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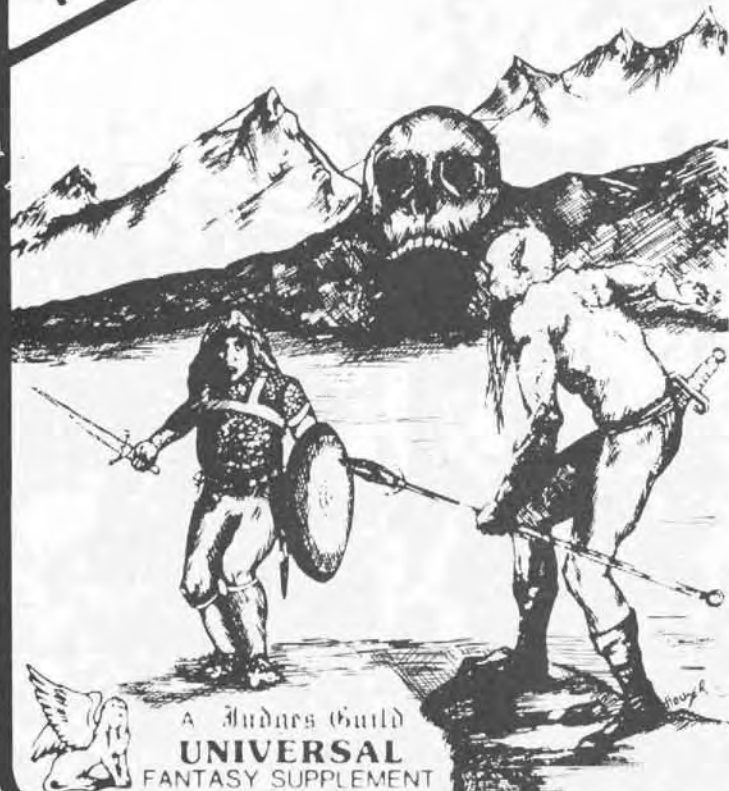
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IMPERIAL Pegasus

ISSUE FIVE

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HORSE FEATHERS

EDITORIAL
by Edward R. G. Mortimer

Greetings, one and all! I have some good news and some bad news for you, so let's get the bad news out of the way immediately so that you can get down to enjoying this issue of the *Imperial Pegasus*.

This issue is not on time as Chuck (the Samurai Editor) promised you it would be. This is mainly because issue No. 4 was so far behind. But, enough of excuses. Hopefully, issue No. 6 will be on time, but, in any event, starting with issue No. 7, we will be on time if I have to pull a few teeth to do it!

Also, one of the features I promised you will not be appearing in this, or any, issue in the foreseeable future. The feature was to be "Interstellar Fantasies," a comic strip. This is due to circumstances beyond our control (a copout if I ever heard one, and I've heard a few, but, in this case, it is true). I hope the rest of this issue pleases you enough to overlook this unfulfilled promise.

Chuck has not been in touch with me, so the review and comments he promised on *Monsters and Mazes* will have to be published at a later date.

We sincerely apologize to Gerald Seypura for misspelling his name in issue No. 3. Mr. Seypura is, of course, one of the co-designers of the game, *Skull and Crossbones*, for which he designed the adventure scenario, *Yardarm McGraw's Treasure*. We are proud to have Mr. Seypura's work grace our pages, as is evidenced by this issue's S&C adventure, *The Adventure of Devil's Luck*. We hope to hear more from Mr. Seypura in the future.

Well, that's all the bad news; I hope it wasn't too hard to swallow.

The good news is that I think we have put together the best issue to date (a conceited grin - er, I mean, a proud smile - plays upon my countenance). Please write to me and let me know what you think of it.

Now that all that is out of the way, it is time for me to do some. . .uh. . .hmm! This has been bothering me since last issue; just what am I supposed to say in an editorial? I'm new at this job! To find the answer to that question, I read all the editorials from all the magazines I could (or wanted to) get my hands on. My conclusion is that they (editors) talk a bit about what's inside the magazine, but, mostly, they talk about whatever they want. I guess that's a privilege one gets when one is an editor, so, here goes. . .

Pegasus 4

In this issue, we have several treats for you. On page 16 we present *The Vile File*, an hilarious comic strip about your "average" player-characters, *Akron* and *Slickness*. *The Vile File* shall be a regular feature, and we welcome *Will Faust* to our Guild.

Other new and interesting features include *The Morrow Project Report* by *Weaponsmith*, *Bill Pixley*, *The Gateway Quadrant* by *Inter-Galactic Space Scout*, *Dave Sering*, and the second installment of *Hanging Out in the City-State* by yours truly.

There are many more treats in store for you within these pages, so I'll let you move on very soon.

In the future (probably in the summer), I plan to do a comparison of most of the major gaming magazines. Now, you are probably thinking that I will rate the *Pegasus* at or near the top, but not so, dear reader, not so. I will **not** be doing a review, I will be doing a **comparison**. It will be a straight, mathematical comparison, and you, the reader, will be the judge, not I. I think the results will be very interesting. Even though I have forewarned the competition, I challenge them to consistently put out a better magazine than we do. Nothing like a little friendly rivalry to keep the quality up, and this is better for us all, both those who sell and those who buy.

Well, that's about all; have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and I wish all of you the best of luck in all good endeavors.

Ed, the Editor

ATTENTION

EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS!

USE THE ORIGINS AWARDS

BALLOT (page 5).





**ACADEMY OF ADVENTURE GAMING ARTS & DESIGN
OFFICIAL ORIGINS AWARDS NOMINATION BALLOT**

for the year 1981, to be presented at ORIGINS '82, July 23, 24, 25, 1982, in Baltimore, Maryland
(for information about Origins '82, write PO Box 15405, Baltimore, MD 21220)



The Origins Awards, presented at Origins each year, are an international, popular series of awards aimed at recognizing outstanding achievements in Adventure Gaming. They comprise the Charles Roberts Awards for Boardgaming, and the H. G. Wells Awards for Miniatures and Role-Playing Games. An international Awards Committee of 25 hobbyists (some professionals, but primarily independents) directs and administers the awards system. The nomination ballot is open to all interested gamers. YOUR VOTE can make a real difference! A final ballot is prepared by the committee and voted on by members of the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts & Design, Academy membership, \$2/year, is open to active, accomplished hobbyists, both pro and amateur. Membership guidelines are available for a SASE from the addresses given below. Correspondence should be sent to the USA address. Present members may renew by sending their check with this ballot. Canadians may send \$2 Canadian, payable to Mike Girard. UK and European members may send 1 pound sterling payable to Ian Livingstone. US and all others may send US \$2, payable to Bill Somers.

The Academy and the Awards Committee as well as the Origins convention itself, function under the overall direction of GAMA, the Game Manufacturers Association. Direct correspondence to Paul R. Banner, % GDW, Box 1646, Bloomington, IL 61701.

Instructions. Read Carefully: Print legibly or type your nominations. Ballots that are messy, not filled out correctly, or show attempts at stuffing will not be counted. You may list three nominees per category. It does not matter in what order you list them. To keep the voting as meaningful as possible, do not make selections in unfamiliar categories. YOU MUST SIGN THE BALLOT! And include your address. You may vote only once, and send only one ballot per envelope.

Nominations should be for products produced during the calendar year 1981. Exceptions are permitted for older products which gain significant exposure and acclaim during 1981. Miniature figure series nominations should be for product lines which are either new or have been substantially expanded in 1981. All Time Best nominations are not restricted to 1981, of course.

This ballot may be reproduced and circulated by any means available, provided its contents are faithfully copied. Magazine editors and publishers should plan to include the ballot in an issue of their publications due to come out during the interval from late 1981 to mid-March 1982. Clubs and other organizations should circulate copies among their members shortly after the first of the year.

All Adventure Gamers are encouraged to vote!

Deadline— March 31, 1982.

**THE H. G. WELLS AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING
ACHIEVEMENT IN MINIATURES AND ROLE-PLAYING
GAMES**



**THE CHARLES ROBERTS AWARDS FOR
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The following categories recognize outstanding achievement
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19. Adventure Gaming Hall of Fame:

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THE ORIGIN OF THE 'BLACK ARTS'



by WILLIAM HAMBLIN

As is well known, the term, "Black Arts," designates many of the different forms of magical practices of the Middle Ages in Europe. Although there is general agreement on what the "Black Arts" meant to the people of the Middle Ages, there is a wide variety of opinions as to exactly what the origins of those "Black Arts" were.

The Latin word for "Black Art," "nigromantia," is generally thought to be a corruption of the Greek "nekromanteia," which means prophetic or oracular knowledge obtained by summoning and speaking with the dead. (nekros = dead; manteia = prophetic power or mode of divination) The word "nekromanteia" was first used by Homer in Book XI of the *Odyssey*. Odysseus goes through a ritual of offerings, prayers, and sacrifices to the Spirits of the dead, by which he summons a number of them from Hades. He then engages in a conversation with some of the Shades of his old, deceased comrades who tell him of current events in other places and offer cryptic remarks about the future. "Nekromanteia" is used in this sense by a number of other Classical Greek writers and, eventually, was transliterated into Latin by pagan Roman authors as the word, "necromantia," with the same meaning as the Greek word and from which our English "necromancy" is derived.

Early Christian writers such as Augustine used "necromantia" in its classical sense of obtaining prophetic knowledge through conversation with the dead, but, as the Middle Ages proceeded, "necromantia" eventually came to signify any form of magical practice. Around 1100 A.D., we find the first use of the Latin word, "nigromantia," meaning magical practices or the "Black Arts," (nigro is Latin for black) which is thought to have been a scribal error in writing "necromantia."

The English "Black Art" is a translation of "nigromantia" which first occurs in the Sixteenth century.

There is, however, an alternative explanation as to the origin and meaning of the word, "nigromantia," which offers an interesting clue to a possible origin for the Black Arts themselves. To understand this alternative, we must return to the year 682 A.D., to Damascus. The Umayyad Caliph Yazid had died, leaving as heir his eldest son, Khalid, who was still a minor. The Lords of the Islamic Empire, therefore, decided to place the government in the hands of Yazid's brother, Muawiya II. Khalid was to succeed to the Throne upon the death of Muawiya but, in the meantime, was sent to Egypt to study.



In Alexandria, Khalid met and studied with a certain Marianos, a Greek Christian who claimed to be the most recent in an unbroken series of sages and transmitters stretching back to the scholars and priests of Ancient Egypt. According to the legend, Marianos imparted the ancient secret of the Philosopher's Stone to Khalid who later transmitted the arcane knowledge to other Arabs by means of cryptic Arabic verses in books such as *The Book of the Amulets* and *The Great and Small Books of the Scroll*. The correct interpretation of these verses could be discerned only by those who had been initiated into the Secret Art and its symbolic terms. Khalid, who never did ascend the Throne, became the first in

a long succession of transmitters of Islamic Alchemy.

The most famous of these Islamic Alchemists was Jabir ibn Hayyan, a member of the Imperial Court of Harun al-Rashid at Baghdad. Jabir wrote a number of treatises on Alchemy, many of which were eventually transmitted to the west by Latin scholars studying in Spain and Sicily, both of which were ruled by Muslim dynasties during part of the Middle Ages. The writings of Jabir (known to the Latins as Geber) formed the basis of European Alchemy.

What has all this got to do with the Black Arts? First, we should look at the word, alchemy, which is a latinization of the Arabic word "al-kimiya." There are differing opinions as to the exact meaning of "al-kimiya," but one prominent possibility is that it has reference to the ancient Egyptian word, "kemet" which, in a general sense, means "black" but was specifically used to designate "the Black Land," which is what the Ancient Egyptians called Egypt. "Kemet" has reference to the black alluvial agricultural soil of the Nile valley as opposed to the red soil of the infertile desert. The Arabic "al-kimiya," then, would literally mean "the learning of the Black Land" (i.e. Egypt) or, more simply, "the Black Knowledge," or "Black Art."

There are other interesting parallels that can be discovered based on the assumption that the "Black Arts" have an Egypto-Arab origin. In the Islamic World, most people who practiced "al-kimiya," including Jabir ibn Hayyan, were also Sufi mystics. For the Sufi Alchemist, the chemical experiments of "al-kimiya," where it was attempted to turn base metals into gold, were symbolic of the attempts in

life to turn a base or evil Soul into a divine and eternal Soul (a symbolism which was also widely utilized by the more philosophical of the European Alchemists). These Sufi Alchemists, as well as all Sufis in general, usually organized themselves into groups for prayer, study, and the training of new initiates. These groups were called, in Arabic, "fahmiya," meaning "those who understand." But, by coincidence, in Arabic there is another homophonous word, also pronounced "fahmiya" but with a more guttural "h," which means "black" or "coal-like." Because of this, the color black took on a special, symbolic significance for the Sufi Alchemists and for Muslims in general. For example, the official Imperial Robes of the Abbasid Caliphs were black. When the Sufi Alchemist spoke of practicing his mystical and alchemical exercises, he would call his activities the "art of understanding," which, of course, would also be understood as the "art of blackness" or the "Black Art."



When Europeans began to study Islamic learning in the Eleventh century, one of the first branches of knowledge which captured their attention was Alchemy. Many European scholars traveled to Muslim Spain and Sicily to learn the secrets of Alchemy at the feet of Muslim Alchemists and then returned to Europe to transmit their new knowledge to others. Furthermore, there was no dearth of Muslim wizards, astrologers, and magicians in the Middle Ages, most of whom also practiced Alchemy. These polymathic sages would teach their Magic and Alchemy as an indivisible system, which would be so transmitted to the West.



The early non-practicing Europeans often considered, perhaps with some justification, that Alchemy and Black Magic were one and the same. They were thought to be evil arts which the Alchemists had learned from the Devil and his disciples. Of course, what was a socially acceptable practice in the Muslim world and, indeed, could be considered pious, would naturally be considered as evil knowledge in Medieval Europe precisely because it came from Muslims who were, indeed, in the opinions of many Europeans, the "disciples of the Devil."

Eventually, there developed in Europe a socially acceptable branch of the Muslim "art of understanding," "learning of Egypt," or "the Black Arts," known by the Arabic name "al-kimiya" or, as written in the Latin script, "Alchemy," which could be practiced even by priests and kings. A socially unacceptable form of this knowledge, combined with the ancient European magical practices of pagan times, became known as "nigromantia," "the Black Arts," being a translation of what the Arabs often called their similar body of knowledge and practices. This form was practiced by magicians and wizards and became increasingly arcane, secretive, and associated with the worship of the Devil. If the foregoing speculations are true, then it is not impossible that both of these branches of Medieval learning trace their origins back through a long line of initiated transmitters via the Arabs to the ancient and arcane knowledge and practices of the Priests and Magicians in the Temples of Ammon and Horus in "the Black Land" of Egypt.

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- Holmyard, E. J. **Alchemy.** Centers mainly on European Alchemy but has good chapters on the early origins of Alchemy and Islamic Alchemy.
- Nasr, Seyyed Hossein. **An Introduction to Islamic Cosmological Doctrines.** A scholarly treatment of how Muslims viewed the Universe in the Middle Ages, including their Astrology, Magic, Alchemy, etc.
- Shah, Indries. **The Sufis.** Presents some interesting ideas about the Sufis but is generally controversial; his ideas should be accepted with caution.



Protection From Protection Spell by Scott Fulton

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One of these spells can also cancel out another, making the original spell effective and so on, back and forth, until one side or the other runs out of *Protection From Protection* spells or the original spell runs out.

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THE CRUSADE AGAINST FANTASY ROLE PLAYING

by DR. ROBERT M. PRICE

Dr. Robert M. Price currently teaches in the Philosophy and Religion Department of Montclair State College, New Jersey.

With the "Moral Majority" zealots apparently intent upon stamping out everything not actually mentioned in the Bible, it really should have been no surprise when they turned their guns on fantasy gaming. For instance, one Moral Majoritarian led a successful crusade to have **Dungeons & Dragons**™ banned from a community youth recreation program. Another, Gary North, advocates "a national alert to boycott these games and get them out of the public schools." What, specifically, is it about sword- and - sorcery games that spurs the fundamentalists to such a frenzy?

Beware of Demons

In an editorial entitled "Games of Horror," Gary North expresses the alarm shared by many fundamentalists: "Without any doubt in my own mind, . . . I can say with confidence: These games are the most effective . . . introduction to the occult in man's recorded history. Period. . . This is no game." Like most of today's political fundamentalists, North has the paranoid fear that he and the other good Christians of America are the intended victims of an all-powerful conspiracy of Satanic "secular humanists." So, he believes that **Dungeons & Dragons**™, **Runequest**™, and similar games are actually cleverly disguised propaganda intended to teach kids real live demonism and witchcraft! It makes no difference that both the players and creators of these games do not see it that way. North believes that they are dupes of Satan, whether witting or unwitting ones.

The ironic thing about all this is that, if one is familiar with the writings of North and Company, it is obvious that they are actually projecting onto others what is really their own plan. You see, Gary North is a leader of a radical fundamentalist clique called

"The Chalcedon School" which advocates a sort of Christian counterpart to Khomeini's Islamic Republic. North advocates the establishment of a theocratic state where all Old Testament laws would be in force. This includes capital punishment for gays, adulterers, heretics, and kids who sass their parents! (See Rousas John Rushdoony's **Institutes of Biblical Law** and Greg Bahnsen's **Theonomy in Christian Ethics**.)

In North's crusade against fantasy gaming, no holds are barred. He advises his readers, "remember, **play dumb**. Don't come on like a threat to the system while you're gathering information. You're just a possible buyer of the games (evidence). You're just interested in whether your child or grandchild can join one of these clubs." This is pretty much the same as the "heavenly deception" practiced upon the unwary by the Moonies. So, who does it look like is the conspirator here? And who doesn't mind using duplicity and deception?

Beyond Reality

But we wouldn't want to overlook an interesting point raised by the fundamentalist critics. The notion that fantasy games are propaganda for witchcraft and occultism is absurd. Satan didn't invent **Dungeons & Dragons**™ any more than, according to anti-rock 'n' roll crusader, Bob Larsen, he dictated the lyrics of "Jesus Christ, Superstar." But, is it possible that some players might go over the edge and start taking all this stuff literally. Well, sort of. For example, there is, in the New York area, a self-proclaimed "Starry Wisdom Sect" that believes H. P. Lovecraft was writing more than fiction (see the "Cthulhu Mythos" chapter in **Dieties and Demigods**). This group takes its name from the worshipers of the cosmic monster, "Nyarlathotep" in Lovecraft's "The Haunter of the Dark."

A more famous instance is the "Church of All Worlds," founded in 1961 as a real-life incarnation of



Robert A. Heinlein's Martian religion in **Stranger in a Strange Land**. Have these people lost their minds? After all, it would seem fairly easy for most of us to separate science fiction from reality. The members of the Church of All Worlds do not seem to have lost this ability. They simply recognize that all religious doctrines are built upon myths which symbolically express a particular view of life. One does not have to believe in the myths literally to take them seriously in a symbolic way. So, instead of traditional religious myths, the All-Worlders have simply lifted their myths from science fiction because they accept the vision of existence expressed there. This is all rather interesting.

True Believers

But what is even more remarkable is that the fundamentalists do not seem able to make this distinction between fantasy and reality. We can see this by recalling some of the other unlikely targets of fundamentalist wrath. When the movie **Star Wars** appeared, several born-again Christian reviewers seemed to think that "the Force" was being promoted by George Lucas as a genuine religion! It was as if **Star Wars** were a Billy Graham evangelistic film! Still today, one can find fundamentalists criticizing the "false gospel" of the Force.

Gary North adds super-hero comic books to his list of forbidden books: "If you thought all those 1960s Marvel Comics featuring Norse gods were innocuous, you were wrong." He is apparently afraid someone will accept Thor as their personal savior.

How can crusading fundamentalists be so blind to the difference between avowed fantasy and reality? Perhaps it is because they already live in a fantasy world themselves. Now, this is not to imply that their Christian beliefs are silly or impossible. A great number of sane and serious people hold pretty much the same beliefs. It is rather the psychological manner of believing that



Dear Horse Feathers,

I, too, was once a fanatical AD&D player and DM. However, I recently have become won over to Metagaming's **The Fantasy Trip**.

The Fantasy Trip has internal logic and simplicity combined with enormous variety of options for the player and DM.

I would like to see a review published and see dungeons and adventures published in this format. Perhaps you could issue modules for **The Fantasy Trip**. What I really would like to see is some of your extant modules released in a TFT edition.

The Fantasy Trip is a better game than AD&D and deserves at least equal treatment by your excellent publication.

I laud your magazine's courage in publishing "Monotheism in Fantasy Games" by Joseph Ravitts (*Pegasus* No. 4). Although, as a "born again Christian," I don't feel it is necessary to go to the lengths he described, he certainly presents a valid option. A third option is available. My campaign has a base much closer to Tolkien, with God sending out gods to do his will (Yes! Some of them do rebel!). Final judgement and reward can wait until after Ragnarok. (c.f. *The Last Battle* by C. S. Lewis.) This system leaves the game substantially intact.

Sincerely,
Joseph C. Rast III

P. S. My sympathy with regards to the mail you are flooded with!

Joseph,

*Well, thank you very much; your letter made my day. Concerning **The Fantasy Trip**, we have only one TFT adventure in our file, and it will be in issue No. 6, so if you would like to see some more of them in the pages of our magazine, send some in (that goes for all of you out there). I have been thinking of doing a TFT adventure myself, but I have not yet got around to it. Perhaps now, I will.*

As for re-publishing some of our existing products in TFT format, it is an interesting idea and one to which we will give some thought.

In closing, I would like to say that we will be printing more TFT stuff in the Pegasus, and, if anyone out there would like to see things about other games that we have not yet touched on or have touched on only very lightly, please send material in to us. After all, this is a magazine that you, the readers, have a clear and substantial voice in. Don't be afraid to send material into us. Good material has an excellent chance to see publication.

Give me a chance to show you that this is, indeed, your magazine.

Ed, the Editor



"AND BESIDES THAT... E' AD OUR LAST BOTTLE OF WINE!"

Dear Editor;

I am the author of "The Tangler," "The Cold Reacher," etc. in issue No. 4 of the *Pegasus*, and I am writing to inform you that, somewhere along the line, a very important minus sign got dropped in the description of the Tangler. The line should have read, "Opponents of AC -7 or less will be hit on two consecutive rolls of 20," not "AC 7 or less." Also, the last line of the stats should have been "Experience Points per Hit Point," not "HP."

I am quite gratified that you accepted my submissions.

In closing, I would like to say that I like your magazine very much and hope to see its high quality continue (although, possibly, with another proof-reader).

Merry Christmas
Tim Grice

Tim,

Whoops! I seem to have missed something there (I am the proofreader). But thanks anyway; I'm sure our readers will appreciate the quick corrections.

ED

**IF YOU ARE MOVING,
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To the Editor of the *Pegasus*:

Here are a few (hopefully) constructive and helpful criticisms of Issue No. 4 of the *Pegasus*.

The cover art was rather unimpressive. Part of this could be the fact that all of your covers have had a *Pegasus* on them. After four issues, it seems time for a change.

The missile combat system by Perry Cooper brought up some good points and seemed easily workable, though I don't relish the idea that one out of every five arrows to hit my human-sized characters will do them in. Good art by Wampler.

Joe Ravitts' article talked only about running Christians in a campaign, not monotheism in general. His article was very disappointing. I would like to see an article on monotheism written for its usefulness in gaming instead of personal ethics.

Ross Mosteller and Emil Parker had some good ideas, but their complications out-weighed their usefulness in already confused D&D combat.

Tim Grice's article on blindness was well-written and quite workable.

I was very impressed by Mark Schumann's "Making the Most of a Fighter Character." It shows there is still role-playing left in role-playing games.

The fiction was about average.

"Mountain Moor," the T&T dungeon by Stefan Jones, looked very interesting.

I'm looking forward to the new comics and columns. Good luck to ED the Editor and all his elves.

Fred Weining

Fred,

Thank you for your fine letter and criticisms. This is the type of letter which helps us put together a good magazine.

Oh, by the way, I don't have any Elves working for me, just Dwarves and Gnomes!

ED



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A Trip To The Underworld

FINAL INSTALLMENT

by **BILL PALEY**

It's me, Deg, again, with another story 'bout some o' the things that have happened with our group. This time we were comin' back from a trip up north, and even though we were indoors (or in this volcano's cave) an' nice 'n' warm the whole time, Finney, that dam' Halfling, somehow caught a heck o' a cold. So we're ridin' down the road, an' every couple hunderd feet, Finney lets loose with a blast - "Achoo!"

Now, we were warned to stay away from one fok in the road, even though it was the short way home. With Finney sneezin' and moanin' 'bout how his head hurt, we finally decided to cut the trip short. The fork led us past this one mountain real pretty. Sister Penny really liked it, an' she couldn't keep her eyes off it. Good thing, too!

We were half way home when Penny cries out, "Look up there!" We all tum to see, an' way up there is

this strange bird thing. It weren't flappin' its wings, it was sorta twirlin' them around 'n' around. What worried us, though, was that it was divin' right down on top o' us.

Well, we shot off a volley o' arrows, and switched to our swords and whatnot, but that bird thing came tearing down on us. In this first pass it wounded both the twins, an' took a swipe from my sword. Then it came twirlin' around and dived again.

I guess that monster thought we were easy food, 'cause on the next swoop, it landed almost right on top of us. It took a chunk o' meat outta my right shoulder when I laid into it an' then it got hazy. When I next was noticin' things (like five or six seconds later) I see that bird tumin' on Finney. Half the group is wounded, an' Finney is swingin' his sling.

Just as this bird is about to swallow the Halfling, he lets loose with the granddaddy of all sneezes right into its beak. Finney fell over, tangled in his

own sling, while the bird thing is sittin' there lookin' stunned. We all started hittin' it again, so it flew off in its weird way.

Halfway up the mountain the thing starts sneezin', itself! It got so fouled up that it crashed on a cliff, killin' it, I guess. The Clerics started healin' us up, and bindin' our wounds. We were able to ride on a little bit later.

It sure was nice to get back to town. That evenin' Finney was gettin' himself soused, an' he was tellin' the story to the regular crowd. "Folks," he said, "I was sure that this was the end. This bird didn't look like he was going to die very easily. I almost turned to run away. At the last moment, I recalled a saying my dad told me when I was just a few months old. . . a saying that saved our lives. . ." He paused as his audience called for the sayin'.

"The whirling bird catches the germ."

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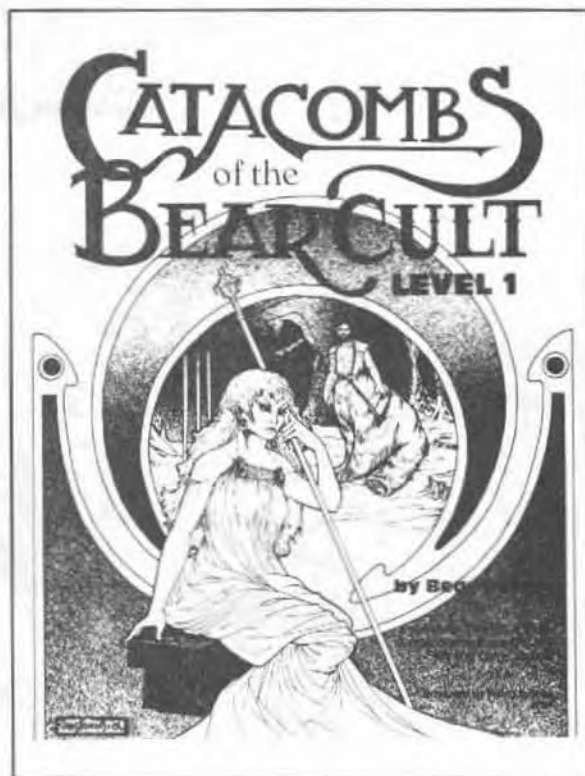
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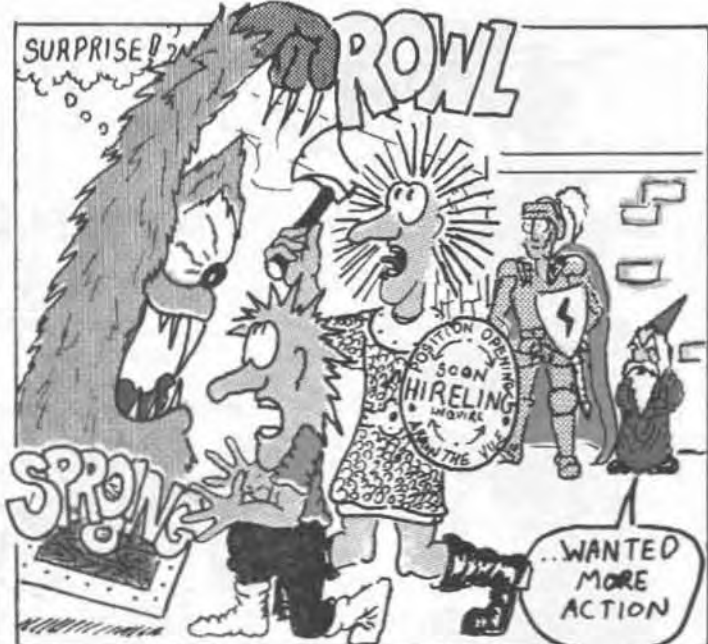
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THE VILE FILE
BY WILL FAUST

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY LETTING THE HIRELINGS OPEN THE CHEST SLICK. THEY SAID THEY WERE BORED AND...



SURPRISE!

ROWL

SPONGE

...WANTED MORE ACTION



HOLD IT SLICK! DON'T GO IN UNTIL I CHECK THE BOOK. IT MAY BE MORE THAN YOU CAN HANDLE.



BESIDES, WHY GOIN AND SPOIL ALL THEIR FUN?!

NEAT!

HALP!

SPAT!



BUT I CAN'T LET THEM DOWN! BESIDES, I ALREADY PAID THEM 6 MONTHS IN ADVANCE!



FUN!

I'M AAAAKK!!

CLANG

POOP

HELP WANTED HIRELING WANTED

HEY SLICKNESS! I CHECKED THE BOOK, AND GUESS WHAT?!



I'M HIP.

IT SAYS HERE, THAT WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE.

Color By RICK HAUER

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MORROW PROJECT REPORT

By Bill Pixley



Krell Weapons

One of the problems that the Warriors of Krell ran into after the destruction or over-running of the early Morrow Project settlements and bases is that, while they captured a lot of 20mm ammo, most of the vehicle-mounted cannons were destroyed in the assault on Morrow. They were, therefore, stuck with very deadly ammo but a lack of weapons to use it. The answer to this problem was to steal an old, pre-WWII idea and create the 20mm, single-shot, bolt-action, anti-tank rifle with which to arm their infantry and home-made armored vehicles.

Krell 20mm Single-shot, Bolt-action Anti-tank Rifle:

Weight: 25kg
 Effective Range: 1500m
 Maximum Range: 6500m
 Rate of Fire: 20 RPM
 Feed Device: Single-shot,
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Krell Armor Vehicles

Though some Morrow Project vehicles were captured by the Krell, a large number of the Krell forces were without armored support. The answer was that one of Krell's lieutenants (a man by the name of M. Raygun) had built a number of boiler-plate covered trucks and, with a weapon on central pedestal in the open back of the trucks, gave the Warriors of Krell a bit of an advantage over most of the regular population.

Weapon can only be fired if bipod braced or if on vehicle weapon mount. Weapon uses 20mm M56A1 and 20mm T221E3 ammo. Rifles are issued with either a belt of 6 of each for non-vehicle use, or a box of 20 of each for use in vehicles. Due to the age of the ammo, there is a 1 in 6 chance of the round failing to fire and being a dud.

Krell Armored Car:

Crew: 6
 Length: 6m
 Width: 2m
 Ground Clearance: 15m
 Turning Radius: 10m
 Maximum Road Speed: . . . 50 km/hr
 Forging Depth: 2m
 Trench: 25m
 Armor Class: 25

Treat the vehicle as a jeep vs explosive fire. Armament: Either an LMG or an Anti-tank Rifle on a central pedestal. Note the pedestal has an AC: 10 screen on it.



The vehicle resembles a large pickup truck covered with armor and having an open end. Radius of operation for the vehicle is 20 km.



Light Artillery Piece

In the Morrow Project Handbook, in the case of the New Confederacy and the Lakeman, they are supposed to have light artillery, but there is no explanation of what kind

of light artillery they have and what it does. So, based upon the average range and explosion burst of a number of guns from the 1860s to the 1890s, I have come up with the New Armory Light Artillery Piece.



The New Armory Light Artillery Piece: 3-inch Breechloader:

Weight (gun and wheeled carriage): 1500 kg
 Crew: 3 trained men
 4 - 8 untrained gun movers
 Actions to set up Gun: 3
 Movement by Full Crew
 Pushing: . . 1m per combat turn
 Movement by 4-Horse
 Team: . . . 16m per combat turn

Rate of Fire: 6 RPM
 Ammo Type: HE Shell
 Maximum Range: 3000m
 Minimum Range: 100m
 Burst Radius: 10m
 E-factor: 6
 Anti-armor Class: E
 Shell Weight: 4.5 kg

Note ammo carried in cassion with gun-cassion contains 20 shells.

The 4.2 inch mortar is the heaviest commonly used mortar of the U.S. Army. This mortar is usually used by the Army to lay smoke and other chemical gases. For the Morrow Project, the mortar is used by the Rich Five, by the Warriors of Krell, and by the Morrow Project. The Krell and the Project use the mortar as a light bombardment piece for those occasions when an 81 mm mortar shell is too light to do the job (bombarding a fortress or a bunker complex). The Rich Five, on the other hand, use the mortar as the main artillery weapon for their various fortifications. Note: due to the extreme weight of the mortar, if it is not mounted on a vehicle, a light trailer is used to haul the mortar around.

4.2 in Mortar M30:

Weight Assembled: 305 kg
 Rate of Fire: . . 9 RPM for 5 minutes
 then sustained fire of 3 RPM

Ammo Types:

HE M3:
 Minimum Range: 870m
 Maximum Range: 4,620m
 Fragment E-factor: 6
 Weight: 12.21 kg
 Burst Radius: 20m

Smoke M2:
 Minimum Range: 870m
 Maximum Range: 4,620m
 Burst Radius: 60m
 Weight: 11.32 kg.

Illum M335:
 Minimum Range: 640m
 Maximum Range: 4,800m
 Illuminated Area: . . . 800m diameter
 Burning Time: 60 seconds
 Rate of Descent: . . . 10m per second
 Weight: 12.09 kg

XM630 Tactical CS:
 Minimum Range: 1,540m
 Maximum Range: 5,650m
 Weight: 11.64 kg

Tear gas filling burns for 120 seconds.



Gateway

By
Dave Sering

Quadrant

On the Trailing edge of the Imperium lies an area of adventure. In that tangle of mixed client states between the Hive Federation, the Two Thousand Worlds, and the Imperium lurks adventure enough and more. Exerpts from the chronicles of this region are brought to **Traveller**™ Adventurers everywhere in the Gateway Quadrant Series. This series of products forms a complete Science Fiction Role Playing Campaign with detailed material published at all levels from individual ships and crewmen up to sector-spanning empires. Each adventure can stand on its own but all are designed to mesh together to supply a ready made campaign to assist the busy Judge.

The Gateway Quadrant material is comprised of several series of publications. The basic starting products are the Sector Guides. There are four separate sectors, each of which has a guide published for it: **Ley**, **Glimmerdrift Reaches**, **Crucis Margin**, and **Maranantha-Alkahest**. Each Sector Guide is composed of a 22" x 34" three color map and a 32 page Guidebook. The map is a single sheet showing the entire expanse of the sector at a glance with all political boundaries and jump routes. The location of each solar system is shown but no planetary names are given. Significant intrastellar navigational hazards are noted. Also depicted are the subsector names and boundaries. A quick reference summary of the major political groupings is repeated on the map for convenience. The reverse side of the map sheet depicts eight of the planets of the sector in detail. The planets chosen are selected to give a good selection of the different types of planets available. They are also selected to give at least one from each major political grouping and are spread evenly across the surface of the sector. All

relevant statistics are given again for each planet. Then a summary of the planetary configuration of the solar system is printed along with any significant information on other planets in that system. A background history of the planet is summarized along with the current political and/or military significance of the planet or system. Finally any significant economic information on resources, exports, and imports is given.

Each Sector Guidebook commences with a historical overview. The galactographic significance of the sector location is given. Involvement of the galactographic significance of the sector location is given. Involvement of the Major Races and their political relationships with the sector is then summarized. Each interstellar state and significant race is summarized, giving history, political philosophy and significant diplomatic relationships. Each subsector has a page devoted to it. The right half of the page gives a detailed map of the subsector with all of the systems named and political boundaries and jump routes depicted. The adjacent subsectors are named on the map as well. The left half of the page begins with a summary of the significant galactographic features and major historical events. Next, the significant planet of each system is listed in the Standard **Traveller** format: Name, Political Affiliation, Coordinates, Universal Planetary Profile, Bases, Remarks, Travel Zone, and Gas Giant. A statistical summary of the subsector is given. Across the bottom is repeated the Political Allegiance Codes applicable to that subsector. Special information on races or intrastellar conditions that is intended for the Judge's use only are given on special pages prominently marked Judge's Information Only. The next section provided is a special

Rumors Table. The first portion of the table is devoted to general rumors, the second to rumors specific to political or galactographic locations. The intended method of use is for the Judge to roll on the general table first and then consult the local table if appropriate. Rumors are intended to be used repeatedly and will require adjustment by the Judge to maintain variety. In some instances, a built-in variance on a die roll is provided. The next section is an Encounters Table, again split into general and local or specific encounters. Encounters are also for repeated use and may be modified by the Judge for each successive use. Also in this section may be a set of Event Tables. Events are singular encounters which occur only once. Other special charts and lists which may be present include Spaceship Encounters, Animal Encounters, and Space Encounters. The final two pages comprise an alphabetical listing of the planets in the sector.

The second series of products are the System/Planetary Guides, each of which concentrate on a single solar system and its major planet. These are intended to form a completely detailed area for a Judge to utilize as he or she sees fit. Each System Guide has detailed area for a Judge to utilize as he or she sees fit. Each System Guide has detailed astrographic information giving all pertinent data on the planets and satellites.

