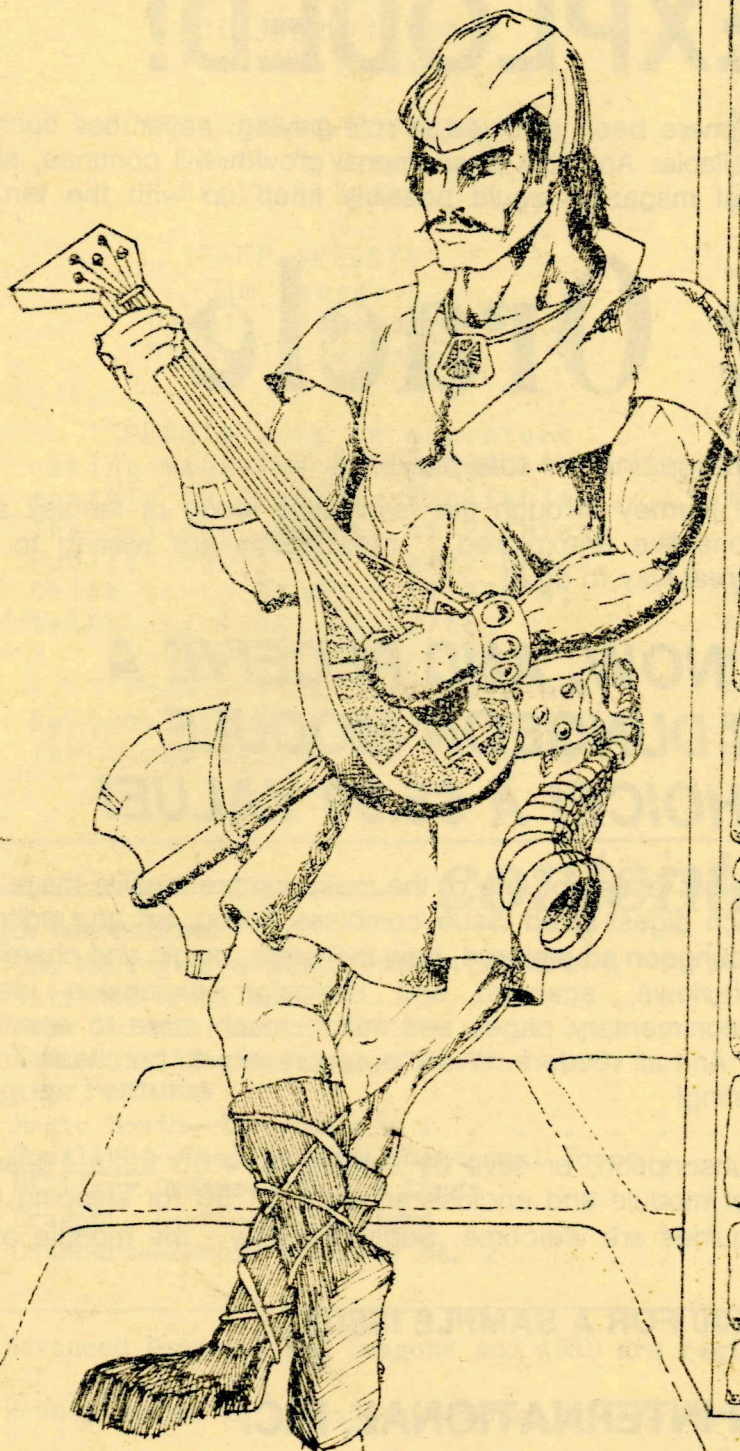


phantasy

#6/7

double issue

\$2



CRANFORD ©82

32
PAGE

ROLE-PLAYING HAS EXPLODED!

Never before have so many gamers been involved in role-playing; never has such a broad selection of games been available. And this phenomenal growth will continue, skyrocketing higher and higher....what magazine could possibly keep up with the terrific expansion?

The Oracle

A new magazine for role-players!

Come aboard for an incredible journey through the fascinating world of fantasy and science fiction gaming. Vast regions like unexplored.... new realms are waiting to be discovered.... and The Oracle is a great way to do it!

**SUBSCRIBE NOW, AND RECEIVE A
FREE TSR DUNGEON MODULE
OF YOUR CHOICE! A \$5.50 VALUE!**

Receive the free module, and eight issues of one of the most comprehensive magazine for gamers in existence today. Each digest-sized issue combines fiction, art and editorial comment with new game variants, dungeon adventures, new monsters, magic and character classes, product and literary reviews, scenario and campaign expansion ideas, question/answer columns, reader commentary pages and much, much more to create a wholly satisfying publication for all. And all readers have the opportunity to purchase items from our Discount Game & Book Listing!

Send \$8.00 for an 8-issue subscription, or save by sending \$14.00 for a 16-issue subscription. Tell us your choice of module and enclose an extra \$1.50 for shipping and handling. Dealer and advertiser inquiries are welcome. Subscribe now - the module offer ends in ten days!

SEND \$2.00 FOR A SAMPLE ISSUE

**HORIZON INTERNATIONAL, INC.
P.O. BOX 27513
SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84127**

Phantasy

Vol. 11, No. 5

March-June 1982

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Evan Skolnick

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Mark Devney
Brett Palmer

STAFF ARTISTS
Jim Langer
Dennis Timberman
Micheal Zelonis

PHANTASY is an adventure gaming magazine published bi-monthly by Phantasy Publishing. The mailing address of Phantasy Publishing is 187 Quarry Brook Drive, South Windsor CT 06074; telephone (203) 528-2766.

PHANTASY is available only by subscription. Rates are \$5 for three issues and \$9 for six.

The issue of expiration is printed on the mailing label of each subscription issue in the form of "PH-" and the number of the last issue. PHANTASY is mailed first class.

PHANTASY welcomes unsolicited submissions of written material and artwork; however, no responsibility for such material can be assumed by the publisher in any event. No submission will be returned if not accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope of adequate size and postage. All material published in PHANTASY becomes the exclusive property of the publisher upon publication unless prior arrangements are made. PHANTASY reserves the right to use text or artwork again at the same or higher rate of payment.

ALL RIGHTS ON THE CONTENTS OF THIS PUBLICATION ARE RESERVED, AND NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT SECURING PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. COPYRIGHT 1982 BY EVAN SKOLNICK.

contents

Major Attractions

The Making of a Game: Bounty Hunter.5
National Profiles.8
Mike Zelonis: An Art 'Folio	10
Indian Artifacts—strange fiction	18

Regular Features

Magic Mouth—the editor's4
Spotlight—Dealing With Phantasmal Force	26
Military Orders—the Sky Lords	28
Dragon's Hoard—magic items	30
Cuthbert—Zombie Hackers; Pt. 2	31

Advanced Dungeons and Dragons and AD&D are registered trademarks owned by TSR Hobbies.

Bounty Hunter is a trademark owned by Nova Game Designs, Inc.

art: Mike Cranford: FC, 25 Mike Zelonis: 19, 20, 23, 28 Scott Shepard: 30
Evan Skolnick: 30

MAGIC MOUNTN

Better late...with more pages, art...

The awesome task of assembling a magazine of this type is not so awesome when one knows all that is involved (and a few of you do); it is just time-consuming and demanding. With that in mind, I will accept your forgiveness for the tardiness of PHANTASY #5, and the subsequent and resultant lateness of this double issue.

Speaking of which, a lot of you may be confused as to what this "double-issue" business is all about. It's a gimmick used by small magazines when they get very far behind schedule. Instead of putting out two late issues, they combine them and thus save the time and cost of printing and use it to beef up the double issue. However, even with this on our side, PHANTASY #6/7 is well over a month late. By issue ten or so I hope and expect to have each issue out within a week of the planned release date. In any case, this issue counts as two for subscribers; the cover price has not doubled but has increased; and our page count is above our normal 20. Hopefully we can retain this in future issues.

* * *

For five issues now (almost a full year) one person has been carrying this magazine artistically. Regular readers will know the name--Jim Langer. Any one artist that can accomplish such a feat deserves special mention--and a rest. Many letters I received praised Jim, but in most I heard cries for diversity in the art department. "Langer's good, but you need different styles," one reader commented. Well, about three artists must have somehow obtained copies (illegally, I'm sure) of these letters, and came to me offering piles of wonderful art. I still haven't quite recovered from the shock of having them find us (it's supposed to work the other way around). Now we have what Jim himself complained about the lack of almost

a year ago--an art staff.

Of course, let us not forget the free-lancers. Our breathtaking (it took mine, at least) cover illustration was drawn by Mike Cranford, a real pro whose name will ring a bell or two in a good number of our readers. He does work for the demigod of fanzines, ABYSS, as well as a few British magazines. His distinctive style will be appearing fairly regularly in these pages. And the other newcomer (very new) is one Scott Shepard, who is only represented here a bit, but he promises more to come.

And there's still Jim, even though this issue is devoid of his work. So now there is a friendly (?) rivalry to get on the cover of PHANTASY--a situation which will undoubtedly keep PHANTASY's appearance among the best in the genre. Just flip through this issue and try to disagree with me. . .

* * *

Well, after you read the last paragraph in this issue, after you look at the last picture, and put it away (a process which happens alarmingly fast), you'll have quite a bit to look forward to. PHANTASY #8, our next issue, marks our first anniversary here at Phantasy Publishing; we've got a surprise or two waiting. Also, I have begun work on a giant compendium of small and large amateur and semi-professional magazines. It will be in review format, and I expect it to appear around issue ten or eleven.

* * *

As you may have surmised from reading this column, I am extremely proud of this particular issue of PHANTASY. We are no longer mainly dependent on staff writers; we have a different address for subscriptions now so that I can work on the magazine; and we are just beginning to carve our little niche in the field.

Enjoy. Write.

Evam Shohut

The Making of a Game

BOUNTY HUNTER™

Ideas are very closely tied to imagination. Joe Angiolillo, Al Leonard, Doug Kaufman and I were returning from GenCon in Wisconsin in the summer of 1980. We were driving a rented van and as the drive to Connecticut was a long one, we were, as usual, airing out our imaginations. Considering the last four days of very unusual hours, strange food, and gaming grognards, this manifested itself in ideas of widely disparate outrageousness. In one of my calmer moods, I announced that I could conceive of how book games (ala Ace of Aces) could be made of two guys running after each other in and around a building. Half the time the players wouldn't know where the other was, as it should be, and all without a referee. Well, it sounded good, anyway.

At our next pit stop, after getting my stomach thoroughly "greased, oiled, and gassed up", I searched for some paper to begin working out the details of my idea while it was still ablaze in my mind. Unfortunately, none was to be found, save a paper napkin. True to the spirit of Franz Schubert, I began to diagram a simple building with multiple positions around it and also began to work out the possible view combinations. Long drives being what they are, it was soon my turn at the wheel. This fact, coupled with my convention-frazzled brain, served to put off any further thought on the subject of the game—though the napkin was saved!

The idea gestated until that winter as the Ace of Aces explosion hit. We were all very busy then (but rarely complaining about the great success), and I had no time to really consider working on it.

Come January, however, the bug bit me again. I had placed the napkin that contained the preliminary sketches on my dresser and it had become a daily reminder to me that there was a potential novel game there.

