

# AUSTRALIAN

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# REALMS

Issue 2

**INTRODUCTORY  
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- ☉ **The Mummies Curse**  
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- ☉ **The Clergy in Cthulhu**  
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- ☉ **Campaign Armies**  
— *For AD & D*
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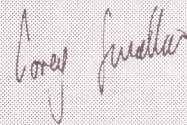
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So, Realms lives on. First of all, apologies to those of you who are expecting Australia - Gamma Style part II, this has been delayed until issue 3.

This issue features **The Mummies Curse**, an AD&D scenario, **Heaven Help Us for Cthulhu** and six other features. Also inside is all of our departments, with one exception. **Wizsearch**, due to an overall negative reaction, has been dropped. So, we are now looking for other comic strips (this is the power of reader input).

Near the back of this issue you'll notice a readers poll form, please fill it in, and then send it in. We would also like to know if you would like to see a full colour miniatures column in the future. By the way, I won't be the editor after this issue, I've been assigned to the design department. The new editor will be **David Griffin**.



Corey Swallow

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# Reviews

## HIGH STAKES GAMBLE

### Top Secret/SI Accessory

by TSR

\$30.00



For the size of the box, it's quite cheap. This shows when looking through it's contents. The vehicle cards (all twenty six of them) are a great idea, the map is well presented and the three books are well written. The only negative aspect of it is it appears to be quite empty considering the size of the box.

But to the serious side of things it contains three thirty two page books, the first dealing with the city, the second with vehicles and the third being a series of small scenarios, ideas and two adventures.

The first book gives a great deal of relevant information about Monte Carlo and certain locations. It conveys the atmosphere, as well as separating rules and background text, which would make use of the setting simple,

quick and trouble free. The second book gives information concerning the Grand Prix of Monaco. It also gives a set of detailed rules called "advanced rules" which cover cars, boats and planes. The third book is a collection of ideas for scenarios, scenarios, and two short adventures.

The actual content of the books is sufficient, especially book one which goes to great depths with information on several locations in Monaco. The only noticeable, major irritation is the lack of good illustrations. The illustrations, which could have, and perhaps, should have been of the locations described so well. Instead we are met with sub-standard artwork, that is repeated throughout the text.

#### Evaluation:

Book One - 7.5

Book Two - 6.5

Book Three - 7

Overall - 7

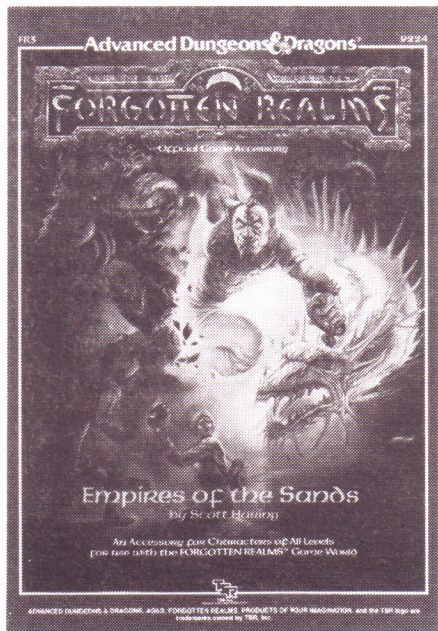
*Top Secret/SI — High Stakes Gamble supplied by Tactics.*

## EMPIRE OF THE SANDS

### FR3 Forgotten Realms supplement

by TSR

\$16.50



I think that generally the FORGOTTEN REALMS supplements have enough detail in them to use just them, and not the entire Forgotten Realms as a campaign world (certainly for short campaigns). When I read through FR3 it was no exception. Two large maps and information on the three nations concerned. The information is of generally such depth, a DM with not much spare time could not ask for more.

This supplement tells of the Arabian type three nations, which are known collectively as the Empire of The Sands. This area is similar to Earth's Persia, with Sultans and other such things one would expect. I think

it would make a refreshing break to adventuring in a normal medieval Europe setting.

It is presented well with cover art by Easley, and interior art that brings home the feel of these desert nations. The paper that is easily identifiable as Forgotten Realms paper, still exists, giving the product a very luxurious feel.

It gives information on all the major towns, cities and transport routes between them. This coupled with general overviews of the area, countryside and political situation, give a truly well worked supplement. The information on NPC's is also well worked, with some interesting people ready to meet your band of adventurers.

Overall I thought it was a good product, more illustrations would have been better, but it details a very interesting corner of the Forgotten Realms setting.

Overall - 7.5

*Reviewed by C. Taber.*

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## The Next Dimension

### Campaign Armies

by Jason Lindwithe

The weather-beaten tent flap leapt aside as the Lord High-Marshal, General Telvin, strode into the anteroom of the kings pavilion.

The Chamberlain, seeing the urgency in the Marshal's expression, pushed his way past into the King's study. 'My Liege-Lord', he bowed, 'Marquis Telvin is here on what appears to be grave import'

Aramin half-turned, 'Send him in then!'. It had always annoyed him: Courtly Protocol, for he was more of a warrior than a king. So it was that he obtained some enjoy-

ment when Telvin, short of patience, entered to the chamberlains horror, BEFORE requested. A sideways glance by the chamberlain allayed any hope of a royal protest. He sulkily slid away mutely cursing something about Royal Protocol and a disrespect for traditional values nowadays.

The brief moment of levity quickly submitted to the serious gaze in Telvin's eyes. Aramin's half-smile dissipated and was replaced with cold, thoughtful reproach as he stared at the rain-drenched Telvin.

Telvin waited: his respect due not to his King but his companion at arms in adventures years past now. The King motioned him to be seated, doing likewise himself. Then he spoke. 'What is it Telvin?', his voice showing its master's intuitive feeling that something was gravely wrong. Gravely wrong indeed!

The room was deathly still. Both men were trapped in the gaze of one another's deepest fears. Then after a brief, subconscious adjustment to his surcoat Telvin forced his fear aside...his lips to move...his voice to speak. 'Our worst fear...', as he spoke Aramin KNEW and began the motion to leap upwards. Telvin finished his message, '...is realised my Lord'.

Then in one motion both men were out of the room, running through the downpour in the darkness of night.

As they sprinted the King screamed above the storm for the chamberlain. The camp was suddenly alive with activity, seething men-at-arms all expectant of some unseen attack. The chamberlain answered his lord swiftly and soon was charging towards the stables. Meanwhile Aramin entered the war-tent, found his armour and with Telvin assisting donned it with peculiar grace.

Then exiting to find two mighty Destriers, misting at the mouths in the chill air, the Marquis and his Lord leapt astride the beasts. The chamberlain was standing beside them struggling for breath between phrases, 'What...is...it...M'Lor.'

'The Fabric!', shouted the Aramin, 'it's preparing to tear!'

The men within earshot ground still by that knowledge, a few staring distantly, fear engraving a path across their faces. The rest stood confused, knowing it was horrific yet not knowing why.





But it was the chamberlain who instilled the fear in those confused hearts. His face torn assunder by an innate facial epilepsy that redefined fear. Then he collapsed, becoming a lifeless expression of pain longing for peace that even in death had not been found.

The King had no time to waste. Not even briefly stopping to check the condition of his liegeman. Telvin followed, spurring his mount onward, shouting at men scrambling to get out of the way.

In an instant they had left the camp with its hurried shouts and commands behind. Onward the mighty steeds raced.

The hooves raped the ground, tearing it with powerful strides as their masters pushed them harder and harder. Through the bracken they pursued unattainable speeds, flesh ripped by thorny branches that dodged and weaved a deadly path of pain. The hazy darkness concealing the pathway ahead: the riders moving onward from memory.

'I only hope that we are not too late!', Aramin fought over the thunder. His heart heavy with fear, his mind awash in a sea of confusion and despair. Such was his distraction that the storm appeared to hurl its fury about him in futility. He heard the warning only just and then too late!

'The BOUGH!', Telvin screeched, as his liege thundered towards the muddy ground below, snapping his neck under the weight of his armour. Telvin's mount followed downward, tripping over the downed king and his destrier. There was no need to look to know that Aramin was dead.

Besides more important thoughts sprang to the fore of his concentration. Dazed and severely winded he dragged himself up, using a low branch. Blood mixed with sweat and rain, washed down his leg. It was broken. No doubt about that. Reaching about in the darkness he grappled for a large length of wood, found it with the aid of a bright burst of lightning and then stumbled onward.

His mind raced along side his heart: thirty feet, then left and forty more. Following his memories like a bloodhound after a scent he

scrambled onward, madly fighting the furious winds that whipped from tree to tree, violently tearing his face and body with its anger. Breathing heavy, lungs assunder with pain his left leg limply following the other. I must not stop...must keep going his mind strained.

Breaking into a clearing his legs gave into the seering pain that was now tearing throughout his trembling, wretched body.

Coughing blood, he struggled to make out the rising shape in the darkness ahead. 'The Hillock!?', he cried to himself. 'Please let me not die here at its base to doom all', he continued, in a whisper towards the starry black sky above.

Then his vision slowly clouded and he silently slipped into the sleep of tormenting nightmares. The storm continued unabated throughout the night but he did not care for he was lost to it.

## The Battle

Telvin's eyes sprang open, the light of the dawn sun peering over the horizon impishly. The air was alive with the smell of new earth and dried leather and he gazed skyward to see the blue sky indicating both night and storm had passed eastward. He sat up...a brief spasm of pain reminding him of where he was. 'The BATTLE. It was to commence at DAWN'

Suddenly his moment of calm was shattered as the real memories of the night before had their full impact. He painfully arose, looking about him as he did so and thereby seeing the ancient burial mound before him.

Climbing forward he slowly began to ascend the hill, dull pain finding its way back into his body as he hobbled along. Reaching the summit, he collapsed from the now intense pain. He was, to a degree, relieved to have stopped moving. The only worry was he knew what had to be done next. That he did not look forward to.

Clasping his hands into fists to fight the pain he slowly began the chant to call to the beyond, 'Dmmm...Dmmmm...Dmmmm', the low droning voice rang out around the hillock. Slowly it began yet soon sped up until it was a fast and furious wailing that pierced the

air with a shattering resound. He knew well what he was doing and the danger it poised. Yet it had to be done and he was the only person left alive who knew how...now that Aramin was dead. He thought to years well gone when he and Aramin and the others rode together. Together they had broken the seal on the Temple of the Ancient Master. Together they had journeyed within and defeated many fell beasts before coming upon the altar of the One: finding the 'Words of the Summons' etched in blood upon that stone. Then he bit hard upon his lip, drawing blood, as the painful memory stirred his sorrow painfully...Fawn, his beloved Fawn had died within those depths. Burned by the Spell of Protection guarding the altarstone. She, a Magi, of all should have known better.

A tear appeared and traced a lonely pathway down along his aged face, following the laugh lines that once had shared the fireside joviality. Those days he thought...those days I will never see again.

His eyes opened, his chant now nought but a whisper. The clouds drew apart and there before him the Ancient One stood.

Telvin had often wondered what the One looked like. Having travelled far he knew anything he imagined would probably not even be close. How right he was. For a moment he doubted whether the young man before him could be...then in the same moment knew that it was.

"You look like you had a rough night...Telvin", the fact that the One knew his name did not surprise him. He more or less expected that...at least,"Well say something. I did not come all this distance merely to be gaped at", the One went on, his complete lack of serious worries clearly evident.

Telvin just stared for a moment. An impish looking youth staring, waiting, back. Clearing his throat Telvin began, 'Well? You must stop the battle before its too late'

"Done!", the youth said, "...now too late for what?"

• Continued next page

• *From previous page*

Telvin continued, 'The wizard Naldareth gazed into his pond while I was present as a guest of his tent. He foresaw the failure of the rules you gave us to enact the war and...', he stopped instantly. The youths face had completely changed, its panic obvious and very scary. Telvin swallowed hard, for he correctly guessed the youths next move.

"And what do you want ME to do about it! Fix it I suppose! I might very well be omnipotent but I don't have eight arms!", the youth vanished and amidst an enormous cascade of thunder appeared a giant face, hovering among the clouds. The clouds that appeared from nowhere and threw a chilling shadow over Telvin.

Yet somehow this made Telvin feel better. This type of 'god in the cloud with ominous shadow, dark clouds and rolling thunder etc etc' routine had occurred to him on...oh, no less than half a score times. At least! He now at least knew where he stood.

Then a silence came over everything. A time went by at the end of which Telvin wasn't quite sure of his original feeling.

Somehow the ominous shadow seemed MORE Ominous; the dark clouds seemed DARKER; and the rolling thunder, which abruptly resumed, seeming MORE THUNDEROUS! Telvin was once again beginning to feel VERY insignificant.

