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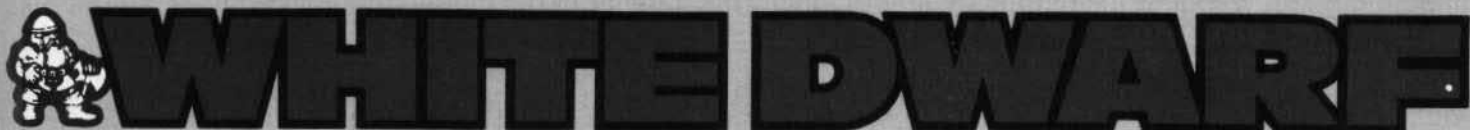
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CASKET OF SOULS

COMPETITION





ISSUE 96 DECEMBER 1987

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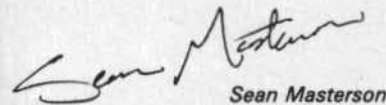
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Compugraphic electronic
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 dialogic
 creativistic
 idiomatic allegorical
 anecdotal
 polychromatic luminescent
 inexhaustible fantastical
 compelling
 dynamic shifting spiky projecting
 Daedalian
 synchronic
 volatile
 versatile
 omnifarious
 and fun.

So.

What would you like for Christmas?



Sean Masterson

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DUNGEONQUEST

Fantasy Boardgame,
£14.99

I first got to hear about *Dungeonquest* about midway through 1986, when I opened up a letter from Dan Glimn, the Product Development Manager of Alga, a Swedish games company. Alga had bought up the rights for a Swedish language version of *Cosmic Encounter*, and they wanted to have a look at the GW version. In return, Dan would be happy to send me any of their games...

As I leafed through the Alga catalogue, there was one game that caught my eye - it was called *Drakborgen* and was, judging by the illustrations at least, a fantasy game. So, along with a copy of *Cosmic Encounter*, went a letter asking for a copy of *Drakborgen*. In no time at all I received a copy of the game along with a very good translation of the rules. At our next Studio playtesting session I was able to get four players together and try the game out. It proved to be a huge success! The first four players had a game, and wanted to play again straight away. As the second game progressed, people started drifting away from other games to watch, and then they wanted to play as well. By the end of that first evening, we'd played the game four times and still wanted to play some more - and this was using a *Swedish* version of the game, with cards and playing pieces in the original Swedish text!

Dungeonquest (as we renamed the game) has been tested a lot more since that first session, but always with the same result, irrespective of whether the players were hardened gamers or total novices. Knowing a good thing when we see it, we decided to try and get the rights to produce the English language version of the game - and the man from Alga, he say, 'Yes!'

So that's why we decided to produce the game. But what's the game about - and what makes it so special? The theme and basic mechanics of *Dungeonquest* are very familiar, and share similarities with *Sorcerers Cave*, *Dungeon!* and *Legends of Heroes*. Each player has a character, in this case a swashbuckling adventurer, noble knight, powerful barbarian or mean and moody ranger, with which to go delving in the dungeons of Dragonfire castle.

The map of the dungeon is created by the players as the game is played, by drawing 'tiles' which are laid down on the playing board. Most of the tiles are different, and the result is to build up a completely different dungeon each time the game is played. When a character explores a tile, cards are drawn to find out what 'lives' there (if anything) and what treasure can be found. The object of the game is to exit the dungeon alive, with more treasure than any of the other players.

As I said, a familiar theme, but one which *Dungeonquest* exploits to the full to produce, in my opinion, by far the best game of its kind. The designers, Dan Glimn and Jakob Bonds, have done this by combining the 'tile and card' system with some very elegant mechanics that heighten the tension, excitement and frustration of the game. The most important of these is the *Sun Track*. When playing *Dungeonquest* you only have 26 turns to enter, explore and finally exit the dungeon. After that the sun sets and you lose the game if you're still in the dungeon (nobody survives the night in Dragonfire castle). A simple idea - but one that immediately sets *Dungeonquest* apart from all its predecessors. No longer is the game simply about killing monsters (or being killed by them). Now time is of the essence, and the tension as you try to make it to an exit before the sun sets is one of

the most exciting features of the game. The time limit also allows for traps and encounters that will lose you valuable time. Missing a turn suddenly becomes a matter of life and death; a portcullis falling behind you and blocking your route out a *major* disaster!

In addition to the Sun Track, Dan & Jakob have made sure that the player is constantly making a choice when resolving encounters, rather than simply rolling a die. Combat, for example, is resolved using a variation of the old paper/scissors/stone game, although in this case it's mighty blow/slash/side-step! Any of the five different monsters you may meet can react in a different way, depending on your choice of strategy.

Even when it comes down to just rolling a dice, Dan & Jakob don't let you get away with simply 'rolling a 4 or more to escape'. Oh no, they make you *pick* 3 numbers on a die, and then roll one of them to escape! (To some, this may seem like a fairly pointless rule, after all the odds are the same whichever method you use. This is true, but with Dan & Jakob's method that simple die roll suddenly acquires a whole new tension, even though the *result* is the same.)

Another feature of *Dungeonquest* is how difficult it is for the characters to survive. Dan & Jakob estimate that a character has about a 15% chance of surviving a game, and I've only seen one game in which more than one character managed to get out of the dungeon! During play this makes the game extremely atmospheric - you know that your character will not be safe until they are out of the Dungeon. It also makes *Dungeonquest* an excellent solo game, and full rules for playing a solo version of the game are included in the the rulebook.

Above all, however, *Dungeonquest* is simply great fun, with plenty of opportunities for a good laugh at the misfortune of the other players and excitement as your character makes a desperate dash for the exit before the sun sets. And the clear and simple rules make it an ideal introductory game, just right for *all* the family to play.

Jervis Johnson



WARHAMMER FANTASY BATTLE - 3rd Edition

Fantasy Miniatures Rules,
£14.99

Get One Of Me Little Pixies To Do It

In theory, work on the third edition of *Warhammer* started with Rick Priestley putting index finger to keyboard at the very start of 1987. Rick seemed the best candidate at the time 'coz he was the only one who didn't still have a New Year hang-over. Rick's response to this was a characteristic, 'Naar, Get one of me little pixies to do it.' His objection was carefully weighed, given all due consideration and then completely ignored.

In fact, the work on *Warhammer III* was started much earlier - probably the day after the publication of *Warhammer II* in 1984. *Warhammer* players are such that you can't fight a battle without somebody coming up with an idea for new troops, new weapons new rules or reforming existing rules. By the time Rick started to write the draft for *Warhammer III*, we'd already had three years of feedback from our own *Warhammer* games; those played by the loopy but devoted *Citadel* staff and via letters, from hundreds of *Warhammer* players in all sorts of interesting places.

Hells Bells and Buckets of Dice

All this feedback stoked and provoked a continuing dialectic on the rules, so when Rick started work, the broad form that new edition would take was already subject to what could loosely be described as a 'consensus'.

Firstly, the buckets of dice were staying put! Most mass combat systems refer the player to a series of mathematical charts. These systems can often be quite 'accurate' but, we feel, are fairly dry and lifeless, not to say cumbersome and difficult to use. The use of dice rolls to resolve attacks allows the dice to serve as the result tables - the attacker rolls one die for each attack to determine the number of hits. Those which come up with the appropriate scores are taken out and re-rolled to see if any wounds are caused. Again, the dice with the appropriate scores are taken out and re-rolled - this time by the defender. This cuts out the need for recording and cross-referencing and just seems to have a better 'feel'. Some people criticise this aspect of *Warhammer*. Many more enjoy it.

Secondly, the areas where the most work was going to be done were also agreed on. The psychology rules had been designed for a much 'smaller' *Warhammer* - the 'freebie' skirmish game envisaged in the first draft - many moons ago. To fit in with a system now serving much larger armies, a little streamlining and an overall-toning down of their effects was required. Apart from anything else, this is good news for the Orcish general who now has to worry a lot less about the crippling effects of *animosity*.

The magic system in *Warhammer II* had changed little from the original first edition draft and, it was felt, required balancing and expanding. We already knew which spells seemed better value and which upset the balance and pace of the game. There were lots of good ideas for new spells and a few of the better ones were incorporated (my favourite is a particularly nasty little new Battle Magic *bone-snapper spell* - the wizard casts the spell, points at someone's arm

or leg and then 'snap'). We also decided to do away with the rigid 'specialist' classes like Necromancers and Demonologists. Many specialist spells were as much to do with countering that particular brand of magic as casting it. Thus a lot of Necromantic spells were actually anti-Undead and it seemed reasonable to allow other magicians access to them.



Ravening Thingies

Apart from this continuing feedback, evaluation and debate process, another major influence on the third edition rules was *Ravening Hordes*. I was finishing work on that project at the same time as Rick was starting the long haul towards the first draft of *Warhammer III*. *Ravening Hordes* was an expression of a new set of demands on *Warhammer*. Now it no longer had to be merely the most totally playable, humorous and enjoyable battle system ever, but it also had to be capable of coping with rigorously balanced, no holds-barred, competitive games.

My work on *Ravening Hordes* pointed up inconsistencies and a tendency for over-complication in the original points system, which wasn't really intended for selecting large armies. The *Warhammer III* system has been re-designed to simplify army selection. The costs of weapons and equipment, which were thought too cheap, were promptly increased and, in most cases, doubled.

We had a surprisingly large response from *Ravening Hordes*. Almost everybody felt that their favourite army (regardless of what it was!) had been singled out and badly treated. Others had valid points to raise about the rules in *Ravening Hordes* and new ideas of their own. The correspondence we received on it formed a valuable part of design development of the new rules.

Ravening Hordes also introduced the idea of special troop types into *Warhammer*. In the early editions, troops of differing races could be 'special' in that they were subject to certain psychological rules - like *fear* and *terror*. *Ravening Hordes* introduced troops which were special by virtue of their training and the way they fought, which hitherto had only been the occasional group of skirmishers or special troops devised for particular scenarios or campaign packs.

The types introduced by *Ravening Hordes* - scouts, assassins, sappers, levies and elites - were streamlined and incorporated into the main body of the rules. Scouts remain the same - guerilla style warriors capable of loose formation and skirmish or attack against weak, isolated opponents. Animal handlers now have even wider range of beasts at their disposal. Elite troops are relatively expensive to 'recruit' but they are no more expensive to equip. Levies are as cheap and grotty as ever!

The main difference between the way these troops were presented in *Ravening Hordes* and their reappearance in *Warhammer III* is that they're now designed to be *universal*. The rules given on special troops can be applied to any race and they can be combined. So, for example, it's now possible to field, quote, 'Elf +1 Missile Elite Scouts', 'Levy Skirmishers' and so on.

Santa's Musings

Rick, of course, had his own ideas for the new edition. Indeed, the manoeuvres and formation rules in *Ravening Hordes* were drawn more or less directly from Rick's early *Warhammer III* work.

Rick's major areas of concern - apart from attending to his bizarre collection of tropical fish, painting toy soldiers and hurting dogs - were to do with the movements and behaviour of large bodies of troops, as exemplified by the 'excerpts' in *Ravening Hordes*. These were only the tip of the iceberg. *Warhammer III* contains more advanced rules for formation types and use. There are also special rules for using units with mixed weaponry and armour types - say lightly armoured archers and well-armoured axemen. Such a unit could be drawn up with the archers in front, to the rear, formed up in the centre or into two groups at either end of the unit. Switching these different ranks around is a fairly easy matter provided the unit and its leaders are good enough.

Manoeuvring has also undergone some rewriting. A manoeuvre can be an actual move like a turn or a wheel, or it can be a change of formation; either expanding ranks, swapping ranks or forming up into (or out of) one of the new formations. The first manoeuvre a unit executes is 'free'; subsequent manoeuvres or formations changes must be accompanied by a *Leadership* check. Units who fail the check have fluffed it - they don't execute the intended manoeuvre and cannot move any further.

Rick was also keen to explore the way that heroes and wizards interacted with their units. To this end, the important personality characteristics of the leaders have been completely redefined. A character model used to have a *Leadership* defined by a single number, usually in the range of 5 - 10. The leader's characteristic was used for most *Leadership* tests so the unit's own *Leadership* was largely irrelevant. Thus a good leader could get practically the same results out of a unit of lowly goblins as he or she could from a well trained unit of regular Elven infantry. This was clearly a *bad thing*. So, *Leadership* and all other personal characteristics were redefined to give a bonus when applied to psychology tests. A leader now has personality characteristics which read '9+1', '10+3' or whatever. The bonus modifier is applied to the unit's own characteristics on all *Leadership*, *Cool*, *Intelligence* or *Will Power* tests.

Death of the Minor Hero

While all this was being devised, the levels of character models were also redefined into a more rational and coherent system. *Warhammer II* sported things like 'Champions', 'Major Heroes' and 'Level 3 Wizards'. Now there are five character levels for all races. The levels - 5, 10, 15, 20 and 25 - represent the number of advances on the character's basic profile for racial type. They can be applied equally to heroes or wizards. The higher levels now have much more advanced characteristics than the old Major Heroes, making them more like the mega-heroes of the fantasy novel. The Major Hero is dead, long live the Level 25!

Eat Your Heart Out Napoleon

Towards the end of Rick's work on the *WHIII* manuscript the epic games-testing series began. Testing something as big as *WHIII* is hard work - everything had to be checked. Famous people like Jon Stallard, Gallagher & Bimbra, Ken Rolston, Matt Connell and others, way too many

to mention, played in these games and, well, ripped the rules to pieces.

Each game had to be structured to investigate a number of different elements of the rules. Earlier games featured 'ordinary' armies and were designed to test the balance of the points systems and the new rules on special formations and manoeuvres. Once these fundamental areas had been honed down to a fine edge, the subsequent games began to explore ever more exotic rules - chariots, the new spells, the new troop types, Undead, Chaotics, the new war engines, the old war engines, monstrous and ethereal hordes - all had to be checked and then double checked.

Highly Trained Professionals

The games tests pointed up several minor faults. Rick's first draft was then handed over to Jim Bimbra and myself for developing. The experience of the games tests was written into the rules, they were further checked and in places required expansion and simpler explanation. The manuscript was already out of date in terms of *Citadel's* miniatures range, so many new types had to be introduced into the bestiary and Advanced rules sections.

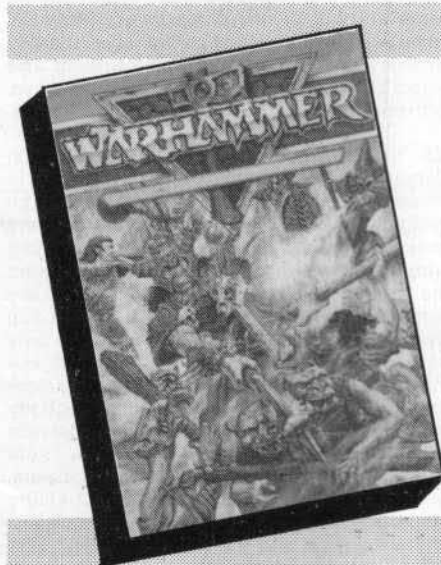
Finally, when everything had been done, when all the nobby bits had been knocked into shape, Jim Bimbra took the discs into a small darkened room and spent two months improving the English and clarifying the rules. When he was at last satisfied that each and every sentence had at least one subject and one predicate (and who knows, maybe even the occasional verb), he handed the manuscript over to production...

As I right this the MS has just 'gone upstairs' and is now subject to the tender mercies of John Blanche and his trusted Art Marines.

There's still a lot I haven't had the space to mention; the spells, the re-written rules on war engines, the monstrous, ethereal and chaotic *hosts* beasts of war (Mammiths - sorry, Mammoths).

So there you have it. *Warhammer III* is a re-write from the bottom up. It contains a lot of new ideas, the rules are clearly explained and we've gone into detail on all those 'what if's?' pointed up by the play-testing. The rules have been developed, re-written, exhaustively tested and then re-written again. It is almost perfect, what more can we do? (*Do it faster - Ed*).

Richard Halliwell



CULTURE SHOCK

Good Evening, And Now For The News

We at Pale Stunty are aware that you out there turn to the news page to read about all the exciting new products lined up for you, and about ongoing projects which are still on the boil (tear jerking topicality, there). You don't want to read the silly ramblings of some twee megalomaniac who merely uses the news page as a vehicle for his own ego. Similarly you don't want three columns of witty banter about just how wacky we zany guys at Games Workshop really are. Because of this, *Culture Shock* as of now, is adopting a new style - striving for objectivity. It keeps to the facts and tells it like it is.

BONGGG !!!

Citadel Miniatures are now selling at a rate of over a million figures per month. Up at the factory, the casters are working 24 hours per day to meet the demand. We have an in-depth report on the imminent world wide shortage of blister packs. But first...

Famous Games Designer Missing!!

Shifting into tabloid mode now... The retiring eccentric **Mark Walsh** has gone into hiding. **Jervis Johnson** in an exclusive interview with *Culture Shock* told our reporter that for some unknown reason he is in possession of neither Mark's home address nor his phone number. Mark, who has made a number of invaluable contributions to the recently released **Death Zone** expansion set for **Bloodbowl** should get in touch with Jervis as soon as possible so that he can be amply rewarded for his efforts.

Battersea Hero Brushes Path To Victory

White Dwarf extends fullest congratulations to **Lee Roots** of Battersea, London who passed his 'O' Level Art this summer, on the strength of his entry - a number of painted Citadel Miniatures! If you're reading this Lee, we wouldn't mind seeing some photographs of the figures if at all possible. As for the rest of you out there, if you've got any similar stories, *Culture Shock* is the page for you.

Sculptors Sell Their Figures For Money

Jes Goodwin of haircut fame admits, 'It's just the way we walk.'

When pressed for further revelations, the Citadel Scumbags were merely abusive before referring us to their solicitor. There we were given this official press release:

'In accordance with the wishes of my clients I am obliged to list the Citadel January Products which are as follows: Loads of Dwarfs, stacks of Wizards, tons of mean Chaos Thugs, a Balrog, a Space Marines Command Pack, a Space Orks Command Pack, a Space Dwarfs Command Pack, and the omnipotent Orc Dreadnought Suit. **Matt Connell's** repeated requests for a War-dancing, Mad-Death, Kung-Fu, Zombie Space Zoat from Planet 9 have been turned down!

Citadel Plastics - Robbery Scandal

Only yesterday, certain information was leaked which led to an immediate investigation. Despite **Bob Naismith** and **John Ellard's** desperate attempts to hide the evidence, all was in vain and the truth can now be revealed. A new boxed set called **Warhammer Fantasy Regiments** is about to hit the streets. Inside each box (selling for just under a tenner) you will find a mix of Skaven, Elves, Dark Elves, Orcs, Goblins and Dwarfs with a choice of heads and weaponry for each figure. The incredible thing about this set of 25mm plastics is that in each box you will get somewhere in the region of 60 (yes sixty) figures! Table top battles will never be the same again.

Asked to comment on this lack of business sense, which will result in the general public virtually ripping Games Workshop off every

time they buy a box, *the man with no name* said, ' !'

Immig Infiltrates Nottingham

Michael Immig's name should be familiar to both *Eavy Metal* readers where it was incorrectly spelt last month. So infuriated was this talented artist and figure sculptor from the Ruhr that he spent all night driving across Europe (through fog) to come and complain in person. Straight away, **John Blanche** and **Sean Masterson** took him to a nearby watering hole, where Michael was subjected to vast quantities of alcohol and Dixieland jazz. He left a happy man. A special *Eavy Metal* is currently under preparation, showing Michael's phenomenal skills.

And Finally... Subversives in Black Leather Shock Games Day Crowds

Barely a second had passed after **David Oliver** completed his speech thanking the gaming public for his Games Day '87 Notoriety Award, when suddenly, two uncouth gate crashers armed with water pistols thrust themselves upon the assembled gathering and declared that they were holding the whole building hostage. Seen elsewhere on this page shouting outrageous demands from the dictator's balcony, **Charlie Machismo Elliott** and **Tim Shogun Pollard** threatened to get everybody really *really* wet unless Her Majesty's Government found a way to return them to their homeworld in the four hundredth century. Gentlemen your slate quarry awaits you.

And on that apocryphal note, this month's installment of *Culture Shock* comes to a close.

And now for the weather...



Inset: Michael Immig. Another quiet day at work for Charles... and Tim!

Something Different

When the mighty kitchen ranges of fantasy publishing are churning out endless suet pudding, a nibble of something exotic can seem twice as good... though too much caviar can make you nostalgic for suet pud. For me, the month's most different item was Alan Moore's and Dave Gibbons' comic *Watchmen*, now in a one-volume edition (DC import or Titan, £9.95). The modern myth of the Superhero is curiously powerful despite its usual silliness; *Watchmen* lovingly disassembles the mythology into bloodstained cogs and ratchets, concluding with the famous quotation *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Ask Mummy to translate it for you.

It's difficult to approach Clive Barker's *Weaveworld* (Collins 722pp £10.95) with an open mind, knowing that this was a hotly sought property acquired in a £500,000 deal. Too often, colossal SF/fantasy advances lead to pretentious, substandard work... thus *Weaveworld* is a pleasant surprise. Much of it is an exciting thriller of chases, evasions, hair's-breadth victories and defeats, chequered with passages of bright and dark fantasy. 'Dark fantasy' is today's posh word for 'horror'; Barker's considerable talents in this area lead to a few gobs of gratuitous nastiness, and also some terrific creations.

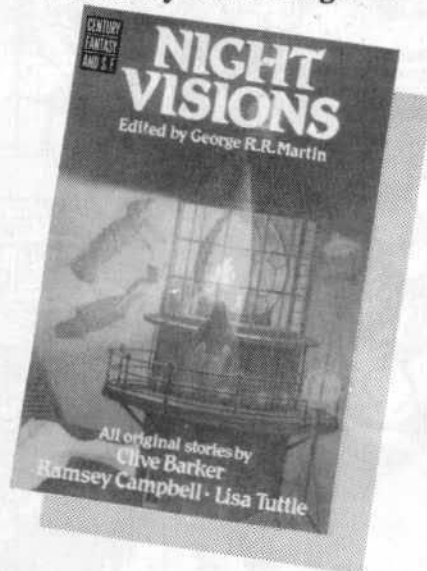
Initially the bewildered good guys and deeply knowing baddies are mixed up in a search through modern Liverpool for the Fugue, a fantasy land which is a crammed anthology of Earth's magic places, saved from an eighty-years-past threat by being woven into a carpet. At a critical moment when all seems lost, Barker achieves a fine effect by the cutting of a vital stitch -- whereupon this entire country explodes into three-dimensional existence within the chief villain's house. Many complications follow, with magical effects which ring true (bar one bit of fudging: the central sorcerous plot device, a kind of reversible sausage-machine, conveniently proves to function as a photocopier too... metaphorically, that is). One particularly memorable invention is the destroying angel which forms the final threat, a blazing, abstract and pitiable horror recalling those visions of wheels and eyes in the Book of Ezekiel. I enjoyed this exuberant, moving holiday from routine trilogies, and you will too.

You don't expect conventional fantasy from Terry Pratchett, either. *Mort* (Gollancz 221pp £10.95) is the fourth of his popular Discworld books, this time giving a central role to that eternally grim and skeletal straight-man, Death. The Reaper makes the mistake of hiring a not very competent apprentice (*Mort*), to ease the workload while he investigates mortal pleasures with such bewildered enquiries as, TO HEAR LOUD MUSIC IN HOT ROOMS IS FUN? Meanwhile, by interfering with the predestined assassination of a gorgeous princess whose soul he's supposed to collect, *Mort* throws the Discworld's operations of Time, Fate, Reality and Demented Footnotes into even more total chaos than usual. After a slightly less successful experiment in *Equal Rites*, Pratchett has sussed the combination of hilarity with a tortuous plot, and the rest of us would-be humorists hate him for it.

Nearly twenty years after his previous novel *The Last Unicorn*, Peter Beagle returns with *The Folk of the Air* (Headline 330pp £4.95), which as you might expect is extremely well written -- especially in the carefully rationed scenes of

CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column,
written by Dave Langford



magic. The vaguely familiar plot comes up fresh in Beagle's hands: 1980s Californian mediaevalists, a bit like the Society for Creative Anachronism or Britain's 'Barony of the Fair Isles,' throw themselves into the past only to discover that when one recreates such olden hobbies as witchcraft, the past has teeth. Soon a mock battle becomes real with the arrival of appalling supernatural aid.... Meanwhile, a retired goddess (the megalithic rather than the good-looking variety) is working nearby as a lay therapist, and ends up battling the forces of evil while the hero Farrell stands around getting caught in the gears. Parts are excellent; parts are high-class padding, esoteric combat lore etc; small portions are what certain critics call 'California crap', with that 'you should feel, never think' message which I find deeply suspect. Perhaps I'm disappointed that a writer as gifted as Beagle should only touch the surface of his mediaevalists, indulging in a few ironies ('God's teeth, sirrah, beshrew me, but I'll put it to thee plain, thy man's but a mewling, doddering old puppet of the military-industrial complex') but avoiding the depths of motivation which he's well fitted to plumb. H'mm.

Despite my pleas for innovation, there's nothing wrong with a good bread-and-butter fantasy novel which steers clear of the genre's frightful verbal and situational cliches. Barbara Hambly is a reliable provider of the straight goods: *The Witches of Wenshar* (Unwin 339pp £2.95) follows loosely from *The Ladies of Madrigyn* as likeable mercenary-turned-mage Sun Wolf looks for magical training, and along with his lady lieutenant Starhawk lands in a fantasy detective story. Who or what is responsible for the supernatural killings which afflict the labyrinthine Court of Wenshar... and why? It's easy to make a mystery when only the author knows precisely how this world's magic works; but Hambly issues enough clues for a Christie-like semblance of fairness, and the pages turn increasingly quickly.

Diana Wynne Jones favours a less straightforward approach, diverting you with hilarious invention and deadly observation of disintegrating family life as she lays fuses for her concluding fireworks. *Fire and Hemlock* (Methuen Teens 341pp £1.95) updates the old ballads of Tam Lin and Thomas the Rhymer, with a girl getting (rather remotely) involved with a musician who's somehow in thrall to a modern-day fairy queen. She has to evade subtle magical opposition without more than dim instinctive notions of what's happening; most of the time, indeed, she's struggling to recover memories erased by a sorcerous coup. There's almost too much complication in this ambitious book. When the fireworks finally begin to erupt in earnest, the change of pace from earlier, leisurely enigmas is liable to leave you battered and baffled. Read it warily.

Ian Watson's *The Power* (Headline 232pp £2.50) is one to read nervously: grown men have pulled their own heads off at the thought of the hideously inventive Watson being loosed on a cringing horror genre. Indeed there are the usual revolting set-pieces, but the main thrust is political. After routine arguments about nuclear bases and peace camps, Watson sets off the apocalypse and moves into a bleak new territory where the supereating Power (parasitic on humankind and with all the usual unpleasant tastes of diabolic powers) becomes the survivors' sole ally against something worse, the sterile wastes of nuclear aftermath. But for all his acuteness, Watson isn't immune to this genre's habitual gloating tone of 'Look, Mummy, see how disgusting I can be...'

Two novels highly characteristic of their authors' current work are R A Lafferty's *Serpent's Egg* (Morrigan 166pp £10.95) and Piers Anthony's *Statesman* (Grafton 367pp £2.95). As so often before, Lafferty moves from determined whimsy to a bloody, religiously informed and inconclusive finale: almost any paragraph is a delight to read, but in contrast to his earlier works they don't add up convincingly.

Anthony's overall scheme is clear -- to offer enlightened liberal solutions to world political problems, mapped by ponderous allegory onto a Solar System where Jupiter is America and Saturn is Russia plus China. It's the execution which is dire, with its humourless efforts to characterise all women by their performance in bed with hero Hope Hubris, and the extremely ad-hoc nature of the solutions. The key to peace proves to be world unification behind the Dream of Space, which from the 1980s end of the allegory is hot helpful.

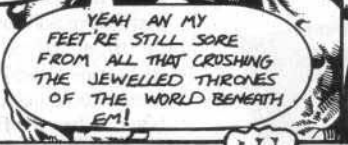
Also: *Less Than Human* by Charles Platt (Grafton 283pp £2.95) is moderately funny SF pastiche, especially if you think hippies are hilarious. Pohl's & Kornbluth's *Gladiator-at-Law* and Samuel Delany's *Babel-17* (both Gollancz Classics £3.95) are good reads: Earth threatened by commercial monopolies and deadly grammar from space, respectively. Philip Dick's *The Preserving Machine* (Grafton 413pp £3.50) may be the first uncut British edition of this nifty collection - does your copy have the 72pp story 'What the Dead Men Say'? Gosh, I'm erudite today....

Dave Langford

THRU THE BARBARIAN



GASP!
I'M THIRSTY- AND
WE WON'T REACH
THE HOBBIT'S ARMPIT
'TILL THE LAST PANEL



YEAH AN MY
FEET'RE STILL SORE
FROM ALL THAT CRUSHING
THE JEWELLED THRONES
OF THE WORLD BENEATH
EM!



LET'S TAKE A
SHORT CUT...

SO OUR HEROES DO JUST THAT- THIS AVOIDING
THE TRACTLESS WASTES OF GALDOMBLAND...



... THE STENCHING- STYGIAN HIDE-HOLE OF THE
HIDEOUS YAGGA- YAGGA MONSTER



... ALSO THE FESTEERING, PUNGOIDAL, RANCIBONI EVERGLADES

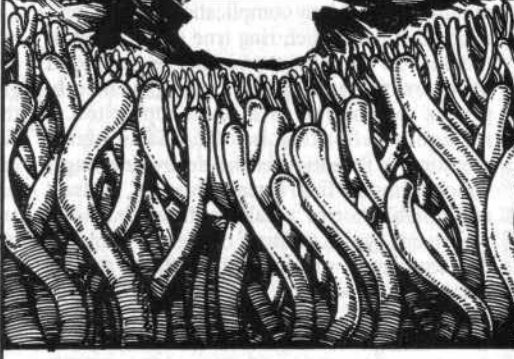


...THE SULPHUROUS MAGMA LAKES OF MULLAGOMBAM MOUNTAIN



OOF!
CAREFUL!

... THE RAVENOUS, RABID RACHETWORKS OF
RAMALAGOSHI...



...AND THE RANCID, SWEATY HOBBIT'S ARMPIT TAVERN...



RIGHT!

BUT NOT THE NOXIOUS, NARCOTIC, POMME GRANVIES OF GOR!



HMM, PERHAPS WE
SHOULD HAVE TURNED LEFT
AT THAT LAST PANEL

I SHOULD HAVE TURNED
LEFT AT ALBUQUERQUE...

MAYHEM IN THE MERMAID
A Bar Room Brawl for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
by Matt Connell and Jim Bamba

INTRODUCTION

Night is falling on the river wharves of Altdorf. As the day ends and light departs from the city, a dank mist rises from the water and creeps ashore. The citizens pull their cloaks around them and head for the comforting warmth and entertainment offered by the city's inns and taverns.

This article presents a 'Bar Room Brawl' set in the Mermaid, one of the many sleazy inns lining the streets of Altdorf's docklands.

Characters are provided for 5-10 players. It is important that characters are used in the following order as they have interacting backgrounds and will not 'work' if mixed up differently.

For a five player game these characters should be used:

- The Agitator (12Q)
- The Noble (2E)
- The Exciseman (8I)
- The Smuggler (14L)
- The Boatman (2I)

For additional players (up to ten) add characters in this order:

- The Pick-pocket (5M)
- The Troll Slayer (12O)
- The Protagonist (4F)
- The Roadwarden (14N)
- The Begger (4L)

If there are only 3, 4 or 5 players the GM may consider giving each player two characters each. If this is the case it is important to make sure that a single player doesn't have two interacting characters. For example, a player could have the Agitator and the Pickpocket but not the Troll Slayer with the Protagonist.

Each character is provided with a brief background including their motivations and their starting location (a hex number). Several NPC's are also provided for the GM to control. A floor plan of the Mermaid and counters for its furniture can be found on pages 24 and 25. Metal miniatures should be used to represent the PC's and NPC's.

THE MERMAID

Entrance

At the entrance to the pub is a railed off area containing the Pit Fighter's weapon collection counter. This counter is like a shop counter, with a section that lifts up to allow entrance. The Pit Fighter looks after the characters' weapons and will attempt to prevent the PCs from gaining access to them (see NPCs).

The Bar Room

The bar room is large with a massive bar in the centre, a crackling coal fire (complete with tongs and poker) and a set of stairs leading up to a balcony which has a series of unhealthy looking potted plants arranged on its railing. Tables and chairs made of roughly shaped oak are dotted around, covered with pools of beer (and worse!). A thick pall of blue smoke hangs heavy in the air, reaching down to the damp, sawdust covered floor. Scattered around the floor are disgusting looking spittoons and buckets of sawdust.