I hadn't been exactly sure how the game system was going to work yet. Again in the fever of immediacy, I constructed a 24 page prototype with just four positions in it using the method of correlating both players' positions which I had thought up that past summer, just to see if it would work. See Figure 1 and note the hand-drawn art (Hildebrandt I'm not!). Well, it worked. I then proceeded to construct a much expanded 240 page prototype, again all hand-drawn. (Fig. 2) I chose the wild-west background; and now we had something to develop.

At this point, the now-familiar necessities of game design were present: we had a working prototype and some rudimentary rules. My friends at NOVA became quite excited at the prospect and we brainstormed the name BOUNTY HUNTER for the game. While Jim Rosinus and I worked out the arrangements with the artist we had contacted, Joe and Al were ironing out the kinks in the system and establishing the rules for the game. Another prototype was made (Figure 3). These processes took longer than any of us had initially anticipated. Finally, after a few false alarms, we were ready for production (Figure 4)!

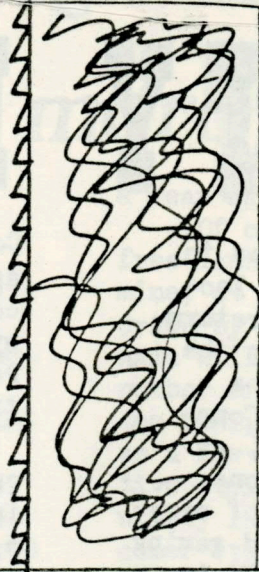
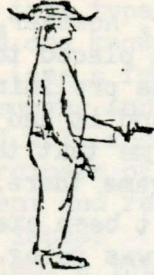
We initially thought we could have the game done by July of '81 (seven months after the 240 page prototype was made). Little did we know. Like all of us in our

by **Mike Vitale**, co-designer

KEYS:

A
B
Bump

3A



STAY: 3
TURN: 6

MOVE: 4, 5
MOVE/TURN: 2, 7

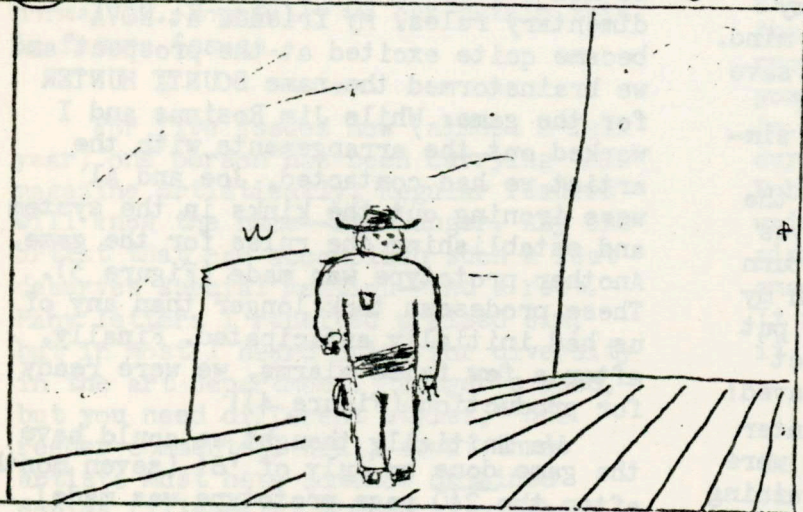
Fig. 1

(47)

A
B

C
D

Bump



STAY: 27
FACE CTR: 36
FACE RT: 24
LOOKOUT: 21

Door W
Center Room: 20
Far Window: 44
TURN
AROUND: 16

CENTER
Door RT: 33
Door LT: 40
Far Window: 15
TURN
AROUND: 28

FAR DOOR U
CATH ROOM: 31
FAR WINDOW: 4
TURN
AROUND: 38

Fig. 2

own ways, NOVA is still growing and learning. After all, we are only a bit over two years old: precocious, but still a little "wet behind the ears."

Some of the reasons the game took so long were of a positive nature, some corrective. The two biggest problems with the system were the time-span for a 'turn', and how to avoid passing each other, say through a door. The time-span was lengthened to eliminate the herky-jerky aspect of the earlier prototypes. The problem of temporary blindness as opponents passed each other was solved by indicating those possibilities with a special mark, which must be announced when used. If both players announce this, they collide. Collisions usually result in immediate surrender or an eliminated character.

But I digress. The revelation of the development process was just that there was simply no apparent reason to stop with one building. It seems simple now, but sometimes you can overlook the obvious, especially when you're too close to see the whole picture.

Therefore, BOUNTY HUNTER will be a series of book-games, each of which will represent a different part of the wild-west town. Players will be able to conduct running gunfights from book to book. Multi-player games with just the first set, Shootout at the Saloon, are very highly recommended.

Well, that's about it. The story of BOUNTY HUNTER in a nutshell. Here's something for all you budding game designers to consider.

National Profiles

by R. Dennis Warren

Role-playing game systems of the fantasy type seem to have a common fault. The generation of a "world" for use in campaign play have no regional variation.

Thus, traveling from one area to another usually means no great startling discoveries about new and unique lands. Assuming the GM uses one of the above-mentioned systems, his/her players will not find any of the normal difficulties related to traveling in foreign lands.

This article, along with the National Profile Sheet on the opposite page, is designed to be an aid to Game-Masters developing their campaigns. Make one copy of the Sheet for each nation or region in your World.

At the upper right hand corner of the Sheet fill in the name of your World. Then the name of the nation should be filled in. Since nearly all items on the sheet are subject to change, a pencil would be preferable to ink. Some of the entries will also require the use of the back of the sheet or more paper.

Here are a few suggestions and hints on how to make the most of the NPSheet.

"Race" in a fantasy world refers to Demi-humans and Humans. These should be listed in order of the most numerous to the most rare; a percent after each one is advisable but not necessary. Ethnic Group defines the sub-group of humans, although some demi-humans can be included: different kinds of elves and halflings.

An important part of an area is the price and availability of its products. A fantasy world should not have every type of item in the world in every city of that world. The key factors to keep in mind concerning availability and prices are supply and demand. If trade is controlled by the government, shortages are sure to arise. Without going into a semester of economics (although it couldn't hurt), all products could be listed under the following categories: Major Resources, Occasional Shortages, Imported, Rare Commodity, Illegal.

Make notations on the Sheet for any trade, mutual defense, or non-aggression treaties. The status of these may be worthless, depending on the honor of both parties.

One of the integral parts of this nation developing is the cultural customs of the area. This should be a bit more than casual "dungeon dressing". For example: A character sits in a tavern drinking beer. Soon everyone in the place is staring at him. A patron blurts out, "Traveler! Anyone who drinks with their left hand claims that they can defeat anyone here in armed battle."

Other customs can include feasts, tournaments, religious rites, forbidden foods, areas, clothes, or any other facet of life.

The GM may want to keep a list of the most pertinent laws of the nation. Many of these are based on Customs.

Certain character classes are more likely to be found in some areas than others. This is especially true for most of the sub-classes and NPC classes found in magazines such as PHANTASY.

A general statement about the geography, climate, and weather tendencies can be logged on the Sheet. England would read something like: cool, rocky, and foggy; while none of them are completely true all of the time, they give a 'feel' for the place.

A broad spectrum that could also be covered here is government. Any ancient or medieval type works well, or you can try new types. Perhaps one culture cannot understand the concept of rulership at all.

The Encounter Table can be used to differentiate between nations' monsters. This should be partially based on the climate and geography.

The Sheet can be copied for personal use. The best way to use it is to keep all the nations in one continent together. A lot of extra time is required in using this system, but I'm sure play will prove it time well spent.

Phantasy

bi-monthly adventure gaming magazine

187 Quarry Brook Dr. South Windsor Ct. 06074

© 1982

_____ 's
World of _____
Nation: _____

permission is granted to copy this sheet
for personal use.

Population: _____

Racial/Ethnic Groups: _____

Languages: _____

Religions: _____

Major Cities: _____

Chief Ports: _____

Chief Crops: _____

Minerals: _____

Other Resources: _____

Treaties Held: _____

Cultural Customs: _____

Weapons & Armor Most Used: _____

Geographical Information: _____

Standard of Living: _____

Enemies: _____

Population Growth Rate: _____

Dungeons & Other Notable Adventures: _____

Capitol: _____

Government Type: _____

Head of State: _____

Local Divisions: _____

Army: _____

Navy: _____

Tax Rates: _____

Currency: _____

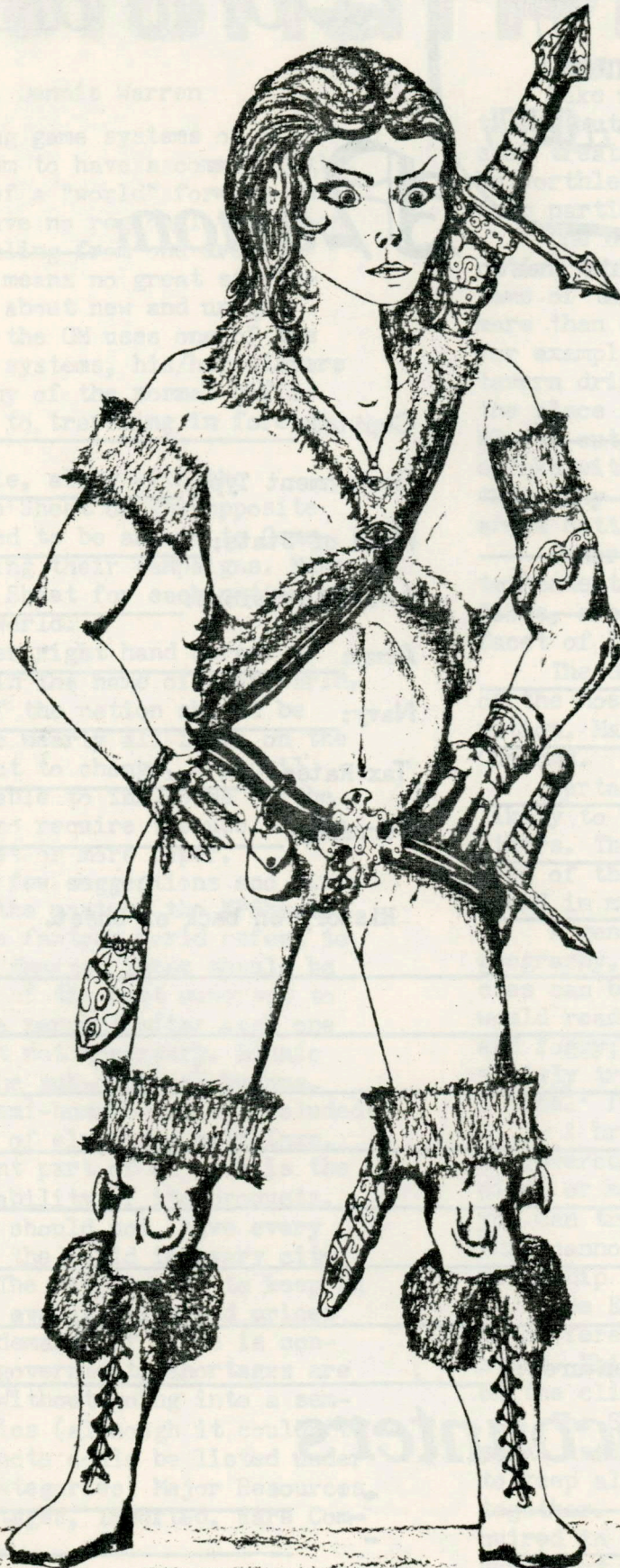
History on back of Sheet.

