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Spawn of Hades

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New Earth Alliance Ships for B5 Call to Arms

Plus. . . Gary Gygax, Going Underground part 4, Dark Phoenix Rising part 2, Iranistani Racial Guidelines for Conan the RPG and lots, lots more!

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Minbari Sharlin cruisers take the battle to the Earth Alliance in A Call To Arms

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Editorial

Hi all,

I've been doing some thinking this month. Oddly enough, it's Jonny Nexus's fault. To be precise, it's his articles on gaming deaths. If you think about it, what other hobby can turn death into a joke? That's right, how many of your favourite gaming stories involve the death of a character? Loads, I'll bet.

This ties in with the Mongoose Hall story this month...

<<<spoiler alert>>>

If you don't want to know what happens in this month's Mongoose Hall then stop reading now and come back later.

<<<end spoiler alert>>>

...namely, the death of Rich's character at the hands of my character. In between the reminiscing vitriol, many a joke has been told about this death. That's not the only one either. Jonny has made three articles out of the subject. It seems every group has a 'Bill', the bloke who snuffs it on a regular basis, despite his best efforts.

We have one. His name is David. He's more accident prone than anything else, but one death in particular deserves trawling up and mentioning again. It's memorable for a number of reasons. Firstly, David had just created a stunningly good character to replace Randy the Magician, who himself had died in the process of springing an ambush we had set up. This character never really had time to get a name. He started out in a large sack, having been captured by two giants, and he was about to be eaten when our intrepid party showed up. The plan was obvious, we'd rescue him and then this uber-statted hero would significantly contribute to our future.

Good plan, but it failed to take account of our party. Firstly, we don't do scouting. Thus, Matthew and I (as Agamar and Tharg) wandered down the adjoining tunnel talking loudly about nothing important, waiting for things to kill. The things in question heard us and decided to use David's bagged up character as a makeshift club. As such David sustained major injuries (well, his character did) until the drunken giant wielding him rolled a natural 1 and dropped him.

That wasn't the end of the story though. Alex's cleric, Orfeo, let of a *sunburst* spell just as David crawled out of the bag, instantly blinding him. Standing up and with a choice of four directions, David walked into the giants' fireplace, falling into the burning pit and roasting to death. In short, poor David rolled precisely one dice for his fantastic character, which was a '2' on his Reflex save.

Roleplaying – it's fantastic.

Ian

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Babylon 5 created by J. Michael Straczynski

EYE ON MONGOOSE

New Releases This Month



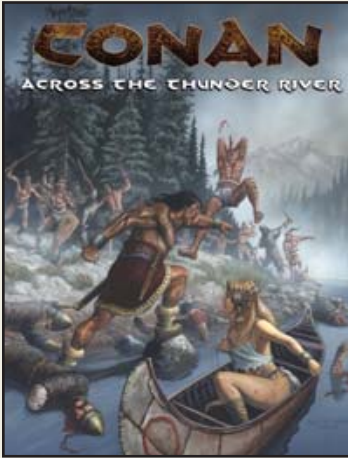
In Mega-City One, unemployment has reached epidemic levels, reaching as high as 98% in some sectors. Critical housing shortages force the population to inhabit vast mile-high blocks that cram tens of thousands of citizens into their apartments. Life in Mega-City One is one of claustrophobia and extreme boredom - small wonder many citizens turn to crime as an escape from the monotony of their lives. In a city of 400 million people, crime always provides a way to stand out from the crowd, however briefly.

Juves and young punks will congregate into street gangs, terrorising decent citizens and claiming entire blocks as their turf. Rival gangs from neighbouring blocks abound and any confrontation will rapidly escalate to violence - so long as they are sure the eyes of the judges are elsewhere. Rumbles between gangs erupt in many blocks and spill out onto the

streets where the judges quickly round them up. The free life of a street gang member is often cut short either through death (whether by judge or rival street gang, it is much the same) or by arrest and imprisonment in the iso-cubes. While a punk or juve remains with his street gang, he is guaranteed a life of excitement and a chance, however small, of becoming truly well known throughout the city. In Mega-City One, that is about as much as any citizen can hope for.

The most powerful street gangs become the centre for organised crime and are a constant thorn in the side of the Justice Department. Not content with merely dominating their rivals, these street gangs actively seek to control their own turf in Mega-City One, stealing thousands of credits and carving a niche for themselves that can be tough for even the judges to break.

The Gangs of Mega-City One game allows you to take command of a street gang, filled with the roughest and toughest punks. You will lead them in brawls and rumbles with the rival gangs of other players in an attempt to win turf, fame and hard cash. Each gang member is represented by one miniature on the table, customised and painted by yourself. As you play more and more games of Gangs of Mega-City One, your gang will become more powerful, recruiting new members, hiring specialists and buying superior weapons and equipment on the black market. The goal of each player in this game is to defeat the gangs of his opponents, through a mixture of skill and raw luck, building up his own gang in the process.

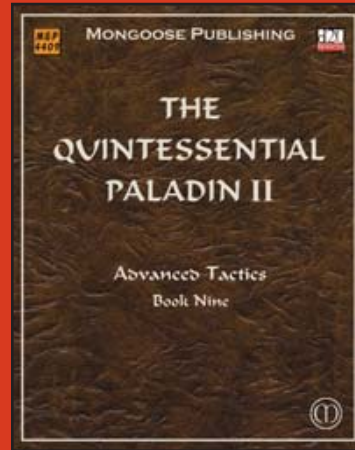


Dark and mysterious, lurking in dim forests and dank swamps, the Picts of the Hyborian Age are a primal force that will ultimately unleash its collective rage against civilisation and bring the whole of the Hyborian world down in hot flames and savage devastation.

Across the Thunder River is intended to give Games Masters the resources to play believable Picts that are not just idiotic savages who whoop and jump around a lot, flinging arrows and tomahawks at people. Picts are dangerous. For those who intend to play characters in the wild Westermarck, take a word of advice - beware. The Picts are out there, and they will hurt you if they find you. Although this advice will be largely ignored, perhaps it would be best if players refrain from reading the chapters about the Picts, remaining safe and sound within the chapters of the Westermarck. The fun part of reading about or playing against the Picts is their dark mystery. Let the Games Master unfold the world of the Picts for the players in the campaign, learning about these savage people as they go.

Across the Thunder River will also be useful for players who wish to play a Pict in a standard Conan game. A Pict in Zamora would be as out of place as Conan and would make for an interesting story. This book should provide enough background information to allow a player to portray an exciting and believable Pict who is more than just a bloodthirsty savage with little to no cleverness or intelligence.

Be prepared to enter one of the ultimate lost worlds of fantasy fiction: the Pictish Wilderness. Be prepared to journey to strange places where hidden civilisations flourish untouched by the gilt decadence of a growing civilisation. Be prepared to travel to weird valleys where mesmeric shamans rule uncontested by the painted men of a savage culture. Be prepared to find new skills and uses for older skills. Be prepared for new feats and new spells. The Picts have lurked in their wooded fortress long enough. They will emerge with blood and flame, and only a trail of corpses will mark their passing. Be prepared to unleash upon your campaign the darkest and most sinister villains of the Hyborian Age.

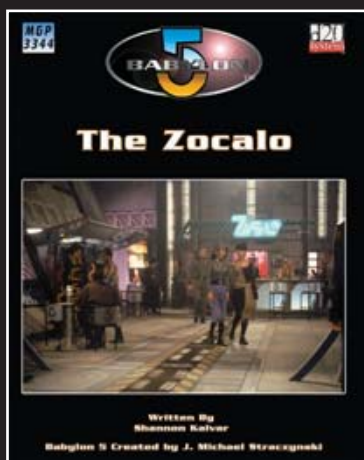


The paladin is the quintessential hero, the knight in shining armour, the holy warrior, the crusader - the champion. He is the sword against evil; he is the bright line of fire against the darkness. It is he that stands before unspeakable horrors and says, 'no further'.

His burden is a heavy one - utter perfection is demanded from him. On the one side, the stern gods of good wait to judge his every action, ready to strip his sacred powers from him should he fail to be a moral exemplar. On the other, the ravaging hordes of hell yearn to rip his shining armour into shreds and feast on his still-beating heart.

He stands tall on the razor's edge.

The Quintessential Paladin II is the latest in our uncompromisingly successful series of Quintessential books which have taken character classes and races to levels never before seen. No paladin should ever leave hm without it!



The Zocalo is the equipment book for the Babylon 5 Roleplaying Game and Fact Book. Within the 128 pages you will find a plethora of gadgets and gizmos, ranging from the ridiculous to the sublime. Most items debut here, although a careful viewer will recognize them, or at least their implied presence, from the show. This book will also lay out the cost for various services, ranging from the fees for maintaining a potted plant in your room to renting a starcruiser or putting on a fireworks display.

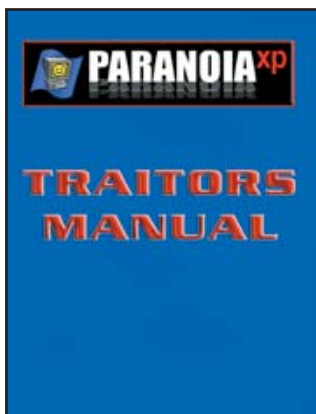
In addition, The Zocalo examines the technical achievements and gewgaws of over two dozen alien races, from the Abbai to the Vree. Each of these races, for good or ill, takes part in the galactic trade that feeds the economy of a thousand worlds. Of course, all races have things they simply do not trade. This 'secret' technology typically forms the core of a race's military or mercantile might.

Secrets and lies surround another of the Zocalo's stocks in trade: ancient artefacts stolen from long-abandoned worlds. In order to lift the veil, this book presents a complete system for creating unusual or unique artefacts, some of organic technology, others simply built using theories of technology radically different from anything currently in operation. In many cases these items do not represent upgrades to the basic tools of living and war, but rather completely new approaches to what a living being might need. A merchant might sell something to a junkie for a handful of credits capable of changing the course of human history if it fell into the right hands.

There is more to the markets and merchants than just amassing the credits to buy the next upgraded bit of technology. In addition to presenting long lists of kit this book also delves into the world of galactic trade. It starts this exploration in the Zocalo. This marketplace on Babylon 5 presents the complexity of galactic trade in microcosm. The struggles taking place among the brightly coloured stalls as merchants and pirates seek to build a business mirror those engaged in by the great corporations in Red Sector. Legitimate and illicit deals on every scale take place daily.

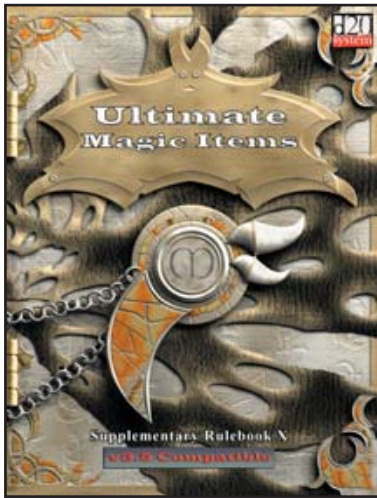
The Zocalo also explores the black markets on Babylon 5. A knowledgeable shopper can find anything from fake identification cards to enough guns to supply an army. Finding the merchandise only begins the process. The shopper must gain the vendor's trust, pay off all the right people and negotiate a labyrinth of conflicting racial and local gangs. Simple purchases, things like a personal weapon or a bit of Dust, take almost no time at all. More expensive deals may require a dozen tricky negotiations, each one fraught with peril.

Choices matter. In the Zocalo we try to give you more choices. More ways to shop, more characters to interact with and more reasons to interact with characters outside of the comfortable little circle we build in adventure groups. Those choices will lead to other choices, which will lead to still others. Perhaps your characters will find one day their decisions have led them to another of those great choices that change the world. Or not. In the final analysis, who can tell?



Your Friend, The Computer, cares deeply for your well-being and that of every citizen. The cycles of gruelling work and self-sacrifice where clones were forced to work until they dropped from exhaustion or lead poisoning for the good of Alpha Complex are long gone. Now, after completing his assigned duties at his service firm, a citizen has a whole four or five hours of Mandatory Fun Time before the sleeping gas is pumped into the Infrared dormitories.

The Traitor's Manual is a complete guide to secret societies in Paranoia. If you secretly want to be a traitor, there's only one book for you. Come to think of it, if you don't want to be a traitor you need to read this to learn how to spot traitors. Or is that a form of treason in itself? You decide - or do you?



Magical and enchanted objects are a staple of fantasy. The magical horn that summons aid in desperate battle; the dragonslaying sword; the ancient tome filled with forbidden magics... they may be the object of a quest or the tool used to complete one, but what is certain is that magical items are one of the things that sets a fantasy world apart from our mundane one.

Ultimate Magic Items is a complete guide to the construction, use and effect of magic items. Not only does it present a plethora of magical objects, weapons and artefacts to add spice and depth to a game, but the wider effects of magic are also considered. The capabilities offered by even quite minor items are considerable if you look closely enough. The availability of magical capabilities will shape and alter the framework of society. Enchanted objects may be a source of unity or a cause for division. They may help society function or allow a tyrant to dominate. They may even make possible a civilisation where none could otherwise exist.

Characters of any class or level can benefit from this book and its contents. Users of magical items will find it a handy reference for capabilities, drawbacks and value. Spellcasters who can create magical items will find the compiled construction rules particularly useful, and will benefit from the ability to create a magical workshop. Players seeking a back story concerning their favourite magical item will find the enhanced construction and creation rules useful in discovering how their treasure came to be - and why.

Games Masters and players alike will benefit from a greater understanding of how magical items shape and change society. By using their items in unusual ways, players can squeeze the last drops of utility out of a random find or a seemingly trivial item. Characters can learn how to derive political or economic advantage out of objects they might otherwise sell or leave at home as less than useful.

Ultimate Magic Items includes items from the 3.5 rulebooks and from many supplements published by Mongoose. Extremely specialist items, for example those that can be used only by one class or type of being, have been left out, as have many non-magical items such as psionic devices or black powder weapons. These items can be found in the relevant supplements, along with the rules required to understand their function properly.

Games Masters will find within these pages a wealth of information on how to make magical items more interesting - more wondrous - and how they can be used to spark adventures or generally get the characters into trouble.

Ultimate Magic Items is an encyclopaedia of magic that no serious adventurer can be without, but more than that it's a source of new strategies, applications and underhand tricks involving magic that can make the difference between heroic success and ignominious failure.



<<<STOP RPRESS!>>>

Mongoose announces the arrival of EN World Gamer. If you like Mongoose and you like EN World then you are going to love EN world Gamer!

Packed with fantastic d20 articles, EN World Gamer follows the same format that made the web site the most popular d20 gaming site in the world.

Released quarterly, Issue 1 of EN World Gamer is a must for any serious gaming fan.

Tales from

MONGOOSE HALL

Ian Barstow

A Death In The Family

You probably figured that things couldn't get much more messed up than the Thing episode last month, huh?

Oh, if only that were true, but unfortunately the bottom of the barrel wasn't even in sight last time around.

You want trouble? Check it out. It's hot, y'all.

The week after Matthew's loony new character's thoroughly satisfying demise we were faced with having a short party. Alex was away at a convention in the States, meaning Orfeo had to be urgently summoned back to Silvermoon to do important things at the temple of Kelemvor (presumably there was an excess of people needing burial or something). As such, equilibrium was slightly disturbed, leading, as you will see, to something of an explosive session.

But first, you are no doubt wondering what hideous idea Matthew came up with next to destabilise things. In fact, it turned out to be someone surprisingly familiar – sort of. It was the usual deal: in the absence of a convenient tavern we heard the sound of wandering feet treading the underground corridor. Being as we knew it was Matthew's new character we all stood up and drew weapons.

However, instead of some zombified nutcase what showed up was another elf, a strangely familiar one in fact. One might almost think this wizardly looking chap was the long lost brother of the late lamented (-ish) Agamar, which would make one absolutely right.

Yes, you've guessed it. In the long tradition of crafty roleplayers, Matthew decided to carry on Agamar's quest

for world domination with his equally greedy, snobbish brother, Truanor. This time though there would be no fiddly alignment issues or moral ambiguities to stop the death list expanding to novella size.

IAN'S TOP GAMING TIPS #92

SHOW SOME IMAGINATION

COMING BACK AS YOUR ONE FROM LAST CHARACTER TO CONTINUE CAUSING MAYHEM DISPLAYS SOMETHING OF A DENNIS THE MENACE-ESQUE SIDE TO A CERTAIN MONGOOSE COMPANY DIRECTOR (NAME WITHHELD FOR LEGAL REASONS). AS A RULE IT IS CONSIDERED GOOD FORM TO AT LEAST ONCE COME UP WITH A CHARACTER WHO ISN'T CERTIFIABLY DERANGED.

Anyway, back to the action. The remnants of the party, namely Jerrith (Rich), Esslin and Tharg (that would be the imaginative, roundly developed character being played by me) sit, make that stand, in wonderment at the gold encrusted form that heaves into view. Obviously carrying on the family tradition, Truanor is decked out in what appears to be gold lame and spandex. Even his hair is gold.

To play along a bit I decide to have Tharg see a look of Agamar in Truanor (to be fair, Stevie Wonder could spot this) and accordingly the sharp-witted half-orc addressed himself to the newcomer. Guess what? It turns out this guy really is Agamar's brother, although Rich, being Rich, demands some form of identification to be certain. Fortunately it turns out that Agamar had been writing to Truanor on an almost daily basis for months, keeping him so fully apprised of goings on that he could, in effect, step almost literally into the Dead One's shoes. This comes as something of a surprise to the rest of us as the only

times anybody had seen Agamar holding paper was on his way to the tavern privy. We began wondering what else Agamar had been up to that we didn't know about.

After a few raised eyebrows we decide to accept Truanor as the official missing brother of Agamar, and the party settles down to tramp around this interminable dungeon a bit more. As of this moment something of a separation occurs within the party. On the one side was Tharg and Agamar, sorry Truanor, the old heads as it were, ranged against the Thann brothers. Some might disagree but to my mind what came to pass was something of a minor resentment issue on the part of Rich and Doghouse. Previous to Agamar's demise there had been a few snide comments about how the original three characters were prone to dominating the group, and with Orfeo absent this may have seemed like an appropriate moment to test the water.

The question is, what would spark the inferno? As it happened the catalyst turned out to be a seemingly innocuous old man who we found walking through the dungeon the following day. It should be pointed out that prior to this Jerrith had initiated a series of jibes designed, it seemed to me, to push Tharg to the limit. Part of this was mockery of Tharg's current set of religious beliefs (it's fair to say that I have been a touch opportunistic with religion), which centre on Tharg being the chosen instrument of Kelemvor's pleasure on the material plane.

Those of you who have followed this particular story will know that Tharg had been captured by certain tentacled creatures of which I cannot speak who messed with his mind (what little there is) with the intent of using him as a vehicle of destruction against the rest of the party. This didn't quite pan out although it did cause the death of at least two characters indirectly, but the residual effect left Tharg believing he had personally met his god. I'm pretty certain that Tharg had warned Jerrith a couple of times not

to badmouth his religious beliefs, but clearly Rich didn't appreciate the fanatical twist to Tharg's personality.

Another ingredient in the mix was that in the absence of Orfeo, Tharg saw himself as the natural leader of the party. He was the highest level, the toughest and the veteran of the party. Unfortunately the Thann brothers didn't quite see it the same way. I have a degree of sympathy with this approach, but what confused me the as well as now is that you don't bait somebody who is clearly unstable enough to send you to your maker. Perhaps it's one of the pitfalls of roleplaying as opposed to real life. After all, whilst you may not like all the people you have ever gamed with, how many have you brutally killed? Probably not that many.

So, sniping at each other we proceeded on our way, only to be brought to a halt by the sound of another character coming the other way through the tunnels. Into sight shuffles an old-ish looking man, carrying a bag full of something or other.

Tharg...a half-orc with issues



IAN'S TOP GAMING TIPS #351

OLD PEOPLE IN TUNNELS

IT DOESN'T HAPPEN, TRUST ME. IF YOU COME ACROSS AN INNOCENT OLD GEEZER THEN I'LL GIVE YOU 10-1 THAT HE'S A WRONG'UN.

Instantly I'm suspicious, of course (see above for details). However Rich seems to go out of his way to believe that this chap is indeed just some well-meaning old codger. Thus this chap becomes the unwitting vehicle of disaster.

As I recall it went something like this:

1. I tell the old man to stop and ask him what's in his bag.
2. Old guy slows down a bit and proclaims his innocence.
3. Jerrith steps in between Tharg and the old guy and tells Tharg to back off, aggressively asking Tharg who he thinks he is.
4. Tharg gets a bit narked, and decides to cast *detect evil* on the old guy, who promptly glows suitably. (I told you he was bad.)
5. I announce this fact to the others, but both Thann brothers, and Jerrith in particular, cast doubts on both Tharg's word and the reliability of his spell.
6. Tharg begins to unravel, taking this increasingly personally.
7. The old guy attempts to force his way past, proclaiming his innocence once more.
8. Tharg draws his sword and blocks the old guy's path with the flat of the blade, demanding to look in his path.
9. Things escalate as Jerrith overreacts and places himself in front of the old guy, effectively defending him against Tharg.
10. Tharg questions just whose side Jerrith is on.
11. Jerrith questions Tharg's right to institute Stop & Search powers in a dungeon.
12. Telling the old guy to remain in place, all four of us go to one side and 'discuss' the situation.
13. This actually consists of Jerrith accusing Tharg of everything from abuse of authority to the Great Train Robbery.
14. Tharg points out that he is merely the instrument of Kelemvor and as such cannot be in error.
15. Despite this hardly being a revelation, Jerrith makes the mistake of insulting Tharg's religious beliefs one time too often.
16. Jerrith's head has an out of body experience of a terminal nature.
17. The 'innocent' old guy, seeing that his only defender has expired, launches some kind of gas bomb in

attempt to finish of the rest of the party, before fleeing in the opposite direction when Truanor displays just how minged up Matthew has made him.

18. I tell Rich that I told him so and that maybe next time he'll pick a character who will be more compatible with the party.
19. Rich says rude things back which I cannot print and goes downstairs to do some work.
20. Esslin Thann goes into shock and plans Tharg's death at the next possible opportunity.

IAN'S TOP GAMING TIPS #812

DON'T KILL OTHER PARTY MEMBERS

THIS IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BE ANNOUNCED BY IDI AMIN, SO HERE GOES...

IDI: *'LISTEN TO THIS, IT IS VERY IMPORTANT.'*

NEVER, EVER, KILL ANOTHER PARTY MEMBER. AT THE POINT WHERE YOU WANT TO IT'S BETTER TO KILL YOUR OWN CHARACTER. I PROMISE, THERE WILL BE LESS ILL FEELING. MONTHS LATER, THIS STORY STILL RAISES IRE IN THE STUDIO, WITH BOTH SIDES BELIEVING THEMSELVES TO HAVE BEEN IN THE RIGHT. THIS SORT OF THING CAN HAUNT A GAMING GROUP, SO THINK ON.

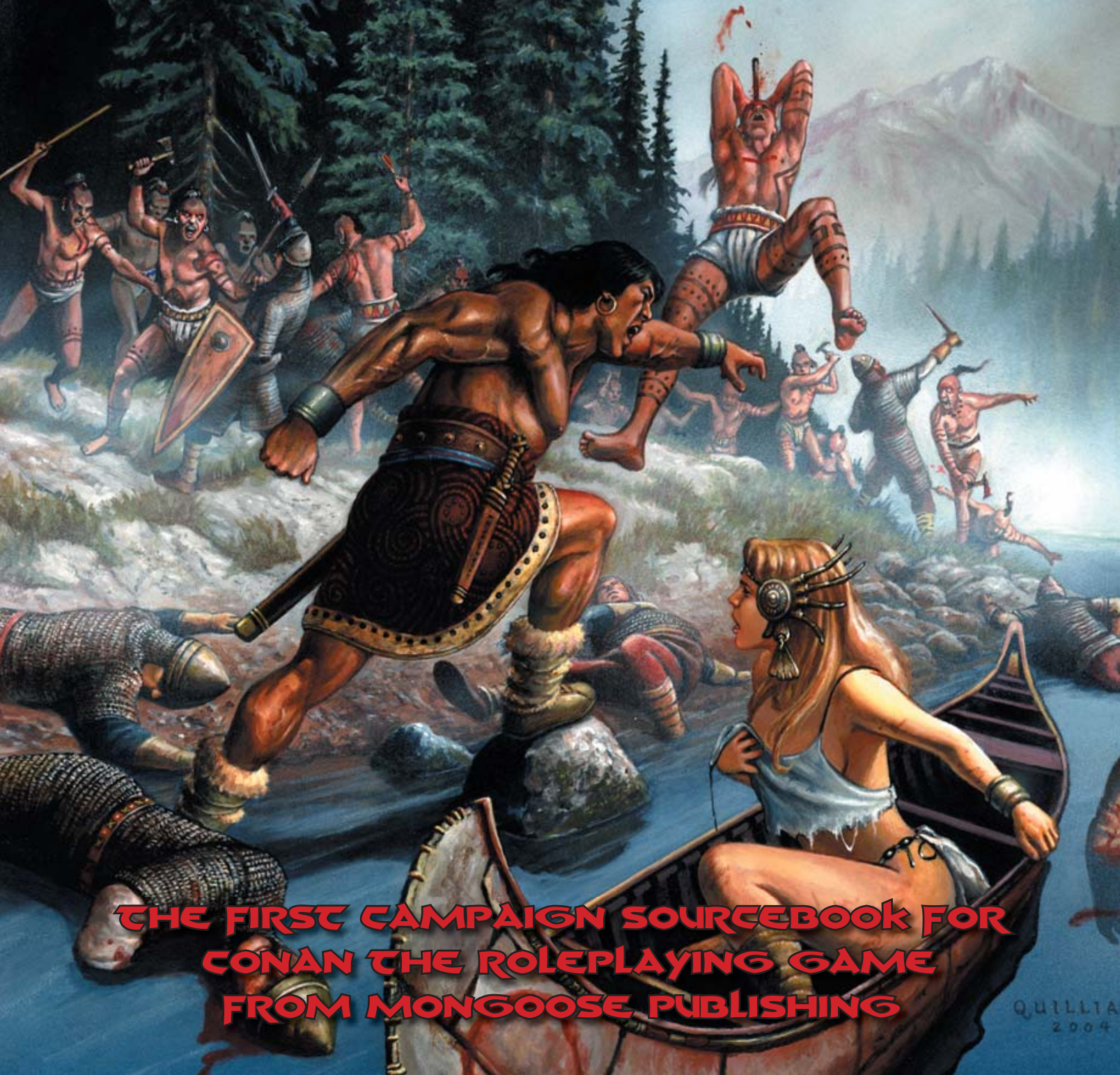
This seems like a suitable moment to finish this episode of TFMH. Many questions are left unanswered: Has Tharg really communed with his god? What has Esslin got in mind by way of brotherly revenge? Just what sort of magic has Truanor tooled up with? What crazy character will Rich come up with next? Did Orfeo really go gravedigging in Silverymoon?