The bar is filled with the low murmur of voices, all of which pause briefly as their owners turn to stare at any new arrivals. The door to the left of the bar has 'BOG' painted upon, with an even cruder representation of a squatting man daubed underneath it. Through the cracks in the door the sounds of porcine squealing can be clearly heard.

Potboys move around the bar room, clutching pots of surprisingly wholesome smelling stew which they deliver to any patrons requesting it.

Behind the bar stand two laconic barmen, pouring drinks and chatting listlessly, occasionally turning their heads to shout for more stew to a dimly visible cook in the kitchen. What little light there is is provided by cheap looking tallow candles suspended in four even cheaper looking wooden chandeliers. The chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling by sturdy ropes and sway gently, dripping wax on anybody foolish enough to sit under them.

There is an effectively limitless supply of bottles and glasses in the pub, but there are only eight potted plants along the balcony (one per hex). The rooms off the balcony are simply furnished with a chair and a straw mattress on the floor.

The Kitchen

This is occupied by the cook (see NPCs) and contains a variety of pots, pans, cooking knives as well as a large pot of bubbling stew.

Other Rooms

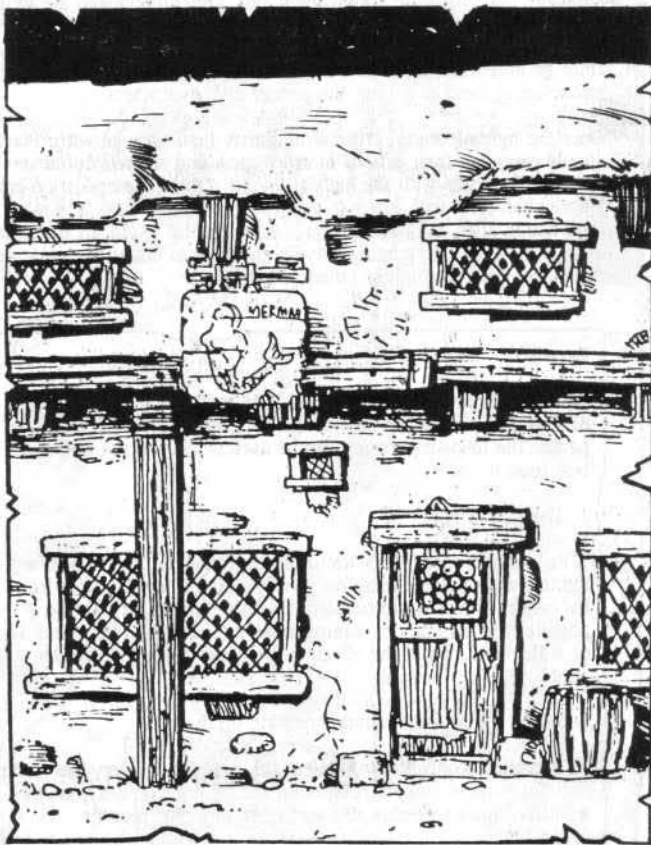
These are the manager's living quarters - they contain general furniture and personal effects.

The Toilet

This door leads out to the back yard, next to the Pigen.

The Pigen

This contains three pigs (see NPCs) and a lot of muck, together with a bucket and pitchfork.



HOW TO PLAY

Starting Locations

Place the various items of furniture at the following locations:

Chairs: 2, 2F, 2I, 2J, 3G, 3I, 4F, 4J, 5H, 5I, 5L, 5N, 7I, 7J, 7M, 7N, 11P, 12O, 12Q, 13L, 13M, 13P, 14L, 14N, 15M, and one in each of the bedrooms.

Tables: 3F, 3I, 6I, 12P, 14M.

Straw Mattresses: One in each bedroom.

Flower Pots: Hexes 16K-16R on the balcony edge.

Poker: 11Q

Tongs: 9P

Pitchfork: 4C

Buckets of Muck: All in hex 6E.

Hot Stews: Two in hex 8E and one with each of the potboys.

Spittoons: 2D, 6H, 14O, 13J

Buckets of Sawdust: 7G, 7O, 15Q, 10N

NPC's Starting Locations:

Cook: 9F

Manager: 12G

Pit Fighter: 2M

Pot Boys: 10H, 5J

Once the furniture and NPC'S have been placed, distribute the characters and then set the scene by reading the description of the pub's interior to the players. Then have the characters place their figures on their starting locations.

PLAYERS' DESCRIPTION:

'As you enter the pub a large, mean looking man with many scars and the indefinable air of a professional fighter motions towards your weapons and grunts, 'Giz 'em, you can 'ave 'em back when you leave, OK?' Sizing him up, you decide that this is in no way unreasonable and unbuckle your hardware. He takes it with another grunt, stashes it behind his counter and motions you into the pub proper.'

RUNNING THE BRAWL

Each turn players secretly write general orders to cover their character's actions and then hand them to you. General orders include such things as going to the bar to buy a drink, talk to the potboy, go sit at the table with the Raodwarden etc. While the players are writing their orders, you should decide upon the actions of any relevant NPCs.

Once all orders are in, have the players roleplay their actions for you, encouraging them to act out the part of their characters.

Once the fighting starts, order writing may be dispensed with. Players should carry out their actions in order according to their *Initiative* scores. Characters with the highest *Initiative* have the option on acting before characters with lower *Initiatives*, or they can pass and take their action after any other player's action in the round. In the event of a tie between two passing players choosing to act at the same time, the player with the highest *Initiative* acts first.

Events

At certain points during the game it is likely that things will slow down a bit - this is the time to use an Event to pep the brawl up again. The following events can be used when you see fit but are best used in order:

1. The Fishmonger

A Fishmonger (see NPCs) wanders in, seemingly oblivious to any fighting that may be going on. He tries to sell people wares from his basket of fish. Unfortunately the fish is all rather old and anyone who eats any of it must make a successful *Toughness* Test or suffer from one of the effects below. Roll a d3 to determine which.

1: Spend the next d3 rounds vomiting up the fish.

2. Become uncontrollably flatulent for one round. Everyone within two hexes must make a *Toughness* test or flee five hexes away from the character - this also applies to any pigs present.

3. Feel queasy for d4 rounds - no actions possible.

2. The Watch

Two members of the Watch (see NPCs) arrive and attempt to restore order. If the odds look bad they will flee and get reinforcements in the shape of another Watchman. The three of them will return in 4d6 rounds.

3. The Thugs

News of the fight has got out and a group of local Thugs (see NPCs) turn up, eager for some aggro. They will size up the action for a while before joining in. During this pause they could be swayed by a stirring call for aid or, more likely, an offer of payment.

4. The Press Gang

This event is best used as a way of bringing an end to the brawl whenever appropriate. A press gang from 'The Barnacle' (a small sea going ship capable of travelling up large rivers) bursts in on a recruiting drive. They attempt to drag off all those they can overpower (including anyone who is unconscious). See NPCs for details of the press gang.

Improvised Weapons

There are many objects in the Mermaid which can be used as improvised weapons. These include:

Bottles
Buckets of muck
Buckets of sawdust
Chairs
Flower Pots
Glasses
Pitchfork
Poker/Tongs/Hot Coals
Pots of hot stew
Spittoons
Straw mattresses
Tables

All the objects can be treated as 'improvised weapons' as per pages 120-128 in the *WFRP* rules. Unless otherwise stated, all of these weapons are used with a -10 penalty to *Initiative* and a -2 penalty to damage unless a character has the *Street Fighting* skill.

Bottles: These can be used with no penalty to *Initiative* but cannot be used to parry. Any successful hit with a bottle causes it to shatter and become useless.

Buckets of Muck: A hit with a bucket of muck will inflict 1d6-2 points of damage. A head hit will have the same affect as a full spittoon (see below). These automatically break once thrown, they cannot be used in hand to hand combat.

Buckets of Sawdust: A 'head' hit with a bucket of sawdust will force the victim to spend a round cleaning out his or her eyes; nose etc. Until the victim does this, they fight at -20 'to Hit', and have a -20 penalty to their *Initiative* score. The bucket will also inflict 1d6-2 points of damage. These automatically break once thrown. They cannot be used in hand to hand combat.

Chairs: These can be easily lifted by any character. Each time they are used, a *Toughness* test should be made against the chair's *Toughness* of 3 to see if it breaks. Each time a chair is used to successfully hit a character its *Toughness* is automatically reduced by 1.

Chairs may be thrown with the following ranges: Short 1 yard, Long 5 yards and Extreme 8 yards. They may be slid up to 3 yards. Any character hit by a thrown or slid chair may attempt to dodge it by making a successful *Initiative* test.

Flower Pots: These automatically break once thrown. They cannot be used in hand to hand combat.

Glasses: These are only effective against unarmoured areas. If they hit an armoured area they break with no damage. If the target is wearing normal clothing they do -4 damage.

Poker or Tongs: If the poker or tongs are heated up for one round in the fire, the next round they ignore the -2 damage modifier for using improvised weapons.

The tongs can also be used to fling hot coals. Hot coals are treated as improvised weapons but do one point of fire damage. The sawdust on the floor of the pub is so beer sodden it will not light when coals fall on it.

Hot Stew: The pots of hot stew inflict 1d4 burn damage if poured over someone. If it is thrown along with the pot, the pot causes d6-2 points of damage as well. These automatically break once thrown. They cannot be used in hand to hand combat.

Pitchfork: This weapon has only a -1 modifier to damage.

Spittoon: A 'head' hit with a full spittoon requires the victim to make a *Toughness* test. If the test is failed, no actions save cleaning the face and retching are possible for the next round. These automatically break once thrown, they cannot be used in hand to hand combat.

Straw Mattress: These are too heavy to throw but can be dragged to the edge of the balcony and dropped. They do the same amount of damage as a normal improvised weapon, but a successful hit will also trap the victim under the mattress for one round unless they make a successful *Strength* test. Any character hit by a falling mattress can attempt to dodge it by making a successful *Initiative* test.

Tables: Any character attempting to lift a table must make a successful *Strength* test to be able to do so. Each time a table is used as a weapon a *Toughness* test should be made to see if it breaks. A table is T5 and each time it is used to successfully hit a character its *Toughness* is reduced by 1. The legs from a broken table may be used as improvised weapons.

Tables may be thrown with the following ranges Short 1 yard, Long 3 yards and Extreme 4 yards. They may be slid up to 2 yards. A successful *Strength* test is required to push a table. Any character hit by a thrown or slid table may attempt to dodge it by making a successful *Initiative* test. Characters hit by thrown or pushed tables must make a *Toughness* test or be knocked to the ground. It takes characters 1 round to regain their feet.

Tables may be overturned if the character succeeds in making a *Strength* test. Any character stood on an overturned table may jump to safety if they make a successful *Initiative* test. Failure to do so results in the character falling 1 yard (roll a D6 and subtract it from 2, if the result is positive the character takes that many wounds). Whether wounded or not, a fallen character must spend 1 round regaining his or her feet.

Notes:
When using improvised weapons be sure to make any necessary changes to Critical Hit results. A character at a higher height than another character may not be hit in the head, treat all head hits as leg hits.

Characters attempting to hit a character behind an overturned table or beneath a table or chair attack at -10. Characters fighting from underneath a table attack at -10.

BECOMING INTOXICATED

Each alcoholic drink the character consumes reduces all percentage abilities by 5%. If the character has *Consume Alcohol*, each drink will have half the normal effect.

Notropian blue (the drug the barman is selling) is a wad of pressed leaves with a metallic blue tinge. It is used in a similar way to chewing tobacco, a small wad being sufficient for creatures of human size. Its effects are first to stimulate the user into an excited, agitated state. If more is consumed, hallucinations follow. These will be of wildly shifting colours and are extremely confusing - at this point roll a d4 and consult the table below for each indulging character.

1. The character perceives a nameless evil all around - it's within all the people in the pub - PURGE, CLEANSE, AAARRRRGGGHHH. The character is driven into a violent *Frenzy*.

2. The character becomes convinced that all is harmonious and that to preserve this state he/she must do nothing - a *Willpower* test must be made before performing any action, including defence. Once successfully embarked on a course of action (such as 'fighting the barman') no more rolls are required until a change of action is attempted.

3. The character is having a wonderful time, drifting through multicoloured mists. However, there is a tendency to fall over - each round, affected persons have a 25% chance of losing their balance and collapsing, giggling.



4: An uncontrollable urge to eat strikes the character - he or she must eat something. When the character has finished eating, roll a d6 to determine how many rounds will pass before the hunger strikes again.

In addition to these effects anyone under the influence of the drug suffers a -10% modifier on all percentage abilities. The effects of the drug last 4d6 rounds, but when the effects have gone, a *Willpower* test is needed to resist the desire for more. The 6GC packets the barman is selling contain five doses.

TIME & MOTION

One hex on the map represents one yard ground scale. Within the pub it is not advisable to move any faster than Standard speed. This is because of the cramped and gloomy nature of the inside of the Mermaid and the less than perfect surface of wet sawdust. Even at standard speed an *Initiative* test must be made to avoid slipping, running characters have a -20 modifier to the test. It should be emphasised that Standard speed inside a building is risky enough.

It is not possible to fit more than one figure in any one hex, adjacent figures can be viewed as in combat (or conversation depending on the circumstances).

Obstacles

Certain objects in the pub are treated as obstacles and therefore there is a half movement penalty for anyone crossing them. These include:

- The Bar
- Tables
- Wooden Railings

Characters ascending the stairs move at half speed. There is no penalty for descending them. Crossing an obstacle or ascending the stairs at anything faster than Cautious speed requires a *Risk* test for the character attempting it, with a -20% modifier for running characters.

The Chandeliers

Swinging on the chandeliers is possible (indeed desirable) and involves leaping from the balcony and grabbing the chandelier (see 'Jumping, Falling, Leaping, Climbing' on page 75 of the *WFRP* rulebook). In order to get a good enough run-up the character

attempting the manoeuvre will need to start in one of the rooms off the balcony. If the character makes a leap that is long enough to take him or her to the chandelier, all that remains is to make a successful test on combined *Dexterity* and *Initiative* to grab the chandelier. The lines on the map show how far each chandelier will swing. To leap from one chandelier to an adjacent one needs only the *Dex/I* test, as the momentum of the swinging chandelier is assumed to be enough to fling the character across the intervening distance.

The balcony is three yards high and the chandeliers hang level with it.

It is possible for players to attempt many other 'jumping' actions. These can be arbitrated using the 'jumping etc' rules on page 75 of the *WFRP* rulebook.

GENERAL HINTS

We have attempted to cover a wide variety of possible actions that your players may attempt, but it is inevitable that they will come up with something we have not considered. In such a case use your judgement and the rules to come up with a solution, bearing in mind that a quick decision that allows the game to proceed quickly is preferable to an exact rules definition that upsets the flow of action. This also holds true for anything we have covered - if you can come up with a result that gets more laughs, do it. Good Brawling!

"The Corrupt, so called aristocracy have perpetrated yet another crushing blow against you, the real citizens of Altdorf. This latest attack on your liberties takes the form of a barbaric tax on firewood, a cruel way of adding more to the already overflowing coffers of the Nobility. This tax will strike hardest at the poor and elderly!

We the Popular League Against Nobility and Taxation (PLANT), urge you to strike back. Come to the mass rally next week in Burgermeister Square and show the 'noble' scum that we won't stand for this kind of tyranny.

Smash the Nobility!"

PLAYER CHARACTERS

Movement values are in hexes per round and the three figures are for Cautious, Standard and Running respectively.

Unless stated otherwise, each character has left a dagger and hand weapon with the pit fighter at the door.

Conrad Kuglemann - Agtator

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	44	3	3	8	45	1	32	39	30	32	28	45

Age: 27 Movement: 12/24/96 (inc Fleet Footed)

Skills: Bribery, Fleet Footed, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Street Fighting.

Equipment: Leather jack worn under jacket (AP 0/1 on body), Leaflets handouts.

Money: 3 GC

Background

You are dark haired and have a large droopy moustache. Your clothes are old and shabby.

You are a member of P.L.A.N.T. (Popular League Against Nobility and Taxation) and have been detailed to drum up support for a rally to be held next week. You have some leaflets advertising the rally and highlighting the latest tax (a levy on firewood). Being one of the Empire's greatest public speakers, you intend to hold forth on this latest blow to the poor and needy.

Otto Von Frumpenburger IV - Noble

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	44	32	2	3	7	34	1	32	45	22	38	30	38

Age: 19 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Blather, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Dance, Etiquette, Gamble, Heraldry, Luck, Read/Write, Ride, Sixth Sense, Wit.

Equipment: Expensive Clothes

Money: 12 GC (Pendant value 25 GC, Gold Ring value 15 GC)

Background

You, Otto Von Frumpenburger IV, are here for an entertaining evening insulting the commoners. You are dressed in a nifty Orange and Maroon doublet (your pride and joy). Your brown hair has been carefully groomed and permed and you will be very annoyed if your coiffure is damaged in any way.

You have an amazingly supercilious manner and speak with an irritating lisp. Being endowed with a well developed sense of humour, there is nothing you like better than organising wizard pranks - in fact you have recently been expelled from your club for setting fire to the chairman's beard.

Gunnar Vacmark - Exciseman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	48	24	3	2	6	44	1	34	28	36	44	30	22

Age: 24

Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Blather, Etiquette, Luck, Numismatics, Read/Write, Sing, Supernumerate, Law.

Equipment: Leather Jack (AO 0/1 on body), Abacus, Writing kit.

Money: 4 GC

Background

You are dressed in plain clothes tonight in the hope of catching the villains red-handed. The clothes you wear identify you as an Artisan's Apprentice and your black hair has been cut very short.

Having been lucky enough to receive a tip-off that a liaison between a smuggler and a boatman, involving some valuables, is due to take place here (The Mermaid), you have settled yourself down with a view to apprehending the villains when they complete the exchange. You have a warrant which could be used to place city Watchmen under your command.

Eva Baun - Smuggler

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	32	4	3	7	47	1	32	28	29	34	38	45

Age: 25

Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Drive Cart, Fleet Night Vision, Row, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language - Thieves Tongue, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban.

Equipment: Leather Jack (AP 0/1 on body).

Money: 35 GC

Background

You are dressed as a river boatwoman tonight, the type of clothes that will cause no suspicion in this waterside inn.

You are here to meet with two people. Firstly you need to speak to the manager to arrange a delivery of bootleg brandy, and secondly, you have arranged to collect some diamonds from a boatman who should be here tonight. Unfortunately, you haven't got enough money to pay for these gems so you may (sob,sob) have to resort to violence to secure them.

Sigmar Haledvedson - Boatman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	39	4	3	7	43	1	32	24	29	37	30	36

Age: 35

Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Ambidextrous, Excellent Vision, Fish, Orientation, Read/Write, River Lore, Row, Very Strong

Equipment: Leather Jack (AP 0/1 on body).

Money: 2 GC (Pouch of diamonds - value 200 GC)

Background

You are dressed in your normal work clothes, encrusted with tar from your work. You are not out of place in this riverside inn. Like most boatmen you wear your blond hair short.

It's been a hard day on the river and you have developed a powerful thirst - but you're going to have to mix business with pleasure, for you've been hired to deliver some diamonds to a smuggler who should be here tonight. He's supposed to be paying you 200 GC for them - of which 15 are yours (the other 185 GC are to be delivered to your employer tomorrow).



Inga Schultz - Pick Pocket

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	32	49	3	3	6	45	1	38	30	32	35	30	42

Age: 29 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Acute Hearing, Concealment Urban, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Flee! Palm Object, Pick Pocket, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Secret Language - Thieves Tongue, Secret Signs - Thieves Signs.

Equipment: Cups and Peas.

Money: 3 GC

Background

You are dressed as an Artisan's Apprentice tonight - the best disguise for gaining peoples' confidence.

You are here posing as a 'Bunko Artist' running the 'Three Cups and a Pea' game as a cover for picking as many pockets as you can. Any one attempting to guess which cup the pea is under must roll under their *Intelligence* minus half your *Dexterity* to succeed.

Grimlok Khazias - TROLL SLAYER

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	50	28	4	4	9	18	2	20	34	23	62	51	23

Age: 62 Movement: 4/8/32

Skills: Ambidextrous, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Ride - Mule, Strike Mighty Blow, Street Fighter, Specialist Weapon - Two-Handed.

Equipment: The human scum at the door took your weapons!

Money: 5 GC

Background

Spurning the rather staid apparel of humans, you have turned up in all your finery. Your bright orange hair is particularly spiky tonight and the ogre's blood smeared on the ends is sure to get you noticed. You are particularly proud of the ring through your nose and anyone who touches it must die!

Passing through on the search for something mean enough to make your glorious death a certainty, you have dropped in to this inn to quench your desires for food, drink, drugs and (with any luck) violence. You have heard that the barman here may have something for sale that may interest you.

Alfrida Snert - Protagonist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	34	28	5	3	7	44	2	32	28	34	45	32	30

Age: 21 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Acute Hearing, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Ride - Horse, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun.

Equipment: Mail Shirt (AP 1 on body).

Money: 12 GC

Background

You are a tough and ruthless individual - a hired killer - accustomed to putting your life on the line for your daily bread. You look the part as well, the scar down your left cheek may have damaged your looks, but it makes you look very mean and everyone takes you seriously.

Tonight may make or break your career for you have been contracted by a wealthy merchant to avenge (with death) an insult given her by a filthy Dwarf (you never have trusted nonhumans much). The problem is that the dwarf is one of the fearsome Trollslayers, so deciding that he would be easier to handle after he's had a few drinks, you've followed him to this pub....

Hugo Fleabatta - Beggar

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	42	38	3	4	8	32	1	32	28	36	28	36	25

Age: 37 Movement: 8/16/64

(half this if you're pretending to have a paralysed leg)

Skills: Begging, Concealment Urban, Dodge Blow, Fleet Footed, Silent Move Urban, Secret Language - Thieves Tongue, Secret Signs - Thieves Signs.

Equipment: Begging Bowl, Tattered Clothes, Crutch, Bottle of Rotgut Brandy

Money: 2 Brass Pennies

Background

You have been making a living out of pretending to have a paralysed leg for several years and have found that showing your leg (complete with cosmetic suppurating sores) to people enjoying food or drink usually secures a few pennies! An added bonus in a place like the Mermaid is the ever present possibility of a brawl and bodies to loot.

Eric Dangoon - Road Warden

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I*	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	42	42	4	3	7	44	1	29	38	30	35	32	27

Age: 25 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Lightning Reflexes*, Ride - Horse, Silent Move Urban, Sing.

Equipment: Mail Shirt (AP 1 on body), Rope - 10 yards, (shield).

Money: 12 GC, 16 SS, 18 CP

Background

You are here in your Road Warden clothes, so the scum who hang out here better respect the law you represent.

You are hot on the trail of a noble responsible for the death of your family when he and his cronies set fire to your chicken run (maintaining that it was a "prank") and have followed him here to demand satisfaction or to humiliate him in some way. He is the man wearing ridiculous clothes.

NPCs

Wertha Trotz - Manager - Trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	36	28	3	3	5	34	1	29	32	44	34	29	40

Age: 36 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Blather, Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics.

Equipment: Knife

Money: 30 GC

Background: There have been so many fights in the Mermaid that the city Watch have threatened to close the establishment. In order to cool things down a bit the manager has appointed a Pit Fighter (see below) to 'look after' patrons' weapons while they are in the pub. The manager obviously wants to prevent too much bloodshed on her premises.

Faustmann the Killer - Pit Fighter

M	WS	BS	S*	T*	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	54	26	5	6	9	42	1	43	29	26	38	33	28

Age: 25 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Very Resilient*, Very Strong*, Specialist Weapons - Fist Weapons - Flail Weapons - Parrying Weapons - Two Handed Weapons.

Equipment: Sleeved Mail Shirt (AP 1 on body and arms), Helmet (AP 1 on head), Shield (AP 1 on all), Knuckledusters, Flail.

Money: 1 GC

Background: Having retired from public fighting, the Pit Fighter is a formidable opponent. Faustmann will always remain at his counter to prevent anyone getting hold of the various weapons that are in his charge.

Bruno - Barman 1 - Trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	38	32	3	3	6	29	1	32	32	30	30	30	30

Age: 22 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics.

Equipment: Leather Jack (AP 0/1 on body), Several packets of 'Notropan Blue', a powerful stimulant and mind altering drug. Each packet costs 6 GC. For a description of its effects see the section *Getting Intoxicated*.

Money: 10 SS

Background: The barman will attempt to sell the drugs to any likely looking customer. If a fight breaks out he will throw bottles at anyone who refuses to leave.

Gebhard Barman 2 - Trader

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	38	32	3	3	6	29	1	32	32	30	30	30	30

Age: 34 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics, Specialist Weapon - Blunderbuss.

Equipment: Leather Jack (AP 0/1 on body), Blunderbuss under bar (S24; L48; E250; ES3; Rld3).

Money: 26 SS

Background: If a fight breaks out, this barman will cut loose with his Blunderbuss should offenders refuse to desist.

Hans and Hans - Potboys 1 and 2 - Servants

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	36	30	3	3	5	30	1	28	24	27	30	30	34

Age: 12, 14 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Dodge Blow.

Equipment: Pots of hot stew.

Background: These lads circulate with pots of stew, drinks, etc. They will defend themselves if attacked, but will try to keep out of a mass melee, preferring to remain at a distance and throw stew etc.

Petal - Halfling Cook - Servant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	31	29	2	2	6	64	1	42	15	34	21	40	45

Age: 56 Movement: 6/12/48

Skills: Cook, Dodge Blow.

Background: Will cover in the kitchen if any violence starts - she's no hero!

The Fishmonger - Trader (See Event 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	38	32	3	3	6	29	1	32	32	30	30	30	30

Age: 43 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics.

Equipment: Basket of Shellfish.

Money: Bit of Silver

Thugs 1, 2 and 3 (See Event 3)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	25	3	4	7	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Age: 21, 22 and 25 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Street Fighting.

Equipment: Leather Jerkin (AP 0/1 on body), Dagger.

Money: 46 Silver Shillings

Background: Members of the feared 'Elm Street Mob', dressed in studded leathers with arcane symbols sewn to their back, these guys are out for a 'larf'.

Watchmen 1, 2 and 3 (See Event 2)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	4	3	7	40	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Age: 28, 33, 39 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Equipment: Leather Jerkin (AP 0/1 on body), Helmet (AP 1 on head), Dagger, Club, Lantern on pole (only one between them).

Money: 3 GC

Press Gang - Seamen 1, 2, 3 and 4 (See Event 4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	4	3	7	40	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Age: 26, 32, 34 Movement: 8/16/64

Skills: Dodge Blow, Row, Sailing, Scale Sheer Surface, Strike Mighty Blow, Swim, Consume Alcohol.

Equipment: Rope (for tying up victims), Club.

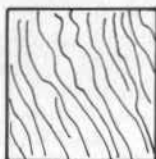
Money: 2 GC

Pigs

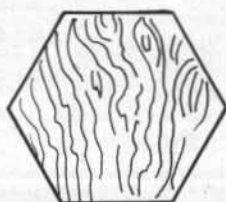
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	23	0	2	2	5	30	1	0	10	10	10	10	0

Movement: 8/16/64

Background: It is possible to drive the pigs into the pub. If this is done the pigs will rush around squealing frantically, getting in people's way and attacking randomly. Play them to create maximum confusion.

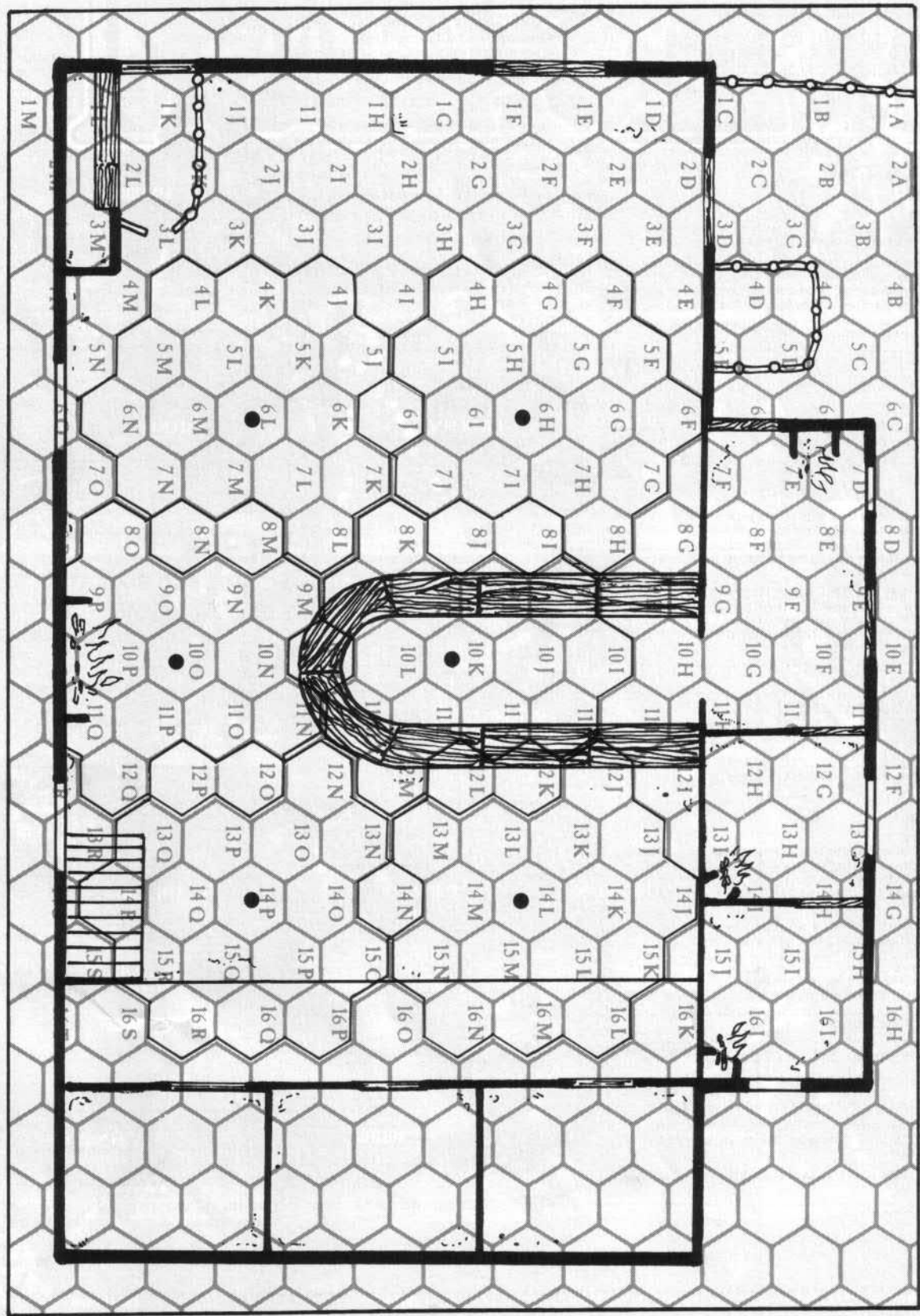


TABLE



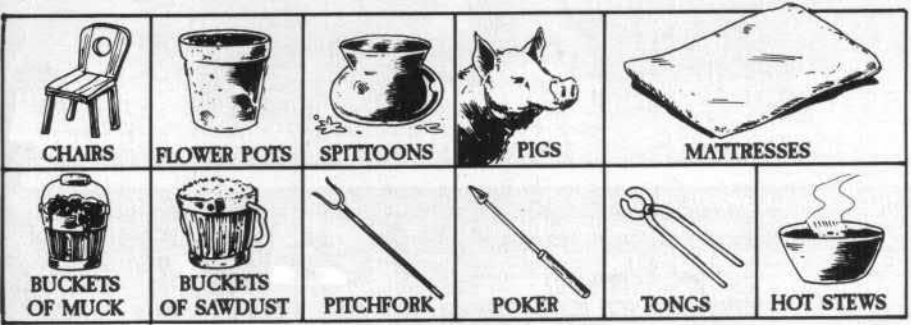
TABLE





SCALE 25mm = 1 YRD (MAP at 1/2 SCALE)

Illustrated by Pete Knifton



- NUMBER OF COUNTERS NEEDED**
- 28 CHAIR
 - 1 PITCH FORK
 - 6 TABLES
 - 1 POKER
 - 3 MATTRESSES
 - 1 TONGS
 - 8 FLOWER POTS
 - 4 HOT STEWS
 - 4 BUCKETS OF SAWDUST
 - 4 SPITTOONS
 - 4 BUCKETS OF MUCK
 - 3 PIGS



WARHAMMER

WARDANCERS

Erdil Hastor looked up as the scout hurried into the clearing. Seeing the distress in the youngster's manner, he crossed the clearing rapidly, meeting him at the foot of the mighty Council Oak.

