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THE CRUSADER™

The Journal of the Intrepid Adventurer

CASTLES & CRUSADERS® MULTI-CLASSING GUIDELINES

by Davis Chenault

CHARACTERS WITH MORE CLASS

BY Joseph Hepler

Exclusive!

GARY GYGAX REVEALS HOW IT ALL HAPPENED:

"Knightly Combat & Military Play"

DARLENE'S VINTAGE DRAGON ILLUSTRATIONS

AIHRDIAN CHRONICLES: The Mist Elves

A CASTLES & CRUSADERS® Adventure Combining Story and Rules by Stephen Chenault



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ABOUT THE COVER: "THE LADY KNIGHT" BY DARLENE



For my first Troll cover, it was suggested I use something I had done "in the day," preferably something unpublished involving combat. I thought for a while then remembered my "pre-Xena" *Lady Knight* painting. I didn't create it for any particular project. Rather, I was reacting to the stupidity of bikini armor.

Would not all warriors prefer to be completely prepared? I seriously question the usefulness of sexual allure on the battlefield. Or is it assumed that the female warrior is so deft, swift, and skillful that no blade could ever get close to touching her body, so naked of defensive garb? Or am I missing something?

Well, I decided to create a more sensible maiden who does not reveal herself so completely to her enemies... The Lady Knight is purposeful, cautious, and deadly. But the lass, alas, didn't pass, in 1982.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED by Gary Gygax

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

INSTALLMENT 4

"KNIGHTLY COMBAT AND MILITARY PLAY"



Even though the many girls in the neighborhood were included in the make-believe games, none of my playmates would agree to have me as both Game Master and player in what I had come to call "realistic games." Certainly it was because my ability to manage direction was lacking. Thus, the shining example Jim Rasch had set for us was quickly forgotten. We returned to the usual "Cops & Robbers" sort of play in good weather; games like *Foto-Electric Football* and *Monopoly* when forced indoors.

Being a dedicated gamer even back then, I would even agree to play "house" if there was no alternative... and I had a crush on the girl who suggested that. My favorite indoor games involved toy soldiers and block forts, though. Most of my pals loved them too, so we played with them, often, in whatever room of the big house I lived in was available for a mess.

Metal soldiers were found in every variety store during WW II and some years after. My collection had begun in Chicago when my father brought a few for me to play with. He brought a new toy home every Saturday, and as I loved soldiers, many of those little presents were a new figure or two. When I was old enough to go to the local dime store on my own, I'd pick up as many more as I could afford—not many, as they cost a whopping 10 cents—as much as a loaf of bread! By the time we moved to Lake Geneva, my army filled an entire mesh bag that oranges came in: the c. 70 mm WWII figures and whatever 54 mm Britons (and other kinds as well), I could talk my parents into buying me for my birthday and Christmas or I could afford from my allowance and odd-job pay. That was little as movies and firecrackers came ahead of toy soldiers. Nonetheless, there

were mounted desert Arabs, Bengal Lancers, cowboys, Indians, and Union Infantry intermixed with the more modern military. To improve the forces, I managed to get both artillery pieces and scale model AFVs—an M3 halftrack, an M5 Stuart light tank, and two M4 Sherman tanks. Those came in handy when the battle was against rampaging dinosaurs. We'll return to the toy soldiers later.

As time passed thus I acquired some marvelous new things. First came a tent that we pitched in the yard and used for all sorts of make-believe games. It was never slept in then, as the front porch was cooler, screened in against mosquitoes, and had a chaise lounge and big swing to serve as beds. The tent was for cavalry soldiers or persons on a jungle expedition! Next came a lemonwood bow made by Bear Archery. It had a 39-pound draw, so in no time my pals and I could draw an arrow fully back, send it through the bale of straw backing the target.

Oh-oh, time to find somewhere else to practice archery. The fact is we were now nearing teen-age and a lot bigger and stronger, but not in the least wise. After seeing a film with swashbuckling and swordplay, I went into the attic, found the saber that my great uncle Russell had plied in the Civil War when an officer in the 2nd Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment, got the long cane knife with a horn handle that had come from someone in the family who had been in Cuba during the Spanish American War. Friend John Rasch and I were going to have a duel with real blades. We were both highly disappointed when my mother confiscated our weapons.

Not long after that, we saw a medieval action film, perhaps *Ivanhoe*, I don't

recall. The movie inspired me to make a flail. Using a length of hickory wood as a haft, I drilled a hole, bolted a short length of chain onto the end, and attached a massive old iron nut to the end by looping the chain through the eye and bolting the links together. One knightly weapon down, and the other was already made, a lovely hand axe. This time John Rasch and I actually were able to smite each other's garbage-can-lid shield several mighty blows before we were spotted in the back yard by anxious parents and the tournament brought to an untimely end. Back to wooden swords and toy guns for us, or else!

It was soon after that that I discovered that quarterstaff fighting was dangerous. Friend Mickey Patton and I were having at it, each of us got in a good thwack on the other, and that engendered a simultaneous loss of temper. As if one Mickey, and I shortened our grip, swung mightily at the other. The staves met with a crash, each sliding down the other to impact our hands. Mashed and bloody fingers being shaken in pain, we decided then and there not to play at staff fighting any more.

There awaits you in the next installment the revelation of how I became a fantasy fan, more live action combat, & tales of wilderness survival.



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WHEN CEASAR
STOOD UPON THE
BANKS OF THE
RUBICON LOOKING
SOUTH TO ROME
HE HESITATED.
BEFORE HIM STOOD
THE VAST, COMPLEX
MECHANISM OF THE
PAST, GLOWING
WITH A HOST OF
INTRICATELY
WOVEN STRATAGEMS.
WITH HIM, HE
HAD BUT ONE
LEGION, WEARY
FROM 8 YEARS OF
BRUTAL WAR WITH
THE GAULS. BUT
WHEN CALLED TO
SURRENDER
HIMSELF TO THE
SENATE AND
CERTAIN EXILE HE
DID NOT HESITATE.
HE CALLED HIS
LEGIONARIES TO
CROSS INTO ITALY,
TO CROSS THE
RUBICON. AND AS
HE DID SO HE
SAID ONLY THIS :
ALEA IACTA EST!



ALEA IACTA EST

An Editorial by Stephen Chenault

"The Die is Cast"

IRON AND BLOOD: *The Role of Battle and Combat in the Castles & Crusades system*



When they charged, they plowed through the men of Pest with ease and those sons of merchants fell beneath the brother's mighty steeds. But soon they too were driven back and found themselves hopelessly cut off from the Count and surrounded by a veritable host of halberds, staffs and iron poles. The whole became a churning mass of metal and flesh, a confused melee where the shouts of the living mingled with the painful cries of the dying.

Action punctuates. It captures the attention of an audience, holds it, draws it in and leaves it breathless. Action is the common denominator that rivets everyone's attention. That moment of wild abandon, where all lies in the balance and fate seems to play a role beyond its measure. This capturing moment may last for hours, or it may exhaust itself in seconds, but regardless of the time elapsed the action has

brought everyone back to the show and reminded them of why they are there. Without action you are left with the mundane. And though the mundane may be dressed in the finery of the unusual, the strange, the intellectually challenging, it can never possess that moment that heightens the experience for everyone. All our instincts—all the decor of civilization—is lost in that defining moment where life and death hang in the balance.

Action punctuates.

The *Castles & Crusades* role-playing game allows participants, players and Castle Keepers to assume any number of roles. Players can be a goodly wizard with a penchant for eating ungodly amounts of food, a warrior with tuberculosis, a thief with a deep voice, a game leg and six fingers on one hand and so on and so forth. Any combination that the imagination can conjure can wander onto the field of play, so long as the Castle Keeper approves it and the loose guidelines that serve the game as rules allow it. Any unusual traits, such as physical, intellectual, emotional, and economic can add a wealth of depth to the player's character and the experience of the role playing game. For their part, Castle Keepers have even more

options open to them. They can create any manner of environment or situation they choose. The setting can be something as simple as an old dungeon stocked to overflowing with the detritus of past lives, or something far more complex, like a bar with plentiful amounts of wine, beer, cheeses, meats, breads, interesting bartenders and exotic bar maids and strange, cloak covered folk lurking in a corner's shadow. Paying careful attention to mundane details can create a truly memorable scene.

All this is a vital part of the *Castles & Crusades* gaming system. Creating environments wherein people are lost in other worlds. But it is far too easy to become lulled into a torpid state of role playing and sacrifice the heart stopping moments of combat. It is easier to role play all the time and forget the chance of losing a character or deal with the mountains of details required to run a combat. But the value of combat in any role playing game far outweighs anything else the game may present. Tricks, traps, riddles, and thought provoking moments are all designed to engage the mind of a few players. Often these types of encounters, though challenging and fun in their own right, can cause a game to lose its momentum. Combat is designed to engage the mind and emotion of all the players. It serves a multitude of purposes not the least of which is getting the player's attention. Hurling a band of armor clad orcs into the midst of a party of characters whose bored players are paying more attention to their shoes than the game is the perfect solution to snap folks back to the table.

Todd, a long time resident and founding member of our gaming group, offers the perfect

example. He's an interesting player, as he plays harder than anyone else when he's engaged; creative and interactive Todd adds the perfect element of participation to the game. Unless you lose him. At that point his presence becomes a lode stone of sullen anger and bored annoyance. But there is nothing in the world more affective at bringing Todd back to the table than a hobgoblin's iron bolt suddenly protruding from his chest. Todd is instantly back in the game, cursing the hobgoblin and the Castle Keeper (for ignoring surprise rules usually). His action instantly galvanizes the whole party and what was a meandering group of listless folks becomes a rage of action all clamoring to swing and cleave. Looking at Todd looking at his shoes is a time honored signal for the Castle Keeper to attack. Here, rules carry little importance and the 'realism' of the setting none whatsoever. The purpose of the action is to regain the game's lost momentum. "But there are no hobs in the area ..." is about as relevant as hanging a dead man. Any Castle Keeper worth their salt can put hobs in the area for whatever reason. The point is to engage the players immediately and get their blood boiling.

Battle also creates the illusion of death (for we know NOONE can really die as it is only an imaginative role playing game). But there is nothing like the fear of dying to make one value what one has. If you are never threatened or if there is no uncertainty in your future you cannot appreciate what you have, nor can you learn what you are capable of doing. Players who wander from room to room exploring the fineries of lost civilizations are not challenged nearly so much as those who wander from room to room discovering the fineries of lost civilizations and being smashed in the face by an ogre's huge spike laden club. In time, players become addicted to their characters, they are fearful of losing them in some strange combat or to the dictates of fate. It is imperative that the Castle Keeper take advantage of these moments and pound them with some monster from the deep. Assuming they survive (keeping in mind that the purpose of the combat is not necessarily to kill them) the feeling of elation they will walk away with is going to be remembered for years to come, with the added bonus that the players will cherish what they have all the more.

Combat can create these memorable moments like no other circumstance. Certainly

there is great value in a rogue's picking some impossible lock, or a wizard figuring out a door trapped with all manner of ensorcelments. But there is little to compare to a party surviving the ordeal of blood and iron. When faced with overwhelming odds and no choice but to fight, the beleaguered party almost always pulls out all the stops to wage a merciless battle of life and death, because they know that everything is at stake. As often as not they demonstrate skills and use abilities that the Castle Keeper was hardly aware they possessed. Or luck plays its hand and everything comes down to the roll of a die. Regardless, battles can create such energy that players stand up and shout, laugh or curse the unfolding tapestry that is the game. The jump when a roll goes in their favor and the shout curses when against them. These are the moments you want to capture where they are as involved with the game and the outcome of the contest of arms as any fan of any contest, any where. These are the moments players remember and these are the moments that a proud Castle Keeper can sit back and listen to them recount time after time ... how their character's fared when faced with insurmountable odds.



player lusts for his character's precious life and revels in the fall of his many foes. Further, such battles often energize the Castle Keeper, bringing them back to the game with a renewed interest in the story, the exotic locales and the role playing. A Castle Keeper cannot but help be fired up by his players as they shout and curse him and his monsters, who themselves are lost in the moment. A generous helping of battle at any gaming table serves both sides of the screen in the same way.

Battle at the gaming table can take on new forms, so there is no reason that a seamless mingling of role playing and battle cannot occur. These two aspects of the game are often treated as two separate components, as the one has no real rules to govern it and the other oft has too many. *Castles & Crusades* system offers a unique opportunity to wed these playing aspects. The quick and dirty combat rules and the attribute check system make both role

**"MERGING ROLE
PLAYING AND
BATTLE IS A
CHALLENGING
TASK BUT ONE
THAT ALL
GAMERS
SHOULD AT-
TEMPT TO
ACHIEVE."**

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

by Casey M. Canfield



CASEY CANFIELD HAS BEEN PLAYING AND GAME-MASTERING RPGS SINCE 1983. CASEY CURRENTLY PLOTS THE DEEDS OF NEFARIOUS CHARACTERS AND CREATURES FROM HIS LAIR JUST OUTSIDE OF POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

THE EXTRAORDINARY GODS OF DEATH



any gamers are familiar with gods of death, as presented in mythological pantheons often associated with fantasy role-playing. Arawn, Pluto, Hades, Hel, Anubis, Isis, and Osiris are all names commonly associated with gods of the dead or of the afterlife.

I designed one of my recent campaigns around interesting twists on traditional conceptions of gods of death. In my campaign, I adapted Anubis, Isis and Osiris to reflect a triad of siblings who preserve, protect and venerate the bodies and spirits of the dead. I developed an entirely unique culture around these adapted deities, and used the ideas from that work as a springboard for a campaign concept that is truly new and refreshing to me as a referee and a gamer. I may write more about it someday, but not in this column...

The "gods of death" are as mysterious as the domains over which they rule, which is why elaborate mythologies spring up around them. They exist as part of an attempt to explain that which cannot be experienced by the living. When one reads about mythologies of various parts of the world, it is obvious that the cultures in question were profoundly influenced by specific conceptions of death and the rules surrounding it. This is why I've chosen to focus on gods of death for this column.

Here, I present six unusual resources for developing your own gods of death, inspired by actual mythology or religion. With a little research, a few twists and some imagination, using one of these ideas as a cornerstone in a unique pantheon can add a great deal of depth and character to a campaign.

I begin with a goddess from Central American mythos, from a culture often associated with death and sacrifice.



COATLICUE

(coh-ah-TLEE-cooeh)

In Aztec sculptures and carvings, Coatlicue is usually depicted as a serpent goddess. In her most common aspect, a pair of snakes emerges from the top of her head, and she wears a skirt woven of serpents. She wears a necklace fashioned of human hands, hearts, and a skull.

Coatlicue was a goddess of life *and* death in the Aztec culture. While obviously she holds the title of “mother of the gods,” her role in the culture was far more active. The Aztecs believed that Coatlicue received the corpses of the dead, consumed them, and used their essence to fashion new life, continuing the endless cycle.

In contrast to the typical “evil death god” aspect, Coatlicue is a neutral goddess with a clear role to play in the lives and deaths of every mortal, and indeed, all of the gods. A society venerating a goddess like Coatlicue would have a very utilitarian outlook on death. Rather than something to be feared, death would be matter-of-fact and perhaps even welcomed as a way for the old and dying to provide for future generations.

