



no 110

# Judges Guild Journal

THE DUNGEONEER

K SIEMBAEDA

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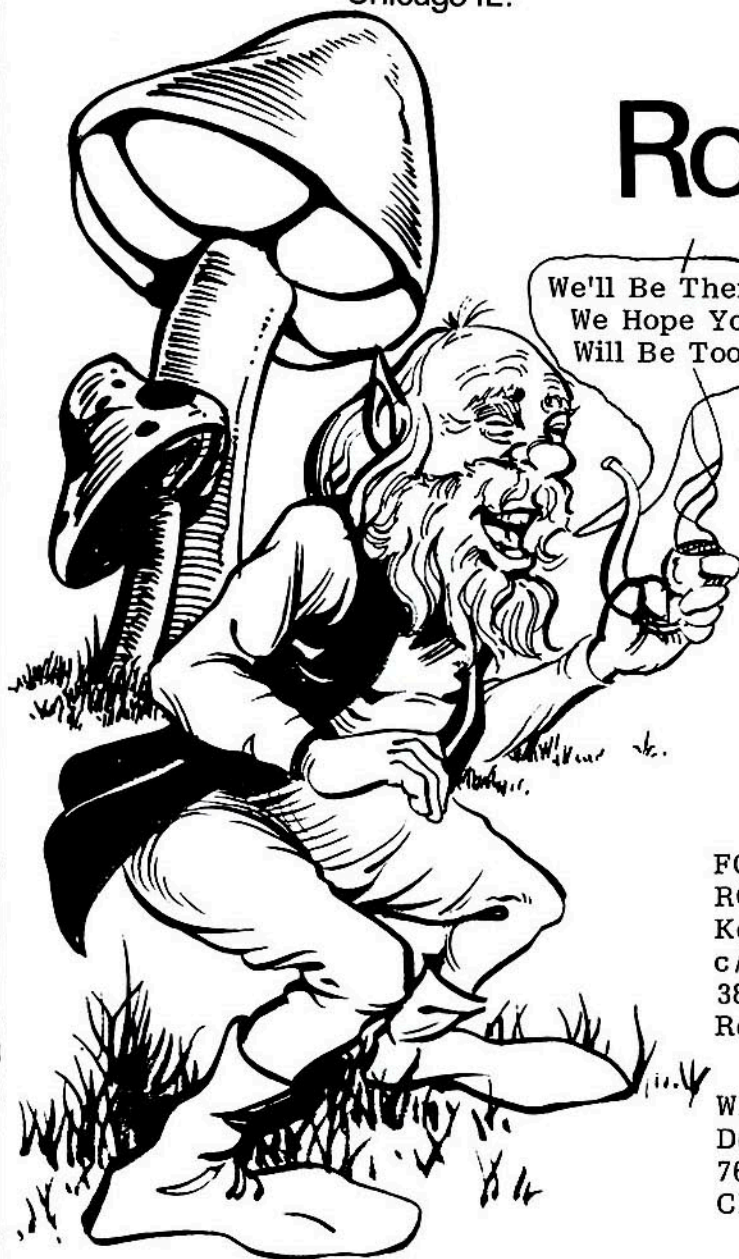
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K. SIEMBIEDA - 79

# JOCULAR JUDGMENTS



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by Robert K. Bingham

If you have ever wondered what the duties of an Associate Editor are, I can summarize them for you: Lay out the magazine, answer letters that nobody else answers, and write the editorials when nobody else can think of anything to say. Maybe I should rephrase that--when nobody else has time to write anything. Anyway, the topic for this is Our Weekend at GenCon.

GenCon is--everyone tells me this--official **Dungeons & Dragons** Convention. I really wouldn't know, personally, as during the entire event I never got into a single game; and I particularly didn't get into any **D&D**, **BD&D**, or **AD&D**. I found that--and this is no news to anyone who has ever tried to run a gamecon--that there were simply too few judges and too many players for every offered event.

But as a whole, cons are a pain in the tail. And the neck. And in the back, knees, feet, et oh my achin' cetera. This is because there are never any comfortable chairs for dealers, and it is also very difficult to sell **Caverns of Thracia** from a sitting or prone position. However, the players and the twinks seemed to be having a lot of fun. As a matter of fact, we weren't really plagued by twinks at all. While there were a lot of young players--some who couldn't see over their yellow Judges Shields--(most by guess who), there were very few displays of the all too usual slash and brash twittishness. I guess that only the serious addicts go to cons. Anyway, it was gratifying to see so many dedicated and serious gamers in one place. When I could see them through the haze of pain washing upwards from my arches that is. Next time, Dr. Scholls. . . .

One thing we noticed when we read the convention flier was that TSR was going to sell randomly a number of autographed copies of **The Dungeonmaster's Handbook**, by E. Gary Gygax. Once at the con, it was hard not to notice how packed the space was around the TSR booth.

*continued on page 2*

The following games are Trademarked by the following companies: **D&D**, **AD&D**, and **Metamorphosis Alpha** by TSR; **Chivalry and Sorcery**, and **Starships and Spacemen** by Fantasy Games Unlimited; **Runequest** by **CHAOSium**; and **Traveller** by Games Designers Workshop.

Oct/Nov 1979

17 (Issue Y)

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I guess an autograph by E. G. G. is something a gamer might treasure for life. Right. Well, I suggested to Paul Jaquays that since he was at the booth as well, it couldn't hurt for him to autograph **Dark Tower** and **Caverns of Thracia**. Paul—all six-plus feet of him—shuddered and muttered something about personality cults.

"Nonsense, Paul!" I said. "If you ever had a personality, we would have cult it long ago." After the groans died down, we huddled and decided to put up a sign to the effect that Paul would autograph **Dark Tower** or **Caverns of Thracia** for all comers—providing they had bought it first. As a result, there are quite a few Jaquays-autographed copies of the two publications floating around.

We also got Michael Mayeau to autograph his two products, **Dragon Crown** and **Survival of the Fittest**, as he was at the con too. So, there are some very rare copies of Judges Guild products around in this big world of ours. Who knows what they will be worth someday?

Well, that's what we did at GenCon, and a good time was had by all. As a result, I have made a resolution that never again will I go to a con as a Dealer's helper. Wild horses couldn't drag my struggling carcass. . . .what? Chicago? The Windy-Con? Just a second, lemme see what I gotta pack!

Well, I gotta run. I find that I hate conventions just about as much as I hate corn chips. . . but what do you expect from a dip? No chive.

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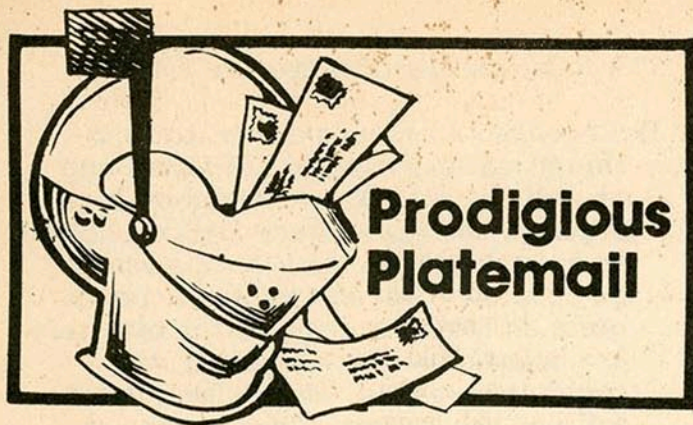
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The boxed game components include two 21-1/2" by 27-1/2" mapboards, 800 extra thick die cut counters, complete rulebook with scenarios and historical summary, log pads, game table cards, holding box charts, two dice, and two sturdy compartmented plastic trays.

So, be sure to see CV ..... \$18.00.



Dear Sir/Madame:

I just recieved issue #16 of The Judges Guild Jurnal and was most impressed. While I was disappointed that I didn't place higher in the dungeon contest, the tJGJBo-tSo-tWF-aGDCC-C-C gives me a chance to try again.

The problem I have is with sending a SASE. It's virtually impossible for me to get ahold of any U.S. Stamps. Could you suggest a way around this? Thank you for your time.

Jeff Neufeld  
Canada

P.S. Are photocopies of dungeon levels acceptable?

Dear Jeff,

*Thank you for writing. I'm glad you are planning to send in another dungeon for the upcoming contest. Good luck!*

*In regards to your problem about stamps for an SASE, you can send an International Money Order in U.S. Currency for the amount it would cost to send your material back to you. Send the Money Order and a self-addressed envelope in the appropriate size and if you should want your material back, we could send it with no problems.*

*Photocopies of dungeons are acceptable as long as they are clear and easy to read.*

Editor

Dear Judges Guild:

I just thought I'd drop you a short note to tell you how much I appreciate your service. Your prompt responses to my orders have made this tour in Korea a lot easier to take, and your products have provided the only high points.

While I'm at it, I'd like to make a comment on "Omniscient Opinions" in Issue (X) #15 Journal, by Bill Paley. He did indeed miss something, and that is Target Acquisition and Electronic countermeasures (ECM). This is why you have an equal chance to hit the 3 SU fighter or the 100 SU battlewagon. The fighter is indeed a much smaller target, but its electronic defense and acquisition capability is correspondingly low. The battlewagon is indeed much larger, but has more powerful acquisition systems and ECM defenses. Therefore the size differential is balanced by the ship's ability to acquire targets and interfere with enemy acquisition of itself, giving the same base chance to hit. As a general comment, even today in air or naval combat weapons systems and size are not as significant as electronic acquisition/defence capability. That's what makes the F-14, for example, such a potent aircraft.

Again, thanks for the wonderful service.

Robert Eldridge

Dear Robert,

*Thank you for your comments. We like other opinions of the people out there and I am glad you took the time to write.*

*Pat, who does the orders, thanks you for your kind comments on receiving your products from us. She really does a good job.*

Editor

The next letter is from Thomas McCloud in regards to a letter that was printed in Journal #16. Our thanks to Thomas for writing us and answering some questions for us.

Dear Chuck,

This is just a quick note (I'm off to Pacificon tomorrow) to respond to a couple of things in tJGJ #16.

First, in response to David Axler; Whoops! He is perfectly correct, the vertical diagrams on the back cover and on page 1 do not correspond to the maps of the levels in terms of the placement of some of the holes from one level to another. What happened is that I drew one set of maps which spread almost from edge to edge of the 8½" x 11" graph paper, then did the vertical diagram, THEN noticed and/or remembered that artwork for Judges Guild publications has to be confined within 7¼" x 9½". So I redrew the maps, and in the course of doing so moved the hole positioning a bit. I did redraw the vertical section as well, but forgot to adjust the holes. However, this error does turn out to solve another problem. It has been noticed that the back cover is not a good place to display information which is supposed to be a Judge's secret. But since the cover is in error--every thing works out nicely. Not that the holes, ramps, and tornado do match up with landing places, etc. between each pair of level maps. Thus the erroneous vertical cross-section should not really trouble anyone.

As to how the adventurers can ascend on the journey out, this could indeed become a very serious problem for a foolish and ill-prepared group of characters. To get back to the castle is easy, the storm giants, one or both, will be anxiously waiting at the worm hole, hoping you will bring back their baby, and will easily lift anyone back out with a rope. From the second level to the first, you can climb the ramp--Room 15, first level, to near Room 1, second level. From the third level to the second, you could have a problem.

The following possibilities are offered?

- 1) Remember to secure a rope to something well anchored in the floors and or walls of level 2. (A tripod of spears stuck in the floor makes a good anchor) In most dungeons such a rope would be soon cut, but in this one it is not quite so likely as many of the monsters are animals and/or elementals who couldn't care less, and Balloon People will not use knives. They might, of course, untie the knots.
- 2) Make sure your group coming out has at least one flyer. That flyer can carry up a rope and secure it as in (1), or if strong enough just pull people up. After all, there are eagles and a djinni on level one; eagles, sylphs, and a pegasi on level two; and griffons and a couatl on level three. If a group of adventurers can't make friends with somebody who can fly in this cloud, they just might deserve to get stuck. One group in my own campaign used the equivalent of Talk With Animals, and made friends with all the eagles. But if your players insist on playing Hack & Kill with every monster met. . . .
- 3) Magic out--Wishes, Miracles, etc.
- 4) Tunnel out--it does say specifically "The stuff of the cloud may be easily cut with anything sharp." A tunnel from one level to another is easy to cut. In fact, in my own campaign the group which rescued the baby did exactly that to get from level four to level five.

Jumping or climbing probably wouldn't work, but there are undoubtedly even more answers than outlined about. I hope these help Mr. Axler.

Yours truly,  
Thomas McCloud

Dear Sirs,

I am inquiring about the section on page one of your catalog dealing with submitting art work to your magazines. I would like to know the meaning of the word half-toned. Does this mean the use of only black for shading, or does this deal with all the shades from black to white? I would also like to know if you accept art work done in pencil.

I would be most appreciative if you would answer the questions in the above paragraph because I am very interested in submitting art work.

Sincerely yours,  
Reed Nagel

Dear Reed,

We are always glad to answer questions dealing with art and off-set reproduction. Sometimes we forget that others are not aware of the time-saving tools that we have available for our use. Half-toning is one of those handy techniques.

Half-toning is a process that makes it possible to reproduce full-tone black and white photographs, drawings and paintings. If you are still not sure of what I am speaking about, please pick up your local newspaper and look at any handy photograph. You will note that it is broken up into a multitude of tiny dots of varying size. It is these dots that make it possible to print the photo. If you have a photo, pencil sketch, or black&white painting, halftoning will make it printable, and thus it is more likely to be accepted. Generally, halftoning is available at better-equipped printshops.

A less expensive alternative to halftoning is shading film--which has a multitude of other uses as well.

Shading film is--as it sounds like--a film covered with a specific density of dots. These dots provide a uniform shade of grey. In some cases, the pattern is not uniform, but graded from, say, 10 to 90 percent. Both Keven Siembada and Paul Jaquays use shading film extensively.

*If shading film is placed over a pencil sketch, it renders the sketch printable. I recommend 60 line per inch film with a 20% density for this use.*

*Use of these techniques will increase the chances of acceptance of pencil and fulltone artwork.*

*Use of these techniques will increase the chances of acceptance of full-tone artwork such as sketches and B&W paintings. We are usually reluctant to print pencil sketches because they have to be halftoned before they can be used, and most lose so much detail that they simply cannot be seen. Heavy dark pencil is recommended. On the other hand, the use of shading film overlay on sketches is very much a "giz;" a showey technique that if used too often wears out it's welcome. However, this does not rule out acceptance of such art--it's just a suggestion that too much is more than enough. In most cases, black and white inked artwork is most usable, and here shading film is most usable--as background shading, or used to accent the foreground subject. Again, check out the work we publish--lots of examples.*


--RKB

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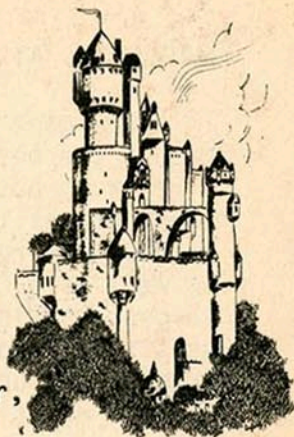
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# Tips From The Tower

by Bob Bledsaw



SAMURAI by Dan Campagna

BATTLELINE GAMES

Samurai permits each player to control one of four clans in feudal Japan. The play revolves around the obtaining of the four imperial articles: Heir, Emperor, Regalia, and Kyoto. These permit the clan to appoint the Shogun and thus win the game at the conclusion of twenty turns. A "fate cup" of counters is drawn from once each turn with killed nobles being returned to the cup. Each player begins the game with ten draws from the fate cup. The troop strength of the nobles will vary with the number of holdings and titles or offices the noble holds. Monasteries, castles, ships, ninja, ronin, generals, samurai (with mixed weapons and swords), light archers, heavy archers, horse archers, and provinces are represented by counters to be placed in the holdings section printed on the map for each noble or lord drawn. Some holdings give extra strength in a certain area. The samurai rating of the nobles can be increased beyond the initial determination die roll establishing the level between one and three. Ninjas can be used for assassination attempts but the failure of such an attempt forces the controlling noble to commit Hari Kari. The beginning of every player turn starts with a roll on the event table printed on the map. These events can vary from tidal waves to peasant rebellions. The map is printed on cardstock and is gridded with rectangular areas for movement. Sieges, personal combat, and battles are all handled by different CRTs. Although the game reminded me somewhat of Kingmaker, Samurai has a unique flavor that certainly does justice to the rich feudal history of Japan for a board game. We had a lot of fun playing the game and I would recommend it to those judges considering doing a role playing campaign based on feudal Japan, people who enjoy Kingmaker, and those with a yen for fun that only several hours can fulfill (it does take a few hours to play).

MIDDLE SEA

Empires of the Feudal Age

Fantasy Games Unlimited

This unique game by Terrence Donnelly and Wilf Backhaus is a rough simulation of the geographic and religious divisions of the areas bordering the Middle Sea around 1200 A.D. The game is fun, interesting, and easy to play. It permits almost any number of players up to twelve (although a game of that size would last a very long time unless very few moves were allowed. Each province has an economic value (per year), and a leader of variable capacity to lead armies. Keeps, walled towns, trade centers, cavalry armies, infantry armies, galleys, and round ships are constructed and maintained. Spy rings can also be established. Movement on the hard board full color map is accomplished by the use of flagship counters and noble or leader counters. Each player begins the game with a "home" province and two others. Play proceeds in seasonal turns with ship movement further divided into fortnight turns. Movement is written similar to Diplomacy and various seasons can directly affect the ability to move. Raids, overtaxation, battles, and systematic devastation can affect the ability of a province to produce income. The various armies, fleets, and garrisons are represented on cards to indicate what each leader or flagship or town/keep has with it on the board. I would recommend Middle Sea to any gamer which enjoys Kingmaker, Diplomacy, or has many friends which want to spend some pleasurable hours together...it's a winner around here.

## NAPOLEON AT LEIPZIG      The Battle of Nations

This new game by Operational Studies Group is undoubtedly one of the best if not the best game released this year with regards to the graphics..and I refer to both the counters and the map. The design is unique in it's treatment of the vital relationship of leaders (even differentiating when Napoleon is retired for the evening). The rules folder includes a Standard as well as a Campaign game. The whole is a brigade level simulation of the largest battle of the Nineteenth Century. The Grand Tactical System is used to introduce the problems of command and this adds much depth to the games. Set up information is to be found in the Study Folder and the classic narative of the battle by F. Loraine Petre. The two 23" X 35" map sections are suburb...encorporating photographs of the various leaders around the outside border as well as useful tables and the time record track for the four day battle. The 400 backprinted counters are well laid out and the game mechanics are quite good. Optional rules are included for Congreve Rockets. Adding all the optional rules would make the game too complex for my taste but increases the realistic aspect of the simulation tremendously. The Grand Tactical Game makes use of the Personality Profiles of each commander while adding an Order Interphase each four turns and a Cavalry Charge Phase during the player turn. I can't find anything negative to say about this game except that set up information took some close scrutiny and absorb more time than I felt that it ought to. The game itself plays well for a fairly realistic simulation of the battle. We had fun with the game although some of the teens that game at the Guildhall felt that the mechanics were a bit much...of course they abhor most simulations of a traditional wargaming nature (Atlantic Wall, Operation Cobra, Terrible Swift Sword,and so forth). I and many others enjoy them immensely. I would recommend this game to regular simulations gamers and collectors.

## FRANK HERBERT'S DUNE      by Avalon Hill

Dune can be played by up to six players with each playing a character out of Frank Herbert's novels...Paul Atreides (Muad 'Dib), Baron Vladimir Harkonnen, Padishah Emperor Shaddam, Guild Steerman Etric, Freeman Leit-Kynes, or Reverent Mother Gaius Helen Mohian of the Bene Gesserit sisterhood. There is a basic and advanced game, hard board map of the planet, leader discs, tokens to represent spice, playing shields for each player, two decks of cards (Spice and Treachery), tokens to represent armies, a storm marker, two battle wheels (a unique combat system), storm marker, and a pad of aid sheets for the palyers. Each character has certain economic, military, strategic, or treacherous advantages. The object of the game is to gain control of three strongholds on the planet and therefore control Dune at the end of any turn during the game. There is a Storm Round, Spice Blow (where spice is placed in territories for recovery by players), Bidding Round for Treachery Cards, Revival and Movement round, Battle Round, and Collection Round in each game turn. Players can revive three tokens per turn from the Tleilaxu Tanks. Dune takes on a role playing flavor when you add the optional rules for additional character advantages. Just as Cosmic Encounter forces players to into an alien role, Dune gives very unique characteristics to each player type while combat itself is fairly simplified by the combat wheels and leaders. The leaders introduce an interesting aspect in combat as you can never be quite sure if the leader is "in the pay" of another player character. We had great fun with this game and would readily recommend it to anyone...especially fans of Frank Herbert (aren't we all). For those not in the know, spice is the key to interstellar travel.