As the Sector Guide Series provides an initiating point for a campaign, other series of **Judges Guild Traveller** products provide for both expansion and detailing of the gamers universe. The **Navigator's Starcharts** is a playing aid to assist the Judge or players in mapping their gaming star cluster. It consists of six complete sets of sector maps. Each set has an overall miniature map of the sector, a section



LEY SECTOR

1. Imperium
2. Sydemic Empire

GLIMMERDRIFT REACHES

1. Imperium
2. Marlan Primate
3. Ginlenchy Concordance
4. Mandanin Co Dominion
5. Krax Confederation
6. Zarian Realm

CRUCIS MARGIN

1. Sphere Fenix
2. Chhung Kuo
3. Mandanin Co Dominion
4. Union Crucis
5. Rm Nai
6. Hv'ika Kamlin

MARANATHA-ALKAHEST SECTOR

1. Zultanate Al Amyi
2. Ramayan
3. Kmyla Einarchy
4. K'Chemi Centralate
5. Range Valyana
6. Supraherd T'tnaree
7. Maorin Statt
8. Stasmí Zanya
9. Taquari' Comnate

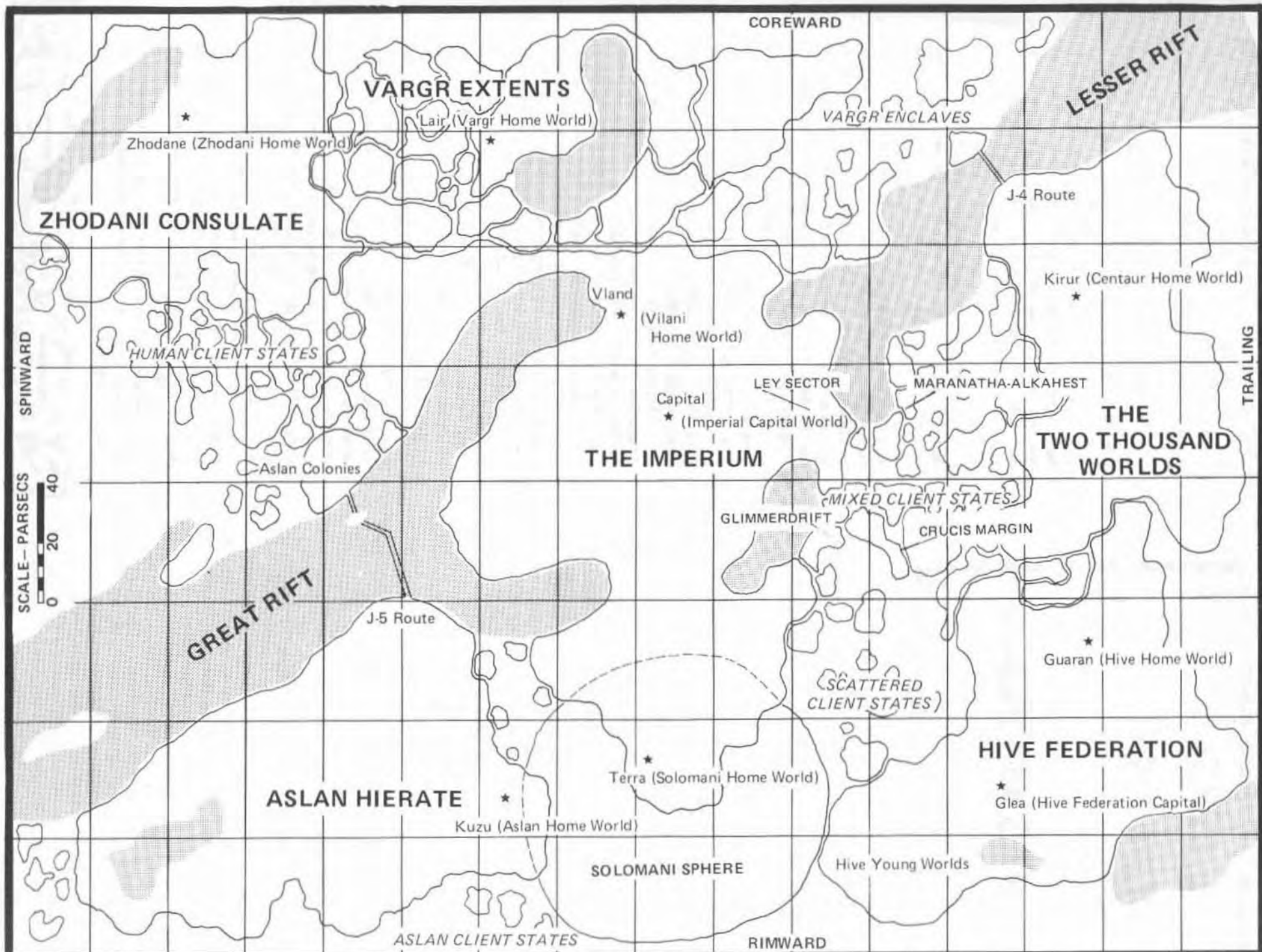
of notes and mapping symbols, and sixteen subsector maps numbered in the **Conmoid Traveller** system with accompanying form sheets for recording statistical data on the star systems. The Judge may utilize the **Navigator's Starcharts** to expand the published areas of the **Traveller** universe with his or her own creations. As an alternative, the players may build their own playing map of the game universe as they discover it. Tentative or approximate information may be entered in pencil and be replaced with accurate information in ink as the players discover it. In this way, both the players and Judge are continually aware of the extent and accuracy of the characters information on their own universe. This simple procedure has been of great value to the smooth running of many a campaign. Covering over parsecs of space and with room for data on star systems, there is area enough for any active campaign to grow for many a wild gaming session.

Another useful product at this particular point is the Judges Guild Universal Science Fiction Roleplaying Aid, the **Astrogator's Chartbook**. While the previous product took the gaming universe from star clusters through Sectors and Subsectors down to the

individual Stellar System, this product provides a series of standardized mapping formats to detail a Stellar System from the millions of kilometers of interplanetary space right down to the meters of buildings and their individual features. Geodesic maps are provided to chart individual planets while also in a special logarithmic scale the position of that planet in its Stellar System is summarized. Each individual hexagon on the planetary map may then be enlarged to whatever scale the game play requires by use of the Judges Guild **Campaign Hexagon System**. Further detail may be achieved by transferring at the most enlarged end to the square grid contained herein for buildings, vehicles, and other artificial structures requiring such a depiction. Each map sheet has a facing sheet specifically provided for it which contains symbol keys appropriate to that map type as well as note space to record significant information. **Astrogator's Chartbook** is thus a unified system which permits a Judge to quickly and easily portray a solar system and its contents in whatever degree of detail the game situation requires.

Making integrated use of these and other Judges Guild systems is an additional series of **Traveller** products

termed the Planetary Guides. This series concentrates on providing a Judge with an entire planet detailed to serve as a background for adventuring in a campaign. Examples of this series are **Tancred**, **Marooned on Ghosting**, and **Waspwinter**, all of which are set in the Gateway Quadrant. The emphasis in this series is to provide the Judge with a location for adventures with all the background worked up in detail ahead of time. All the statistical data is elaborated, explained and amplified with charts and tables greatly organized. All necessary maps are provided as well as history, politics, economics, ecology, and special occurrences. Tables are provided for rumors and special events. Animal Encounter Charts are made up for each type of terrain. All the terrain special events are completely explained and any game affect thoroughly detailed. All new types of lifeforms are explained in detail. All new sapient races are given a complete rundown in **Traveller** terms, including physical and mental abilities, technical and social information as well as military and political significance. As is Judges Guild standard practice, a mini-adventure is given to help the Judge in getting things moving. Additional campaign tips and hints are given to



(continued on p. 93) 21 Pegasus

MAP OF THE IMPERIUM, 1105

A STROLL THROUGH THE MARKETPLACE

On this stroll through the market place, I bumped into the Merchant Master who kindly agreed to show me his new wares while I sat in complete luxury in the middle of the square (right next to the hairy guy in the stocks!). So, from my comfortable vantage point, I shall inform you of these wares as the Merchant Master hurriedly scurries to and fro, bringing them to me for my delectation.

Judges Guild, Inc. has created their very own Judges Guild Jackets for only \$20. These finely-crafted wind-breakers come in red, navy, and royal blue with the Judges Guild logo on the back. They are a must for all gamers; everyone up here already has one or two! A warming thought for Christmas gifts or any time, this extra-ordinary item is available from your favorite game-aid company, Judges Guild.

Eight new adventure releases from Judges Guild include **Waspwinter**, a Traveller tm adventure featuring daring space pirates who raid passing ships for booty, new technology, and slaves. **Waspwinter** is written by Dorothy Bledsaw and sells for \$5.98. Also new on the Traveller tm scene are **Maranatha-Alkahest Sector** and **Rogue Moon of Spinstorme**, both by Dave Sering. **Maranatha - Alkahest Sector** completes the background for the entire Gateway Quadrant and sells for \$5.98. **Rogue Moon of Spinstorme** details a commando raid, alien warbots, and much more for only \$5.98.

Dave Sering has also written our new **Dragonquest** adventure, **The Quest for the Azure Sea Falcon**. This product should soon be on the shelves of game and hobby shops across the country, or you can order it direct from Judges Guild.

We also have **Portals of Twilight**, by Rudy Kraft, which brings the adventurer to another reality. Journey forth and discover the secrets of the twilight world for only \$4.98. **Portals of Twilight** is designed for use with AD&D tm.

The Glory Hole Dwarven Mine, by Edward R. G. Mortimer, takes you through the adventurous and treacherous tunnels of the Dwarven mine located right outside the City-State of the Invincible Overlord. **Glory Hole** is for use with most FRP games systems currently on the market and is easily worth twice the listed price of \$3.98. Also by Edward R. G. Mortimer, we have **Heroic Expeditions**, which sells for \$3.98. Three quests are offered here: one for Halflings, one for Half-Orcs, and one for a single high level character. **Heroic Expeditions** is designed to be played with

most FRP systems. Finally, we have **F'deckFo's Tomb**, by Scott Fulton. It takes you on a magical adventure to uncover and remove the awful curse laid upon the Great Druid, F'deckFo. **F'deckFo's Tomb** is priced at a mere \$2.00.

We have a few new releases from GDW. There is the **Journal of the Traveller's Aid Society No. 10** (\$2.50), featuring an article on Planet Building and another alien race called K'Kree (or Centaurs). GDW has also released two boxed games, **Invasion: Earth** about the final battle of the Solomani Rim War (\$11.98), and **Fifth Frontier War**, a campaign game portraying the battles for the Spinward Marches (\$14.98). Both games are approved for use with Traveller tm.

From FASA, we have **Adventure Class Ships** (\$9.00), featuring blueprints on 15mm scale of 10 new ships along with a 16-page booklet containing descriptions of each. This product is approved for use with Traveller tm and should find its way into every good science fiction campaign. Also from FASA are three new Traveller tm approved adventures: **The Legend of the Sky Raiders** (an archeological expedition searching for a lost civilization); **Action Aboard** (adventure on the King Richard, the pride of the PEL fleet), and **Uragyad'n of the Seven Pillars** (detailing an attempt to free a civilization from the ruthless grip of a military dictatorship). All three adventures sell for \$6.00 and appear to be very interesting, especially **Uragyad'n**.

SPI has released a new game called **Dragonslayer** (\$15.00), which is based on the movie of the same name. **Strategy and Tactics No. 88** is also on the stands (\$6.00).

Flying Buffalo, Inc. has released the **Sorcerer's Apprentice No. 12**, featuring Viking weapons and tactics for **Tunnels and Trolls tm** (\$2.50).

Eon has released four new games, **Darkover** (\$15.00) (based on Marion Zimmer Bradley's best-selling novels), **Quirks** (\$12.00) (a game of "unnatural selection"), **Hoax** (\$10.00) (a role-playing game of bluffs and counter-bluffs), and **Runes** (\$10.00) (an unique and intriguing word game).

Chaosium, Inc. has just produced the **Call of Cthulhu**, a game based on the works of H. P. Lovecraft (\$20.00). They also have released **Different Worlds No. 16** (\$2.50) which has a good article on mythological monsters for **The Fantasy Trip**.

Xolotl Games, Inc. has released rules for naval warfare from Salamis to Bolognas (No, I'm sorry; it's Salamis to Actium; I just couldn't resist), called **Embolos**. **Embolos** appears to be a well-thought-out rules system and completely playable. **Embolos** sells for only \$4.50.

FGU has released **Shelden's Compendium of Starcraft I** (\$6.00) for use with **Space Opera**. This booklet details 21 starships with all necessary deck plans. A must for all science-fiction campaigns. Also by FGU are two adventures for **Space Opera**, **Alien Base** (\$5.00) (an investigative adventure which uncovers a major alien invasion of the United Federation of Planets), and **Probe** (\$5.00) (a survey mission to NCG8436 with loads of adventure on this "routine" mission).

Avalon Hill has released Volume 18, Number 3 of **The General**, featuring **Operation Torchlight**, the end-game in **Afrika Korps** (\$2.50).

(continued on p. 93)



POTIONS.....PERILOUS



By Roy Cram

The players had all arrived and were getting their character sheets and lead figures ready, so, settling down behind my Judges screen for another long AD&D evening session, I made my usual request, "OK, guys, let's have your copy of stats and equipment." The sly smirk on each player's face should have warned me, but I was still taken by surprise to see, in the section of each and every player's sheet reserved for recording magic items, at least a dozen new potions.

My stinginess with all types of magical treasure is something of a legend among the club members; you earn what you get when I'm running things. Consequently, other than the healing potions, which I consider a necessary evil, potions, scrolls, wands, rings, etc., are as rare as hen's teeth. I soon learned that they had acquired their extra potions in a weekend Monty Hauler run by another club Judge who is much more open-handed with his goodies than I am. So, there I sat, facing a dilemma. If I disallowed the windfall and disappointed everyone, I would have to listen to an all-night bitch-and-moan session. If, on the other hand, I let them keep and use their shiny new toys, the balance of my carefully-planned adventure would be totally disrupted and force me to make many time-consuming adjustments to redress the situation.

At that moment, my Malice gland switched into high gear and cranked out about a half-pint of Nasty hormones, I had an inspiration, and the prototype system on which this article is based was born. The original version, I confess, was a bit more punitive, and, perhaps, I was just a little overzealous in applying it, but, before the night was over, I had instilled in my players a strong sense of caution regarding potions they had picked up in some other Judge's dungeon.

I am sure that other Judges have run into problems that involve a plethora of potions, also. To help them deal with this annoying situation, I have developed the following system and recommend it to them for their entertainment and to use as they see fit. It

will not only put a stop to interminable chug-a-lug sessions before and during every encounter, but it will add not a little spice and interest to the adventure, as well.

The premise on which this method is based is that making potions is a very tricky and complicated business involving numerous hard-to-get and delicate ingredients. Any such procedure almost necessarily invites errors and mistakes; add to this the serendipitous nature of magic itself, and you have a stage all set up and waiting with bated breath for something out of the ordinary to happen.

The *Dungeon Master's Guide* recommends, on page 117, a 5% to 20% failure probability, suggesting that potions which fail become Delusion Potions of the type attempted. Instead of having all potions that "fail" automatically become Potions of Delusion, I created a Potion Defect Table (q.v.) which takes into account a wider range of possible results. Each potion is assigned a Defect Probability rating as follows: The GP sale value of each potion as listed in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* is divided by 100 and the resulting number added to 4. This is the potion's basic defect probability rating. For example, a Potion of Diminution costs 500 GP. Hence, its DP rating is $4 + 500/100$ or $4 + 5 = 9\%$. If a potion's origin is of a dubious nature, i.e. you bought it from Happy Herman, the itinerate potion-hawker, found it in a dungeon treasure cache, or don't know who made it, roll 1D10 and add the number rolled to the potion's DP rating. Finally, for potions that have been subjected to severe magical stresses, such as teleportation, extremes of temperature, powerful magnetic fields, and what have you, another 1% to 10% penalty should be tacked on to allow for "damage" to what is surely a delicate and highly-fragile system. However, the overall DP rating should never exceed 20% in any case, to keep it in line with the recommendations of the *Dungeon Master's Guide* and to keep the system from rendering certain high-cost potions too dangerous to use under any

circumstances.

Whenever the dice roll indicates that the potion consumed is defective, the percent dice should be rolled again and the Potion Defect Table consulted to see what has occurred.

Potion Defect Table

01 - 08	No. 1. Potion's normal effect enhanced 10 - 100%.
09 - 10	No. 1 plus Side Effects (see Side Effects table).
11	No. 1 plus Unusual Effects (see Unusual Effects table).
12 - 24	No. 2. Potion's normal effect diminished 10 - 100%.
25 - 26	No. 2 plus Side Effects (see Side Effects table).
27	No. 2 plus Unusual Effects (see Unusual Effects table).
28 - 34	No. 3. Side Effects (see Side Effects table)
35 - 38	No. 3. Unusual Effects (see Unusual Effects table)
39 - 50	No. 4. Delusion: User thinks it works, but it doesn't.
51 - 60	No. 4 with Side Effects (see Side Effects table)
61 - 70	No. 4 with Unusual Effects (see Unusual Effects table)
71 - 75	No. 5. Potion failure; no effects whatsoever.
76 - 80	No. 5 except for Side Effects (see Side Effects table)
81 - 85	No. 5 except for Unusual Effects (see Unusual Effects table)
86	No. 6. Potion has become toxic; Save vs Poison or die.
87 - 00	Potion appears to be one kind but is actually another kind. Select which type it really is from the table on page 121 of the <i>Dungeon Master's Guide</i> .

Side effects are reactions caused by a potion's ingredients that are usually not related to their primary desired action; this is due to the fact that many of the substances used in making potions possess pharmacological activity as well as magical. Thus, there is always a risk of these additional, undesired effects occurring when a potion is taken, whether or not

it works. The following table is used to determine what side effects have been elicited when they are called for by the Potion Defect Table.

Side Effects Table

01 - 09	Dizziness, vertigo
10 - 21	Headache, disorientation
22 - 35	Nausea, possibly vomiting
36 - 44	Flatulence, diarrhea
45 - 53	Pronounced diuresis
54 - 62	Blindness or impaired visual activity
63 - 71	Impaired hearing or deafness
72 - 80	Muscular weakness, flaccid paralysis
85 - 89	Fainting, extreme drowsiness, coma
90 - 93	Tremors, convulsions
94 - 96	Acute psychotic symptoms, insanity (see <i>Dungeon Master's Guide</i> , p. 83)
97 - 98	Two of the above (roll again, twice)
99 - 00	Three of the above (roll again, three times)

Side effects last from 1 - 12 hours and are seldom prolonged more than 72 hours (5% chance). Their duration is a function of the half-life of the responsible ingredient.

Unusual Effects

Unusual potion effects result from a modification or a malfunction of the magical elements used in making the potion. They are strongly influenced by the type of magic attempted or by the special ingredients used in the potion's manufacture. Several possible unusual effects for each of the potions listed in the *Dungeon Master's Guide* are listed below. Judges may select one (or more) at random, or simply and arbitrarily pick one that suits the fancy at the moment. Judges should also feel perfectly free to improvise wherever it suits them to improve on the limited choices offered below. Have fun!



Pegasus 24

Potion of Climbing

BDP: 9%. Requires the legs of giant insects.

Character develops a hard, chitinous exoskeleton (AC: 3, but DEX decreased to 5).

Character grows long, grasshopper legs (but, boy! can he jump!).

Character sprouts 7' long antennae, very sensitive.

Potion of Diminuation

BDP: 9%. Requires Kobold horn and Wererat blood to make.

Character's equipment not affected by the potion.

Character grows a pair of 7 - 12 inch horns on head.

Character contracts Lycanthropy of the Wererat variety (let him find out the hard way).

Character shrinks away to nothing.

Character gets stuck, permanently, in a diminished size.

Potion of Dragon Control

BDP: 20%. Requires Dragon brain to make.

Character develops a Dragon Breath weapon.

Magalomania; character wants to conquer the world.

Character polymorphed 1 - 100% into a Dragon.

Character irresistibly attracted to Dragon.

Dragon irresistibly attracted to the character.

Dragon controls character (Potion effect reversed).

Potion of Animal Control

Basic Defect Probability: 8%. Requires animal gland or organ to make.

Character afflicted to believe he and animals can conquer the world (magalomania).

Character 1 - 100% polymorphed

into the animal he is trying to control.

Animals react very negatively to potion user.

Animals find potion user irresistibly attractive.

Character finds animals irresistibly attractive.

Potion of Clairaudience

BDP: 8%. Requires primate thalamus gland or ear from an animal with keen hearing.

Character's ears grow from one to six times normal size.

Character unable to endure any noise whatsoever.

Character starts to resemble a monkey.

Vastly enhanced sensory input makes character crazy.

Potion of Clairvoyance

BDP: 9%. Requires primate thalamus gland or eye from an animal with keen vision.

Character's eyes increase in size from one to four times.

Character develops X-ray vision.

Character afflicted with extreme photophobia.

Character experiences terrifying hallucinations.

Character grows a long, monkey tail.

Potion of ESP

BDP: 13%. Requires Brain of a Mind Flayer to make.

Character gains psionic powers of a Mind Flayer.

Character sprouts four ugly tentacles from his face.

Character has irresistible craving to eat brains.

Character's thoughts broadcast to all creatures around.

Character driven mad; picks up

all thought for miles around, simultaneously.

Potion of Extra-Healing

BDP: 4%*. Requires Troll blood to make.

Character gains a Troll's sense of smell.

Character smells like a Troll.

Character gains limited powers of regeneration.

Character polymorphed 1 - 100% into a Troll.

Character's nose grows 7 - 12 inches.

*I try not to discourage the use of Healing Potions. Also, the Healing Potions made from the hair of a saint never fail or have any defects. This kind is, unfortunately, very rare.

Potion of Fire Resistance

BDP: 8%. Requires Salamander's scales to make.

Character's skin turns fiery red.

Character grows scales all over his body.

Character craves extreme heat; can't endure normal temperatures.

Character polymorphed 1 - 100% into a Salamander.

Potion of Flying

BDP: 12%. Requires Hippogriff feathers and Wyvern blood.

Character grows feathers all over his body.

Character sprouts functional wings from back.

Character grows a long, ugly tail with a venomous sting.

Potion of Gaseous Form

BDP: 8%. Requires Vampire dust or Ogre Magi teeth to make.

Character seized with an irresistible craving to drink warm blood.

Character develops an abnormal

dread of Holy symbols or objects.

Character unable to endure sunlight.

Character sprouts 6" tusks and grows a 9" horn on his forehead.

Character turns lavender.

Potion of Giant Control

BDP: 20%. Requires Giant brain to make.

Character believes that he is a Giant.

Giants irresistibly attracted to character.

Character irresistibly attracted to Giants.

Character afflicted with megalomania and delusions of grandeur.

Potion of Giant Strength

BDP: 13% - 18%. Requires Giant sweat (whew!) to make.

Character smells like a Giant's locker room.

Character increases in size from 1 - 100%.

Character perspires profusely.

Character may injure himself using Giant strength; potion fails to give him a Giant's durability!

Potion of Growth

BDP: 7%. Requires Pituitary gland of an Ogre magus.

Equipment not affected by potion.

Potion affects only the character's equipment.

Character gains powers of an Ogre magus.

Character polymorphed 1 - 100% into an Ogre magus.

Character afflicted with priapism.

Character gets stuck in enlarged size.

Potion of Healing

BDP: 1%. Requires blood of an Ogre

magus to make.

See Potion of Growth above.

Use of Healing Potions should not be discouraged.

Potion of Heroism

BDP: 9% (100% for non-fighters!) Requires heart of a Lion or other large cat.

Character polymorphed 1 - 100% into a cat.

Character grows cat fur all over his body.

Potion works in reverse.

Character afflicted with feline version of Lycanthropy. (Again, let him find out the hard way.)

Character has an irresistible urge to lick himself all over.

Potion of Human Control

BDP: 13%. Requires Vampire's eye or Nixie blood to make.

Character seized with a craving for warm blood.

Character able to use a *Charm* spell once daily.

Character afflicted with photophobia; gains infravision.

Character must get wet and stay wet or suffocate.

Character afflicted with megalomania and delusions of grandeur.

Potion of Invisibility

BDP: 9%. Requires Invisible Stalker ichor to make.

Only character's flesh affected. Equipment still visible.

Only character's equipment affected. Character appears naked.

Character unable to regain visibility.

Character rendered ethereal as well as invisible.



Oil of Etherealness

BDP: 19%. Requires Demon brain or Shedú fat.

Gains innate demonic (or Shedúan) abilities.

Character stuck in ethereal form.

Character possessed by a demon.

Character gains 10 - 100 pounds of ugly fat.

Character grows stubby, non-functional wings on back.

Philtre of Love

BDP: 7%. Requires Dryad hair to make.

Character becomes shy and non-violent.

Character cannot bear to be more than 36 feet away from an Oak tree.

Character afflicted with priapism.

Character's hair grows to six feet in length.

Potion's effects reversed.

Potion of Invulnerability

BDP: 9% (100% for non-fighters). Requires Gargoyle horn or Lycanthrope skin to make.

Character grows a 10" Gargoyle horn on his forehead.

Character transformed 1 - 100% into a Gargoyle.

Potion works in reverse.

Character contracts Lycanthropy (let him find out the hard way).

Potion of Levitation

BDP: 8%. Requires eye of a Beholder to make.

Character gains one spell ability of a Beholder (select at random).

Character goes insane; thinks he is a Beholder.

Character unable to close his eyes.

Character unable to control spell and continues to rise until the

potion wears off. . . .

Potion of Longevity

BDP: 14%. Requires Dragon or Elf blood, and Treant sap.

Character acquires a Dragon Breath weapon.

Character turns green, develops bark on skin, sprouts leaves, becomes sluggish and drowsy.

Potion works in reverse. Ages character.

Character gains Elven abilities and attributes.

Philtre of Persuasiveness

BDP: 12% - 13%. Requires Harpy's or Devil's tongue to make.

Character's tongue grows one to four feet in length.

Character unable to stop talking.

Character's voice attracts all living creatures within hearing.

Character possessed by a devil (voice only).

Character compelled to sing everything he wants to say.

Potion of Plant Control

BDP: 7%. Shrieker spores and Umber Hulk eyes needed to make it.

Character's gaze causes confusion.

Light or movement within 30' makes character scream.

Character afflicted with magalomania, delusions of grandeur.

Character develops infravision.

Character has an irresistible urge to burrow in the dirt.

Character thinks he is a Petunia.

Potion of Polymorph Self

BDP: 7% - 8%. Requires Mimic skin or Succubus hair to make.

Character's skin exudes an instant-bonding superglue.

Character can steal a level by kissing other characters.

Character's hair grows one foot per minute without stopping.

Character stuck in new shape; can't change back.

Character gains innate demonic abilities.

Character attracts any nearby demons.

Potion of Speed

BDP: 8% - 9%. Requires heart of a Pegasus and Giant Weasel blood.

Character develops insatiable craving for warm blood.

Character grows large, white, functional wings.

Character grows Weasel fur all over his body.

Character is irresistibly attracted to horses and horse-like creatures.

Character unable to slow down again. Will age one year for each hour of time until *Dispel Magic* is cast on him.

Potion of Super-Heroism

BDP: 11% - 12%. (100% for non-fighters). Requires Giant Wolverine blood and Minotaur heart to make.

Character goes homicidally berserk.

Character sprouts horns like a bull.

Character develops keen Minotaurian senses.

Character exudes Giant Wolverine musk from skin.

Character becomes vicious and bloodthirsty, cruel and savage by nature.

Potion works in reverse.

Potion of Treasure Finding

BDP: 6% - 7%. Requires Gold Dragon Scales or six powdered gem stones.

Character grows golden scales all over his body. AC: 2.

Character becomes insatiably greedy.

Potion works in reverse.

Character's skin turns gem-colored (color is Judge's option).

Potion of Undead Control

BDP: 20%. Requires Spectre dust, Vampire brain, or Lich tongue.

Character turns into a Zombie.

Undead are irresistibly attracted to character.

Character afflicted with megalomania.

Character acquires ability and craving to touch other characters; each touch drains one level.

Character acquires dread of Clerics and Holy symbols.

Character turns into a bat or a rat (50/50 chance).

Character is irresistibly attracted to dead things and to undead creatures.

Potion of Water Breathing

BDP: 13%. Requires Water Naga blood, or Nixie organs.

Character is irresistibly attracted to snakes and snake-like creatures.

Character gains ability to use a *Charm* spell once per day.

Character loses ability to breathe air.

Character turns into a Giant Constrictor Snake.

Character acquires a passion for Nixies.

Character thinks he is a Water Naga.

Unusual effects, for the most part, last no longer than the potion's normal effects would have endured, except where noted above. Most of the persistent effects can be nullified or rectified by a 7th level or greater *Dispel Magic* spell. Lycanthropy, of course, will have to be cured in the normal manner.

There, for better or worse, is my

system for dealing with excessive potion abuse. I hope you will have fun using it in your campaigns.

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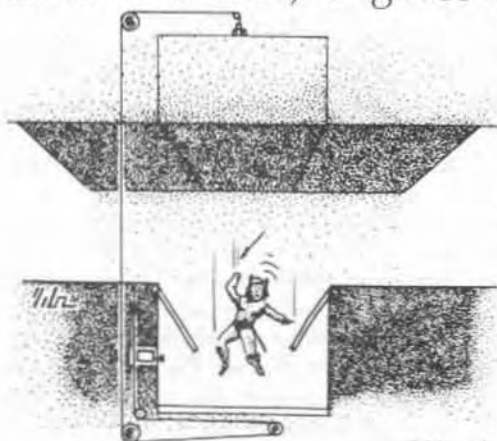
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When the trap door slams down against the side of the pit, it hits a button on the wall which causes a vial of acid to shatter. The acid rapidly dissolves a wire that runs up through the dungeon wall to secure in place the section of roof above the pit. As long as weight remains on the floor of the pit the pressure plate therein will insure that the block of ceiling remains in place. If all the weight is removed, then the ceiling (continued on page 18 of Grimtooth's TRAPS)

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ALL THAT GLITTERS . . .

The Everfull Bottles by Edward R. G. Mortimer

There are several types of Bottles; each is of liter size and is made from a single Rock Crystal. Upon utterance of the command word (each Bottle has a different one), the Bottle will fill itself with its particular type of liquid. When a Bottle is found, consult the table below to determine what type it is:

1 - 5	Red Wine	41 - 48	Iced Tea
6 - 10	White Wine	46 - 48	Light Beer
11 - 13	Dandelion Wine	49 - 58	Dark Beer
14 - 16	Fruit Wine (Sangria)	59 - 65	Mead
17 - 22	Spring Water	66 - 71	Ale
23 - 25	Goat's Milk	72 - 80	Whiskey
26 - 28	Cow's Milk	81 - 85	Rum (151 proof)
29 - 31	Grape Juice	86 - 88	Vodka (100 proof)
32 - 37	Apple Juice	89 - 92	Brandy
38 - 40	Cranberry Juice	93 - 95	Wild Cherry Brandy
		95 - 98	Peach Brandy
		99	Pure Grain Alcohol
		00	Other

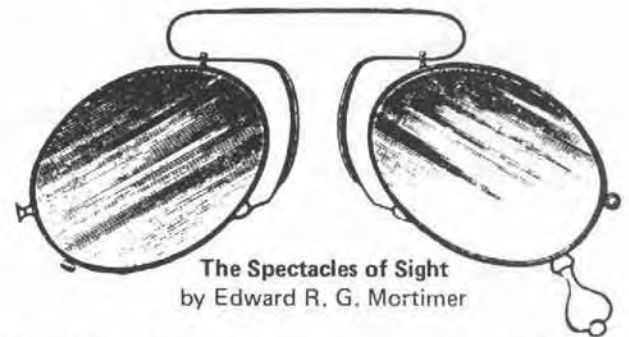
The Bottles will function 3 times a day.



Web Seeds by Edward R. G. Mortimer

Web Seeds appear to be fibrous, grey husks about 3 inches in diameter. They can be used by anyone who knows the command word. They can be thrown (up to 30 yards) or shot from a sling (normal). Upon impact, after the command word is spoken, they "explode" into the same dimensions and effect as a *Web Spell*. The duration is 5 hours.

Pegasus 30



The Spectacles of Sight
by Edward R. G. Mortimer

These Spectacles enable the wearer to see certain vibrations to the exclusion of all others. In other words, the wearer can only see what the Spectacles have the power to reveal, so the wearer does not have normal sight. The Spectacles can function once a day for as long as they are worn; they will not fall off accidentally but can be removed by somebody other than the wearer. To determine what kind of Spectacles are found, consult the table below:

- 01 - 10 Spectacles of Far Sight: act as a telescope with 100x power.
- 11 - 20 Spectacles of Minute Sight: act as a microscope with 100x magnification.
- 21 - 30 Spectacles of Ethereal Sight: enable wearer to see into the Ethereal Plane.
- 31 - 37 Spectacles of Astral Sight: enable wearer to see into the Astral Plane.
- 38 - 44 Spectacles of Invisible Sight: enable the wearer to see things hidden by the *Invisibility* spell, or the Psionic discipline (only).
- 45 - 55 Spectacles of Infravision: give the wearer Infravisional sight at 120 yards (or feet).
- 56 - 65 Spectacles of Ultravision: give the wearer Ultravisional sight.
- 66 - 73 Spectacles of Magic Aura Sight: enable the wearer to see the Aura radiated by magic items and spells, even if the spell has been cast upon a person (such as a *Charm*, *Curse*, etc.).
- 74 - 79 Spectacles of Personal Aura Sight: enable the Aura of an individual to be seen. After experimentation, alignment can be determined by the person's Aura.
- 80 - 00 Spectacles of Shaded Sight: These magical sunglasses will protect the eyes from bright lights, glare, and all radiations which affect the eyes; only normal sight in lighted areas is possible.

The Spectacles can be used by any being who normally has 2 eyes, a nose, and 2 ears. The Spectacles will enlarge or shrink to fit the wearer.

Ring of Levitation
by Michael A. Wilson

Allows the wearer to levitate himself and his gear (up to 400 pounds) to a height of 10 feet for 2 turns (20 minutes) twice a day.

Boots of Giant Stomping
by Scott Fulton

In an earlier magazine, an item known as Boots of Halfling Stomping was introduced. These boots are a variation on those. Like the other boots, these appear to be normal boots until tried on. They will then conform to the foot as magical boots do. They will not reveal their nature, however, until the wearer is in sight of a true giant. When this happens, he will have an uncontrollable urge to kick the creature to death. While wearing the boots, he will not engage in any other attack against a giant. The boots, in fact, give a +2 to hit vs. giants and do 1-8 points of damage per attack. If a giant is in sight, they cannot be removed in any manner short of a *Wish*. Otherwise, they can be taken off and put on normally. Note that they only cause this kicking frenzy when worn.

Quill of Commanding
by Michael A. Wilson

Functions as a scribe. Will translate voice into written language for up to two hours per day.

Bracelet of Luck
by Paul W. Vinton

This bracelet appears as an ordinary silver wrist band, 2" wide and solid. It adds +2 to all saving throws, but once per day for three melee rounds, adds 1 to all opponents chances to hit its wearer.



Puzzle Parchment
By Michael A. Wilson

Once this paper has been written on, it can be torn up in such a way that only the person who tore it is able to piece it back together. Partial successes (up to 50%) are possible by other persons.



Spell Staff
By Paul Andrew Denisowski

This appears to be a short (8") metal tube. It functions much like a Rod of Absorption, with the exception that it can only absorb spells cast upon it by its user. The Staff can hold up to 101 spell levels, knowledge of which is given to the user when grasped. The stored spells can be discharged at will in one segment (it could be used in melee). The 101 spell levels may be filled or emptied at any time and are never lost. If the Staff is broken, all stored spells go off as if cast at the spot where the Staff was broken. There is a 5% chance that first level Spell Caster will be given one by his Mentor. Suggested GP Sale Value: 80,000



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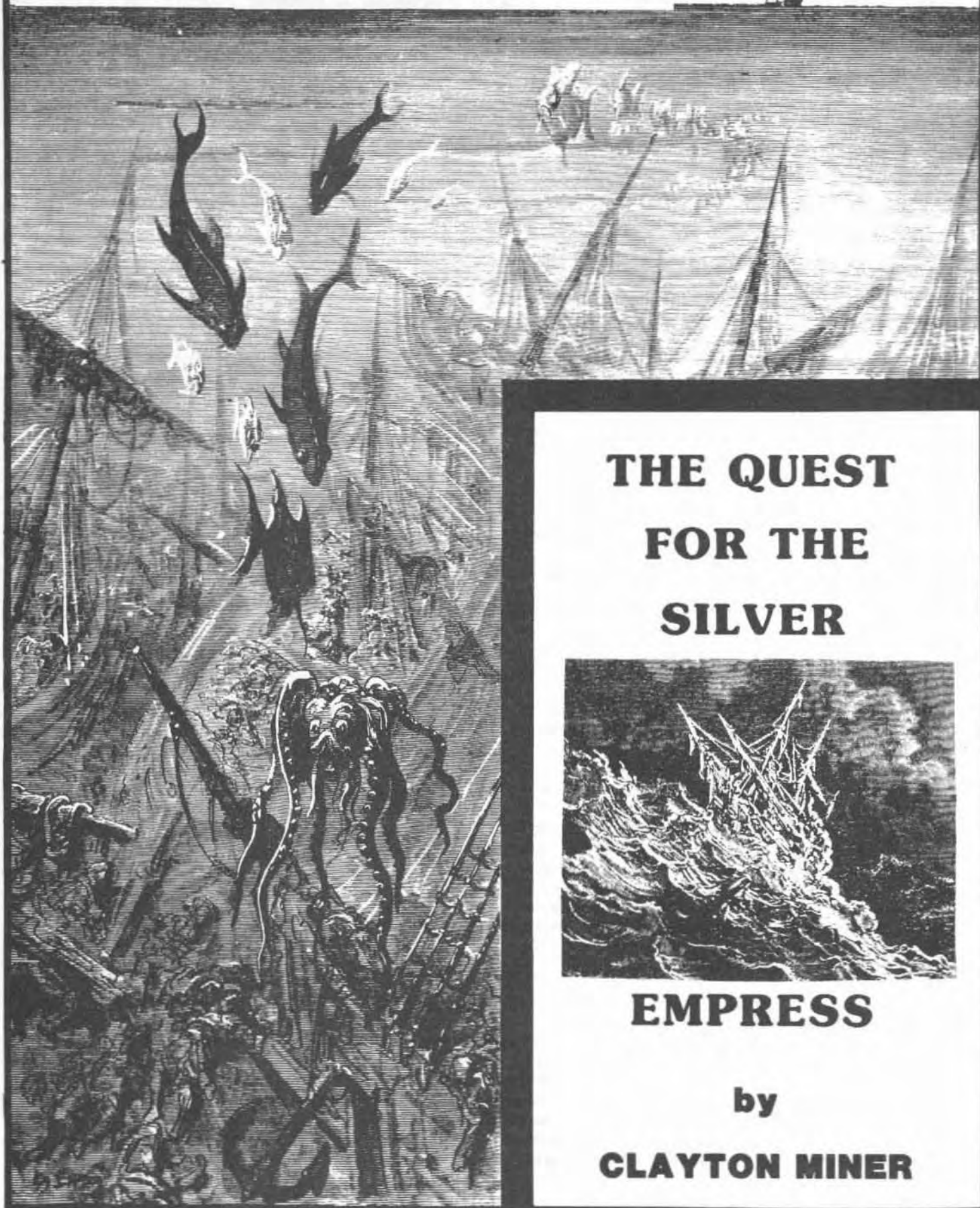
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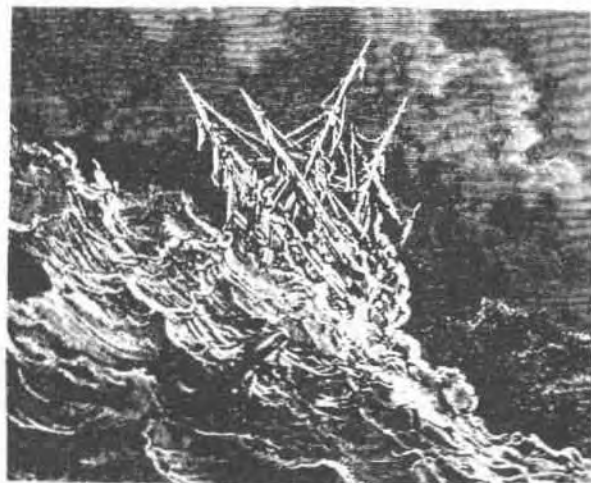
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**THE QUEST
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THE QUEST FOR THE SILVER EMPRESS

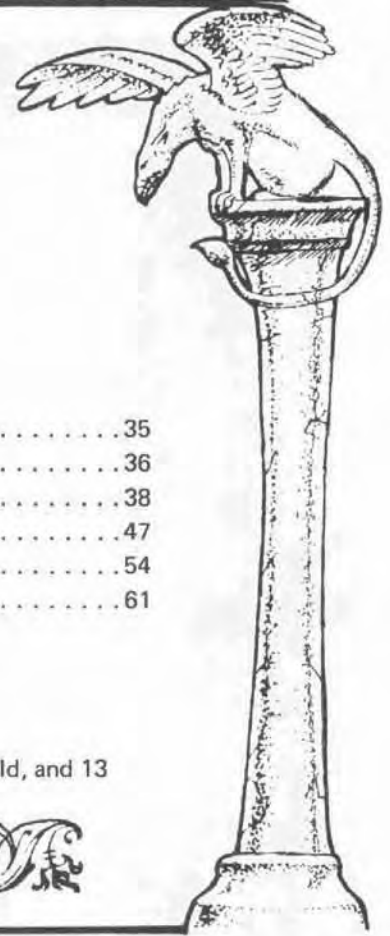
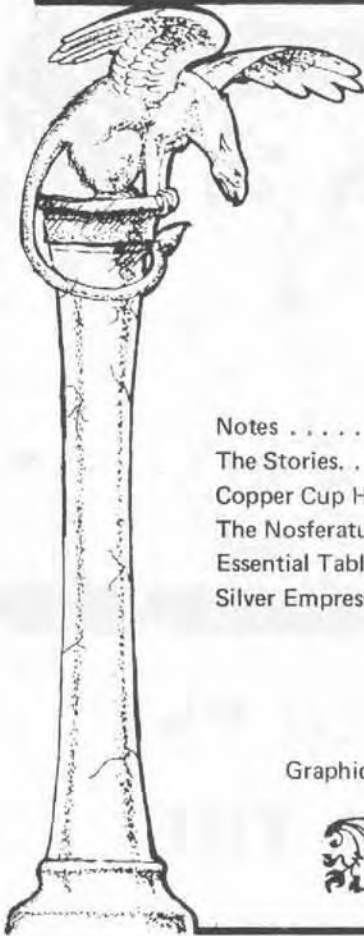


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Designed by Clayton Miner
Art by Gustave Dores, Kevin Siembieda, Paul Jaquays,
Ken Simpson, Rick Houser, Bob Bingham
Graphics and Layout by Jerry Taylor, Bart Hughes, Cedric Oakenshield, and 13



This Adventure

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Notes for the Judge

The descriptions of the NPCs found in the Copper Cup House are, as a rule, longer than those of the other NPCs encountered. To a great deal, this is because the players stand a chance of convincing the majority of these NPCs to join the group. Generally, the other NPCs, such as the fishermen and the ship's crew, will not want to or will not be in a position to accompany the players anywhere.