The DUNGEON MASTER continued.

"Already before the battle I have to: create the Evil Demigod Nazradin; determine the cost of reshingling a tavern roof; map out the northern wastes; reassess Kaleena Torvana's motives; complete the 4th level of the Dwarven Halls of Berinor; determine whether Sir Damien deserves XP for killing the dragon in its sleep, not very chivalrous; and determine how to trick the players into Illar, the goblin wastes. NOW you tell me I've got to work out a system of rules for the war! WHY!"

Telvin replied, trying to be assertive. This he found difficult as he refused to look the DM in the eye, 'Umm. Well? You see...it

seems to be the scale. There are j...just too many people in the battle, let alone the war, to control. Battlefields are never big enough...half the army falls off the table. And that...that is j..."

The DM eyed him sternly, which can really be a worrying experience when the eye is fifty feet across. Telvin, as a result, felt rather awed, promptly fell to his knees and mumbled, 'I hope its not too bothersome', a half strangled laugh slipping at the end.

"Well! If I don't then the world will come to a grinding halt. Correct?!"

'Yes. You seem to have hit the nail right on the head sir' Promptly, Telven turned into a six foot metal object which was then fisted into the ground. If metal objects could think he probably would have been very surprised. The Dungeon Master smiled briefly, then left.



**This article is an effort to create a simple system to build and use campaign armies in AD&D. To do this I begin with a definition of a Campaign: A Campaign is a series of interrelated adventures that, when taken as a whole, form a running game that involves few general basic precepts. egs: Lord of the Rings; Dragonlance (Adventures, Legends, and the Newest Set). In such campaigns war is often used as either a backdrop for the action or a innate part of it.**

So with this in mind how does one create an AD&D Campaign War and then, how is it run. These questions have never been answered yet they provide an endless source of play for a game.

Other leading magazines, mostly expensive imports, have addressed many of the problems of campaign armies but none have focused upon the central one. They have investigated such worthy topics as: supply, travelling speeds, raising armies, commanding armies, tactics within magical realms, and many more than space here can list. What they have never addressed is, as stated above, the mechanics of the combat itself.

Ah!...but what about Battlesystem? Strangely enough it does not

do. Basically it was created for a tactical level. What if you need to know within two or three rolls of the dice the outcome of an entire battle. This is in fact what is needed on a campaign level.

A campaign involves scores, if not hundreds, of field armies all trying to outmanoeuvre each other. What DM in his/her right mind would attempt to run each of the hundreds of battles using battlesystem. In a campaign it is not the battlefield tactics and manoeuvrings that are a concern. It is instead the overall picture on, in its modern day equivalent, a divisional level, whereas battlesystem is on a battalion level.

Thus it is I present this overworked DM's humble offerings. An example will accompany the description.

The first thing needed is an abstract way to rate an army. This I do by using the XP ratings of creatures and/or races.

Determine the basic composition of the army, totalling its XP value. The five categories to work in are:

Missile; Cavalry; Air; Magic; Infantry. eg: in Dragonlance 11 (the module) there is detail as to the composition of a Hobgoblin army, among others. Its composition is as follows:(with the cost in XP alongside)

Infantry/		
1	sixth level	441
3	fourth level	540
450	third level	51300
600	first level	14500
Missile/		
100	second level	6200
100	first level	2900

Cavalry, Air & Magic do not figure in the example army.

Note: Users of Magic incurs an extra XP penalty of the Exceptional Ability bonus for every 5 levels of spells in memory(round up). eg: a 7th MU costs an extra  $275 * 4 = 1100$  XP. This is in addition to what the DM determines the Caster worth normally.

Then record the component totals.

• *Continued next page*



• **From previous page**

The Infantry is : 66 781.  
The Missile is : 9 100.

Then take the XP values and divide by 1000 (rounding all fractions). For our example this comes to:

Infantry : 67.  
Missile : 9.  
Cavalry : 0.  
Air : 0.  
Magic : 0.

These are the AR's (Attack Ratings). Special Note: Cavalry & Airborne Mounts also total the XP value for the creatures used.

The Five Numbers arrived at are the record of the armies strength. These should be recorded.

Next obtain the TOTAL AR. It is obtained thusly: TAR = Infantry + Cavalry + (2 \* Missile) + (3 \* Air) + (5 \* Magic).

Restrictions: Infantry + Cavalry must always be greater than Missile for the Missile bonus of double. Magic can not be greater than half the total strength. If it is reduce the bonus to triple.

For the example the total is: 67 + 18 = 85.

Each army also has the following stats: Armour; Leadership; Morale; and Manoeuverability.

The first is the Average Armour Class/2. For the Hobgoblins it is 5/2 = 3 (always round this up).

The second and third are arbitrary values, between 1 and 100, that are determined by the DM. The fourth is the Movement Rate (inches) \* 8. This is not the same as the armies 'overland' movement rate which will be slower due to size. It is the average speed on the battlefield only.

These, for the example are: Leadership-50(Average); Morale- 70 (High);

Manoeuverability- 9\*8 = 72 (High/Average).

The last three stats modify the AR (Total only). Multiply it by the Leadership, Morale and Manoeuvre, all expressed as percentages.

eg: 85 \* 0.5 \* 0.7 \* 0.72 = 22.(round up)

The value obtained is the final AR.

Each Army is stored thusly:(AR, Mis, Cav, Air, Mag, Inf, Lead, Mor, Manv, AC)

For our example this is:

(AR 22, Mis 9, Cav 0, Air 0, Mag 0, Inf 67, Lead 50, Mor 70, Manv 72, AC 3)

The Army is now ready for battle.

The system is slightly complex at first. After little practice, however, it has proven easy to use(certainly far fewer calculations than Battlesystem).

It is used thusly. The force with the larger AR is the attacker(for purposes of combat rolls). They roll 2d10 to determine the combat outcome. To this roll is added the ratio modifier (see example below) and the defenders AC. From it is subtracted the Attackers AC. The final total number is the number of 5% damage done by the attacker. ie: a total of 14 gives 70% (14\*5). This number subtracted from 100 is the damage % done by the defender. ie: 100-70 = 30%

Example of combat: the above army vs 25 8th level Magic Users.

The stat list for the MUsers is:

(AR 74, Mis 0, Cav 0, Air 0, Mag 83, Inf 0, Lead 75, Mor 55, Manv 96, AC 4)

Note the MUs only got a \*3( not \*5) modifier because they are more than half the total strength.

The roll modifier is: -4 (Attackers AC); +3 (Defenders AC); +3 (Ratio 3.36 to 1. ie: 74 divided by 22). Total modifier is +2.

The roll is a 9. +2 give 11. This means the Attackers did 74 \* 0.55 = 41 damage. The defenders did 10 damage (22\*0.45).

Outcome: the hobgoblins were destroyed utterly, the MUsers took 10 of there 74. Or 10/74 \* 25 gives 3, maybe 4, dead.

If it severely doubted this outcome could occur think briefly upon the amount of damage done by 75 fireballs! Each one might strike 8 opponents on average doing, an average, 28 points of damage. Since the 3rd lvl Hobgoblins have an average of 13.5 hps it would be rather ugly. That's 600 dead just there. Now what about the other 19 levels of spells possessed by each MU!!! Now if the rest don't run!??

**Morale/**

In the case where a side still has a force left after a round of combat roll against their morale as a percentage with a modifier of -1 per percentage point of damage taken and +1 per two percentage points given(you'll always note you're own injuries more than you're opponents). ie: an army that takes 12 damage, has 22 points has taken 12/22 = 54% casualties. It gave the enemy 22% casualties. It had a morale of 80. The opponents had a morale of 70. Both must roll. The first side needs 80-54+11 gives 37 or lower. The second side needs 70-22+26 gives 74 or lower. If it fails it will surrender and/or flee. If it flees then the fleeing forces take a like percentage of damage again as they did in the battle. That is if the first side flees only 4.6, rounds to 5, points escape. the 10 left took 54% casualty again.

If both sides fail morale the stronger side wins. If both succeed then another round of battle occurs(very rare).

**Recovering Casualties/**

The victor regains 85-morale level of dead back as injured. ie: the Musers gain 85-55 = 30% back. ie: one of the 3 or 4 dead is alive!

The loser supplies 85-morale level of dead as, ONLY INJURED and/or PRISONERS to the victor to do with as seen fit. ie: of the hobgoblins 85-70 = 15 percent survived. That is about 160 of the chaps. They won't be in any condition to fight however.

**Overkill/**

If an attacker inflicts five times the required damage to destroy an opponent then the opponent truly is UTTERLY destroyed!

In this case reduce the Attackers casualties to nothing. They practically all survive. The opponents on the other hand die to a man.

**The Finito...**

The DM spoken of in awe earlier was in the end of kind heart. He returned Telvin to normality and also raised Fawn. The two got married and lived happily ever after, ruling the kingdom in peace for the duration.(The DM never did work out a mass combat system).

**The Real Finito....**

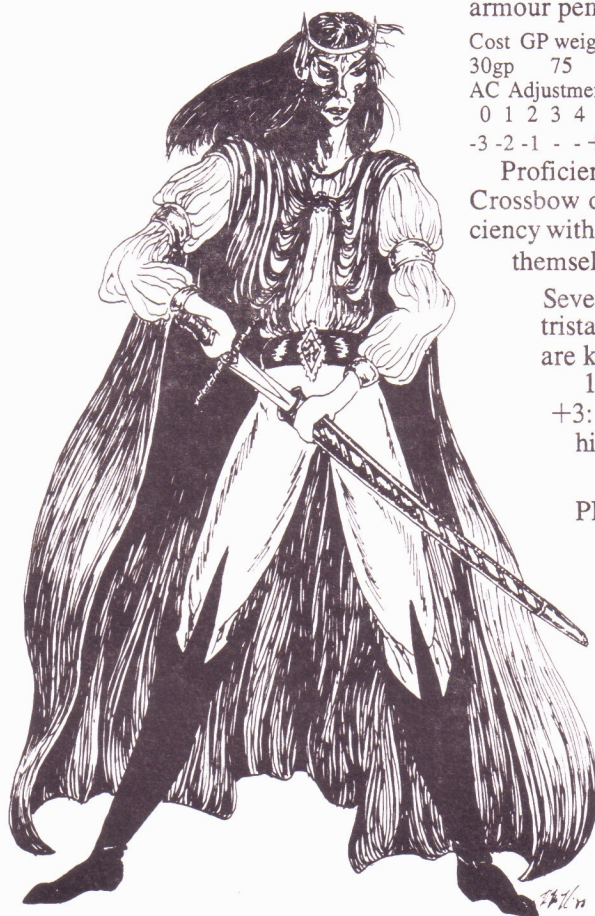


# Artifacts of the Elves

by Adam East

The Lords of the Campaign World of Terre, consist of the elven race, known as the Laman Aval. Their empire has ruled over the land for almost two millennia. The basis of this empire, is the magic which elves love so much. The resultant of this, is many unique items having been forged by the Laman Aval. They are then magically endowed, destined to protect the Avalon Empire, in the hands of the most courageous, Elven warriors.

Normally, such items would be impossible to obtain legally. In recent years though, the increasing amount of frontier clashes with other empires have caused a small amount of Elven weaponry and armour to become available. The price for such items, will be approximately five to twenty times greater than the listed price, for areas of little elven contact. These spoils of battle, include the Tristar, and the Tristar Crossbow.



A Tristar is a three bladed, throwing weapon (cf. Flick-star or shuriken), each blade being around four inches long. The Tristar has the following statistics.

Cost 1gp GP weight 2 Length 1/2' Speed Factor 2  
Damage: S or M L

1-3 1-2.  
Range- S M L Fire Rate- 2  
1/2 1 1 1/2

AC Adjustments.  
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
-6 -5 -5 -4 -3 -2 -1 -1 - - +2

The tristar, with its extremely sharp edges, is dangerous to anyone handling one with bare hands. Anyone attempting to do so, must roll 15+ on a d20, or take one hit point damage.

Using tristars as a weapon by themselves, with these several drawbacks, are causing them to become less common. They are being replaced by a specially designed crossbow for firing tristars, which results in a greater range, and better armour penetration.

Cost 30gp GP weight 75 Fire Rate 2 Range: S M L 5 10 15  
AC Adjustments.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10  
-3 -2 -1 - - +1 +2 +2 +3 +4 +4

Proficiency with the Tristar Crossbow does not construe proficiency with Tristars as a weapon by themselves, and vice versa.

Several versions of magical tristars and tristar crossbows are known to exist.