Clerics of Coatlicue would have a clear role in birth celebrations as well as funeral services. The existence of the undead would likely be anathema to clerics of Coatlicue, as it would be considered a prevention of the natural cycle. An undead creature, or the act of creating an undead creature, would be considered blasphemous to any person faithful to Coatlicue. Adherents to this faith might believe that a deceased person’s body should be offered promptly to the goddess in a fitting manner, through some sort of ceremonial burial, and thereafter the site of the burial should remain sacred and protected. This would placate the goddess, so that she would not become angered should a mortal have the hubris to take back the essence of the dead. In a world where magic can be used to create the undead, clerics of this faith would take an active role in preventing this desecration of the dead.

While in the Aztec culture, Coatlicue was depicted with serpentine characterizations, this could be changed or removed for use in a C&C campaign. If kept, the serpentine influence would likely mean that snakes or other reptiles would play a venerated role in the worship and



“COATLICUE RECEIVED THE CORPSES OF THE DEAD, CONSUMED THEM, AND USED THEIR ESSENCE TO FASHION NEW LIFE, CONTINUING THE ENDLESS CYCLE.”

meditations of the populace. The serpent in this culture would be seen as a bridge between death and the creation of new life, and would be treated accordingly. If another animalistic aspect is used in your campaign, consider how the association with religious dogma would influence the animal’s treatment in the campaign world.

Clerical worshippers of Coatlicue would likely be of any neutral alignment. For the purposes of turning undead, clerics of Coatlicue receive a +4 bonus to their wisdom checks. However, in exchange for this benefit, these clerics would not have access to *animate dead*, *raise dead* or *resurrection* spells. In addition, any other necromantic magic, such as *cure light wounds* or *speak with dead*, would be granted by the deity herself, and clerics able to cast such magic would be held in the highest regard. Coatlicue is not typically depicted as wielding a weapon, so the favored weapon of her clerics can be determined by the Castle Keeper. It could likewise be reasoned that her clerics choose to remain weaponless.

Next, we travel to the Far East...

CONTINUED PAGE 6



**"HE SEEKS
TO EASE THE
TORMENTS
OF THE
AFTERLIFE.."**



**"THE FEATHER
OF TRUTH,
HER SYMBOL,
WAS WEIGHED
AGAINST THE
HEART OF THE
DECEASED."**

DI-ZANG (dee-ZONG)

Di-zang, or Di-cang, is one of the four great bodhisattvas in Chinese Buddhism. His name literally means "Womb of the Earth." Di-zang is rumored to have been a Korean nobleman or prince from the Tang period that lived on a mountain in China. After his death, his body did not decay. A temple was supposedly built over it, and exists yet today.

Di-zang's role in the mythos of death is that of a liberator. A kind-hearted traveler, he seeks to ease the torments of the afterlife for those souls that seek enlightenment and redemption through him. He is depicted as a kindly monk that carries a staff with six chiming rings. The chiming of each ring can open one of the gates of the hells. In his other hand, he carries a jewel, shining with a calming light that eases the suffering of the damned.

Often considered a ruler of the hells, Di-zang's benevolent purpose is somewhat at odds with typical depictions of underworld rulers, making him an excellent candidate for an unorthodox death god in a C&C campaign.

A society venerating Di-zang would likely have developed a very clear moral and ethical code. The existence of a hell or hells would be considered a certainty, as the primary punishment of those who were wicked in life. The fear of harsh and eternal punishment would guide

the actions of the faithful. However, the society would also be hopeful.

Di-zang would represent the possibility of redemption, even for the damned. It may be a society that believes fully in the concept of rehabilitation rather than punishment. Allowing an evil person the opportunity to atone for his wrongdoings would be considered a magnanimous gesture in the mold of Di-zang. However, the key is sincerity. As Di-zang will not liberate those who do not put their trust in him, worshippers of Di-zang cannot be expected to allow the insincere multiple opportunities to cause them harm.

Clerics of Di-zang would be prominent in society through moral and ethical education. They would likely travel, bringing their message of hope and redemption to all who would listen with an open heart. They would advocate for condemned prisoners and criminals in the hopes of rehabilitating them. They would likely be neutral good or lawful good in alignment. Their favored weapon would be the staff or spear. They would suffer a -1 penalty to all attempts to *turn undead*, but in return would gain the ability to cast *atonement* as a first level spell.

Now, off to northern Africa...

MA'AT (MAH-aht)

In Egyptian mythology, Ma'at was the wife of Thoth, and her primary role in the pantheon was to judge the souls of the deceased. The Feather of Truth, her symbol, was weighed against the heart of the deceased. If the feather weighed more than the heart, the soul would enjoy the afterlife. If the heart weighed more than the feather, then it was weighed down by guilt, and Ma'at would step aside to let the monster Ankit devour and destroy the soul immediately.

Naturally, Ma'at was considered a patron of justice. Societies that worship Ma'at or a similar deity would be lawful in nature and would have a crisp moral and ethical structure for daily living, as well as a very clear system of laws and procedures for enforcing them.

Clerics of Ma'at would take the prominent role of magistrates or judges in this society. They would be driven by the pursuit of truth, and would use their clerical powers accordingly. These clerics would be loved by the good and feared by the wicked. However, a corrupted worship of Ma'at could lead to Inquisition-like situations in a vulnerable society.

Clerics of Ma'at (or a similar deity) would be of any lawful alignment, but would favor neutral and good. A sword or other bladed weapon-of-choice may be appropriate for a religion that seeks facts, justice and truth. Clerics of Ma'at, at the Castle Keeper's discretion, maybe be forbidden to lie or otherwise promote falsehoods, but may receive the ability to *detect lies* once per day in return.

Moving on to south Asia...

YAMA (YAH-mah)

In the Hindu faith, Yama, usually addressed as Lord Yama, was the first man to die and find the path to the afterlife. After his death, he gained dominion over the lands of the dead. Yama appears as a man with dark green skin and copper eyes, wearing crimson robes and carrying a mace or club in one hand and a noose in the other. His steed of choice is a large buffalo of fearsome countenance.

Yama's role is to determine the fate of the souls of the recently deceased. After the death of a person, Yama will either send some of his many servants to collect the soul, or on occasion, he will ride his buffalo to retrieve it himself. His assistant, Chitragupta, then reads to Yama the life history of the individual from the Book of Destiny, a large tome kept in Yama's palace that records the events of every person's life.

Yama will then tender his judgment for the soul. Only those souls of the utmost purity and goodness will be afforded entry into a heavenly afterlife. Souls of the wicked are assigned to punishment in one of twenty-one hells. However, for those souls that hold neither great faults nor great virtues, Yama may send the soul back to earth to be reborn, a new chance to achieve entry into the heavenly realms.

Societies where Yama (or a similar god) would play a large role would also have a clear

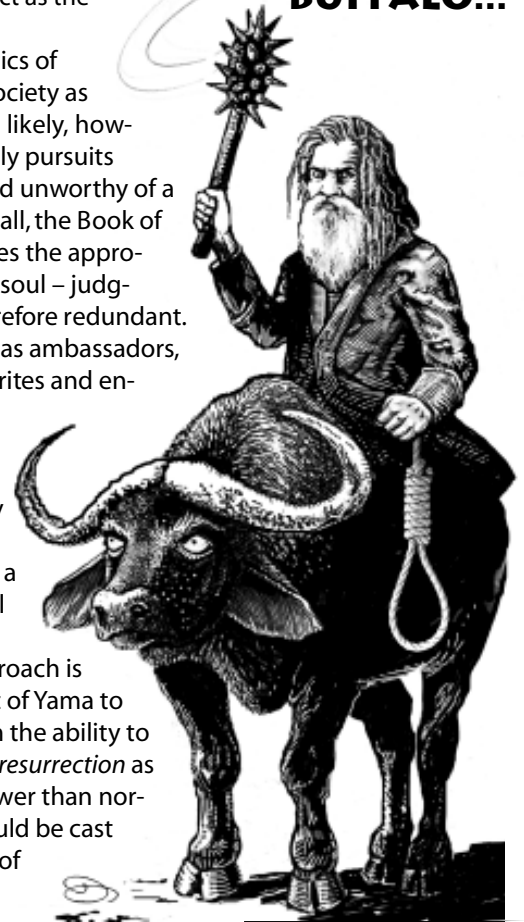
moral and ethical code. Yama would be a feared spirit, especially because the deeds of all are written in and recited from the Book of Destiny. However, Yama would likely be considered a protector of the faith. His judgment would act as the cornerstone of society's ethics.

As with clerics of Ma'at, clerics of Yama may be encountered in society as judges or magistrates. Equally likely, however, is the possibility that earthly pursuits would be deemed irrelevant and unworthy of a cleric of Yama's attention. After all, the Book of Destiny ensures that Yama makes the appropriate decision when judging a soul – judgment in the mortal realm is therefore redundant. Clerics of Yama would likely act as ambassadors, then – ensuring proper funeral rites and ensuring that every soul that has reached its time meets judgment with Yama.

Clerics of Yama would likely be of any lawful alignment, and would carry a club or a mace as a preferred weapon. If additional modifications to the traditional cleric class are desired, one approach is to remove the ability for a cleric of Yama to turn undead, and replace it with the ability to cast *reincarnation*, *raise dead* or *resurrection* as if those spells were one level lower than normal. For example, *raise dead* could be cast as a fourth level spell by clerics of Yama.

To the south of Mexico...

**"HE WILL
RIDE HIS
BUFFALO..."**



IXTAB (ESH-tahb)

Ixtab is the Mayan goddess of death that is associated with hanging. Her appearance is gruesome, her form that of a corpse hanging from a noose from the sky, her eyes closed and her flesh rotting. Despite her appearance, Ixtab played a sympathetic role in society.

Ixtab descended from the heavens to collect the souls of soldiers who perished in battle, women that died giving birth, those that died as sacrifices, her priests, and those that have committed suicide. Those souls were immediately given a place in an eternal paradise.

A fantasy culture that venerates Ixtab would be strange indeed, by modern standards. Most shockingly, suicide would not be considered taboo, and would likely be glorified. Human sacrifice, mainly to other gods in a pantheon, would also be traditional and somewhat commonplace. Such a society is one that likely breeds a stalwart, hardened folk

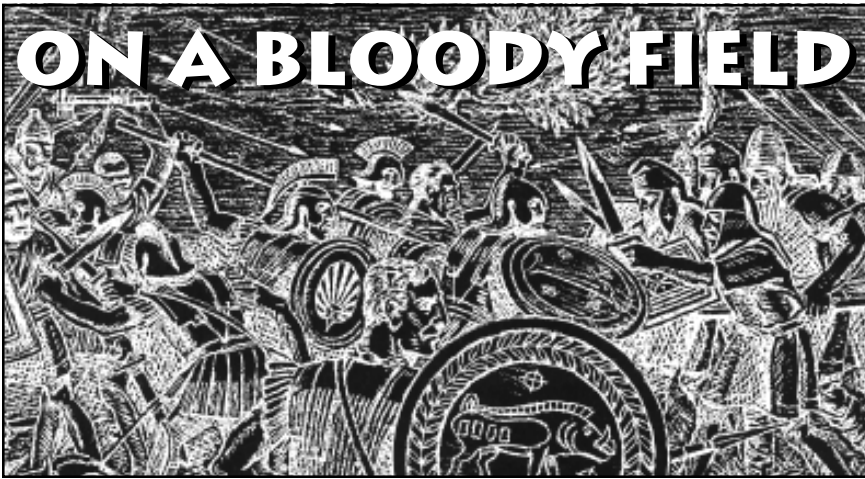
that is less afraid of death than other neighboring societies. This would make them fierce and indomitable warriors and they would likely require annihilation to be defeated in battle. However, such a culture may also breed rampant irresponsibility, as those committing suicide or dying in battle attain paradise without experiencing judgment.

Clerics of Ixtab, as one of the privileged groups that automatically attain paradise, would likely favor no causes other than the glorification of battle, the honoring of suicide and sacrifice, and the idolization of women who die bringing life into the world. Such occasions would be cause for celebration, during which Ixtab's faithful would play a crucial part. These particular methods of death could cause a great deal of trauma for loved ones. The primary role of the clerics would be to comfort the grieving and remind them that the dead have attained paradise.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

ON A BLOODY FIELD



CHAPTER 1

Of Terror and Hope

A Work of Fiction by

STEPHEN
CHENAULT



A MAN IS SPIED rising from behind a shelf of rock. His ragged visage is a testament to his condition; tired, on the run, defeated. He raises a pennant and waves it high in the air.

On sudden the powerful blasts of horns shatter the valley stillness. One, two, three, on to a dozen, deep throated sounds thunder through the snow covered vales and across the barren crags. The shouts of men rise on high as they pour from holes and hidden places, long swords and iron shields in hand. These are the River Men; tall, fierce, girded for war, they were once the Kingdom's finest chivalry.

Chain hauberts, old and worn, hold out against the flights of Ungern arrows. Only a few fall in blood choked screams.

In a maddening lust for blood and vengeance, the River Men fall upon the Ungern. Tall as well and strong and fierce, the Ungern bare large triple edged wolf spears, spiked morning stars and curved swords. Great bows are in use as well and even now the Ungern archers bend back and let loose a second flight. They love the rage of battle in these dark days of their great Master's war.

So the second flight of feathered death launches through the air, thuds and clangs against man and armor and shield. Undaunted, the River Men hurl themselves forward, fierce cries of lust and battle upon their lips. Long before the third flight is spent the brave men fall upon the upturned shields of the Ungern and the sounds of clashing metal, of iron swords and bronze shields rise into the wintery air. Shouts of joy and pain mingle with this grinding, clanging chorus as the men and Ungern wage their bloody war. Here a great axe is lifted on high and falls with bone crushing force, splitting wide an impish creature. Screaming weird howls the creature splashes

to the rocky ground, washing the snow and earth in his black blood. Up and down the valley the horrid scene is repeated as men and demon clash and cover the ground in dead. The howls of the Ungern and the shouts of men mingle with the ever growing cries of the wounded and the dying.

The men, outnumbered, are better armed with chain mail, breastplates and shields of iron, and their skill is much greater. They wreak bloody havoc on the Ungern and scatter them up and down the valley. But the Ungern are young and filled with the blood lust of their Master and they fight hard. They come at the men boldly with grim headed maces, spiked balls and chain, and long forks and axes. Though their shields give way beneath the blows of the River Men, their numbers are great and they are fearless of death.

Soon the battle breaks into small knots, groups of men carrying the war against howling packs of Ungern. The battle shifts to and fro, now the Ungern drive the men back up the valley slopes, now the River Men leap over piles of the dead and fling the fierce creatures back into the valley floor. The ground is awash in blood and the thick ichor of entrails and the gore of battle.

As the fight rages upon the rocky slopes, a woman's cry of pain carries on the cool air and out into the fray. It comes from the far side of the valley, from inside a thick canvassed horse cart. About the wagon cluster a score of knights on horses, thick chested and grim of visage. The men bare the insignia of the King's Horse and as with all the River Men they bare the signs of war. These men were the guardians of the Prince, when he still roamed free, and now that the Winter Dark has taken him, of his wife, late of a peasant village in the North Downs. But for the King's own Paladins, these knights were the best of the Perrin-folk, the most noble of heart and strong of spirit. They are fierce in their intent.

