

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

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ISSUE 11**

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a tale of John the Balladeer
by Manly Wade Wellman

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The Monsters of the
Cthulhu Mythos
by Glenn & Arthur Rahman
Adapting Arduin Characters
to Tunnels & Trolls
by Ken St. Andre

Sleeping Champions
by Samuel Davenport

GAMING

The Black Dragon Tavern
a complete GM adventure
in the City of Terrors
by Michael Stackpole





illustration by Liz Danforth

TROLL TALK

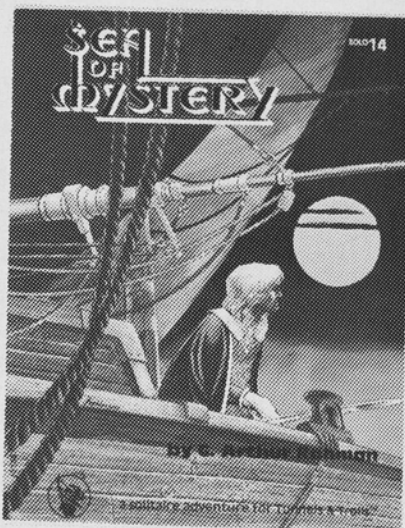
It's true — this issue of SA is a wee bit late. It fell to the rear as we raced to complete projects for Pacific Origins (held over the 4th of July weekend in San Mateo, California); those same projects

should begin to show up in your game stores and mailboxes by the time you read this.

The favored item at Origins, which we're enormously proud of, is *Grimtooth's TRAPS*, which was first mentioned about a year ago in SA6. It's finally finished — a horrifying amalgamation of 101 of the most gruesomely detailed, mechanically described traps, tricks, and devices of delver destruction ever assembled in a single book. But what do you expect from the Troll who plays darts with unicorns? Paul O'Connor, poor fellow, had the questionable honor of editing Grimtooth's blood-speckled manuscript. Even if you never design a dungeon of your own, Paul has ensured that you'll get a kick out of just reading through the book . . . also a jolt, a bang, a shock, a stab of delight . . .

On another subject, there seem to be quite a few people clogging up the postal system by playing various fantasy and FRP games through the mails: GMing a T&T scenario, playing in Tribes of Crane, or whatever. With so much going on (often as a private thing) I'd like to hear some comments from you readers who have been involved in, or are still involved in, pbm fantasy gaming of any stripe. Whether you're running a game or participating in one, tell us about problems you've had, your joys, delights and good times, and in general your feelings and experiences with pbm fantasy. I'm not looking for Diplomacy commentary, pbm Afrikan Corps, or StarWeb, but T&T by mail, or Runequest, even Traveller, as well as the commercially-run Tribes of Crane or LOV. Try to send this to us by about October 1st, and make it as long or short as you'd like. Then one of our staff writers will organize these comments into a single article, covering impressions from many people (I hope!) and maybe drawing a few conclusions in the process. But to do a decent job, we have to hear from you! So what are you waiting for, spending time reading this editorial . . . start writing, already!

Liz Danforth



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Adapting Arduin Characters to Tunnels & Trolls

by Ken St. Andre

*(with additional comments by
Dave Hargrave and Liz Danforth)*

*For those unsatisfied with T&T's apparent lack of differing character types,
here are eight new character types to enliven your T&T games!*

One of the most common comments I hear about *Tunnels & Trolls* is that there aren't enough different kinds of characters — not enough variety among the classes. I always try to explain that players can create as much variety as they wish, and that what other systems such as *Dungeon & Dragons* call "character types" we would consider to be merely "occupations". Warriors can be thieves, traders, and blacksmiths all at the same time if they want to. My northern barbarian can also be a first class wizard.

In T&T, character types are defined by their ability to deal with magic, which is considered to be a natural psionic power of certain individuals.

Warriors, by definition, have no magical abilities at all. It is like being color blind for them. No amount of training will ever enable a warrior to cast a spell.

Wizards, on the other hand, have tremendous natural abilities. In addition, they received the necessary

training when they were young.

Rogues are those unfortunate people who might have been wizards if they had gotten the training, but didn't. They can learn and use a limited amount of magic, but they cannot go on to great heights of wizardry as true wizards can. Neither were rogues well-trained in arms while growing up. They know how to fight, but it is mostly the rough-and-tumble of the streets, not the skill and discipline of a warrior.

Finally, there is a class called Warrior-Wizards, which represents those exceptional individuals who were able to learn both magic and combat skills. They are not as good at magic as wizards, and not as good at fighting as warriors — but let it be clearly understood, they are competent at both. Putting it in modern terms, a warrior-wizard is the kind of person who can go to Harvard Law School, get straight A's, and still be quarterback on the football team.

However, for those who still want a greater variety in character classes and powers, I wish to develop the idea of occupation-related abilities. The basic idea is that the large character types may be sub-divided into smaller professional groups that have certain abilities not *usually* found among ordinary T&T characters. After discussing the idea with Dave Hargrave, he gave me permission to base these professionals on some of the new character types explained in *The Arduin Grimoire*, *Welcome to Skull Tower*, and *The Runes of Doom*, hereafter referred to as the *Arduin* trilogy. This is the old *Arduin* material and should not be confused with the revised *Arduin* rules recently released by Grimoire Games.

Liz Danforth has pointed out that the professionals discussed below are probably more suited to be non-player characters for use in a long campaign or city game, and would not ordinarily be encountered in your average dungeon delve. Traditional T&T GMs might



refuse to let you use such characters in an adventure, and they would be entirely justified. On the other hand, it has always been my experience that the better fantasy role-players *always* modify whatever rules they are playing by to agree with their own conceptions of the way the universe should be. So, if you like the *Arduin*-based character types suggested below, feel free to work them into your own gaming world. Don't let it bother you that they aren't likely to ever appear in the "official" T&T rules.

The *Arduin* trilogy and T&T seem to hold a similar world-view. *Arduin* is more complex and tends to spell out everything about characters in a large number of tables, whereas T&T leaves the fine details to the players' imaginations. Both systems incorporate many humanoid, but non-human, characters such as Elves, Dwarves, Trolls, and Demons. In *Arduin*, such eldritch beings can be character types; in T&T, they must belong to one of the four character types possible. Thus, in T&T, it is possible to have a Trollish wizard. In *Arduin*, Trolls can master wizardry *only very rarely*.

Therefore, it should be understood that I'm talking *only* about *human beings* below, unless I specifically say otherwise. Where it is both possible and probable, the T&T version of the *Arduin* class will include those non-human kindreds who would have any reason or justification for belonging to it. Elvish thieves and courtesans do not strain the bounds of credibility in the least. A Dwarf would be a natural Techno, and so on.

Arduin offers some thirty character types. Going through all thirty at one time would be tedious, so I have selected eight that fit well into the T&T milieu. If you like these eight, perhaps I could speak about some others in a later article.

Type I: Normals

The existence of normal, non-dungeon delving people has always been taken for granted in the T&T world. We sometimes treat them as zero level characters and act as though all their attribute numbers were 10. As *Arduin* explains it, these are the cobblers, librarians, street-sweepers, gem-cutters, and lemonade-sellers of the world. They would gain experience points for making shoes, cataloging books, sweeping streets, polishing jewels, and selling lemonade, respectively. Unless you are playing such a character for some perverted reason, all the above would be intensely boring. T&T does not give out experience points for such activities. Mundanity is beyond the intended scope of the game.

Normals in T&T terms are those people who never got any special training as a child: no magic, no weapons, no school of hard knocks. They have no special skills, and are likely to take up the old family profession when they come of age. To create a Normal for the T&T world, roll the attributes as you would normally (roll 3d6 for each attribute), but subtract 1 from each roll. Normals have no magical powers and no combat skills. In combat, if they use a weapon other than their bare hands, they must halve the number of hits the weapon will do, and must halve the number of hits armor or shields will take, for their utter lack of skill in using them.

Normals are meant to be the faceless fillers of the T&T world, mere ciphers in the crowd — or the crowd itself. They make good monster fodder. Should anyone decide to play a Normal, that character would have the disadvantages listed above, and would gain adventure points at $\frac{1}{2}$ the normal rate. If a Normal reaches 1000 adventure points, he or she becomes a Warrior or a Rogue (according to the choice of the person playing that character), and must start all over again with zero adventure points in his or her new class. (A Normal absolutely cannot become a first level wizard, because of his or her total lack of magical training during childhood.)

Type II: Thieves

Playing a "Thief" character in a fantasy game context implies more skill than merely picking up any treasure in your path and carrying it off. It implies the ability to open or bypass locks, to pick pockets, to hide with a minimum of cover, and so forth. The *Arduin* trilogy states, "A

Thief should *never* be put into a strictly combat-only situation unless there is absolutely no help for it. A Thief is not a Fighter."

In T&T, a Thief would be a subclass of Rogue. To create a Thief character, you must first create a Rogue with a natural 17 or higher DEX and an IQ of at least 12. If these two requirements are met by the natural fall of the dice, you may further improve the character by adding 3 to its Speed rating.

Since Thieves are not fighters, one would not expect to find them in heavy armor (anything more than an arming doublet), or carrying large weapons (anything that gets more than 3 dice in combat). If a Thief wears too much armor (more than 3 points of protection), you must cut its DEX rating in half while so encumbered. If a Thief uses too large a weapon (4 dice or more), it gets only half the rolled combat total and none of its personal adds — because of lack of skill with the weapon.

When opening locks, Thieves make saving rolls based on their DEX (that is, if they don't already know the *Knock Knock* spell). A simple lock should be a L1-SR; a difficult lock should require a L2 effort. The toughest lock in the world (including magical ones) should only require a L3-SR for the true Thief. The Thief must be able to prove to the GM that he or she can reasonably expect to get at the lock mechanism. (Remember, saving rolls require a minimum roll of at least 5 — even the best of Thieves could miss the saving roll and be unable to open the lock.) If a lock baffles a Thief the first time he or she tries it, it should require twice as high a saving roll on DEX each subsequent time it is tried.

For example, the Swiss Cheeser is a Thief in Flankmor. He has been thrown into the Overlord's dungeon along with a motley bunch of gutter-spawn. He decides to pick the lock (an easy one) and escape. Swiss has a DEX of 17, and he only needs to make a first level saving roll to open the cell door — but he rolls a 3 (on 2d6), thereby missing the minimum. The door remains locked. The Cheeser grits his teeth and tries again. This time he needs to make a L2-SR, which is an 8, but he throws a 7, missing again. He's getting worried, but determines to make one last try. This time he needs a L4-SR or an 18 if he is to escape, but alas, he rolls only an 11 — not good enough. When morning comes, the Swiss Cheeser is still in his cell.

Thieves make saving rolls against

their Intelligence when trying to set or avoid a trap. Simple traps require a first level roll; difficult ones should be given a second level roll; and the really super-tough ones should have a fourth level roll. As with locks, if the saving roll is missed, the level of the throw needed doubles with each subsequent attempt. Any single trap or lock which is not successfully dealt with within 3 attempts is beyond the ability of that particular Thief for good.

Thieves also climb and hide very well. It is up to the players and the GM to determine exactly how well. A rule of thumb would be thus: if it is difficult for a regular character, it is easy for a Thief. If it is impossible for a normal character, it is difficult for a Thief. If it is impossible for a Thief, it's impossible for anybody without wings.

In addition, it is possible to have such characters as Elvish Thieves (who should be very good) and Trollish Thieves (who only handicap themselves with the inability to use large weapons). Thief-hood is a profession open to all humanoid kindreds.

Thieves should not receive experience points for missed saving rolls when opening locks, or when detecting or setting traps. It would be easy for players to destroy the system by using the doubling rule and accumulating enough experience points to go up in levels while missing every roll. Thieves should get experience from their successes only.

Type III. Barbarians

The *Arduin* barbarian is a Conan-like figure much given to fighting. In T&T terms, he would be a simple Warrior, but a simple Warrior doesn't quite convey the ferocity that the giant Cimmerian would have. A Barbarian requires certain minimum attributes (before adjustment for kindred type). The Barbarian must have a ST and CON of at least 15 each and a DEX of at least 11. The *Arduin* trilogy limits the Barbarian to an IQ of 12 and a CHR of 16, but those limitations could easily prove fatal and a long-term handicap in T&T, so they are relaxed. Hargrave asserts that the IQ handicap should stand without advanced schooling, and I agree. I hereby stipulate that no Barbarian can start (as a first level character) with an Intelligence higher than 12, but a Barbarian can have Intelligence raised to higher levels by magic or by using level bonuses just as any other T&T character could.

Barbarians are a subclass of Warriors, and can never learn to cast magic. However, they are especially

deadly in hand-to-hand combat. To differentiate the Barbarian from other T&T warriors, give him double his personal adds in hand-to-hand combat (not double his weapon roll, just double his personal combat adds); he should get only regular adds in missile combat. This will make the Barbarian a great in-fighter, but no particular threat at a distance.

None belonging to any Elvish race should become Barbarians — they're all too civilized. Orcs, Half-Orcs, Trolls, Men, Hobbits, and Dwarves are all potential Barbarians.

In addition to their prowess as fighters, Barbarians generally have keener senses (sight, smell, hearing, taste) than their civilized counterparts. Thus, a Barbarian always gets a saving roll (no higher than third level) on his Luck before he can be surprised by a foe.

Type IV. Assassins

The *Arduin* trilogy Assassin is very ethical and will only kill on a legal contract. The T&T Assassin has no such qualms — and no protection under the law, either!

In T&T terms, the Assassin could be a subclass of Warriors or Rogues. However, only a person of superior Intelligence and Dexterity would last long as a professional Assassin. In order to create an Assassin character, you must roll up either a Warrior or Rogue with a minimum IQ of 16 and a minimum DEX of 14 (before modification for kindred type).

Assassins are noted for their superb proficiency with one particular weapon or type of weapon. The Assassin may designate one weapon with which he always gets double the weapon's dice roll. (This chosen weapon must not be larger than a 3-die sword.) If the

weapon is magical or poisoned, the Assassin still gets double the normal effect with his one chosen weapon. Assassins have only normal combat abilities with all other weapons.

Assassins strike by stealth and from ambush whenever they can. Their object is to kill, not to fight. If the situation is favorable (this requires a determination by the GM) the Assassin will always surprise his victim and get one combat round without opposition unless the victim can make a Luck saving roll on the Assassin's level.

For example, Killum-dedd is a 7th level Assassin who's trying to bump off Gazbog, a 2nd level Orc. Killum-dedd's special weapon is the throwing dirk, which he has poisoned with curare. He is sitting in the back of the tavern when Gazbog walks in. He secretly pulls a dirk from his boot and throws it when Gazbog isn't looking. Killum makes the necessary DEX-SR to hit the Orc. Gazbog needs a 7th level saving roll against his Luck in order to see the dagger coming and dodge in time. To shorten this long story, Gazbog misses his saving roll horribly, is struck by the poisoned dagger which does some 40 hits, and dies in agony. Killum-dedd gets away with the murder — no one even saw his hand move.

The Assassin can also become a Poison Master. Assassins buy the ordinary venoms (listed in the rules) from underworld sources at half the normal cost. After an Assassin reaches 10th level, he can brew his own poisons for whatever purpose (from unconsciousness to death in agony) upon making a minimum saving roll of 5 on his DEX. Such concoctions must be cleared with the GM before they are used, and the Assassin can't just pull one



KUMARSA



out of his sleeve because the party of delvers suddenly needs to kill a dragon.

Because an Assassin is *persona non grata* in the T&T world, your Assassin character should have another class identity. He could masquerade as a simple Warrior or Trader or anything else that seems reasonable. This may necessitate keeping two tallies of adventure points — one for the Assassin and one for the cover identity. Assassins get Assassin adventure points only when they are directly involved in killing something. Adventure points awarded for dungeon level of difficulty will count toward the level of the cover identity, but not toward the level of the Assassin. Saving rolls and clever play *as related to the Assassin's work* will count towards the Assassin's level, but otherwise these will only count toward the level of the cover identity. There is no reason why any kindred type couldn't be an Assassin if the character met the attribute requirements before modification for its kindred.

Type V. Traders

The *Arduin* trilogy Trader is more than a shopkeeper, though he can keep shop with the best of them. Traders are those adventurous types who lead or participate in caravans or voyages from place to place for purposes of trade. The trader would seldom be caught in your average dungeon-delving expedition (though they *do* finance dungeon delving for a "cut" of the take). A skillful deal is more to a Trader's liking than is outright murder and plunder.

Trader type characters have actually been seen in T&T from time to time. Very early in the evolution of the game, Stephen McAllister retired his character Potterman from dungeon delving and set him up in business as a loan shark and banking house. Potterman was perhaps the first T&T millionaire.

Traders are a subclass of the Rogue character type. They may well have learned a few magical tricks here and there. Traders must start as Rogues with an IQ rating between 12 and 18, and a CON rating between 15 and 18 (before

modification for kindred type). They need to be both bright and hardy. They are allowed no armor heavier than leather, and no weapons worth more than 5 dice in combat (excluding magical weapons; you can bet that if a Trader gets his hand on one, he'll be only too happy to use it . . .).

Although Traders get adventure points for combat and magic, they also get points for trading. If you want to keep track of such things, you should give a Trader 1 experience point for every 100 gold pieces in profit he makes on a trade, with a maximum of 100 experience points to be had for trading during any one game or adventure. This should stop system-hacker Traders from claiming to have made a million gold pieces in profit on any one deal and thus instantly getting an inordinate number of experience points at one time. The object here is to reward Traders for their mercantile activities, and to prevent the creation of mega-characters. Because of the extra bother of keeping track of experience points for trading, Traders would probably be more useful as NPCs than as player types.

Traders can usually haggle prices down to a lower level. If a Trader can make his L1-SR on IQ, he can reduce the stated price of an object by 10%. After that, and only for items worth 100 g.p. or more, he can subtract an additional gold piece from the price of an object for each level of experience attained. Traders do not get experience points for saving rolls attempted while arguing prices down.

For example, Moriubun is a 4th level trader from Khosht with an IQ of 22. He has a chance to buy a diamond worth 1000 g.p. He needs a minimum saving roll of 5 (he rolls a 6) to reduce the price of the gem by 10%, and he gets to knock off 1 gold piece for each level, which is another 4. Moriubun pays 896 g.p., while a normal character of any other type would have had to pay the full 1000. Note that Moriubun actually made a 104-g.p. profit on this deal so far, which gains him 1 experience point for trading. He gets that experience point when he converts the gem into cash.

Type VI: Technos

Every once in a while I get to feeling crazy, and I throw my dungeon open to a bunch of *Traveller* characters. Plasma guns against dragons makes for an amusing confrontation. So far the spacemen haven't won yet.

Technos, according to the *Arduin* trilogy, are "specialists that disbelieve 100% in magic and work from a strictly scientific point of view. They can 'figure out' nearly any mechanical

or technological item, given enough time and resources. They are constantly dismembering dragons to find out where the flame thrower was hidden. They dislike intensely all forms of magic."

In *Tunnels & Trolls* terms, a Techno is a subclass of Warrior. Given their predilection for technological devices such as guns, and their dislike for primitive weapons such as swords and axes, Techno characters are likely to be aliens to the regular T&T world, having come through a dimensional gateway or having landed in a spaceship, or something similar. Primitive firearms are just barely being introduced in the T&T world that I play in, so home-grown Technos are rare. (An arquebusier or musketeer is actually a form of Techno, according to Dave Hargrave.)

Once a Techno character has made his entrance, he should be played as anachronistically as possible. Trolls with 90 caliber submachineguns (bullets the size of pieplates!) are not too far to go. The Techno's main advantage as a character (other than the superior firepower he is likely to start with) is his chance to figure out how to use any technological devices that may be encountered. This is a chance to understand a technological item, whether it be bazooka or jet plane or electric hairdryer. Technos get only *one* try to figure out an item — if they don't get it right, they'll come up with some bizarre use for or explanation of the technological item which they will believe to be correct. This is a fine opportunity for the GM to have some fun with his or her players.

When a Techno must figure out a technological item, roll 1d6 and reference the level of your Techno on the chart below. If you roll within the range indicated, you have discovered how to use the item.

Techno Level #	Number to roll
1-4	1
5-8	1-2
9-12	1-3
13-16	1-4
17-20	1-5
20 +	Automatic

In most T&T games, Techno characters shouldn't arise naturally. If you'd like to play one, figure out what the character would logically be like, and get the GM's permission to bring it in. Then, good luck! (Hargrave suggested running a Dwarven asteroid miner. I think this is fine — as long as he sticks to Dwarven asteroids!!!)

Type VII. Bards & Minstrels

The T&T Bard would be a subclass of Rogue. A minimum DEX of 13 and a minimum CHR of 14 is required (before adjustment for kindred type) for a Bardic character.