Encounters

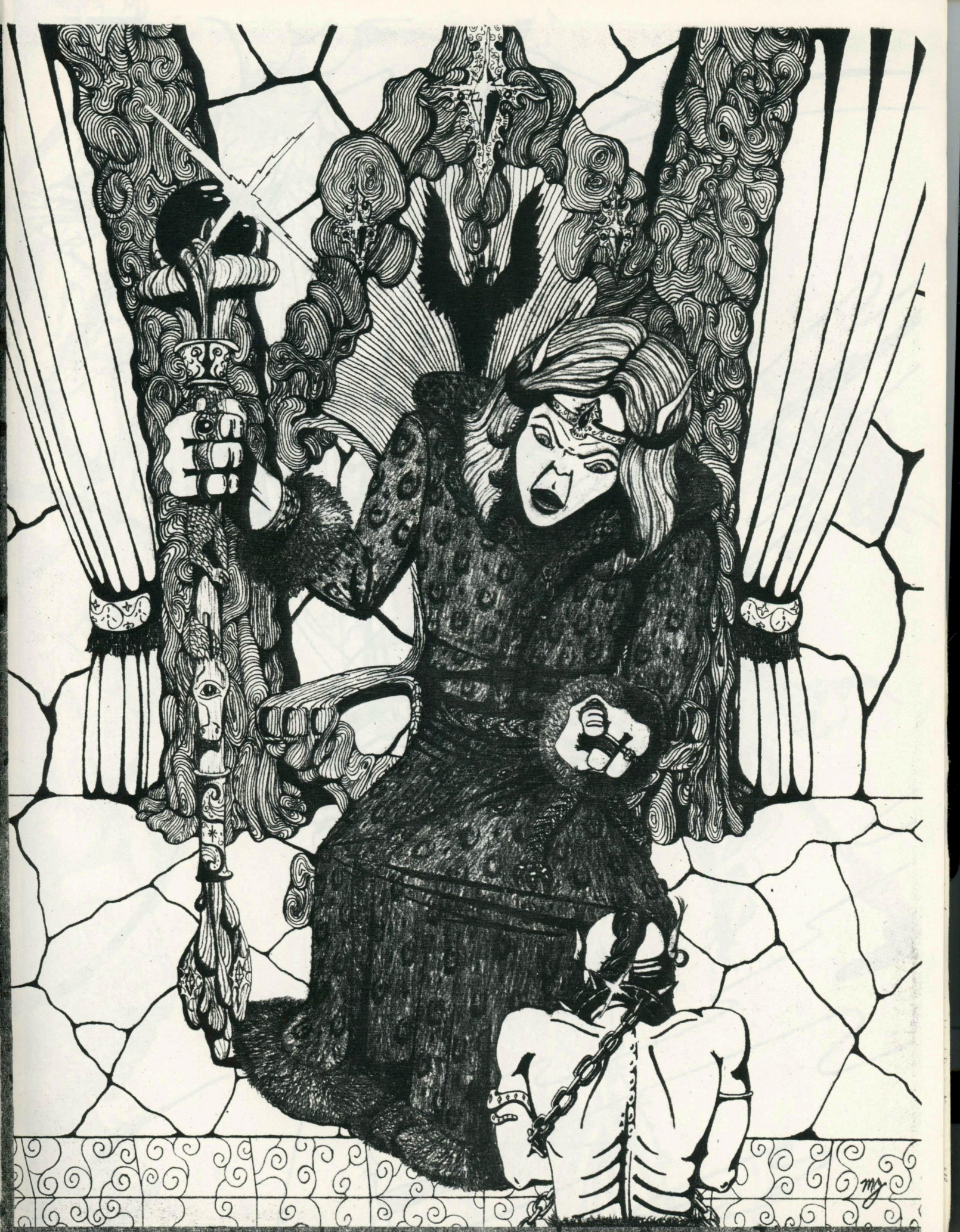
01- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

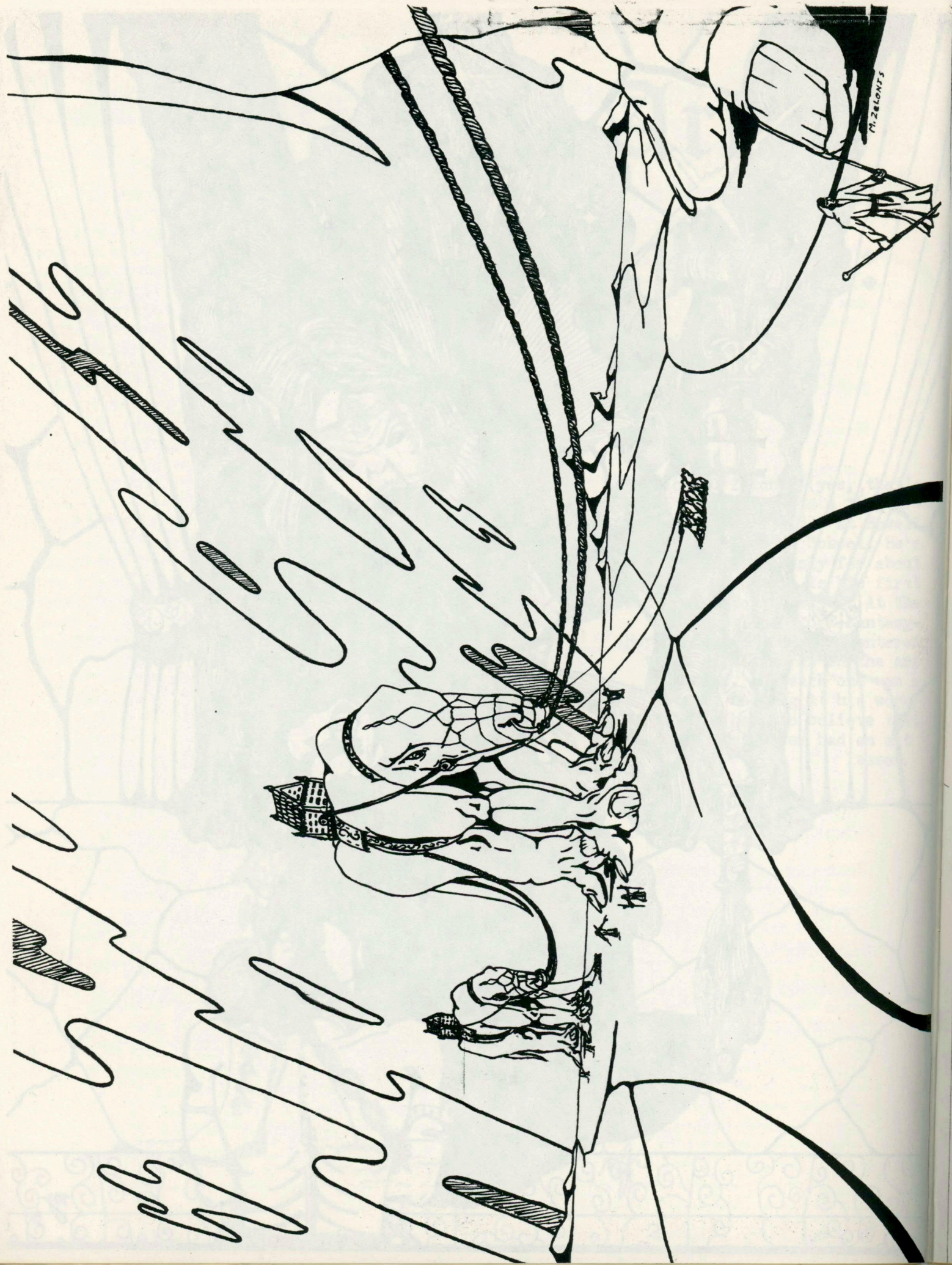
- _____
- _____
- _____
-00 _____

Art 'Folio:



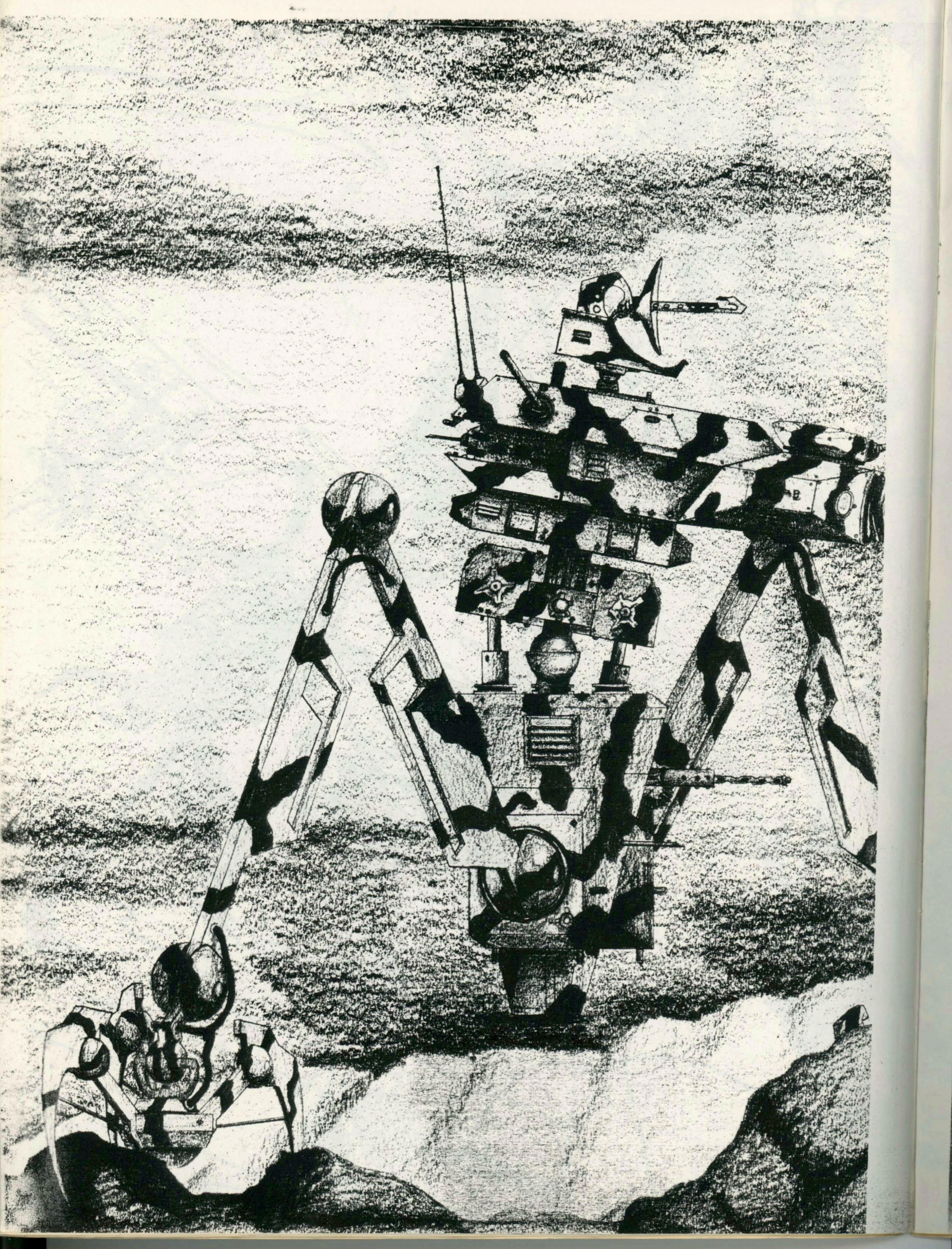
Micheal Zelonis (yes, that's how it's spelled) is a 16 year-old machinist major at Howell Cheney Technical School. He's been drawing seriously for about a year now, and this is his first semi-professional "sale". At The 1982 Creation's S/F-Fantasy-Horror Convention, Mike entered three of his works in the art contests, and each one won a place. Looking at his work, it is hard to believe that he has never had an art lesson.