Duke Morgeld, their Commander, sits upon his destrier, overlooking the battle. The thick melee rages in full force, neither side gaining or losing ground. Only the earth giving up its snowy hide as warm blood sends wafts of steam into the chilly air. The Duke looks hard and the urge to enter the fray pulls heavy at him. Though his Master's Kingdom seemed all but lost now in these late days of the war, he still longs for battle and the exhilaration of war. But he turns back as the cries of a woman rise on high and he rides down the hill. Here was

his true charge, the wife of the Prince, and the child she bears in her womb and would soon, as the God's willed, give unto the world.

As he came back to his men he could see their obvious discomfort at the woman's pain. Though she bore no noble blood in her veins she had proven noble in spirit and her kindness to all those around her did not go unseen. It was as if she were some spirit of the world come to rescue the beleaguered line of the River Kings. Be that as it may, the men held her high in their esteem, as the Duke did himself. Her cries of pain, echoing through the mountains and into the wintery dark of the Genug's war did little to keep them still. They were soldiers, long used to pain and suffering, but they were men not beyond feeling. Their armor and shields did not fend off the lady's painful cries, so they prayed to the sacred maidens hoping for her safe delivery.

They prayed too for the child. For here, in this woman's womb, rested the line of their Lord and King, Reynard. His eldest son, fearing for the line, had, while on campaign, taken this woman as his wife and got her with child. And here these men feared, though in truth they did not know for they had long been separated from their own armies, was the last breath of the River King's folk. For the King was long gone in the south and none knew whether he lived or had fallen. The Prince too was gone, for he had divided the host and planned some trap for the Genug, but that was many months passed and there had been no word. So they prayed and called upon the fates to save the ancient line.

Over the hill the battle raged. The rocky slopes lay scarred with the fallen, mostly Ungern, but here and there the dull sheen of an armored form lay in brackish pools of blood. They fought hard though, the dog men. Their numbers grew with each passing moment as more came up from the deep valley and the forests beyond, called by the sounds of battle and scent of fresh spilt blood.

Shouts and screams carried high as axe clove armor and flesh and the

blood of the fallen soaked the ground. The men formed a wall now, holding the high ground as the tide of numbers began to shift against them. Their iron shields and plates of armor held strong as the hosts hurled themselves up and against them and the clanging of weapons fell everywhere around them.

Augustus, their Captain in the Duke's absence, strode amongst them shouting words of encouragement and calling them to hold strong. But the line began to fray as Ungern came upon it and hurled long chains with grapples forward, hooking and dragging men from the line. These poor souls were lost in a tidal wave of black armored foes and were slain instantly, skulls crushed and limbs torn asunder.

In desperation, Augustus led his men forward and the armored wall rounded upon the Ungern and drove them howling back. As before, the melee became confused and the two armies mingled in a raw dance of power and death.

Fearing that the enemies' numbers might overwhelm him, Augustus gathered to him a score of unwounded knights.

"Hold tight around me and let us drive a wedge into their very heart. Be quick and bold and let not a one stand before you! With me now brothers! For King and Son, our Lord's will be done! FORWARD!"

Into the fray he rushed, shield on high, his axe opening a great rent in the ranks of the Ungern. He fell to the grim task of battle and war. Here he spun about, cleaving flesh and bone. Here he turned again, rending an arm separate from its host. The dog folk surged against him with screams of hate and rage. He threw them aside or cut them down and his axe clove a path of carnage deep into the heart of the Ungern host. His feet splashed through the blood of the fallen and the howling dead clawed at him as he strode about the field in an ever growing lust for death.

A spear tore through his side, coming under his shield. Shouting his pain in rage he lifted high his axe and clove the beast's head in twain. Casting his shield aside he tore the spear from his flesh only just in time to block a sword meant for his skull. A great notch was carved in the axe haft but he twisted it and threw the blade wide turning his stroke into an arc of destruction. His bright blood splattering from the deadly stomach wound soaked his waist and thigh in fiery red.

Blocking now as much as fighting he twisted and turned, swinging his axe and flailing with his huge iron bound fist.

"Tis a good day to die, dogs!"

In a moment he was clear. In the respite he shouted to his band of men

CONTINUED PAGE 10



to gather around him. They held the field for a moment, a short moment. The ringing sound of an iron tipped spear bouncing off a shield, served as a renewed call to battle. They fell to the grim fight once more, men and Ungern, weapons flashing in the air, cleaving and smiting with horrid determination.

"My Lord! We are far come from our own folk and have utterly disconcerted the foe! 'Tis time we thought of our backs!"

Turning slightly Augustus saw that he and his men had driven far into the Ungern ranks and thrown the whole of their host into some disarray. Even now his folk were regrouping further up the hill preparing for another bout which they knew must come. He looked further and saw that scarcely half of his men were with him and all those wounded in some degree or the other.

"Mayhap your right. Fall to me men! And then back!"

"You'll only go back by way of the dead!" The scream was loud and held the icy tones of long suffering and pain. It was an Ungern chief, one of the dark spirits of the underworld, come up onto the fray to see his Master's dark folk everywhere spitted and overcome. The winged beast was huge and wielded only a lengthy chain with iron ball. Great fangs broke his horrid smile;

spindly legs seemed too weak to hold up the great weight of its huge barrel chest and massive arms.

"Little men play hard today I see. Well let us have them!"

Augustus wrenched his axe free of the mangled chest of some pitiful Ungern and looked up at the grim beast. He felt then a moment's fear for he was broken and torn, his blood seeping into the snow below and the ground underneath. But the fear passed. Casting off his helm and pulling the rent coif from his matted hair he stood before the creature, straining and tense. "Enough banter dog. At me!" He leapt forward shouting his rage and it carried far into the valley. He lunged over the fallen and at the demon beast.

Somewhere afield he heard the bending of a bow and even as he carried his attack the whistle of the feathered shaft. The Ungern who bent the bow held the Captain in plain view and his weapon was large and rare for those parts. But he was proficient and he sent his four bladed messenger shrieking through the air to land with a thud into the man's breast.

Thrown back with the impact, Augustus crashed to the ground with a groan. Rising quickly he staggered back, the shaft sticking from his chest,

his blood flowing. He grasped at the shaft with one hand, staring in disbelief even as he lifted the axe with a feeble arm. "Damn poor way..." His words exploded in a case of iron and chain as the demon used his great ball to deadly intent and Augustus's skull was shattered in a haze of blood and bone.

With shouts of derision the Ungern surged around their dark captain and came at the men who too came forward to defend the body of their fallen comrade and leader. One lifted it up upon his back as the others fell to with grim sword and axe. But they were undone for their numbers were less than a dozen and those of the enemy many more.

The Ungern came forward from all sides howling their blood lust, sounding the deep agony of their dark Master so many leagues away. Climbing the shields of the defenders they pulled them down clawing at their helms and arms. Swinging huge maces and wickedly curved swords they fell to and slew the men where they stood. But those men were not lambs and this was nothing less than a slaughter for they carved with sword and knife, axe and mailed glove until the last. Many a broken dog man limped back to whatever hovel they called home, bleeding and dying. They were River Men and so sold themselves well, and as the last of Augustus's men fell, the Ungern saw that the fight had only just begun.

For on the ridge, Augustus's charge had great affect and the men gathered in a tight formation, shields at the ready, their crossbow men behind them, with a free line of sight. They awaited the next charge of the milling mass of Ungern who gathered in a great pack at the hill's bottom.

Once more the cries of the woman tore the winter dark skies and hung for a moment like some spirit of the yester-years when the world was darker, more dismal. With a shuddering cry she forced the child into the world and the soldier surgeon cut its bonds and pulled it free. He gathered the child so she could see and the pride in her visage was plainly writ upon her face. The King's son had wed her on a bloody



field of battle, a host of the dark Ungern at his feet. On that selfsame field he had taken her to bed and got her with child. And though after that he had rode off to war and into the oblivion that had come from the Genug, he had left her with the key to his Kingdom, his child. Here she knew was the hope of the future.

The surgeon stood out of the cart and held the blood covered child high for all present to see. "A CHILD IS COME ONTO US! REJOICE FOR THE KINGDOM IS SECURE!"

"Is it a boy?" The Duke's voice was filled with awe. "Is it a boy?"

The surgeon turned, saying "The King has a grandchild and the Prince a son!"

"AHHHH!" The Duke smashed his mailed fist into his breast plate. "The Holy Maidens have delivered! Give me the boy!" He took the child in his great hand and cradling it to his breast rode up the hill, a few of his guard followed suit. Though the child was still covered in blood, the Duke could see that he was strong and thick boned and a true child of the House Amrich of The River Kingdom. As he came atop the ridge all stood quiet, the battered, war weary soldiers looked up at their lord, the Duke.

He held the child upon high and called aloud. "THE PRINCE HAS A SON!" As one, the men fell to their knee, before their rightful lord. "THE KING AN HEIR! PRAISE BE...LONG LIVE THE KING!"

The men echoed his shout with a roar and they rose amidst cheers and laughter.

Handing the child to one of his guard he said, "I commission thee and all your heirs to watch over this child and his heirs until such time as he or they are returned to the throne. Take him and his mother now to yonder ridge and await for us there."

"My Lord, tis with relish that I take this geas, for his life mine is everything and without it, mine nothing. Let it be known that my blood goes first." He turned and rode back shouting for the cart to be made ready to move.



The Duke turned. "Now my Captains, tis time we sent these dog men howling back to their master in the far off wastes." His voice was cold and cruel and his own folk knew him to be in great earnest, carried as he was with the lust for battle. "I feel good. Yes indeed. So let us make this one a bloody mess quick."

So saying he and twenty others rode hard over the ridge and came amongst their own men with shouts of war. They rose with him and one shouted clear and bold, his voice carrying into the beyond, "THE DUKE IS COME!" And so they leapt down the hill, following swift on the wave of deadly iron bolts which everywhere, through the force of their pull, tore wide gashes in armor and felled the Ungern soldiers.

For a moment the Ungern balked. The men were still many, and strong and they came down the hill, so had the advantage of speed and force. But in those days the Ungern were young and still breathed the suffering breaths of their dread master, so they held firm with glaives and forks and mighty balls and chain. Spiked shields and high helms decorated them, giving them an exotic flavor, a flavor that the men of the River Kingdom had grown to fear and loath.

The clashing armies shook the walls of the valley when at last they fell upon each other. So great was the force of Morgeld's charge that it rent the Ungern apart and scattered their numbers hither and yon. The swords and axes tore through flesh and bone, rending armor to shredded things. Helms flew wide and shields fell to the ground broken and trodden upon. And the Duke was foremost amongst his folk and his mighty steed broke many a dog man long be-

fore the Duke's sword could taste blood. But he was deep in the sea of his foes and soon slashing to the right and the left, carving bodies like ham and spilling black, hot blood upon the trodden snows. He shouted his joy at the birth of the King and raged it upon the battle as he reigned his steed, cut and reigned.

So the Ungern broke and scattered for the wood and their dark chief was left with but a few and so he tried to flee as well. But the men of the River Kingdom were aware and they let fly with a host of bolts and the beast was pinned a dozen times and slain with little thought. Here and there the men moved over the field and took the lives of those Ungern who were wounded or who had foolishly chosen to hide in the crags. The battle was at last finished and the host of men stood aside to take stock of their fallen.

They regrouped quickly and withdrew up the slope. Very soon the whole of the Duke's troop had vanished into the crags, carrying their wounded and the day's booty with them. They moved south and west as all refugees of the Kingdom did. The Duke did not know how the war fared, if victory had been won or lost, but he knew that no matter the outcome that the child which was his charge must live. In this unnamed child was the future of the River Kingdom.

Many days later the troop at last broke free of the snow bound mountains and came into the low countries which were the Evening Wold. The Duke turned and looked back at the path which had carried them so far from home and wondered to himself what all this meant. How had his Lord's kingdom, so bold and strong, in the vibrancy of its youth, come to this pass? What would minstrels sing in the ages to come of the noble River Kingdom? What tale would they tell which could do justice to this horrible tragedy?

And in more ways than one, though the Duke did not know it, this was a minstrel's tale...





MULTI-CLASSING GUIDELINES

by

Davis Chenault

MULTI-CLASSING FOR THE CASTLES & CRUSADERS™ GAMING SYSTEM



CORE CONCEPT of the *Castles & Crusades* role playing game is that archetypal classes/characters are more adaptable, acceptable and easy to play than otherwise. Pulling from literature, film, folklore, and gaming we endeavored to create the archetypal classes.

This concept and its implementation in the game has its limits. While I believe that in general it holds true, especially for new players, it begins to lose its truth. *The Game* develops its own internal dialogue and folklore where the rules of the game mesh with the tales and desires of the players. Hence, there is a desire to meld the archetypal classes to create those generated purely in the game-verse.

Thus, we have multi-classing.

So that in the world of literature the warrior/wizard is rare, in the game-verse the war-

rior/wizard becomes an archetype. To meet the demand and desire for multi-classing rules, we here at Troll Lord Games have come up with some guidelines.

Please be aware that the archetypes were not developed in such a manner as to make multi-classing easy. Rather, they were developed to allow for melded classes (to be addressed much later). As such, there will be a small level of complexity added to character creation and advancement when using multi-classing rules.

THE BASIC UNIVERSAL RULES

1. RULE ONE The Castle Keeper is the ultimate arbiter of which classes can be combined and how they are combined.

The Castle Keeper can (and should) amend the rules to fit their needs and their restrictions trump any rules presented here.

Dice	d4/1	d6/2	d8/3	d10/4	d12/5
d4/1	d4/1	d6/2	d6/2	d6/2	d8/3
d6/2	d6/2	d6/2	d6/2	d8/3	d8/3
d8/3	d6/2	d6/2	d8/3	d8/3	d10/4
d10/4	d6/2	d8/3	d8/3	d10/4	d10/4
d12/5	d8/3	d8/3	d10/4	d10/4	d12/5

TABLE 1

2. DECISION The decision to multi-class must be made during the character creation process.

3. COMBINATIONS Humans can combine up to three classes and demi-humans can combine two classes.

4. ALIGNMENT Any classes can be combined that do not have conflicting alignments. If the Castle Keeper has removed alignment restriction in their game, then any combination is possible.

5. PRIME ATTRIBUTES The character must have the prime attribute for the classes chosen.

For example, a fighter/rogue/bard combination requires that the character have strength, dexterity and charisma as prime attributes. A rogue/assassin/wizard combination requires the character have dexterity and intelligence as a prime attribute.

6. WEAPONS Multi-class characters can use any weapon from any of the combined classes' weapons allowed list at no penalty.

7. ARMOR Multi-class characters can use any armor from any of the combined classes' armor allowed list at However, they still suffer any penalties mentioned for a class ability such as with the rogue's pick pocket..

8. STARTING GOLD To determine the starting gold for a multi-class character, simply roll for each class, add the results and divide by 2 or 3 depending on the number of classes the character has multi-classed in.

9. BONUS TO HIT Multi-class characters use the most favorable BtH of the classes chosen.

10. HIT DICE A d4, d6, d8, d10 and d12 are used to establish the hit dice of the

archetypes. For the multi-class character, a combination of these are used to determine that character's hit dice. Please refer to the table below and cross reference the hit die used for the classes to determine the hit dice for the multi-class character. For those characters with three classes, take the highest and lowest and cross reference on the chart to get your hit dice.