1. TRISTARS, +1, +2 or +3: The bonus is to both "to hit" and damage.

2. TRISTAR OF PIERCING: When determining the base score needed to hit, for a tristar of piercing, all armour types are treated as AC 10. Magical, Dexterity and other AC bonuses still apply.

EXAMPLE; A fighter with a dexterity of 18, wearing +5 chain mail, carrying a shield, would nor-

mally be AC -5. If he was attacked by a tristar of piercing, his armour class would be 10, less magical bonus (+5), less dexterity bonus (+4), giving an armour class of only 1.

3. EVERFULL CROSSBOW: When found, this ornate Tristar Crossbow will have 100 charges. When, on command, a charge is expended, a tristar will appear, already cocked in the bow, ready to fire.

If two charges are expended, the tristar will be magical, with a +1 bonus. If four charges are expended, the magical bonus will be +2. If six charges are expended, either a tristar of piercing, or a tristar with a +3 bonus will appear, as commanded.

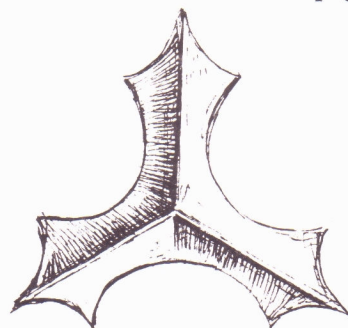
Only two tristars can be created and fired per round. Any magical tristar fired from the crossbow, will lose its magical dweomer after 1 round, regardless of whether the tristar hit, or missed. The everfull crossbow weighs the equivalent of only fifty gp.

The crossbows are so revered by their owners, that they are usually named individually, and some are known to even possess intelligence (and other abilities), similar to "Unusual Swords".

When all 100 charges have been expended, the crossbow can only be used by loading tristars manually, in the normal fashion.

The crossbow can be recharged, by having a Fighter/Magic. User of the Laman Aval race, cast an Enchant as item spell on the crossbow. A tristar must then be obtained of all

• Continued next page





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five types to be created (i.e. non-magical, +1, +2, +3 and "of piercing"). The Fighter/Magic User then casts a Mending spell, where upon, the various tristar disappear into the crossbow. The crossbow need then only be blessed by a Laman Aval cleric of 10th level or higher, and it will be fully recharged (at this point, the DM should add the levels of the Fighter/Magic User and Cleric involved in recharging the crossbow together, this is called the Level Total. the DM then rolls percentile dice. If the number rolled is less than the level total, a bonus of two times the level total in charges, is given to the crossbow).

Going through the recharging process should be relatively inexpensive, as the various spellcasters

will be happy to help - providing you are a Laman Aval Elven Warrior of the First Order.

But, if you aren't...

**4. GEITSKELL'S ARMOUR:** Named after the warrior who first created this armour, it consists of a special form of chainmail, with a layer of thirteen tristar arranged in a star formation on the chest. The armour usually affords AC:5 protection, or AC:4 if a shield is used as well. The armour is non-bulky and virtually weightless.

The metal from which the armour is created gives it a frosted, mirror-like surface, which magically camouflages the wearer to

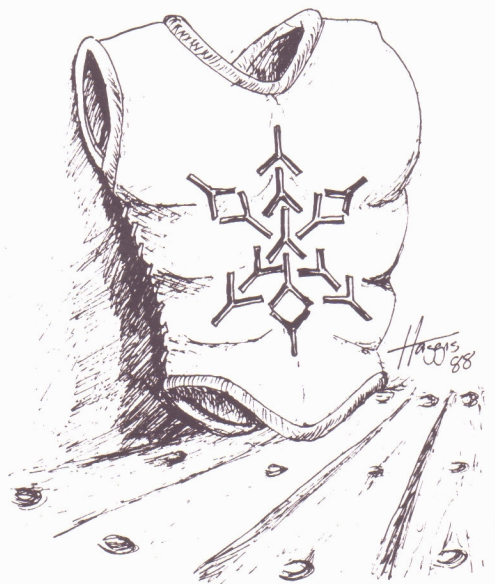
hide in shadows as a 13th level thief.

The gauntlets are magically endowed, allowing the wearer to remove tristar from the front of the armour, (apart from this, and the shield ability mentioned later, they are otherwise permanently attached) and throw them at a bonus of +2 "to hit" and damage. The tristar when retrieved, will graft themselves back onto their usual place on the armour. The wearer can command the armour to "shield". This causes the thirteen tristar to levitate off the armour, and impose themselves between any physical attack aimed at the wearer. the tristar actually absorb the damage from such attacks. Each tristar can absorb five hit points damage before it is destroyed.

The wearer can decide how the damage is distributed amongst the tristar (for this reason a record of how many hit points each tristar has left, should be kept). If insufficient hit points are left to absorb all the damage from an attack, the wearer will suffer the remaining damage.

New tristar for the armour can be created, by having Enchant an Item, Levitate, and Bless cast on a normal tristar. The procedure followed is similar to that for recharging an Everfull Crossbow.

Future issues will feature more artifacts from the Laman Aval Elves, including the creation of Geitskell's Hylem, the healing power of the Avalon leaves, and much more.



# Heaven Help Us!

## The Clergy in Call of Cthulhu

The ante-chamber was dark... almost radiating a presence of awesome fear. The newest occupant of the room felt inside his waist coat for the object that would re-assure him, strengthen him. He felt it's cool, hard exterior, and, as he'd hoped, it gave him the courage to proceed into the room.

Ever since that day, two weeks ago, Reverend Sebastian Moore had been dreading this moment. Yet he had also been waiting for it, drawn inexorably to it, in order to, once and for all, settle his inner fear and repulsion. Since that day, he had experienced many twisting and turning events... events which

by Anthony Bright

would have driven lesser men to certification. He had lost his brother, and his best friend to those damn wretched abhorrations.

He had seen one once.

Five days ago, he had traced weird growling noises, emanating from the basement of his home. Venturing downstairs, he had stumbled over something at the bottom. An evil stench flooded the air. He did not need to look at the face in the torch light to realize it was his own brother's.

Quickly flicking on the light,

Sebastian had caught a flash of blurred colour as his brother's slayer vaulted out the basement window, and into the night. For as long as he'd live, Sebastian Moore would never forget that shape: Huge but tremendously fast, standing almost nine feet tall, he had only viewed it for a split second, but that was enough to permanently engrave that sight in his memory.

From then on, Sebastian vowed on the Tomb of Christ that he would hunt down the creature and banish it from the Earth, that moment was upon him now, and with a final few words of desperate prayer, he slipped into the ante-chamber, and into a nightmare.

He could hear the rasping breath of this hated beast; feel the unholy presence, and taste it's nauseous stench on the edge of his tongue. "Now was the time." thought Sebastian, now, more than ever I need Him. For the last time, Sebastian touched his courage-bringer in his waist coat pocket. It gave him renewed strength as he crept ever on into the room.

Then he heard it... then again... he'd heard that sound five days ago, five agony filled days ago. Pausing only to look heavenward, Sebastian's hand started to creep up the wall to the torch on the shelf, and, having found it, the hand returned to it's owner. Sebastian prayed that it had it's batteries intact, then he realized he had prayed enough. If the Lord wasn't with him now, then he would be with the Lord soon enough.

With an almost reflex jerk of the thumb, Sebastian had the torch on. Yet, even the bright beam that shone forth into the dark could not penetrate the gloom on the far wall. Suddenly he realized why; the thing he had loathed constantly for the last five days was no more than fifteen feet in front of him. Oddly enough, in his last moments of existence, Reverend Sebastian Moore

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• *From previous page*

felt no fear, only a strange sense of perfection as, slowly he withdrew from his waist coat pocket, his crucifix, his courage-bringer, and raised it to confront the abomination.

Then, mentioning the Lord's Prayer in an attempt to exorcise Satan from the basement, Reverend Sebastian Moore stepped forward, closer with the Crucifix aloft, to those claws.

Those claws which, glinting in the first light of dawn, feasted on the flesh of Reverend Sebastian Moore.

Have you ever thought there is too much corruption in Call of Cthulhu? Not enough trust in Mankind? Then this article could be just right for you.

Ever since taking up Cthulhu, I have often wondered about this. I admit to limited experience with Call of Cthulhu (six months), but then that's the game all over: fast to learn and relatively easy to "Keep".

One of the few problems I have encountered with my group of players, is the apparent lack of occupations available to those players who want to really "get into" their role playing and develop a unique character personality. For this reason, and others, I have attempted to "create" a somewhat different occupation... the Clergyman.

Page 13 of the Cthulhu Companion alludes to the "other" occupations, and to the possible inclusion of a man of the cloth in the game. Although page 104 of the same text gives us the Missionary class, I wanted a man who had not experienced major hardships in life (like tending to 20 000 head hunting savages, and trying to tell them to give up their pagan gods); A man who has nothing to guide him through life and all it's surprises, but his faith.

Hopefully the Clergymen fills that expectation and others, for those who want something different.

**CLERGYMAN.**

- Accounting
- Credit Rating
- Law
- Library Use
- Psychoanalysis

**Psychology**

**Read/Write Other Language**

**Speak Other Language**

Any one other skill as a personal speciality.

As you can see, this occupation provides ample skills, and differs substantially from the Missionary to be labelled a separate occupation. I chose these particular skills for the clergyman whilst trying to think of the everyday duties a normal Minister would undertake before undergoing the experience of a lifetime: Investigating strange phenomena. The main reasons for the inclusion of each skill are the following:

**ACCOUNTING** - Most Clergymen are involved with parish records, etc.

**CREDIT RATING** - Mainly for the need not to show credentials.

This assumes the character is wearing a "dog collar" or some such proof of Faith.

**LAW** - Being law abiding to great proportions, and esp. if he has been present at capital punishments or other such matters of a judicial nature, as was common before World War Two.

**LIBRARY USE** - This is particularly relevant if the character has got a degree in Theology, etc., or has had access to the great libraries of the Vatican.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS** - There are no better listeners than confessionalist priests, and they have had ample practice in calming those in distress.

**PSYCHOLOGY** - This goes along with the psychoanalysis.

**READ/WRITE OTHER LANGUAGE** - If the priests' faith encompasses Latin (Catholic) or Gaelic (Irish Catholic) or even Hindi, then this will apply.

**SPEAK OTHER LANGUAGE** - See above.

The Clergy occupation, externally at least, may look a little inflexible. I mean, he is going to have to be a goody-goody; unable to use a firearm, or tell lies when he fast talks an opponent. But this is up to the keeper, and, primarily, you.

You decide how closely your character follows his beliefs, and to a further more extreme measure,

you can even make up your own pseudo-religion (although these weren't as common then as they are today). If you have ever played a paladin in AD&D, then you can appreciate the way to play a good Clergyman: there's no reason why a Clergyman couldn't carry a small calibre handgun, (especially if he lives in Chicago). Those of you who have had experience in Call of Cthulhu will know firearms are relatively ineffective against most Cthulhoid creatures, anyway.

Then again, there's nothing stopping you playing a Clergyman whose intentions aren't exactly honourable: You could, if your Keeper allows such a thing, play a reformed former "worshipper" of a Cthulhoid cult. This would particularly apply if your starting SAN was not high.

Generally, though, Clergymen should have a relatively high starting SAN, as Cthulhoid creatures would often be thought of as being agents of Satan. Therefore, a Clergyman would be the most likely one not to panic in the face of "evil".

Your Clergyman could even adopt the role of keeping the rest of your party of investigators on the straight and narrow, thereby ensuring that they are not arrested for, say, overdrinking in the Prohibition period. Once the Clergyman starts losing a lot of SAN points (unavoidable in Cthulhu), then things start to happen.

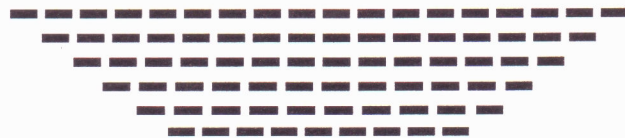
I have found in my group, there are a few people who aren't so preoccupied with defeating the unknown horrors of Call of Cthulhu, rather, they are much more interested in getting a thrill whilst being scared a heck of a lot, to boot.

Once your Clergyman has lost a great deal of SAN points, these type of players and Keepers can have a great deal of fun experiencing a half-crazed Bishop running around town calling most things evil, and, like Nathaniel in War of the Worlds, gaining more and more tempestuous faith in his Creator!

So you see, the Clergyman, if he is used, does not need to be the rigid do-gooder, but, like all other occupations in Cthulhu, he can be as varied as you want to make him.