The Bard's major talent lies in his or her knowledge of song and legendry. If there is a story or any bit of esoteric lore that the party of adventurers needs to know, the Bard should be given a chance to "recall" it if he or she can manage an IQ-SR. (It is up to the GM to determine what level of saving roll should be made, depending on how obscure the desired information is. Any saving roll above 5th level seems a bit much for this kind of thing.)

Bards and Minstrels may also sing for gold in appropriate situations, such as a lord's court or a city bazaar, and they will get an amount determined by a saving roll on Dexterity. (The GM could use this DEX-SR as a rule of thumb, but IQ or CHR might also be appropriate.)

When singing for gold, the Bard makes a L1-SR on DEX (20-DEX) and takes the difference times its level number in gold pieces earned.

For example, Scop the Bard is singing for Lerotra'hh in the Royal Court of Khazan. He is a third level Bard with a DEX of 17. He needs the minimum of 5 to make his saving roll, and he rolls a 6. It wasn't one of his better performances. $6 \text{ minus } 5 = 1$ times 3 (for his level) = 3. The Death Goddess gives him 3 gold pieces for the effort, and, curious to see whether he fights any better than he sings, condemns him to 3 fights in the Arena of Khazan.)

Bards should be given experience points for the singing saving rolls made, but not for those that are missed. Those tend to lead to bad experiences.

Type VIII. Alchemists

We have always assumed that there are alchemists in the T&T world who manufacture strange potions and chemicals, but these have seldom been mentioned in play. The reason is obvious. The average Alchemist would rather stay in a city where he is safe and well-supplied, rather than risk his neck in some dungeon expedition. That makes them a perfect sort of non-player character — they're around when you need them, but otherwise they're out of sight and mind.

Alchemists in the T&T world would be a subclass of Wizards. To create an Alchemist character, you must first roll up a Wizard whose IQ is equal to double or more of its Strength rating (before modification for kindred type). This tends to produce a very bright wizard without much power for casting spells. Such people turn naturally to alchemy. Wizards without the minimum IQ rating of 10 are not allowed to be Alchemists, either — no ST of 3 or 4 and IQ of 6 or 8.

Since Alchemists create a variety of alchemical substances, it is hard to define their powers exactly. Generally speaking, the T&T Alchemist is able to create potions, powders, and amulets with powers equivalent to the normal effect of the spells on his or her own level. (For example, Bob, a first level wizard, can throw a *Knock Knock* spell that will unlock doors. Fhred, a first level Alchemist, can produce an acid which would eat through wood or metal to the same effect.) With some thought, most experienced players should be able to see how an Alchemist could produce a substance of some sort to duplicate the powers of any spell in



the T&T rulebook. GM discretion in this area is vital — don't let your Alchemists get too silly or too powerful. (Hargrave also cautions you to remember that all that glop has to be hauled around!)

Considering the above, it is easy to see that many of the magical talismans and potions found in dungeons must be the work of Alchemists. Now we finally know where all those enchanted doodads come from. Although well-established Alchemists would tend to stay home in their shops, young ones would be willing to go adventuring in order to obtain enough funds to set up shop in some permanent location. They *prefer* to stay behind, however, "loaning" potions and other goodies to adventurers in return for some of the expected loot.

One thing should be made clear. While Alchemists *understand* ordinary magic, they *do not* use it in the ordinary way, and would prefer not to use it at all. Instead of casting a *Take That You Fiend*, an Alchemist would be more likely to throw a vial of concentrated acid with a damage potential in hits equal to his IQ rating. Furthermore, alchemical potions and talismans are not subject to the normal time limits of regular spells. It is up to the GM to determine how long an acid (or other item) will retain a potency. Personally, I would

halve the effect of an acid for each combat turn after it was applied.

An Alchemist may be asked to produce substances that are not analogous to any of the spells in the T&T rulebook. If the GM thinks this is the case, he or she should determine a level of difficulty for the job, and then should ask the Alchemist to make an IQ saving roll at that level of difficulty. If the saving roll is made, the Alchemist can do it; if not, the Alchemist fails.

For example, Cagliostro the Alchemist is asked to manufacture a perfectly transparent glass sphere two feet in diameter. It must be solid glass, not hollow. The GM reasons that this is similar to making an invisible wall, and decides that this is a 7th level problem. Cagliostro needs to make a L7-SR on IQ. He has an IQ of 35. He misses the roll, reports failure, and probably doesn't collect his fee. In this case, the saving roll was only to see if he could do it, and wasn't worth any experience points.

It's up to the Alchemist to set the fees for his work, whether it is being handled by a player or by the GM. A good rule of thumb should be that no alchemical preparation should cost less than the equivalent spell in the rulebook would cost; in this case, second

level preparations should cost at least 500 g.p. each. First level spells have no listed cost, so it is up to the Alchemist to improvise.

The *Arduin* Alchemist may not wear armor or carry weapons. The T&T alchemist may not wear armor while working, but may carry a knife at all times if he wishes. Magical staves do not help T&T Alchemists, for the following reason. The T&T staff generally serves as an aid to help focus a spell, and when you're instilling magical properties into powders, potions, talismans, and what-have-you, a staff (other than some sort of ladle for stirring the cauldrons) would just be in the way.

CONCLUSION

I guarantee that the use of the eight new character subclasses listed above will add a lot of variety and new interest to your T&T world. Also, I'd like to thank Dave Hargrave for allowing me to adapt his *Arduin* character types for use in the T&T universe. In some cases, the changes made have been quite radical. And also, thanks to both Dave and Liz for so carefully critiquing the first drafts of this article. Those comments have resulted in many changes — for the better, I hope.

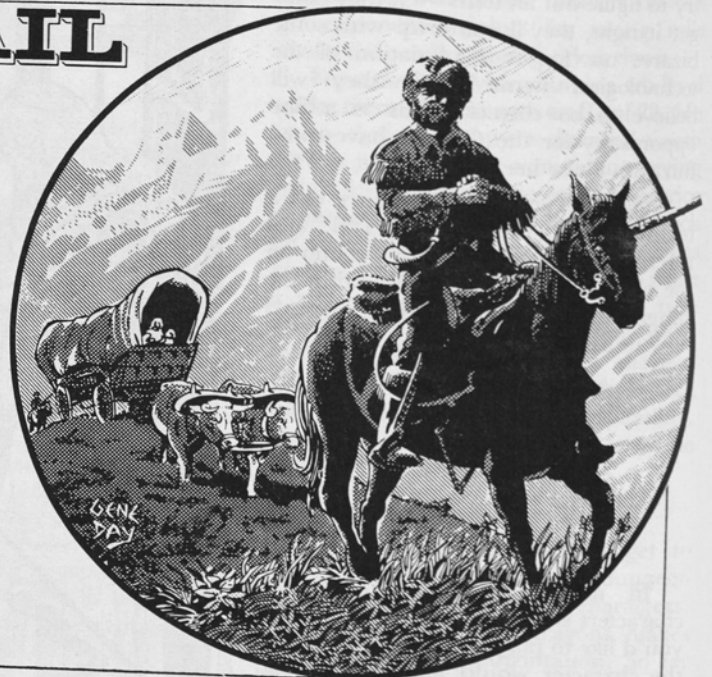
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Library Data
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Michicon X—Oakland University—Rochester, MI—June 12,13,14

Pacific Origins—Dunfey Hotel—San Mateo, CA—July 2,3,4,5

CWA-CON '81—Northlake Hotel—Northlake, IL—July 16,17,18,19

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FEATHER STAFF

Origin: Italian, 16th century

Length: extended: 200 cm
staff: 120 cm
central blade: 80 cm
side blades: 20 cm

Width: staff (diam.): 5 cm
blade: 2 cm

***Weight:** 20 weight units (1 kg)

***Cost:** 150 gold pieces

***Dice + Adds:** closed: 3
extended: 4 + 3

***Dexterity needed:** closed: 5
open: 12

***Strength needed:** closed: 10
open: 10

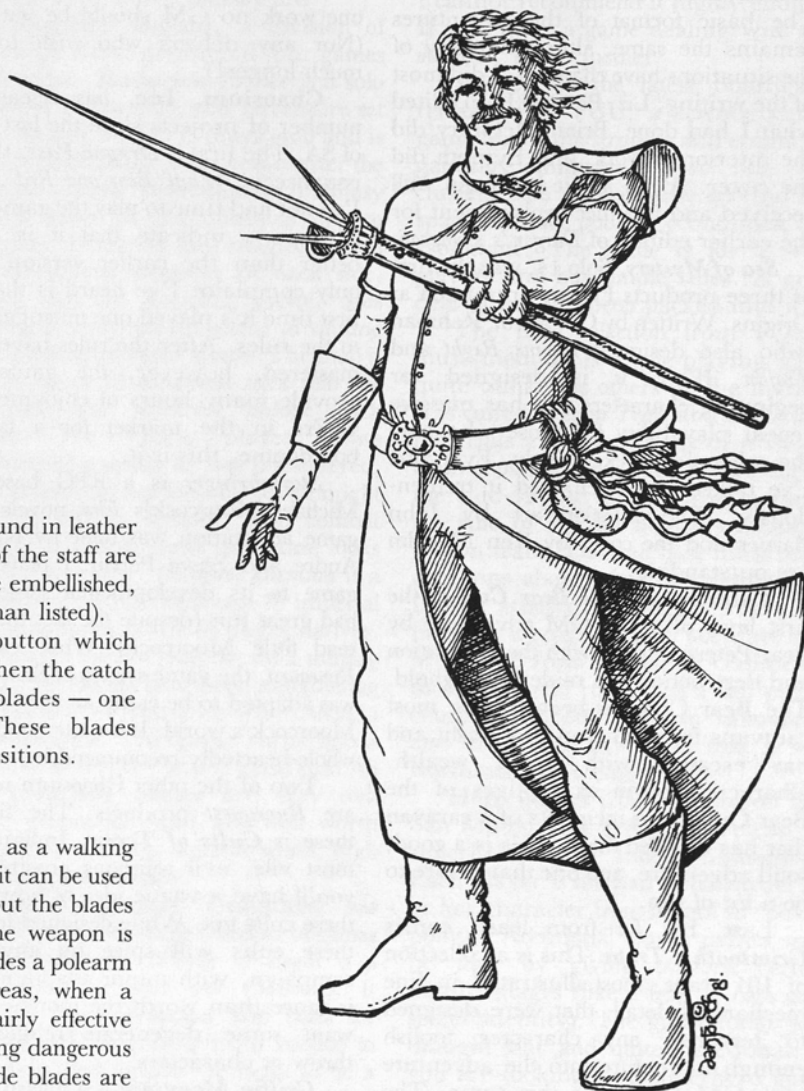
CONSTRUCTION

The Feather Staff is a tube of steel either bound in leather or covered by a heavy wood veneer. The ends of the staff are covered by steel or brass caps; these caps can be embellished, or plated with precious metals (at greater cost than listed).

Near the top of the Feather Staff is a button which releases the catch that holds the top closed. When the catch is released, the owner can shake out the three blades — one long, two short — which are inside. These blades automatically lock in place, in their proper positions.

COMMENTS

When closed, the Feather Staff may be used as a walking stick — in fact, it looks rather like one. In a fight, it can be used as a short quarterstaff or a bludgeon even without the blades extended. When the blades are shaken out, the weapon is something like a short partizan. As such, it provides a polearm which can be conveniently carried in tight areas, when a regular polearm is no good. Further, it is a fairly effective concealed weapon, whether a character is travelling dangerous city streets or adventuring in dungeons. The side blades are not strong enough to serve as a swordbreaker.



Arcane Graffiti
 - news, clues
 and reviews
 - MICHAEL STACKPOLE

News for the fantasy and gaming world — upcoming events, club announcements, the latest games and playing aids, conventions — are featured, reviewed and discussed in Arcane Graffiti. Personal ads and trade enquiries will be printed also, at 10¢/word (20 word minimum). Mail your news to: Michael Stackpole/Arcane Graffiti, Flying Buffalo Inc., P.O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.

Flying Buffalo has released four new products since the last issue of SA. *Dargon's Dungeon*, Solitaire Adventure 5, was re-released after an extensive rewrite and re-illustration. The basic format of the adventures remains the same, although many of the situations have changed. I did most of the writing; Liz, Pat and Paul edited what I had done. Brian McCrary did the interior artwork, and Eymoth did the cover. All in all, it has been well received and is a nice replacement for the earlier edition of *Dargon's Dungeon*.

Sea of Mystery, Solo 14, was the first of three products FBInc. premiered at Origins. Written by G. Arthur Rahman (who also designed *Divine Right* and *Trojan War*), it is designed for beginning characters and has massive repeat playability for those who play the solos almost exclusively. Everyone I've talked to has enjoyed it tremendously. The interior art by John Barnes and the cover by Ken Macklin are outstanding.

Catacombs of the Bear Cult is the first level of a new GM adventure by Bear Peters. It deals with the infiltration and destruction of a raider stronghold. The Bear Cult has been hitting most caravans from Khazan to Khosht and has escaped with much wealth. Characters begin as captives of the Bear Cult, or as members of a caravan that has repelled them. This is a good, solid adventure, and one that is sure to be a lot of fun.

Last, but far from least, comes *Grimtooth's Traps*. This is a collection of 101 traps, most illustrated in fine mechanical detail, that were designed to terrorize any character foolish enough to venture into the adventure of a GM who owns this tome. The collection was our hottest selling item

at Origins. Traps are described in mechanical detail — without game mechanics — so they are usable in any game system, yet are not vague like most pan-system game aids. This is one work no GM should be without. (Nor any delvers who wish to live much longer!)

Chaosium, Inc. has released a number of projects since the last issue of SA. The first is *Dragon Pass*, the re-issuance of *White Bear and Red Moon*. I've not had time to play the game, but all reports indicate that it is much better than the earlier version. The only complaint I've heard is that the first time it's played one must get used to the rules. After the rules have been mastered, however, the game will provide many hours of enjoyment. If you're in the market for a fantasy boardgame, this is it.

Stormbringer is a RPG based on Michael Moorcock's *Etrian* novels. The game adaptation was done by Ken St. Andre and Steve Perrin. I played the game in its developmental stages and had great fun (despite the fact that I've read little Moorcock). While close to *Runequest*, the game system of *Stormbringer* was adapted to be easier and very close to Moorcock's world. It is quite good and I whole-heartedly recommend it.

Two of the other Chaosium releases are *Runequest* products. The first of these is *Cults of Terror*. Imagine the most vile, evil religions possible and you'll have a vague idea of how nasty these cults get. While designed for RQ, these cults will spice up any FRP campaign, with minor adaptations. It is more than worth the money if you want some degenerate religions to throw at characters.

Griffin Mountain is a massive GM scenario designed by Paul Jaquays,

Rudy Kraft, and Greg Stafford. It tells the history of one chunk of the Glorantha RQ world, in exquisite detail. Nothing is left to question. A large map is bound into this 200+ page book. The whole project is fantastic, well worth the money.

Metagaming has been busy. For TFT they have released a *Codex* and a *GM Screen*. The screen is nicely done and will be quite valuable to players of TFT. The *Codex* is a thick index of TFT; the majority of it was set with a dot matrix printer. Most of the information and organization in the *Codex* is interesting, but hardly vital; the dot matrix is not the easiest thing to read. This is a product you might like to look over in a store before you purchase it.

Game Designers Workshop has sent us a trio of new Traveller books. Adventure 4 is called *Leviathan*, and is a scenario of freebooting adventure aboard a leviathan class cruiser outside the Imperium border, and outside the law. *Trillion Credit Squadron* is Adventure 5 and requires *High Guard*. It is a shift from other adventures, because each player becomes the navy department for his or her planet and designs a squadron of ships for the world — engaging in an interplanetary arms race. Supplement 7 is *Traders and Gunboats*, containing floor (deck) plans and encounter charts for small ships. It is rather detailed and looks very valuable for fleshing out the smaller ships used in adventures.

GDW has also finally re-released *Triplanetary*. This boxed version includes a laminated map, a grease pencil, dice, counters, and rules. The game deals with vector movement and ship-to-ship combat within our solar system — with scenarios from a great race through the system to a long-range mining competition. It's a good game!

Judges Guild (R.R. 8 Box 9, 1221 N. Sunnyside Rd., Decatur IL 62522) continues to supply gaming aids to the FRP market. *Temple Book I* and *Castle Book II* are two booklets of maps. Each booklet contains a number of tables to randomize details of the maps included, and are priced low enough to be useful to those who don't have the time to draw their own castles or temples. *The Book of Ruins* is a collection of 10 adventures for AD&D. All but two of the adventures average 4 rooms, and the "art" leaves much to be desired. Unless you're hard up for adventures, I'd pass this one by. *Wilderlands of the Fantastic Reaches II* contains 2 maps and a booklet with descriptions of things to be found in some of the hexes on the maps. The

maps, by the way, are double-sided to provide two areas for adventure.

Quicksilver Fantasies has released a series of four solitary mini-adventures suitable for use with any FRP system. As with most products designed for "any FRP system", these are not well-suited to T&T, and are rather vague when it comes to monsters. *Carnival in Windemere*, *Crystal's Pleasure Palace*, *The Freak Show*, and *Tails of the Unexpected* are the four titles released. Each consists of three mini-adventures, about the size of those in SA, that do not link up with each other. While limited in scope, and while designed for particular character classes, the adventures are interesting and might well provide a diversion for solo players who can cope with an alphabet soup of abbreviations.

Steve Jackson Games has released Sets 2, 3, and 4 of their *Cardboard Heroes*. These sets of *Brigands*; *Orcs and Goblins*; *Half Orcs*; *Reptile Men and Kobolds*; and *Animals* are, like the first set, quite well done. If you don't want to go to the trouble or expense of lead figures, these are perfect. Look for them.

Killer is a quantification and codification of the rules of the game of assassination that has been running rampant on college campuses for years now. Even as I write this, I am involved in a game. I've booby-trapped Bear Peters' room, I've got another player luring my assassin into a trap, and I'm running guns to my assassin's assassin. (Have you ever tried to type with a disc pistol in your armpit?) The game is great fun and well worth the time and stress. I recommend this project for everyone. Not only do the rules detail weapons systems, but they review a point system for scoring and a series of scenarios that add new life to the game.

Undead and **Car Wars** were two small games released by SJG at Origins. *Undead* is a game based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Players may be either Dracula or those attempting to hunt him down. It's basically designed as a role-playing game, but can be played like a standard board game. It looks good.

Car Wars is the game of offensive driving. In the future, cycle gangs force everyone to arm their cars. If someone cuts in front of you, you cut him down. The game becomes a role-playing game because drivers who survive get better and can get more money. Advanced rules allow characters to design their own cars. Games are quick and deadly — and fun. Look for it.

Midkemia Press (3410 Waco St.

#1, San Diego, CA 92117) has three new products out on the market. *Towns of the Outlands* contains 6 populated villages. *The Black Tower* is a complete dungeon adventure, and *Tulan of the Isles* is a fully-populated town for FRP play. Each of these projects is quite well done. What little game mechanics they have presented are suited for the best-known FRP game, but each of the villages and adventures can be converted to any system with a small amount of work. All of these products are well enough written to deserve that work. If you want villages or a town, these are the booklets you will want to buy.

Dragon Publishing (P.O. Box 110, Lake Geneva, WI 53147) has sent us a sneak preview copy of their *1982 Days of the Dragon* calendar. This is a full-color calendar; the illustrations follow the theme of dragons. The art ranges from passable to very good, and each day has some memorable happening listed beneath it. This is a possible gift for anyone interested in fantasy art.

Dwarfstar Games, a division of Heritage USA, premiered four games at Origins. *Barbarian Prince* is a solo game of exploration and adventure set in a fantasy world. It plays well and is rather interesting, once you master the combat system. *Demonlord* is a fantasy board game of the conflicts of two empires. Weapons and magic, as well as the special magicks of each side, make this an exciting game. *Star Viking* is a two-player game of raiding and plunder in outer space. The map is made up of 12 different tiles that are shuffled and selected before each game. The Viking player knows nothing of a sector he has not entered, and is liable to run into forces he might not be able to handle. The combat system is simple, and the game looks quite interesting. *Outpost Gamma* is a game of sf combat between 10 imperial troopers and a horde of angry natives. Gamma is the last outpost on a mining world; the natives have been slaughtering miners and the imperials were called in to stop them. The game turns into a massive shoot-out, and is great fun. All the Dwarfstar games are very well done graphically and are well worth looking into if you want a small, high quality game to play.

Fantasy Games Unlimited has recently released a large number of games and supplements. *Pieces of Eight* is a supplement to *Skull and Crossbones*. It contains three scenarios and rules for dealing with everything from voodoo to careening and indians. It looks to be a fine compilation of additional material to

round out any S&C campaign.

Three products have been released for use with *Space Opera*. *Ground and Air Equipment* contains details and charts for driving and destroying all manner of vehicles. *Martigan Belt* is an adventure in a star system; many different creatures are outlined in the scenario and excellently illustrated by Gene Day. *Star Sector Atlas 1: The Terran Sector* details 66 maps with statistics and planetary histories. All the *Space Opera* supplements are very well put together and will provide excellent scenarios for any space game. These are well worth buying.