There's only one way to find out.

See you next month.



TRAVEL WITH CONAN... ACROSS THE THUNDER RIVER!



**THE FIRST CAMPAIGN SOURCEBOOK FOR
CONAN THE ROLEPLAYING GAME
FROM MONGOOSE PUBLISHING**

OG WILD WEST



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GOING TO STAND
THERE AND
BLEED?

FROM MONGOOSE PUBLISHING

Write for the Mongoose

Want to write for your favourite RPG publisher? Want to get paid for it? Got a great idea for an article? If the answers to these questions are 'yes', then Signs & Portents wants to hear from you.

Where to Start...

We will need a brief synopsis of your intended article, no more than one page long. Also include a paragraph or two of your actual writing style, so we can see whether you have what it takes and any samples of previously published work. If we like what we see, we will commission a first draft from you and you will be on your way to becoming a Mongoose contributing writer. And every article we publish will be paid for...which is nice.

Things to Remember

Provide your full details, including name, address and email address if available.

Supply articles via email or on disc. We can read most formats, although MS Word is always a safe bet. You will be provided with a style guide when we commission your article. Make sure you read it!

Subject Matter

First and foremost, the article has to be based on one of our product lines. That is not as limiting as it sounds, however. The d20 fantasy family alone should give you plenty of scope. Think of all our various products, like the Quintessential series and the Slayer's Guides. With more than 80 fantasy-based books to choose from...well, you get the idea. But don't stop there. Think Babylon 5, Judge Dredd, Slaine, Armageddon 2089, not to mention the barrage of forthcoming games that we have coming. If you have ideas for any of our games we want to hear them.

So, you have chosen your game, but what do you actually write about? Scenarios are good. In fact, we love them. Give me a scenario to edit and I am a happy camper. Perhaps you want to discuss the philosophy of a game. That's good. We encourage intellectual thought process around here. If you have something meaningful to say, then try us out. If we don't like it, we *will* tell you. Think hard before you try humour though. With guys like Jonny Nexus about, you will need to be sharp if you want to break in. If you think you have what it takes, though, then feel free to try your hand. Just be prepared to be told you may not be as funny as you think you are.

If you want to write new rules for a game, with new uses for skills and maybe some new feats, then be our guest.

We cannot promise that we will like what you have done, but you will get constructive criticism in return, and not just a terse one-line rebuff.

Editing

It is a painful fact that whatever you write, it will get edited. That is why editors exist, after all. Even this passage will have been edited. If you can get over this hurdle you are well on your way to attaining the mentality needed to be a writer. It will help if you can handle criticism as well. Take it from us – writing is a tough business. Just ask any author doing the rounds looking for a friendly publisher.

We have various house styles that we use and you do not need to know them. As long as your submission is literate and tidy, we will do the rest.

Little Details

If you are not sure how long your article is, assume around 800 words fit on one page. Do not use the word processor's page counter as a guide. By the time it has been edited, laid out and had artwork added, it will look nothing like that screen of text in front of you.

Remember to run the article through a spell checker before you send it in. It will still get proofread, but it shows willing. Anything not spell checked will be rejected straight away.

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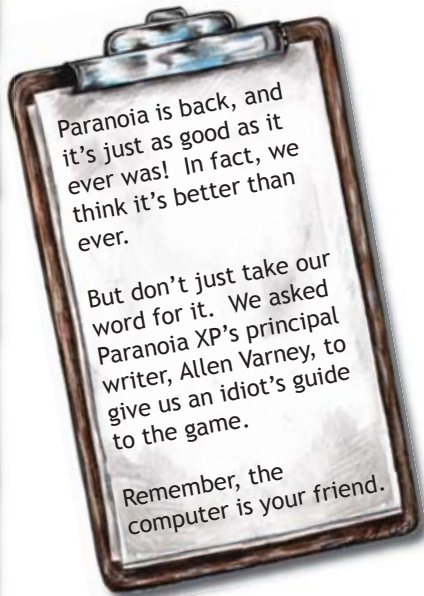
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The Computer is Your Friend!



Greetings, citizen! Prepare for immediate entry into the underground city of Alpha Complex. There you will serve The Computer as a Troubleshooter. Trust The Computer! The Computer is your friend!

The Computer has assigned you to root out Communist mutant traitors in your beloved Alpha Complex. You must apprehend them with the weapons and equipment generously provided by The Computer. WARNING: Damaging The Computer's property is treason punishable by execution.

You and your fellow Troubleshooters must eliminate traitorous mutants and members of secret societies. If you discover a fellow Troubleshooter to be a traitor, you must apprehend or terminate him. Your fellow Troubleshooters would do the same for you—repeatedly—if they learn you are, yourself, a mutant and a secret society member.

Won't that be fun? Of course it will. The Computer says it will be lots of fun. Do you doubt The Computer?

If you said 'yes,' please report to the termination centre for immediate recycling. Thank you for your co-operation.

1. At your service!

PARANOIA, the classic roleplaying game of a darkly humorous future, has returned! The newly updated **PARANOIA XP** debuts this month, brought to you by The Computer's loyal Research & Design specialists in MNG Sector (a.k.a. Mongoose Publishing).

In **PARANOIA** you play an elite Troubleshooter in service to a well meaning but deranged Computer. On missions for The Computer that range throughout Alpha Complex, you and your team of Troubleshooters (the other players) seek out and eliminate traitors. Your deepest fear is that your fellow Troubleshooters will realise you are one of these traitors.

That's right, you're a traitor from the moment the game begins. Unbeknownst to the other characters,

your character belongs to one of the many secret societies that plague Alpha Complex, treasonous organisations like the Communists, Psion, the Illuminati, First Church of Christ Computer-Programmer and the Sierra Club. You also have a hidden mutant power, anything from Pyrokinesis or Electroshock to Matter Eater or Puppeteer or Bureaucratic Intuition, or even the incredibly treasonous Machine Empathy.

Your fellow Troubleshooters are also secretly traitors. They all carry lasers. Do you see where this is going? **PARANOIA** is like no other RPG you've ever played...

- **Other (non-fun) games:**

You are constantly urged to co-operate with your fellow players, earn their trust, work with them toward a

common goal and basically be a good little scout.

PARANOIA: Trusting other players will get you killed six times in six minutes. Your secret society gives you covert goals that probably conflict with The Computer's assigned mission and with those of your fellow characters; in fact, your secret mission often requires you to bump off a fellow character. Frame the others, blackmail them, accuse them of treason, get them executed—before they do it to you.

- **Other (non-fun) games:**

You yearn for powerful weapons and equipment to make you ever more capable. **PARANOIA:** You're not

cleared to know what your equipment does or how it works. Rumours that your weapons and equipment are junk, which will malfunction explosively as soon as you pull a trigger, are treason.

- **Other (non-fun) games:** You have attributes, skills and characteristics that let you create and explore a complex, nuanced personality.

PARANOIA: Your Troubleshooter's life span is measured in days, if not hours, so don't get too attached to his personality. Instead, use the character as a vehicle to project yourself into the setting, to experience its fear and hilarity firsthand. Still, don't worry about stopping play every five minutes to create a new character. Owing to the high fatality rate among Troubleshooters, The Computer generously provides you a set of *clone backups*. In the event of your untimely death, an identical copy of you downloads your recorded memories and springs from the clone tanks as a speedy replacement. If you work hard, you can die five, six or even more times in a single play session!



- **Other (non-fun) games:** The higher your level or ability, the greater your power or authority. The world's leaders are legendary figures of astounding ability.

PARANOIA: The Computer runs Alpha Complex using an unbreakable system of colour-coded *security clearances*. Clearance doesn't measure your innate ability or accomplishment, but tells only how much The Computer trusts you. A high-clearance citizen can command, berate, penalise and generally lord it over anyone of a lower clearance. However, said citizen may well be an ineffectual dweeb. Your Troubleshooter starts play newly promoted from lowly Clearance INFRARED to RED. Making your life hard are all the bureaucrats, Vulture Warriors and Internal Security spies of Clearance ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN and so on up the

spectrum—even up to the lofty VIOLETS and the mysterious ULTRAVIOLET *High Programmers*. You hope to survive long enough to rise in clearance so you can lord it over other citizens, such as your fellow Troubleshooters.

- **Other (non-fun) games:** You get comprehensive rules to memorise and master. Rules arguments are common between the Games Master and knowledgeable players.

PARANOIA: As a player, you aren't allowed to show knowledge of the game rules. They're above your security clearance. Only the GM knows the rules, and if you argue with him, he will quickly and decisively terminate you.

You're thinking, 'Are you *sure* this will be fun?' Of course, citizen. Fun is mandatory. Read on to see why.

If Popular Fantasy RPG™ worked like PARANOIA

Nearly every published roleplaying game starts with an explanation of how that RPG works. *PARANOIA* is different. *PARANOIA* doesn't tell you how to play, unless you're cleared for it. The rulebook doesn't even show you an example of play for this game. Instead, it gives you an example from some other game.

PARANOIA is set in a high-tech future city of lasers, robots, cloned citizens and an insane Computer. The game has no character classes—no warriors, wizards, priests or rogues—no magic and, aside from the occasional giant radioactive mutant cockroach, no monsters. Yet, that said, a good way to dramatise the unique nature of *PARANOIA* is to imagine another RPG's familiar dungeon crawl filtered through the paranoid mindset:

Games Master: You're in a long dungeon hallway with a dirt floor, stone walls and an arching stone ceiling. There are burning torches in wall sconces every ten feet. You see one door.

Warrior player: What colour is the stone?

GM: Sort of orange.

Rogue player: Aah! I'm only Clearance RED! Get me out of here!

Priest player: I'm casting *Mass raise security clearance* to make us all ORANGE. *[Passes note to the GM: 'I'm also casting Subvert to Communism on the warrior.']*

Wizard player: I'm using the Gem of Memory to document the priest's spellcasting. I, uh, may want to study his technique later.

Priest: Of course, of course. *[Looks significantly at the rogue, whom he subverted earlier. The rogue nods and passes a note to the GM. The GM rolls a 20-sided die.]*

GM: All right. You're all ORANGE for the moment and can pass safely down the hallway. Your orders, you recall, were to investigate the door. *[Passes note to warrior: 'You feel a strange, treasonous impulse to overthrow the existing social order and restore power to the people.']*

Warrior [gulps]: Come, Comra— fellow heroes, let us break down the door!

Wizard: Wait! Did you almost call us 'Comrades'? That's a Commie word!

Priest: Of course he didn't. I heard nothing of the sort.

Rogue: Nor I. Are you levelling false accusations against our leader? That's treason.

Wizard: Don't anybody move! I'm not only levelling accusations, I'm levelling my Wand of Fireballs against all three of these traitors. By the way, I'm recording all this with the Gem of Memory.

GM: When you reach for it, you notice the Gem is missing.

Rogue: Uh-oh! You've lost a valuable magical item. That'll mean a heavy fine at the guildhall.

Wizard: I'm firing a fireball at all of them!

GM [rolls a d20]: I'm sorry, it appears your experimental Wand of Fireballs has backfired. In a trice you are immolated in a ball of flame. Fortunately the fire is orange, so at least your charred body hasn't breached its proper security clearance. Scratch one wizard. Your next simulacrum has been dispatched from the guildhall and should arrive shortly.

Wizard: You creeps are gonna pay.

GM: No comments from the currently dead, please. Suddenly the door opens. A huge hobgoblin in leather armour stands there with his broadsword drawn. On his chest you see the mark of a silver hand.

Rogue: I attack him with—

Warrior: Wait! I wave my fingers at him from under my chin.

Priest and rogue: *What?*

GM: The hobgoblin nods at your recognition signal and lowers his sword. He waves you all inside. Who's going in first?

Warrior, priest and rogue [pointing at each other]: *Him!*

...And so on. To repeat, none of the traditional fantasy elements in this example resemble anything in Alpha Complex, the underground city of *PARANOIA*. At this point you know nothing much about Alpha Complex. Keep it that way. You may live longer.

2. Briefing

In the early 1980s a New York City Games Master, Dan Gelber, conceived the Alpha Complex setting for his roleplaying campaign. Game designers Eric Goldberg and Greg Costikyan encouraged Dan to detail the setting. From Dan's pages of notes Eric and Greg created a game, and editor and developer Ken Rolston added a darkly humorous tone. West End Games published *PARANOIA* in 1984 to instant success.

PARANOIA revolutionised roleplaying. The first really successful comedic RPG (over 100,000 copies sold!), it was among the earliest games to tailor rules to achieve a specific emotional atmosphere—a tensely hilarious satire in the vein of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* and the works of Philip K. Dick. (Terry Gilliam's movie *Brazil*, which appeared later, conjures the same mood.) As the support line's inspired line editor, Ken Rolston guided to publication half a dozen brilliant supplements and adventures, along with the much-loved second edition (1987), the line's high-water mark. In these products, ornamented by the quintessential *PARANOIA* artist, Jim Holloway, the game's tone moved to slapstick, the fast-moving frenetic play that remains the beloved Classic style.

When Ken left West End to work in computer games (he later became lead designer on *Morrowind*), the *PARANOIA* support line declined rapidly. It succumbed to a cancerous meta-plot, the 'Secret Society Wars,' that culminated in The Computer crashing. Oh yeah, that was a smart idea.

For years, with each new, painfully unfunny adventure, fans said, 'Well, it can't get any worse than this.' And yet—

Finally, like a traitor after an Internal Security brainscrub, the later *PARANOIA* support line dwindled and vanished. Eric and

Greg eventually recaptured rights to *PARANOIA* and arranged with Mongoose Publishing to revive it. Because I had co-written an early adventure (*Send in the Clones*, with Warren Spector), I got the happy assignment to update and expand Alpha Complex for a new and more paranoid time. Famous Game Designer Aaron Allston (bestselling *Star Wars* novelist and designer of many classic supplements for *Champions*, *D&D* and *Car Wars*) agreed to lend a hand. Mongoose recruited *PARANOIA*'s supreme artist—the man himself, Jim Holloway! — to do a new cover and illustrations. Under Greg Costikyan's supervision we resolved that, in the

same way *PARANOIA* had lit up the world of gaming in 1984, we should try to light a bulb or two again.

3. The mission

PARANOIA's first edition (1984) and second edition (1987) were perfect in all respects. The Computer says so. This brand new 256-page Mongoose edition is even more perfect. Like an industrious scrubot, *PARANOIA* XP cleanses the old game of excruciating pop-culture wackiness. *PARANOIA* is not wacky. In appropriately Orwellian fashion, we have excised all the wacky West End meta-plot adventures from the historical record. They

Commies

Some gamers, including people who have only heard about the original 1980s *PARANOIA* but never got to play, think the new *PARANOIA* XP should replace the old version's all-purpose enemy, the Communists, with some au courant foe. Everyone suggests terrorists.

Terrorists have been part of the Alpha Complex setting since the beginning. Many of the secret societies use terrorist methods, as do The Computer's loyal forces. The new edition retains all of this.

That said, *PARANOIA* XP keeps the Commies. The Computer is still paranoid about Communist infiltration. 'But that's crazy,' you say. Well, yes.

It was crazy back in 1984, too, when the first edition appeared. Nobody at that late date was still caught up in Cold War McCarthyist hysteria. In American pop-culture terms, 'Commies' were already a joke. They were no threat at all, except in the mind of The Computer. That was the joke—that in the name of fighting Communism, The Computer had turned Alpha Complex into a totalitarian socialist state. (Not that the ideological details of Communism entered into the game, of course. Another part of the joke was that *PARANOIA*'s Commies are cartoonish, moustachioed *Rrrrooshians* in bearskin hats—Yosemite Sam with an accent.)

The Computer's mindset still requires a huge, shadowy, presumably omnipotent enemy. 'Terrorist' implies a weaker, desperate enemy. Call the enemy 'Islamic terrorist subversives' and you divert the player's attention to a variety of current hot-button issues. Call the enemy 'Commies' and the player laughs—and then starts seeing the real point: why the government finds it useful to establish a supposed enemy. ('We have always been at war with Oceania.')

The people who want to update Commies to terrorists are just expressing their concern that the game's satiric edge isn't blunted. Rest easy. Nearly everyone has clearly detected the parallels between Cold War anti-Communist McCarthyism and today's anti-terrorist alarmism. Any newbie player starting a *PARANOIA* XP game will perceive the same similarities in the first five minutes of play.

Meanwhile, Internal Security's Department of Unspecified Threat Assessment has declared Free-Floating Anxiety Condition THREE. All citizens must comply immediately!

never happened. They are now un-products. References to them are treason.

The XP edition explores a wider range of play. In fact, the *PARANOIA* XP rulebook defines three different play styles. Depending on the Games Master's chosen style, Troubleshooters get different numbers of clones, different penalties for treason and varying chances to survive.

- **PARANOIA Classic** is the comedic style perfected in the game's 1987 second edition. Though slapstick didn't dominate the rulebook proper, it became the support line's watchword. Troubleshooters run through a clone or two just getting their assigned equipment before the mission even starts. They may easily exhaust a six-pack of clone backups by mission's end. Most fans love to play the game this way.
- **PARANOIA Straight**, based on the game's first edition, is a darkly satiric style emphasising fear, mutual suspicion, spying and subterfuge, and careful collection of evidence. Troubleshooters who play it smart and low-key can live long enough to score small victories, which draws in players so the GM can scare them bad.
- **PARANOIA Zap** is the frenzied cartoon style of the latter West End Games era. Your first clone probably dies during character generation, and the rest follow at maybe 90-second intervals. Silly names and pop-culture parodies predominate. Firefights erupt if a newbie player

even asks, 'What exactly is Bouncy Bubble Beverage?'

PARANOIA is all about turning players against each other. The XP edition adds new ways to backstab. Characters are more broadly skilled and less dependent on one another. They may survive a bit longer (though only at the GM's pleasure). Perhaps most interesting, *PARANOIA* XP incorporates

the target, -4 for his armour, but he doesn't see you so that's +3, and you're using the targeting scopebot and depleted-uranium ammo for +4, so you need to roll ... wait, what was your skill again?

PARANOIA makes this process easy by reversing cause and effect. The Games Master rewards entertaining play by giving out Perversity points.



backstabbing as a game mechanic: To aid or undermine other players, you can spend Perversity points on General Perversity Modifiers. Other (non-fun) roleplaying games use lots and lots of modifiers. You apply them to figure out what number you need to roll:

Other Game™ player: I aim my rifle and fire it at the lead goon.

GM: Okay, your rifle skill is 10, +3 for aiming, -2 for the range to

Players can spend these points to raise skill ratings and buy new specialties, but they'll probably spend most of their points to influence a roll's success chance for better or worse. After all points are spent and the final success chance is determined, the GM interprets the circumstances of the roll to fit all the modifiers.

PARANOIA Player #1: I aim my cone rifle and fire it at the lead traitor. I have a Violence skill of

10, so I need a 10 or less to hit.

Player #2: No you don't. I'm spending 2 points on General Perversity Modifiers to reduce the roll you need to 8.

Player #1: Traitor!

Player #3: Three more points to reduce from 8 to 5. I'm phoning to Internal Security that there's a firefight brewing.

Player #1: Betrayer!

Player #4: Two more to reduce the hit roll to 3.

Player #1: I'll get you in the mess hall!

Player #5: Uh, I'll pass.

Player #6: Well, I support this heroic action. *[Player #6 secretly knows Player #1's target is the high secret society official Player #6 has been ordered to assassinate.]* I'll spend 7 to raise the hit roll back to 10.

Player #1: Good. I'm spending 5 to raise it to 15.

GM: All right. Plus 5 to hit, let's see... *[Thinks.]* Your malfunctioning rifle scopebot blinks back on just as the traitor's foot slips on a stray NiceLife empty. The scopebot says, 'Hey, what's up? Did I miss anything?'

Player #1: 'Scopebot, target that traitor!'

GM: The scopebot says, 'Ready!' Okay, roll.

Player #1: Here goes....

If the players' collective Perversity point expenditures had instead reduced Player #1's success roll to (say) 6 or less, the GM might instead retrofit the in-game situation as follows:

GM: All right, you're 4 down. *[Thinks.]* The cone rifle's broken scopebot suddenly yells, 'Lubricant for the working man!' The traitor's head whips around. Even though he couldn't possibly have heard you at this range, he heard you. *[The GM has spontaneously decided to give the target the Hypersenses mutation.]* He dives for the ground. Roll.

See? Perversity works like ulcers. People used to think you got ulcers from worrying too much. Turns out you get ulcers from a bacterium, and the stomach pains make you worry. In exactly the same way, sort of, **PARANOIA** takes other games' complicated combat process (assess circumstances to figure out the modifiers) and reverses it for smooth and easy retrofitting (get the roll and then figure out the modifiers that caused it).

As you've probably guessed, the new **PARANOIA** XP doesn't use the familiar d20 system. Wait, don't leave! We like the d20 system—hey, this is Mongoose, right? —and **PARANOIA** does use a single 20-sided die, so you needn't buy new dice. But to produce the peculiar mix of hilarity and terror that is **PARANOIA**, we needed a new rules set, designed to give the Gamemaster maximum flexibility and players maximum anxiety.

Your Troubleshooter, like every other citizen of Alpha Complex, has six skills: Management, Stealth, Violence, Hardware, Software, Wetware. You can select six common specialties in these skills from a lengthy list—abilities that frequently figure in **PARANOIA** missions, like Demolition, Shadowing, Bootlicking, Con Games, Bot Programming, Hacking and Hygiene. You can also invent your own narrow specialties, with the GM's approval—things like Annoy My Service Firm Office Mates, Eat Entire Bag of Algae Chips in Four Seconds, Suck Up to My Boss, Soothe Autocar SPD-1's Jangled Brain, or Get Barracks Vending Machine to Stop Making That Funny Noise.

Then you have Secret skills, taught to you by your secret society. Some of them are cool, like Demolition, Hacking, Twitchtalk and WMD (making your own nuclear weapons). Others may be kind of useless (Botspotting, anyone?), though

you never know for sure in Alpha Complex.

You also have two attributes: Power and Access. Power measures the strength of your mutant power, and Access measures how easily you can get things done in the Alpha Complex bureaucracy. However, you aren't cleared to know your ratings in these attributes. Only the GM knows. That may seem strange, but that's **PARANOIA**.

4. Outfitting

The new **PARANOIA** XP re-introduces The Computer to a new generation of potential traitors. It also offers much for long-time fans, who have kept the game's memory alive on World Wide Web sites like Paranoia-Live.net (www.paranoia-live.net). This huge hardcover book finally gathers in one place a lot of important stuff scattered through many old, out-of-print supplements: sanity tests, new medications, Mandatory Bonus Duty and much more.

But there's lots of new stuff too. Fans who thought they understood Alpha Complex will feel off-balance once again, as is entirely appropriate. For starters, you can buy new clone backups (that is, new 'lives'). Now you can buy quite a lot of stuff, actually, either from newly privatised service firms or from the illegal black (INFRARED) market. Today's Alpha Complex operates on a more capitalistic footing. You earn a monthly salary based on your security clearance, and you carry a Mercantile Enterprise Card, a ME Card that stores your current credit balance, identifying information and basically everything a thief would need to impersonate you. Not that such a thing could ever happen.

In the old days eight monolithic service groups used to run the Alpha Complex bureaucracy. Now The Computer has outsourced many of their functions to gaggles of competing service firms, for-profit

Wal*Mart with gun emplacements

PARANOIA XP gives Troubleshooters a new way to feel pressed and anxious, a way you yourself may understand: money.

Sure, in previous editions you got credit bonuses, so you could buy your own grenades and flamethrowers and chapstick. Self-righteous BLUE and GREEN citizens would arbitrarily level 100,000-credit fines. But credits didn't intrinsically cause tense, backbiting rivalry among players. What were we thinking?

Buying new clone backups; ME Cards; service firms contracts—these are some of the ways credits become important in the new edition. There are others: salaries, monthly living expenses based on your clearance, and the ever-receding mirage of social advancement. Also fines, bribes, confidence games, extortion, blackmail, ransoms—you'll find out. Heh, heh.

During early development of the new edition, this pecuniary angle bugged some fans, who felt it abandons a central joke of **PARANOIA**: that The Computer, in the name of fighting Communism, created a totalitarian socialist anthill. Did they think a capitalist society can't be ruthlessly repressive, can't reduce citizens to mere consumers in a soul-crushing police state? Perhaps readers in Shanghai or Singapore might comment. Oh, wait—they can't.