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The Prophecy of

# THE MUMMIES CURSE

By C. Taber

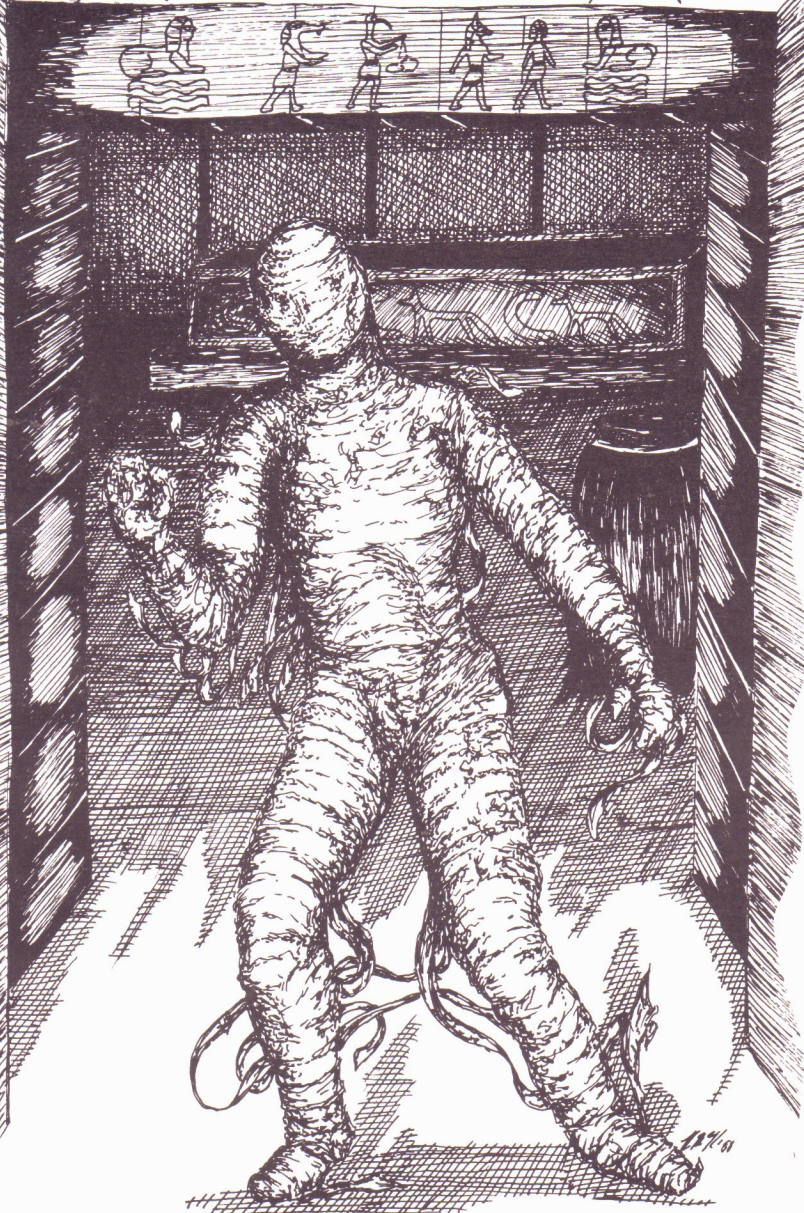


An AD&D scenario for 3-6 characters of level 4-6.

The High Priests uttered curses to their long dead king and god. Once again the prophecy hadn't been fulfilled, the attempt ending in death.

One at a time, they all looked up to meet eachothers gaze. The horror was plain on their faces, as they cast fearful sideward glances. After every failed attempt the nightmarish visions that plagued the city would celebrate their victory.

Tonight would be no exception. Most quickly bowed their heads in prayers, some ran in terror.



## DM's INFORMATION.

Years ago the desert city of Osria, sitting on the fruitful banks of the river Perm, was a prosperous and peaceful place. It owed its prosperity to the blessings of the city's god and founding king. Long dead and mummified in the river pyramid, nestled on the only island in the river, apart from the river delta fifty miles away.

Years ago the high priests of the city, started to preach not of the holy treasures of the dead king, not of his kind and good spirit, but of the material treasures hidden beneath and within the king's pyramid.

The city fell into the evils of corruption, vice and decay. The high priests pleaded to their king to grant the city the prosperity it once had enjoyed. Their king then appeared in front of his priests and worshippers in all his splendor. He spoke to them, and made them see the evil of their ways. He gave the city a key, a key to the heavens, a key to beyond, The key of the balance. The image then disappeared, and a giant jewel encrusted golden key fell to the ground, from it radiated light and hope.

All but one of the people to witness the spectacle had been changed, seeing the evil of their old ways. Nerantes had just been made a high priest, scheming his way into the position. He found that evil was a tool he was not prepared to part with, or perhaps he was a tool evil was not prepared to part with. In any case, at the first opportunity, Nerantes stole the key, seeing not the light of the key, but the wealth. That night he also stole a boat, and rowed until he reached the island.

After facing many tests, Nerantes reached the king's chamber. He made his way to the altar, and then demanded to have control of the balance from his king and god (even though he was not quite sure what the "balance" was).

Nerantes was granted control of the balance, and in the process of the balances power being funneled through him, promptly exploded. This ended Nerantes life, but also by this time had aroused the wrath of his god. The dead king hurtled raw energy down at the 'about to explode' Nerantes. Nerantes would have died twice, if such things were possible. But instead the kings attack shattered his pyramid and set alight the land in unquenchable fire. The night of

chaos subsided, but the dead king had not yet brought himself to rest, for he felt pain. He then realized the key had been broken, spewing forth his guardians and nightmares. That day while his priests prayed to him for deliverance, he appeared in front of them, and spoke the following.

"The balance has been broken! The fears of my mind and the guardians of my tomb will now stalk the land. Until the parts of the key are collected and returned to the city temple, where they shall be mended. This curse will lay upon the land and all who travel within it. Only travellers from far off will be able to search the pyramid for the pieces, the chosen ones will enter Osria already holding one of the pieces. Once collected, place the key on the temple altar, there it will shut off the gate through which the nightmares travel."



## THE PLOT LINE

The following is a summary of the plot, the order of actions and occurrences during this scenario.

1. The party are assumed to have already entered the city.

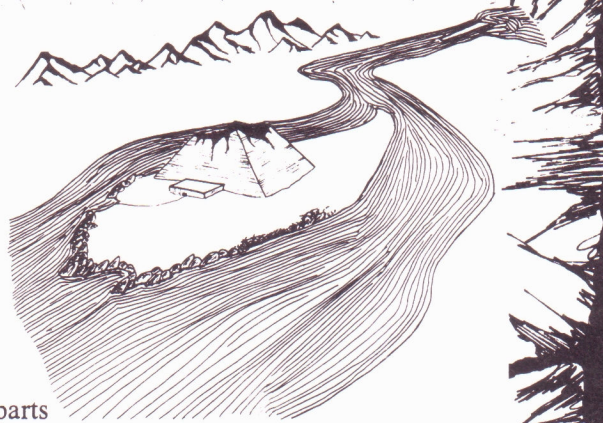
2. One of the party members will have found outside the city a chunk of gold (part of the key). It is assumed he will try and cash it in, if he doesn't, someone of the city clergy should see it.

3. Soon as the chunk is seen, either by the PC trading it in for coins, or by a priest glimpsing it, the party will be hurried to the temple by a mob.

4. The City is plagued by undead creatures, the nightmares of the king. If the characters travel down any deserted streets or alleys, there is a 15% chance of an encounter. Most citizens flee and avoid such creations, thus the party will receive no help if attacked.

5. Once at the temple the high priests tell them of the prophecy. The party must then make it's choice of action. The alternatives are leave the city, or take up the prophecy. They are asked this final question on a balcony of the temple.

There is a crowd of 300 citizens, if



the party refuses the mob will cry, throw things at the party, and as soon as they leave the temple try to rip them to pieces. If they do leave the temple, as the crowd descends upon them the priests will hold back the crowd and ask them yet again. If the answer is still no, the priests will let the mob have it's way (consider the party dead). If the party say yes, they will be taken inside and briefed fully.

6. The briefing consists of the party being told of the prophecy again, any information they wish to know (within reason) and that there are five parts of the key (they already have one).

7. The party will be taken across to the pyramid, and marooned by the priests. If the party wishes to turn back, the river is infested with crocodiles. There is also no way to get to either bank of the river besides swimming. When they gather all the pieces of the key, the high priests will send a boat to pick them up, the party must light a signal fire.

8. There will be several tests within the pyramid, where the pieces of the key are to be found.

9. Once the key is returned to the high priests, the party is free to leave. The party should be made to feel good, the reward for their effort being the thanks of thousands, and 200gp each.



## AREAS

1. The party are taken to the river bank, where they and their equipment are loaded on to small boats. The crossing to the island takes 15 minutes. It is during the crossing they are told to light a signal fire when they have the five pieces.

The party are set down on the



islands shore, past the limestone that juts out ruthlessly, separating water and land.

There is a path leading to the pyramid entrance.

2. The general island has a protective barrier of limestone, which diffuses the might of the river. Apart from that feature, and a small group of ferns, bushes, and palms, the island is a large sandbank. If the party searches the vegetation, they will be attacked by 1d4 Crocodiles. They will also find (after the crocodiles) half of a skeleton and 5gp.

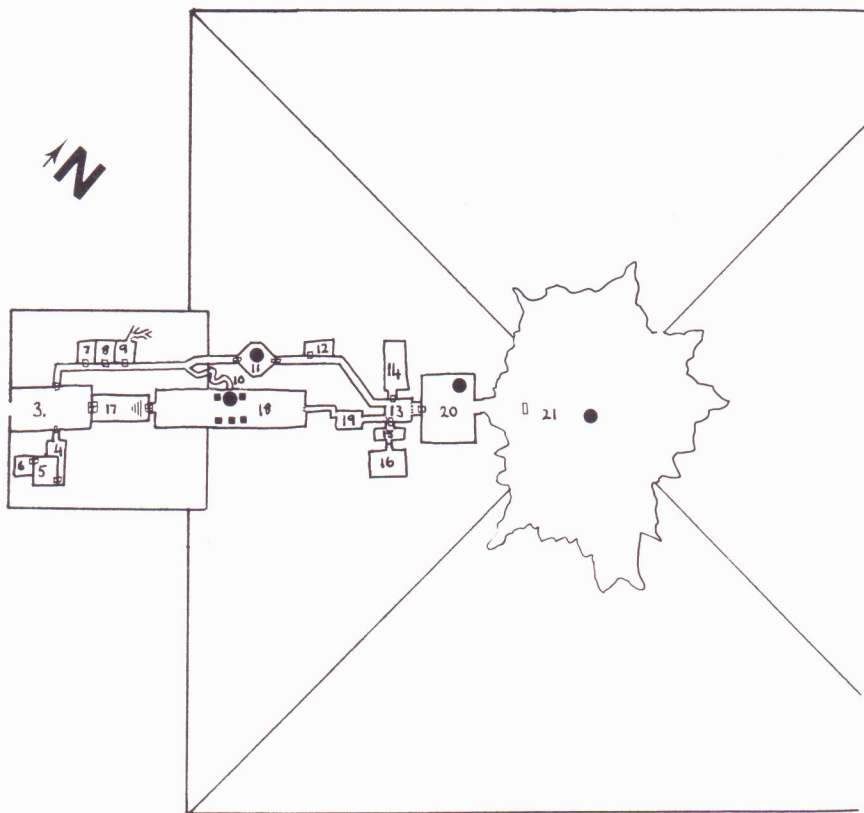
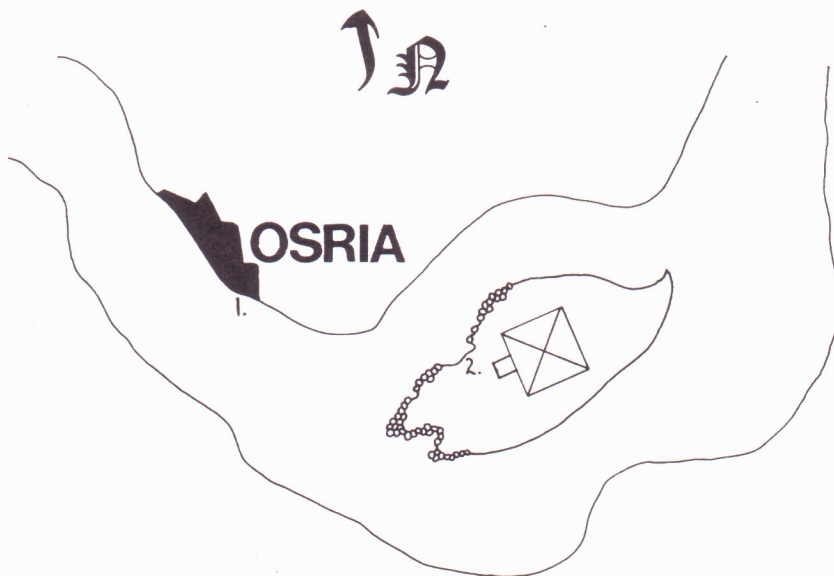
3. The entrance to the pyramid. This chamber is the first the characters will enter after climbing up the three stairs leading to the entrance. The walls are covered in strange markings and drawings, that appear to tell a story. The story is of the king building the city, his death, and later of his rebirth. They are irrelevant to this scenario. In the Northern corner of the room are the remains of some humans (2), apparently thieves, due to the leather armour and the two daggers lying amid the bodies.