I strongly recommend that any Judge who is interested in running this adventure should read through it thoroughly. There are few, if any, hidden problems designed to cause either the players or the Judge any difficulties, but it is best to read through it in order to establish some image of the NPCs.

I have not included pre-generated player-characters in this scenario because I feel it is better if the players risk using a character with which they are familiar; also, they will probably enjoy it more and play better if they use their own characters. To facilitate using this adventure, it is necessary for the Judge to make some arrangements with one or two of the players. I would suggest setting this up in advance with the people because they may become suspicious if you suddenly lay an "Oh, b the way. . ." on them that suggests that one or more of them all at once knew something vital to the adventure. The type of information you will want to set up with the players beforehand should be in some way to their benefit in the adventure, primarily in figuring out where to look for the ship. To go about this, you can use the following ideas or come up with your own:

1. One of the players comes from a long line of sailors and, as a child and young man, heard many tales from his relatives, one of which was about a great treasure ship lost in a northern sea near the coast of Tarantis during a wild storm.
2. The player in question may have been the recipient of some vague prophecy about riches and a wine-dark sea and has been searching for the answer.
3. Instead of being the recipient of a prophecy, as a child, the player was a native of the region. A resident of the castle which housed the survivor of the wreck, the player remembers traveling with his father to the beaches to search for signs indicating the proximity of the hull of the Empress.

The Quest for the Silver Empress is not intended to be a simple "hack and slash, pick up the treasure" adventure. It has been set up primarily as a thinking adventure where the players rely more on their brains and their abilities than on a Sword or an Axe. True, there may, and, most likely, will, be some killing before the adventure is over, but that is not the main thrust to this installment; intelligent and creative play is. As a few final words to the prospective Judges of this installment, you may find that I have glossed over some areas that you would like to have seen covered, such as the castle or the cities and villages. That may be, but, remember, once you have decided to use this installment, it becomes part of your world system, and my views on a castle or village may be quite different from yours. The major intent of setting up the Quest for the Silver Empress was to provide a framework for an adventure and, as such, centers primarily on main points of interest. As Judge, you should feel free to expand this installment to your liking, for example, by adding a land campaign section to cover the party's travels from a port to the beach, and so on.

The following table explains the Armor designations used in this adventure. Animals, of course, don't wear Armor but have natural defenses. In the case of an animal, a letter designation indicates that an animal is as difficult to damage as a person wearing that type of Armor.

A	Unarmored	E	Chainmail
B	Shield Only	F	Chain and Shield
C	Leather Armor	G	Plate Armor
D	Leather and Shield	H	Plate and Shield



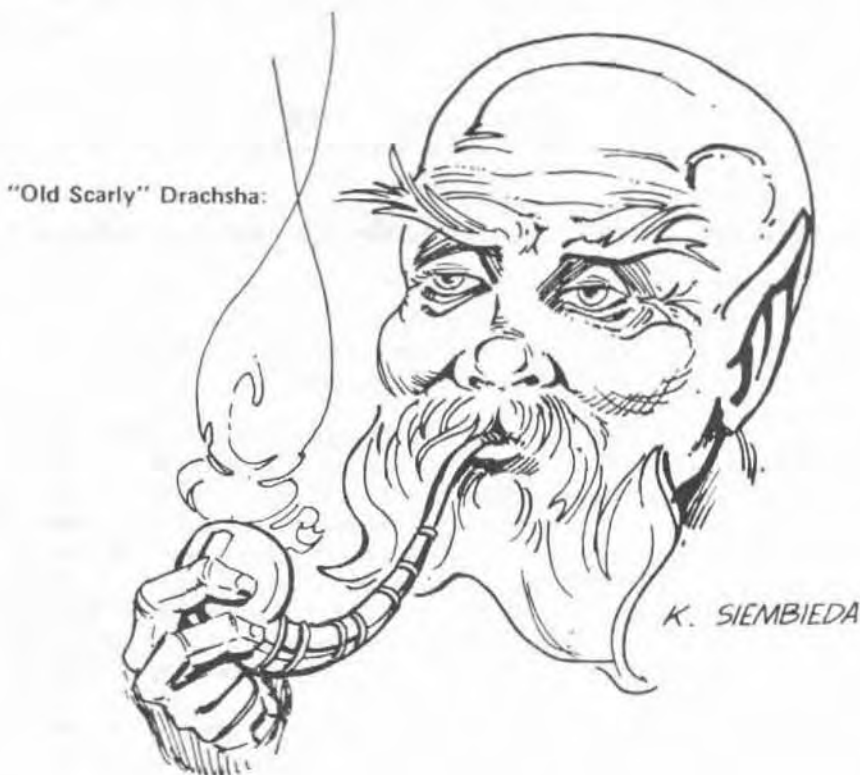
The Copper Cup House

A small, well cared for tavern set along the Silver Shod Canal, the Copper Cup House sheds a cheerful light upon darkened streets and alleyways. The Copper Cup House is a modest place nestled among old warehouses, residences, and shops that, for the most part, have seen better days. Even though the area around the Copper Cup House slowly decays with age

and rot spawned by the moisture in the air, Polybis and his employees somehow continually manage to keep the place clean and in good repair. The main claim to fame of the Copper Cup House, and the greatest part of its drawing power, is its reputation for being a place where anyone's bad fortune turns to good. Whether or not this is true, or that some beneficial spirit watches over the tavern, has never been determined, but one thing that is a certainty is that friendship and good fellowship dwell within its walls. Polybis, owner and proprietor of the Copper Cup House, has made it an established rule that the doors of his establishment will remain open to anyone, regardless of their race, however wretched they may be, or whatever their situation. Many is the time that Polybis has served a meal free to the city's poor and often has been repaid in a number of ways.

The Story of the Quest for the Silver Empress (To be read to the players)

It has been a rather pleasant evening for you and your comrades as you sit around one of the tables of the Copper Cup House, one of the better eating and drinking establishments to be found in the City State of the World Emperor. The meat and ale of the place is good and so is the conversation flowing between yourselves and the gentleman who joined your company to listen to tales of your recent exploits. Introducing himself as Polybis Beak-Breaker, a one-time adventurer and current owner of the Copper Cup House, he has hauled over a chair for himself and invited himself to your reminiscing, occasionally ordering a round of drinks for all of you. The only thing that has marred the overall quality of this night out on the town is the presence of a small gang of rowdies who seem to enjoy creating a ruckus and making themselves heard over everybody else, but, as they are paying customers, Polybis is doing his best to ignore them. Before long, however, the rowdies congregate on a table occupied by some anonymous old man and begin to harass him, often sneeringly demanding that he "tell that old fishstory again, Granpa!" in a collectively nasal voice. This goes on for a few minutes until your host and a scarred female sitting at a table in the corner tell this group to put up or shut up, which they quickly do. Now being encouraged by Polybis to "tell your tale to my companions here and to anyone else who may not have heard it," the old man, whose name is Old Scarly, proceeds to do so.



"Old Scarly's" Story

"I remember the days I served on the Silver Empress; a proud and beautiful ship she was. None like 'er anywhere in t' entire world as that there beautiful lady. She were near unto 200 feet long from the great carvin's on 'er stern to the point o' 'er bowsprit, an' she carried three great, 'uge masts that could really 'old a mess o' sailcloth. Leastways, she could 'ave afore she went down near about thirty year ago. Anyways, there was none like the Empress; she were a right ol' queen o' the sea, she was. The Empress were a special ship made exclusively to the orders of the king o' Valon. Can't seem to remember 'is name right off, but 'e sure seemed to know what types o' ships 'e wanted us to sail. Anyway, the Empress was 'is pride an' joy, an' it were we that were sent on all the important runs, like our last voyage.

"We 'ad been out o' port for about a week 'aulin' a load of silver ingots an' suchlike valuables back to 'is Majesty in Valon that we 'ad gotten while in Tarantis. I never did figure out why we were goin' after such a prize, us relatively undefended an' all, but orders is orders, an' we 'ad to get this load back 'ome. Well, the Cap'n was sorter nervous on the trip an' must o' been a bit worried that we might be jumped by raiders, but I guess that we were lucky on that score. Another one of the Cap'n's worries, an' the rest o' us, too, was that our load might suddenly shift to one side o' the 'old should things get bad. But, for the most part, our luck 'ad 'eld.

"Well, 'twas on the afternoon o' the tenth day out from port an' after we 'ad put considerable distance atween ourselves an' the shipkillin' reefs along the shoreline that our lookout in the crow's spots what 'e takes to be a gatherin' storm. Sure enough, that's what it turns out to be, an' the Cap'n decides it would be best if we were t' give it a wide berth. Well, we turn the ship to grab ourselves a good breeze an' get around the storm as fast as we can, an', to 'elp things along, the Cap'n orders that we put on full sail, someat we did as fast as we could 'cause none o' us liked what we could see. Unfortunately for us, our luck turned bad, real bad, for, as we were movin' along at a real good rate o' speed, we 'it somethin' 'ard, real 'ard. Well, we never found out what it was we 'it. I guess it could a been a whale or somethin. a might bit worse, but we kept goin' with what we thought to be only mild damage. There were some timbers forced that required patchin', but the bad news was that we 'ad lost our rudder an. were all but 'elpless. Of course, 'twas about this time that we noticed that the storm 'ad not only built up but 'ad changed course an' was 'eading in our direction.

"The Cap'n orders the ship's carpenter to cut out some o' the cabin walls an' build us a temporary rudder. It were a good idea, but it came too late to 'elp us. Before the rudder were finished, we were becalmed right before this wallopin' great storm. Well, she finally caught up with us, an' we started to move back towards where we knew the coastline was, but, as things weren't too bad, yet, we 'ad 'opes o' seein' our families again. But the Empress' luck were all used up an' afore long we were at the mercy o' a dreadful storm. What with the timbers below creakin' like a demon's knees an' the waves a-crashin' over the bow above, we really knew what fear were all about.

"Well, it weren't too long afore the wind 'ad torn open the sails the Cap'n 'ad ordered reefed right after we lost the rudder, an', afore we could do anythin' about it, we lost most o' them along with parts o' them magnificent masts I told ye about. We lost a couple o' men right then when the crown o' our mizzen came crashin' to the deck in a tangle o' sailcloth an' riggin' like ye'd never want to see.

"Well, we knew at that point that our beautiful Silver Empress were doomed to go down as we were springin' leaks an' some o' the deck planks were torn up, but things just 'ad to get worse. Somehow, she 'ad gotten turned broadsides to the win' an' we got slapped by a great wave. This must o' been the final straw for the ol' girl 'cause the main beam split open an' our cargo broke loose. We 'ad figured on the storm lessenin' up by now, but it showed no signs o' lettin' up. As near as we could tell, in the dark an' the cold, we were gettin' perilously close to those reefs, so we were really in trouble. We 'ad all gathered on the aft deck to 'ear what the Cap'n 'ad to say, an', as we expected, it were the order to abandon ship. With certain death ahead o' us, many felt they would stand a better chance over the side.

"As first mate, I stayed back to join the Cap'n when 'e left the Empress, but, before 'e could leave 'er, part o' a yard-arm fell an' pinned 'im to the deck. By the time I was able to reach the Cap'n an' try to lift the arm, the Empress 'ad reached the reefs. We struck full on, an' I was thrown for'ard o' the Cap'n an' almost were hit by what was left o' the main mast as it went over the side. Seein' as 'ow we were bein' jammed in tight by the force o' the gale, I went back to try to free the Cap'n, but he were dead at last. The storm all at once lifted the Empress off the one reef an' drove 'er right onto t' other, where she stuck fast again. By that time, though, she were so low in the water an' stuck at such an angle that you could just step from the aft deck into the sea, which I did.

"As I was driven past the bow o' the Empress, I 'eard a sudden crack an' saw the silver-painted figurehead break free an' fall towards me. I'll never forget 'ow she looked like an avengin' angel as the lightenin' lit 'er up on 'er way down, an' I can remember 'ow I thought I were goin' to be killed by my own ship, but she missed me an' fell into the surf. At that point, a wave came along an' lifted me right over the sharp edges o' the reef an' set me down in the open waters between that an' the shore. The next thing I recall was wakin' up on a beach somewhere an' looking about for me mates. Nearby lay the remains o' one o' our ship's boats an' some bits o' wreckage includin' some o' the crew's gear an' sailcloth. Out away from the shore some 900 to 1,000 feet was the remains o' the Empress still impaled on the spines o' the reef. I guess she 'ad shipped a good bit o' water an' the weight o' it were more than she could stand, for, as I watched, she broke off the reef an' went down to the bottom. For a few minutes, I could see bubbles an' bits o' this an' that comin' up, but then they stopped, an' I figures that she's probably about 20 feet down there. Once she were finally gone, I found me a fesh water river openin' up to the sea nearby an' started to follow it. They say that a group o' noblemen found me still wanderin' along that there river, out o' my wits. Supposedly, they was out a-huntin', but I don't know about that part o' the story. All I know about that is I found myself in a great stone castle where I was brought back to 'ealth an' sent on 'ere to the City-State an' me 'ome."

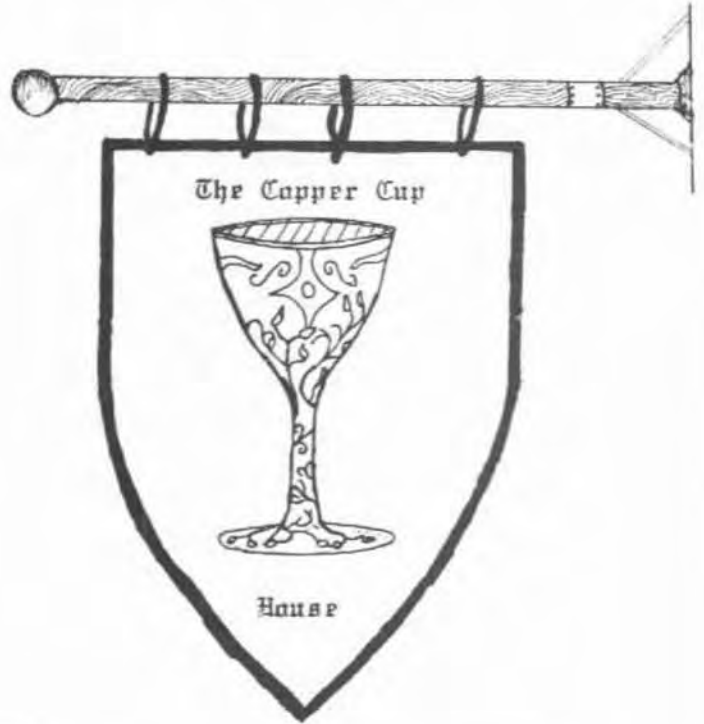
Once Old Scarly finishes his story, the punks start up again, telling him that their folks all say there never was any ship by that name and that he is making it all up. Several of them pull out knives and threaten to shut him up once and for all, but, before they can act, a person whom nobody had noticed was there steps out of the shadows with Sword drawn to defend Old Scarly. Before anyone can act, however, the nearest punk slashes the man and lets him drop to the floor, apparently lifeless (although you are unable to judge that from your vantage point), and turns back to Old Scarly. This, then, is your situation; what are you going to do?

(From here, the game is started)

Seated


THE COPPER CUP HOUSE

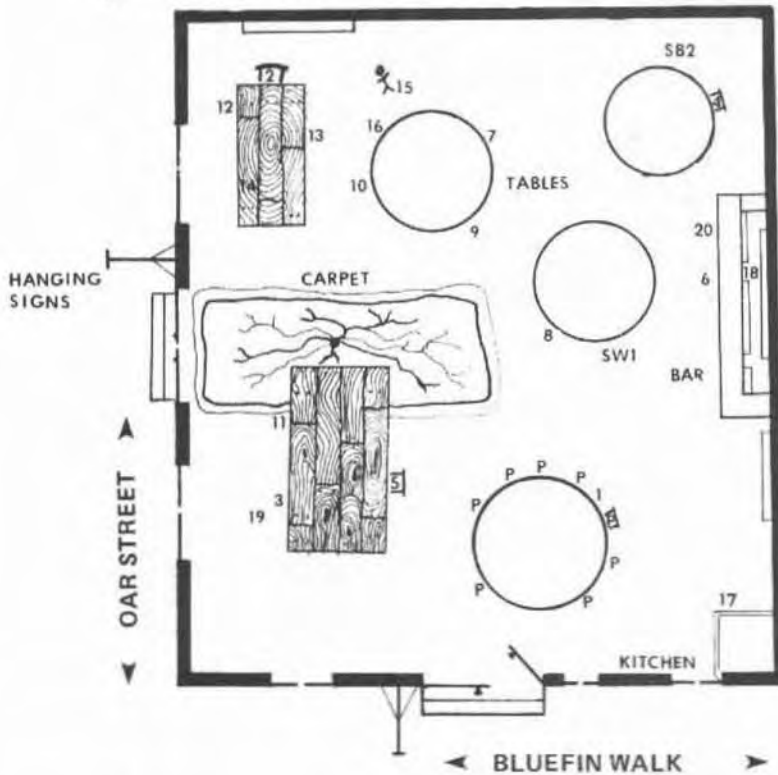
- 1 Polybis (Owner)
- 2 "Old Scarly" (Sailor/Story Teller)
- 3 Verian (Customer)
- 4 Ellisey (Customer)
- 5 Jacthra (Customer)
- 6 Cyne (Customer)
- 7 Khand (Customer)
- 8 Edward (Customer)
- 9 Ivar (Customer)
- 10 Penelian (Customer)
- 11 Ponsonby (Customer)
- 12 "Black Jack" (a Punk)
- 13 "Mangler" (a Punk)
- 14 "Weasle" (a Punk)
- 15 Grawulf (a Punk)
- 16 Oreath (a Punk)
- 17 Kristoferap Riis (Cook)
- 18 Kilburton Cramfast (Barkeep)
- 19 Silvina Cramfast (Serving Girl)
- 20 "Knavish" Haliford (Serving Boy)



Key

P = Party Members

 = 1st Victim of Punks



The Copper Cup House is located on the corner of Oarstreet and Bluefin Walk on the banks of the Silvershod Canal (Hex 1427 of the City State of the World Emperor Map).



Polybis Beak-Breaker:

The NPCs in the Tavern

Polybis Beak-Breaker: CLS: FTR; ALN: N; LVL: 1; HTK: 7; ARM: LJK; PSL: 6; STR: 15; INT: 10; WIS: 9; CON: 12; DEX: 13; CHAR: 13; END: 15; AGL: 10; LED: 16; LCK: 16; PSY: 12; WPN: Rapier. Polybis is a portly gentleman given to frivolity. However, he does run a half-way decent inn. Continually on the prowl for a good joke or clever story, he frequently mingles with the guests and passes his jokes and tales around. Always cheerful, he makes a point of personally greeting patrons as they enter, and, if this is the first time they have visited his place, he gives them their first drink free and has them sign in. The north wall is covered with the names of the patrons and the date they first entered.

"Old Scarly" Drachsha: CLS: FTR; ALN: LG; LVL: 4; HTK: 16; STR: 14; INT: 8; WIS: 8; DEX: 8; CON: 13; CHAR: 11; AGL: 9; END: 13; STA: 12; SPD: 8; LED: 14; LCK: 10; AT: C; WPN: Dagger. Wealth on Hand: 110 SP. 5' 4" tall, 128 lbs. with watery blue eyes, grey hair 3" long, coarse, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 64 years old. A quiet, unassuming man with hardly any enemies in the entire world, "Old Scarly" is content now to sit in the back of the Copper Cup House and share a pipe and some tales with his old sailing buddies. Having spent a full and active life of adventure on the high seas, he now sees no reason why he and his contemporaries should not be able to sit back and reminisce at their leisure and let the young folks have the fun and rewards of adventuring. Throughout his half-century of sailing the great oceans and rivers, "Old Scarly" has collected a great number of tales and delights in telling them to anyone who will listen. He can go on for hours at a time. Fortunately, he has always had the good fortune to have companions who enjoy hearing a well-told tale. To those who are good friends of "Old Scarly," it comes as no surprise that, of his entire stock of yarns, his favorite is his recounting of the sinking of the Silver Empress, a fabled treasure ship known to many a sailor, ship's captain, and navigator but almost unheard of outside the naval profession.

Also a man of meagre wealth, "Old Scarly" manages to keep himself alive through the continual use of his many talents which include chartmaking, teaching others the art of knot tying, and fishing. There is hardly a day that goes by that "Old Scarly" is not down by the canal edge dangling a line into its waters. Frequently, "Old Scarly" can be found down by the docks watching the ships enter and leave the port. Many's the time he has tried in vain to find a ship's master that will take him on for a voyage; so far, none have been willing to take the chance on his advanced years, and so he continues to look about.

Verian Dellansar: CLS: FTR; LVL: 3; HTK: 22; ALN: N; STR: 13; INT: 10; WIS: 13; DEX: 14; CON: 11; CHAR: 14; AGL: 14; END: 16; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 10; LCK: 10; WPN: Broadsword; AT: F. Wealth: 310 GP. 5' 7" tall, 178 lbs., piercing green eyes, black hair 4" long with beard and mustache, tanned skin, and low voice. He is left-handed and 21 years old. A relative new-comer to the varied charms and delights of the Copper Cup House, Verian has yet to hear the greatest portion of the tales spun by "Old Scarly" and his several transient friends. In that he spends almost all of his time traveling from place to place in search of fun and excitement plus a gold piece or two, it is most unlikely that he ever will. In some ways, this is unfortunate for the young man as he has not yet heard Scarly's tale of the loss of the Silver Empress and, at the least, would be very interested in that he lost his father with that ship. When present in the tavern, Verian feels a very strong attraction to "Old Scarly" whom he feels uncannily resembles the portrait of his father that hung in his home. Verian's continually active lifestyle has turned this once-sickly little boy into a fine, strong lad, fit enough to go out and battle just about anything that crosses his path.

Although Verian tries his best to control himself and be a peaceful man, he has had the misfortune to have been borne with a fierce temper that frequently erupts at the slightest provocation. Otherwise inclined to be somewhat reticent, a goodly number of people have come to believe that he is a berserker, but he has yet to display any special prowess in battle. At one time felt by his parents to be destined to join the Clerics, Verian was unable to see the sense in trusting one's existence to the whims of an invisible, and, possibly, not even real, power claiming to be a god when one could learn how to survive with a visible and highly tangible Sword. As a result of this thinking, he left his home to roam through the world as an adventurer and a mercenary rather than remain confined to a drafty stone building. Perhaps it is this that troubles him and contributes to his short temper and moody countenance.



KEVIN SIEMBEDA - 79





Adward Skraelson: CL: Cleric; LVL: 2; ALN: LG; HTK: 7; STR: 12; INT: 14; WIS: 16; DEX: 14; CON: 14; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 14; END: 15; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 12; LCK: 14; WPN: Morningstar; AT: E. 5' 5" tall, 160 lbs., white hair, blue eyes, clean shaven, high cheekbones, deepset eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed and 27 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 2nd Level: 3. Spells: 1st Level: *Heal Minor Wounds*, *Food Purification*, *Detect Magic Auras*, *Detect Evil Auras*, *Personal Protection from Evil*, and *Sphere of Light*. Merely a tired traveler who is looking for someplace to bathe, eat, and get some sleep, Adward could not possibly be any more disinterested in what is going on in this particular tavern. He is particularly disinterested in whatever it was that prompted some youngish Elf to look at him with a mixture of anger and distrust on his face and then stick out his tongue. So far, the only need that Adward has been able to satisfy is the one for food, but this is due to the fact that he is too tired, right now, to try to find a place with bath and bed. All things considered, Adward has been seriously thinking of just crawling into one of the corners with his well-worn blanket and spending the night. Just coming from a highly successful adventure that brought him a total of 1,200 GP in coins and gems, Adward is intending to stuff himself until he all but bursts. Accustomed to the finer things in life, Adward finds dungeon adventuring to his liking, except for the food. In his blood-spattered and torn clothing and with a 5-day growth of beard, he looks very much the hard-bitten adventurer, and so far, for the most part, has been left alone. Somewhat interested in what the local news was while he and his few friends were off traveling about, Adward has been trying to get somebody to come over and talk with him, but, so far, he has been unsuccessful.

Weary to the bone from chasing and being chased by many and varied dungeon occupants, Adward really hopes that nothing out of the ordinary occurs tonight because he is just too tired to be effective in a fight. He is not that foolish, however, and realizes that the rowdies in the place are going to cause trouble before they are finished, and his biggest hope is that there will not be too much bloodshed. Currently, he is on his third helping of steak and roasted potatoes and, much to the dismay of the serving girl that has been attending him, it appears as if he is going to call her over again. Basically, she is somewhat afraid of this blood-stained man who keeps putting his steak bones on the table in front of him instead of letting her clear them away. On his part, Adward is planning on using them as missiles in case any fighting breaks out. Adward is a pretty good shot when it comes to throwing things and is counting on the surprise value of beaming someone with a chunk of bone.

Ivar Kasparian: CL: Thief; LVL: 5; ALN: N; HTK: 13; STR: 16; INT: 13; WIS: 13; DEX: 17; CON: 12; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 18; END: 14; STA: 14; SPD: 13; LED: 11; LCK: 14; WPN: Rapier; AT: C. Wealth: 190 GP. 5' 6" tall, 110 lbs., black hair and mustache, pale blue eyes, and average complexion. He is right-handed and 23 years old. A long-time prowler of bars, taverns, and inns, Ivar has become quite proficient at sensing those situations that can be turned to his advantage, and the coming conflict is one of them. Quite skillful at lifting pouches, his mode of operation is to wade into the middle of the battle while delicately cutting the purses of those involved. He is the first to admit that this is a dangerous practice, but he also will admit to living his life solely for adventure. Quite the swashbuckler, Ivar displays a very odd form of ethics while in combat, such as allowing the enemy to retrieve a lost weapon, pointing out untied bootlaces, and so forth. These little niceties are frequently only a prelude to a rather cheap and nasty trick such as a knee to the face when his opponent bends over to retrieve a weapon. Outfitted in wide-cuffed boots, a blue velvet poncho and a soft hat with a huge plume in it, he cuts a magnificent figure in the many duels he fights.

Also quite a religious person, Ivar has always shown deference to any clerical type that he chances to meet, but let them cross him and he will not rest until he has put them in their graves. At last count, he was plotting revenge on the last 67 Clerics he has run across. There are those who are familiar with the members of the local thieving guild who are of the opinion that baiting Clerics has become a hobby with the young man and may have something to do with the time he was left for dead in a street fight by a Cleric he was trying to help. This may most certainly be true because, ever since that day, Ivar has held a veritable open season against what he considers to be "false" or "unworthy" Clerics.

Penelian Harlanor: CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: CN; HTK: 19; STR: 17; INT: 16; WIS: 14; CEX: 12; CON: 13; CHAR: 9; AGIL: 11; END: 11; STA: 12; SPD: 15; LED: 10; LCK: 9; WPN: Broadsword; AT: F (+1 Mail). Wealth: 78 GP. 6' 1" tall, 210 lbs., flaxen hair, clean shaven, brown eyes, tanned complexion, pronounced facial bones, and low voice. He is right-handed and 48 years old. Considered by many to possess one of the finest military minds currently in existence, Penelian has been able to sustain quite a high standard of living for himself through his highly effective mercenary groups. Sought after by many political factions, Penelian's men operate on the simple principle that, if someone has enough cash, they will fight for them. The only rule that they lay down on potential employers is that at no time are two groups of Penelian's highly-trained forces to be put in a situation where they are attacking one another. There is one known instance where someone decided to put an end to Penelian's mercenaries and financed a small war in which both sides were supplied from the same group. This attempt, however, failed quite miserably on the first day of fighting when the attempted trickery was discovered. The resulting number of casualties to their employer's own forces and, eventually, to his own family, has served as a good example of what a contract-breaker can expect from Penelian and his crew.

The most outstanding of Penelian's personal possessions is a silver and gold inlay hilted Broadsword which he wears at all times. Carried in a black leather-wrapped scabbard, this weapon has attracted the gaze of many as he moves about and is reputed to have shed the blood of every Thief that has dared to remove it. Rumored to be a gift from an Elven King, no one but Penelian knows precisely where it came from, and he is not saying. Currently, he and his second in command, a well-seasoned warrior named Giyrd of Neverich, are visiting various places in the City-State in hopes of turning up a new contract. So far, they have had no luck, and Penelian has stopped here only for some rest and a quick pint before moving on. Like Adward, the Cleric, Penelian dearly hopes that all will be quiet while he is having his drink. Already quite irritated by the carryings-on of the rowdy guests of the Copper Cup House, Penelian is not very far from being fed up and taking matters into his own hands. Quite proficient an armed opponent, it is unlikely that he will be faced with any difficulties with this small group of rabble-rousers. In fact, Penelian is so sure that there is going to be trouble that he has taken the precaution of loosening his fine Sword in its scabbard.

Ponsonby Scramff: CL: Magic User; LVL: 2; ALN: N; HTK: 8; STR: 15; INT: 17; WIS: 9; DEX: 16; CON: 15; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 16; END: 16; STA: 13; SPD: 17; LED: 12; LCK: 12; WPN: Dagger (2x); AT: A. Wealth: 15 GP. 5' 2" tall, green eyes, brown hair 3" long, average complexion, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 24 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level: 2. Spells Available: *Detect Magic Auras, Lock, Read Magic Script, Personal Protection from Evil, Sphere of Light, Charm, Slumber, Magic Shield, Magic Bolt, and Ventriloquism.* Keeping pretty much to himself while he sits and eats his rather simple meal, Ponsonby is trying to project an image of a calm and urbane gentleman at one time used to many of the finer things in life but currently down on his luck. Unfortunately, his rather shabby clothing and many furtive glances throughout the room have given most of the clientele the impression that he is either a beggar of some sort or, perhaps, an outlaw on the run. While neither of these assumptions are strictly true, the conclusion that he is an outlaw on the run is certainly the closest. He is currently being sought by the local legal authorities for his involvement in and suspected instigation of a highly destructive riot at the Hundred Fountain Square. This has made Ponsonby quite a nervous person, likely to bolt at a moment's notice. Along with his fears of being recognized and being held for questioning by the authorities, he is further put on edge because of his plans for this particular evening. Although a Magic User by training and a baker by upbringing, Ponsonby is present at the Copper Cup House tonight for an attempt at an assassination; it is something he is not looking forward to. While not cut out to be an Assassin, either physically or mentally, he has agreed to make the attempt in exchange for having all the charges stemming from the riot currently against him being dropped. Being somewhat of a realist, Ponsonby is aware that his chances of survival are not at all promising, especially considering that his assigned target is the mercenary leader, Penelian.

Even though he is, for the most part, unprepared for the attempt, Ponsonby has pretty much resolved himself to go through with it because it is the only way out of his present difficulties, insofar as he is aware. Armed only with his long, well-sharpened Dagger and a nebulous plan to slip up behind Penelian at some point and stab him with it, Ponsonby may very well balk and fail to act when the opportunity arises. Currently, Ponsonby has been forming a new plan which involves his waiting for Penelian to advance on the trouble-makers in the room and then slipping the Dagger into him as he goes by Ponsonby's table. As this plan involves quite a number of variables, Ponsonby is no surer of the outcome but is a bit more comfortable with it, as it is, at least, a more detailed plan than his previous one. Once the deed has been done, Ponsonby is in the dark about what he is to do, but he remains sure (or hopeful, at least) that the people who originally made him the deal will contact him.



"Black-Jack" Davy: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: NE; HTK: 12; STR: 13; INT: 12; WIS: 14; DEX: 8; CON: 8; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 8; END: 13; STA: 12; SPD: 7; LED: 11; LCK: 11; WPN: Black-Jack and Shortsword; AT: C. 5' 2" tall, 100 lbs., black hair 1" long, clean shaven, black eyes, olive complexion, heavily scarred face and hands, and medium voice. He is right-handed and 22 years old. Leader of the gang of punks, "Black-Jack" maintains tight control over this group of young toughs with an iron fist and rock-hard determination. Like so many of his fellows who also occupy the lower strata of the City-State's social order, Davy is nearly insane with hatred towards those he sees as being his betters as well as with the frustration of not being able to escape a lifestyle he finds intolerable. Almost a total illiterate, along with the rest of his following, Davy has turned to traveling the streets at night and engaging in petty thievery, muggings, vandalism, and the occasional rape as his way of staging a protest. Usually, the favored areas of Davy and his gang, the Gorgon's Claws, are the park areas and the fringes of the merchant's quarter, but tonight they have chosen to roam through the sailor's quarters for a change of pace. Unofficially the "Warlord" for the Gorgon's as well as their leader, Davy bears many scars as testimony to the frequent altercations between the rival gangs and the City Guard. One of the reasons underlying Davy's continual search for trouble is a subconscious death wish of which he is, for the most part, unaware.

At one time the devoted son of a moderately successful adventurer, Davy has been on his own in the slimier parts of the City-State since his father died in a tavern brawl 14 years ago. Fortunately, Davy's father had possessed the foresight to start to train the boy in the use of weapons almost as soon as he could walk. The loss of his father and his experiences during the next four years contributed greatly to his bitterness toward the well-to-do citizens of Veridistan. Through many hours of continual practice and instruction, "Black-Jack" Davy has turned his loosley-knit band of followers into an effective fighting force that usually comes off well in the many brawls they stir up. Although he keeps subconsciously hoping to be killed during one of their many excursions into the well-patrolled quarters of the City-State, Davy is, nonetheless, pleased and somewhat proud that the Gorgon's Claws routinely inflict more injuries than they receive.

Gustav "The Mauler" Hawkins: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; HTK: 9; STR: 16; INT: 14; WIS: 9; DEX: 10; CON: 13; CHAR: 8; AGIL: 12; END: 13; STA: 14; SPD: 12; LED: 11; LCK: 11; WPN: Bare Hands; AT: D. 5' 10" tall, 199 lbs., Reddish-orange hair, crew cut, green eyes, pale complexion, high voice, freckles, buck teeth, "barn door" ears, and a high voice. He is left-handed. Right-hand man and constant companion to "Black-Jack," there are few places Davy goes that his body-guard, "The Mauler," does not follow. For the most part, this almost dog-like devotion and loyalty on the part of Gustav has been a great asset to both Davy and the Gorgon's, but there have been occasions where it has led to some friction between the two. Fortunately for the group, these instances have been relatively few in number and do not last long. To a great extent, it is Gustav's devotion to Davy that has kept the balance of power intact in the Gorgon's because most of the members of the gang are afraid of Gustav and his massive hands. Cursed with a malformed body, Gustav is often viewed by those outside of the gang to be little more than a dumb brute or an illiterate country clod. Although Gustav is, in actuality, a highly intelligent person gifted with a great deal of natural cunning, he has not been granted any sense of finesse whatsoever which has reinforced his image of being a bumbling clod.

Named "The Mauler" by his companions in the Gorgon's Claws, Gustav has demonstrated any number of times that this nickname is well-earned. His unusual, two-fisted style of killing leaves no doubts among his fellows that they do not wish to share the same fate as that of his many victims. Ever since the time he knocked out a Guardsman's horse with one hit, and it was later found to be suffering from a major concussion, the other members of the gang have treated him with great deference. Although Gustav is highly intelligent, he is, at the same time, a dangerously warped person and has shown an almost pathological love for killing people in particularly shocking and horribly messy ways. Another way in which Gustav's devotion to "Black-Jack" has manifested itself is in his willingness to die for his leader which Davy, with his still-unrecognized death wish, finds mildly annoying.

"The Weasel": CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; HTK: 17; STR: 12; INT: 13; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 10; AGIL: 10; END: 11; STA: 17; SPD: 11; LED: 9; LCK: 9; WPN: Longsword; AT: C. 4' 9" tall, 95 lbs., brown hair 2" long, black eyes, swarthy complexion, thin lips, thin limbs, low voice, and big eyes. He is right-handed and 18 years old. Nicknamed "The Weasel" by the other members of the Gorgons for his amazing talents of evasion and escape and for several times when he was suspected of informing on the gang's activities, "The Weasel" has shown himself to be of great use to the group. Having lived through his rather lengthy trial which involved several repeatedly shouted accusations, a number of nail-studded leather strips, and the loss of close to two pints of blood, "The Weasel" is once again a member in good standing among the Gorgons. Frequently posted as a lookout while the rest of the gang is occupied with ransacking the interior of some merchant's store or a private citizen's home, he has many a time demonstrated his talents and his value to the group by alerting the others to the arrival of a rival gang or a contingent of the City Guard. His speed and stealth have, in many situations, given the Gorgons enough time to prepare for a fight or make good their escape, whichever is deemed the best course of action. As a sort of reward for his services to the Gorgons, "The Weasel" has been appointed to the unofficial position of exchequer to the gang and given first pick of the booty after it has been sifted by "Black-Jack" and "The Mauler." This has been quite an improvement from his previous status, which left him with whatever the 20-odd other Gorgons did not want.

Looking out, pretty much, for his own interests, "The Weasel" is, for the most part, unconcerned about the affairs of the other members of the gang so long as their actions do not jeopardize either his life or position in the gang. While trying, for the most part, to keep his mind on the activities in the Copper Cup House, he is, nonetheless, some-

what alarmed by "Black-Jack's" decision to come here tonight with so few members of the Gorgons and then to start causing trouble when there are so many obviously well-trained people in the place. "The Weasel" has already decided to make a move for the door if and when things get out of hand due to Davy's actions. With his talents of sneaking about and hiding, he feels quite confident that he can make good his escape with only minimal difficulties and injuries.

"Rabid" Grawulf Thornal: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NE; HTK: 13; STR: 11; INT: 8; WIS: 7; DEX: 7; CON: 10; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 9; END: 12; STA: 12; SPD: 7; LED: 14; LCK: 9; WPN: Dagger and Whip; AT: C. 5' 4" tall, 165 lbs., dark brown hair 4" long, black eyes, low voice, and facial scars. He is right-handed and smiles a lot. One of the meanest, most savage, and dirtiest street fighters that anyone could ever hope to avoid, Grawulf alone can truthfully boast of having defeated more opponents than any other member of the Gorgons. In fact, a great many of the gang's victories can be ascribed to this man's ferocity in battle. When wielding his favored weapon, a 6' wire-and-nail-studded Whip, he is truly a terrible sight to behold. In battle, Grawulf is totally devoid of any sense of mercy or restraint, and he has been known to press an attack long after his opponent has surrendered. He also has a reputation for provoking altercations with unarmed and defenseless passers-by. Apparently, Grawulf does this for some form of enjoyment rather than for a profit as it is rare for him to rob his victims once he has beaten them senseless. There have been a few times when his excessive brutality has gone too far, and several of the unfortunates who have run up against him have died. Inasmuch as one of these people was the eldest son of one of the lesser noblemen living in the city, there is currently a price on his head of 5,000 GP (less if he is dead). Fortunately for Grawulf, none of the other members of the Gorgons have heard of this reward.

Grawulf also enjoys using Knives on people, particularly if the Knives are quite sharp, and has developed a fair degree of proficiency in handling them. When it comes to using his glittering, sharp Knives, Grawulf's favorite method is to sit astraddle his victim while carving what he considers to be "pretty little pictures" into the victim's skin. Grawulf's prowess with a Knife stops with his artistic endeavors, and, as such, he is, at best, only average when it comes to fighting with a Dagger. In fact, he is somewhat less than average in a Knife fight as can be evidenced by the scars on his face. Somewhat of a morbid person as well as brutal, Grawulf makes it a habit to collect "momentos" of his triumphs. One entire wall of his room is decorated with weapons, clothing, personal possessions, etc. of his successes in combat, and, on his person, he sports a necklace of human teeth and finger bones around his neck and a belt woven of human scalps around his waist. Needless to say, even the other members of the Gorgons are a trifle leery of him.