Mainly these worried fans feared an Alpha Complex with branded merchandise and advertising—'Wal*Mart with gun emplacements'—would feel too different. We finally won over most of them with uplifting examples like these:

- Multi-Clearance Marketing is the new get-rich scheme spreading wildly among the INFRAREDS. You join at Clearance 'RED' (note the quotation marks), and pay 10 credits to the name at the top of this list. As soon as you recruit ten new members, you're promoted to (quote-unquote) 'ORANGE.' Then they recruit ten new members each, and soon you're 'YELLOW.' When you reach 'ULTRAVIOLET' you're rich! What? Treason? Pshaw.
- Without a credit economy there's no reason to spam. We can't have that. Alpha Complex spammers take viral marketing literally. Suck down the wrong tube of Hot Fun and virus SellFast.C quickly occupies your frontal cortex. Against your will, you feel compelled to tell every citizen how he can make millions through Multi-Clearance Marketing.
- The money in Alpha Complex—which is electronic data, not physical currency—often comes encumbered with particular licenses, like software licenses. For instance, someone in the robot-loving secret society Corpore Metal pays you a hundred credits for illicit Brainade neuropop, but the license on that hundred requires you to spend the money only on bots, bot parts, oil, lubricant or a cybernetic replacement for your brain. Accepting the payment and its license can also unwittingly give the payer any number of terrible rights, including surveillance, invasion of privacy, etc. Keeping track of the licenses is so frustrating, a new profession has arisen: the cash hacker. Cash hackers de-license encumbered credits, or even re-license them according to your own dictates.
- 'Citizen, your assigned equipment costs a total of [beep!] 30,482 credits. To reclaim your deposit, please return your equipment in pristine condition. Have a nice day!'

companies run by high-clearance citizens who line up sweetheart contracts with the service group bureaucracies. When not on a mission, your character still works part-time for one of these firms, performing valuable duties like Slime Identification, Form Facilitation, Public Hating Coordination, Pocket Protector Refurbishing, Vehicle Therapy and Termination Centre Janitorial.

These firms often persuade The Computer to assign Troubleshooting teams to carry out little—favours. They're called 'service services.' The Troubleshooter team's regular missions, assigned by The Computer, take them all over Alpha Complex. 'As long as you're heading to FAR Sector, can you also—' (a firm will say), '—administer these Happiness Tests to citizens along the way?' (Or:) '—update the software on this particular model of bot?' (Or:) '—Field-test this valuable experimental equipment from an R&D firm?'

Long-time **PARANOIA** players recognise that last duty. The trip to Research & Design, where mad scientists would assign Troubleshooters incredibly dangerous experimental equipment for field testing, was a staple of every mission. Troubleshooters will still often go to R&D, but now the idea is expanded to cover all service groups.

Along with the economy, the service firms and service services, the new aspects of **PARANOIA** XP likeliest to unsettle experienced players are the new gadgets. For instance, every Troubleshooter carries a handy Personal Digital Companion (PDC), a cellphone-sized device that permits text messaging (ehh), on-the-spot photos and video of potentially treasonous activity (whoa!) and instant contact with The Computer (*yow!*).

Then there's MemGo, a suite of neurochemicals that can selectively

wipe particular memories and plunge you into weird reality shifts. And the Computer Phreaks secret society now runs Gray Subnets, isolated networks within The Computer's own systems, where low-clearance citizens can secretly post incriminating blackmail evidence about their bosses' misbehaviour. Or their subordinates'. Or yours.

5. Forthcoming from R&D

Loyal Mongoose writers continue to serve The Computer with industry and invention. Available simultaneously with the *PARANOIA* XP rulebook is the *PARANOIA* Games Master's Screen. Not only does the four-panel GM Screen reprint charts and tables from the game, stand upright in all but the highest winds and stay opaque at all visible wavelengths, it includes a nifty 24-page insert booklet, the *Mandatory Fun Enforcement Pack*. This booklet includes six handy forms (Mission Report Form, Experimental Equipment Testing Report Form, Termination Voucher, etc.) and an ingenious *mission blender*.

The mission blender is a set of 72 charts—yes, seventy-two—that let you generate all the elements of a *PARANOIA* mission automatically, just by rolling a 20-sided die repeatedly until your wrist falls off. It follows the mission scheme familiar to long-time players: the mission alert, briefing, outfitting, secret society missions, service services (the new edition's expansion of the traditional trip to R&D), the mission

proper, the debriefing and the final fates of the lucky Troubleshooters. Plus NPCs, locations, equipment, a hilarious equipment malfunction table... Really, it's a delight.

Next month brings the equally delightful, equally useful and surpassingly treasonous *Traitor's Manual*. This 96-page player's guide to all major secret societies in Alpha Complex arrives courtesy of Mongoose staff writer Gareth Hanrahan (*OGL Wild West*, *OGL Horror*, *The PSI Corps* for *Babylon 5*, *Classic Play: Book of the Sea*, *Quintessential Paladin II* and more). Learn the deepest secrets, or at least a plausible-sounding version of the deepest secrets, of treasonous organisations like PURGE and the Frankenstein Destroyers. Learn how to recruit new members for your society at the many EAP (Elective Activity or Pursuit) clubs that provide education, entertainment and approved socialisation to the citizens of Alpha Complex. Learn the rules to FunBall. *Traitor's Manual* is due in September.

In autumn Troubleshooters turn red and gently fall to the ground in a full-length mission by Aaron Allston. Still unnamed, this Straight-style mission assigns the player characters to guard a high-clearance news reporter under threat from the new secret society he exposed, the Powderkeg. Except—wait—didn't the Powderkeg only arise after the reporter's expose? Who, or what, is behind it?

This holiday season, good little citizens should look under their Mandatory Seasonal Happiness Tree for *The Mutant Experience* by new recruit R. Eric Reuss. This 64-page sourcebook for all things mutant-y includes new cool powers, new utterly useless powers and lots of setting information, style tips and tables. Don't grow a second head without it!

6. Debriefing

In the coming year Mongoose has many more supplements and missions planned. And it all starts this month, with the *PARANOIA* XP hardcover rulebook and Games Master's Screen. This is the ideal time to sign your End Citizen License Agreement for Alpha Complex Usage and join the ranks of the Troubleshooters. The Commie mutant traitors—and, even scarier, your fellow players—are waiting to greet you.

Or, as your new friend The Computer would put it:

PARANOIA is fun. Other games are not fun. Buy PARANOIA.

Allen Varney (www.allenvarney.com), principal writer of PARANOIA XP, has published three board games, over two dozen roleplaying supplements, 250+ articles, columns and reviews, and seven books. Track the progress of future supplements on the PARANOIA XP development blog: www.costik.com/paranoia.



The computer is your friend.



SPAWN OF HADES

Adrian Bott

The great mythical adventures are replete with monsters to challenge and endanger their heroes.

You need go no further than movies like *Jason and the Argonauts* and *Clash of the Titans* to see how such creatures influence the stories.

Time for your OGL Ancients heroes to get a taste of it then...

This article covers some of the monsters of the ancient world. Monsters in Ancients are very rare and will not be encountered in most game sessions. Unless otherwise detailed, each of these monsters is solitary.

Monsters are not necessarily good or evil, with the exception of wicked spirits who are always utterly

malicious and intend nothing but harm to humanity. Monsters have deities just as ordinary people do. If you worship the same deity that a monster does, the monster may be less inclined to do you ill. Of course, this consideration is not necessarily extended to anyone who is accompanying you.

BRONZE GIANT (TALOS)

Huge Wondrous Construct	
Hit Dice:	18d10+40 (139 hp)
Initiative:	-2
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)
Active Defence:	-2 (Dex)
Shield Defence:	-
Armour Coverage/DR:	Total/30 (but see below)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+12/+35
Attack:	Longspear +25 melee (3d6+22)
Full Attack:	Longspear +25/+20/+15 melee (3d6+22)
Space/Reach:	15 ft./15 ft.
Special Attacks:	-
Special Qualities:	Construct traits, low-light vision, water vulnerability
Saves:	Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 41, Dex 7, Con —, Int —, Wis 11, Cha 1
Skills:	-
Feats:	-
Challenge Rating:	14



Talos, the bronze giant, is a huge statue of a warrior, bearing a vast spear. He is made entirely of bronze plates, filled with hot lava that acts as his lifeblood. In the heel of his left foot is the plug that holds the lava in place. Although Talos cannot be grievously wounded, any attack that successfully penetrates his armour by scoring more damage than his DR causes him to 'bleed' lava at the rate of five hit points per round for 1d4 rounds.

A character can attempt to knock the plug from Talos' heel. To do this, he must successfully make a hamstring attack against Talos and inflict more than 20 points of damage. This causes Talos to 'bleed' lava at the rate of 5 hit points per round until he ceases to function. If Talos can find the plug, he can replace it in his heel with a successful Dexterity check at DC 15 and staunch the lava flow.

Once Talos loses more than half his hit points, he may only take one standard action per round and suffers a -4 circumstance penalty to all attacks and damage rolls as his system slows down.

Water Vulnerability: Talos' system depends on heat. If he is doused with water, he is slow-moving for the next round and may only take one standard action, with a -4 circumstance penalty on all attacks and damage rolls. If he is immersed completely in water, such as by falling into the sea, he is slowed in exactly the same way until he can clamber out and on to dry land again.

CENTAUR

A centaur is as big as a heavy horse, but much taller and slightly heavier. A centaur is about 7 feet tall and weighs about 2,100 pounds. Centaurs are boisterous, drunken

Large Mythical Humanoid	
Hit Dice:	4d8+8 (26 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	50 ft. (10 squares)
Active Defence:	+2 (Dex)
Shield Defence:	-
Armour Coverage/DR:	+10/3
Base Attack/Grapple:	+4/+12
Attack:	Spear +7 melee (1d8+6/x3) or composite recurved bow (+4 Str bonus) +5 ranged (2d6+4/x3)
Full Attack:	Spear +7 melee (2d6+6/x3) and 2 hooves +3 melee (1d6+2); or composite recurved bow (+4 Str bonus) +5 ranged (2d6+4/x3)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Saves:	Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 11
Grievous Wound:	16
Skills:	Listen +3, Move Silently +4, Spot +3, Survival +2
Feats:	Dodge, Weapon Focus (hoof)
Deity:	Dionysus and Pan
Challenge Rating:	3

creatures who are prone to violent rages and acts of barbarous lust. On one notable occasion they attempted to carry off the women of Lapith, but were beaten back. They are viewed with contempt by the Greek Gods, having been fathered by the minor demigod Centaurus upon a group of mares. Centaurs love wine and drunken rioting. They live wild in the forests and do not have dwellings of any kind, preferring to forage and shelter under the trees as horses do.

There is only one centaur who does not share this reputation, the immortal Chiron, who is both wise and good. He acted as tutor to several notable Greek heroes, including Achilles.

CHIMERA

Large Mythical Beast	
Hit Dice:	9d10+27 (76 hp)
Initiative:	+1
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), fly 50 ft. (poor)
Active Defence:	+1 (Dex)
Shield Defence:	-
Armour Coverage/DR:	+10/8
Base Attack/Grapple:	+9/+17
Attack:	Bite +12 melee (2d6+4)
Full Attack:	Bite +12 melee (2d6+4) and bite +12 melee (1d8+4 plus poison) and gore +12 melee (1d8+4) and 2 claws +10 melee (1d6+2)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Breath weapon
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent
Saves:	Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 19, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 4, Wis 13, Cha 10
Grievous Wound:	18
Skills:	Hide +1*, Listen +9, Spot +9
Feats:	Alertness, Hover, Iron Will, Multiattack
Challenge Rating:	8

The chimera is about 5 feet tall at the shoulder, nearly 10 feet long, and weighs about 4,000 pounds. Its body is vaguely lion-shaped. It has three heads, a lion head at the front, a goat head in the centre and a serpent's head and body for a tail.

Breath Weapon: The chimera may breathe fire from its lion head, in a cone 20 feet across at the end. The chimera's breath weapon is usable once every 1d4 rounds, deals 4d8 points of damage, and allows a DC 17 Reflex save for half damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Poison: The chimera's serpent head has a poisonous bite. If it inflicts at least one point of damage, the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 17) or suffer the effects of the poison: 1d6 primary Dexterity damage, 2d6 secondary Dexterity damage. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Skills: A chimera's three heads give it a +2 racial bonus on Spot and Listen checks.

*In areas of scrubland or brush, a chimera gains a +4 racial bonus on Hide checks.

Carrying Capacity: A light load for a chimera is up to 348 pounds; a medium load, 349–699 pounds, and a heavy load, 700–1,050 pounds.

COMPOSITE MUMMY

	Medium-size Undead
Hit Dice:	6d12+3 (42 hp)
Initiative:	-1 (Dex)
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares)
Active Defence:	Passive only (mindless undead)
Armour Coverage/DR:	Total/ 5
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/+6
Attack:	Melee weapon +6 melee (weapon damage +3) or bite +6 melee (1d6+3)
Full Attack:	Melee weapon +6 melee (weapon damage +3) and bite +6 melee (1d6+3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Pestilential breath
Special Qualities:	Undead qualities
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +7
Abilities:	Str 17, Dex 8, Con -, Int -, Wis 14, Cha 15
Grievous Wound:	-
Skills:	
Feats:	Alertness, Toughness
Challenge Rating:	3

Composite mummies are ghastly hybrids of human and animal corpses, prepared by the priests of Apophis and Set and animated by wicked spirits conjured into them. In a gruesome parody of the Egyptian Gods, composite mummies are given the heads of various animals. The heads are held on with careful, precise rows of stitches. The composite mummy attacks with a weapon if it is given one, or with the bite of its animal head. The statistics given below cover the different types of head that are commonly used. All bite attacks have one and a half times the mummy's Strength ability score bonus added to their damage.

Crocodile: Bite 1d8 as primary attack.

Lion: Bite 1d8 as primary attack.

Bull: Gore 1d8 as primary attack.

Hippopotamus: Bite 1d8 as primary attack. A young hippopotamus must of course be used, or the head would be too big.

Wolf: Bite 1d6 as primary attack, Scent ability.

Mindless Undead: Composite mummies have no sense of self-preservation and do not bother to make Active Defence checks. Attacks against them are made against their Passive Defence only.

Pestilential Breath: As a full-round action, a composite mummy may breathe out a fug of stinking, crawling grave gases in a cone 20 feet wide at the base. Those caught in this cone must make a Fortitude save at DC 20 or contract a wasting disease with an incubation period of one day and damage of 1d6 temporary Constitution. This disease

cannot be recovered from by making two successful saving throws in succession, nor by ordinary medicine. It can only be cured by two successful Medicine skill checks on successive days that have been aided by magic or by spending Divine Points to increase the result.

Creating A Composite Mummy: Assembling the component parts of a composite mummy is a tricky job, with a DC of 20 on the Craft (embalmer) check. You must also conjure a wicked spirit, bind it to your service and command it to enter the lifeless shell. See the Magic chapter in OGL Ancients for the Hekau rites required to do this foul thing. Note that the difficulty of attempts to keep a composite mummy at bay or disrupt it is determined by the hit dice of the wicked spirit that is bound into the mummy and not by the hit dice of the mummy itself.

CYCLOPS

	Large Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	12d10+48 (114 hp)
Initiative:	-1
Speed:	30 ft. in hide armour (6 squares); base speed 40 ft.
Active Defence:	-2 (-1 Dex, -1 one-eyed)
Shield Defence:	-
Armour:	Hide armour
Base Attack/Grapple:	+12/+23
Attack:	Greatclub +19 melee (2d8+10) or slam +18 melee (1d4+7) or rock +10 ranged (2d6+7)
Full Attack:	Greatclub +19/+14/+9 melee (2d8+10) or 2 slams +18 melee (1d4+7) or rock +10 ranged (2d6+7)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Qualities:	Low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +12, Ref +7, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 25, Dex 8, Con 19, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 7
Grievous Wound:	22
Skills:	Climb +7, Jump +7, Listen +3, Spot +6
Feats:	Cleave, Improved Bull Rush, Power Attack, Rugged, Weapon Focus (greatclub)
Deity:	Usually none, occasionally Hephaestus
Challenge Rating:	7

A Cyclops is a brutish, one-eyed giant with a taste for human flesh. Its usual tactic is to pound its opponents to a paste with its gigantic club, then eat the remains.

Rock Throwing: The range increment is 120 feet for a Cyclops' thrown rocks.

Benign Cyclops: There is a second race of Cyclopes who have much higher Intelligence and are superior in all

respects to their savage kin. These assist Hephaestus in his forge, where they make thunderbolts for Zeus.

WICKED SPIRIT

Wicked spirits are bodiless entities (spiritual creatures) that have evil intentions towards humanity. They may be the ghosts of especially unpleasant people, some form of demon, or even a part of the natural order that is just fond of bloodshed and destruction. Wicked spirits traditionally haunt the kinds of places that people fear, such as dark forests, abandoned dwellings, old ruins, desecrated tombs and lonely hilltops. They have a plethora of names: the Sumerians called them *utuk xul*, the Greeks *larvae*.

Hekau spellcasters and witches call up wicked spirits for various reasons. The most common one is to ask a service of the spirit, most commonly a question. Wicked spirits are knowledgeable on various matters and often have access to information that the spellcaster does not. A Hekau spellcaster may also call up spirits in order to bind them into prepared corpses and make an undead creature.

Wicked spirits abide by the usual rules regarding spiritual creatures; see Death and Beyond. Their appearance when manifest or when viewed on their own plane is usually transparent, vaguely humanoid and pale, with empty eye sockets and long talons. The abilities of a given wicked spirit depend on the subtype. Those listed below are ‘generic’ spirits of evil, of the kind that are most commonly called up by casters.

Attack: This is the wicked spirit’s mode of attack against creatures on its own plane. Even when manifest, it cannot attack physical creatures or objects.

Drain Life: Wicked spirits can drain the vitality from living people. The spirit must be manifest in order to do this. The spirit must successfully hit the target with a touch attack. Only Active Defence can be used to ward this off, not Shield Defence. If the attack is successful, the victim must make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 10 + spirit’s HD + spirit’s Charisma modifier). If the saving throw fails, the spirit inflicts 2d6 points of damage on the target (which is not recorded as a wound) transferring the same number of hit points to the spirit. A successful saving throw draws no hit points from the target and inflicts 1d4 points of damage on the spirit. A wicked spirit can only attempt this attack once against any given target in any 24-hour period.

If a wicked spirit has taken possession of a living victim, then it may make a Drain Life attempt without making an attack roll, as it is already inside the victim’s body. However, most spirits will not do this, as they are instantly dispelled (reduced to 0 hit points) if their host dies.

Wicked Spirit Powers: Every wicked spirit has one of the powers listed below. It cannot use these powers against a person who is holding it at bay. It must be manifest first to use any of them.

	Minor Wicked Spirit	Potent Wicked Spirit	Formidable Wicked Spirit
	Medium Spiritual Creature	Medium Spiritual Creature	Medium Spiritual Creature
Hit Dice:	4d12 (26 hp)	8d12 (48 hp)	12d12 (72 hp)
Initiative:	+0	+0	+0
Speed:	Fly 50 ft. (perfect)	Fly 50 ft. (perfect)	Fly 50 ft. (perfect)
Active Defence:	+0	+0	+0
Base Attack/Grapple:	+2/+2	+4/+4	+6/+6
Attack:	Claw +2 melee (1d4)	Claw +4 melee (1d4)	Claw +7 melee (1d4)
Full Attack:	2 claws +2 melee (1d4)	2 claws +4 melee (1d4)	2 claws +7 melee (1d4)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft./5 ft.	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Possession, Drain Life	Possession, Drain Life	Possession, Drain Life
Special Qualities:	Spiritual	Spiritual	Spiritual
Saves:	Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +5	Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +9	Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +11
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 10, Con -, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 14	Str 10, Dex 10, Con -, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 15	Str 10, Dex 10, Con -, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 16
Skills:	Bluff +11, Knowledge (any three) +10, Move Silently +17, Spot +8, Presence +11	Bluff +15, Knowledge (any three) +14, Move Silently +21, Spot +12, Presence +15	Bluff +20, Knowledge (any three) +18, Move Silently +25, Spot +16, Presence +20
Feats:	Persuasive	Persuasive, Iron Will, Improved Initiative	Persuasive, Iron Will, Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (claw),
Challenge Rating:	2	4	6

Corrupting Gaze: When manifest, the wicked spirit can blast living beings with a glance, at a range of up to 30 feet. Creatures that meet the wicked spirit's gaze must succeed on a Fortitude save or take 2d10 points of damage and 1d4 points of Charisma damage. The spirit must expend 5 hit points and take a standard action to do this.

Frightful Moan: The wicked spirit can emit a frightful moan as a standard action. All living creatures within a 30-foot spread must succeed on a Will save or become panicked for 2d4 rounds. A creature that successfully saves against the moan cannot be affected by the same wicked spirit's moan for 24 hours. It costs the spirit 5 hit points to do this and it must take a standard action to do so.

Dreadful Form: Any living creature within 60 feet that views the wicked spirit must succeed on a Fortitude save or immediately take 1d4 points of Strength damage, 1d4 points of Dexterity damage, and 1d4 points of Constitution damage. A creature that successfully saves against this effect cannot be affected by the same wicked spirit's horrific appearance for 24 hours.

Skills: All wicked spirits receive a +10 racial bonus to all Move Silently skill checks.

STALKING SHADE

	Medium-size Undead
Hit Dice:	3d12 (19 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	30 ft.(6 squares)/fly 40 ft. (good) (8 squares)
Active Defence:	+3 (+2 Dex, +1 evasive)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+1/+1
Attack:	Touch +3 melee (1d6 Str)
Full Attack:	Touch +3 melee (1d6 Str)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Strength damage
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., shadow phase, resistance, undead traits
Saves:	Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 14, Con —, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 13
Skills:	Hide +8*, Listen +7, Search +4, Spot +7
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge
Challenge Rating:	3



Stalking shades are the deceased victims of lustful ones. They resemble lean humans with blank, pupilless eyes and a dark grey tone to their skin. They speak in quiet, hissing voices.

Strength Damage: The touch of a stalking shade deals 1d6 points of Strength damage to a living foe. The shade gains one hit point per point of Strength drained. A creature reduced to Strength 0 by a stalking shade dies.

Shadow Phase: A stalking shade can become insubstantial, so that it can walk through walls, fly and escape a fight that is going against it. While insubstantial, it is a spiritual creature, though it cannot make possession attacks, drain life attacks or any other hostile action. It costs the stalking shade one hit point per round to shadow phase. Shadow phasing requires a standard action.

Skills: Stalking shades have a +2 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks and a +4 racial bonus on Search checks. *A stalking shade that has shadow phased gains a +4 racial bonus on Hide checks in areas of shadowy illumination. In brightly lit areas, it takes a -4 penalty on Hide checks.

HUMAN SPIRIT (KA)

A human spirit is the ghost of a person who was once alive. A human spirit abides by the general rules regarding spiritual creatures and keeps the same skills, feats and ability scores it had when alive, with the exception that it no longer has a Constitution score. Human spirits do not have equipment unless it was

specially prepared for them to take into the afterlife as grave-goods. See *Death and Beyond* for the process whereby this is achieved. The Challenge Rating for a ghost is that of the person +2. Human spirits may not be bound into corpses to create undead monsters. The only time when a human spirit can be used to create an undead creature is when a Hekau caster binds his own *ka* into his own mummified body, so that he can be reborn as a defiled one.

Ordinary Spirits: Human spirits from any background other than Egyptian have one hit point only. Though they may absorb offerings given to them, they may never recover more hit points than this. The *ka* of a mummified Egyptian has a number of hit points equal to the Craft (embalming) skill check made by the person who mummified him, though this cannot be more hit points than he had in life.

Troubled Spirits: Spirits that haunt an area because of violent death, suicide, lack of proper burial, unfinished business or a similar reason have one hit point per character level they had in life.

Skills: Ghosts have a +8 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, Move Silently and Spot checks.

SKELETAL GNAWER

	Medium Undead
Hit Dice:	2d12 (13 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Active Defence:	+2 (Dex)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+1/+2
Attack:	Bite +2 melee (1d6+1)
Full Attack:	Bite +2 melee (1d6+1) and 2 claws +0 melee (1d3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Corpse fever
Special Qualities:	Undead traits
Saves:	Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 13, Dex 15, Con —, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 12
Skills:	Balance +6, Climb +5, Hide +6, Jump +5, Move Silently +6, Spot +7
Feats:	Multiattack
Challenge Rating:	1

A skeletal gnawer is the undead creature formed when a wicked spirit of any degree of power is bound into an ordinary mummified corpse. The Craft (embalmer) skill check to prepare the corpse has a DC of 10.

Corpse Fever: Disease—bite, Fortitude DC 12, incubation period 1 day, damage 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex. The save DC is Charisma-based.

BOWEL RAKER

	Medium Undead
Hit Dice:	4d12+3 (29 hp)
Initiative:	+3
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares)
Active Defence:	+3 (Dex)
Armour Coverage/DR:	Total/4
Base Attack/Grapple:	+2/+5
Attack:	Bite +5 melee (1d8+3)
Full Attack:	Bite +5 melee (1d8+3) and 2 claws +3 melee (1d4+1)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Corpse fever, stench
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., undead traits, +4 resistance to repel/disrupt
Saves:	Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 17, Dex 17, Con —, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16
Skills:	Balance +7, Climb +9, Hide +8, Jump +9, Move Silently +8, Spot +8
Feats:	Multiattack, Toughness
Challenge Rating:	1



A bowel raker is formed when a corpse is first prepared with special unguents costing 50 drachmas and a careful mummification process, requiring a Craft (embalmer) check at a DC of 20, before a wicked spirit is bound into the body. They resemble leathery-skinned, long-haired humanoid with long, curved fingernails; part of the effect of the unguents is to cause the corpse's hair and nails to grow at an accelerated rate, which they continue to do after death, albeit not as quickly as this.

Corpse Fever: Disease—bite, Fortitude DC 12, incubation period 1 day, damage 1d3 Con and 1d3 Dex. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Stench: Despite the careful embalming process, a charnel reek surrounds bowel rakers. This is caused by their disgusting habit of tearing out and eating the offal of fresh corpses. Living creatures within 10 feet must succeed on a DC 15 Fortitude save or be sickened for 1d6+4 minutes. A creature that successfully saves cannot be affected again by the same bowel raker's stench for 24 hours. A successful Medicine check at DC 15 removes the effect from a sickened creature. The save DC is Charisma-based.