'Lord Erdil! the scout began, breathlessly. Erdil put one hand on his shoulder.

'Calm yourself, Brightbranch,' he said gently. 'Now - quietly - what have you seen?' His calmness reassured the inexperienced scout, who paused for a few moments to recover his breath.

'Lord Erdil,' he repeated, in a steadier voice, 'my route took me close to Three-Willow-Clearing. I heard voices, in the Orcish tongue...'

'How many?'

'I saw four hands, all with the sign of the cloven skull.'

Erdil's light grey eyes hardened from quicksilver to steel.

'Skull Cleavers, eh?' He murmured, half to himself. 'They grow bold, or short of memory.' He turned at the sound of a light footfall, but Brightbranch was whirled round and flung to the ground before he knew what was happening.

'I heard.' The newcomer's resin-stiffened mane of dawn-red hair marked her as a Wardancer. She bent over to address the scout.

'Three-Willow-Clearing?' Brightbranch nodded dumbly. He concentrated on regaining his feet as the Wardancer turned back to Erdil, trying not to think about the strange light in her amber eyes.

'Four hands, Yavathol,' said Erdil, with a slight warning note in his voice. The Wardancer chuckled, like the purring of a brook.

'Afraid I'll go alone?' she grinned. Then she threw back her head and gave vent to a cry that blended laughter, song and warcy. Brightbranch shuddered despite himself. His eyes followed her as she melted into the forest, and in his fascination he failed to notice four figures do the same at the far side of the clearing.

Half an hour later, Saksquit Headbreaker squinted through the shifting mist.

'Sure I 'eard summink out there,' he mused. 'Wotcher fink, Pus?' There was no reply except for regular heavy breathing.

'AAOOOWW!!' The Orc second-in-command woke abruptly as Saksquit's mailed fist made contact with his lower body. 'Er - yer, chief, right!' He nodded enthusiastically, hoping desperately that this was the right response.

'You bin eatin' them weird berries again?' Grated Saksquit. Pus alternately nodded and shook his head - vocal expression was denied him by Saksquit's grasp on his windpipe. Saksquit threw him aside in disgust, and shouted for the Orcs to gather round.

'Right lads, lissen up - this 'ere's Elf country, an' we gotter be dead alert.'

'Ded lerts?' Chimed in a voice from the back. 'But we's live Orcs!'

Saksquit had just started to think about this when the attack came. With a feral cry, five figures came somersaulting out of the forest, and six Orcs were dead before Saksquit had even turned round.

'Shift yerselves!' he roared, hefting his great cleaver. 'Come on, there's only five of...!' Those were his last words.

Yavathol's eyes were glazed as she danced the dance of death. She heard the clash of weapons, the screams of the slain and her own keening wail as if from a distance, and was scarcely aware of her companions as they leaped, spun and cartwheeled, weaving a web of doom about the Orcs. A few broke and tried to flee, but the last died barely a dozen paces away.

THE RULES

A sneak peeviw from the forthcoming **Warhammer Armies** book:

Wardancers are an elite group of Elves, trained from childhood in the strange ways of their caste. The rules for their use are as follows:

1. Wardancers may be either Sea Elves or Wood Elves.
2. Wardancers may wear any type of armour, and ignore the extra movement penalties incurred by normal armoured Elves.
3. Wardancers fight in *troupes* of 5-10 models. These troupes behave in exactly the same way as *skirmishers* (see *Warhammer III*,

special troops section), with the following exceptions: Wardancers may ignore the restrictions placed on skirmishers with regard to weapons and armour. Wardancers *may not* form up in base to base contact. Wardancers do not have to run away when charged, and may charge as normal troops.

4. Wardancers suffer no penalties if engaged from the flank or rear.

5. Once engaged with an enemy unit, the Wardancers attack using one of the following *attack modes* (player's choice).

ATTACK MODES

With the exception of *interpenetration*, all the *attack modes* are treated abstractly. The Wardancer models are left in place, no matter what acrobatic feats they are performing. The opposing unit may fight back against any Wardancer models in base to base contact.

Concentrated Attack

Using their acrobatic prowess it is possible for the Wardancers in a troupe to concentrate up to six attacks on one model. More than one model may be attacked in this way.

Interpenetration

The Wardancers attack as normal; if they win the turn (see *Warhammer III*, basic rules, combat results), they may move through the enemy unit up to their movement allowance in inches. A 'troupe' of Wardancers may not move within 4" of a new enemy unit by *interpenetration*.

Transfix

Whilst in hand to hand combat the Wardancers may use a combination of mystic dance and song to *transfix* their opponents, while attacking normally. The enemy unit must make a **WP** test. If they fail, the Wardancer's rolls to hit and wound are at +1, and the enemy unit's rolls to hit are at -1. The *transfixing* only lasts for the turn in which it is engendered - although there is nothing to stop the Wardancers trying the same attack mode next turn.

Whirling Death

In a frenzy of bloodlust the Wardancers may double their number of attacks for one turn. They must continue attacking the same unit, with any attack mode except *interpenetration*, until all its members are dead. This could involve following a fleeing unit off the table.

Distract

The Wardancers weave around their opponents, avoiding all attacks and making none. This results in an automatic 'draw' for that turn. This attack mode can only be used against opponents with a lower weapon skill than the Wardancers, who do not outnumber the troupe by more than 2:1. This attack mode can be used for only three consecutive turns against any one unit.

Taunt

By use of insults and imaginative gestures the 'troupe' may force an enemy unit to charge them. The enemy must be within their normal charge distance of the 'troupe' and may make a **CI** test to resist the urge to charge the Wardancers.

Normal Attack

If the player wishes, the Wardancers can attack as normal troops. Wardancers pursuing enemy troops may only make normal attacks

Profile

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	8	9	9	8

Points Value

Wardancers cost 20 points each.

Matt Connell and Graeme Davis

OLD WORLD

B'ar...arp phutt! burp.' Guzunda Wallrattler was drinking again. Four flagons of Bugman's Best had stimulated the Dwarf's legendary flatulence to fever frequency. The room was beginning to smell fetid and the other Dwarfs were looking uncomfortable. The six foot tall, green, feather-clad amphibians seemed oblivious to the thickening atmosphere. They were lucky.

The tallest of the Slann, evidently the leader, turned to Guzunda and croaked. The other Slann croaked softly as if laughing at some secret joke.

'What - what did he say?' enquired mercenary Captain Lord Offo Yellowbeard.

'Ahhh well...' Guzunda thought for a moment. 'I reckon he wants to know when we fight the Bretonnians. I think he's getting impatient.'

'Tell him we move south tomorrow. Now we've been hired by Grand Duke Von Bildhofen of Middenland, we'll be in action against the froggies pretty quick - oooops!' Offo bit his tongue at this blunder and the Slann looked at him suspiciously.

'I'll tell him...uuurp,' said Guzunda, 'but I'll need ...another pint of Bugman's.'

Being captured by the Slann was the best thing that ever happened to Guzunda Wallrattler. They were going to sacrifice him along with the other prisoners as was their usual custom. In front of the altar they made him drink the foul snake wine. That was the start of it. The powerful brew activated the loudest and most impressive gastric chorus from Guzunda's sensitive innards. The high-priest was amazed by this display and spared Guzunda's life. Over the next few months the Slann kept the flatulent Dwarf well supplied with snake wine and gradually taught him their croaking language. Of course, the Slann wanted to know everything about the Old World. Most of all they wanted to know about the Bretonnians. Guzunda discovered that the Slann hated Bretonnians. 'Leg-hunters,' they called them.

When Guzunda suggested the Slann take ship with him to the Old World the amphibians readily agreed. The Slann were keen to attack the Bretonnians whose leg-hunters had caused them so much grief. Guzunda had nothing against the Bretonnians personally, but once back home he'd be able to hire the amphibians out as mercenaries and make a fortune. The Slann couldn't tell one dry-skin from another in any case.

So it was that the Great Slann Emperor (may his skin never wrinkle) despatched a small expedition to the Old World. At its head he placed one of his most able commanders, Itzibitzi - Master of the Pond. With him went a full spawning of fighting Eagle Warriors, a full spawning of Jaguar Warriors, two pools of Cold Ones with riders, half a pool of Cold Hounds with handlers, and a whole regiment of lobotomised human slave warriors. No Slann force would be complete without its magical contingent, and the Emperor decided to bless the expedition with the presence of his own spawnling, Ulha'up - Voyager in the Rain Drops of Eternity.

Itzibitzi soon discovered the Old World to be a vast and confusing place. Furthermore, it was prone to massive seasonal fluctuations of temperature. This, of course, seriously affected the cold-blooded Slann who were used to stable tropical conditions. Itzibitzi resolved immediately to find out as much as he could about the lands of the Old World, raid the hated Bretonnians, and hotfoot it back to Lustria before the winter set in. His hairy little guide soon introduced him to other enemies of the leg-hunters, and they made binding pacts, sealing them with the sacred brews of the Old World. Ambassadors and mercenary Captains from all over the Old World came to the Slann base in the swamps south of Marienburg. The dry-skins were eager to see the weird amphibians, and no less eager to hire their services as warriors. Only the Bretonnians stayed away.

SLANN MERCENARIES

Itzibitzi and his Slann may be included in any non-Bretonnian Old World army as mercenaries. The force list allows players to select from Itzibitzi's forces, any troops and character models they wish. Although Itzibitzi's force includes only a single wizard, a player may choose from amongst a variety of wizard level characters so as to comply with the general army lists.

ARMY LIST

This list is designed to provide a group of Mercenary Slann. The list is based upon the full Slann Army List given in the forthcoming **Warhammer Armies** book.

Character Models

A Slann mercenary group may spend up to half of its total points on heroes, wizards and magic items. Players are free to spend these within the maximum limitations given below. A Mercenary force may contain no more than 6 character models.

The Mercenary group is allowed one group standard which must be carried by a character model. This costs 50 points and the points value of the bearer is doubled.

Heroes

The force may contain a maximum of 5 hero models. Level 5 and 10 heroes must be assigned to specific units as champions. Level 15 or higher heroes may act independently. The maximum number of heroes available at each level, along with their points cost, is given below.

Maximum availability	Points per model
Three level 5 heroes	42
Two level 10 heroes	77
One Level 15 hero	112
One level 20 hero	147
One Level 25 hero	182

The points costs given are for a basic unarmoured model equipped with a hand-weapon. In the case of the Slann, this is usually a club or flint-edged sword. Points must also be paid for armour and additional weapons depicted on the models and selected from the following list. If a model carries an item not included in the list, it should be ignored.

Item	Points cost for hero level				
	5	10	15	20	25
Additional hand weapon	1	2	3	4	5
Double-handed weapon	2	4	6	8	10
Lance	2	4	6	8	10
Net	1	2	3	4	5
Spear	1	2	3	4	5
Blowpipe	1	2	3	4	5
Darts	1	2	3	4	5
Javelin	1	2	3	4	5
Sling	1	2	3	4	5
Throwing Knives	1	2	3	4	5
Throwing Spear	1	2	3	4	5
Shield	1	2	3	4	5
Light Armour	2	4	6	8	10
Heavy Armour	3	6	9	12	15
Cold One Mount	22	44	66	88	110

Wizards

The mercenary group may contain up to three wizards. The maximum number of wizards available at each level is given below.

Maximum	Points per model
Two level 5 wizards	72
Two level 10 wizards	107
One level 15 wizard	187
One level 20 wizard	282

The points value includes a hand weapon but no other equipment. Additional equipment may be chosen from the list already given for heroes, and at the same cost per item as the equivalent level hero.

Magic Items

The player is allowed to spend up to 200 points on magic items. These may be selected from the following list. The points values for these items vary depending on which attributes, abilities of spells are used. These are detailed under **Magic Items** in the main rules book.

0-2 magic hand weapons with up to three attributes each.

Wizards may be equipped with up to three scrolls each. A scroll may contain up to three different spells of level three or lower.

A single character model (hero or wizard) may wear a ring with a spell of level two or lower.

A single character model (hero or wizard) may wear magic armour.

Any unit standards may be magical standards.

The contingent standard may have up to two magical abilities.

Rank and File

At least half of the contingent's points value must comprise rank and file troops. Any unit may be given a unit standard bearer and/or a musician. Standard bearers and musicians cost double the points value of a basic trooper.

0-10 Cold One Riders

Slann are one of the few races able to master and ride the fierce reptilian creatures known as Cold Ones. Riders are highly trained and respected warriors, ranked above the ordinary foot soldiers.

Profile	Slann on Cold One mount
Weapons	Spear and hand weapon
Armour	None
Units	5-10
Points	37

A single unit may be upgraded to Slann shock elites either:	
+1 Elites	7
or +2 Elites	14
Any unit may be equipped with blowpipes	2
Any unit may be equipped with shields	2
Any unit may be equipped with light armour	4
One unit may be equipped with heavy armour	6

0-20 Warrior Clan Elites

The Slann Warrior Clans form the core of Slann armies. Each clan unit worships a specific animal and dresses in its skin. The most famous units are the Jaguar, Eagle and Alligator warriors. Like all regular Slann units, all its constituent members are part of the same *spawn*. They are literally *Brothers of the Same Water*.

Profile	Slann +1 shock elites
Weapons	Hand weapon
Armour	Light
Units	10-20
Points	16

One unit may be upgraded to +2 shock elites	7
Any unit may be equipped with double-handed weapons	2
One unit may be equipped with blowpipes	1
Any unit may be equipped with shields	1

One unit may upgrade its light armour to heavy armour 1
Any units may be subject to *frenzy* no cost

10-60 Braves

Braves are the common footsoldiers of the Slann armies. In Lustria they would be augmented by additional troops drawn from the primitive Slann Tribes, but these tribal warriors do not fight abroad.

Profile	Slann
Weapons	Hand weapons
Armour	None
Units	10-20
Points	7

One unit may be equipped with additional hand weapons	1
One unit may be equipped with double-handed weapons	2
Any unit may be equipped with blowpipes	1
One unit may be equipped with darts	1
One unit may be equipped with throwing axes	1

20-80 Human Lobotomised Slave Warriors

Slann populations all over Lustria are in decline as a result of human intervention and disease. As a result, the Emperor has instigated a special caste of slave warriors recruited from amongst human captives. With their brain cut out and their bodies pumped full of secret preparations the humans fight well enough, although their constant dribbling, braying and vomiting is a bit much for sensitive Slann. See below for full rules on slave troops.

Profile	Slann Slave
Weapons	Hand weapons
Armour	None
Units	20-50
Points	4

One unit may be equipped with double-handed weapons	1
Any unit may be equipped with shields	1/2

Each unit of Slave troops must be led by at least one Slann animal handler and may be led by up to one handler for every two slaves. In this respect lobotomised troops are identical to packs of beasts.

Profile	Slann animal handler
Weapons	Hand weapons
Armour	None
Points	12

A handler may be equipped with a shield	1
A handler may be equipped with light armour	2



0-6 Litters plus Human Bearers

Each Slann Wizard may have a litter carried by four lobotomised human slaves. Slann Wizards must ride in this litter if they are to avoid the spiritually polluting effects of walking on the soil of the Old World (see below for details). A litter may carry a single wizard and one other model.

Profile	Human levy
Weapons	None - no attacks
Armour	None
Points	Wizard 5 12
	Wizard 10 24
	Wizard 15 36
	Wizard 20 48
	Wizard 25 60

0-10 Cold One Warhounds





These sturdy reptilian warhounds are related to the larger Cold Ones and are very similar in all but size. The Slann use them as trackers and scouts. Their keen noses can pick up the acrid smell of a dry-skin from many miles distance.

Profile	Cold One warhounds/Slann animal handler
Weapons	None
Armour	None
Units	5-10 hounds + up to 1 handler per 2 hounds

Each unit of warhounds must be accompanied by at least one Slann animal handler and up to a maximum of one handler for every two hounds. See Human Lobotomised Slave Warriors for details of handlers.

Skirmishers

Up to one third of the troops may be used as skirmishers at no extra cost, provided that the following limitations are obeyed.

-  A unit of skirmishers may be no larger than 15 foot models or 10 cavalry.
-  All models must be individually based to facilitate skirmishing.
-  Skirmishers may only carry shields and/or wear light armour.
-  Human slave warriors may not skirmish.

SPECIAL RULES

Slann Wizards Overseas

The Slann are a highly mystic, erudite and above all, weird race. The Slann are the most magically powerful people in the world, more so than even the High Elves, who are little more than their favoured children. Slann magicians are the strangest members of their species. The Slann Emperor is himself the greatest of all Slann magicians, and his thousands of spawnlings include many mighty and renowned sorcerors. Such an individual is Ulha'up - Voyager in the Rain Drops of Eternity.

The Slann hold very firmly to the belief that the 'lands across the pond' (as they call the Old World) are places of great spiritual pollution. They are quite right, for such is the taint of Chaos upon the Old World that sensitive Slann wizards have problems coping with it. As a result, any Slann Wizard whose noble feet touch the cursed soil of the Old World is unable to use any spells of spell level 2 or higher. He may still use spells of spell level 1, and a wizard with no spells of level 2 or higher will be unaffected.

To overcome this nagging problem, high level wizards must either ride a Cold One or must be carried about on a litter so they need never touch the disgusting native soil. Loss of a wizard's spells may be rectified by renewing spiritual faith back in Lustria - but not otherwise.

Litters are carried by Lobotomised Human Slaves at a rate of 1" per living slave (up to 4" maximum). Slaves may not (and indeed cannot) do anything else (except perhaps dribble a bit). A single slave is not capable of literally

carrying the litter by himself of course, but he will continue to mindlessly drag it at 1" per turn. Missile hits against the litter are randomised between bearers and wizard. Bearers and wizard both count the litter as soft cover (-1 to hit). If all of a litter's bearers are slain the wizard will just have to leg it!

Lobotomised Human Slave Warriors

Human slave warriors are castrated, lobotomised and fed a variety of special drugs to keep them compliant, or to make them aggressive. Reduced to this sad condition, they are in fact little more than beasts. In fact, they are treated exactly like a pack of beasts, like the Cold One Warhounds for example. They must have handlers in exactly the same way as packs of beasts, and react in the same way as beasts if deprived of all handlers.

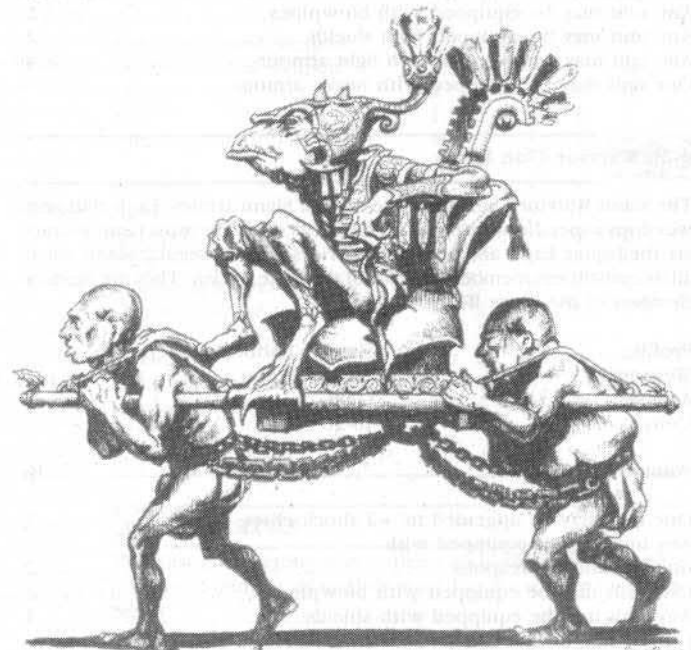
Lobotomised slaves have very little intelligence, almost no imagination and not a lot going for them in general. A Slave unit is subject to *stupidity*. Test for *stupidity* on the characteristic of the Slann handler leading the unit. The slaves' own characteristics are ignored for psychology including *stupidity*. Note that although only the Slaves are *stupid* the psychology effect may affect the entire unit including the handlers.

When testing for rout, the Slann leader's characteristic (*Ld*) is used. The Slaves' characteristic is ignored in the same way as that of any subservient beast.

Once routed, Slaves cannot be rallied. They continue to rout until they are dead or have left the table.

Rick Priestley

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
Lob. Slave	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	2	7	7	4
Slann	4	3	2	3	4	1	3	1	8	7	9	9	7
5 Hero	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	7	9	9	42
10 Hero	4	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	9+1	7	9	9	77
15 Hero	4	5	3	4	5	3	5	3	10+2	7	10+1	10+1	112
20 Hero	4	6	3	4	5	4	6	4	10+3	7	10+1	10+1	147
25 Hero	4	6	4	4	5	4	6	4	10+3	9+2	10+2	10+2	182
5 Wizard	4	4	2	4	4	1	3	1	8	8+1	10+1	10+1	72
10 Wizard	4	4	2	4	4	2	4	1	9+1	9+2	10+1	10+2	107
15 Wizard	4	5	2	4	5	3	4	1	10+2	9+2	10+2	10+2	187
20 Wizard	4	5	3	4	5	4	5	1	10+2	10+3	10+2	10+3	282
25 Wizard	4	6	4	4	5	4	6	1	10+3	10+3	10+3	10+3	392
Cold One	8	3	0	4	4	2	1	2	4	9	9	9	22
Hound	6	3	0	3	3	1	2	2	2	4	9	9	8



To Live And Die In Mega-City One

The Concluding Part of an Epic Adventure for the Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game

by Marcus Rowland

This is the conclusion to an adventure begun in White Dwarf 94 and continued in the last issue. You cannot play this adventure without copies of these previous two issues. Do not read any further if you are playing a character in this adventure.

So far, the Judges have had their briefing interrupted by a powerful psychic broadcast, been involved in cornering a serial killer, averted a Citi-Def riot, destroyed a gigantic cleaning monster and witnessed cases of spontaneous human combustion.

They have also been sent to the ruins of Old Atlanta to recover a bone marrow donor for a young (and very powerful) psychic, Bobby Cameron. It was Cameron who had the power to disrupt a Justice Department hypno-briefing. Although the PCs don't know it yet, an older Bobby Cameron has been manipulating their actions. The older Cameron is a Psi-Judge who has been sent from the future to prevent a time paradox from occurring.

Potential donors for Cameron have, however, been systematically destroyed in a series of freak incidents. The latest of these has been Deitrich Cameron, the boys paralyzed uncle, who was buried in a Sus-An vault under Atlanta. He burst into green flames during the journey to the Ben Casey Memorial Hospital, leaving behind a pile of ash and a mysterious message...

PROG 3: LET'S DO THE TIME-WARP (AGAIN)

PHASE 8: FRIEND OR FOE?

As the team head towards Ben Casey Memorial, their radios crackle with ominous-sounding messages, half drowned in static.

++ ITEM ++ ++ SHC EPIDEMIC ++

Spontaneous Human Combustion cases in the current epidemic now exceed two hunssssss. Victims have the rare Sigma Aleph 3 blood group. Any citizen or perp found to have this blood group must be Zeeeeeeee.

++ ITEM ++ ++ FROG PLAGUE ++

Last night's zoom crash was caused by a massive accumulation of frogs on the line. All protection is crackle from frogs, toads, and other amphibsssssss until further notice.

Crackle-Div city-wide disaster prediction now exceeds fifty percent. All defence installations switch to communications scramble code blue eight. Repeat, all defence installations buzzzz.

++ ITEM ++ ++ ABNORMAL WEATHER CONDITIONS ++

Weather control reports numerous system faults throughout the city. Flash floods have hit Sectors 8 through 14, snow is falling in Sectors 134 to 157. Temperatures in all screeeeeeee are approaching thirty-five centigrade. These conditions are changing erratically. All Judges should be prepared for problems.

++ ITEM ++ ++ WEREWOLVES ++

The outbreak of Lycanthropy in Sector 48 is now confirmed.

LET'S DO
THE TIME-WARP
(AGAIN)

Victims do not respond to the Cassidy treatment, and zzzzzpppphht Dredd advises all units to shoot to kill. Do not attempt to make arrests.

Ben Casey Memorial is a pre-Apocalypse building, scarred by the war but still sound. The approaches to the hospital are guarded by H-Wagons, a sonic cannon team and a riot control unit. The Judges have to pass through several checkpoints before they reach the entrance. A fleet of ambulances is leaving the hospital as they arrive. If the Judges bother to ask, a porter-bot says that the building is being evacuated. It has no idea why.

As they are about to enter, the sky darkens, and a patter of rain showers down. It's an unusual rain, streaked red and mixed with fragments of flesh. A Med-bot runs out with a portable analyser, and studies the readout. A moment later it says, 'It's raining liver...' After a few moments the storm turns to normal rain, which slowly washes the mess away.

If the PCs report this incident there's a short delay, then a garbled message from MAC tells them that a freak tornado hit an organ-legger's warehouse. Other Judges are at the scene.

Inside the hospital, a reception droid leads the team to a lecture room on the first floor, where Psi-Judge Ferguson is waiting. He seems very upset. Once the team are seated, he moves to the platform and starts to talk.

'I have to tell you that Mega-City One is facing an unusual crisis. We have strong evidence of widespread psionic attacks, aimed at one goal: the death of Bobby Cameron, a young telepath who was discovered a few days ago. Oddly, there has been no direct attempt on the child's life. Instead, the attacks seem to be aimed at anyone who could possibly give him a bone marrow transplant.'

If the players haven't already noticed, have the Judges make SS rolls to notice that Ferguson speaks without any of his former impediment. He's too worried to keep up his act.

'Fortunately, you've given me a clue to the origin of this phenomenon. Some time ago Tek-Div developed a time machine, the Proteus time module. Judges Dredd and Anderson travelled into the future, then used knowledge gained in the year 2120 to eliminate a mutant criminal called Owen Kryslar, sometimes known as the Judge Child. Dredd's intervention completely changed history, from the moment of Kryslar's death onwards.

'This child was a psionic master, and had an eagle-like mark on its forehead. However, your recent experiences make it seem likely that Kryslar wasn't destroyed. By killing the mutant, Dredd cut off the timeline in which Kryslar lived, but it somehow survived there. Now he seems to be able to influence events in the real world, and is gaining power rapidly. This raises several questions...'

Suddenly Ferguson is interrupted by an angry female voice, 'And we'll start with the big one. Who are you, creep?'

Standing at the back of the hall is an angry blonde Psi-Judge, her Lawgiver pointed at Ferguson's head. Two spy-in-the-sky cameras float above her shoulders, their lenses covering the room. Judge Anderson is instantly recognisable. Ferguson slowly raises his hands, and says 'Psi-Judge Ferguson, operating out of Justice Central.'

'Spug that for a laugh. I know every Psi-Judge in the Central sectors. I've spent the last few days looking for a pyrokin with a grudge against blood donors. When I was told that there was another Psi-Judge on this case - one I'd never heard of - I knew that something rotten was going down. When I discovered the Sector Chief he had been hypnotised, I was sure. You aren't a Jimp, there's no way that you'd fool so many Judges for so long, and

LET'S DO
THE TIME-WARP
(AGAIN)

it takes a real pro to plug a fake ID into MAC. What are you, an East-Meg infiltrator or something?’

As she says the last words, her eyes narrow and her hair swirls as though it was charged with static electricity.

Any other Psi-Judges in the room should make PS rolls. If they fail, they take damage from a Psychic Attack, but roll for damage on a D3, not a D6, since they aren't the intended targets. Use of any other PS ability (such as the Detect Intent ability, to read Ferguson's mind) isn't possible while blocking out Anderson's thrust.

Ferguson suddenly clutches his head and sinks to his knees. Anderson's eyes widen.

'Drokk! You idiots must be out of your spugging minds. Don't you think we can handle things ourselves?'

Ferguson collapses, and Anderson says, 'Well, don't just stand there. Throw some water on him or something. We've got to find out exactly why he's here, before it's too late.'

If anyone asks what she means, she says, 'I would have thought it was spugging obvious. He's a time traveller. He's a Judge all right, but he's from some time in the future!'

After a minute or so Ferguson revives.

'Right' says Anderson 'Who sent you back here?'

Ferguson looks at her for a moment. 'Well, the order came from the Chief Judge, but you were my briefing officer, and you never told me this was going to happen! I knew that this mission was asking for trouble, but everyone insisted that I had to take the case. It's bad enough that I have to frack around with time, and speak slowly to avoid using modern slang, but when it's my own droobing life on the line...'

Ferguson stops, realising that he's said too much. It's probable that one of the team will ask what he means. If not, Anderson does: 'So what's so special about your life?'

'Frack it, it's me that the creep's trying to kill! My real name's Cameron! At this moment I'm a five year old child, asleep in an isolation bubble on the eighty-fifth floor!'

Anderson's radio beeps for attention, and she listens for a moment. The PCs won't be able to hear the other end of the conversation.

'Right. The Chief Judge has been watching, says I'm to back off and leave Cameron to deal with this. The Tek-team say anything I do will make the paradox worse. Give Cameron all possible co-operation. I'm to head back to Justice Central and prepare to use the Psi-Amplifier. If Kryslar gets loose I'll try to stop him. Until then you're on your own. Good Luck, I think we'll all need it!'

Anderson walks out. One camera follows her, the other stays behind, watching the room. A TS or PS roll will remind the PCs that the Psi-Amplifier boosts Psionic power, but always kills the Psi-Judge using it.

Ferguson/Cameron climbs to his feet. 'Right. That's saved me some explaining. For some reason Kryslar seems to be making a determined effort to kill me before I ever became a Judge. Does anyone have any suggestions as to how we might stop him?'

Outside the window, swirling clouds seem to be gathering



around the hospital. Cameron says, 'Perhaps we'd better continue upstairs. I've a bad feeling about this.'

All the Judges (even those with PS000) feel a strange cold sensation - a tingle of approaching evil.

If the team don't follow Cameron upstairs, he will face The Mutant on his own. Not surprisingly, he will be defeated, and The Mutant will gain enough power to claim Mega-City One. Allow about two minutes of playing time, a last chance for the team to change their minds. If they don't follow him upstairs, go to **Phase 9a**, a tragic final scene for use if the Judges fail completely.

If the team stop Cameron going upstairs the Mutant will be almost unopposed. It can materialise completely, and start to do some real

damage. Go to **Phase 9a** again.

If the team go upstairs with Cameron, or within two minutes of him, the lift seems to take forever, but eventually reaches the 85th floor. Cameron goes to the room holding Bobby's iso-bubble.

This level of the hospital (see figure 13) specialises in treating patients with low disease resistance. There are eight isolation chambers, each made of tough flexible plastic, in four suites with medical monitoring equipment, plus a laboratory and visitor's waiting room. All of the bubbles are occupied. There hasn't been time to arrange for sterile transport to evacuate the patients. Doc-bots watch over the instruments, and work in the laboratory. A few nurses have insisted on staying behind to look after the patients. An H-Wagon flies round the hospital, its street cannon aimed at the building.

Bobby is in iso-bubble 5, sedated and guarded by three Judges. He wears blue bunny-rabbit pyjamas, and is a picture of innocence. If possible use NPC Judges the player characters have met before to guard Bobby, but do not use any famous Judge (eg Dredd, Hershey, etc). All should have average statistics. All have their Lawgivers ready, and will stop the PCs if they aren't with Cameron.

Allow one minute for the PCs to take up positions around the level. When you know exactly where everyone is standing, start the action.

There's an ear-splitting explosion, and the H-Wagon disintegrates in a ball of flame. The glascrete window at the West end of the main corridor bulges in, then explodes in thousands of jagged fragments. Anyone standing directly in front of the suite containing iso-bubbles 1 and 2 takes 2D3 hits with +1 effect modifiers. If none of the Judges happen to be there, a nurse has just stepped into the corridor.

The entire level seems to sparkle with prismatic light, and the dimensions of each room shimmer and distort. In the laboratory equipment starts to shake as the lights dim and go out. A glowing form, like a gigantic humanoid spider, starts to materialise in the laboratory. Any Psi-Judges present immediately know its exact location. The glare of light and screams from the laboratory are a reasonably good clue for the rest of the Judges.

They have one round to reach the laboratory. At the end of that time The Mutant will have materialised completely. As he appears, two of the NPC Judges burst into flames. Any shots fired by the team will pass through the apparition without harming it during this round. Cameron runs into the lab, shouting 'Keep firing! It's our only chance!', and starts to fire high-explosive rounds at the apparition.

In the minds of the Judges there is a cold, soundless, voice:

'PITIFUL WORMS, DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?'

THE MUTANT

**S 4 | 91* CS 91* DS 11 TS 30 SS 30 MS 35
PS 300****

* In psionic combat, and with psionic weapons (eg telekinesis) only, otherwise 35.