The number after the '/' reflects the hit point progression at 11th level and beyond. (See Table 1)

For example. For a knight/cleric combination cross, refer to the chart and cross reference d10 and d8. A d8 results meaning this character has a d8 hit die. If this were a knight/cleric/barbarian character, one would simply take the d8 hit die from the first cross reference and cross reference that with a d12 for a final result of d10.

11. LEVEL PROGRESSION AND EXPERIENCE POINTS As with the normal classes, multi-class characters must acquire experience points to progress in levels. Multi-class characters are considered a single class and advance as a single class irrespective of differing experience point progressions for their core classes.

The experience point progression for a multi-class character is equal to a combination of the core classes experience point progressions at each level plus the additional experience points listed on Table 2.

For example, for a fighter/wizard advancing to 2nd level must acquire 4,801 experience points. At this point, the character acquires the benefits of a 2nd level fighter and 2nd wizard.



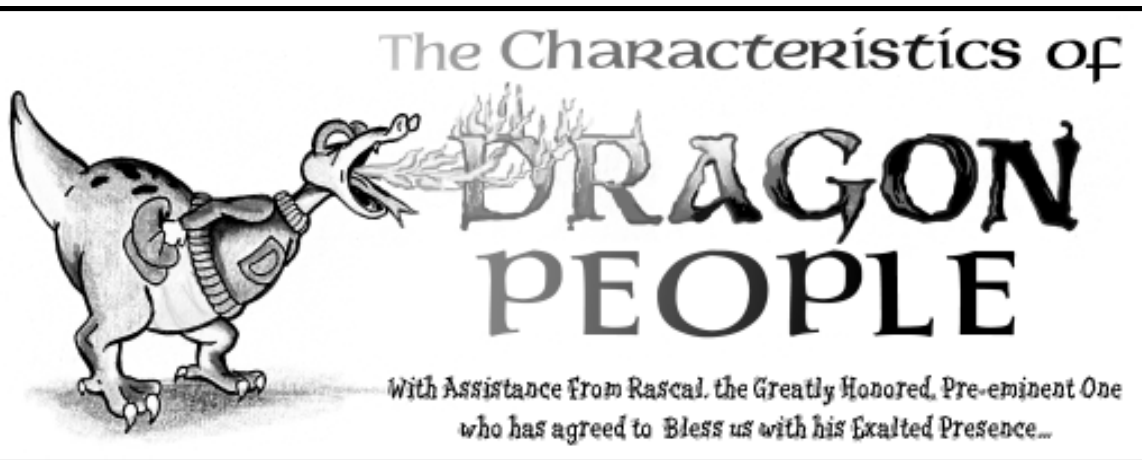
LEVEL	2 CLASSES	3 CLASSES
2 nd	200	300
3 rd	400	600
4 th	800	1200
5 th	1500	2500
6 th	3000	5000
7 th	6000	10000
8 th	12000	20000
9 th	25000	40000
10 th	50000	75000
11 th	75000	120000
12 th	50000	75000
12 th +	50,000/75000 per level	

TABLE 2



PAGES FROM MY SKETCHBOOK

DARLENE
SHARES HER
CREATIVE
JOURNEY



As usually happens when I'm looking for something else, and in a hurry, I will discover something I'd put away and forgotten about years earlier. This time it was a set of sketches I had created in the late 1980's of a dragon character I'd named Dru Dragon. This character was a no-good, gambling, big-bellied braggart who thought he had a winning personality. I was about to lay the sketches aside when I heard a voice with a cockney accent, "No Love, It's RASCAL!"

He sounded a lot like Eliza Doolittle's father in "My Fair Lady." This surprised me. I had not conceived of the character as being English although I saw him quite clearly as a frequenter of drinking establishments not dissimilar to the London pub.

"Rascal?"

"At your service—I was never no Dru. But I'm always and evermore a Rascal." That's how we got re-acquainted. I quickly removed the sketches to my studio and continued with what I had been doing. Later, when I had the time, Rascal came out and visited. Turns out, he had plenty to say.

The above photo of DARLENE was taken at the Gen Con Convention in 1984.

Recently, DARLENE has been involved with some personal archeology—digging through mounds of old papers, musty sketch books and old storage boxes to locate anything associated with the early days of TSR which has survived to the present day.

The items on these pages represent the fruits of this labor.

The main thing Rascal wanted to communicate—besides my getting his name wrong—concerned the subject of "dragon souls." According to Rascal, when the world was young, it used to be populated by all sorts of dragons, each one possessing an immortal soul. Then as the wild places of the earth became tamed by heroes and men, the dragon race began to dwindle and die out. Sadly, there were no longer any dragons for a dragon soul to reincarnate into.

Rascal explains, "So what happens to a dragon's soul when it can't incarnate back into a dragon's body? The soul has to move on. It has to find itself another host. Now this is the fascinating part—the closest matches for dragon souls to migrate into are humans! So that means there are some humans who possess the souls of dragons! Doesn't that beat all?"

"So I'm what you'd call, a good will ambassador. It's my self-appointed job to help some otherwise clueless people who currently believe they are merely human to discover the possible existence of a dragon soul within. Mind you—not ALL humans are dragon-people—only the luckier ones."

ALL DRAGONS ARE UNIQUE



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Dragon-people prefer to be solitary but they also enjoy the company of other dragon-people. That's why Rascal believes that most of the Dragon souls have migrated towards humans with similar interests, like RPGers. This article will outline the traits of dragon-people so RPGers can judge for themselves if they number among the exceptional.

Cleverness is a hallmark of all Dragon-people. With their brains constantly on "GO!" Dragon-people are keen, intuitive, and often brilliant. They tend toward being analytical and have an ability to appreciate both sides of an issue. From youth onward, their keen mental agility and energy give them a voracious appetite for knowledge. However, as youths, they are prone to being lazy and very much dislike the labor of learning. That's where their ingenuity comes in!

Like children, they are lively (restless) and happy (ego-centric and imaginative) when circumstances go right for them. Also, like children they demand attention, admiration, and the spending on them of time, energy and money. They are not above huffing and puffing and throwing tantrums if they don't get what they want.

Dragon-people are also skilled manipulators of language, both in speech and writing. Because they possess many interesting opinions and have a very eclectic knowledge of the world, they give great advice. Their versatility makes them very adaptable, especially as concerns controlling their little corner of the world. Their showmanship and ability to think on their feet also make dragon people especially suited at debate, diplomacy, preaching, teaching, and courtroom oratory. (Rascal adds that many Dragon-people have also made "exceptional pirates" back in the day).

Frequently self-absorbed, many Dragon-people choose to remain reclusive. Dragon-people love to cloak themselves in darkness. They will claim the darkest corner of the house as their lair and can withdraw themselves to sulk for extended periods of time. Like chameleons, they are capable of reflecting every change in their surroundings. Living with a perpetually moody dragon can be challenging. (Big Hint: Cleaning up a dragon's lair is a definite "no-no!")

When motivated, Dragon-people can be very charming and attractive. Life is a game always to be filled with freshness, innovation, and continuous entertainment, freed of worry, work, and boredom. Around them, life is never

ALL DRAGONS ARE INTELLECTUAL GENIUSES



dull. As companions, they are witty and entertaining. Their critics may claim they make better acquaintances than friends. But that's only because Dragon-people are perfectionists and set extraordinarily high standards for others. Critics also claim they are filled with a prideful ego so they can be a trifle overbearing and obnoxious. ("Not to worry, mates—it's just the ole happy-go-lucky dragon soul at work!")

Dragon-people are gifted with incredible luck. It fuels their confidence and unlocks their natural affinity for leadership. Their intuition also makes them quite adept at business and gives them great opportunities for success. Since they can succeed in whatever profession they choose, the sky is the limit for Dragons. Attracted to beauty, wealth, prestige, and power Dragons innately know how to use their powers to get what they want for themselves and their friends. Dragons know how to live the good life and their generosity towards others—especially admirers—knows no bounds.

Anyone wishing to gain admittance into the exalted presence of a Dragon-person should always avoid surprise visits if they want things to go smoothly. It is best if a visit can be arranged in advance. The only surprises Dragons relish is the giving of them. Some Dragons love to appear suddenly and magnificently to the unsuspecting, especially if it serves their vanity. Whether visiting or being visited, an offering of food is always a good idea. Physically, dragons tend toward the robust. Getting

ABOUT RASCAL, THE DRAGON

RASCAL is a cartoon character drawn and developed by DARLENE in the late 1980s.

Even though he's been stuck within a sketchbook for 18 years, Rascal only agreed to appear in print if I would include the "Greatly Honored..." subtitle.

Thus, for the first time, upon these very pages, "His Exalted Dragoness, etc..." demonstrates some of the main qualities of Dragon-people.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

ALL DRAGONS ARE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY



exercise is simply not their idea of an activity worthy of their interest or effort. Dragons also respond well to flattery and admiration. If all else fails, dragons will always respond positively to with gifts of gold—lots of it—plus things that sparkle.

Unless otherwise motivated, whatever Dragon-people may be thinking at any particular moment is often more compelling to them than any distraction the physical world can offer. (Woe to any pets in their care). It's ill-advised to annoy dragon-people. A telephone incessantly ringing has been known to break the spell of their concentration. So calling them unbidden is a dangerous thing to do. When

Dragon-people be-

come irate, they'll lash out savagely. With caustic ire, dragon-people can burn the ears off anyone who breaks their train of thought or interrupts their self-imposed solitude.

When entering a dragon's lair, it is always best to be wary. As creatures who primarily seek solitude, intruding upon their space unannounced is inadvisable. As mentioned above, Dragon-people will more easily tolerate the presence of other dragons. Non-

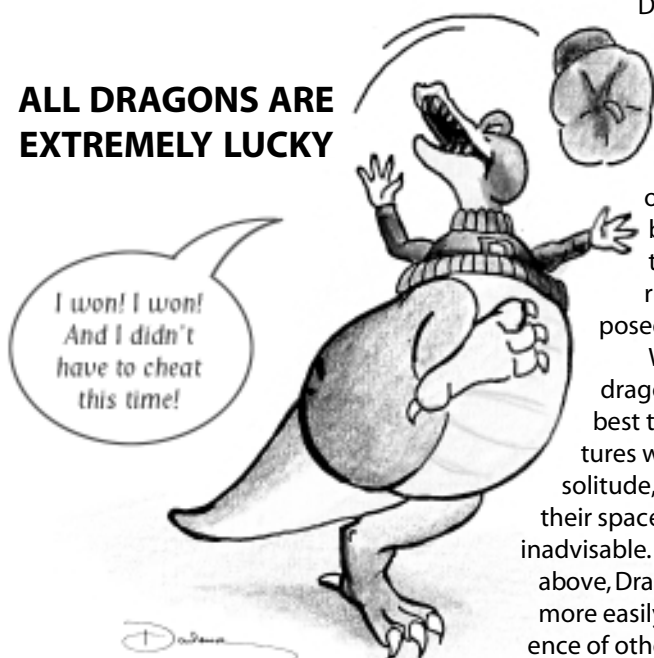
dragons are either beneath their notice or become fair game if perceived as intrusive. Dragon-people have no problems sweeping their lairs of unwanted visitors. If dismissed from a dragon's lair, don't hesitate. Get out of there! Dragons are fickle and can decide to burn you even after they've given you fair warning.

In social settings Dragon-people are brilliant conversationalists who thrive on being the center of attention and showing off their might and power. They especially enjoy puzzles and cunning word-play. When one least expects, the loner can go out on the town—magnanimous, full of fire, larger than life, and filled with such effervescent charm. Dragon-people can be adorable, charming and poisonously witty when they want to be—the life of the party!

Self-confident or arrogant, decisive or stubborn, witty or insufferable—it's all a matter of degree and depends upon the situation. Dragon-people can easily become irascible and extremely narrow-minded, especially if the issue of their power is brought into question or they become publicly embarrassed. Be very wary of a Dragon with a bruised ego! When provoked, they can easily become boastful, domineering, intimidating, obsessive, and quarrelsome.

Dragons with a flair for the dramatic will often find an excuse to make a memorable exit from a gathering after some jaw-dropping pronouncement. Self-satisfied, the next day will find this dragon sleeping well into the afternoon and more than a little grumpy if

ALL DRAGONS ARE EXTREMELY LUCKY



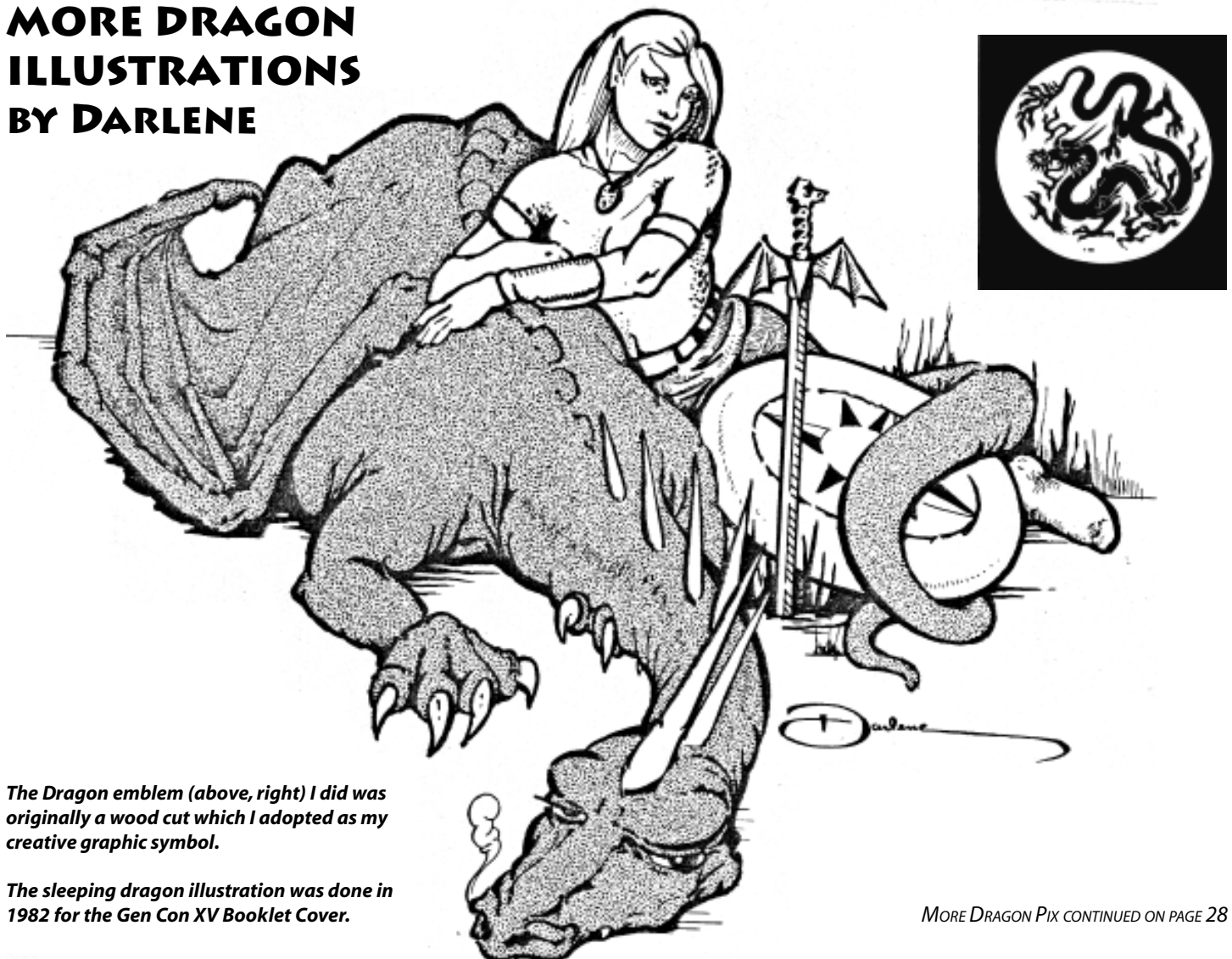
awakened too early. (BTW—With regards to sleeping dragons, it's always a prudent practice to keep a safe distance).