One of the daggers is jewel encrusted (worth 25gp), it is a cursed blade of the Yuan Ti. Any good character using it attacks at -1, neutral at no modification, and evil at +1 to hit.

There are three exits from this room. The first being on the North West wall, it is a small door (five foot high) and is made of wood. It is locked and leads into a passage. The door on the North Eastern wall (opposite to the entrance) is much more grand in appearance, it is a set of double doors, they stretch twenty feet high (the ceiling is twenty two feet high). They are locked, and have a huge golden lock. The door on the South Eastern wall is similar to the door on the North Western wall, but it has been smashed in. Splintered wood is all that remains of the door (it was locked). It leads into a passage, like it's opposite.

4. This room (15x10 feet) appears to be a store room. There are twelve boxes, all of which have been plundered by tomb robbers. All of the boxes are open, some are partly smashed.

The only exit is in the eastern corner of the room, on the wall opposite the entrance, it is a twenty foot long passage. The end of which leads into room 5.



5. This room (20x20 feet) was once obviously a library. There is a door on the south western wall, near the western corner.

Most of the shelves are still intact, but all the books have been piled in the centre of the room and burnt. All that is left of them, is ash, some unburnt fragments and covers. The parts of pages that can be read, can't be understood.

6. Through the unlocked, half opened wooden door, the party enter a small (15x15 feet) room. It has a desk, three chairs (one behind the desk, two in front), and two chests in

the far corner (South Western). The two chests, and the two chairs in front of the desk are in reality Mimics (p70 MM). They are wooden in appearance, and are the least intelligent of the two varieties. As soon as all (or most) of the party is attempting to unlock the locked chests, the mimics will attack. The mimics will have effectively surrounded the party, and the two attacking from behind will receive +4 to hit, and double damage.

7. This (15x15 feet) room, was a robing room, for the city priests. It now contains various rotting robes,

• *Continued next page.*



# The Prophecy of The Mummies Curse



## • Continued from page 15

and other items, such as head dresses. Apart from these articles which are hung on a wooden rack, the room is empty.

8. This room is the same as above, but on one of the three racks is also a leather belt. It is a girdle of Femininity/Masculinity (DMG p145). The belt has not decayed at all, and if a character wishes to put it on, that's their problem. One of the robes has 1d4 gp and 1d12 sp in a pocket.

9. This room is the same as the two above. It is now the home of a colony of giant ants (MM p7). They have tunneled through the far wall, this is the entrance to their rather large nest. 3d6 ants will attack, and enter the room from the nest. It will be obvious to the party that more await them, and are preparing to charge and attack the party.

The door to the room can be slammed shut, to attempt to hold off the ants. The ants will need 1d4 rounds to force the door open, and they will pursue the party, but not as far as the fork in the passage, or into area 3.

10. This is a steep staircase, it leads up to a ledge, near the ceiling. If the party has no thief, this is the easiest way to retrieve the shining segment of the key. The segment is lying on top of the pillar, which has been broken and no longer stretches to the ceiling, around twenty feet higher. From the ledge the column is 7 feet away (see DSG p17 for jumping lengths), there is enough room for a running jump. If a character fails, he will fall 30 feet.

11. The door is unlocked, if the party enter the following will happen. First, a magical light will shine into their faces, effectively blinding them (and stunning them) for a segment. As soon as their vision clears, they will see around them, twenty images of themselves. The room contains twenty Doppelgangers (MM p29), as soon as the party enter, a magical light will shine on the party. This gives the Doppelgangers a good look, and time to change. By the time the party can see again, they will be staring at them-

selves. If the door closes behind the party, it will lock. The only way out of the room is the door on the other side. It is locked, but a thief should be able to manage the lock. While in the room, the Doppelgangers will imitate all shouts and conversation, to further confuse the situation.

The best course of action (for the players) being, either to leave before the door locks, or to try and gather the party, and fight back to back (identifying each other by asking questions). Half way through the battle, one party member will notice that someone else (a Doppelganger) is about to use a piece of the key as a throwing weapon.

The doppelgangers will show no interest in it, this could be a possible way to identify the true party members.

12. This room, which leads off the main passage, was used to house the kings servants (these were imprisoned alive with their dead king). Now, after many years of rest, they will rise, to defend their dead king, as 24 skeletons (MM p87). They will be armed with carved clubs, and will attack anyone who enters their room. They will pursue until they reach the pyramids entrance.

13. This room (15x15 feet) is a room of prayer, for three of the five possible exits lead to things owned by the king, or his own tomb. There is nothing remotely interesting in this room besides the prayer rug. Which has been hand woven, and is worth 100gp (the priests will not pick up the party and take them back to the river bank, if they want to take it with them).

14. This is the kings treasury (15x30 feet). It contains many wonders, golden statues, jewelery, and coinage. There is over 3000gp here. The door to the room is of course locked.

15. This is the Queen's treasury (15x10 feet). It holds many wonders, like the king's, the contents are worth around half of the king's. The door to

this room is locked.

16. This room (20x15 feet) is the burial chamber of the queen. The room is empty, apart from her large marble coffin, in the centre. The only valuables in the room, appear to be the murals that adorn all available wall space (they tell of her life).

If any PC's try and open the marble coffin, they will release the mummified remains of her chief bodyguard (Mummy-p72 MM). The PC's will not be able to open the coffin.

17. The large doors open in to this large chamber (15x40 feet). At the far end of the room are stairs, which go up to another set of large locked doors. This room is obviously a smaller version of the chamber 3. It perhaps is secluded for more private ceremonies. The walls are again covered in carvings, that depict the king.

18. This "passage" or room, is covered in murals, and has only two other features. These are, at the far end, bars, which block further progress, and six pillars, in the centre of the chamber.

At the top of the middle pillar, on the north western side, is a segment of the key. It shines, and will catch someone's eye. The roof is 50 feet above the floor, the pillar has been broken (probably during the kings wrath) and lies shattered between the pillars and the wall (this is a seven foot gap).

The key is on the top of the pillar (the break), this is 30 feet above the ground. The pillar has a lot of carvings in it's sides, it will not be to difficult for a thief to climb.

19. This (20x15 feet) room is a chamber of defense. It is overall, unexceptional, but as soon as the bars in, from room 18 are touched this releases 4 Ghosts and 1 Wight (MM p43 and p100).

These undead need not roll for surprise, as they are aware of the intruders. They will wait, hidden, until the party enter the room. Be-

• Continued next page.

# The Mummies Curse

• *Continued from page 17*

cause of this they will get the first attack.

20. The bars blocking the entrance must be bent, and then the locked door must be opened, to gain access to this chamber. This room (50x40 feet) is the king's burial chamber. The PC's will not be able to get into the coffin, containing the king, which is in the centre of the room.

The room is lavishly decorated, some parts of the room almost look like an exhibit, among the valuables (head dresses, gold, gems, etc.) is a segment of the key, but guarding the pedestal that it rests on, are two iron cobras (FF p52). They will automatically attack and pursue, anyone attempting to take what is on the pedestal.

21. This bowl-type formation is what resulted from when the king, in his fury, threw raw energy at the pyramid, and Nerantes. So basically, it is a valley, a depression, in the middle of the pyramid. It has no roof, and steep, rough walls, which extend well over 100 feet. It, itself is about 150 feet across, being roughly circular.

The most interesting aspect of it though, is the king's energy ball, which still lives, in the centre. Between the firestorm and the entrance, is a golden altar (there is also a scorch mark at the base of it - Nerantes), the altar has inscribed on it's surface, the outline of the key.

In the centre is a permanent fire storm, of fierce fire and raw energy, ripping the air apart. This is an entrance point to the elemental plane of fire (Manual of The Planes p36). When the PC's look at the firestorm (30 feet across), they will catch a glimpse of the last segment of the key. It is inside the firestorm, being thrown violently.

The PC's can do several things in an attempt to capture the last piece. The simplest thing, is to place all the pieces they have on the altar, where they appear to fit. If this is done, the firestorm will shimmer, and then appear to start to die. The missing piece will then materialize in the space on the altar. At this point, the apparently dying firestorm will start to grow.

The PC's, at this point should

gather the segments, and run, leaving the pyramid as quickly as possible. The firestorm will keep growing, travelling through the corridors. The PC's will quite plainly, have to run to keep ahead of it. If they run from area 21 to the exit of 3, they will have only four combat rounds until the fireball reaches the front of the pyramid.

This means, that if combat becomes necessary on the way out, they will only be able to attack for four rounds, before the area of combat is over run by the firestorm. By the time they get out of the pyramid, if they look back at it, they will see the entire pyramid engulfed in flames, with the firestorm still growing.

Seeing this, the high priests will have already dispatched enough boats to bring the party and the key back to Osria. If the adventurers are carrying anything that is obviously valuable, and from the pyramid, they will be told to leave it behind. The priests will not take them back, until they decide to leave it behind (the evergrowing firestorm may help persuade them in this).

It will keep growing until the entire island is engulfed in the fireball. When the firestorm does die (it will take six hours), the pyramid will be standing on a white marble island, the pyramid itself being of different shades of marble and gold. The

firestorm, having concentrated itself at the top of the pyramid, as a beacon.

The players may wish to try other methods, I leave it up to the referee to deal with these. But as soon as they remove the last segment of the key, the above will happen. Do keep it in mind that it is natural fire, and will therefore kill any characters who decide to walk into the firestorm and get the key.



## THE KEY

The key, when put together, is two feet long. It is made of gold, and the head of the key is jewel encrusted. There are five segments, of which the PC's already have one, the others are in the following areas: 11, 18, 20 and 21.



## THE REWARD

As mentioned earlier, there is a small monetary reward, and a much richer reward, being the thanks of the towns people. If you think for your players, this is not enough, feel free to give something to the PC's, on behalf of the church.



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# Corruption in the Priesthood — Does it exist

by M.C. Hendley

An irritating myth, no make that restriction, in the AD&D game is the forced behaviour of a cleric. He/she must follow the strict tenets of the religion they follow or be severely dealt with by the deity and/or other members of the religion. This leaves not little but no room for corruption, strictly speaking, if one adheres to the game mechanics well. This article intends to display the myriad of scenarios that can stem from relaxing the restrictions. I also hope to pass on an extremely simple system to distinguish between those with political power in the church and those with religious power. This is not to say the two extremes do not overlap. Certainly there are some with both the political power and the religious ability.

To begin with I believe that it does not stand as an essential part of the game system that a cleric must rise within the church at an equivalent rate as he might in levels. Imagine the pious priest in the village at the edge of the kingdom. He looks about himself and sees the people he guides starving. Thus he sets off to the capital to request aid of the Church. When he arrives he is disgusted to see the wealth that the church is just rolling in. Its leaders begowned in gold trimmed cloth, dwelling as might gods. Now the catch is he might be an 11th level, whereas the High Priestess is only, effectively, a 4th. Won't she be in for a surprise.

That introduces 'effective level'. Each cleric in my world has such a statistic. Firstly a cleric does not have to be of the same alignment as the church would desire. In extreme cases he/she might even be the opposite. ie: a CE cleric within the church of a lawful good god. But How?!

Surely the deity in question would strike down such an offender. Or perhaps not.