** See notes below!

The Mutant has six arms (but no legs), and a tapering scorpion-like body. All areas of its body are covered with ridges of leathery skin giving some armour protection:

Location	Probability (%)	Armour (%)
Head	01-10	15
Chest	11-35	10
Abdomen	36-50	10
Left Arms (3)	51-75	10
Right Arms(3)	76-00	10

The face has vaguely human features, but no eyes. However, the Mutant is aware of everything happening around it. It is ridiculously tough. It won't be knocked out by anything less than a head hit, will recover from any knock out in 1D4 rounds, and will fight on until it is dead. Its odd metabolism makes it immune to Stumm and hypo-shells.

The Mutant can use *any* PS ability, including some the team can't even imagine, and can make multiple psionic attacks in a single round. Powers used include Pyrokinesis (causing spontaneous human combustion), Disintegration (as a disintegrator shot but aimed), lightning bolts (resolve as laser fire) and the like. It can also teleport (no range limit) itself and other objects, and maintain a psychic force-field equivalent to 99% armour. To simulate these powers, without making the mutant totally unbeatable, use the following rules:

- 1 The mutant has PS 300 (hereafter called PS Points). However, it must split these 300 points between all psychic attacks and defences in each round. No single PS use can exceed 99 points (99%).
- 2 The mutant doesn't need to expend PS Points to maintain its force field, but *does* need to use them to repair the field if it is damaged. For every shot that hits but doesn't penetrate, the protection is reduced by 5%. It must use 5 points to repair it. Bullets that penetrate the force field do normal damage, if they penetrate The Mutant's skin. However, they still only reduce the force field's protection by 5%.
- 3 Attacks and other use of powers are made by PS rolls against the number of PS Points used. For example, if 45 points are spent on an SHC attack, there is a 45% chance of success.



The effect of these rules is simple: if the Judges can keep the Mutant under continuous heavy fire, its psychic attacks will be limited, and its psionic defences will be weakened.

The mutant is fairly vain, and a little childish. It toys with its victims before killing them, and wants a few helpless witnesses to its ultimate triumph. It may taunt the Judges with illusions, or use telekinesis to take their weapons, in preference to killing them. If it's in serious trouble all attacks will be lethal, and may include oddities like teleporting a Judge a few metres outside the building, 85 storeys above the ground.

The Judges may be able to defeat The Mutant in a straight fight, though this isn't very likely. Once the other Judges join his attack, Cameron will try to engage it in psychic combat, and any other Psi-Judges should be encouraged to do the same. The Mutant will always give priority to its psychic defences, improving the chance of success by conventional attacks. It also tends to kill NPC Judges before the team. There's no good reason for this, but never mind... However, there are a few other things the team can try:

KILLING BOBBY

The Judges may reason that the Mutant is only able to make this attack because Cameron's presence has weakened the fabric of time. The Mutant hasn't attacked Bobby directly. Maybe his death would end the paradox. It's also possible that the PCs may kill Bobby accidentally.

Unfortunately Bobby's death makes the paradox even worse. If he never lived, Cameron could never have returned to the past, and the last few days could never have happened. Unfortunately, this means that Bobby wouldn't have been killed, so grows up to become Judge Cameron...

Run **Phase 9b** to resolve this paradox.

KILLING CAMERON

No effect. The Mutant is already here, and killing Cameron will only weaken the forces of Justice. If the team try this *before* The Mutant appears, it's still too late. The paradox already exists, and Cameron's death only helps The Mutant.

WAKING BOBBY

Bobby is sedated, but the robodocs have the antidote. It takes two actions to administer the antidote, a round for Bobby to wake. It's a good move, and likely to be effective.

His mind (PS 35) immediately merges with his older, future self, boosting their combined PS. However, since normal humans can't use psi-powers in the same way as The Mutant, they only gain an effective PS of 99%. This effect can also be achieved if other Psi-Judges try to merge their powers with Cameron. However, the combined PS will never exceed 99%, and the merged minds can still only use one ability a round. Bobby can only make psionic attacks if merged with the mind of Cameron. He can't leave the bubble unless the team cut it open.

PRAYER

Not likely to be effective. In any case, a Judge with religious beliefs is a contradiction in terms. If you are feeling really generous, the PCs may be able to summon up some form of avenging force symbolising The Law.



PHASE 9A: GOING OUT WITH A BANG

So the Judges have failed to stop the Mutant from achieving complete power. Fortunately, the Chief Judge was prepared for this possibility. While Anderson was talking to the team, a specially prepared cleaning droid entered the hospital. By chance it's near the team at the climactic moment. Read this to your players:

You feel a strange sensation, as though the entire building has twanged like a tuning fork. You all 'hear' a cold voice 'NOW IT BEGINS. CITY OF THE DAMNED, I CLAIM YOU ONCE MORE.'

A nurse staggers out of a side room, her hair on fire. As you watch, her head explodes. One of the guards is burning like a candle, and hundreds of people seem to be screaming.

A nearby droid seems to fall apart. Inside the outer casing is a sleek metal cylinder. You have a split second to recognise the Eagle of Justice insignia on a nuclear warhead, in the instant before the fireball engulfs you all.

The explosion devastates half the sector, killing several million citizens and thousands of Judges. It's just powerful enough to crack the Mutant's defences, though it's possible that his incredible mind will eventually be able to return to Mega-City One...

Anderson is lucky. She survives, escaping with severe burns and radiation poisoning. The PCs - and most of the Judges they have ever known - are killed. Over the next few days the Chief Judge attributes the explosion to a Sov booby-trap bomb left over from the Apocalypse War. The Daughters of the Apocalypse/Cit-Def Pre-Emptive Strike Coalition Alliance Party attracts another few million votes at the next mayoral elections.

Tek-Div computers analyse the time paradox, adding another fragment of knowledge to the overwhelming evidence that time travel should be avoided at all costs. There was never a Judge Cameron, and no-one will ever brief him about a paradox in his past.

But the dead stay dead.

PHASE 9B: A FEELING OF DEJA-VU

The Judges have made the time paradox even worse. Read out the following:

There's a strange sensation, like the snap of a huge synthi-rubber band, and something hurls you into a dark universe. You feel as though you are falling down an endless shaft, spinning faster and faster. You lose all sense of space and time...

You are lying on a couch in the briefing room, as the machines pump an endless torrent of data into your mind. A child's voice seems to be saying something in the background. Somehow you feel that you've been here before, though you don't know why.

Over the next few days this feeling recurs again and again, until you find yourself in Ben Casey Memorial Hospital. Bobby is about to die. Suddenly you realise that you've been here before and before and before...

What are you going to do?

Repeat this as necessary until the Judges try something else.

PHASE 9C: DARK VICTORY

However the Judges defeat The Mutant, ensure that the body count is very high. In particular, Cameron *must* be killed in the last part of the battle, if he isn't already dead. Bobby should *not* be dead. If he was killed, you should have run phase 9b.

The ghost of Judge Omar, the late head of Psi-Div, and last user of the Psi Amplifier, seems appropriate. The ghost of Omar has **135, PS 50** (he's been dead for a good while), and the PS abilities *Psychic Attack* and *Illusions*. Not terribly helpful, but better than nothing. You were expecting divine intervention?

CALLING FOR HELP

If the team are sure that they can't defeat The Mutant, they can call for help. Five phases later an H-Wagon will attack the building with all weapons, blowing a huge hole in the West side of the laboratory, and incidentally killing anyone in the line of fire. The Mutant will be forced to devote all its PS to its defences and a retaliatory attack on the H-Wagon. It will only take two or three phases to swat the H-Wagon out of the sky, but the Judges may be able to do something in that time. There isn't another H-Wagon close enough to reach the scene before The Mutant has merged with the time line completely.

WHAT NEXT

The fight continues until the Judges have killed The Mutant (run **Phase 9c** below), or all of the team are dead or disabled. If this happens, the flickering light surrounding the team get's more and more intense, and the entire building seems to warp into strange dimensions the team can barely see, let alone understand. Go to **Phase 9a**, below.

The Judges stand in the smoking ruins of the corridor, as Med-bots bustle around looking after the wounded. The Mutant's body shimmers and disappears. The crisis is over, but there's nothing to say that it can't come back...

If Cameron's body isn't too badly damaged, one of the Judges may think of using it as a bone marrow source for Bobby. This will work, and this course of action won't cause a paradox because Cameron isn't going to return to the future. In any case a donor can easily be found, now that The Mutant isn't interfering. The time harness in Cameron's car crumbles to dust.

If Bobby is awake, he's aware that his older self is dead, and collapses under the psychic strain. By a fortunate quirk of fate, he will eventually recover with no memory of his older self. The team may think of administering a routine memory erasure treatment to make sure that his amnesia is permanent.

There's a popping noise, and an orange plasteel box marked with the Eagle of Justice appears on the floor. It's closed with the seal of the Chief Judge, and marked *Chief Judge's Eyes ONLY*. Alert characters making TS rolls will recognise that the latch is a fingerprint sensor, similar to the grip of a Lawgiver.

If anyone other than the Chief Judge tries to open this box, it explodes (as a hand bomb), and another box appears a round later. When the Judges report it, an SJS courier squad soon arrives to take it to the Chief Judge. The team are ordered to take care of things at the hospital. If anyone is suffering from radiation sickness or is wounded they can stay for treatment.

Within a couple of hours the Judges are summoned to Justice Central. They are to give a full report of all they have done to the Council of Five. The Council will criticise anything that seems Unlawful - abandoning the vehicles in Atlanta, unnecessary deaths among bystanders and the like. Use this debriefing to decide how many experience points you will award, on the scale listed at the end of the adventure.

When the Judges have reported, the Chief Judge stands up, holding an orange box.

'As some of you know, this box materialised shortly after The Mutant was defeated. It contained a vid-slug, a message to me and the Council. It seems to have been recorded by a future Chief Judge. Although it's electronically distorted, I'm fairly sure that it isn't me. In view of your involvement in this case, I've decided to show you the message.'

A shadowy figure is projected above the Chief Judge. The recording disguises the voice of the speaker, and masks the face in a shimmering grid that makes it impossible to pick out definite features. It isn't even possible to tell if the future Chief Judge is a man or a woman. The insignia of the Chief Judge are just visible. The figure speaks:

'Greetings. I must apologise for the death of so many Judges. I wish that there was some way that it could have been prevented.'

'Ever since you unmasked Cameron, his origin and actions have been known to the Justice Department. We were faced with a dilemma. If we sent him into the past, to investigate the paradox surrounding his early life, we knew that the Mega-City would be in immense danger. His presence weakened the time lines, allowing The Mutant to return to Mega-City One. However, our records showed that you were able to defeat The Mutant. It was already part of our history.'

'If we had ignored the record and done nothing, who knows what might have happened. Perhaps Cameron would have received a bone marrow transplant, and carried on with his life, eventually becoming a Judge. Perhaps the paradox would be made worse, and The Mutant would defeat you. We couldn't take that risk.'

'Cameron was deliberately kept ignorant of his history, and prepared for this mission. We knew that he would be killed. Anything else would wipe out the time line we knew. It's possible that we could have found another solution.'

'For the moment, I must urge you to keep all records of this incident under tight control. Cameron must never know his future.'

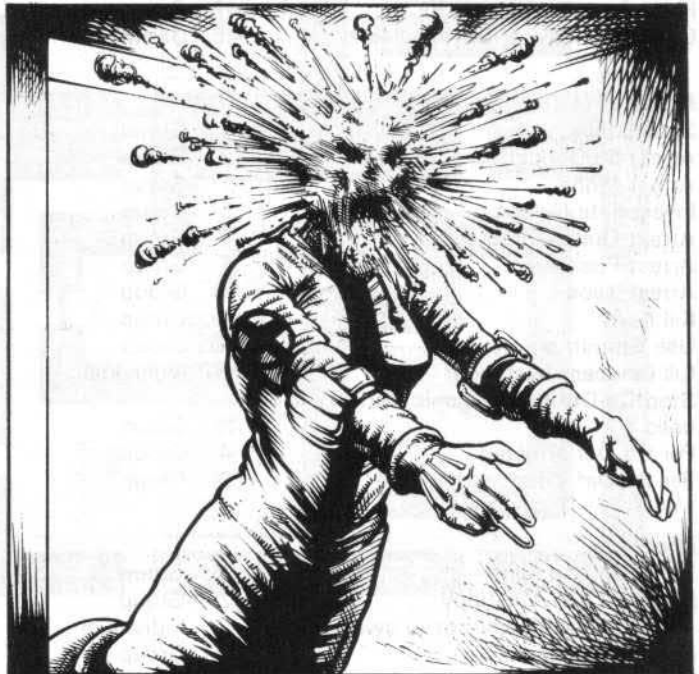
'Remember that you, and your successors in office, will ultimately decide what to do.'

The image darkens and disappears. The Chief Judge rises. 'I must reluctantly agree with this message. All civilians involved in this case have received routine memory-erasure treatments, as has the boy. He'll enter the Academy as a cadet as soon as he's released from hospital.

'Obviously any breach in security would be disastrous. For this reason you are to report to Psychology after this meeting, where you will also receive memory erasure. It will be limited to knowledge of the time paradox. There won't be any drastic change in your personalities. You will remember that you were involved in a difficult and dangerous mission, and your records will show the thanks of the Chief Judge and the Council. Thank you.

The Judges will, of course, obey orders. If they don't, it's probably time to bring out that SJS termination squad you've been saving for a special occasion. Ten or twelve crack Judges with full powered armour, laser rifles, and brain-seeker missiles should take care of any dissidents.

The next day the Judges are back at their Sector House, tired, but sure that they have done a good job... whatever it was... However, there's no time to dwell on the past. It's a big Mega-City, and there are a lot of perps to bust.





EXPERIENCE

Any Judge surviving from beginning to end of this adventure should receive 70 experience points. Judges surviving progs 2 and 3 should receive 50 points. Judges surviving prog 3 only should receive 30 points.

Additionally, you should make individual or group awards for good or bad play. Group points should be split amongst the Judges involved in a particular action.

Action EPs Awarded to...

Phase 1

Report damaged fire-fighting equipment	2	Individual
Plant the microphones successfully	5	Group
Find the vid slug	5	Individual
Bugs spotted by Maybelle	-5	Individual
Find Crunge's money	3	Group
Find Jiminez's contraband	2	Group
Per perp taken alive at ARV	5	Group
Per perp killed at ARV	3	Group
Per perp escaping at ARV	-15	Group
Cowley, Bodey, or Doyle killed	-15	Group

Phase 2

Spot Bobby	2	Group
Arrest McDonut	2	Group
Arrest Mona	1	Group
Investigate Nelson	5	Group
Arrest Quincy brothers	4	Group
Arrest Pushlever	1	Group
Arrest Kaos	10	Group
Kill Kaos	7	Group
Use Stumm on crowd	-10	Group
Kill innocent bystander	-5	Individual
Stop Cit-Def before Sonic Cannon used	15	Group
Per Cit-Def arrested	4	Group
Per Cit-Def killed	2	Group

Phase 3

Break up bite fight	10	Group
Listen to Call-Me-Zippy	2	Group
Warn Call-Me-Zippy not to swear	2	Individual
Save technicians	15	Group
Arrest Quill	10	Group

Phase 4

No experience for this phase. However, any Judge removed from the group should receive 20 experience and a share of the group experience points.

Phase 5

If all Judges and vehicles survive 10 Group

Phase 6

Per bot destroyed	5	Group
Per bot reprogrammed	5	Group
Deitrich thawed out safely	10	Group
Deitrich killed, but body kept	5	Group
Deitrich isn't recovered	-10	Group
Robots capture vehicles	-15	Group
Bot factory destroyed	15	Group

Phase 7

If all Judges and vehicles survive 5 Group

Phase 8

Per run through phase 9b	-20	Group
Bobby merges with Cameron	10	Group
Cameron killed by Judges	-20	Group
Supernatural aid invoked	-15	Group*

Phase 9

Opening the box	-10	Individual
Arguing with Chief Judge/SJS	5-20	years*

* And serves them right for such un-Judgelike behaviour!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This adventure is based on an idea originally developed for *Golden Heroes*, and adds many ideas suggested by the staff of *White Dwarf*. It also incorporates ideas suggested by playtesters at Games Workshop Hammersmith, Dov Rigal, and other friends.

The initial inspiration for this adventure was an article on the work on the International Panel for Rare Blood Donors, a real organisation. Give blood, not excuses!

SOURCES

Judge Child books 1-3, *City of the Damned*, *The Cursed Earth* Books 1-2 Titan Books; *2000ADs*, IPC; *All You Zombies*, Robert A. Heinlein; *The Clone*, Kate Wilhelm & Theodore Thomas; *Millennium*, John Varley; *Damnation Alley*, Roger Zelazney; and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *The Blob*.

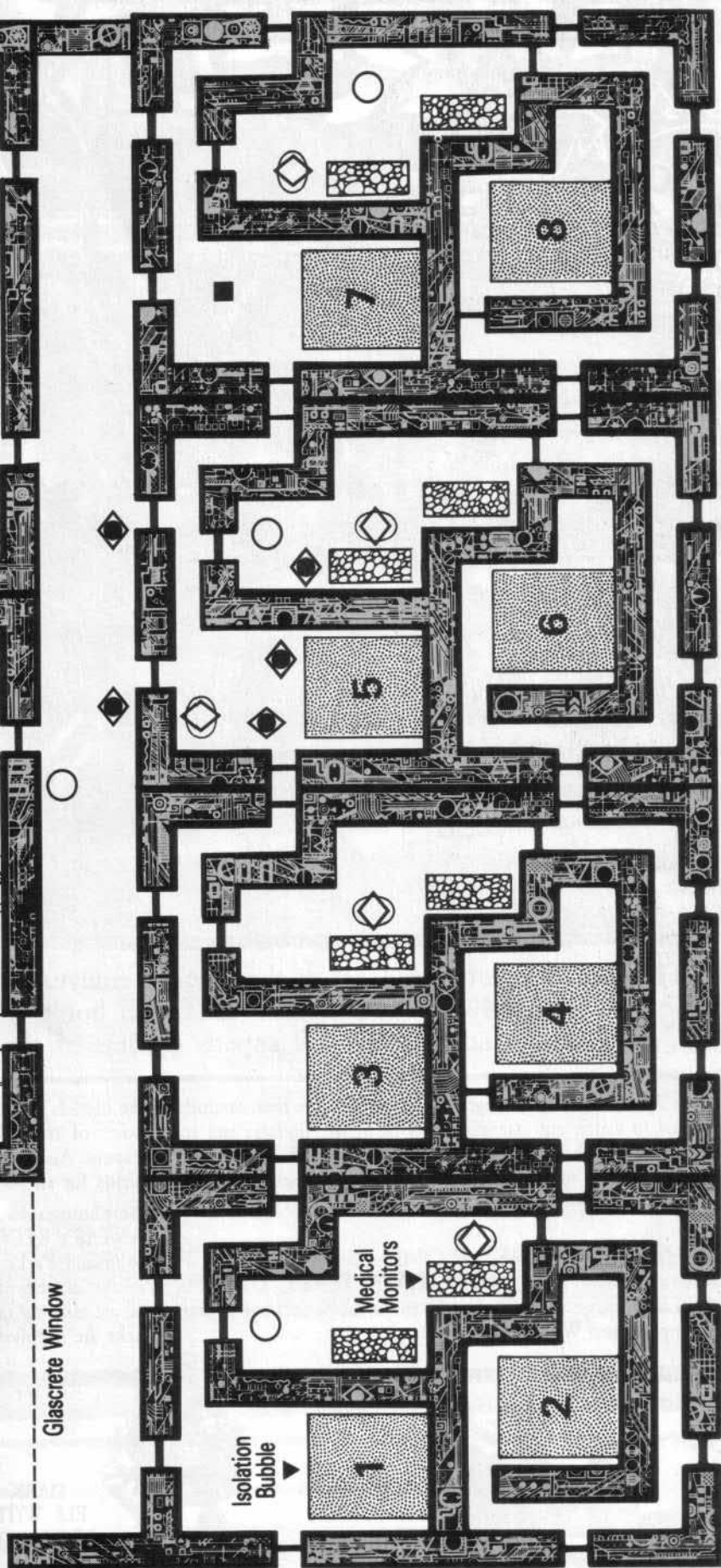
Marcus Rowland

Illustrated by Carl Critchlow



Figure 13:
Ben Casey Memorial
85th Floor (Sterile Unit)

- Medi-Bot ■ Servo-Droid
- Guard (Judge) ○ Nurse



THE BEAST OF KOZAMURA

An Adventure for the RuneQuest Land of Ninja rules

by Graeme Davis

GM's Introduction

This adventure is designed for any number of characters. Ideally, the adventurers should be in service with a Daimyo, although an independent adventuring party might stumble across the situation, if the GM is prepared to amend the players' introduction a little. Kozamura is a tiny mountain village which can be located almost anywhere in Nihon, preferably about 2-3 days' journey from the Daimyo's castle.

Players' Introduction

Within your Daimyo's domain lies the tiny village of Kozamura. Headed by the Jizamurai Takamaru Hoichi, it has always been a peaceful backwater, but in recent weeks it has become apparent that something is wrong there. An unexpected and potentially disastrous crop failure has been followed by reports of a monster threatening the village. The Daimyo has sent you to Kozamura to investigate.

The Story So Far (GM Only)

Two years ago, Aizo the Woodcutter found a fox caught in a hunters' snare. Taking pity on the creature, he released it, and watched as it limped off into the undergrowth. Unknown to Aizo, the fox was a *Kitsune*.

A few months later, the villagers of Kozamura were surprised when Aizo suddenly announced his marriage to Yukio, the orphaned step-daughter of a distant relative from a neighbouring province. Indeed, Aizo himself had never heard of her until the match was proposed. All this was the doing of the *Kitsune*. She had taken the form of a beautiful girl, and engineered the match in order to repay Aizo for his kindness.

Recently, Yukio has decided that she is not accorded the respect she deserves by the other villagers. And, it must be admitted, she is tiring of Aizo, who is a loving and dutiful husband but completely content with the lot of a poor woodcutter in a tiny and insignificant village. Yukio has decided that things would improve significantly if Aizo were to become the headman of the village, and is currently trying to bring this about.

All the village's present troubles stem from her plan. First, Yukio set about undermining the popularity of Nobu, the present headman. She assumed his form and publicly insulted several leading villagers, and once managed to attend a meeting in his place, appearing to be drunk and insulting most of the prominent villagers.

Becoming carried away by her natural fondness for mischief, Yukio then had the temerity to impersonate the village's Kami, appearing before the village shrine to announce that Nobu had offended the Kami and should be replaced. Not surprisingly, the Kami was most offended by this, hence the crop failure.

These measures almost succeeded in causing Nobu to be replaced, but Aizo was not inclined to push himself forward as a candidate, so Yukio has decided on more drastic action. Using her *shapechange* ability, she has staged the appearance of a terrible monster, and intends that Aizo should save the village in front of as many people as possible. After that, surely nothing can stop him from becoming headman; the villagers will all accord Yukio the respect she deserves, and once Aizo has a taste of power, she is sure that she can set him on the way to a more interesting life.

THE JOURNEY

You should handle the journey to Kozamura as you see fit. You can either rule that the party reaches the village without incident, or you can play the journey out in full, perhaps with an attack by bandits or wild beasts. Take care not to weaken the party unduly during the journey, although their mission at Kozamura will not require great physical prowess.

ARRIVING AT KOZAMURA

The party arrives in the early afternoon. Kozamura is a tiny place, consisting of a few huts, a shrine, and the mansion of Takamaru Hoichi, the Jizamurai in charge of the village. Upon arriving, the party should present themselves at the mansion of the Jizamurai before doing anything else; if they fail to do so they must check for HON loss.

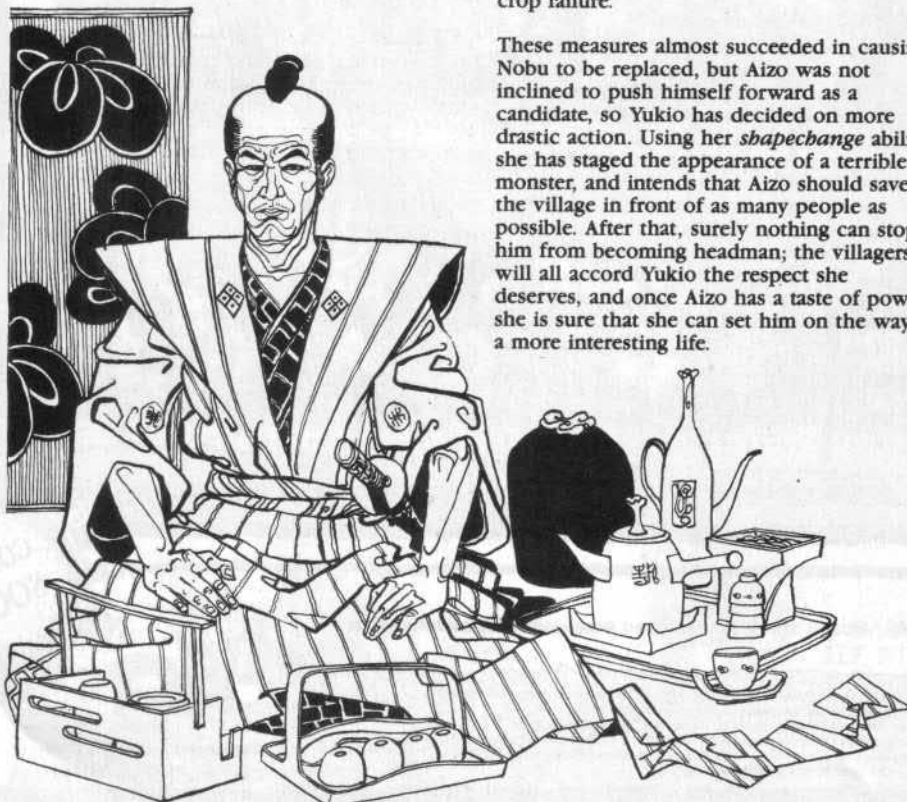
THE JIZAMURAI

The party will be met by a servant at the gates to the Jizamurai's mansion, and politely asked their business. Once they state that they are on the Daimyo's business, they will be received with the utmost courtesy, and ushered into a waiting-room where, after a few minutes, Takamaru Hoichi will come to greet them. Courtesy requires that all armour, and all weapons except *wakizashi* and *tanto*, be left in the vestibule; the servants will not press the point if any character refuses to do so, but the character must check for HON loss.

Takamaru Hoichi is a grave, solidly-built man in his middle forties. He appears drawn, and seems not to have slept for some time. Despite this, he performs a *Tea Ceremony* for the party (assume that this is an automatic success) before proceeding to business. It is clear that, unlike many Jizamurai, he is no ignorant country bumpkin. If any character comments on this (particularly by way of a compliment), he will admit that he prefers the tranquillity of a country life to the turmoil and intrigue of the court, and is glad that the Daimyo has chosen him to serve in this capacity.

Takamaru-san will provide the party with the following information, provided that they ask. He will not rush impolitely to burden them with his troubles, and if they do not ask him about the events in the village, he will not presume to force the information upon them. The party are the Daimyo's agents, and therefore his superiors, despite any intrinsic differences in social status; it is up to them to take the lead.

About the crop failure: 'I am at a loss to explain it. The weather has not been bad, there have been no pests or blights - yet the rice simply withered. Some of the villagers say that the Kami is offended; I am a Buddhist, and have a poor understanding of



Illustrated by Russ Nicholson

Shinto matters, but it is a faith that is close to the land, and there seems to be no other explanation.'

About the monster: 'Several villagers claim to have met the monster. Some say that it is scaly, others that it is furry; some say that it is thin, others that it is huge and broad. About the only thing they all agree upon is that it had huge and terrible teeth and claws, and made a great noise.'

If the party asks further about the monster, Takamaru-san will tell them that no-one has been injured - although he feels that it is only a matter of time before it injures or kills someone - and that it does not seem to haunt any particular area; it has been encountered on all sides of the village, but never far from it. This is all he knows; if the party requests further information, he will politely suggest that they question the villagers.

If the party asks further about the crop failure, Takamaru-san will say that he knows no more; any character who makes a successful INT x 5 roll will notice that he seems to be holding something back. A successful *Orate* roll (or any other skill that the GM deems appropriate) will force him to admit that there are other problems in the village, but he will maintain that he is sure that they are not connected to the crop failure or the appearance of the monster. If the party press the point, he will appear increasingly uncomfortable, and then (at about the fourth time of asking) admit that some of the villagers have begun to blame each other for the disasters, and that he is afraid that the social fabric of the village will fall apart if the problems are not solved quickly. He will say no more than this, and if the party persist in questioning him further, they run the risk of losing HON for their rudeness.

THE VILLAGE

The map shows the rough layout of the village. There are fourteen huts, bounded on one side by steep wooded hills and on the other by the village's paddy fields. A small shrine stands at one end of the village.

Questioning the Villagers

The business of getting information from the villagers should be conducted as you see fit. You can either make your players role-play their interaction with each and every villager they question, or simply feed them a summary of rumours, according to the style of gaming you prefer. You should, however, play any interaction with Nobu in full. A selection of rumours is presented here; you can use a D10 for random generation or select rumours to feed to the players, as you prefer.

1. Nobu used to be highly respectable, but these days his behaviour is disgraceful. He has insulted many people in the village quite openly, and once turned up to a meeting drunk; only the authority of Takamaru-san keeps him in his place.

2. I saw the monster - it was huge, with iron-grey scales the size of rice-bowls and steam pouring out of its nostrils. It was in the woods, and chased me all the way back to the village. If it had caught me I would have had no chance.

3. Nobu must be sick in some way - he often acts strangely and out of character.

4. I saw the monster - it was long and sinewy and covered in bright orange fur. It came out of the woods at me, on the road to the south of the village. I don't know how I managed to get away - sooner or later it's going to kill someone.

5. Some evil spirit has done away with Nobu and assumed his form to wreak havoc throughout the village. Perhaps the same being is behind this monster.

6. Some evil spirit impersonates Nobu from time to time, trying to turn the village against him; I once saw him at one end of the village, and then turned round and he was coming out of a hut at the other end of the village. When I turned back to where I saw him first, he was gone.

7. Nobu's disgraceful behaviour has offended the Kami - it told us so. Half a dozen of us saw it, and heard it say that Nobu should be replaced as headman. It was a couple of days afterwards that all our crops withered and died.

8. Nobu has done nothing about this monster - he's just not interested in the responsibilities of being headman.

9. Takamaru-san is protecting Nobu; we asked for a new headman, but he has done nothing. Surely he must realise that this is endangering the whole village - you will point this out to him, won't you?

10. Takamaru-san does not realise that Nobu has been taken over by some kind of evil spirit; being a Buddhist he doesn't understand these matters, and would probably laugh at us if we tried to tell him.

Questioning Nobu

After they have picked up a few rumours from the villagers, the adventurers will probably decide to speak to Nobu, the village headman. They may even do this first - after all, the headman is a logical place to start when conducting investigations in a village.



Nobu lives in the hut numbered 1 on the map, with his wife Miko and his three teenage children - sons Yoshi and Kobi and daughter Fujiko. When the adventurers call at his hut they will be received with the utmost courtesy.

Nobu is in his early forties, a small man whose life of hard work in the fields has given him a lean, wiry build. He appears haggard and troubled. As befits his station, he is polite and deferential, listening intently to anything any character has to say and speaking only when spoken to. If he is asked, he will be able to give the adventurers the following information. While he will answer any question he is asked, he will not volunteer information unasked - it is for the players to lead the conversation and ask the right questions. The information given here will not come all at once, and the players may miss out on some of it if they don't ask all the right questions.

About the crop failure: 'It's past all understanding. The weather has been ideal this year, and the crop was growing fine and strong - and then it just died. No trace of a blight, no insects, no marks on the crop - it simply turned brown and died overnight. It's as if all the goodness suddenly disappeared from the soil. Begging your pardon, honoured sirs, and I know that we farmers are sometimes regarded as superstitious and backward by well-born and educated people like your good selves, but I have racked my poor brains and the only answer I can think of is magic. If I may presume to offer my unworthy opinion, it seems to me that some kind of curse has been placed on the crop - or perhaps the whole village.'

About the monster: 'I've never seen the beast myself, but several of the villagers have come running into the village from one direction or another, frightened half out of their wits - they are all so terrified that no two of them can even agree over what it looks like. I don't know if it is connected in any way with the crop failure, but it's as if there is a curse or something - as if some evil spirit wanted to destroy the village.'