In love they are flirtatious and fickle, not intentionally so, but because their emotional nature has an amoral aspect to it. They enjoy intrigue and the excitement of the chase. In spite of their temporary depth of feeling, the intensity of involvement lasts only while it is new. Once they have caught their prey, they quickly lose interest and look around for the next princess to pursue. Dragons can be superficial, light-hearted, cool, flirtatious and unimaginative in the understanding of the pain they may give others. Yet they are also quick to recognize their great fortune should they happen across someone extraordinarily worthy of them and will pull out all the stops to offer their version of romance.

So if you know of any RPGers who possess the above-mentioned traits, be understanding. It's just the dragon in their soul.



MORE DRAGON ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLENE



The Dragon emblem (above, right) I did was originally a wood cut which I adopted as my creative graphic symbol.

The sleeping dragon illustration was done in 1982 for the Gen Con XV Booklet Cover.

MORE DRAGON PIX CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

MELTOWG'S REFLECTIONS

and the Lothian Elves or Mist (Wild) Elves

by **Stephen Chenault**



The House of Lothian stood powerful in the councils of the Elves. Princes of that house had long ruled vast lands along the slopes of the Rodope Mountains and branches of their kinship were found in all places of the world. Indeed, Ithrund-Aet-Tu, Prince of the House of Lothian, was the architect of the elves' migration to the outer realms where they sat out the long bitter reign of the Horned God. But the Curse of Daladon, half-elf son of Ithrund, cursed the elves for cowards and drove some to war for the great shame. His brother, Meltowg was one such. Meltowg wandered the world ever seeking redemption in battle and the swath of his passage was littered with the fallen dead. In time his rage turned to hatred for his own folk and he came to seek the Castle of Spires where stood the gates to the outer realms.

Wherein Meltowg, overwhelmed by the forces of the dead and driven into the mists of the swamps of the Gausumland, casts back upon his people in the hills of Ohd.



The Prince, battered and bruised, staggered through the swamp. He called to his horse but to no avail. At last he came to some dry ground, a small hillock with a few trees and deep grass. Tossing down Noxmorus and leaning against a tree, he tore at his helm and gorget, tossing both aside for they were battered and in ruin. The blood that splattered his armor was his own for the horde of undead that had fallen upon him, summoned by the goblin, had nothing more to offer but bone and ancient flesh. He cursed his fate once more and looked about in wild eyed anger, hoping the goblin was upon his trail. For that goblin was no ordinary creature, but an eldritch goblin, one of the first of his kind and powerful beyond knowledge.

"I'll find thee dog. And when I do I'll take you in my hands and wring your life from you. I'll tear your spine from your still breathing flesh and beat you to death with it." Thus spoke the Prince of Elves as he sank to the ground in battle-weary exhaustion. He looked up, and through the mist his keen eyes gazed the great Wall of Worlds that blocked his sight of the heavens beyond. Everything was dark, gray and tired.

"How now did it come to this?"

He thought to himself that once it had been different. He had been the member of a proud race, the High Elves of Aihrde. High Elves ruled in the council's of the world. They were sought after and worshiped and called gods by men. His people served the Lady Queen Elean and they built towers and houses wondrous fare. They lived in peace and prosperity, his own clan upon the slopes of the Rhodope Mountains in the forests of Ohd. In Ohd they spent countless hours in thoughtful study, learning the makings of the All Father and his universe. They learned of things beyond, the Rings of Brass and the world of Inzae. All this knowledge they used to good purpose building upon it until their libraries were the marvel of the kingdoms of men, dwarves and elves. People came to them, wizards and the like, seeking knowledge. His folk wrote poetry, plays, philosophy, and composed songs and music for all to enjoy. They created buildings that were art, weaving the natural world into

their dwellings. And more

The wealth and power of the elves was matched by few and they waxed great in towers tall and strong. They created a world within the world that was the envy of all who came within sight of it. The High Elves lived in magnificent glory and all envied them.

Then like a thunderstorm, the wars came. From the east, great imperial armies marched over all the lands beyond the straights and the folk grew fearful.

Meltowg looked around him. He saw the desolation of the swamp and felt the weight of horror that is Aufstrag. It brought even more painful memories of his homeland. He thought to himself how his father, Prince Ithrund-Aet-Tu, spoke the words that caused the great exodus. "Hear me my kindred. If we bind our fates to the worlds of men it will be to our ruin. The sorcery of the coming winter is dark and will stain the souls of our children so that they may not bare the weight of it. It is a war which will damn us from our immortality. I for one will not stay."

With that, the greater part of the elves abandoned all their fair works and efforts and left them to the few who would not go. So the elven hosts fled the world of Aihrde to their own domain of Shindolay, that realm in Faerie their ancestors always claimed as home. The Eastern Wars flamed up and Unklar, the horned god, came to the world at the summons of Nulak-Kiz-Din. His evil brought a plague of war the likes of which the world had not seen since the early Goblin-Dwarf Wars. He ravaged the known kingdoms, driving all before him. What he did not kill, he enslaved and before many years had passed he bound the whole of the world to him.

Those were bitter days and many a man cursed the elves, his kindred, for their presence was sorely missed on the battlefields with the enemy. They were held as cowards and deserters and men shunned them and slew them if they could. But there were elves who had stayed. They fought the dark in their own way, on quiet forest paths and in the dark of night. Only he, of all his kind, Meltowg Lothian, son of the Great Prince of Elfkind, fought in the open. He served the Queen's Daughter Londea and they waged a war against the enemy and ever

hounded him for the House of Lothian was steeped in much power and majesty. In time, the Winter Dark settled upon the world. He commanded the Lunar Knights, Londea's personal guard.

The Lunar Knights numbered nigh on a thousand warriors: men and women alike. They feared not the end of life, nor the constant horrors of battle. They fought for their Princess Londea and they fought for the honor of their people. But more, they fought for their very lives, for the elves were particularly hated by the orc legions of Unklar as these creatures loved to feast upon them. The orcs hunted them always, showed them no mercy and those few who they captured, they tortured and killed in the deeps of the dark halls and black pits.

As the war ended and the great Robert Luther fell upon his walls of Du Guesilon, slain by Unklar's very hand, the elves found themselves in an utterly hostile world. The coming winter changed the climate and shape of the world so the elves knew little refuge. Yet they fought on in the frozen wastes of those lands they knew as home, the Ohd Forests.

The Knights were divided into two groups. The vast majority of them served Londea as archers and spearmen. They used stealth and magic to hound the enemy on the trails and high places of that rugged country. These, Londea led in person, for her arm they accounted strong on the field of battle and few could withstand the terror of her beauty. The other of the Knights he led. That small band of soldiery swore off the bow and spear as weapons unworthy of them. They bore axes and great swords more akin to the dwarves and men than to elf. In truth, as Meltowg knew all too well, it was not honor that drove them, but an ever growing lust for vengeance that killing from afar could not sate. The curse of Daladon ate at his very soul, gnawing at him so that he always sought to destroy the enemy in hopes that it would drive the nagging doubt from his mind. But it never did. Despite their differences, Meltowg loved Londea greatly and followed her council at all times, and she restrained him and his soldiers so that they did not act too foolishly.

The elves knew those hills well and always managed to outsmart the enemy and confound him from afar. In countless encounters they slew the orcs and their human

CONTINUED PAGE 25

For thirty years, players have attempted to plunder the Keep of Gary's favorite Wizard...

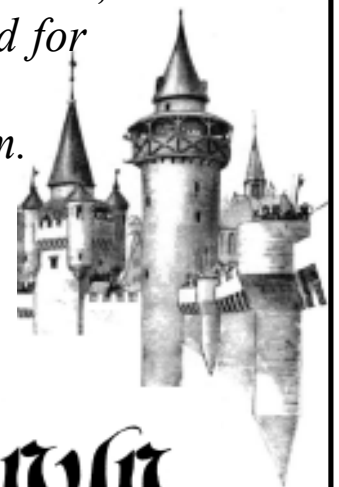


INFAMOUS AMONG THE PLAYERS AT GARY'S TABLE AND ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR, CASTLE ZAGYG HAS BECOME LEGENDARY.

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THE HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN WARFARE

by NICOLE LEIGH

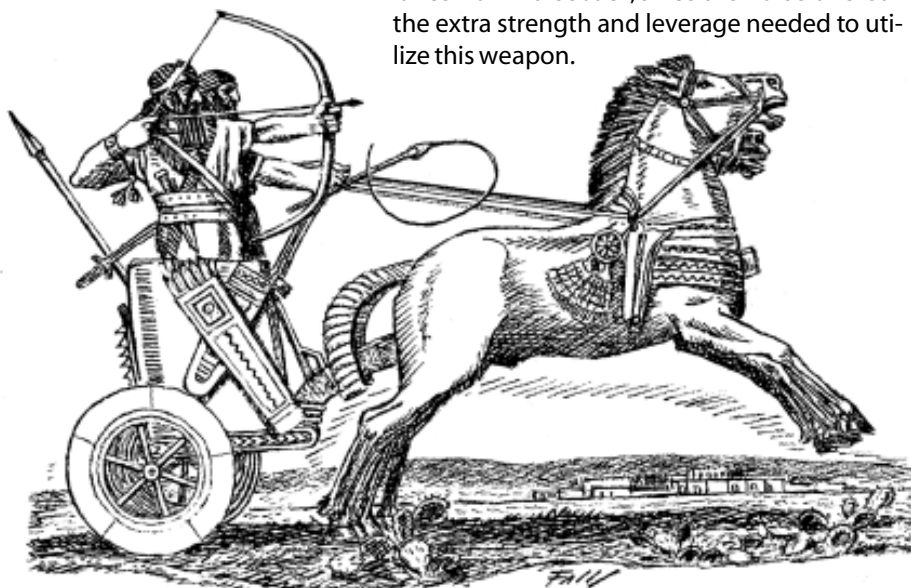


Historical Footnotes¹

IN ANCIENT TIMES, and as recently as the 1800's, the horse was to its rider what the tank is to the army today. The horse (as with the tank) was a multiple-use piece of equipment which offered speed, better mobility and shock action. It also allowed for the rider to use weapons that would otherwise be impossible to use due to the size and weight of the weapon.

Using the horse in warfare was a new idea in the 4th century B.C., with the Greeks being one of the first to use this "new technology." Due to the lack of inventions such as the stirrup or saddle we know today, the use of the horse in battle at this time was two-fold. First, it allowed the infantry to cover ground more quickly and show up on the battlefield less tired. Secondly, the horse was used as a scare tactic against the opposing force. The infantry would ride into their enemy's formation, generally scattering the troops on the ground. Then the rider's would retreat to dismount, and return to attack the withdrawing enemy.

Before the invention of the stirrup, it was dangerous for the rider to stay mounted during battle, as they were easily knocked off their mount by ground soldiers. Once the stirrup became popular, however, the riders had more control on horseback which allowed the use of the lance to in turn become popular in battle. Previously too heavy to carry when on foot, a rider could easily pierce his enemy with the lance from horseback, since the horse offered the extra strength and leverage needed to utilize this weapon.



Two other significant inventions include the saddle and the bit. The invention of the high-backed saddle allowed the mounted rider to stay atop his horse more easily. It also gave him more leverage as he attacked his enemy with his lance. The bit, originally invented to offer better control to the charioteer in battle, it also proved effective to the mounted rider as forced the horse to respond rapidly in battle.

During the Middle Ages, horses began to be specially bred to meet the needs of the mounted knight during battle. Known as destriers, these great war-horses offered better support for the armored soldier and their increased weight offered a better impact from the lance. These horses also proved superior against the conventional horse, which weighed half of what the destrier weighed. This made any impact between the two devastating for the smaller horse and its rider.

In contrast to the war-horses of the mounted knight, the Arabs used smaller horses to better fit their fighting style. While the war-horse offered weight and leverage to the rider, the typical Arabian horse offered endurance and agility to their riders. This allowed the Arabs to quite often out-manuever the knight.

The 1600's saw a change in the use of the horse in battle. With the development of firearms, the great size and strength of the war-horse was no longer a benefit to the mounted soldier. Lighter horses became popular during this period for their increased mobility. This period also saw a change in tactics of war; where horses were previously used to "shoot and run" they were now organized in battle lines, going into the fray with their rider as one unit. They also began to be utilized by pulling wagons full of weapons to the battlefield.

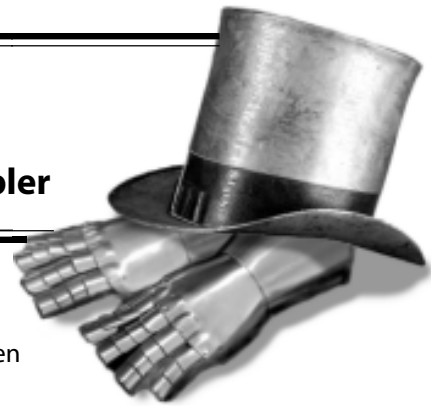
As can be seen, the horse became over the centuries a well-oiled machine used by armies across the globe. Though the tactics and type of horses used varied from region to region, their use in warfare offered many improvements for the soldiers on the battlefield. In fact, many battles saw victory by a particular faction that might not have otherwise been won.

¹Historical Footnotes explores the myths and facts related to past events.



CHARACTERS WITH MORE CLASS

by Joseph Hepler



THE PURPOSE

Most Castle Keepers, at one point or another, will encounter a player who wonders why the character living in his imagination can not easily be brought to life; a player who asks the question, "Why can't my fighter cast spells?" For some Castle Keepers, the answer is as easy as archetypal play, or simplicity. And, while those answers are perfectly valid, what you are reading now is for those Castle Keepers who wonder... why can't a fighter cast spells?

While reading the options presented here, it is important to remember why they exist (if you choose for them to exist at all). The purpose of any multi-classing system should never be to gain more power and only rarely should such systems be used simply to create more flexible characters. The goal here is to promote more enjoyable role-playing through more creative characters. The closer a character comes to the image in a player's head, the more life he will breathe into that character.

THE DANGER

As any experienced Castle Keeper will know, there is always the drive for characters to grow in power and abilities. When introducing a multi-classing system, the Castle Keeper must be careful that he does not allow too much too easily. For this reason it is always wise to talk with a player who wishes to run a multi-class character. If the player is simply interested in a more powerful character, then he is on the wrong track. If, however, the player simply wishes to create something more like the vision in his head, you may have the makings of a memorable character.