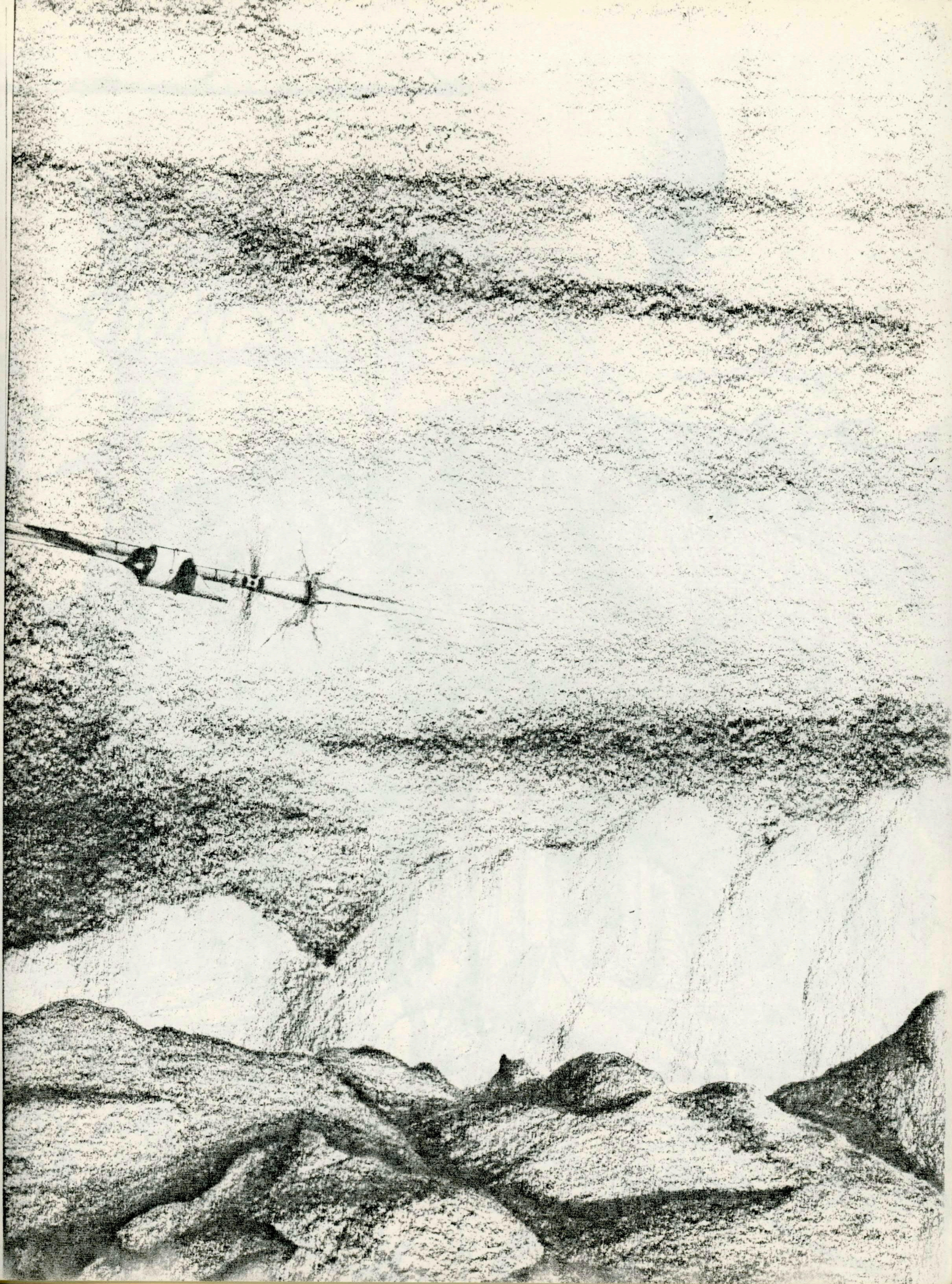


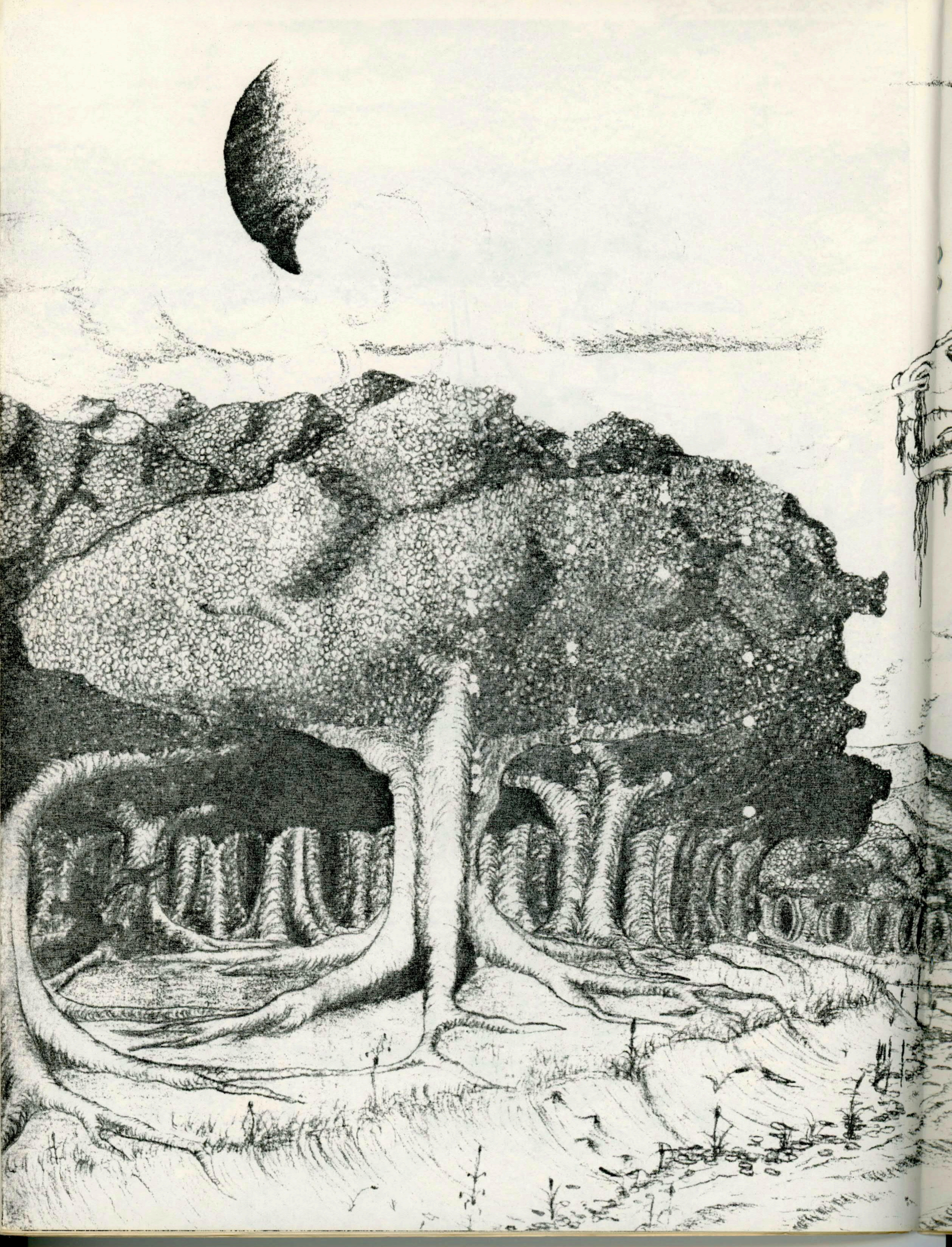


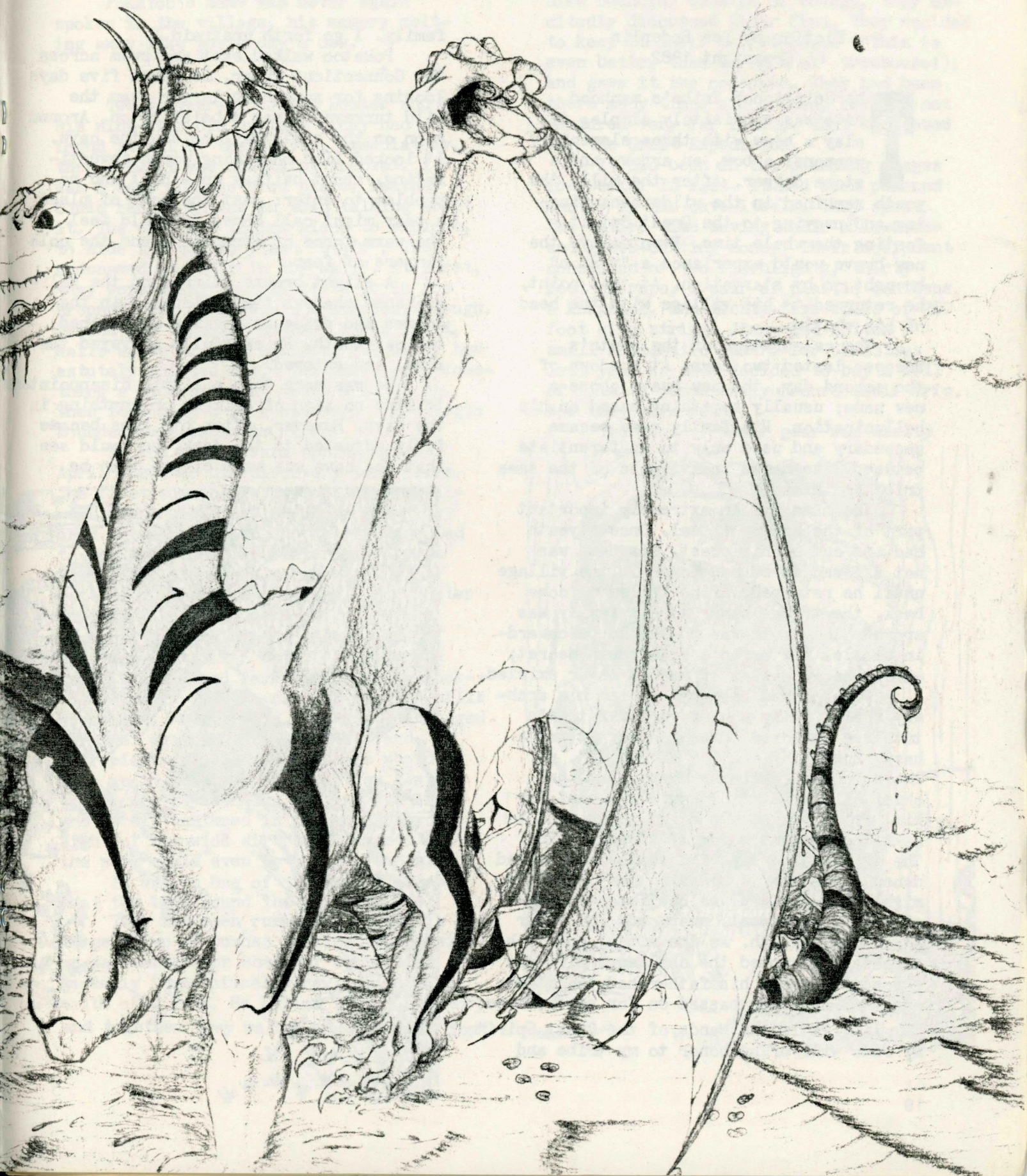
M. ZELONTS











INDIAN ARTIFACTS

Fiction by Lee Enderlin
Copyright 1982

The Scinticook Tribe's manhood rite was exquisitely simple: to slay a bear with three elementary weapons: a bow, an arrow, and a stone dagger. After the kill, the youth remained in the wilderness singing and praying to the Great Spirit, fasting the whole time. Eventually, the new brave would experience a "vision" brought on by starvation. At that point, he returned to his village with the head of his victim.

The celebration of the youth's success lasted two days. At sundown of the second day, the new brave chose a new name; usually something based on his hallucination. His family name became secondary and used only to differentiate between like-named individuals of the same tribe and himself.

The name was an extremely important part of the entire ritual. Once a youth had set out on his quest, his name was not allowed to be mentioned in the village until he returned. If he failed to come back, the tribal honor to his family was spared; the youth was proved to be coward in battle. The parents grieved in secret; otherwise it was as if he had never existed.

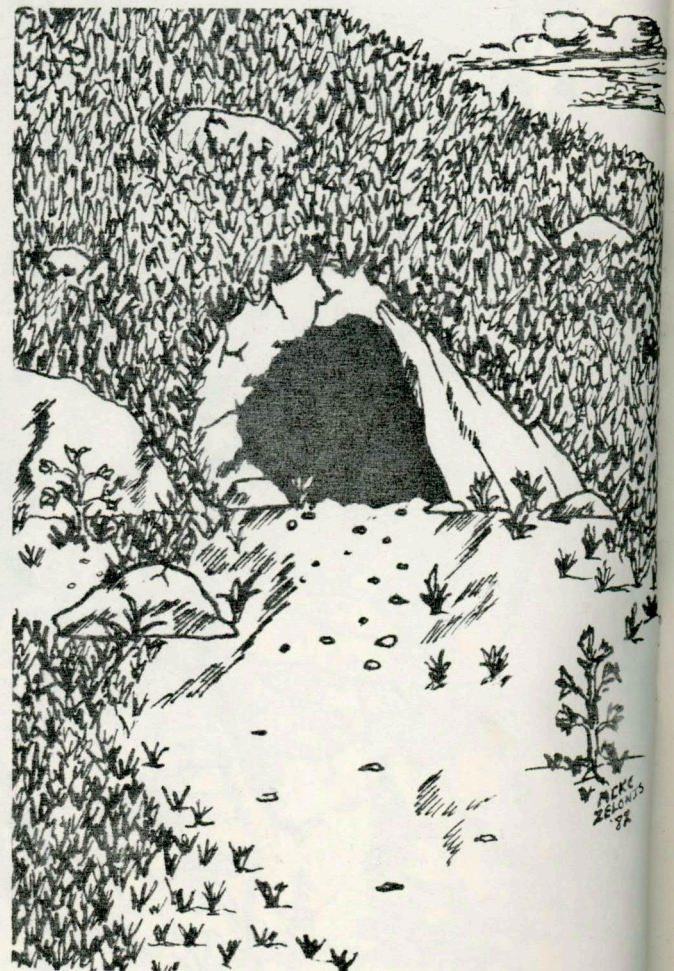
Pokatoc had been practicing his archery skills daily now under his father's tutelage for over three months. It was a hazy, humid day of "The Warm Time", as these Indians called summer, that the chief of the Scinticook village sent for him. Pride filled his heart as he went to hear the ancient words of "Going Forth". The tribal elders performed the prescribed dance to ask for a blessing that this boy might become a man. As he listened, Pokatoc felt confident, prepared, and eager to shed his youth. As the ritual ended, he anxiously accepted the challenge with the respectful words his father had taught him and that had been passed on for generations: "My life is in the hands of the Great Spirit; my fate will bring honor to my tribe and

family. I go forth unafraid."

Pokatoc walked east and swam across the Connecticut River. He spent five days looking for something larger than the wild turkeys he was subsisting on. Around noon on the sixth day, he saw the cave. It looked like something worth investigating, about halfway up a hill and no problem to enter: just the sort of place a bear might call home. He could feel the warm force of adrenalin, and the cold fingers of fear.

A slight breeze stirred up the half-awakened shadows that whispered in the leaves and grass as Pokatoc approached the cavemouth. He carefully surveyed the area, and entered.

He was more than a little disappointed to find no sign of animals or anything in the cave. However, after his eyes became fully adjusted to the dark, he could see that the cave was much bigger than he



had thought a few moments earlier. It seemed to be very long and narrow. Taking a long breath, he cautiously moved further into the shaft.

Pokatoc's name was never again spoken in the village, his memory melting away like yesterday's dew.

* * *

Twelve-year-old Jimmy Boster and his nine-year-old brother Ricky had found it all by themselves. Immediately, they knew it was something special. It was a new, undiscovered place. Neither could recall anyone in town talking about it. The cave was theirs alone to explore, to hide in, and to stash "stuff". They codenamed it "Hole in the Wall". At first, they were going to call it "Hole in the Ground", but that wasn't mysterious enough. Ground was supposed to have holes in it, walls weren't. "And besides," as Jimmy had astutely pointed out, "you can't give something a codename that tells what it is. Then it wouldn't be a codeword." His logic sounded impeccable to Ricky.

It had been a warm spring day in April when the big discovery took place. The first summerlike day of the year always meant bicycles, so Jimmy and Ricky used this particular one to persuade Dad to get theirs out of winter storage in the cellar. "There's no such thing as getting in shape at that age," Mr. Boster muttered, but they were off. The trip took quite a while, and a good deal of pedaling—six miles out of town to the large state-owned park dominated by Look-out Mountain and the ring of smaller hills around it. Most of the area was too rugged for most except Boy Scouts...and intrepid young boys. The people who did hike up to the summit for a view of the valley did so along an old loggers' road and rarely ventured in the woods beyond sight of the wide dirt trail. Parts of the park could even be called remote.

It was in one of the latter areas that the boys found the cave.