HARPY

	Medium Mythical Humanoid
Hit Dice:	7d8 (31 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares), fly 80 ft. (average)
Active Defence:	+2 (Dex)
Base Attack/	+7/+7
Grapple:	
Attack:	Club +7 melee (1d6)
Full Attack:	Club +7/+2 melee (1d6) and 2 claws +2 melee (1d3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Filth
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 12, Cha 17
Grievous Wound:	10
Skills:	Hide +7, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Presence +11, Spot +3
Feats:	Improved Disarm, Flyby Attack
Organization:	Solitary, pair, or flight (7–12)
Deity:	None
Challenge Rating:	3



Harpies are monsters resembling ugly birds, with female heads and breasts. They are smeared with filth and constantly hungry. The word 'harpy' means 'snatcher' and it is this that a harpy will try to do. They snatch food away from those who are trying to eat it, snatch up sailors from the decks of ships and snatch weapons away from those who are trying to attack them. They speak in screeching voices. Harpies are sometimes confused with sirens, who resemble them in some myths, though the two species are very different. Harpies do not sing enticing songs. It is the sirens that do that.

Filth: Harpies have a disgusting habit of showering filth upon people and upon food, once they have already eaten their fill. The harpy must be directly above the target and executes this manoeuvre as a ranged attack. A target showered with filth must make a Fortitude save at a DC of 15 or be sickened until the filth is washed off. A harpy can use this attack once per hour.

Skills: Harpies have a +4 racial bonus on Move Silently and Listen checks.

HYDRA

	Five-Headed Hydra	Six-Headed Hydra	Seven-Headed Hydra
	Huge Mythical Beast	Huge Mythical Beast	Huge Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	5d10+28 (55 hp)	6d10+33 (66 hp)	7d10+38 (77 hp)
Initiative:	+1	+1	+1
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.
Active Defence:	+1 (Dex)	+1 (Dex)	+1 (Dex)
Armour Coverage/+6/5		+6/5	+7/6
DR:			
Base Attack/Grapple:	+5/+16	+6/+17	+7/+19
Attack:	5 bites +6 melee (1d10+3)	6 bites +8 melee (1d10+3)	7 bites +10 melee (1d10+4)
Full Attack:	5 bites +6 melee (1d10+3)	6 bites +8 melee (1d10+3)	7 bites +10 melee (1d10+4)
Space/Reach:	15 ft./10 ft.	15 ft./10 ft.	15 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	—	—	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 15, low-light vision, scent	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 16, low-light vision, scent	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 17, low-light vision, scent
Saves:	Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +3	Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +4	Fort +10, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 17, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9	Str 17, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9	Str 19, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9
Grievous Wound:	18	18	19
Skills:	Listen +6, Spot +6, Swim +11	Listen +6, Spot +7, Swim +11	Listen +7, Spot +7, Swim +12
Feats:	Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness	Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)	Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)
Challenge Rating:	4	5	6

	Eight-Headed Hydra	Nine-Headed Hydra	Ten-Headed Hydra
	Huge Mythical Beast	Huge Mythical Beast	Huge Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	8d10+43 (87 hp)	9d10+48 (97 hp)	10d10+53 (108 hp)
Initiative:	+1	+1	+1
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.
Active Defence:	+1 (Dex)	+1 (Dex)	+1 (Dex)
Armour Coverage/+7/6		+7/6	+8/7
DR:			
Base Attack/Grapple:	+8/+20	+9/+22	+10/+23
Attack:	8 bites +11 melee (1d10+4)	9 bites +13 melee (1d10+5)	10 bites +14 melee (1d10+5)
Full Attack:	8 bites +11 melee (1d10+4)	9 bites +13 melee (1d10+5)	10 bites +14 melee (1d10+5)
Space/Reach:	15 ft./10 ft.	15 ft./10 ft.	15 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	—	—	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 18, low-light vision, scent	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 19, low-light vision, scent	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 20, low-light vision, scent
Saves:	Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +4	Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +5	Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +3
Abilities:	Str 19, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9	Str 21, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9	Str 21, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9
Grievous Wound:	19	20	20
Skills:	Listen +7, Spot +8, Swim +12	Listen +8, Spot +8, Swim +13	Listen +8, Spot +9, Swim +13
Feats:	Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)	Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)	Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)
Challenge Rating:	7	8	9

	Eleven-Headed Hydra	Twelve-Headed Hydra
	Huge Mythical Beast	Huge Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	11d10+58 (118 hp)	12d10+63 (129 hp)
Initiative:	+1	+1
Speed:	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.	20 ft. (4 squares), swim 20 ft.
Active Defence:	+1 (Dex)	+1 (Dex)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+11/+25	+12/+26
Attack:	11 bites +16 melee (1d10+6)	12 bites +17 melee (2d8+6)
Full Attack:	11 bites +16 melee (1d10+6)	12 bites +17 melee (2d8+6)
Space/Reach:	15 ft./10 ft.	15 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	—	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 21, low-light vision, scent	Darkvision 60 ft., fast healing 22, low-light vision, scent
Saves:	Fort +12, Ref +8, Will +5	Fort +13, Ref +9, Will +6
Abilities:	Str 23, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9	Str 23, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 9
Grievous Wound:	21	21
Skills:	Listen +9, Spot +9, Swim +14	Listen +9, Spot +10, Swim +14
Feats:	Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)	Blind-Fight, Combat Reflexes, Improved Natural Attack (bite), Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)
Challenge Rating:	10	11

Hydras are reptile-like monsters with multiple heads. A hydra is gray-brown to dark brown, with a light yellow or tan underbelly. The eyes are amber and the teeth are yellow-white. It is about 20 feet long and weighs about 4,000 pounds. Hydras do not speak.

Hydras can attack with all their heads at no penalty, even if they move or charge during the round.

A hydra can be killed either by severing all of its heads or by slaying its body. To sever a head, an opponent must make a successful Decapitate attempt. An opponent can strike at a hydra's heads from any position in which he could strike at the hydra itself, because the hydra's heads writhe and whip about in combat. An opponent can ready an action to attempt to decapitate a hydra's head when the creature bites at him. Each of a hydra's heads has hit points equal to the creature's full normal hit point total, divided by its original number of heads. Losing a head deals damage to the body equal to half the head's full normal hit points. A natural reflex seals the neck shut to prevent further blood loss. A hydra can no longer attack with a severed head but takes no other penalties.

Each time a head is severed, two new heads spring from the stump in 1d4 rounds. A hydra can never have more than twice its original number of heads at any one time, and any extra heads it gains beyond its original number

wither and die within a day. To prevent a severed head from growing back into two heads, at least 5 points of fire or acid damage must be dealt to the stump before the new heads appear. A burning divine weapon (or similar effect) deals its energy damage to the stump in the same blow in which a head is severed. Fire or acid damage from an area effect may burn multiple stumps in addition to dealing damage to the hydra's body. A hydra does not die from losing its heads until all its heads have been cut off and the stumps seared by fire or acid.

A hydra's body can be slain just like any other creatures, but hydras possess fast healing (see below) and are difficult to defeat in this fashion. Any attack that is not (or cannot be) an attempt to sunder a head affects the body.

Fast Healing: Each round, a hydra may heal a total amount of damage from its wounds equal to 10 + the number of its original heads.

Skills: Hydras have a +2 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks, thanks to their multiple heads.

A hydra has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. It can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. It can use the run action while swimming, provided it swims in a straight line.

Feats: A hydra's Combat Reflexes feat allows it to use all of its heads for attacks of opportunity.

LAMIA

	Large Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	9d10+9 (58 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	60 ft. (12 squares)
Active Defence:	+2 (Dex)
Armour Coverage/DR:	+10/10
Base Attack/Grapple:	+9/+17
Attack:	Touch +12 melee (1d4 Wisdom drain) or dagger +12 melee (1d6+4/19–20) or claw +12 melee (1d4+4)
Full Attack:	Touch +12 melee (1d4 Wisdom drain); or dagger +12/+7 melee (1d6+4/19–20) and 2 claws +7 melee (1d4+2)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Witchcraft, Wisdom drain
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +7
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 12
Grievous Wound:	15
Skills:	Bluff +14, Witchcraft +10, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Hide +11, Presence +3, Rhetoric +3, Spot +11
Feats:	Dodge, Iron Will, Mobility, Spring Attack
Deity:	Typhon
Challenge Rating:	6

The lamia has a female head and hair and a body like that of a leopard, covered in metallic scales. She lurks in lonely places and devours children; many Greek families scare their children into obedience by threatening them with stories of lamia who will come and eat them if they are not good. The original, Lamia herself, was once the lover of Zeus but like so many others was cursed by jealous Hera. Lamia is an immortal version of the above creature.

Lamia practice witchcraft but do so as a solitary pursuit. They never operate together with other members of their species. Their deity, Typhon, is simply the Egyptian God Set under his Greek name.

Wisdom Drain: A lamia drains 1d4 points of Wisdom each time it hits with its melee touch attack. **Skills:** Lamias have a +4 racial bonus on Bluff and Hide checks.

LAMMASU

	Large Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	7d10+21 (59 hp)
Initiative:	+1
Speed:	30 ft. (6 squares), fly 60 ft.(average)
Active Defence:	+1 (Dex)
Armour Coverage/DR:	+8/10
Base Attack/Grapple:	+7/+17
Attack:	Claw +12 melee (1d6+6)
Full Attack:	2 claws +12 melee (1d6+6)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Pounce, rake 1d6+3, miracles
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., aura of holiness, low-light vision, prayer for miracles
Saves:	Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +7
Abilities:	Str 23, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 14
Skills:	Concentration +13, Diplomacy +4, Listen +13, Prayer +13, Sense Motive +13, Spot +15
Feats:	Blind-Fight, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes
Deity:	Ashur
Challenge Rating:	7

The lammasu is an Assyrian creature, resembling a lion with eagle's wings and a man's bearded head. Many Assyrian monuments commemorate the lammasu, though they were believed to have been wiped out by the beginning of the first millennium BC. Lammasu were seen as protectors of law and order. They are steadfastly opposed to wicked spirits and protect those who are at risk from them.

The deity of the lammasu, Ashur, the principal deity of the Assyrians, is not detailed in this book. Assume that his game statistics are identical to those of Zeus.

Aura Of Holiness: A lammasu radiates a continuous aura that affects a 20-foot radius. Any wicked spirit or undead creature that attempts to enter this aura must make a Will saving throw (adding its own resistance to repulsion/disruption) against a DC of 10 plus the lammasu's hit dice plus its Charisma modifier, usually a total DC of 19. If the creature fails, it is held at bay as if the lammasu had successfully prayed against it. If it fails by more than 5, it is dispelled.

Pounce: If a lammasu charges a foe, it can make a full attack, including two rake attacks.

Rake: Attack bonus +12 melee, damage 1d6+3.

Skills: Lammasu have a +2 racial bonus on Spot checks.

MINION OF SET

	Large Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	4d10+11 (33 hp)
Initiative:	-1
Speed:	30 ft. in hide armor (6 squares); base speed 40 ft.
Active Defence:	-1 (Dex)
Shield Defence:	+1
Armour/Shield:	Hide armour
Base Attack/Grapple:	+3/+12
Attack:	Greatclub +8 melee (2d8+7) or javelin +1 ranged (1d8+5)
Full Attack:	Greatclub +8 melee (2d8+7) or javelin +1 ranged (1d8+5)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./10 ft.
Special Attacks:	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +1
Abilities:	Str 21, Dex 8, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 7
Grievous Wound:	18
Skills:	Climb +5, Listen +2, Spot +2
Feats:	Toughness, Weapon Focus (greatclub)
Deity:	Set
Challenge Rating:	3

Minions of Set are hulking humanoids with sandy red hair and jutting jaws. Some specimens have tusks, like those of wild boars. It is not known whether they are a degenerate human species or some form of minor incarnate demon. They love nothing more than smashing things up with their huge clubs. They live for vandalism, chaos and gluttony. Their natural habitat is out in the wild, where they ambush travellers and eat them. When a temple to Set is established, Set himself will often send dreams to a pack of minions, so that they will go and serve as temple guards.



PEGASUS

	Large Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	4d10+12 (34 hp)
Initiative:	+2
Speed:	60 ft. (12 squares), fly 120 ft. (average)
Active Defence:	+4 (+2 Dex, +2 evasive)
Base Attack/Grapple:	+4/+12
Attack:	Hoof +7 melee (1d6+4)
Full Attack:	2 hooves +7 melee (1d6+4) and bite +2 melee (1d3+2)
Space/Reach:	10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	—
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent,
Saves:	Fort +7, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities:	Str 18, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 13
Skills:	Listen +8, Presence +3, Sense Motive +9, Spot +8
Feats:	Flyby Attack, Iron Will
Deity:	Zeus
Challenge Rating:	3

Pegasi are born from the spilled blood of the Gorgons. In the myths, there was but one, who emerged when Medusa's head was severed by Perseus. In Ancients, it is assumed that the Gorgons have been wounded before and that other winged horses have resulted.

A typical pegasus stands 6 feet high at the shoulder, weighs 1,500 pounds, and has a wingspan of 20 feet. Pegasi cannot speak, but they understand Greek.

Skills: Pegasi have a +4 racial bonus on Listen and Spot checks.

Training A Pegasus: Although intelligent, a pegasus requires training before it can bear a rider in combat. To be trained, a pegasus must have a friendly attitude toward the trainer. This can be achieved through a successful Rhetoric check. Training a friendly pegasus requires six weeks of work and a DC 25 Handle Animal check. A pegasus can fight while carrying a rider, but the rider cannot also attack unless he or she succeeds on a Ride check.

Carrying Capacity: A light load for a pegasus is up to 300 pounds; a medium load, 301–600 pounds; and a heavy load, 601–900 pounds.

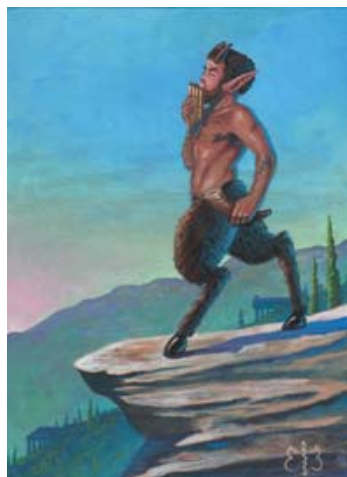
SATYR

	Medium Fey
Hit Dice:	5d6+5 (22 hp)
Initiative:	+1
Speed:	40 ft. (8 squares)
Active Defence:	+3 (+1Dex, +2 evasive)
Armour Coverage/DR:	+10/3
Base Attack/Grapple:	+2/+2
Attack:	Head butt +2 melee (1d6) or self bow +3 ranged (1d8/x3)
Full Attack:	Head butt +2 melee (1d6) and dagger -3 melee (1d4/19-20); or self bow +3 ranged (1d8/x3)
Space/Reach:	5 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks:	Pipes
Special Qualities:	Low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +5
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 13
Grievous Wound:	11
Skills:	Bluff +9, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Hide +13, Knowledge (nature) +9, Listen +15, Move Silently +13, Perform (wind instruments) +9, Presence +3, Rhetoric +3, Spot +15, Survival +1 (+3 above ground)
Feats:	Alertness, Dodge, Mobility
Deity:	Dionysus and Pan
Challenge Rating:	2 (without pipes) or 4 (with pipes)

Satyrs resemble humans (the males are often bearded) with the horns and hooves of goats. A satyr's hair is red or chestnut brown, while its hooves and horns are jet black. A satyr is about as tall and heavy as a Greek youth of fifteen. They are playful and boisterous but have no sense of restraint and can become violent and rapacious very

easily, especially when drunk. As well as the youthful Dionysus, they worship the God Pan, the God of nature and the flocks.

The keen senses of a satyr make it almost impossible to surprise one in the wild. Conversely, with their own natural grace and agility, satyrs can sneak up on travellers who are not carefully



watching the surrounding wilderness. Once engaged in battle, an unarmed satyr attacks with a powerful head butt. A satyr expecting trouble is likely to be armed with a bow and a dagger and typically looses arrows from hiding, weakening an enemy before closing.

Pipes: Satyrs can play a variety of magical tunes on their panpipes. Usually, only one satyr in a group carries pipes. When it plays, all creatures within a 60-foot spread (except satyrs) must succeed on a DC 13 Will save or be affected by an *enchant other*, *slumber* or *induce fear* magical effect; the satyr chooses the tune and its effect. In the hands of other beings, these pipes have no special powers. A creature that successfully saves against any of the pipe's effects cannot be affected by the same set of pipes for 24 hours. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Skills: Satyrs have a +4 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, Move Silently, Perform and Spot checks.

Feats: Satyrs receive Alertness as a bonus feat.

STYMPHALIAN BIRD

	Tiny Mythical Beast
Hit Dice:	1d10 (5 hp)
Initiative:	+4
Speed:	10 ft (2 squares), fly 40 ft. (average)
Active Defence:	+4 (Dex)
Base Attack:	+1/+1
Attack:	Bite +7 melee (1d6) or feather +7 ranged (1d6)
Full Attack:	Bite +7 melee (1d6) or 2 feathers +7 ranged (1d6)
Space/Reach:	2-1/2 ft./0 ft.
Special Qualities:	Darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision
Saves:	Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +1
Abilities:	Str 10, Dex 19, Con 10, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 6
Skills:	Hide +14, Listen +4, Spot +4
Feats:	Alertness, Weapon Finesse
Challenge Rating:	1

These birds have beaks and claws made of brass and a taste for human flesh. They can shoot their feathers as if they were arrows. They infest marshland and prey on passing travellers. One of the labours of Heracles was to destroy an infestation of these creatures.

The range increment for a Stymphalian bird's feather is 10 feet.

Feats: Stymphalian birds receive Weapon Finesse as a bonus feat.



HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The Inspiration for the D&D Game, its Creation, GenCon's Founding, How TSR came into Being, and its Early Days

BY GARY GYGAX

Variety Is The Spice...

All of this personal detail is supplied so as to assist the reader in getting into my mindset, that being what brought about the various developments noted. A combination of reading and action were instrumental in forming that mindset and the reading was the basis for it. There were plenty of books at home, most of which were not mine.

In the long living room was the library table with an 1890 *Webster's Unexpurgated Dictionary* and an assortment of magazines: *Bluebook*, *Life*, *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post*, in which I read my first 'Horatio Hornblower' novel. Nearby, against either wall, were Grandfather's bookcases filled with mainly classic series and reference books. There was a mix of history, orations, poetry and nature books, along with the excellent Eleventh Edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, the Oxford University edition of the *Complete Works of Shakespeare*, sets of Balzac, Emerson, Poe, Twain and more. Beside several P.G. Wodehouse novels stood a couple of recently acquired

volumes of Churchill's history of the Second World War.

At the far end of the room, near the upright piano, was a lawyer's bookcase. This bookcase, as well as a similar one in the attic, contained a marvellous miscellany of songbooks, hymnals, World War One field manuals and novels such as *Topper*, *Topper Takes a Trip* and *Anthony Adverse*. These repositories mainly contained books left by my two maternal uncles, various cousins, my mother and my older sister and brother. They ranged from *The Mercer Boys at Woodcrest* and *Tom Swift and the Giant Cannon* through *Jerry Todd and the Waltzing Hen* and *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar* to the *Life of Brigadier General George Armstrong Custer*. The fanciful Western tale was not neglected and I read *Kit Carson and the Golden Canyon* with much enthusiasm. My greatest treasure from these works was the *Boys' Own Book* (1890 edition) from whence I derived the boards and rules for 'Double Chess' and 'Circular Chess' and a lasting love for variants of the game of chess.

After reading about a great conqueror such as Hannibal in one

of grandfather's books, I might retire for the night to delve into one of the adventure books mentioned above or enjoy some light comic book reading. In my bedroom were many a book and stacks of comics ranging from *Airboy* and *Planet* through every title published by EC. When I hit the age of thirteen, fantasy and SF magazines and books displaced the comics. The comic books were stored with loving care into a huge cardboard carton in the attic. Later, when my nephews Jeff and Steve Davis were reading them, my sister took it upon herself to destroy the lot, including *Mad Comics* number one and many like first issues, comics from the early 1940s. Somehow I managed to wedge into my small bedchamber a five-tier lawyer's bookcase for pulps, a drop-front desk with a side bookcase for hard- and soft cover books and a big armchair. Finding a place for my radio was not easy!

As much as I hate to mention it, there were also some books in the upstairs bathroom that I recall reading with considerable pleasure. These included *Tim Tyler in the Jungle*, a pop-up book I read at about age 9 that featured black panthers fighting bull gorillas,

The Specialist, an hilarious story about a carpenter who built only outhouses and Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Cave Girl*—thrilling reading for a 10-year old!

With inspiration from so many written works, radio dramas and motion pictures too, it was no wonder that I found little on the new television set to interest me, aside from *Victory at Sea* and wrestling. Do not laugh, I was just a boy and prized my autographs from Verne Gagne, Waldek Kawalski, Leon Hart and others gained from the locker room at Marigold gardens in Chicago.

The books at my house were most influential in forming my mind set, which was one of nonconformity and love of adventure but the house itself introduced me to some pretty exciting times. The two most outstanding incidents will be the subject of the next instalments of this autobiographical account of my contributions to the hobby of gaming.

Ghostly Happenings

My bedroom was the first on the left when one ascended to the first floor of 925 Dodge Street. The hall was an L-shaped one and opposite my door a pace further on was another bedroom door. Just past that door was another door on an angle. Both of these led to the summer bedrooms at the south front of the house. Then, heading north along the narrow corridor, one passed on the right a bedroom door, the linen closet door and the attic door, all in close proximity. When the attic door was opened, it closed off the hallway as if meant to do so. Across from the attic door was yet another bedroom door. Beyond these were the door to the north bedroom (that of my grandparents), the bathroom door to the left at the end of the passage and the door leading out to the rear

balcony. Travelling down that long hallway at night was something of a test of courage, as you will soon understand.

The summer I turned nine years of age my parents decided to take a train trip to San Diego. Father planned to buy land in La Jolla where he would eventually retire. Believing summer was wasted in such travel, I convinced my parents to have the Dimery family stay at out place. This would be a mini-vacation for them, and great fun both for me and for their son David, who I mentioned previously as my oldest friend. His family and mine had been next-door neighbours in Chicago. It was a great couple of weeks, with only one mishap when Dave and I got sunstroke from fishing too long in the noonday sun without hats on our heads. This made for a very strange exception to the fun.

David shared my room, getting the much-favoured upper bunk. As usual for young boys, we talked and horse-played far past the time we were to be asleep and when his parents retired at midnight our racket was heard. David was taken to the bedroom across the hall in no uncertain terms and I was ordered to be silent and go to sleep. Alone, I was in the process of doing as ordered, when about ten minutes later there was a house-shaking crash in the attic above. This frightening noise was followed by a series of thumping noises as if some very tall and heavy person was striding from the south front of the place, where the initial crash came from, to the north rear of the attic. There were seven such pounding sounds. I was cowering in bed counting them and I recall doing so clearly, to this day, over 50 years later.

Mrs. Dimery came rushing into my room to see if I was somehow

responsible for the terrible commotion, while Mr. Dimery checked on David. Jean found me huddled under my sheet. David was sound asleep and Mr. Dimery had to awaken him. The four of us then went up the hall to the attic door, Mr. Dimery armed with a baseball bat from my bedroom.

He alone had the courage to go up the stairs and look around. No one was to be seen, so he locked the door, and we all went back to bed. It took me a long time to fall asleep, with every creak that the old frame Dutch colonial made sounding threatening.

Next morning we all went forth, unlocked the door, ascended into the attic and searched it thoroughly. All window screens were locked, nothing was disturbed or broken and there was no trace of any animal. Later I came to understand that it was a prime case of the poltergeist phenomenon. It goes without saying that I was uneasy about passing the attic door at night. The sounds coming from up there as I was going to sleep did not help.

Although there were occasional strange sounds heard from the attic and I had dreams about something up there that did not want me making a clubhouse of the place, I sucked it up and was not frightened out of such a great place for boyhood fun. The second unusual incident, which was a truly paranormal one, occurred on the ground floor, as you will read in the next instalment.

Nice to see that even the greats of the industry have oddball existences, isn't it?

More from the Great One next month!



It's Going To Blow, Fearless Leader!

A Revised R&D Gadget Malfunctions Table for PARANOIA XP

Humza Kazmi

Jorg-R-WEL hefted the R&D device nervously, observing the controls.

'Are you sure that this will work?' he anxiously asked the R&D designer.

'Belief is Mandatory, citizen. Don't worry, the ILCN-150 is perfectly ready. It can't go wrong. Here, let me show yo-OOOPS!'

The developer slipped, crashing into Jorg. The Troubleshooter uttered a short cry as the ILCN-150 ascribed a perfect arc, crashing into the floor and breaking apart, its parts skittering on the polished RED-clearance floor.

As Jorg and the designer scrambled for the parts, Terr-Y-GLM, Jorg's team leader, appeared in the door. 'Hurry up! Delay is treasonous!'

Jorg stared helplessly at the ILCN-150, now with a spring protruding from its muzzle and a small red LED flashing sporadically.

This revised R&D gadget malfunctions table is designed to keep the gadget/weapons usable for the entire mission whenever possible, so that the players don't feel like they were gyped. Er...that is, if the players don't consider having a [Hyperdisintegrator-that-paints-their-surroundings-a-higher-clearance-than-they-are-each-time-it-fires] getting gyped.

Roll a d20. Please Note: The R&D Gadget/Weapon is hereby referred to as GW.

Normal Table

- 1:** GW whirrs, beeps, and emits smoke. Unusable for five minutes real time.
- 2:** GW has power failure. Troubleshooter using GW is SNAFU'd, GW unusable five minutes.
- 3:** GW operates normally, for now. Five minutes later,

real-time...reroll on this table. **DO NOT IGNORE THIS RESULT IF IT COMES UP AGAIN.**

- 4:** Little red light flashes ominously on GW. The label: 'SM9-A4n.' I don't know what it means either, but neither will the Troubleshooters.
- 5:** The entire object collapses into dozens (or hundreds) of component parts. Especially funny for vehicles
- 6:** The GW seems to have attained a limited degree of sentience. And what's this? It's got a personality!
- 7:** At will for the remainder of the scene, roll a d20. On 15+, the device activates on its own.
- 8:** Due to a random power surge in the Heisenberg compensators, the Ramistat mainframe must interface with the Bussard ramscoop-AARRGGH! It's Star Trek technobabble! GW just doesn't work for an indefinite (read: until funny) moment.
- 9:** It's leaking something. You decide what it's leaking and its effects.
- 10:** Kablooiie! GW explodes, injuring Troubleshooter and SNAFU'ing all within 5' range. Or just use the grenade stats.