The Beastlord is a game of strategic combat for control of a valley in a distant time and a far away place. It is best played as a four player game although two or three could play the strategic level game. One player gets to play the Elves, another the Men, another the Goblins, and last but not least the Beastlord himself. Cym Bel Eanon valley is divided into two parts by a river running down the center with an island (the lands of the Beastlord and home of the Dragon). The northern part is divided by the Elves and the Goblins while south of the river live the Men. Breeders, trolls, hobgoblins, loot, magic items, the great sword, the serpeant, lizards, heros, magic swords, standards, knights, magic users, spies, civilians, hamlets, nests, towns, religious shrines, lairs, castles, and much more are represented by counters placed on a concealed BMC sheet and the total force (whether military or simply cows and horses) is represented on the map by a lettered counter called a BMC. The Beastlord is a fairly good game that has never failed to please the players. Each player draws a War Council Objectives Card which will insure that each player has a different set of objectives each game. They then locate their lairs, hamlets, towns, castles, and other dwellings within their lands. The division of forces into BMCs permits the use of dummy counters to distract and confuse the enemy. The Beastlord player has the option of bringing the Beastlord and his accompanying force onto the board later in play thus flanking the best of established defenses. Magic is of two varieties, those spells effecting movement, weather, confusion of enemy BMCs, and shields against other spells and those spells effecting combat bravery, fireballs, light, dark, bolts, and seige advantages. Control of the Dragon is in the optional rules section. The optional rules also includes a +5 Great Sword, Assassination, Sabotage, Spies, and enhanced combat. A tactical map is provided which corresponds with the strategic level board so combat can be resolved on a more basic level with greater emphasis on magic weapons, personalities, standards, icons, and so forth. Archery also plays an important part in the tactical game with magic spells, and morale taking on a new dimension. The Beastlord takes a long time to play but if you prefer a simulation of a fantasy world with all the basic elements reduced to counters and have a quite area to leave the game set up from session to session, you will enjoy the complete game...otherwise stick with the strategic level play for an enjoyable few hours of fun.

---

# Time War™

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# The Wilderness Project: First Installment

## "The Mines of Custalcon" by Bryan Hinnen

In campaigns where Judges Guild playing aids are often used, the judges may find that certain regions receive relatively heavy traffic by the expeditions of players, while other areas are left virtually untouched. Usually the most extensively traveled areas will lie between places for which the judges have gaming aids (the City-State, Tegel, Thunderhold, Modron and Haghill at this writing).

If Campaign Map One is studied and the five settlements for which playing aids already exist are viewed as extremely prominent points, we find that they define what is probably the most heavily travelled area of all the Judges Guild Wilderlands. Thus there are a number of villages which weary travellers often stop in for the night, and which the judge probably would desire more information on. Since so much time is spent in them.

So, there is a need for more playing aids like Modron and Huberic of Haghill. There are about 30 more villages in the heavily travelled area which get a number of visiting adventurer-mercenary bands and which deserve playing-aids.

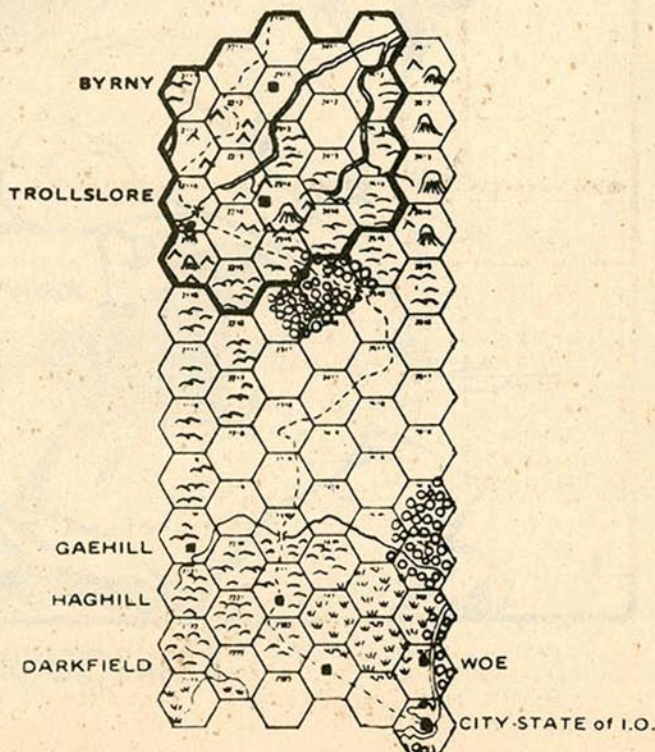
Starting with this installment of the Guild-member subscriptions is a series of projects on the many villages of this area. The first one details the two villages of Byrny and Trollslore, about 45 miles southwest of Thunderhold and 55 miles northwest of the City-State of the Invincible Overlord.

Byrny is a village that primarily consists of human inhabitants and is predominantly chaotic-good in alignment. Its main resource for trade is the iron ore mined from the surrounding hills. The form of government is tributary, with strong links to the City-State; the governor is appointed by the Overlord and the present holder of the office is Hetalan, a ninth level, neutral fighter.

Trollslore is a smaller settlement 10 miles to the south; it lies on the ruins of an ancient city which was wiped out by a plague. Most of its

inhabitants are goblins and its general alignment is chaotic-evil. It is an anarchy, ruled by the strong-arm methods of a warlord, Custalcon, an eleventh level, lawful-evil fighter. Custalcon has discovered beneath the ruins of the ancient city a gold mine and his human body-guards are presently quarrying it out in the strictest secrecy. The goblins hunt and forage in the surrounding wilderness and Custalcon leads them in looting raids on nearby hamlets to keep their blood-thirst away from himself. Most of these raids have been upon Byrny, a cause of some irritation. Despite pressures, the Overlord has not gotten around to sending out an expedition to unseat Custalcon, who is, nonetheless, living on borrowed time.

Below is a map indicating the positions of Byrny and Trollslore and their relationship to the City-State.





## Dungeon Dilemma

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# ANCIENTS COLUMN

By  
David Petrowsky

In this column I am going to write about the leaders of the ancient world, 3500-323 BC.

**MENES** — The first to unite the lower and upper kingdoms of Egypt, in about 3400 BC.

**HAMMURABI** — A Babylonian king of about the 18th Century BC, under whom Babylonia became a great power. He also made the first Code of Laws.

**SUPPILULIUMAS** — A Hittite king of about the 14th Century BC. He built an empire that stretched from western Turkey to Jerusalem.

**RAMESES II** — Egyptian Pharaoh of 13th Century BC. He fought one of the first great battles of history, against the Hittites in the Syrian city of Kadesh. Although Rameses lost the battle, he claimed it as a victory in his monuments. He also was the Pharaoh who freed the Hebrews under Moses.

**SENNACHERIB** — Assyrian king of 7th Century BC. Sennacherib was the first to raise the Kingdom of Assyria to power. His greatest military achievement was to sack Babylon in 689. In 681 he was murdered by his son.

**ASHURBANIPAL** — Grandson of Sennacherib, he led Assyria to the height of its power in the 7th Century BC, and knew such power that he was called King of the World.

**NEBUCHADNEZZAR II** — Babylonian king of the 6th Century BC. He brought the Babylonian Empire to its height, defeating the Pharaoh of Egypt and the Kingdom of Judah and sacking Jerusalem. He also rebuilt Babylon and erected the famous Hanging Gardens, one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. It is also said that he had a disease called lycanthropy, which made one think and act like an animal.

**CYRUS THE GREAT** — Persian king of the 6th Century BC. Cyrus was the founder of the Persian Empire, ruling the largest empire up to that time. He conquered Lydia, Media and Babylon.

**DARIUS I** — King of Persia, 521-486 BC. After Cyrus died his son, Cambyses, took power. He conquered Egypt but later committed suicide, in 522. After a power struggle Darius, who was

Cyrus' son-in-law, gained control. His major accomplishment was the King's Highway, a road which ran from the west coast of Asia Minor to the Persian capital, over 2400 kilometers. In 490 Darius attacked Greece and lost at the Battle of Marathon to Athenian forces. He died while preparing for another attack on Greece.

**LEONIDAS** — King of Sparta, 490-480 BC. When Xerxes invaded Greece Leonidas, with a picked force of 300 Spartans, held the massive Persian army at bay in the narrow pass of Thermopylae. Although not a single Spartan survived the battle, they gave the rest of Greece badly needed time.

**XERXES** — King of Persia, 486-465 BC. Son of Darius, Xerxes was determined to conquer Greece. In 483 he invaded Greece with a huge army, building a bridge across the Hellespont into Europe. After being delayed at Thermopylae he pushed on. However, his fleet was destroyed at Salamis. Xerxes left for home, leaving his army under General Mardonius, who was defeated at Platea in 479. Xerxes was killed in his palace by the Captain of the Guard.

**XENOPHON** — Greek historian and general, 434-355 BC. Xenophon was a mercenary soldier who was thrust into command of 10,000 when the leader was murdered by the Persians. He led the 10,000 men back to Greece along the entire length of the south coast of the Black Sea, fighting all the way. Xenophon later wrote an account of his adventure.

**ALEXANDER THE GREAT** — King of Macedon, 336-323 BC. At the age of twenty, Alexander became king of this small country north of Greece after his father was assassinated. He then by force of arms and intimidation united the Greek states (except Sparta) to attack the Persian Empire in a series of campaigns. He overcame the Persians, who were ruled by Darius III, and had himself crowned king. He then invaded India and went all the way to the Indus River, before revolt in Persia forced him back. In Babylon, after putting down the revolt, he died of a fever, leaving no heir; his empire was divided between his generals.

# The Nightmare Flask

by Philip Brewer

As the sound of pounding hooves became audible behind him, Aaron moved off the path. He slipped into the thick, dry undergrowth, pulling his cloak tight against the mail shirt he wore underneath, to avoid the thorns and brambles.

He had left the path simply to avoid being trampled, but some instinct caused him to crouch down below the summer-browned leaves of the forest floor as the six green-cloaked horsemen overtook and passed him. As they rode out of sight he returned to the twisting road, and continued walking, now through a cloud of dust, slowly settling in the dry air.

Perhaps a quarter hour's walk further the sounds of steel ringing on steel reached his ears. Slipping off the path Aaron again took to the woods, cutting straight toward the sound. As the road beyond came into view he stopped.

Twenty paces ahead, through the dry leaves and branches, he saw a red-haired woman, rapier drawn, trying to keep her hamstrung horse between herself and her three assailants; the other three of the original six lay on the ground, green cloaks red with blood. With them lay another body, the head attached by only a flap of skin. Aaron moved closer, staying down among the underbrush.

With long, curved sabers, the green riders moved to surround the woman in her tights and short jacket. Lightning fast rapier attacks kept them bunched up and on the defensive. Whenever possible, the woman ducked behind her fallen horse, hoping to lure one of her opponents into a flailing hoof.

A minute passed with Aaron crouched in the leaves, watching the swords weave in and out. It seemed that he was hoping the woman could win without his help, for as time wore on, and the woman began slowing, he crawled quietly to his feet and drew the short-sword that hung at his side. After a short pause, to admire his fine blade of Carinian steel, or perhaps to calm his mind for battle, Aaron stepped *en garde* and advanced quietly on the three. The woman saw him and

unleashed a spectacular attack completely absorbing the attention of the three. A careful thrust—the type used by one schooled in fencing rather than barbarian hacking—brought down the man on the right. Green cloaks swirling, the two remaining whirled to face their new attacker. The woman took the furthest in the throat, while Aaron punched a hole in the stomach of the last, watering the dry earth with the green riders blood.

He looked up to see the woman disappearing into the woods.

Aaron let her go, briefly admiring her slim, muscled figure as she twisted away among the trees. He wondered for a moment on the source and reason for the attack on the woman, but decided it was none of his business. He killed the wounded horse, looked briefly to take the green rider's horses, but they had raced from the melee.

He decided it was his business a little late; he had walked the winding path for little more than half an hour when he heard the attack cry of a hawk, and turned to feel the rake of talons across his neck and cheek. He crouched, and his dark green eyes flicked across the sky until he saw the hawk. It had returned to the height of the tree-tops to gather speed for another strike. In a flurry of wings it came on him, ripping cloth and skin as it struck his lifted left arm. While the hawk gained altitude for a third attack, Aaron drew his short-sword and scurried crab-like into the forest.

The hawk screamed in fury as Aaron reached the undergrowth. A few paces into the forest Aaron slumped, his back against a large oak, and his right shoulder brushing the thick undergrowth that grew up where ever enough light made its way into the forest. His sword covered the open area to the left, and followed the hawk as it searched for an opening.

In time, the hawk stopped circling, and flew off out of sight. When it left, Aaron laid his sword on the dry crunching moss that covered the forest floor. From the leather pouch that hung at his belt he pulled a handful of roots and dried leaves. While



the roots soaked in a mug of water, he made a thick paste with more water and the crumbled leaves. He applied the paste to his scratches, leaving broad cream-colored streaks. It would soothe the wounds and prevent scars; not true witchcraft, it was simply plant-lore.

In his mind's eye, Aaron visualized the hawk, and examined it carefully. He noted the perfection of wing and feather, and the lack of hunger marks or blemishes. The more he thought the more certain he became that the bird was the product of sorcery. As Aaron had learned, it is a common error of conjurers to forget, or for reasons of pride, leave out blemishes on their creations. Thus it is a near certain sign of witchcraft to find a perfect beast.

The only thing he had done recently to arouse the ire of a wizard was to save the girl waylaid by the green riders.

Aaron finished the tea, and felt its invigorating warmth and sense of well-being spread through his body. He stood, thought better of it, and sat back down. His knowledge of the area was sketchy, but he knew that the forest in the area was very nearly impassable. The woman would have to return to the path. She had been headed the same direction as Aaron, and his speed on the path was certainly greater than her's in the forest, therefore, she would shortly arrive at this point, after having returned to the path to continue her journey.

Aaron pulled the soggy roots out of his mug, and returned all but one to his pouch. The last he chewed on, savoring the warmth and tingle in his mouth.

Almost immediately the woman appeared on the path, walking rapidly from the direction Aaron had come. He stepped out into the path, spitting the root from his mouth as he did so. Seeing him, the girl halted, and he said, "What have you done that a Master Wizard would send six horsemen after you, and a demon-hawk after me just for helping you?"

The woman stopped, feet spread, her hands on her hips, glaring with dark, smoky eyes. "That is none of your concern," she said loudly across the ten paces separating them. "Let me pass."

"When a Wizard tries to kill me, it becomes my concern. Why?" He answered, standing as firmly as she.

In answer, she drew her rapier and advanced toward her new assailant.

"I saved your life!" Aaron shouted.

"Bah! You waited in the underbrush for five minutes first."

"You exaggerate," Aaron said, "It was less than a minute."

But it seemed that the woman had finished talking, for she continued advancing, boots crunching on the dusty path.

The memory of the woman holding off three fighters, or possibly all six, and her flashing rapier style, was burned into Aaron's mind; thus his short-sword did not leave its sheath to confront the two cubits of steel that grew from the woman's hand. He spread his arms and stepped aside to let the woman pass.

The woman sniffed her disdain for any man who would not try her with steel, and continued on her way.

"Well," said Aaron softly to the air, "The Wizard's not going to leave me alone, just because the woman's not going to help me, so . . ."

He followed her. The path led to a fortified city. Once it had been a great border town. Now, far from the borders of an empire grown to cover a continent, the walled city sat near neither main road nor water-way; its once proud battlements stood half dismantled, used to build the squalid huts that formed half the town. Aaron walked through the unguarded gates.

From his pouch he drew a garishly colored silk shirt. Pressing out the wrinkles as best he could, he donned it, and rolled his cloak and mail into a bundle. From a passer-by he bought, for a coin, a cap which he set on his head at a rakish angle. When he swaggered into the town's sole rooming house, he looked the part of a younger son, determined to go through his legacy as quickly as possible.

The bartender in the ale house below the rooms perked up, as did the man at the gaming table, when Aaron walked in. In the corner, an old man with a gi-lyre looked up briefly before returning to his music.

"Ah, my good man," he asked the bartender over the mellow notes and chords of the gi-lyre that drifted with the smoke in the room. "Have you seen any fair maids this day?"

"A comely one this very hour, though I doubt she be a maid!" He laughed winking. "What would you drink?"

"Wine, sir—make it hot and sweet!" Aaron choked slightly as he said this, but it was part of the character. "This girl," he continued, leaning conspiratorially over the slightly wet and greasy bar, "What's she like? Short and soft, with large breasts and dark eyes?"

"Aye, dark eyes she has, but she is tall and lithe. And her hair is red as the setting sun."

"Ah," said Aaron, slumping contentedly into his bar chair and pouring the wine down his throat. He asked for another and sipped it.

When the "comely wench" came down the crooked, and creaking stairs from her room, the bartender pointed her out to Aaron. He turned to look at her, as did the rest of the people in the room. It was the same woman.

The girl ignored all who stared at her through the smoky air and turned to leave, but, before she was halfway to the door, it burst open, and a huge, green-cloaked figure filled the space. Drawing even more attention than the giant man-shape within the cloak, was the shiny steel of a cross-bow bolt head pointed at the woman. The strains from the gi-lyre cut off abruptly.

Before either the girl or the green-rider could move, the woman heard the scrape of metal on leather, felt a motion past her right ear, and saw a straight dagger grow out of the green hood. Blood spurted out into the room as the figure toppled, and fell on its crossbow, grinding it into the floor.

While the woman stood stunned, Aaron gathered her up in one arm, and returned his dagger to its boot sheath with the other. He guided the woman out of the tavern, into the growing dusk outside.

"What do the green riders want?" Aaron asked.

For an answer the woman pulled from her pouch a small leather-bound book. The pages were thick parchment, and the small book could have held only a score of them. The cover was handwritten, in some language Aaron knew not, but the letters bore a resemblance to the arcane—and secret—script of the Wizard's Guild. "What is this. . . and who are you?"

"My name is Gwen. This book was among the effects of a distant relative of mine who died. He was a Wizard—and this is a book of spells." While she talked, Aaron guided her back to the woods.

"It can't be spells," Aaron said, "It's not the Guild's tongue." They had reached the wall and were walking between trees into the forest.

"It's from before the days of the Guild. Where are we going—how would you know?" she shouted, pushing Aaron away and putting her hand on the hilt of her rapier.

"If I was working for the Wizard, would I have saved your life?" Aaron asked.

"Yes, if you wanted to torture me to death!" Gwen said, somewhat hysterically.

"Would I have killed one of my riders, in fact, three of my riders, if I was the Wizard?"

"Maybe they're zombies!"

"Gwen, zombies don't bleed. Please trust me, the only reason I followed you was that this

Wizard is after me too, because I helped you. I'm in as much danger as you." As he said this he stopped near a fallen log, and sat down on it. "Will you trust me?"

"I guess I have to." She paused, "How did you know that this wasn't in Guild script?"

A distant look came into Aaron's deep green eyes, barely visible in the gathering dusk, a look of one remembering a distant pain. "Let's just say I was once a Wizard's apprentice."

"An apprentice doesn't learn the arcane tongue," she said, as one who speaks with certain knowledge. "My brother—the man who was killed by the riders this afternoon—was an apprentice." She grabbed Aaron's hand and peered at it through the darkness. Unable to see clearly, she moved her slender finger across Aaron's and felt the mark left by a ring, long worn. "You were a Wizard!"

Again the pained look came to Aaron's face, invisible now, for the darkness comes swiftly under the forest canopy. "Yes, Gwen, I was once a Wizard. I was outcast by the Council of Seven."

"Outcast? What does that mean? I know of no such custom among the Guild."

Aaron laughed hoarsely, "The Guild! Ha! Gwen, let me tell you about the Guild!"

"The Guild formed eight hundred years ago, with the help of the Emperor, whom they aided to conquer this continent. The seven Wizards who worked with him formed the first Council of Seven. With the aid of the army they confiscated all the books of spells, all the scrolls of arcane knowledge, every device used in magic research. A new magic language was formed, blending four or five of the common ones from before the Guild."

Aaron's tense body relaxed. He slumped against the log. "The outcome was just what the Seven wanted. The few holdouts were killed, as were the few great Wizards who would not join with the Emperor. With the combined works of all the great Wizards of the day the Council soon had spells to prolong life, and in a generation they were the only Wizards who could read the old tongues. Only they sold magic supplies, only members could learn the new "arcane tongue" and they had complete control over research, so they could prevent any from discovering the secrets of the Council.

When the Council is displeased with the actions of a Wizard, they don't even have to kill him. They just prevent access to any of the materials needed for spells, and he is a mere man. As am I."

Aaron looked toward Gwen, invisible in the darkness, "What is this book?"

"Isn't it obvious, after what you've told me? This is one of the original texts of spells, that was hidden from the Guild eight hundred years ago."

Aaron reached into the end of the log, and pulled out a handful of fox-fire, a fungus that glows with a cold light. He smeared it with something from his pouch, and the pale glow lit up with the cold light of a thousand fire-flies. The glow bathed the forest, casting eldrich shadows of the trunks up onto the canopy of leaves above. In the yellow light Aaron paged through the ancient text attempting to discover its mysteries.

"What do you know of the contents of this book?" Aaron asked Gwen. "I can make out whole sentences in places, and may of the ingredients, but this thrust of the directions escapes me."

