to save vs magic or collapse for 1D4 turns in total sorrow. It is a silver in color and also grants its welder +4 against illusions and phantasms.

Halo of Green Water

by Steve Marsh

A magic halo that can be put on or off somewhat like a cloak. While worn the wearer may swim thru the water at 24" a turn, breathe as if in air and add +3 to his AC.

Halo of Ice

by Steve Marsh

The wearer is translucent to all icy magic and weapons of cold. Also is hasted as long as he is standing on ice (and will never slip on same).

Halo of Fire

by Steve Marsh

Beloved of the Flame Nymphs, this garment makes its wearer translucent to fire and things of firey nature (they just pass by him as if they didn't exist for each other) as well as allowing the wearer limited flight (3"/turn) and the ability to do immolation damage (2D6 to all within 3').

Bow of Arming

by Steve Marsh

This bow strings itself whenever it detects enemies lying in wait.

The above magic items were forged by a nameless Mage for a Monk/Cleric (Grand Master and Partiarth) of the White God who took them with him upon his quest into the nexus of Aberlachen. Some of the items showed up without the Monk. Too bad!

Armor of Flame by Alex Muromcew

This magical armor is basically a crock for when it is worn it turns to flame during 3 D8 of damage per turn to the wearer. However, if the wearer is fire resistant (ring etc.), it becomes truly valuable. It acts as +3 plate and all non-magical weapons have a 10% chance of melting when sticking at the armor. All cold using creatures have a 50% chance, per attack, of suffering 1 D8 of damage. Blasts of cold (spell, dragon breath) will destroy the armor, as will large amounts of water. Swords of Cold are an additional +2 to hit and flaming Swords are -3 to hit. This armor also casts a 5' radius of light. If the wearer wishes, he may try to drag opponents into contact with his armor doing 1 D6 of damage per turn.

Armor of Ice by Alex Muromcew

This is the counterpart of Armor of Flame. When worn, unless the wearer is immune to cold, it does 4 D6 of damage per turn. Otherwise it acts as +3 plate and all non-magical weapons have a 10% chance of freezing to the armor and snapping. Fire using creatures have a 50% of taking 1 D8 of damage per attack. Flaming Swords are an additional +2 against it and Swords of Cold are + to hit. Fireballs, Dragons Breath, etc., can destroy the armor. The wearer may try to drag an opponent to his armor doing 1 D6 of damage per turn.