Aftermath! is a post-holocaust RPG that is highly realistic. The game systems are complex, but the rules introduce the players to the complexity in stages that they can absorb. The game is very well put together and is incredibly well done. The first scenario for *Aftermath!* was released immediately following the game, and is called *Into the Ruins*. *Aftermath!* is very good, and I cannot recommend it highly enough. If you want a game dealing with this subject, go no further.

Diadem is the latest boardgame release from FGU, a science fiction game about the struggle and conflict in gaining dominance over one star cluster. The rules include ground and space combat, politics, economics, and espionage. The game is for 2 — 4 players and has simple rules. A great deal of fun has been packed into it!

The final selection from FGU I must mention is a role-playing game quite unlike the others on the market. It is called **Oregon Trail** and deals with the trials and tribulations of a wagon train crossing the United States during the mid-1800's. Each player assumes the role of a Trail Boss organizing a wagon train. The trail boss must make decisions about crises that range from Indian attacks to drought. The game includes a geographically accurate map of the US from Kansas to California, dice, markers, rules, and a full pad of character sheets. It is an innovative and interesting new RPG that is well worth anyone's time.

Hero Games (702 Laurelwood Dr., San Mateo, CA 94403) has released a superhero RPG called **Champions**. Each player is allowed to construct his or her character from a pool of 'power points'. Additional 'power points' may be had by giving players certain disadvantages (like a fear of cats or a secret identity). The game looks well thought out and quite functional. If you are looking for a superhero game with a different approach, you need

look no further.

David Nalle has sent more issues of *Abyss* to us at SA. This magazine is full of ideas for FRP games; each issue I've seen is very well done and contains useful ideas, not a great deal of "This is what I did in that dungeon . . .". Subscriptions cost \$2.50 for 4 issues. For more information, write to *Abyss*, 1402 21st St. NW, Washington DC 20036.

Naginata, published by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, is a small, very informational zine devoted to information about women warriors in the real world. It covers a subject area that is little known, and much of the information presented in *Naginata* would enrich any fantasy campaign. Subscriptions are \$6 for 6 issues; write to *Naginata*, Box 5688, University Station, Seattle WA 98105. Both magazines are good reading.

Days of Yore (Box 814, Doylestown, PA 18901) is a game company which produces a very useful item for any gamer: a stamp that is fitted with the pattern of 7 hexes. Called *Hexpressions*, it makes a quite clear megahex. With this tool, any map can be reduced to a board game. The hexes are a centimeter per side, and are perfect for 15mm or 25mm figures.

CONVENTIONS

(To publicize your convention in this magazine, send us a flyer or progress report. We assume no responsibility for the accuracy of the following listings. A ■ beside a listing means Flying Buffalo plans to attend.)

■ September 4 — 7. **DunDraClone.** Gaming convention. Info: DunDraCon, 386 Alcatraz Avenue, Oakland CA 94618.

■ September 11 — 13. **Dragon Flight.** Fantasy role-playing convention. Seattle University, WA. Info: The Brass Dragon Society, P.O. Box 33872, Seattle WA 98133.

□ September 25 — 27. **UrCon III.** *Sf* and simulation gaming convention. University of Rochester, NY. Info: Box 6647, River Station, Rochester NY 14627.

■ Sept. 26 — 27. **Games Day '81.** Royal Horticultural Hall, Greycoat St., London SW1. Information: Games Workshop Ltd., 17—18 Hythe Rd., London NW10 6RT, UK.

□ October 17 — 18. **ChaotiCon.** Sunnyvale Hilton Inn, Sunnyvale CA. Two days of fantasy gaming: D&D, RQ, etc. For more information, send SASE to: ChaotiCon, P.O. Box 485, Campbell CA 95009.

□ October 23 — 25. **MapleCon 4.** *Sf* and comic book convention. Skyline Hotel, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Info: P.O. Box 3156, Station D, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 6H7, Canada.

□ October 30 — Nov. 1. **VolCon II.** *The Central Washington Games Convention.* Yakima Valley Community College, Yakima, WA. Info: VolCon/ASB, Yakima Valley Comm. College, P.O. Box 1647, Yakima WA 98907.

CLASSIFIED ADS

(Personal ads and trade enquiries, 10¢/word, 20 word minimum)

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NOTICE: The (Vampire) Blood Drive will begin this month. Those who wish to contribute, please leave your door or window open. *Vlad*

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QUERIES & QUANDARIES

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A forum for questions and answers about T&T, about the solo adventures, and about anything else in FRP you readers can come up with for us to answer (if we can!). One of the most basic philosophies of T&T is to adjust the game as you see fit to suit your own style of play — so don't misuse the answers given here. If our point of view seems reasonable, feel free to use it, but do not feel compelled to do so.

— Michael Stackpole

Why don't torches get dice and adds? A flaming torch thrown in someone's face is bound to do some damage. All things considered, how's 2 dice + 4? Obviously lanterns and *Will-o-wisps* wouldn't apply. Of course, the character would have to make the usual Marksmanship DEX-SR.

A torch probably comes close to being a baton as far as weight/wood value is concerned. That would rate it at two dice for damage. Your point about hitting someone in the face is well taken, but I've had my face singed twice and — other than some lost eyebrows — no real damage was done. The fire damage would depend upon the target. A torch is more likely to hurt a mummy than a soaking wet merman. Each GM should decide the adds for a torch in each situation presented. I also think lanterns should apply; a cracked lantern will spill oil that will burn and do more damage than a torch.

Isn't the *Catseye* spell used to see in total darkness as well as partial darkness? I've noticed that in one or two solo dungeons you can't use it to see in "total" darkness.

Some light must be present for a cat to be able to see. Cats can't see heat patterns, so "total" darkness won't supply anything for them to see. So it is with characters under the *Catseye* spell.

I have an interesting situation for you to resolve. One of my characters entered *Beyond the Silvered Pane* and got into a room where he must defeat his double to leave. My character — and hence his double — has a Hero sword and we're not getting anywhere. What do I do?

You might fight until both of you die from old age, or drop your swords and fight bare-handed. If you do the latter, one of you will die eventually.

How would I figure the modifiers for a half-breed's prime attributes?

Half-breeds tend to be rare. Chances are that most half-breeds will be the offspring of dungeon-delving or adventuring characters. In addition, only logical creatures could breed together (fairies and giants don't cut it.)

To create a half-breed, roll 3d6.

—If you don't roll triples, the child is not a noticeable half-breed. Roll one more die: if it comes up even, the child will resemble its mother; odd and it will resemble its father.

—If you roll triples (other than three 6's), the child is a half-breed. To determine its attributes, average the attribute modifiers of the parents.

—If you have rolled an 18 on three dice, you have a super breed. This child has the greatest attribute modifier of its parents per attribute. (A dwarf's CON modifier of $\times 2$ will take effect, rather than the elf's CON modifier of $\times \frac{3}{4}$. These superbreeds are usually sterile.

One other note should be made. If dear old Dad, or Mom, has received some tremendous magical gift (like the ability to shapeshift), this is not passed on to the children. Only vampirism or lycanthropy are hereditary traits, although a family curse will also follow bloodlines. Of course, all children are first level characters and must be rolled up as such.

The means by which the three character types are balanced in the 5th edition of the T&T rules seems unrealistic to me. That fighters should get twice the protection from armor seems contrived to offset their inability to use magic. That wizards can use no weapon larger than a dagger is the same.

I'm considering the following alterations. Magic users, for their lack of training and because much of their strength is not physical, must double their ST and DEX require-

ments for all weapons and armor. Wizards' combat adds are halved. Rogues are normal. Fighters add half again to their adds. Armor always protects at face value.

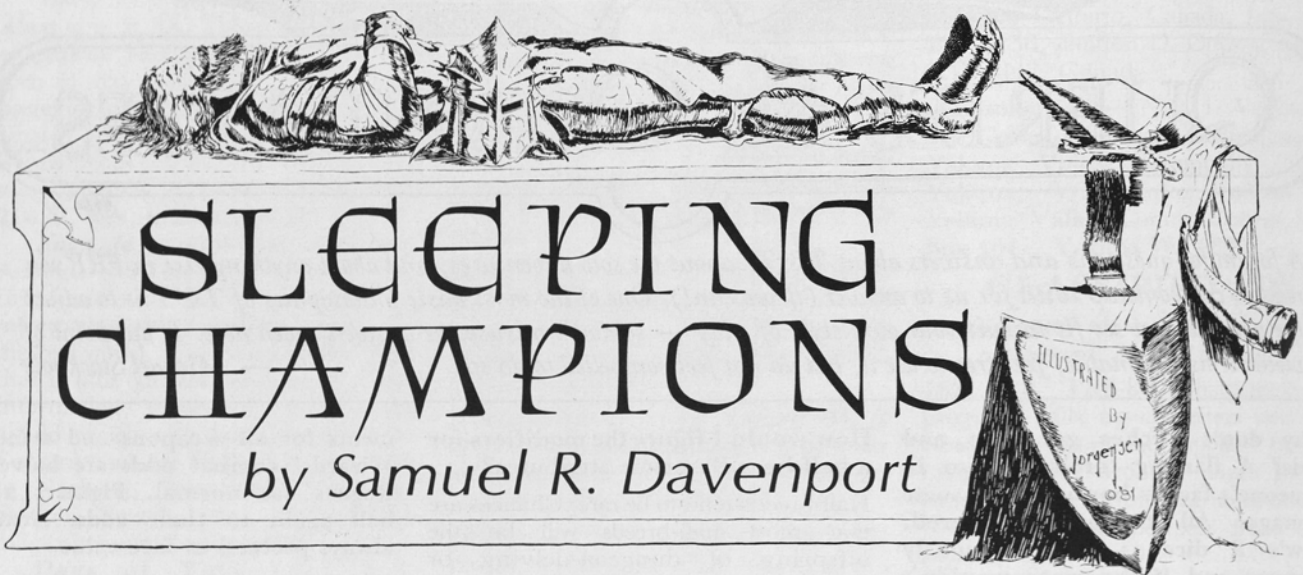
Your ideas are interesting and if you decide to use them I hope you have fun with them. Many of the options you suggest were tossed around when we did the 5th edition of the rules.

You've hit upon one of the keys that we used in determining the classes: *training*. Magic users have trained with staves and ceremonial daggers, hence the limitations that have been placed upon them. They simply lack training with larger weapons. A mage could pick up a sword and use it, but he'd be as likely to hit with the flat of the blade as the edge. And heaven help him if he comes up against a real warrior. A mage's combat adds, on the other hand, come from him and should remain intact. Even though *chi* is inner strength, I'm certain you've seen martial arts displays where *chi* was shown in physical displays.

Warriors, on the other hand, get all manner of training with armor. Rolling with blows, the angling of shields to skip a blow off, and trapping a foe's weapon with a piece of armor or shield is a small indication of the difference their training places between warriors and wizards or rogues. Warriors use their shields to deflect damage, whereas the others use shields to stop damage. This can make the difference between a glancing blow and a direct hit. Because their adds are based on their attributes, there is no logical reason to up them by half again — a course that tends to create mega-characters.

Can you melt and reshape a deluxe magic staff?

No, but you can purchase them in all manner of shapes (i.e. rings, bracelets, or wands. Only mages can buy them, and deluxe staves are not made in the form of armor or weaponry.



SLEEPING CHAMPIONS

by Samuel R. Davenport

There are myths that are common to many cultures, and often these myths make a colorful addition to an FRP campaign or a setting for a simple adventure/scenario. Sam Davenport is a writer, poet, lyricist and historian who has spent much of the last decade in Dublin studying Irish history and oral tradition. "Sleeping Champions" draws from this background of Celtic studies, and compares the mythic links of the many sleeping champions of Europe.

It has often been said that all myths are based in fact, and history has spawned many tall tales throughout the ages. One of the most intriguing examples of this comes to us in the form of the Sleeping Champion myth. Nations throughout Europe all lay claim to a Champion who will rise up to lead his people in times of trouble.

France has her Champion in the person of Charlemagne, Charles Magnus, or Charles the Great. Because of him, France has had the longest continuous existence as a nation on the continent of Europe. Born of warrior stock, he inherited the Frankish throne in 768 A.D. and held it until his supposed death in 814. As the ruler of France he proved himself as a warrior, diplomat, innovator and administrator.

His list of accomplishments while ruling France is impressive. Charlemagne appointed able provincial governors and established a legislature that met at regular intervals. He added parts of Italy, Germany, Austria and Spain to the French empire; and was crowned Holy Roman Emperor by the Pope. He encouraged education for all, and imported teachers for his University of Paris; some were from as far away as

Celtic Ireland, as well as England, Wales and the province of Brittany.

After he had accomplished all this, history tells of his death in 814. After that, legend and literature combined — and Charlemagne lives on.

The Celts had long held beliefs that some of their best leaders had not died; they merely slept until they were needed again. After all, they supposed, would a truly great leader allow his people to suffer? Would a truly great leader be mortal like the common man?

Charlemagne had those qualities the Celts saw as good in their own leaders. After his death, the Celts believed that the fairies had borne the sleeping Charlemagne away and placed him in a Breton cave. In his place the fairies left a changeling enchanted to look like Charlemagne. Charlemagne, the legend continued, would rise when his nation needed him, and would lead them to victory.

Charles Perrault, the 17th century writer who saved for us such classics as "Cinderella", also passed on the Celtic myth of Charlemagne. Alexander Dumas, the well known author of "The Three Musketeers", adds to this myth by telling us that Porthos, the strongest and simplest of the Immortal Three, dies in a Breton cave. Perhaps Dumas is suggesting that, like Charlemagne, Porthos only sleeps and will rise again when France needs him.

Charlemagne is not the only Sleeping Champion to be lauded by bards of later years. Perhaps the best known of the Sleeping Champions, King Arthur, is sung and written of even to this day.

Arthur, king of the ancient Britons, ruled an area of southwest England that borders on Wales and Cornwall. He was born in the century after the Romans

had left, and he died before the Saxon and Viking raids began. His was an era when that region was torn by conflict between petty lords. Arthur gathered an effective fighting force about himself and proceeded to bang together the heads of belligerent lords until he brought peace to his region.

King Arthur was no Charlemagne. There is no record of his being an able administrator, and the lot of the commoner did not much improve. Though he did little to encourage education, he was a glimmer of light in a dark age of savagery. His people respected him, and bards sang of him.

The exact date of his death is uncertain; the bards insist that he did not die. It is said that the Lady of the Lake, a fairy, took him away to mysterious Avalon after he had returned to her his magic sword, Excaliber. It is said that Arthur sleeps with his inner circle of noble retainers at Sewing Shields in Northumberland ... or perhaps at Round Howe in Yorkshire ... or at Cadbury Castle in Somerset ... or even in a cave in Welsh Snowdon.

King Arthur's fellow Cornishmen fostered the belief that his mother had fairy blood, and that in whatever place he rests he is guarded by fairies. After all, was he not one of their own? All are certain, however, that he will awaken when his people need him.

Ninius, a Welsh historian (c. 679), treats Arthur as a real personage. So do William of Malmesbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth, both of whom wrote over four centuries after Ninius. Later historians have acknowledged Arthur's existence while remaining dubious about his fairy connections.

In the 19th century, Arthur's ears must have begun to burn. Prominent

writers such as Sir Walter Scott ("Lady of The Lake") and Alfred Lord Tennyson ("Idylls of The King") heaped literary praise upon him. Even Mark Twain wrote about him in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

While King Arthur's rest does not seem to have been disturbed by this literary barrage, folk tales suggest that his slumber has nearly been interrupted on a number of occasions.

In both his Round Howe and Sewing Shield resting places, King Arthur is said to be entombed with his Queen and his Knights. Also within his resting place is a table upon which rests a horn, a sheathed stone sword and a garter. Legend has it that anyone who wishes to awaken the King must correctly employ these objects.

In Sewing Shields, the person who awakens Arthur must blow the horn, then cut the garter with the stone sword. The only person to attempt it was a shepherd who stumbled upon the entrance by accident. As he drew the sword, all of the assembled nobility stirred; when he cut the garter they sat up on their couches. As he re-sheathed the sword, however, all sank back to sleep — except King Arthur. Raising his hands above his head, Arthur said,

*Oh woe betide that evil day
On which the witless wight was born
Who drew the sword — the garter cut
But never blew the bugle-horn.*

The formula for Round Howe is less demanding, but was beyond the man who tried it. A potter named Thompson was walking by the howe one night when a stranger led him into the resting place. The potter began to draw the sword but hastily resheathed it when the company began to stir. A loud voice told him,

*Potter, Potter Thompson,
If thou hadst either drawn
The sword or blown the horn,
Thou'd been the luckiest man
That was ever born.*

At Cadbury Castle any attempt to raise the Round Table is doomed to failure as it will only sink lower into the ground. However on every Midsummer's Eve King Arthur and his men ride around the castle on horses shod with silver. A shepherd is supposed to have disturbed Arthur's rest at the cave in Snowdon, by accidentally ringing a bell meant to be used in waking the sleepers. The sleepers did waken, and set about raising such a clamor that the shepherd fled and never recovered from his terror.

England and France have no monopoly upon Sleeping Champions. Champions slumber all across the

continent and throughout the British Isles; they are to be found in nations, and in places that wished they were nations.

Spain's Sleeping Champion is El Cid, Roderigo Diaz de Vivar. Although he was not a king (as were Arthur or Charlemagne) he was a nobleman who became a national hero. He was popularly known as El Cid Campeador (Lord Conqueror) and he lived up to the name. As a mercenary general he fought for both Moors and Christians, and he always ended up on the winning side.

The people loved him for more than his military prowess. His administrative abilities became apparent during the final five years of his life, after he took Valencia in 1094. In an age where most great lords were crude, cruel, greedy and brutal; El Cid was an exception. He was as merciful to his enemies as he was generous to his friends. He rewarded the lowliest man-at-arms under his command as he did the most trusted of his high officers. His courtesy and justice were praised by all classes.

As with Charlemagne and Arthur, when El Cid died he was said to be only sleeping. He, too, would return when his people needed him. "The Song of The Cid" was composed by an unknown author during the 12th century. Scores of books have been written about El Cid, and he has been the hero of two powerful plays, one by the Spanish dramatist de Castro, the other by the French playwright Racine. As with King Arthur his legend has even been made into a film.

Forty years after El Cid took Valencia, a boy was born who was to become Frederick I of Germany and a Holy Roman Emperor. Though giants like Richard the Lion-Hearted and the great Saracen Saladin walked the world's stage at the same time, Barbarossa (Red Beard) was not to have his fame eclipsed by their presence.

Although his reputation as a warrior was second to none, he was a stickler for peace in his own Teutonic bailiwick. Great lords were executed for fighting others of their kind. Noblemen who illegally oppressed peasants literally "got it in the neck." Single shop merchants won in the courts over the powerful Guilds if his laws were on their side.

Not all, but most, of his subjects liked this state of affairs. The Church gained status. Universities opened next to cathedrals and education thrived. Celts came to his kingdom as teachers and members of the clergy.

Then Barbarossa died — or did he? Whatever happened, he joined the distinguished company of Charlemagne,

El Cid and King Arthur. He became the Sleeping Champion of Germany.

It might well have been the strong Celtic influence in his kingdom that eased him from death into slumber. The Germans, however, had their own legends from pagan times. Perhaps Barbarossa is guarded by dwarves and elves, rather than Celtic fairies.

The Barbarossa legend has endured. Countless German historians, novelists, composers of operas, and oral storytellers have kept it alive. During World War II, Hitler's propaganda minister, Joseph Paul Goebels, revived the Red Beard legend by saying that Barbarossa would rise again to help the Nazis conquer the world. This, however, does not appear to have been Barbarossa's plan. He slept on.

Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, has inspired more than just a Sleeping Champion legend. He tried six times to gain the kingship of the Scots, but failed each time because of English opposition. While on the run after his sixth failure he hid in a cave in what is now Northern Ireland. Sharing his cave was a spider that was trying to spin a web. It, too, failed to bridge a gap six times. On the seventh attempt it succeeded.

Taking the spider's example to heart, Bruce returned to Scotland and re-assembled his army. In 1314 he defeated the English — the first defeat they had ever had in Scotland — at the Battle of Bannockburn. Over the next fourteen years he cleaned up pockets of resistance and in 1328 he was crowned King of Scotland.

Less than two years later he joined



the ranks of royal somnambulists. The Highland Feens and the Lowland Pechs (types of fairies) watch over him, awaiting the day when he will wake to liberate Scotland once again.

It is rumored that he might have been awake in this century. The Stone of Scone, on which the Scottish monarchs were once crowned, had been in English possession for centuries. In 1950 it was stolen from beneath the Coronation Chair of Westminster. Although it was returned in 1951, many Scots are certain that Robert roused himself long enough to take part in the retaking of the Stone.