About the villagers' accusations: 'I have never done any of the things they accuse me of. I was here at home when they say I arrived drunk at a meeting, and I would never insult anyone - as headman I have to keep everyone happy and working well





together, and that would just be making my own job more difficult. I'm aware that some of the villagers might be jealous of my position - if you'll pardon my saying so, they have no idea of what it's like being headman. But they say that our Kami appeared outside the shrine, and said that I had caused offence - I can't believe that anyone would lie about a thing like that, and yet I can't imagine what I could have done to offend the Kami. I've been serving the shrine on behalf of the village for nearly twenty years, and I've done nothing different recently, nor forgotten to do anything. I've approached Takamaru-san more than once, asking him to relieve me of my position, but he has refused.'

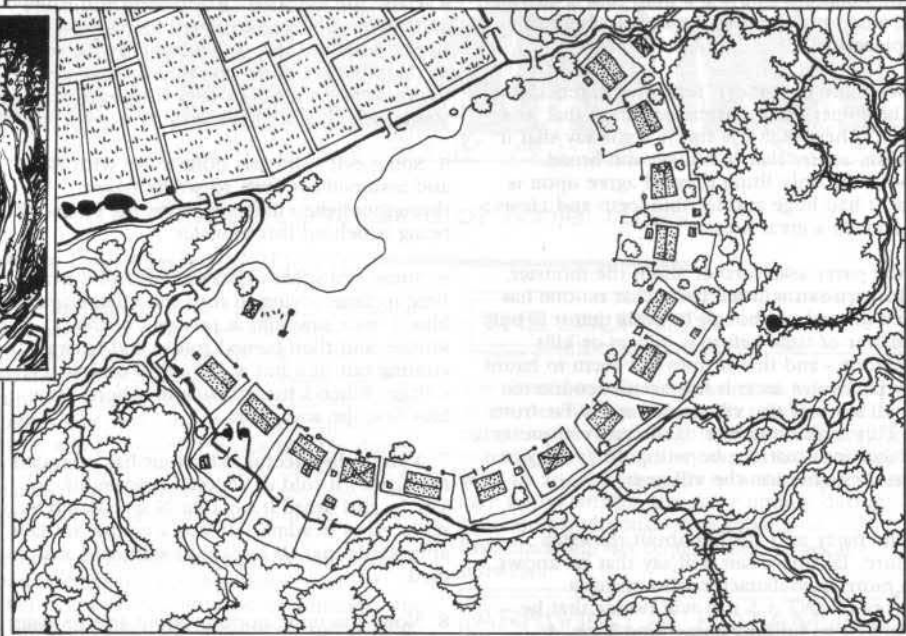
If the adventurers press the point about the Kami being offended, make a resistance roll for the group's total HON (not including absent characters!) against Nobu's POW. If the roll is in the group's favour, Nobu will break down and confess that he knows that the Kami is offended, since he has been unable to open the door to the shrine for the last few weeks. He has pretended that all is well to avoid panicking the other villagers, but reported this turn of events to Takamaru-san when he asked to be relieved of his post, on the same day that it first happened.

If the adventurers question Nobu's family, they will be able to add nothing to the information given above, but they will be able to confirm all of it (as one would expect from a loyal family, but let the players work this out for themselves!), and they may be able to fill in any gaps if they are asked the right questions. Like the other villagers, they know nothing about Nobu not being able to open the shrine. If any character makes a successful *Fast Talk* roll while questioning Miko, she will let slip that Yukio, the wife of Aizo the woodcutter, has always had ideas above her station and failed to treat Nobu and his family with proper respect - but then she comes from the next province, so it's hardly surprising.

Visiting the Shrine

The village shrine consists of a *torii* gateway eight feet high and eight feet wide, with a tiny hut behind it, in the shade of a single *sakaki* tree. It has no priest, for the village is too small; Nobu the headman served at the shrine as part of his duties.

When the adventurers visit the shrine, they will find several offerings outside - small packets of food and pots of sake. Needless to say, any character daring to interfere with these must check for HON loss. They will also find that the door is indeed jammed solidly shut. The irate Kami has cast a STR 20 *Glue* spell on it. If any characters who try to force it open, they must check for HON loss (Buddhist characters will lose double - they



shouldn't be meddling with a Shinto shrine to begin with), and they will suffer a 20% penalty to all attempts to contact the Kami subsequently.

Any Shinto character may attempt to contact the Kami as if trying to learn spells in a ritual - he must beat the Kami in spirit combat before it will deign to appear. Shinto priests use their *Summon* skill normally, but with a 20% bonus. Although Nobu is out of favour, the Kami is easier to speak to than normal - it has been waiting for the villagers to come crawling for forgiveness, and rehearsing what it will say to them. Any number of attempts may be made to contact the Kami.

As soon as an attempt succeeds, the door to the shrine will fly open - characters in the way must make a successful *Dodge* roll in order to avoid being hit for 1 point of damage - and the Kami will be seen inside. It is a short, stoutish human-looking figure, dressed like a peasant but in the richest of fabrics. The Kami will wait for a full minute before inviting the adventurers inside the shrine, and if any character attempts to speak or enter uninvited, the door will slam shut (again, any characters in the way must make a *Dodge* roll or take 1 point of damage) and the process of contacting must start all over again. The Kami is in a very bad mood, and is making the most of teaching mortals some manners.

When the adventurers finally wait in respectful silence for the full minute, the Kami invites them into the shrine, launching immediately into an unstoppable diatribe which the adventurers will have no opportunity to interrupt.

'Well, come in, then, if you're going to,' it says, 'What are you standing out there for? So, they've sent you to apologise, have they? Hrumph. I'm not sure that's enough, you know. I spend centuries looking after their fields and livestock, and what thanks do I get? Oh, yes, they're quick enough to come cap in hand when things go wrong, but as long as everything goes smoothly do you think they remember I exist? Mind you, their fathers were no better, nor their fathers before them. I wonder why I bother, really I do. But then, that's what I'm here for - a Jigami has to look after the crops and the livestock and make sure the babies are born

healthy and do a hundred and one other jobs that nobody appreciates until they're left undone. Just think, I say to myself - the state they'd get themselves into if they had to do it all without me. Ha! Can you picture it? No, of course you can't - that's why you're mortal and I'm not.

'But things have gone too far. I can put up with being blamed for everything that goes wrong, I can put up with getting no thanks when things go right, but when some imposter starts making pronouncements in my name, that's it. They can do without me, and good luck to them!'

With that, the Kami vanishes. It cannot be summoned again, and when the adventurers leave the shrine, the door will be *Glued* shut behind them as before.

The players should be able to conclude from this encounter that the Kami is indeed offended, as the villagers may have told them, which accounts for the crop failure. However, it does not appear to be offended with Nobu specifically.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MONSTER

The adventurers should have gleaned from the villagers that the monster has appeared on virtually every side of the village, but tends to keep to the forest. They may well decide to venture into the forest in search of it, and indeed this is what the villagers expect of them. If the players are reticent about monster-hunting, drop a few subtle hints - here are some ideas:

1. One of the villagers from whom they had an eye-witness account of the monster offers to guide them to the spot where he saw it.
2. A small boy, about ten years old, swaggers up to the adventurers proudly holding a bowed stick which he has whittled into the approximate shape of a *katana*. Being too young to know manners, respect or fear, he asks straight out when they intend to go and slay the monster, and announces that he is coming with them. He intends to grow up to

be a great warrior, and would have slain the monster earlier himself if his mother had not ordered him to wait until the Daimyo's people arrived. After a few minutes, the boy's mother runs up and hustles him away, bowing apologetically all the time and apologising profusely for her son's presumption. As the boy is led away, the adventurers become acutely aware of many pairs of eyes watching them expectantly. If the players don't respond to this hint, have each character check for HON loss.

3. A villager approaches the adventurers diffidently and asks if he might request a favour - if you like, he may be one of the villagers who has told them about an encounter with the monster. If the adventurers decide to hear his request, he politely asks if he might be allowed to have one of the monster's paws once the Daimyo's great warriors have slain it. His neighbour, who also claims to have seen the monster, maintains that it is covered in bright orange fur, and he wishes to settle the dispute by showing him proof that it is iron-grey and scaly.

Into the Forest

If the adventurers are being guided by a villager, they will arrive at a small clearing a hundred yards or so into the forest, and the villager will make his excuses and disappear. If they are not being guided by a villager, have them make a *Track* roll (or a *Scan* roll if a character has a higher *Scan* score) for every ten minutes they spend looking for some sign of the monster. Each skilled character may test every ten minutes until one character is successful. If no character has *Track* skill, use a Luck (POW x 5) roll instead.

On the first successful *Track* or Luck roll, the adventurers have come across some trace of the monster. Its precise nature is up to you - it might be a few strands of bright orange fur caught on a bush, a single iron-grey scale as big as a man's palm, or a four-toed, clawed footprint fully three feet long. Once this first trace has been found, a *Track* roll is needed to pick up the monster's trail and follow it for ten minutes. This roll is made at a +10% bonus (even unskilled characters have a base 10% chance of following the trail), because the monster's route sticks very close to a moderately well-used trail through the forest.

On the Trail

While the adventurers are following the monster's trail, you might like to build up the tension with a few alarming but harmless incidents. For example:

1. A tremendous crashing noise is heard from the forest ahead. The crashing gets closer and closer, until finally a deer bursts out of the undergrowth at one side of the trail, looks at the adventurers for a fraction of a second, and then crashes off through the undergrowth in the opposite direction. If you like, you might substitute the deer for something a little more dangerous, such as a brown bear or a small group of wolves (2-5, but always fewer than the adventurers).

2. Everything suddenly becomes unnaturally quiet, until even the rustling of leaves in the breeze becomes sinister. You might like to play this out - tell the players that everything has gone suddenly and completely quiet, let

them spend a few moments waiting for something to happen, and then tell one player that he hears a rustling noise behind him. The hero turns, whipping out his sword - to see a dry leaf scuttering across the trail. If you are feeling particularly cruel, the adventurers carry on a few paces through the eerie silence and start a game-bird from the undergrowth at the side of the trail. There is a sudden whirring of wings, a crashing in the undergrowth and a deafening screeching and squawking as it retreats into deeper cover. The silence - which was due to a hawk hovering unseen above the trees - is broken, and after a few minutes of alarm calls, the normal birdsong and other forest sounds resume.

One or two such incidents will enliven the search for the monster considerably, but be careful not to overdo it - the novelty wears off trivial incidents like this very quickly.

After ten minutes (ie to the end of the duration of the first *Track* roll), the adventurers will lose the trail. This will happen automatically, regardless of the results of any further roll. They must try to pick up the trail from scratch, as described above. Allow them as many attempts as they need to succeed - an important clue is coming up.

The first character to make a successful roll will become convinced that the monster's tracks actually come to a dead end, as if it had vanished into thin air. Apparently carrying on from the monster tracks is a set of smaller tracks, those of a dog of some sort. A critical success on the last *Track* roll, or a successful *Animal Lore* roll, will reveal that the tracks are those of a fox.

You should let the players draw their own conclusions from this, giving them no clues one way or the other. If they ask, tell them that it is quite possible that the tracks are from a fox which crossed the monster's trail before or after it had passed this way, and if they look for other tracks in the vicinity, let them find some - wolf, bear, deer, any forest animal you like.

If the adventurers decide to follow the fox-tracks, they will be able to do so for ten minutes on the strength of the last successful *Track* roll. The tracks turn off the trail and head back towards the village, coming to a dead end yet again just before the edge of the forest. A further *Track* roll will be required to determine that they have come to a dead end, and if the adventurers look for

tracks of another type, they will find human footprints in a variety of sizes.

The Return of the Heroes

As soon as the adventurers arrive back in the village, the villagers will hurry towards them, all eager to see some evidence that the monster has been slain. When they see that this is not the case, they will quietly - almost sullenly - shuffle back to their work, leaving the adventurers alone in the village. They don't actually have to check for HON loss, but the players should feel just as bad as if they had to.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT

A Dinner Invitation

It is now almost dusk, and the party is invited to spend the night at the Jizamurai's mansion. Takamaru-san will entertain them to dinner, and after the meal will ask them what they have found out.

If they mention anything about the Kami being offended by an imposter, he will question them very closely. Are they sure that the Kami actually used the word 'imposter'? Did it mention anyone by name, in any context? Did it mention being offended by anything else? When he is sure that all his questions have been answered, he will shake his head in bewilderment. He will confirm anything that Nobu has told the party about his asking to be relieved of the post of headman on the grounds that the Kami was offended, and will tell the adventurers that he didn't mention it before because he didn't think that it was anything more than a rumour which had got out of hand, and because he didn't want to dishonour Nobu without having more concrete evidence. He will admit to being baffled about the mention of an 'imposter' - he is sure that none of the villagers would dare impersonate the Kami, even if they had some means of doing so.

Takamaru-san has no further information to offer the adventurers, and after dinner and *sake*, the party will be shown to a range of guest rooms. The *sake* is of average quality. Each four cups of *sake* amount to 1 potency point (see the drinking rules in the players' section of the rulebook). Any character who drinks so much as to become ill and/or pass out must check for HON loss.



A Rude Awakening

The arrival of the adventurers in the village has appeared to Yukio as a golden opportunity. During the night (D6 hours after the adventurers have retired), she slips out of her hut - Aizo is a heavy sleeper and she will not awaken him by doing so - and assumes her monster form, attacking the village with a great deal of roaring and bellowing.

If the adventurers have left someone awake or on watch throughout the night, this character will be able to warn the others. Otherwise, the first they will know of this is when they are awakened by the shouting and footsteps of Takamaru-san's retainers in the passage outside their guest rooms.

In either event, by the time the adventurers are able to gather their equipment and leave the mansion, the village will be crowded with panicking villagers, some armed with agricultural implements of various kinds. The monster can be heard roaring at the far end of the village, but the milling peasants will make it difficult for the adventurers to actually get there - a successful DEX x 5 roll will be necessary before each character can make his way to the scene of the disturbance.

When the adventurers finally reach the far end of the village, they will see a huge, scaly, four-legged monster, roaring and lashing out at a small group of villagers who are desperately trying to fend it off with pitchforks and the like. On a successful INT x 5 roll it will be noticed that, despite its apparent ferocity, the monster doesn't actually hit any of the villagers.

At this point, the adventurers must make another successful DEX x 5 roll in order to get to a position where they can strike at the monster - its statistics are given at the end of the adventure. You should allow one round of combat for all characters who are able to reach the monster - it will fight back against them for real.

After this round, the monster sees Aizo the woodman coming out of his hut - the noise has finally awoken him, and he has grabbed his axe and come out to investigate. The monster breaks off all other combats and charges him. He raises his axe to strike it, and whether or not he actually succeeds (any character who has a clear view is permitted an INT x 5 roll to notice whether he has hit or missed the monster), the

monster howls in anguish and backs hurriedly away.

'You are too strong for me, Aizo the woodman,' it says, 'I shall trouble your village no more.'

With that, the monster disappears into the forest. If any characters try to pursue the monster - the villagers will not enter the forest - they will find that the monster's tracks stop dead in a small clearing. As before, they may be able to spot a set of fox tracks and then human tracks leading by a roundabout route back to the village, but all rolls are made with a -20 penalty because of the darkness.

If anyone thinks to take a roll call to find out if anyone is injured or missing, they will find that everyone is present except for Yukio, and no-one has been harmed. By the time that the roll call has been organised, however, Yukio will have made her way back to the village, and she will be found apparently asleep in Aizo's hut. If the monster was injured during the attack, Yukio will have a cut or bruise in the same place, already bound with a poultice of healing herbs; if she is questioned about the injury, she will claim that she had an accident with a cooking knife the previous day. Any character who spoke to her the previous day is permitted an INT x 5 roll to recollect that she had no such injury when they spoke to her.

SOLVING THE PUZZLE

There are two ways in which this adventure can be brought to a conclusion. The most satisfactory would be to expose Yukio as a Kitsune. If they question her after the monster attack, permit each character present an INT x 5 roll to notice the tip of a bushy tail showing beneath the hem of her kimono - force her to confess to what she has done, and make her apologise to the Kami. She will then leave the village and never trouble the area again.

If the adventurers fail to penetrate Yukio's ruse, Aizo will be made headman for saving the village from the monster, the Kami can be placated by a Shinto priest - if there is no Shinto priest among the adventurers, the Daimyo will send one at their request - and the village will settle down to its normal peaceful life and a bountiful second crop.

In either case, Takamaru-san will be grateful to the party for helping solve the problem, although the degree of his gratitude will depend on how active a role they took. He may be useful as an NPC contact in later adventures.

NPCs

Takamaru Hoichi - Jizamurai

If game statistics are required for Takamaru-san for any reason, use the *Fair Samurai* statistics from the *Nihon Digest*; in addition to the listed skills, he has *Tea Ceremony* 55%, *Play Biwa* (a form of Japanese lute) 60%, *Play Fue* (the Japanese flute) 85%, and any other cultural skills the GM sees fit.

Yukio - Kitsune

If game statistics are required for Yukio in her human or animal form, use those given as *average for Hengeoykai - Typical animal form* and *Hengeoykai - human form* in the gamemaster's section. For her monster form, use those given as *average for a Ryu* in the same section, omitting the ability to fly, any breath weapon and the tail attack. Her scales provide only 8 point armour. Note that she will only attack in monster form if the adventurers attack her - she will feint blows at villagers, but never hit them.

Yukio has 5 points of divine magic from the Inari cult, and knows the following spells: *Summon Fox*, *Summon Kitsune*, *Command Fox*.

The Villagers

It is not anticipated that detailed game statistics will be necessary for the villagers. If necessary, use the standard human statistics from *RuneQuest Monsters*. Skills, if necessary, can be generated with reference to the *Farmer* occupation listing.

The Kami

The Kami is a Kami of Place, in charge of the village and its fields, and has INT 16 and POW 19.



Illuminations

CASKET OF SOULS

Iain McCaig has been carving out his prominent position in the British fantasy art scene for a number of years now. The quality of this talented man's work is invariably high, and has brought him respect throughout the industry. So why hasn't his work been seen on any of GW's game covers (the cover of this *White Dwarf* apart)? This *Illuminations* tells the story behind it all...

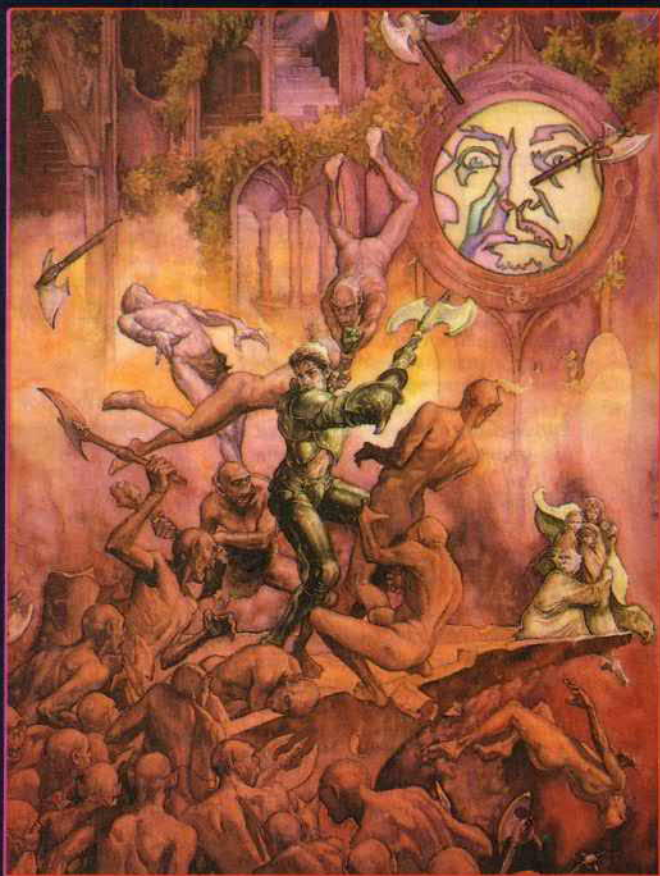
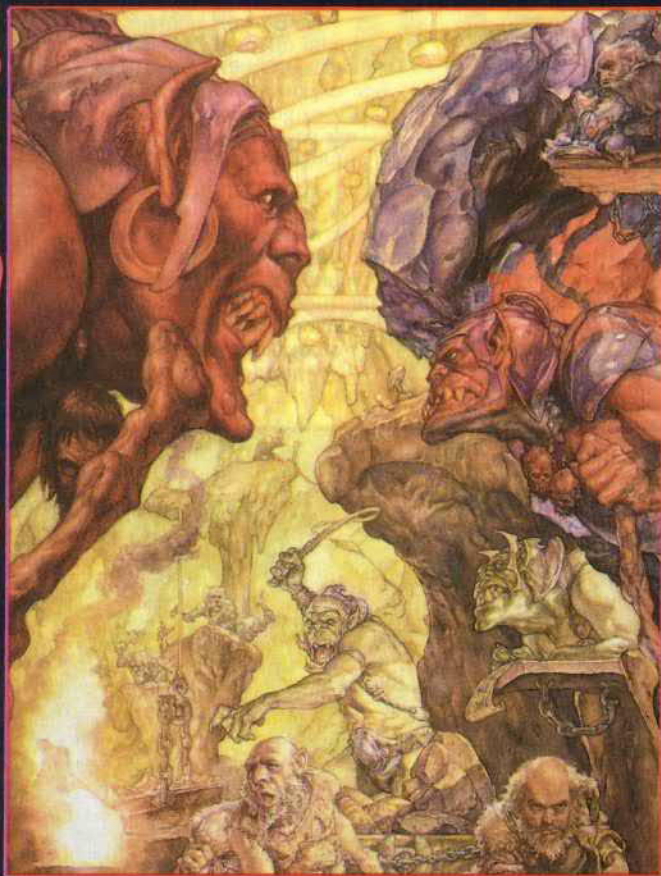


Cast your mind back a few years and the memories of Iain McCaig's *Fighting Fantasy* book covers should come flooding back. *Forest of Doom*, *City of Thieves* and *Deathtrap Dungeon* are all titles under Iain's belt.

Soon after working on these projects, it was announced that he was to collaborate with Ian Livingstone on a joint project: a highly illustrated story/puzzle book called *Casket of Souls*. As the plans were for a large format full colour book, it promised to be a good thing from the start.



DARE YOU OPEN THE CASKET OF SOULS?



DEMON ACROSS TABLE

WITHIN days of the Battle of Barrabang, the kingdom of Amarilla was ravaged. The minions of the demon slaughtered the people, whose spirit was broken, and burned down their buildings. Wherever the undead walked, the soil turned black, poisoning the land. The new dead were quickly raised by the demon to join its army of zombies which swelled each day and marched, relentlessly on.

When they reached Lizard Island, there were few guards left to defend the royal family who were taking refuge in Kraal's homecastle. The young Prince Tallis carried his sister Tasha to safety with the help of Lorenzo their guardian. Their only shield was a table with magic runes that could melt the putrid flesh of the undead. They ran for their lives, the prince and princess hoping to find their mother, Queen Hannibalina, who had already sailed to The Cauldron with her new-born son.

THE CROWN OF KINGS was made for Thorgar immediately after the end of the war of the provinces. It was dominated by one enormous ancient jewel that was set at its front, its sparkling beauty mesmerising all those who gazed upon it. But the jewel also radiated catatonic beams, thus the wearers of the crown would never die from disease. Thorgar was crowned at Castle Aigruin on Tower Island which became the seat of power of Amarilla. Thorgar built a special viewing chamber for the crown in a wing of the castle so that any of his subjects, no matter from which province they came, could come to gaze at the marvelous jewel. Thousands gathered from all over Amarilla, many hoping that it would cure some of their own ills. The crown remained on display until King Borrus sent it to Sanctuary together with his father's famous sword to start the royal collection of magic treasures.



ROYAL TREASURE No. 1

THE CROWN OF KINGS



HISSED AT PAPER SHIELDS

INSIDE the pass the rebels watched silently as the demon dragged King Kraal through the dirt in chains behind it. This was too much for the rebels to bear, and they swarmed out of the pass to save their king. At once the demon took flight, leaving Kraal with its minions so that it could direct the battle from above. It ordered its orcs to urge the undead forward to meet the disorganised rebels charging towards them. The fighting was fierce, and although outnumbered, the rebels held their own ground for the first hour of the battle. The charging centaurs managed to break through the packed ranks of undead in several places and the giants following behind crushed the zombies underfoot. The elven archers closed in and loosed their bows at the orc guards' flanks. Volley after volley of arrows rained down on them and it looked for a while as if the orcs might break and flee. The men and dwarfs attacked doggedly on foot, wielding their swords and axes, stepping over the twitching limbs of the fallen zombies and orcs. But the demon still held its war dragons in reserve, and now it gave the signal for them to fly into the mêlée. Their killing power was awesome. Crushing, clawing and burning, they decimated the rebel army. Panic spread throughout, and the rebels died by the hundred. Forming a last desperate circle to hold back the demon's army, they began to chant 'Kraal! Kraal! Kraal!' at the top of their voices.

This happened only minutes ago!

THE AMULET OF COURAGE was given to the crown by an old centaur knight called Ironhoof. It was made of copper, a metal almost as rare as gold in Amarillia, and was said to have come from a land beyond the Great Fire Wall. The centaur had been galloping along the beach of Blood Bay near Kabool, when he saw a bottle bobbing in the water. He waded into the sea and saw that the bottle contained what he thought was a metal ornament of some kind. He uncorked the bottle and out dropped the mysterious copper amulet, fashioned in the shape of a beetle. With some apprehensions, Ironhoof placed the amulet around his neck. Despite his age, he felt suddenly filled with courage, and when he returned to his village, all those in sight

of the amulet were also filled with fighting spirit. But the centaurs began to fear the amulet, as they did not want to be the cause of another war between the provinces, and so they took the amulet to the king.



ROYAL TREASURE NO. 11

THE AMULET OF COURAGE



However, there was some unintentional flexibility regarding the publication date. Dates were announced, but they all slipped by with no sign of the book. There were problems. Iain and Ian were labouring under the weight of the project they had begun.

Iain was so determined to paint the most intricate details into each of his pictures that he would spend weeks on research, model building for composition, photography, sketching models and concept drawings. This acknowledged master of watercolour painting was setting himself an awesome task. 'Each painting in *Casket of Souls* is like 100 *Forest of Dooms*.' That was his polite way of answering people who were putting pressure on him to finish the paintings.

If he was unhappy with parts of the story, he would phone Ian with his ideas. Suitably inspired, Ian would go away and write huge chunks of the text. The new text would inspire Iain to rework some of his pictures or to start them all over again... This could have gone on forever, and publishers only have so much patience. A three year delay is pushing it a bit!

At last, the book is a reality and it's absolutely fantastic. The paintings are Iain's best to date - each one well worth the wait. The story is exciting too. Some of the puzzles are easy but others leave this reader totally baffled.



Name: Iain McCaig
 Age: 30
 Next Project: Graphic Novel for Marvel
 Favourite Films: Star Wars, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
 Books: Graphic Novels (Dark Knight, Watchmen)
 Favourite Food: Blackberry & Apple Pie, Maple Syrup
 Favourite Pastimes: Film making, Music (playing), Writing
 Ambition: 'To keep working in things that interest me until I die at the drawing board.'

The story concerns itself with the threat to the great war-torn kingdom of Amarillia by a demon spirit. The grand wizards decide on a plan to trap the demon in the Casket of Souls - a plan that goes drastically wrong when a critical error on the part of the last remaining wizard, Sallazar, results in the Casket being lost.

Now it has to be found and opened by means of a spell that's hidden within the book. There lies your task. The fate of Amarillia rests on your shoulders.

Every reader who sends in a spell to Penguin books, whether it's right or wrong, will receive a poster depicting the outcome. However, those readers who enter the correct spell will automatically enter a prize draw, with the winner being sent a 4"x3"x2" gold plated replica of the Casket of Souls.

So get spellcasting!

John Blanche

The Casket of Souls is published in hardback by the Oxford University Press (£5.95) and in softback by Penguin Books (£3.95), but if you want to try and win a copy, take a look at the competition on the next page!

Imperial record WD 01/001

Cross file to: Subversive Literature LS
 Mental Aberration MMA
 Primitive Anthropology AA

Planetary ref.: Earth A3 Sol System

Input ref.: Inquisition Investigation Team
 32/968 ES327

Input dated: 9878987.M2.

Thought for the day:

The industrious may escape death

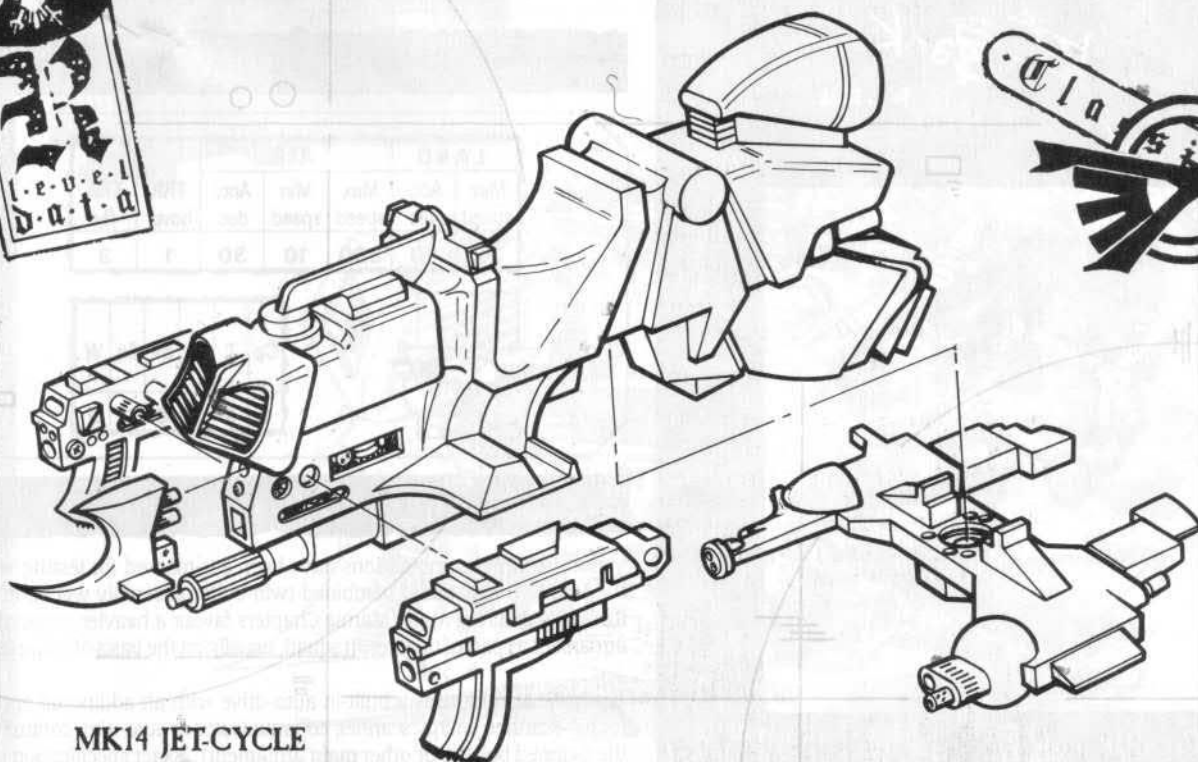


Welcome to *Chapter Approved* - the first of a regular feature devoted to **Warhammer 40,000 (WH40K)** in all its multi-dimensional guises. In future issues we'll be looking at zippy new ideas, some dinky game mechanics and more background information about the Imperium and alien space. If all goes to plan, *Chapter Approved* will provide a forum for material from as many sources as possible. We'll be discussing such diverse aspects as tabletop tactics and role-playing development, as well as printing questions and answers about the *WH40K* game and universe. Space may be infinite... but not in this magazine so: "Lights! Curtain! Music! And roll on the giant, mechanical, rubber monster."

Citadel designer and full-time Scottish person Bob "mince 'n' tatties" Naismith has been working feverishly on the latest Imperial contract. With only days to go before the handover date, and with the Emperor's hangman lurking ominously in the doorway, Bob finally unveiled his latest masterpiece. And very snazzy it looks too - the new Imperial,

hover-assisted, full-flight capability battle-cycle. I can tell this one is going to go down well with the Space Marines' recon and raider units, especially as it's designed to accept a normal plastic Marine as rider. Bob tells me it's easy to adapt other models to fit it as well, so you can incorporate them into your Army and Ork units too.

We've been conducting a thorough field test on the prototypes, and I can assure you they're pretty mean machines! Official jet-cycle tester Space Commander Pedro Cantor wasn't available for comment - and what do you mean you thought he was a fictional character! if you're out there Pete, you'll be glad to hear we fitted better brakes to this one. In fact we gave it a whole new profile compared to the wheeled ferobeast (described on *WH40K* p102 as the Vincent Black Shadow). Recon operations with the new bike proved a success. We only lost one prototype, although four bikes limped home under auto-systems! Still, men can be replaced, data is precious.