They had been rummaging through a large clump of bushes looking for fossils or salamanders or whatever when Ricky suddenly found himself crawling into the mouth of a cave. He called to his brother, and together they walked about twenty feet

into the tunnel before it became too dark to continue. It was twelve feet wide at this point and the boys sat down opposite each other leaning against the walls. Like bouncing bundles of energy, they excitedly discussed their find. They decided to keep it their secret place ("This is even better than Barry's ol' treehouse!"), and gave it the codename. They had been there many times since then, but had not ventured very far inside. That was saved for the Great Expedition.

It had been in the planning stages for weeks. In fact, it had been planned mostly in the cave itself. They spent the entire time saving their allowances and grass-cutting money. Their equipment consisted of two flashlights, thirty feet of rope, a pair of plastic canteens, a knapsack, and twenty-five balls of 200 foot kite string. Jimmy had gotten a small instamatic camera for Christmas last year so they decided to buy a roll of film to permanently record their trip. Now they were ready.

The rest of their gear was easily



obtained from Mom that morning: four peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a Thermos full of Kool-Aid. The latter would go into the canteens which were hidden in the cave along with everything except the camera and the film. Their mother laughed a little at the idea of her sons spending their day riding up and down Lookout Mountain for the hundredth time that summer. At least it kept them out of trouble.

The cool cave air beckoned to the two boys as they once again approached the clump of bushes. They chained their bikes to a tree outside of the clump of bushes—they had been doing that all summer and it had never dawned on them that they might as well have put up a mailbox outside the cave to announce their presence there: "The Bosters".

Jimmy tied one end of a hank of string to the same tree, carefully playing out the twine behind them as they crawled through the undergrowth to the cave mouth. Visions of pirate treasure or Indian burial grounds were firmly in their minds. They knew, just knew that this cave would be equally as wondrous as the great caves of the Southwest.

"Whaddya call those pointy rocks?" Ricky asked.

"Stagmites and stacktites," Jimmy solemnly informed him as he looped the coil of rope over his right shoulder and left hip like a bandoleer of albino snakes. Ricky didn't know what the rope was for, but Jimmy explained that all "splunkers", as he had called cave explorers, used it. Jimmy had been reading about caves all summer, so he was an expert.

"I wonder what that guy at the drugstore thought when we bought all this string," he said, picking up the first spool from the cave floor where he had placed it as he got his equipment ready.

Ricky giggled at the vision of the teen-aged checkout clerk puzzling over their secret. "He musta thought we were nuts. What a great story this is gonna be for the guys at school next month."

The true genius of the plan was the camera. What better way to prove their tale to "the guys at school" in the fall than pictures? Pictures of the cave as they walked along, pictures of the paintings on the walls by cavemen millions of years dead, pictures of the monster bones in the great amber halls hidden away deep in the underground. Nobody would be able

to dispute them. And nobody would ever learn the exact location of "Hole in the Wall".

Ricky asked worriedly, "Think there'll be rats and stuff?"

"Oh, maybe some bats way down inside, but that's all. If there were any wolves or mountain lions, we'da seen 'em already."

Ricky's enthusiasm was undiminished. "We'll find all kinds of neat stuff, anyway." He continued excitedly, "Maybe we'll even be in the history books or something!"

They moved into the cave cautiously. Although they had been here many times before, it now seemed different. Now they were asking a friend to give up closely guarded secrets. If they had been old enough to understand the concept of the violation of virginity, they would have said that it perfectly described their feelings. They were awed by the knowledge of being first.

Their flashlights danced along the cave walls as they moved along, silently searching for prehistoric drawings. After the first two hundred feet they were forced to tie a new roll of string to the old one. As Jimmy discarded the empty cardboard spool, Ricky took the camera from his brother's knapsack and got a photo of the historic act.

"Don't take too many pictures like that," Jimmy commanded. "We only had enough money for one roll of film and I don't wanna run out just before we run into something really excellent."

"Okay. Sorry."