Spine of Red/or other Dragon Detection by Earl Bless

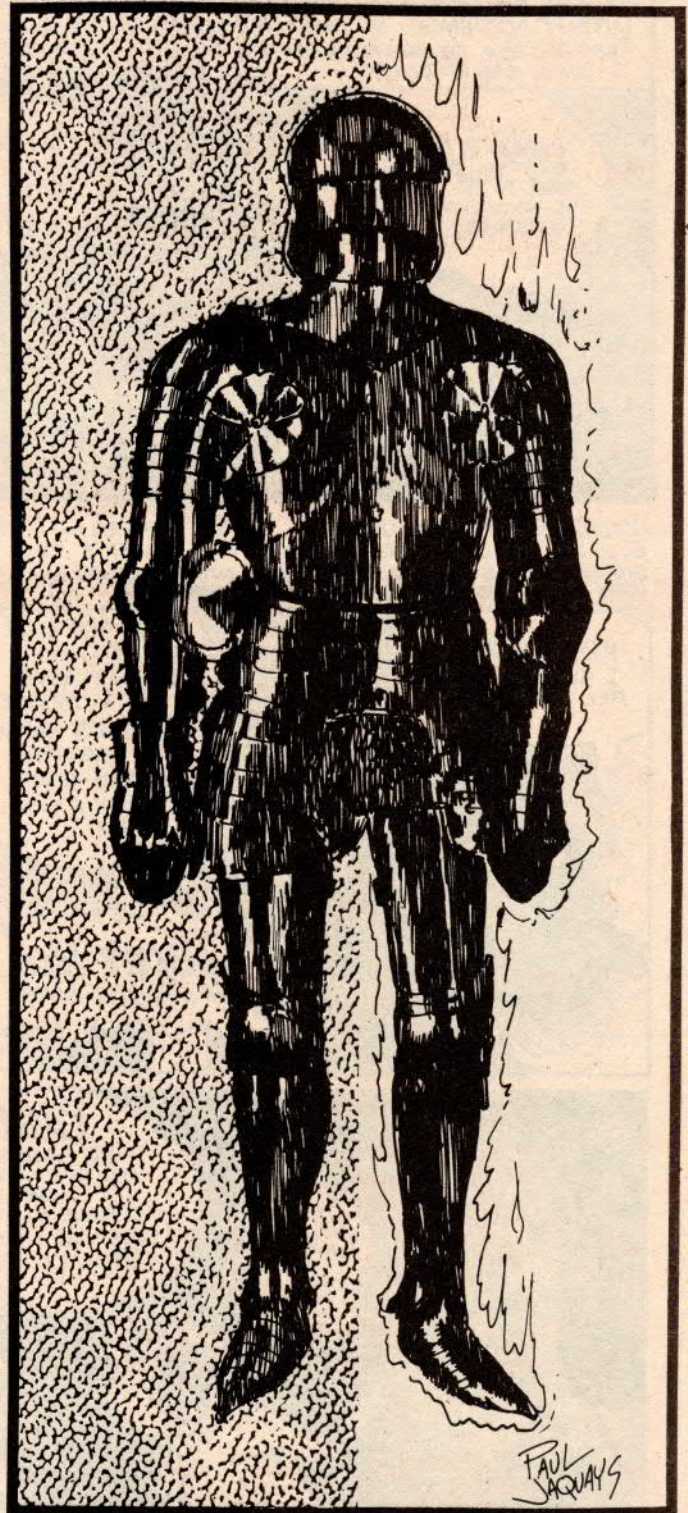
This spine will go heavy when a dragon of the certain color is within 100 feet. When he/she is within 10 feet he/she will be unable to move. But, when he/she moves out of 10 foot range, it will be able to move but slowly.

Fangs of Acid Neutralization by Earl Bless

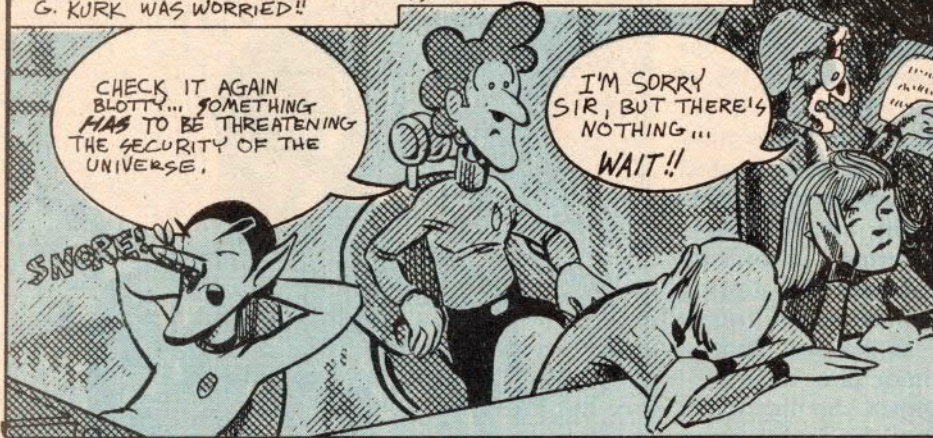
When one of these fangs are dropped into acid it will neutralize in 1 - 4 turns (Player should not know when neutralized).

Cursed Wax by Ronald Pehr

When used to take the imprint of a seal ring, this reddish-black wax guards a document or scroll by putting a curse on anyone who breaks the seal to read the document.