Ireland's own Sleeping Champion is not, strangely enough, a native Irishman. He was Earl Fitzgerald, son of the mortal Earl of Desmond and Aine, a fairy Princess. His earth-time was in the mid 1200s, a century after his people, the Normans, had invaded in 1169.

In that century after the invasion the Fitzgerald's had already become known as "the good family" because they handed out honorable justice to both their Norman and Irish subjects. They kept their word, spoke Gaelic, chose Irishmen as their friends and married Irish women. They were obeyed more out of love than fear.

Earl Fitzgerald grew up in his father's castle on Lough Gur in what is now Eire's county Limerick. On reaching his majority he was given a nearby castle as his own, and promptly married an Irish noblewoman. He then brought a hundred of his bride's kinsmen, together with their families, to be his retainers and to share in his happiness. On more than one occasion, the Earl fought against his fellow Normans and their English allies to gain better living conditions for his Irish.

Earl Fitzgerald was distinctive in another way, too. As the son of a fairy mother, it pleased him to practice magic. His specialty was the changing of shapes, a most dangerous thing to do, for fairy law exacted a severe penalty if there was any violation of the accepted procedures. His young wife was proud of his skill at shape changing and he unwisely allowed her to watch him.

He changed himself into a goldfinch, then flew out an open window. Instantly he came back, chased by a hawk. The man-bird dodged and the hawk was dashed to death against the wall. For a moment he was safe — until his wife screamed. Fairy law has it that anyone who changes shapes must vanish if an

observer shows fear. Fitzgerald and all of his Irish knights disappeared.

Earl Fitzgerald and his hundred retainers were borne to a cave under the top of Mullaghmast Hill. Once every seven years they may go out for a single night's ride. When they were imprisoned some seven centuries ago, the silver shoes on their horses were a half an inch thick. When they are worn "as thin as a cat's ears" their slumber will be ended and Earl Fitzgerald will become High King of Ireland.

There is said to be an "if" clause in the fairy penalty. If Ireland is threatened by a remorseless foe, Earl Fitzgerald and his knights will be immediately released to lead the forces of the Emerald Isle to victory.

When looking at all of the Sleeping Champions the links between them become clear. Perhaps they slumber because they were good men and common men need to believe they are not forgotten by their leaders. Or perhaps they slumber because the Celts enjoy keeping heroes alive for the telling of tales. Or perhaps they slumber because that is what the fairies, in their unearthly wisdom, want them to do. ■

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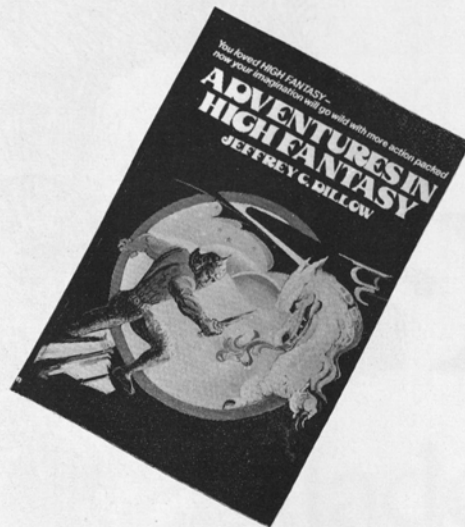
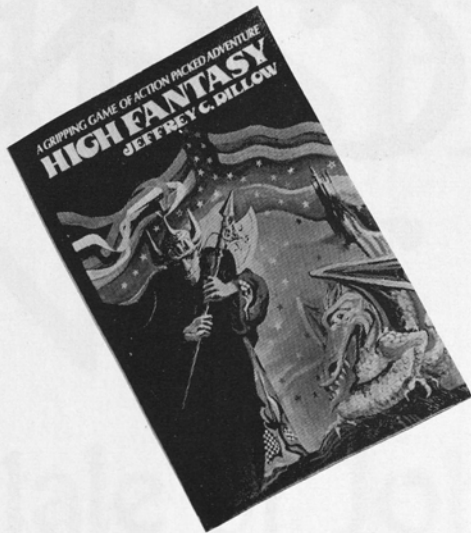
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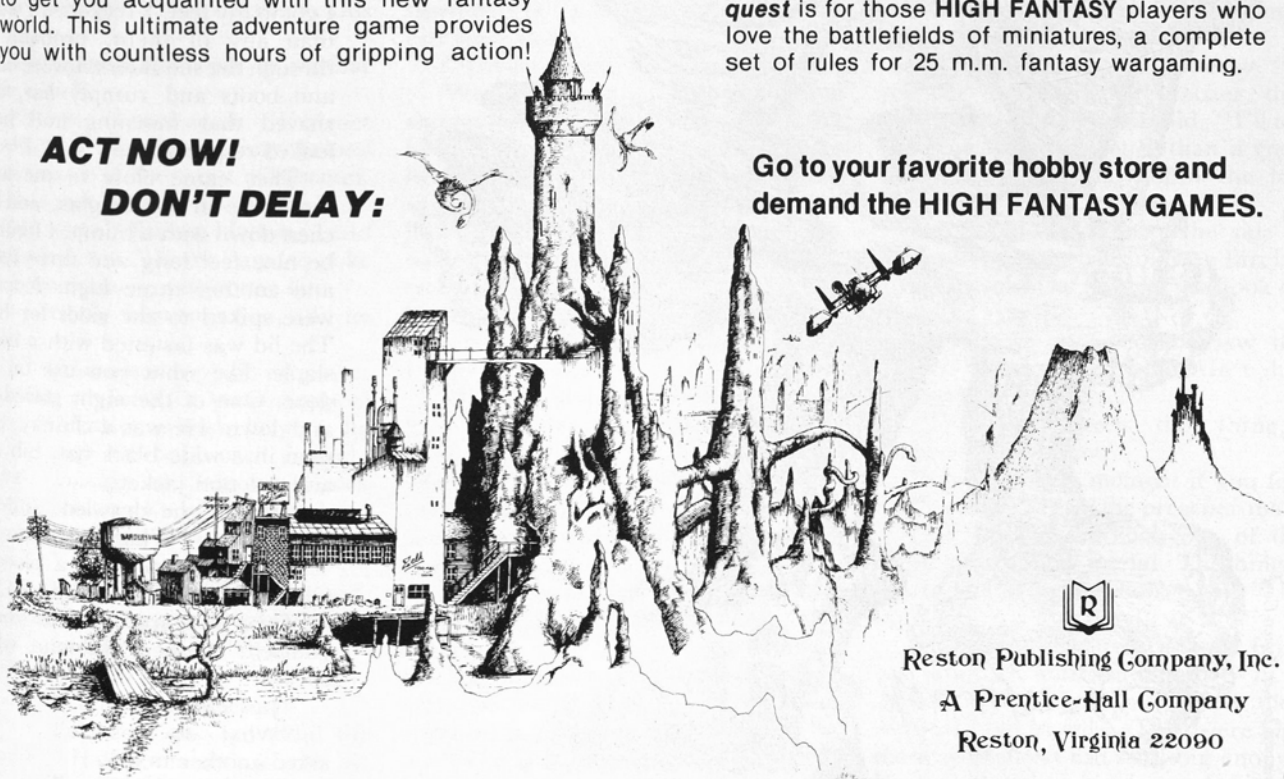


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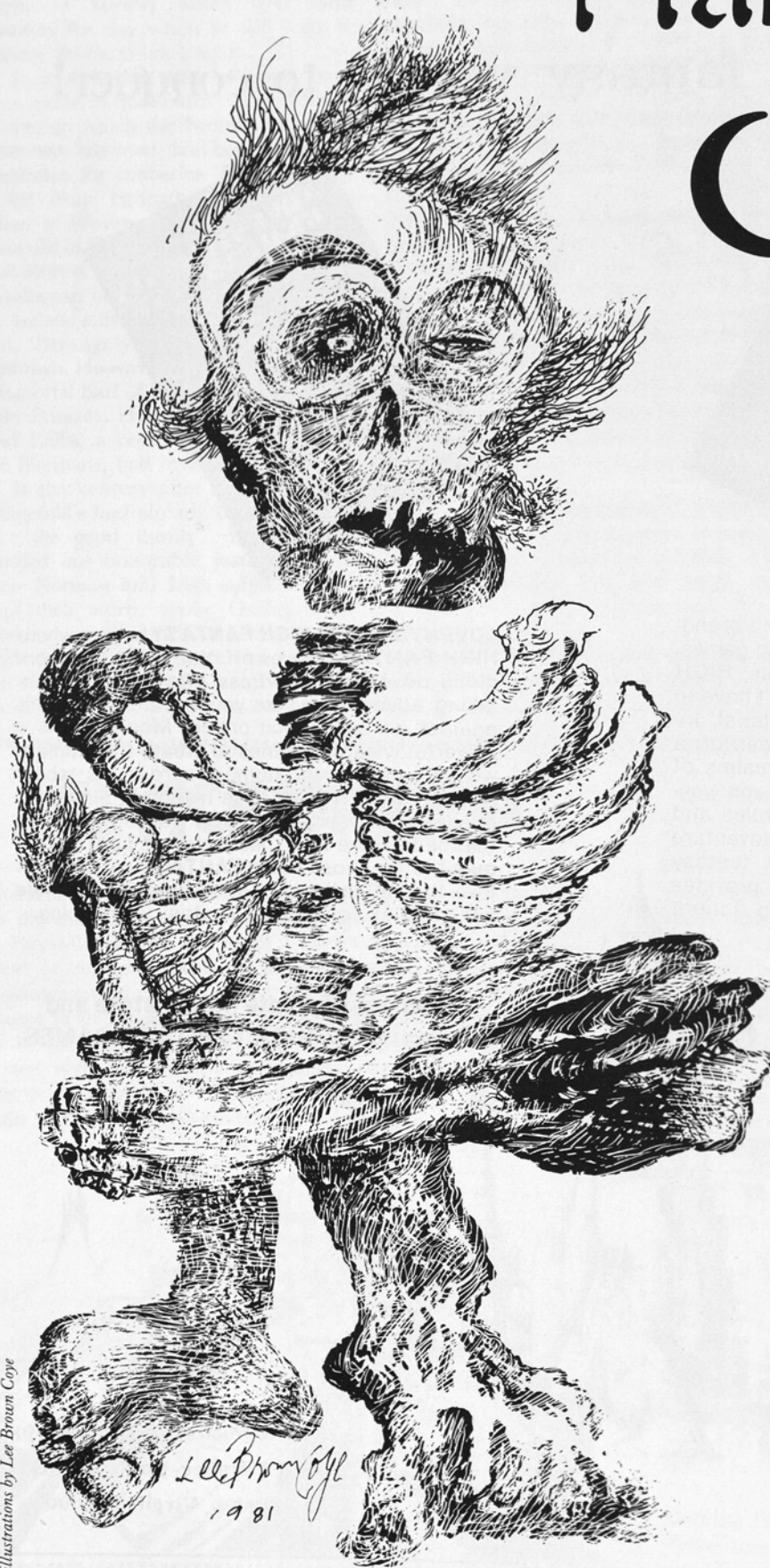
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Manly Wade

CAN

B



illustrations by Lee Brown Coye

I'd dropped my blanket roll and soogin sack and guitar and sat quiet on the granite lump as those eight men in rough country clothes fetched their burden along. It was a big chest of new-sawed planks, pale in the autumn afternoon, four men on each side.

As they tramped, they watched me. I got to my feet. I reckoned I was taller than any of them, probably wider through the shoulders. I wore old pants and boots and rumpy hat, but I'd shaved that morning and hoped I looked respectable.

They came close to me amongst those tree-strung heights, and set the chest down with a bump. I figured it to be nine feet long and three feet wide and another three high. Rope loops were spiked to the sides for handles. The lid was fastened with a hook and staple, like what you use on a shed door. One of the eight stared me up and down. He was a chunky, grizzled man in a wide black hat, bib overalls and a denim jacket.

"Hidy," he drawled, and spit on the ground. "What you up to here?"

"I was headed for a place called Chaw Hollow," I replied him.

They all stared. "How you name yourself?" asked the one who had spoken.

"Just call me John."

"What do you follow, John?" asked another man.

I smiled my friendliest. "Well, mostly I study things. This morning,

Wellman

THESE BONES LIVE?

a tale of John the Balladeer

back yonder at that settlement, I heard tell about a big skeleton that had been turned up on a Chaw Hollow farm."

"You a government man?" the grizzled one inquired me.

"You mean, look for blockade stills?" I shook my head. "Not me. Call me a truth seeker, somebody who wonders himself about riddles in this life."

"A conjure man?" put in another of the bunch.

"Not me," I said again. "I've met up with that sort in my time, helped put two-three of them out of mischief. Call that part of what I follow."

"My name's Embro Hallcot," said the grizzled one. "If you came to poke round them bones, you're too late."

I waited for him to go on, and he went on:

"I dug them bones up on my place, a-scooping out for a fish pond. Some of us reckoned that, whoair he was, he should ought to be buried in holy ground, yonder at Stumber Creek church house. So we made him a box, and that's where w're a-going with him now."

"Let me give you a hand," I said, and slung my guitar and other things to my shoulders.

"He's a stranger man, Mr. Embro," said the scrawny man.

"Sure, but he looks powerful for strength." Hallcott raked me with his eye. "And you feel puny today, Oat. All right, John, grab a hold there

where Oat's been a-heaving on this here thing."

I shoved my hand through the loop and we hoisted the coffin. It was right heavy, at that. I heard the others grunt as we took the trail through the ravine. On the trees, autumn leaves showed yellow, different reds and so on, like flowers. Half a mile, maybe, we bore our load along.

"Yonder we are, boys," said Hallcott.

We came out into a hollow amongst shaggy heights that showed rocky knobs. One, I thought, looked like a head and shoulders. Another jabbed up like a finger, another curved like a hawk bill. The lower ground into which we tramped was tufted with trees, with a trickle of water through it. Beside this stood a grubby white house with a steeple. Stumber Creek Church, I figured it to be.

Hallcott, at a front loop, steered us into a weedy tract with gravestones here and yonder. "Set her down," he wheezed, and we did so. "Yonder comes Preacher Travis Melick. I done sent him the word to meet up with us here."

From the church house ambled a gaunt man in a jimswinger coat, a-carrying a book covered with black leather. Hallcott walked toward him. "Evening, Preacher," he said. "Proud to have you here."

"The grave's been made ready," said the other in a deep-down voice, and nodded to where a long, dark hole

gaped amongst the weeds. Then he faced me. "Don't believe I know this gentleman."

"Allows he's named John," grated the scrawny one called Oat.

"I've heard of John," said Preacher Melick, and held out his skinny hand. "Heard of good things you've done, sir. Welcome amongst us."

Hallcott's crinkly face got easy. "If you say he's all right, Preacher, that makes him all right," he said. "I'll tell you true, he made better than a good hand, a-wagging this coffin the last part of the way."

We hiked the coffin to the side of the grave. On the bank of fresh dirt lay three shovels. Oat touched the hook on the lid.

"Ain't we supposed to view the body?" he wondered us. "Ain't that the true old way?"

"I've done seen the thing," snapped out Hallcott.

"Open it for a moment if you feel that's proper," said the preacher man.

Oat worked the hook out of the staple and hoisted the lid. The hinges creaked. "Wonder who he was," he said.

The bones inside were loose from one another and half-wrapped in a Turkey Track quilt, but I saw they were laid out in order. They were big, the way Hallcott had said, big enough for an almighty big bear. I had a notion that the arms were right long;

maybe all the bones were long. Thick, too. The skull at the head of the coffin was like a big gourd, with caves of eyeholes and two rows of big, lean teeth. Hallcott banged the lid shut and hooked it again.

"That there's enough of a look to last youins all day and all night," he growled round at the others.

"Brothers," said Preacher Melick, a-opening his book, "we're here to bury the remains of a poor lost creature. We don't even know his name. Yet I've searched out what I hope is the right text for this burying."

He put his knobby finger to the page. "Book of Ezekiel," he said. "Thirty-seventh chapter, third verse. 'And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.'"

He closed his book. "The Lord God knoweth all things. We're taught that after death will come the life we deserve. Let us pray."

We bowed our heads down. Preacher Melick said, "In the midst of life we are in death," and so on. When he finished, I said, "Amen," and so did Hallcott and two-three others.

"Now lower the coffin," said Preacher Melick.

We took hold and set it in the grave. It fitted right snug, its lid was just inches below surface. Preacher Melick sprinkled a handful of dirt. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," he repeated, and then we all said the Lord's Prayer together. Finally the preacher man smiled round at us. The service was over.

Three men shoveled in the earth. It took just minutes to fill the grave up.

Hallcott offered some crumpled money bills to Preacher Melick, who waved them away.

"You took it on yourselves to make the stranger a coffin and bring him here to rest," he said. "The least duty I can do is speak comfortable words without expectation of pay. John, to judge from the gear you brought, you're a-looking for lodging for the night. Will you be my guest?"

"Thanks, maybe later," I said. "I reckon I'll wait here a spell."

"If you come later on, it's half a mile up the trail the far side of the church."

He walked away with his book. The coffin-makers headed the other direction. The sun was a-dropping red to the edge of the western heights.

One of the shovels had been fetched to lean under a fair-sized walnut tree. I put down my stuff next to the roots and



sat with my back against the trunk. On the silver strings of my guitar I made a few chords to whisper. The air got gloomy.

"It's kindly creepy a night," said a voice at my elbow.

That quick I was up on my feet. Embro Hallcott stood there, his crinkly face a-smiling.

"For a man your height, you move quick as a cat, John," he said. "I done heard you tell Preacher Melick you'd stay round, so I decided myself to stay too, for whatever's up."

"What do you reckon's up?" I inquired him.

"If you don't know how to answer that, neither do I."

I sat down under the tree again, and Hallcott hunkered down beside me. He dragged out a twist of home-cured tobacco and bit off a chunk the size of half a dollar.

"I was right interested by Preacher

Melick's text from Ezekiel," I said. "All that about could these bones live?"

"Ezekiel," Hallcott repeated me, a-folding his ridgy hands on the knees of his overalls. "I done read in that, some time back. Strange doings in Ezekiel — the wheels in the wheels. Some folks reckon that means what they call UFO's."

"They were unknown and they flew, so they were UFO's all right," I nodded him. "And all those prophecies about nation after nation, and the brass man a-walking round to measure Jerusalem. And I've heard it explained that the four faces of the living creatures meant the Four Gospels. But the strangest of all the thing is the Valley of Dry Bones, where the bones join together and come to life."

A moon rose up and shone down on the burial ground. Hallcott moved to pull together some pieces of wood and light them with a match. I went to the stream and dipped water in my canteen cup and set it on a rock where it could heat. "I don't reckon you brought aught for supper," I said.

"I've done without no supper before this."

"I've got something left from my noon lunch." I pawed through my soogin and came up with two sandwiches wrapped in foil. "Home-cured ham on white bread."

Halcott took one and thanked me kindly. As the water grew hot, I trickled in instant coffee and stirred it with a twig. We ate and passed the cup back and forth.

"I appreciate this, John," said Hallcott as he swallowed down his last bite. "How long you aim to stop here?"

"That depends."

"I reckon you'll agree with me, them bones we buried were right curious. Great big ones, and long arms, like on an ape."

"Or maybe on Sasquatch," I said. "Or Bigfoot."

"You believe in them tales."

"I always wonder myself if there's not truth in 'air tale. And as for bones — I recollect something the Indians called Kalu, off in a place named Hosea's Hollow. Bones a-rattling round, and sure death to a natural man."

"You believe that, too?"

"Believe it? I saw it happen one time. Only Kalu got somebody else, not me."

"Can these bones live?" Hallcott

repeated the text. "Ain't there an old song about that, the bones a-coming together alive?"

"I've sung it in my time," I said, and picked up my guitar and struck out the tune. "It goes like this:

*Connect these bones, dry bones, dry bones,
Connect these bones, dry bones, dry bones,
Connect these bones, dry bones, dry bones,
Hear the word of the Lord.*

Hallcott sang the verse with me, his voice rough and husky:

*The toe bone's connected to the foot bone,
The foot bone's connected to the heel bone,
The heel bone's connected to the ankle bone,
Hear the word of the Lord.*

And we sang the rest of it together, up to the end:

*The shoulder bone's connected to the neck bone,
The neck bone's connected to the jaw bone,
The jaw bone's connected to the head bone,
Hear the word of the Lord.*

*Connect these bones, dry bones, dry bones,
Connect these —*

Hallcott broke off then, and so did I. "John," he said, "looky yonder where we buried him. What's that there white stuff?"

I saw it, too. In the shine of the moon above the grave stirred a pale something or other.

It made just a sneaky blur, taller than a tall man. It came toward us with a ripple in it.