- 11:** Feedback in the GW's causes earsplitting audial feedback, like nails on a blackboard through a loudspeaker. Clones three kilometers away wince; anyone nearby is affected as if by an area Mental Blast.
- 12:** The object hums and vibrates impressively for about a turn. Or two. It builds in pitch; lights blink, everybody stops to stare, and then... roll again.
- 13:** Works great. Keeps right on working. Won't STOP working, in fact.
- 14:** A little gear or something falls off and bounces away with a series of 'pings'. It'll be REAL hard to find, and where did it come from anyway? Item works right this time, but backfires next time. After that? Roll again, High Programmer.
- 15:** Fishboteye security camera has been installed in the GW. It will pick up the user AND what they're using the device for.
- 16:** A vital piece, like the trigger, handle, or steering wheel, falls off in the user's hand. If you're feeling charitable, let them make a HARDWARE check to see if they can fix it with luck, skill, and RED-clearance duct tape. But while they're doing that...roll again. You sneaky GM.
- 17:** Escalate to EXXXTRA FUNKY TABLE!
- 18-19:** Reroll.
- 20:** Roll once again here, and once on EXXXTRA FUNKY TABLE!

Exxxtra Funky Table

- 1-2:** The voice of an onboard Bot, which nobody has ever heard before and will never hear again, calmly says 'your door is ajar' or 'please do not push that button again' or sings Muzak or something. Roll again, on either table, if you like.
(N.B. For ideal intonation and inflection, please see the Pellerator from the computer game Starship Titanic)
- 3-4:** GW was sabotaged by a Secret Society or rival Service Firm (pick or roll one). Maybe the weapon now only fires at clones wearing Tech Services coveralls, or a hidden speaker starts shouting Propaganda at HIGH VOLUME.
- 5-6:** GW fires an EMP which screws up all nearby electronics. You define 'screws up' and 'nearby'... Will not operate for remainder of mission. NOTE: High-clearance warbots, combots, guardbots, and (of course!) Friend Computer are all secured against EMPs.
- 7-8:** GW works correctly for first three uses. After this, it will keep working, but will NEGATE gravity in a 5' radius for the next use (read: Zero-g field). After this one, it REVERSES gravity.

- 9-10:** GW needs adjustment. Fires slightly to the right of target, or has touchy brakes. Adjust future Skill rolls by +4 penalty until it's successfully fiddled with. (Note: if the user takes a Narrow Specialty in the use of this particular item, that modifier is cancelled for that clone. Useful!)
- 11-12:** GW squirts sticky BLUE-clearance fluid on the user every time it works.
- 13-14:** GW works ENTIRELY TOO WELL. Jet Car? Oh, you mean that RED-clearance splutch on the wall. Incinerator Gun? Golly gee, Friend Computer, I DIDN'T mean to burn down the entire sector with a single shot.
- 15-16:** GW works perfectly, but aimed at the user instead. (If the user intended to target himself, then it affects the nearest target ... or the least advantageous one.) Vehicles travel in the opposite direction. Or take off without the driver.
- 17-18:** You seem to have been issued the incorrect device. This will alter the clearance of whatever it's activated on. Roll 1d20. 1-5: 2 clearances down. 6-10: 1 clearance down. 11-15: 1 clearance up. 16-20: 2 clearances up. If this is not appropriate, reroll.
- 19-20:** Reroll.

(Footnotes)

- ¹ It is an R&D Device. At your option, give it the personality of one of these famous 'Bots:
- Marvin (from the Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy). 'I suppose I should let you know that I'm feeling VERY depressed.'
 - C-3PO (from the Star Wars Trilogy). 'The odds of this succeeding are 35,721 to 1 against.'
 - The Disorganizer (from Terry Pratchett's Discworld). 'Bingley-bingley-beep! How can I help you?'
 - Any 'bot equipped with Asimov's original 3 Laws (not the ones regarding Friend Computer).
 - Any 'bot equipped with Asimov's 4 Laws (i.e. a 'bot with Humanist/Romantic tendencies, trying to save humanity)
 - One of the 'bots from the computer game Starship Titanic.

Beat to Quarters!

Earth Alliance Ship Variants for A Call To Arms

Matthew Sprange

Throughout the history of the Earth Alliance, necessity has always been the Mother of invention. Where a strategic or tactical hole appears within the EarthForce fleet, engineers, technicians and warship architects have been ready to step forward and use their ingenuity to ensure Earth remains one step ahead of its enemies.

It is not always possible to design a completely new class of warship to resolve a military problem and so existing ships are often refitted to fulfil specific roles within a fleet group. If these new revisions prove successful, they may spawn many new vessels built in a similar manner, with hulls being converted even as they near completion in spacedocks. The greatest variants become permanent features of the fleet, less common than the original class of ship but valued by EarthForce officers wherever they appear.

In this article, we take a look at some of the more common variants of the Omega and Hyperion classes. Earth Alliance Admirals should note, however, that 'variant' does not always mean 'better'. The ships available in A Call to Arms are the very latest designs for their class - some of the variants presented here predate the latest design by decades, in some cases. However, nor should these variants be simply dismissed - they will allow you to field Hyperions as a Skirmish level ship, for example, and you may also find just the vessel you are looking for when trying to figure out how to defeat a certain opponent during a certain scenario.

As with all tools, it is how you use them that counts. . .

Earth Alliance Variants

The following are additions to the fleet list for the Earth Alliance.

Priority Level: Skirmish

Hyperion-class assault cruiser
Hyperion-class rail cruiser
Hyperion-class missile cruiser

Priority Level: Raid

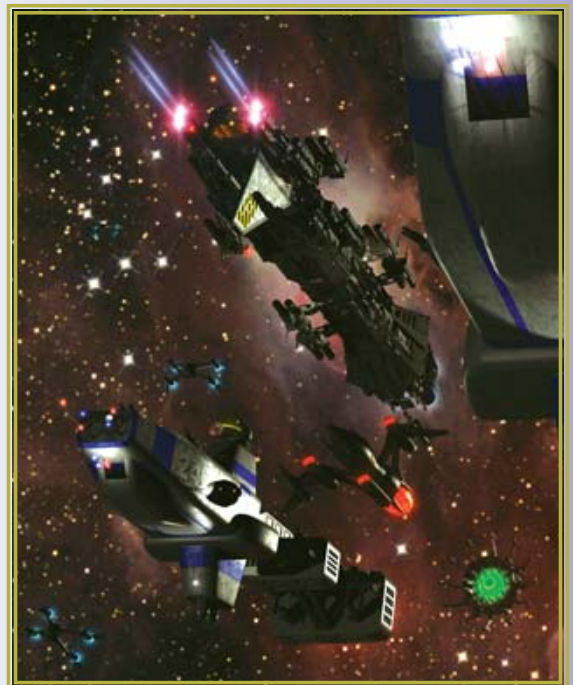
Hyperion-class pulse cruiser

Priority Level: Battle

Omega-class pulse destroyer
Hyperion-class command cruiser

Priority Level: War

Omega-class command destroyer



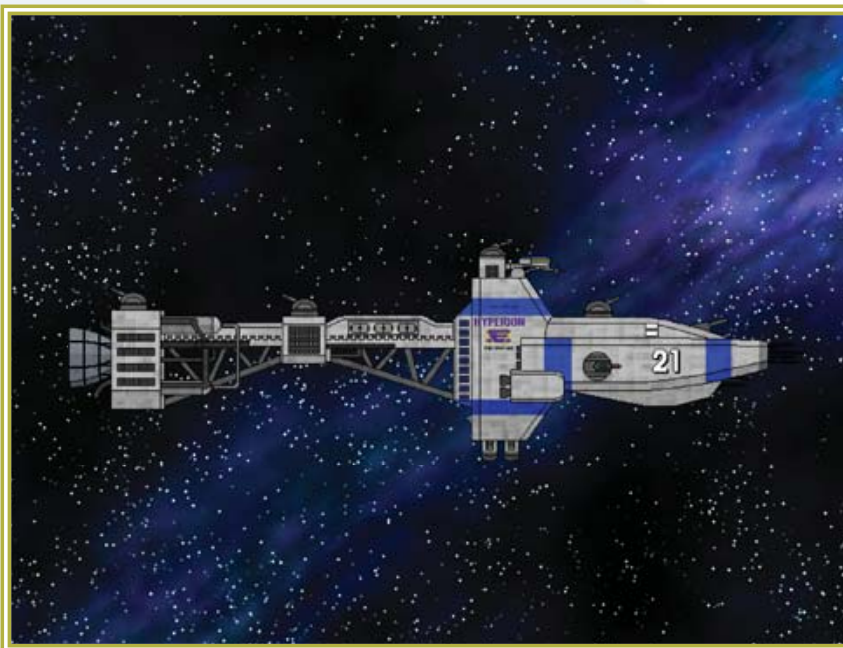
HYPERION-CLASS ASSAULT CRUISER

SKIRMISH

Speed: 8	Crew: 25/6
Turns: 2/45°	In Service: 2230 +
Hull: 5	Craft: None
Damage: 20/5	Special Rules: Interceptors 2, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	F	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	P	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	S	6	
Medium Plasma Cannon	8	F	6	AP, Twin Linked

Despite production of the assault cruiser being formally ended in the early 2250's, many examples of this variant are still in use within EarthForce in the 2260's. Missing the heavy lasers of the current class, the assault cruiser was designed to break through defensive formations and deliver ground troops to enemy-held worlds. In space combat, it rarely acts as a ship of the line, though its upgraded plasma cannon does give it the ability to overwhelm low-grade interceptors at short range without the need for supporting vessels. Few Captains are willing to give up the power of the heavy lasers present in later ships and so the assault cruiser is often relegated to smaller actions or supporting larger and better equipped ships.



Length:	1025.39 metres
Mass:	8.4E6 metric tons
Crew:	372
Gravity:	None
Maiden Voyage:	EAS Norfolk June 30, 2230

HYPERION-CLASS COMMAND CRUISER

BATTLE

Speed: 8	Crew: 25/6
Turns: 2/45°	In Service: 2246 +
Hull: 5	Craft: 1 Starfury Flight
Damage: 20/5	Special Rules: Command + 1*, Interceptors 2, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	F	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	P	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	S	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	A	6	
Heavy Laser Cannon	25	B	2	Beam, Double Damage, Super AP
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	B	8	Twin-Linked
Particle Beams	5	T	4	AF, Weak

When first launched, the command cruiser was the most advanced vessel in the EarthForce fleet and the first Hyperion to mount heavy lasers as a standard fitting. With upgraded boresighted heavy pulse cannon, this variant can provide a strong punch for a vessel of its size though it can rarely go toe-to-toe with larger frontline ships. Its main benefit is the superior sensor and communication network installed on the bridge, allowing it to monitor fleet actions and provide a Commodore with the ability to effectively command all allied ships. In this role, it has steadily been replaced by the Omega command destroyer but in small battles it is still a valued ship.

**Length:**

1025.39 metres

Mass:

8.4E6 metric tons

Crew:

387

Gravity:

None

Maiden Voyage:

EAS Luetitia October 28, 2245

* So long as the Command Cruiser is on the table and not Crippled or reduced to a Skeleton Crew, the Earth Alliance player gains an extra +1 bonus to his Initiative rolls. This is not cumulative and may not be added to the bonus granted by other Command ships.

HYPERION-CLASS MISSILE CRUISER

SKIRMISH

Speed: 8	Crew: 25/6
Turns: 2/45°	In Service: 2217-2230
Hull: 5	Craft: 1 Starfury Flight
Damage: 20/5	Special Rules: Interceptors 2, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Missile Racks	20	F	3	Precise, Slow-Loading, Super AP
Missile Racks	20	A	1	Precise, Slow-Loading, Super AP
Missile Racks	20	P	1	Precise, Slow-Loading, Super AP
Missile Racks	20	S	2	Precise, Slow-Loading, Super AP
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	F	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	P	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	S	6	
Particle Beams	5	T	2	AF, Weak

With the first vessel launched near the end of the Dilgar War, the missile cruiser was destined to be quickly out-moded by the Sagittarius which, as a long-ranged bombardment vessel, was superior in every respect. The missile cruiser suffered from limited space for missile racks and could only use smaller and lighter warheads without the need for massive and expensive refitting, which greatly limited the range of its attacks. As enemies closed range, it was forced to rely on pulse cannon and even particle beams, never the Hyperion's strongest area of defence. By the end of 2230, all remaining missile cruisers were either scrapped or converted into more current variants.



Length:	1025.39 metres
Mass:	8.4E6 metric tons
Crew:	345
Gravity:	None
Maiden Voyage:	EAS London November 5, 2216

HYPERION-CLASS PULSE CRUISER**RAID**

Speed:	8	Crew:	25/6
Turns:	2/45°	In Service:	2240 +
Hull:	5	Craft:	1 Starfury Flight
Damage:	20/5	Special Rules:	Interceptors 2, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	F	8	Twin-Linked
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	A	8	Twin-Linked
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	F	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	P	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	S	6	
Particle Beams	5	T	4	AF, Weak
Medium Plasma Cannon	8	F	4	AP, Twin-Linked

Though never constructed in particularly high numbers and lacking the heavy punch of laser systems, the pulse cruiser is an admirable variant of the Hyperion that has the potential to outshoot even an Omega destroyer with its forward facing pulse weapons. Utterly reliable and without extensive heavy lasers to maintain, the pulse cruiser can theoretically remain on duty for many months at a time though its lack of artificial gravity makes regular shore leave for the crew a necessity. In battle, it is a notably short-ranged attack cruiser though there are few ships in its class that can repel the firepower it delivers once in a position of advantage.

**Length:**

1025.39 metres

Mass:

8.4E6 metric tons

Crew:

337

Gravity:

None

Maiden Voyage:

EAS Corax February 22, 2240

HYPERION-CLASS RAIL CRUISER

RAID

Speed: 8	Crew: 25/6
Turns: 2/45°	In Service: 2246 +
Hull: 5	Craft: 1 Starfury Flight
Damage: 20/5	Special Rules: Interceptors 2, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Railguns	12	F	4	AP, Double Damage
Railguns	12	A	2	AP, Double Damage
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	P	6	
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	S	6	
Particle Beams	5	T	4	AF, Weak

No more than a few test hulls were ever built of this variant, designed as it was to replace the Artemis. In this, it was regarded as a failure, as it provided few benefits over the older ship but was vastly more expensive to produce. Within combat, it was often expected to perform as any other Hyperion but with an effective weapons downgrade, the rail cruiser could never keep pace with its peers. It remains an interesting and even versatile design but one that few Captains relish taking command of.



Length:	1025.39 metres
Mass:	8.4E6 metric tons
Crew:	356
Gravity:	None
Maiden Voyage:	EAS Leeds January 9, 2246

OMEGA-CLASS COMMAND DESTROYER

WAR

Speed: 7	Crew: 60/14
Turns: 1/45°	In Service: 2259 +
Hull: 6	Craft: 4 Starfury Flights
Damage: 40/10	Special Rules: Command + 2*, Interceptors 3, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Heavy Laser Cannon	30	B	4	Beam, Super AP, Double Damage
Heavy Laser Cannon	30	B(a)	2	Beam, Super AP, Double Damage
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	F	12	Twin-Linked
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	A	6	Twin-Linked
Particle Beams	8	P	8	Anti-Fighter
Particle Beams	8	S	8	Anti-Fighter

Commonly viewed as the most effective warship in the EarthForce's arsenal, the command destroyer has in fact been plagued by design and maintenance problems throughout its life, requiring constant refits and upgrades to keep it serviceable. Battle-worthy examples are therefore rare but, when they make an appearance, they usually make a good impression. The strength of the forward heavy lasers have been doubled over the standard destroyer, due to refinements in energy allocation and power delivery systems. The heavy pulse cannon have also been upgrade, along with the rear facing weaponry, making this a tough ship to engage for any prolonged period of time.

**Length:**

1714.3 metres

Mass:

3.2E7 metric tons

Crew:

387

Gravity:

Simulated

Maiden Voyage:

EAS Heracles February 12, 2259

* So long as the Command Destroyer is on the table and not Crippled or reduced to a Skeleton Crew, the Earth Alliance player gains an extra +2 bonus to his Initiative rolls. This is not cumulative and may not be added to the bonus granted by other Command ships.

OMEGA-CLASS PULSE DESTROYER

BATTLE

Speed: 7	Crew: 60/14
Turns: 1/45°	In Service: 2259 +
Hull: 6	Craft: 4 Starfury Flights
Damage: 40/10	Special Rules: Interceptors 3, Jump Point

Weapon	Range	Arc	AD	Special
Heavy Pulse Cannon	12	F	16	Twin-Linked
Medium Pulse Cannon	10	A	12	Twin-Linked
Particle Beams	8	P	8	Anti-Fighter
Particle Beams	8	S	8	Anti-Fighter

Commonly viewed as the most effective warship in the EarthForce’s arsenal, the command destroyer has in fact been plagued by design and maintenance problems throughout its life, requiring constant refits and upgrades to keep it serviceable. Battle-worthy examples are therefore rare but, when they make an appearance, they usually make a good impression. The strength of the forward heavy lasers have been doubled over the standard destroyer, due to refinements in energy allocation and power delivery systems. The heavy pulse cannon have also been upgrade, along with the rear facing weaponry, making this a tough ship to engage for any prolonged period of time.

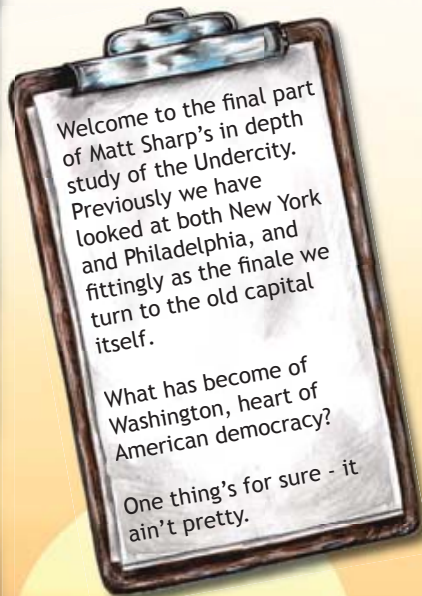


Length:	1714.3 metres
Mass:	3.2E7 metric tons
Crew:	342
Gravity:	Simulated
Maiden Voyage:	EAS Furies October 11, 2254

The
JUDGE DREDD
Roleplaying Game

The Geography of the Undercity *part 4*

Washington



Located below the extreme southern end of Mega-City One is the Undercity once known as Washington DC, the former capital of the United States. Washington was one of the last of the surviving Undercities to come into existence. Until he was deposed in 2070, President Booth successfully resisted the integration of 'his' capital into the rapidly expanding Mega-City, effectively blocking the gigantic metropolis from expanding further south. Following his removal from power after the Atom War, the need for fresh housing became even more pressing, so Chief Judge Fargo wasted no time in authorising the entombment of the city. After all, there was not enough left of the United States to warrant a capital.

Remembering what had befallen the residents of New York City when it was buried, far fewer Washington citizens elected to remain in their old homes. Washington was once completely surrounded by rockcrete but when the entire southern end of the City was annihilated during the Apocalypse War, Washington unexpectedly found itself on the border with the Cursed Earth. Although still sealed off from the outside world, anyone tunnelling south would find himself in the radiation-saturated jumble of destroyed city blocks just outside Mega-City One's southern borders. This means that Washington has a large population of mutants, Cursed Earth refugees who attempted to enter the City from below, only to end up trapped in the dark, escape-proof world of the Undercity.

Far less care was taken when burying Washington. The Judges were unconcerned with preserving the city and many famous and historic

Going @awa



buildings were destroyed. The great dome that covers the city is also far smaller than its New York counterpart. It reaches a little over one hundred and fifty feet in height. Any building taller than this has its top few floors sliced off by the massive rockcrete edifice.

Territories

Arlington: Before the burial of the city, Arlington held Washington's business centre and the mighty

Underground



Matt Sharp

Pentagon building, the administrative headquarters of the United States. The Arlington of today has a reputation as a nightmarish place to visit. During the Zombie War, the deceased occupants of the great Arlington National Cemetery rose from their resting places to wreak havoc upon the living, just as happened all over the world. For some unknown reason, the Arlington zombies remained animated after Sabbat the Necromagus was defeated. A few retained the memories they had possessed in life and formed into their own tribe but most remain mindless, shuffling creatures that hunger to destroy the living. The Arlington zombies remain a major threat to any visitors.

Capitol Hill: Across the stagnant Potomac River from Arlington lies one of Washington's most historic districts. Capitol Hill was once the centre of the United States government. It holds the remains of the United States Capitol Building, the crumbling edifice that was once the Supreme Court and the burnt-out ruin of the massive Library of Congress. Capitol Hill's most dominant inhabitants are a tribe of troggies notorious for their aggression, the Drummer tribe.

Federal Triangle: The area known as the Federal Triangle occupies the northern end of the city. It once held many of the United States key federal buildings and law enforcement headquarters including the department of justice, the Hoover building and the FBI building. The famous lawmen that once occupied the area would surely shudder to see the lawlessness prevalent in the area today. The Triangle was also adjacent to the city's downtown area and still holds the majority of the human and troggie population.

National Mall: Found in the centre of the city, the National Mall is a two and a half mile stretch of parkland that extends from the Potomac River to the Capitol Building on Capitol Hill. Once a tourist trap, the park held dozens of museums, statues

and monuments recalling the history of the United States, as well as the magnificent White House, the official home of the President.

When the judges impeached President Booth, the National Mall was the scene of a terrible battle between the forces of the Justice Department, supported by the US Army and Booth's Elite Presidential Iron Guard, a legion of his fiercest mek-troopers. The brutal close-quarter fighting left most of the once beautiful park blasted and ruined. The National Mall now holds many types of edible fungus and is mainly occupied by huge albino boars and their herders.

Landmarks

Arlington Memorial Bridge: The great Arlington Memorial Bridge



once linked the district of Arlington to the centre of Washington DC. Unlike the nearly every other large body of water found in the Undercity, the Potomac River is not clogged with lethal pollutants. This is due to President Booth's increasingly erratic sense of priorities. He was more than happy to eliminate all the pollution control laws in the rest of America but was not prepared for his own hometown to be affected. Consequently, Washington was the only part of the United States that retained anti-pollution and clean air laws.

Cut off from weather and tides when the city was buried, the motionless river swiftly became stale and septic. The once clean waters eventually became murky and stagnant; even the cleanest water in the Undercity seems fated to become part of the Big Smelly. The Arlington Memorial Bridge was unfortunately adjacent to the great Arlington National Cemetery. Under threat from the legions of rampaging undead, a Hawgman tribe blew the structure apart to prevent the zombies from crossing the river.

Arlington National Cemetery:

Intended to be the final resting place for some 250,000 Americans who died in the service of their country, the Arlington National Cemetery was once the largest burial place found in the United States. Occupying a massive 600-acre area, the formerly regimented and well cared for rows of graves have long since fallen into disarray. The marble headstones were found to make an ideal building material and hundreds were looted to make improvised shantytowns across the river. The cemetery itself was used to raise hawgs, as the fertile

ground proved ideal for cultivating the edible fungus that the creatures thrive on.

When Sabbat the Necromagus raised all the dead of the world to act as an unstoppable army against the living in 2114, the residents of the great



cemetery tore their way out of the ground, hungering for the flesh of the living. The Washington tribes found themselves facing overwhelming opposition. Thousands died in combat with the monsters before Sabbat was defeated at the hands of Judge Dredd and time-travelling mutant bounty hunter, Johnny Alpha. For some unknown reason, many of the Arlington zombies remained animated. Some regained vague memories of their former lives and established a home in the cemetery, using their own headstones to build a settlement. This Necropolis remains, the home of the Tribe of the Dead. Understandably, few are prepared to visit.

The Pentagon: The former headquarters of the United States Department of Defence, the Pentagon is a massive, five-winged building found in Arlington. Still relatively intact after all these years, the Pentagon has been converted into a fortress by the Ennar Assok, a fiercely defensive and isolationist tribe.

Always secretive and reclusive, the Ennar completely sealed their borders following the Zombie War, their paranoia apparently justified after the undead began to besiege the building.

The Pentagon is rumoured to hold the largest surviving collection of small arms and ammunition to remain in the Undercity, stockpiled by the ancestors of the Ennar, as they 'possessed a Grud given duty to bear arms.' The Pentagon building is completely sealed, all doorways and entrances blocked off or walled up. No one is allowed in, but then again, no one is allowed out either. Fortunately, the huge courtyard located in the centre of the five wings has been adapted into a fungus farm that allows the Ennar almost complete self-sufficiency.

The Supreme Court: The faux Grecian façade of the Supreme Court building has long since fallen into ruin, the once beautiful Corinthian columns lying broken before the gutted structure that formerly held the ultimate judiciary body that maintained the Constitution and law of the United States. Above the main entrance, the words 'Equal justice under law' can still be discerned.

Until recently, the building still acted as a place of justice. Many Judges who had decided to take the Long Walk made their home here, converting the structure into an improvised Sector House. Unfortunately, the Judges were wiped out and the building was almost completely destroyed in the autumn of 2124, when a mutant named Mr Bone began arming the local troggie tribes in a plot to destroy the Mega-City from below. The court was left bullet-riddled and blasted, no longer safe to inhabit.

The White House: The White House was the official home of the President of the United States for over 250 years, the great domed mansion playing host to dozens of distinguished and notorious leaders. It was the area around the White House that saw the fiercest fighting between the forces of the Justice Department and the mek-troopers loyal to President Booth. Booth's commander in chief, a cyborg known as General Blood N' Nuts, made his last stand on the steps of the White House. He was apparently torn apart in a hail of fire but his still-living head subsequently turned up months later in Death Valley, leading tens of thousands of mek-troopers in a last ditch attempt to crush the hated Judges in the terrible Battle of Armageddon.