"That's what I was coming to this town for, my brother knew a Wizard here who he thought would help us, but I don't know who it is!"

From this distance, in the direction of the town, came the sound of a breaking twig. Aaron grabbed up the ball of tree-mold, and passed his hand over. He muttered to it for a moment and threw it in the direction of the sound. "Close your eyes!" he hissed to Gwen, and pulled her over behind the log. In a moment came a cold and silent flash of brilliant light and with it came a howl of pain and terror. As the flash subsided, Aaron leaped over the log and drew his sword. Expecting a green rider, he was shocked to see in the pale, dying glow of the fox-fire, a huge wolf, moaning and shaking his furry head.

His hand flashed to his boot, and the dagger flew, to come to rest in the eye of the wolf. Aaron was not surprised to see the wolf simply shake its tortured head, throwing the dagger to the dirt, and paw at its face while a new eye grew. The wolf leaped snarling onto Aaron, who was crushed to the mossy ground beneath its weight. Expecting to be ripped to shreds, Aaron was shocked into immobility when the wolf landed on him as dead weight, making no attempt to claw or bite. Not understanding his good fortune, Aaron threw off the wolf, and leaped back to see Gwen with her hand raised, as if recovering from a blow.

"My dagger is silver," she said.

When the dawn sky, where it slipped through the trees, matched the hair that pillowed Gwen's head, Aaron woke her, and together they went over the book.

"It is the **Key of Corial**," said Gwen. "My brother made some notes on the translation, but they were destroyed by the Guild. They broke into our home and burned them. They couldn't find the Key, and that's why they kept us alive.

They were careless, and we had a chance to escape."

It took until noon for Aaron to make real progress on the table of contents. Gwen made a make-shift sling, and brought down a half-dozen birds for lunch. "What have you learned?" she asked.

"I understand now why the Guild is so anxious to get this book. It was written by one of the Wizards who refused to join with the Emperor eight hundred years ago—one of the masters of the day.

"I understand, also some of the things the Guild has done to us. The spells they released were not the simplest versions of the spells. That is, they added extra ingredients and extra steps to the spells. For example, this spell is one I learned as an apprentice, but the version I learned required a rare kind of moss that's only available from the Guild. This is the very same spell, except that the moss isn't included.

"We can't stay here any longer." Aaron said after they had eaten. "The Wizard will miss his werewolf, if it was his, and his green riders in any case, and send something worse after us."

"What real chance do we have?" Gwen asked, her voice tight.

"Ah, I believe that I have a spell here that is just what we need."

"What does it do?"

"Bottles dreams."

Aaron refused to say more, and again donned his mail and cloak. He and Gwen agreed to meet in the woods, just outside the city gate, at dusk, and he instructed her to collect as many of a certain kind of gall as she could find in the forest.

Aaron returned to the city and slipped into a street shop. It sold curiosities, and in this dull age it was dying. Few people had either the time or money to indulge their curiosity. Aaron asked for various peculiar artifacts, taking substitutes when what he needed could not be found. When he left he seemed satisfied.

At dusk he met Gwen, and found another rotting log for fox-fire.

"Let me use your silver knife, Gwen." Aaron began carving the galls. Shaping them like bottles, but not hollowing them out. As he cut he explained, "This magic was once used as an art form. With the proper spells it is possible to capture dreams as they leave a slumbering person and store them in a bottle like this. Before the Guild many Wizards did nothing but gather dreams, as a profession.

"It was possible to simply combine a score of dreams and absorb them, as a very intense

dream, but this was considered crude. The art was to mix the dreams—distil and extract their quintessence, and weave a tapestry of mood and vision.

Gwen had been looking more and more worried throughout this speech. "So what! How does this help us?"

"My dear—think of what we can do with a score of nightmares."

"Ah. . . ." Gwen smiled a very satisfied smile.

"There's only one problem." Aaron said.

"What's that?" Gwen said, suddenly worried again.

"I have all the materials I need to catch the dreams, and combine them, but not to release them from the bottles. They must be placed within a pentagram, and it takes weeks to construct and purify a pentagram."

"Then what. . ." Gwen's face took on a very worried look. "You can't mean that we have to go to the Wizard's own castle to release the dreams."

"Aye, but the first step is to get the dreams. Come."

Aaron lead Gwen into town, and they paused at each of the ramshackle houses within the town while Aaron mumbled over some stones, and cast them on the ground. Generally he would mumble something about "not asleep yet," less often something like "that's no nightmare!" It was midnight before they had reached the other side of town. Aaron had only collected six dreams, four in one bottle, two in another.

"Why use two bottles?" Gwen asked.

"Shhh."

They turned, and went back through the town; at this hour they had better luck, and got twelve more, making thirteen and five. "Let's get out of town before some villager puts arrows into us as Peeping Toms."

Aaron passed Gwen one of the roots from his pouch to chew on their way to the Wizard's castle. At the border of the city, Gwen said, "We can't walk to the castle in half a night! Its over six leagues! We would arrive at mid-morning, totally exhausted!"

Aaron motioned her to a stable near the city gates. They slipped inside, and brought out two horses. Nearby, a dog started barking. "Quickly!" hissed Gwen. They pulled the horses out onto the road, leaped on them, and raced down the path.

The sounds of banging doors, and shouts continued, then the sounds of men gathering together. "They're going to follow us!" Gwen shouted. "It will do us little good to kill the Wizard if we have a horde of angry villagers waiting

outside when we leave the castle."

"Stop here." Aaron said, and began leafing through the Key, and re-arranging the odd objects he had obtained in town. The sounds of horses being readied, and then hoof-beats filtered through the night. "Ah," Aaron said, "Here it is. . ." He began muttering to himself, and then chanting in some language Gwen didn't recognize. From the shoulders of each horse a pair of wings began sprouting. They were pale, pure white, and shimmered like the midnight moon on a slowly flowing river. "Let us fly!" Aaron exclaimed, and suiting actions to words, he leaped on his mount and flew off, between branches, and then over the tops of the trees.

"The wings are only temporary," he shouted to Gwen. "They are a gift of the Moon, and will melt when the She sets, or burn when touched by the rays of the Sun." They turned toward the castle. "We must be there before dawn, my steed; fly like Densor himself was on your tail!"

It was an hour before dawn that the moon began to set, and Gwen and Aaron had to land. They road the again-normal horses almost to the gates of the Wizard's castle.

"It's a shame we couldn't have the wings just a moment longer, just to get over the wall," Aaron said.

"Leave that to me." Gwen said, throwing a grapple over the top, and climbing up the rough, stone face of the wall.

On the wall, they lowered themselves by the rope onto the ground on the other side. They turned to face six men in green cloaks, three with crossbows ready, and three with nets. A pure, bell-like voice rang through the yard, "Disarm them! And bring them to the Star Chamber!"

Under the watchful eyes they were relieved of their swords and daggers; their pouches and packs—with both the dream-bottles, and the Key—were taken from them, and they were bound and carried into the keep.

The Star Chamber was a round room at the top of the central tower. The stair wound around the outside of the tower, and let into the top room at the east. Across the twenty paces that were the diameter of the room was the Wizard, sitting on a throne of oak. At each arm of the throne was a torch, spitting sparks as it burned. The floor was inscribed with a pentagram; incense burners sat at each point. On the walls were mirrors, alternating with open windows. The Wizard giggled—in his shining voice it was the unnatural sound of an obscene cackle from the Emperor's choir. He sat twisted up against one side of the throne, his hand reaching out toward them, grasping, claw-

like.

"Drop them there," his awful, beautiful voice commanded, pointing at the pentagram. "But give me their things."

Aaron and Gwen were dumped into the pentagram, and a guard walked around the pentagram with their packs. The Wizard dumped the roots and herbs from Aaron's pouch, and turned to Gwen's bags. He came to the bottles and rope, and other things and threw them at Gwen. Then he found the book. "Ah ha!" A note of child-like glee, twisted by the pure tones of the voice broke from his lips. He opened the book.

Gwen twisted, ripping her skin on the net and cords that bound her. As quietly as possible she pushed the bottles over to Aaron. Seeing the movement, the Wizard called to his guards, "I have the book. . .kill them."

The sound of the cloaked guard's foot steps echoed in Aaron's ears as the green robe swished closer and closer. Urgently he whispered the opening commands to the bottle. He finished just as the rider stood, sword poised over his body. Aaron shuddered as the baker's dozen nightmares poured forth from the bottle. The guard dropped back, at the sight, and Gwen screamed at the fleeting, questing touch the dreams made on her. The Wizard looked up from the Key at the scream, just in time to see the

essence as it struck him. He dropped the book and screamed horribly, the ringing howl echoing off the walls. He ripped his hair out, trying to get within his mind and rip out the dreams. The guard dropped the sword, and ran from the room.

With Gwen's aid Aaron cut himself loose from the cords, and nets. He grabbed the sword and walked to the Wizard, who had slid from his throne and sat screaming, froth dripping down his chin, with his back and head against the throne's base. Aaron pinned his neck to it with the sword.

Aaron recovered his short-sword and dagger, and cut Gwen loose. They walked to a window overlooking the yard. The guard had reached the ground and was running, screaming toward the gate. Aaron shouted, "The Wizard is dead! All of you, flee! Or you will be next!" From the window he and Gwen watched the green riders race for the gates.

Just as the last one fled, the raising sun reached the level of the eastern door. The blood-red light bathed the bloody floor, then, with some twist of light and shadow, the color was that of Gwen's hair instead.

"I don't think I'll ever enjoy a dream again." Gwen said in a tiny voice.

"Oh, I think you will," Aaron said, picking up the second bottle, and striding into the center of the pentagram. "These are very nice dreams—five of a whole village's best!"

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#### NEW FROM TASK FORCE GAMES AVAILABLE FROM JUDGES GUILD

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# BELEGOST

BY BILL HAYES

The ancient city of Belegost, like its sister city, Nogrod, had been destroyed during the Great Flood, which also wiped out the wonderous island called by most, Westernesse. This flood was the cause for the reshaping of the western shore of all Middle Earth. As so few inhabitants of the world knew, Belegost had seen her days of glory long past. Many of the five kinships of Dwarves had long ago split up and gone their separate ways, not being able to stand the styles and customs of their companions. When the flood did take place the only families left were my own and the kindred of Tosteck, and all of the stored records had been destroyed and were left there buried. The peak of the Dwarven smith had been reached many years ago, before the return of the Elves from the Land of Light far in the west, so no knowledge in the way of the forge was lost. Still, many valued tokens of the race had been lost during the deluge, never to be reclaimed or even to be replaced, for these items were highly magical and no smithy on Middle Earth could possibly come near matching the least of these items now.

It is said by the Sages that Belegost and Nogrod had been swallowed by the sea during the flood, but it is my belief that this is not so because of the simple question of "If these two great cities were swallowed then how did my forefathers escape death?" To this one would most

likely reply, "Why that's simple. They were all outside when this unfortunate event took place." This is bunk. Why would the ruling families be outside? They expected nothing like this to happen to their fair cities. It is fact that a Dwarf would rather be in a cave fingering his gold than outside for any reason at all. The Elven name for the Dwarf is "Naugrim", translated to mean "of the rock", so Dwarves are perfectly at home underground as above ground. His preference is the former, though at times he is forced to go above ground to serve some rare occasion that comes up.

My belief is that the communities in the shadow of the grand Mt. Dolmed still exist, though dear Dolmed was washed away by the ever restless sea. I believe that the remains lie to the north of the Gulf of Lhun in Farlindon, in the southern tail of the northern half of Ered Luin (The Blue Mountains). In the future, I plan to gather an expedition to travel to these mountains of my ancestors to hopefully recover the lost artifacts of my fathers (IF there are any!).

I am going to start adds for my wandering kindred to gather (I expect that there are no more than one-thousand of my race even surviving, let alone the smaller number that would hear about it. I am sure that any who hear will come. They will know because I will have the Seal of Office affixed to the add.

TO ALL MY KINDRED:

E. FARLIN IRONSHOD. WILL LEAD A PARTY  
TO RECLAIM LOST BELEGOST ÷ INQUIRE  
AT WAYFARER INN THIS FORTNIGHT ÷

—FARLIN—



# FARLIN IRONSNOOD

BY BILL HAYES

Dwarven Fighter, Lord of the tribe of Menarkutzum (Khacsab ferdum Rekwartz), the tribe being known for their fine handicrafts, the best smithies in all the Middle Earth (these Dwarves are very rare to come by, totally freelance, and will work for no one!). The reason for their rarity is that the race is dying out to the greater but lesser skilled clans of Thorin, Dain, Balin, P. Tover, and others. In these unions of our folk to those of others, the blood of our race is mingled with that of our impure cousins.

Two-hundred and fifty years (approximate) before the coming of light into the world, the father of our race, Fingard Spike-beard, of the Long Hand, raised his head forth from the rock where he had been laid down by the great Master, Aule, Knower of all the Great Arts.

Being the favorite of Aule, Fingard was given the most knowledge about any and all crafts great and small. This knowledge he passed on to the next generation. Fingard had also been first-made of all the fathers, so he was given a life span of near one-thousand years, in order to follow most closely the designs of his creator (these were to pass on all that had been taught).

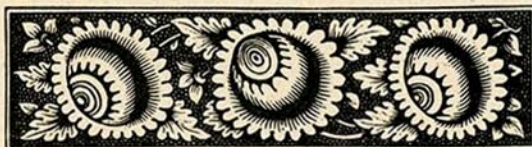
So the race flourished. They being most

skilled found it easier to survive in the world, than their cousins. Soon they were carving great mansions in the very bowels of the mountains, developing and expanding their knowledge. The metal smiths worked and refined, turning out vast amounts of cups, bowls, lamps, and other items.

Later they were discovered by the Elves and trade sprouted. The Elves prized the fine workmanship wrought by the rough hands. They were amazed by the likeness of the animals carved by these people, especially into stone. Soon the town of Belegost was founded.

After this records are fouled because of the Great Flood, but it is known that times were favorable. It is hard to say what became of the people because Belegost was ruined. The ruling family did survive, but they became mostly wanderers and vagabonds offering their service to any who would take it (my family became such and as far as any can remember we have had no set home. We hid our tokens of rulership until such time as we needed them.).

Somewhere along the line, one of my ancestors wed a were-type and the royal family lost their capacity as smithies, though they could still work a decent piece of metal for an honest gold piece.



# Malevolent Character Modules



by **Bill Paley**

The Overlordship of the City State is an hereditary form of government, however, the Overlord turns the rule over to the best suited or most powerful of his offspring (in his will if need be). With his great harem, the present Overlord has produced an even dozen children, five male, and seven female, of whom three (two female and one male) have reached their majority and are no longer given any aid of body guards or moneys from their father. Any guards they have, they've hired on their own or have befriended.

**Tricia Wild-eye** - Class: Magic User, Align: LE, Level: 1, HP: 4, AC: 9, Social Level: 9, STR: 9, INT: 16, WIS: 10, CON: 11, DEX: 14, CHR: 17, Weapon: Silver Dagger.

As do all of the Overlord's children, she left with a bag with 600 GP, but she has managed to amass some 150GP more, net (after various purchases). Tricia uses her magical powers to gain clout and treasure, but she also uses her physique to attract followers. If she attempts a charm upon a man whom she had just spent the night, he will save at -4 on his die roll. She has already gained three followers.

**Rex the Red Ax** - Class: Fighter, Align: N, Level: 2, HP: 12, AC: 5, Social Level: 3, STR: 16, INT: 10, WIS: 8, CON: 13, DEX: 12, CHR: 9, Weapon: Battleaxe

**Josh Kared** - Class: Cleric, Align: LE, Level: 1, HP: 4, AC: 6, Social Level: 4, STR: 11, INT: 8, WIS: 15, CON: 6, DEX: 10, CHR: 7, Weapon: Warhammer. (Worships Rash' 1, the LE god of governing.)

**Black Whitney** - Class: Thief, Align: CE, Level: 2, HP: 6, AC: 7, Social Level: 3, STR: 5, INT: 12, WIS: 9, CON: 11, DEX: 18, CHR: 5, Weapon: (2 Throwing daggers)

Rex and Whitney are charmed, while the Cleric joined in with hopes of future power.

**Haggis** - Class: Fighter, Align: LE, Level: 1, HP: 6, AC: 4, Social Level: 9, STR: 14, INT: 12, WIS: 6, CON: 15, DEX: 8, CHR: 11, Weapon: Broadsword

Haggis tried to increase his fortune by gambling but gave it up when he had only 150 GP remaining. With this he hired a group of mercenaries and left the City-State towards the north to seek his fortune.

**Tuskener One-eye** - Class: Fighter, Align: N, Level: 3, HP: 17, AC: 5, Social Level: 4, STR: 17, INT: 9, WIS: 14, CON: 10, DEX: 12, CHR: 10, Weapon: Two-handed Sword. This is the leader of the mercenaries (six in number).

**Singret** - Class: Fighter, Align: LE, Level: 2, HP: 9, AC: 2, Social Level: 9, STR: 14, INT: 7, WIS: 9, CON: 12, DEX: 6, CHR: 10, Weapon: Sword. Possibly the most successful of the siblings, she has carved a niche for herself leading military units on raids and ambushes against the Wild Orcs of the Purple Claw in Dearthwood. She is now captain of five hundred medium swordsmen, as well as having three loyal henchmen.

**Thomas the Brave** - Class: Fighter, Align: LG, Level: 1, HP: 6, AC: 5, Social Level: 3, STR: 15, INT: 4, WIS: 13, CON: 9, DEX: 14, CHR: 12, Weapon: Two-handed Sword.

**Gregory** - Class: Magic User, Align: CE, Level: 9, HP: 5, AC: 8, Social Level: 17, STR: 4, INT: 7, WIS: 15, CON: 9, DEX: 14, CHR: 12, Silver Dagger.

**Brother Grieg** - Class: Monk, Align: LE, Level: 1, HP: 4, AC: 10, Social Level: 4, STR: 16, INT: 7, WIS: 15, CON: 10, DEX: 17, CHR: 9, Short Bow.

The monk is a member of the order of Rash' 1, the LE god of governing. Thomas and Gregory often argue, but it has not yet come to blows due to their respect for Singret.

# CONVENTION WATCH

CURRENT EVENTS

Abbreviations for types of cons listed here are G=Gaming, SF=Science-fiction & Fantasy, C=Comics, ST=Star Trek conventions.

<b>MANEUVERS '79</b>	Oct 5-7	<b>RHINECON (G)</b>	Oct 20-22	<b>ROCKCON V (G)</b>	Oct 27-28
FSU Tallahassee Wargaming Club P. O. Box FSU-6531 Tallahassee, FL 32313		At: Wiesbaden Middle School American Housing Area Wiesbaden, West Germany For More Info: CPT Jody Sherrill TAMMC PSD APO NY 09052 or SSG Forster L. Grant HHC, 21st SIPCOM APO NY 09325		Kenneth Lythgoe c/o Royal Hobby Shop 3806 E. State Street Rockford, IL 61108	
<b>NON CON II (SF)</b>	Oct 5-7	<b>GRIM CON (SF)</b>	Oct 26-28	<b>NOVACON 9 (SF)</b>	Nov 2-4
Box 1740 Demontion, Alberta Canada T5J 2P1		Grim Con 1749 Sonoma Ave. Berkeley, CA 94707 Hyatt Hotel Oakland, CA		Novacon 9 P. O. Box 428 Latham, NY 12110	
<b>WINDYCON IV (SF)</b>	Oct 5-7	<b>MAPLE CON II (SF)</b>	Oct 26-28	<b>CONCLAVE (SF)</b>	Nov 2-4
Douglas Price 7660 N. Sheridan Road Chicago, IL 60626		Maple Con II P. O. Box 2912, Station D Ottawa, Ontario Canada KLP 5W9		EMU SF Society 117 Goodison Ypsilanti, MI 48197	
<b>COUNCIL of the (WG) FIVE NATIONS</b>	Oct 6-7	<b>ACADIANACON (SF)</b>	Oct 26-28	<b>ORYCON (SF)</b>	Nov 9-11
Gerald D. Seypura 20 Rand Road, A-3 Schenectady, NY 12309		Acadianacon 815 E. Railroad Broussard, LA 70518		Orycon P. O. Box 985 Beaverton, OR 97005	
<b>Y-CON (G)</b>	Oct 12-13	<b>MILEHICON (SF)</b>	Oct 26-28	<b>I-CON IV (SF)</b>	Nov 9-11
Armchair Strategists c/o Youngstown State University 410 Wick Ave. Youngstown, OH 44555		MileHiCon Box 11545 Denver CO 80211		C. Kay Hinchliffe Rt. 3, Farm 696 Cedar Rapids, IA 52401	
<b>5th WORLD FNTSY CON</b>	Oct 12-14	<b>ROC* KON (SF)</b>	Oct 26-28	<b>LOSCON (SF)</b>	Nov 9-11
5th World Fantasy Convention 43 Kepler Street Pawtucket, RI 02860		Roc* Kon Box 9911 Little Rock, AR 72219		c/o Pelz 15931 Kalisher Granada Hills, CA 91344	
<b>ENCOUNTER 3</b>	Oct 13-14	<b>FUTURECON '79</b>	Oct 27-28	<b>PHILCON '79</b>	Nov 9-11
A Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Comic Book Fan Convention Fandom P. O. Box 1675 Wichita, KS 67201		Rt. 4, Box 200 Oconee Estates Seneca, SC 29678		Randi Millstein 10104 Clark Street Philadelphia, PA 19116	
<b>INTERCON '79 (ST)</b>	Oct 13-14	<b>WINTERCON VIII (G)</b>	Nov 16-18	<b>ULTRACON (SF)</b>	Nov 22-25
Empathy 30 Ovenden Way Halifax, West Yorkshire England HX3 5PF		MDG P. O. Box 787 Troy, MI 48099		Omnibus Publishing Co. Box 23127 Detroit, MI 48223	

<b>FUTURE PARTY '79 (SF)</b> Nov 22-25 C. Bunt Alpine Village 606 E. Greenbush, NY 12601	<b>WINTER WAR VII (G)</b> Jan 18-20 Alan B. Conrad 2215 S. First, No. 103 Champaign, IL 61820	<b>CANGAMES '80 (G)</b> May 16-19 CanGames '80 201-360 Dundas St. Vanier, Ont. K1L 7W7, CANADA
<b>SCIENCE FICTION, HORROR and FANTASY CON</b> Nov 23-25 SF, Horror and Fantasy Con P. O. Box 69157 Hollywood, CA 90069	<b>WARCON '80</b> Feb 1-3 WarCon '80 Box 5718 College Station, TX 77844	<b>GENGHIS CON II (G)</b> May 23-25 Denver Gamers Association 2527 Gaylord St. Denver, CO 80205
<b>NUTRICON (SF)</b> Nov 30-Dec 2 Tom Longo 6221 Wadsworth New Orleans, LA 70122	<b>SIMCON II (G)</b> Mar 22-23 SimCon II Box 5142 River Station Rochester, NY 14627	<b>NOREASCON II (SF)</b> Aug 29-Sept 1 NorEasCon II Box 46 MIT PO Boston, MA 02139

These Convention listings came in too late to be put in date order:

<b>2nd ANNUAL SPACE: 1999 CONVENTION 1979</b> Nov 23-25 The Space: 1999 Society Box 11123 Cleveland, OH 44111	<b>PHOENIXCON I (SF)</b> Nov 24-25 Paul Pearson 1 Dales Avenue Whitefield, Manchester England
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GameFair V, which was advertised as a convention, is a Simulations Gaming Demonstration. It will be held Oct 12 at Illinois Central College, East Peoria, IL. For more information write to: Bobbie Wittmer, Rm 202-B, Illinois Central College, East Peoria, IL, 61635.