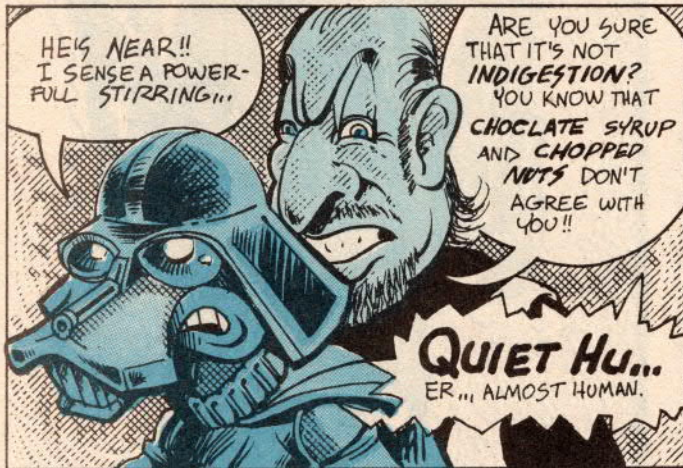
AS YOU MAY REMEMBER, WE LEFT THE STARSHIP "OLD GOREY" FACING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!! NO ONE WAS MENACING THE GALAXY OR THREATENING THE FREEDOM OF MANKIND. NEEDLESS TO SAY... CAPTAIN BLAMES G. KURK WAS WORRIED!!



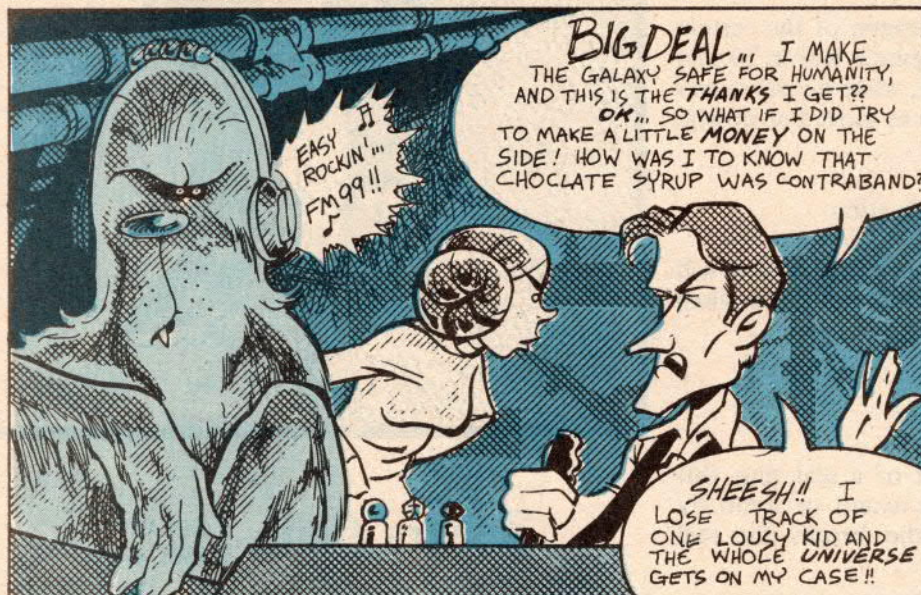
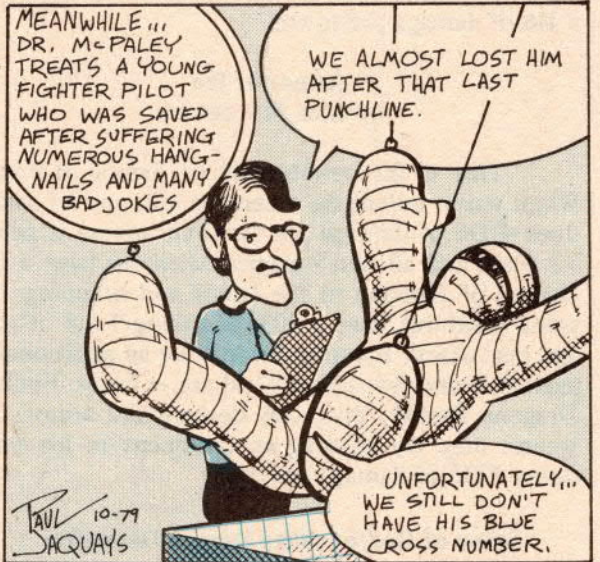
A RIGELLIAN PASSENGER SHIP HAS DISAPPEARED! ALONG WITH A TRANSPORT SHIP CARRYING A CARGO OF CHOPPED NUTS AND CHOCOLATE SYRUP. SHALL WE RESCUE THEM SIR??!