"Mist," Hallcott stuttered. "Comes from that there fresh-dug-up dirt —"

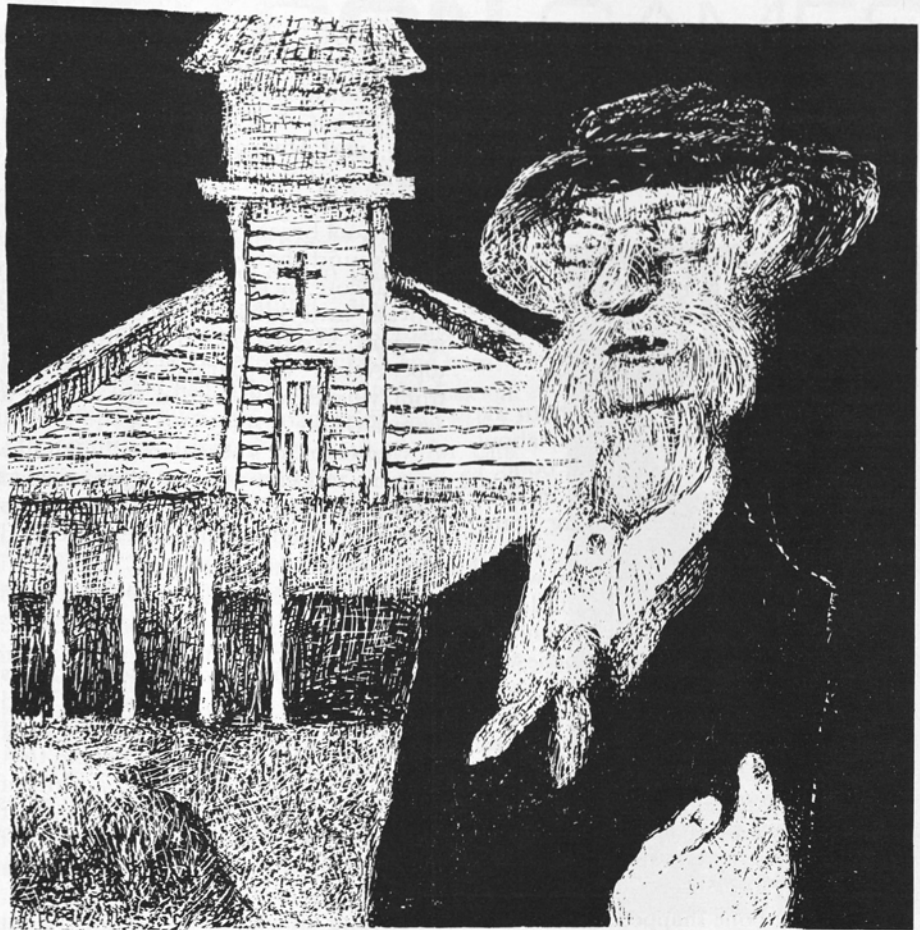
"No," I said, "That's no mist."

I leant my guitar to the walnut tree and got up on my feet as whatever it was came nearer, started to make itself into a shape.

I heard Hallcott say a quick cuss word, and then there was a scrambly noise, like as if he was a-trying to make his way off from there on hands and knees. I faced toward whatair the shape was, because I reckoned I had to.

As it came slowly along, the moonlight hit it fair. It looked scaffolded some way. That was because it was just bones. I could see a sort of baskety bunch of ribs, and big, stout arm bones with almighty huge hands a-hanging down below crooked knees. The shallowy skull had deep, dark eyeholes. The long-toothed jaws sank itself down and then snapped shut again. The skull turned on its neck bone and gave me a long, long look.

Then it reached out its right hand with fingerbones the size of table knives, and laid hold on a young tree and yanked it out by the roots, without air much a-trying. It stood and tore off branches, easy as you'd peel the shucks



from an ear of corn. It made itself a club thattaway, and hiked it over the low skull and moved to close in on me again.

No point in it for me to try to run away from such a thing, and well I knew it. Turn and run from a hant or a devil, it runs after you. If it catches you, then what? I quick grabbed up the shovel where it leant on the walnut trunk. Compared to that club the bony thing had, it was like a ball bat against a wagon tongue.

"What you want of me?" I said, but I felt I didn't have to be told that.

Bones like those, long worn bare and scattered apart and now joined and made to live by words of power, they'd wake up hungry. They'd be starved for food. If they got food, maybe they'd put flesh back on themselves, be themselves as they'd been once before. What food was closer to hand than I was?

Man-eaters — such things were told of by old Indians, wise men who'd sworn to them. The wendigo, up in Northern parts. The anisgina, recollected in Cherokee tales to make you shiver. Supposed to be all died out and gone these days, but when bones rise up . . .

The bones came a-slaunching close.

I heard them click.

I hiked up the shovel with both my hands, and held the blade edge forward like an axe. I'd chop with that. The bones stood a second, the whole skeleton of them, tall over me. In the glow of the moon those bones looked like frosty silver. My head wouldn't have come put to those big cliffs of shoulders. The jaws opened and shut. They made a snapping sound.

Because they wanted to bite a chunk out of me. Those teeth in the jaws, they were as long and sharp as knives. They could break a man's arm off if they jammed into it.

But I didn't run. To run nair had helped me much in such a case. I'd stand my ground, fight. If I lost the fight, maybe Hallcott could get away and tell the tale. I bent my knees and made my legs springly, I hoped I could move faster and surer than those big, lumbering bones.

Preacher Melick had said the Bible words to make them live, had said them without a-thinking. And that song, I'd have been better off if I'd nair sung it. I watched the thick, bony arms rise up and fetch the club down to bust my head.

That quick, I sidestepped and danced clear, and down came the big

hunk of tree, so hard on the ground it boomed there like a slamming door. I made a swing with my own shovel, but the club was up again and in the way. My blade bounced off. Again the club hiked up over me, it made a dark blotch against the moon. I set myself to dodge again.

Then it was that Embro Hallcott, come back up just behind me, started in to sing in his husky voice:

*The toe bone's connected from the foot bone,
The foot bone's connected from the heel bone ...*

And quick on from there, about the shin and thigh and hip bones, about the back bone and the shoulder bone. I stood with my shovel held up in both hands, and watched the thing come apart before my eyes.

It had dropped that club that would have driven me into the ground like a nail. It swayed in broken-up moonlight that shone through tree branches. It fell to pieces while I watched.

I looked at the bones, down and scattered out now. The skull stared up at me, and one more time it gave a hungry snap of those jaws. I heard:

*The neck bone's connected from the jaw bone,
The jaw bone's connected from the head bone,
Hear the word of the Lord.*

The jaw bone snapped no more. It rolled free from the skull.

Hallcott was up beside me. I could feel him shake all over.

"It worked," he said, in the tiredest voice you could call for.

"That song built him up," I said back. "And that song, sung different, took him back down again. Though it appears to me the word should be 'disconnected'."

"Sure enough?" he wondered me. "I don't know that word, that disconnected. But I thought on an old tale, how a man read in a magic book and devilish things came all round him, so he read the book backward and made them go away." His eyes bugged as he looked at a big thigh bone, dropped clear of its kneecap and shin. "What if it hadn't worked, John?"

"Point is, it did work and thank the good Lord for that," I told him. "Now, how you say for us to put him back in his coffin again, and not sing air note to him this time?"

Hallcott didn't relish to touch the bones, and, gentlemen, neither did I. I scooped them in the shovel, all the way along to where the grave was open and the coffin lid flung back. In I shoved them, one by one, in a heap on top of the Turkey Track quilt. I sought out air single bone, even the little separate toe bones that come in the song, a-picking

them up with the shovel blade. Somewhere I've heard tell there are two hundred and eight bones in a skeleton. Finally I got all of them. I swung the lid down, and Hallcott fastened the hook into the staple. Then we stood and harked. There was just a breath of sweet, cool breeze in some bushes. Nair other sound that we made out.

Hallcott picked up another of the shovels, and quick we filled that grave in again. We patted it down smooth on top. Again we harked. Nair sound from where we'd buried the bones a second time.

"I reckon he's at rest now," I felt like a-saying. "Leastways, all disconnected again thattaway, he can't get up unless some other gone gump comes here and sings that song to him again."

"For hell's sake, whatever was he?" Hallcott asked, of the whole starry night sky.

"Maybe not even science folks could answer that," I said. "I'd reckon he was of a devil-people long gone from this country — a people that wasn't man nor either beast; a kind of people that pure down had to go, but gets recollected in ugly old tales of man-eating things. That's all I can think to say to it."

I flung down the shovel and went back to where my stuff lay against the walnut tree. I slung my blanket roll and soogin on my back, and took my guitar up under my arm. Right that moment, I sure enough didn't have a wish to play it.

"John," said Hallcott. "Where you reckon to head now?"

"Preacher Melick kindly invited me to his house. I have it in mind to go there."

"Me, too, if he's got room for me," said Hallcott. "Money wouldn't buy me to go nowhere alone in this night. No sir, nor for many a night to come."

TROLL TEASER ANSWERS..... from page 40

1. Jewels firm, Jules Verne
2. Jack Vance
3. Eye sack as a maw, Isaac Asimov
4. Karl (nd = ab) went waagen' her, Karl Edward Wagner
5. oar stay & leg um, Ursula K. LeGuan
6. phillips & (1/2 of ab) dick, Phillip K. Dick
7. odger rice burnous, Edgar Rice Burroughs
8. fill-up of soy farmer, Phillip Jose Farmer
9. f. mid sober haeren, Fred Saberhagen
10. mite L moor coek, Michael Moorcock
11. Kogel's zaktor knee, Michael Moorcock
12. gordon diction, Gordon Dickson
13. odger block, Robert Bloch
14. L. spring deCamp, L. Sprague deCamp
15. an muck call re, Anne McCaffrey
16. nobber borg/staler, Robert Silverberg
17. manny vade well man, Manly Wade Wellman
18. sleep in kane, Stephen King
19. Ell frank bomb, L. Frank Baum
20. an lth lan, Tamith Lee
21. and me off it, Andrew Offutt
22. gits lae burn, Fritz Leiber
23. coward/robber, Robert Howard
24. rank sherbert, Frank Herbert
25. ram stoker, Bram Stoker

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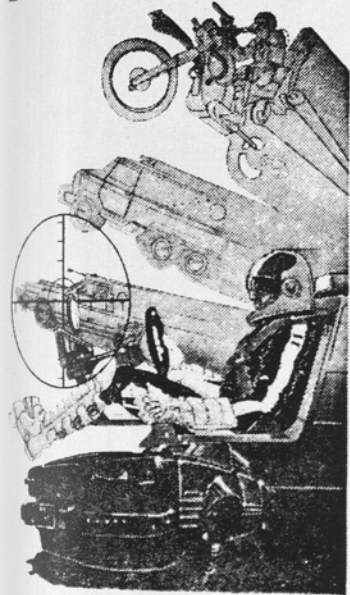
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CAR WARS



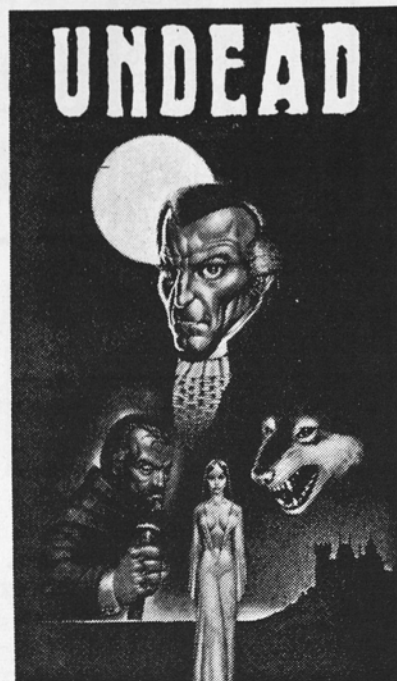
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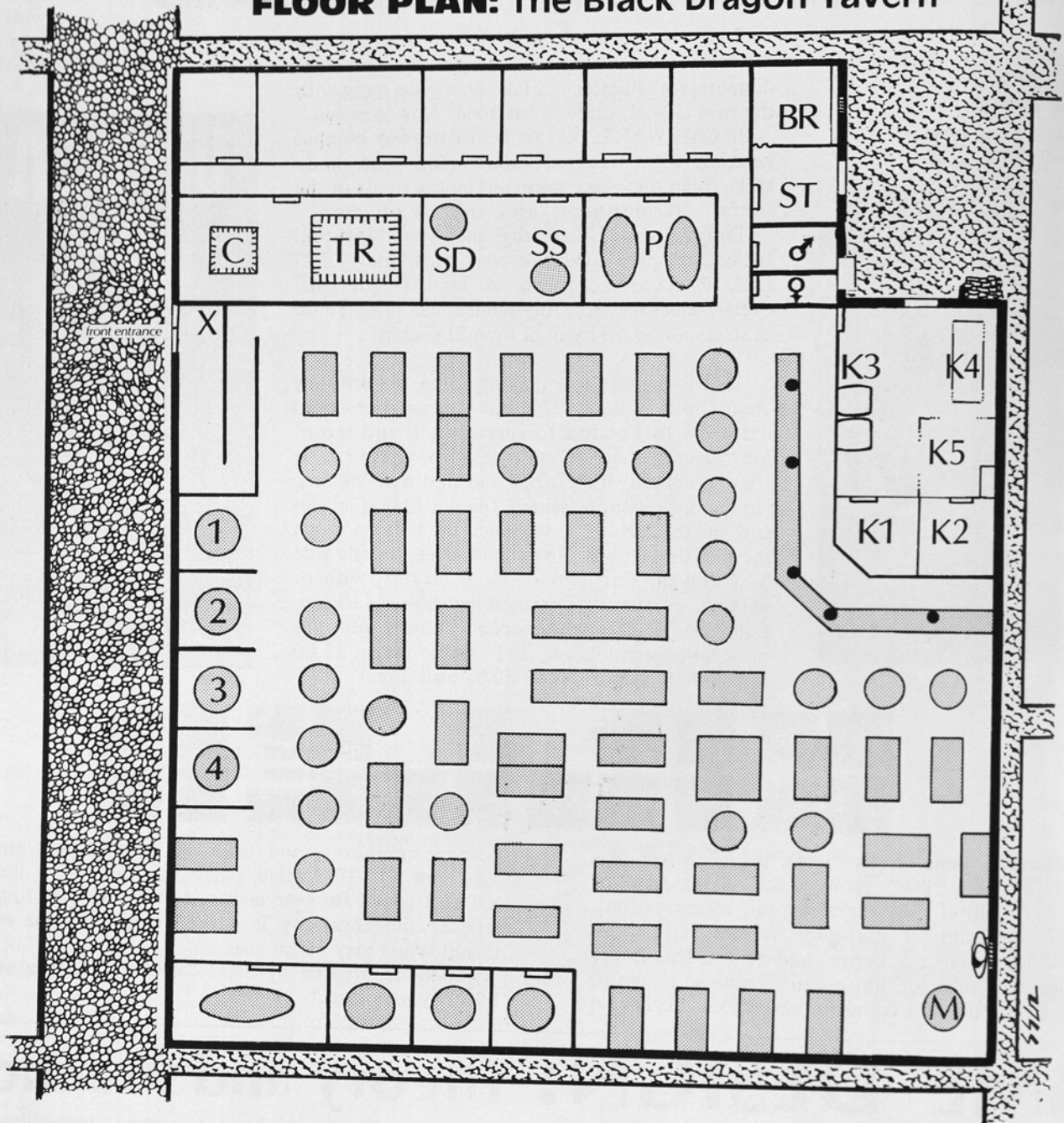
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


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FLOOR PLAN: The Black Dragon Tavern



NORTH ►

1" = 20'

-  = cobblestone road
-  = rubble-filled dirt alley
-  = curtain
-  = door
-  = secret door
-  = table

- C** = Cockfighting
- TR** = Terrier and Ratting
- SD** = Sword Dance
- SS** = Sickle Suicide
- P** = Poker (gambling) room
- K** = Kitchen
- K1** = flour and other dried goods
- K2** = cold storage (meats, etc.)
- K3** = casks of ale and wine
- K4** = cooking pots and soup cauldron
- K5** = clean-up area and water pump

- X** = doorman
- ST** = storeroom
- BR** = back room
- M** = Marek and Rais' table
- = cranequin hidden under bar
- Booth 1** = fortuneteller
- Booth 2** = two men
- Booth 3** = beautiful woman
- Booth 4** = man sitting alone



THE BLACK DRAGON TAVERN

a GM scenario for *Tunnels & Trolls*

by Michael Stackpole

The Black Dragon Tavern is unlike most adventure settings. Instead of a tomb where your foes have already died at least once, this is a tavern where the clientele are alive, looking for adventure, and quite able to mix it up with the best of the citizenry of Gull. Though the city guardsmen don't frequent the tavern, a rough justice is enforced by the clientele. Any homicidal maniac whose only joy is wanton slaughter may find his match, if not his end, in the Black Dragon.

Characters who enter this adventure should have no more than 100 combat adds; characters above 9th level would have no trouble locating a classier place in Gull — and with that much experience behind them, they probably wouldn't have come here in the first place.

The Black Dragon first forced itself into existence in a series of short stories I wrote in 1975. The tavern was then much what it is today: a haven for those who live in the twilight of society. With *City of Terrors* and then the fiction I began to write, it blossomed into a life of its own — one that I could not control.

Personalities

These are the major non-player characters one is likely to encounter in the Black Dragon; all are humans.

Cial, owner of the Black Dragon, is a kindly-faced old gentleman who sports a thick crop of white hair atop his head and speaks with a gravelly voice. His namesake was the man who founded Gull. Cial

was one of the best thieves in the city until his hands were crippled by arthritis. He had set some money aside and bought his way into the Black Dragon.

Cial is quite well thought of in the Black Dragon, mostly because he often aids thieves who are hard-pressed by the authorities. His back room has been set aside as a place for thieves to store spare clothing. In the past, Cial has been known to extend credit or give money to thieves on the run. Anyone who attacks Cial is likely to face a hostile crowd of ne'er-do-wells who've come to love and respect the old man.

Cial stands 5' 6" tall and weighs 160 lbs. He's about 50 years old and is clean-shaven. His hands are gnarled from arthritis. He's a 5th level rogue who knows no spells; his attributes are: ST:20 LK:40 IQ:17 DEX:9 CON:20 CHR:16 He has 36 combat adds and carries a swordcane. The blade is poisoned with dragon venom. Cial is generally seen wandering among the tables; he never drinks with patrons and will only sit with Marek, Rais, or his daughter.

Rais is two inches taller and five pounds lighter than Cial; that is as close as those two resemble each other in any aspect. Rais is olive-skinned, with black hair, moustache, and goatee. His aristocrat's face bears three scars: one on his right cheek, one on his left cheek from cheekbone to goatee, and one over his left eyebrow. He dresses in dark colors, and has a sharp wit and a taste for brandy.

Rais's cynicism contrasts sharply with Cial's friendly attitude. Rais detests dwarves and will not drink with them. He refuses to be goaded into fights, and usually backs up Marek to make sure no one ambushes his friend. He is quite intelligent and is capable of some very interesting conversations.

Rais is a 6th level rogue. His attributes are:

ST:35 LK:21 IQ:25 DEX:36 CON:30 CHR:13
He has 57 combat adds when fighting with his rapier. He wears three balanced daggers: in his boot, at his belt, or in the sheath on his left wrist. When he throws one, his adds jump to 81. Though he rarely uses them, he knows the following spells: *Take That You Fiend*, *Knock Knock*, *Hidey Hole*, *Freeze Pleasee*, *Mind Pox*, *Wall of Ice*, and *Wind Whistle*.

Marek is the third major NPC one is likely to encounter in the Black Dragon. He's three inches taller than Rais, and he outweighs his scar-faced partner by twenty pounds. His brown hair sweeps his collar; his face his handsome, clean-shaven, and unscarred. His eyes shift color and warn others of his mood: green indicates a good mood, grey shows confusion and anger, ice blue is reserved for his explosive temper.

Marek is friendlier than Rais, though he is quite wary of strangers. Both Marek and Rais have prices on their heads, and thus tend to steer clear of traps (or indeed, any suspicious situation). Marek owns one magical

item, a ruby lens called the "Eye of Xitia". When he looks through this lens, it allows him to see as though a *Second Sight* spell were in effect.

Marek's attributes are:

ST:72 LK:60 IQ:24 DEX:48 CON:48 CHR:16

With a rapier he's one of the better swordsmen in Gull; having 124 combat adds helps a great deal. When he throws one of his daggers (which are hidden in the same places Rais conceals his), his adds jump to 160. Marek is an 8th level rogue who does not mind using magic, though he uses it sparingly in the Black Dragon. He commands the following spells: *Take That You Fiend*, *Knock Knock*, *Hidey Hole*, *Mirage*, *Cat's Eyes* (though he calls it *Night Sight*), *Poor Baby*, *Dum Dum*, *Blasting Power*, *Protective Pentagram*, *Mind Pox*, *Wall of Thorns*, and *Wind Whistle*.