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The IRONCLADS comes boxed and complete with over 300 extra-thick, die cut unit counters, the large mapboard, a well organized log pad, a set of charts and tables, range and play indicators for firing, two game dice, a plastic tray for unit separation and storage, 45 ship specification cards that represent 90 classes of ships and a rule book that covers such items as river currents, tides, forts, mines, armor penetration, crew quality and morale, smoke and sighting, sand bars, shoals and river banks, burning ships and fire fighting, different types of shot, cumulative damage in specific areas, critical hits and much, much more. Scenarios included in the game range from excellent "running the forts" situations for solitaire play, to famous ship-to-ship engagements like the Monitor and the Merrimac, to blockade running, to multi-player campaign games like Mobile Bay.

THE IRONCLADS, SO REALISTIC THAT YOU MAY FEEL LIKE CLEANING THE RUST OFF OF THE UNIT COUNTERS; BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU EXPECT WHEN YOU GET AN IRONCLAD DEAL FOR ..... \$15.00

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FROM EN GARDE™



# The adventures of Antionne DE RABBIERRE

By Bob Hennelly

Antionne, a very spirited Frenchman loyal to the French Crown, was born in 1570 in Burgandy. His father, lover of guns and fine wines, owned a large winery and much Burgand territory. Antionne began his long and prosperous career as an adventurer when he and two other comrades, all three excellant with guns and swords, joined together as the Three Musketeers--to fight for the French Crown! At the age of 19, he set out into the world to make a name for himself.

The Three Musketeers joined a party being formed up from several stout-hearted pirates and nobles who all wanted to set out and fight. Antionne, taking command of some able-bodied marines, aided the pirates in capturing a fine Man o' War. The group ventured to the Americas, where one of the pirates had a map to great treasure there. And so they made their way to Histelyana, Dutch colony of great importance. All of the Musketeers made great friends with a young captain of the ship--Captain Blackie. They all secretly swore allegiance, should any one member of their party be in need of help.

Somehow, the musketeers and Captain Blackie got into a heated dispute with the pirates and the noble, Sir Blade. Antionne and the other men barely escaped the clutches of those evil pirates. Captain Blackie was not so fortunate. The Three Musketeers made their way perilously to the shore, where the long boats which carried them from their ship to the shore lay docked. In they climbed, the pirates close in pursuit. They rowed away, escaping only by the skin of their teeth. Strangely enough, they headed the wrong way, arriving at the flagship of none other than the Queen of Scot's main fleet! They were questioned brutally by the head guard of the boat, a man by the name of Angus McGregor, and they were taken to see the queen.

The Queen of Scotland, after talking to the young man Antionne, took an immediate affection to him. Though he was sworn French, she tolerated that. She proclaimed him the new Governor of Histelyana, a position of much grandeur and importance. He asked only one thing--that his comrade Captain Blackie be pardoned at all costs. To this she mildly agreed, caring very little. And who should walk in but the very same band of rough and tough pirates that was in pursuit of Antionne! Led by the noble Sir Blade, the pirates entered, their eyes lighting up when they saw none other than Antionne at the Queen's foot! They told the queen their exaggerated story, full of traitorous accounts about Captain Blackie and Antionne. Both loudly denied all the reports. But the Queen, feeling anger, proclaimed the Captain an outlaw--to be sent to the Gallows!! They took him away.

She dismissed Antionne and, seeing vengence swell within him while he watched his friend Captain Blackie be taken away to the brig, reminded him of his loyalty to the Scottish Crown. She left word that he should organize his army and sail to Scotland, to aid in the fight against England. But Antionne secretly swore that he would someday have sweet vengence on the Crown. . . .

Feasting one evening in the lavish dining room of his governor's mansion, Antionne looked up from the table full of lady friends and important nobles to answer a messenger's call. A smile grew on his lips when he learned that Captain Blackie had somehow escaped out of prison and was making his way up the steps of his mansion right now. He raced down to meet his friend. They talked, and Captain Blackie told Antionne all about his scheme to undermine some very important events. . . .

Antionne, puzzled by the disappearance of his two lost companions who curtailed the legendary Three Musketeers, rounded up his army to go and fight for wealth and power. He informed everyone who fought for him that they worked only for the colony and for him, and that the only nation they would answer to would be France. To this the people reluctantly agreed. And so, Antionne, Captain Blackie, and the 1000 men who made up his army sailed for adventure in 2 sloops and a Brig o' War. Goal: England.

Stopping for supplies on the west coast of England, Antionne met two important people. First, he was

reunited with one of his long-lost companions, Phobias. Later, he met a gallant young general from France. They plotted the fall of England. . .

Sailing to Edinborough, the army of Antionne, Captain Blackie and the general from France took Edinborough. There they remained until the Scottish Army, along with the pirates and the noble (who had joined up to fight with Scotland), overtook the city. Antionne and his army barely escaped in their boats. The general and Captain Blackie stayed in the city, though later they secretly snuck out to Antionne's Brig 'o War in casks of Wine. And so the three of them sailed around England, arriving near London, when they encountered three Man 'o Wars. These they edged over, finally destroying the three of them in an epic sea battle that lasted hours. Short of supplies, the party ventured to Dover, which the army overran. The ship loaded up with supplies, sailing to Calais, where they would meet the army which was marching to destroy the coast. Days later the ship and army reunited. They sailed back to Dover, where they are now, awaiting the outcome of a plan that would mean the end to all those who oppose Antionne, Captain Blackie, and the conquest of France. . .

### Brigadier General Depios

Race .....	Vulcan
Born .....	Epsilon Eridani
Age .....	34
Strength .....	10
Dexterity .....	8
Endurance .....	8
Intelligence .....	11
Education .....	10
Social Standing .....	8
Total Number of Credits .....	53,350

Depios, retired Marine Brigadier, was a very dormant member of the group which overtook the ship of Captain Blackie until the final stages of takeover. He suddenly appeared after the death of Odior, the crew member who died of a blast when cracking a safe in the hostage ship. He was given the carbine and has served the new commander of said ship loyally, even after the fact was learned that the ship was owned by the syndicate. He is now boarded on said ship, and awaits future happenings. . . .

Abilities: +3 with Cutlass, +3 with Carbine, Medical Ability, Administration Ability, Computers Compatant, Travellers Abilities. Possessions: 1) Civilian Clothes; 2) Marine Wear; 3) Mesh Armor; 4) Carbine and 10 charges.

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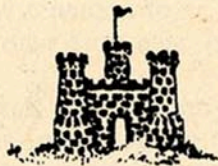
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# From Tavern To Dungeon: The Long-Forgotten Trek



by David Dougher

While hacking and hewing one's way through a dungeon is, without a doubt, one of the great joys of questing, the operation of finding help can also be an entertaining and rewarding experience.

Since a tavern is actually a bit small to find many of the characters that I would like to make available to players, I have created a small town at a distance of about a mile and a half from a major dungeon entrance. There is a large ale house here, run by a congenial, and garrulous old timer. He is often heard complaining of the trials of a shrewish wife and the troubles that seven daughters can get into.

He always welcomes new business and most of his daughters are friendly enough, lured perhaps by the romance of the adventurer.

The ale house is two stories high with plenty of small private places for quiet conversation. A giant fireplace warms the heart and feet of a weary traveller, and there is room for dancing, singing, and general merriment. A large crowd is usually present.

The ale house is merged with a warm inn, which is also run by the wife (payment in advance!) and husband. The livery, stables, and smithy are managed by the old man's younger brother, a huge powerful man with enormous patience and wisdom, but little native intelligence.

The large number of persons passing through is explained by the fact that the town is located midway between two major cities, a two day ride each way.

Split forks in the road lead to the major entrance to the dungeon. This route is well known, and rather barren. Other paths and trails may lead to new openings, or sudden death.

The smithy shares his bellows with a taciturn armourer who thought he would make a fortune in the location. However, several robberies have soured his disposition and made him a bit greedy. He naturally, dislikes thieves. He once made one a suit of armor from leather hides that caused the man's skin to break out in massive boils when he came near water.

Even the assassins' guild has gotten involved, holding special meetings in the tavern at odd times. They also keep a few people around to watch over their meeting place. Each city has its own guild and they are conducting negotiations to arrange assassinations in each other's cities.

There is a beautiful pool near the tavern watched over by a mysterious lady in white and a cult of druids.

At the end of town a house of ill repute has recently been constructed, (some of the ladies are tougher than half the adventurers that typically walk into the dungeon!)

Provisions may be purchased from a sweet, fat, old lady who runs a black market grocery store. There's a rumor she's paying "protection" money and someone is watching out for her, but no one is sure.

I often recruit new persons to the game and, to avoid the difficulties of having them getting killed five or six times during the first few episodes, I often have a small group of high level NPC's hire them as underlings. They usually look out for the player (viewing him as an amusing child), constantly bailing him out of trouble. The new player watches them avoid tricks and traps, deal with various monsters, and learns

how to slay a few of the odd types that he know little, or nothing about. In the end, he learns that very powerful characters also know the value of things. The new player is generally left with a sack of gold, some minor magic item, a pat on the head and experience. The NPC's ride off into the sunset with the real goodies, never to be seen again.

Although there are almost never any actual fights in the tavern, many experience points, lifelong friends, and enemies, can be made in a matter of moments.

A man or woman with a good voice and a catchy tune can often gain more than a bottle of ale can in a crowd.

Being nice to the "townies" can also be of immense value. They know many people who go questing and what people come back alive. They also note who comes back with the majority of the party they left with.

On a rousing good night one can find an incredible mixture in the tavern. Over one hundred persons, including merchants, "townies", and adventurers, gather to eat, drink, and be merry!

Since such a broad mixture will inevitably cause drunks, seductions, and wrestling matches. Many experience points can be gained from hanging around the place, but, if you get in brawl and win, don't try to clean out the possessions of the fellow you downed. That operation is reserved for the gambling tables. It's very bad manners. In fact, experience points can often be gained by not getting into a fight!

The other major source of people to be recruited are those who are visiting the house of ill repute. While some ladies will hang around the tavern, "professionals" are frowned upon. Brawling, wenching types who are good in a pinch can often be found emerging from the "house". Watch your purse!

Another important point I make is that you do not simply walk out of a tavern and into a dungeon. There are usually several lonely miles between dungeon mouth and the inn.

Most encounters between tavern and dungeon are with bandits and thieves (occasionally backed by a magic-user or cleric in the bushes.) There will also be an occasional returnin g, or questing party encountered on the road.

Persons alienated at the tavern will often wait for your party along the route with an ambush in mind. Occasionally a friend will also be out there searching for you, perhaps with a warning.

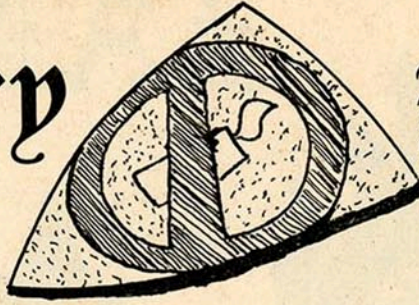
Many's the adventurer who has loaded himself with treasure only to lose it on the way home!

Trips from the tavern to your own a bode are usually safe enough, once you're inside the town limits. Police patrols generally keep things relatively secure. However, beware the covetous cleric or wizard who likes the staff you just found! He's sending an assassin to relieve you of it, along with your life!

**Editor's Note:** While this format does not fit in strictly within the Judges Guild wilderness system, and would probably be incompatible with well-established campaigns, it is excellent for campaigns in which only the village and the dungeon have been drawn up, or some other situation in which a wilderness has not yet been fully developed by the judge. Therefore it is highly recommended for new campaigns, and for new players.



# Heraldry Tables



# By Bill Pailey

Although any player with real love for his characters will plan the shield devices of his fighters carefully, often the DM, especially in Wandering Monsters situations, will have to make up a shield or banner marking quickly from scratch. These Tables are intended to make this somewhat easier. To use them, first roll on Table I once; Table II as often as colors are needed, then Table III. Tables III A and III B are self-explanatory. Other always means use your own imagination.

**Table I**  
Background

- 1) Solid - 1 color
- 2) Diagonal Halved - 2 colors
- 3) Diagonal Quartered - 2 colors
- 4) Horizontal Halved - 2 colors
- 5) Vertical Halved - 2 colors
- 6) Quartered - 2 colors
- 7) Solid - 1 color
- 8) Solid - 1 color
- 9) Diagonal Quartered - 4 colors
- 10) Quartered - 4 colors
- 11) Solid - 1 color
- 12) Other

**Table II**  
Colors

- |           |           |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1) Red    | 7) Silver |
| 2) Green  | 8) White  |
| 3) Blue   | 9) Black  |
| 4) Yellow | 10) Gold  |
| 5) Purple | 11) Brown |
| 6) Orange | 12) Other |

**Table III**  
Foreground

- |                   |                             |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1) Empty          | 7) Item and Writing         |
| 2) Empty          | 8) Crest and Writing        |
| 3) Item           | 9) Item, Crest, and Writing |
| 4) Crest          | 10) Empty                   |
| 5) Item and Crest | 11) Empty                   |
| 6) Writing        | 12) Other                   |

Crest - Use your imagination.

**Table III A**  
Item

- |              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1) Weapon    | 4) Animal    |
| 2) Tool      | 5) Vegetable |
| 3) Body Part | 6) Other     |

**Table III B**  
Writing

- |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1) Boast                | 4) Name                |
| 2) Descriptive          | 5) Curse (non-magical) |
| 3) Prayer (non-magical) | 6) Other               |

Writings can be in any language, but the shield bearer should speak it (unless he is a hireling).

For Example:

I find that I have a third level, forty-year-old warrior meeting my party. He reacts fearfully. He is carrying a shield, so I prepare his "Heraldry".

For background, I roll an eleven on a twelve-sided die. This indicates a solid background, one color. Rolling again on Table II, I roll a four. . .yellow. On Table III, I roll a seven. . .Item and Writing. Table III A, I roll a four, Animal. Table III B, a six, Other.

I use this to choose the following: A yellow background, chicken foreground, with **SURVIVE!** written in common across the field in black, diagonally top right to bottom left.

# ZANTIUS

K. SIEMBIEDA - 74



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

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

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

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

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

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

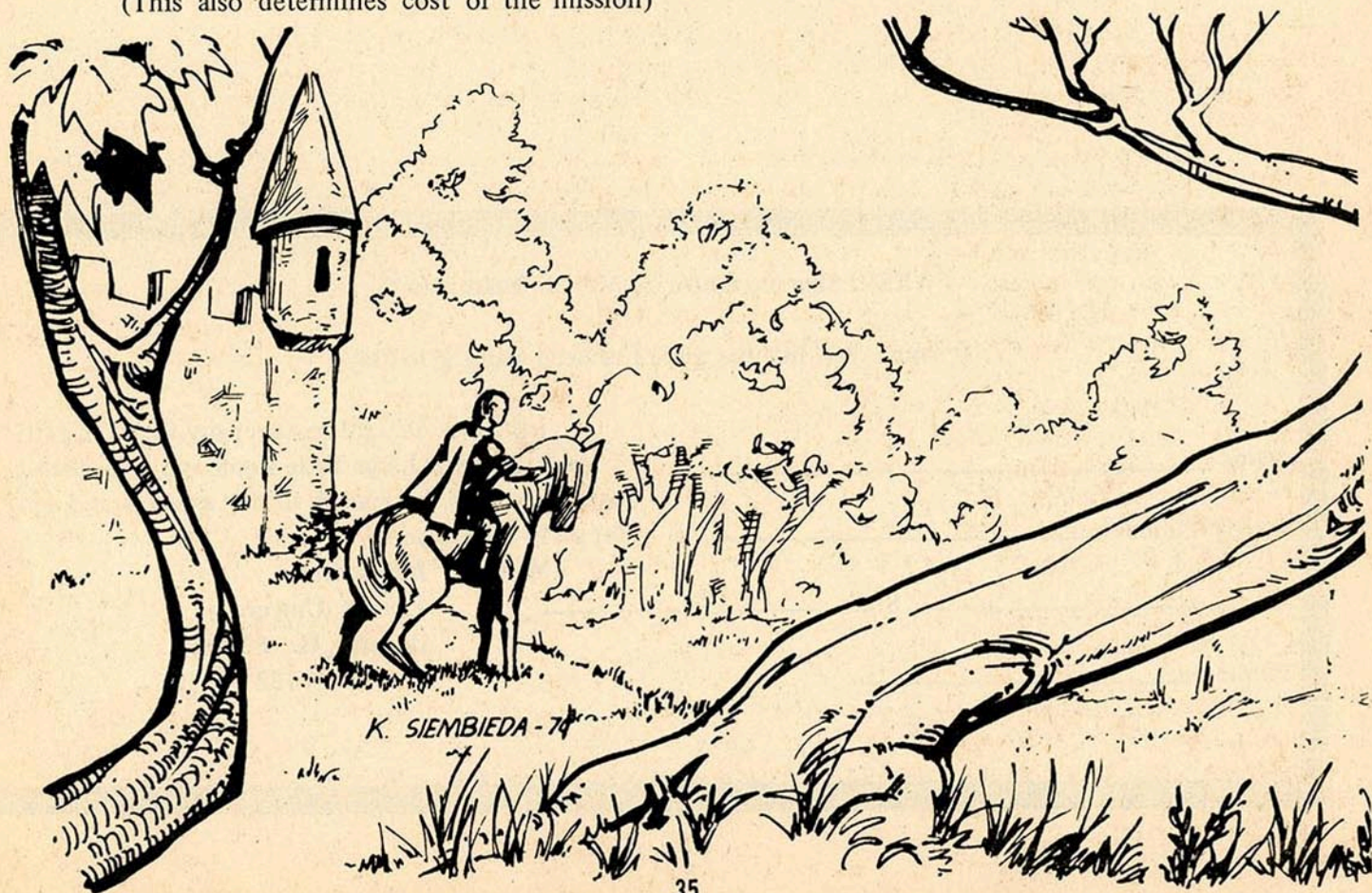
This campaign is a computerized play-by-mail game, with one turn taking place every two weeks. Each turn consists of a three-month time span in Zantius. One orders sheet is sent in by each player every two weeks. An orders sheet has room for five individual orders for that turn. Each complete order is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

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

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

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

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>I. Designate Target Type</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1) Knight</li> <li>2) Holding</li> <li>3) Terrain Hex</li> <li>4) Dutchy</li> </ol> <p>II. Designate 4 Position Target #<br/>(ie., the identity code of the Knight, Holding, Terrain Hex or Dutchy)</p> <p>III. Designate # of Spies Involved</p> <p>IV. Designate Skill Level of Spies<br/>(This also determines cost of the mission)</p> | <p>V. Designate Area of Espionage</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1) Mapping</li> <li>2) Troops Position</li> <li>3) Troop Type</li> <li>4) Troop Morale</li> <li>5) Morale of Peasants</li> <li>6) Income of Target</li> <li>7) Fortification Type</li> <li>8) Fortification Upkeep</li> <li>9) Treasury of Target</li> <li>A) Target is Liege Man of ####</li> <li>B) Economic Resources</li> </ol> |
|---|--|



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

I. Designate if your Troops are Initiating an Attack or if they are to Support another Lord when he Attacks.

- 1) Attack (if Attack, II will be location)
- 2) Support (if Support, II will be leader)

II. Designate Location or Leader Followed

III. Designate Unit Involved, if left blank or zero, all Units Assumed.

IV. Designate Battle Orders

- 1) Skirmish
- 2) Skirmish and Raid
- 3) Skirmish and Scout Terrain
- 4) Moderate Battle
- 5) Moderate Battle and Raid
- 6) Moderate Battle and Scout
- 7) Heavy Battle

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

Skirmish: Max casualties of 10% before breaking off engagement.