They moved on again, still walking slowly lest they miss anything. By the time they switched over to the fifth ball of string, disappointment began to set in. Long before this they had expected to find a room full of skeletons clutching glittering swords amid towering stalagmites and stalactites; gems and ancient gold pieces scattered everywhere. They hoped to find a pool of those fish without eyes. Or at least some lousy bats. Their only companions so far were their own shadows prancing lightheartedly along the cave walls beside them.

But their determination had not failed them and they continued on. They noticed that the cave was beginning to get a little narrower. They were gradually

being forced closer together, although they could still walk side-by-side.

They had been in the cave much longer than either of the boys realized.

"Jimmy, I'm hungry," Ricky complained petulantly.

"Yeah, me too," his older brother agreed. He checked his watch. "It's twenty before twelve and we're almost halfway through the string anyway. Let's go 'til noon, eat, then turn around."

They hadn't gotten far when Jimmy noticed a hole. He pointed it out to Ricky with a loud, echoing, "Hey, look!" and the two of them ran to it as quickly as they could in the tight space. It was a small shaft, about six inches in diameter, placed squarely in the center of the tunnel. Jimmy found a small pebble and held it over the hole. "Shhh," he told his brother. He dropped the tiny stone directly down the midpoint of the shaft. There were several seconds of silence followed by a faint splash.

"Shoot, not even a bottomless pit," Jimmy whispered.

"It's awful deep," Ricky pointed out optimistically.

"Aw, that ain't good enough."

It wasn't quite noon yet, so after taking a picture of the hole ("We could always say it's bottomless. Who's gonna know?"), the two continued on what they were sure would be the last leg of the trip.

Only fifty feet past the hole, the tunnel came to an abrupt end. It just closed in upon itself creating a small alcove. "Hole in the Wall" had proven to be a great disappointment. With sighs of resignation, the two explorers dug out their sandwiches. They ate slowly, taking pictures of each other enjoying their lunches, sitting crammed in the alcove, and making faces in the eerie beams of their flashlights. Jimmy complained the whole time about having read all of "Tom Sawyer" to learn the trick with the kite string only to have it turn out so useless. "You couldn't get lost in here if you wanted to," he concluded dismally.

"We'd better leave a few shots just in case we run across something on the way out," Ricky said. It was perhaps the first suggestion he had offered all day that Jimmy hadn't modified in some way.

As he was putting the camera away, Jimmy stiffened and listened intently

back down the tunnel. He lifted his light and played it around the roof and walls. Ricky did likewise, not sure of what he was looking for.

"Did you hear something?" Jimmy whispered.

"Like what?" Ricky whispered back. He felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise slowly.

"A funny sort of scratching sound."

"No, I didn't hear nothin'."

The two boys stood silently, listening. There was no sound for a very brief time, then, in a wisp, a quick crunching noise.

"Did you hear it that time?" Jimmy whispered.

"Yeah, Jimmy, I'm scared."

"Don't worry, it's probably nothin'." He walked forward about ten feet. "Pick up the stuff," he ordered without turning around.

With Jimmy standing guard in front of him, Ricky felt much safer. He quickly scrambled everything into their knapsack. Slung over his shoulder, he joined his brother, although a few inches behind.

Jimmy wasn't finished giving orders. "Stay behind me, but keep your light out where I can see it." That suited Ricky just fine.

Jimmy began walking slowly back out the cavern. He was slightly hunched over in a "ready for anything" stance. Ricky was less than a hair's-breadth behind and crouching even lower. He was reaching around his brother's right side holding his flashlight out, but trembling so hard that the light resembled more a strobe than a beam.

They walked that way only twenty feet when they heard the sound again. This time it was much closer. They looked at each other, half puzzled, half afraid. Their breathing became very light.

After another few steps, their flashlights revealed the source of the noises. They were almost back to the point where they had discovered the small hole in the cave floor. Only now it wasn't six inches wide. It was much larger, and slowly growing. As the hole slowly enlarged, a steady stream of dirt and pebbles sifted down making a soft, constant crunching sound.



Together, two shafts of light searched for the far side of the hole. The beams were widely diffused before they found the opposite edge over twenty feet away. Slowly, one shaft separated from the other and followed the lips of the pit. Around to the right, along the right hand wall, directly in front of them, up the left wall, and eventually, back to the opposite side.

Jimmy held his light there in stunned disbelief. There was no longer a path around the sides. It had all happened so fast.

"Jimmy! Jimmy! It's gonna eat us!" Ricky wailed pitifully.

"No, it ain't," he replied shakily. "It's just a landslide. It'll stop in a minute." But there was something about the way the abyss was growing with such deliberate uniformity that made his skin crawl.

The dirt beneath Jimmy's feet started to give and he pulled Ricky away from the edge and moved back a bit. Ricky ran back another ten feet.

Jimmy desperately began to look for a place to tie the rope. Maybe they could make a swing and "Tarzan" their way across.

Even if the hole stopped opening—no, no, getting bigger—immediately, they were going to have a hard time getting over it. His search proved fruitless. He saw only the fairly smooth walls he had been looking at all morning, along with a few "Stagmites and stacktites", which were impossible to lasso. Since there was no question of trying to jump, they could only wait and hope. Ricky began whimpering to himself.

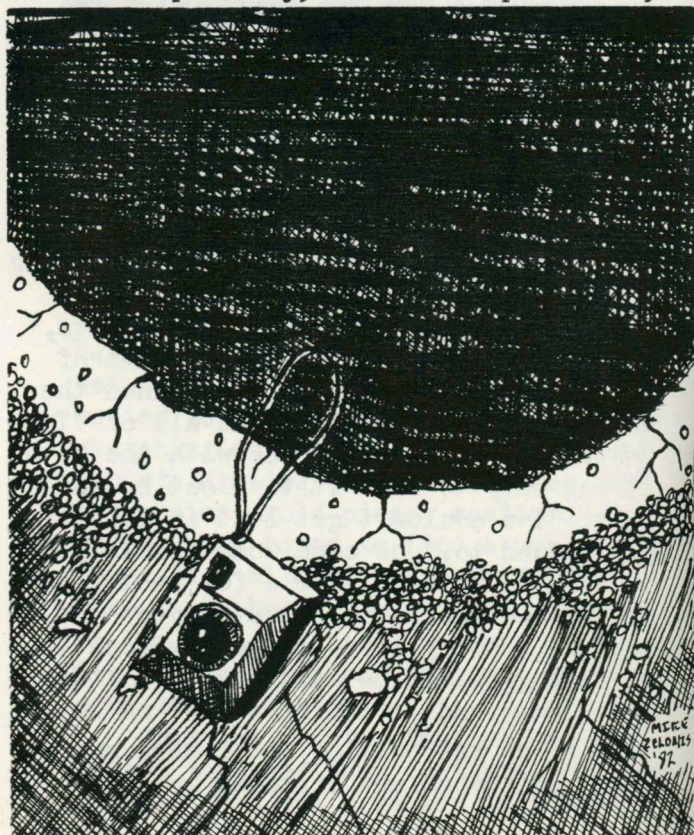
Jimmy said to him, "Let's get some pictures of this," trying to calm the rapidly panicking youngster. On impulse, he heard himself say, "They ain't gonna believe this when we get back."

Ricky was not soothed. His pitiable cries for his mother bounced off the uncaring walls over and over, gradually fading down the cave, only to be renewed again at their source.

Jimmy took his pictures with the built-in flash going off four times in succession. After that, the shutter release stopped responding. He was out of film. Then, without knowing why, he threw the camera as far as he could down the corridor. It bounced along past the other edge, chasing Ricky's anguished echoes.

"STOP! STOP! STOP!" he demanded.

Ricky took up the chant. "Stop! Please stop! Jimmy, make it stop! Please,



make it stop!"

But it kept on coming. It hadn't had a meal in a long time, and it was very hungry.

Eventually, the boys were pushed back to the end of the cave. They huddled against the back wall, trying to make themselves as thin as possible. As they felt the creeping edge of the hole try to pry their balance from them, their screams softened to whimpered crying, an acceptance of the inevitable. With their arms around each other and their eyes closed, they stood on tiptoe for as long as they could.

* * *

Stu Delaney and Bill Kramer had volunteered their time to help the search for the Boster boys. Theirs was a small town and the disappearance of the youngsters affected almost everyone. In fact, both men had sons who knew the missing youths. It was the neighborly thing to do.

They had been searching the state park for three days and so far, no sign of the two had surfaced. Hope for the boys was fading. The two volunteers trudged up a hill in the middle of the forest, huffing and puffing, each unwilling to admit to the other (or himself) just how out of shape he was. They emerged from the trees into a small clearing that looked just about right for a short breather.

That's when Delaney saw the bikes. Refreshed with a sudden power of adrenalin, they ran to the tree that the bicycles were chained to. They weren't positive that they were the Bosters' bikes, but it was the best clue any of the 200 volunteers had found yet.

They noticed the piece of string leading into the bushes. Keeping a careful hold on the twine, Kramer crawled through the undergrowth, until he was heard by Delaney, who was still studying the bikes.

"Damn, Stu, there's a cave back here!" he swore.

"No kidding," Delaney said to his friend as Kramer backed out of the clump of shrubbery. "I never would have known that there was a cave here with all those bushes in the way."

"Me neither, but five'll get you ten we find two awful sick and scared little boys in there."

Delaney picked his way through the brush to join Kramer who was already once again inside the cave. It was barely high enough for them to stand straight up in. They took out the high-powered service flashlights that had been issued by the police search command post, and began investigating the area while calling out Jimmy's and Ricky's names. Only the cruelly taunting echo of the cave answered back.

"Maybe we should get help," Delaney suggested.

"Let's look around a little first," Kramer replied. "If they're hurt and can't answer, I'd hate to waste a second. This string should lead us right to 'em."

Without waiting for a reply, he gingerly moved along following the string as it played through his hands. Delaney was right behind him, beaming his light occasionally along the walls, since his partner was watching straight ahead.

An hour of walking. . .almost running at times. . .searching, and calling produced nothing except a very long piece of twine. Suddenly, Kramer stopped and tried to peer into the gloom.

"You see that, Stu?" he asked, pointing to a small oblong shape lying in the path about 100 feet ahead of them. Dashing to it, Kramer quickly picked it and examined it in his light. Delaney caught up, and they discovered that it was one of those cheap instamatic cameras. Inspecting it closely, they saw that there was no apparent damage and that the film could probably be salvaged. Kramer put the camera into his hip pocket.

"God, I hope we're close," Delaney prayed.

The string eventually led them to a small hole in the cave floor. They exchanged puzzled and concerned looks.

Kramer knelt down and began pulling the twine from the hole. Delaney played his flashlight over his partner's head and around the tunnel in front of them.

"Son of a gun, Bill, we're only a little ways from the end of the cave," he said.

Kramer looked up for a moment.

"Any sign of the kids or any tunnels forking off somewhere?" he asked.

Delaney looked around deliberately, aware of how important his answer was. When he was absolutely sure, he replied sorrowfully, "Nope, nothing. Not a damn thing."

A moment later Kramer pulled up the end of the string. He held it in the light so Delaney could see it.

"What?" Delaney grabbed the string. "They must have thrown this down there for some reason. They sure couldn't have fallen in."

"No, it's only about half a foot—way too small," Kramer agreed. "We better report in."