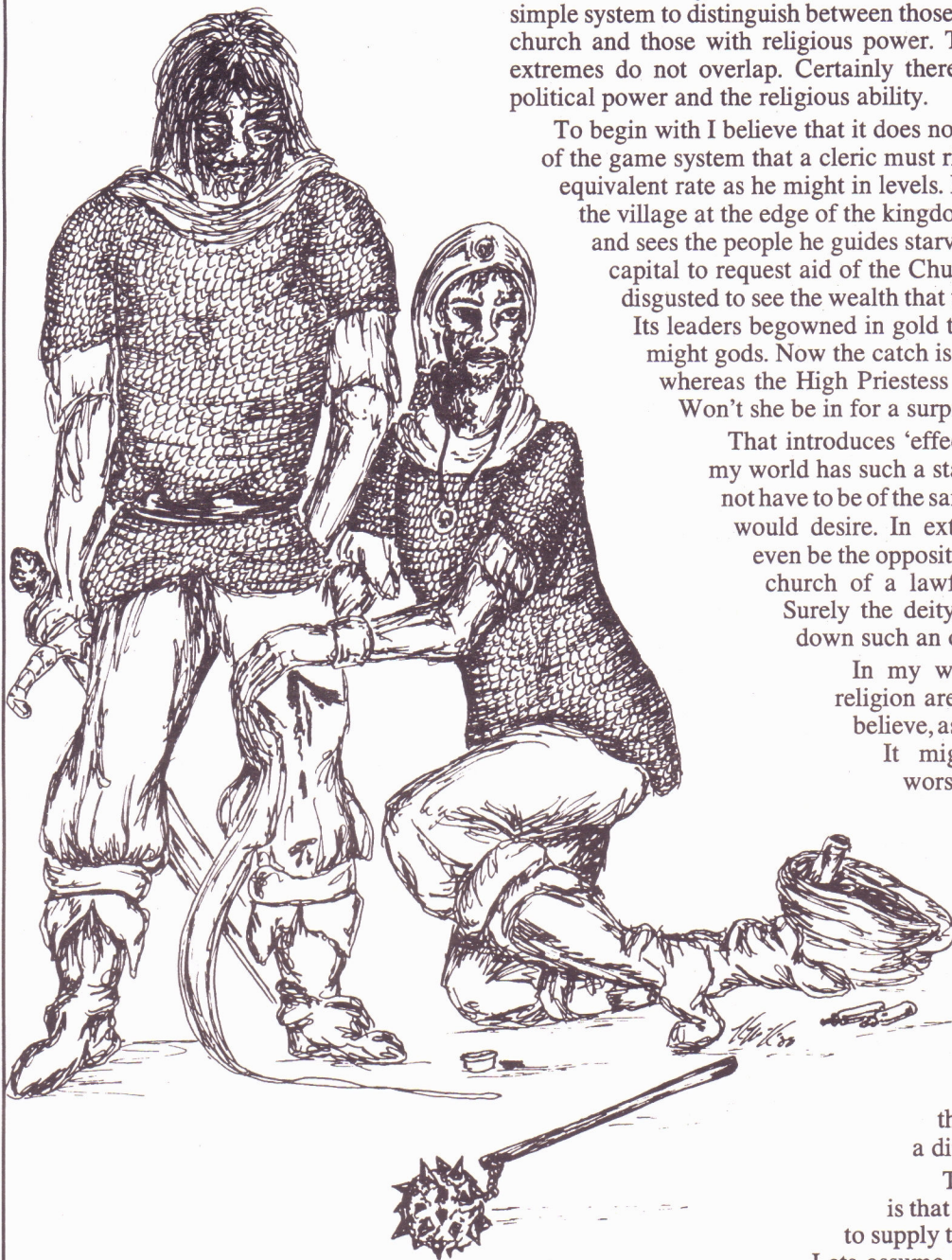
In my world those who follow a religion are not acting, as they might believe, as an extension of their deity.

It might be instead that the worshippers are like pupils.

Each within the world to learn some lesson. This might even be extended to say the reality of death is reincarnation. Each soul eternally learning through different lives until they are fit to travel onward to the realms beyond. That of course is the decision of each DM themselves. It certainly adds a dimension.

The popular view in AD&D is that deities require worshippers to supply them their unearthly power. Lets assume this is the case. Surely the

• *Continued next page*



• *From previous page*

world would perish very swiftly. Some Deities, would eventually, enter the good/evil battle in an effort to turn the tide their way. This might particularly be true of evil gods.

Those remaining would have to then enter to protect their own interests. This would be the equivalent of Armageddon. So how could this be prevented.

In my world, Maleryn, exists a mighty restriction called 'The Concordat'. This was imposed by the One God, Aeli, and agreed to by his, then unknowledgable, children: the gods of the world today. It prevents the direct intervention by any of the gods in the ways of the world. They can only react to the requests of their worshippers. If their 'true' followers do not see the evil amidst their ranks, then the deity is powerless to act. This Concordat is maintained by powerful magics. The central theme of the campaign is in fact the attempt by the goddess Raelia, the Empress of Evil, to avert this magic by destroying its source, the Star Crystal. Note that this is not a direct intervention by her. It was her followers who desired it and therefore they use the small aid she can send them to see the task accomplished. If they succeed the world is doomed.

The only power the deities do possess is that of their ability to channel power to their followers. This does not occur from the deities side of the fence, but rather from the worshippers. A worshipper spends time using his/her faith to create a momentary break in the fabric of the Concordat. It is too small and too brief for the deity to enter through, this is less true for demons etc. It is however of length enough for the deity to return power to the follower.

The above few paragraphs are the entire basis upon which my world belief system is set. With it now explained I will continue with how the practical effects this has and the mechanics I use with it.

To continue with the concept of 'effective' level. Every cleric has one. It operates as follows. If the cleric is a strict follower of his deities religion then his 'effective' level is the same as his 'true' level. If he is

of the required alignment but only just then his 'effective' level is one, perhaps two, level(s) lower than his 'true' level. Otherwise determine effective level based upon the number of places removed, the cleric is. For example: The Chaotic Evil cleric above is four places removed from the Lawful Good Deity. Note that the DMG would say that this was only three places. I think this could be a mistake. Simply count around the chart from CE...CN,CG,NG,LG.

Note also that Neutral is an exception. Count it as three places from ALL other alignments. Add one to this value then divide the 'true' level of the cleric by that value. If the CE cleric was 12th then his 'effective' level would be 2. For this always round to the nearest. The 'effective' level is used to determine the level the cleric acts at for spell casting and turning undead( in the name of the deity he/she has little faith in). His/her hit points and combat abilities are as for the 'true' level possessed.

Extending our new system we can also have clerics who, secretly, worship another deity. Lets suppose the CE cleric is truly a follower of Raelia, a CE deity. In this situation the cleric has an 'effective' level, with respect to the evil deity, equal to his/her true level minus his 'effective' level with the LG deity. In this case it would be 10th toward his 'True' deity.

The reasoning behind that is to prevent clerics that worship one 'true' deity also gathering a myriad of minor deities. To do so would drag the 'effective' level with the 'true' deity down quite some distance. If one wants an 'in game' reason the following should suffice: Faith is a limited quantity depending upon the level (power) of the cleric concerned. Exerting ones faith to open a bridge to a deity of totally different ethics/morals(ie: align) is very difficult, thus the conversion factor. The power used to do this has to come from somewhere. If the cleric worships another deity then that is where the power will come from. If the cleric doesn't worship another deity then he/she is not as stressed with faith spread out.

They can concentrate upon the one deity and thus use their own hidden reserves of power, that requires

such singular devotion to concentrate properly.(There is still after all a conversion factor of at least a half: on place removed).

Now to introduce the one other stat my clerics all have.

This is called 'Church Status'. It is a value from 1 to 100.

Starting at one it is increased at the DM's discretion. Clerics must do things that the church deems appropriate. For each such deed increase the Status by 1 to 10 points. These activities can be highly subjective and often very political. How many churchmen hold down those below them to keep their own status secure? This will of course vary from church to church, some indeed will be very fair about it. Also I would like to stress the system does NOT mean that every corrupt priest will be the opposite alignment of the church. That is to say that whilst the heart of a 'good' religion might be rotten it does NOT mean it has to be EVIL.

Indeed the majority would probably be of some neutral tendency. ie: LN next to LG.

I also give 1d6 for every level gained. To this amount add an amount based on Charisma. Reference the Charisma score on the Wisdom Table. The Magical Attack Adjustment is used as a number of bonus points.

So there it is. I welcome sensible debate, in fact ask openly for it. The system I believe adds realism. It brings to light the politics and intrigues involved within each church and allows for deceptions to be laid. But beware clerics, infiltration might now be possible, but it is far from easy. Have all your wit and wile and perhaps a few cloaking magics ready.

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**See page 32**



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## LETTERS



**T. Dylan,  
Rockingham W.A.**

I'd like to say that it's great to see an Australian RPG magazine at last. Your mag is set out really well, I think you've done yourself proud. Keep supporting fringe games as well, like Champions and Gamma World III.

I can't wait to see your own game when it comes out, can you please give us some more info on it, it's price, and the background.

**You'll have to wait until issue 4, because that's when we're going to let you in on quite a few things. Thanks for the comments and support.**

\* \* \*

**L. Raines,  
Crows Nest N.S.W.**

Firstly, may I congratulate you on an excellent overall production of the first issue of Australian Realms! It's good to finally get a truly nation-wide Australian gaming magazine, especially one that concentrates on other RPG's, as well as AD&D.

Secondly, I would like to offer a few minor criticisms that I and my friends have thought of whilst reading your mag. I realise that you are a fledgling company, and are just getting started, which makes this effort an even finer one. We all thought that an Australian setting for Gamma World III was a good idea.

At last we can play a

*c/o Planar Games  
P.O. Box 438, Willetton  
W.A. 6155.*

game where we can relate to the environs it exists in. This is what attracted our gaming group to Terror Australis, a Call of Cthulhu expansion (by the way, we hope you will cover Call of Cthulhu in future editions).

The scenario was acceptable, but I hope others not dealing with AD&D will be published. The Monster Gallery column is a top idea, as GM's can never get enough beings to throw at players, though the layout of that page left a lot to be desired.

Overall, the artwork was good, although at least one looked familiar.

Finally, I'd like to mention

that we know this is your first issue, and that you can only improve. My friends and I have decided to continue with you, and your magazine.

**It's nice to know that we have apparently done nothing fatal in our first issue. You'll notice this issue has a good article about the Clergy in Cthulhu. If you have any ideas about articles for Cthulhu, write them up, and send them in. We also noticed a "familiar" picture, but not until it got back from the printer, unfortunately.**

\* \* \*

**D. Philips,  
Keysborough Vic.**

We think it Brill, quite amazing.

**It's a nice thought, but was it a waste of 37 cents?**

\* \* \*

**Nastily, Perth W.A.**

Congratulations on your first issue, it's interesting and more relevant to Australasian role players than the overseas magazines. If anyone sends you a nasty letter, tell me, and I'll write their name down for termination (twice).

**Take heed, would be letter writers!**

# Druids in AD & D

by M.J. Wilson

**The Druid has long been viewed as being only a poor relation of the Cleric, being without all the instant cure and undead repellent abilities. This is probably why the Druid is an extremely rare choice for most parties.**

To a large extent this is true, but what is not often realised is that the Druid has many powers that at higher levels make him (or her) a very difficult opponent.

In this article, rather than outlining the powers of the Druid (they are quite well covered in the *Player's Handbook* and *Unearthed Arcana*) I shall concentrate on the view of the Druid in his society.

In a traditional game of AD&D the Druid has the role of Protector of nature, woodlands in particular. Druids are most often portrayed as kindly old men in white robes with long flowing beards, carrying golden sickles with which to gather Mistletoe at midnight.

But the Celtic druid did not follow this 'Getafix' pattern at all. The druid of the Celts was a person of great power in the tribe, capable of inspiring terror and entrusted with the spiritual well being of the tribe as well as controlling the every-day aspects of life such as times of planting and harvesting.

The Celtic Gods demanded blood sacrifice four times yearly, the victims being thrown into deep pits, in clearings deep within the

sacred forests. To bleed to death while the tribe danced strange rites in the firelight to bring luck for the coming season.

The druids wielded sufficient power before the Roman Empire to cause the erection of Stonehenge and many other ancient monoliths in the British Isles purely as an aid to foretelling the actions of the gods. Why should the druidic circles wield similar power in your campaign?

(For a better background on the Celtic druid, I would suggest reading *The Eagle of the Ninth* by Rosemary Sutcliffe. The Book conveys a lot of the mystery surrounding these druids.)

As the Dungeon Master, the druids can be integrated into the campaign in a number of ways. The most obvious way is just to treat the Druid as just another character class, but this removes a lot of the Enigma of being a Druid, and makes the player feel that he is just playing a rather low grade cleric.

I submit that it becomes a lot more interesting to role play a Druid if instead of just clicking over the levels with earned experience the player is made to train, and undergo the necessary initiation rites, quests etc.