Several rules are built into the multi-class systems presented here, which helps to keep multi-class characters from overshadowing single class characters. But the best preventative is a Castle Keeper who only allows such characters for good reason.

THE METHOD

Following is presented two methods for creating multi-class characters. Simultaneous multi-classing is best used to create characters who are skilled at, and actively practicing,

multiple talents. Staggered multi-classing is best used to create characters who have given up an old life in search of something new.

UNIVERSAL RULES

The following rules apply to both types of multi-class characters:

1- A multi-class character always uses the best bonus to hit chart available to him. For example, a 5th level fighter/rogue would use the fighter's +5 bonus to hit while a 2nd level fighter/10th level wizard would use the wizard's +3 bonus to hit.

2- A multi-class character may use all armor and weapons available to any of his classes though he still suffers any class related penalties if wearing armor not permitted to all classes. In the case of weapons, the character only suffers penalties should one of the character's classes be restricted due to spiritual or honorable vows, such as the cleric, druid, or knight. The character must always abide by these restrictions or risk breaking his vows.

3- A multi-class character gains the benefits and penalties of all classes such as a fighter's extra attack and a wizard's inability to wear armor while casting spells. The character is, however, unable to combine class abilities. For example, a fighter/assassin may not use the fighter's extra attack to perform a second death attack in a single round. Nor could a fighter/monk combine the extra attack of the fighter with the off-hand attack of the monk in the same round.

SIMULTANEOUS MULTI-CLASSING

When a player wishes to have a simultaneous multi-class character, he must abide by the following rules:

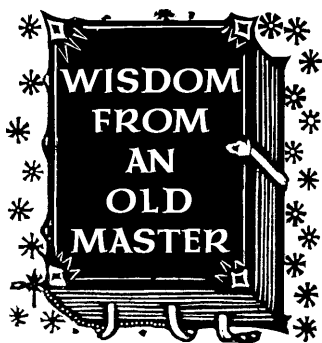
1- The character may start with two classes. Both classes must have different prime attributes and the player must also consider alignment restrictions when choosing classes. For obvious reasons, a paladin/assassin is not a possible combination.

2- The character must take the prime attribute for each of his classes. For example, a

JOSEPH HEPLER

STARTED GAMING IN 1985 AT THE TENDER AGE OF 8 AND HAS SERVED AS A GAME MASTER FOR ALMOST 20 YEARS. RECENTLY, HE HAS CONTRIBUTED HIS SKILLS AS A *CASTLE & CRUSADERS* PLAY TESTER. AN AVID READER, JOSEPH APPRECIATES PEN AND PAPER ROLE PLAYING GAMES AS MUCH AS HE LIKES COMPUTER RPGS. WHEN HE IS NOT GAMING, JOSEPH (AKA JACKAL) PRACTICES THE MARTIAL ARTS AND SERVES AS A JUNIOR CORRECTIONAL OFFICER FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF JUVENILE JUSTICE.

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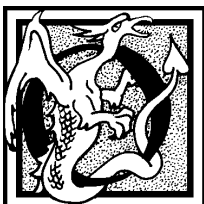
AULD WYRMISH

MULTICLASSES AS CLASSES: A MORE BASIC APPROACH

BY MIKE STEWART



IN 1978, MIKE STEWART BECAME INTERESTED IN ROLE PLAYING GAMES AND HAS NEVER LOOKED BACK. HE IS CURRENTLY A POST GRADUATE STUDENT OF MEDIEVAL HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH TEXAS.



Over the years one can see a lot of class based games attempt to deal with the quandary endemic in a class based system. Namely, you have a base set of classes (be it 4, or 13, or 50)

and inevitably a player will visualize a new character that doesn't quite fit into any of the existing classes. "I want a fighter, but one who's a spell caster too!" or "My cleric worships an evil god of assassination, so she needs the abilities of both clerics and assassins!" and so on.

Various FRPGs of the past attempted to compensate for this by creating multi-classing systems to fit their games. That is, allowing characters to pursue two or more classes at the same time. But all too often they get bogged down in accounting issues and uncomfortable averages. Will the experience points go equally to all classes? What about if one is more of a fighter in this adventure than a wizard? Are hit dice added together as a total or then averaged? What do you do with decimals? Etc...etc...etc.

But one method you might find interesting is a very "basic" one! That is, combine two classes but make them an entirely New Class in their own right. Combine the xp required to advance in level, and one hit die. This eliminates most of the questions above, as xp tables are combined; rising in one class means rising in both simultaneously. Hit dice are taken as the middle die instead of averaged; therefore a fighter wiz-

ard (Let's call them a "war caster" shall we?) would take the middle die from a D10 (for fighters) and a D4 (for wizards)...which would be a D6 per level. This is a bit of a compromise, as technically the maximum for a d10 and d4 should be 2-7 but the use of the single die avoids needless complication.

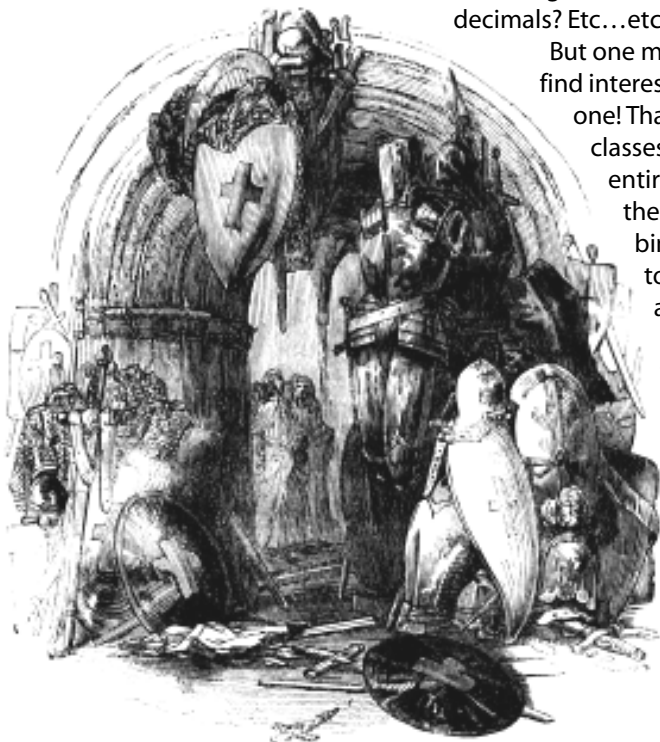
Following are several classes combined in the *Castles & Crusades* role playing game to reflect the traditional multi-class combinations used in the past decades among aficionados of "Advanced" FRPGs, including our favorite. Since many of the classes in C&C have level advancement at XXX,000 (which creates needless complexity) the totals have been rounded off. For purists who wish to remain close to canonical C&C, simply add 2 xp to each level rank for character advancement.

As with older FRPG's provided are "Level Titles" for each new class. They provide a ready method for characters and NPC's alike to refer to themselves "in game" and denote their prowess in a particular field without saying something along the lines of "I'm a 10th level Fighter!" As with all else in this article, use it or not as you wish.

Note: Some of the below classes have been given special abilities a bit beyond simple combination of extant classes. These are specifically for class flavor and will be denoted by an asterisk (*) and can be ignored if the unadulterated class combinations are desired.

INDEX OF CLASSES

ORIGINAL MULTI-CLASS	COMBINED CLASS
Cleric-Assassin	Mortis
Cleric-Fighter	Crusader
Cleric/Fighter/Wizard	Templar
Fighter-Illusionist	Charade
Wizard/Rogue	Charlatan



CHARADE

Combination: Fighter/Illusionist

Class Primes: Strength and Intelligence

Hit Dice: D6

Typical Races: Humans and Gnomes

Armor Allowed: Any

Weapons Allowed: Any, but two handed weapons prevent spell use

Alignments: Any

Abilities: As Fighter and Illusionist of equal level. * Though not allowed fighters specialization, Charades may *hide* as a Rogue of equal level.

Base to Hit (BTH): As Fighter

Charades are warriors who develop knowledge of the illusory arts, casting such spells more to enhance their effectiveness in melee combat rather than as a pursuit all their own. Charades make excellent guardians (when they can be trusted), as their illusions aid in protecting those things that may not be held by strength and steel alone.

CHARADE TABLE I

Level	HD	BtH	Exp	Title
1	d6	+1	0	Pretender
2	2d6	+2	4,600	Deceiver
3	3d6	+3	9,200	Faker
4	4d6	+4	18,900	Travester
5	5d6	+5	37,800	Joker
6	6d6	+6	76,500	Imposter
7	7d6	+7	153,000	Master of the Farce
8	8d6	+8	306,000	Lord of the Farce
9	9d6	+9	612,000	Charade Minor
10	10d6	+10	1,000,000	Charade
11	+2 HP	+11	1,500,000	Charade Major
12	+2 HP	+12	1,900,000	Lord Charader
13+	+2 hp	+400,00	per level	

CHARLATAN

Combination: Wizard/Rogue

Class Primes: Intelligence and Dexterity

Hit Dice: D6

Typical Races: Humans, Elves and Half-Elves

Armor Allowed: Studded leather or less; no shield.

Weapons Allowed: As Rogue

Alignments: No Lawfuls

Abilities: As Rogue and Wizard of equal level. * Though not allowed *sneak attack*, Charlatans may use twice as many 0 level spells as a Wizard of equal level at beginning of play.

Base to Hit (BTH): As Rogue

There are those who study the arcane arts for power, and those who study for the sake of knowledge and learning. There are also those who learn so as to aid their fellow beings. Finally, there are those who study to make a quick coin or ten. Thus the Charlatan, a Magic User who wants to study other ways of gaining illicit profit or Rogues looking for an adjunct to their skills is born. Charlatans tend to frequent inns, taverns and other places of ill repute using a combination of thievery and magic to get their gold. However, dungeon exploring and adventuring are not beyond their interests, so long as money.... first, last, and foremost.... is assured.

CHARLATAN TABLE I

Level	HD	BtH	Exp	Title
1	D6	0	0	Huckster d0 +0 0
2	2d6	+1	2,850	Tramp
3	3d6	+1	7,700	Nomad
4	4d6	+1	16,400	Drifter
5	5d6	+2	32,800	Fraud
6	6d6	+2	66,700	Scammer
7	7d6	+2	165,000	Swindler
8	8d6	+3	250,000	Fast Talker
9	9d6	+3	460,000	Gripter
10	10D6	+3	675,000	Charlatan
11	+2 HP	+4	700,000	Prince of Charlatans
12	+2 HP	+4	1,450,000	King of Charlatans
13+	+2 hp	+375,000	per level	

CRUSADER

Combination: Cleric/Fighter

Class Primes: Strength and Wisdom

Hit Dice: D8

Typical Races: Humans, Half Elves and Half-Orcs.

Armor Allowed: Any

Weapons Allowed: Any

Alignments: Any

Abilities: As Cleric and Fighter of equal level. * Though not allowed Fighters Specialization, Crusaders may use the Paladin ability of *divine aura* (against an alignment opposite from their own) as a Paladin of equal level.

Base to Hit (BTH): As Fighter

The Crusader is a unique class that combines the divine abilities of the Cleric with the martial prowess of the Fighter. Unlike the Paladin, the Crusader class is easier to attain and lacks some of the abilities of the Holy Knights. Crusaders are frequently guards at temples, leading temple guard patrols on missions for their churches, and generally provide mundane military functions that Paladins are too few (and perhaps too haughty) to perform.

CRUSADER TABLE I

Level	HD	BtH	Exp	Title
1	d8	+1	0	Supplicant
2	2d8	+2	4,250	Petitioner
3	3d8	+3	9,000	Believer
4	4d8	+4	17,500	Brother
5	5d8	+5	32,000	Lay Brother
6	6d8	+6	69,000	Deacon
7	7d8	+7	138,000	Lord Deacon
8	8d8	+8	276,000	Deacon Commander
9	9d8	+9	572,000	Prior
10	10d8	+10	925,000	Crusader1
11	+2 HP	+11	1,400,000	Crusader-Commander
12	+2 HP	+12	1,500,000	Crusader Lord
13+	+2 hp	+13	+500,000	per level

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

MORTIS

Combination: Cleric/Assassin
Class Primes: Wisdom and Dexterity
Hit Dice: D6
Typical Races: Humans and Half-Orcs
Armor Allowed: Studded Leather or less and Shield
Weapons Allowed: Any
Alignments: Any evil
Abilities: As Assassin and Cleric of equal level. *Though Mortises cannot pray for more than one *cure* spell a day (and only cast on themselves), Mortises project a 1' radius field around themselves that acts as a *sanctuary spell* versus *undead*.
Base to Hit (BTH): As Cleric

Death is viewed by many to be a deity as well, and none worship that dark force with more fervor than the Mortis. As Priests of Death, they bend their will and energy to the furtherance of that blessed state to as many beings as they can. Though most Mortis' can find those that deserve the blessing of Death more than others....usually those who have crossed them in some manner. The perfect blend of Cleric and Assassin, this class is a poor friend and not someone to trust or turn one's back on.

As noted above, Mortis' are limited to armor allowable to an Assassin if they would perform any Assassin/Rogue skills or functions (such as *open locks*, *backstab*, etc).



The Templar (or Warriors of the Temple) differs from their brethren the Paladins in several ways. While the Paladin frequently goes off in search of wrongs to right and the faith to be spread, the Templar's duty is to his superiors in the clergy. The Templars are alone able to grasp the difficult abilities of Fighter, Cleric and Wizard. This diligence is quite taxing and requires much devotion and study. As such, they are rarely found outside temples and even then only on errands for the Temple & Order; usually in the company of several Crusaders.

MORTIS TABLE I

Level	HD	BtH	Exp	Title
1	d6	+0	0	Fell Fate
2	2d6	+1	4,000	Flayer
3	3d6	+1	8,500	Abberant
4	4d6	+2	16,000	Eerie
5	5d6	+2	32,000	Grimm
6	6d6	+3	60,000	Gruesome
7	7d6	+3	120,000	Fiend
8	8d6	+4	230,000	Morbane
9	9d6	+4	450,000	Diabolic
10	10d6	+5	625,000	Mortis
11	+2 HP	+5	1,000,000	Mortis Priest
12	+2 HP	+6	1,400,000	Lord of Death
13+	+2 hp	+6	+400,000 per level	

TEMPLAR

Combination: Cleric/Fighter/Wizard
Class Primes: Strength, Intelligence and Wisdom
Hit Dice: D8
Typical Races: Humans and Half Elves
Armor Allowed: Any
Weapons Allowed: Any. However, two handed weapons prevent spell use
Alignments: Any
Abilities: As Cleric, Fighter & Wizard of equal level
 * Though not allowed Fighters Specialization, Templars may use the Knight's Embolden Ability at 1st level, but only upon those others who share his temple's faith.
Base to Hit (BTH): As Fighter

TEMPLAR TABLE I

Level	HD	BtH	Exp	Title
1	d8	+1	0	Penitent
2	2d8	+2	6,800	Sentinel
3	3d8	+3	14,200	Lay Warden
4	4d8	+4	27,900	Warden-Priest
5	5d8	+5	55,800	Vigilant Esquire
6	6d8	+6	111,500	Knight-Vigilant
7	7d8	+7	223,000	Vigilant of the Order
8	8d8	+8	446,000	Preceptor
9	9d8	+9	912,000	Lord Preceptor
10	10d8	+10	1,425,000	Templar
11	+2 hp	+11	2,150,000	Master of the Temple
12	+2 hp	+12	2,900,000	Grandmaster of the Temple
13+	+2 hp	+13	+750,000 per level	



servants. So great and terrible was their countenance that the hosts of the horned one could not stand before. The beauty and the power of the elves was a marvel and shone like a flaming star in the darkness. They feared not, and waxed in their power and the glory of arms.