Marek and Rais are known as the best pair of thieves in Gull. Patrons of the Black Dragon joke about their exploits while the Gem Merchants in Gull curse them and concoct new plans to capture them. The GM should play them as men who know how well their captor's pockets would be lined with gold as reward. Consequently, they are quite wary; more often than not they've turned the tables on those who have attempted to end their careers. This has frequently ended in the demise of those would-be captors . . .

Bill of Fare

Aside from interesting persons (and more will be met later), the Black Dragon has much in the way of challenging entertainments to offer those hearty souls who frequent the place. The bill of fare is not unusual for Gull; however, the Black Dragon is offer a libation or two that one would be hard-pressed to find anywhere else at any price.

Beverages	per cup.	per flagon.	per pitcher
Beer/Ale	1 gp.	2 gp.	4 gp.
Hard Cider	1 gp.	2 gp.	4 gp.
Wine	1 gp.	2 gp.	4 gp.
Imported wine	2 gp.	4 gp.	8 gp.
Sake	2 gp.	4 gp.	8 gp.
Brandy	5 gp.	10 gp.	12 gp.
Kumis	3 gp.	6 gp.	12 gp.

(Kumis is fermented goat milk)

While mainly in business to relieve thirst in Gull, the Black Dragon also offers a fine selection of foods. While "fine" might be a good word for the selection, the management makes no such claims for the taste or quality of comestibles. But they do not appreciate complaints, either.

Dish	Cost
Fish	2 g.p.
Mutton	7 g.p.
Rabbit	3 g.p.
Chicken	4 g.p.

Beef	6 g.p.
Pork	2 g.p.
Bread (per loaf)	2 g.p.
Cheese (per pound)	4 g.p.
Soup du jour (per bowl)	1 g.p.
Vegetable soup (per bowl)	8 s.p.
Pot Luck Stew	1.5 g.p.

(Pot Luck Stew consists of Leftover Everything.)

Games

Eating and drinking are not the only amusements offered in the Black Dragon. The back rooms offer a number of strange games of chance for the adventurous. In some games you can lose money; in others, you can lose more. Credit will not be honored in any game of chance.

Cockfighting. The area on the map designated by the letter C is a small square arena where cockfighting is held. The game is simple. Two roosters are equipped with metal claws and thrown into the arena. Bets are taken on the outcome; if your rooster wins, you win.



The set-up for cockfighting is simple. The birds are given a *Monster Rating* for attack, and a separate *Constitution*. Roll two dice to determine each rooster's MR. Roll an additional die and add 2 to the result for the bird's CON. This way, the fights will be bloody and quick, with neither bird losing its fighting skill until death. Characters should be given some verbal clue as to the better-looking bird, though the GM should not tell them the MR or CON of either bird. The GM might have some NPCs ask for odds; the players have the same right to demand odds from the NPCs. The GM should offer these odds according to the fight. (The NPC might have some inside information that would indicate a probable winner).

Terrier and Rattling. The other end of this room is designated TR for Terrier and Rattling. This is an amusing game in which patrons state that X dog can kill Y rats in Z turns. (For example: "That dog named Ninja can kill 7 rats in 3 combat turns.") Characters bet on or against the dog, and may set up side-bets like, "I bet 20 g.p. that Ninja gets all 7 rats in 2 turns," or "I bet 5 g.p. that the rats will kill him!" Again, odds may be demanded from either side. Credit will not be accepted.

The dog's owner sets up the initial bet, stating the number of rats his dog can kill in how many turns. Normally, changes to this basic set-up are not made, just bet upon. However, if players wish to change the set-up, they must do so with the agreement and approval of the dog-owner.

The mechanics for Terrier and Rattling are simple. Each dog has a *Monster Rating* (determined by rolling 3 dice). The characters might get an indication of a dog's toughness from its reputation. The strength of the rats is determined by rolling 1 die for their individual *Monster Ratings*. This should be done before the bets are finalized, as the players can see and get a general idea of the rats' nastiness. Once the rats' MRs have been determined, the GM sets the challenge by playing the NPC dog-owner. The GM or players may offer and accept challenges, though if a character begins to win, not as many people will be anxious to bet with him or her. That character might be required to offer odds in the future.

The next room, the one containing SD and SS, houses games that are slightly more esoteric and offer more than monetary losses to those who

guess wrong or react slowly. Both of the "games" in this room have historical models and are quite dangerous. These are not suggested as the latest parlor games for parties — don't try them, you could get hurt.

Sword Dance. In the corner of the room marked **SD** we have the Sword Dance. Characters will see a man jumping up and down on a table top, gingerly attempting to avoid the sword cuts aimed at his legs by the other men around the table. A bystander calls time and the dancer hops down to gather his winnings and leave the room.

This game is simple but dangerous. Each "cutter" pays at least 2 g.p. into a pot; the "dancer" matches the highest count (if a cutter puts in 50 g.p., so must the dancer). If the dancer can elude one cutter for one combat turn, he wins the pot. A L1-SR on DEX is required to dodge one man, two L2-SRs are required to elude two, three L3-SRs on DEX to elude three cutters and so forth. In addition to money, each round survived when going against four cutters or more adds 1 point to the dancer's DEX (with four cutters you learn to be fast). The dancer also receives the experience for the saving rolls.

If a dancer misses a roll, he takes the damage generated by that particular cutter, and the cutter(s) take the pot.

GMs can decide to attribute the cutters or use Monster-Rated cutters, as they see fit. To be fair, the nature of the cutter should be determined before a character starts to dance, and verbal clues like "He's big and burly" should be offered to warn prospective dancers of dangerous cutters. The players may choose to be dancers or cutters.

Sickle Suicide. A far deadlier game, Sickle Suicide, is located at **SS**. A group of people surrounds a man who stands upon a stool. In his right hand he holds a shot glass filled with brandy; in his left hand he clutches the haft of a sickle. Around his neck, tied firmly to a beam above his head, hangs a noose. As the players watch, he tosses the brandy down his throat, kicks the stool from beneath himself, and cuts the rope before he has his neck stretched. Like the sword dancer, he collects his winnings and leaves.

This game of Sickle Suicide was the pre-gunpowder game of Russian Roulette. Each shot of brandy subtracts 1 die in (temporary) damage from the character's Dexterity. The DEX-SR to succeed starts at 4th level and increases by one level for every



four attempts, unless the character says that he is going to sharpen the sickle. In that event it never rises, unless four attempts pass without a sharpening. (DEX damage returns 1 point per turn after the character stops drinking.)

To make the saving roll will result in a pay-off of 100 g.p. × the number of the attempt just made (first attempt, 100 g.p.; second attempt, 200 g.p., etc.). The spectators put up the pot; essentially, they're there to watch someone strangle. To start with, the GM should have an audience numbering the roll of 1d6 + 1. For every two attempts made consecutively by the same character, one more person joins the group of spectators. Each person in the audience must put up at least 20 g.p. (This includes player characters.)

To miss the saving roll is to *die*. The character's neck is broken; there is no appeal unless the character has some magical protection against hanging or broken bones — which may be viewed as cheating by some. More than one cocky mega-character has met his end at this game.

Poker. The next room, marked **P**, is where most of the gambling takes place. I leave to the imagination of the Game Master the games he or she desires to have being played in the room. Dice games like craps, chuck-a-luck, and over/under are simple and quick to play. A deck of cards will offer any number of possible games, though the adventure might break into a poker game where gold-piece fortunes change hands. Even darts might be offered, where a series of DEX-SRs and the totals of the experience points won might be used to determine the winner. In that case, though, the rolls

would be considered targeting rolls and hence would not be eligible for experience points. After all, who ever heard of a 20th level dart-pitcher?

It is vital to note that there will be enough magickers inside the Poker room to recognize the use of the *ESP* spell. Anyone who cheats by using this spell — or any other magic — will have his heart cut out. Also, the house never cheats, and all deal with cheaters in the aforementioned manner. (Rough justice, remember?)

Area Layout

An informational tour of the Black Dragon might well be in order. The entrance hallway doubles back, to slow anyone mad enough to storm the tavern. A doorman sits at the point marked **X**. He's tough, though a GM may wish to suit him to the party he or she is dealing with. All bow weapons must be checked with this doorman; those who do not leave their weapons with him will not be allowed to enter. He is honest, and any weapons will not be stolen while he holds them.

The row of rooms that run along the west side of the tavern are private rooms that may be rented out. The largest room is where Cial lives. The others are available (3 g.p. a night, not including meals) and feature a bed, chest of drawers, and two chairs. Cial's room is twice the size of the other private rooms; in addition to the regular furniture, it contains a table and a well-concealed strongbox that holds 5000 g.p. in gems. None of those rooms have windows.

The room marked **ST** on the map is the storeroom mentioned earlier (c.f. Cial). The wavy line is a curtain that separates the front portion of the room

from the back. The front portion contains spare chairs, tables, and other such items that would require storage, yet need to be available quickly. The back section (**BR**) is where many of the local thieves store spare clothing. It has a wash basin and a secret door that leads into the back courtyard.

Along the northern end of the tavern are the privies (male and female), the courtyard, and the kitchen. The courtyard is fenced and has two notable features: the cleaning port for the privy holding-tank (a possible, though unthinkable, escape route), and a wood pile for the kitchen.

The kitchen (**K**) is neatly organized. Items like flour and other dry goods are stored at **K1**; **K2** is an enchanted cold storage area for keeping meats and other perishables fresh. **K3** marks the location of the two casks of ale and wine that service the bar. The cooking pits and soup cauldrons are located at **K4**, and the clean-up area and water pump are located at **K5**.

The bar is made of oak and is lovingly cared for by Cial and his bartenders. Still, it does show evidence of a few sword cuts. Each large dot (•) indicates where a cranequin has been stowed within easy reach beneath the bar. These crossbows are used against those who disrupt the normal flow of action in the tavern; each bartender has a DEX of 40. The crossbows are never used on Marek, Cial, or Rais.

The round table in the northeast corner, marked **M**, is reserved for Marek and Rais. If the table is empty when player characters enter the bar, and Marek and Rais enter later, the pair will take a dim view of anyone taking up their table. The alcove in the northern wall houses a statue of a Gem Merchant. It is nicked; Marek and Rais notch it after each successful theft from the Gem Merchants.

The four rooms along the east wall are private meeting rooms. Each has an oaken door and may be retained for 2 g.p./night. I have not peopled these rooms, nor have I set up encounters for them — so each GM can devise whatever is desired for the players to deal with in one of these rooms.

Encounters

The semi-private booths along the south wall offer options for adventure. Most of these are lead-ins to situations that the GM will have to flesh out, as many of the adventures suggested are simple. It is quite possible for even a fair GM to play them off the cuff, provided you know your players and

their characters reasonably well. You will find that few of the characters within the booths have been attributed. Make them only as tough as needed to give the party a challenge.

Booth 1 contains a *fortune teller*. She is dark-haired and clad in a flowing blue robe. She's playing with a deck of Tarot cards, and will do a reading on the future of any character for 10 g.p. Roll one die to see what she predicts (GMs, elaborate upon these generalizations when you actually give them).

- 1) She sees much money and glory.
- 2) She sees dishonor.
- 3) She sees a stranger trailing the subject of her reading.
- 4) She sees the subject saving another in a dangerous situation.
- 5) She sees the character's mate-to-be, or the character's mate, in danger.
- 6) She sees the character's death.

Hint to the players of the future of your campaign, GMs, and you'll spook them badly.

Booth 2 contains *two men* locked in conversation. Arm them with your choice of swords. Roll one die to determine the topic of their conversation.

- 1) They are two thieves planning a heist.
- 2) The men are undercover guardsmen who are going to capture anyone who tries a particular heist (c.f. 1 above).
- 3) The men mention the name of one of the player characters as "Our last hope". This should lead into a "Seven Samurai" or "Magnificent Seven" scenario where the players are hired to protect someone or an entire village.
- 4) The men are drunk and, when disturbed, cast aspersions upon the player-characters' nationality, heritage, birth, or ancestry. Still, they aren't really looking for a fight.
- 5) The men are bounty hunters who are seeking a player-character on a false warrant.
- 6) The men are planning to kill one of the player-characters. They pretend to be drunk and attempt to goad the character into a fight.

Booth 3 contains a *beautiful woman*. Her attire is determined by the roll.

- 1) She wears a colorful silk dress embroidered with mythical creatures. She is a courtesan and she's drinking brandy. Her price is 250 g.p./night; such an encounter will gain a character a minimum of 50 e.p.
- 2) Red-haired, somber, demure attire. She is Cial's daughter, Rionne, and she's an 8th level sorceress. Her attributes are:

ST:87 LK:23 IQ:30 DEX:25 CON:40 CHR:17
She knows the spells to her level, is not interested in casual sex, and will cast a humiliating spell upon any character

who bothers her. Attacks on her will arouse the ire of all assembled.

3) Dark-haired woman in black satiny clothing. She will agree to a carnal encounter, and will take one character back to her estate. When the character has fallen asleep she will bind him and send him to her dungeon, to be tortured to death (loss of 5 CON points per day). A rescue might be appreciated.

4) Frightened woman in non-descript clothing who claims to be the slave of a cruel master. She needs succor.

5) Frightened woman in non-descript clothing who claims to be the wife of a cruel husband. She attempts to trick the delvers into helping her steal "her" gems from some estate.

6) An assassin paid to seduce and kill a player-character. Both she and her attire are quite comely, and she reeks of expensive perfume.

Booth 4 contains a *man sitting alone*. Roll one die.

- 1) He's a bunko artist with a glib tongue. He will offer to sell an amulet that will make a character immune to harmful magic cast under the moon/sun — depending upon the time of day. (It's fraudulent — when the sun is up, he tells the characters that his amulet will protect against magic cast under the moon, and vice versa.)
- 2) This man is a 12th level sorcerer who wishes to be left *alone*.
- 3) He is an effete young noble who seeks an amazon companion. He'll give her presents of moderate value if she will stay with him. (Perhaps the men in Booth 2 are after him.)
- 4) An athletic-looking man who seems quite pleasant. He's really an assassin who has angered the Assassin's Guild. He'll try to leave with the party and use them to protect himself while he gets out of town.
- 5) A pleasant, handsome, homicidal man — a Jack-the-Ripper type of person who never removes his gloves. He may choose a player-character as a victim, depending on circumstances.
- 6) A plain-looking man who reeks of magic. He's really a demon who has been paid to kidnap or kill a player-character.

Scattered throughout the common room are all manner of ruffians, rednecks, scoundrels, and cutpurses. Few NPCs have been attributed, so that each GM can adjust the strength of the patrons to that of the adventurers coming in. To be a stranger who attracts attention is to announce to the riff-raff that there is a mark in their midst. After all, what's one more mysterious death in the City of Terrors? ■

Know Your Foe

THE MONSTERS OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS

by Glenn & Philip Rahman



Illustrations by John Borkowski

Howard Philips Lovecraft was one of the most gifted mythographers of the twentieth century. The mythos he created, popularly called "the Cthulhu Mythos", postulates that eons ago the entire universe was dominated by a group of alien beings from a different space-time continuum: the Old Ones. These beings commanded power of cosmic scale and represented an order of being that places man in utter insignificance. No outside challenge to their dominion was possible — but the scope of their power was cyclical. When the configuration of the stars became "wrong" they went into a sleep of ages. Yet, one day the Old Ones will return and end the reign of puny man.

Lovecraft was a master craftsman of alien races and individual monsters as well as gods. The mythos he established has been added to by many other writers — some of them the most skilled fantasists of our time. The

result is a vast modern myth — one that retains the power to frighten us, no matter how jaded we have become on the demons, ghosts, and vampires which once were the stock in trade of horror. In this article, we have tried to concentrate on what Lovecraft himself developed in summarizing this great mass of Mythos lore. After that, as much as circumstances allow, we have singled out the most interesting gods and monsters created by Lovecraft's successors for special mention.

The Great Old Ones

Man knows of the Old Ones in a vague and distorted form — as a result of accidental contacts. From these imperfect meetings, men formed a belief in gods and fashioned myths and legends around them.

In some stories of the Mythos, the entities are described as purely supernatural creatures, while in others they are beings on or from other

planets. The difference is only in the perception of the observer.

The Old Ones differ vastly in power; Azathoth may well be the creator of the universe, while Chaugnar Faugn is immediately dangerous only to those unfortunates whose blood he drinks. Only the lesser Old Ones have forms which will translate into description; no mortal could look on the greatest of the Old Ones and live. For example, in Richard Tierney's *The Winds of Zarr*¹, one man glimpses just the shadow of Yog-Sothoth's manifestation and the:

... shock struck him like a blow. He staggered back and fell to the ground, screaming his loathing, hands pressed painfully against his eyelids for fear they would open. For in that shadow he had glimpsed a shape that somehow hinted at all the foul blasphemies of an insane cosmos — all the horror of nightmarish worlds beyond the black gulfs of normal space and time — all the cosmic evil of a mad universe beyond human imagining! . . . He screamed until there was no air left in his lungs; he grovelled on his face and beat his fists raw against the hard rock. The world spun madly while fire seemed to gnaw



at the fiber of his brain. Even in that instant he could not recall just what he had seen, nor would his mind ever allow him to remember it again even in the deepest and wildest of nightmares.

Azathoth, the primordial source-essence of life, is also the antithesis of Creation. The god dwells at the center of Chaos, or, in Lovecraft's sense, at the center of the universe and life. Azathoth shares dominion of the universe with Yog-Sothoth. Reigning from the throne of Chaos, he is "the Lord of all things, encircled by his flopping horde of mindless and amorphous dancers and lulled by the thin, monotonous piping of a demonic flute held in nameless paws."² He is also called the "nuclear chaos"³; some scholars theorize that he was the heart of the "big bang" that formed the universe. Possibly his name is echoed in the Persian "Akamoth", the Demiurge.

Chaugnar Faugn, "The Elephant-God of Tsan"⁴ is a minor but loathsome entity with a trunk, two uneven ears, and two enormous tusks. Even so, Chaugnar's resemblance to an elephant is sporadic and superficial. His ears are webbed and tentacled, while his trunk terminates in a flared disk a foot in diameter. The tusks intertwine and are translucent, while the god's hands are human and his skin has a greenish sheen. When resting, Chaugnar Faugn changes himself to a stonelike state, whereupon he may be mistaken for merely a hideous idol.

Chaugnar's worshippers say that the god created his own minions, the

Miri nigri, out of toads. These are vile yellow abnormalities, only vaguely manlike. It is also said that when Great Chaugnar possesses the world, all things now in it will be devoured and the god will fill all space with his Oneness.

Probably this is a pious exaggeration; when he runs amok, Chaugnar is an insatiable drinker of blood, but does not evoke the universe-spanning chaos that Yog-Sothoth and Azathoth would. The Elephant-God suffers unbearable torment if he is denied a steady appetite of blood. If no other source of blood is available, Chaugnar Faugn will turn on members of his own honor guard, leaving them drained, shrunk, and blackened masses of corruption.

Cthulhu is at once among the most famous and the least powerful of the Old Ones. Lovecraft describes him as the Old Ones' "cousin, yet can he spy them only dimly". Cthulhu is also called the "priest" of the Old Ones.

Physically, Cthulhu's appearance suggests an octopus, a dragon, and a human caricature. A pulpy, tentacled head surmounts a grotesque, scaly body with rudimentary wings. Cthulhu stands a hundred feet high, but his body contains very little matter as we know it. Once a ship rammed the god and he disintegrated like a vast balloon, only to reassemble himself in a few moments.

Cthulhu should not be considered a sea god. The submerged continent of R'lyeh was at the surface when

Cthulhu ruled the world. Its sinking undid and trapped the winged alien; his worshippers say that Cthulhu will lie dreaming in his temple in R'lyeh until it rises and his followers throw open its sealed doors.

The rising of R'lyeh is an active menace; it has risen (and sunk) at least once in the twentieth century. His world-spanning cult anxiously awaits the god's rising in order to fulfill the prophecy.

Dagon resembles a giant fish, and is worshipped by secret cults around the world — including the notorious Esoteric Order of Dagon (of Insmouth, Massachusetts). His worship was out in the open in ancient times when he figured in the pantheons of the Philistines and Phoenicians — who pictured him as a fish-tailed man.

Ghatanothoa: No description of Ghatanothoa exists, since any mortal who sees the god, or even a perfect image of him, is cursed. The victim suffers petrification, turning to stone and leather. Worse, his mind remains alive in his immobile body, fully conscious. He must endure the dreadful passage of uncountable eons. His only escape is death — via the physical destruction of his petrified body. Alas, madness usually takes possession of Ghatanothoa's victims long before death releases them.

Ghatanothoa's home is a city built by the Mi-Go on the lost continent of Mu, before that land sank into the Pacific Ocean. When men rose, they worshipped Ghatanothoa by sending him twelve maids and twelve youths as sacrifices, lest the god rise from his underground burrow and wreak havoc all over the land.

Occasionally, tectonic activity raises Ghatanothoa's city from the ocean bed. Beware of any uncharted isle resembling a truncated volcanic cone, lying between New Zealand and Chile.