Moderate Battle: Max casualties of 35% before breaking off engagement.

Heavy Battle: Will not break off engagement unless routed.

V. Designate Disposition after Battle

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

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

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

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

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# Martial Artists: A New Character Class by Brian Wagner

Martial Artists are an elite Fighter subclass which undergo rigorous combat training comparable to that of Monks. Unlike Monks, Martial Artists usually work with weapons and are not given religious training nor infused with the strong mental disciplines as the Monk is. There is no formal structuring to the Martial Artist ranks as there is with Monks hence their numbers should, of course, be limited in play by the judge as they quickly become formidable opponents.

Martial Artists require a Strength of 13 or more; Dexterity of 15 or more; Intelligence of 9 or more; and Constitution of 11 or more. There are no known instances of Nonhumans being trained as Martial Artists but this does not mean such a thing could not (at the judge's discretion) occur.

Look now at the Martial Artist Skills and Abilities Table which lists the assorted Martial Artist powers and their proficiency at a given level.

**Armor Class:** Like a Monk, Martial Artists do not use armor and their AC is a result of dodging and parrying skill. Dexterity bonuses for defense are not included. Note that if a Martial Artist (this should also apply to Monks) is in a situation of surprise, as long as he or she is surprised the effective AC is 10, because while surprised they can't effectively use their parrying and dodging skills. At level 17 their AC reaches its maximum at -3.

**Damage:** The Damage listed is used to calculate the amount of damage caused by various weapons at given levels. A level 1 Martial Artist using barehands starts out doing 1 - 2 and goes up as listed. A character choosing a longsword, a weapon doing 1 - 8, starts out at the 1 - 8 point and goes up from there. For weapons whose damage doesn't exactly match those given, such as a Lucern Hammer which does 2 - 8, just pick the most appropriate damage spread, which for the Lucern would be 1 - 8. A few weapons do amounts of damage such as 2 - 7 or 2 - 5 which will not directly equal any listing on the damage table. Just move the amount of damage up to the nearest step. 2 - 7 become 1 - 8; 2 - 5 become 1 - 6, and so

on. Martial Artists can freely change weapons and still use them with full damage potential. If a player gives a Martial Artist some magical type weapon doing more-than-normal damage I leave it up to the individual judge on whether to advance their damage in the normal fashion. Martial Artists can use any magical devices a normal Fighter can except for armor.

**Attacks per Melee Round:** The number of attacks per melee round a Martial Artist can make at a given level. It is one step less than a comparable level Monk so as to give some general penalty for using a weapon since they would be for the most part slower than bare hands. A Martial Artist using bare hands does use the number of attacks as one level higher.

**Hide in Shadows, Move Silently, Listening, and Climbing:** All are done as the Thieving abilities, just the percentile chances differ.

**Dodge or Parry Projectiles:** just like the Monk dodging skill but this is relegated to a percentile die roll. Note that characters who are surprised may not do this.

**Catch Projectiles:** This is exactly like dodge or parry projectiles except the Martial Artist tries to catch the object. This is rather difficult to do and you have to be high level to get decent odds at succeeding. Could be useful in keeping something from being fired into the milling masses of characters behind a Martial Artist or just for dramatic effect.

**Escape Bindings:** This is a percentile chance to escape from relatively noncomplex bindings of rope, leather, or whatever. More complex bindings may call for judge modification to the die roll. Only one try is allowed and if the character fails he's stuck. Time spent trying to escape could vary from say 1 - 100 minutes before character either does escape or gives up.

The following are two abilities gained as specific levels. They may be considered as optional.

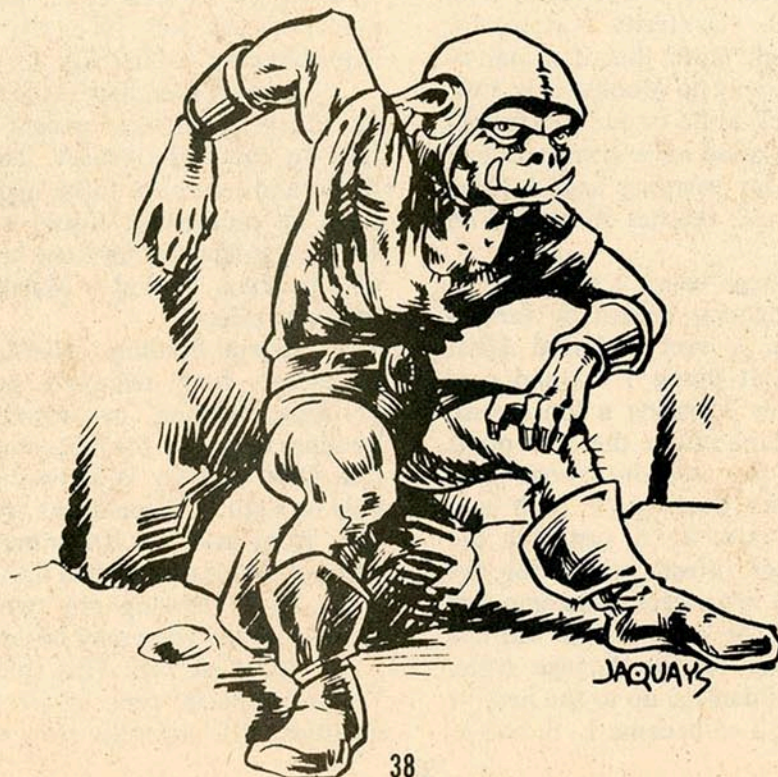
**The Kiai Yell:** This ability is gained at level 11. It is special type of scream-yell whose sonic qualities will actually stun opponents who are

affected. The yell affects a 90 degree arc in front of the Martial Artist with an effective range of 15 feet. It can best be illustrated as a cone coming from the Martial Artist's mouth, extending 15 feet and being curved outwards from the Martial Artist at the end instead of having a flat line connecting the two 15' outer borders. Those within the first five feet make saves vs. poison at -2, those in the second five feet save at normal, and those

in the last five feet receive +2 on saves. Those affected are stunned 1 - 4 melee rounds. They may perform no actions during this time. They are treated as surprised opponents if attacks are made on them.

**The Scream of Death:** Exactly as the Kiai Yell except those who do not save die! This terrible ability is not gained until level 15. The Kiai Yell can be used twice a day, the Scream of Death once a week.

Level	Armor Class	Damage	Attacks Per Round	Hide In Shadows	Move Silently	Listening	Climbing	Dodge Or Parry Projectiles	Catch Projectiles	Escape Bindings
1	10	1 - 2	1	10	15	10	85	20	0	25
2	9	1 - 3	1	15	20	10	86	25	0	30
3	8	1 - 4	1	20	25	15	87	30	5	35
4	7	1 - 6	1	25	30	15	88	35	10	40
5	6	1 - 8	5/4	30	35	20	89	40	15	45
6	5	1 - 10	5/4	35	40	20	90	45	20	50
7	4	1 - 12	3/2	40	45	25	91	50	25	55
8	3	2 - 16	3/2	45	50	25	92	55	30	60
9	2	2 - 16	3/2	50	55	30	93	60	35	65
10	1	3 - 18	2	55	60	30	94	65	40	70
11	0	3 - 18	2	60	65	35	95	70	45	75
12	0	1 - 20	5/2	65	70	35	96	75	50	80
13	-1	1 - 20	5/2	70	75	40	97	80	55	85
14	-1	2 - 24	5/2	75	80	40	98	85	60	90
15	-2	2 - 24	3	80	85	45	99	90	65	95
16	-2	3 - 30	3	85	90	45	99	95	70	95
17	-3	3 - 30	4	90	95	50	99	95	75	95
18	-3	4 - 32	4	95	95	50	99	95	80	95
19	-3	4 - 32	4	95	95	60	99	95	85	95
20	-3	4 - 32	4	95	95	60	99	95	90	95
21	-3	4 - 32	4	95	95	70	99	95	95	95





# DESIGNERS

# NOTES

## Answers to Questions About Dark Tower by Paul Jaquays

Recently I received several questions concerning the adventure scenario I wrote for use with AD&D called **Dark Tower**. Some of the questions I answered in person at GenCon XII while the others were fielded to me by one of my beloved Editors.

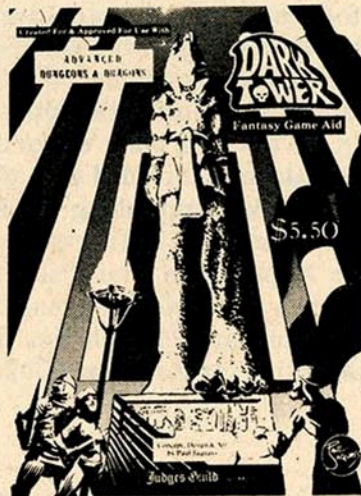
**Question:** Where in **Dark Tower** do you find Mitra's Eye?

**Answer:** Mitra's Eye, also known as the Lion Amulet can be found around the neck of Avaala, the Wererat Cleric in Room 15 of Level 1.

**Question:** How does one get down into **Dark Tower** from the surface?

**Answer:** There are 4 entrances to the caverns area from the village (I had thought that there were 5, but I goofed a little in writing and mapping). V - 1 has a secret shaft that leads down to Room 1 - 1. V - 5 has a secret shaft that leads down to Room 1 - 42 and a not-so-secret stair that leads from the main floor down to Room 1 - 18. Finally, V - 10 has a stair that leads down to Room 1 - 46 which connects with Room 1 - 44 which has a short stair leading down to the main part of the level.

Any further questions concerning **Dark Tower** or **The Caverns of Thracia** should be directed to Paul Jaquays, c/o Judges Guild, 1165 N. University Ave., Decatur, IL. 62526.



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# The Magical Staff

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Bryan Finnen  
Designer &  
Editor

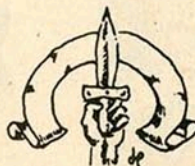


Bryan lived out his life in the small Bible-belt village of Eureka, twenty miles east of Peoria, ninety miles north of Decatur and a thousand miles from nowhere, until graduating from high school in 1976 at the age of fourteen. "Don't ask me how I did it," he immediately shouts, then adds, "I did study a lot though."

While in high school he became addicted to playing football and pursuing members of the opposite sex. While attending Illinois Central College, a community college serving the Peoria area, Bryan acquired a few other vices, among them Tolkien, wargaming, and journalism. "ICC had no football team," he explains. "So, denied my normal outlet for hostilities and destructive tendencies. . ."

While at ICC, Bryan worked for **The Harbinger**, the student newspaper, as copy editor. During his three years with the paper it won several awards, including one won by Bryan for an editorial on the draft. Bryan now intends to go to the University of Illinois in the spring, and is anxiously awaiting football training season. Now working at the Guild, he has been made editor of **The Dungeoneer** and is working on several projects. His first, **The Mines Of Custalcon**, is included with this month's Guildmember installment.

Bryan is also a backpacker, having taken trips along the Appalachian Trail and in New Mexico, as well as a canoe expedition in Northern Wisconsin. "It was great to meet an old backpacking buddy of mine, Bob Pryor, whom I met on the Appalachian Trail back in '75," says Bryan. "I'd been heading south and had covered about ten miles when I ran into him going the other way. He was such an interesting personality that I just had to turn around and go back with him. Bob was the guy that got me into gaming. I was really pleased to hear that he was writing for the Judges Guild."



# Bob Pryor Writer



Born in 1948 in Lubbock, Texas, Bob volunteered for the Marines in 1965 and served combat duty in Vietnam. He doesn't like to talk about it.

Bob attended the University of Southern California using the GI Bill, earning a Master's degree in meteorology. The summer after graduating, as he says, "I just took a vacation from the world," and backpacked the entire length of the Appalachian Trail. "I just took it one day at a time," he says, playing down the 2100-mile feat. "It gets remembered as just a segment of time. When I try to envision myself walking all the way from Georgia to Maine along that little red line on the map, my feeble mind can't grasp it. It was just a trip." We asked Bob about his meeting Bryan on that trip. "Oh, yeah," he said, "I remember that there was this kid and we got to talking about gaming. Next thing I knew he was following me all around."

Bob has always had an interest in science fiction and fantasy, as well as his deep interest in all things historical. His life seems to be one of extremes. After his 131-day trek in 1975, he applied to the United States Weather Service and is "now anchored in a rubber life raft off Little Diomed Island in the Bering Straits. The guys at the weather station on the island watch me with binoculars – when I get seasick they know a storm is on the way. Other than that, I'm getting pretty good at talking to the seals." Perhaps Bob's lifestyle and unusual interests explain his haunting writing style and the ghostly images he is able to conjure on paper.



Illustration by Sorcerer's Guild,  
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# THE THIRD ANNUAL ULTIMATE DUNGEON DESIGN CONTEST

Only the Judges Guild could dare the entire gaming industry like this: announcing tJGJBo-tSo-tWF-aGDCC-C-C! (That's right: the Judges Guild Journal Bride of - the Son of - the World's First and Greatest Dungeon Creation Contest - Contest - Contest!!!) [Will Hollywood care to make us an offer for this title?] Only Judges Guild and Frankenstein could bring to life such an enormous undertaking (heh, heh - puns intended)! We were the first! We did it last! And now, we've gone totally bonkers, doing it again. Same prizes as before: over \$570 in prizes. Even the losers, who get published, won't lose! You can't lose, so what do ya gotta lose? Enter Now!!!

Our contests are run with easy rules in big type:

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

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

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

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

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

6) Prizes shall be awarded as follows:

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

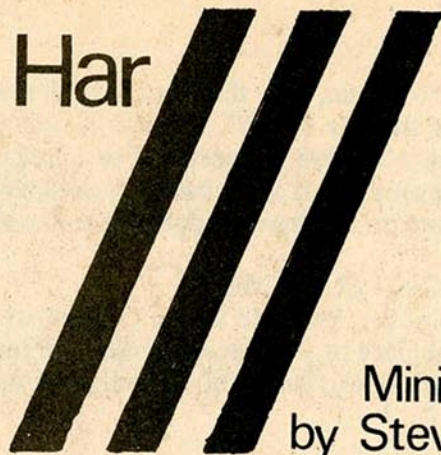
Prizes must be taken as cash or in the form of Judges Guild products.

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

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

"I, (name), hereby give the Judges Guild permission to use my contest entry(s) enclosed herein, in any way they deem suitable." (signature)

# The Mythos of Har



Mini-Dungeon  
by Steven Brandt

First, I will explain the geography of this extra-dimensional world known as Har. In the sky of Har stands but one star of significance, the star Nordus. From this star flowed the power of magic which Har absorbed. This energy then flowed from Har as a river of color and liquid light and from here men obtained their power.

Beneath this river lived many creatures. Each creature had two serpent-like heads, one red-gold, the other white. Where the two necks joined there was a single green eye. Its body was pink-gold with flaming poisonous wings. Each head could spit, the reddish head spit lava, and the white spit storms of ice.

As far back as this story extends, there is a curtain of unseeing called, Fraiyai. As it passed through reality it tore. The world's first Mage caught it. Thus he remained unknown and unseen and therein lay his strength.

But alas the beautiful power of Har was corrupted by a strange order of Magic Users who wove human forms from fear and controlled their actions thenceforth. These beings dominated all of Har shortly and the few remaining Mages retreated from their view. These invaders were the horrid Adarla.

A great battle was to follow. One of the Mages in the battle was Stormbringer, the Mage of Weather and Ice. He took the innocent of Har's avians and rescued them by hiding them in a cloud behind the north wind. Yet another Mage was Sefron, the Mage of Gold and Sulphur. He was a strange man whose past was unknown. Then there was the order of twenty who were the Wise Councilors of the river's power.

All these being gathered together and fought the Adarla. Blood, fire, ice, hail and sulphur lashed in cataclysmic walls of destruction. Har reeled and burned and shook. Worms whose power was greed infested many men's hearts and neither they nor anyone else trusted these men with wealth again. Deceiving things crawled the surface of Har and the planet wept. Many dark palaces were forged by the Adarla that night. The palaces withstood the horrible torrents of layering blood and dragonstone, and the power of the Adarla grew.

The planet Har had become layered with the debris of battle, it was within these layers that the Adarla built their strongholds. Then from the order of twenty a group of keys were forged, and with them, section by section, Har was locked sealing the Adarla and their evils within. As they finished, Sefron's robes tore and out stepped an Adarla. Sefron (who was the Adarla disguised) threw his key into the new surface called Rahar and a chasm sprang open through which some Adarla escaped.

Little power filtered through the two new layers of Har. The lower was now called Sefron (named after Sefron), and became a horrible place. By now, both sides were too weak to fight, so they hid. They did not rest, however, and built many things. Many palaces were forged, for good and ill, which the human world feared and dared not go near. Battle cries were heard in the unlocked chasm and many who went in never returned. Of those that disappeared only a haunting evil returned that was mistaken for a remnant of the dead. The avians were returned by Stormbringer and all beings were safe, for awhile.

The outer spaces surrounding Har were becoming a strange evil non-real area where dreams were real. It contained alien worlds where menacing extra-dimensional beings lurked. Forth from this dark these beings could not go because illusions could not live on Rahar. And so the first tale of Har and its mythos ends. Respective judges may wish to add yet more.

## The Chasm of Sefron

The underworld Sefron opened provided a place where both experience and gold were available in abundance, but so were the treacherous evils and Adarla, looking for a chance to trick man into freeing them. Regardless of how much they tried though, they were always subject to the keys, even to abstract

phrases relating to them, but the meanings of these phrases were often perverted. The only exception being "In the name of the key leave!". If these escaping horrors were not commanded thus, the beings they passed would be subject to terrible tortures, and as a judge you should make your players aware of this fact.

These dungeon levels were basically designed for 3 - 5 characters with a level equal to that of the dungeon level they are on and having appropriate magic items. Below is a description of the level purpose:

- 1) Basic residence of the Evils
- 2 - 3) Creations of the Adarla to amuse themselves over the centuries
- 4) The burial place of the palaces of old, still mostly filled with many strange Adarla
- 5) The remains of the beautiful enchanted lands of ancient Har

### *Releasing The Evils*

The evils are almost infinite in power, they focus their attacks on torture rather than simple annihilation. The reason for this being that the game would tend to run out of characters too quickly. Should an evil be released, roll on the following table:

Roll d100

- 1 - 40 The character is tortured as the result from Table 1 indicates.
- 41 - 50 The character is tortured as the result from Table 2 indicates, with a 5% chance of going insane for 1 - 100 days.
- 51 - 60 The character is teleported to the next level lower of the dungeon.
- 61 - 70 The character is cursed as the result from Table 3 indicates.
- 71 - 80 If this is rolled, the character loses his ability to progress in levels and obtains 1 - 6 powers from Table 4. In addition, his alignment becomes chaotic evil.
- 81 - 100 As the last 2 results combined.

**Table I**  
Roll d6

- 1) First the character is starved and then he is forced to overeat.
- 2) The character is made thirsty and then forced to drink dust and then scalding hot salt water.
- 3) His eyes become worms and he is whipped.
- 4) He is diseased and bitten by many strange things.
- 5) His bones are turned to jelly and then he is beaten.
- 6) He is placed on a hot grill and then thrown into an icy pit.

Note: The results called for by this table only incur damage for 1 - 6 days. Other effects are, his Charisma score is reduced by 2 - 12, his Intelligence by 1 - 6, his Strength by 1, and his Constitution by 1 - 4 for 4 - 24 days.

**Table 2**  
Roll d6

- 1) Burned, gagged and peppered with arows.
- 2) Given leprosy and left afloat in bitter water while constantly stabbed.
- 3) Partially dissected.
- 4) Fed on hallucenogen.
- 5) Tied down and covered with spiders, snakes, rats, slime, etc.
- 6) His innards become populated with various underworld creatures.

Note: Also these effects are not permanent. Intelligence is reduced to 1 for 1 - 6 days.

**Table 3**  
Roll d6

- 1) Guard this room for 1 - 100 days.
- 2) Never leave the dungeon again.
- 3) Charisma permanently lowered by 5.
- 4) All treasure turns to clay.
- 5) Teleported to the desert and forced to roam there for 1 - 100 days, 1% chance, per 10 days in the desert (rounding fractions up) of death.
- 6) Diseased, Constitution reduced by 1 - 6 permanently.