But always the orcs returned. Their numbers were beyond measure. But they came with more caution, and in time, they grew fearful of those ancient hills, so that the orcs would not travel into those lands unless in great companies. But even these were often hunted down and slain.

So the balance stood for many years until the great orc General, Guthlaugr, rose to prominence in Kayomar. He swore to his masters to slay the foul elves and root them out of their forests. To this end he assembled a great army of orcs, tens of thousands of them, and fleshed out their ranks with giants and unger, the dogmen of Aufstrag. Too, he used dragons, three great black and one blue to hound the enemy. In two great columns his army entered the Ohd and for seven years they waged a merciless war on the Elven Knights. They rooted out trees, blocked rivers and despoiled the land of its wonderful groves in their hunt for the elves. Countless thousands of small battles were fought and countless thousands died lonely deaths in forgotten places. Meltowg's knights slew the host of giants at the battle of the Blue Creek and threw down their king and two of the dragons fell into ruin while fighting Londea's archers.

Meltowg wept at the memory.

In the end, the Seven Years War sputtered out when Guthlaugr pulled his exhausted legions from the Ohd. He accounted over 600 elves slain or borne to the prisons of his great keep in the east. For his part, over a hundred giants were lost, two of his master's dragons and ten thousand orcs and unger. He accounted it a great victory and in truth his words were not far from the truth, for the elves could never fight as they had before. They burned their dead and scattered them to the winds, lost now in a land whose glory was in ruin and the Ohd was named anew, The Shelves of Mist.

Meltowg thought of the glory and wondered on his kin. It had been many hundreds of years since last he walked those lands. But rumors came to him of his people. How, bereft of leadership, they had become wild and forgot the power of their ancestors. How these elves lived in the shadows and mists of their fallen people.

Mist Elves (The People of the Mist)

No. Appearing: 2-4, 2-40

Size: Medium

HD: 1 (d6)

Move: 30 ft.

AC: 13

Attacks: Weapon

Special: Elven Traits, Conceal

Saves: P

Int: Average

Alignment: Neutral

Type: Humanoid

Treasure: 1

XP: 15+1

Mist Elves are found only in the lands that comprise the Shelves of the Mist, those broken hills to the west of Kayomar and upon the slopes of the Rhodope Mountains. Though they do not refer to the Shelves by this name, calling them rather the Forest of Ohd, after the ancient elven name for those regions. They are shorter than their high elven kin, with stouter arms and legs, their faces are wider too, with eyes that are oval. They are related to the high elves, and the tell tale signs of that ancestry is apparent in their proud bearing. They never look down, always looking friend and foe full on and they stand straight, appearing taller than they actually are. The mist elves are the survivors of the long Winter's Dark and the horrible wars that Unklar's minions waged upon the high elves of those hills and only those who could adapt to the cold wastes survived. They have pale skin, blue and gray eyes and silver or white colored hair.

Mist Elves live in small bands, very rarely are more than 40 encountered. Such bands have up to 24 warriors, and 16 children and elderly. The women fight alongside the men. As soon as a stripling is able to bare arms he or she is allowed to go "on hunts" as they call their raids into the eastern lands. For every 5 warriors (male and female) there is at least one 5th level chief. Every band usually has a druidic warlord as well.

Mist Elves are well adapted to their country and dwell in the furthest reaches of the many ridges, cracks and crevices that comprise the Shelves of the Mist. They are fiercely territorial and warlike. After the Seven Years War and the utter destruction of their people, the survivors were forced to abandon all stationary dwellings and wander in the wilderness. In the intervening years they learned the lay of the land better than they ever had, established areas, usually in deep caves or very difficult to find groves, where they could be relatively safe from marauding troops of orcs, humans and unger. As most of their captains, wizards and clerics were killed they quickly lost or abandoned those civilizing traits such as writing, reading and so forth. Some of the older elves remember the time before the wars, but in the intervening 700 years since their conclusion many elves have been born and these were never exposed to such things.

The Mist Elves quickly adapted to their new situation. They grow few crops, both because of the difficulty of farming during the Winter Dark and the constant raids by the orcs. So they learned to steal their food from their tormentors. In time the elves developed an entire culture based around wandering in the wilderness and raiding the lowlands. Plundering the orcs and their human servants of their livestock was easy and in short order the mist elves became masters of stealth, and raiding became the hallmark of their lives. Eventually, one could not be inducted into the band until they had successfully completed at least 4 raids and brought home food for the whole band at least once. In this way the mist elves became fiercely independent and warlike, cherishing their freedom of movement above all else.

They continue these raids, now into the Kingdom of Kayomar. The Lords of Kayomar have traditionally not reacted to these raids as the ties that bind those lords to the Lothian Princes (those Elven Lords from whom Daladan traces his lineage) are deep. But this no doubt has begun to wear thin with the locales living in Western Kayomar.

Mist Elves are not so inclined to shape the natural world into one of timeless beauty. They worship the land they live in and see no reason to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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CHARACTERS WITH MORE CLASS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

fighter/rogue must have both strength and dexterity as prime attributes. Human characters may still choose their third prime attribute as they wish.

3- To gain a level, the character must earn enough experience points to advance in both classes at once. For example, a 1st level fighter/rogue would require 3252 experience points to advance to 2nd level. Additionally, the character suffers a 25% penalty to all experience earned. When the proper amount of experience has been gained, the character advances a level in each of his classes, as modified below.

4- The character averages his hit points by rolling for both classes, dividing each result in half (rounding fractions up), and adding the two together. Any constitution modifier the character may have is applied to the final total. For example, a fighter/rogue, upon gaining a level, rolls 1d10 and gets a result of eight for his fighter class. The player also rolls 1d6 for his rogue class and gets a four. Both results are divided in half and added together for a total of six. If the character has a constitution of 16 (+2 modifier) the final total would be eight hit points. Upon reaching 11th level, the character no longer averages hit points, but instead, uses the most favorable hit point progression.

5- When making checks of any nature, the character does not count the total levels of both classes, but instead, counts as a single class character of his current level. For example, a 2nd level bard/wizard would add only his two levels of bard to the die roll when making a legend lore check as well as only adding +2 to any saving throw he was required to make.

6- When rolling for starting gold, the character must make the standard roll for both classes and add the results together. This number is then divided in half.

STAGGERED MULTI-CLASSING

When a player wishes to have a staggered multi-class character he must abide by the following rules:

1- The character may never have more classes than he has prime attributes. This means a human may eventually have three classes while a demihuman may only have two.

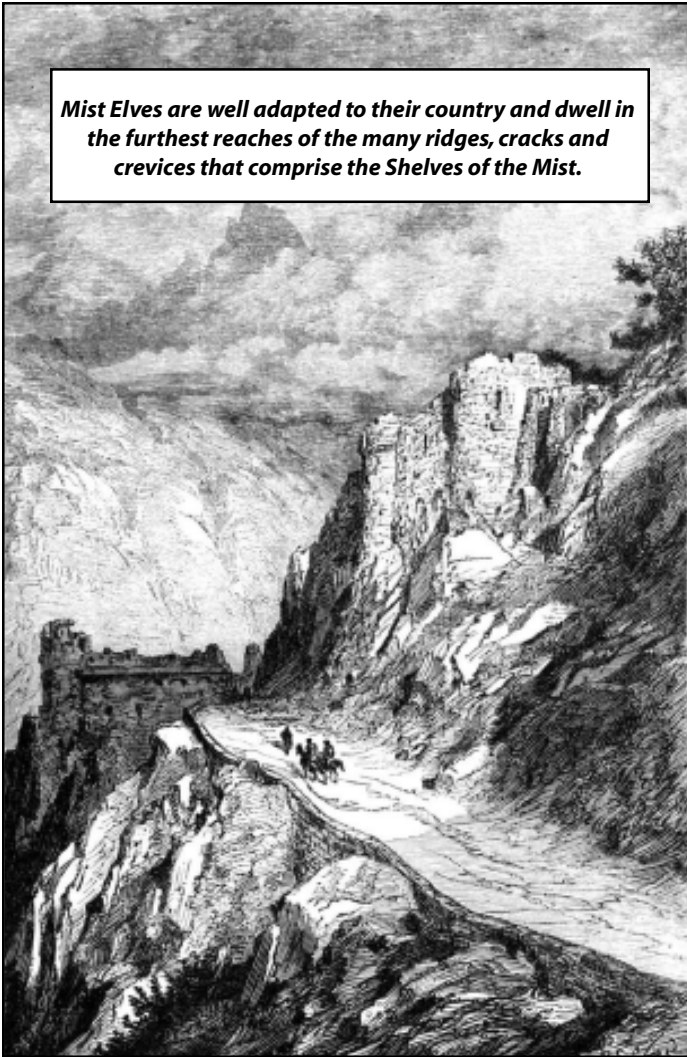
2- The character begins his career with a single class as normal and must advance at least one level before switching to a new class.

3- Upon advancing one level in his current class, the character may choose to begin advancing in a new class. The option to switch classes only exists immediately after gaining a level. If the character continues to advance in his current class after gaining a level he must wait until another level is gained to switch classes. The character's new class must be one for which he has a prime attribute and a character may never have more than one class with the same prime attribute. Additionally, alignment restrictions must be considered when taking new classes. When a character begins to advance in a new class from 1st level it is highly recommended that the Castle Keeper require some form of training or learning period. This could come in the form of non-player character interaction, training costs, or anything else the Castle Keeper believes to be appropriate.

4- If all of the above criteria are met, then the character may begin to gain experience points in a new class. Additionally, the character may choose to return to a class in which he already has levels but is bound by the above restrictions. For example, a 2nd level human fighter begins to advance as a wizard. After gaining at least one level of the wizard class, the character may switch back to his fighter class. However, he must then advance at least one full level before taking a new class or returning to his wizard studies. Experience points may only be gained for one class at a time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Mist Elves are well adapted to their country and dwell in the furthest reaches of the many ridges, cracks and crevices that comprise the Shelves of the Mist.



MELTOG'S REFLECTIONS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

change that which protects them. They are very fatalistic in this and do little to alter their surroundings to hide themselves or create better defenses. With this has come the learned skill of hiding themselves and finding advantageous, inaccessible camps that only the most skilled are able to find. They are excellent hunters, skilled with the short bow and at setting traps.

Mist Elves have senses that are far superior to humans. They can see farther than humans in just about every circumstance, including torchlight. When outside, during the day, elves can see clearly enough to read a road sign or spot a shield device that is up to two miles distant. This keen vision allows them to spot secret, hidden, and concealed doorways with a greater degree of success. An elf that passes within 5 feet of a secret, hidden, or concealed doorway is entitled to a wisdom check. Success means that the elf notices the door, even though the elf may not have been actively looking for it. When a Mist Elf actively searches for these types of portals, they receive a +2 bonus to the wisdom check. They can also hear very well, and receive a +2 bonus to all checks involving listening.

When making saving throws against *charm* and *sleep*, Mist Elves receive a +5 bonus.

Mist Elves can speak the following languages: Vulgate, Elven dialect.

Their affinity for nature has enabled elves to learn how to move silently in wilderness areas with a successful dexterity check. The Mist Elf can move silently up to one-half normal speed at no penalty to the check. At more than one-half and up to full speed, elves suffer a -5 penalty to the check. It's practically impossible (-20 penalty) to move silently while running or charging. When in their environment mist elves are able to conceal themselves and move silently as a 5th level ranger. With a successful dexterity check they successfully conceal themselves. If they seek to move and remain concealed, a second dexterity check is required. Moving while concealed reduces movement to one quarter the normal rate. All other penalties of the ranger's conceal ability are applicable to the mist elf. Mist Elves of all classes can track as a ranger of the same level; i.e. a 1st level fighter tracks as a 1st level ranger.

A Mist Elf is able to cast druid spells without praying for them. Refer to the table below for the spells per day a Mist Elf is able to cast. They do not gain any bonus spells.

- SPELLS KNOWN -					
Level	0	1	2	3	4
1	1				
2	2				
3	2				
4	2	1			
5	2	1			
6	3	1	1		
7	3	2	1		
8	3	2	1	1	
9	3	2	2	1	
10	3	2	2	1	1

Combat: Mist Elves rarely fight an enemy head on. They have no appreciation for those who die in battle. An honorable death is a foreign concept to them and any death is seen as reckless and selfish. They fight when they are certain of their numbers or surprise. Quitting a fight that cannot be won or the overcome of which is dubious is accepted among the Mist Elves. Life is precious and their warriors too few. They are skilled at hiding and taking advantage of their natural surroundings.

Mist Elves are taught how to fight at very young ages. The warrior's path is the most common for all tribal members, though those who do not take are not ridiculed, and they master the short bow, spear, trap setting and other similar weapons at an early age. They gain a +1 with any type of short bow, knife and spear, but not with any other weapons

Combat: Mist Elves use a rarely fight an enemy head on. They have no appreciation for those who die in battle. An honorable death is a foreign concept to them and any death is seen as reckless and selfish. They fight when they are certain of their numbers or surprise. Quitting a fight that cannot be won or the overcome of which is dubious is accepted among the mist elves. Life is precious and their warriors too few. They are skilled at hiding and taking advantage of their natural surroundings.

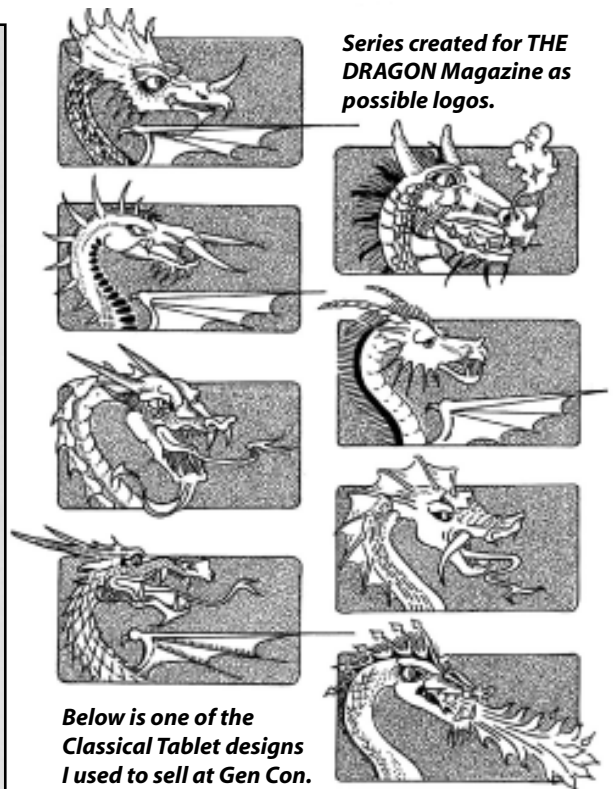


MORE DRAGON ILLUSTRATIONS BY DARLENE



THE DRAGONS ON THIS PAGE WERE CREATED IN THE 1980'S FOR VARIOUS PROJECTS. The top right was a small emblem I used for my Rainbow Tablet series. The illustration immediately underneath appeared in "The Amber Sword at World's End" published in 1986 by TSR, Inc. The top left pen and ink was created for a Gen Con certificate. Finally, the Water Dragon (above) was published in color in 1981 for "The Days of the Dragon" Calendar.