His forces scattered and defeated, President Booth was forced to capitulate. Chief Judge Fargo accepted Booth's surrender in the Oval Office and the United States ceased to exist, marking the end of an era in American history.

Entombed in the Undercity, the White House became the home of a succession of tribes and bizarre individuals, but nobody stayed for long. In 2124, a mutant calling himself Mr Bones established a headquarters in the White House, rallying many tribes of troggies together to form an army that would threaten the Mega-City in revenge for exiling him to the Cursed Earth simply for being a mutant. His plan amounted to nothing, as his army was defeated when Judge Dredd chanced upon the scene while pursuing the werewolf that ex-Judge Prager had become. The pair of grizzled lawmen easily scattered the poorly organised

troggies but Mr Bone and his henchmen escaped in the confusion. Much of the White House was levelled in the confrontation.

FBI Building: The J. Edgar Hoover FBI Headquarters Building, usually known more simply as the FBI Building, is found in Federal Triangle. Since its entombment in the dark world of the Undercity, the FBI Building has changed dramatically from its former role as the administrative centre for the world's largest law enforcement agency. The many laboratories, classrooms and firing ranges have been commandeered by one of the most mysterious and elusive organisations to be found in the whole of the Undercity, the Mindhunter clan.

The Mindhunters consist exclusively of powerful psykers, who jealously guard their borders against any intruders, lashing out with their supernatural powers against any perceived threat. Tales are told that the clan has spent decades carving a gigantic, cyclopean chamber beneath the basements of their building, the lair of a terrible horror from another dimension that the Mindhunters worship and draw their powers from, but as no one but the Mindhunters has ever emerged alive from the building, the truth looks set to remain undisclosed.

The Washington Monument: This five hundred and forty foot tall Egyptian obelisk was once the largest masonry structure in the world. The Presidential Iron Guard toppled it in an attempt to stall the besieging Judges during the Battle of Washington. Hundreds of Judges were killed as the great edifice was

brought crashing to the ground, spreading rubble over an enormous area of the National Mall and destroying one of America's most famous landmarks. The shattered ruins still remain where they fell, acting as a giant tomb for the Judges trapped beneath so many years ago.

Smithsonian Institute Building: Not actually a single building but a collection of similarly themed museums and research centres gathered together in an area known as 'the Castle', the Smithsonian Institute still holds the largest collection of authentic pre-Atom War exhibits found in America. The Institute is inhabited by a society known as the Curators, who attempt to preserve the historic artefacts against the other Undercity dwellers as well as the unwanted attention of junk prospectors from the Mega-City.



Q&A

Bob Roberts has some more advice to hand out on our *Classic* books this month. Check it out...

CLASSIC PLAY ERRATA AND FAQS

THE BOOK OF STRONGHOLDS & DYNASTIES

Q. What are the measurements for a standard 10 being counter?

A. We have left the sizes of the counters for you to create. Due to the different racial sizes they is not really a standard size possible. It will also depend on the scale on which you want to play.

Missing Resource Chart

Resource Class	Frequency	Crude	Processed	Crafted	Fine
Wood and Paper Products	Common	Logs	Sawn Timber, Planks, Floorboards, Charcoal, Wood Pulp	Coffins, Furniture, Wooden Weapons, Wooden Farming Equipment, Shields, Small Boats, Paper, Books	Master Carpentry Items, Masterwork Wooden Weapons, Large Ships, Quality Books

Q. Does *The Book of Strongholds and Dynasties* have any information on buildings for use in an oriental setting? Can I use the information in this book for my campaign in the oriental adventures setting?

A. Not specifically, but a lot of the information is generic and not fixed to a European ideal.

Q. Does it only cover strongholds or does it cover other such buildings such as alchemy stores, taverns or rangers' cottages?

A. It covers the building of stronghold and the management of domains. It does mention other buildings in relation to domains such as alchemy shops. Our Quintessential Ranger does cover a fair section on how a Ranger's stronghold may look.

Q. Does it have costs for all things needed for my players to build their own strongholds?

A. Yes.

THE BOOK OF THE SEA

Q. I am trying to get 410-ton medium ship speed with the light & fast hull feats. Could you show me how?

A. You cannot combine both the Fast and Light hull types on one vessel. The section you want is at the end of the ship design chapter and to answer your question fully, we will need to know what propulsion value the ship has, which depends on how many sails/engines it has.



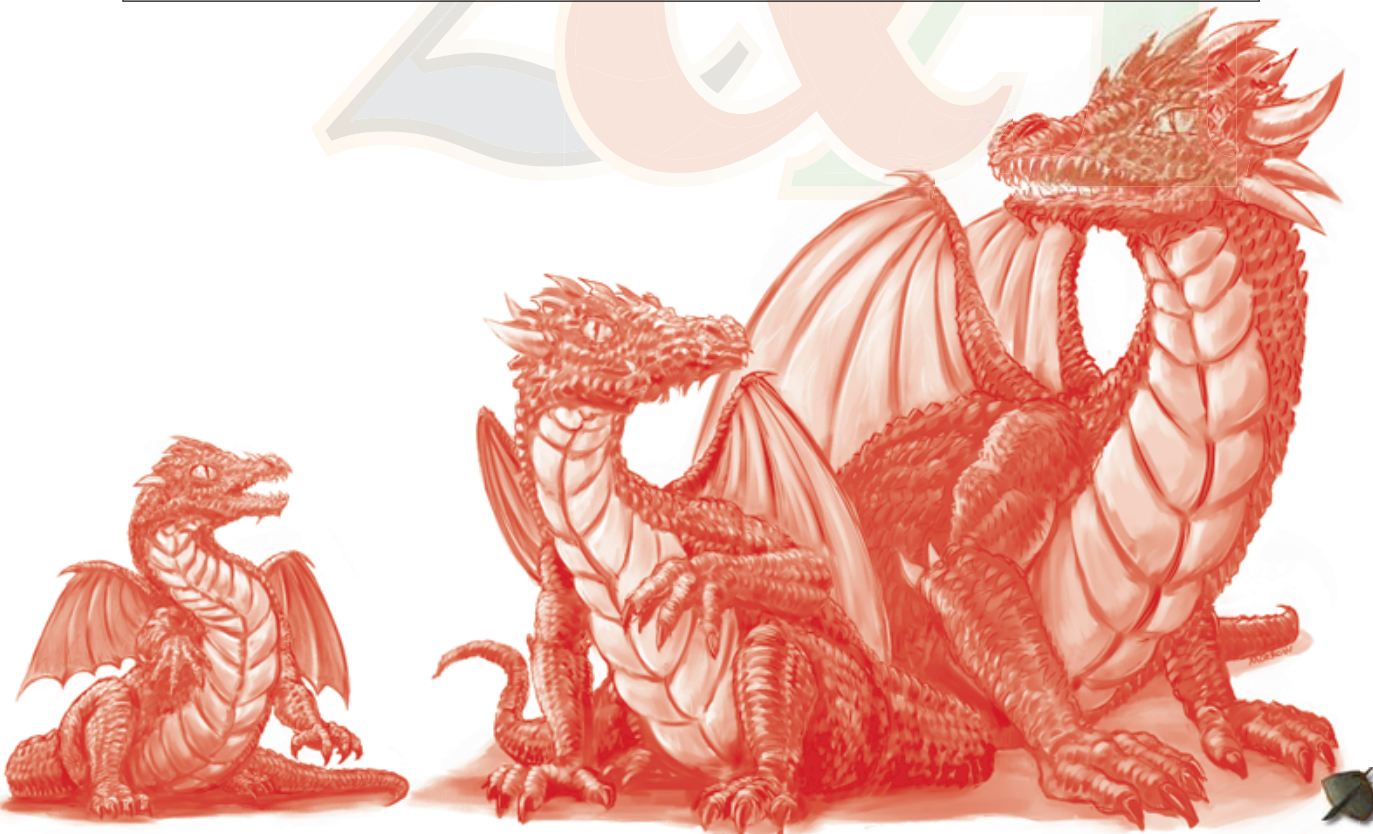
THE BOOK OF DRAGONS

Special Ability Progression Table

This table replaces the Chromatic Dragon Special Abilities list on page 127.

Special Ability Progressions Chart

Age	Very Poor	Poor	Standard	Good	Excellent	Superior	Maximum
Wyrmling	I	I, II	I, II	I,II,III	I, II, III	I,II,III	I, II, III
Very Young							IV
Young					IV	IV	DR 5/ magic
Juvenile	II	II	III	IV		DR 5/ magic	VI
Young Adult	DR 5/ magic	DR 5/ magic	DR 5/ magic	DR 5/ magic	DR 5/ magic	VI	DR 10/ magic
Adult			IV	V	V	DR 10/ magic	VI
Mature Adult	DR 10/ magic	DR 10/ magic	DR 10/ magic	DR 10/ magic	DR 10/ magic	VII	DR 15/ magic
Old	III	III	V	VI	VI	DR 15/ magic	VII
Very Old	DR 15/ magic	DR 15/ magic	DR 15/ magic	DR 15/ magic	DR 15/ magic	VIII	DR 20/ magic
Ancient	IV	IV	VI	VII	VII	DR 20/ magic	VIII
Wurm	DR 20/ magic	DR 20/ magic	DR 20/ magic	DR 20/ magic	DR 20/ magic	IX	DR 25/ magic
Great Wurm	VI	VI	VII	VIII	VIII	DR 25/ magic	X
Draco Invictus	X, DR 25/ magic	X, DR 25/ magic	X, DR 25/ magic	X, DR 25/ magic	X, DR 25/ magic	X	DR 30/ magic



SONS OF ANSHAN

Jason Durrall

IRANISTANI PLAYER CHARACTER GUIDELINES FOR CONAN THE ROLEPLAYING GAME



THE core rulebook for *Conan the Roleplaying Game* hewed very close to the original works of Robert E. Howard, almost too much so in one instance. No character creation options were provided for the Iranistani, the natives of Iranistan, an area analogous to ancient Persia (modern Iraq and Iran). Since this is a rich and evocative region, ripe for adventuring and adjacent to many other well-travelled areas from the Conan stories, this article presents guidelines for creating Iranistani player characters.

Howard never detailed this area in his writings, nor did he place it on any of the few maps he made of the Hyborian world. Its presence in his



original stories is limited to a single mention in *The People of the Black Circle*. L. Sprague de Camp adapted *Three-Bladed Doom* (a Howard story featuring the pulp-era adventuring hero El Borak) into the Conan story *The Flame Knife*, set in Iranistan, a region Sprague de Camp placed south of the Ilbars Mountains, east of Zembabwei and Punt, and west of Kosala and Vendhya. More details about Iranistan can be found in *Conan the Roleplaying Game* and

Mongoose's Hyborian Age gazetteer *The Road of Kings*, and following are guidelines for creating Iranistani player characters.

IRANISTANI

The folk of Iranistan are black-haired and often broad across the shoulders, with a full range of heights. Their eyes are brown and their complexion dark, with a small range of tribal variation in appearance and culture.

They can range from fine-featured and near fair skinned, to swarthy and heavy-featured. Men favour facial hair, often oiling their beards, and women traditionally wear their hair long and straight. Women (and sometimes men) ornament their eyes with kohl, and most Iranistani wear richly ornamented clothing and anoint themselves perfumes or scented oils when possible.

Culture: The Iranistani are essentially a tribal people, with the tribal unit based on an extended family and hereditary allies, led by powerful chiefs loosely united under a powerful Shah. They are a proud people, and somewhat xenophobic, with a strong distrust of those outside their culture. Iranistani have a great appreciation of life and its pleasures, seeing it as a temporary gift that might be taken away at any moment. This fatalism fuels their art, with rich ornamentation adorning virtually all crafted items, and at the same time, they will readily give their lives in combat for honour or in defence of their faith.

Names: Iranistani names tend to be Arabic in origin, particularly Iraqi or Iranian. Examples: (male) Arshak, Balash, Bardiya, Gotarza, Hakhamani, Kerim, Kobad, Kujala; (female) Nanaia. Suggestions: (male) Abbal, Amar, Assad, Bijan, Davoud, Farouq, Firouz, Haroun, Hassan, Jaafar, Khalid, Parviz, Rahim, Rassoul; (female) Alireza, Badri, Farah, Farida, Fatima, Nissa, Sabah, Samina, Soraya, Tahereh, Zora.

Religion: Many northern Iranistani have adopted the Asuran religion and follow its strictures. However, their culture has flavoured their worship of this faith, and their innate fatalism steers them from attempting to divine the future. As a result, Iranistani scholars and mystics rarely use divinatory magic styles, and those schools are not taught to Iranistani worshippers or priests in Iranistan. The southern Iranistani follow a variety of more shamanistic, primitive faiths, and are not bound by this restriction.

- -2 to Wisdom, +2 to Charisma. Iranistani are quick to anger and often let their passions overcome their better judgement, but are charismatic and socially adept when dealing with their family, friends and potential allies.
- +2 circumstance bonus to all uses of the Appraise, Diplomacy, Forgery, Intimidate, Sense Motive and Spot skills when relating to haggling or negotiating the price of goods in an appropriate situation or venue. This bonus can apply whether the character is the buyer, seller, or an impartial negotiator, and only relate to the motives, goods, and or currency relating to any and all the parties in the transaction. This +2 circumstance bonus can also apply to any appropriate Craft or Profession skills if the character possesses them and they relate to the negotiation at hand.
- *Fatalistic:* Iranistani believe strongly in the machinations of fate, and that their destinies are to be adhered to rather than fought against. As a result, Iranistani characters do not collect or spend Fate Points as easily as other characters do. Iranistani characters begin with only 1 Fate Point (opposed to the standard 3 Fate Points for starting characters), and can never have more Fate Points than they have combined levels in all classes. Furthermore, the Games Master may impose an unmodified check (DC 10) for the use of a Fate Point – if the roll is less than 10, the Fate Point is lost and the character must adhere to the path the gods have set before them. The player can spend another Fate Point on the same

action, but the same check must be repeated until the roll is successful or the player chooses not to spend further Fate Points. *(Note: Restricting player use of Fate Points is a seriously limiting factor, though in character with the Iranistani culture.*

The Games Master should feel at liberty to ignore this restriction, favouring only the initial limitation of Fate Points, or ignoring all aspects of this racial characteristic altogether. If so, it is suggested that this ability be replaced with a -1 racial penalty to all saving throw checks as per the Shemite race, described in Conan the Roleplaying Game.)

- +2 racial bonus to Animal Handling and Ride checks for horses and camels. Most Iranistani are familiar with horses and camels from an early age, using them for travel (and food when necessity requires).
- **Weapon Familiarity:** Iranistani characters can use sabres and tulwars as though they are martial weapons, rather than exotic weapons. Additionally, they gain a +1 racial bonus to attack and damage rolls when using either of these weapons.

Background Skills: Appraise, Intimidate, Sense Motive.

Favoured Class: Nomad.

Prohibited Classes: Borderer.

Automatic Languages: Iranistani.

Bonus Languages: Afghuli, Kosalan, Puntian, Zembabwean.

Jonny Nexus

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T STOP DYING (PART 2)

In last issue's first instalment, we discussed Bill's PC's predilection for dying, and then listed those honourable mentions where he failed to achieve a deserved death. In this issue we'll move onto the deaths proper, with numbers twenty-six down to eight.

THE DEATHS

#26: STORMBRINGER I

Our memories are a bit clouded on this one. We know he suffered a death, but given that he achieved five deaths in a row while playing the Stormbringer campaign they've all kind of blurred into one. But I do recall that my PC Dremm (a retarded psychopath) was directly involved with the first four of his deaths. I think he might have been too cheeky to Dremm and got executed as a result.

#25: STORMBRINGER III

Another death whose memory has now been lost but which we know happened from the statistics, and which we know involved Dremm somehow.

#24: THE ELRIC RPG

He encountered a rather hard looking geezer who turned out to be the eponymous Elric himself. Undaunted, he tried to take him on anyway. (It could be said that the clue was rather in the name of the game).

#23: LEE'S HOMEBREW

The PCs were staying in a monastery and had been ordered to stay in their rooms at night. He ignored this, went wandering and got decapitated.

#22: 1ST EDITION TRAVELLER (HOMEBREW SETTING)

Managed to die during character creation¹ when – in an attempt to make commando school as his brother Ben's character had done – he enlisted for an extra four years. He did indeed make commando school, but then proceeded to get killed in his first mission.

I was very unsympathetic as I'd asked him to stop after three terms (twelve years) when I realised that if he stopped at that point his life history (you generate it year by year, one year might be training, another might be 'battle') would mesh neatly with the other players. (I.e. Three years ago, assuming that they all mustered out at the same time, both he and Bog Boy's PC would have fought in a battle, which I could then say was the same one, and that they'd met and become friends. Given that my setting took place just after the end of a huge several year war, this would have been a neat 'old war buddies' hook.)

'Hey, if you stop now, your life history will mesh neatly with the other two PCs!' I said.
'That's good,' he replied, 'I'll carry on.'

Which meant that as he'd served 16 years (or he would have done if he'd lived) instead of 12, his battle was now one that took place seven years ago – or four years previously to Bog Boy's. (To be fair, I don't think he was deliberately trying to make things difficult. I just don't think he understood this 'count back from current year' concept.)

#21: DARK CONSPIRACY

He created an Indian character, but due to his habitual power building neglected to put any points into the English language skill. Was beaten to death by muggers when he refused to hand over his wallet, after failing the language roll to understand their demands (as mentioned in my Issue 12 column).

#20: PALLADIUM FANTASY

He decided that it would be a good idea for his 1st level character to take on a dragon single-handed.

#19: CALL OF CTHULHU

He went exploring in the night, on his own, which in Call of Cthulhu would have been a pretty stupid thing to do even if he weren't suffering from quite severe burns to his right leg. (See 'honourable mentions' in the previous issue). He then decided to enter a darkened building, quite unconcerned by the fact that he had no torch or other light source. Inside the building he saw some strange glowing, ghostly lights. And walked towards them.

#18: WEREWOLF

He attacked a bunch of demons on his own and got thrown off a building.

#17: STAR WARS II

Insulted a group of Stormtroopers in a cantina (the other PCs had prudently left when the Stormtroopers arrived).

#16: MYRIAD (MY OWN SLIGHTLY DODGY HOMEBREW SYSTEM)

He was playing a wizard in a system where there were no set limits on how many spells you could cast, but where magic was dangerous and unpredictable, and where the more magic you used, the more was the chance that you might lose control – with fatal results.

He cast. And he cast. And he cast. And then he was no more.

#15: STAR WARS I

Bog Boy (the GM) said beforehand that he wanted to run the game with a 'classic' Star Wars feel. In particular, he wanted no swearing (because Star Wars is a PG movie).

This would have involved a fair change of behaviour for Bill, given that every character I ever saw him play (regardless of genre or setting) would constantly utter phrases like, 'Let's go get these f*****s!' However, it turned out to be something that he couldn't control (like some kind of method roleplaying Tourettes) because he carried on swearing regardless, apparently understanding the warnings Bog Boy was giving him, and agreeing to stop swearing, but then forgetting five minutes later and doing it again.

Eventually, a now annoyed Bog Boy had a girder fall on his head², and said that it would happen again every time he swore.

He didn't stop swearing.

#14: BIRTHRIGHT

Executed on charges of genocide.

#13: STORMBRINGER II

Whilst being questioned in a tavern by other members of the party – Bog Boy's Melnibonean and my PC Dremm – he suffered extensive head injuries from repeated impacts on a table. (Every time he refused to answer Bog Boy's questions, I ramm'd his head into the table – but he continued to refuse to talk). After a while, we were getting quite pissed off, both at the insolence he was showing and at the mess his face was making of the table. He was finally finished off by drowning, after Bog Boy cast a water elemental in his throat.

#12: STORMBRINGER V

Note: This entry technically qualifies as two deaths but has been presented as one due to the fact that both apply to the same character.

Bill had managed to get himself offed somehow (possibly in the death described in the ‘Stormbringer IV’ entry), but was resurrected when the PCs found a chamber which gave each one of them a wish, and one of the PCs generously used up his wish to have Bill’s PCs raised from the dead.

In the same chamber was some kind of roulette thing which could – when you played – either boost or lower your attributes. Bill played the game several times, losing each one, resulting in him ending up with a pretty poor set of attributes (his mentality in continuing to play was that of the gambler who wants to get back what they have lost).

At this point he decided to use his one wish:

‘I want to be like I was before!’

(Note: Before they entered the chamber he was dead).

#11: RIFTS

His juicer died due to a series of stupid actions:

Action one: armed with only a sniper rifle and a vibro knife he decided to take part in a huge post-apocalyptic battle rather than retiring to a concrete bunker ten miles away to watch via TV, as the rest of us did.

Action two: after avoiding death by a whisker when he got hit by something nasty (armour in Rifts has a damage scale a hundred times greater than people; his armour could take something like 57 points of armour-level damage; the GM rolled exactly 57 points of damage totally destroying his armour; if the GM had rolled 58 he’d have taken 100 person-level points of damage, and would have been killed instantly) he then decided to stay on the battlefield, despite being totally naked and – with the weapons being used – effectively in possession of less than one hit point.

Action three: he ran directly underneath a giant eight-legged walking robot which promptly trod on him.

‘I thought I could climb up it and blow it up like Luke did in Empire!’ was his response.

‘Err... This isn’t Star Wars!’ was ours. (He habitually showed an inability to understand that some genres are heroic and some aren’t).

#10: CONSPIRACY X

He completely failed to understand the meaning of ‘covert operations.’ (His female PC was prone to tell complete strangers, ‘Hi, my boyfriend’s from NASA! We’re working undercover!’)

She eventually died heroically, forgoing medical treatment in favour of another wounded PC with the dying words of, ‘Treat him, I can roll up another character.’

#9: FORGOTTEN REALMS I

He created a ranger character, using the AD&D 2nd edition rules with Skills and Powers. He (allegedly) wanted to create a clone of Aragorn (from Lord of the Rings) but due to his inability to understand the rules instead created a complete incompetent. Acquired the nickname ‘Monks-bane-cack-shot’ after a foolhardy attempt to fire into melee combat (without the appropriate skills) killed one of the monks/friars that they were supposed to be defending.

Was eventually killed (with his consent) in a GM-induced cave-in so that he could roll up another (better) character.

#8: WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY I

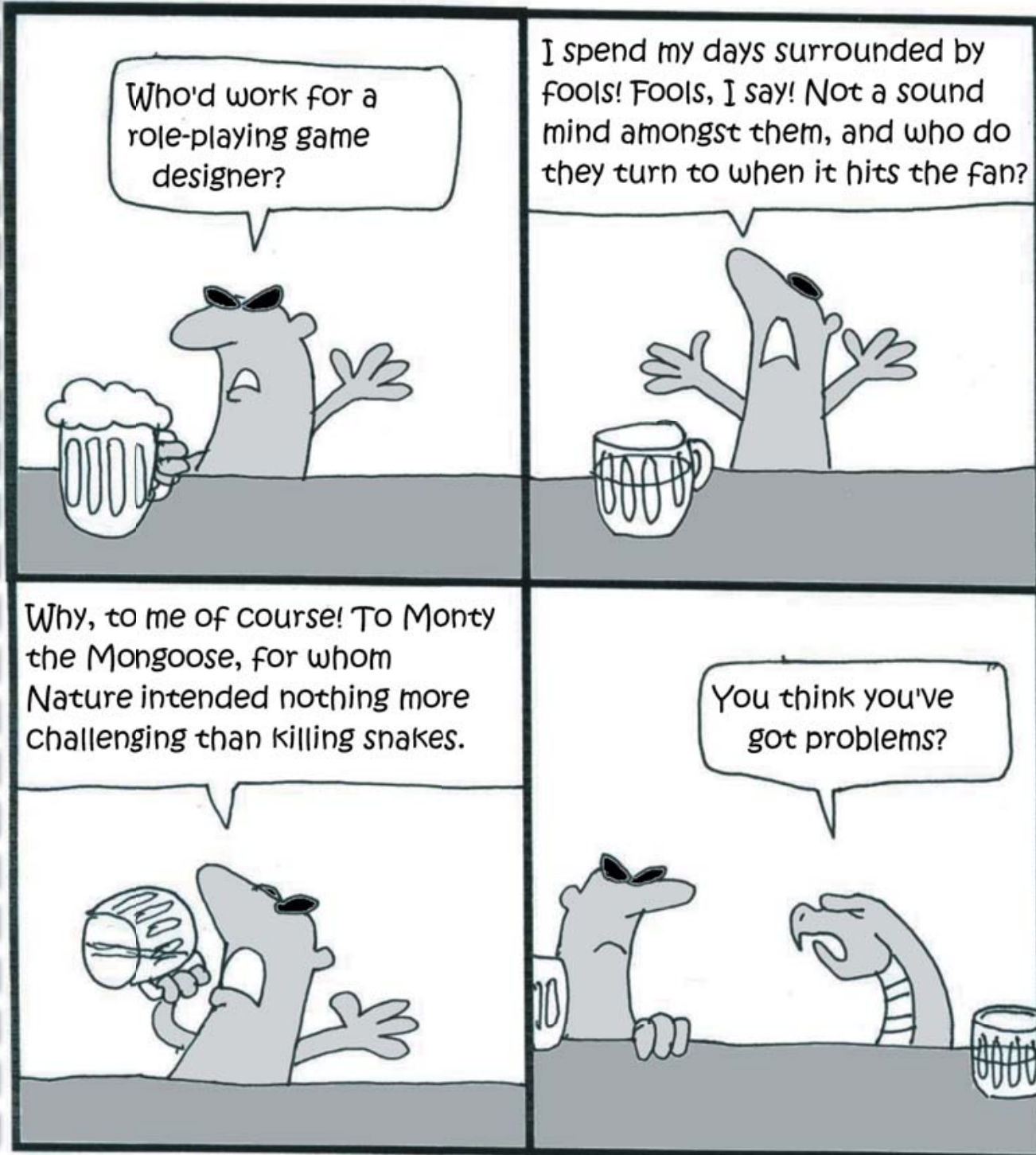
The PCs were investigating a series of unexplained killings in a small village. He went around acting suspiciously (mutilating corpses, showing eyeballs to people etc.) and was thus burnt at the stake for witchcraft (and on suspicion of being the person performing the killings).