**Table 4**  
Roll d12

- 1) Becomes able to stalk by scent, with the same chance as a thief or his level to pick pockets.
- 2) Gains wings or 2 additional wings for a maximum of 4.
- 3) Gains the ability to use dragon breath (he choses the color) 1 or 1 additional time per day.
- 4) Armor Class is reduced by 1.
- 5) Gains an extra head, plus 1 to Intelligence and Wisdom scores.
- 6) Gains 2 extra arms.
- 7) Gains the ability to imolate for 1 - 4 points of fire damage.
- 8) His gaze causes fear.
- 9) He gains the ability to regenerate 1 or 1 additional hit point per melee round.
- 10) His head become like that of an animal of the judge's choice.

- 11) Gains the ability to cause darkness in a 5' radius at will.
- 12) He obtains or raises his magic resistance by 10%.

### Encounters

When the encounter table calls for a human or humanoid encounter, use the following table:

Roll d20

- 1) Rogo - A Wererat who doubles as a second level Fighter, Weapon: Longsword, uses Banded Mail and Shield. As a Wererat: HP: 13, AC: 6, otherwise as in *Monster Manual*. Rogo is not aware he is a wererat yet. He hails all lawful good characters in the name of the secret key, although he does not know what the secret key is. He is always low on provisions and always looks sad. He is also very fond of cheese. He wears a silver belt worth 500 GP which caused his lycanthropy. STR: 17, INT: 12, WIS: 12, DEX: 11, CON: 8, CHR: 10.
- 2) Trullo the Cursed - He is blind in one eye (minus 2 to hit, plus 1 AC, plus 1 save vs. gaze attacks), HP: 3, AC: 4, splinted Mail and small Shield. If he opens his blind eye all viewing save vs. fear or leave, he can do this but once per day. He may not progress in level. STR: 12, INT: 9, WIS: 10, DEX: 12, CON: 12, CHR: 8. He will not tell anyone about his eyes power unless necessary. He has a pet song-bird, Feekee, whose voice wards off 60% of all wandering monsters.
- 3) Runcho - Level 1 Fighter, HP: 5, AC: 2 (Halfling CG) has 2000 GP and a permanent Tenser's Disk filled with rich food. Weapon: Longbow and 50 Arrows. He has a trained rat, 75% chance he will win any race, it looks sick and weak, if not dead. He also wears a copper ring, 1 GP value that can cause an illusion over playing cards to give him the best hand possible. He has 50 decks of normal cards with him. STR: 18 (00), INT: 5, WIS: 5, DEX: 19, CON: 18, CHR: 5.
- 4) Pseekee - Level 2, Monk, AC: 9, Move: 16", attacks fro 1 - 4 damage. Has all 15s except DEX: 17, and CHR: 10. He is NE and he is a cannibal. Reaction score 2 - 7 on 2d6 indicates hunger. He wears necklaces and belts of human and other bones. He cannot speak well, d100 score 1 - 35 indicates failure to understand any statement he makes.
- 5) Orc of the Violet Serpent - Level 1, as detailed on the 3rd level of this dungeon.
- 6) The Violet Robed Mage - 20th level but rendered helpless to destroy any one or thing due to a curse. He is now in lich-like form and can make any item for a certain price. He prefers to close all his deals with a contract which only he can read (these contracts have the powers of wishes). His robe has many snake-like designs on it which he can command to life in his defense. He drools constantly and created the order of the Violet Serpent.
- 7) Enchantor of the Inner Darkness - Seeks disease and can hold purple worms at bay. He has a limp and appears leprous. He can prove, however, that he is not. Spells are:

#### 1st Level

- 1) Feign disease. This spell can make the caster look leprous and diseased for a period of 24 days.
- 2) Protection from Good.
- 3) Read Magic.
- 4) Read Magic.

#### 3rd Level

- 1) Fireball
- 2) Lightning Bolt

#### 2nd Level

- 1) Fools Gold
- 2) ESP
- 3) Web

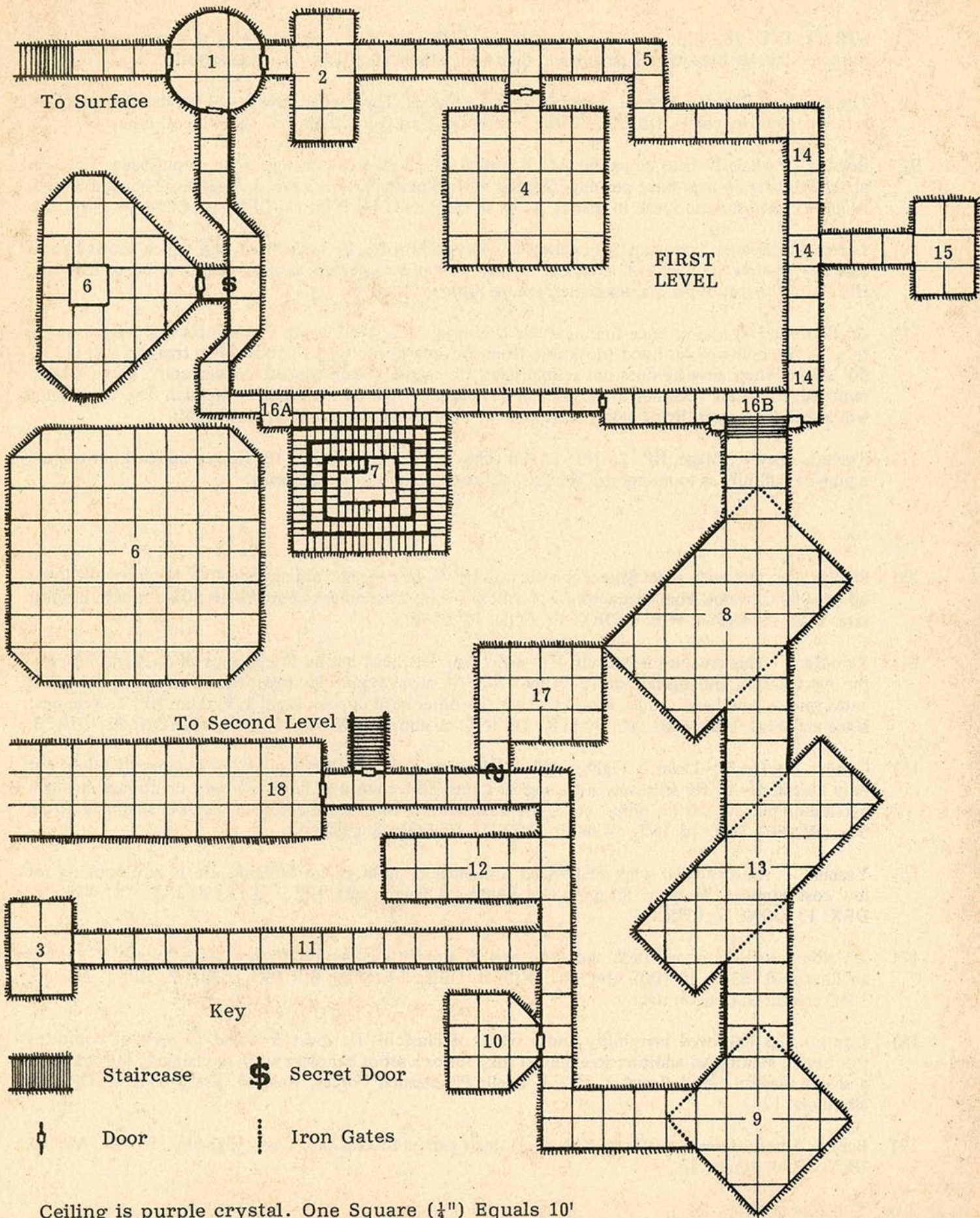
#### 4th Level

- 1) Curse



STR:12, INT: 18, WIS: 8, DEX: 10, CON: 3, CHR: 5, HP: 3. He has a ring that can cause disease once per day. He likes joining parties and then killing them all after 2 - 12 encounters.

- 8) The Rainbow Wizard - Level 1, his only spell is a fireball. The fireball does 3 - 24 points of damage and is many rainbowy colors. Hit Die: ½, HP: 4, Weapon: Dart Gun, Align: NC, INT: 15, all others 9.
- 9) Besebia - Female Warrior, apparent AC: 6, actual AC: 5. She can change to an amphisbaena snake as in the *Monster Manual* once per day. She has 4 Hit Points per die. Level 3, Weapon: 2-handed Sword, Align: CE, and she can speak to snakes. STR: 18 (59), INT: 14, WIS: 13, DEX: 14, CON: 14, CHR: 24.
- 10) Larku - A diseased lizardman. He is always thirsty and drools. He has a black cape which allows him to cast any shadow he wants. If attacked he will bite as a dagger +2, save vs. disease if bit or diseased. HP: 4, for the rest of his characteristics, see the *Monster Manual*.
- 11) An illusionist who after once finding a death symbol on a scroll wrote it on a mask and wore it on his face. In the lining of his hood (noticeable from the inside) is a map to 5000 GP in treasure that is 10' - 60' away. When alive he does not reflect light. He carries a skull topped wooden staff. If the skull is removed, the staff becomes a constrictor, 3 points per die as the *Monster Manual*. The constrictor will attack the nearest living being. Mage's HP: 6, HD: ½ +2, Align: LE, Weapon: Staff.
- 12) Tragsak - Level 1 Mage, HP: 2, INT: 18, all other categories: 11, AC: 10. He has no spell but can use a pipe so skillfully as to mesmerize beings. 2 dice and under, no saving throw.
- 13) Sharky - An Orc with a pet Stirge, chaotic evil, HP: 4, he can sniff out anyone 45%. He can make loans up to 1000 GP value from Character No. 6 who provides a beholder to enforce his 50% a month interest rate. STR: 15, INT: 4, WIS: 4, DEX: 13, CON: 15, CHR: 3.
- 14) Rizo-Razo - This creature is half elf, half ettin. The left head has an Intelligence of 5, Align: NL, and the right has an Intelligence of 15, Align: NC. He always quarrels, one head smokes and the other hates smoke, one head snores, snoring wakes the other head up, etc. Level 1, Fighter, HP: 4, Weapons: Mace and Flail, Plate Mail, AC: 3, STR: 16, INT: as above, WIS: 10, 11, DEX: 12, CON: 12, CHR: 3.
- 15) Gnasho the Gnoll - Level 2, Fighter, HP: 9. He has a robe which can hold any number of things but only he can use it. He sells only non-magical items, 80% chance to have any item mentioned in stock (excluding planets, castles, ships, etc.). His weapon is a 2-handed Sword. He has a pet snapping turtle, Sam (HP: 80). STR: 16, INT: 14, WIS: 12, DEX: 10, CON: 8, CHR: 6.
- 16) Yazmad - An alchemist who memorized a manual of flesh golem building. He is now looking for low cost supplies. Weapon: Sleeping Gas Bomb (as sleep spell). HP: 1, STR: 3, INT: 18, WIS: 18, DEX: 13, CON: 12, CHR: 15.
- 17) An albino with luminous flesh and eyes, part of a sadistic curse. He always crawls (move: 5") and is an illusionist. STR: 18 (00), INT: 16, WIS: 8, DEX: 17, CON: 8, CHR: 2, HD: ½, HP: 1, AC: 10. 1 HD creatures route on sight.
- 18) Lizma - Has improved invisibility and a wand of illusions. He loves to cause all sorts of confusing fun havoc. Making an addition to a helmet (like fur or a set of beholder eyes) or changing the design on a shield. Lawful Good, Level 1, HP: 1, Spell: Phantasmal Forces, Weapon: Staff, STR: 5, CHR: ?, all others: 12.
- 19) Berba - A hefty female thief who (7th level) steals parties food as they pass. Align: LG, HP: 23, AC: 10, DEX: 18, all others: 13.
- 20) Roll 2 more times.



## Level One

- 1) Readily apparent will be the following. A stone treasure chest which is inlaid into the floor and, therefore, undetachable. Adorning the top of the chest are 24 gold statues. In the room there is an oppressive aura of greed. Each statue is worth 200 GP while only weighing 5 GP. As these statues are detachable, when they are removed they grow to normal size and animate. When animated, each has 4 Hit Points per die and they are of the following creatures which are as detailed in the *Monster Manual*:

Number	Statue of:
1 - 3	Constrictor
4 - 5	Stirge
6	Giant Tick
7	Skeleton
8 - 10	Carrion Crawler
11 - 12	Giant Toad
13 - 15	Large Spider
16 - 18	Gargoyle
19 - 20	Gnoll
21 - 22	Jackal
23 - 24	Members of the party (Doppelgangers)

Upon opening the chest it will be discovered that 1,000,000 GP are there and as the party scoops them out they will realize that the amount within is not lessened. Unfortunately if the chest is not closed within 2 melee rounds an apparition resembling a human skull which is composed of red-orange light will appear. In addition all doors will wizard-lock. The red-orange apparition is in fact an evil whose gaze causes paralysis save applicable. Those who are paralyzed will be dragged to the chest and into it at a rate of 10' per melee round. Anyone attempting to make a command in the name of the key will find that he is unable to speak. Only by giving all gold possible will the being be dispelled. Naturally, of course, if he is dispelled he will only remain so until someone begins to remove his gold again. The name of this evil is greed. He may not be destroyed by any ordinary means. Only with a sword of cold against armor class -10 will anyone have a chance at destroying him. HP: 100. If a creature is captured and placed within the chest, the chest will disappear (for a while) and the evil will be freed.

- 2) In here rests the queen of the Fire Adarla. She appears as a female with CHR: 19, and is adorned in flaming robes. She plays a gold harp whose music charms (roll Intelligence or lower on d20 to save). If save fails the character who gazes upon her will be cursed. She will then ask you to take her place at the harp, a task which any human would be in loath to do. Her curse, however, fixes this. For after this time he hears music he runs back to her at 10 mph for 1 - 8 hours while screaming at the top of his lungs. This running causes -2 Constitution per hour until 1 is reached, then a save vs. death is allowed that, if successful, will cause him to fall unconscious, otherwise he will run till dead. If character lives, he can recover Constitution points at 1 per day.

She can summon two 2nd level Fighters with plate mail shield and a flaming sword each. These last for 2 - 12 melee rounds.

Even if these are defeated, she will offer a flaming weapon, of any type, in exchange for forcing 1 human to take her place at the harp. She will then, unless commanded in the name of the key, torture any human present as she leaves. See table.

- 3) This entire room glows red and within is a tomb from which will come a yellow ball of fire, HD: 4, HP: 32, AC: 5, which attacks for 1 - 4 damage (fire) unless a save vs. magic is made. If a character is killed by this means, he becomes a skeleton. This skeleton will then enter the coffin (in this tomb) and once 3 skeletons total have been obtained, thus the evil within is freed, and thus yet another evil is set loose.

- 4) The ceiling here is 40' high and a black-skinned 2-headed serpent 40' long is coiled around the room. HD: 20, HP: 160, AC: -8, but cannot attack, yet. On the floor near him is a gem worth 1000 GP. If the gem is taken, a man in black robes will rise out of the floor and pass into the serpent creature. Then the serpent will be revealed as an evil and will leave the dungeon.
- 5) A tree, dead and decayed looking, grows in the middle of the hallway. Within 3' of it on the ground lies a silver colored axe whose blade is alive with white flame. This axe may not be taken over 10' away from the tree. 1 blow from this axe will fell the tree and cause the axe to vanish. In the stump of the tree is 600 GP in gold dust. Once this is collected the evil is free.
- 6) The door (secret) in the hallway will lead to two double brass doors covered with strange inscriptions. Within this the room is very and impenetrably dark. If the second door is found, and entered (1 in d6 to find) then the beings will be teleported to the 80' x 80' square (truncated) Room 6. In the center of this room (amidst over 10,000 bones) is a black book. This book can summon an evil (the serpent in Room 4) which he can command (but be careful of wording. . .).
- 7) Cold horrors. From the top of this pit one can see a blue column of smoke with images of human skulls in it. The air is bitter cold in the base of the pit (-1 Dexterity/melee round until 0 or dead). The beings in the pit have icy blue glowing bodies that look like those of dead men. They have 1 - 4 Hit Points, HD: ½, are AC: -1, and attack once for 1 - 3 of damage. Being with 2 Dexterity move ½ normal speed and those with a 1 Dexterity move ¼ normal speed. Recovery time is 1 hour per Dexterity point.
- 8) This room has much food in it. Strange and magical foods, wine of super-heroism, steak of arcane power, etc. The party will then feel hungry and realize their own food is contaminated. If the party eats of this food they will discover it has no power at all, it merely causes addiction (unless a save vs. poison is made) and then an evil appears and will command you (the addicted) to take his place. He must be obeyed.
- 9) A spideress/evil guards here (invisible). Her spindle is enchanted and weaves gold tapestries from air at 10 GP per minute. But don't weave more than 600 GP worth or it transforms into a web of greed leaving the character to weave only fruitlessly from now on while the evil goes free.
- 10) There is a throne of black crystal at the center. Above it (20') is a yellow sphere of light. The sphere will release 2 evils (in the form of golden serpents) if someone sits on the throne. If commanded in the name of the key the evils will leave, leaving behind the serpents as 200 GP statues. Otherwise torture will ensue (for everyone) and no one will get any gold.
- 11) Many illusory wraith forms (7) haunt the hallway.
- 12) This room is a pit, a creature inside will look up (a giant black mass) and hold up a 10,000 GP gem. To one party member he will telepathically ask that someone be pushed in. If this is done he will give the gem and is free. The party member in the pit will remain for 1 - 100 years, but he can still shoot arrows and throw weapons.
- 13) Twelve men are held prisoner by a gargoyle. Those killing him (6 points per die as the *Monster Manual*) and then freeing the men (the gargoyle has a key), will discover that the men were disguised evils.
- 14) Many chained screaming beings fill the hall.
- 15) A blast furnace in which clay humans (and their armor) are fired and then sent to scream in the halls, but others march out as soldiers. A large clay 4-tentacled being with 4 arms. If he hits, 1 - 3 points of damage is done. The portion of the victim's body becomes clay, until the beast is killed. If a character is killed in this manner he is then sent into the furnace. . . . The beast itself has AC: 0, and HP: 32.

- 16A) This is a Mage dressed in white and surrounded by white candles. The candles may not be extinguished and he may not be destroyed, nor may he do anything.
- 16B) The gate of fire. Made of black metal and stone, this door can only be opened by someone with Strength above 18, or 2 people with 18, or 3 with 17, or 4 with 16, etc. Flames dance along the gate adding to its overall horrible appearance. It has many faces carved into it which if listened to or heard cause -1 Wisdom/turn with 0 being permanent insanity. If the door is opened the air will flash red and lightning will crash all around. One thousand screaming beings will then be seen and heard, then all this will abruptly stop. Characters may now proceed normally.
- 17) In this room, hidden, is a key with 5 charges which can place an evil back in its prison or free one, once per charge.
- 18) Here there is a being with a chain-whip. That does 1 - 4 subdual points. If subdued, the characters will be forced to pull a chariot, and the being down the hall. He thinks it will lead to an exit, it doesn't, it's endless. He is a minion of an Adarla, HD: 6, HP: 27, as detailed in Level 4.