Series created for **THE DRAGON Magazine** as possible logos.



Below is one of the **Classical Tablet designs** I used to sell at Gen Con.



THE Angry Gamer

A Column by **TODD GRAY** and **FRIENDS**

"HANGING ON THE PHONE"



Well, it's Wednesday night again. Game night. Here we all are, sitting around the table and we're all in character... we move north, along the Old Post Road, through the Darkenfold. Our plan is to fortify an old ruined keep and use it as a base of operations against a large army of orcs, bugbears and goblins that's moving along the northern environs of the forest. We hope to distract and delay them enough to allow the folk of the northern vales to flee to safety. Our morning march was interrupted by what we thought was a marauding troop of bugbears. But around noon we were hit again, this time by goblins and wolves led by a bugbear. We were beginning to suspect that we were being stalked, that the enemy knew our purpose.

Sure enough, after noon we were hit again and our stealthy movement through heavy forest became a mad dash for safety through enemy occupied country. We spring an ambush of orcs, goblins and a few ogres, scatter them to the four winds, but Mark's ranger and my knight are wounded pretty badly. The wizard is out of spells and the cleric too. Our druid alone has a few spells left and we have half a day's march.

Sure enough, there is movement...

Donanana Donananana: "All our time's come ... Season's don't fear the reaper"

A really, really bad rendition of Blue Oyster Cult's classic song, *Don't Fear the Reaper*, blares out across the table.

Everyone is a bit startled and the mood vanishes in a wash of good music gone bad. It's Todd's cell phone. He answers and we all sit there, listening to a one sided conversation. Todd hates talking when he's in company, especially about the game. So it's quick. "Todd what the *\$^& are you doing to that music?"

I'm far more appalled by the phone's horrible sound quality than I am at the phone actually going off at the table. BOC is a great band. We listen to them all the time--for battle music, don't you know. And Todd is as big a fan of BOC as I am, so I can forgive him his annoying phone ringer thing. But such poor quality! It's like listening to Mozart with a fork and chalk board.

Off and back to the game. We hammer out a few more minutes and another blare of "music" from the other end of the table. It's Davis' wife. She's got something to tell him, but long before she gets to say it, he has to dig the phone out of its hiding place in one of his many voluminous pockets. You see, Davis wears about four layers of clothes and hats. Everything has pockets out the wazoo. Then there's his computer bag which he carries to the game (he works late hours and

after the game he goes to work in the peace of the early dawn). So it takes him forever to find the phone and just as long to figure out how to use it! It seems he has no knowledge of such things and his brain refuses to catalog past experiences with the same phone in any memorable fashion that he COULD master usage of the device. In this I really don't blame him... Finally, he finds the phone, clicks it on and talks for a moment. He hangs up.

Back to the game.

CRZZGGGTZZZ!

This crackling Chuthulu noise blasts across the table and makes us all jump, frying everyone's nerves, "Steve, you there?"

Steve picks up the black handed mike. BEEEEP "Roger that Kat! What's Up? Over."

CRZZGGGTZZZ!

Nerve fry again. "Hey I'm turning this stupid walkie talkie off, I keep hearing truckers talk over the mike. It's driving me nuts and keeping me awake."

BEEEEEP! "Roger that! Over."

CRZZGGGTZZZ! Nerves again. "Why don't we just talk on the phone, why do we have to talk on this thing!?"

BEEEEEP! "I hate the phone babe! Can't stand that ringing...every where you go. Over."

CRZZGGGTZZZ! Nerves. "Yeah this is soooo much better. I hate YOU! OUT!"

BEEEEEP! "Love ya babe! Out."

First off, Steve's not in the army anymore; he can stop with the stupid radio talk. You're not in the Army anymore, Steve!!!

But what in the name of God is that noise. I truly feel as if I've been sucked into some dark abyss and am waiting for the soul sucking sound of demon born hell hounds to pull out my life force.

Ring... Ring... Ring... Chris picks up the phone. It's Sarah. She couldn't make the session and she's calling to check in. Chris has the great idea to put her on speaker phone and set the phone in the middle of the table.

We all stare for a minute and then drive on. Mac is describing some heads that have been cut from their bodies and put on spikes. Sarah shouts out "Are they statues?"

Mac is deaf in one ear and has no idea what the hell she said as the sound quality of Chris' phone is equal to Todd's reaper.

Mac: "What?"

Chris: "No, Sarah, they're real."

Sarah: "Real statues? I can't hear you."

Chris and Mac: "No, the statues are not real heads... I mean

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

there are no statues...only heads."

Sarah: "What? I don't get it?"

Steve butts in and picks up the phone: "Sarah there are no statues."

Sarah: "But I thought he said statues."

Steve: "What?" You get the idea, it's like a bunch of monkeys on a stage trying to figure out a banana box.

Donanana Donananana: "All our time's come ...

Season's don't fear the reaper" Todd's up!

Mother of all that's holy! I remember a day when we could sit at the table and no one had cell phones. No phones were even in the room. I remember when a man or

woman *could* go and *had* to go WHOLE HOURS without talking to people. Those were amazing days of peace and tranquility. They were days when music came from stereos not blared out of someone's pocket or rattled the silver in my teeth!

Steve's philosophy is great. "Phones are intrusive devices and should only be used in an emergency." Must be why he carries a walkie talkie. Is there a difference? Oh yeah, on one you can only hear one side of an inane conversation, on the other you get to hear *both* sides of an inane conversation.

[AND STEVE, discussing the relative value of walkie talkies does NOT constitute an emergency...]

Phone free zones are what this country needs. No more phones in airports, restaurants, book stores, malls, walmart, street corners, in your car, on the sidewalk; but mostly, they shouldn't be allowed at MY GAME! Good grief!

I have a dream. In that dream I walk around the game table and gather all the hundreds of phones, pagers, black berries, walkie talkies, two way radios and dice cups. I melt them down and put them in a small gunny sack. I then wander the country until I find Alexander Graham Bell's grave. I pull his teeth jarring corpse out of the grave, string him up with some telegraph wire and beat him back to life with my phone filled gunny sack!

A world without phones. A world without noise. A world without conflict. Don't fear the reaper indeed. For surely in death, phone cannot follow... of course that SOB probably has a phone too!



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playing through battles easy and quick. It takes a different mindset on both sides of the screens.

Players, who too often get locked into watching their hit points being whacked away or their friends cut down, have to learn to think about combat encounters differently. There is no reason they can't attempt to influence the outcome with skills other than those supplied by their character's class and race and their battle skills. They can try to intimidate foes, fool them into thinking they have fallen, try to lure them to quit the fight and join them, call for aid and so on. This requires encouragement from the Castle Keeper and a tremendous amount of imagination on the part of the player. Further, it requires that the player think fast and not hesitate, treating the role playing action in the same manner as they would their swing or dodge.

Castle Keepers can merge the two as well, bringing in all manner of aspect to an encounter even as the player does. They have the advantage however and can, and are encouraged to plan the encounters out and decide who is going to try to do what and when.

Merging role playing and battle is a challenging task but one that all gamers should attempt to achieve. From shouting battle cries and commands, to role playing the critically wounded character that drags himself from the fray calling for aid to get back in the battle, and even beyond to the speech of them dying when they call for to the gods to take them to Elysium. Battle and role playing are

not separate components of the *Castles & Crusades* game, but rather intricately related strands in the same great tapestry.

There is almost always need for action at the table. Long role playing sessions are great; we've been known to pull two or even three games without swinging a sword. But to sustain that, the role playing has to be very involved for all, and even then it will wear thin and the thirst for battle will surge in the hearts of every participant. Throwing battle into a night's play of a *Castles & Crusades* game or making that battle the cornerstone of the evening's play is not difficult to do. The *Castles & Crusades* combat rules are simple and they were designed so in order to allow the Castle Keeper and players to become involved in rapid, free flowing battles filled with all the horror, chance and reaction of war. Castle Keepers must and will learn when battle is absolutely necessary to regain a game's momentum or when it is a vital part of the gaming session. And it is key for players and Castle Keepers to remember that rare are those gamers who sit down at the table to drink imaginary wine, in an imaginary bar while discussing the latest fashions of an imaginary world. Far more common is the gamer that in his heart lusts for a world of heroism and bloody conquest within which his alter ego overcomes the evil in the world, grinding it to dust beneath his uncaring booted heel.

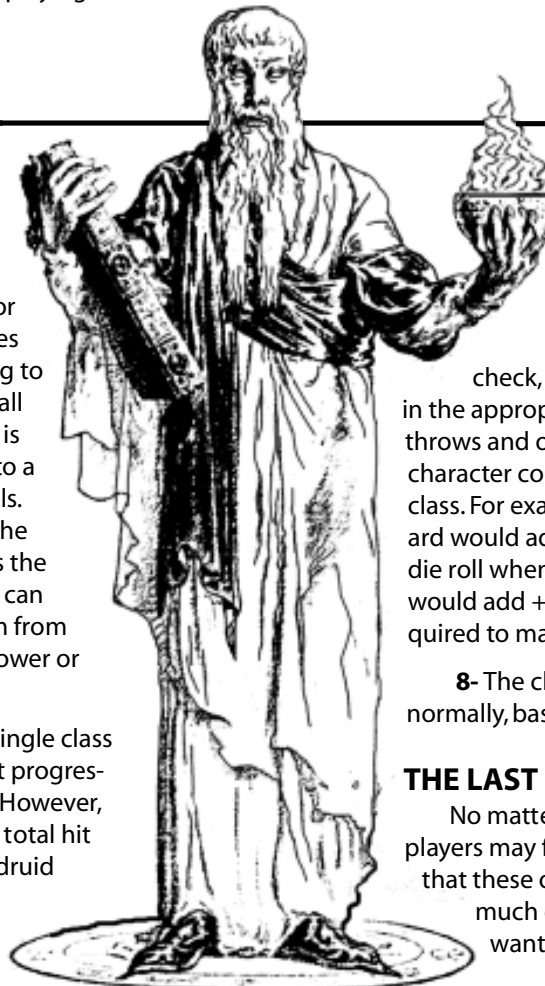
One does not gain immortality by wandering deserted alleys, for it is only in "halls of Valhalla where the brave may live forever!"



CHARACTERS WITH MORE CLASS FROM PAGE 26

5- As old habits die hard, the change from one class to another makes it difficult for a character to fully rely on his new skills for some time. As such, when a character switches classes (whether it be a new class or returning to a previous class) he suffers a 50% penalty to all experience gained for one level. This penalty is reduced to 25% if the character is returning to a class in which he already has at least ten levels. After one level has been gained in the class the experience penalty is lifted until such time as the character chooses to switch classes again. As can be imagined, such class changes usually stem from necessity and not simply a desire for more power or versatility.

6- The character gains hit points as any single class character would; using the hit die or hit point progression of the class he is currently advancing in. However, the character may never have more than ten total hit dice. For example, a 2nd level fighter/6th level druid would have 2d10 hit points from his fighter class as well as 6d8 hit points from his druid class. Once the character reaches a total of



ten levels, he begins to gain hit points according to his current class as if he were an 11th level character.

7- When making a class related check, the character counts only his levels in the appropriate class. When making saving throws and other checks not tied to a class, the character counts only the levels of his highest class. For example, a 2nd level bard/4th level wizard would add only his two levels of bard to the die roll when making a legend lore check but would add +4 to any saving throw he was required to make.

8- The character rolls for starting gold normally, based on his starting class.

THE LAST

No matter what sort of adventures your players may find themselves on, it is my hope that these options will help them to come that much closer to the character they really want to play. **HAPPY GAMING!**



"IXTAB PLAYED A SYMPATHETIC ROLE IN SOCIETY."

Clerics of Ixtab would probably be true neutral or neutral good in alignment, and might use a noose or lasso as their preferred weapon. The undead would not be of particular concern or utility to clerics of Ixtab, though using the bodies of priests or dead soldiers to create undead may be interpreted as an affront to the goddess. While not necessarily fierce warriors on their own, clerics of Ixtab would make inspiring commanders, exhorting their soldiers on to greater glory with the

promise of deliverance to paradise. As such, clerics of Ixtab would gain a +4 to any charisma checks dealing with inspiration or leadership. However, clerics of Ixtab would also vehemently oppose using spells such as *raise dead* or *resurrection* on deceased soldiers, suicide victims or any other group that Ixtab personally collects for salvation.

And finally, a short trip to the Caribbean brings us to...

GHEDE (GHEE-day)



Ghede is the voodoo god of the dead, but is also the name of a group of related gods in his entourage. Depicted as a well-dressed but lewd man, Ghede is incredibly wise, and his mind contains all of the knowledge of all who have died. He stands at the crossroads of all paths that lead into the afterworld.

Ghede is a colorful character, a god that takes an active role in the lives of those worshipping him. He is known as both a fertility god, but also as a death god. His roles include protecting male dead in cemeteries, helping men with reproduction, ensuring the survival of the living, and occasionally resurrecting the dead.

Ghede appears as an undertaker occasionally, his retinue masquerading as dancing corpses. Ghede enjoys attending parties and rituals personally, as he has an incredible thirst for rum and a gift for lascivious behavior.

A fantasy society that worships a deity inspired by Ghede would have an interesting blend of beliefs and traditions. They would put a high value on celebration, ceremony and the remembrance of ancestors. They would likely have relaxed standards regarding public propriety, but they would see the undead as a horrible affront – as people who are cursed as un-

witting slaves. Undead would need to be destroyed or contained so that Ghede might deal with them properly.

Clerics of Ghede, in a C&C context, would not stand on ceremony. They would likely be as relaxed and inappropriate as the god they venerate, at times. In your campaign, you may decide that most clerics of Ghede have actually experienced the attendance of the god at a ritual or two, and have first-hand experience of him. Ghede is not a detached god, and those that invoke him will likely be answered in some way.

Clerics of Ghede would likely be chaotic good or chaotic neutral. Their preferred weapons would be a cane, club or well-fashioned walking stick. They would likely be interested in the production of rum or other spirits for use in their rituals and celebrations. Clerics of Ghede would turn undead as normal, but would receive half their normal spell slots for a given day (round up). However, a cleric of Ghede, when in need of assistance, can invoke his name and receive some small measure of help. This invocation can be attempted once per day, per level of the cleric. With a successful wisdom check, Ghede will answer the plea for aid. The exact manner in which Ghede helps the cleric cannot be asked for by the cleric. It is up to the Castle Keeper to decide the precise nature of the assistance, but it is recommended that such interventions take the form of healing, or a timely hint or suggestion.



Using these examples as inspiration, you can adapt these or other ideas for use in your own customized pantheon, adding a unique flavor to your campaign. Don't stop here!

Extend your research to war gods, fertility gods, and gods of other aspects of life. Meld your adaptations together into a coherent pantheon to create an interesting blend and a foundation for an exciting culture in which to role play.

Until next issue, **HAPPY GAMING!**



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