MK14 JET-CYCLE



ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

DESIGN
 ASSESSMENT NO. 101/65
 INCEPTION CODE: LL/23
 ASSESSMENT DATE: 0852640.M41.
 UNDER TEST: A Mk14 jet-cycle.
 CODE NAME: Bullock
 REPORTING OFFICER: Johan Blank

TESTERS COMMENTS.

Geno-sensor - vast improvement over Mk13: the sensor picked up my print and fired the engine as soon as I touched the seat. Better than the old retinal identification system - since the Mk12 burned an eye out, I'm glad to see the back of it.

Body-config - good: the extra hydraulics in the steering gear bring the whole instrument panel into reach from either hand.

Gravitic drive is fast and functional - no feel compared to the wheelies but lots quicker. Bit more shove than the old model so I was glad of those hug-seats when stacking the Cs. See attached spec sheet for in-flight recorded profile. The standard full-throttle maximum burn and overheat tests showed a definite weakness in the front exhaust manifolds. As this was the Mk14's first red-run, this was to be expected. Suggest we move the first couple of exhaust bars under the machine and well clear of the rider's right leg. I couldn't reach the emergency medi-kit on the prototype model - but the doc says they can graft a new leg on and I'll be back on the road sometime next week.

The twin bolters performed well. The new feed belts definitely need some work as the destruction test blew out far too early. The extra speed of the Mk14 is too much for the old deflectors - I caught almost four grams of shrap in the left lung, mostly from the shattered shielding. Doc's got me in the cybron-gill - but he's promised me something better soon. I haven't seen the specs on the full-speed collision test. I'll give them a good going over when the bandages come off. Doc says I'll have a job focussing with the new eyes but they're rigging up some temporary auto-sense right now. The new front hydraulics definitely need beefing up a bit - them pistons are there to save your bones not pulp your whole chest cavity.

Summary. Fine piece of metal. A vast improvement on the Mk13. More chrome please.

Johan Blank
 Johan Blank



MECHANICUS ARMOURIES
 MK14 JET-CYCLE 'BULLOCK'

The jet-cycle is categorised as a 'bike' in the vehicle section of *WH40K* (p101). Like all bikes it is designed to carry a single rider and a small amount of equipment. The usual special rules for bikes apply (p102) in addition to the special rules for *hoverers* (p105) and *flyers* (p105). All these are summarised below. The *Bullock* is capable of both hover and flight modes. In the latter it is especially fast, making it ideal for the recon role for which it is designed. Where atmospheric disturbance, vegetation cover or circumstance prevents an orbital survey, this sort of vehicle is invaluable.

The Mk13 is already in service with the Army and, in modified forms, with many Marine Chapters. Old Mk13 models will be upgraded to Mk14 performance with the introduction of the new machine.

Special Rules

- 1 Bikes are open targets. At short range the rider or bike may be targeted. At long range hits are randomised (1-3 rider, 4-6 bike).
- 2 A single pillion passenger may be carried. Passengers may not do anything and may leap from the bike in the same way as crew leaving vehicles (p39). A bike carrying a passenger has a TRR of 1 as a hoverer and 3 as a flyer.
- 3 A stationary bike may be turned on the spot to face any direction.
- 4 In flight, all terrain is overflown and therefore ignored.
- 5 In flight, the bike's high speed may result in it entering and leaving the table in the same turn. During such a turn weapons may be fired or dropped from any position along the flight path. In their turn, any troops on the ground may fire against the bike at any position it occupied during its fly-past.
- 6 The GM must determine how quickly a flying bike may turn around and re-enter the table. This will vary according to the flight-speed and the size of your table.
- 7 In hover mode, the bike may cross a linear obstacle without penalty at speeds of up to 1/2 maximum. At greater speeds, the vehicle goes out of control for the duration of the following turn.
- 8 In hover mode, the bike is not able to operate inside woods or comparable terrain.
- 9 Bogs, water and other marshy or loose ground incur no penalty.

LAND		AIR			TRR hover	TRR fly
Max speed	Acc/dec	Max speed	Min speed	Acc/dec		
30	10	300	10	30	1	3

Cp	T	D	Sv	Eq	W
1	4	1	6	2	2

Various weapon combinations have been ear-marked for testing with the Mk14. The standard combined twin-bolter assembly will be fitted to most machines. Many Marine Chapters favour a heavier supporting armament as part of their recon squad, usually on the basis of 1 bike in 5.

Equipment comprises a built-in auto-drive with an additional option for bio-scanner, energy scanner, communicator or auto-aim (controlling the twinned bolters, or other main armament). Exact specification can be changed depending on the circumstances: most equipment simply bolts on.

THE RAVEN WING

There are ten companies (each of a hundred battle-brothers) making up the fighting brethren of the Dark Angel chapter of Space Marines. Each company is led by a captain assisted by an assigned lieutenant and supported by medics, communication officers and psykers drawn from the apothecarion and librarian.

Number seven company is a specialised recon and attack company, known as the 'Raven Wing'. Instead of the usual Dark Angel motif Brothers of the company sport a black wing overlaid by the company number on the right shoulder armour. Equipped and trained for high-speed reconnaissance, the Raven Wing specialises in hit-and-run warfare and search-and-destroy missions.

At full operational level, Raven Wing boasts ten squads of ten riders, each divided into two battle units of five riders. One is led by the squad sergeant and the other by the squad's most senior brother-trooper. The company's captain, lieutenant and ancillary staff are additional to this total.

History. The Raven Wing's exact origins are lost in the history of the First Crusade (circa thirtieth millennia - about ten thousand years ago). Indeed little is known of the Dark Angels during that time. The Chapter's early history was removed from all Imperial records following the Horus Heresy and the banishment of the nine "treacher-legions" to the Eye of Terror. The reason for the erasure is now known only by the Emperor himself.

According to legend, the Chapter was founded by Lynol Jacobsen or Jonsen, a man whose reputed exploits include the incineration of Goyas Asteroid and the first sub-light circumnavigation of the Outer Dolmans. He is said to have died defending the honour of the chapter in a duel with Leman Russ (founder of the Spacewolves). This may be true, but it is more likely that the story was invented following the inter-legionary wars in the thirty second millennia. In any case, the two chapters have remained rivals at best (and outright enemies at worst) ever since.

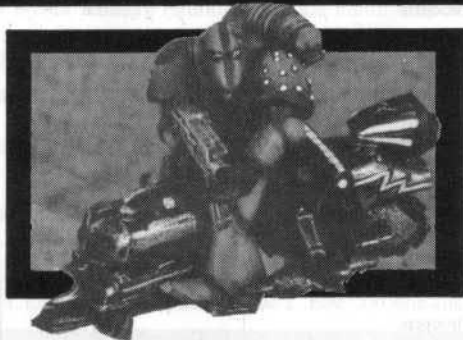
More recently the Dark Angels undertook the initial invasion of Rastabal (year 465 of the current millennia), pursued Tyranid hive-fleet 'Behemoth' during the last Tyranic War (678-745), and took part in the final assault upon the space-fortress of the pretender Kaligar during the fourth quadrant rebellion (780). In the current year 987, the Chapter is engaged in the war against the Charadon Orks around Rynns World and Bad Landing.

Raven Wing. In 986 the Dark Angels received an Imperial Order to relieve Rynns World. The planet was then under siege following the almost complete destruction of the Crimson Fist marines at the hands of Ork Warlord, Snagrod the Arch-arsonist of Charadon. As the Dark Angels approached orbit around Rynns World, their fleet took a severe beating from a vastly superior Ork force. The Dark Angel fleet was eventually driven from orbit - but not before it had made a single pass in which recon unit LADA-7 'Raven Wing' was dropped into a declining orbit. Captain Gaius Oblonksy's first mission as Captain of the Company was to be no easy ride... Hitherto, the Raven Wing had been led by Tarquin Hesperides, until his transporter accident and subsequent retirement to the Chapter Apothecarion.

The Company was inserted in eleven drop ships: the first ten holding squads 1 to 10, while ship 11 contained the captain and other staff.

Equipped with the new Mk14 'bullock' jet-cycles, the unit staged the first ever aerial-drop separation manoeuvre (flying out of their drop ships before they hit the ground). This proved to be good decision as only two of the company's 11 drop ships landed intact - by then, of course, they were empty.

With the rest of the chapter driven into deep space, Oblonksy and the Raven Wing were left to fend for themselves. They did remarkably well, raiding and destroying two of the three equatorial, ground-to-space defence sites before hurrying to reinforce the surviving units of the Crimson Fist at New Rynn City.



Illustrated by Pete Knifton

Configuration of the Mk14 Bullock

The organisation and assignment charts shown below indicate the type of bike armament and equipment carried by the various officers and men of each of the Raven Wing's ten squads. Number 4 drop-ship was hit by a Charadon ship whilst in orbit and the number 4 squad was lost in its entirety. No other casualties were sustained in the drop.

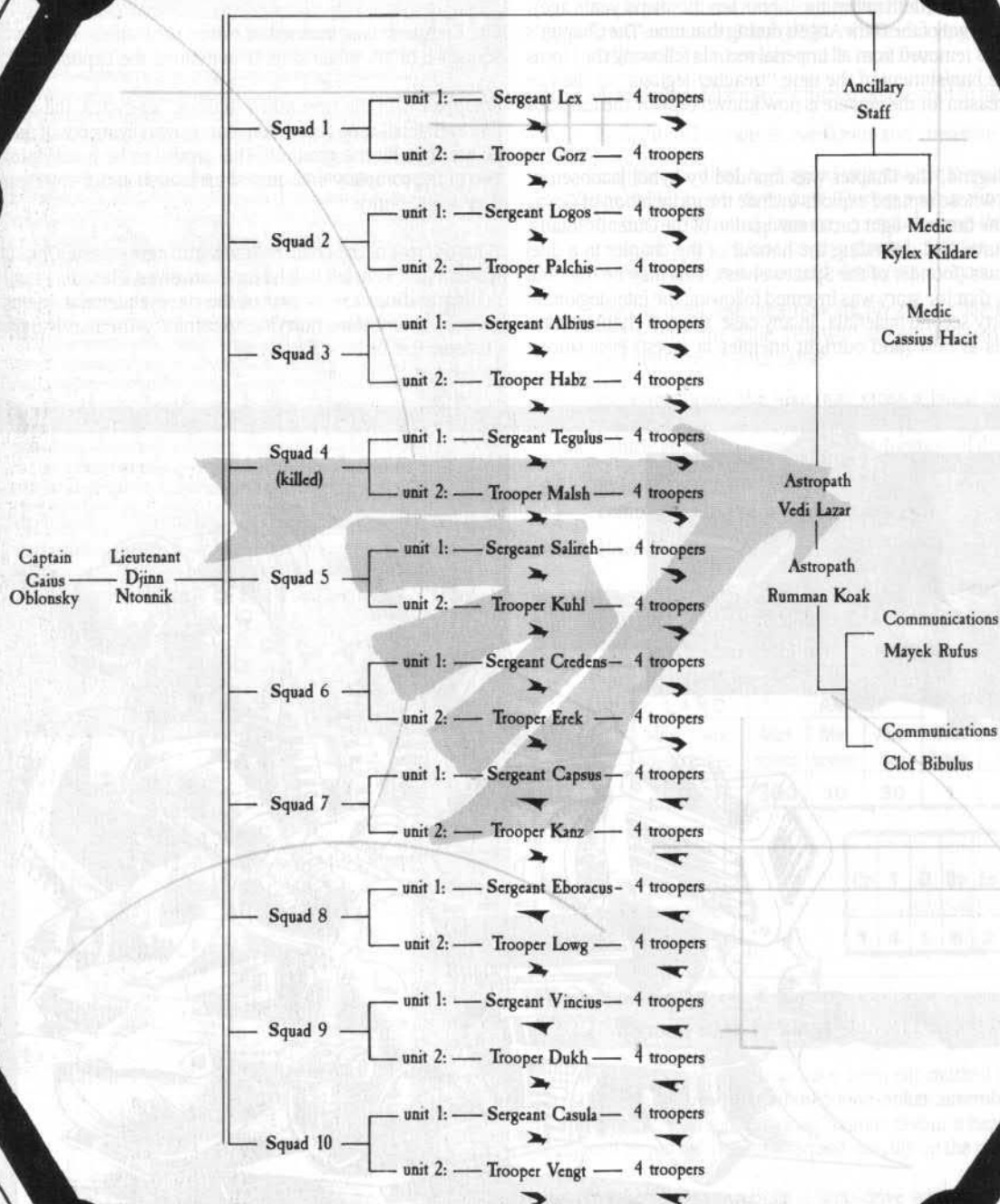
Config.001 - codename Raven's Talon
 Attack troopers
 Weapon: two bolt guns
 Equipment: auto-drive, targeter (slaved to bolters firing synchronised at the same target).

Config.002 - codename Raven's Beak
 Attack support
 Weapon: laser cannon
 Equipment: auto-drive, targeter.

Config.003 - codename Raven's Eye
 Scout
 Weapon: none - extra equipment allowed to compensate (4 points)
 Equipment: auto-drive, auto-facilities, communicator, bio-scanner.

Config.004 - codename Raven's Flight
 Special scout
 Weapon: 1 bolt gun - remaining weapon point modified to allow extra equipment (3 points)
 Equipment: auto-drive, power canopy, communicator.

Config.005 - codename Raven's Nest
 Officers
 Weapon: 1 plasma gun - remaining weapon point modified to allow extra equipment (3 points)
 Equipment: auto-drive, auto-aim, targeter.



EQUIPMENT ISSUE

The Raven Wing carries only light equipment suitable for its role as a fast-moving assault force. The following summary describes the different equipment issued to the troops. This is not indicated on the main charts - all troopers have *issue 1* and all sergeants have *issue 2*.

Issue 1 Troopers

Powered armour: auto-sense, communicator and respirators are fitted as standard. Bolt gun. Frag grenades. Crack grenades. Blind grenades.

Issue 2 Sergeants

Powered armour: auto-sense, communicator and respirators are fitted as standard. Bolt gun. Bolt pistol. Hallucenogen grenades. Plasma grenades (2 only).

Issue 3 Astropaths

Displacer field. Communicator. Breathing apparatus (gills).

Issue 4 Officers

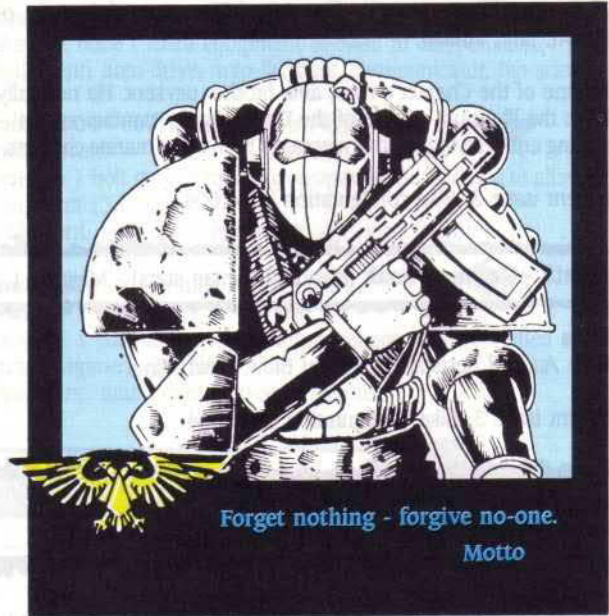
Powered armour: auto-sense, communicator and respirators are fitted as standard. Hand flamer. Bolt pistol. Plasma grenades (4 only). Conversion field.

Issue 5 Officers

Powered armour: auto-sense, communicator and respirators are fitted as standard. Power glove. Bolt pistol. Jokaero digital laser. Displacer field. Stasis field.

Issue 6 Communications

Powered armour: auto-sense, communicator and respirators are fitted as standard. Bolt gun. Bolt pistol. Long range communcator and suspensor to off-set weight.



Forget nothing - forgive no-one.
Motto

Do you have a question about the WH40K game? You want to know more about the Imperium? Any good ideas for models or supplements? What are you waiting for... get writing. I'll select the most commonly asked or interesting questions for our WH40K questions and answers feature (space and editor permitting). Obviously I can't guarantee to publish any letter, so if you want a personal reply please include a stamped self-addressed envelope with your letter and try to leave enough space on the letter itself for me to answer any question.

Rick Priestley



Designed By Bob Naismith

Designed By Bob Naismith



JET CYCLES

Jet Cycles are supplied riderless and are designed to accommodate 25mm plastic Space Marines

TSF16 £2.50 for 2

CHRISTMAS MARINES



RTL £1.95 for 2 LIMITED EDITION

ON THE BOIL

White Dwarf's WFRP melting pot - simmered under a New Moon by a manic Jim Bambra

This month in *On The Boil* we focus on Middenheim, the City of the White Wolf and the second largest city in The Empire. We provide a sample building for the city, a major NPC, a secret society, some tips on how to roleplay agitators and a few adventure ideas to tie all these things together.

If you have any interesting building locations, NPCs (or player characters), magic items, creatures, new regiments or tactics for either *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* or *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*, be sure to send them to us. Unlike this month's feature, your creations do not have to be thematically linked. Send us anything that you think we would be interested in. The best entries will appear in future *On The Boils* and will be paid for at our standard rate.

Although set in Middenheim, the following information can be used in any Imperial city, and with only a few minor changes it could apply to any civilised country in the Old World.

OTTO'S PRINTWORKS

Located in one of the many side streets that make up Middenheim's Wynd district lies an old shabby warehouse. Above the door is a sign which reads 'Otto's Printworks - leaflets and books printed to order'. Behind the door is a small dusty office, where can be found Old Otto, the proprietor. Otto sits behind a large ink-spattered desk, strewn with assorted pieces of paper. Behind the desk are shelves heaped high with books and pamphlets - guides to Middenheim city and flyers announcing various civic functions. From behind a closed door can be heard the muted rattle of presses and type blocks as the apprentices go about their daily work.

OLD OTTO THE PRINTER

Human, Male, Demagogue & Artisan

Otto looks about 68 years old and wears an old ink-stained apron. His thick pebble glasses invariably distort his face and make his eyes look like they are buried a foot into his head. A mop of curly grey hair crowns his skull and a long white goatee beard dangles from his chin.

Although his body is bent with age, and his face deeply etched with wrinkles, Otto's mind is very much alive and his eyes sparkle from behind his glasses. Otto is friendly to all that call, regardless of social standing. He takes the time to make his callers feel at home, appearing to all intents and purposes as an honest artisan wishing to provide his customers with the best service possible.

But contrary to his public image, Otto is one of the leading members of the New Millennialists - a radical group dedicated

to change in society, both within Middenheim and in The Empire as a whole (see *the New Millennialists* - below).

Otto is a rational and reasonable man, who will calmly argue his case with anyone. Far from being fanatical, all his arguments are based on reason. He can see that a rationally ordered society would benefit far more people than it does at present. However, Otto is aware that the New Millennialists are viewed as a threat by the city authorities, and therefore wishes to keep his activities secret. Even if the authorities did not close him down, they could, by various surreptitious means, destroy his presses and put him out of business. To avoid this, no callers to his office, no matter how hard they try, can convince him to print seditious literature. In order to do so they will first need to contact an Agitator, who will then arrange an introduction to Otto (see *Contacting the New Millennialists* - below).

M	WS	BS	S	T*	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	34	46	3	4	7	50	1	44	47	46	50	52	76

Skills

Blather; Drive Cart; Magical Sense; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Guilders; Secret Signs - Artisan; Very Resilient*.

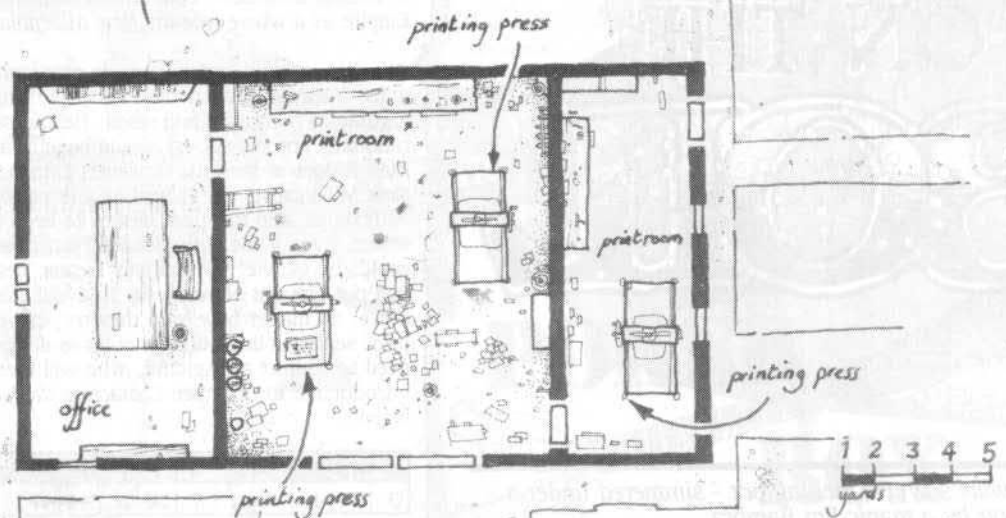
Possessions

Ink-stained clothes, sword kept under desk; 40 GC in purse; 156 GC in desk drawer; Key to desk drawer.

Callers at the print works are greeted with a cheery but slightly croaky, 'Hello, what I can do for you. Would you like a seat. I'll just move this pile of paper and you can sit down here.' His old body moves surprisingly swiftly, and a clean rag is soon whipped out to wipe the two seats in front of his desk.

'Would you like a glass of wine while we conduct business. I always say that a little wine helps to smooth the passage of the day and makes negotiations go so much more smoothly.'





Whether visitors accept his offer or not, Otto politely asks what sort of print work they are looking for. His rates are reasonable, decreasing proportionally according to the number of copies required. He will print anything from one sheet flyers to large books.

Rates: Assuming a print-run of 100 books, Otto charges 30 GC per 100 hundred pages per book. A print-run of 100 books therefore costs 2000 GC. For each additional 100 books ordered, his rate is reduced by 1 GC to a minimum of 10 GC per 100 pages. It takes 3 days to prepare a press to print a 100 page book and a further ten days to do a print-run of a 100 copies. The rate of printing can be increased by 50%, but the cost goes up by 100%. Otto can only manage this increased output by working overtime, which costs him more in wages and other overheads.

One sheet flyers are considerably cheaper, costing only 1GC per hundred sheets. He offers discounts on 500 sheets or more; 500 sheets for the same price as 400; 1000 sheets for the same price as 800 etc.

The above prices are for standard quality work. Otto charges more for special layouts and for the inclusion of woodcut illustrations - up to 200% extra.

THE PRINTWORKS

The door from Otto's office (a) leads to the print room (b) where two printing presses are tended by three assistants. Prospective clients are given a personal tour of this room by Otto, who points out the rows of lead letters stacked on racks around the room. Bundles of paper lie on the floor and stacks of partially printed books and pamphlets line the shelves. Otto will carefully guide his visitors around these, apologising for the disorganised state of the room. 'We have so many jobs to do these days, that we find it easier to sort them into piles on the floor, than to put them on the shelves. So please step carefully, we don't want any of you falling into a press.'

The presses are primitive but effective. They operate on a screw principle, with the galleys of composed type being wound down onto a sheet of paper. Three type styles are available and Otto will go into great detail of their respective merits.

Gothic - 'A very nice visual text, looks good to the eye, but unfortunately difficult to read. Still, useful for impressing people, particularly those who cannot read.'

Luther - 'This face is very good for clarity, a bit utilitarian, but easy on the eyes for protracted reading. An ideal type for books and pamphlets.'

Imperial - 'An impressive face. Yes indeed. Used on Imperial documents you know. A good cross between the other two types - useful for those shorter proclamations beloved of our illustrious rulers. You can't go wrong with this one, dazzle your friends with your Imperial connections.'

Otto will not show visitors through the door leading from the press room. If asked, he says, 'Oh, that's where we store the paper. A simple storeroom. Nothing to interest you.'

But, little known to the outside world, Otto's print shop is the source of the majority of leaflets handed out by Agitators on the streets of Middenheim - even those who are not connected to the New Millenniumists. Any cause that embarrasses the government or calls for improvements for the lot of the common folk, is given access to Otto's print facilities.

The locked room (c) holds another printing press used solely for producing material of a seditious nature. The press specialises in leaflets proclaiming the imminent arrival of the New Millennium, in which the common people will control their own destiny without being subject to the whims of inbred nobles or fat and wealthy church leaders (see below for two examples of Otto's press). Here two Agitators produce leaflets calling for an end to taxation and the overthrow of the existing order. Leaflets, sorted into various piles, are neatly stacked around the room, making a stark contrast to the disorganised mess of Otto's 'public' print room.

The existence of this press is a closely guarded secret, known only to the members of Otto's press and certain Agitators around the city.

At night, the printworks is manned by two Agitators who work the press and hand-over leaflets to other agents for distribution. They attempt to capture any intruders, but will be unaware of any activity outside the print room, unless this is very loud indeed.

AGITATOR

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	33	40	3	3	8	34	1	28	42	30	34	30	43

Skills: Public Speaking; Read/Write

Possessions: Leather Jack (0/1 AP - body and arms) worn under an inked stained overall. Sword, Dagger, assorted leaflets.

— THE NEW MILLENNIALISTS —

Large numbers of Agitators throughout the city espouse the beliefs of the New Millennialists. The New Millennialists believe that society is unjust, benefiting the rich and powerful at the expense of the common people. They wish to see a change in the running of The Empire and Middenheim in particular.

New Millennialists are, on the whole honest hard-working folk, who dislike the efforts of their labours going to feed the rich and powerful. Members point to the poverty and decay visible in the poorer sectors of the city, as evidence of the rulers' disregard for the common people.

Many members are worshippers of Verena, the Goddess of Learning and Justice, who would like to see an Empire run by reason and not by the whims and personal interests of the rich. They view the schism between the followers of Ulric and Sigmar as nothing more than a sham to divert the common people from the real issues of the day - namely their lack of money, and the constant threat of Chaos.

Although adventurers coming into contact with the activities of the New Millennialists may suspect them of being Chaos cultists, the New Millennialists are totally opposed to Chaos. For Chaos would mean an end of all order and reason. Anyone suspected of being a Chaos cultist would find their lives dogged by Agitators seeking to expose them in public places and organising demonstrations outside their own dwellings.

The recent Imperial proclamation declaring that mutants no longer exist (see *Death On The Reik*), has further fueled the New Millennialists' belief that the Emperor and all nobles are inbred incompetents, who are now actively seeking to aid Chaos. This is the cause currently taken up by the New Millennialists, an activity that for once, does not particularly bother Graf Boris Todbringer (ruler of the city) and his advisors.

For all their agitating, the Millennialists are not as influential as they would like. Although their Agitators are active, most of the city's folk are usually deaf to their pleas. Occasionally they will catch the common folk in a volatile mood, but the 'mob' is easily distracted by a hurriedly prepared festival or parade put on by the City Council. Attacks on public figures tend to be more effective - it is difficult to ignore agitators who harangue you from public corners, particularly if there is a whiff of Chaos involved.



SIGNS OF THE NEW MILLENNIALISTS

While the player characters are travelling around Middenheim, either on a shopping expedition or another adventure, draw their attention to a couple of fly posters pasted up on the walls of the city streets.

RATS & VERMIN EXPLODE FROM CITY SEWERS

Suffer no more. Force the rich nobles and wealthy church leaders to free us from the plague of rats daily erupting from our sewers.

While the rich and powerful are safe in their fancy houses, we the common people must suffer these foul creatures.

Catch as many rats as you can and let them loose in the Grafsmund.

Let our betters know what it is like for their children to live in terror of these beasts.

Direct action is our only hope.

ACT NOW

CATCH A RAT TODAY

There is no printer's by-line on this poster, but it is typical of a New Millennialist poster commissioned by an outside group. In this case the publishers are the city's rat catchers, seeking to drum up more trade by making rat catching into a social issue.

Initial response to this poster will be good and the city authorities will be forced to deal with the rat problem - however, this results in the posting of guards on streets leading to the Grafsmund. Anyone suspected of carrying rats will be stopped and searched. The authorities take no action to deal directly with the rat problem.

The other poster is one of the New Millennialists' own.

MUTANTS TAKE OVER THE EMPIRE

The recent proclamation from our beloved imbecilic Emperor (he of the fat breeches and deficient brain) has turned The Empire into a breeding ground for mutants.

Mutants are to be elevated to positions of power in an effort to make our lives worse.

Show your disgust.

END CHAOS

END POLITICAL TYRANNY

FREEDOM FOR ALL
(mutants excepted)





This poster is recent and is still being pasted up by Agitators. Because of its seditious intent, the City Watch are taking these down as fast as the New Millennialists can put them up. PCs reading this poster will be quickly moved on by a group of polite but firm Watchmen.

'Excuse would you mind moving on while we redecorate this wall.'

PC. 'Sorry I haven't finished reading it.'

'Perhaps you didn't understand. Push off - unless you want arresting for sticking up illicit bills.'

This cause is also being agitated for around the city. Agitators will be heard calling for an end to the nobility and venting their spleen against the Emperor and his

advisors. The Watch reponds by peacefully dispersing the crowd and moving the Agitators on. Violence is unlikely to flare, unless instigated by any adventurers in the crowd. These street corner agitations can be run for as long the GM wishes and could even culminate in a large demonstration if desired. The main role of the agitations, however, is to show that there is opposition to the dictates of the Imperial Court and to draw attention to the existence of the New Millennialists.

If a demonstration does occur, Chaos Cultists will attempt to make trouble by starting fights and heckling from the sidelines. Empire loyalists will also heckle the crowd and a small counter demonstration might be organised. Unless you are willing to disrupt the life of the city, it is best to allow the demonstration to take place without it erupting into major violence. The Watch will contain any trouble that occurs. Where player characters are involved, simply roleplay out the scene in response to their actions. Make it colourful, but avoid major confrontations.



CONTACTING THE NEW MILLENNIALISTS



There are a number of ways you can introduce the New Millennialists and Otto's printworks into your game. You can draw the adventurers' notice to the various posters stuck up round the city. Later on, when the adventurers are out after dark, they can spot an Agitator pasting up posters at night or they can talk to an Agitator on his soap box. Sympathetic characters such as Agitator player characters or a character who successfully makes a *Bluff test* can roleplay their way into the Agitator's confidence, an easy enough task as Agitators are willing to talk to people sympathetic to their cause.

Following a successful bluff, characters will be introduced to Otto who will willingly teach them the necessary skills for their new trade. Otto charges nothing for training characters, but he will expect them to work as printers, and once they have mastered public speaking, to work the streets in their new career.

Characters who oppose the Agitators may decide to follow the Agitator back to the printworks and then either break into the building to get evidence to give to the authorities, or try to bluff their way into the building and arrange a meeting with Otto. Its up to you (the GM) to determine how convincing the

characters appear to Otto. Characters who are out to shop Otto to the authorities, should have their work cut out. Don't make it easy, but reward players for clever play.

Other possibilities are employing Otto to print leaflets for some cause or other, such as exposing Chaos cultists or corrupt government officials. In this case the characters will have to pay for Otto's services and be responsible for posting and giving out their own leaflets.

And of course, if the adventurers should require a printer for any reason in Middenheim, Otto's can be employed as a 'straight' printers. Otto will not employ Artisan's Apprentices, unless he is convinced of their political integrity.



Watching The Printworks

The characters may find themselves approached by public figures who have been attacked by the New Millennialists, or by the authorities to uncover the source of the leaflets. The characters can find leads by following Agitators or by hanging out in certain inns - its up to you which ones. You should make sure, however, that you give them a lead to draw them to the printworks.

Characters watching the printworks at night will see Agitators arriving at the back door to collect leaflets and to discuss future agitations. Getting the Watch to act against Otto's will require evidence, a sample of seditious leaflets from the printers will suffice. Allegations on their own, are insufficient.



OTHER AGITATORS

There are many freelance Agitators in the city, espousing many different causes - from the state of the drains to carrying out verbal attacks on public figures. A few inns can be nominated as the places where Agitators hang out, and these would be known to most of the city's dissident and criminal elements. Any bawd will be able to take the adventurers there.

Player character Agitators can find many things to agitate against in Middenheim. It is simply a matter of picking a cause which appeals and going out there to shout about it!

Agitator PCs can be very useful in the course of a campaign. They are capable of holding very strong views which gives them great roleplaying potential. A lot of fun can be had cutting loose on your views at every possible occasion, particularly if your views are somewhat unusual. 'The rights of the common donkey are being eroded. We have many human clerics, but never a donkey cleric. And why? Because people are prejudiced against donkeys.' Okay, a bit extreme. But some people do have strange ideas.