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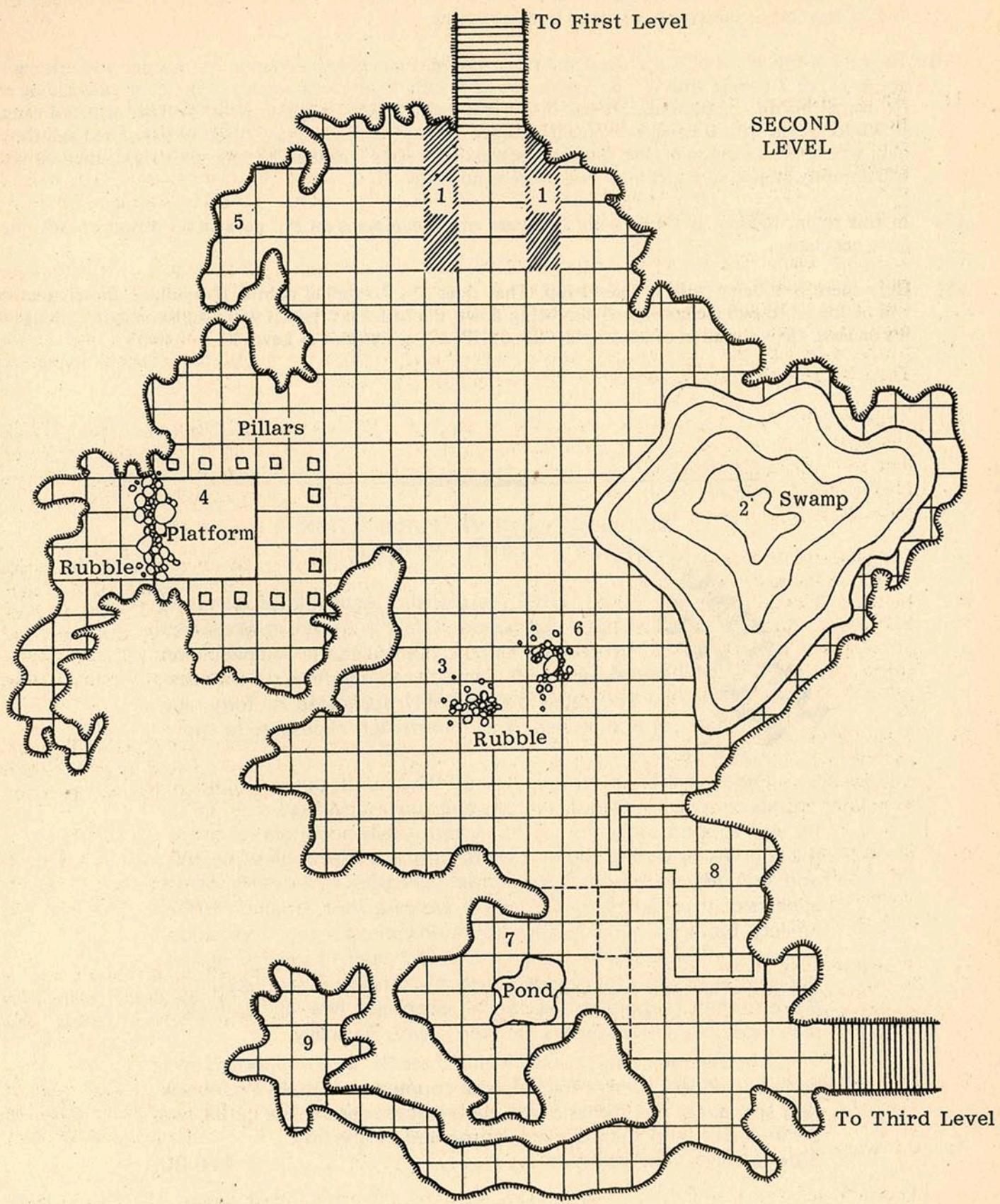
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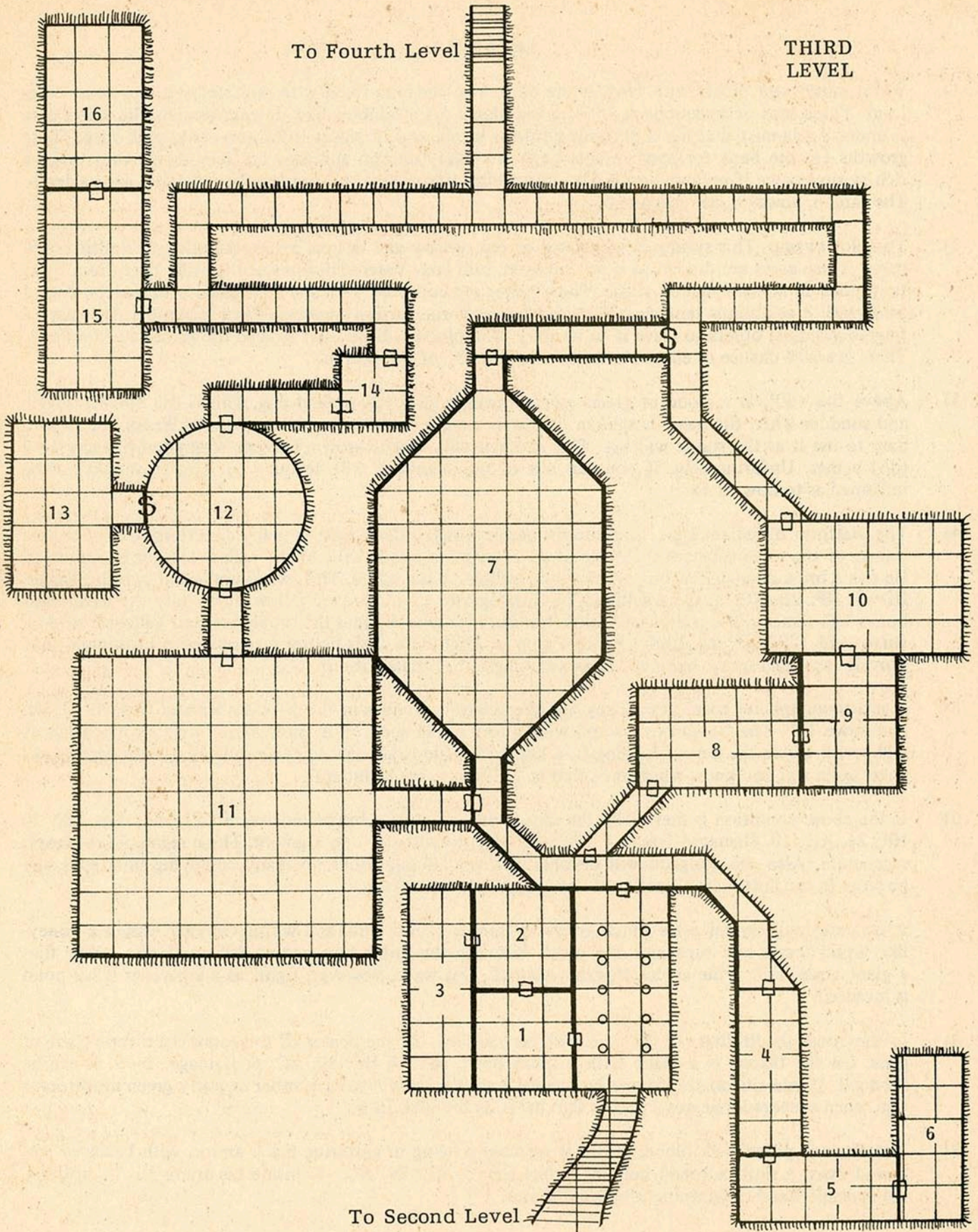


## Level Two

- 1) White mushroom plants with large white ends. The ends are filled with multicolored luminous secretions. These saps or secretions mold over the plants for a rainbow-like glowing garden. The whole area is under a rain-mist that has a pungent perfumy smell, and in places it shows a misty pink wisp. These growths are the basis for food in this portion of the dungeon and they are very tasty. They make a rich syrupy sauce if prepared correctly. Destroying this garden as a nearby sign indicates, means death. The garden, however, can regenerate.
- 2) Tri-color swamp. This swamp is composed of red, yellow and orange liquids that give off multicolored gases. These gases are drawn, as if by a magnet, into large brass sculptures of the evils. Then from them they pour in serpent-shaped jellies. These jellies are collected here and formed into dragonfly shaped birds with 8 gelatinous tentacles. They fight as airborne carrion crawlers. When in combat, they emit a fragrance telling others to leave it to its prey. The blood will be used to feed the garden in Number 1. There is a 50% chance of encountering them within 3" of the swamp.
- 3) Above this (60') is a globe of green crystal entrapping a 100-headed dog. This is the hound, Wraks, and shudder when the name is spoken. Below is a statue with the crystal hammer of Wraks, for all who dare to use it as the statue will say. This hammer will, when thrown, become Wraks and slay any 1 - 6 (d6) beings. Unfortunately, if you run out of opponents, it will devour you. Players should not be informed as to how to use it.
- 4) The platform of radiant light. Translucent marble which reflects light in many directions. On the rubble (made of the same substance) sits a man in brass plate armor with bright yellow feather adornments. He has a brass 2-handed sword which glows yellow at the edges. This sword is a -1 evil sword. Fighter, HD: 3, HP: 20, AC: 3. If he is killed, he disintegrates to a cloud of yellow dust. Only the sword and bones will remain. The pillars are yellow translucent stone. Behind the rubble are four yellow feathered stirges and 1000 GP and 2000 CP and 1 gem of brightness. This fighter regenerates in 1 hour and thus provides an arena sport nearly as fun as watching 2 trolls battle it out.
- 5) 3 gelatinous spheres roam here. They are like gelatinous cubes in the *Monster Manual* with HP: 2/die, and move 12". The treasure is a scroll with a fool's gold spell on it. However, if read by moonlight it will reveal where the key of locking is, a key which binds all evils to their cells 10 times a day. If you enter again and you know where it is, that is, 20' below, see Number 6.
- 6) If the above condition is met when the area is neared, then a bright red worm will come out. HD: 3, HP: 24, AC: 10, Damage: Touch 1 - 4, 30% if hit to cut off 1 - 6 segment. These segments, however, regenerate. Also the dungeon will become cold and if one looks up many surveying blue eyes will be seen. In the bottom is a small gold key, magical in the extreme.
- 7) A delicate long crystal grass which grows in clumps of red, pink and white. On each strand a honey-like liquid forms and runs into the pond. Between this and a honeycomb 40' up on the ceiling flies a giant wasp, HP: 8/die as the *Monster Manual*. This wasp, however, fights as a berserker if his pond is invaded.
- 8) In this room fly fireflies, all the colors of the rainbow. At the center of the room is a throne made of glass. On the throne is a snake with a lion's head, HD: 4, HP: 30, AC: 6, Damage: 2 - 9. It can be subdued. If one sits on the throne he can see invisible. He will see a number of puffy green mushrooms that when squeezed, releases a potion that heals, as the spell Heal.
- 9) The floor is paved with blood. Down it marches a being in glittering black armor, with beads of preserved eyes, a skull adorned helmet. It has HD: 3, HP: 24, AC: -1. Inside his armor is. . . .nothing. An invisible wand of lightning is within the suit.

To Fourth Level

THIRD LEVEL



To Second Level



### Level Three

The following 3 rooms have these traits in common: 1) Wall carvings of leprous beings; 2) Vases filled with bones and nauseating grey-green slime.

- 1) At the entrance is a great black arch. Once room is entered, your lighting, magical or otherwise, fades in 1 - 6 turns. After 4 turns the floor absorbs the characters, like quicksand at 2" (not 20') per round. Hit dice of floor 10, HP: 57, AC: 10. Maximum damage by edge weapons: 2 damage adjustment, due to the tough stringy consistency in places other than where the characters stand. The floor then pulses and heaves. Cure disease kills this monster. -1 Constitution for each turn after the chest sinks, 0 means death. Recovery rate, if survived, is one point per hour. After it dies, it releases a yellow fog which contains a poisonous mold spore, causing growth on armor, etc.
- 2) Pits of white-grey Worms. They smell of medicine. They fight as Black Puddings, HP: 50, they are 90% resistant to poisons and acids. After death their bodies secrete a gelatinous poison, useful for 1 day after applied to a weapon.
- 3) A Staff with 50 charges lays against the opposite wall. It is carved in the shape of a worm and its spell is Cause Disease. After being used 50 times this wood Staff is consumed by worms.
- 4) The floor here is black, smooth and cold, the walls appear the same. In reddish ink (blood) is a spell that causes torture, magic save applicable, as an evil or Adarla.
- 5) In the center of the room is a pool of blood in which 3 Albino Serpents (constrictors as the *Monster Manual*) reside, all have 7 points per HD, they are aggressive.
- 6) 3 Giant Ticks are carved on the ceiling, if stepped under they become real, falling on and attacking those beneath. They have HD: 3, HP: 10, 20, 15.
- 7) A Hall filled with Star Images. A Storm Giant stands at the center who has a far-off look in his eyes (his eyes look like stars). He geases party and teleports them to QMS 1 (see the end of this dungeon level for details). If challenged and defeated, geas is dispelled. He has a Staff with 20 charges of Weather Control or Air Elemental Summoning or Gust/Wind. Value: 2000 GP.
- 8) Hall of Thunder. Thunder crashes from the endlessly high ceiling, 25% of hitting for 3d6 damage. There is one non-aggressive Will-o-Wisp 30' above the ground, HP: 33. Behind a glowing pale yellow door at the end of the hall is (door is gold, 10,000 GP) the next room.
- 9) A howling storm fills this chamber as dangerous as the last room except an Air Elemental haunts here. There is no gravity. Elemental, HD: 8, HP: 60, otherwise as in *Monster Manual*. Portal on the opposite side leads to the next room.
- 10) 10 Arrows that turn to 3d6 Lightning Bolts when fired. This room's walls shake with electric energy.
- 11) Embar Origin Wall shows this Dragon's image in flame. A red lettered scroll has this poem:

"The heart of Embar is of Flame,  
If extinguished, he is slain."

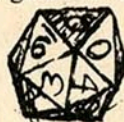
The room is large enough to hold a Dragon but it doesn't. . . only a dead Magic User, incinerated. A combination Sword of Cold, Red Dragon Slaying and Sword +2 is behind the flaming image. The hand of the dead Mage points to it. This sword will quest it's owner to kill the Dragon, one mighty stab is all it takes.

- 12) A Whirlpool of slowly moving green-yellow luminous gas, ever moving down a pit. This unusual structure is the result of a strange curse. Somewhere near the base of this ancient well (1000' deep) is a pile of ancient corpses which can be animated if freed in the name of the rainbow key. If standing in the cloud save vs. poison or sleep 16 rounds. In dream, the character will be floating in an abyss where gravity does not exist. Any sleeping character will constantly fight the zombies of these in the well. If killed, save vs. magic or crawl into the well thus joining the others. If not killed, make system shock roll or retain damage sustained in dream. Those awakening alive will discover that they are wearing a ring on their sword hand. If worn in combat their weapon has +2 to hit, and +1 damage. It has an Ego of 4 and an Intelligence of 7. It will only work when the opponent has the same or better chance to hit. All zombies HD: 2, HP: 9, AC: 9, Align: N, Weapon: Flail.
- 13) A room with a large wooden table covered with invisible skulls (40), magic weapons will fear this room and will try to escape it. Many luminous writings fill the walls. In a secret compartment is a group of flowers that will produce luminous ink if squeezed. The skulls on the table spell ARN. If this worn is inscribed with this ink, it will cause 1 - 4 damage (electrical) to all opponents who pick up the item or touch it.
- 14) A troglydite, HP: 9, treasure is in a trunk, lock is invisible and an illusion of a lock which is not dispelled by touch on the other side. The only way it can be opened is if the real lock is destroyed/removed. Inside are four 2000 GP Gems, a Robe with a Permanent Protection/Evil on it, 1 charge worth of dust that causes a Firestorm if thrown into the air, 2,222 GP and 22 PP.

General Statistics for the next two rooms.

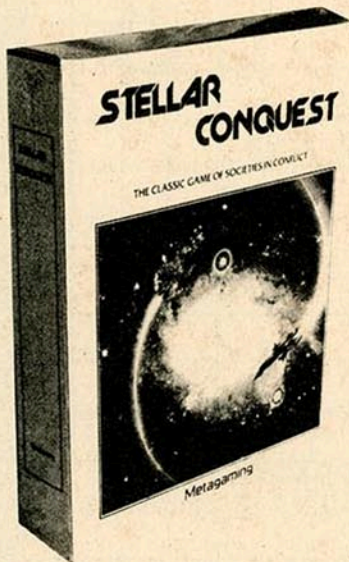
Half-Orcs of the Violet Serpent, HD: 2d3 at Level 1. Add 1d3 with each level, maximum of 8 HD each level thereafter. This type of Orc uses a Mace, that he can both attack and parry with in the same round. +1% level chance he will try and succeed to bite. If he makes this roll each day thereafter, the opponent loses 1 Charisma point and 1 - 6 Hit Points until Charisma reaches 0. Cure disease will not cure this. They can jump as the spell once per day per 3 levels and have +5% magic poison/acid resistance/level. All are Alignment: Neutral Chaotic, Treasure Type: Belt worth 20 SP, Plate Armor (spiked), Mace Adamantite (or +1) tipped on spikes, Cape: purple silk worth 2 GP.

- 15) 14 Orcs of the Violet Serpent (level 1) sits at a black-brown wooden table. On the table are 100 SP worth of mugs, plates, etc.
- 16) The Queen. She is a 10th level Orc of the Violet Serpent, HP: 33. She has 100 purple candles. If hit they will burn for 6 rounds. When it burns it creates a purple gaseous Serpent, HP: 20, AC: -10, one attack, save vs. magic or die.



ps 179

# Metagaming



STELLAR CONQUEST is the exciting classic science fiction game of space exploration and conquest. Two to four players control complete interstellar societies making decisions about exploration, technological research, industrialization, colonization, and space fleet combat. Play occurs in a simulated 180 type open-galactic cluster of 54 stars. You move your ships across the star map exploring new worlds, founding colonies, combating your enemies and winning a safe future for your people. . . . maybe. STELLAR CONQUEST's sophisticated, multi-factor design integrates a complex future scenario into a balanced, playable format suitable for the mature gamer or serious science fiction fan.

The new boxed edition of STELLAR CONQUEST includes 480 counters, 17" x 22" full-color map, rules book, star cards, data sheets, record sheets, and two dice.

Game design by Howard Thompson; cover art by Kelly Freas.

Code- SCO  
\$12.95



When it first appeared, GODSFIRE was hailed as the best political/economic SF game ever designed. Now in a new boxed edition---complete with beautiful full-color cover and enough components for 8 players---GODSFIRE is a "must" for the skilled gamer.

GODSFIRE is two games in one. The basic version is a battle game, with space fleets and ground forces fighting for control of fifteen planets. A unique movement system makes true three-dimensional movement easy.

The advanced game adds diplomacy, subversion, politics---and the chance of Armageddon. Before you go to war, you'll have to gain support from internal political and economic interests (by fair treatment, negotiation, bribery, or force)---or face revolution.

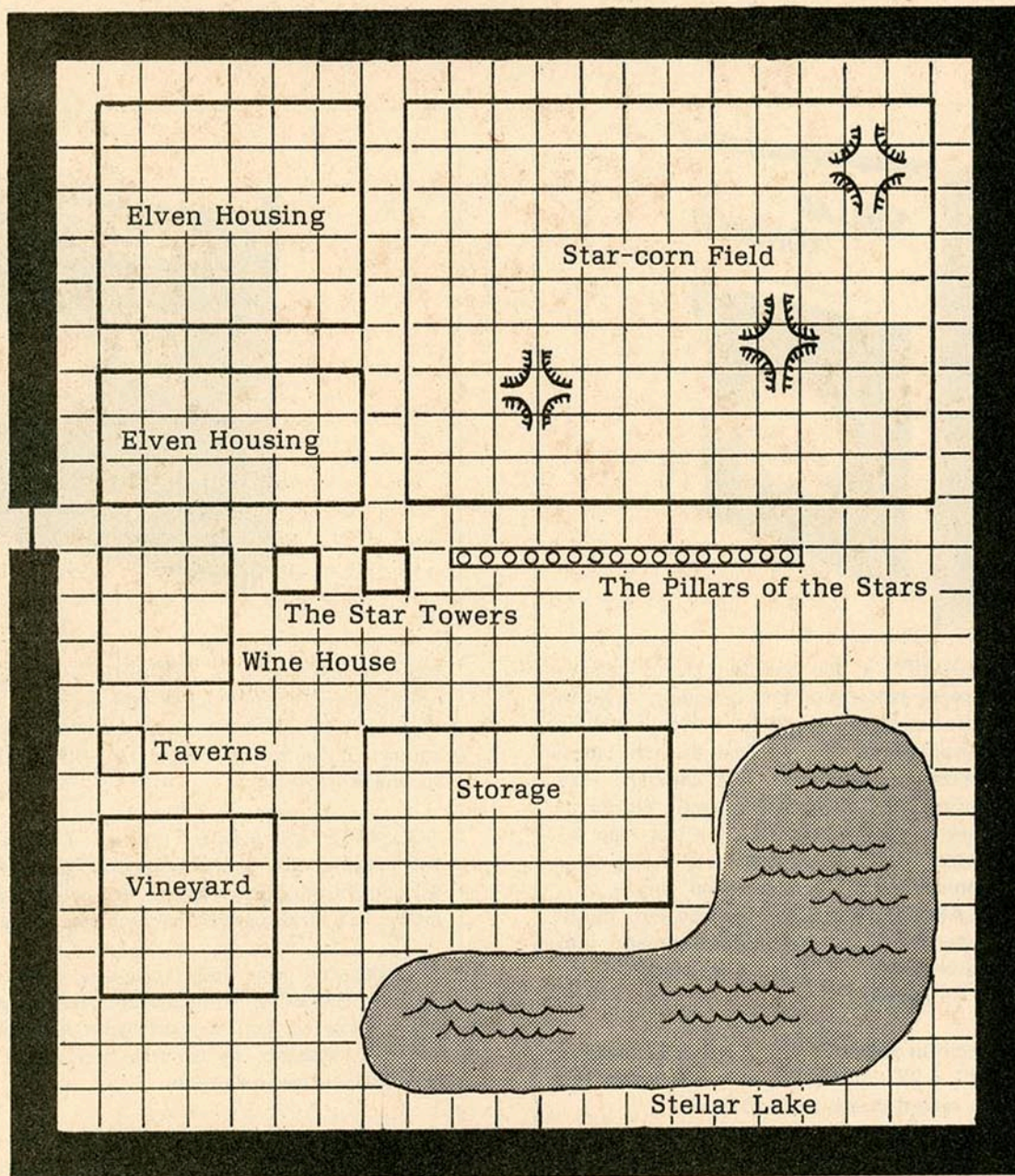
Components include two giant 22" by 34" strategic maps, 15 System Sheets and 8 National Government Sheets; 960 unit counters; 616 Gigabuck counters; and the rule booklet.