(This applies to all D&D characters, I think that having to work for your levels adds a lot more to your appreciation of the character. I mean, how can you equate killing one last orc, with a magical increase in hit points and ability to hit

your enemies. But I digress...)

Life becomes even more interesting if you realise that the Druids can be fundamentally played like the Assassin's Guild. Everyone knows that Assassins exist, and that the Guild is a power in the land, but no-one likes to admit it... Do likewise with the Druids, make them a secret society, like the Freemasons who are purported to be their modern descendants.

Have the meetings at night in the Forest in the edge of town, everyone knows they are there but no one will go there for fear of being cursed or even worse... Organise it so that going against the Druids is like putting a noose around your neck as far as society is concerned, and see what your players do...

The Alignment of the Druids is another factor in making them nasty to deal with, as almost anything done by a fairly powerful party is liable to upset the balance of Good/Evil or Law/Chaos, if you feel like being nasty.

To sum up, the Druid is a very playable character, but would probably be best suited to a campaign which places a strong emphasis on Role Playing, rather than an 'Hack and Slash' campaign. Druidical magic tends to be very slow, but fairly powerful in its effects. This means that the druid has to rely more on planning and operating at a distance from his foe.

But on the other hand, a ring of spell storing can be very handy.



# Crime File

## A Corporate Hero

The Role of Corporations in Superhero games.

The Superhero is not always living on the poverty line, doing good in between bouts of searching for the next meal, many famous superheroes, for example Marvel's IRON MAN as Tony Stark was head of an extremely large Corporation.

All of the superhero games currently on the market include options that allow characters to come from a corporate background. But very few of them actually give guidelines as to what part the corporation plays in the character's life.

In this article I propose to outline some of the ways in which my characters have been affected by the corporate giants.

Firstly, Let us take a closer look at the character who controls the company, the executive. At first glance, the executive would seem

by M.J. Wilson

to have vastly too many 'perks' so as to make the character unbalance the campaign. For example, an executive of the Bond Corporation would definitely have a company car, an office in the Centre of whatever city he happened to be working in, an expense account plus access to a corporate jet, helicopter, motor launch, photocopier, computer and all those other useful things that Batman never seems to be without.

To offset these advantages, the executive does not actually have a great deal of free time for bopping with the bad guys. he is constantly on call by the company to negotiate this, to fly to Guatemala, to speak before committees or appear in court. Also he has to justify the expenses to the accounting department, and woe betide him if he crashes the car or crashes the jet while pursuing supervillains...the executive is constantly on his toes

looking after his job. In Champions, we treat this as a hunted, with the frequency of the occurrence depending on the position of the individual within the company.

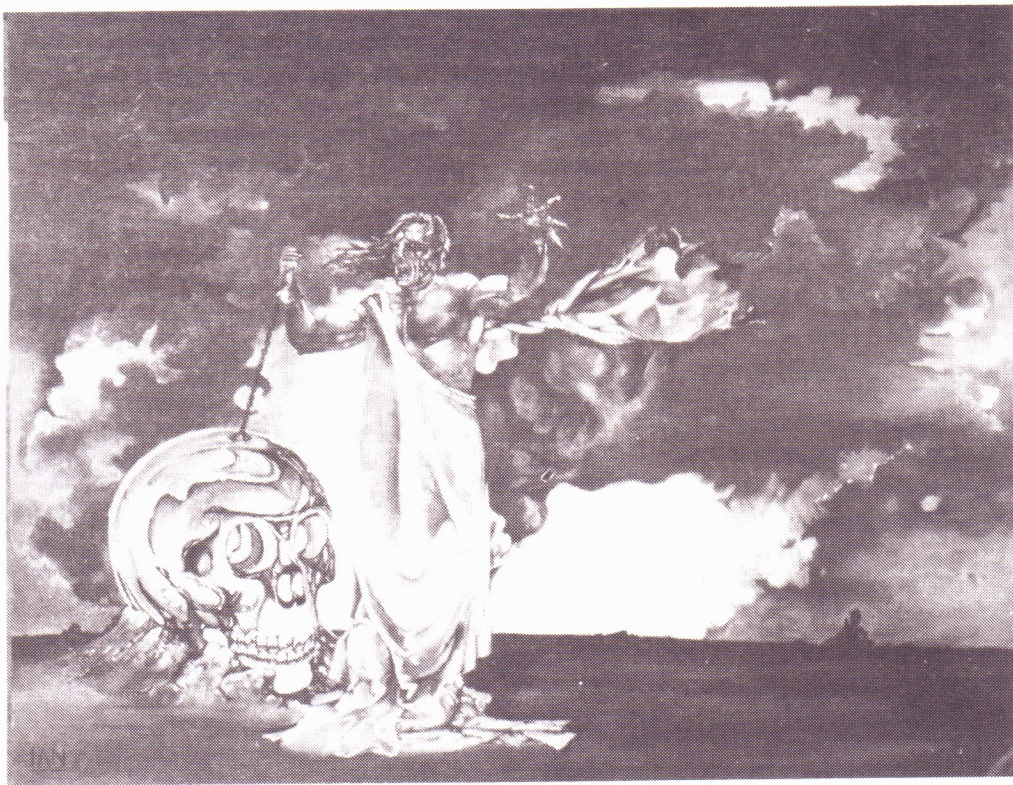
The second level at which players would be involved with a company is that of the employee. Mega Corporations like General Electric employ everyone from Nuclear Physicists and Computer Programmers right through to Secretaries and Cleaners.

To a certain extent these people have the same sorts of perks as the executives, but without the same degree of accountability. Sure, they don't get to use the Learjet, but if they take a sickie to beat up Baron Greenback, they can be fairly sure that their job will still be there when they get out of hospital. Of course they won't be able to do this too often but as the referee you shouldn't make too much of it.

This article will be concluded next issue, with a look at the uses of a corporation as the enemy...



# Posters of the 1st issue cover will be available in the near future



*For enquires or advance orders send a  
stamped self addressed envelope.*

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(Cover Art) P.O. Box 438, WA 6155.

# Monster Gallery



Readers should send their submissions to P O Box 438, Willetton 6155 W.A.

## NIKTESH

By A.N. East

Number: 1-2  
Armour: 5  
Move: 12"  
H.D: 5+5  
% Lair: 75%  
Treasure: 1-6sp  
Attacks: 2 and 1  
Dmg: 2-7, 1-4 & see below  
MR: 5%  
IN: High  
AL: NE  
Size: M  
X.P: 625

Notes: See Below

Niktesh are a powerful form of undead, created as the result of a curse upon a party of lawful good adventurers.

The Niktesh can automatically detect, and know the alignment of any creatures coming within a hundred feet of itself. If it detects a lawful good character, it will stop whatever it is doing, immediately proceeding to the exact location, to attack.

The Niktesh attacks with its two hands, one ending in a tapering blade, doing 2-7 points damage. The other "hand" has three long, barbed fingers. If hit by this hand, it will cause 1-4 points damage. In addition, it has a 75% chance of the multitude of barbs catching onto the person attacked. A person so "barbed" automatically suffers 2 points damage the next round, and will also be automatically be hit by the bladed hand for normal damage. The victim will then also be bitten for 2-5 points damage, while

a venom is injected into the bite wound.

The injected venom must be saved at versus poison with a -4 penalty. Failure means the victim will be stricken down by a disease in two weeks time (determine disease from p14 DMG, it will always be chronic, while severity is determined by rolling d4+4). The disease can only be cured by the consecutive casting of two Cure Disease spells, and a Bless spell.

Because of its form, the Niktesh takes only half damage from sharp-edged weapons (round down). They are also immune to sleep, charm, paralysis, hold and cold-based magic/spells, as well as poison. A Niktesh can be turned by a Cleric, treat it as a Wraith.

## TERRIOR

By A.R. Bright

Number: 4-13 (5-30 lair)  
Armour: 1  
Move: 12" (15")  
H.D: 6  
% Lair: 99%  
Treasure: 4-32cp  
Attacks: 2  
Dmg: 1-6/1-6/2-12  
MR: 20%  
IN: Semi  
AL: NE  
Size: L (9'long)  
XP: 800  
Notes: see below

These larger cousins of the Shadow Mastiff are just as feared, and even more ferocious. They hunt in packs of up to 13, including one Terrior who will remain behind with the first prey caught, guarding it against scavenges. This creature has a hit dice of seven. The rest of the pack continue on hunting, will kill another animal, then return to the guard, and then their lair. Females do not hunt.

The Terrior's lair contains two females to every male, these females will not attack

adventurers. Rather, they will grab any young present, and try to re-treat.

Terrior's have vicious fangs which do 2-12 damage, and they can also attack with their two fore-claws. Their rear paws are clawless. If a Terrior attacks with its claws, it must concentrate the attack on the one opponent. It is able to attack a separate person with its jaw. Furthermore, if a natural 20 is rolled to hit, when attacking with claws, the Terrior does double damage, as the flesh is raked.

Terrior's will fight to the death. But, if cornered and greatly outnumbered, a Terrior will stop, sit for one round, with its eyes closed. All attacks by opponents will get the normal +4 bonus to hit. But, at the end of this round, the Terrior leaps into action, and always attacks first. Its eyes glow an unearthly yellow, and its fangs grow 1-4 inches longer. These now do 1-20 damage, and the natural 20 bonus still applies. The claws extend too, their damage increases to 1-12. Also, anyone who suffers a bite from an enraged Terrior must save vs poison, due to its saliva. If they fail, they are incapacitated (unable to move, due to wracking pains) for 1d6+1 rounds. Note, evil characters are unaffected by the saliva.

Terrior's will not go willingly underground, instead, they must be slowly introduced to the environment. They should be treated as having a strength of 18.75. Terrior's have very thick hides, this causing arrows, and other non-magical missiles to do only half damage.



# News

Notable releases over the past month from TSR include The Bullwinkle and Rocky role playing game, The Forgotten Realms 1989 calendar, and several novels. The main releases for this month are the Dragonlance and Buck Rogers boardgames, which are apparently covered in stunning artwork.

Please be sure to fill in the poll at the back of the magazine. We will be happy to accept photocopies or handwritten forms. If you have any extra comments or questions (or, shudder, complaints) don't hesitate to scrawl them on the back, or on a separate piece of parchment. All poll forms should (if they want to be part of the main tally) be in by the 30th of July. If you have a form to send in, but miss the due in date, still send it because we will publish total results in issue #4 or #5.

Vince Pask, an illustrator who

has just returned from the U.K. will be working on a freelance basis for Planar Games and Realms. He has spent the last two years working for several companies, notably Citadel Miniatures and Games Workshop.

If anyone around Australia knows of an upcoming event, please write to us and we will include it in future issues on the news page. Suitable topics would be conventions, new clubs being formed, and anything else that will appeal to the majority of our readers.

Are you an artist, or writer? We at Planar Games are looking for suitable freelancers, with the possibility of full time employment. If you are interested, but you think there is a problem due to distance or similar, I'm sure we can overcome such things. Send submissions (ink sketches, articles or modules) to us at Planar Games. We would also like to hear from people who paint fantasy and science fiction canvases. If you can send a photo of the canvas, send it to; P.O. Box 438 Willetton 6155 W.A.

If the concept of being envied by

thousands of people across Australia (and soon New Zealand) appeals to you, you should immediately sit down and write articles for us. Yes! we're still pleading for articles. The more articles we get, the bigger the magazine will get. Also, do remember we pay money for material.

Send all article and art submissions to AUSTRALIAN REALMS c/o Planar Games, P O Box 438 Willetton, 6155 W.A.

Planar Games has withdrawn Centrepoint Barter from it's release timetable. The boardgame previously advertised in issue one of REALMS as "coming soon" has been retracted for no apparent reason (officially). Whispers of the game not being suitable for a first release, and the design team wanting to delay it for several more months, seem to be the only explanations to reach our ears. Not to fear though, as Planar Games has several other boardgames being prepared.



LESTER  
MAGOT

## LESTER GREET'S NEWCOMERS

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Runequest, Warhammer, Gamma World III, Champions, Superworld, and Aftermath are also played.

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Rossmoyne Primary School's Library.

# Previews.....

Soon you'll no doubt notice changes in future issues, more pages, more colour, and very possibly at a lower price. The planned format for *Realms* is for it to stabilize at around fifty pages. Then, when we feel that we have, and are getting enough material to publish, we will again expand the format.

*Realms* of course is a new entry in the Australian role playing field. Before *Realms* appeared there have been only two other entries, these being *Hunter Planet*, and *Albedo*. Because of these games being in a special area, they have not had a large impact on the Australian hobby (though, it is perhaps a bit early for *Albedo* to be judged).