HOWEVER, BARON CHUKK HAS JOINED FORCES WITH THE EVIL DUCKTH WADER, WHOSE PLANS TO SUBJUGATE THE GALAXY WERE FOILED BY A YOUNG INTERSTELLAR HOTRODDER WHO FAILED TO NEGOTIATE A LEFT TURN...



MEANWHILE... DR. M-PALEY TREATS A YOUNG FIGHTER PILOT WHO WAS SAVED AFTER SUFFERING NUMEROUS HANG-NAILS AND MANY BAD JOES

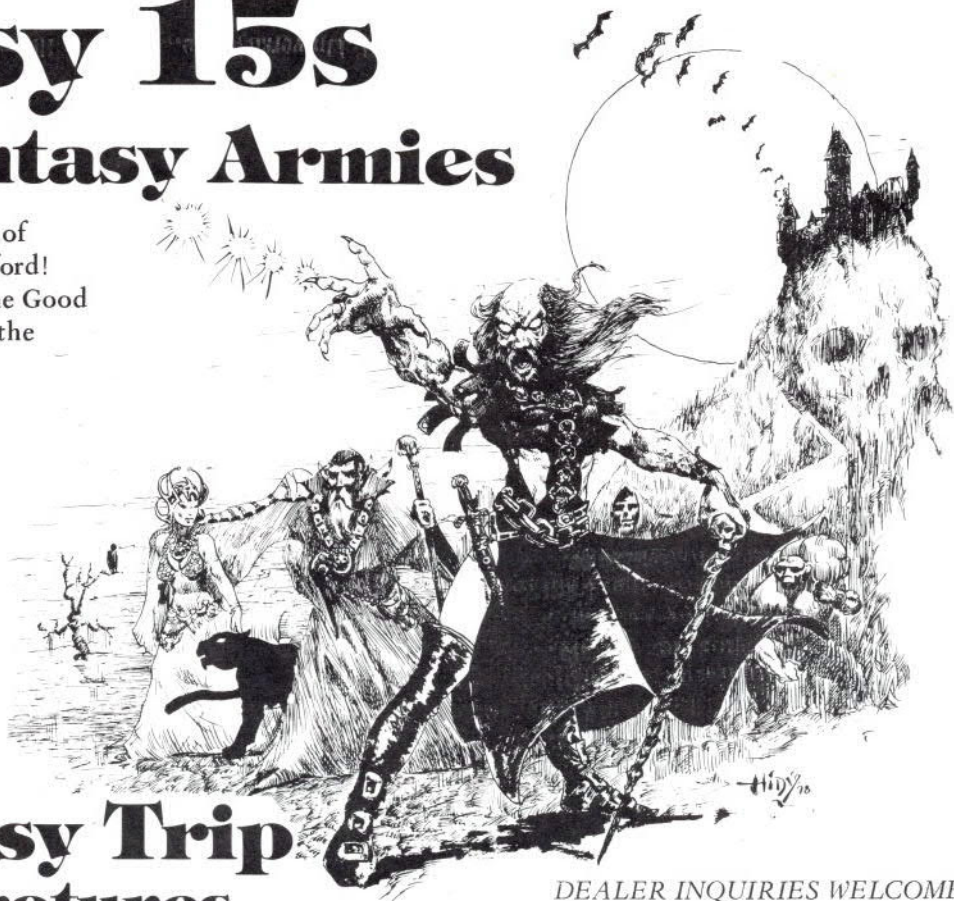


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