¹st Edition Traveller had a ‘table-and-roll’ driven method of character creation where you ‘played’ through your character’s previous life a year at a time, going through enlistments, training, battles, promotions, decorations and – if you cocked up a roll – death. Some people, including myself, liked this method. Many people didn’t. (And they still bitch about how ‘you could die during character creation’ to this day).

²We were inside a wrecked Star Destroyer (just in case you were wondering if Bog Boy’s the sort of GM that drops girders out of the sky on people).

Design and Conquer

by Adrian Czajkowski



Dark Phoenix Rising - Part 2

Matthew Pritchard



Background

Unbeknownst to everyone except those aboard the orbital science lab, the inevitable has occurred – the Raptours have escaped! Chaos now reigns, with Raptours prowling everywhere and the few survivors unable to contact Earth. Amidst the carnage a group of bewildered passengers from flight LV-400 awoke and managed to escape the lab, using a life raft salvaged from the doomed vessel. These same survivors were the group that crash-landed in Sector 190 at the end of Part I. Meanwhile, in Ciudad Barranquilla, Antonio Santiago's thugs prepare to send a vessel filled with supplies up to the science lab, unaware of the reception awaiting them...

Prog 1 - The Latin Connection

Scene 1 - Briefing Room 7, Sector House 190

The judges arrive at the Sector House and are rushed to a specially prepared briefing room, where a group of senior judges await them. The mood in the briefing room is sombre. Tension shows on every face. Without any preamble the judges are told to sit, the room darkens and Sector Chief Roland stands. He now begins a discussion of the situation, with the judges expected to recount the details of their current investigation (this will also serve as a handy recap of exactly what happened in Part I). During this exchange Roland also reveals three facts that the judges are unaware of:

1. A name has been put to the perp with Latin features who seemed to be directing things at the Frobisher's Freeziwhip factory (see *Dark Phoenix Rising - Part I*) – Jose Matamoros. More importantly, he used to be a Ciudad Barranquilla judge. Justice Department files indicate Matamoros fell from favour about three years ago and has been missing ever since.
2. The crashed shuttlecraft was in fact a life raft from a larger vessel. Files indicate the vessel to be LV-400 and list it as having been destroyed in an asteroid storm some six weeks previously. As the vessel took off from Sector 190 the life raft's autopilot brought it straight back. However, Tek Chief Gallacher knows the life raft's oxygen

supplies to be sufficient for about 2 weeks so it must have survived the initial explosion.

3. Jose Matamoros's mysterious bodyguard was only half-human. Tek boffins are still compiling data but preliminary tests show his DNA to be a mixture of both human and Raptaur genes. If the judges think to check, the human DNA matches one of the victims of flight LV-400.

Finally, Roland addresses the judges again: *'You've been directing this investigation so far, so I guess this is your shout. The way I see it, we have only one lead on where these things are being held - the vid-slug of the dwarf. We've run his image through every database we have, but there's no sign of him. Whoever he is, he seems to have friends in high places. Could be he works for one of the Banana City Crime Syndicates. I've just spoken to the Chief Judge and she agrees with me. We want your squad to go down to Ciudad Barranquilla and find the dwarf. Do whatever it takes... if these things ever get a foothold here on Earth, it could make Necropolis look like a Kindergarten Rumble.'*

At this point the judges will be whisked away to other parts of the Sector House in order to prepare themselves. As their mission is of an undercover nature they will have to decide on new identities, clothing, hairstyles, etc. The full resources of the Sector House will be placed at their disposal, so anything the judges request (within reason) will be granted them. However, any items not easily concealed amidst normal clothing will be denied them. Specially disguised Lawgivers will be offered to the judges, although more

mundane weaponry is also available, at the Games Master's discretion.

They are also briefed by Justice Department diplomats. Under no circumstances will Mega-City One acknowledge their presence in Ciudad Barranquilla, so the judges will be on their own. Obviously, they are expected to attract as little attention as possible whilst there; confining their activities to finding the dwarf and interrogating him.

The following special equipment will also be made available to the judges.

1. **Translation Microchips** – These are fitted subcutaneously and allow the judges to speak perfect Spanish, thereby avoiding communication problems whilst in Ciudad Barranquilla.
2. **10 doses of Truth Serum.** This powerful drug is capable of loosening even the most recalcitrant of tongues. The subject must succeed in a Will save (DC 24) or become unable to avoid answering any questions put to him truthfully for 10 minutes. Subsequent doses increase the DC by 2 each time, but will deal 1d4 points of damage if the victim fails a Fortitude save (DC 10).
3. **10 Knockout Shots.** This is intended to help the judges keep their presence in the City unknown for as long as possible. Each dose of the anaesthetic renders subjects totally unconscious for 12 hours if they fail a Fortitude save (DC 24), with not even the strongest of stimulants being able to waken them.
4. **15 doses of Healing Stimulant.** These healing stimulants are designed for use in combat conditions. Injecting the drug is a partial action. On doing so the recipient is instantly cured of 1d10+10 points of damage. However, the recipient must also

make a Fortitude save (DC 16) to avoid incurring a -1 penalty to all attack and damage rolls, skill checks and saving throws for the next 12 hours. Should additional doses of the drug be taken within this period, the DC for the Fortitude save increases by 2 each time whilst the penalty is cumulative, e.g. 3rd dose within same 12 hour period equals a DC 20 Fortitude save to avoid incurring a -3 penalty.

Additionally, the judges should be 'encouraged' to take some sonic weaponry with them. they are going to need them!

After the judges have decided on their equipment, disguises and so on, they are hurried down to the Sector House Hangar Bay, where an iCON-Wagon awaits them. Roland is also there. As the judges prepare to board the iCON-Wagon, he hands them a data-pad. *'This will come in handy, I'm sure. Our agents down in Ciudad Barranquilla keep an eye on all the underworld activity, especially any with links to Mega-City One. Seems one of our citizens has set up shop there. Name's Waylon Farrow, a Tek Boff with links to Organ Legging rackets. Slipped the net about two years ago and found himself a niche in Banana City. Could be he knows something about the dwarf. It's a long shot, I know, but we've nothing else to give you. You'll find Farrow's address in with the rest of his details.'*

With this, the judges board the iCON-Wagon and begin the long journey down to Ciudad Barranquilla.

Scene 2 - Restricted Airspace, Ciudad Barranquilla

The journey to Ciudad Barranquilla takes nearly five hours. The iCON-Wagon in which the judges travel is specially equipped to allow it to fly undetected through restricted airspace. Even so, the pilots are unwilling to fly too far into Ciudad Barranquilla territory, and rightly so. As they search for a suitable area to

set the judges down in, the night sky is suddenly illuminated by a blaze of fireworks. Instantly, warning buzzers go off in the iCON-Wagon's cockpit. *'Drokk it!', hisses one of the pilots, 'those rockets could have given us away. I'm going to have to set you down sooner than I hoped.'*

Minutes later, the judges are set down in a large area of wasteland, close to city bottom, whereupon the iCON-Wagon leaves to await further instructions outside of Ciudad Barranquilla airspace. As the judges consider their options the distant sound of sirens becomes audible, slowly drawing nearer. Although the judges will not come into direct conflict with Ciudad Barranquilla judges during the scenario, the threat of discovery should be ever present. The Games Master should keep the atmosphere tense, reminding the players occasionally of the dire (and extremely painful) consequences of falling into the hands of the Banana City judges. The judges should now make their way to Waylon Farrow's address.

Scene 3 - Aurelius Amparo's Frozen Food Wholesalers, Ciudad Barranquilla

Farrow's address is listed as 'Aurelius Amparo's Frozen Food Wholesalers.' How the judges get there is up to them – stealing a vehicle is certainly an option, as is taking a taxi or riding on public transport. Whatever means the judges dream up to get themselves there, the Games Master should try to include a couple of events to keep the judges on their toes. Maybe a female judge is stopped by a Barranquilla judge and groped whilst boarding the cross-town shuttle, or a group of five judges suddenly surrounds the judges' vehicle, only to ride off seconds later. Remember, Ciudad Barranquilla judges are semi-god-like in both their power and the fear they provoke amongst the citizenry. Any insolence on the part of the judges will be rewarded with a savage beating.



Once the judges have sorted out their travel arrangements, their journey ends 30 minutes later in a bleak industrial zone. All around the darkness is filled with the hum of generators and the rhythmic thud of heavy machinery. The address in question seems to be a warehouse. No lights can be seen within, although a Spot check (DC 18) reveals something of great interest – hidden in the shadows, away to the right of the main exit, a Ciudad Barranquilla judge's ciclón bike is parked. As the judges are soon to discover, Farrow is now working for a group of organ-leggers. The only door to the warehouse (DR 15, 50 hp) is securely locked. As soon as the judges' presence is known, all gang-members will fight to the death.

Room 1: This large chamber serves as both a waiting room and warehouse. Five organ-leggers are slumped around sitting on large crates marked 'Frozen Food.' The crates actually contain limbs and internal organs.

Room 2: This chamber contains a makeshift lab, where Waylon Farrow works, amputating a man's leg.

Room 3: This is an office where Emilio Bocanegra, a Ciudad Barranquilla judge and head of the organ-leggers, is located.

5 Organ Leggers

Citizen 3; HD 3d6+7 (21hp); Init +4 (+4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30ft.; DV 12; Attack +4 melee, or +2 ranged; Fort +4, Ref +2, Will -1, Str 15, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 7, Wis 9, Cha 7

Prior Life: Goon

Skills and Feats:

Balance +3, Climb +8, Concentration +8, Drive +6, Hide +6, Intimidate +4, Jump +8, Pilot +6, Streetwise +5; Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness

Possessions: Hand Gun (2d8/4), Las-Knife (1d6+2/10)

Emilio Bocanegra

Street Judge 8; HD 8d12+27 (88hp); Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30ft.; DV 20 (+10 Reflex); Attack +10/+5 melee, or +10/+5 ranged; Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +8, Str 15, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 11, Cha 13

Skills and Feats: Bluff +13, Computer Use +15, Intimidate +13, Jump +14, Listen +12, Search +15, Spot +14, Technical +14; Alertness, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Aim, Toughness
Possessions: Laser Pistol (4d6/14), Electro Prod (1d10), Body Armour (DR 6)

Should the judges decide to give the area a quick scouting mission before entering, they discover the following:

1. All of the ground floor windows are blacked out, but definite sounds of activity can be heard from within. An acrid, chemical stench envelops the building, which a successful Medical check (DC 24) will identify as the smell as Immonil 14, a poor quality anaesthetic.
2. From the side of the building, light can be seen emerging from a skylight (Spot check (DC 20) to notice.) Any judges climbing up onto the roof (Climb check, DC 15) can peer down into the main room of the warehouse. In this case they can see down into room 1.
3. Whilst watching the front of the building, the judges spot a miserable looking man and woman approach the building. Any judges succeeding in a Spot check (DC 18) notice that both lack limbs and organs – eyes, ears, hands, etc. The pair knock at the main door and a small hatch opens. The man announces in a mournful voice 'We wish to make another sale', then they are both admitted.



Interview with Waylon Farrow

Once the judges have quelled resistance in the factory, they will be free to interrogate Farrow. Farrow recognises the dwarf straight away, although he will try to hide it, attempting to get some cash out of the judges first. Eventually, however, he will spill the beans. The dwarf's name is Domingo Perez, a greatly feared member of Antonio Santiago's syndicate. Farrow does not know where the dwarf lives, but will tell the judges he is often to be found at 'Doctor Feelgoods', an exclusive Nitterie run by a well-known mobster, Miguel Ortiz. Farrow knows that Antonio Santiago is rumoured to be working on something big.

Should the judges be stupid enough to leave Farrow conscious, he will immediately report their presence in the city. Any judges requesting details on Antonio Santiago (via the iCON-wagon) find him listed as a Ciudad Barranquilla 'businessman' with strong links to the city's Justice Department.

Scene 4 - Doctor Feelgood's All-Nite Nitterie

The Nitterie is located some 30 kilometres away, so the judges will have to think about transport again.

Outside the Nitterie, the streets crawl with all manner of low-lives. Without the protective barrier of their uniforms, the judges are exposed to the 23rd Century's seedy underbelly in all its horror. Within a short distance, they are offered practically every form of vice imaginable and many that even they did not know existed.

Although the Nitterie's main entrance is filled with dozens of drunken clubbers, dealers, pimps, etc, the judges also spot various menacing figures in dark glasses and long leather coats moving amongst the crowd. These heavies are part of the Nitterie's security force and any judges succeeding in a Spot check

(DC 18) will notice that a pair of them stand off to one side and seems to be scanning everyone for weapons as they enter. If that were not enough, over to one side the judges spot no less than eight ciclón bikes parked outside. The judges should realise that trying to fight their way in is a very, very bad idea. Clearly, they need to find some way of getting both themselves and their weapons in without being detected.

The Games Master should encourage the judges to be inventive, rewarding especially cunning ruses with extra XP. Some of the more likely ideas are given below. Unless specifically mentioned elsewhere, all members of the Nitterie security staff have the following profile:

Nitterie Goons

Citizen 4; HD 4d6+8 (25hp); Init +4 (+4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30ft.; DV 12; Attack +5 melee, or +3 ranged; Fort +4, Ref +2, Will -1, Str 15, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 6, Wis 8, Cha 8.

Prior Life: Goon

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Climb +9, Concentration +9, Drive +7, Hide +7, Intimidate +5, Jump +9, Pilot +7, Streetwise +6; Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Lightning Reflexes, Toughness

Possessions: Hand Gun (2d8/4), Las-Knife (1d6+2/10)

- The judges might try to use a Psi-Power such as *Daze* or *Attraction* to divert the goons' attention.
- Teams with especially attractive female judges might try to use them in order to distract the goons manning the equipment.
- They might try to use one of the knockout shots on the goons. This will certainly cause enough commotion for the judges to slip into the club, although it will arouse the suspicions of the

Nitterie's staff. The Games Master should bear this in mind when playing out later encounters.

- The judges might simply look for another entrance. Around the back there is a service door, with a lock that requires a Technical check (DC 22) to open. Again, the judges will have no difficulty in getting in but the Nitterie's staff will be on their guard.

Eventually, be it by foul means or fair, the judges will gain entrance to the club. In the main section of the Nitterie, a huge 90-foot by 200-foot chamber, literally thousands of people bob, groove, shimmy and jive to the ear-splitting music, the majority of them consuming illegal substances with wanton abandon. A kaleidoscope of flickering lights fills the room, making everything indistinct and distances hard to judge. Waiters and waitresses dressed as doctors roller-skate between the revellers with breath-taking dexterity, whilst menacing figures sit in private booths lining the walls, their heads drawn close together as they discuss whispered business propositions.

The judges will probably start off by giving the Nitterie the once over. Should they be on the lookout for the dwarf, Domingo Perez, there is no sign of him. However, the judges will have less trouble locating Miguel Ortiz, the Nitterie's owner. He is very much a larger than life character, weighing in at a whopping 350 pounds. The judges locate him wedged into a specially modified booth, tucking into an enormous mound of lobster and spaghetti smothered in Hottie sauce. Two muscular goons stand at the entrance to the booth and the judges will also spot a thin, weasel-faced man sat in the booth opposite Ortiz. This is Fabio Barthiz, Ortiz's psyker bodyguard. About two years ago, Ortiz was nearly ruined when a rival used a psyker to read his mind and

the club-owner now uses Barthiz's *detect psi-scan* to shield him. Barthiz has this psi-power in operation at all times. Should a psi-battle commence, Barthiz will attempt to locate his opponent using *detect psi-talent*, sending nitterie goons to deal with them whilst both Ortiz and he rush to the safety of the private office.

Miguel Ortiz

Citizen 10; HD 10d6+33 (69hp); Init -3 (-3 Dex); Spd 30ft; DV 12; Attack +10/+5 melee, or +4/-1 ranged; Fort +8, Ref +0, Will +6, Str 16, Dex 4, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Prior Life: Goon

Skills and Feats: Computer Use +14, Concentration +13, Drive +12, Forgery +13, Intimidate +18, Pilot +13, Search +14, Streetwise +16, Technical +13; Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Skill Focus (intimidate), Toughness

Possessions: Spit Pistol (2d6/6), Las-Knife (1d6+2/10)

Fabio Barthiz

Citizen 9; HD 9d6 (36hp); Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30ft.; DV 13 (+3 Reflex); Attack +4 melee, or +6 ranged; Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +5, Str 9, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 16

Prior Life: Rogue Psyker

Skills and Feats: Bluff +14, Computer Use +11, Concentration +11, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Ciudad Barranquilla) +12, Listen +11, Psi-Scan +13, Search +12, Spot +13, Streetwise +11, Technical +12; Alertness, Combat Manifestation, Improved Initiative, Power Penetration, Talented

Power Points: 39

Psi Powers: 0th level - *detect psi-talent, mental shield, mental sting, mind shield*; 1st Level - *attraction and aversion, conceal thoughts*; 2nd level - *detect thoughts, pain*; 3rd level - *blinking*; 4th level - *detect psi-scan*

Possessions: Zip Gun (2d8/4)

The judges will now have to come up with some way of getting Domingo Perez's location out of the mammoth Miguel Ortiz. Again, how they do it should be left up to the judges'

ingenuity. Possible stratagems are listed below.

- The judges can try to get Ortiz on his own, then pump him full of the truth serum they have been given. This could certainly work, but the judges will have to overcome his bodyguards first without alerting the rest of the club's security. Ortiz has a private office and any judges posing as possible clients might be able to persuade him into going there. Ortiz will be interested in practically any form of illegal business propositions, as long as the chance for profit is high.
- Ortiz is a sucker for women so female judges with high Charisma could persuade him to slip off to a more 'intimate' location before pumping him full of the truth serum.
- Ortiz's only protection against psykers is Fabio Barthiz. If the judges succeed in taking him out, then Ortiz's mind could be read via *detect thoughts* or *mind probe*.

However the judges go about it they should eventually succeed in prising Domingo Perez's location out of Miguel Ortiz. The dwarf is currently in the Fantasy Suite, one of the private chambers below the club, entertaining Antonio Santiago and a couple of female friends.

Scene 5 - Fantasy Suite, Doctor Feelgood's All-Nite Nitterie, Ciudad Barranquilla

The judges find themselves in a long, dimly lit corridor, with a number of doors on each side. The floor and walls of the corridor are lined with soft, red carpets and music is piped through hidden speakers. The Fantasy Suite is located at the

far end of the corridor. Should any judge listen at the door, voices can be heard from within (no skill check necessary), accompanied by the sound of bubbling water and the pop of a champagne cork. The only door to the room is locked (Technical check (DC 22) to open.)

Inside, the fantasy suite is exactly what its name suggests. A 30-foot square chamber, its walls are lined with holographic view screens depicting a lush forest scene and embellished with plants and gently bubbling fountains. In the centre of the room four naked figures - two men and two women - sit in an enormous Jacuzzi, sipping glasses of champagne. In one corner stand two half-raptaur hybrids, Antonio Santiago's personal bodyguards.

Antonio Santiago

Citizen 12; HD 12d6+39 (109hp); Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30ft.; DV 15 (+5 Reflex); Attack +11/+6 melee, or +10/+5 ranged; Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +5, Str 14, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 19

Prior Life: Goon

Skills and Feats: Climb +16, Drive +16, Forgery +12, Hide +16, Intimidate +17, Listen +15, Move Silently +16, Spot +11, Streetwise +14, Technical +12; Alertness, Skill Focus (intimidate), Improved Initiative, Point Blank Shot, Toughness

Possessions: Laser Pistol (4d6/14)

2 Raptaur Hybrids

Medium Humanoid

Hit Dice: 6d8+24 (60 hp)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40 ft.

DV: 19 (+9 Reflex)

Damage Reduction: 10 (+2 natural armour, +8 Shell Jacket)

Attacks: Las knife +11/+8 or Las-Pistol +10/+5

Damage: Las knife (1d6+5/10) or Las Pistol (4d6/14)

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./5ft.

Special Qualities: Blindsight 60 ft., Immunity to Psi

Saves: Fort +9, Reflex +9, Will +5
Abilities: Str 20, Dex 18, Con 19, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 14
Skills: Climb +12, Jump +12, Hide +10
Feats: Improved Initiative

Immunity to Psi: The raptaur hybrids are completely immune to all mind-affecting Psi powers. However, Psi powers creating real, physical effects (e.g. *concussion*, *fire of retribution*) affect them normally.

Antonio Santiago and the hybrids will all fight to the death but Domingo Perez will play no part in the battle, merely cowering naked behind one of the synthi-palms. Once cornered, the cowardly dwarf will outline the whole plot, telling the judges that the rapturs were purchased from an unknown source and that they are located off world in an orbital science lab. Although unsure of the lab's exact location he knows a shuttlecraft is due to leave the Tomás de Torquemada Spaceport within a couple of hours, destined to carry supplies to the science lab. The dwarf also knows Antonio Santiago was planning to use the creatures to move in on the Mega-City One underworld.

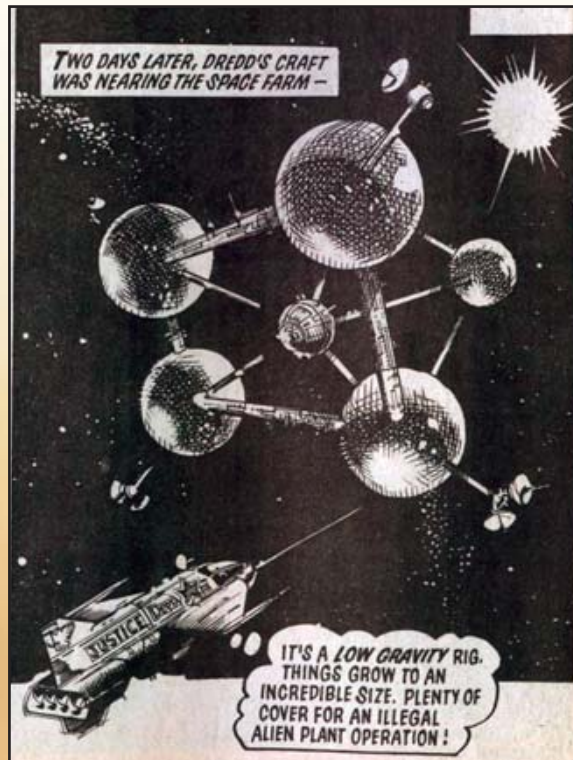
Scene 6 - Hangar 12, Tomas de Torquemada Spaceport, Ciudad Barranquilla

Following Domingo Perez's instructions, the judges head to the spaceport, an hour away across sector.

En route, the judges watch anxiously as units of the Ciudad Barranquilla Justice Department cruise by. Although the judges cannot be certain, they receive the impression that the Banana City judges are definitely looking for something... or somebody.

The Games Master should allow the judges to board the shuttlecraft without too much trouble – they will need all their strength for the ordeal that awaits them!

Exactly when the judges choose to make their presence known is up to them, but they should realise doing it before take-off is a bad idea as they have no idea of where the orbital science lab is located. The two pilots will at no point attempt to resist them. Eventually the shuttle takes off, carrying the judges into the unknown.



It is likely the judges will at some point wish to contact their superiors in Mega-City One. If they do so, they are instructed to search the space station, with a view to finding out exactly what has been going on and, more importantly, whether any rapturs have been transported to Earth. Unfortunately, as the science lab is officially listed as belonging to Ciudad Barranquilla no overt aid can be offered. However, the judges will be told that the science lab's destruction through 'an accident' would be most welcome.

Prog 2 - Found in Space

The shuttle is a standard interplanetary craft, cramped but functional. Although used by Antonio Santiago as a cargo craft, the shuttle is equipped with a med-bay and can carry up to 40 passengers. Should the judges think to search the cargo-bay they discover the following items of interest.

- A Hondai War Systems KTT12 Assassin Robot (see page 103 of *The Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game*) in perfect working order. In fact, the judges will find its functional state a little too perfect if they turn it on, as the robot is programmed to attack judges on sight! A Technical check (DC 30) is necessary to override this part of its programming, whereupon the judges can employ it as they see fit.
- A crate containing 50 industrial hi-ex packs (2d10/16) and timers. The timers though are of a basic design and can only be set to a maximum of 30 minutes. No amount of tinkering can alter this fact. See pages 57 and 58 of *The Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game* for more info on the hi-ex packs.
- 10 hand-held motion trackers, designed to detect micro-changes in air density. The motion trackers have a range of 100 feet and a successful Technical check (DC 18) is necessary each time they are used in order to accurately interpret the data they give. The Games Master should use the motion trackers to create a suitably tense atmosphere, with worrying bleeps and confusing signals going off at regular intervals!

A Brief Note on Running

Prog 2

By the time the judges arrive, the entire station is infested with raptours. Various battles have taken place and the station has been severely damaged, explosions having wrecked many areas. Conditions inside are therefore bad. Some parts of the station are aflame whilst most of the electronic systems function haphazardly at best. This gives the Games Master the opportunity to keep the action spooky and atmospheric - corridors are filled with smoke and flickering lights, strange noises echo through the station and many rooms are choked with debris. In short, the perfect hunting ground for raptours! As a crisis measure all emergency bulkheads are closed. Unless otherwise indicated in the text, these have DR 15, 50 hit points and can be opened with a Technical check (DC 20).

For reasons of space, all raptours encountered within the space station have the profile given in Part I of *Dark Phoenix Rising*.

Scene 1 - Orbital Science Lab

The shuttle climbs steadily and within minutes the darkness of space can be seen outside, the stars twinkling in the inky blackness. The journey to the science lab takes nearly four hours. Finally, the judges spot a large, ring-shaped space station in the distance, growing rapidly in size as the shuttle approaches. Even from a distance it is clear something is wrong. Large areas of the station appear to be severely damaged and the flicker of flames can be seen within. As the judges approach there is no response from the station crew. The doors to the main hangar bay stand open. This is the only option the judges have for entering the station. Some of the rooms and encounters are used more than once in the map, as they are vital to the plot. These should be ignored if the judges encounter them a second time.