As *Realms* gets older, and the issues flow past, you'll start to hear of what we're preparing. Like this magazine, it will be value for money (compared to the imports). But until issue four we want to keep some surprises.

Besides *Realms*, which we hope to start exporting here and there soon, Planar has been preparing some games. Our pride and joy, having so far just entered it's third year of background development, is now having basic rules defined for it. This is our science fiction role playing game, not quite like any other game on the market. It's background spreads far and wide, we call it *Rebellion*.

Other than our main game, *Rebellion*, we have around six boardgames in one state or another. Some of which have some amazing twists. Most involving strategies, which we like to think of as small abstract wargames. Picture playing a game with

the same objective as *Risk* (world domination), but having a triangular board, and being one of three elements vying for control.

Some of you out there may be thinking that it sounds like this is going to turn into a house magazine. For starters, we wouldn't try it, because by far our biggest attraction is our extensive AD&D coverage. Other reasons are, we have no plans at all to make a fantasy role playing game, and thus have no game to replace AD&D for that audience.

This, in itself is reason enough, if we dropped other games completely, and covered only our own games (when they come out) our readership would probably drop by about three quarters. That would be fatal to the magazine, I know none of us at Planar Games would want to see that happen.

This brings me to some final things to do with the magazine's life, and in particular the length of it's life. We want, and need your articles and art submissions, do remember we pay for them as well. If we don't receive enough material, the magazine won't get the extra pages that we are going to put on in the following issues.

Basically you can see we need your support, so if you think that you have an idea, please send it in. This

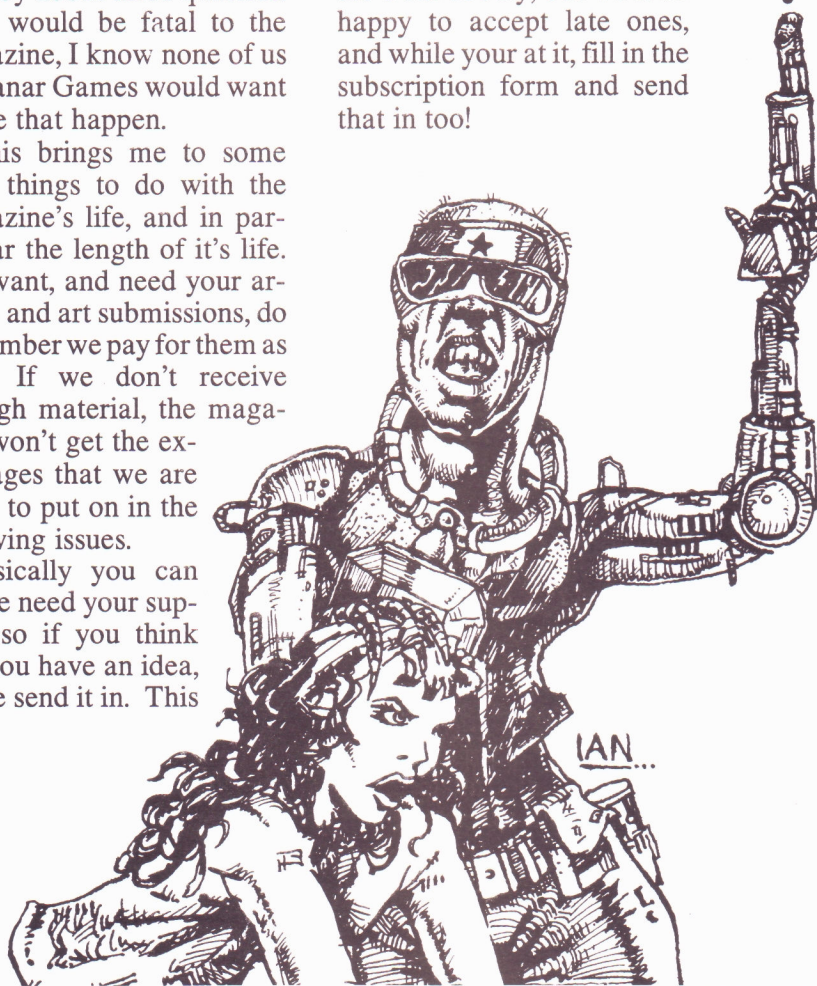
along with reader input, are the two most important things to the magazine staff. So send in the poll form opposite this article, and fill in all vacant space with general comments.

While you're at it take advantage of the cheap subscription rates, see the back of the survey form.

We thank you for your attention, and your overall support. But please think about writing for us, or drawing. Every little bit is appreciated, so get those letters and monsters coming in.

Also please send in the survey form, it will give us the only truly accurate indication of what we're doing wrong and right.

Try and have the poll in by the 30th of July, but we'll be happy to accept late ones, and while your at it, fill in the subscription form and send that in too!







# READERS POLL

Rate the following topics on a scale of 0 to 10 (0 = worst, 10 = best).

### This Issue

- Cover .....
- Reviews .....
- Campaign Armies .....
- Artifacts Of The Elves .....
- Heaven Help Us! .....
- The Mummies Curse .....
- Corruption In The Priest .....
- Letters .....
- The Horned Society .....
- Crime File .....
- Monster Gallery .....
- News .....
- Previews From Planar .....
- Survey (do you like 'em) .....
- The Silent Room .....
- Magazine Layout .....
- Magazine Artwork .....
- Magazine Articles .....
- Magazine Overall .....

### Topics

- Fantasy .....
- Science Fiction .....
- Espionage .....
- Horror .....

### Games

- AD&D .....
- D&D .....
- Runequest .....
- Warhammer RPG .....
- Rolemaster .....
- MERP .....
- Harnmaster .....
- Pendragon .....
- Champions .....
- Marvel Super Heroes .....
- Advanced Marvel S H .....

- Gamma World (3rd edition) .....
- Gamma World (1st & 2nd) .....
- Star Wars .....
- Star Trek .....
- Star Frontiers .....
- Traveller .....
- Traveller 2300 .....
- MegaTraveller .....
- Twilight 2000 .....
- Call Of Cthulhu .....
- Robotech .....
- Top Secret/SI .....
- Top Secret .....
- Warhammer Fantasy Battle .....
- Warhammer 40 000 .....
- Other .....

Do you like miniatures YES/NO

Which was best, ISSUE 1 / ISSUE 2

List the three main games you would like to see us cover.

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- 2 .....
- 3 .....

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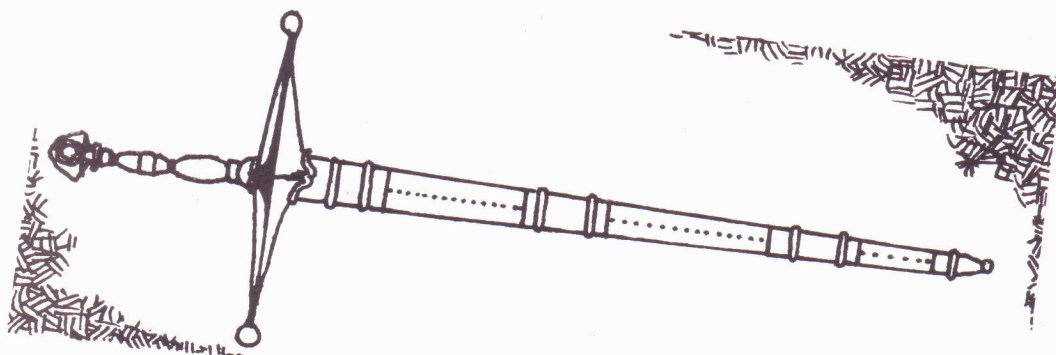
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If for some reason Realms should cease publication we guarantee the return of money paid for issues not received by subscribers.

# The Silent Room

By A.R. Bright

The trolley squeaked down the long, white hall. Low moans echoed throughout the corridor, emanating from every room on the floor. Every room, that is, but one. This room, the silent one, was the destination of the trolley and its operator, Nurse Palmer.

Nurse Palmer checked the large, ever-ticking grandfather clock at the end of the hall. It was so big that one could see its solemn face from the opposite end of the floor; and its ticking was so audible that this was called the "Clock Ward" by the staff. Yet as loud as it was, no-one heard it.

The staff and the patients (most of whom had been in the "hospital" longer than any of the staff) had heard it so often that it had become second nature to them. Nurse Palmer smiled: she was five minutes early with Mr Grossman's medication again. She didn't mind, though, as he was the newest inclusion to her little family, and had been doped up to the eyeballs since he was admitted, yesterday.

As the trolley negotiated the corner into the silent room, Nurse Palmer though fondly of that moment, yesterday, when, being dragged in kicking and screaming about some Beast From Hell, she was allowed to inject Mr Grossman with a very large and very potent needle.

Since then, only faint murmurs of fear and distress had escaped from the lips of Arthur Grossman, giving Nurse Palmer another excuse to use her favourite drug to "calm him down". The only thing that worried Nurse Palmer was that Mr Grossman had insisted that they new where he was at all times and that they would eventually find him.

If it was one thing Nurse Palmer did not need, (nor Matron Beezley for that matter), it was the return of the thugs that did those nasty wounds to his cheeks and temple. "If worse came to worse" thought

Nurse Palmer " then Matron Beezley was easily reached, and she would bring a night orderly."

Ever since Nurse Palmer was fired from the Washington State Institution a month ago, she had desperately sought another institution to carry on her hobby. Now, in only one week in her new place of employment, she already had two new "friends". She was visiting one of those people now.

The clock ticked and tocked 30 feet away, but Nurse Palmer did not notice it as she gave Mr Grossman his third dosage of the day. Then she gave him his prescribed medication. At this point Mr Grossman stirred and let out a dazed shout, as his nightmare from last night left his subconscious world and entered ours.

## Gain Control

Nurse Palmer desperately hoped that Matron Beezley had not heard this. Nurse Palmer had yet to deal with her, in order to gain control of the institution. Matron Beezley could be a real thorn in her side if she wasn't taken care of soon. Satisfied that the groan went unheard, Nurse Palmer left Arthur Grossman to dream his wracking dreams. She had another "friend" to visit.

The clock ticked.

Exactly 45 minutes later, the one silent room in the "Clock Ward" was silent no more. Nurse Palmer, in her over night room heard it first: a low, almost dull, growl, followed quickly by a higher pitched scream that was rapidly cut off. She immediately leapt to her feet, secretly hoping that the (what she mistakingly called), thugs had returned, as Mr Grossman had muttered often. IF this was so, then she might be able to get in some practise with her newly purchased .45 revolver before anyone else arrived.

She ran down the corridor, with the shouts of orthodox patients in

her ears, drowning out the ticking of the clock. Instinctively, Nurse Palmer ran straight into Mr Grossman's room, and straight into oblivion.

By this time, the screams of the orthodox patients and the last defying scream of Nurse Palmer had alerted Matron Beezley, who in turn called for the night orderly to follow her. This was quite a hard task for the orderly to do as he had already overtaken the Matron in the hall. Therefore, he was the first to enter Mr Grossman's room; the first to see Mr Grossman's ex-body limp on the floor; the first to see Nurse Palmer decorating the wall with her cardio-vascular system; and now he was the first real insane person (apart from Nurse Palmer) in the "hospital".

Of course, the night orderly had little time to ponder these achievements as he soon added a finer shade of red to Nurse Palmer's previous efforts with the interior decorating.

Matron Beezley, all 200 pounds of her, stopped, puffing against the wall near the entrance to Mr Grossman's room, which was once again silent. Giving the intruders (for what else could it be?), time to escape, (and she hoped they would), she took one final breath and occupied the door space. For the first time in 12 months, Matron Beezley heard the ticking of the old grandfather clock at the end of the corridor. In her last seconds of existence, Matron Beezley realized that Mr Grossman was not attacked the previous night by thugs, nor by anything resembling humans. It was this thing, and it HAD returned for him.

The next morning, the relieving nurse, searching the ward for any sign of the night staff, entered the silent room, and discovered one resemblance of a body and three masses of flesh, strewn luridly across the room. One of these mounds, the nurse estimated, owed her \$25.

# AUSTRALIAN REALMS

## ISSUE 2

The July issue contains:

- The Mummies Curse — AD & D scenario.
- Campaign Armies in AD & D.
- Heaven Help Us! — The clergy in call of Cthulhu.
- An examination of Clerics and Druids.
- plus our regular columns covering AD & D, Superhero gaming, our first readers poll, and much more.

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## ISSUE 3 — AUGUST

- The Sequel to the White Rose scenario.
- The Warhammers; 40000, FRP and FB.
- Twilight 2000.
- and our regular columns, plus our readers poll results.