Hastur: "Faceless and foul walketh the Accursed One, His form to men unknown"⁵. The god Hastur is said to dwell under the lake of Hali on the planet Carcosa, in the Hyades. Lovecraft alludes to Hastur only vaguely. From others we learn that those who speak Hastur's name aloud risk the god's retribution. By and large, the literature lacks specific information. Of Hastur's earthly cult little can be said other than it is hostile to the Mi-Go race and that its emblem is the Yellow Sign.

Nyarlatotep, The Crawling Chaos, is another Old One of lesser dignity. He is said to be the "soul and messenger" of greater entities. Nyarlatotep is an intermediary

between the world of man and the world of the gods, although he is known to "rule in Sharnoth", beyond time and space. Nyarlathotep occasionally manifests himself as a human with jet black skin and Caucasian features. In this form the god made himself known in ancient Egypt and more recently to witches — whereupon he was identified with Satan. Still another avatar of Nyarlathotep is the Haunter of the Dark, a black batlike thing with three-lobed eyes that enters our world via the Shining Trapezohedron — an artifact from space. In this form, the god is rendered powerless by (and will flee from) any kind of light.

Nyarlathotep is the dark essence of chaos and the dismal promise of Armageddon. The power to possess others and to change his shape are the frequently-used talents of the dark god.

Rebathoth, "The Lord of Light", is the archetypal sun god of world religions — a violent and destructive god demanding blood sacrifice from his worshippers. In return he promises glory and victory in war. Moloch, Mithra, and Huitzilopochtli are among the gods inspired by Rebathoth.

The god seems to embody many qualities that are the reverse of Nyarlathotep; indeed, he and the Crawling Chaos are sometimes called "cognate spawn", as if existing at related, but opposite, poles. Rebathoth's avatars, for example, are at full strength only under bright illumination, and darkness rapidly saps their power.

Physically, Rebathoth (in his manifestation as Huitzilopochtli) is a great glowing creature possessing "a very broad face with monstrous, horrible eyes..."⁶ Rebathoth took refuge in the star Sol when "the stars became wrong" and remains there until the changing celestial configurations rouse him from his dormancy.

Shub-Niggurath, "The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young", is a fertility god associated with the horned deity of the pagan agricultural societies of the ancient world — and the Earth Mother cults of Cybele and Astarte. He is even more reminiscent of the Greek god Pan, pictured as a man-goat. Sometimes Shub-Niggurath is referred to as female, but sexual descriptions are meaningless when discussing beings so alien as the Old Ones.

Shub-Niggurath is mentioned more often than any other being in the Cthulhu Mythos, but we know

practically nothing about him — most references being only chants or titles of adulation. The god's province is cosmic fertility; some scholars have seen Shub-Niggurath in the Hyperborean Abthoth and in Sheila-na-gog, a Celtic fertility goddess. Possibly these deities are earthly avatars of a much vaster entity.

Tsathoggua is an Old One adored by both men and beasts on the ancient continent of Hyperborea. Tsathoggua's worship was carried to prehistoric Gaul, where the Averoignians maintained his worship through medieval times, under the name of "Sadoqua". Squat and pot-bellied, Tsathoggua's head is like that of a monstrous toad, and his whole body is covered by a coat of short fur, giving the suggestion of both the bat and the sloth. His sleepy lids hang over globular eyes and the tip of a queer tongue issues from his fat mouth.

Though Tsathoggua is a relatively minor Old One, he is deadly if one of his manifestations is encountered — typically in one of the ruined temples dedicated to him millennia ago. He is able to change his shape and size, and can even pour himself through small apertures and reform himself on the other side. He can project tentacles from his bulk with great accuracy, and these are suffused with a corrosive fluid that dissolves flesh. Tsathoggua also uses this fluid to melt his victims before he devours them.

Yidhra is primarily known as a goddess of a few bands of Comanche Indians, but since the last century her worship has been picked up by some white communities in the American Southwest. The cultists believe Yidhra's worship is world-wide and identify her with other death and fertility cults — particularly those of the ancient Sumerians. Yidhra is part of life and death and the earth itself; her worshippers look to her for protection of their flocks and orchards. Kidnapped strangers are given to Yidhra. If anyone attracts her ire, she may change him into an animal. Through worship, Yidhra fuses with her faithful, becoming more like them, and giving them something of her foulness.

Yidhra may take the form of any animal that she devours; her true form is a grotesque union of all that she has consumed in the eons since the earth was new. She has the ability to project an illusion of great comeliness; only her inner circle of worshippers can see Yidhra as she really is. The goddess exists in many different bodies at the same time — and therefore may be



physically present within each coven of her worshippers. An individual body may be destroyed physically, but Yidhra can create another to replace it in several hours' time.

Yig is the dark prototype of the Mexican snake god Quetzalcoatl. The plains Indians kept the cult of the snake with fearful respect. In the autumn, Yig — a half anthropomorphic devil of a highly capricious nature — becomes ravenous. At that time the old tribes used to offer corn to the god, while keeping him at bay with drum, rattle, and whistle.

If Yig notices one who offends either him or his children — the serpents — he will subject the culprit to appropriate tortures and then changes him into a snake.

But Yig is not wholly hostile; he may be well-disposed to those who offer him due respect and honor his reptilian minions.

Yog-Sothoth: Past, present, and future are all one to Yog-Sothoth. He

is the vehicle of Chaos, the Gate of the Void through which "Those Outside" must enter. He is an order of existence closely paralleling the essence of the universe, an "All-in-One and One-in-All of limitless being and self"⁸ — the utter sweep of which has no confines and which out-reaches fantasy and mathematics alike.

Yog-Sothoth is among the most powerful of the Old Ones, and one which is represented in a considerable literature. A physical form cannot be given to Yog-Sothoth, for he is everywhere at once, permeating the entire universe. If it is true that the semblances of the Old Ones may be known in the features of those they have begotten on mankind, it will profit us to remember the child of Yog-Sothoth, the Dunwich Horror, which resembled "an octopus, centipede, spider kind o' thing"⁹. It is possible though that the Dunwich Horror did not mirror the universe-spanning deity, but is instead a bizarre mutation

engendered by the alien energies emanating from Yog-Sothoth.

Zathog, also called "Black Zathog" from both his color and his nature, dwells upon a nameless planet which he overlays like an ocean, consuming it for his sustenance. From his place in space, Zathog acts as the nerve center for a pitiless multi-galactic empire.

Zathog is more tactically inclined than his brethren; when the stars became wrong, Zathog retired to the Andromeda galaxy and sought out its mightiest race to serve him. This race, the Zarrians, are creatures of emotionless aggression. They have subjugated their own galaxy and are now expanding to others. Having learned the art of time-travel from Black Zathog, they intend to bring all space and all time under their relentless sway.

The Elder Gods

The "Elder Gods" is a misnomer. While Lovecraft used a similar term — "the Elder Ones" — he never meant it in the sense of a benevolent pantheon opposed in principle to the evil Old Ones. Lovecraft considered any supernatural prehuman entity an "Elder One"; "the Other Gods", "the Old Ones", "the Great Ones", the "Elder Ones" are all synonymous. One Old One, Noden, "The Lord of the Great Abyss"¹⁰, has been wrongly identified as some sort of benign "Elder God". His reputation rests on a scene of *The Dream Quest for Unknown Kadath*, wherein he opposes Nylathotep to the benefit of the hero. Probably this represents a personal feud only; Lovecraft never suggested in his stories or his copious correspondences that he envisioned cosmic helpers standing by to aid mankind.

The Cults of the Old Ones

Many of the Old Ones have cults on earth. These humans who worship the Old Ones passionately desire what they have been promised — that the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill, revel and enjoy themselves, while all the earth flames with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom.

The cults believe that the Old Ones ruled the earth and the universe beyond it many millions of years ago. However, with time, the "stars became wrong" and their power was greatly reduced; they became totally or partially dormant. Yet such was their nature that they could not die; in time the configuration of the stars would change and restore them to vitality. Presently the stars are becoming "right". The cult meanwhile keeps the appropriate rites, preserves the



memory of those ancient days and repeats the prophecy of their return.

Only rarely does the literature take us into the secret meeting of one of these cults. Lovecraft's *The Festival* presents the best account of a cult meeting. Typically, the members of the cult meet with their faces shadowed in cowls; the group gathers in remote woods, swamps, and (most commonly) caves. They chant and perform their rites before an idol or manifestation of their god. Very commonly, inhumans of some type will join in the revelry. These cults are partial to piccolo music.

Of all the modern cults worshipping the Old Ones, the cult of Cthulhu is best known. It is world-wide, comprised of many depraved theosophists, voodooists, and shamanist societies. A study of known worshippers conducted by Louisiana authorities found that the cultists "all proved to be men of a very low, mixed-blooded and mentally aberrant type. Most were seamen, and a sprinkling of negroes and mulattoes, largely West Indian or Brava Portuguese from the Cape Verde Island . . ."11

Void of clothing, braying, bellowing and writhing about a monstrous ring-shaped bonfire, in the center of which the statue of Cthulhu stands on a monolith, humans and mysterious Black Winged Ones celebrate the rites of Cthulhu. Cultists claim that Cthulhu communicates with their priests through dreams. Typically, his devotees are primitives and shamanists, groups whose faith is psychic and instinctual, believing that the will of the gods is revealed to them in visions.

Cultists are not well-armed, but will kill upon order and will not reveal the cult's deepest secrets even upon pain of death — unless they are mad. Their victims are those who are sacrificed at their gatherings (although cultists claim that the Black Winged Ones are the actual executioners) and individuals unwise enough to spy upon their activities. Assassinations are conducted by injecting a poison needle into the target during an apparently innocent jostle in the streets.

Rituals are usually held on the feast days of the old religion: Candlemas (Feb. 2), Beltane (May 1), Lammas (Aug. 1), Roodmas (Sept. 14), and Halloween Eve (Oct. 31).

The Wizards

The Old Ones are a font of power not understood by science. This power is tapped by a number of adept individuals deserving to be called wizards.

There are no "good" wizards in Lovecraft's fiction. They are parasitic types whose objectives are incompatible with orderly civilization. Their powers are varied. Most seek or have achieved a longevity; some can raise or quell storms, raise the dead, capture souls or change the flow of time. Most seek to expand or refine their powers by studying arcane books — the most infamous being the *Necronomicon* — and trafficking with inhumans.

Wizards represent a wide range of lifestyles, such as the sophisticated Joseph Curwen and the bucolic Old Whateley, the gregarious Ephraim Waite and the reclusive Terrible Old Man. Their objectives differ too. Curwen hoped to master all the arcane arts by raising past wizards from their grave dust and torturing their secrets from them; old Whateley sought to help the Old Ones re-enter the world and sweep all life from it; Waite tried to live forever by transferring his soul to other bodies as he needed to; the Terrible Old Man only wanted to be left alone.

The Inhuman Races

Many alien creatures appear in Lovecraft's stories. Those which he describes in greatest detail are given below.

The Deep Ones: The batrachian Deep Ones seldom have been seen by outside witnesses. They are best described in the semblances they have "begotten on mankind". A half-blooded Deep One is thin, stoop-shouldered, with a dull, expressionless face and odd, deep creases in the sides of his neck. He has unblinking, watery blue eyes, a narrow head, blunt nose, receding forehead, and weak chin. His skin is coarsely pored, his ears underdeveloped, his cheeks greyish, and his lips long and thick. His hands are greyish blue with very short fingers, and, like his feet, are very large. The Deep One walks with a shambing gait.

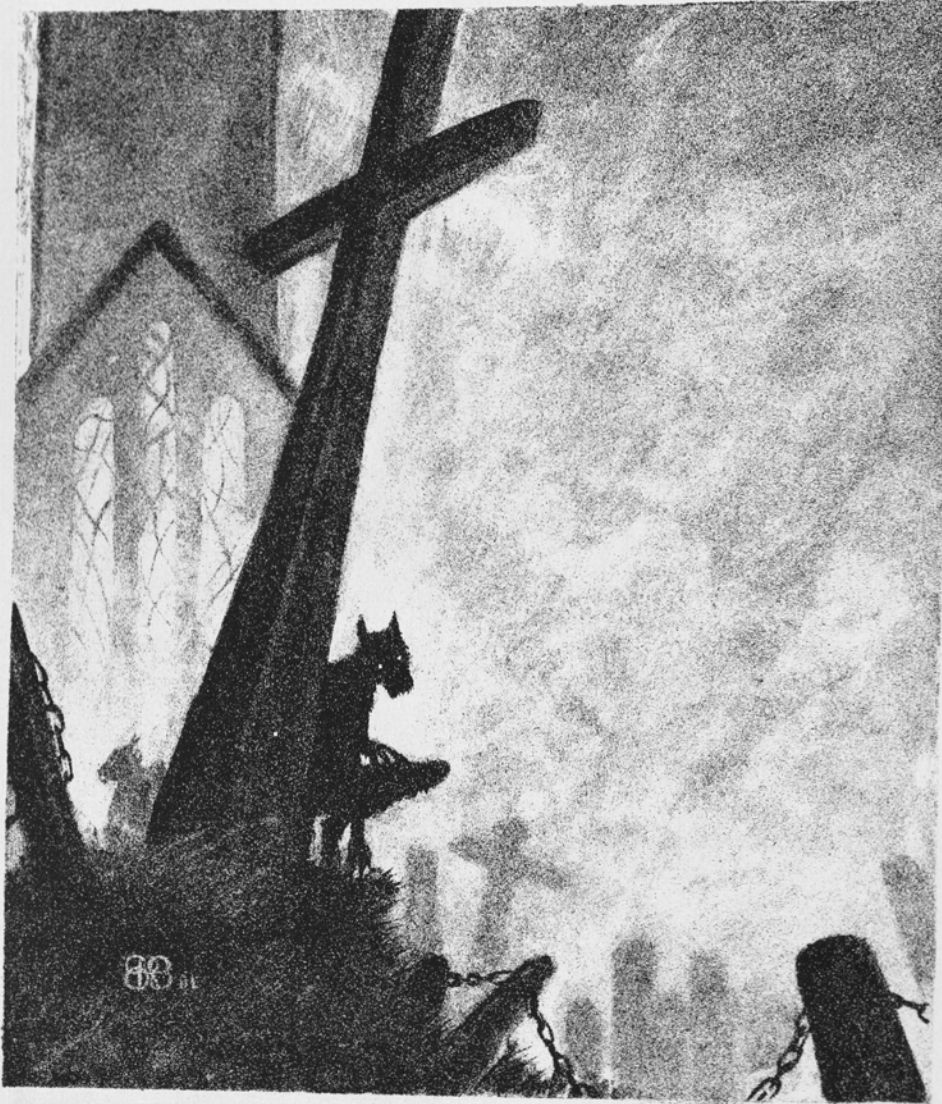
The Deep Ones worship Dagon and Cthulhu, while they themselves are venerated by certain cults such as the Esoteric Order of Dagon and savage Polynesian societies. Worship is held on Beltane and Samhane; on these occasions, youths and maidens are given to the Deep Ones, as well as human handicrafts. In return, the Deep Ones bestow bountiful fishing on their devotees, and some strange jewelry.

Deep One jewelry utilizes gold and a strange alloy. Its motifs are geometrical and marine, chased or moulded in high relief. Some items, such as tiaras, betray the fact that they were designed to fit inhuman bodies.



The Deep Ones built many cities beneath the sea, Y'ha-nthlei being the best known. Nests of these beings exist throughout the oceans, and a Deep One can surely be attracted if the proper ritual invitation is enacted.

After a group of humans has begun trafficking with the Deep Ones, the creatures will insist upon mating with them and joining in their ceremonies. The halfbloods produced resemble humans in youth, but with maturity they become more froglike — until they convert to true amphibians and join their kin in the sea. A psychological change accompanies the physical, and by the time the halfblood goes to the sea, his mind and soul



belong to the Deep Ones.

Deep Ones never die except by violence. They have secret knowledge which could go a long way towards destroying the human race, but prefer not to bother unless forced to. Their minds operate in a very alien manner, and their confidence in immortality makes their plans rather dilatory and long-termed.

Ghouls are atypical of Lovecraft's inhumans, insofar as their dwelling places are not the remote, legend-haunted back country or unpeopled waste. Their habits compel them to infest large population centers, for only the heavy death toll of a great city can provide sufficient nourishment for these eaters of the dead.

Ghouls have glowing red eyes, bony hands, doglike faces, pointed ears, drooling lips, mold-caked bodies, and half-hooved feet. They are roughly bipedal, but slump forward. Most appalling of all, their physiology seems to represent an aberrant evolution from *homo sapiens* stock.

Ghouls have been known to prey

upon people in cellars, tunnels, and subways. They sometimes attack persons in their homes by burrowing into their basements or leaping into open windows. Many brutal, unsolved murders should be attributed to the Ghouls.

Ghouls like to exchange their own spawn for human young. Infants they abduct are taught to feed like themselves, while their offspring brought up among humankind grow into vile and degenerate people.

A Ghoul is about as powerful as a savage wolf. Richard Upton Pickman, who knew them well, chose a hand gun for self-defense.

Great Race: Unlike most inhuman races, the Great Race is not overtly evil and does not subject itself to the bidding of the Old Ones. It is actually a race of disincarnate intelligences, but its members have the power to take over the bodies of other creatures. Time has no meaning to the Great Race and it uses mind-exchange to explore all the epochs of time and add

data to its copious libraries.

When a member of the race possesses a creature, that creature's soul and mind is transferred to the body of his possessor, irrespective of how the two entities relate in time. These captured minds are treated well and, when their possessor is through with their natural bodies, they are restored to them — although the returned mind suffers from amnesia and cannot account for the loss of time. Often, however, his dreams may suggest something of the adventure he has had.

Science is astonishingly advanced among these ageless scholars, and art is an important part of their life. Their last headquarters on earth was Australia, when, en mass, they occupied primordial creatures resembling immense rugose cones ten feet high, with a head and other organs attached to foot-thick distensible limbs spreading out from their apexes. The life span of these bodies is four to five thousand years; they reproduce by spores.

Socially, the Great Race forms a loosely-knit nation or league, with four definite divisions. The political and economic system of each unit is a sort of "fascistic socialism", delegating power to a small governing board elected by the educated and psychologically qualified.

The Great Race of Australia eventually fled from the attacks of the Blind Beings, a hostile underground race. They sent their minds into the far future to occupy the bodies of some post-human beetle race.

The Mi-Go, to use the Himalayan term for the race, are pinkish things about five feet long, with crustaceous bodies bearing vast pairs of dorsal fins or membranous wings and several sets of articulated limbs. Where a head should be they have a sort of convoluted ellipsoid, covered with a multitude of very short antennae.

The Mi-Go have a base on the planet Yuggoth (Pluto) and have been visiting Earth since the Jurassic Age. They use Earth as a font of mineral resources which they carry back to Yuggoth by means of flight through the solar winds. They keep to the more remote hills, deep woods, and forbidding peaks while on Earth; they are not interested in mankind, except as far as their scientific curiosity goes, and their desire to connect with collaborators in both their economic and religious activity. If an outsider gets too close to their secrets, they may slay or kidnap him from Earth (by taking his living brain back to space to study in their laboratories). Their localities of chief activities (such as parts

of Vermont) have a reputation for sudden violence and disappearances.

Mi-Go communicate with one another via telepathy, and with men by use of mechanical devices that produce a kind of buzzing human speech. Strange voices have been known to make surprising offers to lone travelers.

In their worship, the Mi-Go chant the name of Shub-Niggurath more often than any other god; they may be his minions. The cult of Hastur is hostile to the Mi-Go for reasons unknown to outsiders.

It is hard to gain proof of the Mi-Go's existence, since they cannot be photographed with ordinary equipment. Their science is supposedly very advanced, but they move about clumsily on earth and carry no obvious weapons. A big dog is more than a match for one; moreover, they are vulnerable to firearms and will drown if swept into deep water.

The Shoggoths — presumably also the "shaggoths" — are a race that was artificially created by the Antarctic Ones out of inorganic matter. They are a mass of protoplasmic, viscous jelly fifteen feet in diameter, resembling an agglutination of bubbles. For eons they served the Antarctic Ones as living machines. As time passed, they developed a disturbing degree of intelligence and were forcibly resubjugated by their makers. In the end, the Shoggoths survived when the Antarctic Ones passed into extinction; they still inhabit the labyrinthal cities of the ice cap.

Shoggoths are constantly shifting their shape and volume, throwing out temporary developments or forming apparent organs of sight, hearing, and speech. They are very hostile and will attack a human with great strength and speed. Their viscous nature makes them impervious to most attacks. Lovecraftian characters fear the Shoggoths more than any other inhuman, for they leave their victims headless and slime-covered.

Shoggoths are rumored to have collaborated with the Deep Ones and to have infiltrated Innsmouth. And one witness — Edward Derby of Arkham — raved something about discovering a "pit of the shaggoths"¹² in the wilds of New England.