More concrete possibilities are using Agitators to gather a large crowd as a distraction while the PCs break in somewhere or carry out some other illegal act. Successfully inciting a crowd to riot is a sure way to occupy the Watch!

Jim Bamba

Illustrated by Ian Miller

HEAVY METAL



*“Grab the box
and follow us...”*

Who hasn't experienced some pleasure when seeing a Dragon on either a tabletop display or diorama mount? It's one of the most spectacular miniatures to observe. These reptilian leviathons are understandably popular subjects.

Yet there remains a certain reticence on the part of many enthusiasts to tackle what they consider to be a gargantuan task. This need not be the case. Dragons need be no more difficult than the ordinary 25mm figure. Indeed, the lack of miscellaneous detail on the model makes life a lot easier for the painter, who has the room to elaborate on standard techniques. There's room to drybrush another few tones or blend ink washes.

But in this article, we're going to explain the techniques used on the new *Citadel* Dragons. The effects you can see from these photographs are attainable if you carefully apply the techniques described below. In future *'Eavy Metals* we will look at more advanced technique in this area, though there is a surprise here for those of you looking for something special. More of that later. Grab the box and follow us...

Unwrap the model and check that all the parts are present. Begin by cleaning the model of any flash or other irregularities from each component. Take care not to separate any of the detail from the components or yourself.

At this point it's advisable to assemble the parts using blue tack or plasticine. This will show up areas that might cause problems or require adjustments, such as changing the wing or neck positions.

Assess all the major joints that need strengthening. Neck joints in particular, wings and legs (to the base, if applicable) are likely to benefit from support. Drill holes for support pins into each part at the area to be joined. The pins may be pieces of stiff wire cut to length, or panel pins with the heads clipped off will do.

Having Prepared the joints, you should mix the glue. Again we recommend the standard two part epoxy resin, though this does require patience. The five minute version of this adhesive is generally the most satisfactory. Mix equal amounts of the glue, and apply it to both surfaces being joined. Secure the join with sellotape, elastic bands, or anything else you find of use.



Mike McVey's Colour Schemes

1: Young Fire Dragon

Red base colour + red ink wash. Alternate ink washes of red + drybrushing with red and orange. Body scales picked out with a dot of orange followed by a dot of orange and white. Underbelly painted orange brown, blended with orange and white and shaded with brown and orange ink. Claws painted black and given green ink wash.



2: Young Forest Dragon

Woodland green base colour. Alternate green ink washes and drybrushing with woodland green + spearstaff brown + white. Scales picked out in light yellow/green.



3: Serpentine Dragon

Wings and back given medium blue base colour. Blue ink wash. Drybrushed with successively lighter shades of blue (increasing the white proportion of the mix). Underbelly, arms and legs base coloured electric blue, drybrushed with electric blue + white. Thin blue ink added to joints and blended in.

4: Horned Dragon

Grey base colour. Highlighted in blended grey and white. Shaded with very thin black, blended in. Light silver drybrushing. Claws coloured red with black ink blending the join.



The Dragons depicted here have the following profiles in the 3rd edition **Warhammer Fantasy Battles** rules. Complete rules for Dragons can be found in the rulebook. As both the young Fire Dragon (1) and young Forest Dragon (2) are so small, the first set of profiles adequately caters for either of them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Pts
Dragons 1&2	6	4	0	5	5	7	2	6	7	6	7	7	250
Dragon 3	6	5	0	6	5	8	3	6	7	7	7	7	350
Dragon 4	6	6	0	6	6	8	4	6	8	7	8	8	500
Dragon 5	6	7	0	7	6	9	5	6	8	8	8	8	600
Dragon 6	6	8	0	7	7	9	6	6	9	8	9	9	700
Dragon 7	6	9	0	8	7	10	7	6	9	9	9	9	800

5: Nightmare Dragon

Universally applied black base colour. Body brushed several times with progressively lighter shades of grey. Wings highlighted with blended grey. Underbelly has dark green blended in followed by woodland green.



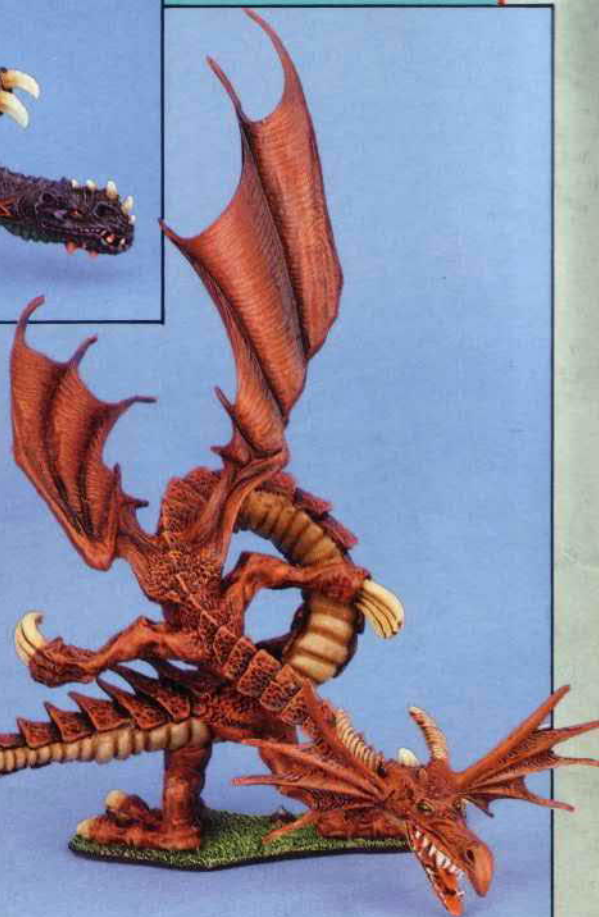
"The ultimate effect is

a glowing depth that

adds life to the model."

7: Lava Dragon

Red + black base colour. Ink wash of red + black. Alternate ink washes of red, and successively lightened drybrushes of red + orange. Drybrushed orange. Underbelly is bestial brown, blended with bestial brown + white. Shaded with brown + orange ink.



6: Rock Dragon

Bestial brown base colour followed by brown ink wash. Alternate drybrushing (with bestial brown + white) and further brown washes. Drybrush with bronze then gold. Details picked out in gold.



Dragon Ogre

Bestial brown base + ink wash of thinned brown ink. Highlighted with layers of bestial brown + bronzed flesh + white. Final ink wash of burnt sienna, thinned down. Armour painted with red base. Black blended into joints. Several red ink washes. Detail added in gold. Tattoos in brown, blue and green.



...And here are some profiles for the new race of Dragon-Ogres, as represented by Nick Bibby's amazing new figure. Full rules for these fearsome beasts will appear in **Realm of Chaos**, but the following profiles and rules should keep you going until then.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WPPV
Dragon-Ogre	6	4	2	5	5	4	2	3	7	4	7	7 87
5 hero	6	5	3	6	5	4	3	4	7	4	7	7 137
10 hero	6	6	3	6	6	5	3	5	8	4	7	7 187
15 hero	6	6	3	6	6	6	4	5	9	4	8	8 237
20 hero	6	7	3	6	6	7	5	6	10	4	8	8 287
25 hero	6	7	4	6	6	7	5	6	10	6	9	9 337

Special Rules: Dragon-Ogres cause *fear* in living creatures under 10 feet tall. 1 *stomp* attack, 1 *tail-lash* attack, the rest are weapons attacks. Dragon-Ogres count as a *large* target for missile fire.

Give yourself a break. Come back tomorrow and your creation will be strong enough to withstand the next phase.

Detergent, a cloth and perhaps a toothbrush are the necessary tools now. Clean the model of grease smears and dust. It need not be a time consuming affair and will make all the difference to the paint job. Dry the model afterwards with a tissue, or a hair dryer for that matter.

With the aid of either a new mix of epoxy resin or Milliput, proceed to neaten up any mistakes made during earlier preparation or shrinkage in the casting process. Apply the putty in the thickness required, and shape and smooth it. Then leave it to dry for the specified time.

When the putty has hardened, use scalpels, files and any other useful tools to model these areas into detail as desired. You may then go on to prime your Dragon in your usual way. A spray can primer is ideal for large models, but if using an acrylic, apply it with an old brush.



"Give yourself a break."



washes of colour on top of each other. Each wash is translucent and allows the colour underneath to shine through. The ultimate effect is a glowing depth that adds life to the model. The same principles apply to the treatment of creatures by many old masters and find application in Japanese laquered furniture or custom cars!

Incidentally, the colour guides given here come courtesy of Citadel figure painter Mike McVey, who painted the models for this article. Use your own by all means, but rest assured that these will serve you well if you're stuck for ideas.

Mike has adopted a careful drybrushing technique to paint his models. Tones are finely layered to have the strongest, but most subtle effects. Dragons provide an ideal opportunity to concentrate on this area and gain attractive results. Scale rims, wing bones, horns - all of these catch the eye and draw attention to the most intricately detailed parts of the model. You should pay particular attention to these areas.

The drybrushed tones were complimented by successive ink washes. Subtle shading benefits from the large surface area on these models. Finally, the eyes and teeth may be painted in to finish the Dragon. Using these techniques, it was possible for Mike to complete two or three Dragons per day, though admittedly, this was something of a daunting task. Take your time.

Now for something a little special. Glazes can make the difference between two otherwise equally well painted models. Basically, this treatment involves layering thin

For our purposes a useful technique to master is the two brush blending technique (another *Blanchitsu* special). Instead of applying the wash all over the model and allowing it to rest where it falls, it facilitates greater control of the pigments. The ink wash is carefully applied to the crevices with one brush, and before it totally dries, the colour may be drawn out and thinned, gradually working upwards to the dry areas with the other brush (which should be clean, and moistened but not dripping). We'll come back to this subject at greater length in a future *'Eavy Metal*.

Incidentally, another variation of this (not used on any of these models), is the underwash. A green ink wash applied to a pale pink Dragon works wonders if you're after a fetid, rotting undead feel. Purple on light blue is also extremely effective, while the most dramatic is red or green over a warm yellow. This gives a bright and colourful result to the model.

Next month, John discusses the benefits of advanced painting and shading techniques. But we think you've got enough to keep you busy until then.

John Blanche and Ian Cooke



THE MADCAP LAUGHS

A HEART OF DUST, A HAND OF DEATH

by Matt Williams

INTRODUCTION

This is the first adventure in *The Madcap Laughs* series. The outline of the campaign was dealt with in last month's *White Dwarf*, a copy of which is required if the intention is to follow the campaign closely. However, GM's will have enough information here to use this as a one off adventure without knowledge of the campaign structure.

GM'S INTRODUCTION

This adventure is set in the Weeping Waste and assumes the starting location of the characters to be either in, or near, the city of Karlaak. The party will have to journey across the desert in search of an ancient tower where a nobleman's children are held captive.

Darsu Dhberac, a nobleman of Karlaak, has had his son and daughter kidnapped; carried off by bandits into the Weeping Wastes. Dhberac needs to hire a group of talented adventurers to find and recover them, and return a family treasure worn by his daughter - the Key of Mirikos. Dhberac will pay a reward for freeing his children, plus a bonus for the heirloom's return.

In fact, the bandits were hired by Ziamora, the powerful inhuman enchantress. She has spirited the children to an ancient tower amid the Scarlet Shoals in the Weeping Waste and used sorcery to secure their hiding place. Ziamora believes the Key of Mirikos will release her race from a ten thousand year slumber on a nether plane. While she is seeking the correct rituals for this in the Young Kingdoms, she has made the tower her base.

SWORDS FOR HIRE

Dhberac will contact the characters via his servant, Graman, who will meet the party at a suitable point either just as they approach the city of Karlaak, or shortly thereafter. The exact location of the encounter is left to your discretion. Read this to the players:

The road ahead is blocked by a richly dressed, hooded man who sits astride a horse led by a page. From beneath the hooded man's cowl, you can see the ravages of age upon his face. Closer inspection reveals areas of stretched skin that cover the eye sockets. But despite his shocking appearance, a reassuring smile spreads across his face.

He greets you by name, though you have never seen him before.

'Greetings from my noble lord,' he cries. 'I bear you a message.'



Graman's only purpose is to disseminate certain information to the PCs. He will be civil and identify himself. He will not enter any discussion regarding the message, but might provide other information, perhaps advising on a good inn where the characters may rest safely after their journey. His page is mute. Neither of them are armed or possess any fighting ability. If attacked, they will succumb easily.

After reciting the message Graman will leave. If the adventurers pester him he will issue threats ('If I do not return by sunset, your kidneys will be my master's next breakfast'). If they decide to follow him, allow them to stay on his tail for a short while before losing Graman and the page in the city's crowded streets.

Graman has a perfect memory (99%) and will report precisely what happens on returning to his master. If the characters torture or kill Graman, Dhberac will exact revenge in a range of ingenious but ultimately lethal ways.

If the characters accept the message, read them this.

'Two days hence in Karlaak, follow the golden woman who collects a pitcher from the East Gate at dusk. Follow her wherever she goes and you will meet my master. He will pay each of you your weight in silver in exchange for a small favour. Not a word of this shall pass your lips, or the bargain is forfeit, and your souls on their way to Limbo. I must return alone. Let your actions be your answer.'

If the characters pay Graman no heed and seem reluctant to become involved, don't worry. Allow two days of uneventful game time to elapse (see below). Encourage them to remain in Karlaak before running The Golden Woman encounter.

Graman, Dhberac's servant

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 15 DEX 5 CHA 14 HP 9

No effective attacks

Skills: Credit 60%, Listen 80%, Memorize 99%, Move Quietly 44%, Music Lore 60%, Ride 50%

Mute page

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 6 INT 10 POW 9 DEX 12 CHA 12 HP 5

No effective attacks

Skills: Balance 40%, Dodge 40%, Listen 60%, Move Quietly 35%



KARLAAK

Karlaak is a typical Ilimioran city, a bustling town surrounded by well-tended farm estates. It is not as cosmopolitan as the sea-ports, and has a slight frontier feel because of all the expeditions to the Weeping Wastes. However, nearly all the fruits of civilisation can be found somewhere within its streets, just like any other large city.

EVENTS - KARLAAK

While the adventurers are in Karlaak, you may want to use some of the events listed below to add flavour to the adventure and give the PC's some idea of what Karlaak is really like. Some of the events will require GM development.

Beggars

The characters are beset by 2D4 beggars begging alms. If they are charitable and give them food or money, an extra 2D8 beggars will crowd round for a handout within five minutes. In the fuss, one of the

characters will have his pocket picked. The thief has 50% Cut Purse and 30% Dagger.

The Engine

In a square is a huge steam-powered water-pump drawing water into a well. The pump has gone amok and is flooding the square. The emergency is being directed by Takiren Vandan, a harried priest of Law. If the characters somehow remedy the situation, the priest will give them a compass in thanks.

Forbidden Fruit

A seedy-looking street-vendor will sidle up to the characters and ask them if they want to buy his exotic fruit. He will claim all sorts of wondrous properties for it. You will experience dreams beyond your imagination, he says, you will become invulnerable to heat or cold, you will become desired above any man/woman in the world. His price is 300 LB for a bag of seven, but he can be knocked down to 100. The fruit, a small knobby fig with a ruddy skin, has no such properties. As soon as he has made a sale, or it's clear the characters aren't conned, he will lope away into the back streets. The vendor is unarmed.

Urchins

Two street-urchins playing in the street will stray in the path of a character. They will run round him a few times then dart off happily down the street. While they circle his legs the grubby children will wrap a rope round his legs and knot it. A conspirator will tie the hitched end to a near-by horse and slap its flank with brambles. As the horse runs off, the character will be dragged down the street for 2d100 yards, taking 1 point of damage per 10 yards (ignore armour, bumping down the street in metal isn't very comfortable).

A character will spot the ruse on a *See* roll, and can then escape on rolling POWx5 or less. If the character can roll STRx1, the horse will be stopped in its tracks, unharmed. Anyone who sees this will be suitably impressed.

TWO DAYS

The characters will have up to two days to do what they wish. Judicious inquiries in the right area will reveal a little about Graman's master. However, Dhberac has spies in the city and enquiries will have to be kept quiet to make sure he doesn't find out. If the characters leak the reason behind their enquiries, there is a 30% chance that the spies will hear of it and report back to Dhberac. This will mean a nine tenths reduction in payment, though Dhberac will wait until the mission is finished to tell them this.

While in the city, the characters may replenish supplies, buy new weapons and equipment, and sample the local colour. Nothing much should happen until their rendezvous.

THE GOLDEN WOMAN

At dusk, two days after the message is delivered, a beautiful woman with gold-tinted skin will collect a water pitcher from the East Gate. She is lightly robed in green silk. The adventurers will have no trouble spotting her if they received the message. Otherwise, bring her to the attention of any character making a successful *See* roll. She will be aware of them before they see her.

The woman is Jenoola, a Demon of Desire, ordered by Dhberac to lead the adventurers to him. When she has filled the pitcher, she will make her way through the back streets away from the gate, always keeping some distance between herself and the PCs. Jenoola will use her ability to teleport the party to their final destination if they do not follow her.

Whatever the course of action chosen by the characters, they are destined to confront Dhberac in his house, two days after encountering Graman. If they were unaware of the suggested rendezvous with Jenoola, or happen to be otherwise engaged in some area of the city, you may assume that Jenoola tracks them down during the evening. Any character making a successful *See* roll will observe a pretty blond haired woman smiling at them before their surroundings suddenly change to those of Dhberac's study (see *Dhberac's Home* below).

Assuming the characters do tail Jenoola, their last sight of her will be to see her passing through a gate at the end of a cul-de-sac. Once through this, they will find themselves in the courtyard of Dhberac's house.

The courtyard is a narrow square, surrounded by high buildings adorned with gargoyles. Most of the windows are shuttered. Inside, the

rooms are dark and connected by winding corridors, filled with exquisite *objets d'art*.

DHBERAC'S HOME

When the party arrive, they will be ushered to Dhberac's study by the page boy who escorted Graman earlier. Dhberac will be staring into a huge wall mirror at the far end of the poorly lit room. Graman will be present, standing silhouetted in front of a low hanging chandelier. After a moment, Dhberac will sit down in silence behind his desk, and speak. If the PCs were teleported to this location by Jenoola, he will begin by profusely and sincerely apologising for his methods: You may then read the following passage to the players.

'Brave souls, I am in need of your help. A week ago, my only children, Hanamel and Cyrona, were plucked from this very house by outlaws. No ransom has been asked for and I fear their lives are in danger. To breach the security of this house, the bandits must be cunning and dangerous. Only the most skilful men will best them, which is why I have selected you. I will pay you well - your weight in silver - and a bonus if you recover a family heirloom worn by my daughter. One thing further, the mission is a secret. I expect you to keep my confidence.'

Dhberac is more interested in the Key of Mirikos, an artifact worn by one of his children than in the children themselves. He will not say or do anything to let the party suspect this, however. He will provide sketches of the Key and his children to allow them to be identified, and any equipment the characters request (at the GM's discretion). He will also give the PCs an amulet he thinks may be of some use in their search, and explain how to use it. He also provides the PCs with the following information.

'The bandits have fled into the Weeping Wastes. I expect you to release my children from their clutches alive and well. The abductors' lives are not important to me. If it is of any interest to you, the carpet in my children's chambers was spoiled by red sand. I can only assume that this came from the clothing of one or more of the kidnappers.'

The bonus for the return of the heirloom is 100 Large Gold to be divided between the party members. If the characters demand more money (they may be particularly annoyed if they were teleported to Dhberac's home), the GM may allow some haggling. Dhberac will want to recover any excess payments afterwards however, and this could lead to further adventures.

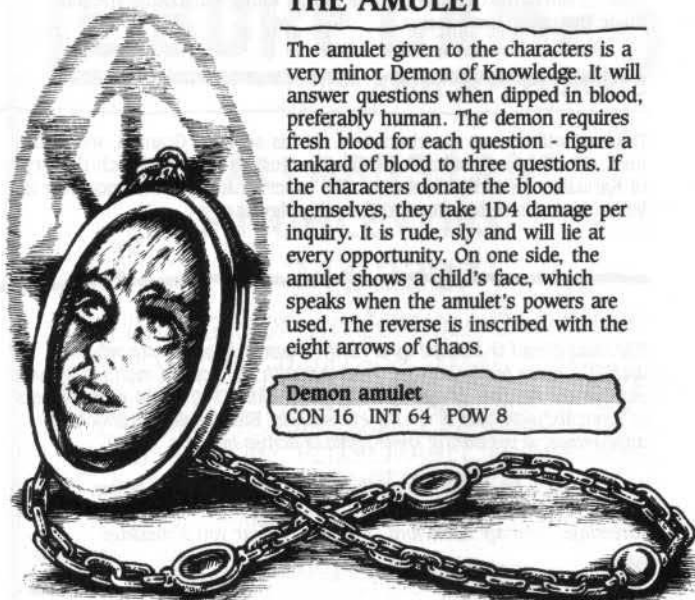
Nor will Dhberac tell them that his own efforts have failed. He has already expended a Demon of Desire trying to regain the artifact, which now appears to be concealed by warding. He has no desire to risk his life against powerful sorcery except as a last resort.

His reasons for keeping the mission secret are vague. He gives the impression that he wants to keep knowledge of the matter from his known enemies. He will also stress the importance of starting out as soon as possible.

THE AMULET

The amulet given to the characters is a very minor Demon of Knowledge. It will answer questions when dipped in blood, preferably human. The demon requires fresh blood for each question - figure a tankard of blood to three questions. If the characters donate the blood themselves, they take 1D4 damage per inquiry. It is rude, sly and will lie at every opportunity. On one side, the amulet shows a child's face, which speaks when the amulet's powers are used. The reverse is inscribed with the eight arrows of Chaos.

Demon amulet
CON 16 INT 64 POW 8



THE HEIRLOOM - THE KEY OF MIRIKOS

This has been passed down through Dhberac's family for countless generations. His patron deity has revealed it was fabricated from the stuff of Chaos aeons ago. Its only known power is to open any lock. Dhberac's main reason for wanting the key returned is that his scholarly studies lead him to think it has greater powers that have avoided discovery to date. The Key is normally worn as a pendant by Cyrona, his daughter.



DARSU DHBERAC

Darsu Dhberac is slight, young-looking with dark skin and short black hair. He dresses in grey robes (which conceal his sword), adorned with much jewellery. He is cruel but always keeps his word when he feels it has been honourably given. Excessive demands by the adventurers places them beyond such honour.

Unlike other agents of Chaos, he has built up a power base in Karlaak. He is rich and influential with friends in high (and low) places. Few know he serves the Lords of Chaos from his ebony-panelled, labyrinthine house.

Darsu Dhberac, nobleman of Karlaak and agent of Mabelrode

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 20 DEX 10 CHA 15 HP 12

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Shortsword	61%	1D6+1	58%
Dagger	35%	1D4+2	35%

Armour: None

Skills: Conceal 44%, Credit 60%, Dodge 48%, Evaluate Treasure 73%, First Aid 25%, Hide 58%, Listen 40%, Memorise 79%, Move Quietly 56%, Plant Lore 40%, Poison Lore 10%, Persuade 81%, See 30%, Search 49%

Languages: Common: Speak 92%, R/W 88%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 60%, R/W 55%; High Melnibonean: Speak 40%, R/W 32%

Summonings: Elemental: Water 96%, Fire 62%; Demons: Desire 98%, Protection 73%

Obviously, Darsu Dhberac is a powerful man, and the characters should realise this. His large fee and the Demon amulet is generous payment for an apparently easy task. Over-generous in fact. The characters should have enough clues to see there is more to this than meets the eye. If they depart unprepared, then they may well die quickly.

Dhberac wears an amulet which will warn him of any intended attack. He keeps it well-hidden, but characters specifically saying they are looking for it may spot it on a *See* roll. Do not forget to take Dhberac's *Conceal* skill into account.

DHBERAC'S DEMONS

Tfosma, Guardian

CON 20 INT 12 POW 23 DEX 13 CHA 15 HP 20

Special Abilities: Ethereal, Life Drain

Tfosma is charged to protect Darsu from direct attack. It appears as a shimmering golden spectre. The demon is ethereal and can only be attacked by magic weapons or sorcery, but itself has no physical attack. The only way it can affect attackers is by using its life drain. Tfosma is immaterial until called to defend its master.

L'rod, Guardian

STR 16 CON 22 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 9 DEX 18 CHA 1 HP 22

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Claw x 2	56%	2D6	50%
Bite	47%	1D10+1D6	

Special Abilities: Invisibility

This Demon may take any form, but usually has that of a giant cat. Bound to one of Dhberac's many rings, it is immaterial until summoned forth to defend him.

Jenoola, Demon of Desire

STR 20 CON 47 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 9 DEX 10 CHA 22 HP 47

Jenoola is a gift from Mabelrode. She is sly, smiling with luxuriant gold-tinted skin, and serves as Dhberac's slave and lover.

Tebbis, Demon of Knowledge

INT 71 POW 16 CON 20

This demon is bound to an ornate teak wall mirror (in Dhberac's study), 3 metres by 2 metres and reveals its knowledge in pictures. Since this Demon was a gift from the Church of Chaos it does not count towards Dhberac's total for binding. He may use it to impress the adventurers.



THE SEARCH

Searching the Waste is a gigantic task. Shrewd adventurers will use the amulet to put them on the bandits' trail. Listed below are the amulet's answers to the most likely questions. The GM must invent any other replies as needed.

Where have the bandits gone? - 'To Limbo.' True; the bandits have been slain by Ziamora's Demons in the Weeping Waste.

Where are the children/Key of Mirikos now? - 'Such knowledge is hidden by powerful sorcery.' If the Demon rolls its POW or less it can reveal more. 'In the Scarlet Shoals stands a citadel. The sorcery comes from here.' The Scarlet Shoals stretch across part of the Waste; the name derives from the characteristic red sand, not seen anywhere else in the young Kingdoms. Further questioning or a *Legend Lore* roll will reveal this. Any barbarian of the Waste should also know.

Who has taken the children/Key of Mirikos? - 'The sorceress Ziamora, Queen of the Essegraani.' Further questions will uncover more information about Ziamora. How much is up to the GM. The Essegraani do not feature in this scenario directly. Full details are given in the third scenario, *Empress of the Emerald Shore*.

Where is Ziamora? - 'In the Scarlet Shoals.' If it rolls its POW or less, the Demon will go on. 'She stands in a tower constructed of ghosts and shrouded in ancient sorcery. This is all that I see.' The amulet can tell nothing more about the tower, but characters with *Legend Lore* or a barbarian shaman may have heard of the Castle of Lost Souls, a tower built by a long-dead wizard from the souls of dead men somewhere in the Weeping Wastes.



THE WEEPING WASTE

The Weeping Waste is a vast desolate plain stretching eastwards from the edge of Ilimiora. There are few hills and rivers, but trees grow wherever there is a steady water supply. In the extreme south, bordering the Eastern Ocean, are thick woods and jungle. Further from the sea this gives way to sandy, inhospitable scrublands.

The Waste is home to many wild beasts and creatures of Chaos, and its huge expanse conceals many terrors and adventures. The inns of Ilimiora are full of men and women with strange tales of their travels in the depths of the Waste. Many more have died there seeking their fortune.

The safest way to travel into the Waste is with a merchant caravan. Such caravans leave regularly from the cities and towns of eastern Ilimiora to trade weapons and trinkets for the prized barbarian armour and desert bows. A typical tour might last two or three months, leaving heavily laden with metal goods and returning with a cargo of barbarian wares. Skilled fighters should have no trouble finding employment as hired swords on the caravans.

A typical caravan will be headed by a merchant, usually acting for a syndicate. He will have 8-10 wagons, half carrying provisions, the rest transporting 10-20 mercenaries. Caravans generally return with fewer men than they set off with. Wild animals, raiders, Demons, disease or the owner cutting his overheads usually means the death rate can run as high as 50% on one of these tours. Unscrupulous competitors sometimes hire assassins to protect their interests, or murder an incoming caravan and steal the cargo. The adventurers should be made aware of the difficulties they may face.

INTO THE DESERT

When the adventurers are in the Waste, the GM should make use of the events list below. The characters will spend five days in the desert before they reach the Shoals. The first event is fixed. The encounter with the Clakars is variable. However, if it hasn't occurred by the fifth day, it will take place automatically. See below. All other events are optional. At most, there should one encounter per day.

Five Bodies

At noon on the second day, the adventurers will discover five mutilated corpses, about a week old. They have been bloodily slaughtered, but seem untouched by scavengers. Their dress marks them as Esmiri. On a successful *See* roll, a character will find a few grains of reddish sand. These are the fetid remains of the kidnappers. They were slain by Ziamora's Demons who then delivered the children to her.



Clakars

Each day there is a cumulative 10% chance Ziamora will find out Dherac has sent out a rescue mission. She will dispatch eight clakars to capture one of the adventurers. In the dead of night, they will attack the camp. Unless the sound of beating wings wakes the characters (*Listen* roll), or they have taken suitable precautions, the adventurers will be surprised.

The clakars have orders to bring back a character for questioning. Six of the beasts will cause a rumpus, while two swoop from the air and grab at the weediest-looking adventurer. If a Clakar scores two claw hits, it can pick up - and fly off with - its victim (as long as the character's *SIZ* is less than a Clakar's *STR*, otherwise the beast cannot lift him).

The Clakars will only land as a last resort. They are afraid of fire, and will give up if the characters fend them off for more than five minutes

(60 combat rounds). Once in close combat though, they will break away only when seriously injured.

All Clakars have the same attack percentages.

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Bite	40%	1D8	
Claw x 2	60%	2D6	30%
Wing buffet	90%	1D4-1	25%

Clakar One

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 7 POW 20 DEX 21 HP 13

Skills: Climb 44%, Listen 23%, Scent 25%, Search 22%, Track 28%

Clakar Two

STR 23 CON 14 SIZ 21 INT 8 POW 12 DEX 16 HP 23

Skills: Climb 43%, Listen 26%, Scent 30%, Search 21%, Track 27%

Clakar Three

STR 18 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 5 POW 8 DEX 15 HP 14

Skills: Climb 49%, Listen 25%, Scent 25%, Search 29%, Track 23%

Clakar Four

STR 20 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 9 POW 14 DEX 11 HP 24

Skills: Climb 41%, Listen 26%, Scent 27%, Search 30%, Track 24%

Clakar Five

STR 17 CON 21 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 11 DEX 19 HP 23

Skills: Climb 47%, Listen 26%, Scent 28%, Search 22%, Track 25%

Clakar Six

STR 15 CON 19 SIZ 11 INT 4 POW 15 DEX 20 HP 19

Skills: Climb 44%, Listen 27%, Scent 22%, Search 25%, Track 21%

Clakar Seven

STR 18 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 7 DEX 14 HP 12

Skills: Climb 45%, Listen 29%, Scent 28%, Search 26%, Track 23%

Clakar Eight

STR 22 CON 21 SIZ 19 INT 6 POW 12 DEX 17 HP 28

Skills: Climb 49%, Listen 30%, Scent 21%, Search 24%, Track 25%

Oasis

The adventurers come across a small spring surrounded by a few sparse shrubs. The water flows sluggishly and tastes sour, but is otherwise fine to drink.

At Arm's Length

Approaching a rise, the adventurers notice a huge bronze hand sticking up into the sky. As they top the rise, they see that it is connected to a gigantic statue which has fallen into the dip below. Originally 30



metres tall, the statue now lies side down, half-buried in the sand. It depicts a threefold creature, one third man, one third woman and one third beast joined at the spine.

Undead Barbarians

As the day comes to an end the party encounter a small, listless group of 2D6+6 barbarian warriors, who offer their hospitality to the adventurers. They look tired and pallid and carry no insignia. Their chief offers the adventurers food and water, and a place by their fire for the night.

If the characters decline, they will be allowed to pass on their way. As they depart, the chief will say to them, 'You are in the eye of the Gods, travellers, for you have escaped our curse. Farewell, playthings of destiny.'

Otherwise, the barbarians will bring food and drink. As the sun is setting the barbarian leader will recite a tale.

'As the sun sinks into the earth we remember our ancestors and how they told of a tribe who crossed the path of wizard.

'Watah was the mightiest of barbarian kings. In his glory, he desired to be like the gods, immortal. The wizard, Terim Jahern, had discovered the elixir of immortality. Rashly, Watah tried to steal it.

'The wizard slew Watah and his cohorts, but the elixir was spilt in the fight and the sorcerer was mortally wounded. Before he died, he worked dreadful sorcery, bargaining his soul with the Dukes of Hell. "At the price of my soul," he cried, "curse these robbers to wander the world undead, their souls in torment, nameless and forgotten, until time's end! Let them tell their story to all who will listen, and then slay them, so they might not bear it abroad!" It is said this tribe still wanders the earth.'