They turned and walked briskly back toward the cave entrance. As they left, they could not see the now 9-inch hole slowly returning to its real size.

* * *

By evening, the Bosters had identified the camera and the bicycles. Police Chief Andy Holwitz had sent the film to the state crime lab for processing and had been promised that they would be returned within 24 hours.

True to their word, the pictures were finished and returned by the crime lab by special courier. Chief

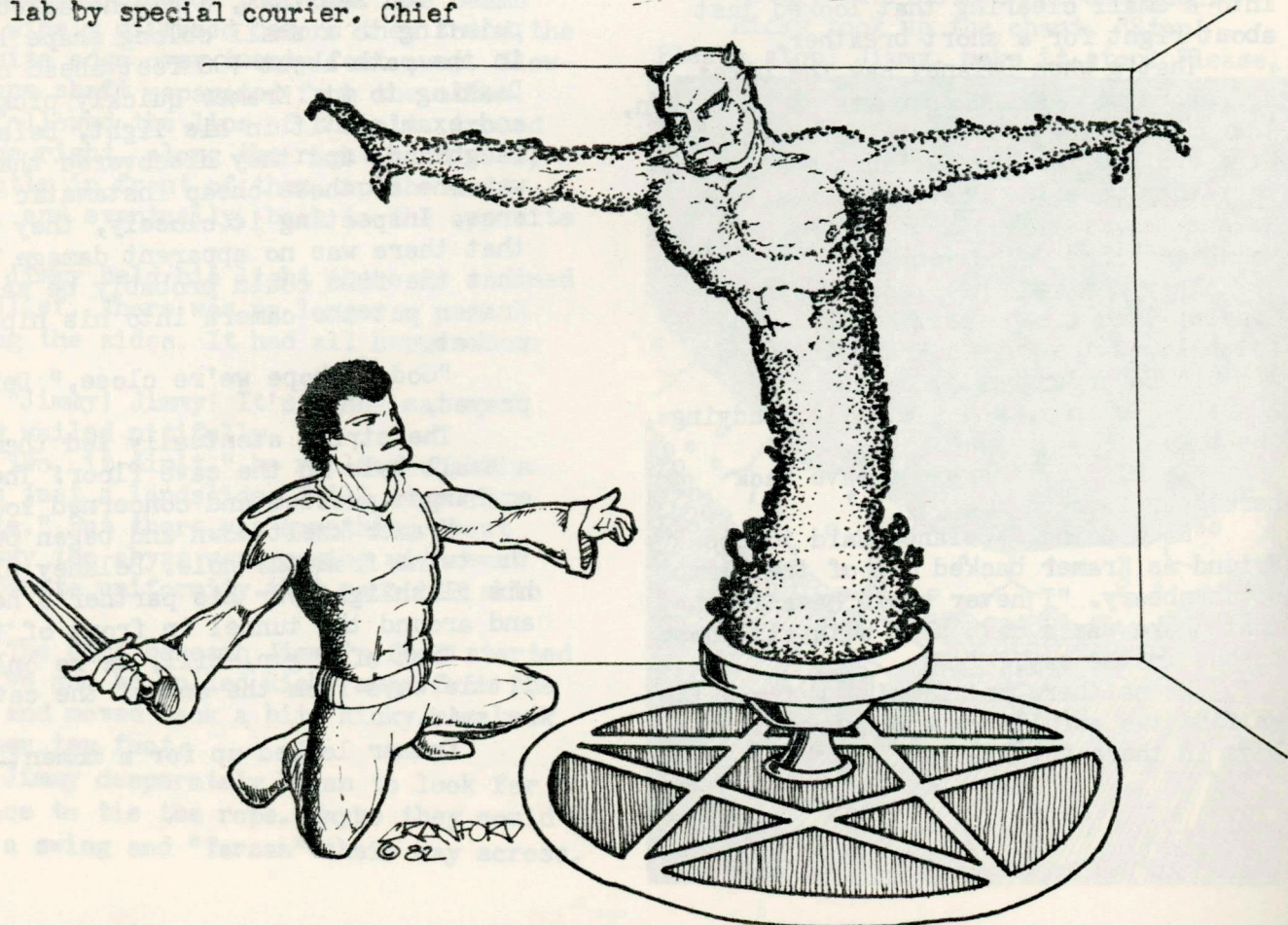
Holwitz was out to lunch, but Sergeant Masters was in and called him immediately. While Holwitz headed back toward the station, Masters took it upon himself to open the package. The police chief burst in ten minutes later and found a very puzzled sergeant staring at the prints.

"Chief, this is the weirdest thing I have ever seen," Masters proclaimed.

"Well? What the hell is it?" Holwitz barked impatiently.

Masters started to hand the photos over one by one, and then in groups of two and three. "There's twenty pictures here and they're all of the same damn thing. And it ain't the Boster kids, either. You should see the negative strip. Looks like frames from a movie."

Holwitz examined each photo individually. Masters was right. Every single picture was exactly the same in every detail. Every shot was of a young boy, probably in his midteens, dressed up like an Indian and standing inside some sort of rocky alcove. They were all taken from the knees up, and in each of them, the Indian boy was looking down at something with a rictus of terror on his face capable of coming only from someone about to die.



From the people who brought you

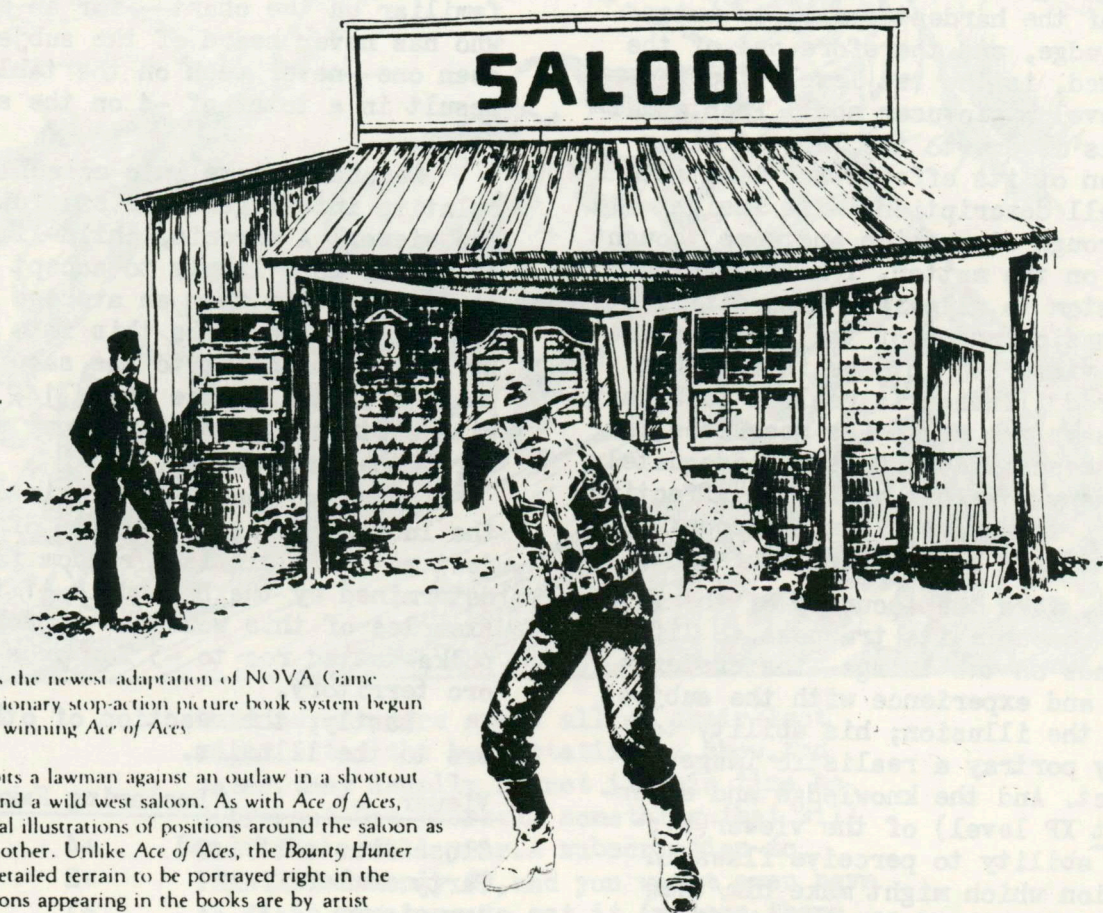


Now comes . . .

BOUNTY HUNTER

TM

Man-to-Man Western Gunfight Game



Bounty Hunter is the newest adaptation of NOVA Game Design's revolutionary stop-action picture book system begun with the award winning *Ace of Aces*.

Bounty Hunter pits a lawman against an outlaw in a shootout inside and around a wild west saloon. As with *Ace of Aces*, players see actual illustrations of positions around the saloon as they stalk each other. Unlike *Ace of Aces*, the *Bounty Hunter* system allows detailed terrain to be portrayed right in the books! Illustrations appearing in the books are by artist John Garcia.

Bounty Hunter is the first game to preserve true hidden movement without painstaking bookkeeping or a referee. A player can see—and shoot at—his opponent without his opponent seeing him!

The basic game plays in just minutes using only the two books. The advanced game introduces the role-playing aspects of the game including rules covering skill, innocent bystanders, loot and rewards, purchasing different or extra weapons, etc.,—even the cost of a doctor!

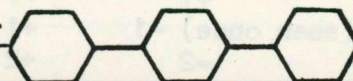
2 5 x 7 softcover books, c. 352 pp. ea. boxed in a 4-color slip-case and shrinkwrapped

Please write for our current brochure.



GAME DESIGNS, INC.

Nova Game Designs, Inc., 46 Dougherty Street, Manchester, Connecticut 06040



SPOTLIGHT

DEALING WITH PHANTASMAL FORCE

by M. Anthony Kapolka III
© 1982

One of the hardest spells to interpret and judge, and therefore one of the most avoided, is the 1st level illusionist/3rd level magic-user spell Phantasmal Force. This is due to the lack of clear explanation of its effects and limitations in the spell description. With insight gained through discussion and some thought of my own on the matter, I have developed a mini-system to alleviate some difficulty.

The basic intent of the spell is to trick the viewer(s) into believing that the conjured illusion is real. I feel that a simple save vs. magic (as described in the spell description) does not adequately take the many possible variables affecting the caster, viewer, etc. into account. I suggest the save be modified as follows.

First, take the accuracy of the illusion into account: its trueness to life. This depends on two things—the caster's knowledge and experience with the subject matter of the illusion; his ability to accurately portray a realistic image of the subject. And the knowledge and experience (not XP level) of the viewer(s); his/their ability to perceive flaws in the illusion which might make him/them suspicious. Use the following chart to determine modifiers based on these variables. As you can see, if both the viewer and the caster are equally familiar with the subject, the modifiers on the save cancel each other out.

Familiarity	Viewer	Caster
Very familiar	+2	-2
Familiar	+1	-1
Unfamiliar (seen once)	-1	+1
Never seen	-2	+2

Thus, a mage conjuring something from the depths of his imagination—"very familiar" on the chart—for an enemy who has never heard of the subject or seen one—"never seen" on the table—will result in a total of -4 on the saving throw.