Ponsonby Scramff:

Silvina Darkfast:

Jacthra of the Silvertrove: CL: Thief; LVL: 6; ALN: CG; HTK: 18; STR: 12; INT: 11; WIS: 13; DEX: 17; CON: 14; CHAR: 13; AGL: 18; END: 16; STA: 14; SPD: 17; LED: 12; LCK: 15; WPN: Rapier; AT: C. Wealth: 60 GP, 6 SP. Race: Elven. 5' 5" tall, 120 lbs., brown hair 2" long, copper eyes, low voice, left-handed, thick eyebrows, and 352 years old. Almost always a welcome sight at the Copper Cup House, Jacthra continually brings along with him a wealth of tales, jokes, coins, and tricks. It is his love of the latter item that has brought about his occasional stretches of unpopularity with Polybis, who has a tendency to get a bit upset when Jacthra's antics go too far. The last time, he had been shown the door and the garbage-laced canal out back for snitching the door knobs to the private rooms upstairs while there were tenants using them. A frail and easygoing fellow, Jacthra has successfully covered his three-member thieving ring under the guise of a highly successful traveling medicine show, and one can be sure that any city, town, or castle that Jacthra's troupe visits will find a sudden imbalance in its stock of valuables. His undercover activities have not spawned any conflicts with his "good" tendencies as he views robbery as being a more efficient means of redistributing the wealth between those who have it and those who don't.

Jacthra usually tries to keep a low presence when he is around the clergy because he is convinced that they are after his soul, and he has every intention of saving it for his own use. Admittedly, his fears are not entirely groundless because he seems to have been cursed to attract more than his fair share of representatives of "off-the-wall" religions. While he has had better luck with the more "established" religions, the ones that can afford the prestigious structures, he is still a bit leery of them as well because they, too, have tried to convert him in the past. The only reason that he gets along with Ellisey to any degree is that she has impressed him as being someone who doesn't care any more; also, the fact that she has occasionally joined in one or two of his wilder songs has affected the way he views her. While Jacthra will not be foolish enough to try to rob one of the regulars, he makes it a practice to snatch a newcomer's pouch, take a few coins from it, put it back, and then buy the newcomer and himself a round of drinks with the money.

Cyne Biogan: CL: Magic User; LVL: 3; ALN: NG; HTK: 6; STR: 14; INT: 15; WIS: 14; DEX: 14; CON: 15; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 14; END: 15; STA: 15; SPD: 14; LED: 11; LCK: 10; WPN: Dagger; AT: A. Wealth: 80 GP, 4' 6" tall, 97 lbs., grey hair and mustache, green eyes, faintly yellowish skin, and gravelly voice. He is right-handed and 52 years old. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level Spells: 3; Second Level Spells: 1. Spells Available: 1st Level: *Lock, Read Magic Script, Understand Languages, Personal Protection from Evil, Sphere of Light, Slumber, and Magic Shield*; Second Level: *Fireworks, Find Possession, Break, Open, Sphere of Darkness, Spider Web, Multiple Images, and Magic Message*. The shortest of the regulars to the Copper Cup House, Cyne is also one of the most lively. Always active, he makes a perfect companion for Jacthra and has been known to outlast the capricious Thief in assorted punning and drinking contests. His short stories, jokes, and remarks have been so painful at times that Polybis and the other regulars have used him on the transient customers as a form of "punishment" for getting out of hand. All of the repeat clientele remember the day (or evening, actually) when the punning duel between Polybis, Jacthra, and Cyne became so intense that that the City Guard was called in to disarm the participants. Cyne is no stranger to the City Gaol as his seemingly boundless energy has prompted him to carry out some "off duty" carousing long after the taverns were closed.

Possessing a strength far greater than one would expect from someone as short as he, Cyne has become the undisputed champion at arm wrestling for the tavern. Through his standing challenge to anyone to come in the House and face him, he has gained a fair amount of coin, and Polybis has gained a great deal more business. Although it is rumored by many of his detractors, usually those he beats, that he is casting spells to insure his victories against larger opponents, there has never been any indication that this is so. A highly intelligent man, Cyne has proven himself to be quite an inventive fellow. As a result of his pattering about in his study for the better part of a month, combined with a fortuitous spill, he came up with a more durable parchment for writing scrolls upon that also make it easier to do so. This parchment, which is being examined quite thoroughly by the local wizards, will retain the text of a spell almost indefinitely, only losing the power of the spell once it is used. He has hopes that the wizards in the City will be pleased and will help him set up a commercial outlet for it.

Khand, 'the Bear': CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: N; HTK: 19; STR: 15; INT: 7; WIS: 6; DEX: 8; CON: 16; CHAR: 7; AGIL: 8; END: 9; STA: 13; SPD: 10; LED: 7; LCK: 7; WPN: Broadsword (+1); AT: E. Wealth: 160 GP, 6' 3" tall, 268 lbs., black hair and beard, brown eyes, and very deep voice. He is right-handed and 34 years old. On the whole, a pretty good fighter and a valiant companion to have by one's side in a desperate situation, "The Bear" spends most of his time trying to scrape together the few coins necessary to purchase the one or two trinkets in the bazaar that he fancies. Born in the small village of Doomford (hex 1005, map 5), his style of clothing and manner of speech mark him to be a stranger and leaves him open to some suspicion on the part of those he deals with, a problem which he really does not understand. At one time a highly inquisitive man, Khand unfortunately suffered brain damage when the raft he and his friends were using overturned and his armor dragged him to the bottom. Although he was rescued by his comrades and then revived as soon as possible, the damage was done and now his mind operates on a rather simple level. Even though he is no longer the great fighter he once was, Khand has managed to relearn enough about the use of Sword and Shield to be able to once more travel with his friends.

Currently in the Copper Cup House because he enjoys listening to others tell stories of excitement and adventure and because the food had been recommended to him, Khand has been having a great time chatting with people and making new friends. However, the six rowdies in the place that have been bothering "Old Scarly" have upset him. He keeps hoping that someone will side with him if he tries to roust out these ruffians, but he is afraid that he would end up fighting on his own.

Oreath the Merrybegotten: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NE; HTK: 8; STR: 16; INT: 11; WIS: 8; DEX: 13; CON: 16; CHAR: 9; AGIL: 13; STA: 16; END: 15; SPD: 11; LED: 12; LCK: 8; WPN: Dagger and Shortsword; AT: C. 5' 9" tall, 173 lbs., blonde hair 1" long, pale green eyes, medium voice, and dark skin. He is right-handed and 14 years old. One of the youngest members of the Gorgon's Claws, Oreath is also one of their most ambitious members. Eager to assume a position of authority within the gang, his current low status among the others is something he finds quite frustrating. Along with his resentment of the leaders of the Gorgons, Oreath is also a chronic failure at 90% of everything he tries to do, which does not improve his self-esteem. As such, Oreath has little confidence in himself and is considering leaving the Gorgons at the end of tonight's activities. Aware that this resolve is, most likely, going to get him killed and that being such a bungler and yet remaining a member of the Gorgon's Claws is, most likely, also going to get him killed, Oreath is almost at the point of desparation. In fact, there are times when Oreath has his doubts as to whether or not he is really enjoying himself as a gang member, but his fear of reprisals from the others in the gang have prevented him from trying to break away. Although Oreath is a complete bungler when it comes to planning and executing a plan, he is a passable Fighter, and his strength has been a great asset to his companions. His abundance of brute force is one of the reasons that Oreath is brought along as much as he is.

The one thing that Oreath seems to be totally unaware of is that he is somewhat well-liked by members of the gang, despite some rather obvious flaws in his leadership abilities, and he would be liked even more if he were not so moody a fellow. His repetative depression is due, in part, to his lack of self-confidence, but it is also due to premonitions he has involving the deaths of members of the Gorgon's Claws. Tonight, he is especially subdued, having foreseen the coming demise of at least three members of the gang although he remains uncertain of who they will be and when it will occur. Since the small group came into the Copper Cup House, Oreath has become increasingly agitated, but, as of yet, he has not made the connection between his dream and this place.

Kristoffer ap Riis: CL: FTR; LVL: 5; ALN: LN; HTK: 30; STR: 12; INT: 13; WIS: 14; DEX: 15; CON: 16; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 15; STA: 17; END: 17; SPD: 18; LED: 15; LCK: 17; WPN: Meat Cleaver and Frying Pan; AT: B. 4' 11" tall, 105 lbs., sandy hair, grey eyes, slight lisp, medium voice, and a dimpled chin. He is right-handed and 47 years old. A calm and easygoing fellow who's had more than his share of adventurous living, Kristoffer is just as fond of tales of great deeds and far away places as Polybis, but he does manage to keep his mind on business somewhat better than does his employer. Throughout the many busy evenings that occupy much of Kristoffer's time, he entertains himself by listening to what snatches of conversation he can overhear in the steady stream of voices and letting his mind wander over his own dungeoneering exploits. Having first met Polybis during a tavern brawl in Thunderhold, the two of them formed an almost immediate friendship and partnership. Later on, this pair went on to become two of the best-known and most successful adventurers of their time. Now that they have both retired, Polybis and Kristoffer have maintained their friendship and their partnership through joint operation of the Copper Cup House.



Although Kristoffer prefers to present the image of an unperturbable, efficient cook contentedly going about his work, he greatly enjoys life when there is something exciting going on. On his days off from the grill in the Copper Cup House, one can be certain of finding Kristoffer wherever there is some action, even if he has to go to the extent of causing it. There have been one or two occasions when Kristoffer has missed a few extra days of work due to the intervention of the City Guards. While he may find enjoyment from watching people unwind in a tavern brawl and may gleefully join in one himself, Kristoffer does not approve of lethal weapons being drawn in the midst of a brawl. If this should occur, he will do his best to reach and disarm the owner of the offending weapon. Should an armed brawl break out in the Copper Cup House, things will be a bit different. Armed with a trusty frying pan and a well-used Meat Cleaver, Kristoffer will attempt to subdue or, if necessary, kill those people who have pulled their weapons unless, of course, those weapons were drawn in self-defense.

Kilburton Darkfast: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: N; STR: 14; INT: 11; WIS: 14; DEX: 11; CON: 11; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 10; STA: 11; END: 12; SPD: 13; LED: 13; LCK: 14; WPN: Dagger; AT: A. 6' 2" tall, 213 lbs., grey hair 2" long, blue eyes, pale complexion, medium voice, and receding hairline. He is right-handed and 38 years old. Possessing all the grace, learning, and sophistication of a country gentleman, Kilburton cuts an imposing figure as he stands and tends customers behind the great oak bar along the wall. An amazingly well-educated man, Kilburton seems to be capable of partaking in a discussion on any subject from philosophy to the arts magical. In addition to being one of the most interesting people in the City-State to engage in conversation, he is also a good listener which is one of the essential traits for a successful barkeep. Little is known of Kilburton's past and even less is known about his private life except that he has an only daughter and makes a hobby out of collecting and playing musical instruments. This shroud of mystery around Kilburton has given rise to a number of speculations as to his past, but most of them are wildly improbable. The only information about him that is a certainty is that he fiercely protects his daughter and that the two of them live somewhere in the northern end of the City-State.

Many are the times that customers in the Copper Cup House on a slow day have seen Kilburton idly fingering one of his prized instruments as if lost in thought or trying to remember something long forgotten. Although he has never openly played a tune or a song while at the Copper Cup House, and nobody can ever recall his performing anywhere else, his daughter, the serving girl, frequently claims that he plays for her quite often and is the best musician in the whole of the City-State. She has made mention of the fact that, when he does play, however, he seems to be a different man. These observations of hers have recently fired up more speculation on Kilburton's past, but there has been no evidence to confirm or deny even the least of these rumors.

Silvina Darkfast: CL: FTR; LVL: 1; ALN: LN; HTK: 6; STR: 14; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 14; STA: 11; END: 10; SPD: 13; LED: 13; LCK: 16; WPN: Dagger and Hair Comb; AT: B. 5' 4" tall, 120 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, green eyes, high voice, and thin face. She is right-handed and 14 years old. A calm and restrained young girl, Silvina goes about her duties as a server at the Copper Cup House with the air of a person who is totally content with her lot in life. A pretty girl, as well, Silvina exudes an almost mystical aura about her as she moves from table to table waiting on the various customers of the tavern. Her polite demeanor has won her the admiration and approval of her employer, Polybis, who sees to it that her duties are not too demanding. Silvina makes a practice of not saying much while serving the guests, preferring to listen and to learn as much as she can from the various conversations that are going on almost continually. This reticence has worried her father, Kilburton, somewhat because he fears that a spell or ensorcellment of some bizarre nature has been placed on her which prevents her from speaking unless spoken to first. Fortunately, Silvina does not appear to have inherited as much superstitiousness as that which her father displays.

Silvina has found her attractiveness to be a burden only a few times when working. This was primarily when passing groups of nomads or the northern barbarians had visited the Copper Cup House. However, the training she has received from her father and several of his warrior friends in the use of small weapons for self-defense has stood her in good stead and helped her to avoid trouble. Armed with a good-sized Dagger, Silvina will draw it only if she feels threatened or if she feels that she has been insulted. If disarmed or outnumbered, she will draw the ornamental comb in her hair and attack with it, using the four sharpened tines to puncture and rake.

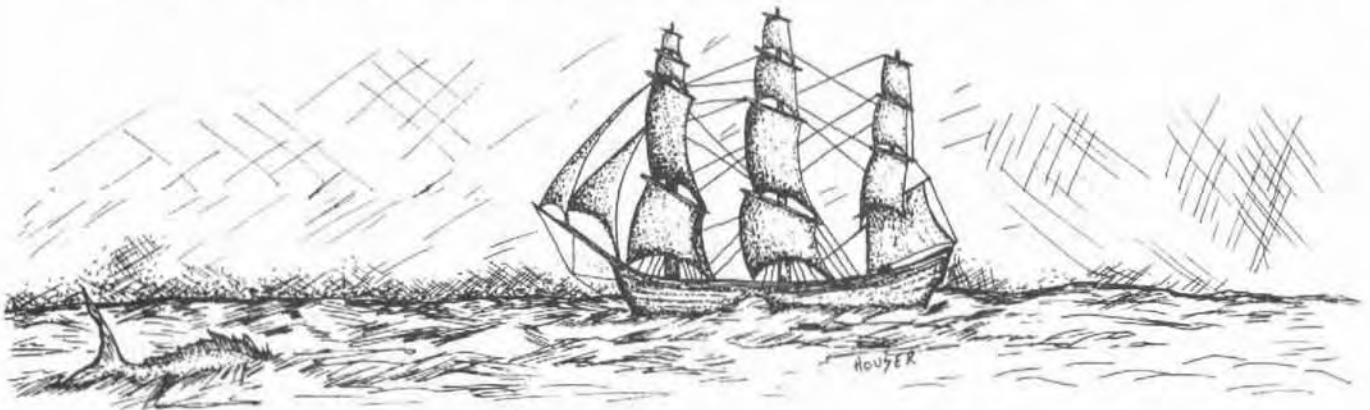
"Knavish" Halivord of Demon's End: CL: Thief; LVL: 2; ALN: CN; HTK: 5; STR: 11; INT: 8; WIS: 11; DEX: 14; CON: 9; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 12; STA: 10; END: 7; SPD: 16; LED: 11; LCK: 13; WPN: Stiletto; AT: C. 5' 1" tall, 110 lbs., curly, reddish-brown hair 2" long, narrow, green eyes, and low voice. He is left-handed and 26 years old. An interesting combination of traits, "Knavish" Halivord is not the type of person one would expect to find eking out a living as a serving "boy" in a tavern. At least, that is the impression most people get after being around him for a short while. Halivord projects the image of a person who would much prefer to be let loose to roam about the world rather than be confined in a small, boisterous ale house. Something of a loner by nature, Halivord prefers to be off by himself where it is quiet, and he has a tendency to act peculiar when forced to be around too many people for too much of the time. Some of his almost innumerable quirks include an intense dislike of children counter-pointed by an equally intense love of cats, a raving distrust of Elves, dogs, and windowsills, an obsessive belief that someday he will spontaneously turn into a clump of asparagus, and a tendency to wear his clothes on backwards while working. Another of his oddities is an argumentative nature which centers on a person's taste in food. Should someone be so unfortunate as to request something to eat that Halivord does not like, he or she will find that the service is brusque and he becomes quite melodramatic about serving it, doing so with a great number of actions, gestures, and words designed to impress

the person with how much he, Halivord, dislikes the dish.

Halivord is not a stupid person, merely somewhat unbalanced. If he senses that he has gone too far with his antics, he will immediately back off, giving his target an opportunity to calm down. Even when he is in his eccentric phases, Halivord's thieving talents remain as sharp as ever, and he uses every opportunity to sharpen them further. It is possible that the excellent cover provided by his position as a server is the one reason he remains where he is. Halivord is not a man for hobbies, but, if one must be listed, it would be causing bar-room brawls. In this one area, he excels greatly; he surreptitiously instigates a fight and then lifts pouches and wallets from the participants. In the event of a fight breaking out here in the Copper Cup House, Halivord shall cover his activities by at least appearing to try to break up the action.

Ellisey of the Shimmering Beach: CLS: Cleric; LVL: 3; ALN: LN; HTK: 18; STR: 12; INT: 11; WIS: 15; DEX: 14; CON: 13; CHAR: 16; AGL: 13; END: 15; STA: 14; SPD: 14; LED: 11; LCK: 12; WPN: Mace (+1/+1); AT: D. Wealth: 32 GP. 5' 10" tall, 170 lbs., green eyes, brown hair 4" long, average complexion and skin, and medium voice. She is right-handed, 29 years old, and has a scar on her face. Spell Casting Ability: 1st Level: 2. Spells: 1st Level: *Heal Minor Wounds*, *Detect Magic Auras*, *Personal Protection from Evil*, and *Sphere of Light*. Other than the nearby teenaged serving girl who is trying her best to serve the evening's customers amid all the bustle, Ellisey is the only woman currently in the tavern. One of the regulars, she prefers to quietly sit at one of the corner tables where she can easily keep an eye on the doors to the tavern as well as the main mass of the clientele. Having shown her usefulness as a Cleric and as a bouncer at times past when several excessively violent fights broke out, she is given preferential treatment by Polybis and his employees. While this has caused some grumblings among one or two of the old timers who have been coming around longer than she has, there have been no problems. This is due partly to her rather fiery eyes and her practice, when sitting down, of placing her Mace on the table next to her Knife. Those few who have approached her table with less than peaceful intentions have sworn that, when they got close to her, the Mace flickered with a pale blue light, but this has been scoffed off by the other patrons as being the product of an alcohol-soaked brain.

A very calm and quiet woman who wishes merely to enjoy the few pleasures in her life, she bears an active dislike, combined with distrust, of any man older than herself. This is due to the way her father and two brothers treated her when she first announced that she was planning on leaving the farm to join the ranks of the 1,000, an elite Warrior-Priest group dedicated to spreading education throughout the world. At first merely cajoled into staying, then beaten and threatened when she tried to leave, Ellisey finally ran from home on the evening her father decided to "put an end to this Warrior-Priest nonsense once and for all" and proceeded to slash her face down to the cheekbones with a dull knife. Claiming to be the only survivor of a Troll raid that resulted in the farmstead burning, Ellisey declined to enter the order of the Warrior-Priests as she was no longer qualified to be a member of the 1,000. Actually, they would be willing to accept her, but she has kept a low profile while going her own way.



The Nosferatu

Originally constructed and christened The Trader's Lord for a growing merchant coalition, this vessel spent many of its earlier years plying the waters of foreign seas on missions of trade and commerce. For a while, the company was quite successful, but fortunes changed, and the company failed due to bad luck. To satisfy the demands of the creditors, the few ships that had survived the bad times were sold off to various companies or private individuals. The Trader's Lord was just one of those vessels that had to be sold to pay the bills of the company. Purchased by Captain Kendaris Martlet at an outstandingly low price, the ship was paid for upon receipt and almost immediately pulled into dry dock for substantial modifications. The most important work was done below the level of the hold deck, where the hull was slimmed down and reshaped to form a sharper, more narrow keel. Above decks, the masts were replaced with ones that were taller and stronger and allowed for a greater area of sail to be used. Other, smaller modifications that were made contributed toward making The Trader's Lord into a faster ship. The only problem that came up during the refitting of this vessel was that not enough ballast was on hand, so gravel from a nearby graveyard was substituted for the maiden voyage.

Painted black with gold filigree wood working and name boards and white masts and bulwarks, the ship was rechristened The Nosferatu and once more went out to sea. Her maiden voyage was an unnerving one with a near-collision with several barges, reports of ghostly apparitions, and the deaths of several crewmembers in a freak storm that almost claimed the entire vessel. Upon reaching their destination, the Captain speedily unloaded the entire cargo and all the ballast and had a high-powered exorcism done on board. While this eliminated most of the supernatural occurrences on The Nosferatu, there are still a number of unexplained happenings plaguing the ship. The Nosferatu has a reputation among other mariners of being a haunted vessel, and the sign against the evil eye is often made when this black and white ship enters a port.

Currently (when the players come across her), The Nosferatu is taking on cargo consisting of a variety of foodstuffs, some weaponry, and 50 oblong wooden boxes measuring 6' in length, 4' in width and 4' in depth. All of this is being stacked in the hold, and, as soon as this is finished, the ship will leave port. If the players can summon the courage to find the opportunity to search through these boxes (which are all nailed shut), they will find each one filled with some sort of earth or dust. This is not what it may appear to be, for, while the players may jump to the conclusion that there is a vampire on board, this shipment is actually of a business nature. The material is being sent to an alchemist in Tarantis who is actively engaged in the transmutation of metals. However, the shipment is also a cover for a number of smuggled rare art objects, antique weapons, and the like. This may be discovered on a chance of 2% cumulative per box searched.

If, by any chance, the players are discovered searching the hold, those who were involved will be taken prisoner and locked in a storage compartment for the night. The next day they shall be given 20 lashes by Schreck for attempted thievery and turned over to the port authorities upon arrival in Tarantis. There is a percentage chance equal to the character's CON subtracted from 25 of the character dying as a result of the flogging.

A partial list of some of the unexplained and somewhat supernatural occurrences going on on board The Nosferatu when she is at sea includes the following:

1. Singing in the hold when no one is there.
2. Doors quietly opening and closing on their own.
3. Lights dancing around the mast and crow's nest.
4. A large, greyish-white dog appears that no one can explain or capture.
5. The appearance of a tall, gaunt man in black.
6. The cargo is occasionally rearranged.
7. Ghostly eyes staring at people from darkened corners.
8. Names or conversations being whispered in hallways.
9. Metal weapons taking on a reddish tinge.

And so on. For the most part, the occurrences are low-key, aimed at being malicious rather than violent or aggressive.

The Ship's Cat

Known as Jones or Jonesy, the cat of The Nosferatu is a somewhat skittish, orange-colored tom that is rarely found in one place for any length of time. Quite affectionate, Jonesy likes to roam the ship and hunt for rats. After dark, though, Jonesy will usually single out one person and stick to the chosen one like glue. If encountered while roaming the ship, Jonesy will try to hide behind anything convenient. Following the cat or cornering it will cause it to arch its back and hiss, all the while looking over the person's shoulder. Jonesy will then take the opportunity created by the person's instinctive reaction to check behind him to slip away.



Captain Christigan Martlet: CL: Thief; LVL: 14; ALN: N; HTK: 26; STR: 13; INT: 13; WIS: 12; DEX: 17; CON: 14; CHAR: 16; AGIL: 15; STA: 14; END: 15; SPD: 15; LED: 18; LCK: 16; WPN: Dagger and Rapier; AT: C. 5' 8" tall, 175 lbs., gray hair 3" long, blue eyes, average complexion, and low voice. He is right-handed. The owner and captain of the well-known and somewhat unusual ship, The Nosferatu, Christigan is always on the lookout for excitement and adventure, particularly if it will bring fun and profit to himself and his crew. While Captain Martlet may appear to be a pillar of the community and a guiding beacon of goodness in the darkness of sin and wickedness, he is actually the leader of a highly successful smuggling operation. A highly intelligent and crafty man, he has managed to avoid any hint of suspicion throughout the 4 years that he has kept his smugglers in operation. He is always willing to take on paying passengers but makes no guarantees that the passengers will arrive safely in their port of destination.

"Mad Dog" Madhao: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: CG; HTK: 71; STR: 11; INT: 13; WIS: 13; DEX: 9; CON: 9; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 8; STA: 9; END: 10; SPD: 9; LED: 13; LCK: 13; WPN: Hand Axe; AT: C. 5' 3" tall, 115 lbs., black hair 5" long, black, almond-shaped eyes, small nose, and medium voice. He is ambidextrous. A small and wiry man, well capable of handling himself in a fight, "Mad Dog" is also one of the quietest members of the Nosferatu's crew. It is a common occurrence for passengers to go through an entire voyage without hearing his voice once. Having spent much time in perfecting his skills in stealth and hiding, it is also a common occurrence for passengers and crew to walk right past him, even if they are looking for him! Madhao's nickname came about as a result of his actual name and the behavior he exhibits in battle. In a combat situation, Madhao is prone to wade into the fray, laying about with his Axe and yelling excitedly in a foreign tongue. To many of the sailors of the Nosferatu, this resembled the barking of a dog, and so the name came into being.

"Tiny" Tillinghast: CL: FTR; LVL: 7; ALN: NG; HTK: 39; STR: 15; INT: 9; WIS: 7; DEX: 13; CON: 11; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 14; STA: 13; END: 13; SPD: 13; LED: 14; LCK: 17; WPN: Broadsword and Horsebow; AT: C. 6' tall, 195 lbs., red hair, narrow, blue eyes, tanned skin, medium voice, big ears, and high cheekbones. He is right-handed. A member of the unofficial boarding party that the Nosferatu sports, "Tiny" makes an impressive sight as he charges across a deck waving his Broadsword. A good friend of Max Wood, the two are almost inseparable and, when in port, can be seen frequenting taverns and inns throughout the waterfront areas. "Tiny" is considered something of an oddity among his crew mates, who find it hard to understand how such a violent fighter can be so gentle with others. When not engaged in war of some sort, "Tiny" displays a touching kindness that clashes greatly with the bloodlust he exhibits in battle. Little is known about "Tiny's" background, and a quick way to alienate his easy-going nature is to ask questions along those lines.

Eliard Camplin: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: N; HTK: 59; STR: 16; INT: 12; WIS: 9; DEX: 12; CON: 9; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 9; STA: 16; END: 12; SPD: 12; LED: 10; LCK: 14; WPN: Cutlass; AT: C. 5' 9" tall, 160 lbs., blond hair 3" long, green eyes, and a high voice. He is right-handed. At one time the owner of a fair-sized fleet of merchant vessels, Eliard is now a broken man. Earlier in life, Eliard was a very successful merchant and held a comfortable place in society, but disaster overtook his business as, one by one, his ships and cargoes were either lost at sea or impounded to satisfy his creditors. The final stroke to his venture came when his best and last ship, the Madame Mina, was lost with all hands in a sudden hurricane in the Silver Skein Islands. Soon after that, Eliard's wife left him to the mercy of his creditors, taking with her his child and whatever valuable objects she could lay her grasping hands upon. Penniless and faced with a protracted stay in Debtor's Prison for non-payment of bills, Eliard slipped away from his home to find a ship on which to make his escape. Every so often, when the Nosferatu is in port, he will spot one of the surviving vessels of his fleet and wonder what became of his family.

Ridley, Ship's Navigator: CL: FTR; LVL: 8; ALN: NG; HTK: 41; STR: 14; INT: 14; WIS: 8; DEX: 11; CON: 7; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 14; STA: 8; END: 10; SPD: 9; LED: 14; LCK: 15; WPN: Dirk and Longsword; AT: B. 6' 1" tall, 220 lbs., greyish-brown hair 5" long, beard, brown eyes, tanned skin, low voice, hawk nose, and lantern chin. He is right handed. A loud and boisterous man who is constantly in good cheer, Ridley is an exceptional fellow. Capable of wearing a smile regardless of the situation, Ridley is also a highly qualified navigator. Originally signed on board by Christegan to merely assist in plotting the course, the captain has become quite dependent on his skills over the years. Ridley makes quite a flamboyant sight when on the bridge in his red and black patterned kilt and playing his ornate set of bagpipes. Quite often, he will be present by the captain's side when the Nosferatu leaves a port. Something of an exhibitionist, Ridley often moves about the ship wearing only his boots and kilt and playing a small musical instrument of some sort.

Haljorn, "The Cub": CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: NG; HTK: 28; STR: 15; INT: 11; WIS: 9; DEX: 12; CON: 8; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 14; STA: 9; END: 13; SPD: 14; LED: 15; LCK: 18; WPN: Battle Axe; AT: C. 4' 11" tall, 95 lbs., black hair 2" long and bushy eyebrows, brown eyes, and a facial scar. He is right-handed. An eager young man, anxious for adventure and filled with romantic notions of life at sea, treasure hunts, and glorious battles with pirates, Haljorn occupies the position of cabin boy. Usually, Haljorn has little to do in this capacity and spends much of his time as a lookout or as a rope hauler down on the deck. He is slowly being disabused of his notions of life aboard ship and is not finding the lifestyle particularly enjoyable. Already, Haljorn is bristling under the boredom of shipboard life and is becoming desperate for something to do. His feelings of frustration at his current situation are slowly corrupting Haljorn and causing him to look at the captain and his fellow crew members with hatred.

"Holy" Ector: CL: Cleric; LVL: 4; ALN: NG; HTK: 15; STR: 16; INT: 7; WIS: 17; DEX: 14; CON: 13; CHAR: 10; AGIL: 13; STA: 15; END: 13; SPD: 13; LED: 10; LCK: 11; WPN: Cudgel; AT: A. 5' 9" tall, 150 lbs., curly gray hair 3" long, green eyes, fair skin, and medium voice. He is left-handed. A fairly competent Cleric, capable of the standard, expected rituals, Ector really lacks some indefinable quality to his ministrations. Although he does not show it, Ector has been finding it increasingly difficult to get his spells to function. So far, he has been able to cover this with elaborate rituals, but he is afraid that, sooner or later, his failing as a Cleric will be found out, and he will be done away with as a fraud. Currently, Ector is wallowing in an ever-increasing pool of self-doubt as well as doubts about his chosen god, which is

contributing to his present problem. Unbeknownst to Ector, some of the more observant crew members have noticed his difficulties lately and are already spreading dissension among their fellows.

"Peg-Leg" Quincy: CL: FTR; LVL: 8; ALN: NE; HTK: 42; STR: 15; INT: 6; WIS: 13; DEX: 8; CON: 15; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 10; STA: 18; END: 17; SPD: 9; LED: 14; LCK: 14; WPN: Gladius; AT: G. 5' 5" tall, 180 lbs., brown hair 1" long, brown eyes, dark skinned, medium voice, and wooden left leg. He is right-handed. Pretty much the picture of a weather-beaten, hard-fighting sailor, "Peg-Leg" could well be found on any recruiting parlor or handbill anywhere in Veridistan. A tough man who has seen many years before the mast, "Peg-Leg" has been, in one capacity or another, a member of a crew for most of his life. Originally brought on board as a slave purchased from a passing merchant who needed the funds more than he needed his servant, "Peg-Leg" eventually was granted his freedom by the captain. By this time, however, he had become accustomed to life at sea and decided to stay with the Nosferatu. Despite the loss of his left leg from the knee on down in an attack by sahuagin, he has remained a formidable warrior. Almost through sheer stubbornness, "Peg-Leg" has retained the mannerisms, accents, and customs of the southern "barbarians" with whom he was raised.

Ridley



Peg Leg Quincy

Gravin of Howarth Flat: CL: FTR; LVL: 2; ALN: NG; HTK: 9; STR: 9; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 12; CON: 7; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 12; STA: 6; END: 9; SPD: 13; LED: 18; LCK: 16; WPN: Heavy Club; AT: C. Wealth: 10 SP. 5' 6" tall, 150 lbs., brown hair 3" long, blue eyes, dark skin, and high voice. He is right-handed. An average sort of man, almost non-descript, in fact, Gravin's position on board can be described in the same fashion. To the captain and crew, Gravin is viewed as being a general worker, someone who is on hand when extra people are needed. To Gravin, this means that he is continually being called upon to do somebody else's job or to act as a servant. Only rarely has Gravin been called to help someone instead of to do their job. Not a particularly good Fighter nor possessed of any great strength, Gravin has developed the opinion that the others take advantage of him because of his failings. He is, however, determined to put up with the situation as long as is necessary to prove that he is as strong and as valiant as the others.

Rannulf of Herbert Wells: CL: FTR; ALN: LG; HTK: 14; STR: 15; INT: 13; WIS: 11; DEX: 13; CON: 7; CHAR: 11; AGIL: 11; STA: 11; END: 9; SPD: 15; LED: 11; LCK: 14; WPN: Broadsword and Net; AT: D/C (use lower value if without net). Wealth: 19 GP. 5' 10" tall, 162 lbs., blonde hair 3" long, grey eyes, and medium voice. He is right-handed. A strange man with some pretty wild ideas, Rannulf is looked upon with a mixture of alarm, consternation, and amusement by the crew of the *Nosferatu*, as well as by any one else who listens to him. For the most part, the crew is of the opinion that Rannulf is just plain crazy. As far as Rannulf is concerned, it is the others that are crazy and not he. Among his totally preposterous ideas are that someday, in the future, magic will either cease to function, or people will have forgotten how to use it; mankind will rule the world through the use of intricate machinery; ghosts, dragons, liches, and all manner of magic creatures will no longer exist, and so on. The one idea that he has that always brings laughter to his listeners is that, in this future, man will reach to the stars without the use of magic. Indeed, Rannulf professes that, even now, magic does not work, and, while those around him try to laugh that off as well, no one can ever recall any magic ever having affected the man. (Judge's note: Rannulf possesses a natural anti-magic field and is 100% resistant to all magic.)

Albart Tygler: CL: Thief; LVL: 2; ALN: N; HTK: 7; STR: 10; INT: 9; WIS: 8; DEX: 15; CON: 14; CHAR: 7; AGIL: 15; STA: 13; END: 9; SPD: 18; LED: 8; LCK: 6; WPN: Rapier and Dagger; AT: C. 5' 10" tall, 170 lbs., blonde hair 3" long, grey eyes, medium voice, and facial scar. He is right-handed. The average, run-of-the-mill Thief, there is little in the way of skills that would make Albart stand out in any crowd. In terms of following one's chosen profession, this is much to his liking, but being continually anonymous greatly rubs against Albart's vanity. Something of a megalomaniac, Albart burns with the desire to be a leader of men and to be well-known wherever he travels. Needless to say, it is most unlikely that he will ever become anything more than a second-rate Thief.



Aldwin Hansard: CL: MU; LVL: 3; ALN: LG; HTK: 25; STR: 10; INT: 15; WIS: 9; DEX: 15; CON: 11; CHAR: 16; AGIL: 18; STA: 9; END: 8; SPD: 16; LED: 18; LCK: 18; WPN: Quarterstaff; AT: A. 5' 5" tall, 165 lbs. gray hair 5" long, gray eyes, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed. Spell Casting: 1st Level: 3; 2nd Level: 1. Spells: 1st Level: *Magic Bolt, Detect Magic, Read Magic, Read Languages, Sphere of Light, Charm, and Magic Shield*; 2nd Level: *See Invisible Objects, Levitation, Invisibility, Improved Lock, Detect Evil, Read Minds, Permanent Sphere of Light, Strength, Fireworks, and Open*. Considered by most of the crew to be the ship's wizard and wise man, Aldwin is often kept busy by various people coming to him with a wide range of personal problems or needing minor charms, spells, and enchantments. Somewhat flattered that he has been more accepted by the crew than has been Ector, the rather narrow-minded Cleric, Aldwin has also found all the attention somewhat bothersome. So far, he has found little time for himself. While it may be contrary to his beliefs, Aldwin has concealed the full extent of his abilities from the others, primarily because he is afraid that they will become even more reliant on him than they are now. Generally, he performs showy rituals to pacify the water and weather spirits and calm the superstitious sailor, as well.



Led Renfield, 1st Mate: CL: FTR; LVL: 13; ALN: N; HTK: 77; STR: 15; INT: 11; WIS: 12; DEX: 14; CON: 14; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 15; STA: 15; END: 12; SPD: 14; LED: 12; LCK: 15; WPN: Sword; AT: C. Wealth: 15 GP. 5' 5" tall, 135 lbs., sandy hair 3" long, green eyes, small mouth, and medium voice. He is left-handed. An appropriately unusual man for an unusual vessel, Renfield currently occupies the position of First Mate to the Nosferatu. His overall views on life and his odd mannerisms can all be summed up with the statement, "That one's a tad balmy, that one is" - a comment that can often be heard on board when Renfield comes up in conversation. One of his most outstanding eccentricities is his love of fire and explosions. To this end, he always has a number of molotov cocktails ready for use in his sleeping area as well as 1D6 on his person at all times.

Hanz N. Pfoeffler, Ship's Cook: CL: FTR; LVL: 10; ALN: NG; HTK: 57; STR: 17; INT: 16; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 11; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 10; STA: 14; END: 14; SPD: 14; LED: 13; LCK: 17; WPN: Meat Cleaver and Frying Pan; AT: C. 5' 7" tall, 170 lbs., blonde hair 2" long, blue eyes set far apart, tanned skin, and medium voice. He is right-handed. Having the near-legendary expert in Imperial cuisine, Hanz N. Pfoeffler, serving aboard as the Ship's Cook has imparted a great deal of prestige to the Nosferatu. At one time the head of the Emperor's kitchen, Hanz eventually grew weary of the position and retired, hoping to spend the last years of his life traveling about and adventuring. There are few that can match Hanz's skill in preparing a meal, and it is often said on other vessels that the crew of the Nosferatu is the best fed. When not actually engaged in fixing something for someone to eat, Hanz usually sits and whittles or tries his hand at catching a few fish. His position on the Nosferatu is somewhat unique because no one dares to cross him for fear that he will not cook dinner for them.

Max Wood: CL: FTR; LVL: 6; ALN: N; HTK: 28; STR: 14; INT: 14; WIS: 14; DEX: 15; CON: 12; CHAR: 15; AGIL: 18; STA: 12; END: 14; SPD: 18; LED: 15; LCK: 15; WPN: Broadsword; AT: C. 5' 5" tall, 143 lbs., black hair 2" long, blue eyes, tanned skin, and high voice. He is right-handed. Max is only one of the general deck hands with no really special talents to his credit. Indeed, he is somewhat of a jack-of-all-trades and, perhaps, is of more value this way. Born and bred to the sea in one of the northern fishing villages, Max looks upon land dwellers with disdain. An adventurous soul with the enviable gift of knowing when to keep silent, Max is Christegan's partner whenever smuggling arrangements need to be made. A fearless warrior, Max has been in many battles and has shown himself to be an excellent leader of men. If a combat situation goes against him and his men, and Max is required to make a morale check, he does so with a +4 modifier in his favor.

Wilholm Schreck: CL: FTR; LVL: 9; ALN: N; HTK: 51; STR: 18; INT: 9; WIS: 12; DEX: 11; CON: 9; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 14; STA: 13; END: 9; SPD: 10; LED: 13; LCK: 16; WPN: Sword and Cat-O'-Nine-Tails; AT: C. 5' 6" tall, 165 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, blue eyes, medium voice, long teeth, and high forehead with scar. He is right-handed. A well-built and powerful man, Wilholm is unofficially in charge of the loading and unloading of cargo. Part of the smuggling operation, his responsibilities also include updating and maintaining records, seeing to it that illicit materials are well-hidden, and altering and forging various documents, a task he performs amazingly well. Along with the unofficial position of cargo master, Wilholm holds the position of Provost Marshal AKA the "Head Flogger." Despite his continual readiness to use his Cat-O'-Nine-Tails and his immense strength, Wilholm has never been known to beat a man to death. In addition, Wilholm has not been known to use his whip without sufficient reason.

Sigourney, Ship's Sailmaker: CL: FTR; LVL: 5; ALN: N; HTK: 26; STR: 9; INT: 12; WIS: 10; DEX: 13; CON: 12; CHAR: 12; AGIL: 15; STA: 7; END: 9; SPD: 11; LED: 15; LCK: 13; WPN: Dirk; AT: A. 5' 9" tall, 180 lbs. brown hair 3" long, brown eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed. Occupying one of the more essential positions on board as Sailmaker, Sigourney also spends a good part of his time doubling as ship's carpenter. To a large extent, it is his efforts that keep the Nosferatu in good shape and ready to sail. Not really an active member of the smuggling ring, it, nevertheless, falls on him to construct the crates or hidden compartments for the materials the smugglers are hired to transport. While Sigourney does his best to keep quiet and not say anything, the situation bothers him, and he has been known to occasionally slip and say something about it to the wrong person. So far, nothing has come of his infrequent comments, but he is being treated with suspicion by both the port authorities and some of his crew mates.