The Monsters

Many of Lovecraft's creatures are neither Old Ones nor members of inhuman races. Only a few can be mentioned here:

The Horror in the Museum was discovered as a kind of statue in some

Alaskan ruin; it has a cyclopean bulk and is as tall as three men. It has an almost globular torso and six long sinuous limbs with crablike claws. From the upper part of the torso bulge three fishy eyes while along its sides runs a gill-like system. Its body is covered with a hairlike coat of slender tentacles, the end of each resembling the head of an asp.

The horror can be brought to life by arcane ritual. It leaves its victims riddled with circular wounds, bloodless, and with their hair burned off as if by acid.

The Hound is a crouching, winged figure with a semi-canine face savoring of death, bestiality, and malevolence. It is the materialized spirit of a dead Dutch miscreant of ghoulish habits.

The ghoul's skeleton is buried with an amulet that bears the likeness of the Hound. If the amulet is removed from the grave, the Hound will rise in a few days and haunt the culprit until it reduces him to a mangled corpse. A baying call is the sign that the Hound is near.

The Hounds of Tindalos are "Things beyond life"¹³, alien creatures that exist in angular time. They have no bodies, yet are said to be lean and athirst. They exist on the pale grey shores outside time and space, in an awful light that is not light, in a silence that shrieks. Men awake in them a cosmic hunger, and should a human get too close — even in astral form — they will pursue him. They will follow the trail to the material plane, but may enter it only through angles, such as corners of walls and furniture. The interior of a sphere is the best place to hide from them, for curves ward them off. If they cannot seize their prey in a day or so, they will give up the hunt.

The Martenses are the ultimate product of mammalian degeneration, the outcome of isolated spawning and cannibal nutrition. This family resembles filthy white dwarf gorillas, with sharp yellow fangs, matted fur and eyes of unmatched color (one brown, one blue) — a hereditary trait of the family. Another inherited trait is their terror of thunderstorms.

The creatures haunt the old family estate in the New York Catskills. Thousands of them inhabit underground labyrinths. The strong eat the weak — and lone strangers who happen upon them.

The Winged Death is a rare but ordinary-looking insect related to the tsetse fly, inhabiting the swamps of tropical Africa. This insect carries both a curse and a fatal disease. Its bite brings pain, lethargy, coma, and death

in from three to six months. After death, the soul of the victim, in full possession of his reason, passes into the body of the insect that bit him. Modern medicine can treat the disease with some uncertain chance of success, but death is the only hope for the transmigrated soul.

The Unnamable: The ghost of an evil man tends to be an ugly thing. One of these specters is described so: "It was everywhere — a gelatin — a slime — yet it had shapes, a thousand shapes of horror."¹⁴ It left horn and claw wounds on its victims, and hoof tracks on the ground.

NOTES FOR GAME PLAYERS

This article makes no attempt to specify the monsters of the Cthulhu Mythos in terms of T&T (or any other FRP system). It does attempt to supply enough specific information to allow a Game Master to rate them according to the needs of his or her own campaign.

Basically, a campaign should feature more cultists/wizards than monsters/inhumans, and more monsters/inhumans than gods. This latter is important, for unless a god is made unrealistically weak, ordinary players have no chance against him. Therefore, a god should appear only rarely — and then it is better to make it one of the lesser Old Ones (Dagon, Tsathoggua, Yidhra) rather than one which could destroy a planet with a thought (Yog-Sothoth, Azathoth, Zathog).

We have only presented a modest sampling of the rich menagerie of H.P. Lovecraft and the other mythos writers. For GMs interested in more information (and more monsters!), we recommend these very fine Arkham House books:

The Dunwich Horror, Dagon, At the Mountains of Madness, all by H.P. Lovecraft

The Horror in the Museum and Other Revisions, by H.P. Lovecraft and others

New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos, edited by Ramsey Campbell

The Watchers Out of Time, by August Derleth

FOOTNOTES

1. Richard L. Tierney, *The Winds of Zarr*, Silver Scarab Press, Albuquerque, NM, 1975, p.72.
2. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Haunter of the Dark", *Weird Tales*, 1936.
3. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Whisperer in Darkness", *Weird Tales*, 1937.
4. Frank Belknap Long, "The Horror from the Hills", *Weird Tales*, 1931.
5. *The Necronomicon*, ed. George Hay, Neville Spearman, Jersey, Great Britain, 1978, p.126.
6. *The Bernal Diaz Chronicles*, Dolphin, 1962, p.169.
7. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Whisperer in Darkness", *Weird Tales*, 1937.
8. H.P. Lovecraft, "Through the Gates of the Silver Key", *Weird Tales*, 1934.
9. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror", *Weird Tales*, 1929.
10. H.P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Ballantine Books, NY, 1970, p.116.
11. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu", *Weird Tales*, 1928.
12. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Thing on the Doorstep", *Weird Tales*, 1936.
13. Frank Belknap Long, "The Hounds of Tindalos", *Weird Tales*, 1929.
14. H.P. Lovecraft, "The Unnameable", *Weird Tales*, 1925.

TROLL TEASERS

The Troll Teasers this issue will make you tear your hair out — assuming you can even get started with them. What's worse is that once you've gotten the hang of it, you'll probably wander around dazedly staring at your bookshelves to get more names, and mutter strange sentences at friends and family like "master horse-color crazy" . . .!

The puzzles work like this. The words given below are clue to a word that is, or suggests, the name of some well-known past or present science fiction, fantasy, or horror author. Usually the clues are homonyms for the author's names, unless they happen to be a perfect match. Occasionally the "sound-alike" effect is a bit stretched, so it sometimes helps to say it out loud. For the first several names, we've separated the clues into their proper association for first names, middle names, last names, initials, or whatever. Keep in mind that several clues may be needed to make up a single name.

To get you started, try this: *Vitamin / blue - bird / fruit.* The correct responses are: *c / (blue) jay / cherry*, so the name is: *C.J. Cherryh*.

(If you want another example before you get underway, the "master horse-color crazy" above translates as "lord -dun - zany" or "Lord Dunsany".)

1. Gems / frondy plant
2. Carlifter / polka
3. Orbits bag / Like a purple-grey
4. Thrall / Inverted "of" protection / shaking the lady
5. Paddle kill / jay plus one / limb success
6. Screwdriver half of all right cop
7. Mystery award grain mole's dens
8. Empty gas tank repair before "can you see" aggie
9. Post-E scarlet scimitar sanctuary
10. Small recording device apres K swamp not hen
11. Thesaurus eagerly righteous leg joint
12. Medusa clear speech
13. Thief obstacle
14. Right angle small twig ended bivouac
15. Indefinite article irisher shin reference to
16. Brigand inverted floating cold fine metal
17. Macho walk through water artesian homo sapiens
18. Precipitous in royalty
19. Subway open to explosive
20. Beige is lipping before meadow
21. And regret not being on the neuter pronoun
22. Hominy untruth on a bramble
23. Inverted: craven highwayman
24. Evil smelling flavored ice
25. Horny sheep shoveller of coal

credits:

Galad Elflandsson, Michael Stackpole, Liz Danforth
(answers on page 26)

LIMERICK CONTEST

Adventure games are an exercise in creativity and imagination, so the following "contest" should be right up your alley! The creation of a good limerick requires both of the afore-mentioned traits, plus a quirky and well-developed sense of humor.

This "contest" is not a right-or-wrong, win-or-lose, one-time-only lottery or mental exercise — rather, it is a continuing thing which (if all goes well) will appear with the "Troll Teasers" in SA's pages for the delight and enjoyment of all. In the simplest terms: write us delving- and adventure-like limericks and send them in. We'll print the best of the lot — and we'll pay \$2.50 for each limerick we use.

The meter of a limerick is rather exacting; follow it. Traditionally, limericks are somewhat bawdy or risqué, but since we're going to print them in this magazine, try to steer away from that (or at least be extremely tasteful).

To get you started, here are two limericks courtesy of Ken St. Andre. I'll be looking for yours in the mail!

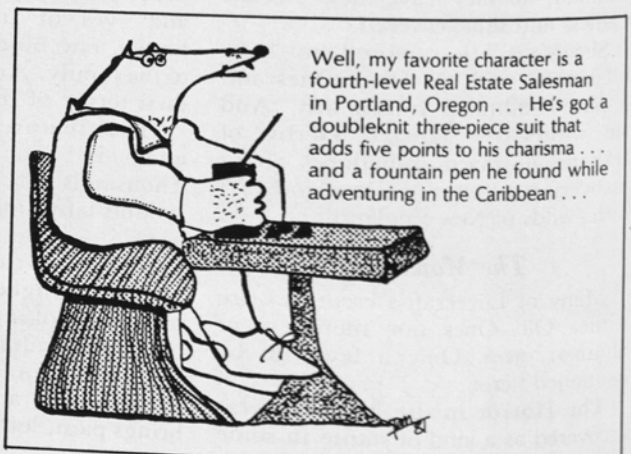
— Liz Danforth

*There once was a delver named Max,
Who carried a magical axe.
He spoiled all the feasts
of fabulous beasts
With mating calls blown on his sax.*

*In Phoenix a GM named Bear
Gave all of his players a scare.
The dungeon he dug
Was just under the rug —
He said that it served as his lair.*

Send your limericks to:

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P.O. Box 1467
Scottsdale, AZ 85252



Letters



illustration by Rob Carver

I want to compliment you on an exceptionally good and interesting issue of SA (#9/10). The best piece was Keith Taylor's article on Ireland. It was written in a lucid, readable style and chock-full of information and intriguing trivia.

My single disappointment was the article on Valkyries. The style was readable and entertaining, but the article itself contained no meat. It came across as cutesy and chauvinistic to the extreme — even though it was accurate to a degree, much of what was left out were the facts and specifics which would have made the Valkyries formidable rather than wimpy. It was never what was said that bothered me, but what was left unsaid — the story of Brunhild and Sigfried [as a] damsel in distress scenario painted by the absence of elaboration makes this most famous of warrior women seem a nurdy, helpless type. All through the article this continues. These ladies aren't at all intimidating by his descriptions. I don't think that the use of an obscure form of the name Odin helped at all.

Janrae Frank
Virginia Beach, VA

One of the letters in SA 9/10 brought a chuckle: Todd Diesen, on Mega-Characters. ". . . but none of my active characters have more than 600 for any attribute . . ." To me, that's MEGA. Perhaps he runs in different circles than I. Perhaps he jokes.

David C. Hill
Rutland, VT

To me, that's MEGA too, but everything's relative. For better or worse, I don't think he was speaking in jest . . .

"Sewers of Oblivion" is great!!! From the front cover (great painting, Liz) to the final paragraph, it is a master-piece. I don't know how, but you people keep coming out with

better and better solos. Now the solos have a feeling of a real "adventure", not just "Ho Hum, what shall I do this time?" That is very important to people such as me, because I typically end up as DM and most of my time as a player these days seems to come from solos. Keep up the good work.

Raul Ybarra
Granite City, IL

The mini-solo "Wild Ride" in SA 9/10 was excellent, but it recommends characters first level and up, even newly created characters. In my opinion, it is too hard for *any* newly created character!

Kevin Fielden
Johnson City, TN

I just got the double issue of SA and it was great! I wish all the issues could be doubles. The only thing I disliked about it was the cover. The intrusion of the listing of contents made the art appear choppy. Why not put the name of the magazine on the top and the main feature at the bottom of the cover? That way you get the main attraction across without sacrificing the artwork.

I especially liked the article by Larry DiTillio on the Greysmoke adventure. It had some very intriguing twists; I'd love to go through a dungeon like that. "Know Your Foe" was at its usual level of excellence — it was very funny. That was one of the factors that attracted me to T&T in the first place, the lack of the sickroom gravity so often prevalent in other game systems.

Robert J. Spears
Kailua, HI

I really like your magazine. The fiction's good, the dungeons excellent, and articles are magnificent. I like the cover on SA 9/10. The blurbs to the side leave plenty of room for the ART.

Jerry Crowe
N. Ridgeville, OH

I just finished reading SA 9/10 and I thoroughly enjoyed it. "The Rainbow World and More" and "The Cruellest Cut of All" were my favorites, along with "The Tomb of Axton" (though it was deadly!). All I can say is 'keep up the good work'.

David Bourn
Overland, MO

I enjoyed the article on Irish history in SA 9/10; the pre-Christian era is particularly interesting and not much written about. Odd to realize that Dublin for instance is not originally an Irish city.

Dan Strickland
Seattle, WA

I'd be interested in seeing more of Stephan Peregrine's work in future issues of SA — and a cover illustration would be great!

C. Tofani
Plattsmouth, NE

Peregrine is already working on the cover piece for SA 12, an illustration for Charles de Lint's "Stormraven"

Issue 9/10 was late but good. The DM dungeon was a welcome change and had a few good ideas to steal!

Things I didn't like: "The Cruellest Cut" was done so many times that it isn't funny anymore. I wish the Know Your Foe column would stick to monster analysis. Because T&T has a simple combat system, monsters tend to fight the same way if no special rules are provided. Hopefully, future KYFs will provide these special rules.

Stefan Jones
Locust Valley, NY

Future "Know Your Foe" selections will provide the special rules, so long as someone will write them! On the whole, the KYF selections we've been receiving have been descriptive (like the Valkyries KYF in that same issue) rather than game-mechanized. That leaves it to the GM to provide the mechanics as he or she sees fit.

I enjoyed SA 9/10; it was the first I had seen of it. But I do have a quibble on the black powder article. Puncture wounds do not bleed freely; they are not clean. They may bleed a lot internally, which usually kills you, but other than that, being shot with an arrow is very bad news. I agree with what the author's saying — that a musket ball is worse than an arrow — I just like to quibble over facts.

Hank Reinhardt
Atlanta, GA

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SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 3 (Summer '71) (\$3.00)
Dragons: (by Bear Peters) there are more of those scaly nasties than you think!
SeaReaver's Tomb: (GM Dungeon by Liz Danforth) Have the sons of Daegal SeaReaver protected his resting place that well?

Heroic Fantasy: (PBM T&T dramatization by Ken St. Andre) Will the delvers escape the clutches of the insidious Gristlegrim?

Garden of Blood: (fiction by Roger Zelazny) Can Dilvish defeat the evil sorcerer in time?

Kane: (essay and chronology, with commentary by Karl Edward Wagner) What forces drive the immortal swordsman-scholar?

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 4 (Fall '79) (\$3.00)
Dwarves: (by J.E. Coplin) Where do they hide their gold (and their women)?
Monkey's Stagger: (fiction by Tanith Lee) Who is conning whom — the natives or the settlers? and is Edmund really a hero?

The Longbow: (by Rocky Russo) Is it as deadly as you think?
Unbreakable Ties in T&T: (by Ken St. Andre) What to do when delvers and monsters are evenly matched???

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 5 (Winter '79) (\$3.00)
Individual Initiative in Solo T&T: Can you do more with your solo adventures? Go to Maverick Option 7A and find out!

Dungeon Masters: your deadliest foes?
Passage to Dilfar: (fiction by Roger Zelazny) Is the Colonel of the East more powerful than Dilvish the Damned?

The Revised T&T Rules: (by Liz Danforth) Do you have to buy the new edition? No! We've listed the changes here!

Redcap: (fiction by J.E. Coplin) Who is Flan Gimshanks? And why does he think the Minstrel and the Monk are his dinner?

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 6 (Spring '80) (\$3.00)
Tolkien in the Fourth Age: Just how much Tolkien material is available? This will give you an idea . . .

Fantasy Superfight: Could Tarzan beat Conan?

The Name Unspeakable in Tel Urath: (fiction by Janet Fox) Who is the immortal ruler of the ancient city? And why does Scorpia battle her amazon heritage?

The Titan's Tarot: (T&T dramatization by Larry DiTillio) What is the Test of the Tarot? And can the delvers figure it out in time?

The Cheater Stick: (by Rocky Russo) Is the crossbow really a better weapon?
Renlak's Puzzle Room: (GM dungeon) Can you escape before you die — again and again and again and again?

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE 9/10 (\$3.50)
(Special Double Issue: Winter/Spring 1981)

Thelinde's Song: (fiction by Roger Zelazny) Is the High Blood proof against the terrible curse of an evil sorcerer?

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The Martian Chronicle

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Dragons... Dead or Alive ???

DRAGON TRAGEDY REVEALED

Recently MARTIAN METALS was faced with an epidemic which had resulted in a number of dead dragons. Mellon Dinkerson, Company Surgeon and Shipping Manager for MARTIAN METALS, was the first to discover dead dragons in the dragon cages. Suspecting a possible Venusian plot, Dinkerson notified the Boss Martian immediately. It was then determined that a study be made of the deaths. After hours of surgical autopsy on the dead dragons, Dinkerson reported "They appear to have been suffering from malnutrition. Leadsmith Leeper, the Dragon Keeper, has been off on his annual quest for TRUE GAZORB and apparently no one has been feeding the dragons. As a result of this, the dragons have been stalking Metoids and other flesh creatures. Since their normal diet is lead figures, the flesh creatures caused 'flesh poisoning' resulting in the deaths of some dragons. This should put

to rest any rumors about Venusian involvement or any involvement at all by the DRAGONSLAYERS figures (15mm or 25mm)."

Upon receiving this report, the Boss Martian ordered that Dragon Keeper apprentice, Michael Bledsoe (mc) feed and care for the dragons until Leadsmith Leeper returns. Seeing as how he has dead dragon corpses on hand, the Boss Martian has decided to sell them at \$15.95 each plus handling charges. Not all of the dragons died, there are still plenty of live ones left. Most of them may be purchased with earth money, however, the largest of them all must be purchased with 25 Doshes (found on the back of DRAGONSLAYERS 15mm packages).

So if you are interested in dragons, either dead or alive, and any other characters and creatures for your fantasy world, write to the address below:

A LETTER TO THE BOSS MARTIAN

Raltha Stonogin reporting . . . the food is terrible on Venus! Rained sulphuric acid day and night, my barometer broke when the pressure crushed my rented 2154 Tharsis coupe, and the natives mistook me for a species of wild glotz, and I got sauteed over a low flame at 300 mergees! This is the last time I go on one of your xao'tin no-pay, package tours! You son of a sand sloth! I ought to . . .

Heh, heh . . . just kidding, boss. But when I was on Venus, I heard that you're introducing a new DRAGONSLAYERS line. That news was worth paying 3,245 scopes to find out, by buying the last issue of the DRAGON. Do you know those things are rarer here than a plunk of good amsolfrenioz back home? Anyway, I didn't know you sold 20 different 15mm figures for only \$3.95? Or two lifelike 25mm figures for only \$1.70! I guess this

price gives lots of room for you to give me a big raise, huh, boss? Just kidding boss . . . but really, this new 15mm size fits in tight places like false suitcase bottoms and shoes with secret heel compartments! The new 25mm size is great for smuggling, ant architecture, or a quick snack for your Jovian phezgot. Send for your free catalog, I advise to all FRP humanoids or otherwise!

Your faithful slave,
RALTHA STONOGIN RXQIII

P.S. I will have a show of 736 out-of-focus slides to show you when I get back . . . wait in suspense until then.

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43

Grimtooth's TRAPS

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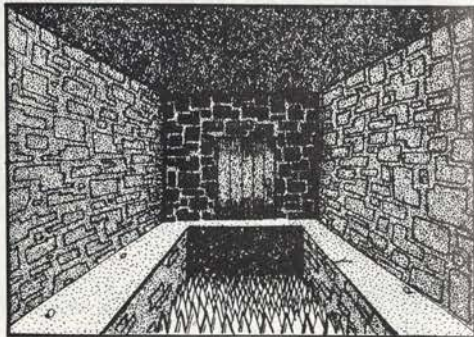


Figure A. (the trap as it appears)

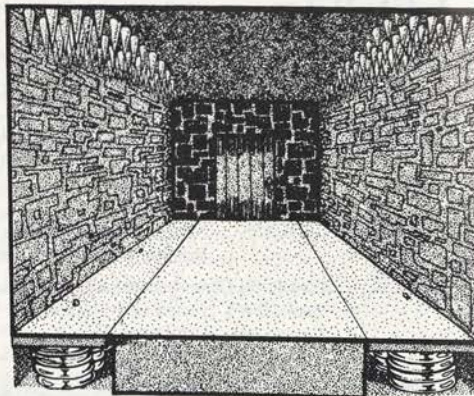


Figure B. (the trap as it truly is)

Grimtooth's TRAPS have been presented without game mechanics of any kind; the nature, cause, and effect of each trap has been thoroughly described so that any GM may introduce these devices of delver destruction into his or her games with ease. For example:

Illusions is a fatally subtle room trap. Present the delvers with a room, the center of which is occupied by a spike-filled pit. The only way around the pit appears to be walkways to either side of the spikes. (See Figure A.)

The visible pit is an illusion. Also an illusion is the section of roof above the walkways, which is really covered with rows of spikes not unlike those in the pit. (See Figure B.)

The safe way through this room is to walk
(continued on page 4 of Grimtooth's TRAPS)

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