Secondly, take into account the relative intelligence or stupidity of the viewer. A moronic, child-like viewer is far more likely to accept what his senses tell him than an average or more intelligent one. Take this into account by adding one point to his save for every point of intelligence above 14, and likewise subtracting one for every point under 6 that he has.

Thirdly, you must take into account the ludicrousness or realism of the subject matter. This is a random factor determined by the DM and is +1 to 5. Examples of this would be +5 for a pink polka-dotted roc to -3 for orcs in known orc territory.

Lastly, the reaction of other viewers to the illusion.

Viewer	Declaring Fake	Real
Close trusted friend	+4	-4
Party member	+2	-2
Any viewer	+1	-1

After the original save, another may be made every 3 rounds or whenever something changes the viewer's outlook (like someone declaring it fake). In any case, a 1 or 2 is a 'belief', and a 19 or 20 a 'disbelief'.

Common sense, as usual, plays a pivotal role when dealing with this spell.

TREASURE



Most adventurers spend all of their loot right after the haul, statistics show. And later, they usually regret it. This time be different. Get yourself something that will last for a full year. A subscription to PHANTASY is only \$9, and you won't even have to fight monsters to get it (unless there is one guarding your mailbox). Below is your key to a full year of gaming information!

No more foolish spending for me; enclosed is \$9 check or money order.

I don't have time to subscribe; I'm too busy playing Bounty Hunter with boxing gloves on.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

NEW ADDRESS: 50 Crestwood Drive, South Windsor CT 06074 for subscriptions only



The Sky Lords

Idea by Brett Palmer
Development by Evan Skolnick

Mysterious and powerful, The Sky Lords are the first truly good Military Order. Levels and the amount of power they have can be adjusted to fit your campaign.

The Sky Lords, like the Guardians of Justice (PH-2), almost always travel alone. They are all male, and if encountered by players can be described as such: Each one wears a sky blue robe on which is pictured a myriad of clouds that almost seem to move and live. The hair is not cut; and they all wear beards and moustaches. The cape is usually green with a gold border. Each one carries a cane with a rather large gem on one end.

Sky Lords are minions of good on a small scale. Each one has sworn to the cause of good, and will die defending that cause. Every Sky Lord roams about, seeking to do good deeds or to help good people. They have been known to help drought-starved people by somehow causing rain, and are somewhat famous and revered by the very poor especially. While they are not Robin Hood-like, their basic philosophy is that the poor should be entitled to a share of the rich's good life. While they will not openly steal from anyone, they will assist those who do, and will try to help those who help the poor.

Sky Lords are very protective of Pegasi, as well. They can communicate freely with the winged horses, and the Pegasi are almost always willing to come to the aid of any Sky Lord. This is not a "pet" relationship, as the Sky Lords think very highly of the horses. Anyone harming one will earn the considerable wrath of a Sky Lord.

The power of the Sky Lords rests in The Staff of Kamock, which they all always carry or have within a few feet of them (yes, even in the bath!). The

Cane enables the Sky Lord to do the following: Cause Rain in a 20 mile radius; fly for a duration of 24 hours at about 64[°] a round (maximum speed); strike opponent for 2-20 hp damage; Cause Winds up to gale force once a day for one hour; call nearest Pegasi up to 10 miles away telepathically. The Cane can also shrink to pencil-size when necessary; this is used when flying.

The Cane is useless to all but Sky Lords; however, if the staff is removed from the Sky Lord's location by some means, the Sky Lord will begin to lose hp at a steadily increasing rate. While the SL will know the general location of the Cane always, the task of retrieving it will be undertaken alone—always.

Sky Lords can be Clerics of a Sky God(dess) of your choice, or magic-users. There is no level limit, but most of them stop at about 10th level.

Sky Lords will occasionally assist a good party in some way; however, they will not until they are absolutely sure of the party's intentions. This means deeds, not words.

**MILI-
TARY
ORDERS**

Dragon's Hoard

GEMS OF SIGHT

by Brett Palmer and Evan Skolnick

These strange magical gems may be used only by magic-users and illusionists. They appear as a glass eye (the kind people actually wear) with a flat bottom. They are usually found in wizards' laboratories.

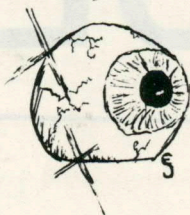
When found by a mage or illusionist, it may be used in the following way. After becoming familiar with the gem's aura (when this is accomplished, the eye's color will match that of the user), the user may place it anywhere, and at anytime after that, he or she may see all things within a 40' distance of the gem, barring anything in the line of sight. This view is a 180° semicircle. However, infravision, ultravision, and sight spells will not work through the gem.

If two of the gems are owned, the owner may teleport from one to the other as long as one is held. This is possible only twice a day, and for every 100 miles transversed, there is a 3% chance of both gems losing their powers and the traveler killed by dissolution.

Each Sight Gem can stand 2 points of damage before breaking. If one is broken, the user will take 1 hp of damage. If it is broken while the user is looking through it, the user will be blinded permanently, and will take 10 hp damage. While looking into another Gem, the user cannot see the events that are around him/her.

Gold Piece Sale Value: 2,500

Experience Value: 4,000



WOLFCLAWS

by Brett Palmer

This appears as a pair of leather gloves with four claw-like metal appendages on the back of the hand. When the nature of the gloves has been determined, the wearer can command them to do one of the following things once a day:

1. Cause the claws to extend to the fingers, adding 6 hp to each hand blow. Monks suffer no penalty. Lasts for ten rounds.
2. Cause the owner to Shapechange into a wolf in all respects save mind and hp. The change will heal $\frac{1}{2}$ of damage to the owner, and it lasts for six hours.

The drawback of this artifact is that every time a power is used, there is a 7% chance that the wearer will contract werewolf lycanthropy.

Gold Piece Sale Value: 6,000

Zombie Hackers

by R. Dennis Warren

Cuthbert regained his meager consciousness for a second time since the strange incident in his friend's bathroom. He looked around groggily and once again was face-to-bag with the unknown cleric, a man with a paper bag over his head with three holes for seeing and breathing. The wet roll of toilet paper dripped noisily.

The room was a lot darker than Cuthbert was used to; he realized how dim oil lanterns make a room, as opposed to a 60 watt bulb.

The unknown cleric walked into the darkness, and a short time later three large figures followed the echoing sound of a heavy door opening and slamming shut. The three men were dressed alike, in some sort of armor, plate mail, probably, and carrying huge swords. One of the men spoke.

"I see our friend here is doing better." He addressed Cuthbert. "My name is Marconius Szond, and these are my compatriots, Ratface and Ed Smith. We are members of the Imperial Zombie Hackers!" he said majestically, raising his sword for emphasis, only to notice the others were lax.

"Nice to meet you, sir knight," Cuthbert said politely. "Too bad that this dream will be over soon."

Marconius ignored the statement. "It is obvious you don't have the strength to become an Imperial Zombie Hacker, but you won't want to become a Normal Man-- certainly not for the rest of your life."

A wave of dizziness swept through Cuthbert's head. "Well, looks like the dream's almost over," he said tiredly. "Goodnight..." he fell asleep again.

"It is like that at first," Ed Smith said to his partners. "The tiredness will pass soon."

* * *

"So you see, Cuthbert, it is real," Ed Smith explained carefully. "I know how you feel; I used to think like you are now. One late night after playing

D&D I was really tired but I knew I had to clean up Don Schmockleman's popcorn mess. Well, when I vacuumed the kernels between the cushions on the couch I noticed this little tag. I remember it said "DO NOT REMOVE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES", but I figured it was an old couch, so I pulled it off. And pop! here I was. They call this place Uropia, and it's like Marconius said, you don't want to be a zero-level all your life."

Cuthbert withdrew from his shock a little. "What should I do?"

"We're going to the Pits Tavern. You should make some friends."

"No dungeons?"

"I promise," Ed laughed. "Are you kidding? Look at yourself."

Cuthbert saw the plaid pants and thought of his red hair and freckles.

* * *

Cuthbert found out as he entered the tavern that congeniality was a sign of weakness among many in Uropia. There was one strangely petite little man, however, sitting at a far table who did not look as formidable as the rest. On his way over to the table, Cuthbert bumped firmly into the chair of a long-bearded Dwarf, almost knocking it over.

"Excuse me, sir," he said as the Dwarf growled a warning. Noticing the Dwarf's bustline, he quickly moved to the little man's table.

"Hi buddy, what's your name?" he addressed the halfling amiably.

"Zerp Pulltab," he replied. "You are looking for work, aren't you?"

"Why, yes, sir! What do you have in mind?" Cuthbert's eyes lit up.

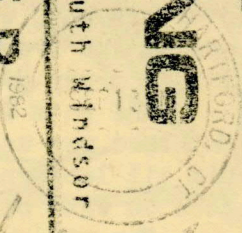
"If tomorrow is a cloudy day, I will trek to the Temple of Scraglon to castrate the God of War at the top. I will then descend to the bottom as the new god."

Cuthbert hesitated a moment.

"Actually, I was thinking of more like a paper route."

PHANTASY PUBLISHING

187 Quarry Brook Drive South Windsor CT 06074



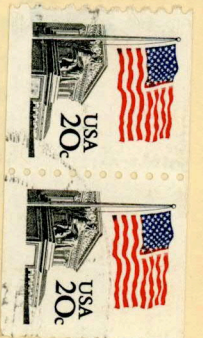
READER RESPONSE

This is an experiment we are trying. It is done by many other magazines, so why be different? If it works, good, if it doesn't, okay. Just copy this page, make your own copy, or cut the form out, and send it to us as quick as possible. The first ten to be received will have a chance for a free one-year subscription or renewal. Results will be published next issue.

Rate the following on a 1 to 100 scale, with 1 being the lowest(worst).

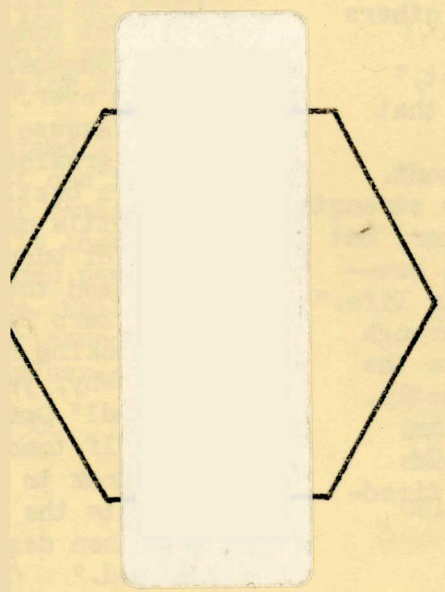
ARTICLE/FEATURE	RATING
Bounty Hunter	_____
National Profiles	_____
Art Portfolio	_____
Indian Artifacts	_____
Magie Month	_____
Spotlight	_____
Military Orders	_____
Dragon's Hoard	_____
Zombie Hackers	_____
ART	_____
Mike Cranford	_____
Mike Zeloni	_____
Scott Shepard	_____
Evan Skolnick	_____

Do you like the idea of a Readerresponse form or a letters column better, and why? _____



1st Class

Mail to:



Fill this out!

Hinnelly, Evan