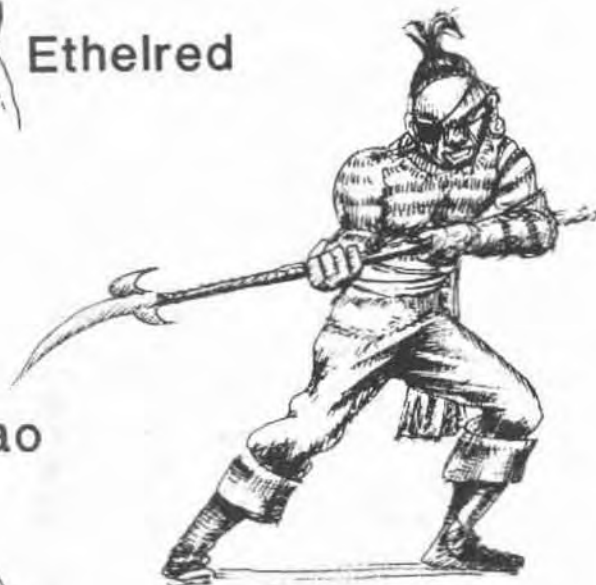
"Blundering" Odo: CL: FTR; LVL: 6; ALN: NG; HTK: 23; STR: 17; INT: 18; WIS: 8; DEX: 9; CON: 13; CHAR: 13; AGIL: 11; STA: 17; END: 17; SPD: 10; LED: 12; LCK: 12; WPN: War Hammer; AT: A. 5' 2" tall, 110 lbs., curly brown hair 5" long, green eyes, medium voice, and freckles. He is left-handed. Another one of the general hands on board the Nosferatu, Odo does his best to find a place that his well-developed muscles will help him fill. So far, he has not been made to feel all that welcome by the rest of the crew and has been spending much of his time thinking about jumping ship at the next available opportunity. The major reason behind the crew's dislike of Odo is that he is so clumsy. During the few months that he has been on the Nosferatu, Odo has been responsible for the loss of an anchor while at port, a sail set afire, the Captain being knocked down one of the gangways, and a yardarm crashing to the deck. While the accidents have been coincidental and did not result in any permanent damage, the crew has become convinced that he is a jinx and want him off the ship as soon as possible.

"Bearbait" Ethelred: CL: FTR; LVL: 4; ALN: N; HTK: 19; STR: 10; INT: 13; WIS: 10; DEX: 14; CON: 10; CHAR: 14; AGIL: 12; STA: 8; END: 10; SPD: 13; LED: 17; LCK: 15; WPN: Mace; AT: C. Wealth: 25 GP. 6' tall, 210 lbs., black hair 3" long, blue eyes, pale skin, low voice, broken nose, upturned eyebrows, and pointed ears. He is right-handed. One of the biggest members of the crew of the Nosferatu, Ethelred gives testimony of the northern blood running through his veins by his physical make up. On no other way does he bear any resemblance to any of the sea raiders who stormed his home village with the intent to burn, pillage, and rape anything female. Born as a result of that forced union, Ethelred, as a child, was subjected to the contempt and taunts of neighbors who were more interested in believing that his mother gave herself freely to the raiders than in remembering the rape, as well as the dislike of his mother who saw in him a living reminder of that night. When he was old enough, Ethelred fled from home vowing to seek out a life of adventure and to never return to his mother's house.



Ethelred

Holy Ector



Tiny Tillinghast

Galliard

Maddog Madhao



Galliard of Myrthin's Hill: CL: FTR; LVL: 3; ALN: LG; HTK: 18; STR: 16; INT: 12; WIS: 12; DEX: 13; CON: 13; CHA: 15; AGIL: 16; STA: 16; END: 12; SPD: 14; LED: 15; LCK: 13; WPN: Bastard Sword; AT: C. 5' 10" tall, 160 lbs., blonde hair 4" long, grey eyes, and low voice. He is right-handed. One of the newest members of the crew, Galliard is only a temporary addition to the company. Signed on only three days earlier, shortly after the Nosferatu docked, he is planning on only working for his passage across the sea to the City-State of Tarantis. His ultimate goal is to reach the Windedark Sea and explore the coast, seeking some clues as to the resting place of the Silver Empress. He, too, has heard the tale (four nights earlier, as a matter of fact) and is convinced of the wreck's existence. Galliard is somewhat suspicious that this motley crowd he has become involved with may try to sell him to a slaver, and he is continually on his guard. As he came on board, most of the crew were struck by the great similarity between Galliard and Albart, and the suspicion is that they are brothers. As of yet, no one has broached the subject, so the speculations are rife.

Duration of Dive Table

This table is designed to give the players and the Judge some guidelines to determine how long a character may remain submerged. If desired, this table may be used in conjunction with the Sink or Swim tables originally printed in the *Modron* (JG 0034) installment and repeated on page 21 of the *Ready Ref Book* (JG 0014).

Condition of Diver	Duration of Dive*
Holding one's breath	$\frac{1}{2}$ of CON (rounded down) in phases. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 10% chance of drowning.
Using spell of <i>Water Respiration</i>	As spell description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 7% to chance of drowning.
Using Potion of Water Respiration	As potion description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 5% to chance of drowning.
Using Ring of Water Respiration	See description. For each phase on bottom past limit, add 3% to chance of drowning.

*this does not include the time involved in ascent and descent.

Repetition of Dive

This section of the Judge's tables for the *Quest For the Silver Empress* is intended to offer some guidelines on how often a person may safely dive for treasure in this installment. It brings into play a measure of preparedness of the diver and the effects of fatigue. To determine the amount of time a diver will require to regain his or her strength and prepare for the next dive, take the number of feet dived and divide this by five, rounding off to the nearest whole number. This represents the number of 10 second periods the person should remain on the surface. There will always be people, however, who do not wait, so, to determine the effects of not preparing one's self fully, use the following guideline:

For every 10 second period less than that required by the previous formula, the person diving may spend 10 seconds less on the bottom, plus adding a 2% cumulative chance to the drowning possibility.

Recovering Treasure

Because of the nature of this installment, much of the activity will involve the attempt to recover some portion of the lost treasure. To govern this possibility, use the following formula to determine if any of the treasure is spotted. The Judge should be aware that recovery of the treasure does not involve a complete underwater archeological dig, nor is the treasure merely laying about on the ocean floor. The players and whatever followers, hirelings, and henchmen they have with them must not only spot a potential treasure but recognize it for what it is.

% of Discovery = $10 \times (\text{INT} + \text{WIS} + \text{DEX})$ or $10 (\text{INT} + \text{WIS} + \text{LCK})$ (whichever is greater) divided by the number of seconds on the bottom* + Level or HD (whichever is greater).

* if holding breath only

For Example: Stephan of Blueknoll (7th Level, INT: 12, WIS: 8, DEX: 9, CON: 12) is going to make an attempt at recovering some of the treasure, pretty much unaided by magical means.

Duration of Dive: 60 seconds (CON: $12/2 = 6$)

Repetition of Dive: rests for 30 seconds ($15/5 = 3$)

Once Stephan is on the bottom, he begins his search for some of the Treasure. His chances of finding some are as follows:

1st 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/1 + 7 = 36\%$
2nd 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/2 + 7 = 22\%$
3rd 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/3 + 7 = 17\%$
4th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/4 + 7 = 14\%$
5th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/5 + 7 = 13\%$
6th 10 Seconds:	$(12 + 8 + 9)/6 + 7 = 12\%$

If Stephan remains below, his chances for finding any treasure will continue to decrease, while his chances for drowning will increase.

WEATHER TABLES

Order of Roll

Roll	Name of Table	Table Number	Modifiers	Roll	Result
1st	Wind Strength	I	Terrain	1 - 4	Calm, 0 - 3 mph
2nd	Wind Direction	II	Zone	5 - 11	Light, 4 - 18 mph, -1 Longrange Missile Fire
3rd	Precipitation Probability	III	Month, Zone Special	12 - 17	Strong, 19 - 39 mph, -2 Long and Effective Range Missile Fire
4th	Base Temperature	IV	Month, Zone	18	Special (see Table Ia)
5th	Precipitation Type	V	Temperature	19 - 20	Gale, 40 - 70 mph, -3 Short Range Missile Fire
6th	Precipitation Amount	VI	Zone, Special		

(Flat Plains and Mountains add 2 to Die Roll)

Table I
Wind Strength
(Roll 1D20)

Special Table Ia

Arctic
1 - 15 Squall
16 - 20 Blizzard

Cold
1 - 15 Squall
16 - 18 Blizzard
19 - 20 Thunderstorm

Temperate
1 - 15 Thunderstorm
16 - 18 Tornado
19 - 20 Hurricane/
Blizzard

Sub-Tropical
16 Thunderstorm
17 Tornado
18 - 20 Hurricane

Tropical
1 - 17 Thunderstorm
18 Tornado
19 - 20 Hurricane

Semi-Arid Desert
1 - 15 Dust Devil
16 - 20 Sandstorm



Table II
Wind Direction
(Roll 1D20)

Direction	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
N	1 - 4	1 - 4	1 - 2	1 - 2	1 - 2
NE	5 - 11	5 - 9	3 - 4	3 - 14	3 - 8
SE	12 - 13	10	5 - 6	15 - 17	9 - 14
S	14	11	7 - 8	18	15 - 16
SW	15 - 16	12 - 13	9 - 17	19	17 - 18
NW	17 - 20	14 - 20	18 - 20	20	19 - 20



Table III
Precipitation Chance

Month	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
I	20	10	30	05	10
II	15	15	25	25	15
III	10	20	20	20	25
IV	05	25	35	20	30
V	05	35	25	25	35
VI	05	35	15	35	35
VII	05	25	05	25	30
VIII	05	20	05	20	25
IX	10	15	15	20	20
X	15	15	25	15	10
XI	20	10	25	05	10
XII	20	05	30	05	10



Table IV
Base Temperature
 (Measured in degrees Celsius/Fahrenheit)

Month	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical
I	-38/-36	-25/-13	-8/18	7/45	22/72
II	-40/-40	-22/-8	-6/21	7/45	22/72
III	-33/-27	-17/1	0/32	8/46	23/73
IV	-22/-8	-8/18	5/41	9/48	24/75
V	-10/14	3/37	0/32	11/52	25/77
VI	0/32	8/46	15/59	13/55	24/75
VII	5/41	11/52	16/61	15/59	23/73
VIII	0/32	9/48	15/59	15/59	23/73
IX	-12/10	2/36	12/54	14/57	25/77
X	-24/-11	-11/12	7/45	10/50	25/77
XI	-32/-26	-20/-4	-1/30	8/46	24/75
XII	-35/-31	-25/-13	-8/18	6/43	23/73

Normal Temperature Variance: Roll 1D10 and 1D6; on 1 - 3, add 1D10; on 4 - 6, subtract 1D10.





Table V
 Precipitation Type
 (Roll D%)



Base Temperature Range:	Below -10/14	-10/14 - 0/32	1/33 - 10/50	11/52 - 25/77	25/77+
Weather Type					
Snow	1 - 98	1 - 80	1 - 20	1 - 2	---
Sleet	99 - 00	81 - 89	21 - 22	3 - 4	1
Hail	---	90 - 97	23 - 25	5 - 7	2 - 4
Rain	---	98 - 00	26 - 00	8 - 00	5 - 00

50% chance of precipitation temporarily raising wind strength one category. Precipitation temporarily lowers temperature by 10 degrees Fahrenheit.






Table VI
 Precipitation Amount
 (Roll D%)




Type	Arctic	Cold	Temperate	Sub-Tropical	Tropical	Desert	Semi-Arid
Trace	1 - 59	1 - 39	1 - 20	1 - 40	1 - 10	1 - 75	1 - 75
Slight	60 - 97	40 - 69	21 - 70	41 - 92	11 - 45	76 - 100	76 - 97
Moderate	98 - 100	70 - 94	71 - 90	93 - 97	46 - 87	---	98 - 100
Heavy	---	95 - 99	91 - 97	98 - 100	88 - 95	---	---
Steady	---	100	98 - 100	---	96 - 100	---	---

Special Note: Semi-Arid has constant 5% chance of precipitation; Desert has a constant 1% chance of precipitation. Precipitation is highly localized in cloudburst.



Special Precipitation Amount Chart

Type	Amount
Trace	0 - .1 cm
Slight	.2 - .5 cm
Moderate	.6 - 1 cm
Heavy	1.1 - 3 cm
Steady	3+ cm in 24 hrs.



Encounter Tables
(Roll 1D6 x 10 +D%)


100 - 160	Man	444 - 459	Ocean Sunfish
161 - 176	Lamprey Eel	460 - 475	Blue Marlin
177 - 192	Merman	476 - 491	Portugese Man-O-War
193 - 208	Dolphin	492 - 507	Giant Squid
209 - 224	Seahorse, Giant	508 - 523	Stingray
225 - 236	Giant Crab	524 - 539	Giant Catfish
237 - 296	Crocodile	540 - 555	Devil Ray
297 - 308	Pungi Ray	556 - 571	Moray Eel
309 - 324	Sea Snake	572 - 587	Sea Bass
325 - 332	Leviathan	588 - 603	Sea Raven
333 - 340	Water Elemental	604 - 619	Giant Porcupine Puffer
341 - 348	Air Elemental	620 - 633	Wolf Fish
349 - 409	Whale	636 - 651	Maco Shark
410 - 425	Sea Turtle (Giant)	652 - 667	Bay Shark
426 - 427	God(ess)	668 - 683	Great Hammerhead Shark
428 - 443	Barracuda, Giant	684 - 699	Great White Shark



Treasure Table
(Roll D% each time a Detection Roll is Successful)

Roll	CP	SP	GP	Gems	Jewelry	Special
01 - 02	1D8	---	---	---	---	---
03 - 04	---	---	1D6	---	---	---
05 - 06	---	1D10	---	---	---	---
07 - 08	---	---	---	1D20	---	---
09 - 10	---	---	1D4	---	---	---
11 - 12	---	---	---	---	1D4	---
13 - 14	1D6	---	---	---	---	---
15 - 16	---	---	---	---	---	1D2 Silver Ingots, 15 lbs. each
17 - 18	---	---	1D4	---	---	---
19 - 20	---	1D20	---	---	---	---
21 - 22	1D10	---	---	---	---	---
23 - 24	---	---	---	1D8	---	---
25 - 26	---	---	1D3	---	---	---
27 - 28	---	---	---	---	1D6	---
29 - 30	1D4	---	---	---	---	---
31 - 32	---	---	---	---	---	1 Random Magic Item
33 - 34	---	1D12	---	---	---	---
35 - 36	---	---	---	1D12	---	---
37 - 38	---	---	---	---	---	1D3 Gold Ingots, 40 lbs. each
39 - 40	---	---	---	---	1D2	---
41 - 42	---	---	1D8	---	---	---
43 - 44	---	---	---	---	1D12	---
45 - 46	---	---	---	---	---	1D4 Gold Ingots, 40 lbs. each
47 - 48	---	---	---	1D10	---	---
49 - 50	---	1D8	---	---	---	---
51 - 52	1D3	---	---	---	---	---
53 - 54	---	---	1D20	---	---	---
55 - 56	1D2	---	---	---	---	---
57 - 58	---	---	---	---	---	1 Random Magic Item
59 - 60	---	1D2	---	---	---	---
61 - 62	---	---	---	---	1D20	---
63 - 64	---	---	1D12	---	---	---
65 - 66	---	---	---	---	---	1D4 Silver Ingot, 15 lbs. each
67 - 68	---	---	---	---	1D10	---

69 - 70	---	---	---	1D4	---
71 - 72	1D4	---	---	---	---
73 - 74	---	---	---	---	1D3
75 - 76	---	1D3	---	---	---
77 - 78	---	---	---	1D3	---
79 - 80	---	---	---	---	1D12
81 - 82	1D6	---	---	---	---
83 - 84	---	---	1D10	---	---
85 - 86	---	---	---	---	1D8
87 - 88	---	1D6	---	---	---
89 - 90	---	---	---	---	1D6
91 - 92	1D20	---	---	---	---
93 - 94	---	---	---	1D2	---
95 - 96	---	1D4	---	---	---
97 - 98	---	---	---	---	---
99 - 00	---	---	---	1D6	---



1 Magic Weapon

Indigenous Underwater Encounter Table
(At Site of Wreck)
(Roll D%)

Roll	Type	Size	Armor Type	Damage	Hit Dice	Number Appearing	Move	Attack %	Special
01 - 05	Great Barracuda	10'	D	1 - 8	3	1 - 4	12"	10	
06 - 10	Dolphin	6'	D	1 - 8	2 + 2	2 - 20	15"/21"	10	Ram Attacks
11 - 15	Ocean Sunfish	6'	A	1 - 4	4	1 - 2	4"	10	
16 - 20	Blue Marlin	20'	E	1 - 6	3	1 - 12	10"	10	
21 - 25	Portugese Man-O-War	20'	A	1 - 4	5	1 - 4	3"	10	Poison Type 5
26 - 30	Giant Squid	20'	C/G	1 - 8	6	2 - 12	3"/12"	12	1 - 10 points due to bite
31 - 35	Stingray	2' R	B	1	1	1 - 4	2"	10	Poison Type 4
36 - 40	Catfish	12'	C	1 - 6	3	1 - 6	8"	10	
41 - 45	Stingarges	10'	C	1	2	2 - 8	3"	10	3 Stingers Poison Class 3
46 - 50	Devil Ray	20'	E	2 - 12	6	1 - 4	12"	10	Smother in 2 - 8 turns
51 - 55	Moray Eel	6'	C	1 - 4	1 + 4	2 - 16	12"	10	Poison Type 6
56 - 60	Sea Bass	7'	B	1 - 6	5	2 - 12	8"	10	Ram to Subdue
61 - 65	Sea Raven	20'	G	1 - 6	3 + 1	1 - 4	8"	10	Back is AT: C
66 - 70	Porcupine Puffer	3'/9'	D	1 - 4	2	1 - 6	3"	10	Poison Spines Type 5
71 - 75	Wolfish	6'	A	1 - 8	3 + 2	2 - 12	4"	10	
76 - 80	Hagfish	3'	B	1 - 4	1	1 - 10	5"	10	Drains Blood at Rate of 1 - 2 STR points/phase
81 - 85	Sea Turtle	20'	D	1 - 4	5	1 - 4	20"	10	Shell is AT: H
86 - 90	Maco Shark	12'	D	1 - 8	5	1 - 8	20"	70	
91 - 95	Bay Shark	15'	C	1 - 8	5	2 - 8	10"	60	
96 - 00	Great Hammerhead Shark	15'	C	1 - 8	3	2 - 8	5"	50	



POISON EFFECTS

Poison Type	Rounds Effects Delayed	Points of Damage Per Round/No. of Rounds*	(In Addition to Damage) Effect when Saving Throw***			Per Potion Distill Cost
			Man-Sized	Ogre-Sized	Dragon-Sized	
0	9	0/0	Half Actions	--	--	10 GP
1	8	1/1	Coma	Half Actions	--	100 GP
2	7	2/2	III	Coma	--	200 GP
3	6	3/3	Paralyzed	III	Move Halved	300 GP
4	5	4/4	III	III	Half Actions	400 GP
5	4	5/5	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	III	500 GP
6	3	6/6	Coma	Coma	Paralyzed	600 GP
7	2	7/7	III	Paralyzed	Coma	700 GP
8	1	8/8	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	Paralyzed	800 GP
9	0	9/9	Coma**	Coma**	Coma**	900 GP

* If Saving Throw is **not** made, figures show Damage Points received per round and number of rounds suffered. If Saving Throw is made, halve figures shown (drop fractions) - being Damage received.

** In addition to Damage received and Coma effects, -1 on Dexterity, permanently, is suffered.

*** Effects shown last according to size: Duration
 Man-Sized: 1 - 10 days
 Ogre-Sized: 12 - 48 hours
 Dragon-Sized: 6 - 36 rounds

When Saving Throw is made, only half Damage occurs - no III, Coma, etc. When Saving Throw is not made, special effects below occur in addition to Damage:

Half Actions: All actions: Spells, Speech, Movement are performed at half rate or are delayed a round, at Judges option.

Move Halved: Movement, only, is at half rate, usually precludes flight capability.

Coma: is Unconscious, thus no actions, etc.

III: is Unconscious most of the time and no actions; limited Movement allowed, per Judge.

Paralyzed: Conscious but no actions are allowed.

Delay of a certain number of rounds will occur before any Damage is suffered, or any special effects, per above chart.

Poisons can only be placed on weapons by Alchemists. The Poison stays potent for one week, and becomes ineffective after causing six Hits. Each Poison Potion will treat ten small weapons or three large ones. Attempting to strike a specific point (such as a head or body) with a Poisoned Weapon reduces Hit Probability by -4. Generally, pits in the upper dungeon levels (with Poisoned Spikes) will have type 1 - 6.



Major Underwater Encounters

Residing within the decaying hull of the Silver Empress are two creatures acting in some form of master-pet relationship and, together, currently presiding over the positions of "guardian" and "executor" of the treasure. Their relationship to the treasure is one of accident rather than of desire as neither of the occupants are interested in the sand-obscured wealth accumulated around them. The only notice that has been paid to the remains of the ship and its cargo has been an occasional rummage about for tools by "The Beast," and, one or two times, the Octopus has played about with gems it has uncovered while looking for something to eat. It is possible that the fishermen have seen the Octopus tossing the gems to watch them float down and reflect the sunlight and drew the conclusion that it owned the treasure. Whatever the reason, the fishermen have avoided the wreck itself and know nothing about it.

The Giant Octopus has made its home here within the wreck merely because it is seeking a secluded and easily defensible habitat in which it can hide and rest. Pretty much a cowardly creature, despite its rather ferocious appearance, if the Octopus is encountered outside the hull, it will flee if surprised or threatened, leaving behind a cloud of murky, foul-tasting ink to cover its return to the wreck. Usually, when the Octopus is encountered outside its lair, it is hunting for a meal. Under these circumstances, there is a slight (10%) chance that it will attack a person under the erroneous impression that it has found food. Stumbling across the Giant Octopus when it is in the wreck is a different matter altogether. The Octopus views any intrusion upon its lair as an attempted attack and shall respond accordingly. The Octopus will fight until either all the intruders are dead or it is better than three-quarters damaged, at which time it will flee, leaving behind the oily cloud of ink.

The other inhabitant of the Silver Empress is a creature that has only rarely been glimpsed by the fishermen or visitors to this area. All that is known about it is that it is a ferocious fighter, seemingly intelligent, and has been spotted on land at times. Even though the fishermen know of its presence in the vicinity of the wreck, they are not absolutely sure where its lair is located. All they know for certain is that they are deathly afraid of it. Despite their fear, they have made no attempt to destroy "The Beast." Truly a deadly monstrosity, nobody knows what "The Beast" is or why it exhibits such unbridled

aggression. "The Beast" is a large creature measuring 7' when standing and 11' from nose to tail-tip when swimming and weighing roughly 1,000 lbs. It is somewhat lizard-like in its appearance and is armed with razor-sharp fangs and scythe-shaped talons which it uses with incredible precision.

While "The Beast" may not appear to be a life form capable of doing a great deal of thinking, it is, nonetheless, amazingly intelligent as well as highly cunning. This has been borne out by its demonstrated ability to plan, anticipate, and evaluate. Many ambushes by would-be treasure seekers have failed and have even been reversed, snaring them instead. The apparent cunning of "The Beast" is matched only by its strength, which is reputed by the fishermen to be great enough to tear a man's chest in half with ease. No stories are capable of doing justice to "The Beast" which can best be described as an intelligent, four-limbed shark. Its senses of hearing, touch, and smell are all highly developed while the senses of taste and sight are somewhat limited, being only marginally poorer than that of the average human. Even though it does not possess outstanding vision, its eyes are well-adapted to salt water, allowing it to see as well in water as men can see on dry land.

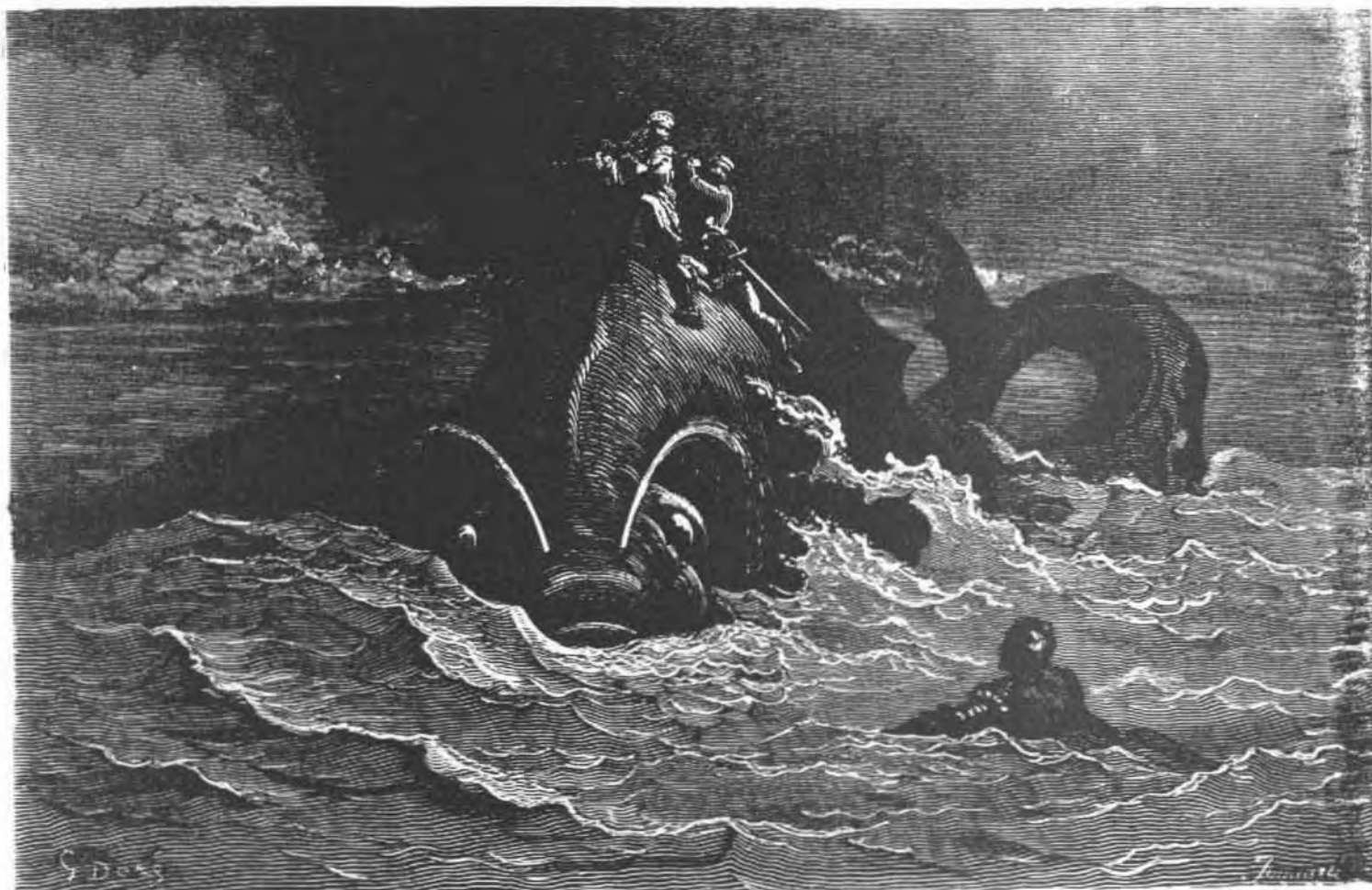
The main driving force within "The Beast" is its highly attuned territorial imperative. Other than hunger, nothing can spark the ferocity of "The Beast" like an invasion of what it considers to be its area. Currently, it has claimed the hull of the Silver Empress and everything around it for a space of 10' to be its territory and will conduct a lightning-swift attack if that zone is entered by someone. If, by some stroke of misfortune, "The Beast" is encountered while it is out hunting, it will attack anyone who comes within 30' of it. There have been very few that have survived its rapacious attacks, and those who have survived have ended up being maimed or crippled for life. The creature does not always engage in these savage attacks; if it encounters a group or a person outside its territorial limits, it will spend hours in hiding and observing the strangers.

Giant Octopus

Body Size: 10' diameter
 Tentacles: 30' in length
 Hit Dice: 10
 Hits to Kill Main Body: 35
 Hits to Kill Single Tentacle: 10
 (tentacle must lose all points to be severed)
 Damage: 1 - 8 (crush with tentacles)
 1 - 10 (Bite plus Save vs Poison or all voluntary
 muscles paralyzed)
 Chance per Turn of Being Outside Hull: 10%

The Beast

Hit Dice: 10
 Hits to Kill: 71
 AT: G
 Move: 30"/9" (Ocean/Land)
 Damage: 2 - 12 per hand
 3 - 18 bite
 Lair: 25% of being in hull
 Treasure: None





Silver Empress First Hit by Storm and Disabled Here *

Silver Empress First Spots Storm Here *

Lost Sails and Started Taking Water Here *

Crew of Silver Empress Abandons Ship Here
All But One Perish *

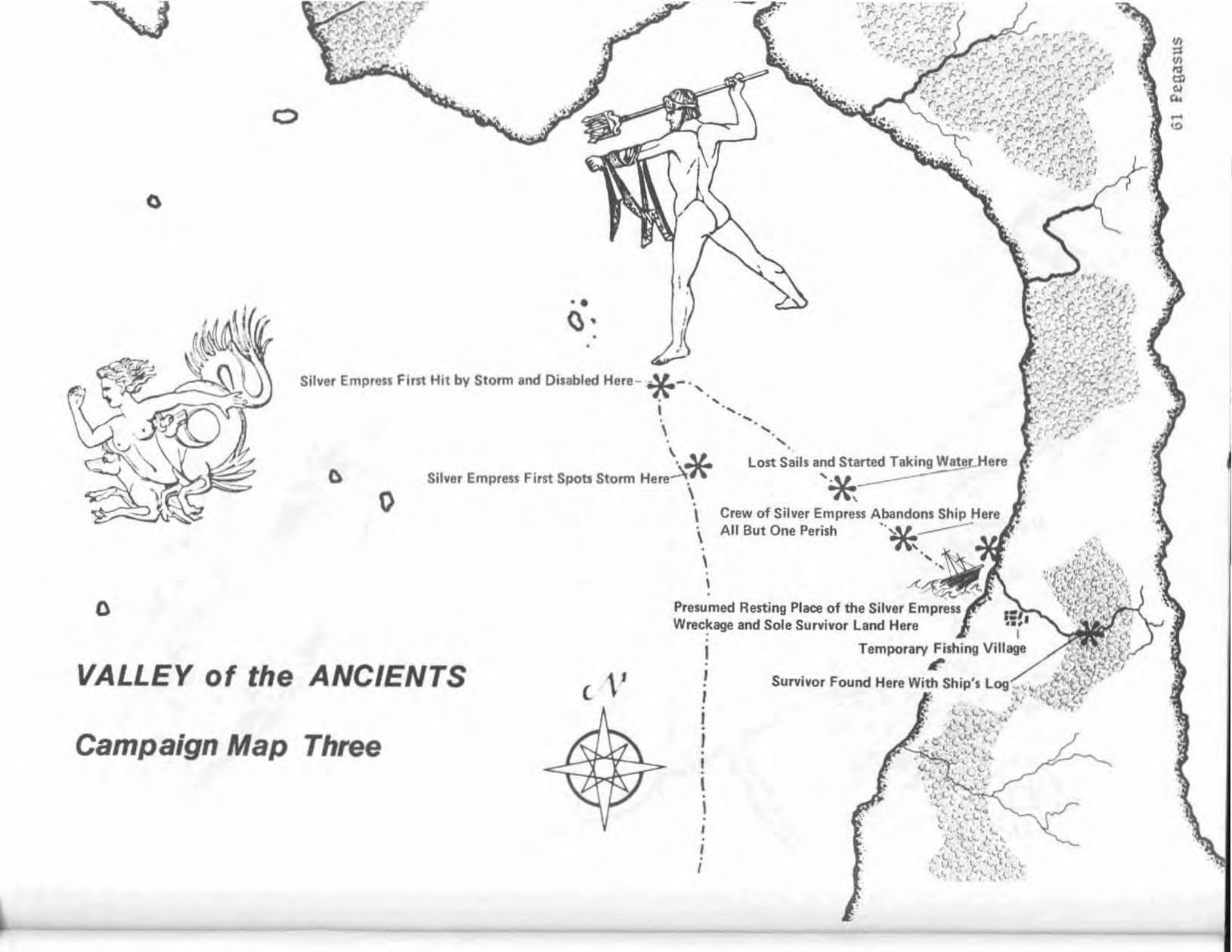
Presumed Resting Place of the Silver Empress
Wreckage and Sole Survivor Land Here *

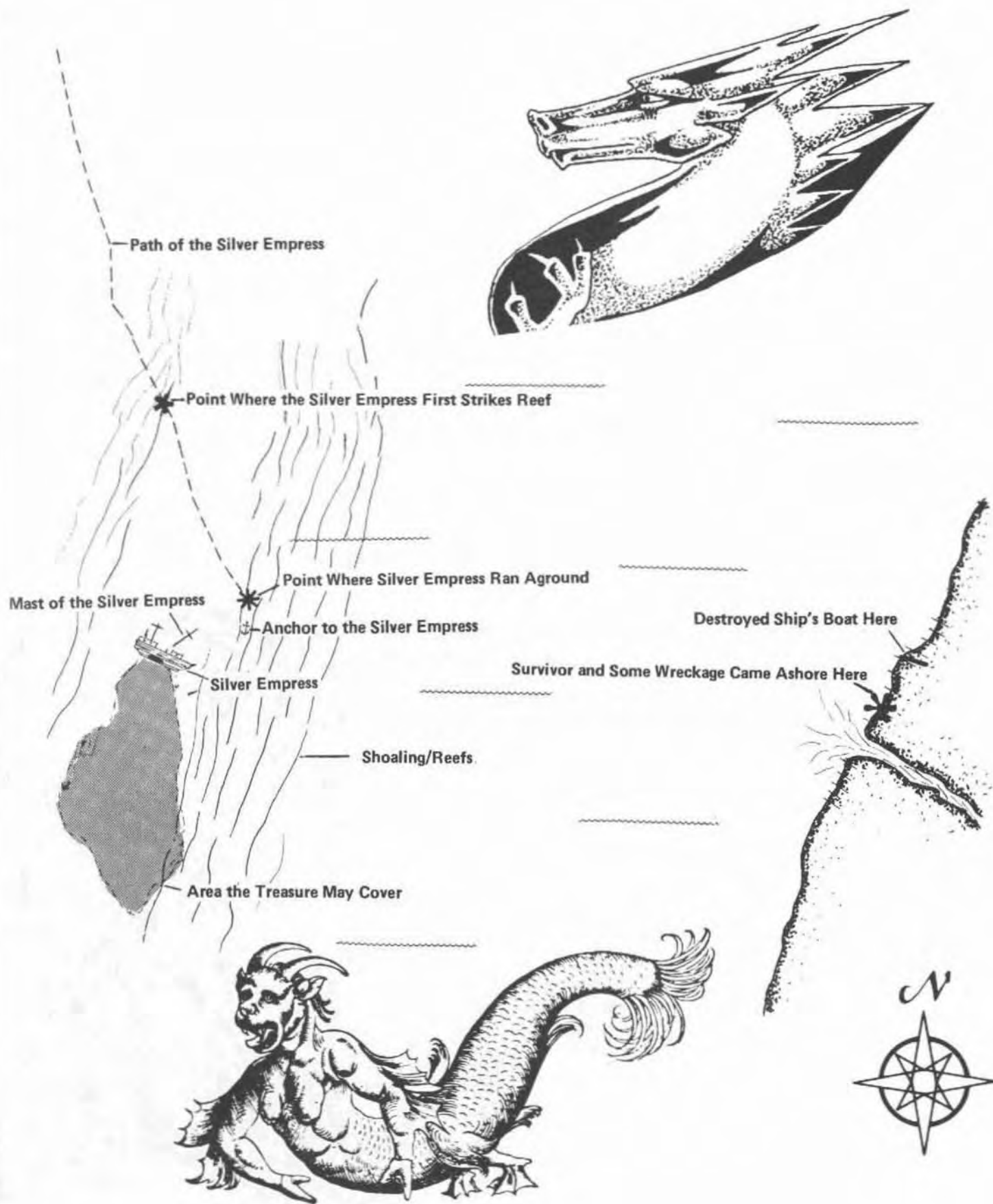
Temporary Fishing Village

Survivor Found Here With Ship's Log *

VALLEY of the ANCIENTS

Campaign Map Three

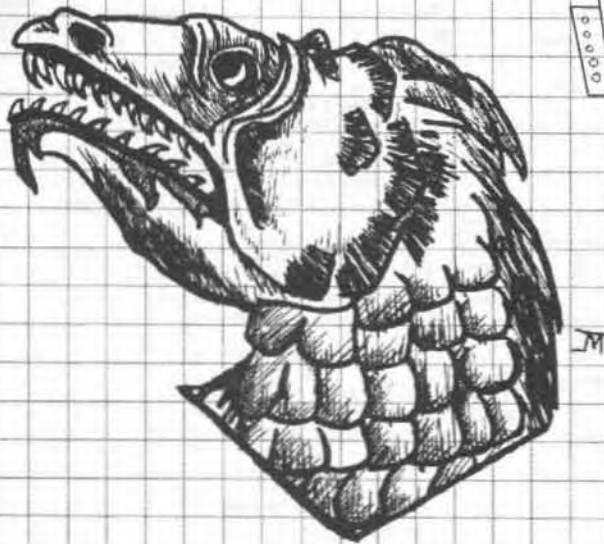
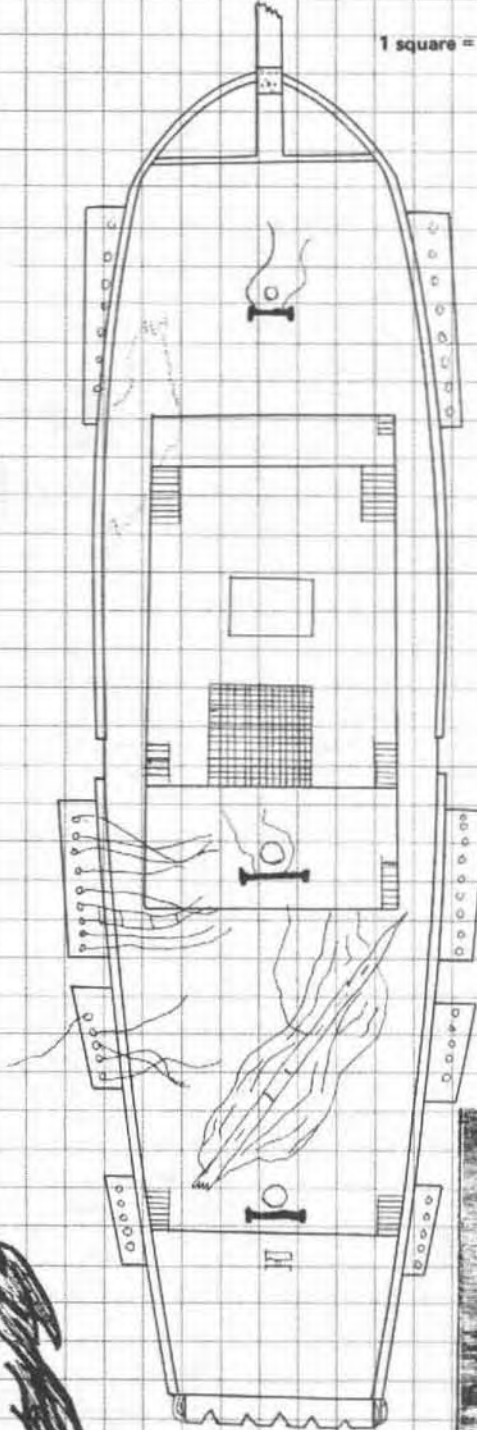




PLAYERS MAP

THE WRECK OF THE SILVER EMPRESS

1 square = 10 feet



JUDGES GUILD



Various Metal Fittings

Hold Grating
(Broken Through)

Mast Stumps

THE WRECK OF THE SILVER EMPRESS

Dotted Line Sections indicate Hull Damage

Each has Rope around it

Lair of
Major Underwater Encounter

Area Where Treasure
May Have Spread

Silver Bars

Remains of Yard Arm
with Sail and Rope

Ship's Wheel

Ornamental Carving

1 square = 10 feet



THE SAVING OF KRIS KRINGLE

BY BART HUGHES



Judges Notes

This adventure was designed for 5 - 7 characters of 5 - 6th Level. The Judge should give one of the players a Scroll of Invisibility (usable only once) to help them get out of the city and through the enemy lines. Remember, this is just for fun, so have a Merry Christmas.