As the tale ends, the barbarians will draw their weapons to attack. If the characters haven't guessed already, they are sitting with the barbarians of the story. As they are zombies, the barbarians keep on fighting until hacked to pieces (ie 0 HP). They never parry attacks or retreat, and show no fear of magic.

Undead Barbarian

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 13 DEX 12 CHA 6 HP 10

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Battle axe	48%	1D8+2
Long spear	48%	1D10+1
Sea axe	48%	2D6+2

Armour: 1D8-1 barbarian

Caravan

In the distance, the adventurers see vultures wheeling overhead. If they decide upon closer investigation, they come across an abandoned caravan - all the personnel are dead. It is obvious from the condition of the bodies that they died in a fight. All the valuables have been looted with the exception of a gold armband (worth 200 LB) bearing the sign of Chaos.



THE SCARLET SHOALS

After five days travel, the PCs will notice lumps of rosy-hued rock jutting out of the ground. A *See* roll will reveal a pinkish rocky outcrop in the distance. The outcrop leads to a deep gorge with a floor of reddish sand. After about half a mile, the gorge dwindles into the plains of the Scarlet Shoals. Dominating the horizon ahead is the Castle of Lost Souls. It can be seen for miles around, and is the only visible landmark (see map).

As soon as the characters enter the Scarlet Shoals they will come to Ziamora's attention. If she has not sent Clakars against them by then she will instantly do so. If the party have already suffered an attack by the Clakars, Ziamora will prepare her defences at the Castle. The adventurers will have no difficulty crossing the Shoals

THE CASTLE OF LOST SOULS

The tower is thousands of years old. Exactly who built it is lost in the mists of time. It stands 90 metres tall. The tower looks carved from a single piece of blue-grey rock. In fact it is made from the souls of dead men bound together by eldritch wizardry.

The tower has a single door, 5 metres wide and nine times as high. If any characters approach within 30 metres of the door they will summon the tower's Guardian.

THE GUARDIAN

As soon as any character, Elemental or Demon, comes within 30 metres of the door, the ground will shake as if struck by an earthquake. Characters must roll DEXx5 or under, or be thrown to the ground. Out of the sand a huge cerise dome appears. This becomes a head, and then a naked giant, who towers over the characters.

'Who dares awaken Ramukanh'sirk, Servant of Hell?' If the adventurers give no response, they will be called puny mortals and have jokes made at their expense. Ramukanh'sirk (pronounced ram-UKAN-hazerk) is 10 metres tall. He looks like a garish pink human, is made of living marble and blocks the doorway. He will issue this warning to the characters:



'If you seek to enter without my master's name I must resist you.' He will then offer help in the form of a riddle. 'Who bakes bread with a heart of dust, a hand of death?' The answer is Chardhros the Reaper. If the PCs ask the amulet, it must roll its POW or less to know. If questioned about Ramukanh'sirk, it knows the following.

Ramukanh'sirk has a warpact against all weapons while touching the ground.
 Ramukanh'sirk is a Greater Demon.
 He is vulnerable to water.
 His height and physical composition.

If any character names Chardhros as the Demon's master, they will all be allowed to pass. If they try and pass anyway, they must fight Ramukanh'sirk.

Ramukanh'sirk, Greater Guardian Demon

STR 35 CON 80 SIZ 125 INT 16 POW 60 DEX 9 CHA 26 HP 193

Weapon	Attack	Damage
Punch	75%	1D3+3D6
Kick	75%	1D6+3D6

Armour: 40-pt skin

Special Abilities: Warpact

The Demon's attacks count as magical. If Ramukanh'sirk scores a critical, he has squashed his target. This unfortunate person has been squashed to a pulp and is dead.

The Demon has a warpact against all weapons, including those with bound Demons, while he is in contact with the ground. Anyone striking him while he touches the ground receives a shock and is thrown to the ground taking 2D8 damage. The weapon is destroyed (magic weapons survive if they roll their POW or under and merely lose their enchantment). If he is somehow lifted, he may be damaged. A number of gnomes (Earth Elementals) could do it.

Ramukanh'sirk's bane is water. A single drop touching his skin will reduce him to a pile of sand about the size of a small dune.

Kind gamemasters may allow characters one chance to slip past the Guardian. If a character rolls his DEX or less, he has nimbly dodged the giant. If he fails, he is squashed and his soul plucked up by Chardthros to be tortured for eternity. Successfully passing the giant will destroy it.

THE TOWER

The tower is magical and cannot be harmed except by the most powerful beings. Its walls are 3 metres thick at the base, tapering to 1 metre at the apex. The walls are carved into the likeness of a myriad of figures writhing in agony, actually faces of the souls the tower is built from.

It is possible to scale the tower and enter through the third floor balcony. This requires a Critical Climb roll as the walls are quite smooth. The tower can also be entered by air or magically, but cannot be tunneled into. A Demon of Teleportation will convey the adventurers unobstructed. A Demon of Desire could create a human-size gap by expending 4D8 CON.

The interior is dim. Little sunlight seeps in through the few windows. In every hall braziers burn with an eerie green flame that barely lessens the gloom. Sweet-smelling herbs fill the air and deaden the senses to the world outside. Without conscious effort nothing that happens outside will be noticed - save the end of the world.

1. Ground Floor. The whole of the ground floor is taken up by a plain blue-grey hall, 80 metres high. A narrow staircase rises up into the heights of the tower, spiralling precariously round the inner wall. After a heart-stopping climb, the stairs lead onto the first floor.

2. First Floor. This is identical to the ground-floor hall, except of more modest dimensions. The ceiling is only 3 metres high. On the wall are twenty-four pairs of manacles, some still binding the corpses of long-forgotten prisoners. If touched, the corpses will crumble to dust.

3. Second Floor. A sumptuous lounge, expensively appointed, the air scented by incense. Ziamora has adopted this as her living quarters. There are several notable features.

A: Demon Bed. This ornate four-poster, besides guaranteeing a perfect sleep, is a Demon of Knowledge. By sleeping on the bed, a character has a POWx3% chance of finding the answer to a question hitherto unanswerable, in the form of a dream.

B: Demon Table. This baroque dining table is covered with a delicious feast of the most exotic food and drink. It is self-replenishing, and produces whatever the consumer desires. Both this and the bed only work in the tower, and become mundane if somehow removed.

C: Demon Statue. Carved from solid jade in the likeness of a wild-eyed dancing youth. This is Tamalan, a Demon of Possession under Ziamora's control.

D: Salt Clakar. This was once alive, but was turned to salt for irritating Ziamora. Any character captured by Clakars earlier will be here beside it, also turned to salt.

E: Lacquered Box. This box is opened safely by pressing a secret stud. This needs a *See* and a *Search* roll to find. A character lifting the lid without having first pressed the stud must roll DEX as a percentage or get hit by a pin coated with Type 5 poison. Inside are 6 Glass Fingers (see Ziamora's description for full details).

The space under the mezzanine is divided into rooms by heavy tapestries. They are well appointed, once serving as bedrooms. The one marked X holds Dhberac's children.

4. Mezzanine. This is a library. The walls are lined with rare and valuable tomes which crumble to dust as soon as they are opened. This floor forms a balcony to 3. Rooms 3 and 4 together are 3 metres high, the mezzanine being half-way between floor and ceiling.

5. Third Floor. This serves as a stable for Ziamora's Demon of Transport, Quolalola. There is a large arched window with a balcony through which it can come and go.

THE SITUATION

Ziamora has adopted the tower as her base in the Young Kingdoms. She is seeking the necessary items to release her race from a ten thousand year slumber. Having located the Key of Mirikos, she arranged for it to be stolen by hand, since it was well-guarded against sorcery. She is not interested in Dhberac's children and considers them expendable. Ziamora keeps the Key on her at all times. Obviously, she expected Dhberac to try to regain the Key, and has taken several precautions. As usual with humans, she has underestimated his ingenuity.

Ziamora is aware the tower has a Guardian. She alighted by air, thus avoiding the conditions which summon it. She also knows what the tower is made of.

The High Priestess will be half-expecting the characters, but assumes the Guardian will deal with them. If she captured one of the party with the Clakars, she will have extracted some information about the rest. She will not notice any uproar outside because of the effect of the herbs. If possible, Ziamora will avoid confrontation, preferring to sweet-talk the characters to her way of thinking. If it comes to a fight, she will have no hesitation in cutting her losses and fleeing with the Key. If by chance the characters have the Key, she will unleash her full sorcerous might to regain it.

THE CHILDREN

Dhberac's children, Hanamel and Cyrona, are held in one of the small rooms under the library balcony. They have been drugged with a sedative and are unable to stand or walk unaided. They are unharmed.

Characters with *Plant Lore* may try and concoct an antidote to sober them up. If a fumble is rolled, the two potions mix and create a Type 4 poison. When the children wake up, they will be disorientated and, unless convinced of the character's mission, will become hysterical.

The children are twins, aged 16, and have their fathers looks. They are very close to each other and will get upset if separated. They are unarmed and lightly clothed.



Hanamel, Dhberac's son

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 12 DEX 10 CHA 14

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Broadsword	20%	1D8+1	20%
Dagger	10%	1D4+2	10%

Cyrona, Dhberac's daughter

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 12 DEX 10 CHA 14

No effective attacks

THE KEY OF MIRIKOS

The Key is an ancient artifact, fabricated by Balo at the dawn of time. In the right hands it has great power. The right hands now happen to be Ziamora's and she guards the Key with her life. The Key's only known powers are to open any lock. She believes that it will also release her god, Amma-y-Graan, from his living tomb when combined with the right ritual incantations. It is made of gold and set with pearls (a collector might pay 5000 LB). The Key is about 15 cms long.

The Key and the children are warded from scrying by a Spirit Ward. The Spirit Ward is not actually manifest on the world-plane but drives off prying Demons of Knowledge and Desire on the shadow plane. For game purposes the Demon has a POW of 38 if characters insist their own Demons fight it.

Inside the tower, however, the Spirit Ward is useless. Adventurers may freely use Demons of Knowledge to divine information or Demons of Desire to get their hands on the Key or children.

**ZIAMORA**

Ziamora is the last noblewoman of the Essegraani, a race that exists on a plane of Chaos, cursed by a magical slumber. She is tall, fair-skinned with close-cropped black hair. She treats all non-Essegraani as expendable servants. She would also prefer that someone else did her dirty work while she relaxed in the lap of luxury. Like all Essegraani, whatever she does she manages to do it aesthetically. The characters should have ample evidence that she is a peerless sorceress who could snuff them out like a candle.

Ziamora is the major adversary throughout these three adventures, featuring indirectly in the events of *Ruins In Madness* and directly in *Empress on the Emerald Shore*. Ideally, she should escape alive.

When the adventurers arrive in the tower, roll 1D8 and consult the table below to determine her location.

D8	Location
1	The lounge: on the Demon bed.
2-3	Examining the library
4-5	Summoning a Demon in room 3 (roll 1D8: 1-3 Knowledge, 4-6 Desire, 7-8 Combat)
6	Away on Quolalola; absent for 4D10 minutes
7-8	With the children in the side room

Ziamora, last Queen of the Essegraani and High Priestess

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 21 POW 29 DEX 15 CHA 18 HP 20 ELAN 97

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Dagger	60%	1D4+2+5D6	47%

Armour: 60 Demon armour

Skills: Balance 61%, Climb 27%, Conceal 60%, Credit 57%, Dodge 45%, Evaluate Treasure 74%, First Aid 79%, Hide 38%, Jump 27%, Listen 56%, Make Map 59% Memorise 100% Move Quietly 48%, Music Lore 49%, Orate 62%, Persuade 57%, Plant Lore 89%, Poison Lore 105%, Ride 37%, Search 41%, See 39%

Languages: Common: Speak 100%, R/W 100%; Low Melnibonean: Speak 98%, R/W 93%; High Melnibonean: Speak 79%, R/W 64%; Essegraani: Speak 100%, R/W 100%; 'pande: Speak 37%; Madben: Speak 59%, R/W 46%; Yuric: Speak 32%

Summonings: Elementals: Air 91%, Earth 96%, Fire 94%, Water 97%. Demons: Combat 96%, Desire 97%, Knowledge 98%, Possession 92%, Protection 95%, Travel 93%; Other Summonings: Amma-y-Graan, Lassa, Straasha, Grome, Kakatal

ZIAMORA'S DEMONS**Demon of Protection**

CON 76 SIZ 16 POW 20 CHA 16

This Demon has the form of a stunning red silk robe emblazoned with the Chaos sign in silver.

Quolalola, Demon of Transport

STR 27 CON 32 SIZ 34 INT 5 POW 11 DEX 13 CHA 6 HP 54

Quolalola is a giant seven-headed swan. It is bound to the gold amulet it wears around its left leg.

Seepreest, Demon of Desire

STR 7 CON 43 SIZ 7 INT 12 POW 9 DEX 9 CHA 20 HP 38

Seepreest appears as a slight elfin youth with strange shaped feet. Like all servants, Ziamora considers him expendable. He is bound to a ruby bracelet on Ziamora's right wrist.

Gjasajaguj, Demon of Combat

STR 20 CON 12 SIZ 36 INT 8 POW 9 DEX 14 CHA 1 HP 36

Weapon	Attack	Damage	Parry
Claw x 2	35%	4D6	35%
Bite	42%	3D8	
Tail bash	30%	2D6	

Armour: 20 point hide

Gjasajaguj is an oily black hound with glowing eyes and a mace-like tail. The demon is normally immaterial and bound to a necklace worn by its mistress.

GLASS FINGERS

These are an assassin's weapon. They require exceptional skill to make, and are extremely rare in the Young Kingdoms. Glass Fingers consist of hollow blades of ice the size of daggers. Inside is a liquid, usually poison, but it may be also be an acid or potion. When an opponent is stabbed with a Glass Finger, the tip breaks off and the victim is subject to the poison. On a critical hit, this is automatic. Otherwise, a successful attack means there is a 40% chance of the poison having effect. Glass Fingers shatter easily, and are useless for parrying or throwing. In sunlight, they melt slowly over a period of 1D6 hours, leaving no trace of the weapon.



In her lounge Ziamora has six Glass Fingers, three filled with Type 1 poison, two with Type 5 and one with Type 3. They are kept in the lacquered box (see above).

RUNNING THE ENCOUNTER

Depending on how the characters react, the encounter can proceed in several ways.

In the event that the characters barge in with swords drawn, Ziamora will try persuading them to put their weapons away and accept her hospitality. She says she has no quarrel with them. Ziamora will spin a web of soothing words and lull the characters into a sense of security. If the adventurers co-operate, she will assist them where possible, even turning over Dhberac's children, explaining how she rescued them from bandits.

If the adventurers opt to attack, Ziamora will flee with the Key. She will not go without leaving a parting present, either unleashing Tamalan, the Dancing Demon or summoning her Demon of Combat.

If the characters keep mentioning Dhberac, Ziamora will attempt to persuade them he is an evil man, intent on sending them to their doom for the sake of it. She will say the children are not his at all, and that he keeps them drugged. If need be, she will summon a Demon of Knowledge and question it in a way that shows Dhberac in a bad light ('Is it true that Dhberac is the bedfellow of Demons?') Ideally, she will try to convince the adventurers that it is in their best interest to return and have vengeance on Dhberac for sending them on a wild goose chase.

Characters who show intelligence and behave courteously may temporarily bring out her better nature. She will grace them with her story, offer them refreshment and answer their questions. Ultimately though, she is treacherous, and will make sure she comes out with the upper hand.

The characters might arrive ready for battle, succumb to her silver tongue, then plan subterfuge, only to provoke Ziamora's wrath and

suffer the consequences. Or they might arrive in good will, discover their salted comrade and plot revenge, at the same time enjoying the fruits of the castle. Whatever happens, the gamemaster should bear in mind that Ziamora has one over-riding purpose - to revive her fellow Essegraani and their god. Humans may amuse her for a while, but ultimately they are expendable. If she finds them inconvenient, she will destroy them.

If a character somehow obtains the Key, all Ziamora need do is expend a Demon of Desire to conjure it back again, although her sense of artistry is likely to make her try something more dramatic first.

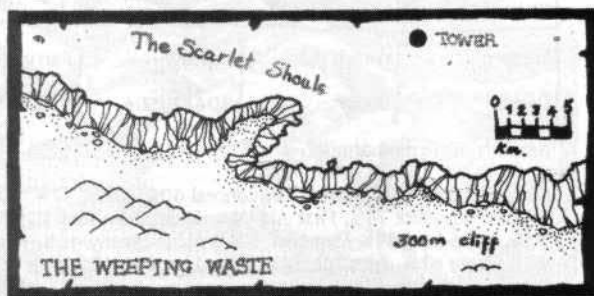
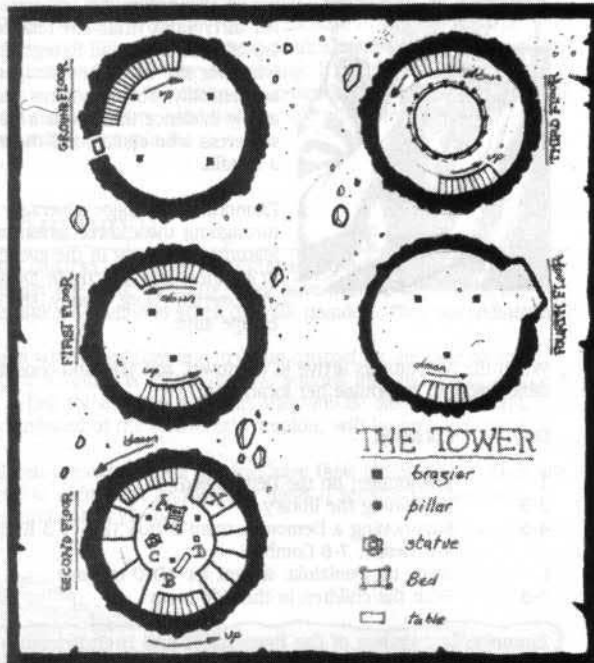
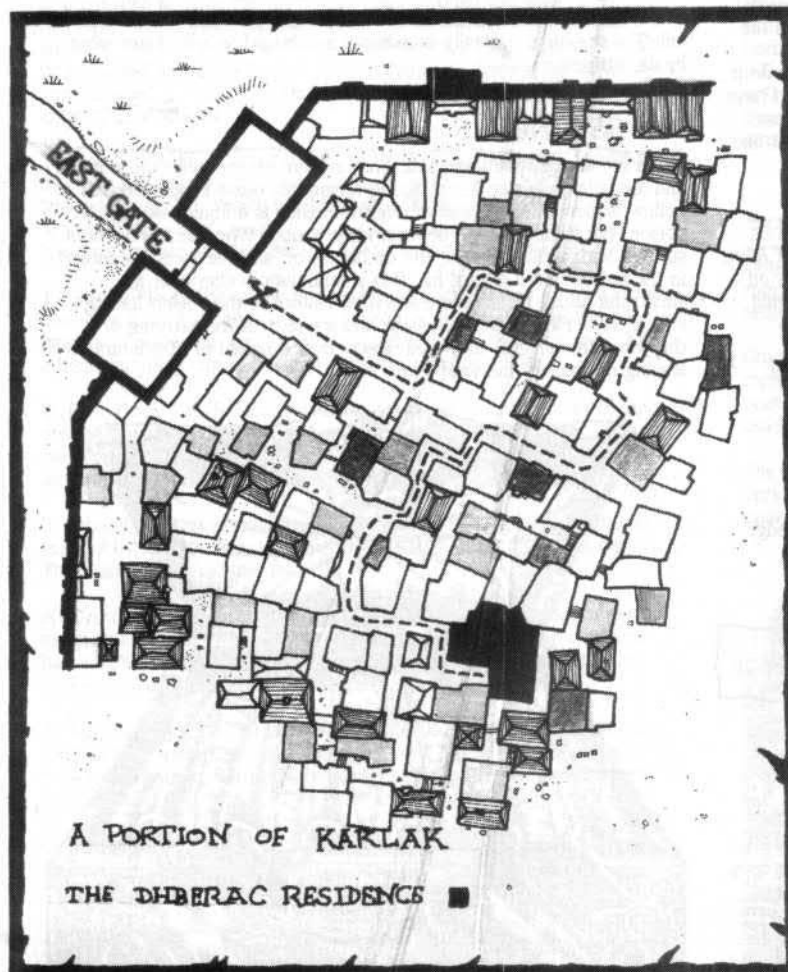
CONCLUSION

The most likely outcome is the characters will settle for the children and leave without the Key rather than die at the hands of Ziamora. Although the following will still hold, minor adjustments may be needed if the resolution was different.

Darsu Dhberac will keep his word and pay each character his weight in Small Silver. There are about 100 coins per kilogram, so each will have a small fortune. The fee will be packed as requested. If the adventurers have let slip the nature of their mission and Dhberac has found out, he will only pay them one tenth of the agreed fee; they have broken the terms of the contract and are lucky to get what they're given. He will let them keep the amulet.

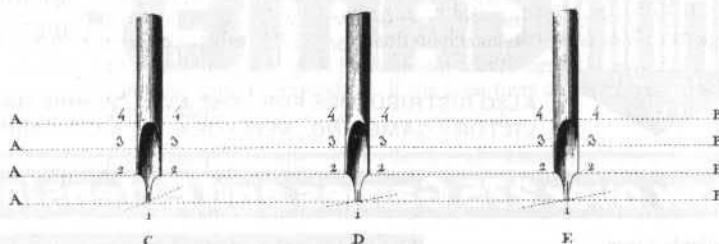
He does not overly care for his offspring, and will show little distress if they're dead, but he will use this as an excuse to reduce payment. Likewise, if the characters return only one of his children, or return empty-handed but with evidence of their demise, he will make a reduced payment.

The ending to this adventure is not clear-cut because it leads on to the next two adventures. Forces have been set in motion that have been waiting since the dawn of time. The characters have been woven into a web of hellish comedy spun by the whim of Chaos. Gamemasters who are using this adventure apart from the rest may like to alter matters to provide a more conclusive ending.



WHITE DWARF

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL



Space is precious so...

Damian Manning, W Midlands After watching Paul Cockburn's valiant attempts to defend the RPG hobby on Central Weekend (30th October), I was so annoyed, I had to write this letter. It find it infuriating that such narrow-minded people can pick up a single copy of *White Dwarf*, see the words 'demon' and 'chainsaw' and immediately jump to the conclusion that the piece was written by Satan himself, with the intent of getting young people to go out and commit homicide.

Roleplaying is constantly misrepresented in the media, and it's time something was done about it.

It does no good to misrepresent anybody's case in a subject as emotive as this. The problem may never go away, but a greater degree of understanding may help a coherent debate. Unfortunately, this will not necessarily occur through the medium of television, as that vehicle is controlled by people just as capable of taking sides as anyone else.

The RPG industry does find itself being accused of various evils from time to time. Most people watching that programme (a late night chaired discussion that spent twenty minutes on the subject) will have very little accurate knowledge about RPGs, but a significant proportion of them are likely to have encountered previous bad press, and therefore may have preconceptions about the nature of the argument.

The presenter is expected to take the role of 'devil's advocate' and test the industry's 'defence'. Does the public feel safer? Or do they find the defendants guilty?

But, of course, a television is not a court of law. The manner in which evidence is presented may be freely tailored. This makes Paul's job far more difficult (instead of just telling people about RPGs, he must first prove that they aren't guilty of anything). Of course, if the defence wins the day, then it stands to make better viewing. But the conclusion is rarely so satisfactory.

It often comes back to this business of tailored evidence and a lack of context. Mr X committed a violent crime; he played RPGs; they contain violence - QED. Putting Mr X into context would show that he was one in a hundred thousand. More than one in a hundred thousand people who

have played football (ie almost every able bodied male in the UK!) is either a rapist, murderer, thief, Satanist, racist, unpredictably violent or just has the ability to carry out one of these acts. What conclusion do you draw from this - ban football?

Figures from independent sources actually show that if the argument for the case against RPGs has foundation - ie, that we are more likely to commit these (and other crimes) - then the figures do not prove it. In fact, the number of people who have been involved in this hobby before committing an offense is disproportionately low.

If your local press paints a bad picture, don't ignore it. Write a letter to the editor. But base your argument on reason. You may be offended by the material, but only if you point out your reasons calmly and clearly, will you stand a chance of being listened to. It won't be easy. Fleet Street and the local press have a strong aversion to retracting anything that can't drag them through the courts. The papers that claimed Michael Ryan was directed to kill by a PBM, were in error. Even the Thames valley police found no evidence for this, yet the papers simply ignored the matter when they discovered their mistake.

Games Workshop is currently in the process of collating relevant information on this subject for the purpose of supplying it to anyone who requires it. Until then, if you find yourself facing fear and ignorance, consider your arguments carefully. Don't forget, an awful lot of people are trying to do something right because they're concerned. Don't give them reason to be.

And now - help of a different kind...

A J Bishop, Penge In issue 94, a beleaguered reader (D England from Tiverton) called for advice in setting up a local games club. You gave good advice (especially the bit about buying *White Dwarf* - cute), but The Guild of Melee & Magic may also be able to help him.

One of the aims of the Guild is to help set up other clubs. To that end, we produce a club starter pack, containing any leaflets, posters etc they might need, a history of the Guild itself, and an information booklet on our experiences in getting a club going. Interested parties can contact us at: 127 Queen Adelaide Court, Penge SE20 7EB.

A good start, eh? But I knew it wouldn't be long before we got onto the subject of bendy plastic...

Justin Littlewood, Lisburn I am looking forward to WD95 for a number of reasons, one being the inclusion of the flexi-disc by Sabbat. It's good to be getting good music for free for a change.

And may I point out 'Call of Ktulu' (spelt that way for copyright reasons) and 'That Thing That Should Not Be', both by Metallica, the brillest band ever (and I'm not biased). Strangely enough, most of the RPGers near me are metal fans too. I wonder what the connection is?

Spikes?

Lee Adams, Wiltshire Sabbat... I thought Barry Manilow was bad! Seriously, the first time I played it, I thought having the lyrics written down had to be a good idea. However, after a few hours of ear torture I got to like it, and I have to say, 'Well done WD!'

Shouldn't that be, 'Well done Sabbat'? Point taken, though. Glad it grew on you.

Lloyd Williams, W Glamorgan Although I'm into Thrash metal myself, the quality of the flexi-disc was pretty appalling. I'm sure Sabbat are a good group, but the disc was no reflection of their ability.

That was diplomatic - not to say open minded, even! But I'm sure sure the letters page can stand such thoughtfulness.

Paul Hargreaves, Preston Why on earth did you pick a heavy metal band to record a song for WD. Not being someone who listens to Saxon or Def Leppard (or rather, someone who has listened and survived the ordeal), I can't say that 'Blood for the Blood God' made me want to sing along.

So when you do your next disc, how about a song for all us soul/blues fans who also read WD. I'm sure a song along the lines of, 'I've got those goblin slayin' blues,' would be very much appreciated.

Hey brother. I can dig that scene... Yes, Sabbat got a lot of response (it's amazing what some people can do with their flexi-discs).

Anyway, there are other important matters...

Jason Simmons, Chichester Look at the cover of WD95. Got it? Good. Look at the pretty picture. Why is the ball and chain floating in mid-air? Please hit Mr Sibbick on the head with one to demonstrate that they are, in fact, too heavy to do this. I'm sure he'll get the message.

Look at the cover of WD95. Got it? Good. The ball and chain isn't floating on the air - it's flying through the air. This is because a goblin (the hands of which are on the mid-right hand side of the picture) has just let go of it. Simple.

John Renehan, Wirral It's a shame isn't it, to see how what was once a major innovation in roleplaying games (I refer to *RQ*) has now been degraded into a mass of spikes, axe wielding dwarfs, and immense damage bonuses. This is due to the great Games Workshop idea of condescending rulebooks and under 12's only mentality. I thought this was supposed to be adult gaming!

*Presumably, that last remark means that you are an adult. I would assume that, as an adult, you would be capable of understanding that the *RuneQuest* material we are reprinting is identical to that published previously by Avalon Hill, except we have re-ordered it, and our hardbacks are cheaper.*

*So, how do you justify that criticism? If anything, this version of *RQ* is amongst the most sophisticated RPG products ever produced. The GM's guidelines in *Advanced RuneQuest*, with their emphasis on a mature approach to roleplaying, are probably the best ever written. I think the twelve year olds might have a better grasp of the situation...*

Stephen Mooney, Carlow I never thought I'd say anything like this but Marginalia was great. Much better than Open Box which had been on a long, downhill slide, and which I'd ignored for some time before its departure. I suppose that something (anything) replacing that worthless column added greatly to this joy.

Jeremy, Stoke-on-Trent Re Marginalia. It's a great idea to give writers a chance to discuss their games, the story behind them, and the games' mechanics for the prospective buyers - and out of interest - but I've a sneaking suspicion that this is intended to replace Open Box altogether. I'm aware that WD is a house magazine, and that's well and good, but I'm sure many readers would appreciate the retention of Open Box, perhaps on a bi-monthly basis, alternating with Marginalia.

Steve Hyde, Shrewsbury In your review article, would it not be better to have two people write independent reviews of the same product. This might eliminate any shouts of, 'It's a GW product reviewed by GW, therefore they're bound to say it's good.'

Michael Harrison, Stafford Anybody notice the metamorphosing (is that right?) of editor between WD93 and 94? Yes, Mike Brunton lost his parting and dark glasses, gained spiky hair and a vicious looking sneer and started calling himself Sean Masterson.

All the regulars were still there *except* Open Box. In its place was a glorified advertisement for GW games called Marginalia. Are we ever going to see a review again?

Incidentally, the reason why people complain about the GW emphasis (referring to D Bores' letter in WD95), is because many of us remember the pre-GW days of *White Dwarf*.

*What strange memories you must have. There were no pre-GW days for *White Dwarf*. And no, you won't see another review - or Open Box. That was a review column and WD no longer has a review column. Marginalia exists as a forum for game designers to explain how and why they developed a game or supplement. That's all.*

Reviews can only be properly handled by an independent journal. Like most magazines in this business, WD is not independent. And the new column does seem to have hit the mark with most people...

Gary Nixon, Preston I have been an avid reader of *White Dwarf* for many years and have witnessed many changes, most of which were truly inspirational. The new Marginalia section is brilliant.

Paul Johnson, Christchurch I've been playing in the *WFRP* campaign, *The Enemy Within*. I'm doing quite well but there's one thing I'd like to know. How do you get in touch with Malal? My character is suitable. He goes berserk every time there's the slightest whiff of Chaos.

*I don't want to spoil your game, Paul, but - erm... you seem to be on the wrong track. Totally. Have fun, though! And if you're really intent on having your character follow a Chaos god (and being hunted by the Witch Hunters), look out for *Realm of Chaos*.*

Giles Griffith, Flockton *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* has unwittingly (or maybe even wittingly) insulted Dwarfish culture no end, and finally poked GW's obsession with toilets. Khazalid (Dwarfish), when spoken, sounds very much like 'Khazi-Lid'.

Actually, it should be pronounced Khaz-ah-lid. You've only proved that your own mind is warped. But, while we're on the subject of interesting observations...

Philip Smith, London I was interested to see the statement that *Warhammer* is to provide a new, regular feature for WD in the form of On The Boil (though there has been regular coverage of the game for about a year, now). Does this confirm that WD is abandoning its old policy regarding game specific columns, having previously stated (WD76) that they were 'impractical'?

*Fair question - and the answer is... not as such. Times change, and so do the reasons for running such 'departments'. We get far more submissions to *White Dwarf* now, than we used to. Many of these are first attempts at writing, yet they frequently run into the heavyweight league of ten thousand words plus manuscripts. This may be because people think we will only look at longer material (after all, we do publish a fair number of such pieces).*

*On the Boil, serves two purposes. First of all, it backs up *WFRP* with colourful ideas that you can pick and choose from for your campaign. Secondly, it provides a vehicle for novice writers and those who can't write but ooze good ideas. The *WFRP* team have been providing material to get the thing going, but ultimately, it's your column. Entertaining it should be - educational it could be. It's up to you.*

Robert Luke, Harpenden I am writing to tell you that my friends and I are getting annoyed at your total lack of consideration for the under-15 population of RPGers. We're not asking for more comic strips and a free dummy with each edition of *White Dwarf*, but please stop the 'get rid of the wife, put the kids to bed, ring the mates and get out the lager' attitude. We just want recognition as being an active part of the RPG playing public.

SO THERE!

Anyway, must go. Mum's coming to put me in the cot. Yours, with gagas.

The oversight is ours, Robert. Unfortunately, GW does not currently manufacture the dummies you require. But we will send you everything else produced this month coz that's the most entertaining letter we've had for some time... And it's sure to generate response. Ehem.

Now then. Where's me four pack?

This month's flak taken by Sean Masterson.