Playing time ranges from two hours to all day, depending on the scenario (from 2 to 15 players) that you choose.

Designed by Lynn Willis; edited by Steve Jackson; cover art by Rick Sternbach.

Code- GDF  
\$15.95

THE QUEST



## Quest

The object of this quest is to save the stars. That is, prevent the horrid Draimen from chopping the 14 pillars of the stars down (without the pillars, the stars would fall). The Draimen uses axes made from frozen blood, these axes do 3 - 14 (d10+3) damage.

## Draimen

Number Appearing (each night)	1 - 6 (9 exist)
Armor Class	-1
Move	12"/36"
Hit Dice	(10) 45 Hit Points each
Number of Attacks	3
Damage Attack	Axe: 4 - 1/ Axe: 4 - 13/ Bite: 2 - 5 (d4+1)
Special Attacks	If Bite succeeds save vs. Magic or look away in Revulsion
Special Defenses	Regenerate all Damage in one day unless hit with a Star Flail
Magic Resistance	Immune to all Magic except that of a Star Staff
Intelligence	None
Size	5' Tall (Man-sized)
Psionic Ability	All Psionic Attacks reflected upon Sender

In case you are wondering what a Star Axe or Flail is, you will find this at the Quest's conclusion. Note that a special light causes the attack (the Draimen attack every night) to cease until the next night. This special light is released every time a pillar is cut down. When the party arrives 1 pillar is already lost.

Every night during the attack, the white sapphire known as the Nordus Gem glows and Elven eyes (only) can see a faint shaft of light coming from Nordus to a high icy cliff. The Nordus Gem is contained in the East Star Tower.

In the other tower is a horse whose neighing causes all Elves with unstoppered ears to go into a trance. This is the neighing of the Cloud Horse (a horse that can walk on clouds, treat as a 32 Die, HP: 256 Air Elemental). The horse can speak. He will say this to the players:

“Follow the light shaft afar  
To bind the wapons of the Star.”

The weapon of the Star are Red Crystal 20-pointed Stars on a Staff or Flail. The Staff can cause a Lightning Bolt (4d6) to fire every round at the presence of a Draimen, otherwise, 3 per day.

The starlight leads to a Treant who will give the party the Star weapons. Note that he cannot move, but has Star Flails in his hands. A Draimen waits to ambush the party.

If the weapons are used and the Draimen stopped, the Quest succeeded. Otherwise, the falling of the stars will cause the destruction of the city!

## Descriptions of Areas

Elven Housing - Exactly what it sounds like.

Star-Corn Field - Trees of glass with luminous fruits.

Vineyard - Gold-green plants with ruby-like grapes.

Taverns - The wine is as dark as the evening sky, as cool as winter snow and as sweet as starlight.

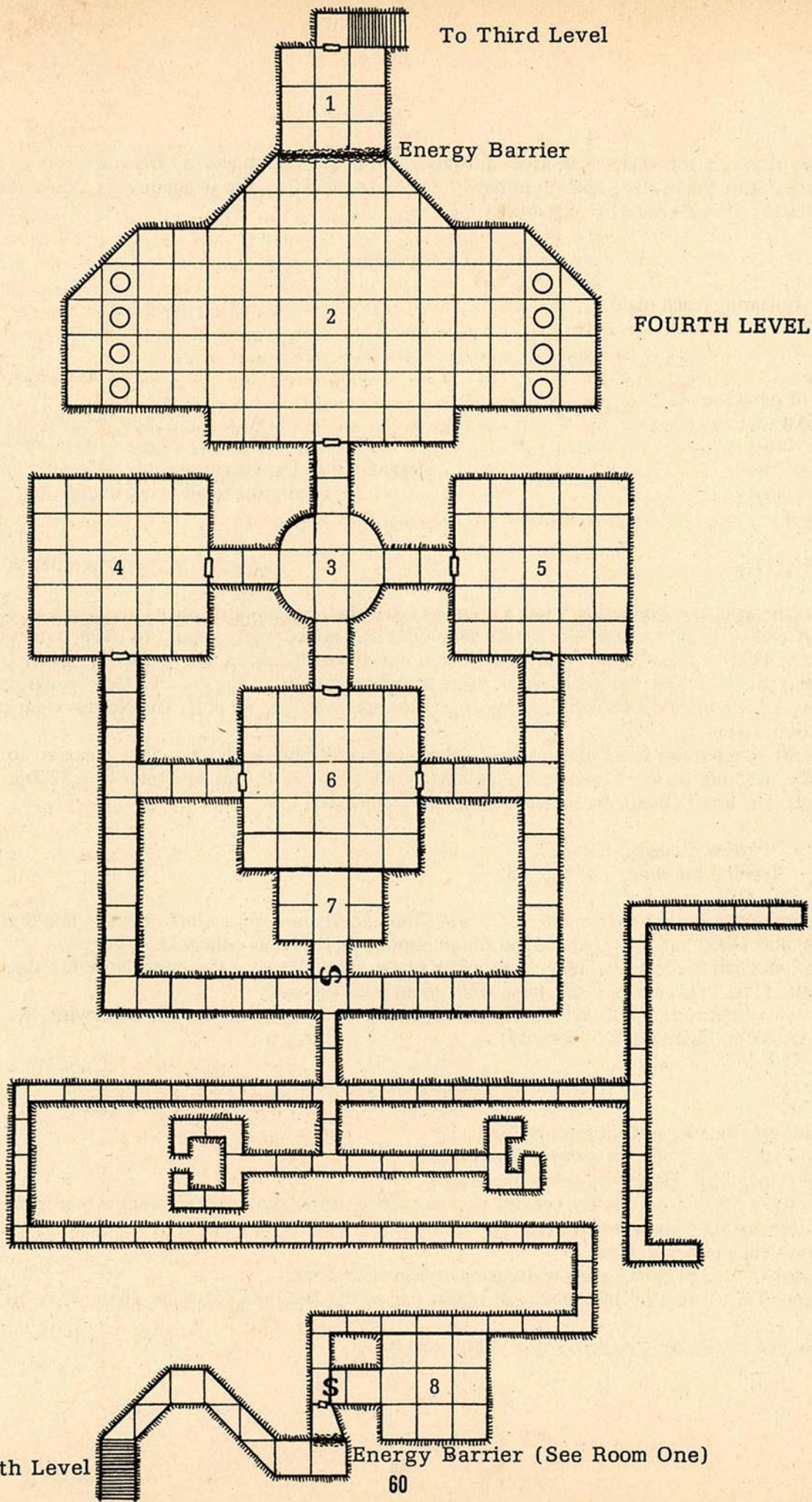
Storage - Armor and food is stored here.

Winehouse - Wine is stored here.

Stellar Lake - A lake of shimmering revitalizing crystal clear water.

The Pillars - Truly beautiful blue diamond pillars (when the Draimen cut them down, they take them with).

Note: A pillar has an AC of -3 and 12 Hit Points.



To Fifth Level

Energy Barrier (See Room One)

## Level Four

- 1) One wall of this room is a perfectly smooth barrier of black energy in a smoke-like form. Those under the influence of Protection from Evil see it as solid and may not pass through it. Those not under the influence of this spell may walk through it with ease. In the center of the room is a slab of black marble, 1" thick, 2' wide, and 3' long. It radiates a magic aura. If gazed into, or handled in any way, the black slab will light with symbols. Only Read Magic will reveal the meaning of the symbols. The symbols are a map without which any character will be permanently lost on this level. These are the dark palaces of the Adarla forged in the early wars. Within their domain the Adarla have created many sub-evils known as the Minions of the Adarla. All the creatures of this world are covered in a strange shroud of unseeing called the impenetrable darkness and thus fear became the greatest weapon of the Adarla. As one's physical body may not pass into this level, the minds of the characters are lifted out from their bodies in an odd form of projection and welded into the webs of the earthen dark and walls of force. As soon as it is possible for the judge to determine the fate of the characters, unhelpful images warning the character of their fate will appear on the slab. Upon emerging from this level the slab always returns to this room via teleportation.

Statistics of the monster to be encountered in this section of the underworld:

### Adarla

Number Appearing	.....1
Hit Dice	.....14
Number of Attacks	.....1
Damage/Attack	.....See Below
Special Attacks	.....See Below
Magic Resistance	..... Hit Points Remaining as ..... a Percentage
Special Defences	.....See Below
Intelligence	.....Supra-genius
Alignment	..... Neutral Evil
Armor Class	..... Varies each Round -1 to -6
Move	.....0"

or teleport with perfect accuracy twice daily

The position of an Adarla is never exactly known. Each hit of an Adarla causes 1 - 6 bondage points. This means that should a character reach 0 Hit Points this existence will become an inseparable part of his life. Note that these attacks do not do actual physical damage. If a character has not taken this many damage points at the end of this adventure, the character may rip free of this existence at the loss of these Hit Points. It takes 1 week for each point to regenerate and during this time the character will never know the meaning of freedom or happiness. If the character should lose all their Hit Points, they become an Adarla under the savage rule of the Adarla Government, the Council of the Black Lion. This Adarla

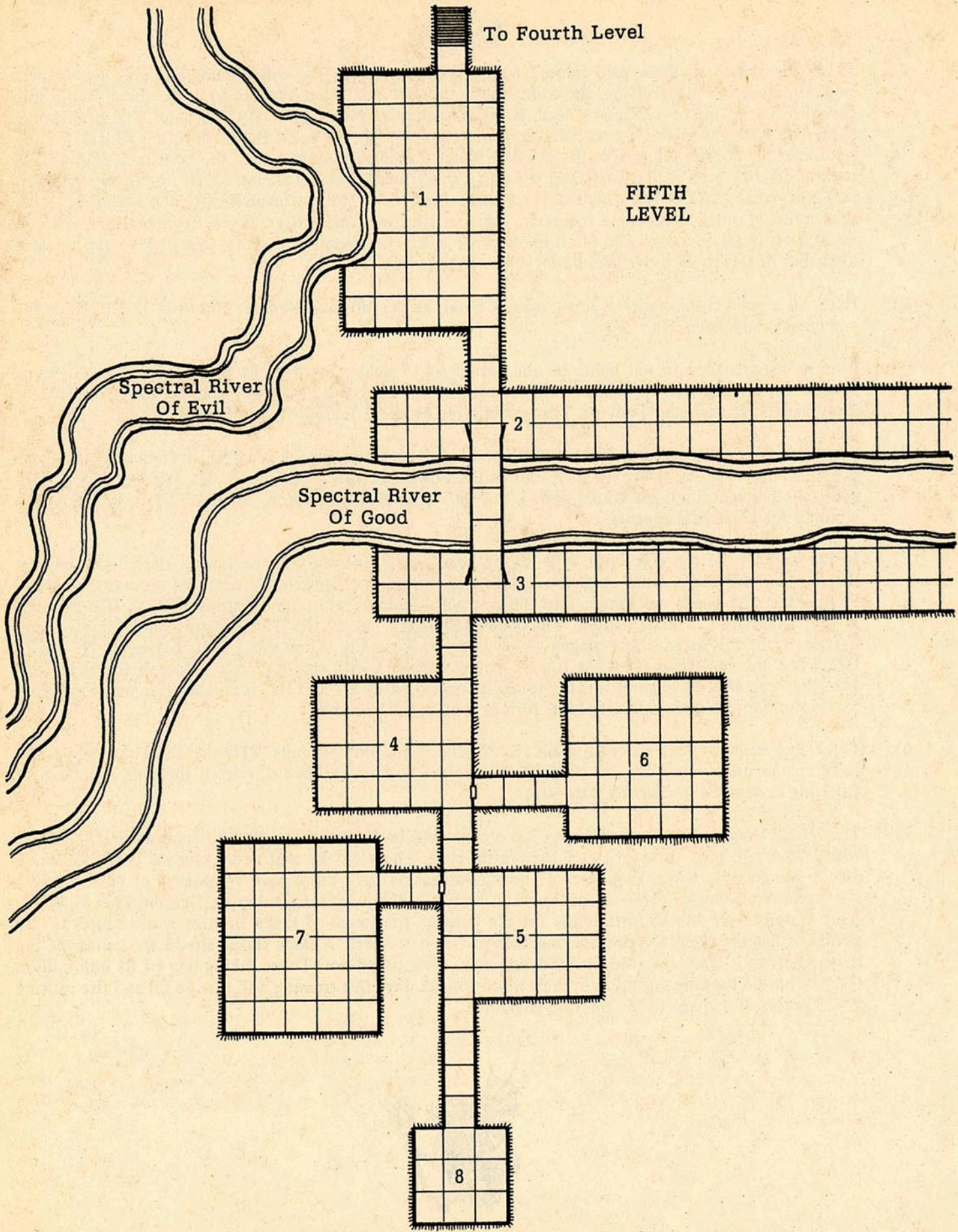
is then forced to roam the material plain for 1 to 100 days after which he is trapped on this level forever as part of this underworld's atrocities. If, while within this level, the character should reach 0 Hit Points and a Remove Curse is immediately applied, he will recover but he will become very evil and strangely silent. Only +2 or better weapons can hit the Adarla and if a magic weapon should hit, it must save vs. Magic or go under the control of the Adarla thereby gaining an Intelligence of 20 and an Ego of 1 to 8. This weapon will thereafter try to lead this character back here again and again. Adarla can use the following spells at will, as a 10th level Magic User: Telekinesis, Levitation, and Become Ethereal (as if using an oil of that name). Some Adarla are unusually powerful (5%). They can use the following additional spells at will: Mass Charm, Emotion, and Summon 1 to 3 Black Lions. This spell, however, takes 10 melee rounds to cast. All can Cause Fear in 5th or lower level beings in a 10' radius and can use spells as a 3rd level Illusionist. In addition they have the powers of their Minions and whatever fiendish additions the judge may wish to make. These beings have 30 HD.

### Minions of the Adarla

These creatures use the following spells: Programed Fear (that is, they create a sound and, thereafter, each time the victim of the spell hears that sound again, he must save vs. Fear at +3), and Phantasmal Forces once per day. As weapons they use Tridents up to 30' which return to their hands after being thrown. These weapons do 1 to 3 bondage each. If you contact any portion of the atmosphere within 6' of a Minion, there is a +5% chance for each such contact that the character will lose control of their own being and thenceforth they will enter a world where dreams guide them to nameless plains of existence.

- 2) The Spectral Worm of Greed. This horrid, crawling thing is Ethereal (as if using the oil of that name), and causes no perceptible damage when it strikes. When it does strike, however, it simultaneously becomes invisible and its bite painless. Thenceforth, the character bitten has a 20% chance per week of dreaming of the worm's attack. When this happens, he will get up while in a trance and kill a sleeping party member. If the wounds are not inspected, he will not remember committing the deed but he will report his dream (also he has much treasure from the now dead party member as it would be possible for him to hide on his person effectively). If the wound is examined very closely, a gold statue of a worm will be found within worth 5 GP. He cannot bear the sight of such a statue. A Remove Curse will cure this.
- 3) The Fountain of Death. A large water fountain fills the chamber and the walls are hung with golden curtains. A creature with a snake-like triangular body which has 3 large tentacles does 1 to 10 damage and a save vs. Paralysis is required or the victim will be picked up and dropped into the fountain (next round) making the churning water of the fountain bright red. No treasure. The monster will submerge after killing one party member.
- 4) A four-eyed Humanoid statue which is 50' tall stands in the midst of a 70' high room. The statue itself is made from ice. The statue can project a ray from each of his eyes causing any character hit to freeze solid without dying and there is no saving throw. He can only survive being in this frozen condition for a number of rounds equal to his Constitution. The statue can only fire one ray per 10 melee rounds and characters will only recover from their frozen state if he is destroyed. AC: 6, HP: 400. If destroyed, he will completely melt in 2 to 20 rounds flooding the room (doors are now Wizard Locked). If the characters can tread water for 10 rounds the water will recede and a single snow colored sapphire worth 25,000 GP will be found on the floor.
- 5) The room is empty except for 4 pillars of orange glass.
- 6) The Pit. As a member of the party proceeds across the room, it will appear to him that the room is getting darker while to the other members of the party, who are not advancing, it will appear that the character is losing solidity. By the time he reaches the wall on the opposite side of the room, he will have disappeared completely. The next sensation he will have (the character who proceeded to the opposite wall, that is) will be that of falling. All around him is pitch darkness and he does not contact any walls. Then suddenly he will realize that he has stopped moving. He will then realize there are massive black sticky cords through which rubbery tentacles pulse and weave on all sides of him. Eventually the tentacles pull him down, no physical methods may prevent this. He will be pulled downwards for a distance of 40' after which he must save vs. Death or die from wrapping flesh-like teeth. If he makes his saving throw, he is reduced to 1 Hit Point and given 3 rounds in which to attack this terrible creature. AC: 7, HP: 63. If the creature is killed, the character is returned to the room from which he came and thenceforth he will be able to know just by sight, where dangers, even hidden ones, lurk.
- 7) There are 2 statues on either side of the door. They will fall on the 3rd party member entering and explode, save vs. Magic or receive 1 to 20 points of damage. In the wreckage of the statues are 2 Human skulls from which 12 Hit Points of Green Slime squirts. The slime squirts 6' up and 2' around that in every direction. Immediately from the opposite side shoots freezing blue rays which will cause the slime to solidify, blocking escape. The source of the freeze ray is an eye on the painting of a brown hulking creature. In 1 melee round the floor will sink away and the party will be suspended on a net of energy. Should the picture (which is the monster) be killed, the party will fall to the floor, which by now has burst into flames. It will cause 4 - 40 points of damage if fallen upon, no saving throw. Then black versions of the picture will enter the room. They will (save vs. Magic or) hack off the shadows of each party member and feed them to the picture. This causes 1 energy drain and the loss of the character's shadow. Picture: HD: 18, HP: 40, AC: 10. If killed it will regurgitate the shadows. The treasure is a Sphere of Annihilation.





## Level Five

- 1) Along the shores of these gold-colored waters are many ships. The ships themselves are silver-brown. Looks, however, are deceiving, these ships are intensely evil. What appears to be the bow of the ship carved in the image of a dragon's head, is actually the equivalent of a 10 HP Dragon. The Elven ropes (7) which adorn the deck are actually poisonous snakes, HP: 20 each. Below deck are 30 jars of luminous crystal, 30,000 GP worth in each jar. When the party discovers this, the boat immediately and rapidly departs from shore. Just then the party is surrounded by 40 Skeletons, HP: 1. These skeletons, however, wear black robes which protect them from fire. This is fortunate (for the skeletons) since they must, in order to surround the party, traverse the now flaming river. If you destroy all these beings depart with the loot quickly for these horrors will soon regenerate. Note that due to the unusual difficulty of this room judges should be somewhat liberal.
- 2) Here on a gold cushion sits a magic using Coutil, as the *Monster Manual*, but with 72 HP. He is the emergency help referred to above.
- 3) This room is bathed in red light. In one corner sit 17 gold-colored shells worth 100 GP each. Seven aquatic Elves hide near the water. They can breathe air. They will attack any who try to take the shells. They have 5 HP each and Tridents. Those destroyed by these Tridents become a pile of salt.
- 4) There are 8 bowls of ocean water in this room, at the bottom of each is a 250 GP Gem which is invisible until the water is removed. In 2 rounds the bowls become fountains of salt, fire and blood. This causes 1 damage point per round and -1 "to hit" as it obstructs vision. Then a 72 HP, 16 HD whirlwinding Air Elemental appears.
- 5) In the back of the room is a pot with 20 red beads in it. Once in your backpack, they become Giant Ants with 3 HP each. Once they are killed, they revert to their former form and are worth 800 GP each. When the beads are taken, four Tritons with Tridents will enter. Tritons: HD: 6, HP: 24 - 30. If that is survived, a black smoke will come, stunning 7 to 12 HP. Through this smoke come many beetles. Treat this as an insect plague which lasts for 2 rounds. After this a bull charges in. He has 24 HP. When the bull charges in, the floor becomes carpeted with red luminous blood. If the characters win, they can heal damage or create monsters from it of up to 100 HP. If damage is in any way taken by this luminous blood, it reverts to its former form and is reusable.
- 6) Three Bug Bears in gold +2 chain mail, HP: 9 each. They ride on bulls, 4 HP per die. Those whom the bulls charge upon must save vs. magic or be subject to Fear. A horn of one of the bulls is a horn of changing as detailed in *Eldritch Wizardry*.
- 7) The Snake Dragon. The Snake Dragon has a pink-gold body with 2 heads, one red-gold and the other white. The red head spits lava and the white, cold. Those hit in that order save vs. petrification or die. it has flaming wings that give off poisonous gas as they burn, save vs. poison or suffocate for 1 - 4 points of damage. This suffocation can be avoided, however, by stooping. Dragon: HD: 6, AC: 2, Age: 4 points per die. Unfortunately for the Dragon, the touch of Elven flesh or water causes 6 - 25 points of damage. This Dragon has one million GP in treasure. A large statue sits in the center of the room. Before it stands a gold lettered sign that says, touch-not. Those taking any of its one million GP will have a burning sensation in their throat. In six days this treasure will turn to oil and fire causing 7 - 25 points of damage to the thieving character.



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