As the great wars racking the North cities of the Buska Mountain range wear on, the battle-weary human allies' morale drops lower and lower. Things have never been like this. The humanoids had always pushed previous Orcish invasions, started in Spring, back into the mountains. That was, however, before Drassak.

Drassak is the most cunning of any previous commander and is said to be smarter than any three Goblins or Orcs combined. Drassak has successfully defeated the Border Patrols of the Buska Mountains and captured two cities. These cities were really villages, and most of the inhabitants escaped back to Norwell before the Orcs could catch them. The North's most walled city, Norwell has taken in most of the refugees.

Drassak has used these two victories to whip his troops into a battle frenzy. The morale of his troops has increased with each settler's home they burned. Any captured prisoners are maimed and sent to the city of Norwell which the Orc and Goblin host now besieges. Every day at noon, Drassak tortures another human as the city watches.

The effect on the city has been devastating. Morale is at its lowest. Many who now dwell in the city feel that they will not live to see the Winter Equinox.

To make matters worse, the commander of the city Guard, Sorvic Holmshorn, is a pessimistic old fool. All assaults against the invading host have been spontaneous attacks with little planning and have, thus, been failures. Sorvic puts the blame on his sub-commanders, his soldiers, the direction of the wind, anywhere but on himself. In fact, his troops are actually better than the Orcs and Goblins, and his sub-captains are excellent leaders. Sorvic is old and set in his ways, however. At 65, he has spent most of his life in the cavalry of the lower plains. He only seems to know two combat techniques: Charge and Retreat. This type of fighting is much more effective in the plains of the South where there are no tricks like waiting for the charging troops to follow bait into ravines where a rainstorm of Arrows, Darts, and rocks can destroy them.

Actually, a swift victory is the invader's only hope. If the walled city can hold until spring, the regular troops of the South will be able to get through the snow and chase the Orcs and Goblins back into the mountains. The Goblin chief knows this and plans to attack the city on the night of the Winter Equinox. On the day of the Winter Equinox, Kris Kringle of the North flies around the world, under a spell of *Speed*, depositing gifts and trinkets under decorated pine trees. This day is a real shot in the arm for morale. This year, however, the Goblin chief plans a change. As a final morale effect, Drassak sent a group of fifty of his most-prized Orcs and Goblins with a vanguard of eight Snow Trolls to the far North, to Castle Kringle. The force entered a seemingly-abandoned cave and tunneled their way under the small wall and into the storage dungeon under Kris' house. Then they broke into the house when Kris was inspecting his magic reindeer, captured Mrs. Kringle, and left a note saying they would kill her unless Kris came, alone and unarmed, to pay a ransom. Now Kris, being the kind of person he is, went down with the ransom of 10,000 GP and, predictably enough, was set upon by the Orcs, who finally captured him, although he managed to kill 9 of them. Mrs. Kringle escaped in the tussle and is now inside the house with 22 of the Lyynger Elves.

The Goblin's luck has gone downhill ever since. That "seemingly abandoned cave" they tunneled in from now has some inhabitants, a group of 57 Ice Gorillas. The Goblins would be hard-pressed to defeat such adversaries. They now face the choice of trying to fight their way out through the Ice Gorillas or go through Kris' house.

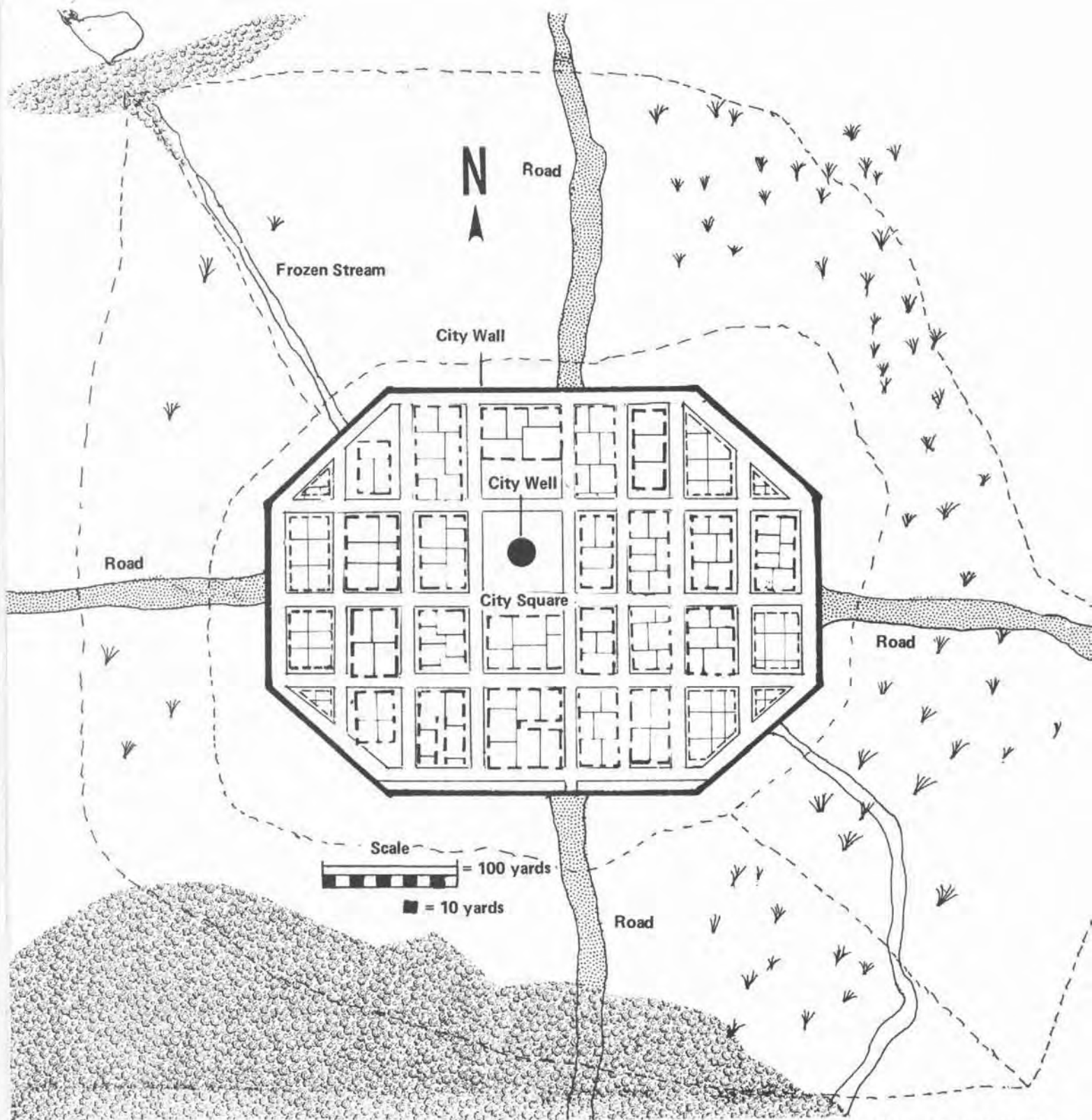
One week before the Winter Equinox, a Snow Dove will land at the player-character's residence bearing the following message:

'Time is running out. We can't hold the Orcs off much longer. Be at the Glistening Falls and read the following out loud as soon as possible:

'Eight reindeer pull the sleigh,
One Elf to lead the way,
Help arrives to save the day,
Now that fortune looks our way.'

Signed: Glenda Kringle"

First the player-characters will need to escape the town. General Sorvic has issued an ordinance that none may leave the city while it is being besieged. The characters must figure a way out of the city. The city wall that encircles the town is 30' wide and 60' high. Four portulli, one at each of the four entrances, contain fifty guards. Twenty pairs of guards are continually patrolling the walls. Rolling a 6 on 1D6 indicates that a guard pair walks past (roll every 3 minutes). If the adventurers are on the wall when guards walk by, roll 1D6. 1 - 3 indicates the guards see them, 4 - 5 indicates that they do not, and 6 indicates



the guards think they hear something, and the Judge must roll again. If the guards see them, because it is war time, they will probably throw Spears first and ask questions later while sounding the alarm.

Once outside the city, the Adventurers must make it through the enemy lines. The best place for them to do this is along the lines where the Goblin and the Orc factions touch. This is due to the communication breakdown (remember, Orcs and Goblins are not known for their rigid order); consequently, neither side really knows who is supposed to be there. The players may think of this or the Judge may choose to hint at this. At any rate, if the players are invisible, there is a 1 in 6 chance of being noticed. If they are not invisible, there is a 1 in 4 chance per 2 minutes of being spotted. If spotted and recognized (roll 1 - 6 on 1D8), the camp will chase after them with 100 - 200 bloodthirsty Goblins and Orcs.

If the adventurers make it through the enemy lines, roll 1D6 every hour. 1 indicates an encounter.

Glistening Falls is a waterfall that freezes every winter, creating a beautiful spectacle. The place was once *Blessed* by Kris, and any entering the clearing around the Falls will receive 1 - 4 HTK back if they have lost any during the struggle to exit the city and cross enemy lines. They must then speak the poem. Within 30 seconds of its recital, sleigh bells will be heard, and 2 minutes later a red sleigh pulled by 8 tiny reindeer will fly through the sky toward the characters and land near them. A

small Elf will be driving the sleigh, and he will tell the adventurers that his name is Gimbi and that it is urgent that they be on their way back to Castle Kringle. He will also tell them, once in the air, that Kris has been captured and Mrs. Kringle is in danger. He will say that the Orcs plan to kill Kris in front of the city before they assault it on the Winter Equinox. It will take the sleigh-load of adventurers 6 hours of flying to get to Castle Kringle.

Gimbi Silverton: CL: Clairvoyant/FTR; LVL: 2; Race: Lyynger Elf; HTK: 7; STR: 11; INT: 13; WIS: 14; CON: 13; DEX: 15; AGIL: 15; STA: 12; SPD: 15; LEAD: 13; LCK: 9; WPN: Shortsword (+1) and Short Bow (+2).

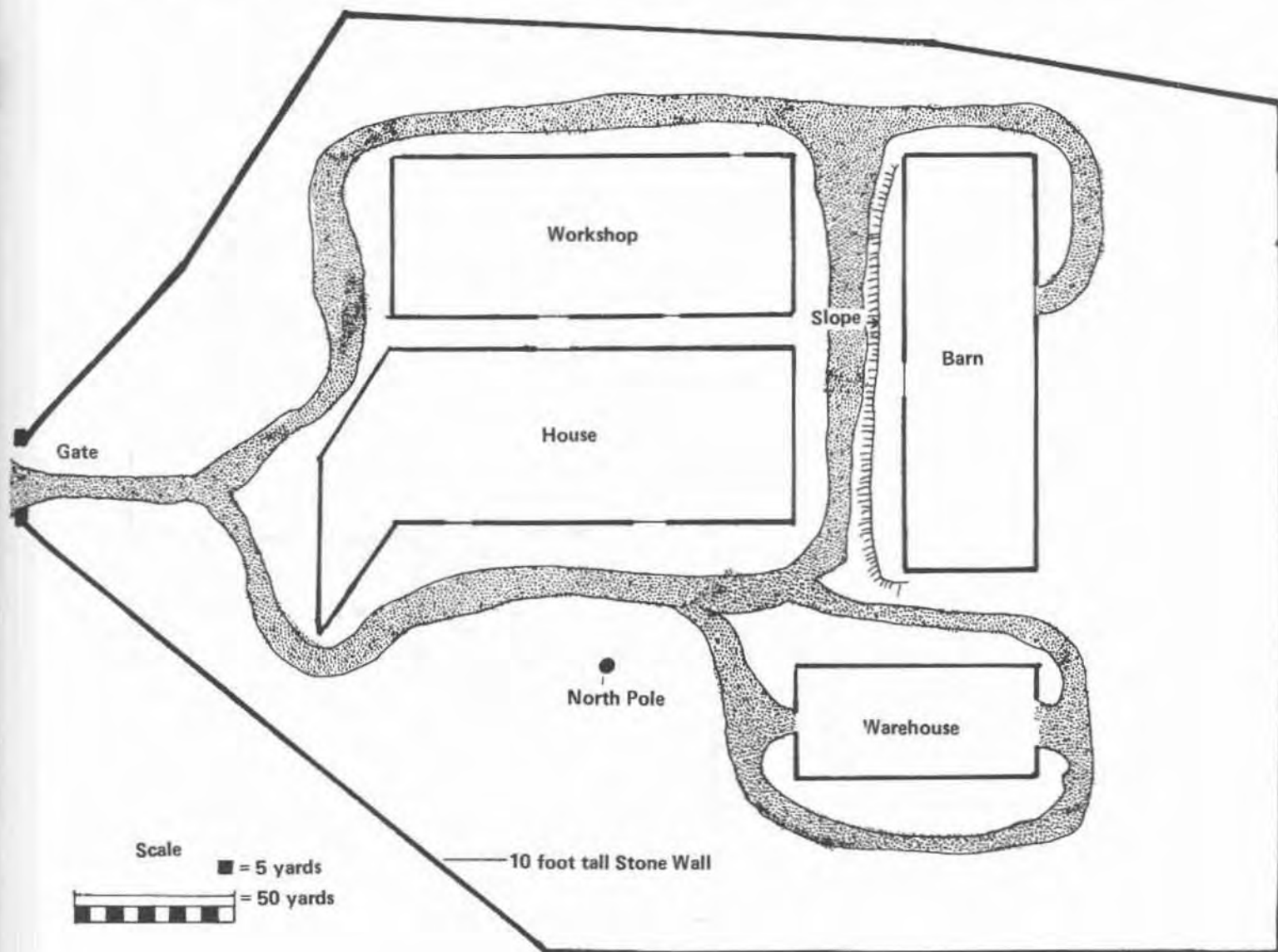
Gimbi has the ability to know who people are, what their motives are, and some of the immediate future. He is 4' 6" tall and weighs 89 lbs.

Gimbi will land the sleigh behind the barn unless the adventurers instruct him otherwise.

Inside the house, Mrs. Kringle is holding off the Orcs and Goblins with the remaining 16 Lyynger elves (not counting Gimbi). Until the time the adventurers arrive, the Orcs and Goblins have tried nothing but frontal assaults against the one opening from the dungeon. It has been 1 - 6 hours since their last attack. Mrs. Kringle will tell the characters that her group has killed 5 of the Orcs, 4 Goblins, and 1 Troll. She will give them a map of the two-level dungeon and split her force of 16 Elves, giving 8 to Gimbi and telling him to aid the adventurers. She is wounded and will guard the top of the stairs with the remaining Elves.

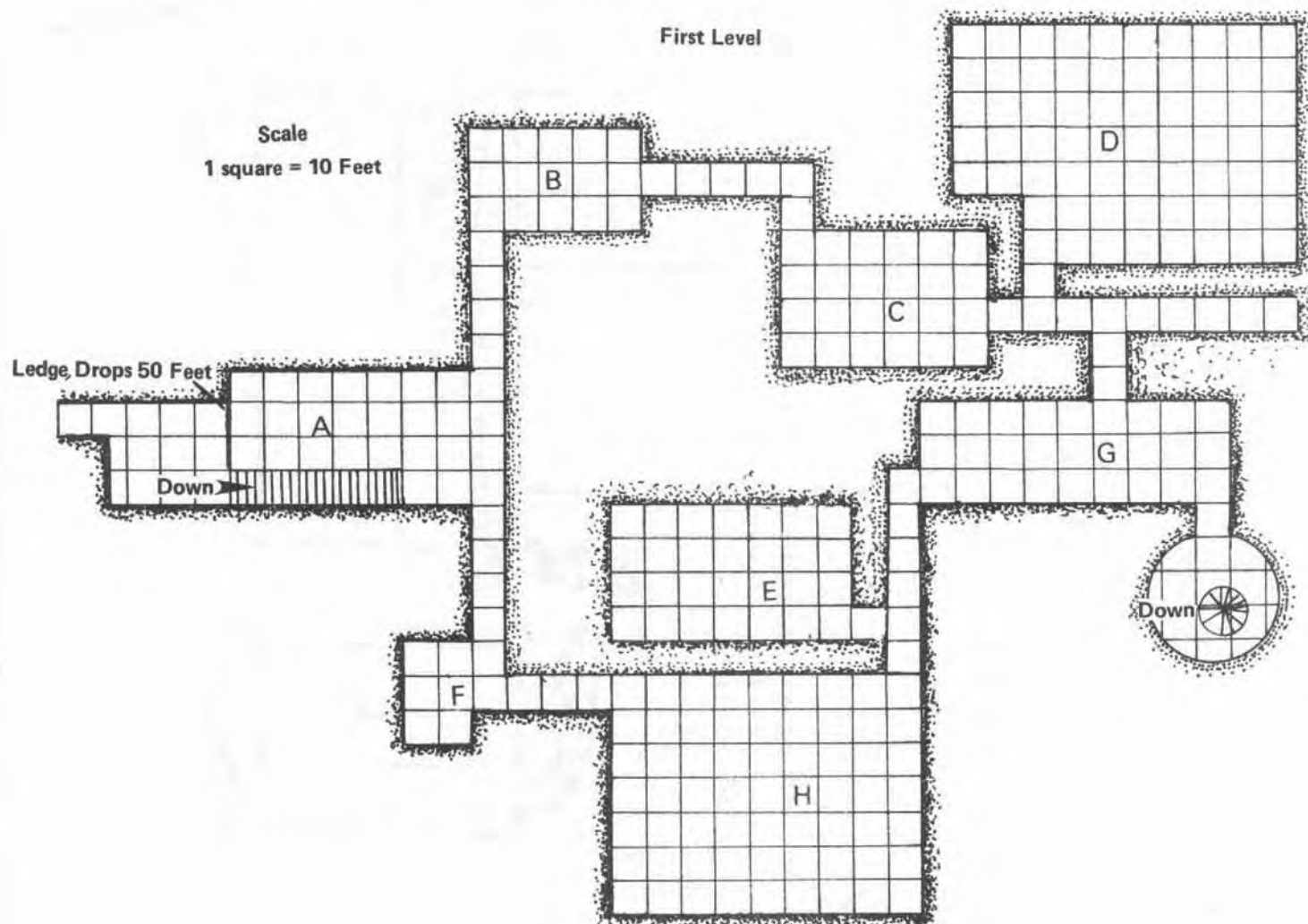
Glenda Kringle: CL: Mage/Cleric; LVL: 6; Race: Human; AT: E; HTK: 47; STR: 11; INT: 14; WIS: 14; CON: 12; DEX: 12; AGIL: 12; STA: 10; SPD: 11; LEAD: 14; LCK: 12; WPN: Rolling Pin. Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 169 lbs.

Garbed in red fur, Glenda wears her snow-white hair up in a bun. She has picked up most of her magical and Clerical ability from her husband. She is rather chubby with a melodius voice and, normally, wouldn't hurt a flea, but, with Kris in danger, she will do anything to save him.



Level One

- Room A:** Storage Room. This room contains the magical trinkets and toys Kris and his Elves produce. It also looks somewhat like a battleground. The door at the top of the 40' staircase is torn off its hinges. This happened when the Orcs raided the house the first time. The floor contains the bodies of 5 Orcs, 4 Goblins, and the massive body of a Troll. 5 Elves also lie on the stairs.
- Room B:** This room is empty except for the 2 Orc guards. They are HD: 3; HTK: 16, 10; AT: GB (Scale Mail, Shield, Helmet); WPN: Falchion (1 - 8/1 - 8) and Light Crossbow and Shortsword. The Orcs have drilled a hole in the door and take turns watching. If they see the adventurers coming, one will go to get help, and the other will fire Crossbow Bolts until the first guard gets back with help from Room H or he feels the party will break through the door. The door is now spiked shut, and it will take the other Orc 2 minutes to relay the message and get help.
The Goblin Sub-Captain in Room H will send 2 sentries (AT: F; HD: 3; HTK: 11, 16; WPN: Broadsword, Shortsword) to room G to spike the door shut and go below to warn their leader.
- Room C:** This room, by the time the adventurers get to it, will have the door spiked shut. It has the remains of a meal and some Orc droppings left by the Orcs on this level.
- Room D:** More trinkets and gifts. This room is obviously a store room. The Orcs have broken into some of the boxes, but, other than that, there is nothing out of the ordinary.
- Room E:** Another Storage Room. This room is empty except for one box of gifts.
- Room F:** 3 Goblins and 1 Orc guard this room. If the Goblins meet the party, they will throw as many of their 4 Daggers as possible and make a fighting withdrawal to Room H. The Orc will immediately retreat to Room H to get help.
Goblins: HD: 2; HTK: 12, 10, 9; WPN: 4 Daggers and Broadsword each. Orc: HD: 3; HTK: 16; AT: F; WPN: Spear and Scimitar.



Room G: Empty except for six crates of fruit.

Room H: This room contains 11 Orcs, 1 Goblin, and 1 Troll. Orcs: AT: G (Scale Mail); HD: 3; HTK: 9, 11, 13, 6, 9, 14, 3, 5, 20, 16, and 10; WPN: Scimitars. Goblin: AT: F; HD: 2; HTK: 8; WPN: Shortsword. Snow Troll: HD: 5; HTK: 27; AT: H (Giant Scale Mail); WPN: Giant Mace (1 - 10) or Fists (1 - 8/1 - 8), plus, characters under 300 lbs. are knocked off their feet. Score of 20 on dice knocks character unconscious.

This party of reinforcements is composed of battle-hardened veterans. They will fight until one side or the other is dead.

Level Two

Room I: 4 Sentries: 2 Orcs: AT: GB (Scale Mail and Shields); HD: 3; HTK: 12, 8; and 2 Goblins: AT: E; HD: 2; HTK: 13, 7; WPN: Light Crossbow and Scimitar. These troops will fire a volley of Light Crossbow Bolts and run to Room N. If the lower level is alerted, the Captain will combine all the forces that previously had been working on digging a tunnel out into the main grounds of Castle Kringle.

The Stats for the assembled war party are as follows: 8 Goblins: AT: EB (Studded Leather and Shield); HD: 2; HTK: 13, 11, 11, 10, 4, 6, 7, 9; WPN: Shortsword; 8 Orcs: AT: GB (Scale Mail and Shield); HD: 3; HTK: 18, 14, 15, 10, 13, 6, 9, 15; WPN: Scimitar; 4 Trolls: AT: J (Giant Splint Mail); HD: 5; HTK: 24, 24, 21, 26; WPN: Fist or Club, both 1 - 10 DAM. The Trolls will attack immediately, followed by the Orcs. The rest of the war party will not be able to attack until 3 Trolls are dead or a party member gets between the Trolls and Orcs. They will not retreat because they have nowhere to retreat to.

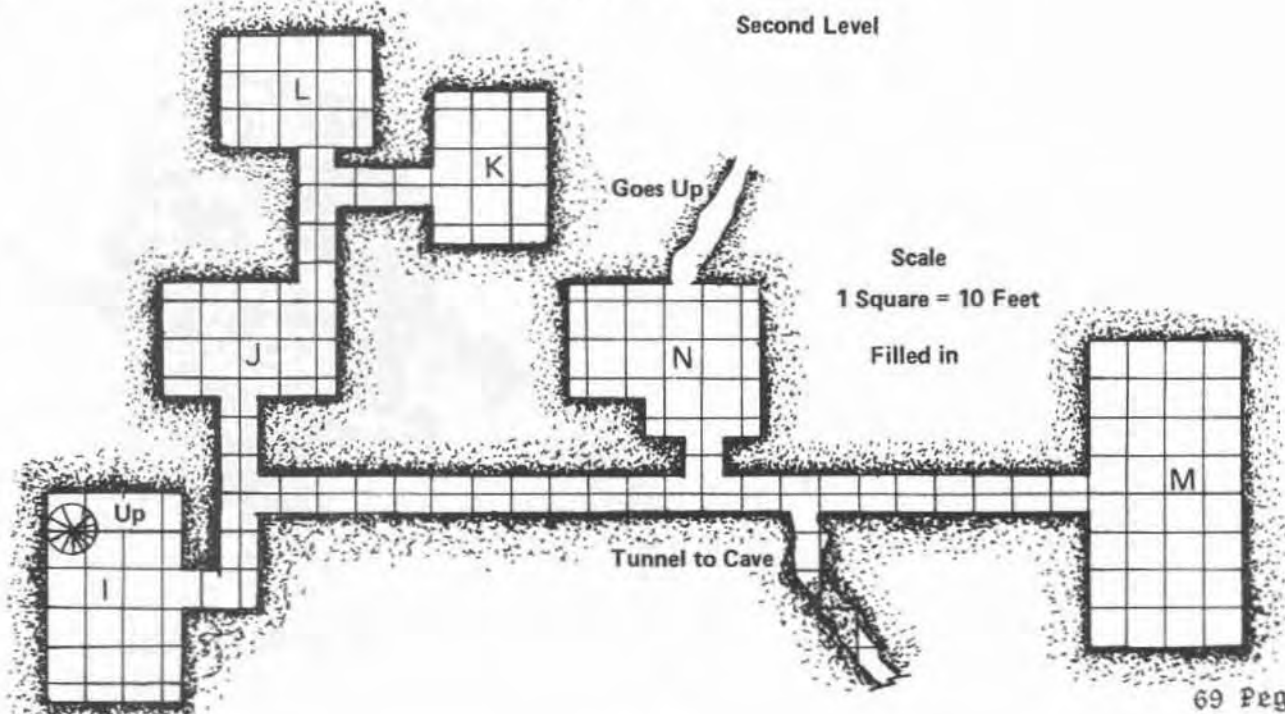
Room J: This room contains crates of foodstuffs. 17 of these crates have been opened, and the Orcs have turned this room into a kitchen. There are no Orcs in this room at this time.

Room K: Being about 600 ft. underground, this room makes a great food locker, as would any room on this level. It contains 6 sides of beef and 2 reindeer and 4 lamb carcasses. The Orcs have also broken in here and eaten some of the food.

Room L: Another storage room for clothing, etc. The invaders have done nothing more than open a few of the crates.

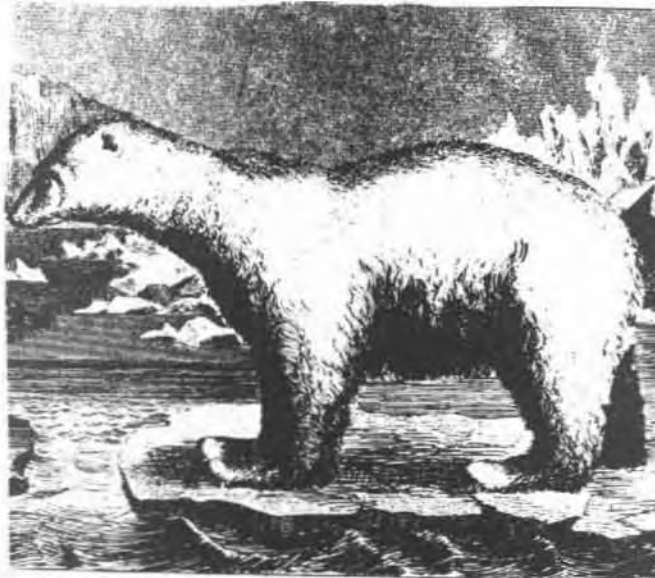
Room N: Kris is tied up here with a bag over his head. He is weary but not really harmed. Guarding him are 2 Orcs: AT: G; HD: 3; HTK: 11, 10, WPN: Shortsword, Scimitar; 3 Goblins: AT: E; HD: 2; HTK: 4, 9, 7; WPN: Shortsword; and 2 Trolls: AT: J (Giant Splint Mail); HD: 5; HTK: 30, 26; WPN: Clubs and Fists. These guys are desperate. The Trolls will attack immediately while the others hide behind Kris. If the Trolls are killed, the Goblins will hold a Dagger to Kris' throat and threaten to kill him unless the player-characters let them leave.

Kris has a spell that he needs only his mind to perform: *Super Slumber*. He will cast it when he hears the party members answer. All enemies of the party will fall asleep. After the party has untied him, Kris will thank the party members by giving them a ring with one *Wish*. That's right; this ring will give them almost anything they want. I would recommend that the Judge not describe it quite so grandly, however. The ring is only usable once. Kris will also give each player 1,000 GP each and have Gimbi take them wherever they wish to go. He will not take them himself because he must prepare for the Winter Equinox.



Encounter Table

01 - 06	1 - 4 Brown Bears
07 - 12	10 - 20 Orcs on Patrol
13 - 19	1 - 2 Black Bears
20 - 28	1 - 10 Ice Gorillas
29 - 37	5 - 20 Snow Hens
38 - 46	3 - 18 Ducks
47 - 54	2 - 12 Geese
55 - 66	1 - 6 Snow Trolls
67 - 74	10 - 50 Goblins on Patrol
75 - 90	1 - 6 Polar Bears
91 - 97	1 - 20 Dwarves
98 - 00	1 - 10 Lyynger Elves



Monster Description

Ice Gorillas

AT:E
 HD:5
 ATTACKS: 3 (1 - 8/1 - 8 or by mouth 1 - 6)

These Gorillas travel in loose bands of 10 - 50 over the tundra of the North. They are carnivorous and, of course, enjoy human flesh.

Snow Trolls

AT: D plus Armor
 HD:5
 ATTACKS: 1 plus weapon
 DAMAGE: By weapon or fists 1 - 10
 SPECIAL ATTACK: See Below
 FREQUENCY: Uncommon
 MOVE: 5 mph

Due to their incredible strength, when an opponent under 300 lbs. is struck by the Snow Troll, the opponent will be knocked off its feet. These huge creatures derived from giants in the far reaches of the north. They are of average intelligence.

Goblin

AC: B (Natural, but can wear Armor)
 HD: 1D6, 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5
 MOVE: 9" or 12" (1D6 - 3 HD or 4 - 5 HD)
 DAMAGE: By Weapon
 (Usually Club, Spear, or Morning Star)

Goblins are ugly, misshapen, evil, and mischievous beings. They love to torture most life forms. They sometimes live and work well with Worgs and are sometimes enslaved by larger monster-types or powerful beings.

Lyynger Elves

AT:E
 AD:3
 ATTACK:1
 WEAPONS: Shortsword or Dagger

These Elves differ from other Elves in that they are much smaller and live much longer. Their average height is about 3' 6", and they weigh about 72 lbs. They have some mining ability and enjoy doing precision work. They have infra-vision.

Orcs

AT: B (Natural, but can wear Armor)
 HD: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6
 MOVE: 12"
 DAMAGE: By Weapon

Orcs are larger, fiercer, Goblinoids. They are good miners and can see into the infra-red spectrum. They usually wear Ring or Chain Mail and favor Scimitars, Axes, Hammers, and all sorts of Pole Arms.



Snow Troll



HANGING OUT IN THE CITY STATE

by
**EDWARD
R. G.
MORTIMER**

Here we are, again, at the City-State. In this issue, I have a very special treat for you Thieves out there - a special invitation to a party at The Slave Masters Guild. It promises to be a gala event with many rich folk attending. Here's your chance to rub elbows with (and pick the pockets of) the City-State's most influential citizens. But, please, be careful; if you should get caught, I shudder to think how long you would spend in jail.

So, without further delay - on to the party!

Judge's Notes

This scenario is designed to be used by Thief-type characters who have a high probability of success when picking pockets.

To begin this scenario, the player-character(s) must find the special invitation(s). This is very easy to do. If the character frequents a tavern, the following sequence of events will take place. They can either be narrated or acted out by the players. The choice is yours.

Tavern

One night, as you (the player-characters) are enjoying yourself at your favorite bar, some new people enter (as many as there are player-characters). These people are obviously drunk (from their ridiculous antics) and rich (from their expensive clothes and jewelry). They order drinks and sit at the table next to you. One pulls out

a deck of cards, and they start to play poker. Another asks you if you wish to join the game. You accept. As the night wears on, they get more intoxicated until, finally, only one is awake. He, too, then falls asleep. It is late at night; your group is the only one left in the tavern. You slyly reach over and cut the purse(s) off the one(s) next to you and calmly proceed to shovel the coins from the table. You look around; nobody is paying any attention to you, so you remove a couple of rings and the purses from the rest and say your good-nights as you exit into the cool night air of the City-State.

If your player-characters do not frequent a tavern, then the following sequence of events will take place. As with the preceding sequence, this can be narrated or played out.

Non-Tavern

One night, as you (the player-characters) are strolling through the streets of the City-State, a few drunken revelers approach from the other end of the street. As you watch, they stumble into an alleyway, and you can hear them making fun of someone who passed out. By the time you approach the alleyway, there are no longer any sounds emanating from it. You carefully peer into the darkness, and you see them sprawled about the alley, all "dead to the world." From their clothes, you can tell they are rich. You look around; no one is in sight, so you calmly walk up and rob them blind.

In either case, tavern or non-tavern, the loot garnered will be the following:

- 100 GP per person
- 70 SP per person
- 3 Amethysts per person
- 1 Ring per person (gold and diamonds worth 800 GP each)
- 1 Silver inlaid, mahogany square (3" x 3") which is an invitation to a party at the Slave Masters' Guild (one for each person) which is taking place "tomorrow" night

A Brief History of the Slave Master, Ragolet the Ruffian

Ragolet began his long career as a common ruffian, hence, his name. He was not to remain a ruffian for long! Quickly, he learned that selling people as slaves was very profitable. Some say he discovered this fact after being "kidnapped" and sold into slavery himself. He was astounded by the price that was paid for him, and the "little wheels inside his head" began formulating the start of a "brilliant" career.

After "losing" his new master, Ragolet gathered his ruffian friends together and started a kidnapping and selling business. Profits poured in, and, by exercising a little (ruffian) muscle, he eventually became the Guildmaster of Slave Masters.



As Guildmaster, Ragolet collects one slave a year (his choice) from each Slave Master. From these commissions, he has collected 20 of the most exotic female slaves from all over the world. They are his pride and joy, and he constantly looks to increase their number.

Physically, Ragolet is short and slightly stocky. He has a short, cropped beard that is salted by white whiskers, and his hair flows wildly from his head. His hands are large and gnarled and somewhat clumsy. He is bothered by a chronic cough which has affected his health a great deal. At one time, he was known for his talent at wrist-wrestling, but he has not accepted a challenge since he lost 13 straight matches 8 years ago. Ragolet is 49 years old.

Ragolet carries a magical +1 Broadsword at his side, encased in a silver-studded scabbard worth 75 GP. His clothes are made of the finest materials available, and he is partial to furs, especially marten.

One throwback to his ruffian days is his love of wild parties. Food, drink, and entertainment abound when Ragolet throws a party. Indeed, he even allows his prized slaves, the 20 exotic females, to serve and entertain his guests.

Each of his treasured slaves is at least an 18 CHAR, and he gives them jewelry to demonstrate his pleasure in them. Each slave wears 1,000 GP worth of jewelry (silver and Sapphires).

The Adventure

The adventure is detailed in the following manner: The rooms are numbered, and in the description will be listed all the people that are in each room. The personal descriptions of the people can be found at the end of this scenario. Also with the personal descriptions is a quoted sentence. These sentences are to be used by you, the Judge, to initiate and/or sustain a conversation with the player-characters. They indicate what is uppermost upon that particular person's mind and what he or she is most inclined to talk about.

There are two characters that need some clarification. One is **Sylperi the Spellbinder**, the owner of the **Red Pearl Inn on Water-Rat Road**. Sylperi is at the party uninvited, but nobody knows he is there because he is invisible when the adventure begins. He is sneaking around, picking pockets at his leisure, and enjoying himself as he **Pegasus 72**

samples the fine food and drink that is available. He also loves to play harmless pranks on unsuspecting victims (and, to an invisible person, nearly everyone is an unsuspecting victim).

Sylperi does this sort of thing quite often. He is able to do these invisible adventures with the aid of a spell he created. By using this spell (*Sylperi's Marvelous Ensorcellment*), he is able to become and remain invisible for a length of 168 hours (1 week). He may voluntarily become visible at any time during the spell's duration, but can only be forced to become invisible by the use of some sort of magic-cancelling spell, magic item, or technological device. If he becomes voluntarily visible, he can become invisible again by simply wishing to do so. This is a very powerful spell, but it does have one drawback of which Sylperi is not aware. Each time the spell is used upon a person, there is a 50% chance that the person will permanently lose one point of LCK or WIS (determine randomly). So far, Sylperi has been lucky, but, sooner or later, he will pay for his many uses of the spell. If neither of the above ratings are used in your campaign, choose whichever ratings you think are most appropriate.

Remember that the player-character(s) are just as vulnerable as anyone to Sylperi's pranks and/or thievery. He almost never picks pockets, but steals items that are laid down by the owner; all items he wishes (that he is touching and is entirely within a 10-foot radius) to become invisible will be invisible and subject to the normal effects of the spell from there on).

The second character is **Hippotier the Kind**, the owner of the **Bazaar on Bywater Road**. Hippotier is a very clever "Japanese Ogre." This type of Ogre differs from normal Ogres in that they are very intelligent and can cast magic. They also have two special abilities. One is to become invisible at will; the other is the ability to assume the shape of any human-type being (e.g. Humans, Elves, Dwarves, Goblins, etc.). This second ability is particular enough that the Japanese Ogre can assume the shape of a specific person.

Hippotier masquerades as a kindly, old gentleman who loves to chat about nearly everything.

He is here to make new friends (all of his old ones have been eaten. . .), and, perhaps, buy another female Altanian slave or two. He will offer to

sell items from his shop at a 30% discount to his newly-acquired friends (the players).

The Party

Only information not available in the **City State of the Invincible Overlord** is given here.

The following table is for wandering encounters during the party. Every 15 minutes, one roll should be made. A roll of 1 - 3 on 1D6 indicates an encounter.



Encounter Table

Roll % dice to determine who is encountered. The following abbreviations are used:

G = Garb
 TT = Tress Tints
 C = Complexion
 H = Height
 VS = Vital Statistics
 A = Age
 PP = Platinum Pieces
 GP = Gold Pieces
 MP = Mithral Pieces
 SP = Silver Pieces
 GM = No./No. = Gems = Number of gems/total worth of gems in GP.
 JW = No./No. = Jewelry = Number of pieces of jewelry/total worth of jewelry in GP.
 FR = No./No. = Fur Clothes = Number of fur items/total worth of furs in GP
 FTR = Fighter profession
 LVL = Level of proficiency.

When Exotic Female Slaves are encountered, they will be acting as serving maids. Everything is available for the asking - this is a rich party.

01	Exotic Female Slave No. 1: G = Amazon, TT = Sky Blue, C = Ebony, H = 4' 9", VS = 37 - 25 - 35, A = 29.
02	Exotic Female Slave No. 2: G = Amazon, TT = Brunette, C = Milky White, H = 4' 6", VS = 35 - 23 - 33, A = 27.
03	Exotic Female Slave No. 3: G = Priestess, TT = Auburn, C = Red, H = 6' 6", VS = 39 - 28 - 37, A = 17.
04	Exotic Female Slave No. 4: G = Wood Nymph, TT = Brunette, C = Ebony, H = 4' 3", VS = 34 - 22 - 32, A = 17.
05	Exotic Female Slave No. 5: G = Wood Nymph, TT = Blonde, C = Ebony, H = 5' 0", VS = 33 - 22 - 31, A = 27.
06	Exotic Female Slave No. 6: G = Priestess, TT = Brunette, C = Bronze, H = 4' 3", VS = 34 - 24 - 32, A = 28.
07	Exotic Female Slave No. 7: G = Priestess, TT = Sable, C = Dusky Olive, H = 4' 6", VS = 35 - 25 - 33, A = 26.
08	Exotic Female Slave No. 8: G = Sea Nymph, TT = Silver, C = Milky White, H = 5' 0", VS = 38 - 26 - 36, A = 19.
09	Exotic Female Slave No. 9: G = Page, TT = Blonde, C = Bronze, H = 4' 9", VS = 36 - 25 - 34, A = 21.
10	Exotic Female Slave No. 10: G = Shepherdess, TT = Sable, C = Ebony, H = 4' 9", VS = 38 - 28 - 36, A = 19.
11	Exotic Female Slave No. 11: G = Sea Nymph, TT = Lilac, C = Bronze, H = 4' 9", VS = 42 - 30 - 40, A = 17.
12	Exotic Female Slave No. 12: G = Amazon, TT = Blonde, C = Downy Golden Fur and Feline Tail, H = 5' 0", VS = 32 - 22 - 30, A = 25.
13	Exotic Female Slave No. 13: G = Shepherdess, TT = Brunette, C = Dusky Olive, H = 5' 6", VS = 38 - 26 - 36, A = 20.