1. Landing Bay

On leaving the shuttlecraft, the judges find that a ghostly silence reigns within the station, broken only by the distant sound of an emergency siren. No one is there to greet the shuttle; something the pilots can tell the

judges is totally out of the ordinary. Both sets of blast doors are closed. The pilots, if still active, will refuse to accompany the judges into the station. Leaving them behind in the shuttle, however, is a bad idea, as they will flee at the earliest opportunity. The best option available to the judges is to incapacitate them. The Games Master should make a note of where they do this, as it will become important later.

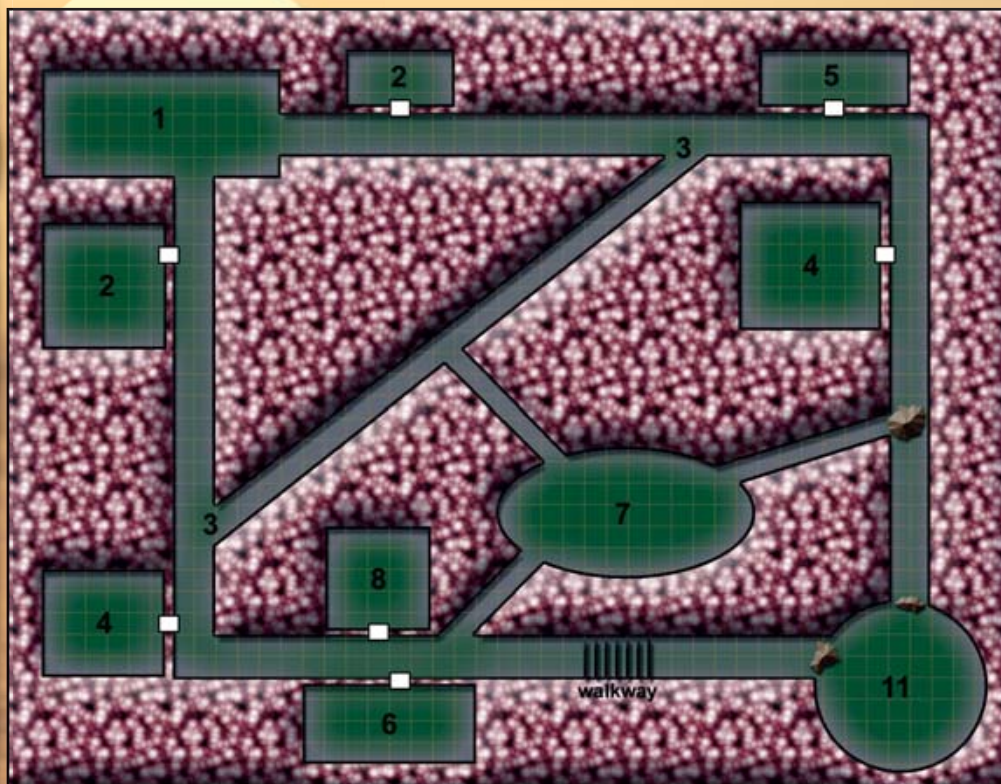
2. Computer Room

This room contains a computer terminal. Upon further investigation the judges discover the terminal to be relatively unscathed, although the keyboard is covered in sticky goo. A Computer Use check (DC 20) is necessary to get the computer up and running. Although the system is not in perfect working order the judges can learn that the mainframe database is located in the Control Room, although its location is unobtainable.

3. The Traitor

The judges' motion trackers indicate something moving rapidly toward their position. Seconds later Carla Jaccob, a middle-aged woman, stumbles into view, carrying a six-year old girl in her arms. Seemingly bewildered and terrified half-out of her mind, she knows the vague location of the central computer. Any judges thinking to scan them find neither carry raptaur-embryos.

Although claiming to be a passenger of LV-400, Carla is actually a member of Antonio Santiago's gang. Fearing the consequences of the judges discovering this, she will craftily try to weaken their strength, directing them into dangerous locations and constantly inquiring as to where their spacecraft



is docked. Should the judges tell her, she will attempt to escape at a suitable point (a convenient location for her betrayal is indicated below. See location '9 - The Ruined Walkway'.) Should it become necessary, the Games Master should use the Nitterie Goon profile printed above for Carla.

4. Science Lab

Read the following out loud as the judges enter this room.

This appears to be some sort of science lab, although the room is badly damaged. Sparks and flickers of bluish flame spurt from the mass of wires hanging from the ceiling, whilst the tables and shelving are overturned and broken. Shards of glass and pools of acrid chemicals cover the floor.

At this point have the judges make a Spot check (DC 18) to notice signs of movement coming from a darkened corner. Given the poor lighting the judges will have to pick their way over to it to discern exactly what it is. Any judges doing this find a large glass container lying unbroken on the floor. Inside squirms a horrible, worm-like creature that the players will recognise as a raptaur embryo. The judges will now notice two more identical containers lying smashed on the floor nearby, their occupants gone. The two facegrabbers lurk amidst the tangle of wires above, and will attack once the judges try to leave the room.

Raptaur Embryo

Tiny Creature

Hit Dice: 1d12+4 (10 hp)

Initiative: +7 (+7 Dex)

Speed: 20 ft.

DV: 21 (+2 size, +9 Reflex)

Damage Reduction: 2 (natural armour)

Attacks: Bite +3 ranged

Damage: Bite (1d2+3)

Face/Reach: 2.5ft. by 2.5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: -

Special Qualities: Blindsight 240 ft., block detection, immunity to mind influencing effects, vulnerable to sonic attacks.

Saves: Fort +6, Reflex +9, Will +0

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 24, Con 18, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 1

Skills: Climb +12, Jump +12, Hide +10

Blindsight 240 ft.: The raptaur embryos have especially strong blindsight during the short time before they develop into the adult creature.

Block Detection: Raptours possess the ability to block all forms of detection, including scanning technology and cameras. This power even extends to psi-talents. The creature must spend a move equivalent action concentrating on concealing itself, but for the next hour it can use its Hide skill to conceal itself from all detection, including cameras, motion trackers and psi talents. The creature's image will fade from computer screens and its 'psychic spoor' simply seems to vanish from any psi-talented individual's perception. However, it will still be visible to conventional senses and must rely on more conventional concealment.

Immunity to Mind Influencing Effects: The raptaur is a crystalline-based lifeform. Its mind is completely alien and therefore cannot be affected by any mind influencing effects, such as psi-talents or drugs.

Vulnerable to Sonic Attacks: As a crystalline-based lifeform, the raptaur is almost invulnerable to conventional weapons. Bullets just bounce off its rock hard skin and its unique body refracts laser energy – even explosions have little effect. However, the complex crystal lattice that forms its cells is extremely vulnerable to sonic disruption. Any hit from a sonic based weapon (such as a sonic blaster) automatically causes double damage and ignores the creature's Damage Reduction score. In addition, any successful critical hit with a sonic weapon will immediately cause the creature to disintegrate into a pile of dust.

5. Living Quarters

This room has obviously been the site of a battle. The walls are peppered with bullet holes and laser burns. Part of the ceiling has collapsed, filling the room with debris. A Spot check (DC 16) notices a collection of papers strewn amidst the wreckage. Unbeknownst to the judges a lone member of the station crew lurks in the far corner, driven out of his mind by fear. Should any judges attempt to retrieve the papers he will leap forth, spraying the room with his stump gun. The man's experiences have driven him out of his mind and he will not stop firing until either killed or rendered unconscious.

Station Crewmember

Citizen 2; HD 2d6+3 (12hp); Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30ft.; DV 11 (+1 Reflex); Attack +1 knife (1d6/2), or +2 Stump Gun (2d6/2); Fort +0, Ref +1, Will -1, Str 10, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 11

Prior Life: Citi-Def Soldier

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Climb +4, Computer Use +2, Concentration +5, Drive +5, Jump +5, Listen +4, Medical +3, Search +4, Spot +4, Streetwise +5; Endurance, Toughness
Possessions: Shell Jacket (DR 8), Stump gun (2d6/2)

The papers contain details of the experiments conducted with the raptours. From these the judges can learn that two days ago the station contained 17 fully-grown specimens. The last line reads: '*Success! As we hoped, the artificial stimulation of the raptaur DNA threads has produced a megaraptaur. Its growth rate is truly prodigious and I fully expect it to be the combat machine we have been hoping for.*'

6. Hybrid Lab

As the door to this room slides open, a wave of hot, foetid air blows past the judges. Inside, they find a large chamber, each side of which is lined with glass-fronted compartments. This was where the failed hybrid experiments were kept. An explosion

has destroyed most of the room but the judges will spot various organic remains lying amidst the wreckage, consisting of horrible mutated limbs and leering half-human heads. A Listen check (DC 12) reveals the sound of laboured breathing coming from the far corner of the room. No response is made to the judges' calls.

The breathing is caused by one of the failed experiments that survived the blast. This horrid mutation consists of an enormous mass of putrid flesh, more raptaur than human. Although very slow moving, its savagery is equal to that of its raptaur origins and it will attack without mercy once the judges come within range, spraying them with acidic vomit.

Hybrid Mutation

Large Creature

Hit Dice: 6d12+42 (77 hp)

Initiative: -2 (-2 Dex)

Speed: 10 ft.

DV: 12 (-1 size, +3 Reflex)

Damage Reduction: 10 (natural armour)

Attacks: 2 claws +9 melee

Damage: 2 claws (1d8+5/6)

Face/Reach: 5ft. by 5ft./10ft.

Special Attacks: Toxic Vomit

Special Qualities: Blindsight 20 ft.

Saves: Fort +12, Reflex +3, Will +2

Abilities: Str 20, Dex 6, Con 24, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 17

Toxic Vomit: Once every three rounds, the mutation is able to spray forth a stream of toxin in a cone 10 feet long, dealing 4d8 points of damage to everyone in the area. A successful Reflex save (DC 17) halves the damage.

7. Raptaur Pens

Read the following out loud to the players:

The door opens onto a wide, circular chamber with a high ceiling where chains and other industrial equipment dangle. The walls of the chamber are lined with numerous heavy-duty blast doors giving access to separate smaller chambers. Each of the doors stands open and red lights flash on and off at regular intervals.

This chamber was where the raptours were held, each pen containing a separate creature. A raptaur hangs amidst the chains above and as the judges enter they should each make an opposed Spot check against the raptaur's hide skill of +21. At an opportune moment the creature reveals itself and drops down to attack.

8. Med-Bay

The door to this room is closed as the judges approach, although their motion trackers indicate signs of activity within. Inside, the judges find a group of dazed and frightened men, women and children, dressed in blue pyjamas. They number eight in total and are the remaining passengers of flight LV-400.

This encounter places the judges in something of a quandary. Obviously, they cannot leave the innocent civilians to their fate but having them in tow will severely hamper their chances of remaining undetected. However, the Games Master should avoid the party splitting up, as the final battle with the raptours (see below) will be far more exciting with the civilians present. The judges should be heavily penalised if they wilfully allow the civilians to be killed.

9. Collapsing Walkway

At this point the judges come to a particularly badly damaged section of the station. A 30-foot long metal walkway leads across a yawning chasm, its bottom wreathed in smoke. How far the drop is cannot be ascertained, but sharp-eyed judges will notice the walls below them are caked in undulating ribs of a glistening residue, almost as if they stared into the skeletal rib-cage of some gigantic beast. Although they may not realise it, they are directly above the entrance to the raptours' nest!

The metal walkway looks decidedly unsafe but will hold the judges' weight if they cross one at a time. The Games Master should make the

players roll a d20 anyway, looking nervous and shaking his head whatever the results. The walkway is important, as Carla Jacob will choose this point to make her break for freedom. Hanging back, she allows each of the judges (and civilians if present) to cross before destroying the walkway with her hand gun and running back the way they have come. The Games Master should decide her fate as they see fit, although she could crop up again to bother the judges as they are making their escape.

Meanwhile, the walkway collapses with a screech of tearing metal, clattering down into the chasm. Any judges succeeding in a Listen check (DC 18) detect a faintly audible hissing emerge from somewhere below them.

10. Damaged Corridor

This corridor leads into the Control Room. The walls are badly damaged, having taken direct hits from some type of heavy weapon. A panel on the wall flashes constantly, a red skull icon visible on its display screen. A Technical check (DC 16) ascertains that the wall is in danger of collapse, allowing the vacuum of space to enter. The judges can do nothing to rectify the situation, although the knowledge may become useful to them later.

11. Control Room

To enter this room, the judges will first have to remove the barricade that blocks the entrance. As they do so, the sound of their activity echoes through the silent corridors, answered occasionally by ominous thuds. As the judges finally enter this room they notice a strange prickly sensation when crossing the doorway, as if they had passed through an electrical field. A Technical check (DC 16) identifies this as a safety precaution due to the collapsing wall outside, forcefields having been activated to ensure the vacuum does not fill the control room. The forcefields do not prevent the passage of physical objects, however.

This chamber holds the central database. The control room seems to have been the site of a battle - both doors have been barricaded and the floors are covered in toxin burns and spent cartridges. Amidst the debris the judges find two things of interest. The first is a functional heavy spit gun (see page 58 of *The Judge Dredd Roleplaying Game*.) The weapon has been fired recently, although it still contains 100 rounds of ammunition. The second is a hatchway in the floor bearing the words 'DANGER-REACTOR CORE.' The hatchway gives access to a tiny chamber filled with humming generators and banks of computers. A Technical check (DC 12) is sufficient for the judges to realise that from here the entire station could be blown to smithereens, given the placement of enough explosives (which the judges handily have access to.)

The database has been damaged but a successful Computer Use check (DC 24) is enough to get it up and running. This contains all the information the judges require on Antonio Santiago's operation. The total amount of rapturs is listed as 17, along with a single megaraptur. Luckily, the number of hybrids successfully produced is low, although a number are listed as having been sent to Earth. The Games Master can decide this number at his own discretion, as hunting down the remaining hybrids could lead on to further missions in exotic locations. However, the database is badly scrambled. In order to get all the details they require a complete memory core download is necessary, taking some 15 minutes. Once the memory core download has begun, the following series of events takes place.

Scene 2 - The Battle in the Control Room

The rapturs will now stage their main assault. Ten minutes after the memory core download has begun, the judges' motion trackers suddenly begin to detect movement, an intermittent beeping at first, slowly building in speed. The readings

are unclear but one thing is obvious - something big is moving their way! All eyes watch nervously as the display screen measures the distance...20 metres...15...10. No sound other than nervous whispering and the occasional prayer is audible within the station, however. The motion trackers read 5 metres...3. The judges scan the room desperately, trying to guess from where the attack will come. The beeping becomes a constant drone. Suddenly someone screams, pointing at the observation window. Looking through the bullet-proof glasteel the judges are greeted by a horrifying sight - a large group of rapturs crawls rapidly across the exterior surface of the station, passing by the control room and heading up to a point somewhere above. A dull thudding becomes audible as the rapturs begin to break their way into the station, followed by the clatter of metal as the ceiling somewhere close by is ripped open.

The Games Master should keep the action fast and furious from this point on, initiating a round-by-round play format. The judges might already have realised from their previous explorations they have no way back to the shuttle. A Computer Use check (DC 28) will call up a floor-plan of the station (which takes two rounds.)

From this the judges learn of the existence of a service tunnel which leads direct to the hangar bay, although the judges will have to cut through the floor to access it (taking a further five rounds.) Each round two people can enter the tunnel. The memory core download requires another 20 rounds to complete its cycle. Should the judges wish to reconstruct the barricade they can do so, finishing just before the rapturs arrive.

On round 10, five rapturs speed around the corner and throw themselves at the barricade. The barricades have 250 hp each and the rapturs can destroy them at a rate of 15 hp damage per round, per raptur, although only two rapturs can attack at any one time. The barricade gives the rapturs one-half cover.

On round 16 the ceiling in the corridor with the unstable wall collapses suddenly and a further ten rapturs drop through, at a rate of four rapturs per round. Cunning judges can take advantage of the weakened wall here and blow it out (DV 10, DR 10, hp 20.) Doing this causes the rapturs to be sucked out into space, although the judges notice a number of the resilient critters hanging onto wiring and stray cables, slowly pulling themselves back toward the ruptured corridor. The emergency forcefields fill the corridor with a shimmering light, preventing the vacuum from flooding the control room.

On round 22 two more rapturs appear to join those attempting to destroy the barricade.

The Service Tunnel

At some point, the judges should cut their losses and beat a hasty retreat (especially if they have set the hi-ex packs to explode!) The service tunnel measures only 4 feet square, so the judges will have to run at a constant crouch (three-quarter speed) with the horde of rapturs in hot pursuit who, due to their physiognomy, can move at full speed. Luckily the service tunnel contains strong bulkheads every 50 feet. These have DR 6 and 40 hit points. Closing them is a full round action and requires a successful Strength check (DC 16), as they are somewhat stiff.

Scene 3 - Take-Off!

The Games Master should time the judges arrival at the hanger bay so that they reach the shuttle with scant minutes to spare before the station blows. As they run toward the shuttle, rapturs seem to scuttle everywhere, dropping from the ceiling and crawling over the spacecraft in an effort to gain access. As the judges board the shuttle have them make a Spot check (DC 20) to notice a small pool of blood emerging from the room where they left the pilots. Opening the door reveals the headless corpse of one of the pilots (or both if the judges are able to pilot

the shuttle themselves) hanging from the ceiling. This should alert the judges to the presence of a raptaur on board. The raptaur is located within the shuttle's engine room.

Meanwhile, the judges desperately try to fire up the engines. As they do so, a sudden explosion rocks the station. Tongues of flame burst from the corridor and huge shards of metal smash into the side of the shuttle. Many raptours are incinerated in the blast but more pound the side of the vehicle in an attempt to gain entry. The judges will notice that of the four thrusters, one will not start. Read the following out loud:

The engines roar into life as the walls around you begin to shake violently. You spin the ship around as a thunderous roar begins to sound from deep within the station. The noise increases rapidly in volume, reaching such intensity you fear your eardrums will burst.

The ship speeds through the hangar doors. For a split second an ominous silence reigns, then the vessel is surrounded by a blinding, white light. Moments later the apocalyptic shockwave hits, tossing the shuttle from side to side. You battle to keep control of the craft as it threatens to spin out of control. Somebody screams from behind you, as another, even greater explosion occurs. The shuttle sways drunkenly, as the noise slowly subsides. Shaking from the effort, you breathe a sigh of relief as you gradually bring the shuttle under control.

The judges will realise straight away that the vessel is severely damaged. Emergency lights and sirens go off all over the ship. The judges perform a rapid damage check (this could be a good time to spring the raptaur on them if they have not already neutralised it.) Having done this, they realise to their dismay that the vessel's fuel deposit has been badly damaged and is leaking fuel out into space. There is nowhere near enough to get them back to Mega-City One.

Making rapid calculations, they figure that an emergency landing somewhere in the Cursed Earth is their best bet.

The judges can contact Mega-City One, although the com-array is damaged. After several frustrating minutes of static, they are informed that H-wagons are standing by to pick them up once they have landed.

The shuttle slowly limps back toward Earth, entering the planet's atmosphere seven hours later. Meanwhile, the judges can make use of the shuttle's medical bay to heal injured colleagues. Soon the desolate landscape of the Cursed Earth becomes visible below. Landing the shuttle is a tricky task, given that one of the thrusters is offline. No matter how carefully the shuttle is landed, it goes badly, the shuttle smashing into the ground with a teeth-rattling impact. Although in no danger of exploding, smoke and choking fumes begin to fill the shuttle's interior, forcing the judges to leave the vehicle. The judges settle down to await the H-wagons in the midst of a vast, rocky plateau.

After a suitable pause, have the judges make a Spot check (DC 20). If successful, they notice a curious patch of ground under one of the shuttle's thrusters, that smokes and steams, giving off an acrid odour. As the judges watch, they spot movement within the thruster. Suddenly, an enormous, blackened arm emerges, its clawed hand gripping the thruster's edges. Before the judges' horrified eyes the vast bulk of a megaraptaur slowly comes into view, dropping down to the earth before them!

Megaraptaur

Huge Creature

Hit Dice: 16d12 + 112 (225 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 60 ft. Climb 50 ft.

DV: 24 (-2 size, +15 Reflex)

Damage Reduction: 14 (crystalline-based life form)

Attack: Claw +24 melee

Full Attack: 2 claws

+24/+19/+14/+9 melee, tentacle +20/+15/+10 melee, bite +18/+14/+9 melee

Damage: Claw 2d4/12, tentacle 2d6/4, bite 2d6/12

Face/Reach: 15 ft. by 15 ft./15 ft.

Special Attacks: Fear toxin, hypnotic gaze

Special Qualities: Block detection, vulnerable to sonic attacks

Saves: Fort +17, Ref +15, Will +8

Abilities: Str 24, Dex 20, Con 24, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 8

Skills: Balance +14, Climb +17, Hide +20, Jump +27, Listen +17, Move Silently +20 and Spot +17.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Multiattack and Weapon Focus (claw)

Climate/Terrain: Deep space

Organisation: Unique

Advancement: -

Created by a group of renegade scientists aboard a genetic research space station in 2126, the megaraptaur is the end product of an illicit project to develop the 'ultimate killing machine'. Bred by grafting human DNA directly into an embryonic raptaur, the creature was intended to possess the sheer killing power of the raptaur coupled with the reasoning abilities of a human. The end result excelled the scientists' dreams – it was, quite literally, an unstoppable and highly intelligent killer. Unfortunately for them, it proved to be too intelligent and quickly emerged as the leader of its less sophisticated fellows. It was able to break free of its containment unit with contemptuous ease, freeing its lesser brethren in the process. Before long, the raptours were well and truly in control of the research station.

The megaraptaur appears to be a chaotic combination of human and raptaur. It is considerably larger than both, standing some fifteen feet tall, and retains the 'elongated' appearance of the normal raptaur. However, it is the remnants of human features that are the most horrifying – although it



retains the unique crystalline structure of its raptaur ancestor, it also possesses a human muscle structure, although it is apparently made of a black, chitinous material. It possesses the great, grinning maw and huge, mirror-like eyes of the raptaur. Unlike the instinct-driven raptours, the megarraptaur is capable of rational thought and can be a cunning, merciless foe.

Combat

The sheers size and composite nature of the megarraptaur means that it looses out on some the superhuman agility of its non-human ancestor, but its sheer strength and power is second to none. Like its smaller cousin, it prefers to find a location where it feels safe, where it will hoard the remains of its victims to be consumed at its leisure. It is free of the raptours' need to regularly consume serotonin, but will often eat the brains of its victims immediately anyway. This is for no other reason than that it likes the taste. The megarraptaur is a predator by nature, although it is far more intelligent, capable of formulating quite complex plans and traps, and possesses far more self-control and patience than its smaller counterpart, often waiting for hours for the right time to strike. Unlike the raptaur, the megarraptaur is capable of simple speech, although it will rarely say anything coherent. It seems to

mutter to itself, repeat phrases it has overheard and occasionally chuckle, all in a hoarse whisper – however, it also occasionally ‘barks’, just like a regular raptaur.

Block Detection: Just like a raptaur, the megarraptaur possesses the ability to block all forms of detection, including scanning technology and cameras. This power even extends to psi-talents. The creature must spend a move equivalent action concentrating on concealing itself, but for the next hour it can use its Hide skill to conceal itself from all detection, including cameras, motion trackers and psi talents. The creature’s image will fade from computer screens and its ‘psychic spoor’ simply seems to vanish from any psi-talented individual’s perception. However, it will still be visible to conventional senses and must rely on more conventional concealment.

Fear Toxin: The megarraptaur’s natural weapons are impregnated with an extremely potent toxin, which induces a feeling of abject terror, often reducing the unfortunate victim into a nightmare-filled comatose state. Megarraptaur toxin is considered to be contact DC 14, damage 3d6 Wisdom, secondary damage 2d6 Wisdom.

Hypnotic Gaze: The mirror-like eyes of the megarraptaur seem to possess a mesmerising quality, forcing any victim that meets its gaze to freeze in terror. Any character that comes within 20 feet of the megarraptaur must make an immediate Will save (DC 18) or become stunned for the next 1d10 rounds.

Vulnerable to Sonic Attacks: As a crystalline-based lifeform, the megarraptaur is almost invulnerable to conventional weapons, although its human characteristics have weakened its legendary toughness somewhat. Bullets just bounce off its rock hard skin and its unique body refracts laser energy – even explosions have little effect. However, the complex crystal lattice that forms its cells is extremely vulnerable to sonic disruption. Any hit from a sonic based weapon (such as a sonic blaster) automatically causes double damage and ignores the creature’s Damage Reduction score. In addition, any successful critical hit with a sonic weapon will immediately cause the creature to disintegrate into a pile of dust.

This encounter is designed to bring Dark Phoenix Rising to a suitably dramatic conclusion, although it would be unfair to kill the judges right at the end. If the combat seems to be going against the judges, or their experiences on the space station have left them severely weakened, the Games Master can have the H-Wagons appear to save the day. Of course, if the Games Master is feeling nasty, they can have the egg-producing Raptaur Queen disappear into the wilds of the Cursed Earth, there to await her revenge. The raptaur menace might not yet have been defeated...

With this, Dark Phoenix Rising concludes. Survivors of the ordeal are shipped back to Mega-City One for debriefing. Surviving judges should be awarded between 3,500 and 5,000 XP each. They will have earned it!



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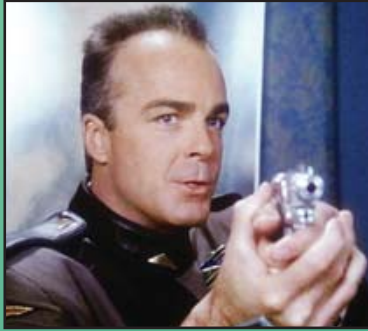
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