- 14 **Exotic Female Slave No. 14:** G = Beggar Girl, TT = Light Green, C = Pale Blue, H = 5' 3", VS = 40-28-38, A = 23.
- 15 **Exotic Female Slave No. 15:** G = Page, TT = Blonde, C = Featherly Down and Wings, H = 4' 3", VS = 35-25-33, A = 18.
- 16 **Exotic Female Slave No. 16:** G = Priestess, TT = Silver, C = Dusky Olive, H = 5' 3", VS = 38-28-36, A = 30.
- 17 **Exotic Female Slave No. 17:** G = Mermaid, TT = Iridescent, C = Scaled and half mermaid, H = 5' 9", VS = 33-22-31, Age = 17.
- 18 **Exotic Female Slave No. 18:** G = Beggar Girl, TT = Sable, C = Bronze, H = 4' 3", VS = 35-23-33, A = 21.
- 19 **Exotic Female Slave No. 19:** G = Priestess, TT = Sable, C = Yellow, H = 4' 6", VS = 32-22-30, A = 21.
- 20 **Exotic Female Slave No. 20:** G = Page, TT = Sky Blue, C = Milky White, H = 6' 6", VS = 39-27-37, A = Amazon.
- 21 **Hippotier the Kind** (Bazaar, Bywater Road): 20 PP, "I have just the right for you at myazaar!"
- 22 **Muelash Bahdar** (Money-Lender, Silver St.): GM = 5/1,500, "Let's go take a gander at the slaves for sale; maybe we'll see one we like."
- 23 **Whelp Roarbak** (Firedrake Mead Hall, Silver St.): 10 PP, 50 GP, "This party ain't bad, but I put on a better show every night at my place."
- 24 **Knafar Ketil** (Money Changer, Silver St.): 50 PP, "Have you seen Muelash Bahdar around?"
- 25 **Tregardis the Thunderer** (Mercenary Guild, Silver St.): 47 GP, "I've got a good job available for Warriors such as yourself - as harem guards!"
- 26 **Llandwellan the Blue** (Wizard's Keep, Water Rat Rd.): GM = 20/6,000, Ring of Flight, Wand of Ice, "It's good to get away from the humdrum of guarding the City."
- 27 **Roenar Kavin** (Sea Captain, Water Rat Rd.): 100 GP, 3 MP, "Next week I sail across the Windark Sea for the Overlord!"
- 28 **Gruen Guffaw** (Laundry, Water Rat Rd.): 1 GP, 3 SP, "Wow! I never dreamed..."
- 29 **Demioi the Drunkard** (Ship Bulder, Water Rat Rd.): 10 MP, 50 GP, "Come on over to my place next Thor's Day; I'm throwing a real party!"
- 30 **Varlik the Patriot** (Admiral, Water Rat Rd.): 100 GP, "...and then there's the time I held off an entire army of Goblins all by myself..."
- 31 **Pyom the Charlatan** (First Born Inn, Water Rat Rd.): 50 PP, "Hmm, let's see, you're a Leo, right?"
- 32 **Durdar Tawag** (First Born Inn, Water Rat Rd.): 50 PP, "So, you say you need a potion?"
- 33 **Flakis Boarck** (First Born Inn, Water Rat Rd.): 50 PP, "One time, as I was gulding a party through a mountain pass, a Roc..."
- 34 **Balinoika the Fay** (Shipping Magnate, Water Rat Rd.): 200 GP, Efreel Bottle with an Efreel inside, "My merchant fleet is growing fast. Pretty soon..."
- 35 **Plump Ponwer** (Perfumer, Wailing St.): GM = 7/350, "You need a false I.D.?"
- 36 **Tasso Garnet** (Courtesan, Twilight Rd.): 2,860 GP worth of Body Jewelry, 3 Dwarf Jugglers, 4 Halfling Guards, and 3 Hand Maidens, "You've been ogling me all night!"
- 37 **Dukas Prem** (Jeweler, Twilight Rd.): GM = 8/1,600, "Fine party..."
- 38 **Masher Meryl** (Masher's Gaming House, Sea Brigand's St.): 50 PP, "You like to gamble? I've got the best games in the City!"
- 39 **Atmiot the Tenth-Thane** (Government Bureau, Regal St.): GM = 5/750, 50 PP, "The Overlord can't get along without me!"

- 40 **Athelbrus the Affable** (Sorcerer's Supply House, Regal St.): GM = 2/200, 50 GP, Medallion of Magic Aura Detection, Ring of Fiery Bolts, "I heard you were interested in obtaining various monster parts. If so, I'm the man to see!"
- 41-50 **Cenachis the Bare, Ember Ochter, Jugs Karizna, and Fluttering Bizet** (Dancers, Plaza of Profuse Pleasures): JW = 8/60 each, "What are you boys doing?"
- 51 **Crackers Rastiknor** (Velvet Bed or Table, Plaza of Profuse Pleasures): 50 PP, "I've got 160 female slaves working in my establishment!"
- 52 **Herald Varklet** (Fur Shop, Plaza of Profuse Pleasures): FR = 4/480, 50 PP, "You'd look fantastic in a Leopard cloak!"
- 53 **Gnarling Guikarn** (Tax Collector, Slave Market Plaza): 50 GP, "Did you pay the Royal Tax on those slaves?"
- 54 **Hodatli of Altania** (Bazaar, Slave Market Plaza): 50 GP, Gold Key around neck worth 20 GP, "Hey, are you interested in a brass gong? Real cheap!"
- 55-60 **Amlith the Riotous, Slesbert the Intoner, and Budbredi** (Minstrels, Slave Market Plaza): 20 PP, 30 GP each, "Let us sing you a song of the forest."
- 61 **Zog the Mutant** (Brass Bazaar, Slave Market Plaza): 50 PP, "I got all kinds of metal ware at my shop..."
- 62 **Cetmiot** (Winery, Slave Market Plaza): 30 GP, "I gosh shum o da besh shtuff in da hhole City!"
- 63 **Veli the Rank** (Lust Shop, Slave Market Plaza): 22 GP, "I can guarantee..."
- 64 **Delphia the Tender** (Delphia's Delight, Slave Market Plaza): 30 GP, Amulet of Youth (10 years younger), "How about a late night snack at my place?"
- 65-75 **Wench Delfansa, Bumps Clorina, Brazen Belina, and Laychina the Bundle** (Dancers, Murky St.): JW = 3/70 each, "Hey, where have you been all night?"
- 76 **Gilmar and Merwina the Lithe** (Fortune Teller, Street of Maelstroms): 50 PP each and Merwina has JW = 1/350. Both have a jewelled magic Dagger, "Would you care to know what the future holds in store for you?"
- 77 **Beleroptar** (Boar's Head Tavern, Street of Maelstroms): 50 GP and wears a garlic necklace, "You haven't seen any Vampires around, have you?"
- 78 **Lady Amphisbia** (Hot House, Street of Maelstroms): JW = 10/1,250, "How'd you like a sauna?"
- 79 **Slavemaster Makcalet** (Slave Fire Brigade, Guardsmans Rd.): 60 GP, "That's a mighty fine weapon you have there, boy!"
- 80 **Scultor the Miniaturist** (Artist, Festival St.): JW = 1/100, "My, my! You're the spittin' image of World Emperor! You better not let the Overlord see you!"
- 81 **Muliena the Lioness** (Happy Harpy, Festival St.): FR = 1/100, "Purrrrr!"
- 82 **Bergin the Loafer** (Poet, End Gate Rd.): 45 SP, "Zzzzzzzzzzzz!!!"
- 83 **Castig Sun-hiker** (Slaver, End Gate Rd.): 50 PP, 10 MP, "I heard you were looking for a Dwarf slave."
- 84 **Lampoon Tryfineri** (Crystal Flagon Banquet Hall, Damp St.): "Trash like you would never get into my place!!!"
- 85 **Rewang the Reconciler** (Magistrate's Residence, Cross Road): JW = 1/500, 50 GP, "Ahhh! nothing like good food, good people, and a good party!"
- 86 **Alobroge Ruta** (Slaver, Caravan St.): 50 SP, and a huge nose, "Hey! You leave my nose out of it!!!"
- 87 **Thestorina** (Courtesan, Caravan St.): JW = 4/480, "Hey, big boy! You have any deep, dark secrets you'd like to tell me?"
- 88 **Ragolet the Ruffian** (Your Host): JW = 4/400, "I hope you're enjoying yourself."

89-00 1 - 3 **Slave Guards** (Scimitar, FTR, LVL: 1): Whatever is appropriate, which is mostly silence.



The Maps

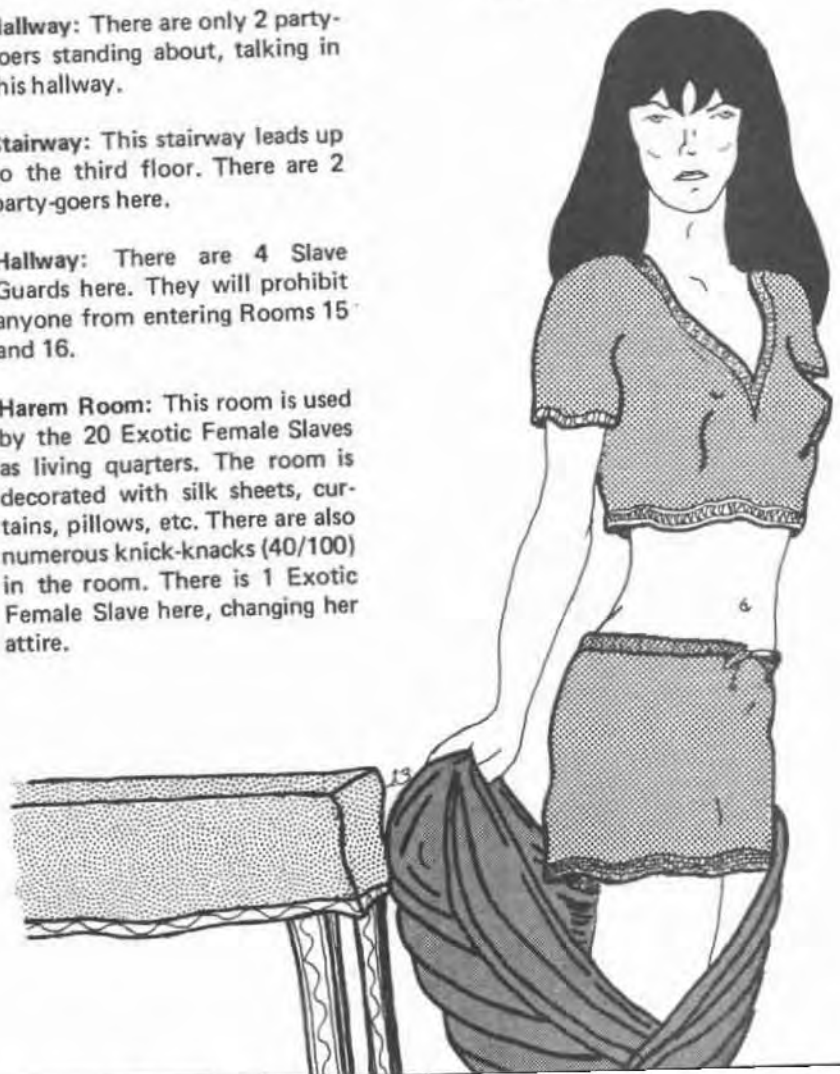
Below are the details of the keyed areas on the floor plans.

- 1 **Front Door:** Here stand two Slave Guards (see table above). They will demand to see an invitation and then will allow entry when one is produced. Exotic Female Slave No. 15 is here bringing wine to the guards.
- 2 **Main Reception Hall:** Here, the party is in full swing. The room is decorated in Early City-State (e.g. suits of armor, coats of arms, overstuffed chairs, elegantly carved furniture, 25 marble statuettes of mythical creatures worth 100 GP each, silver candle sconces which are too big to pocket, etc.), and many chairs, couches, and loveseats have been made available to the guests.
Currently in this room are 15 of the people listed in the table. Choose them randomly or specifically, whichever you prefer.
- 3 **Hallway:** Some of the party-goers are hanging around in the hallway. Choose 6 and place them here. The hallway is decorated with tapestries that depict different views of the City-State and are worth 50 GP each. There are eight silver candle sconces which provide light.
- 4 **Dining Area:** This area is decorated with carved oak tables and chairs, overstuffed chairs, ebony end tables, silver oil lamps worth 35 GP each, and tapestries depicting banquets, feasts, and festivals (worth 50 GP each).
Within the room, munching on all types of exquisite foods, are 11 party-goers (see 5 also).
- 5 **Stairway:** This stairway leads up to the second floor. There is a Slave Guard here, keeping an eye on things.
- 6 **Kitchen:** This kitchen is completely stocked with every imaginable utensil and exotic food-stuffs. Working here are four old cooks (females). They will cook anything desired by the guests.

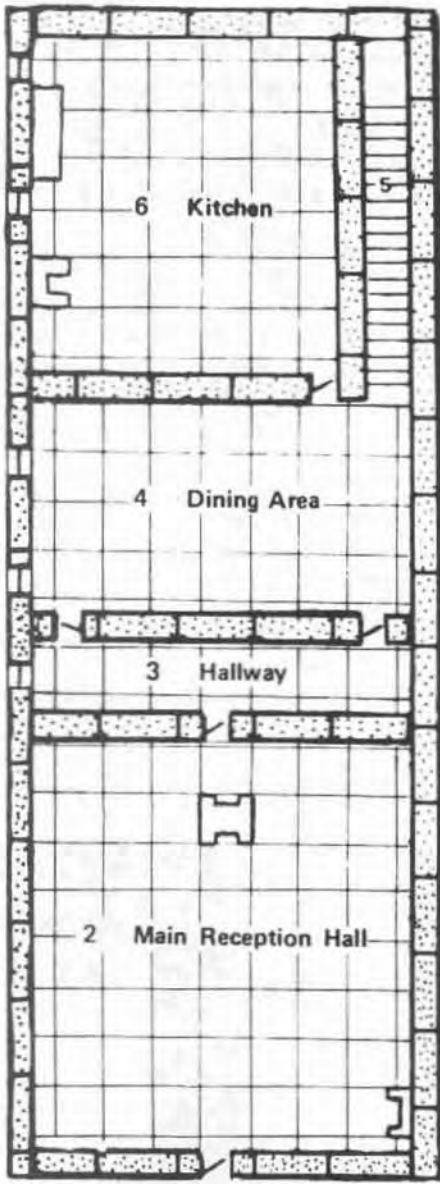
- 7 **Upstairs Landing:** There is a Slave Guard here, keeping an eye on things.
- 8 **Private Room:** Used for guests, this room is an extravagantly furnished bedroom. Many silver knick-knacks are placed about (10/500). Two party-goers are currently here.
A secret compartment in the stone wall hides 430 GP in a sack.
- 9 **Private Room:** As No. 8 in all respects except that the gold is hidden under a loose floor board.
- 10 **Living Room:** This room is used by Ragolet and his Exotic Female Slaves when they are just relaxing. The ebony end tables hide a total of 10 gold plates on their undersides. Each plate is worth 100 GP.
There are 4 party-goers within.
- 11 **Hallway:** There are 5 party-goers standing about, talking.
- 12 **Hallway:** There are only 2 party-goers standing about, talking in this hallway.
- 13 **Stairway:** This stairway leads up to the third floor. There are 2 party-goers here.
- 14 **Hallway:** There are 4 Slave Guards here. They will prohibit anyone from entering Rooms 15 and 16.
- 15 **Harem Room:** This room is used by the 20 Exotic Female Slaves as living quarters. The room is decorated with silk sheets, curtains, pillows, etc. There are also numerous knick-knacks (40/100) in the room. There is 1 Exotic Female Slave here, changing her attire.

- 16 **Master Bedroom:** Ragolet's room is furnished in mahogany, satin, and silver. He also has a wall-to-wall giant ram rug and several hunting trophies on the wall (Tiger, Baby Dragon, Griffon, Hippogriff).
He has 10 gold plates hidden under loose floorboards, worth 100 GP each. A secret compartment in the outside wall hides 430 GP in a sack.
His clothes are stored in various mahogany chests and are mostly made of silk or leather.

- 17 **Library:** This room is chock-full of bookshelves, and the bookshelves are chock-full of books, scrolls, alchemical equipment, star charts, and silver knick-knacks (10/500). Ragolet used this room for a Wizard companion he once had. Ragolet hardly ever comes up here now because the Wizard died here of mysterious causes, and his ghost still wanders about the room reading books and making notes. The ghost does not like to be disturbed.



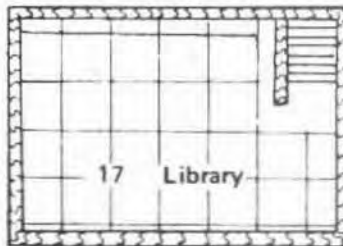
First Floor



1 Front Door

SLAVE MASTERS GUILD

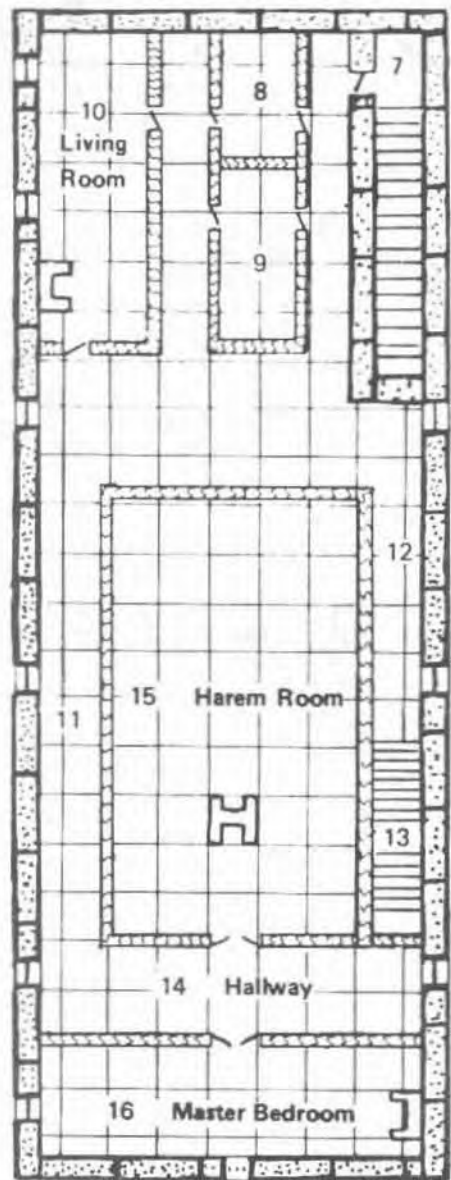
3rd Floor



17 Library



Second Floor



16 Master Bedroom



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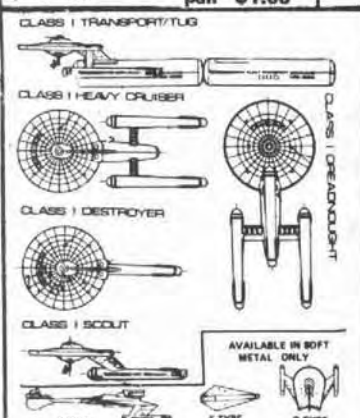
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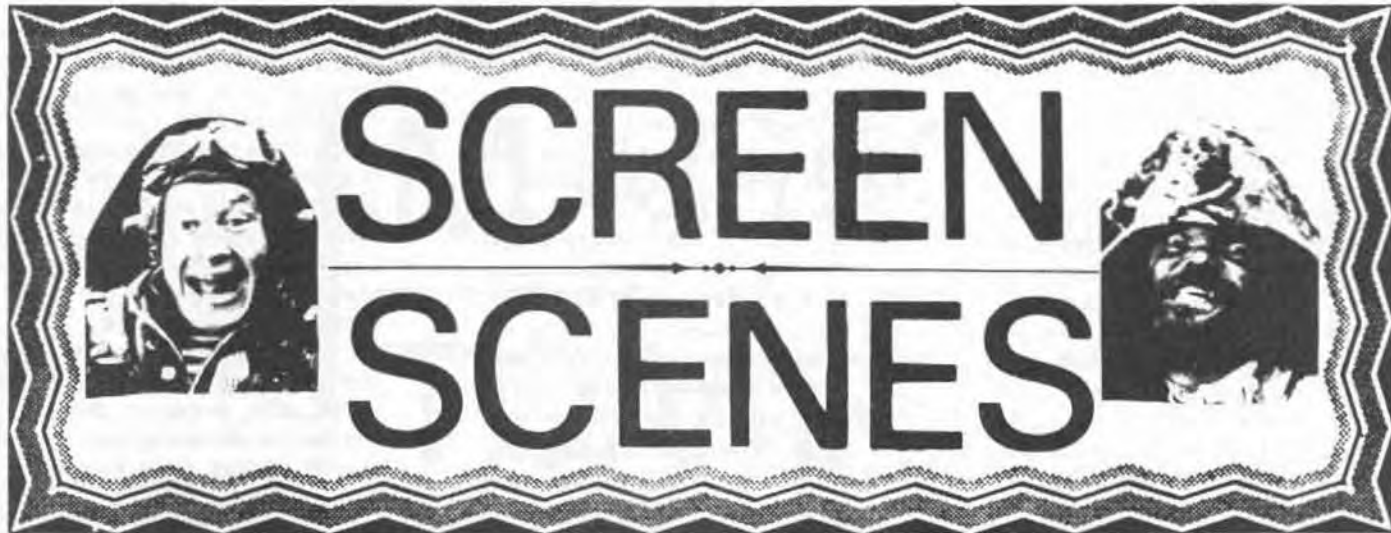
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SCREEN SCENES

Christopher-John J. Henderson is a professional author who has had articles, reviews, and fiction published in many leading magazines including Questar, Quest/Star, Starlog, Ares, The Science Fiction Review, and Media Showcase. He is a graduate (B. S.) of California State College (PA) and did his post-graduate work at The New York School. He has had experience with magazine production, editing, teaching, and theater management and has had novels published by Ariel Books and Ace/Tempo Books and fiction published by Pegasus, Questar, and Marvel Comics, among others. He has won the Golden Scroll Award (Academy of Science-Fiction, Fantasy, and Horror Films) and will now be writing for Pegasus on a regular basis. We, at Pegasus are pleased to add Mr. Henderson to our growing list of accomplished writers.

Time Bandits

Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

Producer/DirectorTerry Gilliam
ScreenplayMicheal Palin
Director of Photography. Peter Biziou
Editor Julian Doyle
MusicRay Cooper

King Agamemnon Sean Connery
The Supreme Being Sir Ralph Richardson
Evil Genius.David Warner
Vincent. Macheal Palin
Robin HoodJohn Cleese
FidgitKenny Baker
and
KevinCraig Warnock

Recently, a movie was released which caused quite a critical stir. Some critics said that it was the funniest picture of the year; others said it was disappointingly unhumorous. Some reviewers have labeled it an important work of fantasy, as important as *The Wizard of Oz* or *King Kong*; others have called it a hopeless muddle. And, unfortunately, in the case of the film, *Time Bandits*, they are all correct.

Time Bandits is an unusual film in the broadest sense of the words. It opens in the suburban home of a proper British family, sometime in the future. A bright-eyed, eleven-year-old boy, tired of listening to his mother and father dully debate the merits of owning an automatic packaged opener, retires for the night to the peace of his toy-strewn room. He changes clothes and then makes his way to bed through a miniature army of soldiers, Greek heroes, medieval warriors, toy rocketships, cowboys, and Lego blocks. He has barely dozed off, however, when a full-sized, armored knight crashes through the wardrobe door on horseback, thunders through the room, and then disappears through the next wall which has vanished to be replaced by a field. Kevin blinks for a moment, and, suddenly, the room is back to normal, and his father's head is angrily jutted into view, ordering him to stop making so much noise.

Kevin returns to bed with his camera and a flashlight, waiting for something else to happen. What happens is the emergence of six dwarves from the same wardrobe. They have stolen the Supreme Being's map of the time holes in the fabric of the Universe. The holes remained unrepaired when the Supreme Being grew weary at the end of the First Week and, somehow, overlooked them.

The problem is, the Supreme Being wants his map back; the dwarves don't want to give it back, and innocent Kevin suddenly finds himself swept up in a rampage through time and space which puts him face to face with the likes of Robin Hood, Napoleon, Agamemnon, and a lot of other historical and legendary figures - in other words, every little boy's dream come true.

The problem with *Time Bandits* is, however, that the dream is a little

too erratic a rampage for many people. Audiences are used to following the basic idea of a comedy from one end to the other without having to think about what is going on. This is not possible with *Time Bandits*; this is basically because *Time Bandits*, although hysterically funny in many parts, is not a comedy.

Even director/producer, Terry Gilliam confessed, "I'm not sure what kind of film it is. I just want it to entertain and amaze everyone. I'd like them to come out asking, 'Is it real - isn't it real - or doesn't it matter?'"

Time Bandits is a dramatic fantasy. The premise is a serious one. The plot developments are also serious ones. The movie's trouble begins with the placement and order of these developments. Gilliam admits, "The whole thing was organic; the script was forever trying to keep up with the production."

The film had many problems during shooting. When it was only two-thirds shot, there was already over two hours of screentime. By the time the final picture was cut together, one entire major sequence had to be cut. This, coupled with other problems, forced changes in the movie which, unfortunately, give it an uneven flow. "We had to keep re-writing," said Gilliam, "as each new problem arose. There were things we found we couldn't do because they were too costly or just impossible, and so the script had to be revised to adapt to the problem."

As much as these sound like excuses, however, they really aren't. It is true that the film flows unevenly and that better use of the premise could have been made. It is also true that the goings on within it seem a bit too rushed. But this is the point of the film. The audience is supposed to feel hurried; the dwarves are fleeing,

pel-mel, from God. They are running for more than their lives; the mightiest being in the Universe is enraged with them. Normal, intelligent men would flee stupidly in a panicking gibber - these culprits are far from intelligent.

I am not suggesting that it was Gilliam's plan from the beginning, but it does work out. As the film progresses, the pacing grows faster and more erratic with every moment. The audience may want more bits with, say, King Tut or Keats or, maybe, Caligula, but that is the point; there isn't time for sightseeing - God is coming, and everyone has to keep moving.

All in all, *Time Bandits* does more than its makers set out to accomplish. Although it is not a moralizing film, it presents a better picture of God than any ever shown before in the movies. God is cruel; He is inhuman. Of course

He's not human - He's God. We are things made; we don't count. The struggle between good and evil will continue forever, and being meek is not the way to keep from being destroyed. Stupid, dull, or lazy people will always be evil's tools, and, although goodness is an effective shield against evil's manipulations, it is not a sufficient shield against evil itself. To beat evil, one needs power, courage, and an understanding of evil and its workings.

This is the lesson young Kevin is presented with before he faces the film's tragic and confusing ending. It is not the message of a comedy.

The main reason so many people have gone to *Time Bandits* expecting a comedy is because three (Cleese, Palin, and Gilliam) ex-Monty Python alumni are involved with it. Having cast them in a certain frame of mind, audiences

have condemned the film for not being Pythonesque in style, even though none of the film's advertising suggests that it is a Monty Python film (which is a lot like the country electing Henry Fonda President because he played Abraham Lincoln so well in the movies and then blaming him when he doesn't do as good a job as Lincoln did).

To sum up briefly, *Time Bandits* is not essentially a comedy. What it is, is fast-paced, irreverent, damn funny, and damn entertaining. And, compared to a lot of films which have come out this year, that is almost more than one could hope for.



MAGIK TOMES



The Best of Harry Harrison
by Harry Harrison
Released by Timescape Books
Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

People who read science fiction break down into many categories. Two of the major divisions are those people who read science fiction magazines and those who do not. For those who do not, the only way they can ever catch up on all of the best short stories in the field is to wait for collections and anthologies to be printed.

For those people who do not read science fiction magazines, there is good news; Timescape Books has just released a gathering of Harry Harrison's best. Introduced by Barry Malzeberg, the volume contains over 300 pages of Harrison's finest work. The stories stretch over nearly twenty years of his career. There are fantasy stories, science fiction stories, and some which are hard to categorize. What they all are, however, is good.

The book opens with Harrison's classic, "The Streets of Ashekelon." This story, first written in the early '60s, was so radical for the times that it took several years to finally get it into print. The tale of the story's history, along with Harrison's personal comments on censorship, precede the story. Each of the shorts within the collection are preceded by, at least, a short paragraph (some, by several paragraphs) telling the reader something about the story, Harrison's feelings about it, or how it came to be written. In these passages, the author explains some of the private jokes within the stories, the ways some of them came into being, and other little bits of information which help give the book a warmer, more personal feeling.

As interesting and informative as these preludes are, however, it is the stories themselves which are of main interest. Harrison is a quiet writer; he is not given to large scenes of sweeping emotion. His stories grow in silence; the awful truth of what is about to happen creeps up darkly out of the corners of the paragraphs and slips before the reader, almost unnoticed.

This is not to imply that Harrison is another Harlan Ellison. Many of his stories are very funny, although there are not too many humorous ones in this collection. The second one in the book, "Captain Honario Harpplayer, R. N.," is a good example of Harrison's tongue-in-cheek style of humor in full swing.

But, although his power to amuse is a fair one, his power to shock the sensibilities of the average person is a great one. Stories like "I Always Do What Teddy Says" or "A Criminal Act," show Harrison's very personal feelings toward violence and the senseless kind of social non-thinking which can bring violence about.

To review each story would take far too long. To give away any of the surprises would be unfair. The best I can do is to direct people to **The Best of Harry Harrison** and let them take it from there. I am fairly sure no one will be disappointed.



Horn Crown
by Andre Norton
Released by DAW Books
Reviewed by C. J. Henderson

One of the happiest moments of any fantasy reader's life is when they finish a great book and find out it is part of a series. Although the fantasy *genre* has suffered some terrible indignities, many of the series within its boundaries make fine reading, novel after novel.

One such series is Andre Norton's Witch World books. Although (as it is to be expected) some of them have been better than others, all of them have made for very good reading. Now, DAW books has released her newest one, **Horn Crown**, in which she finally goes back to the beginning of the series and sets the stage for all of the novels which have gone before.

In **Horn Crown**, we are taken all the way back to the beginning of the human "occupation" of the Witch World. It is set shortly after the time when the Elder People have deserted their home, and the Cosmic Gates have opened to allow the migration of the human households which would become the land's new masters. Though the land is abandoned, the new owners find signs of those who have left. Shrines of both darkness and light are found, some of them out in the open, some of them hidden. Evil black birds protect some areas; hideous magical traps protect others.

Due to a disturbance between the balance between dark and light, two people are drawn into a quest which will not only alter their lives but the entire face of the humanity which has escaped into the Witch World. The first, Elron the Clanless, finds himself

on the trail of his ex-lord's daughter. Blaming himself for her disappearance (the admitting of guilt being the thing which makes him clanless in the first place), he determines to trail and retrieve her for her father. He does not hope for a minute that this action will reinstate him with his clan; he is only a good warrior doing his duty.

On the other hand, Gathea the Wise Woman also trails the missing girl. She, however, wants to find her for the more selfish reason of obtaining power for herself. It is her power by right, she feels, but, even if this is so, Gathea does not understand the risk in trying to obtain it.

Elron and Gathea cross paths and separate several times throughout the novel, facing terrible dangers both separately and together. Since the novel is written from Elron's point of view, we get only sketchy parts of Gathea's adventures away from Elron, but it does not matter. Every scene we are given is a good one, and each leads us further into the mystery which both the hero and heroine are chasing.

Horn Crown is an excellently crafted book. Both of the book's major figures come across as real people. Their character traits, both good and bad, are so well-defined that, a third of the way through the book, the reader is able to tell what decisions they will make as easily as they can of friends they have known half a lifetime.

One of Norton's major achievements in this day of female author dominated fantasy novels is that, for once, the major male figure is not a completely unlikable, corrupt, or whathaveyou personality. He is an average (actually, maybe, better-than-average) man doing what he feels to be right. Before he spends too much time in Gathea's company, the readers find themselves hoping that he will get a chance to show her up. Norton has portrayed her Wise Woman as basically an arrogant snob, what one would, most likely, expect a young woman with power, on the trail of more power, to be like. She spends more time telling Elron how stupid and naive men are than she does working toward her goal.

What I am applauding here is not the fact that the major female character is haughty to the point of annoyance, but that Norton has realized that both

men and women can act stupid. For too much of what we have seen lately in the fantasy field has been a testament to the glory of womankind and a condemnation of the lowly male rather than a balanced gathering of both brought together to tell a story.

And **Horn Crown** certainly tells a good one. This latest **Witch World** book is one of the best in the series. Although violent action is limited, when it is center stage, it is riveting. Norton's characters speak naturally, conveying and hiding their feelings with a sense of realness which is overwhelmingly solid and enjoyable. The scenery of the novel is painted in light but detailed strokes. Every image is clearly set, but none of them is ponderous. No time is wasted anywhere throughout. From cover to cover, it is one of the tightest stories Norton has ever written.

Horn Crown is good reading. For anyone who has ever read a **Witch World** novel, this one is an absolute must. For anyone who has never read one, I couldn't recommend a better one to start with.



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Triple Entente

By Edward Vaughn

Jathral could hear them up there, a rumble and a rage like thunder. Under him, the ground shook. His footing was precarious. Jathral clutched the hilt of his powerful Sword tightly in his huge hand. They were close; he knew that. He could sense them.

Morgs! Those renegade Elves who had joined forces with the Orcs and Trolls. Behind him, Jathral could hear the steady breathing of the Wizard, the rasp and stink of his wine-soaked breath. It made Jathral angry and ill, the thought that the entire party relied on that tosspot for its ultimate safety.

What, Jathral wondered, could that decrepit old man do against half a dozen Berserkers? Or even against three of the Morgs that waited so near now? Jathral could sense them, feel the amber hair at the nape of his neck raise in anticipation. Soon, soon. The battle would be soon. They were close.

Suddenly, from overhead, there was a tremendous roar. The earth heaved and Jathral lost his footing. His Sword clashed against the ground, numbing his arm, and he feared, for a moment, that his wonderous blade had shattered. Only his Leathers protected

him from injury. He rolled, came erect, and spun in a circle, frightened. That had been the worst quake so far. And they continued to grow worse the closer the group got to the outside world and freedom.

From somewhere up ahead had come a scream, the piteous wail of the defeated, the dying. It had come the moment the ground shook. The cry had come from a human throat, and Jathral knew it to be that of Barshak, the point man. It could be no other. So, Jathral thought, another member of our party has died. For a moment he smirked

inwardly as he considered replacing Barshak with the Wizard, Navermane. But he dismissed the idea. The Wizard, annoyance though he was, was still too valuable to be wasted. It was he who carried the map.

How many were left? Five? Six? It was too late for a head count, but it couldn't be more than that. Six, perhaps, out of twenty who had started. Still, Jathral knew that the spoils they had collected went to those who survived, and he planned to be among them.



Jathral ordered the woman, Jamine, forward as lookout. If Barshak could do it, she could as well, he reasoned. Besides, they all shared fully or not at all.

The halls they walked were dark, nearly devoid of light, and smelled a fetid odor of long disuse. The dust on the floor showed no footsteps other than those of Barshak and, now, Jamine. No tracks of even the Morgs Jathral knew to be so very close. But he was aware that they could have been

erased. Magic!

As though on command, Navermane appeared at Jathral's side, reeking of cheap spirits. Where he kept the stuff, Jathral could never determine, though he searched. Perhaps that was the old man's lone magical trick, Jathral thought.

Ignoring him, Jathral strode forward down the long, dim corridor, following the course Jamine had set. When he reached the place where the golden-haired, shield-bearing woman stood, he stopped. Beside her on the floor were Barshak's Dirk and Mace. Of the body, no sign remained. Navermane and the others tramped up, standing in a semi-circle, warily casting glances down the corridor. A few meters ahead, the tunnel branched off, splitting in three directions.

"Well?" Jathral snarled at Navermane, "Which way?"

Gnarled hands dug deep into the torn and stained robe, pulling forth a tattered and ragged slip of paper. This map was their lone guide. Navermane had made it during their descent. Now, he studied it carefully.

"Forward," he said, his voice a rheumy whisper.

Jathral stared hard at the wizened Wizard, wondering why he had allowed anyone so obviously incompetent to join his expedition in the first place.

"See, that wasn't so hard, was it, old man?" Jathral sneered.

"Beware, lad. You mock too freely."

"Enough, old man," Jathral said, repeating his insult. "Let's just get out of here."

Jathral walked alone to the branching of the corridor, standing and staring into the murkiness. There were Morgs there, along the route the Mage had indicated; he could feel them. He turned back to the others. Angrily, Jathral snatched the map from the magiker's quivering fingers and held it before his face, attempting to read in the dim light. For a moment, he puzzled over the curious script, and then it struck him.

"It's gone!" he bellowed. "It's not here! Where is the rest of the map, you stupid clot? Where is it?"

"I... It's gone."

"I know it's gone!" Jathral howled in fury. He swept his sword free, raising it threateningly above his head. "I want to know where it is."

"It wasn't my fault," Navermane pleaded. "A Morg must have crept in while we were sleeping, stealing it from my robe. But...but I remember

the path. I do. I remember."

Jathral lowered his blade slowly. "Oh?" he said.

"Yes, I do. It's that way, there," said the Wizard, indicating the tunnel to the left."

Jathral hesitated, uncertain. In two attempts, the Wizard had made two separate choices. Would a third prove the same? Jathral did not want to be the one to choose. He turned to the remaining members of the troop.

"Well," he said. "Which shall it be?"

IT IS SUGGESTED THAT, AT THIS POINT, THE READER TAKE OUT A 1D6. AS THERE ARE THREE TUNNELS, THERE ARE THREE SEPARATE ENDINGS FOR THIS STORY. ROLL THE DIE. WITH A ROLL OF 1 OR 4, READ ENDING ONE. A ROLL OF 2 OR 6, READ ENDING TWO. FOR A ROLL OF EITHER 3 OR 5, ENDING THREE SHOULD BE READ.

GOOD LUCK!

Ending One: The Tunnel to the Right

The members of the company trudged hesitantly down the corridor to the right, casting furtive glances to both front and rear. The tunnel seemed to be growing darker, the air more dank and filled with the odor of rot. Jathral motioned Navermane forward.

"I do not remember this," he said, indicating the steps that led downward. "You lied."

"No, I swear," the Mage pleaded, his voice a whine in the near-blackness. "Besides, you chose. You all chose. It was not my decision alone."

"Ah, begone!" Jathral shoved the white-haired magiker ahead, down the stairs. The remainder of the party followed stealthily, fingers clutching weapons, shoulders hunched in anticipation.

"Magicians! You never can count on them," Jathral grumbled. "So smart they think they are. Better, somehow. Naw, give me a blade and Leather to bind myself..."

Jamine shouted from the front. "It ends up here. The steps stop at a wall."

From behind them came the rumble of stone against stone. Everyone turned, startled. For a moment, nothing seemed to be happening. Then they saw it. The roof was collapsing inward. Navermane stood frozen, unable to move.

Jathral raced toward the crum-

bling ceiling, but too late. Before he arrived, the entire tunnel had been blocked, huge slabs of stone littering the passageway. In a fury, Jathral swung his Sword, bringing it crashing down against one of the immobile chunks of rock. The blade snapped, whinging wickedly through the dust-filled air and slamming against the wall.

"Trapped!" Jathral raged.

His eyes burning, his face contorted with anger, muscles bunched, the warrior turned away from the rubble and away from the other members of the group. Clutching the remnants of his once-mighty Sword, Jathral walked toward the stairs. He sought the Wizard.

Ending Two: The Tunnel to the Left

The members of the company trudged hesitantly down the empty corridor to the left, casting furtive glances both to the front and to the rear. The tunnel seemed to be growing darker, the air becoming more filled with the odor of decay. Jathral moved ahead slowly. He motioned Navermane forward.

"I do not remember this," he said, pointing to the deserted cells that lined the path along which they walked. "You lied."

"No, I swear," the magician pleaded, his voice a thin cry in the inkiness of the tunnel. "Besides, you all chose. All of you chose together, not just me."

"Ah, begone!" Jathral shoved Navermane forward, farther down the corridor. The remainder of the party followed stealthily, weapons held to the ready, muscles taut in anticipation.

"Magicians! You can't trust them, ever," Jathral grumbled. "Airs they always put on. Superior they pretend to be. Naw, give me a blade and Leather to bind myself and. . ."

From behind them came the sound of drums, hundreds of drums, thumping and pounding down the passage. Everyone turned, startled. For a moment only, the drums sounded, deep, resonant, and timed, a sound like the very earth rending.

Then it came, from ahead, a surge of horns, screeching and blaring, howling the defiance of the Morgs at the stunned humans. They all froze, terrified. So many. There were so many.

The first to move was the Wizard. From somewhere within himself, Navermane found the strength to resist the evil that confronted them. Stepping

forward and pulling the sleeves of his ragged robe back, Navermane raised his staff and began to chant. Slowly, inaudible amid the din that raged from both front and rear, Navermane wove his magic. With his motions, incomprehensible to the others, he carved secret runic signs in the air.

And suddenly, in front of him, the air itself came to life, a glowing, churning maelstrom of color and energy. Jathral stared in awe. The old man had done it. Before them was the ultimate weapon: a power of such fury that none had ever heard it named. The drums halted; the pipes fell silent.

From overhead came a raucous rumble. The earth shook violently. Jathral watched from the floor as the ball of light and radiant energy spread out in all directions. Slowly, inexorably, it moved, sweeping down the long length of the tunnel, lighting everything in its path, bringing the light of day to this netherworld for, perhaps, the first time.

Then it stopped a few scant meters short of their foes. It halted, its light wavering, dying. The tunnel plunged into blackness.

"You missed!" Jathral screamed.

It would be only a matter of seconds now, Jathral knew, before the huge throng would be upon them. For the magician's failure, for his miscalculation, Jathral's fury knew no bounds.

His eyes burning, face taut with the strain of his anger, his muscles bunched, Jathral turned away from the others of the company and made his way toward Navermane. Sword in hand, he stalked the Wizard.

Ending Three: The Tunnel Straight Ahead

The members of the group trudged hesitantly down the central corridor, casting furtive glances ahead and to the rear. The tunnel seemed to grow darker with each step, the air becoming more dank and filled with a necrotic smell. Jathral could feel the presence of the Morgs. They were here. But there was more, much, much more. Here, lay evil, terrible wrong. Jathral motioned Navermane forward.

"I do not remember any of this," he said, indicating the bizarre carvings on the wall. "You lied. We have not been here before."

"No, I swear," the Mage pleaded, his voice a whine in the jet-colored air. "Besides, you chose. You all chose. It was not my decision alone that we come this way."

"Ah, begone!" Jathral shoved Navermane forward, deeper into the black of the corridor. The remaining party members followed stealthily, hands clutching weapons, muscles alert in anticipation.

"Magicians! You cannot count on them. Never!" Jathral grumbled. "So smart and wise they think themselves. Better than other folk, they think. Naw, give me a length of steel and Leather to wrap myself and. . ."

From ahead in the gloom and silence came the sound of feet and breathing, loud, strident, and very confident. Whatever was ahead was huge. Then Jathral heard voices, Morg voices, and he knew that this was to be the last stand, the final test before they carried their plunder to the safety of the outside world. Jathral set himself and walked forward.

For a moment he did not notice the quiet form of Navermane striding alongside him, matching his gait step for step. The magicker was suddenly alert, his eyes bright and fixed on some distant object not visible to Jathral. The tip of his staff glowed in the dark, a blue-white light that ached the eyes.

The creature's roar caught Jathral off-guard. Something immense was ahead, something Jathral had never seen before, something he could not name, something evil. In a rush, it came at them, bellowing. Jathral stepped aside, letting the creature pass. He knew that mere steel could not deal with that. But, for the filthy vermin which followed the horror. . . ah, for them, the steel was precisely the weapon.

Jathral sprang forward into the midst of the Morgs. The sky resounded with thunder almost like the sound of gigantic voices; the ground shifted violently underfoot. Jathral went down but sprang erect again instantly. To his side, the others came, Jamine crying her war song. The Morgs hesitated, backing off, gibbering among themselves. Jathral knew them to be gathering courage for the final rush.

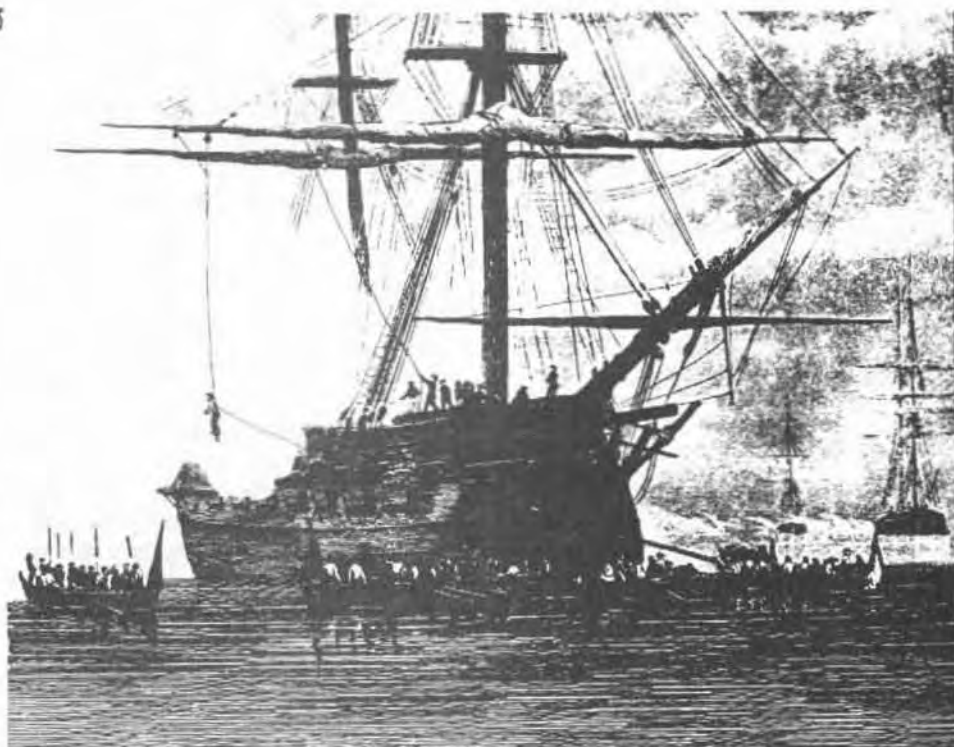
And it came. Dozens of perverted, twisted little creatures raced at them, screaming and howling. The humans held their ground, Swords flashing, voices raised in battle chant, weapons wielding their deadly work. For a moment, the balance seemed precarious. Two of the humans went down under the rush and died in agony. The world shook, and the sky roared, but, still, the brave band fought on. And on.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the attack ended. Almost with-

**THE
ADVENTURE
OF THE
DEVIL'S LUCK**

BY

GERALD SEYPURA



Dawn on the Carribean and a battered Sloop limping into Port Royal; Main Mast cracked and her sails tattered. Aboard is her master, Edward Mansvelt, a free lance Pirate. A flurry of activity and she is warped into her berth, her impatient Captain eagerly making his way ashore after a sulphurous blast at his First Officer to see that she is repaired and fast. He makes his way to the Brigantine "Devil's Luck" and his old friend Captain Charles York.



"Ye say she made her way to Piper's Cove?" How sure can ye be with the sightin bein' so bad as ye say? Oh, I'll grant that ye saw the Dons running a convoy through those waters; I'll even grant that the thing was broke up by the storm, but to claim you know the berthing of any one of them with the seas that high; hard to credit.



Captain York was feeling amite feisty from too little activity and decided to be a little obstreperous with his old friend.

"I followed her" yelled Captain Mansvelt, "most of the way, anyway, before my main Mast cracked and I had to come about. It's the only sheltered cove around, the only one with any kind of port in it that she could reach. I told you, her formast was at least as bad off as my main Mast and she'll be there for two or three weeks at least." Thumping his chair for emphasis, Mansvelt went on, "Blast You, this is a golden opportunity, what are ye waitin' for?"

"Not a thing, old friend, you'll sail with us, will ye not? First Officer, we sail with the tide, make ready."

The ship is the Neptune: Captain Edward Mansvelt, last careened: 4 months, Captain's Lvl: 6, Type: Sloop, Owing Power: Crew, Current Max. speed: 2, Navigator's Lvl: 4, Sailmasters Lvl: 4, Damage/Hit Points: 79, Cost of Repair: 50 Gold, Damage Status of Hull: -21 points, Damage Status of Sails: Cracked main Mast, Damage Staus of Rudder: None, No. of Guns of Port (left): 9, on Starboard (right): 9, Crew on deck to board or repel boarders: 65, Casualties Suffered: 5 Sail handlers, Letters of Marque: None.

Captain Edward Mansvelt: Skills: Master Gunner, Lvl: 6, Lvl. Bonus: +2 Lead., HP: 32, STR: 15, INT: 16, Agility: 15, CON: 17, Luck: 12, Leadership: 17 +3 bonus -20, Bonuses & Penalties: None, Gambling: Average, Election Table: +10%, to Hit: +12% (Expertise), to Dodge: +12% (Expertise), Damage: Average, Weapons: Cutlass, Pistol, Exp points: 40,000, Exp points to next Lvl: 60,000.



The ship is Devil's Luck: Captain Charles York, Type: Brigantine, Last Careened: One month, Owing Power: Crew, Current Max. Speed: 3, Captain's Lvl.: 6, Sailmaster's Lvl.: 5, Navigator's Lvl.: 5, Damage/Hit Points: 200, Cost of Repair: 100, Damage Status of Hull: 0, Damage Status of Sails: 0, Damage Status of Rudder: 0, No. of Guns on Port (left): Eighteen, 10 T, 8 Second, Starboard (right): Eighteen, 10 T, 8 Second, Crewmen at Guns: 3, Crew on Deck to board or repel boarders: 89, Letters of Marque: ENGLAND.

Captain Charles York: Skills: Sailmaster, Lvl. 6, Lvl. Bonus: +5 Lead., Bonuses and Penalties: Hit/Dodge +10%, HP: 32, STR: 17 INT: 17, AGILITY: 20, CON: 15, LUCK: 16, LEADERSHIP: 16, GAMBLING: 12, Election Table:

Exempt, to Hit: +10%, to Dodge: +10%, Damage: Average, Weapons: Rapier, Coach Gun, Exper. points: 40,001, Exper. points to next Lvl: 60,000.

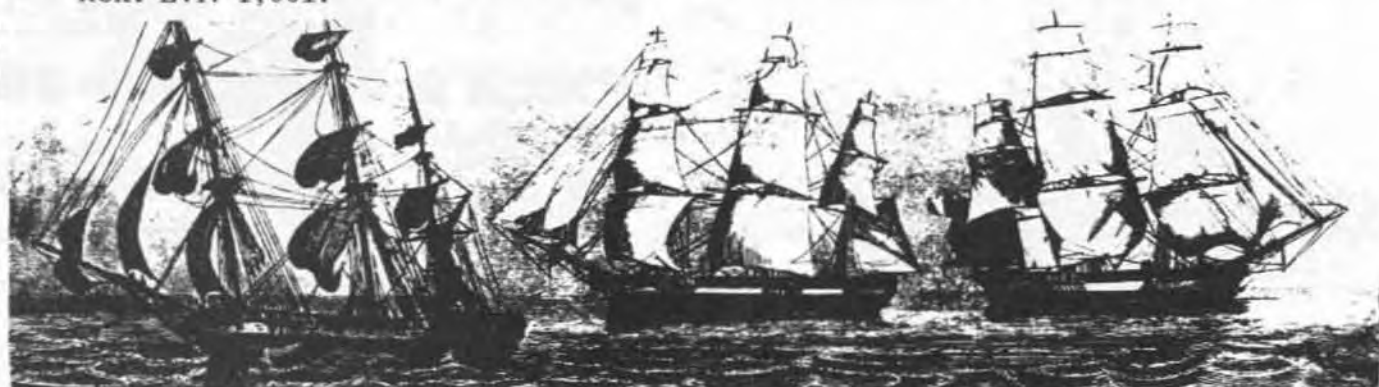
Navigator Deacon Mowbray: Skills: Navigator, Lvl: 5, Lvl. Bonus: lost on 6 only, Bonuses & Penalties: None, HP: 28, STR: 14, INT: 13, Agility: 17, CON: 14, Luck: 11, Leadership: 16, Gambling: 16, Election Table: Average, to Hit: +18% (expertise), to Dodge: +8% (expertise), Damage: Average, Exp. points 20,000, Exp. points to next Lvl: 5,001.

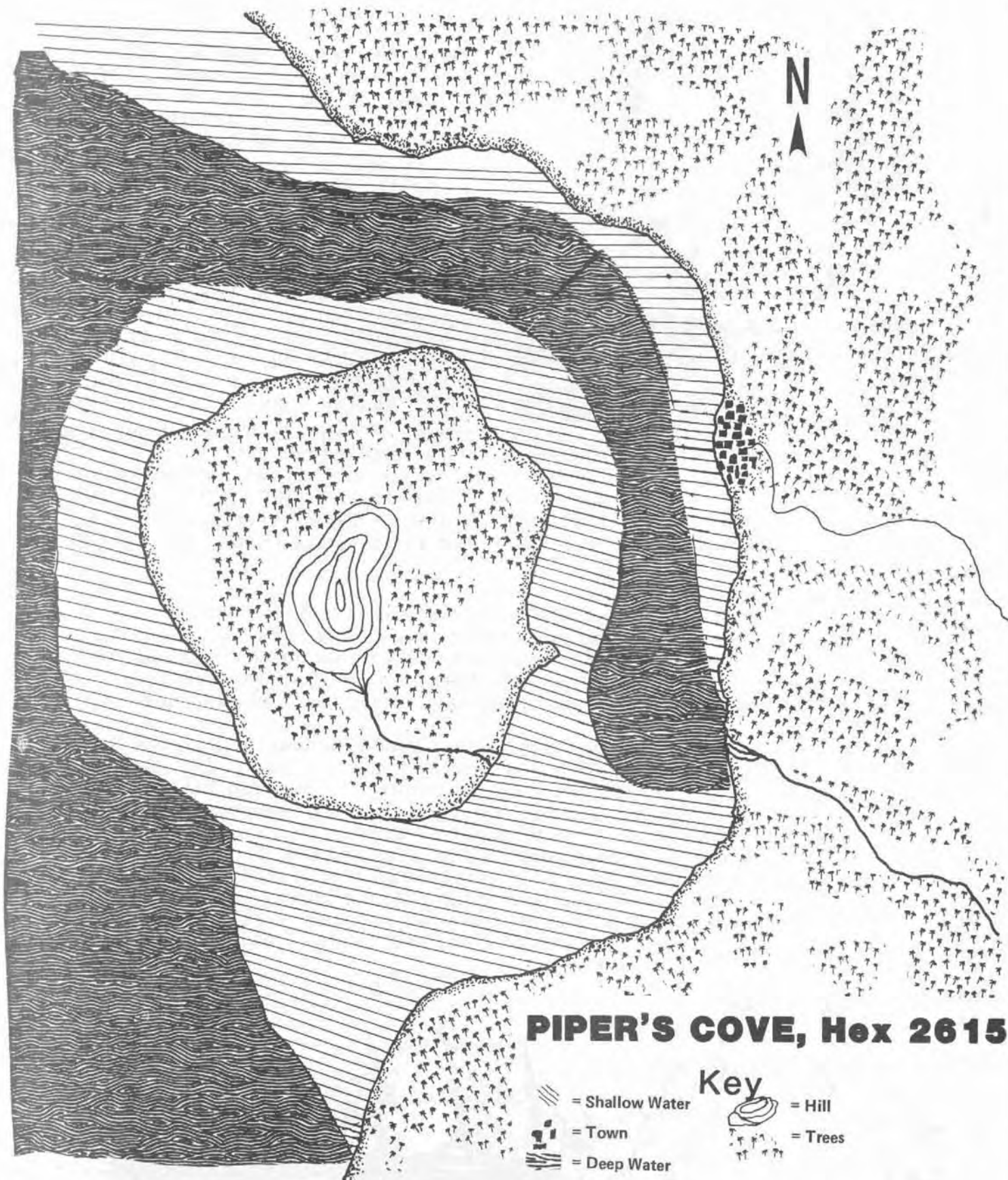
Weapons: Rapier, Pistol.

Sail Master Henry Higgins: Skills: Sail Master, Lvl: 5, Lvl Bonus: Double turns, Bonus & Penalties: Exper. + 10%, HP: 44, STR: 14, INT: 23, Agility: 14, CON: 20, Luck: 12, Leadership: 15, Gambling: Average, Election Table: Average, to Hit: Average, to Dodge: Average, Damage: Average, Weapons: Rapier, Pistol, Experience points: 22,000, Exp. points to next Lvl: 3001.

Master Gunner Henri Rocheforte: Skills: Master Gunner, Lvl: 5, Lvl Bonus: +10% Hit, Bonus & Penalties: HP + Damage +5, HP: 44, STR: 24, INT: 14, Agility: 12, CON: 15, Luck: 6, Leadership: 17, Gambling: -10%, Election Table: Average, to Hit: Average, to Dodge: Average, Damage: +5 points, Weapons: Cutlass, Pistol, Exp. points: 22,000, Exp. points to next Lvl: 3,001.

Master at Arms Quicksilver Long: Skills: Gunner, Lvl: 4, Lvl. Bonus: +5% M 10% G, Bonus & Penalties: H plus 20%/ 10% D 20%, HP: 35, STR: 18, INT: 14, Agility: 23, CON: 17, Luck: 15, Leadership: 14, Gambling: Average, Election Table: Average, to Hit plus 20%/+10% Fire Arm, to Dodge: +20%, Damage: Average, Weapons: Rapier, Main Gauche, Coach Gun, Exp points: 7,000, Exp points to next Lvl: 1,001.





Piper's Cove

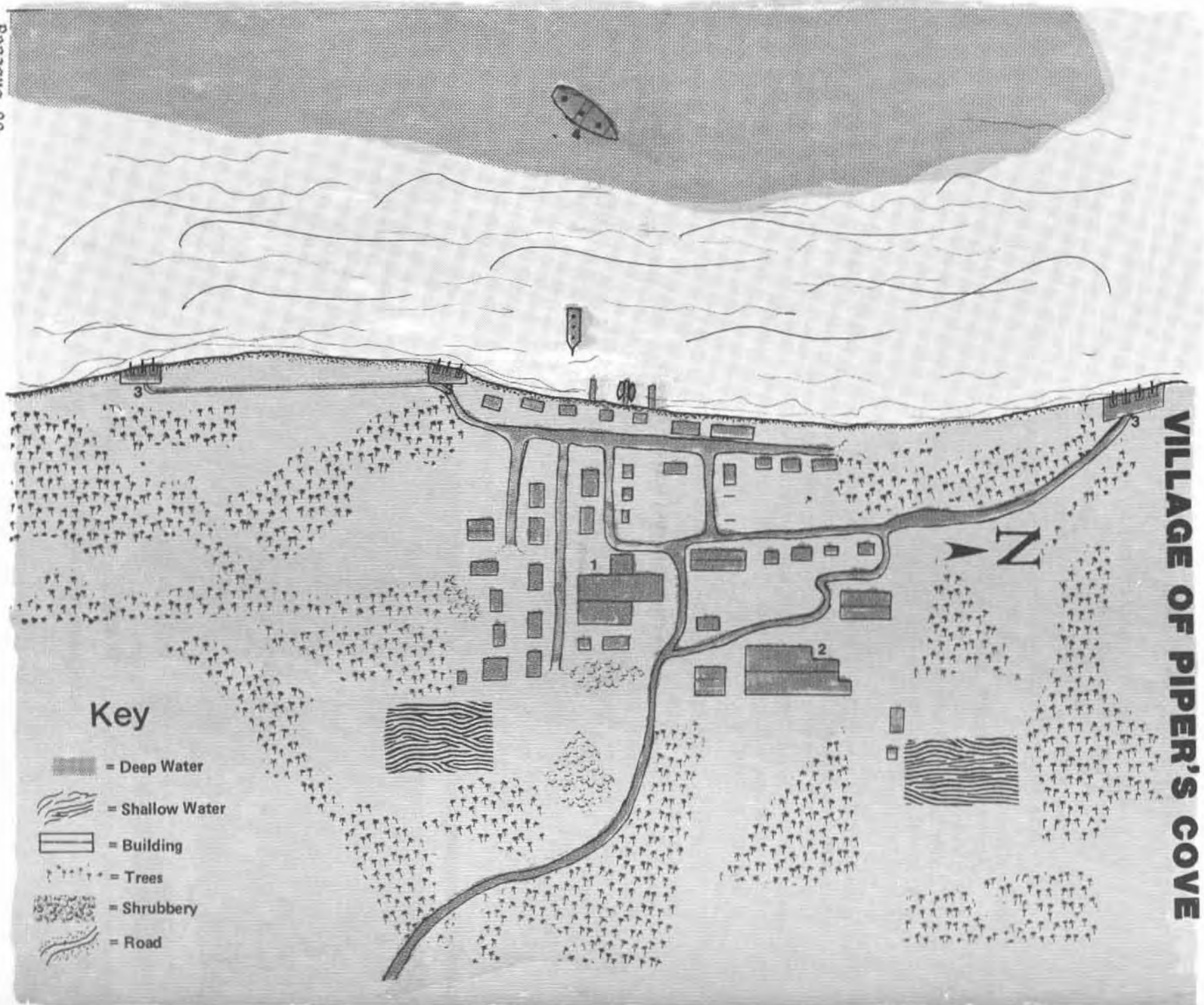
1. Fisherman's Inn: Innkeeper-George Fontaine
2. Mayor's Residence-Herman Dasilva-Mayor
3. Temporary Forts constructed by the Crew of the Fontaneda and using her Starboard Guns.
4. The Fontaneda-a-large merchant with 20 Guns. Her Treasure room: has 80,000 Pieces of Eight in Plate.

Swivel Guns

These very short cannons were served by one man and they were used prior to boarding or by the crew of a ship trying to prevent being boarded. On occasion, they were mounted on long boats, in the bows, for small expeditions. The usual charge for the Swivel Gun is 8 Musket Balls or even scrap metal. Their range is the same as the musket, one hex away and the effect is the same as the Coach Gun doubled. The Swivel Guns and the Muskets are fired simultaneously and the results are computed before boarding begins. The effects are computed as the Main Guns and the casualties will be computed as per the Grape Shot Rules except that the casualties are only on third of Main Gun Grape and the points necessary to effect are tripled. For each six points of damage, one Cannoneer and one Musket/Pike Man may be killed with 25% chance of killing a Gunner's Mate.

The ship is the Fontaneda: Captain: Deigo Velasquez, Type: Large Merchant, Last Careened: 1 week, Owing Power: Spain, Current Max. Speed: 3, Navigator's Level: 5, Captain's Lvl: 6, Sailmaster's Lvl: 5, Damage/Hit points: 220, Cost of Repair: 120, Damage Status of Hull: 20, Damage Status of Sails: Foremast demounted, Damage Status of Rudder: 0, No. of Guns on Port (left): 10, Starboard (right): 0, Crewmen at Guns: 3, Crew on Deck to board or repel boarders: 30, Casualties Suffered: 5 Sail Handlers, Letters of Marque: N/A.





MERMAID MEMORIES

Dedicated to Sharon

*A cool breeze sailed over the waters,
As the waves lapped at the shore.
A woman was standing on the sand,
She swore she'd been here before.*

*She couldn't remember how she did arrive,
Just before break of day.
Diana's moon was sailing across the sky,
Glistening upon the bay.*

*Just then! In a moments notice,
The moon seemed, the sun to laugh,
The woman looked down upon herself,
And saw what once had passed.*

*No longer was she human,
For her beautiful legs,
Were transformed, a Mermaid's Tail!
She cried, "Oh God," she begged.*

*But God smiled upon her,
Said, "Woman, what's done is done.
Do not disgrace yourself,
Accept what you have become."*

*She fell to the ground,
"No, this cannot be."
She longed to be free,
'was drawn to the sea.*

*The airy waves rushed a friendly greeting,
Hesitantly, their fragrance she did breathe,
And was awash in splendid emotion.
At last fortune decreed her to be freed.*

*No longer was she fearful,
For her heart had cleared.
She looked up at heavenly hosts,
Bade a farewell dear.*

*The waves, the Mermaid did embrace,
Knowing that she now belonged.
A pre-known joy did fill her heart,
With a long forgotten song.*

By Diane Mortimer and 13





Grundarrak
by Paul W. Vinton



Number Appearing 1 - 2
 Number in Lair 6 - 10
 Hit Dice 1D8 males,
 1D6 females, 1/2D6 young
 Number of Attacks 3
 or by Weapon used
 Damage/Attack . . . Bite: 1/2D4
 Pummel: 1/2D4
 Pummel: 1/2D4
 Speed Above Average
 Agility Average,
 Very Dexterous Manually
 Size Small
 Alignment . . . Lawful Neutral
 Armor Type Leather
 and/or Padded
 Percentage of Females . . . 30%
 Percentage of Young . . . 30%
 Intelligence Average
 Gestation Period . . . 12 months
 Grouping Name Family
 Food Eaten . . Small Animals,
 Grain, Nuts, Berries
 Psionic Ability . . . Low to Nil
 Magical Resistance . . . Above
 Average
 Special Abilities Natural
 Blending
 Languages Spoken Sign,
 Common, Own Dialects
 Weapons . . . Hand Axe: 1D6
 Shortsword: 1D6
 Pick: 1D6
 Hammer: 1D4
 Short Spear: 1D6

The Grundarrak are small and hardy folk encountered mainly in dark forests and lonely hills. Their origins are shrouded in mystery; some claim that they are the remnants of a once proud and rich race, and others retort in kind that the Grundarrak were the slaves of that race who rose in rebellion, destroyed their masters, and, in time, dwindled in numbers and knowledge. Low browed and short, averaging 4' 8" and weighing around 90 pounds for the males, 4' 3" and 75 pounds for the females, a typical family group runs 3 - 4 males, 2 - 3 females, and 1 - 3 young. Dark hair and dark complexions are predominant, most males have facial hair grown also. Dark and stained leather jerkins and skins are favored dress along with breeches or leggings and loincloth. Grundarrak generally run barefoot. Originally wood cutters and charcoal burners in addition to being master scroungers, especially of metal items, they

are now budding metallurgists and are getting more skilled day by day. The Grundarrak are very skilled at concealment and are very rarely surprised. A typical lair is often a natural cave system with a well hidden entrance and several exits/lookout posts. If no caves are available in an area, an underground tunnel system would be dug with rooms for each family and work group. Entrances would be situated under a large tree or in a pile of boulders. Ventilation

shafts are driven for the forges which use charcoal in order to produce next to no smoke. They will put up a fierce fight, if forced to, with their Hand Axes and Short Swords as well as a scattering of mining tools. Each Grundarrak is a semi-skilled Magic User of sorts, with spell types mostly used being those of concealment type magic (*Fog, Blending, etc.*). Some progress has been made in other areas of magic use such as Healer and Animal and Plant Communication type magic. Not much other magic is known or used.

Grundarrak have been spotted in the following Campaign Map Hexes:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Campaign Map One, Hex 0514 | Family group of six seen |
| Campaign Map One, Hex 2802 | Three ambushed corpses found |
| Campaign Map One, Hex 3216 | Long distance solitary spotting |
| Campaign Map One, Hex 3324 | Village of 39 noted by a Ranger |
| Campaign Map Six, Hex 3902 | Solitary spotting |
| Campaign Map Six, Hex 5217 | Two males spotted |
| Campaign Map Nine, Hex 3518 | Village of 43 found and traded with |
| Campaign Map Nine, Hex 3824 | Male found in bear trap |
| Campaign Map Nine, Hex 4014 | Family group of 4 spotted on trail |
| Campaign Map Nine, Hex 4114 | Male encountered on trail |
| Campaign Map Nine, Hex 4605 | Family group of nine seen in hills |

The above can be used by a Judge for his/her campaign or can be thrown in various spots on the maps as rumors.

Verdans
by Paul W. Vinton

Number Appearing4 - 8
 Number in Lair30 - 40
 Hit Dice 1D10 females
 1D6 males, 1D4 young
 Terrain Appearing In . .Plains
 and Scrub
 Number of Attacks3
 or Weapon used
 Damage/Attack . . .Bite: ½D4
 Claw: ½D4
 Claw: ½D4
 Speed15+, Very Fast
 Agility14+, Agile
 SizeMan Sized
 AlignmentLawful Evil
 Armor TypeLeather
 and some Mail
 Percentage of Females . .50%
 Percentage of Young . . .30%
 IntelligenceAverage
 Gestation Period . . .6 months
 Grouping NamePride
 Food EatenStrictly Meat
 Psionic AbilityLimited
 Telepathic
 Magical Resistance . . .Average
 Special Abilities . . .Tracking
 Languages SpokenSign,
 Own Dialect, Common
 WeaponsRapiers: 1D8
 Daggers: 1D4
 Self Bows: 1D6
 Lance: 1D10

Verdans are wilderlands roaming nomadic Amazonian Warrior Hunters. They are feline in origin, which makes them even more so independent and they keep the males of their species as slaves only who take care of the young and the daily basic chores. Each Pride is ruled by the strongest warrior woman, in conjunction with the advice of older revered matriarches. The Verdans range from 5' 4" to 6' in height and from 90 to 150 pounds in weight, being of a sinewy build. The males have basically these same characteristics also, but to throttle any attempts at resistance are kept shackled and sometimes muzzled. Fur coloration range from light tan to black, fur texture being kept soft by constant cleaning. A Pride averages from 21 - 28 females, 10 - 14 males, and 15 - 18 young. An unusual feature noted among the Verdans is a limited Telepathic link between



members of the species. This link is not constant and diminishes over distance and time. Another use of Telepathy is that used between a Verdán and her mount, a large bird called an Okrik, very similar to an ostrich except having dark hairy feathers, HD: 2, Armor Type: Padded, Speed:

Very Fast. Verdans use a Rapier/Dagger combination as they are ambidextrous, and for mounted combat use Self Bow and Lance. They speak with a sibilant whisper, and can communicate with humans and humanoids with hardly any problems. Verdans and other felines (ie. Great Cats) get along at a distance, can communicate with each other, but prefer not to (Great Cats cannot understand slavery). Magic use is thought of as unwomanly, and charms are muttered against practitioners. However, any help is usually not refused and benefactors are amply rewarded. Most contact with Verdans will usually result in enslavement or death for those who wish to try without a spokeswoman.



Rubble Rouser
by Debye Pruitt and Scott Fulton

Surprise:1 - 4
 Hit Dice:2
 Move:180'/minute
 AC:4
 Attacks:2
 Damage:1 - 6 each
 (Bite 1 - 3)
 Number Appearing:1 - 8
 Number in Lair:1 - 20
 Frequency:Uncommon
 Intelligence:Low
 Alignment:Neutral
 Size:12" tall

Rubble Rousers live in piles of rocks created by cave-ins and collapses in dungeons and caves. They are about 12" tall with powerful arms reaching to the ground, Although they have very keen hearing and sight (infravision), they have no sense of smell. They are covered in grey, scaly skin completely devoid of any hair. They are not carnivorous, subsisting on lichen and other plant life growing in the dark, moist recesses of deep dungeons and caves. Not aggressive, they will, however, fight fiercely if cornered. Although they are not at all dangerous if not attacked, they can be a nuisance because their high-pitched chattering when disturbed may bring larger, more dangerous monsters into the vicinity to investigate. If attacked, they use rubble rocks as weapons to throw at attackers, or, if close enough, they will bite any exposed flesh. Given the chance, however, they will flee any intruders, and they are particularly good at escape because they run very fast and can conceal themselves extremely well among the rocks and in the nooks and crannies of their natural habitat.



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Full Page	\$150	\$135	\$120
3/4 Page	125	112	100
1/2 Page	90	81	72
1/4 Page	48	43	38
1/8 Page	25	23	21

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Issue	Reservations	Camera-Ready
	Due	Copy Due
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June - July	Apr. 1	Apr. 14
Aug. - Sept.	June 1	June 14
Oct. - Nov.*	Aug. 1	Aug. 14
Dec. - Jan.	Oct. 1	Oct. 14

* Last Issue developed before Christmas.

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Size	Width	Height
Full Page	7"	9 1/2"
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1/2 Page		
Horizontal	7"	4 3/4"
Vertical	3 1/4"	9 1/2"
1/4 Page		
Horizontal	7"	2 3/8"
Vertical	3 1/4"	4 3/4"
1/8 Page	3 1/4"	1 3/16"

Magazine Trim Size: 8 1/2" x 11"

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out thought, the remaining humans raced toward the light that was visible down the long corridor.

"The Wizard!" Jamine shouted as they ran.

"Forget him," Jathral replied. "Run!"

The sky raged and the earth rumbled again. From behind the fleeing humans came the sounds of a titanic struggle. They did not care. They had their booty, the treasure they had risked their lives for, and freedom lay just ahead. They raced on, into the light of day.

Then the sky broke apart and the gods spoke.

"Nice game."

"Yeah, it wasn't bad. You've got a great dungeon there."

"Well, you did get three out. That Jathral, he's a tough character. I'll probably see more of him in the future."

"Probably, but I did lose my Wizard."

"Yeah, but, against my Balrog, what did you expect? I thought it was a nice touch, leaving him for the end."

"Not for my Wizard, it wasn't."

Jathral felt the world rise up and begin to tilt over. He was falling down, down into a dark hole. And there he lay, along with Jamine and the others, waiting until it was again time to play.

(continued from p. 21)

assist the Judge in integrating the planet into their own active campaign. Generally, several more mini-scenarios are given to maintain the player's momentum. Planetary Guides may also contain additional playing aids such as Tancred's 15mm cardstock plans of armored fighting vehicles as well as an entire detailed mercenary regiment to make use of them. Each Planetary Guide contains a large scale map of the planet giving extra geographical and climatological detail. Frequently these maps are of immense wall poster size, a full 22" x 34" in extent! More of the Planetary Guides will be released, each selected to enhance an ongoing campaign or serve as the start of a new one, and all set in the fantastic Gateway Quadrant.

Further explorations into the fascinating Gateway Quadrant continue in the next issue.

(continued from p. 11)

is in question here. Why do people like Gary North seriously fear that fantasy gamers may slip over the edge into real demonism? Perhaps it is because North and Company are already on the same wavelength. They believe their own beliefs in an essentially fanatical way, in a way that takes everything dead seriously. In other words, they take everything else as literally as they do the Bible. Thus, people like Gary North, and not the players, are the only ones who will ever find real demons in Dungeons & Dragons tm.

The views and opinions expressed within this article are those of Dr. Robert M. Price. We, at Judges Guild, are proud to present a forum where our readers can express their views unhindered, as is consistent with the laws of this great country. If anyone cares to comment on this or other subjects, please send all letters/articles to:

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(continued from p. 22)

Games Workshop Ltd. has just released the White Dwarf No. 26, featuring a prize-winning Traveller tm scenario, Amber to Red (\$3.00).

Manzakk Publishing, Inc. has Adventure Gaming No. 5 (Volume 1) for us for only \$3.00. It features three articles on the game, Titan, and a "how-to" article about Space Invaders!

The Merchant Master has collapsed in the square from his exertions, but, fortunately, that is all for now. From the Merchant Master, the hairy guy in the stocks, and me: A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

By

13

and Joseph Weingand



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IN
THE

CRYSTAL BALL

Beastmaster Safari Ships

by Stefan Jones. A new Safari ship for all you Traveler tm Hunters out there. Explore the galaxy and hunt for rare trophies on the Beastmaster. Included are complete deck plans, Operation, Customer Availability, and Internal Details.

Morrow Project Report

Weaponsmith, Bill Pixley, describes weapons made outside the United States. Detailed are weapons from Canada, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, and the Dominican Republic. The United States is invaded by foreign arms in the next installment of the "Morrow Project Report."

Mini-Scenarios

Two new scenarios dealing with game systems that have not appeared before within these pages. We present a **Bunnies and Burrows** adventure, "The Jack-rabbit's Lair." **Bunnies and Burrows** is based on the classic novel, **Watership Down**. Then, we have a scenario based on **The Fantasy Trip** rules system, "The Caves of the Goblin Lord." And, as a special treat, we have David F. Nalle's adventure, "Blood Tribute." **Judges Guild** and **Ragnarok Enterprises** are very proud to bring this extra-ordinary adventure to you!

Showing Your True Colors

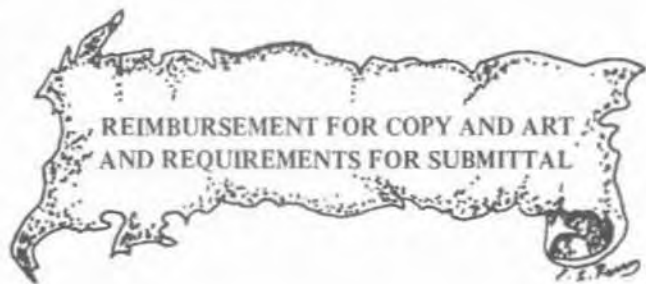
by John Mortimer. Exploring the realm of **Skull and Crossbones**, John brings to us a discussion on Pirate Flags. Everything you always wanted to know about Pirate Flags but didn't know who to ask!

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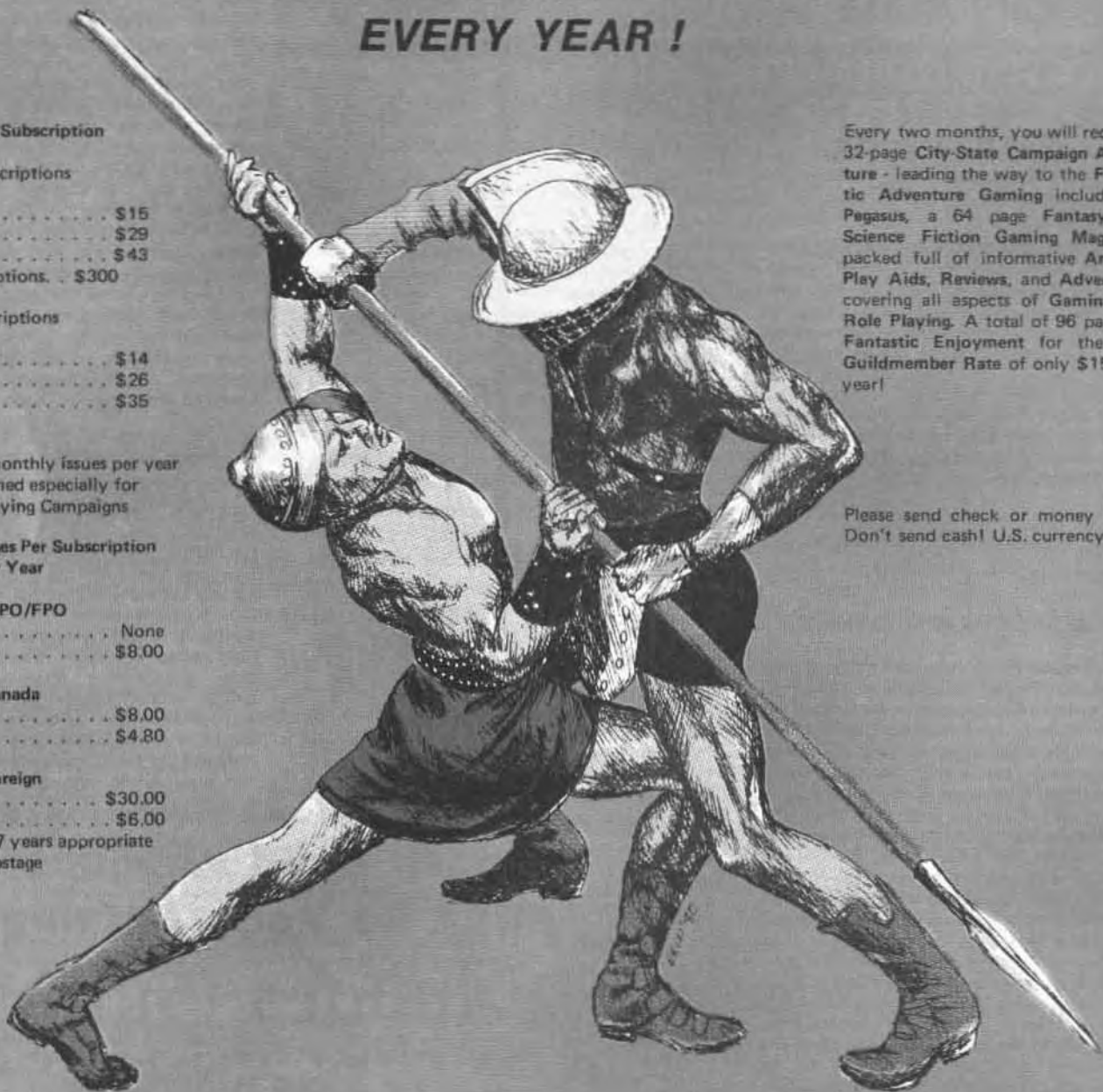
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